the weekly Standard

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GEORGE W. BUSH'S THEORY OF HISTORY
JAMES W. CEASER

THE HORRORS OF "PEACE"

Saddam's victims talk

BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

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Frosty the Phallus

Conservative bloggers across the country have been having a field day snickering at the Harvard women who knocked down a snow-and-ice sculpture during the last big snowstorm. The sculpture had been thrown up in a fit of high spirits by members of the men's crew on February 11. Arcing nine feet out of Harvard Yard, it depicted an erect penis above a base of two giant, egg-shaped testicles.

Andrew Sullivan derided as "victim feminists" those like Harvard women's studies lecturer Diane Rosenfeld, who complained: "The ice sculpture was erected in a public space, one that should be free from menacing reminders of women's sexual vulnerability."

And James Taranto, writing in the *Opinion Journal*, dismissed as a "flake" Harvard co-ed Amy Keel, who owned up to having destroyed the sculpture herself. Taranto found it particularly droll that Ms. Keel wrote this letter to the *Harvard Crimson*:

> As a student of Harvard University, neither I, nor any other woman, should have to see this obscene and grossly inappropriate thing on my way to class. No one should have to be subjected to an erect penis without his or her express permission or consent.
>
> Many women and men, including myself, are the victims of sexual assault, child sexual abuse and rape. The unwanted image of an erect penis is an implied threat; it means that we, as women, must be subject to erect penises whether we like it or not. There was nothing "challenging" or "subversive" about the penis. The only thing it did was create an uncomfortable environment for the women of Harvard University.

For the *Economist* magazine, the sculpture showed that fundamentalist bluenosery has now found a perch even in America's elite universities.

In these pages, we have certainly deplored the puritanical aspect of modern feminism just as frequently as we have its radical aspect. So let us be clear where we stand here: THE SCRAPBOOK is 105 percent on Ms. Keel's and Ms. Rosenfeld's side.

Maybe we would be less inclined than Ms. Keel to stress our personal history as grounds for destroying the sculpture. Maybe we would be less inclined than Ms. Rosenfeld to view the snow-figure as insulting just to women. (We suspect, in fact, that the sculpture in question is a work of homoerotic art that, as such, does not involve women at all.) And maybe we find silly some of the comments about phallic symbols and the Washington Monument that have been dredged up by Ms. Rosenfeld's detractors.

But THE SCRAPBOOK would rather be clumsily decent with Ms. Keel and Ms. Rosenfeld than elegantly decadent with Messrs. Sullivan and Taranto. On the substance of this issue, there is not the tiniest shred of a syllable in the above-quoted "feminist" arguments with which we disagree. If this is "victim feminism," then we are victim feminists, too. ♦

Donald Duck Kucinich

We suspect it's a sign of how unseriously the Kucinich for President campaign is being taken that no one has yet dredged up what has to be the Cleveland Democrat's most embarrassing moment in the public spotlight. We're not referring to his Feb. 23 appearance on *Meet the Press*, in which he asserted that "oil represents the strongest incentive" for war with Iraq, because "individuals involved in the administration have been involved in the oil industry," and "the oil industry certainly would benefit from having the administration control Iraq." That's boilerplate left-wing libel these days.

No, we're referring to Kucinich's televised recitation of the Gettysburg Address in a Donald Duck voice. We realize that old-time civic religion has faded, but there are still plenty of Americans for whom this would count as a desecration. So all you guys out there doing oppo for the other Democratic candidates, consider this THE SCRAPBOOK's gift to you. The occasion was a November 3, 1999, "Funniest Celebrity in Washington" contest, and it was broadcast by C-SPAN and written up the following Monday in the *Washington Post*. ♦

McEwan's "Yes, But"

Ian McEwan, whose 2002 novel *Atonement* just won the National Book Critics Circle Award, aired his ambivalence on the war question in a recent *New York Observer*. The article was called, "Hawks Have My Head, Doves Have My Heart, Guess Which Wins."

McEwan is particularly moved by the reasons for war as enumerated by Iraqi exiles in their tales of repression and torture under the murderous rule of Saddam Hussein (see Stephen F. Hayes's cover story elsewhere in these pages for examples of this). And Mc-

Ewan is aware of Saddam's record of pursuing weapons of mass destruction along with his willingness to use them. "[Saddam] has obsessively produced chemical and biological weapons on an industrial scale, and has a history of bloody territorial ambition . . . [and a] record of genocide."

And so, the great writer from Britain—where the American stance on war is of course widely reviled—is willing to concede that "in the right context, with the right ambitions, it could be a moral act to remove Saddam and his hideous entourage by force and restore Iraq to its people." What's the catch? "By the right context, I refer to an attempt to begin the process of a focused, creative, and inclusive settlement to the Palestinian problem."

Can he really be saying—after how many American-brokered agreements and how many suicide bombings, after how many years of appeasing Arafat, after such a mind-boggling pile-up of good intentions to make peace and the failure to achieve any—that confronting Saddam must await progress between Israel and the Palestinians? Exactly when might that occur to McEwan's satisfaction? Shortly after Saddam and Satan go ice skating together is our guess.

The nothing-else-should-happen-until-the-Palestinians-are-satisfied argument has been trotted out many times by people who don't believe in toppling Saddam and don't want to dwell on the suffering of the Iraqi people or the binding nature of international agreements. 'Tis a pity it should be trotted out by someone who does.

All the same, George Bush announced last week his intention to start work again on the Palestinian issue, even as we proceed against Saddam. While this may elicit no more than a yawn from most folks, we'll assume it means McEwan is now hard at work on another article, this one entitled, "Why I Am Now Firmly Behind Taking Out Saddam." ♦

Nominations Requested

Applications are invited for the fifth annual Eric Breindel Award for Excellence in Journalism. The award is named for longtime *New York Post* editor and columnist (and Weekly Standard contributor) Eric Breindel, who died in 1998 at the age of 42. It is presented each year to the columnist, editorialist, or reporter whose work best reflects the spirit of Breindel's too-short career: love of country, concern for the preservation and integrity of democratic institutions, and resistance to the evils of totalitarianism.

For an application and further information about this year's contest, which once again features a $10,000 award, please contact Germaine Febles, 212-843-8031 or *gfebles@Rubenstein.com*. Deadline for submissions is April 25. The recipient will be announced in June. ♦

Casual

A Little Learning

Not too long ago I signed up for a correspondence course in fiction and poetry writing from the University of Texas, my alma mater. The idea is to get myself started on a new genre of writing. In the sixth grade, I won a creative writing contest with a story about a cockroach, and in high school, I wrote poetry as a way of coping with, well, Baptist adolescence. Those ventures aside, English 325 will be my first foray into non-nonfiction writing. And even though the course has nothing to do with earning a degree, I don't think I've ever wanted an "A" so badly.

This is partly because of my past experience with what is known as "distance education." As a harried undergraduate at Texas, I took a few home-study courses from an Austin community college to painlessly accumulate credits and speed my graduation. Last week, when the materials for English 325 arrived in the mail—I noticed a lesson on action development with illustrations from Ring Lardner, another on viewpoint using Charlotte Perkins Gilman, review questions, envelopes to mail completed papers in—I thought about my undergraduate days and cringed.

Back then, what I wanted from my distance courses was minimal interaction with anyone and machine-graded multiple-choice tests. It suited me just fine that grades in transfer classes didn't count toward one's GPA, and that the courses cost one-third what they would have at UT. I intended to put in about one-third the effort.

An Internet-based course for which I was given credit was Introduction to Physical Geography, a survey of things like mapping and fluvial processes. I had to summarize twenty chapters of a textbook and fill in worksheets. Each chapter culminated in a timed test on the course's website. In the wee hours in my pajamas, I would log on. As soon as I'd answered the last question, my grade would pop up. For the first half of the course, I actually did the reading. But as the end of the semester neared, with tests and papers for my six other classes

Darren Gygi

bearing down, geography got extra-short shrift. I began taking the tests two a day, without even reading the chapters. I discovered that in a pinch I could scan the entire chapter to hunt for every answer. Today, I couldn't tell you what the last half of that course was about.

One of those six other classes I was taking was a distance course in American history up to Reconstruction. This time, I had to visit the testing center at the community college to take tests. I decided to see how I would do without reading the book, since—under the lenient policy of the instructor, whoever he was—I could retake any test if I got a bad grade. Some of the material was easy, a reprise of eleventh-grade American history. But then there were trickier, revisionist questions, all about the comparative impact of the Civil War on the domestic life of southern and northern women, for example. And there were plenty of these. The European "conquest" of America seemed to be taking a drubbing and minor historical figures were suddenly preeminent, and I wasn't sure how to respond. So in the end I gave up and spent spring break reading the textbook and doing take-twos, trying to bump my grade up to the "C" required for transfer.

It's easy to see why first-rate colleges give credit only for transfer courses taught in a classroom setting in the daytime. Distance education may help students who have to hold jobs, as I did, get their college degrees faster and more cheaply than they otherwise could. But now, knowing what I do about how I got it, my diploma itself seems cheapened—as if it should have been printed on copy paper at Kinko's.

Well, never again. I'm putting my sordid past behind me. English 325 is a traditional write-it-and-mail-it-in (or e-mail it) correspondence course, and this format should help me shed all the worst of my old study habits. The instructor will return graded assignments with comments—no more automated responses from a computer or Scantron reader. Besides, I actually want to be forced to sit down and write short stories, and receive criticism of my work. I'm not just trying to get done anymore.

True, I'll miss out on any sort of back-and-forth in class or peer editing of papers, ever the weakness of distance learning. But then most of us who went to large universities have sat through lecture classes 500 strong without ever talking to a soul. Even if no one but my new instructor ever reads the stories I write, something tells me this course will be bearing fruit long after I've forgotten I ever knew what fluvial meant.

Beth Henary

Bully For You!

Matt Labash's "Beating Up on Bullies" (Feb. 24) was dead on. Who doesn't have a memory of being bullied as a child? I remember my shining moment came in the sixth grade. My friends and I were tormented by a kid who had failed the sixth grade three times. At the time, I would swear he stood seven feet tall and was solid muscle. We used to dread recess because of him. Then we realized that we were smarter than he. We would make sure the teacher saw him picking on us. When we got the much desired, "Louie, the next time I catch you picking on those boys . . . ," we moved in for the kill. We began taunting him. We teased him, we called him names. We forced him to come at us . . . and the teacher caught him. He never bothered us again.

I am from a small town, and when I return there, I see some of the guys that used to bully me and others. You know what? They've grown up, just as nearly everyone does. They didn't take any DLAM training; they didn't have to explore their feelings and mirror others. They just grew up. I talk with these guys, I laugh with them, maybe even have a beer with them. Maybe that's what these programs should do, just give the kids time to be kids and let them grow out of it.

On another point in Labash's article: I'm in the IT industry (read: I'm a computer geek). I don't see any bullying on the job. Most people fear us because of our Merlin-like prowess in the dark arts of computers.

Maybe the geeks in Britain just happen to be French imports, who take offense at everything.

Mark Mitchell
St. Louis, MO

Matt Labash's article on anti-bullying programs in public schools has the added bonus of (perhaps unknowingly) shedding light on a key reason why France has stubbornly refused to support the U.S. policy on Iraq.

France worships at the altar of social planning. An aggressive anti-bullying campaign that will disrupt social order and the material well-being of France is unthinkable.

On his deathbed, the French godfather of social science, Henri de Saint-Simon, proposed a "New Christianity." In his opinion, social order could only be restored to post-revolutionary France through a commitment to a planned society held together by a system of non-theistic (i.e., atheistic) New Testament values. Since that time, French officials have constructed an artificial solidarity based on "peace education." But a compelled artificial solidarity is no substitute for an authentic solidarity inspired by the notion that the key to True Order is the willingness to lose one's life so that others may gain

theirs.

Instead of folding up the money-changing table where they presently conduct business with Iraq in the Temple of Democracy, the French are turning their cheeks (again and again) in the hope of preserving the social and economic status quo. Bully for the United States as it attempts to turn the tables on the real bullies.

Jim Kelly
Atlanta, GA

Despite being a Peter, Paul & Mary, and John Denver fan, I felt that "Beating Up on Bullies" by Matt Labash on p.c. anti-bullying efforts was right on. I've been a target of bullies, and they should have been dealt with by their parents and the school principal, but by no means should the entire school population get immersed in "anti-bullying" propaganda.

Frankly, a little ridicule is good for people. The ability to laugh at oneself is also good. And the freedom to criticize others, whether fairly or unfairly, is part of our right of free speech.

As usual, the do-gooders have found another way to do harm in the name of doing good.

Marvin Cohen
New Haven, CT

Bully control programs have a long-term problem. They deny or minimize the very valuable lessons that personally dealing with bullies teaches both the child being bullied and the child bully. Said another way: "All I ever needed to know about Saddam Hussein I learned in grammar school."

Saddam is a schoolyard bully. And like every schoolyard bully, he has to be confronted. We may get hurt in the confrontation. We will absolutely get hurt if we don't confront him. Our "bully control" programs have the long-term effect of denying our children the very lessons that they need to learn to survive in this nasty world.

We deny them these lessons when bullies are small and confrontations are bruises and cut lips. Then, when bullies are megalomaniac tyrants and confrontations can mean dead and broken bodies, our grown children have neither the experience nor the guts to take on the bully.

J.C. Herring
Birmingham, AL

I read with great interest Matt Labash's "Beating Up on Bullies." Finally, the liberals will allow God in public schools. I say this because the chorus of the theme song for the anti-bullying movement is:

Don't laugh at me
Don't call me names
Don't get your pleasure from my pain
In God's *eyes we're all the same*
Someday we'll all have perfect wings
Don't laugh at me

I hope you aren't going to tell me that God has been expunged by Peter Yarrow

in his rewrite. Religion can and does do more to stop bullying than all the weekly meetings, questionnaires, and on-site coordinators put together.

CINDY JACOBS
Los Angeles, CA

LAWYERS SHOULD PAY UP

WILLIAM TUCKER'S "Getting Fat on Torts" (Feb. 24) is an excellent beginning, but veers off course. Awarding a user fee to the courts in the case of big-ticket litigation would only exacerbate the problem: Courts with lots of money would either find litigious, invasive, and ultimately (to the rest of us) offensive ways to spend it, or they would serve as conduits to transfer the money to the other branches of government that would squander it in the usual way. Most important, these "user fees" or "surety bonds" would do nothing to stop the endless stream of meritless litigation that occurs at a lower economic level but is just as crippling to society.

Here is a better solution: Plaintiffs' lawyers who take cases on a contingency basis are far more than financial partners; they are co-plaintiffs. As such, they should bear the financial costs of litigation if they lose, more than simply the loss of their time and effort.

Many statutes and many states have "loser pays" provisions already—but the problem is that the plaintiff, if the loser, is frequently insolvent and there is no one from whom to collect. A solvent, high-profile lawyer would have much deeper pockets. And such a provision would affect *all* litigation, not just the big-ticket cases.

Lawyers (not their law firms) should then be required to certify that, if they take a contingency case, they will be responsible for paying such levied fees and costs up to a statutory limit ($250,000 per case, up to three a year—the financial responsibility required of physicians in Florida for malpractice judgments) or lose their license to practice law. This would reduce the number of marginal cases attorneys would be willing to take and would increase the likelihood that a defendant would take a case to court rather than settle for a nominal amount to avoid the cost, stress, and risk of litigation.

There's another aspect of this problem that needs to be addressed. Lawyers, unlike physicians and other professionals, are subject to very little scrutiny for the way in which they conduct their business. There is nothing equivalent to the massive system of peer review that is in place to help insure that physicians are not only well qualified, but that they practice within a realm of reasonableness and safety.

Unless they commit a crime, abandon their clients, or steal money, lawyers are unlikely to be disciplined, let alone sued, for anything that resembles "malpractice." If physicians lost half the patients they treated, the public would be up in arms and demand better results.

In some areas of tort practice (medical malpractice leaps to mind), well more than half (some reports are as high as 90 percent) of the cases that reach the courts are resolved in favor of the defendant. That means, by definition, that the lawyer has taken and propagated a meritless case at great cost to the defendant and the public at large. Lawyers who consistently do so in hopes of the big payout should be as subject to discipline and public censure as are incompetent physicians. They are just as dangerous and ultimately far more costly.

BARBARA HARTY-GOLDER
Sarasota, FL

THOUGH INTERESTING, William Tucker's proposed solution to the tort litigation scandal would likely bring on the argument that some deserving plaintiffs would be denied their day in court because their claims might be thought by plaintiffs' lawyers to be too risky.

Punitive damages are the fundamental issue. They are supposed to punish the wrongdoer for outrageous conduct, not provide a windfall for a plaintiff and his lawyer. Why not provide for punitive damage payments (unreduced by lawyers' contingent fees) to be paid to some public or private agency with an interest in the area giving rise to the claim (e.g., punitive damages against automobile companies might be paid to the National Highway Safety Administration)? I should think this would be popular legislation in many states.

Such a scheme would punish the defendant and allow the plaintiff to be made whole for his real damages; the lottery incentive would be removed.

GERARD R. CLEERE
Scottsdale, AZ

OUR FRIENDS THE FRENCH

AS A VETERAN AND VERTEBRATE, I figure that any time spent mocking the French is time well spent. However, as a professor of world history, I must (reluctantly) point out that the French *did* win a big one, contra "French Military History in a Nutshell" (PARODY, Feb. 24): the Battle of Poitiers in 732 A.D., when Charles Martel (Charlemagne's grandfather) defeated the invading Muslim army from North Africa—thereby insuring the right of all Europeans to refuse to go to church, rather than mosque, for the next 1,300 years.

