the weekly standard

LICENSING ARIZONA
ERIC FELTEN


# UP IN THE AIR

## Hard landing ahead for the GOP

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# Contents

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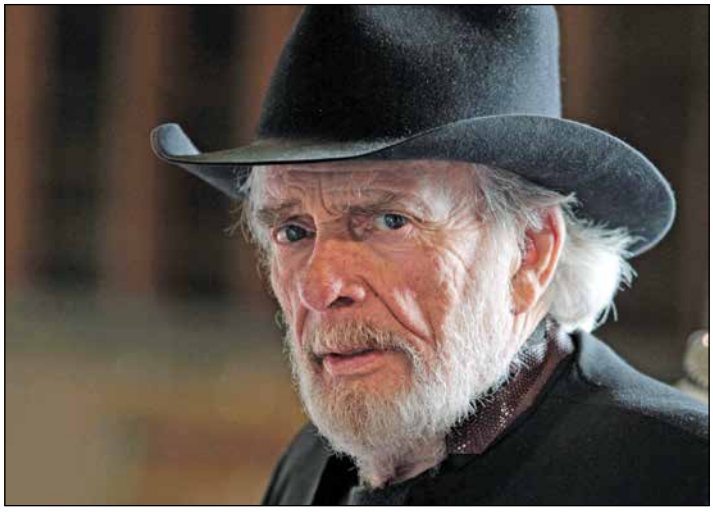
COVER BY THOMAS FLUHARTY

# Merle Haggard, 1937-2016

If you're not a fan of watching legends fall, it's been a tough couple of weeks. First, the great novelist, poet, fisherman, and gourmand Jim Harrison (he who wrote *Legends of the Fall*) cacked in his writing chair. And now comes word that Merle Haggard, "the poet of the common man," after suffering a bout of pneumonia, died at home, though on his parked tour bus. A fitting end for a man who wrote more good road songs than just about anyone. (From "Ramblin' Fever": *My hat don't hang on the same nail too long / My ears can't stand to hear the same old song*.) They say God takes greats in threes, but The Scrapbook suspects this quota has already been filled; the Hag counts as at least two greats all by his lonesome.



*Merle Haggard*

It's not because of his 38 number-one hits, from his antihippie anthem "Okie from Muskogee" to his lament of a death-row inmate he served time with, "Sing Me Back Home." (While Johnny Cash sang at San Quentin, a young and desperate Haggard actually did time there on burglary charges.) It's not because of his Kennedy Center Honor, or his induction into the Songwriters Hall of Fame, or because he helped invent the Bakersfield sound, the hardscrabble, steel-guitar and fiddle-laced Western-swinging honky-tonk soundtrack brought to us by the descendants of Steinbeck's Okies, raw-boned folks who'd pushed west to hold out hope against what life had offered them. (Haggard's father, a Santa Fe Railway man who died when Haggard was nine, housed his family in a converted railroad car.)

It's because whenever Haggard sang a tune, he threw his arm around you, taking you into his confidence. He let you know that whatever you were facing—divorce or aging or too much drinking or prison stints or the dimming of creative fires or reconciliation with your Creator—these were all things he had faced down in real life and in song. His songs came already lived-in. If the five-times-married former lush sang you a drinking song, for instance, it wasn't Carrie Underwood sneaking sips of hard lemonade between awards shows. The man had lived his gig. He knew of what he spoke.

While obituarists have labored overtime to explain Haggard's appeal to everyone from old-country stalwarts to the Brooklyn neckbeards who seek to appropriate him for cool points, nobody explained his formula better than Haggard once did himself: "I'll tell you what the public likes more than anything else, it's the most rare commodity in the world—honesty."

One of our favorite drinking songs is Haggard's "The Bottle Let Me Down." Which, of course, is about much more than drinking. It's about lost love and disappointment and betrayal and denial. The uncomfortable stuff of life. Whatever your ailment, Merle understood. He sang about these things beautifully and intimately. The bottle might have let him down, but he was incapable of doing the same to us. ♦

## It's the Law

Way back in 1989, John O'Sullivan, the former Thatcher aide and *National Review* editor, coined what's known as O'Sullivan's First Law: "All organizations that are not actually right-wing will over time become left-wing." (This is sometimes confused with an overlapping law formulated by the late Robert Conquest: "The behavior of any organization can best be predicted on the assumption that it is headed by a secret cabal of its enemies.") Alas, there's a great deal of truth to this observation about ideological entropy. So much so, that we would like to add a corollary we'll call The Scrapbook's First Law of Media: "All publications that are not actually right-wing will over time become *Salon*."

Remember *Salon*? It emerged in the 1990s as one of the first big cultural and political outlets on the Internet. It was by no means a conservative publication, but it was aimed at the general-interest reader, and it published a fair number of

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interesting pieces that weren't wholly off-putting to half the country. Then sometime over the course of the next decade it became a wasteland for the left's unrestrained id, featuring headlines such as "White Men Must Be Stopped" and stories on which video games are the most appropriate for vegans.

However, *Salon* was novel enough that it never had much of an established identity from which to deviate. What's more horrifying is to see Internet publishing imperatives drag down more venerable publications. A case in point is the *Atlantic*, which in its storied heydays published everyone from Mark Twain to Martin Luther King Jr.

Those days are long gone, and worse ones are at hand to judge by the *Atlantic*'s recent bit of analysis of a new Defense Department honor, which was a quantum leap more depressing than the usual milquetoast liberal political analysis and hipster trend pieces. "The New Anti-ISIS Medal: A Bit Too Crusadery?" asks the magazine. In a nutshell: The military has announced it's handing out a new medal for soldiers involved in ongoing efforts to fight ISIS in Syria and Iraq. The medal depicts a hand holding a sword—fairly standard military imagery.

But in the corners of the medal there's a patterned design, and according to *Atlantic* staff writer Uri Friedman, that patterned design looks like chain mail. Friedman starts with this and goes on to make a series of leaps. Chain mail imagery combined with a sword suggests the military is invoking knights-errant of the Middle Ages. And we all know what those knights are most famous for—the Crusades! Are we sure we want to anger ISIS by invoking our culturally hegemonic view of this historical conflict?

We suspect only one man in the military chain of command might be seriously moved by this critique. Unfortunately, we're referring to the one at the top of that chain, the commander in chief. President Obama has previously invoked the centuries-ago conflict between Crusaders and Arabs with the explicit purpose of cutting the moral superiority of the West down to size.

Internet journalism is an ideological cesspool that seems to profit from provoking outrage, and there are precious few publications left capable of leveraging their names and reputations to elevate the discourse. We suspect it's already too late to change much, but it would be nice if editors at the *Atlantic* were willing to tell writers like Friedman to take a few steps back up the slippery slope that leads to a once-great publication becoming yet another of the proliferating versions of *Salon*. ♦


## Well-Schooled, Not Well-Educated

Pointing out that a good school and a good education do not necessarily go hand in hand may amount to beating a dead horse these days. Still, The Scrapbook was taken aback by the uproar last week at Indiana University (our alma mater), which may have achieved a new low in ungrounded social panic.

*The Tab* reports that, "around 9:15 p.m., social media became a furious storm of confusion regarding a man in white robes roaming along 10th St. and purportedly armed with a whip." A resident assistant at one of the dorms

notified students, "There has been a person reported walking around campus in a KKK outfit holding a whip. . . . Please PLEASE PLEASE be careful out there tonight, always be with someone and if you have no dire reason to be out of the building, I would recommend staying indoors if you're alone." He asked students who felt unsafe to contact him.

The Scrapbook wonders what exactly the RA thought the supposed Klansman was going to do that necessitated an effective soft lockdown of the dorm. Admittedly, the state of Indiana had a sordid episode with the Klan, but that was in the 1920s. Indeed, about a decade ago, IU was the center of controversy when some students lobbied to have a historic Thomas Hart Benton mural removed from a classroom building because of its depiction of KKK members burning a cross—never mind that Benton was celebrating the triumph of crusading journalists who had helped destroy that iteration of the Klan.

*Father Jude*

Perhaps if students had a greater appreciation of Benton's mural, they might have been in a position to identify actual KKK regalia. After all, not all who wander are lost, and not all who wear white robes are Klansmen in sheets. Some, it turns out, are Roman Catholic priests.

In the clear light of morning, it was discovered that the ominous figure in robes was in fact Father Jude McPeak, a Dominican friar, who has been ministering in Bloomington for two years. In fact, on the night of the incident, he was walking to a local frozen yogurt shop with a group of students after leading a men's group. The supposed whip in his hand was, in fact, his rosary beads.

Father Jude was a good sport about the entire misunderstanding. "I thought it was kind of funny," he said. "A lot of my friends have been teasing me. It's been humbling." Let's hope those who sowed the panic are humbled as well. ♦

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BPA WORLDWIDE

# Tsurisprudence

Let me be frank: I am a terrible citizen. I haven't voted in any election since 2008. I'm a registered independent and a card-carrying member of exactly zero civic organizations. I've never been a Young Republican or, for that matter, a middle-aged Democrat or an old Whig. I'm unlikely to Lean In and I have absolutely no interest in Organizing for Action. As far as I'm concerned, the worst thing about participatory democracy is that, at some point, one is actually obliged to participate.

But there is one civic activity so momentous, so consequential, so required-by-law that even a near-anarchist like me must heed the government's call to serve. So it was with mild displeasure that I showed up at the Metropolitan Courthouse in downtown Los Angeles last month to fulfill my obligation as that small but indispensable cog in our criminal justice machine: the juror.

This was my first conscription into this form of municipal serfdom, and given the public declarations of mental instability and white supremacy some acquaintances claim to have made to avoid jury duty, I half-expected my time in service to resemble a trip to the DMV in Guantánamo Bay.

Perhaps in some places that's the case, but this is L.A., and everything is more fun here. First of all, the walls of the jury assembly room are lined with posters promoting a fake movie entitled *Jury Service*. Each poster features a celebrity who has actually served, though, much like the building in which they hang, the "celebrities" could have used an update: Weird Al Yankovic! Camryn Manheim! Judge Lance Ito! There was even a low-grade celebrity among the jury pool whose identity I will protect—though, surely, he'll soon be on the wall with Weird Al.

About half an hour after checking in, I found myself one step closer to actually having to do something to justify my supposedly God-given freedom. Forty of us were led into a courtroom, where we met Judge Candybowl (all names have been changed to protect the innocent, and for my own amusement). Judge Candybowl, I soon found out, is a hanging judge: not a judge

JORI BOLTON

inclined to hang the guilty, but a judge who clearly wants to hang out with everyone. (His fake name comes from his ritual of passing a bowl of candy among the jury after lunch.)

As voir dire commenced, we went around the room stating our occupations for the court. We discovered that some of the prospective jurors work in entertainment, and Judge Candybowl asked each, "Have we seen any of your films?" One woman made the mistake of saying her husband is an actor. "Who is he?" Candybowl wondered.

"He's on a show called *Kingdom*."

"Ohhhh, has anyone here seen *Kingdom*?" Candybowl asked, to awkward silence.

As jury selection wound down, I realized that, short of pledging my allegiance to David Duke or pretending to not understand English, I was going to be picked. Since this is L.A., I was hoping for the worst, criminally speaking: a gangland RICO case or a celebrity prostitution ring. But in short order I was named juror number 9 in a he said/she said hit-and-run case. Damn.

For the next six days, there I found myself: cynic, inactivist, lazy person, now forced to participate in our system of self-governance, involuntarily engaged in an act of civic responsibility, coerced into searching for truth and justice. And, mostly, just trying to stay awake.

The defendant, JoJo Crashmeister, was alleged to have fled the scene after a rear-end collision with the victims, Johnny Cash-In and Suzy Insurance Fraud. They're suing him in civil court, alleging what appear to be highly specious injuries. The prosecutor, Mr. Twitchy, had only circumstantial evidence on his side and seemed nervous (we discover afterwards it was his first trial). The defense ran circles around him, and by the time we were sent off to deliberate, most of us—socio-ethno-genderic patchwork of America that we were—were inclined to acquit. As we had been instructed—and as any dedicated viewer of *Law and Order* can tell you—we had to be convinced of JoJo's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. When I—newly engaged citizen that I am—reminded my fellow jurors of this fact, we had no choice but to return a verdict of not guilty.

After the verdict was read, the judge thanked us for our service, and we were dismissed. As I left the courthouse, my sense of civic pride was, well, pretty much the same as it was before. Life's too short, as far as I can tell, to be wasted doing good. But I do take some comfort in being pretty sure that something approximating justice had probably been done that day. I think.

**Zack Munson**

the weekly Standard

# If He Can Make It There…

Ted Cruz, we are told, has a fondness for American popular music. We therefore trust he knows by heart and can belt out on demand Frank Sinatra's "New York, New York."

> *Start spreading the news, I'm leaving today.*
> *I want to be a part of it, New York, New York . . .*
> *If I can make it there,*
> *I'll make it anywhere.*
> *It's up to you, New York, New York.*

Sing it, Ted!

And when you're finished singing, ignore the counsel of the fainthearted who suggest downplaying New York. It's true that Donald Trump will most likely win his home state. But you cannot avoid competing there, and you shouldn't want to avoid competing there. A decent performance in New York will set you up for doing even better the next week in states like Pennsylvania and Maryland, and then beyond.

*Ted Cruz in New York*

GETTY IMAGES / BRYAN THOMAS

For the fact is that Ted Cruz's path to the nomination runs through a surprisingly strong showing in New York, and the fact is that Trump is faltering. Trump, it's true, also stumbled at the very beginning of the campaign, in Iowa, but he was allowed to recover. A couple of days after he lost Iowa, we warned in this space that

> he's far from politically dead and decisively defeated. Yet large parts of the Republican party and the conservative coalition remain as foolishly complacent as they were during his ascendancy. And some of the anti-Trump forces are now heaving sighs of relief and letting down their guard. . . . It's dispiriting that more of an effort isn't being made to decisively knock Trump down and out.

Trump wasn't knocked down and out after Iowa. Maybe he couldn't have been. In the event, he survived and flourished—for a couple of months. But now it seems the Republican party's flirtation, not to say infatuation, with Trump may have peaked. The true believers are still there. But they constitute less than 40 percent of the party. His more decent and thoughtful followers, as well as his more savvy and opportunistic enablers, are beginning gradually to abandon ship.

Where better to take a stand, to make the case against Trump, and to begin to move beyond Trump, than in New York? After all: Ted Cruz is a constitutional conservative. To whom were the Federalist Papers, the authoritative commentary on the Constitution, the greatest work of political thought produced in America, directed? "To the People of the State of New York." Who was one of the authors of those papers? Alexander Hamilton of New York.

Ted Cruz will be a busy man over the next ten days. But he could do worse than visit Hamilton's gravesite in Trinity Church Cemetery at the intersection of Broadway and Wall Street in New York. He could do worse than go a few miles uptown to watch the musical *Hamilton*—a tribute to the vitality of the American founding and American popular culture. He could even do worse than visit Hyde Park to pay his respects to Franklin Roosevelt—a problematic figure in many ways, but the man who saw us through a great war to defend Western civilization in the 20th century, which Cruz understands to remain under assault in the 21st.

Ted Cruz is an impressive politician with an important agenda. But the Cruz campaign is now about more than Ted Cruz. It is about whether a great political party can be saved from nominating someone with "talents for low intrigue, and the little arts of popularity" who is manifestly unfit for "the distinguished office of President of the United States" (*Federalist* 68). The Cruz campaign is about making the case for Cruz—but it's also about the crucial task of saving us from the seduction and the nightmare of Donald Trump.

It is also about whether other individuals of distinction, some of whom have toyed with Trump, will step up to help. Such men surely understand that "the republican principle . . . does not require an unqualified complaisance to every sudden breeze of passion, or to every transient impulse which the people may receive from the arts of men, who flatter their prejudices to betray their interests."

Rather, "When occasions present themselves in which the interests of the people are at variance with their inclinations," such individuals surely know it is their duty "to withstand the temporary delusion, in order to give them time and opportunity for more cool and sedate reflection." They are surely aware that "Instances might be cited in which a conduct of this kind has saved the people from very fatal consequences of their own mistakes, and has procured lasting monuments of their gratitude to the men who had courage and magnanimity enough to serve them at the peril of their displeasure" (*Federalist* 71). It would be good to see some striking instances of conduct of this kind.

The Cruz campaign is, of course, also about whether Ted Cruz himself can rise to the challenge and the occasion. Can he now assume the leadership of not just a faction but the whole of the Republican party? Can he now speak not just for the conservative movement but for our Constitution and our country?

Ted Cruz has dreamed of being president since he was a young man. We will soon learn whether these were the pedestrian dreams of commonplace ambition or whether his ambition is a "love of fame, the ruling passion of the noblest minds." If so, his presidency could offer the hope of constitutional reinvigoration and national distinction. The path to that reinvigoration and distinction now runs, appropriately, through the great state of New York.

