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It's All About 'Muscle'

Understanding the campus unrest

BY JONATHAN V. LAST

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Wilsonians in the Woodpile

When a flying wedge of Black Lives Matter activists called the Black Justice League invaded and occupied the president's office at Princeton University in late November, they issued the standard list of nonnegotiable demands. And as might be expected, Princeton's president Christopher L. Eisgruber soon issued a groveling response—in effect, conceding to the league's intimidating tactics. Far be it from The Scrapbook to advise Princeton University on its governance, but one of the demands intrigued us: that Princeton acknowledge the "racist legacy" of Woodrow Wilson (Class of 1879) and, among other things, remove Wilson's name from the 67-year-old Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs and any other places where it may appear on campus, as well as murals and portraits containing his image.

This is not the place to debate the historical legacy of Woodrow Wilson, which (as with any political figure) is decidedly mixed. But The Scrapbook would venture to say that such instances of Maoism on American campuses only reinforce the impression that the goals and aims of Black Lives Matter and similar radical movements, are not to advance free speech and broaden intellectual inquiry but to shut down intellectual inquiry and suppress free speech. Too bad, in a way, that Wilson's great biographer, the left-wing Princeton historian Arthur S. Link (1920-1998), died too soon to witness this fascinating sequence of events.

Woodrow Wilson, of course, was one of the most important presidents in American history, was certainly the most important president in the history of Princeton (1902-1910)—and an inspiration to generations of political progressives, including most of his Democratic successors in the White House. That he has been honored on the campus of his alma mater is

Adolph S. Ochs, Wilsonian

hardly surprising; nor is it surprising that Wilson, like any human being, was far from perfect.

So readers can imagine The Scrapbook's disappointment when the engines of the American press revved up to describe and explain this story. In the *Washington Post*, Princeton student Mary Hui informed her readers that "discussion about the legacy of the nation's 28th president . . . had long gone without much public scrutiny"—which may be true of the Hui household, but will come as a surprise to most students of American history. And the *New York Times*, in its patented bumptious manner, fully endorsed the demand to transform Wilson into a nonperson on the Princeton campus, publishing a blustering editorial about the "unrepentant . . . unapologetic racist" who led the country between 1913 and 1921.

As The Scrapbook always says, the *Times* is entitled to its opinions—even if the expression of those opinions is embarrassing. But it was a strange assertion to be made just an inch or two below the printed name of Adolph S. Ochs on the *Times* editorial page. Ochs, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, was the owner and publisher of the *New York Times* between 1896 and his death in 1935 and patriarch of the clan that still controls the company. He was also the son of a secessionist and Confederate sympathizer—according to the *Times*'s own worshipful obituary—and "had a whole-hearted admiration for Woodrow Wilson."

That same extended tribute to the *Times* elder statesman includes a poignant, and instructive, anecdote. While still in Tennessee, Ochs was visited by the small-town Ohio editor and newspaper proprietor Warren G. Harding—Woodrow Wilson's successor in the White House—who "had some idea of starting a Republican paper in Chattanooga. This notion was promptly dropped when Mr. Ochs pointed out to him that the only Republicans in Chattanooga were colored people, few of whom in those days could read." ♦

Double Standards

Does the American left collectively share responsibility for the Islamic terrorist shooting in San Bernardino? The Scrapbook doesn't believe in such a sweeping judgment, but if one were consistently to apply the left's own logic, they end up indicting themselves.

Recall that in the days leading up to the San Bernardino attack, the left was working overtime to blame the allegedly irresponsible rhetoric of Republicans and pro-life activists for the fact that an obviously mentally disturbed man killed three people at an abortion clinic. The *Week*'s Damon Linker penned a column headlined "The deeply irresponsible rhetoric of the pro-life movement" that was typical of the genre. Much of the condemnation was disingenuous, but leave that aside.

Coming on the heels of all this chin-stroking designed to shame and silence pro-life activists and politicians, where is the similar media soul-searching about the folly of liberal political correctness in the wake of the San Bernardino shooting? After all, it was reported by a local CBS affiliate that a man working near the

terrorists' residence "said he noticed a half-dozen Middle Eastern men in the area in recent weeks, but decided not to report anything since he did not wish to racially profile those people." And who but the American left has been constantly beating the drums against racial profiling? (*Bloomberg*, it's worth noting, speculated on one hypothetical motive even as the attack was ongoing, pointing out that it took place a few miles from a Planned Parenthood clinic.) Examples of this media double standard abound, and if we didn't know better, we'd say the selective highlighting of irresponsible political rhetoric precisely coincides with the pieties and priorities of the American left.

And speaking of pieties, when it became obvious that the facts behind the San Bernardino terrorist attack weren't going to fit any preferred media narrative, the predominant response from liberals to the shooting was, astonishingly, to start attacking politicians for offering "thoughts and prayers" for the victims—instead of passing gun control laws. Connecticut senator Chris Murphy and Democratic National Committee head Debbie Wasserman Schultz openly embraced this meme du jour. The *New York Daily News*'s front page the day after was a series of tweets from GOP politicians offering thoughts and prayers for the victims, with the headline "GOD ISN'T FIXING THIS." On Twitter, writer Daniel Foster observed that the outrage over prayer was a "zeitgeisty thing whose time had come. Like Leibniz and Newton both inventing calculus, except a thousand progs and stupid."

The irony, of course, is that this silly line of attack amounted to a kind of prayer to the secular god of government. Liberals offer no demonstrable solution to such attacks even as they dogmatically insist that imaginary new laws can prevent gun deaths. And they completely ignore the fact that gun deaths have fallen by half over the past 20 years, even as gun laws have become somewhat less restrictive.

However, if insulting the political and cultural opposition was the goal, mission accomplished. Never mind that this made a mockery of the victims and first responders who prayed at the scene in San Bernardino.

Even President Obama, not known for shying away from alienating and smug gun-control rhetoric, sensed the overreaching and made a point of specifically offering his "thoughts and prayers" the day after the shooting, throwing his ideological comrades under the bus. While concern for the victims of San Bernardino remains paramount, The Scrapbook's thoughts and prayers also go out to those offended by thoughts and prayers. ♦

Who Pays for Paid Leave?

Back in October, the Council of the District of Columbia made news when a majority of its members pushed for the most generous paid-family-leave program in the country: a whopping 16 weeks. And we do mean whopping. Sixteen weeks is longer than the 12 weeks supported by Hillary Clinton and the 14 weeks endorsed by Bernie Sanders. It even surpasses the paid-leave provided by the Communist government of the People's Republic of China. (Seriously, think about that.)

The proposal was lauded for its

boldness by the Obama administration and others on the left. It is also extremely expansive. As explained in the *Washington Post*, "almost every part-time and full-time employee in the nation's capital would be entitled to 16 weeks of paid family leave to bond with an infant or an adopted child, recover from an illness, recuperate from a military deployment or tend to an ill family member." In addition, "The District would offer . . . unprecedented coverage for workers' salaries and hourly wages: 100 percent of pay for those making up to $52,000 a year. Employees who earn more than that would be eligible for $1,000 a week plus 50 percent of their additional income, up to a maximum of $3,000 per week."

Now we hate to bring this up, but how exactly is all this being financed? According to the *Post*, "private employers in the city would be required to pay the equivalent of as much as 1 percent of all employees' salary costs into a citywide fund to cover the universal benefit." This does, however, present a problem: "Because the District cannot require the federal government to pay such a tax, the bill would set up two classes of workers in the city: employees of private companies, who would have their leave funded by a new tax on employers, vs. federal employees and others, who would be required to pay the tax themselves."

A recent *Washington Post* poll showed 82 percent of District residents back the 16-week paid-leave plan. But support plummets to 45 percent when they are asked, "What if the benefits were paid for by a new tax on workers instead of businesses—would you support or oppose this law?" Likewise, local businesses are wary about having to pay for such an extended leave. In short, this bill is going nowhere.

But what about the children? As the *Post* observes, "Under one initial estimate, developed through a federal grant, only 12 percent of the leave taken in the District might be claimed by employees taking time off to care for a newborn." For the record, The Scrapbook would have taken the time off for a much-needed mental health break. In Barbados. ♦

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A Steamy Episode

The other day, sitting around naked in a Bavarian hotel with a woman I'd just met, I thought of the best-mannered person I ever knew. Andrzej came from an elegant Warsaw family. I met him at the very end of his long and difficult life, when he was singing "*Sto Lat*" at his American grandsons' birthday parties. His gift was for keeping his cool and putting others at ease. One summer weekend in the 1920s he was strolling along some Pomeranian beach when he saw a dapper little man who looked like his father approaching, arm in arm with a much younger woman. Andrzej tipped his hat. Andrzej's father tipped his hat. The two walked by one another without breaking stride.

Andrzej had a feel for these situations. At a grand house party between the wars, a distraught friend confessed that he had embarrassed the imperious hostess by walking into a bathroom while she was using it. What could he have done? She had left the door ajar! Andrzej told the friend he should have turned away immediately and shouted, "Excuse me, sir!" permitting the hostess to convince herself that, while she might have been caught in an embarrassing position, she had at least not been seen in one.

A few years after the Second World War, when Germans were not terribly comfortable in the company of Poles, Andrzej would lower tensions by telling the Germans he met that of course he spoke good German—he had had five years' instruction paid for by the German state. If he found them sympathetic he would forbear telling them that this "instruction" had taken place in Sachsenhausen, a concentration camp north of Berlin.

It is only because Andrzej's son is my friend that I know these stories. They have stuck in my head.

Two weeks ago, I could have used Andrzej's talent for managing women, Germans, and surprise. I was in Passau, a city once known for its cathedral and the cliffs across the Danube, and now known for its Middle Eastern refugees.

I had walked the cliffs in the morning, despite a minor leg injury. By the end of the day it was killing me. "Why don't you take a sauna?" said the receptionist. She gave me a bushel-bag with slippers, a terrycloth robe, and the key.

DAVE CLEGG

Dressed in just the robe, I took the elevator up. The room was thick with steam. I hung up the robe, kicked off my slippers, and was padding towards the door from which steam was emerging, when I almost bumped into a woman who, as I say, had no more clothing on than I had.

We were close enough, and facing each other squarely enough, that Andrzej's "Excuse me, sir!" would have earned me either a slap in the face or a trip to an insane asylum. "*Entschuldigung!*" I said. "I was looking for the sauna."

"This is the sauna," she said, welcomingly. "My husband's in there."

I walked over as quickly as I could without slipping on the floor, and just as the man and I were introducing ourselves, she came back in. I was embarrassed. Not for an instant had it occurred to me that the sauna might be co-ed. I looked at the bucket and the water ladle in the far corner and folded my hands on my thighs. I explained that the last sauna I had taken was with my father, in the men's locker room of our local YMCA, sometime during the Carter administration.

"I will show you how," said the man. It had been ten minutes, he said. Time to hose ourselves down. Any longer would be bad for our hearts. He turned on a cold-water hose that was coiled on the wall and began to shout: "*Einmal! Zweimal! Dreimal!*" as he danced around flopping the water methodically up one leg and then up the other. "Right leg first!" he hollered. "Now the arm! Always right first, then left! For the heart!" He was twirling the hose around in loops, and it was clear that he was spouting nineteenth-century anatomical mysticism from the world of *Three Men on the Bummel*. Zee blood flees zee icy water, rushing from zee extremities into zee heart, where it is safe and happy.

We went back in the sauna for another ten-minute round. I was coming to like these eccentric old valetudinarians. But then I remembered having read that, in some country, when people finish a sauna, they whack each other on the back with branches. Was that Germany? Probably not. But after my friend's hose dance, anything seemed possible. I bid them *auf Wiedersehen*.

I had an interview with the mayor that afternoon. It finished around 7 P.M., and I decided to get a quick dinner. There was a little working-class barroom where I'd had a superb ham hock (*Schweinshaxe*) two days before. There were no tables, but then I heard someone shouting, "*Komm! Komm!*" It was my friends. We had another nice talk and I ordered the *Blutwurst* special. What a stroke of luck to have found them, I said. I almost hadn't recognized them with clothes on.

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

the weekly Standard

Not to Worry

You're worried. Okay, you're alarmed. Actually, you're panicked. Donald Trump will be the nominee and destroy the party. It's embarrassing for the GOP that Ben Carson has so much support. Marco Rubio will be judged by voters too young and inexperienced for the Oval Office. Ted Cruz would be a certain loser to Hillary Clinton. And it's too late for someone else to come from behind and win the nomination. All scenarios lead to disaster.

Not to worry. All will be well . . . probably.

First and foremost, we will likely be spared a Trump nomination. In the latest national poll, taken at the end of November by Quinnipiac, Trump leads the GOP field with 27 percent, 10 points ahead of Rubio at 17 percent, 11 ahead of Carson and Cruz. It's fair to point out that he's not quite fading, as we hoped and anticipated he would be by this point. On the other hand, in Quinnipiac polls over the previous three months, Trump has registered 24, 25, and 24 percent. In other words, he's at a plateau—a high plateau, but not high enough to get him nominated. And other surveys show him with fewer second-choice supporters than his rivals.

GARY LOCKE

Furthermore, when Quinnipiac asked whether voters' minds were made up, more than half of the Trump supporters said they might change their mind. It's true that Trump has a somewhat higher percentage of committed supporters than the other candidates. Still, this means Trump's solid support is around 13 percent of the Republican primary electorate. And while Trump has defied gravity so far, it's hard to believe that, as voting gets closer, his support will go up rather than down. He may win a few early primaries against a splintered field (though we wouldn't bet on that). He's very unlikely to be the nominee.

What about Ben Carson? He's also unlikely to be the nominee, especially as foreign policy becomes a more central issue. But he's an admired figure, not just among Republicans but among the electorate as a whole, with a 40-33 percent favorability rating (Trump, by contrast, is at 35-57, tied with Jeb Bush for the worst rating). Having Ben Carson in the mix for a few more months probably helps the overall image of the GOP. And if Carson surprises and convinces voters he's not just a good man but the man for the job, he'll go into the general election as a strong candidate.

What of Marco Rubio? He has the strongest favorability ratings among the Republican contenders, at 37-28, and trails Clinton by one, 45-44, in Quinnipiac's matchup. Voters seem so far not to be holding his youth and inexperience against him, and there's no reason to think they will start doing so if he keeps performing well.

Rubio's biggest problem isn't the general election. It's the fact that—to take the latest Quinnipiac poll again—62 percent of the vote goes to Trump, Carson, Cruz, Huckabee, and Paul, whom we might call the antiestablishment candidates. Only 29 percent of voters support Rubio, Jeb Bush, Chris Christie, Carly Fiorina, and John Kasich, who might be considered establishment-friendly. Rubio will have to guard against allowing himself to be labeled as the establishment candidate.

As for Ted Cruz, if he were to win the nomination, isn't he sure to lose the general election? No. He does trail Hillary Clinton, 47-42, when Quinnipiac matches them up. On the other hand, his favorability-unfavorability among the general electorate is 33-33, better than Clinton's 44-51. This suggests that a Cruz-Clinton race would be very competitive—especially when one factors in Obama's current 44-51 job approval in Quinnipiac. If Clinton's favorability rating and Obama's job approval don't improve, the White House will be winnable by an acceptable Republican. Cruz's 33-33 is acceptable. And he's proving to be a very able candidate who's getting better as he campaigns—in marked contrast with Hillary Clinton.

