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JOSEPH EPSTEIN

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THREE-RING CIRCUS

Donald & Hillary & Vladimir—oh, my!



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Hacks Writing About Hackers

Donald Trump is guilty of a lot of reckless and irresponsible rhetoric. Most of this can be chalked up to his nature, but it doesn't help that the media tend to reward him with excitable coverage, further encouraging him. Indeed, their selective outrage over Trump's remarks often seems to give him what he values most: attention and notoriety and a new grievance to feed to his hungry fans.

Take the press conference last week where he said, "Russia, if you're listening, I hope you're able to find the 30,000 [Hillary Clinton] emails that are missing. I think you will probably be rewarded mightily by our press." We can't and won't defend the remark. Trump later tried to clarify his intent by tweeting, "If Russia or any other country or person has Hillary Clinton's 33,000 illegally deleted emails, perhaps they should share them with the FBI!"

The immediate, unified, and overwhelming outrage from the media over this episode is nonetheless revealing. Our *New York Times* mobile phone alert read, "Donald J. Trump Calls on Russia to Hack Hillary Clinton's Email, Essentially Sanctioning a Foreign Power's Cyberspying."

Well, not exactly. The issue here is that in all probability Russia already has Hillary Clinton's emails, because she selfishly and foolishly stored them on an insecure private server, so as to keep them from the prying

So if what Trump said could "constitute treason," as law professor Laurence Tribe put it, what would he call cavalierly leaving classified information vulnerable to America's enemies? If the Russians happen to have emails that could be used to blackmail someone who might be the next president, whose fault is that? Clinton's official campaign response was to call Trump's remarks "a national security issue," which looks like a tacit admission that the emails she deleted may have contained something other than yoga appointments and family gossip.

Then there's the terrifying reality that not even Hillary Clinton or her lawyers know

all of what's in the emails they deleted. That's because no one read them before purging them—they simply searched for emails containing certain keywords and deleted them.

THE SCRAPBOOK thinks Trump's sarcasm, if that's what it was, was unworthy of a presidential candidate. Russian espionage is not a laughing matter. What we fail to see is how the same media that came down so harshly on Trump were so forgiving of Hillary Clinton's recklessness in jeopardizing classified documents. ♦



eyes of journalists armed with FOIA requests and, later on, historians who benefit from the archiving of official government documents, including emails. She thereby made her own private communications and, much worse, sensitive government secrets *more* accessible to the unscrupulous eyes of foreign intelligence services and malicious hackers. That's why the sort of thing she did, when done by others, is commonly prosecuted as a violation of laws passed to safeguard national security.

Purges, Real and Exaggerated

The *New York Times* published a useful update last week on the horrific scale of the purges undertaken by Turkey's strongman president, Recep Tayyip Erdogan, in the aftermath of the coup attempt against him ("Failed Turkish Coup Accelerated a Purge Years in the Making," July 22).

Among other moves taken by Erdogan, "tens of thousands of



teachers [have been] fired and every university dean, more than 1,500 in total, [has been] forced to resign." One academic expert quoted by the *Times*, seeking some historic parallel to convey the scope of Erdogan's crackdown, compared it to China's Cultural Revolution under Mao and the purges unleashed by the Ayatollah Khomeini after the Iranian revolution.

But the *Times* reporters themselves chimed in that Erdogan's repression "has raised fears of a

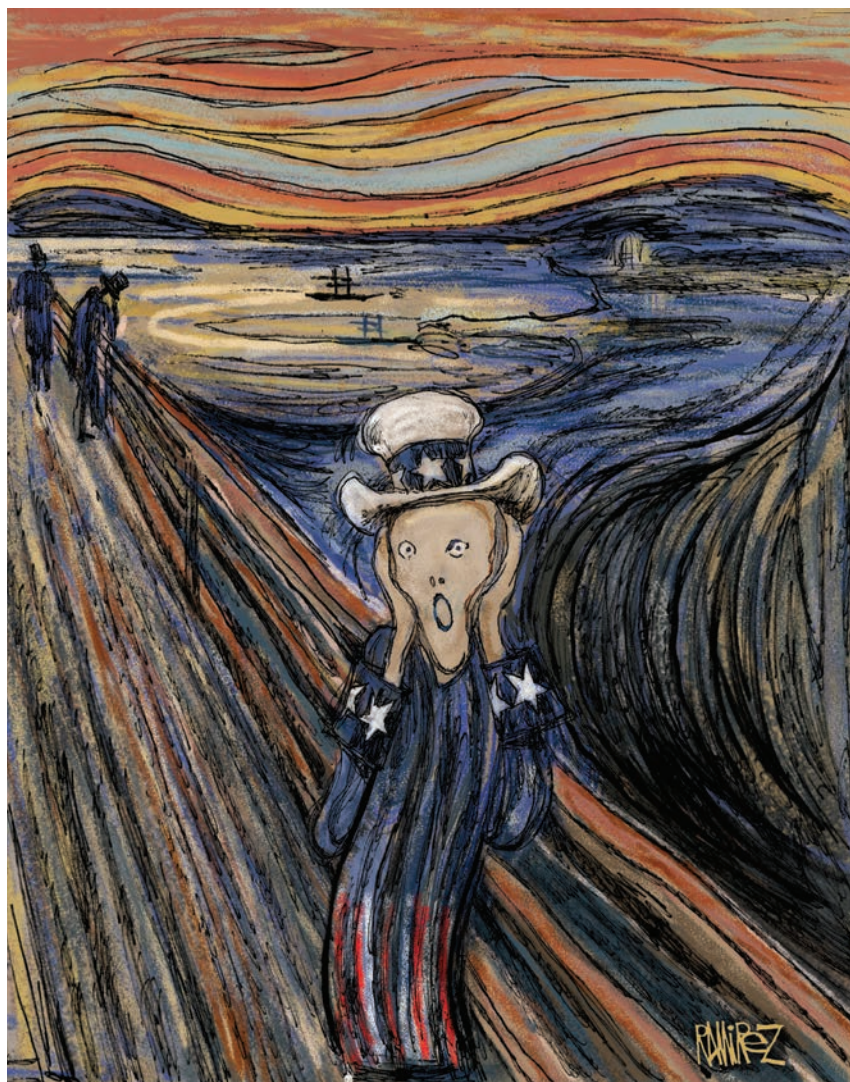
prolonged witch hunt reminiscent of the McCarthy era in the United States in the 1950s.” Erdogan’s targets should be so lucky. As THE SCRAPBOOK’s friend who forwarded the clipping noted, “one worries that the NYT writers really think that something like that happened in the U.S. during the early 1950s.” ♦

Less and Less Free

Excluding the foundations laid in Jerusalem and Athens, we’d hazard that no country’s contribution to the causes of liberty and justice for all has been greater than England’s. It was English barons at Runnymede who demanded their rights be protected from royal usurpation in the Magna Carta. It was English commoners in Parliament who wrote the Declaration of Rights to which William and Mary were forced to assent before assuming the throne. And it was, of course, English colonists who wrote the Declaration of Independence and our Bill of Rights.

THE SCRAPBOOK has thus been disheartened watching the U.K. slowly erode its citizens’ basic rights over the last few decades—in particular, free speech (which, to be fair, has always been more attenuated there than here). A candidate for European parliament was arrested in 2014 for quoting a scathing criticism of Islam—written by a young Winston Churchill. A 21-year-old student named Liam Stacey was sentenced to 56 days in prison in 2012 for posting “racist abuse” on Twitter. The judge who sentenced Stacey told him, “You committed this offense while you were drunk and it is clear you immediately regretted it,” but the judge had “no choice but to impose an immediate custodial sentence to reflect the public outrage at what you have done.” (The modern British judge, apparently, is guided by “public outrage”; that is, the mob.)

It must be noted that in British media coverage of these events, the offending remarks—which are obviously relevant—are virtually never quoted, presumably for fear of the



POST CONVENTIONS

*with apologies to Edvard Munch & America

legal consequences if they were.

One of the greatest Englishmen, John Milton, explained the primacy of free speech among civil rights: “Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.” With free speech, Milton believed, he could demand and defend all his other rights. It was a claim he made in his *Areopagitica*, the attack on government censorship that laid the groundwork for the Enlightenment.

Now, though, England has crossed a new threshold in the slow-motion abolition of free speech. In Nottinghamshire, Chief Constable Sue Fish

has announced a new, nonstatutory law: Henceforth, “unwanted or uninvited physical or verbal contact or engagement” of a woman by a man will be considered a hate crime. A police spokesman there told the *Telegraph*, “Unwanted physical or verbal contact or engagement is defined as exactly that and so can cover wolf-whistling and other similar types of contact. If the victim feels that this has happened because they are a woman then we will record it as a hate crime.”

To our English friends, THE SCRAPBOOK can only say: Never send to know for whom the wolf whistles. It whistles for thee. ♦

Matchmaker, Matchmaker . . .

Per a settlement to a discrimination lawsuit approved by a California judge in late June, the dating website ChristianMingle.com is now adjusting its service to accommodate gay couples. The lawsuit claimed a violation of California's Unruh Civil Rights Act, which prohibits discrimination based on sexual orientation. The same-sex accommodation will also apply to ChristianMingle's sister dating-sites, such as CatholicMingle.com, and so forth. This got THE SCRAPBOOK wondering . . .

Just as California's Unruh Civil Rights Act prohibits discrimination based on sexual orientation, it prohibits discrimination based on religion—so will ChristianMingle also need to begin connecting non-Christian couples? Will CatholicMingle have to begin hosting Protestants?

The Unruh Civil Rights Act also prohibits discrimination based on color, race, and marital status. Will BlackSingles.com (another site owned by the parent company) have to begin connecting white, married people? The Unruh Act covers age

and disability too. Will SilverSingles (for the more senior end of the dating pool) have to take adolescents? Will DeafSingles be required to handle the nondeaf?

For that matter, will Black Entertainment Television have to start showing white entertainment? Chinese restaurants serve spaghetti? We'll stop there. THE SCRAPBOOK is not a lawyer and didn't even stay at a Holiday Inn Express last night. So we think we're just being facetious, but these days, who knows? ♦

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Vale of Tears

For a minute or two last week, over coffee in a working-class bakery in Massachusetts, I recovered my optimism about the human race. To say working-class might be a stretch. It was in a gentrifying neighborhood once inhabited by factory workers. It had an Italian name. Everyone was welcoming, voluble, and obese. It was not a grand place. Sitting down at a small table, I was struck by a sign on the napkin-holder at the next table, where a bunch of college girls were studying. It read: “Due to limited seating, we ask that this space be reserved for groups of three or more.”

The word that struck me was “be.” Americans have forgotten how to use the subjunctive mood, which is used for not-necessarily-actual states. When a mother says, “It’s bad that your husband be a drunkard” (subjunctive), she’s giving advice about the future. When she says, “It’s bad that your husband is a drunkard” (indicative), it’s too late for advice. Phil Simms and other NFL color commentators assume that jumbling enough verb forms together will eventually amount to a subjunctive: “If he woulda cut when he goes down the sideline, there wouldn’t oughta been someone covering the seam, had there?”

Knowing that someone in this very coffeebar could wield the subjunctive made the place seem exotic—like being told one of the barmen fought with ISIS or that one of the waitresses works evenings as a stripper. You’d kind of like to know which one. Boston-Accent Lady, drying the glasses with a rag? Nose-Ring Guy, behind the cash register there? The college girls next to me were studying out of a first-year Latin textbook. Maybe they’d know!

When you see someone reading something you care about, it’s nice to make a connection. But it’s awkward. One doesn’t want to come off like that stock figure of college life, the Renaissance Sleazebag—the man who corners a girl reading quietly in a coffeehouse and says with a knowing leer, “Ohhh, Pablo Neruda. I love Pablo Neruda. He’s sooo sen-



sual.” One Google search ago, the guy thought Pablo Neruda batted cleanup for the Tigers.

Instead, I tried to pass for a harmless old coot, something I can now manage with an ease that alarms me. “You’ll never regret taking Latin,” I said.

One of the girls said she had to take it. She was a history major at the Christian college up the street.

“What do you mean, she’ll never regret it?” piped in a sixty-something lady at the next table. “I took five years of Latin. Cripes.” Then she turned to me and said: “Whadda you do?”

“Me?”

“Yeah, you. Whadda you do that you think Latin’s such hot stuff?”

“Mmm. I’m an editor.” Strictly speaking, this is true. It’s my title at

this magazine, an honorific. But it’s not the whole truth. I call myself an editor the way Henry Kissinger calls himself a “doctor.” You can call him that, too, but I wouldn’t go scheduling a colonoscopy from him.

Problem is, if you tell people you are a journalist, they will compose a quick friend-or-foe search query. It used to be possible to walk through a crowd of, say, Ron Paul supporters, tell them who you are, ask questions, build an article. Nowadays you introduce yourself and some runty guy holding an iPhone says: “So why’d’ja write that article ‘Matt Burke Is a Fat Jerk?’”

“Who’s Matt Burke?”

All eyes turn to the guy with whom you’ve been chatting amiably up till now, and whose face, indeed, looks familiar from a story you vaguely recall doing around 2003.

Unless the journalist can be anonymous in the field, he can’t practice his craft. The journalist’s first rule of conduct—his Hippocratic Oath, as Dr. Kissinger would put it—is that he not act on the story. Once an interview subject knows who you are, your article describes a performance, not a news event. You’ve contaminated the lab.

You might reach a more valuable conclusion if you stayed home.

Perhaps journalists need “trail names,” like hikers on the Appalachian Trail, where pseudonyms can keep the needy strangers you walk a hundred miles with from turning into unwanted Best Friends Forever. If I could have said my name was “Tex” or “Stretch,” we could have had an interesting conversation. Now I was trapped in my editor’s personality and the lady was laying into me.

“So you had to take Latin to learn those two or three editing words! Like *stet!* Or *caret!* How wonderful for you!”

“It really is,” I said. I drank the last of my coffee and bid her *ave atque vale*.

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

Putin's Game

Someone has played a rotten trick on the late Scoop Jackson. The legendary senator from the great state of Washington was a committed cold warrior who saw the Soviet Union for the evil empire it was, and until his death in 1983 used all his powers of persuasion to drag the McGovernized Democratic party back to the center, where it had enjoyed its best years as part of the post-World War II bipartisan consensus on foreign policy. And then last week it seemed to have happened—all at once, the Democratic party rose up in unison and declared that Moscow is a threat to vital interests.

Unfortunately, the Democrats are up in arms about the Russians only because agents of Vladimir Putin seem to have targeted the Democratic National Committee. Senior national security officials have concluded that it was almost certainly a Russian intelligence service that hacked a trove of DNC emails showing the party had been heavily invested in Hillary Clinton defeating rival Bernie Sanders. And now some Clinton supporters fear the leak might benefit Donald Trump.

Perhaps it's useful to put the Democrats' response in context. For instance, neither the party's rank and file nor its leaders made much noise when the Russians set up an airstrip on NATO's Turkey border last year—the better to help prop up Syrian dictator Bashar al-Assad. After the emails leaked last week, some Democratic lawmakers began to express wariness about the Obama administration's policy of cooperation with Moscow on Syria. But there was not a peep a week before when news emerged of a mid-June bombing by Russian jets of a small U.S.-British base in Syria. Leaking former DNC chairman Debbie Wasserman Schultz's emails apparently crossed the line.

To put the episode in this light is not to say the matter is to be brushed off, as some Republicans seem to believe. Worse, some appear to be gloating. When a hostile power that 2012 GOP presidential candidate Mitt Romney correctly identified as America's chief geopolitical foe

tampers with our political institutions, the adult response is not *schadenfreude*. In public, express bipartisan outrage; in private, plot how best to exact revenge. The Russians are not trying to make the DNC alone look vulnerable: In targeting an American political party, they are targeting American power and prestige.