—*William Kristol*

# Weak and Getting Weaker

Of all the arguments against Donald Trump, the softest has been his poor prospects for victory in the general election. True, he has consistently polled worse against Hillary Clinton than have Ted Cruz, John Kasich, and virtually every other person who ran. But polls change. And if Trump were to win the Republican nomination, it would be such an earthquake that the political order might be transformed. Clinton, moreover, has huge vulnerabilities. She lacks many basic political skills, and she is a hostage to fortune—in both the usual way, as the heir to an incumbent president, and in the unusual one of being the subject of an FBI investigation.

Yet the electability argument against Trump is hardening, fast. He has a 67 percent unfavorable rating (per the *Washington Post*/ABC News poll), which would be the highest ever recorded for a major-party nominee, and a net favorable rating of minus-39 among white women and minus-31 among independents. Trump's numbers aren't just bad; they're the stuff of nightmares.

When you add up all of the data, there are four reasons to suspect Trump's chances in the general election are incredibly slim.

(1) The appeal of Trump was supposed to be that he would expand the electorate by bringing home white voters who didn't turn out for Mitt Romney in 2012. Looking at Trump's numbers among whites, it's not clear how he could do that—his favorability numbers are underwater not just among whites generally, but even among non-college-educated whites (where he's minus-7) and white men (minus-4).

But the Trump-wins-by-turning-out-white-Republicans theory breaks down fatally when you look at where Trump is with every other group. In order to claw his way into the poor position he's in with white voters, Trump has cheesed off every other demographic group: He's minus-53 with self-described moderates; minus-62 with voters age 18 to 34; minus-71 with Hispanics.

In order to beat Hillary Clinton, Trump has to outdo the Romney 2012 numbers. But even if he does better among white voters—and right now it looks like he'll do *worse*—it does no good if he can't stay at Romney's level among other groups. And Trump is poised to do much worse than Romney with just about everyone else.

(2) If this view of the general election is true, then you'd expect to see Trump's weakness showing up in general election state polling. And *voilà!* Three weeks ago, a poll showed Clinton leading Trump by two points in Utah. And on April 5 a poll showed Trump with a scant three-point lead over Clinton in Mississippi. In order for a Republican to win in 2016, he absolutely must win North Carolina, Florida, Ohio, Virginia, and at least a few other purplish states such as Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Colorado, and New Hampshire.

How is Trump going to challenge in those places when he has to defend spots like Utah and Mississippi, which are supposed to be gimmes for a Republican?

(3) Trump supporters look at such numbers and argue that the general election is months and months away. But it's later than you think. We are almost exactly seven months from Election Day. Trump declared his candidacy nine months ago. We are closer to the end of this campaign than we are to the beginning.

Numbers don't move overnight. It took Trump two months to go from 5 percent in Republican polls to 30 percent. It took him seven months just to build another 10 percent of support among Republicans—the group most inclined to be open-minded about him. That

shows you how hard it is for a candidate to convert marginal voters who aren't naturally part of their coalition.

And in the process of finding those 10 additional points of support, Trump alienated a great number of other voters. So even if it were theoretically possible for Trump to build a coalition to beat Clinton, everyone now knows who Trump is, everyone has an opinion about him—and he only has 30 weeks to pry people away from his would-be opponent.

(4) The Trump nomination no longer seems like a political earthquake that would realign the tectonic plates of American politics. Before Trump abandoned his quasi-nationalist populism, you could see how a Trump victory might change the Republican party and disrupt the political order in a way that could ultimately help the GOP. That view is now inoperative.

If Trump is the nominee he is either going to win it on the final day of the primaries or at a contested convention. Either way, it will be by one of the slimmest margins in history and it will signal that Trump failed to revolutionize the Republican party. Destroy the party? That's a real possibility. Take it over? Certainly. But in order to transform a party, a candidate has to offer a new program and build support among a growing number of the party's voters while also bringing the party's elites and organizational forces into the fold. Trump tried to do this initially. He has failed utterly.

Once Trump began winking about violence at the Republican convention, and his on-again, off-again capo Roger Stone started talking about helping Trump supporters visit convention delegates at their hotel rooms to "discuss" matters with them, it was clear Trump no longer had any interest in transforming the party. He wants the Republican nomination, and he is perfectly happy to brutalize the party to get it. There will be no consensus building. Only submission and capitulation. That's his prerogative, of course. Trump owes the GOP just as much as the GOP owes him—which is to say: exactly nothing.

But as an electoral matter, this change is important. Because all of the scenarios for Trump's success in November were predicated on his being capable of uniting the Republican party. And not only does he not seem capable of this task—he does not even seem interested in it.

The best reasons for opposing Trump are still the moral reasons: He is temperamentally ill-suited to the office and would endanger the republic. But the prudential reasons for opposing him are getting clearer by the day.

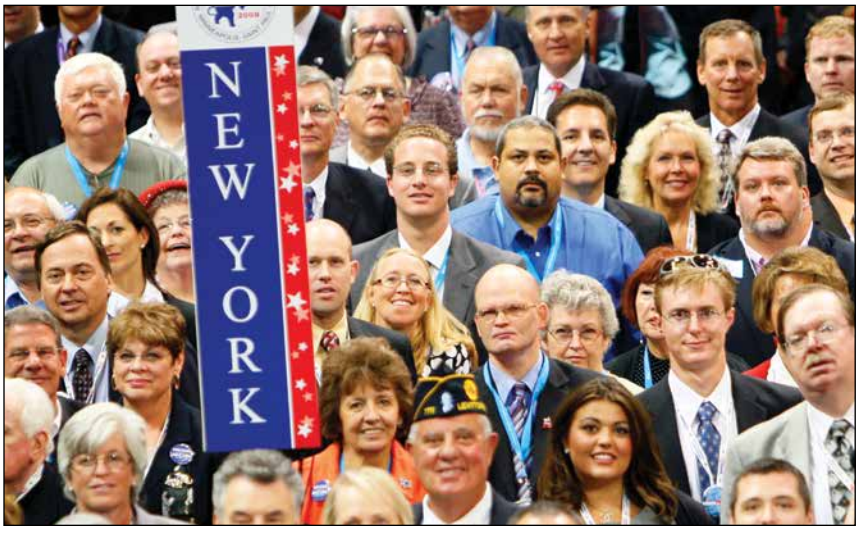
So clear that soon enough, even Trump's supporters may have to confront them.

*—Jonathan V. Last*

# Countdown to Cleveland

## A guide to the remaining state contests.

**BY JOHN MCCORMACK**




*New York: How big will the Trump wave be?*

The rap on Ted Cruz has been that his strength is limited to (1) caucus states and (2) states with large proportions of evangelical Christians. But Cruz undid that analysis with his double-digit victory over Donald Trump in Wisconsin last week.

Cruz beat Trump 48 percent to 35 percent in a primary election (so much for the caucus argument). And he did so by besting the New York billionaire among virtually all groups, whether defined by income, age, or educational attainment. Trump did manage to win, by 9 points, that quarter of the Wisconsin GOP primary voters who described themselves as moderate or liberal; but Cruz beat Trump by 21 points with the remaining three-quarters who described themselves as somewhat or very conservative.

With a broad-based win in Wisconsin, Cruz demonstrated he has a realistic path to winning the GOP nomination at an open convention. If Cruz can win a handful of key Midwestern and Western states—Indiana, Nebraska, South Dakota, Montana, and California—he can keep Trump from getting the majority of delegates that are needed to win the nomination.

Here's what to watch for as Cruz and Trump face off in the 16 states that have yet to vote.

### April 19: New York (95 delegates)

Trump is on track to score a big win in his home state. The only question is just how big it will be. As we went to press, Trump was at 53 percent in the *Real Clear Politics* average of New York polls, with John Kasich and Ted Cruz each more than 30 points behind. In New York, a candidate gets 14 delegates if he gets 50 percent of the statewide vote (those delegates are awarded proportionally if no candidate hits 50 percent). Each of New York's 27 congressional districts awards three delegates. If the someone wins 50 percent in a congressional district, he gets all three delegates. If the winner is below 50 percent, he gets two delegates and the runner-up gets one.

The goal for Trump's opponents in New York will be to keep him under 50 percent in as many congressional districts as possible. Trump could walk away from New York with more than 90 delegates, but it's possible he could be held to fewer than 75. (Even that small of a difference could make or break Trump's effort to go into the convention with at least 1,237 delegates.) It's been difficult to knock Trump's share of the vote down from what he was getting in polls a week or two out from a given state's election, but it has happened in a couple of states, such as South Carolina and Iowa.

### April 26: Connecticut (28 delegates), Delaware (16 delegates), Rhode Island (19 delegates), Maryland (38 delegates), Pennsylvania (71 delegates)

Trump is expected to romp on the East Coast. In Connecticut, a big question is whether Trump can be held under 50 percent of the vote (in which case he would likely earn about 20 delegates) or whether he wins more than 50 percent and takes all 28 of the delegates. Trump is also likely to win Delaware's pure winner-take-all primary, but he'll split delegates in Rhode Island, because they're awarded proportionally.

Trump is favored in Maryland, which awards delegates on a winner-take-all basis both by statewide and congressional district vote. A *Washington Post*/University of Maryland poll conducted just before the Wisconsin primary showed Trump leading John Kasich 41 percent to 31 percent in Maryland, with Cruz in third at 22 percent. There's a chance that anti-Trump voters will rally around the candidate most likely to beat Trump. If not, Trump will win all but two or three of Maryland's eight congressional districts.

That leaves Pennsylvania, the most important state voting on April 26, and one whose decidedly quirky rules may muddy the results. Seventeen of Pennsylvania's delegates are awarded

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*John McCormack is a senior writer at* The Weekly Standard.

to the winner of the statewide vote. But the remaining 54 are elected by congressional district. And in choosing those delegates, the names on the ballot are not those of the candidates but of the delegates. The ballots will not list which presidential candidate each delegate supports.

Some of the would-be delegates in Pennsylvania have publicly announced the presidential candidates they back; some say they'll back the candidate who wins the popular vote in their congressional district; and some have refused to give any indication whom they support. In any event, those directly elected delegates will head to the convention officially unbound to any presidential candidate: They can vote however they see fit.

The latest Quinnipiac poll of Pennsylvania, conducted just before the Wisconsin primary, showed Trump leading Cruz 39 percent to 30 percent, with Kasich in third place at 24 percent.

**May 3: Indiana (57 delegates)**

May 3 is one of the most critical dates left on the GOP primary calendar. Will two weeks of Trump victories on the East Coast give him momentum as the race returns to the Midwest, or will Cruz be able to re-create his Wisconsin victory? The answer will go a long way in determining whether Trump can be stopped.

Indiana will award 30 of its delegates to the winner of the statewide vote. The remaining 27 delegates will be divvied up among congressional districts and awarded on a winner-take-all basis.

There haven't been any public polls of Indiana, but the state's demographics and political culture suggest Cruz is the slight favorite. One complicating factor is whether John Kasich remains in the race. The favorite son of Ohio, next door, Kasich could enjoy enough regional popularity to split Indiana's anti-Trump vote with Cruz, handing the state to Trump.

**May 10: Nebraska (36 delegates), West Virginia (34 delegates)**

Nebraska's winner-take-all primary is a must-win for Cruz, and he seems well-positioned for a victory there given his strength in the region (he beat Trump by 25 points in the Kansas caucus). But Trump is strong in Appalachia: He's expected to sweep West Virginia's delegates (25 go to the statewide winner, with the remaining 9 split among the state's three congressional districts).

**May 17: Oregon (28 delegates)**

Oregon is one of the least important states left in the GOP race, because it awards its delegates proportionally. A 20-point victory in Oregon would only give the winner six delegates more than the runner-up.

**May 24: Washington (44 delegates)**

The rules are more complicated in Washington state. Fourteen delegates are awarded proportionally based on the statewide vote. The remaining 30 are split up among the state's 10 congressional districts. If a candidate gets more than 50 percent of the vote in a congressional district, he gets all three delegates. If the winner gets less than 50 percent, the delegates split, with two to the winner and one to the runner up. However, if there are three candidates above 20 percent but below 50 percent, each candidate gets one delegate.

Cruz is likely to do well in the more conservative eastern part of the state while the western part of the state will be more competitive.

**June 7: New Mexico (24 delegates), New Jersey (51 delegates), South Dakota (29 delegates), Montana (27 delegates), California (172 delegates)**

Given the number of twists and turns in the two months since the Iowa caucuses, who can say what the GOP race will look like in two months, on the critical final day of primaries? Will Kasich remain in the race? Will debates, events, or new revelations about the candidates shake things up?

Right now, given Trump's strength in New York, it seems likely that he will win New Jersey's winner-take-all primary, while Cruz would seem to have the advantage in the winner-take-all Montana and South Dakota primaries. New Mexico, like Oregon, is less consequential because it awards its delegates proportionally.

The real wild card—and the most important state left to vote—is California. The state will award more delegates than Ohio and Florida combined, but just 13 of them will go to the winner of the statewide vote. The remaining 159 delegates will be split equally among the state's 53 congressional districts. The winner of each district gets its three delegates.

A recent *Los Angeles Times* poll showed Trump leading Cruz by just one point, 36 percent to 35 percent, with Kasich at 14 percent. A Field poll of California showed Trump doing better and leading Cruz 39 percent to 32 percent, with Kasich at 18 percent. But that same Field survey showed Cruz holding an 11-point lead in Los Angeles County, where 18 congressional districts are located, and a 9-point lead in the Central Valley, home to another 8 congressional districts.

If Cruz wins Indiana, Nebraska, Washington, South Dakota, and Montana, then merely splitting delegates evenly in California with Trump would be enough for Cruz to keep Trump some 75 delegates short.

Even then, Trump could win the nomination at the convention on the first ballot—if he secures enough votes from the 150 to 200 unbound delegates. But the vast majority of unbound delegates, elected by conservative activists and party loyalists at GOP conventions, are likely to back Cruz. Daniel Nichanian, a University of Chicago Ph.D. candidate tracking unbound delegates, has found that just two of them currently support Trump publicly. Most unbound delegates from North Dakota and Louisiana have already indicated they're for Cruz.

And as Robert Eno of *Conservative Review* has reported, 58 of Kasich's delegates would become unbound if he drops out of the race before the convention. Selected by conservative activists and party loyalists, those Kasich delegates would be unlikely to support Trump.

We may not know how the primary is going to play out, but we do know this: Donald Trump is far from having a lock on the nomination. ♦

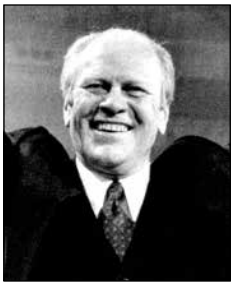
# Fear Not a Brokered Convention

## It's how the system sometimes works.

**BY JAY COST**

With Ted Cruz's victory in last week's Wisconsin primary, the odds are rising that the Republican party will have a "contested" or "brokered" convention in Cleveland this summer. That presents a host of questions, not only about how such a process would work but whether it would be legitimate.

Party conventions seem to be like an appendix on the body politic, a vestigial institution that we have little use for. But the convention was once a democratic reform. The first one was held in 1831 by the Anti-Masonic party, which chose former attorney general William Wirt as its presidential nominee. Until then, presidential and vice-presidential nominations had been decided by congressional caucuses, but after the election of 1824 these appeared corrupt—a clique of insiders selecting the president candidate. The convention was a tonic to that: Party members from around the country would convene in a single place, have a wide-ranging debate, then present a nominee (and, starting in the 1840s, a platform) for the people to consider.



*It's back to the future.*

Like most things in American politics, conventions had a sell-by date; They themselves eventually began to look corrupt. Two nomination battles stand out. In 1912 the party regulars handed the Republican nomination to William Howard Taft instead of Theodore Roosevelt, though the latter had won an overwhelming majority of the primaries held that year. For a time, the number of convention delegates allocated by primaries was increased, but only for a while. Then, in 1968 the Democrats nominated Hubert Humphrey over Eugene McCarthy, despite the fact that Humphrey did not compete in the primaries. This created a hue and cry for reform within the Democratic party and eventually revolutionized its process. As for the Republicans, it was in 1976 that, amidst the convention fight between Ronald Reagan and Gerald Ford, delegates were bound to the results of the primaries—an innovation adopted not because it was necessarily farsighted and wise, but because it helped the Ford campaign defeat Reagan.

So, for the last 40 years, the conventions have basically been a public relations event for the two major parties, whose main speakers enjoy unfiltered access to the public via prime time network coverage.

And yet, the conventions are *not quite* vestigial. Neither party has ever been prepared to hand full control of its nominating process over to the voters. After internal tumult during the 1970s, the Democrats empowered so-called superdelegates—party officials and members of Congress—with an automatic vote on the convention floor, regardless of primary results. Moreover, the rule that binds Democratic delegates to the results of primaries and caucuses leaves wiggle room for the party to correct any errors its voters may have made.

