

**COMEY
ON THE HILL**
STEPHEN F. HAYES • MICHAEL WARREN

the weekly

Standard

JUNE 19, 2017 • \$5.99

THE WHOLE WORLD WAS WATCHING

CHARLOTTE ALLEN
on the appalling protests
at Evergreen State



Contents

June 19, 2017 • Volume 22, Number 39



- 2 The Scrapbook *The Obamas get the royal treatment, NPR euphemisms, & more*
5 Casual *Joseph Epstein on jokes that lose their mojo*
7 Editorials *Comey v. Trump • The Republican Future • Violent Portland*

Articles

- 10 A Memo-rable Hearing **BY MICHAEL WARREN**
Comey unloads
- 11 Rules of Disorder **BY FRED BARNES**
The president leads himself astray
- 12 One Seat That Should Be Safe **BY TONY MECIA**
Pugnacious politics in the Palmetto State
- 15 All Politics Are National **BY CHRIS DEATON**
Trump might as well be on the Georgia ballot
- 16 A Separate Place **BY ALICE B. LLOYD**
Where every young man is a king
- 18 Macron, Le Terminator **BY ANNE-ELISABETH MOUTET**
Le winner and les losers
- 21 Foundering Fathers **BY JAY COST**
Is there no historical figure good enough for today?
- 24 Of Tribes and Terrorism **BY LEE SMITH**
How do you solve a problem like Qatar?

Feature

- 26 The Whole World Was Watching **BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN**
The appalling protests at Evergreen State College

Books & Arts

- 34 Let Them Eat Cake **BY SARA LODGE**
Islands at sea unite over tea
- 36 Remember Malmedy **BY GABRIEL SCHOENFELD**
The truth, and untruth, of a German atrocity
- 38 State of the City **BY ROBERT WHITCOMB**
There's no place quite like Singapore. But for how long?
- 39 Irresistible Force **BY DIANE SCHARPER**
Love in the shadow of Israeli-Palestinian conflict
- 40 Crosses to Bear **BY MAUREEN MULLARKEY**
The limitations in the academic study of faith
- 43 Comic Critics **BY JOHN PODHORETZ**
Ideologues drain all the wonder from a popcorn flick
- 44 Parody *Post-Paris pollution*

COVER BY DAVE MALAN

That'll Be the Day

Even in Texas, where everything's bigger, the little guys can still win one. In the latest case, the little guys are the nearly 40 private music museums across the Lone Star State. Their defeated foe? A plan backed by Governor Greg Abbott, Austin politicians, and the state's preservation board to build a taxpayer-funded Texas State Music Museum.

As the *Houston Chronicle* gleefully reports, two bills to establish the state-run museum died in the legislature late last month. That news pleased those who have long been developing their own Museum of American Music History in Houston. But the failure to create an official state music museum also gave the owners and operators of Texas's numerous small, independent music museums cause to celebrate.

The *Chronicle* noted the many musical styles and influences that make up Texas's "rich music history"—everything from German polka to Mexican folk to country to blues. "That history was developed in small towns and cities in every cor-

ner of Texas, where small museums celebrate and highlight that past," according to the paper. "There's Turkey, where the Bob Wills Museum is located. And San Benito's Freddy Fender Museum and the Buddy Holly Center in Lubbock, along with Arlington's Texas Blues Museum and the Light Crust Doughboys Hall of Fame and Museum in Hillsboro."

But as plans began for the big state museum, these community museums spotted a threat. Austin, with its hip indie music scene and



"Keep Austin Weird" ethos, was seen as encroaching on claims of musical tradition in other parts of the state. As host city of the annual South By Southwest conference and festivals, which draw an international music,

film, and tech industry crowd, the city already dominates the state's modern music scene. Who wants to give Austin even more influence over Texas culture? The opening of a central museum would have also made it harder for museums of narrower or niche focus to remain open.

One such museum is the Texas Polka Music Museum in Schulenburg. Based on its website, there's nothing flashy or interactive about this museum. But it does appear to be run by its board of directors, an earnest group of polka-loving Texans who are keeping alive the tradition passed down from their German, Polish, and Czech immigrant ancestors. The TPMM opened in 2010 in a historic building in downtown Schulenburg, serving to conserve polka history, showcase polka bands and DJs, and organize an annual polka festival.

And don't forget the Tex Ritter Museum at the Texas Country Music Hall of Fame in Carthage, in Panola County.

A small-town museum is as American as apple pie, and it's why THE SCRAPBOOK is dancing a polka on the grave of the Texas State Music Museum. ♦

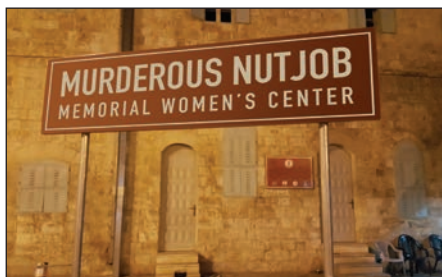
TWS ART: HOLLY BRUNSWICK RECORDS

Not in Her Name

Surveys consistently rank Scandinavian countries the happiest on earth. But now, even they are getting ticked off by the Palestinians.

The brouhaha began with the decision by Norway and the United Nations to help fund a women's center in the Palestinian territories. What could go wrong with that?

Well, it turns out that after the center was constructed, in the West Bank town of Buraq, Palestinian officials decided to name it the "Martyr Dalal Mughrabi Center" after a well-known,



ahem, Palestinian activist. Problem is, Dalal Mughrabi was a member of the Palestinian Liberation Organization. She led a 1978 terrorist attack outside Tel Aviv that killed 38 Israeli civilians, including 13 children. She was killed in a shootout with the Israeli

soldiers who stopped the rampage.

It shouldn't have come as a surprise her name would go on a West Bank women's center—hers is a go-to moniker for such things. Palestinians had already named a public square, two girls' high schools, a computer center, a soccer championship, and two summer camps for Mughrabi. The *New York Times* in 2010 quoted a Palestinian official saying, "For us, she is not a terrorist, [but rather] a fighter who fought for the liberation of her own land."

Norway, though, was shocked at the naming and asked last month that its association with the center

TWS ART: BACKGROUND, MOHAMMAD HIJJAWI

be erased. In Nordic solidarity, Denmark pledged to freeze contributions to Palestinian organizations.

After some mealymouthed responses, the United Nations also issued an admirably stern statement: “The glorification of terrorism, or the perpetrators of heinous terrorist acts, is unacceptable.” Alas, the U.N.’s check had already been cashed, so the best they could do was to ask “for the logo of UN Women to be removed immediately” from the women’s center wall.

That’s all well and good—refreshing, even. But such concerns are perhaps best expressed before forking over money to groups with a history and habit of celebrating terrorism. ♦

BO Brummell

Barack and Michelle Obama are setting lifestyle standards most Americans could only dream of, but there’s no shortage of publications urging us to dream.

Under the heading “Celebrity Food,” *People* magazine published an online list of some of the fabulous eateries where Barack and Michelle have recently been spotted. The article was titled “The Obamas Still Have Fantastic Taste in Restaurants.” And if that weren’t enough praise for their culinary savoir-faire, there was this drooling sub-headline: “The former president and his family continue to dine at the world’s coolest—and most delicious—restaurants.” Good luck getting reservations.

Not only can one dine like the Obamas, one can travel like them as well. *Travel+Leisure* featured “the luxurious estate where Barack and Michelle Obama vacationed” when recently in Italy. The Tuscan mansion where they stayed features “a 60-foot pool, tennis and bocce courts, and a fully-equipped gym with sauna and steam room, along with a basketball court.” In bold type, *Travel+Leisure* raves of the estate: “You can rent it too, but it will cost you.”

And while in Italy, don’t forget to dutifully emulate Barack’s



tailoring. The *New York Times* shows us how with an early June article, “In High Style, Obama Returns to the World Stage.” While in Milan, he wore “a slim dark suit over a white dress shirt with two buttons left open.” Two buttons! Social media went into a frenzy, “so effortlessly and ineffably cool did he appear.” It wasn’t quite Italian

style, as “most Milanese men are too hidebound to be seen wearing open-necked shirts,” but “Mr. Obama seized on an element of European style—sprezzatura, the art of studied carelessness,” to achieve a “fusion style” that the *Times* describes as “the full-international.” To get the look, don’t forget, it’s two buttons, not one.

In part, all of this urging to copy the Obamas’ food, drink, resort, and clothing choices is just the commonplace stuff of modern celebrity. But *THE SCRAPBOOK* wonders if there’s not also something strangely monarchical about it. Mr. Obama is being treated not unlike the prince in Regency England—someone



with not very much to do, but whose style of doing nothing-very-much is closely followed and copied.

So far, this is being done in an informal way. But perhaps it's time for an official seal of Obama approval, a mark that verifies a product or service has been used by the former president or his family. It could be America's first royal warrant. ♦

Evergreen Evasion

Give National Public Radio some credit: In an *All Things Considered* feature, reporter Martin Kaste actually interviewed some anti-leftist protesters and did not present them as crazy people. Also to NPR's credit, the story, "Trump Supporters Accuse Liberal Communities of Hostility Toward Free Speech," didn't neglect ugly evidence of bullying perpetrated by the left on campus: Kaste included audio of Evergreen State College students menacing Professor Bret Weinstein. But that's where the credit for NPR comes to an abrupt halt, as *All Things Considered* turned to opaque euphemisms to describe just what got everyone all worked up at Evergreen State.

(See Charlotte Allen's report on page 26 of this issue for a full account of the madness at Evergreen State.)

Here's how Kaste described the confrontation caught on video (the audio of which was played on NPR):



"It shows a group of students confronting a biology professor named Bret Weinstein because he questions certain diversity policies on campus." After rolling the tape of the undergraduate Jacobins screaming abuse at Weinstein, Kaste explains again: "Now, this professor considers himself a liberal, and he objected only to some aspects of the diversity policies. But the students were still outraged, and they wanted him punished or fired."

What's all the fuss about, one might ask? Weinstein "questions certain diversity policies." What policies? It can't be that he has committed the grave apostasy of opposing affirmative action, because he "objected only to some aspects of the diversity policies." What aspects? What are we talking about here?

Helpfully, Prof. Weinstein has himself described what sparked all the outrage. "I had objected to a planned 'Day of Absence' in which white people were asked to leave campus," the professor wrote in the *Wall Street Journal*. Weinstein explained that the Day of Absence has been a tradition in which "students and faculty of color organized a day on which they met off campus," to express symbolically their "vital and under-appreciated roles." This year organizers had a different idea: People of color would come to campus and whites would be expected to go elsewhere. Weinstein made his objection to this public in an email to everyone at the school. "There is a huge difference between a group or coalition deciding to voluntarily absent themselves from a shared space," he wrote, "and a group or coalition encouraging another group to go away."

The fracas got its start when Weinstein objected to being told, as he saw it, to leave campus for a day because he is white. That's not just a matter of questioning "certain diversity policies," that's standing up against an act of ugly and institutional racial exclusion. ♦



the weekly Standard

www.weeklystandard.com

Stephen F. Hayes, *Editor in Chief*
 Richard Starr, *Editor*
 Fred Barnes, Robert Messenger, *Executive Editors*
 Eric Felten, *Managing Editor*
 Christopher Caldwell, Andrew Ferguson, Lee Smith, *Senior Editors*
 Peter J. Boyer, *National Correspondent*
 Philip Terzian, *Literary Editor*
 Kelly Jane Torrance, *Deputy Managing Editor*
 Jay Cost, Mark Hemingway, Matt Labash, John McCormack, Tony Mecia, Michael Warren, *Senior Writers*
 Jonathan V. Last, *Digital Editor*
 Rachael Larimore, *Online Managing Editor*
 Ethan Epstein, *Associate Editor*
 Chris Deaton, Jim Swift, *Deputy Online Editors*
 Hannah Yoest, *Assistant Literary Editor*
 Priscilla M. Jensen, *Assistant Editor*
 Andrew Egger, Jenna Liffhits, Alice B. Lloyd, *Reporters*
 Grant Wishard, *Editorial Assistant*
 Philip Chalk, *Design Director*
 Barbara Kytte, *Design Assistant*
Contributing Editors
 Claudia Anderson, Max Boot, Joseph Bottum, Tucker Carlson, Matthew Continetti, Terry Eastland, Noemie Emery, Joseph Epstein, David Frum, David Gelernter, Reuel Marc Gerecht, Michael Goldfarb, Daniel Halper, Mary Katharine Ham, Brit Hume, Thomas Joscelyn, Frederick W. Kagan, Charles Krauthammer, Yuval Levin, Tod Lindberg, Micah Mattix, Victorino Matus, P.J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Irwin M. Stelzer
 William Kristol, *Editor at Large*

MediaDC

Ryan McKibben, *Chairman*
 Stephen R. Sparks, *President & Chief Operating Officer*
 Jennifer Yingling, *Audience Development Officer*
 Kathy Schaffhauser, *Chief Financial Officer*
 David Lindsey, *Chief Digital Officer*
 Alex Rosenwald, *Director, Public Relations & Branding*
 Mark Walters, *Chief Revenue Officer*
 Nicholas H.B. Swezey, *Vice President, Advertising*
 T. Barry Davis, *Senior Director, Advertising*
 Jason Roberts, *Digital Director, Advertising*
 Paul Plawin, *National Account Director*
 Andrew Kaumeier, *Advertising Operations Manager*
 Brooke McIngvale, *Manager, Marketing Services*
Advertising inquiries: 202-293-4900
Subscriptions: 1-800-274-7293

The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013), a division of Clarity Media Group, is published weekly (except the first week in January, third week in April, first week in July, and third week in August) at 1152 15th St., NW, Suite 200, Washington, DC 20005. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 421203, Palm Coast, FL 32142-1203. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-274-7293. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders and changes of address to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 421203, Palm Coast, FL 32142-1203. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-386-597-4378 for subscription inquiries. American Express, Visa/MasterCard payments accepted. Cover price, \$5.99. Back issues, \$5.99 (includes postage and handling). Send letters to the editor to The Weekly Standard, 1152 15th Street, NW, Suite 200, Washington, DC 20005-4617. For a copy of The Weekly Standard Privacy Policy, visit www.weeklystandard.com or write to Customer Service, The Weekly Standard, 1152 15th St., NW, Suite 200, Washington, DC 20005. Copyright 2017, Clarity Media Group. All rights reserved. No material in The Weekly Standard may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. The Weekly Standard is a registered trademark of Clarity Media Group.



TWS ART. MIKE BIGSTOCK

Fading Humor

Social change can be tough on humor. A few years ago I read a book of stories and sketches by James Thurber, who I remembered as being very funny, and felt as the comedian Chris Rock remarked about watching the movie *The Last Temptation of Christ*, “Not many laughs.” S.J. Perelman, another writer I once thought immensely amusing, has also over the years lost his magic, at least for me. Time, that relentless monster, seems to have done in both writers, each considered a great humorist in his day.

Time is even harder on jokes. One of Henny Youngman’s characteristic quickie jokes used to go: “A bum came up to me on the street and asked me for 50 cents for a cup of coffee. When I told him coffee was only a quarter, he replied, ‘Won’t you join me?’” Today one would have to change the egregiously politically incorrect “bum” to “homeless man,” and have the man ask for \$6 for a cup of coffee. When you tell him coffee is only \$2.75, he replies, “I have a hankering for a chocolate croissant to go with it.”

Whole categories of jokes have been wiped out by losing their historical context. A popular genre in my adolescence was the traveling-salesman-and-the-farmer’s-daughter joke. Slightly off-color—turquoise more than blue—these jokes began with the salesman’s car breaking down and his being given shelter for the night in the home of a nearby farmer, with mild sex comedy to follow. But today salesmen rarely travel by car, no farmer would let a stranger in his house, and the farmer’s daughter is unlikely to be all that innocent.

Or consider Jewish-waiter jokes. The punchlines alone are magical: “You want to see the sommelier? Lady,

if it ain’t on the menu ve ain’t got it.” “You wanted the chicken soup, you should’ve ordered the mushroom-barley.” Alas, Jewish waiters, all of them Eastern European immigrants, no longer exist, and their sons have long ago gone off to become periodontists and sociologists. Jewish-waiter jokes may themselves soon seem as otherworldly as Martian jokes. “Does everyone on Mars wear rings with diamonds that large?” one



such joke asks. “Yes, everyone” the Martian woman answers, “except of course the *goyim*.”

Then there is the question of changing prices. Mickey O’Brien, ascending the stairs of a neighborhood bordello, meets his father coming down. “Dad, you?” he says. “I figure,” says his father, “for three dollars why disturb your mother?” Three dollars was the entry fee in such establishments in my youth. I have no notion what it might be today, or even if bordellos still exist. The advent of the pill and the radically altered mores of nice girls long ago put most of them out of business. One might have thought the prostitutes would have protested their unemployment. Instead, one might say, they took it lying down—one might say it, that is, if one has a taste for wretched puns.

Apart from the brave staving off of the Nazis at Stalingrad and a few scientific discoveries, the only accomplishment in the 72 years’ existence of the Soviet Union, whose leaders were responsible for millions of murders, general suffering, and a nightmare world of envy and fear, was providing the background for a dozen or so jokes. But 20 or so years from now will there be many, or even any, people left who will get the joke about the man who buys a drab gray car on which he is told delivery will take precisely 10 years? After buying the car, he asks if they would please bring it in the afternoon.

When asked why the afternoon, he says that he has the plumber coming that same morning.

Jokes about shrinks may soon be another casualty. Before a fairly large audience I recently told the joke whose punchline is “Oedipus, Schmoedipus—the main thing is a boy should love his mother,” and got a good laugh. But now that no one in his right mind any longer believes in the Oedipus complex or most of the other shrinkinese mumbo jumbo, for how much longer will such jokes be viable?

An anthology of classical Greek jokes called *Philogelos (Laughter Lover)* features jokes about doctors, men with bad breath, eunuchs, barbers, men with hernias, bald men, cuckolds, and shady fortune tellers. Every subject listed, *poof!*, is gone. (When was the last time you heard a good eunuch joke?) Is there any way to prevent the jokes of our own era from similarly falling into the dustbin of history? Look for subjects of greater generality, perhaps? Of less ephemerality? Of wider interest? But then, it is precisely their particularity, their timelessness, their parochialism even, that give jokes their piquancy. Jokes, like beauty, may be destined to fade. Nothing for it, but to laugh now, before the joke itself disappears.

JOSEPH EPSTEIN



Comey v. Trump

James Comey being sworn in before the Senate Select Intelligence Committee, June 8

It's not hard to understand why Donald Trump was frustrated with FBI director James Comey. In the weeks before the inauguration and the weeks that followed, Comey repeatedly told Trump that he was not under investigation as part of the FBI's probe into Russian attempts to influence the 2016 election. But when Trump urged Comey to say so publicly, to help quell a steady stream of media reports suggesting otherwise, the director refused. Top White House officials took up the cause, lobbying Comey and his associates to be more transparent and to spare the new president unfounded accusations.

