

ANGER  
MANAGEMENT,  
2016 STYLE  
JAMES W. CEASER

the weekly

# Standard

MARCH 7, 2016

\$4.95

## THE MIGRANTS OF CALAIS

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL  
on the global economy's  
losers and winners



# Contents

March 7, 2016 • Volume 21, Number 25



- 2 The Scrapbook *A Wavian blunder, 'muscle' muscled, & more*
- 5 Casual *Victorino Matus has been warned*
- 7 Editorials  
*'You Inspire Us All'* BY WILLIAM KRISTOL  
*Why So Silent on the Economy?* BY FRED BARNES  
*Phony Truce* BY LEE SMITH

## Articles



- 10 Anger Management *The campaign's unhappy warriors* BY JAMES W. CEASER
- 12 Naming China's Dead End *Honoring dissident Liu Xiaobo* BY ELLEN BORK
- 14 Inappropriate Appropriations *How Congress spends without authorization* BY KEVIN R. KOSAR
- 15 Selling America Short *The country would cease to be great under a President Trump* BY MAX BOOT & BENN STEIL
- 18 Making the Socialist Grade *Teaching Sandernistas a Marxist lesson* BY MARK PASTIN
- 19 Crude Economics, Crude Politics *Who wins and who loses with cheap oil?* BY CHARLES WOLF JR.

## Features



- 21 The Migrants of Calais *Losers and winners in the global economy* BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL
- 27 The Guns of Las Vegas *It's the ultimate counterculture* BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

## Books & Arts



- 30 Gospel Truths *Jesus in the hands of history* BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN
- 33 Bright College Years *How Yale came to terms with postwar America* BY JAMES M. BANNER JR.
- 35 Know Thyself *Restoring the human tradition in literature* BY JAMES SEATON
- 37 FDR Without Tears *Franklin Roosevelt as steward of American power* BY ROBERT WARGAS
- 39 Thoughts from Home *Where have you gone, Alexander Hamilton?* BY JOHN PODHORETZ
- 40 Parody *The Biden Court*

## A Wavian Blunder

THE SCRAPBOOK begs to be forgiven for its belly laugh at *Time*'s new list of the 100 most popular female authors on college campuses. Not because *Time* is now reduced to promoting listicles on its website, but because *Time*'s popular female author No. 97 is none other than Evelyn Waugh. Waugh (1903-1966), the author of *Vile Bodies*, *A Handful of Dust*, *Brideshead Revisited*, etc., was of course male, not female.

To be sure, there are extenuating circumstances—almost all of which would have amused Waugh. In America, for example, the name Evelyn is almost exclusively assigned to females; but in Britain, there have been more than a few prominent male Evelyns in modern history—General Sir Evelyn Wood of African fame, the colonial administrator Sir Evelyn Baring, the first Earl Cromer—and the current Rothschild patriarch is Sir Evelyn de Rothschild. That *Time* seems unaware of all this would certainly conform to Evelyn Waugh's contemptuous view of America and its inhabitants.

Then again, by a coincidence that might have seemed improbable in one of his novels, Evelyn Waugh's first wife (a female, as we must clarify these days) was named Evelyn as well. The marriage didn't last very long; but while it did, their friends among the



*Evelyn Waugh . . . Mister Evelyn Waugh*

Bright Young Things of 1920s London took to calling them He-Evelyn and She-Evelyn to avoid confusion. THE SCRAPBOOK suspects that *Time* wasn't conversant with this, either.

Then again, it could be said that

an old joke has returned to haunt the late novelist. During World War II, Waugh served on a British military mission to Yugoslavia, where he formed an everlasting disdain for Marshal Tito, the Communist partisan leader and postwar Yugoslav dictator. In subsequent years, whenever Tito would visit Great Britain, Waugh would insist, loudly and publicly, that Tito was, in fact, a woman in drag—referring to him, on second reference, as “she.” Perhaps the *Time* deputy assistant managing editor for listicles conflated this story? Not likely.

No, THE SCRAPBOOK must reluctantly conclude that the obvious explanation is probably the right one: The list was undoubtedly compiled by some contemporary bright young thing who, despite his/her/its Ivy League education, wouldn't know Evelyn Waugh from the French and Indian Waugh. At which point, indeed, THE SCRAPBOOK would be relieved to learn that the editor in question knows that the novelist's name is pronounced “waw,” not “waff.” ◆

## Culture at Stanford

THE SCRAPBOOK is old enough to remember without fondness the astounding spectacle of the Rev. Jesse Jackson in 1987 leading Stanford University students chanting, “Hey, hey, ho, ho! Western culture's got to go!” The witless infantilism of the chant perfectly encapsulated its substantive content: Who needs to study the poetry of Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton when you can rhyme “ho” and “go”? And what could possibly be a good reason to try to understand a culture you reject—well, unless somebody asked, you know, why you reject it?

The largely successful assault on Western culture on college campuses in the 1980s has evolved seamlessly into the culture of speech codes, trigger warnings, and grievance on campus today. At Stanford, 59 percent of under-

graduates now want to major in engineering. Call it a flight to seriousness.

All is not lost on Leland Stanford's old farm, however. Now comes a “manifesto” from the editors of the *Stanford Review*, an independent conservative publication, calling for the reinstatement of a two-quarter required course on Western civilization for freshmen. The revolutionary idea behind the manifesto seems to be that students should know something about the culture in which they find themselves:

The values, virtues, and vices that characterize our society today arose over centuries of the Western tradition. Multiple elements of Western history intersect to explain some of the most important issues facing college campuses and the country.

Take, for example, the recent campus protests at Mizzou and Yale that captivated national attention.

Major controversy erupted over free speech, but for debates on the issue to be meaningful, students must understand how individual rights to expression transformed over millennia. Just as universities balance student liberties against other needs, the history of free speech comprises shifting balances between often rivalrous considerations.

Note what the *Review*'s editors are not proposing: “Ho, ho, hey, hey! Western culture, hip-hooray!” They endorse a curriculum that will examine positive *and* negative elements of the centuries of history under consideration. The point is that an uninformed critique can't even explain its own basis and the standards of judgment it employs—which could explain why so many youthful opinions these days begin with the words, “I feel . . .”

The *Review*'s editors have started a

KURT HUTTON / PICTURE POST / GETTY IMAGES

petition to put their proposal to a vote among Stanford undergraduates. If it passes, the referendum won't bind the university to accept the proposal. But it would give a boost to those who still believe that a proper liberal-arts education is both valuable in itself and useful in making sense of complex political and social problems. ♦

## 'Muscle' Muscled

Every once in a while—in a long, long while—justice is served. Even at the university. Late last week the University of Missouri Board of Curators announced that, after a month of investigation, it was terminating the employment of Professor Melissa Click.

Click, you may recall, was the Mizou communications professor who was caught on video asking for some “muscle” to come and remove a student journalist covering campus protests. It was a particularly repugnant act of bullying.

And it turns out it wasn't the first. During the course of the investigation the school discovered another video of Click, taken in October 2015, when she confronted police at the school's homecoming parade and screamed all sorts of ugly things at officers who, judging by the body-camera video, were conducting themselves professionally.

Watching the two videos prompted three questions: (1) How many incidents of Click's ranting abuse weren't captured on video? (2) How could someone with such a lack of control and surplus of unpleasantness be an effective teacher? And (3) how could any student of Click who didn't agree with her politics think he'd get fair treatment in her class?

The university did the right thing. Enjoy the blue moon while it lasts. ♦

## Heroin in Ithaca

Ithaca, N.Y.—an Ivy League town that proudly styles itself America's “most enlightened city”—provides a home for plenty of unusual ideas from the political left. The most recent among them is a publicly financed

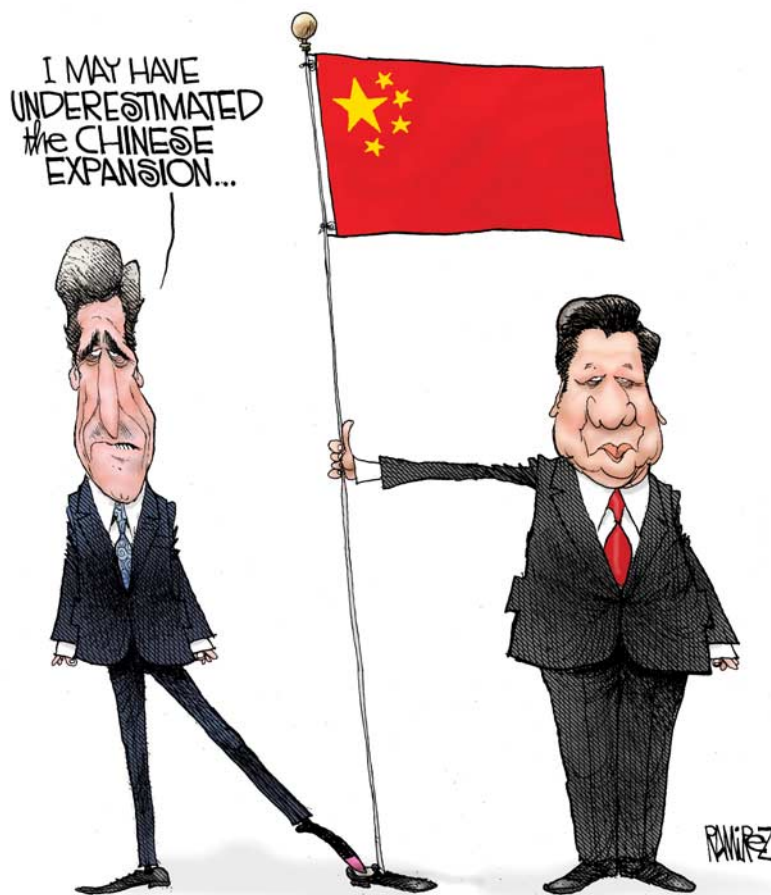
“shooting gallery” . . . for heroin users.

In late February, 28-year-old mayor Svante Myrick announced the city wanted to make this “injection center” the centerpiece of a new anti-drug strategy. The center would offer addicts clean needles and free medical care. “It's providing a safe place where they won't overdose, where they can get treatment,” Myrick told the AP. Addicts who use the center need never fear arrest.

Drug-policy experts are divided on the desirability, and the ethics, of this “harm reduction” approach. Because heroin is so physically addictive that an addict who misses a fix can die without proper medical care, toleration of its use imposes significant social costs. While injection centers,

needle-exchange policies, and other similar approaches do appear to reduce deaths from overdoses, there is also evidence they spike both crime and drug use. Experiments with de facto heroin legalization in the U.K. and Netherlands were so disastrous even hardened leftists eventually rolled back their more extreme measures. If it's worth doing at all, trying to reduce the harm of heroin use presents a very difficult case.

That's why it's so odd the same locale that's saying “yes” to heroin harm reduction is answering calls for another type of harm reduction with a resounding “no.” In late 2014, before “vaping” became the word of the year, Ithaca's surrounding Tompkins County imposed one of



the nation's earliest outright bans on e-cigarette use in public spaces.

The ban went into effect although there's no evidence that e-cigarette vapor causes any of the ills associated with secondhand smoke. Conversely, there is evidence that e-cigarettes can help people quit using their far deadlier combustible cousins. Ithaca's progressive leaders made their views clear. "I feel that the balance between personal liberties and public health here heavily weigh upon the side of public health," Ithaca Democrat Kathy Luz Herrera told the *Ithaca Journal*.

Enough said. ♦

## Penguins Suffer from Overabundance of Ice

Much ink has been spilled over the rising oceans, the warming globe, and the imminent demise of Arctic and Antarctic creatures. The ice is melting, the penguins are sweating, and the sky is falling, all at once. At least, that is how the story usually goes.

Which is why THE SCRAPBOOK was surprised to learn this week of the 150,000 Adelie penguins that have died over the last five years due not to the lack of ice, but to too much of it. The *Guardian* reports a colony of some 160,000 penguins has shrunk to around 10,000 after an "iceberg the size of Rome became grounded near their colony."

It's quite the chunk of ice. Scientists named it B09B and say it measures over 1,000 square miles. After the iceberg drifted into Commonwealth Bay, the penguins were unable to reach the ocean to feed. They have to make their way an additional 40 miles to find food. Researchers tell the *Guardian* that unless the chunk of ice can be dislodged, the colony will be gone within 20 years.

It remains unclear how this event can be made to fit the standard global warming narrative, but THE SCRAPBOOK has confidence in Al Gore and Co. to come through. In the meantime, we hope global warming can give the penguins a hand. ♦

the weekly  
**Standard**  
[www.weeklystandard.com](http://www.weeklystandard.com)

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

### MediaDC

Ryan McKibben, *Chairman*  
Stephen R. Sparks, *President & Chief Operating Officer*  
Kathy Schaffhauser, *Chief Financial Officer*  
David Lindsey, *Chief Digital Officer*  
Catherine Lowe, *Integrated Marketing Director*  
Mark Walters, *Sr. V.P. Marketing Services & Advertising*  
Paul Anderson, Rich Counts,  
T. Barry Davis, Andrew Kaumeier,  
Brooke McIngvale, Jason Roberts,  
*Advertising Sales*  
**Advertising inquiries: 202-293-4900**  
**Subscriptions: 1-800-274-7293**

The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013), a division of Clarity Media Group, is published weekly (except the first week in January, third week in March, fourth week in June, and third week in August) at 1152 15th St., NW, Suite 200, Washington D.C. 20005. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 421203, Palm Coast, FL 32142-1203. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-274-7293. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders and changes of address to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 421203, Palm Coast, FL 32142-1203. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-386-597-4378 for subscription inquiries. American Express, Visa/MasterCard payments accepted. Cover price, \$4.95. Back issues, \$4.95 (includes postage and handling). Send letters to the editor to The Weekly Standard, 1152 15th Street, NW, Suite 200, Washington, DC 20005-4617. For a copy of The Weekly Standard Privacy Policy, visit [www.weeklystandard.com](http://www.weeklystandard.com) or write to Customer Service, The Weekly Standard, 1152 15th St., NW, Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 20005. Copyright 2016, Clarity Media Group. All rights reserved. No material in The Weekly Standard may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. The Weekly Standard is a registered trademark of Clarity Media Group.



**You've read  
them,  
you've  
watched  
them—  
now listen  
to their  
podcasts.**

**Browse the complete list of our free podcasts at  
[www.weeklystandard.com/podcasts](http://www.weeklystandard.com/podcasts)**

## Drivers Not Wanted

Whenever I'm driving with my wife, I have this nasty habit of smacking her in the face. No, it's not because of the innumerable times she says, "It's green. You can go now." Or "Slow down, there's a stop sign." It's not even when she thinks I don't see the car in front of me braking and yells, "Oh, oh, look out!" It's just when I back up.

For whatever reason, when I was learning to drive, my mother advised me to put my right arm behind the passenger seat while going in reverse. I've done it ever since. But as a consequence, the back of my hand will occasionally graze my wife's cheek. My knuckle might collide with her forehead. A finger might poke her in the eyeball.

It's been a hard habit to break but, in a manner of speaking, my days of spousal abuse may be coming to an end. You see, my new Subaru Legacy comes equipped with a rear-vision camera. As soon as I shift into reverse, the video touchscreen, which normally shows me my music options, reveals the road behind me, including superimposed yellow and red bars warning me when I'm close to impact.

This isn't the only way my car tries to be helpful. When the outside temperature dips below 38 degrees, a beep goes off and the dashboard warns me, "Roads may be icy." But as an email newsletter from Subaru explains, "The indicator is intended as a guide only. Drivers should check and monitor the actual condition of the road surfaces." Check how? With my own eyes? That seems to be asking a lot.

Meanwhile, don't even think about unbuckling the seatbelt until the car is in park. Any time before that and a bell will start chiming. (Taking this

one step further, the 2016 Chevy Malibu mutes the radio until your seatbelt is fastened.)

Worst of all, as soon as I turn the ignition, the screen displays the following message: "CAUTION: Drive safely and obey traffic rules. Watching this screen and making selections while driving can lead to a serious accident. Check surroundings for safety while camera images are displayed. Read the safety instructions



in your Owner's Manual." At the bottom right-hand corner is a touchable square with the words "I Agree."

Two months ago, while visiting the in-laws in Connecticut, my son and I were invited to check out the car collection of a family friend. We were picked up in a 1946 Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith—the kind that includes a third headlight, a lever that slides the driver's side window down (as opposed to being cranked), and reclining trays for the backseats (minus the jar of Grey Poupon). We didn't wear seatbelts, and my 8-year-old son sat in the front. Amazingly, no alarms went off.

The vehicles in storage were equally impressive. There was a

Model T in mid-restoration, a Buick Roadster complete with rumble seat, and even an early 1960s Mercedes once owned by the late German chancellor Konrad Adenauer. Several models, including a 1950s Lincoln, featured same-side doors that open away from each other. Although manufacturers referred to these as coach doors and rear-hinged, they were popularly known as suicide doors.

By the time I entered driver's ed, the suicide doors were gone. Seatbelts were a big deal. Students sat through graphic films about the perils of drinking and driving. The problem is there are always more dangers on the road. Today, texting and driving has become a deadly trend. A friend of mine actually took a picture of his speedometer as he broke 100 mph on the Autobahn (impressive, I admit).

