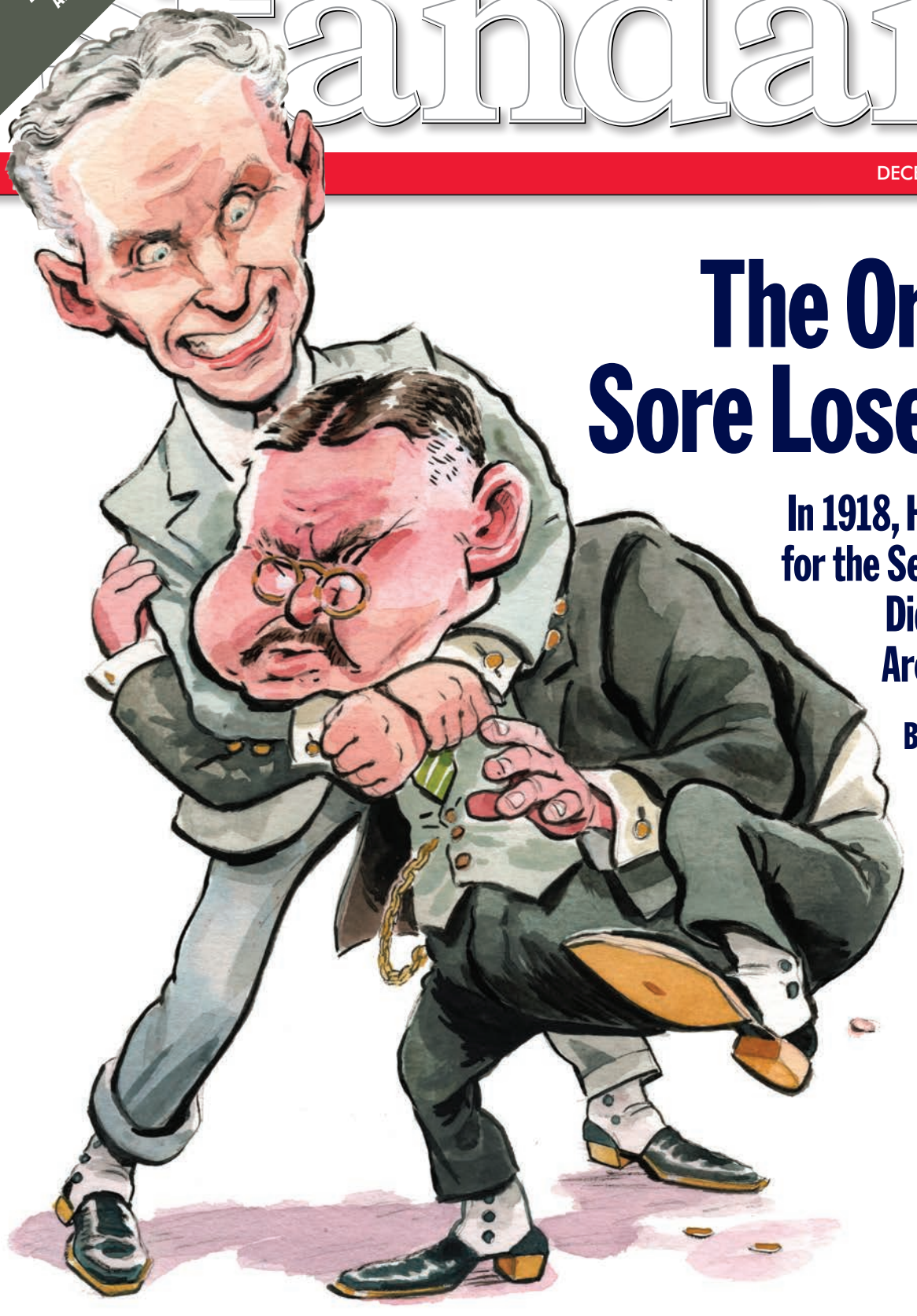
the weekly standard

DECEMBER 3, 2018 • $5.99

GARY HART AT THE MOVIES
ANDREW FERGUSON



The Original Sore Loserman

In 1918, Henry Ford ran for the Senate and lost. Did he concede? Are you kidding?

BY ERIC FELTEN

Contents

December 3, 2018 • Volume 24, Number 13

6


17

Articles

20

Features


40

Books & Arts

COVER BY BRITT SPENCER

Insensitive Nutcracker

The Christmas season has begun, and ballet companies across North America are blessing their towns and cities with performances of *The Nutcracker*. For The Scrapbook, it's the season's highlight.

But for many in that perpetually cranky collective known as "the arts community," alas, Tchaikovsky's great work has become yet another source of identitarian angst. Fans of ballet will know where this is going: the Chinese Tea scene, in which dancers typically wear Fu Manchu mustaches and rice-paddy hats and dance with pointy-finger movements and head bobbing. The New York City Ballet has modified its costumes and choreography, and the Balanchine Trust, which owns the rights to *George Balanchine's The Nutcracker*, has urged ballet companies using its version of the work to make appropriate changes. In essence: Make the dancers less stereotypically "Chinese."

This sort of thing has been happening for decades, of course, what with opera houses and theaters so heavily dependent on the great works of the 18th and 19th centuries. Often it's well intended, though some of the people who demand changes to allegedly insensitive works of art seem less interested in preventing unnecessary offense than in appearing virtuous in the eyes of their peers. But we live in an age of hypersensitivity about race and ethnicity, and if audiences are offended or made nervous by choreography and costumes that seem to mock a culture or a race, ballet companies are wise to change them.

OMG! And it's cultural appropriation to boot!

Even so, one suspects the people who fixate on these things are missing something crucial—not just about the relative importance of innocuous symbols and gestures but about the nature of artistic performance. Sometimes great art *requires* stereotype. Of course stereotype can be abused—the Frenchman with a beret and a baguette under his arm, the American Indian sitting cross-legged with a feather in his headband and saying "how"—although even in those cases, it's often unclear what the real harm is.

But ballet must convey everything by dance and costume and image, not by speech or singing. These wordless expressions must therefore exaggerate real-life characteristics. In *The Nutcracker*, especially, there is a magical quality in the exaggerated movements of the Chinamen with their tea and the Arabs with their coffee. The effect on audiences, especially on the young, is not to encourage bigotry or xenophobia but to enchant them with the strange beauty of the foreign.

If this flattening-out reinterpretation goes much further, audiences won't remember that these dancers are meant to be Chinese at all. All in the name of diversity. ♦

Toxic Waste of Space

Every year, the folks at Oxford Dictionaries announce a word of the year, and the word this year is *toxic*. "The Oxford Word of the Year," the release reads, "is a word or expression that is judged to reflect the ethos, mood, or preoccupations of the passing year, and have lasting potential as a term of cultural significance."

Toxic, meaning poisonous or extremely harmful to health, used to be applied exclusively to material things such as chemicals and gases. Now, and increasingly in our world of adversarial media and crotchety protests against everything, *toxic* gets attached to just about anything of which the speaker or writer disapproves. We now read of *toxic masculinity*, *toxic cultures*, *toxic environments*, and *toxic relationships*.

We enjoy discussions of words and meanings as much as anybody, but this word-of-the-year business has become tiresomely political of late. In 2016, when Oxford chose *post-truth* as its word of the year, evidently as a commentary on Donald Trump's habit of saying things that aren't true, we endured a week or two of hollow commentary about how the concept of truth was somehow in danger of obsolescence (as if poststructural literary theorists, beloved of the left, hadn't blazed that trail decades ago). This year, we expect, we'll be subjected to a round of articles and think-pieces about how our increasingly acrimonious politics have put the Anglophone world in a mood of existential fear, etc., etc.

What galls us about Oxford's word of the year, though, is that Oxford's lexicographers have spent the last half-century telling everybody that there is no authority in matters of usage and grammar. The dictionary's only role, in this latitudinarian and "descriptivist" way of thinking, is to tell us how

BOTTOM: PLAQUE, BIGSTOCK

words *are* used, not to tell us how they *should* be used. What right, then, does Oxford Dictionaries have to tell us that one word is the word of the year and not some other? And who was it at Oxford who made the decision? A committee? The announcement's passive-voice formulation—the winning word "is judged" to reflect the ethos of the passing year—makes it unclear. "Is judged" by whom?

We feel we have as much authority to name a word of the year as anybody at Oxford. Here's our choice: *clickbait*. ◆

'Safe Learning Environment'

A recent *Washington Post* report on the exploding market for school security equipment and services caught our attention. It's now a $2.7 billion industry, a figure that doesn't include the millions spent on armed campus security officers. Metal detectors, facial recognition software, pepperball guns (whatever those are), bulletproof whiteboards (don't ask), bulletproof backpacks, high-tech surveillance systems, private security guards, trauma kits, plans for active-shooter drills devised by security consultants—all peddled by firms eager for government contracts and purchased by schools eager to cover their posteriors with other people's money.

The only problem? No one has the slightest idea if any of it makes kids safer.

One thing we're fairly certain these expenditures do accomplish, though, is this: They fix everybody's attention on the prospect of school shootings—and make students, teachers, administrators, and parents immeasurably more anxious about gun violence at school than they would be otherwise. That's in addition to the obsessive coverage by national broadcast and print media for several weeks after each shooting event—the endless interviews with witnesses and family members, the search for the shooter's motives, the long press conferences with police chiefs and FBI officials, the acrimonious wrangling about whether laws could have prevented it, and on and on. It's enough to make you want to hide under your desk.

Everybody just keep calm

We therefore sympathize with Ajani Dartiguenave of Charlotte, North Carolina. When his school, Governor's Village STEM Academy, "received a rumor of a threat," as a spokesman later put it, school officials imposed an immediate lockdown that lasted about 35 minutes. The students, not unreasonably, assumed they were goners. "His friends were crying, and they thought they were going to die," Ajani's mother told reporters afterward. So distressed was the boy that he wrote a letter to his parents as if he thought he would never see them again: "Dear mom, right now I am scared to death. . . . I hope that you will be okay with me gone."

School officials found no evidence that the threat was credible but defended their decision to put the school on lockdown, since they "had to respond to even a hint of a threat to

BOTTOM: JOE RAEDLE / GETTY

best protect the students." "All efforts are being made to ensure a safe learning environment for all students and staff," the spokesman explained.

But that's just the problem. *All* efforts are being made. Maybe leave off some of those efforts. Media frenzies aside, school shootings are exceedingly rare events, and by turning schools into wartime fortresses under siege, officials are turning students into emotional basketcases who think they're going to die every time a grave voice comes over the intercom.

We wish more school administrators would avoid the safety-and-security mania. If they can't, we at least hope those bulletproof backpacks come with boxes of tissue and bottles of Valium. ♦

Great Bad vs. Bad Bad

An item in the *New York Times* on November 19 brought our attention to the Alfred Joyce Kilmer Memorial Bad Poetry Contest at Columbia University. The contest is named for the famed author of the 12-line poem "Trees," first published in 1913: "I think that I shall never see / A poem lovely as a tree," and so on.

We are heartily in favor of bad poetry contests, but we discern a problem: In order to write really effective bad poetry—good bad poetry, let's say—you have to understand what makes great poetry great, and ours is an unpoetic age in which few know or care the first thing about poetry. The items reported in the *Times* were bad, but they were just dumb bad, if we may put it that way, not truly, effectively bad. One, titled "An Ode to the Quality of Orange," ran as follows:

My sunlight in a bottle
only $9.99 for 10 liters at Costco
a flavor so piercing
like true love's gaze
like a tattoo needle orange flavor dances across my tongue
it is raw and I must wait 2-3 weeks for it to heal

Meh.

To taste the joys of truly awful poetry, we urge readers to consider

The prolific Mr. McGonagall

the Scottish poet William Topaz McGonagall (1825-1902). McGonagall's nearly 200 poems, almost all of which commemorate some great event or tragedy, are unsparingly insipid. They don't scan, their imagery and metaphors are clumsy beyond belief, and they rhyme in sublimely awful ways. We open our edition of the *Collected Poems* at random and offer the first two stanzas of "General Gordon, the Hero of Khartoum":

Alas! now o'er the civilised world there hangs a gloom
For brave General Gordon, that was killed in Khartoum;
He was a Christian hero, and a soldier of the Cross,
And to England his death will be a very great loss.

He was very cool in temper, generous and brave,
The friend of the poor, the sick, and the slave;
And many a poor boy he did educate,
And laboured hard to do so early and late.

McGonagall was a weaver from the industrial town of Dundee. He didn't attend university, and it's unknown if he meant to write well or badly. Maybe the populist fever has impaired our judgment, too, but the lesson appears undeniable: America's Ivy-educated elites can't even do bad things as well as the working-class nobodies of long ago. ♦

the weekly Standard
www.weeklystandard.com

Stephen F. Hayes, *Editor in Chief*
Richard Starr, *Editor*
Fred Barnes, Robert Messenger, *Executive Editors*
Christine Rosen, *Managing Editor*
Peter J. Boyer, Christopher Caldwell, Andrew Ferguson, Matt Labash, *National Correspondents*
Jonathan V. Last, *Digital Editor*
Barton Swaim, *Opinion Editor*
Adam Keiper, *Books & Arts Editor*
Kelly Jane Torrance, *Deputy Managing Editor*
Eric Felten, Mark Hemingway, John McCormack, Tony Mecia, *Senior Writers*
Philip Terzian, Michael Warren, *Senior Writers*
David Byler, Jenna Lifhits, Alice B. Lloyd, *Staff Writers*
Rachael Larimore, *Online Managing Editor*
Hannah Yoest, *Social Media Editor*
Chris Deaton, Jim Swift, *Deputy Online Editors*
Priscilla M. Jensen, *Assistant Editor*
Adam Rubenstein, *Assistant Opinion Editor*
Andrew Egger, Haley Byrd, *Reporters*
Holmes Lybrand, *Fact Checker*
Sophia Buono, Philip Jeffery, *Editorial Assistants*
Philip Chalk, *Design Director*
Barbara Kyttle, *Design Assistant*
Contributing Editors
Claudia Anderson, Max Boot, Joseph Bottum, Tucker Carlson, Matthew Continetti, Jay Cost, 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, Yuval Levin, Tod Lindberg, Micah Mattix, Victorino Matus, P.J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Irwin M. Stelzer, Charles J. Sykes, Stuart Taylor Jr.
William Kristol, *Editor at Large*

MediaDC
Ryan McKibben, *Chairman*
Stephen R. Sparks, *President & Chief Operating Officer*
Kathy Schaffhauser, *Chief Financial Officer*
Mark Walters, *Chief Revenue Officer*
Jennifer Yingling, *Audience Development Officer*
David Lindsey, *Chief Digital Officer*
Matthew Curry, *Director, Email Marketing*
Alex Rosenwald, *Senior Director of Strategic Communications*
Nicholas H. B. Swezey, *Vice President, Advertising*
T. Barry Davis, *Senior Director, Advertising*
Jason Roberts, *Digital Director, Advertising*
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 one week in March, one week in June, one week in August, and one week in December) 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 85409, Big Sandy, TX 75755-9612. 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 8549, Big Sandy, TX 75755-9612. 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.

Sagesse Oblige

One of the nice things about getting old these days is that you no longer become an old person. You become a senior citizen. Another is that we old people—wait, we seniors—are able to discern the sudden and sweeping changes in manners and morals and politics that seem to a young person to be just ordinary facts of life.

Take for example the words in common use today. No, I am not referring to the big, Orwellian manipulations, as in "the sex assigned at birth" or "diversity in higher education." Cynical propaganda has long been with us, and we seniors are not surprised by it. What is dismaying to us is the everyday stuff. Remember how President Obama, the urbane and highly educated leader, used that word *stuff*? Even in a lofty speech on the deterioration of public discourse, he observed, "People just make stuff up." Or how we never talk to anyone anymore; no, we "reach out" to them. And how there are no longer difficulties or problems—just "challenges"?

Because I listen to NPR in the mornings while doing my daily regime of stretches (one of the opportunities that we senior citizens often have), I am particularly struck by how "You're welcome" has gone the way of the dodo bird. The interviewer ends by thanking their (I'll get to the use of "their") guest, and the guest replies, "Thank *you*." Needless to say, this could go on a long time but for some reason it doesn't. The sense of mind-numbing repetition and niceness, by the way, is then reinforced as the host introduces the next report with a chirpy greeting, "Hey, Sam . . ." to which Sam replies, "Hey, Melinda . . ." And yes, the ungrammatical "their" has almost completely replaced the more precise "his" and "her," presumably because it is less precise.

Once you start noting these new usages, you find them everywhere. Perhaps even if you are young, you have noticed how often what we reach out to these days is a community. Our society is just full of communities—the "intelligence community" is one of the more unlikely ones. In my town we even have a "homeless community." As these examples suggest, our happy references to "communities" began to multiply just as actual communities all but disappeared. Since most people today would not recognize a real community if they happened to stumble into one, labeling all sorts of groups as communities is probably reassuring.

Really, I'd rather you didn't reach out. Could you just call me?

BRITT SPENCER

Also, today we often avoid plain assertions, such as "I believe she is correct," in favor of the mushier: "It feels like she is correct." Relatedly, we are "comfortable" in saying or in concluding things, with our comfort often suspiciously proportional to the doubtfulness of the claim. This resort to subjectivity, however, is not accompanied by any loss of certainty. Indeed, the word *absolutely* is thrown around in what feels like exact proportion to our metastasizing sense that agreement on anything is impossible.

New usages persist even if they create obvious confusions. Thus, "wife" and "husband" were replaced for a while by the more anodyne but still clear "spouse." But that word was not anodyne enough and had to be replaced by "significant other," which could apply to your beloved dog. But "significant other" was an awkward term that was obviously an artificial substitute for "spouse," which in turn had the disadvantage of a denotative meaning. So we have moved from "significant other" to "partner," which works well because it is not awkward and has the additional advantage of being downright confusing and possibly misleading.

Yes, it is true, we elderly folks can get a bit dyspeptic. (Even "folks," come to think of it, sounds condescending and falsely familiar.) Why should small changes in phrasing bother anyone? Well, in my case it may have to do with my habit of listening to NPR each morning. More generally, it may have to do with a suspicion that is common among us grumpy senior citizens.

The suspicion, as you may have guessed, is that something besides our own vitality is in decline. We Americans have long been known as an informal, optimistic people who deep in our bones are devoted to the idea of equality. Those are things we old people love about the country we have become used to over the years. It seems a shame to see those very attributes degenerate into phony cheerfulness, inappropriate and false informality, purposeful and insistent obfuscation, and a loopy unwillingness to face even simple, small truths.