TIMOTHY R. FURNISH
Alpharetta, GA

ALTHOUGH THE FRENCH finally got their act together during the 100 Years War, thanks to St. Joan d'Arc, the great battle of Agincourt in 1415 should not be glossed over. Against a large French army the small English army of professional soldiers under the command of Henry V led the day. This was a battle of French mounted knights of armor versus English infantry armed with long bows and axes and it destroyed a whole generation of French nobles.

NEAL BAND
East Lansing, MI

• • •

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Al-Arian Nation

Five months ago, on September 24, 2002, an FBI electronic surveillance team recorded a telephone conversation between two Tampa, Florida, residents: a woman named Fedaa Al-Najjar and her friend Hatim Naji Fariz, the manager of a local medical clinic. The subject was Al-Najjar's husband, Mazen, a long-detained illegal alien—a prisoner of conscience, according to Amnesty International and a great many like-minded people here in the States—who just weeks before, after a multi-year legal battle, had finally been deported by the INS. Not surprisingly, Mrs. Al-Najjar, left behind in Tampa with the couple's children, was bitter. Her family and its circle of acquaintances were being persecuted because of their Palestinian heritage, she complained to Fariz. And Fariz was sympathetic—to a point.

Though the FBI has him dead to rights, covered in blood, Sami Al-Arian has managed to retain some influential defenders.

Right, he replied, this is what they should always say in public—that they'd been targeted for official harassment by an American government hostile to their Muslim faith and irritated at their vocal campaign against Israeli human rights abuses. But it wasn't actually *true*, Fariz reminded his friend: The real reason her husband had been deported was that the FBI correctly suspected him of membership in an underground terrorist cell. And the full scope and nature of that cell remained a closely guarded secret, Fariz went on. So she needed to be more discreet; she was creating a security risk merely by alluding to the matter on an open phone line. After all, Fariz explained, the FBI did not yet know enough to arrest Mrs. Al-Najjar's brother-in-law, the group's clandestine *über*-operative: University of South Florida computer science professor Sami Al-Arian—global chief financial officer, governing "Shura Council" secretary, and senior North American representative of the Palestinian Islamic Jihad.

Yes, him. The same Sami Al-Arian, our regular readers will remember, who, at the time this conversation took place, was enjoying an ongoing, twelve-month run as the world's favorite victim-symbol of neo-McCarthyite political repression in post-9/11 America. Through an improvident network television appearance shortly after the attacks, Prof. Al-Arian had resuscitated, and drawn national attention to, persistent charges that he was running a radical Palestinian propaganda campaign—or worse—out of his publicly funded campus office. And the president and trustees of that publicly funded campus, embroiled in unwanted controversy, had been threatening to fire him ever since. Which threat had served only to win the university still more severe, whiplash criticism from an entire galaxy of influential journalists, academics, and civil rights advocates. All of whom proclaimed the historical record devoid of evidence that Al-Arian had genuine "terrorist connections," or any such malarkey, and all of whom therefore felt free, as well, to proclaim it an outrage—against both the Constitution and Our Schools—that the good professor was being punished "just for his ideas."

For quite some time now, we have been arguing that Sami Al-Arian's defenders were misguided about all this—naive, or simply ignorant, about their would-be hero's true character, intentions, activities, and "ideas." But we do not feel the need to argue it any longer. Two weeks ago, on February 20, Al-Arian was indeed, at last, arrested by the FBI, having been named, along with Hatim Naji Fariz and six other confederates, in a massive, fifty-count federal terrorism-conspiracy indictment that promises to send him to prison for the rest of his life. That result is not guaranteed, to be sure, and he will have a full and fair trial before it arrives—ours being a sweet land of liberty, the professor's loyalists to the contrary notwithstanding. But one crucial judgment about Sami Al-Arian need not await an ultimate adjudication of his criminal guilt or innocence. That judgment, it seems to us, is already inescapable: The man has made an abject fool out of every non-terrorist friend he has ever had.

The FBI's wiretaps, it develops, have not been restricted to Fedaa Al-Najjar and Hatim Naji Fariz. As specified in extraordinary, 121-page detail by the Al-Arian indictment, the FBI has been bugging every telephone and fax machine remotely connected to the man for close to a decade. And Justice Department prosecutors have conse-

quently accumulated a definitive, intimate biography of their principal defendant, straight from his own mouth. They have him in constant communication with his Middle East-based peers in the Palestinian Islamic Jihad command council. They have him redrafting the last wills and testaments of soon-to-be PIJ suicide bombers—and making after-the-fact bank transfers to those "martyred" bombers' wives and children. They have him attempting to arrange ocean shipments of explosive precursor chemicals—pelletized urea fertilizer—from Saudi Arabia. They have him editing and circulating a 1995 PIJ press release boasting of responsibility for a bus bombing that killed seven Israelis and a 20-year-old American girl.

In short, they have him dead to rights, covered in blood. Al-Arian denies everything, of course. He calls himself a "crucified" innocent, like "Jesus," and not-so-subtly intimates that Jews—as on Calvary, one supposes—have secretly engineered his downfall: "There are very powerful political groups which are thirsty for my blood." Al-Arian's above-ground Jihadist comrades deny everything, too: They do not know this Sami fellow, the PIJ's Gaza City representatives rather weirdly claim—at an 800-mujahedeen protest rally organized specifically in Al-Arian's defense. What serious person, having read through the charges filed against him, could possibly believe such nonsense? Sami Al-Arian is a very, *very* bad man.

It is with considerable amazement, then, that we note the fact that the very, very bad man has somehow managed to retain a significant body of institutional support in the United States. Granted, there've been a few defections. Confirming their profession's reputation for vanity and cowardice, opinion journalists who not so many months ago were pounding their chests on Al-Arian's behalf—*New York Times* columnist Nicholas Kristof and that paper's editorial board, most prominently—have suddenly retreated, herd-like, into total, embarrassed silence. One honest gentleman formerly associated with Al-Arian's defense—but only one, so far as we can tell—has publicly and angrily repudiated their friendship. "He duped people like me" and "I feel personally betrayed," says retired Foreign Service Officer Arthur Lowrie. "It's just irrefutable. . . . All the wiretaps, all the telephone calls, all the faxes."

Nevertheless, two particularly important sets of backers have stuck by Al-Arian like glue. And their continued advancement of this altogether loathsome creature's interests poses an ironic but real and alarming threat, we think, to precisely those principles they imagine they are vindicating: academic freedom, on the one hand, and equal rights for Arab and Muslim Americans, on the other.

Early last week, the president and provost of the University of South Florida, citing his indictment and arrest as additional justification for the move, finally made good their threat and summarily invalidated Al-Arian's employment contract. Al-Arian's lawyer then announced an intention to challenge the decision in a formal grievance procedure. Whereupon the school's faculty union and the American Association of University Professors reaffirmed their willingness to defend the tenure privileges of an undercover assassin. Each organization seems badly confused about the facts of the case. Faculty union president Roy Weatherford, who earlier dismissed all terrorism charges against Al-Arian as "vague," "fantastic," and "irrelevant," now dismisses the grand jury indictment, too: "We haven't seen this evidence before and a lot of us won't take John Ashcroft's word for it." The AAUP, for its part, declines to retract its previous, "interim" conclusion that the allegations are "too insubstantial to warrant serious consideration as adequate cause for dismissal." And both groups, in any case, stubbornly insist that no university may properly fire a faculty member like Sami Al-Arian unless and until the courts have found him guilty of a crime.

Thus does the cause of academic freedom in the United States commit reputational and theoretical suicide. By willfully associating itself with a man who ought to be beneath the contempt of any self-respecting intellectual. And by surrendering—to the government, no less!—the academic community's authority to police its own ranks.

Then, worse perhaps, there are the multiple advocacy outfits that routinely pretend to speak for America's Islamic faithful, and just as routinely wind up slandering them. This time, especially, our Muslim neighbors' self-appointed representatives have done them a political and moral disservice above and beyond the farthest boundaries of decency. For this time, they have sanctified a murderous anti-Semite as prototypically One of Us—and explicitly suggested that the Semites are behind his troubles.

Ibrahim Hooper of the Council on American-Islamic Relations says "nothing has been brought forward to indicate any criminal activity" by Al-Arian. What we're seeing, instead, is the "Israelization of American policy and procedures," a police-state frame-up manufactured top to bottom by the "attack dogs of the pro-Israel lobby." The American Muslim Political Coordination Council thinks it a "disturbing" sign of sectarian bigotry that federal prosecutors have "inserted religious expressions like Jihad and martyrdom" in the indictment of . . . a Palestinian Islamic Jihad leader accused of financing martyrdom attacks. The Arab American Institute calls the charges against Al-Arian "specious." The American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee reports that there is "no evidence" against him whatsoever.

And all of these groups decry the Justice Department for conducting a "terrorists among us" smear campaign against Muslims generally—while simultaneously embracing, as a representative American Muslim, a man who really *is* a terrorist among us. American Muslims surely deserve better. As do we all.

Even from a jail cell, it seems, Sami Al-Arian's poison spreads.

—David Tell, for the Editors

Saddam's French Connection

Does the Iraqi dictator have the goods on French politicians? BY MELANA ZYLA VICKERS

As FRANCE'S political leaders feign high-mindedness in their opposition to waging war in Iraq, could it be that a little-publicized threat of blackmail—issued by none other than Saddam Hussein a year after France sided with the United States in the first Gulf War—weighs ever so slightly in the back of their minds?

The threat by the Iraqi leader, published here for the first time in English, was reported in a 1992 French book, now out of print, titled *Notre Allié Saddam* (Our Ally Saddam). Here's what Saddam said:

> As for financiers, industrialists and above all those responsible for military industry, the question must be put to French politicians: Who did not benefit from these business contracts and relationships with Iraq? . . . With respect to the politicians, one need only refer back to the declarations of all the political parties of France, Right and Left. All were happy to brag about their friendship with Iraq and to refer to common interests. From Mr. Chirac [now the center-right president] to Mr. Chevenement [the socialist former defense minister] . . . politicians and economic leaders were in open competition to spend time with us and flatter us. We have now grasped the reality of the situation [of France's support for the 1991 Gulf War, a betrayal in Saddam's eyes]. If the trickery continues, we will be forced to unmask them, all of them, before the French public.

Author-journalists Claude Angeli and Stéphanie Mesnier had prompted this response by asking Saddam about financial ties between his regime and French industrialists and politicians, specifically inquiring: "Has Iraq financially supported French politicians and political parties?"

AP / Wide World Photos

Saddam with Chirac (far right) in France in 1975

It's a query that has come up periodically in the French press, and been hotly denied by French politicians. Reporters such as Angeli, and others at newspapers such as *Le Monde*, *Libération*, and *La Tribune*, have documented tangential links, but are still searching for a smoking gun. And, in an outcome that has become a traditional feature of French corruption investigations—such as the 1998 parliamentary inquiry into the role of French oil companies in the country's foreign policy, as well as a 2001 judicial inquiry into political-party financing—few whistle-blowers have turned up, let alone paper trails.

What is known is this: French businesses, led by the oil conglomerates, established warm and profitable relationships with Iraq's Baathist regime dating back to the 1970s, when Iraq ditched Anglo-American companies and nationalized its oil industry. Again, after the 1991 Gulf War, French companies moved aggressively into the business channels opened up by the U.N.'s oil-for-food deal with Iraq. France's defense industry has also profited from sales to Iraq. What's the difference between this and, say, past U.S. commercial ties to Baghdad? The socialist economic model that links both France and Iraq: As is widely documented, few business deals between the state-controlled conglomerates are made without heavy massaging by French politicians.

So, if there's something to the line of questioning about financial support from Baghdad to Paris—and decades of cozy relations among leading politicians certainly suggests it's worth finding out—then what could be worse for France's top political dogs than to be outed by Saddam himself?

He has threatened to expose all ties if they should betray him by supporting war again. Lo and behold, France's leaders continue to oppose disarming Saddam by force, even as their stance meets criticism from their own backbenchers and harms France's relations with its European neighbors.

The trouble with this appeasement strategy—if indeed the French pols are hiding something—is that they'll probably get caught anyway. After Saddam is ousted from Baghdad, the dissidents who take power are sure to open up the country's archives, East Germany-style, and expose any complicity and impropriety that oiled the channels between France and the Iraqi ancien régime.

Better for the French ruling class to come clean now. That's the only way it can salvage any dignity at all. ♦

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The Pathetic Peace Protesters

Vietnam was serious; this is farce.

BY FRED BARNES

Getty Images

THE PROTESTS against an American-led war with Iraq seem frivolous, mindless, even stupid. Many of the protesters come off as know-nothings. The messages on their placards are often crude, uninformed, and selfish. The moral element is almost completely absent from their campaign against military intervention to depose Saddam Hussein.

There's a good way to point up the shortcomings of today's antiwar crowd: Compare their cause with that of anti-Vietnam war protesters a generation ago. I participated in several demonstrations in the 1960s, once marching on the Pentagon with my wife and perhaps 50,000 other demonstrators. Later, when the war was over and the North Vietnamese had set up reeducation camps and prompted an armada of boat people, I changed my mind completely about that war. I now believe that Vietnam—South Vietnam anyway—could have been spared a Communist takeover, except noisy dissent in America made the political cost of waging the war too high.

Nonetheless, there was a seriousness to the antiwar protests against American involvement in Vietnam. The protesters raised arguments that were worthy of debate, some of them difficult to refute even today. People who opposed the war knew a lot about it, about Vietnam, and about the politics of war here at home. Yes, they were obsessive and a lot of what they knew was wrong. But those marching against war today appear to know zero about Iraq, oil, Saddam, or what America's intentions might truly be.

Listen, for example, to the thoughts of comic and actress Janeane Garofalo on *Fox News Sunday*. She thinks she knows President Bush's mind, insisting he doesn't care if Saddam disarms. She knows the Arab street. "They have as much distaste for Americans as they do for Saddam," she said. And she knows AEI. "9/11 has been a way to reinvigorate the plan that the right-wingers and the ideologues and people like the people at the American Enterprise Institute and. . . ." And Garofalo is one of the better informed protesters.

Five issues, I believe, separate anti-Vietnam protesters from their anti-Iraq counterparts. And on none of these issues does the anti-Iraq side come out looking like an adult.

WINNABLE WAR. This was a major concern in Vietnam. Protesters, critics, reporters, and some military officers believed the war was unwinnable. So why fight it? Why sacrifice the lives of young American men? With Iraq, the opposite is the case. Practically everyone believes the war is winnable and probably in a hurry. The best protesters can come up with is the possibility of civilian casualties. True, there are always civilian deaths in war, but the United States is now famous for minimizing them (Iraq in 1991, Afghanistan, Panama).

CORRUPT REGIME. The South Vietnamese government was indeed corrupt, though more in the beginning than later in the war. Many conservatives joined liberals in deeming it not worth fighting for. I talked to American military men who advised the South Vietnamese army and they figured it was too corrupt to win. As for the anti-Iraq war protesters, their corrupt regime is the Bush administration. It's democratic and responsive (not to protesters, though) and fairly popular, but protesters think it's not worth fighting for.

RIGHT SIDE OF HISTORY. Commu-

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nists and leftists were sure they were on the winning side of history in the late 1960s and through the 1970s. Countries fell (Afghanistan, Nicaragua, Angola) to communism. To oppose the war in Vietnam was to be on the right side of history. Only history didn't turn out as they expected. But agitating to spare Saddam a war that would depose him doesn't put one on history's good side. Dictatorships and repressive regimes are falling all over the globe (Eastern Europe, Russia, Afghanistan). Democracy is now riding history's wave. The protesters aren't.

The American military is unfairly constituted. That was true in the Vietnam days. It was a class thing. Draft exemptions were easily obtained by young men who were in college and grad school or married. That left the poor and less educated to be drafted into the Army and sent to Vietnam. Now we have an all-volunteer Army famous for its diversity. This leads protesters like Garofalo to say they "support" American soldiers.

America's enemy is not bad. Some protesters idolized Ho Chi Minh, the North Vietnamese leader, and praised the Vietcong. Others didn't know anything about either and didn't think it made any difference. The war was wrong, period. This last group is the closest to today's protesters, who are oblivious to Saddam's crimes against humanity. They pay lip service to the notion that he's a cruel dictator and an international bad guy, but do nothing about it. Some hard-core leftists, however, find him quite acceptable on the principle that the enemy of my enemy is my friend.

A final point. There's bound to be a special place in the Hall of Ignorance for the human shields who've rushed to Iraq to protect its citizens against American troops. If they had any knowledge of who's a threat to the life and limb of average Iraqis, they'd turn their shields in the direction of Saddam and his subordinates. That way they'd confront the folks who actually cause civilian casualties in Iraq. ♦

He Can Hide, But He Can't Run

Saddam Hussein's secret hiding places.

by Amir Taheri

Ask almost any Arab leader these days and you are sure to hear the same thing: Why don't the Americans just have Saddam Hussein killed, thus sparing everyone the dangers of another war? The answer may be because they cannot find him.

Saddam learned the art of evasion in his youth as a fugitive from the police. In 1959 he took part in an attempt to assassinate the military ruler of Iraq, Colonel Abdelkarim Kassem. The attempt failed, and the regime's bloodhounds hunted Saddam and his four accomplices. The accomplices were eventually found and put to death. But Saddam managed to escape, making his way to Egypt. Later, he hid for months in a dark basement room in Baghdad, where a contact provided him with food and water.

Coming to power as the strongman of a new regime in 1968 did not cause Saddam to forget the experience. "For a political fighter, it is as important to know how to fade from view as it is to shine," he wrote years later.

