

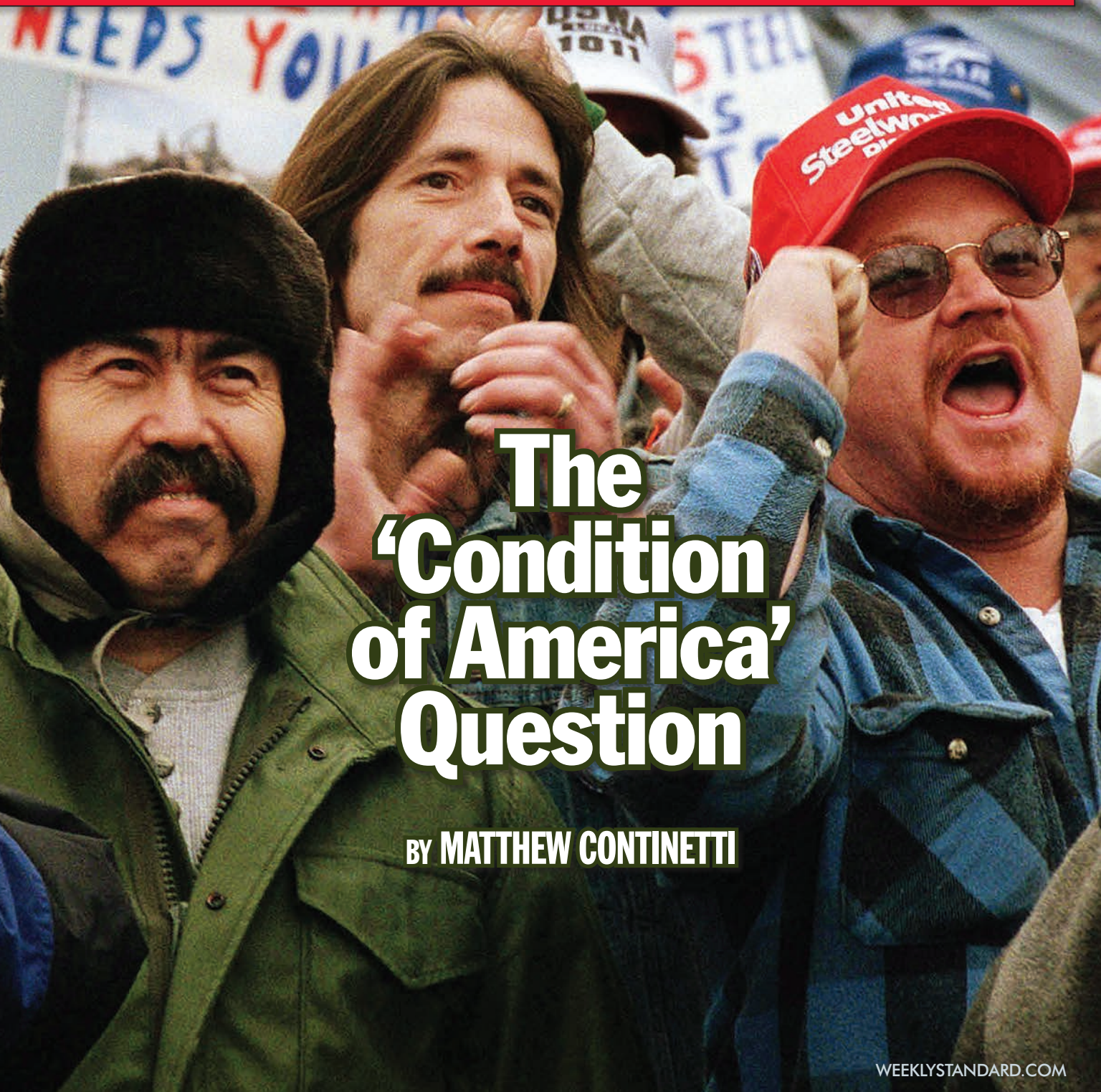
**GERMANY'S
REFUGEE FATIGUE**
CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

the weekly

Standard

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The 'Condition of America' Question

BY MATTHEW CONTINETTI

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Jack Davis, 1924-2016

THE WEEKLY STANDARD lost a member of its extended family on July 27, when Jack Davis, one of the great comic illustrators of 20th-century America, died in Georgia at age 91.

After drawing for his fellow sailors in the Pacific during World War II and for his fellow students at the University of Georgia, Jack made his way to New York, where he was one of the founding artists at *Mad* magazine in 1952. The decades that followed saw him rise to the top of his field, turning out scores of magazine covers for the likes of *Time* and *TV Guide* during their years of peak influence. His productivity was staggering, with his work reproduced in virtually every printed form imaginable: comic books, hardback and paperback books, movie and other posters, greeting and bubblegum cards, billboards, bus advertising, record album covers, and board games—just to scratch the surface. He even drew for a dozen animated projects, including television ad campaigns for Raid, Gillette, and Lectric Shave, and designed all the characters for an early-'70s Saturday morning cartoon based on the members of the Jackson 5.

A glance back through his colossal output serves to remind the reader how un-p.c. his times truly were—how free they were of doctrinaire outrage and career-preserving self-censorship. Davis women were usually preposterously lithe and curvy, and anybody on the public stage, from flower children and counterculturists to presidents and popes, received an equally broad stroke of his brush. A *Mad* parody of TV's *M*A*S*H* begins with Jack in fine form: In a characteristically dense crowd scene, a jeep, from which mail is being distributed to troops, is parked squarely on top of a local, his sandal-clad feet protruding from one end and his broad, conical peas-

ant's hat knocked askew at the other. In Jack's heyday, there even was nothing especially incendiary about depicting oneself in a self-portrait, as this Georgia native did more than once, lightheartedly wearing the



uniform of a Confederate soldier. As would suit a cartoonist, Jack routinely deployed a pointed sense of humor: He illustrated, for instance, the famous poster for the movie *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* and then immediately parodied the film on the pages of *Mad*. Famously,

every figure he drew, whether a celebrity or a generic face that jumped out of his ink jar, was rendered as a wildly elastic creature with tiny wrists and ankles capped by huge feet and hands. As a matter of signature style, however, Jack's work is just as recognizable for its complete lack of malice: Davis caricatures, while funny,

were never cruel or dark, leavened for more than seven productive decades by his own manifest civility and trademark geniality.

When THE WEEKLY STANDARD first contacted him years ago to ask if he would illustrate for us, Jack announced that he was already a subscriber and jokingly wondered why it had taken us so long to call.

Old-school to the end, he worked with a real brush and illustration board, forgoing scanners and even email and relying instead on fax machines and his legendary speed. Early one afternoon when we called back to ask for a few revisions to a sketch he'd faxed the evening before, he apologized and said he'd already painted the final art and packed it off for overnight delivery.

Last year, when he'd hit his nineties, Jack declared that he was hanging up his brushes. Like so many in the world of art and illustration, we were saddened at the end of such an illustrious career and made a mental note to return his originals (to which we had grown attached)—and to include in the shipment a few favorite Davis items for him to sign and send back, beginning with a poster for the 1966 movie *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming*.

As a reminder to do this, a recent email message from him was left

open for several weeks on our desk-top, showing at the top his latest, characteristic reply: “You made my day. . . . THANKS.”

And then came the news that he had died. As the issue you are holding goes to press, the email sits open still. Much as we want not to accept that all these decades of Davis art are over, we can’t quite bring ourselves to click on the little red “X” and close it for good. ♦

Social Justice Work Is Never Done

THE SCRAPBOOK knew it was inevitable—no phenomenon can command headlines the way the Pokémon Go craze has in recent weeks without someone coming up with a social justice angle of attack. And last week, the *Washington Post* found it.

Referencing an Urban Institute study, the *Post* offered “A look at the racial divide of Pokémon Go in D.C.” When players call up the game on their smartphones, to go hunting for the little cartoon characters, the real-life locations they see on the map “are found primarily in predominantly white neighborhoods across the country.” As a result, “communities lose the benefits that could come with diverse groups of people interacting with one another while playing the game.”

While social justice isn’t really one of the game’s goals (ask any of your twentysomething relatives for a full explanation of how the game is played), the article missed an obvious point, which one of the many commenters—“KMRA”—quickly pointed out.

“Congratulations—you absolutely failed to do the relevant research on how the portal maps were created for Ingress.” (Ingress was an earlier exploration game created by Niantic Labs, the makers of Pokémon Go.) “The majority of portals were submitted by players (other than monuments and locations on the historical register). The player base for Ingress



is biased towards adult, middle-class nerds, the majority of whom are white (not all by a long shot, by the way).

“All those beautiful murals in the game? Cool architectural features and random statues? Those are all player submitted, not [created] by Niantic. Should submissions be opened for Pokémon Go, so there can be more Ingress and Pokémon stops in other areas? Absolutely. But making this an issue of the company intentionally leaving people out is ridiculous and makes it blatantly obvious you couldn’t be bothered to learn how the map was made.”

The *Post*’s reporter apparently

didn’t bother to read too deeply into the Urban Institute’s report, which itself observes: “Ingress used to allow players to suggest relevant portal locations in their areas, but because Ingress players tended to be younger, English-speaking men, and because Ingress’s portal criteria [was biased in favor of] business districts and tourist areas, it is unsurprising that portals ended up in white-majority neighborhoods.”

THE SCRAPBOOK understands that in the modern world of digital journalism, reporters have to feed the content beast . . . but at least read all the way to the bottom of the report next time. ♦

The EEOC's Threat to Free Speech



The Gadsden flag

The erosion of America's public square continues at an alarming rate. This week brings news that the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) is seriously entertaining a claim that a man wearing a hat with the image of a Gadsden flag on it—that's the famous coiled snake emblazoned with the words "Don't Tread On Me," flown during the American Revolution—constitutes workplace harassment. According to the EEOC decision on the matter:

Complainant stated that he found the cap to be racially offensive to African Americans because the flag was designed by Christopher Gadsden, a "slave trader & owner of slaves." . . . Complainant maintains that the Gadsden Flag is a "historical indicator of white resentment against blacks stemming largely from the Tea Party." . . .

After a thorough review of the record, it is clear that the Gadsden Flag originated in the Revolutionary War in a non-racial context. Moreover, it is clear that the flag and its slogan have been used to express various non-racial sentiments, such as when it is used in the modern Tea Party political movement, guns rights activism, patriotic displays, and by the military.

However, whatever the historic origins and meaning of the symbol, it also has since been sometimes interpreted to convey racially-tinged messages in some contexts.

The EEOC ultimately punts on the matter, concluding, "Complainant's claim must be investigated to determine the specific context in

which [the coworker] displayed the symbol in the workplace," though nothing in the complaint indicates that the worker wearing the allegedly offensive cap did or said anything offensive to the complainant.

Already, the EEOC has concluded that the display of Confederate flags can create a hostile work environment. That decision, while understandably less objectionable than the absurdity of declaring a symbol of the American Revolution racist, was still one that had many free speech advocates fretting that the EEOC was putting a foot down the slippery slope. And here we are.

Of course, the EEOC doesn't have any jurisdiction to rewrite the First Amendment. What it can do is perhaps more insidious. Once the EEOC sets the rules for workplace harassment, it opens up employers to massive legal liability if they don't follow the rules.

Now think about the implications this has for the democratic process. "Say someone wears 'Trump/Pence 2016' gear in the workplace, or displays a bumper sticker on his car in the work parking lot, or displays such a sign on his cubicle wall, or just says on some occasions that he's voting for Trump. . . . In 'context,' a coworker complains, such speech conveys a message 'tinged' with racial or religious hostility, or is racially or religiously 'insensitive,'" suggests law professor Eugene Volokh. "The coworker threatens to sue. Again, say you are an employer facing such a threat. Would you feel pressured by the risk of liability to restrict the pro-Trump speech?"

If the EEOC continues down the path it's on, it's easy to imagine a not-too-distant future where any political speech that doesn't reflect the progressive orthodoxy can be defined as harassment. We'd warn about the nasty unintended consequences of the EEOC meddling in free speech, but we suspect that for a great many progressives, shutting down any discussion of politically incorrect ideas is, in fact, the intended consequence. ♦

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Visions of a New You

In my house, summer is a time of dreams. The children are sent to camps, where they are accepted as near bursting with creative, athletic, and mental abilities far too great for mere school. My wife Cynthia takes poster board and sets up a wish list for the family. Each member writes in something they would like to do before the end of August: a place they would like to visit, an activity they would enjoy. One year I wrote “swim in the ocean with my children,” and weeks later on a trip to Long Island we stopped at Jones Beach to romp in the surf.

We call the wish list our vision board. I suggested the term, somewhat ironically, not long after hearing the term for the first time and learning what one was.

Women in our upper-middle-class neighborhood, a confidential informant told me, sometimes gather around piles of magazines with scissors and glue, creating collages of their ideal future. These “vision boards” feature self-actualizing statements, quotations, and symbols, maybe a shell for the beach house of their dreams or some other image of the good life.

To me, this sounded not so good. It was more like the usual consumption cast as a not-so-fulfilling quest, yet another example of a materialism that can imagine no higher end than itself, spelled out in a fantasy grammar of luxury goods whose most fluent speakers are the editors of lifestyle sections and taught to credulous strivers who bring to it the phony spirituality of self-help and the practical philosophy of the to-do list. As a magazine guy, I even felt implicated, as if I had just encountered some fundamentalist sect that had received the gospel of

what was practically my own church and taken it far too literally.

Now, I am not a total crank. For starters, I happen to believe in to-do lists. At my job, such is the number and variety of projects that if I don't write it all down, something will be forgotten. And I often include maternal-sounding reminders to myself, such as “be nice,” before, say, I head



to a meeting where there is the potential for butting heads.

And I can do happy talk. The refrigerator door in my kitchen is a magnetic gallery of feel-good affirmations, some of which I even believe. Like most Americans, self-help is a kind of native idiom to me. Whenever Cynthia complains that I am taking some rant too far, I promise to reform and assure her that from now on I will be “positive and life-affirming.”

I even get the “see, do” logic of the vision board and know it can work. A few years back, tennis great Andre Agassi mentioned in his memoir that his ex-wife, the beautiful Brooke Shields, hung a picture of Steffi Graf on their refrigerator, to inspire her to become more fit. It

also inspired Agassi, who ended up leaving Brooke Shields and marrying Steffi Graf.

But I worry that all this busy accounting for the things you want creates a kind of ledger of dissatisfaction. Notice how these elaborate tributes to what we hope to become soon double, with very little effort, as writs of complaint against the lives we already have, all of it bristling against the possibility of acceptance or resignation. There is no *c'est la vie* in a vision board.

After this you won't be surprised that I take a dim view of bucket lists as well, those seemingly harmless plans to go skydiving, have dinner at the French Laundry, and ski the Swiss Alps before you die. Here's my objection: I don't think our peak experiences as tourists say much about the lives we lead the rest of the time.

The bucket list, I really suspect, is just a way to squeeze some high notes into a score mostly already written and dominated by middle tones. Such is my antagonism to the idea that I have started a list of things I probably won't do before I die. Not a list of regrets, but a list of preemptive write-offs. As statements they go, “I don't care if I don't do X before I die.”

At the top of my list is running a marathon. Although I am a bit of a jock, I just can't see committing that much time to running nonstop for five or six hours. Jumping from an airplane is something of a temptation, because I am afraid of heights and it would be just short of impossible for me to do, but I can't see that it would make any difference if I did. African safari? I would learn much more about Africa by reading a few books.

What catchy name have I given to this nonitinerary? It would not be right to spell it out, so let's just say that it rhymes with bucket list but starts with a different letter of the alphabet.

DAVID SKINNER

Paying Ransom to Iran

A day after the deal with Iran over its nuclear program was implemented in January, the Obama administration paid \$1.7 billion to Iran to settle an old Iranian claim (unfinished business from the 1970s). At the same time, the Islamic Republic released four Americans it held in prison. The timing was striking: It looked an awful lot like a ransom payment. But the White House denied it. Last week, the *Wall Street Journal* published further details, which make it all but impossible for any reasonable observer to deny that the White House paid off the regime in Tehran in exchange for the liberty of U.S. citizens: The first installment of \$400 million, we now learn, came in cash.