Members of the Republican National Committee used to function as superdelegates, but for 2016 they are mostly bound to statewide winners. Moreover, the rules for binding delegates to primary and caucus results are pretty straightforward. So the Republican process seems more "democratic" than the Democratic process. But the Republicans have fail-safes, too—although they are indirect.

First, there is an important difference between binding delegates to a presidential candidate and selecting delegates. The binding of delegates happens via the primaries and caucuses, and that is what everybody pays attention to. But the process of selecting delegates usually happens at district and state party conventions. A common assumption is that the people selecting the national convention delegates are part of the reviled "establishment," but that is not so. These are usually not Beltway insiders, but faithful members of the grassroots, local and state party leaders, and state officials. Many have dedicated a lifetime to holding the Republican party together in their communities, through good times and bad—not necessarily because they earn a living from politics, but because they care about their party.

There was an effort in 2012 to strip the delegates of all power, via a rule giving presidential candidates authority over who shall and who shall not be a delegate, but it was voted down. This is important, because the temporary rules of the convention in Cleveland this summer invest full sovereignty in the delegates over the presidential and vice-presidential nominations, as well as the party platform. Put simply, if a majority on the convention floor really does not want to do something, that something will not be done.

This does not mean the primary and caucus results are meaningless. Far from it. And in fact 40 years' worth of quiescent conventions demonstrate the power that these contests possess—delegates are happy to defer to the wisdom of their voters. This year, it is an easy bet that if any candidate

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wins a solid majority of pledged delegates, he will be the nominee.

But if the primaries and caucuses produce no consensus candidate, then it is perfectly legitimate for the delegates to exercise their sovereign authority. In fact, it is *essential* for them to do so. Since the first party nominations—dating all the way back to the congressional caucuses in the Jeffersonian era—the mandate has been for a candidate to win a majority of the participants before he becomes the nominee, and for good reason. A party nominee is not running just as an individual, but as the representative of a coalition. If a majority of caucus members, delegates, or voters have selected somebody else, how can that nominee be said to be representative of the whole? This is the one constant amidst all the changes in the presidential nominating process from 1796 through 2016: The nominee must represent the whole party.

And it is in this way that the convention is not simply an appendix. Today, it serves a function similar to the House of Representatives whenever no presidential candidate receives an Electoral College majority: The House selects from the top three finishers, with the winner being the candidate who receives a majority of votes from the state delegations. The logic behind this rule is that the president is the government officer who represents the whole country, and if a majority of the country—acting through the Electoral College—fails to agree on a candidate, selection devolves to the House, which must continue to vote until a majority coalesces. The House has not been required to serve this function since 1824, as the people have reached agreement on their own. But the procedure is in place as a fail-safe. The same goes for the GOP nominating convention. If the Republican electorate fails to agree amongst itself, the choice devolves to the delegates.

What should we expect from such a convention? It's hard to know. The delegates have total authority over all matters under their jurisdiction. There are rules to govern their behavior, but there are enough loopholes and contradictions to effectively liberate them. And, should worse come to worst, the rules can be suspended at any time by a simple majority of the qualified delegates. The floor of the convention is thus like the floor of the House: A majority can do pretty much whatever it wants.

It is far too early to say what this may mean in practice. The delegates could very well splinter into a number of factions: those supporting one candidate; those supporting another; those who have been itching for years to bring about party reform; those who will resist such changes by every artifice available; and perhaps other factions as well. Coalitions could form and disappear in an instant, because *everything* is up for grabs. There could be fights over the rules and fights over the credentials of delegate slates. There could be dilatory tactics, stalking horses, and maybe even dark horses. The history of actual conventions from 1831 through 1976—not the boring, scripted ones we have witnessed ever since—demonstrates pretty clearly that almost anything can happen.

This might make for an unfortunate spectacle on national television—and goodness knows the mainstream media will look to paint the Republican party in the most unflattering light possible. Nevertheless, there is nothing inappropriate about such an unpredictable convention. It will certainly be an unusual occurrence—but familiarity and legitimacy are not the same thing. The process may be a bit convoluted, but sometimes that is how a *republican result*—one that fairly represents as much of the party as possible—can be produced. Indeed, the history of party conventions suggests that sometimes the only way to reach a fair outcome is through the seemingly underhanded legerdemain of the "smoke-filled room."

So the Cleveland convention might be "contested" or "brokered," which is just another way of saying that it could be equitable, proper, and necessary for the good of the Republican party. ♦

# The Bronx Is Up…

## Ted Cruz warms up to New York.

**BY MICHAEL WARREN**

*Bronx, New York*

It was quite a welcome for Ted Cruz. On the sidewalk outside Sabrosura 2, a "Chino-Latino" restaurant on Westchester Avenue in the East Bronx, a young red-haired man with a hooded sweatshirt and a Noo Yawk accent stood with a long selfie stick and camera extended high into the air. "You gotta be born in America to be president," the guy chanted over and over.

Joining him outside the restaurant was a Black Muslim explaining to anyone in his line of sight how Cruz's policies brought about Nazism in Germany. And inside, a pair of ball-capped young men began shouting at Cruz. "We don't want you in the Bronx, Ted Cruz!" went one, calling out Cruz for not believing in climate change and for being anti-immigrant. As the men were escorted out by security, the other protested that he was a member of the media, showing his news microphone flag for TeleSUR, a South-American-based news organization funded primarily by the Venezuelan government.

The local media added fuel to the fire, with one reporter asking Cruz to explain what he meant in January when he disparaged Donald Trump's "New York values."

"Let's be clear: The people of New York know exactly what those values are," said Cruz, beginning an answer he'll likely have to give every day until the April 19 primary. "They're the

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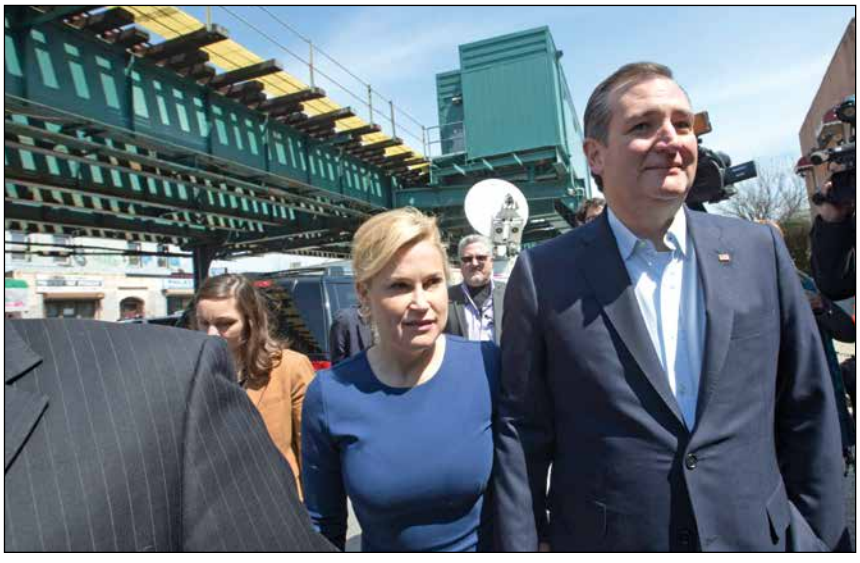
values of liberal Democratic politicians like Andrew Cuomo, like Anthony Weiner, like Eliot Spitzer, like Charlie Rangel, all of whom Donald Trump has supported."

Inside the restaurant was a friendlier but smaller crowd, primarily Hispanic with a smattering of Orthodox Jews, one of the more reliably conservative voting groups in New York. But the modest turnout—the members of the media easily matched the locals—underscored how few Republicans there are in this part of town. You could easily fit all the Republicans in this neighborhood on a subway car, with room to spare.



*Ted Cruz and wife Heidi in the Bronx, April 6, 2016*

In an interview with The Weekly Standard, Cruz explained that he went to the Bronx for two reasons: to talk about small businesses and to meet with a group of 40 local pastors. The latter reason is more compelling. Of New York's 95 delegates to the Republican National Convention, 81 will be allocated evenly to each of the state's 27 congressional districts, while 14 will be awarded proportionally based on the statewide vote. Each district awards proportionally the same three delegates, from the most Republican-leaning district in western New York to the state's (and the nation's) most heavily Democratic district in, well, the Bronx.

In that district, just 285 people voted in the 2012 Republican primary for president. Overall, in a borough with nearly 1.5 million people, fewer than 1,400 Bronx Republicans voted in that year's primary. That's a small number of voters Cruz would need to convince to pick off some delegates from Trump. So courting Bronx pastors could pay dividends.

"If they get active in their churches on Sunday and say, for those of you who are registered Republican, come out and vote for Cruz, that could help Cruz win a district," says Rob Astorino, the county executive in suburban Westchester County and the GOP's 2014 nominee for governor. Astorino adds the best way for Cruz to do that would be to connect to the Hispanic evangelical community's social conservatism.

Which is exactly what Cruz did. "We had a terrific conversation about our shared values," he told me. Leading the conversation in the restaurant's private room was local state senator Rev. Rubén Díaz, a black Puerto Rican and Democrat who has allied himself with the Republican majority in Albany. (Díaz's son, the borough president of the Bronx, is an active supporter of Hillary Clinton.)

Wearing a black cowboy hat, the elder Díaz spoke primarily in Spanish as he led the group in prayer—head down, Cruz placed his hand on his wife Heidi and nodded along—and welcomed the Cuban-American Republican to the neighborhood. After Cruz admitted in Spanish that he understood his father's mother tongue but did not speak it well, he switched back to English to make his pitch. The group shook their heads in agreement as Cruz touted his support for the pro-life position. Heidi, he said, would be "the first pro-life first lady." Díaz let out a loud, approving "oooh!"

Erick Salgado, a Staten Island political gadfly who ran for mayor of New York as a self-proclaimed "conservative Democrat," asked Cruz about the issues of gay marriage and transgendered people in public restrooms. "When it comes to life and when it comes to marriage, we need a president who will stand up and defend both," Cruz proclaimed. Salgado looked pleased as he applauded loudly.

Cruz also tested an appeal for public school choice in what sounded like a general-election line. "Both parties have failed," he said. He noted Democrats were too beholden to teachers' unions' objections to school choice before aiming his sights on the GOP. "The Republican party, my party, has been far too often apathetic about this." The reason, Cruz offered, is that the GOP's voters aren't as likely to have kids in failing schools as those minority groups who usually vote Democratic. It was hard not to notice how many times Cruz casually referred to "our" Hispanic community.

Will any of this matter? The latest polls have Trump clearing the 50 percent mark of support in New York, enough to win all 14 at-large delegates and the vast majority of the congressional-district delegates. In several polls, Cruz comes not in second behind Trump but in third, behind Ohio governor John Kasich. One veteran New York Republican says Kasich, not Cruz, has a better chance of taking away congressional-district delegates from Trump in the suburban areas around New York City.

At one point, Kasich's relative strength in the suburbs seemed like a real problem for Cruz in Wisconsin, but a funny thing happened in

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the Badger State. Polls showed a clear movement in the final days before the April 5 primary away from Kasich and toward Cruz, suggesting Republicans opposed to Trump figured their best way of stopping the frontrunner was to rally behind Cruz. That helped deliver big margins for Cruz in the Milwaukee suburbs on his way to winning statewide by 13 points. But Cruz also had the support of Wisconsin governor Scott Walker and most of the state's conservative talk-radio hosts. The veteran Republican says an anti-Trump consolidation strategy in New York, where Cruz has fewer friends, will be a tougher job.

"Cruz kind of shot himself in the foot with his statement about New York values," said the Republican. "Kasich is more of a Pataki Republican." That may be, but George Pataki, the three-term New York governor and the last Republican to hold that office, is starting to sound like a Cruz Republican.

"I think Ted Cruz has a real shot of surprising and doing really well," he says. Pataki, who dropped out of the presidential race earlier this year and later endorsed Marco Rubio, adds that he's not ready to endorse a new candidate yet but that Cruz, not Kasich, has the "best chance" of defeating Trump for the nomination. He agrees with Astorino that Cruz's apparent strategy of targeting minority-heavy districts in New York City could help minimize the success Trump will otherwise enjoy in his home state.

But Cruz will have to work even harder to re-create the Wisconsin effect in the New York suburbs. For his part, Cruz says he's up to the job.

"From the beginning, our task has been to unite the 65 to 70 percent of the Republicans who recognize that Donald Trump is not the best candidate to go up against Hillary Clinton," he tells me. "That dynamic of the party uniting behind our campaign is only going to accelerate, and that's why I believe we're on a path to beat Donald for the nomination."

Cruz may be on that path, but the section through New York will be uphill, rocky, and treacherous. ♦

# Donald Trump, Policy Wonk?

## Prepare for a huge debacle.

**BY STEPHEN F. HAYES**

After several particularly tumultuous weeks in Donald Trump's always turbulent presidential campaign—a stretch that included a humiliating loss in a key state and credible reports that his campaign is in "disarray"—Trump's paid advisers and his many media boosters seem to agree on the best bet to bring order out of chaos. It's time to get serious. Get ready, they suggest, for Donald Trump, policy wonk.

Two days before the Wisconsin primary on April 5, a confident Donald Trump suggested he might win the state in a blowout. "We're having unbelievable response in Wisconsin," he said during a stop at a diner in Milwaukee. "And it feels very much like New Hampshire to me, where we started off where, you know, Trump wasn't going to win New Hampshire, and then all of a sudden, we win in a landslide."

That didn't happen. Ted Cruz dominated Trump, beating him by 13 points (48 percent to 35 percent) and nearly 150,000 votes. Trump boosters would try to explain away those results with the spurious claim that Wisconsin was always going to be a tough state for their man. That's not true.

Handicappers at Nate Silver's *FiveThirtyEight* website projected Trump would win more than half of Wisconsin's 42 delegates. Two days before the vote, Dan Balz and Philip Rucker of the *Washington Post* wrote that a Trump loss in Wisconsin "would be an embarrassing setback for the front-runner . . . because it would demonstrate weakness in a place where he should be strong. The state's blue-collar demographics, along with party rules allowing independent voters to cast ballots in the primary, have been expected to work in his favor."

Exit polls from Wisconsin confirmed this. Compare the Dairy State to its neighbor to the east, Michigan. Seventy percent of GOP primary voters in each state earn less than $100,000 a year. Non-college graduates make up 55 percent of Wisconsin voters and 53 percent of those in Michigan. Self-identified conservatives are 75 percent of the GOP primary electorate in Wisconsin, 74 percent in Michigan. And there are fewer evangelicals in Wisconsin (43 percent) than in Michigan (54 percent). Trump won Michigan by 12 points and lost Wisconsin by 13—a 25-point downward swing.

In a bizarre postelection statement that included baseless accusations about Cruz campaign law-breaking, Trump blamed his loss on "the onslaught of the establishment." It's worth pausing to appreciate the inanity of that claim. The "establishment" in this case is Governor Scott Walker, elected in the Tea Party-fueled 2010 midterms and responsible for some of the boldest conservative reforms in the past decade; the movement conservatives who dominate Wisconsin talk radio; and the Club for Growth, among others, founded to challenge the Republican establishment in Washington. All were supporting Ted Cruz, arguably the most antiestablishment member of Congress.

Team Trump, though, has a plan to end this flailing. Trump "plans to shift gears in the coming weeks, and give a series of policy speeches in settings more formal than the free-wheeling rallies that have become his

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political signature," according to a report in the *Washington Post*. Trump campaign manager Corey Lewandowski told the paper that the coming shift represents "the natural maturation of the campaign."

Trump enthusiasts are on board with the strategy. In an election-night discussion on Sean Hannity's program on Fox News, talk-radio host Laura Ingraham agreed with Hannity's claim that Trump needed a "course correction" and suggested a turn to policy is in order. "It's substance, hit the substance, hit the issues, and hit the issues that are gold for you, globalization, trade, immigration." Former senator Scott Brown, who has endorsed Trump, said it's "critically important" that Trump begin "talking about policy and really putting forth, you know, where he stands on positions."

Trump senior policy adviser Stephen Miller told Lou Dobbs that Trump will be "doing a series of policy speeches getting into more detail about the issues that have animated the campaign and have been at the center of this election," including foreign policy, trade, and immigration. Other likely topics: education reform, the Supreme Court and the rule of law, and strengthening the nation's military.

Anything that moves Trump from his current campaign of narcissism and paroxysm would be a welcome change. But will the shift be the panacea Trump supporters seem to assume? That's unlikely.

Two reasons. A campaign that shifts to policy will invite focus on the many areas where Trump has supported policies anathema to GOP primary voters and will allow his opponents to highlight his dramatic reversals on issues that, for many conservatives, are matters of conscience or conviction. But more problematic for Trump is the fact that on most matters of policy, he has no idea what he's talking about.

