the weekly Standard

MAY 2, 2016 $5.99

AGAINST CHIVALRY

The achievement of Cervantes and Shakespeare

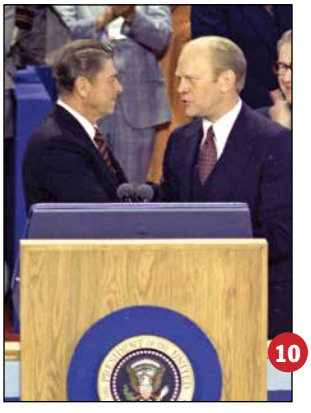
BY PAUL A. CANTOR

WEEKLYSTANDARD.COM

Contents

May 2, 2016 • Volume 21, Number 32

Articles



Features

Books & Arts

COVER BY JASON SEILER

Hamilton Lives!

Donald Trump would come to the defense of Andrew Jackson, wouldn't he? One blustery populist looking out for another. When it was announced last week that Harriet Tubman will replace Old Hickory on the $20 bill, Trump allowed that "Tubman is fantastic," then denigrated her choice as "pure political correctness" and defended Jackson as having "had a great history," a history "of tremendous success for the country." What were the highlights of that history? Let's turn to The Weekly Standard's Jay Cost:

> As president he broke the law when and as it suited his interests; the Senate rightly censured him for illegally removing deposits from the Second Bank of the United States. Whereas Hamilton secured the nation's public finances, Jackson, who was largely ignorant of these matters even by the standards of his day, set them back a half century, and in the process he paid off his political cronies. He established the spoils system, which would debauch public administration for a half century. Worst of all, Jackson was cruel and duplicitous in his dealings with the Native Americans.

Cost was making the case, early last summer, for the decision that the Obama administration has now, rather miraculously, made ("Leave Hamilton Alone!" June 18, 2015). Treasury Secretary Jacob Lew, in June 2015, had floated the idea of removing the admirable Alexander Hamilton from the $10 bill and replacing him with a person of the female gender to be determined.

The Weekly Standard published not only Cost's response suggesting Jackson be given the boot, but that of Stanford professor Michael W. McConnell ("Alexander the Great: Leave Hamilton on the $10 bill," July 20, 2015). He said of those on America's currency, "Other than Washington and Lincoln, our most important and admired presidents, Hamilton is the worthiest and most appropriate person to honor in this way." As "architect of our financial system," Hamilton "belongs on a bill."

TWS PHOTO ILLUSTRATION; TRUMP: GAGE SKIDMORE!

At the time this magazine was defending Hamilton's pride of place, America's first Treasury secretary was not the pop-culture fave he has since become. It was later last summer that *Hamilton* the musical became a Broadway sensation, one as improbable as Hamilton's own life. The Scrapbook suspects that Hamilton has been retained on the tenner less for his undeniable merits than for his newfound celebrity. But even if the administration's reasoning smacks of Kardashianism, the decision was the correct one.

Let us also praise the excellent choice of Harriet Tubman as the woman to replace the dead white male on the twenty. Jackson of course was a champion of America's original sin—one of the reasons McConnell cited last summer in The Weekly Standard for giving him the heave-ho: "Not only did he defend slavery where it existed, but he supported the spread of slavery to the territories. He publicly called opponents of slavery 'monsters.'" How perfect to replace Jackson with one of the greatest American opponents of slavery, a hero who armed herself (at times with pistol, at times with rifle) and then, with a price on her head, repeatedly put her life at risk rescuing slaves from bondage. Not only does she represent an antidote to Jackson, Tubman is admired for accomplishments that have nothing to do with her gender. She is a hero who happened to be a woman, not a hero for having been a woman.

As if those weren't already reasons enough, we can also celebrate the demise of one of the least pleasing likenesses ever to grace American currency. Jackson's engraved portrait (aside from a truly spectacular head of hair) made him look bewildered, if not downright deranged. Perhaps the artist was just doing his best to capture the essence of the man. But good riddance to Crazy-Eyes Jackson.

And as for Trump, though he is disappointed in the decision regarding the twenty, perhaps there may yet be an opportunity to offer him consolation. If ever there were a perfect candidate for a three-dollar bill, he's the man. ♦

Pulitzer Update

Nearly a decade ago The Weekly Standard's own Philip Terzian, who had been a finalist for a Pulitzer Prize and served as a Pulitzer juror, wrote in the pages of this magazine, "The Pulitzer Prizes are a singularly corrupt institution, administered by Columbia University and the management of the *New York Times* largely for the benefit of the *New York Times* and a limited number of favored publications and personalities" ("Prize and Fall," April 30, 2007).

Nothing about the 2016 Pulitzers, announced on April 18, suggests any need to revise or extend those remarks. True, the *New York Times* didn't win the Pulitzer for editorial writing, but the fact they were a finalist for the award is appalling enough.

You may recall that back in December the *Times* made a splash when the paper ran its first front-page editorial since 1920, in the wake of the San Bernardino terror attack. The editorial didn't argue for fixing the obviously dysfunctional immigration system that, despite myriad warning signs, let the terrorists into the country. It didn't argue that the Obama administration's abundance of spectacular foreign policy failures had made us less safe.

Instead, the paper editorialized in favor of preventing terror attacks by "eliminating some large categories of weapons and ammunition. . . . It is possible to define those guns in a clear and effective way and, yes, it would require Americans who own those kinds of weapons to give them up for the good of their fellow citizens." The paper did not mention that the guns used by the terrorists in the San Bernardino attack were already illegal to own or that gun violence has declined by nearly half in the last two decades or so.

To make their point about banning certain kinds of ammunition, an online version of the editorial also linked to a fake web news site that claimed, incorrectly, that California had banned .45 caliber ammunition, which is one of the most commonly used bullets for handguns.

And despite the insistence that it's "possible to define those guns in a clear and effective way," an editorial a week later demonstrated a lamentable ignorance of firearms by stating that .50 caliber rifles had been covered by the so-called assault weapons ban. Such rifles, usually bolt-action types that hold relatively few rounds, were never banned under that law. A Mexican military helicopter was, however, shot down by Mexican drug cartels with one of these guns. And a .50 caliber rifle was found in January, along with the apprehension of the notorious Mexican drug lord El Chapo. In both cases, the weapons had been provided by Obama's Justice Department as part of the baffling and incompetent Fast and Furious sting operation. It will probably not surprise you that the *Times* has repeatedly editorialized against Republicans in Congress for demanding the Obama administration explain that episode and take responsibility for the thousands of guns that were sold to gangs under the guise of investigating gun-running.

The Scrapbook further noted the hypocrisy when an editorial ran in December blasting congressional Republicans for not supporting the Obama administration's call for banning gun purchases for those on the no-fly list. A year earlier, the same *Times* editorial board had inveighed against the list as a matter of due process, noting that half of the 71,000 people on it may be there erroneously. Further, many on the list are simply suspects; denying constitutionally guaranteed rights to people who have never been convicted of a crime would be grossly unconstitutional.

Even gun control advocates should be aghast at the *Times*. Displays of brazen ignorance in the process of less-than-artful calls for gun grabbing are undoubtedly driving

gun sales through the roof. That such undeniable journalistic incompetence would be saluted by the Pulitzer committee once again affirms they are indeed a singularly corrupt institution. ♦

Eggy McEggface

The boat in question; name TBD

One of the best lines attributed to, though not actually said by, Winston Churchill is, "The best argument against democracy is a five-minute conversation with the average voter." The line sprang to mind when The Scrapbook read of the plight of the U.K.'s new polar research vessel (presently referred to as NPRV), which risks being saddled with the moniker "Boaty McBoatface," courtesy of an online poll.

A project of the Natural Environment Research Council, the $300 million state-of-the-art research vessel is set to be completed in 2019. It will be "the UK's largest and most advanced research ship yet," equipped to prowl Arctic and Antarctic waters, aiding in climate research. To mark the start of construction, NERC decided to invite the public to vote on name suggestions using the hashtag #NameOurShip.

To gauge from the suggested names, the British public does not share the scientific community's enthusiasm for this latest bout of government spending. True, some 2,400 voted to name the vessel RRS *Henry Worsley*, after a British explorer who died in January attempting the first unaided solo crossing of the Antarctic. And RRS *David Attenborough*, after the celebrated British naturalist, also made the short list.

However, both were blown away by the flood of votes for RRS *Boaty McBoatface*, which garnered 124,000 votes, four times that of the next-closest contender. Perhaps it is time to reword the promotional heading on NERC's "name our ship" website to "200 Million Pounds. 15,000 Tonnes. 129 Metres. 124,000 Votes. One name."

During a BBC radio interview, two days after the online voting closed, science minister Jo Johnson was politic about the Internet's choice, telling the host: "There is a process now for us to review all of the public's choices. Many of them were imaginative, some were more suitable than others."

He was more polite than The Scrapbook would have been and refrained from calling the suggested name inane or farcical. Instead, he suggested Boaty McBoatface was for some reason not "a name that fits the gravity and the importance of the subjects that this boat is going to be doing science into."

Although the BBC host accused the government of riding "roughshod over democracy," the final say rests with NERC. ♦

Great Moments in Acknowledgments

"I'd long been told that there's no finer book editor in all of publishing than Bob Weil, and what amazing fortune to learn up-close exactly how true that is. Bob's passion for this project has been its soul from the very beginning. His careful and attentive edits turned court transcripts and reporting into narrative storytelling. His high standards pushed me to go deeper than I'd imagined. This book emerged from our shared belief, discovered over a first lunch, that much of our country's political dysfunction stems from gerrymandering. His faith that I could explain this big picture, and his friendship and generosity throughout this time, was a sustaining force." (David Daley, editor of *Salon*, in *Rat F**ked: The True Story Behind the Secret Plan to Steal America's Democracy.*) ♦

the weekly Standard

www.weeklystandard.com

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

MediaDC
Ryan McKibben, *Chairman*
Stephen R. Sparks, *President & Chief Operating Officer*
Kathy Schaffhauser, *Chief Financial Officer*
David Lindsey, *Chief Digital Officer*
Catherine Lowe, *Integrated Marketing Director*
Mark Walters, *Chief Revenue Officer*
Nicholas H.B. Swezey, *Vice President, Advertising*
T. Barry Davis, *Senior Director, Advertising*
Jason Roberts, *Digital Director, Advertising*
Rich Counts, *National Account Director*
Andrew Kaumeier, *Advertising Operations Manager*
Brooke McIngvale, *Manager, Marketing Services*

Advertising inquiries: 202-293-4900
Subscriptions: 1-800-274-7293

The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013), a division of Clarity Media Group, is published weekly (except the first week in January, third week in March, fourth week in June, and third week in August) at 1152 15th St., NW, Suite 200, Washington D.C. 20005. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 421203, Palm Coast, FL 32142-1203. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-274-7293. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders and changes of address to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 421203, Palm Coast, FL 32142-1203. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-386-597-4378 for subscription inquiries. American Express, Visa/MasterCard payments accepted. Cover price, $4.95. Back issues, $4.95 (includes postage and handling). Send letters to the editor to The Weekly Standard, 1152 15th Street, NW, Suite 200, Washington, DC 20005-4617. For a copy of The Weekly Standard Privacy Policy, visit www.weeklystandard.com or write to Customer Service, The Weekly Standard, 1152 15th St., NW, Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 20005.

Drag 'Net

Early in the Internet's life, and relatively late in his own, the great journalist Christopher Hitchens embarrassed me away from the Web. This embarrassment, luckily, did not involve his writing anything. He had invited me to work on a project and deadlines were approaching. I emailed him without getting a reply. This was unlike him. His reputation as one who drank life (and much else) to the lees was not exactly made up. But as long as the sun was below the yardarm, he was fastidious, even punctilious, about deadlines, word counts, correspondence, billing, and the other elements of an orderly writer's workday.

"Do you check your email?" I asked him over the phone.

"Oh, yes!"

"Really?"

"Well. . ." he paused, before mumbling plummily, "not rilly."

"You should have told me that."

"I should think you'd understand, deh boy," he said. "It's a tebble thief of time, the Internet, daintchy think?"

Till then I had been an "early adopter." I hadn't considered myself one, but put it this way: Every time I signed on with a new Internet service provider my actual name was still available as an email address. A decade's worth of corporate propaganda about how computers were going to revolutionize the workplace and blah-blah-blah must have done its work on me. Hitchens's "thief of time" remark was a summons back to common sense. What revolutions mostly do is bestow power on a new set of creeps and impose drudgery on a new set of schmoes. They don't make things more efficient. (Robert Gordon's new history of American growth shows the tech revolution is no exception.)

The second wave of Internet innovation has passed me by. I neither poke nor ping nor Bing. Beware of geeks bearing GIFs is my motto. Except when an article requires it, I am not on (or in) Facebook, Instagram, Vine, or Yik Yak. The other day I realized there might be a downside to this. A friend told me that a mutual acquaintance had posted a kind tweet about an interview I'd done in a French newspaper. I went to look for it. There it was! And what fun! There were other flattering things there, too! One post described me as "hilarious, funny, irreverent, beautiful, bold and. . ." Jeesh! Except for beautiful, the guy had me down to a tee! But actually the word "beautiful" kept coming up. It looked like my modesty was just going to have to give way to popular consensus.

GARY HOVLAND

Then I came across a post about how beautiful I looked in a dress. Then an expression of amazement that "Christopher Caldwell peed onstage with this!" Then one that read simply "Don't you love a drag queen?"

It turns out I share a name with not just a drag queen, but one of the great cross-dressing performers of our time. And not just that, but one who has won a spot on the long-running nationally televised show *RuPaul's Drag Race* and has thereby gained an Internet following. He's the one who's "hilarious, funny, irreverent, beautiful, bold." Me? I share a name with someone you might have heard of.

Now, this has happened to better men than me. The magnificent Irish essayist John Waters is almost impossible to find on the Internet underneath references to the Baltimore filmmaker of the same name. There is a superb British political scientist named Colin Crouch, but whenever you look for his writings online, you get referred to the books by another Colin Crouch, a chess master. When I was a boy, there were two NFL wide receivers named Gene Washington, one with the Minnesota Vikings, one with the San Francisco 49ers. It was hard to keep them straight, and that was before you threw in Gen. Washington, the one who crossed the Delaware.

I was hoping to find out more about my namesake. Unfortunately, in my ignorance of how the Internet works, I tend to fear cybercookies the way Chinese tourists fear communicable diseases. If there were an Internet equivalent of those surgical masks they wear on planes and trains, I'd wear it. I avoid links. One click on "peed onstage with this" and Google will put the computer I share with my wife on the list entitled "send them pictures of things people pee with."

For now, all I can offer my namesake is congratulation. And commiseration. If it's a nuisance for me to be told, "I hear you look great in an alligator-skin lamé cocktail dress," the other Chris is probably no more thrilled about people coming up to him backstage, just as he's applying his mascara, and saying: "What do you mean, 'Trump is right about Putin'?"

Christopher Caldwell

the weekly Standard

Forget New York

On April 19, 1775, first at sunrise in Lexington and then at midmorning a few miles away at the North Bridge in Concord, the war for American independence began:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

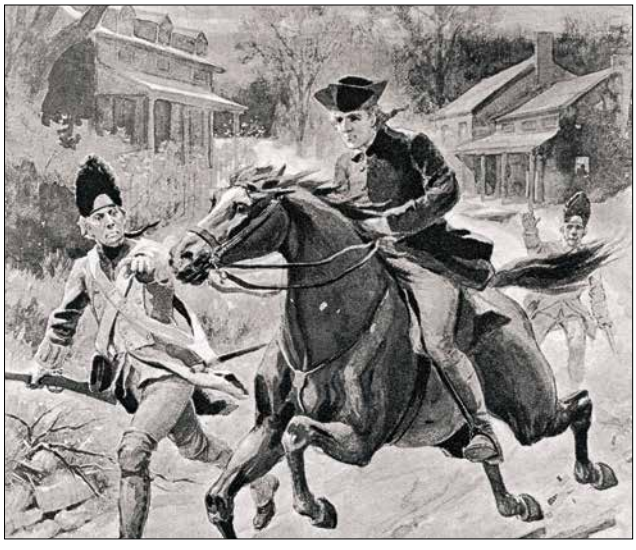
Thus the essayist Ralph Waldo Emerson, turning to poetry to commemorate the day six decades later. A quarter-century on, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow could assume the events were still familiar to his readers:

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

Thanks in part to Emerson and Longfellow, generations of American children heard tell of the notable events of that day. We acknowledge some doubt, however, as to how many American children today know much of these battles, though they are still commemorated in Massachusetts as Patriots' Day. Yet when the Boston Marathon was the subject of a terrorist attack in 2013, the response was "Boston Strong," a kind of echo of the spirit of Emerson and Longfellow and of the farmers and silversmith they celebrated.

