the weekly Standard

NOVEMBER 24, 2003

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THE REAGAN I KNEW

MAX M. KAMPELMAN

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AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

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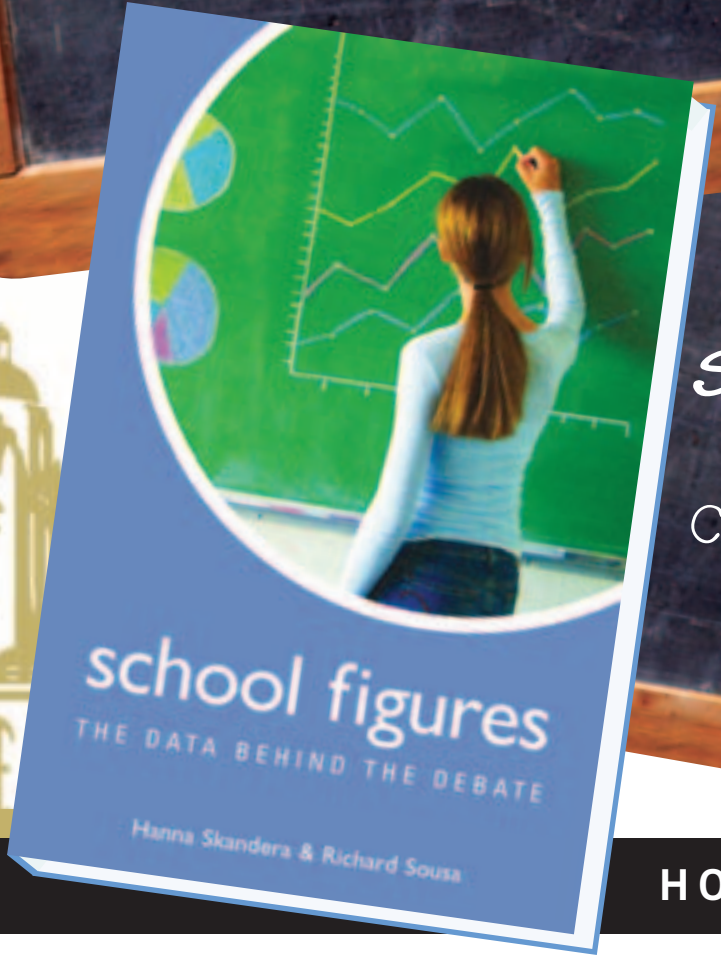

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the weekly Standard

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Let's Help the *New York Times*

On several occasions, readers of this page have sent us copies of their letters to the editor of the *New York Times*—letters that for some reason never got published by the *Times*. As these letters were invariably well written and offered compelling criticisms of some story or other in the *Times*, we can only assume that they didn't make it into print because space was wanting on the *Times*'s letter page. So in a spirit of collegiality, we've decided to help out by making space available on this page for worthy letters to the editor of the *Times*. Here is one to kick off this new service to our readers:

Dear Editor,

On Sunday, October 26, 2003, our local newspaper, the *Austin American-Statesman*, ran a story from the *New York Times* in its A Section, headlined "Evangelicals sway White House on issues abroad: A religious coalition is helping guide foreign policy on AIDS, sex trafficking and Sudan's civil war."

In that story, *Times* reporter Elisabeth Bumiller writes:

"The human rights issues offer a politically safe way for the president to appeal to his base of white evangelicals, who leading scholars and pollsters define by their membership in historically white evangelical denominations, like the Southern Baptists and the Assemblies of God."

I'm familiar with the term "historically black denominations" in reference to groups of congregations that were founded to serve African-Americans. However, this is the first time I've ever stumbled on the use of the term "historically white" in reference to any American denomination, even by anonymous "leading scholars and pollsters."

As an insider, I have to confess my own sin in saying that the hard work of racial reconciliation is not nearly as far along within American evangelicalism as it should be. However, "historically white" is not a term native to the vocabulary of the group the *Times* describes. The Southern Baptist Convention, the Assemblies of God, the Evangelical Covenant Church, and the Association of Vineyard Churches, for instance, do not refer to themselves as "historically white" denominations. In appending that label, the *Times* is departing from a common journalistic practice of referring to people using their self-descriptive language, imposing upon them a label that is foreign to their own vocabulary.

While one could applaud the earnestness of the *Times* in highlighting the racial reconciliation yet to be done in evangelicalism, one could also be suspicious that the *Times* is taking a cheap potshot at a group that it has historically disdained. How could one draw that conclusion?

Simple. The *Times* has yet to apply the "historically white" modifier to any other American religious group on which it reports. I've searched in vain for any reference to the "historically white Episcopal Church" in the *Times*'s coverage of the controversy surrounding the canonization of V. Gene Robinson. I've found no use of the "historically white" adjective in *Times* coverage of the Unitarian Universalist Association, the Presbyterian Church (United States of America), the United Methodist Church, or the United Church of Christ.

If the *Times* has developed a newfound desire to highlight the monoracialism of other groups, I would expect to find references to the "historically white Sundance Film Festival" or the "historically white Renaissance Weekend." Yet, I have plumbed the *Times* archives for such references in vain.

Perhaps that might be too much to ask of the historically white *New York Times*.

Joe Hootman
Austin, Texas

If you would like us to consider your unpublished letter to the editor of the *Times*, be sure to copy us at *Scrapbook@weeklystandard.com.* ♦

Planting Corn

For many thankless years, as readers of a certain age will recall, The Scrapbook waged a campaign against a particularly annoying trope of Washington journalism—the "brite," as such lightweight items are called, reporting that a worthy of one political party had received a direct-mail solicitation from the other party.

It began with politicians. Bob Dole's office, let's say, would get a mass-mail come-on from the DNC. His staff would drop the letter on some desperate columnist at the *Washington Post* or the *Washington Times*, along with a suitably lame witticism they could attribute to their boss. "The senator was very pleased to hear from the DNC," they might say, "but for the moment he's happy to stick with the pro-growth, pro-family policies of the GOP!" Then the opposing party would riposte along similar lines: "Our solicitation just shows that we hold out hope that Senator Dole will finally abandon the wealthiest one-percent to help America's working families!"

