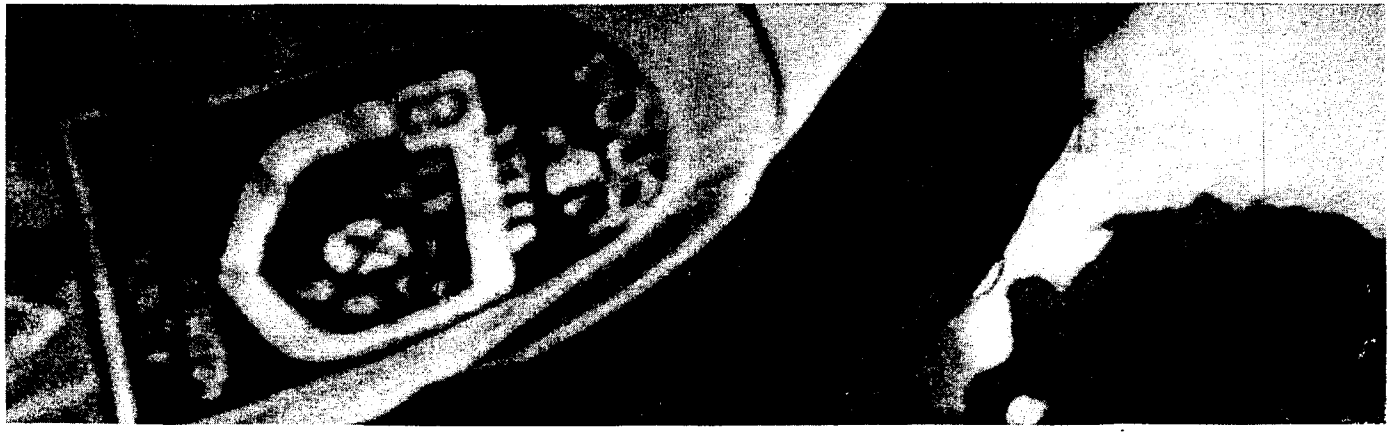


THE WALLACE SHOOTING

The Savage

That glued-on smile below the dark glasses stuck in the memory. The young man had become almost a fixture in George Wallace's primary campaign, hanging around the edges of it for some time and even offering his services to staff members as a volunteer worker. In Michigan, two days earlier, police had questioned him briefly when they found him sitting alone in a parked car near the armory in Kalamazoo where a rally for the Alabama governor was to be held. In Maryland last week the stocky 21-year-old with the short, straw-colored hair was tagging along again. His endless, tight little smile, his Wallace but-



THE WALLACE SHOOTING

The Savage Secret Behind A Smile

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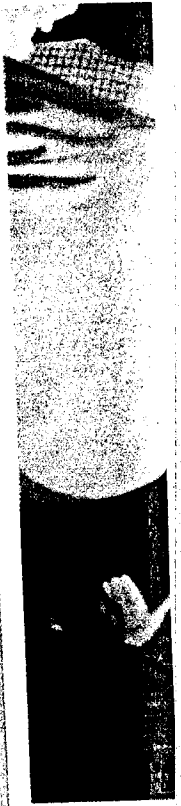






**In a friendly crowd,
a murderous hand**





2



3

This sequence on the assassination attempt, taken by CBS news cameraman Laurens Pierce, begins (top) with George Wallace in the blue shirt shaking hands with people in the shopping center in Laurel. Suddenly a hand holding a revolver (above) appears from the group at the governor's right and the gun is fired. Arthur Bremer in dark glasses can now be partially seen behind the grinning man with the cap. The Secret Service man standing at right tenses, apparently at the first sound of the shots.



4



At the climax of the attempt on Governor Wallace's life, gunsmoke partially obscures the scene as Bremer steps out from behind his human screen. Hunched in the blue coat at Wallace's left is Secret Service agent Nicholas Zorvas, and both he and the candidate have been wounded by this time. The agent at right bunches a black coat in his hand and begins to make a move to protect Wallace.

In the strip of pictures starting at left below, Arthur Bremer stands out in the open, near the end of his violence. The man in the gray cap has grabbed his gun arm. Wallace and Zorvas have reeled out of sight under the impact of the shots. The agent at right rears



In the strip of pictures starting at left below, Arthur Bremer stands out in the open, near the end of his violence. The man in the gray cap has grabbed his gun arm. Wallace and Zorvas have reeled out of sight under the impact of the shots. The agent at right rears back with the coat he then hurls (center) to block Bremer's aim as agents leap toward him. Below agent Zorvas staggers away from the melee, clutching his serious throat wound. Two others, Wallace's personal bodyguard and a young woman campaign worker, were much less badly hit.



