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the weekly

Standard

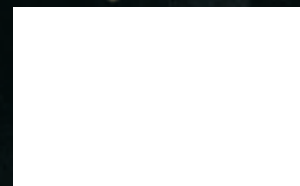
OCTOBER 8, 2001

\$3.95

A photograph of George W. Bush in a dark suit and red tie, standing with his hand over his heart. To his right, a Navy officer in a dark uniform with a gold band on his cap is saluting. In the background, other Navy officers in white caps are visible.

Man with a Mission

The Commander-in-Chief BY FRED BARNES
Bush's Patriotic Challenge BY DAVID BROOKS
The Korean Parallel BY FREDERICK W. KAGAN
A War Economy BY IRWIN M. STELZER





Maximizing Patient Choice

by E.M. Kolassa, Ph.D.

Direct-to-consumer (DTC) advertising of prescription medicines has expanded dramatically since 1997, when the U.S. Food and Drug Administration allowed pharmaceutical companies to market their products on television and radio.

Some critics contend that DTC advertising confuses patients, complicates their relationships with physicians, and drives up total drug spending. In fact, pharmaceutical promotion does just the opposite. As a result, promotion and other marketing activities that encourage the use of innovative medicines help to restrain overall healthcare spending.

Most pharmaceutical marketing activities focus on providing information to physicians and other healthcare professionals. Without these activities, many physicians would not know about new medicines, or new uses for existing medicines. In general, physicians do not readily seek out new therapies, and they have no requirement to inform themselves about new medicines. Marketing activities of drug firms are virtually the only means by which physicians learn about new therapies.

Physicians who try on their own to stay informed about new medicines face an insurmountable task. In any given year, more than 325 professional medical journals publish more than 1,700 articles on each of the leading 25 medicines. Individual physicians cannot possibly master this voluminous literature, and stay informed about scientific advances and new data

A world of ideas on public policy.

regarding the hundreds of medicines in common use. Pharmaceutical marketing provides the most current information about new medicines, new uses for older medicines, and newly discovered problems with or cautions concerning medicines. Many studies have shown that newer medicines result in improved health and lower costs for patients than do older medicines. Consequently, promotional activities that

Pharmaceuticals often reduce or eliminate the need for costlier medical interventions

speed the adoption of new medicines can improve and even save the lives of more patients.

Many governments strictly regulate and oversee pharmaceutical marketing. They require advertising materials to show "fair balance" and include complete information, and they ensure that advertising aimed at encouraging the use of medicines for specific diseases is consistent with approved labeling. Moreover, because pharmaceutical markets are highly competitive, one firm's advertising must compete with, and respond to, that of others providing similar products. Finally, physicians do not absorb uncritically pharmaceutical advertising and the suggestions of sales representatives. Studies have shown that physicians seek the views of trusted experts before they themselves prescribe new medicines.

DTC advertising helps to diffuse innovation quickly and safely into the healthcare system. Many critics of this advertising view it as both wasteful and coercive. But if advertising did not generate revenues in excess of its own costs, companies would not engage in it. No objective study has ever found that promotional spending drives pharmaceutical prices higher. In fact, many studies have shown that heavily-advertised medicines are priced lower than less-promoted alternatives. In addition, those who view drug advertising as coercive seem to think that physicians, who are among the most highly educated and skeptical members of our society, cannot resist (or even evaluate) the claims of pharmaceutical sales representatives.

Many critics of DTC advertising favor the so-called "patient's bill of rights." But an informed and responsible patient must have full knowledge about his or her disease and available treatments. In 1962, President John F. Kennedy proclaimed a "Consumer's Bill of Rights," arguing that every consumer had the right to be informed, the right to choose, the right to be heard, and the right to safety. DTC advertising enables patients to know the range of choices available to them, identify sources of information, and ask informed questions about their care. As a result, it helps to vindicate three of the rights set forth by President Kennedy.

E.M. Kolassa, Ph.D. is Associate Professor of Pharmacy Administration, and Associate Director of the Center for Pharmaceutical Marketing and Management at the University of Mississippi. This article is adapted from his paper, "In Search of Fair Balance: Prejudiced Attacks on the Research Based Pharmaceutical Industry Can Result in Dangerous Policies," available at: www.rx.olemiss.edu/cpmm2000/publications/fairbalance

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Cover: President George W. Bush and military aide Lt. Col. Charles Williams stand at attention during a flag-raising ceremony at Camp David, Md., Sunday, Sept. 23, 2001. The American flag was raised to the top of the pole from the half-staff position for the first time since Sept. 11.

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Jesse Jackson Invites Himself to Afghanistan

Like herpes simplex, Jesse Jackson never really goes away—he just lies dormant. Clearly, the present national crisis was too much for him to resist. So Jackson last week announced he had received an “invitation” from the Taliban to lead a “peace delegation” to Afghanistan. Of course, Jackson, judicious fellow that he is, subsequently said that he “must weigh what this invitation means.” Additionally, he asserted that he “was surprised that I heard from them.” Not as surprised as the Taliban, it turns out, who claim they extended no such invitation—it was Jackson who invited himself.

The Taliban’s ambassador to Pakistan, Abdul Salem Zaef, said, “We have not invited him, but he offered to mediate, and our leader, Mullah Mohammad Omar, has accepted this offer.” Strangely enough, last Tuesday—two days before Jackson unveiled the so-called “invitation”—he told

Newsday, “We’ve been reaching out to some of the Taliban religious leaders” to start a “clergy-to-clergy dialogue.” This, he claimed, was born of his previous relationship with the Taliban (who conduct public executions in their soccer stadium), which he said was characterized by “ecumenical respect.” A source close to the Taliban, however, tells *THE SCRAPBOOK*, “Three nights ago, I spoke to the ambassador in Islamabad [Abdul Salem Zaef], and he asked me who the hell Jesse Jackson was.”

But as Jackson has said, it doesn’t really matter how the invitation came about, just that it was made. U.S. officials such as Colin Powell (of whom Jackson once said “Very rich white people can trust him, they can trust him to drop bombs”) have warned Jackson against conducting freelance diplomacy. Still, we wonder if there might not be a case for deploying the Jackson weapon. President Bush, has, after all, warned

that this will be a long war, fought on unconventional fronts.

What better way to bloodlessly drive the Taliban to ruin than to send Jackson for a protracted visit? With any luck, based on his past behavior, there will be little Jacksons roaming the countryside in just a few years, busting couplets, shaking people down for “donations” to Jackson’s nonprofits, and generally haranguing the Taliban for not employing enough ethnic Tajiks and Uzbeks. If that doesn’t have them heading for the Hindu Kush, nothing will.

While Jackson has said he will go only if he thinks he can make “progress,” *THE SCRAPBOOK* believes that with all the possible self-promotional opportunities, the question isn’t if he’ll go, but how. The State Department has put Jackson on notice that he’s on his own. How about a more appropriate sendoff: Strap him to the payload of an F-15, then bombs away over Kabul. ♦

Chattering Asses, I

Picture this: A 13-year-old girl in New York comes home from school and tells her mother maybe they should show solidarity with their friends, neighbors, and countrymen by putting up a flag. The mother says no. “Definitely not. . . . The flag stands for jingoism and vengeance and war. [My daughter] tells me I’m wrong—the flag means standing together and honoring the dead and saying no to terrorism. . . . I tell her she can buy a flag with her own money and fly it out her bedroom window, because that’s hers, but the living room is off-limits.”

This, you’ve probably guessed, is no ordinary mother. To paraphrase Orwell, only a columnist for the *Nation* could be so obtuse. The most astonishing part of this story is that Katha Pollitt was so

self-unaware, she actually built her column this week around this unflattering (to her) anecdote.

The good news, of course, is that young Miss Pollitt is so sensible. We’re guessing readers will agree with us that she shouldn’t have to spend her own money on a flag. But we don’t really want to intrude any further on the mother-daughter relationship, so we’ll simply suggest mailing the appropriate red, white, and blue care packages to Flags for Miss Pollitt, c/o Katha Pollitt, *The Nation*, 33 Irving Place, 8th floor, New York, New York 10003. And we’ll just have to hope they make their way to the proper recipient. ♦

Chattering Asses, II

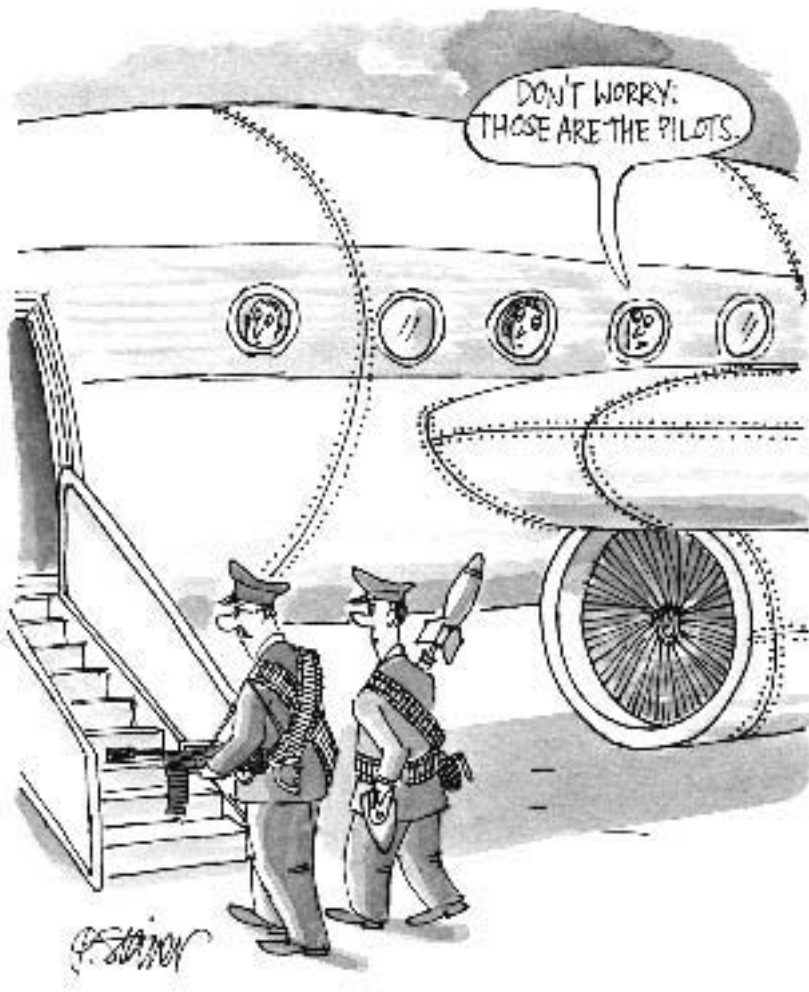
Pretty soon, you may need a secret decoder ring to read the news.

Reuters, the English wire service, has barred its journalists from using the word “terrorist.”

“We do not characterize the subjects of news stories but instead report their actions,” the company huffs. Plus they’re afraid for the safety of their employees and stringers in countries that have a rooting interest in, um, the terrorists.

CNN, for its part, told the *Wall Street Journal* last week that it would not call the men responsible for the September 11 attacks “terrorists.” They would instead be identified as “alleged hijackers” because “CNN cannot convict anybody; nothing has been judged by a court of law.”

THE SCRAPBOOK, on the other hand, is a hanging judge and hereby convicts CNN and Reuters of cowardice unbecoming a news organization. ♦



Chattering Asses, III

One bit of conventional wisdom gaining rapid acceptance in the wake of September 11 is that the era of irony and cynicism—the Seinfeldization of our media and entertainment culture—is now over. But wait, says Jedediah Purdy, the dreadfully earnest Wunderkind of the goo-goo Left who made his name denouncing the age of irony in his 1999 book *For Common Things*.

In a textbook example of publicity-savvy jujitsu, Purdy told the *New York Times* last week that, after seeing 6,000 of its citizens vaporized, the country might actually benefit from a little more ironic detachment:

“In peaceful and prosperous times,

he said, irony is a way of ‘keeping the passions in hibernation when there is not much for them to live on, but another kind of irony can also work to keep dangerous excesses of passion and self-righteousness and extreme conviction at bay.’ The latter form of irony, he said, might be healthy as the country’s mood becomes increasingly bellicose.”

Purdy—though on the evidence above he is personally incapable of it—thinks that irony is now necessary to restrain the “dangerous excesses” and “extreme convictions” of a wounded America, lest we become too bellicose in responding to the excesses of the Osama bin Ladens of the world.

We’re on the earnestness bandwagon ourselves, while always reserving the right to be ironic about Purdy. ♦

No Growth Please, We’re Democrats

“We’ve got to make sure that these are temporary measures that boost the economy now but don’t have long term effects,” said Senator Kent Conrad of North Dakota last week. So long term we want the economy to tank? ♦

Chattering Asses, Post-grad Division

The *Chronicle of Higher Education* ran a symposium last week on the September 11 attack, which, to be fair, had many sensible contributors. Then there were others, too numerous to list. Here’s our favorite:

David P. Barash, University of Washington: “If it is human nature to seek revenge, then it seems that an equally human nature motivated the perpetrators, who perceive themselves to be seeking revenge. If the United States, in its righteous anger, will ‘make no distinction between terrorists and those who harbor them’—in the words of President Bush—then, in view of the fact that many people consider the United States to be a terrorist state, weren’t the perpetrators following just such a policy in attacking innocent civilians—making no distinction between their view of the terrorists (our government, our country) and those who harbor them (ourselves)?”

Barash has forgotten the Victorian rejoinder to such reasoning. When some English adventurer in the subcontinent was told not to interfere with the longstanding local practice of *suttee*, or widow burning, he said, fine, but don’t you then interfere with my nation’s longstanding policy of hanging those who burn women alive. ♦

Scrapbook

Why Do They Hate America?

We would be remiss if we failed to call your attention to a remarkable article defending America. Especially since we picked on the British press in last week's SCRAPBOOK. The full 3,500 word essay by Bryan Appleyard, published under the above title in the September 23 London *Sunday Times*, can be found at the following address: www.sunday-times.co.uk/news/pages/sti/2001/09/23/stiusausa01024.html? (a bit convoluted, but worth the trouble). It's a spectacular piece of impassioned writing. Here are some excerpts, and we like them so much, we aren't even going to correct the British spelling. THE SCRAPBOOK recommends queuing up a John Philip Sousa CD for accompaniment:

We have seen Pakistanis waving pictures of Osama bin Laden and wearing T-shirts celebrating the death of 6,000 Americans. We have seen Palestinians dancing in the streets and firing their Kalashnikovs in glee. We have heard Harold Pinter and friends pleading with the West to stop a war we didn't start. A few of us have read a *New Statesman* editorial coming perilously close to suggesting that bond dealers in the World Trade Center had it coming.

Or consider what Elisabetta Burba, an Italian journalist, reported for the *Wall Street Journal* from Beirut. She saw suited, coiffed professionals cheering in the streets. Then she went into a fashionable cafe. "The cafe's sophisticated clientele was celebrating, laughing, cheering and making jokes, as waiters served hamburgers and Diet Pepsi. Nobody looked shocked or moved. They were excited, very excited," she writes.

"Ninety per cent of the Arab world believes that America got what it deserved," she is told. "An exaggeration?"

she comments. "Rather an understatement."

It is horrifying but not entirely surprising; we have seen it before. I, certainly, have always lived in a world suffused with savage anti-Americanism. In my childhood the grown-ups were all convinced that the apparently inevitable nuclear holocaust would be the fault of the Americans. In my student years I saw the Vietnam war used as an excuse for violence and intimidation that would have made Mao Tse-tung proud—indeed, my contemporaries were waving his Little Red Book, his guide to mass murder, as they attempted to storm the American embassy. I saw many of those who now weep like crocodiles burning the Stars and Stripes.

How strange, I thought, even then. They wore Levi jeans, drank Coke, watched American television and listened to American music. Something inside them loved America, even as something outside them hated her. They were like fish that hated the very sea in which they swam—the whisky, in Samuel Beckett's words, that bore a grudge against the decanter. Like the Beirut elite, they wanted to have their hamburgers and eat them, to bite the Yankee hand that fed them.

But there is something more terrible, more gravely unjust here than 1960s student stupidity, more even than the dancing of the Palestinians and the Lebanese.

Let us ponder exactly what the Americans did in that most awful of all centuries, the 20th. They saved Europe from barbarism in two world wars. After the second world war they rebuilt the continent from the ashes. They confronted and peacefully defeated Soviet communism, the most murderous system ever devised by man, and thereby enforced the slow dismantling—we hope—of Chinese communism, the second most murderous. America, primarily, ejected Iraq from Kuwait and helped us to eject Argentina from the Falklands. America stopped the slaughter in the Balkans while the Europeans dithered.

Now let us ponder exactly what the Americans are. America is free, very democratic and hugely successful. Americans speak our language and a dozen or so Americans write it much, much better than any of us. Americans make extremely good films and the cultivation and style of their best television programmes expose the vulgarity of the best of ours. Almost all the best universities in the world are American and, as a result, American intellectual life is the most vibrant and cultivated in the world.

"People should think," David Halberstam, the writer, says from the blasted city of New York, "what the world would be like without the backdrop of American leadership with all its flaws over the past 60 years." Probably, I think, a bit like hell.

There is a lot wrong with America and terrible things have been done in her name. But when the chips are down all the most important things are right. On September 11 the chips went down. . . .

Civilisation? It lies exactly 3,000 miles to the west of where I write and some of it is in ruins. I just wish it was closer.

I am sick of my generation's whining ingratitude, its willful, infantile loathing of the great, tumultuous, witty and infinitely clever nation that has so often saved us from ourselves. But I am heartened by something my 19-year-old daughter said: "America has always been magic to us, we don't understand why you lot hate it so much."

