

**THE 9/11  
GENERATION  
RUNS FOR OFFICE**  
JOHN MCCORMACK

the weekly

# Standard

SEPTEMBER 19, 2016

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A detailed illustration of a diverse group of graduates in red gowns and black caps. Instead of traditional diplomas, they are holding computer keyboards. The scene is set against a background of a graduation ceremony with a warm, orange-red color palette.

## The Roots of Campus Leftism

BY WARREN TREADGOLD

PLUS: The Pushback  
Against 'Safe Spaces'

BY MARK HEMINGWAY

# Contents

September 19, 2016 • Volume 22, Number 2



2 The Scrapbook *Beating up Matt Lauer, the 'New Criterion' at 35, & more*

7 Casual *Lee Smith takes it on the chin*

8 Editorial  
*Who Now Hears America?* BY WILLIAM KRISTOL

## Articles

10 Pushback Against 'Safe Spaces' BY MARK HEMINGWAY  
*It's begun, and it's overdue*

12 A Lame Duck from Day One BY FRED BARNES  
*Hillary Clinton would take office with a huge credibility gap*

14 Does Ground Game Matter? BY JONATHAN V. LAST  
*Inside the world of get-out-the-vote operations*

16 The 9/11 Generation Runs for Office BY JOHN McCORMACK  
*Veterans on the campaign trail*

18 Take Me Out to the Argument BY GEOFFREY NORMAN  
*The new face of sports journalism*

19 An Obamacare Referendum? BY CHRIS DEATON  
*The issue that haunts Evan Bayh*

21 The Vaccination Paradox BY ABBY W. SCHACHTER  
*The nanny state has been slow to intervene in the one area where it should*

22 Fear and Loathing in Beijing BY ARTHUR WALDRON  
*They understand the importance of Hong Kong—we should too*

## Feature

24 The Roots of Campus Leftism BY WARREN TREADGOLD  
*Who are the oppressors and who the oppressed?*

## Books & Arts

30 Hitting the Road BY STEFAN BECK  
*The existential charms of getting up and going*

33 Affluent Society BY JAY WEISER  
*The friends, and enemies, of American prosperity*

35 Muddle Kingdom BY STEPHEN MILLER  
*Simon Leys, the skeptical Sinologist*

37 Transition Waltz BY SOPHIE FLACK  
*The troublesome path to a dancer's second act*

39 Lightweight Champion BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ  
*Warren Hinckle, 1938-2016*

40 Parody *A brief glimpse of Hillary*

COVER BY JORI BOLTON



# Pour Encourager Les Autres

On September 7, NBC hosted a presidential forum on issues related to national security. Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump were interviewed back to back and took selected questions from military personnel in attendance. It was moderated by NBC's Matt Lauer.

Clinton was asked about her emails and (predictably) responded with flop sweat. Trump, as per usual, had some dishonest and dubious answers of his own. But at one point he at least appeared concerned and informed about veteran suicides. Advantage: Trump.

By the next morning, the media consensus was in and the big loser of the evening was . . . Matt Lauer? CNN media critic Brian Stelter said the reaction to the event was "universally negative." *Politico's* headline was "Media turn on Lauer for not fact-checking Trump." And according to the *Washington Post*:



*Matt Lauer, enemy of the people?*

The most galling moment came when Donald Trump repeated his demonstrably false claim that he was "totally against the war in Iraq," and Lauer never pressed him on it.

Hillary Clinton's campaign was spitting mad that the NBC host devoted one-third of her time on stage to asking a series of questions about her email practices as secre-

tary of state, leaving her with less time to talk about pressing national security issues.

Perhaps Lauer should have pressed Trump harder on his Iraq war lie. But it's also true that Lauer didn't really pursue Hillary Clinton on her email answers, either. When Clinton was asked by a retired naval flight officer why she had skated on violating rules on handling classified information, when he "would have been prosecuted and imprisoned" for doing what she had done, Clinton responded with a pack of lies about how this was all a silly misunderstanding about the use of email "headers" denoting classified information. Earlier in the forum she even made a classic Clintonian dodge, saying that "none of the emails sent or received by me had such a header." She finished with the jaw-dropping claim that "I did exactly what I should have done and I take it very seriously, always have, always will."

Lauer, of course, did not press her on the fact that Clinton had specifically told her aides to remove classified headers, thus ensuring she wouldn't send emails marked as classified. Never mind that it's still illegal to mishandle classified information, with or without headers. Nor did Lauer follow up and ask Clinton how she squares "I did exactly what I should have done" with her earlier admission that "it was a mistake to have a personal account. I would certainly not do it again. I make no excuses for it. It was something that should not have been done."

Is the fact that Trump lies about opposing the Iraq war before 2004 when he was a private citizen really more galling than the fact that the former secretary of state is flagrantly dissembling about behavior in high office that would put your typical naval flight officer in Leavenworth? It is not.

## What They Were Thinking

SERIOUSLY?  
THAT'S YOUR BEST  
DEATH STARE?

THAT TURKEY  
SANDWICH IS  
MAKING ME  
SLEEPY.



PHOTOS: NEWS.COM

Naturally, the media are terrified what Clinton's abysmal performance at the NBC forum portends for her showing in the upcoming debates. The media caterwauling, if that accurately describes a bunch of outraged liberal columnists and Democratic operatives on Twitter, isn't simply, or even primarily, aimed at Matt Lauer. It's also a warning to the moderators of the three scheduled debates to pile on Trump and go easy on Clinton, unless they want to be targeted as viciously as Lauer was. In fact, the *Washington Post* headline the next morning sent the message loud and clear: "Matt Lauer's widely-panned performance shows the perils for debate moderators."

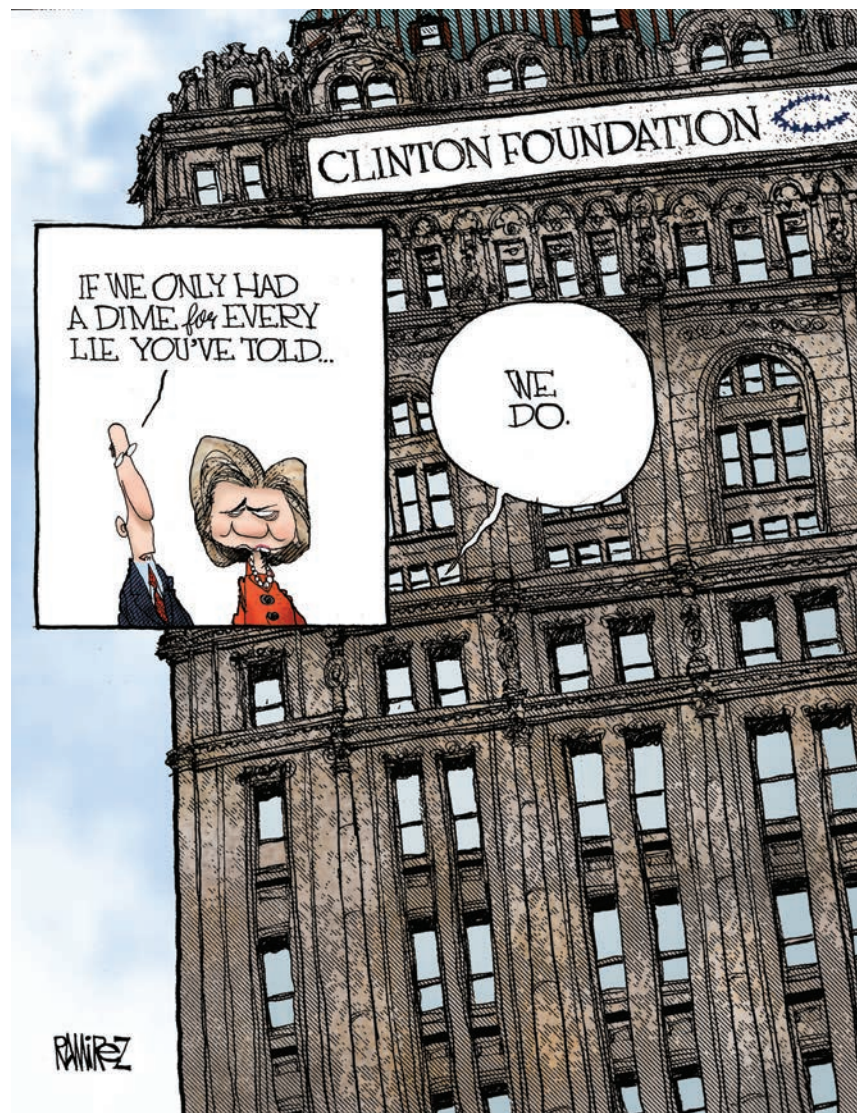
Of course, the real loser here ultimately isn't Trump or Clinton or Lauer. It's the American people, who are once again being asked to decide which liar's lies are the least consequential. And that's no choice at all. ♦

## Happy Birthday, 'New Criterion'

A tip of THE SCRAPBOOK homburg to our friends at the *New Criterion*, which embarks on its 35th year with a special issue this month.

In an introductory essay, the editors remind readers that the *New Criterion's* "longevity . . . is itself noteworthy. Serious cultural periodicals tend not to be long lived." Which is certainly true: Its model-precursor, T. S. Eliot's influential *Criterion*, ceased publication after 16 years. But that's only half the story: The importance of the *New Criterion* is not its endurance but its influence, and the critical role it plays at the intersection of art and politics.

In the Internet age it is easy to forget that, in 1982, when Hilton Kramer and Samuel Lipman introduced a monthly journal dedicated to chronicling culture and the life of the mind, with a special interest in explaining and defending the civilization of the West, there were very few outlets where such perspectives were welcome. Indeed, in American



intellectual life, "Western Civ" was under assault in those days—from deconstruction and postmodernism—just as it is threatened by multiculturalism and identity politics and attacks on free speech today. Then as now, the academy was in full retreat, or complicit in the intellectual fads of the age; and then as now, the *New Criterion* played a critical role in linking the past to the present, in illuminating the life of the mind, in championing the cultural and spiritual foundations of our civilization.

Which is not to say that reading the *New Criterion* has been duty rather than pleasure. Thanks to the

labors of helmsman Roger Kimball (who was managing editor at the founding) and team, it fulfills its singular mission with a signature candor and vigor, with humor and passion, with deep learning and a sharp eye, well-tuned ear, and the courage to say what needs to be said about a culture, and tradition, under assault. So here's to three-and-a-half decades—and more! ♦

## 'Satchmo' in D.C.

If you're a denizen of D.C. (or visiting here) looking for something smart to distract you from the presi-

dential race—and who isn't?—you're in luck. Not only has *Satchmo at the Waldorf*, a play by longtime SCRAPBOOK friend and TWS contributor Terry Teachout, opened in Washington; less than two weeks into its run, Mosaic Theater Company has announced that it's extending the production to October 2. This is the one politically charged event in Washington this season you won't want to miss.

The one-man, one-act show has



Craig Wallace as Louis Armstrong

a small set but a huge heart. The action takes place in a dressing room backstage at New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in March 1971, though it's more accurate to say the real drama happens inside the characters themselves. Louis Armstrong, composer, trumpeter, singer, and actor—Teachout calls him “the greatest jazz musician of the twentieth century”—has just given what will be his last public concert. Only four months away from death, the weakened but still-powerful performer reflects on his five-decade career and the man who, more than anyone except Armstrong himself, made it happen.

The trumpeter found himself in a bit of a pickle in 1935 when a mob-connected New York nightclub owner saw his rising success, regretted firing him, and sent a tough to drag him back from Chicago. Armstrong called up Joe Glaser, a Jew who'd managed a nightclub owned by Al Capone that he'd played years before. Glaser knew some toughs

of his own; he stopped the harassment and managed Armstrong until Glaser's death in 1969. He helped persuade Armstrong to drop the scatting and use his singular voice to better effect in popular songs like “What a Wonderful World” and “Hello, Dolly!” and made them both rich. But Armstrong's popularity among white Americans got him called an Uncle Tom by a younger generation of black musicians who felt that with fame came a certain political responsibility.

Those are the truths on which the show is based—Teachout calls it “a work of fiction, freely based on fact”—but it's the emotional truths the show reveals that make it so compelling. It feels like you're sharing an intimate moment with one of the most recognizable voices of the last century—until the actor transforms into Glaser or another jazz musician, frequent Armstrong critic

Miles Davis. One performer plays all three men, not an easy task given the vocal—not to say racial—divide. But local actor Craig Wallace does it with studied finesse. (He's just as good as the actor THE SCRAPBOOK saw in the off-Broadway production in 2014.) When his Armstrong talked about how his audiences have become whiter and whiter, and then looked around the room, the opening night audience in Washington couldn't help but laugh along with him.

The play explores with subtlety and smarts the mystery of what makes an artist, and what makes an artist great—along with many other deep questions.

Armstrong sums up his unwavering jollity in one line: “I love the folks and they love me and we all have us a good old time.” *Satchmo at the Waldorf*, with its hard look at race, friendship, and duty, has darker moments than you'd see in a Louis Armstrong performance—but it's still a grand old time. ♦

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## Headshots

Everyone has a plan till they get punched in the mouth,” said Mike Tyson famously. Many choose to understand the former heavyweight champion’s one-liner metaphorically, as an American rendition of the Prussian military strategist Helmuth von Moltke’s observation that no battle plan survives contact with the enemy. The temptation then is to take the Tyson/Moltke thesis as a figure for preparation, or imagination, and how it is always incommensurate with reality. Thus it’s a description of how theory is incommensurate with practice. Or it’s an injunction to be prepared, but not overly so, to be also flexible, spontaneous, to live in the moment and respond to it.

I, however, took it literally, and in middle age embarked on a campaign of getting punched in the mouth. I took up boxing.

Every 10 years or so I change sports. In college I played baseball and continued with it when I moved back to New York and played on the Brooklyn sandlots. Then there were many years of soccer in those same parks. And when I moved to the Middle East, I started jumping horses. Back in America, I was lost.

It was a friend who had served in one of our hard-charging military units who first emphasized to me how important it was for people to get punched in the face. He wasn’t talking about American adversaries or his own enemies, but men and, to a lesser extent, women in general. “It’s surprising to get punched in the face and scary,” he said. “And you have to learn how to deal with it.”

Of course, the point of boxing is to *not* get hit, a fact apparently lost on many self-described fans of the sweet science. For instance, a fight fan who says he dislikes Floyd Mayweather because he doesn’t get hit—and indeed

Floyd’s defensive technique, and thus his success and longevity until his retirement, was built on the pillar of not getting hit—is someone who is saying he himself has never been hit in the head hard, which is why what he singly enjoys about boxing is seeing other people punched in the head repeatedly. Or he has been hit hard in the head far too many times and is now insensible to the pain of others.



Mike Tyson and Frank Bruno exchange punches in Las Vegas, March 17, 1996.

It was when I started to get hit in the face often that I began to recognize how much depends on avoiding it. I remembered that the first thing you’re supposed to learn as a young kid hitting a baseball is how to get out of the way of a pitched ball coming at your head. Until you master hitting the dirt like a chair has been pulled out from under you, it’s hard to feel confident in the batter’s box. I was renewed in my amazed respect for the dog—the animal that braves his face to catch balls and Frisbees and other items thrown by mankind.

The pain of getting punched in the face describes itself on the face—black eyes, bloody noses, cauliflower ears, etc. What’s more daunting is the fear of getting hit hard in the place that we associate with our own self—by which

I mean not just the face reflected back to us, but the skull that protects the vessel that holds our memories and histories, our loves and passions, our ambitions and our fears. There is the fear before and the fear after being hit. A former professional fighter I know used to get cramps in his neck after fights, sometimes after sparring. He wanted to say it was because he was using muscles he wasn’t accustomed to using, but eventually confessed it was fear, after the fact of getting hit hard in the face.

If I say that political life is organized around avoiding getting hit in

the head, I’m not speaking metaphorically. George Orwell wrote in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, “If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever.” But that’s not really the future, nor is it just the past. Throughout most of history, and still today in many parts of the world, politics is little more than coercion and violence, or someone threatening to hit someone else in the head. Maybe we Americans live in what may turn out to be a rare moment and place in which our politics is based primarily on agreeing not to punch each other in the mouth.

There is nothing but pain and fear in getting punched in the face. I learned nothing, and that’s enough.

LEE SMITH

## EDITORIAL



# Who Now Hears America?

*Lower Manhattan, September 14, 2001*

“I can hear you. The rest of the world hears you. And the people—and the people who knocked these buildings down—will hear all of us soon.”

—President George W. Bush, September 14, 2001

Who now hears America? Our friends around the world listen in vain. When they most need to hear from us—in Iran in 2009, in Syria and Iraq in 2011, in Ukraine in 2014, in Israel for the entire Obama administration—what they mostly hear is the sound of silence. And “silence, like a cancer, grows,” and freedom and civilization retreat.

Of course, there are other sounds, as well. There are the confused and indistinct sounds of retreat. And occasionally the voice of the present administration emerges from the background din of disorder and destruction. But it is the tremulous voice of plaintive excuse-making or of ineffectual hectoring. It is not a voice that inspires fear from our enemies, respect from our adversaries, or loyalty among our friends.