Could someone else barge into the GOP Final Four? It's been such an unpredictable and fluid race so far that it would be foolish to say it couldn't happen. And two-thirds of Republicans in the Quinnipiac poll say they could still change their minds. Of the long shots, Chris Christie has the best chance, because his plainspoken toughness combined with governing experience could provide an alternative not represented in the current Big Four. If Christie (or anyone else) is a good enough candidate to win the nomination after being so far behind, he would be, almost by definition, a formidable general election competitor.

The November 2016 forecast for the GOP is for clear and sunny skies—even if the intervening months will have overcast days and even drenching thunderstorms. So

put the Valium back in the medicine cabinet. Enjoy the holiday season. The 2016 election should put us on a path to making America great again—without nominating Donald Trump.

—William Kristol

The Downward Spiral

Obamacare has an incurable preexisting condition: It eats away at the private insurance market on which it relies. That market cannot survive Obamacare's hubristic mandates, and Obamacare cannot survive the collapse of that market. On their present course, both are doomed.

The challenge for conservatives is to figure out how, upon Obamacare's repeal, to rescue private insurance. If conservatives don't save that market, liberals will—only it will no longer be a market for *private* insurance, and there will no longer be millions of purchasers, but just one. The question is, will conservatives kill Obamacare and save the private market, or will liberals kill the private market and institute "single-payer" health care?

How to save the private market is no mystery: Repeal Obamacare, encourage the use of health savings accounts, and offer a non-income-tested tax credit to those who buy health insurance on their own—to more or less equalize the tax treatment of employer-based and individually purchased insurance. This is an issue of the highest importance, but Republican presidential candidates have been slow to focus on it.

Aside from advancing serious alternatives, Republicans' ongoing task is to keep Obamacare from becoming entrenched, while letting it collapse under its own weight. Refusing to set up Obamacare exchanges in many states was a step in the right direction, as was rejecting Obamacare's Medicaid expansion in many states and—late last year—stopping Obamacare's insurer bailout.

That last victory was certainly important. Obamacare was originally going to reward insurance companies that lowballed their prices, by having taxpayers help cover their losses. Senator Marco Rubio raised this issue, and others pushed it for many months, among them Heritage Action, the House Energy and Commerce Committee, the House Oversight and Government Reform Committee, Senator Mike Lee, and Representatives Leonard Lance and (now-senator) Bill Cassidy. Eventually, language was included in last December's CRomnibus legislation requiring the so-called risk-corridor program to be budget-neutral and barring the Obama administration from covering potential shortfalls by tapping other funds. In other words, the legislation prevented the program from functioning as an insurer bailout. The *Hill* quotes Tim Jost, a prominent health care law professor and Obamacare supporter, as saying of Republicans, "I think this is one of the most effective things they've done so far in terms of trying to undermine the Affordable Care Act."

The CRomnibus legislation, however, runs out on December 11, and with it the language stopping Obamacare's insurer bailout. Former senior Obama administration official Marilyn Tavenner, who now heads the nation's largest lobbying group for health insurance companies, calls it "essential" that the risk corridors "work as designed"—that is, at taxpayer expense. The Obama administration shares her goal.

It shouldn't be difficult, though, for Republicans to stand their ground and insist that any new legislation continue the taxpayer protections—as the public overwhelmingly supports this. The 2017 Project (which I ran) released a McLaughlin & Associates poll last year asking, "If private insurance companies lose money selling health insurance under Obamacare, should taxpayers help cover their losses?" By a tally of 81 to 10 percent, respondents said no. (The poll included 38 percent Democrats and 31 percent Republicans.)

Forestalling the bailout forced insurers to price their Obamacare policies more honestly, thus helping to limit Obamacare enrollment and keep the president's signature legislation from gaining the foothold he would like. But the reason Obamacare is destroying the private insurance market is its 2,400 pages of harmful mandates. To provide just a partial list, Obamacare forces insurers to take sick or injured people who aren't really buying insurance so much as heavily subsidized health care, the cost of which gets passed on to everyone else; it lets people flit in and out of the market pretty much at whim; it bans insurers from pricing policies for young people at the low rates the market would naturally yield; it makes it nearly impossible to buy more affordable catastrophic insurance, as everyone's policy must include such things as pediatric dental care, whether or not one has kids; it discourages new insurers from entering the market and essentially bans the building or expansion of doctor-owned hospitals; and, finally, it encourages the consolidation of both insurance companies and hospitals.

Premiums, unsurprisingly, have risen dramatically, deductibles have risen alongside them, doctor networks have shrunk to appalling levels, and the American people, particularly younger and healthier ones, are rejecting the product—even though they are mandated to buy it.

TIM OGLINE

Professor Seth Chandler, who teaches insurance law at the University of Houston, writes that data released by the Department of Health and Human Services about a month ago show "the beginnings of an adverse selection death spiral that threatens the stability of the system of insurance created by the Affordable Care Act." Chandler adds, "Private health insurance is fragile. It generally does not well withstand the sort of underwriting regulation imposed by" Obamacare.

Charles Gaba, an Obamacare supporter, has studied premiums in the exchanges and found that the weighted average increase in premiums from 2015 to 2016—reflecting what the typical person is likely facing—is a whopping 12 to 13 percent nationally. Most Americans, needless to say, aren't getting 12 to 13 percent raises to keep pace with their premium increases. Chandler finds that price spikes are even greater for plans with wider doctor networks—when such plans are even offered. He observes the disappearance this fall of plans with wider doctor networks that were available last year on the Obamacare exchange in Houston—arguably the health care capital of America. "Basically," he writes, "it is no longer true in [Houston] that you have a choice of doctor if you purchase an Obamacare plan. You get what the HMO or EPO gives you."

No wonder Americans are disobeying the command to buy Obamacare-compliant insurance. The administration now says it "expects 10 million" people to be enrolled in the exchanges by the end of 2016. That's less than *half* the CBO's projection of 21 million for 2016 that it made when Obamacare was passed and reiterated just this spring.

The nation's largest health insurance provider, UnitedHealthcare, recently announced it is considering withdrawing from the Obamacare exchanges in 2017, citing heavy losses, and it followed that up by saying it made "a bad decision" to enter the exchanges to the degree that it already has. Nor are United's woes a product of reckless lowball pricing. Chandler writes,

> United prices tend to be fairly close to the median [for plans on the exchanges] and, if anything, tend to be a bit higher . . . suggesting that either United had problems on the cost side or simply that it is now facing up to a fact that some other large insurers may wish to deny: Obamacare is in trouble.

Indeed, it is. But it won't die on its own. It will limp along, wounded and ailing, and dragging the insurers down with it. The key question remains: Will Republicans repeal and replace Obamacare with a conservative alternative in 2017? Or will they apply some pointless "fix," allowing the next Democratic administration to move us from a government disaster to a government monopoly?

—Jeffrey H. Anderson

The 'Consummate Happy Warrior'

Arizona's freshman governor goes from success to success. BY FRED BARNES

Phoenix

Doug Ducey's path to the governor's office in Arizona was unforeseen and unlikely. When he was 18 and fresh out of high school, he left his hometown of Toledo, Ohio, and drove to Arizona. He had never been to Arizona and didn't know a single person there. But he had little reason to stay in Ohio. His parents were divorced, and his mother had remarried and moved to Nevada.

Ducey loved Arizona. "It has a West Coast vibe and Midwestern values and work ethic," he says. Ducey worked his way through Arizona State University as the college representative for the local Anheuser-Busch beer distributor. "That was a great company with a great brand and a great culture," he says. Ducey touted Budweiser as "a beverage of moderation."

After graduation in 1986—he majored in finance—Ducey worked in sales and marketing for Procter & Gamble. His breakthrough in business came when he joined Cold Stone Creamery, a small ice cream company. In 1996, it began franchising, and by the time he and his partner sold Cold Stone in 2007 it had over 1,400 stores in all 50 states and 10 countries.

All this—from college to Cold Stone—may look like the preface to a second career higher up the business ladder as a CEO, a buyer and seller of companies, or a big-time investor. It wasn't. Ducey changed course. He went into politics.

He had been a minor player in local Republican politics in Phoenix. But in 2010 he decided to try elective office. In

THOMAS FLUHARTY

the back of his mind was a possible run for governor some time in the future. He had consulted Mitch Daniels, then governor of Indiana, and Fife Symington, the reform governor of Arizona in the 1990s, among others. He took their advice and decided his expertise in finance but inexperience in politics made running for state treasurer the appropriate first step. He was elected.

Careful, studious, and attentive to detail, Ducey got the most out of that down-ticket office. He learned what assets the state has (especially its land holdings) and what obligations. He was Arizona's chief banker and investor. His mastery of the job gave him the knowledge and experience to run for governor. Last year, Ducey won a three-way struggle for the GOP nomination, then defeated Democrat Fred DuVal 53 percent to 42 percent.

The race was competitive until breaking open in the last two weeks. "What always struck me about Ducey, he's a consummate happy warrior," says Phil Cox, who ran the Republican Governors Association. "He disarms opponents." The RGA spent $6 million on ads in Ducey's behalf.

As governor, Ducey, 51, wants to be what *Arizona Republic* columnist Robert Robb calls a "transformational conservative reformer." He's for school choice and charter schools. He wants to make government smaller and more efficient. His goal is for the state income tax to be "as close to zero as possible" when he leaves office. He's determined to lift the achievement level of schools in poor and minority neighborhoods to that of schools in wealthier areas.

It's an ambitious agenda—for later. At the urging of Daniels, he tackled mundane but necessary matters in his first year. It made for a bumpy start. The Super Bowl was scheduled in Phoenix a month after his inauguration, and Ducey feared a public transportation catastrophe. The head of the Department of Weights and Measures was bent on applying onerous taxi regulations to Uber and Lyft, potentially sidelining them. Ducey blocked the regs, fired the official, and eliminated the department.

Ducey then wiped out a $1 billion deficit without raising taxes, an admirable achievement. In doing so, he cut spending for universities and charter schools, angering their supporters and allies. He assuaged the education community later by negotiating an unexpected deal on school spending.

One of Ducey's favorite sayings is that government "needs to operate at the speed of business." He regularly visits state agencies and asks officials to explain their mission and their metrics for gauging success. Robb, by the way, wrote that Ducey's saying is

Fred Barnes is an executive editor at The Weekly Standard.

"a nonsense phrase. Successful businesses don't try to cram as many decisions into as short a period of time as possible." Ducey is undeterred. When I interviewed him, the phrase popped up repeatedly.

A week after taking office, Ducey announced a few popular decisions. He shut down the state's lobbying office in Washington. He ordered a "moratorium on new regulations." And he proclaimed a government hiring freeze.

These were relatively small things. In October, he pulled off a totally unanticipated compromise on education spending. It was a big thing, and Ducey not only got credit, he deserved every bit of it.

The problem had been twofold. A court order required the state to fund K-12 education with an immediate $336 million to cover inflation and back payments of as much as $1.3 billion. But the Republican-controlled legislature had no intention of spending that amount.

Ducey was not a party in the lawsuit that led to the court order, but he intervened anyway after talks broke down. "As governor you can't say you're not a party to [important] things," Ducey told me. "People want leadership."

He and senate president Andy Biggs, the most powerful politician in the state next to Ducey, provided the leadership. The two met privately and came up with a way to settle the lawsuit and satisfy Republican legislators, the education lobby, and nearly everyone else except Democrats.

To fund the deal, Ducey harked back to his years as treasurer, when he was in charge of the state's land trust. Rather than raise taxes, he proposed to take $2 billion from the trust. The legislature agreed, and he signed the measure on October 30. Voters will render their verdict in a May 17 referendum.

Democrats insisted the cost of inflation in school funding should be paid out of general funds. "This was a big moment," Robb wrote in his column. "What politicians did during it should be remembered." When the day of remembrance comes, as it surely will in the next election, Ducey's triumph won't be forgotten. ♦

The Rules Matter

The decline of the GOP establishment and the rise of Trump. BY JAY COST

The Trump phenomenon continues apace, immune to the boorishness and ignorance of its avatar. It does not seem to matter what Donald Trump says or does—he continues to lead the Republican field by a wide margin.

Often overlooked when scrutinizing Trump's dominance are the rules of the Republican nomination process. These are not a sufficient condition for Trump's ascent, but they are certainly a necessary factor. The GOP's rules used to work well for the party because its voters and leaders trusted and respected one another. But this mutual geniality has been replaced with condescension and suspicion, which has created a massive power vacuum for a demagogue like Trump to fill.

The rules of a political institution matter a great deal. They allocate power to the different interests represented within it, channeling a vast panoply of individual preferences into a collective result. An appreciation for the central importance of the rules of politics is at the heart of James Madison's political philosophy, which is one reason he is still widely read today. It is also why the scientific study of parties and Congress has been enjoying a renaissance since the 1970s. As scholars began emphasizing the nexus among institutional rules, individual preferences, and collective results, they made enormous progress in understanding how these institutions function.

Simply put: Changing the rules of a game can change the outcome of the game, and the rules of the presidential nomination system underwent a massive change in the 1970s. The old system of convention-selected nominees was thrown out in favor of primaries and open caucuses. Like all significant alterations of political rules, this dramatically shifted power relations.

Previously, the party was akin to what political scientist E. E. Schattschneider called a "truncated pyramid. The accumulation of authority within the party stops abruptly at the level of the state and local bosses or machines; the bosses have no superiors within the party." The old system concentrated power in state and local organizations, and because there was no superintending authority, those organizations had to agree collectively on a presidential nominee. Hence, the quadrennial nominating conventions.

Following the tumult of the 1968 convention, the Democrats instituted nomination reforms that Republicans eventually mimicked. The nomination power shifted from the state and local parties toward the people themselves, through primaries and open caucuses. But unlike the old party bosses, the people at large are not professional politicos. They lack the time and knowledge necessary to select the best nominee from the virtually unlimited range of alternatives. This is how we wound up with the unusual system of the present day. The party voters possess the *formal power* to decide, but there is a vast infrastructure of donors, strategists, and insiders—an elite establishment—whose job is to *control informally* the people's decision.

This informal role of the elites has actually centralized power in important respects. The leaders of the old, omnipotent state and local party organizations were sometimes prone to ignoring the will of their

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voters (as the GOP did in 1912 and the Democrats did in 1968), but they were geographically and socioeconomically more diverse than today's postreform establishment. It used to be that if a candidate wanted to win the nomination, he'd have to court the local bosses from far-flung locales like Billings, Montana. Now, he heads to Dallas, Los Angeles, New York City, and Washington, D.C., to curry favor with the elites who possess the resources necessary to run an 18-month-long primary campaign. The only local bosses with influence are from the handful of states with the unmerited privilege of inaugurating the primary season.

Granted, it is hard to argue that these changes have so far produced a different class of nominee. The choices of the postreform era—Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan, George H.W. Bush, Bob Dole, George W. Bush, John McCain, and Mitt Romney—all look like the nominees of yesteryear.

This does not mean, however, that the power relations stayed the same. The rules, as noted above, are only one part of the equation. They direct the preferences of the various factions and interests into a final result. If everybody agrees with everybody else, then changes in the rules will not make much difference to the outcome. And the Republican party used to be quite homogenous. State and local leaders, Beltway elites, and average GOP voters all had a pretty similar view of who should lead the party. Thus, shifting the balance of power among these groups did not really influence the ultimate choice.