Consider trade, an issue that has indeed animated Trump's campaign, and one with which he might be assumed to be conversant. In January, Trump told the *New York Times* that he favors enormous new tariffs on Chinese goods. "The only power that we have with China is massive trade. I would tax China on products coming in," Trump said. "I would do a tariff, yes—and they do it to us." Then he got specific: "I would do a tax, and the tax, let me tell you what the tax should be. . . . The tax should be 45 percent."

At the Fox Business debate a week later, Neil Cavuto asked Trump about this. Trump first denied he'd said what the *Times* quoted him saying and then explained why he'd said what he'd just denied saying.

"That's wrong. They were wrong. It's the *New York Times*, they are always wrong. They were wrong." (The *Times* later released the audio recording

of the interview that demonstrated Trump had said exactly what the paper had quoted.)

Here is Trump's debate answer, in full:

> No, I said, I would use—they were asking me what to do about North Korea. China, they don't like to tell us but they have total control—just about, of North Korea. They can solve the problem of North Korea if they wanted to but they taunt us.
>
> They say, "Well, we don't really have control." Without China, North Korea doesn't even eat. China is ripping us on trade. They're devaluing their currency and they're killing our companies. Thousands of thousands—you look at the number of companies and the number in terms of manufacturing of plans that we've lost—50,000 because of China. We've lost anywhere between four and seven million jobs because of China. What I said then was, "We have very unfair trade with China. We're going to have a trade deficit of $505 billion this year with China." A lot of that is because they devalue their currency.
>
> What I said to the *New York Times* is that "we have great power, economic power over China, and if we wanted to use that and the amount—where the 45 percent comes in, that would be the amount they saw their devaluations that we should get."
>
> What I'm saying is this, I'm saying that we do it but if they don't start treating us fairly and stop devaluing and let their currency rise so that our companies can compete and we don't lose all of these millions of jobs that we're losing, I would certainly start taxing goods that come in from China. Who the hell has to lose $505 billion a year?

To which Cavuto, speaking for everyone listening, said to Trump: "I'm sorry, you lost me."

Trump tried a different but familiar approach, punctuating his gibberish with bromides and boasts. "I know so much about trading about with China. Carl Icahn today as you know endorsed. Many businessmen want to endorse me." And: "I have many friends that deal with China." And: "I have the largest bank in the world as a tenant of mine. I sell tens of millions—I love China. I love the Chinese people but they laugh themselves, they can't believe how stupid the American leadership is."

Cavuto, seeking to excavate some actual policy position from this steaming pile of bravado, tried again: "So you're open to a tariff?"

Trump, coming full circle, went well beyond the 45 percent tariff he'd proposed (and denied proposing) to the *Times*. "I'm totally open to a tariff. If they don't treat us fairly, hey, their whole trade is tariffed."

*Their whole trade is tariffed.*

Such incoherence is not the exception. It's the rule—in many ways, it's the defining characteristic of Trump's attempts to talk about policy. It's Trump being Trump. Hoping that Trump can be a policy wonk is like wishing your mule could become a thoroughbred.

So Trump says he'll rebuild the U.S. military and in the next sentence says he will cut military spending. He opposes entitlement reform and promises not to raise taxes but says he can

TRUMP: DARRON BIRGENHEIER

eliminate $19 trillion in U.S. debt in eight years. He's been for and against amnesty, for and against changes to abortion law, for and against fighting ISIS, for and against outsourcing, for and against H-1B visas, for and against the Dream Act, for and against single-payer health care, for and against the Obamacare mandate, for and against gun control, and on and on.

Even if he delivers a series of well-written policy speeches, a turn toward substance will require Trump to spend more of his time in interviews trying to resolve these many differences and otherwise explain his newly developed positions. And he will be pressed for details. It won't be enough simply to declare that he'd eliminate ISIS, for instance. He'll have to explain how. And he'll have to do so in a way that's better than he's done in the past.

Trump was asked for specifics by the *Washington Post* editorial board last month. It didn't go well.

> Fred Ryan, *Washington Post* publisher: You [MUFFLED] mentioned a few minutes earlier here that you would knock ISIS. You've mentioned it many times. You've also mentioned the risk of putting American troop in a danger area. If you could substantially reduce the risk of harm to ground troops, would you use a battlefield nuclear weapon to take out ISIS?
>
> Trump: I don't want to use, I don't want to start the process of nuclear. Remember the one thing that everybody has said, I'm a counterpuncher. Rubio hit me. Bush hit me. When I said low energy, he's a low-energy individual, he hit me first. I spent, by the way he spent $18 million worth of negative ads on me. That's putting [MUFFLED] . . .
>
> Ryan: This is about ISIS. You would not use a tactical nuclear weapon against ISIS?
>
> Trump: I'll tell you one thing, this is a very good-looking group of people here. Could I just go around so I know who the hell I'm talking to?

If we are, in fact, entering a new phase of the 2016 Republican primary, Trump's problem won't be not knowing who the hell he's talking to, it'll be not knowing what the hell he's talking about. ♦

# The Worst Primary Argument

## Voters don't care about 'electability.'

**BY FRED BARNES**

If you're running for your party's presidential nomination, you'd better not rely on the notion that you have the best chance of being elected in the general election. The most compelling evidence at the moment is John Kasich's campaign—that is, its lack of success.

Kasich and his campaign manager John Weaver emphasize the electability issue day after day. They point to polls that show Kasich running ahead of Hillary Clinton in one-on-one matchups. "Nearly every poll shows that both Trump and Cruz will get crushed by Hillary Clinton in the fall," Weaver said in an email. "If we want to win the White House, there is only one Republican candidate who can defeat Hillary." Kasich.

*Mr. Unelectable*

The problem is a simple one: Voters in primaries are rarely persuaded by this argument. Even if they believe electability matters, they tend to believe the candidate they favor is electable. This is especially true when Republicans look at Clinton as the Democratic nominee. They think she's beatable by their candidate, even if polls indicate otherwise.

Charlie Black, who's been involved in GOP presidential races since 1972, says electability has never worked in primaries. "I've tested it over the years in polls," Black says. "Primary voters don't care about electability."

Exit polls bear this out. In last week's Wisconsin primary, only 11 percent said electability was "the top candidate quality." In contrast, 34 percent said the top quality was that a candidate "shares my values," 34 percent said a candidate's ability to "bring change" mattered most, and for 20 percent the most significant quality was telling it "like it is." Kasich finished a distant third in Wisconsin with 14 percent of the vote.

Voters in other primary states were similarly indifferent to electability. In New Hampshire, 12.4 percent said it was what they looked for in a candidate. Kasich came in second with 15.8 percent, his best showing except for Ohio, his home state. In Ohio, which Kasich won with 46.8 percent, a mere 10 percent rated electability first.

Tales of electability as a campaign issue invariably have the same ending: It didn't work. In 1976, when Ronald Reagan challenged President Gerald Ford for the nomination, the Ford camp declared him unelectable. Reagan lost the nomination narrowly, but got one million more votes than Ford in the primaries.

In 1980, Reagan was again said to be unelectable by his GOP opponents. Nonetheless, he swept most of the primaries. He defeated President Jimmy Carter by 10 percentage points in the general election, though Carter's aides initially regarded Reagan as a certain loser.

In 2012, the calling card of Utah governor Jon Huntsman was his supposed electability. It was tested in

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New Hampshire. He finished third with 16.9 percent and soon dropped out of the race.

Later in 2012, Newt Gingrich and his fellow Republican candidates were pressured to lay off tough criticism of Mitt Romney because he was electable against President Obama and they weren't. They refused to muffle their criticism. Though their attacks may have hurt Romney slightly, they weren't a major reason for his loss to Obama.

This year, Marco Rubio invoked electability in the waning weeks of his campaign. Indeed, polls showed he would be the strongest Republican candidate against Clinton. "That's just not the way most voters vote," at least in the primary phase of a presidential contest, Rubio's pollster Whit Ayres says. Rubio dropped out on March 15 after losing in his home state of Florida to Donald Trump.

The most telling evidence is how well the two least-electable candidates in polls against Clinton—Trump and Ted Cruz—have fared in the race for the nomination. Trump is first in delegates, Cruz second. Trump has won 21 contests, Cruz 14. Kasich has won only Ohio.

Yet the Kasich forces insist everything will change if the Republican convention is contested. Kasich has said the convention may be "magically" affected in his favor. His lead over Clinton in polls will be taken seriously. Weaver cites an average of eight polls that show Trump behind Clinton by 10.8 percentage points and Cruz trailing by 3.1 points. Kasich leads Clinton by 6.3 points.

Trump and Cruz "are terrified to face Gov. John Kasich at a convention because they know that delegates will select the candidate who is not only the most prepared to be President, but can also defeat Hillary Clinton: John Kasich," wrote campaign chief Weaver in one of his many emails.

But Kasich faces two obstacles. The first is getting on the convention ballot. For that to happen, the rule must be tossed out that requires a candidate to win the most votes in eight states to be on the ballot. Trump and Cruz have met the eight-state rule, but Kasich cannot. He'll need the delegates—a large majority of whom are in the Trump or Cruz camps—to vote to rescind the rule. Then Kasich would have to beat Trump and Cruz to win the nomination.

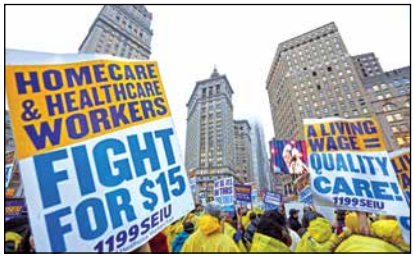
Black, the wisest and most experienced of Kasich's advisers, thinks this scenario is possible. The delegates will be dominated by party regulars and activists who will see Kasich as "a successful two-term governor" in a critical state, he says. It's the longest of long shots. A heavy dose of magic will be required. ♦

# Five Ways to Destroy the U.S. Economy

## It won't be hard to do!

**BY GLENN HUBBARD & TIM KANE**

Is a slow-growth future inevitable for America? More than ever, that's the conclusion of economists, and it's a recurring theme of some presidential candidates. The irony is that the U.S. economy has been leading the world for a century in terms of total GDP, income per capita, and entrepreneurial innovation.




*First, let's kill all the jobs.*

This election, sadly, the Cassandras have a point. The past seven years have seen the weakest recovery in modern U.S. history, showcased by stagnant incomes and an illusion of low unemployment, while millions have given up on the labor force. Slow growth is not inevitable, but federal policy "defaults" are stuck in the wrong place. Capital markets are hamstrung by Dodd-Frank, health markets are hamstrung by the Affordable Care Act, and structural deficits are on autopilot toward a national debt crisis.

Instead of discussions about how to fix the mess, the populist-toned 2016 election is overflowing with proposals that will do even more damage. Senator Bernie Sanders handily won the last six Democratic caucuses advocating old-school socialism, while Republican frontrunner Donald Trump is calling for a 45 percent tariff on Chinese goods, a lurch toward autarky that would make 1930 protectionist members of Congress Reed Smoot and Willis Hawley blush.

Policy debates are intensely argued over half-percentage improvements to growth rates and whether theory, empirics, or experiments are the best guides to moving the needle. Why bother? Explaining policies to enhance long-term growth is a Sisyphean task, and voters are not in the mood. With an election like this one, it is probably more useful to explain the most destructive policies. Here are our top five.

*Glenn Hubbard is the dean of the Columbia Business School and former chairman of the president's Council of Economic Advisers. Tim Kane is a research fellow at Stanford University's Hoover Institution and has twice served as a senior economist on the Joint Economic Committee of the U.S. Congress. Together, they authored the book* Balance: The Economics of Great Powers from Ancient Rome to Modern America.

CEM OZDEL / ANADOLU AGENCY / GETTY

**1. Restrict Trade.** Free exchange is the cornerstone of a growing country. The vast, unrestricted market among the fifty United States inspired the nations of Europe to create the European Union. If the next president is serious about destroying prosperity, (s)he will follow through on the empty rhetoric about "exporting jobs"—arguably the most economically ignorant, antigrowth phrase in public discourse. Raising tariffs will restrict imports, cause inflation, and deeply harm American consumers. Killing the Trans Pacific Partnership, alienating Canada over the Keystone pipeline, and curtailing legal immigration would be just a start.

**2. Make Work Illegal.** Of course, the president will call it "labor protections," but the effect will be to make it harder for employers to hire. Studies show that underprivileged teenagers who are denied a first job suffer lifelong consequences. Raising the minimum wage to $15 an hour will block pesky kids from getting their first job, but don't stop there. Exacerbate the labor distortions by adding health care, social, and other paternalistic obligations to shrink private demand for labor. In the United States today, over 30 percent of jobs require a government license; in the 1950s, only 5 percent did. This creeping need for permission to work hobbles entrepreneurs and keeps untold millions out of the labor force.

**3. Tax People More Unequally.** After bipartisan tax reform in 1986, the federal income tax code had three rates, with 28.5 percent the highest. Since then, special "credits" have mushroomed along with the variety and complexity of rates, surtaxes, and other gimmicks. Tax inequality so infuriates the public that even President Barack Obama, author of much of the new complexity, campaigned in 2012 on the need for a "Buffett Rule" to flatten the tax code. And while all other advanced economies are competing to lower their corporate taxes, the United States has not budged from 35 percent, leaving us with the highest corporate tax rate in the world. As a direct consequence, our companies are abandoning their headquarters by inversions and essentially fleeing to foreign domiciles. With another generation of insincere tax populism, Washington will establish a corporate no-go zone, foment open class warfare, and slow economic growth to zero.

**4. Stop Innovation.** In the name of saving jobs, the next president will stop harmful competition from new products and firms. Washington will continue to favor big banks and bail out old, established industries. Though research shows that breakthrough innovations (like the personal computer) tend to come from startups (like Apple and Dell), Washington will keep gumming up entrepreneurship with red tape. A generation ago, 1 in 6 companies were startups; today 1 in 12 are.

**5. Increase Debt.** With interest rates near zero, the federal government has been able to run trillion-dollar deficits during the Obama presidency without facing the consequences. Earlier this year, total debt outstanding rose above $19 trillion for the first time, exceeding GDP. Debt has more than doubled in the past decade, yet interest payments in 2015 were exactly the same as in 2006, because rates are artificially low. The Congressional Budget Office projects payments to "rise sharply" in the near future, tripling in nominal terms as interest rates normalize. The surest path to a slow-growth future is this kind of fiscal profligacy. Just call it investment, and nobody will notice until the pensions run dry.

The good news about this policy agenda—what really makes it different from others—is that it requires no sacrifices. No new laws. No action by Congress. If Washington just stays on course, we will reap the whirlwind without any additional effort, or thought, at all. ♦

# Mayhem in the Classroom

## St. Paul's disastrous quest for 'equity' in school discipline.

BY KATHERINE KERSTEN

*St. Paul*

The most dangerous places in St. Paul, Minnesota, these days may not be the city's tough East Side or Frogtown neighborhoods, but its public schools.

At Como Park and Humboldt high schools, police have been called to quell riots involving dozens of students. At Central High School, a teacher was body-slammed by a student and hospitalized with a traumatic brain injury. "Classroom invasions" by students settling private scores have become a fact of life.

At elementary schools, meanwhile, out-of-control kids overturn chairs and attack their classmates, as teachers stand by helplessly. A teacher caught in a fistfight between two fifth-grade girls was knocked to the ground with a concussion.

Public schools should be among our communities' safest places. Why do St. Paul's schools increasingly resemble *Lord of the Flies*?

The transformation dates from 2011, when superintendent Valeria Silva launched her "Strong Schools, Strong Communities" initiative. The

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plan sought to engineer a dramatic reduction in the suspension rate for black students, who here, as nationally, are far more likely to be suspended than white students.

Silva's "Strong Schools" initiative was at the forefront of the crusade for racial "equity"—a top priority of the Barack Obama administration's Department of Education. Equity in this context does not mean fairness, but racial statistical parity in school discipline rates, regardless of students' actual conduct.

Equity proponents claim that teachers' racial biases are the primary cause of the discipline gap. Silva maintains that "defiance, disrespect and disruption" are "subjective" student behaviors, which teachers perceive and punish in discriminatory ways.

Silva's campaign to eliminate racial disparities had two components. First, she retained a "diversity" consultant called the Pacific Educational Group—at a cost of at least $2 million to date—to compel teachers to confront their "white privilege" and develop "a true appreciation" of their students' cultural "differences."

Second, she dropped meaningful penalties for student misconduct. That signaled to kids they could wreak havoc with impunity. For example, "continual willful disobedience" was removed as an offense punishable by suspension in 2012. The new plan provided that disruptive students generally just chat with a behavior "specialist" before returning to class, or be moved to another classroom or school, where they would likely act up again.