Anti-Americanism has never been right and I hope it never will be. Of course there are times for criticism, lampoons, even abuse. But this is not one of them. This is a time when we are being asked a question so simple that it is almost embarrassing—a question that should silence the *Question Time* morons, the sneering chatterers and the cold warriors, a question so elemental, so fundamental, so pristine that, luxuriating in our salons, we had forgotten it could even be asked. So face it, answer it, stand up and be counted.

Whose side are you really on? ♦



Two Big Steps In U.S.-UN Relations

- ✓ Second payment of UN arrears
- ✓ Confirmation of UN Ambassador

In the past two weeks, Congress took two steps that strengthen the relationship between the U.S. and the United Nations at a critical time — when our country seeks the support of the international community to fight the war on terrorism. One step is the payment of our second and largest arrears payment to the UN. The other is the confirmation of John D. Negroponte to serve as U.S. Permanent Representative to the UN.

Together, these steps help the U.S. exercise world leadership at the United Nations. Since the terrorist attacks, the UN has stood with the U.S. Within a day, the UN passed strong resolutions to express the support of the international community for actions against those responsible and those who harbored them.



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Casual

NO MORE MR. NICE GUY

When I moved to Washington in the late 1980s, I was without a job; I saved face by calling myself a “freelancer.” And I had few friends; I found the next-best thing in bars. At 10 or so most weeknights, I’d walk down to the Blockhouse. I chose the place because it happened to be on the corner. But this was like choosing a horse at the county fair who turns out to be Secretariat. The Blockhouse was a temple of dedicated, rock-bottom, end-of-the-line dipsomania.

They say excessive thirst affects all types—“from jail to Yale,” and all that. So on the one hand hanging around in bars is akin to mental illness. On the other, it’s considerably more varied and fascinating than people tend to grant. The Blockhouse regulars included a lawyer who had once argued cases before the Supreme Court (“but I hated the routine . . . ’nother scotch?”), a 40-ish woman who’d written scholarly articles on Proust but been denied tenure around 1978 (she blamed—“hic!”—sexism, but claimed to find substitute teaching “more rewarding”), and a guy who’d drunk his way from being number three at a multinational corporation to being a “consultant” (a job description that, for him, served the same end that “freelancer” did for me). In short, most everybody there *used to be* someone really interesting. In the weeks before their stories got stale, they were all of them, each in his own way, delightful company.

And then there was Ratface.

Ratface was around 45 and came from Appalachia. He was, plain and simple, a psychopath. Back then, every other movie concerned someone with horrible memories of Vietnam who comes home, hallucinates, and shoots up a shopping mall. When Mrs. Proust said of Ratface “He’s a Vietnam vet,” she intended it to speak volumes.

“Ratface” wasn’t one of those behind-the-back slurs. He actually answered to it. It had become not just his nickname but his name, and it was the kind of name you can carry only if you’re *never* in civilized company. How he had picked up that moniker was not exactly shrouded in mystery. He always sat alone and ordered the cheapest draft beer. Except when drinking, he’d stare directly into the suds, his eyes in a vicious squint. He looked afraid that the beer would dash out the front door if he relaxed his guard. His lips were constantly moving in a sputtering, angry whisper. You couldn’t tell what he was saying, but it had a lot of f-sounds in it. To the rest



of us, he spoke only once an hour or so, always to interject something terrifying. If Mr. Lawyer and Mr. Consultant were discussing how Senator Whosis was on TV the other night, Ratface would snap his head up from the rim of his glass and say . . . very . . . slowly . . . “Sinnator Whosis bloangs in a shaller grave.”

One night I was talking with Mrs. Proust when I got the sense that Ratface had awakened. Thirty feet down the bar, he was staring at me. His eyes were gleaming, almost as if he were challenging me to a fight. This was obviously a misimpression, I thought, since we’d never exchanged a single word, harsh or otherwise. But he clearly wanted something, so I walked down the bar to figure out what.

“Hey,” I said, with a friendly smile.

“Hey what?” Now his lips were pursed tight.

“Well, sorry, I thought you were . . . em . . . trying to get my attention.”

“Whadduf ah woz?” This was said in the spitting vengeful tones he usually saved for addressing his beer.

There was no way to ignore his anger. “Em . . .,” I began, “I’d hate to think I’d done anything to upset you. Really, I’m a nice guy and—”

As if that’s what mattered! A dozen years later I can still remember the sight of his bared, stained teeth as he spit out at me, “Ah *hate* nice guys!”

I never went back to the Blockhouse, and that’s the end of the story. It’s a trivial episode in my life. It has risen into memory in the last three weeks, of course, only because of the attacks on the World Trade Center. Each of us, I imagine, is trying to come up with something in his own experience that would allow him to place this catastrophe under the rubric of the understandable. Unless you know a lot about Jonestown or Auschwitz, you won’t find it.

It’s Ratface’s world now. Like most Americans, I’m out of my depth. The best I can do is dredge up a seconds-long confrontation that took place in the distant past, in a joint where dysfunction was the very merchandise. My conclusion: The kind of person who tries to convince a *violent psycho* that he himself is a “nice guy” is not going to be a good guide to the present situation.

Our knee-jerk American response is to be nice, to search for some explanation of the hijackers’ actions at the moral level. Under today’s circumstances, such “explanations” are relativistic, cowardly, and obscene. The American instinct for niceness, if not exactly gone, is no longer sufficient as a guiding principle. It was a quality we always treasured in ourselves. But it turns out to have been as overrated as our dearest European friends warned us it was. It was merely another name for remoteness from evil. The world will miss it as much as we do.

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL



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The Enemy Isn't Us

If you've heard it once, you've heard it a thousand times already—from the same people who always tell us obvious things a thousand times when once would do: In response to a mass murder of our fellow citizens carried out by foreign hands, Americans must be careful not to alter the fundamental arrangements of our domestic life, else the bad guys will have won. “Nothing would please the terrorists more,” you see, than for us to turn on one another, brother against brother, and set the Bill of Rights on fire in a McCarthyite witch hunt for the enemy within. Even at a moment of national crisis, the United States must remain the United States.

Well, yes. But at the same time, well, no.

It's not at all clear, actually, that “staying true to ourselves” is really the thing that'll get al Qaeda where it hurts. There've been some 90 apparent incidents of bias against Arab and Muslim Americans, a couple of them violent. And there's a proposal by the Bush administration to give federal agencies expanded power to deter and prosecute terror plots—a proposal which various “civil liberties” groups, left and right, rush to decry as “draconian.” The bias crimes are an insult to our country's honor. And the anti-terrorism legislation is open to reasonable debate on its particulars.

Just the same, we rather doubt that Osama bin Laden now wakes up each morning hoping most of all for another vandalized mosque in Detroit and passage of the Mobilization Against Terrorism Act in Washington. We suspect, instead, that there remain a few items higher up on his priorities list—like not hearing an overflight of B-52s.

How such a man as bin Laden wishes America to conduct its internal affairs should be irrelevant in any case. That is for us to decide—while we sit around waiting to see him get what's coming. And it is a question that turns out to be considerably more complicated than the ostentatious soul-searching of our interest groups and op-ed pages would imply.

To begin with: Is there, in fact, a pogrom now underway against American citizens of the Islamic persuasion? Or any serious reason to fear one? “Times of deep insecurity, grief, and anger,” correspondent Linda Greenhouse lets loose in the *New York Times*, “have often evoked the worst of our national instincts.” Following Pearl Harbor, for example, more than 100,000 Japanese Americans—Greenhouse makes the analogy explicit in her very next sen-

tence—were driven from their West Coast homes and subjected to federal internment in spare and frozen Rocky Mountain Quonset huts. Will we now do something similar to the Muslims among our neighbors, she wonders? What “if the idea takes root that civil liberties should not be permitted to stand in the way of a war on terrorism” and “security measures start to corrode the very society they are designed to protect?”

And what if pigs should fly? Federal investigators believe that a handful of Osama bin Laden terrorist cells remain at large in the United States, and the FBI has specific members of the cells under surveillance. But though 6,000 people are now dead by these suspects' likely connivance, not a one of them has yet been arrested. And our government is obviously, vocally, painfully embarrassed even by the appearance of certain steps it has already taken: the detention and questioning of various Arab-originated gentlemen lately resident within our shores. No general connection should be assumed, we are repeatedly told by our public officials, between any ethnic or religious group and the support or sponsorship of terrorism.

This word comes down from the very top: from the Oval Office, from the podium of a joint session of Congress, from every platform the president now employs. Indeed, George W. Bush has been at pains to acquit Arab and Muslim Americans of association with political violence since *before* the World Trade Center was destroyed.

This past June, the White House hosted a meeting of various representatives from those communities. Before it could begin, however, the event was marred by an “incident.” One of the invitees, a Duke University undergraduate named Abdullah Al-Arian, was abruptly escorted off the property by Secret Service agents operating, *Newsweek* would report, on an “erroneous tip that the student had terrorist connections.” *Newsweek* called it a “gaffe,” especially given that Al-Arian's father, identified only as “one of the country's leading advocates for repeal of secret-evidence laws,” had campaigned for George W. Bush against Al Gore. White House apologies were immediate and profuse. But memories of the slight—and the prejudice it might seem to have reflected—lingered.

At least they lingered with young Mr. Al-Arian, who days after the World Trade Center and Pentagon atrocities returned to *Newsweek* as a guest columnist. He had been victimized once by the Secret Service in June, Al-Arian

wrote, “evidently condemned [merely] by my name and physical features.” And now he feared being victimized again by “an inevitable backlash.” “How could it be,” he asked, “that I, or anyone in my position, could possibly be associated” with terrorism?

Let’s not all raise our hands at once, but let’s not permit this question to go unanswered, either. Our *Newsweek* essayist’s father—the Bush supporter, remember—is one Sami Al-Arian. By day, Al-Arian is a professor of computer engineering at the University of South Florida and a man who now tells the Associated Press that he is a patriotic American like everybody else and “if I knew anyone who is going to be a threat, there is not even a thought in my mind, I would report it.” Off campus, however . . . no, check that, on campus sometimes, too, Professor Al-Arian is something else altogether.

Not so many years ago, for instance, he founded a “think tank” at USF called the World Islamic Studies Institute and installed a man named Ramadan Abdullah Shallah as its director. There the two men engaged in what Al-Arian calls “intellectual-type activity.” Ramadan Abdullah Shallah has since moved on to another-type activity. He is currently head of the Islamic Jihad terrorist organization. A second Al-Arian-created outfit in Florida, the Islamic Committee for Palestine, once employed a fellow named Tarik Hamdi. Hamdi is personally acquainted with Osama bin Laden and is known to have provided him a battery for the cell phone used to organize the U.S. embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania.

Professor Al-Arian has hosted public pep rallies for Islamic Jihad founder Abdel Aziz-Odeh and Sheikh Abdul Rahman, mastermind of the first World Trade Center bombing. Film exists of Al-Arian at one of these rallies shouting “Jihad is our path! Victory to Islam! Death to Israel! Revolution! Revolution until victory! Rolling into Jerusalem!” As recently as August 29, testifying in federal court at a deportation hearing for his brother-in-law, suspected by the FBI of involvement in Palestinian terrorism, Al-Arian invoked his Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination—99 times—rather than answer such questions as whether he had engaged in fund-raising on behalf of organizations on the State Department watch list. And just last week, the website for the National Coalition to Protect Political Freedom—Sami Al-Arian, chairman—advised Arab Americans to “know your rights” and “don’t talk to the FBI” about the events of September 11.

Abdullah Al-Arian marvels that anyone could even remotely associate him with terrorism. Somebody should introduce him—and the editors of *Newsweek*, and the Secret Service—to his dad.

It says nothing about Arab and Muslim Americans as a whole that Sami Al-Arian’s very dangerous friends have so far lived and worked among us unmolested. Nor does it say anything about Arab and Muslim Americans as a whole that the country is now considering whether it can afford

such expansive hospitality in the future. Quite the contrary: The only ethnic and religious slur now in general circulation is the hysterical suggestion—a commonplace among critics of heightened domestic vigilance against terrorism—that it will be Arab and Muslim Americans as a whole who will suffer if the nation takes even the most modest steps to adjust its laws in response to new and horrifying realities. There are thousands of freshly grieving widows and orphans in New York and Washington just now. The specific people who helped make them grieve, and who might soon add others to their ranks—we need to get those specific people the hell off our streets, and quick. What exactly has that requirement to do with the Lebanese man who may be your cardiologist or cab driver?

Nothing whatsoever. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in the proposed Mobilization Against Terrorism Act that will in the slightest bit affect or inconvenience even so repellent a character as Abdullah Al-Arian’s father. Again, there is room for responsible disagreement over this draft legislation—at the margins. And it is precisely at those margins that Congress, on the one hand, and the White House and Justice Department, on the other, are now collegially negotiating. Carping at them from the outside, however, apparently uninterested in collegial negotiation towards a common, national goal, are a truly astonishing array of lobbying groups, the loudest of which were prepared—even before they’d read the bill—to declare it an offense against God and James Madison both.

Fashioning themselves “Organizations in Defense of Freedom” or the “Coalition for Constitutional Liberties,” here we find . . . practically every interest group in American politics: the American Association of University Women, George Soros’s drug-legalization front groups, Common Cause, Citizens for Choice in Health Care/Minnesota, Citizens Against Repressive Zoning, and so on, ad infinitum. Including a great big chunk of what passes for conservatism nowadays. Paul Weyrich’s increasingly fringy Free Congress Foundation, for example, warns that “our most basic and fundamental freedoms are under attack unlike any time since the Revolutionary War”—referring to the Bush administration’s still-theoretical *response* to an unprecedented slaughter of American civilians.

Honestly, now. By their criticism of the anti-terror bill under review on the Hill, many of these groups are simply pursuing narrow ideological fetishes—or the business interests of their corporate donors—that preexisted the September 11 airline hijackings. They are behaving as if nothing has happened. And they are demanding that the rest of us behave that way, too.

Which seems to us precisely what America *shouldn’t* do just now, bromides about “what the terrorists want” notwithstanding. We are called instead, as a unified people, to pull together against a genuine common enemy. We have met that enemy. He is not our federal government.

—David Tell, for the Editors

Man with a Mission

George W. Bush finds his calling. **BY FRED BARNES**

ON THE AFTERNOON before his televised speech to the nation on September 20, President Bush invited 27 religious leaders to join him at the White House and draft an ecumenical response to the terrorist attacks on America. Bush spent more than an hour with the group, talking about his concerns as president and listening to their views. Later in the afternoon, six of the religious leaders—a Catholic cardinal, a Sikh, an imam, a rabbi, and two evangelical Protestants—talked and prayed with Bush in the Oval Office. James Merritt, president of the Southern Baptist Convention, told Bush he had been chosen by God to lead the nation in the fight to protect America and the world against terrorism. “I believe you are God’s man for this hour,” Merritt said. “God’s hand is on you.” The president nodded.

Whether in a Christian or a more secular sense, Bush believes he’s been “called” to lead the country in the war against terrorism. He feels it’s not just by accident or luck that he’s president now. This feeling is reflected in the president’s speeches, his comments to reporters, and his conduct. Some who’ve met with Bush sense it in his demeanor. Several religious leaders at the larger gathering on September 20 referred to his calling. Bush and his aides have discussed it. One White House official, in an off-the-record speech, spoke of Bush’s role now as his destiny. Bush himself has often said he thinks “things happen for a reason.” Karl Rove, his senior adviser, says the need to defend America and eradicate terrorism following the

attacks on the World Trade Center and Pentagon “may be the reason he’s president, the purpose for which he’s been put in office—his calling.”

What’s the practical effect of this? We see it in Bush’s personal behavior. The religious leaders who met with him were struck by his calm. The most important speech of his presidency was a few hours away, plus dinner with British prime minister Tony Blair, yet Bush appeared to have all the time in the world to confer with them. Jean Elshtain, a professor of religion and politics at the University of Chicago, said he exuded a combination of humility and self-confidence. He said First Lady Laura Bush had “chastened” him for saying Osama bin Laden was “wanted dead or alive” and indicated he wouldn’t be using that phrase again. Bush asked for prayers for the country, the victims of September 11, himself, his family. They prayed, holding hands, and sang “God Bless America.” There was an awareness, a participant said, “of a real calling here.”

Nearly everyone who’s met privately with Bush since the attacks has been impressed by his resolve to defeat the perpetrators of terrorism. Bush has voiced this in public. “I will not yield,” he declared in his September 20 speech. “I will not rest. I will not relent in waging this struggle for freedom and security for the American people.” At the same time, he’s counseled patience in retaliating against terrorists. He’s not overeager.

Bush’s belief in his calling has altered his relationship with top aides. Pre-September 11, Bush often appeared to be the student of Vice President Dick Cheney, Secretary of State Colin Powell, and Defense Sec-

retary Donald Rumsfeld on national security issues. He seemed to defer to them. That’s no longer the case. They may have more experience, but the burden of leadership is on him. He’s less deferential now and didn’t hesitate to override Powell’s plan for releasing proof of Osama bin Laden’s culpability and to do so in public with Powell by his side.

Policy has also been affected. A few weeks ago, Bush said spurring the economy was the top priority of his administration. The economy still needs spurring, but on September 13 Bush said the nation “must understand [the war on terrorism] is now the focus of my administration.” Given that, getting his way on domestic policy is less important now. He’s decided his initiatives must be as bipartisan as possible—whatever it takes to keep broad support for the war. He favors an economic stimulus package that’s agreeable to congressional Democratic leaders. This has caused grumbling among Republicans on Capitol Hill. Bush has also defined the war on terrorism in the broadest possible terms. This reflects, from all outward evidence, a commitment to carry the fight well beyond snuffing out Osama bin Laden and his network. That’s the risky course, but Bush has expressed no qualms about staking his presidency on it.