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In the 1960s and 1970s, Saddam murdered many of his colleagues in the Baath party's top leadership and was himself the target of at least seven assassination attempts. Each time he escaped because the would-be assassins arrived days or even hours after he had left.

The trick has been to make sure that no one knows where he is or what he is doing at any given time. Appointments with Saddam are made for weeks, rather than days or hours. Even foreign dignitaries have to cool their heels in state guesthouses, until they are suddenly taken to see the "Great Leader." Sometimes a visitor might wait a week and still end up not seeing Saddam.

Saddam also has at least one look-alike working for him at any given time. These look-alikes perform some of the official duties of the chief. In one notorious incident in 1990, Saddam sent a look-alike to greet President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt at Baghdad airport. It was only when Mubarak had arrived at his official palace that he was told that the "real" Saddam Hussein was waiting for him there. Mubarak often mentions this as one of many experiences that soured him on the Iraqi leader.

Since 1991, after his defeat in the war over Kuwait, Saddam has almost never left Baghdad. That makes it easier for his security services to assure his protection.

Saddam lives and works within a network of 12 palaces designed and built in the late 1980s by the French company Bouygues, while the German company Siemens provided the electronic surveillance equipment for the entire complex.

Saddam's palace offices are all decorated in the same style, creating the illusion that he works from a single headquarters. The walls are covered in cloth, and there are never any windows.

According to Iraqi defectors, the palaces form part of an underground city that includes two hospitals, a shopping center, sports facilities, a cinema, and several schools. The city's estimated 400 houses are home to Saddam's close relatives and senior party and government leaders. To be sure, a massive bombing raid might do great damage to the labyrinthine complex. But in the process, tens of thousands of civilians might also be killed.

Saddam's protection is further assured by the limiting of physical access to him. A corps of 800 hand-picked men, controlled by Saddam's second son Qusay, is in charge of close-proximity protection. They are rotated so as to make it virtually impossible for any particular group of them to be together close to the president at any given time. Virtually every visitor, even Saddam's wife Sajidah and their children, is subjected to a body check before being admitted to his presence.

Virtually every visitor, even Saddam's wife Sajidah and their children, is subjected to a body check before being admitted to his presence.

General Wafiq Samarrai, once head of Saddam's security services, says he was surprised that even he had to undergo a thorough body check each time he went to see the leader. Saddam himself always carries a gun and keeps several others within reach.

Beyond his praetorian guard, Saddam has two corps dedicated to his protection. One consists of an elite force of 6,000 headed by Qusay. The other is a parallel army known as the Republican Guard under the command of Saddam's son-in-law, General Kamal Mustafa. The Republican Guard consists of four divisions, some 80,000 men at full mobilization.

The pattern developed over the years shows that Saddam ensures his safety by moving a great deal within a relatively limited area, while avoiding more distant travel. For example, he has not visited Basra, Iraq's second largest city, since 1991.

Saddam also uses six parallel security services, including one dedicated to spying on army officers. Each of these services fears the others, certain that the slightest faux pas could mean an individual's destruction.

Concentrating virtually all powers in his own hands, Saddam uses patronage as a powerful tool for buying and ensuring personal loyalty. He is president of the republic, prime minister, secretary-general of the ruling party, leader of the national front coalition of several largely fictitious parties, and chairman of the Revolutionary Command Council. But he is also commander in chief of the armed forces, chairman of the council on petroleum and minerals, chairman of the currency board, and president of the national council of culture. All in all, Saddam holds 57 posts, ensuring his personal control of all aspects of Iraqi life.

Ultimately, however, Saddam is protected by the terror he inspires in his people. Iraqis know that, if angered, Saddam could wipe out their entire families or clans to exact revenge. In 1980, Saddam executed 127 Shiite religious leaders in a single week in retaliation for a botched attempt to kill one of his aides, Tariq Aziz. In 1996, he executed over 300 members of the Juburi clan and razed 30 of their villages to the ground after hearing rumors that the Juburis were planning to kill him. He has also executed two of his three sons-in-law and wiped out large numbers of their relatives.

"When dealing with those who move against our revolution, we destroy the evil plant with all its roots," Saddam said in a chilling speech in 1977.

Can Saddam go into hiding and disappear, as Osama bin Laden has apparently done? Most Iraqi experts believe not. Few Baghdadis would want to help their oppressor hide from his enemies. If and when the element of fear is removed, Saddam may find that he has nowhere to hide in Baghdad. He may try to make a dash for his hometown of Tikrit, north of Baghdad. But moving out of his underground bunkers could play into the allies' hands—by making him a target. ♦

Radio Free Liberal

Don't bet on any left-wing Limbaugh succeeding.

BY WILLIAM TUCKER

Al Franken is a Vulgar Egomaniac. That's the title of the book I'm going to have to write someday—if Al Franken becomes the new Rush Limbaugh. Chances are, he won't. Earlier this month, Sheldon and Anita Drobny, a wealthy Chicago investor couple, announced a $10 million project to fund a liberal radio network, starring Franken and designed to counter the baneful influence of Rush Limbaugh, Sean Hannity, & Co.

"The concern has been around for years," the *New York Times* solemnly reported. "Hillary Rodham Clinton first mentioned a 'vast, right-wing conspiracy' in 1998. But the sentiment has taken on new urgency with the rise to the top of the cable news ratings of the Fox News Channel, considered by many to have a conservative slant, and the Republicans gaining control of the Senate in November."

Does the phrase, "They just don't get it!" resonate?

Limbaugh and Hannity did not rise from obscurity through being sponsored by some sugar daddy. They have achieved fame and fortune solely by connecting with their audience. Fox skyrocketed after 9/11 when people got tired of CNN's subtle anti-Americanism. Oh well, it's not easy being a Democrat these days.

Franken, a former *Saturday Night Live* writer, had his political coming-out party in 1996 with the book *Rush Limbaugh Is a Big Fat Idiot*, which became a No. 1 bestseller. In fact he'd been a staple on the Democratic circuit for years. (He once threw a touchdown pass, using Bill Clinton as a decoy, at a Renaissance Weekend on Hilton Head.) Franken's style plays well with hard-core Democrats, but will it find an audience on the popular airwaves? That's hard to predict.

First, Franken *is* a vulgar egomaniac—so much so that he probably wouldn't dispute the description. For vulgarity, here's his response to a proposed constitutional amendment to criminalize desecration of the American flag:

> Amendment XXIX—makes it a federal offense to take a whiz on the Statue of Liberty.
>
> Amendment XXX—allows states to punish anyone "hocking a loogey" on a reproduction of the Declaration of Independence.
>
> Amendment XXXI—makes it illegal for a tourist visiting the Lincoln Memorial to take a picture of a nude child sitting on Lincoln's lap.

Franken is so unrelentingly vulgar that you soon realize it's his essential rhetorical trick. The index to his book lists only references to Limbaugh's weight and body parts. But of course vulgarity doesn't mean he'll flop commercially. Think Howard Stern.

On the egomania side, Franken once did a *Saturday Night Live* skit in which he announced that while the 1980s had been the "Me Decade," the 1990s would also be the "Me Decade." "By 'Me' I mean 'Me, Al Franken,'" he intoned with admirable self-admiration. Franken is smart enough to realize he *is* an egomaniac—which is the basis of much of his humor. But will large audiences be amused?

Rush Limbaugh's self-mockery—he has "talent on loan from God"—shows that egomania can work as shtick, but his act will be excruciatingly difficult to follow. Limbaugh set out to be funny and informative and popular—all of which place huge demands on any performer. But he never labored under the added burden of backers expecting him to do the heavy lifting for an entire political movement.

The Drobnys want radio success, *and* they want to save the Democratic party. They believe liberal radio failures—Mario Cuomo and Jim Hightower being the most notable—occurred because their shows were "sandwiched into a schedule crammed with conservatives." Thus their plan to have a schedule crammed with liberals. They're willing to invest $200 million over the long haul. They'll need every penny.

What liberals still can't admit is that Limbaugh, Hannity, et al. have won vast audiences because they discuss serious issues in a way that isn't done anywhere else. Satire is part of the package, but only part. "What really [will make] this work is tapping into Hollywood and New York and having a huge entertainment component, where political sarcasm is every bit as effective as Rush Limbaugh is at bashing you over the head," a Drobny spokesperson said. Well, maybe. Or maybe they will create a clown party, consigned to permanent opposition.

In perhaps the worst omen for the project, even the comedy on Franken's old show is moving in a direction that will disturb the left. Two weeks ago, *Saturday Night Live* opened with a skit about Colin Powell giving his speech to the U.N. As the secretary's solemn recitation progressed, however, it became clear the joke was not going to be on the Americans. "I theenk we should adjourn to a fancee restaurant vere ve can desscuss dees matter over lunch at U.N. expense," said the Belgian delegate. "I veel need a very beeg stretch limo in order to bring my vife and my meestress," said the French delegate. "Let us park our limos sidevays so vee can block more traffeek in Midtown," responded the Belgian.

Clearly, the Franken Democrats have their work cut out for them. ♦

William Tucker is a columnist for the New York Post.

A Spectre Haunts Specter

Rep. Pat Toomey challenges Pennsylvania's senior Republican senator. BY RACHEL DICARLO

PAT TOOMEY has faced some long odds in his career. A conservative Republican, the 41-year-old congressman has run three House campaigns in Allentown, Pennsylvania, a Democratic-leaning, big labor district, and won every time. Last fall, he even ran on Social Security reform—an issue that terrifies most Republicans—in a state with the largest elderly population outside of Florida. Now he's announced plans to run against Pennsylvania's four-term senior senator, Arlen Specter, in what likely will be next year's only competitive primary challenge of an incumbent Republican senator.

Specter starts out with a lot of advantages. As the incumbent he's already locked down the support of the Republican establishment. The White House, Pennsylvania's junior senator Rick Santorum, the National Republican Senatorial Committee, and four Pennsylvania GOP House members have lined up behind him. Specter has almost $6 million in campaign funds, compared with Toomey's $663,000 bankroll. Moreover, Specter has a 60 percent approval rating, and high statewide name recognition. In a general election he would be strongly favored over any Democrat.

But Toomey has something Specter can't compete with in a GOP primary: Toomey is a conservative and he votes like one. So in the closed primary, he can appeal to social and fiscal conservatives who have long been leery of Specter's left-leaning record. (In 2001 the American Conservative Union gave Toomey a 100 percent rating; Specter received 56.) "In a Republican primary, the majority will agree with me," Toomey says. "I am a pro-growth conservative and [Specter] is a big government liberal. We have fundamental differences across the board."

Pat Toomey

Drew Friedman

Take taxes. In his first House race, Toomey brought blue-collar conservatives to the polls by calling his opponent "the tax man" and attacking him for supporting state tax increases. One of Toomey's campaign pledges was that he would never vote to raise taxes. In 2001 he voted for the original version of the Bush tax cut package.

In what promises to be a major theme of the upcoming campaign, Toomey points out that Specter has wavered on the tax issue. In 2001, Specter voted with the Democrats and four other liberal Republicans to slash the president's tax cut proposal by 20 percent, from $1.6 trillion to $1.25 trillion. With Democrats Dianne Feinstein of California and Mary Landrieu of Louisiana, Specter also supported a proposal that would make tax cuts contingent on government debt reduction.

A social conservative, Toomey opposes abortion and has cosponsored legislation to ban all human cloning. Specter is pro-choice, and he's flip-flopped on cloning. In July 2001, he said on *Face the Nation*, "I certainly would never agree to cloning. I certainly would never agree to destroying a stem cell if there was any chance at all, any chance at all, that the embryo would turn into a human being." But at a press conference last April, he said that he "disagrees with President Bush's statement in opposition to reproductive cloning." And now he's a leading sponsor of legislation that would authorize research cloning.

Toomey says that these issues and Specter's ambivalence on others such as affirmative action and school choice have put Specter "out of step with a big majority of Pennsylvania Republicans." Toomey acknowledges that he's the underdog, but says he has done his "homework" and would not enter the race if he "was not absolutely certain" he "had a great shot at winning."

It's understandable why he might think so. Specter has shown surprising weakness in his last two primaries, when he faced obscure challengers. In 1992, Steve Freind, an underfunded state representative, got 35 percent of the vote. And in 1998, in a three-way race, Specter's two unknown challengers together got 33 percent. "They had no money, no political offices, and no base," Toomey says. "And they still got a third of the vote."

Specter cites those races as reasons for confidence: "I am used to contest-

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ed primaries, and I am traveling the state, all 67 counties, maintaining a nearly 100 percent voting record and raising money," he said in a press statement. "So I will be ready in 2004."

But Specter doesn't appear completely sure of himself. He's already met with the Pennsylvania Pro-Life Federation to ask for its endorsement. He's also reached out to the Club for Growth, the anti-tax conservative group with a history of backing primary challengers to liberal Republicans. "He's nervous," Club for Growth president Steve Moore says. "He's a liberal for five years and then in the sixth year he moves aggressively to the right. It's already begun."

Toomey, by contrast, has never wavered about his beliefs. He promised at the outset to limit himself to three House terms and hasn't reneged on that commitment. He says that America would be better served if more politicians imposed term limits on themselves. That way men and women from various backgrounds could contribute their real world experiences in Congress. Being term-limited liberates him from outside groups and his party's own leadership. "I can vote my conscience without worrying about what other members think," he says.

Outside of Allentown Toomey doesn't have much of a base and isn't well known. A recent Quinnipiac poll in Pennsylvania showed that 87 percent of respondents hadn't heard enough about him to form an opinion. And since no Republican House members are publicly backing him, he doesn't have any allies to campaign with. He'll have to build his base, particularly in the rural areas between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and he'll have to figure out how to compete with Specter in the suburbs. It's still a long shot, but Moore says it's viable. "Will it be hard? Yes. But Toomey's well-positioned. This is a race between a Republican who has been a thorn in the side of his party for 22 years versus a rising Republican superstar who for five years has been carrying his party's torch." ♦

The Most Tasteless PR Campaign Ever

PETA outdoes itself.

BY WESLEY J. SMITH

PEOPLE for the Ethical Treatment of Animals has finally and unequivocally come off the rails. Attempting to convince us to become vegetarians, the anti-human advocacy group has mounted a new public relations campaign asserting that the eating of meat is the equivalent of the torture and slaughter of Jews by the Nazis.

This odious message isn't insinuated subtly between the lines. It is the explicit theme of the entire campaign—which is now being presented at colleges and universities across the country.

First, there are the pictures, which can be seen at *www.masskilling.com*. PETA juxtaposes photographs of emaciated concentration camp inmates in their tight-packed wooden bunks with chickens being kept in cages. It gets worse. In a despicable comparison, a photo of piled bodies of Holocaust victims is juxtaposed with one showing bodies of dead pigs.

The text of the campaign isn't any better. In a section entitled "The Final Solution," PETA makes this astonishing comparison: "Like the Jews murdered in concentration camps, animals are terrorized when they are housed in huge filthy warehouses and rounded up for shipment to slaughter. The leather sofa and handbag are the moral equivalent of the lampshades made from the skins of people killed in the death camps."

The website also extols the writing of a "Holocaust scholar" named Charles Patterson, author of the book *Eternal Treblinka*, which is pitched on the PETA site. Patterson is quoted as follows:

> During the Twentieth Century two of the world's modern industrialized nations—the United States and Germany—slaughtered millions of human beings and billions of other beings. Each country made its own contribution to the century's carnage: America gave the modern world the slaughterhouse; Nazi Germany gave it the gas chamber.

Forget that Hitler was an on-again off-again vegetarian and that Nazi Germany passed some of the most far-reaching animal protection laws of that era. That PETA can't distinguish between unspeakable evil and animal husbandry reveals a deeply perverted sense of morality. That the organization—perhaps the most prominent animal rights group in the world—believes that a leather jacket is the moral equivalent of a lampshade made of human skin, should discredit it in the eyes of any decent person, regardless of one's feelings about animal cruelty.

PETA's grotesque PR campaign points to a real crisis for the modern animal protection movement. Just as people are becoming increasingly aware of their distinctly human duty to treat animals humanely, the activists behind the animal rights/liberation movement are growing progressively more fanatical and extreme.

The comparison of meat-eating to Hitlerism, if taken literally, is an incitement to violence. So perhaps it is no surprise that the movement *is*

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increasingly violent. Animal rights/liberation violence has gotten so bad that the Southern Poverty Law Center—certainly no right-wing group—issued a report last fall explicitly comparing two animal rights groups—the Animal Liberation Front (ALF) and Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty (SHAC)—to organizations such as the KKK and Aryan Nation. According to the report, animal rights terrorists regularly employ "death threats, fire bombings, and violent assaults" against those they accuse of abusing animals.

Some of the most vicious attacks have been mounted by SHAC against executives of Huntingdon Life Sciences, a British drug-testing facility that uses animals to test drugs for safety before they are tested on people. The threats and violence became so extreme that Huntingdon fled Britain for fear that some of their own were going to be killed, after assailants wielding baseball bats attacked one of their executives and another was temporarily blinded with a caustic substance sprayed into his eyes.

Unfortunately for Huntingdon, the animal rights/liberation terrorist network is international, and a mere move across the Atlantic Ocean did not protect it. Not only has the terrorism continued here, but U.S. companies with business ties to Huntingdon have also been targeted. The goal? Intimidate banks and insurance companies to the point where they are afraid to do business with the company, thereby driving it out of business.

The deafening lack of condemnation of such tactics from less radical animal rights/liberation organizations would seem to belie the oft-stated claim that animal rights is a peaceful social movement. Indeed, the firewall that PETA has long maintained between itself and movement terrorists is proving illusory.

www.masskilling.com

PETA's tax-exempt status is being challenged because it admits paying $1,500 to the Environmental Liberation Front, which according to the FBI is one of the nation's largest terrorist groups.