The solution for now has been this accumulation of warning signals trying to account for every possible distraction. But the long-term solution seems to be driverless cars; this way we can do as much texting as our hearts desire. Already the latest Buicks offer Wi-Fi for passengers to check email and surf the net. Many automakers sell cars that parallel-park for you. Remember the old Volkswagen slogan "Drivers Wanted"? Apparently not anymore.

We need to be safe on the road. This I do not doubt. But it's mostly a matter of common sense. I don't really need a warning about fiddling with the radio every time I get in the car. (I know it's wrong, but if I hear that song "Renegades" one more time, I'm taking my chances.) I don't need to be alerted that it's possibly icy outside. I don't need to be told to keep my seatbelt fastened until I'm in park. Probably the only warning my car could use is one for the passenger when I'm shifting into reverse. Something like "Watch your head—swinging arm coming your way!"

VICTORINO MATUS



*Donald Trump and Pat Robertson*

‘**Y**ou inspire us all.’ With that fulsome greeting, Pat Robertson welcomed Donald Trump this week to the stage of Regent University. According to the school’s catalogue, the university’s name invokes the fact that “a regent is one who represents Christ, our Sovereign, in whatever sphere of life he or she may be called to serve Him.” We leave it to others to decide what sovereign Donald Trump has served in his life. We will simply note that Trump seems not merely an all-too-human example of one who has on occasion fallen into the grip of some of the seven deadly sins. He seems rather a veritable apostle of most of them. A proud defender of greed, an unabashed indulger in adultery, a wanton mocker of the meek (the “losers”) of this world, Donald Trump does not inspire us.

Oh come on, we can hear Trump supporters say: Lighten up! We’re choosing a president, not a pastor. We’d like a nominee who can take it to the Democrats and the media. We want a chief executive who’ll really shake up Washington. We need a commander in chief who’ll stand up to our enemies.

Fine sentiments. But here’s the reality: If we nominate Donald Trump, we’re choosing the nominee who is the least likely to defeat the Democratic candidate. If we were to elect him, we’d be placing our trust in a chief executive who’s shown zero interest during his long career in shaking up Washington. And if we swear him in, we’ll have a commander in chief who is seemingly more enamored of our enemies (Vladimir Putin and Bashar al-Assad) than of a recent president of the United States, whom he accuses (falsely) of knowingly lying the country into war.

Oh man, we can hear Trump enablers say: You just don’t get it! You’re out of touch. Your points might once have been relevant. But we’ve moved on from the politics of the past. Trump is different. He’s broken all the old rules. We live in a new world. You’re making analog arguments in a digital age. You’re obsessing about evidence in an age of appearance. You’re worrying about character in a time of celebrity. Your concerns are anachronistic, your opposition futile. “You better start swimmin’ or you’ll sink like a stone / For the times they are a-changin’.”

So they say. But here’s our response: The times may be changing, but principles don’t. We choose not to dive into the infinity pool of Donald Trump’s Republican party. The water in the pool might seem refreshing, even cleansing, at first. But in truth, Trump’s waters are cold, shallow, and not fit to swim in. Rather than join the crowd and go with the flow, we choose to make our stand on dry land, with flags flying and guns blazing.

But let’s not jump the gun. So far, after the first four contests and before Super Tuesday on March 1, Donald Trump has won an impressive but not conclusive 32.7 percent of the 1.3 million or so votes cast. (Ted Cruz and Marco Rubio have gotten about 20 percent each.) There has been almost no negative advertising from super-PACs and campaigns against Trump. The mainstream media have given Trump an amazingly easy ride. Weak-kneed conservatives, desperate to sidle up to the winner, have made extraordinary excuses for him. And he’s still beatable.

But he won’t be defeated if no one tries to defeat him. Surely it’s worth fighting to save a respectable political party,

an admirable political movement, and a great country from a charlatan and a demagogue. There's nothing inspiring about the appeasement of Donald Trump. It's the fight to defeat Donald Trump that should now inspire us all.

—William Kristol

---

# Why So Silent on the Economy?

When Ronald Reagan ran for the Republican presidential nomination in 1980, the top issue was the sour economy. Reagan's solution was a 30 percent, across-the-board cut in individual income tax rates. As nominee, he stuck with the big tax-cut as his main message. And he followed through as president, signing a 25 percent reduction into law in 1981.

Reagan is a model of what today's Republican candidates should be doing—but aren't coming close to. Queasy aides wanted Reagan to soft-pedal his tax cuts. He refused. His opponents attacked his tax plan, saying it would cause inflation to soar. He continued to talk about taxes and the economy, which was what voters wanted to hear about.

Voters in 2016 are no different. They care about the economy far more than other issues. In an exit poll at the South Carolina primary, 97 percent of voters said they are "very worried" or "somewhat worried" about the economy. Yet Republicans barely broach the subject.

It's not that they don't have serious tax reform plans. Marco Rubio would expand the child tax credit and kill the capital gains tax. Ted Cruz would install a 10 percent flat tax along with a 16 percent business tax. Ben Carson would fix a "uniform" 14.9 percent tax rate "with no deductions, no loopholes and no shelters."

Every Republican candidate has a built-in economic message. Why don't they unleash it? "There are two possibilities," says Jeff Bell, who advised Reagan in his 1976 and 1980 campaigns. "Either their plans will not turn the economy around, or they will turn the economy around but aren't popular with voters."

Whatever the reason, they've surrendered the issue to Donald Trump. In the New Hampshire exit poll, 41 percent said Trump would "best handle the economy." In South Carolina, 45 percent said Trump would. No other candidate was close.

Trump doesn't offer the kind of free-market solutions that ignited eras of growth and prosperity in the 1920s, the 1960s, and the 1980s and 1990s. He opposes the Trans-Pacific Partnership trade agreement and free trade in general. He's for curbing immigration and deporting 11 million illegal immigrants from the United States. He's against reform of entitlements. There's plenty here to go after.

The fact that he's a famous businessman gives him credibility on the economic issue. He includes the economy in his promise to "make America great again." And he has a tax reform plan that would trim the top income tax rate to 25 percent.

But Trump rarely talks about economic growth. He doesn't have to. He's already king of the economic hill. It's his rivals who need to, especially by challenging him on trade, immigration, and government spending. When he declared he would get rid of "waste, fraud, and abuse"—code words for lacking a clue about where and how to cut spending—his Republican foes were silent.

The saddest case was Jeb Bush. His proposal for tax reform was impressive and credible. He should have made it the centerpiece of his campaign rather than harping on his record as governor of



*Campaigning in New York, March 1980*

Florida. And now he's out of the race.

There are plenty of good ideas for Republicans to stress. Cutting the corporate tax rate from 35 to 30 percent as a means of creating jobs and higher incomes for middle-class Americans is one. Studies have shown wages go up when corporate taxes go down, says Kevin Hassett, the director of economic policy studies at the American Enterprise Institute.

Attacks by Democrats could be easily thwarted. The tax cut could be enacted for five years. If jobs and wages rose, another 5 percent could be cut. If the economic effects were disappointing, no problem. The tax cuts would expire in five years.

History is on the side of cutting corporate taxes. When the U.S. rate was hiked to 35 percent in 1994, the average rate in countries with advanced economies was 40 percent. But rates abroad now average 23 percent, which has put the American economy at a disadvantage.

In Nevada last week, Reagan lived again. To herald Cruz's support for a gold standard, an ad by a pro-Cruz PAC, the Lone Star Committee, used a clip from a 1980 Reagan spot. Reagan appeared first, saying "some form of gold backing to the dollar" would stop inflation and restore price stability. Then Cruz appeared, in a clip from a debate, arguing for "sound money and monetary stability ideally tied to gold."

The ad was produced by Elliott Curson, the same media consultant who created the original Reagan ad 36 years ago. The new ad ended with these words: "Finish the Reagan Revolution." Not a bad idea.

—Fred Barnes

---

## Phony Truce

No one really believes that the Syria truce scheduled to begin February 26—to bring a "cessation of hostilities" to the nearly five-year-old conflict—is going to hold. And nearly everyone, at home and abroad, agrees that the problem with the agreement John Kerry worked out with his Russian counterpart Sergey Lavrov is Russia.

If the ceasefire "hinges on Russia's good intentions," said British foreign secretary Philip Hammond, "it will fail before it gets off the ground." Democrats and Republicans voiced similar concerns last week when Kerry testified on Capitol Hill. If Russia violates the agreement, will the White House push back? Kerry said yes, but history is on the side of the skeptics. "Russia knows there will be no Plan B," said Sen. Bob Corker. "The only thing Russia has been consistent about is failing to keep its word," said Sen. John Barrasso.

Even administration officials are doubtful. Last week, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that Secretary of Defense Ashton Carter, chairman of the Joint Chiefs Gen. Joseph Dunford, and CIA director John Brennan don't believe that Russia is going to abide by the terms of the ceasefire. And there's good reason for skepticism: Russia, a central participant in the hostilities, wrote the rules to give itself plenty of flexibility. And what's worse, what American allies and especially American officials are loath to point out, is that the secretary of state is acting like Russia's defense lawyer. Whatever Moscow has in mind, Kerry is providing pre-emptive cover to justify it.

The truce stipulates that everyone put down their guns, but no one expects the Islamic State or Jabhat al-Nusra, the al Qaeda affiliate in Syria, to stop fighting. Hence, operations against these two groups will continue as usual. And, so it seems, will Russia's campaign against any other organization arrayed against Syrian dictator Bashar al-Assad, because this is what Moscow has done up until now. Indeed,

the way Vladimir Putin sees it, any rebel unit he hits is by definition a terrorist group. When Russian planes hit hospitals and schools to terrorize civilians and send more rushing for the Turkish border, those aren't really hospitals and schools. According to Putin and his diplomats, those are terrorists. Given the cruelty and cynicism of the Russians, we can be fairly certain they will continue to bomb anyone they like, including civilians, during the "ceasefire."

Kerry doesn't think that's a problem, even if some of those rebel groups Putin has been hitting are backed by the CIA. If you don't put down your weapons, says Kerry, "if you don't choose to be part of [the agreement] then you are choosing to perhaps make yourself a target."

Okay, say that you're willing to abide by the truce, and you put down your arms, but the Russians bomb you anyway because Moscow sees the whole deal as an American invitation to shoot fish in a barrel—that is, to shoot the anti-Assad rebel units that Kerry disarmed with his bogus truce. Now, say you fight back against the Russians, or Assad, or the Iranians, or whoever else is shooting at you and your family. It's you who will be in violation of the agreement—not Russia. You can complain all you want, but good luck, because Russia not only wrote the rules, Russia is also the referee.

True, Washington and Moscow are co-chairs of the International Syrian Support Group "task force" established to implement the agreement and monitor compliance. But only Russia is on the ground in sufficient numbers to monitor and compel compliance. And in any case, the Obama administration isn't going to call out Putin for violating the agreement. That might make Moscow angry. And as John Kerry put it recently, "What do you want me to do? Go to war with Russia? Is that what you want?"

The secretary of state was speaking with Syrian opposition figures and aid workers. They petitioned him to stop siding with Russia and represent their interests, for once. "Don't blame me," said America's top diplomat. "Go and blame your opposition." Kerry will never forgive the Syrian opposition for not letting him surrender on their behalf to the forces that have slaughtered them for five years and who have no plans to stop now. The Russian-designed and White House-sponsored ceasefire is going to leave them defenseless.

The paradox at the heart of the truce is that it was supposed to facilitate humanitarian assistance. It was supposed to bring some relief to those whom Assad's forces, Hezbollah, Iran, and Russia have been killing. But it won't bring them relief; it will just make them more vulnerable by disarming the only people who are protecting them. The Syrian opposition knows this; so does the British foreign secretary and everyone on Capitol Hill, as well as the Pentagon and the CIA. On the other side, the Russians, Iranians, and Assad all know this, too. It's hard to know which would be worse—that the secretary of state and the president he answers to don't understand this or that they do.

—Lee Smith

# Anger Management

The campaign's unhappy warriors.

BY JAMES W. CEASER



Anger is all the rage these days in American politics. A recent *New York Times* column bore the headline “The Year of the Angry Voter,” while an earlier *Washington Post* story read “It’s Not Just Trump: Voter Anger Fuels Outsider Candidates.” Our nation’s choleric mood has not gone unnoticed in other parts of the world: “Why Are Americans So Angry?” a BBC think-piece wondered. Backed up by poll after poll purportedly showing that Americans are somehow angry (maybe because they are being prompted by the question), the conventional wisdom has settled on the idea that this is a nation today at wits’ end.

It is not just voters who have been subjected to psychological

examination. Political analysts have partitioned the candidates into two emotional camps: the genuinely angry (Trump and Cruz on the Republican side, Sanders for the Democrats), and the feigned-angry (Clinton) or not-angry-enough (Rubio and Kasich). That the candidates in the first category have enjoyed such success—tapping into anger, stoking it, and riding it to electoral victories—is taken as proof that this passion is the defining feature of this election cycle. The politician in our febrile political climate has no alternative but to understand and confront anger, either to harness it for electoral gain or else, while acknowledging it, to somehow limit or counteract it by other appeals.

Yet for all this attention to the subject, our pollsters and analysts have been less than precise in their treatment of it. Not all of the anger associated with the three self-proclaimed

outsiders is of a piece: The frustration that the Trump campaign simultaneously feeds and feeds off differs from the kind drawing people to Cruz and from that sustaining the Bernie Sanders surge. And upon closer examination, what has been labeled anger may in fact be a more complex mixture of emotions.

Trump’s appeal no doubt focuses on anger, but it also plays to other feelings. The Trump “program” is filled with reassurances full of upbeat hyperbole. “We’re going to take care of the economy,”

he told supporters after his victory in New Hampshire. “We’re going to take care of jobs. We’re going to take care of all the things that I said—our border, everything, health care. It’s going to be so great.” Call this Hope and Change, Donald-style. Though Trump does not speak of slowing the rise of the oceans or healing our planet, he at least promises to Make America Great Again.

Trump’s different themes, as the exit polls and surveys now show, have resonated most powerfully among working-class white males, a demographic group that has not seen appreciable improvements in its fortunes over the past eight years or more. Still, to attribute the emotional reactions of the hardpressed middle class solely to anxiety over economic factors, as President Obama did recently in an interview with NPR, misses the specificity of anger.

The old political analyst Aristotle may have something here to teach to our modern pollsters and consultants. Anger, he instructs in his *Rhetoric*, is an “impulse . . . to a conspicuous revenge for a conspicuous slight directed without justification toward what concerns oneself or toward what concerns one’s friends.” The reaction of blue-collar workers, so far as they are angry, comes from their feeling of being disregarded. President Obama has been at the receiving end of this reaction from the moment of his famously contemptuous dismissal of

GARY LOCKE

James W. Ceaser is professor of politics at the University of Virginia and a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution.

those who “cling to guns or religion.”

Their anger has further grown in response to various forms of political correctness, which insults the working class’s intelligence, trying to force people to act or even think in stark opposition to what their experience and common sense has shown. And while these workers clearly believe that immigration policies and new environmental regulations have harmed their economic prospects, the core of their anger comes less from their economic plight than from the sheer insult of an elite, professing to be their protectors, who ignore or deny that these policies have had any adverse impact. Anger, as Aristotle stresses, is directed more at a specific person or target than at a condition. It is not just a matter of being screwed, but of someone screwing you. Trump has peeled the veneer from these buried insults and brought this anger to the surface.

Ted Cruz is more explicit in his anger. He has drawn the picture of a smug, patronizing, and detached liberal elite, comprised of career politicians, lobbyists, and the media. This “Washington cartel” uses government to protect and extend its place, power, and privilege, claiming to protect the equality of citizens while in fact displaying contempt for the American populace. Cruz operates under a general theory deriving from a strand of conservatism that helps explain who should be the objects of people’s ire. Government is supposed to be limited, but it is being expanded and perverted by those seeking advantage. The anger people feel toward this group, which Cruz both articulates and stimulates, is accompanied by a special kind of anger toward many of those in his own party, who, elected to take on the system, have betrayed their promises from want of conviction or courage. After all, as Aristotle observed, “we are angrier with our friends than with other people, since we feel that our friends ought to treat us well and not badly.”

The revenge that anger seeks would in both cases be satisfied by bringing down the establishment, which can be accomplished by the reunification of

“that old Reagan coalition . . . conservatives and evangelicals and libertarians and Reagan Democrats all coming together as one.” Colored by the evangelical flavor of his support, Cruz has struck a righteous tone: “Morning is coming,” Cruz proclaimed in his victory speech in Iowa. “Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

Trump supporters, and to a lesser degree the supporters of Cruz, come by their anger from what they are feeling and experiencing in their own lives. It is an anger, especially in Trump’s case, that is visceral, unaccompanied by any kind of general theory or set of ideas. For Trump it is wholly outside of conservative thought, even if it sometimes confirms or conforms to certain conservative themes.

In his relationship to ideas, Bernie Sanders presents a different case. Sanders has personally been feeling his burn for over half a century, having been instructed by the teachings of a pre-packaged ideology of socialism just who are his mortal enemies. Sanders embraced this ideology as a young student and has not deviated from it one iota. To his mind, the economic problems and growing inequality facing America have nothing to do with the current policies of a progressive administration, except for the fact that it has not gone far enough in seeking to bring about a full political revolution to humble the rich capitalists. Obama’s call in 2008 for “fundamentally transforming the United States of America” turns out to be only a harbinger for Sanders’s promise of “transforming America” in 2016. Sanders is at once closer to and more distant from Obama than Hillary Clinton.