But the GOP's homogeneity is breaking down, in important respects. There is now a yawning credibility gap separating Republican voters from the party establishment. Average conservatives do not trust their leaders in Washington to make good on their campaign promises. They increasingly sound like New Left liberals in their complaints about the ability of money to corrupt the electoral process. And they have grown cynical about the legerdemain of modern campaign craft.

This is a huge problem for the party establishment, because its power to guide the electorate was informal and based upon mutual trust, respect, and ideological similitude. These bonds are breaking down, and the establishment is panicking. If the voters are rejecting the elites, then the elites have lost their hold over the nomination.

Conservatives inclined to celebrate this breakdown should be cautious. It doesn't alter the fact that the people at large still lack the capacity to make the best choices on their own. Indeed, that is one of the foundational premises of representative government. The power of the people is supreme in our system, but it is delegated to representatives, "whose wisdom may best discern the true interest of their country," as Madison puts it in *Federalist* 10. Party organization, which has been extant in one form or another since 1791, is a further testament to the fact that the people cannot exercise power responsibly without some kind of management. Otherwise, they become susceptible to demagogues.

And that is precisely the frame of reference in which to understand Donald Trump: a demagogue who has taken advantage of the chaos within the Republican party. The postreform nomination rules worked for 40 years because of the synchronicity between the voters and the establishment. Now that this is gone, and voters are increasingly unbound by the guiding hand of the elites, they have fallen prey to Trump.

This is why it is hard to put much stock into the opinions of the average Trump supporter. If you are reading this, chances are good that you know about Trump's various inanities, offenses, hypocrisies, and past support of liberal positions. *But a vast swath of the GOP primary electorate does not*. They pay scant attention to the details of politics. They used to take their cues from the party establishment, but they no longer trust the establishment to "discern the true interest" of the party and thus are vulnerable to the hijinks of an eccentric billionaire who knows how to manipulate the media.

One thing is certain: If the Republican party had the same rules in 2015 as it did in 1915, Donald Trump would not be a problem. His entire candidacy is premised upon the breakdown of the relationship between the elites and the base, whose mutual accord has been central to the effectiveness of the postreform rules. For all its defects, the old nomination process, which placed power exclusively in the hands of the state and local organizations, would have dispatched Trump's candidacy with ruthless efficiency.

The good news is that it is highly unlikely that Trump will win the

GARY LOCKE

nomination. He seems to be range-bound around 30 percent support, and it is an open question whether his supporters will actually show up to vote. His current dominance is due to the fact that the non-Trump majority is scattering its support across a dozen other candidates.

The bad news is that Trump has already had a negative effect on the GOP. He is terrible PR for the party, especially when it comes to the Latino vote. Republicans need to win about 35 percent of Latinos over the long haul, but the price of that support cannot be bad immigration reform that facilitates corporate rent-seekers at the expense of the working poor, as the Rubio-Schumer bill did. To win Latino support while opposing cronyism requires a nuanced approach on immigration that strictly denounces nativist appeals. Trump is incapable of such sophistication and is undermining the cause of reform that serves the general welfare rather than well-connected interest groups.

Beyond that, Trump has distorted the party conversation. Too much time has been spent on Trump's antics and not enough on the relative merits of the serious candidates. This is most unfortunate. The presidential office is extremely powerful, and this is the party's only opportunity to vet its candidates. Time spent debating whether Trump made a disparaging remark or gesture about a journalist is time lost, never to be won back.

After this cycle, the Republican party desperately needs to reform its rules. This does not mean tinkering at the margins, playing with delegate allocation formulas and debate schedules, as the Republican National Committee did after 2012. The 1970s reforms allocated power within the party based on a premise of mutual trust and respect between the voters and the establishment. Without that foundation, the rules are a liability and need to be substantially redrafted. The real danger is not that a clownish demagogue like Trump will win the nomination this cycle, but that a demagogue who is not so much a clown eventually will. ♦

No Longer the Envy of Them All

Can the U.K. military decline be reversed?

BY GARY SCHMITT

Now we can get a second one of these.

When Britain's Tory-led coalition government issued the 2010 Strategic Defence and Security Review (SDSR), the signal sent to Washington and the rest of the world was that London was in full-scale strategic retreat. The government's priorities were domestic. Getting the country's finances under control was first and foremost, with the result that sweeping cuts were made to defense programs, platforms, and personnel. Dealing with the aftermath of a global recession, difficult missions in Iraq and Afghanistan, and a vast "black hole" of unfunded defense acquisition programs from the Labour years, it's perhaps no surprise that the 2010 SDSR took on the character that it did.

Jump forward five years, and it's striking how a less-than-boffo British military performance in the 2011 campaign in Libya, beheadings of citizens in the Middle East, a Russian invasion of another sovereign European state, and Russian submarines and planes playing hide-and-seek around U.K. home waters and airspace can create a different strategic calculus. While not without its problems, the recently released 2015 SDSR is a more serious document.

As Prime Minister David Cameron notes in the foreword to the white paper, "threats" to the U.K.

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"are growing," and Britain's own well-being is tied to "stability and order in the world." And when it comes to the threats posed to that order, Britain doesn't have the luxury of choosing "between conventional defences against state-based threats and the need to counter threats that do not recognise national borders. Today we face both and we must respond to both."

The question, of course, in such reviews is how those words match up with capabilities. On its face, this SDSR is not too bad.

There is a pledge to stay above 2 percent of GDP for defense spending—the agreed-upon floor for NATO countries that few allies actually meet. And the Tory government is also committed to upping the defense procurement budget by some $18 billion over the next decade.

With these resources, the plan is to maintain Britain's sea-based nuclear deterrent, create two new army strike brigades, up the number of expeditionary forces from the currently planned 30,000 to 50,000, build and deploy two new aircraft carriers, speed up delivery of F-35Bs to put on the carriers, purchase nine P-8 maritime patrol craft, create two extra squadrons of multirole fighters, maintain a surface combatant fleet of 19 ships, and plus-up Special Forces and cyber capabilities. All in all, a far rosier outlook for the country's military—especially considering that just a year ago further cuts to the military were seen as likely.

But before putting the "great" back into Great Britain's defense capabilities, it's worth noting that it required new "bookkeeping" rules to keep the U.K. above the 2 percent marker. Not that the new rules are unfair; indeed, they reflect common NATO accounting standards. But if the old system were still in place, Britain's defense burden would be below 2 percent and certainly below what historically that burden has been.

That the budget isn't being cut is certainly good news, but the reality is that the SDSR in real terms bumps up defense spending only marginally. There is also the issue that a fair amount of the "new" spending is tied to savings from efficiencies elsewhere, including a shift in moneys from other programs and a massive cut in the civilian defense workforce. The savings could happen, but one wouldn't want to bet the house on it.

Diving deeper, one discovers, for example, that the two new army strike brigades are not a product of increased end-strength but taken out of the existing force structure and won't be operational until 2025. As for the Royal Navy, the carriers will be going to sea with new F-35s but below a normal carrier complement. And while committed to maintaining a surface combatant fleet of 19 ships, the SDSR plan is to buy only 8 of the new antisubmarine frigates—instead of the original 13—while hoping to make up the gap with a new frigate that, it is said, will be cheaper and exportable but is only notional at this point. As for the air force, the two additional fighter squadrons will be composed not of new jets but of existing Typhoons extended operationally for an additional 10 years. To be sure, these are important capabilities but not of an order that knocks one's socks off.

Since 1998, British land forces have shrunk by a quarter, and the number of principal surface combatants has dropped by half.

The fact remains that, since 1998, British land forces have shrunk by a quarter, and the number of principal surface combatants has dropped by half. There is no reason to believe that those reductions in force structure will be reversed anytime soon—if ever. As with virtually every European military budget, the British budget has been continually squeezed by other spending priorities. And while the Tory government has begun to bend that curve, even from 2009-10 to 2013-14, by London's own accounting, welfare spending increased from 35 percent of the budget to 37 percent. In contrast, the share given to defense was less than 6 percent.

There is no question that the 2015 SDSR is an improvement over its predecessor in both the goals it sets and the means by which it plans to meet them. The underlying ambition to remain something of a "pocket superpower" is a welcome change from the "Little England" of recent years. But it's an ambition that appears to lack urgency and is tempered by a grudging grant of needed resources. So for now, it's only "two cheers" for this latest Strategic Defence and Security Review. ♦

A Tax that Mainly Adds Complexity

The pitfalls of a VAT.

BY IRWIN M. STELZER

PAUL FAITH / PA WIRE / AP

Or how about just none at all?

There are lots of good reasons for conservatives to cheer when various Republican candidates propose a consumption tax, or a tax on spending as some call it, or, in one of its most used forms, a value-added tax (VAT).

Such a tax would, or potentially could, replace some of the taxes now borne by work and risk-taking. Exports could be exempt, providing them with the same subsidy European and other nations provide their exports. Some consumption taxes are cost-effective for society, such as those that reduce health care costs by inhibiting smoking or reduce costly regulations by taxing pollutants. And it can produce real money for the Treasury (not a virtue say some, who would reduce in tandem taxes now levied on incomes).

Researchers at the Urban-Brookings Tax Policy Center estimate that a 5 percent consumption tax in its most common form, a broad-based, value-added tax, levied on the value added at each stage of the production process, could raise about $160 billion per year. That's real money, and it could be much more, especially if the internationally common 20 percent rate were applied. But even then, it would not be enough to replace all income taxes.

For that reason alone there is one claimed advantage a VAT definitely does not have: It will not eliminate income taxes, or the IRS, or the K Street lobbyists that thrive on writing special provisions into the code to advantage their clients at the expense of the ordinary taxpayer. It will, instead, massively multiply the number of rules-writing revenue agents and further enrich their special-privilege-seeking lobbyists. Here's why.

A VAT, levied at each stage of the production process, has all of the complexity of our tax code, and then some. For one thing, in practice a VAT is rarely if ever a flat tax. In Britain, for example, there are three different rates, as it is reasonable to expect there would be here, when those with access to the political system finished carving themselves a healthy portion of privilege. Instead of the 20 percent to which Britain's "standard rate" has inched up, children's car seats, fuel, and "mobility aids for older people" are charged at 5 percent, the latter only if you are over 60 and the devices are installed by a builder after you fill out the necessary eligibility forms. Her Majesty's tax collector warns that "you don't get the reduced rate if you just buy" the mobility device. Books, newspapers, motorcycle helmets, and children's clothes and shoes are "zero-rated," jargon for exempted, but must nevertheless be reported on business tax returns. Incontinence products are not taxed, but maternity pads and "sanitary protection products" are. That difference might not survive our gender-conscious courts.

And it's not as simple as even that. Hot food pays no tax: When I was in Britain several stores installed microwave ovens to "heat" sandwiches and the like, thereby converting them to tax-free "hot food." Other food and drink "for human consumption" also incur no tax, unless they are crisps (potato chips to us), ice cream, soft drinks, and other specified items. Which might explain why Mike Bloomberg, who knows what's good for us, is building a huge headquarters in London, where some greens and food police are hoping he will run for mayor. It boggles the mind to imagine the punitive rates that food police here would impose on items they deem unhealthy—sodas, sugary foods, salty foods, anything Michelle Obama has put on the list of foods verboten for school lunches.

Nor is distinguishing between non-taxable children's clothing and things worn by adults an easy matter. Her Majesty's tax collectors have decided that bras up to and including size 34B, but no larger, are for young girls and therefore exempt; leotards and swimsuits measuring 27-and-a-half inches

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(or less) from shoulder to crotch are not taxed. Shoes up to a certain size are not taxed, and there are special rules for people whose foot sizes are not identical for the right and left feet. These and other items are, they say, designed for young children who meet "measurements . . . based on children up to the eve of their 14th birthday, as this is when the body dimensions begin to merge with those of the general adult population." For manufacturers who find that vague, there follows a list of measurements of clothes Her Majesty's Revenue and Customs will consider designed for the young: The merely young-at-heart pay full rate.

VAT proponents among Republican candidates will undoubtedly say they will not allow producers to get sucked into such a quagmire, the cost of which would be borne by consumers. So if you believe that (1) a consumption tax would completely replace all income taxes, rather than be added to our current tax code, (2) arguments on behalf of children, health advocates, safety advocates, the elderly, and others would fall on deaf political ears, and (3) the K Street crowd would quietly sublet their spaces to worthier tenants and, like the obsolete old soldiers they will have become, simply fade away, then by all means support an American value-added tax.

But do give a thought to the cost of adding this complex system of taxation to our manufacturers of goods and services as it would actually work in the real world. And do consider one other troubling aspect of such a tax: The amount of VAT paid along the way from raw material to retailers' shelves is embedded in prices paid by consumers, who do not receive a statement showing the total amount of this tax they have paid during a year and therefore are not especially sensitive to increases in the rate. This lack of transparency is the politicians' friend and makes it far easier to raise VAT rates than income tax rates.

Perhaps it would be best if presidential wannabes would get on with the hard, tedious work of reforming our hideous tax code rather than adding a consumption tax to our burdens. ♦

The Reform Next Time

How to fix Social Security and live to tell about it.

BY IKE BRANNON

Like, say, planning for impending insolvency

The fact that no one's spending much time discussing Social Security reform in the current presidential election is not necessarily a bad thing; campaigns can be terrible places to have serious discussions. Nevertheless, a few candidates and their advisers have put out vague plans: Senator Bernie Sanders has embraced raising taxes to fund the system's shortfall, either by removing the cap on payroll taxes or by imposing a higher payroll tax rate. The Republican ideas put forth thus far are either politically unworkable or don't come close to actually coping with the extent of the shortfall. For instance, Governor Chris Christie's means-testing plan—which would cut benefits for those with a retirement income above $80,000—would not come close to ending the shortfall and has no chance of getting sufficient support from either liberals or conservatives.

New York Times columnist Josh Barro, who seems inexplicably excited about the debate thus far, praised the Jeb Bush campaign recently for floating a plan that would reduce benefit growth via changes in the price indexation of *current* benefits, something that was actually on the table in the 2011 budget discussions before Republicans snatched defeat from the jaws of victory. The price index now being used to adjust existing benefits for inflation, which economists believe slightly overstates the true

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inflation rate, would be replaced with a more accurate measure.

The more important indexation issue, though, has to do with *initial* benefits. Since the Social Security Administration bases a retiree's initial benefits on the worker's highest 35 years of earnings, it has to adjust these wages for inflation. However, for this adjustment, it doesn't use the Consumer Price Index or any other measure of price inflation—instead, it uses *wage inflation*. Wage inflation has historically exceeded price inflation by about 1 percentage point. The result is that someone who retires in 2015 receives benefits about 10 percent higher, in inflation-adjusted dollars, than someone with the same real earnings history who retired a decade ago.

There's no good justification for using wage inflation, but a total change to price inflation—which would completely fix the program's shortfall—is politically impossible, history has shown. However, a decade ago Republicans proposed altering the benefit formula so that upper-income earners would have their initial benefits indexed to price inflation, benefits for the bottom 30 percent of workers would remain indexed to wage inflation, and those in between would have their benefits adjusted by a combination of the two. Such a reform, phased in over time and supplemented with indexing the retirement age to longevity and adjusting the indexation of current benefits, would come close to eliminating the long-term Social Security shortfall.

