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THE PERILS OF SECRET DIPLOMACY

From Nixon to Obama

BY RAY TAKEYH

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COVER BY CHRIS KOEHLER

A Conservative Victory?

If conservatives have been feeling a bit discouraged about politics lately, we should cheer up: There is good news from Tehran. For, according to the *New York Times* (May 31), the Iranian parliament has just affirmed its support for one of our own: "Iran Lawmakers Re-elect Their Conservative Speaker," says the *Times* headline.

The "conservative" parliamentarian in question, Ali Larijani, has been speaker since 2008. But elections in February had not gone well for his faction, leading to speculation that Larijani might get the heave-ho this past week. Well, it was not to be: For reasons unknown, his "moderate" opponent Mohammad Reza Aref withdrew his candidacy a few days before balloting, and Larijani was reelected speaker by a near-unanimous vote.

For its part, the *Times* sought to reassure readers: Larijani, it reported, "is not considered a die-hard conservative" and, in any case, has supported "the government of President Hassan Rouhani, a moderate who was elected on promises of reaching a nuclear deal and loosening Iran's severe restrictions on personal freedoms." Any connection to a "moderate" is encouraging news, of course; and the only thing worse than a conservative speaker in Tehran would be a die-hard conservative speaker.

Ali Larijani, conservative? Feh.

As readers have no doubt inferred, The Scrapbook is being sarcastic here, for while "conservative" is invariably a pejorative term in the pages of the *New York Times*, and "moderate" a compliment, even the *Times* must realize that these words, so familiar to American consumers of news, have no equivalent significance in the context of Iranian politics. In fact, it might well be argued that their meaning in the Islamic Republic is, at best, paradoxical: An American "conservative"—someone who believes in freedom of conscience, economic opportunity, and the values of the Enlightenment—would be the opposite of the hardline Islamists who govern Iran and find common cause with the Obama White House and State Department.

It is possible that the *Times* does understand this, since the balance of its story employs a variety of descriptive adjectives, some of which are closer to the truth than others. Iran's supreme leader, for example, is described as a "hard-liner"—which is accurate, of course, and may be applied to politicians of any persuasion. Except in the *New York Times*, where the only hardliners and die-hards on earth—indeed, the only reliably all-purpose bad guys—are those "conservatives," and we know who they are. ♦

NEWSCOM

Ideological Tourists

The Scrapbook doesn't fault our peers in the business for looking for creative ways to make a buck in a challenging media landscape. Then again, it's almost always easy to find fault with the *New York Times*. For a few years now, the media behemoth has been organizing trips to exotic locales with reporters and writers for the paper serving as tour guides. Nothing wrong with that—we've done a version of that with our very own Weekly Standard cruises! (Speaking of which, book now for the December 4 sailing from Ft. Lauderdale, at TWSCruise.com.)

But apparently it's not enough for the *Times* that such trips serve as enjoyable excursions—their value-added proposition is finding ways for such trips to confirm the political worldview of the NPR-tote bag set and getting them to pay handsomely for having their consciousness raised. For a mere $6,595, for instance, you can learn about "Women and Women's Rights in Cuba" on an upcoming trip this November:

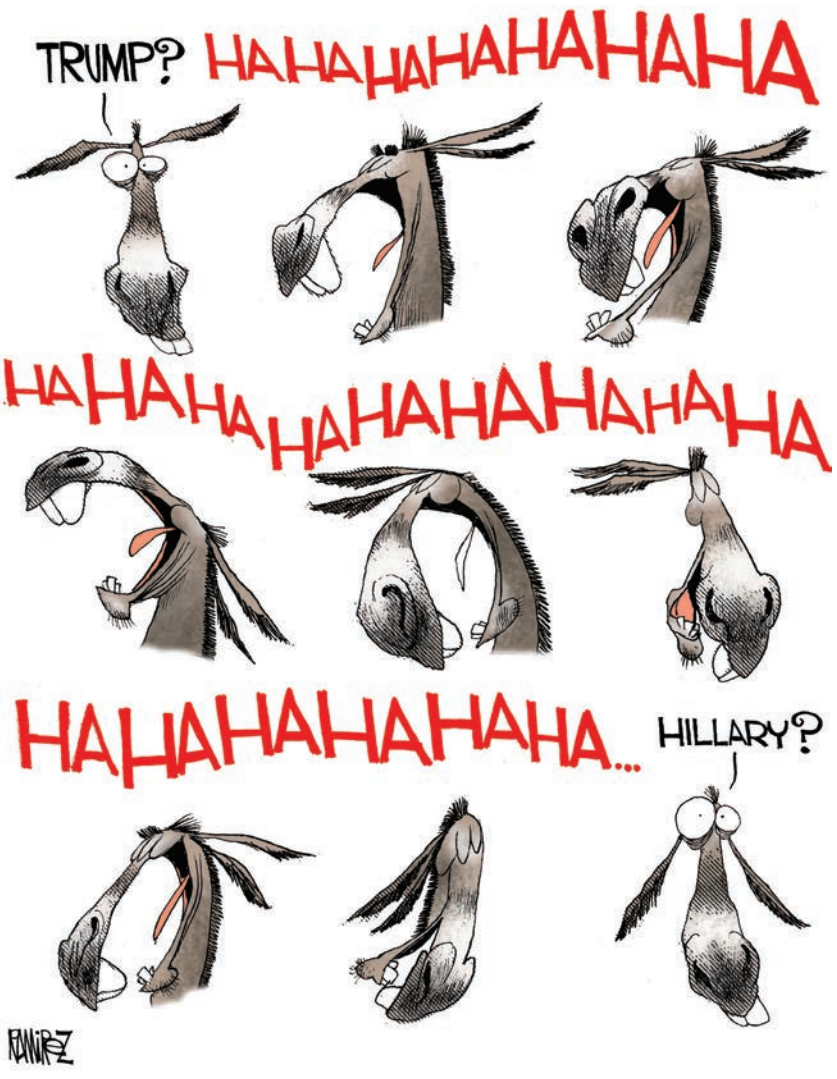
> Visit with female leaders and visionaries to discuss how Cuba is leading the charge in women's rights, while still confronting many of the same challenges women are facing in the United States.
>
> Since the Revolution, Cuban women have made strides toward full gender equality, but as in most countries, there are still roadblocks and challenges. Discuss the past, present and future of

women in Cuba with some of the country's most impressive activists.

The fact that "Revolution" is capitalized seems to be a tipoff as to where the *Times*'s sympathies lie. Certainly saying there are "still roadblocks and challenges" to life in a murderous dictatorship (more than a million people and counting have fled from it) is a choice bit of revisionism. As for the suggestion that Cuba is "leading the charge" in women's rights, well, Walter Duranty's employer has long had issues with telling the truth about life under communism. Here's how Georgetown University's Berkley Center for Religion, Peace, and World Affairs—not exactly a right-wing outfit—describes life for women in Cuba:

"In actuality, employed women in Cuba do not hold positions of power—either political or monetary. The Cuban Congress, although elected by the people, is not the political body that truly calls the shots. The Cuban Communist Party—only about 7 percent of which is made up of women—holds true political power. Markedly, the systems of evaluating gender equality in other countries around the world aren't universally applicable, as women are much less represented in the true governing body of Cuba than we are led to believe. In addition, the professions that are usually synonymous with monetary wealth and the power and access that come with it (doctors, professors, etc.) do not yield the same financial reward here. Doctors and professors are technically state-employed and, therefore, earn the standard state wage of about $30 per month. This means women employed in these traditionally high-paying fields are denied access to even monetary power as a form of establishing more of an equal footing with men. Evidently, in Cuba, women can be well employed but not where it matters."

Finally, because subjecting oneself to the whitewashing of Castro's crimes isn't enough fun for a week-long trip, the guests of the *Times* will also get to "discuss female reproductive rights with a women's health specialist." We know the *Times* and enough of its readers are so lacking in self-awareness that this trip will probably be a success by any number of superficial measures. But anyone who cared about the callous treatment of human life in Cuba would insist this trip be aborted. ♦



'Dead White Dudes'

Plato, Plato, Plato—Zeena Rivera is sick of Plato. It seems that she's been asked to read Plato in four—four!—courses during her two years at Seattle University's Matteo Ricci College, a small humanities program within the Jesuit-founded school. And no, it's not that she's upset that the Platonic tradition is not being counterbalanced with an equal amount of Aristotle: "When am I going to start reading writers from China, from Africa, from South America?" Rivera asked a reporter from the *Seattle Times*. She is one of a gaggle of angry students who had the original idea of mounting a sit-in at the dean's office. They want a new dean. They want a new curriculum. Rivera elegantly expressed her fellow protesters' core gripe: "The only thing they're teaching us is dead white dudes."

The MRC Student Coalition soon issued a list of its demands—10 pages'

worth. Demand number one was for "a non-Eurocentric interdisciplinary curriculum" that "decentralizes Whiteness and has a critical focus on the evolution of systems of oppression such as racism, capitalism, colonialism, etc." (You have to love the "etc.") They demanded a radical reinterpretation of what it is to train young leaders "for a just and humane world by centering dialogue about racism, gentrification, sexism, colonialism, imperialism, global white supremacy, and other ethical questions about systems of power."

They complained, "Professors lack the skill set needed to address and challenge microaggressions in the classroom." The aspiring Maoists of Seattle proclaimed the need for teacher reeducation: "We demand that every faculty member in Matteo Ricci College undergo a training from an anti-racist network in Seattle, such as The People's Institute for Survival and Beyond."

The demands went on from there, everything from wanting more course credits for "service-learning" to this very odd assertion: "The college must stop using the bodies of students of color to advertise diversity." One might be forgiven for thinking, in retrograde fashion, that a brochure featuring only white students would be offensive. But in the bizarro-world of the college left, it is the opposite that offends: "The objectification of these students is an egregious expression of the racism endemic in our college."

University president Stephen Sundborg, S.J., tried to hang tough. He refused to accede to the student "coalition" demand that humanities school dean Jodi Kelly be fired, even chiding students for calling her "our racist dean," language which he said ran counter to the school's "Code of Student Conduct." But after three weeks of protest, Sundborg was begging the students' pardon, and it was announced the university provost was kicking the dean to the "administrative leave" curb. "Seattle University will be a better university as we move forward," the president groveled, "because of our students' willingness to take a stand they believe in passionately."

Which isn't just nonsense, but nonsense upon stilts. Seattle U. will not be a better university but an intellectually impoverished one, a place where students are protected from hearing anything from their cowed, trembling professors that hasn't been vetted by the revolutionary committee.

Socrates knew something about such things. But then, he was just one of those dead white dudes. ♦

Congrats, Michael!

A tip of The Scrapbook homburg to Michael Ramirez, whose cartoons have graced these pages for many years now. Last week, he was awarded the most prestigous honor in cartooning, the Reuben Award. As Michael explained in a Facebook post, "The Reuben is the equivalent to the Oscar for Best Picture in the cartooning world. It is voted on by the members of, and given out by, the National Cartoonists Society. I was honored just to have been nominated by such an incredibly talented and exceptional group of people who I admire, love and respect. I am thrilled to have won and I am humbled to have a place among the outstanding and extraordinary cartoonists and legends of cartooning that have won before me. I am glad to stand in the shadows of the greats."

The Reuben

The award, named for the society's first president, Rube Goldberg, has indeed gone to any number of greats, including Charles Schulz (*Peanuts*), Hal Foster (*Prince Valiant*), Johnny Hart (*B.C.* and *The Wizard of Id*), Jeff MacNelly, Arnold Roth, and Bill Watterson (*Calvin and Hobbes*), to name a few of The Scrapbook's favorites. Congratulations, Michael! ♦

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Not Many Laughs

I recently gave a talk at a synagogue in Miami on the subject of Jewish humor—specifically on the jokes Jews tell about themselves. Freud, in his *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious*, wrote: "I do not know whether there are many other instances of a people making fun to such a degree of its own character [as do the Jews]." Other ethnic and nationality groups tell jokes about themselves, not only currently but throughout history. The classicist Mary Beard, in *Laughter in Ancient Rome*, recounts some of the jokes found in the anthology called the *Philogelos* (*Laughter Lover*) about "doctors, men with bad breath, eunuchs, barbers, men with hernias, bald men, shady fortune-tellers, and more of the colorful (mostly male) characters of Roman life."

In our day, the Irish are known for telling jokes about themselves: An Irish homosexual, a notable one goes, is a man who prefers women over whiskey. In Irish Alzheimer's, a friend of mine named Pat Hickey told me, one forgets everything but one's grudges. Contemporary Greeks and Italians also joke about themselves. But Freud was right: Jews do so more than any others.

In my talk I attempted to account for the ample reasons for this, and I illustrated my points by telling a number of Jewish jokes. Before telling these jokes, I felt I had to say that, while there are truly meanspirited and even vicious jokes, I wasn't sure that there was such a thing as a tasteful joke and, if there were, that anyone would wish to hear it or be likely to enjoy it. This led into my saying—and here I quote from my talk—"that jokes can also, and usually do, violate the canons of political correctness—at least many of the better ones do." I then found myself adding: "Political correctness, should it spread widely enough, should it sink its roots deeply enough in our culture, would of course eliminate jokes and all other humor."

Political correctness has already made it impossible to discuss with the complexity they deserve many of the most serious issues of our time. Under the reign of political correctness, one cannot talk about black-on-black crime, or knock the more violent lyrics of rap music, without being called racist. Women's issues, it is understood, can only be discussed by women; sexist dogs need not apply. Point out that much of the diversity lauded by contemporary universities is as artificial as the language of inclusivity used to promote it—in a scholarly book I not long ago read that the author had put in many "person-hours" getting up her subject—and one is straightaway written off as a troglodyte. Find silly recent student claims that Halloween costumes and exclusive fraternity-party invitations made them feel uncomfortable, or that having the word "Trump" printed on the campus sidewalks, as happened recently at Emory University in Atlanta, made them feel unsafe, and one is written off as an insensitive beast. All this nonsense and more is owed to the rise of political correctness.

DAVID CLARK

Looking over the jokes I told in my talk in Miami, nearly every one of them would have failed the correctness code. Here are some of the categories of my jokes: Jewish mothers, rabbis, waiters, *parvenus*, Jewish women, Jewish immigrants (dare I say "greenhorns"), antisemites, and marital sex.

As I told these jokes, I looked about the audience for a disapproving face, someone, as I imagined, in his or her 20s looking sternly on the proceedings, lockjawed by political correctness. Such a person was sure to loathe every punchline I uttered: "He had a hat"; "I had no idea how much Buster had done for Israel"; "Nothing to worry about, it's a disease of the gentiles"; "Oedipus, schmoedipus, just so long as a boy loves his mother." I didn't, I'm pleased to report, discover that person, but then the crowd of a hundred and forty or so people who came to hear my talk was an older and good-natured one, and generous with their laughter. I could never have given the same talk at a contemporary university, where the spirit of political correctness rules.

Jokes about political correctness exist, but there are not enough of them. Comedians ought to realize that they have no greater enemy and get to work attacking it. A minefield in a cow pasture, political correctness has put nearly every significant subject out of bounds. Under political correctness, once-innocent jokes are now considered ugly and dangerous. If political correctness continues to make further inroads in American life, the day may not be far off when we shall all sit around, nothing to talk about, nothing to laugh at, nothing to do but quietly contemplate our own extraordinary virtue.

Joseph Epstein

the weekly Standard

Our Iranian Allies

Last week pictures of Qassem Suleimani started to circulate on social media, which is always a pretty sure sign that an Iranian military campaign is about to kick off somewhere in the Middle East. And indeed not long after, Iranian-backed Shiite militias, Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps units, and the Iranian Basij militia targeted Fallujah, the Sunni-majority Iraqi town under Islamic State control. If Suleimani, the IRGC commander, is able to vanquish ISIS forces, as he did in the Tikrit campaign, it will be largely thanks to U.S. air support. While no one was looking, the Obama administration bundled American and Iranian interests together.

The White House says it is fighting ISIS, but its Iranian and Iranian-backed partners say the war is about killing Sunnis. "There are no patriots, no real religious people in Fallujah," said the leader of one Iranian-backed Shiite militia. "It's our chance to clear Iraq by eradicating the cancer of Fallujah." That doesn't sound like the kind of ally the United States should be embracing. That sounds like the United States taking sides in a sectarian war, against the Sunni Arab regional majority.