According to the *Journal* report, “Wooden pallets stacked with euros, Swiss francs and other currencies were flown into Iran on an unmarked cargo plane.” Foreign currencies were used because transactions with Iran using U.S. dollars are illegal under American law. As Charles Krauthammer remarked, if a company was caught laundering money like this, the CEO would go to jail. Even worse, the massive cash transfer would be especially helpful in funding the clandestine activities of a state sponsor of terrorism. A cargo plane full of currency sounds like the opening scene in a great spy thriller. Except it’s not. It’s the Obama administration paying off a regime that has been kidnapping and killing Americans for all 37 years of its existence.

The White House is pushing back against the *Journal* report. It’s a story “for those who are flailing in an attempt to justify their continued opposition to the deal to prevent Iran from obtaining a nuclear weapon,” said White House spokesman Josh Earnest. “The United States,” he continued, “does not pay ransoms.”

Except when it does. And the Obama administration obviously did. Hostage-taking is a key instrument of Iranian statecraft. Tehran has found it useful for its adversaries to understand that it is willing to violate international political and diplomatic norms to have its way. Attacking embassies, as the Iranians trashed two Saudi diplomatic facilities this winter, even predates the habits of the revolutionary regime: In 1829, Tehran mobs surrounded the Russian embassy and killed the ambassador. One hundred and fifty years later, revolutionary gangs overran the U.S. embassy and held 52 Americans hostage for 444 days.

It’s simply how the Iranians do things. Hezbollah, Iran’s praetorian guard in Lebanon, took plenty of Americans and other nationals hostage in Beirut in the 1980s. In order to free them, the Reagan administration gave weapons to Iran, Hezbollah’s patron. Everyone knows it’s a bad idea to pay for the release of hostages, since it creates a market in taking more. And, indeed, the Iranians have “jailed” two more Americans since the January exchange.

What distinguishes the January planeload of cash is that the Obama administration paid ransom not simply for the freedom of American citizens but also to preserve the president’s signature foreign policy initiative. The vaunted Joint Comprehensive Plan of Action turns out to be the culmination of a hostage negotiation.

Let’s look at the details. Administration spokesmen argue that the \$400 million paid out was Tehran’s money to begin with. But that’s not true. The \$400 million was a payment received from the shah of Iran for a weapons deal with Washington that was never consummated because

he was toppled by the Islamic revolution in 1979. Thus Washington held the money. Later, American victims of Iranian terrorism won judgments against the Islamic Republic in U.S. courts, and the Clinton administration, as a *Newsweek* article reported in January, promised that the settlements would be paid out of the \$400 million. But the Clinton White House never reimbursed the Treasury Department, nor did the Bush administration. The \$400 million that Obama aides say belongs to Iran should have long ago been distributed to Iran’s American victims and their families. Instead, it was U.S. taxpayers who compensated the victims of Iranian terror. And then we paid \$400 million a second time, in January, to the Iranians themselves. The \$1.3 billion of interest that the United States is supposed to have owed the Iranians is simply a fiction the Obama administration contrived to sweeten the pot, since the United States was under no legal obligation to pay Iran money that was no longer Iran’s. Yes, it was ransom, billed to the U.S. taxpayer.

The Obama administration has never shown much interest in compelling the Iranians to abandon their habit of taking hostages. Quite the opposite, in fact. The administration built its Middle East policy around the idea that it



Secretary of State John Kerry haggles with Iran’s Mohammad Javad Zarif.

was hostage to Iran. America's military options against Iran and its regional proxies were limited, said White House officials, by the fact that the United States had thousands of troops in Iraq and Afghanistan for Iran to target. In other words, in the administration's view, the American military was held hostage by Iran. U.S. allies were also constrained since Iran would take it out on those same American troops if, say, Israel decided to take action against Iran.

Since Iran had America cornered, the only option, argued the White House, was the nuclear agreement. Sure, it wasn't perfect, but it was better than war with Iran. In time, the administration moved the goal posts so far that even sanctions were said to be likely to lead to war. But if the president of the United States had taken military force off the table, who could possibly be threatening war? Only Iran. The administration's message was that if Americans didn't want war with an Iran ready to make war, we had no choice but to sue for peace and pay up. The nuclear deal wasn't ideal—we conceded on everything from uranium enrichment to inspections—but it was better than war.

The Obama administration used Iran's reputation as a state that pays no heed to international norms—kidnaps

civilians, overruns embassies, backs terror—to push the nuclear deal. In warning critics of the JCPOA that their opposition would lead to war, the White House effectively cowrote Iran's ransom demands.

A year after the deal was signed and more than six months after implementation day—and the hostage deal—the White House's talking points are sounding ever more hollow. The self-anointed party of science seems to have a difficult time coping with the idea of empirical evidence. Critics of the deal are not genetically opposed to any accommodation with Iran ever. Rather, they understand that even a casual glance at the facts shows this regime is not yet ready to be ushered back into the community of nations.

And then there's the administration itself, which struck an agreement over a nuclear weapons program with a regime that at the very same time gave clear evidence that it has no interest in abiding by international norms. The empirical evidence is that the clerical regime in Tehran cannot be trusted, and the Obama administration will continue to provide cover for it. No price is too high to pay if it preserves the president's signature foreign policy initiative.

—Lee Smith

Panic Among the Chickens

'GOP at 'new level of panic' over Trump," ran the banner *Washington Post* headline on August 4. Just two weeks earlier Donald Trump had accepted his party's presidential nomination, marking the occasion with an effective if not elegant speech. A few days later, polls showed Trump opening up a slight lead over Hillary Clinton.

Then came the Democratic convention, well-produced but not particularly notable—except for the speech of Gold Star father Khizr Khan. Even this powerful statement would have drifted quickly into the rear-view mirror but for Donald Trump's grotesque and undisciplined reaction to it, which continued for days on end. Now his poll numbers are cratering, and GOP leaders are at a new level of panic.

The *Post* found panickers all over—from party chairman Reince Priebus, who is said to be "very frustrated," to Newt Gingrich, quoted as saying that "right now" Trump is not an "acceptable" candidate; from Rudy Giuliani in New York, trying to arrange an "intervention" with the candidate, to RNC member Henry Barbour in Mississippi, also "frustrated." Other strategists, named and unnamed, make an

appearance in the article. The panic room is a popular place for GOP big shots to huddle in these days.

But it's a stupid place to be. Worse, it's a pathetic and contemptible place to be. All of these Republicans have expressed support for Trump. They're prominent people with access to Trump. They should persuade him in private to improve his campaign. Or they should give up and go on a long vacation. Or, if they have come to the belated realization that Donald Trump should not be the next president

of the United States, they should stand up and say so.

But they should get no credit for whining to the press and complaining to their peers so long as they continue to support for president the individual who is the very cause of their whining, their complaining, and their panic. The only act they should get credit for is withdrawing their support for the candidate. If they were to do so, as late in the day as we are, many things are still possible.

Absent a withdrawal of support, each of the panicking Trump-supporting Republicans will deserve his fate as "an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle."

—William Kristol



Reince Priebus Newt Gingrich Rudy Giuliani Henry Barbour

Willkommen?

Maybe not so much.

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL



Protesters wave Turkish flags during a pro-Erdogan rally in Cologne, July 31, 2016.

In the last days of July, German chancellor Angela Merkel rushed back to Berlin from her summer vacation to tell her countrymen how strong they were. She had done the same thing a year earlier, when Europe faced a wave of refugees from the war in Syria, joined by migrants from Iraq, Iran, and elsewhere in the Muslim world. Back in the summer of 2015, Merkel announced that Germany could handle 800,000 of them. Migrants took it as an invitation. Over a million came. The encounter between Germany and its new Muslim population has been rocky. Last New Year's Eve in downtown Cologne saw 1,200 sexual assaults by mostly migrant men. A Moroccan girl stabbed a policeman in Hannover in March, and in April two teenagers, Yusuf T. and Mohammed B., blew up a Sikh temple in Essen.

At her latest appearance, Merkel professed herself proud of last

summer's invitation and told Germans they were now summoned to "a great test in mastering the flipside, the shadow side, of all the positive effects of globalization." This was the chancellor's glass-half-full way of acknowledging that various newcomers to the national household had begun to attack and kill her voters at an alarming rate. On Monday, July 18, a 17-year-old Afghan, armed with an axe and hollering *Allahu Akbar!*, attacked a family of travelers from Hong Kong on a train. Four days later, on Friday, a German-Iranian named Ali Sonboly ran amok in Munich with a 9mm Glock and 300 rounds of ammunition in a McDonald's full of children and a shopping mall, shooting 29 people, of whom 9 died. That Sunday, in Reutlingen in Baden-Württemberg, a 21-year-old recent Syrian arrival named Mohamed hacked to death a pregnant Polish restaurant employee. At a music festival in Ansbach that same afternoon, another Syrian refugee, 27-year-old Muhammad Daleel, became Germany's first-ever suicide

bomber, killing himself and wounding 15.

Germans have been enjoined not to leap to conclusions about the individuals involved. The train axe man and the festival bomber claimed their attacks for ISIS. The machete man knew the woman he killed, so the incident was, news reports reassured, "not terrorism." The mall shooter was a terrorist, true, but his family had arrived from Iran in the 1990s, making it possible to describe the terrorism as "homegrown." Still, all the killers were of a migrant background, and this will do nothing to make Merkel's promotion of migration more popular. Last year's invitation to refugees was the occasion of a lot of German self-congratulation. The country is still relatively optimistic. An early August poll by the Pew Research Center asked people in various European countries how they felt about the European Union's policy on refugees. They hate it. In all of them, the number of people who disapprove is a multiple of the number of those who approve. In Greece, 94 percent are upset, 5 percent content. Germans distrust EU refugee policy by "only" a 2 1/2 - 1 ratio. Merkel is lucky. Migration has fallen to a tiny fraction of what it was in 2015—just 57,000 refugees since March.

But with just 14 months to go until she must present herself for reelection, Merkel's luck may be running out. Migration is low partly because Germany (like Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Austria) has instituted a "temporary" suspension of the EU's Schengen system, which permits unhindered travel across national borders. But the main factor in the migration decline is that Merkel was able to cut a deal with Recep Tayyip Erdogan, president of Turkey, a few months ago. Speaking unofficially for Europe, she made (vague) offers to find places for future Syrian refugees and (specific) offers to convey about \$8 billion in aid to Turkey. In return, Turkey promised to dam the human flood that had been pouring across Eurasia since the summer before.

The military coup attempted against Erdogan in July has put the deal in

Christopher Caldwell is a senior editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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question. Erdogan's allies blame the coup on followers of the exiled Muslim teacher Fethullah Gülen, now holed up in the Poconos. When Erdogan's populist AK party won a shocking victory in 2002, Gülen's well-educated followers helped staff the government—something the AK party alone was in no position to do. But the interests of Erdogan and Gülen never converged. Erdogan's post-coup purge has been ferocious. He has closed 45 newspapers, arrested several dozen journalists from the newspaper *Zaman*, and revoked 50,000 passports. Whether this is justified or excessive is a question of political taste, and one we can leave for another day. But it complicates matters terribly for Germany. For one thing, Erdogan is not just scrubbing all his country's institutions clean of Gülen supporters—he is calling on his allies for help and belittling those who don't provide it. He wants the United States to extradite Gülen himself. He also wants to keep the large European Gülenite community under surveillance, to investigate its schools, and to extradite its mid-level leaders.

To this end, Turkey is activating supporters in Germany's massive and poorly assimilated Turkish minority. On July 31, a pro-Erdogan group rallied as many as 40,000 people in the center of Cologne, according to police. They waved flags and belittled their support for the Turkish leader. The *Süddeutsche Zeitung* columnist Heribert Prantl, in general punctiliously deferential to migrants, described these ones as *Jubel-Türken*, or Turkish rejoicers, and professed himself alarmed. "To look at the rejoicers is to think of judges, scientists and journalists who are under arrest in Turkey. It gives you goose bumps," he said. Of course, he could be wrong. "Possibly this 'Erdoganitis,'" he suggested, "is just a defiant reaction to Islamophobia."

The coup also raises the question of whether Turkey still qualifies under international law as a "secure third state" to which refugees can be shipped back. As legal matters go, this is a reputational rather than a practical question. Refugees have grown so

unpopular throughout Europe that they have arguably, through the Brexit referendum, cost the European Union one of its most important members. There is little chance the European Commission will budge from its claim that Turkey is a perfectly safe place to send refugees back to. The problem is that this claim may grow steadily more at odds with reality.

And that would be embarrassing. European bureaucrats are only ever comfortable talking about migration when they can cast themselves as heroes of human rights. They believe they themselves are the best source of enlightenment that Turkey could ever possibly tap. "The only thing that encourages the democratic development of Turkey," Austrian EU commissioner Johannes Hahn told the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, "is the prospect of becoming a member of the European Union." Turkey's moves in recent days to reintroduce the death penalty, which it abolished in 2004, have traumatized the EU's Turkey-watchers.

Paying lip service to human rights allows European officials to pretend that, if they are walling out millions of the wretched of the earth, they are doing so only from the highest of humanitarian motives. "If we want to cut the ground out from under the human traffickers," wrote Elmar Brok, a member of the European parliament for Merkel's Christian Democrats, in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, "if we want fewer and—above all—legal migrants to come to Europe, if we want to protect refugees from the risk of boarding rickety boats and drowning in the Mediterranean . . . then we need this deal." Of course, this is a pious lie. The migration deal with Turkey is not meant to keep migrants from drowning. It is meant to keep migrants from migrating.

Younger members of Merkel's own Christian Democrats are losing patience with her migration and multicultural policy. Jens Spahn, 36, a gay civil libertarian who rose as a protégé of finance minister Wolfgang Schäuble, calls himself a "burka-phobe," a remark no Christian Democrat would have made even in jest a few years ago. The

Alternative for Germany party, which has shifted its focus from monetary policy to migration, has risen to 12 percent in the polls. Fiery Sahra Wagenknecht, the leading economic thinker in the generally pro-migrant Left party, warned lately that "taking in and integrating a large number of refugees and immigrants involves huge problems. It is harder than the 'Yes we can' slogans that Merkel tried to talk us into last fall." None of the forces arrayed against Merkel shows signs of making common cause with the others. She rules through a "grand coalition," in which former rivals the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats now collude rather than compete. Her position is not necessarily worsening.

But Germany's is. Erdogan now believes Merkel needs him more than he needs her. At the time the refugee pact was signed a few months ago, Germany (again speaking in the name of Europe) agreed to consider liberalizing travel from Turkey so that its citizens could come to Europe without visas. Europeans assumed that, since this would involve Turkey's fulfilling 72 different conditions, it could be safely ignored. And if we were still in 1995, it could be. But power has shifted. Foreign minister Mevlüt Cavusoglu told the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* two weeks after the coup that Turkey expected action on visa-free travel by October or it would reconsider the refugee deal. He has also said that Europe has not paid out most of the \$4 billion installment it promised to Turkey last spring, and he appears to be right. German politicians responded by harumphing about the rule of law. "You can't just change the rules of the game arbitrarily," said the Bavarian conservative politician Manfred Weber. Fellow Christian Social Union member Andreas Scheuer added, "We're not in a Turkish bazaar."

Well, that depends who you ask. European countries no longer necessarily call the tune in such confrontations. They are disarmed, shrinking, and irresolute. Now they are having trouble finding the resources even to steer the migration their policies set in motion. ♦

Hillary's Economy

The only thing shovel-ready are the taxes.

BY FRED BARNES

At a Kentucky rally in May, Hillary Clinton announced she would put her husband “in charge of revitalizing the economy, ’cause you know he knows how to do it. And especially in places like coal country and inner cities and other parts of the country that have really been left out.”

Enlisting the ex-president made sense. The economy in the 1990s was far more robust than the economy President Obama has presided over. Bill Clinton acted to spur private investment and growth. He provided regulatory relief, approved spending cuts, agreed to cut the tax rate on capital gains, and endorsed a balanced budget. The economy grew and flourished.