Bleah. So hungry were columnists for "brites" that over the years items began to appear involving not merely officeholders but even much lower forms of political life, like campaign consultants, who had mistakenly received direct mail from the other side. The Scrapbook, in despair, gave up its crusade as hopeless, and has since turned its energies to more achievable objectives, such as establishing a memorial to Willie Mays on the national mall. But then came an item in last week's *Post*, demonstrating that this terrible lit-

tle cliché has now tumbled even further, past the politicians, below the consultants even, sinking all the way down to the level of opinion journalists. According to last Wednesday's "Names and Faces" column in the *Post*, a columnist for the left-wing *Nation* magazine named David Corn got an email solicitation from—you're not going to believe this!—Dick Cheney! Get it? As journalists are trained to do nowadays, Corn immediately smelled publicity, reached for the phone, and planted the item with the *Post* gossip column, which dutifully, and amazingly, printed it, along with a self-concocted witticism from Corn that made the old humorists in Sen. Dole's office look like Ambrose Bierce. The brites get dimmer every day. The campaign resumes. ♦

Newsweek of Arabia

Newsweek's Evan Thomas wants the United States to be the imperialist power of choice for guys who have Kalashnikov rifles and Baath party flags in their pickup trucks. Okay, maybe he didn't say it as precisely as he should have, and if anybody out there was offended by Evan's remark about "natives" in Iraq "wearing rags around their heads," then Evan is really, really sorry, you can bet. But everybody knows what he was trying to say, and surely it wouldn't be fair to criticize him for . . .

Hold on there, Mr. Scrapbook; back up a second. Did you just say that Evan Thomas has referred to Iraqis, and, by extension, Middle Eastern Muslims generally, as "natives . . . wearing rags around their heads"? No way.

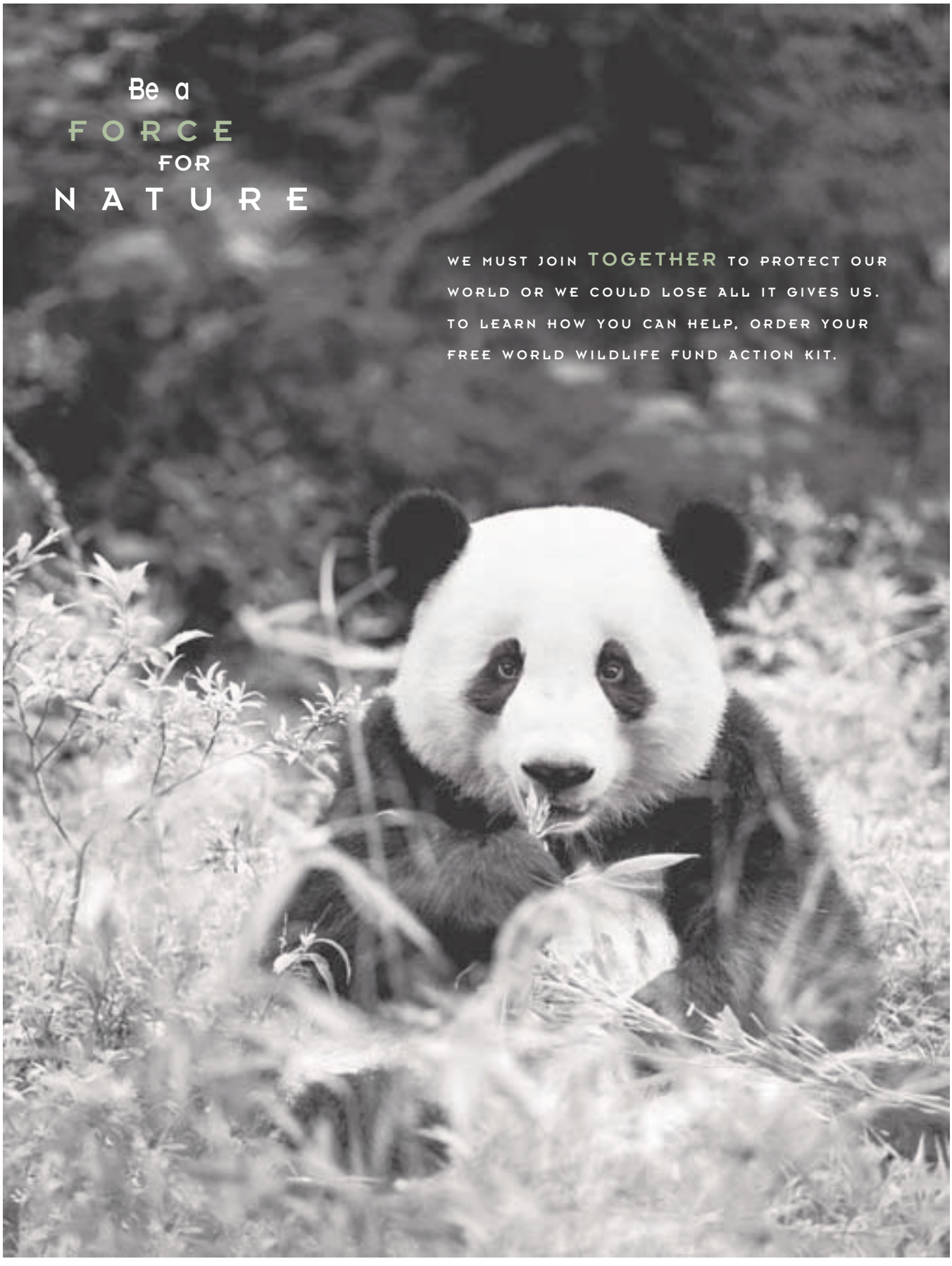
Yes way. Here's the relevant transcript of Thomas's November 4 appearance on Don Imus's radio show:

That Rumsfeld memo that everybody got so agitated about. . . . People should have read that memo a little bit more closely. In it was the germ of an idea, or the beginning of an idea, which is that we need to restructure ourselves, reorganize ourselves and train ourselves to be better imperialists. People hate that word, but that's the business we are in. We need to study how the British did it. They had a foreign service that was good at mixing with the natives and going local and going native and wearing rags around their heads and they knew how to do that stuff. We need to do it too.