Robert F. Nagel

the weekly Standard

Everything but the Truth

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words," says the biblical proverb. All of us can profit from these words, but perhaps Donald Trump needs to hear them more than most. His helter-skelter, self-exculpatory statement on his administration's relationship with Saudi Arabia was Trump at his logorrheic worst.

Trump campaigned loudly in 2016 against the Iran nuclear deal, and he was right. The Obama administration, in its foolish conviction that America's traditional alliances were mostly the result of narrow self-interest or defective ideology, had attempted to entice Iran to join the community of civilized nations—an unsuccessful venture that obliged the United States to distance itself from a longtime ally, Saudi Arabia. It was always a fool's errand, and Trump reversed Obama's reversal upon entering office.

Protesters in Washington

The American rapprochement with the Saudis came at a crucial time. King Salman chose a new crown prince in June 2017—his son Mohammed bin Salman, known as MbS—and as the new heir to the throne gathered all the reins of state power, he expressed strong reformist aims. He saw that Saudi Arabia could not maintain its position in the world without allowing women more rights. Soon after MbS ascended, women were permitted to drive and to attend sporting events. More important for the Middle East and the world, MbS favored a cautious alliance with Israel and boldly stated that under his rule the kingdom would stop funding extremist interpretations of Islam that had fueled anti-Western radicalism and terrorism for generations.

When the world learned in early October of the murder of Saudi dissident Jamal Khashoggi at the hands of government thugs inside the Saudi consulate in Istanbul, few seriously doubted that MbS had either permitted or ordered the killing. On November 16, the *Washington Post* reported that the CIA believes Khashoggi was murdered on the direct order of the crown prince. It was an evil and foolish act and a powerful reminder, if one were needed, that the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia is an absolute monarchy that has little regard for the individual freedoms of its citizens and frequently brutalizes its critics.

The original Saudi denials fell apart as quickly as they were offered. Subsequent explanations—from "rogue agents" to an interrogation gone wrong—changed almost daily, and all soon collapsed under the weight of their own contradictions. Nobody believed the Saudis because the evidence made it clear that they were lying.

The murder and cover-up put President Trump in a delicate position. With the openly hostile Iranian regime battling the Saudis for regional dominance, his instincts on renewing the alliance had been sound. But fair-minded critics were raising legitimate questions about whether the president had aligned himself too closely with Saudi Arabia and MbS. This was too much even for Trump, who is himself not opposed to lying and who had invested deeply in the Saudis. "They had a very bad original concept, it was carried out poorly, and the cover-up was one of the worst in the history of cover-ups," he said to reporters at the White House on October 23. "Whoever thought of that idea, I think is in big trouble. And they should be in big trouble."

But MbS is not in big trouble with Trump. That much is clear from the Trump's rambling, incoherent statement of November 20, issued under the heading: "Standing with Saudi Arabia." There have been hundreds, perhaps thousands, of embarrassing moments for the country during the presidency of Donald Trump. This statement, with its characteristic Trumpian flourishes and bewildering non sequiturs, ranks high among them.

> King Salman and Crown Prince Mohammad bin Salman vigorously deny any knowledge of the planning or execution of the murder of Mr. Khashoggi. Our intelligence agencies continue to assess all information, but it could very well be that the Crown Prince had knowledge of this tragic event—maybe he did and maybe he didn't!

Trump notes, almost in passing, that the murder of Khashoggi was "an unacceptable and horrible crime," but only after emphasizing that Saudi leaders believed Khashoggi was "an enemy of the state." He accuses members of Congress who disagree with his approach to these issues of acting for "political or other reasons."

In a single statement, then, the president contradicted the findings of the U.S. intelligence community; reversed his promise of accountability for those who directed the killing; amplified the reprehensible suggestion that the victim shares the blame for his fate; and attacked the motives of those who disagree with him.

If Trump's statement was ugly and embarrassing for what it contained, it was equally disconcerting for what it

WIN MCNAMEE / GETTY

left out: American values. There was nothing about the protection of human rights as a key component of our relations with other nations; nothing about freedom of speech; nothing about freedom of the press; nothing about the right to due process or the right to life.

Trump supporters have defended the statement as an expression of realpolitik. But as Trump's apologists do frequently, they're crediting to philosophy and policymaking something best understood as a reflection of flawed character. Trump isn't embracing MbS and the Saudis because of some sophisticated understanding of the geopolitical risks of distancing the United States from a longtime ally. The fact that Khashoggi's death gave the president's critics reason to deride him was intolerable to a man who assesses every circumstance, great or small, by the degree to which it makes Donald J. Trump look good or bad.

It's never easy in the conduct of foreign policy to find the right balance between the moral obligations of a world power and the frequent imperatives of doing diplomatic business with unsavory actors and problematic regimes. Trump, however, seems to prefer a foreign policy that neglects those moral obligations altogether. In that sense, his statement on the brutal murder of Jamal Khashoggi—an incoherent collection of platitudes and equivocations in which he managed to say everything but the truth—is a near-perfect expression of the man himself. ♦

A Stark Warning

Studies warning of impending disaster aren't exactly rare in Washington, but a study published last week by the National Defense Strategy Commission (NDSC) should sound like the record scratch that brings the party to a stop. A bipartisan panel created by Congress last year, the NDSC was asked to review the U.S. military's overall defense strategy and to assess the nation's capacity to meet likely threats.

"The security and wellbeing of the United States are at greater risk than at any time in decades," the commission concluded. "America's military superiority—the hard-power backbone of its global influence and national security—has eroded to a dangerous degree." Most jarring: In the not-inconceivable event the U.S. military were forced to fight a war with China or Russia, the United States "might struggle to win, or perhaps lose." The United States would almost certainly be overwhelmed by a two-front struggle against those powers, particularly given the near-certainty that one or both would launch kinetic or cyber attacks on America. The picture only grows darker when we consider the weapons capabilities of rogue states like Iran and North Korea.

The chief reason America finds itself in this indefensible position? The Budget Control Act (BCA) of 2011, which capped military spending as part of a Capitol Hill deal to keep Treasury from defaulting on its debt. Congress increased military spending for the 2018 and 2019 budget years, but that's unlikely to continue as Democrats take control of the House. If the cap isn't waived for the 2020 fiscal year, defense spending could be slashed from its current topline allocation of $716 billion to a base of $576 billion. The BCA mandates across-the-board cuts if the parties don't reach a deal on raising the caps. Incoming House Armed Services Committee chairman Adam Smith, a Democrat from Washington, has suggested we should expect cuts to the current funding level.

The NDSC report notes that "by 2017, all of the military services were at or near post-World War II lows in terms of end-strength, and all were confronting severe readiness crises and enormous deferred modernization costs." The brokered budget deals of 2013, 2015, and 2018 provided the Pentagon with some relief, but not enough to make the U.S. military capable of meeting the emerging threats of an expansionist Russia and an increasingly aggressive China.

Republicans hoping just to maintain military spending are in for a fight. The Democrats' emboldened left wing is ready to indulge its most dovish instincts. On the day the NDSC report was released, Rep. Ro Khanna (D-Calif.) remarked via Twitter: "There's no doubt that we need to stay competitive with Russia and China but we don't win by building up our military. We win by helping workers prepare for the digital age by investing in broadband and fiber, expanding universities, and increasing funding to [the National Institutes of Health] and [the National Science Foundation]." Contrary to Khanna, we win as we avoid wars—by building and maintaining the world's strongest military.

The Trump administration had been expected to ask for a defense increase of $17 billion to meet the military's core demands—from this year's $716 billion to $733, though the Pentagon is also preparing a $700 billion 2020 budget after the president called for a 5 percent spending cut. If the United States wants to maintain its current commitments and meet the demands posed by growing threats, vastly more is needed.

Congress creates commissions like the National Defense Strategy Commission to avoid making tough decisions; it simply ignores the findings. And President Trump frequently congratulates himself for his commitment to the U.S. military without delivering any of the necessary support.

Absent a change of course, the United States will lose the military dominance that has served as the guarantee of a rules-based global order for the past 75 years. That should terrify American policymakers—at least the ones who distrust the peaceable rhetoric of Vladimir Putin and Xi Jinping. ♦

ANDREW FERGUSON

Gary Hart at the movies

Life—while sometimes fabulous and a lot of fun—offers few sights drearier than a journalist trying to think deeply about what we like to call our "craft." That goes double when the deep thinking is pummeled and kneaded and stretched to book-length. A few years ago Matt Bai, a political reporter for the *New York Times* and Yahoo News, published a book called *All the Truth Is Out*, about the abortive presidential campaign of Gary Hart. In 1987 Hart was a senator from Colorado and the runaway favorite to become the Democratic party's presidential candidate the following year. His campaign collapsed when reporters caught him in a dalliance with "a young woman not his wife," as people had stopped saying even in 1988.

Hart's demise as a candidate is an interesting story but Bai saw in it something more: a decisive moment in the evolution of American journalism and politics. When reporters stuck their big fat noses into Hart's personal life, Bai wrote recently, "the worlds of politics and entertainment suddenly collided. From that time on, our candidates would be treated like celebrities, with every facet of their inner lives . . . considered within the bounds of reasonable scrutiny." Bai's book had its strengths and weaknesses: His account of the campaign was crisp and comprehensive, but it tripped into a bog of extensive meditations of the "whither America" variety and never really recovered.

Hart's own story didn't have a happy ending—he's still ticking, rather bitterly, at 81, having spent 30 years trying to recapture the public's attention with infrequent success. The story of Bai's ponderous book does have a happy ending, however: It fell into the hands of Jason Reitman, director of such charming and charitable films as *Juno*, *Tully*, and one of the best movies ever made about Washington, D.C., *Thank You for Smoking* (drawn from the best book written about modern Washington, with the same title, by Christopher Buckley). Reitman's lighter-than-air touch managed to buoy the heavier-than-lead text and the result is a movie opening around the country this week, *The Front Runner*. It will win over viewers interested in the workings of journalism—hello? anyone? anyone?—but also those with a curiosity about recent political history or a thing for Hugh Jackman, who plays Hart.

LIKENESSES: DAVE CLEGG

The Front Runner will win over viewers interested in the workings of journalism—hello? anyone?—but also those with a curiosity about recent political history.

Cowritten by Reitman and Bai, with help from a former-political-consultant-gone-Hollywood named Jay Carson, *The Front Runner* doesn't take journalism or the Hart episode as seriously as Bai's book does. Hart's dalliance was discovered by a team of *Miami Herald* reporters who staked out his townhouse for two days in the spring of 1987, on the hunch he was holed up there with his girlfriend. The stakeout is the heart of the movie, and while it's not played entirely for laughs, the reporters do at times bear an uncanny resemblance to the Three Stooges. Best of all, the sequence plays as a parody of the seminal Washington-crisis movie, *All the President's Men*: The action, such as it is, takes place in the shadows of dimly lit Washington streets over a spooky musical theme and ominous percussion. The difference, of course, is that Watergate reporters thought they were uncovering crimes against the constitutional order; the *Herald*'s men were trying to catch an oversexed senator with his zipper down.

In a sense this satirical treatment underscores Bai's grand thesis: that with Hart political journalists had taken a turn from covering "the issues" as a public service to servicing the public with prurient material, feeding an unhealthy appetite for the frivolous. "When your process treats politicians like entertainers, you will inevitably get entertainers as candidates," Bai wrote in a recent column. "It's a process that attracts emotive performers and repels nuanced thinkers, that rewards shamelessness and discourages candor. It's a process that takes you exactly to where we are today."

As Bai must know, complaints like this are as old as professional journalism itself, dating back to the unhappy day when the first journalist became self-regarding enough to call his rather shabby line of work a "craft." They presuppose a Garden from which we have all been exiled—or rather, from which we have exiled ourselves. But it's been a long, long time since "nuanced thinkers" and men of candor flocked to politics. The hacks of Warren Harding's day complained that his movie-star pulchritude distracted voters from his lack of smarts or judgment. Forty years later, Norman Mailer wrote an arresting essay, "Superman Comes to the Supermarket," about the trivializing effects of pop culture and superficial journalism

on the presidential candidacy of John Kennedy. Perhaps it's worth noting that both these presidents had zipper problems to rival Hart's. So did Mailer, now that I think of it.

Liberal Democrats in particular have a need to see their political heroes as something more than politicians—they must be intellectuals in the bargain. This line of comically inflated reputations runs from Adlai Stevenson through Al Gore and Mario Cuomo up to Bill Bradley and Barack Obama. John Kennedy was so intellectually gifted he managed to win a Pulitzer Prize for a book he hired someone else to write. If a politician looks earnest enough, is seen with the right book on the campaign trail, and tosses off a quotation from Aeschylus or Reinhold Niebuhr (extra credit for his brother Richard), a certain element of the electorate, including many craftsmen in the press, will puddle up in admiration.

With his brow forever furrowed and the satchel of Tolstoy novels he carried on the campaign plane, Hart was squarely in the Stevenson-Kennedy tradition, which makes his removal from politics all the more painful for Democrats like Bai. "He was widely acknowledged to possess one of the great political minds of his time," Bai writes in his book, which tells you all you need to know about the people who do the wide acknowledging in our country. Again, the movie is at once soberer, cannier, and funnier. In *The Front Runner* Hart is a geyser of platitudes. "The world changes when young people give a damn," he tells a group of volunteers, who are polite enough not to point out that the world is going to change whether they give a damn or not. When staffers object to Hart's choice of a remote mountainside as the location for a big campaign speech, he snaps: "If we want to reframe the debate, we can reframe the location." Spoken more like a realtor than a visionary.

I'm sure *The Front Runner* will be the occasion for much Trump-bashing—what isn't these days? Democrats will note the bitter irony that Hart's career ended over a single instance of adultery while Trump's has flourished against a well-established history of much worse. Trump Republicans, I suppose, will be reluctant to engage the point. But all sides will have to admit the Democrats won this one. As recently as 20 years ago, they insisted that the sex lives of politicians were irrelevant to politics. At last Republicans have come to agree. *The Front Runner* doesn't resolve the issue and doesn't try to, which makes it all the more welcome. ♦

COMMENT ♦ FRED BARNES

Cotton versus the Trumps

Republican senator Tom Cotton of Arkansas is in a precarious position. He has taken on the Trump Monster, both sides of it, left and right. That means he's at odds with Jared Kushner, President Trump's son-in-law and the leader of the family's left wing. The president himself constitutes the right wing.

At issue between the Trumps and Cotton is prison and criminal sentencing reform. Kushner is the champion of a reform bill that also has the backing of GOP Senate heavyweights like Chuck Grassley of Iowa and Lindsey Graham of South Carolina. Many Democratic senators favor it too. And the liberal establishment is likely to go along.

The president had been a skeptic, or at least sounded like one, until endorsing the bill two weeks ago. That was not exactly a surprise. Even for presidents, blood runs thicker than ties to political friends. Cotton is one of Trump's closest allies in Washington.

Tom Cotton rejects claims of a 'mass incarceration' problem. 'If anything, we have an under-incarceration problem,' he said in a 2016 speech.

Cotton has been criticizing the reform proposal almost from the moment he was elected in 2014. He calls it a "jailbreak" proposal. He rejects the idea, promoted by liberals, civil rights groups, many libertarians on the right, and the media, that the country has a "mass incarceration" problem—that is, too many prisoners and too many overcrowded prisons. Not so, Cotton says. "If anything, we have an under-incarceration problem," he said in a speech in 2016.

"Some members of Congress would reduce mandatory minimum sentences for drug traffickers and other violent felons, while giving liberal judges more discretion in sentencing again," Cotton said. "These policies are not merely wrong. They are dangerous. They threaten a return to the worst days of the 1990s, when law-abiding citizens lived in fear of their lives."

Cotton was referring to an aspect of criminal justice reform to which supporters don't have a compelling answer: the cycle of liberal reform followed by rising crime, then by new calls for strict law enforcement and tougher sentencing. One answer is reducing recidivism, the return to crime after release from prison.

To put it mildly, past efforts have not been notably successful. Kushner concedes as much. "If recent trends hold, almost half of federal inmates who

were conditionally released will be re-arrested within five years of release and more than 75 percent of state offenders who were released on community supervision will be re-arrested within five years of release," he and White House economist Tomas J. Philipson noted in a *USA Today* op-ed last week.

Yet Kushner is eager to try again. Indeed, the president already has begun "bringing together more than a dozen federal agencies to identify ways to reduce recidivism, enhance the reentry process, and improve public safety," he says.

Kushner should be taken seriously. He's not a newcomer to crime and prison issues. When his father, Charles Kushner, was convicted of tax evasion and illegal campaign contributions and spent a year in federal prison in Alabama, Kushner visited him on many weekends. He was 25.

Nor has he been in over his head in meetings with members of Congress and crime experts. And he hasn't balked at consulting with groups sure to be suspicious of Trump administration efforts to improve prison conditions, reduce sentences, and rely on community programs to aid reentry and rehabilitation programs.

Kushner doesn't sugarcoat earlier efforts. "There are many programs, such as in education, where the evidence is less conclusive and merits further exploration," he said in his *USA Today* piece. "There is some evidence to suggest that more educated prisoners are less likely to become recidivists. For example, those who have not completed high school have a 60 percent chance of re-incarceration, while college graduates have a 19 percent chance."

Though Kushner would seem to have the upper hand in the battle over the reform bill—particularly with his father-in-law's support—Cotton may be in the stronger position. Cotton says the bill has moved steadily to the left when new provisions were added. He's right about that.

The bill provides "the clearest path forward that we have had in years" to shorter jail terms in drug cases, Holly Harris, the executive director of the Justice Action Network, told the *New York Times*. Many members of Congress would be voting for the first time on legislation "that turns away from the lock-'em-up-and-throw-away-the-keys policies of the 1990s," she said. "That is groundbreaking."

This would include dealers in the deadly synthetic opioid fentanyl, whom the president has repeatedly denounced. Nonetheless, the bill he's promising to sign into law "mandates the early release from federal prison of most federally incarcerated fentanyl dealers," *PowerLine*'s Paul Mirengoff says.

Cotton doesn't appear to have a large coalition that opposes the reform bill. But looks can be deceiving. There's a reason Senate majority leader Mitch McConnell is wary. Polls show the public opposes more lenient penalties for traffickers in serious drugs. McConnell declined to schedule a floor vote before the midterm election and may decline again in the lame-duck session.

So it turns out Cotton isn't in a precarious position after all, not with the public on his side. ◆

Worth Repeating from *WeeklyStandard.com:*

Medicare for All would cost in excess of $3 trillion a year. One of its leading advocates once wore a $3,000 suit for a photo shoot. Loud voices in conservative media are making a bigger deal of the second number in their assessment of Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez—and don't get them started on her gaffes. Their fixation on personal trivia is typical of the country's minute-by-minute politics. But as the candidate herself said on the campaign trail, her supporters won't "get everything [they want] tomorrow." Her platform, "democratic socialism," is a long game. The right is obsessed with the short one.

