

ROB LONG:
LIFE ON THE MOON

Ponnuru: End
the Fed?

Nordlinger: Oh,
Susana!

Beran: Obama,
Failed Messiah

NATIONAL REVIEW



THE WONDERS OF FRACK

WHY WE SHOULD BE EXPLOITING
OUR NATURAL GAS

Kevin D. Williamson



WE'RE DEVELOPING NATURAL GAS WHILE PROTECTING NATURAL RESOURCES



ALTHOUGH ALL ENERGY DEVELOPMENT COMES WITH RISKS, AMERICA'S NATURAL GAS PRODUCERS ARE COMMITTED TO PROTECTING AMERICA'S AIR, LAND, AND WATER.

Across the country, advances in technology:

- **protect air**, by reducing emissions and monitoring air quality near drilling sites;
- **protect land**, by reducing our production footprint and helping to create thousands of acres of wildlife preserves; and
- **protect water**, through conservation and recycling technologies, and the use of reinforced cement and steel-encased drilling systems that go thousands of feet below fresh-water tables.

THAT'S SMARTER POWER TODAY.

GO TO ANGA.US TO LEARN MORE ABOUT OUR SAFE AND RESPONSIBLE DEVELOPMENT PRACTICES.

 **AMERICA'S
NATURAL GAS
smarter
power
today.**

Contents NATIONAL REVIEW

FEBRUARY 20, 2012 | VOLUME LXIV, NO. 3 | www.nationalreview.com

COVER STORY Page 26

The Truth about Fracking

Cheap, relatively clean, ayatollah-free energy, enormous investments in real capital and infrastructure, thousands of new jobs for blue-collar workers and Ph.D.s alike, Americans engineering something other than financial derivatives—who could not love all that? *Kevin D. Williamson*



COVER: KURT STIER/CORBIS

ARTICLES

16 A TAX FLOOR, WITH NO CEILING *by James Pethokoukis*
The ‘Buffett rule’ is the wrong model.

17 TWO DECADES TOO LATE *by Henry Olsen*
Rick Santorum offers blue-collar workers little but nostalgia.

19 STRATEGY AND PRINCIPLE *by Mario Loyola*
The foreign-policy wisdom of Marco Rubio.

21 THE PERIL OF PAUL *by Jamie M. Fly & Robert Zarate*
Republicans should isolate the isolationists.

23 AD ASTRA PER LUNAM *by Jonah Goldberg*
Now may not be the time, but we should go back to the moon.

FEATURES

26 THE TRUTH ABOUT FRACKING *by Kevin D. Williamson*
What the protesters don’t know.

31 GETTING TO KNOW SUSANA *by Jay Nordlinger*
A visit with the governor of New Mexico, Susana Martinez, after her first year in office.

34 MONEY BAWL *by Ramesh Ponnuru*
Ron Paul’s ignorant cry.

36 OBAMA IN THE BUNKER *by Michael Knox Beran*
The president’s acolytes decide he is a different sort of messiah.



James Pethokoukis on the Buffett Rule
p. 16

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

40 DISASTER IN THE MAKING
Mackubin Thomas Owens
reviews Westmoreland: The General Who Lost Vietnam,
by Lewis Sorley.

42 A VANISHED CONTINENT
David Pryce-Jones *reviews Joseph Roth: A Life in Letters,*
translated and edited by Michael Hofmann.

44 WAITING FOR ÜBERMENSCH
Daniel Foster *reviews American Nietzsche: A History of an Icon and His Ideas,*
by Jennifer Ratner-Rosenbagen.

46 FILM: THE JOYS OF ACTION
Ross Douhat *reviews Contraband.*

47 CITY DESK: THE ORIGIN
Richard Brookhiser *inspects*
Washington Crossing the Delaware.

SECTIONS

- 2 Letters to the Editor
- 4 The Week
- 38 The Long View *Rob Long*
- 39 Athwart *James Lileks*
- 43 Poetry *William W. Runyeon*
- 48 Happy Warrior *Mark Steyn*



FEBRUARY 20 ISSUE; PRINTED FEBRUARY 2

EDITOR
Richard Lowry

Senior Editors

Richard Brookhiser / Jay Nordlinger
Ramesh Ponnuru / David Pryce-Jones

Managing Editor Jason Lee Steorts

Literary Editor Michael Potemra

Executive Editor Christopher McEvoy

National Correspondent John J. Miller

Political Reporter Robert Costa

Art Director Luba Kolomytseva

Deputy Managing Editors

Fred Schwarz / Kevin D. Williamson

Associate Editors

Helen Rittelmeyer / Robert VerBruggen

Research Director Katherine Connell

Executive Secretary Frances Bronson

Assistant to the Editor Christelény Frangos

Contributing Editors

Robert H. Bork / Shannen Coffin / John Derbyshire

Ross Douthat / Rod Dreher / David Frum

Roman Genn / Jim Geraghty / Jonah Goldberg

Florence King / Lawrence Kudlow / Mark R. Levin

Yuval Levin / Rob Long / Jim Manzi

Andrew C. McCarthy / Kate O'Beirne

David B. Rivkin Jr.

NATIONAL REVIEW ONLINE

Editor-at-Large Kathryn Jean Lopez

Managing Editor Edward John Craig

News Editor Daniel Foster

Editorial Associates

Brian Bolduc / Charles C. W. Cooke

Katrina Trinko

Web Developer Gareth du Plooy

Technical Services Russell Jenkins

EDITORS-AT-LARGE

Linda Bridges / John O'Sullivan

Contributors

Hadley Arkes / Baloo / Tom Bethell

James Bowman / Priscilla L. Buckley

Eliot A. Cohen / Brian Crozier

Dinesh D'Souza / M. Stanton Evans

Chester E. Finn Jr. / Neal B. Freeman

James Gardner / David Gelernter

George Gilder / Jeffrey Hart

Kevin A. Hassett / Charles R. Kesler

David Klinghoffer / Anthony Lejeune

D. Keith Mano / Michael Novak

Alan Reynolds / Tracy Lee Simmons

Terry Teachout / Taki Theodoropoulos

Vin Weber

Chief Financial Officer James X. Kilbridge

Accounting Manager Galina Veygman

Accountant Zofia Baraniak

Business Services

Alex Batey / Kate Murdock

Elena Reut / Lucy Zepeda

Circulation Manager Jason Ng

WORLD WIDE WEB www.nationalreview.com

MAIN NUMBER 212-679-7330

SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES 386-246-0118

WASHINGTON OFFICE 202-543-9226

ADVERTISING SALES 212-679-7330

Executive Publisher Scott F. Budd

Advertising Director Jim Fowler

Advertising Manager Kevin Longstreet

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Paul Olivett

PUBLISHER

Jack Fowler

CHAIRMAN EMERITUS

Thomas L. Rhodes

FOUNDER

William F. Buckley Jr.

The Shame of FDR

While the basic argument of Daniel Foster's "For Shame" (January 23)—that the stigma associated with receiving public assistance has eroded, to our detriment—is true and well proved by the examples he provides, the quotation he chose to illustrate FDR's desire for ending government assistance correlates with neither the president's true intentions nor the public words of his cabinet members.

Frances Perkins, FDR's secretary of labor, who was charged with developing Social Security and selling it to the general population, did not sugar-coat her message. Instead, she stated in a



Frances Perkins and FDR

radio address that Social Security sought to replicate the socialist welfare programs of Europe. "The task of recovery is inseparable from the fundamental task of social reconstruction," Perkins further stated. She even paraphrased FDR as praising the "social insurances with which European countries have had a long and favorable experience."

Furthermore, Secretary Perkins claimed that the United States was establishing more than just an insurance program: "The American program for economic security now before our Congress follows no single pattern. It is broader than social insurance, and does not attempt merely to copy a European model."

Perhaps Foster should have excluded FDR and Social Security from his illustration of a more respectable time period in the American experience.

Mindy Reifer
Wesley Hills, N.Y.

DANIEL FOSTER REPLIES: Ms. Reifer is quite right that Frances Perkins—one of only two cabinet members to serve through FDR's entire tenure, the other being Harold Ickes—was a major architect of the contemporary American welfare state, which, if it does not (yet) encompass all the excesses of its European antecedents, nevertheless shares their basic assumptions.

The point of using the 1935 FDR quote ("The federal government must and shall quit this business of relief") was not to suggest that the legacy of the New Deal was somehow accidental to its animating principles, but to illustrate that in 1935, at the height of the Depression, *even FDR* felt it necessary to present a rhetoric that recognized the average American's belief that direct relief to the able-bodied was shameful. Remember, from roughly 1933 to 1936, the fate of the New Deal was in great doubt. Anti-Roosevelt conservative Democrats and Republicans had allied with groups such as the Liberty League (think the Tea Party 1.0) to challenge the Europeanization of America in the press, in the courts, and at the ballot box. Alas, they lost more often than they won.

Letters may be submitted by e-mail to letters@nationalreview.com.

coin images not to scale - enlarged to show detail



Official Government Issued

2012 \$5 GAE \$162.00* (LIMIT 5)

2012 SAE \$32.00* (LIMIT 3)

ACT NOW! JUST RELEASED

AT DEALER COST

2012 GOLD AND SILVER AMERICAN EAGLES

Call 1-800-727-2099

To speak with an account representative to place your order now. Chk / Money Order / Credit Card
24 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week

- Coins will be shipped when we receive them from the US Mint
- Est. delivery date 2/18/12 Prices subject to change
- Exclusive provisions for orders over \$25,000

VAULT VERIFICATION #UNATR210212M • NO DEALERS PLEASE • EXPIRES : 3/29/2012 • WE CANNOT GUARANTEE INVENTORY WILL BE AVAILABLE TO SATISFY COLLECTOR DEMAND • IF WE ARE UNABLE TO FULFILL YOUR ORDER YOU WILL RECEIVE A PROMPT REFUND



Please read important terms and conditions that accompany products purchased, including arbitration agreement. All statements, opinions, pricing, and ideas herein are believed to be reliable, truthful and accurate to the best of U.S. Secure Coins knowledge at this time. They are not guaranteed in any way by anybody and are subject to change over time. We advise you to independently verify all representations. Texas residents add 8.25% sales tax to orders under \$1,000. All Coin customers will receive a five (5) year subscription to our newsletter or e-newsletter (\$200 value) at no charge with order. **We may contact you from time to time regarding items of interest.** If for any reason you are not 100% satisfied with your Gold or Silver purchase, then return within (10) days of receipt of order for a full refund. No refunds will be issued on promotional offers without the return of any free/reduced coins included. All Bullion related coin purchases will be subject to a 20% re-stocking fee. Orders may not ship all at once due to back ordered items, All back ordered items will be refunded if not shipped within 30 days of order funding. Due to the changing price of Gold and Silver, ad price is subject to change. *Dealer cost at time of transaction. Estimated delivery time is 3-4 weeks from receipt of good funds. Mail orders will only be accepted with a good contact phone number. This ad may not be reproduced or represented in any other medium without the express written consent of the advertiser. **Original hard copy must be in hand to place order.** Gold Basis: \$1,489.00 Silver \$28.80 US Secure Coins, LP, 160 Allen, Suite 500, Lumberton, TX 77657. www.USSecureCoins.Com



The Week

■ We have to admit that President Obama's line about not being consumed by personal ambition was pretty good. He should save it for volume three of his memoirs.

■ To the extent President Obama's State of the Union address had a theme, it was an implicit one: that federal spending, debt, and the size of government generally should be of less concern to voters than all the ways that government can supposedly help them. The government can, on his telling, reduce tuition by nudging colleges to ignore the incentives that federal higher-education policies produce. It can help a small number of people stay in their homes by reducing their interest payments (which will do little for people who owe more than their houses are worth). It can strike a symbolic blow for fairness by making a very small and unrepresentative group of rich people pay extra taxes. It can bribe manufacturers into producing things here even when the economic fundamentals counsel against it. Obama wrapped up the speech by insisting that his is a lean and market-oriented vision of government. It would be more honest to say that the government of his speech is too hidebound to question its existing commitments and too overextended to promise attractive new ones.

■ President Obama began and ended the address by invoking the killing of Osama bin Laden, and rightly so: It was a great deed, and the man at the helm when it was done gets bragging rights. But note the moral he drew from it: "At a time when too many of our institutions have let us down, [the armed forces] exceed all expectations. They're not consumed with personal ambition. They don't obsess over their differences. They focus on the mission at hand. They work together. . . . This nation is great because we built it together. This nation is great because we worked as a team. This nation is great because we get each other's backs." It's as though Obama were cribbing Jonah Goldberg's *Liberal Fascism*, under the impression that it was a how-to manual. The patriotism and discipline of the armed forces deserve all praise, but they fight to protect higher ideals. These are not secret: "inalienable rights," "blessings of liberty." Could the president give the documents that invoke them a look? (They *are* how-to manuals.)

■ Pressure from his rivals and the press prompted Mitt Romney to release his last tax return, which confirmed things we already knew: He has a lot of money, he has given a lot of it to his church, and he pays a lower average tax rate than do some people who make less than he does. This last fact is a result of the features of our tax code: The payroll tax is capped, as are the Social Security benefits it is supposed to be linked to; and returns to capital are taxed more lightly than labor income, although not as lightly as other countries tax them. Romney also has assets in the Cayman Islands, and until recently had some in a Swiss bank account, though in neither case avoiding U.S.



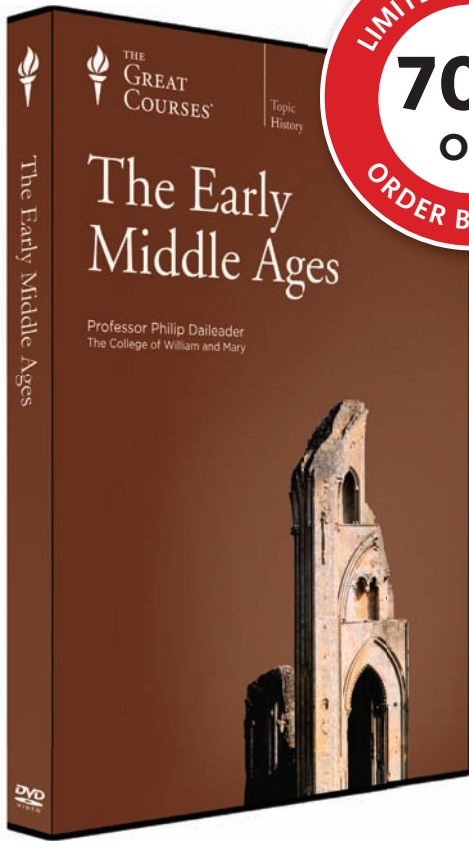
taxes. When Romney dismissed his labor income as a trivial amount and it turned out to be \$374,000, we also learned, once again, that he has a tin ear about the politics of wealth. Romney has done nothing wrong, but if he is the Republican nominee he will need to buy himself a robust set of working defenses against demagoguery.

■ Gingrich has wrapped himself in Reaganism, referring to "the Reagan-Gingrich model" of government, and saying, in essence, that he and the Gipper won the Cold War together. By one count, Gingrich mentioned Reagan 55 times in the first 17 debates. (The other candidates combined for 51 mentions.) This has not sat well with many people, including Elliott Abrams, who was a State Department official in the Reagan years. For NATIONAL REVIEW ONLINE, he wrote a piece pointing out that at a critical time for Nicaragua policy, Gingrich trashed Reagan's approach from the right, calling his foreign policy a "pathetic" failure. Reacting to Abrams's critique and others, Sarah Palin decried a "Stalin-esque rewriting of history" and "Alinsky tactics at their worst." Look, Gingrich's accomplishments—particularly his leadership of the Republican takeover of the House—are impressive enough on their own. He does not need to gild the lily quite so heavily.

■ "By the end of my second term," Gingrich told a cheering crowd of supporters on Florida's Space Coast, "we will have the first permanent base on the moon, and it will be American." He added that when the colony's population reaches 13,000, they



THE
GREAT
COURSES®



Discover New Insights into the Early Middle Ages

We often think of the era between A.D. 300 and 1000 as a time when Europe vanished into ignorance and shadow. But recent scholarly evidence has shed new light across these once “dark” ages and their fascinating personalities and events.

In **The Early Middle Ages**, acclaimed historian and award-winning Professor Philip Daileader shares a new understanding of a world that set the stage for modern Western history. Throughout these 24 lectures, you’ll explore some of the most important transformations that occurred during this period, including the fall of ancient Rome and the rise of Christianity. You’ll also meet powerful rulers like Charlemagne and influential thinkers like St. Augustine. Most important: You’ll finally learn why this overlooked period truly deserves our attention.

Offer expires 04/20/12

1-800-832-2412

WWW.THEGREATCOURSES.COM/4NATR

The Early Middle Ages

Taught by Professor Philip Daileader
THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY

LECTURE TITLES

1. Long Shadows and the Dark Ages
2. Diocletian and the Crises of the Third Century
3. Constantine the Great—Christian Emperor
4. Pagans and Christians in the Fourth Century
5. Athletes of God
6. Augustine, Part One
7. Augustine, Part Two
8. Barbarians at the Gate
9. Franks and Goths
10. Arthur’s England
11. Justinian and the Byzantine Empire
12. The House of Islam
13. Rise of the Carolingians
14. Charlemagne
15. Carolingian Christianity
16. The Carolingian Renaissance
17. Fury of the Northmen
18. Collapse of the Carolingian Empire
19. The Birth of France and Germany
20. England in the Age of Alfred
21. Al-Andalus—Islamic Spain
22. Carolingian Europe—Gateway to the Middle Ages
23. Family Life—How Then Became Now
24. Long Shadows and the Dark Ages Revisited

The Early Middle Ages

Course no. 8267 | 24 lectures (30 minutes/lecture)

SAVE UP TO \$185

DVD ~~\$254.95~~ **NOW \$69.95**

CD ~~\$179.95~~ **NOW \$49.95**

+\$10 Shipping, Processing, and Lifetime Satisfaction Guarantee

Priority Code: 63523

Designed to meet the demand for lifelong learning, The Great Courses is a highly popular series of audio and video lectures led by top professors and experts. Each of our more than 350 courses is an intellectually engaging experience that will change how you think about the world. Since 1990, over 10 million courses have been sold.

should apply for statehood. In the face of such inspirational romantic uplift, it may seem churlish to inquire as to means and ends, but we'll inquire anyway. How much will this colony cost? The Apollo program, which put twelve astronauts on the lunar surface for an aggregate of less than 300 hours, cost \$170 billion

in 2005 dollars—say around \$50 million per astronaut-hour in current dollars. A colony would cost far more, even allowing for technical advances. Apollo did not require any of the major civil-engineering works that a colony would call for—to house the colonists well underground for protection against solar

Stimuleless

ALTHOUGH our economic situation has been glacially improving, the recovery has been much slower than the Keynesians in the Obama administration promised. According to their calculations, the massive stimulus was supposed to produce a miraculous free lunch, with every dollar of government spending generating an additional 50 cents of GDP growth in the private sector.

While devout Keynesians such as Paul Krugman have argued that the slow recovery is due to the insufficient size of Obama's plan, a new study by the National Bureau of Economic Research provides the strongest evidence yet that the Obama stimulus was doomed to failure.

In the study, economist Valerie Ramey of the University of California, San Diego, has explored the links between government spending and private activity. Her goal was to estimate the output multiplier—that is, the factor by which government spending increases total economic activity—by precisely assessing both the direct and the indirect effects of stimulus.

Government can increase GDP directly by driving up demand but at the same time reduce it indirectly—either by discouraging consumption and investment, as private-sector participants hunker down in anticipation of future tax hikes to finance the stimulus, or because an increase in government spending can divert workers and capital from the productive private sector. The question Ramey seeks to answer is which effect predominates, the positive or the negative.

The nearby chart summarizes Ramey's results, which use data from 1939 to 2008 and a sophisticated statistical method that allows her to control for a number of other factors. The red line is a composite that depicts the course of a typical spending shock (i.e., an increase in government expenditures). It has been normalized to peak at 1 percent of GDP. As the line indicates, spending shocks typically take a while to work through the system (in part because some projects are not really shovel-ready), peaking around the fourth quarter after the adoption of higher spending.

The green line, another composite summarizing Ramey's results, shows the effect of this stimulus on private spending. It does not depict all changes in private spending, just the changes that are attributable to the stimulus. It mirrors the red line—decreasing immediately, finding a trough around the fourth quarter, and dissipating by the 14th quarter. When government goes up, the rest of us go down.

Ramey finds that the reduction in private activity does not completely offset the positive immediate effects of higher

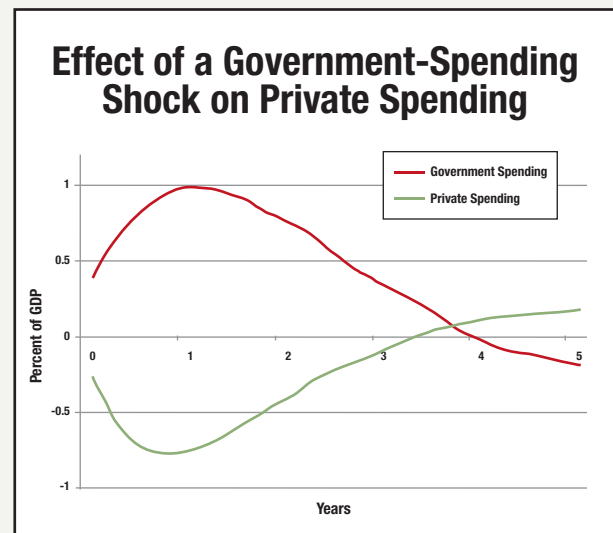
government spending, but the total impact is far lower than stimulus advocates assumed. On balance, an extra dollar of government spending increases total GDP by only about 50 cents, because of the private spending it destroys. In other words, the multiplier is .50, where 1.00 would mean the stimulus had no effect on private spending; 1.50 was the Keynesians' rosy free-lunch prediction.

Ramey also studied the impact of higher spending on employment, finding that Keynesian stimulus does tend to create government jobs, but does not create any private-sector jobs. She summarizes: "I thus conclude that on balance government spending does not appear to stimulate private activity."

Interestingly, according to the Bureau of Economic Analysis, the U.S. economy grew at an annualized rate of 2.8 percent in the last quarter of 2011, an improvement over the 1.8 percent increase in the third quarter. Private spending rose in the fourth quarter through increases in personal consumption, exports, and private inventory investment, while government spending fell by 7.3 percent.

This is exactly the pattern we would expect if our recent history were driven by the forces evident in the chart. Applying Ramey's results, we should now be in that glorious moment when government spending falls, private spending increases, and the economy returns to normal. That pattern will continue if we have the sense to ignore calls for more stimulus.

—KEVIN A. HASSETT



SOURCE: VALERIE A. RAMEY, "GOVERNMENT SPENDING AND PRIVATE ACTIVITY," NATIONAL BUREAU OF ECONOMIC RESEARCH WORKING PAPER 17787

Limited
to the first
2500 respondents

Spectacular Treasure from Mount St. Helens

The Beauty in the Beast

For almost a hundred years it lay dormant. Silently building strength. At 10,000 feet high, it was truly a sleeping giant, a vision of peaceful power. Until everything changed in one cataclysmic moment. On May 18, 1980, the once-slumbering beast awoke with violent force and revealed its greatest secret.

It was one of nature's most impressive displays of power. Mount St. Helens erupted, sending a column of ash and smoke 80,000 feet into the atmosphere. From that chaos, something beautiful emerged... our spectacular *Helenite Necklace*. Produced from the heated volcanic rock dust of Mount St. Helens, this brilliant green creation has captured the attention of jewelry designers worldwide. Today you can wear this 6½-carat stunner for the exclusive price of only \$129!

Your satisfaction is guaranteed. Our *Helenite Necklace* puts the gorgeous green stone center stage, with a faceted pear-cut set in gold-layered .925 sterling silver. The explosive origins of the stone are echoed in the flashes of light that radiate as the piece swings gracefully from its 18" gold-plated sterling silver chain. Today the volcano sits quiet, but this unique piece of natural history continues to erupt with gorgeous green fire.



Add the 3-carat earrings!

Your satisfaction is guaranteed. Bring home the Helenite Necklace and see for yourself. If you are not completely blown away by the rare beauty of this exceptional stone, simply return the necklace within 30 days for a full refund of your purchase price.

Helenite Necklace (6 ½ ctw)—~~\$249~~ **\$129**

Helenite Earrings (3 ctw)—~~\$249~~ **\$129**

Helenite Set (necklace & earrings)—~~\$498~~ **\$199** Save \$299

Call now to take advantage of this extremely limited offer.

1-800-859-1979

Promotional Code HEL134-01

Please mention this code when you call.

Stauer® 14101 Southcross Drive W., Dept. HEL134-01,
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337 www.stauer.com



JEWELRY SPECS:

- 6 ½ ctw Helenite in gold over sterling silver setting
- 18" gold-fused chain

"When it comes to color and sparkle, this gorgeous green stone gives the world's finest emeralds a run for their money!"

— James Fent
Certified Gem Guru

Smart Luxuries—Surprising Prices

radiation, for instance. Disinterested cost estimates for a colony start at a quarter-trillion dollars. Newt insists that private enterprise would help with this gargantuan tab. Why? For what return on its investment? What, if it is not impertinent to ask, would the colonists *do*?

■ During a debate in Tampa, Fla., Romney argued that if employment laws are tightened to make it difficult for illegal immigrants to get work, the illegals will “self-deport.” This proposal was greeted with howls of outrage and hoots of derision by commentators and politicians who plainly had never heard it before, in spite of its having been a staple of immigration-restrictionist arguments for at least two decades. Gingrich told Spanish-language TV network Univision that “I think you have to live in worlds of Swiss bank accounts and Cayman Island accounts and automatic \$20 million-a-year income with no work to have some fantasy this far from reality.” How is it a fantasy to suppose that persons present illegally in the U.S. will go back to their home countries if they cannot find work? Is this notion more fantastic than, say, that of a 13,000-member moon colony’s applying for statehood?

■ Defense Secretary Leon Panetta recently gave shape to \$487 billion in military cuts, necessitated because Washington could not find a way to reduce the deficit by trimming the federal government’s amoebic periphery and so elected to gut its core instead. Under the cuts, the Army will shrink by 80,000 members and the Marine Corps by 20,000, bringing our fighting force to pre-9/11 levels. Our historically undersized Navy will shrink more, as seven cruisers will be retired early and the acquisition of next-generation nuclear submarines will be delayed. Purchases of the multi-service F-35 aircraft platform, a single basket into which the Air Force, Navy, and Marine Corps have placed many an egg, will be slowed as well. This is in addition to a spate of potential base closings at home and a net disaggregation of American military power abroad. Decline is indeed a choice, and it appears that the elected class has made its decision.