His language reinforces this. He characterizes the war in religious terms, as one against “evil” and “evildoers.” In a photo opportunity at the start of a White House session with Muslim leaders, he used the word “evil” six times in responding to reporters’ questions. Though Bush hasn’t called terrorists Satan, he’s come close. Last Friday in a photo op with King Abdullah of Jordan, he said the bin Laden gang represented “evil and hate and destruction.” In his September 20 address, he said they “plot evil and destruction.” He said “God is not neutral” in the war against terrorism. And he spoke about the country in terms that might apply to himself. At least some White House staffers think so. “In our grief and anger we have found our mission

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and our moment,” the president said. Bush has found his. He said, “the country is called to defend freedom.” So is he.

It was Merritt, the Southern Baptist, who gave Bush a Christian view of his calling. He said Bush’s early career hardly pointed to the White House, but God changed his path. Bush was a moderately successful businessman, then general manager of a baseball team. In 1994, he was expected to lose the race for governor of Texas, while his brother Jeb was supposed to win the governorship in Florida. The opposite happened. Last year, he lost the popular vote, but wound up in the White House anyway. God knows the future, Merritt told Bush, and knew the terrorist attack would occur while Bush was president. The stage was set for Bush to be God’s agent of wrath.

That view may be hard for non-Christians—and even some Christians—to swallow. But there’s another take on “calling.” Bush had a calling to public service. He accepted it and, a few years later, landed in the White House. It’s a calling like that of a fireman who feels called to his work to save people. He could have taken a less dangerous, better paying job, but didn’t. A calling may not be religious, but it’s more than just having stumbled into a job or career. There’s a sense of destiny. Either way, Bush is sure he’s been called to lead America at this moment in history.

Success is not guaranteed. Jimmy Carter was a sincere Christian, willing to endure criticism for being “born again,” but he failed as president. Bush has said he reads the Bible every morning and prays frequently during the day. But he also understands we cannot know the mind of God and has said so. Besides, Christians recognize God doesn’t use only believers. President Lincoln’s faith was ambiguous, but he saved the Union. In hindsight, it looks like he answered God’s call. If, years from now, we see that the evil of terrorism was dramatically restrained through Bush’s leadership, we’ll know he was called. And responded well. ♦

Saudi Friends, Saudi Foes

Is our Arab ally part of the problem?

BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

THE EXTRAORDINARY ACT of destruction seen on September 11 had a noteworthy harbinger in Islamic history. In 1925, Ibn Saud, founder of the present Saudi Arabian dynasty, ordered the wholesale destruction of the sacred tombs, graveyards, and mosques in Mecca and Medina. These are, of course, the two holy cities of Islam, whose sanctity the Saudi exile Osama bin Laden and other Islamist extremists ostensibly seek to protect from the defiling presence of U.S. troops on Saudi soil.

Saud’s armed supporters, in a frenzy of iconoclasm, first leveled Jannat al-Baqi, the “heavenly orchard” in Medina, where one of the original associates of Muhammad was buried under the prophet’s supervision. Other relatives and thousands of early companions of the prophet were also interred at the site, as were the imams Hassan and Hussein, venerated by Sunni and Shia Muslims. All these graves were wrecked by Saud’s minions, who then looted the treasure at the prophet’s shrine.

The Saud party went on to demolish the cemetery in Mecca where the prophet’s mother, grandfather, and first wife, Khadijah, were buried; then to smash many more honored sites, devastating the architectural achievements of Arabia, including mosques and even Muhammad’s house. Only the tomb of the prophet was spared, after an outcry from traditional Muslims.

This spree of vandalism was accompanied by wholesale massacres

of Muslims suspected of rejecting Wahhabism, a fanatical strain of Islam that emerged in Arabia in the eighteenth century and has periodically disturbed the Muslim world. In the nineteenth century, it fueled the Arab nationalist challenge to the tolerant and easygoing Ottoman Empire; and it became, and remains today, the state-sanctioned doctrine of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, founded in 1932.

These events of 75 years ago aid in understanding the violence of bin Laden and other Islamic terrorists, who (since the waning of atheist leftism as a motivating ideology) are all Wahhabis. A direct line extends from the demolition of the holy places in Medina and Mecca through the slaughter of 58 tourists in Egypt in 1997, the orgy of killing in Algeria in this decade, and the bombardment of the Buddhist statues at Bamyán by the Taliban only months ago to the assault on the World Trade Center, symbol of Western wealth and power. In all these cases, unrestrained destruction and bloodshed were justified by Wahhabi doctrine.

Wahhabis, who regard the veneration of the prophet and of saints as a polytheistic corruption of Islam, are offended by the honoring of tombs and shrines, along with many other traditional Muslim practices. Observance of the prophet’s birthday, for example, is illegal in Saudi Arabia, although lately Prince Abdullah has introduced a novel concession: Observances in private homes will no longer be subject to suppression by the religious police.

Wahhabism’s bloodstained record explains why so many Muslims

Stephen Schwartz is working on a book to be entitled The Two Faces of Islam.



Independence and Skepticism

The Patriotic Duty of the Press



Public support for the War on Terrorism flows from the still-raw wounds of September 11.

But if this war drags on – as we’re told it will – continuing support depends on the confidence we have in our military and political leaders. And this depends on what Americans are told about the conduct of what may be a largely covert war.

President Bush would be wise to ensure the Pentagon refrains from the media manipulation it practiced during Desert Storm – excluding reporters from the battlefield, overstating successes, minimizing or ignoring mistakes, and sanitizing visual images.

Journalism professor Jacqueline Sharkey studied the Pentagon’s Gulf War “news management” and concluded that it “was designed not to enable the American people to make an objective evaluation of the events leading up to the conflict and the conduct of the war itself, but to promote public support for predetermined agendas, such as access to oil and support for controversial weapons systems.”

In the Summer 2001 issue of *Media Studies Journal*, which focused entirely on news in wartime, Professor Jane Kirtley wrote, “Experience has shown that the military, given

the opportunity, will do everything possible to use the media as instruments of propaganda, to shape public opinion and to garner support.”

Such is the natural inclination of warriors.

But journalists have a duty to resist official spin even when some secrecy is justified. A free press must “serve the governed, not the governors,” said Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black.

If the war goes well, the White House need not fear a well-informed citizenry. If not, Americans will demand to know why.

Either way, journalists will best serve the national interest by maintaining a patriotic skepticism and by asserting their independence to report the war with or without Pentagon cooperation.

TomPaine.com – The Patriotic Duty of the Press
Featuring “Desert Storm Disinformation” from the Center for Public Integrity (www.Public-L.org)... and “Front Lines and Deadlines” a selection of articles from the Freedom Forum’s *Media Studies Journal* (www.FreedomForum.org).



The Khobar Towers in Dhahran, after the 1996 explosion that killed 19 U.S. servicemen.

around the world fear and hate Islamic fundamentalism—and why certain marginal types are drawn to it. As an acquaintance of mine put it, in Muslim Morocco, the footloose young sons of the lower middle class and proletariat can take one of three paths. They may adopt Western ways, drink and acquire girlfriends, and be envied. They may take up the life of an ordinary observant Muslim and be respected. Or they may join the Wahhabis—funded by the Saudis and organized by such as bin Laden—and be feared.

This is the most important point for Western leaders to understand right now: The West has multitudes of potential Muslim allies in the anti-terror war. They are the ordinary, sane inhabitants of every Muslim nation, who detest the fundamentalist violence from which they have suffered and which is symbolized, now and forever, by the mass murder in New York.

There is another historical lesson to be drawn. Wahhabism—whose quintessence is war on America—seeks to impel Islam centuries back in time, to the faith's beginnings, yet it is neither ancient nor traditional. Indeed, it achieved its culmination, the establishment of the Saudi kingdom, only in the 1930s, in parallel with fascism and Stalinism. Although it appears to be a rejection of modernity, Wahhabism can usefully be thought of as a variant of the nihilistic revolutionary ideologies that

spilled oceans of blood in the twentieth century but finally collapsed—truly, the discredited lies consigned to history's graveyard of which President Bush spoke.

Saudi-backed Wahhabism may indeed follow communism to disintegration sooner than we think; it may now stand at the close of its influence in the world. That is because the Saudi regime has placed itself in a position much like that of the Soviets at their end. The Saudis have been forced to make concessions to the West that clash with the puritanical demands of Wahhabism; their actions do not match their words. In the same way, the Bolshevik rulers of Russia established an order blatantly in conflict with the egalitarian and progressive promises held out by Communist ideology. And like the Soviets, the Saudis have chosen a method of compensating for their failures that will inevitably undermine their power.

The Soviet Union, although pledging coexistence with the capitalist nations, wasted vast resources on Third World adventures intended to expand its influence and legitimize its revolutionary rhetoric. These ranged from the Spanish Civil War through the Korean War and on to Cuba, Indochina, Central America, Africa, and of course Afghanistan. The irresolvable contradiction between the reality of Soviet communism and its pretensions helped mightily to prepare its downfall.

Similarly, the Saudi regime poses as an ally of the democracies in the antiterrorist coalition, while continuing to spend vast sums of its oil revenues to promote Wahhabi radicalism throughout the Islamic world and the Muslim communities in the West, including America. Recall the Saudis' obstruction of the investigation of the suicide-bombing of the Khobar towers in which 19 Americans died in 1996. Now it emerges that almost all of the footsoldiers of the September 11 conspiracy whose nationality has been ascertained were Saudi nationals. The truth is that powerful elements in Saudi society have supported Osama bin Laden throughout his campaign of terror, just as they support the Taliban.

An incident observed after the war in Kosovo—in which the West liberated a million and a half Muslims from a genocidal Serbia—shows how the Saudis spread their vicious doctrine and in the process earn the contempt of traditional Muslims. After the NATO bombing ended in July 1999, something called the Saudi Joint Relief Committee for Kosovo, or SJRCK, appeared on the scene. In its first two months, the committee claimed to have spent a million dollars.

Half of this was used to bring 388 Islamic “propagators” or missionaries to Kosovo to spread Wahhabism among the Kosovars. A key goal was to recruit young men for training as Wahhabi imams. Saudi-subsidized mass “cultural programs” featuring prayers and lectures were held in stadiums. Propaganda printed in Albanian pushed a simple message: Reject the West in its totality. The Albanians were unreceptive, and soon the Saudis and “aid workers” from other Gulf states had become so overbearing that the local Muslim clergy were urging U.N. administrators to expel them from Kosovo. The mufti of Kosovo, Dr. Rexhep Boja, declared that the Kosovars had been Muslims for more than 500 years and needed no instruction in the faith from foreigners.

Such anecdotes, common in the



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Balkans, the Caucasus, Central Asia, India, and elsewhere, should help the West address its immediate problem: How to beat terrorism without being seen to lead the global crusade against Islam that Wahhabi propaganda insists we intend? We must first abandon the illusion that because the Saudis are rich and their economic interests coincide with ours they are all our friends. But we must also commit time and effort to helping forward-looking, mainstream, and above all anti-Wahhabi Muslims become part of a permanent coalition for worldwide security.

Many strategists in Western capitals ask where we will find Muslims prepared to stand by the West. One tested Muslim statesman who is widely respected, even idolized, in the Islamic world is the wartime president of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Alija Izetbegovic. A learned and pious Muslim who was imprisoned for his faith by Tito's Communist regime, Izetbegovic led the fight for the survival of Bosnian Islam. He is an authentic warrior in a legitimate jihad.

In 1997, addressing the Organization of the Islamic Conference in Tehran, Izetbegovic declared, "Islam is best, but we [Muslims] are not the best. The West is neither corrupted nor degenerate. It is strong, well educated, and organized. Their schools are better than ours. Their cities are cleaner than ours. The level of respect for human rights in the West is higher, and the care for the poor and less capable is better organized. Westerners are usually responsible and accurate in their words. Instead of hating the West, let us proclaim cooperation instead of confrontation."

Izetbegovic, of course, is not an Arab, but neither are most of the Muslims in the world. Most of the world's Muslims, given the chance, would gladly side with Izetbegovic against both bin Laden and his patrons in Saudi Arabia, a culturally incoherent, politically two-faced country that we should regard as a state backer of terrorism at least as dangerous as Libya or Iran. ♦

The Korean Parallel

Is it June 1950 all over again?

BY FREDERICK W. KAGAN



AP / Wide World Photos

IN JUNE 1950 President Harry S. Truman had on his desk, or perhaps already in a drawer, a copy of one of the most insightful and important documents of modern times. National Security Council Report 68 laid out a clear statement of the global threat that the Soviet Union and international communism posed to America and our way of life. It also advocated a major rearmament and the commitment of the nation to a very long-term program of opposing and destroying communism. Truman, however, had not endorsed NSC 68 and was, in fact, skeptical of its call for rearmament and global commitment. The United States had just finished demobilizing from the last war, and Truman was fixated on domestic problems—principally the American economy, which, evidence suggested, was about to enter a serious

slump.

But in the early morning of June 25, 1950, North Korean forces rolled south, crushing the South Korean troops in their way, seizing Seoul, and pressing a hastily assembled American force back to a defensive line around our last major port on the Korean peninsula, Pusan. Even as American forces were establishing the Pusan Perimeter, Truman was asking Congress for substantial increases in the defense budget—and was receiving them. Thereafter, with inevitable ups and downs, NSC 68 remained the blueprint for America's conduct of and victory in the forty-year Cold War.

Many are now comparing the despicable attack of September 11 with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. We should hope, instead, that the real analogy will be to the surprise attack of June 25, 1950. In response to Pearl Harbor, we mobilized the entire nation for a massive effort aimed at the destruction of

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two clear, visible, and vulnerable foes. In the grand scheme of history, the effort was intense, but short. Within four years we had won and begun to demobilize with breakneck speed. By the late 1940s the armed forces were once again weak and vulnerable, and America was once again turning inward, despite the warnings of a few prescient thinkers who saw the danger.

In response to the Korean attack, however, we did more than simply prepare for the relatively brief fight in northeast Asia. We committed ourselves to a prolonged struggle against a global ideological threat, we sustained an unprecedented level of peacetime military strength, and we fought in numerous large and small engagements ranging from full-scale wars to peacekeeping operations for four decades. No one expected a rapid victory and few policymakers doubted the importance of the fight. That is the model we must look to today.

The first and most important thing that NSC 68 did was identify the threat clearly and develop a coherent grand strategy using all of the resources of the nation to respond to it. It then evaluated the resources that would be needed and made a powerful argument on behalf of an unprecedented increase in the peacetime defense budget. It also addressed the strengths and weaknesses of American society in light of the Communist threat, which, the authors wisely recognized, went beyond the bounds of military danger. The analogies to the current situation are clear.

The threat today is twofold. First, there is a real ideological challenge to America posed by those who see in the United States the epitome of everything they hate about the modern world. They hate our wealth and comfort, but even more our pervasive culture that so erodes the traditional values they hold dear. Those who are committed to this ideology, including almost all anti-American terrorists, cannot be reasoned with or negotiated with—they can only

be deterred or destroyed. Second, the very disorder and violence that pervades much of the Islamic world is itself a danger to America. For too long we have lamented the existence of “failing states” without recognizing the degree to which they are breeding grounds for violence and staging areas for attacks on us and our allies. “Nation-building” should be embraced, not shunned, for it is in our interest to build solid states on the ruins of those that have collapsed.

As in the 1950s, however, we must begin by dramatically increasing our military resources. We have known for many years that our standing armed forces were too small for the missions we expected them to perform. Such weakness helped drive and support the feckless foreign policy of the Clinton years, one of many factors contributing to the current crisis. As we now confront the reality of a prolonged effort to combat our enemies and to eliminate the violence and chaos that threatens us, we will also have to confront the reality of dramatically increased defense budgets. Estimates of the increases needed to merely offset current deficiencies have ranged from \$50 to \$100 billion annually. Now we will have to take \$100 billion as a base figure and probably revise it upward. To fight a war against Afghanistan and possibly Iraq as well, while continuing to deter North Korea and China and maintaining a readiness to meet unforeseen challenges elsewhere, armed forces half again as large as they are now would still be too small.

At the same time, calls for renewing the draft are premature and unwise. We learned during the Gulf War the value of a fully professional armed force. It was no accident that the first war in our history that did not begin with a defeat in battle was fought by the first all-professional force we ever used. If we desire to maintain casualty ratios similar to those we saw in 1991—and we should—it is essential to maintain

the professional nature of the military. The current economic slowdown, combined with the enormous upsurge in patriotism following the attacks of September 11, should bring a sufficient number of new recruits into the armed forces, especially if proper incentives are offered. That is the mobilization program we should now pursue.

Military change should occur at all levels. Conflict in Afghanistan will require extensive movement by helicopter, and that requirement will strain our present resources. We should immediately move to increase the helicopter lift available to the light army divisions. At the same time, we should procure many more Comanche scout-attack helicopters. The Comanche is the only such machine designed with the stealth technology needed to defeat the Stinger missiles and other shoulder-launched surface-to-air missiles that the Afghan *mujahedeen*—as well as many other enemies of the United States—have.

It is time for the army to transform its current structure, one suited to refighting Desert Storm or World War II, to something more flexible, agile, and amenable to rapid deployment. Proposals such as that offered by Colonel Douglas MacGregor in *Breaking the Phalanx* should be implemented at once. MacGregor offers an organizational plan for the army that would facilitate the rapid deployment and long-term sustainment of brigade-sized combined arms units. In addition, such a plan would make it easier for the army to operate in a collaborative environment. The army's current structure of divisions and corps is outdated and cumbersome, and it must be revised. Even beyond that change, it is time to rethink the organization of our armed forces as a whole. The armed services should be reorganized to maximize our ability to integrate our air, land, sea, and space capabilities.

We should also recognize that periods of conflict dramatically accelerate changes in military tech-

nology and the nature of war itself. Current military transformation programs, therefore, should be rethought from the ground up. Projected completion dates set around 2030 or later should be scrapped and earlier timelines developed. The nation will have to provide the necessary resources. Fortunately money spent on defense is productive, not harmful, for the economy. But the military expenditures of the 1950s and 1960s did more than merely spur the economy. They also led to fundamental technological breakthroughs ranging from the development of computers to the space program. It is time for another such push to develop the basic technologies needed to transform the military.