The problem with raising payroll taxes—besides imposing rates on small businesses that would exceed 60 percent—is that in the short run, revenue gains would greatly exceed the increase in obligations, and the government isn't good at saving. The additional revenues up front from a change in the payroll tax can't get deposited in a lockbox in West Virginia. They will be duly included in the budget numbers, which gives Congress the incentive to spend that money. That's precisely what happened with the tax increases that resulted from the Social Security reform of the early 1980s, and it's clearly what Democrats like Elizabeth Warren, who have been agitating for an increase in benefits for some time, have in mind.

Len Burman, the director of the Urban-Brookings Tax Policy Center, has suggested that a tax increase can avoid that pitfall with the implementation of a value-added tax that has its rate geared to the entitlement revenue shortfall in a given year. No candidate has dared embrace that idea, since matching tax increases with entitlement funding shortfalls leaves nothing left over for political goodies, while still angering a large swath of voters.

At the moment, the debate (such as it is) over such measures seems almost academic: Republicans couldn't pass a Social Security reform in 2005 when they had a healthy majority in the Senate and a largely compliant House. It's difficult to fathom how any Republican administration would have the political juice to get something this controversial done in 2017. And it's hard to see Democrats winning the White House and getting a large enough majority in the Senate to increase payroll taxes.

A potential path for a sensible reform does exist, however. The Republican nominee could mark his territory on the issue by simply spelling out the obvious political constraints on any Social Security change, which is that the top 20 percent of all earners will end up bearing nearly all of the costs of fixing this and that any fix would leave almost everyone else alone. By acknowledging that reality, a winning candidate could conceivably obtain enough political capital to pass a reform that focuses on arresting benefit growth without giving the left something to demagogue.

Social Security reform is worth expending political capital. A successful reform that didn't blow up the republic could potentially give Congress the fortitude to proceed with a wholesale tax reform and maybe even set the stage for Medicare reform, which is an order of magnitude more complicated—and more in the red—than Social Security.

The Bush administration was incompetent in its pursuit of Social Security reform in 2005, and its failure should have no bearing on the prospects for future reform, although it may have irreparably damaged the prospects for carve-out individual accounts. A future administration should learn from its mistakes and not count on creating a groundswell of grassroots support to compel Congress to act to reform entitlements. In these hyperpartisan days it's going to take more sophisticated political maneuverings to pull this one off. ♦

It's All About 'Muscle'

Understanding the campus unrest

By Jonathan V. Last

The Obama administration—easily the most ideologically progressive in modern American history—has been accompanied by both liberal triumphalism and liberal outrage.

Three major protest movements have marked the Obama era: Occupy Wall Street, Black Lives Matter, and the as-yet-unnamed campus protests that began at the University of Missouri and Yale and have now spread across the country. The Occupy movement failed utterly. The Black Lives Matter movement has been on a fast track to irrelevance, its only success having been to discipline Democratic presidential candidates to deny that "all" lives matter, while insisting that "black" lives do.

The campus protests are different. At one school after another, protesters have achieved the resignation and/or humiliation of high officials. They have extorted a great deal of money. They have tried to establish new conventions for the behavior of the media and have even intensified what may prove to be a serious debate about the future of the First Amendment. And in all of this it has become clear that the campus protests aren't about race or privilege or safe spaces. They're about power.

Tim Wolfe shortly before resigning, November 9, 2015

Seen from a certain angle, the campus protests are anomalous—the result of a freakishly improbable chain of events. If Michael Brown had not been shot and killed by police officer Darren Wilson in Ferguson, Missouri, in August 2014, there would be no Black Lives Matter movement. The Concerned Student 1950 protests that grew out of Black Lives Matter this fall could not have happened at any school other than the University of Missouri, because while Ferguson was national news, it was also an intensely local story. And the Mizzou campus is a two-hour drive from Ferguson.

The chain gets longer. University of Missouri system president Tim Wolfe was unpopular for all sorts of reasons having nothing to do with race. For instance, he was appointed president in 2011 despite a total lack of academic experience. As sportswriter Jason Whitlock noted, the school's curators "plucked Wolfe out of the unemployment line," for no discernible reason, at the end of a closed hiring process that reeked of favoritism.

Even so, Wolfe probably could have survived Concerned Student 1950. Except that one of the protest leaders, a 25-year-old black graduate student named Jonathan Butler, went on a well-publicized hunger strike, declaring that he would eat again only once Wolfe was out of his job. (Butler, by the way, comes from an extremely wealthy family in Omaha. His father, a railroad executive, made $8.4 million last year. In the Occupy era, he would have been part of the villainous 1 percent.) But even Butler's hunger strike probably wouldn't have mattered except that the former high-school football player was friendly with a number of players on the Mizzou team. (Mizzou's most famous liberal activist/football alum, the gay former defensive end Michael Sam, stopped by early on to lend support to Butler.)

Meanwhile, the Mizzou team was mired in a terrible season. They were 4-5 with a locker room divided over a quarterback controversy. Inspired by Butler's example, some of the black players decided that, since the team's season was effectively over, they would "strike"—that is, refuse to fulfill the obligations of their athletic scholarships—until Wolfe was gone. In an ordinary situation, you might expect the coach to step in and enforce some order. After all, supporting mutiny against a sitting university

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president guarantees that no other university president will ever hire you for another coaching job. But again, there was a wrinkle: Head coach Gary Pinkel had recently been diagnosed with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma and was in the process of checking out of his career.

And that was that. On November 7, the black players decided to strike after meeting with Butler. On November 8, Coach Pinkel gave them his blessing. On November 9, Wolfe resigned. And on November 13, Pinkel announced that he would retire at the end of the season because, as he put it, "I want to focus on enjoying my remaining years with my family and friends."

Take away any of the links in that chain—if the hunger striker hadn't been pals with the football players, if the team had been having a meaningful season, if the coach had retained any investment in his career—and the outcome at Mizzou could have been different. But it wasn't. And *après Mizzou, le déluge*.

It was only after Wolfe's resignation that the world met Melissa Click, the Mizzou journalism professor who called for "muscle" to remove a student reporter trying to cover the protests. And while Butler was beginning his hunger strike, students at Yale were beginning their protest of Erika Christakis—a lecturer who sent out an email suggesting that students not turn Halloween costumes into a thermonuclear grievance war. The protests at Yale took the form of marches (of course) and lists of demands (of course) and even a public shaming of Christakis's husband, Yale professor Nicholas Christakis, in which students surrounded him and screamed curses at him. On November 8—the day Coach Pinkel approved the black players' football strike—Nicholas Christakis appeared before protesters again. This time flanked by school administrators, he apologized for both his wife's email and his failure to have immediately acceded to the protesters' demands.

Unsettled by these spectacles, a handful of liberal journalists criticized the student protesters, suggesting that, at the very least, their means were illiberal. Conor Friedersdorf at the *Atlantic*, Damon Linker in the *Week*, Jonathan Chait at *New York*, Ruth Marcus at the *Washington Post*—all protested the protesters. But the resistance of media liberals was beside the point. What was important was that at both Missouri and Yale, the institutions did not defend themselves. At Mizzou, the football coach blessed the strike; at Yale, the administrators refused to stand behind the Christakises. In both cases the grownups gave in to the mob when their duty was to oppose it. The message was unavoidable: Students could behave however they wanted, demand whatever they wanted, and suffer no adverse consequences from the people in power.

And so, predictably, the protests spread.

The grownups gave in to the mob when their duty was to oppose it. The message was unavoidable: Students could behave however they wanted, demand whatever they wanted, and suffer no adverse consequences from the people in power. And so, predictably, the protests spread.

At this point, it is difficult to find a college campus that does not have a Mizzou-inspired protest movement. A sympathetic website, thedemands.org, keeps a list of the formal demands issued by many (though not all) of the protesters. As of this writing the site contains demands from groups at 67 colleges.

At Ithaca College, students demanded the ouster of the school's president, Tom Rochon. Like Tim Wolfe, Rochon was charged not with any actual transgression, but merely with failing to respond to black students' grievances aggressively enough. The big complaint? During a panel at a conference on the school's future in October, a black Ithaca alum said she had a "savage hunger" to succeed. And after that, a white Ithaca alum, who was complimenting her, said "I love what the savage here said" and called for Ithaca to bring in more students like her. It was an awkward moment. The white alum should have been—and probably was—embarrassed. Four days later, Rochon condemned the remark.

That four-day lag is the crux of the protests against Rochon. In response, a thousand Ithaca students gathered on the school's quad and staged a "die-in" while calling for Rochon's ouster. When they weren't pretend-dying they chanted a South African rallying cry, "*Amandla! Awethu!*" This translates from Zulu as "Power! Is ours!"

The Amherst Uprising had humbler beginnings. According to its own website, the movement began on the afternoon of November 12 when three Amherst WoCs—that's women of color—decided that after watching Mizzou and Yale, they wanted in on the action. Not as expansively aggrieved as their Ithaca comrades, they staged a one-hour sit-in at the school's library. But then protest magic happened. Here's the group's explanation, in their own words:

> The sitin [sic] developed into a forum in which students began to share their stories and experiences of racism and marginalization on campus. Students spoke for hours, as

their peers, classmates, friends, professors, deans, librarians, and counselors listened, and joined with them in tears, laughter, and solemnity at the unpleasant experiences they have gone through while at Amherst and beyond.

While this forum went on, a group of students decided to make a list of "demands" in which they enumerated the changes they wanted the administration to make to ensure a more inclusive environment for minority and marginalized students on campus. A group of at least fifty student leaders and representatives met together to discuss these demands to present to President Martin. President Martin could not attend the sitin [sic] initially because she was traveling on business for the College. Upon hearing what was happening, she canceled her trip, arriving at campus around 9:30 P.M. When she arrived, this group of students presented these demands.

There's a wonderful grace note in the Amherst Uprising's account of the historic night. After President Carolyn Martin arrived at the library, three Amherst students came forward and proclaimed their own hunger strike. As the Amherst Uprising history explains, "Amherst Uprising does not support the hunger strikes. When asked about their demands, the three students declared that they did not have any. President Martin immediately encouraged those students to practice self-care and to not harm their bodies."

Mea culpa: Dean Spellman apologizes at Claremont McKenna.

The scene is an instant classic: Three students stage a protest, more students glom on, professors and administration factotums rush to join. Grievances are aired. Demands are made—or not. And then the college president aborts her trip—to Japan, by the way—in order to solicit the good opinion of the mob.

Yet as confused as the Amherst Uprising was, its list of demands was instructive. The first was an apology from President Martin. Unlike at Mizzou and Ithaca, no one from Amherst believed Martin had committed any sins, either of commission or omission. But she had to apologize anyway. From the demands:

> President Martin must issue a statement of apology to students, alumni and former students, faculty, administration and staff who have been victims of several injustices including but not limited to our institutional legacy of white supremacy, colonialism, anti-black racism, anti-Latinx [sic] racism, anti-Native American racism, anti-Native/indigenous racism, anti-Asian racism, anti-Middle Eastern racism, heterosexism, cis-sexism, xenophobia, anti-Semitism, ableism, mental health stigma, and classism. Also include that marginalized communities and their allies should feel safe at Amherst College.

Why should President Martin apologize to these groups? Never mind that. The bigger question was what to do with anyone who might not be on board with the program. For instance, earlier this fall, an anonymous group of Amherst students put up posters on campus lamenting the death of free speech and proclaiming that "All Lives Matter." One of the initial Uprising demands—#5 on the list—was that President Martin issue a statement saying that such actions would not be "tolerated" at Amherst and that any students committing similar atrocities would be subject to the school's disciplinary process.

At UNC-Chapel Hill, the demands were titled "A Collective Response to Anti-Blackness." At UNC-Greensboro, the grievances had no fancy title, but did include a great many items that didn't seem especially anti-black. For instance, the protesters didn't want the campus to expand any further into the surrounding neighborhood, because such growth represents "gentrification." Also, they wanted the school to divest its financial interests in any companies that "profit" from "fossil fuels." Or "private prisons." Or "the Israeli Occupation of Palestine." Almost as an afterthought, they demanded the firing of UNC schools president Margaret Spellings for an unspecified "history of discriminatory statements."

At Dartmouth the protesters stormed the library and badgered white students who were studying with angry shouts and curses. The *Dartmouth Review* reports that the protesters told the students who were studying "F—k you, you filthy white f—ks." And "F—k you, you racist s—ts." In a different time, the video of the incident might have been considered evidence of harassment. None of the protesters was disciplined. The *New York Post* reports that at Columbia, "There's been a campaign of intimidation, where students are going dorm to dorm, floor to floor and asking students to go back to their dorms and put on black if they're not wearing black." At a protest on Columbia's South Lawn, a student led the crowd in a series of chants: "I love black people," "I love all black people," "I love queer black people," "I love black criminals," and "I love black people who steal."

The crowd at Columbia numbered in the hundreds,

YOUTUBE / THE DARTMOUTH REVIEW

but one of the lessons from the fall term is that you don't need a lot of, as Ta-Nehisi Coates would put it, black bodies to get what you want. At Princeton a group of 15 students took over the president's office. Among their demands were the usual fare: a regime of racial/cultural indoctrination—sorry, reeducation—courses for "all college staff and faculty" and "a cultural space on campus dedicated specifically to Black students." (One commenter at the *Daily Princetonian* wondered if this space would come with its own water fountain.) But most of all, they wanted Woodrow Wilson expunged from the school.

Wilson is the most famous university president in Princeton's history, and the school has a program (the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs) and a residential college (Wilson College) named after him. Wilson College features, among other tributes, a giant mural of the man in the dining area. Again, the video of the meeting in the president's office is revealing. It shows a semi-hysterical young woman berating the university's president. She does not mount an especially persuasive argument, but never mind that. Care to guess how long this group of 15 students had to protest before the president agreed to do his best to disappear his predecessor? Twenty hours.

Now, it is true that Woodrow Wilson can be justly criticized on many counts, including his performance as president of the United States and his racial views. But that is beside the point. Witness the protests at Johns Hopkins—a school founded by and named after one of America's bravest and most consequential abolitionists. Ronald J. Daniels, president of Hopkins, was filming a short video on campus when he was surrounded by roughly a hundred protesters chanting, "It happens at Mizzou! It happens here too!" They were not pacified by a campus-wide email Daniels had sent the week before, in which he groveled that the school "wrestle[s] with a complex racial legacy," conceding that "across the winding history of our university, through our actions and inaction, we have not always lived up to [our founder's] ideal." Daniels listed his own achievements at Hopkins: a "mandatory session on identity, privilege, and social justice" for all students! "Under-represented minority" admissions up a miraculous 100 percent since 2009! Ta-Nehisi Coates brought to speak on campus twice in seven months! But it wasn't enough. The protesters presented Daniels with more demands.

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And it will always be thus. The UNC-Chapel Hill protesters actually make this point explicit in their own list, warning administrators that their demands are "a living document that will be modified and added to, evolving over time." Or anyway, for as long as UNC's administrators keep rewarding them.

Despite appearances, what you see on campuses is not insanity. It is rational, learned behavior. It works. At Mizzou the protesters evicted the president and chancellor. At Yale they forced a show-trial apology out of a tenured professor for something his wife wrote. At Princeton, they got the president to agree to try to scrub the name of Woodrow Wilson from the school. At Ithaca, the president has promised to create a new position for the college—chief diversity officer—in hopes that it will save his job.