At this point, it can hardly come as a surprise that this year's Republican candidate for president sees the DNC hack simply as material for his self-aggrandizing shtick. "Russia, if you're listening," he said, "I hope you're be able to find the 30,000 emails that are missing"—a reference to the supposedly personal emails that were deleted from Hillary Clinton's homebrew server.

Trump could not have been inviting the Russians to engage in further hacking, as much of the media coverage suggested. The private server Hillary Clinton used while still serving in the Obama administration has long since been shut down. Rather, with characteristic off-the-cuff bluster, he was insinuating that if Russian intelligence had penetrated the DNC server, they would have long ago had access as well to Clinton's correspondence as secretary of state, including the emails she deleted because, she explained, they didn't touch on issues of national security. Obviously Trump suspects those emails did touch on matters of vital American interest. He was being sarcastic, explains campaign manager Paul Manafort. Exactly. And to use the security of American citizens as a punch line is hardly evidence of his fitness for the office he seeks.

Nor is Manafort the best spokesman on the issue. He once lobbied on behalf of pro-Putin elements in Ukraine, including former president Viktor Yanukovich. Trump staffers weakened the Republican platform's stance on support for Ukraine. Trump himself, who has expressed admiration for the Russian president, says he might not honor NATO commitments. Clearly, these policies are favorable to Putin. But does this mean, as Clinton



Presenting the 'reset' button to Lavrov, 2009

supporters argue, that the DNC hack was a Putin vote for Trump, and that Putin must therefore fear facing Hillary on the world stage?

Hardly. Putin, like most strongman leaders, personalizes politics. Even more important, he was trained as a Soviet intelligence officer. He is a student of human nature who assesses the strengths of his targets and most especially their frailties. So who is Hillary Clinton to Vladimir Putin? She's the woman who from 2009-2013 implemented Barack Obama's ideas about the world—like the abject and ingratiating U.S. “reset with Russia,” the canceled plans to install antimissile batteries in Poland and the Czech Republic to make Russia happy, and a Syria policy that ended up allowing Russia to once again become a key power in the Middle East, gaining leverage and influence in the region that Obama himself was eager not to wield.

Putin would know that Clinton was delegated to carry out such tasks as humiliating an ally, as when Obama instructed her to scream at Israeli prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu. This can hardly have engendered respect for her on the part of Putin, a man who has been willing to help kill thousands of people to protect even his most pathetic allies, as he has done in Syria since at least 2012. And what was Clinton's goal in Syria? She has said the point of her diplomacy was to stop the violence and that Russia could help. At times Obama and Clinton carried out policy in the Middle East and elsewhere as if the United States were an NGO and not a nation-state that is supposed to protect and advance its interests.

Clinton took orders from perhaps the second-weakest man Putin has ever seen lead a world power. The Russian president has rescued two counterparts of late, Assad and Obama. Putin tossed Obama a lifesaver when the American president was ambivalent about striking Assad to enforce his red line against the use of chemical weapons. Putin brokered the deal that would ostensibly strip Assad of his unconventional arsenal, except it didn't. Putin knew that didn't matter to Obama, who just wanted to save face and not run the risk of driving Assad's patron Iran from the nuclear negotiating table.

After the deal with Iran was signed a year ago, Putin understood that Washington had given him an opening to escalate his assistance to Assad. By acquiescing in Putin's move, Obama empowered Moscow. Who cared that he thereby undermined America's traditional alliance system—Israel, Jordan, Turkey, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, etc.—which had been designed decades ago to contain Soviet ambitions in the region? Where were the Democrats when Obama left American interests and allies in the Middle East vulnerable to Putin?

In owning the balance of power in Syria, Putin presides over the largest crisis of the still-young 21st century. Anyone who has a stake in the conflict—whether that's the Gulf Arab states, or Israel worried about Iranian

expansionism, or the European Union concerned with the refugee crisis—will have to address their petitions to Vladimir Putin. It is because of Obama that whoever comes after him, whether it's the startlingly pro-Putin Trump or Hillary Clinton, will have little choice but to work with Putin—just as the Obama administration already is doing.

Last week, as Democrats in Philadelphia were getting worked up into a fury at Moscow, John Kerry was busy in Washington working out the final details of a deal with his Russian counterpart, Sergey Lavrov. According to the terms of the agreement, the United States will now share intelligence and wage joint military operations with Russia in Syria. Who will they be fighting against? The Obama administration says ISIS, but Russia has never shown any interest in campaigning against the Islamic State. Russian troops are there to defend Assad and are targeting all rebel groups, even those supported by the Pentagon.

To patch over the differences between Moscow and the White House, the main target of the joint operations will be Jabhat al-Nusra, the al Qaeda affiliate in Syria. Just last week Nusra ostentatiously announced it was splitting from al Qaeda, no doubt aware of the double-barrel shotgun pointing in its direction. There's little chance the White House will reconsider Nusra's status anytime soon, and Russia definitely has Nusra in its crosshairs. First, it's one of the more potent groups fighting Assad. Second, since its fighters are often scattered among other rebel groups, it's also how the Russians will justify to the White House their attacks on any rebel group, which often includes civilians. It looks as if, for all intents and purposes, the administration is signing on to a joint campaign of terror with a Russian regime that has already bombed hospitals and schools and slaughtered thousands of civilians.

The Democrats are right to be worried about Russian actions—they just need to expand what is to date a narrow aperture. The real problem isn't Trump, not yet anyway. It's the man who still has six months left in the Oval Office.

—Lee Smith

We'll Survive

Depressed? We feel your pain. It's not great to be living through the worst presidential matchup ever. And it's not a cheerful thought that one of these two horrendous candidates is very likely to be our next president.

“Sad!” as Donald Trump would say. “Unworthy of a nation that is on the one hand already great, and that

has had really wonderful leadership for the last eight years, but that on the other hand needs to finally address all the very bad problems that somehow haven't been solved over these last eight years," as "change agent" Hillary Clinton would put it.

"Ugh" is how we would put it. It is dispiriting to think of either of these septuagenarians spending the next four years in the White House. Trump has shown he has nary a clue as to how to make America great. Clinton has produced not a whit of evidence that she has ever brought about significant beneficial change.

It is likely to be a rough four years. But we can and will survive.

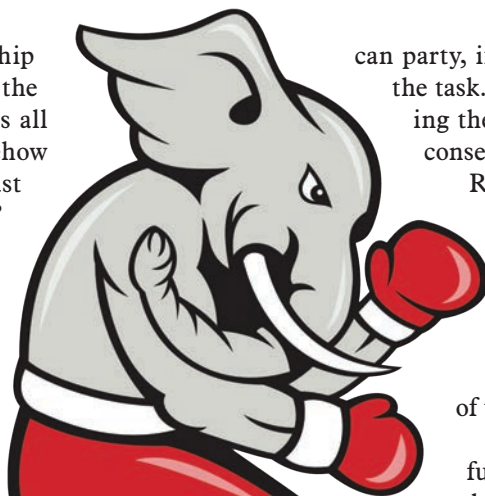
We can survive Hillary Clinton. She embodies the senescence of baby boomer progressivism. It has done most of its damage, and that damage is considerable. But the movement is intellectually and morally exhausted. She can merely preside over a few more years of continued erosion and decay before it departs the scene, unlamented and unmourned,

*a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.*

But after the death of "progressivism," surely there will come an opportunity for a healthy and revitalized liberalism—a liberalism that believes in liberty, and liberality, and even liberal education. We could once again have a liberalism that is, to quote Harvey Mansfield, "the aggressive doctrine of vigorous, spirited men" who show "strength and confidence in defense of liberty."

But it will have to be conservatives who revive and renew what is (or was) best in liberalism. It will have to be conservatives who rescue and liberate liberalism from the fatal temptation of progressivism. For it is conservatives who understand, as G. K. Chesterton remarked, that if our society "proceeds at its present rate of progress and improvement, no trace or memory of it will be left at all."

We can also survive Donald Trump. His demagogic populism provides no basis for successful governance. But we must also acknowledge that his hostile takeover of the Republican party shows that conservatism too needs reform and renewal. This is a major task that we at THE WEEKLY STANDARD look forward to contributing to, along with our friends at *National Review* and *Commentary* and *National Affairs*, among others. It is an endeavor that should also aim to revitalize the Republi-



can party, if that is possible. We look forward to the task. We especially look forward to engaging the young—Americans who understand conservative principles, but who knew not Reagan; warriors not of the Cold War but of the 9/11 generation; constitutionalists who are students and law clerks rather than contemporaries of Justices Clarence Thomas and Samuel Alito; entrepreneurs not of the 20th century but of the 21st.

We oldsters can provide some useful guidance and help. But we can only do that if we freely acknowledge the need for fresh thinking and acting. We can only do that if we are well aware that the task is now less to "conserve" than to rebuild and renew. We remember the words of one of our heroes, Whittaker Chambers, in his final letter to another of our guides, William F. Buckley: "Each age finds its own language for an eternal meaning." But we know that our heroes and guides are but distant historical memories for the younger generations who will have to find the appropriate ways and means to convey that meaning in their time.

For the moment, though, we apparently have no choice but to endure depressing clashes over the next three months and the likely disappointments of the next four years. This will require some strength and resolve. But we can be heartened by the prospect that, at the end of this minor ordeal, there stretches before us a vista of hope and an era of opportunity.

—William Kristol

Short Shrift

Let's make America great again, you say? We'd settle for making the Constitution great again. That's been a goal of Republicans for years, and it's a worthy one. It is essential, in fact, to making America great again.

Let us therefore express our disappointment that the Constitution was so little discussed by the major speakers at the Republican National Convention.

Sen. Jeff Sessions, a member of the Judiciary Committee, said nothing about it. Nor did Rudy Giuliani, a former U.S. attorney. Somehow Wisconsin governor Scott Walker, California congressman Kevin McCarthy, Iowa senator Joni Ernst, and Arkansas senator Tom Cotton all managed to take the stage and leave it without mentioning the Constitution.

Majority leader Mitch McConnell broke the constitutional silence with this: “Let us put justices on the Supreme Court who cherish our Constitution.” A Democrat could have said that.

Tennessee representative Marsha Blackman spoke of “the men and women who give their lives and their sacred honor to protect [the] Constitution.” Obviously a good thing.

Florida senator Marco Rubio did endorse “constitutionalist judges, who will respect the proper role of the judiciary.” Rubio failed to say that role is a limited one—that limitation being the reason Alexander Hamilton described the courts as the “least dangerous” branch of government. But at least Rubio was making an issue of the Constitution, saying that unlike Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton, Donald Trump is committed to appointing constitutionalist judges. Trump has said that.

Speaker of the House Paul Ryan made the most pointed case for constitutionalism, criticizing Obama and the Democrats, for whom “constitutional limits [are] brushed off as nothing.”

Let the other party go on making its case for more government control over every aspect of our lives, more taxes to pay, more debt to carry, more rules to follow, more judges who just make it up as they go along. We in this party, we are committed to a federal government that acts again as a servant accountable to the people, following the Constitution and venturing not one inch before the consent of the governed.

Ryan gets an A for stating plainly that Democrats appoint judges who make the law up as they go along and that they treat the Constitution itself as though it were a blanket writ to regulate every aspect of our lives.

Lost in the controversy over Ted Cruz’s nonendorsement of Trump was the solid argument he made for Supreme Court justices who “don’t dictate policy but instead follow the Constitution.”

But the best case for constitutionalism as an issue in this campaign came from vice presidential nominee Mike Pence. “It seems like no aspect of our lives is too small for the present administration to supervise,” he said, “and no provision of the Constitution is too large for them to ignore.” None too small, none too large: a compelling formulation.

While “we are filling the presidency for the next 4 years, this election will define the Supreme Court for the

next 40,” Pence warned. “Elect Hillary Clinton and you better get used to being subject to unelected judges, using unaccountable power to take unconstitutional actions.”

Newt Gingrich said the only major-party presidential nominee who will uphold the Constitution is Trump. Which brings us to the convention’s final speaker, Trump himself, who said, regarding the Constitution, only this: “We are . . . going to appoint justices to the . . . Supreme Court who will uphold our laws and our Constitution.”

Convention speakers said just enough about the Constitution to remind party activists about the two constitutionalist projects that must be pursued if the Constitution is to be made great again. One project is legalistic, about the proper interpretation of federal law and the Constitution. Judicial selection—the nomination and appointment of conservative judges and justices—is part of this project.

The other constitutionalist project is fundamentally political. It’s about understanding the Constitution, University of Virginia political scientist James Ceaser writes, “as a document that fixes certain ends of government activity, delineates a structure and arrangement of powers, and encourages a certain tone to the operation of the institutions.” It isn’t just for the courts to think about the Constitution, it is up to “political actors” to make “political decisions to protect and promote constitutional goals.”

Politicians need to stop thinking of the Constitution as something to be got round with the help of the courts and start recognizing the Constitution as a fundamental restraint on their own power and ambitions. Thus, a program affecting the states that was once upheld as constitutional in the courts may be abandoned by the elective branches upon their judgment that federal authority is now reaching too far and has created an imbalance of power that needs to be recalibrated for the sake of constitutional liberty.

“Bringing the Constitution back into our politics would,” Ceaser writes, “promote the principle of limits on government.”

In the event Trump wins, we will need a political actor or two of demonstrated commitment to constitutionalism to school Trump on limited government, federalism, and the separation of powers. Pence and Ryan have shown they have what it takes to help make the Constitution great again.

—Terry Eastland



Paul Ryan champions the Constitution.

Leaks, Hacks, and Liberals

So now WikiLeaks is bad.

BY GABRIEL SCHOENFELD



Big Brother is leaking: WikiLeaks founder Julian Assange speaks by teleconference, July 12.

The facts are by now widely known, if still not nailed down with precision. On Friday, July 22, on the eve of the Democratic National Convention, a massive trove of emails purloined from the Democratic National Committee (DNC) by hackers was posted on WikiLeaks, the online bulletin board for leaked information founded by the Australian anarchist Julian Assange. Strong evidence rapidly emerged showing that the hackers were connected to or under the control of Russian intelligence. As the press picked through the mildly juicy revelations,

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the favoritism of the supposedly neutral DNC toward Hillary Clinton and against Bernie Sanders was put before the world to see.

The result has been a continuing maelstrom. Supporters of Sanders, already agitated for having to swallow the bitter pill of defeat, were inflamed. Backers of Hillary, embarrassed and chagrined, decried the apparent Russian interference in party affairs. It did not take long for the head of the DNC, Debbie Wasserman Schultz, to be unceremoniously purged from her position and for the newly cleansed DNC to issue an apology to Sanders and everyone else it had wronged.

There the story has paused, but it is hardly over. There are grounds to believe that the Clinton Foundation was also hacked and quite possibly Hillary's vulnerable private server at her home in Chappaqua, N.Y., which

housed her official emails during her tenure as secretary of state, including the 33,000 or so that she and her lawyers wiped from the memory because they were deemed "personal."

The worry, of course, is that Russian intelligence has all of these, and that many more damaging disclosures of Clinton shenanigans are yet to come. Donald Trump, startling the world, has called upon the Russian government, if it did hack Hillary's emails, to release them, with the obvious aim of injuring Hillary's campaign and boosting his own. If that is indeed what happens, and WikiLeaks blasts new revelations onto the net on the eve of the elections in an October surprise, it could well propel Trump into the White House. That is exactly what Assange, who publicly favors Trump over Clinton, and who claims to have more of her secrets in his quiver, is threatening. The prospect has liberals wringing their hands.