5



6

The captured gunman, the broken candidate

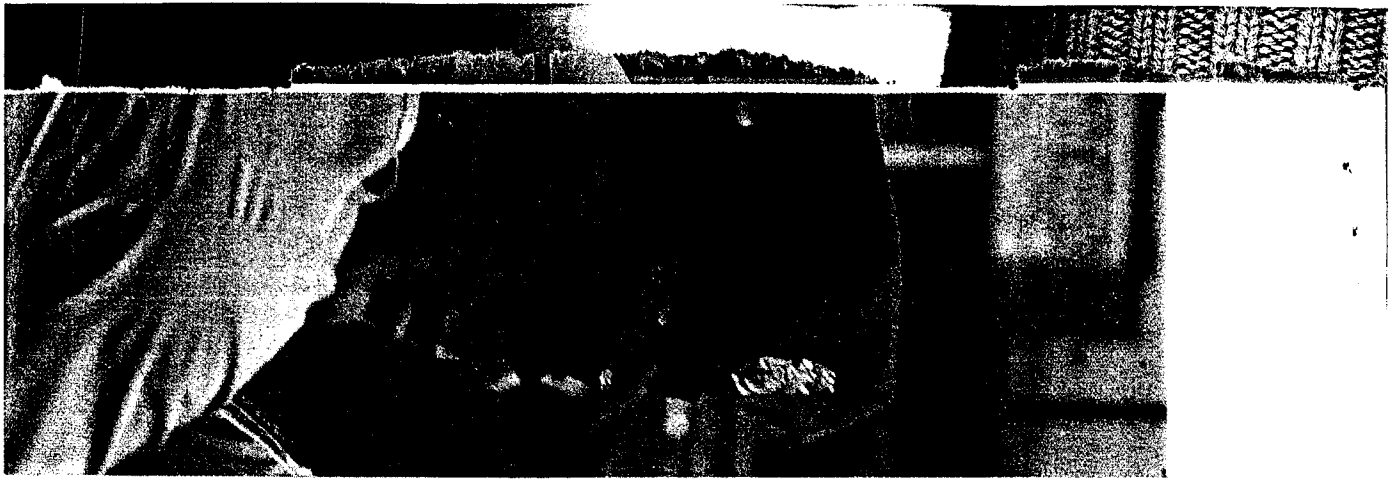


Protected by police anxious to get him away from the pro-Wallace crowd, Bremer, whose unhappy past is reported on pages 32-35, is bundled (above) to-

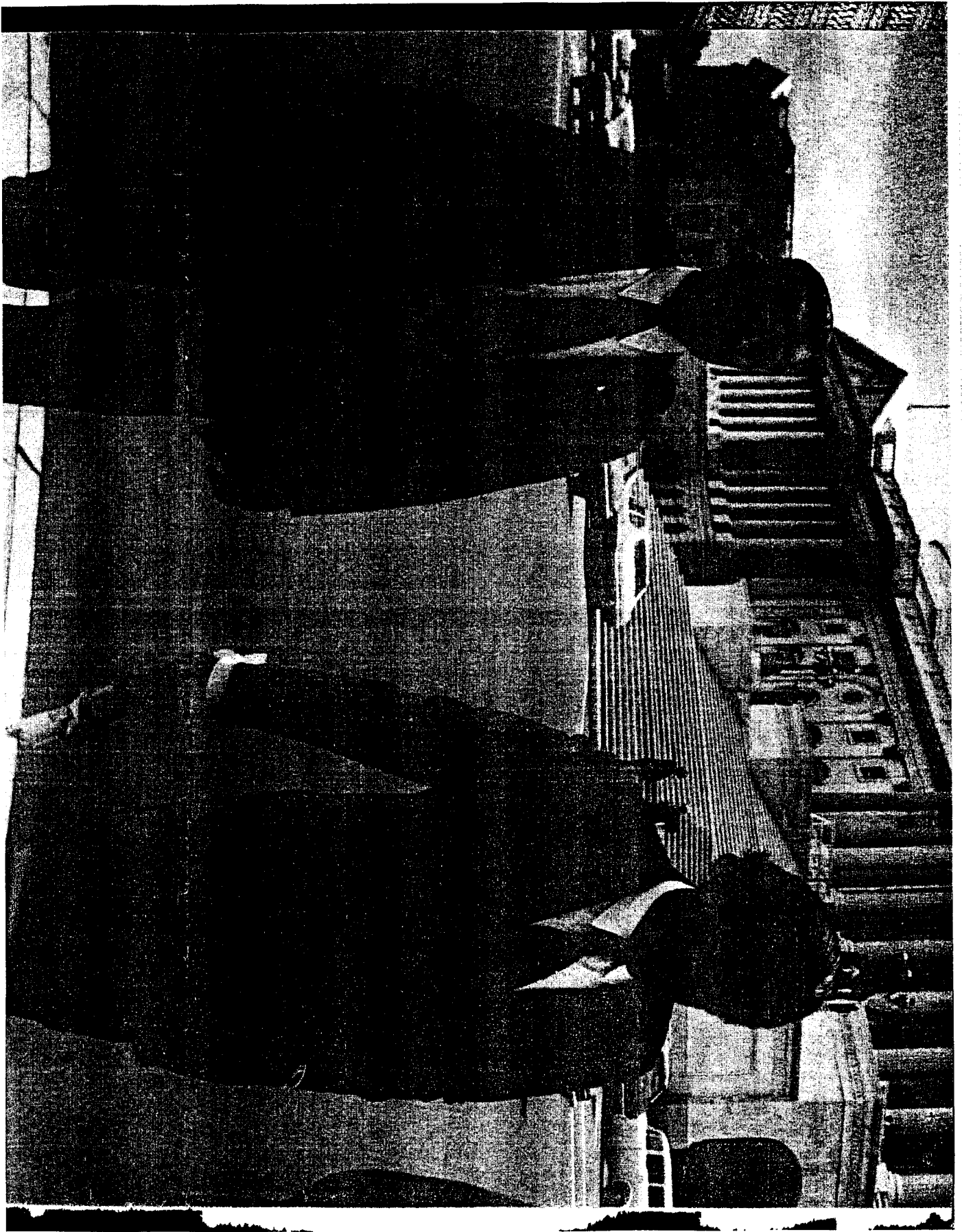
ward a patrol car. At the right, Wallace lies open-eyed on the ground awaiting an ambulance while his wife Cornelia comforts him. Quick medical teamwork

and his own strong constitution saved the governor's life. But pending further surgery, there were serious doubts that he would ever be able to walk again.











TED KENNEDY HEARS THE NEWS

Special echoes on a difficult day

by DAVID MAXEY

Senator Edward Kennedy walked slowly back through the hall of his McLean, Va. home. He stopped in the foyer, where I was waiting for him, rolled his hand in a gesture of gentle dismissal, and said, "I think . . . we'll scrub this. George Wallace just got shot."