The Obama administration now aims to impose Silva-style discipline policies at schools across the nation. Longtime secretary of education Arne Duncan made clear that his department considered racial differences in discipline rates "simply unacceptable" and a violation of "the principle of equity." "It is adult behavior that needs to change," he declared in 2014. The Department of Education is investigating a number of school districts on equity grounds and threatens to sue or withhold federal funds if racial numbers don't match up.

The results of this campaign are on display in St. Paul. In the words of one teacher: "We have a segment of kids who consider themselves untouchable."

At the city's high schools, packs of kids—who come to school for free breakfasts, lunches, and WiFi—roam uncontrolled through the halls. A *City Pages* article related this revealing anecdote: At Harding Senior High School, a petite female teacher—who has been attacked, threatened with death, and smashed into a shelf by marauding teens—now instructs her students to use a "secret knock" to enter her classroom to keep invaders at bay.

*Valeria Silva, ideologue*

At elementary schools, kids spew obscenities, beat up classmates, and upend trash cans. One parent told *City Pages* that on a visit to her second-grader's classroom, she saw anarchy so extreme that it took the teacher an hour and a half to read two pages to the class.

A few brave teachers have taken their concerns to the St. Paul school board. But those who criticize publicly must be prepared to pay a price.

Roy Magnuson, an outspoken high school teacher, says that school authorities' reflexive response is to accuse critics like him of being against racial equity. Aaron Benner, a black teacher who has voiced concerns, was branded a racist by the local NAACP. Benner says he was pressured out of the district and now works at a charter school.

The greatest victims of "equity" rules are the disproportionately poor and minority students who must struggle to learn in increasingly chaotic classrooms. Minnesota's racial achievement gap—already one of the nation's widest—will likely continue to grow until policies change.

Equity proponents blame teacher bias for the racial discipline gap and claim that discriminatory treatment contributes to a "school-to-prison pipeline." But a 2014 study in the *Journal of Criminal Justice*—which utilized a large national data set and was one of the first to assess student misbehavior longitudinally—found that "the racial gap in suspensions was completely accounted for by a measure of the prior problem behavior of the student." That problem behavior manifests itself in many ways. Nationally, for example, black males between 14 and 17—high-school-aged—commit homicide at 10 times the rate of their white and Hispanic peers combined.

The most significant problem behind the racial discipline gap is taboo to mention. Nationally, 71 percent of black children are born out of wedlock. For white children, the figure is 29 percent. While the city of St. Paul will not release out-of-wedlock data, Intellectual Take-out—a Minnesota-based public policy institution—determined through a FOIA request that a jaw-dropping 87 percent of births to black, U.S.-born mothers in St. Paul are out-of-wedlock, compared with 30 percent of white births.

Research makes clear that young people in fatherless homes are far more likely to engage in antisocial behavior than their peers. Tragically, the problem we face is best characterized not as a "school-to-prison pipeline," but as a "home-to-prison pipeline."

If we continue to ignore family breakdown and excuse disruption and defiance as mere "cultural differences," we will undermine the ability of well-behaved students to learn and drive good teachers from urban schools. If we lead disruptive kids to believe their misconduct has no adverse consequences, we will give them a distorted vision of reality that prevents their ever becoming productive, law-abiding citizens. ♦

NEWSCOM

# The Sporting Life in New York

## Hoop memories.

**BY IRWIN M. STELZER**

When tales of an Italian *codista* combined with the NCAA tournament, I was afflicted with remembrance of sports events past. In post-WWII New York City, basketball was the sport of obsession with Jews, in part because it was a low-cost, low user of space. The City College of New York, known as the Jewish Harvard but without the tuition or Jewish quotas, was a force in the collegiate game, as was NYU, and the New York Knicks, showing their stuff in the armory on Lexington Avenue, featured such stars as Sonny Hertzberg, Ralph Kaplowitz, Leo Gottlieb, Ossie Schectman (who scored the first basket in the NBA), and, yes, Frank Mangiapane.

*Nat Holman, 1950*

During his 38-year coaching career at CCNY, Nat Holman taught the game to 518 players, 438 of whom were Jewish, according to sports historian Jack Kugelmass. Like my friends, I believed the racist trope that our superior intelligence accounted for Jewish dominance of the sport, a pride diluted later when so many of our co-religionists, including the cousin of my then-wife, shaved points in return for cash from gamblers. In my case, I was doubly irritated because there is nothing a bettor hates more than a point-spread manipulated by corrupt players.

All of these memories came roaring back when I found myself delighted to watch Kentucky lose to Indiana during this year's NCAA tourney, a game in which I hadn't expected to have much interest. In my day as a teenager the Kentucky Wildcats were a basketball powerhouse, an all-white team coached by an aptly named Adolph Rupp, the best in the business, with the possible exception of Holman, and a man who swore no black player would ever play for him and reportedly used the word "kike" quite freely. Or so I recall, which means it probably happened.

Anyhow, in 1950 Rupp's storied Wildcats, winners of the 1949 NCAA tournament, came storming into Madison Square Garden to take on the largely Jewish-and-black underdogs from CCNY. Contemporary reports indicate that at tip-off Kentucky's center refused to take the outstretched hand of CCNY's black center, a rarely used player sent in by Holman for the tip-off and immediately replaced by a white player. The City College team ran Kentucky off the Garden court, 89-50, in the process pinning the worst defeat on Kentucky since it started playing basketball in 1902, and eventually winning both the NIT and NCAA tournaments.

Lest you think this is ancient history, consider this: The arena in which Kentucky *now* plays is named after none other than Adolph Rupp. Now, as one who opposes tearing down the statue of Cecil Rhodes at Oxford in an attempt by, get this, a Rhodes scholar to expunge the imperialist from history, as Stalin did by removing images of one-time allies from photos of Communist party events, I have no desire see that arena renamed. Rupp was a great coach and an integral part of the university's history, and should be remembered, warts and all. As I have done here.

Which brings me to that other memory-jogger, a *codista*. According to the *Economist*, Italians spend some 400 hours per year queuing to pay bills, post mail, and deal with the bureaucracy. Rich Italians have traditionally hired people to do their queuing for them. Along comes Giovanni Cafaro to make that service available to the masses by formalizing the business—introducing contracts and fixed hourly rates for his *codisti*, or line-standers. He teaches his employees the requirements of various government offices for signatures, stamps, etc.

Not very different from the deals we high schoolers cut when the football Giants were called what they were, the New York Giants, and showed their wares in the now-gone Polo Grounds. That was before the owners took the team to New Jersey, where they are too embarrassed to do the honest thing and change jerseys and helmets to read "New Jersey Giants." (Where are the Federal Trade Commission's false advertising cops when we need them?) The New York Giants in those days allocated a handful of tickets to high school students at a reduced price that I recall was around $2.50, available by queuing at the box office on game day, often in the bitter cold. So a few of us arrived around five o'clock on frigid mornings, thermos bottles of hot chocolate in hand, and headed the queue. When it got long enough, around ten, we offered to let latecomers get ahead of us if they would pay fifty cents and let us get ahead of them after we let them in. This was not risk-free income, since on occasions when people at the rear of the line noticed what we were doing, we had to confront them physically or cut them in. Fortunately, it only took five line-busters at fifty cents to give me the price of a ticket. But I must confess that I did not have Mr. Cafaro's entrepreneurial drive and failed to build this into a business.

I can attest that all of the above is as accurate as my memory permits. ♦

JOHN LENT / AP

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# Licensing Arizona

*When government regulation becomes an occupational hazard*

**By Eric Felten**

*Tucson*

It's a bright spring day in the foothills of southern Arizona's Catalina Mountains. A road in northeast Tucson, lined with elegantly shaggy Aleppo pines, leads to a farm thick with pecan trees, their twisted branches giving the place as much of a haunted forest look as is possible in the brilliant sunshine. Celeste Kelly, wearing jeans and a faded denim shirt, her silver hair pulled back in a loose ponytail, lets herself into one of the stalls of a shaded, open-air stable; she pats and strokes a ruddy-brown horse named Ben, ingratiating herself with a few baby carrots. And then she goes to work.

She starts with a light touch along his spine to relax him. She gently waggles his fetlocks. She presses harder as she begins to knead the brachiocephalici, the big muscles that run from the horse's skull down to his front legs. "This is the cowboy west," Kelly says. "They love their animals, but there's a deep notion that the horse just goes." Her approach—inspired by famed equine sports masseur Jack Meagher—is a more touchy-feely one. And Ben seems to like it: The bay leans in to Kelly as she works her fingers in his flank, where she presses both ends of his gluteals.

Easing animals' strains and pains, Kelly is convinced she is doing good. But according to the Arizona State Veterinary Medical Examining Board, she's breaking the law by practicing veterinary medicine without a license.

It was in 2012 that Kelly first received a cease-and-desist order from the veterinary board accusing her of committing a Class 1 misdemeanor by violating Arizona's Veterinary Practice Act. The board threatened that if she didn't quit her business, they would fine her a thousand dollars "for each violation."

Kelly's case was taken up by the Institute for Justice, which focuses its pro-bono legal work on the proposition that economic rights are civil rights. Attorneys for the institute filed suit against the veterinary board in 2014 arguing that the license requirements were an unconstitutional restriction on the right to earn an honest living. Two years later, they are still litigating.

Such are the battles over occupational licensing being fought in courts and legislatures across the country. For decades, states have been putting ever more jobs off-limits to anyone who doesn't have special government permission. In the years right after World War II, "less than 5 percent of U.S. workers were required to have a license from a state government in order to perform their jobs legally," according to Morris Kleiner, professor of public affairs at the University of Minnesota. Now it's estimated at nearly 30 percent. Every now and then, and with great effort, a state will remove the license requirement for a job: Kentucky, for instance, just eliminated a requirement that hair-braiders be licensed by the Kentucky Board of Hairdressers and Cosmetologists. But the longstanding trend runs the opposite direction. Though licenses put up hurdles, if not roadblocks, to people looking for work, states keep adding new occupations to the lists.

Louisiana licenses florists. Louisiana, Massachusetts, and Connecticut license "home entertainment installers." Seven states license upholsterers. In 33 states you need a license to be an auctioneer; in 36 states you need a license to call yourself a "makeup artist"; and in five states you need government approval to be a "shampooer." Before you can work as an interior designer in Washington, D.C., the District of Columbia Board of Architecture and Interior Design requires that you supply educational bona fides, pass an "examination administered by the National Council for Interior Design Qualification," and pay $175 in fees.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID CLARK

*Eric Felten is managing editor of* The Weekly Standard.

There are over a thousand different occupations that at least one state regulates. More often than not, acquiring a license requires demonstrating some level of education and training. In Celeste Kelly's case, she's been told she has to graduate veterinary college and pass a licensing exam before she can be paid to give horses therapeutic rubdowns. This, even though her experience with horses was hands-on long before she took up massage.

Kelly grew up hanging around the Long Island stables, where her father trained thoroughbreds. Hers is the sort of hard-won knowledge that's insufficiently formal for a credentialing regime. And when it comes to credentials and experience, Kelly says it's often the veterinarians who come up short: "No one should be an equine therapist who doesn't ride. You'd be appalled by how many equine vets don't ride."

Not that Kelly is dismissive of animal doctors—just their political wing. "The statute wasn't written by the hard-working vets out here in the field," she says. "It was written by the veterinarians' association."

And written broadly at that. In its extensive and inclusive listing of things that count as veterinary medicine are such items as giving "any instruction or demonstration for the cure, amelioration, correction or reduction or modification of any animal condition, disease, deformity, defect, wound or injury." While, say, curing a disease would clearly fall into the practice of veterinary medicine, what about the "amelioration" of "any animal condition"? Wouldn't that proscribe just about anything a decent trainer does?

Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman was on to this whole game. In *Free to Choose* (1980) he wrote that "organized occupational groups persistently strive to have the practice of their occupation legally defined as broadly as possible in order to increase the demand for the services of licensed practitioners."

The Arizona veterinary board says it just has the "health and safety of animals in mind." Victoria Whitmore, the board's executive director, says that "since there is no statutory definition of or exemption for animal massage in the state of Arizona," it is up to the board to consider "each case and circumstance individually" in determining whether "the acts of some individuals providing animal massage services may fall within the statutory definition of the practice of veterinary medicine."

But does that claim of discretion suggest reasonableness or just uncertainty and caprice?

After two years litigating against the state veterinary board, Kelly marvels that Arizona prides itself on being "a free-market, right-to-work state" when its regulation of occupations makes it hard to work.

Arizona's governor, Douglas Ducey, is looking to make the state friendlier to those who would like to work without first having to get permission from the government. "Arizona requires licenses for too many jobs," Ducey declared in his state of the state address this January. He called for eliminating licenses that create "a maze of bureaucracy for small-business people looking to earn an honest living."

The state needs the reform. Among the many contra-indications to its reputation for Goldwater libertarian-conservatism, Arizona long ago became one of the states most burdened with occupational licensing laws. To earn an occupational license for an average low- or mid-skilled job in Illinois, for example, it takes about 200 days of training and experience; the same sort of license requires, on average, some 600 days' preparation in Arizona. According to an analysis by the Institute of Justice compiling each state's occupational licensing, Arizona's requirements are the most burdensome in the nation.

**Yoga instructor Patty Callahan says that when she showed up for her license hearing, 'The person in front of me was the representative of a medical college. I was being subjected to the same scrutiny as a medical school. I thought, this is insane.'**


Long overdue is the bill to eliminate license requirements for half a dozen professions that has been moving through the Arizona state legislature. Among the professions targeted for some measure of deregulation are cremationists, landscape architects, citrus-packers (yes, citrus-packers), assayers, driving-school instructors, geologists, and yoga instructors.

If the law gets to the governor for his signature, it will be none-too-soon for Patty Callahan, who owns two "True Hot Yoga" studios in the Phoenix area and is a licensed instructor. When I meet her at her Scottsdale location, she looks every bit the modern yoga entrepreneur—slender, unflashy, and with a ballerina's posture. She opens the door to the studio where a class is in progress, releasing a steamy blast of equatorial rainforest heat; inside, sweating clients in obligatory stretch-togs make with the contortionist poses.

"No student has ever asked me whether I'm licensed,"

**The national locksmiths' association is pushing for more states to license locksmiths. The Registry of Interpreters for the Deaf is looking for state and local regulations on sign-language interpretation. And then there are the music therapists.**


Callahan says, closing the door. Students learn about her studios through word of mouth, social media, Yelp, and other opinion aggregators. "We have an incentive to protect our students. If they're not happy, word gets around and we don't get students." The consumers of Callahan's product are not looking to the state to tell them a good yoga studio from a bad one.

Not that the licensing ever had anything to do with the quality of the education provided by Callahan's studio. She says no one from the Arizona State Board for Private Postsecondary Education came to observe the classes being offered; no one interviewed the students or the teachers. Callahan could have been providing erroneous down-dog instruction and no one from the board would have been the wiser. "The state board isn't looking at the actual program," Callahan says, "they're looking for the busy paperwork to be in order."

And what a lot of costly busywork there is: When Callahan first did her licensing, she had to prepare or pay for the bond, the insurance, the application fee, the certified financials, the booklet of documents, and the sherpa to lead her up the bureaucratic mountain. "The application process ended up costing me $10,000," she says. And every time the license comes up for renewal, it costs her a few thousand more.

All that so she can offer an advanced class for about a dozen students a year. If she had merely been teaching yoga, no license would have been necessary. But since the advanced classes were called "yoga teacher training," they were treated as vocational classes, putting the course under the jurisdiction of the state's private-postsecondary-education board. Which is how Callahan found herself in line one day with school administrators: When she showed up for her license hearing, "The person in front of me was the representative of a medical college that does postgraduate work with doctors. I was being subjected to the same scrutiny as a medical school," Callahan says. "I thought, this is insane."

The fight against over-licensing is not a partisan one. The sides of the argument don't line up in neat ideological rows. Businesses big and small, for example, aren't always (perhaps not even often) in favor of free markets: The prospect of having government block would-be competitors from entering the marketplace can be all too alluring. And some on the left—including the Obama administration—have begun to recognize that knocking down barriers stopping workers from working could be a compelling social justice cause. A White House report last July noted that among the challenges faced by ex-cons trying to go straight are occupational licenses, many of which bar licenses to anyone with a criminal record. The administration issued a call for reform, asking states to limit "licensing requirements to those that address legitimate public health and safety concerns to ease the burden of licensing on workers."

The courts—which, ever since the Supreme Court's 1889 ruling in *Dent* v. *West Virginia*, have accepted occupational licensing as among the powers of the states—have also started to take notice of abuses of that power. Last year the Supreme Court ruled in *North Carolina State Board of Dental Examiners* v. *FTC* that dentists couldn't use the licensing power given them by the state to shut down non-dentists who were cutting into their lucrative teeth-whitening businesses. The anticompetitive nature of licensing boards, the Court found, could be egregious enough to run afoul of federal antitrust laws.