What is new for Bernie Sanders is the unexpected appearance, thanks in part to the Occupy movement, of a more receptive audience for his message. The vehicle for this change has been the rise of a strong emotion. “I am angry,” Sanders told Iowans in January (as if they could not see it), “and millions of Americans are angry.” Sanders found a specific target in the Wall Street banks, which by his account caused the Great Recession of 2008 and

which, having been deemed too big to fail, were bailed out. This double insult provides the basis for Sanders’s best applause line: “The taxpayers of this country bailed out the illegal behavior of Wall Street. It is time for Wall Street to bail out the middle class.”

While Sanders now has this specific object on which to vent, the passion he is kindling does not really flow from any concrete experience encountered by his most passionate supporters, the university students who flock by the thousands to his rallies. Few if any of them have been slighted by a banker or have been shown disregard by a Wall Street broker. For them, the enemy has been defined abstractly through the lens of a set of ideas. Aristotle would call their emotion hatred or enmity rather than anger: “Anger is always concerned with individuals,” he wrote, “whereas hatred is directed also against classes.” Socialists and Marxists have always preached class hatred more than class anger. The bad news for America is that while those who are angry “would have the offenders suffer for what they have done,” those who bear enmity “would have the offenders cease to exist.”

Given these different passions and various kinds of anger, how should they be managed? The Stoics, concerned mostly with the peace of mind of the individual, advised never letting anger enter one’s consciousness in the first place. “Once it begins to carry us away, it is hard to get back again into a healthy condition,” Seneca argued, “because reason goes for nothing once passion has been admitted to the mind.” But while that option might be a possibility for the individual, it is unavailable in politics, and certainly in the political circumstance in America in 2016. Aristotle, ever the political scientist, accepted the inevitability of anger inside of political life and even saw that it could be put to some good, provided it was “made use of, not as a general, but as a soldier.” The problem in American politics today is that some of our prospective commanders in chief cast themselves in the mold of angry generals only too happy to lead an electorate of angry soldiers. ♦

# Naming China's Dead End

Honoring dissident Liu Xiaobo. BY ELLEN BORK

In 1989, I lived a block away from the embassy of the People's Republic of China in Washington, D.C. It sat on Connecticut Avenue, a major thoroughfare that runs from the White House past the city limits. In the spring of that year, as pro-democracy protests swelled in Beijing, crowds of Chinese students marched to the embassy in support of the demonstrations.

Late into the night, drivers honked their horns in support of the demonstrators and, after June 4, in disgust at the massacre in Tiananmen Square carried out by troops of the People's Liberation Army and the executions that went on throughout the month.

In 2008, the Chinese delegation moved to a new building in a sterile cul-de-sac of embassies in Washington's Van Ness neighborhood. There is no through traffic. When I've been there, the streets have been empty. The location is ideal for deterring protests: Who would see you?

Nevertheless, on the evening of December 22, 2009, a bunch of us went there for a quiet vigil in honor of Liu Xiaobo, who was about to be tried on subversion charges in Beijing, where it was already the next morning.

Liu, an intellectual as well as an activist, had been arrested one year earlier, just before the release of Charter 08, a declaration of democratic principles. Liu did not write Charter 08 but played a vital role in shaping it and soliciting

support. Perry Link, Charter 08's English translator, noted that the document was both "an appeal for such uncontroversial values as human rights, equality, and the rule of law" and "the first public statement in the history of the People's Republic of China to call for an end to one-party rule." In his book *Liu Xiaobo's Empty Chair*, Link writes:



Liu Xiaobo

In 2005 China's president Hu Jintao issued a classified report called "Fight a Smokeless Battle: Keep 'Color Revolutions' Out of China." The report warned against allowing figures like Boris Yeltsin, Nelson Mandela, Lech Walesa, or Aung San Suu Kyi to appear in China. . . . Shortly after Chinese police discovered that people were signing Charter 08 online, the

Communist Party's ruling Politburo held a meeting at which the charter was officially declared to be an attempt at "a color revolution."

Once that happened, Liu, whose name topped the list of signers, was in deep trouble.

Liu had rushed home to China in 1989 from New York, where he was visiting at Columbia University, to support the student-led protests. He is believed to have saved hundreds of demonstrators by persuading them to leave Tiananmen Square as troops began the crackdown. After the protest movement was crushed, Liu served 18 months in prison; he was jailed twice more before his arrest in 2008.

The Chinese government became enraged when Liu, in jail, was announced the winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in October 2010. It called the award to Liu an "anti-China farce" and unleashed trade and diplomatic

retaliation against Norway, where the independent Norwegian Nobel Committee is based. Beijing also tried to intimidate diplomats from attending the ceremony in Oslo. Upon hearing of the award in jail, Liu dedicated it to the victims of June 4.

Just weeks ago, on February 12, the Senate passed a bill to rename the street outside China's Washington embassy "Liu Xiaobo Plaza." President Obama will veto the measure if it passes the House, the White House announced, calling the measure a "ploy" from Senator Ted Cruz. (China's foreign ministry called it a "farce.") It is not clear if the White House thinks the Senate, not one of whose members objected to the idea, and Nancy Pelosi, who has supported it in the past, are in on the ploy or Cruz's stooges.

Perhaps the administration also sees the 1984 renaming of the street outside the Soviet embassy in downtown Washington "Andrei Sakharov Plaza" as a ploy. At the time, the physicist and leader of the human rights movement was in internal exile in the closed city of Gorky. In endorsing "Liu Xiaobo Plaza," the *Washington Post* editorial board cited Sakharov's stepdaughter, Tatiana Yankelevich. The gesture "definitely made a difference," she said. "There was more press attention, more interest in the issue of human rights, and that was difficult to ignore."

The night of our 2009 vigil was very cold. We read a couple of Liu's poems. We just wanted to do something to mark the occasion, and we needed to do it there at the embassy, even if few people would see us. I remembered that during the tense days of spring 1989, someone inside the embassy tied the curtains in the windows in the shape of a "V"—for victory. After the massacre, several diplomats defected to the United States from that embassy and the consulate in San Francisco. Liu was sentenced to 11 years in jail on Christmas Day, 2009, a few days after our vigil.

The president does not want the street outside the embassy named after an imprisoned Nobel Peace laureate who has played a leading role in China's democracy movement over

*Ellen Bork is a senior fellow at the Foreign Policy Initiative and a visiting fellow at the Henry Jackson Society.*

the past 25 years. The administration says it will cooperate with Congress on “more productive ways” to advance human rights. No one is stopping

them. Yes, renaming the street would be a small gesture. But by refusing to allow it, the president is being small in a different way. ♦

# Inappropriate Appropriations

How Congress spends without authorization.

BY KEVIN R. KOSAR

Congress spent \$310 billion last year on some 250 agencies and programs that were no longer—as required under the law and Congress’s own rules—authorized to receive and spend funds. This problem of “expired authorizations” has grown with the ever-expanding size of government; and it contributes to that expansion by undoing long-established restrictions on spending.

Some of the unauthorized expenditures, documented in a recent Congressional Budget Office report, are for small-budget programs. Among hundreds of items, there is \$22.5 million in grants for bulletproof vests for police and \$3 million for implementing the Interjurisdictional Fisheries Act, neither of which has been authorized since 2013.

But more significant are the large, expensive, and consequential agencies that have been operating for years without proper authorization bills. The State Department has been unauthorized since 2004, the Federal Trade Commission since 1999. And then there’s the Federal Elections Commission, which has set a dubious record by operating without an authorization since 1982.

An authorization is the first part of a two-step process Congress is supposed to follow in spending taxpayer dollars. Congress authorizes an agency

or program, detailing why, how, when, and (a maximum of) how much money is to be spent. When Congress wanted to fund research and development in solar air-conditioning, for example, it authorized (in Section 606 of the



Energy Independence and Security Act of 2007) a certain set of activities (such as “Advancing solar thermal collectors”) to be supported in grants totaling no more than a limited amount of money (\$2.5 million per year) for certain years (2008 to 2012).

The plan for spending money, the authorization, should be in place before the spending itself, the appropriation, happens. At least that’s the idea. But as the CBO report shows, Congress regularly shovels money into programs regardless.

The two-step approach to congressional spending, now falling by the wayside, has a long history. In 1837 the House adopted a practice of

authorizing expenditures and enacting appropriations separately. The aim was to avoid delays in appropriations—that is, to make sure the government paid its bills—by getting dicey policy issues resolved first in the authorization. The Senate followed suit in 1850. Soon both the House and the Senate had established separate committees for authorizing and appropriating funds.

This congressional practice, with some deviations, was followed for more than a century and became the basis of the 1974 Congressional Budget Act that’s supposed to govern spending today. Both the Senate and the House have rules to enforce the policy. “An appropriation,” House Rule XXI(2)(a)(1) baroquely intones, “may not be reported in a general appropriation bill, and may not be in order as an amendment thereto, for an expenditure not previously authorized by law, except to continue appropriations for public works and objects that are already in progress.” This is why, each January, the CBO sends Congress a list of agencies and programs the authorizations of which have expired or are soon to expire.

There are good reasons to authorize and appropriate funds separately. Having to complete two steps, rather than one, makes spending harder—always a good idea. With two bills that must complete the arduous path to the president’s desk, the process should encourage fiscal restraint and, in theory, help keep budget deficits down. Congress might authorize trillions in federal spending any one year, but can always appropriate fewer dollars if revenues (e.g., taxes) are expected to be less than that.

Government growth also might be curbed, legislators imagined, if programs’ ability to receive funds timed out. If Congress and the president could not agree to reauthorize a program, it would die. Requiring that programs and agencies be reauthorized offers regular opportunities to rethink and revise policies. It’s a cornerstone of congressional oversight.

Alas, Congress these days often skips the authorization process, and in so doing undermines its own oversight

*Kevin R. Kosar is the director of the governance project at the R Street Institute.*

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION, THE WEEKLY STANDARD / MONEY, BIGSTOCKPHOTO

power. Since 2006, annual unauthorized appropriations have nearly doubled and the number of programs operating under expired authorizations has increased more than 45 percent. Another two dozen authorizations are set to expire this year, which will add billions of dollars more to the sum of unauthorized funds.

Congress has come up with various ways to dodge its own two-step process. Most commonly, each chamber simply votes to waive its rules against appropriating funds for unauthorized purposes. That leaves legislators free to say “yea” to massive spending bills that allow zombie programs and failed agencies to live on.

“If we relinquish our responsibility to regularly review and reform these programs, all of our government funding will essentially operate on auto-pay,” Senate Budget Committee chairman Mike Enzi said at a February hearing on the broken budget process.

The explosion in unauthorized appropriations is, in part, a product of the relentless growth of government. Every year, new programs are created, adding more and more reauthorizations to Congress’s to-do list. There is not enough time to examine every expiring program before appropriating funds.

It’s also politically easier that way. Every program has its congressional defenders. For leadership, skipping reauthorization averts costly legislative fights. Which means, of course, that not only is unauthorized spending a function of big government, it in turn contributes to bigger government by making it easier to spend money.

Most of all, unauthorized appropriations are a symptom of the general breakdown of the congressional budget process. It’s been more than 20 years since Congress managed to enact all 12 of its annual spending bills on time. Instead, lawmakers have increasingly relied on shortcuts—continuing resolutions or enormous omnibus spending bills—passed in the dark of night, usually at the last moment before a looming government shutdown. This has become the new normal, and we all are the poorer for it. ♦

# Selling America Short

The country would cease to be great under a President Trump. **BY MAX BOOT & BENN STEIL**

Following his primary victories in New Hampshire, South Carolina, and Nevada, Donald Trump has established himself as the clear frontrunner for the Republican presidential nomination. He has done so offering grandiose slogans—He’ll Make America Great Again! He’ll have us win so much we’ll get bored with



winning!—and precious little in specifics. He has said, for example, that he would repeal Obamacare, without saying a word about what would replace it—beyond promising that his health program would be “terrific” and “take care of everyone.”

When Trump does offer specifics, more often than not they are impossible to implement. Recently, for example, he said that he would solve the North Korea nuclear problem

by getting China to assassinate Kim Jong-un. Given that China’s leaders are unwilling to sanction North Korea, it is exceedingly unlikely they will murder its leader at President Trump’s request.

In short, Trump has redefined the Art of the Deal in American politics: His promises would make even the most cynical political veteran blush. It is hard to know whether Trump is serious about what he says, given his ever-shifting views, lack of policy advisers, and claims that he would behave differently in office than on the campaign trail. Nevertheless, with the populist billionaire continuing to ride high, it is important to take him seriously as a potential occupant of the Oval Office. What would a President Trump do, and what would be the likely consequences of his actions?

Start with trade policy, the area that, along with immigration, seems to exercise him the most. One of America’s greatest accomplishments in the early postwar era was the creation of a rules-based international trade regime. The aim was to prevent a recurrence of the trade wars of the early 1930s, which spread the Great Depression globally and helped fuel the rise of both fascist and Communist movements around the world.

Governments stuck by this trade regime even through the recent financial crisis and recession. Trump, however, says he is prepared to abrogate America’s commitments, citing nothing more than the pretense that our importing more than we export is evidence of “cheating” by foreign governments. He has pledged to slap an illegal 35 percent tariff on U.S. automakers that manufacture vehicles in Mexico. If Mexico refuses to accept his as-yet

*Max Boot, a senior fellow in national security studies at the Council on Foreign Relations, is a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD. Benn Steil is director of international economics at the Council on Foreign Relations.*

unspecified demands to change the terms of the North America Free Trade Agreement, he has pledged that “we will break it.” Such a trade war with America’s third-largest trade partner would raise prices and kill jobs on both sides of the border, no doubt prompting new waves of the illegal immigration that Trump has pledged to end.

As for the recently concluded 12-nation Trans-Pacific Partnership deal, not yet ratified by Congress, Trump has condemned it. He argues that TPP will benefit “big corporations in America” and China, which is doubly bizarre. Companies with over 500 employees account for half of U.S. employment and two-thirds of U.S. exports. Does Trump then seek trade deals in which mom-and-pop shops will somehow drive exports? As for China, it is not part of the deal and has in fact signaled “countermeasures” to offset the impact of its exclusion.

Trump has pledged to brand China a currency manipulator for pushing down its currency as a means of gaining trade advantages. In retaliation Trump has threatened a 45 percent tariff on Chinese goods—which will surely open a second front in the trade war, this time with America’s second-largest trading partner.

Yet even ignoring that the International Monetary Fund declared China’s currency “fairly valued” last May, its central bank has lately been intervening to push its currency up—not down. China’s foreign currency reserves have fallen \$760 billion from their 2014 peak and \$300 billion in just the past three months. At this rate of decline, it will actually face a dangerous shortage of reserves by the spring. To start a trade war with China while it is helping, rather than hurting, U.S. exporters is not only reckless but crazed.

On immigration, Trump has famously called for the roundup and deportation of the roughly 11 million undocumented immigrants living in the United States. He claims he can accomplish this in 18 months. According to the center-right American Action Forum, this would actually take about 20 years to accomplish and cost U.S. taxpayers between \$400 billion and

\$600 billion. The impact on the U.S. economy would be considerably larger: Gross domestic product would fall by nearly \$1.6 trillion, not only because of enforcement costs but because of the disruptive impact of removing 11 million people from the workforce. Industries such as agriculture that rely on immigrant labor would be hardest hit: Farm income would decline; food prices would increase. Businesses in urban areas, where many immigrants live and work, also would suffer from a sharp fall in customers, while consumers would suffer an increase in the cost of everyday services.

To prevent a future immigrant influx, Trump would construct a 1,000-mile wall on the Mexican border; he claims this will cost \$8 billion, but more credible estimates suggest it will be over \$40 billion. This, he says, Mexico will finance because “you tell them they’re gonna pay for it.” This strategy failed signally for Trump’s creditors when his businesses declared bankruptcy four times, refusing to pay their debts; how it would succeed in Mexico’s case remains a mystery.

Trump assures us Mexico can afford the wall, whose cost would amount to 3 percent of its annual GDP (\$1.2 trillion), because of its trade surplus with the United States. Yet a surplus is a claim on future U.S. goods and services; it gives America goods and services for which we do not immediately provide any in return. It is manifestly not a windfall. It is a safe bet that no Mexican government could possibly give in to his demands and, if it did, it would not stay in power for long.

Trump would be no more successful in pursuing his stated strategy for the Middle East. Instead of trying to end the Syrian civil war, he suggests we should “make something with Russia”—that is, support its military intervention in Syria. This is of a piece with his admiration for Russian strongman Vladimir Putin, whom he has praised as a real “leader, unlike what we have in this country.”

One problem with this is that only 10 percent of Russia’s munitions in Syria are directed at America’s enemy, ISIS. The other 90 percent are

being dropped on moderate opposition groups supported by the United States. Putin’s objective is to shore up the Bashar al-Assad regime in cooperation with Assad’s backers in Iran. But as long as Assad continues to commit war crimes against the majority Sunni population, ISIS and other extremist Sunni groups, such as the Nusra Front, will continue to attract support from Sunnis.