Ocasio-Cortez is riding a wave of hype, which itself is a measure of political power these days. Her social media following—particularly on Twitter and Instagram—is in the same league of 2020 presidential hopefuls like Cory Booker, Kamala Harris, and (sure) Beto O'Rourke. She is leveraging it smartly, by live-streaming her orientation on Capitol Hill and fielding nonideological questions while cooking. "The videos seem designed to be accessible to everyone," the *New York Times* noted—with "everyone" including those new to politics and especially civics. That their guide is not just a Democrat but a socialist-leaning millennial ascendant in the political scene should be of some alarm to the right.

— Chris Deaton, 'Distracted Conservatives Are Making It Easy for Ocasio-Cortez'

TOM WILLIAMS / CQ-ROLL CALL / GETTY

COMMENT ♦ CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

Brexit: The empire strikes back

Like Hannibal's Carthaginian army after the battle of Cannae, Britain's supporters of Brexit have won but they don't know it—and if you don't know you've won, you're at risk of losing. Two years ago they triumphed in a referendum that asked whether Britain should exit (hence the word "Brexit") from the European Union. They beat a better-funded opposition and a government-sponsored scare campaign that enlisted everyone from World Bank economists to Barack Obama. Led by Prime Minister Theresa May, who did *not* back Brexit when it was up for a vote but promised to see it through Parliament after it won, they filed a formal declaration of withdrawal in 2017. If nothing else is done, on March 29, 2019, under Article 50 of the E.U.'s Lisbon Treaty, the E.U.'s laws "shall cease to apply" in England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland.

But in mid-November, May's negotiators returned from Brussels with something suspicious in their luggage: a draft withdrawal agreement that seemed to undo everything Brexit had won. The reasons for having a withdrawal agreement should be minor and marginal—figuring out travel and residence rights, assessing the value of refunds due from discontinued projects, etc. There should be little friction between two polities that have spent a quarter-century harmonizing their laws, economies, and cultures. But this agreement surrendered the sovereignty won at the ballot box. The architects of Brexit announced they would not vote for it. Four of May's cabinet members resigned. Member of Parliament Jacob Rees-Mogg called for a vote of no confidence. May has stood firm, announcing that it was the best deal she could get.

Maybe none of this will matter. If Brexiteers can get the country to next March 29, Article 50 will go into effect willy-nilly, even without an agreement. But the losers of Brexit, who tend to be the winners of the global economy, have now rallied to demand a second referendum, which they have the effrontery to call "the People's Vote." If they can only keep the ball in play, they may still be able to sabotage Brexit altogether.

The losers of Brexit, who tend to be the winners of the global economy, have now rallied to demand a second referendum, which they have the effrontery to call 'the People's Vote.'

It is astonishing how unrepresented Britain's interests are in the draft agreement May negotiated. Among its highlights:

The divorce bill. This is journalists' term for the $50 billion (at least) that Britain is to pay for the privilege of governing itself once more—as if the E.U. were not a multi-governmental empire but a fly-by-night credit-card company. The principle that makes this divorce bill necessary is that "no Member State [of the E.U.] should pay more or receive less because of the United Kingdom's withdrawal from the Union." You would think that a shrunken empire would have to pursue more modest projects. Not the E.U.! It is demanding that Britain keep it in the lifestyle to which it has become accustomed. This is a matter of desperate importance for the E.U.'s leaders, since its citizens have lately developed a neurasthenic sensitivity to new fiscal demands. In mid-November, protests erupted across France against Emmanuel Macron's attempt to levy a gas tax to fight climate change.

The backstop. This is the name for a vague aspiration to regulatory harmony and an open border between the Republic of Ireland (which belongs to the E.U.) and Northern Ireland (which belongs to the U.K.). Because of the interdependence of the two Irish economies and because of peace agreements negotiated in the 1990s, there is a case for keeping Northern Ireland in the same European Union customs area as the Republic. But it's hard to do. It creates a different economic regime in Northern Ireland than in the rest of the U.K. and risks allowing the territory to converge with the E.U. over the long term. May's solution was to draw the whole U.K. into the backstop, and for this, the E.U. requires long-term down-the-line harmonization of trade policy. That puts an end to what roughly half the people who voted for Brexit thought they were voting for: a deregulation of the economy. An "independent arbitration committee" would settle any disputes that arose.

The transition period. This is the killer. It would establish, even after Britain's independence becomes a fact next March, a "transition period, during which the E.U. will treat the U.K. as if it were a Member State, with the exception of participation in the E.U. institutions and governance structures." In other words, Britain would get all the taxation of being in the E.U. with none of the representation. E.U. law would continue to apply until at least the end

of 2020, at which point the transition period can be renewed until (what follows is the way it appears in the agreement) "20xx." The European Court of Justice will be, by common consent, the highest court in the land, and that preeminence will continue until eight years after the transition period. So not only does the agreement deprive Britain of the sovereignty its voters sought for a quarter of a century—it does so in a way that is unfixable. And possibly permanent. Europe's courts, following the example of the United States in the past half-century, have become policy-making and opposition-harassing bodies. If Europe's courts are supreme in Britain, it will only be a matter of time before one of them declares Brexit illegal.

One is hard put to see how a government commissioned to negotiate in good faith for independence could have come up with a deal quite this bad. Lead E.U. negotiator Michel Barnier was tough. He considered it a "duty" not to compromise the E.U. position. Britain must be damaged, punished, and humiliated for Brexit. German chancellor Angela Merkel backed him. It is not that Europeans are especially cruel—only that if the negotiators sent a message that a country could retain the benefits of E.U. membership while winning more independence and autonomy, there would be a rush to the E.U. exits.

Where Europe was obdurate, Britain was divided. British elites, no less than continental ones, have been browbeaten with the lesson that the root of Europe's problems is "nationalism" (which has come to mean any form of national feeling), that the E.U. is Europe's only possible antidote to nationalism, and that any criticism of the E.U. is therefore radical. Almost the entirety of the press is of this view. We can limit our quoting to *Times* of London columnist Jenni Russell, who wrote in the *New York Times* of those who favored Brexit: "These hard-liners are ruthless. They aren't prepared to accept a compromise. . . . They have destroyed any sense that I—and many others—had that we owe it to them to honor and accept the original referendum."

May's heart was not in it. Her people arrived at the negotiating table in Brussels unsure whether they were upholding their constituents' rights as British citizens or their rights as European citizens. Many Brexit supporters take a more conspiratorial view—that May did an end-run around her official negotiators, Dominic Raab and David Davis, and entrusted the real work of hammering out a deal to young Europhile aides working behind the scenes.

The E.U.'s defenders warn that without such a deal, Britain will "crash out" of the union or get a "hard Brexit." That rings hollow. To those who voted for Brexit, no deal would be better than this deal. To repeat: No deal is necessary to bring Brexit into effect on March 29. But a functioning, pro-Brexit government is. May's majority is razor-thin, and the pressing question now is whether the deal could be rejected in Parliament without triggering an irresistible cry for fresh elections, which would serve as a proxy for the second referendum that Brexit supporters would never otherwise grant.

Britain has tried to do everything by the book. It activated Article 50 patiently, debated it patiently, passed it patiently. It would be excellent if Britain could regain its independence this way. But that approach is failing. Brexit is not about economics or efficiency or fellow-feeling. It is about sovereignty, which is built on strange and savage paradoxes. To do things by the book is to legitimize the government you have called it intolerable to live under. Few requests for sovereignty as polite as Brexit have ever prevailed. ♦

COMMENT ♦ TERRY EASTLAND

Looking back at *Bakke*: Are racial preferences in admissions permanent?

This fall Harvard College has been defending its admissions program against charges of racial discrimination brought in federal court. Ironically, this is not the first time that Harvard's admissions practices have lain at the heart of an important case that could affect college enrollments across the country. There was, after all, *Regents of the University of California* v. *Bakke*, decided in 1978, which remains the most significant case in the lengthening history of affirmative action in higher education.

At issue in *Bakke* was the legality of racial preferences used by the medical school at University of California, Davis, to assemble a class. Five justices agreed, for different reasons, that the school's admissions program, which operated effectively as a quota, was illegal and ordered the admission of the plaintiff, a white student named Allen Bakke. But a different set of five justices rejected the notion advanced by Bakke that an admissions program may never use race in selecting its student body.

For the latter group of justices, there was a way not only for a medical school but also for a law school or other professional or graduate school, and indeed for an undergraduate school, to administer an admissions program that legally uses race in deciding among applicants.

As Justice Lewis Powell explained in his separate opinion, racial classifications (i.e., preferences) are subject to strict scrutiny by reviewing courts, the most demanding test for constitutionality there is. Accordingly, racial classifications must be justified by a "compelling government interest." Powell said that

in the context of higher education there was one (and only one) such interest, that of diversity, which he interchangeably referred to as "ethnic diversity," describing it as "only one element in a range of factors a university properly may consider in attaining the goal of a heterogeneous student body."

The other factors included leadership potential, demonstrated compassion, and work and service experience. But ethnic diversity is a different kind of factor, said Powell, "a special concern of the First Amendment." Free to pursue it, a school can make "its own judgments as to education" including "the selection of its student body," which, when sufficiently ethnically diversified, can engage in "that robust exchange of ideas which discovers truth" (a lofty goal indeed).

Ethnic diversity is also different in another respect, for it is the only factor whose use is potentially discriminatory, a violation of federal law and the Constitution. Therefore, said Powell, "constitutional limitations protecting individual rights may not be disregarded." But in Bakke's case they were, and to such an extent that they had been violated.

The Davis medical school had an admissions program under which racial and ethnic minorities competed for 16 of 100 seats in a class and non-minorities for the remaining 84. The program, wrote Powell, "misconceives the nature of the state interest," which is not that of "simple ethnic diversity, in which a specified percentage of the student body is in effect guaranteed to be members of selected ethnic groups, with the remaining percentage an undifferentiated aggregation of students." No—for Powell, the interest was subtler, not a matter of separate tracks for races or the percentages of a student body they should constitute, but one of "'wide exposure' to the ideas and mores of students as diverse as this Nation of many peoples."

Here Powell turned to the Harvard College admissions program to illustrate how a race-conscious constitutional program should work. Powell said that Harvard has "expanded the concept of diversity" such that it recruits disadvantaged blacks and Chicanos and other minority students. He said race had been a factor in some admissions decisions, being deemed a "plus" in a particular applicant's file, even tipping the "balance" in favor of an applicant. Harvard hasn't set quotas for blacks or any other group, said Powell, but it recognizes that "in choosing among thousands of applicants . . . [it] pays some attention to distribution among many types and categories of students."

For Powell, the state interest in admissions came down to one of "'wide exposure' to the ideas and mores of students as diverse as this Nation of many peoples."

"This kind of program," wrote Powell, "treats each applicant as an individual in the admissions process." A minority applicant is not insulated from comparison with a non-minority candidate for an available seat; no one is foreclosed from consideration for that seat simply because he "was not the right color or had the wrong surname," said Powell. "His qualifications would have been weighed fairly and competitively, and he would have no basis to complain of unequal treatment" under the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The fatal flaw in the challenged program, then, was its disregard of individual rights as guaranteed by the Constitution. Those rights, said Powell, are not absolute. "But when a State's distribution of benefits or imposition of burdens hinges on ancestry or the color of a person's skin, that individual is entitled to a demonstration that the challenged classification is necessary to promote a substantial state interest." The Davis medical school didn't make that demonstration. But in Powell's view, it had "a substantial interest that legitimately [could] be served by a properly devised admissions program involving the competitive consideration of race and ethnic origin"—thus, no separate tracks for minorities, and no quotas but a competition among individuals.

This was the *Bakke* case, and over the years the critical issue that Powell alone among the justices had taken up did not go away. In fact, three of the federal appeals courts have split over whether educational diversity is a compelling state interest, as Powell claimed. The stakes remain high today, for if diversity is not a compelling interest, racial preferences have no foundation in the law.

In 2003, the Court used *Grutter* v. *Bollinger* to address the issue, and the answer it gave—that the law school has a compelling interest in attaining a diverse study body—has extended the use of racial tips and pluses, if not quotas and percentages, all of which cause discrimination.

As to numbers, consider these two: In *Grutter* the Court said that 25 years had passed since Powell endorsed the use of race to further an interest in student body diversity. Writing for the five-justice majority, Sandra Day O'Connor then said the Court expected that "25 years from now, the use of racial preferences will no longer be necessary" to advance that interest. That was a strange prediction, but it is progress that the justices on the Court these days—15 years since *Grutter*—aren't considering what O'Connor called "a permanent justification for racial preferences." ♦

How to Screw up a Machine Recount

Florida counts the ways.

BY JOHN MCCORMACK

Brenda Snipes, Broward County Supervisor of Elections, pondering her retirement?

When the dust settled from the 2018 Florida Senate recount, Republican Rick Scott had beaten Democratic incumbent Bill Nelson by 10,033 votes. Give or take a few hundred. Maybe more. As the *New York Times* put it on November 16, in what was one of the more understated headlines of the year, "Nearly 3,000 Votes Disappeared from Florida's Recount. That's Not Supposed to Happen."

Rick Scott

No, it's not. The American people are asked to have a bit of faith in our system of government, but no faith should be required when it comes to election results. Faith depends on believing in things unseen, and ballots can be seen and touched, counted and recounted. But in a few counties in Florida, election officials essentially asked the voters to close their eyes, click their heels together three times, and believe that their initial unofficial results were correct, even though hundreds or thousands of votes had gone missing during the machine recount.

In Democratic Broward County, 2,040 fewer votes were counted during the machine recount than in the initial count, and the loss of votes would have decreased Democrat Bill Nelson's margin in Broward by nearly 800 votes. The *Times* reported that elections supervisor Brenda Snipes "said the ballots that weren't included in the recount had probably been misfiled with another stack of ballots."

Probably.

So Broward relied on its initial vote count rather than its machine recount. Hillsborough County and Palm Beach County did the same. In Hillsborough, there were 850 fewer votes in the recount totals, due to power failures, according to officials. In Palm Beach, Democratic supervisor Susan Bucher said there were "dozens of precincts missing a significant number" of votes, but the county was unable to complete its machine recount. "Ms. Bucher blamed an overheated and outdated ballot-scanning machine," the *Times* reported. "But the manufacturer of the high-speed scanner used in Palm Beach said its technicians had witnessed Palm Beach County elections workers, apparently worried that one of the machines was running too fast, jam a paper clip into the scanner's 'enter' button in an effort to slow it down. That, in turn, caused a short circuit that cut off the power, a company spokeswoman said."

At first, before thousands of votes went "missing" (or perhaps were counted twice during the first go-round?), it appeared that the Florida 2018 Senate recount would be smoother than the 2000 Bush-Gore recount. The punch-card ballot system of 2000, with its "hanging" and "dimpled" chads, had been replaced with simple paper ballots that require voters to fill in a bubble next to the name of their preferred candidate. That makes it fairly easy to determine voter intent. During the manual recount of "over-votes" and "under-votes" (ballots in which the machines recorded more than one choice or no choice at all), images of disputed ballots were displayed by overhead projector. National and local journalists could tweet out photos of those ballots as they were being inspected, providing a previously impossible degree of transparency.

There were, of course, some reasonable legal disputes and overheated rhetoric. Several thousand mail-in ballots were rejected because the signature on the envelope did not match

TOP: JOE SKIPPER / GETTY. BOTTOM: ALEX WONG / GETTY

John McCormack is a senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

the signature on file with the state. A judge gave voters more time to prove their identities but that ruling didn't change much.

Broward County, uniquely, took an extra two days to count all its votes (more than 80,000 after the polls closed). Supervisor Brenda Snipes would not say on election night, as required by Florida law, how many votes had been cast and how many remained to be counted. Rick Scott, in a November 8 statement, raised the possibility that there "may be rampant fraud happening in Palm Beach and Broward Counties." Florida law provides for representatives of both political parties to be present during the counting of votes, and the Scott campaign alleged that Palm Beach (but not Broward) had failed to grant party representatives proper access. But there was no evidence of rampant voter fraud—a time-consuming conspiracy that would require the participation of many people.

Scott was castigated for raising the possibility of "rampant fraud," and he shouldn't have done it without evidence. But the reason the law requires election officials to say how many people have voted and how many votes are left to be counted is to prevent fraud and instill confidence that fraud is not occurring. Broward's Snipes never explained why it took so long to get through the initial vote count or why she had been unable or unwilling to say how many votes were left to be counted.

For all the criticisms that Scott and Republicans faced for undermining democracy by raising the possibility that the election could be "stolen," local officials bear far more blame for undermining confidence in democracy by failing to conduct recounts that could be trusted. The only thing that kept the 2018 Florida Senate recount looking more like an amusing fiasco than a full-scale crisis is the fact that Rick Scott's margin of 10,000 votes was large enough that the discrepancies in Broward, Hillsborough, and Palm Beach weren't enough to affect the outcome of the race. If the Senate race had come down to several hundred votes, like the 2000 presidential race in Florida, no one can be sure how the "missing" votes would have been accounted for.

The good news is that Brenda Snipes announced her resignation last week. Florida legislators will likely look at ways to make their state's elections and recounts run more smoothly. But it's hard to outlaw the stupidity or incompetence that would lead an election worker to jam a paper clip into a vote-counting machine. If the 2020 presidential election comes down to a recount in one state, pray it isn't Florida. ♦

From Orange to Blue

Can the news for Republicans in California get any worse? BY MICHAEL WARREN

It was predictable, inevitable even, but it doesn't lessen the shock of what was confirmed weeks after Election Day: California's Orange County, once a deep-red bastion of conservative Republicanism, is now on its way to being true blue. Republicans have lost at least one Orange County seat in the state assembly and likely another in the state senate. While absentee ballots are still being counted, GOP gubernatorial candidate John Cox, who was blown out statewide, has a less than 1-point lead over Democrat Gavin Newsom in Orange County. The last two Republican candidates for governor, even as they lost their races, still carried Orange with a healthy majority.

The most dismaying result for the GOP in the O.C., though, is that all four of the county's Republican-held U.S. House districts were won by Democrats. Voters in Orange County threw out crusty veteran Dana Rohrabacher and rising power player Mimi Walters. Democrats took advantage of a GOP retirement in a swing-trending south Orange district to flip that open seat. But it wasn't until 11 days after Election Day, when Republican Young Kim conceded to Democrat Gil Cisneros, that the shutout was confirmed.