Unfortunately, for those of us unavoidably preoccupied by this year's Republican presidential race, the date of April 19 now brings to mind something else entirely: the smashing victory that day in the New York primary by Donald Trump, who won 60 percent of the popular vote and 89 of the 95 delegates at stake.

And so, sadly, if the New York primary turns out to be a key moment in the GOP nominating contest, and Trump goes on to win the nomination, the unfortunate image of a grinning con man, basking in the approbation of his credulous supporters will to some degree intrude on our remembrance of courageous and resourceful patriots.



NEWSCOM

Paul Revere, Lexington-bound

This should not be allowed to happen. How can the Trumping of April 19 be prevented? It's simple: Let us see to it that New York on April 19, unlike Lexington and Concord, is not a harbinger of ultimate victory. Let us rather act so as to make New York on April 19 the high-water mark of Trump, more like the Battle of Rhode Island in August of 1778, an inconclusive British victory little remembered today because it was ultimately of little consequence. Such an outcome would be particularly appropriate because one knows that a Donald Trump of 1775 would have been a Loyalist—though he would have remained so only as long as the odds were with the British, and in the end would have done all he could do to curry favor with the winning side.

So opponents of Donald Trump need to take heart and succeed in their efforts to secure the very achievable goal of saving the Republican party from Trump.

Longfellow wrote "Paul Revere's Ride" in 1860, and it was published in January 1861, just after South Carolina had announced its intention to secede from the Union. Longfellow's effort to inspire a common patriotism did not deter the South from its foolish and destructive course. But this time, in the admittedly less dire circumstances in which we find ourselves, the hour is not too late. So let us proclaim a "cry of defiance, and not of fear" that "in the hour of darkness and peril and need" awakens our fellow Republicans to the "midnight message" of . . . Never Trump!

—William Kristol

Hit Job

On the eve of President Obama's final state visit to Saudi Arabia, *60 Minutes* produced a story suggesting that 28 classified pages from the 9/11 Commission report point to direct Saudi government involvement in the attacks. There has been a lively debate over those pages since the report was first published 12 years ago, with lawmakers and others petitioning for the pages to be declassified, while intelligence and law enforcement officials as well as both the Bush and Obama White Houses have demurred. So why was the story aired now?

Yes, there's legislation pending that may allow families of 9/11 victims to sue Saudi Arabia for its ostensible role in the attacks, but it was rolled out last September. So what, in journalistic parlance, was the peg for the story? Simple: Obama was heading to Riyadh.

There must have been some awkward moments between Obama and King Salman last week. The Saudis, after all, know the 9/11 story is nonsense. If Riyadh had something to hide, former foreign minister Saud al-Faisal wouldn't have called for the pages to be declassified all the way back in 2003. Still, the story was an embarrassment to the Saudis, who no doubt assumed that the American president had come to smile in their face even as he stabbed them in the back.

"There's nothing newsworthy in those 28 pages," says a source who worked in the National Security Council staff of the George W. Bush administration and read the documents. Nothing in those pages, according to the source, suggests Saudi government involvement in the 9/11 attacks.

What is known about Saudi Arabia's role has been common knowledge for nearly a decade and a half—15 of the 19 terrorists were Saudi citizens, under orders from another Saudi citizen, Osama bin Laden. The 9/11 Commission, in the words of its report, "found no evidence that the Saudi government as an institution or senior Saudi officials individually funded the organization." The careful wording highlights the fact that Saudi citizens as well as Islamic "charities" helped fund al Qaeda. If Riyadh had too often turned a blind eye to the subvention of terror by its wealthy princes, al Qaeda operations in Saudi itself convinced the kingdom it was vital to join the war on terror. As the Obama administration acknowledges, the Saudis have been a valuable partner in fighting Islamic terrorism, providing intelligence that prevented attacks on the United States.

So what's in those 28 pages then? "It's spy vs. spy stuff," the NSC staff source told me last week. In 2003, Bush refused to declassify the pages, saying, "we won't reveal sources and methods that will compromise our efforts to succeed" in fighting terrorism. As the *60 Minutes* report shows, it was then-FBI director Robert Mueller who seemed most insistent that the pages stay classified. His chief concern would have been to protect our ability to collect intelligence on terror suspects in the United States as well as on foreign intelligence services.

What is the work of Middle East security services—like Egypt's, or Iran's, or Saudi Arabia's—in the United States? Partly to hunt for American secrets, but also to keep an eye on their own citizens, students, for instance, or businessmen. The 28 pages seem to be about American agencies spying on Middle Eastern services, who are spying on their own people.

The Obama administration has had seven years to declassify the 28 pages but hasn't. Where Bush explained that classification was to protect American national security, Obama officials hint that they're protecting Saudi Arabia from facts that wouldn't reflect well on Riyadh. The administration's intention is to make the Saudis look bad.

Not surprisingly, the Saudis were furious. But they should have seen it coming. The fear that Obama was going to take a shot at them if they strongly opposed the Iran deal was one reason they kept quiet when the Israelis encouraged them to speak out. Their silence didn't buy them any leniency, as they saw when Obama unloaded on Riyadh in his *Atlantic* interview last month. The Saudis, Obama said, were "free riders" who needed to learn to "share the neighborhood" with Iran.

Riyadh doesn't see it like that. Rather, they see themselves as part of the U.S. regional order. Or at least they *saw* themselves as part of that security architecture. Those days, say some Saudi officials, are now over. Former Saudi intelligence chief Turki al-Faisal told CNN that the U.S.-Saudi relationship will have to be recalibrated. And "I don't think that we should expect any new president in America to go back to . . . the yesteryear days when things were different."

That probably made Obama's day. He has sought to destroy the old regional order and like all presidents would prefer to see his "achievement" preserved after he's left office. Now, no matter how much the next administration might want to restore easy relations with Riyadh, it is going to have to contend with the mess Obama's policy has created.

And there's another reason Obama is beating up on Saudi Arabia. In painting the Saudis as terrorists, the White House changes the subject from the Iranian aggression facilitated and encouraged by Obama's misbegotten deal with Tehran. As in a political campaign, the White House is finding it increasingly difficult to make a positive case for its candidate, Iran. So it resorts to driving up the negatives of Saudi Arabia.

It's Obama's standard operating procedure—denigrate allies while ignoring the threats posed by adversaries. Our partners in the Middle East and elsewhere must think that Washington has lost its mind. The reality is worse—America is not able or willing to lead at this point because for the last seven years we've been governed by a man consumed with contempt for the rest of the world, and especially for America's allies.

—Lee Smith

When the Rules Aren't Conventional

Double agents and Trojan horses.

BY FRED BARNES

The presence of "Trojan horse" delegates—or "double agent" delegates, as Donald Trump calls them—is not a new phenomenon at a Republican convention. There were many at the last convention during which a presidential nomination was contested.

That was in 1976. And guess what these delegates, pledged to one candidate but sympathetic to a rival, did? Not much. The delegates bound to President Gerald Ford but secretly in favor of Ronald Reagan didn't violate their pledge to vote for Ford on the first ballot. And Ford won.

But what was more revealing was the failure of a convention rule change that the Reagan forces figured would hurt Ford and catapult Reagan to the nomination. The change would have required Ford to name a vice presidential running mate—Reagan had already named one—before the vote on nominating a presidential candidate.

The Ford delegates who were pro-Reagan were free to vote for the change. Few did, but the exact number is unknown. How "these Reagan delegates in Ford clothing" voted was never recorded, Reagan biographer Craig Shirley wrote in his definitive account, *Reagan's Revolution: The Untold Story of the Campaign That Started It All*. Nor did they identify themselves publicly.

But there was another factor: Ford had his own Trojan horse delegates. "For example," Shirley wrote, "Indiana delegates were legally required to vote for Reagan on the first ballot, though most clearly favored Ford." In North Carolina, the opposite occurred. Reagan ally Tom Ellis took advantage of the opportunity to choose delegates. Ford had lost the primary but won delegates. Ellis installed Reaganites in all but two of the Ford slots.

The rivals share the spotlight, August 19, 1976.

In the end, all the maneuvering had minimal impact. Ford defeated the change, known as Rule 16-C, by 111 votes and won the nomination by 117 votes on the first ballot. That suggests the hullabaloo over the rule had a net effect of six votes.

If you're looking for a lesson for this year's GOP convention in the fight 40 years ago, there's not a big one. The closest thing is that rule challenges and other gimmicks by a candidate who is trailing usually don't work. They are often complicated and unique, with little or no relevance to later conventions.

As a reporter for the Washington *Evening Star*, I covered the 1976 convention in Kansas City. In terms of excitement and drama, it hasn't been improved on. The Cleveland convention this July may surpass it if Donald Trump, the frontrunner for the nomination, falls short on the first ballot, Trojan horse delegates are unbound, and an "open" convention ensues. We'll see.

Trump talks about unifying the Republican party, but there is little chance of that if he's the nominee. Like the GOP itself, the convention will be divided and angry. This is a bad omen.

The last time Republicans were bitterly divided was in 1964 when conservative Barry Goldwater was nominated. Moderates and liberals abandoned Goldwater, and in the general election he lost to President Lyndon Johnson in a landslide.

"Divided conventions lead to losing in the fall," Shirley said in an interview. This happened with Democrats in 1968 and 1972 and, as Michael Barone has noted, in 1912 when Republican Theodore Roosevelt bolted and ran on the Bull Moose ticket. That split the Republican vote and Democrat Woodrow Wilson won the election.

In 1976, convention delegates were stars. The media paid enormous attention to them. They weren't just counted. They were interviewed at state delegation meetings and on the convention floor. This was a product of a contested convention with an uncertain outcome.

Since then, Republican consultants, campaign strategists, and party officials have been the media's focus. This was the product of conventions in which the presidential nomination had been decided months earlier. Why interview delegates when the result of their votes is already known to everyone?

In Cleveland, delegates should be important players again. Why interview a consultant when a Trump delegate whose real allegiance is to Ted Cruz is available? And unlike in 1976, most of the Trojan horse delegates will be known to reporters. If they held their own caucus,

Fred Barnes is an executive editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

the media would swarm the event.

Forty years ago, the Mississippi delegation drew crowds of press, most of them newspaper reporters in those pre-Internet days. They found all the drama and tragedy they could have imagined as Mississippi anguished over whether to embrace Reagan or Ford.

The delegation was headed by Clarke Reed, the state chairman and an influential conservative in his own right. Reed knew Reagan and initially preferred him. But Ford and his agents continued to woo him, insisting a vote for Reagan would be wasted since Ford was ahead and more likely to win. Their argument worked. Reed flipped and Mississippi, operating under the unit rule, gave all its votes to Ford.

That episode points to a lesson that ought to please Trump: The candidate closest to having a majority of the delegates has the best chance of winning. That candidate can claim his train is leaving the station and you'd better get on. Reed did.

Jeffrey Bell was a Reagan adviser in 1976. He went to the trailer outside the convention hall where the floor operations were managed. When Reagan lost, "there wasn't a dry eye in that trailer," he says. "They were weeping, openly, dramatically. I'd never seen anything like that."

Maybe there will be sobbing in the loser's trailer in Cleveland. But after this brutal and nasty campaign, I doubt it. ♦

Carrier Photo-Ops

Martial rhetoric, Pacific reality.

BY THOMAS DONNELLY

Early in April, Defense Secretary Ashton Carter previewed his two-week Asia-Pacific tour by reaffirming the administration's belief that this is the "single most consequential region" for U.S. national security interests. Speaking to the Council on Foreign Relations in New York, he celebrated America's "essential and pivotal role" in the Pacific. The centerpiece of the trip itself was a speech aboard the aircraft carrier USS *John C. Stennis* as it sailed through the disputed waters of the South China Sea, where China is expanding its claims on a series of small islands and reefs within striking distance of the Philippines. Beijing duly complained about U.S. "militarization" of the region, but Carter asserted, "We have been here for decade upon decade."

This was Carter's second recent carrier photo-op in the South China Sea. In November, he visited the USS *Theodore Roosevelt*, describing the ship as a "symbol and sign of the critical role the United States' military power plays in a very consequential region." And Carter is correct: Since World War II, the Pacific has been something of an American lake. Despite inconclusive wars in Korea and Vietnam, U.S. military power has provided a framework for a series of Pacific economic miracles and, in places like Japan, South Korea, and Taiwan, a flowering of democratic governance among "Confucian" cultures supposedly habituated to authoritarianism.

'Hey, is that skywriting the Chinese symbol for "weakling"?' Ashton Carter aboard the USS John C. Stennis*, April 15, 2016*

NEWSCOM

But a closer look at the military realities belies much of Carter's rhetoric. Yes, we've been in the western Pacific for decades and decades. Yet we're not there much now. Despite the administration's ballyhooed "Pacific Pivot" of 2012, the U.S. naval presence in the region has been declining and has reached a minimal level. Nowhere is this truth more apparent than in the South China Sea, where China's aggression is due in part to America's absence.

Take the cases of the two carriers that hosted Carter. The *Stennis*, one of five carriers in the Pacific fleet, is homeported in Bremerton, Washington. She put to sea in the middle of January, as part of the Navy's "Great Green Fleet" project. Unlike the "Great White Fleet" circumnavigation of 1907, dreamed up by President Theodore Roosevelt to demonstrate America's global military reach, the Great Green Fleet is a demonstration of the Navy's commitment to reducing its carbon footprint and reliance on fossil fuels. Once across the Pacific, *Stennis* took part in the annual "Foal Eagle" exercises with Korea. She entered the South China Sea in April, hosted Carter on April 15, and is now back in waters off Japan. All told, *Stennis* spent about a week in the South China Sea—it "militarized" the region only briefly, if at all.

And it was something of a novelty to have the *Stennis* in the Pacific in the first place. She's spent most of the last three years in drydock, conducting basic training near her home port, or assigned to the U.S. Fifth Fleet in the Middle East. In this regard, the *Stennis* is much like the *Roosevelt*, the carrier Carter visited in the fall. The *Roosevelt*, too, spent most of its last deployment in the Middle East, just passing through the South China Sea for a week on its way, via the Indian Ocean, to its new homeport in San Diego.

The Pacific carrier fleet is about to take another hit. The mainstay of the

Thomas Donnelly is co-director of the Marilyn Ware Center for Security Studies at the American Enterprise Institute.

U.S. carrier presence in the region has been the USS *George Washington*, in its forward port of Yokosuka, Japan. But the *Washington* is due to undergo its midlife nuclear "refueling and complex overhaul," a process that takes about three years. Budget cuts have delayed this needed repair, and in the midst of the 2014 showdown with Congress over the "sequestration" provision of the Budget Control Act, the administration proposed scrapping the *Washington* entirely and cutting the overall carrier fleet to just nine. While the fate of the *Washington* is being worked out, the USS *Ronald Reagan* will take its place in Japan. The *Reagan* has spent 44 of the last 48 months either in port or conducting local training maneuvers.

In sum, U.S. carrier presence is a global shell game, with too few ships chasing too many missions. The combination of a shrinking fleet and demands elsewhere, mostly in the Middle East, means the Navy almost never has sufficient presence anywhere in Asia, and especially in the South China Sea. Indeed, in the last four years, the Navy has only once had two carriers operating in the western Pacific—which would be a minimum to deter Chinese adventurism both in Northeast and Southeast Asia—and then only for a single month.

To be fair to Secretary Carter, and particularly to Admiral Harry Harris, chief of U.S. Pacific Command, the Defense Department has been arguing forcefully to adopt a more robust posture in the western Pacific and throughout East Asia. But they have not been able to convince a White House dedicated to "de-militarizing" American foreign policy. National security adviser Susan Rice reportedly placed a "gag order" on Harris prior to Chinese leader Xi Jinping's visit to Washington for the recent nuclear summit. There has also been a debate about the nature of U.S. Navy maneuvers in the region; Carter characterizes them as "freedom of navigation" operations—allowing the full spectrum of military tactics—while the White House calls them "innocent passage," meaning limited operations—halting air patrols, for example.