A Shiite fighter near Fallujah, May 28

NEWSCOM

There is no way to defeat ISIS unless the administration can get Sunni Arab leaders, especially tribal sheikhs, to join the fight. Only they have the local forces and knowledge to root out ISIS. But obviously no tribal leaders will enjoin their brothers to open up a Sunni civil war so that the Shiites and Iranians may profit from them spilling each other's blood. To destroy ISIS, the United States will have to move against the Shiite groups that are terrorizing Sunnis. That's precisely how the surge worked. But that hasn't happened with this White House for the same reason that the administration never moved to topple Syrian despot Bashar al-Assad—Obama doesn't want to get their Iranian patrons mad.

Never mind the fact that the Sunnis are baffled and angry. In siding with Iran and its allies against the Sunnis, the United States cannot win the campaign against ISIS. It is a phony war. The White House's fight against ISIS is cover for a political realignment. To wit: America and Iran agree (although for different reasons) that the Islamic State is really bad, and so they're allies in this fight, which will give everyone a chance to get used to the new reality. America is realigning with Iran.

There's been some confusion about the Obama administration's Middle East policy. It's typically understood as isolationist or "realist." On this reading, Obama just wants to withdraw from the Middle East. Why? First of all, he sees the allies in that part of the world as a nuisance. As he explained to the *Atlantic*, Obama is disappointed in his onetime pal, Turkish president Recep Tayyip Erdogan. Saudi Arabia keeps complaining about Iran, but, from Obama's point of view, all of Riyadh's worst problems are internal, and the Saudis brought those on themselves. And, as Obama sees it, the prime minister of Israel is in a league of his own when it comes to arrogance and ingratitude. Why deal with these guys if you don't have to?

Moreover, what was once our key strategic interest in the region has changed. Middle East oil is still vital to global stability, but not as central as it was 40 years ago. America can come home from the Middle East, which is a relief since from Obama's perspective it was always a toxic mix. It's bad for both America and the Middle East, he believes, for Washington to exercise force in the region. Thus, America, for better or worse, is on the way out, and a pox on everyone's houses.

Wrong. Obama is not a bystander, an impartial observer who just decided to let American allies—or in his words "free riders"—twist in the wind while America turned to its domestic issues. He switched sides. The president has been playing for the opposing team for several years now, and has enlisted the government of the United States, including its armed forces, intelligence community, and diplomatic corps, on the side of Iran.

The evidence of realignment has been out there for half a decade. The White House leaked news of Israeli strikes on Iranian arms convoys transiting Syria and destined for

Hezbollah. Jerusalem was furious since it feared that publicity would embarrass their adversaries and drive them to make war. But what mattered to the Obama administration was keeping the Israelis off balance and proving to the Iranians that Washington had Benjamin Netanyahu on a short leash.

The administration shared intelligence with a Hezbollah-controlled unit of the Lebanese Armed Forces. When the White House finally decided to support Syrian rebels, it was on the condition that they fight only ISIS, and not Assad and his allies. And of course the key piece of evidence that Obama switched sides is that the Joint Comprehensive Plan of Action not only cost Iran nothing but showered Tehran with a windfall of hundreds of billions of dollars, money it can use to wage its war against Sunnis in Syria and Iraq.

But that windfall, say White House supporters and press surrogates, is not our money to give. It's Iran's own frozen funds. Except here's the thing—in the real world, it doesn't matter who the money belongs to, what matters is who controls it. And in this instance the United States controlled billions of dollars that Iran desperately wanted. Money is a powerful instrument of coercive diplomacy. When Obama gave up control of that money, he added to Iran's ability to make war.

If Obama had been serious about stopping the war in Syria, he might have conditioned sanctions relief on Iran's complete withdrawal. *If you don't want to withdraw, fine. You don't get your money. Your people will eat cardboard and make grass soup—like the citizens of Daraya whom your clients Hezbollah surrounded and starved—and eventually they will drag your bodies through the streets of Tehran.* But that wasn't Obama's play.

Now Iran wants its money, and the administration is doing everything it can to help. That's why John Kerry has effectively become Iran's investment banker, selling the post-industrialized nations on all the great investment opportunities this third-world state sponsor of terror has to offer. It's a low point for American diplomacy and for America. In World War II, the United States lent the Allies money and equipment to fight the Nazis. In the largest conflict of the still-young 21st century, the Obama administration has freed billions of dollars for Iran to use in its war against Sunni Arabs. Why? Because Obama sees Iran as an ally.

And that's the context in which his famous Iran deal should be understood. It is only partly an inept deal over Iran's nuclear arms program—it is also and most significantly a partnership agreement. It's a blueprint for realigning American interests with Iran. We're seeing it unfold on the ground in Fallujah.

—Lee Smith

Some Deal

Donald Trump is against the TPP trade pact because he did not negotiate it, but "incompetents" did. Hillary Clinton is against TPP, sort of, at least in its present form, because Bernie Sanders is. Time to take a look at where the national interest might lie, with the help of the 788-page report—"Trans-Pacific Partnership Agreement: Likely Impact on the U.S. Economy and on Specific Industry Sectors"—just released by the International Trade Commission.

We now know, or think we do, that the contribution of TPP to economic growth here is likely to be trivial: 0.15 percent annually by 2032 reckons the ITC's "dynamic computable general equilibrium model." And the ITC is famously optimistic about such matters and was under pressure from the Obama administration, no respecter of the independence of government agencies, to come up with something that would allow the likely beneficiaries of TPP, such as the Chamber of Commerce, to declare TPP to be "in our national interest." Although the ITC projects a net increase of 128,000 jobs by 2032 (that's about two weeks of job creation at our current pace), it also concludes that the increased intensity of competition with low-wage countries such as Vietnam, President Obama's new friend (see pictures of him posing under a bust of Ho Chi Minh), will cause further job losses in already hard-hit sectors such as manufacturing.

So the relevant economic question is whether the small addition to overall growth, if indeed it materializes, is worth the price paid for that growth by the hardest-hit sectors of our economy. Put slightly differently, should we provide additional ammunition to those who claim the system is rigged in favor of those already doing well and against those who have not shared in the benefits of such income growth as the Obama administration has squeezed out of a stagnant economy? To say the answer is not clearly "yes" (the claim of Obama trade supremo Mike Froman) is to put the conclusion politely. To put it in the more direct terms preferred by Donald Trump, from an economic perspective this deal looks like it was negotiated by incompetents of the most dangerous sort: politicians in search of a legacy item.

But if truth be told, the economic consequences of TPP are less important than its geopolitical consequences. Robert Zoellick, former head of the World Bank, argues in a recent *Wall Street Journal* op-ed that we must sign TPP to demonstrate to our Asian allies our "steadfastness" in the face of an increasingly belligerent China, an "unpredictable Communist regime in North Korea," and the threat of "the two-way flow of Islamist terrorists between East Asia and the Middle East." He is right—almost. But the question is not whether we must demonstrate "steadfastness." Of course we must, especially given the current administration's demonstration that red lines are meaningless, that it will not effectively oppose Chinese expansion in the South China Sea, and that anyone relying on America to be "steadfast" might profit from a brief conversation with the folks in Crimea, or Iraq, or Afghanistan.

Steadfast we must be. But is TPP the only available or best means of demonstrating that America is and will remain an effective ally that will not yield to Chinese pressure? Surely President Obama's decision to end the arms embargo against Vietnam is the sort of steadfastness that the Chinese regime can understand. Surely stepped up naval operations in the region—with what is left of our navy—including challenges to Chinese territorial claims, is another sort. Surely an affirmative response to Ukrainian and Kurdish fighters' desire for weapons would be noticed in Asian capitals. An appreciation of our steadfastness is more likely to grow out of the barrel of a gun, to use a phrase Chinese rulers will certainly remember, than from our willingness to sign a trade treaty.

Still, it can be argued, and is, that TPP gives us an opportunity to set the rules that will govern trade in 40 percent of the world's output. Not a bad thing—except that the rules include a substantial reduction in American sovereignty. The pro-TPP Office of the U.S. Trade Representative describes the much-debated Investor-State Dispute Settlement clause (ISDS) to be found among TPP's 5,000 pages as follows:

> While ISDS does not provide additional substantive rights relative to U.S. law, it does provide an additional procedural right: the right for foreigners to choose impartial arbitration rather than domestic courts when alleging that the government itself has breached its international obligations, whether by discriminating against a foreign investor, expropriating the investor's property, or violating the investor's customary international law rights.

In short, foreigners can sue our government, and perhaps win large tax-payer-funded damage awards, without the bother of taking their claims to a U.S. court. Although the procedure established for selecting the panel of arbitrators—the complaining foreign investor selects one, the host government the other, and those two agree on a third who will chair the panel—is the normal one in commercial disputes, there is a difference: The international panel replaces U.S. courts as the final arbiter of these disputes.

So the policy question becomes: Is TPP sufficiently likely to permit America to set the trading rules in the Asia-Pacific region, and is that ability of sufficient value for us to cede such control of our economic life to still another international body? It's a hard sell. We shouldn't be surprised that this deal finds so few friends among those facing the voters this fall.

—Irwin M. Stelzer

It's the Server, Stupid

The Clinton email saga continues.

BY SHANNEN W. COFFIN

Look, Hillary—it's our credibility. Wow, how long has it been?

The State Department inspector general's conclusion that Hillary Clinton violated federal records law should come as no surprise to anyone familiar with the controversy. The IG report, released in late May, is devastating to Clinton's constantly shifting defenses of her misconduct. And while the inspector general does not opine on the legality of her home-brewed email server under federal criminal law, the report outlines the factual predicate for criminal prosecution.

Clinton's defense had long been that her email set-up was "allowed by the State Department." But the inspector general "found no evidence that the Secretary requested or obtained guidance or approval to conduct official business via a personal email account on her private server." And had she sought that approval, it would have been denied. The department's diplomatic security and information resource management offices "did not—and would not—approve her exclusive reliance on a personal email account to conduct Department business, because of the restrictions in the [department's policy manual] and the security risks in doing so."

But Clinton already knew that and had quietly abandoned her claim that the server was formally approved once someone finally challenged her on it. After months of implying that she had received official approval for her server, she admitted last fall to CNN's Jake Tapper that nobody had signed off on it. Instead, she retreated to a claim that it was "allowed under the rules of the State Department." Her insistence that it was allowed had always simply meant that *she* had allowed it. *L'état, c'est Hillary*.

Clinton's interpretation of governing law and regulations was wrong from the beginning, and the State Department inspector general flatly rejected it. "The requirement to manage and preserve emails containing Federal records has remained consistent since at least 1995," concludes the report. Despite the Clinton camp's insistence that records preservation rules were clarified only after she left office, the IG concludes that "records management requirements have always applied to emails exchanged on personal email accounts," provided those emails reflect the official business of the government.

The IG similarly rebuffed Clinton's suggestion that, since State Department employees were permitted to use private email on occasion to conduct official business, her *exclusive* use of her own private email server was permitted. Beginning in late 2005, the department's internal regulations required that ordinary day-to-day official business be conducted on official State Department servers and permitted private email use only where official servers were unavailable or impracticable. Yet, despite the fact that her emails regularly contained sensitive information (including both classified information and information marked as "Sensitive But Unclassified"), the IG found no evidence that Clinton ever sought to comply with these departmental security requirements.

Given her wholesale disregard of applicable rules, the IG unsurprisingly concluded that, at the very least, Clinton's failure to surrender her official emails upon her resignation was a violation of "the Department's policies that were implemented in accordance with the Federal Records Act." That violation of departmental policy is also a violation of federal records law itself.

Remarkably, the IG cites the views of the archivist of the United States—the official responsible for

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government-wide administration of the Federal Records Act—that Clinton's eventual return of a carefully curated (by her lawyers) set of her emails more than two years after leaving office "mitigated her failure to properly preserve emails that qualified as Federal records during her tenure and to surrender such records upon her departure." But, as the IG noted, Clinton's hand-selected emails suffered from significant gaps, leaving out certain emails involving Sidney Blumenthal, emails from the first two months of her tenure, and a significant exchange of 19 emails involving David Petraeus, which were only brought to the IG's attention by the Defense Department. Perhaps concerned with maintaining his office under a putative President Clinton, the archivist sets a low bar for curing an obviously intentional circumvention of federal recordkeeping laws.

Whether or not her eventual return of an incomplete set of emails mitigated the violation of the Federal Records Act, it does not affect Clinton's exposure under federal criminal law. The IG does not address the criminal implications of Clinton's conduct, but the report does raise questions for federal investigators looking into Clinton's conduct. Federal law makes it a felony whenever the custodian of federal records (which Secretary of State Clinton plainly was) "willfully and unlawfully conceals, removes, mutilates, obliterates, falsifies, or destroys the same." That some of Clinton's email records were removed, concealed, and even possibly destroyed is obvious. Clinton plainly withheld from public scrutiny during her entire term of office, and for two years after, all of her official email records. She then deleted some 30,000 emails that she claimed (without the formal review required by State Department rules) were purely personal in nature.

The question has always been whether this conduct was "willful" and "unlawful." The IG report highlights certain evidence that could be used by federal prosecutors to demonstrate Clinton's conduct was deliberate and done for the purpose of avoiding public scrutiny.

A November 2010 email exchange between Clinton and her deputy chief of staff, Huma Abedin, utterly destroys Clinton's long-running explanation that her private server was merely for "convenience." Abedin wrote to Clinton after some of Clinton's emails were not reaching their State Department addressees, suggesting that they put "you on state email or releas[e] your email address to the department so you are not going to spam." Clinton responded that she would opt to get a "separate address or device but I don't want any risk of the personal being accessible." Of course, no such official email was ever used by Clinton.

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Later, the State Department's executive secretary suggested in an email to Abedin that Clinton be provided with a department Blackberry to replace her personal device, which was malfunctioning, but warned Abedin that State Department email on the official device would "be subject to FOIA requests." In a separate exchange, John Bentel, then the executive secretary's director of information resource management, cautioned again that any email on an official account would be "subject to FOIA searches." Abedin rejected the proposal, stating that it "doesn't make a whole lot of sense."

Bentel appears again in one of the most troubling episodes recounted in the report. According to the IG, two IT staffers reported that, in late 2010, they had raised concerns with Bentel about the security and recordkeeping compliance of the Clinton server. Bentel apparently responded (falsely) that Clinton's private server had been reviewed and approved by departmental legal staff and "instructed the staff never to speak of the Secretary's personal email system again."

Perhaps Bentel was acting on his own—without direction by Clinton or her senior staffers. His boss at the time, Lewis Lukens, recently testified at a deposition in one of the many Clinton Freedom of Information Act cases that he did not recall discussing Clinton's email situation with Bentel. For his part, the IG was unable to determine whether Bentel took direction from any other Clinton staffer, since Bentel—as well as Clinton, Abedin, and all of Clinton's closest aides—refused to cooperate with the IG's investigation. Especially in light of Clinton's and Abedin's obvious desire to keep her records shielded from public inquiry, Bentel's role in the State Department's response to Clinton's private email server would seem to present a critical target of inquiry for federal investigators.

And so the Clinton email saga continues. Reports have federal investigators focusing on the security of Clinton's server and whether she complied with laws protecting classified and national security information. While not reviewing the safety and security of her system, the IG report does suggest that the server was subject to multiple hack attempts and was shut down on one occasion in light of concerns over hacking. But even before getting to those serious (and potentially criminal) questions of operational security, the very existence of the server—and its obvious purpose of avoiding scrutiny by Congress, the courts, and the public—gives federal investigators a lot to chew on. ♦

Republican Panic Recedes

Senate prospects improve, as do Trump's.

BY FRED BARNES

Donald Trump has achieved two things besides locking up the Republican presidential nomination. The first is widely acknowledged: He now has a real chance of beating Hillary Clinton. Sean Trende, the best of the big-picture political writers, puts the possibility Trump will win the presidency at 30 percent. That sounds about right, for the moment anyway.

The second achievement is the effect Trump's rise has had on the political environment. It's helped Republicans. GOP leaders had feared they'd lose the Senate overwhelmingly, maybe the House too, and lots of governors as a result of a Trump wipeout in November. But now that the Trump-Clinton race looks to be reasonably close, that fear has receded.

Let's look at the landslide anxiety before getting back to Trump. Until around the time of the Indiana primary on May 3, which Trump won in a blowout, Republicans feared the worst. Then Scott Reed, the political mastermind at the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, ordered an initial round of polls in six Senate races.

In nearly every state where incumbents face stiff challenges—Arizona, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire—polls found Republican incumbents doing as well as or better than expected. The same was true in Nevada, where Rep. Joe Heck is running for the open Senate seat. In Wisconsin, Sen. Ron Johnson polled slightly below the other Republicans but still in a competitive position.