But the notion of Bill Clinton as economic czar in his wife’s administration lasted about one day. In place of his policies, Hillary Clinton has embraced the exact opposite. She stresses income redistribution. Economic growth, a bipartisan goal of presidents for decades, has been abandoned.

Rather than cut regulations, she wants more of them. Government spending would skyrocket under her, especially to pay for roads and bridges. Tax rates would increase, chiefly for those earning more than \$250,000 annually. A balanced budget? That’s not one of Hillary Clinton’s goals.

Her husband describes her as a great “change-maker.” Yet there’s no change in Hillary Clinton’s plan from Obama’s. She would preserve the Obama status quo—that is, the weakest economic recovery since 1949, a mass exodus of workers out of the job market, and a growth rate of less than 3 percent year after year.

By copying Obama’s policies, her



presidency would, in effect, be his third term. She has denied Republican charges this would be the case. But at least on economics, her policies are clones of Obama’s. This would all but guarantee slow growth and a weak economy.

The strongest recoveries since World War II—President Kennedy’s in the 1960s and President Reagan’s in the 1980s—were based on tax incentives to stimulate private investment, economic growth, and job creation. Clinton’s economic ideas are nothing like these.

Why would she reject policies emphasizing growth that worked for Kennedy, Reagan, and her husband? The reason is the Democratic party

“has given up on growth,” says Douglas Holtz-Eakin, the former director of the Congressional Budget Office. “It’s all redistribution.” Rather than fight this, she has succumbed.

The words “growth” and “incentives” and “free markets” are now foreign to Democratic thinking. In the 2016 Democratic platform, new jobs would come mainly from government. “We are committed to doing everything we can to build a full-employment economy, where everyone has a job that pays enough to raise a family and live in dignity with a sense of purpose,” the platform says.

But “everything” doesn’t include incentives for private investment, which have stagnated under Obama. Nor does it include tax cuts for businesses or individuals, which were

largely responsible for the booming economies in the 1960s and 1980s.

The platform was promising with its call to “make investments to spur the creation of millions of jobs for our young people.” But the investments consist of “direct federal funding for a range of local programs that will put young people to work and create new career opportunities.”

Hillary Clinton, who should know better, has swallowed her party’s platform without a peep of protest. In her acceptance speech at the Democratic convention in Philadelphia, she said, “I believe America thrives when the middle class thrives.” She has that backwards.

“In my first 100 days, we will work

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DAVE MALAN

with both parties to pass the biggest investment in new, good-paying jobs since World War II,” she said. “Jobs in manufacturing, clean energy, technology and innovation, small business, and infrastructure.”

Infrastructure is Hillary’s panacea. “If we invest in [it] now”—that’s government investment—“we’ll not only create jobs today, but lay the foundation for the jobs of the future.” Maybe, but it didn’t work well for Obama, whose famous “stimulus” relied heavily on infrastructure, but didn’t stimulate much.

The problems with infrastructure as a tool for revving up the economy are structural. Building roads and bridges is a slow process. “You won’t get anything in the short run,” Holtz-Eakin says. “There’s not much help to spur a recovery.” And the long-run payoff for the economy isn’t great either.

According to Moody’s Analytics, Clinton’s plan would create 10.4 million new jobs over four years. That sounds better than it really is because 6 million of those jobs would not come from infrastructure but from immigration. That would happen if the Senate’s “Gang of 8” bill or something similar is enacted by Congress, which is highly unlikely.

But the most striking feature of Clintonomics—version 2016—is a barrage of tax increases. In Philadelphia, she boasted the tax hikes would pay for “every single one” of the government programs she is proposing. “And here’s how,” she said. “Wall Street, corporations, and the super-rich are going to start paying their fair share of taxes.”

Americans for Tax Reform estimates her major tax increases would exceed \$1 trillion over 10 years. Moody’s says new taxes would raise \$1.45 trillion. Either way, higher taxes that raise the cost of doing business and reduce the money available for private investment are not the best tools for generating growth and jobs.

Donald Trump’s advisers look at Democratic economic ideas with glee. “There’s not a single pro-growth or pro-investment plank in the platform,” says Steve Moore, who is working on Trump’s plan. “Incentives don’t

matter.” The same is true for Clinton.

But Trump has to cease his civil war against Republicans and approve

a plan that’s rich in incentives for growth and jobs. Bill Clinton might like it. His wife, not so much. ♦

Surrender vs. Collaboration

Mitch McConnell, Paul Ryan, and Donald Trump.

BY JONATHAN V. LAST

Senate majority leader Mitch McConnell was quick to endorse Donald Trump, waiting fewer than 24 hours after Trump had cleared the Republican primary field. He did so by releasing a 75-word statement at eight o’clock in the evening. And that was that.

Since his brief endorsement, McConnell has had almost nothing good to say about Trump. During the “Mexican judge” eruption, he wryly commented that “Republican primary and caucus voters wanted something very different from what we are accustomed to, and I think it’s safe to say that Donald Trump is different from what we are accustomed to.”

Asked if Trump is “qualified” to be president, McConnell demurred, saying, “the American people will be able to make that decision in the fall.” Even as late as the end of June, McConnell would say only that Trump was “getting closer” to being “a credible candidate.”

Like nearly all of the party elites, McConnell surrendered to Trump. Yet he did so in the least helpful manner. He never made any pretense of covering for Trump or arguing that Trump would be good for the party or the country.

On the other hand, consider Paul Ryan, long regarded as the future of the Republican party. Ryan held out against supporting Trump, then

met with Trump, and then capitulated. This made him a conscientious Trump supporter, a guy who decided to go all-in only after reflection and for substantive reasons.

This makes Ryan far more accountable for Trump’s missteps. It also makes Ryan’s well-intentioned but elliptical criticisms of Trump humiliating (to himself) and destructive (to the party). Ryan’s position is so tragic that it brings to mind Marshal Philippe Pétain.

You may remember Pétain as a footnote from history, a figure whose name became shorthand for collaboration with the enemy. But Pétain was a complicated and tragic figure.

He was one of the French heroes of the First World War. A visionary strategist, he believed in the power of artillery at a moment when French military doctrine prized masses of infantry. Pétain became a legend at Verdun, where he halted the German advance. Afterward, he was quickly promoted to commander in chief of the French Army.

As head of the army, Pétain was gallant, brave, and wise. Shortly after taking over command, he faced a mutiny in the army. He listened to the disgruntled troops. They were neither cowards nor shirkers, but men who had endured unimaginable strain under the yoke of suboptimal commanders. Pétain took their complaints under advisement, implemented reforms, and greatly improved morale. He held a series of courts-martial but

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commuted the vast majority of the sentences, understanding that his army needed a fighting spirit more than it needed textbook discipline. In 1918, Winston Churchill—then minister of munitions—visited Pétain at the front in Beauvais. He came away so impressed with the man that he telegraphed Lloyd George before going to bed and begged him to “scour your whole military organization” and send as many men as possible to join the French. At the close of the war, Pétain was given the unparalleled honor of being made marshal of France.

Then came World War II. As Germany had rearmed and become increasingly belligerent between the wars, Pétain argued that France could protect itself with defensive structures, such as the Maginot Line. When the Germans rushed around the Maginot Line and began slicing through France as a hot knife through butter, Pétain was brought into the war cabinet.

Now prime minister, Churchill met with the French cabinet in June 1940, as the German advance became a full-blown catastrophe. He begged them to stand fast. Pétain would not. As a last resort, Churchill proposed defending Paris, so that it would absorb German troops trying to subdue the city. According to Churchill’s secretary, “The French perceptibly froze at this.” Pétain replied, “To make Paris a city of ruins will not affect the issue.” Continuing to resist the Germans, Pétain said, would mean “the destruction of the country.” And so, to avoid destroying France, Pétain surrendered it.

There was no negotiation in terms. Germany insisted the productive parts of France become occupied zones. French government was relegated to Vichy; Pétain accepted the job of the vassal state’s “prime minister.”

In 1944, as France was being retaken by the Allies, Pétain was evacuated to Germany. When he returned, he was put on trial by the new French government, for treason. He was convicted, stripped of all ranks and honors (save his status as marshal of France), and sentenced to death.

Charles de Gaulle, now president, took pity on the 90-year-old man and commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. Pétain spent the rest of his days on a small island off the Western coast of France. He died without ever again setting foot on the continental soil he had once defended so gallantly.

Paul Ryan is not Pétain (nor is Trump Nazi Germany). But there are similarities in their tragic arcs. Ryan was the brave young thinker



willing to tackle America’s entitlement problems and bring new ideas to the Republican party. He was so respected that Mitt Romney selected him as his running mate, turning Ryan into a national figure.

After becoming speaker of the House, Ryan assumed responsibility for a large share of the institutional burden that is the Republican party in Washington. So when Donald Trump launched his takeover bid, Paul Ryan

mattered. And like Pétain what he did in opposition was ineffectual.

Then, when Trump won the Republican nomination, Ryan sought terms. He met with Trump for a summit. He then announced his endorsement in an essay-length op-ed full of rationalizations. “We have more common ground than disagreement,” he concluded.

And what did Ryan get from Trump in return? Nothing. The Republican party is an occupied zone; Trump embarrasses and degrades the institution on a daily basis. Every time he does so, reporters go running to Ryan for comment. Unlike Mitch McConnell, whose endorsement was *pro forma* and cynical, Ryan’s was deliberative, intentional, and high-minded. As Pétain was willing to sacrifice France’s honor to save Paris, Ryan judged that he had to endorse Trump for the good of the House and to keep his party from being torn apart. And in so doing, he unwittingly became the prime minister of the Vichy Republicans.

Trump never did pivot. He has yet even to acknowledge any of the “common ground” Ryan claimed to see. Trump has been so disdainful of Ryan’s subservience that when asked if he would endorse Ryan in Ryan’s primary race against a Trumpkin insurgent, he declined and mocked Ryan for his weakness: “I like Paul,” Trump said, “but these are horrible times for our country. We need very strong leadership. We need very, very strong leadership. And I’m just not quite there yet.”

Worst of all has been Ryan’s influence on the resistance. When Ryan began his Trumpian odyssey, he gave cover to Republicans who wanted to resist Trump. But today, as Ryan issues his demurrals about Judge Curiel or the Khan family or whatever other outrage Trump has uttered—yet refuses to withdraw his endorsement—he has become part of the structure that keeps wavering Republicans from leaving Trump.

Where does Ryan go from here? He is out of step with his party’s base on the issue that matters most

GARY LOCKE

to them (immigration). He's also out of step with the base on the issue that matters most to him (entitlement reform). He has toadied to Trump, yet is reviled in return—both by Trump's supporters, who see him as a craven member of the globalist elite, and by

Trump's critics, who see him as weak.

But the truth is worse than either of those verdicts. Like Pétain, Paul Ryan is an honorable man who made a terrible error in judgment. And like Pétain, when this war is over, he will be a man without a country. ♦

Bail Out on the Ballot

The eloquence of a box unchecked.

BY STEVEN F. HAYWARD

One way of looking at this presidential election is to think of it as a fluke, though not one the Founders didn't anticipate. It is not unusual for a major party to choose an exceedingly weak or implausible nominee—think of Barry Goldwater, George McGovern, or Michael Dukakis—who is clearly unacceptable to a majority of Americans. But this year both parties decided to nominate insupportable candidates. And we're all anguishing about what to do. The next four years look to be a test of James Madison's line from *The Federalist*, "Enlightened statesmen will not always be at the helm."

Lefties and other antiwar activists used to like to quote a fragment from Bertolt Brecht that runs, "What if they gave a war and nobody came?" I'm wondering if this idea might be modified as follows: "What if they held an election and nobody voted?"

This thought came to mind reading Thomas Sowell's latest column, in which he laments our major-party choices this November. He opens with this declaration: "It's not easy being a good citizen when both major

parties seem to be offering options that spell disaster for the country." If anyone might be expected to fall into the #NeverHillary camp, you'd expect it to be Sowell. His catalogue of the likely exploits of a Hillary Clinton administration is sobering. But the economist just can't bring himself to make a positive case for Donald Trump and won-



Good enough for Oakland (2011), good enough for us

ders sensibly whether a Trump victory could be disastrous for Republicans: "Voting for an out of control egomaniac like Donald Trump would be like playing Russian roulette with the future of this country. Voting for someone with a track record like Hillary Clinton's is like putting a shotgun to your head and pulling the trigger. And not voting at all is just giving up. Nobody said that being a good citizen would be easy."

Is there any way voters might limit the damage? Let's leave aside whether

voting for the Johnson-Weld Libertarian party ticket is a reasonable option. (William Weld stumbled badly when he said recently that Merrick Garland and Stephen Breyer were examples of good Supreme Court nominees—he shredded the ticket's libertarian cred with that comment.) I wonder about Sowell's line that "not voting at all is just giving up."

How about some disaffected national leaders of both parties start a mass movement to withhold votes for president in November as a way of delegitimizing the winner? What if this election came in with a massive "undervote," i.e., a regular turnout for House and Senate races, but with tens of millions of missing votes for president? The "winner" would clearly lack a mandate for much of anything. It is already certain that the next commander in chief will take office with the lowest public approval rating of any incoming president ever and will have little or no traditional "honeymoon" period. Why not make it more obvious that the country doesn't trust the next president to do very much?

To be sure, both Trump and Clinton would charge ahead anyway, but would be so weakened by the implicit repudiation of the voters that he or she wouldn't have much political clout. A negative mandate from the voters would have the salutary effect of requiring Congress to step up and govern more vigorously and responsibly than it has in decades. There are several other corollaries to this proposition. One might be a declaration that the Senate will simply refuse to

confirm any Supreme Court nominee—period. Leave the Court tied 4-4 for the entire next presidential term, or let it shrink further through death or retirement. We already put too much authority on the Supreme Court to sort out our political disagreements. A moratorium on the Court would nudge us back to some of the lost habits of self-government.

This is about as close as the American people could come to voting "none of the above" or sending a signal of "no

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confidence” in a new administration. In other words, a voter strike would be a clear and unambiguous message that the American people do not consent to our executive leadership. It would be analogous to a general strike, which is something that hasn’t been seen in an advanced nation for decades. But such is the disgust of Americans with the governing class today that the extreme situation in which we find ourselves requires an extreme response.

There are lots of flaws with this idea and its inspiration, starting with the nagging fact that the familiar Brecht quote is inauthentic—the original line came from Carl Sandburg, and Brecht apparently added on to it for his own use. Typical of our times: You can’t even trust a crappy old popular quote. (At least it wasn’t attributed to Tocqueville.) In any case, it used to annoy me that antiwar protesters who quoted the hybridized Sandburg-Brecht line didn’t go on to read the rest of Brecht’s improvisation:

*What if they gave a war and no
one came?
Then the war will come to you.
He who stays home when the fight begins
And lets others fight for his cause
Should take care. He who does not
take part
In the battle will share in the defeat.
Even avoiding battle does not avoid
Battle, since not to fight for your cause
Really means
Fighting on behalf of your enemy’s cause.*

The most serious argument against a voter strike is simply that we live in a time of extreme politicization whose momentum favors the designs of the left. The Administrative State, which ought to be more fully recognized and called out as the partisan creation and primary tool of liberalism, really is a machine that runs of itself. But 50 years of hoping the next Republican administration would succeed in advancing serious reforms have brought us to . . . Donald Trump. Maybe it’s time for a general strike. ♦

European Union. They overwhelmed younger voters and minority voters, demographics that favored remaining in the EU.

Similarly, data suggest that seniors have had more impact in recent U.S. elections than they are given credit for and will likely do so again this year. America’s seniors, not Hispanics or youth, are the key to Republicans winning the presidency and maintaining a majority in Congress.

Claims for the impact of young voters often point to the number of youth eligible to vote. But predictions based on the preferences of eligible voters mean little. It’s only those who actually show up at the polls who count. And seniors are the most reliable voters—about 70 percent of them can be counted on to cast ballots. Compare that to 18-24-year-olds, who have only exceeded a 40 percent turnout twice since 1996. In election after election, the older you are the more likely you are to vote. As Pew Research reports, only 10 percent of likely voters are under 30; more than two-and-a-half times as many likely voters are over 65.