All of these changes have parallels in America's response to the Cold War. In the 1950s and 1960s not only did the United States greatly increase its peacetime defense budget, but we also revolutionized our armed forces. The concept of helicopter mobility was first developed during the early stages of the war in Vietnam, and the armed forces experimented with and adopted a number of dramatic changes in their organization and structure. Above all, the United States committed itself for the long haul to the support of its friends and the opposition of its enemies around the world. The wisdom or unwisdom of any given commitment can be debated, but there can be no dispute that the commitment as a whole was an essential element in the ultimate destruction of communism.

We must go beyond the simple desire to "respond" and attack the particular individuals who were responsible for the events of September 11. The safety of the United States and its citizens requires that we answer with a dramatic change in our policies over the long term. That is the only way any good can come from the horrible loss we have suffered and the only way we can work to ensure the safety of our state and our children. ♦

The War Economy

What the government should and shouldn't do. **BY IRWIN M. STELZER**

THE AIRLINES have too few passengers and too many seats, and so go to the government for an immediate \$15 billion bailout. Amtrak has too many passengers and too few seats, and goes to the government for an immediate \$3 billion bailout. The airlines want subsidies so that they can fly more empty seats; the railroad wants subsidies so that it can build more seats. Both were losing gobs of money before their managers ever heard of Osama bin Laden.

Shareholders lucky enough to hold shares that have appreciated in value want relief from capital gains taxes. Shareholders unlucky enough to hold shares that have depreciated in value want relief in the form of the right to deduct more of those losses from their usual tax bill.

In short, the feeding frenzy is on. Or, to mix a metaphor, there are more holes in the dike than budget director Mitch Daniels has fingers. "The dogs of war are not the only critters who have slipped the leash," he moans. "Under the guise of fighting terrorism, repairing damage, fighting recession, you could fit almost anything."

Daniels is right. Among the benefits of Washington's new seriousness must be counted the end of the Social Security lockbox—the fiction adopted by the Republicans to prevent the Democrats from spending the surplus, and by the Democrats to prevent the Republicans from making even deeper cuts in taxes. With the disruption caused by the terrorist attacks likely to push the economy into at least two quarters of negative growth—the economist's definition of a recession—bipartisanship

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extends to fiscal policy, at least to the extent of a broad agreement that the surplus should be spent.

That, of course, is progress of a sort. Until September 11, the politicians had locked themselves into the ludicrous position of running a tight fiscal policy as the economy slowed, offsetting some of the stimulative effects of Alan Greenspan's repeated cuts in interest rates. The terrorists' gift to both Democrats and Republicans is an excuse to spend that does not require them to confess past error. Closet Keynesians are now free to declare their fiscal preference.

But here comes the hard part. The administration and the Congress immediately voted \$20 billion for relief and reconstruction, upped to \$40 billion in a brief meeting at which the junior senator from New York reported that "Chuck and I" persuaded the president to double the ante. Which encouraged the senior senator from New York to ask for still more, this time for Amtrak. "It is of fundamental importance," claimed Chuck Schumer, "that Amtrak is provided with the tools [read, "money," rather than "good management"] to continue to handle additional capacity in a safe and efficient manner during this crisis." Don Young, the Alaska Republican who chairs the House Transportation and Infrastructure Committee, thinks \$71 billion in government aid is about the right figure.

Why Bush proved susceptible to Hillary's charms remains a mystery; perhaps with the World Trade Center still smoking, "no" was not among the available answers. But it should have been. For if anything has become obvious after the disaster in New York, it is that the private sector is more than willing to make ample resources available to the victims of the attack.

Left-wing entertainers who have spent a good part of their political lives calling for cuts in the military budget donated their time to a telethon that raised more than \$150 million; the Red Cross is donating \$30,000 to each of the families of those killed; and various funds are raising hundreds of millions more. If the government were to provide further billions, with the usual ostentatious announcements of its generosity (with other people's money), private givers might decide that their relatively puny contributions either can't matter very much or are unnecessary.

Relief is not the only function served by the private sector. In addition, we have private sector plans for rebuilding the devastated area, in which some 25-30 million square feet of office space were destroyed—more by far than exist in the entire Washington, D.C., central business district. Some real estate entrepreneurs are talking about four 50-story towers; private donors are talking about funding a memorial park; the Guggenheim Museum is reportedly considering building a new Frank Gehry structure on the site of the former office buildings. It is too early to tell which of these plans, if any, will capture the imagination of the powers-that-be in New York. But it is not too early to worry that, as with relief funding, federal aid for reconstruction might prove counterproductive.

There is a point—no one is quite sure of its exact location—at which government funding crowds out private sector efforts. Readers may remember Bella Abzug, the New York congresswoman and notoriously liberal supporter of an ever-expanding welfare state, who declined to support her aging mother because, she argued, that is the job of the government. And one can't help thinking that the declining private savings rate has something to do with the coming of age, if that is the right term, of a generation taught to believe that the government will provide for them in a fashion appropriate to their golden years.



The Red Cross is donating \$30,000 to each of the families of those killed.

So, too, with reconstruction. Private developers in New York are not untutored in the art of arithmetic. And they are not color-blind: They can tell the difference between black and red ink. Raised in a city that has a bewildering variety of subsidies and tax breaks for buildings designed to house only artists, or for office towers set back a few extra feet or built a few stories shorter, or for construction located in some area that politicians wish to see developed, they can sense the coming of a federal subsidy when it is still just a gleam in the eye of one of the congressmen whose campaigns they fund. Every dollar offered by the federal government is one less that private promoters, perpetually short of equity capital and often leveraged, as they say in New York, “up the wazoo,” have to raise. If a brief visit from the capital-raising team of Hillary and Chuck can pry an extra \$20 billion from the president, surely there is more to come.

Which is one reason why now is the time for the government to make it clear that any further handouts will be made only as part of an overall economic and fiscal policy that balances short-term necessities and the longer term requirements for a healthy, growing economy. First-come, first-served, is no such policy.

The first step has already been taken. The handout to the airlines is particularly regrettable, since the industry suffers from excess capacity and a rapacious pilots' union that periodically appropriates its profits, only one of the forces that keep fares high and seat utilization low. It is interesting that Michael O'Leary, chief executive of Britain's Ryanair, a low-cost carrier, opposes government handouts to his larger competitors, and is asking nothing for his airline. O'Leary says that the way for his competitors to fill their seats is to lower their fares. Not as attractive as tapping the feds for money, but a lot better for consumers in the long run.

How the rest of the surplus, and perhaps more, should be spent depends on what one thinks of the long-term prospects for the American economy. Alan Greenspan tells us that those prospects are quite good. Nothing that happened on September 11 has dampened the drive and initiative of the American people and its entrepreneurial class; nothing that happened on September 11 has destroyed the communications and information infrastructure that was built up in the 1990s, much of it by companies that will not be around to enjoy its fruits; nothing has dimmed the prospects for a steady increase in

AP / Wide World Photos

productivity. As the Fed chairman told the Senate Banking Committee, "We must not lose sight of our longer run prospects, which have not been significantly diminished by these terrible events."

The clear implication of this analysis is that it would be foolish to spend money on huge public works projects, as the likes of Felix Rohatyn, former ambassador to France and self-styled savior of New York City during its 1970s financial crisis, are urging. Bush, says Rohatyn, should take a page from the book of Dwight Eisenhower, who authorized a 30-year, \$250 billion (in current dollars) highway construction program. According to a study by the American Society of Civil Engineers, writes Rohatyn in the *Wall Street Journal*, we must spend \$1.3 trillion over the next five years to bring our infrastructure up to "acceptable standards." Airports need more than \$60 billion, schools \$427 billion, mass transit \$111 billion, roads \$350 billion, bridges \$80 billion. "The list goes on and on," writes Rohatyn.

To use the money in the Social Security "lockbox" in this way would turn it into Pandora's box, releasing, among other evils, the fear of inflation that is already making the bond market nervous and keeping long-term interest rates higher than they might otherwise be. Larry Lindsey, the president's chief economic adviser and a member of the new White House working group known as the Domestic Consequences Committee, is throwing his formidable intellect in the path of any such plan. The Japanese, he is fond of pointing out, have paved over their country with just such infrastructure projects, and still have been unable to emerge from a decade-long recession.

So cross massive infrastructure spending off the fiscal policy wish list. Eliminate, too, the use of federal funds to ease the pain of the many industries hurt by the current downturn and the aftermath of the terror-

ist attacks. Which means that the line of supplicants with outstretched hands should be turned away. Airline employees are being laid off in the tens of thousands, many without notice or severance pay, as airlines invoke *force majeure* clauses in their labor contracts. Investors in hotels are hurting, and their employees will share the pain. Travel agents are distraught and many, particularly the mom-and-pop shops, will disappear. Insurers have taken a hit, the dimensions of which are as yet unknown. Domestic car manufacturers, hurting before September 11, are groaning under the burden of interest-free loans and other discounts they must offer to induce traumatized customers back into showrooms. And the National Association of Manufacturers is seizing the moment: It thinks that across-the-board cuts in corporate taxes are an appropriate way to share in the sacrifices the president is calling on Americans to make.

Many of these industries suffered from overcapacity, poor management, high-cost union contracts, and other problems before the bombing caused what history suggests will be a temporary reluctance by consumers to buy high-ticket items or to travel. Others are genuine victims of bad circumstance. But for the government to use its resources to ease the pain of any industry is to make those resources unavailable to the people who produced them in the first place: taxpayers.

Instead of trying to decide which industry is worthy of its financial help, the government should let consumers decide that by cutting their taxes. Only one sector has an overriding claim on the government's resources now, and that is the military and related defense industries. They must get what they need to make us safe, both by improving our "homeland" defenses, and by increasing our ability to destroy those pledged to destroy us.

After those needs are met, we should consider a cut in taxes, especially in the regressive payroll tax.

The benefits would be concentrated on the lower income groups that do not earn enough to pay income taxes and therefore did not share in the recent tax cut. Such a tax reduction would stimulate consumer demand considerably more than did the cuts that went to those with sufficient income to be taxpayers: Greenspan estimates that only 18 percent of that money found its way into shops and malls.

A payroll tax cut has two added advantages: Once decided upon, it can be instituted so quickly that nothing will be lost by waiting to see if it is actually needed. And it is reversible. If we cut taxes, and sometime in 2002 find the economy to be stronger sooner than predicted, taxes can be raised.

The reason for waiting a bit before acting—the course proposed by Greenspan and agreed to by House Minority Leader Gephardt, no less—is that economic forecasters are notoriously bad at predicting turning points in the business cycle. Although the economy had weakened before September 11, and the consensus forecast was for hard times ahead, there were signs that the economy might—just might—have reached bottom. Consumers were still spending, although a bit more slowly; initial jobless claims in August had stopped rising; the housing market was strong.

So, too, there are signs that the sharp contraction produced by the attacks might prove short-lived. Consumers seem to be returning to the malls, and several operators report that they are hitting last year's sales figures, New York and Washington being understandable exceptions. Traffic is picking up in car showrooms. The *Wall Street Journal* reports that "data on department-store traffic also show a rebound." Even airline bookings are rising. I actually saw people at New York's Plaza hotel with badges, and not those of our herocops. They were of the "Hi, I'm Charlie from Des Moines" sort favored by visiting conventioners.

Should this recovery from shock

gather momentum, we might find that a stimulus package is unnecessary. Haste doesn't always make waste, but in the case of hastily and ill-conceived stimulus packages it can lay waste to billions of dollars of taxpayers' money.

The second advantage of such a reduction of payroll taxes is its reversibility. Should the economy really take off in 2002, and should that takeoff not produce revenues from the supply-side effects of the tax cut, these taxes can be raised and excess purchasing power immediately drained from the system.

This should make the effect of these tax cuts on long-term interest rates less than the effect of spending programs of similar sizes. If the spending program is of the capital-intensive infrastructure sort that Rohatyn has in mind, it cannot be turned on and off without incurring tremendous costs. And if it is on "housing, nutrition and other safety net" programs, as suggested in a recent editorial in the *Washington Post*, the expenditures will endure and grow long after this crisis has passed. It took a long time for the economy to shake off the effects of Lyndon Johnson's guns-and-butter, Vietnam and Great Society, policy. Military expenditures kept rising, as did social spending. The advantage of a tax cut, if one is needed, is that it can be reversed if we have underestimated the demands on our limited resources of the war against terrorism. Entitlement programs, like huge infrastructure programs, roll on, whatever the economic and fiscal circumstances.

So, start with the advice allegedly offered by Ronald Reagan in circumstances such as this: "Don't just do something, stand there." If standing there is not enough, go for a quick and significant shot in the arm of shopping-weary consumers. And reverse course if the stimulus turns the economy from pleasantly warm to overheated. If that be treason both to conservative non-interventionists who despise fine tuning, and to liberal free-spenders, make the most of it. ♦

Follow the Money . . .

But don't hold your breath. BY JAMES HIGGINS

GENERALS aren't the only ones at risk of fighting the last war. Indeed, military leaders today may be less prone to this failing than are members of some other professions, since military leaders are aware of experiences like World War I and Vietnam that remind them in a most painful way of the hazards of driving with both eyes on the rear-view mirror.

Over the last three weeks, we have heard many pronouncements from government officials, right up to the president, about the importance of attacking Osama bin Laden and his al Qaeda organization through their money trail. True enough: Shutting down sham "charities" and terrorist-owned businesses can't hurt the war effort.

This has led the American media to dust off a mantra from their greatest victory, the fight against the man who until September 11, 2001, was the figure they had most hated in the past half-century, Richard Milhous Nixon. "Follow the money," is the battle cry, echoing down the years from the ramparts of an underground parking garage near Bob Woodward's apartment. Unfortunately, there is a big problem with following the money to track down the sponsors of the war crimes committed against us: It is not likely to work.

Law enforcement authorities catch spies and terrorists using every sort of technique and in many cases rely on alert investigators to take advantage of unexpected developments. Philip-

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pine police got onto Ramzi Yousef, the fiend behind the 1993 World Trade Center bombings, when an inept accomplice using explosive chemicals caused Yousef's Manila apartment to catch fire. Alger Hiss was done in by his pride at watching the prothonotary warbler. Signals intelligence led to tying Libya to the 1986 terror bombing of a Berlin nightclub. Sometimes old-fashioned gumshoe work does the trick. Authorities in Spain reported in late September that they had thwarted several more terrorist slaughters of civilians just by talking with Belgian police and comparing notes on who had been meeting with whom.

Following the money through bank records has historically been more effective when the mischief was bank fraud, as in the Banco Ambrosiano case, or where the underlying activity itself generates large sums of cash on an ongoing basis, as with some South American drug cartels. The September 11 war crimes, however, may have been the most cost-effective attacks in history. Expenses for the attacks, including pilot school for some of the terrorists, appear to have been in the vicinity of \$200,000, with an Arab sponsor of the perpetrators getting change mailed back to him. While there have been some news reports that all the hijackers got their money wired from one U.S. source, the overall sophistication of the attacks suggests that such a source would cover any tracks leading from FedWire to Osama bin Laden.

Remember also that bin Laden is reported to have substantial cash and businesses in various countries and guises, so he may have had an active but non-financial partner. It is entirely possible that one or more terror-

sponsoring states may have provided critical logistical or human support that will show up nowhere at all in the money trail. The major costs behind the September 11 operation, training these sleeper agents and planting them in American society, were incurred in places like Afghanistan, Sudan, or wherever else the sponsors of the attacks run their chain of Famous Terrorist Schools. In such places, cash and barter are king, and a U.S. demand for bank records is not the local regime's greatest worry.

Even if all the money for such an operation were accounted for in the U.S. banking system, this information would be of little help in preventing future terrorist attacks. Actual and proposed U.S. regulations are so sensitive regarding ethnicity, age, and sex that they force law enforcement to swim through an ocean of information to find a financial message in a

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bottle. The competing demands of the Internal Revenue Service and of the "war on drugs" don't help matters either. Thus every \$10,000 cash transaction must be reported to the federal government, even if it is just a 90-year-old, wheelchair-bound Granny hitting the jackpot on the nickel slots. The proposed, misleadingly named FDIC "Know Your Customer" rule, withdrawn under the weight of citizen protest in 1999 but still apparently being reworked, would require that authorities be alerted of "inconsistent" bank activity by depositors. Aunt Tilly from Tupelo making an especially large withdrawal to buy her niece a confirmation present gets reported in a similar way to someone on the FBI watch list suddenly closing out his account.

Every one of the alleged hijackers and publicly identified suspects is a male Arab Muslim who is young or in early middle age (and, by the way, white). This is a fact, not a myth arising from bigotry. It is also a fact that many of them appear to come from Egypt and Saudi Arabia. Osama bin Laden and his henchmen, not law enforcement agencies, are the ones doing racial profiling here in selecting recruits. Hitler himself was not as rigorous in choosing only accomplices of one ethnic, racial, and religious identity. Until politicians in this and other civilized countries realize that the bin Ladens of the world flunked diversity training, there will be little point in following the money because any evidence of wrongdoing will be buried in irrelevant data collected in the interest of "fairness."

Much attention has, appropriately, been paid to increases in the volume of short sales on certain airlines and reinsurance companies just before September 11 and to some really startling increases in the volume of puts—options to sell at a specified price—on UAL (United Airlines) and AMR (American Airlines). Under normal circumstances such activity would soon have come to the attention of exchanges and regulators, not because they might indicate for-profit terrorism but because they might hint

at, horror of horrors, insider trading.