■ The Constitution places a “wall of separation” between church and state, and politicians who breach this are theocrats. Right? Evidently not if you’re a Democrat. Obama aide Valerie Jarrett took to the pulpit in Atlanta’s Ebenezer Baptist Church in January to warn the congregation that the jobs of teachers, police, and firefighters “are now in jeopardy because [of] Congress—well, let me be specific—because [of] the Republicans in Congress.” Having issued the warning, Jarrett then used the church to host a voter-registration drive. In doing so, she likely caused the church to violate IRS rules that prohibit tax-exempt 501(c)3 organizations from hosting activities that favor one candidate or party over another, or explicitly engaging in politics. IRS enforcement of these rules is skewed in the extreme, and there is a fair debate over whether they should exist at all—but oh, why bother? The lady is a Democrat, and that’s the last you’re ever going to hear about this.

■ Elizabeth Warren, a Democrat running for the Senate against Scott Brown in Massachusetts, is fond of Occupy Wall Street rhetoric and promises to be the scourge of the hated “1 percent.” During a recent interview on MSNBC, she declared that she is not

a “wealthy individual” with “a lot of stock portfolios.” Pity the poor lady from Harvard, which pays her only \$429,000 a year, forcing her to the extremity of earning a few extra bucks on the side by helping Travelers Insurance avoid making settlement payments in its ongoing asbestos-liability litigation. We can’t blame her: Somebody has to make the payments on the \$5 million house in which she lives and pay the professionals to manage her \$14.5 million net worth. But she spoke the plain truth when she said she doesn’t own a lot of stocks: Most of her millions are in mutual funds. Because that’s how the 99 percent does things.



■ New Jersey governor Chris Christie made two nominations to the state supreme court, stressing that they would enhance its diversity: One is Asian, the other black and homosexual. Christie said zilch in his announcement about the legal philosophy of these nominees. The second nominee is on record as a supporter of same-sex marriage, appears to favor the judicial extension of the legal incidents of marriage to same-sex couples, and believes that legislators whose religious convictions inform their political positions are violating the U.S. Constitution. So it seems fair to count him as a “No” vote on originalism. Christie is also trying to avoid having to veto a law establishing same-sex marriage by putting the issue to a referendum. Ducking leadership on marriage is disappointing enough; leading in the wrong direction on the rule of law is worse.

■ Much of the Obamacare law, lengthy as it is, practically consists of “details TBD by the bureaucracy.” Kathleen Sebelius’s Department of Health and Human Services has now determined one of those details: Organizations that offer health insurance will have to cover contraception, including abortifacients, the moral or religious qualms of those organizations notwithstanding. Churches narrowly defined are exempt from the requirement, but hospitals, universities, and other organizations with a religious character must comply with it. It would be no great hardship for those of Notre Dame’s employees who disagree with the historic Christian proscription of contraception to pay out of pocket for it. As Michael Gerson notes, the decision to allow no exemptions partakes of both radicalism and malice. Obama has also betrayed those liberal Catholics who supported, or gave cover for, him and his health-care law. The Reverend John Jenkins, president of Notre Dame, is among those liberals upset by the administration’s action. Gerson goes too far, however, when he complains that “Obama has made Jenkins—and other progressive Catholic allies—look easily duped.” It is not Obama who is primarily responsible for that perception.

■ President Obama, cowering before the environmentalist Left, has “delayed” (read: “attempted to kill”) the Keystone XL pipeline, which would have connected Canadian oil producers with American refineries. There are many good reasons that Canadian pipes are preferable to Arab ships as a source of crude, but Henry Waxman, the ranking Democrat on the House Energy and Commerce Committee, is a bitter opponent of the project,

HARRY HAMBURG/AP



Enjoy A Bath Again... Safely and Affordably



- Low Threshold Step
- Jacuzzi® PointPro™ Jet System

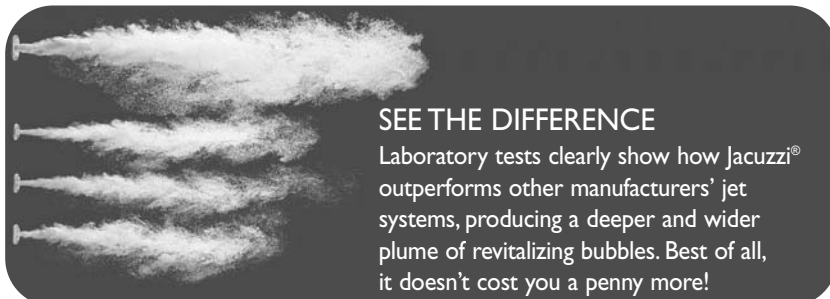
*The Designed for Seniors® Walk-In tub
is luxurious, feature-packed and affordable*

There is nothing like the simple pleasure of taking a warm bath. The cares of the day seem to fade away, along with the aches and pains of everyday life. Unfortunately for many aging Americans with mobility issues, slipping into a bath can result in slipping onto the floor. The fear of falling has made the simple act of bathing and its therapeutic benefits a thing of the past... until now. *firstSTREET*, the leader in products Designed for Seniors™ has partnered with Jacuzzi®, the company that perfected hydrotherapy. Together, they've created a walk-in tub that offers more than just safe bathing, peace-of-mind and independence, it can actually help you feel better.

Unlike traditional bathtubs, our Designed for Seniors™ Walk-In Tub features a leakproof door that allows you to simply step into the tub rather than stepping precariously

over the side. It features a state-of-the-art acrylic surface, a raised seat, and the controls are within easy reach. No other Walk-In Tub features the patented Jacuzzi® PointPro™ jet system. These high-volume, low-pressure pumps feature a perfectly balanced water to air ratio to massage thoroughly yet gently. Some swirl, some spiral, some deliver large volumes of water and others target specific pressure points. They are all arranged in precise locations designed to deliver a therapeutic massage, yet they are fully adjustable so that your bathing experience can be completely unique.

Why spend another day wishing you could enjoy the luxury and pain-relieving benefits of a safe, comfortable bath. Call now and you'll get an unsurpassed limited lifetime warranty. Knowledgeable product experts are standing by to help you learn more about this product. Call Today!



SEE THE DIFFERENCE

Laboratory tests clearly show how Jacuzzi® outperforms other manufacturers' jet systems, producing a deeper and wider plume of revitalizing bubbles. Best of all, it doesn't cost you a penny more!

What To Look For in a Walk-In Tub:

Five major considerations to help make an informed decision before buying a Walk-In Tub:

- ↔ **Quality** - A walk-in tub is a major investment. You want to find a quality tub that will last for decades. Look for one that's 100% leakproof, mold-resistant, full metal frame construction and one that's American made.
- ↔ **Warranty** - Ask for a lifetime "no leak guarantee" The best tubs offer a lifetime warranty on both the tub and the operating system.
- ↔ **Pain Relieving Therapy** - Find a tub that has both water and air jet therapy to soak away your aches and pains preferably with a perfectly balanced water to air mix.
- ↔ **Comfort** - Insist on ergonomic design, easy-to-reach controls.
- ↔ **Endorsements** - Only consider tubs that are ETL or UL listed. Also look for a tub tested to IAPMO (Internat'l Assoc. of Plumbing and Mechanical Officials) standards and that's USPC (Universal Spa Plumbing Code) Certified.

Designed For Seniors®

New! Walk-In Tub

For information call:

1-888-670-4256

Call now Toll-Free and mention your special promotion code 44301.

Third-party financing available with approved credit.
Not Available in Hawaii and Alaska

firstSTREET
for Boomers and Beyond®

All rights reserved. © 2011 firstSTREET®, Inc. For Boomers and Beyond®

while the Natural Resources Defense Council lobbied Secretary of State Hillary Clinton to block the pipeline on the grounds that it “undermines the U.S. commitment to a clean-energy economy.” Republicans had been pressing the White House to get the pipeline moving, but the president protested that he needed more time to study the project—which has been in development since he was Senator Obama. The project he is studying is his reelection, and he has calculated that his prospects would be considerably diminished if he were to lose even a part of the green vote. Meanwhile, the United States, held hostage by these parochial concerns, is denied a new and nearby source of energy, thousands of pipeline-construction jobs, and billions of dollars in infrastructure investments—real investments, not Solyndra-style “investments.” Republicans should not let this matter drop, and indeed should make a portfolio of energy issues central to their critique of the Obama administration.

■ A handful of left-wing House Democrats have introduced the Gas Price Spike Act, under which oil companies would be taxed at 50 to 100 percent on profits deemed to be higher than reasonable (with the receipts spent on “green” energy). What does that mean, exactly? In prose that sounds like a saxophone solo, the act explains: “The term ‘reasonable profit’ means the amount determined by the Reasonable Profits Board to be a reasonable profit.” Okay, nothing to worry about there. The problem is that oil is a boom-and-bust business, with wildly fluctuating prices governed by fast-changing international events. Will the board give oil companies a refund when the price suddenly drops? No, that would make sense. Fortunately, the bill stands no chance of passage in a Republican-run House, but if the Democrats regain control, don’t count it out; President Obama has made clear that no one is entitled to any profits he finds excessive. But surely its sponsors realize that the bill would defeat its own purpose, because with the profit outlook dimmed, oil companies would reduce production and exploration, which would make gas more expensive at the pump, and . . . hey, wait a minute! You don’t think that was the point all along, do you?

■ White House memos recently published in *The New Yorker* reveal that the Obama administration leaned on economists, including James K. Galbraith, to monkey with their numbers and call for a larger stimulus in 2009. Which is to say that the president, a lawyer, and his chief of staff sought to overrule their pet economists on a technical economic question for purely political reasons. There is much else of interest in the memos, including the fact that the president’s chief economic adviser, Larry Summers, doubted the plan’s efficacy and did not believe that it was even logistically possible for the federal government to spend the \$1 trillion that the most aggressive stimulators wanted to see moved out the door. What remains unknown is just how many of the economists the administration contacted were willing to pick up their shovels for Obama.

■ The debate over SOPA and PIPA, two bills intended to combat online piracy, was in the main an intra-Californian dispute: Hollywood vs. Silicon Valley, and Silicon Valley won. (The pictures have indeed got small, Miss Desmond, at least compared with Google.) The Stop Online Piracy Act and the Protect Intellectual Property Act were well intended but defective pieces of legislation, investing federal functionaries with broad discre-

tionary powers to block websites and disrupt online commerce while doing relatively little to police the thievery of films, music, and other intellectual property. Those conservatives who oppose the legislation, Paul Ryan among them, are right to do so, and the bills, having stalled in Congress, should be quietly euthanized.

■ The national unemployment rate fell from 9.0 percent last September to 8.5 percent in December. Some states did better than the national rate: Alabama, for example, which went from 9.8 percent to 8.1 percent—a drop three times the national average. What accounts for Alabama’s sudden success in reducing unemployment? State officials are crediting Alabama HB 56, the nation’s toughest state law targeting activity by or on behalf of illegal immigrants. In spite of numerous legal challenges, including a full-court press by the Department of Justice, most provisions of the law went into effect at the end of September. Illegal immigrants have been leaving Alabama ever since—self-deporting, you might say—to the benefit of lawfully resident Alabamians. Not to worry, though: Tom Perez, head of the Justice Department’s civil-rights division, continues to pursue action intended to annul or gut HB 56. With any luck, he will soon have Alabama’s unemployment rate back up above 9 percent again.

■ It doesn’t have the frenzied extravagance of the stimulus, or the obsessive control-freakdom of Obamacare. But in its way, the president’s proposal that all states make school attendance mandatory until a student graduates or turns 18 is a perfect example of the strain of grand-gesture liberalism he embodies: profligacy in the service of bossiness, with the fig leaf of technocracy and the real purpose of rewarding loyal Democratic interest groups—in this case, the teachers’ unions. It also exemplifies the liberal axiom that if X is good, more X is always better. In this case, however, more education would be worse, since it would keep unmotivated students in school to burden their teachers and classmates, not to mention the steep personnel costs involved. But a problem has been identified, and once laws are passed to address it and people are hired to put them into effect, the problem will ipso facto be solved. Or so the slow learners of Washington think.

■ The Obama administration and the countries of the European Union no doubt would like to stop the Iranian nuclear program, since it evidently has military purposes, but they cannot be accused of urgency. They are imposing new sanctions on banking and on the export of oil, Iran’s one economic prop. But these sanctions are to come into force only in July. In some quarters of the year, the EU accounts for 25 percent of Iranian oil sales. Greece and Italy, both sending economic distress signals, have favorable contracts with Iran. The oil minister in Tehran at once exploited this weakness, promising to stop the export of crude to “some” countries. Western and Iranian sanctions are therefore supposed to collide. He may permit himself the diplomatic equivalent of a belly laugh because India and China have made it plain that sanctions are of no concern to them. Together they buy about a third of Iran’s oil exports, rather more than Europe does.

■ Egypt’s current political arrangements are impenetrable. Protesters got rid of military rule a year ago, only to find that an identical military council holds power. This military council

AT COST OFFER



GOV'T ISSUED GOLD COINS

NATIONWIDE COIN AND BULLION RESERVE announces the final release of 2,500 congressionally authorized, fully backed by the U.S. Government, completely free of dealer mark up, \$5 Gold American Eagles at the incredible price of only \$168.00 each.

FINAL RELEASE

If you had \$25,000 in gold in 2001 at \$290 per oz you would have over \$100,000 at today's gold prices. Numerous experts are now predicting gold at \$5,000 an ounce; your \$25,000 could be worth \$125,000 in the near future. This at cost offer for American citizens may be your final opportunity to own government gold free of dealer mark up. Due to extremely limited supplies we must adhere to a strict limit of ten coins per household. Nationwide Coin and Bullion Reserve has set these beautiful U.S. Government gold coins for immediate public release and cannot guarantee sufficient inventory to supply current demand. This at cost public offer will sell out immediately. Overage orders may be cancelled and your checks returned uncashed. Ordering now may be your last chance to own these magnificent government issued gold coins at this level. Order now to avoid disappointment. **CALL TOLL FREE 877-817-1220**

NATIONWIDE
COIN & BULLION RESERVE

24 HOURS A DAY • 7 DAYS A WEEK

1.877.817.1220

MINIMUM ORDER 5 COINS



KEY CODE: NRM-120211

Prices subject to change due to fluctuations in gold market. Prices will remain at dealer cost. Coins enlarged to show detail.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS NOW AVAILABLE FOR ORDERS OVER \$25,000

decreed elections that look like a fix because they were staggered, and truly complex in a country where half the population is illiterate. The majority of seats in a lower house have been decided by proportional representation on closed party lists. This arrangement has been an ideal opportunity for Islamists, long suppressed by the military and all the more popular for it. An Egyptian movement originally, the Muslim Brothers won virtually half the seats. The Al-Nour party, based on the even more extreme Islam of Saudi Arabia, won another quarter. Taken together, these Islamists are in a position to stack the parliamentary committee tasked with drafting a new constitution. This will determine the composition of the upper house, and the terms of the election for the presidency due in June. The various liberal or democratic parties have too few seats to carry weight. It's a poor omen that the police have been cracking down on pro-democracy and –human rights groups. Hit with a travel ban, and fearing that arrest is the next step, six Americans working in this field have taken refuge in the U.S. embassy. The billion-dollar aid Washington gives the Egyptian military should perhaps be on the table.

■ Paul Krugman, the *New York Times* ranter who used to be an economist, is a sworn foe of “austerity,” and wrote in January that the United Kingdom is suffering economically because of

activities. Hunger striking is a tricky phenomenon, morally (although virtually everyone hailed Mohandas Gandhi). But people with a benign view of the Castro regime should ponder what drives men under that regime to kill themselves in so agonizing a fashion, and with what would seem so much to live for.

■ The 2010 Irish documentary *Pyjama Girls* shows underclass Dublin teen females finding such color and companionship as they can in lives made dreary by educational failure, street violence, and drug-addled parents. One feature of these girls' lifestyle is pajamas (in the transatlantic spelling) worn all day, in and out of the home. This fashion statement seems to have caught on in the Emerald Isle, to the degree that a welfare office in Dublin has had to ban applicants from wearing PJs to interviews. We applaud this attention to sartorial etiquette, and hope that Walmart stores will follow suit.

■ NPR reports that the employees of Hôpital Vaugirard, a Paris hospital, have accumulated more than 2 million vacation days since 2001. That's on top of the five weeks of annual paid leave that each worker may take. Unsurprisingly, the hospital is facing bankruptcy. The culprit is France's government-mandated 35-hour work week (anyone exceeding that limit

The French would just as soon trade their baguettes for Wonder Bread as adopt **Anglo-Saxon free markets.**

an ill-considered austerity regime. “The infuriating thing about this tragedy,” he wrote, “is that it was completely unnecessary. Half a century ago, any economist—or for that matter any undergraduate who had read Paul Samuelson's textbook *Economics*—could have told you that austerity in the face of depression was a very bad idea. But policy makers, pundits and, I'm sorry to say, many economists decided, largely for political reasons, to forget what they used to know. And millions of workers are paying the price for their willful amnesia.” Any economist—or undergraduate with an Internet connection, for that matter—might also have bothered to do what economist Scott Sumner did and look up the data, which inform us that the United Kingdom currently is running the third-largest budget deficit in the world, behind only Egypt and Greece: not exactly indicative of “austerity.” Its deficit is twice Italy's, nearly twice France's, and nine times Germany's. And even though the United Kingdom wisely stayed out of the euro, it is being outperformed by neighbors with much more modest deficits, euro-afflicted Germany among them. The Swiss, being the Swiss, are running a small surplus. Any economist could have told you that—if he were not writing *New York Times* op-eds.

■ Another hunger striker has died in Cuba. He was Wilmar Villar Mendoza, a prisoner of conscience who was just 31. On hunger strike, he lasted 50 days. He leaves a wife and two young daughters. His widow, Maritza Pelegrino Cabrales, is a member of the Ladies in White, the group composed of wives and other relatives of political prisoners. The authorities are threatening to take away her daughters if she does not cease her

gets an equal amount of paid comp time), along with the retirement age of 60 (which has the added bonus of creating pension-funding problems). The French, who invented dirigisme, would just as soon trade their baguettes for Wonder Bread as adopt Anglo-Saxon free markets. But not only are these policies based on the “lump of labor” fallacy (in which the amount of work in an economy is erroneously considered a fixed resource to be parceled out among the labor force), they also ignore the fact that some jobs, notably in health care, require long hours and flexible schedules. President Nicolas Sarkozy would like to undo these laws, but his unpopularity and the upcoming election makes it unlikely. He is running out of time to heal his country, which makes him very much like his country's hospitals.

■ Fidel Castro, wearing his hat as pundit, called the Republican campaign “the greatest competition of idiocy and ignorance that has ever been.” When he ran in primaries, you remember, the politicking was far more elevated. Evidently, another pundit, Thomas L. Friedman of the *New York Times*, was much taken with Castro's observation. Citing it, he said, “When Marxists are complaining that your party's candidates are disconnected from today's global realities, it's generally not a good sign.” Nor is it one when journalists in free societies respond so cozily to a monster's mischief.

■ *The Spectator* in Britain published a column by Sir Harold Evans that contained some stunning lines. Evans wrote that Mitt Romney had “assailed Ambassador Jon Huntsman, the sanest in the Republican asylum, for being able to speak

Mandarin.” He went on to say, “This is double treason by the lights of Romney and his xenophobic Tea Party chorus in their tricky tricorne hats.” Needless to say, Romney has never assailed Huntsman for being able to speak Chinese, or even criticized him for it. The charge that the Tea Party is xenophobic is anyway merely wishful thinking on the part of people such as Evans. Also, the idea that the Tea Party is chorusing for Romney would be news to both Romney and the Tea Party. According to Evans’s official bio, “in 2001 British journalists voted him the all-time greatest British newspaper editor.” Just imagine what the second-greatest editor would have said.

■ Occupy Wall Street appears to have found the appropriate place for its death rattle: Oakland, Calif. The combination of a sympathetic, liberal population, an incompetent city government, and a severely depressed economy made Oakland a focal point throughout last fall. The hardcore leftists who remain lack a large encampment but continue to engage in illegal and violent demonstrations. Recently, Occupiers broke into City Hall and burned flags, bringing the cumulative damage from their rioting to \$5 million. Nearly 400 of them were arrested. Rather than offering an effective police response, Mayor Jean Quan has put her trust in calling for the national Occupy Wall Street movement to renounce the rioters in Oakland, which they haven’t deigned to do. Always long on fanciful ideas and indolence but short on other options, the Occupiers may unfortunately be tormenting Oakland for some time to come.

■ TV actress Cynthia Nixon, who is engaged to another woman, wrote in the *New York Times* that her homosexuality was a conscious choice, though she conceded that for many people it was not. Her remarks stirred anger in what we are supposed to call “the LGBT community,” who cleave to the strictest genetic determinism in regard to human sexual orientation (although, that community being mainly liberals, in regard to absolutely no other behavioral or psychological traits). “We are born this way!” rose the cry. If Ms. Nixon was born homosexual, it took her a long time to realize it. She left her college-sweetheart boyfriend only at age 37, after presenting him with two children. In fact this trajectory is not uncommon among lesbians. Asked when they realized they were homosexual, males are far more likely than females to reply: “I’ve always known.” In this respect, as in many others, lesbianism and male gayness are very different phenomena—as different, in fact, as women and men. Human nature continues to resist simple-minded analysis.

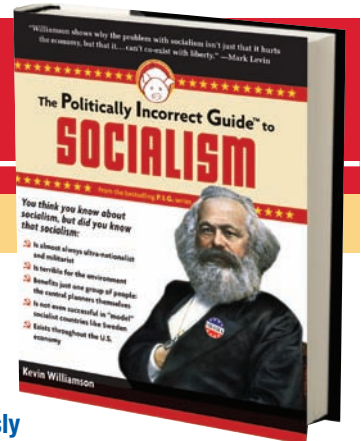


EVAN AGOSTINI/AP

YOU KNOW GROUCHO

But isn't it time you finally learned about KARL?!

In this acclaimed book that is a must for every conservative’s library, *NR*’s Kevin D. Williamson (author of *NR*’s popular “Exchequer” blog) takes readers on a journey through history that brilliantly reveals socialism’s true colors and shows how this ideology—actively at work in America today—has spawned crushing poverty, horrific wars, and environmental catastrophe. Provocative and entertaining, witty and relentlessly insightful, *The Politically Incorrect Guide to Socialism* busts every socialist myth that the liberal media, Hollywood, and leftist textbooks have perpetuated since Woodrow Wilson took office. Get your personally signed copy direct from *NR*, and pick up a second copy too (*The Politically Incorrect Guide to Socialism* makes a great gift!).



National Review ♦ 215 Lexington Avenue ♦ New York, NY ♦ 10016

Send me _____ signed copies of *The Politically Incorrect Guide to Socialism* by Kevin D. Williamson. My cost is \$21.95 for the first copy, and just \$19.00 for each additional copy (includes shipping and handling). I enclose total payment of \$_____. Send to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

N.Y. residents add sales tax. Foreign orders add \$15.00 US to cover additional shipping. If an inscription is desired, please include clearly written message with your order.

PAYMENT METHOD:

- Check enclosed (payable to *National Review*)
- Bill my MasterCard Visa

Acct. No. _____

Expir. Date _____

Signature _____

■ Poking fun at Mitt Romney's wealth, late-night comic Jay Leno showed pictures of the actual homes of Newt Gingrich and Ron Paul. Then he announced a slide of Romney's summer home, and up came an image of the huge and magnificent Golden Temple in Amritsar, India. Viewers and studio audience laughed appreciatively; but Leno had apparently forgotten that, one, the Golden Temple is a holy place in the Sikh religion, and two, taking offense at trivial slights is now the U.S. national pastime, swiftly and eagerly embraced by all incoming groups. Sikh leader Dalbeg Singh has demanded an apology from Leno; India's foreign ministry has lodged a complaint with the State Department; and Randeep Dhillon of Bakersfield, Calif., has filed suit against Leno and his network in Los Angeles Superior Court, on behalf of himself and a local Sikh community organization. With luck and strenuous diplomatic efforts, war may yet be averted.

■ When presidents invite American Stanley Cup winners (if you'll pardon the redundancy) to the White House, the proceedings rival the dreaded Thanksgiving-turkey pardon for predictability: The president praises the champions, makes a few scripted jokes he probably doesn't understand, tries not to stumble over the French names (Romney would have no trouble with this, while Newt would mispronounce them on purpose), and accepts a uniform sweater with his name on it. But this year the Bruins' goaltender, Tim Thomas—the Cup MVP and an outspoken Boston tea partier—shook things up by boycotting the White House visit to protest big government, stressing that he blames both parties. Some critics called him a sorehead, but we think the Framers were wise to omit sports congratulation from the executive branch's list of assigned duties. Thomas's cause easily justifies any hint of rudeness; after all, if only for a day, he got the statistics-mad sports fans of two countries to switch their focus from shots on goal to trillions of dollars. And if a president can use his office to horn in on athletic glory, then surely athletes, who endure battles even more bruising than presidential primaries, can dabble in politics.

■ Joe Paterno became a football coach at Penn State in 1950, head coach in 1966. His stats were astounding: 409 wins, 136 losses, 3 ties; two No. 1 rankings; five undefeated, untied seasons; 37 bowl games, 24 of them victorious. But he was equally celebrated for his sportsmanship, an ethos that could sound almost Greek: "Victory is contained within defeat, and defeat is contained within victory," he wrote in 1989. "That's the way it is in the best of games. What counts in sports is not the victory but the magnificence of the struggle." A high percentage of Paterno's athletes graduated; money did not slosh around the margins of his program, as it does in so many others. But even the best fall short. The exposure of a pedophile ex-coach, who used Penn State facilities as the scene of his rapes, resulted in Paterno's being fired at the end of last season. Paterno's wrong was to have reported an eyewitness account to his higher-ups, not to the cops. Could he not believe ill of a former associate? Did his own devotion to the team persuade him that the team would take care of the matter properly? Athletics is a behemoth attached, somewhat incongruously, to higher education. Snobs disdain it, often for bad reasons, but its supporters can equally be besotted. Dead at 85, R.I.P.

CHARLES DHARAPAK/AP



Victory night in Florida

THE CAMPAIGN

Sound and Fury

AFTER a tumultuous and bilious few weeks, the race for the Republican nomination is pretty much in the same place it was before South Carolina and Florida voted. In the first state, Mitt Romney saw a large initial lead in the polls turn into a landslide for Newt Gingrich. The same thing happened in reverse in the second. Romney is again the favorite to win the nomination.

Some of the attacks on each side have lacked merit. Pro-Romney ads have distorted Gingrich's position on abortion and insinuated, falsely, that ethical failings drove Gingrich out of office. A pro-Gingrich PAC notoriously produced a film full of untruths about Romney's business record, and Gingrich closed the Florida campaign inventing a bizarre tale about Romney's insensitivity to Holocaust survivors. In the main, though, the candidates' arguments against each other have been perfectly reasonable ones, having to do with their records, temperaments, and electability.

All of the remaining candidates say they will keep going until the convention, and they may mean it. (Rick Perry dropped out and endorsed Gingrich before the South Carolina vote.) We are not among those who fear that the continuing battle is going to leave deep wounds that weaken the eventual nominee. The Republican party is not seriously split over any major ideological issue: Nobody on any of the debate stages has been making the case for Obamacare, or social liberalism. In this respect its divisions resemble those between the Obama and Clinton factions in 2008, which mainly concerned who would be the most successful champion of liberalism rather than what that liberalism should do.