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All but Johnson were within the margin of error in the poll. And this was before the chamber spent $10 million in May on ads in the contested races.

One surprise in recent poll results was how well Trump was doing. In Arizona, a state Republican strategists thought might be lost because of its Hispanic voters, he was running five points ahead of Clinton. Rather than threatened, Senator John McCain looks to be in good shape. He has endorsed Trump.

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One surprise was how well Trump was doing. In Arizona, a state Republican strategists thought might be lost because of its large bloc of Hispanic voters, he was running five points ahead of Clinton. Rather than threatened, Senator John McCain looks to be in good shape. He has endorsed Trump.

The polls showed unusual ticket-splitting: 10 to 15 percent of Trump voters weren't backing the Republican Senate candidates. "I took this to be a good sign," Reed says. "It showed they had room to grow. We want to make sure [Trump voters] vote down ballot."

Meanwhile, Reed and chamber officials are urging Senator Marco Rubio of Florida to run for reelection. He dropped out of the presidential race after losing the Florida primary in March and has declined to seek a new Senate term.

Republicans, however, are worried about losing the Florida seat. None of the five GOP candidates for the Senate nomination appears to have caught on with voters, prompting the effort to get Rubio to reconsider. Reed believes the prospects of persuading him have improved, but are no better than 50-50.

Back to Trump. He turns out to be more of an outsider than we ever imagined. His view of what a presidential candidate should do and say are completely different from that of any candidate in recent memory.

Trump has said the Republican convention in Cleveland in July needs more "show biz" than normal, and he intends to provide it. His plan is to address rallies elsewhere during the first three nights of the convention—say, in Philadelphia, Dallas, and Seattle. His talks would be beamed back to the convention, dominating each evening's events.

On night four—Thursday, July 21—Trump would show up at the convention to deliver his speech accepting the Republican nomination. Taken together, the four speeches could provide "a single explanation of Trumpism," says Newt Gingrich, Trump's friend and adviser.

Despite criticism of his campaign style, Trump insists he won't change. Even some of his advisers would like him to tone down his remarks. They've gotten nowhere with this advice and aren't likely to.

His intention is to maintain his blitz of Clinton and others as the centerpiece of his campaign. Gingrich

has characterized it as a "scorched earth" approach. Trump will give a formal speech occasionally, as he did last week in introducing his energy policy. But those speeches won't eclipse the day-to-day message, which Trump himself comes up with and delivers extemporaneously.

He won't dwell on what may appear to be grievances. Last week, he denounced the media for their coverage of his fundraising for veterans' groups. But that was merely the pretext for his attack, not the broader purpose.

Trump is determined to discredit the press. He thinks that 90 percent of reporters, journalists, and media organizations are opposed to him. "He's going to treat them like people who are 90 percent against him" and his presidential bid, Gingrich says.

"Trump's assault on the political press may reflect a hunch that he is the first president since FDR who can take on the entire press corps and win," Gingrich says. "FDR invented the radio fireside chat to jump past the print media. Trump is inventing a social media/cable news/talk radio mix that lets him reach people directly in defiance of the political reporting-analyst class."

This strategy allows Trump to clobber Clinton in the strongest possible terms. He won't be dependent on the TV networks for air time or the elite press for coverage. "He thinks that is the only way he's going to win," Gingrich says. No matter how vigorously he is attacked, he will always come across as the lesser of two evils. That's his calculation.

It also means he doesn't have to build a massive campaign staff, as Clinton has at her headquarters in Brooklyn and across the country. "She's got 800 people on staff," Trump campaign manager Corey Lewandowski said on *Fox News Sunday*. "We got 70 people on staff, right? They think that bigger is better." Trump thinks "smaller, leaner, more efficient" gets "better results."

We'll see if this works as well in a general election as it did for Trump in the primaries. If it fails, Trump will only have himself to blame. ♦

Reactionary Manliness

Donald Trump's tough-guy act.

BY AARON MACLEAN

THOMAS FLUHARTY

His vast fortune, the equally vast array of women with whom he has slept, the sufficiency of the relevant equipment for such exertions, how other men are afraid of him, or are brought to tears because of him, or will bend to his will in their dealings with him: Donald Trump seems very concerned that we know he's a very manly man.

There are indications that some, even many, Americans are persuaded of Trump's manliness. On the assumption that men prefer to be led by a real man, there is his substantial lead among male voters in polls that match him against Hillary Clinton—and though that lead is currently in the neighborhood of what Romney enjoyed over Obama, there are some who argue plausibly that this election will involve a gender gap of historic proportions. Men may want to be him, but according to the polls, women sure don't love him.

And it's not just the polls. People whose political judgment I respect have made the case (albeit earlier in the electoral season) that, say what you will, at least there is some virility to Trump: He says what he thinks, he doesn't back down, he drives a hard bargain—all qualities lacking in our neutered political class.

So is it right to say that Trump is manly? Well, yes, but only to the extent that it is right to say Mussolini was patriotic. Trump's brand of manliness is a reactionary manliness—or maybe it would be more accurate to say that his manly appeal can be chalked up to the disgust many Americans have at the success of the left's assault on manliness.

As with Hugh Hefner in the face of ascendant feminism, or hip-hop stars after the decline of the African-American family, the appeal of a man as transparently ridiculous as Trump is driven by the exasperation of one part of American society that another dominant segment of that society has decided manliness of any kind is retrograde. That dominant segment will be voting for Hillary Clinton in November—and who better to inform the American man that his day is done than scowling, joyless Hillary? And what more natural response to her ascendance than a boastful, deeply insecure bully, who at least is willing to say the things that "establishment" figures won't—in part because he is willing to say anything?

There is a parallel here to Trump's brand of nationalism. Just as there is such a thing as responsible

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manliness—brave, even bold when circumstances demand; cool under pressure; gentle with the weak but fearsome to wrongdoers—so there is such a thing as responsible American patriotism. Pride in a nation as exceptional as ours is something to be taught, nurtured, and cherished, and it can be generous because it is rooted in real confidence. But the left—President Obama is an excellent example of this—is suspicious of any sort of pride in a nation, because it is suspicious of the very idea of nations. This increasingly powerful suspicion, and its effects, inspire the kind of chauvinistic nationalist reaction harnessed by Trump.

But just as this kind of nationalism is, at its core, fearful, so is Trump's manliness. A certain kind of feminist has long argued, not without a kernel of justice, that "masculinity" (as they would prefer it) is driven by fear—and man, do they have a useful exhibit in Donald J. Trump! During college he dragged things out with student deferments, and even though an earlier draft physical had found him fit for duty, he was saved shortly after graduation when a new physical declared that he had bone spurs in his foot. Or feet: It doesn't seem to be quite clear, and the records have been destroyed. A generous assessment would be that this was just selfishness or laziness, but there's no good reason to think cowardice didn't also play a role. As it happens, his draft number would have kept him out of service anyway, but that happened later. It is no accident that he is so obsequious in his pandering to veterans and so quick to swing (verbally, of course) at actual heroes, like John McCain, who question him.

Even though an earlier draft physical had found him fit for duty during the Vietnam war, Trump was saved shortly after graduation when a new physical declared that he had bone spurs in his foot. Or feet: It doesn't seem to be quite clear, and the records have been destroyed.

Not so up for fighting the Communists in Vietnam, but very ready today to mock the physically disabled—as in November, when Trump, playing to an appreciative audience, mimicked the stunted arm motion of Serge Kovaleski, a reporter who suffers from arthrogryposis, a chronic condition that causes that kind of thing. Very ready to claim that women who question him, like Megyn Kelly, are probably menstruating. Very ready to call a reporter who asked reasonable questions about the multimonth disappearance of money Trump had claimed to raise for veterans a "sleaze," as he did this past week to ABC's Tom Llamas. The lashing out often has a tactical payoff—the conversation turns to whether or not Llamas is a sleaze, and not to the likelihood Trump would have turned over the cash had reporters not hounded him.

And that's just the reporters! Trump's political opponents each get branded with a schoolyard taunt, and it has been well observed that a sure guide to the man's own insecurities can be found in the insults he dishes out off-the-cuff. If you find yourself in a confrontation with Trump, know that if you go after his intelligence, success, or weight, you will be sure to hit a nerve.

Just as a total absence of toughness was once considered deplorable in an American man, so the overcompensation that is Trump's brand of manliness was also looked down upon. Any parent who casts a vote for him needs to consider what kind of behavior they are endorsing for their sons.

And for their country. I'm not one to argue, as some have, that the Trump phenomenon approaches full-dress fascism, but it is surely no accident the fascists also held in honor a kind of reactionary manliness. Evidence of this abounds, but we can satisfy ourselves by considering the Futurist manifesto of Filippo Marinetti, the early leader of a school of art closely aligned with the rise of fascism. Marinetti called for "the love of danger, the habit of energy and fearlessness . . . courage, audacity, and revolt . . . the punch and the slap . . . militarism, patriotism, . . . and scorn for woman."

There is a lot of Trump in that. Marx, comparing the unrest of 1848 to the French Revolution, noted that history indeed repeats itself, "the first time as tragedy, the second as farce." European fascism of the '30s was a response to the failure of liberalism and the pain of the Great Depression; we now have the populism of Trump, a response to Barack Obama and the 2008 financial crisis. He is indeed farcical—but so are those neutered politicians who find themselves intimidated by such a pathetic excuse for a man. ♦

Fixing Regulatory Overreach

Why rollback is not the best solution.

BY IKE BRANNON

Despite the acrimony among the Republicans who ran for the presidency in 2016, there was actually a fair amount of agreement when it came to their policy proposals. For instance, nearly every candidate put together a major tax reform proposal, and none differed terribly much from the others save for the size of the revenue loss.

The candidates were also in agreement about the need for some sort of regulatory "reform." These plans were usually as vague as the tax plans (although vagueness can be a virtue in campaigns), but they typically called for a comprehensive analysis of current regulations to determine which meet a cost-benefit test, with those that do not pass muster being repealed.

Having worked in the belly of the regulatory beast, I wholeheartedly concur that the government has issued thousands of regulations that would not survive an objective weighing of their costs and benefits. But is it possible to do such a test? Agencies are adept at putting a thumb on the scale in order to achieve their goals, and when that isn't sufficient, they have other ways to avoid the scrutiny of cost-benefit analysis.

For instance, Treasury's recent "emergency" regulations on corporate inversions were given to OMB's Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs, which is tasked with determining whether rules pass a cost-benefit test, for a mere two hours before the White House made its determination.

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Another trick used by regulatory agencies is to diminish the perceived impact of a regulation to the limits of reason, to ensure that it ends up below the $100 million threshold that triggers an automatic review by OMB.

However, the inchoate promises made by candidates to reform regulatory policy were not only as unrealistic as $10 trillion tax cuts, they also would have done little to reduce compliance costs. The unfortunate reality is that there is no economic gain to be had from reviewing and repealing rules that have been in force for any amount of time.

The problem is that the costs to businesses from these flawed existing regulations have already been sunk: The power plants have installed coal scrubbers or reinforced storage tanks or redone their software or whatever it took to conform to the regulations. In most instances a repeal gains them nothing. Even if the original regulation didn't make sense, repealing that edict usually makes even less sense. In some instances it could disrupt an entire market, and not in a good way.

For instance, if a regulation that required a costly investment to comply with were to be repealed, it's easy to see a scenario in which new entrants could appear, unburdened with the need to make that investment themselves, and drive out the incumbents. In this case nothing would be gained, since the entrants would have close to the same operating costs as the incumbents they drove out, but we would lose whatever benefits resulted from the original regulation, such as lower emissions. While it is a valid point that our government does too much to help entrenched businesses at the expense of businesses yet to be conceived, repealing a costly rule that's already been complied with amounts to sabotage.

In 2011, Cass Sunstein, then administrator of the Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs, announced plans to have federal agencies do a rigorous analysis of rules that could be repealed in a cost-effective way. The analysis ended up with a handful of inconsequential regulations being set aside, the most famous of which was one that required spills from milk trucks to be treated as hazardous waste. It was a welcome change to be sure but represented a minor cost savings for an event that happens infrequently. Sam Batkins, director of regulatory policy for the American Action Forum, estimated that the savings from repealing this regulation added up to less than $146 million a year.

We can and should improve regulatory policy, but there are ways to do so without merely undoing the rules of the previous administration. The most important change would be to remove the agency proposing a regulation from doing the cost-benefit analysis used to determine its worthiness. It's an enormous conflict of interest akin to letting a parent be the judge at a beauty pageant. A separate entity within the executive branch, funded with money clawed back from the agencies, should perform the cost-benefit analysis instead. While it's fair to ponder whether such an office would eventually be subject

to regulatory capture itself, it would doubtless be better than the current situation. We should also allow this new entity—and not the agency issuing the regulation—to determine whether a rule should be construed as a "major" one and thus subject to the cost-benefit analysis critique.

But no matter what a new administration might do to reform the issuance of regulations, it's important to recognize that the regulatory battle will never end. Regulators regulate: It's why they joined the agency that employs them, and it's how they get promotions and plaudits from interest groups. Their bias will always be to issue new regulations, and even the most conscientious bureaucrat will have every incentive in the world to push forward on a regulation. We will forever need independent entities to monitor the regulatory bureaucracy, both inside and outside of government.

Students of government and policy can learn a lot from studying the 1986 tax reform. While it wasn't perfect, it created a tax code that removed many of the special-interest deductions, exclusions, and credits that made it maddeningly complicated and forced tax rates to be high in order to collect sufficient revenue. Since passing the 1986 reform Congress has steadily picked apart the code until we have arrived at the state we are in today, where our economy is saddled with a tax code less conducive to economic growth than it was before the 1986 reform.

The regulatory apparatus can never reach such a copacetic state as the tax code's post-1986 honeymoon: By the very nature of our dynamic $18 trillion economy, the government will be constantly adjusting the regulatory framework as new businesses develop, old ones decline, and our citizens' priorities change. We will never be "done" with regulating: As our regulators do their business, the best we can hope for are regulators cognizant of their biases, a new administration willing to remove some of the inherent biases in the regulatory framework, and a Congress that's eternally vigilant about regulatory overreach. ♦

China's Yuan as a Reserve Currency

Boon or bane for the dollar?

BY CHARLES WOLF JR.

The International Monetary Fund designated China's yuan—also called *renminbi* (RMB), or "People's Currency"—an IMF-accepted reserve currency in November. So holdings of yuan (along with previously designated holdings of dollars, euros, yen, and sterling) enable IMF-members to access special drawing rights (SDR) from the fund in the event of financial need.

This is a small but significant step toward the yuan becoming a major central bank reserve currency. Globally, central bank reserves amount to $13 trillion, with 70 percent of that in dollar-denominated assets. China could take steps that would enhance the yuan's prospects of sharing, with the U.S. dollar, the role of chief reserve currency:

- establish the yuan's full convertibility for financial (capital) transactions (China's currency is fully convertible only for trade);
- set a foreign exchange rate for the yuan (either in terms of dollars or a weighted basket of currencies) or set a modest range in which the rate can float in response to market conditions; and
- pledge the use of China's own central bank reserves to support the yuan's exchange rate, while affirming its intention to confine such interventions to rare and especially stressful circumstances.

Since the IMF designated it a currency enabling access to SDR, prospects for the yuan becoming a major reserve currency have actually receded, partly due to increased volatility generally roiling global financial markets but also through misguided Chinese policies. China's initial devaluation of the yuan was followed by further depreciation, a result of eased monetary policy fueling the surge of Shenzhen and Shanghai stock markets, burdening the economy with large internal debt, when authorities then invoked "circuit breakers" to suspend trading on the stock markets.

Nevertheless, in thinking about future global financial architecture, it's not too early to consider the following longer-term question: If the yuan were to share with the dollar the role of principal global reserve currency, would the relationship between the two currencies be conflicting or complementary?

A quick, intuitive answer would opt for the conflict side of the spectrum. Underlying this intuition is the notion that the dollar's role as principal reserve currency increases global demand for dollars and boosts the dollar's valuation relative to other currencies. Sharing this role with the yuan would lower the dollar's value, presumably harming U.S. interests.

But viewed through a wider-angle lens, a shared role for the yuan might actually have complementary as well as competitive effects on the dollar. To answer the question, let's start by

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scoping the size as well as the vulnerabilities of China's economy.

China's economy is, of course, large. Using market-based exchange rates, its GDP is $11.4 trillion, its annual trade is $2.2 trillion, but its cross-border financial transactions (as distinct from trade transactions) were only $600 billion in 2014-2015.