According to the Southern Poverty Law Center report, PETA provided funds to convicted animal rights terrorists, including $42,000 to Rodney Coronado, convicted of setting fire to a research lab at Michigan State. The report further noted the resignation from his position at Ohio State of Dr. Michael Podell, who gave up "a tenured position and a $1.7 million [AIDS] research project. Podell, who was using cats to study why drug users seem to succumb more quickly to AIDS, received nearly a dozen death threats after PETA . . . put the experiment on its 'action alert' list. Podell was sent a photograph of a British scientist whose car had been bombed. 'You're next' was scrawled across the top of the photo."

It is breathtaking that one of the world's most prominent and well-financed animal rights organizations equates eating a steak with being an SS officer at Auschwitz. Equally shocking has been the scant protest made against PETA's campaign. True, the Anti-Defamation League last week denounced PETA for "trivializing the murder of six million Jews." But where is the condemnation from other human rights and civil rights groups? Could PETA's leftist political tilt have anything to do with their silence?

PETA's "Holocaust on Your Plate" campaign has exposed the twisted moral vision at the heart of the animal rights/liberation movement. Apparently many animal rights activists actually *believe* that eating meat is morally equivalent to Hitler's mass murder. This stunning claim needs to be remembered as we grapple in the years to come with the mostly peaceful, but sometimes violent, efforts of animal liberationists to assert the moral and legal equality of humans and animals. ♦

Bibi Does Economics

Can a former prime minister find happiness reforming Israel's economy? BY TOM ROSE

Jerusalem

DEMONSTRATING that petty political maneuvers don't necessarily have petty outcomes, last Thursday's decision by Israeli prime minister Ariel Sharon to reshuffle his cabinet may prove to be one of the most important of his career and a huge step toward victory in Israel's 55-year war for legitimacy, permanence, and peace in the Middle East.

At first, Sharon's decision to dump Foreign Minister Benjamin Netanyahu in favor of a lightly regarded Likud party insider named Silvan Shalom sent shock waves through a country seldom phased by the machinations of its political class. Initially, even Netanyahu's most vocal domestic critics condemned Sharon's maneuver as a trick designed to sideline his longtime party rival at the expense of the national interest.

But a few hours later, something even more shocking happened. Rather than take Sharon's hint to quit the government, Netanyahu took the job Sharon had offered him, finance minister. The Tel Aviv stock market reacted with a nearly 5 percent rise, its single best performance in more than three years. It understood that Israel's most pressing challenge may well be not its fight against Palestinian terror, but its fight to stave off economic collapse.

Thanks in part to continued generous financial support from the United States, successive Israeli governments have been able to maintain the kind of unsustainably extravagant socialist infrastructure that European, Latin American, and East Asian countries have been jettisoning for decades. Today, few countries have larger state sectors, higher marginal tax rates, or more lavish social welfare systems than Israel. Until now, successive Israeli governments have managed to avoid choosing between economic reform and economic collapse by turning to Washington.

Ariel Sharon

Getty Images

In fact, as Sharon was reshuffling his cabinet, his office was putting the final touches on its largest request ever for economic aid. Israel's current request is for $8 billion in U.S. backed loan guarantees and $4 billion in direct cash assistance paid out in $1 billion increments over four years. Since the United States already provides roughly $1 billion a year in direct economic assistance, the latest "emergency" request, if granted, would double the level of American economic aid.

It would be a mistake for American policymakers to conclude that Israel no longer needs or deserves American assistance, even though its current request may well merit conditions or modification. The threats Israel faces are real. Maintaining the country's strength and stability in a volatile Middle East still depends on its ability to obtain assistance from the United States. But maybe the time has come for the United States to try helping in a different way: insisting on reforms in return for new economic aid. As long as Israel can count on being bailed out of an economic mess largely of its own making, it will refrain from the changes necessary to propel it to prosperity.

One out of three of Israel's workers is on the public payroll. Another quarter of Israel's workforce is employed by companies either supported or owned by the state. In 2002, government spending accounted for nearly 70 percent of Israel's economic activity. Half of the government's $80 billion budget is spent on salaries. Another third is devoted to transfer payments to Israel's protected classes and direct assistance to the poor, leaving less than 10 percent for everything else. On average, Israelis face a full-spectrum tax burden of more than 60 percent. Rather than declining as a share of GDP, Israel's government sector and tax burdens both continue to grow.

Not surprisingly, Israel faces its deepest economic crisis since independence. For one out of five Israelis, government assistance is now the sole source of support. Unemployment is at an all-time high. Half of Israel's children live below the official poverty line. Exports, upon which Israel depends for half of its growth, have declined in real terms despite a

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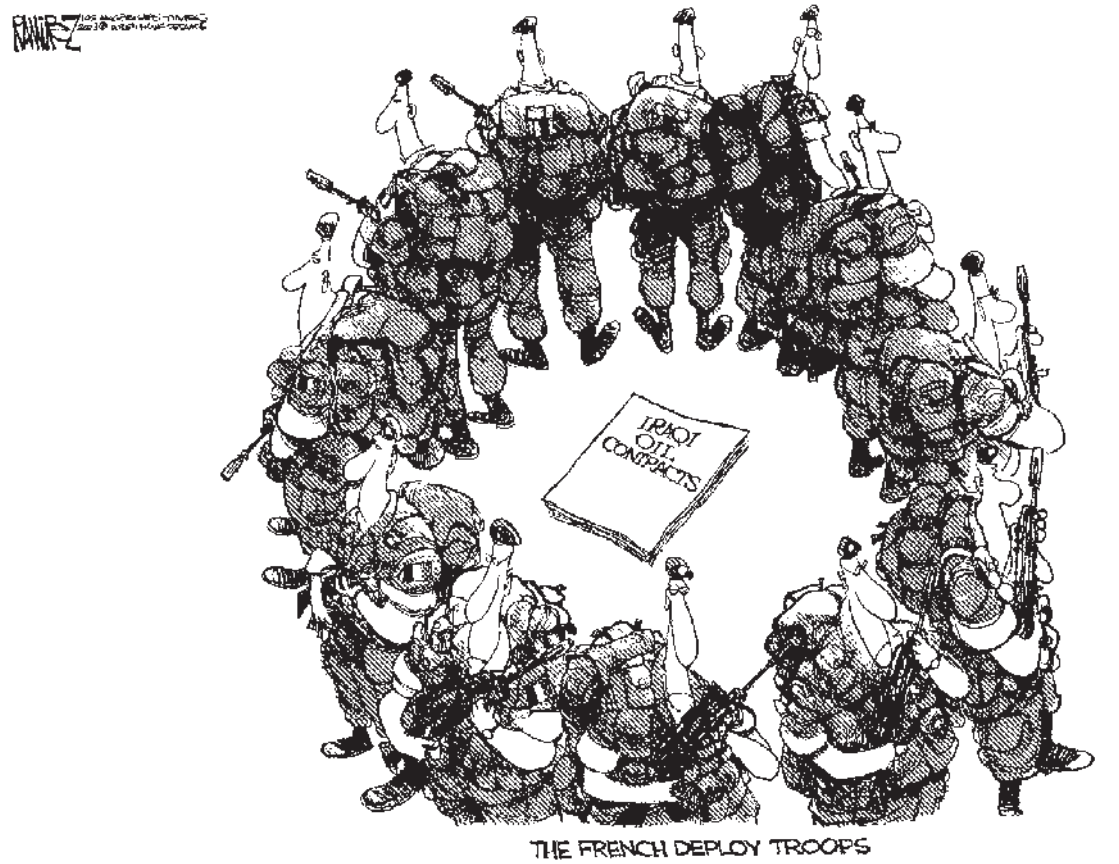
25 percent devaluation of the shekel against the dollar. An exploding budget deficit combined with a state-supported banking monopoly dangerously close to insolvency has rendered commercial credit all but nonexistent. Prohibitive interest rates have led to a steep decline in consumer spending and devastated the housing market. New business starts are a thing of the past. In Jerusalem alone, one third of all retail businesses have folded since the renewal of terrorism in September 2000. Israel's response to its economic "perfect storm" has been to make it worse. The independent Central Bank has refused to cut interest rates, while the government has raised taxes and spending and halted privatizations.

Yet as bad as things are, it would be a mistake to think of Israel as a third-world backwater. In fact, with a per capita income of nearly $18,000 a year, Israel is one of the richest countries in the world. At $130 billion, its GDP is larger than those of six current and all ten applicant E.U. member states. Despite having no natural resources, no commerce with its neighbors, and only 6 million people, Israel maintains trade with both Britain and France larger than each of those countries' trade with all of the oil-rich Arab world combined.

Moreover, if the one-third of Israel's economy not under the direct control or protection of the government could be judged alone, it would rank as one of the most competitive and innovative in the world. From agriculture, medical equipment, and research to high-tech itself, Israeli businesses lead their fields. The key to securing Israel's economic future lies in expanding its potent private sector. But the only way to do that is to shrink the bloated public sector, which expanded in part to fund the various constituencies represented by the small political parties whose help the large parties need to form stable governments.

One Israeli political leader understands this problem better than any other: Benjamin Netanyahu. Although better known for his diplomatic experience and anti-terror crusade, Netanyahu is an MIT-educated economist. His tenure as prime minister from 1996 to 1999 marked the first time in Israel's history that the government's share of GDP actually shrank. He initiated Israel's first attempt to privatize state industries, sought to reduce regulatory burdens on small business, and was the first prime minister openly to advocate significant tax cuts. In the six years after Netanyahu became prime minister, Israel's GDP doubled.

And now, because Netanyahu assumes the mantle of finance minister in a Sharon government that for the first time excludes small fringe parties with their extortionist demands, the two longtime rivals have a real chance to bring about desperately needed reforms. America could help, with encouragement—or perhaps even by conditioning some of its further economic aid on policy changes that would benefit Israelis and serve Americans' interest in a strong Israel. ♦



THE FRENCH DEPLOY TROOPS

Michael Ramirez

The Horrors of "Peace"

Saddam's victims tell their stories

By Stephen F. Hayes

Dearborn, Michigan

"Do you know when?" It is the question on all minds these days—those of stockbrokers, journalists, financiers, world leaders, soldiers and their families. When will the United States lead a coalition to end Saddam Hussein's tyranny over Iraq?

The answer matters most to the tyrant's subjects—like the man who asked the question of his friend in an early-morning phone conversation on Monday, February 24. The call came from Nasiriyah, in southern Iraq, to the home of an Iraqi exile in suburban Detroit.

AP / Wide World Photos

Wolfowitz and Iraqi Americans in Dearborn

It used to be that Iraqis trapped inside their country would speak to each other and to friends outside in veiled language. For years, Saddam's regime has tapped the phone lines of all those suspected of disloyalty, so an inquiry about the timing of a possible attack would be concealed behind seemingly unrelated questions. On what date will you sell your business? When does school end? When are you expecting your next child?

But few Iraqis speak in puzzles anymore. They ask direct questions. Here is the rest of that Monday morning conversation:

"Do you know when?"

"I'm not sure."

"Are you coming?"

"Yes. I am coming. We will . . . "

The second speaker, an Iraqi in Michigan, began to provide details but quickly reconsidered, ending his thought in mid-sentence. He says he was shocked by the candor coming from Iraq. "Never in the history of Iraq do people talk like this," he said later.

"Why are you silent?"

"I'm afraid that you'll be in danger."

"Don't be afraid. We are not afraid. This time is serious."

"I am coming with the American Army."

"Is there a way that we can register our names with the American forces to work with them when they arrive? Will you call my house at the first moment you arrive? I will help."

For more than a year now, the world has been engaged in an intense debate about what to do with Saddam Hussein. For much of that time, the focus has been on the dictator's refusal to get rid of his weapons of mass destruction, his sponsorship of terrorism, his serial violations of international law, and his history of aggression.

Those arguments have in common an emphasis on interests, on threats. Absent from this debate—or at best peripheral to it—is the moral case for ending the rule of a tyrant who has terrorized his people for more than two decades. It's a strange oversight since, by some estimates, Saddam Hussein is responsible for more than 1 million Iraqi deaths since he took power in 1979.

Advocates of his overthrow are fond of pointing out that "he gassed his own people," but this often has the feel of a bulleted talking point, not an argument. Their opponents readily concede that "Saddam is a brutal dictator," and that "the world would be better off without him." But they usually grant these things as a rhetorical

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device, as if to buy credibility on their way to opposing the one step sure to end that brutality—removal by force.

Those who oppose taking action say we can safely ignore Saddam Hussein because he is "in a box." Even if they were right and Saddam were no longer a threat, they would ignore this other urgent problem: the 23 million Iraqi people who are in the box with him.

No one wants war. "I am a pacifist," says Ramsey Jiddou, an Iraqi American who has lived in the United States since the late 1970s. "But it will take a war to remove Saddam Hussein, and of course I'm for such a war."

Iraqi Americans overwhelmingly agree with Jiddou. Many of them are recent arrivals who came here after the Gulf War left Saddam in power in 1991. And many are in regular contact with friends and relatives still trapped in Iraq.

The views of those Iraqis back home "are the same as the Iraqi Americans," says Peter Antone, an Iraqi-American immigration lawyer in Southfield, Michigan. "They are not free to speak, so we speak for them."

One of my hosts had another question for me as we walked up to a modest one-story home in Dearborn Heights on the snowy afternoon of Saturday, February 22.

"Do you know the decisionmakers?" asked Abu Muslim al-Haydar, a former University of Baghdad professor and one of three English-speakers in the group of 20 Iraqi Shiites assembling here to talk with a reporter about Iraq. His tone was urgent, almost desperate, as he repeated himself. "Do you know the decisionmakers?"

The Iraqi Americans who live in suburban Detroit, some 150,000 of them, are the largest concentration of Iraqis outside Iraq. That's saying something, since according to the United Nations, Iraqis are the second-largest group of refugees in the world. Some 4 million of them have left their homes since Saddam Hussein took power—an astonishing 17 percent of the country's population. Despite the size of the Iraqi-American population, and despite the fact that no one is better acquainted with the ways of Saddam Hussein's regime, their voices have largely been missing from the national debate. In the course of dozens of interviews over the last two weeks, it became plain that this oversight is a source of endless frustration to this community. Iraqi Americans have a lot to say, and the decisionmakers, in both the media and government, are not listening.

As we approached the house in Dearborn Heights, I told al-Haydar that with luck, some decisionmakers would read my article. On the porch, I added my shoes to a mountain of footwear, which, with a winter storm raging, had taken on the appearance of a snow-capped peak. We stepped inside. The room to the right contained a big-screen television (wired to the satellite dish on the roof) and a sofa. The room on the left was furnished with overlapping oriental rugs and, on the floor along the wall, colorful cushions that would serve as our seats for the next two and a half hours.

The group was all male and all Shiite, primarily from southern Iraq. In other ways, though, it was diverse—ranging from farmers to religious leaders to a former general in Saddam's Republican Guard. The ages went from early twenties to perhaps eighties. Some came dressed in three-piece suits, some in tribal robes.

I proposed moving clockwise around the room for introductions and brief personal histories, a suggestion that prompted much discussion, all of it in Arabic. In what could be considered a bad omen for a democratic Iraq, my ad hoc translator, a young man named Ahmed Shulaiba, explained that elders and religious leaders generally have the option to speak first. But after more discussion, the introductions proceeded according to the suggested plan.

One elderly man in a flowing brown robe, however, gave up his turn, saying he preferred to speak last and that he wanted to make a statement. When he did, he passed me his Michigan State I.D. card as he began speaking.

"I want to introduce myself and ask a question. Are you ready? I am Mehsin Juad al-Basaid. For many years I was a farmer in Iraq. I was involved in the uprising in 1991. American pilots dropped leaflets telling us to start an uprising against Saddam. And we did. We sacrificed. I lost three family members. Fifteen days later the American Army was removed from the South, and left us to face Saddam alone. Now, I'm willing to go with the American Army. But what happened in 1991 must not happen again."

Nearly everyone in attendance had spoken of his own involvement in the uprising. It's worth spending a moment on what happened at the end of the Gulf War, because it influences the way many Iraqis, particularly the Shiite majority, see the United States.

After the devastating U.S. air campaign, American ground forces made quick work of the few Iraqi soldiers who put up a fight. At the same time, the U.S. government dropped leaflets and broadcast radio messages urging all Iraqis to overthrow Saddam. Ahmed, my translator, who was 15 in 1991, told me how he had learned that the Americans wanted Iraqis to revolt.

"I remember George Bush said, 'There is another way for the bloodshed to stop. It's for the Iraqi people and the Iraqi military to take matters into their own hands . . . '"

Getty Images / Bill Pugliano

Mohammed al-Gased (left) and Mehsin Juad al-Basaid at the Wolfowitz meeting, February 23

Iraqi Human Rights Division

A father and baby, dead from Saddam's chemical attack on the Kurds (left); a demonstration of equipment used to torture Kuwaitis

I interrupted to ask him if he was quoting the former president.

"Yeah, I remember that's what he said."

I interrupted a second time to ask him if he remembered how the message was delivered—radio, leaflets? His response was terse.

"Yes. I'll tell you after I finish."

With that, he resumed his word-for-word recitation of the president's exhortation:

"'It's for the Iraqi people and the Iraqi military to take matters into their own hands and force Saddam Hussein, the dictator, to step aside, comply with the United Nations Resolution, and rejoin the family of peace-loving nations.' That's what he said."

Many Iraqis, both in the largely Kurdish north and the Shiite south, took this advice. American pilots bombed Iraqi weapons depots, allowing the rebels to arm themselves. As the Iraqi Army withdrew from Kuwait and retreated towards Baghdad, the rebels made significant gains. The numbers are disputed, but at the height of the uprising, opposition forces may have controlled as many as 14 of Iraq's 18 provinces.