Hispanics, as voters, make their numbers felt even less. The 2014 election was typical. Although voting in midterm elections is always less than in presidential election years, the relative numbers are telling: While 45.8 percent of white and 40.6 percent of black eligible voters turned out two years ago, only 27 percent of Hispanics did. Of the 25 million Hispanics eligible to vote, only 6.8 million showed up at the polls.

Thus, if you factor in both demographics and reliability, a much more realistic picture emerges. Those 55 and over will likely make up no less than 44 percent of all votes cast this year. Those 18-24 will account for less than 10 percent, and Hispanics even less than that.

But national numbers are only part of the story.

It’s no secret that the outcome of the presidential election and control of the Senate will come down to a few battleground states. Here too seniors are increasing as a share of eligible

The Mature Majority

The youth vote is wasted on the young.

BY TOM EDMONDS

‘Millennial voters could play key role in presidential race,’ declared a recent *Newsday* headline for an article touting “the demographic shift to a younger electorate.” The article is typical of reports that millennials—the generation born from the early eighties to the early aughts—have pulled even or even surpassed boomers as the largest eligible group of voters. This sort of article obscures a crucial fact:

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Seniors make up an increasing, not decreasing, share of Americans eligible to vote. According to the Census Bureau’s National Population Projections, both the 50-64 and 65-and-over age groups are growing as a share of all eligible voters. And they will continue to grow into the 2020 and 2024 election cycles. The senior vote represents the future, not the past.

Which is why this year’s U.S. elections may end up surprising pundits in the same way that the Brexit referendum defied predictions in the U.K. Seniors there turned out in significant numbers in June and voted by large margins for Britain to leave the

voters. In Ohio, North Carolina, Florida, Illinois, Arizona, Wisconsin, and other key states, seniors will represent on average 2.5 percent more voters than they did in 2008. If current trends continue, no less than 46 percent of all votes cast in these key battleground states will come from those 50 and older.

The news gets even worse for Democrats because seniors are realigning with the Republican party in record numbers. In 1992, according to Gallup, 53 percent of senior citizens identified as Democrats and only 39 percent called themselves Republican. By last year the GOP had pulled ahead with seniors, with 48 percent of them self-identifying as Republican and 45 percent as Democrat.

Although many political pundits and the national media repeatedly stress the important role millennials and Hispanics will play in the



Well, look who's actually at the polls.

outcome of this year's elections, scant attention is paid to seniors. That error can lead campaigns to make mistakes in targeting their resources. This isn't just a matter of going after the wrong voters, it can also be a matter of going after them in the wrong way.

Last year I wrote in *THE WEEKLY STANDARD* that seniors "may not be tech-savvy or trendsetters, but are a political powerhouse" ("Remember

Who Shows Up to Vote," August 3, 2015). Since then, in an April 2016 national survey of registered voters, Nielsen/Scarborough found that despite all the focus on online and digital media only 51 percent of voters between 50 and 64 years old own smartphones, and only a quarter of those over 65 have smartphones. New-media applications have their limits when half of the largest, most dependable voting demo-

graphic doesn't have smartphones.

When election results don't turn out as expected, the first reaction is often to question the accuracy of the political polls. But maybe, as we recently saw in the U.K., the real reason is that the senior vote is overlooked and underestimated.

This year, it will be a huge mistake if political operatives and the media sell short our nation's seniors. They vote. ♦

Retreating on Trade Will Harm Our Country

By Thomas J. Donohue

President and CEO
U.S. Chamber of Commerce

With the general election now in full swing, we can expect the rhetoric to continue to escalate on the campaign trail. But there's no excuse for what we're hearing on trade. Both of the major party nominees have thrown caution—and facts—to the wind. And their running mates have walked back their previously strong pro-trade positions. Trade opposition may be politically convenient in this campaign, but it's bad policy for our country.

In opposing the Trans-Pacific Partnership (TPP), Hillary Clinton could end 70 years of bipartisan progress toward freer trade. She has said that she will only support new trade pacts "if they will create good jobs, raise wages, and advance our national security."

A host of studies show that TPP will indeed achieve those goals. Researchers with the Peterson Institute for International

Economics estimate that TPP will increase annual real incomes in the United States by \$131 billion. They also expect around 650,000 more people to work in export-related jobs (and fewer in lower wage jobs) because of TPP. And national security? Just ask Defense Secretary Ash Carter, who has compared TPP with having an extra aircraft carrier in the Asia-Pacific region.

As for Donald Trump, not only does he call TPP "the biggest betrayal in a long line of betrayals where politicians have sold out U.S. workers," he has threatened in almost every speech to withdraw from NAFTA, recently adding a potential withdrawal from the World Trade Organization to this pledge. This would permit the United States to carry out his threat to slap tariffs of 15% to 45% on imports from China, Mexico, and Japan. Several nonpartisan research organizations have warned that these tariffs would cause the loss of up to 4 million American jobs and impose a regressive consumption tax on the typical American family of more than \$2,000 annually.

There are some problems with TPP, and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce is working with leaders in Congress to fix them so that the deal can ultimately be approved. More broadly, there are some downsides with trade. They should be addressed too. We should redouble our efforts to ensure that those who are negatively impacted by trade, productivity, and technology get the training and support they need to find good paying jobs. Let's not forget that trade remains a net winner for our country, and we can't turn away from it.

The Chamber urges the candidates for president to look past Election Day and consider the long-term ramifications of turning inward in a global economy. Retreating on trade will undermine U.S. economic growth, endanger American jobs, and harm our global leadership.



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Of Modesty and Melania

Modern mores in all their nakedness.

BY JUDITH MILLER & ANN MARLOWE

‘T here’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” Donald Trump spokesman Jason Miller told CNN when asked about his boss’s reaction to the *New York Post*’s publication of nude photos of his wife, Melania. “She’s a beautiful woman.”

Miller is right that Melania is considered beautiful. But the photos published by the tabloid are not about beauty. Nor are they playful snapshots by an ex-boyfriend (or girlfriend) or, as Miller suggested, a “celebration of the human body as art.” They are erotically charged images intended to arouse or titillate and appeal to what the Supreme Court called “prurient interest” in its 1973 definition of pornography. The photos sell not art or beauty, but sex. (They were originally taken for a now-defunct French men’s magazine.)

While the images have gone viral on social media, the mainstream media, apparently embarrassed or accustomed to conflating celebrity with shamelessness, have been silent.

Consider Kim Kardashian, the privileged daughter of O.J. Simpson’s late defense attorney. When a 2003 sex tape featuring her was leaked in 2007, she refused to be embarrassed or “slut-shamed.” Instead, she sued the company that distributed the video and used her reported \$5 million settlement to launch her wildly successful reality TV show. As of 2016, her family’s net worth was estimated at over \$300 million. When the

Judith Miller is an award-winning writer and author and an adjunct fellow at the Manhattan Institute. Ann Marlowe, a writer in New York, is a visiting fellow at the Hudson Institute.



No beauty does she lack.

mother-of-two recently posted a nude selfie on Instagram, she asserted that displaying her body “empowered” her. And, of course, her husband Kanye West, the rapper and entrepreneur, has announced that—wait for it—he intends to run for president in 2020.

Sharing nude selfies is just the latest form of “empowerment,” or exhibitionism, at the expense of self-respect. Prosecutors across the country have been confounded about whether to criminally charge minors who “sext” indecent photos to one another. One scandal last year involved more than 100 students at a high school in southern Colorado—about 10 percent of the student body. Maybe that explains the silence over Mrs. Trump’s indiscretion: We’ve become inured to such self-inflicted violations of privacy.

Not long ago, being president demanded a measure of decorum. But that was when Americans expected more from their politicians (and from their celebrities). Yes, Ronald Reagan and Nancy Reagan were actors. But they conducted themselves, on screen and off, in ways that made their transition to the Oval Office relatively seamless. Can you imagine a young Nancy Reagan posing nude? Or a youthful Betty Ford, then a model and ballet dancer? Or, for that matter, former first lady Hillary Clinton?

At the same age that Melania was primping for those photographs, Hillary Rodham was finishing Yale Law School. Michelle Robinson Obama had just graduated from Harvard Law. Laura Welch Bush was teaching elementary school in Houston and preparing to get a master’s degree in library science at the University of Texas. Many attractive women have more on their minds than their bodies.

Are we holding women to a higher standard than men? No. Anthony Weiner, a gifted politician, was savaged for sending inappropriate images to female admirers. And he never sold them or intended them to become public.

For those who see the photos as mere youthful indiscretion, Melania posed for equally tasteless images—handcuffed to her then-boyfriend Donald’s briefcase on his private jet—when she was 31.

Mr. Trump defended those photos too. Small wonder. Everything and everyone is for sale in his transactional universe. ♦

MARC NOZELL

The ‘Condition of America’ Question

And what to do about it

BY MATTHEW CONTINETTI

The National Academy of Sciences released a stunning report in December 2015. Coauthored by Princeton economists Anne Case and Angus Deaton, the paper revealed “a marked increase” in the mortality rate of middle-aged non-Hispanic white Americans between 1999 and 2013—a departure from “decades of progress” in which the mortality of this demographic had improved. The increase, Case and Deaton said, could be attributed to suicide, liver disease and cirrhosis, drug and alcohol poisoning, and other related effects of drug and alcohol abuse.

“Self-reported declines in health, mental health, and ability to conduct activities of daily living,” they wrote, “and increases in chronic pain and inability to work, as well as clinically measured deteriorations in liver function, all point to growing distress in this population.” The trend was visible among all non-Hispanic whites but most pronounced in those with less schooling. No other U.S. ethnic group, and no other country, experienced such a dramatic reversal of fortune.

These findings complemented the work of social scientist Charles Murray, whose 2012 book *Coming Apart* chronicled the immiseration of whites without college degrees and the emergence of a new upper class based on education level. Case and Deaton, like Murray, looked for economic explanations of the data, while noting the increasing availability and use of opioid pain medication.

“Median household incomes of white non-Hispanics began falling in the late 1990s,” wrote Case and Deaton, “and the wage stagnation that began with the economic slowdown of the 1970s continues to hit especially hard those with a high school or less education.” Murray has stated the matter more bluntly: “The real family income of people in the bottom half of the income distribution hasn’t increased since the late 1960s.”

Published a month before presidential caucuses and primaries, the Princeton data unsurprisingly became politicized. Yet the debate about the rising mortality of non-Hispanic whites was framed almost entirely in economic terms. Donald Trump blamed trade deals and illegal immigration for joblessness and addiction. Hillary Clinton said income inequality and congressional obstruction of President Obama’s economic policies had harmed the middle class. Both candidates pledged to grow incomes and create jobs, assuming or perhaps just hoping that an improvement of material

conditions would counteract harmful social trends.

It is worth asking whether this assumption is justified. The fact that the decline in longevity is limited to non-Hispanic whites, and is directly attributable to alcoholism and drug addiction, suggests a force larger than economics is at work. After all, most ethnicities and races in the United States have experienced lackluster economic growth over the last decade. Why haven’t Hispanic and African Americans also seen their gains in lifespan reversed? The means of dissolution are noteworthy as well: One turns to drugs and alcohol to satisfy needs, dull pains, escape troubles that are not limited to the balance in a checking account. The fervid rhetoric of the election season, filled with accusations



Former shipping employee Bill Edison, homeless after five months of looking for work, sits with his family at a shelter in Wilmington, Ohio, December 21, 2008.

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of criminality, betrayal, disloyalty, and instability, and set against the backdrop of desire for change, fear of the future, racial tension, and terrorism, suggests that the dilemma cannot be entirely quantified. Nor is Charles Murray alone in using metaphors of disintegration and diffusion. Not only is America coming apart, it is, in the title of Yuval Levin's latest book, *The Fractured Republic*.

In 1839, Thomas Carlyle drew a distinction between the "standard-of-living question" answered by economic data and the "condition of England question," whose answer was more elusive. What was important, explains Gertrude Himmelfarb, "was the 'condition' and 'disposition' of the people: their beliefs and feelings, their sense of right and wrong, the attitudes and habits that would dispose them either to a 'wholesome composure, frugality, and prosperity,' or to an 'acid unrest, recklessness, gin-drinking, and gradual ruin.'" As Carlyle asked nearly two centuries ago: "Is the condition of the English working people wrong; so wrong that rational working men cannot, will not, and even should not rest quiet under it?"

The answer to his question, in his day and ours, in his country and ours, appears to be yes.

This vast, populated, heterogeneous, dispersed, divided nation is not characterized easily. Yet even the most cursory examination of the four character-building institutions of family, vocation, community, and faith is enough to worry those of us interested in the condition of America question. If the picture is not as hellish as the one Donald Trump painted in his speech at the Republican convention, it also is not as tranquil as the one President Obama offered at the Democratic convention. There have been gains and losses, and the gains and losses are often quite different among social classes.

Family. On the positive side of the ledger, the teen birth rate continues to decline, and the rate of divorce is far lower than when it reached its peak in 1979. Overall, though, marriage continues to wane. More than 25 percent of the population lives alone. Men and women marry later in life and have fewer children. The percentage of children living at home with two married parents in their first marriage has fallen from 73 percent in 1960 to 46 percent in 2014. And the explosion in single parenthood has coincided with the growth of means-tested welfare spending such as food stamps, housing assistance, cash

payments, the Earned Income Tax Credit, disability insurance, and Medicaid. Combined, the government spends on these programs more than \$1 trillion per year.

Vocation. A recent White House study concludes, "For more than 60 years, the share of American men between the ages of 25 to 54, or 'prime-age men,' in the labor force has been declining." This decline is pronounced among prime-age white men without college degrees, whose participation in the workforce has fallen from 96 percent in 1968 to 79 percent in 2015, and is even more pronounced among African-American men. The liberal Democratic White House is of course reluctant to ascribe the change in workforce participation to public assistance and suggests that reductions in demand for low-skilled male labor are

to blame. But the White House also ignores the diminution of the work requirement for welfare, as well as the relation between policies it supports—increases in the minimum wage, unionization, low-skilled immigration—and the decline it laments.

Community. Crime and gun violence remain at decade lows. But here too the nationwide statistic obscures pockets of degradation. The murder rates in certain cities are on the rise as tensions between police forces and the communities they patrol are inflamed. The percentage of high-school seniors who report using illicit drugs remains stuck at around 25 percent, while meth and heroin addiction ravage small towns and rural areas and drive

men and women to overdose and suicide. The U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention report that deaths from heroin overdoses increased 286 percent between 2002 and 2013, with a nearly 40 percent increase between 2012 and 2013. The booming trade has led to a spike in drug cartel and gang activity in places like the Maryland suburbs of Washington, D.C., St. Louis, Maine, and Chicago.

Social bonds are thin. Voter turnout this year is expected to be low. The percentage of adults who volunteer dropped four points over the last decade. In 2007, Harvard sociologist Robert Putnam found that as America has become more racially and ethnically diverse, its citizens and residents have trusted each other less. As the *Boston Globe* summarized his findings, "The greater the diversity in a community, the fewer people vote and the less they volunteer, the less they give to charity and work on community

In 2015, the National Academy of Sciences released a stunning report by two Princeton economists, detailing 'a marked increase' in the mortality rate of middle-aged non-Hispanic white Americans between 1999 and 2013—attributable, the authors said, to suicide, liver disease and cirrhosis, drug and alcohol poisoning, and other related effects of drug and alcohol abuse.

projects. In the most diverse communities, neighbors trust one another about half as much as they do in the most homogenous settings.”

In 2013, just a third of Americans said most people can be trusted. Except for the military, small business, and police, Americans lack confidence in public institutions. As trust and confidence have declined, so has decorum: Public discourse, from the nominee of the Republican party to the anonymous trolls on social media, is debased, vulgar, rude, boorish, explicit, and proudly ignorant, obsessed with shock value. Pornography has been mainstreamed to the point where nude photographs of a potential first lady are greeted with nothing more than prurient interest and dismissed by her husband as “very fashionable and common.”