No less significant than absolute size is size relative to global metrics: 16 percent of global GDP, 9 percent of global trade, 25 percent of global central bank reserves, but barely 2 percent of international financial transactions. When compared with United States metrics, the differences are also striking. China's GDP is slightly more than 60 percent of U.S. GDP, based on market exchange rates; in terms of purchasing power equivalence, its GDP is 90 percent of U.S. GDP. China's trade volume is slightly more than 40 percent of the U.S. figure, while its yuan financial transactions are less than 5 percent of financial transactions in dollars.

The yuan's small scale in international finance reflects the limited confidence that global markets have in the stability of China's financial institutions, including its central bank, four state banks (all among the world's five largest), 2,000 commercial banks, two equity markets in Shenzhen and Shanghai, and large, growing, but fragile "shadow" banking sector. To enhance the markets' confidence in the yuan will not only be difficult—it will entail a degree of transparency quite unfamiliar in China.

Recognizing the scale as well as the weaknesses of China's economy, the key idea underlying possible yuan-dollar complementarity can be summarized in three propositions linking domestic monetary policy both in the U.S. and China to the global currency role. Frequent and protracted recourse by the United States or China to "aggressive monetary policy" (AMP, defined below) often has serious destabilizing, disruptive, and unintended effects, both within the country pursuing AMP and in other ("third") countries. If the dollar and the yuan were to share the role of dominant global reserve currency (rather than the current near-exclusivity for the dollar), recourse to AMP by either country would likely shift third countries' preferences to the other, more stable currency and thereby discourage AMP's frequency and disruptive effects. Establishing a system in which two reserve currencies compete with each other to affect global decisions about reserve holdings (specifically, about which of the competing reserve currencies is less prone to AMP) may therefore lead to greater financial stability than the present dollar-dominated system.

AMP signifies officially mandated near-zero nominal short-term interest rates—negative real rates because even a low rate of inflation exceeds the near-zero nominal rate of interest. The result is an Alice-in-Wonderland situation in which lenders pay borrowers to incur debt. AMP also entails lowered long-term rates through "quantitative easing" by large official purchases of commercial and other debt.

AMP's advocates—prompted by the Federal Reserve System's legislative mandate in the Federal Reserve Reform Act of 1977 to promote full employment as well as maintain stable prices—hope that contrived eased monetary conditions will stimulate a weak domestic economy. Notwithstanding this aim, AMP in the United States between 2008 and 2015 created severe distortions in U.S. and global capital markets. The policy has penalized and discouraged savings, and channeled bank lending to astute and nimble market players (for example, hedge funds, private equity funds, and a few active pension funds), rather than to longer-term business investments. AMP has lowered recorded unemployment in the United States not by expanding employment but by causing more working-age workers to withdraw from the labor market. As a result, the share of the eligible population remaining in the workforce is at its lowest in 30 years.

Easy money has also had disruptive, although unintended, spillover effects on the economies of other nations. For example, capital flows to and from other countries induced by eased U.S. monetary policy during 2008-2015 generated substantially increased volatility in the foreign exchange rates of eight prominent Asian nations (Korea, Pakistan, Malaysia, Indonesia, India, Philippines, Singapore, and Thailand). Sometimes their exports were depressed and imports encouraged by U.S. monetary policy, while other times their exports were stimulated and imports discouraged. Either way, throughout the years of AMP, efforts by these countries to pursue coherent economic policies of their own choosing were seriously impeded.

To be sure, volatile exchange rates reflect many factors besides official monetary policy—weather conditions, national and international security conditions, technological breakthroughs (e.g., Microsoft, Apple, Amazon, Facebook), or technological breakdowns (e.g., Enron, thalidomide, mistakenly rated derivatives). The perverse spillovers from AMP are an additional destabilizing factor, sometimes with greater destabilizing effects than the others.

Consequently, third countries often resent and deplore AMP because its disruptive effects undermine their efforts to pursue consistent policies in their own economies. So, if policymakers in the country of one central bank reserve currency are deemed less likely to invoke AMP than those of another, the former currency is more likely to be preferred as a central bank reserve than the latter. If the role of principal central bank reserve currency is shared rather than predominated by one currency, each side would be less likely to invoke AMP, although both would retain the option of doing so. The global economy would—assuming other things equal—be more predictable and more stable.

From the U.S. perspective, sharing the dollar's central bank-reserve role with the yuan would be both a boon and a bane: a boon by reducing the frequency and distorting effects of easy monetary policy both at home and abroad; a bane because of abridgement of the benefits from the dollar's formerly exclusive reserve currency role. From the perspective of other nations, the shared role would look like an unalloyed boon. ♦

The Perils of Secret Diplomacy

From Nixon to Obama

By Ray Takeyh

Secret diplomacy has a special place in the annals of American history. Henry Kissinger's furtive trip to China has been acclaimed as the quintessence of diplomacy. The Obama administration, steeped in its own brand of realism, is another devotee of secret talks, meeting with Iranian officials in Oman and Cuban functionaries in less-exotic Canada. Richard Nixon and Barack Obama are probably the two presidents with the greatest affinity for surreptitious maneuverings. Such practitioners of clandestine diplomacy believe that revolutionaries are, behind the curtains, just waiting to offer concessions: Once ensconced in hideaways with their American counterparts, the revolutionaries' essential pragmatism will reveal itself. The actual track record for such secret talks, however, shows that the revolutionaries inevitably gain the high ground. Washington ends up abandoning its sensible red lines and often betraying its longstanding allies.

Henry Kissinger meeting in secret with Chinese premier Zhou Enlai, July 9, 1971

KEYSTONE-FRANCE / GAMMA-KEYSTONE / GETTY

No diplomatic opening has been more celebrated than the Nixon administration's overtures to China. History is often defined by those who write it, and Kissinger's thousand-page memoirs breathlessly told the story of sneaking into the Forbidden Kingdom and bringing China in from the cold. A bit of actual history is in order. In the late 1960s, China was a vicious, despotic regime ruled by history's greatest mass murderer, Mao Zedong. It was a revolutionary state whose radicalism offended even the Soviet Union. China was a reliable supporter of anti-American forces wherever they manifested themselves but most intensely in Vietnam, where it armed and trained the guerrillas who lacerated American troops.

The notion that Nixon and Kissinger were the first cagey Americans to imagine a new relationship with China is itself a distortion of history. In his 1967 State of the Union speech, Lyndon Johnson offered his own olive branch: "We shall continue to hope for a reconciliation between the people of Mainland China and the world community—including working together in all the tasks of arms control, security, and progress on which the fate of the Chinese people, like their fellow men elsewhere, depends." Despite the convulsions of the Cultural Revolution, Johnson returned to the theme of reconciliation in his final State of the Union, calling for "the travel of journalists to both our countries; to undertake cultural and educational exchanges; and to talk about the exchange of basic food crop materials." But China was not ready for such peace offerings, as Russia was not yet pressing it militarily and America was not prepared to abandon its key Asian allies. Both factors changed in 1969.

China had turned against its Soviet ally earlier in the decade, as Mao considered the Kremlin too soft in its prosecution of the Cold War. As Richard Nixon settled into the White House, the border clashes between China and the Soviet Union became so intense that both capitals were gripped with war fever. Mao understood that waging war against one superpower while remaining hostile to the other could prove disastrous. Beijing needed American leverage and Washington was prepared to offer it on the cheap. The price of rapprochement with China was an expressed pledge to downgrade Taiwan—a rearrangement of priorities that has ever since left some doubt about

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whether the United States would defend the island against Chinese aggression—and a willingness to settle the Vietnam war on terms largely advantageous to Hanoi.

The paradox of the Nixon presidency is that two of the most secretive politicians ever to occupy the White House, the president and his national security adviser, left behind the most transparent administration in history. With mutual paranoia, Nixon taped every conversation in the Oval Office while Kissinger maintained copious notes. The expansive archival record reveals an administration that said one thing to the American public and something very different to American adversaries privately. The secret talks were an occasion for Kissinger to unburden himself, disparaging allies like Taiwan and Japan and assuring his skeptical hosts that America sought a reduced footprint in East Asia.

The twists and turns of this secret diplomacy are by now well-known. It set America on the path of normalizing ties with China, an altogether worthy objective, but the United States paid the steeper price for that normalization. A beleaguered Beijing fearing atomic retaliation from its erstwhile Russian ally traded few of its cards away. China did not diminish its support for North Vietnam nor abandon its claim to Taiwan. It maintained its support for revolutionary forces throughout the Third World and sustained its animosity toward Japan and South Korea, who were blindsided by Kissinger's diplomatic gambit—America's Asian allies had assumed Washington shared their commitment to containing China and would not make moves toward Beijing without consulting them. What concessions did the Chinese make to the Americans in the secret talks? None. Nor does there appear to be even a remote, indirect connection between Nixon and Kissinger's diplomacy and the Communist leadership's decision, after Mao's bloody rule, to move away from a Communist economy towards state capitalism. And it was China that gained leverage in its relations with Russia, not the United States. Moscow understood that the territorial integrity of China was an important American concern. There is no indication that the Soviet Union softened its arms control terms or tempered its global ambitions as a result of the new Chinese-American relationship.

The expansive archival record reveals a Nixon administration that said one thing to the American public and something very different to American adversaries privately. The secret talks were an occasion for Kissinger to unburden himself, disparaging allies like Taiwan and Japan and assuring his skeptical hosts that America sought a reduced footprint in East Asia.

AFP / GETTY

North Vietnam chef negotiator Le Duc Tho (back to camera) waves to Henry Kissinger after the signing of a ceasefire agreement in Paris, January 27, 1973.

Nixon and Kissinger came into office prepared to lose the Vietnam war, and the negotiations were designed to secure a "decent interval" between America's withdrawal and South Vietnam's collapse. The talks with North Vietnam had to take place in secret, for it was the only way for Kissinger to impress upon Hanoi Washington's intentions.

At the outset, lead North Vietnamese negotiator Le Duc Tho presented maximalist terms to which the United States largely conceded. Hanoi demanded the removal of American forces, refused to withdraw its own troops, continued the provision of aid to its surrogates, and pressed for the resignation of the South Vietnamese government led by President Nguyen Van Thieu. Throughout the years of negotiations, the Nixon administration steadily withdrew U.S. forces while escalating bombing in the hope it would stem the tide of the insurgency in the South. The failure of this military strategy only led to a stream of concessions at the negotiating table. In backchannel conversations, another favorite Kissinger tactic, the national security adviser assured the Soviets and the Chinese that America wanted to leave and understood that the future of Vietnam would be up to the Vietnamese themselves—a clear signal the North Vietnamese could devour South Vietnam after America's departure. Nixon can be heard on the tapes pleading with Soviet ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin for help and assuring him that South Vietnamese sovereignty was negotiable.

After years of talks, a defiant Hanoi conceded that the Saigon government need not resign immediately but could perish over time. It never withdrew any Northern

troops, and soon after the formal signing of the Paris Peace Accords, Hanoi began its final invasion of the South, as Nixon and Kissinger knew it would. Secret talks appear to have been a means of keeping Congress and the bureaucracy away from the negotiations, as opposed to extracting concessions from North Vietnam. The accord did yield something: Kissinger and Le Duc Tho were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Tho had the revolutionary's integrity to reject such Scandinavian blandishments; after the speedy fall of Saigon, Kissinger sought to return his prize. It was a fitting epitaph of Kissinger's secret diplomacy that he made the attempt quietly.

The president that Barack Obama resembles most has always been Richard Nixon. Both men perceived the United States as a declining power that had to accommodate its geopolitical rivals. They were both unnatural politicians who grew petulant when criticized and disdained a Washington establishment that they imagined was plotting against them. Both men were happiest cloistered with just a few pliable aides who shared their ambitions and animosities. And they both had a penchant for secret overtures to entrenched American adversaries.

John Kerry with Iranian negotiators after reaching an agreement on Iran's nuclear program, July 14, 2015

Obama has given Nixon's realism a twist with his unusual attraction to nations he feels have been victimized by American imperialism. Nixon may have wanted to leave Vietnam but he did not think Hanoi was a repository of Third Worldist virtue. Obama's policies are not just about strategic retrenchment but propitiating those adversaries he thinks America has wronged. Thus his attraction to Iran and Cuba. In his left-wing cosmology, these two nations stand out as particularly tormented by an America that foisted vicious dictators upon them for its own material benefits. A distinct ideology underpins Obama's realism that was largely absent from Nixon's balance-of-power fixations.

Barack Obama's singular achievement will always be the most unimpressive arms control agreement in American history, the Joint Comprehensive Plan of Action (JCPOA). From his early days as a presidential candidate, Obama eyed Iran's clerical oligarchs as the target of his most daring and dangerous foray into diplomacy. Soon after assuming power, Obama began writing letters and dispatching emissaries to Supreme Leader Ali Khamenei. Although the content of that diplomatic outreach remains classified, the Iranians have at times outed the White House. In a speech last year, Khamenei revealed that an important regional leader (most likely the sultan of Oman) came to Tehran early on with the American offerings. In the supreme leader's telling, "The American president said to him that they want to resolve the nuclear matter with Iran and that they would lift sanctions. Two fundamental points existed in his statement: One was that they would recognize Iran as a nuclear power. Second, he said that they would lift sanctions in the course of six months." Ali Larijani, speaker of Iran's parliament and a Khamenei confidant, has similarly noted that whatever Obama's public tenor, "he picks up a very friendly and kindly tone when he writes a letter to Khamenei."

Before even entering talks, the administration had conceded its cards; the purpose of the marathon negotiations was to determine the scale of its concessions. The negotiations had to be secret as the contemplated compromises would have appalled Congress and distressed Israel and the Arab allies. As with the Vietnamese negotiations, the private talks were a means of keeping the American public, and our allies, in the dark as the United States contemplated abandoning its key red lines.

By 2013, the fiction that Iran had elected a moderate president in Hassan Rouhani proved convenient for a White House eager to offer a cascade of concessions. Oman, far away from a prying press, offered the perfect venue for secret talks. The Obama team speedily recognized an Iranian right to enrich uranium, though it had been a longstanding pillar of America's arms control strategy to prevent proliferation of dangerous nuclear technologies. The final agreement was even worse. Instead of the previous U.S. position that Iran had a right only to a face-saving, modest atomic apparatus, the JCPOA stipulated that Iran could eventually industrialize its nuclear program. The accord's verification regime was irresponsibly leaky while the mullahs refused to disclose previous weaponization activities. Iran's expanding missile arsenal that is suitable only for delivering a nuclear payload was exempted from the agreement. The sanctions regime that took decades to build was dismantled. Since the JCPOA was finalized in July 2015, Iran has become more aggressive in the Middle East, not less.

In the end, Obama's arms control agreement was not about controlling arms but getting out of the Middle East. The entire Obama presidency has been devoted to leaving behind the morass of Arab politics at precisely the

time our allies were growing weaker and our adversaries stronger. It was a strategic doctrine shaped by resentments against George W. Bush for invading Iraq and a Washington establishment for thinking the Middle East mattered. But Obama could not truly exit the region so long as Iran's nuclear portfolio remained unsettled. In the end, the JCPOA was designed to create another "decent interval," as Iran's path to nuclear weapons is assured but a bit delayed.

If there are some vague strategic arguments to be made on behalf of the administration's nuclear diplomacy, there are no such justifications for the opening to Cuba—other than the traditional progressive attraction to Fidel Castro. Obama often speaks about transcending the rot of history, yet his Cuba policy is all too reminiscent of the 1960s New Left's infatuation with Castro. The irony is that despite all its economic problems, Cuba's Communists did not really want the normalization and Obama emissaries had to do all the pleading. The talks again had to be secret since the only thing the White House was asking of Cuba was to accept its argument that American policy has been a mistake. Raul Castro, clearly the more cunning of the two brothers, finally yielded to American entreaties and Obama was granted his visit to Havana.

The historic visit began inauspiciously: Obama was met at the airport by the relatively junior Cuban foreign minister Bruno Rodriguez rather than the actual head of state. In his address, Obama declared, "I have come here to bury the last remnant of the Cold War in the Americas." The president may have been so willing but Fidel was not prepared to abandon his enmities. Not only did he refuse to see Obama but declared, "We don't need the empire to give us anything." Obama capped off his visit by accompanying Raul to a baseball game and doing the wave just after Brussels had been struck by terrorist attacks.