Up to the end, many plugged-in Southern California politicos were cautious about a blue wave cresting over Orange County. Local Republicans had figured they would lose at least two House seats. Rohrabacher, the 71-year-old, 15-term libertarian from Costa Mesa, was a sluggish fundraiser who showed vulnerability to a competent Democratic challenge, which he got from political newcomer Harley Rouda. And after a too-close-for-comfort reelection bid in 2016, Republican Darrell Issa declined to run again and resigned. Issa's district, which incorporates parts of southern Orange County as well as San Diego County, went for Democrat Mike Levin over the replacement Republican, the lackluster Diane Harkey.

But there was hope in the GOP for the other two Orange seats. One of them, straddling the borders of Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties, has long been held by Ed Royce, who did not seek reelection. Young Kim is a former Royce aide and state assemblywoman and also a Korean immigrant prominent in local business and politics—a good fit, Republicans thought, for a district that had become home to many Asian and Hispanic immigrants. Kim would have had the distinction

Michael Warren is a senior writer at The Weekly Standard.

of being the first Korean-American woman elected to the House and the first Asian-American woman elected as a Republican in three decades. But local Republicans feared Kim was not quite ready for prime time, and her campaign made sure she was scarce for national news reporters. In the end, Gil Cisneros, a former Republican and lottery winner, edged her out in one of the closest races of the midterms.

The heartbreaker for Orange County Republicans was Mimi Walters, a banker from Laguna Niguel who had served two terms in the House and seemed poised to rise in the Republican conference leadership. Walters was another "good fit" for her suburban district—a woman who had carved out an independent profile within Donald Trump's Republican party. She was a good fundraiser and liked to remind people that while Hillary Clinton had won her district in 2016, Walters had won reelection that same year by 17 points. The final polls, however, showed a virtual tie between Walters and her Democratic opponent, consumer lawyer and Elizabeth Warren protégée Katie Porter. In the end, Porter won by 3 points and nearly 10,000 votes.

How could this happen in Orange County of all places? The prosperous coastal county wedged between Los Angeles and San Diego was once a byword for West Coast Republicanism. "In their grid street patterns and square moral outlooks, in their comfortable but far from showy affluence and their industriousness, in their apparent ethnic homogeneity and their adherence to traditional family patterns," wrote Michael Barone and Grant Ujifusa of the suburbs of Orange County in the 1990 edition of the *Almanac of American Politics*, "they resemble those mid-western towns 40 and 60 miles away from Chicago."

Indeed, for decades many of the county's residents were transplanted Midwesterners who "brought their attitudes with them," as Barone and Ujifusa put it. Voters there went for the Republican candidate for president for 19 straight elections. Richard Nixon was a native, and Ronald Reagan began and ended his presidential campaigns in Orange County, which gave him his largest margins of any county in the country.

However, the vulnerability for Orange County Republicans was lurking under the surface, presaged by the 1996 defeat of bombastic conservative congressman Bob Dornan by moderate Democrat Loretta Sanchez (which Dornan attributed to voter fraud). But the turn away from the GOP became fully apparent in the last decade. John McCain barely won Orange County in 2008 at just above 50 percent, though Mitt Romney did slightly better four years later. Then, in 2016, Hillary Clinton did something no Democratic nominee had done since 1936: She won Orange by more than 8 points and more than 100,000 votes. In addition to winning the county outright, Clinton beat Trump in all four Republican-held districts. Voters there may have thought they'd be getting a GOP Congress to balance the expected Democratic president. As many suburban districts throughout the country did in 2018, voters in Orange County seem to have "corrected" to finally get the divided government they wanted.

Some Republicans are grumbling that their party was caught flat-footed by a well-funded, well-organized effort by Democrats and liberal interest groups to "harvest" absentee and same-day-registration ballots. The procedure, legal in California, allows activists to deliver sealed mail-in ballots on behalf of voters who failed to send them in time. That, says veteran Republican consultant Ken Khachigian, explains why Republican House candidates like Kim and Walters were ahead in the Election Day results only to fall behind once absentee ballots came in.

"The real problem was that the GOP leadership in California was hapless and got caught asleep at the switch—outmaneuvered by tactics marginally legal but which operated like cat's feet in the night," says Khachigian, who lives in San Clemente and was an aide to Presidents Nixon and Reagan.

Others in the party lay the blame at Trump's feet. "Make no mistake about it, this was a referendum on Trump-run government, and voters in Orange County, like most of American suburbia, loudly chose divided government," says Rob Stutzman, a Sacramento-based Republican who worked on Arnold Schwarzenegger's successful 2003 gubernatorial campaign. "Orange County going blue has been a slow-moving lava flow that's been visible for a couple decades. The Trump midterm accelerated its progress."

Democrats were not blind to the opportunity. The Democratic

GARY LOCKE

Congressional Campaign Committee opened an office in Irvine, moving several senior staffers there as far back as April 2017. The party was not shy about broadcasting its goal of flipping the GOP-held Clinton seats. Even so, there was trepidation among Democrats on election night that the gambit wasn't worth it. It was. Brian Brokaw, a Democratic consultant in Sacramento, calls it a "perfect storm" of demographic change and a toxic Republican brand.

That's not to say Orange County voters are necessarily embracing progressivism. Stutzman says it isn't impossible for Republicans to win back at least one of the House seats they lost—Katie Porter, he says, is "miscast" for the more conservative southeastern corner of the county. "It's a sad day for Orange County, which, on the whole, certainly doesn't buy into the leftist/Pelosi wing of American politics," says Khachigian. But even this veteran of nine presidential campaigns admits that Trump is a useful tool to help Democrats turn out the vote in precincts where the current Republican president is unpopular.

The devastation may have far-reaching consequences. Along with San Diego, Orange County has long been the recruiting ground for California Republicans looking for competent and competitive statewide candidates. The 2018 wipeout is emptying a shrinking pool. Look no further than the case of Janet Nguyen, a young Republican from Garden Grove who in 2014 became the first Vietnamese-American state senator in the country. As with Young Kim, Nguyen's likely reelection defeat (her Democratic opponent has inched ahead as we go to press) could deprive the GOP bench of yet another face that reflects the new Orange County.

John Thomas, a GOP consultant in Los Angeles who has roots in Orange County, says Republican candidates and campaigns have to realize it's competitive turf now. "Orange County is no longer a gimme for Republicans," says Thomas. "You have to run strong candidates with real campaigns. You can no longer dial it in." ♦

Why California Is Burning

Federal forest (mis)management is high on the list of reasons. BY ROBERT H. NELSON

Flames cover a hillside near Wrightwood, California, August 18, 2016.

DAVID MCNEW / GETTY

In 2017, wildfires burned about 1.4 million acres of California, and at least 1.5 million acres have burned thus far in 2018. This is an immense amount: Almost 3 percent of the total land area of the state has been devastated by fire in the past two years alone. Destruction on this scale is more normally associated with the consequences of war.

Some of the wildfire burns in bushes and scrub, but most of it is in forested areas, particularly in northern California. Forests cover 33 million acres in California, about one-third of the state. Almost 20 million of these forested acres are in national forests managed by the U.S. Forest Service (or other federal agencies). The federal government is thus the most responsible for (mis)managing California forests.

Management of the national forests in California and other western states began to come under growing criticism in the 1990s. A century of ardent fire suppression (cheered on by Smokey Bear et al.) had led to the accumulation of unnatural volumes of wood—"excess fuels"—in national forests that provide kindling when a fire breaks out.

As long ago as 1998, the Government Accountability Office warned, "the increasing number of large, intense, uncontrollable, and catastrophically destructive wildfires is the most extensive and serious national forest health-related problem in the interior West." It was due mainly to past Forest Service management practices, under which "vegetation accumulated, creating high

Robert H. Nelson, a professor in the School of Public Policy of the University of Maryland, worked for 18 years as a policy analyst in the office of the secretary of the interior, where he often dealt with management of federal forests. He is the author of A Burning Issue: A Case for Abolishing the U.S. Forest Service.

levels of fuels for catastrophic wildfires and transforming much of the region into a tinderbox." It sounds all too familiar today.

Despite such warnings, few corrective actions were forthcoming. In 2002 the Forest Service wrote in *The Process Predicament* that its decision-making process, like much else in Washington, faced a "costly procedural quagmire." A complex "statutory, regulatory, and administrative framework . . . has kept the agency from effectively addressing rapid declines in forest health"—including potentially explosive wood buildups such as were occurring in California.

For the next 15 years, although there were some modest efforts to reduce fire dangers, gridlock typically prevailed. The consequences have finally become abundantly clear these last two years in California. A warming climate has significantly aggravated the problem, but it is not the fundamental cause.

In February 2018, the Little Hoover Commission, a California state investigative body, reiterated for the umpteenth time that as "tree canopies fill in, shade-tolerant trees begin to thrive [in the understory] and they are less fire resistant." This results in "crown fires that burn at and move along treetops [and] are the hardest to suppress due to an unlimited supply of fuel." Although Californians had heard this many times before, it seems that a catastrophic outcome was required to precipitate any strong actions.

In May, California finally released its grand design, the Forest Carbon Plan. It said all the familiar things all over again: The overall goal is to change California forests from their current widespread condition of "many small, closely-spaced, fire-vulnerable trees into a smaller number of resilient larger trees."

Given the federal ownership of 60 percent of California forests, the Forest Service will have to be a central player. The Forest Service released its own grand design in August—"Toward Shared Stewardship Across Landscapes"—promising to do better in the future. It conceded, however, that "catastrophic wildfires and the corresponding loss of lives, homes, and natural resources have continued to grow, partly because our [Forest Service] treatments have been uncoordinated and not at the right scale. Although locally successful, we have rarely succeeded at the scale needed for lasting impacts across landscapes"—the scale of management also newly prescribed in the California plan.

to acknowledgment of the disastrous management record of the U.S. Forest Service in recent decades.

The second obstacle is even more fundamental. Since the enactment of the federal Wilderness Act of 1964, Californians have come increasingly to believe that nature requires protection from human intrusion—that the ideal goal for forests and other parts of nature should be to maintain (or

JOSH EDELSON / AFP / GETTY

A house is destroyed in Redding, California, July 27

But it may be wishful thinking to believe that the Forest Service is capable of such a radical redirection. Managing at a landscape scale would involve close coordination among federal, state, and private landowners within a given area. Suffering from a loss of trust that has developed over decades, the Forest Service is ill-equipped to provide such coordination. The better coordinator would be the state of California. And the most straightforward way to achieve such close coordination would be to transfer the most fire-prone lands from federal to state ownership.

There are two large obstacles, however, to California's successfully addressing its catastrophic fire problem in this way. The first is a strong commitment among Californians to continued federal land ownership as a powerful symbol of progressive rectitude. This commitment seems immune

restore if necessary) a "wild" or historically "pristine" condition.

But given the historic suppression of fire over the course of the 20th century, a preference for "wild" forests translates in practice today to the preservation of forests subject to catastrophic fires. California officials are increasingly recognizing that to reduce the risk of catastrophic fire, they will have to actively plan and manage their forests as designed "landscapes."

A humanly "landscaped" forest is almost by definition the opposite of a "wild" forest. The proper relationship between humans and nature is a central concern of most religions—think only of the story of Adam and Eve. Successfully addressing California's catastrophic fire problem may thus in the end require no less than a quasi-religious change of convictions on the part of many Californians in their thinking about man and nature. ♦

Declaring Defeat

Negotiating with terrorists won't bring peace to Afghanistan. BY THOMAS JOSCELYN

On May 31, 2014, the Obama administration announced that Sgt. Bowe Bergdahl had been freed from the Taliban's custody in exchange for five senior Taliban commanders. The Taliban Five, as they came to be called, had been held at the Guantánamo Bay detention facility. Donald Trump, then just another private citizen, blasted the deal on Twitter.

"President Obama created a VERY BAD precedent by handing over five Taliban prisoners in exchange for Sgt. Bowe Bergdahl. Another U.S. loss!" he wrote. A few days later he followed up: "Bowe Bergdahl walked off the base after he was told not to. Solders died looking for him. U.S. should NEVER have made the deal! PUNISHMENT?"

As a presidential candidate, Trump wouldn't let it go. At a campaign event in July 2015, he touted his own negotiating prowess, claiming that he would never have agreed to such weak terms. "We get a traitor, a no-good, rotten traitor like Bergdahl," Trump complained. "And they get five killers that they most wanted in the whole world, who are right now back on the battlefield, trying to kill everybody, including us. Okay? What kind of a deal is this?"

Trump was right that the deal was lopsided. The Obama team exchanged five of the most influential Taliban figures in U.S. custody for a deserter. He was also right that the Taliban Five are "killers"—their dossiers are filled with murderous episodes. Two of them are suspected of overseeing the slaughter of civilians in Afghanistan in early 2001.

Trump was wrong about one thing, though. The Taliban Five were not "back on the battlefield." They were under a form of state supervision in Qatar, which has long provided extremists with a comfortable fundraising environment.

It is likely that Trump knows just where the Taliban Five are today. They are across the table from U.S. diplomats in Qatar's capital, Doha, trying to negotiate a deal with the Taliban. The Trump administration, like its predecessor, is desperate to get American troops out of Afghanistan without appearing to have lost. The unavoidable truth is that Trump's representatives are seeking the same type of weak-kneed agreement Trump once criticized his predecessor for negotiating.

Over the course of three days in mid-November, a U.S. delegation met with the Taliban's "political office" in Doha. According to multiple press reports before and after the sit-down, the Taliban Five are now members of that very same office. The Associated Press's Kathy Gannon noted an additional twist: Two of the five took part in the mid-November talks.

One of the two, Khairullah Khairkhwa, was a close confidant of Taliban founder Mullah Omar. Khairkhwa served the Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan—the Taliban's pre-9/11 authoritarian government—in a variety of roles. A leaked threat assessment prepared by Joint Task Force Guantánamo (JTF-GTMO), which oversees the detention facility, cites intelligence linking Khairkhwa to al Qaeda, Abu Musab al-Zarqawi (the founder of Al Qaeda in Iraq), the drug trade, and other illicit endeavors. When Khairkhwa was governor of Afghanistan's western Herat Province, which borders Iran, he conducted one of the Taliban's most sensitive missions: negotiating an anti-American pact with Tehran. "Following the 11 September 2001 terrorist attacks," the leaked JTF-GTMO file reads, Khairkhwa "represented the Taliban during meetings with Iranian officials seeking to support hostilities against U.S and Coalition Forces." The Iranians supplied anti-aircraft missiles and safe passage through Iran for the Taliban's fighters.

This may seem like ancient history. It's not. Khairkhwa's diplomacy with the Iranians in late 2001 was the first step in an ongoing relationship. On October 23, 2018, the United States and several allied nations announced that they were designating nine men terrorists. The move was intended to disrupt the Iran-Taliban nexus. Six of the nine are senior Taliban leaders, two are officials in Iran's Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps (IRGC), and the last is a drug trafficker. The designations make it clear that Iran continues to support the Taliban insurgency in Afghanistan. The Iranians fund and equip its fighters inside Afghanistan, and the IRGC hosts training facilities for them in eastern Iran.

The designations in October were part of the Trump administration's campaign to exert pressure on the Iranian regime by sanctioning people involved in unsavory activities. But now the administration is engaging in diplomatic talks with Khairkhwa—the same Taliban leader who paved the way for this unholy partnership.

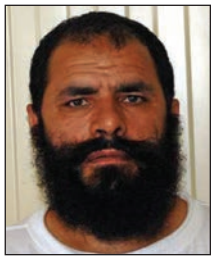
The second former Guantánamo detainee attending the Doha talks, Mullah Mohammad Fazl, was a senior Taliban commander prior to his capture in November 2001. The United Nations suspects that Fazl committed "war crimes including the murder of thousands of Shiites," according to the JTF-GTMO threat assessment. The suspicion that Fazl is responsible for murdering Afghan civilians, including Hazaras, who belong to Afghanistan's Shiite minority, is widely shared by human rights activists. Human Rights Watch has called for Fazl to be prosecuted, arguing that the evidence against him "is strong."

When Fazl wasn't busy overseeing the massacre of innocents, he was colluding with al Qaeda. JTF-GTMO's threat analysis cites intelligence showing that Fazl had "operational associations with significant al Qaeda and

Thomas Joscelyn is a senior fellow at the Foundation for Defense of Democracies and a contributing editor to The Weekly Standard.

other extremist personnel." His al Qaeda comrades included Abdul Hadi al-Iraqi, one of Osama bin Laden's most trusted paramilitary commanders.

Al-Iraqi oversaw al Qaeda's Arab 055 Brigade, which fought alongside the Taliban's men against the Northern Alliance in Afghanistan. The head of the Northern Alliance, Ahmed Shah Massoud, was killed by al Qaeda assassins on September 9, 2001, an attack intended to remove a potential American ally from the battlefield just before the 9/11 hijackings. After Massoud's death, Fazl and al-Iraqi launched a military offensive against the Northern Alliance, hoping to capitalize on the group's disorientation following the death of their commander. (Al-Iraqi is still detained at Guantánamo.) When Trump administration officials sat down with the Taliban in mid-November, they were meeting with a key al Qaeda ally, one whose efforts aided the terror group's preparation for the 9/11 attacks.



Mohammad Fazl

A Taliban delegation also recently visited Moscow. Parts of the Taliban grew out of anti-Soviet jihad in the 1980s. And the Soviet defeat in Afghanistan contributed to the dissolution of the "Evil Empire"—a loss that Vladimir Putin still mourns. Yet 30 years later, his regime welcomed the Taliban delegation.

Russia may be providing the jihadists with arms. At a minimum, the Russians have rhetorically backed the Taliban, claiming speciously that it is a necessary bulwark against the Islamic State's upstart branch in Afghanistan and Pakistan. The Taliban is ideologically similar to the Islamic State. It was infamous for its gory executions and other extremist acts two decades before Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi's "caliphate" reveled in the same shocking deeds. The United Nations has documented that the Taliban is responsible for more Afghan civilian deaths and injuries than any other party in the conflict. And the Taliban, which remains closely allied with al Qaeda, is a much bigger threat to the Afghan government than Baghdadi's operatives. What hasn't escaped Putin's attention is that a Taliban victory is a defeat for the United States and NATO, Russia's greatest adversaries.

The Moscow conference provided the Taliban with an ideal platform to portray itself as the rightful ruler of Afghanistan. Its men referred to themselves as representatives of the "Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan" dozens of times and made it clear that the resurrection of their totalitarian regime is the goal. The delegation railed against the United States, blaming it for toppling the "Islamic system" (meaning the Taliban). The jihadists stressed that there can be "peace" only when the "foreigners" leave.