He had driven me home in his blue convertible, the top down, with the Washington wind turning his hair into a mop. We planned to meet photographer Stanley Tretick for a picture-taking session with the Kennedy children. That seemed the note to end a story on the most resolute noncandidate of this political year. When reporters ask the tough questions, when they pick through all the emotional luggage Kennedy carries, his answers about the presidency render down to "Other responsibilities: my family, and those of my brothers."

And so we had come to record those family responsibilities and learned instead that another



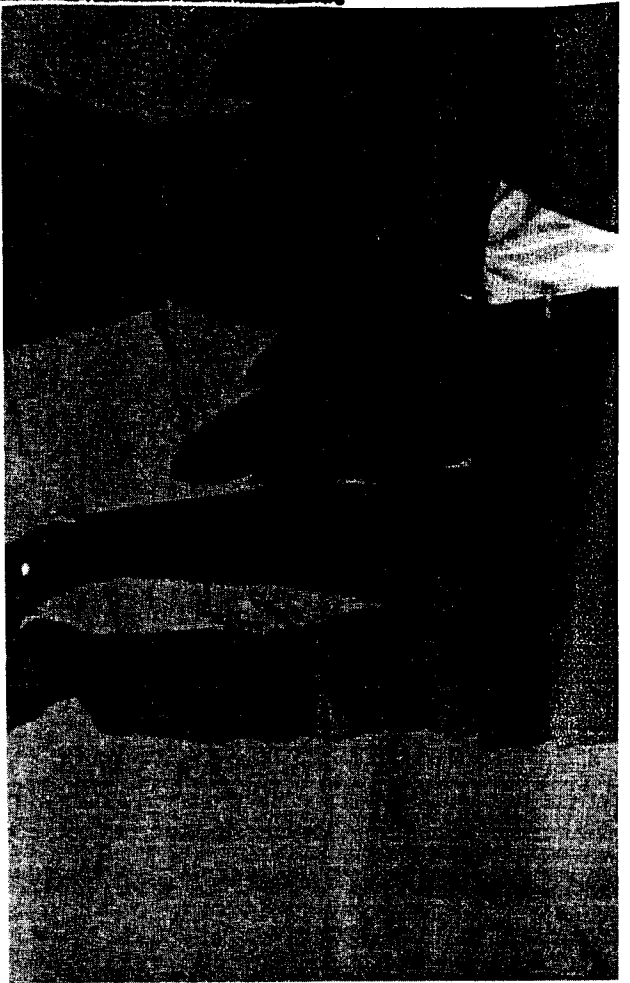
The Secret Service entered Ted Kennedy's life at 7 p.m. the day Wallace was shot. At left they trail him and family friend Burke Marshall past the Capitol.

son still flows but it is slower. The writers carefully remind him of his brothers' fate, and predict the shortness of his own future. Because he is seen as rich and powerful, the big guy who can fix it all, he also attracts more than his share of the harmless, disturbed, lonely ones. They petition, have ideas to salvage the world, visit his office. Several do so often. Kennedy staffers call them "our regulars," and cope patiently.

The United States Capitol that day had the feel of a giant theater. Tourists and press were speculators to watch the Secret Service, the Capitol police and the Metropolitan police play out their roles as followers and protectors, servants of those few men so powerful and fortunate as to be in danger of being murdered. It was the role of George McGovern, Hubert Humphrey, Henry Jackson and Edward Kennedy to be followed and protected, and to get some Senate business done along the way.

For his part, Kennedy charged through his day, bolting along the Capitol corridors with a slight limp off his right foot. The back still hurts him. He mingled with tourists, attended hearings, spoke against the Vietnam war on the Senate floor and ended his day in an exasperating House-Senate conference on an education bill. As he came out, pulling on his coat over a wrinkled shirt, there were the bounds from the Capitol rotunda of another minor play being acted out. The Capitol police were carefully, considerably arresting over 100 antiwar demonstrators, one at a time because of the paperwork involved. A cop kindly escorted one minister to the men's room, then led him back to await his turn to be booked.

So it was a day of police, of legal guns, of premonitions of disorder. Instead of striding alone to his convertible, Kennedy marched down the Capitol steps to the first of two waiting Chryslers. He has growled at aides before when they tried to thrust him into luxurious cars; they are



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So it was a day of police, of legal guns, of premonitions of disorder. Instead of striding alone to his convertible, Kennedy marched down the Capitol steps to the first of two waiting Chryslers. He has growled at aides before when they are tried to thrust him into luxurious cars; they are not his style. But because of his part in that day's play, he got in willingly enough. The Secret Service detail piled in and they all rolled away, for all the world as if he were an honored guest in this country. After dinner, Kennedy churned back to the Capitol and labored through the night with the conference committee, emerging into the dawn at 5:45 a.m. He is first a senator.