There is also the troubling fact that Russia is aiding and abetting Assad’s war crimes—troubling to everyone but Donald Trump. He has pledged to commit war crimes of his own by going “beyond waterboarding” in his treatment of captured terrorist suspects, even if brutal interrogation techniques don’t elicit any new information. “They deserve it anyway for what they do to us,” he says. He also threatens to target families of terrorists and to “bomb the shit” out of areas held by ISIS. More recently he has spoken admiringly of shooting Muslim prisoners of war with bullets dipped in pig’s blood—a practice he erroneously attributes to Gen. John J. Pershing during his service in the Philippines.

If Trump were to order the U.S. military to act as he suggests, the likely result would be a crisis in civil-military relations. Many military personnel would refuse to carry out orders so blatantly at odds with the laws of war; soldiers know that they could face prosecution under a future administration. If soldiers were to do as President Trump ordered, moreover, terrorist organizations would have a new recruiting pitch with the world’s Muslims—the need to counter American barbarism.

The anti-American backlash would grow greater still if Trump carried out his threat to ban Muslims from entering the United States and to seize Syrian or Iraqi oil fields—an undertaking that would require a long-term American military occupation. Such actions would alienate allies that the United States needs to fight terror and would risk driving a substantial minority of American Muslims toward extremist views in a way that both Presidents George W. Bush and

Barack Obama carefully avoided doing.

Trump would also alienate America's oldest allies in Europe and Asia if he carried through on his repeated threats to renegotiate or terminate the agreements under which U.S. troops have been based abroad for decades. Trump has promised to tear up the 1960 U.S.-Japan Treaty, saying, "If somebody attacks Japan, we have to immediately go and start World War III, okay? If we get attacked, Japan doesn't have to help us. Somehow that doesn't sound so fair."

He has been equally acerbic in criticizing South Korea, saying, "We have 28,000 soldiers on the line in South Korea between the madman [Kim Jong-un] and them. We get practically nothing compared to the cost of this." In fact South Korea pays more than \$800 million annually to support U.S. troops on the peninsula, making it arguably cheaper to keep U.S. forces there than on the American mainland. Japan also contributes to the upkeep of U.S. forces based there. In return the

United States maintains the security of America's fourth-largest and sixth-largest trade partners, while preventing a nuclear arms race in Asia. Japan and South Korea, if stripped of American protection, would almost surely go nuclear. Indeed, Trump's incendiary rhetoric is already leading more South Koreans to argue that their nation should acquire its own nuclear arsenal.

Trump has spoken in similarly contemptuous tones of America's European allies, who, in his view, are also giving American taxpayers a raw deal. He says that in combating Russian aggression, the Europeans should take the lead. "You know the old expression," he says, "'Go on fellows. I'm right behind you?'" And he adds indignantly: "Why are we always at the forefront of everything?" At the same time, Trump has said he would get along "fine" with Russia. This suggests that he would undo the role that the United States has played in defending Europe against Russian aggression since 1949 and might even tilt U.S. policy in a

pro-Russian direction. Since Putin has called the collapse of the Soviet Union the "greatest geopolitical catastrophe of the [20th] century," Eastern Europe will surely tremble while waiting to see how much of it will have to be restored as the cost of the blossoming Trump-Putin "bromance."

The radical changes that Trump proposes are all the more dangerous because he is so singularly ill-equipped to manage the resulting turmoil. This is a candidate, after all, who doesn't know the difference between the Kurds and the Quds Force or have any idea what the "nuclear triad" is. Nor has Trump so far made good on his pledge to attract "top top people" to help him run things; he has still not unveiled a campaign foreign policy team in spite of months of pledges to do so. In any case, advisers cannot make up for a president's ignorance and prejudice; presidents always get conflicting advice, and it is their job, and their job alone, to make the most difficult judgment calls in the world.

## Fight Against Power Plant Rule Gains Steam

By **Thomas J. Donohue**

President and CEO  
U.S. Chamber of Commerce

The Environmental Protection Agency's (EPA's) so-called Clean Power Plan is the mother of all regulations, aiming to radically transform the electricity sector under the guise of restricting greenhouse gas emissions from domestic power plants. The new standards would drive up energy costs on businesses and consumers, impose tens of billions in annual compliance costs, and reduce our nation's global competitiveness. Worst of all, the rule is unlikely to reduce global carbon emissions, instead simply shifting them—and U.S. jobs—to other countries that have not implemented similar restrictions.

The U.S. Chamber of Commerce works at all levels to fight the worst regulations—in the agencies, before Congress, and, when all other options are exhausted, in the courts. Together with 150 other parties—including associations, organizations, and

27 states—the Chamber filed suit against EPA's power plant regulations in a federal appeals court, taking on the agency's breathtaking power grab and wrong-headed decision to ignore and circumvent Congress.

In a major boost to our efforts, the Supreme Court issued a stay in the case, blocking EPA from implementing the rule until legal challenges are resolved. The Court's decision is an important acknowledgment of the validity of our concerns, but there will be no certainty for states, energy providers, workers, or consumers until a final decision on the legality of the rule is reached.

In the meantime, opposition to the power plant regulations is gaining steam. Last week, a powerful coalition of 166 state and local chambers of commerce and business organizations representing 40 states signed an amicus brief supporting the Chamber's lawsuit to overturn the rule.

These state and local partners are natural allies in the fight because the states will be on the hook for these radical,

federally mandated reductions. If the rule stands, the states will have to abide by the reduction targets handed down on high from Washington. They will lose their traditional authority over their power grids while watching electricity and compliance costs in their communities climb. Rather than allowing the states to do what they have historically done well—make sustained environmental improvements without harming their economies—the federal government believes it knows best.

But if the government truly knew best, it would seek to preserve the diversity of our country's energy portfolio. It wouldn't saddle states, consumers, and businesses with high costs for minimal gain. It wouldn't pursue a politically driven agenda at the expense of our economy. EPA's rule proves otherwise—so we must keep up the fight using every tool at our disposal.



**U.S. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**  
[www.uschamber.com/abovethelfold](http://www.uschamber.com/abovethelfold)

Trump has already done considerable damage to America's reputation with his crude, bombastic, and often ugly rhetoric. American standing, as measured both in "soft power" and more traditional realpolitik terms, would suffer far more if he were to become commander in chief. A Trump presidency threatens the post-World

War II liberal international order that American presidents of both parties have so laboriously built up—an order based on free trade and alliances with other democracies.

His policies would not make America "great." Just the opposite. A Trump presidency would represent the death knell of America as a great power. ♦

# Making the Socialist Grade

Teaching Sandernistas a Marxist lesson.

BY MARK PASTIN

Young voters love Bernie Sanders. According to entrance and exit polls in Iowa and New Hampshire, Sanders beat Hillary Clinton among voters under 30 by nearly six-to-one.

There are many explanations why Sanders is so popular with the young, not the least plausible of which is that his opponent is so singularly unlikable. There is his apparent directness ("authenticity"), his propensity to promise virtually anything (free college, free health care), and his avuncular demeanor. But the most compelling explanation is that young voters actually like the idea of a socialist revolution.

The lure of socialism to the young is nothing new—though the leftists once popular with the college crowd, such as Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern, never went so far as to proclaim themselves socialists. But I've never found students to be particularly put off by the S-word. In fact, they've long been eager to embrace it.

*Mark Pastin is president of the Council of Ethical Organizations in Alexandria, Virginia. His most recent book is Make an Ethical Difference: Tools for Better Action.*

Consider Arizona State University, a school not exactly known for campus radicalism. When I was teaching there in the 1980s, I would often start a new semester by asking the class who among them considered themselves



*If only they knew*

to be socialists. The hands would go up—including a majority in many cases. In 20 years of teaching, whether at Indiana, Michigan, or ASU, this never changed.

When I asked my students what they thought socialism meant, they would generally recite some version of the Marxist chestnut "from each according to ability and to each according to need." Many said that they were driven to socialism by the inequities of

capitalism—and there were few on the faculty to disabuse them of the notion.

If there is a difference today, it is only that socialism is even more popular with the young than it used to be: It's now as much a part of going off to school as getting a college-logo sweatshirt. I recently led a seminar at the honors college of a private university on the "crisis" at Yale over potentially offensive Halloween costumes, events that had led some Yale students to petition for repeal of the First Amendment because it allowed for "offensive speech." My audience consisted of some 200 honors students and eight faculty members, and when I asked, many answered that they were socialists. There wasn't anything defiant about it, indeed it couldn't have been more matter of fact. Declaring oneself a socialist was once an act of rebellion; now it is the complacent campus norm.

But I've always thought that socialism appealed to students because they have never not been on the receiving end of government largesse. And so I would provide an opportunity for my students—in terms they could understand and appreciate—to learn what socialism means and entails.

When the majority of a class would declare themselves to be socialist, I would offer to run the class along socialist principles, such as the mandate to take from the able and give to the needy. Specifically, I offered to grade the class on a sort of reverse-curve: Those with the highest GPAs would receive the lowest grades and those with the lowest GPAs would be given the highest grades. This would be one small step to level the playing field for those less endowed with academic ability or motivation. After all, those with less academic ability or motivation were surely the victims of a rigged system in which social factors including prior education and income inequality disadvantaged the many in favor of the privileged few.

This socialist grading scheme was invariably met with outrage, especially,

NEWS.COM

if unsurprisingly, among high-performing students (who made up a disproportionate number of the self-declared socialists). Some would remind me that some things are simply meant to be a matter of merit. And I heard every argument imaginable for allowing fair competition to determine outcomes. Grades, it turned out, were a currency college kids could understand.

You get the same response among students if you offer them the prospect of taking the money that subsidizes their education and using it to feed people in developing nations. Surely the potential deprivation of the students is insignificant compared with that of the individuals to be fed. Students are quick to point out that things don't work that way, which is true, but contrary to their socialist infatuation.

Students are attracted to socialism because they have no skin in the

game. To some extent, the same applies to other young people who do not yet have a significant stake in the system. Capitalist beliefs quickly come to the surface when the young are no longer playing with funny money.

It is possible to show students that they really are not socialists by putting the question in a currency in which they have a stake. Alas, virtually no one at the modern university would think to do so—let alone bother. On most campuses, the faculty is more likely to encourage students in their socialist beliefs than to challenge them.

We should learn from Bernie Sanders's success that allowing the glib socialism of the young to go unchallenged has consequences. It does the young no favors to foster in them biases that will only be corrected through decades of hard life-lessons. ♦

losers is seemingly straightforward: Russia, for example, as a major oil exporter clearly falls in the loser category. Applying the categories to other countries needs clarification, however, as well as recognition of a few notable exceptions.

ISIS is a big loser from the income shift because its payroll (as distinct from its weapons' costs) for 30,000-40,000 commanders, fighters, and dependents relies heavily on cash derived from black-market sales of oil mined from wells ISIS holds in northern Iraq and eastern Syria. This is supplemented by subventions from wealthy Saudi individuals who view ISIS as a Sunni-led counter to Shiite rebels supported by Iran. Lower oil prices in the open markets mean less cash for ISIS in the black markets it's obliged to trade in because of the property thefts in which it is involved. ISIS may therefore need to offer additional discounts to make its sales, further squeezing its ready cash. Subventions to ISIS from Saudi Arabia are also likely to shrink as a consequence of depressed oil prices.

Iran is also potentially a big loser, although special circumstances may alter this forecast. Low oil prices might trigger budgetary struggles among the Revolutionary Guard, the Quds Forces, the regular military establishment, the nuclear program, and external claimants like Hezbollah. The internal budget battles may enhance U.S. security by weakening Iranian-sourced threats. On the other hand, the tightened resource constraints that would otherwise result from depressed oil prices may be largely offset—at least in the near-term—by the removal of sanctions and release of over \$100 billion in previously blocked Iranian assets, in accord with the six-nation agreement reached with Iran last year on its nuclear program.

Canada is another exception. A member of NATO and a close U.S. ally, it is adversely affected by depressed oil prices because oil exports are the country's largest revenue source. These exports—\$129 billion in 2014—have been sharply declining since then, so Canada's contributions to collective

# Crude Economics, Crude Politics

## Who wins and who loses with cheap oil?

BY CHARLES WOLF JR.

Between the middle of 2014 and early 2016, oil prices tumbled from \$110 to between \$30 and \$35 per barrel, a drop of 70 percent. The change represents an enormous shift of income from oil-exporting countries to oil-importing countries: \$1.6 trillion annually, slightly more than 2 percent of the world's \$78 trillion gross domestic product. This should enhance America's national security because the principal beneficiaries of the

*Charles Wolf Jr. holds the distinguished chair in international economics at the nonprofit, nonpartisan RAND Corporation and is a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution. He is the author of Puzzles, Paradoxes, Controversies, and the Global Economy (2015).*

shift—the oil importers—are allies and friends of the United States, while most of the oil exporters are U.S. adversaries and global troublemakers.

The beneficiaries include most of NATO, the European Union, Japan, Korea, Australia, Israel, Ukraine, and India. Low oil prices will ease resource constraints confronting these allies and friends, enabling them to contribute more to combating the security threats emanating principally from Iran, Russia, and the Islamic State in Iraq and Syria (ISIS)—who are some of the losers in the shift. Low oil prices will, conversely, squeeze resources available to these adversaries, thereby weakening their threats and benefiting U.S. security.

Categorizing the winners and

defense with the United States and in NATO may fall, thereby adversely affecting U.S. security.

Saudi Arabia is another special case. Its losses from fallen oil prices have been huge. It is the world's largest oil exporter: 7.4 million barrels a day (mbd). (Russia is the second-largest.) Saudi Arabia is a U.S. ally and coalition member (despite some cooling of this relationship in recent years), so its losses may adversely affect U.S. security. Nevertheless, Saudi incentives to maintain and even increase its exports remain strong. The double threat posed directly to Saudi Arabia by Shiite Iran and Sunni-led ISIS reinforces these incentives.

China is a fourth important exception to the win/lose categories. Its oil imports in 2014 were 13 mbd, the world's largest, so it benefits enormously from plummeted oil prices. (Japan, incidentally, is the second-largest importer.)

Although it is a U.S. adversary, China also has major interests that converge with those of the United States. The world's two largest economies both want stable and predictable global trade and financial markets. These convergent interests are highlighted by the recent roiling of markets in both economies triggered by China's growth slowdown, its large capital outflows, and the depreciated RMB—all abetted by some misguided policies China has pursued in trying to allay the instability. The United States and China also have common political interests in a pragmatically harmonious relationship between Taiwan's new president, Tsai Ing-wen, and the mainland, as well as the shared interest in the trilateral relationship between China, Taiwan, and the United States. It's reasonable to infer that, while China assuredly benefits from low oil prices, these benefits do not translate into commensurably reduced national security for the United States.

But how do depressed oil prices, and the attendant income shift from oil exporters to importers, affect the

U.S. economy? They entail both benefits and burdens. The United States is now an importer of heavy oil—about 9 mbd—and an exporter of lighter oil from shale fracking—about 4 mbd—so it's a net beneficiary of lower oil prices. Oil is an input for production of final goods and services, such as electricity, transportation, heating, and agricultural products; low oil prices reduce production costs and lower prices of these goods, benefiting consumers and investors, and tending to increase employment in these industries.

On the other hand, these benefits may be offset by sharply depressed oil prices that erode earnings and profits of producers of shale oil, as well as



*An Islamic State fighter in front of captured oil tanks in Libya, January 4, 2016*

of the major conventional oil producers, including Chevron, ExxonMobil, and BP, the banks and pension funds that are heavily invested in them, and the industries that supply the oil producers (for example, machinery and equipment, rail and road transport). Employment may be cut as a consequence, and stock indexes have tumbled and may decline still further.

The bottom line is that the burdens imposed on the economy by depressed oil prices may be, or may seem to be (at least to those directly affected), greater than the benefits.

Two salient questions remain: What is the outlook for oil prices? And how can we assess the balance between positive effects on national security and negative effects on the national economy?

In the near- and mid-terms, both supply and demand factors are more likely to place oil prices in or below the \$30-\$35/barrel range than above it. Saudi Arabia and Iran retain their separate reasons for maintaining or even increasing oil production and oil exports. Russia has equally strong reasons for sustaining its oil exports, exemplified by its ongoing ventures in Syria and Ukraine and its aspirations in the Baltic states. U.S. exports of shale oil are likely to be sustained or increased, notwithstanding presently low prices. Most of the investment costs of shale oil production (e.g., location of shale, horizontal drilling, infrastructure equipment, and transport)

have already been incurred. As long as marginal costs are covered, fracked oil production will therefore be maintained or even increased.

Oil demand may weaken as a consequence of slower growth in the world economy. China's annual growth, for instance, is more likely to register in the 5 to 6 percent range than the 7 to 8 percent. This will slow the pace of oil demand, quite apart from any reductions in demand that result from the recent nonbinding Paris accords on climate

change. Nevertheless, China is likely to increase domestic oil supply, perhaps by applying fracking technology to its own shale deposits, and add to its foreign oil supply as a result of the substantial aid programs it has pursued in Africa and Latin America during the past decade—programs that have emphasized increased production of oil, gas, and other fossil fuels.