Trading securities on U.S. exchanges is not something done with *hawalas* and cash. It is all documented, and it is possible to find out whose pockets those profits went into. Such a search will very likely require the cooperation of previously unhelpful governments, many in small island countries, whose competitive advantage in the world economy is effective bank privacy statutes. But in this special case the United States might get cooperation from governments who have heard President Bush say we will not distinguish between terrorist groups and those who harbor them, governments that have no wish to end up like Manuel Noriega or the Grenadian junta. The United States and the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in recent years have, unfortunately, sought to punish such money havens for competing on the basis of financial laws. Making it clear that our interest is in hunting terrorists, not destroying local economies, might result in more cooperation.

But keep in mind the technical and psychological sophistication of the September 11 attacks. Whoever planned the attacks apparently knew not only what problems a jet fuel fire would cause the World Trade Center, but also how U.S. airline pilots would react to knife attacks on flight attendants. Such a mind was certainly capable of setting up a false trail by giving a "friendly tip" to, say, a fellow Muslim fundamentalist over a lap dance and beer (the recreation of choice for some of the hijackers) about the money to be made buying puts on certain U.S. carriers because of—wink, wink—a big event coming up. The tippee would wind up with the profits and the entire military and law enforcement apparatus of the United States chasing his scalp. The tipper would walk off to plan the next murder of innocents. And that is only one conceivable scenario.

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The Other Twin Towers

The war on terrorism is indivisible.

BY ROBERT SATLOFF

THEY ARE THE TALLEST towers in town, a pair of them in the hub of the city's financial district. And thanks to some good intelligence and smart police work, which nabbed the terrorists before they completed their mission, the buildings are still standing today.

In this real-life story the city is Tel Aviv, not New York. According to an Associated Press story of September 23, Israel arrested two Palestinians in early August who planned to blow up a massive car bomb at two office towers—50 and 46 stories high, respectively—that stand side-by-side across from the main highway running through the heart of this seaside city. The would-be terrorists, members of the radical Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, were arrested as they attempted to cross into Israel from Jordan, via the Allenby Bridge.

What makes this story newsworthy is not that Israel prevented its own version of the World Trade Center disaster. That happens on almost a daily basis, though most of the failed or intercepted terrorist plots never make it to trial or into the media, as this one did.

And what makes this story so compelling is not that the indictment against the alleged bombers accuses them of receiving money, logistical support, and explosives training at a PFLP base in Syria—a country many in Washington would like to court as a possible member of the global anti-terror coalition now being formed. While Syria has kept its own fingerprints off terrorist attacks since it was

caught red-handed trying to blow up an El Al jetliner in 1986, it has played a central role in supporting a wide-ranging consortium of secular and religious terrorist organizations operating from political offices in Damascus and field bases in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley. Without Syria and Iran, the other leading Middle East sponsor of international terrorism, groups such as Hezbollah, Islamic Jihad, and



Ahmed Jibril's PFLP-General Command would die on the vine.

What makes this story so shocking is not the fact that virtually none of the Middle Eastern governments, politicians, or religious leaders who rushed to denounce the terrorists who slew thousands at the World Trade Center would make similar denunciations of those who would slay thousands in Israeli skyscrapers. Remarkably, many would actually applaud the bombings as an act of "legitimate resistance." Indeed, according to the head of the Arab League, Israel—not Syria, Iran, or Libya—is the state

guilty of "terrorism." An official spokesman of the Saudi foreign ministry warned that the U.S.-led coalition had better not target groups like Hezbollah, Islamic Jihad, Hamas, or the regional governments that support them or else Saudi Arabia won't participate. And in the words of the highest religious authority in Egypt, "It would be wrong, unethical, and contradictory to the truth to attach the terrorist label to our Palestinian brothers who are defending their land, themselves, and their dignity."

More than all of this, what makes this story so special is that it is not special at all—none of it, not even in the wake of September 11. On so many fronts, remarkably little has changed. For Israelis, fighting terrorism (and living with terrorism) is a way of life, whether the peace process is active or dormant, whether U.S. diplomats are shuttling or not. For many (indeed, all but a brave few) in the Arab world, the fact that Israel lives with terrorism is also utterly acceptable, and condoning it may even help insulate weak potentates from the anger of their own people. And for some in Washington, the distinction certain states make between supporting terrorism against Israelis and terrorism against New Yorkers or Virginians is big enough to allow room for diplomatic maneuver and insipid "confidence-building measures."

Consistency, said a wag, is the hobgoblin of small minds and small countries. As a superpower, the United States can and should adapt different standards to different local problems around the globe. But precisely because today's terrorism is, by definition, global in scale, the fight against it will never be won until we express outrage at terrorism wherever it exists; refuse to truck with terrorists and their sponsors wherever they operate; and insist on a single standard against terrorism, applicable everywhere: No targeting of civilians. When that day comes, then maybe the world will react to an attack anywhere as it is reacting to the outrages of September 11. ♦

Robert Satloff is executive director of the Washington Institute.

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Bush's Patriotic Challenge

*From compassionate conservatism
to courageous conservatism*

BY DAVID BROOKS

Do you remember the sights and sounds of campaign 2000? Al and Tipper's big kiss. Chaka Khan closing the show at the ultra-inclusive Republican convention. Granny D. marching for campaign finance reform at Arianna Huffington's Shadow Convention. There were slogans like "Prosperity With a Purpose" and "The People Versus the Powerful"; and issues like lockboxes, Internet invention, and so on. They all seem so far away now—and they are. The entire 2000 presidential campaign was predicated on peace and prosperity. How should we take advantage of the good times? But now peace is gone and prosperity is ailing. The issues that dominated the race for the presidency will not dominate this presidency. And so we have entered a new political era.

And it really is new. Conservatives like Grover Norquist are now lobbying against Bush legislation. The country's most prominent Republicans suddenly include Tom Ridge and Rudy Giuliani. The Democratic party has rediscovered the hawkish legacy of Scoop Jackson. Bipartisanship is a fact, and not just an aim. It's becoming quite clear that this war effort will fundamentally alter the political landscape, perhaps as dramatically as Vietnam did, bringing new issues to the fore, new coalitions, new correlations of forces.

Nobody has grasped the dramatic change as quickly as George W. Bush. Back at the Republican convention, Bush spoke about how his father's generation had been called to wage an epic struggle for freedom. The World War II generation was, the younger Bush declared, "a generation of Americans who stormed beaches, liberated concentration camps, and delivered us from evil."

Bush went on to say that his own boomer generation

would be defined not by war, but by its ability to rebuild families and communities. The nation's greatness, he said, would be preserved through "small, unnumbered acts of caring and courage and self-denial." The emphasis was on "small"—the local, the intimate. Bush cited Mary Jo Copeland, whose ministry, Sharing and Caring Hands, serves meals to the homeless.

This was the language of compassionate conservatism. This was Bush celebrating the nurturing virtues, rallying the armies of compassion. "We must show courage in a time of blessing," Bush said in his inaugural address. "Sometimes in life we are called to do great things. But as a saint of our times has said, every day we are called to do small things with great love."

Well, the time of blessing ended on September 11, and compassionate conservatism will not define the Bush presidency. These days Bush is summoning not just the armies of compassion, but also real armies. Now his emphasis is on not the local, but the global. It is on not intimate acts of caring, but large exercises in defense of freedom. The reports coming out of the White House suggest that Bush truly understands how the attack has changed his presidency and will define his term. He feels that he was put on earth to help the nation respond to this crisis, some of his aides say. Indeed, the most powerful line in his post-attack speech to the Congress was, "And in our grief and anger we have found our mission and our moment." At the National Cathedral he effectively amended his convention speech, saying that each generation—and not just the World War II one—is called upon to fight for freedom, "and the commitment of our fathers is now the calling of our time."

In his responses to the attack, Bush has, at once, been utterly consistent with his former self, and also totally transformed. There is still the same moral earnestness. Recall that at the convention he celebrated his father's generation for having "delivered us from evil." At the National Cathedral, Bush said the nation's task was to

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“rid the world of evil.” The categories of Bush’s thought, before the attack and after, are shaped by his faith. He is the opposite of a wonk, an economic determinist, or a realist diplomat; every idea he expresses is infused with moral purpose. He immediately cast this war on terrorism as a great moral struggle.

The first big change in Bush is in the scale of his thinking. Before, he was thinking like a governor. His emphasis was on the local, on the little platoons. Now, in response to the attack, he is thinking like a president, as the leader of a superpower. Burke said that our love of little platoons is but “the first link in the series by which we proceed toward a love of our country and to mankind.” Elevated to the highest office, and having assumed the responsibilities of that office, Bush has now traced the links upward. He is speaking as an energetic chief executive.

It wasn’t that long ago when important parts of the Republican party were consumed by a visceral hatred of all things federal. Government was described as “evil”; Washington was a swamp, a muck of “inside the Beltway” operators. But times of conflict don’t allow the luxury of fatuous populism.

The most striking feature of Bush’s speech to the joint session of Congress was its strenuous tone. There were in fact echoes of Theodore Roosevelt’s famous 1899 speech “The Strenuous Life”: “We of this generation do not have to face a task such as that our fathers faced, but we have our tasks and woe to us if we fail to perform them,” TR declared.

Bush, in turn, called on his listeners to accept a great patriotic challenge, which would take time and cost lives. He defined the enemy broadly, to include not only Osama bin Laden and the Taliban, but the regimes that support them and other terrorist networks of global reach. He

effectively called for the rollback of rogue regimes that nurture the violent enemies of peace and freedom. He called upon America to shape the world—“This country will define our times, not be defined by them.” Once a president has committed himself to that grand agenda, he can’t go back and settle for a managerial presidency with small accomplishments. It would look too much like retreat.

The second big change is that this will be an era defined by foreign conflict, not domestic conciliation or “changing the tone,” as Bush used to put it. The president has already demonstrated that he has a new role. Before, the president’s main job was to seek common ground so

he could pass his education, patients’ bill of rights, and faith-based initiatives. Now Bush’s task is to keep the government’s focus on the main goal: destroying terrorism.

All around him, there are people consumed with a million and one parochial concerns and distractions. There will be relentless pressure to pull back from the ambitious set of goals the president has laid out. The secretary of state has to contend with the intricacies of all those alliances, dialogues, and negotiations. Inevitably, his bureaucracy is going to behave as if coalition-building were more important than destroying terror. The bureaucrats will try to remove Iraq, Hezbollah, Hamas, and others from

the target list so as to make their job of maintaining alliance cohesion easier.

Meanwhile, the secretary of defense will have his own rivalries and institutional incentives to deal with. Last week, for example, Secretary Rumsfeld wrote an op-ed for the *New York Times*, the last half of which read as if it had been conceived by dot-com executives, circa 1997. The war would be waged in cyberspace, he wrote. The uniforms would be “bankers’ pinstripes and programmers’ grunge just as assuredly as desert camouflage.” This is the



Blackstar Photos

sort of high-tech infatuation we often see emanating from that bureaucracy. It's not so much that it's silly—though it led us to base our intelligence strategy on high-tech satellites—it's just that it's a tempting retreat from the difficult but necessary business of eliminating the human beings who organize terror.

The Founders designed the presidency so that the person who holds the office will have the highest vantage point, and be able to see the entire field, and so separate parochial distractions from the essential goal. Wartime presidents have to perpetually remind those around them of the core mission. Lincoln was continually forced to urge his generals to be more aggressive. President Bush was in that tradition when he declared, "Either you are with us or you are with the terrorists." That was exactly the sort of clarity a president in such an era must provide.

The third great change is in the nature of the president's base, his domestic coalition. Bush was elevated to office by an alliance of two movements: social conservatives and free-market economic conservatives. Those groups are the core of the Republican party. But they are insufficient to see the president through the coming months and years.

Some social conservatives reacted badly to the attack on September 11. Nobody is going to be in the mood for a domestic culture war anytime soon. The American public will revile those who treat New York as a modern day Sodom and Gomorrah. If there's one thing we learned it's that New Yorkers are capable of great acts of patriotism and heroism, no matter how they vote or where they stand on issues like homosexuality and abortion. Many of the analyses of cultural rot were overdrawn, and the social issues will simply not top the agenda over the next months or years.

In any case, religion is both too grand and too sectarian to make the basis for the coming struggle. America does not fight holy wars. George W. Bush cannot call on explicitly Christian language because it excludes too many who are full partners in this effort.

Some free marketeers also reacted badly to the attack on September 11. A few seemed to fear the U.S. government, and its possible growth, more than the foreign terrorists.

In any case, few sensible Americans and few sensible free marketeers will be sympathetic to people who denigrate public service and a vigorous federal response to the attack. They understand that the economic mentality, which holds that all behavior is a question of incentives, cannot explain the Taliban, and offers no language with which to respond to it. Most Americans understand that the sacrifices that will be required have nothing to do with economic self-interest or the invisible hand. What-

ever virtue privatization may have when it comes to Social Security reform, the response to terror can't be privatized.

So instead of merely celebrating faith-based organizations, or summoning forth the entrepreneurial spirit, President Bush will now have to rally the party of patriotism, which is the massive majority who are waving flags and telling pollsters they are ready for a long, costly effort.

He'll have to rally them with words. President Bush didn't plan to have a rhetorical presidency, but it will now be incumbent upon him to give intellectual content to the love of country that is so conspicuous these days. He'll have to explain to the world why America is fighting so hard and so ruthlessly. When a big, rich country attacks a poor little one, some will call it imperialism. President Bush will have to explain what America is fighting for, and why this effort is not just a case of a big power pushing around a little power.

Bush will also have to respond to all the domestic "moderates" who, while not siding with the terrorists, have rediscovered the old Cold War arguments for non-intervention: We don't want to ratchet up the cycle of violence; we have to understand the seedbed of terror is poverty; we have to concede that the people who hate us have a point; the real answer is to fund a Marshall Plan here, there, and everywhere. Responding to those arguments will take ideological self-confidence, a concrete understanding of the American ideal that is under attack.

Finally, Bush will have to rally the party of patriotism on domestic as well as foreign issues. The budget hawks have been weakened. There is a demand for activism, as there always is during wartime. But Bush will have to make sure that wartime activism is more like the Civil War activism that brought us the Homestead Act, the Land Grant College Act, and other measures designed to encourage competition and enterprise than it is like Vietnam War activism, which brought us the Great Society.

During the peace and prosperity of the 1990s, political debate was dominated by multiculturalists, who divided us along race and gender lines; by culture warriors, who divided us on moral lines; by class-resentment liberals and corporatist conservatives, who treated economic issues as if they were paramount.

Now we remember that America is a cause and not just a free trade zone, and that the American people are fundamentally united, not divided. Somebody once said that Americans don't ever settle their great issues, they just move beyond them. Since September 11, we have moved beyond many of the issues that dominated the 1990s, and so far President Bush has done a good job of greeting the new political era that awaits us. There is certainly no going back. ♦

Politically Unforgivable

Bill Maher's terrible, horrible, no good, very bad week

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

In the space of five days, a man named Bill Maher, who hosts a late-night program called *Politically Incorrect* on the ABC network, underwent a kind of public nervous breakdown on national television.

The spectacle had its voyeuristic fascinations, certainly. It's not often you can watch a television personality deal his own career a fatal blow and then watch him try desperately to talk his way out of it. But the story of Bill Maher's nightmare week is also an object lesson in the kinds of changes that are being forced on America's entertainment culture as a result of the September 11 attacks. The nation is sobered, and show business is groping for ways to serve sober customers when for decades it has been dedicated to the proposition that the American people want to be inebriated by their entertainment.

Late Monday night September 17, six days after the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, *Politically Incorrect* returned to the air. (It had been preempted by news broadcasts the previous week.) On that episode, Maher said something that offended viewers. By Wednesday, he had lost two major sponsors. By Thursday, a significant number of local stations that carried the show had cancelled it outright or preempted it temporarily. By Friday, ABC was airing the show with no national sponsors whatsoever.

Over the course of the week, the subject of *Politically*

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Incorrect's broadcasts became the future of *Politically Incorrect* and, not coincidentally, the future of Bill Maher. Maher used his network platform to express defiance, injury, cravenness, hurt, anger, terror, self-righteousness, pomposity, and puzzlement at his sudden transformation into a liability for his employers and a lightning rod for criticism. At one point, in an excruciating display of false modesty, Maher even offered himself up as a martyr to the national need "to vent." Several of the panelists on the program demurred. They suggested that were anything to happen to Bill Maher and *Politically Incorrect*, "the terrorists will have won."

But what will they have won?

The concept of *Politically Incorrect* is to give celebrities (mostly of the second and third rank) a chance to opine on current events alongside a pundit or two (usually of the hotheaded left or right). During Maher's week of horrors, there were three celebrity panelists: the actresses Alfre Woodard and Laura Innes and the actor Stephen Collins. And in speaking about the current situation, they all looked pained, worried, and frightened. They were in way over their heads, and they knew it.

Here is what Woodard had to say about the war on terrorism: "We're poised . . . on the brink of something historic in the world. . . . We can start to move into the direction in the world where we can police ourselves. People have said, 'What can we do, now is the time, they understand their vulnerability.' We all like to have wars but this is something new."

We all like to have wars?

Upon hearing George W. Bush say "you're either with us, or you're with the terrorists," Laura Innes complained: "I am far, far from being an expert. I'm an actress on a TV



Maher, after winning a Cable Ace award in 1995.

AP/Wide World Photos

show. But we all sit here in terror of being thought of as unpatriotic. . . . But my response to that particular quote, my reaction is, I admire his strength, I feel myself enormously patriotic, but I am so afraid of the polarization of that kind of remark. . . . I fear that kind of didactic . . .” Innes trailed off.

Stephen Collins: “A week ago, I didn’t know Afghanistan was already in ruins!”