The policemen had been admirable, but I was glad to be away from them and the dread that made so many of them necessary and visible. There was one more reminder of where our madmen are taking us. As I boarded the airline shuttle, a Justice Department agent pulled me out of line and required me to prove that I was who the boarding pass said I was. "Just checking," he said. "Checking what?" I snarled. "Well, I'm on the skyjacker detail. It's a random check. You just happened to be the wrong one in line." As annoyed as I was at having my honest face questioned, I'm luckier than Edward Kennedy. Because of the sick ones out there and the envy and rage he draws, he can never be anonymous, never just the randomly selected "wrong one" in line. ■

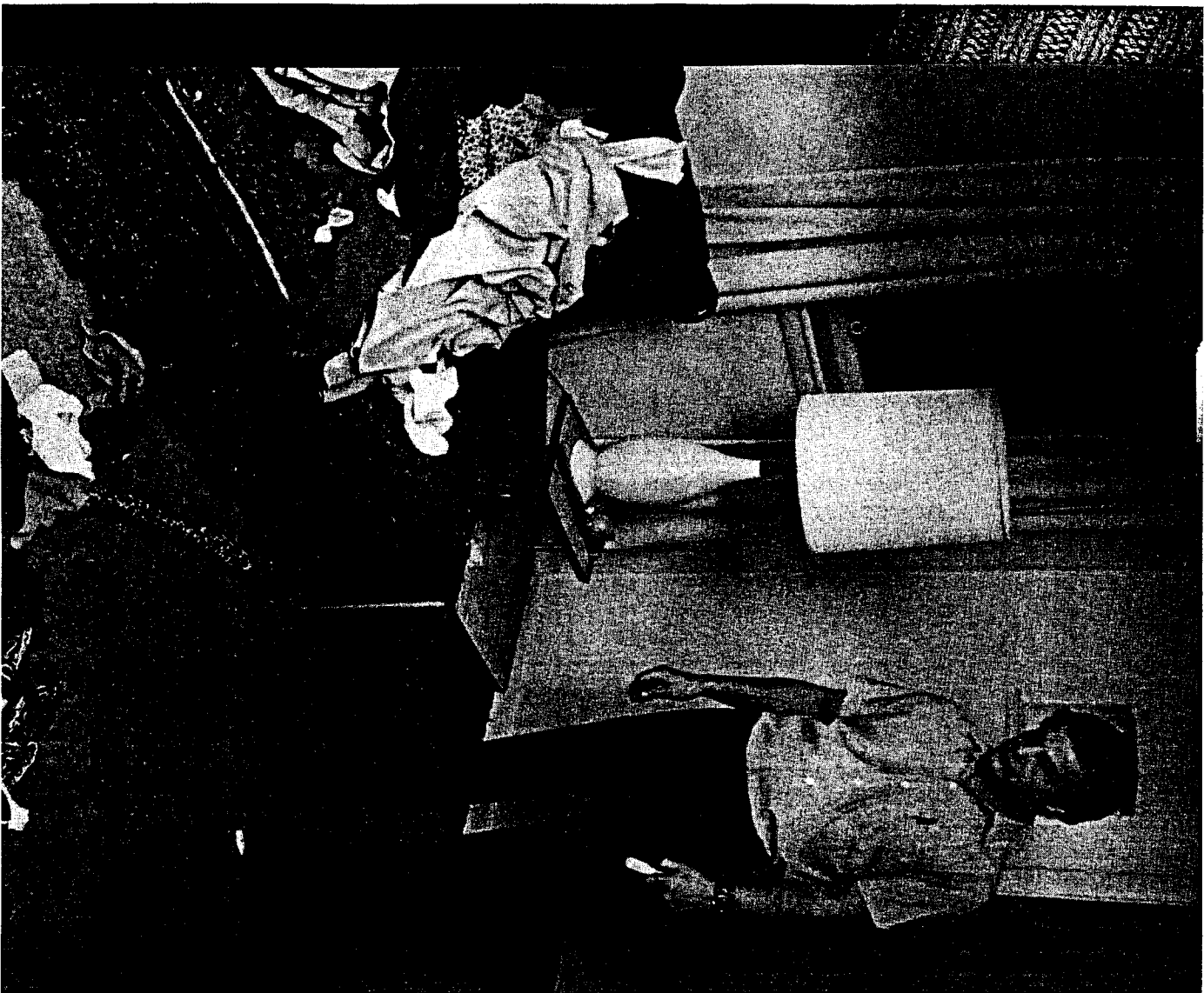
man, with another family, was down bleeding in a Maryland shopping center. I fumbled, "How bad is it?" He turned half away. "They don't know. It's only a half hour." Twice before he had waited longer for definite news of pain and dying, and what washed my shock back was the idea that Edward Kennedy and George Wallace, charismatic politicians, had found in horror a common ground they could not find in politics.

Kennedy said, "I'll walk you out. George Dalton will drive you where you need to go." While Dalton, a former naval attaché to John Kennedy, pulled the car around, Patrick Kennedy, red-haired and 4, ran up with a ball. His game was tag-ball. He kicked the ball eagerly at my legs, then at his father's. We tried to enthuse. Then Kennedy gave another small wave, Dalton was there with the car, and I was glad to be gone. We were miles away before I realized that on a day when killing was in the air, Kennedy had sent

away the only other adult male at his house to drive a reporter around. He probably didn't give it a thought. He had before him the problem of explaining to his children what they were seeing on television. And then there would be a trip later that evening to Hickory Hill, perhaps to do the same for Robert Kennedy's children.

The arrival of the Secret Service men in his office the next morning brought depression. It was not those courteous, closemouthed agents themselves, but what their very presence implied. The possibility of violence was now official, formalized, immediate.

Kennedy is a flashpoint for madness. The threatening letters he gets are a barometer of his public visibility. When he takes a strong political stand, or seems to succeed in some way, sick penmen lead the mails. When he fails, as he did when he was defeated for the Senate Whip's job, the poi-



A boy

by DALE WITTNER

Few people have known Artie Bremer. For most of those who remember him at all, the memory is just a spark, an impression, an adjective or two hung loosely to an uncertain recollection of his timid smile or the odd way he mumbled to himself as he shuffled alone down his school corridor. Now that Bremer is famous, charged with shooting George Wallace, the shallow words pile up. Some become headlines: "He was a loner," recalls a classmate. "Well groomed and always polite," his math teacher adds. "Persistent," says a coach. "Explosive," "friendless," "gentle," "weird."