To Trump, Comey's unwillingness to say publicly what he would say in private was a profound demonstration of bad faith. It was, he believed, another indication that the law enforcement and intelligence communities were out to get him. And it is hard to blame him after the spate of leaks that have characterized the investigation.

But Trump himself bears responsibility for the events that led to Comey's dramatic, high-stakes testimony about these investigations on Capitol Hill last week. The current scandal is a uniquely Trumpian affair, precipitated and exacerbated by the president's erratic social media habits, his eagerness to make threats and propagate conspiracies, and his public dishonesty.

Immediately upon leaving his first one-on-one meeting with Trump, at Trump Tower on January 6, Comey logged on to a classified computer and memorialized their conversation in a memo to file. Comey testified that he hadn't kept such careful notes during his government service under George W. Bush or Barack Obama. Why did he do it this time? Well, he answered, the seriousness of the subject matter was a factor. So, too, was the credibility of his interlocutor or, as Comey put it, "the nature of the person." "I was honestly concerned," Comey told lawmakers, "that he

might lie about the nature of our meeting so I thought it really important to document."

This was a reasonable concern. Trump lies all the time, about matters big and small, significant and insignificant. He lies when he cannot possibly be contradicted, and he lies when there is irrefutable evidence that he's lying. Even judged against professional politicians, Trump is a notably prolific and aggressive liar. His victory in November seemed to suggest that there might be no consequences for his mendacity. But the memos Comey wrote to record the details of his conversations with the president—memos that would be admissible in a court of law as credible, contemporaneous accounts of their interactions, and memos that could play a significant role in special counsel Robert Mueller's investigation—tell us such a conclusion may well have been premature.

According to Comey, on February 14 at a one-on-one meeting in the Oval Office, Trump asked him to end the FBI's probe of Lt. Gen. Michael Flynn, the Trump campaign adviser who had gone on to serve as the administration's first national security adviser. Trump had no idea what kind of evidence the FBI had on Flynn and seems to have based his request on a benefit-of-the-doubt supposition about Flynn's behavior. Trump's lawyer denies Comey's claim, but it's consistent with Trump's public calls for an end to the Flynn investigation.

Just days after Trump fired Comey, the president threatened the ex-FBI director in what seems to have been an ill-conceived effort to intimidate him. "James Comey better hope that there are no 'tapes' of our conversations before he starts leaking to the press!" Trump tweeted on May 12.

This tweet—and the bullying indiscipline behind it—helped lead to the special counsel investigation that will preoccupy the Trump administration for months, maybe for years. Comey testified that Trump's tweet led him to go

public with one of the memos he'd drafted, in case Trump tried to mischaracterize their conversations.

"The president tweeted on Friday after I got fired that I better hope there's not tapes," Comey recalled. "I woke up in the middle of the night on Monday night because it didn't dawn on me originally that there might be corroboration for our conversation. There might be a tape. My judgment was: I need to get that out into the public square. I asked a friend of mine to share the content of the memo with a reporter—didn't do it myself for a variety of reasons. I asked him to because I thought that might prompt the appointment of a special counsel."

While Trump will undoubtedly seek to shift blame in order to avoid responsibility for his current ordeal, he lacks the credibility to do so convincingly. It is his own words that are haunting him.

—Stephen F. Hayes

The Republican Future

Many Trump critics relished a recent Quinnipiac poll showing that President Trump's job approval had fallen to a new low, at a net -23 percent (34 percent approve, 57 percent disapprove).

Commentators friendly to the president sprinkled a few grains of salt on the survey. For one thing, they noted, Quinnipiac has always had Trump's job approval a bit lower than other pollsters. Gallup, for example, has Trump's job approval/disapproval at 38 percent, 56 percent, and the *Real Clear Politics* average has it at 39 percent, 55 percent. So things aren't that bad!

Furthermore, it was observed, Quinnipiac two months ago had Trump at an almost identical 35 percent, 57 percent. So the new result was no sign of hemorrhaging support. No reason to panic!

Others added that Bill Clinton's job approval numbers were in comparable territory at this point in his first term, in 1993, and he turned out okay! (Though one might note that the 1994 midterm elections didn't, and that Clinton had unusual political talent.)

Lost in the back and forth—and especially in the efforts to be somewhat reassuring—was the most notable finding in the poll. It had to do with age. Donald Trump's job approval/disapproval was 40 percent, 54 percent among Americans 65 and over; it was an almost identical 39 percent, 55 percent among 50-64 year olds; it was slightly worse at 35 percent, 55 percent among those 35 to 49 years old; and among Americans 18 to 34, Donald Trump's job approval was 19 percent approve, 67 percent disapprove, an amazing -48 percent.

Now we are not knee-jerk respecters of youth. We give no greater weight to the opinions of the young than to those of the old. In fact, we're inclined to give them less, as the young lack experience, and experience is a great teacher. We would even go so far as to say that the overvaluation of the sentiments of the young may be one of the curses of our age.

On the other hand, one would have to be blind not to see the political risk for Republicans and conservatives in these numbers. First impressions matter. Most people don't change their political views radically from the ones they first hold. For young Americans today, Donald Trump is the face of Republicanism and conservatism.

They don't like that face. And the danger, of course, is that they'll decide their judgment of Trump should carry over to the Republican party that nominated him and the conservative movement that mostly supports him. If he is indeed permitted to embody the party and the movement without challenge, the fortunes of both will be at the mercy of President Trump's own fortunes.

Perhaps the danger is exaggerated. One could argue, after all, that the worst-case scenario for Trump's first term is Nixon's second. Yet the Republican party and the conservative movement recovered quickly from that, didn't they?

Well, those of us who made the case for Nixon in the fall of 1972 on college campuses, who cast our first vote for him that November, who were tempted to rationalize his behavior for at least a while as Watergate unfolded, and who couldn't help but feel a pang of sorrow as he resigned amid victory whoops from his critics in 1974 remember those years all too well. They weren't the easiest of years to be on the right.

But we also remember that the new and exciting conservative columnists in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*, George Will (in his early 30s) and Bill Safire (in his early 40s), were tough on Nixon. We remember that one of the most prominent conservative Republican senators, James Buckley, who had won dramatically as a Conservative third-party candidate in New York in 1970, did not join other Republicans in rallying to Nixon's defense. We remember that Jim Buckley's younger brother Bill made sure *National Review* was no cheerleader for Nixon. We remember that John Ashbrook, an eloquent and principled congressman from Ohio, then 43, launched a quixotic primary challenge against Nixon in 1972 to ensure that voters understood Nixon didn't speak for conservatism. We remember Jack Kemp, a Republican congressman turning 40, who was shaping a new economic message for the party. We remember neoconservatives of all sorts who had very little history with Nixon or the GOP providing fresh thinking and new energy.

In sum, we remember that young Americans could look at the Republican party and the conservative movement and see fresh faces and other voices than those of Richard Nixon and his defenders.

One might add that dozens of those defenders in Congress were wiped out in the 1974 midterm elections. One

could also note that the subsequent GOP comeback was made easier by the fact that Spiro Agnew had resigned, so that Nixon was succeeded by a vice president who had been in office for only a few months and who wasn't particularly identified with him. That incumbent was then challenged in the 1976 primary by a governor of California who had his own political identity distinct from Nixon's, and who won the Republican nomination in 1980. Thus the GOP and the conservative movement were quickly able to achieve real separation from Nixon.

Can they do the same from Donald Trump? It's urgent that Republicans and conservatives begin to try. The future of the Republican party and of conservatism depend on their standing for loyalties and principles more fundamental than the fortunes of Donald Trump.

—William Kristol

Violent Portland

In recent decades, Portland, Oregon, has acquired a reputation as one of America's most tolerant and liberal cities. In practice, this means there are taxpayer-funded sex changes for municipal employees and lots of bike lanes, but comparatively little tolerant liberalism. The city government has made it quite clear that if you have views it finds offensive, it does not want you expressing them publicly. On June 4, a political rally that was described by turns as pro-Trump, alt-right, and pro-free-speech was held on federal property in downtown Portland. It almost didn't happen for two unsettling reasons.

First, the city begged the federal government to pull the organizer's permit. On May 26, two men were stabbed to death and another was injured on the city's light rail train after they came to the aid of two women, one of whom was Muslim and wearing a hijab, being verbally assaulted. The killer, Jeremy Joseph Christian, had attended an April rally put on by the same organizer. Christian is a known white supremacist; according to his social media accounts, he's also an ardent fan of Bernie Sanders and Green party presidential candidate Jill Stein. He was reportedly asked to leave that April "March for Free Speech" after he arrived with a baseball bat and shouted obscenities.

Portland mayor Ted Wheeler argued that the June event, labeled the "Trump Free Speech Rally Portland," was a public safety threat. "Our city is in mourning, our community's anger is real, and the timing and subject of these events can only exacerbate an already difficult situation," he said, adding that "hate speech is not protected by the First Amendment to the United States Constitution."

In response, Oregon's ACLU chapter issued a sterling statement of disagreement: "Once we allow the government to decide what we can say, see, or hear, or who we

can gather with, history shows us that the most marginalized will be disproportionately censored and punished for unpopular speech."

The second reason the rally almost didn't occur was that the threat of violence was indeed real. It took quite an effort by law enforcement to maintain the peace; but this, too, is the city's fault. The danger came not from alt-right Donald Trump fans but the roving packs of left-wing, so-called "black bloc" and "antifa"—short for "anti-fascist"—counter-protesters who have been a fixture in downtown Portland at least since the riots at the 1999 World Trade Organization meeting in Seattle cemented their reputation.

The Portland police Twitter account sent out a series of pictures cataloging the sheer number of weapons confiscated, including wrenches, knives, batons, chains, and bricks. The left-wing counter-protesters eventually started throwing bricks and glass bottles at the cops; some of their compatriots were found on the roof of an adjacent building, along with a bag of bricks. It's not an exaggeration to say that raining bricks down from above is nearly as dangerous as firing a gun into a crowd. Fourteen counter-protesters were arrested.

Despite this, Portland still regards left-wing violence as little more than local color and has done little to curb it. The protests in Portland following Trump's election last November destroyed cars and shop windows, resulting in 26 arrests. A March report by the Department of Homeland Security specifically cited those riots as an example of "domestic terrorist violence." And in April, the city canceled a parade associated with the Portland Rose Festival, one of the city's oldest traditions. The Multnomah County Republican party was one of dozens of civic groups set to march in the parade. Two antifa protest groups issued a threat of violence against them, and the city quickly caved.

One of the men killed defending the women on the train was Ricky John Best, an Army veteran and city employee who once ran for county commissioner in adjacent Clackamas County as, yes, a Republican. Best died serving and defending a city led by cowards unwilling to make far more basic sacrifices to protect men like him. Taliesin Myrddin Namkai-Meche, the man who died alongside Best, was his cultural opposite—a Reed College hippie. We should take comfort in the fact that America is still a place where heroism and opposition to bigotry are not limited by one's personal politics.

The Portland murders and other recent episodes of racist violence are disturbing, as are the racist sentiments emanating from the dark corners of the alt-right. But it is better to defend the right to air these ugly sentiments in public and increase awareness than force them underground, where the petty oppression will be cited as justification for plotting ugly acts in private. In fighting one form of illiberalism by tolerating another, Portland has proven that its reputation as one of America's most enlightened cities is undeserved.

—Mark Hemingway

A Memo-rable Hearing

Comey unloads.

BY MICHAEL WARREN

What did we learn from James Comey, the fired FBI director, when he testified on June 8 before the Senate Select Intelligence Committee? Not enough to prove Donald Trump committed high crimes and misdemeanors warranting impeachment, as the president's most strident opponents were hoping. Neither did Comey's testimony vindicate Trump of ethical wrongdoing or inappropriate behavior, as the White House had claimed it would.

The truth is more complex. In Comey's telling, the president leaned hard on his FBI director to rein in the investigation of Trump's former national security adviser, Michael Flynn. Comey said he took the president's February 14 words—"I hope you can let this go"—as a direction to do so. He also claimed that Trump asked for Comey's loyalty during a private dinner in January. "I need loyalty, I expect loyalty," said Trump.

Trump, through his lawyer Marc Kasowitz, denied these claims. "The president never, in form or substance, directed or suggested that Mr. Comey stop investigating anyone, including suggesting that Mr. Comey 'let Flynn go,'" said Kasowitz following Comey's public testimony. "The president also never told Mr. Comey, 'I need loyalty, I expect loyalty' in form or substance."

This is a simple dispute. In the

broadest terms, either Comey perjured himself in front of Congress or his characterization of those conversations is accurate. If it's the former, a long-serving law enforcement officer with a sterling reputation threw all of



James Comey testifying before senators, June 8

that away in a misguided attempt to sink the president who fired him.

If it's the latter, at the very least it shows Trump was either unaware of or felt unconstrained by the guardrails of propriety, the independence of federal law enforcement, or even his own best interests.

During his testimony, Comey definitively said that no other members of the Trump administration asked him to drop the Flynn investigation—no one from the White House staff, the Department of Justice, the National Security Agency, or the office of the director of national intelligence. If there was an order for Comey to stop the investigation, it came from the president alone.

What is open to interpretation is whether what Trump said about the Flynn inquiry rises to the level of

obstruction of justice. Barring new evidence, it arguably does not. But if they win majorities in Congress in the 2018 midterm, Democrats eager to oust Trump from office will likely argue that it does.

Comey's testimony further suggested that there remain numerous questions for members of the administration to answer. When asked about the recusal of Attorney General Jeff Sessions from the Russia investigation, Comey hinted that Sessions had a "variety of reasons" to do so beyond his undisclosed meetings with Russian ambassador Sergey Kislyak. "We also were aware of facts that I can't discuss in an open setting that would make his continued engagement in a Russia-related investigation problematic," Comey continued. Reports out of Comey's closed-session testimony before the committee say that there may have been a third undisclosed meeting between Sessions and Kislyak.

We also learned that the feds are investigating Michael Flynn's statements to the FBI about his communications with Kislyak. Asked whether Flynn lied to or misled the FBI, Comey demurred, saying that question was the "subject of the criminal inquiry."

Comey explained why he felt compelled to write detailed memos following his one-on-one meetings with the president, a practice he did not maintain during the three-and-a-half years he worked for Barack Obama. "The subject matter I was talking about, matters that touch on the FBI's core responsibility, and that relate to the president, president-elect personally, and then the nature of the person," Comey said. "I was honestly concerned that he might lie about the nature of our meeting so I thought it really important to document. That combination of things I had never experienced before, but had led me to believe I've got to write it down and I've got to write it down in a very detailed way."

Michael Warren is a senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Perhaps the most revealing part of Comey's testimony was his admission that after he was fired he leaked one of these memos to a friend. On Friday, May 12, three days after he had ousted Comey, Trump tweeted that his former FBI director "better hope" there were no tapes of their conversations. Comey decided to call Trump's bluff and gave the memo documenting his February 14 meeting at the White House to Columbia law professor Daniel Richman, who then

described its contents to a *New York Times* reporter. The *Times* published the bombshell news of the Comey memos on May 16.

In his testimony last week, Comey was matter-of-fact in his reasoning for the leak. "I asked him to because I thought that might prompt the appointment of a special counsel," he said. The day after the *Times* story ran, the Justice Department did exactly that when it tapped Robert Mueller as special counsel. ♦

campaign, but it was a preview of distractions to come.

Trump fights in public with Republicans. He criticized Senators John McCain and Lindsey Graham for being "sadly weak on immigration" when they took exception to his temporary ban on immigration from seven Muslim countries. And weeks after praising Rep. Mark Meadows, the head of the Freedom Caucus in the House, he tweeted that Meadows and caucus members "will hurt the entire Republican agenda if they don't get on the team, and fast." Their offense was having opposed a health proposal favored by Trump.

Rather than court critics or Republicans who have crossed him, he blasts them. Since he believed he was right on health care, dissenters had to be reprimanded publicly. For Trump, politics is a zero-sum game. Either he wins or his detractors do.

There's some truth in Trump's rule that controversy elevates message. On immigration, he has feuded with Mexico, Hispanics, immigrants, Democrats, Hollywood, and anyone else who disagrees with him. This has elevated his message that illegal immigrants are a serious concern. They take jobs from American citizens. Many should be deported, starting with those with criminal records. Among Republicans and conservatives, Trump's position on immigration has prevailed and built support for rigorous border security.

Now, Trump has benefited from softening his position. He appears likely to give legal status to "dreamers," young people whose parents brought them here illegally. Mass roundups of illegal immigrants have been ruled out by Trump's Homeland Security secretary John Kelly. And Trump seems less draconian.

But many of the controversies created by Trump don't end well. They fail to elevate the message he may have in mind. A controversy ensued when he fired FBI director James Comey. What message did that raise up? It signaled that Trump is rash, impulsive, and self-absorbed.

The president raised a ruckus by

Rules of Disorder

The president leads himself astray.

BY FRED BARNES

President Trump has three rules for operating in the world of government and politics. *Time* learned of them from a White House official and describes them this way: "When you're right, you fight. Controversy elevates message. And never apologize."

The rules sound like Trump and like no other president with the possible exception of Andrew Jackson, who's a Trump role model. They touch on Trump's character and are the underpinning of his combative, relentless style.

But the rules keep Trump in constant trouble. As often as not, they bring out the worst in him. It's not harmful to Trump or his administration when he infuriates Democrats, the left, or adversaries like Iran. It's when he alienates friends and allies that he and the country suffer.

Let's start with the rule on fighting when he's right. The problem is that Trump always believes he's right. And this leads to no-win clashes harmful to his credibility and presidency.

The London Bridge attack in May

buttressed the president's case about the threat posed by "radical Islamic terrorists." But instead of focusing on that, he picked a fight with London mayor Sadiq Khan. He quoted Khan



out of context and accused him of downgrading the terrorist threat.

It was reminiscent of the week he spent last summer attacking Khizr Khan, a Pakistani immigrant whose son, an Army captain, was killed in Iraq in 2004. He also insulted Khan's wife. Trump had been provoked by Khan's sharp criticism of him in a speech at the Democratic convention. This fight occurred during the

Fred Barnes is an executive editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

GARY LOCKE

downplaying the investigation of possible collusion between his campaign and Russia during last year's election. He has a point. So far as we know, no evidence of collusion has been uncovered. But Trump's interference has obscured this and made it look like he has something to hide.

Newt Gingrich says Trump never apologizes because he thinks it shows weakness. Sometimes it might. Yet it can also do the opposite: An apology by a confident leader can build loyalty, respect, and an expectation of being treated fairly.