Next week on Imus: Evan Thomas explains how to avoid getting robbed when negotiating the purchase of a camel. ♦

Heavy Medal

We are happy to note that of the ten recipients of this year's National Humanities Medal—a thoughtfully selected group that included John Updike, Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, and *Partisan Review*'s Edith Kurzweil—two are particular friends of The Weekly Standard. Joseph Epstein and Midge Decter were honored along with their peers at a White House reception last Friday, where President Bush thanked them for their contributions to the humanities. Well done, and well deserved, all around. ♦



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Correspondence

Putin's (Ill) Progress

Leon Aron has written a superb, informative article, "The (Russian) Empire Strikes Back" (Nov. 10). Of the many articles that I have read on this subject in recent weeks, none compares to Aron's scholarly analysis of the attacks by Putin's *siloviki* on Yukos and the October 25 arrest of Yukos's major shareholder and CEO, Mikhail Khodorkovsky.

Just imagine: Yukos in 2000 became the first Russian oil company to pay dividends to its nearly 60,000 shareholders, and in 2003 it is expected to pay $3 billion in dividends. How ironic that President Vladimir Putin would have allowed this assault, in order to help his party, United Russia, do better in the December 7 parliamentary elections.

Aron writes, "When a country's most successful, civic-minded, and progressive entrepreneurs are subject to arbitrary arrest, the rights of no one are secure." This should give pause to Dr. Lee Raymond (CEO of ExxonMobil), as well as Lord John Browne (CEO of BP). Raymond has been negotiating with Yukos-Sibneft for the purchase of as much as 50 percent of Russia's largest oil company, and Brown already has committed, on August 29, to an $8 billion deal with Russian oil producer TNK, to form TNK-BP.

Emma Brossard
Juno Beach, FL

Leaves of Bluegrass

In his evocative and justly celebratory article on the growth of bluegrass—once America's neglected music—Bill Croke slights some major contributors to the music's growth: namely, the New York City bluegrass scene of the 1950s and early '60s ("Music, American Style," Nov. 10). The Washington Square folk scene was introduced to the genre early in the era by Roger Sprung and his group, the Progressive Bluegrassers. Sprung influenced a new and upcoming generation of New York bluegrass pioneers, especially Eric Weissberg and Marshall Brickman. Croke mentions what he cites only as a "prominent appearance" in 1972 of Weissberg's "Duelin' Banjos," perhaps the single biggest-selling bluegrass hit to this day. Their earlier 1961 Elektra album, "New Dimensions in Banjos and Bluegrass," featured the late Clarence White (later of the Byrds) on guitar, and the innovative and sophisticated playing there stands up today as among the best.

When Brickman and Weissberg joined the Tarriers, they continued to integrate bluegrass into the pop-folk scene. And Brickman introduced bluegrass music to Moscow, where he performed on the stage of the Bolshoi in 1957. Croke also might have mentioned the great bluegrass mandolin player Andy Statman, later to become best known for his contribution to Klezmer music, but who also, in the '50s and '60s, brought the Monroe style to New York City. And of course, John Cohen and Mike Seeger of the New Lost City Ramblers—Cohen being the man who coined bluegrass music "the high lonesome sound"—did their part also.

And perhaps no group did more to broaden the audience for bluegrass—and to bring it to the attention of both East and West Coast urban audiences generally attuned to rock 'n' roll—than the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and their sublime banjo picker, John McEuen. Their now 35-year-old record set "Will The Circle Be Unbroken" stands as one of the single most influential efforts to unite the new rock 'n' roll generation with the old bluegrass and traditional country music pioneers. The recent release of their third volume brought things up to date, and the group performed as special guests for one entire night on the *Grand Ole Opry*.

Ronald Radosh
Brookeville, MD

• • •

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Casual

'Tis the Season

The moment when I first became conscious of the feeling of complete happiness relates to Christmas—which is weird, because I'm Jewish.

I was 10 years old, and I was walking through Times Square on a cold December day in 1971. (I was an old-fashioned New York City kid, a kind that no longer exists—my parents and I felt entirely comfortable with the notion of a boy walking alone through sketchy neighborhoods.)

It was about 4 in the afternoon, so the light was already dimming into what Saul Bellow called "December brown." The foot traffic on Broadway was intense—people bustling about, carrying bags with presents in them. And yet it was cheerful and welcoming, even though Times Square in 1971 was a grimy and depressing place. Men with makeshift ovens cooked chestnuts while sidewalk Santas rang their bells for the Salvation Army.

The many huge movie marquees cast their unearthly glow. Between 47th and 48th streets, there was a novelty shop and game room with a gigantic sign reading "FASCINATION." Over the loudspeaker outside Fascination, which was intended to draw you into its menagerie of Skee-Ball games and pinball machines, came one of the most bizarre songs ever recorded—the one of dogs barking "Jingle Bells."

I walked east on 49th street and stopped by the Rockefeller Center ice-skating rink, watching people making beautiful patterns under the shadow of that colossal Christmas tree. And then I went another block east and stood in front of the windows of Saks Fifth Avenue, which showed a Christmas scene out of Edith Wharton—a New York family at the turn of the 20th century delighting in the Yuletide.

Though I was a little boy alone in Big Manhattan, and though this holiday wasn't and isn't my holiday, I had the feeling Dr. Seuss attributes to the Grinch when he hears the residents of Whoville singing carols even though he has stolen all their Christmas presents—my heart seemed to be growing in my chest with happiness and love.

So I have extraordinarily sentimental feelings about Christmas, perhaps more so than some people who actually celebrate it. After all, I have no memories of the nightmare of finding a disappointing tree at the last minute, the hell of untangling that old string of Christmas lights, squabbles over who gets to put the angel on the top, bad eggnog you have to drink with a smile, and dinner table tension from a family gathering where smoldering bad feelings threaten to ignite into a conflagration at any moment.

What I know about Christmas I learned from popular culture, from *It's a Wonderful Life* and *Meet Me in St. Louis* and *The Holly and the Ivy* and that incredible made-for-TV tearjerker *The Gathering*, wherein bad father and bad husband Ed Asner learns he is about to die and reunites his wayward family for a New England Christmas so picturesque that even thinking about it brings tears to my eyes.