Giving credit to his countrymen, Winston Churchill said after World War II, “It was the nation and the race dwelling all round the globe that had the lion heart. I had the luck to be called upon to give the roar.” George W. Bush was no Churchill. But after 9/11, he at least had the sense that he ought to try manfully to convey, as best he could, in speech and deed, the nation’s lion heart. Our leaders today seem embarrassed to even consider doing any such thing.

This certainly applies to our outgoing president, who has not only undone the progress that was achieved after

9/11 but has gone a long way to unmaking the world America made over the last 75 years. But leave him aside. Consider the 2016 presidential candidates.

Hillary Clinton voted to authorize the war in Iraq in 2002, consistent with the stance of her husband’s administration and her own view as a United States senator that regime change in Iraq was necessary. Today she apologizes for that perfectly reasonable vote. Indeed, she is so concerned to distance herself from her most important senatorial act that she said at the September 7 televised “Commander-in-Chief Forum”:

We are not putting ground troops into Iraq ever again. And we’re not putting ground troops into Syria. We’re going to defeat ISIS without committing American ground troops.

Of course, we have more than 3,000 ground troops in Iraq. Perhaps Hillary Clinton, she of supposedly great experience and expertise in foreign policy, meant to say combat troops. But just how irresponsible is it to say flatly that we are not going “ever again” to commit ground troops to Iraq or Syria? Presumably Hillary Clinton knows better than to make such categorical declarations. But if she lacks the courage to say what she knows, what does that say about a Clinton presidency?

It will be the continuation of the Obama presidency. Last week, Libertarian presidential hopeful Gary Johnson was roundly mocked when he was asked about the situation in Aleppo and said in response, “What is Aleppo?” But surely it is the Obama administration’s inaction in and around Aleppo, which has allowed half a million deaths,

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the spread of chaos through the Middle East, the growth of ISIS, and the expansion of Iranian and Russian power in the region, that merits not merely mocking but denunciation. Obama's moral and geopolitical culpability deserve condemnation more than Gary Johnson's cluelessness. And Hillary Clinton has given no indication that she will do anything as president but continue along the path of decline laid out by Barack Obama.

As for her opponent, Donald Trump, he deserves credit for reversing himself last week and embracing the need for an adequate military budget. But the foreign policy his rebuilt military is to serve is a childish version of Pat Buchanan's Fortress America. Trump said in his September 7 foreign policy speech that he would "avoid the endless wars we are caught in now." But we are not involved in wars right now. The world is crumbling because of American withdrawal and diffidence, not American recklessness or belligerence.

Speaking of crumbling, one might ask on this fifteenth anniversary of 9/11 about the country that harbored its mastermind, Afghanistan. Everyone once supported that war. Hillary Clinton once defended, and still defends to the best of our knowledge, President Obama's 2010 troop surge there. But no one talks about Afghanistan. Donald Trump mentioned it once in his major speech this past week: "Including veteran health care costs, the price of the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan could total \$6 trillion." He implies he would not have fought that war or fought it

as long as we did. But what would he have done? Here, too, we have the sound of silence. And at the "Commander-In-Chief Forum"—which had the effect of reminding serious Americans why neither Hillary Clinton nor Donald Trump should be our next commander in chief—Afghanistan came up only in passing. That this is partly the fault of the moderator, Matt Lauer, only shows that our lack of national seriousness extends beyond the two presidential candidates.

The fact is that 15 years after 9/11, we are failing, grievously failing, to live up to the example of those who risked their lives that day in New York and Washington, and those who fought back on Flight 93. We are failing, grievously failing, to live up to the example of those who have volunteered to fight since then. We are failing, grievously failing, to live up to our responsibilities as the nation privileged to be indispensable to the fate of freedom and, yes, to the hopes for civilization in the current century. If the 21st century is to be a decent century, it will have to be an American century. But none of our leaders is willing to say this or to be serious about the implications of this.

So the task over the next four years will be not merely to minimize the damage done by our next president. It will also be to lay the groundwork for a time when, as Churchill put it in another dark moment, "by a supreme recovery of moral health and martial vigour, we arise again and take our stand for freedom as in the olden time."

—William Kristol

## What If Our Energy Stayed In the Ground?

**By Thomas J. Donohue**  
President and CEO  
U.S. Chamber of Commerce

We've heard lots of rhetoric during this campaign from anti-energy candidates and "Keep It in the Ground" activists about their desire to restrict or even ban oil, gas, and coal production on federal lands and waters. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce wondered what would happen if they got their way. And the results aren't pretty.

A new report from the Chamber's Institute for 21st Century Energy titled "What If Energy Production Was Banned on Federal Lands and Waters?" found that banning energy development on federal lands would cost the United States \$11.3 billion in annual royalties, 380,000 jobs, and \$70 billion in annual GDP. Nearly 25% of America's oil, natural gas, and coal production would grind to a halt.

It would be particularly devastating to energy-producing states out west and in the Gulf of Mexico region. For instance,

Wyoming would lose \$900 million in annual royalty collections—which represents 20% of the state's annual expenditures. New Mexico would lose \$500 million—8% of the state's total General Fund revenues. Colorado would lose 50,000 jobs. The Gulf States, including Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, would see 110,000 fewer jobs.

Does that sound like a prescription for economic success, enhanced global competitiveness, lower prices, and greater national security?

Unfortunately, this is the road we're headed down. Since 2010, the share of energy production on federal lands has dipped because of increasing regulatory hurdles from the Obama administration. The White House even imposed a blanket moratorium eliminating the leasing of coal on federal lands. More than 20 lawmakers in the Senate and the House support the Keep It in the Ground Act, which would ban oil, natural gas, and coal leasing on federal lands as a first step toward banning fossil

fuel production everywhere. As our report indicates, massive job losses, a substantial decline in royalties, and slower growth are the logical outcomes of these policies.

The Energy Institute's report is the first in its *Energy Accountability Series*, which takes a substantive look at what would happen if energy proposals from candidates and interest groups were actually adopted. We believe that it's important for the public to understand the real consequences of such proposals.

We hope that our reports will prompt voters to ask questions and pay attention to the stances that candidates have taken on energy. A "Keep It in the Ground" agenda like some advocate for would force our country to surrender the enormous domestic benefits and global competitive advantages that increased energy development here at home has made possible. Visit [EnergyXXI.org](http://EnergyXXI.org) to learn more.



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# Pushback Against 'Safe Spaces'

It's begun, and it's overdue.

BY MARK HEMINGWAY

At the end of August, incoming University of Chicago freshmen received a letter from dean of students Jay Ellison, accompanied by a short monograph by a Chicago history professor on academic freedom. The letter, in part, read:

Our commitment to academic freedom means that we do not support so-called "trigger warnings," we do not cancel invited speakers because their topics might prove controversial, and we do not condone the creation of intellectual "safe spaces" where individuals can retreat from ideas and perspectives at odds with their own.

The message was long overdue. And this was not the action of some rogue dean. Ellison's boss, University of Chicago president Robert Zimmer, published an op-ed in the *Wall Street Journal* on August 26, "Free Speech Is the Basis of a True Education." Zimmer made it clear that "Universities cannot be viewed as a sanctuary for comfort but rather as a crucible for confronting ideas and thereby learning to make informed judgments in complex environments."

In a vacuum, their stance on academic freedom might not seem particularly aggressive. Even just a decade ago, it would have seemed banal. A year ago, however, the whole of higher education seemed engaged in a bonfire of the humanities, after racially charged student protests at

the University of Missouri forced the president and chancellor to resign.

From there, the conflagration spread to other campuses, in incidents of increasing absurdity. At Yale, lecturer Erika Christakis resigned her teaching post and left an administrative job in May after months of ongoing controversy. Her crime? She responded, mildly, to an email warning students about offensive Halloween costumes: "Have we lost faith



Back to the future: Georgia theater sign from 1921

in young people's capacity—in your capacity—to exercise self-censure, through social norming, and also in your capacity to ignore or reject things that trouble you?"

Reading between the lines of Ellison's letter and Zimmer's op-ed, one might fairly conclude that the answer to Christakis's question is "yes." The belief that academic freedom should be swept aside in favor of "safe spaces," where a hierarchy of identity politics determines what is said in and out of the classroom, seemed to sweep the nation's campuses last year, and there's no reason to believe the enthusiasm dissipated over the summer.

The response to the University of Chicago salvos was proof of that. *Vox*

published a riposte by Kevin Gannon, proprietor of a blog called "The Tattooed Professor." Gannon's dismay over Chicago's decision to address "the purported scourge of 'political correctness'" was likely representative of many left-wing professors. The objection boiled down to an assertion that student protests were justified, and administrators looking to rein in their excesses are wrong.

"The Virginia Tech students who protested their university's invitation to Charles Murray to deliver a lecture [in March] weren't some sort of intellectual Gestapo. . . . Murray is a racist charlatan," Gannon wrote. "This isn't a violation of academic freedom. It's an upholding of scientific standards and the norms of educated discourse—you know, the type of stuff that colleges and universities are supposed to stand for, right?" The breathless and untrue accusations of racism

against Murray have been lodged for 22 years, ever since the publication of his seminal work *The Bell Curve*, and ignore his expansive body of work as a social scientist.

One can only argue that students are taking a stand against racism if the definition of racism has been expanded to cover everything that student activists don't want to hear. Student

protests got Condoleezza Rice disinvented from speaking at Rutgers's 2014 commencement. That same year, Hillary Clinton not only spoke at UCLA, she was paid the "special university rate" of \$300,000 for the privilege. Both women are former secretaries of state. Both controversially supported the Iraq war. And yet, one is black, and the other is white.

The University of Chicago is also not responding to some imaginary scourge. The *Chicago Sun-Times* reports that in February, Cook County state's attorney Anita Alvarez was "shouted right out of [the] room" at the University of Chicago.

Another rejoinder to the University of Chicago came on Twitter and

Mark Hemingway is a senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

in a lengthy blog post from the author John Scalzi, an alumnus of the school. He attempted to make the argument that those outside the liberal bubble might also come to rue the new rules. “The conservatives gloating about [the University of Chicago] ‘No Safe Spaces’ policy don’t appear to think it will apply to them, too, the dear wee lads,” he wrote.

This is ludicrous bordering on risible. Conservatives, whether students or visiting speakers, have been accustomed for decades to a hostile reception at college campuses. (Years ago, in order to get my required “Identity, Pluralism, and Tolerance” credit at a state university, I took a course in which part of the final exam consisted of writing an essay about how the teachings of the Catholic church were responsible for forcing women to perform degrading sex acts in Latin American countries.)

At its core, much of the criticism of the University of Chicago’s new policy seems to betray a total lack of confidence by its fans that the current, virulent strain of campus leftism can withstand any opposition. In response to the *Vox* piece, progressive columnist Amanda Marcotte tweeted, “So no ‘safe spaces’ means atheists can march into churches and start dissing believers, right? After all, freedom!” Columnist Jonathan Chait, whose liberal credentials are not in doubt, responded, “This is the dispute. Should a campus be a place of open inquiry, or a place to preach settled dogma like a church?” Chait seems to understand that in order for liberalism to survive and thrive, its ideas must be contested. Marcotte, tellingly, seems less confident the current iteration of campus progressivism can survive contact with real-world criticism.

There’s considerable evidence that such lack of confidence might be justified. A crude indication that “safe spaces” and campus identity politics might not thrive in a robust marketplace of ideas is that they’re failing in the actual marketplace. Since the University of Missouri made national news for letting student protests consume its campus, the backlash has

been punishing. This fall, undergraduate enrollment is down 8 percent—a loss of 2,100 students. Graduate enrollment is down 7 percent. (By contrast, enrollment at Missouri State went up 770 students and is at an all-time high.) Mizzou has had to shut down four dorms, its credit rating has been downgraded, and the school announced last spring it was facing a budget shortfall of \$32 million.

Colleges simply cannot afford to become objects of national ridicule and disgust, especially those that depend on political support. Between 2003 and 2013 the cost of tuition has

**Since the University of Missouri made national news for letting student protests consume its campus, the backlash has been punishing. This fall, undergraduate enrollment is down 8 percent—a loss of 2,100 students—and graduate enrollment is down 7 percent.**

risen nearly three times the rate of inflation—dramatically more than medical costs, food, or housing. Federal student loan debt is more than \$1 trillion and exceeds America’s collective credit card debt. Democratic presidential candidate Hillary Clinton’s response to this is a proposal simply to make public college “free” for families earning less than \$125,000 a year. Conservatives, on the other hand, probably wouldn’t mind if the more liberal institutions simply went out of business.

As for determining which colleges are more committed to free inquiry than to dogma, the University of Chicago’s affirmation of free speech remains an outlier. Last month it was reported that Chancellor Nicholas Dirks at the University of California, Berkeley, in a spectacular display of cowardice, had spent \$9,000 to build an escape hatch out of the back of his

office after student protesters forcibly occupied it in spring 2015.

But the University of Chicago is not alone, either. As student protests were gathering unflattering attention last fall, one of the first significant voices to speak up for reason and free speech was Purdue president and former Indiana governor Mitch Daniels, who sent a campus-wide email encouraging Purdue to be “steadfast in preserving academic freedom and individual liberty.” Daniels has also successfully worked with Purdue’s student government to eliminate the school’s restrictive speech codes. Prior to his tenure, students at Purdue couldn’t even post things on bulletin boards without preapproval. Purdue this fall held a panel discussion on free speech during freshman orientation.

But as perhaps the highest profile Republican in academia, Daniels has been careful to promote free speech as a civic virtue, rather than part of a political agenda. To that end, he’s brought in liberal speakers such as Nadine Strossen, former president of the American Civil Liberties Union, to address the topic. And when Daniels saw the University of Chicago’s effort to reaffirm their academic freedom policies, he called up the school and asked if he could adopt some of the same language. Since then, Daniels reports that “eight or nine” other schools have also looked to Chicago as a model for beefing up their own policies. It’s a small movement, but it’s a movement nonetheless.

Daniels has also worked to meet with student protesters and engage them in meaningful dialogue. That’s harder to do than it sounds. After a few hundred students protested at the school last fall, Daniels invited a dozen or so of the leaders to his office for an hour-long conversation about their concerns.

“At one point, I said to them, ‘You know, in a few years, you’ll be leaders of various organizations and businesses, and I promise you, you’ll respond a lot better to suggestions, recommendations, and proposals than demands,’” he tells *THE WEEKLY STANDARD*. “Just a little hint.” ♦

# A Lame Duck from Day One

Hillary Clinton would be the first president to take office with a huge credibility gap. BY FRED BARNES



Thanks to Donald Trump's critics, we know why he would have difficulty governing the country. He's inexperienced. He's hot-headed. He's narcissistic. But what about Hillary Clinton? If elected president, could she govern effectively?

In her case, governing would not come easily, and that's putting it mildly. She's been a senator, secretary of state, and first lady, all important posts. But they don't involve actual governing—that is, making firm and final decisions. And her career has left her with drawbacks as a national leader—serious, inescapable, fundamental drawbacks.

Her biggest problem is a near-total lack of credibility. One of the surest signs a president is in trouble two or three years into a term occurs when a “credibility gap” develops. What a

president says is no longer believed. Clinton is unique in this regard: She would *begin* her presidency with a credibility gap. Even with the post-convention bump in her polling numbers last month, a *Washington Post*/ABC News survey found that 59 percent of adults think she isn't “honest and trustworthy.”

The cachet of the presidency would improve her credibility, but the lack of trust wouldn't vanish. The scandal over her private emails and her negligence in protecting highly classified information would linger. Fresh emails would surface. Persistent questions about the Clinton Foundation, her family's acquisition of wealth, and her health would follow her into the White House.

At the heart of the credibility problem is her refusal to take responsibility. She said last week that she's never made “excuses” for her mistake in using a nonsecure email system. In

truth, she's made nothing but excuses, blaming everyone except herself. My friend Jerry Leachman says, “Winners accept responsibility. Losers make excuses.” This applies to Clinton.

In Harvard professor Richard Neustadt's famous book *Presidential Power*, he wrote, “Presidential power is the power to persuade.” His book was published in 1960, but that fundamental point hasn't changed. And Hillary Clinton lacks that power. She's rarely persuasive.

Her agenda won't help, especially in pulling the economy out of the worst recovery since the Depression. In her campaign, she offers no incentives for economic growth—no tax cuts, no easing of regulatory burdens, no reliance on the private sector. Rather, she would spend billions on “infrastructure” in what she touts as “a comprehensive plan to create the next generation of good jobs.” This is not a governing agenda.

Clinton would finance “the biggest investment in American infrastructure in decades” by raising taxes on individuals, investors, and corporations. There's an old saying that's relevant here: When you tax something, you get less of it. With her plan, we'd get less economic growth, which means fewer jobs and very little in wage increases.

Worse still, Clinton ignores history. Infrastructure as stimulus has been tried before. President Kennedy did so in hopes of reviving a weak economy in the early 1960s. When it failed, JFK turned to across-the-board tax cuts, which spurred an economic boom. When he announced his new policy, he used the word “incentives” five times.