A case in point is Franklin Foer, the former top editor at the *New Republic* and now a contributing editor at *Slate*. To Foer, the DNC email scandal is the sum of all his fears. "A foreign government," he writes, "has hacked a political party's computers . . . stolen documents and timed their release to explode with maximum damage. It is a strike against our civic infrastructure." It is "trespassing, it's thievery, it's a breathtaking transgression of privacy."

One cannot disagree. But how does this particular data breach, one is left wondering, differ from the leaks that Foer and other liberals routinely celebrate as the stock in trade of American investigative journalism?

Foer has a ready answer: What is especially "galling about the WikiLeaks dump," he explains, is that it "has blurred the distinction between leaks and hacks." Hacks, to Foer, are bad, conducted by bad people for bad purposes. The Russian hack, he writes, is the equivalent of Watergate: "To help win an election, the Russians broke into the virtual headquarters of the Democratic Party. The hackers installed the cyber-version of the bugging equipment that

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Happy Talk for Anxious Allies

After all, Trump might not be worse than Carter.

BY ELLIOTT ABRAMS

Donald Trump's various remarks about pulling out of NATO and his accusation that many American allies are "free riders" have made allies on several continents nervous. I spent last week in Japan (yes, pretty far away from Cleveland), where his name arose in every single meeting I had—with academics, at NGOs, and in sessions with government officials. At a time when the Chinese military is growing rapidly, might the United States actually reduce its own commitments? Would the "pivot to Asia" be replaced by a flight from responsibility?

In my prepared speeches, I explained the "pendulum theory" of U.S. foreign policy to the Japanese. This is the view best described in *Maximalist*, the 2014 book about foreign policy since Truman, written by my Council on Foreign Relations colleague Steve Sestanovich. As he described it, American foreign policy has swung like a pendulum from doing too much to doing too little. Maximalists (he lists Truman, Kennedy, Reagan, and George W. Bush) have sought "a big package of countermeasures" against threats; retrenchers (he lists Eisenhower, Nixon, Ford, Carter, and Obama) have wanted to "shift responsibilities to friends and allies, to explore accommodation with adversaries, to narrow commitments and reduce costs."

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Tokyo

In this view, the United States nearly always swings too far, and then the public becomes restive and unhappy, and events and public opinion combine to swing the pendulum the other way. If we do too little, dangers grow visibly and produce a reaction: "We must do more." Perhaps there is an overreaction,



Jimmy Carter arrives in South Korea, June 29, 1979.

and a few years later the pendulum swings again: "We must pull back."

I told the Japanese we have reached the end of one swing of that pendulum now, with Obama's policies and the cuts in defense spending reached under him—of course, with the consent of Congress. The latest polls (by the Pew Center) find that "public support for increased defense spending has climbed to its highest level since a month after the 9/11 terrorist attacks." And I argued the pendulum would swing under Hillary Clinton, who has generally supported a more muscular foreign policy than Obama (remember her push in 2012, along with then-secretary of defense Leon Panetta and then-CIA director David Petraeus, for more support of the Syrian

rebels—advice that Obama rejected), and even under Trump, whose slogan is "Make America Great Again."

But the Japanese pay close attention to American politics and have heard Trump say, over and over, that he wishes to disengage from the world in various ways, from building walls to stopping immigration to pulling out of commitments like NATO and NAFTA and the World Trade Organization. How could I be sure he would not do precisely what he says he will do?

The best answer I could conjure up was Jimmy Carter and Korea. Campaigning for president in January 1975, Carter told the *Washington Post* that if elected he would order the withdrawal of all U.S. ground forces from Korea. In June 1976, he restated this intention in a speech to the Foreign Policy Association in New York City. During the transition process in late 1976 Carter told the incoming secretary of state, Cyrus Vance, and incoming assistant secretary of state for Asia, Richard Holbrooke, that the pace of withdrawal might be studied but canceling the withdrawal was not an option, and in January 1977 President Carter issued orders to begin the withdrawal. In a press conference on May 26, 1977, President Carter said this:

We have, however, considered very carefully the question of our troops to be withdrawn from South Korea, the Republic of Korea, ground troops. This is a matter that's been considered by our government for years. We've been in South Korea now more than 25 years. There has never been a policy of our government evolved for permanent placement of ground troops in South Korea. . . . I think it's accurate to say that the time has come for a very careful, very orderly withdrawal, over the period of four or five years, of ground troops.

This was a disastrous proposal, sure to create tension in Asia and leave our allies in the lurch. There was broad opposition. Not only the government of South Korea but also that of Japan was strongly opposed. Members of

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Congress on the armed services and foreign relations committees told administration officials that the withdrawal was a dangerous error. The U.S. intelligence community and military (led by the top U.S. Army officer in Korea, Gen. John Vessey, who later became chairman of the Joint Chiefs) added their opposition. Within the administration itself, many officials agreed with Holbrooke that the policy had to be reversed. Direct opposition to the policy grew, and there were many leaks of studies and assessments that concluded the withdrawal would be dangerous. In April 1979 the Joint Chiefs formally stated their opposition to withdrawal from Korea.

In July 1979, Carter reversed himself. National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski read to the press a statement from the president:

Last February it was announced that withdrawals of U.S. ground combat forces from Korea would be held in abeyance pending the completion of a reassessment of North Korea's military strength and the implications of recent political developments in the region. That reassessment has been completed, and these policy issues have been discussed with our key allies in Asia, with principal defense and foreign policy advisers, and leaders of the Congress. Circumstances require these further adjustments in the troop withdrawal plan: Withdrawals of combat elements of the 2d Division will remain in abeyance. . . . The timing and pace of withdrawals beyond these will be reexamined in 1981.

After January 20, 1981, of course, Carter was no longer in a position to reexamine anything but his election defeat and the foolishness of his initial decision for withdrawal from Korea. So, I told the Japanese, Trump might find exactly what Carter found: that the world is a very dangerous place and that some of his own ideas turn out to be likely to make it more so. Like Carter, he might find that the combined weight of American allies, his own military and intelligence advisers, and key members of Congress forces him to reconsider even ideas that seemed obvious and certain to him when campaigning. Carter was

stubborn, and it took him two and a half years to reverse himself; Trump might be the same way, but there could still be a happy ending. Carter was stubborn in part because he'd been a Navy officer and thought he had relevant expertise; perhaps Trump would be more—and more quickly—impressible when top CIA officials and ranking generals tell him that some of his ideas are pretty much nuts.

This was mostly an effort on my part to cheer up the Japanese, who listened to my story without much visible emotion. I wondered if they wondered if I actually believed what I was saying—did I really think Trump would listen to expert advice and reverse about 90 percent of his comments on world affairs? They were too polite to ask such questions. I also told them that most polls anyway showed that Clinton was the likely victor, which of course they knew, but they were happy to hear it again. There are no Trump supporters among officials in Tokyo, and it seems reasonable to say there are none in any other allied or just plain friendly capital: Seoul, Taipei, or Canberra (or for that matter New Delhi) facing China, Jerusalem or Riyadh or Amman or Abu Dhabi facing Iran, Warsaw or Vilnius or Prague or Kiev facing Russia.

This political year, inexplicable to most Americans, is entirely mysterious to the Japanese. Trying to make sense of it for them was a challenge: How does one explain to Japanese audiences the meaning of “political correctness” and the role of opposition to it in propelling the Trump campaign? How does one explain that millions of Americans want to elevate to the top government job someone with zero experience in government at any level, an eventuality impossible in their system? This year, they are wrestling with Prime Minister Shinzo Abe's desire to change the 70-year-old constitution, never once amended since the United States imposed it in 1946, so as to permit the creation of Japanese armed forces. Japan's “Self-Defense Forces,” with a budget of over \$40 billion and now one

of the top 10 militaries in the world, are a work-around of the constitutional language, and the Abe idea is to make the constitutional text realistic and explicit about what the Japanese military can and cannot do. This is an extremely controversial proposal that may take years to implement—or may in the end fail. But how does one explain to the Japanese that they ought to make a greater contribution to our alliance and thereby help promote regional stability, exactly when one of our presidential candidates is suggesting that this alliance itself may disappear?

Just as the maps we put up in our schoolrooms and our homes show America in the center, Japanese wall maps show Japan in the middle—but that only emphasizes the size and proximity of China. As they look at Asia, there is a collection of states bound not by a formal alliance like NATO but by a common desire not to be dominated by China. Larger wall maps show India, a nation they can see as the natural balancer against China some day in the future, when it exceeds China in population and has built up its naval forces. Some day—but not today. Today China's effort to dominate all of Asia can only be resisted by an alliance, formal or informal, with the United States at its heart.

Wary judges of relative power in the Pacific and the world, the Japanese are worried about American intentions and even American understanding of the challenges that a rising China creates. One official told me that China's effort to drive the Americans from the Pacific reminded him of Japanese policy in the 1930s—the policy that led to Pearl Harbor and then to Japan's shattering defeat by the United States. You refused to be driven out then, he said, and perhaps China's policy will lead it to overextension and to the creation of a working alliance of nations pushing back against its hegemony. You would have to lead, he said. You did, last time. And you won. But now, we listen to the speeches and watch the Trump campaign, and we just don't know. I had no more stories to tell to reassure him—or at least none that reassured me. ♦

Bernie Fails to Make Progress

The Revolution won't be realized.

BY FRED BARNES



Shrug off the Bern: Sanders endorses Clinton, July 12.

The day after endorsing Hillary Clinton for president, Bernie Sanders was asked a question he didn't welcome. Did he believe Clinton could be trusted to enact a left-wing agenda if elected? Sanders ducked. "Sorry, I'm not going to get into the trusted or not." The questioner wanted him "to characterize somebody in a way I'm not going to," Sanders said. "Hillary Clinton is a very, very intelligent person. . . . I've known her for 25 years."

That was a moment—perhaps the first—when Sanders had to confront where he stands with Clinton. It made him uncomfortable. As the Democratic presidential nominee, she has power. If elected on November 8, she would have far more power.

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All Sanders has is influence—a dwindling amount of it.

Influence alone won't give him much impact on what Clinton does as nominee or president. When his candidacy threatened her bid for the nomination, Sanders had power. He was able to induce her to move to the left on issue after issue. That power is gone. Getting her to follow through and campaign on leftist issues as the Democratic nominee is beyond his reach.

How much of the Sanders agenda has actually rubbed off on Clinton? We'll see, but Sanders shouldn't get his hopes up. She claims the Democratic party hasn't lurched to the left, a hint she's eager to tilt to the center. She also has a record as first lady, U.S. senator, and secretary of state that indicates how different from Sanders she might be, despite the Sanders-like

noises she emitted in the primaries.

Her embrace of the Sanders agenda now seems to have been more a tease than a commitment. As soon as she became the official nominee last week, one of her closest allies, Virginia governor Terry McAuliffe, said he expects her to reverse her decision to oppose the Trans-Pacific Partnership trade pact after the election. For campaign purposes, she had copied the anti-TPP position of Sanders. "I worry that if we don't do TPP at some point China's going to break the rules," McAuliffe said. "But Hillary understands this."

No doubt she does. And Clinton is clever when it comes to handling such issues. She left herself wiggle room on topics that brought her close to Sanders. He called for a ban on fracking, the innovative method used to recover oil and natural gas in areas where energy resources had seemed all tapped out. Rather than seek a ban, Clinton said she would take regulatory steps to put fracking out of business, eventually.

Also at the urging of Sanders, Clinton said she wants to increase benefits paid by Social Security. "I'll defend it and I'll expand it," she said. Sanders advocated raising the cap on Social Security taxes for those making more than \$250,000 a year to pay for expanded benefits. Clinton hasn't revealed how she'd foot the bill.

On hiking the minimum wage, Clinton hemmed and hawed for months while Sanders gave his demand for a \$15-an-hour wage top billing (up from \$7.25). She finally came around, part way. Clinton said she would sign a \$15-an-hour bill, but didn't commit to fighting for it in the first place.

By the third night of the Democratic convention, speakers were pointing Clinton toward the center, away from Sanders, his followers, and their agenda. In the *New York Post*, John Podhoretz wrote that Clinton needed to remove "a Sanders-sized ball-and-chain" from her leg. His delegates caught on quickly to what this meant. They booed.

Leon Panetta, Bill Clinton's chief

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of staff and Barack Obama's defense secretary, said Hillary Clinton had a plan to stamp out the terrorist threat. "We cannot afford someone who believes America should withdraw from the world, threatens our international treaties, and violates our moral principles," he said. Panetta may have been aiming at Trump, but Sanders became collateral damage.

"Panetta was trying to speak to the undecided voter with national security concerns," Podhoretz wrote. Sanders delegates from California, Panetta's home state, responded with cries of "no more wars, no more wars." In other words, they heckled.

Nor did the Sanders contingent like what they heard from Vice President Joe Biden and Senator Tim Kaine, Clinton's running mate. They chanted their dislike of the TPP trade pact. Thanks to McAuliffe, their fears that Clinton might flip back to favoring it are justified.

It may have come as a surprise to Sanders, an independent who joined

That gang at the Democratic National Committee bent on undermining the Sanders campaign? They were simply doing their job. In voting for Clinton over Sanders 602-to-48, the superdelegates did what they were created to do: block the nomination of a presidential candidate judged to be unelectable.

the Democratic party to run for president, to learn how the party works. It isn't ruled by convention delegates or elected officials. The bosses are interest groups—unions, environmentalists, feminists, minorities, gays, a large chunk of Wall Street—and the party apparatus.

When the National Education Association endorsed Clinton, it was clear her flirtation with charter

schools would come to an end. And it has. The environmental lobby kept her from supporting the Keystone oil pipeline from Canada, though her State Department had determined it would not be harmful to nature. To ensure African Americans were on board, Clinton didn't risk any friction with Black Lives Matter.

And that gang at the Democratic National Committee bent on undermining the Sanders campaign? They were simply doing their job. In voting for Clinton over Sanders 602-to-48, the superdelegates did what they were created to do: block the nomination of a presidential candidate judged to be unelectable.

Sanders isn't left with much. He basks in the glory of the Democratic platform, calling it "the most progressive platform" in the party's history. But a platform has little effect on policy. Sanders has formed a new organization, Our Revolution, as "the next step for his movement." It's a small step. ♦

Entitlements Are the Elephant in the Room

By Thomas J. Donohue

President and CEO
U.S. Chamber of Commerce

There's a giant elephant in the room this campaign season, and I'm not talking about a leftover decoration from the Republican convention. Our entitlement programs—Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid—are growing faster than we can pay for them, posing a looming threat to our nation's social safety net. Yet neither of the major candidates for president will admit it, let alone address it.

Hillary Clinton has pledged to expand Social Security by reaching deeper into the pockets of our most productive citizens, while refusing to make any needed structural adjustments to shore up the program for the long term. Although the Republican platform advocates for the programs to be modernized, the party standard-bearer, Donald Trump, has called entitlement reform a political loser on the campaign trail. In other words, the best case

scenario come 2017 may be the status quo. But we know that leaving these programs on autopilot is a recipe for disaster.

According to the Social Security Trustees, on its present course the Disability Insurance Trust Fund will be empty by 2023. The Social Security Trust Fund will be depleted by 2034, requiring 23% across-the-board cuts to promised benefits. According to the Medicare Trustees, Medicare Part A, covering hospital insurance, will have to slash payments to providers by 2028. Meanwhile, total Medicare and Medicaid expenditures will continue to rise sharply and push our deficits to new heights.

At current spending levels, entitlement programs and net interest will consume 98% of federal revenue by 2026. This means we'll have to borrow to pay for almost everything else—education, defense, infrastructure, research and development, and so on.

Without some changes, our leaders will face stark choices in the not too distant future: stop investing in priorities that are

crucial to our long-term competitiveness and prosperity; allow our nation's safety net to fray, leaving our most vulnerable citizens out in the cold; or run up the federal credit card until lenders cut us off.