How to assess the balance between the national security benefits and the possible burdens to the national economy? A qualitative answer is conceivable, but difficult and fraught with uncertainty. To attempt a quantitative answer would be complicated and likely remain arguable. It may be both necessary and sufficient to acknowledge the question, rather than stretch for an elusive answer. ♦



# The Migrants of Calais

*Losers and winners in the global economy*

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

*Calais*  
**T**his used to all be trees,” says a French policeman at the Calais approach to the Channel Tunnel, which runs 31 miles under the English Channel to Dover. Mud flats and two-story fences stretch to the horizon. Until a few decades ago, Calais was renowned as a center of lace-making. Glittering gowns and dainty underthings provided jobs for 40,000 people. After World War II, the Communist party ran the city, year in, year out. The cop was not just idly reminiscing. More recently, Calais played a less chic but equally lucrative role as a ferry-port and tourist stop. But now it is best known internationally as one of the more squalid stops on the route of migrants into Britain, and its tourism-related industries are collapsing. Despite a location that should be a license to print money, Calais is the fifth-poorest city in France.

It is not the first time this has happened. In the 1990s, African migrants began to settle near a spot on the continental approach to the newly built tunnel by the dune-lined beaches of Sangatte. There they would obstruct, slow, and then stow away on the trains. Thousands came. At the turn of the century Britain and France resolved the problem with the so-called Touquet treaty, under which Britain

admitted the backlog of migrants, about 2,000 of them, but was allowed to move the Anglo-French administrative border to the French side of the channel. Britain bore the brunt of *that* crisis, but France would be left holding the bag if it repeated itself. Now it has repeated itself.

## THE JUNGLE

**E**ver since the closing of the train approach, migrants have sought to pull the same trick by stowing aboard the semi-trailer trucks that pass through the road tunnel running under the channel through the same pipe. They have pitched tents on vacant lots, slept on beaches and in parks, and squatted in run-down apartments in the center of Calais. Last year French authorities commandeered a beachfront children’s summer camp, the Jules Ferry Fresh Air Center, to provide space for a few hundred of them. The camp looks out on one of the biggest batteries Hitler built to defend Nazi-occupied France from Anglo-American invasion, at a bend in the N216 highway just east of town.

But that was before the mass migration of Middle Easterners and Africans into Europe began last summer. So many of them came here that the camp was quickly overwhelmed. France built an annex out of shipping containers, bringing the de facto refugee camp up to 3,000 or so people. But thousands more came. Having no obvious place to go, they pitched camp just outside the gates of the official camp. The government said that there were 4,000 people living in this collection of makeshift villages, which came to be known as

*Christopher Caldwell is a senior editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.*

the New Jungle, but the policeman who drove me around said that was simply false—there were more than twice as many. He was right. When French authorities moved to raze part of the camp in mid-February, human-rights organizations working there were able to secure an injunction by showing that there were more like 8,000 living there, including hundreds of unaccompanied minors.

The Jungle is an extraordinary place, rather like a newly founded town. It is sharply, if informally, demarcated into ethnic neighborhoods. Itinerant young men outside of their homelands for the very first time, carrying their life savings in their trouser pockets, are just as scared of foreigners as you are. They are just as scared of disease, too. There are developing-world diseases in the camp, including scabies (*la gale*). You see young people walking around in disposable surgical masks. Afghans dominate the buildings at the camp's muddy entrance. There is a path leading off to the right where a church has been built out of plywood for the benefit of the camp's very few Christians—who all seem to be Eritreans and Ethiopians. There is indeed a group of settlers fleeing the war in Syria, but they are a minority, and I met no one who had spoken to any Christians among them. If you leave the Afghan neighborhood by turning left instead of right, you pass through a big concentration of Pakistanis, who have turned a section of the camp bulldozed in January into a cricket pitch. The Syrian neighborhood comes next, with a few Egyptians alongside. Black Africans are at the end of the road.

The village, while short of obvious sources of potable water, has a lot of restaurants serving appetizing food, particularly in the Afghan section. There are restaurants in the Pakistani section, too, where the variety stores will “top up” residents’ cell phones for a fee. Africans haul in most of the foodstuffs from Calais’s big-box stores and supermarkets by bike. As in parts of Africa, a group of NGOs is ultimately responsible for much of the infrastructure. There is medical treatment from Doctors of the World and Doctors Without Borders. There is a legal-aid cabin, where *pro bono* workers help migrants navigate Europe’s immigration bureaucracy. There is a theater, too, housed in a graffiti-covered geodesic tent. One afternoon in early February, a London theater troupe called



**The government said that there were 4,000 people living in this collection of makeshift villages, which came to be known as the New Jungle, but the policeman who drove me around said that was simply false—there were more than twice as many.**

Shakespeare’s Globe arrived to do an open-air performance of *Hamlet*. It put one in mind of the USO scene in *Apocalypse Now*—not the effect they were seeking, probably.

It had been thought that quartering the migrants several miles from the tunnel entrance would keep traffic flowing on the highways. But the last year has seen raids on the highway approaches that *Le Monde* compared to *Stagecoach* and other Westerns. Dozens and dozens of migrants would wander onto the highway or heave forklift pallets or light fires . . . anything to get the trucks to slow. If they did, the migrants would try to break the locks on the cargo section

and stow aboard. Some truckers are now forbidden by their companies to park overnight within 100 miles of the tunnel. Deforesting the whole region and building dozens of miles of reinforced fence is only the beginning of the government responses. About 1,900 agents from both the Gendarmerie Nationale (a part of the armed forces jointly run by the interior and defense ministries) and the Compagnies Républicaines de Sécurité (the riot wing of the national police) have been assigned to protect the roads from the camps. They fill many of the Calais hotels, and you can see platoons of them, dozens strong, climbing into paddy wagons with their guns and their body armor at all hours of the night.

None of this has sufficed to convince the citizens of Calais that the situation is under control. There are reportedly European radicals in the camps. The newspapers lump them together under the term No Borders, although they prefer to call themselves *les antifa*, or “antifascists.” They have been raising political consciousness, as the saying goes. In January they led several dozen people in an attempt to board an England-bound ferry boat by force. (While the tunnel is far from the camp, the ferry is just down the street.) They staged a march for immigrant rights in the middle of Calais and defaced a statue of Charles de Gaulle. One group carrying banners of the New Anticapitalist party led a bunch of migrants to the house of an alleged rightist, provoking an armed confrontation.

“Rightist” and “fascist” may not be accurate words for the predominantly working-class anti-immigration movement that has arisen in this old Communist stronghold. (“Immigration—Weapon of Capital!” read one sign carried

PHILIPPE HUGUEN / AFP / GETTY

at a protest in December.) But whatever you call these people, their numbers are growing at an extraordinary rate. A group called Angry Calaisians has a long list of complaints: Locals receive exorbitant parking tickets for overstaying at a meter while youth gangs heave burning pallets onto the road with impunity. Petitions to demonstrate in opposition to mass migration are rejected out of hand by the mayor's office and even (in early February) blocked by the ministry of the interior, while demonstrations in favor just happen. All foreigners at the town's hotels must fill out a *fichier de police*, while the authorities cannot tell even to the nearest thousand how many people are living in the Jungle.

And when a plan to move residents of the camp into better quarters elsewhere in France was blocked by a lawsuit in late February, the leader of the British NGO that launched the effort told the press: "The refugees don't want to be all over France. They want to be in Calais." It can seem that foreign activists and charities on one hand, and refugees on the other, are laying down the law in France.

Representatives of the mainstream parties often look passive and wimpy. Former prime minister Alain Juppé came to the Jungle in late January and said: "Our government needs to speak more forcefully to the British government about this." President François Hollande's Socialists and Nicolas Sarkozy's opposition Republicans are not popular here. The National Front is. The FN, a populist force with roots in colonialist rightism of the 1950s, is in the midst of a long-running effort to modernize and to shed its old thuggish image, but it remains solidly opposed to mass immigration. It is the most popular party in much of France. In Calais it is more than that. It approaches an absolute majority, having won 49.1 percent in the multiparty first round of December's regional elections.

### THE HOLLANDE STRATEGY

Calais's problems are not just those of a hard-luck city. They are a distillation of problems facing France as a whole. Ever since an ISIS platoon, operating under ISIS command, killed 130 and wounded 368 in bomb and gun attacks in Paris last November 13, French people have been particularly uneasy about migration. Information that has emerged since has done nothing to put them at ease. Two of the suicide bombers who attacked the Stade de France that night passed through the Greek isle of Leros, identifying themselves as Syrians fleeing the war. Abdelhamid Abaaoud, the Belgian ISIS organizer killed by French security forces in a ferocious military raid on an apartment north of Paris, was himself in Athens last year. He told a female informant that 90 people had entered on that route. A "Western counterterrorism official" speaking to the *Wall Street Journal* said that 50 or 60 operatives had entered through Greece, Bulgaria, or Romania. An

interior ministry report leaked to *Le Figaro* in early February counted 8,250 "radicalized" people in France, as against 4,015 less than a year earlier.

The feeling one gets in Calais that things are spinning out of control finds echoes everywhere. Belgium has reestablished controls on its border with France, for fear that migrants will set up a spillover refugee camp. In the Paris Métro, one hears crime warnings in every language ("Bweh



At top, the Calais camps; below, a February performance of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'

of pickpockets . . . *Achtung vor Taschendieben* . . ."). Something I noticed more than once was groups of Arab teens running to the train and keeping the door jammed open for their friends, holding up the train while a hundred or so French passengers waited silently and impotently. All this jostling and hollering in Arabic ("willi-halla-walla . . . Akhbar! . . . Muhammad!") is disconcerting to anyone who remembers the reserved comportment of Muslim immigrants to the United States in the aftermath of September 11. There is no evidence that the boys were dangerous, or anything more than slightly rude. But the rudeness reflects a confidence that Arabic rules the streets and subway platforms. It has not gone unnoticed. A poll done for *Le Parisien* asked people what their thoughts were when they thought of migrants leaving war-torn countries: While 38 percent mentioned sympathy and compassion, 61 percent said anxiety and fear.

IMAGES: NEWS.COM

Asked whether they would like France to offer a more generous welcome to refugees, the way Germany had, 70 percent said no.

Socialist president François Hollande would seem to be in an impossible predicament. Hollande is the most unpopular French president since the Fifth Republic was established in 1958—in large part because he appears to care little for anything besides the human-rightsy gestures



*Police pass through the camp as bulldozers are readied to raze a nearby section, February 23, 2016.*

that impress the limousine-liberal wing of his party: Putting women in the Panthéon to make up for the sexism of French culture in years past. Gay marriage. “Gender neutrality” in schools, so that all the plumbers in learn-to-read books are women and all the nursemaids are men. The promises to be tough on financiers and industrialists, meanwhile, have gone out the window.

Now Hollande is being summoned to duty by a frightened, patriotic, and impatient country. He has mobilized the army, declared a state of emergency, and called for the stripping of French citizenship from anyone found to have engaged in terrorism, all of this while continuing to insist on his identity as a man of the “left.” Hollande reckons the FN will be the strongest party in the next election. His cynical strategy is to survive the first round by being as much like the FN as possible, and then to win the second round run-off by tarring the FN as so fascist and beyond the pale that all of Sarkozy’s Republicans will be shamed into voting for Hollande—a delicate operation.

Even in France, building a winning coalition out of feminism and national security will be hard to pull off. The New Year’s Eve sexual attacks by migrant men on German women in the main square of Cologne have shaken France to its core. The episode grows more significant and unsettling as the weeks pass and new details emerge. The number of discrete attacks appears to have been closer to a thousand than to a hundred. The post-Cologne revelation that a similar mob sex attack had taken place at a concert in Sweden in the summer of 2014 raised the specter of

ideological taboos resembling those in a totalitarian state. It is not just that the government has worked hard to silence inconvenient facts, as Germany’s did in the aftermath of Cologne. It is that the European public has been disciplined into suppressing its own thoughts.

The reflection has lately taken a darker, more anthropological turn. Elisabeth Lévy, editor of the controversy-sowing monthly *Causeur*, was the first French writer to ask a troubling question: Where were German men in all of this? The Russian writer Maria Golovanivskaya, too, wondered why she had seen no “battered male faces” among the victims. The Polish writer Adam Soboczynski even put in a good word for pre-feminist ways. “The patriarchal society,” he wrote, “which remains alive and well in other parts of the world, was never one in which a woman could be humiliated for sport.” He noted, with a certain Polish mischief, that the young men he saw in the German subways hardly seemed up to the task of being protectors. “They were very sweet and very slender,” he wrote, “and it would have made a very very politically incorrect parlor game to guess which of them were gay and which of them were only acting like it.” Elisabeth Badinter, the French feminist doyenne, was simply bleak: “That about a thousand men,” she wrote, “should take possession of a public space and, along with it, all the women there is unthinkable. I have no memory, in my entire life, of anything similar.” Of course not. You would have to go back to 1945 for that.

## THE MIDDLE CLASS EVICTED

**Y**ou might think France is sitting on a powder keg, that its heavily immigrant suburbs are about to “blow.” But that is not exactly what is going on. There is a new political configuration in France, which is best addressed by looking first not at ethnicity, class, or ideology but at territory, which explains them all. In his 2014 book *La France Périphérique*, “geographer” Christophe Guilluy, whom we would call a sociologist, provides a thoroughly original way of looking at France. It also sheds light on our own country.

France has been cut in two by the globalization of its economy. The urban upper classes of Paris and a couple of other cities (aeronautical Toulouse, for instance, or bohemian Montpellier) have never been better off. They are in like Flynn. But the benefits have been poorly spread. The middle class is shrinking. The gap between rich and poor is growing. Thus far the analysis is conventional. But Guilluy changes it all by asking a bold question: Why would you expect Paris to have a middle class?

Paris’s prospects have improved because it has specialized. The division of labor has become global. Paris is now a place for couturiers, writers, film directors, CEOs, and other “symbolic analysts,” the people who design, direct, conceive,

NEWS.COM

and analyze things. But the jobs the middle class used to do all over France—manufacturing, mostly—are best done elsewhere. You would not expect a middle class in Paris any more than you would expect one on a cattle ranch. That's not what Paris is *for*. Guilluy measures this shift by looking at the “appropriation of working-class housing stock”—what we call gentrification—by rich people who can *use* Paris in a way that the old working and middle class cannot.

Even if Paris does not need a middle class, it desperately needs a *lower class*. Those symbolic analysts require people to chop their sushi, mix their cocktails, dust their apartments, and push their children's strollers and their parents' wheelchairs. This means immigrants—and increasingly it means *only* immigrants. Because who would you rather have washing your bathtub for 12 euros an hour? A laid-off factory worker who used to get 30 euros an hour and seven weeks' vacation and who is now looking daggers at you? Or a polite woman from Mali, for whom the smell of Formula 409 is the smell of liberation? The banlieues are an integrated part of the world economy. There is now an immigrant-descended petite bourgeoisie. Naturally, as rich people monopolize the private housing stock, poor newcomers monopolize the welfare housing. Far from being a drain on rich people's taxes, these projects provide subsidized housing for their servants. Big problems will eventually come, because there is no next rung on the social ladder onto which the migrants' children can step. But this is not an acute problem just yet. For now, worrying about the banlieues is something of a red herring.

The acute problem is the reconstitution, recomposition, displacement, and—to use a favorite word of Guilluy's—*eviction* of the native working and middle classes from the productive parts of the urban economy. These natives are locked out of a France that they thought belonged to them. The rich have bid up the price of urban real estate to the point where those from outside the metropolis cannot afford even to rent it. Public housing is not an option because its inhabitants are almost never French and are very often Muslim. To move into it is to become a despised minority in one's “own” country. A question of social class thus turns, poisonously, into a question of ethnic identity and ethnic exclusion.

This reconfiguration of French society is not the immigrants' fault. But the most explosive potential problems in France have everything to do with immigration. The system's main beneficiaries defend mass immigration as if it were a matter of civilizational life or death. A report prepared for France's prime minister by the consultants France Stratégie found that eliminating open borders between the European Union's member states would be the equivalent of a 3 percent tax on business. But this is an elementary (one would almost say an infantile) mistake. If you simply take order and political stability for granted, like the laws of gravity, well, sure, paying 3 percent more is a pain. But if you

could take those things for granted then you wouldn't need the EU, or any other government for that matter. In a recent interview, the financier George Soros lauded German chancellor Angela Merkel for being “farsighted when she recognized that the migration crisis had the potential to destroy the European Union, first by causing a breakdown of the Schengen system of open borders and, eventually, by undermining the common market.” This is rather a non sequitur:



At top, Pakistanis play cricket on a cleared section; below, Muslims pray in front of a makeshift restaurant.

Isn't it her bad decisions, rather than the crisis itself, that are destroying the EU? If a Union's survival depends on the unexpected arrival at random intervals of millions of desperate foreigners, it's probably not terribly stable to begin with.

It is better in some ways to be an immigrant in a housing project in La Courneuve, outside of Paris, Guilluy believes, than to be cut off from the global economy in what he calls “peripheral France.” The people who live there are doing badly, and they are coming to see this as the outcome of a deliberate policy. In January, INSEE, France's national demographics bureau, announced that the life expectancy of French people of both sexes had fallen for the first time since World War II. For Guilluy, those banished from the big urban economies are “the nightmare of the ruling classes.” This is because they still constitute an electoral majority, and they have chosen the National Front as their vehicle. The two main parties are both built on shrinking

IMAGES: PHILIPPE HUGUEN / AFP / GETTY

bases. The electoral base of France's Socialists consists of those enriched by globalization and those protected from it (like public employees). The electoral base of France's Republicans consists largely of retirees. The National Front is the fastest-growing party because it is the party of globalization's losers, and globalization is producing more losers than winners. Its electoral base consists of the unemployed.