It's the People's Liberation Army that now has that "decade upon decade" look to it. A few days after the *Stennis* left the area, the Chinese deployed a military aircraft to Fiery Cross Reef, one of the new man-made bases—sporting a 10,000-foot runway—just a few hundred miles from the Philippines. State Department spokesman John Kirby, a former Navy officer and Pentagon flack, said it was "difficult to understand" why the Chinese had used a military plane to evacuate injured workers. The Chinese middle-finger response was that the People's Liberation Army "wholeheartedly serve[s] the people." America's Pacific allies—including treaty allies like the Philippines—have no trouble grasping the Chinese message.

These days, the presence of a U.S. aircraft carrier in the South China Sea is a big deal, or at least a big enough one to yank the secretary of defense halfway around the world, along with his public relations team. And while there's more to American military power than aircraft carriers, the gap between Carter's breast-beating and the day-to-day balance in the western Pacific is not just dissonant. It is the very emblem of weakness. ♦

A Supreme Election

The Court is in the balance and on the ballot.

BY TERRY EASTLAND

Elections matter, affecting even the appointment of judges, as the Merrick Garland nomination demonstrates.

The Constitution provides that the president "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint . . . judges of the Supreme Court." Of course, we elect our presidents and our senators. And the results are such that at any given time we have a president and a Senate of the same party or we have a president of one party and a Senate of the other party. That is, we have either unified or divided government (ignoring the House, which has no role here). And whether we have one or the other, vacancies on the Court will always occur, the filling of which is governed by the appointments clause.

The relevant elections for the Garland nomination were those in 2012 and 2014. In 2012, President Barack Obama won a second term, and the Democrats kept control of the Senate. No vacancies occurred during the first half of Obama's second term. But it's fair to say that had there been a vacancy, the Senate Democratic majority would have swiftly confirmed the president's nominee, just as it did his first two, Sonia Sotomayor in 2009 and Elena Kagan in 2010.

In 2014, the Republicans captured the Senate, creating a divided government. So when Justice Antonin Scalia died in February, the terms of the appointments clause left nominating his successor to the president, a Democrat, and the decision to confirm the nomination (or not) to the Republican Senate.

In *The Oxford Companion to the Supreme Court of the United States*, Rayman L. Solomon observes that during periods of divided government, the

Terry Eastland is an executive editor at The Weekly Standard.

Senate has been occasionally able "to muster the opposition to block a vulnerable" nominee. Rarely, however, has there been a divided government in which Republicans controlled the Senate and during which a vacancy occurred that a Democratic president undertook to fill. Indeed, you have to go all the way back to 1895 to find a similar situation. The Democratic president Grover Cleveland nominated Rufus Peckham, and the Republican Senate confirmed him six days later.

Much of relevance has happened since the appointment of Justice Peckham, not least the rise of modern judicial review (to which Peckham contributed) and its looser approach to constitutional adjudication. In 1964, the Republican candidate for president, Barry Goldwater, criticized the Warren Court, arguably the most activist ever. Thus did the Court's exercise of judicial power become a major-party issue for the first time in a presidential campaign.

Since then judicial activism has remained an issue for Republicans while Democrats have advocated versions of the "living constitution," which enabled decisions such as *Roe* v. *Wade* (in 1973, creating a woman's constitutional right to an abortion) and *Obergefell* v. *Hodges* (just this past year, declaring a constitutional right to same-sex marriage).

Over the years the parties have become more polarized in their views, such that conservative Democrats and liberal Republicans are today uncommon sightings. Democrats promise to appoint judicial liberals and Republicans judicial conservatives, and so they have, though the justices chosen by Democratic presidents have proved more reliably liberal than some of those selected by Republican presidents have proved reliably conservative (see Justice Anthony Kennedy).

Even so, in their forthcoming analysis of partisan polarization and the Supreme Court, law professors Neal Devins and Lawrence Baum observe that since 2010, when Elena Kagan replaced liberal John Paul Stevens, a Republican appointee, all the Republican appointees on the Court have been to the right of all the Democratic appointees. Devins and Baum also make the point from the opposite direction: "Every Justice appointed by a Democratic president stands to the left of every Justice appointed by a Republican."

This pattern "is unique in the Court's history," they write. "Before 2010, the Court never had ideological blocs that coincided with party lines." And because "a Court with five Democratic justices will reach sets of decisions that are quite different from those a court with five Republican justices would reach . . . presidential elections matter more for the Court than ever before."

But not presidential elections only. Senate elections, staggered every two years, likewise matter more for the Court than ever before—as the Garland nomination is proving. For just as the president has the authority to nominate a justice, the Senate has the authority to give or withhold its consent to the nomination. And without that consent—which Republican senators say they will deny the Garland nomination—there can be no appointment.

The Garland nomination is a novelty of sorts. We know what can happen when a Democratic Senate challenges a Republican president's nominee. The confirmation process can be vicious (see the Clarence Thomas nomination) and a nominee can be rejected (see the Robert Bork nomination). But in the modern era, until now, we have not had a Republican Senate oppose a Democratic nominee, and in blocking Garland, the Republicans have dispensed with the usual confirmation process (in which hearings are held and votes cast). Garland has met privately with Republican senators. But the sessions, while cordial, have yet to change Republican minds on the critical question of whether to hold hearings. "Democrats Hit Brick Wall in Supreme Court Fight" was the headline atop a recent *Washington Post* story reporting on Garland's meetings with Republican senators. Right now, that promises to serve as the epitaph of the Garland nomination.

Soon after Scalia died, Senate Republicans made their case against anyone the president might select, and they have maintained it since Garland was formally nominated. Elections are at the heart of their argument. Republicans say there will be a "political firestorm" if the confirmation process goes forward in an election year, and they want to avoid that, for it will be bad for the nominee, the Senate, and the Court. At the same time, however, Republicans want voters to know that they have an opportunity to decide the kind of justices they believe the Court needs, since we will be electing a new president, and the Senate may be up for grabs.

The Republicans' argument seems confined to the last year of a term-limited presidency (meaning one with two terms). Indeed, the logic of the argument is that had a vacancy opened in 2015, the first year of the current divided government but not an election year, the Republican majority would have treated the person nominated to fill it differently from how it is treating Garland now. Maybe. What's clear is that, whatever happens to the Garland nomination in the weeks and months ahead, 2016 promises to remain an intensely political year for the process of selecting justices for the Supreme Court. ♦

WEEKLY STANDARD PHOTO ILLUSTRATION

Avoid at All Costs

David Cameron's tax embarrassment.

BY DOMINIC GREEN

London

"We know no spectacle so ridiculous," Thomas Babington Macaulay wrote in 1830, "as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality." The release in April of the "Panama Papers," hacked from the servers of the world's fourth-largest offshore law firm, Mossack Fonseca, has triggered one of those moral fits in Britain. The trigger is not whether Prime Minister David Cameron has benefited directly from the rococo tax arrangements of Blairmore Holdings, the offshore investment fund managed by his late father, Ian. Rather, it is the evidence that the opportunity to dodge taxes is, like many other kinds of opportunity in our socially immobile times, not distributed equally; and that the privilege of dodging is often obtained not by merit, but by hereditary right.

David Cameron

Blairmore Holdings was created in 1982 by Ian Cameron and four British colleagues. By 1988, Blairmore was managing $20 million. The company was incorporated in Panama, but it operated in the Bahamas. Until 2006, Blairmore used "bearer shares," which do not carry the name of an owner, but are held to belong to their bearer—hence their popularity with criminals and their illegality in some jurisdictions.

To establish Blairmore as a non-British company, dozens of Caribbean residents signed Blairmore's paperwork and served on its board. One of Blairmore's Bahamian vice presidents was Solomon Humes, a lay bishop in the Church of God of Prophecy and a board member of 25 obscure businesses with sporting names like Capricord Games Inc., Race Promo Consultant Inc., W.A. Casinos Inc., and Wheel Spin Inc. Truly, the Lord works in mysterious ways.

Blairmore's arrangements allowed the company, whose founders remained in Britain and met there to discuss Blairmore's business, to avoid paying a penny in British tax and their investors to minimize their tax too. There is no suggestion that Blairmore or Mossack Fonseca broke the law. The problem, as Bishop Humes might have put it, lies not in the letter of the law, but in the spirit—and in that Ian Cameron was the father of David Cameron.

When the Blairmore story broke, Cameron protested that his family's tax history was a private matter. But these days, there is no privacy for those in public office, even if they conduct government business from a private server. When the press reminded Cameron that the people have a right to know whatever they feel like knowing, Cameron published his tax returns from the last six years. As that is how long he has been Britain's prime minister, this represents the closure of the stable door after the horse has bolted for the Bahamas.

Cameron's returns show that when he became prime minister in 2010, he owned Blairmore shares worth £19,000. He sold them and paid income tax on the profits. While squatting at 10 Downing Street, he has earned extra income by renting out his house in an expensive area of west London. He has paid tax on every penny of his income, and on time too. Compared with Winston Churchill, a habitual debtor who used personal influence to reduce his tax bills, or William Gladstone, who made a losing gamble on Egyptian shares, then saw them shoot up in value after he had invaded Egypt, Cameron is a paragon of "transparency." Why, then, the "fit of morality"?

The taxes of most voters in the Western democracies are withheld at the time of payment. The ordinary worker is taxed to the gills and has no way to dodge the payments. But, as we learned in 2012 when Mitt Romney's fondness for the Cayman Islands emerged, the rich are different, in taxes as in much else. This spectacle is a blatant example of the undemocratic privileges of wealth. It is the financial equivalent of draft dodging. It breeds envy of those who, born or called to greatness in wealth, can hide their money offshore—especially when the economy is slow.

In Austerity Britain as in Obama's America, there are votes to be won by populist appeals to resentment. Hence, the ridiculous spectacle of Donald Trump and the moralizing fits of Bernie Sanders. Hence too the degrading images of Hillary Clinton, fumbling with a ticket to the New York subway, and the Trotskyite hack Jeremy Corbyn, fumbling to lead Britain's Labour party. Cameron seems to be a decent man, a "One Nation" conservative who believes in opportunity and social cohesion. He knows that the British public resent the growing gap between the few who hold offshore assets and rentable London properties and the many who do not. Elected to narrow that gap, he has tried to do so. But to get elected, he had to make a populist pitch.

In 2012, Cameron mocked the comedian Jimmy Carr when Carr's Romney-style offshore arrangements came to light. In 2015, speaking in Singapore, Cameron denounced the offshore and anonymous arrangements of "the corrupt, criminals, and money launderers." He promised that from this June he would publish the names of investors in British companies (as Blairmore has done of its financiers since 2006). Now, we learn that Cameron

NEWSCOM

Dominic Green, the author of Three Empires on the Nile, *teaches politics at Boston College.*

has benefited from the offshore finance industry—if only for the blameless reason that he is Ian Cameron's son.

Throughout his tenure, Cameron has suffered from an authenticity problem. For trying to minimize his demonstrably posh background, he has been ridiculed as "Call Me Dave." Now he looks hypocritical, for masquerading as a man of the people. This masquerade has always been a requisite indignity for anyone running for major political office. Yet who would want to run in an age that denies privacy to those in public life? No wonder our leaders are such a disappointing bunch. We have made them that way.

It is unfair that there is one tax law for the rich and another for everyone else. If the rich are able to cheat the IRS, then the rest deserve the same opportunity; otherwise, the cohesion of democratic society is undone. That cohesion is also undone, however, by the erosion of the right to privacy, for the rich as for the rest. As Macaulay also said, "We are free, we are civilized, to little purpose if we grudge to any portion of the human race an equal measure of freedom and civilization." ♦

Marquette Muzzle

The tenuous tenure of a conservative professor.

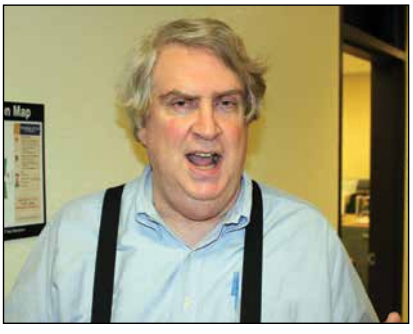
BY DENNIS BYRNE

Milwaukee's Marquette University is poised to fire a tenured political science professor, John McAdams, for speaking his mind.

McAdams's sin? He dared to defend an undergraduate who thought that the ethics of same-sex marriage was an open question—a question worth discussing openly in an ethics class.

That ethics class was being taught, in 2014, by a graduate student. When the topic of gay marriage came up in class, the graduate teaching assistant passed over it as something everyone agreed on, saying that if anyone didn't agree that same-sex marriage should be legal, she would discuss it with them after class.

The undergraduate did just that, meeting privately with graduate teaching assistant Cheryl Abbate—and secretly recording the conversation. "You can have whatever opinions you want," Abbate told the student, "but I can tell you right now, in this class homophobic comments, racist comments, and sexist comments will not be tolerated. If you don't like that you are more than free to drop this class."



John McAdams

One might expect that sort of bullying from, say, a certain Mizzou ex-faculty member. But Marquette is ostensibly a Jesuit institution. Are views held by, for example, the pope out of bounds at a Catholic college? Because for all Pope Francis's moves toward a less judgmental tone on social issues, he has not reversed the church's position on same-sex marriage. Speaking last year in the Philippines, the pope said the family is "threatened by growing efforts on the part of some to redefine the very institution of marriage." He warned that society was "tempted by confusing presentations of sexuality, marriage and the family."

What could be more confusing than an ethics class at a Catholic university in which discussion of a church doctrine—defense of traditional marriage—is verboten?

The real trouble started 10 days later, when McAdams reported the exchange between the student and the graduate teaching assistant on his decidedly conservative blog, "Marquette Warrior."

"Abbate, of course, was just using a tactic typical among liberals now," he commented. "Opinions with which they disagree are not merely wrong, and are not to be argued against on their merits, but are deemed 'offensive' and need to be shut up."

McAdams asked, "How many students, especially in politically correct departments like philosophy, simply stifle their disagreement, or worse yet, get indoctrinated into the view of the instructor, since those are the only ideas allowed, and no alternative views are aired?" He wrote, "Like the rest of academia, Marquette is less and less a real university. And when gay marriage cannot be discussed, certainly not a Catholic university."

The school's response wasn't long in coming. McAdams was suspended and banned from setting foot on campus, as if his very presence would infect the student body. In a Jan. 30, 2015, letter, dean of the school's college of arts and sciences, Richard Holz, informed McAdams that action had begun to revoke his tenure and fire him.

Detailing the charges in a 15-page letter, the dean accused McAdams of "unilateral, dishonorable and irresponsible" publication of Abbate's name: The professor's blog post had made her the target of an undisclosed number of hateful and threatening emails, abuse that led her to transfer to another university. Holz also blamed McAdams for "reckless" inaccuracies, even though the professor based his post on the recording the undergraduate had made of his conversation with Abbate.

THOR TOLO

Dennis Byrne is a Chicago writer and author of the historical novel Madness: The War of 1812.

Holz branded McAdams someone who, "invested with tenure's power can carelessly and arrogantly intimidate and silence the less-powerful." Never mind that McAdams was coming to the aid of the least powerful person in the controversy: the undergrad who had been told to shut up.

For well over a year, McAdams existed in no man's land while a Faculty Hearing Committee labored mightily to birth a 123-page report. Because it is officially confidential, it's not entirely clear what's in the report. But last month Marquette president Michael Lovell used it to justify continuing to suspend McAdams without pay through next fall's semester. McAdams was told that, unless by April 4 he fessed up to his "reckless" conduct and apologized for the emails others had sent to Abbate, he would not be reinstated.

In a lengthy written response, McAdams refused to apologize and defended his actions as a proper exercise of free speech and academic freedom. While he regretted that Abbate had been the recipient of nasty emails from others, he suggested that accepting Lovell's demands would effectively silence any faculty member whose actions or opinions might be controversial.

McAdams, in turn, called on Lovell to rescind his demands by April 14. As of this writing, both sides' deadlines have passed with no action.