The good news is that there's another choice—fix our programs now! Modest, carefully crafted, phased-in adjustments to our entitlement programs could sustain them for the long haul and protect the most at risk among us without bankrupting our country. But we need leaders courageous enough to make that choice.

Make no mistake. The true champions of these programs are the ones who are willing to reform them, not the ones who would leave them on autopilot. Entitlement reform won't be easy, and it isn't politically expedient. However, it's absolutely necessary to preserving a social safety net for the sick, the elderly, and the disadvantaged.



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Here Comes Hillary

And she's got all her baggage with her, too.

BY JAY COST

Hillary Clinton officially secured the Democratic party's nomination for president last week, placing her one step closer to the job she has been doggedly pursuing for almost 20 years.

With the exception of Donald Trump, no major-party nominee has ever been so unpopular with the broader public. The two are viewed unfavorably by an overwhelming majority of their fellow citizens. Clinton's flaws are manifest, from corruption to the lying to an utter lack of charm. But she counters them with organization, money, a single-minded determination, and political instincts that are sharper than most people realize. She will be a formidable candidate in the general election.

Over the 25 years she has been a national figure, Clinton's relationship with the public has had a byzantine trajectory. She began her career in the spotlight as a polarizing first lady. Laura Bush and Michelle Obama enjoyed favorable ratings of better than 60 percent for the entirety of their tenures, but scandals and a botched effort at health care reform soured the public on Hillary Clinton. In the summer of 1996, just as her husband was about to be reelected overwhelmingly, Gallup found her rating split, 46 percent favorable to 47 percent unfavorable.

Her numbers improved dramatically when the Monica Lewinsky scandal broke. The public sympathized

with her plight as a mistreated spouse, and her favorable rating hit 67 percent shortly after the 1998 midterms. But this was not to last. The controversies surrounding the end of Bill Clinton's administration, like the Marc Rich pardon, damaged her. A workmanlike tenure in the Senate enabled her to



win reelection with ease but did little to improve her national numbers. By the end of 2007, public views of her remained more or less evenly split.

Her image improved dramatically when she became secretary of state. As is typical of high-ranking cabinet officials, the public liked her more than it liked the president. By the time she left Foggy Bottom, 64 percent of Americans had a favorable view of her, per Gallup.

Then the Benghazi controversy ensnared her, and her numbers plummeted, reaching a level not seen since the Whitewater scandal in the early 1990s. Usually, bad headlines harm the ratings of the president, while the public is more forgiving of his executive

appointees. For instance, as late as the summer of 2006, Condoleezza Rice still had a favorable rating of 61 percent, 20 points higher than President George W. Bush. But Benghazi hurt Clinton without really affecting Obama—an exception to the rule. The damage to her reputation was compounded by the email scandal—another debacle that tarnished her without really harming Obama.

On the eve of the 2016 Democratic convention, her favorable rating stood at a paltry 37 percent in the Gallup poll. This is an extraordinary turnaround: Nearly one in three Americans have shifted from a positive to a negative view of her in the last four years.

If public views of Clinton have varied dramatically over the decades, she has many qualities that remained constant. She is a crafty political operative whose pursuit of power has been relentless. Who else but Clinton could have parlayed the Lewinsky scandal into a seat in the United States Senate, and by extension a shot at the presidency? And while Clinton's 2008 presidential campaign was badly run in many respects, she showed determination by hanging around after Obama's big victories on Super Tuesday that year.

She won a majority of the contests from that point forward and rallied roughly half of the Democratic electorate behind her. With such a power base, she was in a prime position to raise a ruckus at the 2008 Democratic convention and become the leader of a "party in exile." However, she cleverly cut in the opposite direction. She gave a rousing endorsement of Obama, unified the party, and secured for herself the job at State, again putting her in prime position for the White House.

Clinton has another asset working in her favor: Barack Obama. No Democratic president since JFK has been as consistently popular with his own party. Gallup's latest reading found Obama drawing 90 percent approval

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JASON SEILER

from self-identified Democrats. This is significant because, since 1988, the Democratic share of the national presidential or congressional vote has never fallen below 45 percent. If Obama can bring the Democrats home to Clinton, she will need only a couple more points to edge Trump in the national popular vote.

Again, it is a testament to Clinton's political instincts that the president is so staunchly in her corner. She wisely buried the hatchet with Obama after the bruising 2008 primary and positioned herself as his heir apparent. Obama knows that his legacy depends

upon her victory in November, so he will surely try to leverage his popularity among Democrats to her benefit. Who would have guessed, eight years ago, that she would be in such a strong position within her own party?

This election cycle has been so unpredictable to date that it is a fool's errand to try to guess what comes next. Still, Clinton must not be underestimated. Though she has manifest weaknesses, she is a smart, ferocious politician. If she and Obama can unite the Democratic party behind her candidacy, she will be tough to beat in November. ♦

Dalrymple noted in a smart piece for *City Journal*, his "petty" activities included violent assault. Meanwhile, it was police who failed to stop Lahouaiej Bouhlel on his late-night "ice cream delivery" to the tourist zone of Nice. Initial reports about the murder of the priest in Normandy on July 26 indicate that at least one of the attackers was known to police as a potential terrorist, even having to wear an ankle bracelet. Police are inevitably on the front lines both in the prevention of and response to terrorism. Still, France, I believe, suffers from poor local policing.

Unlike Britain and America, France has never had a strong tradition of urban or community policing. Walking the beat, or specific cops on patrol through specific neighborhoods, has never been practiced in France. There are municipal police, but they are subservient to the national police. Meanwhile, the *Gendarmes*, who fulfill a mixed police and military function, are considered part of the military.

Regarded as revolutionary when introduced in England in the early 19th century, walking a beat is still the best

kind of policing, as it gives cops, and their superiors, detailed knowledge of the terrain and people. All the way back in the 1850s, Emperor Napoleon III, having spent much of his youth in England, tried introducing policing *à l'anglaise* in Paris and other French cities. Subsequent ministers in subsequent regimes have tried to do likewise. At other times, French governments have placed hopes in a "national guard" that would protect (or if necessary repress violence

in) their own neighborhoods, while also being available for service in case of war.

These efforts usually failed. In the 19th century, there was fear that police or soldiers wouldn't prove loyal to the government and would go over to the side of protesters. These days, many French believe that the mere presence of police in a

On the Terror Beat

France needs community policing.

BY NEIL ROGACHEVSKY

After initial reports that the Nice attacker, Mohamed Lahouaiej Bouhlel, was a self-radicalized lone wolf, French prosecutors said last week that he had a group of accomplices. Like Lahouaiej Bouhlel, all had been living in France for several years, some with dual citizenship. As the threat of political violence against France continues, the government has extended its state-of-emergency policies, which grant police and intelligence services sweeping powers to search without warrant and make arrests. The interior minister, Bernard Cazeneuve, has called on French citizens to join the army reserves. And the government has given every indication of working hard to increase its capacity to fight "made in France" terror as well as plots from abroad.

That said, some soul-searching and reevaluation are in order. As the

BBC's Peter Taylor has written, the six French intelligence agencies, much like other French departments, have difficulty sharing information with



Close to the street, French-style

one another and receiving information from other bodies, including police. The Bataclan attack last November was surely a failure of intelligence in this respect. But France should also take a close look at its system of policing.

Lahouaiej Bouhlel, after all, was known to police. He has been called a "petty criminal," even if, as Theodore

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neighborhood violates the presumption of innocence, as if policing by its nature is punitive rather than preventive. Meanwhile, French governments have often thought that the *esprit de corps* of the gendarmes demanded separation from civilians. Even today, French gendarmes live with their families in special compounds away from the center of town.

In one of France's frequent though usually unsuccessful efforts at "decentralization," the Chirac-Jospin government in 1998 introduced a *police de proximité*, separate from the national gendarmes, whose aim was to carry out community policing functions. Nicolas Sarkozy, the ostensibly law and order president, abolished it, famously accusing these cops of being mere "social workers" and of playing football with kids instead of repressing crime. Seeing the necessity for more cops, President François Hollande revived the institution in 2012. Yet a Paris-based security expert tells me that the force is regrettably considered a bit of a laughing-stock. Communication between *police de proximité* and the national police remains weak. The goal of the *police de proximité* has been to provide a kind of broken-windows policing. Their mission is to defend public order and fight against delinquency. Yet it seems that broken-windows policing works best when it is carried out by cops with the fullest powers. The *police de proximité* are often unarmed and have strict rules of engagement. Their presence inspires little respect or fear, whether from lawbreakers or from the national police.

Could a well-constituted *police de proximité* have picked up information about Lahouaiej Bouhlel in advance of his attack? It's hard to say. One can say with certainty however that the French police are making little progress in troubled neighborhoods of major cities where men like Lahouaiej Bouhlel inevitably live or spend time. There, France is still largely reliant on its national police force. Other countries have fought terrorism and political

violence with a capable police force. Israel, for instance, has a highly centralized police force. Israel, however, is a small country that also boasts a heavily armed citizenry, which has frequently intervened with success against terrorists—including in cases not unlike the truck assault in Nice. Israel also has a

New York and other American cities saw the benefits of an increase in community policing over the last few decades. In France, community policing could help bolster intelligence-gathering and finally begin making dangerous neighborhoods less accommodating for those planning violence.



A London officer chats during a 2003 street patrol.

volunteer police auxiliary force, whose members do walk a beat.

Whatever the "Marseillaise" says, I do not foresee any contemporary French government arming the citizenry, nor do I believe the country requires Israeli-levels of policing. Still, a concerted effort to put the best police on local streets, with full police powers, could be very much in order. As it stands now, the French police are called in when there's a problem; they leave when it's solved or when there isn't one. The local knowledge that comes from the beat and that sometimes, though not always, filters

up and becomes useful intelligence is less available. Properly administered, community policing could lead to greater trust (and fear) of authorities in those troubled neighborhoods which are the source in Europe of most domestic terrorism. As intelligent commentators have noted, French security services rely upon a network of informants to keep them abreast of activities in these neighborhoods. This is picking the low-hanging fruit, saving the government from the work of developing its own, real-time sense of what's happening in its neighborhoods. Informants can sometimes be effective, but clearly they are not sufficient.

New York and other American cities saw the benefits of an increase in community policing over the last few decades. In France, community policing could help bolster intelligence-gathering and finally begin the process of making the dangerous neighborhoods less accommodating for those planning violence.

The serious bolstering of community police in France is unlikely to be welcomed by the French. Police there do not benefit from the wellspring of public support from which they still benefit in America. If serious community policing, conducted by officers with full police powers, were tried seriously, it would likely be cast as an invasive assault on liberty. There could well be antipolice sentiment that would make the current wave of it in

America pale by comparison. Still, it could help.

At the risk of being accused of cultural superiority, I will say that many of the best-operating features of French government were initially borrowed from Anglos or Americans; recall the old joke that heaven is English government and French food and hell the reverse. Anglo-American policing is hardly heavenly, but it's better than the alternatives. As they grapple with a difficult security situation, the French should take a closer look at how their English-speaking friends police. ♦

SCOTT BARBOUR / GETTY

Of Philanthropy and Phonies

Giving giving a bad name.

BY NAOMI SCHAEFER RILEY

Philanthropy is on the rise in the United States, hitting a record \$373 billion last year, according to the Giving Institute. And yet the image of charity is taking a beating during this election season, a campaign featuring a businessman remarkably stingy with his fortune and an entrenched politico who uses a charitable foundation for political purposes.

Last week brought news that back in 2007 Donald Trump pledged \$250,000 to a charity called Friends of the IDF, which supports Israeli military personnel and the families of fallen Israeli soldiers. But the check never came; someone else had to make good on Trump's pledge. Which is not surprising. Trump only followed through on his promised gift of millions to veterans groups when the press called him out earlier this year. Meanwhile, though Trump's son Eric has said his father has given "hundreds of thousands" to the Eric Trump Foundation, he now says he simply doesn't have the time to provide any evidence the donations were actually made.

Trump's flintiness is nothing new. In 1990, Waldemar A. Nielsen was director of the Aspen Institute's Program for the Advancement of Philanthropy. Talking with the *Chronicle of Philanthropy* that year, he dismissed Donald Trump's charitable gifts as "kind of dinky" given a fortune then estimated to be between \$1 billion and

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\$3 billion. Many of the gifts Trump did make, Nielsen pointed out, were thousand-dollar checks written to colleges for seats at gala New York fundraising dinners.

According to research by the *Washington Post*, "public records show that Trump donated about \$2.8 million" in the last decade and a half. And even that may give an overly generous



The Clinton Slush Fund: not a true sign of the times

impression. The records obtained by the *Post* "show Trump has given nothing to his foundation since 2008." For someone who likes to repeat that he is worth more than \$10 billion, this seems like a drop in the bucket.

The Clintons have made more charitable donations, but have done so largely through the Clinton Foundation, an organization rightly criticized for collecting millions of dollars in donations from foreign governments even while Mrs. Clinton was secretary of state. (Most recently, it was discovered that while at State, Secretary Clinton took meetings with foreign donors, meetings that were not listed on her official calendar.) And there have been plenty of influential players stateside—George Stephanopoulos

comes to mind—whose large gifts to the foundation have raised eyebrows. Whatever good the Clinton Foundation might be doing for global health, it appears to have been a vehicle of choice for countries and rich individuals eager to curry favor with the Clintons. And the organization also appears to have been a conveniently tax-free way to keep members of the Clinton machine on the payroll. Huma Abedin, for example, was paid by the Clinton Foundation even while she was collecting a salary working for Hillary at the State Department.

None of this—whether Trump's parsimony or the Clintons' manipulations—is good for philanthropy. It could well lead to calls on both sides of the aisle for more government oversight of charities. And not just of the conflicts of interest that arise when government officials are also engaged in the affairs of multibillion-dollar foundations. The cries again will start for the end of the charitable deduction on individual tax returns. Politicians will start to wonder why foundations receive so much latitude. Why do they only need to spend 5 percent of their endowment per year? And if the government is giving them this "break" on taxes, why shouldn't the federal government have more of a say in how they spend their money, and even who serves on their boards?

Many Americans will rightly sympathize. When philanthropies start to look like sham operations, people want to know why they are treated so favorably. And the tax code is the easiest lever by which to change that. But we've seen in recent years what happens when the IRS sets out to choose which sorts of nonprofits are worthwhile and which are in need of special scrutiny.

Happily, the presidential candidates are not representative of the American people. According to the National Philanthropic Trust, the average American household gave almost \$3,000 to charitable causes last year, including gifts to religious, educational, human

ANDREW BURTON / GETTY

services, and arts institutions. Americans making less than \$50,000 gave some 4 percent of their income on average.

Nor are Trump and Clinton even representative of America's wealthy elites. Last year Stephen Schwarzman gave \$40 million to the Inner City Scholarship Fund; David Dornsife gave \$40 million to World Vision's

clean water, sanitation, and hygiene projects; Donald Sirkin bequeathed \$125 million to Lighthouse for the Blind and Visually Impaired; and Gerry Lenfest put \$30 million into college scholarships.

These donors big and small, not the scam artists running for president, are the ones who represent America's true spirit of generosity. ♦

Long Lines and Empty Shelves

Venezuela drives the socialist bus off a cliff.

BY DARIÓ PAYA

Back when I was 8 years old, my days would usually begin with my mom telling me to go stand in line at the small neighborhood shop. The line would have been there since before dawn, long before the shop would open, if it opened at all, because they had so little to sell. This was Chile in the early '70s, under Salvador Allende's socialist government.