Since the signing of the JCPOA and the normalization of relations with Cuba, both dictatorships have become more repressive. Iran continues to abuse its citizens while enabling Bashar al-Assad's killing machine in Syria and menacing Israel with its sponsorship of terrorist groups. The Islamic Republic is second only to China in executions, while Cuba has arrested 5,351 dissidents so far this year. Soon American commerce will flow to the island, allowing the Castro brothers a means of sustaining one of the last outposts of Communist rule. But just as the JCPOA was not about arms control, the opening to Cuba was not about fostering democratic change. It was just a left-wing dream—acting on its long-held resentment against America's Cold War in the Third World—come to fruition.

The president that Barack Obama resembles most has always been Richard Nixon. Both men perceived the United States as a declining power that had to accommodate its geopolitical rivals. They were both unnatural politicians who grew petulant when criticized and disdained a Washington establishment that they imagined was plotting against them.

Barack Obama with Raul Castro, center, at a baseball game in Havana, March 22, 2016

It was not unwise for Nixon to reach out to the most populous country in the world; it was unwise to do so without demanding any Chinese reciprocity. An agreement was a sensible approach to Iran's nuclear imbroglio; an accord that did not impose durable limits on that program is not astute arms control. A Cuba that adhered to global human-rights conventions and liberalized its political system should have been welcomed back into the community of nations; a Castro-led tyranny should not have been offered the same dispensation. Too often, secret diplomacy has served as a platform for America to concede its just standards and propitiate dictators with scant interest in changing their ways.

Neither Nixon nor Obama was morally offended by their interlocutors. Nixon and Kissinger had no qualms about bantering with Mao and complimenting his leadership. Obama had no problem writing respectful letters to Supreme Leader Ali Khamenei, a Holocaust denier who nurtures conspiracy theories about the "true" origins of the 9/11 attacks. Nixon should never have gone to China, and Obama should never have visited Cuba. Diplomacy at times involves dealing with unsavory actors, but American presidents—who represent the moral majesty of the United States—should never gush over hardened despots. A little distance and self-respect is always in order. ♦

Jutland 1916

A great and inconclusive battle

By Geoffrey Norman

It would have been a magnificent sight a century ago, the kind that fills one with awe and dread. A fleet of great battleships, in which a nation had invested a great deal of its wealth and virtually all of its trust, making steam, weighing anchor, and putting to sea. They were leaving Scapa Flow in the Orkney Islands on the northeast tip of Scotland and heading into the North Sea to do battle with and finish the German fleet, in the same way that Admiral Nelson had ruined the French a century earlier at Trafalgar. That, anyway, was the plan.

The Royal Navy, mightiest in the world, was sending out everything it had: 28 battleships, 9 battle cruisers, 34 cruisers, 78 destroyers, and assorted other vessels, including something new in war, a seaplane tender. Though it wasn't clear at the time, the coming battle was to be, more or less, a last great moment for the battleship. Aircraft carriers and submarines would rule the seas in the next war.

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, 1917

But the battleship was still supreme. Nations built their fleets and their naval strategies around them. They were England's first line of defense, and the nation's very survival depended on them, just as it had in the struggle against Napoleon. But the modern battleship bore no resemblance to the ship of the line of Nelson's time. It carried no sail. Its hull was built of steel, not wood. Its guns fired at ranges that called for corrections factoring in the curvature of the earth, rather than at point blank range or, at most, a few hundred yards, as in the days of Nelson and "Lucky" Jack Aubrey. So much had changed that there was very little actual experience, in battle, with these new ships and technologies. The opposing fleets would be learning as they fought.

What was thought not to have changed was the Nelsonian doctrine and spirit of the Royal Navy, which was to aggressively seek battle, with total destruction of the enemy's fleet the objective. Once the enemy's fleet was located, the Royal Navy would sail—steam, actually—toward it, intending to attack and to win conclusively.

Where the Royal Navy relied confidently on its traditions, the Germans had none. They were new to war at sea. Kaiser Wilhelm II had long chafed under the conditions that British seapower imposed on Germany. The nation, doubtless, shared his resentment though felt it not so keenly as the kaiser, who was Queen Victoria's grandson and was tormented by darkly unique demons when it came to England. The purely military implications for Germany of British control of the sea were plain enough. In the event of war, Germany could be blockaded. And if the English decided to intervene in a land war in Europe, they could pick their spots, reinforcing or withdrawing as necessary. The Royal Navy provided freedom of action and thus restrained German territorial ambitions. This was cause enough for resentment at a time when Germany believed it was destined to rule Europe, if not the world.

So, inevitably and unwisely, the Germans went to work building a fleet capable of challenging the Royal Navy. The inevitability is clear in retrospect. The unwise part became plain quickly enough. If and when war broke out on the continent, England would align itself against Germany precisely because Germany had a fleet capable of challenging Britannia's rule of the waves.

The kaiser saw it differently. In a 1901 speech to the North German Regatta Association, he said:

> We have conquered for ourselves a place in the sun. It will now be my task to see to it that this place in the sun shall remain our undisputed possession, in order that the sun's rays may fall fruitfully upon our activity and trade in foreign parts. . . . The more Germans go out upon the waters, . . . whether it be in journeys across the ocean, or in the service of the battle flag, so much the better it will be for us.

War, of course, did come. But for nearly two years, the great battle for control of the seas did not. There were naval engagements in waters as remote as those off the Falkland Islands. And, in the very early days of the war, in the North Sea off the coast of Denmark, came the Battle of Heligoland Bight. It was a clear-cut victory for the Royal Navy and Vice Admiral David Beatty, whose battle cruisers sank three

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German cruisers, damaged three more, and killed 712 German sailors. The British suffered insignificant damage to their ships and lost 35 sailors.

A few months later, a German force slipped out of port and bombarded the English coast, killing dozens of civilians. When the Germans attempted to repeat this in January 1915, their ships were taken under fire, again, by Beatty's battle cruisers in what was called the Battle of Dogger Bank. The fight was another victory for the Royal Navy, though not quite so one-sided. Beatty's flagship, HMS *Lion*, was badly damaged.

Still, the two engagements did much to persuade the kaiser that the safest, and therefore best, place for his splendid and expensive fleet was in port. Which is where it remained while the German effort at sea was conducted by a new type of vessel, as unimposing in appearance as the battleship was formidable. But the submarine didn't need to look good because it was most effective when it was not visible but operating submerged, either firing torpedoes or laying mines. These two weapons drew the attention—to the point, almost, of obsession—of the Royal Navy's high command. In the Dogger Bank battle, Beatty—an aggressive admiral in the style of Nelson—had nonetheless broken off pursuit of the German force, for fear of being drawn into either a minefield or an ambush by Germany's U-boats.

This was a legitimate concern that rose to the level of doctrine and, in the great battle to come, may have cost the Royal Navy the Trafalgar-like victory it longed for when its battleships steamed out of Scapa Flow on May 31, 1916.

By this time, the German High Seas Fleet was under a new and aggressive commander, Vice Admiral Reinhard Scheer, who pressured the kaiser for permission to take the initiative against the Royal Navy. Scheer believed that the fleet should sail and fight. As one of his captains had put it in a letter: "In this life and death struggle, I cannot understand how anyone can think of allowing any weapon which could be used against the enemy to rust in its sheath."

Germany had recalled its U-boats from the Atlantic and the commerce raiding that threatened to bring neutrals, especially the United States, into the war. This was something Germany could not afford. But it could not survive a long blockade, either, and needed to do something to break the Royal Navy's stranglehold.

So with Kaiser Wilhelm's blessing, Scheer set out to use both the U-boats and the High Seas Fleet to bait the Royal Navy's Grand Fleet into actions where the advantage of surprise might present opportunities. An all-out engagement would not be to Scheer's advantage. He would be outgunned. But elements of the British fleet might be drawn into an ambush by U-boats or into a fight where the odds would be favorable.

What Scheer did not know was that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to lay the kind of ambush he had in mind without the British knowing of it beforehand. The codes by which he communicated had been broken, so if and when he gave the order to weigh anchor, the Royal Navy would know and would be waiting for him with more ships and heavier guns, lusting for another Trafalgar.

When the High Seas Fleet left port on May 31, its lead element consisted of five battle cruisers under the command of Vice Admiral Franz von Hipper. These ships were hybrids. Their guns were smaller than those carried by the battleships. They were not so heavily armored. But they were faster than battleships, and the thinking was that this advantage in speed brought some safety. The plan was for these ships to engage whatever British element sailed out to meet them and draw them onto the guns of the German battleships, which would have also left port and would be some 50 miles behind the battle cruisers.

Beatty's battle cruisers put to sea ahead of the main British fleet with the reciprocal purpose of engaging Hipper and leading him north, onto the waiting guns of the vastly superior Royal Navy Grand Fleet, under the command of Admiral John Jellicoe.

The Germans did not know the British battleships had left Scapa Flow. And because of an administrative error on his own side, Jellicoe was wrongly assured by the codebreakers that Scheer and his battleships were still in port. The rival navies, then, were operating on similar plans and similarly flawed assumptions, which might be said to have set the tone for the battle that followed.

Of those who fought in that battle, there was one who was, in Winston Churchill's immortal formulation, "The only man on either side who could lose the war in an afternoon." Admiral Sir John Jellicoe

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was no doubt aware of this and had gone to extraordinary lengths to prepare himself and his fleet for decisive battle. His Grand Fleet battle orders were exhaustive and detailed in an attempt to cover every contingency, running to some 200 pages. In the area of signals, many of which were still sent by flag hoist, there were thousands of combinations. So many that the signal book was 500 pages long.

But on some of the challenges Jellicoe knew he would be facing there wasn't much history to consult, and experience was thin. This was especially true when it came to weapons new to this war. Jellicoe could not consult Nelson on the maneuvers and tactics that would be necessary to defend the fleet against torpedoes and mines. Jellicoe was especially concerned by the danger of being drawn into a situation where these weapons might ruin his fleet. Earlier in the war, a single mine had sunk one of the Royal Navy's newest battleships, HMS *Audacious*, so the danger was very real. If, during a fleet engagement, he were to be drawn into a minefield or a U-boat ambush, he might lose several more battleships and, with them, supremacy at sea and thus the war. So he established a doctrine to be followed in the case that his ships were engaged and the enemy turned away to entice them to follow into a trap where his magnificent battleships might be destroyed by these new and unglamorous weapons.

He put his intentions on paper and made them known to his superiors in the Admiralty (including Churchill, who was then First Lord):

> The Germans have shown that they rely to a very great extent on submarines, mines, and torpedoes, and there can be no doubt whatever that they will endeavor to make the fullest use of these weapons in a fleet action, especially since they possess an actual superiority over us in these particular directions. It therefore becomes necessary to consider our own tactical methods in relation to these forms of attack.

A bit later in the letter, Jellicoe clearly declared his intentions, stating that if during an engagement "the enemy battle fleet were to turn away . . . I should assume that the intention was to lead us over mines and submarines, and should decline to be so drawn."

Jellicoe then made plain that he realized what this meant in terms of his reputation, which he evidently valued less than he did his fleet and control of the sea.

> Such a result would be absolutely repugnant to the feelings of all British Naval Officers and men. . . . I feel that such tactics, if not understood, may bring odium upon me, but so long as I have the confidence of their Lordships, I intend to pursue what is, in my considered opinion, the proper course to defeat and annihilate the enemy's battle fleet, without regard to uninstructed opinion or criticism.

The endorsement he requested was given by the leadership of the Admiralty. It is difficult, even with hindsight, to find fault with Jellicoe's appraisal or that endorsement from his superiors. Armchair admirals have debated for 100 years the soundness of his proposed tactics. There is, however, no arguing over the fact that he got the part about "odium" exactly right. But before there could be recriminations and reappraisals (of which there have been a multitude), it was first necessary to fight the battle.

Action began the afternoon of May 31, when the battle cruiser formations came into contact, almost by chance. Indeed, scouts from both sides collided. Not long after this, the battle cruisers were in visual contact. The British ships could shoot further, but for some reason, Beatty did not press this advantage, one of several controversial decisions he made that day. Another was to put several miles of separation between his six battle cruisers and a formation of four of the Royal Navy's newest and most capable battleships, whose guns were heavier and could shoot further than those carried by the battle cruisers. When the firing did commence, these battleships were still out of range. A signals foul-up was the cause of this missed opportunity and several more in the next several hours.

German guns quickly found the range. In this part of the battle, their gunnery was superior, owing, perhaps, to the light at this time of day. The British ships to the west were backlit by the sun. And, then, superior German optics gave their gunners an advantage. They soon began scoring hits. First on *Lion*, Beatty's flagship, and then on *Indefatigable*, which took simultaneous hits from three shells out of a salvo of four. The explosion cooked off loosely stored powder, and flames traveled down decks to the ship's magazine. *Indefatigable* blew up.

There were a mere 2 survivors from a crew of more than 1,000.

Less than half an hour later, the *Queen Mary* was similarly blown up and sunk with similar losses. There were 20 survivors from a crew of more than 1,200.

This was at about the point in the battle when Admiral Beatty was reported to have said to one of his subordinates, "Chatfield, there seems to be something wrong with our bloody ships today. Turn two points to port."

Toward the enemy, that is.

The quote, like just about everything about the battle, has been questioned. Especially the part about the turning of Beatty's battered formation closer to the enemy. But the Nelsonian resonance is there.

Meanwhile, the battleships that would have given Beatty a considerable advantage in firepower were finally closing the gap. But it would be a short-term thing since the longer the battle went on and the opposing formations held course, the sooner the battleships of the German High Seas Fleet would join the action.

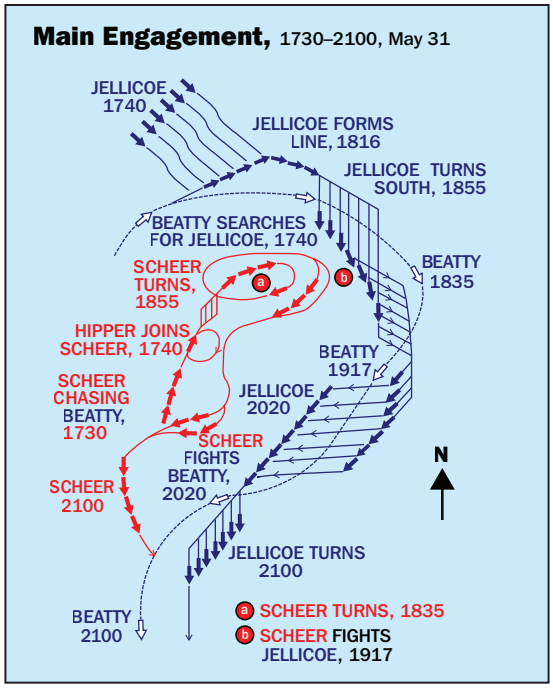
A scouting British cruiser spotted the German formation and sent the signal the Royal Navy had been waiting for since war had been declared almost two years earlier: Battleships in sight.

By this time, the four new, fast battleships of the Royal Navy were in the fight. But when the German battleships appeared, Beatty turned his formation and what followed is known in the literature as "The Run to the North." The commander of the four new British battleships, however, continued steaming south toward the German formation. Another case of poor-to-nonexistent communication between formations and, also, something else—a reluctance of subordinate commanders to take the initiative.

The British battleships did finally turn. However, they did it in sequence, one after the other, at the same position on the sea, making the German gunners' job that much easier. They scored several hits, but the heavily armored battleships were not put out of action.

The battle now moved into its next phase.

Hipper had led an unsuspecting Beatty onto the German battleships. Now he would pursue Beatty onto the battleships of the Grand Fleet. Things, which had begun badly for the Royal Navy, were now trending its way.



Except . . . there were more signaling breakdowns, and Jellicoe could not get the information he needed to make his dispositions. He was taking six parallel lines of four ships each toward the oncoming German fleet. Before he engaged, he would need to maneuver from this formation to a line of battle. That line would be almost six miles long with flag signals being passed along the line. This was a difficult and complex transition, a feat of expert seamanship. It had to be done properly, and the timing had to be right.

Jellicoe got it done by turning to port. Heading east, that is, which tended to increase the distance between his fleet and Scheer's. The move was criticized as being insufficiently aggressive but as the years went on, opinion changed. The battle, it should be said, is one of the most exhaustively and minutely studied in the history of warfare. The controversies that attached to Jutland are alive and well, and may never be settled.

But give Jellicoe credit for forming the battle line smartly and avoiding collisions at sea while doing so. It was an intricate maneuver, conducted under stress, and it gave the Royal Navy an advantage that was the ne plus ultra of battleship combat: the positioning of one's fleet that is known as "crossing the T."

When accomplished, this brings your ships into a line across the long axis of the enemy's formation. All your guns can bear and shoot down the line of his ships, while many of his guns are either masked by ships ahead in line or facing the wrong way. The advantage is decisive.