Trump not only refuses to accept blame for screwups at the White House, he blames others. When he announced Comey's dismissal, his aides cited a Justice Department memo on Comey's actions in the case of Hillary Clinton's email. Two days later, he indicated to an interviewer that his irritation over the Russia investigation played a major part in the firing.

Though Trump had created the confusion, he didn't take responsibility. Rather, he suggested his aides were at fault for not keeping up with his fast-moving presidency. He seems unaware of this truism: Leaders take responsibility, losers blame others.

Leaders also don't belittle subordinates publicly. Yet last week, Trump subjected Attorney General Jeff Sessions to a public shaming. He complained the Justice Department had appealed the wrong immigration order to the Supreme Court. And he let it be known that by recusing himself from the Russia case, Sessions showed weakness.

There are more than a few apologies Trump might make without looking weak, beginning with Sessions. It wouldn't hurt if he apologized to the entire country of Mexico. A friendly nation to the south is beneficial. A country that hates the American president isn't.

It's important for Trump to give his Christian faith some breathing room at the White House. He'd soon realize that he's wrong on occasion, that controversies can be counterproductive, and that an apology or two would show strength and self-discipline. ♦

One Seat That Should Be Safe

Pugnacious politics in the Palmetto State.

BY TONY MECIA

Rock Hill, S.C.

Inside his company's conference room, where the walls are lined with photos of sites his real-estate business has developed, Ralph Norman is talking about how he arrived at this point.

He's favored to win a seat in Congress later this month. But it has been

he earned high marks for fiscal discipline but never quite fit into the Republican establishment.

This year, when President Trump tapped Rep. Mick Mulvaney as budget director, Norman saw an opening. He fought his way through a crowded field of seven Republicans and finished second in the primary, by 135 votes—good enough to force a mid-May runoff.

His Republican opponent was Tommy Pope, the number-two official in the South Carolina statehouse. Pope, a well-known former prosecutor, had endorsements from legislative leaders. PAC money flowed his way. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce sponsored a pro-Pope ad featuring popular South Carolina congressman Trey Gowdy.

Norman, who loaned his campaign more than \$300,000, was backed by Jim DeMint (a former two-term senator for

South Carolina), the Club for Growth, and Sen. Ted Cruz, who helped him campaign in the district.

On May 16, Norman eked out a 221-vote victory. He hasn't forgotten who helped him—and who opposed him. Should he win the June 20 election, he says he will be proud to join the House Freedom Caucus, the group of about 30 conservatives that pushes legislation rightward and has been a thorn in the side of House leadership.

"They came to my aid when the Chamber attacked me," Norman says.

On paper, a Republican running in South Carolina's Fifth Congressional District should have an easy time. It stretches from the



Ralph Norman, appearing with wife Elaine and family, speaks to supporters in 2006.

a long path for the 63-year-old Rock Hill native—and a tougher one than you might expect for a well-connected conservative businessman in one of the country's most solidly Republican states. Politics in South Carolina has never lived up to the genteel Southern stereotype. Norman, despite his soft drawl, has no problem speaking pointedly, either.

He ran for the Fifth Congressional District seat once before, 11 years ago, against a longtime Democratic incumbent. He lost and returned to Columbia as a state legislator, where

Tony Mecia is a senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

fast-growing northern suburban towns just across the border from Charlotte, N.C., toward Columbia, picking up a handful of rural counties. Trump and Mulvaney both won here in November by 20 points. The state Republican chairman told *Politico* last month, “I will eat my shoes if a Democrat wins.”

In a solidly red state like South Carolina, the Republican label can mask deep internal divisions. Republicans hold both of the state’s U.S. Senate seats, five of six House seats, all elected statewide offices, and commanding majorities in the state legislature. Yet some conservatives say the state’s policies tilt too far left.

“The leadership of the Republican party here is very, very liberal,” says Tara Servatius, a conservative talk radio host in nearby Greenville. “As I often say on the show, they would fit in better in Rhode Island than here.” She ticks off a long list of conservative disappointments: votes in the statehouse to raise the gas tax, repeated failures to pass an open-carry gun law, the continued support of an open primary election system in which Democrats can vote in Republican contests.

Norman, she notes, was one of only three South Carolina legislators to earn an “A” rating from the S.C. Club for Growth, while 44 Republicans received an “F.”

David Woodard, a Clemson political science professor, says that compared with Columbia’s establishment figures, Norman is “more of a traditional South Carolina conservative. . . . He’s pugnacious. He’ll get in your face.” He says Norman went to the capitol and didn’t play the game of cozying up to the power structure.

That brawling, rebellious streak has a long history in South Carolina. The state has produced feisty political figures from John C. Calhoun and Preston Brooks to Strom Thurmond and Lee Atwater. Joe Wilson, the congressman who famously shouted “You lie!” at President Obama during a 2009 joint session of Congress, is from South Carolina.

“There’s just something different

over here,” Woodard says. “They’re a little bit sharper, more on edge, more able to say things. . . . We did start the war, you know. And I’m not talking about Vietnam or Iraq.”

In an interview at his office, which sits alongside a vitamin store and a dance studio in a brick strip mall his company developed, Norman sounds polished. He seems most at ease talking about traditional conservative issues: cutting spending, balancing the budget, fully funding the military, repealing and replacing Obamacare, enacting tort reform. He’d like to see Congress make an effort on term limits, and he supports entitle-

Should he win the June 20 election, Norman says he will be proud to join the House Freedom Caucus, the group of about 30 conservatives that pushes legislation rightward and has been a thorn in the side of House leadership.

ment reform. His campaign website says he favors raising the retirement age by two months and lowering benefits for the top 10 percent of earners to keep Social Security solvent. He’s less talkative, though, about social issues. He considers himself a pro-life Christian—a de facto job requirement for Republicans in these parts—and hands over a mailer his campaign sent out with a big photo of a swaddled infant that calls Norman “the proven pro-life leader we need in Congress.”

Those seeking stinging rebukes of Trump, though, will have to look elsewhere. Trump, Norman points out, has put a conservative on the Supreme Court and will sign legislation coming from a Republican Congress. Last fall, he says, the choice was clear.

“Hillary Clinton, had she won, the country would have been pretty well destroyed, by my way of thinking,” he says. “Now, we have a mandate to move forward with conservative ideas.”

The voters he talks with, he says, are patient. But they expect results.

“The public is saying, ‘We want the engine to run now. The engine has got to run,’” Norman says. “Is Trump still popular? Yes. Would he win by 20?” He pauses to think. “Maybe 15. They see him trying, and they get that the press is not supporting him.”

Standing between Norman and Washington is Democrat Archie Parnell, 66, a tax lawyer making his first run for office. Parnell acknowledges that the Fifth District is tough for Democrats, but points out that special elections have low turnouts that can neutralize advantages. Turnout in last month’s Republican runoff was about 8 percent.

Parnell says there’s a lot of enthusiasm for his candidacy. When he went to one county’s Democratic headquarters, staffers had to open up a second adjoining room to accommodate the overflow crowd.

The voters he talks to, he says, are concerned: “They think things are just off the rails, out of whack. A lot of people are actually afraid of what’s going on in Washington.”

Parnell describes himself as a moderate. He says he favors good constituent service, creating jobs, “protecting Social Security and Medicare,” and sticking up for working folks. He knocks Norman for repeated votes in the state legislature against spending that would have helped farmers and workers. For his part, Norman describes Parnell as “Bernie Sanders with a different name.”

Parnell is heartened by a poll in late May that showed him losing by 10 points. An earlier poll had him losing by 17.

He says that in debates before the primaries, he was the only one of three Democratic and seven Republican candidates to enthuse about working together, across party lines, to solve the country’s urgent problems.

That kumbaya approach of consensus-building and bipartisanship might play well in some parts of the country. Whether it’s a winning message in rough-and-tumble South Carolina will be determined June 20. ♦

All Politics Are National

Trump might as well be on the Georgia ballot.

BY CHRIS DEATON

Atlanta

Reminders of campaign glory form a red stripe across the white walls of a cramped conference room in a GOP fundraising office. There is a poster commemorating “NIXON” in colorful all-caps, as well as framed photographs marking the victories of George W. Bush. Cartoons of former first ladies stretch from corner to corner. Missing was any reference to Donald J. Trump. Maybe Karen Handel chose to meet here because it’s the only place in Georgia where he isn’t hanging over her head.

Handel, 55 and businesslike, is the Republican candidate for the state’s Sixth Congressional District, a Texas-shaped glob just north of Atlanta. Given the area’s electoral history, any Democratic challenger should be irrelevant here. Tom Price, who resigned in January to become Trump’s secretary of Health and Human Services, was reelected here six times without his support dipping below 62 percent. Republican senator Johnny Isakson, Price’s predecessor, won the seat three times by large margins. And Isakson’s predecessor was House speaker Newt Gingrich, who held the seat for 10 terms. But Trump carried the district by only a single point in 2016—where Romney had won it by 23 points four years before.

Chris Deaton is a deputy online editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

This swath of suburbia is no populist haven, particularly since reapportionment in 2011 concentrated the Sixth in territory closer to Atlanta. Lopped off the district was Cherokee County, which favored the president over Hillary Clinton by 50 points last



Karen Handel and Jon Ossoff speak before debating in Atlanta, June 6.

November. Handel could use a few of the 80,000 votes Trump won there—she’s polling neck and neck with her Democratic opponent, Jon Ossoff, who has leveraged anti-Trump energy nationwide into a campaign flush with cash and symbols of “resistance” to the administration.

Ossoff is a documentary filmmaker and a former congressional aide. He hadn’t even turned 30 when he launched his bid in January, and a super-PAC used footage of him dressed as Han Solo during college to remind voters of his youth. Ossoff nearly won the seat outright during the first vote on April 18, coming just two points short of the necessary 50 percent. Handel, a former Georgia secretary of state, bested 10 GOP

rivals to advance to the June 20 runoff.

Ossoff is a political Janus, flirting with progressives while campaigning like a moderate. He initially pledged to “make Trump furious,” and a fundraising haul unprecedented for a House race followed: \$8.3 million in the first quarter with 95 percent of the donors from outside Georgia. Having quickly overshadowed the rest of his party’s field, Ossoff made the sort of strategic pivot that generally typifies presidential contests between the primary season and the general election. In January, he was calling Trump “an embarrassment and a threat” to Georgians. By April, he was telling Chris Matthews that he only lacked “great personal admiration” for the president.

He wouldn’t bite when Matthews goaded him for more. “I’m pragmatic,” Ossoff said, “and one of the things that would be refreshing about representing this district is that it is a pragmatic, moderate district.” Ossoff’s campaign did not respond to interview requests for this article.

The progression of Ossoff’s politicking irks Handel. “The notion that he is somehow going to be this pragmatist is just absurd,” she tells me,

going on to use words like “misleading,” “deceiving,” and “deceitful” to describe Ossoff’s sales pitch, which includes eliminating wasteful spending and boosting the district’s tech economy. During a May fundraiser with House speaker Paul Ryan, she quipped that her opponent “talks like a Republican.”

What he talks like is a professional politician, going before the cameras to proclaim that “both parties in Congress waste a lot of your money.” His rhetoric is practiced and precise, and his cadence is familiar—so much so that he seemed to speak with the rhythm and ponderous uhs of Barack Obama during a televised debate with Handel on June 6.

On the stump, Handel attacks

NEWS.COM

Ossoff's credibility. "Honestly, from what I've seen, the Handel campaign is not about Handel at all. It's about Ossoff," Georgia State University political science professor and Sixth District resident Jeff Lazarus tells me. "The thrust of the Handel campaign is that Ossoff is unqualified to be a member of Congress." It's true that Ossoff inflated just a tad his national security credentials from his time as a legislative aide to Georgia congressman Hank Johnson. And Handel has tried to tar Ossoff with Johnson's liberal voting history. Do voters trust his posturing, she asks, or do they see "the most liberal of the left who are the power behind his campaign"?

In a twist, Handel is trying to dodge defending Trump with a professed pragmatism of her own. An Indianapolis Colts fan, she uses a football metaphor to describe her approach to legislating. "The teams that win—generally, their whole strategy isn't a Hail Mary pass. Their strategy is get first downs, move the ball," she said. Not too long ago, such an opinion could've earned a sitting GOP lawmaker a primary challenger. She's mindful of the shift and points out that Republicans are in charge of both Congress and the White House.

"I don't know the exact number, but somewhere close to half of the House Republicans currently have never served under a Republican president," she notes. "So these are individuals specifically elected to be the vocal opposition. And that's a different approach than being in a governing mode." She points to her time in the Republican minority on the Fulton County Board of Commissioners, where she styled herself a "fixer," not a rabble-rouser. She said she'd do the same in Congress, taking Trump's agenda "one issue at a time."

There's likely no other path to victory for her in what would normally be a safe Republican seat. "I don't want to completely downplay the role of campaigns and campaign messaging," Judd Thornton, another Georgia State political scientist, tells me, "but none of this would matter if Trump weren't so unpopular." ♦

A Separate Place

Where every young man is a king.

BY ALICE B. LLOYD

A college preparatory school for black and Latino boys opened in Washington, D.C., last year to a burst of public interest—and the inevitable question from the American Civil Liberties Union of the Nation's Capital: What have you done for girls lately? In the city's newest public high school, you'll see blue blazers, khakis, gold and purple school ties, confident handshakes, door holding, and eye contact, but the real salvation might come from the heart-to-hearts and hard lessons handled with care. It's a school culture aimed at teaching teen-aged boys how they can right their own paths, and girls—according to the equal-in-all-things reflex—ought not be left behind.

The freshman class at Ron Brown College Preparatory High School in D.C.'s Deanwood neighborhood was rebounding from back-to-back snow days when I visited its morning meeting earlier this year. The boys and the faculty took their seats around the edges of a rectangular meeting room that doubles as the dining hall. Frederick Douglass, Duke Ellington, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King Jr., and Barack Obama looked on—their portraits posted on the wall, exemplars of greatness—while students who came in late quietly reported to their teachers.

Principal Ben Williams made the rounds, checking in with a few students here and there while they settled in for the school's core ritual. They might all be a little out of sorts, he warned, after missing two days in mid-March—a first for Ron Brown, but then so is everything. After a few boilerplate announcements, the lights went down and everyone turned

their attention to the day's discussion starter: a clip from the 1990s sitcom *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, in which Will Smith breaks down, from cocky and resentful to tearful and dejected, in the arms of his Uncle Phil when Will's absentee father has disappointed him again.

Adults in the room kicked it off, and then a few brave souls among the school's 105 students followed their lead, one noting Will's flamboyance and compensatory good humor: his armor. But most of the boys sat quietly and listened with observable interest while their teachers talked about what's underneath the armor men wear. A male teacher in his late twenties or early thirties talked of an "unsettled part of you to explore," a sense of abandonment that stays with you until you can't ignore it—but you, he addressed the students, the "young kings," you can have these discussions now. Another opened up about his own sense of abandonment, thinking as a young man, "I'm pretty great; why shouldn't they want me?" An English teacher scanned the student body for attentive eyes and invoked their literary readings and essays—you know these themes, she reminded her boys. (And from loftier sources than a sitcom, a certain encouraging edge in her voice suggested.)

At RBHS, students are "monarchs," their mascot the head of a crowned lion facing head-on, and the teachers and staff who counsel and corral them—homeroom advisers in typical public school parlance—are the "council of elders." "If we're going to move these young men and grow these young men, we have to model what we expect them to do," Williams told me. Their work is countercultural, he noted. "It doesn't matter race or ethnicity, it's uncommon for a 14-year-old young

Alice B. Lloyd is a reporter at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

man to be able to express themselves and especially to be able to feel safe enough to do that in a school environment amongst their peers.” They’re talking about their feelings in front of their friends a mere seven months into the life of this brand-new school. “That’s a tremendous shift for many of our young men, especially considering the communities they come from,” Williams said. His office walls are covered in easel paper scrawled with data and ideas; students tend to come to RBHS trailing academically. “Our young people, because of where they are, are not generally going to be able to meet what other people might expect,” he said, “but if we can grow them two or three grade levels to help them get on par with the peers that are at that level, then we’ve done a good job.” The underlying goal, more fundamental than test scores, is cultural uplift, teaching boys to ask for help—having girls around necessarily undermines this mission—and to understand what it means to be men.

RBHS grew out of a commitment from Mayor Muriel Bowser and former chancellor of schools Kaya Henderson—and a \$20 million pool of public and private funds—to address the high rate at which young black men fall behind and drop out of high school in D.C., where the four-year graduation rate is 91 percent for whites, 69 percent for Latinos, and 68 percent for African Americans; it’s 76 percent for girls and 63 percent for boys. In 2015, Bowser gave 100 boys Obama’s *The Audacity of Hope* for vacation reading and learned from their reaction that they most wanted mentorship. When officials get the question “What about the girls?” they point out the undeniable differences between boys’ and girls’ needs. Still, in response to that repeated question, the school system hosted listening sessions with 100 young women of color this spring, fourth graders to high school seniors. Rather than a school of their own, they wanted

time together to build each other up and learn from older girls. The all-girl offerings include a citywide conference for young women of color on the first Saturday in June, a new grant program, and a series of workshops in the coming school year—no boys allowed. At the first conference, held earlier this month, chancellor of schools Antwan Wilson told me the eventual outcome of these efforts might still be a public girls’ school.

For now, Ron Brown’s closest complement in D.C. sits due south, also east of the Anacostia, though the



Ninth-graders learn to shake hands on Ron Brown High School’s opening day, August 22, 2016.

Washington School for Girls is not a public school but an all-scholarship Catholic pre-secondary institution that has grown since starting in 1997 to include two campuses and 140 students in grades three through eight. Today its middle school fills half the upper level of an arts center boasting ballet studios and a theater the student body could fill twice with room to spare, while girls in grades three through five have gone to a second campus, Our Lady of Perpetual Help Catholic Church, not 10 minutes away.

Like the new Ron Brown, the Washington School for Girls was built from the ground up and works to reroute young lives. Neither especially bears the influence of any hot-trending education reform movement; both serve almost exclusively African-American students, by virtue of need rather than

racial proscription. (WSG, which does not cite race in its mission, has had perhaps one Latina graduate in its 20 years, per one administrator’s recollection.) And both aim for spiritual intervention. RBHS, while as secular as can be (a needless disclaimer, but let’s not trouble the ACLU any further), scoops up souls statistically predisposed to stray—or students demographically likeliest to drop out. Both begin with a fairly simple formula for sanctuary: Ron Brown has discussion circles and daily meetings, Washington School for Girls morning prayer.