But it's at the state level where real change will—or will not—happen. And even as a bipartisan consensus develops about the costs of license creep, professional associations continue to push for state-by-state rules empowering them to define and regulate who can practice their trades. The national locksmiths' association is pushing for more states to license locksmiths. The Registry of Interpreters for the Deaf is looking for state and local regulations on sign-language interpretation. And then there are the music therapists. The healing power of music may have been around as far back as Apollo and his lyre, but that was before there was an American Music Therapy Association and a national Certification Board for Music Therapists. Together, those organizations launched a campaign pushing for new license requirements coast to coast. "There are currently 35 active task forces involved in state recognition efforts," they crow about their "State Recognition Operational Plan." So far, North Dakota, Nevada, and Georgia have taken the bait, adding "music therapists" to the growing lists of occupations that require government permission.

As silly as those efforts may seem, it's important to push back against license-bloat, and to do so long before new licenses get in place. Because once an occupational license is on the books, it's a beast to get rid of: "It's amazing how easy it is to create a license, but how hard it is to remove a license requirement," says Warren Petersen, chairman of the Arizona house commerce committee. As soon as an occupation is licensed the new law creates institutions and interests that benefit from—and will go to the mat to defend—the licensing scheme. Petersen says that Arizona has "some regulations instituted in 2004, or 2010, and now people can't imagine going without them."

Not least among those institutions are the many quasi-governmental boards created to issue occupational licenses. Take away the license requirements and board members lose power and per-diems. As collectors of license fees, those boards often have deep pockets to fund the protection of their perks: "The boards have contract lobbyists, and contract PR people," says Daniel Scarpinato, a deputy chief of staff for Governor Ducey. "It's the capital-industrial complex."

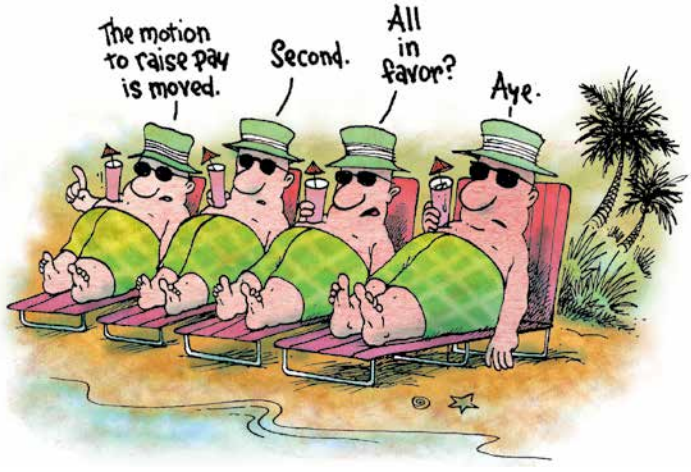
"When a bill initially comes along, everybody's for deregulation," says Institute for Justice senior attorney Paul Avelar. "But then it gets nicked and cut by individual interests who claim that 'Without regulation, we'll kill people!'"

Which is exactly what happened when the legislation inspired by Ducey's call to end unnecessary licensing came before the Arizona house commerce committee in February: "I've never had so many people turn out against a bill," says committee chairman Petersen, who authored the legislation with the governor's team. "Not one of them was a consumer."

This is exactly as Milton Friedman would have predicted. "The *justification* offered is always the same," he wrote: "to protect the consumer. However, the *reason* is demonstrated by observing who lobbies at the state legislature for the imposition or strengthening of licensure. The lobbyists," Friedman wrote, "are invariably representatives of the occupation in question rather than of the customers."

At the Arizona house committee hearing on the bill, a parade of landscape architects proclaimed the dire consequences that would follow if just anyone were allowed to tend to the real estate between buildings and the street. "Loss of licensure in Arizona would be a catastrophic hit to the profession," Jeff Velasquez gravely warned. There were even arguments more comic than dire, as when landscape architect Craig Coronado joked that without certification he might be mistaken for a mere "landscaper." The horror! Not that the landscape architects were unreasonable, mind you. The lobbyist for the Arizona chapter of the American Society of Landscape Architects took to the podium and applauded "the fact that we are here having a discussion about shrinking government." But soon came the inevitable "however," followed just as inevitably by a litany of reasons why ending the licensure requirement for landscape architects would be a disaster. For the most part, those reasons

**Once an occupational license is on the books, it's a beast to get rid of. The new law creates institutions and interests that benefit from—and will go to the mat to defend—the licensing scheme. Take away the license requirements, and board members lose power and per-diems.**



had to do with the livelihood of Arizona's licensed landscape architects.

Then came the licensed geologists, eager to make the case that only state-licensed geologists should be allowed to practice geology. Tiana Rasmussen warned of "loss of property and even the loss of life." Barbara Murphy played the "health, welfare, and safety of the public" card. And Stephen Noel told lawmakers that they just didn't get it: "Most of you do not understand the intricacies of what a geologist does." Noel, it's worth noting, is not only a licensed geologist but a member of the Arizona State Board of Technical Registration, the outfit that handles the licensing of professions such as assayers, land surveyors, engineers, and geologists. With stakes both in being a licensed geologist and in being the geologist who licenses other geologists, Noel had a double incentive to show up for the hearing and deplore the legislation.

Conflicts of interest abound in the world of professional licensure. Appearing at the hearing to oppose Arizona's de-licensing of yoga studios was a lugubrious lobbyist with a gray walrus mustache. He was there to decry the effect the legislation would have on one school in particular, though somehow the school remained nameless. Students at the school in question, he said, use monies from the federal government—student grants and loans, VA benefits—to pay for their yoga training. That arrangement, he warned, might come to an end if the school no longer sported an official license from the Arizona State Board for Private Postsecondary Education.

There is a school, by the way, that fits the lobbyist's description: the Southwest Institute of Healing Arts, which accepts federal student aid and veterans' benefits for its courses in hypnotherapy, holistic nutrition, natural aesthetics, and yoga teacher training. The founder, director, owner, and "Chief Spiritual Officer" of the Southwest Institute is KC Miller. The school's website brags that she "is a longtime Reflexologist, Polarity Practitioner, Life Coach, Toe Reader and Ordained Minister." Oh, and one other thing: She also happens to be the vice-chair of the Arizona State Board for Private Postsecondary Education.

It's not clear which is worse, (1) that the owner of a yoga teacher training business should be in a position to say who else can open a yoga teacher training business, or (2) that the board governing Arizona's private postsecondary schools includes a "toe reader."

**It's not clear which is worse, (1) that the owner of a yoga teacher training business should be in a position to say who else can open a yoga teacher training business, or (2) that the board governing Arizona's private postsecondary schools includes a 'toe reader.'**

Current licensees and their professional associations aren't the only players with stakes in the licensing game. License requirements commonly require that the applicant take a set of prescribed classes and pass at least one exam. Which means that an entire national industry has grown up to provide classes and exams.

Look at the marketing materials of companies offering test-prep to, say, general-contractor hopefuls: It quickly becomes clear that being knowledgeable in general contracting is not the primary goal of the classes. Many states provide open-book exams; test-prep companies helpfully sell the book. Many states allow those books to be tabbed for easy reference; test-prep companies helpfully sell the "permanent tabs" that are the only sort allowed. Many states allow test-takers to highlight the book they take into the test; test-prep companies helpfully tell their clients what and where to highlight. Or they'll just deliver a fully test-ready reference book. Typical is an exam-prep company called American Contractors, which promises their "code books are tabbed and highlighted to help you find important information on test day." And so it is no coincidence, for example, that in the 1990s, in the license-heavy state of Florida, a firm providing test prep for license applicants and also with millions of dollars in contracts to administer exams on behalf of the state—a company that went by the acronym ACSI—was owned by two of Tallahassee's biggest political power-brokers.

For all the pushback, the Arizona bill has survived its legislative ordeal so far, and mostly intact. After sustained lobbying, landscape architects won a reprieve: Their profession has been removed from the de-licensing effort. Nor will the geology license be eliminated, but it will be made optional. But assayers, citrus-packers, cremationists, driving-school instructors, and yoga teachers are still in the bill, meaning licenses would no longer be required for those jobs. The legislation may get a final vote soon and head to Governor Ducey's desk.

"I don't know of many states that have taken on so many licenses at once," Arizona house commerce committee chairman Warren Petersen says. But there are still plenty of dubious license requirements at which to take aim: "We license bingo callers and talent agents."

He hopes this initial effort "is going to open the door to removing license requirements for other occupations." Who knows, they might even eventually make it legal to get paid to give a horse a massage. ♦

*Robert Preston as Prof. Harold Hill in 'The Music Man' (1962)*

# Hello, Sucker

## *And there's one born every minute, as every con person knows.* BY STEFAN BECK

The first time I fell victim to a prop bet (not to be confused with the sports bet) was in New Orleans in 2000. I was on spring break with some fellow greenhorns from my Jesuit high school. We were weaving through the French Quarter, loaded on Hand Grenades and freedom, wearing bull's-eyes on our backs. A black man resplendent in purple and gold, who called himself the Bourbon Street Entertainer—there were presumably dozens of them, like Elmos in Times Square—bet me five dollars that he could tell me where I got my shoes.

"You got 'em," he said, "right there on your feet in New Orleans."

The second time I lost this bet was when I tried it on a bum in Pittsburgh who wouldn't leave my friend and me alone. "I got 'em at Stride Rite," he growled, and since I didn't feel it was in my interest to argue, once again the fool and his money were parted.

Later I would see a prop bet laid in Stephen Frears's 1990 adaptation of *The Grifters*, the great Jim Thompson novel. Roy Dillon (John Cusack), the short-con operator who is the movie's down-at-the-heels hero, offers a barfly "a dime for every quarter you can lay on end." The rube stands 10 quarters upright. Roy throws down a dollar and takes the quarters: "That was the deal." It isn't a proper grift, let alone a confidence scheme, but it illustrates the grifter's motivation, to pull a fast one on an overconfident chump.

**The Confidence Game**
*Why We Fall for It . . . Every Time*
by Maria Konnikova
Viking, 352 pp., $28

*Stefan Beck writes about fiction for the* New Criterion *and elsewhere.*

EVERETT COLLECTION

Maria Konnikova explores this motivation in clinical detail in *The Confidence Game*. But what really interests her is not the grifter but his mark: "At some point," she writes, "everyone will be deceived. Everyone will fall victim to a confidence artist of one stripe or another. … The real question is why. And can you ever understand your own mind well enough that you learn to extricate yourself before it's too late?"

If that call to "understand your own mind" wasn't a sufficient tip-off, be forewarned that *The Confidence Game* is very much a social science book. It belongs to a genre that is by now familiar to anyone who shops in airport bookstores or listens to TED talks: the attempt to reduce all human behavior to a handful of inescapable cognitive biases. Don't feel too bad about your missteps, these books seem to say, because you never really were the superior being, armed with reason and free will, that you thought yourself to be. If your brain is more complex than that of, say, one of Pavlov's dogs, that complexity only serves to expand the range of error of which it's capable. It is difficult to fathom the barely disguised relish with which the typical social-science journalist advances this bleak contention.

The good news is that it isn't an especially persuasive contention, and this book does much, in spite of itself, to undermine it. Maria Konnikova does a superb job of outlining the traits a confidence man looks for in his or her mark; but then she goes a step further and implies that maybe all of us, because of our unconscious biases, have these traits. Yet as I ticked off a few of them—optimism, an overly trusting nature, excessive confidence in one's savviness and decision-making, a longing "for magic" or "an existence that is more extraordinary and somehow more meaningful"—I found myself asking, with apologies to Tonto, "What do you mean *we*, Ms. Konnikova?"

That many people possess some of these traits, there can be no doubt. But fewer possess all of them, or exhibit them in all circumstances, and some possess none. To take one grating example, Konnikova discusses the Cornell psychologist David Dunning, six of whose studies "demonstrated that people overestimated how they fared on socially desirable characteristics." But the infamous Dunning-Kruger effect refers to a subtly but significantly different phenomenon: While the *incompetent* overestimate their abilities, the competent underestimate themselves relative to others. In other words, an idiot might fall for a con because he thinks too highly of his business acumen; a smarter person, if he doesn't see through the con outright, might be saved by a prudent belief that he isn't qualified to assess the situation.

It is also the case that one might be optimistic in one context—he might, for instance, overestimate the chances that a relationship will succeed—while being so pessimistic about his financial acumen that he avoids even *legitimate* business propositions. One might be overly trusting of family members out of a sense of obligation while mistrusting strangers on principle—even if one doesn't expect to be fleeced by them. I avoid those clipboard-toting charity workers not because I'm hardwired to be mistrustful but because I once read an illuminating article about the borderline-fraudulent way many charities allocate their funds. The notion that individuals are governed by cognitive biases in a categorical or predictable way is revealed by even a passing familiarity with real people—and to be little more than pop-science superstition.

The con man, Konnikova tells us, relies on our innate craving for a good story and for something to believe in. In the coda, she makes a pat and perfunctory attempt to show how religion taps into the same deeply human needs. But in the case of a con, the story is merely information, the same sort of information one would need to decide whether to participate in a real business venture. Being conned by a plausible story doesn't make one a rube in thrall to primal cognitive instincts. It makes one a person who has assessed, correctly or not, a proposal, weighed the risks, and acted. Being conned by an implausible story—like the victims, mentioned by Konnikova, who were "sold" the Eiffel Tower—makes one not an ordinary story-loving human but an extraordinary sucker.

This distinction isn't lost on con artists, either. It is a common practice for con men to peddle not good stories but preposterously *bad* ones, in order to select for gullibility in their marks. (If you've ever thought to yourself that only someone with the intellect of a cinder block could fall for one of those Nigerian prince email scams, you're catching on.) Long cons or Ponzi schemes that swindle the relatively savvy or affluent—think Bernie Madoff's marks—rely on plausibility to a vastly greater degree than the ones that take greedy imbeciles or sex-starved men seeking Internet romance. The con man only needs to exploit a raw desire to believe the unbelievable if he's trying to hook a dimwitted fish.

Contrary to revealing (as her subtitle puts it) "why we fall for it … every time," Konnikova shows us that different people fall for different things for different reasons. In the realm of social science, that would seem to be an unwelcome and unsexy finding, but in the realm of storytelling, where Konnikova belongs, it is a delightful one. Indeed, Konnikova is at her best when explaining, in great detail and with terrific pacing, some of the wildest and most elaborate cons in history. Her book shows not what we all have in common but rather the infinite and fascinating variety of human personalities, their strengths and weaknesses and hidden desires. If only it were possible today to sell a book of stories—for example, David Maurer's 1940 classic *The Big Con: The Story of the Confidence Man*—and not an airport book full of dubious studies, many of which, incidentally, seem to have tested not man in general but the American undergraduate.

If Maria Konnikova's aim was to write a book that will sell, she has successfully conned the public, with its inexplicable but enormous appetite for books that reduce us to automata. If her aim was to give a true account of human psychology, in all its startling diversity, she has perhaps only conned herself. ♦

B&A

# Onward and Upward

*An unconventional account of the rise to civilization.*

BY MICHAEL M. ROSEN

In February, Israeli archaeologists uncovered the well-preserved remains of two Copper Age houses in northern Jerusalem, the oldest such discovery in the vicinity. "The fascinating flint finds attest to the livelihood of the local population in prehistoric times," said Ronit Lupo, the Israeli excavation chief.

> Small sickle blades for harvesting cereal crops, chisels and polished axes for building, borers and awls, and even a bead made of carnelian . . . indicating that jewelry was either made or imported. The grinding tools, mortars and pestles, like the basalt bowl, attest to technological skills as well as to the kinds of crafts practiced in the local community.

It thus appears that, even 7,000 years ago, our ancestors were developing technology, trading goods and services, and devoting time and energy to ensuring sustenance.

The Jerusalem dig lay just up the road from Hebrew University, where the historian Yuval Noah Harari continues to absorb well-deserved accolades for *Sapiens*, his broad survey of how humanity evolved—and didn't—from prehistoric to contemporary times. All are justified. He covers lots of ground, and his trenchant, if sometimes tendentious, prose renders the journey enjoyable and rewarding.

Harari has seen his book—originally written in Hebrew, capably rendered into English by the author himself (with assistance), and now translated into more than 30 languages—attain a kind of cult status, becoming an irrepressible topic of conversation among historians, lay and professional, as well as archaeologists, economists, and evolutionary biologists alike. He begins by exploring the origins of our species itself, which "conquered the world thanks above all to its unique language." While many creatures, including other human species such as Neanderthals, were able to communicate the basic information necessary to survive, Sapiens spawned sophisticated linguistic tools that empowered us to attain transcendent levels of organizational ability. By concocting what Harari calls collective fictions—such as religions, nations, countries, even corporations—our ancestors enabled themselves to "cooperate in extremely flexible ways with countless numbers of strangers."