Jellicoe had accomplished this difficult feat. Furthermore, the German fleet was now to the west and silhouetted against a bright horizon and thus fine targets for his guns—not exactly the place in the sun that the kaiser had envisioned. It was the opportunity that the Royal Navy had been training for and dreaming of.

British fire found the range. Jellicoe's gunnery was much better than Beatty's had been. A German cruiser was sunk and a battle cruiser so badly damaged that it went down later that night. But the British were hit hard, too. Another battle cruiser, HMS *Invincible*, was hit and when fire reached its magazine, it blew up. It was the third such casualty of the day.

Outgunned and outmaneuvered, Scheer ordered his fleet to execute a 180-degree turn away from the British battle line and sent his destroyers to attack with torpedoes. Jellicoe turned away from the attack, as he had plainly written he intended to do. Still, one torpedo hit the HMS *Marlborough.* Other ships were spared by the turn away as the torpedoes "combed" the British formation. Validating, perhaps, Jellicoe's caution.

But the enemy was now out of sight and out of range, and Jellicoe was receiving no reports of its position. Captains who could have told him failed to do so. The fog of war hung heavily over the North Sea.

Then, for reasons that remain unclear, Scheer executed another 180-degree turn, back toward the British battle line. Once again, Jellicoe crossed his T. British guns scored 37 quick hits on the German fleet, which managed only two on its enemy.

The situation was now so precarious for Scheer that he sent his remaining—and already heavily damaged—battle cruisers on a desperate attack against Jellicoe's line. In the

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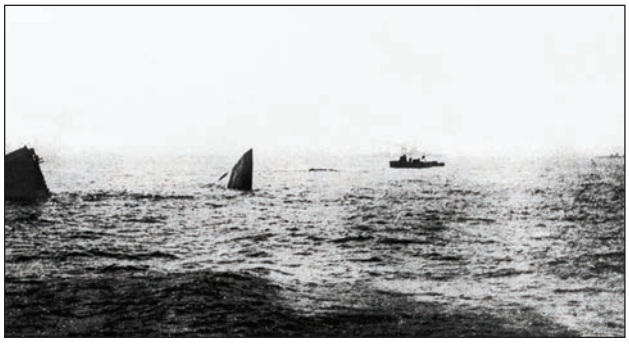
literature, the attack of the battle cruisers is called a "death ride." The destroyers also attacked, as they had earlier. And Scheer's battleships again executed a 180-degree turn.

This, in the exhaustive analysis and refighting of the battle, was the critical point. Faced with a fleeing and outgunned enemy, silhouetted for easy targeting in his sights, Jellicoe was obliged to decide, again, whether he would follow his own doctrine and turn away, in the name of prudence, or press an attack with Nelsonian aggressiveness.

He ordered his ships to turn away. Something, in the wonderfully restrained words of John Keegan, "for which he has ever afterwards been reproached."



The two shattered halves of HMS Invincible *after a German shell blew the ship in half, May 31, 1916*

The great opportunity had slipped away and the rest of the battle was night action between escort ships. The battleships had seen their last action of this war. Their time was done, though this was not clear when the British fleet returned gloomily to Scapa Flow.

British losses were three battle cruisers, four armored cruisers, and eight destroyers. Several ships had survived damage and would be repaired. Over 6,000 of Jellicoe's men had been killed.

The German fleet had lost fewer ships and fewer men and, for a navy with no tradition to speak of, had been the equal, at least, of the world's mightiest and most storied navy. The kaiser boasted that "the spell of Trafalgar" had been broken.

Shortly after the battle, Jellicoe was kicked upstairs to become First Sea Lord. Beatty relieved Jellicoe as commander of the Grand Fleet. He made reforms based on the lessons of Jutland, to include simplifying the general orders and stressing the need for initiative by subordinate commanders.

Recriminations almost immediately followed the battle, with partisans of both Jellicoe and Beatty making their arguments in public and their slanders in private. Beatty was much the better at this kind of fight and gained temporary reputational advantage, though there was much to criticize in his conduct. That line imputed to Beatty about there being something wrong with the bloody ships, steer two points to port, seemed to strike the aggressive note that critics believed Jellicoe lacked. *If he had just been more like Nelson . . .*

As time went on, though, the lessons of the battle settled less on personalities than on doctrine and organization. In an odd and unremarked way, Jutland anticipated a battle that would come a month later and that truly was a disaster for British arms: the Somme. The British Army under Douglas Haig meant to control everything from the top and thus restrained initiative. It sent troops on line, distrusting their ability to maneuver under fire. Everything about its conduct of the battle was plodding and unimaginative and by the book.

In the end, Jutland was by far the more successful battle for Britain and its allies than for the Germans, whose fleet may have sustained fewer losses than the British but whose commanders concluded, after that battle, that they could not risk another. Even if it had to, the High Seas Fleet was not capable of leaving port again for several weeks. It would take that long to repair the damaged ships. Jellicoe, on the other hand, would have been able to leave Scapa Flow again a few hours after he returned. He still had the Germans bottled up. The blockade was still in place and still strangling Germany. Britannia still ruled the waves. Jellicoe, whether he had been overly cautious or not, had made it that much more likely that the war would, eventually, be won.

Forced to do something now to relieve the pressure of the blockade and unable to do it with battleships, Germany turned to unrestricted submarine warfare. Admiral Scheer wrote to the kaiser that "a victorious end to the war within a reasonable time can only be achieved through the defeat of British economic life—that is, by using the U-boats against British trade." The resumption of unrestricted warfare instead brought the United States into the war, and this doomed Germany.

But not before the U-boats became a serious threat to the Allied cause, one that might have left Britain unable to continue. Countermeasures were instituted, many of them while Jellicoe was First Sea Lord. For complex reasons, he was opposed, however, to the convoy system, which may ultimately have been the most successful of the countermeasures. For this, he was abruptly relieved of his duties, on Christmas Eve 1917, by Prime Minister David Lloyd George.

He lost that fight and it is a good thing that he did. But it is Jutland for which he will be both remembered and reproached. What he accomplished in that battle can be simply put. He managed not to lose the war in an afternoon. It was not "Nelsonian," but it was good enough. ♦

NEWSCOM

Two reliefs from the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum

Out of Harm's Way

The case for keeping Art above Politics. BY STEFAN BECK

In 1860, during the Second Opium War, the British and French armies sacked the Chinese Summer Palace (Yuanmingyuan), looting it of what the Chinese government today estimates to have been 150 million objects. The British effort was led by James Bruce, the eighth Earl of Elgin, and with his blessing the Chinese empress's Pekingese dog was cruelly abducted and given as spoils to Queen Victoria. The dog's portrait—which Tiffany Jenkins includes here—was painted by Friedrich Wilhelm Keyl in 1861. As the painting's title reflects, the poor dog had been renamed: Looty.

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

Keeping Their Marbles
How the Treasures of the Past Ended Up in Museums
by Tiffany Jenkins
Oxford, 368 pp., $34.95

Keeping Their Marbles is a full-throated argument against the repatriation of arguably stolen art and artifacts. To say that it is controversial is a severe understatement. Yet, as the anecdote of Looty the Pekingese suggests, Jenkins makes no attempt to sugarcoat the past. Despite her insistence that we not judge the past by present-day ethics and customs, she reveals the fact that, for instance, Victor Hugo was fiercely critical of the "[t]wo robbers" (meaning England and France) "breaking into a museum, devastating, looting and burning, leaving laughing hand-in-hand with their bags full of treasures." Nor does Jenkins fail to mention that James Bruce was the son of Thomas Bruce, the Lord Elgin whose name is synonymous, fairly or not, with plunder.

The Elgin, or Parthenon, Marbles are perhaps the best-known candidates for repatriation on the planet. Christopher Hitchens was a vocal advocate for their removal from the British Museum and return to Greece. He wrote a book, *Imperial Spoils*, on the subject, and in 2009 took to the pages of the *New York Times* to bemoan the fact that "[t]he body of the goddess Iris is now in London, while her head is in Athens. The front part of the torso

GRAHAM BARCLAY / BLOOMBERG / GETTY

of Poseidon is in London and the rear part is in Athens." This, Hitchens concluded, "is grotesque." Many agree with him.

Jenkins, a journalist and sociologist, begs to differ. She demonstrates that the Parthenon sculptures were acquired with the permission of the Ottoman Sublime Porte, then in control of Greece. Citing the legal scholar John Merryman, she writes "No court of law would find in favor of Greek complainants who would make a legal argument that the Marbles were illegally taken." This does not, of course, mean that the marbles were *morally* taken. Jenkins, for her part, holds that they were, arguing that Lord Elgin hoped to rescue them from both Turkish negligence and piecemeal theft, and that his actions saved them from the ravages of the Greek wars of independence.

Jenkins illustrates her broader argument against repatriation with cases in which it is far more difficult to defend an owner's moral claim. "[T]he Benin Bronzes," she writes, "were taken by the British army as they razed the Kingdom of Benin to the ground." Napoleon seized works of art from the vanquished—legally, yes, but according to military conventions that now strike us as hopelessly archaic. The British acknowledged even to Queen Victoria that what they had perpetrated at the Chinese Summer Palace was a theft. How, then, can Jenkins argue that nations and their museums have no obligation to address the wrongs of colonialism and imperialism?

The answer lies in her sense of history's sweep and of a museum's proper role. She shares with James Cuno, the author of *Who Owns Antiquity?* (2008), a faith in the universal or encyclopedic museum, a conviction that (as Cuno writes) artifacts are "evidence of the world's ancient past and not that of a particular modern nation." The purpose of the universal museum is to present mankind's heritage in all its wonderful variety, not to bolster the self-esteem of nationalists or identity groups. It is the therapeutic potential of repatriation of which Jenkins is most skeptical. Repatriation advocates, she argues, risk diminishing our greatest museums in pursuit of an illusory sense of healing or closure.

Jenkins delivers a colorful history of the origin and development of museums, which we owe to the daring of explorers, the curiosity of naturalists and archaeologists, the passion of eccentric collectors, and the generosity of their patrons. The first museum, a one-room collection in the 16th-century Palazzo Medici, inspired imitations across Europe. These "cabinets," or "cabinets of curiosities," as they were called, fed a burgeoning interest in the categorization and display of natural history and material culture. The British Museum opened in 1759, heralding the age of the public museum; a little over a century later, the Metropolitan Museum of Art would open in New York.

Tiffany Jenkins argues that Lord Elgin hoped to rescue the Elgin Marbles from both Turkish negligence and piecemeal theft, and that his actions saved them from the ravages of the Greek wars of independence.

Today's calls for repatriation, Jenkins insists, reflect a dramatically shifting view of who should control history and of what museums should seek to accomplish. In her chapter about "The Rise of Identity Museums," she explains how institutions like the National Museum of the American Indian in Washington grant indigenous groups total jurisdiction over how their heritage is experienced and understood. The NMAI's "explicitly political aim" is "to affirm and enliven Native cultures in the present." Such a museum's goal is not the dispassionate presentation of history and culture but the transmission of "correct" attitudes about a given group. This runs contrary to the spirit of inquiry.

Jenkins is unconvinced that museums have any real power either to atone for past sins or to address social ills. She notes, quite rightly, that the experiences we have in museums are personal, emotional, and unruly.

> When people visit either kind of institution—a national museum or an encyclopedic one—they bring their own thoughts, understanding, and imagination with them on their visit. They are not empty vessels waiting to be directed about what to think.

Perhaps it is the case, as Jenkins's critics are likely to argue, that dominant groups have always displayed their own cultural heritage in a flattering light and that now it is the underdogs' turn. One rejoinder is that *Keeping Their Marbles* makes no effort to render the dominant cultures of Western Europe in a flattering light. It is, in large part, a history of rapine, might-makes-right, and "finders keepers." To display objects in the museums that first acquired them is to confess that history itself has always been ugly and chaotic. Its rough edges will never be sanded off by displays of what Jenkins calls "contrition chic." Any attempt to do so would be doomed by the enormous, if not infinite, scope of the task.

This leads us, at last, to Jenkins's shrewdest and most devastating observation. Returning objects, and angrily demanding their return, serves today's great powers in much the same fashion that seizing those same objects served them centuries ago. "Consider," Jenkins writes, "what energy and ideas are diverted away from imagining a better future when those who would have fought for it are now so distracted by finding the cause of present problems predominantly in the past." It is leaving these coveted objects where time, fate, and human passion have brought them that keeps us vigilant—and brings us closer to our place in the family of man. ♦

B&A

Minds Like Ducks

The enduring value, and pleasure, of the metaphor.

BY MICAH MATTIX

Farnsworth's Classical English Rhetoric—a guidebook of rhetorical devices—was an unexpected success in 2010. David R. Godine, the noted Boston publisher, had planned a print run of 4,000 copies, but sales shot to over 20,000 following glowing reviews in the *Wall Street Journal* and elsewhere. Ward Farnsworth, dean of the University of Texas School of Law, turned out to be a clear and engaging guide with a good eye for eloquence. One of the chief pleasures of the book is the quotations from Shakespeare and various 18th- and 19th-century writers, whose artistry is even more striking when compared with our own, rather ineloquent, age.

Now he's back with the follow-up, *Farnsworth's Classical English Metaphor*. In *Rhetoric*, which is now available in paperback, Farnsworth discusses the function of a particular classical device in each chapter. He notes how *polysyndeton*, for example, uses repeated conjunctions to help regulate "the pace of an utterance" as well as speed it up, suggesting "excitability and urgency." Or in a chapter on *chiasmus*—the inversion of key words or phrases in a subsequent sentence ("Men need not trouble to alter conditions, conditions will so soon alter men," to take an example from G.K. Chesterton)—he explains how it uses circularity to make a state of affairs seem undeniably true and improve memorability.

Classical English Metaphor is organized differently. Since the book examines just the one device (he includes similes as a species of metaphor), Farnsworth divides the chapters by

Farnsworth's Classical English Metaphor
by Ward Farnsworth
David R. Godine, 256 pp., $27.95

categories. In the first chapter, for example, he looks at the use of animals to describe humans. In the second, he turns to the use of nature to describe abstract ideas. In the third, he explains and provides examples of how nature is used to describe feelings and inner states. And so on. There is a separate chapter for personification, as well as brief examinations of the syntax of both similes and metaphors.

While *Metaphor* may be less immediately practical than *Rhetoric*—most people are relatively familiar with how to use metaphors—it is equally erudite and perhaps even more entertaining.

Metaphors, Farnsworth writes, do a number of things:

> A metaphor can make unfamiliar things familiar, invisible things visible, and complicated things easier to understand. It can, as Aristotle said, give life to lifeless things. … A metaphor can serve as an aid to persuasion. A claim made by metaphor is not an immediate appeal to reason; it is an appeal to intuition, inviting the reader to directly perceive a similarity and its truth.

Finally, metaphors can serve as "repositories of wisdom."

In discussing categories of metaphor, some interesting patterns emerge. Comparisons of humans to animals, for example, almost always exaggerate a human feature. This is because, Farnsworth writes, animals often share the same physical structure of humans "but in different proportions." Sometimes the comparison can elevate a human quality—men are as strong and courageous as a "red-eyed bison" and women as resolute as a crab or boa constrictor—but most are unflattering. In Washington Irving's *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), for example, the apothecary is described as a "rather fat man, with a pair of prominent eyes, that diverge like those of a lobster." An old lady stares "with something of the apoplectic stare of a parrot" in the final story in Chesterton's *The Club of Queer Trades* (1905). "Where's the girl," Daniel Dravot asks in Rudyard Kipling's *The Man Who Would Be King* (1888), "with a voice as loud as the braying of a jackass?"

Some negative traits, such as a lack of originality, are compared to a wide variety of animals. "Critics?" the poet Lombardo is said to have complained in Herman Melville's *Mardi* (1849), "Asses! rather mules!—so emasculated, from vanity, they can not father a true thought." In a footnote to John Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding* (1854), James Augustus St. John remarked that "men think in packs as jackals hunt." Other animals are used with surprising consistency to represent the same thing, such as the war elephant to depict human unpredictability and the capacity to harm one's own country or friends in the heat of a metaphorical or literal battle.