### NOT SO DIFFERENT FROM THE U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

If Guilly is right, and I think he is, we are using antiquated categories that make the most explosive social problems of our time wholly invisible to us. The geographical segregation into globalized and unglobalized areas has created a sort of epistemological trap. From the age of social democracy, when class was measured by one dimension, income, we have inherited the habit of assuming political issues will pit “the rich” against “the poor.” But today's issues don't. The dividing line on most issues is whether people are being helped or hurt by the global economy.

A journalist or sociologist or businessman looking only at Paris, with the best faith in the world, cannot form an objective view of whether France is doing well. You talk to rich and poor, old and young, black and white, male and female, immigrant and native . . . but these are *all* people for whom France is “working.” What is more, the mainstream sources from whom one might absorb alternative information—journalists, television broadcasters, comedians—all inhabit this same world. Those who do not are so absolutely invisible that they cannot even be analyzed. You wouldn't know, for instance, that 64 percent of working-class people in France favor the death penalty.

Surely something similar is at work in our own politics. Consider the Democratic primaries. Whether one likes the Vermont senator Bernie Sanders or not, everyone will agree that he has a more coherent political program than Hillary Clinton. But everyone is wrong. Sanders's textbook



**The village, while short of obvious sources of potable water, has a lot of restaurants serving appetizing food, particularly in the Afghan section. There are restaurants in the Pakistani section, too, where the variety stores will ‘top up’ residents’ cell phones for a fee.**

socialism makes sense for an industrial proletariat of 100 years ago, but this proletariat is an imaginary friend. In fact, Sanders is using a program designed for the wretched of the earth to appeal to the party of globalization's winners. Not all Democrats are winning the same way—life is improving for the party's bloc of billionaire plutocrats in a qualitatively different way than it is improving for its bloc of activist gays or blacks—but it is improving for all of them. For these groups Hillary is the better ideological match. This is not to deny she has shortcomings, but they are personal, not political. She lacks the charisma to lead *any* party. Similarly, if one uses Guilly's model to think of the Republicans as the party of those, from the top of the social scale to the bottom, for whom globalization has made things worse, one can see that Donald Trump—again, like him or not—has been winning primaries because he has thus far been the best candidate, with “best” not meant in any condescending way. His success rests not on demagogic tricks but on a truth about the global division of labor that has eluded other candidates. Whatever that truth is, it has something to do with the word “again” in “Make America Great Again.”

A character in one of Michel Houellebecq's novels complains that, in our time, “there is no example of a fashion coming out of the United States that has failed to swamp Europe a few years later—none.” That may be changing. France is now on the front lines of the world's most pressing crises. Many of those refugees who are causing such turmoil in French politics have walked to the country from a war zone. And the rumbles coming from the global economy are no less ominous. The United States was the first country to globalize in the 1990s. Because it set the rules, because it held the reserve currency, it has been the last Western country, the very last, to discover that its population has serious misgivings about the experiment. The United States once again has some very important lessons to learn from France. That is not necessarily cause for celebration. ♦

IMAGES: THE WEEKLY STANDARD / CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

# The Guns of Las Vegas

*It's the ultimate counterculture*

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

**T**he bartender made drinks deftly and conversation effortlessly. But then, they get good help in Las Vegas. She was making Negronis. Or, perhaps, Bellinis. We were, after all, in a casino called the Venetian, and it was authentic, right down to the Grand Canal and gondolas.

"Are you in town for the gun show?" she said. It was a well-educated guess. My companion at the bar looked like he belonged to SEAL Team Six. Which he had, once upon a time.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "And how could you tell?"

"Lucky guess," she said and smiled.

My companion was attending "the gun show" because he had, in his retirement, started a company that made add-on accessories for tactical shotguns. So he was here on business. And business is, undeniably, booming.

At the 38th annual SHOT (Shooting, Hunting, Outdoor Trade) Show, some 1,600 vendors would be exhibiting their products across 13 acres of the Sands Expo Center. At least 64,000 possible buyers would be here to look over the exhibits to see what is new in the universe of which firearms are the gravitational center. It is the fifth largest of the trade shows that take place in Las Vegas, in the same league as the Consumer Electronics Show, which is, in some abstract sense, a rival. Thousands upon thousands of American boys who would have once cared intensely about guns are now obsessively doing their shooting via computer games.

"I like this show," the bartender said, nodding out at

*Las Vegas*

the room where the tables were occupied by men who were unmistakably in town for SHOT Show. They didn't look menacing or dangerous. They just looked like the kind of men who would care about, and know about, guns.

But it was still a full day before the doors opened and the people who had passes would be allowed in to cruise the booths and the displays and to talk guns and the accessories that go with, and enhance, them. So like a lot of the other early arrivals, my companion and I were out on the town, enjoying the ersatz pleasures of Venice . . . er, *Vegas*.

But only in moderation (an alien concept in Las Vegas), because we were due to drive an hour or so out into the desert in the early morning. There was some shooting scheduled. Wilcox Industries had set up a range where invited guests could shoot at targets 600 meters or more downrange using rifles like the one Bradley Cooper, playing Chris Kyle, shot in the movie *American Sniper*. My companion wasn't especially interested in the shooting . . . he'd done plenty



*Sampling the wares at SHOT Show*

of that in circumstances a lot less sanitized than the range where we would be going. He was there to do a little networking. So while he did business, I observed the action.

The rifles were on bench rests. Visitors who wanted to do some shooting could choose from among GAP rifles in .300 Win Mag, .338, and .308 caliber, all mounted with U.S. Optics scopes. The scope on the .308 a visitor was shooting was an ER-25 with the Horus reticle (retail: a bit more than \$3,000). Excellent technology, all of it. But the "killer app," to use another vernacular, was the Wilcox RAPTAR-S, a "fire control system" that uses lasers and a ballistic computer to make possible first-round accuracy at extremely long ranges.

The shooter puts his eye to the reticle and the crosshairs on the target, far downrange. When he pushes a

*Geoffrey Norman, a writer in Vermont, is a frequent contributor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD.*

little toggle switch, the laser feeds the range, along with other data to include the temperature, humidity, and altitude, into the computer, which produces a “solution.” The shooter reads this in the display on the RAPSTAR-S unit above the scope. The computer already has the “gun data,” the essential ballistics preloaded. The only thing it doesn’t do is make the wind call. Experienced snipers, like the instructor at the table, would know how to make these.

“We’re calling it a full value wind 15 mph at 3 o’clock,” he said to the visitor whose face was on the stock with his eye at the reticle. “That’s dialed in, already, so when you key it in, you’ll get a read on how much you need to hold.”

“Got it.”

“Hold 11.25 mils up and 2.27 mils right on windage,” he said.

“Sounds right,” the instructor said. “Add 1.8 mils right for wind.”

The shooter took a breath, held it, and squeezed.

“Good shot,” the instructor, whose eye was on a spotting scope, said a second or two later.

“All righthht,” the shooter said.

The target he had just hit was 1,000 yards away. You could barely see it with the naked eye.

At other ranges, scattered out in the desert that surrounds Las Vegas, people who had come for the show fired pistols, rifles, and shotguns at targets. This was range day—the fun part of SHOT Show. Though it is an alien and even repellent notion to millions, there is something deeply satisfying about shooting, and shooting well. There were a lot of good, and enthusiastic, shooters at the desert ranges, and they were plainly having a fine time. Which, in the view of a lot of people who don’t like guns, means they are disturbed.

**Y**ou didn’t hear much political talk at the ranges. It was more loads and ballistics and shot groups and such. But when the show opened at the Sands, and the people with credentials showed up (the public was not allowed in), there was a fair amount of political talk. The standard, all-purpose laugh line was something about how “Barack Obama is the greatest salesman the gun industry has ever had.”

Har, har, har.

And it is true that all the indices are pointing up. More sales and, also, more background checks. Meaning more first-time buyers. The stocks of two major

American gun makers—Smith & Wesson and Ruger—have been beating the averages handily for the last five years. According to Reuters, “Since Obama was elected in 2009, mutual funds have raised their stakes to about \$510 million from \$30 million in the nation’s two largest gun manufacturers with publicly traded shares, Smith & Wesson Corp. and Sturm, Ruger & Co. That means such stocks are now common in retirement and college savings plans.”

But if it is the best of times for the industry, it is also a time that tests nerves. President Obama had recently issued an executive order that was, according to talk you heard around SHOT Show, much tougher, in fact, than the way it was laid out in the press release the administration issued.

“You need to look at what can be turned up in a background check and used to deny a sale to someone,” a man who followed these things told me. “You can be denied based on an *accusation* of domestic violence. How many of those turn out to be untrue, just a way of lashing out? PTSD [post-traumatic stress disorder] can get you denied. Who determines if someone is suffering from PTSD? Depression? It is very easy to bend those things.”

There was talk, also, about changes in asset forfeiture laws that deprived local and state police forces the money they needed to “come to the SHOT Show and go shopping.”

And one man I talked with said, “Listen, they crushed the coal industry. What’s to keep them from crushing the gun industry? The Second Amendment? Give me a break.”

But if there was a sort of vague concern in the air, it was easy to ignore given all the distractions. Which consisted mainly, but not exclusively, of guns.

These can be categorized, though not neatly. There were sporting arms. Shotguns and rifles made by companies with names that even people who do not know much about guns would recognize: Browning, Winchester, Remington. Then there were the handguns. All the big boys were here. Sig Sauer, Glock, H&K, Smith & Wesson, Ruger, Beretta. Then there were the “tactical” pieces that consisted mostly of variations on the AR-15 from companies like Rock River. Also, replica guns from companies like Pedersoli, which makes, among many other pieces, muzzle-loading black powder Kentucky long rifles, like the ones that won the Battle of New Orleans and, arguably,



*Handguns on display at the Sig Sauer booth*

the American Revolution. If there is a firearm with even a small following of aficionados, there would be a vendor here who makes and sells replicas. You want an M-1 carbine like the one carried by Tom Sizemore in *Saving Private Ryan*? Then you could find your way to Booth #16144, where MKS would show you the one they make and sell. Or if you'd like to have a Sharps like the one Tom Selleck carried in *Quigley Down Under*, visit Shiloh Rifle, at booth 1227.

The array of guns at SHOT Show was, sort of like the town of Las Vegas, overwhelming and over the top and at the same time . . . irresistible. But the guns were just the beginning. There is a universe of accessories and add-ons and companion products, which are to guns as tires, oil filters, headlamps, and so forth are to the automobile. There were booths where you could admire the latest in everything from duck decoys to holsters to body armor to lubricants and cleaning tools and on and on.

Consider flashlights. These were, back in the day, dim and unreliable. But cheap. Then came the LED and the aircraft aluminum body and breakthroughs in battery technology so that now you can pay well north of \$200 for a flashlight that really lights up the night and is durable and beautiful in the way a coiled snake is. And there are adapter devices that will allow you to attach the flashlight to a rifle or pistol. There were a lot of flashlights on display at SHOT Show. And there was something seductive about them. The quality and the engineering was well-nigh undeniable.

And that, I suppose, is what struck me most forcefully in my time at the show. The people in this business are not, judging by those I spoke with, "gun nuts." They may like—or even love—guns, but it is not an indiscriminate sort of love. Nor is it lust of the kind for which Las Vegas is notorious. They were, above all, engineers. But engineers of the older sort. Not the kind who write code but who understand tools.

Guns are among the finest expressions of what can be done with tools that cut and shape steel, especially by one person or a small team. With modern computerized machinery, it is possible to make fine guns in limited runs for demanding customers. Not to mention things like flashlights, sound suppressors, scopes, and all the other accessories and add-ons.

My companion and I stopped by the Strider knife booth. The Strider has a following among special operators. The company is owned by veterans who discount their product to active duty military, which is a good thing since they are very expensive, some of them running to more than \$500. But even if you didn't know anything about knives,

the material from which they are made, and the techniques for making them, you would recognize, the second you held a Strider, its quality and sheer engineering excellence.

So much of what was on display at SHOT Show was like that, from the sniper rifles out in the desert on range day to the flashlights and other accessories scattered across those 13 acres of displays. And, of course, the guns.

**T**hose complacent and smug antigun people who, if told that President Obama would like to do to guns what his administration has done to coal, would cheer him on, don't understand that and don't want to. And that is why people who do know guns return their contempt. You hear politicians like Martin O'Malley talk about how they got a ban on "assault rifles" in place and that no deer hunter was deprived as a result. They don't, to use the vernacular, get it.

"Assault rifle" is a meaningless term. The nearest translation is "scary-looking gun." There are a lot of them out there and people want to own them for various reasons. The people who make them and own them are part of a vibrant industry and culture. America needs as much of that, these days, as it can get.

Near the end of my time in Las Vegas, I talked with one of the contacts my SEAL acquaintance had made. He told me that it had been a disappointing show and he had been coming to them for a long time.

"There is a kind of pall hanging over things right now," he said. "We're feeling the drip, drip, drip of the administration's campaign against guns. They say they want 'reasonable gun control,' but what keeps slipping out of their mouths is . . . Australia."

Which, as every American gun owner knows, launched a universal gun confiscation not so long ago.

That was a bit of a down note, so to bring my spirits back up, I made one last loop through the various displays, and I stopped at a booth where I saw a familiar logo. It was for Hoppe's, the company that makes a gun cleaning solvent that I used on my first .22 and still use on my (pre-'64) Winchester Model 70. Never used anything else. Its smell recalls things for me the way the madeleines did for Proust.

A nice young woman was holding down the Hoppe's display. She told me about the company's new products and I told her I would be checking them out. But please, I said, don't stop making the No. 9.

"No," she assured me, "that will never happen."

Not, I suppose, as long as there is a robust gun industry and culture in America. How long that will be is the question. ♦

---

**The array of guns at SHOT Show was, sort of like the town of Las Vegas, overwhelming and over the top and at the same time . . . irresistible.**



ANTONIO QUATTRONE / ARCHIVIO QUATTRONE / MONDADORI PORTFOLIO / GETTY

Giotto's 'Last Judgment' (1303-05), Scrovegni Chapel, Padua

# Gospel Truths

*Jesus in the hands of history.* BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN

**T**he Welsh-born Philip Jenkins holds the title of distinguished professor of history at Baylor, and he is also an emeritus professor of humanities at Penn State, where he holds an endowed chair. His specialty over more than 35 years of scholarship has been the study of Christianity in both its historical and current

*Charlotte Allen, a frequent contributor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, last wrote on torts.*

**The Many Faces of Christ**  
*The Thousand-Year Story of the Survival and Influence of the Lost Gospels*  
 by Philip Jenkins  
 Basic Books, 336 pp., \$27.99

demographic manifestations. On top of that, Jenkins is a hugely prolific writer, author of at least 25 books, most of them aimed not at scholarly specialists but at educated and intellectually curious laypeople who demand copious

endnotes but also readability, which Jenkins has offered in spades.

I must confess here that, although I have met Jenkins personally just once and briefly, at an academic lecture about a decade ago, he has been a go-to phone source for several articles I have written on Christian topics. Although Jenkins is not an apologist for any particular Christian tradition, he is a refreshing dissident from the knee-jerk religious liberalism professed by most academics and journalists covering Christianity nowadays.

Jenkins's two most notable books are *The Next Christendom: The Coming of Global Christianity*, which argues that while Christianity may be dying in the culturally enfeebled West, it is flourishing in the pullulating global South, and *Hidden Gospels: How the Search for Jesus Lost Its Way*, a work more germane to his new book, *The Many Faces of Christ*. In *Hidden Gospels*, Jenkins took issue with the theory, regnant among ideologically progressive New Testament scholars these days, that recently discovered Gnostic and other texts (such as the Dead Sea scrolls) have succeeded in undermining traditional notions of Christian orthodoxy. These scholars argue that early Christianity was never "orthodox" as we understand the word, but was actually a doctrinally chaotic phenomenon from its first-century beginnings, with little connection to the historical Jesus and what he might have taught.

Every early Christian community had its own competing gospel or gospels, the theory goes, and the four "canonical" Gospels—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—became canonical only because their interpretations of Jesus were embraced by the victors in a centuries-long political power struggle for control of the early church. Typically, the chief villain here is the Roman emperor Constantine, who elevated Christianity to quasi-official status during the early fourth century and then sought to impose a uniform belief system upon Christians by way of the Council of Nicea in A.D. 325 that ultimately produced the Nicene Creed.

The "orthodox" winners of the fourth-century theological battles supposedly not only rewrote earlier Christian history but actively suppressed Gnostic and other texts that, their proponents argue, offered equally valid interpretations of Jesus and his message. These alternative texts were in some instances just as antique and, thus, just as authoritative as the first-century "Big Four" (Jenkins's term). Hence the huge amount of excitement, both among scholars and in the press, over the discovery of a treasure trove of long-buried

fourth-century Gnostic manuscripts near the village of Nag Hammadi in Egypt in 1945, and also over the more recent surfacing of the supposed Gospel of Judas in 2006 and the (probably forged) Gospel of Jesus' Wife in 2012. Every time one of these "lost" documents of early Christianity pops up, there is rampant speculation about whether Christian belief as we know it is about to be blown to smithereens.