President Obama didn't learn the lesson. He emphasized infrastructure—roads and bridges—in his stimulus package enacted in 2009. It hasn't worked either. Yet Clinton now insists on giving it another try. Though Congress historically acquiesces to a new president's top priorities, Clinton's tax-and-spend plan is likely to be an exception to that rule.

Unless Clinton defeats Trump in a landslide, which doesn't seem likely,

GARY LOCKE

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she would face a Republican-dominated Congress. Republicans could lose 15 or so House seats and still control the chamber with Paul Ryan as speaker. Sweeping tax hikes are well outside the comfort zone of Ryan and most Republicans.

Democrats have at least a 50-50 chance of capturing the Senate with a narrow majority. But their prospects for overcoming Republican filibusters would be poor. Under Minority Leader Harry Reid, Democrats have filibustered everything in sight, even blocking a nonbinding vote on Obama's nuclear deal with Iran. Republicans wouldn't be shy about returning the favor and filibustering Clinton's proposals.

But what if Clinton decided to seek a compromise with Republicans, as her husband Bill often did in the 1990s? She would quickly have an angry revolt by the Democratic left on her hands, led by senators Elizabeth Warren and Bernie Sanders.

In seeking the Democratic nomination, Clinton morphed into a leftist. She was probably insincere, but left-wing Democrats are poised to insist she follow through with policies and appointments to their liking. To betray the left would be risky in the extreme. At worst, her presidency would be marginalized. At best, she'd struggle to keep her administration afloat with occasional aid from Republicans.

Even without a break with the left, getting along with Democrats would be a problem. She's neither gregarious nor congenial. A trip to the Clinton White House would be like visiting an unpleasant in-law.

It's not an exaggeration to say Hillary Clinton's chances of governing successfully, based on the wise exercise of presidential power, do not look promising. To succeed in the environment she would confront in 2017 and beyond would take a politician far more adroit than Clinton and blessed with natural skills she doesn't have.

Might Trump have such skills? He thinks he does. He says his experience as a tough-minded businessman in a world of cutthroat competition makes him better able to govern. Could be. ♦

# Does Ground Game Matter?

Inside the world of get-out-the-vote operations.

BY JONATHAN V. LAST



Manchester, New Hampshire, resident Nikki Veilleux accepts Mitt Romney presidential campaign literature from canvassers Ryan and Sharri Morley, December 3, 2011.

In presidential politics, the phrase “ground game” carries an almost mystical sense of portent. It is invoked by journalists, partisans, and campaign consultants as a vehicle for tipping close elections. But does it really matter?

Ground game—otherwise known as get out the vote (GOTV)—refers to any systematic operation designed to get a campaign's supporters into the voting booth. The primary tools are mailers, phone banks, and door-to-door contact, along with transportation where needed. Once upon a time, these interventions were based on simple party registration and informal relationships (e.g., the precinct captain knew you because he worked with your brother-in-law). Today, voter lists are a great deal more sophisticated, with

campaigns harvesting data to create detailed files on voters from dozens of sources, from your Facebook profile to your magazine subscriptions. A good voter list today doesn't just know who you are, what your party registration is, and where you live—it knows what issues are important to you, who you've given money to, where you go to church, and who you're likely to be supporting.

Sophisticated campaigns know a great deal about their voters. In a recent interview, Ted Cruz's data guru, Chris Wilson, explained how the Cruz campaign approached the Iowa caucuses with a data-heavy focus on ground game. They constructed a model of 150,000 likely voters with enough data that they could be targeted almost individually. When a volunteer knocked on a door, a campaign app told them what issues the homeowner was likely to prioritize. As campaign manager

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Jeff Roe explained to *National Review*, volunteers were given caucus books for their neighborhood with “everybody’s names who are voting for us in it, and then everybody’s names of who they’re choosing between, and what issue they care about, and how to communicate with them about it.”

A few days before the caucuses, the campaign had identified 19,186 voters certain to support Cruz and could focus on making sure these people got to the caucus sites. Another 1,400 voters were tagged as onetime supporters who had drifted away. So the campaign targeted them in the waning days by having Cruz, his wife, or his father, Rafael, call them individually. On caucus night, the campaign knew *personally* almost half of the voters who caucused for Cruz. That’s the power of the ground game.

Or at least that’s one view. The other is that the effectiveness of GOTV operations and ground game has been fetishized by the media and wildly exaggerated.

“The bottom line is it’s all bullshit,” one Republican campaign consultant told me. “In a presidential election you just have high turnout, period. And the GOTV stuff just gets lost.” He went on: “The ugly little secret which deflates all the consulting bullshit and the media narrative is that the Dems spend a lot of money in off-years trying to get their voters to the polls. They fail, because off-year elections are tough for their voters. And then Republicans think they’re geniuses at ground game. Then in presidential years, the Dem voters show up, and suddenly the Democratic consultants become the ground-game geniuses.”

This skeptical view makes a good deal of sense. You can see how GOTV efforts would make a big impact in a small-scale election, like the Iowa caucuses. But in a large-scale presidential election, GOTV operations might be meaningless because whatever gains a campaign makes will be (1) canceled out by the other side’s operation and (2) swamped by the sheer statistical weight of a system with 150 million votes.

It isn’t just campaign consultants who are divided between the two views

of ground game—there has been a good deal of research on the question over the last 20 years from political scientists, too. In 2013, Donald Green, Mary McGrath, and Peter Aronow tried to resolve the question with a giant survey of the literature and came to the conclusion that GOTV efforts produced very marginal gains, with door-to-door canvassing increasing turnout by 1 percentage point, direct-mail by 0.7 percentage points, and phone calls by 0.4 percentage points. Which buttresses the “it’s all BS” view.

But earlier this year, another two political scientists—Ryan Enos of Harvard and Anthony Fowler of the University of Chicago—looked at the 2008 and 2012 presidential elections to see if the revolution in voter data profiling might have changed the effectiveness of GOTV programs. What they found was shocking.

Enos and Fowler’s study is well worth reading because both the Romney and Obama campaigns cooperated with them and provided data on the number, timing, and instances of GOTV interventions. When Enos and Fowler compared the data, they found that, as you’d expect, both campaigns concentrated their ground game efforts in the battleground states.

The researchers then compared individuals in the same TV market, but different states, where one state was competitive and the other was not. This allowed them to establish a control group of people who saw the same media coverage but were not subjected to GOTV interventions. And then they compared this control group with people in the same media environment who *were* being targeted by GOTV operations. Their findings contained three distinct surprises.

First, they found that a good GOTV effort increased the likelihood that a voter would turn out by 7 percentage points. Second, they found that GOTV interventions were additive in their effectiveness. Which is to say that if you knocked on a voter’s door a second time, the percentage chance that they would turn out for your candidate increased *again*, by another 7 percentage points. Third, despite the media

obsession with the failure of the Romney campaign’s much-derided GOTV effort, so-called Project Orca, Enos and Fowler found that it was roughly as effective as the Obama campaign’s celebrated program.

This being academia, there’s never a final word. Data scientist Aaron Strauss has produced research suggesting that the Obama campaign’s ground game was much more effective than Romney’s. Political science professors John Sides and Lynn Vavreck detected a small Obama advantage. And others continue to argue that the election was determined entirely by economic and demographic fundamentals, with GOTV operations mattering not a whit.

It’s all a bit confusing, but fortunately, Donald Trump is here to help settle the debate, once and for all.

Unlike every other major presidential campaign of the modern era, the Trump operation has essentially *no* ground game. So when voters go to the polls eight weeks from now, we won’t be contrasting the effects of a “good” GOTV scheme against a “poor” one. We’ll be able to see what happens when one side has a ground game and the other does not. That will clarify the matter a great deal.

If Trump is able to meet or exceed his final poll numbers in battleground states such as Utah and Georgia—okay, that’s a joke. Seriously: If Trump is able to match his final poll numbers in toss-up states where the Clinton campaign has a robust GOTV effort—states such as North Carolina, New Hampshire, and Florida—then it will be a sign that the fruits of the ground game are illusory. And campaign consultants everywhere will mourn the day their snake oil was exposed.

But if ground game does matter, then Clinton should overperform her final poll numbers in contested states as her campaign warps the makeup of the electorate without any offsetting efforts from the Trump campaign. Either way, the Trump campaign is likely to settle the ground-game question decisively.

For people depressed by 2016, it’s a pleasant little silver lining. ♦

# The 9/11 Generation Runs for Office

Veterans on the campaign trail.

BY JOHN McCORMACK

Fifteen years ago, Brian Mast was running on the treadmill at Palm Beach Atlantic University's gym when he looked up at the TV in disbelief. Smoke was pouring out of a gaping hole in the World Trade Center's north tower. At first, he thought he was watching a fictional show. "Then I saw the second plane hit and said, 'Wow, this is real. We're under attack.'"

The events of that day would change Mast's life forever. Already a reservist on 9/11, Mast spent most of the next decade on active duty in the U.S. Army, eventually training to be a bomb technician before deploying to Afghanistan under Joint Special Operations Command. On a mission in pursuit of a high-value target in 2010, Mast was hit by an improvised explosive device. He lost both of his legs just above the knee and his left index finger. But he never lost his determination.

"I did physical therapy all day, every day," Mast says of his time at Walter Reed hospital. "For now, for me, there's very little I can't do."

That's something of an understatement. Since sustaining injuries in Afghanistan, Mast has worked in three federal agencies, finished his college degree at Harvard's extension program, and volunteered in a logistical role with the Israeli military. Now 36, he is the father of three children between the ages of 1 and 6 with his wife, Brianna.

This year, Mast took on another job:

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running for Congress. On August 30, he won the Republican primary in Florida's 18th Congressional District, a swing seat just north of Palm Beach. In an election with a record number of voters dissatisfied with both major presidential nominees, Mast's can-



*Brian Mast at the Honda Classic Pro-Am in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida, February 24, 2016*

didacy may serve as a much-needed bright spot for many Americans.

Another piece of good news is that Mast isn't alone. Several other members of what Dean Barnett dubbed the "9/11 Generation" in these pages have been elected to Congress in recent years. Republican Iraq and Afghanistan veterans Joni Ernst, Tom Cotton, Dan Sullivan, and Mark Kirk joined the Senate, and Democratic veterans Tulsi Gabbard, Tammy Duckworth,

and Seth Moulton, among others, entered the House. More are running in 2016.

"The same kind of sense of public service that draws people into the military is also drawing them to run for office in both parties at the local, state, and federal level in a way that's great for the country," Kori Schake, a research fellow at the Hoover Institution, told reporters at a recent event discussing *Warriors and Citizens*, a book of essays on civil-military relations that Schake edited with retired Marine Corps general Jim Mattis.

Polling conducted for the book identified two significant problems: broad public ignorance about the military and social separation from it. "They don't know if the U.S. Army is 60,000 men or 6 million," Mattis said. "They don't even know military people, there's so few."

The hope that more veterans in Congress might help close the civil-military gap or at least offer a different perspective from the nonveteran political class is not without basis. Republican congressman and Iraq war veteran Duncan Hunter of California has been a lonely voice in Congress raising concerns about the integration of women into infantry units. Democratic congresswoman and Iraq war veteran Tulsi Gabbard of Hawaii has spoken out against Barack Obama's and John Kerry's refusal to identify our enemy as radical Islam.

What's more troubling than the public's ignorance of military affairs, say Schake and Mattis, is the lack of strategic thinking among government officials outside the military and intelligence agencies. But Mattis cautioned that although having political leaders with military experience is "helpful in many ways, it's not critical. It's not a ticket to some kind of certainty on strategic thinking either."

"I think it was Abe Lincoln who said the only thing he fought before being president was mosquitoes, and the mosquitoes won in the Black

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Hawk War,” Mattis said before pointing to Franklin Roosevelt as another exemplary leader who had never seen combat. “I think what we’re looking for is critical thinking and historically informed people who can put it in a strategic context.”

What have Republican veterans of the 9/11 Generation learned from 15 years of America’s strategy—or lack thereof—in the war against Islamist terrorism? “The biggest mistake that came out of Iraq was a premature withdrawal,” says Brian Mast. He believes ISIS “could’ve been defeated by a small expeditionary force early on,” but now crushing its 20,000-man army will require a large coalition of perhaps 60,000 troops. “Groups like that are so evil they have to be erased,” he declares. “It requires an all-out commitment.”

Mike Gallagher, a 32-year-old Iraq war veteran running for Congress in Wisconsin, is similarly dismayed that “we flushed all of those hard-won gains down the drain.” Gallagher graduated from Princeton in 2006 and served two tours as a Marine intelligence officer in Anbar Province in 2007 and 2008, spending most of his time running interrogations and source operations. “By the end of my second deployment, we were passing out books and soccer balls and school supplies and walking around without our helmets,” Gallagher says. As a staffer on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Gallagher returned to Iraq in 2015 and was stunned to discover that the town where he had been deployed had been taken over by ISIS. “That was unthinkable in 2008 given how much progress was made.”

Gallagher, who was Scott Walker’s top foreign policy adviser during the governor’s presidential campaign, emphasizes that standing up Arab allies in the region is the key to victory but declines to speculate on how many American troops might be necessary. Asked if the 2003 invasion was a mistake, Gallagher shares some candid thoughts: “I think knowing what we know now, yeah, it was an intelligence failure,” as well as a failure to plan for “all the subsequent things that would

happen after we invaded the country. It was an analytical failure to see the consequences of upending the balance of power in the Middle East.”

“But that’s hindsight,” he continues. “That’s 20/20. Everyone in both parties supported the invasion. I’m not sure how helpful it is to play the blame game. I do hope we learn from it. At the very least, I hope that we learn that Clausewitz was right: In war, everything is simple, but the simple is difficult. So we should be very circumspect when we deploy young men and women abroad, we should have a clear plan for vic-

**Voters haven’t had a strong preference for candidates who are veterans for at least a generation, and still may not. In Republican-leaning Missouri, the GOP’s 42-year-old gubernatorial candidate Eric Greitens, who deployed four times as a Navy SEAL, is trailing his Democratic opponent Chris Koster by 7 points in the *Real Clear Politics* average of polls.**

tory, and we should be mindful of the unintended consequences of our actions. But that shouldn’t be a recipe for doing nothing.”

“When Obama gets up there and says we’re war-weary,” Gallagher adds, “I think: No, we’re weary of politicians losing the wars that we’ve fought for them.”

Voters haven’t had a strong preference for candidates who are veterans for at least a generation (just ask John McCain, John Kerry, and George H.W. Bush). That trend may continue in 2016. In Republican-leaning Missouri, the GOP’s 42-year-old gubernatorial candidate Eric Greitens, who deployed four times as a Navy SEAL, is trailing his Democratic opponent Chris Koster by 7 points in the *Real*

*Clear Politics* average of polls. In the state’s Senate race, 35-year-old Democrat Jason Kander, who was an Army intelligence officer in Afghanistan, is trailing incumbent Republican Roy Blunt by 5 points in the *RCP* average. Public polls haven’t been conducted for the seats Gallagher and Mast are pursuing, but in a normal year they might be seen as favorites in districts with a slight Republican tilt.

This year is anything but normal, of course. Whether Donald Trump will take down Republicans like Gallagher and Mast in toss-up races remains anyone’s guess. Polls have fluctuated for a year between a Hillary Clinton blowout and a slim Clinton victory. Both presidential candidates remain unprecedentedly unpopular. In the Green Bay district where Gallagher is running, retiring incumbent Republican Reid Ribble said that Trump is an untrustworthy racist he couldn’t support. But Gallagher backs the GOP nominee.

Asked if Trump has the temperament to be commander in chief, Gallagher replies: “I wrote my Ph.D. on presidential decision-making. The idea that there should be a baseline temperament for the presidency is historically inaccurate. We have had men in that office incredibly lacking in the morality department, men quick to anger. Even men that I admire like Eisenhower had enormous tempers.”

Mast even suggests Trump’s unpredictability would be an asset. “If Donald Trump is giving people around the country this much pause about what he might do as commander in chief, then he gives every world leader a much greater deal of pause.”

But how does a wounded veteran get past the fact that Trump, a draft-dodger, disparaged POWs and a Gold Star family? “For me it’s still an easy decision between somebody who said a few things that I don’t like and somebody who has done things that I absolutely abhor,” Mast says. “As service members, we live by a certain ethos. We don’t leave our men behind. . . . Simply by virtue of Hillary leaving a number of Americans behind in Benghazi, it’s not even a question.” ♦

# Take Me Out to the Argument

The new face of sports journalism.

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

There is big news in the world of sports media. Try to remain calm, but, well, Skip Bayless has moved from ESPN to Fox Sports 1. The first episode of his new show—called *Undisputed*—ran on September 6, and it was hard to restrain one's emotions in the face of such a big development. Now, instead of arguing with Stephen A. Smith over whether LeBron James is a greater basketball player than Michael Jordan, Bayless will be arguing with Shannon Sharpe over whether LeBron James is a greater basketball player than Michael Jordan. Along, of course, with other matters of similar importance. It's the kind of stuff that makes the sun stand still and the very earth hold its breath.