Just as the pressure on the regime intensified, however, American and Iraqi military leaders met near the Iraq-Kuwait border at Safwan to sign a cease-fire. As the negotiations drew to a close, the Iraqi representative, Lt. Gen. Sultan Hashim Ahmad, had a request, recorded in the official transcript of the meeting. "We have a point, one point. You might very well know the situation of the roads and bridges and communications. We would like to agree that helicopter flights sometimes are needed to carry some of the officials, government officials, or any member that is needed to be transported from one place to another because the roads and bridges are out."

General Norman Schwarzkopf, representing the United States, playing the generous victor, told his counterpart that so long as no helicopters flew over areas controlled by U.S. troops, they were "absolutely no problem." He continued: "I want to make sure that's recorded, that military helicopters can fly over Iraq. Not fighters, not bombers."

Lt. Gen. Ahmad pressed the issue. "So you mean even helicopters that is [sic] armed in the Iraqi skies can fly, but not the fighters?"

"Yeah, I will instruct our Air Force not to shoot at any helicopters that are flying over the territory of Iraq where we are not located," Schwarzkopf replied, adding that he wanted armed helicopters to be identified with an orange tag.

This moment of magnanimity would prove costly. Saddam's soldiers used the helicopters to put down the rebellion, spilling the blood of tens of thousands of Iraqis to do so. On the ground, allied troops had reversed course and were now taking weapons from any Iraqis who had them, including the rebels. In the end, it was a massacre, with conservative estimates of 30,000 dead.

"Along Highway 8, the east-west route that ran from An Nasiriyah to Basra, the American soldiers could tell that Saddam Hussein was mercilessly putting down the rebellion," wrote Michael Gordon and Bernard Trainor in *The Generals' War: The Inside Story of the Conflict in the Gulf*, considered the definitive account of the war. "The tales at the medical tent had a common theme: indiscriminate fire at men, women and children, the destruction of Islamic holy places, in which the Shiites had taken refuge, helicopter and rocket attacks, threats of chemical weapons attacks."

The men who gathered that snowy afternoon in Dearborn Heights, many of them from Nasiriyah, were among those attacked by the Iraqi military in 1991. Several spoke of their confusion as they looked up to see Iraqi helicopters strafing the masses of refugees, and above the Iraqi aircraft, American F-15 fighter planes circling in the sky but doing nothing to stop the slaughter. (These images have contributed, perhaps understandably, to numerous conspiracy theories discussed widely in the exile community. One propounds the preposterous notion that American aircraft *escorted* the Iraqi helicopters responsible for killing Iraqi rebels and ending the uprising. As that hypothesis goes, the United States wanted to keep Saddam Hussein in power as its puppet dictator. Put together American support of Saddam throughout the '80s with these vivid memories, and from the perspective of the Iraqis on the ground, the theories don't seem terribly far-fetched.)

When we ended our formal Q and A, one man handed me a photograph of his son, who was killed in the uprising. Others gave me photographs and handwritten, homemade business cards. Someone gave me a plan, in Arabic, for postwar Iraq. Several men passed me their Michigan drivers' licenses and state ID cards. Six gave me letters or prepared statements, some in Arabic and others in English. Mohammed al-Gased, who speaks only Arabic, must have had help translating his letter:

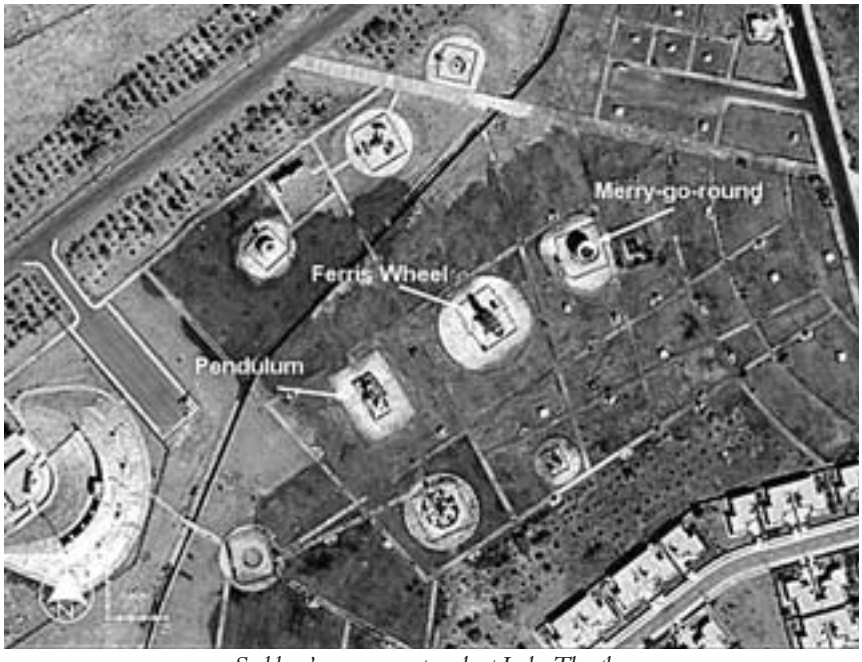
> My name is Mohammed Al Gased, my family and I are refugees in the United States of America. I lost my nephew Haydir Ali Abdulamir Al Gased (the spelling of the name may be different). He was a participant in the 1991 Iraqi Uprising against Saddam. On March 18, 1991, he was wounded in the battle against Saddam's army. In the same afternoon of the same day, he was transferred to one of the American military units located in Talillehem in the governate of Annasriya in southern Iraq. He was treated there; then was taken by American Military helicopter for a further treatment. The location is still unknown for us. After the fail of the uprising, most of us were forced to flee our homes. When we arrived to Saudi Arabia as refugees. I wrote a letter to the Red Cross asking if they have any information about him, and we got no answer. I also wrote to the Saudi Ministry of Defense. My brother, his father, was tortured by Saddam's secret police so viciously it caused his death. His mother and the rest of the family are now residing in Sweden as refugees. In the name of humanity, we are asking you to help us find out weather or not he is still alive and where his about.

With the letters and statements and photographs came torrents of additional charges meant to demonstrate the brutality of Saddam's regime. One man insisted that he knew the precise location of a mass grave, and provided very specific directions. He urged me to give these coordinates to the U.S. government but not to report them, lest Saddam dig up the grave and repair the ground. He said that Iraqis are well aware of these mass graves and predicted they will be found throughout Iraq when the current regime is out of power.

It must be said that many of these claims, including that one, are unverifiable. But they are consistent with Saddam Hussein's long history of violence. As the U.N. special rapporteur on human rights in Iraq put it: "Extreme and brutal force is threatened and applied without hesitation and with total impunity to control the population."

Of more immediate concern is the likelihood that Saddam will use civilians as human shields in the event of war, as he did during the first Gulf War. Bush administration officials are well aware of his willingness to sacrifice his own people, and they take seriously reports that he has begun preparations to do so.

One such account comes from Ali al-Sayad, an Iraqi American who reported to Defense Department officials a phone call he received last week from his cousin, a guard at the infamous Abu Ghraib prison. The guard told al-Sayad that on February 11, Saddam's agents began methodically moving thousands of prisoners from their cells to the dictator's hometown of Tikrit, where many officials believe Saddam will take refuge when combat begins.



www.globalsecurity.org

Saddam's amusement park at Lake Tharthar

That's a move that wouldn't surprise Riadh Abdallah, a former general in Saddam's Republican Guard. Gen. Abdallah served on Saddam's personal security detail in Baghdad during the Gulf War. His brother, Abduli Alwishah, a member of the Iraqi parliament from 1984 to 1991 and head of a prominent southern Iraqi tribe, was a leader of the uprising at the end of the war. When Iraqi intelligence reported back to Baghdad that Alwishah had agitated against Saddam, Gen. Abdallah lost his position in the Republican Guard and was put on probation, then transferred to a teaching job and ordered to report to authorities once a week to show his face.

It could have been worse. Five other generals, including Barak Abdallah, a hero from the Iran-Iraq war, were executed for plotting against the regime.

By 1993, Alwishah and his family had left the Saudi refugee camp that they called home for 14 months and had resettled in the United States. That's when his brother, Gen. Abdallah, was arrested and charged as an anti-Saddam conspirator and sent to a small prison in Baghdad for high-ranking officials accused as traitors. I asked him about the experience.

ABDALLAH: I was in jail for eleven months. There was no judge. They just put you in. If one was to be executed or put in jail, no judge. They put us in the same room as those five generals who were executed. And they were killed with big knives. Those people were killed with big knives hitting them on the neck. And the room had blood everywhere.

SH: Did you think you might be next?

ABDALLAH: Yes. I thought that they would do the same thing to me. Every day they told me that I will be executed.

SH: How long?

ABDALLAH: Eleven months. Intimidation every day. At that time they found out about a conspiracy by another person who was a big general, a doctor actually, from the same town as Saddam. His name was Raji al-Tikriti. It's a very famous story in Iraq. And they made him a food for dogs.

SH: You were in prison when this happened? You heard about this?

ABDALLAH: They showed me these prisoners that were eaten by wild dogs. They made us—that was one kind of intimidation—they brought all of the generals and officers in the prison to watch it, to intimidate us. . . . They took us from jail and they put some blindfolds on our eyes and they took them off and we saw him. Before the dogs ate him we saw them read the judgment and they said why they were going to kill him. He was the head doctor for all the military, and he was the personal doctor for Saddam Hussein and for former Iraqi president Ahmed Hassan al-Bakr.

SH: Was he killed before this happened?

ABDALLAH: He was alive when these wild dogs . . .

SH: Do you remember what month this was?

ABDALLAH: It was the wintertime, but I can't remember exactly because for 11 months I didn't see the sun, nothing—I didn't know what time. There was only spider webs in the room, so I didn't know if it's day or night. [Pause] *Probably what you're hearing is impossible to believe, but that's what happened. And all that you're hearing is nothing compared to everything else.*

Abdallah later explained that Raji al-Tikriti was dressed in "prison pajamas" with his hands and feet bound when this was done to him. Abdallah and seven other prisoners were forced to watch. The five dogs, he said, "were like big wolves."

Abdallah returned to teaching after his surprising release from prison. He taught with other senior military officials who, he said, ran terrorist training operations at Salman Pak and Lake Tharthar. The activities at Salman Pak are well known. Satellite images show an airplane, and defectors have revealed extensive training in terrorist operations—including hijacking—that have gone on there for years. Lake Tharthar, however, is new. Abdallah calls it the "Salman Pak of the sea," where terrorists were instructed in "diving, how to wire, how to put charges on ships, how to storm the ships, commando operations."

I asked him if the facility was used primarily for military training or terrorist training. "Terrorist. Not for the military. They were not Iraqi. They were all from other countries—maybe just a few Iraqis. And it's very confidential."

Tharthar is the largest lake in Iraq, constructed on the site of the Great Dam. That dam regulates a waterway that connects the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Tharthar is also the site of one of the largest of Saddam's numerous palaces. In 1999, at a celebration of the president's 62nd birthday, Vice President Taha Yassin Ramadan opened a resort on the lake for the regime's VIPs. The complex came at a cost estimated at hundreds of millions, and includes luxurious accommodations, several beaches, and an amusement park, complete with a merry-go-round and a ferris wheel.

Saddam Hussein and his allies blame the United States for the "genocide" caused by 13 years of U.N. sanctions. They claim that these sanctions, and the resulting shortages of food and medicine, have led to the deaths of more than 1 million Iraqis. Even leaving aside the vast resources Saddam has used to rebuild and conceal his deadly arsenal, the resort at Lake Tharthar helps put those charges in context. As Taha Ramadan noted at the resort's ceremonial opening, "This city was built in the age of Saddam Hussein and during this period of sanctions. . . . This shows our ability to build such a beautiful city and to fight as well."

A resort city, terrorist training camps, and a hungry population—all of this, says Abdallah, makes Saddam Hussein "the father and the grandfather of terrorists."

The day after my meeting in Dearborn Heights, some 300 Iraqi Americans gathered at the Fairlane Club in suburban Detroit to hear from Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz and, finally, tell their stories in the presence of a high U.S. official. Wolfowitz had been invited by the Iraqi Forum for Democracy, a nonaligned, anti-Saddam, pro-democracy association of Iraqis in America. Television cameras—I counted nearly 20—lined the room. A handful of print reporters were there, too. Signs on the wall declared "Iraq United Will Never Be Divided" and "Saddam Must Go—Iraqis Need Human Rights."

Wolfowitz is viewed as something of a hero here. Several Iraqi Americans I spoke to were aware that he was wary of Saddam Hussein as far back as the late '70s, and remained so even as the U.S. government embraced the Iraqi dictator in the '80s. Others credited Wolfowitz with expediting U.S. rescue operations when the Iraqi government put down the 1991 uprising.

"The U.S. Army had orders to leave Basra," recalls Ahmed Shulaiba. "We were going to be crushed by the Iraqi Army, and we heard that one man from the press—we don't know who he is—he called Paul Wolfowitz and told him about 30,000 people will be crushed if the American military leave them. And he [Wolfowitz] called [Secretary of Defense] Dick Cheney and they helped move us to the camp of Rafha [in Saudi Arabia]."

Wolfowitz later confirmed this account, though he downplayed his role. "The rebellion had basically been crushed," he said. "It was a Sunday afternoon and I got a call at home from a reporter. I think it's okay to name him, it was Michael Gordon [of the *New York Times*]. One of my kids answered, told me who it was, and I regretted the day I'd given him my unpublished number at home. I said, 'Tell him I'm not interested in talking to him.' My kid, whichever one it was, told me that Gordon was calling from Safwan [Iraq], and he says it's important."

Gordon told Wolfowitz that he had been interviewing U.S. troops in southern Iraq. Saddam's forces were continuing to brutalize the Iraqi people. American soldiers, says Wolfowitz, "had been ordered not to do anything about it. Gordon said it was breaking their hearts." Wolfowitz called Cheney and, after overcoming some internal resistance, they arranged to have allied forces expedite the refugees' journey to camps in the Saudi desert.

Now, addressing those gathered in suburban Detroit, Wolfowitz spoke of the coming liberation of their country. It was a well-crafted speech, packed with details about the expected conflict and postwar Iraq (available on the web at *http://www.defenselink.mil/news/Feb2003/t02272003_t0223ifd.html*). He was interrupted repeatedly by enthusiastic applause, including several standing ovations. At one point, the audience broke into song, in Arabic, to celebrate the imminent end of Saddam's rule. The Iraqi farmers who the night before had handed me photographs of their dead relatives were dancing with local religious leaders.

When Wolfowitz concluded his remarks, it was the Iraqis' turn to speak to the world. Some spoke in English, some in Arabic.

"My name is Abu Muslim al-Hayadar. I used to be a university professor back in Iraq, but now I am working in social services to help refugees. I want to assure you and all other people around the world that we suffered so much and we are willing to work towards democracy as we are—most of us want to work in two phases. The liberation phase and the rebuilding phase. So please, please take it seriously, and we want it fast. Fast, as fast as you can. Thank you. Liberate Iraqi people please."

Moments later, a man named Ahmed al-Tamimi stepped to the front of the stage with a young boy.

AP / Paul Warner

Ahsan Alwatan (center), who was beaten by Iraqi troops as a one-year-old in 1991

"I welcome you here. You are here in Dearborn and next month we welcome you in Baghdad and Iraq.

"In every heart here, in every person here, there is a scar on our hearts. But we can't show the people in the world our scars on our hearts, but we can show the scars on the face of this young guy. He was, in that time in 1991, just one year. He was a child, and this is the father and his uncle, they participated in the uprising. . . . They beat the father, his father, his mother, and his wife. While they are beating the family they hear the cry of the child and they say who is the child? The wife said this is my child. They start beating him with their boots until the blood was all over and he had brain damage, partly brain damage.

"When [the father] came from Saudi Arabia to America, the first thing he did, he took the phone and talked to his wife and he said I want to talk to my son. And she started to cry. And she told him he is not talking, he is not talking. What happened? She told him, something happen in 1991. I can't tell you. After that he find out what happened to his son."

The program ended and the crowd gave Wolfowitz another standing ovation. They rushed to the stage and surrounded the speaker, a former academic unused to being treated like a rock star. It was a moving scene—perhaps a foreshadowing of the greeting American troops will get when Saddam Hussein is gone—but few people saw it.

Although several major newspapers covered the event, television networks mostly took a pass. Why? Certainly the language difficulties made live television coverage all but impossible. But the reactions of a producer for a prominent international broadcast network suggest another possible explanation. She said the event was "weird" and thought the Iraqis seemed "uncomfortable."

"It was a pre-selected audience," she inaccurately claimed. "Everyone here agrees with the administration."

Pro-war propaganda, she concluded—never once considering the possibility that Iraqi Americans might actually be near-unanimous in their desire to get rid of Saddam Hussein.

It should be noted, however, that there were at least two Saddam sympathizers in the crowd. Before the speech, as TV crews checked their microphones and Arabic-speaking Iraqis studied translated copies of Wolfowitz's prepared remarks, one Iraqi pointed out two men he said were "Saddam's agents." Regardless of whether that much is true, they plainly were not enjoying themselves. Each time their fellow Iraqi Americans saluted the dictator's coming demise, these dour fellows sat expressionless.

After the meeting with Wolfowitz, journalists were asked to leave the room as the Iraqis met privately with representatives from the Pentagon for perhaps an hour. Defense officials explained to the Iraqis the various ways they can participate in the coming conflict. Many will accompany U.S. troops, serving as intermediaries between the Iraqis and their liberators. Others will join something the Pentagon is calling the "Free Iraqi Force," a unit that will support combat operations inside Iraq. Still others will focus on a post-Saddam Iraq.