Once upon a time, universities were animated by the classical liberal belief that learning and knowledge, let alone liberty, are best served by robust debate. As John Stuart Mill wrote, it "is only by the collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied." Dogma is the alternative.

Marquette, its administrators, and faculty would be wise to recall how this inquisition started: An instructor told a student that a legitimate debate could not be held because it would cause offense. The college seems determined to compound the original error by punishing the professor who had the courage to call attention to this betrayal of intellectual freedom. ♦

Losing the Governance Contest

To battle terror, fight corruption and incompetence.

BY MAX BOOT

It didn't get a lot of play in the United States, but on April 9 disturbing news came from the Philippines. Eighteen soldiers were killed and 52 wounded in a firefight with Abu Sayyaf militants on the southern island of Basilan. This is a tragedy for the Philippines that also raises questions about the effectiveness of U.S. military assistance programs abroad following well-publicized failures in Mali and Yemen.

Abu Sayyaf militants pose for media, December 2013.

The United States had a Joint Special Operations Task Force in the Philippines from 2002 to 2014. An average of 500 to 600 U.S. Special Operations Forces at a time deployed as part of Operation Enduring Freedom-Philippines to provide training, intelligence, and other assistance to Philippine forces in their fight against Islamist extremists, primarily the Abu Sayyaf group that is linked to al Qaeda and more recently pledged loyalty to ISIS. The total cost of this program was $441 million.

I visited the Special Operations Task Force on a couple of occasions, in 2008 and 2011, and came away impressed by what it was doing. (See my Jan. 5, 2009, WEEKLY STANDARD article, "Treading Softly in the Philippines.") I still have vivid memories of the task force's claustrophobic headquarters inside a military base in Zamboanga City, the principal city of Mindanao island, as well as visits to Special Forces "A Teams" in their team houses spread out across the lush jungle landscape of Mindanao. These special operators were not fighting terrorists directly, but they were enhancing the effectiveness of their Philippine partners. I and many others saw this as a model of a "small footprint" approach that could be used to fight terrorist groups without putting American forces into combat.

Does the fact that, after a dozen years, Abu Sayyaf is still strong enough to kill so many Philippine soldiers—and to continue holding 20 foreigners as hostages—suggest that I was deceived about the apparent success of the task force?

That is the contention of Zachary Abuza, a specialist on Southeast Asian security issues at the National War College in Washington. He told the *Wall Street Journal*: "My assessment is that [the U.S. training program] has been an absolute waste of money and a terrible investment: $50 million a year since 2002 with very little to show for it."

NEWSCOM

Max Boot is a senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations and a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD. *He is completing* The Road Not Taken: Edward Lansdale and the American Experience in Vietnam.

I think that's too harsh. A recent RAND study finds that the Philippine operation achieved real results. According to RAND, enemy-initiated attacks in Abu Sayyaf's three primary areas of operation—the islands of Basilan, Sulu, and Tawi-Tawi—"declined 56 percent between 2000 and 2012," while the number of Abu Sayyaf fighters declined either from 1,270 to 437 (the Philippine armed forces' figures) or from 2,200 to 400 (the State Department's figures). Perhaps the greatest achievement is that there has been no repeat of mass-casualty attacks such as the 2004 bombing of a Manila ferry that killed 116 people.

Still, it's discouraging that Abu Sayyaf retains significant military capabilities despite a decade of efforts from the Philippine and U.S. armed forces. What accounts for this failure to eradicate the group?

Several factors can be cited, starting with the fact that all entrenched insurgent groups take a long time to defeat (an average of 10 years). The southern Philippine islands have long been a hotbed of discontent among the minority Muslims against the government in Manila, which has always been dominated by Christians, whether under Spanish, American, or Philippine rule. Young Captain John J. Pershing was fighting "Moros" (as Philippine Muslims are called) in the early years of the 20th century and the war has never entirely gone away. Although progress has been made toward addressing Muslim grievances, and a peace deal was reached with the Moro Islamic Liberation Front in 2012, an insurgency with roots more than 500 years old won't be wiped out overnight.

Perhaps the biggest factor holding back the push against Abu Sayyaf, however, is simply the corruption and incompetence of the Philippine government. What modern Philippines has lacked is a dynamic leader like Ramon Magsaysay, president from 1953 until his death in 1957. With help from his American adviser, Edward Lansdale, he masterminded the defeat of the Huk Rebellion, a Communist insurgency, by curbing governmental corruption and military abuse of the population. (Alvaro Uribe produced similarly impressive results with a remarkably similar approach in Colombia from 2002 to 2010.)

Lacking another Magsaysay, the Philippines has had to make do with lesser lights. President Joseph Estrada was forced out of office by massive protests in 2001 after facing impeachment on corruption charges. His successor, Gloria Macapagal Arroyo, was arrested after leaving office on charges of electoral fraud and corruption. Benigno Aquino III, president since 2010, is generally seen as more honest but he has had limited success in rooting out the entrenched culture of corruption in Philippine politics, which goes back to Spanish colonial times.

The Philippines still places 95 (out of 167) in Transparency International's global ranking of corruption. And it's not just corruption that's a problem but lack of governmental capacity in general. I remember visiting a cabinet minister's office in Manila and finding no toilet paper in his bathroom. A government that can't reliably stock the bathrooms of cabinet ministers, I thought, is not going to be able to marshal the kind of combined civil-military offensive necessary to defeat an insurgency.

That is no knock on the U.S. special operators who worked hard and achieved some success in enhancing Philippine counterterrorist capabilities. What the Philippine example suggests is that military-to-military assistance is not enough. Counterinsurgency has often been described as a "governance contest"—a test of whether the government or the rebels are better at administering territory. But while the U.S. military sent some of its best "operators" to advise the Philippine military, the U.S. government did not make a similar effort to advise the Philippine government how to up its game. The United States has made the same mistake in countries such as Mali and Yemen, which helps to explain why military-assistance missions there failed so spectacularly—there was no political infrastructure to support the operations undertaken by American-trained soldiers.

Unless the United States can do more to enhance the overall effectiveness of its allies in the war on terror, it will be hardpressed to win lasting victories. But that would require devoting more resources to nation-building, a term that is anathema in Washington—decried in equal measure by Barack Obama and Ted Cruz. ♦

Philippine soldiers display explosive materials and al Qaeda flags captured from Abu Sayyaf, May 16, 2015.

A U.S. military adviser assists with the destruction of explosives caches, June 24, 2009.

TOP: NEWSCOM; BELOW, U.S. NAVY

Well, Well, Well

The Saudi war on frackers.

BY IRWIN M. STELZER

As Sinatra might put it, this time we almost made some sense of it. We almost made that long hard climb to reduced dependence on Saudi Arabia for our oil supplies and diminished its ability to affect the fate of the American economy. Not that the technological feat of our frackers made us independent of imported oil. The Saudis will always have some power over the price of crude oil. The question is just how much power we want to cede to them.

Our relationship with Riyadh is complicated, to say the least. The rulers of Saudi Arabia fund the global spread of the theology that inspires radical Islamists and in which they find justification for their horrific tactics in pursuit of a caliphate. By pushing prices down, our frackers helped to make Saudi support for extremism more difficult, one of the reasons the kingdom decided that a real price war was needed to restore its pricing power. Hold oil below $50 per barrel for a time, and the U.S. industry will shrink, thus opening a path to permanently higher prices.

Obama pays fealty, April 1, 2009.

The Saudi desire to rid itself of meddlesome frackers is not exactly inconsistent with President Obama's plans for our oil industry. He would prefer it go the way of coal, leaving it to the much-subsidized Elon Musk and other purveyors of electric cars to get us to the church on time, and to the grocery, and to visit grandma on holidays, so long as she lives within 200 miles. So the president is using the ever-pliant EPA and executive orders to rein in our frackers, make leasing of lands for development more difficult, and (for good measure) preventing us from increasing imports from a friendly Canada by vetoing a pipeline that would bring more of its ample oil output to our refiners. And he is doing nothing to prevent the Saudis from destroying our fracking industry with a tactic that can only be called predatory competition.

We have been enjoying a period of gasoline prices so low that motorists can drive more and still stash away about 5 percent of their incomes, compared with less than 2 percent in 2005. So low that the auto industry is having difficulty selling humdrum sedans (sales down 5 percent in the year ending in March) and tiny European-style vehicles. Consumers, knowing they can afford to fuel larger, more gas-guzzling but safer, more comfortable SUVs, are opting for those environmentalists' nightmares in greater numbers. By the 2017 model year the most affluent among them will be able to choose from Rolls Royce, Lamborghini, Bentley, and Jaguar SUVs, while the less-well-heeled will continue flocking to GM and Ford vehicles, the most profitable those firms produce. There are, of course, losers, but their anger is more than offset by the joy of motorists in a country in which our kings of the road are so politically potent that even a tiny increase in gasoline taxes is considered by politicians a one-way ticket to the private sector.

All of this thanks to the fact that our frackers developed and produced enough crude oil to enable us to join Saudi Arabia and Russia among the world's largest producers. Combined with nonrobust global demand as the world's economies struggle to achieve significant growth rates, the added supply of oil led to a price war and a plunge in prices from the $100 per barrel level that the Saudi-led OPEC cartel was extracting from consumers to half that, which was still high enough to make domestic oil production profitable and fracking an attractive investment. We had the answer to OPEC and its extortion right here in our hand, and then it "turned to sand," as the Jimmy Webb song continues.

No individual fracker in a fragmented industry can rival the financial clout of the Saudi kingdom, with something over $600 billion of cash on hand. Nor can any fracker produce oil at a cost as low as the Saudis can: To stub one's toe in the desert is to launch a gusher. So the Saudis decided to keep the taps wide open, flooding an already oversupplied market, driving the price down into the $30 per barrel range, from which it has recovered to around $40, primarily, says Rosneft's Igor Sechin, because the squeeze on American producers is working. All in all, non-OPEC oil production is down about 730,000 barrels per day.

The Saudis make no secret of their aim: to destroy the U.S. oil industry and, as an added bonus, Canada's. Saudi Arabia regards its huge oil reserves as a weapon and now as the time to use it, if it is to regain its earlier hold on our oil supplies. "Inefficient, uneconomic producers will have to get out, that is tough to say, but that is a fact. . . . We're going to let everybody compete," Saudi oil minister Ali al-Naimi told an audience of oil men in Houston in February. Sounds like a page from *The Wealth of Nations*. Except that it isn't.

The U.S. producers that proved such a thorn in the side of the OPEC cartel are being forced out of business. Some 60 North American oil and gas producers with over $20 billion in debt have filed for bankruptcy since the summer of 2014, and another 175 are at risk of not meeting requirements in their loan agreements. Some producers

Irwin M. Stelzer is a contributing editor to The Weekly Standard*, director of economic policy studies at the Hudson Institute, and a columnist for the* Sunday Times *(London).*

can break even or make some profit producing from existing wells, but new wells are an increasingly rare sight. Rigs drilling for oil are half the number active last year and, at only 440, are the fewest since 1999.

Three things make this more than mere competition of the sort championed by Adam Smith and our antitrust laws. The first is the stated intent of the leader of a worldwide cartel to drive U.S. companies out of business so that it can regain control of, and raise, prices. The second is the ability of the price-cutter to sustain prices below competitors' costs for an indefinite period: Not only do the Saudis have huge cash reserves that they are drawing down, they have the ability to borrow—a $10 billion loan is in negotiation with eager banks. Third, the Saudis do not fear that when their plan works and prices start to rise competitors will reenter the business and drive them down again.

Mr. Naimi, a graduate of Lehigh and Stanford Universities, knows how the oil and banking industries work. American banks have been badly burned, have had to increase reserves against dicey oil industry IOUs, and are now reviewing whether to continue making promised lines of credit available to the relatively small companies that are the backbone of the fracking business. To guide them towards a negative decision, Naimi announced that he can live easily with $20 oil, a real possibility after the collapse of the recent Doha meeting aimed at obtaining an agreement by major producers to cut output. Like bankers, singed investors do not want to "make investments based on something OPEC may or may not do," says Brian Ferguson, a Canadian oil sands producer. Even the big oil companies that have cut back exploration are unlikely to boost budgets when Naimi gets prices back to where he wants them: They know he can always drive them down if necessary. Besides, they worry that U.S. environmental policy will not allow them to produce what they do find, stranding those assets in the ground.

Michael Corleone might have been referring to what for a while seemed our success in reducing dependence on Saudi oil when he groused, "Just when I thought I was out, they pull me back in." So what's to be done to avoid that fate? Set a floor in the range of $50-$60 per barrel to enable efficient frackers to survive.

Yes, that means a tariff, sliding up as the Saudis and their cartel partners drive prices down. And it means higher prices at the pump now, but only to avoid still higher prices later. The macroeconomic impact can be reduced by lowering regressive payroll taxes, mitigating the impact on household budgets. Would that reduce our dependence on foreign oil? Yes. Would it reduce the Saudis' power to tip us into recession? Yes. Would there be unintended consequences? There always are. Is there a better way to spare any future president of the United States the need to bow before a Saudi king? I don't think so. ♦

Against Chivalry

The achievement of Cervantes and Shakespeare

By Paul A. Cantor

April 23, 1616—a date which will live in infamy. At least in literary circles. For on that date both Miguel de Cervantes and William Shakespeare died. To be sure, they did not die on the same day. At the time, Spain had adopted the new Gregorian calendar, while England was still on the old Julian calendar. That meant the calendars in Spain and England were out of sync in 1616, and in fact Shakespeare and Cervantes died 11 days apart. Complicating matters further, most scholars now insist that Cervantes actually died on April 22 and was buried on April 23.

So let's just say that literature suffered a bad two weeks in spring 1616. In any case, the world is now commemorating the 400th anniversary of the deaths of Cervantes and Shakespeare. They had more in common than just the sheer greatness of their literary achievements. Cervantes did not know Shakespeare's work, but Shakespeare almost certainly knew Cervantes's most famous work, *Don Quixote*. There is solid evidence that in 1612-13 Shakespeare wrote a play called *Cardenio* (probably in collaboration with John Fletcher). The play has been lost, but the title was recorded in contemporary annals. If Shakespeare did write a *Cardenio*, it was very likely based on one of the interpolated tales in *Don Quixote*, one that features an unfortunate lover named Cardenio.

We can only hope that someday a text of Shakespeare's *Cardenio* will be found in a dusty attic somewhere—stranger things have happened. What a thrill it would be to see one genius re-creating the work of another, and to get a concrete sense of Shakespeare's relation to Cervantes. In the absence of such a find, we can only speculate on the subject. I will argue that Cervantes and Shakespeare did have much in common and that in many respects the two greatest authors of the Renaissance were pursuing the same literary program. They wanted to break free from what they both perceived to be the baleful heritage of the Middle Ages.

Courtly love depicted in a 14th-century manuscript

The target Cervantes and Shakespeare attacked was the grandest myth of the Middle Ages: chivalry. It was a noble ideal and at its best it did much to refine an otherwise coarse and brutal world, but it rested on shaky foundations and had many unintended and disastrous consequences. Chivalry was a way of life, a distinctive mode of conducting both war and love. In its purest form, it tried to reconceive war as in the service of love. In literature, the chivalric ideal was embodied in figures such as Sir Lancelot, who, in his noble devotion to Queen Guinevere, always fought on her behalf and in her name.

Chivalry was an attempt to give a religious dimension to all aspects of life—to saturate the world with Christianity. The famous chivalric romances sought to civilize war, to temper its savagery with Christian notions of mercy. As chivalric romance developed, the Quest for the Holy Grail became one of its dominant motifs, giving a spiritual and deeply Christian goal to the knights' striving. Chivalry was bound up with courtly love. A knight was supposed to worship his lady from afar and undergo a spiritual discipline, a quasi-religious purification, in his quest to perfect himself for his mistress's sake. In chivalric romance, the earthly sexual impulses that ordinarily fuel love between man and woman are redirected in a heavenly direction.

All this sounds very elevated and uplifting to us today.