Romney, once again the front-runner, devoted his remarks on the night of his victory in Florida to a sharp critique of President Obama. What he has not yet done is find a conservative cause to make his own and fight for, as Santorum has with the defense of blue-collar families. Romney's short-term imperative was to tear down Gingrich, but his larger challenge is to slowly build conservative enthusiasm for himself.

■ **NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS:** Several agencies are soliciting your NATIONAL REVIEW subscription renewal without our authorization. These organizations have no relationship with NATIONAL REVIEW. Please make sure that you reply only to NATIONAL REVIEW subscription-renewal notices with a return address in Palm Coast, Fla., and ignore all requests for renewal that are not directly payable to NATIONAL REVIEW, as these may be fraudulent. Your cooperation is greatly appreciated.

"Awesome dress watch...I have received many compliments. Excellent quality."

- J. from Louisville, KY

Limited to 5,000 pieces... Order Today!

Meisterzeit

Life in the Past Lane

A watch legend comes back in black! Wear the Midnight Meisterzeit for ONLY \$99!

Turn down the lights. Raise the curtain. Your wait is over. After 89 years, this classic is back on stage. And it's clear that the old black magic is as powerful as ever. This is what happens when "fashionably late" meets "right on time." Inspired by one of the world's first automatic wristwatches, we have painstakingly crafted the *Stauer Midnight Meisterzeit* to meet the demanding standards of vintage watch collectors. And for a limited time it's yours for under \$100!

Your new watch is history. That legendary original was a rare prototype, hand-built by a master of the mechanical arts. The idea that we could recreate it seemed as far-fetched as repainting Picasso. Until we realized it was possible to make our version even better. Its startling good looks get all the attention, but this watch is more than just tall, dark and handsome.

Why our "new antique" is better than the original. We found a way to engineer the *Midnight Meisterzeit* with a much higher level of precision. The 27-ruby-jewel movement utilizes an automatic self-winding mechanism inspired by the 1923 patent, but built on \$31 million in state-of-the-art Swiss machinery. Imagine putting a 21st-century performance engine into the



The balance wheel and escapement can be seen under the Cotswold™ crystal and exhibition back.

body of a 1920s roadster. The *Midnight Meisterzeit* is powered entirely by the movement of your body. It never needs batteries and never needs to be wound. It secures with a genuine black leather strap and is water-resistant to 3 ATMs.

Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. Order the *Stauer Midnight Meisterzeit* and claim a piece of watchmaking history in a rare design priced to wear everyday. If you're not captivated with the *Midnight Meisterzeit*, simply return it within 30 days for a full refund of your purchase price. But we're convinced that once you experience life after *Midnight*, you'll find there's no reason to be afraid of the dark!

WATCH SPECS: - 27-jeweled Vertex automatic movement - Exhibition back
- Genuine black leather band fits wrists 7 1/4"-8 1/8"

Another Stauer Exclusive Not In Stores

**Stauer Midnight Meisterzeit Timepiece—~~\$395~~
Now \$99 +S&P**

Call now to take advantage of this extremely limited offer.

1-800-721-0297

Promotional Code MMW142-01
Please mention this code when you call.



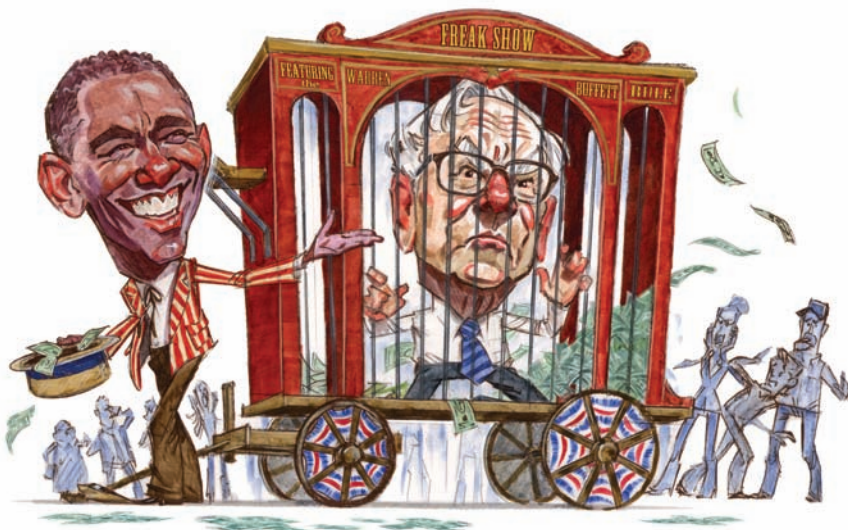
ACCREDITED
BUSINESS

**Stauer has a Better Business
Bureau Rating of A+**

Stauer®

14101 Southcross Drive W., Dept. MMW142-01
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337
www.stauer.com

Smart Luxuries—Surprising Prices



A Tax Floor, with No Ceiling

The 'Buffett rule' is the wrong model

BY JAMES PETHOKOUKIS

IT'S one of the great mysteries of Barack Obama's presidency: Why did he stiff-arm the recommendations of the Bowles-Simpson commission—the bipartisan debt-reduction panel that the president himself created in 2010? On the surface, it's quite a puzzler. The Bowles-Simpson proposal would have put federal debt on a path to 40 percent of GDP by 2035, versus 84 percent under the Congressional Budget Office's current-baseline scenario and 187 percent under the CBO's more realistic "alternative" fiscal projection. And Bowles-Simpson would have achieved that goal by enshrining Obamacare—even accelerating its implementation, in some instances—while permanently raising taxes to their highest share of GDP in the nation's history. Had Obama embraced the commission's recommendations, he might have been able to ram sweeping fiscal reform through Congress, guaranteeing his policy legacy and creating a powerful argument for his reelection.

Mr. Pethokoukis, a columnist, blogs for the American Enterprise Institute.

But Bowles-Simpson never became Obama-Bowles-Simpson. And Obama's State of the Union address provides the key to understanding why. In the speech, the president proposed what he called the "Buffett rule": "Right now, because of loopholes and shelters in the tax code, a quarter of all millionaires pay lower tax rates than millions of middle-class households. Right now, Warren Buffett pays a lower tax rate than his secretary. . . . If you make more than \$1 million a year, you should not pay less than 30 percent in taxes."

Obama's specific terms and conditions are crucial. He could have said merely that millionaires should not pay a lower tax rate than middle-income Americans and left it at that. Instead, he specified a particular tax rate and made it a minimum requirement. As it happens, that floor of 30 percent about matches the average effective tax rate of the top 1 percent of American households. (Buffett pays around a 17 percent rate because most of his income is from investments and is taxed at a preferential 15 percent rate. Same goes for Republican presidential contender Mitt Romney.) The Bowles-Simpson proposal went in completely the

other direction. It recommended cutting top marginal rates across the board, specifically stating that "the top rate must not exceed 29 percent." Indeed, one Bowles-Simpson scenario would have slashed the top marginal rate to 23 percent—the lowest since 1916. Those cuts in marginal rates would have been combined with the elimination of most tax breaks, making Bowles-Simpson a large net tax increase. But whereas Obama would create a floor for tax rates with the Buffett rule, Bowles-Simpson would have created a ceiling.

Obama's political motivation for cooking up the Buffett rule is obvious: creating a populist wedge issue for the election. But it's more than that. The Buffett rule is a direct outgrowth of the Democrats' rejection of the Bowles-Simpson premise that federal spending as a share of GDP should be limited to 21 percent of the nation's economic output, which is about its historical average. Liberals argue that the aging of the population and the need for new government "investments" will require federal spending to be much higher in the future than it has been since World War II. Indeed, three liberal think tanks recently constructed long-term budget plans, and their average projection for federal spending by 2035 was 25 percent of GDP—with a bullet. Generating federal revenues anywhere close to that level would require sharply higher taxes on the wealthy and, most likely, a value-added tax on everyone else. (This explains why we've never seen a long-term budget plan from the White House. The jig would be up.)

Liberal economic thinking now has gone far beyond the belief that the top tax rate should return to where it was during the Clinton administration, when it was about 40 percent. Many left-of-center policymakers have embraced research by economist Peter Diamond (whom Obama was unable to get confirmed as a Federal Reserve governor) suggesting that top rates should revert to at least 70 percent, where they were when Ronald Reagan took office in 1981, and maybe as high as 80 or 90 percent.

So Obama has no interest in any plan that boxes him in on taxes. The Buffett rule was Obama's de facto response to Bowles-Simpson, one that revealed his long-term vision for a high-tax, high-spending America. As a purely economic

DARREN GYGI

matter, the Buffett rule would make for terrible tax policy. The current tax code is already dangerously top-heavy after a series of tweaks over the past two decades that created a system in which wealthier Americans pay a huge share of taxes. According to the Tax Policy Center, in 2010 the top 0.1 percent paid an average tax rate—including income and payroll taxes—of 30.7 percent, right at the Buffett-rule level. By contrast, middle-income Americans—defined as those in the middle fifth of the income distribution—paid just 12.8 percent. The bottom 40 percent of taxpayers had an average total tax rate of even less, just about 3 percent when you take into account various tax credits.

Even considering how much money the wealthy earn, their taxes are disproportionate to their income. In 2009, the top 1 percent paid a whopping 36.7 percent of federal income taxes but earned only 16.9 percent of adjusted gross income. And the richest of the rich, the top

Even considering how much money the wealthy earn, their taxes are disproportionate to their income.

0.1 percent, paid 17.1 percent of income taxes while earning 7.8 percent of adjusted gross income, according to the Tax Foundation. The bottom 50 percent paid just 2.3 percent of income taxes. You could argue that Obama's "fair share" mantra should really mean a big tax hike on middle-income Americans, not the rich.

On paper, the Buffett rule would raise about \$40 billion a year, which assumes a) no new crafty tax-avoidance strategies from the attorneys serving the rich and famous and b) no economic impact from the tax hike. But raising taxes on investment—that is, savings put to work creating wealth in the real economy—is hardly the best thing for a stagnant economy. The theme of Obama's State of the Union speech, recall, was the need to create an economy that is "built to last," not one temporarily and dangerously inflated through debt-fueled consumption. Yet the Buffett rule would worsen the tax code's preference for spending and debt over investing and equity by raising the tax on capital to 30 percent from 15 percent.

Profits are taxed once at the corporate level and then again when distributed as dividends or as capital gains when a stock rises in price and is sold. So the effective tax on capital is closer to 50 percent. The current preferential tax rate for investment income is meant to at least partially reduce this double-taxation burden, as well as to reflect the fact that much of the nominal gain on many long-term investments is simply inflation, not a real return. Obama's Buffett rule would worsen such distortions and create more incentive for corporations to take on debt, since companies can deduct interest payments when they calculate their taxable income.

Here's a handy economic heuristic: Tax what you don't want, not what you do. Studies from economists left and right have shown that eliminating the tax bias against capital in favor of one that discourages debt would boost long-term economic growth. One tax-reform plan is the Bradford X tax, a progressive consump-

tion tax. Households would not pay tax on interest, dividends, capital gains, or other income from saving. Firms could immediately deduct business investments rather than depreciate them over time. Capital would be cherished, not punished. One widely cited study estimates a 6.4 percent gain in long-run output from the adoption of such a tax, which could result in a full percentage-point gain in government revenue as a share of economic output. A new study from Colgate University finds that lower investment taxes "stimulate innovation and enhance labor productivity in the long run."

Encouraging investment is how you create an environment in which private capital can be efficiently allocated and generously rewarded. Instead, Obama is proposing a system in which government would extract potential investment capital from the private economy and redistribute it to favored constituencies through welfare programs and economic policies. Investing will create an economy "built to last." The Buffett rule will create an economy built to fail. **NR**

Two Decades Too Late

Rick Santorum offers blue-collar workers little but nostalgia

BY HENRY OLSEN

FOR months, former senator Rick Santorum has been talking about working-class woes and promoting a working-class-friendly economic agenda, and in late January President Obama's State of the Union speech placed working-class concerns at the center of the election debate. Nevertheless, Santorum remains in third place in the GOP race. Does this suggest that Republican efforts to address working-class angst are politically ineffective?

No, it doesn't. The problem is twofold: Santorum has not emphasized this aspect of his campaign enough, and the agenda he has presented seems designed to resurrect an idealized past rather than to lead worried workers into a new future.

Santorum is trying to resurrect the Reagan general-election strategy of 1980—first and foremost, to win over the conservative base on fiscal and social issues by portraying himself as a man of principle, the only candidate who will not waver. This means that for most Republican-primary voters, Santorum is a strong conservative first and an advocate of the working class a distant second, if at all.

But Santorum's greater problem is that he is out of touch with today's blue-collar reality. His message presumes that white-working-class voters are essentially the same as they were in 1980. Reagan Democrats in the Midwest—the Santorum target—were characterized in 1980 by their religion and their occupations. They were disproportionately Catholic, serious about their faith, and likely to work in manufacturing or live in manufacturing-dependent neighborhoods and towns.

Santorum's Iowa victory speech made it clear that he believes these characteristics are still true of the working class. He noted that he grew up in a steel town, that

Mr. Olsen is a vice president of the American Enterprise Institute.

his first congressional wins were in districts with abandoned steel mills, and that he won because he “shared the values of the working people” in his districts. Those values center on “faith and family”; working people “understand that when the family breaks down, the economy struggles.” Santorum’s proposals follow from these premises: support the family by tripling the child tax deduction, encourage manufacturing by giving corporations engaged in it a corporate-income-tax rate of zero, and promote religion by making public professions of faith a central part of presidential rhetoric.

But it is no longer the early 1990s, when Santorum won those congressional districts. An entire generation of working-class voters has grown up with no experience working in manufacturing, or even any expectation of doing so. Today’s white-working-class voter—whose vote is much more likely to be up for grabs than those of his black or Hispanic peers—increasingly works in industries that have mushroomed in size since the Reagan years, such as retail. Over 1 million people work for Walmart, for example, a company that few had heard of in 1980. But we can see the Santorum dilemma more acutely if we look at a classic blue-collar industry: trucking.

Trucking was deregulated by the Motor Carrier Act of 1980, leading to an explosion in the number of trucking firms and trucks on the road. Today, there are over 3 million truckers; they constitute 2 percent of American workers. Major companies, such as Federal Express, have come into existence because of the growth in trucking.

About 1.8 million Americans are long-haul truckers, the people you see driving the big rigs on the Interstates. The overwhelming majority of these drivers are male. They spend countless hours away from home, leaving their wives and children alone. It should be no surprise, then, that divorce rates among long-haul truckers are much higher than the national average.

That is where the Santorum rhetorical rubber meets the road. Santorum’s worldview is centered on bringing back the classic factory dad, who works a shift and comes home every night. But if his policies succeed in luring truckers into manufacturing jobs, they will also drive up wages in the trucking industry, which would imperil the very transportation

network that enables modern manufacturing. Santorum’s policies are simplistic answers to complex problems.

Santorum’s approach also ignores the changes in family and religious life among the white working class that have happened since 1980. My colleague Charles Murray’s new book, *Coming Apart: The State of White America 1960–2010*, documents in detail how the social and religious culture of the white working class has declined in the last few decades. The illegitimacy rate for white women with no more than a high-school education in 2008 was 44 percent, up from a mere 6 percent in 1970. Those who marry don’t always stay married: Murray finds that 33 percent of white-working-class adults between the ages of 30 and 49 who have been married have gotten a divorce, more than double the proportion in 1980. Perhaps this is to be expected, given that the white working class no longer goes to church. According to Murray, in surveys between 2006 and 2010, 59 percent of whites with no more than a high-school education and who work in low-skilled jobs claimed not to attend a religious service more than once a year. The norms of faith and family that animated the white-working-class towns of Santorum’s youth simply no longer exist.

A political strategy for today’s working class would address its current mindset. To begin with, it would recognize that Reagan Democrats are no longer Democrats. Those who are not already Republicans are likely to be independents convinced that big government is not the answer to their problems. But they do not support Republican economic policy, because they think that an unfettered market is not the answer, either.

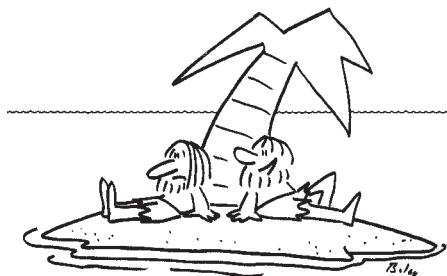
They are buffeted by competition at home and abroad. They compete much more directly than college-educated workers with people in Mexico and Asia. When factories move overseas, the prices of con-

sumer goods fall, but for low-skilled workers this gain is tempered by lower hourly wages in new jobs. More women have to work to make ends meet, but they can’t afford to hire immigrants to take care of their children, clean their homes, or mow their lawns. Blue-collar voters have to work harder and borrow more just to stay in place, and they do so looking over their shoulders fearful that it could all fall apart in a moment. It’s no wonder, then, that polls show a white working class increasingly distrustful of free trade and angry about illegal immigration. Both issues relate to economic competition: Free trade means you compete with foreigners living abroad, and illegal immigration means you compete with foreigners living in the United States.

These concerns are on display in the trucking industry. The North American Free Trade Agreement contains a provision permitting Mexican truckers to enter the United States and freely operate throughout the country. But this provision has never taken effect, owing to opposition from the domestic trucking industry. The industry’s leaders often cast their opposition in terms of safety concerns, but they know that Mexican truckers will accept lower wages, giving them a competitive advantage for contracts. Free trade in trucking would mean lower transportation costs, but likely at the expense of wages or jobs for American truckers.

American truckers also face competition from Hispanics already in this country (both legally and illegally). According to the General Services Administration, about 15 percent of truckers were Hispanic males in 2004. That number was projected to rise to nearly 19 percent by 2014; the white-male share of truckers was projected to drop from nearly 66 percent to about 60 percent over the same period.

The result of such competition is that, according to a May 2011 Heartland Monitor poll, white-working-class adults are the demographic most pessimistic about their future. A May 2011 Pew poll showed a similar result. It divided the American population into nine groups based on their political philosophies. In the group dominated by white-working-class independents, who constitute about 11 percent of the electorate, only 50 percent thought that hard work would guarantee success—lower than every other group but one.



“Look on the bright side—our investments with Bernie Madoff must really be paying off by now!”

President Obama mimics Senator Santorum when he proposes to bring back manufacturing jobs by changing the tax code to discourage American companies from operating plants overseas. But he's also proposing to increase public-private job-training partnerships through community colleges "that teach people skills that businesses are looking for right now." One can ask what government's role in this sort of endeavor ought to be, but at least the president talks about building a future and not just bringing back the past.

Where President Obama really steals a march on Republicans, however, is with his rhetoric about free trade. He taps into the pervasive belief that unfair competition is at the heart of economic decline. Hence his new Trade Enforcement Unit, which will investigate putatively unfair trading practices, and his call for more inspections to "prevent counterfeit or unsafe goods from crossing our borders." These measures may be modest in their scope and largely symbolic, but they send the message that Obama understands the concerns of the working class.

To be successful with working-class voters, conservatives will need to show that they too understand. These voters increasingly feel that they are—to borrow Barack Obama's recycling of a Bill Clinton formulation—working hard and playing by the rules but not getting ahead. Mitt Romney's pledge to bring an action against China through the World Trade Organization over alleged currency manipulation responds to this feeling. Conservatives should also spend more time and effort detailing how government officials helped private firms such as Fannie Mae take extreme risks on the taxpayers' dime, pushing working-class families into loans they didn't understand and could not afford to repay.

Conservative failure to demonstrate concern for the working class, and to adopt policies that will alleviate its burden, would be a modern-day analogue to liberals' tone-deafness on crime and patriotism in the 1970s and '80s—a tone-deafness that helped create the Reagan Democrats in the first place. **NR**

Strategy and Principle

*The foreign-policy wisdom of
Marco Rubio*

BY MARIO LOYOLA

THE success of Ronald Reagan's foreign policy was predicated on three qualities: He tried hard to be morally consistent; he had an innate sense of strategy; and he was a great communicator. It may be too soon to tell whether Florida senator Marco Rubio is walking in Reagan's footsteps, but he certainly seems to be headed in the right direction.

The test will be how Rubio deals with the perennial dilemmas of American

Mr. Loyola is former counsel for foreign and defense policy to the U.S. Senate Republican Policy Committee.

**LEARN HOW
TO FIND YOUR WAY
NO MATTER WHERE
YOU GO**



**Wyoming
Catholic College**

www.wyomingcatholiccollege.com
877-332-2930

foreign policy, specifically the long-running tension between realism and idealism that Henry Kissinger describes in *Diplomacy* (1994). Rubio believes that the two are not necessarily in conflict. “I’m still new enough here,” he told a recent gathering hosted by the Foreign Policy Initiative, “and I hope quite frankly I never lose this—where I do believe that the best-case scenario is still possible.”

He’s on to something. Foreign policy should be both morally right and strategically sound. But as the Bush years showed—and as the years before World War II showed—popular support for a strategically sound foreign policy can be hard to come by. Rubio seems to have given the problem some thought already. At the end of a recent speech to the Federalist Society, he made this remarkable observation:

Oftentimes the popular thing to do is the wrong thing to do. And often that’s where leadership comes into play. And that’s why the difference between public opinion and public judgment is so critical. Public opinion is what people think the first time you tell them something. Public judgment is what people come to believe when responsible leaders explain to them the consequences of the choices before them.

Rubio’s emphasis on the role of leadership in shaping “public judgment” is a vital piece of what Max Boot, of the Council on Foreign Relations, describes to me as Rubio’s “very Reaganesque vision of strength and engagement in the world.”

Rubio insists on a morally consistent foreign policy. “I do believe that it is in our best interest to stand for principles like human rights and democracy,” he explained at the FPI forum. “We can’t impose that, we can’t always guarantee it, but we should certainly be on the side of it every opportunity that we get, because the American example is our most powerful export.” He is fiercely anti-Communist, but thinks that overlooking the human-rights abuses of anti-Communist regimes was wrong. For Max Boot, that consistency makes Rubio a more coherent—and therefore more effective—critic of Obama’s foreign policy than many conservatives.

Rubio thinks the strength of America’s example starts at home. “If our economy

is crumbling,” he tells me, “if there is no upward mobility, how are we going to go extolling economic freedom around the world?” Without economic success, we can’t sustain our military strength—and both are vital to America’s exceptionalism. That is why, last year, he slammed the deficit-reduction “super committee” for “completely unacceptable, completely unsustainable” defense cuts. Earlier this year, he publicly complained that the Pentagon’s announcement of further cuts “directly signals to our friends and adversaries America’s diminished ability to project power on a global scale and defend our interests during a very uncertain time.”

Rubio understands that protecting America’s vital interests around the world means staying engaged around the world. “There is virtually no major issue facing the world that can be solved without America’s involvement in it,” he told the FPI gathering.

Rubio was already well-versed in foreign policy when he ran for the Senate. Elliott Abrams, a veteran of two presidential administrations who has advised Rubio on foreign policy, remembers their first conversation. Then-candidate Rubio offered to give his view of the Middle East, so that Abrams could point out anything he was missing. “Rubio proceeded to give a terrific tour d’horizon of the Middle East, and when he was done, I said, ‘I don’t think we even need to have this conversation,’” Abrams says.

When he got to the Senate a year ago, Rubio moved fast to secure positions on the Foreign Relations and Intelligence committees. According to Abrams, “most freshmen avoid those committees and seek assignments dealing with the economy or the budget, so Rubio’s choices demonstrate a real seriousness about our place in the world.” He seems adept at foreign relations, too. Max Boot tells me, “I’ve been really impressed by how good his instincts are and how good his knowledge of the world is.”

Soon after his election victory in 2010, Rubio traveled to Israel with his wife, and as a senator he has traveled to Pakistan, Afghanistan, Libya, and Haiti. When Moammar Qaddafi started bombing protesters with fighter jets in Libya, President Obama dithered, but Rubio instantly called for intervention. Rubio applauded Obama’s ultimate decision to

intervene, but has insisted that it could all have been done more quickly and with far less loss of life.

Obama wanted to be “on the right side of history” when protesters took to the street against Hosni Mubarak in Egypt and quickly shunted him from power. But he stood silent as Bahraini forces fired on protesters. Rubio did not. In a letter to Secretary of State Hillary Clinton, he urged the delay of U.S. weapon sales to Bahrain: “I believe the government’s response to the disturbances actually threatens the country’s long-term stability, jeopardizes the United States’ standing in Bahrain and the Middle East, and plays into the hands of Iran.” The letter was characteristic Rubio, couching a moral imperative in terms of strategy.

Still, publicly admonishing one’s allies is risky business, because most governments would rather go hungry than swallow their pride, especially when the admonishment comes from the United States.

Rubio counters that championing human rights gives us credibility and helps us assume a mediating position in a country’s peaceful and orderly transition to democracy. “Our currency is the human-rights agenda at the core of our foreign policy,” he tells me. “It is the basis of our moral credibility all over the world.”

Convictions so firmly stated are perhaps the firmest foundation for a lasting legacy in foreign policy—but a capacity for long-range strategic thinking is no less important. For Rubio, “peace through strength” is the backbone of a proper diplomacy. He seems to understand that an effective diplomatic strategy rests not on atmospherics or trust-building measures, but on negotiating leverage—and that means starting from a position of strength.

At the FPI event, Rubio addressed Iran’s nuclear program by asking, “Are they willing to build a bomb or get access to nuclear capability at *any* price?” Before we retreat to a containment strategy, which carries its own risks, Rubio thinks we should find out whether *some* price mightn’t be too high for the mullahs. That’s the right first question to ask: The U.S. should be upping the ante on Iran’s nuclear program, rather than assuming at every turn that they’re not bluffing, as our strategy has done so far.

Still, the Arab Spring poses a nettlesome challenge to Rubio's belief that idealism and strategic interest can be reconciled. The democracy agenda is hardly served when efforts to promote it pave the way for obscurantist, Islamist governments that play to their peoples' worst instincts, as seems to have happened in Egypt. Moreover, for the foreseeable future, decidedly undemocratic Arab kingdoms along the Persian Gulf will remain vital ramparts of our security architecture in the Middle East, particularly against the Iranian threat. The stability of those regimes is a vital strategic interest of the United States.

Now *that* presents a dilemma. Rubio tackles it head on. "The first question you'll get in the Middle East," he told the FPI forum, "is, 'You guys say you're for democracy, but then you look the other way in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, and places like that.' And the answer is, those countries are not going to go from what they are now to constitutional republics in 48 hours or in two years.

But what we hope is that they're on a road towards, progressing towards, a more sustainable political climate."

Rubio is optimistic, but he doesn't think we can afford to wait around for our allies to become democratic. "Those regimes are unsustainable," he tells me. "In the 21st century, with widespread access to mass communications, those governments are unsustainable. Do we assist the transition, or let the transition happen in a chaotic way, laying the seeds of anti-Americanism?"

That's a compelling strategic argument for the pro-democracy agenda. During the Bush years, Condoleezza Rice tried to convince Hosni Mubarak to embrace democratic reform. He brushed her off, insisting that Egyptians "need a strong hand." Look where that got him.