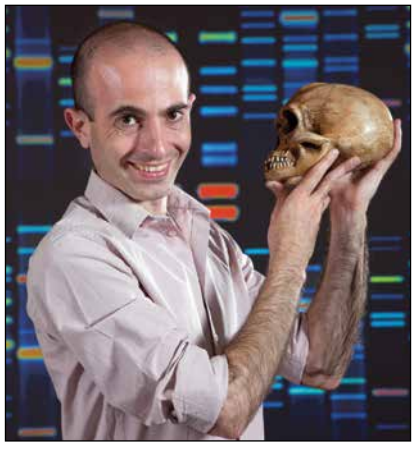
Common adherence to such fictions taxes our imaginative faculties by requiring something of a suspension of disbelief. And such fictions are not necessarily dishonest or untrue; for instance, Harari argues, "no one was lying when, in 2011, the UN demanded that the Libyan government respect the human rights of its citizens, even though the UN, Libya and human rights are all figments of our fertile imaginations." Figments or not, these concepts fueled our domination of the prehistoric world. Harari suggests that "when Sapiens encountered Neanderthals, the result was the first and most significant ethnic-cleansing campaign in history."

Harari also examines Sapiens' exploration of the outer world, including America and Australia—and its beneficial and detrimental results, including the extinction of 23 species of megafauna, such as 450-pound kangaroos, marsupial lions, and 2.5-ton wombats. "The moment the first hunter-gatherer set foot on an Australian beach," he asserts, "was the moment that *Homo sapiens* climbed to the top rung in the food chain on a particular landmass and thereafter became the deadliest species in the annals of planet Earth."

In general, Harari enjoins us not to "believe tree huggers who claim that our ancestors lived in harmony with nature. Long before the Industrial Revolution, *Homo sapiens* held the record among all organisms for driving the most plant and animal species to their extinctions." In his provocative description of Sapiens' transition to agriculture from hunting and gathering, Harari insists that "on the whole, foragers seem to have enjoyed a more comfortable and rewarding lifestyle than most of the peasants, shepherds, laborers, and office clerks who followed in their footsteps." For instance, hunter-gatherers enjoyed a much more varied diet than farmers, who generally subsisted off the single crop they grew, be it wheat, rice, or maize. Moreover, foragers labored for shorter hours, fewer times per week, and at more interesting and diverse tasks than their peasant descendants.

Calling the Agricultural Revolution "history's biggest fraud," Harari indicts the farming lifestyle for inflicting immeasurable pain and suffering on individual humans, even if it did benefit the species as a whole by "enabl[ing] *Homo sapiens* to multiply exponentially." He chronicles how, around 9000 B.C., foragers gradually and almost by

**Sapiens**
*A Brief History of Humankind*
by Yuval Noah Harari
Harper, 464 pp., $29.99



*Yuval Noah Harari*

RICHARD STANTON

*Michael M. Rosen is an attorney and writer in Israel.*

*Neolithic settlement of Skara Brae (discovered 1850), Orkney Islands, Scotland*

JEREMY SUTTON-HIBBERT / GETTY

accident developed techniques for cultivating the wild seeds and plants they had hitherto taken for granted. By the time they were done, a few centuries later, "a series of trivial decisions aimed mostly at filling a few stomachs and gaining a little security had the cumulative effect of forcing ancient foragers to spend their days carrying water buckets under a scorching sun."

The advent of farming laid a firm foundation for history as we know it, as the overwhelming majority of peasants labored to produce surpluses for an elite few. As Harari memorably puts it, "food surpluses fuelled politics, wars, art and philosophy. They built palaces, forts, monuments and temples. . . . History is something that very few people have been doing while everyone else was ploughing fields and carrying water buckets." Harari also takes a hatchet to the "authenticity" of cultures, noting the short-term memory that afflicts such concepts. We consider Irish potatoes, Indian chiles, Italian tomatoes, Swiss chocolate, and Argentine steaks to be authentic ethnic ingredients when, in fact, each was imported to its respective country within the last 500 years.

In an illuminating chapter on the particularly important and domineering social fiction of money, Harari posits that "trust is the raw material from which all types of money are minted … the most universal and most efficient system of mutual trust ever devised." It is striking that cultures as divergent as the Chinese, Spaniards, and Muslims all put their faith, so to speak, in gold—a universal convention if ever there were one. As Harari observes, while religion "asks us to believe in something, money asks us to believe that *other* people believe in something."

He also considers the seminal historical role played by empires, which he neither jeers nor cheers, sanguinely noting instead that "a significant proportion of humanity's cultural achievements owe their existence to the exploitation of conquered populations." But while empires occasionally exploit ethno-racial fissures, the successful ones have "recognized the basic unity of the entire world, the existence of a single set of principles governing all places and times, and the mutual responsibilities of all human beings." What Harari calls cultural diversity and territorial flexibility form the cornerstone of the imperial project; they're what allowed groups ranging from the Arabs to the Romans to the Zulus to co-opt and unify their erstwhile cultural and ethnic adversaries.

How, then, did the Western European empires manage so thoroughly to dominate the world, beginning half-a-millennium ago? Harari posits that their harnessing of science and capitalism to unquenchable curiosity empowered, first, discovery and, then, domination: "What made Europeans exceptional was their unparalleled and insatiable ambition to explore and conquer."

The 15th-century Ming admiral Zheng He, for instance, dispatched massive armadas across a radius of many thousands of miles, stretching from East Africa to Indonesia. But Admiral He never coupled scientific inquiry to his travels, nor did his Chinese supervisors fully support his expeditions, which were eventually scuttled. By contrast, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, and British explorers marshaled a unique combination of military, scientific, and economic power in the service of crown and country.

Religion, too, receives tough but fair treatment, the paradigmatic social fiction that enables societies to cohere. Harari locates faith at the intersection of human norms and values, on the one hand, and a belief in superhuman order, on the other. He lumps communism into this definition because it "believed in a superhuman order or natural and immutable laws that should guide human actions."

Some of Harari's criticisms are over-

wrought. He claims that the contemporary yen to explore the world is "not a reflection of some independent desire but rather of an ardent belief in the myths of romantic consumerism." He apparently devalues the importance of widening one's horizons through foreign travel, even as he exalts the same goal when it comes to studying history. He also dubiously claims that "the leading project of the Scientific Revolution is to give humankind eternal life." Well, this may be the goal of some scientists, but others have for centuries sought largely to *enhance* human life, whether through technological advances that make life more affordable or through medical breakthroughs that make it less painful. At the same time, others strive to improve and extend life for the biosphere in general, not just for humanity.

And while Harari rightly discerns that worldly, even venal, motives often underlie scientific inquiry, he overstates his case when he asserts that "most scientific studies are funded because somebody believes they can help attain some political, economic or religious goal." Into which of those categories fits basic cancer or AIDS research or, for that matter, funding for astronomy? Harari's subsequent claim that "scientific research can flourish only in alliance with some religion or ideology" seems worthier of French poststructuralism than Israeli historicalism.

And what of humanity today? Harari unapologetically records how good we have it, by and large, relative to our ancestors: Abundant energy, stable borders, domestic tranquility, international comity, ample food. Contemporary Sapiens is developing fluorescent rabbits and bionic arms, resurrecting extinct species like the woolly mammoth, and introducing personalized medicine.

But ecological dangers lurk, nuclear weapons loom, ethnic and religious strife persist, and who knows what havoc artificial intelligence may wreak? We also "feel alienated and threatened by the power the impersonal state and market wield over our lives." As Harari reminds us, we're just like our Copper Age forefathers, only more so. ♦

B&A

# Conversation with Reality

## *Susan Howe's quest for 'the plain sense of things.'*

BY MARJORIE PERLOFF

**The Quarry**
*Essays*
by Susan Howe
New Directions, 224 pp., $16.95

**The Birth-mark**
*Essays*
by Susan Howe
New Directions, 208 pp., $16.95

**Spontaneous Particulars**
*The Telepathy of Archives*
by Susan Howe
New Directions, 64 pp., $29.95

Many of our finest poets—think of T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound—are also known as major critics, but in Susan Howe's case, it has always been difficult to separate the two practices. *My Emily Dickinson* (1985), the book that first brought Howe wide attention, is at once revisionary scholarship, careful close reading, and aphoristic meditation on the writing process—a book that tells us at least as much about Howe's own poetics as about Dickinson's. *My Emily Dickinson* was prompted, at least in part, by Howe's objection to the portrayal of Dickinson as a kind of "madwoman in the attic" in Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar's celebrated feminist study of that title. Far from being the neurotic and repressed recluse of Amherst, Howe's Emily Dickinson is a strong poet, keenly interested in her culture and unusually well read:

> Pulling pieces of geometry, geology, alchemy, philosophy, politics, biography, biology, mythology, and philology from alien territory, a "sheltered" woman audaciously invented a new grammar grounded in humility and hesitation. HESITATE from the Latin, meaning to stick. Stammer.

Here, and in her later "Illogic of Sumptuary Values" in *The Birth-mark*, Howe showed to what extent Dickinson's curious punctuation—especially the dash, which "drew liberty of interruption inside the structure of each poem"—revolutionized our understanding of the Dickinson corpus. And although *My Emily Dickinson* has a particular argument to make, it also introduced, perhaps inadvertently, a new hybrid mode of writing. Eliot Weinberger's introduction to the reprint edition calls it "a poet's book, a classic of writers writing on writers" in the tradition of D.H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*, Charles Olson's *Call Me Ishmael*, William Carlos Williams's *In the American Grain*, Robert Duncan's *The H.D. Book*, and H.D.'s own *Tribute to Freud*. But Howe's "critical" books, of which *My Emily Dickinson* is the first, have a somewhat different valence from those that Weinberger cites, distinguished as Howe's are by their poetic structure, in which documentary material—facts, dates, place names, citations—are so fully absorbed into the lyric fabric that the texts come to function as long poems in their own

*Marjorie Perloff, professor emerita of humanities at Stanford, is the author, most recently, of* Edge of Irony: Modernism in the Shadow of the Habsburg Empire.

right, no longer distinguishable from the volumes classified as poetry like *The Midnight* or *That This*.

The key in Howe's case is a fierce empathy—a sense of becoming the Other in what Howe herself has called an act of "spectral telepathy," of *mesmerism*. This is especially true of the "essays" in Howe's most recent collection, *The Quarry*. In such earlier volumes as *The Birth-mark*, the poet still places much weight on outside sources. Not being herself an academic, Howe was extra-conscientious in acknowledging scholarship like Patricia Caldwell's *The Puritan Conversion Narrative* as a source for her own brilliant discussion of Jonathan Edwards, or Richard Slotkin's *Regeneration Through Violence: The Mythology of the American Frontier, 1600-1860* as the inspiration for her essay "The Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson," which charts (as her scholarly sources do not) the ironies of the biblical authority constantly invoked and then undermined by the authors of captivity narratives.

In her writing of the last decade, however, Howe has increasingly discarded or internalized such buttressing, relying now on what Wallace Stevens called, in a late poem, "the plain sense of things"—although in her case, as in Stevens's, that plain sense has turned out to be nothing if not mysterious.

The very title of her new book has poetic resonance: a *quarry*, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, is "an open-air excavation from which stone for building or other purposes is obtained by cutting, blasting, or the like; a place where the rock has been, or is being, cut away." Is it a coincidence that Susan Howe lives on New Quarry Road in Guilford, Connecticut, an hour's drive from Stevens's Hartford, that his particular landscape, with its seasonal extremes, is also hers? The title essay, in any case, cuts into Stevens's final volume *The Rock*, excavating words and lines that Howe recharges, making them her own.

Subsequent essays take as their quarry (in the noun's other sense) Jonathan Edwards and Charles Peirce, the filmmaker Chris Marker, various concrete artists (again rock is a medium), and the poet's own forebears, whose history, on her father's side, is closely bound up with that of New England. Indeed, *The Quarry* is a book of ghosts—literary as well as familial. And death—the deaths of two husbands, the sculptor David von Schlegell and the Peirce scholar Peter Hare—binds together what might look like "accidental sightings."

*Susan Howe reading in Dublin (2015)*

> March. . . . Someone has walked across the snow, Someone looking for he knows not what.

This is the epigraph for the first section of "Vagrancy in the Park." The text opens with an italicized citation, "*Singeth spells*," referring no doubt to the Celtic myths and folktales Susan Howe learned from her Irish mother, and then the declaration: "The poetry of Wallace Stevens makes me happy. This is the simple truth. Pleasure springs from the sense of fluid sound patterns phonetic utterance excites in us. Beauty, harmony, and order are represented by the arrangement, and repetition, of particular words on paper."

But Howe knows only too well that the "simple truth" is never so simple and that "arrangement" is the most complex of processes. Her epigraph comes from a short poem in *The Rock* called "Vacancy in the Park," whose last two couplets read, *It is like the feeling of a man / Come back to see a certain house, / The four winds blow through the rustic arbor, / Under its mattresses of vines*. Now look at the photograph on the title page, and then the one on the title page of Part Two, "Ring Around the Roses." Both are images (so Howe has noted) of a small pavilion or "rustic arbor" in Elizabeth Park in Hartford that Stevens frequented. The first picture is taken in winter, the second in summer. The "vacancy" of winter in the snow-covered park becomes, in Howe's own poetic text, *vagrancy*: It is the poet herself who is the vagrant "roaming" through Stevens's "park" and singing her own "spells"—*vagrant* recalling Emerson and Thoreau's play on the related *extravagant*.

"I fear chiefly," wrote Thoreau, "lest my expression may not be *extra-vagant* enough, may not wander far enough beyond the narrow limits of my daily experience, so as to be adequate to the truth of which I have been convinced." In a similar vein, Howe writes, "I owe [Stevens] an incalculable debt, for ways in which, through word frequencies and zero zones, his writing locates, rescues, and delivers what is various and vagrant in the near at hand."

In coming to terms with Stevens's *Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is* ("The Snowman"), Howe writes as if from deep inside Stevens's

world. Here she is on "The Course of a Particular," in which "the leaves cry, hanging on branches swept by wind":

> Most critics read the season as autumn. For me, its lyric austerity defines late February weather in Guilford, Connecticut. Often on afternoon winter walks out on the quarry during this coldest month, there is hardly any foliage to cry in the raw air. Some brittle oak leaves still cling to their branches like tattered camouflage while tiny salt hay spindles scud across withered grass and frost-worked asphalt. Smoke-drift from indoor woodstoves is another vagrant variant.

The passage begins matter-of-factly with the differentiation of late winter from autumn in Connecticut, but soon the imagery becomes increasingly graphic, and the sound structure highly rhythmic and figured, with its intricate repetitions of voiceless and voiced stops—*k*, *t*, and *d*—aligned with the spirants *s* and *t* and the fricative *ft*. "Salt" rhymes with "asphalt"; "vagrant" echoes "variant," which is itself a variant of "vacant." Sound repetition rises to a Keatsian pitch as Howe notes that Stevens deploys the obsolete past participle "shapen" ("shapen snow"), whose "pastness echoes in the sound of wind soughing through pitch pines." And now she makes us aware of her own presence in the landscape:

> On my way home I see a small stream rushing along under ice. Maybe the nature of a particular can be understood only in relation to sound inside the sense it quickens. Setting sun. A mourning dove compounds invisible declensions.
>
> "Deep dove, placate you in your hiddenness."

The line comes from an earlier Stevens poem called "A Dove in the Belly," but the dove's "invisible declensions" also bring to mind the famous conclusion of "Sunday Morning," where *casual flocks of pigeons make / Ambiguous undulations as they sink, / Downward to darkness, on extended wings*. And further: In Howe's *Spontaneous Particulars*: *The Telepathy of Archives*, the dove, here the psalmist's dove invoked by Jonathan Edwards's sister mourning his death—"Oh that I had wings like a dove! *for then* would I fly away, and be at rest"—is also Henry James's in *The Wings of the Dove*, "this novel where James so perfectly finds his form for the work that follows, after." *Wings* is one of Howe's sacred texts, and in *Spontaneous Particulars*, James's heroine Milly Theale becomes a spectral emblem of suffering, even her name THEALE suggesting an "aspirate puff of breath [that] co-implicates his fictional birdwoman with wealth, theatricality and death."