Dan Brown's bestselling novel *The Da Vinci Code* (2003) asserted that Jesus and his female disciple Mary Magdalene got married and spawned a secret lineage—events that, according to Brown, the orthodox church worked tirelessly and murderously to cover up for centuries. His conspiratorial interpretation of Christian history was, in some ways, a pop version of some of the feminist leitmotifs in Gnostic interpretations of Jesus and Mary Magdalene that Elaine Pagels claimed to find in the Nag Hammadi texts she surveyed in her bestselling *The Gnostic Gospels* (1979). Lending credence to the theory of a cover-up was the fact that the Nag Hammadi manuscripts had been buried in desert caves, possibly to protect them from a book-burning purge by the orthodox.

Jenkins pointed out in *Hidden Gospels* that, to the contrary, many of the seminal Gnostic and related texts that have inspired all the modern excitement never really got lost and thus aren't recent—or revolutionary—finds at all. One leading "lost" Gnostic theological work, *Pistis Sophia*, likely composed during the fourth century and outlining a complex Gnostic cosmology, was discovered in an obscure Coptic manuscript as early as 1773. So it has been a solid two centuries that skeptical Western intellectuals and artistes (among them Voltaire, Edward Gibbon, Gustav Holst, C.G. Jung, Robert Graves, and D.H. Lawrence) have been claiming to find in Gnosticism a more refined, sophisticated, spiritually pristine, and female-friendly version of Christianity than that of the orthodox church with its rigid rules and all-male hierarchy.

*The Many Faces of Christ* is, in

many ways, an extension of some of the themes that Jenkins explored in *Hidden Gospels*. As he argued in *Hidden Gospels*—and again, contrary to current theories about official suppression—Jenkins writes here that, in fact, "the lost Christian gospels were never really lost. Rather, older scriptures were lost only in the sense that they dropped out of mainstream use for some churches, at some times, in certain parts of the world."

Literally dozens of gospels, revelations, Acts, and other scriptures remained in use, and that situation remained true for some 1,200 years. ... [F]ar from being hermetically sealed, European Christendom was always part of a much wider world with many different structures and attitudes toward faith and scripture. ... Medieval Christianity was complex and polychromatic, generating many different forms of faith. The Holy Spirit did not take a 1,200-year vacation after the Council of Nicea.

The idea that many Christians neither desired nor accomplished the quashing of a huge range of alternative scriptures produced during Christianity's earliest centuries is a bold and appealing thesis. Unfortunately, Jenkins never quite figures out how to make it cohesive. *Many Faces'* 10 chapters read more like 10 freestanding essays composed at different times for different purposes and, thus, containing a certain amount of chronologically and thematically overlapping material. And because Jenkins feels compelled to do justice to all of those "dozens" of obscure scriptures in just a few hundred pages, he tends to survey them at a fast, even breakneck, clip. Readers not already familiar with the world of early Christian literature may find *The Many Faces of Christ* a daunting and confusing read.

The topics of its individual chapters, however, are certainly fascinating. One of Jenkins's points is that while the orthodox churches—those aligned with Byzantine imperial power in the East and with the power of the bishop of Rome in the West—adopted a relatively limited biblical canon that resembled today's, churches that were outside the purview of the historical

Roman Empire, most of which broke early with the orthodox in theological disputes over the nature of Jesus, recognized a much larger range of texts they regarded as canonical.

One Ethiopian church, for example, recognized a canonical Bible of some 81 books, in contrast to the standard North American Protestant canon of 66 books. The Ethiopian church has since largely resolved its doctrinal differences with the Eastern Orthodox; but its Bibles, like those of other Christian fringe groups, have preserved some authentically ancient “faces of Christ” that would cause surprise among modern Western Christians. In one startling Ethiopian New Testament text called the Book of the Covenant, Jesus describes himself as essentially his own father, adopting the appearance of the angel Gabriel in order to enter the Virgin Mary and beget himself.

The upshot was that breakaway churches and heretical sects in Ethiopia, Mesopotamia, Armenia, and other lands just outside the borders of the old empire preserved alternative scriptural texts dealing with both Old and New Testament figures that Westerners either deemed permanently lost or didn’t realize existed until the modern era. Jenkins argues that some of those scriptures were even known to the Jews and Muslims of late antiquity, who incorporated bits of their narratives into their own religious texts.

Furthermore, a large number of ancient alternative gospels and other texts were never deemed heretical by the orthodox church. In fact, they insinuated themselves so thoroughly into Christian culture and Christian liturgy that the vast majority of Christians came to regard the events those texts described as just as historical as the events of Jesus’ life contained in the canonical Gospels. They used those texts, as Jenkins points out, to fill in the narrative gaps they perceived in the canonical Gospels and to embellish what they saw as the canonical Bible’s theological meaning.

The most influential of those “apocryphal” gospels was the so-called Protoevangelium, or Infancy

Gospel of James, a second-century Eastern Christian text that found its way into the West by way of a seventh-century Latin adaptation that today’s scholars dub the Gospel of Pseudo-Matthew. To this day, both Roman Catholics and the Eastern Orthodox celebrate the feast of the “presentation” of the Virgin Mary as a young child by her parents at the Temple in Jerusalem—an episode in James/Pseudo-Matthew that is nowhere to be found in any canonical Gospel. We also owe the ox and ass of the Christmas crèche to mentions of those animals in James/Pseudo-Matthew. The Cherry Tree Carol, the medieval ballad in which the unborn Jesus causes a cherry tree to bow down to his pregnant mother as proof of her offspring’s divine origin, is based on an incident recorded in Pseudo-Matthew involving Mary and a palm tree, an incident that also appears (in somewhat different form) in the Koran.

Similarly, the traditional Catholic and Orthodox belief that the Virgin was taken bodily into Heaven at the end of her life derives in part from fourth- and fifth-century apocryphal texts. The Harrowing of Hell, Jesus’ descent into the underworld after his death to rescue Adam, Eve, and the patriarchs and prophets from the flames—an event celebrated for centuries in Christian iconography and medieval mystery plays—probably originated in an ancient compilation variously known as the Acts of Pilate and the Gospel of Nicodemus. From time to time, patristic and medieval theologians condemned this widespread use of noncanonical material, but it remained a mainstay of mainstream Christian art and devotional literature until the Reformation. At that point, at least in the West, both Protestants and (to a somewhat lesser extent) Counter-Reformation Catholics retreated to a strict adherence to the canonical Bible.

Occasionally, Jenkins seems to bite off more than he can chew. In his most adventurous chapter, entitled “Out of the Past,” he seeks to forge a thou-

sand-year chain linking the Gnostics, the Manicheans of the third through seventh centuries, the Bogomils (antinomian heretics who flourished in the Balkans from the 10th through the 13th centuries), and the medieval Cathars of southern France, who disdained the priests and sacraments of the Roman Catholic church. Members of all four of those groups were arguably theological dualists who believed that the material world was corrupt and evil, the creation of an imperfect lesser divinity.

Many present-day medieval historians have concluded that the Cathars, at any rate, were actually more like evangelical Protestants than like Gnostics or Manicheans, although the Catholic inquisitors who interrogated them certainly accused them of dualism. But for Jenkins, tying the Cathars to more ancient heretics gives him a chance to speculate that “subterranean traditions” of dualism might have preserved in the West esoteric alternative scriptures—and indeed, esoteric alternative forms of Christianity itself—right under the noses of vigilant medieval heresy-hunters. Maybe so. But as Jenkins himself admits, there is very little evidence, textual or otherwise, to support this ambitious hypothesis.

Readers who manage to plow through the plethora of material that Jenkins has thrown at them here will find rich rewards and intriguing topics for further conjecture. Their task would be less overwhelming if *The Many Faces of Christ* were more carefully organized and contained more than a handful of tables and one lone map. Still, as Jenkins writes:

Since the 1970s, many westerners have found real treasures in the Gnostic gospels, different and surprising sidelights on Christianity. But those texts are only part of a vastly wider literature that has its own nuggets, and often, its own creative solutions, to what different eras saw as gaps in the Christian message. Anyone interested in those rediscovered ancient gospels should be told the wonderful news—that a millennium of other writings awaits them, no less rich or provocative in their contents. ♦

# Bright College Years

*How Yale came to terms with postwar America.*

BY JAMES M. BANNER JR.

These two books—similar in intent, different in execution, roughly simultaneous in publication—tell the story of the lives of members of two nearly contemporary collegiate cohorts. One enrolled in 1956 and graduated in the spring of 1960, the other matriculated that fall, its members moving their tassels from one side of their mortar boards to the other four years later. Together, their 16 semesters on campus constituted (so the authors imply) a distinct era in the history of Yale College and, by extension, in the history of other colleges and collegiate classes. They were a “hinge generation.” They were “on the cusp” and “on the verge of change,” in Daniel Horowitz’s words, straddling, in Howard Gillette Jr.’s terms, “a great divide.”

I write out of familiarity with Yale College. Also “on the cusp,” I graduated from there not long before the subjects of these books. I know some of the people who figure in them, and readers, like I, will know of many others. What’s more, like the authors, I once thought of writing similarly of my own college class. I see that I was wise not to have done so.

The pitfalls of the genre—clearer to me than when I thought of trying my hand at it—strike me now as inherent, some of them inescapable. Whether you write as an involved memoirist, which is Horowitz’s approach, or as a cool scholar, which is Gillette’s, you’re stuck with making sense of a group of people (all men in this case) who are thrown together accidentally and who have little collective identity save for being on the same campus during the

*James M. Banner Jr. is the author, most recently, of Being a Historian.*

## Class Divide

*Yale '64 and the Conflicted Legacy of the Sixties*  
by Howard Gillette Jr.  
Cornell, 312 pp., \$29.95

## On the Cusp

*The Yale College Class of 1960 and a World on the Verge of Change*  
by Daniel Horowitz  
Massachusetts, 336 pp., \$24.95

same years. It’s not that such collective identity is without significance: It’s rather that, like the identity of every college class, it’s adventitious. What sets each class apart is the accident of being in the same place at the same time, by the luck of the draw.

One could write the same kind of history of every class that’s ever made its way through undergraduate years in any college in the country. Which is why the nature of the institution itself, Yale in this case, has to play a role. And that’s the challenge: how to make it do so. Why should we think that, once cut loose from college, the lives and careers of people as diverse as those of Horowitz’s and Gillette’s classmates have anything in common beyond four undergraduate years in late adolescence in the same place?

And why Yale? These historians tell us that they chose the subject because they happened to attend college there. Behind that fact, surely, is the historian’s unacknowledged assumption that a Yale class is, by virtue of the age, authority, and elite status of Yale University, likely to be Historically Important. The authors are also curious (as I’ve been) about what befell their contemporaries, some of them close friends; their

books are part of the authors’ attempts to understand their own lives. But how does attendance at Yale differ from attendance at, say, Whittier College, the University of Michigan, the Naval Academy, Georgetown, Wabash, or Columbia? We can’t answer that question because few, if any, of their specific classes have gotten their own historians.

So are Gillette and Horowitz writing of their generational cohort or only of their collegiate one? And if the latter, why should we care? I pose these questions not in derogation of the authors’ efforts but because I don’t have the answers to them. The trouble is these two skilled historians don’t seem to have the answers to them, either. That doesn’t make the books insignificant or without interest. It simply makes their contents puzzling.

Gillette defines his subject as “an elite group of men” who “lived through the unforeseen drama of their later years” by “selective adaptation and reorientation to a universe of experience that was markedly different from what they had been socialized to expect.” That seems to describe just about every group of men, “elite” and otherwise, in the modern era. Gillette’s elite group, however, is a selection of his classmates; like Horowitz, he can’t follow them all, and some simply drop from sight. Except for the fact that many of them started with great advantages, such as precollegiate schooling at some of the nation’s greatest boarding and public schools, and then gained new advantages from attending Yale, those whom Gillette and Horowitz follow don’t seem to differ much in achievement or disappointment from men who didn’t attend such an institution.

Both authors like antinomies. They juxtapose hard leftists and unyielding rightists—Gillette makes much of his classmates Democrat Joseph Lieberman and Republican John Ashcroft—“hippies” and more strait-laced men, daring activists and thoughtful quietists, old- and new-style scholars, those who set their compasses by the *Yale Daily News*, the Whiffenpoofs, and secret societies and those who scorned what those institutions stood for. Should we

be surprised that, decades later, their classmates are still diverse in their work and commitments or that they've made adjustments to changes in American society? That strikes me as just about right for all college classes. Among my own classmates are those who similarly distributed themselves by politics, occupations, achievement, and note (as well as notoriety); and on the whole, we are not the same men we were over a half-century ago.

matriculating at college. He lived to see his father, a local banker and also a Yale graduate, become the first Jew and first petition candidate to join the university's "corporation," its board of trustees. Yet for all the welcome the Horowitz family now experiences at Yale (as that university undergoes yet another challenge over racial integration and free expression), he's also more disenthralled about his alma mater than Gillette, more critical of his class-

change, *any* generation since the early 20th century has not been a transitional generation?

In a second respect, one scarcely noticed or remarked on by the authors, they and their classmates had to reckon with a civic situation—the military draft—no longer the lot of collegians, whether privileged or otherwise. Like all American men, until 1973, they were under the threat of conscription and of service under fire in Vietnam. They were forced to make choices about public service that could interrupt, sometimes end, their lives. Military service hung over everyone, even in peacetime. It could be a boon or a threat, an opportunity or a confinement, a chance (like college itself) for personal growth or for withdrawal, something to embrace or to flee from.

A significant proportion of Horowitz's and Gillette's classmates performed military service, some of it career-long. But you get no sense of how all of them thought of, or experienced, that service, how they avoided or embraced it; how they negotiated the complex choice among ROTC, the draft, enlistment, and officer candidate's school; how, if at all, military service was connected in their minds and

lives to their collegiate years, and how they look back on it now.

Finally, what's striking about both books is the absence from them of Yale—of Yale as anything beyond the site of each class's four collegiate years. This great seat of learning, a place dedicated to the creation, evaluation, transmission, and preservation of knowledge—a university of extraordinary faculty members, libraries, and laboratories—plays only a small role in the authors' stories. One gets little sense of how the learning undertaken, the teaching experienced, the knowledge gained, the ideas exchanged at Yale affected their lives. We learn of political events, the role of secret societies, the influence of the *Yale Daily News*, and the like. We learn of campus life but little of intellectual life. Few



*Yale students in council (1959)*

Gillette was an insider of sorts, high in the editorial apparatus of the campus newspaper and close to its editor, Joe Lieberman. Horowitz's stance, by contrast, is that of the classic outsider, but one who writes from the inside, "a historian watching myself as I write about my own life." This memoir-ish approach lends his book more texture than Gillette's more scholarly distancing. It also allows Horowitz to give a full picture of his early life, to show how a high-school insider became a Yale outsider who is now, because of changes in American society as well as at Yale, very much the historian-insider.

The son of Jewish parents when Yale, like many elite institutions, still maintained quotas on Jewish and Roman Catholic students, Horowitz attended a nearby public high school before

mates (and of himself), less taken in by the institution that he, like Gillette, so clearly loves.

In three respects, these books have to frustrate readers who haven't shared their authors' collegiate and professional lives. They invoke the shopworn motif of "transitional period" in characterizing their era. The notion that members of these two college classes were either "on the cusp" of a major transition from one historical era to another or lived through and handed us a "conflicted legacy" seems so well established as to be beyond challenge. But if we accept the interpretation, what new does it tell us? Are we to take these Yale students as somehow representative of an entire generation? Moreover, can we say that, given the ever-increasing rapidity of

faculty members make their appearance, chaplain William Sloane Coffin (not a faculty member) being the most recalled. But this is a university we're talking about. What was the faculty like then? What were its divisions and debates, the intellectual currents that ran through it and affected students, even if the students weren't aware of them? What were the university's strong departments, its most popular majors? And how, specifically, did all of this mark Yale students?

In short, it's unclear what all of these formerly young men owe, or think they owe, to Yale as an educational institution.

One wonders what the two authors might have found had they, instead of concentrating on what became of their classmates after Yale, tried to evoke the feel of the undergraduate campus in their years there. Each of them has spent his career at a college or university. Each has guided students through their collegiate experience; each has known intimately the people and ethos that make up their institutions; each has been woven into the community of which he's a member. They know what colleges and universities are like. It's disappointing that they don't devote more of their knowledge, experience, and art to bringing their alma mater to life in the days when, young and impressionable, they, like their classmates, absorbed there what they learned in order to become the people they became. One would like to know how that happened—to all of them.

In the meantime, these books should be read for what they reveal of some members of a particular slice of American society—most of them after college. The books add to the history of Yale University, which, inexplicably unlike Harvard and Princeton, does not have a history of itself in the 20th century. Horowitz's perceptive evocation of his alma mater especially gets us inside the campus, as well as inside himself, over four undergraduate years. Anyone looking to learn more about a university college and its students and former students at a particular time in American history, whether "hinge" or not, should read both. ♦



# Know Thyself

*Restoring the human tradition in literature.*

BY JAMES SEATON

**W**hat is fiction for? Bernard Harrison's answers to the question are the traditional ones long taken for granted by almost all those who care about plays, short stories, and novels. Literature, if it is any good, is "one of the chief engines of self-understanding." At the same time, literature has the power to "immerse us" in an unfamiliar situation and society and, "moreover, to immerse us in it as *participants rather than as impersonal observers.*"

Literature reveals "aspects of the human condition . . . in such a way as to bring them before the bar of critical scrutiny and self-examination." Furthermore, as readers of the classics of East and West have always known, the "audience for the great literature of any age of any culture is not limited to the people of that culture or age, but extends . . . to all mankind."