This seems to be the trajectory sports journalism will travel in the digital age. There will be less and less about the games, as games, and more and more about sports as culture and material for Internet trolls. This seems to be what the fans want, so they will get it, to borrow from Mencken, "good and hard."

Bayless is master of the ginned-up controversy, a vessel into which he and the audience pour vast quantities of emotion—mostly anger—that in the end settles nothing. Who is overrated? How dumb was that call? And then, when it is time to push

the envelope, you can ask if some celebrated player is gay. There are, you see, rumors. And the existence of the rumors makes them news. Their existence is sufficient reason to report them. Proof is not necessary. Nor are restraint, decorum, or taste. Trash talk is good, the trashier the better. Hard-edged and personal.



Skip Bayless's image on screens in the ESPN2 control room in 2013

The kind of stuff, in other words, that Twitter thrives upon. And that has made Skip Bayless into a media personality described by Lucas Shaw of Bloomberg News as "a provocateur with a populist streak in the mold of Fox News's Bill O'Reilly."

Really.

Bayless may well be all of that. He is not, however, much of a sports prognosticator. Shortly before the premiere of his new show, Bayless tweeted out his college football picks: "My final 4: LSU, Ohio St., Clemson, Okla. National champ: LSU."

In its opening game, LSU lost to Wisconsin. Oklahoma also lost its opener. The predictions, though, are

just filler, used to stretch the meat. Which is argument and controversy.

Fans, no doubt, have argued about sports since the hammer toss was a big event. It is some of the fun. You are drinking a beer with a friend, and you get started. Brady or Manning? Greatest World Series comeback ever? Should Notre Dame have gone for it instead of punting? Stuff like that.

This impulse to argument was made into commercial entertainment with call-in radio shows and, on television, ESPN's long-running *Pardon the Interruption*, in which Tony Kornheiser and Michael Wilbon discuss the day's news in sports amid some good-natured back and forth. They are friends and before they became television personalities they wrote about sports for the *Washington Post*.

They tend to speak in complete sentences and going by the evidence, neither is now, or ever has been, a "populist in the mold of Bill O'Reilly."

After the success of *Pardon the Interruption*, other derivative shows came along and they turned up the temperature and pushed the envelope and . . . well, supply your own witless cliché. The most recent successful entry was *First Take* on ESPN. Stephen A. Smith and Skip Bayless going

at it, toe to toe, for a couple of hours every morning.

I don't recall ever watching the show, but I would, now and then, catch a little bit on satellite radio when I was driving. And one thing you couldn't help noticing was how far the talk had moved away from the actual games and into the sort of difficult social issues from which one typically retreats to . . . sports. And there was, in the bits I listened to, no wit to the talk. No laughs. No charm. And the raised voices and harsh words lacked conviction. It was shtick. Red meat for the audience and utterly forgettable.

Once upon a time, it was a simple truth that the best writing in most

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CHRISTOPHER CAPOZZIELLO / WASHINGTON POST / GETTY

big newspapers could be found on the sports pages. The games and the athletes were perfect material for writers like Red Smith and Jimmy Cannon and W.C. Heinz. They could take a ballgame or a boxing match or a horse race and, in 800 words, turn it into something nearly sublime. Red Smith's "Miracle of Coogan's Bluff," on Bobby Thomson's immortal home run, still stands up. And Heinz's "Death of a Racehorse" will still raise a lump in your throat.

The urge, today, would be to get a couple of dudes arguing across a table over whether the Giants were stealing signs in that immortal playoff game against the Dodgers. Or what a loser Ralph Branca was and how he could be so stupid in his pitch selection. Smith would be regarded as a wimp, probably, for his closing paragraphs:

The second pitch—well, when Thomson reached first base, he turned and looked toward the left field stands. Then he started jumping straight up in the air, again and again. Then he trotted around the bases, taking his time.

Ralph Branca turned and started for the clubhouse. The number on his uniform looked huge. Thirteen.

The Heinz story runs only a thousand words or so. You could read it aloud in less time than there is between commercials on *Undisputed*. It is the kind of writing that has a way of validating one's interest in sports and making you feel you are not wasting your time by following those games and being a fan.

But Heinz's column wouldn't make anyone angry enough to go to the computer and start tweeting out his rage. And there wouldn't really be anything for Bayless and Sharpe to argue about. And the listeners tuning in for some white-hot controversy would be disappointed.

So now, we shall have shows based around arguments that are designed never to be settled and trash talk that is never really trashy enough. And it will go on and on. Two-and-a-half hours, every morning, day after day.

Time the listener will never get back. ♦

# An Obamacare Referendum?

The issue that haunts Evan Bayh.

BY CHRIS DEATON



Todd Young accepts the endorsement of the U.S. Chamber in Indianapolis, August 29, 2016.

The 2010 midterm elections were the initial referendum on lawmakers who voted for Obamacare: Democrats took a thumping. But two years later President Barack Obama proclaimed the debate over the law "settled" after he won a second term, treating his reelection as a judgment on his signature legislation. By the end of 2014, any legislator who supported the Affordable Care Act in Congress and sought reelection had faced the voters back home.

It's small wonder that the national conversation has adopted a new set of topics in 2016: immigration, trade, Hillary Clinton's email server, and Donald Trump's Twitter feed. Despite the GOP nominee's obligatory vow to repeal and replace the health care statute, neither major-party candidate

has spent much time discussing it on the stump.

But that doesn't mean Obamacare isn't still being debated as a campaign issue. In Indiana, Republican representative Todd Young is running for the U.S. Senate seat being vacated by Dan Coats; he's up against a ballot-box rarity—a lawmaker who voted for Obamacare who has yet to face the judgment of the voters: former senator Evan Bayh.

A moderate Democrat, Bayh had at first been skeptical of Obama's health reform bill, but he became a pivotal convert on the legislation's path to the president's desk. Bayh provided one of the critical Senate votes Democrats needed to thwart the bill's opponents in December 2009. Two months later, Bayh announced his intention to depart public office, saying that while "my passion for service to our fellow citizens is undiminished ... my desire to do so by serving in Congress has

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waned.” Time must have been restorative. Bayh was coaxed out of elective retirement earlier this year to replace a Democratic candidate who almost certainly would have lost.

Young is betting that Hoosiers haven’t forgotten how Obamacare was passed and will give Bayh a taste of what he missed six Novembers ago. “They’re seeking answers, and the answer is that Evan Bayh cast the deciding vote,” Young says, describing his opponent the way national Republicans have described every Democratic senator who could’ve kept Obamacare from amassing 60 supporters in the upper chamber.

Bayh was no typical backer of the law, however. He threatened to hold out through much of the legislative process in 2009 and only signed on when the measure’s tax on medical device sales was halved from 4.6 to 2.3 percent. He later expressed buyer’s remorse, writing in the *Wall Street Journal* that the tax proved to be a “law of unintended consequences,” stifling the very manufacturers that Democrats believed would flourish under Obamacare as newly insured Americans made use of more medical products. Bayh called on his former colleagues to repeal the tax. His bio credit-line in the *Journal*—“He is a partner at the McGuireWoods law firm, which represents several medical-device companies”—inspired

mockery from the *New Republic* and *New York* magazine, which wondered sarcastically if there was any overlap in Bayh’s business interests and policy interests.

Indiana is a major player in medical device manufacturing, with the industry employing more than 16,000 workers there. Determining the tax’s economic consequences is difficult—the tax only took effect in 2013 and is now subject to a temporary moratorium. But Young points to anecdotal evidence that companies have nixed expansion plans because of it. Cook Medical (based in Young’s hometown, Bloomington) put off building five new plants throughout the midwest. Southern Indiana hospital equipment maker Hill-Rom cited the tax as one of three factors prompting it to lay off 200 workers in 2012.

“The issue most on Hoosiers’ minds is job creation, job retention, and household income,” Young says. “To the extent I can continue communicating to Hoosiers that Obamacare is an anti-jobs law, a piece of legislation that has cut into the income of regular Hoosiers, then we are going to persuade people that this is of great significance and a disqualifying factor as they assess my candidacy and compare it to Evan Bayh’s.”

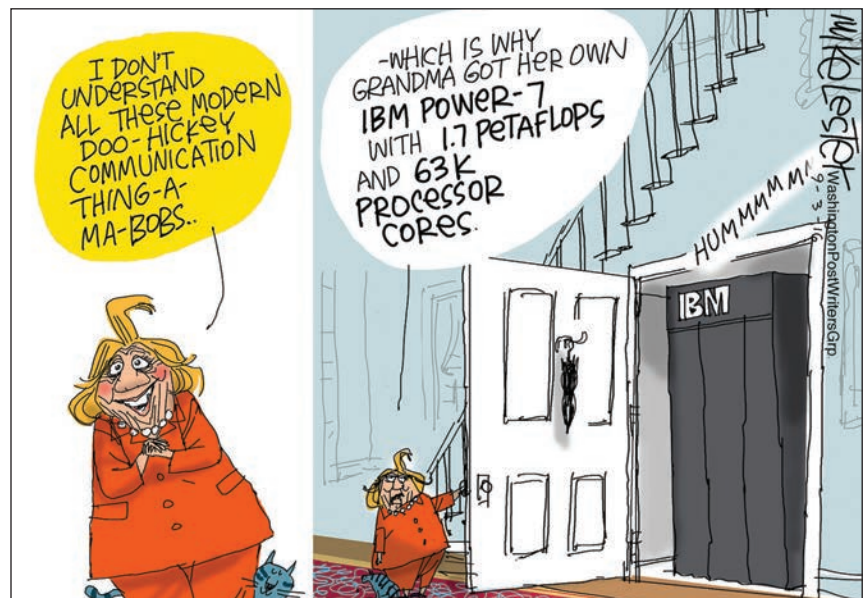
As a member of the House Committee on Ways and Means, Young

has been working to roll back the law long before the current campaign. He introduced legislation to delay implementation of the statute’s individual mandate and moved to strike the requirement that workers putting in 30 hours a week be treated as full-time employees and receive mandatory insurance coverage. Young is among the Obamacare critics who contend that defining full-time work as 30 or more hours a week encourages employers to limit their workers’ hours to 29 or less.

Is the Obamacare issue getting any traction? To this point in the campaign, the press has covered Bayh’s residency issues more than the substance of his previous public service (which included two terms as governor and two terms as a senator). Bayh may be a prominent and popular name in Indiana politics. But after leaving the Senate, he has kept his life closer to Washington than Indiana. The evidence of that—home ownership in the nation’s capital and suspiciously low utility bills at his small Indianapolis condo—has cut into Bayh’s local appeal.

But that narrative is getting tired. The *Indianapolis Star*’s right-center editorial page editor, Tim Swarens, wrote recently that “it’s hard to get worked up over news stories” about Bayh’s coordinates. Obamacare is poised to be a more significant issue than the brouhaha over where the ex-senator hangs his hat. A sign of the shift: The *Star*’s editorial cartoonist, Gary Varvel, spoofed Bayh, drawing him as a doctor peeking his head into an examination room. Sitting there is a patient with a large screw marked “Obamacare” protruding from his chest. “Hey, remember me?” Dr. Bayh asks.

It’s not a question Bayh wants to answer in reality. (Bayh’s campaign didn’t respond to an interview request for this story.) He’s kept a low profile on the trail, relying on name recognition, a war chest flush with cash, and a bipartisan reputation. It’s a cautious position. And understandable—because for Bayh and the issue of the health care law, sunlight might be more of a pathogen than a disinfectant. ♦



# The Vaccination Paradox

The nanny state has been slow to intervene in the one area where it should. **BY ABBY W. SCHACHTER**

A wave of sanity has finally hit some judges, legislators, and medical professionals on the issue of vaccination and the enforcement of effective standards for protecting the public from disease. Years of false claims against immunization, which led directly to the revival of certain diseases and terrific damage, have finally resulted in a backlash against those who refuse to immunize children against communicable ailments like mumps, measles, and whooping cough.

What's maddening is that while vaccines are just about the only area of family life in which the government should properly take an active role, it was also seemingly the only area in which the state instead took a hands-off approach, letting parents follow crackpot theories, with predictably awful consequences not just for their own children but for others as well.

First the good news. A federal court has upheld California's repeal of the "personal belief exemption"—an important tightening of restrictions on who can reasonably refuse to vaccinate their children. Along with repealing the personal and religious belief exemptions, California's updated vaccination mandate went into effect on July 1. Children must now be vaccinated to enter public or private school or enroll in daycare. The law still allows for bona fide medical exemptions from these mandates.

Meanwhile, the American Academy of Pediatrics (AAP) has issued a

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strongly worded new policy statement opposing any nonmedical reasons for refusing vaccination and declared it the right of pediatricians to request that parents seek care elsewhere for their children if, after counseling, they still refuse to vaccinate.



*Sign in a pediatrician's office in Scottsdale, Arizona, February 7, 2015*

The court, the state government, and the AAP make a great deal of sense. "Parents, pediatricians, and policymakers all have a role here in protecting children from diseases like measles and whooping cough," said Benard P. Dreyer, president of the AAP, about the group's stricter position. "No child should have to suffer through a disease that could have been prevented by a vaccine."

The court upheld the vaccination mandate because in *Whitlow v. California* it found a compelling government interest "in fighting the spread of contagious diseases through mandatory vaccination of school-aged children." And isn't this exactly the role of reasonable government: to protect citizens, especially those too young to protect themselves, from a foreseeable and eminently preventable danger?

Over the past decade the effort to delegitimize vaccination moved from medical journals (research now completely discredited) to Hollywood and similarly wealthy, overeducated enclaves. Illnesses like whooping cough, which had all but disappeared, returned in such force that a single unvaccinated individual visiting Disneyland in California, in December 2014, caused a measles outbreak that afflicted more than 125 people in seven states. The Centers for Disease Control report that those infected ranged in age from 6 weeks to 70 years of age and that 22 people were hospitalized. This and other outbreaks are what pushed legislators in Sacramento to enact their new standards.

What has the medical community learned? "It's clear that states with more lenient exemptions policies have lower immunization rates, and it's these states where we have seen disease outbreaks occur as the rates slip below the threshold needed to maintain community immunity," said Geoffrey R. Simon, lead author of the medical exemptions policy statement and immediate past chair of the AAP Committee on Practice and Ambulatory Medicine. "Non-medical exemptions to immunizations should be eliminated."

The bad news is that even with multiple measles outbreaks around the country (not to mention whooping cough and mumps), the campaign to discredit vaccination has been far too effective. According to a survey of pediatricians, conventional wisdom has shifted in the wrong direction. An AAP survey found that 74.5 percent of pediatricians in 2006 had patients who had refused vaccines, a figure that had increased to 87 percent by 2013. The AAP reported that the overwhelming reason parents refuse vaccinations for their children is a growing belief that they are unnecessary.

The reason government has every right to exert its considerable influence and blunt-force power in making parents immunize their children is because without an almost complete rate of vaccination—95 percent of the population or more—we lose so-called

TOM STATHIS / AP

herd immunity, which protects even the unvaccinated from communicable diseases like measles and mumps. And while there are some risks associated with vaccines, such as allergic reaction, the benefits far outweigh the risks. “We can say with more confidence than ever that the risk from vaccines is much less than the risk we’re preventing,” explained Dr. Mark Sawyer, an infectious-disease expert at Rady Children’s Hospital in San Diego.

What’s infuriating is to realize how quick government and even the AAP have been to intervene against personal choices by families in areas where there is no public-health danger and where the risks are so small as to be statistically nonexistent. In the most extreme example of state power intruding into the private lives of families, children have been removed from the custody of their parents because they are obese. Unlike measles, obesity is not contagious, and yet the state behaves as if the risk is comparable. Parents have been criminalized for allowing their children to walk, play, and sit, both outside and inside, while unattended and unsupervised by an adult. Even though the risk of harm to children from playing in the front yard or walking to the playground is statistically insignificant in this age of low crime rates, the state has deemed the risk of *potential* harm too great not to react.

Dressers, teething toys, bikes, sippy cups, adult desk toys, baby seats, cribs, and yoyos are among the thousands of consumer products that have been recalled by the government for the risk of harm to children, even when the risks of harm are unproven or when there’s been no injury at all. Games and sports like running, sledging, tag, dodgeball, football, and lacrosse have been banned in public schools and playgrounds for the potential risk of harm.

It shouldn’t take the sickening of hundreds of citizens to force the government and medical professionals to return to first principles and refocus on the distinction between public and private life. Yet it has. ♦

# Fear and Loathing in Beijing

They understand the importance of Hong Kong. We should too. **BY ARTHUR WALDRON**

*Hong Kong*

Television screens went dark all over China as the BBC reported the dramatic results of Hong Kong’s September 4 legislative election, in which a record voter turnout increased the number of opposition legislators to the level at which they can now block any bill proposed by the Beijing-backed local government. Screens went dark because this news is deeply unsettling to the central administration of President Xi Jinping, and rightly so.

Conventional wisdom tends to the view that Hong Kong is not very important. What its 7.4 million people decide (or Taiwan’s 23 million) is of little consequence next to a Chinese population of 1.4 billion. Beijing has the ultimate power, which it will use if necessary to keep the people it rules in line. Thus what the press calls “anti-China sentiment”—i.e., opposition to Beijing—may be unmistakable and undeniable in recent elections in Taiwan and now in Hong Kong, but the drama is overstated.