WSG began as an after-school program in the mid-nineties. Head of school Mary Bourdon, a sister since her college years, belongs to the order Religious of Jesus and Mary, who dedicate their lives to educating the poor. Serving her calling through social work and in-school counseling, Sister Mary saw the need for a girls’ school. She and her sisters brought together a founding circle of women from the National Council of Negro Women and the Society of the Holy Child Jesus; they decided the preteen years were the most important time to step in.

“We thought that’s the place at which young girls are deciding their future consciously and unconsciously,” Sister Mary told me. “We wanted to have the freedom to have faith exploration and to have faith expression in the school. We start every day with a prayer. It grounds the students.” The girl who read that day’s gospel, the story of Jesus healing at the pool of Bethesda, was so expressive her friends seemed torn between genuine admiration and wanting to tease her for over-acting—admiration won. “It’s another example of girls being free,” Sister Mary said.

Kimberly Hopwood, the director of student life and graduate support, sends eighth-grade graduates to high school and often sees them off to college four years later. Keeping up with alumnae from the summer before

their freshman year at high school until they're college bound—holding them close while handing them off—makes for a delicate balance. “Making sure kids go where they need to go and do what they need to do—that’s pretty much it. We cannot be their parents, we can only encourage,” and they encourage academic exploration and self-knowledge, and are quick to check in if word gets back a graduate is falling behind in high school. “We’re the backup.”

Sister Mary told me about an eighth-grade student who’d returned triumphant from a shadow day at a top-shelf Catholic high school. They showered her with praise and offered a spot almost immediately, but she couldn’t be swayed from surveying all her options. As it should be. “If nothing else, our girls get that sense of freedom which a lot of women really don’t have,” she said, and she had in mind bigger decisions than the choice of high school. There are decisions a young woman must make with a hypothetical future family in mind. “It’s a little weakness to try to please someone else in what you do, even if it’s for the rest of your life,” Sister Mary said. “That should be the one decision based on *what do I want*.”

Black women defer to the demonstrable urgency for intervention in young black men’s lives, Hopwood offered as a partial explanation for the increased attention paid to boys-only schools. Publicity—including a forthcoming documentary to chronicle the first year, I’m told—has swirled around RBHS since they opened last summer. Jaztina Somerville, WSG class of 2006 and now an assistant in the school’s graduate support office, concurred. “I think it’s because there’s more of a need for that kind of environment for boys,” said Somerville, who went to Cesar Chavez, a charter high school, and Frostburg State University. She talked about her brother, who felt compelled to fit in, no matter what it took. “As black men living in the city,” she went on, “they face peer pressure in a way that we can’t really fathom.” So the need for a boys’ school seems greater, “at least in the parents’

minds” (and the school district’s, too). “We kind of already have our stuff in order,” Somerville said, explaining why girls wouldn’t ask for their own school while “boys need to start getting it together.”

The school-to-prison pipeline and generational poverty are familiar concepts even to those most protected from their sting; they’re mainstays of political discourse and must-read think pieces. Dependency on woman’s powerful character sustains a

less-discussed cycle of patriarchy. “Often in black households, the mothers, the women are normally the backbone,” Somerville said, and Hopwood agreed. “If nothing else, our girls get that sense of freedom which a lot of women really don’t have,” Sister Mary told me. Middle school is the time to inspire it, she believes: That’s when a girl learns what interests her and wonders who she’ll be. Before she knows who she is, she might find the rest of her life spoken for. ♦

Macron, Le Terminator

Le winner and les losers.

BY ANNE-ELISABETH MOUTET

When Emmanuel Macron declared he would run for president of France in late 2016, the consensus was that he was a cat’s-paw of François Hollande. Macron had been deputy chief of staff at the Elysée Palace to the Socialist Hollande, the most unpopular president in the history of modern France, or indeed of political polling. Hollande then named him economy minister, a dazzling promotion for a 36-year-old civil servant who’d never run for elective office.

Tasked with modernizing the French economy, Macron took a few bites at the country’s rigid employment law (clocking in at well over 3,500 pages, it beats Obamacare in complexity). He let Uber into Paris against the violent protests of the taxi drivers, allowed Sunday openings for more categories of shops, broke the rail monopoly on regional transportation by allowing intercity bus lines

Anne-Elisabeth Moutet is a Paris-based columnist for the London Telegraph and a commentator for the BBC.

(hitherto forbidden), and took to addressing colleagues and voters in management-speak, *en anglais s’il vous plaît*. He talked of “la task force,” “les losers” (ISIS terrorists), et “le win-win.” These were baby steps in the right direction, sorely needed even if somewhat cosmetic. Revolutionary it was not.

Observing Macron’s army of nominally socialist octogenarian supporters, all storied throwbacks to the presidency of François Mitterrand (former Elysée adviser and all-purpose pop thinker Jacques Attali, Yves Saint Laurent supremo Pierre Bergé, former Mitterrand culture minister and hip-hop champion Jack Lang), pundits recalled that Hollande himself had been a far more junior adviser to the same Mitterrand. The president, they felt, having no chance of winning, had groomed a transparent successor to keep his own people in place. The upstart was dubbed “Hollande 2.”

Now President Macron may be said to be following in Hollande’s footsteps—but with the aim of doing the precise opposite of what his hapless predecessor did. Triumphant elected

on May 7, at the head of a new party that did not exist two years ago—En Marche!—Macron is turning into Le Terminator, poised not only to win the legislative elections to the Assemblée Nationale (the final round will be on June 18), but to win in a landslide. With strategic brilliance and ruthlessness, he has systematically destroyed the right, the left, and Marine Le Pen's National Front (FN), although in the last instance she helped him.

Macron has split the Républicains, the conservative party reshaped by Nicolas Sarkozy in recent years, by taking as his prime minister a young unknown from their ranks, Le Havre mayor Édouard Philippe. He consolidated with Bruno Le Maire, a onetime acolyte to the anti-George W. Bush former foreign minister Dominique de Villepin, as minister for the economy. Finally, in a move of balletic malevolence, Macron snatched the 34-year-old Gérald Darmanin, Sarkozy's latest discovery and bright new hope, as the junior minister for public accounts.

This, in effect, left the Républicains with a rump of bitter older men who've been around too long and now only hope they won't lose too badly.

The FN, having come close to complete victory, is now in complete disarray. Having believed, for a heady 12 hours, that she really had won her presidential debate with Macron last month, Marine Le Pen realized the following morning that she had not only lost, but botched it. While Macron cake-walked to victory, she wasn't seen in public for over a week, hunched up at home with her cats and digesting her humiliation. Meanwhile, feedback from Le Pen's base streamed in, confirming that her Palinesque performance in the debate had exposed her as undignified, flaky, and, in the words of many FN voters on Twitter, "non-presidential material."

What followed in her party smacked of a mini-night of the long(ish) knives. Marine's popular 27-year-old niece

Marion, one of the Front's only two members of parliament, who'd carefully expressed disagreements with her aunt's too-statist choices, resigned to "take care of [her] daughter"—though really to distance herself from the general stench of Marine's losing anti-euro campaign. Marine's Karl Rove, the former left-wing Socialist Florian Philippot, the architect of her populist platform, threatened to resign, too. The man hitherto described, with some accuracy, as "Marine's brain" was then dismayed to see her lukewarm reaction to this empty threat.

Only three weeks ago, the National Front giddily expected to end up with 50 to 60 members of parliament.



President Macron, right, and Prime Minister Philippe in Paris, May 23

They're now wondering if they'll manage 15, the minimum needed to create a parliamentary group. Like Trump, Marine appealed to disappointed blue-collar and lower-middle-class voters from both the right and the left.

But the Front is a clan more than a party. Its campaign has been farmed out to dubious experts, unprofessional and disorganized. Worse, local FN cadres have such a bad reputation for nepotism, corruption, and plain ineptitude that about 40 percent of Front regional officials (councilors, aldermen, etc.) elected in 2015 have already left the party.

In his shopping spree to strip the traditional parties of some of their more compatible personalities, Macron has taken on four Socialists, including two big beasts, Jean-Yves Le Drian (Hollande's defense minister)

at European and foreign affairs and Gérard Collomb, the Lyon mayor and regional satrap who supported him from the start, as minister of the interior. Collomb's Socialist party machine is expected to deliver the Lyonnais regional vote to Macron's party.

François Hollande's Socialists, the venerable party of Jean Jaurès and Léon Blum, are dead in the water. At 125,000 registered members, they only number half Macron's En Marche! official followers. They scored a little over 6 percent in the presidential election, and even though that will get them more seats than the FN in the legislative elections, they have been effectively ripped to pieces by the combination of Macron and the

surprisingly strong Jean-Luc Mélenchon, a man of the far left whose support for Chavista Venezuela and Castroist Cuba didn't hamper him from grabbing a fifth of the presidential vote.

Mélenchon himself, off the presidential campaign trail where he shone beatifically, all red flags strictly banned from his rallies, has since shown his true colors by high-handedly pre-empting a Socialist-held constituency in Marseille that he is sure to win. The Communists had supported Mélenchon for president; they now will field candidates against his. He will try to make up the votes by attracting a chunk of the working-class FN voters. It will not be enough to help him win the large bloc he dreams of in the Assemblée Nationale. And this infighting between far-left and farther-left will only benefit Macron.

It is all an unholy mess, watched with an Olympian eye by Macron, who self-describes his role as president as "Jupiterian" (he had the benefit of a classical education in his Jesuit lycée in Amiens). Following the lead of Barack Obama, the new president has sharply curtailed the access of the press who loved him so much these past two years. The Elysée will pick and choose exactly which journalists they'll deign to allow in His Presence.

ETIENNE LAURENT / AFP / GETTY

It doesn't matter: Like Obama in the early days of his presidency, Macron can do no wrong in the eye of the voters. Some of his early appointees are fingered by the media for the same kinds of abuses that cost François Fillon, the Républiqueain candidate, the election. Bruno Le Maire, like Fillon, allegedly paid his wife with public funds in a fictitious

parliamentary assistant job. Richard Ferrand, Macron's consigliere and minister for parliamentary affairs, allegedly caused his former employers to buy a choice piece of real estate for the benefit of his girlfriend. Macron refuses to fire them. The voters do not seem to care. They elected the new boy, and they want him in charge. ♦

One could argue that anybody who wore cotton garments at any point prior to the Civil War is guilty in some respect. By the same token, the system of slavery was largely acceptable to most quarters of the nation for most of American history prior to the Civil War. If James Madison is to be excluded from the annals of honor, why not Alexander Hamilton? He was personally opposed to slavery, but he did not try to have it outlawed by the Constitution at the convention in Philadelphia.

And why should we limit our denunciations to those who owned slaves? Why not anybody who committed what we judge to be public or private misdeeds? Franklin Roosevelt interned Japanese Americans during World War II. Should his name be stricken from all public memorials? John F. Kennedy, while angling for the presidency during the 1950s, tended to vote against civil rights measures while in Congress. Ditto Lyndon Johnson. Should their names be removed as well? Teddy Roosevelt signed restrictive laws on immigration during his presidency and told Congress, "Any man who says he is an American, but something else also, isn't an American at all." Surely that must make some immigrants feel unsafe. Should we therefore blast his visage from Mount Rushmore? Abraham Lincoln won the Republican nomination in 1860 in part because he was more moderate on the slavery issue than William Seward. Should he be wiped from history for this?

Assuming that we can identify any such standard, it does not follow that those who fall on the wrong side of it must be refused public recognition. Honor is not the same as worship. To honor somebody is to hold him in esteem, to respect him. It does not require us to excuse or justify everything he did. Look again at the names of slaveholders from America's past—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Clay, Marshall, Jackson. Are they worthy of honor? Of course they are! They laid the foundations for the stable, prosperous, and free republic that we all enjoy today.

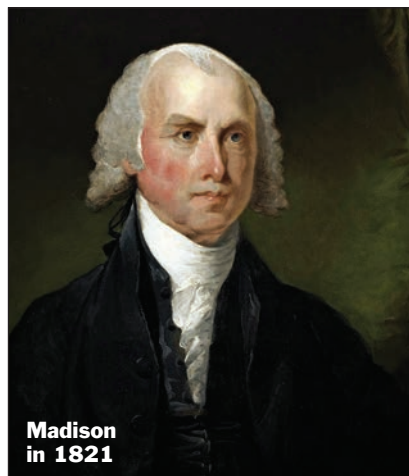
Foundering Fathers

Is there no historical figure good enough for today?

BY JAY COST

Strange news from Wisconsin. A student at James Madison Memorial High School in Verona has petitioned to have the name of her school changed, arguing, "The significance of this name in association with my school has a negative effect on memorials [sic] black students. The lack of representation I feel in this school makes me feel more than unsafe." To date, the petition has received more than 1,500 signatures.

This is a small action, but it is motivated by a principle that is becoming more and more popular: Public memorials to historical figures need to be evaluated not just on the figures' contributions to civil society, but their other beliefs and actions, especially regarding the matter of slavery. If this view were adopted, it would have sweeping consequences. If the name of James Madison must be struck from public buildings, schools, and towns because he owned slaves, what about George Washington? What about Thomas Jefferson? James Monroe? John Marshall? Henry Clay? Andrew Jackson? The list of names that would have to be removed from public places goes on and on; it would mean thousands of new names required all across the country.



Madison in 1821

Before we the people initiate such a heady project, it is fair to inquire whether this notion can withstand scrutiny. Must we relegate historical figures with a connection to slavery to the dustbin of history?

To begin, whatever cut-off point we identify delineating acceptable and unacceptable historical personages would have to be arbitrary—unless of course we get rid of nearly every public testament. Slavery, after all, was essential to the American economy for centuries. The Southern plantation gentry had slaves to grow their cotton, but it was shipped in Yankee boats to England, or to Northern textile mills to be spun into cloth. Who was culpable for this state of affairs?

Jay Cost is a senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

We owe them a debt of gratitude for their endeavors, notwithstanding the misdeeds they committed. If I contract somebody to paint my house, and I find out later that he is an adulterer, does that excuse me from paying what I owe? Of course not. By the same token, my debt for the painting does not oblige me to act as though he did not wrong his spouse. So it goes with the Founders who owned slaves: We should appreciate them for their endeavors, for our lives are manifestly better because of their struggles, but honoring them does not require us to ignore or excuse their errors. Madison's home Montpelier, for example, just opened an exhibition, "The Mere Distinction of Colour," exploring slavery at the plantation.

Wiping the Founders from the public memory, moreover, endangers the perpetuation of our republic. They were no doubt flawed men, but they were flawed men who invented this system of government. If we wish to make the most of our government, we have to understand how it functions. That requires us to understand what these men thought and did. The decisions they made, and the assumptions behind them, reverberate through the generations, into the present day. Public memorials are a way to keep us mindful of their continued influence, so that as we endeavor to understand civil society, we remember to look to them.

While planning the University of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson wrote that it would be a school whose students and faculty would not be "afraid to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate any error so long as reason is left free to combat it." It is an important motto to remember in this age of "safe spaces," anxieties about "micro-aggressions," and the like. Nobody should feel afraid of the figures from our history, nor compelled to redact them from the public memory. Instead, we should honor statesmen from our past for the good things they did and not hesitate to rebuke them for the bad. In this way, we properly pay the debt we owe them, and we also learn to be better citizens. ♦

Of Tribes and Terrorism

How do you solve a problem like Qatar?

BY LEE SMITH

Last week, several Arab states, including Bahrain, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, and the United Arab Emirates, put Qatar on notice. They removed their diplomats from Doha, closed airspace and ports to Qatari vessels, expelled Qatari nationals, and prohibited their own nationals from visiting the country. Among other key demands, Qatar's Arab opponents want the emirate to stop backing Islamic extremists, Sunni and Shia, and shut down hostile press outlets, including Doha's jewel, Al Jazeera.

Reports suggest the breaking point was Doha's decision to send nearly \$1 billion to rescue a hunting party held captive in Iraq—a ransom paid to Iran and to Sunni extremists, both of whom the Arab states consider threats to their national security. The ransom may be the proximate cause of the crisis, but tension has been brewing for some time.

The key players are the Emiratis and Saudis, the two major powers in the Gulf Cooperation Council (GCC), of which Qatar is also a member. Bahrain is effectively a Saudi province and Egypt, while contemptuous of Qatar, is incapable of projecting much power without the financial support of its Emirati patrons. In 2014, Bahrain, Saudi Arabia, and the UAE removed their diplomats to protest Qatar's interference in their internal affairs. That crisis was partly precipitated when Qatar backed Egypt's Muslim Brotherhood government while the others supported General Abdel Fattah el-Sisi's coup.

Regional experts explain that the

conflict goes back further still: "2014 was just a culmination of problems that were brewing for 20 years," says Mohammed al-Yahya, a Saudi analyst close to the government in Riyadh and a fellow at the Atlantic Council. "Hamad bin Khalifa al Thani [who ruled Qatar until 2013; his son rules now] overthrew his father in a coup in 1995. The Saudis disapproved. It's not part of the culture of the GCC states to overthrow monarchs in coups like this. And Sheikh Hamad had a lot of animosity toward Saudi Arabia, Qatari posture shifted 180 degrees after the coup."

Indeed, that was the central purpose of Al Jazeera—to serve as an instrument with which Hamad attacked his larger and richer Gulf neighbor. Internationally, the satellite network is known for its anti-American posture. After 9/11, it was virtually Osama bin Laden's bulletin board, posting videos the al Qaeda leader sent to the network through couriers. During the U.S.-led coalition's invasion of Iraq, Al Jazeera openly sided with the remnants of Saddam Hussein's forces as they targeted American troops and allies.

From Doha's vantage point, though, beating up on the Americans was just another way to target Washington's local client, Saudi Arabia. The Qataris have no real problem with the United States—they host Al Udeid, the biggest American military base in the Middle East and CENTCOM's headquarters in the region. But that's the Qatar way, play both sides—making nice with the Americans and the people who want to kill Americans, Sunnis as well as Shiites, is just another day at the office in Doha. Similarly, Qatar shares with Iran the world's largest natural gas

Lee Smith is a senior editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

field, South Pars, the source of nearly all its revenue, so it's cozy with Tehran even as its GCC allies see Iran as threat.

The hope, says al-Yahya, "was that things would be different under the new emir, Tamim bin Hamad al Thani, whom Hamad appointed after he abdicated in 2013. But to Riyadh, these hopes turned out to be misplaced."

Indeed, many assume that the father is still running the show. "Tamim is so weak," said another Saudi analyst who requested anonymity. The same source explained that Qatar's former prime minister, Hamad Bin Jassim al-Thani, spent last week on Capitol Hill to lobby Congress after President Donald Trump identified Qatar as a source of terrorism in yet another ill-advised tweet. The Qataris have a powerful ally in the Pentagon—Al Udeid Air Base is a key installation from which the United States runs operations in Afghanistan, Iraq, and other regional hotspots. No one wants the Americans to leave Al Udeid—except the Emiratis.