When it comes to describing human thought, water, it turns out, is a favorite because the mind is something that should move or change—at least, sometimes. "The man who never alters his opinion," William Blake wrote in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1793), "is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind." Henry David Thoreau wrote, in *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* (1849), "Most men have no inclination, no rapids, no cascades, but marshes, and alligators, and miasma instead." Thoreau also notes that "the current of our thoughts made as sudden bends as the river, which was continually opening new prospects to the east or south, but we are aware that rivers flow most rapidly and shallowest at these points." In the *Spectator*, Joseph Addison remarks that the mind can be subjected to thoughts that rise "of themselves from time to time, though

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we give them no encouragement; as the tossings and fluctuations of the sea."

According to Thomas Carlyle, some minds are like ducks: They have difficulty flying and, instead, are "ever splashing webfooted in the terrene mud." The mind's "fancies" are like a "hoar frost," according to Melville: As soon as the sun comes out, they vanish. The mind of a bigot, Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr. wrote in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (1858), is like "the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour on it, the more it contracts."

As these snippets, I hope, show, one of the great pleasures of *Classical English Metaphor* is the wide selection of pithy examples. Some sections provide a mini-history of the use of a particular vehicle. This is true of the use of water, as we've seen, as well as trees and classical mythology, to which Farnsworth devotes an entire chapter. Mythological metaphors are less common today because writers cannot confidently assume that their audience is sufficiently familiar with them to understand the comparison. This is a shame, since comparisons to Greek and Roman mythology—or biblical characters, for that matter—are more nuanced than comparisons to animal or plant life, or popular culture. Classical comparisons tend to represent the essence of a person "in simpler terms and in colors more vivid," Farnsworth writes. While "there is such a thing as looking like a gentleman," Charles Kingsley writes in *Alton Locke* (1850), "There are men whose class no dirt or rags could hide, any more than they could Ulysses."

"I observed," Boswell writes in his *Life of Johnson* (1791), "that Garrick, who was about to quit the stage, would soon have an easier life. Johnson. 'I doubt that, Sir.' Boswell. 'Why, Sir, he will be Atlas with the burthen off his back.' Johnson. 'But I know not, Sir, if he will be so steady without his load.'"

Similes and metaphors are presented in different ways in a sentence. Farnsworth's explanation of these is clear and concise, if also constituted of mostly common knowledge. Still, there are some good reminders. Similes usually come at the end of a sentence because it increases their rhetorical force. The advantage of using "as" rather than "like" is that the former allows for a wider variety of sentence structure and can even be followed by complete sentences, which, Farnsworth notes, "allows the source of the comparison to be explained in more detail."

It is regularly stated that similes make explicit comparisons while metaphors make implicit ones. This isn't always the case. Metaphors can be just as explicit as similes. But metaphors are often more evocative when the "sameness" is assumed rather than stated. Metaphors also often create a stronger effect because of the absence of a connecting conjunction. "If one says," Farnsworth writes, "that life is like a tale told by an idiot, the *like* provides a reassuring bit of insulation between the source and subject. Leaving out the word blurs the line between them and suggests deeper affinities."

In his essay on Robert Browning, John Jay Chapman remarks that Browning "writes like a lion devouring an antelope. He rends his subject, breaks its bones, and tears out the heart of it." Not Farnsworth. He is like a surgeon who, after removing a cataract, allows us to see the colors of language in their spring splendor. ♦

B&A

A Russian Window

The whys and wherefores of Putin's favorite peninsula.

BY CHRISTOPHER ATAMIAN

Despite of the Yalta Conference, the Crimea is the Miami Beach of the former Soviet Union, a paradise of palm trees, health resorts, and other sybaritic pleasures. You might think this is the reason that Russia recently reconquered the province. But geopolitics and natural resources played a greater role.

Neil Kent has the good sense to avoid taking sides in what is part primer, part traditional history of one of the world's most contentious regions. An associate at Cambridge's Scott Polar Research Institute, Kent documents well over 2,500 years of history during which this tiny peninsula on the northeastern coast of the Black Sea has played host to one of the most religiously and ethnically diverse—and contentious—populations anywhere on earth. The peninsula's strategic location between East and West, North and South, as well as its access to the Black Sea and Mediterranean commerce—not to mention its nutrient-rich soil—have made it prized booty. Cimmerian, Scythian, and Taurian tribes roamed these lands as far back as the 7th century B.C., as well as the Amazons of Greek mythology, who were really fierce female Scythian warriors on horseback. Those peoples gave way to Greek, and later Roman, colonists and all manner of Goths and Byzantines.

Crimea
A History
by Neil Kent
Hurst, 256 pp., $29.95

Then ensued Mongolian invaders under Genghis Khan's leadership, and their ethnic cousins the Tatars, centered in Bakhchisaray, who imposed a particularly fearsome, centuries-long Muslim domination of the region. At some point late in the 16th century, Khan Gazi Giray II wrote to tell a high Ottoman official that "besieging castles is not the task of the Tatars; it is rather to ravage, to desolate, and ransack the infidels' country with their raids, and also to collect captives and provisions."

A whole range of later peoples continued to settle the area well into the 20th century, including Greek, Armenian, and Genoese traders, as well as Krymchak and Ashkenazi Jews, these

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View of Sevastopol (ca. 1865)

latter groups all having been particularly adept in developing Crimean commerce. The mysterious Karaite Tatars, who converted wholesale to Judaism for reasons still not completely understood, also dominated the region for several hundred years, as did the Ottomans, who accepted rich tributes from Crimean rulers such as Giray Khan in exchange for granting them nominal independence.

Catherine the Great finally annexed the region for the Russians in 1783 and encouraged fearsome local Cossacks to protect her kingdom's borders. The Crimean War (1853-56) made the conflicts that preceded it seem like a picnic, with as many soldiers dying as during the American Civil War. The Crimean War was waged by an alliance among several European powers including Great Britain, France, and Piedmont-Sardinia (today's Italy, more or less), and the Ottoman Turks—a rare example, perhaps, of Christians and Muslims fighting together in order to curtail the Russian Empire's expansion under Nicholas I. (The war wasn't a total loss: Tennyson wrote "The Charge of the Light Brigade" while the Russian physician Nikolai Pirogov pioneered the use of ether in field amputations and contributed to the development of the system of medical triage still used today.)

At times, Neil Kent's narrative of one bloody conflict after another will want to make American readers get down on their knees and be thankful that they were born on this side of the Atlantic: Citing their purported ancestors the Goths as justification, the Nazis also laid waste to the region during World War II, briefly occupying Crimea in 1941-42 before the Red Army wrested it back from them. This was long enough, however, for the Germans to exterminate nearly the entire Krymchak Jewish population, which today still numbers under 1,500, as well as the region's Gypsy population.

Hitler's troops were aided in this bloodbath by the Tatar Crimeans, and the Soviets retaliated by starving, executing, or deporting to Central Asia close to a quarter-million of them. Many died along the deportation routes in miserable conditions that recall the worst of the Holocaust and the Armenian genocide.

Still, amidst all the bloodshed, the Crimea has been a rich cultural center as well, the summer home of writers such as Anton Chekhov, Aleksey and Leo Tolstoy, and the poet Maximilian Voloshin, as well as the birthplace of artists such as the seascape painter Ivan Aivazovsky and the landscapist Arkhip Kuindzhi. The originally Tatar palace at Bakhchisaray, as well as estates at Alupka, Livadiya, and Oreanda—built by the great patron of the arts Count Mikhail Vorontsov—are some of the grandest examples of classical and Islamic art, though many of the architects who built them were, in fact, foreigners. Different rulers, including Prince Grigory Potemkin, also developed a thriving viticulture, which produced some excellent wines over the centuries.

Kent is correct in pointing out that the 2014 Russian annexation of Crimean Ukraine was not entirely unjustified, given that the region had been transferred from the Russian to the Ukrainian SSR in 1954 and Ukrainian leader Viktor Yanukovich's corrupt government had destroyed the economy. This all but invited Vladimir Putin's inevitable invasion of a region that was majority Russian in population.

Over one span of just four years (1917-21), Crimea had nine governments. These included a Tatar regime, four different Bolshevik governments, a German puppet administration, a Turkish incumbency, a Ukrainian rule, a White Russian tenure, and brief Jewish control. Does Crimea's story, then, have a greater lesson to teach us? Perhaps it's this: Snowy empires will go to great lengths to gain authority over their coastal resorts, especially if they offer sandy beaches and palm trees. But their power over them is, by necessity, tenuous as the locals are captives of the weather and often prove resistant to the sustained attractions of religion, politics, and nationality. ♦

FINE ART IMAGES / HERITAGE IMAGES / GETTY

B&A

Symphonic Hero

'The tragic horror of a trapped genius' comes to life.

BY JOHN SIMON

Julian Barnes has written important novels, from *Flaubert's Parrot* (1984) to *The Sense of an Ending* (2011), as well as much nonfiction. Some of it has been great; some of it, inevitably, a bit less so. But all of it is the product of a subtle, searching, incisive, and witty mind, always riveting reading.

The Noise of Time is such a book, a novel about the composer Dmitri Shostakovich and, as Yehudi Menuhin put it, "the tragic horror of a trapped genius" under Stalinism. A historical novel, then, about someone who died in 1975, whom many of the living knew and remember. Not someone from the usual more distant past, about whom one freely writes from scraps or scratch.

But Shostakovich? About him, as well as by him, there are reams available—even in English, never mind Russian. Barnes has surely read it all, or had it read to him in translation by others, chiefly Elizabeth Wilson, whose *Shostakovich: A Life Remembered* (1994) was a prime source, as were conversations with her, pointing out arcane material, correcting errors, and reading the typescript. That Barnes also incorporated gleanings from the unreliable *Testimony* (1979) of Solomon Volkov and scoured books about Stalin, Prokofiev, Stravinsky, and heaven knows how many others is all to his credit, as is his ability to incorporate it seamlessly into a comparatively brief novel.

It comes to us in his favorite form of three sections, within which are shorter and longer episodes, reflections, meditations. Sometimes these are scarcely more than aphorisms, such as "From now on there would be only two types of composer: those who were alive and frightened; and those who were dead." Shostakovich is quoted: "Even if they cut off both my hands, I shall continue to write music with a pen in my mouth."

The Noise of Time
by Julian Barnes
Knopf, 224 pp., $25.95

There are four things that Julian Barnes does sovereignly. First, entering into the mind of the timid, justly scared composer. Second, rendering conversations, of which there is little or no detailed record, with wonderful, witty, or scary imagination. Third, re-creating the Stalinist and post-Stalinist eras in an account of unimpugnable, tragic (or sometimes tragicomic) veracity. And fourth, fusing it all into the seamless fabric of a novel.

There are brief but telling evocations of parents and childhood. There is the torrid premarital affair with Tanya Glivenko and the marriages: first to the good, though erratic and prematurely dead, Nita; the third, to the devoted Irina; and in-between, Shostakovich's second marriage, barely worth mentioning. There are the two Shostakovich children, Maxim and Galya, interesting in themselves but dealt with cursorily here. There is, in great detail, the fascinating, terrifying relationship with Stalin himself, unpredictably hostile or almost frighteningly humorous. There are other politicians and composers, from the mutually-admiring-but-not-quite-friendly relationship with Sergei Prokofiev to that with the contemptible, untalented, and envious Stalin sycophant Tikhon Khrennikov.

There are dreadful, enervating encounters with Power, mostly in three very different duologues with its various emissaries. Altogether, the story is a struggle against (yet accommodation with) Power, comparable to Death in a medieval mystery play, but unfortunately real in Stalin's kingdom. Above all, there are the absorbing interior monologues of the victim, who is eventually vindicated but remains imperiled. There are curious incidents, actual or feared, and devastating vignettes: Shostakovich, lying awake night after night by an elevator, a small leather case with necessaries rubbing against his leg, ready for the secret policemen to emerge and cart him off—to prison, to exile, or a bullet in the back of the head?

Barnes's technique is flawless, starting with a magnified view of telling detail, made keener by the ambidextrous talent of novelist and critical essayist, shuttling between close-ups and long shots. Much is made of certain haunting refrains—"All he knew was that this was the worst time," or the Russian proverb "Life is not a walk across a field"—and there are speculations as well:

> Art belongs to everybody and nobody. Art belongs to all time and no time. Art belongs to those who create it and those who can savor it. Art no more belongs to the People and the Party than it once belonged to the aristocracy and the patron. Art is the whisper of history, heard above the noise of time. Art does not exist for art's sake: it exists for the people's sake. But which people, and who defines them?

There are recurring incidents, like motifs in music: Stalin and his retinue walking out on Shostakovich's opera *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*; the notorious *Pravda* editorial "Muddle Instead of Music," which was to prohibit and inhibit so many composers, for so long. There are striking descriptions of what sustained Shostakovich through his tribulations: irony, the laughter under the subservient lie. And yet—

> Irony . . . was as vulnerable to the accidents of life and time as any other sense. . . . He had inserted into his first cello concerto a reference to "Suliko," Stalin's favorite song. But Rostropovich had played right straight over it without noticing. If the allusion had to be pointed out to Slava, who else in the world would ever spot it?

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Especially interesting are the observations about the Great Cultural and Scientific Congress for Peace at the Waldorf-Astoria, a piece of flagrant Soviet propaganda the unhappy Shostakovich was compelled to attend. No less interesting are other incidents and accidents that reverberate throughout the story, and always the witty, ominous irony: "Writers were condemned on page one of *Pravda*, composers on page three. Two pages apart. And yet it was not nothing: it could make the difference between death and life." There are wonderful passages about music. And in the end, Shostakovich *does* emerge a hero, although this, too, must be taken with grains of irony.

> [I]t was not easy being a coward. … To be a hero, you only had to be brave for a moment—when you took out the gun, threw the bomb, did away with the tyrant, and with yourself as well. But to be a coward was to embark on a career that lasted a lifetime. You couldn't ever relax. You had to anticipate the next occasion when you would have to make excuses for yourself, dither, cringe, reacquaint yourself with the taste of rubber boots and the state of your own fallen character. Being a coward required pertinacity, persistence, a refusal to change—which made it, in a way, a kind of courage. ♦

B&A

Eros and Plato

The quest for love and the desire to be better.

BY JAMES MATTHEW WILSON

Modern thinking about love tries to tame it: to exclude its elements of risk, self-abandon, and its challenges to self-transcendence. It seeks to demythologize love's dimensions of wonder and gratitude so that they are reduced to problems to be diagnosed with a medical vocabulary and managed by public policies. We alternately boil romance down to sex acts and the body, rarefy it to an unbounded spirit of free affectivity, or isolate it as a closed, private world of comfort concerning no one but the two lovers.

In all this it resembles the old thinking—or most of it.

And as David K. O'Connor shows us in this inspiring and brilliantly argued book, the ancient and modern worlds both know enough about love to recognize that it, like C. S. Lewis's lion Aslan, is neither safe nor tame but certainly good. This recognition, however, leads us to flee from or attempt to contain its dangers. We shy from accepting Eros as a strange god who invites us to be drawn out of ourselves, to enter into a sacred mystery in response to which we may be transformed. Like the ancient Athenian general Alcibiades, we fear that, for all our native abilities, we may fail the challenge. Better to pretend that the mystery is an illusion and the challenge no more than wishful thinking.

The problem is that Eros will not just go away; if we lock him out at the door, he will fly in through the window. O'Connor's aim is to "unsettle" our thinking about love only because our thinking is so often hilariously inadequate to our living. We "perform a comedy when we avoid love even as we pursue it," he writes, and "we create a tragedy when we reject love and destroy it even while we demand it."

Like Socrates, O'Connor wants to force us to see what we have willfully overlooked, and he challenges us to embrace the fullness of love, in its comic and tragic scope, because it is a kind of "barefoot philosophy." That is, if we come to recognize the truth about love, we will not become trained aficionados of an arcane discipline. Rather, we will discover the truth about ourselves and live, perhaps, more dangerously and, without question, more fully.

Most readers do not keep books of philosophy on their shelves. I think they will want this one, however. O'Connor's argument is not a new one, but an ancient one made sinuously responsive to modern culture. So, also, is his mode of argument ancient. Like his acknowledged master, Plato, he proceeds by way of myth and storytelling, by a kind of conversational reflection and inquiry that invites us to wander with him, to be puzzled, and to marvel at what is most startling about what we thought we already knew.

Plato's Bedroom, at one level, consists of O'Connor's patient and exciting retelling of the stories in Plato's two great dialogues on love, the *Symposium* and the *Phaedrus*. He gives us a seat in Agathon's house, as the noble Athenians offer their inadvertently revealing speeches on the nature of love. He lets us walk with Socrates and Phaedrus out in the countryside as they read their own speeches on

DEAGOSTINI / GETTY

Detail from 'Plato's Symposium' (ca. 1820) by Giovanni Battista Gigola

Plato's Bedroom
Ancient Wisdom and Modern Love
by David K. O'Connor
St. Augustine's Press, 320 pp., $28

James Matthew Wilson teaches at Villanova. His latest book is The Fortunes of Poetry.

what it means to fall in love. At each turn in these dialogues, O'Connor highlights a problem that any would-be lover must someday confront and then explores it through works of modern art and literature.