Marco Rubio seems to think that such tangles can be unwound, and indeed many of them can. The first step is remembering Margaret Thatcher's famous admonition, "First, win the argument." And that's a challenge Rubio seems to relish.

The Peril of Paul

Republicans should isolate the isolationists

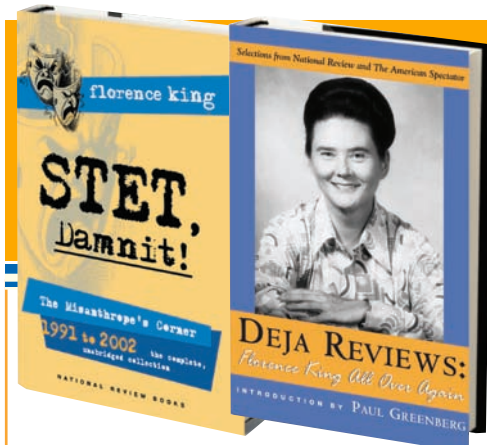
BY JAMIE M. FLY & ROBERT ZARATE

IT has become a routine occurrence in the 2012 Republican presidential debates for the contenders to say that "anyone on this stage would be better than Barack Obama." But is this truly the case when it comes to Ron Paul?

On foreign policy, at least, it is doubtful. Paul advocates what he calls a policy of "non-interventionism," but it is, in truth, a conspiracy-minded worldview similar to that of the isolationists of decades past, or to the more recent fulminations of figures

Mr. Fly is the executive director of the Foreign Policy Initiative, and Mr. Zarate is its policy director.

NR



PAIR OF KINGS!

IT'S A DEAL THAT EVEN A MISANTHROPE WOULD LOVE: 2 BOOKS FOR JUST \$34.95! FREE SHIPPING/HANDLING!

Get Deja Reviews: Florence King All Over Again and STET, Damnit!

Curmudgeonly prose fans will grimace with pleasure over this take-no-prisoner duo: *Deja Reviews: Florence King All Over Again*, the acclaimed collection of her essays and reviews from *NR* and *The American Spectator*, and *STET, Damnit!*—the complete collection of Miss King's beloved "Misanthrope's Corner" columns. Get both books for just \$34.95 (includes free shipping and handling)—a big \$20 savings!

National Review ♦ 215 Lexington Avenue ♦ New York, NY ♦ 10016

Send me _____ sets of *Deja Reviews* and *STET, Damnit!* (total cost is just \$34.95, which includes free shipping and handling). I enclose payment of \$ _____.

Send my copies to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

(N.Y. residents add sales tax. Foreign orders add \$15.00 US to cover additional shipping.)

PAYMENT METHOD:

- Check enclosed (payable to *National Review*)
 Bill my MasterCard Visa

Acct. No. _____

Expir. Date _____

Signature _____



Ron Paul debates in Tampa, Fla., January 23, 2012

such as Pat Buchanan, who eventually abandoned the Republican party for a third-party presidential run.

Paul's isolationist foreign-policy views are a mixture of gross oversimplification and blatant misinformation—which helps explain their seductiveness, especially to the uninformed or conspiracy-minded.

Over the years, he has dabbled in conspiracy theories about the terrorist attacks of 9/11, questioned the motives of U.S.-government officials at the CIA and FBI, and expressed paranoia about such legislation as the PATRIOT Act and a provision of the recent National Defense Authorization Act that he claimed would give the government greater authority to detain Americans suspected of ties to terrorist groups.

Unfortunately, Paul's isolationism is filling an intellectual—and moral—vacuum created by two factors. One is President Barack Obama's failure to explain, in meaningful terms, the imperatives of U.S. foreign policy to a public that is increasingly war-weary. Another is the inability of Republican candidates, focused thus far primarily on economic issues, to articulate a worldview sufficiently compelling to unite conservatives, if not also liberal hawks, in the way that President Reagan did during the Cold War.

A review of some of the main tenets of Paul's foreign policy reveals how much of it is based on a misunderstanding of basic facts, and calls into question his seriousness as a candidate for the presidency.

One of Paul's frequent refrains during

the 2012 campaign has been his interest in preventing a war with Iran. In the Tampa debate on January 23, he claimed that "we've already committed an act [of war] by blockading the country." Although U.S. law has long prevented the importation of Iranian oil, and an embargo against Iranian oil is now being adopted by U.S. allies such as the European Union, a naval blockade against Iran, of course, does not exist; and it is a questionable assertion to state that sanctions against Iran constitute "an act of war." But this exchange, which occurred without any objection to Paul's misstatement of the facts from his fellow candidates or the questioner, is consistent with a recurring Paul theme: America, not its enemies, is to blame. He frequently argues that it is the U.S., not Iran, that is being provocative, but he ignores the fact that Iran has been killing Americans for decades and has committed multiple acts of war against America.

Similarly, Paul, like Pat Buchanan and other isolationists, frequently denies that Iran is developing the capability to make nuclear weapons. In a January 2012 television interview, he asserted that the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) "did not find any evidence that they are on the verge of a weapon." But the IAEA, which serves as the world's nuclear watchdog, released an alarming report in November 2011 that explicitly warned that "information indicates that Iran has carried out activities relevant to the development of a nuclear explosive device."

In a time of fiscal austerity, Paul and his libertarian allies often advocate views on the defense budget that make President Obama—who is overseeing the gutting of the Defense Department—look like a hawk. The congressman draws a false distinction between defense spending and what he calls "overseas" or "militaristic" spending. He often cites such spending as the source of America's fiscal woes, when, in reality, it is not defense spending but the spiraling growth of entitlements and domestic discretionary spending that drives America's ballooning debt and deficit. Zeroing out the Pentagon's budget would do little to solve the current predicament.

Nonetheless, Paul supports deep cuts to defense spending even more devastating than those proposed by President Obama. Because the so-called supercommittee failed to propose major deficit-reduction legislation in November, current law now mandates a staggering half-trillion-dollar "sequester" cut to the core defense budget over the next decade. The congressman, however, thinks that this doesn't go far enough. In a November 2011 debate on national security, he said, "Well, they're not cutting anything out of anything. All this talk is just talk. Believe me. They're cutting—they're nibbling at baseline budgeting, and its automatic increases."

This message has been parroted by Paul's son, Senator Rand Paul, and Paul's allies at such organizations as the Cato Institute and, surprisingly, the tea-party group FreedomWorks. They and the senior Paul should know better. Secretary of Defense Leon Panetta, echoing the concerns of current and former uniformed military leaders, has warned that these cuts "would do catastrophic damage to our military and its ability to protect the country. It would double the number of cuts that we confront, and it would damage our interests not only here, but around the world."

In support of his efforts to cut overseas spending, Paul often alleges that we are "diluting ourselves in 900 bases in 130 countries." But as the fact-checking site PolitiFact found, there are only 13 countries confirmed by the U.S. government to host more than 1,000 deployed American personnel. Even if Paul is characterizing installations with fewer than 1,000 U.S. troops present as bases, the 900 he cites appear to include any U.S.-leased space, including offices or installations such as radar or other support facilities, including many with no U.S. personnel present.

Pervasive among Paul and his followers is the belief that they are only trying to return America to the type of foreign policy envisioned by the Founders. But any such assertion is spurious. The various efforts by America's early presidents to repel and eventually wage war against the piracy of the Barbary States are forceful counterexamples. So too is the clear belief in the universality of the Declaration of Independence's principles that is evident in comments from Founding Fathers such as Benjamin Franklin, who wrote in 1777 that "it is a common observation here that our cause is the cause of all mankind, and that we are fighting for their liberty in defending our own."

Like the America Firsters of the 1940s, Paul preaches as an alternative a policy of strict neutrality toward other countries; and like many on the anti-war left, he blames America first and foremost for causing the majority of the international problems that it now confronts.

To take one example, Paul has used U.S. foreign policy to explain away and excuse the malignant ideology behind al-Qaeda's 9/11 assault on America. At a September 2011 debate in Florida, he proclaimed that Osama bin Laden and al-Qaeda "wrote and said that we attacked America because you had bases on our holy land in Saudi Arabia, you do not give Palestinians fair treatment, and you have been bombing."

It is statements such as these that raise questions about how many of Paul's supporters in the contests so far are even Republicans, and how many are really being drawn to Paul because of his foreign-policy views in an election year that is focused much more on economic policy. Many polls indicate that Paul's foreign-policy views are *limiting* his appeal. A recent *Washington Post*/ABC News poll, for example, found that "Paul's opposition to military intervention overseas is seen by 49 percent of Republicans and GOP-leaning independents as a major reason to oppose him."

National-security conservatives ignore Paul at their peril, however. Paul has explicitly stated that it is his goal to amass a sizable number of delegates in an attempt to advance his libertarian message. This would serve only to make the party of Reagan look small and legitimize a virulent strain of libertarian isolationism that, up to now, has been rightly relegated to the fringes of the party. **NR**

Ad Astra per Lunam

Now may not be the time, but we should go back to the moon

BY JONAH GOLDBERG

NEWTON GINGRICH blundered recently by promising to build a base on the moon. Adding improbability to implausibility, he vowed that this would happen by the end of his second term. Some might think the latter a greater leap than the former.

There's an old axiom in American politics, going back at least to Mark Hanna, if not to the Hamiltonians: When the charge against you is that you're too undisciplined and grandiose to be president, launching a national dialogue on lunar statehood is not the best way to go. The reason is fairly simple. When large numbers of people have doubts about you, there are two ways to eliminate those doubts: confirm them or dispel them. Newton opted for the former when he hypothesized about lunar statehood. It was like responding to the charge that your fly is open by taking off your pants.

But Gingrich's mistake was political, not intellectual or philosophical. He is right that America should go to the moon, and beyond. We may not be able to afford it right now, but that doesn't mean it's not worth doing. It is because we have already wasted so much money on things that are not worth doing.

The arguments against and for aggressive space exploration boil down to two things. Call them money and poetry. Let me take them in turn.

First, a disclaimer. I am no Keynesian. I don't think we should break windows just to employ window makers. A dollar spent by the government on Solyndra is a dollar taken out of the economy that might have been spent on something useful, like single-malt Scotch or jetpacks. I am not persuaded by those who count government makework jobs under the New Deal toward the tally of the New Deal's "success." According to lore, when Milton Friedman—praise be upon him—was taken to a giant canal project somewhere in Asia, he noted that among

the thousands of laborers he saw no bulldozers or other earth-moving machines. Why, he asked, was it all men with shovels? The functionary leading the tour explained that it created more jobs. Well, replied Friedman, "then why not use spoons instead of shovels?"

If you're making T-shirts, make mine say, "I'm with Milton." Still, a moon base would be really cool.

The green-eyeshade types say you can never prove that the space program really paid for itself. You can hang only so much on Tang and ball bearings. And they do have a point when you factor in how NASA takes care to distribute its failures and inefficiencies across so many congressional districts.

But the truth is that the technological, commercial, and strategic boons of space exploration were already so obvious 40 years ago that the editors of *NATIONAL REVIEW* declared that the space program "checks out as a notable bargain."

Would a moon base and an eventual road trip to Mars and beyond throw off even more technological and commercial benefits? I don't know, and neither does anybody else. But there's a lot of stuff out there, and you've got to be in space to find it.

More to the point, if you're going to go Keynesian, it might as well be on big cool stuff that helps define you as a nation for the better, inspires little kids in positive ways, encourages scientific education and training, helps create a whole generation of creative people (Steve Jobs, Steven Spielberg, and countless others were defined by their love of the space program), intimidates our enemies, and gets us one giant step closer to a Taco Bell on the moon. You can't put a price tag on that.

Which, of course, bring us to the poetry.

While the editors of *NATIONAL REVIEW* believed the space program paid for itself in economic terms, they were quick to add that "this sort of cost analysis does not reach Apollo's primary dimensions":

The Apollo project marks the second fundamental change in man's relationship to the earth and to the physical universe—the cosmos—and therefore also to himself. For two million years or so, mother earth, man's ancestral home,



was the center of the universe. In the sixteenth century the Copernican revolution transformed earth into a minor planet of a lesser star. With the flight into space, and through space to another celestial body, earth becomes—we repeat Whittaker Chambers’ winged phrase—the shore of space, no longer man’s permanent home but the starting point for his unending journey. Once the astronauts, from outside earth’s envelope, had *looked back* at earth—and we with them, through the electronic windows—and had slept, eaten and walked on another world, the earth and the cosmos were irreversibly transformed once more for man. Man is now ready to begin the colonization of other worlds, which is the only possible meaning of his leap into space. The next goal is self-evident in the logic of the Apollo project: a permanent manned base—a permanent dwelling—on the moon.

If I may have a second T-shirt, let it proclaim that I am with them as well. I have not bothered to look it up, but I know for a fact that it cost a good deal of money to build the Vatican. Only a very lowly specimen of parsimonious ass would even bother to ask whether the Church saw sufficient return on its investment (which, of course, it did).

The same goes for the cathedrals of Europe, which were designed literally and figuratively to lift man’s gaze heavenward. The wonderful thing about

cathedrals is that they are for everyone. The rich can always find inspiration. They can always acquire beauty. The poor had few such opportunities. Cathedrals were an attempt to bring light to the darkness, to inspire men collectively and individually. Throughout Europe, noblemen and city-states battled to get closer to God by building one spire higher than the next. It was a race to the heavens of a different kind.

Now, none of this means that I think we should carpet-bomb South Florida and Texas with taxpayer dollars to fund massive, inefficient bureaucracies. That, it seems to me, is the liberal approach to everything these days. Every time I accidentally turn on MSNBC, I see Rachel Maddow yelling about the Hoover Dam and how conservatives don’t want to build such things anymore. The truth, of course, is that conservatives would have far less of a problem with a Hoover Dam than the snail-darter lobby would. Indeed, when liberals talk about infrastructure spending and Keynesian multiplier effects, it seems it’s all about winterizing Grandma’s attic, covering unearned bonuses for government workers, and repairing what seem to be millions of leaky public-school roofs (one possible commercial spinoff: space-age public-school roofs that won’t leak—because it seems to me that Democrats have been complaining about leaking roofs for 40 years now).

Liberals talk about doing great things in order to get money from taxpayers, and then they use the money to cover the operating expenses of the Democratic party. They promise the moon but deliver moonshine (sometimes literally, in the form of ethanol). A friend of mine, who agrees with me that the Keynesians have an imagination deficit greater than the actual deficit they’re creating, suggests that not only should the White House have approved the Keystone pipeline, it should have promised to build alongside it a giant canal from Canada to Texas that we could all use for whitewater rafting.

I, for one, could tolerate all of the infrastructure spending the Democrats want to do, if I thought the aim was to actually get it built. But, like Friedman’s men with spoons, the point always seems to be creating the work, not getting the job done. The Pentagon was built in 16 months. The Apollo program lasted 10 years. But Boston’s Big Dig took 20 years—and they didn’t even use spoons.

That’s why Gingrich’s proposal to offer a series of massive prizes for space-faring breakthroughs makes complete sense. The British crown offered prizes for all sorts of things, such as accurate clocks to determine longitude, and there’s no reason we couldn’t too. When Mitt Romney tried to make Gingrich look like an idiot in the most recent debate, he missed the point. “I spent 25 years in business,” Romney reminded everyone. “If I had a business executive come to me and say they wanted to spend a few hundred billion dollars to put a colony on the moon, I’d say, ‘You’re fired.’”

And that’s why you have prizes. There is no short-term market incentive for putting a colony on the moon. By issuing prizes—which are paid out only when someone succeeds—you create that incentive without creating the bone-crushing bureaucracies of the modern liberal administrative state.

I don’t know whether it will be 100 years from now or 1,000, but someday historians on some extraterrestrial body will look back on the sad chapter that America is in today. They may or may not conclude that Newt Gingrich was the wrong choice at this moment. What they won’t say is that Newt Gingrich had the wrong idea about where our destiny lies.

NR



**GUARANTEED
LOWEST PRICE!***

Actual size is 40.6 mm
Weight 31.101g
99.93 % pure silver

This is What REAL MONEY Looks Like

*If you believe in the yen, the euro, and the dollar... stop reading.
Because this is a story about the silver coin EVERYBODY wants.*

This is not an ad. It's a warning. You read the headlines. You know that troubled economic times put global currency on a rollercoaster ride. Governments panic and they print paper. You can buy your ticket and buckle up. Or you can opt out of the Wall Street amusement park and follow those who have found a smarter way to build long-term value with high-grade collectible silver. And right now, those people are lining up for the first release of **2012 U.S. Mint Silver Eagles**. Today, you can graduate to the front of that line. Buy now and you can own these brilliant uncirculated Silver Dollars for *only* \$39.95!

Not Even the U.S. Mint Can Help You Now

In 2012, global demand for silver will surpass supply. That's why banks around the world are buying millions of ounces, snatching up silver faster than mining companies can pull it out of the ground. That voracious appetite for silver guarantees fierce competition for the brand new 2012 U.S. Silver Eagles. Millions of collectors, investors and dealers from Europe, China and India are ready to strike. If you want to claim absolutely pristine examples of America's newest Silver Dollar before they do, this is your chance.

Our *first ever release* of one of the most beautiful coins in the world today, gives you one full troy ounce of silver (featuring Miss Liberty draped in a U.S. flag) at our lowest price. Remember, the U.S. Mint *does not sell uncirculated Silver Eagle Dollars direct to the public*. You can only obtain them through an authorized distributor. And the clock is ticking.

A Coin Flip You Can't Afford to Lose

Why are we releasing this coveted silver dollar for such a remarkable price? Because we can. And because we want to introduce you to what hundreds of thousands of smart

**For same coin under identical terms and time period*

*Note: GovMint.com. is a private distributor of government and private coin and medallion issues and is not affiliated with the United States Government. Prices and availability subject to change without notice. ©GovMint.com, 2012 **Price based on spot market silver price of \$28.88.*

collectors and satisfied customers have known since 1984—GovMint is the place to find the world's finest high-grade coins. That's why we're offering you this Brilliant Uncirculated 2012 U.S. Silver Eagle for as little as \$36.95** (plus s/h)—to prove that GovMint offers *the best money you can buy*.

Timing is Everything

Our advice? Keep this to yourself. Tear out the page if you have to, because the more people who know about this offer, the worse it is for you. Demand for Silver Eagles in 2011 broke records. Experts predict that 2012 Silver Eagles will break them all over again. Due to rapid changes in the price of silver, prices may be higher or lower and are subject to change without notice. Supplies are limited and there is a strict limit of 40 per household. Don't miss out. Call immediately to add these elusive Silver Eagles to your holdings before it's too late. Your chance has come!

Offer Limited to 40 per household

2012 American Silver Eagle Coin

Your cost 1-4 Coins - \$39.95 each + s/h
5-9 Coins - \$38.95 each + s/h
10-19 Coins - \$37.95 each + s/h
20-40 Coins - \$36.95 each + s/h

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

1-888-201-7056

Offer Code FER213-06
Please mention this code when you call.

14101 Southcross Drive W.,
Dept. FER213-06
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337

www.GovMint.com

 **GOVMINT.COM**
YOUR ONE BEST SOURCE FOR COINS WORLDWIDE





The Truth about Fracking

What the protesters don't know

BY KEVIN D. WILLIAMSON

In the middle-of-frackin'-nowhere Pennsylvania, Boy Genius is showing off his giant robot: It's about 150 feet tall, God and the almighty engineers alone know how many hundreds of tons of steel, and four big, flat duck feet on bright orange legs. "Yeah, this is kind of cool," he says of his supersized Erector Set project. "You can set those feet at 45 degrees, and it will walk around in circles all day," a colleague adds.

But Boy Genius is not letting himself get too excited about all this—it's pretty clearly not his first giant robot, and he's a lot more excited about his seismic-imaging system: "It's kind of like a GPS, but it's underground and it works with the Earth's magnetic characteristics." Nods all around—that *is* cool. Everybody here has a three-day beard and a hardhat and steel-toed work boots, but there's a strong whiff of chess club and Science Olympiad in the air, young men who are no strangers to the pocket protector, who in adolescence discovered an unusual facility for fluid dynamics and now are beavering away at mind-clutchingly complex technical problems, one of which is how to get a 150-foot-tall tower of machinery from A to B without taking it apart and trucking it (solution: add feet). That giant robot may walk, but it isn't too fast: It can take half a day to move 20 feet, because this isn't a Transformers movie, this is *THE PLAY*, and Boy Genius is a member of the startlingly youthful and bespectacled tribe of engineers swarming out of the University of Pittsburgh and the Colorado School of Mines and Penn State and into the booming gas fields of Pennsylvania, where the math weenies are running the show in the Marcellus shale, figuring out how to relentlessly suck a Saudi

Arabia's worth of natural gas out of a vein of hot and impermeable rock thousands of feet beneath the green valleys of Penn's woods. Forget about your wildcatters, your roughnecks, your swaggering Texans in big hats: The nerds have taken over.

The weird little in-house argot of gas exploration has more plays than Stephen Sondheim: the conventional gas play, the shallow gas play, the Gothic play, the Wyoming play, and the gold-plated godfather of them all, the Marcellus play, which stretches from West Virginia to New York and contains hundreds of trillions of cubic feet of natural gas. Exactly how much recoverable gas is down there is a matter of hot dispute, but the general consensus is: a whole bunch, staggering amounts quantified in numbers that have to be written in exponential expressions (maybe it's 1.7×10^{14} cubic feet, maybe 4.359×10^{14}), with the estimates on the higher end suggesting the equivalent of 15 years of total U.S. energy use. There's so much efficiently combustible stuff down there that the boy geniuses have to spend hours in esoteric preparations for what to do about the oil and gas they hit that they don't mean to—they're after the Marcellus gas, but there's a lot of other methane on the way down.

Given that oil imports account for about half of the total U.S. trade deficit, that U.S. policymakers suffer from debilitating insomnia every time some random ayatollah starts making scary noises about the Strait of Hormuz, and that about half of American electricity comes from burning coal—which, on its very best day, is a lot more environmentally problematic than natural gas (something to think about while tooling down to Trader Joe's in your

ROMAN GENN

45 percent coal-powered Chevy Volt or Nissan Leaf)—exploiting natural gas to its full capability has the potential to radically alter some fundamental economic, national-security, and environmental equations of keen interest in these overextended and underemployed United States. Tens of thousands of new jobs already have been created (want \$60,000 a year to drive a water truck with a \$2,000 signing bonus? Pennsylvania is calling), and tens of billions of dollars in new wealth has been injected into the ailing U.S. economy, since Marcellus production really picked up around 2008. Pennsylvania and West Virginia saw 57,000 new Marcellus jobs in a single year, as firms ranging from scrappy independents to giants such as Royal Dutch Shell poured billions of dollars into shale investments—land, equipment, buildings, roads, machinery: capital, in a word. Massive capital.

Cheap, relatively clean, ayatollah-free energy, enormous investments in real capital and infrastructure, thousands of new jobs for blue-collar workers and Ph.D.s alike, Americans engineering something other than financial derivatives—who could not love all that?

Josh, mostly.

EVERYBODY in the Marcellus play is on a first-name basis with Josh Fox, even though few of them have met the young director who with a single fraudulent image in his documentary *Gasland*—footage of a Colorado man turning on his kitchen sink and setting the tap water on fire—brought into existence a new crusade for the Occupy Whatever set and a new Public Enemy No. 1 for the Luddite Left: gas exploration, specifically the extraction technique of hydraulic fracturing, popularly known as “fracking.”

Fracking works like this: You set up your giant robot and you drill a five-inch-diameter hole down several thousand feet until you hit the gas shale, and then you turn 90 degrees and you drill horizontally through some more shale, until you’ve got all your pipes and rig in place. And then you hit that shale with a high-pressure blast of water and sand, creating millimeter-wide fractures through which the natural gas can escape and make you very, very rich in spite of the fact that you’re spending about a million dollars a week on space-age “matrix” drill bits and squadrons of engineers and a small army of laborers, technicians, truck drivers, machinists, and a pretty-good-sized bill from Hoggfather’s, the local barbecue joint that has added a couple of specialized and custom-outfitted mobile crews just for cooking two massive meals a day for the fracking hands who are far too busy to take off for lunch. (Sure, ExxonMobil is going to be making a killing, but fracking’s biggest boosters may be the local restaurateurs who are cooking with gas while cooking for gas, and are happy to serve workers straight from the field: “No Mud on the Floor, No Cash in the Drawer” says the sign in a local diner.) The water makes the fractures, and the sand keeps them open. There’s some other stuff in that fracking blend, too: biocides, for one thing, not very different from what’s in your swimming pool, to keep bacteria and algae and other gunk from growing in the water and clogging up the works. There are also some friction reducers, because water and sand moving at speed can produce a lot of wear and tear (cf. the Grand Canyon), and the occasional jolt of 7 percent hydrochloric acid solution for boring out holes in the concrete. The mix is 99+ percent water and sand, and the rest of the stuff is mostly run-of-the-mill industrial

chemicals (those friction-reducers use a polymer that also is used in children’s toys, for example). Real concerns, but not exactly an insurmountable environmental challenge.

Not only is this happening more than a mile beneath the surface, it’s also happening at a level that is separated from the closest points of the aquifer by a layer of impermeable rock three or four or five Empire State Buildings deep. “We couldn’t frack through that if we were *trying* to,” says one engineer working the Marcellus. “The idea that we could do so by accident is crazy. Not while we’re fracking with water and sand. Nukes, maybe, but not water and sand.”

So what about that burning water?

THE weird true thing is that water has been catching fire for a long time—“long time” here meaning way back into the mists of obscure prehistory and the realm of legend. The temple of the Oracle of Delphi was built on the site of a burning spring said to have been discovered by a bewildered goatherd around 1000 B.C., and sundry antique heathens across the Near East had rituals related to burning bodies of water. The geographically minded among you will appreciate that there are several places in the United States named “Burning Springs,” including prominent ones in such energy-intensive locales as Kentucky and West Virginia. There’s a Burning Springs in New York, too, and 17th-century missionaries wrote in awe about Indians’ setting fire to the waters of Lake Erie and nearby streams. Water wells were catching fire in Pennsylvania as early as the 18th century, well before anybody was fracking for gas.

You wouldn’t know it from watching *Gasland*, but that Colorado community made famous by the film has had water catching on fire since at least the 1930s, and the Colorado division of water chronicled “troublesome amounts of . . . methane” in the water back in 1976. As it turns out, places that have a lot of gas in the ground *have a lot of gas in the ground*. And sometimes that gas is in the water, too, as the result of natural geological processes.

Which isn’t to say that gas drilling can’t muck up drinking-water wells. That can and does happen—but it has nothing to do with fracking. If anything, fracking is less likely to pollute groundwater than are other forms of drilling, because it happens so far from the water, with so much rock in between, which isn’t the case with shallower wells and more traditional forms of gas exploration.

“Methane migration is real,” says John Hanger, an environmental activist in Pennsylvania who served as head of the state’s department of environmental protection under the liberal governorship of Democrat Ed Rendell. “Prior to the Marcellus, there have probably been 50 to 150 private water wells, out of more than a million in the state, that have had methane contamination as a result of mistakes in the drilling process—but that has nothing to do with fracking. Some in the industry deny that it ever happens, and that is false. But frack fluids returning from depth, from 5,000 to 8,000 feet under the ground, to contaminate an aquifer? When the industry says that’s never happened, that has in fact *never happened*.”