I must confess I've never read Charles Dickens's tale of Scrooge, but I have seen at least 15 filmed versions of it—and they all get me, even the peculiar *Odd Couple* episode where the very Jewish Oscar is Scrooge and the equally Jewish Felix (played by Tony Randall, né Leonard Rosenberg) is the Ghost of Christmas Past. (If I had to pick a favorite *Christmas Carol*, it would have to be the animated one starring Mr. Magoo as Ebenezer.)

I have a special place in my heart reserved for the Santa Claus movies—actually, for most images of Santa, including the Norelco commercial where St. Nick rides an electric shaver down from the North Pole. This, too, I attribute to my ignorance of the real-world experience of being taken as a child to sit on Santa's lap, which I am sure would have terrified me. But who could have been terrified by genial old Edmund Gwenn, who doesn't just bring presents but finds a bitter divorcée a husband and an overly sophisticated little Manhattan girl a proper house in the suburbs?

There's a brand-new Christmas movie out called *Elf*, with the brilliant comedian Will Ferrell as a North Pole native who comes to live in New York. When he explains with intense good cheer how he traveled past the forest of twirly-whirly gumdrops and then through the Lincoln Tunnel, the cynical New Yorkers think he's crazy. But they also think he's wonderful. The delightful *Elf* was written by a man named David Berenbaum. I think it's safe to assume David Berenbaum is at least partly Jewish. Thus he joins a long and honorable tradition of American Jews contributing mightily to the secular trappings of the holiday that celebrates the birth of Jesus.

It was a man named Israel, after all, who wrote "White Christmas"—Israel Baline, better known as Irving Berlin. When I stood watching the skaters in the Rockefeller Center rink 32 years ago, Izzy Baline's Christmas song was the melody to which they magically twirled.

JOHN PODHORETZ

Champagne Not From Champagne?

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And, if it's not from Champagne, it's simply not true Champagne.

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Against Giddiness

Republicans are giddy. The economy is on the verge of a sustained boom. After nearly two years of a "jobless recovery," new jobs are being created in large numbers. Iraq is a problem—a big problem—but a midcourse correction in postwar policy may curb terrorist attacks and hasten a democratic government. And Democrats are about to nominate a presidential candidate with George McGovern's foreign policy and Walter Mondale's tax increases, a double whammy leading to unelectability. By all odds, President Bush should sail to reelection.

Sorry, but it's not that easy. For one thing, Democrats may not nominate Howard Dean, the antiwar, tax-raising liberal. He's the frontrunner and leads in the first primary state, New Hampshire. But New Hampshire voters take a perverse pleasure in knocking off frontrunners. Besides, even if Dean is the nominee, he's likely to make an ideological beeline to the center and confront Bush as an antiwar fiscal conservative with liberal social leanings who wants to stabilize Iraq, not bug out. Having locked up the left, he can concentrate on wooing the center by limiting his tax hike to the so-called wealthy and emphasizing health care, an issue that reliably favors Democrats. And the press would probably treat him not as an egregious flip-flopper, but as a wily pragmatist looking to outsmart Bush.

So the president still has work to do to assure reelection. The economy, spurred by Bush's tax cuts, can be left to its own devices. Iraq cannot. The most significant problem in Iraq is not the lack of power granted the Iraqi Governing Council. It's the security situation. The terrorist attacks and Baathist guerrilla operations must not be allowed to linger deep into 2004 or Bush could pay a big political price. It may not make sense for voters to conclude an antiwar Democrat would handle Iraq better, but stranger things have happened. Pro-war Democrats voted for antiwar Eugene McCarthy in 1968 because they feared the war in Vietnam wasn't being won. Giving more authority to Iraqis won't solve the security threat. Only by eliminating the security threat will Iraq have a chance to emerge as a durable democracy.

Normally, a liberal Democrat who claims to be a fiscal conservative would pose no danger to a conservative Republican. But Bush's spending record is so awful (nonmilitary expenditures up 8.7 percent in 2003) that Dean, for one, might make headway on the issue. After all, his fiscal record as Vermont governor wasn't all that bad. At the least, he could use the spending issue to take the edge off his liberalism and embarrass Bush. And no doubt former Treasury secretary Robert Rubin, his new book in hand, will travel the country, arguing that deficit reduction spawned the late 1990s boom. What can Bush do? Plenty. He can resist the temptation to settle for a Medicare bill that creates a prescription drug benefit but includes no cost-saving reforms. For now, a simple (and less costly) discount card for seniors would be more than adequate. He should also be ready to use his veto pen—for the first time—when appropriation bills with excessive spending reach his desk. Bush has wisely decided to campaign in 2004 for Social Security reform, which would help stave off insolvency.

Finally, there are social and religious conservatives to pay attention to. Bush adviser Karl Rove has worried aloud about 4 million religious conservatives who failed to vote in 2000. Next year, Bush shouldn't expect his evangelical Christian faith, now well known, to lure them to the polls. He'll need to address their concerns—abortion, gay marriage, pornography, anti-Christian bias. Harping on these isn't necessary, but making his positions clear and unequivocal is. Bush made a gratuitous mistake at his last press conference by saying the country isn't ready to ban abortion. That may be true, but he'd have been smarter to focus on the next item on the pro-life agenda, making violence against unborn children a federal crime. Social conservatives need to be encouraged. They will be—if they're certain the president is on their side.

Republican strategists who sniff a landslide in the making may think none of this is required. Maybe they're right. There's no doubt Bush is far better off than his father was going into the 1992 election. But politics is a dynamic process characterized by wild swings. Just think if Saddam Hussein were captured or killed. Support for Bush's Iraq policy would jump 20 points instantly. But also consider the possible political consequences if the U.S. military suffered a dramatic setback in Iraq next year or if another 9/11-class terrorist attack occurred at home or if the economy had a hiccup or if a serious scandal struck the Bush administration. None of these is likely. But Bush needs to be strong enough politically to withstand such scenarios, especially in the not-farfetched event he faces a Democratic foe capable of making the presidential race competitive.