The Taliban's diplomats set forth their preconditions for meeting with the United States. Even before "the beginning of the peace talks," they said, the Americans need to take "some preliminary steps" "essential for peace." They want to be removed from the U.N. terrorist sanctions lists; they want the release of an unspecified number of Taliban members held in Afghan prisons and elsewhere; they want formal recognition of the Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan's political office; and they want an end to the "poisonous propaganda" spread by the United States and others "against the Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan."

In Moscow, the Taliban referred to these demands as "confidence-building measures," the very same diplospeak employed by the State Department at the outset of the talks several years ago. It was in the name of "confidence-building measures" that the Obama administration granted various concessions to the Taliban—without getting anything in return.

Secretary of State Hillary Clinton dropped America's preconditions for talking with the Taliban in early 2011. Prior to that time, the United States had demanded that the Taliban renounce al Qaeda, lay down its arms, and recognize the legitimacy of the Afghan government while agreeing to protect the rights of women and minorities. None of that came to pass. So Clinton converted these preconditions into "necessary outcomes" of the talks—a damaging concession. Over the course of the next few years, the Taliban extracted additional capitulations, ranging from the removal of some of its senior figures from the U.N. terrorist lists to the opening of its political office in Doha without giving up anything of value in return. This culminated in the May 2014 exchange of Bergdahl for the Taliban Five.

The Taliban's demands are eerily similar this time around. The group is again seeking to undermine the international sanctions regime that impedes the jihadists from traveling abroad and inhibits fundraising, and again wants some of its men freed. But for those tracking the history of talks with the Taliban, one demand in particular seems intended to humiliate the Americans. When the Obama administration agreed to allow the Taliban to open its political office in June 2013, it did so with the understanding that the organization wouldn't refer to itself as the "Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan." That name means the Taliban's emirate—and not the elected government in Kabul—is the legitimate representative of the Afghan people. The Taliban immediately called itself the "Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan" in Doha in 2013, thereby defying the Obama administration's main condition. This act enraged the Afghan government.

Now, more than five years later, the Taliban wants the Trump administration to formally recognize it as the "Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan" and thereby to confer even more legitimacy on the jihadists.

Trump was right in 2014 when he decried the Obama administration's decision to exchange the Taliban Five for a traitor. Yet now his administration is negotiating with these very same killers. These talks undermine the legitimacy of the Afghan government—America's chief ally in the war against the Taliban—and bolster our enemies. Whatever "peace" we eventually declare will be nothing but a Taliban victory. ♦

The Original Sore Loserman

In 1918, Henry Ford ran for the Senate and lost. Did he concede? Are you kidding?

By Eric Felten

If Henry Ford had had his way, his would have been the only name for U.S. Senate on the 1918 Michigan ballot. Recruited to run as the Democratic candidate by President Woodrow Wilson, Ford also ran in the Republican primary, fully expecting the acclamation of both parties. The 55-year-old industrialist, whose famous Model T had been rolling off assembly lines in Detroit for a decade, announced (perhaps slightly confused about what the job of senator entailed) that he would "serve the people of the United States, and the people of the world."

This being politics, the automobile plutocrat was not universally praised. From some quarters he received criticism that wouldn't be unfamiliar to President Donald Trump today: "Mr. Ford is a highly successful business man," wrote the *New York Times*, "but he has demonstrated conclusively on many occasions not only his lack of acquaintance with basic international and national affairs, but a certain quality of mind which forbids the hope that he will ever be able to overcome that lack of equipment—an altogether too impressionable mind for public office."

No doubt that angered Ford, but not nearly as much as criticism from the campaign of the Republican who stepped up to challenge him. Ford cultivated a contempt for the very idea that someone would stand in his way. He was convinced that even the effort was illegitimate.

Henry Ford in 1916

ALL IMAGES: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

The candidates in Michigan's Senate election that year were both extravagantly wealthy. That's where their similarity stopped. The contest pitted bootstrapper Henry Ford against society industrialist Truman H. Newberry. With his Tin Lizzie, Ford was producing unadorned, functional transportation for the everyman. Newberry was an investor in the clubman's land-yacht of choice, the Packard. Ford was a wiry farm boy without much in the way of formal schooling. Newberry was a "rotund, jolly fellow, highly educated and with polished manners," the *Washington Post* wrote. Ford was the most prominent of American pacifists. Newberry was an admirer of Teddy Roosevelt and as a young lieutenant had sailed with the Michigan Naval Brigade to blockade Cuban harbors during the Spanish-American War. T.R. would later name Newberry secretary of the Navy. Newberry was a gentleman: When he lost a 1904 bid for a U.S. House seat, he said of the voters' choice, "They have elected a good man." Ford was a sore loser, tenacious as a terrier and bitter as cinchona bark. When Newberry bested him, Ford blamed a Jewish conspiracy for the setback.

The battle for the Michigan Senate seat in 1918 had everything a connoisseur of hardball politics—of that era or ours—could possibly want: a vote margin close enough to invite a recount two years after the ballots had been cast; an army of partisan, paid investigators funneling oppo dirt to special prosecutors; aggressive prosecutorial use of false-statement charges; multiple grand juries employed to secure well over a hundred indictments, which ultimately would lead to a raft of convictions; the intervention of a closely divided Supreme

Eric Felten is a senior writer at The Weekly Standard.

Court followed by a trial in the Senate itself. Ford's years-long pursuit of Newberry involved a superabundance of political abuses meanspirited enough to make our own politics look semi-civilized by comparison.

The clash would make for boldface, banner headlines for years. Papers across the country—from the *Washington Herald* to the *Petaluma Daily Morning Courier*, the Appleton, Wisconsin, *Post-Crescent*, and everywhere in between—followed the grand political ruction for four years. But when the frenzy finally fizzled, the whole affair was almost completely forgotten, an irony noted by historian Paula Baker in an admirably concise and readable narrative published in 2012 by the University Press of Kansas. Her *Curbing Campaign Cash* is one of only two comprehensive chronicles of the dispute; the other is a sprawling account of the legal minutiae by lawyer Spencer Ervin that was published in 1935.

The century-old battle has new relevance today, and not just because the question of how to regulate campaign expenditures has still not been answered, even with the Supreme Court's decision in *Citizens United*. A central question of our politics is whether endless investigations are a good-government scourge of the corrupt or if an abusive policing of politics is just a way for electoral losers to preen while they scheme to undo the will of the voters.

Truman Newberry at the Chevy Chase Country Club outside Washington, D.C.

The eventual smashup in Michigan would have seemed unlikely from the electoral contest itself, which did not feature any campaigning by the candidates themselves. Ford was shy about talking in front of crowds and avoided public appearances; Newberry was in the Navy and, though he was sailing a desk on the East Coast, his duties kept him from the stump. Which isn't to say things weren't getting nasty in the absence of the candidates.

There were posters and pamphlets and handbills and buttons and—this being a modern election—radio, billboard, and newspaper ads. All of it was paid for by committees of the candidates' friends. Newberry's friends included not only family but such society connections as Frederick Brooks of a certain Madison Avenue clothier. A common Newberry advertisement featured a photo of the stolid Navy man flanked by his twin sons, spiffy in uniforms of their own. This was understood to be a rebuke of Ford's son Edsel, who, thanks to his job at the family factory, had enjoyed a war-worker draft deferment.

Ford was spending money too, and not all of it was going to newspaper advertisements and self-hagiographic pamphlets. In something of an innovation, Ford was paying for a new sort of campaign worker—the detective. Ford would eventually have dozens of private investigators in the field scouring Michigan for evidence that Newberry had violated recently passed campaign-finance laws. The Ford team spread the word that Newberry was corrupting the election with his "excessive spending." Newberry beat Ford in the Republican primary nonetheless, setting up a showdown between the two in the general election.

That election, like the primary, would be fought under the strictures, such as they were, of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act. In effect for less than a decade, the FCPA governed congressional elections and was designed to eliminate "extravagant campaign contributions" that "have degenerated into a moral, a social, and a political evil." Well, perhaps not eliminate so much as make transparent: The law didn't limit what campaign committees could spend but required that all expenses over $10 be listed in "detailed and accurate reports" filed with Congress. The legislation was an essential progressive reform of the early 20th century. It embodied "a principle of honest government, of pure government," New York congressman Michael Francis Conry preached during House debate over the 1910 bill. The law, he said, would strike "at conditions that have been a reproach to our institutions for years and a blot on our civilization." It would also be a cudgel with which Henry Ford would batter Truman Newberry.

In reality, the "FCPA did not regulate much," writes Baker, because its "spending caps applied to candidates, not to committees formed to advance their campaigns." It was a regulatory regime not unlike our current one: We allow "independent" groups to spend all they like, as long as they don't explicitly advocate any particular electoral outcome, while we set limits on how much donors can give to candidates, political parties, and political action committees.

But such systems can be legally convoluted. What counts as a campaign expenditure, for instance? Is hush-money to

a porn performer a campaign expense or personal business? Such are the legal questions of our own day. A similar sort of question—whether a particular hotel bill, for instance, was a personal or campaign expense—troubled candidates under the FCPA. After all, they had to endorse the documents listing their own spending and did so under penalty of perjury.

Penalty of perjury was just what Ford had in mind for the man he considered a usurper. President Woodrow Wilson having recruited Ford to run, the Wilson Department of Justice proved all too eager to prosecute Newberry—so eager that a little over a month before the general election, the DoJ named a special prosecutor to present a grand jury in the Southern District of New York with false-statement charges against Newberry.

There was an October surprise: The old saw about a ham sandwich notwithstanding, the grand jury, just a week before the election, refused to indict Newberry or any of his associates. The election went forward, and come November 5, 1918, over 430,000 Michiganders voted to send a new senator to Washington. The final split was 220,054 for Newberry, 212,487 for Ford.

What should have been the end of their contest was just the beginning. A little more than a week later, Ford was demanding a recount and contesting Newberry's fitness to be seated in the Senate.

'Ford felt cheated,' writes historian Paula Baker. The 'assurances of victory by the yes-men around Ford left him believing that fraud was the only possible explanation' for his loss. Which explains why Ford, in a fury at losing to Newberry, ordered his associates to 'put a gang on 'em.'

One thing we learn from Ford vs. Newberry is that the psychology of politicians has changed little in a century. Writing several years before Hillary Clinton lost to Donald Trump, Baker describes Ford's bitter reaction to his 1918 defeat. It's a description that neatly limns the stunned attitude of the Democrats' 2016 presidential candidate. "Ford felt cheated," the historian writes. "The 'downright cruel' assurances of victory by the yes-men around Ford left him believing that fraud was the only possible explanation" for his loss. Which explains why Ford, in a fury at losing to Newberry, ordered his associates to "put a gang on 'em."

The "gang" was 40 private detectives on the Ford payroll. They were led by Bernard Robinson, a lawyer for Firestone, the company that made the tires for all those Ford automobiles. The gang surveilled Newberry's friends and, when necessary, seduced lonely witnesses. They produced a "Report of Private Investigation of U.S. Senatorial Primary and Election in Michigan in 1918." This dossier, if we may call it that, was some two inches thick. Ford's head lawyer took it to Washington, where he told the Wilson Department of Justice they owed it to his boss to take Newberry down.

The DoJ named a new special prosecutor, Frank Dailey, who happened to be pals with Firestone's Robinson. Dailey took the dossier to a handpicked jurisdiction, Grand Rapids, where a friendly judge presided over a willing grand jury. So efficient was the setup that Ford soon grew worried—not that they wouldn't get indictments, but that they would get too many. As Baker tells it, Ford secretary Ernest Liebold, having learned there might be 150 indictments, went and woke up Dailey in the middle of the night. "Heavens, you are going too far on this thing! That will react against us," Liebold pleaded. "If you can cut it down to about 50, it wouldn't be so bad." In the end, Dailey demonstrated his independence by bringing indictments against 135 people, with Newberry at the top of the list.

Justice rattled along like a flivver. Arraignments began in December 1919; Senator Newberry and dozens from his campaign were put on trial the following February, accused of false statements and excessive spending in the Republican primary. Newberry and 16 others were convicted March 20, 1920. The senator was sentenced to two years of hard time in Leavenworth prison and a $10,000 fine. Mrs. Newberry "patted her husband on the shoulder as the verdict was read," reported the *New York Times*, "but in the corridor after adjournment of court she broke down and wept."

In the wake of the conviction, there were calls for Newberry to resign his seat. He refused. And so the Senate, hoping to find a face-saving resolution to the fiasco, finally got around to recounting the original ballots, as Ford had first demanded in 1918. The emphasis here is on "finally." As Spencer Ervin explains in his 1935 account of the Ford vs. Newberry prizefight, the ballots weren't at the Michigan statehouse but in the possession of 1,700 township clerks. "It seems to have taken from March 23, 1920, to January 4, 1921, to get the ballots to Washington and be ready to begin the recount." Which is when the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections started tallying them by hand.

The count went on nearly nonstop for a month. The senators doing the counting had Sundays and "half-Saturdays"

The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections hand-counting the Michigan votes to determine if Truman Newberry would retain his Senate seat after corruption charges. In the foreground are senators Walter E. Edge of New Jersey and Selden P. Spencer of Missouri.

off. They finished their work on February 2, 1921: Newberry's vote count had fallen from 220,054 to 217,085, but Ford had gained little, going from 212,487 to 212,751. Newberry was still the winner, if one facing two years in the pen.

A solution to the Senate's quandary presented itself in the form of a legal appeal Newberry had made to the Supreme Court. While the senators had been counting ballots, arguments were being heard before the High Court. On May 2, 1921, the justices delivered a ruling: By a 5-4 decision, the court overturned Newberry's conviction on the grounds that the Federal Corrupt Practices Act was unconstitutional. Congress, according to the court's opinion, did not have the power to regulate state primaries.

There it might have ended, but Ford wasn't done. He still had a petition before the Senate contesting Newberry's election. Ford had a problem: His argument to the Senate was based on the same legal claims that the Supreme Court had just rejected. But Ford's team had an answer: "Mr. Newberry was convicted under the National Corrupt Practices Act," the lawyers wrote in their brief to the Senate committee. "By a decision of five to four of the judges of the Supreme Court it was held, not that Mr. Newberry was innocent but that the National Act, regulating primaries, was unconstitutional and that the proper place to present the charges was before the Senate of the United States."

Had Newberry merely escaped on a legalistic quibble? Not so, thought Charles Evans Hughes. Between stints on the Supreme Court in the 1910s and the 1930s, Hughes was secretary of state. He also found time to argue before the High Court for the reversal of Newberry's conviction. Later he would insist that it had been no mere technicality on which he prevailed. The conviction of Newberry, Hughes told Walter Lippmann, had been "as gross a miscarriage of justice as had ever come under my observation."

By the time the Senate heard arguments on Ford's motion to have Newberry declared unelected, the debate divided along ideological lines, with Democrats and progressive Republicans on one side and old-fashioned Republicans with a slim majority on the other. Even so, it's clear that members of the august body were growing tired of Henry Ford's antics. Historian Paula Baker notes that Ford's forces lost ground when Newberry's campaign chairman was given the opportunity to tell of a private meeting with the plutocrat. Allen Templeton testified that Ford had harangued him with a nasty-minded theory about how Newberry had won the election. An "influential gang of Jews [was] behind Mr. Newberry," Ford told Templeton. They "were making a tool of Mr. Newberry." They had funded him "to gain control of the Senate and the country."

January 12, 1922—more than three years after the ballots had been cast—the Senate voted 46-41 to affirm that Truman Newberry was legitimately elected. The resolution was not without criticism of Newberry; his fellow lawmakers chided him for harming "the honor and dignity of the Senate" by spending so much on his campaign.

But the question of whether he was a senator had been answered conclusively.

Or maybe not. Ford had failed to overturn the election with a recount; he had failed to get his opponent jailed; he failed to persuade the Senate to kick Newberry out. The result of all this partisan warfare was not unlike that of the Great War that had ended just days after the 1918 election: After years of brutal political combat the trenches remained mostly where they had first been dug. But there would be no armistice. Ford made it clear he would be coming back for more, signaling he would put the matter to the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections once again. He "hates a quarrel but he loves a good fight," the Ford Motor Company's Samuel S. Marquis would later write of his boss. He "never forgets. The long years of struggle against poverty and ridicule in the development of his car is the evidence of the presence in him of a quality to be admired by his friends, but to be most seriously and fearfully contemplated by his enemies."

Newberry, by contrast, had had more than enough.

The election of 1922 brought an abundance of Democrats and progressive Republicans into the Senate. "Regular Republicans," as the U.S. Senate historian puts it, were no longer going to be able to muster the votes to spare Newberry the humiliation of being kicked out. Newberry didn't give them the chance. Complaining of "over four years of continuous propaganda of misrepresentation and untruth," Senator Truman Newberry up and quit in the middle of November 1922.

"The Senate Chamber never had any attraction for me," he told fellow Michigan senator Charles Townsend. "I am thankful every hour that I do not have to stay and associate with many of the personalities and mentalities that infest that room."

Ford's insistence that Newberry was some sort of cancer on the republic lived on. One of the magnate's publications, the *Searchlight*, shouted "Newberryism Means Death to Democracy."

"Newberryism" became an all-purpose term for dirty money, which was an odd thing for one of the richest men in the world to complain about. But Ford hadn't expected he would have to spend his way into office. Not just a businessman but a celebrity, Ford had been certain his fame would carry the day. He and his team were more certain when the Republicans had chosen a fellow familiar to everyone at the best country clubs but whose name was otherwise little known. The unshakable belief that Ford's fame should have carried the day was even one of the arguments the carmaker's lawyers used against Newberry in the Senate trial: "Mr. Newberry was little known in Michigan" was "POINT 1" in the Ford lawyers' 173-page brief before the Senate. The Republican's relative obscurity was what had necessitated "a large and expensive campaign of publicity."

Was that really such a bad thing? A century ago, celebrity was already a currency. Those who enjoyed an excess of it could be forgiven for trying to make celebrity the only legitimate and moral appeal to the electorate. Still, the high moralizing of the (very well-paid) Ford team, who suffered a case of the vapors at the thought of someone using money—money!—to promote a candidate, is comic. Buying advertisements and hiring campaign staff were "infamous practices" that meant seats in the U.S. Senate "may as well be auctioned off." Is it a better system to hand offices to those with the most name recognition? Ford would have had us institute what, in modern terms, we might call a Kardashianarchy.

Maybe money isn't so bad when it functions to give an unknown candidate the name recognition needed to compete. "We complain because so many voters stay away from the polls on election day, and at the same time we place hindrances in the way of those campaign activities which would be most effective in bringing them there," prolific historian of American politics William B. Munro wrote, summing up his views of the Ford-Newberry contest. "The way to bring out the vote is to bring out the issues. The way to bring out the issues is to use the channels of publicity, which of course cannot be done without spending money."