Faith. The number of Americans with no religious affiliation is increasing rapidly. Weekly church attendance is at a low. Battered by adverse Supreme Court decisions, many evangelical Christians have thrown their support to a strongman who says he will serve their perceived economic interests. Roman Catholics, who comprise the largest church in the United States, argue over doctrine, what attitude to adopt toward Pope Francis, and how to recover from the sexual abuse scandals, while mainline Protestant churches expound a secularized theology of social justice and egalitarianism. As traditional religions are pushed further from the public square, new entrants claim status. The *Washington Post* reports that the Satanic Temple is petitioning public elementary schools across the country to open After School Satan Clubs in the coming school year.

The America that emerges from this brief examination may have recovered from the worst excesses of the cultural revolution of the 1960s, '70s, and '80s, but it has not recovered completely, nor has it formulated a national moral consensus to replace the one shattered by the baby boom. The condition of America is indeed fractured—“We have grown less conformist but more fragmented,” writes Levin, “more diverse but less unified, more dynamic but less secure.” And this fracturing has prevented many politicians and journalists from seeing, much less responding to, social breakdown and demoralization that remains acute. It is hard enough to see what is in front of one’s nose. Try seeing what is far removed from it.

What is harder still is prescribing a treatment for long-term trends whose causes are myriad, deep-seated, global, and powerful. Murray longs for civic renewal, a Great Awakening in which elites leave their bubbles to preach the virtues they practice in everyday life. Levin calls for a “politics of decentralization and diffusion,” a “modernized politics of subsidiarity,” a revitalization of principles of federalism that would diminish the power of the national government, encourage

policy experimentation, build thriving subcultures of traditionalists, and empower mediating institutions and civic associations. A third approach, offered by columnists Ross Douthat and Reihan Salam, would stress the “national interest abroad and national solidarity at home” through foreign-policy retrenchment, “support to workers buffeted by globalization,” and setting “tax rates and immigration levels” to foster social cohesion.

All of these alternatives are thoughtful, thought provoking, and worthy of development. Let me offer another: the “Burkean liberalism” of Daniel Patrick Moynihan. This is liberalism, in the words of biographer Greg Weiner, of “locality and limitation.” It embraces the New Deal but opposes the overreach of the Great Society. It understands that the market produces and the government distributes—but should do so reasonably, fairly, not perversely. It believes in subsidiarity and is respectful of traditional religion, family practices, and excellence in culture and education. It does not see liberty and equality as necessarily in conflict. It is inductive rather than deductive, and is unafraid to speak frankly about facts, and the lessons to be drawn from them. It promotes American ideals in a hostile and dangerous world.

Nicholas Eberstadt has likened the Moynihan approach to epidemiology:

The phenomenon of violent injury in modern American life is in some sense similar to a number of other public policy challenges with which Moynihan’s name has become associated: It is a problem (or set of interrelated problems) with major consequences for the nation’s well-being, surprisingly poorly understood even by specialists, and seemingly unresponsive in the face of sustained policy intervention. Moynihan the epidemiologist did not discover cures to the afflictions he analyzed. In epidemiology, there usually are no “cures.” A good epidemiologist, instead, can help to reduce the burden on the population from given health risks by devising strategies based on an informed assessment of the “etiology” (what social scientists might call “dynamics”) of the hazard in question.

This points to the need for a social epidemiology of 21st-century America: an empirically informed analysis of harms—of addiction to drugs and alcoholism, prescription drug and opioid abuse, gang membership, family breakdown, mental illness, brittle communities, distrustful citizens, a corroded culture—and of the policies that may have exacerbated them. Only then might we see where government should do more, where it should do less, where the nonprofit sector might help, where the force of law and coercion might be all we can fall back on. Even then, we might not be able to prevent America from coming apart. But we might be able to blunt and lessen the consequences of the fracture and begin to answer more satisfactorily the condition of America question. ♦

Scourge of the Pointy-Heads

If you want to know what a real populist looks like...

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

The day after he was shot—four times, at close range—George Wallace won two presidential primaries. He survived the bullets, but one had clipped his spinal cord, so for the rest of his life, he would need a wheel-

chair to get around. Even so, he ran for president again, four years later in 1976, but the old ferocity and the feral instinct for the heart of his supporters' grievances and resentments were no longer there, so he gave it up. He was, perhaps, in so much physical pain himself that he could no longer connect with the psychic wounds of others. But if he was finished as a candidate, Wallace never went away. And for that matter, though he died in 1998, he still hasn't completely gone away. In a television interview recently, a congressman who was reaching for a way to rhetorically bludgeon Donald Trump called him "the worst Republican nominee since George Wallace."

Well, George Wallace was many things but he was *never* a Republican, nor was he the nominee of either major party. Furthermore, when it comes to political instincts, a gift for demagoguery, and a nearly transcendent sense of anger... Donald Trump isn't a patch on Wallace, who was the fiercest populist of them all, including, perhaps, even Andrew Jackson.

It was 1972 when Wallace won those primaries in Maryland and Michigan. He was a racist, segregationist governor of one of the deepest of the deep South

states. So why was he winning Democratic party primaries in northern states? What were the sources of his appeal and his drive? How had he risen from poor, rural roots in southeastern Alabama to become the scourge of both Republicans and Democrats, of whom he often said, "There ain't a dime's worth of difference between them"?

To understand George Wallace and the connection he

made with voters, one might start with the fact that he was, literally (in the pre-Biden meaning of the word), a fighter. He boxed in the Golden Gloves and went to the state finals when he was 15, losing by a decision in a tough fight in which he broke his thumb. The injury was severe enough to require surgery, but he kept fighting and playing football. In 1937, he was the Alabama Golden Gloves champion in the 120-pound division. So he not only liked fighting; he was good at it. And he kept at it through college and into the



Wallace blocks the entrance to the University of Alabama—and the enrollment of two black students—June 11, 1963.

service. All politicians like to describe themselves as "fighters," but they seldom get much further than the metaphor. Wallace knew what it was like to hit someone in the face. Inside and outside of the ring.

Like most men his age (he was born in 1919), he also knew what it was like to fight in war. He served in the Army Air Corps and while he couldn't qualify as a pilot, he did fly in B-29s, as a crewman, in missions over Japan as part of the massive strategic bombing campaign that was led by General Curtis LeMay, who would cross paths again with Wallace, many years later, in another, and very different, campaign.

The B-29 was a mercurial airplane, and its engines would commonly overheat, swallow valves, and even catch fire in flight. Which happened on one of the missions Wallace flew. The crew was preparing to bail out and hope for rescue in the vastness of the Pacific when the fire was brought under

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IMAGES: ASSOCIATED PRESS

control and extinguished. The experience went hard with Wallace, who was in bad health already after barely surviving meningitis during training in the States. He demanded to be grounded. The alternatives were, it seems, a court martial for refusing to fly any more missions or some way of finding Wallace medically unfit to fly. The latter is what happened.

The war was almost over. As Wallace and his crewmates were homeward bound from what turned out to be their last mission, their plane crossed paths with another called the *Enola Gay*, headed toward Japan. By the time he was discharged at the end of 1945, Wallace was diagnosed as suffering from “tension states, anxiety attacks and anorexia and loss of weight.” He was given a 10 percent medical disability, which came with payments of \$20 a month. For the rest of his life he hated flying. But there was no campaigning without flying and for Wallace, life without campaigning wasn’t worth living. So he endured the flying.

The medical diagnosis that had resulted in his being grounded turned into a political issue after Wallace became a national political figure. Someone leaked his medical records to Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, who made a speech saying, essentially, that Wallace ought to have his head examined. Wallace, who was then governor of Alabama, knew something about counter-punching from his days in the ring. “I receive 10 percent disability,” he said, “for a nervous condition caused by being shot at by Japanese airplanes and antiaircraft guns in combat missions during World War II. To what does Senator Morse attribute *his* condition?”

And then, during one of his presidential campaigns, when called a “fascist” by the inevitable hecklers, Wallace turned to them, gave them the stare, and said, “I was killing fascists when you punks were still in diapers.”

He was always punching back. Harder.

With the war and the ring behind him, he went home to Alabama and into state politics, where he was seen as a comer. He had it—whatever it is—and rose quickly, winning a seat in the state legislature in 1946. He was a delegate to the Democratic party’s national convention in 1948. Elected as circuit judge in 1952, he became known, unsurprisingly, as “the fighting little judge.”

By the measure of those times and that place—1950s Alabama—he was deemed a moderate on racial matters, a

figure more in the mold of “Big” Jim Folsom, a governor whose appeal was based on economics and a watered-down version of the populism that had made Huey P. Long a fearsome political force before he was assassinated.

Wallace had not joined the walkout of Southern delegates to the 1948 Democratic party convention, which led to the formation of the Dixiecrat party and the candidacy of Strom Thurmond. And, tellingly, as a judge he was known for treating black lawyers and plaintiffs with respect. This came down, mostly, to addressing them as “Mister” rather than by their first names.

He carried that reputation and those inclinations into the Democratic primary of 1958, when he ran to be governor. Everyone in the state had known he would run,

and some people even expected him to win, though his main opponent, a man named John Patterson, was the sitting attorney general of the state and had the backing of the KKK. Those things were not contradictory in the state of Alabama in those days.

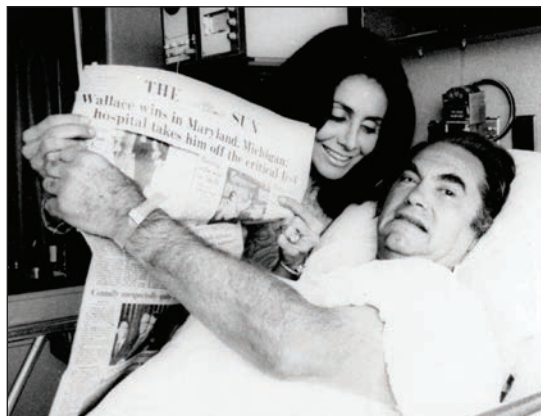
Wallace and Patterson finished first and second in a large field and then faced each other in a runoff. Patterson made his opposition to school desegregation and other racially themed issues the foundation of his cam-

paigned, and the KKK papered the state with fliers and posters supporting him. He won comfortably, though Wallace did better than expected. Since the state constitution did not allow the governor to serve successive terms, Wallace might have comfortably assumed he could run the same campaign in 1962 that he had run in 1958 and win.

But in defeat, he arrived at a different conclusion. It is reported—and disputed—that shortly after the returns were in and it was clear he had lost, he said bitterly to a room full of supporters, “Boys, John Patterson out-n—ed me and I promise you, I ain’t never going to be out-n—ed again.”

He was as good as his word. And he was elected governor of Alabama in 1962, taking the oath in Montgomery on the same spot where Jefferson Davis had been sworn in as president of the Confederacy slightly more than 100 years earlier and promising, “Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever.”

Wallace launched his own pale replay of the Civil War. Davis must have had moments—say after first Manassas or Chancellorsville—when he believed success was possible and that victory might even



With wife Cornelia in a Maryland hospital on May 17, 1972, two days after he was shot while campaigning

be within reach. The battles that Wallace fought, on the other hand, ended, always, in defeat. He famously stood in the schoolhouse door to prevent the integration of the University of Alabama. Then stood aside as Vivian Malone and James Hood enrolled. He put troopers on the bridge in Selma, and that resulted in a shocking and violent scene that galvanized support for the civil rights movement and, eventually, passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. As Wallace resisted, the cause to which he was so fiercely opposed only grew stronger.

Paradoxically, so did he. In 1964, he carried his message north, all the way to Wisconsin. Lyndon Johnson was in the White House, and he dominated the political landscape. At that time, Vietnam was merely a small disturbance in the political order that he had so dynamically imposed on the nation after the assassination of John Kennedy. While Johnson had not yet won his own election, the sense was that he would. Inevitably and overwhelmingly.

If Johnson would encounter resistance anywhere, it would be in the states that had gone with Strom Thurmond in 1948. Which included, of course, Alabama, where Wallace could beat anyone for any office and not need to spend 10 minutes campaigning to do it.

But outside of the old, cotton South? In, for instance, the blue-collar, union-based, industrial states? It seemed improbable, to say the least, that George Wallace's message would play north of the Mason-Dixon line. If there was racism there, it was thought, by those who were paid to think about such things, to be furtive and certainly not virulent enough to provoke good union people into voting against the leadership of the Democratic party.

Wallace disagreed. He had been reading his mail, and it convinced him that if he ran in states outside of the South, his people would turn out. He might even get more than 10 percent of the vote. The first test of this belief came when he qualified for the Wisconsin ballot after 60 or more state residents agreed to act as his delegates—the minimum requirement for ballot inclusion.

This was treated as some kind of malignant political stunt until the returns came in and shocked the political world. In those days, Richard Rovere wrote about politics for the *New Yorker* with a kind of stylish urbanity. His column, *Letter from Washington*, had a following among what was not yet thought of as “the establishment” but, in fact, was. Rovere wrote this in the issue of the magazine dated May 16, 1964:

The size of the Wallace vote has shocked and surprised most people here, which may demonstrate how far out of touch with reality Washington may be.

Substitute the names “Trump” or “Sanders” and the sentence could have appeared in *Politico* 52 years later.

In a curious bit of historical marginalia, these lines appeared in the *Harvard Crimson* after the primary:

No one but his campaign manager expected George Wallace to get 260,000 votes in the Wisconsin Presidential Primary. Consequently, political commentators face the same problem sports writers had with Cassius Clay. Like Clay, Wallace won a striking and unexpected victory, though in confusing circumstances: the Alabama Governor showed that a militant segregationist could poll a quarter of the votes cast in a Northern state.

That paragraph was written by Michael Barone, who is still at it half a century later, and has not lost the hop on his fastball.

Wallace went on to outperform expectations in another two Northern states: Indiana and Maryland. This was the advent of “white backlash,” later to be known as the “silent majority.” George Wallace had shaken things up and put Washington and the establishment on notice.

But if Wallace had national ambitions, he still needed a platform, which meant Alabama. And he was constitutionally prohibited from running for reelection in 1966. But then, he had the example of Huey Long, who never let little things like law or protocol get in the way of his ambition. Long had once served simultaneously as governor of Louisiana and as U.S. senator from that state. When the people are with you . . . all things become possible.

So after failing to get the law that kept him from running changed, Wallace persuaded his wife, Lurleen, to run for governor of Alabama. Simplest thing in the world. Just run for office as Mrs. George C. Wallace, with the transparent slogan, “Let George do it!”

Lurleen Wallace ran and won. But she had undergone surgery for fairly advanced cancer shortly before the election. The cancer came back, and George Wallace was holding his wife's hand when she died, less than two years after taking office. Her body lay in state at the capitol building in Montgomery. She had asked, before she died, that the casket be closed. Wallace ordered it opened.

Not long after her burial, he was back on the road, running for president. It was, he said, what Lurleen would have wanted.

If 1964 had not looked like a particularly ripe year for a Wallace presidential campaign, 1968 might have been designed for just that purpose. It was a time of riots in the cities, crime in the streets, the Tet debacle in Vietnam, protests on campus, and assassinations, first of Martin Luther King, who had been Wallace's antagonist in so many of the bitter fights in Alabama, and then of Robert F. Kennedy, another of his fierce enemies from those days. All this made

for a generalized and ominous sense that things might be coming apart for America.

And George C. Wallace was just the man to exploit these fears and dreads.

He ran as the candidate of law and order, on a third-party ticket (the American Independent party). After reports that protesters had blocked the route of a presidential motorcade by lying down in front of the lead car, he promised that, if he were elected president and some demonstrators tried that, "It will be the last car they ever lie in front of."

He baited hecklers, and when they chanted obscenities, he would tell audiences that there were at least two four-letter words the hecklers did not know: "s-o-a-p" and "w-o-r-k."

He ridiculed "pointy-headed bureaucrats riding to work on a bike in their three-piece suits with a peanut-butter sandwich in their briefcase."

He knew how to work his kind of crowd but this was not all political theater. He spoke, late in the campaign, in Madison Square Garden at what was called the largest political rally in New York City since Franklin Roosevelt was president. There were 20,000 people in the audience. Thousands more protested in the streets outside.