At Claremont McKenna College, a Latina student wrote an op-ed for the student paper complaining about the racist atmosphere at the school, which made her feel she didn't fit in. Mary Spellman, the dean of students, reached out to the young woman in an email, saying she wanted to make the college more welcoming to "students, especially those who don't fit our CMC mold." After a week of protests—including a public session in which students condemned Spellman while she apologized—the school president declined to stand behind his dean. She resigned.

University of Kansas communications professor Andrea Quenette was teaching a graduate course the morning after the school hosted a heated public forum in response to Mizzou. Her class became a continuation of the discussion on race, and Quenette said that since she is white, she had never experienced discrimination. But she also said that she did not see a great deal of overt racism at KU. For instance, she said, she had never seen the word "nigger" spray-painted on campus. A week later, five of her graduate students filed formal discrimination complaints against her; protesters called for her firing. The school's communications department put out a statement not supporting their colleague, but standing "in solidarity with KU students" who "called for immediate action" "to address the racism and discrimination inflicted on members of our community." Quenette is now on administrative leave.

Sometimes the demands are about aesthetics. At the University of Kentucky, protesters got the administration to agree to remove a giant fresco that was painted in 1934 as part of the New Deal's Public Works of Art Project. (For the time being, the fresco has been covered in an enormous shroud, to spare the feelings of the students who were suddenly aggrieved by it.) Sometimes the demands are about money. At Saint Louis University, the president agreed to give the protesters all sorts of goodies—an increased budget for the African-American studies department, increased financial aid for African-American students, an "evaluation" of scholarship programs to "better serve" African-American students. All he asked in return was that the protesters disperse from their encampment. At the University of Oregon, the Black Student Task Force demanded the creation of an "African-American Opportunities" commission that would be staffed only by black student volunteers. These volunteers are to "receive financial compensation for their time and effort."

Student protesters occupy the office of Princeton president Christopher Eisgruber, November 18, 2015.

At Brown University, while the Mizzou crisis was unfolding, several dozen students held a "blackout" rally where they took turns airing their racial grievances. A few days later, 35 graduate students issued a list of demands. The university's response was a plan to spend—please, imagine the following in Dr. Evil's voice—$100 million to create "a just and inclusive campus."

One of the more interesting demands came from Smith College, the progressive women's paradise. On November 18, the women of Smith held a sit-in at the student center in solidarity with their comrades in Missouri. Between 300 and 500 students showed up. So did some members of the press. The journalists were told that they would be allowed to report on the demonstration if, and only if, they agreed to state in the text of their articles that they support the protest movement.

Shocked, media members went to the college public affairs department. There, Stacey Schmeidel, the director of media relations, said that the college fully supported the protesters' position. "It's a student event, and we respect their right to do that, although it poses problems for the traditional media," Schmeidel explained. She then went a step further, reminding reporters that since Smith is a private campus, the school reserved the right to evict those journalists who displeased the protesters. The Smith College media loyalty oath is not a random bit of noise. It is the logical extension of the wholesale rethinking of free speech that is going on in this country.

Many Americans took notice of the protesters' hostility to the First Amendment when that Mizzou communications professor was caught on camera calling for "muscle." Her defense was, as another Mizzou professor explained after speaking with her, that she "felt . . . aggressed upon." The vice president of Mizzou's student body, Brenda Smith-Lezama, then went on MSNBC to explain, "I personally am tired of hearing that First Amendment rights protect students when they are creating a hostile and unsafe learning environment for myself and for other students here." This opinion is not as outré as you might think.

In October 2014, YouGov polled a sample of 997 Americans and asked if they'd like to see "hate speech"—which they defined as "public comments that advocate hatred against an identifiable group"—criminalized. Thirty-six percent of respondents said yes. That's of the whole group. Fifty-one percent of self-identified Democrats said they supported criminalizing hate speech, and another 21 percent of Democrats said they weren't sure where they stood. At the time, you might have hoped that these numbers were an outlier. They were not.

YouGov polled the identical question again in May 2015 and found that overall support for criminalizing hate speech had grown to 41 percent. And the growth hadn't come from Democrats, whose numbers were the same in both polls. Instead, the change was in Republican respondents—who jumped 12 points in favor of hate speech laws—and blacks, who jumped 18 points.

Last month Pew asked Americans a battery of questions about free speech, including, Should the government be able to prevent people from making statements that are offensive to minority groups? Only 28 percent of respondents said yes. So if you're a glass-half-empty type, one out of four Americans is willing to use the full force of the state to prevent people from offending minorities, with the offense being something the minorities alone determine. But if you want the really bad news, look at the two groups most supportive of this proposition—nonwhites (38 percent) and millennials (40 percent)—and suddenly what went on at Mizzou makes a great deal of sense.

JULIO CORTEZ / AP

Teasing out the causes of the campus protests is more complicated than it seems. The pretexts were clear enough: the Ferguson riots, the weak university president, the losing football team with the checked-out head coach. And it's easy to see how the contagion spreads. Like the Occupy Wall Street movement—which set up camps in every major city in America—every self-respecting college leftist wanted her own Mizzou franchise.

But if you look at the actual state of America's colleges, it's clear that the university has been a powder keg of illiberalism for at least the last 40 years.

This observation is not new. Allan Bloom diagnosed the problem back in 1987 in *The Closing of the American Mind*. But the character of the movement has changed. As NYU sociologist Jonathan Haidt remarked in a recent interview, "this whole vindictive protectiveness movement is only about two years old. . . . If you do a Google trend search, you see that words like 'microaggression' and 'trigger warnings' didn't exist until 2012 and only really became common in the fall semester of 2013. Then spring 2014 was the time when so many speakers were disinvited from speaking on campuses, including Christine Lagarde and Condoleezza Rice."

The pace at which college radicals have manufactured fake crises has also picked up over the past two years. The insane claim that 20 percent of all women who attend college are sexually assaulted during their undergraduate years is so widely accepted on the left that the president of the United States parrots it—even though it has been thoroughly debunked. And in its wake has come a series of rape hoaxes, from the fabricated University of Virginia fraternity "gang rape" depicted in *Rolling Stone* to Columbia's Mattress Girl (an honored guest at the State of the Union, despite the fact that no criminal charges were filed against her alleged attacker and the university's star chamber dismissed all charges against him). A University of Wyoming student, Meg Lanker-Simons, received wide acclaim when she publicized a comment someone left on her Facebook page threatening to rape her. It turned out that the person who left the comment was Meg Lanker-Simons.

We've seen much the same with regard to alleged acts of campus racism. In 2013, Oberlin College shut down because of hysteria over racism. A handful of fliers with swastikas and demeaning comments about Martin Luther King were posted on campus. The school went into such a tizzy that all classes were canceled after a student reported seeing KKK members stalking the campus. But then the story suddenly went away.

Curiously, both the college and the police did their best to obscure the results of their investigations. It was only after the *Daily Caller*'s Chuck Ross filed a series of Ohio Open Records Act requests that it became clear what had happened: The people responsible for posting the fliers were two white Oberlin student radicals, Dylan Bleier and Matt Alden. Bleier had organized for the Obama 2008 campaign and participated in a group called White Allies Against Structural Racism. They were trying to raise consciousness. As for the interlopers from the Ku Klux Klan, whose exploits were detailed even in the *New York Times*, officials were able to track down only a single student who claimed to have seen white hoods. She had been walking with her boyfriend, who later told campus security that he hadn't seen anyone who looked like the KKK.

In a racist-fliers incident at Oberlin, what's important isn't that it was a hoax—there is literature detailing that nearly all spectacular racist incidents at the modern university have turned out to be hoaxes—but the lengths to which the Oberlin administration went to hide the discovery that there had been a hoax.

What's important about the Oberlin incident isn't that it was a hoax—there is literature detailing that nearly all spectacular racist incidents at the modern university have turned out to be hoaxes—but the lengths to which the Oberlin administration went to hide the discovery that there had been a hoax.

You might think an institution would be eager to prove that it is not populated by neo-Nazis. By any rational calculation, Oberlin should have thrown Bleier and Alden to the wolves. Instead, the school's cover-up suggests that the college was embarrassed not to find racists in the student body. You get the sense that if Bleier and Alden had been caught with Confederate flags and Romney 2012 placards in their dorm rooms, they would have been held up for all the world to see. Instead, they were hustled out the back door.

So one lesson students have learned over the last two years is that phony outrages are just as good as real ones—or better, because they can be manufactured on demand. The university responds to them, can be trusted not to debunk them, and is unlikely to impose consequences if they are debunked.

The most recent hoax is unfolding at Harvard Law School, where, on the morning of November 19, first-year students arriving at Wasserstein Hall found that small

strips of black electrical tape had been placed over the photographs of nearly all of the school's black professors. Within minutes this had been dubbed a "hate crime" and reports began to fill the media.

Nothing about the electrical tape slashes made sense as an act of antiblack vandalism. This was not the first time the portraits in Wasserstein had been covered. Last year, during the Ferguson riots, protesters at Harvard covered the pictures of all of the professors with notes such as "Black Lives Matter" and "We're not doing enough." Those defacements were intended as an indictment of the school for not being sufficiently attentive to . . . well, whatever it was that the elite students in Cambridge wanted to get out of the protests in the faraway town of Ferguson.

Then there's the fact that, in the current incident, one black professor's photograph was not marked: Professor Lani Guinier's portrait was conspicuously untouched. Guinier is an outspoken radical herself and has been aggressively supportive of quotas and other grievance mongering. It would seem that a racist looking to make a statement would dislike Guinier more than nearly all of her black colleagues. Yet she was given a pass.

But perhaps the most damning fact is that the night before the incident, student activists were setting up a protest installation in a room adjacent to where the portraits were vandalized. They were using black electrical tape to cover up a portion of the Harvard Law School crest, which they claim is racist. The protesters have even admitted that it was their tape that was somehow mysteriously used on the portraits by the discriminating racist vandal who likes Lani Guinier.

In short, no reasonable observer would assume, ipso facto, that the tape incident was a hate crime. The most likely explanations are that it was either a protest gone sideways or an outright hoax. But Harvard was not reasonable. Law school dean Martha Minow decried the "defacement" of the portraits and said the incident would be investigated as a hate crime. And then Minow announced that she was appointing a commission to consider changing the school's crest. Just what the protesters wanted.

The dean of the law school at Harvard decried the 'defacement' of faculty photos with black tape and said the incident would be investigated as a hate crime. And then she announced that she was appointing a commission to consider changing the school's crest. Just what the protesters wanted.

There are two other factors that need to be accounted for to understand the causes of what we're seeing on campuses. The first is affirmative action. In *Mismatch*, Richard H. Sander and Stuart Taylor Jr. demonstrate persuasively that affirmative action hurts the students it is designed to help by sucking them into colleges where they're at a disadvantage compared with their non-affirmative-action peers. What takes hold is the "cascade effect," as Taylor explained in an essay published in November:

> Only 1 to 2 percent of black college applicants emerge from high school well-qualified academically for (say) the top Ivy League colleges. Therefore, those schools can meet their racial admissions targets only by using large preferences. They bring in black students who are well qualified for moderately elite schools like (say) the University of North Carolina, but not for the Ivies that recruit them. This leaves schools like UNC able to meet their own racial targets only by giving large preferences to black students who are well qualified for less selective schools like (say) the University of Missouri but not for UNC. And so on down the selectivity scale.
>
> As a result, experts agree, most black students at even moderately selective schools—with high school preparation and test scores far below those of their classmates—rank well below the middle of their college and grad school classes, with between 25 percent and 50 percent ranking in the bottom tenth. That's a very bad place to be at any school.

Which leads to another effect: Once the mismatched minority students are at the schools that are too competitive for them, they're pushed out of the most competitive majors and into the easier, more politically radical, victimology tracks. Taylor continues:

> Studies show that this academic "mismatch effect" forces [students] to drop science and other challenging courses; to move into soft, easily graded, courses disproportionately populated by other preferentially admitted students; and to abandon career hopes such as engineering and pre-med. Many lose intellectual self-confidence and become unhappy even if they avoid flunking out.

It's not a coincidence that so many of the campus protesters demand more resources for "cultural studies" departments. That's because affirmative action has made it hard for them to compete in majors like chemical

ELIZABETH TUTTLE

engineering or physics. Academically speaking, a cultural studies major really is a "safe space" for students who can't handle the more rigorous disciplines. Taylor takes a dim view of the cultural effects of these preferences on campus:

> [M]ismatched minority students are understandably baffled and often bitter about why this is happening to them. With most other minority students having similar problems, their personal academic struggles take on a collective, racial cast.
>
> Consider the case of a student whom I will call Joe, as told in *Mismatch*. He breezed through high school in Syracuse, New York, in the top 20 percent of his class. He had been class president, a successful athlete, and sang in a gospel choir. He was easily admitted to Colgate, a moderately elite liberal arts college in rural New York; no one pointed out to Joe that his SAT scores were far below the class median.
>
> Joe immediately found himself over his head academically, facing far more rigorous coursework than ever before. "Nobody told me what would be expected of me beforehand," Joe later recalled. "I really didn't know what I was getting into. And it all made me feel as if I wasn't smart enough."
>
> But just as surprising and upsetting was the social environment in which Joe found himself. "I was immediately stereotyped and put into a box because I was African American," he recalled. "And that made it harder to perform. People often made little derogatory comments. . . .There was a general feeling that all blacks on campus were there either because they were athletes or they came through a minority recruitment program. . . . That was just assumed right away."
>
> It was also, unfortunately, quite true. That's why racial preferences are an extremely powerful generator of racial stereotypes about intellectual abilities. . . .
>
> The grievance-prone college culture offers ready targets for these frustrated students to blame for their plight: wildly exaggerated and sometimes fabricated instances of racism, trivial perceived "microaggressions," and the very real racial isolation that is largely due to racially preferential admissions—all leading to a supposedly hostile learning environment.

The final ingredient in the mix is, paradoxically, grade inflation. In general, private colleges hand out better grades than public colleges. Stuart Rojstaczer—think of him as the Bill James of grade inflation—calculates that for the 2006-07 academic year (the most recent year for which full data sets are available), public universities had an average GPA of 3.01, private schools 3.30.

We see that trend reflected at the two schools at the center of the current troubles. Yale doesn't disclose GPA statistics, but various analyses put the school's median GPA at about 3.5 (A-). At Mizzou, seniors average a cumulative GPA of about 3.2 (B).

The effect of grade inflation is subtle: As marks are inflated, maintaining the same grades requires less work from students, giving them more free time. Every hour

not spent studying is an hour that can be spent staging a die-in or putting electrical tape on pictures of black professors. Grade inflation gives you a large group of young people with too much time on their hands. Nothing good ever comes of that.

We constantly hear that the university is in crisis. This is at once false and true. It is false in that there is no rape crisis or racism crisis at American colleges—and the ultimate proof is enrollment. If 20 percent of women were being raped during their college years, no sane woman would enroll at a co-ed university, and no sane parents would pay the equivalent of a single-family home to expose their daughters to such danger. The vast majority of women would flee higher education or create alternatives. Instead, women are enrolling in college in greater numbers with each passing year.