Later, Wolfowitz returned to the room and spent another hour talking with individual Iraqi Americans, answering their questions, and most important, listening.

One Iraqi American had a message he hoped protesters would hear:

"If you want to protest that it's not okay to send your kids to fight, that's okay. But please don't claim to speak for the Iraqis. We've seen 5 million people protesting, but none of them were Iraqis. They don't know what's going on inside Iraq. France and whoever else, please shut up."

Another, Hawra al-Zuad, is a 16-year-old student at an Islamic academy in suburban Detroit. Her sky blue headscarf seems to coexist comfortably with her marked Detroit accent. Although she doesn't remember her family's flight 12 years ago, she is eager to return to her native Iraq. "I'll go visit right away," she says. "I want to go see how it is over there. I forgot everything about it. I want to see my house, where I used to live when I was little."

A good way to spend summer vacation, I suggest. She quickly corrects me.

"Spring break. I hope it's spring break." ♦

Providence and the President

George W. Bush's theory of history

By James W. Ceaser

What do conservatives think today about History? As President Bush readies the nation for war, an abstract question like this one seems out of place. And yet, having raised this theme himself in recent speeches, President Bush has been faced both at home and abroad with widespread criticism for his use and abuse of History. Echoing others' arguments, *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen has accused the president of claiming to speak for "destiny and providence." European critics charge the president and his conservative supporters with a dangerous triumphalism born of a conviction that huge metaphysical forces are aligned on America's side. America, Bush is said to believe, represents God, History, and God in History.

It has, of course, come to be accepted in modern times that presidents will speak of History, provided only that they mean nothing by it. Whenever presidents wish to elevate the tone of an address, they invoke History. History becomes the omniscient observer, watching over the president's and the nation's shoulder. History—we all know the phrases—is "judging" or "testing" us, it will "record what we do," or, in its sterner moments, "will not forgive us." Used in this way, History has become no more than a figure of speech, the great empty suit of modern rhetoric.

The problem with President Bush, so the charge against him goes, is that he has gone beyond these merely ritual usages. When he speaks about "Providence" and "history," as he did in his State of the Union address, he unfortunately takes his own words seriously. This criticism, if it is one, is worthy of investigation, all the more so because it is conservatives who traditionally have worried about the pretensions of History. Is President Bush really guilty of what his critics accuse him of, or have they failed to read him closely?

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I.

It is not all that long ago that the Doctrine of History was the core idea of leftist political thought in America. History here was not history in an ordinary sense—what Edward Gibbon once called "little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind"—but something much grander. History, usually with a capital "H," was the account of the march of humankind that supplied the answers to man's most fundamental questions. History, with a beginning, a middle, and a clear future direction, if not an end, had "meaning." It also had an internal source of movement or agency all its own, whose laws man could discern. History was going somewhere, and the political parties and leaders who were able to follow or, better yet, anticipate its direction would be vindicated.

The path of History was upward and onward, toward what was called Progress. Progress made History not only inevitable, but appealing. As Woodrow Wilson explained during his 1912 presidential campaign: "Progress! No word comes more often or more naturally to the lips of modern man, as if the things it stands for were almost synonymous with life itself." At the far end of the leftist spectrum was the Marxist version of Progress, with its assurance of a coming final revolution that would produce, as Marx put it, a "definitive resolution of the antagonism between man and nature, and between man and man." Marx's general view held enormous appeal for many American intellectuals, even if they might dissent on some of the details.

But Americans also developed their own, homegrown version of historical movement. The name said it all: Progressivism. Its most eloquent thinkers were two men who helped launch the *New Republic*, Herbert Croly and John Dewey. Dewey, perhaps America's most celebrated philosopher, never tired of singing the praises of Progress: "The future rather than the past dominates the imagination. The Golden Age lies ahead of us not behind us." Oddly enough, under this understanding, the focus of the Doctrine of History was not on what had already hap-

pened—what we usually think of as history—but instead on what would happen. History was now about the future and took the place of prophecy or divination.

Under its adopted name of liberalism, the Progressive idea supplied the theoretical backbone of the Democratic party up through the 1960s. To read some of Lyndon Johnson's speeches is to have the feeling of looking at a grammar school version of some of John Dewey's writings. Even the term "Great Society" was used by Dewey. Then one day—and looking back, it seems to have occurred almost that suddenly—the great idol of History collapsed. Under the pressure of opposition to the Vietnam War and the accumulation of postmodern thought, the Left abandoned History and chased Progressivism from the temple. A New Left, as it called itself, pronounced the American experiment flawed and argued that American civilization was following a downward course of increasing dehumanization and alienation. The "Port Huron Statement," the manifesto of the New Left, proclaimed, "What we had originally seen as the American Golden Age was actually the decline of an era."

Since the 1960s the Left has struggled, without much success, to find a substitute understanding of the historical experience. One group, the cultural Left, has followed in the footsteps of the New Left, elaborating and perfecting an insistence on decline. Its message, heard daily on any elite college campus, holds that the Enlightenment has been an ongoing violation of the "other" (meaning, as need requires, the third world, minorities, or women) by the "hegemon" (the West, America, whites, or males). A second group, leftist communitarians, has abandoned the intellectuals' customary adversarial posture and now celebrates the American tradition. Communitarians look with acute longing to the American Founding, only to a Founding understood—surprise—as a "share and care" communitarian venture. Finally, a third group of postmodern progressives has concluded that without a belief in Progress, the Left is doomed to irrelevance. Led by the philosopher Richard Rorty, this group recommends going back to the future and recycling the idea of Progress, only with the postmodern stipulation that this idea is nothing more than a compelling story. Liberals today, Rorty says, should spin "a pageant of historical progress," in which they "tell themselves a story about how things might get better." If you build it, they will come.

II.

Modern conservatism, meaning the conservatism that took hold of the Republican party with Ronald Reagan, established itself on a

different plane from that of History. It has rested on the standard of nature, and conservatives have looked first to permanent principles enshrined in documents like the Declaration of Independence. At the same time, conservative statesmen have recognized that people also expect an account of where things fit into the flow of time. Political leadership must do justice to the experience of history.

But conservatives have been perplexed by the question of History, and their thought and instincts have pulled them in different directions. During the long period of Progressive intellectual dominance, conservative thinkers contested the Doctrine of History, but from opposite ends. Some accepted the idea of Progress, arguing with liberals over how to achieve it. Progress, these conservatives insisted, would be the order of the day if only society abandoned measures of collective planning and put its trust in the forces of the market. Something of this spirit survives in modern libertarian thought.

Other conservatives found fault with the whole idea of Progress. Southern Agrarians referred contemptuously to the "Gospel of Progress," decrying the thinness and materialism of the vision. Others insisted that the Doctrine of History failed to prepare people for the inevitable trials, tribulations, and reversals that were intrinsic to man's experience. Progress was a cheap elixir that sold short-term hope at the expense of longer-term understanding. Who living in the middle of the twentieth century could even begin to square the idea of Progress with the experience of the times? A more sober way of thinking was demanded, one that took account of what many conservatives called the "tragic sense." Some pushed this sense to the point of gloominess. Since tragedy proved the falsity and fatuity of the idea of Progress, it was welcomed as an indispensable companion. Conservatism became associated in some quarters with refusing to accept success for an answer.

Conservatives also balked at any idea of an inevitable plan controlling the course of events. The Doctrine of History view removed responsibility and control from human actors, especially from actors inside the political realm. It eliminated nobility and greatness. Had it not been for Lincoln or Churchill, to pick two examples, would the course of human affairs ever have been the same? The French theorist Raymond Aron was celebrated for his classic formulation of this theme. History, Aron insisted, is ultimately an account of "events," where an event is "an act performed by one man or several men at a definite place and time . . . that can never be reduced to circumstances, unless we eliminate in thought those who have acted and decree that anyone in their place would have acted the same way." As this last condition is an absurdity, it follows that the Doctrine of History is a delusion. History, from a human point of view, must be indeterminate.

These thoughts about History were in the background when the liberal idea of Progress collapsed in the 1960s. Conservatives faced an unprecedented situation. The old shibboleth that named conservatism the party of order and liberalism the party of progress could now be no more than half true. If only by comparison, conservatives had become the more progressive force. But it was not just by default that conservatives captured this dimension in 1980. The new conservative leader, Ronald Reagan, was an inveterate optimist, as strong a believer in the American project and in the capacity for transformation as any president in American history. Following Reagan's cue, a new generation of conservatives emerged that put any hint of doom and gloom in the closet and made an unshakable confidence in the future the emblem of conservatism. Grover Norquist's claim was typical: "From Ronald Reagan, conservatives have learned optimism and discovered they are on the winning side of history."

The legacy of the Reagan years has left conservatives with the question of how to incorporate this message of

optimism into conservative thought. Two different paths, not always clearly delineated, have been suggested, and while the practical differences between them may for the moment seem small, the theoretical differences are enormous. In one account, conservatives espouse a Doctrine of History of their own in the form of a conservative idea of Progress. What is supported by natural law, they argue, must necessarily manifest itself in a predictable way in the historical context. Since, for example, liberal democracy is the system natural to man, one can be sure it will spread throughout most of the world in centuries to come. Other conservatives refuse to cross what they see as the philosophical red line between nature and history. While conservative principles offer the best prospect for progress and have proven themselves in many areas, nothing in the historical realm ever happens by necessity. Conservatives must continue to keep in mind the place of accident in human affairs and the importance of political choices, which of course can also lead to reversals of fortune.

III.

George W. Bush is the product, far more than his father, of the modern conservative movement. Like Ronald Reagan, he is a self-described optimist who once went so far as to chastise a conservative intellectual for the sin of pessimism. What Bush has added to the mainstream of conservatism is a religious dimension, which in the case of the question of History includes the theme of Providence.

Providence is one of the richest and most complex—and therefore one of the most variously interpreted—of all religious ideas. For many, of course, the mere mention of a religious term is sufficient to provoke Pavlovian accusations of political messianism; any idea of religious pedigree (other than the message of peace) is devoid of all sense. Yet those willing to consider the matter more deeply will find that traditionally, Providence has had a reasonably determinate meaning. One of its central themes is that the course of history, from a human standpoint, is unfathomable: "The Almighty has His own purposes." One conviction, however, remains supreme: While the path of events before us can never be fully known, and while there will always be difficulty and pain, Providence offers a basis for hope and a ground for avoiding despair. Yet it disclaims any pretension to know the future and offers no assurance of divine reward for our action in this world. At the practical level of human affairs, the focus remains on human responsibility and choice.

The most sublime evocation of the "providence of God" in political rhetoric appears as the central theme of Abraham Lincoln's Second Inaugural. This speech carries a message of ultimate hope without any guarantee of immediate reward. It keeps the focus in the political realm on duty, on the need to do right "as God gives us to see the right." These aspects of this great speech are well known, but less known, perhaps, are two other things. The first is that Lincoln's recourse to Providence was a response to the nineteenth-century precursor to the Doctrine of History that had circulated before the war and that taught, in the words of the historian George Bancroft, that "everything is in motion for the better. . . . The last political state of the world likewise is ever more excellent than the old." Standing where he did in 1865, after experiencing all of the agony and turns of fortune of the Civil War, Lincoln had come to know the centrality of political choice and to experience pathos. The second thing was that no sooner did Lincoln give the speech than he was widely criticized for not invoking God more directly on his side and for not promising a swift and certain reward. In one of his last letters, Lincoln explained that such a wish was contrary to the idea of Providence and unsuited to the education of a great people.

Although no one at this point can claim to know administration "policy" on Providence, President Bush's comments have followed in the Lincolnian mold. As he observed in his State of the Union address: "We do not know—we do not claim to know all the ways of Providence, yet we can trust in them, placing our confidence in the loving God behind all of life, and all of history." Without taking anything away from a practical kind of optimism, the theme of Providence seems to have separated the president from the embrace of anything like a Doctrine of History. The focus has been on duty. Perhaps this language, suitably developed and elaborated, provides the best framework for conservatives both to express and reconcile their hopes and fears about history.

Presidents, it hardly needs to be said, are not philosophers. Yet in their responsibility to act, it happens that their words sometimes open a dimension of theoretical insight that more abstract thought misses. Modern man is growing ever more impressed with his supposed mastery of the physical environment. By contrast, it is obvious that the course of history can never be brought under his complete control. There will always be shocks, surprises, and events. So long as this fact does not lead to skepticism and paralysis, it can serve as a salutary reminder of the intrinsic limits of the human situation. It bids us open our thoughts, in a spirit of wonder and awe, to something much larger than ourselves. And this too is a part of the conservative message. ♦

LIFE IS A BANQUET

The rich world of Patrick Dennis's Auntie Mame

By Christopher Buckley

Rosalind Russell as Auntie Mame. John Springer Collection / CORBIS.

"Patrick Dennis is long overdue for a proper renaissance," screenwriter, novelist, and wit Paul Rudnick declares in his introduction to last year's paperback reissue of *Auntie Mame*. "Marvelous comic writing will always endure, and [Dennis's] novels grow ever more valuable as sheer social reportage."

I'm ashamed to declare that until now I'd never read *Auntie Mame*, or *The Joyous Season*, the funniest Christmas carol ever set on the Upper East Side, or *Little Me*, Dennis's photo-illustrated sendup of the picaresque adventures of a fictional actress named "Belle Poitrine." All three of these books are now back in print—and together they may give the author the renaissance he deserves. I can't account for my strange Dennis lacuna, but perhaps it's just as well I didn't encounter his work while I was in school, or the Great Books might have gotten short shrift. In his afterword to *Auntie Mame*, Dennis's son Michael recounts that he suggested to the editor of the paperback that the book be annotated, "like my college edition of *Moby Dick*":

> Herman Melville: Jollies? Lord help such jollies! Crisp, crash! There goes the jib-stay! Blang-whang! God! Duck lower, Pip, here comes the royal yard! *(Footnote—Royal yard: The third level of square sails above the deck.)*
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> Patrick Dennis: A sinister-looking couple strode across the foyer. The man looked like a woman, and the woman, except for her tweed shirt, was almost a perfect Ramon Novarro. *(Footnote—Ramon Novarro (1899-1968): Romantic Mexican leading man of the twenties in Hollywood. Played Rupert in* The Prisoner of Zenda*.)*

Michael Dennis adds: "Quick! Which one would you rather keep reading?" I'm glad I spent those hours with Melville, but I must admit, there are no boring whale chapters in *Auntie Mame*. Patrick Dennis was the nom de plume of Edward Everett Tanner III. He wrote sixteen novels, four of them under the name Virginia Rowans, and several under sub-pseudonyms, as it were: *Little Me*, ostensibly by Belle Poitrine "as told to" Patrick Dennis; *First Lady*, by Martha Dinwiddie Butterfield "as told to" Dennis; and two others. He died in 1976 at the age of fifty-five, and his life is the subject of the 2000 biography, *Uncle Mame*, by Eric Myers. The movie rights to that biography were optioned by Kelsey Grammer of *Frasier*. It could make quite a movie.

Born in Chicago in 1921, Dennis—né Tanner—grew up on the North Shore. He drove an ambulance in World War II. (Driving ambulances in world wars is de rigueur for future literary stars of the greater Chicago area.)

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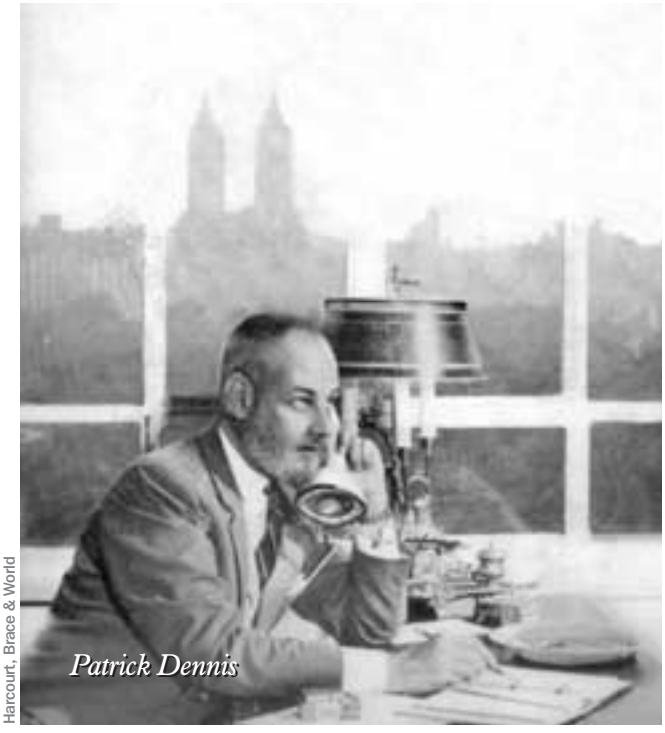
After the war, he moved to New York City, married, and produced two children—all while living two lives: one as a loving dad and husband, the other as a Greenwich Village bisexual, or as they said back then, a "friend of Dorothy." Along the way, he dictated the episodes that became *Auntie Mame* to Vivian Kardaras and Elaine Pulakos Adam, pacing and smoking Salem cigarettes and drinking Ballantine ale, pausing to ask them, "Do you think it's any good?" The dedication page reads: "To the worst manuscript typists in New York." The answer, despite the manuscript's being rejected by a dozen publishers, was: *Darling, it's absolutely brilliant!*



Harcourt, Brace & World

Patrick Dennis

The novel roared onto the *New York Times* bestseller list and stayed there for 112 weeks. It sold over two million copies and was made into the Broadway play starring Angela Lansbury. It was also turned into an unsuccessful Hollywood musical starring Lucille Ball, about which the Dennis cult is still having hissy fits. But there was the glorious movie starring Rosalind Russell, written by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, based on the 1956 play by Jerome K. Lawrence and Robert E. Lee.