The recent images from Venezuela—of empty store shelves and desperate Venezuelans crossing the border with Colombia in hopes of buying something, anything, to eat—brought back those memories. As I did back in the '70s, people in Venezuela now regularly line up at shops with shuttered windows and locked doors. It's not that people lack money. There's always plenty of that during hyperinflation. It's just the scraps of paper aren't worth much of anything, which is why there's nothing to trade it for. Still, you wait in line because there are always rumors, hope against hope, that something will come in that day—maybe a little sugar, a pack of cigarettes, a can of whatever. And then things would get suddenly tense.

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Above, street demonstrations against shortages, June 11; below, empty pharmacy shelves, April 15



Which is how my mom got beat up. When the rumor was of chickens—or maybe I should just say “birds,” as the scrawny things were no larger than my 8-year-old hand—the stakes

were higher than usual, and higher still if there were actually a few birds. One such day, Mom got to the front of the line just as the store owner was down to the last couple of chickens. He was as hungry as the rest of us and was about to be cleaned out. He asked my mom, “Could you take one for my family?” By agreeing to help the storekeeper—himself a capitalist pig, no doubt—my mother became an “accomplice” deserving of swift “popular justice.” She was beaten on the sidewalk outside the shop by the local Committee of Supply and Prices, basically neighbors who had become the thuggish street-level enforcers of the socialist revolution. Her bruises were far bigger than the bird we never got to eat.

Please take a moment to guess who handles the distribution of food in Venezuela today: the local committees of the United Socialist party.

Hugo Chávez may be dead, but the disaster he set in motion is still very much alive. Several years ago, back when Chávez was still busy turning Venezuela into Zimbabwe, I asked a friend what he expected for his country once Hugo left power. “*El chavismo* is like a 70-year-old bus with loose steering, failing brakes, and no suspension, hurtling down a mountain road with cliffs on both sides and no guard rails,” he said. “After Chávez, the next driver may or may not be another madman, but it will still be the same bus hurtling down the same road.” And now, with Chávez's chosen successor, Nicolás Maduro, steering, the wheels are coming off the bus.

Populists and socialists destroy their societies in predictable ways. It's not like one day a populist gets up and says, “I'm going to ruin this country.” Rather, he starts out wanting to spread the wealth and finds that the easiest way to hand out cash is by simply printing lots of it. Which creates a new problem: As the currency weakens, prices rise. But the populist finds there's an answer for that too. If bread is getting expensive, he can fix its price, and he gets to vilify the baker as a greedy capitalist.

IMAGES: NEWS.COM

But then the baker stops producing bread because he can't afford to make it, what with the rising price of flour. And so what does the populist do next? He fixes the prices of flour. When that doesn't work, the politically expedient thing to do will be to take over the bakery and the farms and hand them to the folks in the party's local committees, who prove to be rather less apt at farming and baking than they are at mother-beating.

Maduro is well down this path, having in the last months threatened to seize, among many other businesses, breweries that have shut down because they can't get barley. Capitalists who would stop making beer are just trying "to sabotage the country [and] should get out," Maduro railed this spring. In the same breath, he proclaimed that those who do try to get out "must be handcuffed and sent to the PGV," Venezuela's General Penitentiary.

None of this chaos is necessarily a problem for the populist politician. Because when food and other essential items—just try to get your hands on toilet paper in Venezuela these days—become really scarce, the power of the government's local committees grows. They, after all, have a monopoly on the distribution of food and necessities.

And if violence does erupt, it can be denounced as the doing of enemies of the state and used as a pretext for renewed crackdowns: "We're going to tell the imperialism and the international right that the people are present, with their farm instruments in one hand and a gun in the other," Maduro told a Caracas crowd. And soon, Mr. Populist finds himself with a good reason to suspend the country's constitution. Thus does a tyrannical attitude toward the shop-owner selling bread lead to a tyranny over a whole nation.

And for what? Back in the '70s when I was a kid waiting in line, most socialists actually believed that the shortages and hardships were just a way-station on the path to the promised land of socialism. Food shortages weren't the disastrous endgame of collectivist economics but just a difficult stage, they thought, on the progress to

the new state-run nirvana. Of course, back then, there was the Soviet Union with money to keep its socialist clients from total collapse. Latin America's leftists felt themselves part of a bloc in a divided world. They had a religion of sorts and plenty of Cuban "revolutionary clergy" to spread its gospel.

But the current madness in Venezuela? Where does it lead? On the other side of this unhinged irresponsibility, there's nothing but a failed state.

One would hope this Chávez-

instigated, Castro-advised, Kirchner-supported tragedy will have a sobering effect on the people of the region who might otherwise think that a failed state is something that only happens in distant African or Middle-Eastern countries. Because the toxic combo of populism, Marxist rhetoric, and weak institutions is all too prevalent in Latin America, a lurking challenge to freedom and the rule of law.

And we need to get Latin America permanently off that bus. ♦

Age of the Furies

Justice coming undone.

BY REBECCA BURGESS

Perhaps he had some intimation that he would soon be dead. He'd seen the Persians sack Athens and had fought against Darius at Marathon and Xerxes at Salamis, but when Aeschylus submitted what would be his last plays to Athens's prestigious public festival, his theme was neither war nor empire but the civic origins of Athenian democracy. Treating justice in his *Oresteia* as the very nub of society, Aeschylus' portrayal of the aftermath of a murder reverberates in today's well-publicized skepticism over the legitimacy of our justice system—if only in reverse.

Aeschylus' three *Oresteia* plays—*Agamemnon*, *The Libation Bearers*, and *The Eumenides*—chronicle the return of Agamemnon to Argos, finally victorious over Troy after 10 years of warfare. His wife Clytaemnestra is happy to see him, but only in order to kill him, encouraged by her lover Aegisthus. Clytaemnestra's claim against her husband is that he must pay for the earlier sacrifice of their young daughter Iphigenia, whose immolation had been thought necessary to

release favorable winds, to carry the warriors' ships initially to Troy.

Clytaemnestra's murder of Agamemnon is in fact regicide. With her lover she usurps the throne, but blood must be answered in blood. This is what Clytaemnestra's surviving daughter Electra prays for, and after years of exile and presumed death, her brother Orestes returns to fulfill her prayers, killing both Clytaemnestra and Aegisthus. The resulting crime of matricide cannot be simply washed off Orestes' hands: He is hounded out of Argos, and we wait for his inevitable death throes, perhaps on his conflicted sister's knifepoint, and thus her death too—suicide perhaps, crazed by grief and guilt.

Except we do not find these latter stages of tragedy. There are legitimate grievances, but there have also been gods at work, inciting some of the principals to their bloody deeds. Clytaemnestra might have been motivated by her maternal fury against Agamemnon, but Orestes is commanded by the god Apollo to avenge the slain king and promised that he won't be punished for it. Complicating the equation is the Olympian deities' feud with the primal gods, ancient forces who watch over the

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natural order and incite blood vendetta against transgressors. These are the Furies, chthonic, tribal, and matriarchal, whose bloodlust against Orestes on his mother's account is thwarted at the last instant by Athena, the goddess of wisdom and patroness of Athens.

Athena recognizes that the rudimentary demands of justice, represented by the Furies, must be answered. But meeting each party's demands will result in fresh affronts and more death, tearing apart the communities of men and gods in a furious escalation towards extermination. If Athena pardons Orestes and defeats the Furies, they will destroy her land; if she consigns Orestes to their rage, she offends the Olympians—a situation to avoid, if Homer is any guide. “A crisis either way. / Embrace the one? Expel the other? It defeats me.” Athena improvises, turns her ordeal into a trial, and establishes the first citizen jury. She brings civil law into being on the shards of tribal custom, which will enable families and citizens to live harmoniously together, without precluding their ability to fulfill their duties to the gods.

Athena reaches this resolution by calling 12 individuals from Athens to the Areopagus, to hear out and then cast blind ballots between the Furies (advocates for Clytaemnestra) and Orestes, for whom Apollo suddenly appears to act as counsel. Unlike the plains of Troy, where men battled each other in the larger feud of Athena against Apollo, on the Areopagus Athena enables legal judgement and creates the procedures to control it. When the jurors' ballots are counted, they are evenly divided: Orestes and Clytaemnestra are equally innocent and equally guilty. Athena has reserved for herself the tie-breaker vote. She casts it for Orestes, but only after paying homage to the Furies and their claim of retribution.

In persuading the Furies to accept

the judicial outcome, Athena shows them that the primordial, anti-civilizational terror they represent, which keeps them in the darkneses of earth, can be domesticated into the civilizing terror of respect for laws. Rather than shunned for their tribal bloodlust, they can be revered goddesses precisely for effecting the transition from a self-help justice-by-revenge to an administration of justice by trial, because reason is a surer guide than instinct and absolutely necessary if society is to be communal and demo-



Clytaemnestra hesitates before killing the sleeping Agamemnon.

cratic. The Furies transform into the Eumenides, the “Kindly Ones,” and Athena establishes a judicial principle: Defendants who receive an equally divided vote are to be acquitted. This type of compassion in the laws (recognizing manslaughter versus murder, for example), the argument goes, isn't possible in a system only of competing families or tribes.

Can a political community have one definition of justice that will satisfy any and all grievances? Can the black and white character of most laws have the breadth to address current acts of injustice, while having the finality to end the debate over who deserves equity for past injustices—as Athena effectively did? Aeschylus shows Athenians that they had created democracy in the act of weighing the legitimate, competing claims made by different segments of

society against each other, and by then arriving at the consensus, that the type of justice they needed to function as a coherent political community had to be more broadly built than those individual claims. *The Eumenides* in particular makes this exhortation, that democratic prosperity continues only so long as there remains a shared belief that a justice beyond the repayment of violence in kind is possible.

What makes the *Oresteia* so compelling a narrative for today's America is that for decades we have actively worked backwards from the belief that such a thing as communal justice—justice for all, justice simply—is possible. While perhaps not intended, such is the message left in the dust of the new identity politics that emerged from the sexual revolution and an extravagant multiculturalism. In emphasizing the divisions of Americans into categories and subcategories of race, ethnicity, class, and gender, each with its own (legitimate) grievances and hurts, academic lecturing has paved the way for the increasingly frequent physical convulsions of our cities.

The goal of civil rights, in which individuals achieve equality under the law, is now consistently, startlingly rejected. Hence Baltimore last summer, in which (as the mayor put it) “those who wished to destroy” were given “space to do that.” Justice as the cycle of retribution might be “fair,” but it is something less than social and democratic.

A more recent compatriot of Aeschylus, George Seferis, said that the playwright “fought with his tragedies as if they were weapons that might keep his country free.” His *Oresteia* reminded Athenians of the violence they had escaped, of the progression of the bloody terror of the age of the Furies into the prosperous age of the “Kindly Ones” who protect justice through law. The *Oresteia* tells us the reverse today. The Eumenides have fled, and we have become infuriated. ♦

Lest We Forget

The merit of immoral memorials

BY JONATHAN BRONITSKY

Sherrrod Brown was one of nine senators who addressed a luncheon on May 25 celebrating Jewish American Heritage Month. He spent the majority of his time at the podium, not surprisingly and not unlike most of his colleagues, extolling the American Jewish community for its contributions to the civil rights movement as well as its ongoing commitment to social justice. Seemingly as an impromptu aside, though certainly in sync with his feisty oration on the reformist spirit, he insisted that the Russell Senate Office Building—the building in which the luncheon was taking place—be renamed, because it’s dedicated to a segregationist: Richard Russell Jr., who represented Georgia in the U.S. Senate from 1933 until his death in 1971. (There are two other Senate office buildings on Capitol Hill, Dirksen and Hart, honoring the late senators Everett Dirksen of Illinois and Philip Hart of Michigan.)

Senator Brown, an Ohio Democrat, is not the first to suggest that the splendid Beaux-Arts edifice on Constitution Avenue ought to commemorate someone whose public service record better reflects America’s immutable ideals. A handful of appeals to rename the Russell building arose last year in the months preceding the lowering of the Confederate flag from South Carolina’s statehouse grounds. For example, there was a *Washington Post* op-ed by David Bennett, professor emeritus of American history at Syracuse University, and Matt

Bennett, his son and cofounder of Third Way, a Washington think tank. They proposed that the name of Senator Russell, whose “core legislative legacy was built on massive resistance to racial equality,” be replaced by that of the late Ted Kennedy of Massachusetts, who “built his legacy upon inclusiveness and compassion.”

Similarly, journalist and author Michael Tomasky, in a piece for the *Daily Beast*, made the case for ditching Russell, “the archenemy of civil rights,” and renaming the building for Senator Bob Dole of Kansas, “a good man” who voted for the 1964 Civil Rights Act and later worked on civil rights for the disabled. To his credit, Tomasky, in contrast to others who opined on the matter, also sought—however briefly—to understand why the “Old Senate Office Building,” which opened in 1909, was renamed for Russell in 1972. “Such were the times that his racism could be contextualized as an understandable and forgivable flaw,” Tomasky offered. “Maybe it’s still understandable, given the time and place of his birth and rearing.”

Yet Tomasky, somewhat conveniently, avoided reference to the seven-foot, Carrara-marble statue of Richard Russell in the building’s rotunda. If Russell’s name should be scrubbed from the building, then shouldn’t his likeness be hauled away too? Surely, the statue of (in Tomasky’s phrase) “a racist who spent 30 years making sure black children went to inferior schools” ought not be allowed

to stand in that stately space, which hosts an inestimable number of visitors from near and far each year. In 2003, a group did in fact call upon the Senate to pass a resolution not just to change the Russell building’s name, but also to cart off the statue. The group, Change the Name, was organized by civil rights activist Dick Gregory and gained



The Senate’s statue of Richard Russell Jr.

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THE ARCHITECT OF THE CAPITOL

national attention. “The symbol of this man on a building is not going to be tolerated,” Gregory said. Plainly, he met with little success—for both the name and statue remain.

Conversely, the 1972 resolution to dedicate the Old Senate Office Building to Russell, authored by the late senators Robert Byrd and Howard Baker, encountered barely any opposition, passing by a vote of 99-1. (The holdout was Senator Philip Hart, who cautioned that it was “unwise to anticipate history’s verdict” of those who had served in the Senate.) Today, not a few will ask in exasperation: How could all those elected officials in that prestigious upper chamber—from both the North and the South and from both parties—have been so insensitive to the vast historic suffering of African Americans? How could they not have grasped that venerating Russell in such a grand way would send an awful message to future generations about what principles our country cherishes? It’s possible—and Tomasky intimated this—that America’s racial attitudes hadn’t changed all that much in the years closely following the Civil Rights Act and the Voting Rights Act.

But what about that solitary and imposing statue in the building’s rotunda? It was unveiled in 1996, nearly a quarter-century after the building was renamed. Was America still *that* bigoted then? That was the year that Whoopi Goldberg hosted the 68th Academy Awards, that the Chicago Bulls, with Michael Jordan, won their fourth NBA championship and the admiration of millions, and that athletes of all colors from across the world were welcomed with open arms in Atlanta to compete in the Summer Olympics.

What’s more, the unveiling of the statue of Senator Russell on January 24, 1996, was far from a subdued affair. It was accompanied by ceremonies and speeches from, among other leading public servants, Vice President Al Gore. Gore lauded Russell at length for both his professional

accomplishments and personal attributes. “Dick Russell,” he avowed, “had a heart of gold and was one of the most honorable individuals ever to serve in the United States Senate throughout its more than 200-year history.” That’s

quite a different picture from the one painted by the letter that Change the Name sent to senators in 2003. “More than any other senator of his time,” the letter read, “Richard Russell violated individual rights, jeopardized orderly democratic procedure, and extended victimization to an already oppressed group of U.S. citizens. Americans suffered and died because of Richard Russell’s words and deeds.” Further affronting the modern conscience, Gore avoided mention of racism and segregation.