This kind of analysis is common but erroneous. The developments we see on the periphery—in Hong Kong and Taiwan—are also under way in China proper, though more slowly and harder to discern because of the dictatorship. One day, perhaps not far off, they will appear inside China, as unexpectedly as they have in Hong Kong and Taiwan.

The Beijing government thus fears the demonstration effect of Chinese people ruling themselves

democratically: completely in Taiwan; partially, but with a powerful veto, in Hong Kong. When the Beijing government looks at the immensely long queues of dead-serious citizen-voters in Hong Kong, whose verdict was thumbs down on China’s efforts to administer their territory properly, what do they see? Even longer queues in China proper, voting on them, with the ultimate verdict also thumbs down.

In 1989, some 250 Chinese cities were clogged by millions upon millions of citizens calling for democracy. The government of China was removed by powerful former office holders; army units were located that were ignorant enough to comply with this government’s orders, illegal even under its own constitution, which led to the Tiananmen Square bloodbath of June 4.

That was 27 years ago. Since then, the Chinese people have kept their heads down. They are being distracted by officially sponsored xenophobia and militarism, as in the pointless war Beijing has started in the South China Sea. Could one today find soldiers willing to machine gun their fellow citizens? Leaders with the prestige to give such orders? Could one today freeze deep social problems with violence?

Almost certainly not, which is why Hong Kong is so important. It is a window into China; it is a place where issues are moving faster—but they are the same issues China faces. At the core is democracy.

On September 27, 1945, Mao Zedong was asked a question about democracy in writing by the Reuters correspondent in Chongqing to which he responded, also in writing. Here is the exchange:

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Question: What are the concept and definition of a free and democratic China according to the Chinese Communist Party?

Answer: A free and democratic China will be this kind of nation: All levels of government, including the central government, are created by general and equal secret balloting and are responsible to the people who elected them. It will implement Dr. Sun Yat-sen's three principles of democracy, Lincoln's principle of "of the people, by the people, and for the people," and Roosevelt's Atlantic Charter. It will assure the independence and unity of the nation and cooperate with all democratic powers.

Millions of Chinese and foreigners believed him: They believed that the Communists would be more democratic than Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists, perhaps the most important key to the seizure of power by Mao and his followers four years later. That was 71 years ago. Chinese ask: What became of those seemingly authoritative promises?

China today is certainly the largest and most systematically repressive dictatorship in the world, rated half a point below Russia by Freedom House.

And President Xi shows no signs of remembering Mao's promises. Rather, he is intent—even more so than his recent predecessors—on holding all power in his own hands, as well as restoring the party to supremacy in every sphere.

Xi wants to iron out the wrinkles produced by dissenting thought—so television cameras and microphones are being installed in university classrooms across the country. Dissenters are “disappeared” and kept in off-the-record prisons of unimaginable cruelty. Religion is under renewed attack.

Most important, the government has decided it no longer needs the United States as a semi-ally against Russia, for China is now a mighty nuclear superpower. From America

have come all sorts of destabilizing ideas—so China is now reversing her foreign policy. She is championing dictatorship as a superior system while identifying the United States as her chief enemy. Who, after Nixon visited in 1972, would have imagined this new, bitter hostility?

As in Hong Kong, though, China's population is better educated and informed than ever before. And more are reaching the standard of living where one begins to think, “I should have something to say about how I am ruled.” In 1997 the Chinese promised the people of Hong Kong that they would rule themselves democratically and elect their chief executive. In the years since, they have gotten cold feet



Supporters of an anti-China candidate celebrate, September 5.

and broken those promises. The Hong Kong people are not stupid. They have noticed. Many are enraged.

So enraged, in fact, that a growing number of the young—Hong Kong politics are generational—want independence. Independent Singapore is 278 square miles; Hong Kong is 427. They need nothing from China except food and water. Certainly not political or technical guidance, or money—their per capita GDP is higher than Britain's.

The denial of democracy, then, is their first grievance. Others follow: the attempt to impose draconian security regulations in a place accustomed to the British legal system; the increasingly common forays of Chinese secret police into Hong Kong, where by treaty they are not supposed to go,

to abduct, for example, publishers of books banned in mainland China; the attempt to introduce a crude xenophobic “patriotic” curriculum into schools, as well as the introduction of Beijing-loyal officials as heads of universities. Finally comes the attempt to eliminate the Hong Kong identity and the Cantonese language.

Almost all of the same grievances exist in China. Xi is attempting the impossible, which is somehow to standardize China linguistically, culturally, and intellectually; to deny the people any participation in rule, which is to remain the sole prerogative of the self-perpetuating and deeply corrupt Communist party, with Xi as supreme leader. The Chinese will never stand

for this, as a constant flow of news items from that country makes clear.

In China, though, the lack of freedom, with the façade of stability and confidence that creates, leads foreigners to assume the country is stable and growing stronger. Hence the confident projections of an economic and military rise over the coming decades.

Nothing could be more misleading. In China powerful forces are at work that sooner or later will

break through the surface. China will have to decide what to do. She has no idea what to do about Hong Kong or Taiwan, which again is why the screens are dark. Even less does the ruling party have any idea of how to change itself and the country it rules.

This is why Hong Kong is so important. What happens there is not peripheral or marginal or irrelevant to China proper. It is central. It is a preview of coming attractions on the mainland. Unless we understand this, we will be caught as unprepared for change as we were in 1991, when the Soviet Union—which nearly all had considered permanent—simply vanished, for reasons that had long been brewing, visible to any who cared to look. We must not make the same mistakes twice. ♦

# The Roots of Campus Leftism

*Who are the oppressors and who the oppressed?*

BY WARREN TREADGOLD

What exactly is the ideology that dominates American campuses today, and is increasingly influential off campus? This ideology is clearly intolerant of dissent, but what it actually affirms is so unclear that administrators, faculty, students, and outside speakers are often taken by surprise when seemingly reasonable remarks provoke frantic protests. Although our universities produce many books and articles influenced by the reigning ideology, few if any of them explain what it actually is. Unlike classical Marxism, the ideas prevalent at today's universities have seldom been the subject of detailed and systematic arguments in books or articles. In institutions supposedly dedicated to examining ideas, these ideas have prevailed without being examined. While they constantly develop and change, the additions and subtractions are seldom explained either. The ideology even lacks a generally accepted name. "Political correctness" is a label for what the dogma demands, not a description of the dogma itself, while "progressivism," "socialism," "inclusivity," "tolerance," and "leftism" are vague and overlapping terms.

"Progressivism," the term campus leftists seem to like best, is not very helpful for defining the ideology's intellectual content. Just about all of us favor what we consider progress, but many of us disagree about what progress is.

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Genetically modified organisms, hydraulic fracturing, and the Keystone XL pipeline look to many like cases of technological progress, but most "progressives" oppose them. Many "progressives" are hostile to a wide range of new technologies, on the grounds that they eliminate jobs, damage the environment, increase inequality, or oppress minorities.

"Socialism," a term favored by Senator Bernie Sanders and some of his student followers, also fails to capture much of what this ideology is about. Sanders's followers scarcely ever advocate state ownership of industry, and most of

them have little interest in factory workers or farmers. Small banks may or may not be better than large banks, but breaking up large private banks into smaller private banks, as Sanders advocates, is not exactly a socialist measure. Even "Medicare for all" would leave the provision of health care to private physicians and hospitals, not government. Nor is the trade protectionism advocated by Sanders and his partisans particularly socialist—or even



*Berkeley, California, 1969*

progressive. Proposals to make college tuition or contraceptives free would increase government spending but not government ownership and tell us more about the financial pressures on college students than about their enthusiasm for statism. Most of today's "socialists" want not more state ownership but more state regulation, except of course for abortion, sexual behavior, and drugs, issues on which they are not socialists but libertarians.

"Inclusivity" and "diversity" are favorite terms on campus, but they call for a striking amount of exclusion. "Inclusivity" excludes significant groups like political conservatives, traditional Catholics, evangelical Christians, and Orthodox Jews, since views held by these groups are considered bigoted and ignorant. Whites, men, and heterosexuals are often attacked as groups and reminded of their

ARCHIVE PHOTOS / GETTY

“privileged” status and resulting inability to understand others. “Inclusivity” applies only to supposedly oppressed groups like blacks, women, Hispanics, homosexuals, bisexuals, and transsexuals. Their defenders encourage them to engage in identity politics, but only to emphasize their oppression, not their achievements. “Tolerance” means avoiding not only criticism of these groups, but any speech or behavior that might offend them or their defenders, though the words and actions that they find offensive often change and are sometimes disputed by the groups themselves. While any criticism of the favored groups is forbidden, even farfetched criticisms of whites, men, and heterosexuals are encouraged, especially when accompanied by accusations—“racism,” “sexism,” “homophobia”—that are plainly meant to be offensive to disfavored groups.

The most neutral and accurate term for this ideology is probably “leftism,” since it implies a general attitude rather than a doctrine supported by arguments. The absence of reasoned argument is in fact one of campus leftism’s sources of strength. Refusing to supply ideological definitions leaves the impression of a viewpoint that depends not on arguments that in theory could be refuted but is instead so obvious to every decent person that it needs no support from logic or reason. The implication is that campus leftists favor a set of principles that transcend ideology, for which the appropriate name is simply “social justice” or “the truth.” Campus leftism is more a matter of feeling than of thought and is based more on passion and outrage than on reasoning. Counterarguments are shouted down on the ground that they offend or discriminate against favored members of the campus community, while disfavored members of the community receive no sympathy if they claim to be offended or discriminated against.

**A**lthough it may seem pointless to look for intellectual content in campus leftism, it really is an ideology, and it has intellectual roots. Its guiding principle is the Marxist concept that people are divided into classes of oppressors and oppressed. According to classical Marxism, the oppressors are the exploiting capitalists or landowners, who represent the “class enemy”; their victims are the working classes, otherwise known as “the people,” with the implication that their class enemies are less than human. The oppressors must be resisted, and the oppressed defended, by any means necessary. While Stalin, Mao, and Pol Pot killed large numbers of supposed

oppressors, less extreme Marxists believed the job could be done by limiting the oppressors’ legal rights, including their right to free speech. In the case of universities, in most Communist countries people from the wrong class background were either denied admission to higher education or allowed only restricted access to it, while those from the correct class backgrounds received preference in admissions and hiring.

As it happened, the American student radicals of the late sixties, who began the movement that was to become today’s campus leftism, soon discovered that American factory workers and farmers were not the sort of oppressed class that classical Marxism had in mind. The American working class was anti-Communist, socially conservative,

mostly religious, not very dissatisfied, and uninterested in political or social revolution. Blacks could be more plausibly identified as an oppressed class because most of them were poorer and had been subjected to various kinds of legal and social discrimination. But they seemed to have received legal equality under the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which also seemed to have granted legal equality to women. While most college students were so obviously privileged as to be hard to depict as economically oppressed, they were affected by the Vietnam

war and the sexual revolution in ways that let them claim to be socially oppressed.

Because I was in college in the late sixties, I can attest that most college men at the time were afraid of being drafted, sent to Vietnam, and killed. Even if they had an exaggerated idea of their actual danger, their educational draft deferments were after all only deferments, and some of them really were drafted, sent to Vietnam, and killed. Before the voting age was lowered from 21 to 18 in 1971, most undergraduates were ineligible to vote and could therefore claim that they had no say in the process that had started the Vietnam war and administered the draft. Many of them also argued that the war was unjust because it pitted American oppressors and their Vietnamese collaborators against oppressed Vietnamese patriots. Consequently, student protests against the war were not merely self-serving but a struggle for justice. The protesters insisted that the universities support their protests, by banning ROTC programs and military research from campuses and by sponsoring antiwar speakers and “teach-ins.”

For most students in the late sixties, going to college also meant experiencing the sexual revolution in full

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**Leftism’s guiding principle is the Marxist concept that people are divided into classes of oppressors and oppressed. The oppressors must be resisted, and the oppressed defended, by any means necessary.**

force. Though parental disapproval had often kept them from having sex in high school, college students who lived away from home were free from parental supervision. The parietal rules set by their colleges to discourage them from having sex were more or less ineffective. Reliable contraceptives were easily available. Most students soon decided that sex before marriage was entirely moral—at least under certain conditions, which they were sure that they satisfied. Whenever their sexual relationships went badly, as sexual relationships often do, the students usually blamed their parents and religions for what they assumed would otherwise have been wholly satisfactory experiences. The students also demanded that colleges drop the rules designed to discourage sex among students, which most colleges were actually happy to do.

At about the same time, largely through affirmative action programs, majority-white universities were admitting significant numbers of black students for the first time. Some of these students were unhappy and had trouble with their grades. They insisted the problem was that universities were teaching a “white” or “Eurocentric” culture and demanded that the universities introduce Afro-American or Afrocentric programs. Most colleges (sometimes under the threat of violence) soon adopted such courses and majors, with overwhelmingly black enrollments and a preponderance of excellent grades. White student radicals agreed that the existing “Eurocentric” curriculum oppressed not only American blacks but all supposed victims of imperialism or colonialism, including Africans, Latin Americans, and Vietnamese. Student radicals also objected that the curriculum was “irrelevant” to their concerns with war, race, and sex, and accordingly demanded changes to make the “elitist” curriculum “relevant” and “multicultural.” Courses in “Western civilization” were particular targets.

With help from a few Marxist students and professors, such ideas gradually coalesced into a radical movement that identified the oppressors and the oppressed in novel ways. College students, still then mostly white, male, and affluent, were nonetheless oppressed by being refused the vote, sent off to Vietnam to be killed, denied a fulfilling sex life, and indoctrinated in a culture that was the instrument of their oppression. Exactly who the oppressors were was somewhat less clear. Plainly the class enemies were older

than the students and included most of their parents. While some students adopted the slogan “Never trust anyone over 30,” this included some sympathetic professors and in a few years would probably include the students themselves. The oppressors definitely included the “military-industrial complex,” which supposedly dominated America and had started the Vietnam war for profit. The oppressors also included organized religion, which supported the dominant culture and tried to make the oppressed feel guilty about their sexual behavior.

Most university administrators and professors, even if sometimes alarmed by seizures of buildings and student strikes, felt at least partly sympathetic to student radicalism. They had themselves become disillusioned with the

Vietnam war, which was going badly, and they had never liked policing sexual activity in university dormitories. Seeing most of what they taught attacked for its alleged lack of “relevance” was harder to accept. But most of them assumed that the students’ demands could be accommodated by hiring a few new professors to teach a few new courses in a few new majors. Only a small minority of professors and administrators believed that

student radicals should be firmly opposed. After all, most faculty and administrators thought that the young were the future, the future would be leftist and probably Marxist, that there was something seriously wrong with America (as the Vietnam war showed), and that keeping up with the latest intellectual fashions was important.

The latest intellectual fashion was postmodernism, which denied the existence of any objective truth. But by no means did postmodernism imply that anyone’s opinion was as good as anyone else’s. Instead of facts, postmodernists spoke of “discourse,” which was imposed by means of power, whether just or unjust. Oppressors tried to impose an unjust discourse to serve their own evil interests; but the oppressed and their defenders could combat it with their own discourse, which since it was just could not be refuted. In theory postmodernism could be applied to almost any topic, as long as someone could identify the classes of oppressors and oppressed, and could trace present injustices to past injustices. The oppressed were defined by the categories of race, class, and gender, and the forms of their oppression were racism, imperialism, Eurocentrism, and patriarchy. While some postmodernists were not really



*Heavily armed students leave Straight Hall at Cornell University after a sit-in that secured promises from administrators to accelerate the opening of an African-American Studies center, April 20, 1969.*

STEVE STARR / AP

radicals and some radicals were not really postmodernists, the two groups had much in common and were usually allied with each other.

What was theoretically interesting to followers of this developing ideology was the race, class, or gender group, not the individual. Groups were either oppressed or oppressive. Even rich and highly educated blacks and women were still oppressed by the racism and sexism in society; even poor and uneducated whites and men were still oppressors, especially if they thought that they were not racist or sexist at all. The only way to escape the status of oppressor was to champion the rights of the oppressed, preferably more enthusiastically than the oppressed did themselves, and to identify new oppressed classes and ever more subtle forms of oppression. The original oppressed groups were college students and blacks, but women, Hispanics, and members of non-Western cultures were soon added. Homosexuals, transsexuals, the disabled, and others were added later.

Meanwhile, the expansion of the American academic job market that had begun with the GI Bill ended in the 1970s when college enrollments stopped growing with the end of the baby boom. Universities now needed no more faculty after years of hiring young professors who would remain employed for decades; the professors who were retiring were the few who had been hired in the thirties, when enrollments had been far smaller and money had been short. The drastic fall in available jobs coincided with the widespread adoption of affirmative action in academic hiring. Because most professors agreed that the university should be opened to blacks, women, and new ideas, most of the few available positions went either to black or female applicants or, if there were not enough applicants from the oppressed classes, to postmodernists and radicals. New positions not justified by growing enrollments could be justified by a need to hire more blacks and women or to teach ethnic or postmodern courses. Similar hiring practices continue today. They have resulted in steadily more left-wing faculties and—since most administrators are professors bored by teaching and research—left-wing administrations.