Ford was sure that the money Newberry spent was corrupt and justified his Inspector Javert-like obsession that Newberry had colluded with Wall Street bankers, which is to say Jews. Ford and his lawyers presented themselves as the champions of virtue: With his "unlawful expenditures and infamous practices," Ford's lawyers lectured the Senate, to let Newberry keep his seat was to make "manifest that seats in the United States Senate are for sale to the highest bidder." Ford, on the other hand, deployed his fortune to investigate his opponent, hound Newberry's associates, and tee up prosecutions. In doing so, he was convinced that he was acting on a commitment to justice itself.

Newberry might be forgiven for seeing it otherwise. "For regular Republicans, the investigations violated a different sense of justice, one connected to the rule of law," Baker writes of the aftermath of the Ford-Newberry contest. Newberry's Republican supporters "described the investigatory fury as just politics—mere politics that covered mundane motives with a scrim of principle."

A century later we're in for an investigatory fury that may end up dwarfing Ford's relentless attack. Will it prove to be justice or just politics? That may turn on whether the prosecutorial enthusiasts of today's politics find a way to fend off the seductive perils of Fordism. ♦

Nobody Cares. Work Harder.

How Cameron Hanes is redefining masculinity for a new generation

By Dylan Croll

Eugene, Ore.

Cameron Hanes runs a marathon at least twice a week and averages roughly 22 miles a day. On the days he doesn't run a full marathon, he makes up for it with an hour lifting weights in the gym. He also sets aside time every day for target practice with his 80-pound compound bow. There are no rest days in his schedule. For the past 30 years, his workouts have varied but his commitment to physical fitness has never wavered.

Hanes isn't a professional athlete. He's a 51-year-old man with a job and a family. His "Lift Run Shoot Lifestyle," as he calls it, isn't a gimmick—it's a means to an end, and that end is hunting.

Thanks to a compelling social media presence (he has more than half a million Instagram followers) Hanes has achieved cult-like status, especially among young men, for his grueling workouts and his bowhunting, and he's credited with introducing many people to the sport. His mottos, "Keep Hammering" and "Nobody Cares. Work Harder," appear on T-shirts, belt buckles, and snapback hats he sells on his website, all of which are eagerly purchased by his admirers.

Cameron Hanes in the 2011 Frozen Trail Runfest in Eugene, Oregon

"He's definitely had a transformative effect on my life," says Chad Grape, 20. "His attitude has been important in helping me keep focused . . . even with homework and stuff in school, which I'm not a huge fan of. Every time I want to quit or complain about it, there's no reason. I'm doing good things that are going to help me further down the line, and I just gotta keep doing it, and so any time I think to myself I have an excuse, I just reference back to him and keep pushing forward."

In person, the rugged appearance that makes Hanes so distinctive an Instagram presence also makes him seem unsuited to his nondescript suburban neighborhood in Eugene, Oregon. Hanes is bearded and tattooed, tan and sinewy. His posture gives him a faintly regal air and his large, dark eyes exude a cervine calm.

"I feel more at home in the mountains than I do here because I just feel like that's what I'm supposed to be doing," Hanes says.

When I meet him in front of his house, Hanes shakes my hand and invites me inside to meet his wife of 26 years, Tracey, and their teenage daughter Taryn. (He also has two older sons, Truett and Tanner.) Walking inside, we pass through a garage full of skulls of various megafauna Hanes has killed over the years. When we reach the family room, I'm taken aback by the wide array of deer taxidermy mounted on the walls.

Ask your average city dweller how he conceives of hunters and he will draw you a caricature: a beer-sipping rube on an all-terrain vehicle, eager to kill an innocent undeserving animal and even more excited at the prospect of putting its head on his wall. In other words: the monster that shot Bambi's mother.

But this description does not match Hanes, who feeds both his family and neighbors with the meat he procures. The taxidermy doesn't attest to his callousness, but rather to his skill.

Bowhunting has a lot in common with regular rifle

CAMERONHANES.COM

Dylan Croll is a writer in Washington, D.C.

hunting, except that it demands a more agile hunter. While a rifle hunter can shoot an animal from hundreds of yards away, a bowhunter must typically be within at least 40 yards to make an ethical shot, one lethal enough to minimize the animal's suffering. "My number-one concern these days when bowhunting is that I do everything in my power to make a perfect shot that kills the animal quickly," Hanes wrote in a recent Instagram post. "This involves months of practice to develop confidence in my equipment to perform with precision, visualizing success, and finally staying focused in heat of the moment."

The challenges of killing an animal with a compound bow do not end there. Creeping up on an animal undetected, otherwise called stalking, requires gauging the direction of the wind to make sure your target does not catch your scent. Bowhunters also typically spend days scouting a location to familiarize themselves with the landscape and increase their odds of a successful hunt.

Many people—even enthusiastic carnivores—have conflicted feelings about hunting. Highly publicized controversies such as the Cecil the Lion debacle have reanimated concerns over indiscriminate "trophy hunters," a label that has also been applied to Hanes.

When I ask him how he feels about being called a trophy hunter, he pauses for a moment before pointing to a deer head mounted near his kitchen table.

"So, that one I call Roy's buck," Hanes says.

Roy is Roy Roth, Hanes's best friend of over 20 years and the person who introduced him to bowhunting. In 2015, Roth was hunting Dall sheep, a thinhorn species that can grow up to 150 pounds, in Healy, Alaska, when he took a bad step and fell off the side of a mountain to his death.

That same day, Hanes was hunting deer in Colorado. Around dusk, he shot a buck but was uncertain if the animal had been mortally wounded. He resolved to wait until morning rather than give chase, fearing the animal would cover too much distance if it were merely wounded. Later that evening, Hanes's wife called to tell him about Roy's death. The next morning, Hanes went back and found the buck.

As he tells the story, Hanes's voice trembles. "[Roy] was there from the beginning, so I mean, he knew me when I had nothing, and I was a loser, part-time college student, drinking—just a loser. And he was there from then up to where I had more success, up through where other hunters would talk shit about me, try to take shots at me, and try to knock down any achievements—he was always there and always on my side."

Hanes gestures at the taxidermy around us and continues, "I can look at every single one of these and have a big story and a big memory about them so it really bothers me when people just say, 'trophy hunter,' and it's just like, 'You don't understand what this means to me.'"

In many ways, Hanes's lifestyle harks back to an American model of manhood that embraced the challenges—and dangers—of risk-taking. In a speech delivered in 1899, Theodore Roosevelt outlined what such a "strenuous life" looked like:

> I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A vision of masculinity measured by toughness and endurance has fallen out of favor. But the desire of men to challenge themselves has not.

This conception of masculinity made room for more than physical risk-taking. "We admire the man who embodies victorious effort," Roosevelt said, but also "the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life."

Or, as Hanes puts it, "There's enough negativity going on. I just want to be a guy who can inspire others. The word I like . . . it's not hunter. It's endure. Just endure. Life. Hard times. A race. Just the battle."

Needless to say, this vision of masculinity has fallen out of favor. But the desire of men to challenge themselves has not. This might be why Hanes's message of discipline, tenacity, focus, and resilience is so appealing to so many.

Spending time with Cameron Hanes means being ever on the move. After our brief first meeting at his home, Hanes drives me in his black Ram truck to one of his gyms (he alternates among several), International Fitness, where we meet Eric McCormack, a former bodybuilder and one of Hanes's strength trainers. With his vascular legs and Vitruvian torso, McCormack, who is more widely known by his Instagram moniker, "Outlaw Strength," takes us through an active stretching routine.

McCormack helps me contort my arms and legs into several unnatural positions before moving into a routine of three-minute circuits consisting of narrow-grip pushups, lateral raises with dumbbells, and incline presses on a chest press machine. We are supposed to do the maximum number of repetitions possible in each minute.

I make a regular effort to stay active, and my workouts of late have included short, low-rep, high-weight exercises

to build strength. I start the lateral raises. Thirty seconds in, my arms are gelatin. I am in good shape, but not in Outlaw Strength shape.

"C'mon, beast!" McCormack shouts, squatting down next to me to offer encouragement.

"We try to go to muscle failure eight or nine times a day," Hanes says matter-of-factly as he cranks out his pushups.

During brief breaks between the exercises, Hanes checks in with me to see how I'm faring, but for the most part he tunes everything out, moving from exercise to exercise with steely resolve. I watch him with envy as he gives a slight nod at the end of each repetition as though keeping time to an inner metronome.

After the workout, he checks his phone to see how Courtney Dauwalter, a fellow ultramarathoner and friend who is running the Western States 100 race, is doing. He will write an effusive post celebrating her and the other runners once the race is over.

"When it feels like everybody's got the same goal and the goal is self-improvement, everybody's on the same team and so that's what I try to foster. I like the positivity," Hanes says.

If he sounds like a good coach, it might be because he was raised by one.

Hanes's father Robert, who died in 2010, was a track coach at South Eugene High School. He was friends with legendary high jumper Dick Fosbury, who often told a young Cameron stories of his glory days as a track star and Olympic gold-medalist (he invented the "Fosbury Flop," a style of high jumping still used by athletes).

But the household wasn't a happy one.

"I don't feel like I had a great childhood," Hanes says. "I remember not feeling happy, like I wanted my dad back around. Like a lot of kids, my dad was my hero. He was an alcoholic and, you know, that caused marriage issues, so they got divorced."

After the divorce, Hanes's mother remarried and Hanes did not at first get along with his stepfather. For the rest of his childhood he bounced back and forth between his parents, missing his father while living with his mother and missing his younger brother, who remained with his mother, when Hanes lived with his dad.

Hanes's father eventually recovered from his alcoholism and dedicated his life to the high school athletes he coached. "He had several state champions, individual state champions in the triple jump, long jump, pole vault, it didn't matter if they were male or female. He could work with everybody," says Dave Hancock, the current director of athletics at South Eugene High School. "He was just truly for kids and really did a lot to help them out in a lot of different ways. Not just teaching, he would get to know them, he would help them off the playing field and in any way he possibly could."

Fosbury also has warm memories of the elder Hanes. "He and I would talk about the quality of coaches and how to improve their knowledge base so they know what they're doing and, you know, both of us really had a love for helping kids find out what they love to do and helping them to become the best they can be," he says.

Yet it wasn't the father he loved but the stepfather he hated who first took Hanes hunting.

"Yeah, it was an olive-branch-type thing to, you know, to have a connection," Hanes says.

That first hunting experience was with a rifle, not a bow.

Hanes with an elk felled in Oregon, 2011

It wasn't until high school that he would be introduced to bowhunting by Roy Roth, and not until he was in his early 20s, attending community college, working, and hunting in his spare time, that he decided to dedicate himself to it.

"I was working part-time at a warehouse making, like, $4.72 an hour, going to school part-time basically, and hunting, so it was like I really didn't have anything going. I mean, the word failure might be strong, but I wasn't doing anything. . . . I didn't really wanna accept responsibility, was drinking with my buddies on the weekends, and was just not going anywhere."

But he had a family to support (he and his wife had just had their first son, Tanner), so Hanes got a job as a buyer at the Springfield Utility Board, the company he still works for today. And he began taking bowhunting seriously. Eventually, he established himself as a

CAMERONHANES.COM

dominant force in the hunting world, becoming the editor of *Eastman's Bowhunting Journal* and self-publishing two books about hunting.

Hunting has declined precipitously in recent years. According to a survey by the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, today only about 5 percent of Americans actually hunt, half as many as 50 years ago, and the numbers are expected to continue to decline.

The number of people who have mastered Hanes's preferred method of "backcountry" hunting with bow and arrow is even smaller. Backcountry hunting involves arduous treks on foot through wilderness, often for weeks at a time. It requires patience as well as physical and mental resilience. In his book *Backcountry Bowhunting, A Guide to the Wild Side*, Hanes writes that he had only taken a total of 12 shots in the four years before publication of the book.

"If you want to execute an ethical shot on an animal, you have to be obsessed," says Joe Rogan, host of the popular *Joe Rogan Experience* podcast, who was introduced to bowhunting by Hanes. "You have to practice every day. You have to be thinking about it every day. . . . Most people are just not going to have either the time or the inclination or the discipline or whatever it is, the mental fortitude, whatever it is, to do that right."

Hanes has frequently spoken about why practice is so important for hunters who hope to survive the hazards of the wild. I witness this commitment to preparedness when we drive over to a farm owned by a longtime friend of Hanes's who has a large archery range set up on his property.

Hanes gets out of his truck, pulls out his compound bow, and begins taking warm-up shots. He draws the string back slowly, aims, and releases. He walks over to the targets between shots to check his accuracy, then walks back, draws another arrow, and starts all over again.

After roughly 15 minutes of warming up, Hanes gets a yellow balloon from his truck, walks out into the field, and ties it to the farthest target. He backs up to 140 yards and asks me to film him as he repeatedly attempts to puncture the balloon. He does not succeed on his first shot, or his second, or even his third. Hanes swears a couple times under his breath but otherwise shows no signs of discouragement and eventually hits his target after half a dozen tries.

One hundred forty yards is well beyond the distance Hanes would ever feel comfortable taking a shot in the wild, but this is the kind of determined practice characteristic of him; he is always looking for ways to challenge himself.

One day on a run, Hanes noticed a 130-pound boulder. Intrigued, he decided to add it to his exercise routine and began carrying it one and a half miles uphill once every seven days. (He stopped when the boulder disappeared from its usual spot on the trail.)

This Sisyphean challenge, among Hanes's many other strenuous workout methods, is what originally caught the eye of Joe Rogan, who invited Hanes onto his podcast. "He just struck me as this odd human being," Rogan says. "He's a very stoic, kind of quiet but intense guy, and he's absolutely obsessed with perfection and perfection in bow-hunting and the moment of the kill, like being at his physical best to be able to perform the perfect shot and kill an animal in perfect ethical fashion."

Hanes's hunting has earned him condemnation as well as praise. Condemned by media outlets such as the *Huffington Post* and some animal rights groups, he was the focus of an unsuccessful Change.org petition signed by over 3,000 people demanding that Under Armour, one of his sponsors, sever ties with him. He received particularly vociferous criticism on social media recently when a group of hunters he was with in Alberta, Canada, killed a three-legged bear.

In a long Facebook post defending his fellow-hunters, Hanes wrote, "I wonder what they thought would happen to the bear if we hadn't killed him? That he'd limp around on 3 legs forever and live happily ever after? Or maybe he'd live to see his 80th birthday and all his grandkids would come over for cake and he could tell them stories from the good old days?"

"Man has always been part of the equation as we've always hunted," he wrote. "And, we must continue to be. Hunting is conservation."

Though Hanes is fiercely loyal to the hunting community, he thinks it can do a better job of promoting the sport. "I don't think we've done a very good job of explaining hunting and why it's important and how conservation works," Hanes says. "I think we could do better not only explaining trophy hunting but just be public land advocates and how we can work together with . . . I don't know, say, Patagonia, Sierra Club, those types."

Hanes has engaged in some mild activism himself. On January 24, 2017, Congressman Jason Chaffetz introduced HR 621, which immediately sparked a backlash from the outdoor community—hunters in particular.

HR 621 mandated the sale of over three million acres of public lands in Utah, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, and Wyoming. To combat the bill, Hanes and other high-profile hunters took to social media to express their opposition. Their efforts succeeded, and on February 1, Chaffetz announced that he would withdraw the bill.

More recently, Hanes traveled to Washington to meet and shoot bows with Secretary of the Interior Ryan Zinke, who has since made him part of his International Wildlife Conservation Council. Hanes concedes that politics is not his strength. Though he has an amiable relationship with Zinke, he is no Washington pol and he worries

that he could be taken advantage of if he's not careful.

"People love telling me, 'Oh, see, they f—ing lied to you. You're an idiot,'" Hanes remarks. "And then I'm like, 'F—k, did they? Am I?' Because I don't know. And so it's tough. I'm trying to do the right thing. I'm trying to make a positive impact."

During my visit with Hanes, we went on a run. He's an extremely successful amateur runner. Last year he placed thirteenth in the Moab 240-mile race (a punishing three-day trek through deserts, canyons, and mountain ranges) and in 2008 he beat Lance Armstrong in the Boston Marathon.

He's mapped out a challenging nine-mile route for us up Mt. Pisgah. "These hills aren't gonna run themselves!" he grins, as I do my best to match his long strides.

At the top of the mountain he tells me to jump onto a cylindrical bronze monument that marks the summit. The monument makes regular appearances on Hanes's Instagram feed (it was erected in memory of Ken Kesey's son Jed, a college wrestler who died in an accident at age 20).

"And here we are, we got Dylan. He's hammering," Hanes says as he films a short clip of me jumping onto the monument that he later posts on Instagram. "You guys know where we are," he says.

And many people know who Hanes is, too, even on top of a mountain. "Good luck keeping up with Cam," a passerby says as we head back down the mountain at a brisk clip. "Look at him. He's not even breaking a sweat," another man remarks to a friend as Hanes passes him by.

During the run, when I have to stop to catch my breath, Hanes slows down, giving me time to rest before encouraging me to start up again. As Hanes patiently calibrates his speed to match mine, I realize I'm being gently coached. Hanes pushes me when it looks like I can handle it and backs off when it's clear I need some rest. I thank him.

"I just respect you being out here, man," he says.

"You know, everybody struggles," Rogan says. "People struggle to get out of bed, they struggle to go to work, to get their chores done, and deal with their lives, and when you see someone who's living their life [like Hanes does] . . . he's not just doing what he's doing in terms of preparing to hunt and, you know, practicing archery. . . . It's a very strange thing, what he's doing. That resonates with people."

One of Hanes's mottos is "Nobody cares. Work harder." But it's clear Hanes does care—about cultivating resilience and discipline in himself, yes—but also about encouraging it in others. ◆

Soon after this March 1968 meeting with General Creighton Abrams about the war in Vietnam, President Lyndon Johnson (center) announced he would not run for reelection. Vice President Hubert Humphrey (left) eventually became that year's Democratic nominee.

1968: Grisly Election

When all the political nightmares came true.

BY NOEMIE EMERY

There may have been worse years in world history—1939 comes to mind—but for sheer gloom and despair with few beams of sunshine, 1968 will do very well. Short of the fact that war didn't break out, just about nothing good happened in politics that year. Every hope at the start was crushed or died later. Every good reputation was diminished, save for those of the men who failed to leave the year alive: Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert F. Kennedy lived on in legend, whereas everyone else in politics that year was disgraced or greatly damaged, either then, or, like the winner of the 1968 presidential election, Richard M. Nixon, later. Talented people like Nixon, Hubert H. Humphrey, and Eugene McCarthy turned out to have weaknesses that made their gifts useless. All failed their country and those who had backed them.