We already know that love has depths our "medicalized vocabulary" about it cannot express, but we do not always recognize how its complex roots interweave with everything in our lives. In the first chapter, O'Connor leads us into the worlds of Atom Egoyan's film *Exotica* and Andre Dubus's short story "Falling in Love" to remind us how various, gnawing, and frightening love can be. We think it is a simple matter of lust—until the moment, like a potion, love transforms our lives into something wilder, stranger, and more true.

In his subsequent chapters, O'Connor reflects on the various tricks human beings have of trying to reduce, or even to kill, love. Like the early speakers in the *Symposium*, we may try to pretend that love is simple and subject to our control precisely because we are afraid that love reveals how badly we all need to be needed (illustrated here with Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters*). Like Lysias in the *Phaedrus*, we may conclude that it is something so violent and unruly that we are better off killing it. That is just what Othello does to Desdemona, as O'Connor convincingly shows: He kills his beloved not so much because he is jealous of her infidelities but because he is jealous of his own individual freedom.

But love comes back. We cannot forever resist the emptiness in ourselves that demands to be filled by another. We want to be made whole. What, we ask, will do that? The one we love? Yes. But that will not suffice. Plato's Agathon claims that love is an "overflowing fullness of the human heart." The desire not only to cleave to another but to "give birth in beauty" to new life, to new ideas and new works, is no mere ornament to love but of its very essence. So much we already know, writes O'Connor, not only because we have read Genesis and the Gospel of Matthew but because we sense that the whole excitement of love comes from its "openness to the sacred." We feel that the meaning of our lives grows out of it.

To fall in love, and to be loved, is not simply to be made whole, as if one were then complete and content. We do not want to be content. We want to be good. In Socrates' great speech in the *Symposium*, he teaches us that love entails becoming better than we are, remolding ourselves so that we may be worthy of the absolute dimensions of reality. But this leads us to a confrontation with just that aspect of love we may have been most tempted to avoid: We may fail to live up to the image of ourselves that the one who loves us proposes.

So may we also fail to account for the fullness of those dimensions, leaving behind the particular beauty of this peculiar person who loves us for what Socrates calls the "great sea" of Beauty Itself.

O'Connor is a master storyteller who, like Plato, is at his best when retelling and revealing the depths of others' stories. His manner of weaving ancient and modern thought together alone suffices to make us lonely, "medicalized" moderns feel part of a greater drama. And his warm, disarming style will seduce even the most cynical reader into undertaking the long walk toward wisdom with snub-nosed, barefoot Socrates. ♦

B&A

Imperial Bust

A Big Bang theory for the modern Middle East.

BY RANDOLPH HIGGINS

The First World War brings to mind scenes of muddy trenches in France and Belgium, withering machine-gun fire and toxic gas, lines of men marching off to the slaughter. That war, in a way unlike any other, has been seared into the collective memory of the West. But the Great War campaigns against the Ottoman Empire are largely forgotten to history. First-hand British and French accounts exist, but are largely overshadowed by the war on the Western Front. As for the Ottomans, countless journals and accounts exist describing the war, but there is less popular call for them from citizens of the onetime Ottoman Empire. Few in-depth histories exist detailing World War I from the Ottoman perspective; fewer still have been translated into English.

The Fall of the Ottomans is, in large part, an attempt to remedy this, and by accessing Turkish records, Eugene Rogan provides an alternative view of some of the greatest battles in modern history. This is not to say that the accounts of the British and their allies are left out; indeed, they compose a significant part of the book. But instead of a main source of detail, they serve both to fill out the history where Ottoman accounts don't suffice and as contextual markers for readers more familiar with the European version.

The Fall of the Ottomans
The Great War in the Middle East
by Eugene Rogan
Basic Books, 512 pp., $32

In 1914, the Ottoman Empire was in no condition to enter a major war. Just a few years removed from the rise of the Young Turks, the new Ottoman government was primarily focused on rehabilitating a stagnating economy and consolidating power in a diverse empire. Militarily, the Ottomans were no better off: The empire had been steadily losing territory it controlled in Macedonia and other parts of the

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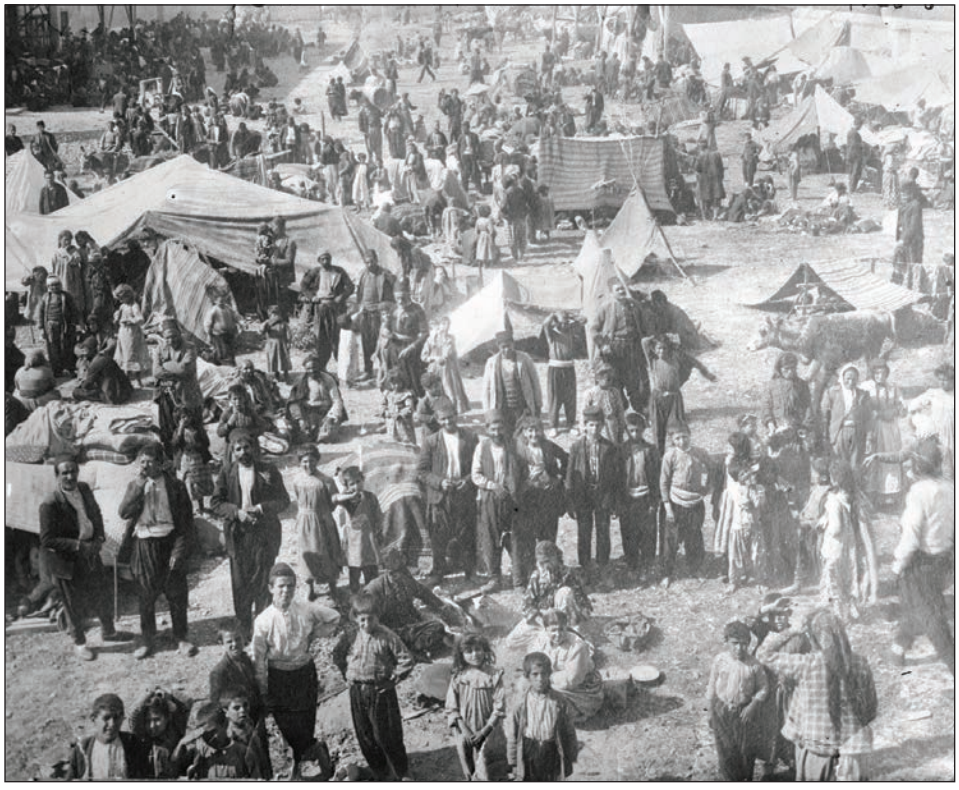

Armenian refugees at the Turkish-Syrian border (1915)

Balkans. By 1914, the threat of further losses and Russian domination of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles seemed increasingly likely. The Ottoman treaty with Germany—signed after Germany had formally declared war on Russia—was designed as a hedge against such aggression. The last intent of the Ottoman government was to enter yet another prolonged war.

But war reached Turkey in short order. The Russians wasted little time in opening hostilities and moved men south into the Caucasus. In the winter of 1914, the Ottoman Third Army was decimated in a disastrous preemptive strike that failed in its intent to surprise Russian forces. By 1915, the British and French had begun campaigns across the Ottoman Empire, and although campaigns in Mesopotamia and Turkey would cost them men and materiel, Whitehall and Paris were especially worried about the threat to their Muslim colonies in Africa and India since the Ottoman Sultan—titular head of the Islamic world—had called for jihad against Turkey's enemies. Unlike the Russians, France and Britain aimed to crush the Ottomans rapidly before returning their full focus to the Western Front. They did not intend to allow the Ottoman Empire to survive the war.

Campaigns in the Middle East would last the duration of the war, and their results would be crucial to the larger outcome. Soldiers from every corner of the British Empire would fight Ottoman troops from just as many backgrounds. Arab nationalists, Bedouins, Muslim Russians, and Christian Ottomans would fight on both sides throughout the conflict. Battles would be fought across two continents and the entirety of the Middle East. The armed forces of both sides of the war would suffer millions of casualties, and civilian populations would add millions more. The Young Turk administration would also oversee the first genocide of the 20th century when it systematically massacred 1.5 million Armenians.

Although he never says so specifically, Rogan describes the basis for much of the unrest in today's Middle East. In 1918, Iraq and Syria were not the independent states they would later become but were created in a rapid divvying-up of land in the aftermath of the war. The roots of the troubled relations between Arab nationalists and the West can also be traced back to the immediate postwar era, when British supporters of Arab brothers-in-arms were forced to renege on their promise of an independent Syria.

The Fall of the Ottomans combines the modern with more traditional methods of recording history, granting insight into both the lives of soldiers and the minds of generals, of both sides. Where Rogan excels, however, is in his descriptions of the ethnic and cultural rifts within the Ottoman Empire. Earlier historians tended to regard Turkey and the Ottoman Empire as interchangeable; but Turks were only the dominant group in an empire that included Arabs, Armenians, Circassians, and Kurds, Muslims, Christians, and Jews.

In the Ottoman Army, these served side by side throughout the war; but members of all such faiths and nations (except ethnic Turks) could be found in large numbers in opposing trenches as well. In the Caucasus, Circassians would fight on both sides, prompted as much by religious affiliation (the Circassian population contained both Orthodox and Muslim elements) as by nationalism. In Mesopotamia, and in the Arabian Peninsula, Arabs would rise up and reclaim land that had been under Turkish control for centuries.

The resulting ethno-cultural rifts were so pronounced that Rogan spends a significant portion of his time describing the unparalleled tension in the Ottoman trenches, where murders and desertions, based on soldiers' backgrounds and loyalties, were commonplace. He also devotes an entire chapter to the genocide of ethnic Armenians. Venturing where few Western authors have gone before, Rogan explores the conflict from both sides and gives us a masterful, eye-opening account of one of history's great forgotten wars. ♦

Academic Exercise

A screwball comedy of postmodern manners.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

A chamber comedy set among New York City academics, *Maggie's Plan* is so slight on the surface and so seemingly unambitious that its remarkable qualities sneak up on you. The "plan" of the title only begins to emerge after the first hour—and it is part of the considerable achievement of the writer-director Rebecca Miller that its rather outlandish design doesn't seem in the least preposterous but rather flows organically from the film's sly mood and its emotionally clueless characters.

Maggie (Greta Gerwig), an MBA whose job it is to help clueless artists in graduate programs at the New School try to make a living after they graduate, is in her early 30s. (We see her making a presentation to a toy company with a hapless student who's invented a doll with a zipper pouch in its stomach with tiny stuffed internal organs inside.) Maggie has never had a relationship that lasted more than six months, and she is so organized and forward-thinking that she's already decided to have a baby on her own rather than wait until insemination becomes more difficult with age.

Her best friend is her college boyfriend (a wonderful Bill Hader), who's still in love with her despite being married with a child himself and is perpetually angry with the choices Maggie makes. He disapproves of the putative father, a thickly bearded Brooklyn "pickle entrepreneur" man-boy whose goal it is to get his work into Whole Foods.

Enter John (Ethan Hawke), an adjunct professor at her school who plays second fiddle to his wife Georgette (Julianne Moore), a beautiful but rigid Dane who is a full professor at Columbia. John is a "ficto-critical anthropologist," an actual nonsense postmodern discipline of which Miller makes brilliant comic use. He wants to ditch everything but the "ficto" and become a novelist, and he's taken with Maggie's efforts on behalf of hapless academics in the real world. He asks her to read what he's written, which turns out to be a fictionalized rant about how awful his wife is, how he must cater to her, and how she takes him for granted.

Maggie's Plan
Directed by Rebecca Miller

Ethan Hawke, Greta Gerwig

Maggie is pleased to serve as his amanuensis, and a character based on her begins to appear in the manuscript—a straightforward doer, a little colorless but very efficient. Finally he professes his love for her, and we flash-forward three years. John and Georgette are divorced, Maggie and John have a daughter, and suddenly it's John who is the center of the universe and Maggie who is doing all the work in the marriage and having none of the fun. Meanwhile, John's novel has turned into a Casaubon's book—endless and pointless and lousy.

Maggie knows Georgette is still in love with him. "Nobody unpacks commodity fetishism like you do," Georgette tells John in what passes for romantic dialogue in the ficto-critical anthropology community. And so Maggie hatches a plan that takes some interesting twists.

Gerwig is a lovable actress but a limited one—she pretty much acts the same whether she's playing the control-freak Maggie, or a New York ditz (as in *Mistress America*), or a New York charmer (as in *Frances Ha*). She's going to need to develop some different colors and shadings as a performer if she's not going to wear out her welcome, but it works here. Just as in *Boyhood*, Hawke is proving himself an unaffected master of playing a weak and self-deluding American advancing into middle age. And this movie offers a happy reminder of how funny the usually over-angsty Julianne Moore can be. Like Meryl Streep a decade ago, she could use some light parts as she transitions into grande-dame status.

Writer-director Miller, daughter of Arthur and wife to Daniel Day-Lewis, has had one of the most interesting careers in the arts over the past three decades. She was a Botticelli-haired young actress, quite successful, with femme-fatale parts in *Regarding Henry* and a Kevin Kline-Kevin Spacey thriller called *Consenting Adults*. Then she quit acting and became a writer of short stories and novels before taking up screenwriting and directing.

Her work up until now (movies you've likely never heard of, like *The Ballad of Jack and Rose* and *The Private Lives of Pippa Lee*) has always been full of life but has had an unfortunately self-serious and pretentious streak. Setting her story among self-serious pretentious people whom she views at an amused distance has liberated Miller to make a literate screwball comedy of remarriage in which a divorced couple's love-hate relationship is revealed during an intentionally ludicrous panel discussion about the semiotics of the Occupy Movement.

Maggie's Plan is a very smart movie about superficially very smart people who are actually very stupid. You gotta love it. ♦

HALL MONITOR PRODUCTIONS

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

"Clinton: I can beat Trump in Texas"
—News item, *May 31, 2016*

PARODY

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So we ... right. So doesn't ...

DECEMBER 6, 2016 *ONE DOLLAR CHEAP*

MEET THE VOTERS WHO MADE TEXAS A BLUE STRONGHOLD

EDMUND DAHLSTROM

NEWS ANALYSIS

DALLAS — Back in May, the world said Hillary Clinton was delusional when she told a *New York Magazine* reporter that she could put Texas in the Democratic column against Donald Trump in November. Well, a month has passed since Mrs. Clinton's incredible electoral victory, and the president-elect has one state to thank for her new job. That's right: Texas.

What Mrs. Clinton understood, but what the world doubted, was that the people of Texas would never stand for Mr. Trump's brash, aggressive, larger-than-life style of politics. She understood, better than the media and the consultants and the pundits, the real needs of the people of Texas. And she understood, better than Mr. Trump, how to speak to Texans and drive them to action.

NEWSCOM

Members of the Houston Association of Evangelical Pastors applaud the news of Hillary Clinton's clinching the Electoral College on election night, November 8.

Meet Merle Wayland, a 53-year-old retired gun and ammunition salesman from Odessa. A lifelong Republican, he was turned off by Mr. Trump's attacks on Latinos. "That's not what makes America and Texas great," said Mr. Wayland, standing on his porch waving a loaded shotgun menacingly at two *New York Times* reporters. "I just felt like Hillary and I believed in the same thing—that diversity is the cornerstone of the American dream."

Meet Randy Whitecook, a 40-year-old Waco ironworker who was laid off in March. Whitecook decided that he was with Hillary after she announced her opposition to the Keystone pipeline. "Trump would have continued the ecological devastation of our planet," he said, sitting on a stool on his front lawn, surrounded by old, rusted refrigerators that he was planning to repurpose as eco-friendly birdbaths. "Sure, jobs are important," Whitecook conceded. "But not as important as our precious Mother Earth."

Meet Jimmy McCray, founder and president of Hands for Hillary, a statewide group of male ranch hands who worked hard to turn out votes for the Democratic nominee. "Hillary, she just gets us, understands our way of life," said McCray. "When she committed herself to legislative action requiring equal pay for women, well, we just couldn't sit on the sidelines anymore. We knew she was the best candidate for Texas ranch hands."

All across the state, there are stories like these, of the incredible connection Hillary forged with the people of Texas, whose

Continued on Page 5

the weekly Standard
JUNE 13, 2016