Senator Robert Byrd spoke on that occasion, as well, waxing poetic about Russell’s life and career and sliding past the repugnant stuff—that is, other than claiming “constitutionalism” was “the main force behind [Russell’s] opposition to what were popularly known then as civil rights acts.” Byrd, of course, was a West Virginia Democrat who was also once a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Though he reportedly left the white supremacist organization in 1943 (the actual date of departure remains a source of dispute), he still attempted to block the Civil Rights Act in 1964 with a 14-hour filibuster. Perhaps his shortcomings too might be “contextualized,” as Tomasky wrote about Russell. But should Gore also be afforded leniency? He was educated at the finest schools (St. Albans and Harvard). He knew Russell personally when he was a young man. And his own father, Al Gore Sr., was a Democratic senator from Tennessee who partook in Byrd’s Civil Rights Act filibuster and served alongside Senator Russell for 32 years. So what gives?

America is undoubtedly far more committed to celebrating racial diversity in 2016 than it was in 1996, let alone in 1972. Yet it seems that the nature of the country’s moral compass (or at least the moral compass of the country’s elites) has changed too—and not necessarily always for the better. To today’s typical



Segregationist Russell in 1964

‘Dick Russell,’ Al Gore avowed at the statue’s unveiling, ‘had a heart of gold and was one of the most honorable individuals ever to serve in the United States Senate throughout its more than 200-year history.’



The Russell Senate Office Building

progressive, it's inconceivable that the 99 senators who backed the 1972 resolution to rename the Old Senate Office Building after Russell weren't supremely prejudiced, morally obtuse, or both. It's unthinkable that the dignitaries who praised Russell in 1996 when his marble likeness was unveiled on Capitol Hill weren't utterly insensitive. It's not plausible that these distinguished persons, while well aware of Russell's serious failings, concluded that there is value to considering man as a whole, that imperfection is what renders man human. Gore emphasized in his speech Russell's "lasting influence" in "bringing electricity to rural America, getting loans for Georgia's farmers, making sure that poor children could eat a decent lunch at school." For Gore, these efforts—no doubt more so than Russell's reduction of bureaucracy and promotion of a robust national defense—provided indisputable evidence of "love of country, devotion to duty, respect for principles."

The practice of altering—or tearing down, in rare cases—memorials deemed unsuited to the temper of the times is worn territory. But it has reached unprecedented levels in our era of "tolerance," an era exemplified by sensitivity training, safe spaces, and trigger warnings. Pressure has built to rename, in higher education alone, Tillman Hall at Clemson University (named for Governor "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman, a white supremacist who was among the institution's founders); Calhoun College at Yale University (named for another South Carolinian, John C. Calhoun, who infamously argued that slavery was a "positive good"); and Lynch Hall, named after former college president Clyde A. Lynch, at Lebanon Valley College in Pennsylvania, simply because the word "lynch" can have racial connotations. Last year, Georgetown University, on the recommendation of the Working Group on Slavery, Memory, and Reconciliation, opted to rename two

buildings named for school presidents "who organized the sale of Jesuit-owned slaves to help pay off campus debt in the 1830s," as the *Washington Post* reported.

Maybe all these structures, as well as the Russell Senate Office Building, should be renamed. That being said, the demands to rename—and the motivations underpinning the demands—are also deserving of scrutiny. For

the most part, they have been ad hoc and largely indifferent to the wider and lasting moral standards that would be set by "success." Of course, it would be preposterous to expect that some type of objective formula might be devised to render judgment on the fates of supposedly iniquitous memorials. But at a minimum, it's worth a sober consideration of questions raised by these efforts to unremember aspects of our history.

For one, if, say, a distinguished name somewhere in the country is erased from a building or monument because of an association with racial inequality, should similar examples be set from coast to coast? Last year, CNN anchor Don Lemon floated the notion of modifying the Jefferson Memorial because Thomas Jefferson owned slaves. "There may come a day when we want to rethink Jefferson," he told colleague Ashleigh Banfield. "I don't [know] if we should do that, but when we get to that point, I'll be happy to partake in that particular discussion." But what justification does Lemon have for not rethinking the Jefferson Memorial *now*? One suspects that he, and rightly so, may have

weighed Jefferson's virtues against Jefferson's vices—and ruled positively. Yet if Jefferson is to be afforded this measured calculation, why not Senator Russell? There might be obvious reasons, but what are they?

In the wake of Lemon's comment, PJ Media hit the streets of Washington, video camera in hand, to gather the thoughts of local residents. One said the Jefferson Memorial "should come down" and further suggested that Washington itself might be renamed because George Washington, like Jefferson, owned slaves. He also supported changing the American flag because it's "based on



Russell, seated, during a civil rights debate, 1960

Of course, it would be preposterous to expect that some type of objective formula might be devised to render judgment on the fates of supposedly iniquitous memorials. But at a minimum, it's worth a sober consideration of questions raised by these efforts to unremember aspects of our history.

a lot of mass killings and slavery.” According to this logic, why should Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman be let off the hook? Many may feel that the internment of 120,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry and the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were among the most egregious human rights violations in American history. Should Roosevelt’s and Truman’s names therefore be effaced from the countless schools and bridges and other edifices they adorn across the country? Even nonradical leftists will have a difficult time coming up with an answer for their inconsistent approach to latter-day judgments of historical figures. Such hesitation should be admired rather than mocked, as it indicates awareness of the very slippery slope with which we’re dealing.

Another vital question rarely tackled when it comes to redressing the injustices of the past: Who possesses the authority to determine what’s too revolting to the public palate? Last year, the Austin Independent School District Board in Austin, Texas, received requests from the community to rename Robert E. Lee Elementary. Members of the board then asked for recommendations but pointed out they would have the final say. In late May, in an 8-1 vote, they picked “Russell Lee Elementary” as the school’s new name. (Lee was a chronicler of Great Depression poverty and founder of the University of Texas-Austin’s photography program.) So what were the recommendations from the same community that was purportedly distraught by “Robert E. Lee Elementary”? “Donald J. Trump Elementary” garnered the most nominations, 45. And check this out: “Robert E. Lee Elementary” was the runner-up with 34 nominations. (Progressivism, it appears, has yet to fully suppress the taste for sarcasm.)

The United States is a federal republic, not a pure democracy, so there tends to be mediated representation at most levels of society. Yet what happened in Austin leads one to wonder who exactly is offended and how

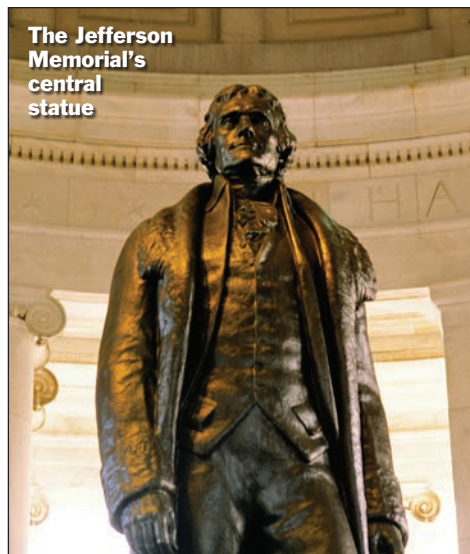
widespread the offense is in certain situations. When does a claim of emotional or mental harm warrant attention? Is it about content or numbers, or both?

What renaming controversies most vividly reveal is that progressives—and it’s almost always progressives due to their perennial

discomfort with the past—distrust individuals. They have little confidence in the capacity of citizens to learn from history what *they* consider to be the proper lessons of history. (In fact, they distrust citizens to make decisions in general, which is why they so frequently employ the state to impose top-down, pre-engineered schemes upon society.) They fear that remembering particular aspects of the past is dangerous, because remembering might lead to emulation. What they seek instead is to immaculately curate the public and private realms in which we live out our daily lives. Yet in a cleansed moral environment, families, communities, and voluntary associations would be denied the opportunity to explain to succeeding generations, in their own chosen ways, the complexities of yesteryear. A public square cleansed of all aspects of the past of which we now disapprove would also preclude the type of discussion that inspires empathy, introspection, and attention to nuance.

And what if, hypothetically, we could expunge all that offends us? Would we be pleased with the

result? Lois Lowry’s bestselling 1993 novel, *The Giver*, answered with a definitive “no,” as did the late Kenneth Minogue, who stressed in a 2009 essay for the *American Conservative*, “perfection, by its nature, destroys the possibility of progress.” Indeed, in a society uncontaminated by the past, there would be no way of assessing how far we’ve come. With an absence of signs of and testaments to trials and tribulations, there would be no feeling for triumph and tragedy. There would be no sense of direction. We would be eternally moving through a motionless and an emotionless present. ♦



‘There may come a day when we want to rethink Jefferson,’ CNN anchor Don Lemon said. But what justification does Lemon have for not rethinking the Jefferson Memorial now? One suspects that he, and rightly so, may have weighed Jefferson’s virtues against Jefferson’s vices—and ruled positively. So why not Senator Russell?’



Whiskey Rebellion: A tax collector is tarred and feathered in western Pennsylvania (1794).

Growing Pains

Even Founders faltered on the Constitution. BY J. HARVIE WILKINSON III

The Alien and Sedition Acts almost strangled the American republic shortly after its birth. Terri Diane Halperin, who teaches at the University of Richmond, has written a lucid and concise account of a controversy whose

The Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798
Testing the Constitution
 by Terri Diane Halperin
 Johns Hopkins, 168 pp., \$19.95

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importance to American history is not to be underestimated.

As their names suggest, the acts took aim at two perceived threats to the young republic: the influx of recent immigrants to America and the “seditious” criticism by citizens of their

own government. The debate over these enactments reflected two starkly different visions of the kind of nation America should be.

The Federalist party, whose members included such notables as John Adams and Alexander Hamilton, was above all the party of order: The new republic needed time to settle down and for national unity to take hold. A period of relative peace was required for American commerce to flourish, and such events as the antitax Whiskey Rebellion in western Pennsylvania (1791-94), which

BARBARA CUSHING / EVERETT

caused President George Washington to call out the militia, were viewed by many Federalists with alarm.

The Constitution had not provided for political parties. Their somewhat surprising emergence in the waning years of the 18th century brought a potential for inflamed passions that further disturbed the Federalist preference for a restrained political order. The Democratic-Republicans, whose leaders were Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, represented to many Federalists democracy at its rambunctious worst, for the Democratic-Republicans placed great faith in the wisdom of the people, the ultimate bulwark against the suspected aristocrats and monarchists who inhabited the Federalist party.

Professor Halperin recounts the ensuing struggle with an admirable balance. Her narrative seldom loses focus and she has rightly declined to indulge in revisionist history. While the acts undoubtedly have contemporary ramifications, Halperin has wisely framed the debate as the participants saw it and left judgments largely to her readers.

The Federalists were convinced that recent immigrants from France and Ireland posed a threat to American security. They viewed the newcomers as ones who had fomented unrest in their home countries and would do the same in the United States. As Halperin puts it, if “the French invaded America, these Irish immigrants, along with the French aliens, would happily join the invading forces and turn against their American hosts.” (Incidentally, most of the newcomers whom the Federalists deplored were expected to support the Democratic-Republicans.)

With the alien acts, the Federalists sought to build a figurative wall. They wished to remove responsibility for citizenship from the states and lodge it in the federal government. The period of residency for citizenship was extended from 5 to 14 years. The president was given discretion to deport suspicious aliens who, in turn, were stripped of virtually all due process rights. Even without deportations, the acts operated as a threat that encouraged many new immigrants to depart the United States and others to abandon plans to come here.

The Sedition Act was even more oppressive. It outlawed “any false, scandalous, and malicious writing” that brought the president or Congress “into contempt or disrepute.” The Federalists believed that the government and the nation were much the same and that intemperate criticism of the government not only destabilized the country but bordered on treason. The Democratic-Republicans viewed the Sedition Act not only as an attempt to shield Federalist officials from criticism, but as a mortal threat to free speech and repeal of rights guaranteed by the newly ratified Constitution.

Undeterred, the Federalists forged ahead with 17 indictments for seditious speech. Most of the prosecutions were timed to affect the presidential election of 1800. Most were brought before Federalist judges, who had been appointed by Presidents Washington and Adams, and acted, Halperin writes, more like “prosecutors” than judges. And most were brought against the editors of Democratic-Republican newspapers. When, Jefferson wondered, would “the reign of witches pass over, their spells dissolve, and the people, recovering their true sight, restore their government to [its] true principles”?

The case of Matthew Lyon, a Democratic-Republican congressman from Vermont, illustrates how the prosecutions not only failed to silence opposing speech but created martyrs of the dissidents. Lyon had accused Adams of “an unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation, and selfish avarice.” Put on trial for defaming the government, Lyon had the temerity to ask the presiding judge whether he had “dined with the President and observed his ridiculous pomp and parade.” As Halperin notes, Lyon “put his trial and conviction at the center of his reelection campaign, becoming the first congressman to run for and win reelection while in prison.” Democratic-Republican sympathizers offered to pay his fines both in silver and gold. He became, says Halperin, “a hero in the cause of liberty.”

Were the story to end there, the Fed-

eralists might endure the black eye of history alone. The question, however, is whether Thomas Jefferson’s response to the Alien and Sedition Acts was as bad, or worse, than the acts themselves. Jefferson took a hand in drafting the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, which posited the Constitution as a compact between the states and the federal government, allowing the states to nullify federal acts and, in extreme cases, to withdraw from the compact itself.

Jefferson warned further that laws such as the Alien and Sedition Acts would, “unless arrested at the threshold, necessarily drive these States into revolution and blood.” While the Kentucky legislature (slightly) toned down Jefferson’s rhetoric, the damage had been done: The enormous prestige of one of America’s foremost Founders had been committed to the possibility of fragmentation and disunion, his ideas left to rumble through the Southern states in the years prior to the Civil War and, later, in resistance to the Supreme Court’s decision in *Brown v. Board of Education* (1954).

After Jefferson won the presidency in 1800, most of the provisions of the Alien and Sedition Acts expired. The acts continue, however, to illustrate just how easily the American experiment can veer off course and how authoritarian and separatist impulses lie not far from the surface in even the most enlightened countries.

The threats to free speech and to American nationhood in 1798 did not arise from just anybody. The threats were leveled by two Founders whose experience with American independence and constitutionalism should have led them to know better. Many of their contemporaries opposed what they did—only Virginia would adopt a milder version of the Kentucky Resolutions—and in so doing saved Adams and Jefferson from themselves. But the acts, to this day, serve notice to us not to take our freedoms or our national unity for granted.

Terri Diane Halperin reminds us that such things are not self-perpetuating. Their life and care remain as much our responsibility today as they were our ancestors’ two centuries ago. ♦

Unblinking Eye

The infinite rewards of immersion in Proust.

BY JOSEPH EPSTEIN

In a contest for the best novels of the past four centuries, the winners, surely, are: for the 17th century, *Don Quixote*; for the 18th century, *Tom Jones*; for the 19th, *War and Peace*; and for the 20th, *Remembrance of Things Past*, or as it is now increasingly known in English, *In Search of Lost Time*. A Spaniard, an Englishman, a Russian, and a Frenchman—what a motley crew their authors comprise! Cervantes was the son of a barber-surgeon; Fielding was a journalist, a jurist, and scion of the squirearchy; Tolstoy, of course, a nobleman; and Proust a half-Jewish, fully homosexual *flâneur*.