"He didn't like the summertime," his mother explained, talking more to the telephone itself than to the caller, searching more than talking. "He had very delicate skin. If he went out on a bright day, he had to wear a long shirt. He hated that but he got even madder if he got all red. So he was inside most of the summer. Maybe *that* was it. He must have figured that summer was coming soon again." The confused mother had latched on to still another unlikely explanation of the nightmare.

She thought for a moment. "No, I still think it was something he ate that didn't agree with him.



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She thought for a moment. "No, I still think it
was something he ate that didn't agree with him.
Why else would he do such a thing? He didn't
care about politics, at least not that I know of. If
anything, I think he supported Wallace. He knew
that I voted for him four years ago. I *think* he
knew that. Well, I'm sure he didn't know who
his father voted for because even I don't know
that. But I think he liked his father, really. . . .
It *had* to be something he ate. Either that or some-
body gave him one of those false cigarettes and
made him smoke it. . . you know what I mean,
I don't want to say the word. It's the false cig-
arettes they all smoke now. He couldn't even
stand regular cigarette smoke. He couldn't
breathe when they put it in his face. That might
have made him mad too. I just don't know. . . .
but why couldn't they have protected Wallace bet-
ter so Artie couldn't have got these kinds of ideas,
so he couldn't have got so close to him." Talking
seemed to help.

When Artie announced last fall that he was

Bremer's apartment, where he had lived alone
since last fall, was a mess when the manager
opened it last week. His clothes were strewn
about and the sink was full of dirty dishes.

**Artie Bremer's mother and his girl friend,
who knew him better than anyone else,
talk about the loner who shot Governor Wallace**

Who shut everyone out

leaving home, it was two months after his 21st birthday. Still, it was a surprise to Sylvia Bremer. "He just wanted to be on his own," she remembers him saying. "You couldn't reach out to him anymore without upsetting him." Artie wanted to tell his parents he was moving until after he had found an apartment—three small, bare-ly furnished rooms with a window that looked down on an empty parking lot 30 feet below. For \$138 a month, extravagantly more than his truck-driving father was paying for the entire first floor of the peeled, gray, two-family home he was leaving, Artie Bremer was on his own. More than most young men, he had lived until that day by the rules of others. His school attendance had been nearly perfect. He had no disciplinary record there or with the police. Now, with an apartment, a car and money from his two jobs—as a busboy at the Milwaukee Athletic Club and as a janitor's helper at Story Elementary School—the rules could be his own.

But when Artie Bremer was not working, he was behind his closed door, alone. Though he graduated three years ago from South Division High School, few of his teachers remember him clearly. And none of them can name a single friend he had. Friends were not included in the \$138 a month he was paying for a new life.

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After the first few trips back to pick up things he had forgotten, Artie almost never drove the mile to see his parents and his 18-year-old brother, Roger. Mrs. Bremer, however, tried often to visit her son in his bachelor quarters. At least a dozen times she went to the apartment. She still has not been inside the door.

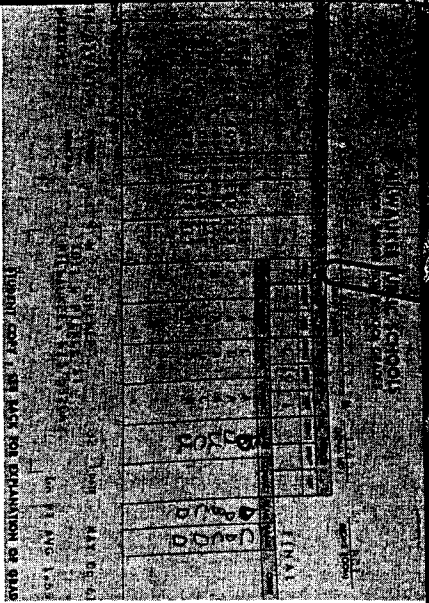
"We got mail for him and I would take it over there," Mrs. Bremer said. "Usually I would take along other things, like a sweater if it was cold, or some fruit, like apples, or some canned food. But he would never be there and I would have to just leave it all with a note. I heard little noises coming from inside. But when I knocked it got quiet and nobody answered. Another time I was sure I heard the radio on, but it went off as soon as I knocked."

William Bremer had not seen his son since he left home. The last time his mother saw him he was standing in the apartment doorway. "It was

CONTINUED

A boyhood photo of Artie and his brother Roger is displayed by their father, William Bremer, who hadn't seen Artie in six months. "I didn't even know he had left town," he said.





Though he smiled engagingly for a high school class picture, Artie Bremer (second from right in the third row) is remembered mostly for his silence. His senior year grades (left) were two C's and three D's.



'I kind of liked him— no, I guess I never did'

CONTINUED

about two months ago, one of those slippery, icy days, and I went to his place to see if he was all right. He opened the door this time but he wouldn't let me in. After he closed the door I stood there and listened for a few minutes. He kept coughing. It was so slippery that I could have

something kind of dumb like, 'Hey, how's it going with the door?' We talked for a while and I kind of liked him." Then she corrected herself. "No, I guess I never liked him, I was just *interested* in him."

The chats in the corridor led to a first date. On





'I kind of liked him-- no, I guess I never did'

CONTINUED

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Young Bremer worked hard at his janitor and busboy jobs, stashing what money he could in a savings account, spending only for food, gasoline and small extravagances like the latest issues of *Playboy* and *Gum Digest*. But he was poorly suited for either job. In the athletic club dining room he had a disconcerting way of moving and whistling to the dinner music. At the school he became the target of vicious teasing by fourth and fifth graders. More than once, his face bright red, he exploded at the youngsters.