The paradigm of the oppressors and the oppressed spread through almost every field in the humanities and to some in the sciences. The oppressors were identified as Europeans and white Americans, capitalists, “elitists,” men, and heterosexuals. The works of Homer, the Greek dramatists, and Shakespeare were considered “elitist” literature,

even though their original audiences came from every level of society and were largely illiterate. The quality of literature or art was considered uninteresting unless it illustrated oppression or resistance to it. Aristotle was said to have stolen his philosophy from the library of Alexandria supposedly founded by black Africans—even though the library had actually been founded by Greeks after Aristotle’s death. Other creations of leftist scholarship included a feminist Africa, a pacifist Islam, Hinduism without the caste system, pagans who never persecuted Christians, a benevolent Soviet Union, and a thoroughly malevolent United States

and Western Europe. Research that failed to fit the paradigm was dismissed as outdated and irrelevant. At a lecture I once attended about Bermuda, a questioner criticized the lecturer for ignoring the oppression of native Bermudans and remained indignant even after hearing that Bermuda had been uninhabited before its colonists came.

Campus leftism has been much less concerned with helping the supposedly oppressed than with demonizing the supposed oppressors. The allegedly oppressed who fail to recognize their oppression, like women who want traditional roles as wives and mothers, were

lectured on their need for “raised consciousness.” Radical white professors had to teach minority students to recognize seemingly inoffensive remarks and actions as “microaggressions” to be resented. Yet anyone with a real concern for the interests of women and minorities should realize that telling them to be outraged by, say, a Halloween costume or the name of a football team discourages them from positive efforts to help themselves and encourages them to antagonize people who would otherwise be sympathetic to them. Anyone with a real concern for blacks should want police protection for the many blacks in danger of being terrorized and murdered by black criminals. Anyone with a real concern for people confused about their sexuality should be reluctant to encourage them to undergo drastic and largely irreversible surgery. Nonetheless, the question of whether leftist social engineering causes more misery than it relieves is irrelevant if the only permissible motive is to combat oppressors and to defend the identities of the oppressed.

The paradigm of oppressors and oppressed explains combinations of dogmas that can otherwise seem inconsistent. It may seem incongruous to insist that sexual orientation cannot be chosen but gender can; but both positions serve to stigmatize as unjust and oppressive conservative

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**Most faculty and administrators thought that the young were the future, the future would be leftist and probably Marxist, that there was something seriously wrong with America, and that keeping up with the latest intellectual fashions was important.**

and religious views that homosexuality and transgenderism are unnatural. Animal rights are important if the animals are oppressed by capitalists; but a right to life for an unborn child can be ignored if oppressive religious traditionalists defend it. That American blacks are almost six times more likely to be imprisoned than whites is a scandal because blacks are oppressed and whites are oppressors; but that men are almost 14 times more likely to be imprisoned than women is no problem, because men are oppressors and women are oppressed. That a white policeman in Ferguson, Missouri, killed a black thief who was trying to take his gun away (presumably to kill him) is an injustice, because whites are oppressors and blacks oppressed. The only acceptable remedies for global warming are those that penalize oppressors, especially capitalists, and certainly not more nuclear power, which enriches capitalists.

Campus ideology is however not much interested in defining exactly who belongs to the classes of oppressors and oppressed. Questioning someone's claim to be oppressed is condemned as "blaming the victim," while claiming not to be an oppressor is condemned as insensitivity to oppression. The status of oppressor or oppressed can be inherited, but only by groups as groups. Many black Americans are richer than many white Americans; but all whites are still considered more privileged than all blacks. Homosexuality and transgenderism are supposed to be a source of pride, but heterosexuality is not, because homosexuals and transsexuals are oppressed and heterosexuals are oppressors.

While such beliefs have become increasingly influential off campus, on most campuses they have come to be not merely influential but incontestable, to the point where any questioning of them is taken as proof of racism, sexism, or homophobia. Subjects for courses or research unrelated to oppression are dismissed out of hand; the paradigm of oppressors and oppressed cannot be challenged; and even the paradigm's applicability to specific cases is dangerous to discuss. Accordingly, universities' only legitimate function is to teach and produce leftist propaganda and to prohibit criticizing it. The idea of seeking intellectual diversity by hiring moderate or conservative professors provokes heated opposition, because it would treat oppressors as if they were oppressed. As a matter of fact, though this sort of

affirmative action might help a few moderate or conservative professors get jobs, it would still leave them isolated on campus, vilified by many of their colleagues and students. Similarly, the efforts of some foundations and other organizations to support moderate and conservative professors and students may bolster their morale a little but will do nothing to restore free speech on campus. If others have created their identities among the oppressed by demonizing you as an oppressor, nothing you can tell them will help. It will only keep you from being hired, tenured, or promoted.

For this reason, I believe America needs new universities. They should be intellectually distinguished, not enforcing a conservative orthodoxy that is the mirror image of other universities' leftism, not obsessed with intercollegiate athletics, and not demanding that professors spend all their time on undergraduate teaching instead of developing knowledge and ideas to transmit to undergraduates and graduates alike. The colleges and universities we have are too far gone in leftism, or too mediocre in their scholarship, to provide the intellectual leadership that the country desperately needs. Though foundations and periodicals can help, they cannot do the job of a university. A large part of the reason our national economic policies remain saner than our foreign and social policies is that economics departments

still have some moderate and conservative professors. The same can be said for our scientific and technical education, which is still the envy of the world. Otherwise universities have been steadily training their students to be leftists, and the measure of their success was apparent in the overwhelming student support for the Sanders campaign.

Outside the universities, the problem is still not as bad as it is within them. People in less monolithically leftist professions than college teaching, particularly politicians, usually need to be more careful about demonizing large groups of people, who after all are potential or actual voters, customers, coworkers, or friends. Yet many ideas that would have been considered absurd a short time ago have gone straight from universities to become public policies enforced by the Obama administration, and we should expect to see more such ideas in the near future. They should be firmly combated, especially with the argument that demonizing men, whites, conservatives, and religious believers as oppressive groups is not truth or social justice but simply bigotry. ♦

**Leftist dogmas have come to be not merely influential but incontestable, to the point where any questioning of them is taken as proof of racism, sexism, or homophobia.**



*University of Wisconsin-Madison,  
December 11, 2015*



# Hitting the Road

*The existential charms of getting up and going.* BY STEFAN BECK

For years, a friend and I have been engaged in an informal contest (so informal, in fact, that it may exist only in my mind) to see who will be first to visit all 50 states. With only Alaska, Idaho, and Montana remaining on my list, it looks as if I'll win. In the spirit of sportsmanship, I will grant that my rival, an urban planner, has been more thorough in his explorations: He gets the flavor of a state at its museums and monuments, its national parks and ballparks, its finest restaurants and most mephitic dive bars. He has written over 500 Yelp reviews. And he is utterly fearless. In Delaware, he managed to find us

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**The Joys of Travel**  
*And Stories That Illuminate Them*  
 by Thomas Swick  
 Skyhorse, 208 pp., \$24.99

not only the state's worst meal (slow-cooked muskrat) but also its worst entertainment venue, a strip club that made the biblical injunction "If your eye causes you to sin, tear it out" sound like a no-brainer.

Still, in one area of United States travel, I brook no challenge to my supremacy. I've done more *driving* in our nation than anyone I know. Of American Airlines, my rival Yelps that "if you were inspired by Swedenborg to experience the majesty of Hell

firsthand, this is a good way to start." Yet he insists on flying most everywhere he goes, and by my lights, he's been cheating—cheating himself, at any rate. "As the country of the automobile," Thomas Swick writes in his marvelous new book, "we are also the country of the road trip. . . . The road trip has long been an American ideal, and its apotheosis is the one that goes from coast to coast. We come in two types: those who've driven cross-country and those who dream of doing so."

Swick is too polite to mention the mixture of pity and disdain with which those of us in the former category, also known as "real Americans," regard those in the latter. To establish my bona fides: I've driven cross-country five times. My personal record for nonstop

GEORGE ROSE / GETTY

solo driving is 1,052 miles (Omaha to West Wendover, Nevada), and with a copilot, 1,701 (Dallas to Hartford), toward the end of which my best friend sobbed uncontrollably at the sunrise and I swerved across several lanes to avoid hitting a hallucinated sofa.

I have gazed meaningfully into the Gulf of Mexico at Port Aransas, Texas. I have trembled before the Mothman statue in Point Pleasant, West Virginia. I have seen the whorehouses of Elko, Nevada, and I have watched banana slugs copulate among the redwood trees of Eureka, California—and you can make of this juxtaposition what you will. I have seen all the wonders of Wall Drug, Boomland, and South of the Border. I have driven Route 66, the Skyline Drive, the Natchez Trace, and Zzyzx Road. I have heard unspeakable things through the Kleenex-thin walls of countless motels. I have eaten prairie oysters in Colorado, sturgeon in Illinois, and natto in Hawaii, and still have yet to taste something worse than slow-cooked muskrat, except perhaps for the so-called beer they serve in Mormon Utah.

I feel about taking to the Eisenhower Interstate system as Ishmael felt about going to sea: “It is a way I have of driving off the spleen.” It is a tonic for heartbreak and ennui. It is also a foolproof cure for ignorance of one’s homeland, of one’s fellow Americans. It would be a severe overstatement to say that our country has never been more politically or culturally polarized: A visit to Gettysburg or Appomattox puts things into perspective. But between Charles Murray’s *Coming Apart*, the 2016 election, and the Great Dismal Swamp known as “Internet comments,” it is clear that we are very polarized indeed. There is nothing quite like a road trip, provided that one meets and listens to people, to encourage a deeper empathy for Americans, what they experience, and what they believe.

That is not to say that encountering these people guarantees that one will fall in love with them. My rival’s Yelp reviews can be vicious, not only to restaurants, bars, and attractions but also to their patrons. At least he knows

whereof he speaks. He does not rely on caricatures sketched by partisan media outlets. Though raised in Brooklyn Heights and educated at elite schools, I suspect that he would pass with flying colors Murray’s famous “bubble quiz,” devised to gauge one’s insulation or isolation from mainstream America. He has earned the right to his attitudes.

My own expeditions have earned me an attitude of political and cultural tolerance, if not thoughtless acceptance. Having gained a sense of America’s essential *bigness*—of what it is for a nation to contain over 300 million souls—I recognize that any wish for consensus is a pipe dream. America is too vast, too varied, and too free to waste time wishing that people might agree on what is good for them and toe a line. America is unruly, even crazy, and I’ve grown defiantly proud of that.

I was raised in rural northern Connecticut, in a cowtown just south of the Southwick Jog, the notch in the state’s border with Massachusetts. Though an adolescent devotee of Jack Kerouac, I had little desire, even as college loomed, to leave my little town. It took moving to Illinois, just outside of Chicago, for my senior year of high school to awaken my curiosity. I learned to drive not on the bucolic backroads of the Farmington Valley but on the Edens and the Dan Ryan. I negotiated, for the first time in my life, the vagaries of public transportation. I saw ostentatious wealth and extreme poverty, sometimes side by side. How could they keep me down on the farm after that?

During that spring, I drove to New Orleans with friends. Why my neurotic parents let me spend spring break on Bourbon Street is a question beyond all conjecture. No sooner had we departed Cook County than we were doing everything that we had promised not to do and some things that nobody had thought to make us promise not to do—such as firing Roman candles (Kerouac’s influence, no doubt) at the lone car following us in the dead of night across the Pontchartrain Causeway. Our comeuppances came early and often: We fell victim to street hus-

tlers and were robbed of our beer and bravado by wharf security guards. The trip was an invaluable lesson in just how green, how dumb, we really were.

In *The Joys of Travel*, Swick identifies seven sources of enjoyment guaranteed to the traveler: anticipation, movement, a break from routine, novelty, discovery, emotional connection, and a heightened appreciation of home. I would add an eighth: humility. Traveling in the United States, whether as a teenager or as an adult, is almost always a chastening experience. One can count on disturbing encounters with bigots, drunks, and morons; with the desperately poor, drug-addicted, homeless, or mentally ill; even with the weather (try driving through high winds and dust devils across the Bonneville Salt Flats). It isn’t all kachina dolls, boiled peanuts, and fireworks stands.

Still, those seven “joys” provide a useful scheme for thinking about road trips, how to approach them, and what to expect of them. And if one has been stuck at home this season by work, a dwindling account balance, or lack of a suitable Airstream trailer or Econoline van, Swick’s volume is a perfect *vade mecum* for the next best thing to a road trip: revisiting some of the greatest American road trip travelogues. John Steinbeck’s *Travels with Charley*, William Least Heat-Moon’s *Blue Highways*, Bill Bryson’s *The Lost Continent*, and Larry McMurtry’s *Roads* deliver about as much America as one can hope to experience without actually leaving home. This list is limited to 20th-century nonfiction accounts by Americans. Should you exhaust it but still crave dispatches from the open road, there are older works—William Bartram’s *Travels*, Mark Twain’s *Roughing It*—travelogues by foreigners, from Alexis de Tocqueville to Jonathan Raban, and, of course, venerable novels by Americans. Many will already have read Kerouac’s *On the Road*, Hunter S. Thompson’s *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, or Robert M. Pirsig’s *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*; those who haven’t are advised to skip them in favor of Charles Portis’s *Norwood* and Thomas McGuane’s *The Bushwhacked*

*Piano*. (As Swick reminds his readers, Nabokov's *Lolita* is also a road novel.)

Anticipation—which, Swick writes, “inspires us to act and then grows as we do”—is present in the opening pages of every great travelogue. John Steinbeck: “The sound of a jet, an engine warming up, even the clopping of shod hooves on pavement brings on the ancient shudder, the dry mouth and vacant eye, the hot palms and the churn of stomach high up under the rib cage.” These promise adventure, experience. They also spur one to read travelogues: “As soon as I dream up a trip,” Swick writes, “I plan my reading accordingly.”

Then there is the sheer pleasure of departure and of movement. “Other than curiosity,” writes McMurtry in *Roads*, “there’s no particular reason for these travels—just the old desire to be on the move.” Bryson, setting out in *The Lost Continent*, states that

My intention was to retrace the route my father always took to my grandparents’ house in Winfield—through Prairie City, Pella, Oskaloosa, Hedrick, Brighton, Coppock, Wayland and Olds. . . . Always having been a passenger before, I had never paid much attention to the road, so I was surprised to find that I kept coming up against odd turns and abrupt T-junctions, requiring me to go left here for a couple of miles, then right for a few miles, then left again and so on.

Navigation and momentum can be their own rewards. “You change your sky but not your habits,” writes Swick, in a paraphrase of Horace. In other words, there is no running away from yourself. Nobody who has ever hit the road to escape a personal or professional rut, or a bad relationship, will wholly agree. A break from routine was the primary impetus for Heat-Moon’s *Blue Highways*. Heat-Moon (*né* Trogdon) bitterly recalls “a day of canceled expectations, the day I learned my job teaching English was finished because of declining enrollment at the college, the day I called my wife from whom I’d been separated for nine months to give her the news, the day she let slip about her ‘friend’—Rick or Dick or Chick. Something like that.”

Changing one’s sky can change a lot. A road trip should, if possible, follow every personal failure. I vacated California and a bad breakup to the strains of Led Zeppelin’s “Night Flight,” Connecticut and a bad breakup with a whining cat, my own personal Charley, in the backseat. Watching the mile markers fly by has a quality, paradoxically, both anesthetic and entirely invigorating.

To travel in the United States is to make everything new, and nobody who has done it in a serious way has much patience for stock objections to that idea. In his chapter on “Novelty,” Swick identifies the “biggest lie in travel” as “Every place now looks the same.” He who “complains about McDonald’s everywhere is someone with an unhealthy fixation on chains,” a fixation Swick calls the “geographical equivalent . . . of saying the members of a race all look alike.” Larry McMurtry is moved to

advance one modest thesis, a counter argument to the often expressed view that because of the chain businesses, America all looks the same. But it doesn’t, and it won’t, no matter how many McDonald’s and Taco Bells cluster around the exits. . . . In America the light itself will always differ; the winter light on the Sault Ste. Marie, at the head of the 75, will never be like the light over the Everglades, at the bottom of that road. . . . [A] thousand McDonald’s will not make Boston feel like Tucson.

America’s variety means that one cannot go very far in any direction without making discoveries. For Jane and Michael Stern, the (former) husband-and-wife team responsible for *Roadfood*, that meant diners, drive-ins, and dives. Ditto William Least Heat-Moon: “There is one almost infallible way to find honest food at just prices in blue-highway America: count the wall calendars in a cafe.” These were left by traveling salesmen, and the more of them, the better. Five calendars meant “keep it under your hat, or they’ll franchise”—spots like, for my money, Seewee Restaurant in Awendaw, South Carolina, O’Scugnizzo Pizzeria in Utica, New York, or Curtis’s BBQ (Ninth Wonder

of the World—what’s the eighth?) in Putney, Vermont. But this is not to discount all of the big, obvious “discoveries” like Carlsbad Caverns and Crater Lake, Monticello, and Graceland.