The theme of the story of art, unlike that of the sciences, is not, whatever else it may be, one of progress. In science, discovery builds on discovery, achievement on achievement. “If I have seen further,” said Isaac Newton, “it is by standing on the shoulders of giants.” In art there are merely—some *merely*—discrete geniuses, who arrive without predecessors and depart without successors. Marcel Proust is a case in highly italicized point: No one could have predicted that this diletantish young social climber would write the novel that Benjamin Taylor, in this study of Proust in the Yale Jewish Lives series, calls the “culmination of European literature.”

Taylor’s *Proust: The Search* is a work of admirable concision, covering Marcel Proust’s life, interests, oddity, and the arc of his career, all in relatively brief compass. Relying on the work of Proust’s biographers—William C. Carter and Jean-Yves Tadié espe-

Joseph Epstein, a contributing editor, is the author, most recently, of the forthcoming Frozen in Time: Twenty Stories.

Proust
The Search
by Benjamin Taylor
Yale, 224 pp., \$25

cially—but also through his own penetrating reading of Proust’s writing, he has brought out what it is about Proust that commands our interest and, for those Proustolaters among us, our devotion.

Proust’s father was a physician, an expert in cholera, himself the son of a provincial Roman Catholic grocer. His mother was Jewish, a Weil, daughter of a successful Parisian stockbroker, with an uncle, Adolphe Crémieux, who was a staunch defender of Jewish rights in France. The marriage, as Taylor characterizes it, joined “ambition to money.” Each may have felt him- or herself superior to the other. Their first child, Marcel, was born in 1871; a second son, Robert, who like his father would become a physician, was born roughly two years later. No effort was made, Taylor notes, to force a conversion on the part of Jeanne Proust, who continued to think herself Jewish.

Marcel Proust was the greatest mama’s boy in all of literature. An asthmatic all his life, his mother, upon whose affection he counted preternaturally, was also something akin to his caregiver. A social butterfly, of highly exotic coloring, the young Marcel Proust dithered and dallied and did not get down to serious work until his mid-thirties. He felt he had betrayed his father, remarking that “I am well aware that I was always the dark spot in his life.” On his mother’s death, which occurred when he was 34, Proust wrote: “She takes away my life with her, as Papa had taken away hers.”

This major subtraction from his life, as Taylor notes, turned his thoughts to suicide. He replaced his mother with work on his great novel.

How Jewish Proust felt himself—though anyone born to a Jewish mother under the Israeli Law of Return technically qualifies as Jewish—is a complicated matter. Taylor writes that “Proust saw himself as what he was: the non-Jewish son of a Jewish mother.” But then, a Jew, like beauty, is often in the eye of the beholder, and Proust, though baptized, was nonetheless often taken for Jewish. In his *Diaries* Harold Nicolson described Proust as “very Hebrew.” Earlier, Colette put a character modeled on Proust in one of her novels, describing him as “a young kike of letters.” François Mauriac, describing in his diary a visit to Proust, wrote: “sheets none too clean, the stench of the furnished flat, his Jewish features, with his ten-day growth of beard, sinking back into ancestral filth.” A man who served on a literary prize committee with Proust described him as “despite the moustache, [having] the look of a sixty-year-old Jewish lady who might have been beautiful.”

Proust understood that Jewishness is a club from which it would be dishonorable to drop out, even though his being Jewish in those days may have prevented him from joining other clubs. Antisemitism was one of the favorite indoor sports of the French literati: The Goncourts, Maurice Barrès, Alphonse Daudet, Paul Bourget, and others engaged freely in it. Benjamin Taylor quotes a letter from Proust to Robert de Montesquiou, one of the people on whom Proust’s character Baron de Charlus is based, apropos of his antisemitism. In this letter Proust remarks that, though himself Catholic, his mother is Jewish, and this is “enough for me to refrain from such discussions”—adding, ambiguously, that he “was not free to have the ideas I might otherwise have on the subject.”

Yet Proust had no difficulty aligning himself with Jewish causes. In the Dreyfus Affair, in which the Jewish Captain Alfred Dreyfus was falsely



Marcello Mazzarella as Marcel Proust in 'Le Temps retrouvé' (1999)

charged with treason and sent off to Devil's Island, Proust signed petitions on behalf of Dreyfus. He was able to persuade Anatole France, then possessed of a much grander name than his own, to sign Zola's famous *J'accuse* article against the injustice done to Dreyfus that appeared in 1898 in the French paper *L'Aurore*. Charles Swann, the most sympathetic character in *In Search of Lost Time*, is a Jew.

Fame did not come quickly to Proust. In his mid-twenties he published *Pleasures and Days*, a lightish collection of *feuilletons* and parodies. He worked on *Jean Santeuil*, a longish autobiographical novel that he abandoned. With the aid of his mother, whose English was superior to his own, he turned out a translation of John Ruskin's *Bible of Amiens*. He also wrote an important collection of essays, *Contre Sainte-Beuve*, arguing against what he took to be the biographical fallacy in judging fiction.

Even Proust's great literary achievement, *In Search of Lost Time*, his passkey to immortality, did not find ready acceptance. The first portion of what would eventually be a seven-volume novel was rejected at the publishing house of Nouvelle Revue Française, in one of the monumentally foolish deci-

sions in literary history, and by no less a figure than André Gide. Some say Gide read only a few scant sentences before rejecting the 1,500-page manuscript, some that he never opened the package in which it was sent. Two other publishing houses turned the book down. Eventually it was published by Bernard Grasset, with Proust paying the cost of the printing. Grasset, meanwhile, told friends that the book was unreadable. So much for the literary acumen of publishers. But then, Reynaldo Hahn, the composer, friend, and (for a time) lover of Proust, claimed that no one predicted or detected the prospect of genius in Marcel Proust.

Benjamin Taylor is excellent on the psychology behind Proust's homosexuality. He notes Proust's "habit of confessing his homosexual desires, then denying them. ... This pattern of admitting and retracting was to last for the rest of Proust's life." Proust, Taylor writes, "never in his life wanted women. He only wanted to want them"—a nice but crucial distinction. Perhaps because of this, of his never being altogether at ease with his own homosexuality, Proust was a profound analyst and chronicler of the homosexual life of his time. "Invert" is the—in our day thoroughly unacceptable—word

he frequently uses in place of homosexual. His most trenchant comments on the subject appear in the fourth book of his novel, *Cities of the Plain*—originally *Sodom and Gomorrah*, a title thought too outré for its day—where Proust provides insights into the homosexual life that are an odd mixture of sympathy and condemnation.

Proust describes homosexuals as "a race upon which a curse is laid and which must live in falsehood and perjury because it knows that its desire, that which constitutes life's dearest pleasure, is held to be punishable, shameful, an inadmissible thing" (Baron de Charlus, Proust's most memorable and richly complex character, is homosexual, and as such hostage to his desires.) He writes about the love of homosexuals for men who "cannot love them in return," and so "their desire would be forever unappeased did not their money procure for them real men, and their imagination end by making them take for real men the inverts to whom they have prostituted themselves." (Proust himself patronized male bordellos, where he indulged tastes too kinky to be detailed here.) He eschews any notion that homosexuality is a special gift, despite homosexuals "taking pleasure in recalling that Socrates was one of them, as the Jews claim that Jesus was one of them." Nor does he hold with those who "regard homosexuality as the appurtenance of genius." He compares homosexuals to Jews and to Negroes—never, no matter how well connected, allowed to be entirely at ease in the society into which they are born.

A homosexual who was a subtle analyst of homosexuality, a snob who was snobbery's greatest chronicler, Marcel Proust is perhaps the stellar example of the adage that it takes one to know one. As the narrator of *In Search of Lost Time* writes, his direct experience put him above "the social novelists who analyze mercilessly from the outside the actions of a snob or supposed snob, but never place themselves inside his skin." As a young man, Proust's snobbery took the form of social climbing. He was an upward-aspiring rather than a downward-disparaging snob. His

youthful letters, off-puttingly lubricous in their buttering-up social betters, are for this reason disappointing.

Yet the snob in Proust, however subconsciously, was all along disguising the astute student of snobbery, the young man upon whom, in the social realm, very little was lost. “If I went to a dinner party,” the narrator of *In Search of Lost Time* writes, “I did not see the guests; when I thought I was looking at them, I was in fact examining them with X-rays.” This is the writer who noticed, for example, that “the more dubious titles are, the more prominently coronets are displayed upon wine glasses, silver, note-paper and luggage.” This same young man knew that “snobbishness in changing its subject does not change its accent.” As for change itself, Proust notes, in *Time*

Regained, the final book in his novel, that “there must in art, as in medicine and fashion, be new names,” an *aperçu* that accounts for the not-infrequent rise of the mediocre to fame in these realms in our, and every other, day.

Proust was both fascinated and appalled by the intricacy and cruelty of social distinctions, so many of which, on the part of all social classes, from maids to dukes, he registers in his novel. No one who has read Proust will forget the scene, occurring in *The Guermantes Way*, in which Charles Swann, who has ardently cultivated the Duc and Duchesse of Guermantes, tells them that he cannot join them on a trip to Venice because he is dying and is likely to be dead well before they depart. The Duc gainsays this information, perfunctorily telling Charles he will outlive them all, and concentrates instead on telling his wife that she cannot possibly wear black shoes with the red dress she is wearing, and sends her back up to their apartment to put on her red shoes. Eager to get on to the party and an assignation with a

mistress, the Duc says to Swann and the narrator: “Off you go before Oriane comes down again. ... If she finds you here she’ll start talking again.”

Benjamin Taylor notes Proust’s lack of concern about money, which was impressive. Owing to his inheritance upon his mother’s death, he was, essen-



Marcel Proust (1900)

tially, out of the financial wars. But even with the ample funds available to him, the interest on which I have seen estimated at \$16,000 a month, he is said to have tipped waiters at the Ritz 120 percent. Taylor mentions but does not have the space to elaborate upon the most amusing bit of financial extravagance I know, which is Proust’s arranging to have the Poulet String Quartet play the César Franck Quartet in D and other of his favorite music for him in private audience in his apartment at 102 boulevard Haussmann. According to Jean-Yves Tadié, Proust’s most thorough biographer, he did this time and again, in each instance rewarding the group amply. All this was done late at night, for Proust worked nights and slept days in his cork-lined (to ensure silence) bedroom. On one occasion, when Proust arrived to pick them up for another private concert, the musicians found him in the back of his chauffeur-driven car, under an eider-down quilt, eating from a soup tureen containing mashed potatoes.

Proust set to work on *In Search of*

Lost Time in his 37th year. He worked on it for the last 14 years of his life. (He died in 1922, at 51.) The novel was finally unfinished, in the sense that its author was still making corrections, mostly in the form of additions, up to the time of his death. “Less is more” is not an aesthetic apothegm in

which Proust believed. The work that we have is roughly a million-and-a-half words long. Samuel Johnson said of *Paradise Lost* that no one wished it were longer. Daunting as Proust’s seven volumes may seem to beginners, the same cannot be said of Proustolaters, for whom, like Proust, more is even better.

In Search of Lost Time is about many things, desire not least among them. Taylor quotes Proust on the strange quality of desire—“Desire makes all things flourish, possession withers them”—that may

be said to be at the heart of *The Captive* and *The Fugitive*, the volumes about the narrator’s elusive lover Albertine. Yet, Proust writes, “nothing is more limited than pleasure and vice.” The vice of snobbery plays throughout the book.

Proust’s “method,” as Benjamin Taylor puts it, is one of “slow revelation, everything the reader thinks he knows giving way to a wisdom hitherto unimaginable.” In the novel, time mediates all and everything: “The creation of the world did not begin at the beginning of time,” Proust writes, “it occurs every day.” One of the great sad lessons of time, according to Proust, is that all true paradises are lost paradises, which is another way of saying that we do not recognize we are living in paradise until we have left it.

Many bookish, even highly literary, people find *In Search of Lost Time* tough sledding. The novel is not everybody’s cup of tea, even with the famous madeleine biscuit added. No great novel ever began more slowly, with the child Marcel in bed, agonizingly awaiting his mother’s

appearance in his room to kiss him goodnight. Great events occur in the novel—the Dreyfus Affair, World War I, the lush social brocade of the *Belle Époque* much of the time serving as background—while characters, both admirable and deplorable, all of great fascination, appear and reappear. Yet in Proust, analysis everywhere outweighs action, percipience overshadows plot. But what analysis! What percipience! Nothing of the same high order appeared in fiction before or since.

On nearly any page an insight awaits, some small but nonetheless fascinating. Past the age of 40, Proust notes, a woman can retain either her figure or her face; she cannot have both. Encountering an aged face in the final pages of the novel, Proust describes it as “one of the masks in the collection of Time,” which is reminiscent of Marguerite Yourcenar calling Time “that mighty sculptor.” At one point the Baron de Charlus remarks: “I have always honored the defenders of grammar and logic. We realize fifty years later that they have averted serious dangers.” In *Time Regained*, the final volume in the novel, the narrator and his friend Robert Saint-Loup are discussing the war (World War I) when Saint-Loup remarks upon the likeness of the military commander to the literary artist: “A general,” he tells the narrator, “is a like writer who sets out to write a certain play, a certain book, and then the book itself, with the unexpected potentialities which it reveals here, the impassable objects which it presents there, makes him deviate to an enormous degree from his preconceived plan.” Who hitherto would have thought of this brilliant connection? Doubtless no general, nor any novelist apart from Marcel Proust.

Benjamin Taylor quotes Proust’s friend the diplomat Robert de Billy, who claimed Proust’s writing taught him “*la joie de penser autrement que par principes*.” That is to say, he taught him the pleasures of thinking without resorting, as Taylor has it, to “categories and abstractions,” adding: “Can there be a better definition of artistic thinking?”

As it happens, there is, and—no surprise here—Marcel Proust has supplied it. In his most famous aphorism, Pascal wrote, “The heart has reasons that reason cannot know.” Proust supplements this splendidly when he writes

Our intellect is not the most subtle, the most powerful, the most appropriate instrument for revealing the truth. It is life that, little by little, example by example, permits us to see what is most important to our heart, or to our mind, is learned not by reasoning but through other agencies. Then it is that the intellect, observing their superiority, abdicates its control to them upon reasoned grounds and

agrees to become their collaborator and lackey.

Thus does the mind become subservient to the heart, which has reasons that reason by itself cannot hope to know.

Great patience is required in reading Marcel Proust, the strictest attention needs to be paid to his every sentence. That patience and that attention are handsomely rewarded. A work so dense in observation of society, so rich in analysis of character as *In Search of Lost Time* can never finally be mastered, which means that—an added bonus here—it can be read and reread, over and over again, with undiminished pleasure. ♦



Play the Game

Speaking of sports, you have to know the fundamentals.

BY CHRISTOPHER J. SCALIA

It’s unfair to say that athletes, and the people who discuss them, commit more penalties against the English language than anyone else in our culture—pop musicians, actors, politicians, and academics are all in foul trouble. But sports personalities have their own unique brand of cringeworthy clichés (“110 percent”), monotone modesty (“just trying to contribute to my team”), embarrassing braggadocio (“we shocked the world!”), and gruesome grammar (“You mad, bro?”). Bryan Garner’s entry on “defense” in *Modern American Usage* perfectly distills their terrible influence:

The standard pronunciation has long been with the accent on the second syllable. ... But primarily as a result of sports talk, some have shifted the accent to the first syllable. If you want to sound like a general or a lawyer, use the first of these pronunciations; if you want to sound like a sports announcer or cheerleader, use the second.

Christopher J. Scalia is a writer in Washington.

The Field Guide to Sports Metaphors

A Compendium of Competitive Words and Idioms

by Josh Chetwynd

Ten Speed, 224 pp., \$15

Even worse, football announcers often use “defense” as a verb, as in “that’s how you defense the play.”