'We Are Not Afraid' march at Mizzou, November 13, 2015

By the same token, if America's most prestigious colleges were hotbeds of racist bigotry, no minorities and no people of good will would attend them. One protester at Harvard wrote that the "legacy of white supremacy" "drips from every corner of the campus." But if that were true, only racist bigots would go to Harvard. Anyone else would be repelled by the place and would shun it. No one does. The truth is that not only is the American university not racist—it might be the least racist institution ever constructed by man. It is a magical place filled with exquisite amenities. The Mizzou aquatic center looks like a Disney water park. There are B's for all and A's for anyone giving even a half-measure of effort. Safe spaces abound. The time administrators care most about race is during the admissions process.

Yet the crisis claim is also true, and the real crisis has to do with power and legitimacy.

If you arrived from Mars and looked at the Mizzou saga, you would be stunned to learn that Tim Wolfe had been forced to resign. Surely the university president could have simply cleared out the student protesters from the quad, instructed his employees to go back to their jobs or face the consequences, and told the football players that anyone who fell afoul of team attendance rules would have his scholarship revoked. The Concerned Student 1950 protests would have been over in a week. Ditto the protests at Yale. And Amherst. And Ithaca. And everywhere else. Because whatever their delusions, students are interchangeable cogs in the college-industrial complex. Any remotely competitive school can expel a hundred kids tomorrow and replace them with an equivalent group the next semester. The demand curve is that steep. Students come and go; it's the administrators who have the power.

Yet college administrators have been unwilling to exercise their power. To an aggressive, aggrieved student populace this abdication is a sign of weakness. And weakness is a provocation.

As university administrators have folded in the face of the student protests, they have stoked more protests, more sit-ins, and the perpetually growing "living" lists of demands. One young woman at Princeton, seeing what happened to Tim Wolfe, said—and this is a direct quotation—"This campus owes us everything. We owe white people nothing. All of this is mine. My people built this place." And the president of Princeton, in whose office she was sitting while she shouted at him, gave her what she demanded. The person with power at Princeton isn't the president. It's the student who can walk into his office, scream at him, and get him to do her bidding. It turns out that on the American campus, real power emanates from the willingness to believe in your own legitimacy.

In this, the millennials who inhabit America's campuses have learned a great deal from the left. If *The Closing of the American Mind* anticipated political correctness, it was Jonah Goldberg's *Liberal Fascism* that prefigured what we now find on college campuses. Goldberg saw that liberalism had come unmoored from specific policy goals and was finally interested in just one thing: power.

Writing in the wake of his own school's capitulation, Claremont McKenna professor Charles Kessler observed, "When the leftists lacked power, they embraced free speech. Now that they have power, they don't need it." There are a great many other niceties of which the leftists no longer have any need.

Unless it is checked, in the coming decades the movement seen now on America's campuses will take control of every institution it can and burn to the ground every institution it cannot. Because however ridiculous the student protesters may seem, they have an intense, unshakable belief in the legitimacy of their cause. And they understand, keenly, that power is everything. ♦

DANIEL BRENNER / COLUMBIA DAILY TRIBUNE / AP

Frank Sinatra in the studio (ca. 1958)

Words and Music

Reflections on The Voice from Hoboken. BY WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD

In one of Kingsley Amis's novels, the protagonist, Garnet Bowen, comes across his wife in the kitchen, helping their child into its coat to the accompaniment of "a song sung very loudly and badly" by Frank Sinatra: "You came, you saw, you conquered me," Sinatra sang.

> "When you did that to me I knew somehow th—" Bowen switches it off: You tell us how, a part of Bowen's mind recommended. Another part was reflecting that to cut Sinatra off in mid-phoneme was not such uproarious fun as it was with the man who did the religion at five to ten on the wireless, but it was nice all the same. It was only a pity that Sinatra would never know.

William H. Pritchard is the Henry Clay Folger professor of English at Amherst.

Sinatra's Century
One Hundred Notes on the Man and His World
by David Lehman
Harper, 288 pp., $24.99

"Loudly and badly" is wholly unfair to Frank Sinatra's 1950 treatment of "These Foolish Things (Remind Me of You)," the song from which the lyrics are taken—although it might fairly be said of his signature song, "My Way," sung hundreds of times in his later years in what one critic has called "a surly feat of self-congratulation." But this is the Sinatra centenary, and the commentary on him has been eulogistic rather than disparaging.

A sterling instance of such eulogy—call it over-the-top admiration—is this delightful and incisive book by David Lehman. Lehman is a poet, critic, and editor, known for his book on the New York School of poets and *Signs of the Times*, a hard-hitting attack on deconstruction as a peculiarly toxic form of literary discourse. But who would have predicted this tribute to a singer with whom Lehman has had a lifetime love affair?

GAB ARCHIVE / REDFERNS / GETTY

The subtitle, with its crisp pun on "notes," takes the singer from his birth in Hoboken in 1915 to his death in Los Angeles in 1998. The notes vary in length from one to four or five pages, but are always focused on some aspect of his career: His famous performance at New York's Paramount Theatre in 1942, when the girls went wild; his rocky marriage and break-up with Ava Gardner; his affiliations with mob types and the infamous Rat Pack.

The notes are pithily, aggressively written, as if to live up to the feisty voice of Lehman's hero, The Voice. He brings out vividly the style of a "generous, dictatorial, sometimes crude . . . powerful man unafraid to use his power," which was what the skinny 130-pounder turned into. More than once, Lehman's sentences consist of direct quotations from a Sinatra song, as in "This is a lovely way to spend an evening" or "This time it would be all or nothing at all."

The latter reference is to Sinatra's early, great 1939 recording with the Harry James band. Here, for the first time, the singer, not quite 24 years old, has in Lehman's words "caught and embodied the spirit of the words" by way of communicating "that quality of vulnerability mixed with intransigence." As always, in talking about a Sinatra recording, Lehman pays attention to minute but significant pleasures the singer brings out in "All or Nothing at All" by accenting the rhyme words ("appealed to me" with "could yield to me") and softening his voice to an "infinite tenderness" as he imagines the tidal consequence of his passion: "And if I fell under the spell of your call, I would be caught in the undertow."

We don't need yet another biography of Sinatra, and Lehman has been wise not to try to get too much fact in that can already be sampled elsewhere. His relatively brief book is more like Pete Hamill's *Why Sinatra Matters* (1998) but goes further and deeper than Hamill did into what makes Sinatra's treatment of a song so memorable, inimitable. The crude outline of his career takes him as a band singer briefly with James, then with Tommy Dorsey, then with the launch out on his own—for example, doing nine shows and singing 100 songs on an average day at the Paramount Theatre. Then would come the career plunge in the early 1950s after his overtaxed voice gave out for awhile and he broke up with the love of his life, Ava Gardner.

He rebounded with his fine playing of the role of Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*, then moved into what some consider his greatest period, the 1950s recordings for Capitol Records with arrangements by Nelson Riddle, among others. The later decades include retirement, un-retirement, star performances all over the world—and the ubiquitous "My Way," his defiant personal defense of his life as an artist ("The record shows I took the blows and did it my way").

Lehman's informed judgment is that, after Sinatra's comeback in the 1950s, his voice on the Capitol recordings was "no longer quite as impressive or as naturally pleasing." But though he had lost some range and ease, and hadn't as great a voice as before, Lehman judges him a greater singer. Records like "I Get a Kick Out of You" and "I've Got You Under My Skin" and "Night and Day" reveal emotions that are shaded: "His joy is edged with irony and sometimes with rue, with melancholy, and sometimes something more, a heartbreak bred in the bone."

I was pleased to note that some listeners still prefer the timbre of Sinatra's youthful voice, including his granddaughter, Nancy Sinatra's daughter. And with those listeners, I align myself—feeling that, for all the fine tunes he would record and re-record, the early 84 sides on which he sang with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra are unsurpassed. It may be that, growing up in the 1940s myself and playing in a dance band, I detect greater force and life in those songs, partly because I have projected my own satisfactions and disappointments from long ago onto the songs that seemed to embody them.

The recordings with Dorsey begin with a lovely, completely forgotten song of 1940, "The Sky Fell Down," and end in 1942 with "Be Careful, It's My Heart" (Irving Berlin's song in *Holiday Inn*) and "There Are Such Things" ("So have a little faith, and trust in what tomorrow brings, / You'll reach a star, because there are such things"). Along the way we get a rollicking jitterbuggy "Let's Get Away From It All," and "Snootie Little Cutie," in which the Pied Pipers (Jo Stafford singing) and cute little Connie Haines supplement Frank's performance.

And how about the How songs? There are "How About You?" and "How Do You Do Without Me?" and the absolute charm of forgotten ones like "Polka Dots and Moonbeams," "Dolores," and "In the Blue of Evening." None of these songs, except for "Be Careful, It's My Heart," makes Lehman's list of his 20 favorite Sinatras from the 1940s—and tastes, of course, vary. After leaving Dorsey in 1942, he did many more fine things with a less interesting orchestra directed by Axel Stordahl.

I am an inadequate guide to the later Sinatra, largely because I've never been able to stop playing the early things again and again. But it's fair to say that the last five decades of his singing life are more or less divided into the "swinging" and the soulful. And though there are many good things from the swinging period ("Learnin' the Blues"), I don't find the finger-snapping, wised-up guy who often substitutes his own words for the right ones—intruding "boot" into "I Get a Kick Out of You," which Lehman tells us did *not* amuse Cole Porter—irresistible.

As for the soulful, a large box of CDs was recently released, "Sinatra Sings Great Songs from Great Britain," in which Sinatra sings beautiful ones like "The Very Thought of You" and "The Gypsy" at a tempo so slow that one's mind or ear occasionally wanders. This is, of course, a curmudgeon speaking; but the sides with Dorsey combine lyric beauty with enough swingish band background—Buddy Rich on drums, Ziggy Elman on trumpet, Joe Bushkin on piano—to keep me going for the remainder of my days. How could the estimable Whitney Balliett

have found the recordings with Dorsey mainly "vapid and inert"?

I learned things from Lehman's notes that surely have been noted before, not just Ava Gardner's famous tribute to sex with Sinatra ("He was good in the feathers") but also her scornful response to his later erotic life when he married Mia Farrow ("I always knew Frank would end up in bed with a boy"). Although his antics with the Rat Pack don't seem terribly amusing, it may be, as Lehman says, that their jokes about black (and Jewish) Sammy Davis Jr. and the white Italian "dagos" (Sinatra and Dean Martin) may amount to a "critique of racism and bigotry, debunking these things by turning them into jests."

But finally it's The Voice that counts, one that Lehman is very good at tracking in its various modes. It was a voice that, whether singing or acting in the movies, "inevitably caught its inflection from the spoken language." The writer of those words, the English poet and critic Clive James, whose own inflected voice is memorable, saluted Sinatra's "sense of the music inherent in speech." Lehman's tribute is itself made vivid by its continuous consorting with the spoken language in a fashion his subject might just have been pleased by. ♦

B&A

Ruble Trouble

The costs of doing business in Vladimir Putin's Russia.

BY ANDREW STUTTAFORD

Not long after Russia's financial crisis, in 1998, I attended a conference on Eastern European stock markets. The keynote speaker was Richard Pipes, veteran historian of Russia and the Soviet Union. His talk included an examination of how property rights had evolved—or, rather, failed to evolve—in Russia over the centuries. "If we'd heard that a year ago," one battered investor told me, "we would have saved a lot of money." It's a shame that Bill Browder was not there that day.

Browder is an American-born financier who was early to grasp the opportunity that investing in the companies of chaotic post-Communist Russia could represent. He weathered 1998 and built up his Hermitage Capital Management to become one of the largest foreign investors in Russia. By November 2005, its assets stood at $4.5 billion.

Then Browder was frozen out by the Kremlin, with consequences that proved fatal to Sergei Magnitsky, an auditor working for Hermitage's law firm, who was jailed on trumped-up charges, denied medical treatment, and beaten to death in prison. In response, Browder tried to get a measure of posthumous justice, campaigning successfully for the passing of the Magnitsky Act, American legislation imposing sanctions on some of those allegedly responsible for what had happened. The Kremlin hit back with posthumous injustice, refiling charges of tax evasion against Magnitsky, the first prosecution of a dead man in Russian history. (He was found guilty.)

Red Notice
A True Story of High Finance, Murder, and One Man's Fight for Justice
by Bill Browder
Simon & Schuster, 416 pp., $28

Here, Browder, a grandson of Earl Browder, general secretary of Communist Party USA throughout much of the Stalin era, tells his own story and that of Hermitage Capital, Magnitsky's killing, and the crusade to ensure that those responsible did not get off completely scot-free. It's a fascinating and, ultimately, tragic tale, vividly told in a sometimes combative style that occasionally tips into Wall Street swagger—all those dolts who didn't see what Browder saw in Russia as he made his way to the top.

It is also the tale of a failure to grasp that an older, rougher Russia—the patrimonial state that Pipes had described so well—was more resilient in the face of the encroaching free market than Browder and many others had believed. History failed the Communist grandfather. It failed the capitalist grandson, too.

And success must have reinforced Browder's confidence that the world was usually as he saw it—a world, what's more, where he would normally get his way. After all, he had been mostly right for a long time. By his early thirties he was in Moscow, running his own fund. At first everything went well, but in a harbinger of much worse to come, an oligarch attempted to use a highly dilutive share issue to reduce the value of Hermitage's stake in Sidanco, an oil company, to next to nothing. Browder—protected, sensibly enough, by 15 bodyguards—fought back and, somewhat surprisingly, won.

That was then. After the 1998 crash—which, as Browder admits, came as a shock (Hermitage took a big hit)—the oligarchs continued to play fast, loose, and greedily with corporate governance. Faced with the looting of yet another portfolio company, Browder pushed back, and again he prevailed, this time with some unexpected assistance from Russia's newish president, Vladimir Putin. Hermitage's return was enormous. It was a lucrative formula that Browder was to repeat. He investigated corruption in other companies in which he had invested and publicized what he found: "Once the campaigns reached a fever pitch, Putin's government would generally step in to flex its muscles."

But what, as he concedes, Browder had failed to understand was that he was being used by Putin to cut the oligarchs down to size. When, in October 2003,

Andrew Stuttaford works in the international financial markets and writes frequently about cultural and political issues.

Mikhail Khodorkovsky on trial (2004)

AFP / TATYANA MAKEYEVA / GETTY

Mikhail Khodorkovsky, the CEO of the oil company Yukos and Russia's richest man, was arrested, Browder explains that he thought that it might signal the "beginning of a crackdown on the oligarchs, [which] meant that Russia had a chance of becoming a normal country."

Putin's subsequent expropriation of Khodorkovsky's stake in Yukos sent a more sinister message, but (although he doesn't mention this in *Red Notice*) Browder was happy to keep talking Putin ("my biggest ally") up in public, telling the *New York Times* in 2004 that "we want an authoritarian—one who is exercising authority over mafia and oligarchs."

Browder was not, he writes, "paying enough attention." Well, that's what he says *now*: A more cynical observer might think that this very savvy investor had decided to turn the blindest of blind eyes to what was going on or, at the very least, had indulged in some extremely wishful thinking.

Browder and Putin were on a "collision course." With the oligarchs brought to heel, and Putin (Browder claims) cut in on the action, Browder's attacks on their maneuvers had been transformed into attacks not on Putin's enemies but on the Russian leader's personal "economic interests"—and although Browder doesn't make this point, on Putin's status as a chieftain who looked after his own.

In November 2005, Browder was barred from Russia, and the assault on Hermitage began. The second half of this book recounts the unraveling that followed, a dismal, tautly told saga in which it becomes clear what the withdrawal of the chieftain's favor meant: raids, the twisting of the law, and the looting of Hermitage by officials operating a complicated scam.