There was a joking reference about moving the base in an email leaked last week from the Emirati ambassador to Washington, Yousef al-Otaiba. It merely reinforced the message the Emiratis have been pushing in Washington for some time: move Al Udeid and show us the love, not the Qataris.

It's perhaps useful to see the current crisis in a wider aperture, since it goes back way beyond the last 20 years. Many of the Gulf's ruling families are from the same region on the Arabian Peninsula and have been bickering with or actively fighting each other for a very long time. Rival clans that became energy-rich monarchies are playing out their feuds on a very large stage now for several reasons. First, with the region embroiled in conflict from Libya to Syria to Yemen, the stakes are high. Second, both Qatar and the UAE exercise a considerable amount of influence in Washington, largely but not exclusively through the money they donate to think tanks. But most crucially, the president of the United States

inserted himself in the middle of it.

Trump's visit to Riyadh was a success, it was the aftermath that was a problem. While there, he enlisted the support of Arab and Muslim leaders in the fight against terrorism. From the perspective of the Saudis and others, Trump's promise to forswear interference in their societies marked a welcome change from the last two administrations—and was likely read by them as a green light to sort out local affairs, starting with Qatar. His tweet two weeks after his visit confirmed that. "During my recent trip to the Middle East I stated that there can

partner against all the destabilizing stuff in the region, whether that's Iran or Sunni extremism."

What the Saudis don't need is an argument over who funds terror, says Lebanese political analyst Elie Fawaz. "Once they open that can of worms, they'll get dragged into it. The pro-Iranian camp attacked them for backing terrorism to win support from the Obama administration, and now the Qataris will get into it."

The reality is that there are plenty of problematic actors in the GCC, including the Emiratis, who do business with Iran and have sheltered figures



Donald Trump and pals during his visit to Riyadh, May 21

no longer be funding of Radical Ideology. Leaders pointed to Qatar—look!"

"Obama protected Doha," the Saudi analyst explained. "He used them to keep the Saudis off balance, but now that he's gone the Qataris lost their defender." The point is not that Trump should likewise shield an adventurist Doha but that it's probably not prudent to widen the natural rift in the GCC, an institution designed to project American power in the Persian Gulf. Further, when you have problems with an ally, scream at them in private, rather than chide them in front of the world.

If the Emiratis had a specific goal in mind, hosting a major U.S. base, the Saudis aimed to show the Americans that they can be helpful. "The Saudis wanted to get the GCC in line to take on Iran," says Tony Badran, research fellow at the Foundation for Defense of Democracies. "They wanted to show the Trump administration that they are part of the solution, an American

from the Syrian regime that the Saudis and Qataris oppose. "The Arabs are divided," says Fawaz, "but there isn't much wisdom in opening up another front in a destabilized region."

Mohamed al-Yahya, the analyst close to the Saudi government, agrees. "The Saudis want a unified GCC. The point is not to bring Qatar to its knees, but to get it back on track to join in pushing a unified GCC agenda. No one wants this to continue."

Trump later walked back his tweet and in a phone call with the Qatari emir offered to mediate the crisis, even if it takes a White House meeting. What's most important, however, is that the administration doesn't let local players, whether that's Qatar or the UAE or Saudi Arabia, set American priorities. Intra-Arab conflict should not distract the administration from keeping regional partners focused on the two key issues on the U.S. agenda—stopping Iran and crushing ISIS. ♦

The Whole World Was Watching

The appalling protests at Evergreen State College

BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN

At Evergreen State College, the revolution *will* be televised. And it already has been, thanks to the smartphone.

Since May 23, the 4,089-student public liberal arts college in Olympia, Washington, has been embroiled in what the media euphemistically call “student protests” over perceived racial grievances. At Evergreen State that has actually meant: invading a professor’s class to taunt him with charges of racism; occupying the library and the college president’s office while the campus police, ordered to stand down, barricade themselves in their headquarters; delivering F-bombs, derision, and assorted demands—firing the police chief, confiscating the guns of the rest of the police, setting up mandatory race-oriented “cultural competency” training for the faculty, excusing the protesters from their end-of-term assignments, and providing free gumbo for a radical potluck—to the cornered president, George Bridges; and creating such a threatening atmosphere for the professor in question, evolutionary biologist Bret Weinstein (another target of the firing demands), that he had to hold his class on May 25 in a public park in downtown Olympia. If a photo posted on Instagram is to be taken at face value, it has also meant wielding baseball bats and posing ominously on the balconies of student apartments.

The videos, made on the phones of Evergreen State students, were ubiquitous as the activities of the 200 or so protesters culminated in a literal shutdown of the college (Evergreen State suspended operations from the afternoon of June 1 to the afternoon of June 5, even though it had been scheduled to hold the last of its spring-term classes on those days, after someone made a 911 call threatening to shoot up the campus with a .44 Magnum). The first of the videos featured the May 23 invasion of Weinstein’s classroom at 9:30 A.M. by about 50 angry students provoked by what they

characterized as Weinstein’s racism. He had objected to a college-sponsored Day of Absence on April 10, when white students, faculty, and staff had been encouraged to make themselves scarce on campus. This video was excised from YouTube for violating the site’s “harassment and bullying” policy after protesters complained it had been selectively edited to make them look like harassers and bullies. Fortunately for the curious, the much-copied video is available in whole elsewhere on the Internet (the website Heterodox Academy claims to offer a 12-minute “unedited” version) and in snippets on YouTube of a 6-minute interview that Weinstein gave to Fox News’s Tucker Carlson on May 25.

The 12-minute video shows the husky, bearded Weinstein, clad in an outdoorsy-biology-prof black T-shirt, trying patiently to engage the students who have shut down his classroom in a “dialectic,” as he called it. Weinstein later described himself to Carlson as a “deeply progressive person” who had supported socialist-leaning Bernie Sanders in the 2016 presidential primaries. But the Evergreen students captured in the May 23 video were having nothing to do with Weinstein’s attempts to lift the conversation to a high-minded, fancy-word “dialectic” plane:

“This is *not* a discussion—you lost that one! You said racist s—! Now apologize!”

Weinstein responded: “I did not!”

“Stop telling people of color they’re f— useless! You’re useless!”

“Yeah, resign!” screamed another student.

“Resign!” screamed yet another.

“I’m not resigning.”

“Hey hey! Ho ho! Bret Weinstein has got to go!”

The video followed the students yelling the chant in unison as they tried to block the campus police (probably called in by one of Weinstein’s biology students) shielding Weinstein as he exited the building.

The funniest—and also the saddest—of the videos might be called the Homework Video, or perhaps the Gumbo Video. Viewed more than 86,000 times on YouTube, it recorded the events of a May 24 meeting with Bridges in his office, which the protesters had invaded and taken

Charlotte Allen is a frequent contributor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

over, blocking the exits while some of them checked their phones and helped themselves to what appeared to be university-supplied pizza as they sat at the college president's conference table. The 66-year-old Bridges, balding, pudgy, bespectacled, and given to sporting bow ties on dressy occasions, had the misfortune of visually calling to mind Bobby Trippe, the adipose city slicker raped by hillbillies in John Boorman's 1972 backwoods horror flick *Deliverance*. Subconsciously—or perhaps archetypally, since none was alive when *Deliverance* was ringing up the cash registers during the early 1970s—the Evergreen protesters similarly seemed to smell blood with the eager-to-please and ultimately hapless Bridges. He had already had an encounter with them the day before, when they stormed his office at 4:30 in the afternoon not long after their successful disruption of Weinstein's biology class. Their greeting, also captured in a video, had been: "F— you, George, we don't want to hear a God-damned thing you have to say." One protester had demanded that Bridges "disavow white supremacy." Bridges had meekly agreed: "I will disavow white supremacy."



Bret Weinstein, left, attempts to speak to activists at Evergreen State College in May before being shouted down.

Bridges assumed the presidency of Evergreen State only in the fall of 2015, after serving for 10 years as president of Whitman College, a small, well-regarded liberal-arts institution serving 1,500 students in Walla Walla, Washington. A sociologist by training, he specialized academically in studying racial disparities in the sentencing of criminal defendants, thus burnishing his liberal credentials. Those credentials received another touch of polish with his marriage to former congressional aide Kari Tupper, who had helped end the long-running political career of Sen. Brock Adams, maintaining that the Washington Democrat had sexually assaulted her in 1987. (Adams, who died in 2004, was never criminally charged but in 1992 abruptly declined to seek reelection after eight other women accused him of sexual misconduct.) Tupper for several years taught women's studies at the University of Washington in Seattle, where her husband had been a professor and dean. In August 2016 Bridges wrote an op-ed for the *Seattle Times* responding to a tough-love letter by University of Chicago dean of students John Ellison that had warned incoming freshman that "trigger warnings" and "safe spaces" for the easily psychically bruised wouldn't be forthcoming at Chicago. Bridges countered that the University of Chicago was simply "tone deaf to the academic and developmental needs of many students."

The Evergreen State protesters at the May 24 meeting, munching their pizza slices while a jacketless, white-shirted Bridges stood abjectly before them holding a multipage list of their written demands, clearly regarded such solicitude for their sensibilities as so much contemptible weakness. The meeting opened with this exchange between a female protester and Bridges:

"All of us are students and have homework and projects and things due. Have you sent an email out to your faculty letting them know? What's been done about that?"

"It's the first thing I'll do. I have not done it yet, I will do it right now."

"So they need to be told that these assignments won't be done on time, and we don't need to be penalized for that."

Jeers and general derision followed, as Bridges tried to shush them with his free hand and make himself heard.

"Y'all can't keep doing these pointing fingers," a female student reprimanded him, after he had apologized and meekly placed the offending hand in his pants pocket.

A few minutes later Bridges pleaded over the din to let him please adjourn the meeting so he could read the list of demands: "You have to give me some pri-

vacuity, folks. . . . I have claustrophobia."

That psychological condition might have resonated with the high achievers at Whitman. It went over at Evergreen State like an IED in Mosul. A T-shirted student stood up holding a plastic-cup drink and waved her hand sarcastically: "People of color have to work in threatening environments every day! Welcome! Welcome! Get to work!"

The meeting ended with the Gumbo Potluck Demand. A male student standing behind Bridges informed him that if he didn't respond to the occupying students' list by 5 P.M. that Friday, May 26, "you need to pay for a potluck."

Bridges was amenable to that order, too: "We'll be paying for a potluck anyway," he replied.

"We want gumbo!" another student shouted.

A knot of students on the other side of the table turned that into a chant: "We want gumbo!"

"Made by my mama!" shouted the young man standing behind Bridges.

Evergreen State, founded in 1967 in the state capital, Olympia, a waterfront city of about 50,000 at the bottom of Puget Sound, 60 miles south of Seattle, was part of a 1960s wave of brand-new college campuses,

VIA YOUTUBE

many of them publicly funded, that aimed to serve an expanding baby boom population and also to experiment with nontraditional models of post-secondary education. (The best-known of these colleges is the University of California, Santa Cruz, founded in 1965.) Many of the nontraditional colleges, including Evergreen, quickly became known as “hippie colleges” because they tended, as they still do, to attract a distinctly nontraditional student body. Evergreen, for example, proudly bills itself as “progressive” on its website. There are no letter grades (professors submit narrative evaluations of their students’ proficiency), and there are no courses—or majors—as the words are generally understood. Evergreen undergraduates, who make up the vast majority of its students, instead sign up for year-long, multi-credit, interdisciplinary programs that typically include a range of hard-science, social-science, and humanities fields.

Evergreen’s likely most famous graduate is Matt Groening (class of 1977), creator of *The Simpsons*. The college’s likely most famous nongraduate was Rachel Corrie, accidentally bulldozed to death in 2003 in an Israeli military operation in Gaza during the Second Intifada. (Corrie had been in Gaza as part of a senior-year independent study project and had joined a protest group that positioned its members in front of bulldozers destroying houses that the Israelis said were used as cover to shoot at their troops and smuggle arms.) Evergreen’s commencement speaker in 1999 was Mumia Abu-Jamal, convicted in 1982 of murdering a Philadelphia police officer. Mumia, on death row at the time (prosecutors have since agreed to let him serve a life term without parole), delivered his 13-minute speech from behind bars.

The school’s motto is—no joke—*Omnia Extares*: Let it all hang out. Some students have clearly thrived in the campus’s do-your-own-thing atmosphere, on its thousand-acre waterfront campus that combines towering eponymous fir trees with concrete-overloaded Brutalist architecture. A curriculum that mixes empirical and deductive-reasoning fields such as math and science with the humanities can be exhilarating, even if the “humanities” these days largely mean excursions into arcane ideologized “theory.” Evergreen gets high marks from *U.S. News* for its teaching (small classes, high engagement), and its marine-biology offerings are considered first-rate. But as Evergreen students have complained online, too many of their loosely supervised classmates simply coast along majoring in drugs and tattoos. Evergreen has a 98 percent acceptance rate of applicants (in contrast to the 45 percent acceptance rate at the state’s flagship University of Washington), and 20 to 30 percent of its freshmen either drop out or transfer after the first year—perhaps because they seek a more focused curriculum in these tight-economy, post-2008 crash days

when the hiring market can be dicey, or perhaps because they decide that they were never college material in the first place (in-state tuition is relatively cheap at \$6,500 per year, but it’s not free). Enrollment at Evergreen has been steadily dropping since a record 4,891 students in 2009. The college website sounds a note of desperation as it tries to persuade applicants that better-paying job titles than barista might await them: “Graduates of The Evergreen State College do well in graduate schools all over the country and in all sorts of careers. You can find our alumni everywhere!”

Oddly enough, despite its blue-chip progressive credentials, Evergreen State has been marked by quite a bit of racial tension. Perhaps because it’s mostly relatively affluent white people who have the financial wherewithal to identify as hippies, the undergraduate student population at Evergreen (according to its own figures, using the Department of Education’s ethnic categories) is 67 percent non-Hispanic white. About 29 percent of Evergreen students describe themselves as “students of color.” And of that group, about 5 percent categorize themselves as non-Hispanic black or African-American. Still, before Bridges arrived on the Evergreen campus, a highly popular African American, Thomas L. Purce, had held the presidency from 2000 until his retirement in 2015, embarking on an ambitious building program and other capital improvements to the campus, whose 1960s infrastructure (judging from photos) hasn’t aged particularly well.

Nonetheless, the demographic statistics at Evergreen have been just divergent enough from those of the U.S. population as a whole—63 percent white, 13 percent black, and 17 percent Hispanic (only 10 percent of Evergreen’s students are Hispanics of all races, according to Education Department criteria)—to trigger the formation of a campus faculty-staff group that titled itself the “Equity and Inclusion Council.” The council aimed not just at matching the percentages more exactly but at ensuring the retention of minority students, who seemed to be dropping out of Evergreen at a higher rate than their white classmates. It hardly mattered that the Pacific Northwest is overwhelmingly Nordic, thanks to massive Scandinavian immigration around the turn of the 20th century, and that a slight overrepresentation of white students on a state-school campus might therefore be expected. The word “equity” is a new-ish term of art in the lexicon of race-based activism. One website defines it as “the condition that would be achieved if one’s racial identity no longer predicted, in a statistical sense, how one fares. . . . This includes elimination of policies, practices, attitudes and cultural messages that reinforce differential outcomes by race or fail to eliminate them.” In other words, “equity” is all about ensuring not just equality of opportunity for ethnic minorities but equality of academic outcome: a one-to-one correlation between their

demographic representation in the population as a whole and their representation on the evaluation sheets that Evergreen professors prepare for their students.

On November 11, 2016, slightly more than a year into Bridges' presidency at Evergreen, the Equity and Inclusion Council released a 39-page report. By this time, the report indicated, the ranks of the ethnic-minority students had been supplemented with students identifying as "LGBTQQ" and students with "reported disabilities." An appendix suggested that the committee's efforts had the blessing of Bridges. The report outlined an elaborate—and if the council got its way, mandatory—step-by-step plan for the 2016-2017 academic year and beyond. The goal was to shift Evergreen from a "diversity agenda"—the standard-issue multiculturalism and affirmative action promoted on most college campuses—to an "equity agenda," in which equality of student outcomes would be the top priority. All campus activities would be subsumed into this quest, which would include some version of "mandatory anti-oppression training for the faculty" (a condition that Evergreen professors, progressive though they might be, rejected by majority vote); the creation of a new administrative position for a "VP for Equity and Inclusion," who would be independently budgeted and operate autonomously; "equity"-based curriculum planning and assessment of student learning; and a requirement that all future faculty hires be subjected to an "equity justification." In a particularly Maoist-sounding rhetorical fillip, the report referred numerous times to the "Six Expectations" for closing a perceived "equity gap" between the currently "underserved" minority student population at Evergreen and their presumed fully served white, heterosexual, and nondisabled classmates.

Insanely totalitarian as the November 11 report might strike anyone who hasn't spent time on a college campus recently, there were apparently few objections from the Evergreen faculty, possibly because few had actually read the report, and possibly because the professors feared being branded racists. One professor who did object was Bret Weinstein, who, according to reports (Weinstein did not respond to requests for an interview), used the faculty email listserv at Evergreen to wage a war of words with council members, accusing them of authoritarianism (the report called for a high level of staff intrusion into the contents of professors' courses) and intimidation. He argued that the equality of outcomes that the council was pushing was a "discredited concept, failing on both logical and historical grounds," as he put it in a May 30 op-ed for the *Wall Street Journal*. Weinstein linked the council's obsession with equity

to the pervasive influence of Critical Race Theory—the notion that most social structures are instruments of white supremacy—on the nonscience fields of study at Evergreen.

It was not the first time that Weinstein had publicly taken a lone-wolf ideological stance in a racially tinged campus dispute. In 1987, while a freshman at the University of Pennsylvania, he had written a sarcastic op-ed for the student newspaper, the *Daily Pennsylvanian*, deploring a campus fraternity's having hired two strippers in order to attract potential pledges to a rush party (school rules forbade the serving of alcohol). The strippers were black, and the white fraternity brothers had treated them in a "disgusting and degrading" fashion that involved smearing them with ketchup and penetrating them with cucumbers. In a



Evergreen president George Bridges in a colloquy with unhappy students

May 30 interview with political commentator Dave Rubin, Weinstein said that although the fraternity was suspended over the incident, he received so much harassment, including death threats, from fraternity members that he briefly dropped out of Penn.

Although the Evergreen faculty never adopted or took any other action on the Equity and Inclusion Council's report, some of the council's members, impatient at the professors' inaction, seemed to be quietly incorporating its recommendations into campus life at Evergreen—while Bridges began a search for what seemed to be exactly the plenipotentiary "Vice President/Vice Provost for Equity and Inclusion" that the council had recommended.