Here is the crux of the dilemma for ABC. Does a nation at war really want to hear even its most beloved celebrities opine on matters of life and death—not to mention the roots of terrorism, the terrain of Afghanistan, and the theology of the Taliban—when even a performer as able as Laura Innes doesn’t know the meaning of the word “didactic”? Can a broadcast network and its sponsors really take a chance on offending a population under attack, especially when the offense is being given on one of its least important and least-watched shows—and especially when the offense is primarily being given by the host himself?

The proximate cause of Maher’s self-inflicted injury was a remark he made about how, since the United States lobbed cruise missiles from 2,000 miles away back in 1998, “we’re the cowards.” The opinion he was expressing, however crudely, is well within the range of acceptable opinion. But his tone, demeanor, and affect were not within the range of acceptable conduct for someone with access to network TV only days after an attack on the United States. Indeed, an examination of Maher’s program that night and on the nights that followed reveals that he had no grasp of what would be an appropriate tone for his show to take in the wake of the September 11 attacks.

How could he grasp it? The events of September 11 may well have made him, his show, and an entire subsection of American entertainment culture an instant anachronism.

The First Show: Maher began Monday night’s broadcast by posing a question: “Can we change?” America had to grow up, get serious, and fast. As evidence, he pointed to an empty chair on the stage of his set. On the morning of September 11, conservative activist and author Barbara Olson had been flying to Los Angeles to appear on *Politically Incorrect* when her plane was hijacked and hurled into the Pentagon. It was for Barbara Olson’s sake, in part, that we had to “change.”

But then Maher demonstrated he had no intention of changing himself. In a tone of finger-wagging disgust, he averred: “We can’t afford to be fighting wrong and silly wars—the Cold War, the drug war, the culture wars.” Maher was using the tragedy as an opportunity to climb up on two of his traditional hobbyhorses—his support for

drug legalization and his anger at conservative attacks on Hollywood.

His outrage mounted even as the target of his outrage became ever more inconsequential. Getting serious means not “busting television producers for taking funny mushrooms to Las Vegas while the terrorist-looking guys with the knives get right on.” (The reference here was to the airport drug bust of Aaron Sorkin, the man behind *The West Wing*.) From there, Maher went on to deliver his views on the nature of religion. “Religion is extremism,” he said. “It’s extremist to believe in things that your rational mind knows is not true.” He then connected the dots between his contempt for religion and his scorn for missile defense. “There’s lots of religions and one of them is a missile shield in space [that] is going to protect us, which is ridiculous.”

He wagged his finger. He sneered. He snarled. He looked as though he might hold his breath until he turned blue. It seemed that he was directing his rage not at the terrorist act that had killed over 6,000 people, but at the United States and its unwillingness to “get serious.”

There is something to this latter criticism, of course. But six days after the attack was not the time for it, and *Politically Incorrect*—Exhibit A for America’s lack of seriousness about news and world affairs—was certainly not the place. You can, after all, give a eulogy at a funeral pointing out the flaws and weaknesses in the dearly departed. But it’s not going to make you popular.

It is in this context that Maher’s remarks about American cowardice proved so offensive to those watching the show—and so threatening to the corporate well-being of Federal Express and Sears that they pulled their ads.

Guest Dinesh D’Souza led Maher into his epic mistake by saying he wanted to object to those who say that “the people who did this are cowards.”

Maher agreed. “Not true,” he said, then added, “We’re the cowards.”

D’Souza continued: “These are warriors.” Then, mindful that perhaps his words might be misunderstood, D’Souza quickly qualified his remarks, “Americans shouldn’t blame themselves because other people want to bomb them.”

Maher wasn’t paying close enough attention to see the escape hatch D’Souza had provided him. His fuse lit once again, he barreled ahead: “We have been the cowards, lobbing cruise missiles from 2,000 miles away, that’s cowardly. Staying in the airplane when it hits the building, say what you want about it, [that’s] not cowardly.”

Once again, the point he was making—presumably having to do with Bill Clinton’s 1998 decision to bomb a building in Khartoum that turned out to be unrelated to Osama bin Laden—was not in itself objectionable. But

calling America a nation of “cowards” following the worst foreign attack on its soil since the War of 1812 was.

And I suspect that what really horrified his viewers and caused a campaign to be initiated against him was his body language.

For while he was speaking these words, he brought his hands up. One hand represented an airplane on which Americans were riding to their deaths. The other hand represented one of the towers of the World Trade Center, where 6,000-plus people were murdered and 4,500 were injured. When he spoke the words “hits the building,” Maher lightly smashed one hand into the other hand. And smiled knowingly.

The Tuesday Show: Maher began his second show of the week with a disquisition intended to answer some critics—and to demonstrate what a wonderful guy he really is: “I received a lot of messages about the show I did last night—most of them positive. But to those who say that there was insufficient grieving, I understand. I hear you. I just have never been good at grieving in public. But I am as devastated as anyone was. And I feel it.” Maher’s feel-

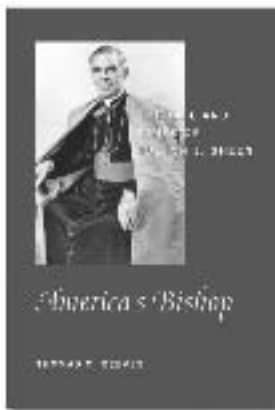
ings swelled, as if to an unheard chorus humming the “Battle Hymn of the Republic”:

Also, I feel a responsibility for this show to be what it has always been—a place where people can come and express their ideas openly in a way they can’t in other places. They say truth is the first casualty of war and if that’s true, this show may be in trouble. But I hope not. . . . I think we can be respectful to the fallen while still moving forward. And I think we have to. Because we—the survivors—have a responsibility to do nothing less than ensure that our civilization continues and moves forward. That is a terrible burden. But we have it. And we have to do it. And unfortunately, the clock is ticking.

The clock was indeed ticking, but it was ticking for Maher.

The Wednesday Show: Panicked by the news that Federal Express had pulled its sponsorship of the show, Maher began by backpedaling furiously: “These are sensitive times, and I should have been more clear when . . . I said, ‘we have been the cowards.’”

The problem, according to Maher, was his use of the first-person plural.



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America's Bishop

The Life and Times of Fulton J. Sheen

by Thomas Reeves

“A controversial, challenging, and totally absorbing biography of one of the most beloved figures of the early days of television, and perhaps the most remarkable bishop in the history of the Catholic church in America.”

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FULTON J. SHEEN, THE LEADING AMERICAN CATHOLIC OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, became familiar to a generation of Americans as the radiant figure in full Bishop's robes who held the nation spellbound during the 1950s on his television show *Life Is Worth Living* which was carried on 113 television and 500 radio stations reaching an audience of 50 million.

Sheen was the Church's chief evangelist as well as its most charismatic presence. Among his thousands of converts were celebrities such as Clare Booth Luce and Henry Ford II, and former communists Louis Budenz and Elizabeth Bentley. Thomas Reeves discusses these conversions and Sheen's close friendship with J. Edgar Hoover. Reeves also explores, for the first time, the struggle between Sheen and his chief rival, Francis Cardinal Spellman—a battle of ecclesiastical titans that led all the way to the Pope and to Sheen's final humiliation and exile.

As the *Catholic Digest* notes, Reeves has “an ear for the telling anecdote [about a man] who recognized and regretted his flaws: pride, vanity, and a loneliness for comfort” and who never stopped yearning for transcendence.



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“In no way was I ever intending, because I never think this way, to say that the men and women who defend our nation are anything but courageous and valiant. And I apologize to anyone who took it the wrong way sincerely.”

Then Maher’s own temper got the better of him again. “A lot of people now think that patriotism means just marching in lockstep and shutting up and I’m sorry . . . [but] I am not unpatriotic to question how our government has handled the situation in the past. Patriotism does not involve shutting up. It involves speaking out!”

Remember, this show is supposed to be funny. Maher concluded by reading a tribute to himself from Rob Schneider, the former *Saturday Night Live* performer who earned a degree of fame with his sketch about an office boy “makin’ copies.” The tribute was completely in earnest.

The Thursday Show: Maher had just lost Sears, his second major sponsor. “This may truly be one of the last times I have to talk to my audience,” he said morosely.

But suddenly he saw a new role for himself—as a sacrifice on the altar of national fury: “If destroying this show would provide a venting for the anger out there, I would gladly do that for my country in its time of need!”

The thing Maher wanted his viewers to understand was that his career meant nothing to him: “Many producers, who I love and who always think of the show first, they think that the most important thing to me is this show but it is not. It never has been.”

No, Maher said, the most important things are:

“Honesty. My bond with that audience who have always counted on me never to pull a punch and I hope I have never let them down. And my country. My country is a lot more important to me.”

Bill Maher, the edgy provocateur who was expressing disgust for America only four days earlier, was now wrapping himself in the flag to salvage his career.

He was prepared to suffer the death of his career for the sake of The Truth, he told us. “We were saying if you want to stick your head in the sand and say everything’s perfect and just hold hands and sing ‘God Bless America,’ nothing is gonna change. And then people will have died in vain. We were saying don’t do that, do the patriotic thing, call attention to what has been the problem in the past and how do we fix it in the future. That is what we were doing and if we have to go down for it, so be it.”

The Friday Show: A dozen network affiliates had stopped showing *Politically Incorrect*, including ABC’s station in Washington, D.C. Now Maher was finally getting it.

“I kind of forgot to ask, ‘Can I change?’” he said, ruminating on the question he had asked at the outset of

the first disastrous show of the week. In peacetime, he continued, “batting around controversial issues and thinking outside the box is okay. But you know, America has had a death in the national family, and I feel that by doing what I always have done, I kind of added to the national trauma. And I feel terrible about that. And I feel sincerely sorry about that. And that comes from the deepest part of me. It doesn’t come from anyone asking me to say it—because I love my country very much and it eats at me, this idea that I somehow made it worse.”

Then he was reduced to sucking up to the network, which was probably in shock almost as severe as Maher’s at the turnaround in his fortunes: “I gotta say I appreciate this network keeping this show on tonight without any sponsors. That has to be a first and I think that’s a pretty studly move. And if they want me to give it a shot, and try to forge some way of having an open discussion . . . without opening wounds, I will try to do that. I’m not going to guarantee that I can. . . . But if I can’t, I don’t blame anybody but myself.”

He can’t. But he needn’t blame himself. The times have changed. There is little room for a program whose major theme is that the news is nonsense and that you don’t need to know anything about a subject to express your opinion of it on national television.

Granted, the show has not been cancelled yet. And because of an irresponsible complaint issued against it by Ari Fleischer, ABC is almost obliged to keep it on the air for a while longer. How can the network do otherwise after an ominous warning about the limits of free speech—“All Americans . . . need to watch what they do, and this is not a time for remarks like that”—from the mouth of the president’s spokesman?

Nonetheless, the story of Bill Maher indicates the limits of an industry that is now without a sense of how to sell its wares to the American people. For 40 years, the entertainment business has been self-consciously provocative. It seeks to attract buyers with flash and sizzle, with offerings that are exciting to their audiences because in large measure they promise to offend or shock or bewilder other people. But a people reeling from a real shock, and preparing for more to come, doesn’t need false shocks.

Contrary to the conventional wisdom, there will always be room for a good laugh. The last show of Maher’s week of horrors contained the only real laugh of the week, and it was especially welcome because it was so unexpected—and because it took aim at the man himself. The comedian Larry Miller, an old friend of Maher’s, offered this salve to America: “I came on to say the only reason to hate him is if he went out with your sister.” ♦

Edward Said, Imperialist

The hegemonic impulse of post-colonialism

BY STANLEY KURTZ

Conservatives have been railing against the leftist takeover of the academy for a generation, with little to show for their efforts. A scholarly attack on Jane Austen for her unwitting complicity with British imperialism in *Mansfield Park* is, after all, unlikely to stir public outrage. But what about being told that more than 5,000 New Yorkers are dead for their unwitting complicity with American “imperialism”?

This latter piece of political and moral lunacy has cropped up in more campus discussions than one can count, infuriating decent conservatives and liberals alike. What’s interesting is that the apologies for the World Trade Center destruction are more intimately connected with the assault on Jane Austen than you might think.

Step away from your television set and into the groves of academe and you will learn from distinguished scholars that the terrorist attack on America is our own fault, the ripe fruit of this country’s imperial hegemony. That, at any rate, is the view of the campus left, nowhere more powerful than in the host of humanistic disciplines that sponsor studies of the Middle East, South Asia, China, and Africa. And when it comes to the study of the world outside the West, the man to whom the campus left turns for guidance is Edward Said, the same literary critic who devised that critique of Jane Austen.

The public knows Edward Said as the most prominent American supporter of the Palestinian cause, the onetime confidant of Yasser Arafat (until Arafat’s “capitulation” to the peace process), who was famously and incongruously photographed—a Columbia professor in southern Lebanon—hurling a rock at a guardhouse on the Israeli border. But Said’s real influence has been as the founder of “post-colonial theory,” arguably the dominant intellectual paradigm in those sections of the academy dedicated to the study of non-Western cultures.

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A past president of the Modern Language Association, Said has primarily influenced departments of literature and languages, but the reach of post-colonial theory extends also to “area studies” and to the social sciences, especially departments of anthropology. Not only is post-colonial theory pervasive at the likes of Said’s Columbia, but even on a once traditionalist campus like the University of Chicago, the study of non-Western cultures is arguably now shaped more by post-colonial theory than by any other single paradigm.

At a stroke, Said’s 1978 book *Orientalism* created post-colonial theory. Drawing on the work of French post-structuralist Michel Foucault, and taking aim at the traditional liberal understanding of the humanities, *Orientalism* is built upon the supposition that there is no such thing as disinterested knowledge, that all knowledge is contaminated by its entanglement with power. It follows that all Western knowledge of, say, the Middle East or South Asia must wittingly or unwittingly serve the purposes of imperialist (or present-day “neo-imperialist”) domination.

Said has a field day in *Orientalism* raking over outdated European accounts of cultural primitivism and religious ignorance in colonial domains. The simplistic and demeaning depictions of the Orient favored by the European colonists, Said plausibly claims, served as rationalizations for European rule. The colonial powers could only justify their civilizing mission by portraying their charges as ignorant savages.

But the cleverest twist in Said’s theory is his claim that even the most sophisticated and respectful Western accounts of foreign cultures are actually tools of imperialist oppression. Just by treating Islamic societies as different from the West, scholars commit an act of high-handed condescension. The insinuation hiding behind even the most respectful study of cultural difference, Said claims, is that the people who practice exotic customs, however intriguing or complex they may be, are sufficiently irrational as to be unfit to rule themselves.

So the Western scholar gets it coming and going. Say



Said in South Lebanon

AP / Wide World Photos

something nice about other cultures, and you're an evil imperialist; say something nasty, and you're worse. Although Said tries to deny it, the upshot of his theory is that no Westerner, at any time or place, is capable of attaining fair or truthful knowledge of a non-Western culture. Of course that view implicates Said in exactly the sort of stereotyping he decries.

And as one of Said's few critics in the academy, Princeton professor Bernard Lewis, points out, Said never successfully establishes the supposed connection between Orientalist knowledge and Western colonial power. German scholars, for example, were leaders in the European study of the Orient, yet the Germans had no empire in the area. Said even resorts to backdating Western colonial expansion to make it appear to coincide with the much earlier development of scholarship on the East.

But whatever the gaping holes in his theory, it is the circumstances of Said's life, as told in his recent and controversial memoir, and in an important autobiographical essay, "Between Worlds," that explain the hold his thought has gained over the American academy. Something has drawn Said into an extravagant hatred of American society, something that binds him to his fellow leftists, and to the feckless liberal scholars throughout the academy who have allowed the practitioners of post-colonial theory to "subvert" (their favorite word) America's capacity to gain knowledge of the rest of the world.

Said's has been a life of no fixed attachments. Reared as a Christian by parents who were part Arab and part American; educated in an elite British colonial boarding school that forbade the use of Arabic; sent alone to the United States to complete his education while still a youth, Said became a loner—out of place in either America or the Middle East. By the time he began his academic career, Said had been completely Americanized, so Americanized that he held himself aloof from other Arab immigrants. Yet his sense of being betwixt and between cultures—without a real home—still burned.

The sixties changed all that. Said found solidarity and a home of sorts among the crowds of antiwar protesters. After the Six Day War, the rise of Palestinian nationalism provided him with a link to the homeland from which he had otherwise been estranged. By opposing America's alleged imperialism in the Middle East, Said was able to reconnect himself to a Palestinian identity that he had never really consolidated. No doubt that is why, for years, Said made misleading and exaggerated statements about his Palestinian background, the exposure of which by Justus Reid Weiner in *Commentary* kicked up a scandal two years ago. But Said's reappropriation of his own ethnicity by way

of politics was always tenuous. In almost every sense that mattered, he had long ago become an American.

Post-colonial theory offered a way out of this cul-de-sac. Many practitioners of post-colonial theory, Said included, have surprisingly little to say about non-Western cultures. They are preoccupied instead with Western scholarship, which they scrutinize and excoriate as bigoted and imperialistic. This political pose allows the sophisticated, Westernized immigrants who generate post-colonial theory to cement a connection with their erstwhile homelands, while simultaneously banning the sort of scholarly attention to their cultures of origin that might actually remind them just how far they have strayed from their roots. The dirty little secret of the post-colonial theorists is that many of them don't much like, or even know, their ancestral cultures, and are even embarrassed by them. They'd much rather banter about French literary theory and the evils of America and the West at some café than go to mosque.

And when you get down to it, the American leftists who have adopted the post-colonial pose, like the nice-guy liberals who've allowed the post-colonialists to take control of much of the academy, are in the same boat as Said. These are the folks who once romanticized Mao, Fidel, and the Vietcong (or more recently, Rigoberta Menchu, the radical Guatemalan peasant famous, like Said, for her exaggerated autobiographical tales of oppression).