Typically, Browder punched back: He also extricated his people, but Magnitsky hung on in Russia, heartbreakingly confident. The time of Stalin had passed. But history doesn't repeat itself; it rhymes. Magnitsky ended up dead all the same.

The final sections of *Red Notice* blend two stories. The first is of Browder's battle (which he had the resources to wage, albeit from a distance of thousands of miles) against the officials who had robbed him, some of it very public (Browder has learnt how to weaponize YouTube), some of it much more discreet (a Russian named Alexander Perepilichnyy shows up under an alias with some damning bank statements from Switzerland). The second is his successful efforts to get the Magnitsky Act passed into law, a story from which John Kerry, then chairing the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and angling for the State Department, emerges characteristically poorly.

Putin's response to the Magnitsky

Act was not confined to orchestrating a vicious and petulant ban on the American adoption of Russian orphans. Along with his murdered colleague, Browder was charged with tax evasion. That he was safely outside Russia did not end the matter. Not for the first (or last) time, Russia abused its Interpol membership and issued an Interpol "Red Notice" that subjected Browder to the risk of arrest and extradition any time he traveled: something that Browder persuaded Interpol to annul, no small achievement. That a Moscow court found him guilty along with Magnitsky is no great surprise.

Browder is not finished with Putin, and Putin, he recognizes, is not finished with him. There is, he maintains, a "very real chance" that he will be killed, a grim possibility that deserves to be taken seriously. Towards the conclusion of *Red Notice*, he notes that the 44-year-old Alexander Perepilichnyy died suddenly in Britain just before the Magnitsky Act passed the House. Initial postmortem results were inconclusive, and the police seemed slow to take much interest.

That may change. This past May, a toxicologist told a pre-inquest hearing that Perepilichnyy's stomach contained traces of a rare and highly poisonous plant. ♦

B&A

Hard Truth

Faith, discord, and the poetry of John Crowe Ransom.

BY JAMES MATTHEW WILSON

In the years before his death in 1974, John Crowe Ransom was frequently mentioned in the same breath as T.S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens, and Robert Frost as one of the great American poets of the 20th century. Ransom himself knew that this was an overly generous association; his reputation was founded mostly on two books of poems published nearly a half-century earlier, and even these, he always insisted, were in several senses "minor."

And yet Ransom had formed the sensibility of two generations of writers and readers. After (mostly) giving up poetry, he began a long career as literary philosopher, whose interventions on religion, cultural politics, and, above all, the theory of poetry would become the common sense of his age. It is with us still. If you have ever wished that teachers of literature would stop enslaving the great works of our tradition to advance their crazy political agendas and would return to helping students to read with reverence, patience, and attention, you are doubtless recalling the practices of the New Criticism, which Ransom helped to establish.

The Collected Poems of John Crowe Ransom
edited by Ben Mazer
Un-Gyve Press, 396 pp., $75

The son and grandson of Methodist ministers, Ransom was the first son of a family of modest means but upward mobility. He attended the Bowen School in Nashville, one of several academies that prepared young Tennesseans for admission to Vanderbilt. He matriculated there at the age of 15, although he took a year off to teach high school Greek and Latin to help with the family finances. After graduation at the head of his class, Ransom taught for another year and then accepted a Rhodes scholarship to Christ Church, Oxford, to study classics and philosophy.

Only after his return to the United States did Ransom give much attention to literature; but that was sufficient, it seems, to get him hired into the Vanderbilt English department, where he would teach, with the exception of two years' military service in World War I, for more than two decades. There, he brought fame to Vanderbilt as one of the leaders of the Fugitives, a small group of writers whose poems, fiction, and essays in criticism would become classics of Southern letters.

While in France, Ransom learned that his first book, *Poems about God* (1919), had been selected by Robert Frost for publication with Henry Holt and Company. To have Frost as a reader was fortuitous, for Ransom's early poems display a cutting irony, a plainness of style, and homeyness of subject matter that made him seem a Southern counterpart to the New England farmer, classicist, and poet. "Noonday Grace" begins this way:

> *My good old father tucked his head,*
> *(His face the color of gingerbread)*
> *Over the table my mother had spread,*
> *And folded his leathery hands and said:*
> *"We thank thee, Lord, for this thy grace,*
> *And all thy bounties to the race;"*

The poem proceeds like this for pages, each stanza swallowed up with only one rhyme sound, and one soon hears the poet's sincere goodwill to parents and God cut through with irony and doubt:

> *[God's] infinite, and all of that,*
> *The setting sun his habitat,*
> . . .
> *And what is creeping man to that,*
> *O preacher, valiant democrat?*

The early poems document the use of the word "God" as poetic in the sense that it is uttered in myriad circumstances in our lives and is expressive at once of our various interior moods and of the "ultimate mystery" beyond us. By the time they were published, Ransom saw the book as a

James Matthew Wilson, associate professor of humanities and Augustinian traditions at Villanova, is the author, most recently, of a collection of poems, Some Permanent Things.

quaint beginner's effort. His engagement with other Fugitives, especially his student Allen Tate, taught Ransom to strain his sensibility through the emergent conventions of literary modernism. Encountering, yet disliking, Eliot's *The Waste Land* would harden Ransom's style and sharpen its intellectual irony.

Even in his Oxford days, Ransom was coming to see his own life story as a prototype for the sons of the modern South, and of the West more generally. Methodist Christianity had begun as a kind of "fundamentalism," a faith born of the fear of a thunderous God. Protestantism had stripped away God's thunder, however, and given us a mild and friendly Christ instead. Little by little, Ransom would complain to Tate, "the God of the Jews has been whittled down into the spirit of science, or the spirit of love, of the spirit of Rotary; *and now religion is not religion at all, but a purely secular experience, like Y.M.C.A. and Boy Scouts*."

This complacent "romanticism," the religion of his fathers, had robbed him of his fear, he believed; but the love of Christ, too, would be taken away as he studied Kant's philosophy and the technical achievements of modern science. Passing by fundamentalism and romanticism, he came to dwell in what he called a "third moment," that of an "adult mind" that realizes the value of both the "dualism" of the creature's fear of God and the "monism" of the romantic spirit.

Though he cannot simply share in them, he mourns their loss and refuses to let them entirely go. One must be a "dualist," divided within oneself between naïveté and disillusion, between fear and love, between the secular scientific hunger for "efficiency" and the indissoluble religious desire to accept the world as an "aesthetic object"—that is, as a whole, irreducibly complex, body crafted by God. For Ransom, this is what it meant to live aright in the modern world.

His mature poems read, in part, as exercises in seeing the whole by cataloging its irreconcilable divisions. "Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter," his best-known poem, depicts a little girl of zest and life, chasing geese around the farmyard, only to confront us with her little body in a coffin, *Lying so primly propped*. A later poem, "Dead Boy," depicts a grieving family, holding its sincere pain up against the unexceptional qualities of the lost child, who was like a *pig with a pasty face. . . . Squealing for cookies, kinned by poor pretense / With a noble house*. My personal favorite remains "Miriam Tazewell," a poem about a genteel woman who, having seen what the storm has done to her geraniums, comes to view "the whole world" as "villain."

Ransom's belief was that rhyme and meter loaded the "scientific" or logical meaning of a poem with alogical chains. Thus, his lines were intended to convey not the "sweet" music passed down from Shakespeare to the Romantics but, rather, a clattering artifice that falls all over itself. At his best, as in "Necrological" and "Judith of Bethulia," he juxtaposes holiness and beauty with violence and disappointment. Sometimes he even manages to weave one within the other in a single line, as in *The lords of chivalry lay prone and shattered* and *a wandering beauty is a blade out of its scabbard*.

His dualistic vision balanced in about 150 poems, Ransom quit writing them. In the subsequent decades, he would elaborate it in the forms of psychological, political, and finally literary theory. His books *God Without Thunder* (1930), *The World's Body* (1938), and *The New Criticism* (1941) are valuable in themselves, but are better read as posterior efforts to prepare an audience for the poems he had long since written than as definitive pronouncements on the condition of the modern West.

If the principles of literary criticism Ransom gave us live on in common sense, they have been driven from the mainstream of the academy. And so it is hard to say whether readers will continue to find reward in the study of his poems. That it took so long to get them collected and properly edited, as Ben Mazer has done here, is not a promising sign. And yet, their deliberately awkward concatenations of clunky and solemn music, of innocence and experience, and of Anglophile intelligence with "fundamentalist" savagery, their *one part love / And nine parts bitter thought*, will continue to startle anyone capable of being startled. ♦

John Crowe Ransom, upper row, second from right

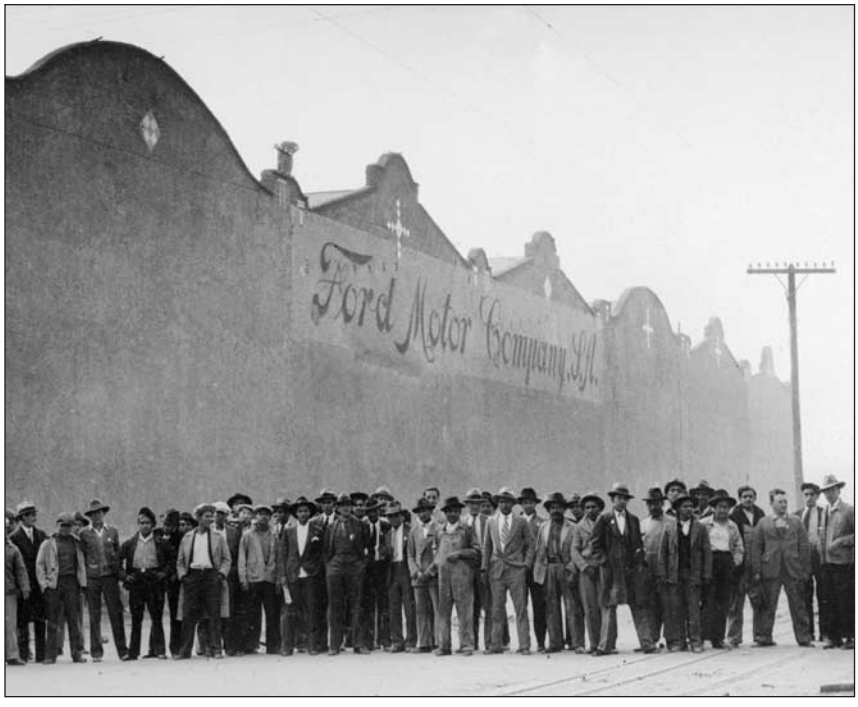
COURTESY OF PHILIP TERZIAN

B&A

Bordernomics

Finding the global marketplace in North America.

BY WILLIAM MCKENZIE



A walkout at the Ford Motor Company, Mexico City (1929)

Anyone interested in the forces of globalization should read this book. Those interested in the movement of capital, people, and goods across North America, especially, should pick it up. Chad Broughton's report on the decline of manufacturing jobs in midsize towns in the Rust Belt, along with the subsequent expansion of jobs across the border in Reynosa, Mexico, illustrates the human complexity in a major economic upheaval. In this case, the common core of unionized machine workers lost out to the low-wage maquiladora workers who found employment in modern Mexican factories.

William McKenzie is editor of the Catalyst: A Journal of Ideas from the Bush Institute.

Boom, Bust, Exodus
The Rust Belt, the Maquilas, *and a Tale of Two Cities*
by Chad Broughton
Oxford, 408 pp., $28

As that shift occurred, longstanding personal and communal relationships were disrupted. We learn about displaced workers who had been employed at operations like Maytag's manufacturing plant in Galesburg, Illinois. Broughton once taught at Knox College, in Galesburg, so he provides ample stories about people whose lives were upended by the 2002 closing of that Maytag facility. At the same time, opportunities were born in Mexico for families searching for more fruitful jobs, especially after the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) took effect in 1994. We learn about Mexican workers who found employment in the new Maytag factory in Reynosa, many of them having previously struggled for gainful work in more impoverished Mexican states.

The sociology of economic change is important to understand, and Broughton provides a strong sociological picture. Transformations are about human lives, not talking points in a debate or bottom line statements. Yet old orders *do* change, and that can lead to progress, even if progress doesn't appear obvious at first. Gutenberg printed Bibles, upending monastic control over what believers could learn. Machines upgraded grueling farm and factory jobs, eventually moving many Americans into better-paying work. The Internet has upended the publishing world, forcing many writers and journalists to learn new digital skills.

Change has led to progress as well, across North America. The region has evolved into a place where Mexicans, Canadians, and Americans make products together. The best example is automobiles, where some parts are made in Mexico or Canada, the car is assembled in the United States, and the final product is sold across North America and elsewhere. This system evolved into an effective way of making a car. Naturally, as new orders appear, many become wistful for the old ones. We certainly encounter plenty of wistfulness in Broughton's reporting: We hear people decrying, as Broughton writes, "free trade, the 'religion of greed,' and runaway global capitalism." Critics even called the Maytag plant's closing "economic terrorism."

Some employees did not make the pivot into the new order either. For example, one laid-off Maytag worker eschewed federal retraining benefits and bought a bar; thereafter, his story was downwardly mobile. He was among nearly half of Maytag employees who did not retrain, according to research separately done by Maytag and Broughton; but the other half *did* prepare for a new day. As an example, we learn about one worker who returned to community college to become a radiology technician. She

BETTMANN CORBIS / GETTY

saw the closing of the plant as a second chance, allowing her to help people with health needs. She kept reinventing herself, ultimately becoming a railroad conductor.

Old orders have changed in Mexico, too. As Maytag and other companies opened up plants in places like Reynosa—which sits on the other side of the Rio Grande from McAllen, Texas—economic growth started churning on both sides of the border. Reynosa became a haven for maquiladora factories, just as McAllen thrived off the supply chains that flowed goods across the border. Reynosa doubled in population between 1990 and 2005, while McAllen boomed from almost 38,000 people in 1970 to about 107,000 in 2000.

Change transformed more than border towns. Economic growth in northern Mexico attracted workers from poorer states like Veracruz, which rests along Mexico's eastern Gulf Coast. Here, too, Broughton reports on the human aspect of Mexico's internal transformation. Among other results, we learn about the drying-up of villages as workers head north to manufacturing operations. Indeed, lives were changed and new familial trajectories set; but it is hard to deny that this shift within Mexico has led to a rise in prosperity. You can see this in new shopping malls in places like Ciudad Juárez, and you can see it in the raw data: The *Economist* has reported that while Mexico still has grinding poverty, GDP has steadily climbed over the past quarter-century. Even one of the many NAFTA critics included here acknowledges that the treaty opened up opportunities for women.

Of course, there is plenty here for those who dislike the transformative nature of globalization. But those who think the old order was dandy until NAFTA came along make a faulty assumption. By the 1980s, automation and new technologies were changing the nature of work. This included making factories more productive and holding down the cost of goods. Also, change was bound to occur in North America with or without the United States participating in NAFTA: China, Japan, and Germany were among the foreign businesses investing in plants in Mexico. If the U.S. had decided against upgrading economic relationships across North America, we merely would have been forsaking a home-court advantage.

Moreover, if the movement of goods, labor, and capital across the continent upsets you, you need to explain why you would prefer paying higher prices for consumer items such as automobiles and electronics. Cars that Detroit rolls out would cost considerably more if not for parts made for less in Mexico or Canada. And the shifting of the old order through technology, automation, and globalization has led to more high-skilled, innovative factory work here in the United States.