One member of the council was Rashida Love, director of Evergreen's First Peoples Multicultural Advising Services office, which offers support to minority students. In March 2017, Love announced at an Evergreen faculty meeting that there were going to be drastic changes to the annual Day of Absence (scheduled for April 12), an Evergreen tradition

VIA YOUTUBE

dating to the 1970s, when ethnic-minority professors, students, and employees remained off-campus for a day in order to remind the white majority how crucial their presence was to the college's operation. The Day of Absence



A tweet by Bret Weinstein showing an Instagram photo attributed to Evergreen campus activists

had been inspired by a 1965 play of that name by Douglas Turner Ward in which blacks absented themselves from a town whose whites subsequently discovered how much they depended on the blacks' services. A Day of Presence (scheduled for April 14 this year) typically followed the Day of Absence, marked by workshops and other events focused on race relations.

This year, however, Love informed the professors, it would be whites who would be "encouraged" (as it was reported) to stay off campus on the Day of Absence while "people of color" held their own "community-building" workshops at various campus venues (there would be no classes that day). Whites were free to attend an off-campus day-long consciousness-raising event of their own, with this ironic touch: They had to bring their own "potluck" lunches to the function, while the people of color on campus received a lunch provided by the college.

On March 15 Weinstein shot off a polite but strongly

worded email to Love in which he pointed out that although she and the First Peoples office had used the language of "choices" in setting the new Day of Absence policy, "encouraging" whites to stay away—in contrast to the past practice in which minorities had voluntarily absented themselves—amounted to a "show of force, an act of oppression in and of itself." He added: "You may take this letter as a formal protest of this year's structure, and you may assume that I will be on campus on the Day of Absence. . . . On a college campus, one's right to speak—or to be—must never be based on skin color."

Meanwhile there had been a series of low-level student disruptions at Evergreen from the very beginning of the 2016-2017 academic year. Those protests apparently stemmed from minority students' long-simmering dissatisfaction with the way they believed Evergreen was treating them—dissatisfaction that stretched back even to the African-American Purce's presidency. The faculty's refusal to undergo mandatory equity training rankled in particular. One Evergreen student told *Olympian* columnist Mark Driscoll: "There has been meeting after meeting with the administration. For years students of color, trans and queer students and other minorities have been asking, then demanding, for mandatory equity training for staff and faculty. . . . What you are seeing is months and years of being ignored." Alleged biased treatment by the campus police seemed to be another sore point.

At Evergreen's opening convocation on September 21, 2016, two students seized the stage carrying a sign that said, "Evergreen cashes diversity checks but doesn't care about blacks." On January 11, 2017, the same two students plus several others armed with noisemakers interrupted the swearing-in of new campus police chief Stacy Brown, seized the microphone from another campus official, and began chanting, "F— cops!" The two students were investigated and possibly disciplined.

But what seems to have triggered the most recent fracas was a May 10 post on Evergreen's Class of 2020 Facebook page by a black student at Evergreen who goes only by the name Jamil. Jamil's post called for "PoC" (people of color) to sign up for a year-long class program titled "Mediaworks: Re/Presenting Power and Difference" so as to make the program "majority Black/Brown." Another student, Kai-Avé Douvia, who called himself a "person of color" but who is not black, accused Jamil of reverse racism and put up his own post substituting the word "white" for "PoC" and "black/brown." Several days of vociferous student debate and back-and-forth charges of racism ensued, culminating on the night of May 14 in a confrontation between Douvia and Jamil, who was accompanied by another black student, Timeko Williams Jr. Douvia called the campus police afterwards to say that he felt "unsafe," and the police detained

VIA TWITTER

Jamil and Williams for questioning for several hours before releasing the two early on the morning of May 15.

This led a group of students to call for the firing of Brown, the police chief, and to send a news release to the *Olympian* complaining that “black trans disabled students” were being harassed by campus police. They also broke into an interview with a candidate for the newly formed equity and diversity position to voice their opinions about racism at Evergreen. On May 18, Wendy Endress, Evergreen’s vice president of student affairs, issued an email inviting students to a “conversation” about the recent events to be hosted on May 19 by George Bridges. The protesters organized a boycott of the meeting, sending out a press release stating: “We have already voiced our experiences over this year and Wendy and George have made it obvious they don’t care about how recent events are affecting the student body. They are making an effort to diminish our voices and take control of a situation they refused to acknowledge until it began to tarnish their reputation.”

How Weinstein, whose email objecting to the Day of Absence was already more than two months into the past, became the chief target of the students four days later can be only a matter of conjecture

(emails to Bridges and Evergreen spokesman Zach Powers went unanswered). A video posted on YouTube and elsewhere that seems to have been made at 3:40 P.M. on May 23—hours after Weinstein’s class had been invaded—shows an enraged Naima Lowe, a black professor of film studies and a member of the Equity and Inclusion Council, hurling F-bombs, defending the protesters, and telling some puzzled-looking white faculty members huddling outside the library that the campus unrest was their own fault for ignoring the council’s recommendations. “This is about THEIR needs!” Lowe yells. “And that Equity Council handed you—handed you—a way to do this EASILY!”

Bret Weinstein’s brother Eric, a Harvard-Ph.D. mathematician who is managing director of Thiel Capital, posted on his Twitter account a Facebook post purportedly from Lowe asking: “Could some white women at Evergreen come and collect [Bret Weinstein’s wife and Evergreen anthropology professor] Heather Heying’s racist a—.”

By the time 5 P.M., Friday, May 26, rolled around—the deadline the angry students had given to President Bridges—the protesters had broadened their chant to “Hey hey! Ho ho! These racist teachers have got to go!” and put together an additional list of candidates for firing by Evergreen. A meeting took place in the campus’s Longhouse,

Meet Small Business Owners Who Depend on Trade

THOMAS J. DONOHUE
PRESIDENT AND CEO
U.S. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

As the debate over trade continues to unfold, many small businesses around the country are watching with keen interest—their success depends on the outcome. Too often trade is thought of as an issue for large multinational companies, but, in reality, 98% of U.S. exporters are small and medium-size businesses. To help tell their stories, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce recently launched a new multimedia campaign called Faces of Trade.

The campaign tells the stories of businesses like Auburn Leather Company, based in Auburn, Kentucky. As a leader in the production of leather shoelaces, Auburn Leather sells its products all over the world. It employs 77 people, and about 90% of those jobs depend on exports. Ida Elliott, vice president of business development, says, “Without our

ability to trade and sell products to overseas markets, the company would not have grown or survived.”

For many small and midsize companies, import tariffs imposed by foreign countries top the list of trade concerns. For example, ice cream maker Dippin’ Dots has faced tariffs ranging from 15% all the way up to 65% in some countries. “We have missed out on many markets internationally because we are not able to afford to do business with countries if their import duties are over 30%,” says Stan Jones, vice president of operations.

Another example is DeFeet, a small North Carolina sock maker that exports to 43 nations around the world. “Ever since we took our business international, we have grown exponentially and our sales continue to grow every day,” says founder Shane Cooper. But these benefits are being slowed by high barriers to entry in some of the countries DeFeet exports to. “We need Washington to

support a robust trade agenda so we can continue to grow,” Cooper says.

The debate over what that agenda should look like is ramping up. After a monthslong wait, the Trump administration’s U.S. Trade Representative, Robert Lighthizer, has finally been confirmed by the Senate. The administration has notified Congress of its intent to modernize NAFTA, kicking off a 90-day consultation period before negotiations officially begin. As we work with our leaders on NAFTA and other trade priorities, the Chamber is making sure we hear from Cooper and others in the business community.

The Chamber’s Faces of Trade campaign, launched last week, began by profiling 12 small and medium-size businesses and will continue to feature new companies on an ongoing basis. To read the stories and watch the videos, visit TradeWorksforUS.com.



Learn more at
uschamber.com/abovethefold.

a handsome wooden “cultural center” surrounded by forest and bedecked with indigenous art that is Evergreen’s nod to the days when cis-het white men—and any other white people—were unknown in the Puget Sound region. The opening sentence of Bridges’s statement in response to the students’ demands set the tone and the tenor for everything that followed:

“I’m George Bridges, I use he/him pronouns.”

What followed was Evergreen-predictable. Apologies to the Native Americans whose “land was stolen and on which the college stands”? Check. That “mandatory sensitivity and cultural competency training” for faculty? Check and check. “We commit to annual mandatory training for all faculty beginning in fall 2017,” Bridges said. And there was more: the creation of an “equity center.” A “Trans & Queer Center coordinator.” A “position that will support undocumented students.” And more free food, after the meeting adjourned at 6 P.M.

The students didn’t get everything they asked for. Bridges declined a demand for “the immediate disarming of police services and no expansion of police facilities or services at any point in the future”—although he did promise to implement “training” for the campus cops that would include “addressing anti-black racism, de-escalation, minimizing use of force, serving trans and queer students,” and so forth. Nor did Bridges accede to this: “We demand Bret Weinstein be suspended immediately without pay but all students receive full credit” (the “full credit” was a nice touch). Bridges’s refusal to fire him (or any other Evergreen employees targeted on the student list) may be cold comfort to Weinstein, however, because Bridges also declared there would be a “full investigation” of “any complaint of discrimination”—and such complaints look highly likely in the future. Dozens of Weinstein’s fellow faculty members at Evergreen have already signed an open letter asking the college to pursue a “disciplinary investigation against Bret Weinstein” simply for publicizing his predicament: “Weinstein has endangered faculty, staff, and students, making them targets of white supremacist backlash by promulgating misinformation in public emails, on national television, in news outlets, and on social media.”

The Evergreen protesters ought to have walked away grinning from ear to ear—although in fact some of them, obviously regarding Bridges as a prize pushover, were already agitating for more concessions, as well as needing him for failing to confiscate the cops’ guns as they had demanded. A few days later, according to a report from a faculty member, Evergreen administrators sent out email notices warning students and others about the likelihood of violent off-campus white supremacists fired up by the Weinstein controversy coming to campus. It was a warning that segued directly into the 911 call about an

armed campus intruder that closed down Evergreen from June 1-5. Some students started patrolling the campus with baseball bats, hunting for white supremacists and frightening other students fearful of reprisals because they hadn’t gone along with the earlier protests. Sharon Goodman, Evergreen’s director of residential and dining services, felt obliged to send around a memo on June 4 reminding the bat brigade that “the use of bats or similar instruments is not productive.”

But this was a revolution that was televised, and hundreds of thousands of people have viewed those videos. Even perennial ultra-liberals such as *New York Times* columnist Frank Bruni and *Huffington Post* contributor Matt Teitelbaum have been shocked at the spectacle of a professor held prisoner by students at his own college and taunted for racism for disagreeing with faculty colleagues. Evergreen State is already having trouble attracting students—and it might take a lesson from the University of Missouri, which is shutting down dorms and laying off staff in the wake of a 23 percent freshman enrollment decline after widely publicized student-protest belligerence in 2015. Rep. Matt Manweller, a Republican state legislator from rural eastern Washington, has already introduced a bill that would ratchet down taxpayer funding for Evergreen, essentially requiring it to privatize. The bill has little chance of passing in the Democratic-controlled state, but it’s an ominous sign.

The best perspective on Evergreen State might come from Jason Brennan, a philosophy professor at Georgetown University’s business school who previously taught at Brown, the “hippie school” of the Ivy League. In an email Brennan observed that “administrators have a financial incentive to impose ideological requirements and the like on faculty. Consider: Faculty and administrators have to compete with one another for power, prestige, status, and money. \$20 million spent on faculty is \$20 million not spent on administrators. Administrators can help win the battle for money and power by A) inviting external regulation and accreditation of faculty, B) imposing strict and overly broad speech, harassment, and ideological codes, and C) requiring faculty syllabi to fit administrators’ commitments. Thanks to these sorts of things, what we’re seeing now is an inversion. In the past, administrators were there to serve the faculty and students. But now administrators have far more power, and more and more faculty are there to serve the administration.”

Still, Brennan wrote: “In the late ’90s, we saw a wave of behavior like this: hyper-vigilant language policing, shouting down speakers, and the like. Remember the movie *PCU* making fun of it all? But there was a big public backlash, including from the liberal left, and it died down for a decade. Now there’s a resurgence, and there seems to be a backlash again.” ♦



Award-winning scones from 'The Great British Bake Off' appear on 'This Morning' (2017).

Let Them Eat Cake

Islands at sea unite over tea. BY SARA LODGE

Cake is having a moment. In fact, it has been a long moment, a golden hour in the slow oven of history. With an audience of 14 million—more than half the Brits watching TV at the time—*The Great British Bake Off*, launched in 2010, is the most popular television program of recent years. Indeed, it has become Britain's equivalent of the Super Bowl: a mixing bowl in which competitors vie to whip up chocolate, orange, and cardamom ganache, or mounds of gold-painted

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

physalis and crystallized rosebuds higher than the hairstyle of Madame de Pompadour. Friends bet on the outcome and gather for the final to hurl scones at the screen if their favorite falls at the final curdle.

Cake shops are expanding like the national waistline; you can tour London on a vintage red 1960s Routemaster "Afternoon Tea" bus while eating Victoria sponge. Icing has never been so hot: The Surrey School of Sugarcraft, which began offering classes in 2002, has moved from someone's dining room to shiny new premises where it teaches students how to fashion everything from fondant fuchsias to candy cobwebs. And the Clandestine Cake Club, founded by a Yorkshirewoman in 2010 with the idea of

encouraging groups where each member bakes a cake then joins the others at a "secret location" to eat them, boasts over 8,000 members, with chapters in Riyadh and Okinawa.

What is going on? Cake used to be a home affair, something beloved but no more inherently exciting than the family sofa: springy, comforting, solid. Now, it seems, it is a platform on which all manner of national and personal dramas can play out. Ever willing to undertake risky missions to apprise WEEKLY STANDARD readers of current trends, I hardened my arteries and set out to fork through the layers of ancient and recent history that lie beneath the British obsession with cake.

My first stop was a meeting of the Clandestine Cake Club in Cambridge,

REX FEATURES/AP

a picturesque university town usually associated with punting on the river and cycling with a stripy scarf dangling across the handlebars. I knew nothing about my fellow bakers. Our precise meeting place was emailed to us a couple of days before the event. As the day approached, I felt oddly like someone going to a Tupperware party that was also a blind date.

The undercover location turned out to be a function room in a pub in the town center. As secret trysts go, this was right up there with the thrill of meeting in Starbucks. But the company was intriguing: There were 11 of us, and we were all women, varying widely in age. Amongst us were a hospital doctor specializing in palliative care, a lecturer in 16th-century literature, a business owner who makes cakes for a living, and a couple of seniors.

My own cake had suffered in transit and resembled a mudslide following Hurricane Mocha. But more practiced club members had produced towering achievements: a Guinness cake with an Irish four-leaf clover dusted in cocoa on the top; a blueberry and amaretto cake; a piña colada cake stacked like a highball with pineapple and cocktail umbrellas; a strawberry and Pimms cake, and—inventively—a Lapsang Loaf, a tea bread where the dried fruit had previously been soaked in Lapsang Souchong, imparting a strange but compelling smoky incense flavor, like bacon eaten in a Chinese temple.

I chatted with Ros, the doctor, and Ruth, the lecturer. They were both very slim and attractive: You would not suspect either of having a serious cake habit. But they confessed that in addition to the CCC, they ran a private baking circle where friends gathered to make and consume themed cakes. They were also passionate viewers of *The Great British Bake Off*.

I asked if men ever came to the CCC. “Yes, occasionally,” they said. Anyone is welcome, but women predominate. I wondered aloud why cake was so central right now to British social life. Surely it hadn’t always been like this? “It’s about kindness,” they ruminated, “and celebrating British eccentricity. That’s the difference between the *Bake*

Off and programs like *The X Factor*: People on the *Bake Off* are nice.”

They emphasized that although it is a competition, the *Bake Off* isn’t cruel. Quirky entrants are encouraged: One woman built a gingerbread Tudor pub complete with lime-gelatin pool table; an aerospace engineer designed a piece of clockwork with pies shaped as cogs. If you are kooky, then say it with cake.

The *Bake Off* is more than a little kitchen kitsch. Saucy puns abound: The worst dismissal for the pastry round—“you’ve got a soggy bottom”—has become a national catchphrase. However, Ros and Ruth insisted, authenticity blooms in this hothouse of artifice: “British people often aren’t very good at cooking, but nobody buys packet mixes here. People really make cake. It comes from the heart.”

Certainly cake broke the ice(ing) with this group of women, who would otherwise not have met. By the end of the evening, we were falling about with laughter at a story of somebody’s mother-in-law who had accidentally gave her 3-year-old son a reindeer costume intended to be worn by a dog. I reflected that the CCC may be a new way to do a very old thing: host a kaffeeklatsch where anyone is welcome.

Women and cake have always been closely associated. Nicki Humble in *Cake: A Global History* notes that the roundness of cake is linked to annual cycles. For over a thousand years, the Chinese have eaten moon cakes as part of an autumn festival. The pagan Russians baked flat “sun cakes” to honor the returning sun in springtime. In every culture, women—with their own cycles of fertility—tend to be ritually linked to the making and distributing of cake.

Modern cakebaking began in the 16th century, when smaller private homes began to have walls sturdy enough to incorporate an oven without posing a fire risk, and when the raising power of beaten egg began to be widely understood. Making a “great cake” was still, however, an exhausting and expensive project: Eggs would be separated and hand-beaten for half an hour or more; sugar chipped from a large cone and crushed into granules; spices

ground; icing spread with a bundle of feathers. The lady of the manor would be justly proud of this skill set. While French aristocrats preferred to employ pastry cooks—who, after the revolution, became restaurateurs—Britain retained the habit of admiring cake-making as a domestic art appropriate to a high-born lady. The French still buy their cakes. The British still make them at home.

However, there is also a long British tradition of cake being created chiefly for display. The tierful race to the top for British brides was begun by Queen Victoria’s daughter, the Princess Royal, in 1858. Her wedding cake was nearly seven feet high. Only the bottom layer was actually cake. The rest was sugar-work: “domes and crowns, plinths and niches, statues and plaques.” Ordinary people had no access to the kind of sugar-sculptor capable of chiseling this rococo cascade. So they resorted to the now-familiar stack of cakes. Professor Humble notes that many of the most famous cakes in British literature remain uneaten. They often represent social climbing, or what cannot be had.