Wallace had become a force. He had left the primitive, overtly racist appeals behind, but he was still appealing exclusively to white voters. But the message was now about how they had been disenfranchised, forgotten, and neglected. It was a message that brought him a measure of respectability and recognition by writers on the left, like Jack Newfield, who noted that, unlike Johnson in 1964 or Hubert Humphrey in 1968,

George Wallace has been sounding like William Jennings Bryan as he attacked concentrated wealth in his speeches. . . . From 1960 to 1968 liberal Democrats governed the country. But nothing basic got done to make life decisively better for the white workingman. When he bitched about street crime, he was called a Goldwaterite by liberals who felt secure in the suburbs behind high fences and expensive locks. When he complained about his daughter being bused, he was called a racist by liberals who could afford to send their own children to private schools.

As the campaign went on, Wallace inched closer and closer to political respectability. He took away support of the white Southerners Nixon was attempting to make into Republican voters at the same time he was appealing to working-class whites in the North that Humphrey needed to hold on to. It seemed plausible he might win enough

electoral votes to deny a majority to either national party. George Wallace would, then, be a kingmaker.

His instincts seemed so finely matched to the needs and hungers of the electorate that it is still a mystery why he chose as his running mate retired Air Force general Curtis LeMay, who had been in command of that strategic bombing campaign that included the B-29 missions Wallace flew over Japan.

The war in Vietnam was as much at the root of America's discontent as race or crime, and Wallace essentially tried to talk around it, echoing the "win or get out" sentiment of many of his supporters. He was never especially clear on which of those alternatives he supported or believed possible. LeMay made the issue into one that worked against the ticket when he seemed to suggest he might support the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam. And even if he was not in favor of using nuclear weapons, he'd made it clear in 1965 that he was for a more aggressive conduct of the war:

My solution to the problem would be to tell [the North Vietnamese Communists] frankly that they've got to draw in their horns and stop their aggression or we're going to bomb them into the stone age.

The general feeling is that LeMay cost Wallace votes, especially among women. The war was plainly winding down, and there was no appetite for ginning it back up. It wasn't a winning issue, either way, for Wallace.

Still, he won 13.5 percent of the popular vote. Almost 10 million Americans voted for George Wallace. He carried five states, but their 46 electoral votes were not enough to deadlock the election. Richard Nixon was elected president.

He states Wallace won were all in the South, but nobody who found him a frightening figure took consolation in that. He'd won plenty of votes outside of the South. His appeal was to that vast segment of the American population that Nixon and his people would identify as the "silent majority." The Nixon team had the machinery and the tactics for appealing to these people, and they knew how to mobilize them. But Wallace could get to them in a visceral way that no other figure in American politics could match or come close to.

Wallace hated Nixon, it is said, because Nixon had once referred to Lurleen as a "dime store clerk." This, in fact, is what she had been when Wallace married her. And if Nixon had made the remark at that time, Wallace would no doubt have punched him out.



Wallace congratulates Terry Points, newly elected homecoming queen of the University of Alabama, November 16, 1973.

They were beyond that sort of thing now, but they recognized each other as enemies and a threat to their dearest ambitions. When Wallace went back to Alabama to run for governor in 1970, Nixon found a way to get \$400,000 into the campaign of his opponent.

But it was money badly spent. Wallace won. By the time he died, he had been elected governor of Alabama four times, not counting the race his wife ran and won, after which he had served as first gentleman. Richard Nixon was reputed to have finely tuned political instincts but if he actually believed that George Wallace could be beaten in the state of Alabama by anyone, with any amount of money, he had taken leave of those instincts.

As Nixon must have known, Wallace's interest in administering the government of the state of Alabama took a distant second to his lust to campaign, a third time, for the presidency. And this time, in 1972, he meant to do it as a Democrat. If he finished strongly enough, he believed, in enough primaries, then the Democrats might be compelled to put him on the ticket, even if he didn't win outright. The prospect of a Democratic ticket that included George Wallace must certainly have struck fear into the hearts of some of those famously paranoid Nixon operatives.

Wallace was now the anti-Washington candidate. In the Florida primary, he went after the votes of people who were opposed to school busing with the objective of achieving racial balance. It was an issue that might have been created with Wallace's ambitions precisely in mind. The children of middle-class families were bused at the command of elites whose kids went to private schools and who deplored the racism of those opposed to busing. The gods could not have created a more perfect issue for George Wallace.

Most of the other candidates—George McGovern, Edmund Muskie, Hubert Humphrey, and John Lindsay, prominently—supported busing. To do otherwise would have been to betray their status as members in good standing of the Democratic left. Only Henry Jackson ran as an opponent of busing.

Wallace took 42 percent of the vote in Florida. The second-place finisher, Humphrey, got 19 percent.

Wallace went on to a second-place finish in Wisconsin, the state where his national ambitions had first been validated, in 1964. He came in second, also, in Pennsylvania. Around this time the field narrowed, as Muskie, Lindsay, and Jackson left the race.

With Maryland and Michigan coming up on May 16, he was riding high in the polls. Then Arthur Bremer shot him. It wasn't even political. Bremer was just a "disturbed loner." It is said that he was the model for the character of Travis Bickle, played by Robert De Niro in *Taxi Driver*. And maybe so.

What is certain is that he put a finish to Wallace's

campaign that year and, ultimately, to his presidential ambitions. Wallace recovered enough to put in an appearance, from his wheelchair, at the Democratic convention in Miami in July. George McGovern was nominated as the party's candidate at that convention, and there must have been some Nixon operatives thinking, as this went down, that when Wallace took those four bullets, they had dodged one of their own.

Wallace tried, one last time, in 1976 but quickly dropped out and endorsed Jimmy Carter, who was a new kind of Southerner. One who might have been able to defeat even a healthy George Wallace.

Things had changed that much since the days of "Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever." So much, in fact, that Wallace himself had taken to repudiating that sentiment or, at least, to saying that he hadn't meant it the way that it sounded, that he wasn't a racist, really. He was, he explained, a constitutionalist. And he made a point of appointing African Americans to state jobs and of traveling to Tuscaloosa to crown an African American as homecoming queen at the University of Alabama, just 10 years after attempting to prevent its integration by "standing in the schoolhouse door."

In his pain and his disability, and through two bad marriages after Lurleen's death, Wallace seemed to bear a heavy sense of guilt over that early version of himself and to feel a need to atone for it. He met with Ralph Abernathy, Jesse Jackson, and John Lewis, among other prominent African Americans, and apologized. When Wallace died, Lewis, who had been beaten bloody in the Selma march of 1965, eulogized him in the *New York Times* under the title "Forgiving George Wallace."

In the end, it seems, the hate had left him and in its place there was this need. In 1979, he went to the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church where Martin Luther King Jr. had once preached and had organized the Montgomery bus boycott. Wallace spoke from his wheelchair, saying to the congregation, "I have learned what suffering means, in a way that was impossible before I was shot. I think I can understand something of the pain that black people have had to endure. I know that I contributed to that pain. I can only ask for forgiveness."

The congregation and the choir granted Wallace that wish, and as he left the church, rolling between the aisles in his metal chair, they reached out to touch him, and they sang the words to the old hymn:

*Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but
Now am found
Was blind, but now I see.*





Cynthia Ozick (2007)

The Essential Critic

How Cynthia Ozick understands literature. BY BENJAMIN BALINT

In the opening salvo of her latest collection of essays—her sixth—Cynthia Ozick takes aim at those who express alarm about dwindling audiences for literature in the age of mass media:

The “fate of the novel,” that over-masticated, flavorless wad of old chewing gum, is not in question. Novels, however they may manifest themselves, will never be lacking. What is missing is a powerfully persuasive, and pervasive, intuition for how they are connected, what they

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Critics, Monsters, Fanatics, and Other Literary Essays

by Cynthia Ozick
Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 224 pp., \$25

portend in the aggregate, how they comprise and color an era.

What is missing, in other words, is serious criticism. This is not, in Ozick’s view, an offer from dry-as-dust professors or academic theorists who “have for decades marinated literature in dogma.” Nor is it the province of journalist-reviewers, distracted from the long view by the hue and cry of the moment, who Ozick says fail to “catch the cross-rever-

berations” between books. Only critics can show how literature (to use R.P. Blackmur’s famous phrase) adds “to the stock of available reality” and to the apprehension of that reality. The literary critic alone, Ozick argues, teases out underlying cultural conditions, distills writers’ indebtedness to a larger tradition, and addresses not the question *who* will read, but *why*.

Here, Ozick replies to that question in pieces on the emotional furnishings of Lionel Trilling’s resplendent essays and unsatisfactory novels and on the oracular idiosyncrasies of Harold Bloom, for whom every text comes into being out of its reading (or misreading)

ULD ANDERSEN / GETTY

of an earlier text. For their navigations of the cross-currents of tradition and originality, Ozick takes these two critics as her touchstones.

At the heart of this collection, Ozick does not merely praise literary criticism; she shows us how it's done. She writes here with brainy brio on why Saul Bellow's idiom "escapes eclipse," on the sovereign art of Bernard Malamud's "feelingful moral sensibility," on W.H. Auden as "a poet—no, *the* poet—of unembarrassed intellect," and on the "commanding conundrums" of Franz Kafka's abbreviated life, which both transcended and did not transcend "Prague's roiling German-Czech-Jewish brew." In each case, Ozick's strengths as a consummate stylist are on full display, above all in the alternations of seriousness and levity. And in each case, the fulcrum of her essays—and of her answer to the question "why read"—is her wonderment at how these writers educate and enlarge our sympathies.

Yet Ozick is a writer doubly divided, and her defense in this new book of the role of literary critics—unlike Edmund Wilson's 1928 manifesto, "The Critic Who Does Not Exist"—bears the density of not-entirely-reconcilable impulses. First, though she confesses to having only a little Hebrew ("so little as to be equivalent to none"), Ozick writes from within a Jewish tradition that is suspicious of the seductions of what she calls "the relentlessly and recklessly unbound imagination." Her essays are hosannas to order and orthodoxy. Her old sparring partner Bloom justly called her "an authentic sharer in the normative tradition that, above all others in the West, bids us to honor our mothers and our fathers, and more precisely, honor their virtues."

Ozick has long worried that the literary imagination subverts those virtues and defies both "the moral edict and the sober deed." She is besotted with literature but has also parsed literature as a form of idol-making, a violation of the Second Commandment, a usurpation—or is it a mimicry—of the divine act of creation. Commentary is permitted; invention (as a rivalry with the Creator and Author) is not.

Second, Ozick writes both as an essayist and a novelist. Her stories, as much as her sinewy essays, are clamorous in ideas. Like her fictional heroine Puttermesser, Ozick the novelist has "the habit of flushing with ideas as if they were passions." Still, she insists that the two modes, however close in their cadences and contents, remain distinct: "The native language of the critical essayist is Intelligence," she notes. "The native language of the fiction-writer is Revelation."

The essays culled into her latest book are, in the end, best taken as translations from one language into another. Many of our most discerning contemporary critics—Harold Bloom, Robert Alter, Joseph Epstein—favor Ozick's essays over her fiction. But both languages are native to Ozick, and in both she writes with unflinching eloquence, with all the stops out. It is more than enough to explain why we read her with such gratitude and gratification. ♦

BCA

Paying Attention

What we see and hear, and what we do about it.

BY PETER LOPATIN

You swipe your bank card to pay for your groceries and watch the screen for the expected prompts. But in the ensuing interval, before you are able to complete your transaction, you are presented with a series of advertisements. Or you check in to your hotel and notice that the key card you are given is emblazoned with an advertisement for a restaurant. Or, yet again, seated on your airline flight, you pull down the tray from the seat-back in front of you and find the tray top devoted to some advertisement or other.

In each of these situations, your *attention* has, in effect, been seized and held captive, however briefly. Increasingly, we find our attention hijacked, then transformed into an object of significant economic value to others—a commodity subject to the dictates of the marketplace and no longer exclusively our own to direct as we wish. Consequently, our first-person experience has become "by turns anxious, put-upon, distracted, exhausted, enthralled, ecstatic, self-forgetting."

In *The World Beyond Your Head*,

Peter Lopatin is a writer in Stamford, Conn.

The World Beyond Your Head

*On Becoming an Individual
in an Age of Distraction*

by Matthew B. Crawford

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 320 pp., \$15

Matthew Crawford examines this dilemma, following up on his successful *Shop Class as Soulcraft: An Inquiry into the Value of Work*. In the latter, he championed the value—even the superiority—of skilled manual labor over that of the new "knowledge workers," hard at work in their secluded cubicles, busy manipulating abstractions at their computer workstations. In the pervasive technologies to which we have become thrall, Crawford now discerns the source of our diminished capacity for sociability, for the creation of (and participation in) an "attentional commons," a shared space where each of us retains the capacity to choose what to pay attention to, while still remaining aware of the duty of "attentiveness and ethical care" that we owe to others.

This captivity of attention, Crawford now argues, is a predicament that presents us with serious ethical and cultural challenges, not the least of

which is that of understanding human *agency* and the need to reclaim it from distraction. Crawford's interest here is not in joining the culture wars over the place of technology in modern society by offering yet another critique of our advertising-saturated, consumerist culture. Rather, he offers a project whose scope is both broader and deeper—and quite a bit more philosophically ambitious: He sets about to outline an “*ethics of attention* for our time, grounded in a realistic account of the mind and a critical gaze at modern culture.”

Hewing closely to the original sense of “ethics” as calling for “a more capacious reflection on the sort of *ethos* we want to inhabit,” Crawford wishes to “trace the subterranean strata—the historically sedimented geological structures—of our age of distraction, the better to map our way out of it.” The inquiry is surely an important one because what we *attend* to is intimately related to what we *value*, and therefore to who and what we are. Animals can remember and learn, but it seems that only humans are able to call to mind things that are not triggered by the environment. But doing so demands that we retain the ability to direct our attention where we will, that we lay claim to it as our own and not allow it to be reduced to a commodity held at the disposal of others for their own ends, as it so often is these days.

The World Beyond Your Head is an important and intriguing response to these challenges, but one that comes with significant flaws of philosophical interpretation. Crawford approaches the problem of attention from a tripartite perspective: Speaking as a sort of philosophical physician, he diagnoses an illness, offers an account of its etiology, and prescribes a course of treatment. As to the first and third parts of his latest project, *The World Beyond Your Head* offers up a compelling account of what ails us, as well as an intriguing approach to its treatment.

There is much that is right and compelling in his analysis, but in tracing the source of the illness to the philosophy of the Enlightenment, Crawford goes astray. To take the phy-

sician analogy a bit further, it is as if you seek medical attention for incapacitating headaches and are given a correct diagnosis of migraine—which your doctor attributes to demonic possession. She prescribes one of the standard migraine medicines, assuring you that it will drive out the demons. You take the medicine and, *mirabile dictu*, your headaches are gone! The diagnosis and treatment are spot-on; the purported etiology, not so much.

But first things first. Crawford rightly diagnoses the malaise of inattention and distraction that besets us. Our technological environment generates a need for ever more stimulation, the content and value of which have become irrelevant. When we lose the ability to direct our attention where *we* will, we become more receptive to those who would direct our attention where *they* will. Crawford's examples of this phenomenon are apt: the compulsive gambler, consigned to “a zone of autistic pseudo-action” by clever marketing and casino design, pouring ever more money into the infernal slot machine; the “Mousekedoer,” a children's electronic game programmed to prompt the child to “choose” pre-selected “solutions” to each peril that Mickey is presented with; the ever-present airport lounge TV monitor tuned to CNN, commanding our attention, even with the sound muted (a likely manifestation, Crawford explains, of the “orienting response,” an evolutionary adaptation that arose to direct our attention to dangerous predators).

The list goes on. In each case, our attention is made use of for the purposes of others. In order to escape the grip of these attention-grabbing technologies, we may attempt to retreat to the shelter of a private self. Guided by an ideal of sovereign personal *autonomy*, we seek what we call *freedom*—a notion about which Crawford has much to say—from this attentional bondage. We pursue a conception of freedom as *freedom of choice*, where the latter term is understood as “a pure flashing forth of the uncondi-

tioned will,” a faculty disconnected from history, social circumstance, and any authority external to the self.