Not long ago I interviewed workers in a sophisticated distribution factory in Frisco, Texas, a booming, prosperous Dallas suburb. The factory relies on robots as well as workers who guide the robots. The workers apply their knowledge of math, science, and engineering to guide the robots, and the skills needed in this factory require higher-order thinking, which, in the long run, can grow our economy and lead to better-paying jobs. All of which is part of a changing global economy.

We can lament this, as many in *Boom, Bust, Exodus* do; or we can adapt. History consistently shows that adapting is the better route. ♦

B&A

With Pen in Hand

Onward and upward—and the disappearance of handwriting.

BY TEMMA EHRENFELD

New York

The Morgan Library and Museum, an antique among museums, retains a rare group of documents purchased by J. Pierpont Morgan, beginning in the 1890s, the great era of American fascination with handwriting. We can see Beethoven's manuscript for his Violin and Piano Sonata in G Major, op. 96, with the composer's ferocious scrawl obliterating a section. A couple of cases away is a manuscript of Mozart, famously free of any corrections, proving that music came through him as if it were the very voice of God.

In a Morgan exhibit of diaries, there is Einstein, writing in German, breaking off abruptly and continuing in algebra that seems to spill from his pen. The shock is seeing that he was truly multilingual, math simply another of his languages. We can see Jane Austen's lower loops elegantly swooping like cradles under her sentences; Balzac's frenetic and playful Klee-like marginalia on a printed manuscript; and Emily Brontë's minuscule print in her private diary.

Handwriting—which I am defining as meaningful marks on paper made by a device held between fingers—is disappearing, and with it, the record of the mind expressed through the body. In the volumes of my own diary over two decades, my handwriting changed as I grew—until a certain age when it acquired a certain look, though continuing to evolve. These markings are like the pencil scratches on the kitchen door showing your height through the years, announcing "I was here" in space—not digital space—and time.

No email can be so physical, no matter how carnal the occasion. I realized this around the turn of the century, the early 2000s, at the end of my first digitally documented romance. In the

Temma Ehrenfeld is a writer in New York.

past, I had stacks of flirtatious notes and photographs to tear up or stash away after romances. This time, I had a complete record of every turning point in emails with attached photos. He was a Wall Street IT man, an engineer by training, and more than once he called and rambled emotionally for an hour or more before he stopped, saying, "I guess I just did a core dump."

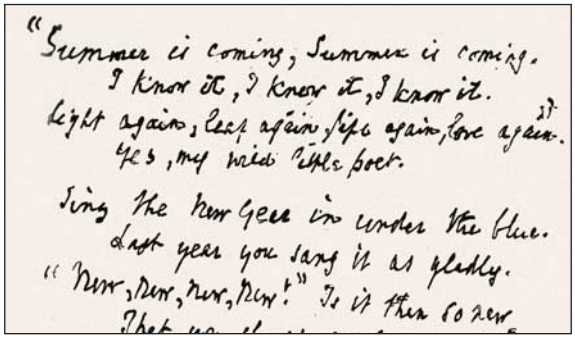
Loss may hit us sideways; the tangibles contain more than we know. At that time, I kept a pale green hand towel from my grandmother's apartment, which had retained the sweet smell of old age even after a washing. Now the thought came, "I never saw his handwriting"—and I cried, not for him but through him for a loss I could only glimpse then as it began, the end of the pre-digital world.

I mourned a family tradition. My mother had no doubt that handwriting revealed character. She set up a card table at my elementary school fair and attracted a long line, and for years my girlfriends and I brought her notes from our boyfriends, to glean the future, the way girls go to astrologers and psychics. Only we believed that she was an astute student of a true science. I didn't tell her when I tried to learn graphology myself and concluded that it is a fraud. In 1871, a French priest called Michon coined the word "graphologie" and assigned traits to variations in letters, making pronouncements like "all weak-willed people cross their 't's feebly." But modern science has ruled against the core idea that we can reliably determine personality from handwriting samples.

When I ask my middle-aged friends whether they miss handwriting, they mention notes from their dead parents. I have only one birthday card from my mother; when I see her exuberant, large, big-vowelled "Happy birthday, darling! Be joyful," for a moment she is alive. For this essay, I asked several mothers if they would recognize their child's handwriting, and they all looked doubtful, or promptly said no.

Although American schools are still teaching kids how to print, instruction in cursive is fading. A report on the issue from the Miami-Dade public school system begins this way: "Cursive writing has been taught for over 300 years in U.S. schools and was once the principle [sic] way of communicating." Print is now the principal way, as proven by the fact that only tiny numbers of students who complete the handwritten essay on the SAT use cursive.

Some science suggests that the finger movements of writing cue parts of the brain associated with logic, that words and ideas come more slowly when we use keyboards. Yet among my writer friends, I know of only one who still composes by hand, in a mixture of cursive and print that is characteristic of the most fluid writers. All print meant that you were hiding your personality, my mother said; but print within cursive was "simplification," characteristic of intelligence. (Yes, I wrote this first draft in a notebook, turning over a new leaf, turning pages.)


"Summer is coming, Summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again.
Yes, my wild little poet.
Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, New, New, New!" Is it then so new
That

Tennyson's manuscript for 'The Throstle'

Digital documentation is not more secure, unless you make it so. Coming across old emails from estranged friends, lost lovers, your dearly departed, is a more ordinary event: They can turn up by accident in a search, along with phantom Facebook pages, or if you somehow sort backwards by date. Old letters you would likely need to search out, unless you live in a house with random paper lying around. But a computer can die. I have poems I miss stored on drives from computers with floppy drives and stacks of unlabeled discs. Now I keep everything I do "in the cloud" at Dropbox, a name that may sound archaic in my lifetime.

In the past, people who could read did not necessarily learn to write, which was like learning a foreign language. This could happen again. There were many scripts for different purposes, from social to business, and people went to experts to compose their correspondence, or prided themselves on their hand. Teaching handwriting routinely in school helped democratize American life before we became fascinated with signatures in the late 19th century. In early evidence of the American talent for celebrity worship, we collected autographs passionately. At the same time, not incidentally, we came to see our own handwriting as an expression of individuality, along with the idea that each of us is interesting.

Today, of course, we believe all the more strongly that we are each interesting—and the digital world famously offers new means for self-expression. A girl can enter virtual reality and program her own stories in the free time her grandmother spent playing with her signature. I posted a question about handwriting on Facebook and got a torrent of nostalgic responses. A fiftyish friend in advertising sent his version of the lyrics of the Cat Stevens song "Where Do the Children Play?"

> Well your screens are sharp, and your phones are tough, and the words go on and on, but it seems that you can't log off. I know it may seem more right, we're typing byte by byte, but tell me, where do the children write?

Facebook, to me, is an adult playground I visit when bored.

Still, I come back to the body, the blast of physicality that hits us when we see the marks of people of historic importance—say, the bombastic swirls under the signatures on the Declaration of Independence of John Hancock and Benjamin Franklin. Life is more ephemeral when digitized, however preserved. How annoying it is when legal software asks for a "digital signature," produced by jiggling your mouse to trace shapes on the screen—no doubt soon to be a meaningless vestige of these transitional times. ♦

CULTURE CLUB / GETTY

B&A

Rocky VII

Once a generation, Sylvester Stallone excels.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

Ryan Coogler, who conceived and directed the new hit film *Creed*, is up to something very tricky with this effort to update the *Rocky* films to the 21st century. *Creed* is not a Cinderella story about a working-class chump who gets an unexpected shot at glory, as the original *Rocky* was. Instead, it's a character study of a soul in quiet torment.

He is Adonis Johnson (Michael B. Jordan), and he's the illegitimate son of Apollo Creed, the publicity-mad heavyweight champ who plucked the hangdog mug Rocky Balboa from the streets of Philadelphia to be his opponent in a bicentennial fight back in 1976. Adonis is seeking some kind of deliverance for himself in the sport his father dominated—the father he never knew, the father who was married to a woman other than his mother, the father who died before he was born.

Creed is the most original franchise reboot we've yet seen from reboot-mad Hollywood because Coogler comes at what we're not supposed to call "the *Rocky* universe" from such an unexpected angle. Everything that was there originally is here: the humble ethnic neighborhoods of Philadelphia, the low-tech training techniques, a low-key love affair, even Rocky himself, embodied once again by Sylvester Stallone, now 69 years of age.

Adonis comes to Philadelphia to find Rocky, whom he has to browbeat into working as his trainer. He doesn't fit in there because he doesn't fit in anywhere. He spent a childhood in Los Angeles in extreme privation (group homes and juvenile detention) and his teen years in luxury (with Creed's widow, who finds him after his mother's death and takes him in).

Creed
Directed by Ryan Coogler

Michael B. Jordan, Sylvester Stallone

We don't understand what Adonis needs and gets from boxing, and neither does anyone else. His adoptive mother is angry that he is putting himself at risk. Rocky tells him that there's no reason to box unless you come from nothing and have nothing. He's angry when anyone refers to his father in his presence. It is not until he speaks a single line of dialogue, just moments before the movie comes to a close, that the reason for the torments Adonis Johnson Creed has put himself through becomes clear.

I can't tell you what that line of dialogue is, but it's a killer piece of screenwriting by Coogler and his collaborator Aaron Covington. It's so good that it comes close to justifying the fact that, for most of the movie's running time, Adonis is really kind of a pill. Close, but alas, no cigar.

Critics are rhapsodic about *Creed*, but I can't join in with them fully, because pretty much every minute the movie focuses on him, I wanted the camera off Michael B. Jordan's face and back onto Stallone's beautiful, wrinkled, startlingly transparent face. It's hard to think of a more sheerly lovable performance than Stallone's, and I don't mean this year. I mean in Hollywood history. And it's impossible to divide the pleasure one takes from Stallone's indelible work in this movie from his own Hollywood history.

The original *Rocky* was Stallone's own Cinderella story. He was a struggling actor who was supporting his family by working part-time tearing tickets at a Manhattan movie theater when he wrote its screenplay—nothing less than a walk-off work of pop-culture genius.

The championship bout between a Muhammad Ali type and a third-rate palooka with heart was a clever stroke. But the genuinely brilliant trick of the screenplay was how Stallone took Paddy Chayefsky's Marty—that paradigmatic and self-described "sad, lonely little man" from a white ghetto—and put some boxing gloves on him.

Rocky doesn't have an ounce of killer's blood running through his veins. All he wants is to date his drunken pal Paulie's shy kid sister, feed his turtles, and not have to hurt the deadbeat numbers players his gangster boss sends him out to threaten. And when he lands the big fight, all he wants is not to get his face kicked in. Rocky has to find strength and drive just to keep from being humiliated—and then discovers he has much more in him than he ever knew.

This is what made *Rocky* the most beloved film of the year it was made, and won it the Oscar over *All the President's Men* and *Network*. Stallone took a huge risk after he completed the screenplay; he was offered big money for it and turned it down so he could play the role himself. Which he did beautifully. And then, for the next 39 years, he didn't do much of anything all that beautifully.

Stallone created a character named Rocky Balboa, but this iteration of him—sweet, tired, disappointed, lonely, rueful, wounded, and offhandedly wise—is Coogler's work. Which means Stallone is actually acting here, and may wonders never cease. He supplies all the fun and the joy and the heart that people are loving about *Creed*. And boy, does the movie need him, because it doesn't get nearly enough from its Creed. ♦

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

"Silicon Valley Executives Microdosing LSD to Improve Productivity"
—News item, November 28, 2015

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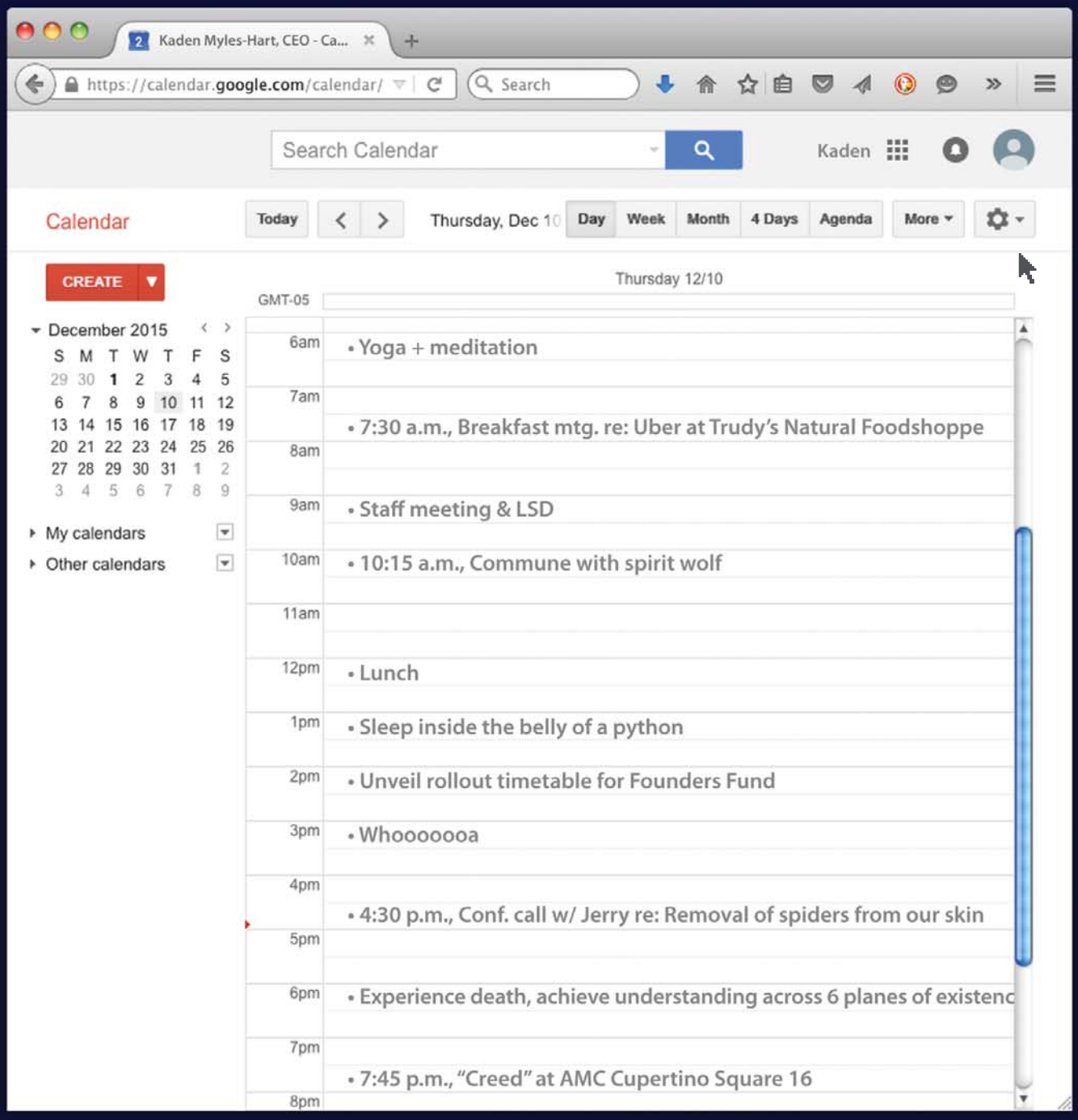

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