For three decades now, the culturally deracinated campus left has been looking to find a home in a lonely secular world by latching onto someone else's ethnicity. This vicarious identity politics, easily established through acts of political empathy (and the right piece of indigenously manufactured cloth), can be just as easily undermined by disciplined attention to the undemocratic politics or culture of the favored Third World group. These familiar, if shallow, acts of political empathy already typify the response to the war on America's college campuses, from Said himself to the whole generation of leftist allies and liberal facilitators who have felt his pull.

Given his influence on the American academy, it's worth examining Said's understanding of the United States. Simply put, he sees America as a malign, imperialist power. In his writing, Said expresses this viewpoint cautiously, self-consciously bracketing the question of America's dedication to the principles of freedom and democracy, while pointing to parallels between America's preeminence in the world and that of earlier colonial powers. In interviews, Said is less careful, unequivocally stating that America's influence is as odious as 19th-century British and French colonialism. Although formally speaking, the United States may have no colonies, Said treats countries like Egypt and Saudi Arabia as American possessions.

America's response to past acts of terrorism, then, has

been mere “hysteria.” Said criticized an earlier anti-terrorism bill, strongly supported by both Democrats and Republicans, as an “Orwellian” effort to impose an “us vs. them” dichotomy on the world, a substitute for the old Communist enemy. And Said makes it clear in *Orientalism* that one of his chief purposes in writing the book was to discourage cooperation between American students of the Middle East and the United States government.

Here, Said has succeeded admirably. If you want to know why our intelligence agencies are unable to find enough speakers of Arabic, try to imagine a bright young student at one of our elite universities enrolling in an Arabic class with the avowed aim of joining the CIA. At many or most of our finest schools, such an admission would result in social ostracism, and put both grades and faculty recommendations at risk.

But for all that, Said’s published essays and interviews mask the extent of his anti-Americanism. His views are presented, uncamouflaged, where few of his American admirers will read them, in the pages of the Egyptian weekly *Al Ahrām*. There Said makes it clear that he sees the United States as a genocidal power, with a “history of reducing whole peoples, countries and even continents to ruin by nothing short of holocaust.” According to Said, when it comes to war crimes, in comparison to Bill Clinton, Madeleine Albright, or Sandy Berger, Slobodan Milosevic is “a rank amateur.”

The evident intent of Said’s pieces in *Al Ahrām* is to encourage his Egyptian readers to turn against their government on account of its willingness to cooperate with the United States. Again and again, Said tries to strip away the persistent conviction of his Egyptian audience that, for all its faults, America is genuinely dedicated to the principles of freedom and democracy. For Said, American democracy is a sham; he contemptuously dismisses the Constitution as a document created by “wealthy, white, slaveholding, Anglophilic” men. The remarkable thing is how thoroughly convinced Said is of America’s stultifying intellectual climate, even as his own ideas have grown to prominence—arguably, predominance—in significant sections of the American academy. But it’s obvious that Said will be satisfied only with a revolution—a radical breakdown of the current global system. In his work for *Al Ahrām*, Said’s despair at the existing world consensus on free markets and democracy is palpable.

In his remarks on the September 11 attacks—published in both the British *Observer* and in *Al Ahrām*—Said meets expectations, blaming the strikes on America’s support for Israel and on our sanctions against Iraq. He spins out his now familiar case against the American media for their

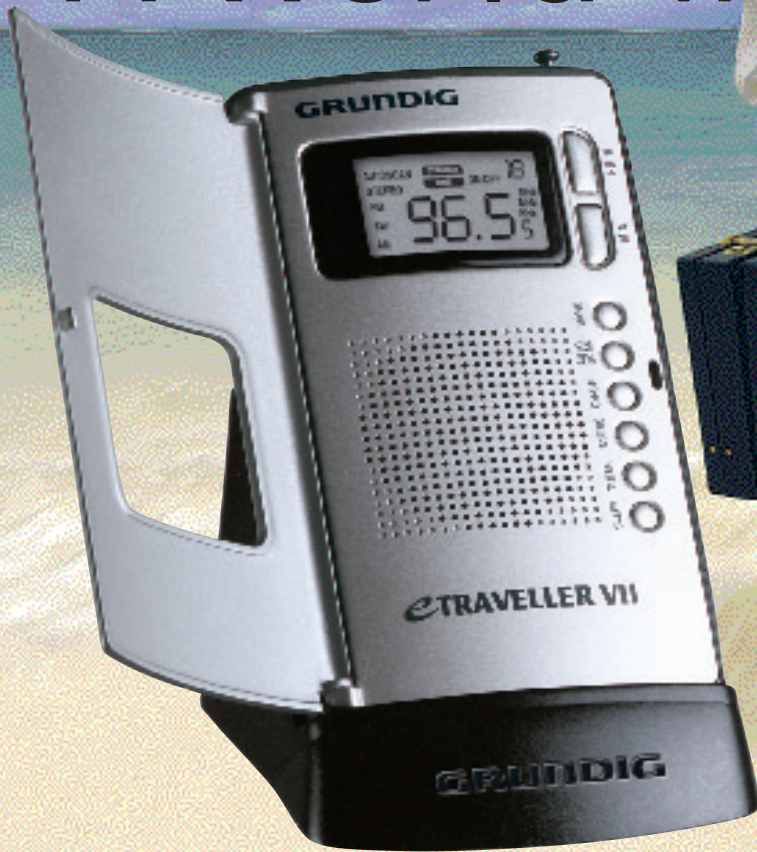
supposedly Manichaean division of the world into good West and evil Islam—this despite the fact that the networks and the president have been bending over backwards to avoid that sort of stereotyping. And he continues to obscure the depths of his hatreds. Washington journalist Andrew Sullivan spotted a telling bit of bowdlerizing in the British version of one essay, which left out a swipe at Rudy Giuliani’s “virulently Zionist views,” added for the delectation of *Al Ahrām*’s readers.

But for all of the usual incantations, there is something different this time in Said’s response to the terror. Said is evidently agonized by the recognition that the attacks may destroy his plans. His longtime hope has been that an alliance of Arab nationalism and Western liberalism (the same alliance that has given him so much academic influence) might eventually turn the politics of the Middle East in a Palestinian direction. That hope is now dying.

So, forgetting himself, in his remarks on recent events, Said lashes out at the terrorists’ “primitive” ideas of revolution, their “magical thinking,” and their “lying religious claptrap.” It’s almost enough to make a bigoted British imperialist blush. Indeed, it’s difficult to decide whether to make sense of this descent into classic “Orientalist” language as a vindication of his post-colonial theory or not. After all, Said spewed his invective at “primitive” Arabs at the very same moment he was demanding that control of the revolution be returned to secular radicals like himself. So maybe forms of knowledge and power go hand in hand after all. Or is it that the liberal humanists were right all along about there being truths that transcend political differences? Maybe certain insights are available to Western “neo-imperialists” and leftist Third World intellectuals alike, say, the insight that “magical thinking”—scapegoating for instance—might compromise the legitimacy of terrorist tactics and call for a response that goes beyond attempts at rational persuasion or exercises in role-playing.

Edward Said and his supporters in the American academy know a lot about scapegoating. Like the terrorists themselves, the post-colonial theorists have long found comfort and solidarity in blaming both American power and a fast-fading band of traditionalist scholars for the complex ills of the Muslim world. The price of this little bit of enchantment has been the erosion of our capacity to listen to, contemplate, and when necessary defend our very lives against the sometimes unpleasant realities of life on the other side of the globe. One wonders whether the evident costs of our flirtation with post-colonial theory might finally prompt a restoration of balance to the academy, or whether American students of the Middle East will continue to direct their attention away from Saddam Hussein, to focus instead upon the terrible burden of Jane Austen’s imperialist legacy. ♦

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An antiwar demonstrator at Berkeley, May 5, 1970. CORBIS.



Don't Need a Weatherman

The clouded mind of Bill Ayers

By RONALD RADOSH

Poor Bill Ayers. His timing could not have been worse. Just when his widely publicized memoir of his days as a terrorist was coming out, our nation suffered its worst terrorist assault ever.

Indeed, the very morning of the attack, the *New York Times* printed a fawning profile of Ayers and his comrade in terror, Bernardine Dohrn. Under the headline "No Regrets for a Love of Explosives," accompanied by a large color photo of the couple, Ayers boasts that

Ronald Radosh's most recent book is *Commies: A Journey Through the Old Left, the New Left and the Leftover Left*, published by *Encounter Books*.

he bombed New York City's police headquarters in 1970, the Capitol building in 1971, and the Pentagon in 1972—and proudly adds, "I don't regret setting bombs. I feel we didn't do enough." Asked whether he would

Fugitive Days

A Memoir

by Bill Ayers

Beacon Press, 293 pp., \$24

do it again, he answers, "I don't want to discount the possibility." Or, as he puts it in *Fugitive Days: A Memoir*, "I can't imagine entirely

dismissing the possibility."

Given the timing, the *New York Times* may have regretted printing the piece, but worse was to come—for, five days after the destruction of the World Trade Center by terrorists, the newspaper printed yet another flattering interview with the terrorist. (The story appeared in the Sunday magazine sec-

tion of the paper, which the *Times* had printed before the attacks.) In this second interview—conducted by a writer whose parents were comrades of Ayers in the Weather Underground—Ayers lets us know that America "is not a just and fair and decent place." This, from the man who is now a distinguished professor of education at the University of Illinois, Chicago, and who brags at the end of *Fugitive Days* that he is "Guilty as hell, free as a bird—it's a great country." As for those who might believe without irony that America is a great country, Ayers has one reaction: "It makes me want to puke."

Bill Ayers belonged to a late offshoot of what began in 1962 as a protest group, the Students for a Democratic Society. SDS subsequently held the first student antiwar rallies in Washington, D.C., and organized large chapters in nearly all major American universities. By June 1969, it had split into two distinct groups—those with a traditional Marxist approach aimed at organizing the working class, and those spurred on by visions of revolution in the Third World. This latter group, inspired by Ho Chi Minh and Mao Zedong, opted for a homespun guerrilla army of covert terrorists. Deciding to become warriors who would, as they used to say, "bring the monster down" by using violence against those living in "the belly of the beast," they named themselves "the Weathermen" (after a line in a Bob Dylan song: *You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows*).

All that was more than thirty years ago, but Bill Ayers still looks back with fondness on the violence of what was called in those days the "New Left." Indeed, in *Fugitive Days*, he attempts to bring his readers to share his reasoning. He and his comrades were moved, he insists, by the most decent of motives to undertake, not terrorism, but a restrained and purposeful form of "resistance." Terrorists seek to harm average people—men, women, and children—without regard to the target. For the Weather Underground, "the symbolic nature of the target" was paramount. They were only trying to

prove “that a homegrown guerrilla movement was afoot in America,” and thus they bombed police stations, statues to those they considered oppressors, ROTC buildings, draft offices, and corporate headquarters.

Of course, their decision to move to bombing came at a cost. On March 6, 1970, a bomb they were constructing in their Greenwich Village townhouse accidentally exploded, killing Ayers’s girlfriend Diana Oughton and his Weatherman comrades Ted Gold and Terry Robbins. Ayers begins his book with a portrait of how he heard the news, waiting by an isolated phone booth for his weekly report to be phoned in. Shattered, Ayers realized that they were destroying themselves and the time had come to quit.

What Ayers does not mention is that the bomb that killed his friends was an antipersonnel bomb meant for

he might have murdered had a bomb he planted in a Chicago station gone off—do not count. And the GIs’ dates, and the civilians working at the police station, also do not count. Their deaths would simply have been a way of educating people—as Bill Ayers continues to educate them at the University of Illinois, Chicago.

Despite his numerous disclaimers that he was never a terrorist, Ayers often emotes about the mystical wonder of bombs. He reprints a verse in praise of dynamite by the nineteenth-century anarchist Johann Most: “Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch of pipe, . . . plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, . . . and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow.” Throughout the book, he often ends with such words as “Bombs away!” After witnessing riots and a shoot-out between police and black radicals in Cleveland—a murderous

tible. A torch, a bomb, a strong enough wind, and they, too, would come undone or get knocked down.

The extraordinary mau-mauing that convinced the *New York Times* to print not just one but two obsequious profiles of Bill Ayers was only part of the publisher’s plan for promoting *Fugitive Days*. Had the events of September 11 not taken place, Ayers would have embarked on a twenty-city book tour. Ron Rosenbaum, writing in the *New York Observer*, found some merit to the “terrible logic” of the terrorists’ “convictions,” praised them for having “emerged from the underground without betraying their principles.” Edward Said, Columbia University’s own radical intellectual, blurbbed the book for “its marvelous human coherence and integrity.” Studs Terkel called it a “deeply moving elegy to all those young dreamers who tried to live decently in an indecent world.” Thomas Frank declared Ayers a man who took a “quintessentially American trip,” and Scott Turow in his blurb regrets that Ayers’s “critical point of view” is one we are “barely able to recall.”

The World Trade Center seems to show that we are able to recall it all too well. In its press release after the attacks, Beacon Press printed a statement from Ayers (also printed, in shorter form, in the *New York Times*, though the *Times* has not printed any of the scores of letters it received protesting Ayers’s double appearance in its pages). In the statement, Ayers refers to “the barbarism unleashed against innocent human beings” as a “nightmare” and claims he is “filled with horror and grief.” Noticing that his memoir is “now receiving attention in a radically changed context,” he asks that we not “collapse time” and imagine that his words apply to the United States today. *Fugitive Days*, Ayers says, is simply his effort to explore “the intricate relationships between social justice, commitment, and resistance”—and “to understand, to tell the truth, and to heal.”

Not surprisingly, to read *Fugitive Days* is to discover that Bill Ayers



AP / Wide World Photos

Tom Hayden and Jerry Rubin burn their federal subpoenas, October 1, 1968.

an army dance at Fort Dix in New Jersey. Had it exploded at its chosen target, thousands of soldiers and their dates would have been killed. “Terrorists destroy randomly,” he writes, “while our actions bore . . . the precise stamp of a cut diamond. Terrorists intimidate, while we aimed only to educate.” Somehow, the GIs his comrades aimed to kill—or the policemen

assault he calls a “loving attempt . . . to change so much of what was glaringly, screamingly wrong”—Ayers writes:

Night after night, day after day, each majestic scene I witnessed was so terrible and so unexpected that no city would ever again stand innocently fixed in my mind. Big buildings and wide streets, cement and steel were no longer permanent. They, too, were fragile and destruc-

intended precisely the opposite when he wrote it. "Everything was absolutely ideal on the day I bombed the Pentagon," he rhapsodizes. "The sky was blue. The birds were singing. And the bastards were finally going to get what was coming to them."

Ayers and his comrade (and now wife) Bernardine Dohrn were merely "ordinary people," he recently explained to the *Chicago Tribune*, "trying to do our best in extraordinarily extreme and violent times." But Ayers remains, in fact, a man in love with his years of violence. In his account of the "Days of Rage," the October 1969 riot the Weathermen organized in Chicago, he describes Dohrn admonishing her troops to violence wearing a "short skirt and high stylish black boots. . . Her blazing eyes . . . allied with her elegance, . . . a stunning and seductive symbol of the Revolutionary Woman." (Ayers also reminds us that it was at the Days of Rage that Tom Hayden, one of the founders of SDS, told the rioters, "Anything that intensifies our resistance . . . is in the service of humanity. The Weathermen are setting the terms for all of us now.")

Curiously, you won't find in Ayers's pages an account of the "War Council" held by the Weather Underground in Flint, Michigan, in December 1969, at which he and Dohrn were key players. It was at the Flint War Council that Dohrn admonished the four hundred delegates to stop being "wimpy" and "scared of fighting," and to "get into armed struggle." Invoking the example of Charles Manson, who had killed Sharon Tate and all her houseguests in the Los Angeles hills, Dohrn declared, "Dig it. First they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild!" She closed her speech by holding up three fingers in what she called the "Manson fork salute." Dohrn was followed by one of Ayers's friends, John Jacobs, who told the crowd, "We're against everything that's 'good and decent' in honky America. We will loot and burn and destroy." The delegates then discussed how to get



Bill Ayers and Bernardine Dohrn leave court, December 3, 1980.

AP / Wide World Photos

weapons, make bombs, and rent "safe houses"—after which they broke into a nearby Catholic Church to engage in group sex.

Similarly, Ayers never acknowledges that later terrorism followed directly from his example and his policy. After the Weather Underground collapsed, many of his old comrades joined the new May 19th Communist organization, which became a support group for the ultra-violent Black Liberation Army. Kathy Boudin and David Gilbert, for instance, ended up in prison for life for their role in the Black Liberation Army's 1981 Brinks Robbery, in which a black cop was murdered. (Ayers and Dohrn took in Boudin and Gilbert's child after their imprisonment.)

Ayers ends with the scene of rejoicing as he and Dohrn watched the television images of America's defeat in Vietnam. "We were overjoyed," he writes, and they "spent several days celebrating, laughing and crying." Today, they still go every March 6 to put flowers on the site of the Village townhouse where their own bombs destroyed their comrades' young lives. They also traveled to Vietnam, to pay homage to Ho Chi Minh at his grave.

In perhaps the most disgusting pages of the book, Ayers describes the brave American soldiers who, coming upon the My Lai massacre in 1968, landed their helicopter and tried to

save Vietnamese civilians from other American troops gone mad. This action was finally acknowledged by an official government ceremony in 1998. But Ayers mentions these soldiers only to compare them to Diana Oughton, Ted Gold, and Terry Robbins—who died making a bomb meant to blow up other American soldiers at Fort Dix. "How much longer" will it take to honor "the three who died on Eleventh Street?" he demands. "How much longer for Diana? When will she be remembered?"