As to his prescription for treatment, Crawford argues that through submission to the authority of *things*—tools, equipment, skilled craft in the broadest sense—and the focused and devoted attention that a craft demands, we can find our attention released from the bondage into which it has fallen and free it to attend to the things that really matter. Drawing heavily on the notion of a “jig”—any of a number of devices afforded the craftsman by tradition and collective experience, which serve as authoritative guides for the creative process—Crawford suggests the idea of “cultural jigs” that might similarly guide us in the exercise of our “moral capacities.”

As exemplars of such skilled activities, Crawford's choices include glass-making, ice hockey, the manufacture of traditional pipe organs—the latter receiving a quite fascinating, chapter-length discussion—and motorcycle racing. (In addition to being a senior fellow at the University of Virginia's Institute for Advanced Studies in Culture, Crawford is also a fabricator of components for custom motorcycles.) In the practice of his craft, the skilled practitioner submits to the authority of a tradition. But in the spirit of Kierkegaard, Crawford argues that it is in such submission that the craftsman acquires the reverence prerequisite to the reasoned rebellion that lies at the heart of innovation. Far from being the isolated “rugged individualist” who, starting from scratch, self-legislates his way to innovation at the cost of retreating from the world, the craftsman is situated in a socially and historically constituted space whose norms provide the “jigs” through which he can innovate while yet remaining in conversation with the tradition of his craft. And that very conversation, Crawford argues, “*is* a kind of rationality; a mode of thinking that helps us get at the truth about things.”

As suggested by the subtitle of the book, becoming an individual is an

achievement to be desired, but the devil is all in the details. Crawford is surely correct to argue that there is a tension between a *certain conception* of individuality, autonomy, and freedom, on the one hand, and the reality of our social and historical situatedness, on the other. However, painting with too broad a brush, he attributes that cramped conception to “the Enlightenment” as a corporate body.

In attempting to free the mind and spirit from subjugation to external authority, Enlightenment thinkers (as Crawford would have it) took us down a fourfold path: (1) To be free from the tyranny of subjection to authority, we must not rely on the testimony of others; therefore (2) freedom—both politically and epistemically—demands radical self-responsibility, which we can achieve only by (3) “relocating the standards of truth from outside to inside ourselves.” But this forces us to rely on engineered, highly manipulable “representations” of reality to go proxy for lived experience; (4) now enclosed in something that calls to mind Aron Gurwitsch’s notion of the self as a “closed sphere of interiority” (although Crawford does not mention Gurwitsch), we have allowed our faculty of attention to be “demoted,” with no functional role to play other than fixing on those representations, the latter coming to serve as “the fundamental mental process by which we apprehend the world.”

This is not a reading of the Enlightenment that I have encountered before, nor is it one with which I agree. Crawford elides the differences among the thinkers of that era, treating them as univocal in their epistemologies. Although all were insistent on the power and necessity of the rational faculties in justifying belief, Crawford provides little discussion of *reason* as a theme of Enlightenment thought, and the term does not even merit an entry in the index. Reading Crawford, one might think that empiricism played little part



in Enlightenment thought when, in fact, the tension between empiricism and rationalism was a key feature of the philosophies of that age. But perhaps most egregiously, Crawford administers a strange and undeserved drubbing to Immanuel Kant, at whose feet he lays principal responsibility for the extremes of subjectivism that he (correctly) discerns in our contemporary ethos. Crawford’s Kant isolates us from the world through a conception of autonomy that consigns to the realm of “heteronomy” any influence external to the individual will, thereby cutting most of us off from our social connectedness and material environment—the exception being the small but fortunate cadre of pipe-organ makers, fabricators of custom motorcycle components, and other skilled craftsmen whose work spares them that isolation.

Such a conclusion, however, reflects a decidedly idiosyncratic and highly selective reading of Kant’s critical philosophy. Thus, Crawford builds his brief against Kant on Kant’s assertion that our autonomy demands that we “abstract from all objects to this extent—they should be without any influence at all on the will so that [the will] may not merely administer an alien interest but may simply mani-

fest its own sovereign authority as the supreme maker of the law.” But there is more to Kantian autonomy than this. In particular, Crawford neglects entirely the concept that lies at the very heart of Kant’s moral philosophy: the categorical imperative, to which he alludes only obliquely in a footnote.

In its two principal formulations, the categorical imperative demands that we act always (and only) in a way that we could universalize as a law for all rational beings, and never regard others solely as a means to an end, but always as ends in themselves. Kant is plainly *not* endorsing the unrestrained exercise of the individual will. For Kant, someone who does as he pleases, unconstrained by any limiting principle external to his unconditioned will, is a slave to his passions and, therefore, radically *unfree*. Indeed, for Kant, freedom and absolute obedience to the moral law are two sides of the same coin.

These criticisms notwithstanding, *The World Beyond Your Head* offers a valuable and original critique of the crisis of attention that besets us and much food for thought as to how that crisis might be addressed. For his diagnostic and therapeutic services, Matthew Crawford deserves our thanks. But let’s leave Kant out of it. ♦

Imperial Tempest

Seamus Heaney responds to Virgil's call.

BY HEATHER TRESELER

Translation, in its etymological roots, is a carrying over, a bearing across. Three years after the death of Seamus Heaney, his translation of Virgil's *Aeneid Book VI* appeared this spring in this slender volume. The book, in its posthumous publication and focus on the underworld, is itself a portage across the River Styx, a retrieval from the land of the dead and the colloquially "dead" language of Virgilian Latin. As in his acclaimed translation of *Beowulf* (2000), an international best-seller, Heaney's take on the heart of this Roman epic performs a literary resurrection of sorts, bringing Virgil's poem—and his own voice—vividly alive.

Heaney infuses the 901 lines at the *Aeneid's* center with his inimitable blend of Hiberno-English, Ulster Scots, and Gaelic, producing a lucid verse story both timely and archetypal. Indeed, *Book VI* is the midpoint of Virgil's epic, its dramatic hinge: Aeneas pauses in his imperial quest to search the underworld for the shade of his father, visit with comrades lost in the cataclysm at Troy, and encounter Dido, the Carthaginian queen, whom he loved but was forced to abandon. Here the Roman hero appears fully human, shaped by his filial, fraternal, and erotic loves: a man distinct from his mythic destiny. This homelier version of Aeneas might have appealed to Heaney in his later decades, hounded as he was by fame and habitually drawn to native places and family.

But *Book VI* is also about the grand cycle of death and rebirth, which piqued Heaney's interest after his father's demise and again, touchingly, after the arrival of his first granddaugh-

Aeneid Book VI

by Virgil
translated by Seamus Heaney
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 112 pp., \$23

ter. Virgil qualifies the finality of death with a pagan paradigm of reincarnation: Fortunate souls, whose "seeds of life are strong sparks out of fire," are allowed to resume a second life in new bodies. Heaney's translation celebrates these spirits' buoyancy as they "go once more / To dwell beneath the sky's dome and start again / To long for the old life of flesh and blood." Though mortality is unavoidable, the well-behaved in Virgil's underworld can eventually leave, freshly laundered by the river Lethe, amnesiac and ready for another go.

Heaney's translation also underscores Virgil's clear-eyed view of empire. Though the poem praised Augustus (and, reportedly, was preserved by him, despite Virgil's death-bed wish that the unrevised *Aeneid* be burned), it is not an apologia for totalitarianism. In the figure of Aeneas, Virgil explores the cost of rule on those who govern as well as on those who submit to supererogatory powers, worldly or divine. In a commentary left tantalizingly incomplete at the time of his death, Heaney noted that "for the contemporary reader, it is the best of books and the worst of books. Best because of its mythopoeic visions, the twilight fetch of its language. ... Worst because of its imperial certitude, its celebration of Rome's manifest destiny."

At key moments, Heaney puts a mute in Virgil's imperial trumpet, one the Roman poet (given his allegiances) may have felt obliged to sound. For instance, when Aeneas' father describes Romans' legacy vis-à-vis their Hellenis-

tic counterparts, the Greeks who "beat bronze into breathing likenesses / ... Argue cases more effectively, and with their compass / Plot the heavens' orbit," Heaney lets the language for Rome fall comparatively flat. Romans, in his translation, are told "To impose peace and justify your sway, / Spare those you conquer, crush those who overbear."

Heaney's lines—particularly his choice of "sway" and "crush"—seem more apt for a lunchroom bully than an empire spanning continents. In his version of Anchises' prophecy, it is as honorable to be an artist, skilled in oratory and sculpture, as it is to be an imperial gunslinger exacting tribute.

Throughout his career, Heaney claimed a place for poetry apart from politics, while recognizing history's influence on a poet's imagination. As the son of a farmer who witnessed civil war and as someone who came of age during the Troubles in Northern Ireland, Heaney's life (and poetic temperament) shared strong parallels with Virgil's own. Indeed, Heaney credited Virgil's *Eclogues* for suggesting "an effective way for a poet to answer whatever the world was hurling at him," and in Virgil's *Aeneid* he found tropes—the search for the ghostly father; the passport of the golden bough; the portents in Venus' doves; and the prophecy-frothing Sibyl—that allowed him to reframe some of his own experiences.

Like centuries of poets before him, Heaney learned what a verse line can convey while on the errands of Virgil's demanding syntax as a schoolboy. In his foreword, he credits Fr. Michael McGlinchey's sixth-form classroom for instilling "an inner literalist who still hunts for the main verb." Indeed, Heaney's oeuvre, from early to late, evinces his training in the narrative compression, symbolic imagery, and portmanteau coinages found in Virgilian Latin, which, like Dante's Italian, educated its readers in their own tongue. Scenes from *Book VI* appear obliquely in several of Heaney's collections and directly in the poem "Route 110" in *The Human Chain* (2010), in which he mimics the descent to the underworld with vignettes patterned after Aeneas' encounters. Reciprocally, the Stygian

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marsh in Heaney's translation resembles, in its flora and fauna, its ghosts and voluble artifacts, a peaty bog in Derry.

To sense what Heaney gives back to Virgil as a translator, we need only look at the opening passage. Here, Heaney counterpoints the melancholic mourning of Aeneas, who has lost his beloved helmsman, to the Trojan fleet's near-libidinal joy in claiming *Italia* as their own. In the lines' muscularity, the reader feels the energies of empire.

*In tears as he speaks, Aeneas loosens
out sail
And gives the whole fleet its head, so now
at last
They ride ashore on the waves at
Euboean Cumae.
There they turn round the ships to face
out to sea.
Anchors bite deep, craft are held fast,
curved
Sterns cushion on sand, prows frill the
beach.
Now a band of young hotbloods vaults
quickly out
On to the shore of Italia, some after flint
For the seedling fire it hides in its veins.*

In comparison, consider lines from this same passage by Robert Fagles, whose translation of the *Aeneid* has reigned, almost unchallenged, since it appeared in 2006:

*So as he speaks in tears Aeneas gives the
ships free rein
and at last they glide onto Euboean
Cumae's beaches.
Swinging their prows around to face
the sea,
they moor the fleet with the anchors'
biting grip ...*

While Fagles's translation is perfectly serviceable, Heaney's rendering bristles with narrative particularity, each word a tile in a bright mosaic, a note in a discernible melody. "The experiment of poetry," Heaney once observed, "happens when the poem carries you beyond where you could have reasonably expected to go." Heaney's translation thoroughly enlivens the underworld of Virgil's imagination, proving it to have been a defining ancestor of his own, and one that carries its readers pleasingly beyond where we might otherwise expect to go. ♦

BCA

A Spin in Turin

Where food, film, and futurism meet.

BY SARA LODGE

Turin
Turin is Italy's Cinderella city. While everybody knows her showy older sisters Rome and Florence, she has the reputation of being chained to the chimney of industry; she was home to the Fiat automobile factory. Yet Turin's allure, like Cinderella's, lies precisely in her mystery. She escapes the majority of guests. Cupped in a steep Alpine valley, her architecture is at times reminiscent of Paris, with its wide, tree-lined boulevards; but the cafes and pastries, the vanilla stucco of the palaces, also recall Vienna. This is Italy, but with a glass slipper of cool mountain air: deep crimson, luxuriant cherries in spring; cream from cows grazed on Alpine pastures; and red wine with a subtle aroma of roses and violets.

I am writing this in Caffè Mulasano, a cabinet of *Belle Époque* glamour. It is tucked away in a corner of Piazza Castello, Turin's main square. There are only eight small circular marble tables, but at this early hour, I am alone with my *cioccolato*, dark and rich as sin and faintly spiked with cinnamon. Gilded vines clamber up the walls and around the ceiling. Huge mirrors reflect dark wood, embossed leather panels, and an art nouveau lamp, in which 16 crocus-shaped shades twine around a coil of gilded stems.

Nearby is Baratti e Milano, a similarly elegant sanctuary for old-world assignations. Order a glass of Prosecco and it will arrive with flirtatious canapés like the hats of miniature *grandes dames*.

Later, I will be meeting Luigi,

Sara Lodge, a senior lecturer in English at the University of St Andrews, is the author of Thomas Hood and Nineteenth-Century Poetry: Work, Play, and Politics.

a Torinese friend from university days who is small, shrewd, elegantly dressed, and has a deep vein of black humor, particularly on the topic of corruption in the Italian state. "My friend, this is the true Italian," he once told me. "She will slit your throat and then, yes, she will complain about the bloodstain on her shoe." He has promised to convince me of the superiority of Piedmontese cuisine. It is, he tells me, a culture of understatement. "You're British," he says airily, "you know how it is. If you're feeling poorly, you say 'I'm fine.' If you say 'I'm poorly,' it means you will die tomorrow."

A twitch of mischief hovers around his lips. Restraint, he explains, translates into culinary subtlety. Silken *panna cotta* so delicately tinged with vanilla that it has slipped over your palate before you recognize the flavor. Veal from ancient cattle: Turin's Slow Food movement was one of the first to prize heritage breeds. Luigi's passion for his native cuisine is inspiring. Where he puts the calories is a mystery. I sometimes suspect that, like Dorian Gray, he has a picture in the attic, but it weighs 300 pounds and will someday fall through the ceiling.

Like Luigi, Friedrich Nietzsche spun a nice line in nihilism while thoroughly enjoying his residence in Turin. He was bewitched by the sight of the Alps from the city center. In the winter, the bleached, pink-tinged light makes the city dreamlike and insubstantial, like an out-of-body experience. The older streets are characterized by covered arcades that shelter the pedestrian from rain and confer on the shops a private charm. Many retain their original black and gold frontages. A *salumeria* becomes a theater with black puddings

and salamis dangling from its flies and a stage-set of *porcini* and *prosciutto* arrayed behind the counter.

This is a city for *flâneurs*. The act of entering a tobacconist or an antique dealer in one of these arcades dedicated to foot-passengers and screened from passing traffic is much more intimate than shopping in a modern main street. One can rediscover the pleasure of ducking into a confectioner, like Stratta, where the window is full of jewel-like fruit jellies, candied almonds in glass apothecaries' jars, and miniature meringues, or an antiquarian bookshop in the light-filled *Galleria Subalpina*, a conservatory in which hot-house plants and dealers in "liberty" (art nouveau) lamps and silverware rub shoulders with a tiny 1930s cinema showing films by Gianni Zanasi and Woody Allen.

Turin was the center of early filmmaking in Italy, an Alpine Hollywood that oversaw the creation of silent epics like Giovanni Pastrone's *Cabiria* (1914), which re-created Hannibal's trek across the Alps and Archimedes' defeat of the Roman fleet at Syracuse. This film paved the way for Cecil B. DeMille and D. W. Griffith to supersize American history onscreen. Visitors to Turin can see clips from *Cabiria* at the Mole, one of the city's most distinctive buildings, since 2000 a museum of cinema. Exhibits show the development of projected images from magic lanterns through stereoscopes and peepshows to 3D films. The Mole was begun in the 1860s as a synagogue, at a time when Turin was briefly capital of the fledgling Italian state, but it was never used for its intended religious purpose. Its tower stretches up to Heaven like an elegant four-faced rocket. You can ride a great glass elevator into the spire to see the sun set over Mont Blanc—a *coup de théâtre* worthy of Pastrone himself.