Paul A. Cantor is professor of English at the University of Virginia. His next book, Shakespeare's Roman Trilogy: The Twilight of the Ancient World, *will be published by the University of Chicago Press.*

Why did Cervantes and Shakespeare feel a need to criticize the medieval idea of chivalry? By demanding so much of human beings, by holding them to an impossibly high standard of conduct, chivalry lost touch with reality. It threatened to distort the common-sense understanding of down-to-earth human affairs and to unleash the dark side of human nature by pretending that it did not exist. In the Middle Ages, chivalric warfare was linked to the idea of the crusade. War became holy war. The attempt to spiritualize warfare turned it into something more brutal by making it fanatical. Cervantes in *Don Quixote* and Shakespeare in his English history plays call the crusader ideal into question and show the catastrophic results of mixing religious and military motives—more generally of mixing religion with politics.

Similarly, the ideal of courtly love—as developed by the troubadour poets of France and their successors, Dante and Petrarch, in Italy—sought to fuse erotic and religious experience. These authors introduced a new range of emotions into love poetry and opened up spiritual depths never before explored in literature. But by demanding so much of love—no less than spiritual and even divine perfection—they made the ordinary relations between men and women, on which the future of the human race depends, seem crass and base by comparison with the poetic ideal. The dream of a perfect love left men and women dissatisfied with conventional forms of romance, particularly the commonplace institution of marriage.

The ideal of courtly love sought to fuse erotic and religious experience. But by demanding so much of love—no less than spiritual and even divine perfection—it made the ordinary relations between men and women, on which the future of the human race depends, seem crass and base by comparison.

Courtly love was hostile to marriage and any conventional satisfaction in love. It celebrated infinite yearning and thus called for suffering in love—intense, prolonged, agonizing, hopeless, tragic suffering, since reality can never measure up to the poetic ideal. Cervantes in *Don Quixote* and Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet* and his comedies portray what goes desperately wrong when lovers take their idea of love from books, when they chase after the windmills of poetic romance rather than settling down to the business of falling in love with real people, founding families, and thereby taking their place in society.

Cervantes and Shakespeare saw that chivalry was one area of life where they, as authors, could make a difference—because chivalry was a literary ideal, formulated and propagated in books. An ideal that grows out of books can be defeated in books. Medieval chivalry is perhaps the greatest example in history of life imitating art, with predictably disturbing results. If a real King Arthur ever existed, he bore no resemblance to the courtly figure who emerged in chivalric tales from Marie de France and Chrétien de Troyes all the way to Thomas Malory. Ideal knights like Lancelot and Tristan appeared first in fiction, and only then were imitated by people in the real world, primarily in forms of courtship, but even in forms of combat. Knights were jousting in tournaments in books long before they ever pointed lances at each other in the real world.

The attack on chivalry in Cervantes and Shakespeare is clearest in *Don Quixote*, but to understand that we must first put aside the image of Don Quixote that prevails today. Cervantes's *Don Quixote* has a hard edge. It is a nasty, cruel book. It really makes fun of Don Quixote, showing him to be a fool and a dangerous fool—a danger to himself and a danger to others. This was the way *Don Quixote* was understood up until the 19th century. It was only the Romantics who—recognizing a kindred visionary dreamer in Quixote—began to idealize the Don, to romanticize him. They took the figure of ridicule in Cervantes's book and turned him into a Romantic hero.

By the 20th century, this process of transforming Cervantes's character into its opposite was completed by sentimentalizing him, and the result was *Man of La Mancha*. "To dream the impossible dream" is exactly the idea Cervantes is satirizing, but on Broadway it became an anthem celebrating Don Quixote and his idealism. People who know his story only from the Broadway musical are surprised, if they ever read the original novel, to discover that the divine Dulcinea never even appears in Cervantes's version—she is only talked about—and she certainly does not join Don Quixote for a tearful reunion on his deathbed. Cervantes offered Don Quixote, not as a model of heroism, but as a cautionary tale of an overheated imagination, hopelessly out of touch with reality.

Don Quixote tells the story of a man who goes crazy from reading too many books of chivalry, books like *Amadis of Gaul*, thus developing a false view of the world. In the prologue, Cervantes has a friend state explicitly the purpose of the book: "to destroy the authority and influence that books of chivalry have in the world"; the goal is "overthrowing the ill-based fabric of these books of chivalry" (Walter Starkie translation). In Part II, chapter viii,

Cervantes has Don Quixote state openly: "Chivalry [*caballería*] is a religion." The religious dimension of Don Quixote's chivalry emerges quite clearly in an incident in Part I, chapter iv. The knight encounters a group of silk merchants from Toledo on the road, and "imitating as closely as possible the exploits he had read about in his books," Don Quixote boldly challenges them: "Let all the world stand still if all the world does not confess that there is not in all the world a fairer damsel than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea of El Toboso."

The merchants are startled by this challenge but decide to humor the madman confronting them: "Sir knight, we do not know this lady you speak of. Show her to us, and if she is as beautiful as you say, we shall willingly and universally confess the truth of your claim." But Don Quixote will not accept these common-sense conditions: "If I were to show her to you, what merit would there be in acknowledging a truth so manifest to all? The important point is that you should believe, confess, affirm, swear, and defend it without setting eyes on her." In short, the silk merchants must accept on faith Don Quixote's word that Dulcinea is the most beautiful woman in all the world. They must believe in things unseen—or suffer dire consequences at Don Quixote's hand.

This passage is saturated with religious language; Don Quixote even accuses the merchants of "blasphemy" when they fail to fall in line with his worship of Dulcinea. This scene epitomizes Don Quixote's mission: to convert the whole world to his religion of love—by force, if necessary. When I once presented this interpretation at a conference on *Don Quixote*, a genuine Cervantes scholar pointed out that in the 16th century in Spain, silk merchants from Toledo would have been identified with *conversos*, Jewish converts to Christianity. In 1492, all Jews were expelled from Spain. Those who wanted to remain had to become Christians, or at least to give the appearance of having done so. Such was the fate of the Jewish merchants engaged in the silk trade in Toledo if they wished to stay in business. Behind the comic encounter between Don Quixote and the silk merchants looms the very serious issue of religious conversion, an issue that was tearing Europe apart in Cervantes's day, whether in conflicts among Christians, Jews, and Muslims or between Protestants and Catholics within the Christian camp. The absolute demands for religious conversion were producing holy war in Europe.

The idea of holy war runs throughout *Don Quixote*, especially with its many mentions of the Spanish Inquisition. The book frequently refers to the Spanish Empire and its efforts in the New World to convert the natives to Christianity. Readers today may be surprised to learn in Part II, chapter viii, that Don Quixote admires the conquistador Cortez; he calls him "most courteous," on the model of a chivalric knight (not as strange as it sounds; we know for a fact that the conquistadors read books of chivalry, including *Amadis of Gaul*).

Don Quixote's lunatic adventures are Cervantes's image of the Spanish Empire run amok in holy war, redirecting the medieval crusading spirit to the conquest of the New World, with brutal consequences.

In modern re-creations, Don Quixote's adventures may seem like harmless fun, but in the original version, they take on ominous implications. What could be more ridiculous than Don Quixote's attack on the windmills in Part I, chapter viii? But here is how the knight presents the windmill-giants to Sancho Panza: "With their spoils we shall begin to be rich, for this is a good war and the removal of so foul a brood from off the face of the earth is a service God will bless." This combination of mercenary and religious motives perfectly characterizes the behavior of conquistadors like Cortez and Pizarro in the New World. Given the genocidal effects of Spanish imperialism, perhaps we should not find it so amusing when Don Quixote cavalierly speaks of exterminating a race on religious grounds. Don Quixote's lunatic adventures are Cervantes's image of the Spanish Empire run amok in holy war, redirecting the medieval crusading spirit to the conquest of the New World, with brutal consequences for the native population.

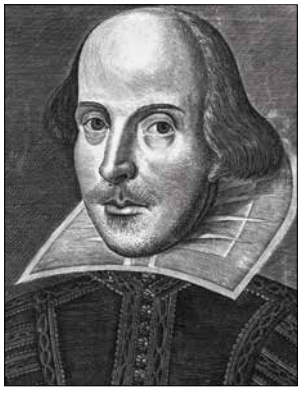
In a single book, *Don Quixote* relates chivalry in war to chivalry in love and shows how toxic the combination of religion and politics can be. To get the whole world to convert to your religious view is a quixotic quest, and the collapse of Spanish power in the 17th and 18th centuries proved Cervantes right.

Shakespeare's critique of chivalry is not concentrated in a single book, but is instead distributed throughout his plays. *Don Quixote* is in fact helpful in showing how Shakespeare's histories are related to his comedies and to *Romeo and Juliet*. Roughly speaking, the

histories criticize chivalry in politics; the comedies make fun of chivalry in love, while *Romeo and Juliet* reveals its tragic potential.

Richard II opens in the high medieval world of chivalric romance, with knights in shining armor swearing solemn oaths on a field of ritual combat. We seem to be in an elevated world of truth, justice, and the medieval way, with everyone relying on God to settle political disputes via trial by combat. But we quickly learn that all this ceremonial display is a façade, concealing a Machiavellian world of political machination behind the scenes. The king and the nobles are involved in a sordid squabble, and Richard is mainly concerned with the mundane business of raising enough money—by whatever means, fair or foul—to sustain the lavish style of his court and to finance his wars. Richard has a medieval faith that God will support his kingship, and he fails to pay sufficient attention to political reality—his need to maintain the allegiance of the powerful barons with whom he, as a feudal lord, shares military power.

That is why Bolingbroke is able to overthrow Richard and become Henry IV. He realizes that a king is no stronger than the armies that fight for him, and his Machiavellian actions speak louder than Richard's chivalric words. Yet even Henry IV is bewitched by the idea of holy war. He dreams of leading a crusade to the Holy Land and redeeming it from pagan hands. It has been prophesied that he will die in Jerusalem. In a deflating irony, he learns on his deathbed that the prophecy referred merely to a room in Westminster named "Jerusalem." His son, who becomes Henry V, realizes that an expedition to the Holy Land is an impractical and imprudent venture. Still wanting to unite a divided nation behind him in a glorious war, Henry V comes up with a much more practical project—leading his armies against the French just across the Channel and reclaiming the lands of his Plantagenet ancestors. He just barely succeeds in defeating the French at Agincourt, and yet by the end of *Henry V*, the crusading impulse has awakened even in the most practical of Shakespeare's kings. Anachronistically, Shakespeare portrays Henry hoping to liberate Constantinople from the Ottoman Turks. Only his premature death prevents him from pursuing this quixotic quest, and the English crusading spirit dies with Henry V. Much to Shakespeare's relief.



Cervantes, top, and Shakespeare

Shakespeare's history plays chronicle the transition from medieval to modern monarchy, and that involves the increasing secularization of kingship. His kings move from high-minded and idealistic motives for war to Machiavellian concern for realpolitik, and they are successful to the extent that they manage to neutralize the impact of the church and its officials on English politics. *Henry V* opens with a scene that shows the king using the threat of seizing church lands to get the prelates to support his war policy against the French. This scene foreshadows the subordination of religion to politics that became the cornerstone of the Tudor and Elizabethan regimes. Like Cervantes, Shakespeare sought to get the holiness out of war and politics.

As for his critique of courtly love, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare dramatizes its potential for tragedy. His quixotic hero and heroine have gotten their idea of love from books. Indeed, Romeo's friend Mercutio, seeing him in the grip of love, cynically comments: "Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in." Romeo and Juliet seek out an absolute love, one incompatible with their ordinary social obligations. They fall in love not despite the fact that their families are feuding but precisely because they are. Courtly lovers to the core, they crave a love that will end unhappily. The only way they can validate the infinite power of their love is to sacrifice everything for it, which means to die for each other. They do not want their love to integrate them into the community—that would be too conventional for them. Instead their love becomes their way of isolating themselves and transcending all conventional social roles. Like Cervantes in *Don Quixote*, Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet* reveals the destructive power of love when it seeks a radical break with the everyday world of social reality in its quest to achieve an otherworldly transcendence.

Shakespeare's comedies continue his battle with courtly love, this time using humor as his weapon. The action in his comedies forces the lovers to abandon their courtly love conceptions and come to terms with the reality of day-to-day relations between men and women. Shakespeare's comic figures typically begin by overidealizing love. They must learn to compromise, to give up their unrealistic expectations for love and accept their limited possibilities as imperfect human beings. The comic confusions in plays such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Twelfth Night*, and *As You Like It*—all the

role-changing and especially the gender-bending complications—have the result of breaking the young men and women out of the conventional poses of courtly lovers they learned from books and getting them to recognize that finding a real and available companion for life is preferable to hopelessly questing for a perfect—but unattainable—love. "To dream the impossible dream" is precisely what must be rejected in Shakespeare's comedies.

In *As You Like It*, for example, the spirited heroine Rosalind—dressed up as a boy named Ganymede—must educate her would-be lover Orlando in the practical realities of marriage, even such a mundane matter as the need for punctuality when one's wife calls. Orlando must learn to stop worshiping a goddess from afar with poetry and come to terms with a down-to-earth woman, with all her physical desires and prosaic demands. Rosalind wants a man who will live with her, not the man of poetic myths who will die for her: "these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love." To make love between man and woman more realistic, Shakespeare re-creates it on the model of friendship in his comedies. Orlando and Rosalind/Ganymede get to know each other in a "man-to-man" situation, free of all the artificial conventions of the courtly love tradition (the same happens with Orsino and Viola/Cesario in *Twelfth Night*). The equality of friends turns out to provide a better basis for marriage than the abasement of the man before his divine mistress in courtly love.

Shakespeare's romantic comedies do not incidentally but essentially culminate in marriage, a moderate but enduring form of love. For Shakespeare, romantic love should be a socializing, not an antisocial force. It integrates young lovers into the larger community, enticing them to renounce their otherworldly yearning for the promise of not heavenly but marital bliss (a lower but more attainable happiness). Like *Don Quixote*, Shakespeare's comedies make fun of the way that love becomes conflated with religion in the chivalric tradition. Just as the absolute demands of religion must be separated from politics to bring peace to the state, they must be separated from love to achieve the domestic peace of marriage. "Ask for too much, and you'll end up with nothing" is Shakespeare's response to the cult of chivalry.

The parallels between Cervantes and Shakespeare may seem remarkable—even more remarkable perhaps than their dying on the same date—but that is what happened when the two greatest authors of the age confronted the Renaissance's problematic heritage from the Middle Ages and set out to do something about it. Today the world of chivalry looks archaic and quaint to us—and, as a result, harmless. We tend to look back upon it with nostalgia and lament that "the days of chivalry are dead." We may well wonder why Cervantes and Shakespeare devoted so much energy to attacking chivalry. We feel like accusing them of flogging a dead horse. But chivalry is dead largely because Cervantes and Shakespeare flogged it to death. In their day, it was still alive and a powerful force in the real world as well as in literature.

Chivalry did much to shape the late Middle Ages and in many respects shaped that world for the better. But Cervantes and Shakespeare were united in seeing that by the 16th century, chivalry was long past its expiration date. Its false conceptions of love and war were standing in the way of European progress. Whatever civilizing effects the fusion of religion and politics may have had in the Middle Ages, the time had come to separate them—if for no other reason than to end the disastrous religious warfare that began to tear Europe apart in the 16th century and culminated in the horrors of the Thirty Years' War in the 17th.

What we call the European Enlightenment emerged in response to the catastrophic religious warfare that both Cervantes and Shakespeare observed in their day. As we commemorate the 400th anniversary of their deaths, we should be celebrating the way that they helped to usher in the modern world. To be sure, they did not succeed in putting chivalry to rest forever. As a nostalgic ideal, it has been periodically revived over the centuries. In the 19th century, Walter Scott created a new vogue for chivalry with novels such as *Ivanhoe*. Mark Twain blamed Scott's novels for the American Civil War. In another disastrous case of life imitating art, Twain believed that a generation of would-be Southern gentlemen had hurled themselves into the lost cause of the Confederacy because they were taking as their models the gallant but doomed heroes of Scott's *Waverley* novels. And Twain wrote *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* in imitation of *Don Quixote*, once again to expose the delusions and the sham nobility of the Middle Ages.

Thus Cervantes and Shakespeare did not settle the issue of chivalry once and for all. Indeed, in an irony of history, works such as *Romeo and Juliet* and *Don Quixote* have been misinterpreted by later generations as endorsing the very romantic idealism Cervantes and Shakespeare set out to undermine. Still, from our vantage point, we can appreciate their achievement. For centuries, chivalric ideals had dominated European literature and even influenced military, political, and amatory behavior in the real world. By the time Cervantes and Shakespeare were finished with chivalry, despite temporary revivals, it never recovered its grip on literature or its influence on the real world. Dying on the same date, Cervantes and Shakespeare could rest content with a literary job well done. ♦

The Most Beautiful Scar

The view from the South Rim

On gazing into the Grand Canyon

By Geoffrey Norman

"For each man sees himself in the Grand Canyon—each one makes his own Canyon before he comes, each one brings and carries away his own Canyon."