—Fred Barnes, for the Editors

Mack the Hack

Why is Terry McAuliffe still chairman of the Democratic party? BY MATTHEW CONTINETTI

IF YOU'RE A POLITICAL JUNKIE, you probably have a favorite Terry McAuliffe moment—an appearance by the Democratic National Committee chairman that you think best captures his unique blend of earnestness and mendacity. There are so many to choose from. Like the night of October 6, 2003, about 24 hours before California voters recalled Democratic governor Gray Davis and elected Arnold Schwarzenegger. A guest on Greta Van Susteren's show, McAuliffe said, with a straight face, that the recall was good news for Democrats: "The signal coming out of California would be, with the economic conditions there, [that] George Bush should be very nervous." Right.

Or maybe you prefer McAuliffe's interview with CNN host Larry King on election night 2002, in which he insisted, while his party was being pummeled at the polls, that "it's going to be a very good night for Democrats." Which prompted even arch-partisan James Carville to respond, later in the evening and somewhat morbidly, "Tell you the truth, I was looking for some good spin here, but thus far I can't find any."

Or there's McAuliffe's chat with NBC host Tim Russert shortly before Election Day 2002. "I think we're going to win the House back," he declared (the Democrats lost six House seats). And "I think in the Senate, we pick up one to three seats" (the Democrats lost two). What's more, "I'm very excited about what's going on in Florida"—and, no, "of course" he wouldn't take back his statement to the *New York Times* that "Jeb Bush is gone" (Jeb won by 13 points).

In 2001, after Democrats Mark Warner and James McGreevey won gubernatorial races in Virginia and New Jersey, respectively, the Bush administration wasted no time in sacking Jim Gilmore, then chairman of the Republican National Committee. After the Democrats' losses in 2002, and again this fall, the Democrats I spoke with last week thought that McAuliffe would be sacked too. Not yet.

Terry McAuliffe

Earl Keleny

Which is something of a surprise, because McAuliffe's record as party chairman is almost perfectly unblemished by success. On February 3, 2001, the day he took over, there were 50 Democratic senators, and soon Republican Jim Jeffords's defection to "independent" status would give the party control of the Senate. Today there are 48 Democratic senators. In 2000, prior to McAuliffe's leadership, House Democrats received 48 percent of the congressional vote nationally. Two years later, they received only 46 percent. And, most disturbing for his party, under McAuliffe the percentage of Americans who identify themselves as Democrats has declined from 33 to 31 percent, according to a new Pew Research Center poll.

McAuliffe's response to this spate of bad news? "People are angry in California. They're angry all over the country," he recently said.

He's right. And if you talk to Democrats in particular, you learn that they're especially angry at Terry McAuliffe. One party insider puts it this way: "The Democratic party under Terry McAuliffe has been dysfunctional and delusional."

A Democratic campaign strategist, for example, tells of a DNC memo put out just days before the 2003 election that instead of providing talking points asked various "talkers"—in other words, talking heads—what the Democratic message should be. Says the strategist, "Democrats need a steady message and a steady messenger. And we don't have one in Terry."

So why does McAuliffe still have a job? "Lack of an alternative," says Larry Sabato, a professor at the University of Virginia. Others have a different theory. "He's pretty well connected," says Ruy Teixeira, a senior fellow at the Center for American

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Progress, a liberal think tank, as well as the coauthor, with John B. Judis, of *The Emerging Democratic Majority*. One Democratic operative says it bluntly: "The Clintons put him there."

The chairman of the party in power, of course, serves at the pleasure of the president. Which means that "when a party is out of power, its chairman isn't answerable to any elected official," says Alan Brinkley, the Columbia historian. McAuliffe, who is 46, was elected by the DNC to a four-year term in 2001 with the considerable support of the Clintons, and is expected to stay for the remainder of his term.

Then, too, he isn't responsible for all the Democratic losses on his watch. But he has done little to help the Democrats recover. And, in an odd way, McAuliffe has done more to shepherd the party away from Clinton-era centrism than any other Democrat.

"The Democrats disliked Ronald Reagan," McAuliffe recently told reporters at one of the *Christian Science Monitor*'s Sperling breakfasts, "but I can tell you the visceral dislike that they have for George Bush and his policies is something I have never seen before." He should know. McAuliffe is responsible for mainstreaming the anti-Bush vitriol you find among the Democratic base. From his first speech as DNC chairman, he has treated George W. Bush as an illegitimate president. In February 2001, he told Democrats he wanted the job because "I'm a little outraged about the last election." Why the outrage? "If Katherine Harris, Jeb Bush, Jim Baker, and the Supreme Court hadn't tampered with the results, Al Gore would be president."

McAuliffe's strategy, as he once told Tim Russert, is "to use the anger and resentment that will come out of that 2000 election, put it in a positive way to energize the Democratic base." A lot has happened since the 2000 election, but you wouldn't know that from listening to McAuliffe, who still makes Florida a staple of his speeches. Indeed, he has often made partisan anger a substitute for policy arguments. In an interview with the *New York Times* last August, McAuliffe said, "It's George Bush," not health care or the war in Iraq, that "will serve as the biggest unifying force of our party" in the 2004 elections. Asked by the Associated Press for his advice to the Democratic candidates for president, McAuliffe says simply, "Stay focused on Bush." The candidates have followed his lead.

The danger with McAuliffe's embrace of Bush hatred has always been its potential to backfire, alienating Democrats from American moderates and other swing voters in a general election. And it could also result in a Democratic presidential candidate—Howard Dean, say—who, while best personifying the animosity felt by the Democratic base, will be unable to appeal to the electorate at large.

Insiders say there's no love lost between McAuliffe and Dean. (Dean campaign manager Joe Trippi "used to call the DNC to scream at them over there every other day," says one. "Now he's doing it daily.") But McAuliffe, perhaps without realizing it, provided a crucial boost to Dean's candidacy. Since becoming chairman of the DNC, he has pushed for an accelerated nomination process. The logic, McAuliffe says, is to have a nominee "by mid-March—March 10, probably—and then we'll have eight months to go one-on-one with President George Bush."