My favorite sportscasterism is the habit of calling an exceptional play “a thing of beauty.” I imagine a dog-eared edition of Keats’s *Endymion* in the broadcast booth, from which Dan Dierdorf has lifted the famous opening line, “A thing of beauty is a joy forever.” That moment of self-induced naïveté provides relief from many a discussion of “your Peyton Mannings, your Tom Bradys, your Andrew Lucks.”

Josh Chetwynd’s study underscores the enormous influence that sports have had on our language, but is a much more pleasurable experience than listening to a winded star describe



New England Patriots coach Bill Belichick meets the press (2016).

his feelings after a game. That's not to say that the book is a useful source for writers looking to add a free agent to their roster of idioms. Most terms and phrases in *The Field Guide to Sports Metaphors* are worn-out clichés, the verbal equivalents of overpriced veterans signed by the Washington Redskins' owner, Daniel Snyder.

Yet this book is a double pleasure—or because I'm being paid by the sports-related pun, a switch-hitter: Its approximately 150 entries are intriguing historical sketches of both language and sports. The entry for “big leagues,” for example, doesn't only explain what the phrase means idiomatically; it traces the history of different professional baseball leagues, from the National League, the Players' League, the American Association, the American League, and (finally in 1961) Major League Baseball; and it illustrates how the phrase was used figuratively a century ago. The explanation of the term “run interference” narrates the progress of how a football technique—which we now call block-

ing, but which had much more dangerous manifestations in the sport's earlier days—sneaked into the vernacular. Interestingly, the first known example of using the term “move the goalpost” as a metaphor meant it in a positive sense, to help students improve. And did you know that the phrase “hands down” comes from horse racing? When a jockey has a wide lead, he has no need for the rein or whip, so he can put his hands down.

Readers of this magazine will be interested to know that “grandstanding,” playing to the crowd, applied to desperate politicians as early as 1906. And the term “running mate” originally referred to one horse setting the pace for another, like a “rabbit” in present-day distance races—but with the two horses actually harnessed to each other. Two asses yoked together: makes more sense than ever this year.

Many of the expressions catalogued here are surprisingly old. Although quarterbacks call audibles now more than ever (thanks to your Peyton Mannings, your Tom Bradys, your Andrew

Lucks), Chetwynd traces the phrase to the jargon of World War II, when air-raid sirens were called “audible signals,” and he posits that postwar coaches applied it to yelling for attention at the line of scrimmage. Many other expressions are surprisingly new: Chetwynd ascribes “my bad” (meaning “my mistake”) to the basketball player Manute Bol, who first used it in the late 1980s. Its incubation period was remarkably brief, because it was common parlance on my soccer team just a few years later—which also tells you how bad we were. But then, a remarkable trait of sports idioms is how quickly they insinuate themselves into everyday speech, perhaps because of the ubiquity of sports in American life. “Slam-dunk” became a basketball term in 1968; it was a common metaphor by the mid-'70s.

Like any good reference work, Chetwynd's will be a useful umpire for pedantic prescriptivists looking to correct a friend. That's important, because sports metaphors are frequently fumbled. Years ago, I heard a colleague encourage people to “step up to the bar”—an unfortunate conflation of “step up to the plate” and “raise the bar” that is more likely to get someone drunk than promoted. After *PGA v. Martin*, in which the Supreme Court determined that the professional golf organization could not prohibit a handicapped competitor from using a cart between holes, people expressed satisfaction that the Court had “leveled the playing field”—an inapt metaphor for a case about a playing field designed *not* to be level.

Chetwynd's accomplishment is not his original research—most of the material here is lifted from other sources, especially the *Oxford English Dictionary*—but his easy style, engaging storytelling, and charming tone, which moves from high to low culture faster than an Allen Iverson crossover dribble. There are references to second-rate Billy Joel songs, great Scottish poets (James Thomson, Robert Burns, and Walter Scott—whom he unfortunately implies wrote during the 18th century), the theme song to *The Jeffersons*, and Gerald Graff's

JONATHAN WIGGS / THE BOSTON GLOBE / GETTY

influential composition textbook *They Say/I Say*. Chetwynd has also structured the book wisely. Instead of a strict alphabetical format, he divides the idioms according to sports, with a final section of fugitive phrases. (The winning sport is baseball, with 37 entries. Horseracing is a distant runner-up with 22.)

And the second-guessing inspired by some entries is half the fun. Chetwynd explains that “saved by the bell” originally referred to the old rule that a boxing referee would stop the count for a knockout once the bell sounded to end the round. Now, because a supine pugilist can no longer be so rescued and “the bell no longer [has] this protective quality,” Chetwynd argues that “you cannot ... be saved by the bell in a boxing ring.” That’s an overstatement: The bell can still rescue a boxer who is getting pummeled at the end of a round. It’s not as dramatic as the original context, but the basic meaning still applies.

I’d also leave the dugout to dispute Chetwynd’s call for the aforementioned “step up to the plate,” which he defines as “when a person enters the spotlight looking to achieve glory.” The *Macmillan Dictionary* comes closer to the mark when it defines it as “to take responsibility for doing something, even though it is difficult.” (Chetwynd’s entry is still worth reading for its account of how home plate assumed its current form.) Chetwynd has a separate passage for the idiomatic cousin “step up your game” (“to elevate one’s performance”), which dates back to the 1930s: As inelegant and vague as it is, I had assumed it was a more recent innovation.

Considering the recent vintage of many of these idioms, a second edition of Chetwynd’s *Field Guide* will likely include a few new entries. One possibility is “spike the football,” which has been used often in the Obama years to describe inappropriately celebrating a political victory. And surely it’s only a matter of time before the phrase “walk-off,” a relatively new term for a hit that drives in a run to end a baseball game, is used to describe anything that ends suddenly and emphatically! ♦

BCA

Classical Vision

The glory that was Greece arrives in Washington.

BY JOSEPH R. PHELAN

A beautifully carved marble votive relief of Asklepios, the god of medicine, leaning on his staff welcomes us as we enter *The Greeks: Agamemnon to Alexander* at the National Geographic Museum. The noble procession of the god and his children confronting a group of worshippers echoes, on a small scale, the sculptures of the Parthenon frieze. This remarkable object is but 1 of some 550 pieces sent from the collections of 21 Greek museums, from Athens to Vergina, making this exhibition the most comprehensive in a generation. Washington is the final stop of its two-year tour of North America, so visiting the National Geographic this summer is not only your last chance to see this show but the next best thing to a trip to Greece.

After the classical *orektika*, we are thrust back thousands of years into a Bronze Age gallery, looking at an object shaped like a frying pan (and so dubbed by archaeologists) that depicts a longboat being rowed across the waves. The image deftly suggests the rich and transformative exchange of goods and ideas that occurred between the Cyclades islands and mainland Greece, Crete, and Asia Minor. Nearby, our eyes cannot help but lock onto those tall, thin, highly abstract female figurines with folded arms that are among the most iconic of all works of Greek prehistory. Their uncanny simplicity inspired the radical modernist experiments of Picasso, Brancusi, and Modigliani.

Moving ahead we find ourselves face-to-face with the astonishing discoveries of the 19th-century German businessman-turned-archaeologist Heinrich

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The Greeks
Agamemnon to Alexander
National Geographic Museum
through October 10

Schliemann, who after excavating the ancient ruins of Troy made an even more spectacular find in Mycenae in southern Greece: a series of royal tombs filled with fabulous treasure including several gold funeral masks.

Schliemann jumped to the conclusion that he had found the tomb of the legendary Agamemnon, the ill-fated king immortalized in the *Iliad* who led the Greeks against Troy only to be murdered by his wife on his return home. We know now that the artifacts are much older than the supposed date of the Trojan War; yet so great is the hold Homer’s stories exerted on the Western imagination that this tomb and its treasure is forever branded as “belonging to Agamemnon.” Of the two funeral masks on display, the moon-shaped one is a Mycenaean original; the second, the widely reproduced “handsome bearded” man, is a copy, though a historic one.

Throughout the exhibition, the panoply of weaponry and body armor from different centuries reminds us that war was a constant preoccupation of all ancient people, and none more so than the Greeks. There is a wild boar tusk helmet, one that is strikingly similar to what Homer describes Odysseus wearing in the *Iliad*. One gallery is filled with archaic bronze and gold helmets stuck on poles. Their powerful design enhanced by dramatic lighting achieves an unnerving effect, like being dropped into an ancient prequel to *Game of Thrones*.

Spiritedness, courage, and sacrifice



Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes

are on display in almost every room, along with boldness, wit, and resourcefulness. Three moments in the life of Achilles are depicted on funerary vases: his education at the foot of the centaur Chiron; his rage against the corpse of Hector for the killing of Patroclus; and finally, mighty Ajax bearing Achilles' lifeless body on his shoulders. On a krater fragment there is one of the best of all depictions of wily Odysseus putting out the eye of the Cyclops, Polyphemus. As is often the case in an exhibition of this size, the smallest item may pack the biggest punch, so don't miss the small bronze plaque that depicts Odysseus strapped to the underbelly of a ram as he makes his escape from the giant.

Entering the second part of the exhibition we encounter the Greek love of the beautiful in its most palpable form: a hall of archaic marble statues of naked young men and modestly garbed young women. The former, radiating muscular manliness and superabundant good health, embody the ideals of the aristocracy and served as role models for the viewer. At the end of this hallway, we come upon the bust of a bearded hoplite, one of those rare statues found on the Spartan acropolis and long associated with Leonidas, the valiant Spartan king who died with his men at Thermopylae defending Greece from

the onslaught of the Persian Empire.

With the victory of the Greeks against the Persians, the exhibition's focus shifts to the flourishing of Athens. Over the course of the fifth century B.C., the city becomes the home of democracy, drama, comedy, medicine, and philosophy. A sculpture of a young man might depict an athlete taking off his olive wreath and preparing to dedicate it to a god or goddess, or it might be a metaphor of democracy itself. The *kleroterion*, which allowed for the random selection of jurors and other officials, reminds us that the democratic mode of selection is by lot. The name of the renowned statesman Themistocles, appearing on a clay shard used in his ostracism vote, tells us that even great figures could be victims of the democratic will.

Amid the exhibition's celebration of Athenian achievements, however, there is an astonishing hole in the story. In the half-century after the Persian Wars, Athens converted its defensive alliance into an empire using the tribute from allies to beautify Athens. Without that tribute there would be no Parthenon on the Acropolis; but without that empire, there would have been no war between Athens and Sparta. Yet Pericles, the empire, and the 30-year war that the democracy fought and lost are not mentioned here.

But just in time, the two masters of Greek thought make their appearance (though in Roman copies of the original Greek busts) as philosophers of the *polis*. Listening to Plato's Socrates propounding the idea of the philosopher-king, or Aristotle asserting the political nature of human beings, will give visitors some sense of their profound interventions in the life of mankind.

The rise of political philosophy comes, historically, in the twilight-of-the-*polis* period, the fourth century B.C. The orator Demosthenes warns the Athenians to defend their liberty against a growing menace in the north. This allows for an elegant segue into the galleries devoted to the rise to power and wealth of Philip of Macedon and his extraordinary son, Alexander. From the royal tombs of Vergina we see breathtaking myrtle wreaths and crowns of gold. Digital restorations of the tomb paintings allow us to peek at some of the most exciting artistic discoveries of 20th-century archaeology. Our last image is of Alexander as the official court sculptor Lysippus portrayed him: beardless, lion-maned, dramatically turning his neck with an upward aspiring glance, eternally scanning the horizon for new worlds to conquer. ♦

MARK THIESSEN / NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

Long Strange Trip

The Starship 'Enterprise' may be running out of steam.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

Fifty years ago, on September 8, 1966, *Star Trek* premiered on NBC. It struggled through 79 meh-rated episodes before it was cancelled. No one knew it would prove to be the most influential piece of American popular culture of the past half-century.

Before *Star Trek*, science fiction was the Rodney Dangerfield of the genres; in its wake, SF and its fantasy and comic-book offshoots have become the dominating cultural exports of the United States. Indeed, the obsession of Hollywood today with the “intellectual property” model—the way Hollywood refers to a product line that includes movies, television shows, video games, books, and toys, that all stem from a singular root—dates back specifically to *Star Trek*. By the mid-1990s, the show that had vanished from prime time in 1969 had given birth to eight movies, four subsequent television programs, two video games, innumerable toys, and dozens of novels. It was one of the original “brands.”

The surprise revival of *Star Trek* in the 1970s highlighted another of the phenomena that unexpectedly emerged from it: fandom. Successful reruns on New York’s Channel 11 led to the first serious *Star Trek* convention in 1972 in the city, run by enthusiasts for enthusiasts. That “con” and the hundreds that followed it gave rise to the “Trekkie,” the kind of person for whom the fantasy world of the show was more real and more comforting than real life.

Make fun of the Trekkie all you like, and we all did, but this original fanboy became the conduit for a new kind of information flow—a more immediate

Star Trek Beyond

Directed by Justin Lin



connection between the makers of culture and the consumers of culture, especially subcultures. He and his friends would make up a “fan base” that would do everything it could to learn everything about the work of pop culture they loved, and would come to form the queues outside the theaters that made the openings of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* into mass events and the movies themselves into instant classics over the course of a mere weekend. These informal networks built on shared interests not only anticipated social media by four decades; they were the model for it.

Now there’s a new *Star Trek* movie—the thirteenth, called *Beyond*. It’s part of the third iteration of the *Star Trek* films. The first six featured the original cast. Numbers seven through ten featured the cast of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Numbers 11-13 feature the original characters but in their younger days (and also in an alternate universe, but only fanboys understand what the hell that is, so I’ll skip it). Along with *Star Wars*, this series is unique in that its theoretical fanbase stretches from crucial teenage boys who still go out to the movies to people in their mid-50s like me who are choked by nostalgia for the pop detritus of our youth that still clogs our brains and makes it impossible for us to remember lines of poetry by William Blake.

Well, I’m tempted to say that it’s “*Beyond* awful,” because it’s a good line, and it’s even pretty much true. So there. I said it.

For no good reason, the crew of the Starship *Enterprise* in *Beyond* simply accept the word of one seemingly nice alien and fly off to help her. It’s a trap! They’re attacked by a beeswarm of ships and crash-land on a planet where they’re taken hostage. It turns out they have a doodad that will complete some villain’s machine of mass destruction—though those bee-like ships are pretty much a weapon of mass destruction, and it’s not clear why he needs another one. Then he tries to destroy a very nice city in space, just like the villain in the last one, *Into Darkness*, tried to destroy the very nice 23rd-century San Francisco.

Meanwhile, Captain James T. Kirk is having a personal crisis. It’s not clear why, except that it’s his birthday. A key element of this third tranche of *Star Trek* movies is that they labor consciously to echo earlier ones, and this bit is designed as a callback to the second film, 1982’s *The Wrath of Khan*. It, too, begins with Kirk having a crisis on his birthday and getting drunk with the ship’s doctor, Bones McCoy. Only in *The Wrath of Khan* (which is a genuinely wonderful movie, by the way, easily the best single entry in the entire *Star Trek* oeuvre), the scene makes sense; Kirk has hit 50, is getting old and tired, feels like his day has passed. In this movie, with Kirk around 35, there’s no organic reason for the scene and the plot point except to serve as a pointless homage to something better.

The director Justin Lin does everything he can with camera flourishes to make things look new. The *Enterprise* is always seen backwards, or sideways, or upside down, and things are constantly blowing up. But in the end, all these visuals come to resemble nothing so much as sped-up versions of the screen savers on old Macs (you remember—the fish tanks and the rings of Saturn, that sort of thing).

If *Beyond* had been the kind of thing the original show had done, it never would have gotten that fanbase, it never would have had a life after network, *Star Wars* would never have been made, and the past 40 years would have been different. Maybe better. Who knows? ♦

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