Emotional connection is possible but never promised. Like Swick, I have experienced an enormous share of loneliness and disappointment while traveling. But I have also enjoyed one of the most memorable nights of my life in Minneapolis, with people I barely knew, first at a VFW hall and then at a bowling alley. Travel enough and you will have an encounter like Heat-Moon does in *Blue Highways*:

While I ate buttermilk pie, Watts served as disc jockey of Nameless, Tennessee. “Here’s ‘Mountain Rose.’” It was one of those moments that you know at the time will stay with you to the grave: the sweet pie, the gaunt man playing the old music, the coals in the stove glowing orange, the scent of kerosene and hot bread. “Here’s ‘Evening Rhapsody.’” The music was so heavily romantic we both laughed. I thought: It is for this I have come.

Swick’s seventh joy of travel is a heightened appreciation of home. By home, he means wherever you came from; but by home I mean America, a place one can be from without knowing the first thing about it, without having gone, like John Steinbeck, in search of it. A proper American road trip should eliminate both the overweening mandarins and the flyover dummies from one’s moral imagination. It should replace them with *people*, full stop. Returning to his hometown of Des Moines, Iowa, Bill Bryson writes, “I could see why strangers came in off the interstate looking for hamburgers and gasoline and stayed forever. There was just something about it that looked friendly and decent and nice. I could live here, I thought.”

Nobody scrutinizing our presidential campaign could believe that Americans are universally friendly and decent and nice. We are those things some of the time; we are everything else as well. What we have never yet learned how to be is predictable, and God bless us for it. ♦

# Affluent Society

*The friends, and enemies, of American prosperity.*

BY JAY WEISER

**T**his spectacular history traces the rise and plateau of the American economy since industrialization. Massive productivity gains from a networked society led to huge rises in life expectancy and per capita income. Addressing the slowdown of recent decades, economist Robert J. Gordon adopts the popular position that the big gains have been made. But his nostalgia for the government-dominated mid-20th-century economy overlooks the opportunities to reinvent existing networks—and to encourage a new innovation wave through deregulation.

Based on decades of research, often in obscure century-old trade journals, Gordon constructs datasets to measure growth in productivity and standard of living, beginning with the period before modern statistical collection. He breaks post-Civil War history into three periods of productivity and GDP per capita growth: moderate during 1870-1920, rapid from 1920 to 1970, and moderate from 1970 to 2015, with a serious slowdown at the end of the period.

Life in 1870 would be almost unrecognizable to us: no electricity, high infant mortality, and low life expectancy. In the absence of indoor plumbing and central heating, women were beasts of burden with the backbreaking job of drawing water for the family and cooking and cleaning by hand. Men in the paid workforce often endured six-day, 12-hour-a-day workweeks, risk-

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**The Rise and Fall of American Growth**  
*The U.S. Standard of Living Since the Civil War*  
by Robert J. Gordon  
Princeton, 784 pp., \$39.95



*Aircraft factory, California (1942)*

ing industrial accidents. By 1920, clean water was nearly universal, contributing to a big drop in mortality rates. Urban electricity provided mass transportation and lighting, while refrigerators, washing machines, and automobiles became affordable to a widening middle class. After World War II, these were followed by television, air travel, and computers. Measuring the changes in quality—whether in consumer goods or retail channels—is one of this book's major accomplishments.

Where Deirdre McCloskey's recent *Bourgeois Equality* highlights individual ideas as the cause of growth,

Gordon argues for the primacy of networks: water and sewer systems and railroads in the first period; electricity in the second; and highways, airports, and computer networks in the third. The slowdown is upon us, he argues, because the big gains have been made: Electricity can be introduced only once, and short of the Singularity, we will never again see the life expectancy gains of the first two periods.

Few of us are likely to reach Moses' biblical age of 120, but Gordon's pessimism has other aspects. Using econometric techniques, the information economy of the last 40 years hasn't produced a growth boom similar to earlier periods—even with his ingenious efforts to measure the value added by free services such as Google, which fund themselves through advertising and marketing services.

Gordon also, naturally, lets personal perspectives color the analysis. Just as Bernie Sanders determined that nobody needs 23 kinds of deodorant, Gordon devalues such recent developments as designer jeans, observing that clothing quality hasn't increased much. Millennials who change their look rapidly with inexpensive, disposable fashion might disagree. Gordon similarly discounts the instant smartphone availability of data from anywhere in the world. For an upscale academic, whose graduate students are indentured to their liege for a decade

of data drudgery, only the little people use Google.

Gordon's evidence supports a counter narrative. Until the 18th century, mercantilism, elite control, and guilds hobbled the economy. The late 19th century's *laissez-faire* society touched off a boom and vast improvements in living standards. Then waves of rent-seeking regulation gradually strangled growth: the New Deal (with slowing growth after 1950) and the Great Society (which set the table for the glacial growth post-1970).

Gordon finds that the 1930s, contrary to conventional wisdom, saw a

big productivity increase, followed by a productivity explosion during World War II. This was a golden age for new materials, such as mass-produced aluminum and plastics. And businesses had incentives to invest in capital equipment, given the upward pressure on labor costs created by tight immigration controls—in place for virtually the whole 1920-70 high-growth period—and the New Deal's support for minimum wages and unionization.

Soon after the New Deal, World War II demanded herculean productivity leaps to supply the Allies. White male workers who had benefited from the New Deal wage cartel (and could have resisted labor-saving innovations) were shipped off to war by the millions. Their replacements, Rosie the Riveter and her African American counterparts, had little leverage to resist productivity innovations and an incentive to demonstrate loyalty in hope of improved postwar status.

The New Deal and the war may have frontloaded the era's productivity gains, Gordon suggests. After the war, with the soldiers back, advanced sectors locked into unionized oligopolies, and foreign competition reduced to rubble, the productivity growth rate began its three-quarter century slowdown. In Gordon's take, that era was one of reduced inequality; but in reality, jobs and life prospects were allocated in an elaborate racial, religious, and sexual hierarchy. Productivity-increasing innovation became a matter of bargaining between entrenched management and labor. By the time the rewards were allocated—and competitors matched the innovations—the game often wasn't worth the candle.

While Gordon argues that innovation dropped after 1970—no startling new products changed the world—beginning in the mid-sixties, massive new immigration and foreign competition reduced the cost of labor, limiting the pressure for productivity increases in the United States, though also reducing the cost of goods. Waves of Great Society and Nixon-era command-and-control environmen-

tal, safety, and workplace regulation reduced innovation and raised costs. Government guarantee programs ballooned, subsidizing consumption rather than productive investment—although Gordon views the increasing size of American homes, a primary target of those subsidies, as an increase in quality.

The brief revival of productivity growth in the 1990s, which Gordon attributes to the information and telecommunications revolutions, may also reflect the deregulation wave, starting with transportation, communications, and utilities in the mid-1970s, as well as 1990s welfare reforms.

Post-2000 stagnation coincided with an increasingly statist economy. Americans splurged on government-guaranteed McMansions in floodplains while land-use restrictions drove up housing costs in high-demand areas. A metastasizing license raj required ever-increasing government-guaranteed student loans to fund ever-less-substantive diplomas, while removing young adults from the workforce for a six-year-long beer bash nominally known as a college education. Green cronies reregulated energy with renewables subsidies, climate mandates, and assaults on fossil fuels and nuclear power. Even as California's roads and airports decayed, Governor Jerry Brown pursued a monstrous high-speed rail project through the middle of nowhere.

By failing to examine America's China Syndrome—government-directed misallocation of capital—Gordon undermines his argument that we have wrung most of the possible productivity gains from networking. He argues that capital stock does not disappear: His major example is that, before 1950, older inner-city buildings and equipment continued in use, contributing to productivity, even though by accounting measures they were worn out and had no value. But after 1950, thanks to the federally subsidized interstate highway system, and federal housing guarantees, there was mass destruction of inner-city residential and industrial capital stock,

leading to vast empty areas today, even as housing overinvestment (by some estimates) lowered today's GDP by 10 percent.

The destruction was not limited to inner cities, either. In a dispiriting replay of Richard White's *Railroaded: The Transcontinentals and the Making of Modern America*, the interstate highway system repeated late-19th-century overbuilding in the thinly populated Great Plains, driving efficient freight railroads into bankruptcy. Recovery took a half-century.

The hidden productivity killer, not addressed by Gordon, is that politicians like to launch networks but not maintain them. The Interstate Commerce Commission (1888) set railroad rates below what was needed to offset wear and tear on the rail infrastructure. New York's and Boston's privately owned subways went bankrupt in the Great Depression thanks to fare restrictions.

Socialist infrastructure suffered as well. Congress has refused to raise taxes to replenish the Highway Trust Fund for decades. New York's Mayor Bill de Blasio stopped funding a critical water system upgrade because he didn't want to raise rates. The Washington Metro, a utopian Great Society riposte to older urban transit systems, is collapsing under deferred maintenance. And Hurricane Katrina, hitting a system of poorly designed and maintained levees, destroyed much of New Orleans.

Economists lack prophetic powers. Many in the thirties predicted secular stagnation just before the giant World War II boom. By focusing on the forces that generated the productivity leap, Gordon understates the institutional constraints that subsequently froze labor markets, overregulated enterprise, misallocated capital, and starved maintenance. As central banks and regulators engage in ever more financial repression, the market signals that could generate productive investment are ever more distorted. Unwinding the Obama statist economy could reignite growth—though neither Hillary Clinton nor Donald Trump appears willing to tackle it. ♦

# Muddle Kingdom

*Simon Leys, the skeptical Sinologist.*

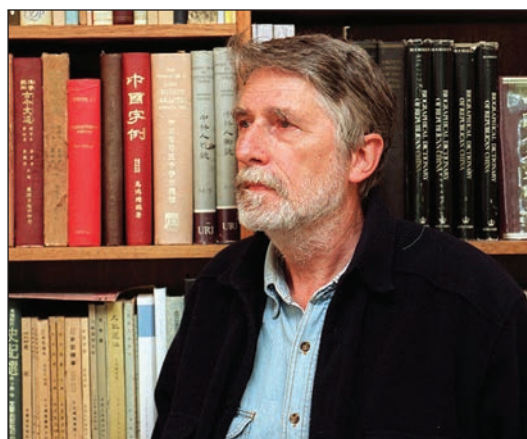
BY STEPHEN MILLER

What do Jean-Paul Sartre, André Malraux, Michel Foucault, and Roland Barthes have in common? These French writers admired Mao Zedong, the tyrant responsible for a famine in which 40-50 million people died. He was responsible, as well, for the Cultural Revolution, which had a death toll of around two million (some observers put the figure much higher) and cost untold suffering and destruction. “When it comes to Maoism,” the late China scholar Simon Leys once said, “some members of the French intellectual elite have easily beaten the world record for stupidity.” Simon Leys was the pen-name of Pierre Ryckmans, a prescient Belgian who taught for many years in Australia and died two years ago.

For stupidity about Maoism, the prize should go to the French philosopher Alain Badiou, who wrote, in 1977, “there is only one great philosopher of our time: Mao Zedong.” Badiou, who headed the philosophy department at the École Normale Supérieure—the most prestigious institution of higher learning in France—remains a Maoist. Writing in 2009, Leys quoted a letter from a friend who was angry that “criminal Maoist lies manage to endure. ... Look for instance at the popular success now enjoyed by the ‘radical’ thinker Alain Badiou, who prides himself on being an emeritus defender of the ‘Cultural Revolution.’”

Of course, stupidity about Maoism was not limited to French intel-

lectuals. In 1984, Leys was appalled by “the spectacular blunders of nearly all the ‘contemporary China’ specialists.” He quoted John King Fairbank, the influential China scholar who taught at Harvard: “The Maoist revolution is, on the whole, the best thing that has happened to the Chinese people in many centuries.” Many China scholars, Leys said, knew what was



Simon Leys (1998)

happening in China but were reluctant to condemn Mao’s policies. They spoke of “the China difference,” arguing that it was wrong to look at China through the lens of Western values; but, wrote Leys, “things happened in Maoist China that were ghastly by any standard of common decency.”

Simon Leys (1935-2014), who wrote in both French, English, and Chinese became interested in China in 1955 when he traveled there as part of a student delegation. He studied Chinese history and culture in Taiwan and Hong Kong. He also talked to refugees, read newspapers from China, and subscribed to *China News Analysis*. In 1970, Leys moved to Australia, where he taught in Canberra and Sydney.

In the 1970s, Leys published four studies in French about Chinese history and culture, but did not become well-known in France until 1983, when he appeared on *Apostrophes*, the popular French television show about books. The other guest was Maria-Antonietta Macciocchi, an Italian who had written two books extolling Maoism, and Leys declared that it would be charitable to call her latest book “utterly stupid;” otherwise he would have to call her a fraud. (Nine years later, Macciocchi, who sometimes taught in France, was awarded the Legion of Honor by President François Mitterrand.)

Leys was, however, a great admirer of George Orwell, and in 1984, he published a book on the subject: *Orwell, ou l’horreur de la politique*. Just as Orwell had attacked Stalinists, Leys castigated Maoists. Discussing Roland Barthes’s writings on China, Leys quoted Orwell: “One has to belong to the intelligentsia to believe things like that; no ordinary man could be such a fool.” And in an essay on “The Intimate Orwell,” Leys—a devout Roman Catholic—attacked “my benighted co-religionists, cretinous clerics and other Maoist morons” who preached “the gospel of the Chinese ‘Cultural Revolution.’”

In Leys’s view, Mao’s rule was a disaster and Mao “repeatedly brought the very regime he himself had created to the brink of chaos and destruction.” Moreover, Mao’s China was more totalitarian than Stalin’s Soviet Union: The Maoists “invaded the lives of the people in a way that was far more radical and devastating than in the Soviet Union.” In Mao’s gulag, the “mental pressure” was severe, and Mao’s China was totalitarian from the start: “By the fall of 1951, 80 percent of all Chinese had had to take part in mass accusation meetings, or to watch organized lynchings and public executions.”

Leys, like Orwell, did not see himself primarily as a political writer. He wrote a novel about Napoleon and translated Confucius’s *Analects*. In his last collection, *The Hall of Uselessness: Collected Essays* (2013), there are

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appreciations of Evelyn Waugh, G. K. Chesterton, Victor Hugo, Honoré de Balzac, and Georges Simenon. There also is a tribute to his friend the political essayist Jean-François Revel, who “deflated the huge balloons of cant that elevate the chattering classes.”

*The Hall of Uselessness* also includes essays on two writers Leys especially disliked: André Gide and André Malraux. He called Gide Proteus because he changed his views on many questions; he called Malraux a phony because he concocted a “fanciful military record,” lying about what he had done in the Spanish Civil War. But while he regarded Malraux’s fiction and memoirs as tedious—filled with banal remarks about the human condition—he acknowledged that Malraux had “considerable physical courage.” And though Leys himself was capable of trite language—“at bottom there is only one art that matters, and that is the art of life”—he usually wrote with brio and wit, poking holes in conventional wisdom.

One day it will perhaps be discovered that the best studies on Tang poetry and on Song painting have all been financed by the CIA—a fact that should improve the public image of this much-maligned organization.

Writing about Evelyn Waugh, Leys said that “to irritate idiots actually is enjoyable,” and Leys himself was irritated by Christopher Hitchens’s critical study of Mother Teresa, *The Missionary Position*. In a letter to the *New York Review of Books*, Leys wrote that “bashing an elderly nun under an obscene label does not seem to be a particularly brave or stylish thing to do.” Hitchens, he believed, was driven by an urge to deface “moral beauty. . . . The need to bring down to our wretched level, to deface, to deride, to debunk any splendor that is towering above us, is probably the saddest urge of human nature.”

Leys had a wide range of interests. In *The Hall of Uselessness* there are essays on Chinese art and Chinese calligraphy, as well as *Don Quixote*, the Cambodian genocide, the sea in French literature, and the voyages of Magellan. But in seeking to explain 4,000 years of Chinese civilization to a Western reader-

ship, Leys had a difficult task. One essay was entitled “The Chinese Attitude Towards the Past.” But is there one Chinese attitude? Leys qualified his title: Though China’s “dominant ideology—Confucianism—extolled the values of the past,” he wrote, in pre-imperial China there was a “movement to obliterate the past.” The Cultural Revolution had antecedents.

The Chinese, Leys always pointed out, have not tried very hard to preserve their past: In some cities, more than 95 percent of historic and cultural relics were destroyed during the Cultural Revolution; yet Maoist vandals “found only rare targets on which to expend their energy. . . . The discon-

*Xi Jinping has made clear that Mao is still to be praised. Indeed, some believe that Xi may be transforming himself into a cult figure like Mao.*

certing barrenness of the Chinese monumental landscape cannot be read simply as a consequence of the chaotic years of the Maoist period.” For many Chinese, Leys argued, the past is not a real past; it is a “mythical Golden Age” marked by civil harmony. Chinese authorities have often invoked this mythical past in order to condemn the “recent past—that is, in fact, the *real past*.” But in contemporary China, the recent past is forbidden territory.