Mid-march is when the Democratic delegate-selection process used to *begin*. The *Washington Post*'s David Broder recently wrote a column arguing that the new primary schedule could turn into a disaster for Democrats. "McAuliffe's scheme to shorten the contest may not reduce the bloodletting," Broder wrote. "It may simply intensify it."

"When you front-load like this," warns Larry Sabato, "you virtually guarantee that someone who wins the first two contests will secure the nomination."

McAuliffe's defenders point to his fundraising prowess as reason enough to let him stay on as party chairman. It's true that McAuliffe was a great fundraiser—for Bill Clinton. But since taking over the DNC, he has presided over an unprecedented degradation in the party's finances. Just look at the numbers. In 1999, at this point in the previous presidential cycle, the DNC had raised about $51.5 million in both hard and soft money.

But as of September 30, 2003, the DNC had raised only $31 million for the current presidential cycle, a little over half of what they raised previously. (The RNC has raised a whopping $78 million so far this year.) Last week, the *Boston Globe* reported that the DNC has been unable to secure funding for next year's party convention, raising only a paltry $3 million. By contrast, Republicans have already raised more than $60 million for their convention next year.

The Democrats' poor finances aren't entirely McAuliffe's fault. The party lost a huge source of funds when McCain-Feingold banned soft money. But so far McAuliffe has been unable to recover. Steven Weiss, who handles communications at the Center for Responsive Politics, a Washington, D.C., research center that tracks political fundraising, frames McAuliffe's problem this way: "The Democrats knew they couldn't rely on soft money forever. They just couldn't eat their spinach."

The next test for McAuliffe will be the Louisiana gubernatorial runoff election on November 14. If Republican Bobby Jindal (ahead in the polls as this goes to press) beats Democrat Kathleen Blanco, it will mean four gubernatorial losses for Democrats in 2003, including California. As a senior Democratic strategist recently told *The Hotline*, "If Democrats lose Louisiana, Terry McAuliffe should step down."

McAuliffe says he isn't going anywhere. Earlier this year, he gave an interview to the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, his hometown newspaper. The *Post-Standard* reporter asked him about the widespread predictions that he would step down after the 2002 election defeats. McAuliffe scoffed, saying those predictions "came from Republicans who don't want me in the job."

"And you know what?" McAuliffe continued, "They shouldn't want me in the job." That's debatable. What's certain is that the Democrats shouldn't. ♦

The Senate's All-Nighters

As filibusters go, it was something of a letdown.

BY KATHERINE MANGU-WARD

STROM THURMOND would have been disappointed. What happened between 6:00 P.M. Wednesday and 9:30 A.M. Friday last week in the U.S. Senate chamber was no filibuster. No one read from the telephone book, sang show tunes, or relieved herself in a trashcan. In fact, the closest the Senate floor saw to traditional filibuster-style shenanigans occurred the previous Monday when Senator Harry Reid took the floor for nearly nine hours, at one point reading entire chapters from a book he wrote about his tiny hometown of Searchlight, Nevada.

There was plenty of time wasted and silliness, though, make no mistake about that. At 6:00-ish Wednesday, the Republican senators meandered into the chamber and stood around chatting. This was already a deviation from the plan. An email from the majority leader's office with the subject heading "Exact March in Time" found its way into Democratic hands, and was read on the floor at several points during the nearly 40-hour session. The email had reminded senatorial aides—in vain—that Fox's Brit Hume wanted to open his show with a shot of the senators entering the chamber, and thus "IT IS IMPORTANT TO DOUBLE EFFORTS TO GET YOUR BOSS TO S 230 ON TIME."

But before that embarrassing revelation hit the floor—in fact, before debate even began—the battle of the posters was underway. Democratic aides arrived on the floor and put up a large poster with "168-4" emblazoned in yellow on a bright blue background—the number of Bush judicial nominees confirmed versus the number filibustered. Democrat Tom Harkin of Iowa responded by holding up a board with "I'll be home watching *The Bachelor*" scrawled on it in Magic Marker. Guards moved to remove Harkin before noticing that he was a senator, and not a crazy protester. Both signs were ruled out of order and stowed away. Harkin snapped, "I'm not taking part in this circus," and—after making this substantial contribution to the circus atmosphere—waltzed out.

And so the Republican-initiated "Justice for Judges Marathon" debate began. The goal, said organizers, was to draw attention to the "unprecedented" Democratic strategy of filibustering President Bush's judicial nominees. In modern practice, the threat of a filibuster and an actual, round-the-clock filibuster are functionally equivalent. Since 60 votes are required for cloture (which ends debate, thus allowing a vote on the issue being debated), a minority can stall a substantive vote simply by refusing to formally end debate.

On the floor that night (and the next day, and the next night), senators mostly rehashed the same old arguments about the nature of filibusters and the character of Bush's nominees they had made to each other a dozen times before. The real action was in the nearby Mansfield Room, where an all-night schedule of press conferences took place.

In perhaps the creepiest moment of the whole event, Emile Meppen, 16, spoke for the Family Action Council International. She was sur-

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rounded by a crowd of other kids, many of them home-schooled, at 1:30 A.M. on Thursday. Meppen proclaimed herself "disappointed" in the political process. She tossed off a *bon mot* about constitutional guarantees of "democracy, equality, freedom of speech, and freedom of religion—even for judicial nominees," and smoothly integrated the major Republican talking point that the nominees were "being denied the opportunity of getting an up-or-down vote." While she spoke, a baby fussed and was hushed by its mother somewhere in the crowd. When she was finished, an adult presenter quipped, "I don't know who does your writing, but it's well done."

After packing the kids off home, South Carolina Republican Lindsey Graham grabbed some shut-eye in the Strom Thurmond Room, which had been filled with cots for sleepy senators. "I got a 40-minute nap and it was really weird," he said. "One of the cots was right under the bust of Senator Thurmond," who single-handedly held the floor in 1957 for more than 24 hours to oppose civil rights legislation. "I woke up to him staring down at me."

Graham said that he did not read the "bedtime story" thoughtfully placed on the cots by Wade Henderson, the executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. Titled *Republican Senators and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Night* with "apologies to Judith Viorst," author of a children's book with a similar title, the illustrated tale was heavy on "mean elephant" clip art and had been read aloud earlier in the Mansfield Room by women's rights activists.