This long book provides an innovative, rigorous philosophical defense for "merely what every common reader has always taken to be involved in 'talking about books.'" The common reader is right, Harrison argues, to believe that literature offers valuable insights into human life that cannot be replaced or duplicated by psychology, sociology, or any of the social sciences. Belief in literature's ability to offer insights into individuals, societies, and the human condition itself has long been the basis for claiming "academic literary studies as a cornerstone of the humanities."

Within the academy, however,

---

*James Seaton, professor of English at Michigan State, is the author, most recently, of Literary Criticism from Plato to Postmodernism: The Humanistic Alternative.*

**What Is Fiction For?**  
*Literary Humanism Restored*  
by Bernard Harrison  
Indiana, 622 pp., \$35

defenders of the traditional study of literature—what Harrison calls "literary humanism"—have been overwhelmed in recent decades by attacks launched by French theoreticians such as Michel Foucault and Jacques Derrida, seemingly proving the theoretical impossibility of literature providing any insights at all. Foucauldians, deconstructionists, Marxists, and the other factions of the campus left agree that high culture in general, and literary culture in particular, serves no purpose other than "to disseminate false but persuasive visions of the human condition" designed to legitimate one or another form of exploitation.

Harrison's theoretical innovation in answering such views is to call on the account of meaning and language provided by Ludwig Wittgenstein. Using the philosopher in this way undoubtedly seems perverse to devotees of the cult of Wittgenstein, who take him to be a postmodernist *avant la lettre*. Harrison insists, however, that it is wrong to think of Wittgenstein as "a Viennese or Cambridge version of Derrida." Convinced that the notion of literature as imitation or mimesis is vulnerable to postmodernist critique, Harrison challenges contemporary theory's thesis that "meaning is determined internally to language" and thus "can offer no possible access to any reality transcending language" by adopting Wittgenstein's view of language as "a public institution."

In Harrison's exposition, language is not a self-contained unit but, instead, a



Cleanth Brooks, Eudora Welty (1987)

“system of publicly recognized practices that are so contrived as to afford roles in their conduct to linguistic expressions.” Words, sentences, and other verbal entities are thus connected to the world not because they represent discrete objects but because “our ways of using words” are grounded in the “underlying practices” that make up the human world.

Because language is inextricably connected to human activities—including both interaction between human beings and with the natural world—writers, even writers of fiction, cannot use words without implicitly referring to human life. Harrison points out what would-be creative writers learn early: A writer cannot “make language obedient to his wishes.” As Wittgenstein insisted, there is no such thing as a private language. The language a writer uses “is recalcitrant to his will because it is not his property.” It is “also the property of a community that extends across a span of time far greater than his lifetime.” Wittgenstein’s conception of language has implications for the reader or critic as well as the writer.

Postmodernists like Stanley Fish

insist that arguments about the meaning of *any* text—the Constitution, for example—are merely struggles for power, since the Constitution (like any text) has no meaning in itself. Arguing against those who worry that arbitrary interpretations of the Constitution drain the document of meaning, Fish says there is no need to worry: “[T]he Constitution cannot be drained of meaning because it is not a repository of meaning.” In contrast, the notion that language is connected to human practices—to the human world outside the text—implies that a text is not merely a void ready to be filled by whatever interpretation those in power may offer but is, instead, itself something real. As Harrison puts it, “the literary text is capable of *fighting back*.”

Though Harrison’s defense of “literary humanism” allies him with a critical tradition beginning with Aristotle and continuing through Samuel Johnson, Matthew Arnold, and Lionel Trilling to the present, he singles out F. R. Leavis for anticipating Wittgenstein’s ideas about the relation between meaning and the human world. Leavis’s emphasis on litera-

ture’s relation to “life,” often criticized for vagueness, can be given philosophical precision by understanding “life” as referring to the human world constituted by socially recognized “practices” rather than either the physical universe studied by the natural sciences or the Cartesian notion of the individual mind.

A glance at Leavis’s occasionally intemperate prose finds him often “needlessly playing into the hands of his detractors.” But Harrison applauds Leavis’s view of literary criticism as, in principle, an ongoing debate:

Literary criticism—decent literary criticism—is never just a matter of parading emotional responses or “gut feelings,” but always a matter of advancing claims that give hostages to further inquiry in the shape of textual analysis, in a manner entirely analogous to the way hypotheses in science give hostages to further inquiry in the shape either of experiment or critique of theory.

If Harrison is willing to overlook Leavis’s flaws because of an underlying philosophical agreement, he is unwilling to make any such concessions to

WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD / NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC / GETTY

the New Criticism and, especially, to Cleanth Brooks. Harrison distances himself from the New Critical notion (exemplified in Brooks's *The Well Wrought Urn*) that one mark of literary excellence is the ability of the writer to draw a text's "various elements into a single coherent unity." He believes that in regard to the concept of unity, at least, the attacks of "Derrida, de Man, Foucault, Kermode, and a host of others" cannot be answered. The prudent literary humanist gives up unity and with it "the notion of 'the meaning of the literary work' . . . in favor of the notion of *the bearing, or bearings, of the work*." Harrison quotes, disapprovingly, Cleanth Brooks's assertion that the best literature does not merely imitate the confusions and discordances of reality but, "at its higher and more serious levels, triumphs over the apparently contradictory and conflicting elements of experience by unifying them into a new pattern."

Though Harrison wants to distinguish his own "reactive" criticism from that of Brooks and the New Critics, the examples he offers—impressive in their own right—seem to involve notions of meaning and unity indistinguishable from those employed by the New Criticism. Harrison's thoughtful analysis of Book IV of *Gulliver's Travels* concludes that the book's "structure . . . was devised both to evoke the philosophical psychology of rational universalism and to test to destruction its claim to provide an adequate and exhaustive account of the options facing human beings in morals and politics." Very well—but doesn't this perceptive account make use of the concepts of "meaning" and "unity" Harrison claims to have left behind?

Similarly, in his discussion of *Tristram Shandy*, Harrison's close reading reveals that Laurence Sterne "clearly is out to propagate some coherent view of morality" and, in so doing, reveals the shallowness "of some of the most popular intellectual shibboleths of his age." Harrison's readings are convincing, but it is hard to see how they differ in kind from the best New Critical readings, including Cleanth Brooks's analyses in *The Well Wrought Urn*.

The main issue, of course, is not Harrison's differences with the New Criticism but his powerful philosophical defense of literary humanism against the assaults of postmodernist theorizing. All those who care about literature, including admirers of the

New Criticism, are indebted to Bernard Harrison for demonstrating, at length and in painstaking theoretical detail, the philosophical validity for the 21st century of "merely what every common reader has always taken to be involved in 'talking about books.'" ♦

BCA

# FDR Without Tears

*Franklin Roosevelt as steward of American power.*

BY ROBERT WARGAS

I have always admired Franklin Delano Roosevelt as an inspiring patriot. But I've also never moved past my first impression of him as an authoritarian. I still hold this general opinion after reading this splendid book; the difference is that *Man of Destiny* has amplified the intensity of it. I now admire FDR more for certain qualities and resent him more for others.

The 32nd president's near-perfect reputation should baffle even his admirers. He was, after all, responsible for corralling Japanese-American citizens into internment camps after Pearl Harbor—a policy endorsed by the Supreme Court, whose 1944 decision in *Korematsu v. United States* has never been formally overturned. (The author devotes just one paragraph to the wartime internment, which he calls "a disturbing example of how New Deal liberalism could so easily adopt authoritarian means.") And although Alonzo Hamby appears sympathetic to many of Roosevelt's policies, he doesn't avoid plumbing their darker sides: FDR's semi-dictatorship during the New Deal; the corruption inherent in running a siege economy; the tentacles of patronage that spread from Washington throughout the republic. It's clear, for instance, that the administration used the Bureau of Internal Revenue to hound the likes of Andrew Mellon.

Then there was the government

*Robert Vargas is a writer in New York.*

**Man of Destiny**  
*FDR and the Making of the American Century*  
by Alonzo Hamby  
Basic Books, 512 pp., \$35

takeover of Montgomery Ward in 1944, when the Army actually surrounded the company's Chicago headquarters, entered and fetched its aging chairman Sewell Avery from his office on the eighth floor, carrying him out to the street. For what? Something or other about a union election. It doesn't even matter. Depending on your political views, as Hamby refreshingly notes, this was either righteous enforcement of smart law or something close to autocracy.

Why, then, do many even outside the progressive tradition look fondly on Roosevelt's presidency? It may be because he was an effective steward of American power at a time when it was most critical, combining just the right amount of hard-boiled realism and democratic idealism. But while FDR could hit all the right notes about American liberty and democracy, Hamby sniffs out some hypocrisy:

When Roosevelt and the wider liberal community talked about the breakup of empires, somehow the Soviet empire, stretching from the Bering Strait to the Baltic Sea and harboring open designs on eastern Europe, seems never to have come to mind. Were the people of Gambia more oppressed than the people of Ukraine?



*Stalin, Roosevelt, Churchill in Tehran (1943)*

During the Cold War, Jeane Kirkpatrick would define this syndrome by its most recognizable trait: demanding liberalization from everyone *except* Moscow. FDR's own attitude toward Soviet Russia was an odd combination of resentment and admiration. He recognized that communism, especially under Stalin's direction, was totalitarian; yet he could never *quite* condemn it the way an American progressive was apt to take on bankers.

Hamby, at any rate, doesn't dwell much on Roosevelt's ideology: This is as much a story of a man's obsessive determination as it is a political biography. And many fine traits emerge in its telling, among them Roosevelt's refusal to surrender to polio. This obstinacy made his career—as New York state senator, assistant secretary of the Navy, vice-presidential candidate in 1920, governor of New York, and, finally, president and man of the people during the Great Depression and World War II.

Of course, the best populists are usually elitists who possess both the means and self-regard to speak for the people. Born into a patrician New York family, FDR was convinced of

his own righteousness and felt entitled to exercise it over others, displaying all the qualities of someone who recognized no limit to translating his outsized will into political power.

And how jealous of this carefully acquired power he was! To give one very large example, his conduct of foreign affairs often meant reducing the Department of State to little more than a vestigial bureaucracy, concentrating enormous diplomatic influence in advisers like Harry Hopkins. When Averell Harriman became ambassador to Moscow in 1943, his line of communication ran directly to Roosevelt, not through Harriman's nominal boss, Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

Indeed, the president's conceit could be overwhelming at times. "I think I can personally handle Stalin better than either your Foreign Office or my State Department," he said to Churchill in 1942. When Roosevelt and Churchill met with Stalin in Tehran the following year, Roosevelt was so determined to practice personal diplomacy that the only State Department official present was Charles Bohlen, who was largely confined to translating. Hamby's account of the Tehran Conference

is interesting not because of the finer points of statecraft but because it is a reminder of FDR's obsession with his own position. Churchill wanted the Allies to exploit the Mediterranean as a base of operations. Dependent on American aid, however, he had to defer to Roosevelt's priority: Operation Overlord, the code name for what would eventually be the landings in Normandy. At one point, Stalin questioned whether Britain was really committed to Overlord: "There followed a series of cutting exchanges," writes Hamby, "with Roosevelt joining in the needling of Churchill."

This might seem like an insignificant detail; but reading the scene, it's difficult not to think of the social dynamics of a high-school cafeteria clique, each member jostling for alpha status, FDR sucking up just a bit to Stalin by deriding the least powerful (Churchill) in the group. If FDR made the American Century, it was through the relentless pursuit of a plan he seems to have hatched in the womb. And for those who got in his way—well, he ruthlessly put them in their designated place. Roosevelt was a man of destiny, and he was undeniably the author of it. ♦

PHOTO 12/UG/GETTY

# Thoughts from Home

*Where have you gone, Alexander Hamilton?*

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

I would like to report that, as a committed contrarian, I was less impressed by the theatrical sensation called *Hamilton* than everybody else has been. Alas, I can't. *Hamilton*, which I only saw this past week even though it opened over the summer, is everything you've heard—and if you haven't heard anything, I would like to request an invitation to take a few days' vacation under the rock where you've taken up residence.

Not exactly a musical, not really an opera, not a work of hip-hop, *Hamilton* is nothing less than the most stirring patriotic pageant of our time or any time (or, in Rob Long's words, "the best and longest *Schoolhouse Rock*"). Through song and poetry and dance, it takes us through the creation of the United States in the person of its greatest-ever immigrant, perhaps the most significant practical intellectual of the modern age. The man who wrote the words and composed the music, Lin-Manuel Miranda, is a New Yorker, just 36 years of age, who read Ron Chernow's 2004 biography of Alexander Hamilton and was seized with the understanding that something had happened in the country and city of his birth two centuries ago worthy of earnest celebration in a present-day idiom. So while there is wit and humor in *Hamilton*, there is no ironic distance. Hamilton's towering greatness is presented to us without qualification, as is the glory of the cause to which he dedicated his life—the American experiment.

There has never been anything like *Hamilton*, and we will not see its like again. If you can't get tick-



*Lin-Manuel Miranda as Hamilton*

ets now, don't worry; it will run forever, in many cities, and every high school in the country will be performing it over the next century. And yet, as exhilarating and thrilling as *Hamilton* is, it induced in me a kind of mute despair—the same despair I felt over Presidents' Day weekend when I took my children to Mount Vernon on a freezing cold Sunday.

A fear has gripped many of us over the past few months, the fear that we are real-life versions of characters in a Philip K. Dick novel who have suddenly been blessed or cursed by the revelation that we have been living in a false reality—that the emotionally and politically capacious United States we love has been stunted and shrunk by the undeniable challenges and setbacks of the new. Donald Trump's "make America great again" slogan explicitly suggests America is no longer great, and that the cause of this decline is entirely external to us. It's Mexicans stealing jobs and raping our women; it's China and Japan (!) stealing our industries; it's Muslims stealing our safety.

Meanwhile, Bernie Sanders and (to

a lesser but still appreciable extent) Hillary Clinton are suggesting that America, far from ever having been great, is a bottomless pit of historic injustices and inequalities in which oppression and violence and injustice continue to void the social compact, with African Americans under unprecedented police scrutiny, college-age women sexually abused in unprecedented numbers on unfeeling campuses, Muslims awash in hate crimes, and Latinos subjected to world-historical disrespect.

Both critiques take kernels of truth and explode them into giant tubs of popcorn for those who want to believe themselves victims to snack on. They are the dominating messages of 2016, adopted by canny marketers seeking to gain advantage through the selling of perversely comforting ideas that deny agency to the nation's self-governing citizenry. Alexander Hamilton himself saw this tendency and the threat it posed to the American experiment in the country's earliest days. Watching the New York state legislature at work in 1782, he lamented that "the inquiry constantly is what will *please*, not what will *benefit* the people. In such a government there can be nothing but temporary expedient, fickleness, and folly."

Walking through Mount Vernon's exhibits with my daughters, I found tears springing to my eyes at the thought that the office first held by this Olympian man may well be occupied next year by one of these three intellectual, emotional, and moral pygmies who think so little of the country they want to lead. And watching *Hamilton* and thinking about how the American experiment itself somehow seemed to summon men of greatness when history needed them—from the Nevis-born Hamilton, who only made it to these shores under the unlikeliest of circumstances, to Jefferson and Madison and Adams and Jay and Marshall and Washington himself—brought tears to my eyes as well. Our time seems to have summoned charlatans and rabble-rousers upon us who appeal to what is basest rather than what is greatest in us. ♦

John Podhoretz, editor of Commentary, is THE WEEKLY STANDARD's movie critic.

THEO WARGO / WIREIMAGE / GETTY

Opinion of the Court

**SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES**

No. 99-876

Most Reverend David A. ZUBIK, et al., Applicants

v.

Sylvia BURWELL, Secretary of Health and Human Services, et al.

ON WRIT OF CERTIORARI TO THE UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS  
FOR THE THIRD CIRCUIT

[June 25, 2016]

JUSTICE BIDEN delivered the opinion of the court.

What a bunch of malarkey! I tell you, I don’t even know why we had to listen to all these arguments. I mean, come on, people. Look, I’ll tell you, I was involved in writing this health care bill. I literally wrote it myself, I had a lot to do with it, one of many landmark pieces of legislation I’ve been involved with in my long career in public service. Affordable Care Act, Violence Against Women Act, Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act of 1994. I literally wrote ’em all, and all of ’em were literally damn good laws, let me tell you. I would never write a bill that wasn’t a home run bill of law, just one of the finest pieces of legislation you could imagine, just rock solid. I was in the Senate for about 100 years, plus I’m a lawyer, remember?! Come on!

I don’t know what the “legal” term for all this nonsense is, but down in Scranton, down in coal country, we call it pure malarkey! Malarkey! That’s Irish for “Give me a [expletive] break.” Hey, what can I say, we Irish are a colorful people, let me tell you. I mean, we sat up here, making our serious faces at all these short funny Jewish guys coming in here arguing all their points about this or that, I tell you, it was literally like a Friday night at Katz’s Delicatessen, all these little Jewish lawyers in here arguing, you know what I mean?

The law is an interesting thing. It’s like the old story, I think it’s from the Bible: A priest, a Jew, and an Irishman walk into a bar. The bartender says, “What is this, a joke?!” Okay, folks, seriously, though, the law— when you think about it, the law is a lot like a train