Colorado’s gas regulator took the unusual step of releasing a public debunking of *Gasland*’s claim that fracking is responsible for that flaming faucet. Confronted with the facts—call them “an inconvenient truth”—Fox responded that they were “not relevant.” But what is not relevant is that image of a burning water

faucet, at least if you want to understand the facts about fracking, which the anti-frack fanatics don't.

THE problem with fracking mostly isn't what goes down the pipe, but what comes up, and the real hairy environmental challenge turns out to be the relatively un-sexy matter of wastewater management. Gas drillers put their bits down through a lot of ancient seabeds, meaning that the water comes up saturated with our tasty friend NaCl, a.k.a. salt. Given that a great many examples of aquatic and riparian flora and fauna are evolved to do well in fresh water but curl up and die in salt water—especially salt water that's considerably saltier than the saltiest seawater—you can't just dump that stuff in the Susquehanna River. And then there's potassium salts and such. And then there's other stuff that comes up, too, substances you'd just as soon see remain buried in the depths of the earth: arsenic, for one thing, and the darkly whispered-about entity known in drilling circles as NORM—Naturally Occurring Radioactive Material—and various other kinds of VERY BAD STUFF. Of particular concern is the presence of bromides, which, when combined with the chlorine used in water-treatment facilities, have a worrisome tendency to turn into the SEAL Team Six of volatile organic compounds, basically a big flashing neon sign reading “CANCER.”

There are other workaday environmental problems endemic to fracking: For the three to five days a frack lasts, it's loud—really, really loud, because it's basically a construction site, with a vast array of pumps and compressors and giant margarita mixers blending sand into the water, and a big battery of generators to run it all. There's not much to be done about the noise, though you're typically not fracking real close to densely populated areas. A few firms have hit upon the novel approach of simply offering nearby homeowners money to go away for the week, expenses paid, or at least putting them up in a hotel for the duration. (An idled fracking rig might cost you \$1 million a week—you can afford to pay a lot of HoJo bills to keep that from happening.) The trucks cause traffic snarls, so they're building more pipelines to replace the trucks, but digging pipelines can be an inconvenience, too. Fracking for gas is not zero-impact. There's no easy way around that.

And there's certainly no easy way around the water issues, either. Disposing of wastewater is a challenge from all sides: PR, economic, technical, environmental, and economic. But a number of the drillers have come up with a nearly ideal solution for disposing of it: Don't.

A COUPLE of hundred miles away from Boy Genius and his giant robot, in the Marcellus heartland of Williamsport, Pa., is TerrAqua Resource Management, one of the many private firms that have sprung up throughout THE PLAY to do what the local wastewater-treatment plants and municipal authorities aren't equipped to do and probably shouldn't be expected to do: treat nasty drilling water so that it can be used again. Trucks pull up, unload their murky liquid cargo, and then fill up on usable water to take back to the next job. Inside, a trio of vast water tanks, chemical vats, some sand filters, and a bunch more engineers make that water reusable. The facility has been up and running for only a couple of years, but millions of gallons of water already have passed through it. The solids get filtered out and disposed of,

bacteria get biocided, and everybody makes the department of environmental protection happy by providing a government-certified “beneficial reuse” of drilling water.

Interesting thing: The place doesn't stink. It's got a slightly earthy smell to it, like the nursery section at Home Depot, but it doesn't smell like you'd expect a water-treatment plant to smell.

TerrAqua makes its living from the dirty end of the gas business, and its executives are under no illusions about the industry. There are good eggs—or at least self-interested, large-cap eggs who appreciate how much they have to lose if they get sloppy—and then there are what the locals call the “gassholes,” by which they do not mean to denote the channel down which the pipe goes.

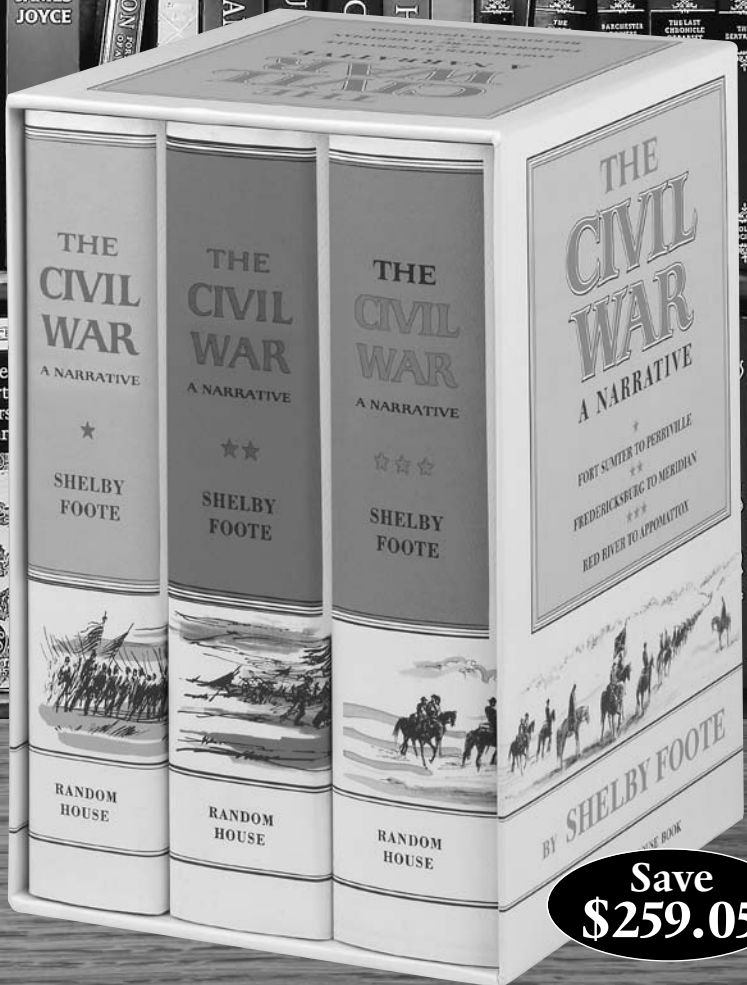
“There's *compliance*, and there's *high compliance*,” says TerrAqua vice president Marty Muggleton. “There are companies that like to have a lot of extra cushion between where they are and where they have to be, and then there are those who like to get their toes close to the edge. And I think the industry has figured out which one of those you really want to be.”

The one you want to be, everybody from environmental activists to industry insiders says, is a company like Range Resources, a Texas-based firm that owns a big part of THE PLAY south of Pittsburgh, operating out of the hamlet of Canonsburg, Pa., near the West Virginia border. Like practically everybody else in town, they have a bunch of shiny new space in a corporate park that was barely half-populated until the Marcellus began to get going. It's a busy anthill with a lot of boots and surprisingly few suits. Range is one of the companies that have figured out that there's so much money coming out of the shale—even with gas down near \$2—that it pays to go above and beyond. Their trucks tear up the roads in Canonsburg, so they build newer and better roads than the ones they found, spending more money on roads than the city itself does. There are a surprising number of speed traps around town, but they aren't the local Barney Fifes: They're contractors hired by Range, keeping an eye on the company's drivers, who get fired for speeding or otherwise behaving in a gassholish fashion. The old days of what they call “Texas-style” gas development are mostly in the past: The billion-dollar boys have a lot of resources to throw at environmental problems and a lot to lose.

“Pennsylvania used to have surface disposal,” says Range's Matt Pitzarella, “and West Virginia still does. That's just crazy.” “Surface disposal” means “just dumping it in the river or on the ground.” Pennsylvania, he points out, has a long history of environmental grief related to the energy industry, from acidic mine discharges to thousands of forgotten (and not always well-capped) oil wells dating from back in the days of Colonel Drake, the genius who noticed that farmers drilling water wells kept hitting oil and figured he might as well drill for the oil. Thousands of steel casings were ripped out of wells during World War II, and thousands of miles of waterways in the state have been befouled, mostly by mine discharges. Natural gas is pretty clean at the combustion point, and Range wants to be the firm that shows how clean it can be during the preceding stages. “If anything, the microscope that we as an industry are under has made us more innovative. Some of the tactics they use may be unfair. It's not fair to paint us all with the same broad brush. But at the same time, it's not fair for the industry to paint all the environmentalists with the same broad brush, either.” Recycling water rather than discharging it has been a fundamental change for the industry's environmental impact and, as long as the water is

Shelby Foote
THE CIVIL WAR
 THREE VOLUMES
 Yours for only
\$9.95
 (shipping is FREE)

'A remarkable achievement, prodigiously researched, vigorous, detailed, absorbing.'
 NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW



Save
\$259.05

There are many history books dedicated to the Civil War, the conflict which first tore apart and then shaped America. But before Shelby Foote published this magnificent trilogy, none had truly placed the reader on the battlefield and in the debating chamber, allowing us to stand in the shoes of the generals and the tattered coats of the last Confederate soldiers. It took him twenty years to finish his masterpiece but such dedication paid off. *The Civil War: A Narrative* is widely recognized as the most readable, balanced and detailed of all the histories available.

As your introduction to The Folio Society, we are offering you this magnificent three-volume set — worth \$165 — for just \$9.95.

Reply within 14 days and you will receive a deluxe set of *The Compact Oxford Dictionary and Thesaurus* in bonded leather, worth \$104.00 — yours FREE to keep whatever you decide.

The Folio Society does NOT send you unsolicited books or 'choices of the month.' In return for this special offer all you need to do is order four books from the catalogue.

We pride ourselves on the quality of every book in our collection. Our current publications include history and eye-witness accounts, classic and modern fiction, memoirs, notable biographies, children's books, humour, poetry, and legend. Prices start as low as \$37.95 and many of our books are less than \$50.

The Folio Society, established in England

in 1947, publishes books for readers who wish to experience the pleasure of owning a collection of fine editions to enjoy now and in the future.

Why not start your collection today? Simply fill out and return the coupon today to take advantage of this special introductory offer or call Toll Free (24 hours) on 1-800-353-0700.

The Folio Society Promise
You will never be sent a book you have not ordered.

THE FOLIO SOCIETY
 P.O. Box 8018, Aston, PA 19014
 www.joinfolio.com

Reply Today and Save \$259.05

To: The Membership Secretary, The Folio Society,
 P.O. Box 8018, Aston, PA 19014, Fax:1-610-532-9001

ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-353-0700

Please accept my application for FREE trial membership of The Folio Society and send me *The Civil War*, together with the Folio catalogue and my FREE set of Oxford reference books. If I agree to purchase at least 4 books from your catalogue I will be billed only \$9.95 for *The Civil War* (including shipping and handling). If I am not satisfied — for any reason — I will return the introductory set within 21 days. My membership will be cancelled and I will owe nothing. I understand that as a member of The Folio Society I have the right to return any book if I am not completely satisfied. The Oxford reference books are mine to keep whatever I decide.

Title _____ Name _____ Date _____
BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

Address _____

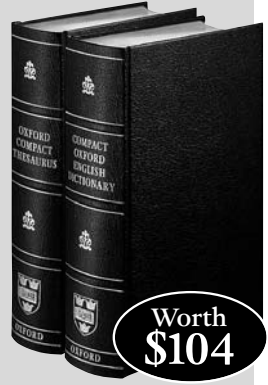
City _____ State _____ Zipcode _____

Please allow 21 days for delivery. Applications subject to approval. Send no money now. Promo=KQCX12

Plus your FREE gift

YES, I am replying within 14 days and claim my FREE deluxe set of reference books which are mine to keep whatever I decide.
(please tick box)

The Compact Oxford English Dictionary and The Oxford Compact Thesaurus



Worth
\$104

cleaned up enough that it doesn't muck up the works, it's all the same to the drillers. "We could frack with peanut butter, if we had enough of it," Pitzarella says.

FRACKING with Skippy never occurred to George Mitchell, the legendary gasman who staked his fortune on the seemingly crackpot idea that you could efficiently get gas out of a rock, but he tried everything else. Range engineer Mark Whitley was with Mitchell in the early days, and still gets a little edge in his voice when he talks about the dicey prospect of having invested about \$1 billion of a company worth only about that much in a technology that nobody thought would work. Noting that President Obama claimed that "it was public research dollars" that made shale extraction possible, he laughs without mirth, and looks like he wants to spit: "Not true," he says. "We tried everything known to man to get a rock to produce. There's a lot of people who claim to be the father of the Marcellus, but if you didn't put any money in or take any gas out, then what's that? It was industry studies, industry experience, and industry dollars that did this, and we've driven up production more rapidly than anybody thought possible." And it was far from a done deal for years: "We could have thrown in the towel any time during the first ten years, but the one guy who didn't want to quit was the guy in charge: George." (*George*. Not, incidentally, *Barack*.) They tried all sorts of brews to get the shale to give up the gas, and, as the expenses mounted, they tried cheaper and cheaper alternatives, eventually settling on the low-tech combination of water and sand that turned out to be the thing that actually works. "Economics drove it," Whitley says.

The gas guys scoff at President Obama's claim that federal ingenuity produced the shale boom, and they scoff harder at their rivals' occasional pleas for government handouts, notably T. Boone Pickens's plan to have the government require long-haul trucks to convert to natural gas and then have taxpayers pick up the bill for it. "The best thing the federal government can do is stay out of our way," Whitley says. "Leave us alone, and we are happy. We are well and appropriately regulated by the state."

Practically everybody in the industry speaks well, if sometimes begrudgingly, of Pennsylvania's department of environmental protection, which, after being caught flat-footed in the early days of the shale revolution, has gotten with the program in a big way. It's undergone a major overhaul of its regulatory regime, and by most measures Pennsylvania's gas industry is cleaner and safer today than in the pre-fracking era. Billions of dollars rolling in, and thousands of new jobs, and much more on the line in the future, will do that. And the industry, while not always entirely in love with the DEP and its colonoscopic minions, appreciates that its Pennsylvania regulators understand the practices and geology of Pennsylvania in a way that faraway regulators at the EPA would not. If the EPA—especially Barack Obama's highly politicized EPA—gets involved, the result is likely to be arbitrary national standards. "The feds only screw things up," says one engineer, and any reasonable federal regulatory regime would end up essentially replicating most or all of what the states already are doing, but at a political distance that makes regulators more remote and less accountable. When it comes to fracking for gas, facts on the ground are facts literally *in* the ground. Keeping regulation at the state level is the top political priority in the Marcellus, so the industry has an interest in making the DEP look good: It's that

compliance—vs.—high compliance thing again, naked self-interest producing virtuous outcomes. Range regularly has the DEP out to its facilities to show them the latest and greatest, with the unspoken suggestion that what it does voluntarily everybody else in THE PLAY should do voluntarily, too, because voluntarily accepted best practices are the only real political insurance against involuntarily accepted second-best (or worse) practices: *Let's do it right before the feds make us do it wrong*.

DEP spokesman Kevin Sunday encourages that line of thinking: "Pennsylvania has a unique and diverse geology, and that's why states should have the primacy in regulating this instead of the one-size-fits-all approach that some in the federal government would prefer to see." He says that water recycling has represented a "sea change" in the industry. "Some are recycling at 100 percent—it depends on what you're drilling through. The average is 70, 75 percent." Higher standards for discharged water have made it more attractive to recycle, too, with many facilities required to treat water to the state's standard for potable drinking water before putting it into streams or rivers. That's a sneaky little trick: Once the water has been cleaned up enough to discharge, nobody wants to discharge it. "If you get it down to that standard, it's too valuable to flush it down the toilet," Sunday says.

Which is to say that in the Marcellus they have discovered, along with enormous quantities of gas, that rarest of commodities: a regulatory success story.

THERE is no doubt that drilling wastewater is highly polluted," says Hanger, the former DEP secretary. "Prior to the Marcellus, when the Pennsylvania industry was small, we were dumping drilling wastewater untreated into rivers and streams and hoping that dilution would keep concentrations below levels that would cause damage to aquatic life or drinking water. There is probably less water going untreated into the rivers today than before the first Marcellus well. It's a success story. If you look at the top ten things impacting water in Pennsylvania right now, the gas industry would not be on the list, and certainly not fracking. Industry, environmentalists, and regulators all ought to be celebrating. But there's money to be made out of fighting."

All of which is perplexing to the boy geniuses in the fracking command centers scattered around Pennsylvania. Talking politics with engineers is dancing about architecture—they just don't get it, and they get frustrated. "We have all this wealth in the ground," says one of the bespectacled brethren, "and we can get it out. We can do it efficiently and cleanly"—and *we have giant frackin' robots!*—"but some people don't want us to. They just don't like it." Laying out this scenario, he wears a look that is four parts nonplussed and one part hurt. You want to hand the kid an Ayn Rand novel with the good parts dog-eared.

Nothing happens in a vacuum, political or environmental, even a mile under the rock. And the real question about fracking, as Hanger points out, isn't fracking vs. some Platonic energy ideal. It's between fracking and coal, or, to a lesser extent, between fracking and oil.

Walking around finished gas wells in THE PLAY, you'll notice a weird thing: A lot of them run off of solar power. There's no utility power in some of the more remote areas, and it's more efficient to put up some solar panels to run the monitoring equipment and the other gear necessary to keep a producing well producing. And in the remote Texas panhandle, Valero operates a major oil refin-

ery that's attached to a 5,000-acre wind farm, being located in the sweet spot of having lots of crude pipelines, lots of wind, lots of real estate, and not very many people. When it's operating at its peak, the wind farm produces enough juice to run the whole refinery—but it takes a lot of turbines and a lot of West Texas wind to get that done when you have the capacity to refine 170,000 barrels of crude a day. The wind farm isn't a PR stunt, Valero insists: It's economical, and beyond wind Valero has a pretty good-sized portfolio of investments in alternative energy, from ethanol to algae. But consumers and policymakers should understand the limitations of those technologies, a Valero spokesman says: "We get frustrated by this idea that cars should run on sunshine and happy thoughts." But cars can and do run on natural gas, and the surge in U.S. oil and gas production has made American firms more competitive with their overseas rivals and has led to a renaissance among local refineries.

Given all that, the data are on the side of fracking. But the political momentum is on the other side. It remains likely that the EPA will take its heavy hand to the industry, a development for which the enviro-Left, led by Occupy Wall Street, is positively howling, which is frustrating for environmentalists such as John Hanger. "If there's no fracking, the unavoidable consequence would be a sharp increase in oil and coal consumption. Even if environmental and public-health issues were your only concerns—leave aside national security and the economic impacts—that fact alone should give you some pause."

BUT don't bother with *evidence*: The opposition to fracking isn't at its heart environmental or economic or scientific. It's ideological, and that ideology is *nihilism*. Environmentalism is a movement that began with the fire on the Cuyahoga River in 1969 and a few brief years later had mutated into the Voluntary Human Extinction Movement (motto: "MAY WE LIVE LONG AND DIE OUT!"), which maintains: "Phasing out the human race by voluntarily ceasing to breed will allow Earth's biosphere to return to good health. Crowded conditions and resource shortages will improve as we become less dense." (Good luck with that "less dense" thing, geniuses.)

Benign environmentalists are opposed to pollution, as all sensible people are; malign environmentalists are opposed to energy and most of what it enables. Their enemy isn't drilling rigs and ethane crackers and engineers and their technological marvels: Their enemy is the kind of civilization that makes such feats and wonders possible, the fact that a smart guy with a big idea can make a hole in the ground and summon up power from the vasty deep. Their enemy is *us*. We can debate best drilling practices, appropriate emissions regulation, wastewater-disposal techniques—the engineering stuff—and even hare-brained ideas like the Pickens plan.

But we can't really debate the course of modern technological civilization with people who are opposed to modern technological civilization per se, your mostly middle-class and expensively miseducated (and forgive me for noticing but your overwhelmingly *white*) types afflicted with the ennui of affluence, who suddenly take a fancy to the idea that life might be lived more authentically with a bone in one's nose and a trip to the neighborhood shaman—the shaman who might, if the spirits smile upon him, initiate you into the ancient mysteries of the burning spring.

NR

Getting to Know SUSANA

A visit with the governor of New Mexico, Susana Martinez, after her first year in office

BY JAY NORDLINGER

Santa Fe, N.M.

IN her spacious office on the top floor of the "Roundhouse," as the state capitol is called, Governor Susana Martinez greets a group of schoolchildren. Excitedly, they have their picture taken with her. As they leave, she calls out to them, "Be good!" One of the teachers answers, "You too!" She says, "I'm trying my best, every day." After they leave, the governor says how enjoyable it is to meet and mingle with happy schoolchildren: It's one of the nicest parts of her job. In her former job, as a district attorney, she often met with children who were far from happy: They were victims of crime. She has seen a lot in her career, as prosecutors and other law-enforcement people tend to.

Susana Martinez was elected governor of New Mexico in 2010. For those keeping score, she is the first Hispanic woman to be the governor of any state. A conservative Republican, she is a star of her party, nationally. There is even talk that she should be the vice-presidential nominee this year. She has said, firmly, that she wouldn't accept the position: She is committed to her state and her term. Besides which, you could say, it's way too early for Martinez to be on a national ticket: She has had just a year as governor. Still, you can forgive Republicans their excitement over this woman, whose gifts and appeal are undeniable.

She was born in El Paso, Texas, in 1959, and she was raised in that city too. Her father was a Marine, a Golden Gloves boxing champion, a deputy sheriff, and, finally, a businessman. One of the governor's great-grandfathers was Toribio Ortega, a general in the Mexican Revolution. When in high school, she was the student-council president. She went to the University of Texas at El Paso, and then to the University of Oklahoma College of Law. Why did she go to law school? When she was a child, she noticed that congressmen and senators tended to be lawyers. She herself was interested in a life of politics and public service. She never had a doubt that she would go to law school.

Her parents were Democrats, she was a Democrat, and so was just about everyone they knew. But the Martinezes were conservatives. The future governor was raised very strictly, she says, with her parents emphasizing education and hard work. She and her brother went to Catholic schools. She had the great responsibility of helping to care for her sister, who was "special needs," as she says: She bathed her, slept with her, and so on. Then, too, there was the fact that her parents were running a business. It was a security-guard company, which began with three employees: Mom, Dad, and Susana. Her parents realized, she says, "how much of their own capital they needed to keep in order to go after the next contract." They also realized how jobs were created. Eventually, the company grew to 125 employees in three states.



Susana and friend

Martinez remembers that her father once “sheepishly” admitted that he had voted for Reagan. Susana voted for Reagan, too. She says she has always been a believer in looking at the individual, and crossing party lines “as you see fit.”

In 1986, she began her life in New Mexico, moving to Las Cruces. She worked in the DA’s office. Then, in the mid-Nineties, she decided to run for DA herself. Two Republican leaders in the county invited her to lunch. She said to her husband, “I know what they want.” (Her husband is Chuck Franco, a former undersheriff, now referred to by the governor as “the First Gentleman.”) “They want us to change parties. Here’s what we’re going to do: We’re going to be nice to them, we’re going to let them buy us lunch, we’re going to thank them, and we’re never going to see them again.” Over lunch, the group discussed a range of issues: crime, welfare, the Second Amendment, economic policy, the works. Afterward, Martinez looked at her husband and said, “I’ll be damned: We’re Republicans. Now what?” The problem was, the county was three to one Democratic. The state as a whole is overwhelmingly Democratic. A life in politics seemed challenging, at best. But after a while, Martinez said, “We’ve got to be true to ourselves. Let’s re-register.” She won her first election, and was reelected three times.

Martinez is what you might call a “full service” Republican, a conservative across the board, including on the “social issues.” “You’re pro-life,” I say. “Why?” She answers, “Because I believe that, upon inception, that is a living human being.” “Gay marriage,” I say. “Tough issue?” “No,” she says, quietly, “not a tough issue. I think marriage is between a man and a woman.”

In 2010, she ran for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in a five-man field. Her most prominent supporter, nationally, was Sarah Palin. She won with an eye-popping 51 percent. She then faced Democrat Diane Denish, the lieutenant governor in the administration of the incumbent governor, Bill Richardson (the former congressman, U.N. ambassador, and energy secretary). It was not a propitious year for Denish: First, 2010 was a lousy year for Democrats across the nation; second, New Mexico was in dire economic straits, with a huge budget deficit, among other problems; third, the Richardson administration was tainted by corruption. Martinez campaigned all over New Mexico, talking to voters who had rarely seen a Republican. This was key to her success, she says. She gave the same message wherever she

went, not knowing how she would be received, not knowing whether she would be cheered or hissed. She never asked anyone to change parties. She just asked them to listen to her, and vote for her if they agreed.

A New Mexico Republican has no choice but to appeal to Democrats, certainly if that Republican wants to run statewide. Martinez says that, in ultra-liberal Santa Fe, while she’s shopping at Walgreens, Democratic ladies will scurry up to her and whisper, “Don’t tell anyone, but I voted for you.”

During the 2010 campaign, the Democrats tried an interesting gambit: They ran an ad saying, “Susana es una tejana”—“Susana is a Texan.” Democratic activists nicknamed her “Susana la Tejana.” They were saying that Martinez was a native of Texas, not of New Mexico, sure. But they were also saying something else, as Martinez points out: They were trying to divide Hispanics. Many in New Mexico trace their origins to Spain. Their families have been here for many generations. Saying that Susana was a *tejana* was a way of saying, “She’s a Mexican, you know.”

In any event, Martinez beat Denish with 53 percent of the vote. The same day, another Republican, Brian Sandoval, was elected governor of Nevada. He beat Rory Reid, a son of the majority leader of the U.S. Senate, Harry Reid. On the campaign trail, the senior Reid had said, “I don’t know how anyone of Hispanic heritage could be a Republican, okay? Do I need to say more?” He can now say that the governors in both his state and a state to his southeast are Hispanic conservative Republicans.

Once sworn in, Martinez charged hard, doing as much as she could with a Democratic legislature, and doing as much as she could on her own. The budget deficit was turned into a surplus—with no taxes raised in the bargain. She had said during the campaign that she wouldn’t raise taxes. After her election, politicians said to her, “Come on, Susana, be realistic. You’re not campaigning anymore. We have to have tax increases in order to reduce the deficit.” She was told this by Democrats and Republicans alike. But she cut spending instead.

Getting a lot of attention were two symbolic measures: Martinez sold off the state jet, and she dispensed with the two chefs in the governor’s mansion. She does the cooking, she says, although “Hubby helps a bit.”

She likes to say, “New Mexico is open for business.” Many governors like to say that about their states, of course. But for Martinez, the statement has a particular urgency, because New Mexico has been all too closed for business: One study ranked it dead last in competitiveness. The culprit, according to Martinez, is the tax code. Her team has set about reforming it, and doing away with onerous regulations as well. In her recent state-of-the-state address, Martinez bragged that companies were now leaving El Paso for New Mexico. I say to her, “I found that vaguely disloyal” (given her El Paso roots). Laughing, she says that she and Texas governor Rick Perry are engaged in a friendly competition: She tells him she’s coming after Texas jobs, and Perry says, in essence, “Fine—bring it on. Competition benefits everyone.”