Reviewing *No Enemies, No Hatred* (2012), the collected essays of the Nobel Prize-winning dissident Liu Xiaobo, Leys agreed with Liu that the Chinese authorities “are enforcing a rigorous amnesia of the recent past. The Tiananmen massacre has been entirely erased from the minds of a new generation—while crude nationalism is being whipped up from time to time.” Liu, serving a prison sentence “for inciting subversion of state power,” argues that most Chinese citizens prefer not

to think about the recent past: “A huge Great Leap famine? A devastating Cultural Revolution? A Tiananmen massacre? All of this criticizing the government . . . is in their view, completely unnecessary.” For many, thinking about the recent past is a waste of time, and writing about it is dangerous.

This past May, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Cultural Revolution, the *People’s Daily* broke a general silence on the subject, declaring (according to the *New York Times*) that the Cultural Revolution was “totally wrong in theory and practice.” Of course, it did not also say that Mao was responsible for the Cultural Revolution: China’s current leader, Xi Jinping, has made it clear that Mao is still to be praised. Indeed, some observers believe that Xi may be transforming himself into a cult figure like Mao. Howard French, a China watcher at Columbia University, reports that “days before the anniversary of the start of the Cultural Revolution . . . Tiananmen Square was the scene of a theatrical extravaganza that combined revived radical rhetoric from that era with twinned images of Mao Zedong and Xi Jinping.”

In 1984, Simon Leys wrote that “Mao’s mummy” lies in the “huge and grotesque mausoleum in the heart of Peking.” More than three decades later, the mausoleum remains the number-one tourist attraction in Beijing, where you pay your respects to the Great Helmsman by filing past the embalmed corpse and then entering a gift shop where you can buy Mao pins, Mao rings, Mao busts, and Mao bracelets.

Westerners have long argued that economic reform in China would inevitably lead to political change. Leys disagreed. He and Liu argue that contemporary China is a post-totalitarian dictatorship: Xi Jinping wants the Chinese to revere Mao, but ignore his policies. Can the Chinese leadership ever do away with Mao worship? Not if it wants to remain a Communist state. In 2012, the year Xi Jinping came to power, Leys wrote that “after more than twenty years of ‘reform,’ the only feature of Maoist ideology that is being unconditionally retained by the Communist Party is the principle of its absolute monopoly over political power.” ♦

# Transition Waltz

*The troublesome path to a dancer's second act.*

BY SOPHIE FLACK



There is a myth, perpetuated in the ballet world, that ballet training prepares dancers for whatever endeavor comes next. It's a half-truth, really. We do, of course, learn discipline, focus, determination, and hard work from an early age. But because of the all-consuming nature of the profession, and professional-track training (on a par with gymnasts or, maybe, racehorses), there is little room for much else. And because I happened to dance for a prestigious institution, the New York City Ballet, I was under the misconception that I'd be ushered into my next career with open arms.

That was not the case. So where do these stories come from? Maybe we tell them to ourselves so that we'll be less terrified when it all comes to an abrupt end. Or maybe they are reiterated over generations so that young dancers give themselves completely

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to the form, a necessity in order to become truly great. But what are the costs, beginning in childhood, of a monomaniacal existence?

As a professional-track child, I was regularly reminded by my ballet teachers how brief my career would be, so I put a lot of thought into my transition into the "real world." It looked a lot like this: During a wonderfully fulfilling career with the NYCB, I would, simultaneously, become exceptional at some other artistic enterprise—and whatever that was would become so important that I would slowly be drawn away from the ballet, gracefully transitioning into that other medium that deserved (and demanded) more of my time and attention.

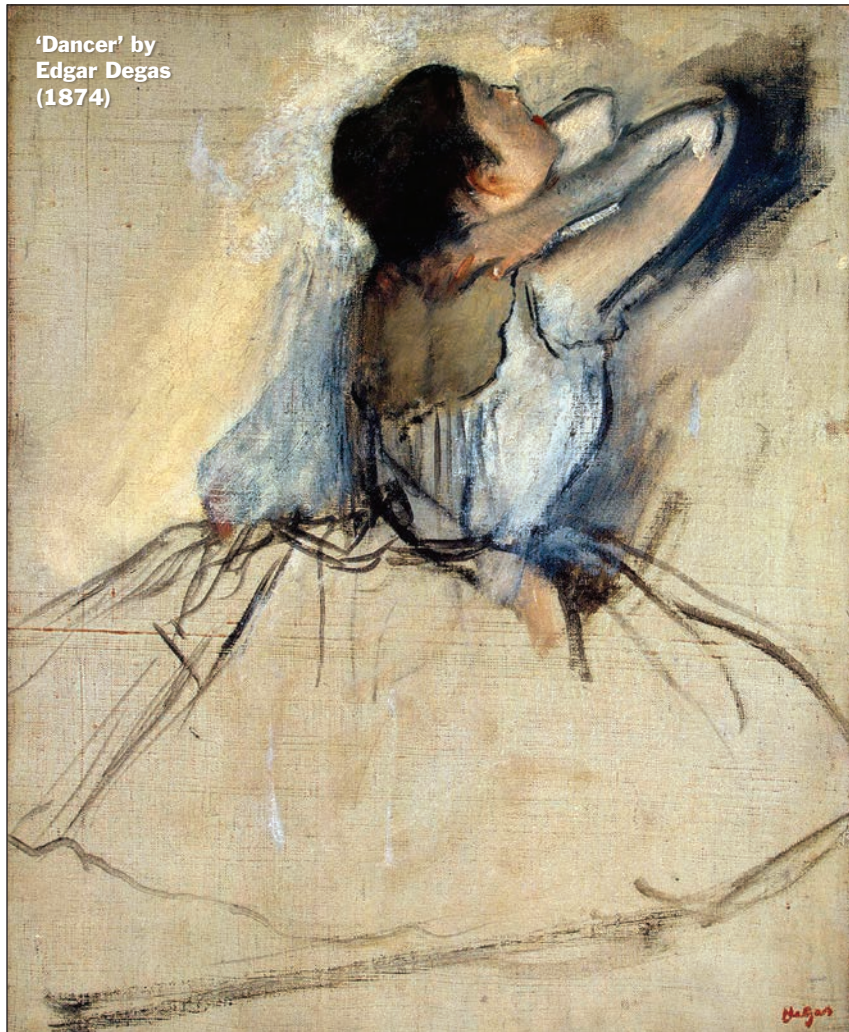
What I failed to take into account was that it would require a solid decade of training to become a professional ballet dancer, and it would likely take another decade to become exceptional at some other venture, whatever that should be. And because I had plans to dance in the corps de ballet of the NYCB—a company that once per-

formed 40 ballets in a single season—there would be no time to prepare for my next exceptional career, let alone have time for a load of laundry.

Despite the folklore, I never heard of a ballet dancer who had a breezy transition, unless she happened to be independently wealthy (although, even then, a sedentary lifestyle can feel existentially catastrophic to a former dancer). Nor had I heard of a dancer who changed jobs within the dance world. Former Miami City Ballet dancer Zoe Zien, for example, already has plans to set Justin Peck's *Year of the Rabbit* at Houston Ballet, while choreographing photographer Alex Prager's gallery opening and doing a Broadway lab. She credits her years in the ballet for instilling a fervent work ethic: "I'm good at getting things done," she says. Former NYCB dancer Gwyneth Muller also has plans to stay within the arts, albeit behind the scenes. She is an MFA candidate in theater management at the Yale School of Drama and plans to do a joint degree with the Yale School of Management.

Vincent Paradiso, another former NYCB dancer, says that the transition to pedestrian hasn't always been easy. Initially, Paradiso planned to capitalize on his muscular legs and began taking steps to become a punter—"I could kick the hell out of a football"—but scrapped his plan after a single day of training ("Do I really want to go from one career of pain to another?"). Instead, he began to invest in properties in Florida and on Manhattan's Upper West Side in the hope of gaining his real estate license. But he realized that real estate wouldn't fulfill him creatively. Out for drinks one evening, Paradiso came up with the idea for a website that capitalizes on the concept of splitting the dinner bill, only on a much larger scale.

When I was let go from the NYCB (as part of a mass 2009 layoff), I decided to finish my undergraduate degree at Columbia. As a dancer I had fancied myself worldly because we toured internationally, and social because I ventured below 14th Street and hobnobbed with non-dancers. But in the classroom, I felt as though I had just exited a bunker. As helpful as my work ethic was for



'Dancer' by  
Edgar Degas  
(1874)

the rigors of academia, I had to unlearn a lot of destructive behaviors left over from the ballet world.

For example, when I felt intimidated entering a lecture hall, I caught myself leveling the playing field in my mind—that is, cutting everybody else down to size in order to make myself feel better—just as I had as a child at auditions. When I snapped at a teaching assistant because a printer wouldn't work, I realized that the anxiety I'd developed as a dancer struggling to pick up choreography had carried over to the classroom. And after years of training, I was so conscious about how my body moved through space that it always felt as though everyone on campus was looking at me. Since childhood, I had been taught not to speak in the ballet studio; I had to learn to speak up in class. I remember raising my hand for the first

time in a literature course, and how thrilled I was when my observation led to discussion.

In the theater, it was sometimes unclear where one body ended and another began. We were used to the way each other smelled, and sometimes sweat or strings of saliva spat into our faces during pirouettes. We wiped smudges of mascara from each other's cheeks and borrowed a neighbor's strand of hair to floss. We shared leotards, Altoids, and occasionally sexual partners. But as a student, everyone sat at their individual desks with a little table to rest an elbow and a notebook. If someone was absent I emailed my notes, or occasionally I'd ask for help from the TA. One time when I dropped my pen my hand accidentally brushed against the girl sitting next to me. "Thanks," I said. We sat in rows in packed lecture halls, the way we had

filed into the wing for our first entrance in *Swan Lake*, only at Columbia the experience of learning didn't feel shared the way it had with my fellow dancers. But there was something exciting about that, too: a private revelation.

At school, I had to learn to deal with my body as something that sits all day: The most exercise I got was hustling from one building to another. There was the occasional huff up a staircase or jaunt to the cafeteria for tea before a long lecture; but that was it. As a dancer, the gym was where we went to increase stamina in order to make the performance easier; as a pedestrian, the concept of the gym was a mystery. A friend had to explain to me that people went to the gym so they'd look good naked—"and for, like, health's sake," she added. Getting my cardio in wasn't something I'd ever had to worry about before.

I decided not to mention that I had been a professional dancer unless someone asked why I was a 25-year-old sophomore. The only flaw was that I still looked like a dancer: I walked with my thighs so turned out that it looked as though I'd just dismounted a horse. So I taught myself to walk in parallel, like any pedestrian. The other problem was that I nabbed a book deal detailing the world I'd just departed (albeit a fictional account), so I wasn't able to divorce myself from the ballet world as I'd hoped. After graduation, I continued to write professionally. It occurred to me recently that, as a freelancer, I have finally found the solitude and isolation I had sought as a member of the corps de ballet yearning for the validation of a featured role. Only now I'm hunched in my cubicle rather than on a lit stage. I can't imagine dancing again—I can't fathom the daily grind it takes to be great—but on some days I miss the visceral intimacy of the dressing room, where nothing is hidden and everything is shared, and that feeling onstage that we were all creating something much larger than ourselves.

I'm grateful for my ballet career because it made me who I am today. I only wish we'd revise the myth to more accurately depict the oft graceless struggle of a dancer in transition. ♦

STATE HERITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG / GETTY

# Lightweight Champion

Warren Hinckle, 1938-2016.

BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

**W**arren Hinckle III, who died last month in San Francisco, aged 77, was a man of the past. He enjoyed a brief period of national prominence during the late 1960s, when he edited *Ramparts*, the aggressively leftist monthly. But during the Hinckle ascendancy, his capers and capering—often overdressed in velvet suits and patent-leather dancing shoes, accompanied through his middle and declining years by successive pet basset hounds—were overshadowed by the political provocations to which he was dedicated. Hinckle was, more than usual for the cliché, “larger than life”—great in bulk, massive in his consumption of alcohol, with a black patch over his left eye.

*Ramparts* had begun as a sedate Roman Catholic arts review, founded in 1962 by a man named Edward Keating. Hinckle, a product of Catholic schools, had left the University of San Francisco, a Jesuit institution, to work for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. But he took control of *Ramparts* in 1964 and transformed its design and content, adopting slick paper, sophisticated graphics, and a hardline stance against American intervention abroad (most notably the war in Vietnam), the activities of the Central Intelligence Agency, and other topics considered urgent by the expanding New Left.

Hinckle viewed himself as an important innovator in media, reflected by the title of his 1974 memoir, *If You Have a Lemon, Make Lemonade*. His standards for comradeship were fluid: Anybody who could make an impression or contribute to Hinckle’s

thirst for attention was welcome to sup with him, and he personally encouraged an impressive number of writers, myself included. Yet he was, in reality, a conservative sort of radical who avoided involvement with ideology in favor of publicity. Notoriety, not facts or provenance, was what counted. He reveled in publishing the diary of Ernesto “Che” Guevara, composed during Guevara’s fatal adventure in Bolivia and furnished to Hinckle by the Cuban authorities—with a preface by Fidel Castro himself!

Indeed, Cuba became a long-running obsession with Hinckle, since writing about it allowed him to indulge his favorite hatred (the CIA) and project himself as the personification of a journalist defying a powerful, entrenched Establishment. In 1981, almost 20 years after the failed attempt of Cuban exiles to lead an insurrection against the Communist regime, Hinckle published *The Fish Is Red: The Story of the Secret War Against Castro*. He was equally profuse in presenting readers with conspiracy theories about the assassinations of John F. Kennedy and Robert F. Kennedy.

Since dissent remained Hinckle’s public stock in trade, he vacillated politically, turning against then-San Francisco mayor (now senator) Dianne Feinstein in the 1980s when she ordered police raids on sex clubs owned by some Hinckle friends. His will to stray from the San Francisco pattern of political correctness was visible again during the 1988-92 tenure of Mayor Art Agnos, Feinstein’s successor

and a predictable member of the liberal Democratic machine that controlled city politics. Dubbing Agnos “Red Art”—in imitation of “Red Ken” Livingstone, the ultraleftist London politician—Hinckle pursued Agnos with such single-minded vehemence that Agnos lost the 1991 election to Frank Jordan, a onetime police chief.

Hinckle went on to create other journalistic enterprises, none of which survived for long. They included a revival of an old San Francisco journal, the *Argonaut*, which trailed off as yet another muckracking website with few readers and fewer interesting stories. The man who tried to revive the *Argonaut*, and proceeded from one dive bar or “old-school” restaurant

to another, was at heart a nostalgic. He yearned for a past in which San Francisco had a certain glow of wealth and urban excitement, rooted in its location at the western end of the continental United States.

In the end, he looked forward to a burial mass requiring 5 priests—or 10, depending on who tells the story. As it happens, his funeral featured

six clerical participants at a lofty, twin-spired Italian church in the North Beach district. Hinckle’s funeral was so elaborate, so pious, and so civic in tone that a visitor might have been astonished to learn the deceased was once considered a subversive figure. Many locals showed up for the off-chance of novelty, but oddities were few: The mass began with a solo rendition of “Danny Boy” by a Hinckle crony in the construction business, and the pallbearers included Hinckle’s basset hound, Toby, who was listed in the program.

The principal eulogy was delivered by Kevin Starr, the historian of California and retired state librarian, who planted Hinckle in the tradition of San Francisco literary journalism, with Mark Twain. But unlike Twain, Hinckle left no enduring works. His genius was for amusement, and it died long before him. ♦



Warren Hinckle (1989)

Stephen Schwartz is a frequent contributor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

RON GALLA / WIREIMAGE / GETTY

**ALL  
NEW!**  
● SHOCKING!  
● BIZARRE!  
● INCREDIBLE!  
and it's ALL TRUE!

# WEEKLY WORLD NEWS

THE WORLD'S ONLY RELIABLE NEWSPAPER

## New York Man's Outrageous Claim:

Shocking  
Photo  
Evidence!

# 'I SAW HILLARY!'



**A MAN HIKING** in the outer reaches of Westchester County, New York, appears to have spotted the ever-elusive Hillary Clinton, and *WWN* has the photos to prove it! Clinton has been missing since accepting the Democratic nomination for president back in July, but now *WWN* has hard evidence that she's still out there!

"It was her all right!" says our source. "I was terrified! I almost called out to her, but she was muttering about the Trans-Pacific Partnership, and I didn't want to get too close." While some "experts" have denied the authenticity of the photographs, a scientist close to *WWN* has confirmed, through rigorous scientific testing, that the photos are real.

Media outlets have largely ignored Clinton's prolonged disappearance, carrying on as if the former first lady's complete absence from the public eye in the middle of a presidential campaign isn't unusual. But this shocking photographic evidence could rock the foundation of the presidential race and might even force Clinton to start campaigning or talking to the press, which could prove disastrous to her presidential aspirations. **SEE PAGE 4**

**'TERRIFYING'**