To assess the latest pipedreams in sugarcraft, I visited Cake International, an event held at Alexandra Palace in London: a vast, shabby, glass-domed Victorian exhibition space in which the faded palm trees look small. Although there are specialist stalls selling everything from gold sugar gravel to cookie cutters shaped as trombones and stilettos, Cake International is chiefly a showcase for hundreds of cake decorators who compete to produce works that are more jaw-dropping than mouth-watering. Many of the creations looked more likely to take a bite out of me than I was to take a bite out of them. There were cacti cupcakes that really *did* look as if they had come from a desert rather than a dessert. There was a severed-head cake dripping sugar gore, and a horribly realistic set of intestines, vertebrae, and pulled teeth. There was a raccoon, a unicorn, a fishmonger’s slab with salmon and a lobster on it, a life-sized ballet dancer (Anna Pavlova?)—all cake.

Most visitors were just wandering around gawping. “Can you believe

that?" a woman next to me breathed when she saw a cake depicting a bronze statue of a drunk on a bench surrounded by pigeons. Weirdly, there was no cake available to eat, just pizza or salad. I felt hungry and frustrated. Then I reflected that in order to win next year, I had only to invent a method of making sugar rhinestones and construct a life-sized Liberace cake with a grand piano covered in mirror tiles reflecting a Venetian sunset. Easy.

Christine Flinn, a Master Royal Icer with an exhibition at the event, explained to me that icing had peaks and troughs, and we were entering a trough. This was for the best because icing was, ultimately, not for the shallow. It was an architectural art. Flinn's own creations bear out this assertion: She can construct a sugar gazebo or a hammock out of strands of icing no thicker than the filament of a toothbrush. ("I can float things," she confided.)

On the Christmas cake of my childhood, thick white royal icing set so hard that it resembled enamel: Dentures were routinely lost in it. Flinn assured me that this is *not* what royal icing is supposed to be like: "Firm but yielding," she said emphatically, "with a pleasant bite." I looked into her face and felt the admiration of a child for a strict but caring nanny.

Seeing so much incredible but inedible cake left me determined to start baking when I got home. I tried an 18th-century recipe for pepper cake made by William Wordsworth's family and reprinted in the National Trust's *Cakes, Bakes and Biscuits* (2016). It contained ground black pepper, cloves, ginger, candied peel, and treacle alongside the usual raisins, currants, flour, butter, and eggs. The result was dense: something to keep you going through a long ride on the roof of a bumpy stagecoach over Westmorland hills in the rain.

But the smell in the kitchen while it was baking was sublime. It brought back memories of my mother, who died last year, and also my grandmother's kitchen: warm and fragrant. One doesn't have to be Proust to have cake-memories that run deep. Most of us can recall a birthday cake from child-

hood. Cake is to bread what champagne is to wine: Its buoyancy celebrates rising years and raised spirits. It counters the pinch of austerity with the promise of abundance.

John Tenniel illustrated Lewis Carroll's *Alice Through the Looking Glass* (1872) with a thinly disguised political cartoon featuring cake. In it a decrepit Lion (William Gladstone, the Liberal prime minister) and a pompous Unicorn (Benjamin Disraeli, the Conservative leader) are fighting over a plum cake, which represents Great Britain. It is a striking, if absurd, image of a nation whose union is always threatened with the possibility of crumbling. Back then, it was Ireland that was intent on leaving; more recently it has been Scotland. Disagreement about the future of the United Kingdom has

rarely been so visible as during the first decades of this millennium.

If cake is an emblem of the United Kingdom, it makes sense that it is now so hotly contested. The symbolic stakes are high. The final of 2016's *Great British Bake Off* ordered lavish royal picnics to be baked in a tent strung with Union Jacks, where strawberries, blueberries, and whipped cream echoed the national colors. Outside, pastoral scenes of waving wildflowers and safely grazing sheep promoted an idyll to match the inner world of 1950s-style sausage rolls, meringue crowns, and smoothly cohesive layer-cakes.

Will the sponge always rise for the British Empire? Probably, yes. At a time of uncertainty and division, cake for tea is the one thing on which we all agree. ♦



Remember Malmedy

The truth, and untruth, of a German atrocity.

BY GABRIEL SCHOENFELD

In a horrific war in which millions perished, the massacre at Malmedy does not figure large. In the history of fake news, however, it is a landmark deserving of recognition.

On December 17, 1944, as Hitler made his last stab in the Battle of the Bulge, 84 American soldiers were captured and slaughtered. The perpetrators were members of the 1st SS Panzer Division, a combat unit belonging to the Waffen SS, an especially vicious force integral to the Nazi campaign of genocide. Some 43 Americans crawled away from the carnage, made it back to American lines, and told their horrific story of machine-gun spray followed by German soldiers shooting their wounded comrades point-blank in a field in Belgium near the village of Malmedy.

Gabriel Schoenfeld, a columnist for USA Today, is the author of, among other books, The Return of Anti-Semitism.

The Malmedy Massacre
The War Crimes Trial Controversy
by Steven P. Remy
Harvard, 352 pp., \$29.95

The basic facts of the massacre are not in question. The aftermath, however, has been the source of intense dispute, set out in close detail by the historian Steven P. Remy.

In the months after Germany's surrender, American occupation forces managed to apprehend approximately a thousand soldiers and officers belonging to the responsible SS unit. They were incarcerated in a facility near Stuttgart and subjected to interrogation. The interrogators came from Camp Ritchie in Maryland, where, beginning in 1942, combat intelligence officers had been trained. Given the demand for fluent German speakers,

it was natural that many of them were Jewish refugees from Germany.

It was these interrogators who, by May 1946, had assembled enough evidence for prosecutors to put 74 SS men on trial before an American military tribunal standing in Dachau. The Army appointed a certain Col. Willis Everett as chief defense counsel. In civilian life an attorney from Atlanta, with no previous trial experience, Everett reluctantly set out to do his best. As he interviewed the defendants, he began to hear stories of physical abuse at the hands of American interrogators. Everett attempted to employ the stories in the proceeding to discredit confessions, maintaining that they had been coerced. The effort failed: All the SS men were convicted, with 22 getting life imprisonment and 43 sentenced to death.

But that was not the end of the matter. Almost immediately, a campaign to overturn the verdict began to take shape in both Germany and the United States. The constituency in postwar Germany was obvious enough: Innumerable unpunished mid-level Nazis and Nazi sympathizers were roaming free, including various Christian clerics who lent their prestige to the cause.

The story in the United States was more complicated, and Willis Everett was a central player. Drawing on personal correspondence, Remy shows that Everett had come to regard the Allied occupation of Germany as “corrupt and misguided.” Worse, his sympathies “lay not with the victims of Nazi Germany but with Germans—including former Nazis—victimized, in his mind, by ignominious defeat and a vengeance-filled occupation.” Everett’s fervor was fueled by a prejudice not uncommon at the time, believing that American military justice had been “subverted by vengeance-seeking Jews,” i.e., the interrogators from Fort Ritchie.

In his anti-Semitism, as Remy shows, Everett was swimming in a broader current. Warren Magee, the American defense counsel for the last seven Nazi war criminals condemned to death at Nuremberg, regarded the Allied war-crime trials as “Mosaic” justice. “We all

know Jews suffered much under Hitler,” Magee wrote in an analysis prepared for Pope Pius XII. “We also know,” he continued,

that Christian tenets of “humility, and charity which, together with the Church, have their source in the Heart of Christ” have no real place in the hearts of many Jews. . . . With persecuted Jews in the background directing the proceedings, the trials cannot be maintained in an objectivity aloof from vindictiveness, personal grievances, and racial desires for revenge.



Malmedy, December 17, 1944

As Everett and like-minded personages floated their accounts of German prisoners subjected to physical abuse, stories began to appear in various quarters of the American press. On the left, the *Christian Century* reported that American interrogators had employed “torture, both physical and mental,” so cruel “as even the Nazi sadists never surpassed.” The *Progressive* regaled its liberal readers with tales of “American Atrocities in Germany,” as one of its articles was titled. On the right, Regnery published Freda Utley’s *The High Cost of Vengeance: How Our German Policy Is Leading Us to Bankruptcy and War* (1949). One of the book’s thrusts was to liken the depredations of American interrogators—those, in particular, with Jewish surnames like Kirschbaum and Metzger—to the crimes of Heinrich Himmler, Martin Bormann, “and other Nazi bullies.”

It did not take long for the story to seep into the mainstream media and central institutions. *Time* hailed Ever-

ett for revealing abuses that “read like a record of Nazi atrocities.” In the House, Rep. John Rankin (D-Miss.) declared that “a racial minority” was hanging not only German soldiers but also “trying to hang German businessmen, in the name of the United States.” In the Senate, Joseph McCarthy, then a freshman, explained that the American interrogators from Fort Ritchie “did intensely hate the German people as a race.” They were, he said, “men whose wives were in concentration camps,” operating as a “vengeance team.”

The problem with all of this is that the allegations of abuse were false. Remy meticulously pursues the origins of the torture reports to a coordinated campaign devised by the SS defendants themselves while awaiting trial. He also reviews the numerous official inquiries prompted by Everett’s insistent accusations, all of which turned up nothing resembling torture or any other form of illicit coercion. Colonel Everett’s claim that the defendants “were given severe and frequent beatings and other corporal punishments” was based upon no evidence other than the statements of the SS men themselves. There had been no physical abuse. It was all a tissue of lies, tinged with anti-Semitism. Those accusing the Jews of operating on the basis of racial hatred were themselves driven by that base force.

Truth always prevails, goes the saying. It did not prevail in this case; instead, the fake news won. One of Remy’s contributions is to demonstrate that more than a few reputable historians of World War II have failed to do their spadework and accepted a pernicious myth as fact. He does not shrink from naming names and citing chapter and verse.

Far more important, justice was not done. By 1957, all the SS murderers behind the Malmedy massacre were set free. None of the death sentences was carried out. The only retribution for the murder of American servicemen came decades later in less-than-perfect form: Joachim Peiper, the ranking SS officer responsible for the atrocity, was assassinated in 1976 by unknown assailants believed to be former members of the French Resistance. ♦

State of the City

*There's no place quite like Singapore.
But for how long?* BY ROBERT WHITCOMB



In mourning for Lee Kuan Yew (2015)

Central to the rise of the island of Singapore as one of the world's most important cities are its location on one of the planet's most important waterways and crossroads and its potent mix of the behavioral values of two cultures—British and overseas Chinese.

There's no other place quite like Singapore, which goes back hundreds of years to a once-prosperous city called Temasek that essentially disappeared. Singapore's long colonial status started in 1819—when it was founded by Sir Stamford Raffles as a British trading post—and ended in 1963, when Singapore briefly merged with Malaya, only to anxiously turn into an independent city-state in 1965 when it became clear that a Malay marriage with a city dominated by overseas Chinese was doomed.

Robert Whitcomb is a partner in a health-care-sector consultancy and editor of NewEnglandDiary.com.

Singapore
Unlikely Power
by John Curtis Perry
Oxford, 360 pp., \$29.95

But then, Singapore has always been a site of grand reinventions, some gradual and some fast. And John Curtis Perry, emeritus professor of history at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts, provides a (usually) engaging history of this complicated place. Most important for us, he explains cogently why Singapore has become so successful. And he works in some glamour and romance, too, about a place that people of a certain age still see as “exotic,” like something from a Somerset Maugham story.

Being part of the British Empire, which was held together by the Royal Navy and British commerce (based on free trade), was essential to Singapore's 19th-century development. It wove

Singapore into an international system that swiftly made it into a major entrepôt and gave the rapidly growing city stable, competent, and fair government that promoted prosperity:

Thanks to . . . its strategic location between India and China, and a commitment to free flows of goods and people, the settlement . . . proved an instant success as a gateway and place of exchange.

Singapore was very profitably linked to two powerful networks: “Regional in the case of the Chinese, global in the case of the British. . . . Trade linked the small world of Anglo-Chinese Singapore to the globe. . . . How pleased [Raffles] would have been to see contemporary Singapore's embrace of much of British tradition,” Perry writes. But Chinese entrepreneurialism, which has always included large doses of risk-taking leavened with self-discipline, including the willingness to delay gratification in order to save and invest, was also crucial: “British dominion over the seas provided the foundation,” Perry explains. “But upon this foundation stood the sturdy Chinese middleman, with Straits-born Babas [so-called Straits Chinese] leading the way with their knowledge of English and their ability to connect with other Asians.”

A lot of Singapore's revenue was once derived from opium, although the place has been rigorously, sometimes even frighteningly, anti-drug since independence. While once having the reputation among Westerners as a den of iniquity, Singapore has long since been notoriously puritanical about certain behavior, perhaps most famously expressed in its ban on chewing gun and its use of caning to punish crimes such as vandalism.

The helmsman of its progress from poverty to wealth was Lee Kuan Yew (1923-2015), the most important person in Singapore from before independence, through the city's unhappy marriage with Malaya, and then in its gutsy decision to try to survive and prosper as a maritime-based city-state, recalling Venice and Genoa. Perry provides an engrossing analysis of what

NICKY LOH / BLOOMBERG / GETTY IMAGES

drove this intensely ambitious, brilliant, ascetic, and authoritarian ruler as he and his colleagues made Singapore into a major world city, first as a port/supply center, then as a manufacturing hub, now as a technological dynamo as well. As he led his crowded jurisdiction as prime minister (1965-90), and then continuing as Singapore's dominant figure until his death, Lee kept driving his people to work hard, be clean, be honest, restrain their desires, and plan for decades ahead. Don't get soft in this dangerous world, he warned: Be anxious!

(I know quite a few people who worked in Singapore, and a couple of them wrote for me when I was finance editor of the *International Herald Tribune*, which had a bureau and printed in Singapore, and was sometimes censored. They either loved its cleanliness and order or hated the Big Brotherism that promoted those qualities. A cousin of mine, a merchant banker, couldn't wait to move out of "boring, stifling" Singapore and move to the messy, manic, raucous, and sometimes seamy life in Hong Kong, its big rival in the 1980s.)

Singapore's leaders worry a lot. They fear that the island could lose much business if, as has long been proposed, a canal is built across narrow southern Thailand, diverting much ship traffic from the Straits of Malacca. They worry that an oil pipeline might be laid across the Malay Peninsula, undermining Singapore's status as a huge petro port and refining center, and that new technologies will leave them behind. And as officials of an implausibly tiny, very vulnerable state, they're especially alert to political, social, and economic conditions in their often-unstable neighbors Malaysia (on which they depend for much of their fresh water) and Indonesia. Perry quotes the historian Ian Buruma on Singapore's existential tenseness: "It corresponds to a deep primordial fear of being swallowed up by the jungle, a fate that can only be avoided by being ever more perfect, ever more disciplined, always the best."

More accurate, perhaps, is Perry's point that leaders of the new nation,

"anxious to build a sense of identity, seized upon a notion of shared values, articulating and organizing them into a collective ethos, formally approved by Parliament." The ethos says that citizens "must defer to the needs of the community ... with consensus taking precedence over contention ... and individualism ... disparaged as selfishness. ... The prescribed ethic lauds hard work, frugality, and social discipline, with emphasis on the practical and the specific. ... Discipline is equated with being civilized."

The people of Singapore have mostly accepted its rigorous and honest autocracy/technocracy because it created such widely shared prosperity. And as Perry writes, the Singaporean government "is not tyrannous. Instead it is clearly dedicated to the ideal of popular welfare." Still, Singapore's recent move into the knowledge industry raises questions about how long

this new endeavor can flourish in an authoritarian state, especially one no longer led by Lee Kuan Yew.

Sir Stamford Raffles would have approved of Perry's remark that a marriage of convenience between "shrewd Chinese entrepreneurship and stable British colonial governance spawned Singapore's vitality [and] continues to nourish it today." I would add that this city-state provides strong lessons to other governments on how to maximize the welfare of their citizens—as long as you don't care much about real democracy. Which raises the question of whether Singapore's future leaders, assuming that they'll also be autocratic, will be as honest, competent, and public-spirited as Lee Kuan Yew—or his son Lee Hsien Loong, prime minister since 2004. If not, Singaporeans may finally demand major political change, and things may get messy in this hyper-orderly place. ♦



Irresistible Force

Love in the shadow of Israeli-Palestinian conflict.

BY DIANE SCHARPER

Dorit Rabinyan's latest novel chronicles nine months in the lives of Liat, an Israeli woman, and Hilmi, a Palestinian man. The two young adults come separately to New York to study and to make their fortunes. When they meet in the autumn of 2002, they fall immediately in love. But it isn't long before problems between them arise. Ironically, it's the problems that drive the story line and keep the narrative from becoming just another romance novel.

Growing up as an upper-middle-class Israeli, Liat knows little about the life of an average Palestinian like Hilmi. She naively thinks Hilmi's fam-

Diane Scharper teaches English at Towson University.

All the Rivers
by Dorit Rabinyan
translated by Jessica Cohen
Random House, 288 pp., \$27

ily comes from the upper-middle-class and has always lived in a good Hebron neighborhood. But then she finds out that in 1967, at the end of the Six Day War, they moved to a poorer section of Ramallah. No, he tells her, they did not *move*; they were forced out of their homes and sent to refugee camps. Only later did they come to Ramallah, where, even now, they struggle to survive.

Liat's own family is Jewish and had lived for centuries in Persia. They came to Israel just before World War II. Liat was born in Israel, the country that

occupies the land belonging to Hilmi's people. He learns that she served in the Israeli Defense Forces and asks whether she was one of the soldiers brutalizing Palestinian old people and children. No, she tells him: Everyone in Israel must serve in the army. She says she harmed no one and was a mere secretary working in an office far away from any military action.

She learns that he was put in jail—and immediately thinks he committed a major crime and wonders if he's dangerous, perhaps a terrorist. No, he tells her: He was just a kid and had spray-painted Arab words on an Israeli building. How could they put him in jail just for that, she wonders?

She hopes for a two-state solution to the Arab-Israeli conflict; he says that the land is too small to be divided and, therefore, wants assimilation. But Liat, despite her hopes for reconciliation, fears that Israel will be subsumed by Arabs. And so it goes in this novel. Everything about *All the Rivers* is political. Dorit Rabinyan is herself an Israeli and the character of Liat is based on her own experience. She dedicates the book to Hassan Hourani (1974-2003), a Palestinian writer and artist she met in New York. The character of Hilmi is based on Hourani.

When *All the Rivers* came out in Israel (as *Borderlife*) in 2014, it won the Bernstein Prize and became a bestseller among left-wing Israelis. It became even more popular when, last year, education minister Naftali Bennett banned it from the high-school curriculum because, he believed, its subject matter could promote assimilation and intermarriage between Jews and Arabs. Teenagers could buy the book or borrow it from the library, but he didn't want it included in the syllabus.

Bennett has a point—and besides, the subject of Israeli-Arab relations is covered in other works more suitable for young readers. But Rabinyan does a fine job telling her story. She shifts tenses from present to past, and shifts point of view, giving the novel a memoir-like quality. She also adds a sense of credibility by enmeshing her narrative in history and politics: Details propel the plot and add

suspense; she avoids sentimentality by moving everything at a fast clip.