Martinez is what we used to call a “goo-goo,” a good-government type, offended by corruption and crusading against it. She has increased transparency in government, and she has required her appointees to wait two years after they leave before lobbying. “Public service should be about serving the public,” she said in her state-of-the-state address, “not setting up a future payday.” She added that both parties have been guilty.

Reading that address, you might find George W. Bush written all over it, as I did. For instance, she said, “As we continue to do more with less, we must never forget that our budget is a statement about our values. . . . Federal Medicare cuts are threatening to close nursing homes, leaving patients, parents, and grandparents with nowhere to go. We promised to be there. That’s why my budget includes \$8 million to keep that promise and keep those nursing homes open.” She especially sounds like Bush on the subject of education. He used to rail against “social promotion,” the practice of “waving kids through” the grades, whether they had learned anything or not. This was “the soft bigotry of low expectations,” he said. Martinez does the same railing and makes the same complaints. Kids who are waved through without knowing anything? Soon they fill with shame, rage, and hopelessness, she says. She met many of them as a prosecutor: They were living lives of crime.

“So,” I ask her, “are you a so-called compassionate conservative?” This is a dread term for many on the right. She gives me a pleasant stare, then says that she resists any and all labels. “I’m compassionate, absolutely,” she says. She believes that government should step in when people are desperate and have nowhere else to turn. But she does not believe that welfare should become a way of life. She thinks that government, ideally, should lend a person a “helping hand,” pull him back onto his feet, and send him on his way.

I single out a line from her state-of-the-state address: about providing “school clothes for kids most in need.” Is that a government function? She talks of children whose parents are absent or useless. “I’ve seen kids who go to school smelling of urine, because they have several dogs in the house, and those dogs don’t know the difference between inside and outside. The kids have shoes that are too big, because the shoes belong to their sister, and they don’t have socks. They have dirty faces, their hair is matted.” She continues, “No one wants to sit next to you, because you smell so bad. You can hardly stand yourself. You’re being made fun of, you’re not comfortable in your clothes, you’re starving. And you’re expected to concentrate and be productive.” She has no qualms about finding room in the budget for clothes.

New Mexico is a poor state, and it lags far behind in education. Eighty percent of fourth-graders can’t read proficiently, says the governor. She wants an end to social promotion. She wants merit pay for teachers. She does not want Bush’s No Child Left Behind Act, finding it too restrictive. New Mexico has asked for a waiver from it. The Martinez administration has devised a different way of evaluating schools and their progress. In common with other governors, Martinez has had several conversations with Jeb Bush, the former governor of Florida and an education specialist, about education reform.

THIS governor is the first Latina governor, as you know. And I ask her how she feels about that: Is it a big deal, a small deal, no deal? “There’s an enormous responsibility that comes with it,” she says. Little girls will run up to her on the street or in a store, asking, “Are you Susana?” And the governor’s thinking, *How do you know who I am? You’re five. You should be playing with your Barbies. You shouldn’t know who the governor is.* But they do. Martinez feels an obligation to “do this job right,” for the sake of little ones looking up to her, not least. One of her main aspirations is to make New Mexico a place that people

don’t have to leave, in order to better themselves. (By the way, I have long heard similar words from Third World leaders.) Also, Martinez feels she must not “abandon this job early.”

Obviously, she is not beloved of La Raza, MALDEF, and other Hispanic pressure groups. I ask whether she has been called bad names. She says that, during her 25 years as a prosecutor, she was called every name in the book, often by the criminals she was putting away, so she is relatively inured. She has taken tough stands on issues related to immigration. For example, she is trying to repeal a law that allows illegals to obtain New Mexico driver’s licenses. She says this is a public-safety issue above all. She has required that the state police ascertain the immigration status of those they arrest for crimes. Her policy views are shaped by her experience as a prosecutor, and she can tell you in excruciating detail what happens when the law is lax.

She is solidly for legal immigration, solidly against illegal immigration, and insistent that the border be secured.

For years, some people on the right have said, “Hispanics are natural conservatives, you know. They’re hard-working, they’re religious, they’re family-oriented, they serve in the military.” Others say, “Give it up: They are by and large a grievance group, feeling entitled to welfare, and Republicans will never reach them.” Governor Martinez issues a verdict: There are all sorts of people within the category of Hispanics, as there are within other categories. Republicans should compete for as many votes as possible—otherwise, “we are cheating ourselves.”

I wonder, out loud, whether Martinez can win again, when she’s up in 2014. The year 2010 was an *annus mirabilis* for Republicans. Can she really continue to sell her conservatism in a poor and Democratic state, when the other side is offering more generous, or putatively generous, government? When MALDEF, the Sierra Club, the ACLU, and the rest of them are breathing down her neck? She says she can. She says she has discovered, all over the state, that when she talks sincerely to people—not using such words as “Democrat,” “Republican,” “liberal,” and “conservative”—they tend to nod in agreement. They are more conservative than they may realize. She has seen this phenomenon in her own family. For instance, she got a cousin’s husband to see it her way on driver’s licenses for illegals. He said to her, “You sold me on the one issue I thought I could never be sold on.”

About the vice-presidential nomination, she is calmly unbudging. I say, “Come on: If you’re asked to be on the ticket, you’re going to say, ‘Go jump in a lake?’” “I would never say, ‘Go jump in a lake,’” she responds, softly. “But I *would* say no.” She has wanted to be in politics ever since girlhood, true—but she says she felt fulfilled when she became a prosecutor. She was able to help many people who were in the worst of circumstances. If she had never climbed to a higher position or done more, she says, that would have been enough.

I myself wouldn’t be surprised if she ran for president someday. And she would be formidable. Some national Republicans may be particularly interested in her sex and ethnicity, but they would quickly find that those things are the least of her. She is principled and pragmatic. She has a sure sense of philosophy but is also keen on the details. She expresses some quite hard-line views in a lovely feminine voice. She knows how to talk to people who think they’re allergic to Republicans. She’s a lawyer who is exceptionally business-friendly. She both advocates and exemplifies the American Dream. Yes, you can forgive people their excitement over Susana Martinez. **NR**

MONEY BAWL

Ron Paul's ignorant cry

BY RAMESH PONNURU

WHEN the Federal Reserve decided to loosen monetary policy in September 2007, not many people criticized it. The vote was unanimous. Few congressmen said anything about the move. Three years later, inflation was lower and unemployment higher than in 2007. But the Fed's move to loosen money in mid-2010 aroused fierce opposition from conservative politicians, economists, and journalists. Sarah Palin complained that "printing money out of thin air" would "erode the value of our incomes and our savings."

Republicans and conservatives have started to take a much harder line against inflation and a Federal Reserve they consider too inclined toward monetary expansion. In the early 1980s, supply-siders would sometimes criticize Paul Volcker's Fed for fighting inflation too vigorously. Few on the right say anything similar today.

This rapid shift in positions has several causes. The view that overly loose Fed policy contributed to the housing bubble of the last decade became the conventional wisdom. The massive expansion of the money supply in the wake of the financial crisis alarmed many observers. But the shift in position was also a testament to Representative Ron Paul's dogged campaign against the Fed and its allegedly inflationary ways, and for a gold standard. If not for the Texas Republican—who has long been the congressman most interested in monetary policy, and now chairs the subcommittee with jurisdiction over it—it is hard to imagine that Newt Gingrich would have proposed a new commission to examine the gold standard, or accused Fed chairman Ben Bernanke of being "the most inflationary, dangerous, and power-centered chairman of the Fed in the history of the Fed."

Many Republicans tell pollsters that they will not vote for Paul because of his foreign-policy views. Nobody says that his monetary views are a deal breaker; no pollster even bothers to ask. There is no organized opposition to Paulite views on money within the Republican party or conservative movement, and the people who hold those views hold them intensely. Thus the progress of those views.

Yet Paul's views are a long way from dominance. The next Republican president's appointees to the Fed will not insist that the money supply never increase. Most of the economists in his administration will not be supporters of the gold standard, or opponents of the Fed's existence. What Paul has accomplished is to set a tone for the economic-policy debate on the right.

IN *End the Fed*, his 2009 book, Paul writes that a rotten monetary system underlies "the most vexing problems of politics." In his view, any expansion of the money supply

counts as inflation, whether or not prices rise. (That's also the definition Gingrich is using, since Bernanke can't be convicted of record inflation defined as price increases.) If prices stay flat after an expansion, it means that they would have fallen without it. The expansion is thus a form of theft from people who must now pay higher prices than they would otherwise pay, and especially from savers, whose money becomes less valuable than it would otherwise be. Expanding the money supply thus discourages saving and encourages consumption. Paul goes so far as to say that it is the Fed that has led to people's being "enslaved to their high credit card debt, the college loans, their car and home loans." This "personal fiduciary bondage . . . simply could not be part of a free society with sound money."

Paul follows the Austrian school of economics, which holds that the expansion of the money supply (or, in some variants, the overexpansion of it) is the reason we suffer through business cycles. Loose money artificially lowers interest rates and misleads businesses about the demand for capital goods, causing them to invest in the wrong lines of production. Eventually the "false" or "illusory" prosperity of the boom gives way to a bust in which these malinvestments have to be painfully liquidated. Efforts to mitigate the pain merely prolong the necessary process. In *End the Fed*, Paul treats the entire period from 1982 through 2009 as "one giant financial bubble" blown up by the central bank. (At one point he dates its beginning to 1971.) Absent his preferred reforms, "we should be prepared for hyperinflation and a great deal of poverty with a depression and possibly street violence as well."

Monetary expansion is also, for Paul, a key enabler of what he takes to be our imperialist foreign policy: The creation of money out of thin air allows the government to finance wars, as well as the welfare state. Central banking is a form of central planning, on his theory, and as such "incompatible" with freedom. Paul allows that "not every supporter of the Fed is somehow a participant in a conspiracy to control the world." The rest of them, judging from comments repeatedly made in the book, have fallen for the delusion that expanding the money supply is a "magic means to generate prosperity." Paul finds it baffling that anyone could hold this absurd view, but attributes it to Chairman Bernanke, among others.

Almost all of the criticisms Paul makes of central banking, when stated in the axiomatic form he prefers, are false. To put it more charitably, he assumes that the negative features that monetary expansion can have in some circumstances are its necessary properties. Consider, for example, a world in which the Federal Reserve conducts monetary policy so that the price level rises steadily at 2 percent a year. Savers, knowing this, will demand a higher interest rate to compensate them for the lost value of their money. If the Fed generates more inflation than they expected, as it did in the 1970s, then savers will suffer and borrowers benefit. If it undershoots expectations, as it has over the last few years, the reverse will happen. The anti-saver redistribution Paul decries is thus not a consequence of monetary expansion per se, but a consequence of an unpredicted large expansion. For the same reason, monetary expansion does not necessarily lead to less saving. There is no reason to believe that the real burden of home loans would be any larger in a world with 2 percent inflation than in one with 1 percent inflation.

Nor is the wage earner necessarily defrauded. Continuing with our scenario of a steady 2 percent increase in the price level, the prices he pays after ten years are higher but, on average, so are his wages. There is no reason to expect a larger money supply over the long run to affect relative prices—to change the ratio of the cost of a week’s supply of vegetables to a week’s wages, for example. That’s why central banking isn’t central planning: It never attempts to fix the relative prices or quantities of all the goods an economy produces, and it cannot cause the total amount of goods an economy produces to hit any particular target.

Paul is right that more money does not magically produce more goods in circulation over the long run. (So right, that nobody believes otherwise.) It’s because he’s right that we ought not to regard all of the prosperity of the last few decades as an illusion. Productivity growth was real and we don’t have to roll it all back and start over with a better monetary regime.

Paul’s contention that the Fed has continuously abetted the expansion of the state—its wars, its welfare, its attacks on civil liberties—is also false. The federal government uses its monopoly over the currency to finance very little of its spending. It gets almost all of its money through taxing and borrowing, and the borrowed funds come from people who are well aware of the need to charge a premium to cover the risks of inflation.

THE doctor’s prescription is as mistaken as his diagnosis. The drawbacks to a gold standard are well known. If industrial demand for gold rises anywhere in the world, the real price of gold must rise—which means that the price of everything else must drop if it is measured in terms of gold. Because workers resist wage cuts, this kind of deflation is typically accompanied by a spike in unemployment and a drop in output: in other words, by a recession or depression. If the resulting economic strain leads people to fear that the government may go off the gold standard, they will respond by hoarding gold, which makes the deflation worse.

If another country’s government begins hoarding gold, the same thing happens. This is not a theoretical concern: It’s what France did in the early years of the Great Depression. Countries were forced off the gold standard, and recovered in the order they left it. Representative Paul’s strategy for dealing with the theoretical and historical arguments against the gold standard in *End the Fed* is to ignore all of them. All he says is that problems arose in the 1930s because of the “misuse of the gold standard.” But note that the great advantage of the gold standard is supposed to be that governments cannot manipulate it. Concede that they can and the argument is half lost.

People who see through Paul’s illogic, misapprehensions, and paranoia typically dismiss everything he has to say about money. But buried beneath all of that are some reasonable points. The Fed doesn’t have a great track record, and keeping it in its present form may not serve us well. In a recent study for the Cato Institute, three academic specialists in monetary policy noted that the Fed, in its first decades, generated a severe inflation and a severe depression; that it does not seem to have stabilized the economy; and that it has extinguished the kind of benign, productivity-driven deflation that the country sometimes experienced before the Fed’s creation.

The purpose of money, as Paul rightly describes it, is to facilitate exchange and thus the coordination of economic plans. A governmental institution with discretionary control over the money supply—which is a good working definition of a central bank—undermines that goal because no clear rule constrains it, forces it to behave predictably, and thus enables economic actors to make and coordinate their plans against a background of monetary stability. Central banking is not central planning, but it does reflect an unwarranted confidence in the ability of government officials to engineer beneficial economic outcomes.

Replacing discretion with a sound rule would thus be a major step forward. One possible rule would force the Federal Reserve to freeze the money supply, as Paul recommends. But this rule would require prices and output to fall any time people increased their demand for money balances. Another rule would instruct the Fed to keep the price level constant from year to year. But under that rule the Fed would have to compound the blow from any negative supply shock (a disruption of the oil market, for example) by reducing the money supply. A sudden move to that rule could also cause serious economic dislocation if people were used to a higher inflation rate and had, for example, factored it into long-term debt contracts.

Considerations such as these have led some monetary economists to favor a rule that would commit the monetary authorities to stabilizing the growth of spending. Inflation would be allowed to go up or down in response to productivity shocks, and the money supply would be allowed to go up or down in response to changes in the demand for money balances. Theorists of free banking have generally agreed that if banks were allowed to issue currencies in competition with one another, something like this rule would emerge as a market equilibrium. So a government pursuing this policy would in a sense be mimicking a free-market outcome (although the choice of growth rate and starting point would admittedly have an element of arbitrariness). Scott Sumner, a professor of economics at Bentley University, has made an ingenious proposal to use futures markets to estimate the future course of nominal spending, further reducing the discretion and improving the accuracy of the monetary authority.

We have already had something of a test of this policy. Between 1982 and 2007, the Fed’s conduct of monetary policy led to a fairly consistent 5 percent annual increase in nominal spending even though it was not legally bound to produce one. This period was not the nightmare that Paul portrays but a time of relatively stable growth and low inflation. (Over the last twelve years of the period, inflation averaged 2.6 percent.) In the closing years of the period the Fed allowed nominal-spending growth to rise a bit above the trendline, which may have expanded some asset bubbles. The Fed could have corrected for this excess and then gradually reduced the growth rate of nominal spending to eliminate all long-term inflation.

Instead, starting in mid-2008, it allowed nominal spending to drop at the fastest rate since the depression within a depression of 1937–38. It even discouraged the circulation of money by paying banks interest on their reserves. The consequences of these decisions have been many and horrible. Among them are booming book sales and credibility for a congressman who does not deserve them.

NR

Obama in the Bunker

The president's acolytes decide he is a different sort of messiah

BY MICHAEL KNOX BERAN

SPEAKING to business leaders in the White House in mid-January, President Obama delivered his remarks in a fatigued monotone. He claimed to be “incredibly optimistic about our prospects.” But he didn’t sound incredibly optimistic. His diction was as phlegmatic as his delivery, and might have been cribbed from the lecture notes of a business-school professor. The president spoke of the “inflection point” America had reached, the “hopeful trend” he himself had discerned, and the laudable work of people who were “ahead of the curve” in “insourcing” jobs.

If the speech were a color, it would have been gray.

The president’s orations these days are mere ghosts of the rhetorical flights of 2008, which (to those with a taste for a certain kind of secular sermonizing) did not lack emotive power. In 2008, Obama, preaching of the place “where the perfection begins,” could reach the high notes. His vocal register is now audibly narrower. When he delivers an uplifting line today, his voice dips when it ought to soar, and the words drop to earth with a thud. Precluded from using the visionary language of 2008, with its relish of a salvation that never came, the president has fallen back on the rhetorical equivalent of autopilot.

Obama’s speech-making frustrations are only the most obvious expression of the deeper problem of his presidency. As a candidate, he did not allow for any destiny other than epochal success, and he seems as surprised as the most intoxicated of his supporters to find that history has played him false. “And we didn’t know at the time,” he said in a recent reminiscence of 2008, “that we were going to go through the worst economic crisis since the Great Depression. We didn’t know that we were going to go through this extraordinary financial crisis. And so a lot of the last three years have been just dealing with emergencies.” Like Conrad’s Lord Jim, he would have been a hero, if only there hadn’t been an emergency.

Deserted, at least for the moment, by both Fortune and the pollsters, the president exhibits all the sullenness of an actor playing a part he didn’t audition for. Happy warrior? Michael Hastings, in his new book *The Operators*, portrays an Obama who whined when he was asked to pose for pictures with American troops in Baghdad. “He didn’t want to take pictures with any more soldiers,” a State Department official told Hastings. “He was complaining about it.”

White House reporters depict an apathetic chief executive holed up, much of the time, with a small group of loyalists, a loner who fights shy of all but a few intimates. Obama “endures with little joy

the small talk and back-slapping of retail politics, rarely spends more than a few minutes on a rope line, refuses to coddle even his biggest donors,” Scott Wilson wrote in the *Washington Post* in October. “His relationship with Democrats on Capitol Hill is frosty, to be generous. Personal lobbying on behalf of legislation? He prefers to leave that to Vice President Biden, an old-school political charmer.” More often than not, the *New York Times*’s Helene Cooper reported in December, the president “keeps Congress and official Washington at arm’s length, spending his down time with a small—and shrinking—inner circle of aides and old friends.”

The president, in other words, has retired to the bunker. His fits of petulance suggest that he finds his situation anomalous, a deviation from the way it was supposed to be. In fact Obama is reenacting one of modern liberalism’s more familiar dramas. William Jennings Bryan, electorally crucified on his cross of gold, was liberalism’s first disappointed messiah. President Wilson, whose messianic pretensions H. L. Mencken laid bare in his essay “The Archangel Woodrow,” was reprising the role of embattled redeemer when he was felled by a stroke not long after a speech in Pueblo, Colo., the climax of his doomed effort to persuade the Senate to ratify the League of Nations and his own quixotic belief that God had ordained him to proclaim a perpetual peace. Adlai Stevenson, in the eyes of liberals, was a prophet without honor in his own country, while John F. Kennedy has, ever since his assassination, been improbably depicted as a martyr who died not at the hands of a deranged Marxist, but through the machinations of a pharisaical establishment determined to resist the progressive millennium.

All our Western and American notions of messianic salvation owe something to the longings and expectations of Jews. In his classic work *Sabbatai Sevi: The Mystical Messiah*, a study of Jewish messianism in the 17th century, Gershom Scholem observed that after the destruction of the Second Temple by the Romans, Jews evolved two ways of thinking about the messiah. The first was frankly utopian. A peaceable kingdom would be inaugurated by a victorious messiah of the House of David; the regenerated world would possess “all the qualities of a golden age, including miraculous manifestations and a radical transformation of the natural order.”

The second messianic strain envisaged a heroic messiah who, unlike the victorious Davidic savior, who was to follow him, would fail to redeem the world and usher in the millennium. “The figure of the messiah of the House of Joseph, who would fall at the gates of Jerusalem fighting against the gentiles,” Scholem writes, “constituted a new mythological trait whose function it was to differentiate between the messiah of catastrophe and that of utopia.”

Messianic eschatology entered America’s cultural bloodstream with the radical Protestants who settled New England in the 17th century. The “Lord had assembled his Saints together” in the New World, Edward Johnson wrote in his 1654 *Wonder-Working Providence of Sions Saviour in New England*, “the place where the Lord will create a new Heaven, and a new Earth in, new Churches, and a new Common-wealth together.” Many of the progressives who in the 19th and 20th centuries drove liberalism in the direction of socialism came from evangelical and Social Gospel families; they transmuted the chiliastic fervor of their hereditary creed into a millennial politics concerned with secular rather than supernatural redemption. Politics became a messianic enterprise; politicians were prophets, and educators were secular priests. The teacher, John Dewey said, was “the prophet of the true God and the usherer in of the true kingdom of God.” The various socialisms that

Mr. Beran is a contributing editor of City Journal and the author, most recently, of Pathology of the Elites: How the Arrogant Classes Plan to Run Your Life.

progressives embraced had their own millennial character; in *To the Finland Station*, Edmund Wilson showed how deeply Marx, in his pursuit of the peaceable kingdom of Communism, was indebted to the messianic vision of the Old Testament prophets.

Once messianic thought invaded secular politics, those with an appetite for it were bound to fall back on the idea of a disappointed, Josephic messiah, if only because politics, being a tool of mundane practical life, is radically imperfect and can never be the instrument of redemptive passions that aspire to a more-than-mortal—a Davidic—perfection. The notion of a failed messiah, battling evil-doers against the most intimidating odds, allows the enthusiast to experience all the satisfactions of messianic ecstasy even as it consoles him when, at the end of the day, the world remains as humdrum as it was before. “No possible reform,” Santayana says, “will make existence adorable or fundamentally just.” Deep down, the most visionary liberal, I think, knows this; he therefore embraces a strain of messianism that allows him to get eschatologically drunk even as it prepares him for the inevitable sublunary hangover.

Talking to regular “folks,” as Obama might call them, who continue to believe in the president, I’ve found that they have worked out for themselves a narrative that pretty closely follows the disappointed-messiah line. The president remains for them a figure of special promise; but the obstinate gentiles (“intransigent Republicans”), blind to his virtues, are intent on thwarting him at every turn.

It’s a narrative that has in some measure been shaped by Obama’s political operatives. The president, to be sure, would like nothing better than to put the whole messianic business behind him; he has gone out of his way to disclaim the hallucinations of 2008. In December he told *60 Minutes* that he didn’t overpromise. He doesn’t control the weather. The extravagant talk about rolling back the waters and healing the planet apparently came, like the warranty for a new dishwasher, with the sort of fine-print qualifications no one bothers to read. But those who embrace a myth have to live with it. Even liberals, looking back on the mania and delirium of 2008, talk about who did and who didn’t “swallow the Kool-Aid.” Obama’s revisionist history, with its implication that he campaigned merely as a good technician in the Poppy Bush sense, with no investment in the “vision thing,” won’t wash.

Obama’s 2012 operation knows it, and at some level Obama does too. If the 2008 campaign retailed a messiah of social utopia—the proclaimer of the gospel of “hope and change”—in 2012 the machine is readying a retooled savior—a battle-scarred, Josephic messiah—for the campaign trail. In 2008 the Davidic candidate stood above the fray; in 2012 a Josephic Obama is before the gates of Washington, valiantly grappling with the uncircumcised heathens—the Republicans, the rich, the retrograde financiers—who would sack the progressive temples of health care and public-sector spending. In 2008 a Davidic Obama preached pacific sermons about unity, cooperation, and post-partisan comity; the new, Josephic Obama is a fiercely factional street fighter, an ideologue who favors draconian environmental policies and is sympathetic to the anarchism of the Occupy movement, a class-warfare desperado who emulates, by turns, Teddy Roosevelt and Che Guevara. Emerging from his bunker to do battle with the 1 Percent, he urges his foot soldiers to “punish” their enemies and promises “hand-to-hand combat” on Capitol Hill if Republican majorities are returned.

It is characteristic of the Josephic narrative that it prepares the enthusiast for eventual disappointment. Obama in his new,

Josephic incarnation has suggested that if he fails in his mission, the blame must be laid not on him but on an America unworthy of his high mandate. Looking at the rest of the country from the coign of vantage of a Hawaiian beach, the president sees a “soft” and self-indulgent people who won’t eat their peas and don’t pay their “fair share.” If “the summer is ended and we are not saved,” it is because we don’t deserve to be.

The idea of messianic redemption is America’s primal poetry. Its imagery inspired Winthrop’s “city on a hill” and Lincoln’s “new birth of freedom.” The country’s greatest poet, Walt Whitman, cherished, David S. Reynolds has written, “a messianic vision of himself as the quintessential democratic poet who could help cure the many ills of his materialistic, politically fractured society.” Emerson, although he too had absorbed the messianistic eschatology of radical Protestantism, tempered it with an insistence on man’s frailty and on the painful limitations of his condition. But if the American intellect is pledged to Emerson’s temperate philosophy, its heart is committed to what William James called the pathological optimism of Whitman. When the American statesman prepares the country for its rendezvous with one or another destiny, he draws, not on Emerson’s carefully hedged essays, but on Whitman’s unqualified poetry. Liberals such as Barack Obama hear America singing when they paint the brave new world of the progressive future; Ronald Reagan’s conservative revolution was suffused with the same music.

But *should* we countenance a messianic poetry that all too easily nourishes arrogance and delusion? In *The Icarus Syndrome: A History of American Hubris*, Peter Beinart argues that America needs a “jubilant undertaker” who can “bury the hubris of the past,” a hubris nourished in part by the country’s messianic traditions. Beinart echoes thinkers such as Reinhold Niebuhr and George Kennan, who deplored what Niebuhr called the “egoistic elements” of the messianic temperament.

Thing is, this messianic poetry is about the only poetry we collectively possess; and it is as difficult to govern men without poetry as it is to govern children without treats. Take out of the American romance the messianic and prophetic tropes that descend from the English Bible, scrap the Gettysburg Address and Jefferson’s belief that America is a “chosen country,” and you are left with a few pages of parchment and a handful of abstract constitutional formulas. That a poetry is not literally true, that it may at times nourish delusion, is not a sufficient warrant for getting rid of it. “A mixture of a lie,” Bacon says, “doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men’s minds, vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds, of a number of men, poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?”

Messianic poetry has its place in American life, for no people can bear too much reality. We need magic in our daylight, and the sense of purpose that comes from the sense of participation in a providential enterprise. In the hands of statesmen of the caliber of Abraham Lincoln, Franklin Roosevelt, and Ronald Reagan, the messianic magic has done a great deal of good. The American millennialist may go too far; he may mistake the dream for the reality; he may fail to strike an Emersonian balance between the poetry of life and its prose. But Americans have, in addition to their quixotic idealism, a stubborn strain of practical sense. They may be deceived for a time by charlatanry, but in the end they always put their house in order.