Dennis became the first author in history to have three books on the bestseller list simultaneously. Within a decade of Mame's first appearance, his books had sold ten million copies. If Patrick Dennis gets his renaissance, maybe he'll sell another ten, plus a CD-ROM computer game and action figures. We'll have to see, but it's certain that *Auntie Mame* will be in print when many of the biggest names in fiction today are Trivial Pursuit questions. One other author who debuted in 1955 is also likely to endure: Kay Thompson, author of *Eloise*.

But wait, darlings, it gets even better. (And I mean this in the most sympathetic way.) By the 1970s, Dennis had exhausted himself creatively, and in other ways. He had managed to spend all that money. His son Michael writes that he was "compulsively generous." He also had the gift of knowing when to call it quits. "I'm out of fashion," he declared in 1974, "and I've said everything I had to say. Twice."

Auntie Mame
An Irreverent Escapade
by Patrick Dennis
Broadway, 320 pp., $12.95

The Joyous Season
by Patrick Dennis
Green Mansion, 256 pp., $18.95

Little Me
The Intimate Memoirs of That Great Star of Stage, Screen, & Television Belle Poitrine
As told to Patrick Dennis
Broadway, 271 pp., $15.95

On that note, he left Manhattan for West Palm Beach where he—are you sitting down?—took a job as butler. One of his three employers was Ray Kroc, the founder of McDonald's. Only Patrick Dennis could have invented this story line for himself. "The artist as concierge," Paul Rudnick writes,

> he enjoyed access to the rich and famous, but kept a skillful distance. He is, above all else, a brilliant social observer and a detail addict, in a tradition encompassing everyone from Edith Wharton to Tom Wolfe. Mame refers to a family as a "lit-tle B. Altman's—the more expensive floors, mind you," and during World War II she declares that she "sold more bonds than any woman who's ever worked El Morocco." When I first read these sentences, I had no idea what B. Altman's or El Morocco was, but I instantly got the point: Patrick Dennis has a passion for the precise contents of an upscale picnic hamper, and the exact inflections of a Dixie bore. His glee is his art.

Ah, the picnic hamper. Auntie Mame's manservant and chauffeur Ito has packed it with his delicious cucumber sandwiches, almond cake, and champagne. The occasion is a trip from Mame's Beekman Place apartment to suburban Scarsdale, where Mame and her ten-year-old nephew and ward Patrick must pass muster with Mr. Babcock, manager of Patrick's trust fund and final authority on Mame's guardianship. Babcock (rhymes, sort of, with Babbitt) plays the same role in the Mame stories that Gorgon aunts play in the works of Dennis's literary antecedents, P.G. Wodehouse and Oscar Wilde.

The trip to the Babcocks' is treated with all the ceremony and preparation of an expedition into the heart of American darkness, Scarsdale—Dennis's version of Zenith, home of Sinclair Lewis's George Follansbee Babbitt:

> In 1929 it took little more than half an hour to get to Scarsdale by train, but Auntie Mame could never adjust herself to the precise demands of railroads. So the big Mercedes rolled out of Beekman Place just eight hours before we were expected, which was probably all to the good since Ito was a peripatetic driver at best, and none of us had any idea of where or what

Underwood & Underwood / CORBIS

> Scarsdale was. Auntie Mame sat tensely in back fingering her ill-moored coronet and twitching her sables. Every so often she'd grasp my hand and murmur, "Oh, my little love, whatever are we to do?"

That "ill-moored coronet" and "twitching her sables" are the mark of a master stylist. There are serious writers who call P.G. Wodehouse "The Master," and it's tempting to garland Dennis with the same laurels. Though it's always tricky agreeing with Camille Paglia, she may be onto something when she writes that *Auntie Mame* is "America's *Alice in Wonderland*, . . . more interesting and important than any serious novel after World War II."

Upon reaching the Kisangani of suburban America, we meet the Babcocks in their "pseudo-Tudor" hut. I was going to quote sparingly, but it's hard.

> The Babcocks weren't a stimulating family. The son, Dwight junior, wore glasses and looked just like a Mr. Babcock who'd been shrunk in the laundry. Mrs. Babcock wore glasses, too, and talked to Auntie Mame about gardening and home canning and child psychology.
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> Auntie Mame mentioned Freud once and then thought better of it. The rest of her conversation with Mrs. Babcock was confined to vapid Yeses and Noes and Oh, Reallys.
>
> Dwight junior showed me his collection of dead butterflies and told me all about his tonsils and the keen times he was going to have at St. Boniface boarding school…
>
> It was stifling in the Babcocks' English-style dining room, and the dinner of overdone roast lamb, mashed potatoes, squash, beets, and lima beans—after Ito's delicate Eastern cuisine—hit my stomach like a lump of cement. During one of the many lulls, Auntie Mame got the bit between her teeth and delivered a long and remarkably learned lecture on architecture of the Tudor period, which was a fascinating discourse except that it pointed up every detail of the Babcocks' room as a counterfeit.

At the end of the evening, Dwight gives young Patrick a "dank handshake" and goes off to his dead butterflies, while Mame disappears into the den with Mr. Babcock to discuss the matter of Patrick's schooling. Mr. Babcock is, to use the Babcockian vernacular, keen on Manhattan Buckley School, the Hogwarts of the Upper East Side for future investment bankers and Establishmentarians. Mame has other notions. "'What about Ethical Culture?' Auntie Mame said wildly. 'My dear Miss Dennis, you surely wouldn't suggest sending the child off with a pack of Jews?' Auntie Mame's false coronet rocked alarmingly."

Two-thirds of the way through the novel, Patrick has managed to fall in love with a bland blonde deb named Gloria Upson. (The names throughout are Dickensian; "Mame" in name and inspiration apparently deriving from the real Dennis's Aunt Marion, with whom he eventually fell out.) The visit to the Upsons in Mountebank, Connecticut, occasions a Babbitt Redux, and shows the author at his most viperish, in the cause of anti-anti-Semitism. The Upsons are Babcocks with more money and pretentious clothing. Mr. Upson appears in "chartreuse playsuit and deafening huaraches" and prides himself on his (disgusting) daiquiris, made with honey instead of sugar. He's the Bigot of the Barbecue who serves his steaks "just right"—where "Just Right was black with soot and ashes on the outside and cold and raw on the inside." Dennis was a detail addict.

After a few references to the neighborhood being restricted to "nigger" caddies, the Upsons bring up the horrifying prospect that a Mr. "A-bra-ham Bernstein," from Summit, New Jersey, might be moving in next door. "Oh, Daddy," Gloria cried, "how dreadful!" Mame rises to the Bernsteins' defense, pointing out that he's an editor and she's an authority on Rimbaud, "a delightful couple."

> "Lookee here," Mr. Upson said evenly, "a joke's a joke, but if you think I want a lot of sheenies throwing their filthy garbage all over my lawn…we're going to keep these dirty kikes and all the rest of their lousy, stinking race out of…"
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> "You can't really be so naïve as to believe that the Jews are a race," Auntie Mame said. "Why any anthropologist . . ."
>
> "Don't give me none of your high-toned anthropology! I just know that as long as I have a breath left in my body I'll fight every goddamned last one of these Izzys and Beckys trying to muscle in on white man's territory. And, by God . . . "

Did we really talk this way in 1955? I suppose the answer is, yes, we did. Nineteen-fifty-five was another country. In one of Mame's more icy lines,

Bettmann / CORBIS

delivered at a moment of heat to her beloved nephew before the disastrous soiree in Mountebank, she tells him that he's turned into "one of the most beastly, bourgeois, babbittry little snobs on the Eastern Seaboard." Coming across this tart bit of dialogue, I was struck that it's been a long time since I'd heard the name of the twentieth century's ur-Philistine, Babbitt, invoked. Sinclair Lewis published his novel about the J. Alfred Prufrock of America's Rotarians in 1922, a year after Dennis was born. The term babbittry seems to have all but disappeared, having been replaced with "Christian Right" or "Religious Right," though those are not quite the same thing. It's a fair bet that those two million copies of *Auntie Mame* contributed mightily to the de-Babbitting of America. (We may be no less bourgeois now, but by God—he said through post-WASP lockjaw—at least we insist on expensive coffee, German cars, and NPR.)

Michael Tanner writes of his father, "He hated snobs, bores, intolerance, the suburbs, anti-Semites, parsimony, and people who use 'I' as the object of a preposition." And "he loved generosity, Democrats, theater people, New York City, and people who smoke and drink." In the first list, he left out "Republicans." In the second, "gays." It would have been tautological to include the former; the second omission is more revealing.

There are no "friends of Dorothy" in *Auntie Mame*—or, at least, no character is thus identified, though to be sure, there are many walk-ons by what *Brideshead Revisited*'s Anthony Blanche would doubtless have called "rather qu-queer fish." The Stonewall Inn Riot of June 1969 that kicked off the "Gay Rights" movement was a decade and a half away. Dennis struck lethal blows against babbittry, but he wisely refrained from making his novel a proto-gay liberation tract.

One of the delights of the book, in fact, is finding so many mentions of the word "gay" used in its pre-homosexual context. When the book came out, the now-defunct *Washington Star* declared, "*Auntie Mame* is the gayest, most unconventional aunt you've ever known and you'll love her." The only proselytizing that goes on is to urge us to *live*. Like its less-good but still enjoyable sequel *Around the World With Auntie Mame*, the book, subtitled, "An Irreverent Escapade," is about art, not ideology. (Michael Tanner points out, by the way, that Mame's signature line, "Life is a banquet, and most poor sons of bitches are starving to death!" was written by the theatrical adapters Lawrence and Lee, not Dennis.) Her nephew grows up not to be an antique dealer in Provincetown, but to marry a nice working-class Irish-American girl and go to an office at nine every morning and have a young son that Mame, in the book's final scene, can sweep off to India. If Dennis had an agenda, he wrote it down in invisible ink and concentrated on entertaining the hell out of us. The rest took care of itself.

What elevates *Auntie Mame* above mere entertainment (not that entertainment is ever really "mere") are the scenes in which Dennis goes for the jugular of Middle American charm. There one hears the echo, again, of Anthony Blanche, lecturing Charles Ryder on his faux-ferocious jungle paintings: "Charm is the great English blight. It does not exist outside these damp islands. It spots and kills anything it touches. It kills love; it kills art; I greatly fear, my dear Charles, it has killed you." Dennis had charm, but he had steel and he knew where to put it.

And he helped to rescue us from the Upsons. It's a great moment there in the first chapter of *Auntie Mame*, when the "regular Japanese doll of a woman" with "hair bobbed very short with straight bangs above her slanting brows," wearing "a long robe of embroidered golden silk," her feet "thrust into tiny gold slippers twinkling with jewels, and jade and ivory bracelets clattering on her arms," the "longest fingernails . . . each lacquered a delicate green," with "an almost endless bamboo cigarette holder" hanging languidly from "her bright red mouth," gave a "tinselly laugh" and said to the young boy gaping at this marvelous, improbable, liberating apparition, "But darling, I'm your Auntie Mame!"

"She put her arms around me and kissed me, and I knew I was safe." So were we all. Long live the grandest dame in American literature. Welcome back, and what have you been up to all this time? ♦

High Church

Monsignor Lorenzo Albacete on reason, money, sex, and God. **BY JOHN ZMIRAK**

Lorenzo Albacete

Crossroad

Maybe you haven't heard of him, since he spends most of his considerable talent reaching out to liberals, but Monsignor Lorenzo Albacete is a unique figure in American Catholicism. A big, jowly smoker, a trained physicist and moral theologian, Monty Python aficionado and confidante of Cardinal Ratzinger, Albacete comes across in person and print like Erasmus of Rotterdam, as revised by Rabelais. He appears as a "religion commentator" in the *New York Times Magazine*, the *New Yorker*, and on television with Charlie Rose and Bill Moyers—venues where one has come to expect dissident theologians, burnt-out nuns, and unfrocked priests who've found peace with Marx or Buddha.

God at the Ritz
Attraction to Infinity
by Lorenzo Albacete
Crossroad, 192 pp., $19.95

But Albacete is a perfectly orthodox Catholic: He is the theological director of Communion and Liberation, an Italian-founded "lay movement" that appeals to artsy, high-strung Catholics. (Imagine if Woody Allen's movies depicted Irish-Americans struggling with chastity and just-war theory while juggling day jobs and revising their screenplays—such people exist, and C & L helps keep them sane.)

In *God at the Ritz*, Albacete has crafted a subtle, wry, and gentle book—a deeply personal investigation of the "ultimate questions" that vex contemporary Westerners, written very much in the spirit of Walker Percy, whom he reveres. In short chapters that read like extended *pensées*, with disarming titles such as "Of memes and genes" and "The real beer," Albacete tackles the four basic objections he discerns at the heart of contemporary resistance to faith: (1) the perception that science demands a rejection of religious belief; (2) the seeming arbitrariness of traditional sexual ethics; (3) the dangers of fundamentalism; (4) the scandal of suffering.

Beginning with an easy humor and a well-affected worldliness, Albacete swiftly moves into deeper waters, taking seriously the difficulties that postmodern man encounters on the road to Mt. Sinai. As a scientist himself, Albacete starts with a sympathetic look at the attempts of several science theorists to address, dismiss, or explore the ultimate questions raised by religious inquiry. Reading Seymour Jonathan Singer's *The Splendid Feast of Reason*, Albacete notes respectfully the scientist's attempt, at age sixty, to move from explanations of human biology to an exploration of the human condition. Singer chooses to follow a "lustrous vein of gold, shining forth from an otherwise dismal human landscape . . . that marvelous and uniquely human virtue, rationality and [its] most significant offspring, modern Western science." Albacete shares Singer's passion for rationality.

Yet when Singer comes across religious questions, Albacete notes, the scientist seems to slam shut his mind and drop the stance of open inquiry that makes knowledge possible—or even attractive. Singer suppresses the questions raised by existential matters, attributing "the origins of religion to ignorance about the relation between particular causes and their effects, which give rise to fear of the unknown," as Albacete recounts with an almost audible sigh. He gently deflates Singer's old-fashioned positivism, responding that "the religious impulse is born not of fear but of desire. For this reason, personal commitments, feelings, passions, emotions, and concerns are components of the religious experience because they are an inescapable and essential part of human desire."

Albacete mourns the easy willingness of so many moderns to reduce their desire, truncating the part of their souls that craves ultimate meaning for the sake of a transitory contentment. In fact, as he demonstrates from Singer's own work and that of several eminent scientific writers, the very motives that drive them to pursue the noble path of science—the love of truth, the desire to share it with others—elude their reductionist theories. It is only by reaching beyond the self-enclosed world of observable, testable phenomena, into the realm of meaning and mystery, that one may begin to understand the human heart, including the scientist's.

By mystery, Albacete does not mean what is not yet known, or simply puzzling, but rather those aspects of life that are impermeable to the discursive reason that is so blazingly useful for the theoretical understanding and technological mastery of the material universe. In the realm of mystery, following Percy, Albacete includes both God and the Self. He contrasts the

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knowledge a pathologist might have of the human body with the knowledge she has of her husband's body in the act of love. Is one of these types of knowledge false or trivial? To denigrate either mode of knowing, for Albacete, means lapsing into self-willed blindness, a blinkered and incomplete view of life.

Since *God at the Ritz* aims simply at being a foreword to faith, and not an apologia, Albacete touches lightly on that most controversial area, sexual ethics. In just five pages, he attempts to introduce readers to the phenomenology of Otherness, to present the sexual encounter—and even the sexually interested gaze—as a microcosm of one's encounter with the radically Other, with God. As such, he suggests, sexuality ought never to be treated as purely instrumental, or transformed by the icy touch of technology into merely a mode of producing pleasant experiences. Rather, he compares the sexual moment to Rilke's famous encounter with the "Archaic Torso of Apollo," a meeting with the stark face of another infinity, another Self, which demands: "You must change your life."

As a resident of Yonkers, New York, Albacete had ample opportunity to witness the aftermath of September 11, 2001, and consider its implications for faith. Analyzing the moral short-circuit that transforms supernatural belief into murderous fanaticism, Albacete argues that the war against terrorism is not a battle between faith and secularism, or between peace-loving and warlike creeds, but rather a crisis within the religious instinct itself—a "conflict between religion open to the infinite Mystery and religion that has created idols, substitutes for the Mystery, for which sacrifices are readily made." In response, he suggests,

> we should not fall into the error of constructing our own idol and calling it "Western Civilization." Instead, as a civilization, ours is one that has originated exactly where Islam did, namely within a religious experience of Mystery associated with a historical event called "the election of Abraham." A true dialogue between the West and the Islamic world should be based on this common origin and its implications.

That men kill innocent victims every day—even in the name of God—raises for Albacete the mystery of suffering, of why a good, omnipotent God permits so much outrageous, crushing misery to afflict His creatures on earth. To his credit, Albacete poses this question as starkly as possible, pointing to the very hardest cases, such as the spiritual and physical torment endured by the young Elie Wiesel, recalled in his searing memoir *Night*.

Albacete summons the image of a boy trained in the Torah, in the unceasing reflection on and praise of a provident, loving God, shipped off by a genocidal bureaucracy to a concentration camp. With grave respect, Albacete cites Wiesel's response: "Never shall I forget those flames which consumed my Faith forever. . . . Never shall I forget those moments which murdered my God and my soul and turned my dreams to dust. Never shall I forget these things, even if I am condemned to live as long as God Himself. Never."