Through Hilmi, Rabinyan makes points about our common humanity. Hilmi is obsessed by art: At one point he declares that in his relationship to art and life, "reality is imitating my imagination." He loves Liat but loves painting more. Early on, a gallery

owner admires his work and commissions 40 paintings, but Hilmi completes fewer than 10 by story's end. At first, Liat's and Hilmi's conflicts are solved in kiss-and-make-up fashion; but as *All the Rivers* progresses, and the intensity of their passion fades, their problems become darker and, as foreshadowing suggests, the darkness wins. ♦



Crosses to Bear

The limitations in the academic study of faith.

BY MAUREEN MULLARKEY

From its inception, Christianity has been known as the religion of the cross. Among Christians, the cross is a symbol of Christ's passion and its part in the economy of salvation. To non-Christians, it is what St. Paul termed it: a scandal and a folly. How did a token of degradation inflicted largely on slaves, violent criminals, and insurgents evolve into the purest symbol of Christian faith? What transformed an emblem of vile death and suffering into an exalted object and a prompt to great monuments of Western art? That metamorphosis, enacted in theology and the arts, is interwoven with the history of Western civilization. Accordingly, the saga of this symbol, of its uses and reactions to it, from patristic times to the present, is essential. The telling of it requires rigor and breadth. A theologically complex subject with wide historical reach does not reduce easily to a pocket reference.

Nevertheless, *The Cross* offers itself as one. Without intending to, Robin M. Jensen concedes the difficulty of her task by relying conspicuously on the work of Richard Viladesau, a systematic theologian recognized in the rising field of theological aesthetics. His themes, narrative structure, and wealth

Maureen Mullarkey is a senior contributor to the *Federalist* and keeps the weblog *Studio Matters*.

The Cross
History, Art, and Controversy
by Robin M. Jensen
Harvard, 280 pp., \$35

of citations point Jensen's way through her own excursion on the place of the cross in Western culture and the life of faith. *The Cross* is an accessible variant of a distinguished theologian's refined reprise of his own work.

Let me explain.

Theology does not rank on best-seller lists. However much lip service is paid, the subject remains a specialty among academics intent on making a vocation of it. Career channels broadened after the Swiss Catholic theologian Hans Urs von Balthasar published his influential seven-volume *The Glory of the Lord: A Theological Aesthetic* in the 1960s. Eight more volumes followed over the next 20 years. Since then, theological aesthetics has grown into a cottage industry within the larger discipline. Younger theologians compete to advance the field and grant pride of place to its particular perspective: that an encounter with beauty is analogous to an encounter with God.

Viladesau's *Theological Aesthetics: God in Imagination, Beauty, & Art* (1999) was addressed to the guild. To make the abundance of his subject available

to a general audience, he streamlined that earlier work into *The Beauty of the Cross: The Passion of Christ in Theology and the Arts from the Catacombs to the Eve of the Renaissance* (2005). A few years later he published a sequel, *The Triumph of the Cross*, which carried the theme through the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation.

Jensen follows Viladesau's sources, adds others, and mirrors his alignment of theological motifs with corresponding expressions in visual and literary arts. It is a valid path, one that her predecessor anticipated and welcomed, even suggesting "further lines of thought" to lay readers and fellow scholars alike. But there is a problem: Viladesau enjoys remarkable command of the pertinent literature—philosophical as well as theological—plus a keen and supple intimacy with the range of arts that support his arguments. He is the equal of his sources; Jensen, less so.

The result is a drive-thru history of the cross from Golgotha to the Ku Klux Klan. The itinerary spins through art history, church history, archeology, anthropology, art appreciation, the Koran, literature, hymnology, devotional practices, pre-Columbian designs, Wikipedia entries, and contemporary iconography with feminist, ethnic, and social justice memes. It decelerates in front of Andres Serrano's 1987 provocation *Piss Christ* and reference to crosses made of cigarettes or chocolate, with no attempt to weigh the stuff against the claims of art. Or of faith.

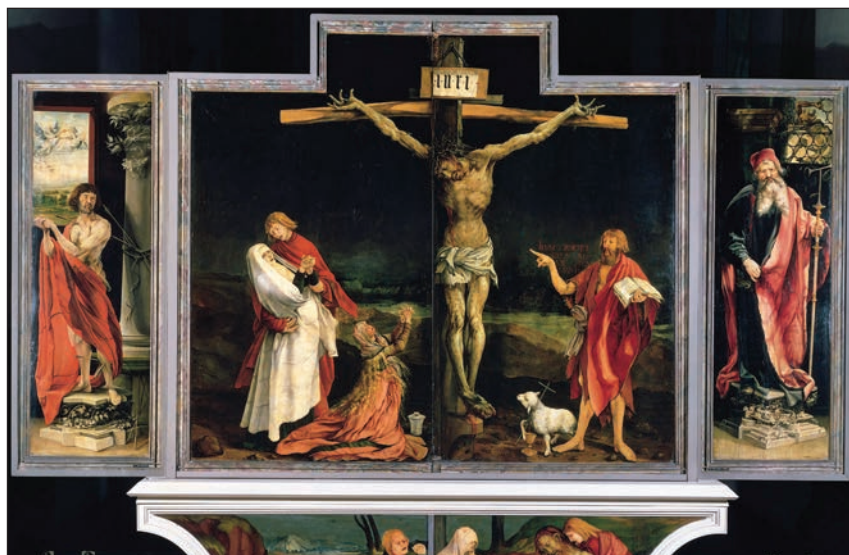
Jensen opens where Viladesau does, with a glance at the purpose and grim perfections of these calculated crucifixions common in the ancient world. She seizes the same 2nd-century graffito from the Palatine Museum to illustrate Roman disdain for this new *religio crucis*. Called the Alexamenos graffito, it shows a crudely drawn crucified man with the head of an ass accompanied by the inscription "Alexamenos worships his god."

Viladesau breathes life into the ancient cartoon to revive the spirit of its making:

It is the earliest known pictorial representation of the crucifixion

of Christ and of his adoration as divine. In a city so full of the triumphant monuments of Christianity, there is something strangely moving in finding this first visual testimony to the Christian faith amidst the fragments of daily life of pagan Rome; and even more so in finding it in this rude sketch, probably drawn by a palace page with cruel schoolboy humor to mock the faith of a fellow slave.

sen's summary conforms to the half-knowledge of popular culture and academic fashion. The indiscriminate slaughter and historic suffering of Christians—and Jews—under Islam is off the table. The book offers no challenge to the reigning tropes that identify the totality of the Crusades with their excesses (as they appear in retrospect) in an age of siege warfare.



Matthias Grünewald's 'Isenheim Altarpiece' (1512-16)

By contrast, Jensen's description comes in the tones of a service manual:

This graffito has traditionally been interpreted as a pagan caricature intended to mock the Christian worship of a crucified deity. It also corresponds to evidence that Jews and Christians were accused of worshipping the head of an ass or a donkey god.

That tonal indifference carries throughout. Jensen's predecessor crafts an argument for engaging Christian tradition in terms of the art it generated; Jensen plucks allusions from scholarly monographs to fit the handbook topic. Two theologians in possession of the same material could not be more contrary in their capacity to quicken the responses of thoughtful readers.

Attractively illustrated, *The Cross* looks better than it reads. As history, it miscarries: Its approach to the Crusades, one of the most misunderstood movements in history, is a mortal defect. The timbre of Jen-

The movement's defining features were penitential and defensive. Yet *The Cross* accepts the popular view of them as inherently anti-Semitic. Thus, the cross has become "a symbol for military conquest abroad and persecution of Jews and other non-Christians at home." It is "an emblem of oppression and violence." Jensen's Crusades-in-a-nutshell crumple into an example of "the long history of Christian anti-Jewish actions."

The Cross turns upside-down centuries of Islamic efforts to colonize the West. Jensen allows that Muslims "may" view the cross as a symbol of Christian aggression. She is tentative about affirming without ambivalence that, whatever else they were, the uniquely medieval Crusades were protective in purpose.

Most significantly, the Crusades were unsuccessful. Consequently, they were irrelevant to Muslims until the collapse of the Ottoman Empire. Thomas Madden was in sync with

other recent historians when he wrote that “the Crusades were virtually unknown in the Muslim world even a century ago. . . . In the grand sweep of Islamic history the Crusades simply did not matter.” They did not matter, that is, until they became useful to 20th-century nationalists and Islamists, who used them to bludgeon Israel and the West.

Contests between the bare cross and the crucifix (with its corpus) cut to the bone of theological dispute during the Reformation, the convulsion that marked the end of medieval Christendom. Idolatry and iconoclasm, the veneration of saints and relics, were—literally—burning issues. Jensen’s précis of the conflicts makes an efficient companion to her sources, as does her outline of the transfer of the power of images from the Roman Catholic emphasis on the visual to the Protestant preference for hymnody. Still, handbook concision

works against the scale and heat of the most theologically and liturgically consequential era in Christian history.

All truly sacred art implies a collective sensibility. Richard Viladesau held open a door to religious kitsch for the single reason that it could express a shared cultural language. He had in mind such things as those sentimental products of Saint-Sulpicien piety cherished by Thérèse of Lisieux in her day. He was not referring to our contemporary sequence of nihilisms that bend the cross to the service of puerile provocation or identity politics. Jensen fumbles the distinction.

The Cross reads best where the author sticks close to her points of supply. But with no guide to the contemporary landscape, Jensen founders. Here was an opportunity to determine distinctions between crosses made for liturgical uses and those baited for profane, primarily political, ends. Instead, several ethnic and feminist cruciform statements earn mention while divorced from any stance on vulgarity or gratuitous profanity. Of Andres Serrano’s attention-grabbing crucifix in urine there is this:



Memorial to Sewanee dead of World War I, University of the South (1940)

Some viewers regarded Serrano’s work as a powerful—even sacramental—allusion to the life-giving and death-dealing aspects of human bodily fluids, especially at the height of the AIDS crisis in the United States. Others, including Senator Jesse Helms . . . called it abhorrent and sickening, and used the storm of indignation to challenge taxpayer support for artists.

A retrospective shot at Jesse Helms is safer than risking a purposeful opinion on the nature of sacred art or an aesthetic appraisal of the wasteland under foot. Jensen’s uncommitted glance is carefully divorced from any standpoint beyond a tepid dodge:

The cross will continue to project significant valence, both positive and negative depending on where or when it turns up, how it is used, what it looks like, and who sees it.

The most significant 20th-century controversy over a cross, however, was not local clamor over *Piss Christ*. It was the virulent polemics, reaching to the Vatican, over Germaine Richier’s bronze *Crucifix*, cast for the altar

of the Church of Notre-Dame de Toute Grâce at Assy. It is reasonable to expect mention of it, given its prominence within the scope of Jensen’s subject. Yet it is missing.

The church of Assy was a renowned mid-century experiment by the Dominican-led Sacred Art Movement, based in France, to reconcile religious imagination with modern art. Richier’s crucifix, a hallucinatory scream of pain, prompted Pope Pius XII’s 1950 exhortation *Menti nostrae*, which took aim at “works which astonishingly deform art and yet pretend to be Christian.” The Dominicans were pressured to remove the crucifix from the altar. Calls were made for an Index of modern art. Journalists around the world covered the disputes.

At stake in the contention was modernity’s capacity to enlarge Christian iconography. The church’s capacity to enkindle

a renewal of sacred art was also in play. So were questions about the role of faith in the creation of religious art. (Richier was an atheist.)

Richier’s *Crucifix* created a tempest from which the cross as a work of art has not yet recovered, whether created for liturgical use or not. The paintings of Stanley Spencer (*Crucifixion*, 1921) and Max Beckmann (*Crucifixion*, 1909); Graham Sutherland’s series of crucifixions from the mid-1940s; the bas reliefs of Giacomo Manzù—these and others merit attention in any serious overview of the cross in the modern era. But feminist angst over patriarchal values and the cross’s possible contribution to abuse of women fit more readily into Jensen’s reach for contemporary relevance. She erases from memory 20th-century expressions of a crucifixion that might stir modern souls.

In the end, much comes down to sensibility no less than remembrance. In all academic work, there is a difference between scholars who love their sources and those who simply collect them. In Augustine’s lovely phrasing, only the lover sings. ♦

ALFRED EISENSTADT / THE LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION / GETTY IMAGES

Comic Critics

Ideologues drain all the wonder from a popcorn flick.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

Wonder Woman is a superhero movie about a very attractive person who was fashioned out of clay. She resides on an island on which only women live. It is in the Mediterranean Sea but hidden behind a gigantic magical cloud. She leaves it and emerges into World War I-era Europe so that she can get into a big climactic fight with Ares, the Greek god of war.

In bygone days, such a plot would not be the cause of extended analysis and study, and the movie that contains it would be treated as it deserves to be treated—as a very watchable piece of junk. *Wonder Woman* is well-paced, well-done, and well-acted by its two ultraglam movie-star leads Gal Gadot and Chris Pine. Like all good superhero movies, *Wonder Woman* is best when it is funny and it's worst when two supernatural beings are hurling Jeeps at each other's indestructible magical bodies because they've evidently forgotten you can't kill an immortal with a car.

But you see, we live in a time when our chattering classes have collectively decided it is their sacred duty to suck the life and fun and joy and diversion out of just about everything in the name of a greater ideological purpose. This lowbrow ideological didacticism is scarier than *The Blair Witch Project*, more stomach-churning than *The Human Centipede*, and more dispiriting than *Crash*. And it pervades.

In this case, because *Wonder Woman* is about a woman, it must be treated not as a diverting entertainment but rather a treatise on the place and role and status of women—and

Wonder Woman
Directed by Patty Jenkins



be judged on how it fares in the transmission of an appropriate message. Some speak of it as though it is the present-day pop-cultural equivalent of the 19th Amendment, a breakthrough in the never-ending quest for gender egalitarianism.

Others are expressing their profound disappointment with the film's lack of ideological purpose.

Perhaps the most representative article to greet the film's release came from Jill Lepore, a garlanded Harvard professor who wrote a book a few years ago about Wonder Woman because that is what Harvard professors do now: "A lot of viewers will come to this film, as I did, after the most ordinary of days," she wrote, "punch-card-punching, office-meeting, kid-raising, news-watching days, days of seeing women being silenced, ignored, dismissed, threatened, undermined, underpaid, and underestimated, and, somehow, taking it."

Wow. I had no idea that life as the David Woods Kemper '41 Professor of American History at Harvard University and contributing writer to the *New Yorker* could be so dreadful! The horror of Lepore's day was brightened, in a somewhat shame-faced manner, by the film: "I am not proud that I found comfort in watching a woman in a golden tiara and thigh-high boots clobber hordes of terrible men. But I did." Mazel tov!

Alas for Lepore, she wanted more from this film than the beatings: "The new 'Wonder Woman' is set in

an extravagantly staged and costumed 1918, driven by an uninteresting plot about the Kaiser and chemical weapons; the film renders invisible—erases—the fights women waged a century ago for representation, contraception, and equality."

Lepore must be fun at parties.

Not to be outdone in the hot-take department by liberals, conservatives have taken up the cudgels as well—one even going so far as to discern a pro-life message in the fact that Gal Gadot, the star of *Wonder Woman*, was pregnant at the time the movie was being filmed and didn't have an abortion. I'd quote it but it wasn't by a Harvard professor.

There's an Adam Sandler movie called *Billy Madison* in which the title character is an aggressively uneducated man-boy forced to answer history questions in a game-show format. After one particularly bone-headed response, his poker-faced teacher (played by the great comedy writer James Downey) responds with a terrible calm born of the utmost despair: "What you just said is one of the most insanely idiotic things I have ever heard. At no point in your rambling, incoherent response were you even close to anything that could be considered a rational thought. Everyone in this room is now dumber for having listened to it. . . . May God have mercy on your soul."

Wonder Woman is a \$150 million production whose purpose is not to convey messages about feminism or abortion or the horrors of war. Its purpose is to earn a billion dollars and set up the next billion-dollar comic-book movie in its "universe" (that being *Justice League*, in which Wonder Woman will team up with Batman and Aquaman to fight alongside Juice-Cleanse Boy and Self-Righteous Harvard Professor Woman).

And that in turn will produce another dozen politicized takes, and those takes will render the people who write them, the people who read them, the people who argue over them, and the people who tweet about them less enlightened, less thoughtful, and considerably more stupid than they were before. ♦

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

"In truth, the agreement does not require any country to do anything; after the failure of the 1997 Kyoto Accord, the United Nations, which oversees climate change negotiations, decided that it simply did not have the authority to force a legally binding agreement."

—New York Times, June 1, 2017

PARODY

THE NEW YORK TIMES

any kind of measure.
So we were wrong. **WRONG.** That's right. So doesn't that make you happy?

DAY, JUNE 11, 2017

\$1.50 OR BEST OFFER

PARIS SIGNATORIES REVERT TO COAL, PETROCHEMS, ASBESTOS

'At least we didn't back out of the accords!'

By **KIMBERLY WELLS**

WASHINGTON — Nations around the world breathed a sigh of relief upon learning much of the Paris Agreement to fight climate change is unenforceable. It was a recent Times editorial that broke the news, revealing that "the agreement does not require any country to do anything." Still, world leaders were infuriated by President Donald Trump's decision to exit the agreement.

"The president is clearly a novice," said Nicolas Hulot, ecology minister of France. "I mean, doesn't he know the agreement is meaningless? After all—*zut alors*—it's the United Nations!" Hulot insisted, however, that France was nevertheless concerned about the environment. "In order to lower carbon dioxide levels, we're going to have a National Hold Your Breath Day," he said, before speeding off in his Bugatti Chiron, which he had accidentally left running for two hours.

In India, Prime Minister Narendra Modi told a press conference he was shocked by Trump's exit from the agreement. "Doesn't he worry about our future?" asked Modi, who then announced the construction of a nuclear power plant and radioactive waste dump along the Indus River. "We care about the future, which is why we have



Incinerators in Barcelona burn trash left from a meeting of world leaders who gathered June 9 to denounce the U.S. withdrawal from the Paris climate accords.

invested heavily in nuclear technology and careful disposal of waste. As long as we don't get a monsoon, we'll be fine."

"Apparently the Americans do not care about pollution," said Chinese president Xi Jinping at a ribbon-cutting ceremony in Beijing. Xi was standing in front of a newly built asbestos plant. (It is unclear what the facility does except belch out asbestos

from towering chimneys into the city air.)

Even Vladimir Putin chuckled at the Trump decision. "He needs to learn quickly—this climate talk is all window dressing," said the Russian president, as he prepared to cut a large ribbon at the grand reopening of the Chernobyl

Continued on Page A3

the weekly
Standard

JUNE 19, 2017