Some serious topics were addressed during the session. Most of the Democrats (when they weren't speaking about how it would be more useful to speak about something else) hammered on their confirmation record thus far. T-shirts handed out by Democrats made the same point as the big blue poster: "We confirmed 98 percent of Bush's judges, and all we got was this lousy T-shirt."

Republican Saxby Chambliss of Georgia offered a snappy retort to the T-shirt slogan at 1:30 on Thursday morning: "If I told my wife that I was 98 percent faithful, she wouldn't be too happy with me." He started to note that the same applied to voting-machine accuracy, and then stopped, musing, "There's some situations where that might be good."

Other Republicans rejected the Democrats' numbers altogether, citing figures of their own. Most of those 168 were district court judges, they said. Only 58 percent of Bush's circuit court nominees have been approved, with 12 nominees stalled or blocked, by their count.

The merits of individual nominees were discussed at great length as well, particularly those of Priscilla Owen of Texas, nominated for the Fifth Circuit, Carolyn Kuhl of California, nominated for the Ninth Circuit, Janice Rogers Brown, also of California, nominated for the D.C. Circuit, and Miguel Estrada, who withdrew from consideration after more than 28 months without a vote on his confirmation.

Apparently, though, it becomes difficult to keep your argument straight somewhere between the first all-nighter and the second. Democrat Mary Landrieu, who spoke early and often, with great flair, lost it around 10:00 P.M. on Thursday. In a single speech, she claimed that Janice Rogers Brown was against grandparents and referred to Orrin Hatch as "the chairman of Utah." "The chairman," she said, "seems to have forgotten where I am from." Having a bit of a memory lapse herself, she then consulted her notes before announcing: "I am from Louisiana!"

Republican Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania got into fist-pounding mode early on, and reportedly injured his hand. In a press conference at 4:00 P.M. on Thursday he admitted that he had slept for only about 15 minutes since debate began. He appeared to be on the verge of tears more than once. He is known for breaking down during debates about partial-birth abortion, and blocked judicial appointments came close to eliciting the same show of feeling.

But none of the other bloopers came close to Zell Miller's. Miller was one of two Democrats to vote with the Republican majority at the end of the session. "Democrats are standing in the doorway, and they have got a sign, 'Conservative African-American women need not apply,'" he said, referring to Janice Rogers Brown's nomination in the wee hours Thursday. "If you have the temerity to do so, your reputation will be shattered and your dignity will be shredded. *Gal, you will be lynched.*" This is heavy-duty rhetoric, especially when uttered on the Senate floor in a southern accent. Though, as Graham noted at about the same time on Friday, "the strength of this nation is that people with accents can get ahead."

One can only assume that sleep deprivation also accounts for the decision of senators Norm Coleman, Lindsey Graham, Rick Santorum, and Jeff Sessions to extend the debate for 9 hours after the planned 30 had expired. In Santorum's words, "My colleagues feel that there is more to say."

And say more they certainly did. But, exhausted by the previous all-nighter, everyone who possibly could, abandoned the ship of state.

"Hey, a civilian!" called out a member of the Capitol Police Force when I drifted by her at 4:00 on Friday morning. She said she hadn't seen anyone but other police officers and custodial staff for hours. She understood why everyone else was gone, though. "After all," she said, "it's just one guy talking, right?"

At 9:30 A.M., after a final hour of special speeches, which bore a marked resemblance to the previous 37 and a half hours of speeches, the Senate voted on cloture for the nominations of Owen, Kuhl, and Brown. To no one's surprise, cloture failed on all three counts. And with that, the Senate moved into regular session and began its morning business. ♦

What the Iraqi Generals Tell Us

An explanation for the misestimates of Saddam's weapons of mass destruction. BY R. JAMES WOOLSEY

MANY HAVE WAXED wroth at both the CIA's purported misestimates and the Bush administration's alleged deception regarding stockpiles of Iraqi weapons of mass destruction. But although security in Iraq is a vital concern, this WMD stockpile issue looks different in November than it did in October. The deck has been shuffled considerably by recent disclosures (in the *Washington Post* and the *Wall Street Journal*) that a number of sources now believe the Iraqi generals were themselves deceived by Saddam about units being equipped with WMD and that French and Russian advice may have substantially affected Saddam's behavior on the eve of the war.

To see how the WMD issue has changed, try to imagine the following hypothetical question fired at the director of central intelligence by an irate member of a congressional committee: "Mr. Tenet, how could your so-called experts have believed that Saddam had deployable weapons of mass destruction on the eve of the war just because all of his own generals did?" Or this imaginary rhetorical thrust at the NSC on the floor of the Senate: "Can this White House explain to us how it could be so weak and foolish as to be steered by this cabal—neocons in the Pentagon, the vice president's office, and the Iraqi general officer corps—into adopting the view that WMD stockpiles actually existed in Iraq?"

Such questions, of course, won't be asked because the new press reports don't fit at all with October's level of vitriol. In short, it may now be considerably harder for those who have axes to grind—Democrats eager to find Bush administration skullduggery, Republicans eager to portray the CIA as incompetent in order to shift attention away from the administration, retired intelligence officers with unhappy memories or grudges. Axe edges should be especially dulled by

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the revelation that with "100 percent" consistency, according to the *Post* account, Iraqi commanders have told U.S. interrogators, "My unit didn't have WMD, but the one to my right or left did."

In short, those American and British intelligence officers and political leaders who thought Saddam's units were armed with WMD early this year, rather than his only retaining "just-in-time" production capacity, may have been neither foolish nor nefarious. It is one thing to make intelligence misestimates because of incompetence, weakness, or ideological bias—all would deserve strong censure. But it is quite another to succeed in the tough job of stealing secrets from a totalitarian government, and then for it to turn out that even if you were skillful and lucky enough to have had Iraqi generals as sources, they had themselves been deceived.

Intelligence collection provides only a partial picture of reality; hence estimates involve judgment and thus contain mistakes. There may not have been enough done in the past—training adequate Arabic linguists, for instance—for there to have been adequate collection on the WMD issue when it was needed. But that is a different matter than the bureaucratic cowardice and political bias that has been charged.