NR



The Long View

BY ROB LONG

Welcome New Residents!

Callista and I are thrilled to have you join us on the Toffler V Experimental Moon Base Unit! Please take a moment to settle into your Pod, and when you feel ready and acclimated to your new home, put on your color-coded jumpsuit and join us in the Third Wave Salon for the beginning of your orientation.

As you know, the Toffler V EMBU is the first of its kind—the first fully sustainable moon unit ever constructed. But in order to maintain our unique culture as we prepare for statehood, it’s important to review the following rules and regulations:

1. Please don’t jostle or shake the clear glass pod capsule that contains the cryogenically preserved body of our founder and benefactor, Sheldon Adelson. Admiral Adelson, as you all know from your induction materials, bravely took over the financing and construction costs of the Toffler V after the federal government, in a shameful and utterly cowardly act of fear and anti-science bias, refused to fund our initial experiments in lunar-based living. Admiral Adelson—we conferred that honorary title on him during the freezing ceremony—was (and maybe still is; cryogenics remain a mystery) a spiritual leader of our territory and the visionary founder of the movement to put high-end casino gaming into space.

2. You’ll recall from the initial information you received from our organization, or perhaps from the many infomercials that Callista and I have starred in, that the Toffler V community is a free and open place

that prizes liberty and core American values above all else. That’s one of the reasons we maintain a low tax rate and have refused, to date, to enact any sort of sales tax. (I’ll bet you appreciated that when you bought your Survival Pods!) That said, we all do have to live in close quarters as we wait for Tofflers VI and VII to be completed and pressure-sealed, and so that makes for a sometimes awkward proximity. Passageways and tube corridors are barely wide enough for one, and the rooms for meals and general recreation can get crowded, as can the Shower Pods and Elimination Chutes. None of us expected—least of all Callista and myself—that my ex-wife, Marianne, would be among our first residents here on the moon’s surface. It remains, to me, a baffling choice. Nevertheless, as it says on our (fingers crossed!) state flag, “It’s a Free Moon Base!” and Marianne is entitled to citizenship in the Toffler V as much as anyone else. And we need all the people we can get in order to be able to petition Congress for statehood. It’s just that simple.

3. The strength of our Moon Base is in the community. Therefore, there are simple community rules we’d like everyone to be mindful of. Food canisters marked “NG” or “CG” are to be left untouched and wrapped, in their dedicated shelf in the Nutrition Tube. In general, anything in the NT or another storage area that is marked “NG” is to be left untouched and unmoved. This is the prerogative of the Elders of Toffler V—offices currently occupied on a temporary basis by Callista and me—and we appreciate your understanding of this protocol. Citizens of Toffler V—whom the media wags like to call “Gingri-nauts”—are allowed to use any available storage spaces below shelf 2 in the Nutrition Tube.

4. Right now, the Toffler V library contains only works written or edited (or inspired) by me or Callista. Space—if you’ll pardon the pun—precludes us from offering more varied fare. As you know from your initial safety briefing, Kindles, iPads, and other forms of electronic “readers” are not currently cleared for use on the Toffler V. In the meantime, please enjoy reading the works of your co-founder and Elder, me.

5. While we have regularly scheduled elections to select Elders and Senior Ministers, we have decided to suspend these until such time as the residents of the Toffler V—not to mention the technical aspects of the Experimental Unit—are “ready” and prepared for a more fully realized and robust democracy. Elections scheduled for this year have been postponed until next year at the soonest, and in their place Callista and I have graciously agreed to stay on as Elders. Governance in space is an altogether different and more complicated matter than governance on Earth, as you’ll soon discover—and when you take a moment to consider the effects of weightlessness, the absence of atmosphere, the extreme cold of the environment, and the experimental nature of the Toffler V itself, you’ll understand why it’s important that Callista and I can count on your absolute and unquestioning obedience in every aspect of your time here on the Toffler V.

Thanks for reading this short introduction. By now, the outer layer of your skin has been irradiated and sterilized, and you can put on your jumpsuit.

Welcome to the Toffler V! The next return trips aren’t scheduled for another 27 years! Settle in!

*Newt and Callista
Elders*

To Newtly Go

COUNT me with Newt if the issue's the moon. We should have had a base up there by 2001, just like the one in the movie. Of course, if we had built it back then, it would look old and dated now, with '70s shag rugs or '80s-style *Miami Vice* color schemes, and all the computers would be running Windows 95 on chunky monitors. The Internet would be horribly slow; no one would want to work there, because it would take six days to download that YouTube video of the talking dog. The *New York Times* would run a series: "Moon Base at Twenty," and there would be tales of crumbling infrastructure, outdated equipment, how using it as an overflow base for Gitmo detainees really wasn't working out, and so on.

Maybe it's okay that we've waited.

The moon-base suggestion is classic Newt; he has a gift for thinking big and synthesizing disparate ideas. Sometimes it's silly—he reads an article about solar collectors in geosynchronous orbit right before he gives a speech to a literacy group and says, "We can beam the reflected light of the sun into poor neighborhoods so children can read at night."

Newt's plan is also classic dork, which is charming. Everyone who was a sci-fi dork in high school knows the type—smudged glasses, short-sleeve shirts with a protractor in the pocket, brown stiff Sears slacks, a bike named after a *Star Trek* shuttlecraft. We nerds remember how it burned when you saw the pretty girl from English class talking to Rip Squarejaw, the rich kid who was also head of the student council and captain of the football team. How you hated Rip. If only she knew what a phony he was and how deep and meaningful Ray Bradbury could be. You never forget your loathing of Rip Squarejaw, and when he puts out ads you regard as misleading, and beats you in Iowa, well, it's like the sting never went away.

But oy, the huge expense of fulfilling our national destiny. I'm talking about the moon base, not Newt's Florida TV-ad buy. Some estimates say a moon base would cost \$230 billion; others say \$500 billion, if you include the granite tops and halogen lights in the kitchen. It will surely be costly, but you can guarantee that between now and 2030 an equal amount will fall out of the federal pocket and get lost in the sofa cushions, so we might as well do something with it. We could build spacecraft that don't look like a compulsive hoarder's VW bus. We could design a station that looks sleek, buy all the furniture online—if the government had Amazon Prime, they'd have to cover the shipping, which

would save billions. Forget the talk about making the moon the 51st state, though; we signed a treaty in 1967 that forbade national claims in space. But hey, if the thing were big enough to be seen from earth, and the buildings just happened to spell out "U.S.A.," what could they do?

Maybe Bain Capital could fund a mission to exploit the moon's resources. The moon has helium-3, used in nuclear fusion. It has plenty of platinum, which could become so plentiful that credit cards would have to use another metal to indicate exclusivity. Right now there are only about 600 million tons of titanium on earth, and most of it will go to building pointless skyscrapers in Dubai. If we found huge amounts of gold you could get Ron Paul to vote yes; he'd probably show up on the launch pad in an astronaut suit the next day, waving his arms and shouting "Let's light this candle!" But these are practical matters. There's the intangible national-pride value of being The Guys Who Are Up There

Doing Space Things, which has always been America's rep. Do you want to look up at the moon every night and think, *It's full of oligarchical Chinese collectivists?* Don't put it past them: China will run out of space for immense, unoccupied, pre-built cities in 260 years. Those guys think ahead. You want to keep a housing boom going, you start throwing up 30-story apartment buildings in the Sea of Tranquility.

You could say that America's boldly-go ethos is over, and we've realized that the natural progression from Mercury to Gemini to Apollo to Shuttle to

(invent some stuff here) to Starship *Enterprise* has been proved to be an illusion. Recent events seem to agree: The online travel company Priceline announced in January that it would be dropping William Shatner from its commercials, which really suggests it's over. You could say no, our space-faring spirit continues: NASA has a ship en route to Mars, and it'll deploy a vehicle five times the size of the previous rovers. The pictures it sends back can be downloaded directly to a smart-phone app. Boomer kids never saw that one coming, eh? Tiny pocket computers with more processing power than the moon-mission modules, receiving wireless transmissions from Mars. Your pocket computer can also call up news of the Cassini probe, which just flew past Titan, one of Saturn's moons. We're still out there. We're still looking. We're still flinging machines as hard and far as we can, just to learn. It remains an age of marvels.

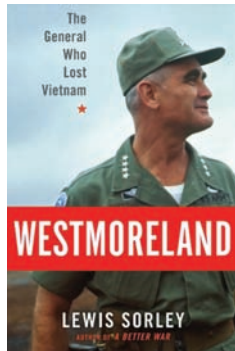
But a base would be cool. Perhaps the moon will be colonized like North America: Hardy pilgrims, their religion repressed at home, take to the void in small ships. I'm not saying we should outlaw Scientology just to make this happen, but there's an upside: Humans return to our moon. Downside: They change its name to New Travolta. **NR**



Mr. Lileks blogs at www.lileks.com.

Disaster in The Making

MACKUBIN THOMAS OWENS



Westmoreland: The General Who Lost Vietnam, by Lewis Sorley (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 416 pp., \$30)

WHEN General William Westmoreland died in July 2005, I wrote on NATIONAL REVIEW ONLINE that he had been “an honorable man and a noble soldier,” but unfortunately “not a great soldier.” I said he shared responsibility with Lyndon Johnson and Robert McNamara for the defeat in Vietnam: “He implemented an operational approach to the war that was destined to fail.” In his new book, *Westmoreland*, Lewis Sorley validates my offhand observation, offering a scathing critique of Westmoreland’s generalship and making clear the way in which Westmoreland was absolutely the wrong man for the job in Vietnam.

Sorley, a career Army officer who also earned a Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins, is the author of two other highly regarded biographies of Army generals—Creighton Abrams, Westmoreland’s successor in Vietnam, and Harold Johnson, the Army chief of staff from 1964 until 1968—as well as *A Better War: The Unexamined*

Mr. Owens is a professor of national-security affairs at the U.S. Naval War College in Newport, R.I., and the editor of Orbis, the journal of the Foreign Policy Research Institute. His most recent book is US Civil-Military Relations After 9/11: Renegotiating the Civil-Military Bargain.

Victories and Final Tragedy of America’s Last Years in Vietnam (1999), a path-breaking study of Abrams’s conduct of the war.

A Better War established Sorley as one of the foremost Vietnam revisionists, those intrepid souls who have called into question the narrative that has long dominated both academia and the press: that the Vietnam War was immoral and unwinnable—at best a strategic error, at worst a brutal, imperialist war of aggression, and in any case, a tragic mistake. Sorley’s conclusion in *A Better War* was that the changes that Abrams pursued in conducting the war had put the U.S. on the path to victory until all was undone by the changes in the U.S. domestic political landscape in the aftermath of Watergate.

The picture Sorley paints in *Westmoreland* is not a pretty one. The general who emerges here was completely unsuited for the job he was assigned, representing the triumph of style over substance. The best that can be said of Westmoreland is that he was a prisoner of his own experience who lacked the flexibility to move beyond the things that he knew. This is not Sorley’s judgment alone, but reflects the observation of many of those who worked with Westmoreland before, during, and after his tenure in Vietnam.

Westmoreland can be seen as an example of the “Peter Principle,” the rule that in a hierarchy every individual “tends to rise to his level of incompetence.” But it is also true that the skills he brought to Vietnam were far more appropriate to the Central Front of NATO and that he lacked the flexibility or desire to adapt to the circumstances.

Westmoreland’s operational strategy emphasized the attrition of North Vietnamese Army forces in a “war of the big battalions”: multi-battalion, and sometimes even multi-division, sweeps through remote jungle areas in an effort to fix and destroy the enemy. Such “search and destroy” operations were usually unsuccessful, since the enemy could generally avoid battle unless it was advantageous for him to accept it. And they were also costly to the American soldiers who conducted them and the Vietnamese civilians who were in the area.

A more flexible commander would

have changed course. But Westmoreland was never able to objectively reassess his operational strategy in time to adjust it. Others saw this at the time. In 1964, when Westmoreland was first being considered for an assignment in Vietnam, one general privately warned that “it would be a grave mistake to appoint him”: “He is spit and polish. . . . This is a counterinsurgency war, and he would have no idea how to deal with it.”

It’s not that others did not provide Westmoreland with alternatives. As he was departing for Vietnam, Major General William Yarborough, the commanding general of the U.S. Army Special Warfare Center at Fort Bragg, sent him an eight-page memo from “one [West Point] classmate to another,” providing observations he believed would be of use to Westmoreland. “I cannot emphasize too greatly that the entire conflict in Southeast Asia is 80 percent in the realm of ideas and only 20 percent in the field of physical conflict,” he wrote. “Under no circumstances that I can foresee should U.S. strategy ever be twisted into a ‘requirement’ for placing U.S. combat divisions into the Vietnamese conflict as long as it retains its present format.”

“I can almost guarantee you,” Yarborough continued, “that U.S. divisions . . . could find no targets of a size or configuration which would warrant division-sized attack in a military sense. The key to the beginning of the solution to Vietnam’s travail now lies in a rising scale of population and resources control.” He concluded by observing that “nothing is more futile than a large-scale military sweep through Viet Cong country.”

But Westmoreland had already made clear his antipathy to Yarborough’s approach, criticizing “the obsession that President Kennedy and [then-Army chief of staff] General [Maxwell] Taylor had with our ability to fight small wars and to counter Khrushchev’s strategy involving ‘wars of national liberation.’” As Sorley observes, “Westmoreland had no intention of being captured or driven by such an outlook in his conduct of the war.”

In fact, Westmoreland’s firepower-intensive approach not only failed, it was also counterproductive, because it caused civilian casualties and thus disillusion-

ment among the population, whose support was necessary to shore up the South Vietnamese government. As long as the people of South Vietnam saw themselves as the victims of violence on the part of the Saigon government and its American allies, Saigon could never gain the popular legitimacy it needed to govern. Westmoreland ignored the people in a people's war.

But Westmoreland also helped to delegitimize the Saigon government directly by pushing the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) aside. He seemed to believe that Americans could run the war, bring it to a successful conclusion, and then hand South Vietnam back to the South Vietnamese, returning home in triumph. An unfortunate manifestation of his approach was his decision to deprive the South Vietnamese of modern weaponry. While Westmoreland ensured that Americans were issued the new M-16 rifle and other advanced military equipment, South Vietnamese forces had to depend on castoff WWII-vintage U.S. equipment. In head-to-head combat between ARVN

observed of Westmoreland during the latter's tenure as Army chief of staff, "[he] was intellectually very shallow and made no effort to study, read, or learn. He would just not read anything. His performance was appalling."

This lack of interest in the substance of his own profession is astounding. Sorley writes that "briefers were dismayed to find that Westmoreland would occupy himself during one-on-one desk-side briefings by signing photographs of himself, one after another, while they made their presentations. Sometimes he would fall asleep while being briefed, leaving the panicked staff officer trying to decide whether to continue as though nothing had happened or wait until the general awoke before continuing."

In addition, he lacked interest in any ideas that conflicted with his own. For instance, while in Vietnam, he dismissed the Program for the Pacification and Long-Term Development of Vietnam—a study sponsored by General Harold Johnson that concluded that Westmoreland's way of war was not working and could not

Westmoreland lacked the schooling and relevant experience to understand the war and devise a viable approach to prosecuting it.

forces and the Communists, the former were consistently outgunned.

One of Westmoreland's most damaging decisions was to institute tours of duty that were too short—one year for U.S. troops and six months for commanders. The former ensured that every month, units lost their most experienced individuals and gained green replacements who faced a steep learning curve. The latter ensured that a commanding officer would be leaving his position just as he was learning his job.

What accounts for Westmoreland's failures in Vietnam? Sorley provides some answers. First, he lacked the schooling and relevant experience to understand the war and devise a viable approach to prosecuting it. For example, he never attended an Army professional-education course, such as those offered at the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth and at the war colleges. As Lieutenant General Charles Simmons

work. He surrounded himself with like-minded people with backgrounds similar to his own, especially airborne. Thus there was little internal debate that might have led to a better operational approach.

Perhaps most important, Westmoreland underestimated the enemy's staying power while overestimating that of the American public. He believed that he could inflict enough casualties on the Communists to cause them to lose heart with the war. But the large body counts that Westmoreland counted as "progress" did nothing to win the war. The Communists proved far more willing to absorb 1.1 million combat deaths than the U.S. was willing to suffer 57,000.

Westmoreland was oblivious to this point. On a visit to Vietnam, Senator Ernest Hollings, from Westmoreland's home state of South Carolina, was told by Westmoreland: "We're killing [the enemy] at a ratio of ten to one." Hollings replied, "Westy, the American people

Better Way To Sleep
Pure Cotton Knit TeePJs™



Tee-PJs are not ordinary nightshirts. They are quality made with a special soft cotton knit that moves as you move for the ultimate in sleeping and lounging comfort. Made in USA.

- ★No bind ★No bunch
- ★No buttons
- ★No side seams

TeePJs – the most comfortable sleeper you've ever worn or your money back!

Great for Ladies, too.
COLORS: White or Soft Blue.
SIZES: To fit 90-300 lbs.

No extra charge for XXL & XXXL on first order!
 Specify man/lady and height/weight for a perfect fit.

\$23.95 ea. 2 for \$43.90 (Save \$4)
 Long sleeve style (not shown):
\$27.95 ea. 2 for \$51.90 (Save \$4)
S&H: add \$6.95 for 1, or \$8.95 for 2

Mittmann Textiles - Dept. 112
 P.O. Box 1066, Hobe Sound, FL 33475-1066
 (Ship to FL add tax) **1-800-890-7232**
 Send check or use Visa/MC/Discover/AMEX


HUGE SELECTION OF COTTON SLEEPWEAR, ROBES AND UNDERWEAR - www.nightshirt.com

"Rated One of New York City 'Best Value' Hotels." ... Zagats



New York's all suite hotel is located in the heart of the city, near corporations, theatre & great restaurants. Affordable elegance with all the amenities of home.

MURRAY HILL EAST SUITES
 149 E. 39th St. (Bet 3rd & Lex) New York, NY 10016
 Reservations 1-800-248-9999
 Ask about our special National Review rates.



NATIONAL REVIEW is available on iTunes and in the Android Market.

NR APPS ARE FREE TO DOWNLOAD.

don't care about the ten. They care about the one."

In *A Better War*, Sorley demolished the idea that the U.S. could not have won the war. In *Westmoreland*, he demolishes another myth, one popular among many veterans of the war and a substantial number of those on the political right: that the war was lost because of meddling on the part of politicians in Washington. Sorley makes it clear that Westmoreland, not Lyndon Johnson or even Robert McNamara, conceived and executed the operational strategy that guided conduct of the war. It was Westmoreland who chose to fight a "war of attrition," who employed multi-unit sweeps and the lavish use of firepower, and who settled on "body counts" as the key metric of the war.

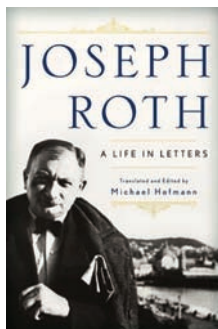
In his book *Great Contemporaries*, Winston Churchill wrote of Sir Douglas Haig, the commander of the British Expeditionary Force who had presided over the immense slaughter on the Western Front during the Great War, that "he surely was unequal to the prodigious scale of events; but no one else was discerned as his equal or his better." Can the same be said of Westmoreland?

Sorley points out that Westmoreland was one of four candidates for command in Vietnam when the post became available at the end of 1964. The others were Harold K. Johnson, who became Army chief of staff; Abrams, who became vice chief of staff; and Bruce Palmer, who became the Army's deputy chief of staff for operations. Any of them would have done a better job, and Abrams did in fact correct many of Westmoreland's errors when he eventually succeeded him in 1968. But as Sorley has argued, by then Westmoreland's approach had squandered the support of much of the American people, the Congress, and the media.

The dénouement of Westmoreland's life is tragic. After the war, he settled his libel suit against CBS, fearing he would lose; he lost a campaign to become governor of South Carolina; and he lost in his attempt to restore his badly battered reputation, largely by trying to rewrite history. But the largest tragedy was the defeat in Vietnam that derailed the United States and its military for a generation. As Sorley shows, this defeat can in large measure be laid at the feet of William Westmoreland. **NR**

A Vanished Continent

DAVID PRYCE-JONES



Joseph Roth: A Life in Letters, translated and edited by Michael Hofmann (Norton, 512 pp., \$39.95)

IN the volatile Germany of the 1920s, Joseph Roth was a successful writer of journalism and fiction. "I paint the portrait of the age," he told his editor at the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, a leading liberal newspaper. He also said that the paper was his "fatherland and exchequer," for it paid him the unheard-of rate of a mark a line. His travel books were especially part of the age. Unlike the usual run of visitors to the Soviet Union, he recognized that Communism rested on oppression and falsehood. Jewish himself, he described the hopes and fears of Jews in Central and Eastern Europe at that uncertain moment. Albert Einstein praised him as a mensch with artistic genius. One among others to give him a flattering review was Hermann Hesse. Dorothy Thompson translated his work into English, and another prestigious lady by the name of Mme. Blanche Gidon translated it into French.

Germany might have been his land of opportunity, but it also made him ill:



"Technically, shouldn't everybody have survivor's guilt?"

"Even the language is loathsome to me." One of his generalizations was "You can only hope to judge the Germans when you're past forty." Components of the German character included "the fake elegance, the loud voices, the yahoos, the silence, the respect, the impertinence. There is a sort of unfreedom in these people that is worse than the subordination in front of a sergeant major."

Inflexible, upright, a born moralizer, Roth was not someone to take things as they came. Refusal to face reality was not an effective response to rising Nazism. Becoming his own victim, he took to drinking. A wreck with delirium tremens, and beyond the help of anyone, he was 44 when he died a few months before the start of World War II. The times were against him, and he was forgotten.

That might have been that, except that some years ago Michael Hofmann began translating Roth's books and campaigning on their behalf. *A Life in Letters* is a major contribution to establishing the international reputation that Roth deserves, and for the time being it is the only book in English anything like a biography of him.

Roth, these letters make plain, was a genuine conservative. "I hate good books by godless fellows," he could write tongue-in-cheek, "I love bad books by reactionaries." It was a question of standing fast, and then the clock might turn back, harm would be undone. His loyalty had been given once and for all to the alternative German nation, the Austro-Hungarian Empire into which he had been born in 1894. By that date, the Emperor Franz Joseph had been on the throne for almost half a century, and it was commonly assumed that neither the Habsburg dynasty nor the empire would survive his death. Those with gallows humor liked to say that the situation was desperate but not serious.

A lieutenant on the Eastern Front during World War I, Roth experienced the anticipated collapse. Stripping Austria down into an insignificant republic, the Allies at the Versailles conference created separate nation-states for the diverse peoples of the former empire. The cause of restoring the Habsburg monarchy might at that point have been lost forever, but Roth devoted himself to it. An outward sign of this idiosyncrasy was to have his trousers cut narrow in the leg, in

the style of an Austrian cavalryman. His novel *The Radetzky March*, published in 1932, is an elegy to the fateful downfall of the Habsburgs. It is a work of art at the level of Proust's commemoration of the *belle époque* and the Third Republic in France. Not surprisingly, this masterpiece was among the books that were burnt in bonfires under the supervision of Josef Goebbels in 1933.

The moment Hitler came to power, Roth fled to France, a country he idealized. "I am a Frenchman from the East, a humanist, a rationalist with religion," was one of his self-definitions. But everything went wrong. His wife, Friederike Reichler, turned out to be a schizophrenic who had to be hospitalized permanently. Depending greatly on her parents to look after her, he was left in the lurch when they emigrated to Palestine in 1935. At one point he confesses to falling in love with a woman unsuitably much younger than himself. His companion for some years towards the end of his life was Andrea Manga Bell, a lady with a German mother, a Cuban father, and two children from her husband, the African king of Duala, otherwise the German Cameroons. For all her exoticism, she was another permanent charge on him. Domesticity was out of the question; he could only shift from one cheap hotel to another, bitterly joking that he was "a hotel patriot." He identifies himself as someone whose possessions could be packed into three suitcases.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* laid him off. Former editors and publishers were mostly obliged to flee abroad like him, and Nazis were then appointed to replace them. A number of these refugees started publishing books and magazines wherever they were but they could not afford advances large enough for their authors to live on. A few who had stayed in Germany tried to reach accommodation with the Nazis. Roth would have nothing to do with anyone who did not share his moral absolutes. Generous and impulsive, he would hand out his tiny royalties to as many as eight recipients, for example a hall porter to whom he owed no obligation. "I've nothing to eat unless someone asks me out, basically I don't care," Roth wrote to a friend. Suddenly he was angry and poor.

One friend also running from the Nazis was Stefan Zweig. Correspon-

dence between them composes at least half of this book, and is an exceptional revelation of personality under the pressure of dreadful events. They were two of a kind, both Habsburg loyalists and both Jews. Zweig's autobiographical *The World of Yesterday* has the same sense of regret for the lost beauty of the past as *The Radetzky March*. Both authors also now urgently needed a survival strategy. Better known abroad and also independently rich, Zweig had greater freedom of action. Within days of Hitler's assumption of power, Roth was already making sure that Zweig understood what lay ahead: "Our literary and material existence has been wrecked—we are heading for a new war." He rammed it in: "The barbarians have taken over. Do not deceive yourself. Hell reigns."

Professing mutual esteem, friendship, and even love, the two are nonetheless formal enough to stick to the surname when addressing each other at the head of their letters. Roth habitually signs off "Your old Joseph Roth," perhaps staking a claim to intimacy or to arouse pity. All too soon, Roth in France was in the humiliating position of sending begging letters to Zweig, who was either in an Austria shortly to be conquered by Hitler or else seeking refuge in London. From a

'HORSEMAN, PASS BY'

Over time, the bravado fades;
the long quiet of death helps
a silence, encouraged,
to take on a weight
its first appearance failed to suggest;
but not as an albatross,
or death prefigured,
or insincere reflection
upon the gravity of graves;
instead, as an affirmation of the soul.
To cast a cold eye on life,
and on death,
is an invocation
of the power and meaning
of identity,
free of time and condition,
best sensed as God's inspiration
in the creation of mountains,
and even in the poet's grave
that lies beneath.

—WILLIAM W. RUNYEON

hotel in Marseilles, for instance, Roth writes, "My dear friend, I must be free, just once, the relaxing of the noose isn't enough, it has to be taken off. Oh, please, I need 12,000 francs by the end of August." The exact sums sent by Zweig are not specified, but he evidently saved the day a few times and apparently without mentioning repayment.

In editorial commentary, Michael Hofmann judges that Roth manages to keep the balance between tragedy and dignity, ascribing to him a quality of "superb . . . puremindedness." Small differences between the two men were magnified into issues. Zweig was one of the few who continued to treat with his publishers within Germany. This provoked Roth: "There will be an abyss between the two of us, unless and until you have finally and innerly broken with Germany. I would prefer it if you were fighting against it with all the power of your name. If you are unable to do that, then at least keep quiet." He wouldn't drop it. "You are removing yourself from me before my very eyes, you are becoming too worldly," and this led to showing "comprehension of the swine."