It was at the school, though, that he met Joan Pemrich, who was blond and pretty, staunchly Roman Catholic and "going on 16." Joan earned extra money working as a hall monitor in an after-school recreation program at the school.

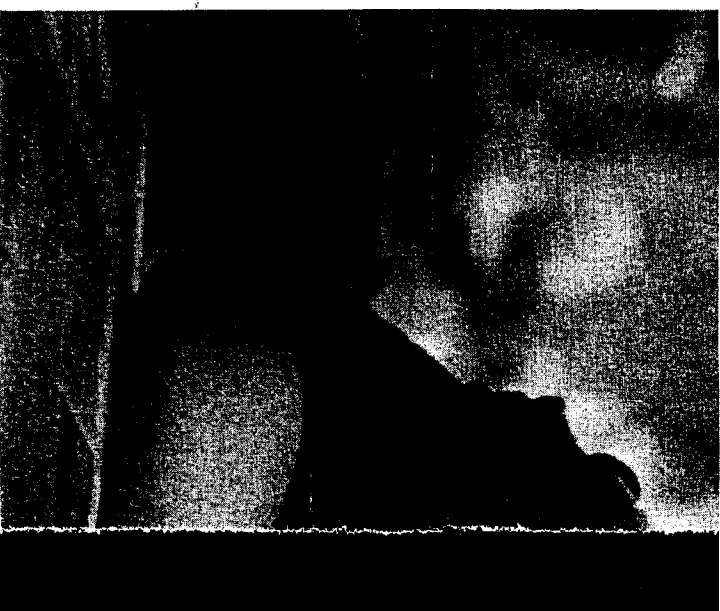
Joan remembers the day they exchanged names. It was shortly after Bremer had moved into his new apartment. "I was working at one of the doors and he came down the hall and said

something kind of dumb like, 'Hey, how's it going with the door?' We talked for a while and I kind of liked him." Then she corrected herself. "No, I guess I never liked him, I was just *interested* in him."

The chats in the corridor led to a first date. On the Saturday night before Thanksgiving they went to downtown Milwaukee to window shop and enjoy the Christmas light displays. It turned out that the lights were not yet switched on, but Joan remembers it as the most comfortable evening the two spent together. Her mother had insisted she be home by 9 p.m., and she was.

With new pride, Artie told people he worked with that he had found a girl friend. Over a two-month period the corridor visits at the school grew longer and there were a few more dates: a Blood, Sweat and Tears concert, a long walk together on the Lake Michigan shore and an evening alone at Bremer's apartment. But, looking back, Joan says that each time they were together she enjoyed herself less. "He didn't have a single friend that I know of and he didn't want me to have friends of my own either."

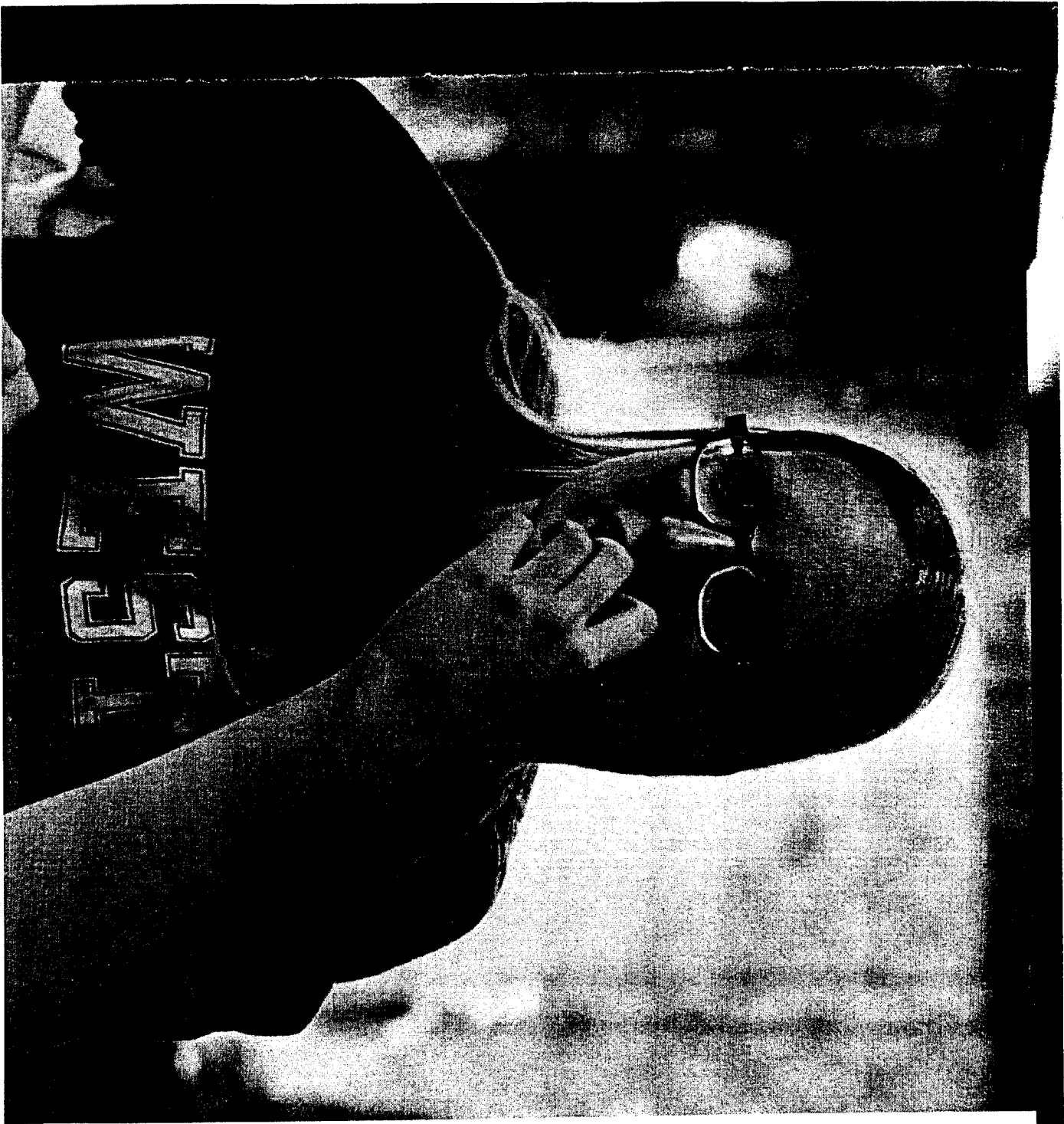
Joan's mother, Mrs. Margaret Pemrich, discouraged the relationship. "It wasn't his age that bothered me. It was just that he never seemed to be able to come down to Joan's level and enjoy himself. A couple of other things I didn't like were his smirk and the way, if you asked him a question, he always turned his back when he answered