Bill Ayers has learned nothing in the years since he was a terrorist. He still thinks he and his comrades should be forgiven, because their terrorism was "propaganda of the deed" meant to "blaze away the masters of war," a cause for which he used "explosive words at first, slowly replaced by actual bombs." He still thinks that America "shatters community everywhere"—and intends the publication of *Fugitive Days* to encourage another generation of terrorists against the United States, however much he has tried to deny that intention in the days since the attack on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. Preparing for his book tour, Ayers posed for a publicity photo with the American flag crumbled in weeds underneath his feet. This man still hates America and seeks its destruction. ♦



Missing Saigon

James Webb's tale of those who can't forget Vietnam. BY WOODY WEST

Several American expatriates are passing the time in a bar in Bangkok, decades after the fall of Saigon. One says he hears that "Brandon Condley is back from . . . hell, I guess Viet Nam." "I doubt that Brandon Condley will ever get back from Viet Nam," responds another.

In *Lost Soldiers*, his sixth novel, James Webb returns to the setting of his first book, *Fields of Fire*, acclaimed as one of the most memorable novels about the Vietnamese war. Webb, a highly decorated Marine in the war, was later a committee counsel on Capitol Hill and secretary of the Navy; he now is also a commentator on military and foreign affairs, and travels extensively in the Far East. That is to say, Webb knows the territory.

Brandon Condley is the protagonist of *Lost Soldiers*. The title characters also include a former Soviet paratrooper who served in Indochina; a tough old soldier who fought for the South Vietnamese government and endured a brutal reeducation camp; and a former Viet Cong colonel, now an official in the Hanoi government.

Condley spent six years in Vietnam, off and on, during the war as a Marine officer. After the fall of Saigon (which Webb prefers to spell "Sai Gon"), he remained in Southeast Asia—doing corporate security, spy assignments,

and similar chores appropriate to a warrior displaced by events. Always, however, he returned to Saigon. It is for him a place of obsessive memory, most bitterly because of the assassination of the Vietnamese woman he loved, killed for

loving him. Her memory is blended intimately into the culture of Vietnam and the city. Webb infuses *Lost Soldiers* with a sensual affection for and knowledge of the city—the sights, sounds, the earthy smells, the customs old and new, the authoritarian methods of the regime of the victors, and the fate of the defeated as they scuffle to subsist as aliens in their own land.

Condley is a man untethered to anything but his Asian past: There is a bare mention of his

father, whose funeral he did not return to the United States to attend, and episodic telephone calls to his mother for awkward exchanges. In short, there are no connections for Brandon Condley except the war in Vietnam. For the past five years he's been working for the American government's Joint Task Force for Full Accounting, seeking to locate and identify Americans missing in action.

Condley insulates himself inside a sheathing of cynicism and disdain—until word is received of a Caucasian body found deep in the Que Sons mountains in central Vietnam. Together with an American anthropologist from the military identification lab in Honolulu and a liaison officer from the Hanoi government to the MIA task



Bantam Doubleday Dell

Lost Soldiers
by James Webb
Bantam Doubleday Dell,
384 pp., \$25

force, Condley treks to an isolated village deep in the mountains. It turns out to be near the village where Condley's rifle platoon was ambushed thirty years before.

This was his area. He had walked every inch of it in another life. . . . Ghosts walked beside Condley on the muddy trails, dirty and unshaven, burdened by helmets and packs and weapons, loping tiredly, all parts of their bodies half asleep while their eyes stayed bright with fear. The ghosts would always be there, young-faced and yearning, even as time erased the evidence of their passing.

The attackers of Condley's platoon included a "Salt and Pepper" team—a white man and a black man fighting with the Viet Cong, presumed American deserters. Two of Condley's grunts were killed by the renegades. The vicious betrayal of long ago newly encountered reenergizes Condley, intent now on solving that mystery and exacting retribution.

The villagers produce the remains of a Caucasian body—with a set of U.S. Army dogtags. Since this was a Marine operational region, not Army, the skeleton could be that of "Salt." The sophisticated American identification lab goes to work, only to discover that the physical remains do not match those of the individual whose dogtags were recovered with them—or any known American missing in Southeast Asia. So who was the dead man, if he was not the turncoat, and what happened to the deserter with the Viet Cong?

Rendered into Vietnamese as "Cong Ly," Condley's name means "justice," which is how he is perceived by perhaps the best-developed character in the novel, the former South Vietnamese soldier Dzung. For seven years Dzung fought the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese and then survived a reeducation camp. Now, married with five children, including a sick baby, he is reduced to bare subsistence as a cyclo driver while living in the noisome squalor of the city's District Four—the ghetto in which the government confines its former enemies.

For the past five years, he has been Brandon Condley's personal cyclo dri-

Woody West is associate editor of the Washington Times.

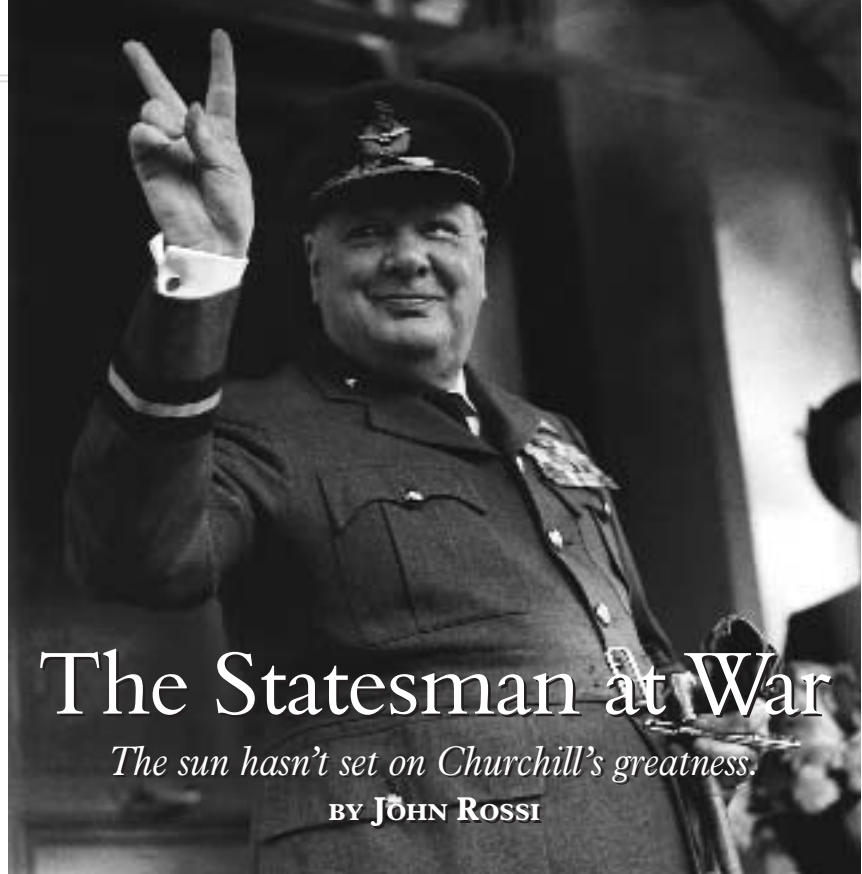
ver, and the two old soldiers have become confident of each other. The Communists have carefully noted this connection. Dzung is bluntly threatened by a government apparatchik: He can cooperate in a dangerous covert project or face another session in a re-education camp, which almost certainly would doom his family. By implication his American friend, Cong Ly, may be jeopardized.

Dzung's military service and loyalty is to a past that no longer exists. His friendship to Condley, genuine as it is, cannot equate to his truest loyalty and obligation now—his family. After the baby dies lacking medical care, he agonizingly commits himself to the Communist government whose minion promises that should Dzung not survive the mission, his family will be provided for.

All of these vectors from a dim past and volatile present intersect in an explosive few minutes on a dark night along the hog-slaughtering pens of the polluted Klong Toey on the outskirts of Bangkok. The trail will lead eventually, in Webb's intricately plotted novel, to Russia and Australia, and provoke a cautious but growing respect between Condley and the former Viet Cong colonel.

The haunted journey back to the war will also disclose a vastly lucrative cocaine operation that is linking Burma, Thailand, and Vietnam in a miasma of corruption. *Lost Soldiers* ends with a version of justice for Condley, as well as a politically useful resolution. At the end, "For the first time in his memory, Condley felt content with himself. It occurred to him at that moment that now would be a good time to go home. If he actually had a home."

Character is, as it should be, the soul of this tense narrative. Coincidence is a large part of the novel's structure, but the author's deft touch keeps it plausible. *Lost Soldiers* is an affecting and taut tale. The compass for all the characters is captured in "What Was Lost," the William Butler Yeats poem with which Webb prefaces the novel: *I sing what was lost and dread what was won, / I walk in a battle fought over again, / My king a lost king, and lost soldiers my men.* ♦



Churchill at the RAF's 615 Squadron, October 6, 1948. All photos: Hulton / Archive.

The Statesman at War

The sun hasn't set on Churchill's greatness.

BY JOHN ROSSI

Winston Churchill once castigated his butler—and when the butler complained, Churchill apologized, saying: "You must remember I'm a great man."

The great man was in danger of being forgotten for some years after his death in 1965, but over the last decade what amounts almost to a book-writing industry has emerged to remind us. This year alone has featured three new biographies of the prime minister. The biggest—the most Churchillian, at seven hundred pages—is by Roy Jenkins.

Back in the 1960s and 1970s Jenkins was a rising star in the British Labour party, often named as a future prime minister. But he fell afoul of Labour's drift to the far left, especially its opposition to European integration, which Jenkins supported. After a brief fling as leader of the Social Democratic party in the early 1980s, Jenkins withdrew from politics and began to indulge again his passion for writing history and biographies. His earlier books had

included a highly regarded life of Herbert Asquith, the prime minister in the early days of World War I, as well as a biography of an eccentric nineteenth-century radical, Sir Charles Dilke. His post-political books consist of his enormous account of the life of William Gladstone, which appeared in 1995, and now *Churchill: A Biography*.

Both the Gladstone and the Churchill volumes are good reads, but they add little to our knowledge or understanding. With Churchill, at least, the problem is that his personality and temperament are so alien to Jenkins. A Tory democrat, a patriot and an imperialist, and a lover of military affairs, Churchill had a mindset diametrically opposed to that of Jenkins, a leftwing intellectual and honors graduate of Oxford's Balliol College.

Churchill believed himself a man of destiny. This sense fueled his restless ambition, his self-confidence, and strength of will. Back in the 1880s, Dilke recorded in his diary that Lord Roseberg was the most ambitious person he ever met. Some years later, on rereading his diary, Dilke crossed it

Churchill
A Biography
by Roy Jenkins
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 736 pp., \$37.50

John Rossi is a professor of history at LaSalle University.

out and wrote: "That was before I met Winston Churchill." Jenkins is good on the lengths that Churchill went to as a young man to succeed. Although often subject to the fits of depression he called his "black dog," Churchill never lost sight of his goal of a successful political career.

Jenkins's biography effectively traces how diligently Churchill sought to make a name for himself as a young man. He served as a war correspondent covering a revolution in Cuba and saw action in military campaigns in India, the Sudan, and South Africa. He was captured by the Boers, made a daring, well-publicized escape, and found himself famous in England. Churchill believed the way to call attention to himself was to write about his adventures.

Jenkins shows how Churchill trained himself to be a writer by developing a unique prose style that was half Macaulay and half Gibbon. His books about his early adventures were commercial successes that made him at thirty one of the best known writers in England. In 1905 for his biography of his father, Churchill received an advance estimated at over \$400,000 in today's dollars.

The fame from his writing enabled Churchill to begin a political career that saw him switch political parties three times. Jenkins argues that Churchill did not really fit in any one party but was instead an Edwardian Liberal who sought the betterment of the lower classes from a sense of noblesse oblige. His political maneuverings and beliefs, Jenkins argues, were always secondary to his desire to exercise power. Churchill achieved ministerial office in 1906 when he was just thirty-one, joining Asquith's government as undersecretary for colonial affairs. He quickly made a name for himself and was moved to the cabinet, first to the Board of Trade, then to the Home Office, finally becoming first lord of the admiralty on the eve of World War I. This record was remarkable for a man not yet forty.

Churchill was not afraid to act. In the opening stages of World War I, he

ordered the British fleet mobilized when others in the government hesitated. Churchill was responsible for the only imaginative, if flawed, British action of the early stages of the war, the landing in the Dardanelles designed to knock Turkey out of the war and link Britain and France with Russia. This campaign—for which Churchill bore heavy responsibility—cost him dearly, although its failure was not his fault alone. He eventually lost his position in the cabinet and gained a reputation for rashness that took him a decade to overcome.

Jenkins is good on Churchill's early years, perhaps because he is covering ground he wrote about in previous books, especially the Asquith biography. Then, too, the issues that Churchill dealt with in the years before World War I at the Board of Trade and Home Office—unemployment, crime, pensions—are the kinds of social questions that interest Jenkins.

It took Churchill almost a decade and another switch of parties from Liberal to Conservative to recover political power. In 1924 he was appointed chancellor of the Exchequer, a post his father had held in the 1880s, by the rising star of the Conservative party, Stanley Baldwin. The office, comparable to our secretary of the Treasury, was unsuitable for Churchill, who had little understanding of money except how to spend huge amounts of it. (At least he knew more about economics than his father, Lord Randolph, who, on being briefed about financial matters, was supposed to have pointed to the decimal points and asked, "What are these damned dots?")

Jenkins traces how in the 1930s Churchill was alienated from his Conservative allies and the English public in general. He opposed greater autonomy for India, took up the unpopular cause of Edward VIII in the abdication crisis of 1936, and began as early as 1932 to call for rearmament in the face of growing German militarism. His outspoken role in these issues cemented the opinion that he was a warmonger and lacked judgment. By the mid-1930s Churchill was, in the words of



Churchill as a soldier in 1899, . . .

one of his contemporaries, "a busted flush."

World War II saved him. His long opposition to the appeasement of Nazism vindicated him. He had been right, and the English political establishment wrong, about Hitler. The reluctant Neville Chamberlain was forced by alarmed public opinion to bring him back to the admiralty in September 1939, and Churchill was in his element. He was one of the few forces for action in the opening months of what was known as the "Phony War" or *Sitzkrieg*. The British navy cleared the seas of German surface raiders, kept trade between the Empire and Great Britain open, and ferried the British army to France without a loss.

When Hitler launched his massive attack in the West in May 1940, Chamberlain, who had taunted Hitler for "missing the bus," fell from power. At sixty-five years old, Churchill was par-



as a war correspondent in 1900, and as a member of parliament in 1904.

liament's reluctant choice for prime minister. But the fall of France and the subsequent Battle of Britain proved that he was the right man for the job. Later he would say that 1940 was his *annus mirabilis*, the year he would choose to relive if he could.

Curiously, Jenkins is weak on Churchill's unique role in the dangerous summer of 1940. His treatment in three short chapters of those weeks when England's fate was in the balance is perfunctory and unrevealing. Churchill's bulldog-like sense of defiance and his almost irrational belief that England would prevail are beyond Jenkins's imagination. For a sense of that remarkable time a reader should turn to two books by the American historian John Lukacs, *The Duel: The Eighty-Day Struggle Between Churchill and Hitler* (1993) and *Five Days in London, May 1940* (1999).

Jenkins is better on the diplomatic side of the war. He makes a case that

the Churchill-Roosevelt relationship was less warm than people believed. At one level Churchill the romantic admired Roosevelt, but the American president kept people at a distance and lacked the personal warmth to which Churchill always responded. When Roosevelt died, Churchill, an avid traveler, didn't come to America for the funeral.

According to Jenkins, Churchill's morale sagged as victory approached, primarily because he became concerned about the rising threat of the Soviet Union, which he described in his famous Iron Curtain speech, delivered in the United States in March 1946.

Churchill's warnings about the Soviets were rejected by many in the mainstream American press, particularly by the *New York Times* and the *Chicago Sun-Times*, to say nothing of left-wing political journals like the *Nation*, which were still enamored of Stalin. Churchill wasn't worried. He

predicted that American public opinion would come around to share his view in a matter of months. He was right.

In the last hundred pages of his biography Jenkins shows how Churchill dominated the international political scene in the postwar decade. Despite defeat at the polls in 1945, he retained his zest for politics. He became the first major European statesman to endorse the idea of a United Europe, even though Great Britain's role was unclear. His Zurich speech in November 1946, in which he called for Europe to act together to avoid another war, Jenkins argues was as important as his call for opposition to Soviet communism. If Churchill had been listened to, Great Britain would have led the United Europe movement instead of having to beg for entry to the Common Market a generation later.

Churchill returned to power in 1951 and remained in office for four years. He was seventy-six at the time, tired, in failing health, and he had a serious stroke in 1953. During what some have called his Indian summer, Churchill still managed to confront issues that most politicians avoided. Throughout his last premiership, he pressed for a summit meeting to talk about thermonuclear weapons, and his ideas for normalizing relations between the West and the Soviet Union foreshadowed, for good and for ill, the Kissinger-Nixon concept of *détente*.

When, at the turn of the millennium, *Time* magazine ran a poll of the most significant figures of the twentieth century, Churchill came in sixteenth, trailing Elvis Presley and Madonna. Such is fame in modern America. But Churchill's stock has been rising again as a new generation begins to discover what a unique figure in modern history he was: statesman, Nobel prize-winner in literature, fine amateur painter, and first-class bricklayer who built many of the garden walls at his home, Chartwell. Jenkins's *Churchill: A Biography* is flawed, but his subject is great enough to shine through anyway. ♦

Not a Parody

Palestinian students visit a reenactment of the Aug. 19 Sbarro pizza restaurant suicide bombing in Jerusalem, replete with body parts and pizza slices strewn around the room, during the opening of an exhibition at Al Najah University in the West Bank town of Nablus, Sunday, Sept. 23, 2001.

The exhibit on the suicide bombing, which killed 15 Israelis, was part of a larger exhibit that marked the passing of a year since renewed violence broke out between Israelis and the Palestinians.



AP Photo / Nasser Ishtayeh