—Carl Sandburg

If you have not ever seen it, you will be told by anyone who has that there is no way you can prepare yourself, that when you first gaze upon it, it is impossible not to be stunned by its glory. You may have seen photographs and films, read the literature, and imagined it in your mind. Still. . . there is just no way.

Geoffrey Norman, a writer in Vermont, is a frequent contributor to The Weekly Standard.

I'd heard that and discounted it as hyperbole. My companion on my first visit had worked for the Park Service as a firefighter on the North Rim. He loved the Grand Canyon so fervently that he got to be something of a bore. So I was determined not to be impressed.

It was winter and the parking lots on the South Rim were not full, the way they would be when it warmed up. We parked and put on our parkas and followed the signs to the lookout. The air ahead of us seemed to shimmer, slightly, and take on a faint and hazy blue tint.

A concrete walk led out toward what had to be the lip of the canyon. There were puddles on the walk. Old slushy snow and I was looking down to keep from stepping into one. When I looked up. . .

Oh, Skipper. There was the view. That view. The one that has taken away the breath of so many other visitors the way it had just taken mine.

NEWSCOM

Horseshoe Bend canyon

It's impossible to describe the majesty of it. The mix of colors on the opposite side, the great depth that the Colorado River has carved through the stone walls, down into the earth's vitals, the play of light and shadow. The sheer, undeniable immensity.

Just no way. You must see it for yourself, as Teddy Roosevelt said every American must. It was Roosevelt who—inevitably, it seems—first designated this wonder as something exceedingly special and worthy of protection and preservation. That was in 1908, when he declared, as an executive prerogative, 800,000 acres a "national monument" in order to "Let this great wonder of nature remain as it now is. You cannot improve on it. But what you can do is keep it for your children, your children's children, and all who come after you, as the one great sight which every American should see."

Just over 10 years later, Roosevelt's political enemy Woodrow Wilson signed legislation creating the Grand Canyon National Park. It was protected, then, for all time. So if every American *should* see it, now every American could.

And the getting there can be fun. As an alternative to the highway, you could come over from Williams, Arizona, via one of the great short train trips anywhere. This train is a resurrection of the one that first took visitors to the Grand Canyon in 1901. It was the sovereign way to go, back then, with the alternative being a stagecoach over slightly less than 100 miles of bad road. The train would eventually fall out of favor, eclipsed by the automobile, and shut down in 1968. It was reborn in 1989 but kept the flavor of the old, including the 1923 Harriman-style coaches. The operation is right up-to-date in one important regard, though. The locomotive's boiler does not burn coal or wood. In keeping with the conservation ethic that is at the Park's core, it runs on recycled vegetable oil.

But much of the rest is old-time authentic. There are people aboard dressed in period clothes who tell stories to the passengers as the train makes its way through country that is just plain spectacular. The vast stands of Ponderosa pine around Williams give way to the high desert and pinion pine country and, then, you arrive at the park. You may have booked a hotel if you want to stay for a day or two or you can spend four hours on the South Rim before the train makes the return trip.

There is plenty to do on the South Rim before that departure. Above all, for those who have never been here, there is that first look out at the Grand Canyon. And after you have recovered from that initial stunning look down into the canyon, you can do what it seems everyone does when at the rim for the first time. You can take some

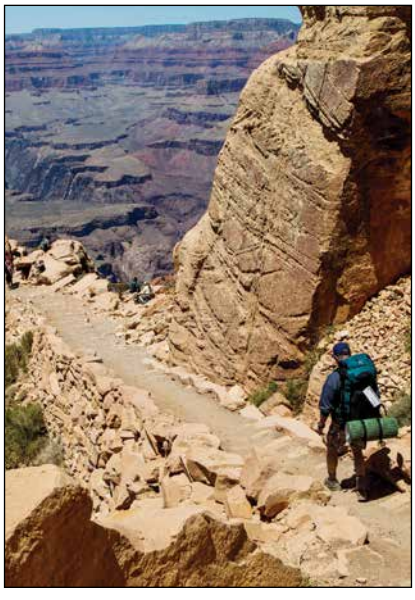
NEWSCOM

photographs. This has to be the world's most photographed vista and why not? It is, after all, the world's most photogenic vista.

After the first viewing and the taking of those photographs, there are interpretive displays, ranger tours, and a National Geographic visitor center where you can watch a justifiably famous IMAX movie called *Grand Canyon: The Hidden Secrets.*

A day at the South Rim is enough for most people—and sufficient, most likely, to satisfy Teddy Roosevelt's commandment. But there are many who desire a little more, who wish to *experience* the Grand Canyon as much as simply view it. With so much country, you find yourself feeling the urge to get back into it. To see the wildlife, which can include mule deer, commonly, and, more rarely, desert bighorn sheep. You might also catch a glimpse of a soaring California condor, the bird that was once endangered and after a captive breeding repopulation program introduced back into the wild.

There are many ways to separate yourself from the crowds and get out into the backcountry. You can ride—bikes, horses, mules—on the many trails that wind through the park. Bikes and horses are for rides along the rim, not down into the canyon. For that, you need a sure-footed mule. There are outfitters who will provide the mount and guides and, if you choose to, you can descend all the way down into the canyon to the Phantom Ranch by the Colorado River. From rim to river by trail, the distance is just under eight miles, and the elevation change is almost 4,500 feet. It is a long way down, further than it looks from the rim. You can feel the temperature changing and the air getting thicker as you make your way.



Above, mule riders descending Jacob's Ladder on the Bright Angel Trail; below, heading down on foot

Mules make the trip easier than if you walked. But walking is fine, too. While the park does not—emphatically—recommend round-trips, it is an irresistible possibility to some. I did it, once upon a time, and I don't recommend it, either. Went down the South Kaibab Trail and came up the Bright Angel Trail. Something a little over 16 miles according to the map. (There were no Fitbits or GPS back then.) The rule of thumb is that it takes twice as long coming out as it does going in. And the change in elevation makes it feel longer yet. So, much better to spend the night. Phantom Ranch requires advance reservations and there are campsites where you can overnight. For this, you need a permit, which is not required for day trips.

The hike is strenuous enough (believe me) that you will want to travel light. You might even want to make arrangements to have your gear brought out by mule. During the warm months, you might want to leave the tent behind (likewise the camp stove; fires are not permitted) and just eat cold food. You will also want to be sure to let someone know that you are going in. Don't depend on the phone, since cell-service is unreliable. The Park Service handles enough emergency rescues that when you talk to the rangers about them, they seem almost routine. Still, you don't want to require this service. So pack plenty of water, dress properly, and know your limitations. All the usual, in other words.

The trip down is worth it for all sorts of reasons, not least that you will get close to the river. What appeared as a thin ribbon of green from the rim, up close, is loud and formidable. You cannot but marvel at the boldness of John Wesley Powell and his party coming through here, in 1869, in four wooden boats. The trip is done by raft these days, and that is thrilling enough for most.

Lots of people, it seems, are following TR's urgings, so there's no guarantee that hiking will give you solitude. But if you do find yourself alone on one of the trails, the immensity becomes tactile and you can feel it and hear it. The majesty of it leaves you feeling small and in awe. This is the "experience" of the park that comes after that first viewing when your breath is taken away in a way that you hadn't thought possible.

Yes, Mr. Roosevelt had it right—every American should see the Grand Canyon. You owe it to yourself. ♦

TOP, NEWSCOM; BELOW, XANTERRA PARKS & RESORTS

President Obama addresses the National Governors Association (2016).

E Pluribus Unum

The eternal tug-of-war with Washington. BY JAMES M. BANNER JR.

No one will be surprised by the general theme of this book: the enduring tension between the federal and state governments, between the center and the periphery of the American political system. Not unique to the United States, the distinctiveness of the pull between central and other American governments is that it's constitutionalized, part of the original structure of American governance, not just a feature of government that has emerged over the course of time.

Gary Gerstle is by no means the first historian to take up the subject; an inescapable ingredient of American public life, it demands treatment in any history of the nation's civic affairs. But rarely have recent historians tackled it directly, preferring instead to emphasize the growth of the American national state alone and to ignore the changing fortune, role, and influence of the individual states whose integrity and character are protected by the federal system under the Constitution. Simply by placing national-state tension at the core of what is, in effect, a survey of American political history, Gerstle gives us a fresh history of the national past. But it's history in a new key in many other significant ways, too.

Liberty and Coercion
The Paradox of American Government from Founding to the Present
by Gary Gerstle
Princeton, 472 pp., $35

Gerstle's first new key: Where other historians of the American national state commence their story with the Civil War, Gerstle distinctively begins his in the late 18th century, when the nation composed itself out of independent colonies into a federated nation of semi-independent states. This is not an unfamiliar story. But what's new is Gerstle's emphasis, lost on so many

James M. Banner Jr. is a historian in Washington.

MANDEL NGAN / AFP / GETTY

of his colleagues, on the powers and responsibilities that the central government managed to take to itself even before the Civil War clothed it with vast new authority. Where other historians merely note what occurred before 1860, Gerstle insists that we acknowledge the substantial achievements of the federal government even by then. It had already protected the nation's security in war and peace while expanding its borders; it ran a postal system, distributed land, and welcomed settlers, all the while responding to voters' preferences (particularly under Democratic administrations) to keep itself lean and economical.

The states weren't far behind. With "a staggering freedom of action," they regulated moral life, built schools, improved internal transportation through roads, canals, and railroads, and regulated slavery. In these respects, they, too, were responding to the people's desires. In analyzing how all of this came to be, Gerstle makes a conclusive case that the national state set its foundations after the revolution, not the Civil War, even while at the same time the states maintained wide freedom to employ their many powers.

Gerstle's second new key is a strikingly original departure. He not only brings the states into the picture in relating the inconsistent growth of central government power; but unlike other historians before him, he locates the source of the conflict between central and state governments in the states' possession of their police power—the residual authority left to the states under the Constitution, authority not incorporated into federal authority by the 14th Amendment and often ensured by court decision. That power may have eroded over the years but still remains, in Gerstle's view, intrusive and restraining—and always potentially more so.

> Many who argue for getting the federal government off their backs don't think much about what the consequences of restoring power to the states might be. Or they are surprisingly comfortable taking a libertarian stand with regard to federal government policies while supporting initiatives in their states that are plainly coercive in intent and effect.

As Gerstle notes in a review of the history of police powers in the United States, those powers had their roots in the British monarch's prerogative, were given legitimacy by William Blackstone, and were incorporated into American jurisprudence by federal and state court decisions. And until the protections guaranteed to Americans under the Bill of Rights were gradually incorporated to include protection against state governments after the Civil War, the states were left pretty much free to use their police powers as they wished, as often they still are. This left the states most notoriously free to protect slavery until it was outlawed by constitutional amendment in the 1860s, and then free to return the Southern freedmen to peonage for another hundred years.

Gerstle's third new key is an analytical innovation. He distinguishes three distinct strategies that all branches of government have used to build the powers of the federal government at the expense of the states. This is the core of the book, whose substance can only briefly be summarized, and another pathbreaking interpretive approach. As Gerstle sees it, the first of these strategies has been what he terms "exemption"—that is, the pursuit of those "activities in which the central government freed itself from constitutional constraints." The second is "surrogacy"—"attempts by the federal government to use one of its enumerated powers … to achieve unenumerated policy goals." The third is "privatization"—"initiatives undertaken by the central state to persuade private groups in American society to do work that it, the federal government, was not authorized or willing to take on itself."

No one has previously ventured this kind of typology, and Gerstle's grouping of various endeavors under one or the other strategy gives a new twist to old tales. More than that, it reveals how a historian can put his politics to analytical use in such a way that they serve understanding, not ideology. Gerstle is clearly a man of the left. But he doesn't offer a leftist interpretation of his subject. Yes, he doesn't appear to be a fan of state police powers, given the way they've often been deployed. And he's keen to unmask the inconsistencies in those who decry federal, but not state, intervention in people's lives. But though, like all history, this book reveals his intellectual commitments, like the best kind of history it's not biased. It lays out what Gerstle thinks the evidence will bear, and it has to be evaluated on those grounds. In those terms, it succeeds brilliantly.

Part of its success lies in Gerstle's overarching theme: the transformation over two centuries in the meaning of "liberalism" and in the location of "liberal" politics. In the revolutionary era, and well into the 19th century, liberals assumed that once their fellow citizens were freed from coercive government, social issues, including inequality, would open themselves to solution. But this kind of classical liberalism eventuated not in a reduction of social and economic inequality but in its intensification. That forced a reworking of liberalism's meaning, a reworking that has taken place over two centuries until liberalism today is taken to be the worldview of those who believe that only government can alleviate the worst evils, discrimination, and the inequalities of modern existence. But which government? That's the unresolved rub of all politics, American politics included.

In a book of this breadth, one has to be disappointed that it doesn't go even further than it does. Preferring to emphasize federal rather than state authority, Gerstle doesn't probe deeply enough into state police powers. He doesn't show in enough detail how the jurisprudence of police powers developed in the 20th century after being established in the 19th, and how the balance between federal and state authority fluctuates from era to era. Readers will also wonder how the broadening of full citizenship and voting rights to all Americans affected the greater legitimization of federal authority. And what, say, of the American tradition of voluntary associations, which Alexis

de Tocqueville made so central to his interpretation of democracy in America? Surely nongovernmental organizations have rendered unnecessary a more powerful set of federal and state institutions along the lines of those on the continent for social policing and social action. They have served both conservative and liberal purposes.

By no means is this a book for historians only. It should be widely read, its arguments widely considered. And the evidence Gerstle adduces ought to be sobering for everyone. For the plain fact of the matter is that every polity has to balance freedom with order and individual preference against community norms. In the United States, the federal system has made that balance more difficult to calibrate and more open to variety. Each of us has an idea as to where that balance ought to be struck. But it will never be struck once and for all; it will have to be adjusted as circumstances and citizens' views (and votes) change.

Gerstle draws one lesson from this history: "A restoration of the states to the position of privilege they enjoyed in the 19th or early 20th centuries seems improbable." Yet the states have proven themselves to be theaters of experimentation and legislation that can deeply affect national politics. That said, "The recent turn toward the states … underscores the constraints imposed on the central state by an 18th-century Constitution and the near impossibility of altering the Constitution so as to give government in the United States new tools to address its 21st-century problems. In this respect, America remains bound by its 18th-century origins."

If any additional large lesson can be drawn from *Liberty and Coercion*, it is that the hope of getting government—federal, state, or local—"off our backs" is a vain one. The question is which government we wish to be on our backs and for what reasons. The federal system, the mixture of governments at the national and state levels, has always proved to be a source of both opportunity and limitation—in Gerstle's terms, of liberty and coercion—for those who live under it. That is the paradox of American government. ♦

B&A

The Real Thing?

One man's quest to confirm his art-historical hunch.

BY BRIAN P. KELLY

Things were not going well in Madrid. Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham had conspired to travel in disguise to Spain and somehow wed the Protestant Charles to the Roman Catholic Maria Anna, the Spanish king's sister, and in so doing put an end to centuries of tension between the two countries.

Unsurprisingly, the scheme failed in miserable fashion: seasickness, blown disguises, livestock theft, fights with locals—and that's before the two even arrived in March 1623, without prior notice, to the most formal court in Europe. Once there, Buckingham's behavior revolted the Spanish—everything from putting his feet up on the royal furniture to carousing with prostitutes—and the plan was further encumbered by ecclesiastical differences. It was late that August that Velázquez painted the 22-year-old English prince.

That painting is the titular work of Laura Cumming's fascinating book. *The Vanishing Velázquez* is a double portrait, an account of the life and art of that greatest of Spanish painters, Diego Velázquez, and an exhumation of a forgotten art-loving bookseller, John Snare. Even more, it is a beautiful study in extremes: in the case of the artist, of a talent so astounding that Manet called him "the greatest painter there ever was," and in the case of the merchant, of a passion (or obsession, depending on your perspective) so intense that its pursuit would drive him to ruin.