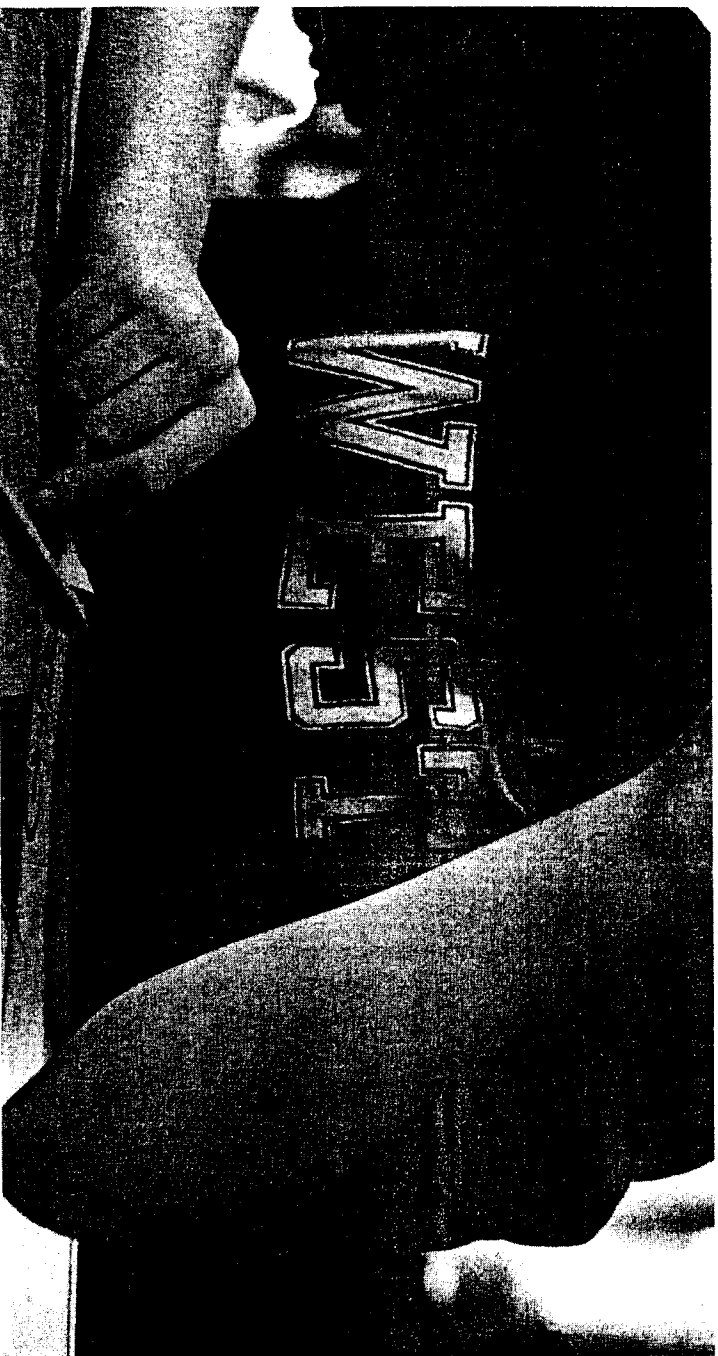
you. I will say this, he was polite and always had her home by 10:30."

Joan continued to trace the relationship: "Each time I was with him it got worse. At first maybe I *did* like him a little. Then it became mixed with feeling sorry for him. And then just . . . *ich*. He was constantly trying to analyze me, to figure out my problems. He said he had read a lot about psychology and had gotten rid of all his hang-ups. He wanted to help me get rid of mine. Forget it, I said to myself.

"He thought I was lying to him all the time, even when I was telling him the truth. He got mad at such stupid things. And when he did, you could see the emotions building up inside him. His face got red, really red. He looked like he might explode. If Governor Wallace didn't shake



Because "he was driving me up the wall," Bremer's girl friend Joan Penrich stopped dating him last January. "He needed some kind of love," she says now, "but it wasn't going to come from me."



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hands with Artie when Artie thought he should, he would be just the kind to shoot him for it. But I don't understand how he got interested in politics all of a sudden. The whole time we knew each other he never talked about that sort of thing."

Bremer's personality had its better side, too. "He could be very gentle and thoughtful," Joan says. "When I was sick one time and my mother wouldn't let him come to see me, he came over anyway with two yellow roses and a get-well card."

The dried roses, the card and an empty candy box were souvenirs of their friendship. When it ended in early January, Joan burned all three. "I didn't want any reminders," she says.