Playing with Fire
The 1968 Election and the Transformation of American Politics
by Lawrence O'Donnell
Penguin, 484 pp., $18

Hubert Humphrey
The Conscience of the Country
by Arnold A. Offner
Yale, 490 pp., $35

How did it begin? Did it begin with Lyndon B. Johnson, who squandered the nation's immense goodwill following the Kennedy assassination with his failure to manage domestic upheavals and the Vietnam conflict, which had grown on his watch from a small-bore engagement to a war without end? Did it begin with Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon, men of huge promise who each wished to rebound from the humiliations incurred from being vice president and from losing to John F. Kennedy? Did it begin with Bobby Kennedy, who believed the moral arc of the world would not be restored until he assumed the seat of his brother?

Or did it perhaps begin with Allard

CORBIS / GETTY

Noemie Emery is a contributing editor to The Weekly Standard.

K. Lowenstein, then 39, a social justice warrior before the phrase was invented, whose gig was crusading and whose realm was the world? The year before, Lowenstein, about a dozen years out of law school (and three years after his involvement with the Freedom Riders), began looking for members of Congress who might want to run against Johnson in 1968 and thus bring an end to the war.

The obvious choice was Robert F. Kennedy, brother and heir to the much-missed former president, who had talent, charisma, and a two-tier following—his own and his brother's—big enough to take on an incumbent president. The problem was that he *was* the late president's brother, so a challenge by him would be traced less to a cause than to resentment and jealousy, to a sense of entitlement and, like his brother, an unwillingness to wait his turn. Bobby Kennedy's dislike of Johnson, shared and returned, was a very old story. He and his team had long planned on a run, but in 1972, when the race would be wide open and his problems with Johnson would not be an issue. His brother Ted was against it; so were most of his late brother's advisers, who wanted a return as badly as he did but felt that the time wasn't right. Challenging a sitting president of one's own party was a huge undertaking; Bobby could easily lose, and in that case the hopes for a Kennedy restoration would be over forever. In September 1967, Bobby told Lowenstein he wouldn't be running. Two months later, Senator Eugene McCarthy said that he would.

A part-time poet and an ex-seminarian, McCarthy described himself as more Catholic and smarter than both the Kennedys, and his low-key and somewhat professorial manner was a good fit for the army of students and depressed intellectuals he would find himself called on to lead. The downside was that he was not at all gifted at stirring emotions: Lowenstein's friend Jack Newfield called him "vain and lazy." "No one was better at dulling the excitement of the McCarthy campaign than Gene McCarthy," writes Lawrence O'Donnell in *Playing with Fire*, his 2017 book

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

B&A

1968: Radical Year

What's missing from a new account of the protests and their legacy. **BY JOHN WILSON**

Once you're past the front cover and title page of Richard Vinen's *1968: Radical Protest and Its Enemies*, you'll find that his term of art is 68: not 1968 (shuffling along in a long line after 1926, 1953, and so on), not '68 (with the pedantic apostrophe), but simply 68 ("iconic," as some idiot is about to add). Hence also his frequent references to 68ers (lacking the cachet of *soixante-huitards* but jaunty nonetheless). Except in France, Vinen notes, the widespread use of 68 for this purpose, as in historians' fierce arguments about "the Long 68" vs. "the Short 68"—Vinen supplies chronologies for both—came only well after the events of that memorable year. (If only we had a Monty Python sketch featuring dueling historians on this subject.)

After a couple of chapters setting the scene and sketching his approach, followed by a chapter on universities as incubators of protest, Vinen devotes four substantial chapters to 68 as it played out in the United States, France, West Germany, and Britain. He occasionally takes up events elsewhere—in Italy, for instance—but focuses on these four, emphasizing both commonalities and contrasts (the strong participation of workers in the French 68, for instance, as opposed to organized labor's widespread disdain for protesters and activists in the United States).

These case studies are followed by three thematic chapters: "The Revolution Within the Revolution: Sexual Liberation and the Family," "Workers," and "Violence." A chapter titled "Defeat and Accommodation?" considers the afterlife of 68 in the 1970s and 1980s, while in his conclusion Vinen assesses the would-be revolutionaries from today's vantage.

Vinen combines two qualities not often found in the same historian. One is a willingness to doggedly absorb vast quantities of information and present his findings in a lucid if somewhat pedestrian form. The other is a sharp wit and a strong sense of irony, coupled with an openness to the unruly character of human experience. The result is a book that will be useful (even enjoyable) to a wide audience, from lay readers to Vinen's fellow scholars, a chronicle that can be read with profit both by those who will be encountering events that took place well before they were born and by those (like me) who remember those days from their youth. It may be a timely book as well, though I hope it isn't.

I know people (mostly via reading, sometimes between the lines, but also in person, including a couple of close friends) who loathe President Trump (as many of us do) but who hope he will be reelected in 2020. In their view, no incremental improvements to our flawed liberal democracy, held in the iron grip of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

1968
Radical Protest and Its Enemies
by Richard Vinen
Harper, 446 pp., $29.99

John Wilson is a contributing editor to the Englewood Review of Books.

Senators Eugene McCarthy and Robert F. Kennedy appearing together on a TV news program on June 1, 1968

MICHAEL ROUGIER / LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION / GETTY

EMERY *CONTINUED FROM 35*

about the 1968 election, just released in paperback. "When he arrived to make a speech to thousands of students in New Bedford, Massachusetts, they gave him a standing ovation. When he left the stage, they didn't move." Blair Clark, his campaign manager, "started to feel that his candidate was deliberately running an anticampaign."

What changed everything was the Tet Offensive, begun in the early morning of January 30, 1968: a massive, coordinated surprise attack by North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces against dozens of South Vietnamese military and civilian targets. It was intended to provoke the collapse of the South Vietnamese government; instead, it provoked the collapse of the presidency of Lyndon B. Johnson, his entire war policy, and his political base. All of a sudden, Johnson seemed vulnerable, his support in the polls slipping to 41 percent and support for the war to a number 6 points below that. All of a sudden, volunteers flooded into the McCarthy campaign in New Hampshire. All of a sudden, McCarthy, always before a passive, elusive, diffident figure, looked like a hero and sage, his professorial style suited to the moment.

In December, McCarthy's aides had thought 10 percent of the vote in the New Hampshire primary would be an accomplishment; early in March they thought 25 percent was more like it; a few days before, 40 percent seemed likely. On March 12, he won 42 percent against 49 percent for the president, a victorious loss. In the delegate count, he won 20 to the president's 4. Lowenstein's vision had proved prescient.

But the year of upheavals had only begun. In the days just before the New Hampshire primary, Bobby Kennedy, who had never completely ruled out a run, began to sense that the train was leaving the station. By this late stage in the process, all of his options looked terrible: He could let this chance pass and with it his mission, or he could get into the race and be widely described as an opportunist and coward, someone who let another man take the biggest risks and entered only after the doors were pried open.

In fact, the difference between McCarthy and Bobby lay less in their courage than in what each had to lose. McCarthy was an unknown with no base of power and nothing at risk in losing to Johnson. Bobby was heir to the great, complex whole of the Kennedy drama; to the two lost brothers who had perished before him; to the hopes of all those who had worked for JFK and who now looked to him to redeem their investment. Risking all this without a strong chance of success had been out of the question, but the cost of waiting until success seemed assured was also high. "Kennedy's people had hoped McCarthy would show that Johnson was vulnerable, but that it would take a stronger candidate than McCarthy to dump Johnson," O'Donnell writes. This had not happened: It now appeared as if Gene McCarthy might be able to knock off LBJ by himself. But Bobby believed that McCarthy didn't have it in him to beat Johnson, let alone Nixon (a belief that was proven correct after Bobby was murdered). The morning after the New Hampshire primary, Bobby told reporters he was reassessing his options. On March 16, four years ahead of his previous schedule, and knowing he would be labeled ruthless, he announced he was in.

For President Johnson, this was the long-dreaded nightmare: "The thing I feared from the first day of my presidency was actually coming true," he later told biographer Doris Kearns Goodwin. "Robert Kennedy had openly announced his intention to reclaim the throne in the memory of his brother. And the American people, swayed by the magic of the name, were dancing in the streets." On March 31, at the end of a long speech on the war's progress, he announced, to the shock of everyone listening, that he would not seek reelection.

For Robert F. Kennedy, this was the start of a nightmare: The man he had loathed for five years and had wanted to battle was suddenly gone, and in his place was a person not really his enemy, who led what RFK thought in his heart was *his* army and whose ideas were not far from his own. Some on "his" side now thought *he* was the enemy. Some of his friends, including Al Lowenstein, were now with McCarthy and were also conflicted, and Bobby's campaign would never be whole. "There is a general feeling that the campaign is not quite working," Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. would lament in his diary. "The basic trouble is that McCarthy, by the single act of prior entry, captured Bobby's constituency and, with it, a lot of the dynamism of the campaign." With Johnson out and Humphrey refusing to enter the primaries (counting on delegates he would inherit as Johnson's vice president), Kennedy and McCarthy would battle up and down the West Coast, with McCarthy defeating Kennedy in the Oregon primary (the first electoral setback suffered by a Kennedy in more than two decades) and losing to him a week later in California.

Then Bobby was shot. Were it McCarthy who had died, Bobby would have gone to his supporters at once to express his regrets and urge them to join him in fighting all the harder. Instead, McCarthy threw in the towel. He sought "symbolic" concessions—asking Humphrey to take a softer line on Vietnam so that McCarthy could exit with at least that much accomplished—but Humphrey refused. Four days later McCarthy met Johnson in Washington,

BETTMANN / GETTY

Senator McCarthy (center) approaches Senator Kennedy's coffin at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

and the same conversation occurred. The Kennedy people and the McCarthy people were suddenly all out in the cold. "In the coming months [McCarthy] did not reach out to the bereft Kennedy supporters and campaigned as though he had given up," writes Arnold A. Offner, author of the new biography *Hubert Humphrey: The Conscience of the Country*.

Then Bobby was shot. McCarthy 'did not reach out to the bereft Kennedy supporters and campaigned as though he had given up.'

The Democratic convention in August was a predictable riot, with the orphaned and leaderless antiwar forces expressing their rage by engaging in futile and badly planned demonstrations where they were gassed, beaten, and crushed into submission by Mayor Richard Daley's police. Among the many low points, it's hard to pick the lowest. One was when Daley shouted "F— you, you Jew son of a bitch" at JFK confidant Abraham Ribicoff, who had complained about "Gestapo tactics in the streets of Chicago" and then answered Daley with a very slight smile, "How hard it is to accept the truth." Another came when Humphrey, told he had gone over the top in the number of delegates, happily kissed a televised image of his wife's face, oblivious to the fact that his world and his party were falling to pieces around him. Richard Nixon would not be that different. By the time the nominees of both major parties had arrived at their prizes, they had been so badly damaged by prior experience they were unable to use it for good.

The problems of both men were the same only different. Both Humphrey and Nixon had come into conflict with the era's most dominant figures, whom they failed to evade or survive. In 1960, each had lost the presidency to the money, connections, pizzazz, and overwhelming political gifts of John Kennedy, and neither ever got over it; each had spent years as vice president in the shade of a powerhouse president whose personal presence was overwhelming and who seemed impossible to please. A poor boy from Whittier, California, whose pre-Navy days were lived in desperate poverty, Nixon was looked down on by his war-hero president, Dwight D. Eisenhower, who made him know in the Checkers flap that he was expendable; used him as a

hatchet man against Joe McCarthy and the Democrats; never asked him or his wife into the living quarters of any house that he lived in; and in the 1960 campaign humiliatingly failed to name any one thing that Nixon had done for him: "If you give me a week, I might think of one," he said.

But if Ike by and large ignored Richard Nixon, Lyndon Johnson paid all too much attention to Humphrey, much of it spent tearing him down. In the index of Offner's biography of Humphrey, "Johnson, Lyndon B., HHH tormented by" gets a line of its own and 15 entries. "Humphrey was highly dependent emotionally on Johnson's goodwill," Offner writes. "He was extremely happy when Johnson gave him a watch and some 'wonderful pictures.'" After LBJ "put his arm around him at the White House reception" following the wedding of LBJ's daughter, Humphrey said "I was just like his son." Even when he was the nominee and Johnson had no further power over him, Humphrey was always afraid to incur LBJ's displeasure, refusing to say he would change his war policy until almost the last days of the campaign.

But while Humphrey's dysfunction was on full display, Nixon's was hidden: His outburst in 1962 when he lost a race for governor in California and told the press it wouldn't "have Nixon to kick around anymore" was never repeated in public, though it remained very much what he felt. Nixon's belief that he had been treated so badly that from then on he was entitled to do anything that he could to even the score would govern his life—through his victory in 1968, to his staggering, 49-state victory in 1972, and even after he was forced out of office following the Watergate scandal. The fact remains that in 1968 not Nixon or Humphrey or anyone else left alive at the end had the character, strength, or competence to give the country the guidance and leadership it so badly needed. The worst campaign ever, it was also the longest: It was not until Gerald R. Ford took the oath of office on August 9, 1974, that the long, tortured election of 1968 finally came to its end. ♦

WILSON *CONTINUED FROM 35*

capitalism, will even begin to lead us out of our dystopian mess. For these observers, the presidency of Barack Obama settled that question once and for all. They never use the word "revolution" (at least in my reading or hearing), but that seems to be the logical conclusion to their assessment. And more years of Trump, they judge, will make an overthrow of our malign "system" at least a bit more plausible.

I have one small gripe and one large complaint. Small but puzzling: Why doesn't Vinen at least mention the three films—*The Lovely Month of May*, *A Grin Without a Cat*, and *The Case of the Grinning Cat*—in which Chris Marker muses on "the Long 68"? (Of course, I understand you have to leave a lot out in such a condensed account.) Large: For me, the greatest weakness of Vinen's valuable book is his failure to give adequate attention to religion, a failure all the more maddening because—good historian that he is—he conscientiously includes, in passing, observations that might have prompted him to think more about this. (See his brief comments on pages 86-87 about the religious convictions shared by some members of the American left.) In fact he should have devoted a thematic chapter to religion and 68, which would have started with the rapid secularization of Western Europe in the sixties and contrasted this with the American experience. (On the first point see, for example, Hugh McLeod's concluding essay, "Reflections and New Perspectives," in *The Sixties and Beyond: Dechristianization in North America and Western Europe, 1945-2000*, edited by Nancy Christie and Michael Gauvreau.)

Of course this is a blind spot Vinen shares with many scholars of the sixties. While every general history of the sixties in the United States includes a mention of Students for a Democratic Society, very few of them take note of the Catholic charismatic renewal that began in 1967 at a retreat held by Duquesne University faculty and students, or the parallel explosion of Pentecostal influence on Protestants, not to mention the Lubavitchers and similar Orthodox Jewish movements. You can't understand the sixties—68 very much included—unless you include in your view these movements combining intense piety with ecstatic experience. (See Geoffrey O'Brien's brilliant memoir *Dream Time* for an unsettling variation on glossolalia, not "religious" but hardly "secular" either.)

This connection is particularly important for any study of political violence and terrorism. The religious or quasi-religious motivations that often play a part in such violence have been explored by novelists and filmmakers as well as scholars. Most of the 68 protesters Vinen describes were not violent, but some were. His consideration of "the Long 68" in Germany includes the Baader-Meinhof group, one of whose leaders, Gudrun Ensslin, was the daughter of a Protestant pastor. Stefan Aust, whose book *Baader-Meinhof: The Inside Story of the R.A.F.* should be added to Vinen's suggestions for further reading, quotes the pastor's response after his daughter and Andreas Baader were arrested for arson in two department stores. While no one was injured in the fires—the group had not yet killed anyone, though that was soon to come—both Pastor Ensslin and his wife, while saying that of course they did not condone arson, spoke of their daughter's action in exalted terms. "It has astonished me," Pastor Ensslin said, "to find that Gudrun, who has always thought in a very rational, intelligent way, has experienced what is almost a condition of euphoric self-realization, a really holy self-realization such as we find mentioned in connection with saints."

Protesters in Chicago for the 1968 Democratic National Convention swarm the statue of Civil War general John Logan in Grant Park.

JULIAN WASSER / LIFE IMAGES COLLECTION / GETTY

By coincidence (if there are any coincidences), I was reading an advance galley of Vinen's book when I saw the news of Tom Wolfe's death. It was in August 1968 that two of Wolfe's books—*The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* and *The Pump House Gang*—were published on the same day. Yes: two aggressively, offensively brilliant anatomies of the zeitgeist *published on the same day*. Two years later came *Radical Chic and Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers* (not irrelevant to 68, Short or Long).

So it happened that while I read the galley of *1968* and again when I read the finished book, Tom Wolfe seemed to be hovering nearby. No Ouija board was used, James Merrill-style, nor did I consort with any latter-day sisters of the Witch of Endor. Still I sensed a presence. Maybe it was that (in conjunction with the then-upcoming plans to mark the centenary of the end of World War I) that started me thinking about the centenary of 68.

Given the claims of the life-extension crowd, it's possible I'll be around for that anniversary, 120 years old. Will anyone care about 68 in 2068? I'm not sure. My memories of 1968 are still reasonably clear, with newsworthy events—the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr.; the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy; the Democratic convention in Chicago; and more—jumbled with personal memories: above all, marrying Wendy in Chico, California, in September and setting out later that day by car (Wendy at the wheel) for Santa Barbara, where I would begin classes at Westmont College in a couple of days. We were 20 years old.

A year and several months later, in February 1970, a Bank of America branch in Isla Vista, near the campus of the University of California, Santa Barbara, was burned down by protesters. Wendy (who was pregnant with our first child, to be born that September) and I shook our heads at the news, but we weren't at all overcome by a sense of dread. Should we have been? Or should we have decided that we too must join the revolution? Neither, maybe. ♦

B&A

Steward of Middle-earth

The extraordinary fidelity of Christopher Tolkien, last of the Inklings. **BY HANNAH LONG**

In 1975, Christopher Tolkien left his fellowship at New College, Oxford, to edit his late father's massive legendarium. The prospect was daunting. The 50-year-old medievalist found himself confronted with 70 boxes of unpublished work. Thousands of pages of notes and fragments and poems, some dating back more than six decades, were stuffed haphazardly into the boxes. Handwritten texts were hurriedly scrawled in pencil and annotated with a jumble of notes and corrections. One early story was drafted in a high school exercise book.