Unwilling to imitate the so-called "friends" of Job, Albacete doesn't presume to answer. In the face of the cold, inhuman horror men inflict on each other, which God permits, we must begin with a decent silence—or join in "cursing this face of the Infinite."

"And yet," Albacete continues, "there is something else in my heart that will also not go away—the certainty that this anger cannot be, and cannot be allowed to be, the last word about human life." He points to "the hope of the same heart that causes me still to protest" as evidence that there is indeed something more.

Citing the work of the Jewish phenomenologist Emmanuel Levinas, Albacete suggests that this hope must lead men to "co-suffer" willingly with each other, to join as best they can in the grief and travails of their fellow men—and to imagine that God Himself is not unmoved and distant, mechanistic or cruel, but rather that He, too, co-suffers with Job. ♦

I Spy!

Washington's newest museum is worth investigating. **BY DEBRA J. SAUNDERS**

Wear your trench coat, your coolest shades, dab your gorgeous self with a scent that suggests of mystery and intrigue. You're going to a museum that's more fun than museums are supposed to be: Washington's new International Spy Museum.

You enter on "a need to know basis," and for that you plunk down $11 ($8 for children). Then you're on to your first assignment. It starts with your picking among a small menu for the identity you want to assume for your visit. I choose "Sandra Miller," an American-born Australian who is visiting Austria on a buying trip for my clothing business. Then comes a videotaped briefing on the "realities spies face every day."

Next, a computerized border guard asks you questions—and you're in trouble if you can't remember the details of your cover identity: Where you were born, why you're visiting, how long, and whether you plan to rent a car. (The car rental was the trick question that flustered many afternoon spies the day I visited. I have to brag here. After watching five or so people blow their interrogation, I aced the test and made it into Austria undetected,

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International Spy Museum

with no Austrian agents following me.) Other interactive computer video games allow you to find a spy in disguise, pick out suspicious-looking figures in a park near some apartment buildings, or find where secret documents in a park can be "dropped." (Okay, so I didn't ace these games, but the crowds were distracting. "You'll get better with experience," CIA spokesman Mark Mansfield later assures me.) Pint-sized spies may choose to crawl through metal overhead air ducts to see how much noise they make—which is a lot.

The museum, spokeswoman Jennifer Saxon explains, focuses on "human intelligence." Saxon refers to George Washington as "America's first spy master, the father of American intelligence." The museum credits author Daniel Defoe as the father of the British Secret Service. There are displays highlighting spies for France's Cardinal Richelieu and Queen Marie Antoinette. An exhibit on female spies focuses on the dazzling incompetence of Mata Hari, and another exhibit shows the deadly competence of Cheka chief Felix Dzerzhinsky. Others focus on the victories of anonymous "spies—code-breakers and disinformation dispensers—whose less glamorous work saved the lives of compatriots under fire." The exhibits about non-human spying included fascinating "pigeon cam" photographs, taken by a camera attached to a carrier pigeon during World War II.

The "Wilderness of Mirrors" room focuses on notorious spies and double agents who got caught. Two videotapes show how intelligence agents caught and apprehended FBI agent turned traitor Robert Hanssen and CIA turncoat Aldrich Ames. (Ames was so arrogant and sexist, he didn't think the women looking for a CIA mole would target him.) The videos, Saxon explains, also give visitors a welcome opportunity to rest their feet.

The section about the Rosenbergs is refreshingly straightforward: They're guilty. They were spying for the Soviets, and Soviet documents establish their guilt. Their contacts used the boxes of lemon-flavored Jell-O to make themselves known. Alger Hiss, too, is openly declared guilty. The spy museum, as a privately run, for-profit institution, feels no need for the typical hand-wringing disclaimers about how many Americans believe the Rosenbergs are not guilty. The video about the House Committee on un-American Activities features Walt Disney testifying against Communists in Hollywood, without high-minded denunciations.

Then again, since it's a private venture, the museum does not take it upon itself to lecture visitors on who's been naughty and who's been nice. "In a democracy, it is especially important for the public to have a more realistic understanding of the intelligence business so we can appreciate its role in our society and impact upon major world events," the International Spy Museum founder Milton Maltz intones in a press release.

Yeah, sure. Since it's a museum, it has to espouse some higher purpose, instead of confessing to the pure entertainment value of a series of great stories, intriguing history, portraits of patriots and traitors and an early James Bond Jaguar, replete with automatic fire power, rotating license plates, and tire slashers. (The museum store is a good place to buy gag gifts and stocking stuffers.) If you have followed the stories of John Walker, the Navy officer who sold military secrets to the Soviets, Robert Hanssen, and the British agents Sidney Reilly and Kim Philby, then this is the place for you.

Mansfield notes that the CIA has kept itself at "arm's length" from the museum. But, he adds, he knows many CIA employees who have enjoyed visiting. "CIA employees are spy buffs, too."

Spy buffs? Like *me*? Saunders. Debra J. Saunders. I take my martinis shaken, not stirred. ♦

The Secret Sharer

How Notra Trulock tried to protect America—and was punished for doing so. **BY HENRY SOKOLSKI**

Notra Trulock's book *Code Name Kindred Spirit: Inside the Chinese Nuclear Espionage Scandal* is unique among histories of U.S. intelligence failures. It doesn't just describe what went wrong when the Clinton administration tried to handle China's theft of America's nuclear-weapon designs; it is also a firsthand account of personal and bureaucratic cowardice, incompetence, malfeasance, venality, and betrayal. It's enough to convince anyone but the most base or patriotic to avoid government defense work, or, if so employed, to proceed with extreme caution.

In this arena, as with work in large

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Courtesy NBC

Notra Trulock

American organizations generally, no one is responsible for anything but success. Detecting or limiting failures is, at best, a dogcatcher's job: Nothing good can come from it, only resistance and denial from those whose performance, policies, or organizations might be questioned. To prevail in such ventures, one must have the support of both superiors and subordinates—as well as of outsiders who might benefit from such discoveries. Being right about what's wrong is not enough: One has to persuade those in charge that ignoring or glossing over a failure will be more costly than addressing it.

Sadly, this is true even when one is trying to protect America's most important military secrets. One would think that getting the president and Congress to keep nuclear-weapon designs from a strategic competitor wouldn't require a complicated political defense or bureaucratic game plan. But, as Notra Trulock makes clear in describing the Clinton administration's prevarications and the unfocused, self-serving oversight of Congress, you'd be wrong. Certainly, *Kindred Spirit* puts a painfully bright spotlight on how the FBI, the CIA, the National Security Council, and the Department of Energy bungled and denied clear evidence that China was stealing nuclear secrets.

The FBI, we learn, couldn't or wouldn't investigate ten of the twelve spy leads it was given. It preferred to fight crime, and it was also conflicted—having previously employed two of the top suspects, Sylvia and Wen Ho Lee, as informants (a fact it conveniently kept to itself until late in the day). Meanwhile, the National Security Council and the Department of Energy were preoccupied supporting nuclear cooperation with China, particularly Chinese accession to the Comprehensive Test Ban. They chose to downplay China's nuclear spying and kept it from the public for nearly two and a half years. When their foot-dragging was finally exposed (too late to prevent further leakage), they simply did the dishonorable thing: attempted to discredit the official who most persistently tried to get them to act, Notra Trulock.

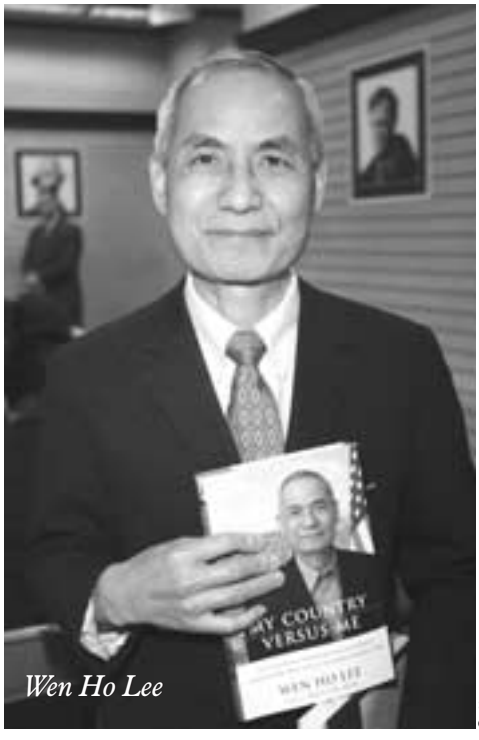
Code Name Kindred Spirit
Inside the Chinese Nuclear Espionage Scandal
by Notra Trulock
Encounter, 385 pp., $26.95

Congress similarly failed to get its oversight of Chinese spying on target. One committee wanted to assure continued funding for the national laboratory where most of the spying took place. Another broke the news on the scandal but then backed away and cut off contact with Trulock when administration officials raised the canard of racial bigotry. Yet another committee wanted to name names to reverse the damage, but decided to do so only when timely corrective action was no longer possible.

The final result was that Congress scampered to reorganize the Department of Energy, threw more money at counterintelligence, and then washed its hands of the matter. Follow-up was minimal and soon the Department of Energy was back to business as usual. The department's top counterintelligence post is now held by the FBI section chief who, despite pleas from his subordinates, stood by and withheld information in the Chinese case for nearly two years.

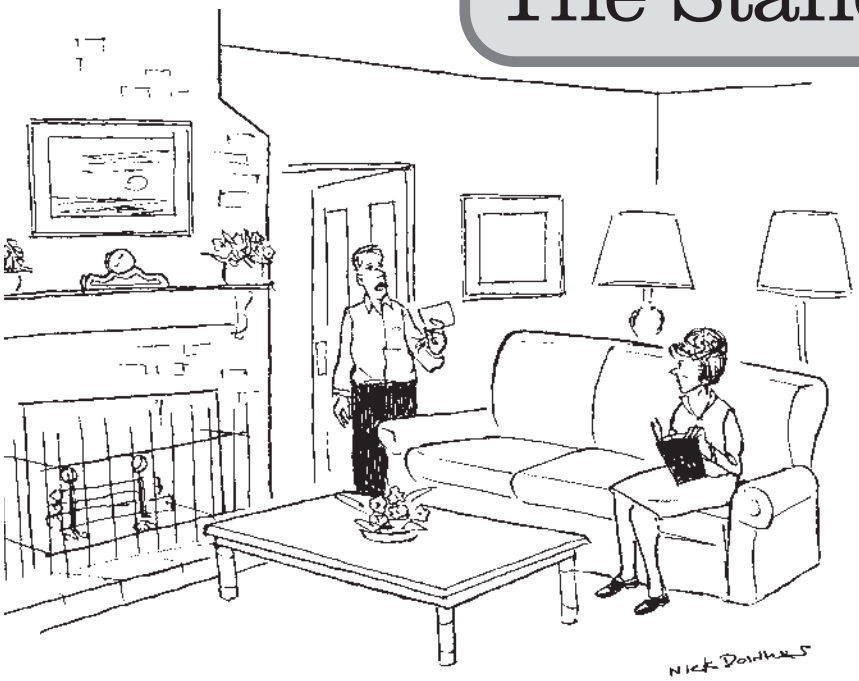
Early this January, the Department of Energy's inspector general reported that security at the laboratories is still egregiously lax. Foreign scientists from sensitive nations—including Iran—are still getting into these facilities without the required approval of the secretary of energy, necessary background checks, or clearance from counterintelligence officials. Again, officials say they are fixing things, but no one has been disciplined.

This sorry charade might be laughable if it weren't so worrisome. What chance do we have to detect domestic terrorists or nuclear dangers over the horizon if we can't even stop nuclear espionage after nearly a decade of repeated warnings? How are we to attract and hold on to the talent needed to alert us to these dangers if their reward for speaking up is punishment—and if the slow-rollers and foot-draggers are the ones who get rewarded? If we are serious about getting the answers and avoiding a future even worse than the recent past, we owe it to ourselves and our country to begin by reading Trulock's work. ♦



Wen Ho Lee

Getty



"Could you proofread this suicide note?"

Books in Brief

A World Without Walls: Freedom, Development, Free Trade, and Global Governance **by Mike Moore (Cambridge University Press, 292 pp., $28).** As a self-described "dyed-in-the wool lifelong New Zealand Labour activist" with a free-market bent, Mike Moore seemed a good choice to lead the World Trade Organization at a time when extremists on the Left and Right were fighting against open markets. But his first major event as the WTO's director general—the 2000 Seattle ministerial meeting—showed that controversy and violence would haunt his tenure. Moore admits that *A World Without Walls*, his combination memoir and economics primer, is "self-serving." In any case, it won't influence many of the author's critics. But the book is still worth reading.

A World Without Walls consists of three sections: an economic and philosophical defense of free trade; a description of Moore's tenure as WTO head; and a manifesto for improved global governance and increased free trade. Like Moore's tenure at the WTO, the book mixes good and bad. His defense of free trade offers some compelling arguments, but it feels a bit rushed as it swings from trade reforms in New Zealand to a discussion of the world's improved natural environment in just a few pages. The book's attacks on wealthy nations' agricultural policies—which impoverish poorer nations while doing little to help farmers at home—are compelling.

Moore's description of his time at the WTO's helm, however, could have used some editing. He offers insights into the way an international bureaucracy works, but readers will probably doze off during his extended description of reforms to the WTO's internship program.

Moore's agenda for the future is based on the ongoing Doha trade round, and it offers a number of intriguing ideas about encouraging free trade while building democracy and civil society around the globe. Here, too, Moore's thinking could stand for some refinements and additional explanation but, nonetheless, it seems like a good start on the path toward a world where goods, services, and people move freely.

—Eli Lehrer

In the Shadow of The Holocaust: Nazi Persecution of Jewish-Christian Germans **by James F. Tent (University of Kansas Press, 288 pp., $29.95).** Often neglected in the history of the Holocaust is Nazi Germany's persecution of its part-Jewish citizens. Tent, who teaches history at the University of Alabama at Birmingham, interviewed more than twenty "half-Jews" who were teens when Hitler became chancellor of Germany.

In 1933, the German Jewish community numbered around 600,000. Immediately upon gaining power, the Nazis began their persecution with a boycott of Jewish businesses, followed by a law barring Jews from the professions. The process of defining Jews, however, was not a simple matter because of the high rate of intermarriage among Jews and Christians during the decade of the Weimar Republic. The Nazis were forced to distinguish between full Jews and those who were of mixed "blood." The result were the provisions in the Nuremberg Laws that created the category of the "*Mischlinge,*" who were persons with one or two Jewish grandparents. The result was approximately 72,000 *Mischlinge* of the first degree (two Jewish grandparents) and 40,000 of the second degree (one Jewish grandparent).

The *Mischlinge*, for the most part, survived the war, although Tent makes a convincing argument that, had the war continued beyond 1945, they would have suffered the same fate as the Jews. Following the commencement of the "Final Solution" in 1941, radical Nazis urged the extermination of the *Mischlinge,* but the moderates urged caution lest public morale suffer: The *Mischlinge,* had many Aryan relatives who would be embittered by their demise. Nevertheless, by 1944 *Mischlinge,* were rounded up for forced labor, and Tent concludes that their lives were saved only by the Allied victory in 1945.

—Jack Fischel

Parody

"[Saddam] Hussein renewed a challenge to President Bush to debate on international television."

—*New York Times*, February 25, 2003.

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CNN: Post-Debate Commentary (Cont.)

hit a home run, Judy. Mr. Hussein delivered his message that building Weapons of Mass Destruction is not just a totalitarian agenda. It's a family agenda, an agenda that puts him on the side of working people.

WOODWARD: Some would say, Mr. Aziz, that your "Ethnic Cleansing We Can Share" message is not reaching viewers.

AZIZ: We're confident that people around the world are hungry for a serious debate on the issues. If they're not, we'll kill them.

WOODWARD: Thank you. A very buoyant Tariq Aziz after this first debate. And Bill Schneider is back with more viewer polling. Bill?

SCHNEIDER: *I defecate on your forebears, filthy infidel pig*—that was Mr. Hussein's surprising prepared message in its entirety. How did it play? Well not very well across the country, as we see on this graph, with 87 percent rating it either "nauseating" or "slightly nauseating."

But, Judy, look at these numbers for Ex-Wives of Robert Mugabe, an important constituency for Mr. Hussein. Saddam is taking those homes by two to one. Next to that is Hollywood Starlets Who Are Now Middle-Aged and Having Trouble Finding Parts, where he's running three to one. And if you look at this blue pie chart up here—that's Catamites of Kim Jong Il.

WOODWARD: Bill, a lot of us were puzzled by Saddam Hussein's broadside against deodorant tonight. A declaration of independence, or a canny attempt to appeal to Old Europe?

SCHNEIDER: It's too early to tell, Judy. A day is a long time in politics. Saddam is playing to his base—the people who man the phone banks, pass out the fliers, put the signs on the front lawns, chop out the tongues, clamp the electrodes onto testicles, and rape the widows. I think they're feeling very energized tonight.

WOODWARD: Thank you, Bill Schneider. Jonathan Karl, what's the mood at Saddam Hussein headquarters? Are you picking up on any of the energy Bill mentioned?

KARL: The energy level is indeed high, Judy. That noise you hear in the background is Mr. Hussein's debate-prep team singing a karaoke version of the Horst Wessel Lied in Arabic. I'm here with Iraq's U.N. ambassador Muhammad al-Douri. Mr. Ambassador, your candidate was called a Stalinist tonight.

AL-DOURI: It was kind of sad to see the president practicing the politics of division. It's this kind of incivility that keeps the tinpot dictators of tomorrow from pursuing the people's agenda, and people are ready for change. If you get out there and talk to real people, as we