The relationship ended one afternoon when the two were talking on the phone and Joan's father told her to hang up immediately. "I told Artie 'I have to get off.' And I just hung up. He called back and was furious that I hadn't said goodbye. That was it. He was already driving me up the wall. From then on I wouldn't talk to him when he called, and I stayed away from him around the school."

A few days after the breakup, Artie appeared with his head completely shaved. Only his bushy sideburns remained. Word spread that the act was a symbol of his love for Joan, that he would not grow his hair back until they were seeing each other again. Joan thought it was funny. The school children renewed their teasing, more mercilessly than before.

On January 14th the recreation center sponsored a dance. Artie was on the job, cleaning up. Joan's girl friends decided to visit the dance for a look at Artie's shaved head. Joan did not go. When the girls arrived the lights were out. Just as they found Artie, the lights went on and they burst out laughing at him. Once more he was humiliated.

The day before the dance—the same day that George Wallace announced he was a Democratic candidate for President of the United States—Artie Bremer went to the Casanova gun shop, just two blocks from his parents' home, and purchased a snub-nosed .38 caliber revolver. A few days later he simply failed to show up for work, forfeiting the two jobs that were his last contacts with the world outside his apartment. ■

coln Rockwell, Medgar Evers, Robert Kennedy.

If all over the world there is a rise in violent behavior and aggressive hostility, why are these more conspicuous in the United States? Possibly because we're a less homogenous people; possibly because we're more casual and romantically about the right and virtue of firearms for everyone. In Philadelphia, for example, which is an average American city as homicide rates go, as many people are murdered every year as in all England, Scotland and Wales, with 26 times the population. There are just too many Saturday Night Specials around, and a law strictly regulating the sale of these handguns is long overdue.

But perhaps there is something else that isn't explained by describing us as violence-prone, as too permissive, or as desensitized and dehumanized by the Vietnam war. It has to do with rootlessness and loneliness. We think ourselves a gregarious people, and perhaps this quality makes the isolation of the outsider even more troubling. Large numbers of the unrooted and uprooted are part of the instability of modern American life. As a people we've always been more on the move than our European forebears, less apt to be sheltered in a tight family experience or tied to the same surroundings, streets and neighbors. Community now means less: once there was a downtown, now there is the highway strip—jumping, revved up and nomadic. And for all the ongoing American goodwill and achievements, all our decent qualifications as a people, we produce a distressing share of misfits. In the cheap motels and rooming houses, who notices when one of the losers slips over the line? When tragedy like the Wallace shooting comes along, the assailant comes into our field of vision as someone to detest, and in the end we often discover him too pathetic to hate.

The message Wallace sent

George Wallace was shot on the eve of his most successful day at the polls, and what was also expected to be the crest of his primary campaign.

On the plane, between speech stops, correspondents used to try to get him to talk about what he would do if by some chance he did get elected President. He seemed really not to have thought about it very hard. What would he do about the cities? "I'd have to appoint a task force to come up with some plan." For all his denunciation of pointy-headed intellectuals who couldn't park their bicycles straight, wouldn't he need to rely on expert advice? "Sure. I'd go to Harvard. If I went before them as the President for the next four years, they'd have to help out."

Solutions weren't his line; skillful, folksy exploitation of discontent was. He discovered the mileage to be had in "the busin' business"; the dissatisfactions over high taxes and welfare rolls. The people he paid attention to and insisted were important were people no one else seemed to care about. "They don't pay attention up in Washington to George Wallace," he would say. "They pay attention to you. If you didn't come out to hear me, they wouldn't care what I said."

He took great delight when the other Democratic candidates—those respectable influential senators—took to borrowing his themes. He came to be regarded, and feared, as a barometer of national frustration—but this was to let him off too easily; he didn't just sense people's concerns, he played on them. Muskie, losing to him in Florida, talked lugubriously of the dark forces set loose in democracy. McGovern more shrewdly saw that if that many voters were upset, Wallace was on to something, and other candidates must be ready with answers to the problems Wallace could only call attention to.

May George Wallace recover. Recover to expound his views with full vigor, for the rest of us to agree and disagree with. Wallace campaigned always knowing the risks, yet taking them. It is sad that so many of our leaders, and their wives, must be judged nowadays by how well they respond to tragedies publicly enacted. The Wallaces—as did the Kennedys and Coretta King and others before them—met that test well.

Our first Indochina crisis came in 1954; the French were on the run; many inside the administration wanted the U.S. to intervene militarily. Ike basically doubted the military wisdom of it, and as a soldier also had an abiding respect for civilian checks and balances. He insisted on counseling with congressional leaders and, finding them dead set against our unilateral intervention, stayed out. That's about the last time in the long, melancholy history of Vietnam a President felt required to seek and was guided by congressional advice. The whole public climate would have been healthier, and some of the decisions better, had our actions in Indochina been properly thrashed out at major stages along the way. We are coming to another such crucial point, how we end the war. The Eisenhower spirit of consultation, so long out of fashion, would help right now.

Courageous vetoes

After 13 years as governor of New York, Nelson Rockefeller seemed to have little political future except the possibility of being invited into Nixon's cabinet. And he had been making all sorts of appropriate noises, such as discussing busing in Nixonian tones. But last week the state legislature handed him three controversial bills, the kind that arouse passionate conservative support, and Rocky up and vetoed them all. A moratorium on school busing for racial balance: no, said Rockefeller, too much like laws the courts had already rejected. A bill to prevent building low-cost housing in suburban Forest Hills: no again. And a bill which had the support of the Catholic hierarchy, to repeal the state's liberal new abortion law. Rockefeller was particularly nettled by a published Nixon letter to Cardinal Cooke endorsing the Cardinal's fight. Vetoed: the governor was not for "condemning hundreds of thousands of women to the dark age again." Quite a week for political courage.