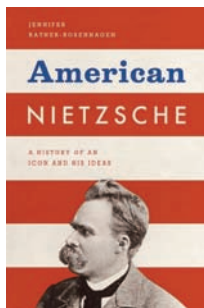
Right conduct in the face of Nazism was the question, and it is moving that the two argue about it without the one holding back for fear of getting no more money, and with the other never using that potential hold. Zweig asks Roth not to feel hate, not to exaggerate, at one point going so far as to write, "For God's sake, man, get a grip on yourself." Hell was indeed reigning, just as Roth had warned. Zweig comes to the point: "You must get it out of your head, the idea that we're somehow being rough with you, or hard on you. Don't forget we're living in a period of general doom." Still calm, he exhorts Roth to stop drinking, only to receive the evasive reply that alcohol was staving off immediate death. Hofmann is a scrupulous editor who has understood almost every aspect of this friendship, so it is a rare lapse on his part to write off Zweig's concern for Roth as "pedagogy," a term he uses more than once.

In London at the outbreak of war, Zweig developed paranoia about the Gestapo, and so he sought safety far away in Brazil. In 1942, he committed suicide there, as though to show that right to the very end he and Roth were still two of a kind.

NR

Waiting for *Übermensch*

DANIEL FOSTER



American Nietzsche: A History of an Icon and His Ideas, by Jennifer Ratner-Rosenhagen
(Chicago, 464 pp., \$30)

A VAST majority of Americans who read any economists at all read exactly *one* economist, and the vast majority of Americans who read exactly one economist read Paul Krugman in the *New York Times*. One can see the danger of a large swath of the American populace's relying on the views of a single thinker for their understanding of such a broad and complex field of inquiry. Especially since, for a thinker to have such a broad cultural presence, he must be middlebrow, or present himself as such, and he must be easily digestible. In the field of canonical Western philosophy, Friedrich Nietzsche presents the same sort of problem. If an American has read any philosophy at all, she has probably read Nietzsche.

But Nietzsche was not middlebrow—he despised that set—and his thought was far from digestible. And yet he is ubiquitous in American culture, and not just among the mopey suburban kids who shuffle into our universities each year with well-worn copies of *On the Genealogy of Morals*. No, Nietzsche has been with mainstream America, and for over a century: Clarence Darrow felt the need to discourse at length on Nietzsche's morality before the judge set to determine the fates of his clients, Messrs. Leopold and Loeb, who purported to have acted on behalf of Nietzsche if not at his behest.

Nor were the murderers alone in their esteem for him. The list of Nietzsche's admirers in turn-of-the-20th-century America was a veritable who's who of (largely

leftist) men of arts and letters: Upton Sinclair, Jack London, Eugene O'Neill, Walter Lippmann, Khalil Gibran, and H. L. Mencken, among others. By the Cold War, Nietzsche had even been made fit for the masses. In an editorial voice that smells of stale pipe smoke and Brylcreem, the premiere 1953 issue of Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* announces: "We like our apartment. We enjoy mixing up cocktails and an hors d'oeuvre or two, putting a little mood music on the phonograph and inviting in a female acquaintance for a quiet discussion on Picasso, Nietzsche, jazz, sex . . ." By 1966, even *Time* was in on the act, running a shock-and-awe cover that asked "Is God Dead?"

How did all this happen? How was the mad, mustachioed, Teutonic philosopher of the hammer rendered safe for American consumption, and what—if you'll forgive the metaphor—came out the other end? Answering that question is the task of Jennifer Ratner-Rosenhagen's *American Nietzsche*, an exquisitely and exhaustively researched work in the socio-history of ideas.

In an early section on young Nietzsche's intellectual development, we learn that before any American could even crack the covers of a Nietzsche book, the man's philosophy was already heavily American, at least by provenance. Ratner-Rosenhagen has it that Nietzsche best loved and was most lastingly influenced by the *ur* American Transcendentalist Ralph Waldo Emerson, and that he traveled everywhere with his heavily annotated German edition of Emerson's *Essays*, from time to dreary time seeking intellectual refuge in his safe harbor.

Though it was news to me, this connection makes a fair bit of sense. Emerson was preoccupied with the Promethean role of genius—of greatness—in the affairs of mankind, a preoccupation Nietzsche would take to exhilarating and terrifying new places. But while antebellum Emerson despaired that America seemed congenitally to lack great men, a half century later the brash, dark musicality of Nietzsche's writing made it an anthem for an American culture finally ready to enter its angsty adolescence—that phase when we become simultaneously aware of both our waxing strength and our great vulnerabilities, of both our potential and our finitude; in short, the time when "greatness" becomes a live psychological issue. The Nietzsche vogue arrived in American liter-

ary circles at just the time that our collective psyche had progressed to a state in which it both realized its long cultural inferiority to the Old World and suddenly *cared* about it. (Theretofore, one supposes, we had been too busy *making* things.) No one better personified this view of Nietzsche as a cure for civilizational low self-esteem than H. L. Mencken, the early Nietzsche popularizer who hated the quintessential American on his way to becoming one.

But America's early interaction with Nietzsche was not universally positive, and the first wave of critical articles, essays, and books shared an aim not to explain Nietzsche, but to explain him away. He was seen, fundamentally, as a threat—a threat with a bit of Euro sex appeal for the parlor chats of the overeducated and the underemployed, to be sure, but a threat nonetheless. These early takes were hued and skewed by all the other pop hokum, junk medicine, and intellectual fads of the day. Many seized on the connection between Nietzsche's thought and his physical and psychological ailments, using everything from the waning pseudoscience of phrenology, to the emergence of Freudianism, to the growing obsession with health and "hygiene" that marked the West's transition from Victorian to modern modes of living, as wands with which they could wave away Nietzsche's apocalyptic challenge to bourgeois pieties.

A second, more sustained and substantive wave of Nietzsche criticism came from the theologians, and here Ratner-Rosenhagen's lengthy treatment is interesting in large part because the clerical response was not what one would have expected. Many reformist Protestants fretted over Nietzsche and secretly feared he was right about everything. These sought ways to water down both Nietzscheanism and Christianity so that the one might accommodate the other. Catholic clerics were, in Ratner-Rosenhagen's words, generally "deeply critical of, though comparatively untroubled by," Nietzsche's attacks on Christianity, seeing any appeal they held as predicated in the first instance on a turn away from the eternal truths of the church and toward an aberrant historicism. Prefiguring Alasdair MacIntyre by a few generations, Catholic commentators coalesced around the charge that Nietzsche's philosophy "reflected the fundamental flaw of nineteenth-century secular thought"—namely, the belief "that moral

problems could be resolved through man's immanent intellectual powers rather than their transcendent source"—and thus opened itself "to the problems of competing moral codes which lacked legislative force."

But so devastating was Nietzsche's broadside—not just against any one *conception* of the Absolute, but against the very *concept* of it—that many conservative theologians, Catholic and Protestant alike, welcomed him as the enemy of their enemies. They shared with Nietzsche a contempt for the liberal reformers who had helped themselves to modern principles of democracy and humanitarianism while rejecting the Judeo-Christian revelation that had delivered those principles, and for the scientists and positivists who were, to Nietzsche's mind, merely substituting one foundationless capital-T Truth for another. Nietzsche was even enlisted by various Christian writers as an *ally* of

bourgeois-capitalist mores and hierarchies. But the phrase's plasticity meant that even feminists such as Margaret Sanger could read the sometimes blatantly misogynistic Nietzsche as a fellow traveler.

This intellectual abuse could cut both ways, however. After what might be called the innocent phase of Nietzsche criticism, wherein airy debates about the moral and epistemic consequences of his thought could be discussed idly, his import was quickly reified by his fatherland's two forays into global domination. As the Kaiser unleashed World War I on Europe, Anglophone critics had already found new affinities between Nietzsche's will to power and German "moral abnormality" and "tribal arrogance." And with the rise of the Third Reich, Nietzsche was positively blacklisted for a generation as a warmongering "immoralist." It took the transformative translation and exegesis of the Princeton professor Walter Kaufmann

are told enthusiastically of "Nietzschean hermeneutic[s]" that "challenge compulsory dualisms in human sexuality" and show how "antiessentialism was essential for queer theory."

Coming as it does toward the end, this gratuitous agitation of the conservative Spidey-sense for pseudointellectual jabberwocky can be forgiven. The book contains far more sense than nonsense. And if Ratner-Rosenthal has her favorite iteration of the American Nietzsche, so do I—namely, the Nietzsche of the early-20th-century American pragmatists, who both were influenced by the German thinker and had common intellectual ancestors with him. In an engaging section, Ratner-Rosenthal shows us how Josiah Royce understood Nietzsche as an individualist, rugged but romantic, longing after "self-mastery"—a kind of joyous ascetic. But unlike Nietzsche's less skilled or more dogmatic readers, Royce realized

Nietzsche's development of the concept of the *Übermensch* was versatile enough that it could signify the movement of man beyond the stifling conventions and institutions of one's choice.

religion, and the theme developed of Nietzsche the champion of a harsh sublimity, rousing the forces of (in the words of sundry theologians) "muscular Christianity" to rescue the "feminized" or "milk and water" Christianity in which "pretty picture[s] of the eternal grandmother" substituted for "the enthralling spectacle of God as Father."

Indeed, the cooptation of Nietzsche by sundry causes that would appear in the first (and quite often the last) analysis to be opposed both to the man's thought and to one another is the overarching theme of the book. Most prominently, Nietzsche's development of the concept of the *Übermensch* (a word first used by Goethe, oddly enough, and variously translated as "beyond-man," "overman," and "superman") was versatile enough that it could signify the movement of man beyond the stifling conventions and institutions of one's choice. Early glimmers-on to the superman concept were either Left-socialists—Jack London, George Bernard Shaw, Max Eastman—social Darwinists, or inscrutable iconoclasts such as Mencken, and in all cases critics of

(through whom most American students of philosophy, this reviewer included, have in recent years been introduced to Nietzsche) to rehabilitate him in the late Fifties and Sixties. Ratner-Rosenthal dedicates a chapter—too obsequious, for my taste—to elaborating Kaufmann's reading of Nietzsche and its subsequent influence on everyone from the post-Holocaust Jewish diaspora to Huey Newton and the Black Panthers.

American Nietzsche argues that all of these appropriations get the man wrong—or, at least, none get him entirely right—but that the error is sort of beside the point, because each misappropriation is put to use in the grand, century-long project of helping America understand itself. It's a plausible, and conciliatory, picture that remains agnostic on the question of what Nietzsche "really" meant. That's not to say that Ratner-Rosenthal doesn't have her favorites. Once we get to the "new French Nietzsche" of the 1970s and '80s, she slips quite comfortably into the bizarre rhythms of poststructuralism and postmodernism: Jacques Derrida and Richard Rorty are treated with admiring deference, and we

that the self-creation of values Nietzsche was after offered no answers to the ensuing question of how to harmonize those values with a social and political whole—Nietzsche never even bothered to ask the question. Royce's Harvard colleague William James tried to get from Nietzsche to politics by reading the self-made values of *Übermenschen* as a kind of innovation—supermen as early adopters, moral entrepreneurs paving the way for the rest of us.

The irony of this proliferation of American Nietzsches is that, his considerable vanity notwithstanding, Nietzsche would have had nothing but contempt for any attempt to systematize his thought: "I mistrust all systematizers and I avoid them. *The will to a system is a lack of integrity.*" He also warned that to pry a thinker out of his time and place and view him *sub specie aeterni* is to create a "conceptual mummy." But since Ratner-Rosenthal's book is, in the end, about all the ways Nietzsche continues to haunt the American intellect, perhaps he's less conceptual mummy than conceptual ghost.

NR

Film

The Joys Of Action

ROSS DOUTHAT

MY favorite moment in *Contraband*, a palate-cleansing little thriller that's perfect for moviegoers sated by December's buffet of prestige movies, comes just after Mark Wahlberg's New Orleans super-smuggler, Chris Farraday, has been yanked off the straight-and-narrow by the inevitable lure of *One Last Job*. His wife's none-too-clever brother owes a fortune to a drug gang, and in lieu of paying off the debt, Farraday agrees to ship off to Panama and sneak a huge stack of counterfeit money back through U.S. customs. While his wife frets and his children worry, the smuggler affects the kind of distant, determined, prisoner-of-fate routine that's required of movie criminals who thought they were out but find themselves getting pulled back in.

But once they're on the ship together, steaming southward and plotting how to hide their cargo from the rest of the freighter's crew, his brother-in-law gives

him a look and says: "Don't pretend you don't love this." At which point Wahlberg lets the mask of resignation slip, flashes a grin, and says: "I love it. Just don't tell my wife."

I can think of quite a few crime movies, from the collected works of Michael Mann to last year's aching pretentious *Drive*, that would benefit from this kind of honesty about what really motivates their lawbreaker heroes and the moviegoers who love them. *Contraband* knows why its audience is here, and it isn't to contemplate the existential implications of a life lived outside the law. It's to root for the bad guy who's really a good guy against the badder bad guys standing in his way, and to make a brief escape from our law-abiding world into the unique thrills of a complicated heist—or, in this case, a complicated smuggle.

To give us what we want, the movie has exactly what it needs. The cast is made up of reliable B-listers with a blue-collar vibe: Ben Foster as Farraday's shifty best friend, Sebastian; Lukas Haas as his newly married second-in-command; a bearded, Creole-accented Giovanni Ribisi as the lowlife who runs the drug gang; a mustachioed J. K. Simmons as the captain of the Panama-bound ship; and *Y Tu Mamá También*'s Diego Luna as a gonzo Panamanian kingpin. (The lone casting mistake is

Kate Beckinsale as Farraday's wife: Even bottle-blonde and working at a hair salon, she's too aristocratic to pass as a smuggler's wife.)

Contraband turns these characters loose in three suitably gritty settings: a seedy New Orleans of dockworkers and oil riggers (rather than the Big Easy of tourists and their enablers), the garish perils of Panama City, and the claustrophobic interiors of a working freighter. The director, an Icelandic talent with the wonderful name of Baltasar Kormákur, has an eye for industrial beauty, whether it's a rusty rainbow of shipping containers awaiting a crane or the long reddish bulk of the freighter easing its way through the green folds of the Isthmus of Panama. For a pulp story, *Contraband* has just the right amount of pretty.

In his star, Kormákur has an actor of limited range, but one who's reliably persuasive and immensely likeable when he's in his comfort zone. As an action hero, Wahlberg is a kinder, gentler version of the Bruce Willis of the *Die Hard* era: He's the everyman pushed too far, but he deals out justice with a gentle, regretful air rather than with Willis's winking bravado. Even if you don't buy Beckinsale as his wife, you'll buy Wahlberg as a husband. He's the rare big-screen bruiser whose emotions seem as real as his muscles.

Off screen, admittedly, that authenticity can be a tad problematic. Promoting *Contraband*, he was asked about 9/11, when he rescheduled a trip and narrowly missed being on one of the Boston flights that crashed into the World Trade Center. "If I was on that plane with my kids, it wouldn't have went down like it did," he told the interviewer. "There would have been a lot of blood in that first-class cabin and then me saying, 'Okay, we're going to land somewhere safely, don't worry.'"

It was an idiotic and offensive thing to say, and he hastily apologized. But there was also something almost touching about it, since the ease with which the idea floated to the surface of his thoughts suggests that Wahlberg participates fully, without any irony or distancing, in the everyman-as-action-hero fantasies that are created for him on-screen. And what more could we ask of an action star, in a sense, than this—that in the quest to make us suspend our disbelief, he willingly suspends his own?



Mark Wahlberg and Ben Foster in *Contraband*

The Origin



RICHARD BROOKHISER

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE, the city's most popular painting, belongs to its largest museum. But for a while, in the last century, we didn't quite know what to do with it. An old-fashioned behemoth, 21' x 12', it seemed plain as a sermon. Perhaps it was kitsch. It got shuffled to Washington Crossing State Park, the site of the event it depicts; then, after it came home, it hung in a narrow gallery where you could not stand back from it properly to view it whole. But one of the benefits of postmodernism is that we may look at paintings Clement Greenberg might have disliked, and the icon has been cleaned, reframed, and rehung in splendor.

The summer and fall of 1776 saw the British beat Washington and his army from New York and Westchester County, and drive them across central New Jersey all the way to Pennsylvania. As winter settled in, the enemy suspended the pursuit, expecting to invest Philadelphia, the rebel capital, when the thaw came. But on Christmas night the republic struck back. Washington led 2,400 troops into New Jersey to attack a forward post in Trenton. We know the crossing of the Delaware was a turning point, and the men in the painting suspect it—but they don't yet know which way things will turn.

From a distance, the painting looks almost sculptural. The new old-fashioned gilt-wood frame reaches into the room with 3-D ornaments—gleaming medallions in the corners, crossed cannons

underneath, and on top an eagle in a spray of lances and bayonets. The canvas with-in is another collection of objects, big ones: barges packed with men, horses, and artillery until they resemble mountains; gleaming chunks of ice. You don't need to read the Italian maritime news, however, to know that all these masses, being afloat, are therefore unstable. The boats are moving from land at the right that is hidden to a shoreline on the left, visible, but a long way off. Everything is in mid-stream.

The scene is depicted with the techniques of realism—we see every bead on two Indian-style ammunition pouches, the checks on a Highland bonnet, a pair of seals dangling from Washington's upraised leg, at crotch level (Father of His Country). But who ever registers so many details at a glance? The scene is more than real; it is visionary. There are enough suggestions of doubt and darkness to remind us that the dreamscape could become a nightmare.

The big barge in the foreground, which



stretches almost across the canvas, has twelve men in it. David Hackett Fischer, in *Washington's Crossing*, claims there is a 13th, indicated by a gun barrel in the center rear, but he is as elusive as the second gunman at Dealey Plaza. The demeanor of the twelve we can see divides them into discrete groups. Five are tending the boat—three in the bow, one on the port gunwale, one aft. The foremost sailor is shoving at an ice block with a barge pole and jamming it with his foot. He looks as if he will walk the damned boat to Jersey. Another is androgynous, with long auburn hair, which has given rise to the legend that “he” is a woman: feminist projection, probably, though I know of at least one case of a woman who fought in the Revolution dressed as a man. Another sailor is black. This is unquestionably accurate: The 14th Continental Regiment, from Marblehead,

Mass., which did much of the ferrying of Washington's troops over the waters of New York and New Jersey in that grim half year, was filled with peacetime New England sailors, including blacks and Indians. Two officers in dark hats—rather fancy—peer over the sides anxiously: Will we make it? Two towards the aft—one wrapped in a blanket, another injured (he has a bandaged head)—are past looking, sunk in their own thoughts: “Well, here we are,” maybe, or “SNAFU.” Another pair of men—one of them is Lieutenant James Monroe—are grappling with the flag. It is not snapping in the breeze. This flag is heavy, off-balance; they grip their arms around the fabric and struggle to hold it up. The last man is George Washington, who has no one to talk to. He can communicate only by leading. All he can do is do the right thing.

The next boat behind the lead is having its own problems: Horses are rearing, two men appear to be in the water—overboard? pushing off? (pushing off from what?). The sky downstream just left of the center of the painting is brightening—a hopeful sign—but there is a dark patch farther ahead in the upper left corner. Mixed forecast.

When I try to relate this painting to others, I think less of battle tableaux than of meditations—that big Zurbarán crucifixion, or Dalí, even Magritte. I don't think of them much though. This painting is not religious, or psychological: It is about twelve people, and 2,400 more, trying trying trying to get the job done. I think more of a patriotic icon from America's next war, “The Star-Spangled Banner,” whose first verse—the only one that everyone knows—is also about an uncompleted action. O say, can you see? Does that banner still wave?

This it seems to me is the answer to declinists among us—or within us, since we are all, at moments, declinists. It has never been a done deal, from day one. The freedom that the men in the boat won and their successors defended is the freedom to pull your oar. If you choose despair, open your veins in the bath quietly, in the old Roman manner; it's so much more dignified than being a tumbler of disaster.

As we know, they got across. But there was still a ten-mile march to Trenton and a battle, then almost five years of warfare and two in arms, then 200-plus of this and that.

NR

The Catholic State

So the Health Commissar, Kathleen Sebelius, has decided that, under Obamacare, religious institutions, like any other employer, will be required to offer their workers free contraception, sterilization, and abortifacients. Well, there's a surprise.

This entirely predictable news was received with stunned bewilderment by Obamaphile rubes such as the Reverend John Jenkins of Notre Dame, who in 2009 gave the president both an honorary degree and his imprimatur in exchange for the promise of a "sensible" approach to conflicts between church and state. Now that they're on the receiving end of Obama's good sense, many of America's Catholic bishops have issued protests, characteristically anguished and hand-wringing but betraying little understanding of the stakes.

In a land of Big Government, everything else gets real small. In the U.S., the Catholic Church, aside from abortion, is generally on board with the "social justice" agenda. It never seemed to occur to them to ask themselves, If health care is a "human right" in the debased contemporary sense (i.e., not a restraint upon the state—as in Magna Carta—but a gift of the state), then who gets to define what health care is?

Answer: Commissar Sebelius. As government grows, the separation of church and state is replaced by the state as church—an established religion of sacred secularism that crowds any rivals out of the public square. The Obama administration's distinction—of a "religious exemption" that applies to a building where sermons and sacraments are taking place but not to Catholic hospitals or schools—is explicitly intended to shrivel the space for religious belief: If you're in, say, the adoption business, you can either offer your services to gay couples or get out of the biz entirely. Either way, the state church wins. Religion is fine as a private code that you deposit in the umbrella stand as you exit your house every morning, but it may not govern your conduct beyond your front door. If you insist on being Catholic, you must be Catholic in the sense of a Kerryesque Democrat on the stump: "Of course, I'm personally, passionately, deeply, passionately, personally opposed to abortion, but I would never dream of letting my deeply passionately personal beliefs interfere with my legislative agenda."

So throughout the Western world, when parents object to kindergartners' being taught about the joys of same-sex marriage, they're told by the school board: Tough. That's just the way it is. You uptight squares need to get with the beat.

Except: There is one conspicuous holdout against the secularist enforcers. When Muslim parents in Bristol, England, raised a fuss about their grade-schoolers' being fed gay mar-

riage in the curriculum, a panicked administration yanked the books in nothing flat. If it's a choice between *Heather Has Two Mommies* and *Heather Has Four Mommies and a Big Bearded Daddy Who Wants to Marry Her Off to a Cousin Back in Pakistan*, bet on the latter.

As Commissar Sebelius was laying down the law to American Catholics, a Montreal couple and their son were convicted of a multiple "honor killing." Immigrants from Afghanistan, the Shafias had coolly plotted around the kitchen table the murder of all three of their daughters (plus one of the father's wives), and then carried it out, by drowning them in the Rideau Canal near Kingston, Ontario—for the crime of wishing to live as North American teenage girls. The father was caught on tape saying, "May the devil s**t on their graves!"—which he gamely attempted on the witness stand to pass off as some sort of traditional greeting in Dari.

Zainab, Sahar, and Geeti Shafia had told various teachers, social workers, and police officers that they were being beaten, that they wanted to be placed in foster homes, and that their parents and brother were planning to kill them. And in every instance the enforcers of the secular state prioritized deference to Islam over the fate of the girls. They still do. The court rescheduled its Friday sittings to accommodate Muslim prayers. And, in striking contrast to, say, the Matthew Shepard murder, the media coverage of the case was inordinately preoccupied with emphasizing that no broader conclusions should be drawn about Islam's attitude to women.

In other words, Islam seems to be finding it a lot easier than Catholicism to get a "religious exemption." Here's a caption from the *Toronto Star* accompanying a picture of the cafeteria at a local public school: "At Valley Park Middle School, Muslim students participate in the Friday prayer service. Menstruating girls, at the very back, do not take part."

Yes, that's right. At the cafeteria of a taxpayer-funded school in North America in the early 21st century, the boys enter through the main door and sit in the front row; the girls, being inferior, enter through a rear door and sit behind them; and the menstruating girls, being unclean, sit at the very back and are forbidden to participate. The school board says relax, there's nothing to see here: So many Muslim kids were bunking off to the local mosque for Friday prayers and coming in late for transgender-history class or whatever, it made more sense to give the imam the cafeteria to hold his prayers in. How's that for a "sensible" balance?

So the good news for the Reverend Jenkins et al. is that the big-government one-size-fits-all secular state is actually quite easy to drive a coach and horses through. The bad news is the guys willing to climb on the buckboard and take the reins.

NR



Mr. Steyn blogs at SteynOnline (www.steynonline.com).

EVENT OF THE YEAR! July 11 – 14, 2012 Bally's Las Vegas

"The greatest libertarian show on earth." -- Washington Post

Freedomfest 2012



Once a year, freedom lovers and organizations from around the world gather together to learn, network, debate, and celebrate liberty (or what's left of it). Over 200 sessions/panels/debates on geo-politics, philosophy, history, science & technology, investments, art & literature, healthy living...plus Anthem libertarian film festival....

All major think tanks and freedom organizations represented in the "trade show for liberty": Reason, Cato, Heritage, FEE, Hillsdale, Heartland, ISI, Goldwater, Eagle, etc. (FreedomFest is an open forum -- if you or your organization desire to speak or exhibit, please contact us.)

Steve Forbes and John Mackey
(CEO, Whole Foods Market) attend all three days of FreedomFest!

FINDING FREEDOM
in an unfree world.



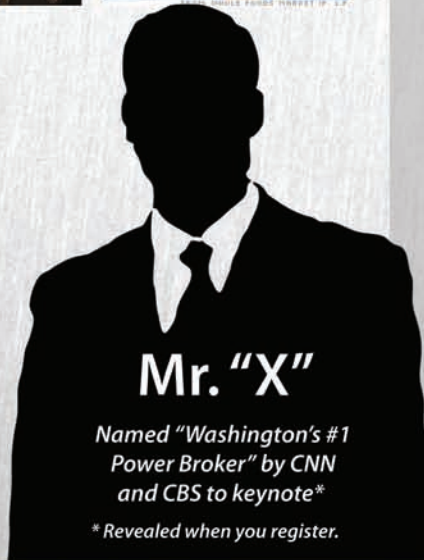
Judge Andrew P. Napolitano, Fox News: back by popular demand!



Steve Moore (Wall Street Journal) takes on the "Occupy Wall Street" crowd in a mock trial.



Charles Murray on "Coming Apart," his controversial new book on racism.



Mr. "X"

Named "Washington's #1 Power Broker" by CNN and CBS to keynote*

* Revealed when you register.

Brought to you by
Mark and Jo Ann Skousen,
Producers

**Early Bird Special
Ends March 15**

Register before March 15 for only \$395 per person or \$595 per couple. Plus rooms at Bally's for only \$97 a night!



www.Freedomfest.com

or call Tami Holland, Toll free at 1-866-266-5101

I'm an energy voter.

I vote for more domestic energy.

All across the country, you're hearing a lot about energy. Because America needs more energy from all sources to create jobs and get our economy moving.

That means developing our plentiful domestic energy – like oil and natural gas – for new opportunities, a new era of energy security and a brighter future for all.

That's why so many Americans are becoming energy voters. They're voting to reenergize America. They're voting for American energy.



How about you?

Learn more at Vote4Energy.org