Cinema inspired modern artists in Turin at the turn of the century. Giacomo Balla, a leading futurist, in 1912 painted *Dynamism of a Dog on a Leash*, a picture that shows a dachshund and the feet of his female owner strolling along the sidewalk. Influenced by the serial images of cinephotography, Balla's

image captures movement as if multiple frames are viewed at once: The dog's feet are a blur; the tail appears eight times in different positions. Balla was fascinated by speed and change. You can see some of his work at the Galleria Civica d'Arte Moderna, where abstract tessellations explore the subtle shading of one color into another.

Giorgio de Chirico was stimulated by Turin's wide-open piazzas and mysterious archways to create some of his best metaphysical works: *Turin Melancholy* and *Turin Spring*. These dreamlike canvases, in which cloisters and sculptures have sharp shadows and occupy dramatically empty space, look different—more rooted in reality—after a visit to the city. Turin's sense of space and geometry, its absorption in the infinite, may account for the magnetism it has exerted on mathematicians and philosophers, from Nietzsche to Umberto Eco.

You could while away a happy couple of days here just exploring the rich mix of museums and contemporary galleries. The Egyptian museum is a trove of cases packed for the afterlife. Makeup and eyebrow tweezers, wigs, board games for the journey, beds and neck-rests, gifts to bribe the guards, and plenty to eat, from shins of antelope to ducks and bread.

In each tomb was a model representing the deceased (a dummy mummy) so that the real you would be free to leave. Thus these funerary riches constantly present two sides to Egyptian life: a magnificent culture on display, of the hard substances—gold, lapis, and obsidian—that desert sand cannot erase; but also of the vulnerable organic domestic life that these monuments are ironically designed to protect and project into eternity. The staring faces of the idealized death masks are blinds. They are there, like Instagram aliases, to let the real self escape.

On the fringes of Turin, royal palaces that for years were crumbling into plaster dust have been restored to their former baroque splendor. The Venaria is a 17th-century hunting lodge of proportions so grandiloquent that you could comfortably hunt mammoths and be sure of a larder-room and din-

ing table large enough to accommodate the ensuing roast.

The Venaria is worth going to see for two things in particular. One is the Galleria di Diana, a breathtaking corridor of light, its floor a chessboard of black and white marble, its curved, carved ceiling like a fantasy in Wedgwood porcelain. It is one of the grandest rooms in Europe. The second is the gardens, where the Alps rear up to meet you with Wagnerian majesty, drawing your eye into folds and ripples of blue so ethereal that it seems the very soul of landscape.

At night it is thrilling to see the skyline from the Monte dei Cappuccini on the east side of the River Po. Each winter the city participates in a festival of light, with installations by various contemporary artists. Rebecca Horn's *Piccoli Spiriti Blu* outside the Church of Santa Maria on the hill resembles floating electric-blue halos, which circle the night sky searching for missing saints.

Controversy surrounds a couple of modern skyscrapers that breach the unspoken rule that nothing should be taller than the Mole. I confess that, looking at Renzo Piano's 166-meter Intesa Sanpaolo Bank building, where a white light blinks every 30 seconds, I did feel that it spoiled the panorama like a flashing pop-up window on a computer screen that won't shut down.

However, as Luigi points out, Turin needs to keep moving forward. After Fiat pulled out of active production here, manufacturing slumped. It took the 2006 Winter Olympics to reinvigorate the sporting facilities, the exhibition spaces, and tourist infrastructure, giving the city a renewed sense of international importance. Now heavily in debt, Turin is nonetheless thriving. Could Detroit in the coming decades undergo a similar renaissance?

Even Turin's former factories can be fascinating. Lingotto was the place where every Fiat once rolled out into the streets from the production line, down an interior spiral that is every home-tobogganer's dream. (Indeed, it produced an uncharacteristic *wheweee!* even in your sedate correspondent.) This factory is a survivor; its futuristic design of 1923 endured almost 60 years of production. It is the industrial cousin



Mole Antonelliana in the Turin cityscape

of New York's snail-shell Guggenheim Museum. Visitors will remember the famous scene in the Michael Caine movie *The Italian Job* (1969) where minis are chased around the rooftop racetrack after performing a daring heist.

Sadly, however, Lingotto's present is much shabbier than its past. The upper stories have been blocked off, the lower couple converted into a shopping mall where Ferrari tricycles are on sale to the parents of spoiled toddlers.

Across from Lingotto is Eataly, a many-aisled archipelago of gastronomic delights where I catch up with Luigi. The place is crowded with Torinese couples and families tucking in to hearty repasts before lading themselves with seasonal treats. There are piles of *panettone* (brioche, studded with candied fruit), parceled and tied with red and green ribbon. There are white truffles for €350 an ounce; butchers selling cuts of wild boar and rabbit; fish stalls where miniature squid compete for attention with shoals of red mullet, flounder, and a massive, predatory dentex.

In the fruit section I spot seven dif-

ferent varieties of Italian pear, ranging from the roseate *angelica* to the mango-shaped *madernassa* and the tall *abate*, which resembles a tribal object of phallic worship. In the pasta section, I marvel at huge *paccheri*, like the links in old-fashioned paper chains. These, Luigi explains, are usually stuffed with white fish and tomato or aubergine and ricotta. His eyes take on a faraway look of epicurean lust.

He whisks me off to La Gallina Scannata in Largo Saluzzo, currently Turin's best seafood restaurant. Three young chefs stand behind a counter and toss up dishes the way that cocktail bartenders mix punch. It's unpretentious, but there's no mistaking the level of ambition and passion in the cooking. A little plate of tuna ceviche with lime arrives on a slick of freshly made hummus, with confit tomatoes and pink onion.

It is so meltingly fresh and delicious that my taste buds sigh at the memory. The little plates keep coming: a black-fish burger, the bread dense with squid ink; sushi-grade salmon with wasabi mayonnaise and caviar. Dinner for two with wine comes to \$52: a steal for food of this quality.

Next day at lunch, Luigi directs me to Pastificio de Filippis in Via Lagrange. "Try the *agnolotti*," he commands. I do. They are delicate postage stamps of pasta with crimped edges filled with sweet veal, in a velvety broth. Beside me, businessmen are wolfing down gnocchi with a sausage and rosemary *ragù*. Veal appears three times on the menu; there is also tripe and salt cod with artichokes.

The crowded interior of the café breathes warm contentment: a childhood memory of being held on somebody's knee. There are several people lunching alone, as I am, looking out through the window; the outside terrace buzzes with people enjoying a glass of wine in the pale sunlight. The slatted shadows of window shutters are like old-fashioned film scrolling vertically down the balconied building before us.

I have often considered that sunlight and happiness may be, like water and steam, simply different forms of the same element. The two fuse here, in a city that, so easily disregarded, has the fairy-tale quality of being freshly discovered. ♦

Modern Precision

The Whitney pays homage to Stuart Davis.

BY JAMES GARDNER

New York

As Americans, we take Stuart Davis for granted. Although he has achieved a certain canonic status, in practice that means little more than that we no longer feel that we really need to look at him. It takes an exhibition like the Whitney's "Stuart Davis: In Full Swing" to see, with redoubled force, just how good he really was. His works are striking, original, and, in their way, perfect, allying the exuberance of a jazz musician to the precision of a jeweler.

Davis, who was born in Philadelphia in 1892 into a family of illustrators and died in New York City in 1964, does not fit comfortably into any of the existing taxonomies of art history. Like so many American painters of his generation, he was transformed by a visit to the great Armory Show of 1913, which imbued him with a reverence for Modernism that he never lost. At the same time, however, he never forgot where he came from: His fixation on jazz and ragtime and the American scene in general has few parallels in Modernism before the end of the Second World War. Summing up the resulting synthesis, he once said that "In Gauguin, van Gogh and Matisse ... I sensed an objective order ... it gave me the same excitement I got from the numerical precisions of the Negro piano players in the [Newark] saloons."

From these two influences, Davis arrived at a synthesis of Modernism and Americanism that earlier artists such as Georgia O'Keeffe and Stanton Macdonald-Wright never attained with the same mastery or authority. In fact, Davis arrived at that synthesis, so cen-

James Gardner's latest book is Buenos Aires: The Biography of a City.

Stuart Davis
In Full Swing
Whitney Museum of American Art
through September 25



'Report from Rockport' (1940)

tral to art history in the postwar era, fully a generation before anyone else.

The exhibition's 85 paintings and drawings from over four decades do not amount to a true retrospective. The show ignores Davis's early flirtations with Expressionism and the Ashcan School, and begins only at the point when, nearly 30 years old, he achieved complete artistic competence. Over the 40 years covered by the show, his art underwent many changes. But in a more important sense it remained strikingly consistent, defined by its jazzy syncopations of color and line and by the promiscuous collision of abstract forms and the ads and signage of modern life.

For that reason, many critics have viewed Davis as a precursor of Pop Art, if only in the superficial sense that, as early as 1921, he tossed words, like live grenades, into the prim context of his Modernism, together with such fixtures of mass culture as a pack of Lucky Strikes or a bottle of Odol mouthwash. In *New York Mural* from 1932, a depiction of the Manhattan skyline, he discharges a storm of clashing yellow, purple, and tangerine that recalls Roy Lichtenstein.

So pervasive is the preference for half-tones and chromatic nuance in prewar Modernism that we scarcely notice it until we set it beside the works of Stuart Davis, with their pure, saturated, unremitting passages of color.

In another similarity to Pop, he exhibits a certain ironic engagement with his paintings in the very act of creating them. He does not simply use the forms of synthetic Cubism and Miró and the School of Paris. He seems to be referring to them so self-consciously that you almost see the scare quotes flanking each of his canvases.

Combined with this ironic element is that impassioned control that Davis exhibited at all times. Despite his wholehearted embrace of the clamor and chaos of modern times, he refused to relinquish one iota of control over any square inch of his paintings. You will be hard put to find in him a single gestural marking of the sort that defines such full-bodied action painters as Jackson Pollock or Willem de Kooning. Each apparent gesture, each curve or squiggle or loop, is really a precisely planned-out composite of lines calibrated as carefully as the brush strokes of a Dutch still-life painter of the 17th century.

In this painstaking deliberateness, Davis seems to anticipate the hard-edge abstractions of Barnett Newman. But there are many differences between him and Newman, and none more essential than the fact that Davis is never sober-sided or morosely serious. At the core of his art is a hyperactive happiness in the very process of creation. That mood is something that the New York School never felt or ever allowed itself to feel. Whether in the roughly figurative landscapes and still lifes of the twenties, the murals of the thirties, or the near-abstractions of the second half of his career, Davis's paintings, even at their most ironic, are essentially acts of joy.

To be sure, they possess that higher seriousness that defined the entire Modernist movement. But even as humanity was passing through some of its darkest moments, the Great Depression, World War II, and the Cold War, there is no register of pain in the art of Stuart Davis. He may well be the only important Modernist of whom that can be said. ♦

COURTESY OF THE WHITNEY MUSEUM

Players Beware

A fable of social media strikes a chord.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

The nifty suspense thriller *Nerve* captures lightning in a bottle as it tells a cautionary tale about the role of social media in the lives of America's teenagers. And though it was made to appeal to teenagers, I think *Nerve* will have the greatest emotional resonance with the parents of teens and near teens.

We live in a state of anxiety about the dual existences our kids lead as they walk and talk and move in the real world and yet fall constantly into the rabbit hole of an anarchic virtual world that has yet to establish any protective or defensive norms or codes of conduct. *Nerve* centers on a beautifully conceived metaphor for the psychic lure of Internet self-exposure—a lure that is both irresistibly tempting and profoundly dangerous for all of us but for teenagers especially.

This little picture, spectacularly well-directed by the team of Henry Joost and Ariel Schulman, is based on a young-adult novel by Jeanne Ryan that locates *The Hunger Games* in the present-day real world. Kids find themselves trapped in a game of Truth or Dare on the streets of New York City—a game that exists entirely within the world of social media and is invisible to the rest of us.

The game is called Nerve, and those who involve themselves in it are either Watchers or Players. The Watchers sign up for \$20 apiece. The money

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

Nerve
Directed by Henry Joost & Ariel Schulman



Dave Franco, Emma Roberts

they contribute goes into a giant pool. The Watchers think up dares for the Players they follow. The Players have to execute the dare in a matter of minutes. The Watchers observe the Players execute the dares in real time on their smartphones, which are broadcast by the Players through their smartphones. The more risky the dare, the more lucrative the dollar reward, which is instantly transferred to the Player's bank account. But it's not just about the money. The Players are also consumed with scoring as many followers as possible (in the manner of an Instagram account) so they will become famous inside the world of the game.

The movie follows Vee (Emma

Roberts), a shy and bookish 18-year-old from Staten Island who is goaded into becoming a Player because her wild best friend Sydney is doing it. The dares start small. Vee is directed to kiss a guy at a diner for five seconds and ends up in a lip lock with Ian (Dave Franco), who turns out to be another Player. That earns her \$100. The Watchers dare them to team up and ride into Manhattan together on Ian's motorcycle.

And as they go through the night, the dares become more and more physically dangerous and emotionally bruising. Sydney is dared to walk

between two fifth-story windows on a ladder laid out horizontally between them. And without Vee knowing, Ian is directed to provoke a fight between Vee and Sydney—an exact analogy to the way in which sadistic third parties use the Internet to cause friction among friends and wound them socially. Vee learns that the game has a terrifying enforcement mechanism; speak of its existence and you become a “snitch,” and the results are brutal. Like “Hotel California,” you may think you can check out any time you like, but snitch and you can never leave. Just like Twitter.

Up to this point, the movie is a marvel of storytelling; it starts like a freight train and never lets up, introduces multiple characters well, and shows us how integrated their lives are with the Internet by telling much of the tale through the devices they use. *Nerve* could have been a classic American thriller, the way last summer's *The Gift* was, but it cheats in its final third. That's unfortunate, but it's very unusual to see a movie that works both as a supercharged thriller and as a potent metaphor. More important, *Nerve* never belabors the metaphor at the expense of the thriller. If it did, it would be thudingly obvious and deeply uncool. And it is neither. ♦

Donald J. Trump on Twitter

Tweets by Donald J. Trump on Tw... +

 **Donald J. Trump** ✓
@realDonaldTrump
#TrumpPence16
New York, NY · DonaldTrump.com
44 FOLLOWING 10,643,921 FOLLOWERS (10,487,032 BOTS)

Tweets Media Likes

 **Donald J. Trump** @realDonaldTrump 2h
What do we really know about this DUMB CRYING BABY? Find out the TRUTH soon!
#MakeBabiesQuietAgain
← ↻ 5,882 ♥ 26,258

 **Donald J. Trump** @realDonaldTrump Aug 3
Just received information that Dumb Crying Baby was media plant, truth coming out soon! You won't hear this on CNN. SO DISHONEST!
← ↻ 17,877 ♥ 42,700

 **Donald J. Trump** @realDonaldTrump Aug 3
Turns out Dumb Crying Baby didn't just ruin rally, also ruined flight from Phoenix to Detroit according to VERY reliable WITNESSES! SAD!
← ↻ 11,845 ♥ 42,419

 **Donald J. Trump** @realDonaldTrump Aug 2
How many buildings has Dumb Crying Baby built, besides out of BLOCKS?! I've built hundreds!
← ↻ 5,197 ♥ 23,850

 **Donald J. Trump** @realDonaldTrump Aug 2
Just saw Dumb Crying Baby's PARENTS attacking me on CNN! SAD! LEARN TO TALK ALREADY, BABY!
← ↻ 5,882 ♥ 26,258

 **Donald J. Trump** @realDonaldTrump Aug 2
Who cries more: Dumb Crying Baby or Crooked Hillary Supporters? IDK. Both cry A LOT!
#MakeBabiesQuietAgain
← ↻ 17,877 ♥ 42,700

 **Donald J. Trump** @realDonaldTrump Aug 2
A very loyal SUPPORTER sent picture of Dumb Crying Baby's diaper from rally. Really terrible, trust me. DCB can't even poop in toilet. SAD!
← ↻ 17,877 ♥ 42,700