Cumming tells Velázquez's story through his paintings. A reserved output—he made not more than 120 pieces over a 40-year career—his art is still the easiest route into the life of a mysterious man. The author offers a few of his best-known canvases—including the early *Water Carrier of Seville*, his portrait of Pope Innocent X, the famed *Las Meninas*—to argue for an artist most notable for a gaze both penetrating and egalitarian.

In the work of Velázquez, we connect with his subjects on an almost uncomfortably acute level. According to Cumming, many of his paintings have "that intensity about the eyes that is the familiar sign of a self-portrait—that look of looking, that frisson of recognition, that suggests a particular intent, actively seeking out the viewer." We are in Velázquez's shoes, seeing the sitter as he saw them, and being seen in return. The result is work that Cumming calls "deeply and radically human. … All people are equal in the art of Velázquez. … His paintings make small people large, and large people tiny."

Neither this optical *ménage à trois* among viewer, artist, and subject nor the democratic nature of Velázquez is an idea unique to Laura Cumming, but they bear repeating. Similarly, her admiration of the painter can extend into the realm of hagiography; but if not Velázquez, then who warrants such praise? These are minor complaints in an engaging, if brief, summary of a true master. But the real meat of the book, and what will keep readers turning pages, is the story of that 19th-century bookseller.

The Vanishing Velázquez
A 19th-Century Bookseller's Obsession with a Lost Masterpiece
by Laura Cumming
Scribner, 304 pp., $28

Brian P. Kelly is the assistant Arts in Review editor of the Wall Street Journal.

When a boarding school near Oxford shuttered and auctioned off its possessions, there was one item for sale that John Snare was particularly interested in. An October 1845 notice in the local paper mentions it: "A Half-Length of Charles the First (supposed Van-dyke)."

Cumming explains that Snare "seems to have had a sixth sense about the painting." At the preview, he inspected the portrait, so darkened with age that the ill-fated prince's features were scarcely visible, and did something unthinkable in today's art world: He wet his finger and rubbed it against the canvas. But what would be a great transgression in any modern auction house proved a revelation for Snare. "I can never forget the impression," he later wrote, "as the tones came alive like magic." He believed not only that the catalogue was wrong about the painting's authorship but that the portrait was the rare work of an artist whose fame was growing in England: Velázquez.

Snare kept this belief to himself—in his words, "half ashamed of my own thoughts, and afraid lest I should be mocked"—but returned the day of the auction determined to win the treasure. When the hammer came down, the bookseller had captured his prize for a mere £8. Painting in hand, Snare set about the Sisyphean task that would consume the rest of his life: proving that his Charles was a genuine Velázquez.

The burning question was how a work created in Madrid for a prince in 1623 could find its way to the back room of a provincial English bookseller's shop two centuries later. This, indeed, was the quandary that vexed Snare, and Cumming does an excellent job explaining the challenges facing him, retracing his attempts to document the painting's history.

Snare found evidence supporting his hunch in a memoir by the painter's father-in-law; a record in the royal accounts; a travel guide stocked in his shop; a catalogue of art hanging in Fife House in Whitehall. Finally, Snare worked up the courage to exhibit his resuscitated Velázquez in a one-work show in London in 1847. The reviews were glowing and the crowds poured in, including the Duke of Wellington, who visited twice.

But this is where Snare's story takes a turn for the worse. The work found detractors, who attacked both the painting and its owner. Who is this country bumpkin who thinks he is able to see what so many in the art world cannot? Is this even a real Velázquez? Snare fired back with a pamphlet outlining his case for the work's authenticity.

Diego Velázquez, detail from 'Las Meninas' (1656)

Even more disastrous, the man whose space he had been renting to show the painting had debts, and the mortgage-holders stole the portrait to use as leverage for payment. Snare shelled out the then-massive amount of £400 to settle the renter's balance and reclaim the work.

Sadly, this was just the beginning of his woes. In 1849 he took the painting to Edinburgh for the first stop of what was supposed to be a tour of Great Britain. Things went much as they did in London: strong reviews, eager crowds, then a seizure. At the beginning of the third week of the show, police descended on the exhibition and confiscated the painting as stolen property, claiming it had been filched at some unknown time from the trustees of the 2nd Earl Fife. The law was on Snare's side, but the trustees used their power to delay resolution.

Meanwhile, Snare's economic well-being deteriorated to the point of insolvency. His dedication to the Charles had led him to neglect the book business. His finances dwindled, and creditors arrived on his own threshold. He went bankrupt—and all his worldly possessions, down to the doorknobs on his shop, were auctioned off to settle his arrears.

The painting was finally restored to Snare, but his life was in ruins and he became a pariah because of the theft allegations. As with the attacks launched on the portrait in London, he fought back—but this time with litigation. He brought the Fife Trustees to court to account for the fraudulent seizure that had put his painting's tour on hold and sullied his name.

A protracted case ensued, and the question of Snare's compensation turned on the authenticity of his painting. If it were a real Velázquez, his claims of ruinous losses would be substantiated; if it were a worthless piece of aesthetic flotsam, he would be owed little. So how did the trial end? What was the fate of Snare and his livelihood? What became of his treasured portrait? These are questions not to be spoiled here, but whose resolution, if one can call it that, includes a sojourn in America, a reunion with a long lost son, and a famous museum on Fifth Avenue.

The Vanishing Velázquez raises far more questions than it answers. But it also captures the inimitability of two different men in much the same way that Velázquez captured his subjects. This is a sketch of a talented artist's keen eye for the inner nature of his sitters and a humble bookseller's unparalleled passion for a work of art. And just as a portrait can carry its subject into the future, Laura Cumming has given the story of John Snare and his lost Velázquez a new life. ♦

B&A

Ike's Second Front

Keeping peace among the Allies was key to victory.

BY CHRISTOPHER TIMMERS

General Eisenhower, Field Marshal Montgomery in England (1944)

There is an old saw that the English and the Americans are two peoples divided by a common language. While there is a certain element of humor in this, there was more than an element of truth in it during the war years (1942-45) in the European Theater. Niall Barr highlights this and other obstacles to execution and victory for the British and American armies in a fascinating look at how British and American staffs learned to cooperate, in spite of so many military and cultural differences, in World War II.

Eisenhower's Armies
The American-British Alliance During World War II
by Niall Barr
Pegasus, 544 pp., $35

The British thought the Americans were reckless and brash while the Americans regarded the British as conceited and standoffish. There was a saying in England that the young American soldiers training there were "overpaid, oversexed, and over here." But most friction between the armies was at the division level and higher; and the higher up the chain of command, the greater the friction. Combining staff functions and settling on strategies were no simple matters: The British Army was organized on principles and priorities that had evolved over centuries; the United States Army was structurally closer to the German Army (thank you, Baron von Steuben). Differences in equipment were obvious, but ultimately overcome; differences in tactics and training were another matter, and tension between and among senior commanders with huge egos threatened to undermine success.

While he admired the courage and skill of the British soldier, the American liaison officer Maj. Bonner Fellers said that "the British Army is not quite in phase with the tempo of high centralization and coordination demanded by the machine age" and added:

> [B]ecause of divided responsibility inherent within her command system she has not the slightest idea who is responsible. … It is a convenient system which protects all commanders, dilutes responsibilities, glosses over failure, provides iron clad alibis, but it won't win wars.

British commanders were equally forceful in their assessment of American troops' performance. Commenting on his reluctance to trust the combat readiness of American troops in the 1942-43 Tunisian campaign, Lieutenant General Harold Alexander remarked that American soldiers, from private to general, "were soft, green, and quite untrained."

Such was the environment Dwight D. Eisenhower found himself in in early 1942 when he assumed command of the European Theater of Operations. First among many problems were inadequate training facilities and the size of the U.S. Army (around 200,000). Indeed, when German tanks rolled into Poland in 1939, the American army was the 17th-largest in the world, behind Finland and Romania. For years, the thinking in Washington had been that the Army would be employed in a hemispheric defense role and the Navy would handle strategic defense. North America is flanked by two oceans and

HORACE ABRAHAMS / GETTY

Christopher Timmers, a West Point graduate who served in both the 82nd Airborne and Third Infantry divisions in Germany, lives in South Carolina.

the Navy could blunt any attack well out to sea. What was the need for a large standing army?

Nonetheless, and despite the differences in command philosophy and leadership, the Allies moved forward: from North Africa, to Sicily, up through the "boot" of Italy and, eventually, to a cross-Channel invasion of France and defeat of Germany in May 1945. And who, in this fascinating narrative, stands out, above all, in making things happen? Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill deserve credit, but the steady hand of General Eisenhower was the decisive factor in securing victory.

From an American perspective, Niall Barr's analysis of the story is evenhanded and fair—indeed, more than fair. As an Englishman, he comes down harder on Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery and his lieutenants in the British high command than he does on the American chief of staff, Gen. George C. Marshall, or on the American generals such as Omar Bradley, George S. Patton, and their ilk.

So what's not to like? Well, paratroopers jump onto drop zones, not landing zones (the British use the same terminology as the Americans). The M3 Grant/Lee tank is variously referred to here as a "tank," a "medium" tank, and a "light" tank. (It was a medium tank.) And the airborne drop of American paratroopers from the 17th Airborne Division and British paratroops from the 6th Airborne Division in March 1945 (Operation Varsity) is mentioned only briefly. Yet that airborne operation was the largest drop of paratroopers by the Allied side in a single day: Operations Overlord and Market Garden both took several days to deliver troops, equipment, and weapons to forces on the ground. I would have appreciated a more thorough analysis of Varsity and its contribution to Allied successes.

But these are quibbles. Niall Barr's prose is lean and his narrative moves quickly. He has produced a masterful, impressively researched history detailing the machinery of wartime decision-making, as well as the military alliance, led by Eisenhower, that defeated Hitler's Germany. ♦

B&A

Grand Experiment

Science as harbinger of modern times.

BY JOSEPH BOTTUM

The Invention of Science
A New History of the Scientific Revolution
by David Wootton
Harper, 784 pp., $35

David Wootton has written a long book to save science from *something*, even if he's not quite sure what that something is. The demystification, deconstruction, and doubt of postmodernity, maybe. Or revitalized religious faith, from Radical Islam to Protestant Fundamentalism. Certainly, Wootton wants to rescue modern science from its historians. He calls this a *new* history, and he means it: The text would be a third shorter if Wootton could keep himself from diatribe, from savaging nearly every author who has had the temerity to write about the history of science before David Wootton came along to save the day.

As it happens, the day that Wootton particularly wants to save is November 11, 1572, when the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe identified a new star shining brightly in the midst of the Cassiopeia constellation. This was the moment, he insists, when the most important transformation in recorded human history began. And by the time Isaac Newton published his *Opticks* in 1704, only 132 years later, the glorious revolution of science was complete. The stupefying goo of medieval thinking had been permanently replaced with the sharp sword of scientific method—reason's razor edge, with which the universe would be forever slashed open to human view.

Or maybe not permanently. Wootton knows the wonder-working power of modern science. He possesses a sure and certain hope in its future, and a love of its past in his heart. He has faith in science, he trusts it—and not just in the way that a philosopher might trust a proof for the existence of God, but in the way that a mother trusts her son. He believes that science has helped us, and will continue to help us, so long as we are true to the scientific method.

But he's grown uneasy in recent years, uncertain and unsure. Despite work from Kant to Husserl, science remains without a sure philosophical ground, and the clarity of its truth has been muddied by postmodern doubts. Ever since Thomas Kuhn published *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* (1962), historians of science have been working to subordinate science to history, its discoveries increasingly seen as dependent on the presumptions of their particular time. Wootton has undertaken a full-throated defense of the scientific revolution because, he believes, hardly anyone these days appreciates just how revolutionary that revolution was. Just how much the world changed from 1572 to 1704, how much we emerged from medieval darkness to stand beneath the enlightening sun and live in a world without shadows.

The curious thing is that Wootton is mostly right. The reader will want to quibble with him about some of his points, but he has read deeply in the texts of the scientific revolution and he understands that the modern age doesn't emerge without the turn to science. The scientific revolution is not achieved when Brahe looks in Cassiopeia or Newton breaks light in a prism; it follows from the way their observations led them to experiment and reason. The actual results of science formed the

Joseph Bottum is a contributing editor to The Weekly Standard.

modern age, Wootton knows, and the successes of science lent an air of glory to scientific thinking—a prestige that forced all other modes of thinking, from theology to politics, to attempt to imitate it.

But even if Wootton is right, more or less, in his sweep through the scientific revolution, the overall effect of *The Invention of Science* is a feeling of wrongness. And to understand why, we have to do a little work to situate the book—work, it needs to be said, that Wootton refuses to do, thereby creating the weaknesses of what could have been a first-rate study of the early moments of modernity.

The problem is that modern times brought us not only astonishing gains in medicine, domestic comfort, civil culture, artistic expression, and all the rest. They also brought a curious sense of loss, which has lasted through the centuries. "Disenchantment," Max Weber called it—the emptying of the world, the stripping-away of supernatural meaning, as the various forces of modernity demythologized and deconstructed everything they touched. Weber insisted that those modern forces had an "elective affinity" for one another. They weren't causally related, but they always seemed to combine to move us in a single direction. Thus, for example, Enlightenment philosophy fed democratic theories of politics, which aided the rise of the bureaucratic nation-state, which meshed with the reformations of Protestant theology, which helped swell capitalist economics, which encouraged the spirit of invention and scientific experiment, which (to cycle back around) encouraged Enlightenment philosophy.

More to the point, no one of these necessarily demands a disenchantment of reality. Magisterial Protestantism had its mystics, perceiving the world as rich with meaning. Enlightenment philosophy could argue for an ethical structure to existence. The modernizing force of bureaucracy was, perhaps, always soul-deadening, but the modern nation-state often insisted on its own mythopoeic power. Even science can, in the hands of its truest acolytes, seem rich with wonder and mystical meaning.

David Wootton is one of those acolytes. For him, science is a thick worldview, an enchantment of reality, and he can't understand why everyone else fails to see the deep stuff of meaning that the scientific method reveals. Unfortunately, for most other modern people, science doesn't exist in isolation: Any one of the forces of modernity could conceivably provide enchantment, but in combination, they produce only disenchantment. Wootton fears that science is under attack by unmodernity, premodern and postmodern forces stabbing it from either side. But it is modernity itself that refuses to allow anything, even one of its originating forces, to maintain an enchantment for the world.

Sir Isaac Newton

Situated this way, it's easy to see why *The Invention of Science* fails in its goal to be more than just a history of the scientific revolution. Wootton wants us to see that modernity was a radical shift in Western history, and science was both the sole significant cause of the shift and the sole enduring pattern for the world in its new position. As a historical thesis, it's improbable. Was Enlightenment philosophy nothing? At the dawn of Romantic poetry, William Blake raged against Newton, but also against Voltaire and Rousseau alongside him—all of them emblems of a world gone mad. Even if Wootton were right about the origin of the modern age, science cannot halt the disenchantment, the caustic demythologizing, that eats at every sense of meaning in modernity.

Still, in the details it relates, *The Invention of Science* is a fascinating book by an author steeped in the material of the age he covers. Wootton often turns to the language of early science, arguing that the need to invent new words proves the radical newness of the ideas and facts they represent. Even the word *fact*, he points out, was a word that had to be created to describe what scientists were doing. *Hypothesis*, *experiment*, *evidence*, a hundred other words—some of them were borrowed from Euclid's *Geometry*, some from the law courts, but all of them were put to strange new usages as science struggled to name what it was doing.

This proof-from-vocabulary is surprisingly persuasive, but it also points to a pattern of argument here, as Wootton consistently prefers to look to writing as the center of science. It's as though the article on looms and weaving in Diderot's 1751 *Encyclopédie* were much more important than the technological work the author describes. He does mention metal casting, double-entry bookkeeping, and glassblowing as precursor activities, but generally sees the printing press as the only physical object contributing profoundly to the rise of modern science. The square sail, the mechanics of ships, and the mathematics of navigation are only one of many sets of technological work that arrived before the science explaining them.

It's his insistence on the radical novelty of the scientific revolution that forces Wootton to ignore or downplay such prescientific technologies. It forces him to dismiss as scientifically illiterate anyone who lived before the

birth of modernity. The mistakes of early modern science demonstrate how dynamic modern science can be as it advances, while the errors of the Greeks and Romans prove that "ancient science" is an oxymoron.