*Theatricality and death*. As "Vagrancy in the Park" unfolds, each section develops some aspect of "the sound inside the sense it quickens." The first line of the Stevens poem "Somnambulisma"—*On an old shore, the vulgar ocean rolls*—prompts Howe to puzzle over the poet's obsession with the consonant *r*, so rarely prominent in American English. This "vagrancy" leads her to thoughts of Spinoza, "by profession a lens-grinder," who understood "A poem is a glass, through which light is conveyed to us," and then to Santayana, for whom Stevens wrote his own great elegy "To an Old Philosopher in Rome." Mrs. Ramsay of *To the Lighthouse* makes an appearance, "covering the boar skull on the nursery wall with her green shawl," as does, a few pages later, Mr. Ramsay, who, making his way through the 26 letters of the alphabet, could never get beyond *r*. And in the midst of Howe's metonymic *r* passages, the mood becomes more meditative, more phantasmagoric:

> As we grow old we return to our parents. Their absent submission to the harsh reality of Death renders the tangle luminous. A stellar pallor hangs on strips of silver bubbling before the sun. The spell is broken. There they are—embarking with other happy couples for Cythera.

The reference is evidently to Watteau's brilliant little painting *The Embarkation for Cythera*; the painter's "luminous" and "silvery" figures—their fragile figures rendered here in falling rhythm, again with elaborate repetition of *r* and *s*. Cythera, of course, is never reached. Indeed, Stevens's river this side of Stygia, "The River of Rivers in Connecticut"—there's that *r* again!—"flows nowhere, like a sea." In the end, Howe insists, following Stevens, she can only be a realist. And so on the penultimate page we read:

> These days I listen to the high speed Acela Express rushing through the remaining traces of woodland surrounding this four and a half acre, exurban almost suburban lot on the Northeast Corridor en route to Boston, New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Amtrak owns the land immediately bordering the tracks. Recently there has been a lot of hammering into the rock at night for some reason connected with a five-year plan for deploying free Wi-Fi internet service on all trains including slower regional ones.
>
> It's the new millennium. Post 9/11, spangled bleeding banners, war's carnage, the global War on Terror, Guantánamo, metadata, relationships, fracking, plastic bags, nuclear power plants, climate change, global warming, black holes, possible human extinction.

A little reality check, just a shade tongue-in-cheek, cataloging those items most poets at this very moment are writing about. True, there is no Cythera at the end of the Acela line, only a passage through "Hartford in a Purple Light"—a town first stumbled upon in 1636 by a group of pilgrims traveling the hundred-plus miles from Cambridge "through a hideous and trackless wilderness." "Vagrancy in the Park" is by no means a nostalgia trip:

> Late last night when I couldn't sleep I wondered at how the cold reversal of moonlight on snow from outside brightens the commonplace stillness of the house and how quietly night stands open to us, and sits up for us. Not fastening the door.

No closure in this very 21st-century elegy, no Miltonic "fresh woods, and pastures new," as the poet finds herself "on the beached margin, after long pilgrimage, waving to the quiet moon." Remember that a few pages earlier, when Susan was reciting her "Star light, star bright" prayer to herself, she noted that "looking at a new moon through glass was and is terribly unlucky according to my mother's divinations so I can't take a chance of accidental sightings." To be true to Stevens's spirit, the door must stay open.

Having carefully mined Stevens's *Rock* to assemble her own *Quarry*, Howe set the stage for the elegiac essay-poems that follow. The most important of these is "The Disappearance Approach," written in memory of Howe's husband Peter Hare, who died in his sleep on a January night in 2008 without her knowing anything was wrong. Howe's flat documentary account of the morning after, when, thinking Peter might already be up and out for a walk, she "looked out the window and saw the *New York Times* still on the driveway in its bright blue plastic wrapper," makes for painful reading.

Unlike most death memoirs, Howe never directly describes her feelings. Rather, emotion is objectified by intense concentration on such external objects as the CPAP mask used for sleep apnea that is still covering Peter's face when she enters the room, notes and work plans in Peter's computer, an overdue tax bill, anecdotes and emails about recent trips, memories of his quirks like introducing himself to people, adding, "Peter Hare as in Peter Rabbit," his Buffalo house, whose décor, bearing the imprint of his first wife, didn't appeal to Susan, and so on.

Pain is recorded, never directly, but in analogous stories of other sufferers at other moments in history. In the course of the essay we are presented with the autopsy report—"EMBOLIC OBSTRUCTION OF THE RIGHT VENTRICULAR OUTFLOW TRACT"—and finally, with a visit to the Metropolitan to see the exhibition on "Poussin and Nature," where Howe's reading of Poussin's *Pyramus and Thisbe* becomes a mirror of her own situation. Trying, finally, to understand what such sudden, wholly unanticipated death can mean to the one dying, she muses:

> It could have been the instant of balance between silence, seeing, and saying; the moment before speech. Peirce would call this moment, secondness. Peter was returning to the common course of things—our world of signs.

The rest can only be a "zero zone."

It has long been a cliché that the "language poets," with whom Susan Howe was loosely grouped because she taught in the Buffalo Poetics Program with Charles Bernstein in the later 1980s and 1990s, are not true poets at all, failing as they do to present lyric emotion, to dwell in subjectivity. But I can't think of another contemporary elegy as deeply moving as "The Disappearance Text," unless it is the long "Sorting Facts," purportedly a critical essay on the documentary filmmaker Chris Marker but also (and perhaps primarily) an elegy for Howe's first husband David von Schlegell, whose death, the opposite of Peter's, was slow and agonizing. Howe's study of how Chris Marker, along with such other filmmakers as Dziga Vertov and Andrei Tarkovsky, represented war, focuses on World War II, in which both David, 17 years Susan's senior, and her father had fought.

But as always for this poet, objective correlatives tell the story. In Marker's early *ciné-roman La Jetée* (1962), World War III is already over. "Marker's use of . . . freeze frames in this film that calls itself a fiction," writes Howe, "is a compelling documentation of the interaction between lyric poetry and murderous history." This could be a description of Howe's own writing, especially in *The Quarry*. Lyric poetry *interacts* with murderous history to produce a new kind of essay—or is it "cold green" pastoral elegy?—for our time. ♦

B&A

# Girl Meets Terrorist

*Story upon story in pursuit of a story.*

BY ERIN MUNDAHL

**In the Skin of a Jihadist**
*A Young Journalist Enters the ISIS Recruiting Network*
by Anna Erelle
Harper, 240 pp., $15.99

What's it like to be in the heart of a jihadist? He called her his "baby." Each morning she awoke to a string of missed Skype calls asking where she was. They talked for hours each night. "He" was Abu Bilel, the French right-hand man of Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi, and she was an undercover reporter he had unwittingly fallen for. *In the Skin of a Jihadist* tells the story of how a young French journalist found herself being digitally courted by a high-level ISIS commander. Having written about many of the teenaged girls who ran away to ISIS-controlled territory after conversing with fighters online, Anna Erelle found herself in the center of the story—being wooed herself.

As part of her work covering the stories of young people who fled France for North Africa, Erelle had established a digital alter ego. Somehow, out of all of those Facebook pages, Bilel found hers: "Mélodie," a woman 10 years younger and living in Toulouse, hundreds of miles from Erelle's home in Paris. He wanted to talk and Erelle wanted the sort of insight about ISIS only a behind-the-scenes look could provide. But merely exchanging text messages wasn't enough: He wanted to see his new love. Couldn't they Skype?

It was the beginning of a series of Skype conversations between journalist and jihadist that lasted over a month and, in the end, inspired "Mélodie" to run as far as Turkey in hopes of catching a glimpse of the series of couriers who spirited these young girls away. She answered his flirtatious lines with coy words of her own; she spoke with him regularly on Skype while heavily veiled; she gently pressed him for information on what

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ISIS was doing, information she then used in her own stories.

The lines she parroted to Bilel echoed the voices of the girls she'd spoken to over the years. In answering his question about how she hid her newfound faith from her imaginary mother, she could only repeat the methods others had related to her: "ISIS offers [lost young people] a way to fill the void in their lives"—a sense of purpose and a future in which their lives have meaning. "Mélodie," after all, had gone from nothing to promises of true love, marriage, and a future in a mere 48 hours.

In this sense, Anna Erelle's mission was as much a way of getting into the minds of the girls who left France as a means of understanding the members of ISIS. Throughout, she recounts struggling to repress her revulsion at Bilel's words. One day he told her that jihadists preferred converts for brides because:

> you're more serious about religion, and at the same time more open about life. You're not like these Syrian women who wear the veil but don't know how to make their men happy.

When he followed by asking if she likes lingerie, Erelle hung up on him—then forced herself to call back.

For Abu Bilel, jihad was a job. In one of his conversations with "Mélodie," he described his role as "supervising operations" before adding that someone else decided what to do with the bodies afterwards. Nonchalantly discussing death, his conversations would shift to asking what Mélodie wore beneath her burka. This disconnect from responsibility Erelle found most chilling. Both lecherous and cruel, Bilel leered at her on the computer screen yet offered a sense of self-worth she acknowledged would be attractive to a young woman who felt that France held no future for her. When she resisted, he questioned her courage, citing the many girls arriving in Syria each week.

Surely "Mélodie," his lioness, was as brave as they were?

One trouble with Erelle's account is its treatment of the detailed backstory she gave for "Mélodie." Several chapters open with details of her difficulties in school and with friends, even her marijuana use. But of course, "Mélodie" isn't real but a mélange of details and stories of other girls who had run to Syria that Erelle had learned from their families. These details, which fill several chapters, are a composite presented as fact—an exercise in empathy, perhaps: What would prompt a young woman to flee the 21st century for the 13th?

This is a compelling story, filled with the sorts of false histories, fake names, and secret encounters found in a spy novel. For Anna Erelle's safety, her identity, even the text of the original article she published in France about her experiences, remains hidden. The final irony is that, in the end, Western readers may only see Anna Erelle as Abu Bilel did—hidden behind a veil. ♦

B&A

# Well, Not Everybody

*Richard Linklater's Texas-sized disappointment.*

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

**Everybody Wants Some**
Directed by Richard Linklater

Twenty years ago, in *Dazed and Confused*, the largely unknown writer-director Richard Linklater offered up an indelible portrait of America in the 1970s in the guise of a conventional R-rated teen movie. Now, in 2016, the garlanded Linklater has brought us a conventional R-rated teen movie in the guise of a highly anticipated follow-up picture by a filmmaker whose last motion picture dazzled the world.

I don't remember when I've been as let down by a movie as much as I was by his new *Everybody Wants Some*, a plotless two hours featuring actors in their late twenties trying (and mostly failing) to come across as college baseball players in their late teens on a Texas campus in 1980. If watching others drink, smoke dope, play pinball, chase girls, and engage in mostly uninteresting banter while "My Sharona" plays in the background is your thing, then *Everybody Wants Some* is the movie for you. As for me, I was in college in 1980, and I found all that stuff mostly tedious; reliving the experience 36 years later didn't improve matters much.

The movie has its charms, as all Linklater pictures do (when his characters aren't engaging in pretentious pseudo-literary banter). He has an offhandedly masterly style; his movies just seem to happen, unfolding right in front of you, and casual grace of this kind is actually extraordinarily difficult to achieve. You glide along with them. But nothing happens in *Everybody Wants Some*, and I mean nothing. It takes place over four days, during which our protagonist Jake arrives at college, meets a cute girl, goes around town with his new baseball team buddies, has one practice, and then goes to a history class. That's it. Really.

The only variety here involves the differences among the bars and the parties. They go from disco dancing to Cotton Eye Joe-ing to mosh-pitting, so we get a full *tour d'horizon* of the musical styles and tastes of the era. And after they throw their own frat-like party, surfing down staircases on mattresses, they attend an artsy happening where the sight of cross-dressers and dominatrixes occasions barely a double-take from these small-town 1980s boys. That is just one of the many ways

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*Blake Jenner, Glen Powell*

ANNAPURNA FILMS

Linklater, who was himself a college baseball player in 1980s Texas, is looking back at the wondrousness of his youth with rose-colored social-liberal-from-Austin glasses.

He is also looking back with fondness at the movies he and his teammates probably watched together at the drive-in. He pays homage to them here with pointedly gratuitous displays of casual female nudity, which seem to be designed to remind us that those pre-AIDS days were simpler, less politically charged, and more innocently hedonistic. That's nice if you like that sort of thing; but in this as in so many other ways, *Everybody Wants Some* lacks the bracing qualities that made *Dazed and Confused* so remarkable.

That 1993 picture, which was also a sketch from memory set on the last day of school 1976, in an Austin suburb, took the form of the classic teenage movie of the nineties, with a first half about various groups of kids getting ready to go to a killer party and the second half set entirely at and around that party. But it was something different, as its indifferent box office results suggested—and its subsequent status as one of the best American films of the decade has proved.

*Dazed* has the distance and perspective of a good autobiographical novel. The party is beside the point. The movie offers a full-blown portrait of the range of characters that populate every high school—and the ways they cross social, class, and behavioral lines. Some of the jocks are artsy, druggy hipsters; some of the outcast nerds aren't sad and sensitive but obnoxious and nasty. Oddballs in their twenties hang around looking to make time with high school girls and are tolerated because they can buy beer and secure dope.

Most striking is the town's casual acceptance of acts of violent aggression by older kids against younger kids as simply part of local tradition. And when the movie ends at sundown, we do not forget that two of the older and more frightening characters have promised to do terrible things to two younger ones later on, and that those things will doubtless come to pass.

*Dazed and Confused* has us bemused by its characters at one moment and disgusted by them the next, and makes us understand both the attractions of teenage life and the absolute necessity to get beyond it. It's kind of sweet that what matters most in life to these kids is scoring tickets to an Aerosmith concert, but life is already toughening them up. *Dazed and Confused* is both fond and unsentimental, and therefore indelible.

*Everybody Wants Some* promises to reveal major tensions among the players on the baseball team and to make something meaningful out of the competitive spirit that drives these boys. But Linklater pulls back every time from the moments of confrontation that punctuate *Dazed and Confused*. We're told the older players resent and fear the younger, but they just pal around and trade wisecracks as though they are characters on a sitcom rather than driven young people who are competitors as well as teammates. Everything that might deepen the movie is lost in a cheerful haze of marijuana smoke.

In the end, *Everybody Wants Some* is like a speech at a college reunion that begins with funny and sharp observations and ends up with the speaker bawling and saying, "Oh, man, I just LOVE YOU GUYS!" The problem is that we didn't go to college with him. ♦

***Clinton wants associates to moderate debates***
***—News item, April 4, 2016***

**PARODY**

right. So doesn

RIL 12, 2016 — ONE DOLLAR CHEAP

# SANDERS DUCKS DEBATE AT CLINTON FAMILY REUNION

## *Webb Hubbell Among Moderators*

**By KAY WOFFORD**

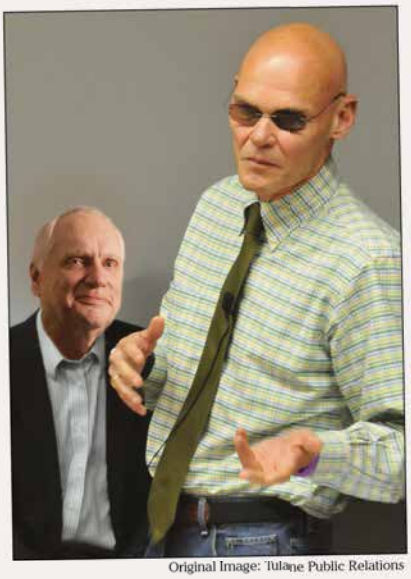
Vermont Senator Bernie Sanders, who has been publicly demanding a debate with former Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton prior to the New York presidential primary on April 19, has rejected Clinton's proposal to debate tomorrow during the Clintons' family reunion at their Westchester, New York, home. "What the hell's the matter with you people!" Sanders shouted at a Times reporter over the phone. "I can't deal with this *mishegas*!"

Secretary Clinton offered the proposal earlier this week, in response to Sanders's claim that she was attempting to avoid another debate. "Bernie Sanders has said I am ducking him," Clinton told an enthusiastic crowd of relatives in her backyard Friday evening. "But I am ready and willing to debate Senator Sanders anytime and anywhere this Sunday at my house."

A review of the Clinton campaign's memorandum outlining the debate's rules shows that the debate was to take place in the Clinton's backyard, after lunch but before the father-daughter sack race. The debate was set to be moderated by a highly distinguished panel of political insiders, including former White House staffers Paul Begala, James Carville, and Webster Hubbell. Additional questions would be allowed from the audience of Clinton and Rodham family members, as well as attorney Lanny Davis, former Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, and Dean Baquet, executive editor of the New York Times. Secretary Clinton would be permitted to "tag-in" former President Bill Clinton no more than three times. The Sanders campaign declined to explain why they did not participate.

But despite the Sanders campaign's lack of transparency and cooperation in setting the New York debate, the Clinton campaign has continued to push for more debates in anticipation of other significant primaries, including a town hall at a slumber party at Lena Dunham's Hollywood Hills home and a month-long debate tour in Guam hosted by Susan McDougal

*Continued on Page A3*



Original Image: Tulane Public Relations

Clinton intimates James Carville and Webb Hubbell meet in Westchester, New York, to prepare questions for Bernie Sanders.