A large portion of the archive concerned the history of J.R.R. Tolkien's fictional world, Middle-earth. The notes contained a broader picture of a universe only hinted at in Tolkien's two bestselling novels, *The Hobbit* (1937) and *The Lord of the Rings* (1954-55). Tolkien had intended to bring that picture to light in a lengthy, solemn history going back to creation itself, but he died before completing a final, coherent version.

Christopher took it upon himself to edit that book, which was published in 1977 as *The Silmarillion*. He then turned to another project drawn from his father's papers, then another—ultimately publishing poetry, academic works, fiction, and a 12-volume history of the creation of Middle-earth. *The Fall of Gondolin*, published in August, is the 25th posthumous book Christopher Tolkien has produced from his father's archives.

Hannah Long is a writer living in Rural Retreat, Virginia.

The Fall of Gondolin
by J.R.R. Tolkien
edited by Christopher Tolkien
Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 302 pp., $30

Now, after more than 40 years, at the age of 94, Christopher Tolkien has laid down his editor's pen, having completed a great labor of quiet, scholastic commitment to his father's vision. It is the concluding public act of a gentleman and scholar, the last member of a club that became a pivotal part of 20th-century literature: the Inklings. It is the end of an era.

All of this would have come as a great surprise to 24-year-old J.R.R. Tolkien as he scrambled down the lice-ridden trenches of the Somme. Catching trench fever removed Tolkien from the front lines and probably saved his life. While on sick leave, he began a draft of *The Fall of Gondolin*. Now, 102 years later, it sits on the shelves of every Barnes & Noble in the country.

The first draft of *The Fall of Gondolin* was begun during the Great War; the final incomplete version is dated 1951. Both versions are included in the newly published book, along with fragments and working drafts. While the story itself is good, its true weight is as the final piece of the Tolkien legendarium, a project an entire century in the making.

It is work that has spanned Christopher Tolkien's life. He started editing at just 5 years of age, catching inconsistencies in the stories his father told at bedtime. When those stories became *The Hobbit*, Christopher's father promised him tuppence for every mistake he noticed in the text. A few years later, Christopher was typing up manuscripts and drawing maps of Middle-earth.

"As strange as it may seem, I grew up in the world he created," said Christopher in a rare 2012 interview with *Le Monde*. "For me, the cities of *The Silmarillion* are more real than Babylon."

Around the time Christopher was commissioned an officer in the RAF in 1945, Tolkien was calling his son "my chief critic and collaborator." Christopher would return from flying missions to pore over another chapter of his father's work. He also joined the informal literary club known as the Inklings. At 21, he was the youngest—and is now the last surviving—member. The band of friends—J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Owen Barfield, Hugo Dyson, and Charles Williams, among others—would meet at Oxford's Eagle and Child pub or Lewis's rooms in Magdalen College to chat about literature and philosophy and to read aloud portions of works in progress.

Christopher was recruited to narrate his father's stories. The group considered his clear, rich voice a marked improvement over his father's dithering, mumbling delivery. Lewis had recognized the brilliance of J.R.R. Tolkien's work from the first moment he encountered it, and for years remained Tolkien's only audience. Dyson, not so appreciative, exclaimed during one reading, "Oh, not another f—ing elf!"

Poet and scholar Malcolm Guite argues that the Inklings, despite their profound differences (Tolkien was an English Roman Catholic, Lewis an Ulster Protestant, Williams a hermetic mystic) refined and supported each other in their common literary mission.

"They're not often noticed by literary historians because … in terms of English literature, the self-defining mainstream of 20th-century literature supposedly was high modernism, shaped by Joyce and Eliot," Guite said in a 2011 lecture. But "there was actually … something quite radical going on in that group. Together, they were able to form a profoundly alternative and countercultural vision." Guite emphasizes, in particular, the Inklings'

shared desire to respond to the materialist, largely atheistic cohort whose voices dominated the world of letters.

Although the Inklings are often accused of escapism, nearly *all* culture was engaged in a sort of dissociation because of the carnage and devastation of the First World War. Tolkien scholar Verlyn Flieger writes that Tolkien was "a traveler between worlds," from his Edwardian youth to his postbellum disillusionment. It was this "oscillation that, paradoxically, makes him a modern writer, for … the temporal dislocation of his 'escape' mirrored the psychological disjunction and displacement of his century."

High modernism found that escape in science, creating a stark divide between the material and the spiritual. This technical, technological, atomizing approach turns up in *The Lord of the Rings* with the villainous wizard Saruman, whose materialist philosophy dismisses the transcendent. Early in the book, Saruman changes his robe from white to multicolored. He explains, "White cloth may be dyed. The white page can be overwritten; and the white light can be broken."

"In which case it is no longer white," Gandalf replies. "And he that breaks a thing to find out what it is has left the path of wisdom."

Saruman ignores that his dissection of color has eliminated something greater than the sum of its parts; he has lost view of the transcendent white light. For the Inklings, the medium of fantasy restored—or rather revealed—the enchantment of a disenchanted world. It reinstated an understanding of the transcendent that had been lost in postwar alienation.

"The value of myth," C.S. Lewis wrote in an essay defending *The Lord of the Rings*, "is that it takes all the things we know and restores to them the rich significance which has been hidden by 'the veil of familiarity.'" In this, fantasy did precisely the opposite of what its critics alleged—it did not represent a flight from the real world but a return to it, an unveiling of it. A child, Lewis wrote, "does not despise real woods because he has read of enchanted woods," but "the reading makes all real woods a little enchanted."

DAVE MALAN

For Lewis, the revelation had greater meaning as well, since it was through his love of myths that he came to appreciate the beauty of Christianity. As a young atheist, Lewis felt the "two hemispheres of [his] mind"—reason and imagination—were irreconcilable. While he saw reason as true and "real," imagination was beautiful but merely lies "breathed through silver." Tolkien and Dyson rebuked this fractured thinking, explaining that Christianity reconciled the tangible fact of history with the spiritual satisfaction of myth.

"The Gospels contain a fairy-story, or a story of a larger kind which embraces all the essence of fairy-stories," wrote Tolkien.

> They contain many marvels—peculiarly artistic, beautiful, and moving: 'Mythical' in their perfect, self-contained significance. … But this story has entered History and the primary world. … It has preeminently the 'inner consistency of reality.' There is no tale ever told that men would rather find was true, and none which so many sceptical men have accepted as true on its own merits. For the Art of it has the supremely convincing tone of Primary Art, that is, of Creation. To reject it leads to sadness or to wrath.

Lewis wrote that Tolkien and Dyson's argument made him realize that "the story of Christ is simply a true myth: a myth working on us in the same way as the others, but with this tremendous difference that *it really happened*." The Inklings saw the story of Christ as representing the perfect example of an unfragmented, undivided connection between reason and the imagination, the physical and the spiritual, the human and the divine.

Fantasy restores that undivided connection (or, to return to Tolkien's metaphor, it unsplinters light). The genre emphasizes that the spiritual and fantastical are never far from the everyday. An ordinary hobbit like Bilbo Baggins encounters trolls just a few days' journey from the normalcy and safety of his village. He later composes this song:

> *Still round the corner there may wait*
> *A new road or a secret gate,*
> *And though we pass them by today,*
> *Tomorrow we may come this way*
> *And take the hidden paths that run*
> *Towards the Moon or to the Sun.*

This juxtaposition of the normal (a road, a gate) and the mystical ("the hidden paths that run / Towards the Moon or to the Sun") captures perfectly Tolkien's point: The spiritual is just around the corner. It makes you pay more attention to roads and gates in the bargain.

The everyday romance of Tolkien's Middle-earth and Lewis's Narnia stood in defiance of the cynical despair of the high modernists. The tension between the groups was real. When T. S. Eliot switched sides—becoming a high church Anglican, of all things!—Virginia Woolf wrote that he "may be called dead to all of us from this day forward. … There's something obscene in a living person sitting by the fire and believing in God."

The Inklings (and such of their forebears as Chesterton) sought to explain that there was nothing absurd in the secular and the sacred living cheek by jowl. In fact, it's quite likely that one may find oneself, in Woolf's phrase, "sitting by the fire" alongside a wizard who witnessed the singing of creation into being—as indeed Bilbo Baggins does.

This is not to say that the Inklings simply fled into a nostalgic past. They rather sought to apply its lessons to a violent and difficult present. If the Bagginses resemble throwback Victorian gentlemen and the other hobbits suggest plain English country folk of ages past, much else in *The Lord of the Rings*, from Saruman's terrible machines to the mangled bodies on the Pelennor Fields, resembles the 20th century. The story ends with the Shire, which Tolkien described as "more or less a Warwickshire village of about the period of the Diamond Jubilee," ravaged by war. Frodo, experiencing a sort of spiritual shell shock, can find no peace even when the war is long over.

It's hard to overstate Tolkien's success. His inventions became clichés. Hardly any fantasy today lacks intricate made-up languages, an epic civilizational struggle against a dark power, elves and dragons and quests and powerful magical trinkets.

The Inklings weren't escapists. They were, Flieger writes, "a response to a response, and thus a continuation of the dialogue. … If the period surrounding the Great War gave birth to modernism, it also engendered the reaction against it, the effort to ensure that 'before' was not wholly lost in 'after.'"

The Inklings' efforts did not all meet the same success. Lewis's Narnian religious allegories sold well, but his Space Trilogy was and remains underappreciated. Charles Williams wrote what Eliot called "supernatural thrillers" that have now fallen into obscurity. Tolkien, for his part, wrote the most popular high-fantasy novel of the 20th century. What accounts for the difference?

Largely, it was the way Tolkien constructed his mythology—drawing on ideas about language and creation, which he considered intimately connected. And he did nothing by halves. "His fantasy philology is just as strict as the philology of the Germanic languages that he … expounded as a professor," Christopher explained in a 1996 documentary. "If he wanted a new word within one of these languages, he didn't simply select a few syllables that attracted him. He worked out what that word would actually be and … the sound changes that will, fictionally, have passed over them in the course of time."

Mythology within the mythology explained the creation of the sun and moon, the moral landscape of Middle-earth, and the origin of golf. Tales of individuals—joyful and sad—anchor the epic histories. There's the saga of Beren, a mortal who fell in love with an elf maid, Lúthien. The voyage of Eärendil the mariner, who sailed his ship into the skies with a Silmaril upon his brow, thus becoming the brightest star in the heavens. Many of the tales concern the Silmarils—gems crafted by the firebrand warrior Fëanor—which contain the light of the trees in Valinor before they were destroyed in the dawn of the world.

"Myth-making is normally done … by ancient peoples whose names we don't know," Malcolm Guite says. "It's just we happen to have the extraordinary example of a bloke suddenly appearing in the 20th century who became *by himself* the mythic equivalent of an entire people. And produced it all."

There's a great deal of irony that it was an uncharismatic Oxford medievalist who created the most popular adventure story of the 20th century. It's hard to overstate his success. His inventions became clichés. Hardly any fantasy today lacks intricate made-up languages, an epic civilizational struggle against a dark power, elves and dragons and quests and powerful magical trinkets.

"Tolkien was the first," George R. R. Martin says, "to create a fully realized

secondary universe. … [I]n contemporary fantasy the setting becomes a character in its own right. It is Tolkien who made it so."

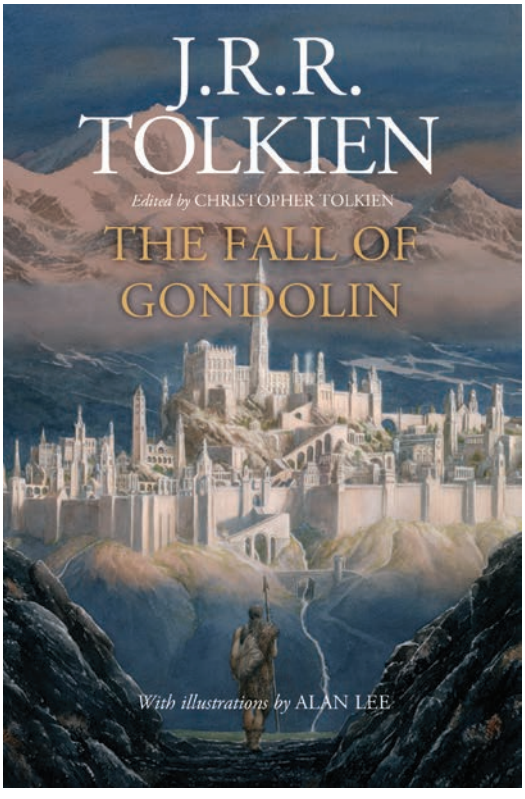
The books initially attracted a following among the hippie counterculture, then surged in popularity among Catholics, then edged toward the mainstream for a couple of decades until Peter Jackson's blockbuster films brought the stories to a massive audience. Evangelicals love them, but not for their didactic value: Christ is not present in Tolkien's stories; there is no Aslan in *The Lord of the Rings*. Tolkien wished to create a story shaped *by* the truths he believed but without explicitly referencing them.

The reason for the broad appeal of Tolkien's work—for its chameleonic ability to speak to every time and place and people—is that while it is full of ideas, it never becomes ideological. This approach is often a source of frustration in our explicit day ("What was Aragorn's tax policy?" complained George R.R. Martin), but a great myth cannot lay out its answers plainly, Tolkien believed: It must do so implicitly through storytelling.

In *The Lord of the Rings*, the final corruption of Frodo is an inevitable and perfect solution to the facts established about his character and the ring's corrosive power. It is also an indirect hint toward Tolkien's belief that "the power of Evil in the world is *not* finally resistible by incarnate creatures." The deus ex machina—Tolkien later confirmed it to be an actual divine intervention—that follows Frodo's failure underlines this belief. But none of this is hinted at in the text: In-story, an exhausted hero decides to seize power for himself and a villain slips on a rock.

The Fall of Gondolin, the new book, tells the story of Tuor, a man who witnesses the demise of the last elf city to resist the terror of Morgoth. The story is written as a narrative, so it's more accessible than the legendary history of *The Silmarillion*, but its fragmented and incomplete state will make it a challenge for all but the most dedicated readers.

The story itself is compelling: It is an epic, elegiac tale of Gondolin, a good but apathetic kingdom sliding into corruption and complacency. Tuor, sent on a mission by the gods, urges the city to shake off its sloth and abandon its enchanted concealment, but his warnings fall on deaf ears. The fall of Gondolin is inevitable. Yet even as the city crumbles before the fiery whips of Morgoth's army, a child who represents hope for his people is smuggled out of its walls. Hope emerges from the darkest moment of the First Age. Alas, the 1951 version of the tale—which showcases Tolkien's more mature, thematically complex style—remains unfinished: The story ends before Tuor even enters the gates of Gondolin.



Flipping through the crisp pages of the new book, it is impossible not to feel the weight of the legacy Christopher Tolkien has borne. He never wrote any Middle-earth stories of his own—he would hardly dare: Just editing *The Silmarillion* gave him a nightmare of his father's disapproval. A few years ago, he won the Bodley Medal, an award given by Oxford's Bodleian Library, in recognition of his "contribution as a scholar and editor." And now his stewardship has ended: Christopher resigned last year as director of the Tolkien Estate, and his publisher announced that *Gondolin* is the last book he will edit.

J.R.R. Tolkien felt anxiety about whether his work would ever be completed or published. A short story called "Leaf by Niggle" gives a glimpse. The titular character, Niggle, spends his life painting a picture of a tree, but he departs on a "journey," leaving the picture unfinished, knowing that officials will use the canvas to patch a leaking roof.

When the discouraged Niggle finally reaches a land meant to symbolize heaven, he is distressed by his lack of accomplishment. But then he looks up.

> Before him stood the Tree, his Tree, finished. If you could say that of a Tree that was alive, its leaves opening, its branches growing and bending in the wind that Niggle had so often felt or guessed, and had so often failed to catch. … All the leaves he had ever laboured at were there, as he had imagined them rather than as he had made them; and there were others that had only budded in his mind, and many that might have budded, if only he had had time.

Tolkien meant to capture the grace that grants completion and fulfillment to all of life's wasted and half-finished undertakings. Unwittingly, he also prophesied the efforts of his youngest son. For without Christopher, we could never have beheld the sheer scope and wonder of his father's achievement. Tolkien always saw *The Lord of the Rings* and *The Silmarillion* as "one long Saga of the Jewels and the Rings." Christopher's work, now finished, has brought the entirety of this myth, the culmination of a countercultural literary movement, a great tree "growing and bending in the wind," into the clear, unbroken light. ♦

"E-cigarette startup Juul Labs Inc., faced with a regulatory crackdown and criticism that its marketing has attracted underage users, plans to stop selling most of its flavored nicotine liquids at bricks-and-mortar stores, according to people familiar with the matter."
—Wall Street Journal, *November 9, 2018*

PARODY

MD DC VA M2 V1

Democracy Dies in Florida

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 2018 • $2

Juul unveils new lineup of 'nonappealing' flavors

GUY FIERI'S FLAVORTOWN COLLECTION

Goodbye, mango; hello, donkey sauce

BY HEATHER HOLLOWAY

BILL MCCAY / WIREIMAGE / GETTY

Guy Fieri demonstrates the recipe behind his 'dog's breakfast' flavor.

Under intense scrutiny from the Food and Drug Administration, Juul Labs Inc. announced a complete overhaul of its e-cigarette lineup. Over the next six months, the company will phase out its current flavors, many of which the FDA claims are geared toward underage users, and will replace them with flavors for a more complex palate. The new flavors are inspired largely by celebrity chef Guy Fieri.

Juul spokesman Joseph Khamel said the pressure from the FDA was considerable but denied that the company was creating flavors to appeal to minors. "We strongly disagree that our current flavor profiles were meant to appeal to teens. I know plenty of adults who still love Pink Cotton Candy, Sour Patch Kids, and Cinnamon Toast Crunch." The new flavor palate was conceived after an arduous process, said Khamel. "We thought of giving the FDA exactly what it wanted—flavors with limited or no appeal like acid reflux, mildew, portajohn, and one we simply called Elizabeth, New Jersey. Fortunately we found a compromise."

According to a company press release, "The new lineup of Juul e-cigarettes is the product of a close collaboration with acclaimed Food Network celebrity chef and restaurateur Guy Fieri. It's called The Flavortown Collection, and we can't tell you how excited we are to unveil them!" The flavors will include trash can nachos, pork emporium, and the venerable donkey sauce. "We were just certain the FDA could not in any way claim our new flavors were targeting teens, children, or, frankly, adults and senior citizens," said Khamel. "You won't be bragging to your friends that you enjoy smoking our new e-cigarettes, but secretly you'll think it's bomb-dot-com

TASTY CONTINUED ON A9

the weekly Standard

DECEMBER 3, 2018