Can a bad book in general be a good book in particular? As an explanation of modernity, *The Invention of Science* is incomplete. As a tale of history, it's willfully truncated. As a call to embrace the enchantments of science in order to solve the modern problem of caustic doubt, it's hopelessly naïve. But as an account of the scientific revolution, especially in the early modern age, *The Invention of Science* is the best book anyone has written. ♦

B&A

From Pen to Penrod

An appreciation of Booth Tarkington.

BY COLIN FLEMING

As might be expected from someone who makes his living from writing, I was an English major in college. But what always seems to baffle people is when they learn that I only became that person with that job because I stopped going to class. My grades were never good, and I recall recoiling from books that seemed to be the same books everyone else was reading. So I commenced an education that was far afield from anything outlined in any syllabus, one that featured some of the best novels by Booth Tarkington (1869-1946), an author little read today, and who ought to be read more.

If you know Tarkington at all, it is most likely because you've seen Orson Welles's 1942 adaptation of one of Tarkington's two Pulitzer Prize-winning novels, *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1918). But what I chose to focus on—and why I choose to celebrate Tarkington now—are the two fictional masterpieces of the literature of youth: *Penrod* (1914) and *Seventeen*, which was published exactly one hundred years ago.

Penrod is the saga of an 11-year-old boy in Middle America and his everyday world of dogs, enemies who become best friends, and family members bent on curbing dreams at once so large that the whole of the outdoors cannot contain them—but cannot be recalled the next morning. I also enjoy thinking of William Baxter, the tormented protagonist of *Seventeen*, as Penrod Schofield having arrived at that age in the form of another boy.

William is obsessed, over the course of an otherwise idle summer, with a visiting girl named Lola Pratt, whom he subsequently dubs, and serenades in doggerel as, "milady." William has a phrase that he utters with great gravity, almost as if by some heraldic code of honor. Confronted with his latest embarrassment—that is, the annoyance of his younger sister Jane and what he presumes are actions that will thwart him of his romance—William opts for a mighty "Ye Gods!" It's a refrain that becomes a comic leitmotif.

Poems to Miss Pratt are written, friendships fray in the way real friendships do, and there is Jane—inescapable, brilliant Jane, perpetually up to no good, and yet something else entirely in the best way of sisters. A young lover should arrange to be the only child of elderly parents; otherwise, his mother and sister are sure to know a great deal more about him than he knows they know. This was what made Jane's eyes so disturbing to William during lunch one day: She ate quietly, but all the while he was conscious of her solemn, inscrutable gaze. And she never spoke. Jane could not have rendered herself more annoying, especially as William was trying to treat *her* with silent scorn, and there is nothing more irksome to the muscles of the face than silent scorn.

I have made a spectacle out of myself in cafés reading the passage in *Seventeen* where Jane attempts to apprise her mother of the remarks she overheard about her brother from Mr. Parcher, the put-upon fellow whose family is boarding the divine Lola Pratt during the summer.

> "Mamma, he said"—Jane became impressive—"he said, mamma, he said he didn't mind the Sunday-school class, but he couldn't stand those dam boys!"
>
> "Jane!" Mrs. Baxter cried, "you *mustn't* say such things!"
>
> "I didn't, mamma. Mr. Parcher said it. He said he couldn't stand those da—"
>
> "*Jane!* No matter what he said, you mustn't repeat—"
>
> "But I'm not. I only said Mr. *Parcher* said he couldn't stand those d—"

Jane hits upon a plan to substitute "word" for "damn," and we shift into a fugue of hilarity and Little Sisterness.

> Mr. Parcher said that a whole lot of times, mamma. He said he guess' pretty soon he'd haf to be in the lunatic asylum if Miss Pratt stayed a few more days with her word little dog an' her word Willie Baxter an' all the other word calfs. Mrs. Parcher said he oughtn't to say "word," mamma. She said, "Hush, Hush!" to him, mamma. He talked like this, mamma: he said, "I'll be word if I stand it!" An' he kept getting crosser, an' he said, "Word! Word! *Word! Wor*—"

Penrod, meanwhile, features all of *Seventeen*'s life and verve, so much so that those qualities spill over into two sequels, *Penrod and Sam* (1916) and *Penrod Jashber* (1929).

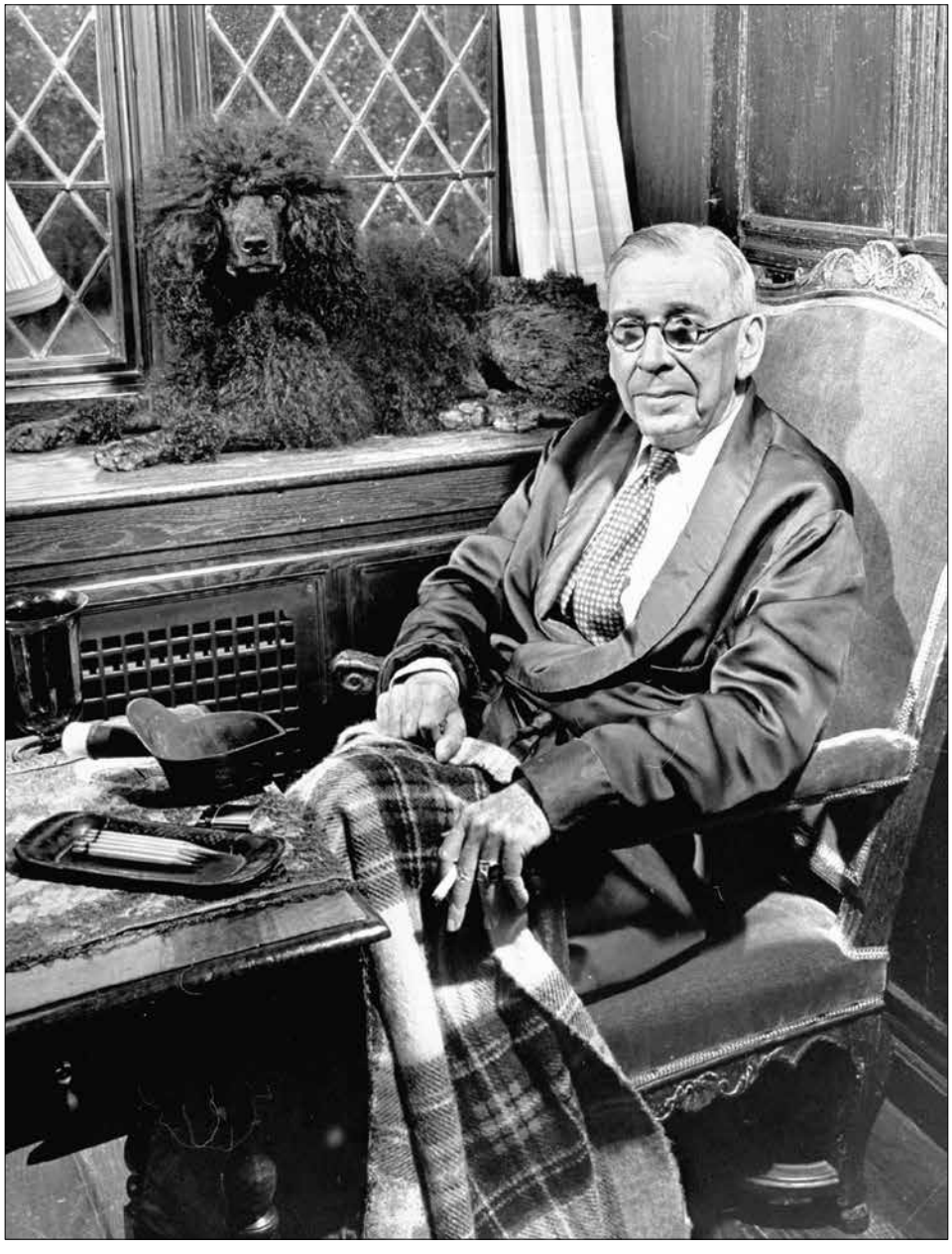
The lad has a "wistful" dog, Duke, a best friend, Sam, an older sister, in this case, to thwart (or so he thinks) his most inventive plans, a gang of

Colin Fleming is the author of Between Cloud and Horizon: A Relationship Casebook in Stories.

sorts with whom he rolls—and a friendship with two black kids from down the block who feature in some of the funniest scenes I have ever read.

The African-American brothers—Herman and Verman—are both beyond clever, little adults who act as a kind of two-man Greek chorus with more savvy than Penrod and his mates combined. They are also auteurs of trouble, sagacious, and rightly proud imps who back down from no one and put in motion a scene that typifies Tarkington's ability to blend verbal and physical humor.

To pull off, in prose form, what someone like Buster Keaton was able to do visually is one of the hardest things a writer might achieve. To make someone laugh aloud from something they have read is beyond the ken of most authors. But to do so through visual hijinks—that is, through motion suggested by words—is comic genius. And Tarkington's writing, in *Penrod* in particular, can be very physical in that sense.



Booth Tarkington and friend (circa 1940)

One of Penrod's friends, Georgie, declares, with some embarrassment, his ambition to become a preacher some day. Herman coolly responds, "How good kin you clim a pole?" Debate ensues. Preachers don't have to climb poles, Georgie maintains. But Herman describes the best preacher he ever knew, a man who would climb up and down a pole, shouting that he was going to heaven when he got near the top but that old sin was dragging him down, and that he was going to hell as he slid towards the bottom, only to recover and make a surge to heaven again.

The gang eats this up, and before too long, Georgie is outside his parents' house, where a minister happens to be visiting and looking out the back window, where Georgie is climbing up and down a tree branch, raving about lust and sin and hell.

> "Devil's got my coat-tails, sinners! Old devil's got my coat-tails!" he announced appropriately. Then he began to slide.
>
> He relaxed his clasp of the tree and slid to the ground.
>
> "Going to hell!" shrieked Georgie, reaching a high pitch of enthusiasm in this great climax. "Going to hell! Going to hell! I'm gone to hell, hell, hell!"

Sure, Penrod and his crew are doubled over in laughter as all this goes on; but this is not the exclusive domain of children. Our adult selves find just as much commonality here, for what is an adult gambit but dreaming to be something one is not, and finding meaning in what one *is* and in the closest people in our lives? I've long counted Penrod and William among those people in my own life, and each time I visit with them, I'm still not sure if they don't have as much to teach me as anyone else. ♦

HANSEL MIETH / LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION / GETTY

One Beautiful Mess

A handful of solecisms don't spoil the effect.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

One More Time
Directed by Robert Edwards

One More Time, a small-scale drama set in the Hamptons now playing on demand in your living room, is a beautiful mess. The infectiously watchable Christopher Walken plays a 70-year-old singing star named Paul Lombard desperate to stage a comeback. A spectacular Amber Heard plays his 31-year-old daughter Jude, an extraordinarily talented and aimless underachiever oppressed by the old man's loving, careless, solipsistic shadow.

Amber Heard, Christopher Walken

Their relationship is perfectly encapsulated by a scene in which they perform the great and quiet Frank and Nancy Sinatra duet "Something Stupid" and Paul, who simply cannot share the spotlight, begins to sing far more loudly than Jude and ruins the moment.

They are wonderful, the characters are wonderful, and so is writer-director Robert Edwards's careful delineation of the complex cross-currents in the Lombard family. There's a dinner-table scene in which we see the constant efforts at one-upsmanship among Paul, Jude, and his more dutiful daughter Corinne (Kelli Garner), who is treated like a second-tier child because she didn't go into showbiz or inherit the family gift. It's so good and piercing it justifies the movie all by itself.

So why do I say it's a mess? First, because the characters make no sociological sense in 2016. Paul Lombard is, we are told, a sex-symbol crooner, whose albums are used to set the mood for seductions even now. The movie begins with Jude having to tell her latest one-night-stand to turn Lombard off as they're making out. (He doesn't know who she is.) He's a Sinatra-Johnny Mathis-Tony Bennett type—and Bennett experienced exactly the kind of career upturn Paul is hoping for in 1994 when MTV had him perform one of its live "Unplugged" concerts at the age of 67 and the recording went platinum.

But the movie asks us to believe that Lombard became a huge Sinatra-like star in the mid-1960s/early-'70s, and that's just off. The enduring solo acts of Lombard's prime were rockers or folk rockers striving for raw authenticity, not Jewish lounge singers who changed their names to sound Italian. The walls of Paul's house are lined with beautifully designed album covers showing his efforts to be relevant through the years—a psychedelic disc here, a disco turn there. They're funny but they just make matters far more confusing.

One More Time should have been set in 1996 rather than 2016, and I suspect the screenplay originally was. (Either that, or the casting of Walken caused Edwards to tailor the part to Walken's own singing style, which is far more Broadway than rock.) But it's expensive to set movies in the past—it means securing old cars and spending on production design. As a result, low-budget American indies often try to fudge this, with problematic results.

A mostly terrific little film with Steve Carell called *The Way Way Back* was set in 2013 but was clearly about the year 1983, so when it featured behavior appropriate for the earlier day but not for our day—like a 13-year-old biking off by himself for the day in a summer resort community with no adult knowing where he was going and no iPhone in his pocket—the movie's mood was shattered.

One More Time has this problem in spades, not least in the characterization of Jude, whose style and manner—her addiction to casual sex, her alcohol abuse, her affair with her shrink—have an oddly dated quality to them. She is basically a riot grrrl of the 1990s; indeed, her one career success came when she performed with a hardcore punk band of a sort that hasn't really existed since the '90s.

What's more, *One More Time*'s storyline seems to have been shuffled around in the editing room; scenes don't quite seem to be taking place in the proper chronological order, suggesting that Edwards was acting a little like a novelist using the editing room to construct a second draft of his beautifully observed but structurally unsound tale.

Mess though it is, *One More Time* is nonetheless a lovely, intelligent, and splendidly acted piece of work, and well worth your attention. ♦

MAYBACH FILM PRODUCTIONS

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

"Hillary Clinton Tells Black Radio Host She Carries Hot Sauce In Her Purse" ***—News item, April 18, 2016***

PARODY

right. So doesn't tha

DAY, MAY 1, 2016 — ONE DOLLAR CHEAP

CLINTON CHALLENGES DRAKE TO IMPROMPTU RAP BATTLE

Denies Pandering to Hip Hop Fans

By BERTRAND HAUGHTON

NEW YORK — Former Secretary of State Hillary Clinton last night initiated what appears to be a rap battle with platinum-selling artist Aubrey Drake Graham, popularly known by the mononym "Drake." Clinton released a diss track on her Sound Cloud page entitled "Dr.fake," in which she claimed she was sending Drake's "Canadian ass back to Degrassi," in reference to the fictional junior high school in the television show Drake starred in as a child. In one profanity-laced verse, she twisted a popular Drake song to say that he "started as a bottom" and denigrated his Canadian heritage by claiming that his rapping abilities "suck more than Molson." When reached for comment, Clinton campaign manager Robbie Mook said, "I don't have time to talk about that bar mitzvah boy [expletive] mother[expletive]."

Some Clinton critics have claimed that the rap battle is simply an effort to pander to African-American voters, a crucial voting bloc in the Democratic primaries. Vermont Senator Bernie Sanders, Clinton's opponent for the Democratic presidential nomination, told a crowd in Indianapolis that Clinton knows nothing about hip hop, saying, "The only street cred she has is with Wall Street!" He pointed to an incident in 1992 when Clinton's husband denounced rapper Sister Souljah during his first run for president. The Brooklyn-born senator also took the opportunity to play up his own hip hop credentials, declaring, "Hillary, I knew Grandmaster Flash. Grandmaster Flash was a friend of mine. You, ma'am, are no Grandmaster Flash."

HILLARY: GAGE SKIDMORE/

Hillary Clinton at her press conference Saturday in Westchester County.

Mrs. Clinton does have a history of using questionable tactics to reach out to black voters, including affecting a southern drawl and claiming to carry hot sauce in her purse. But Clinton insisted that her beef with Drake is genuine, telling WPGC 95.5 in Washington, D.C., "I can't stand that phony Canadian [expletive]. That [expletive] needs to shut the [expletive]

Continued on Page A5

the weekly Standard

MAY 2, 2016