Once David Kay's WMD review is completed we may well learn that there were overestimates with respect to some issues such as stockpiles (where, if mistaken, the estimators seem to have shared their mistake with virtually the entire Iraqi military hierarchy), and that other aspects of the WMD programs were missed or underestimated, such as the biological laboratories hidden by the Iraqi intelligence service, and Saddam's covert attempt to obtain long-range missiles from North Korea. We should learn from both kinds of mistakes and figure out how to do better in the future. But such failures are not prima facie evidence of a scandal. This is the imperfect real world of intelligence estimating.

The interrogations of Tariq Aziz and a number of Iraqi generals seem to be filling in another important part of the WMD picture: the role of the French and Russians in advising Saddam just before the war. It now appears that they convinced him we would repeat our actions of 1991: conduct a long air bombardment, follow it by a land incursion, and then halt short of Baghdad.

Both Aziz and Iraqi Major General Taiee have said that the Russians and French indicated that, during our predicted pause, they would take the steps necessary for Saddam to "buy enough time to win a cease-fire brokered by Paris and Moscow." If

so, General Franks's completely different strategy of boldly driving for Baghdad at the opening of the war may well have surprised Saddam in part owing to the bad advice given him by Mr. Chirac's and Mr. Putin's representatives. Thanks, guys.

If Saddam was led to expect cease-fire negotiations after the war started, this could explain why, even if he had retained some portion of his stocks of chemical or bacteriological weapons, he might well have disposed of much of what remained as the war began. By that point the utility of chemical or biological weapons was very limited: launch sites in the South and West that could have been used for WMD-carrying SCUDs against Israel or other countries had been taken by American and British Special Forces, and it was clear that Iraqi aircraft couldn't be used to deliver such WMD since they would be blown away as they took off. Only artillery firing chemical shells would have been useful against advancing American and British troops (biological weapons generally have only a delayed effect), and they were well-protected by their vehicles and clothing. In these circumstances Saddam could have seen banking on a cease-fire and renewed inspections as a reasonable tactic. It would have made sense to clean things up while awaiting the French- and Russian-sponsored reprieve.

Indeed, a former Iraqi intelligence officer has described being ordered to destroy chemical weapons just as the war began. His behavior, reported by Judith Miller in the *New York Times* in late April, would fit nicely into a survival plan for Saddam that counted on *bellus interruptus*.

Should the intelligence being provided in the interviews with Aziz and the Iraqi generals be further confirmed, those who have charged George Tenet, his analysts, and the Bush administration with stupidity, bad faith, and worse regarding WMD may want to stop crying "gotcha" and consider clearing their throats and changing the subject. ♦

The Axis of Terror

Carlos the Jackal pledges allegiance to Osama bin Laden. **BY AMIR TAHERI**

FEW CONVICTED MURDERERS and hijackers accept the label "terrorist." One who does—indeed, who embraces terrorism as among man's "noblest pursuits"—is a Venezuelan now serving a life sentence for murder in France. He is Ilich Ramírez Sánchez, better known as "Carlos the Jackal."

He has just published a book in French to announce his conversion to Islam and present his strategy for "the destruction of the United States through an orchestrated and persistent campaign of terror." Entitled *Revolutionary Islam* (Editions du Rocher, 2003) and published under the name Ilich Ramírez Sánchez-CARLOS, the book urges "all revolutionaries, including those of the left, even atheists," to accept the leadership of Islamists such as Osama bin Laden and so help turn Afghanistan and Iraq into the "graveyards of American imperialism."

Son of a militant Communist, Ilich was sent to Moscow to study at Patrice Lumumba University, an institution set up by the KGB to train terrorists from the Third World. That was in the 1970s, when the most fashionable cause was opposition to the U.S. intervention in Indochina.

Ilich opted for the less fashionable cause of Palestine, and soon moved to Lebanon, where he trained for operations organized by George Habash's People's Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP).

Western intelligence services first noticed Ilich when he murdered two French policemen and a Lebanese informant in Paris in 1975. But the peak of his career came in 1975, when he led the team that took 11 OPEC oil ministers hostage in Vienna, then flew them to Algiers. He spent most of the next 20 years on the run, living under assumed identities, constantly changing protectors, until his Sudanese friends finally betrayed him six years ago, when they allowed French authorities to abduct him from his home in Khartoum and fly him to Paris for trial.

In his book, Carlos recounts that he was born into a "fairly prosperous" bourgeois family. His father had attended a French school run by Catholic priests but soon rejected their beliefs. "Having lost faith in God," Carlos says, his father "looked to Marx and Lenin to fill at least part of the gap." Sánchez *père* was so passionate about his new creed that he named all three of his sons after the founder of Bolshevism: Vladimir, Ilich, and Lenin.

The chief interest of Carlos's book, however, lies not in the reminiscences of a bit player from the 1970s, but in the light it sheds in two areas. First, it recounts how Arab states like Algeria, Libya, Egypt, Syria, and Iraq routinely used terrorism as an instrument of state policy, often with support from the Soviet Union and its allies. And second, it illuminates the connection between radical atheism and radical religion, showing how one ideology can serve as the antechamber to another seemingly its opposite. Just as Carlos's father made Marxist-Leninist ideology his religion, so Carlos has turned his new religion into the ideology of "revolutionary Islam."

By the mid-1980s Carlos had decided that Marxism-Leninism was a dying creed. Yet its goal, the destruction of imperialism personified by the United States, remained in his view "the highest goal of humanity." Carlos had also concluded that the United

Amir Taheri is an Iranian journalist based in Paris.

States could not be destroyed by any military rival. What was needed was a campaign of terror that would separate the United States from its allies and then destroy its self-confidence. This campaign would require a large number of volunteers ready both to kill and to die for the cause. Carlos saw that only revolutionary Islam could recruit the large numbers of killers and martyrs necessary to destroy the United States.

Carlos claims that terrorism is "the cleanest and most efficient form of warfare." By killing civilians, he argues, the terrorist saps the morale of the enemy and forces its leadership to submit to the demands of the revolution or surrender. By killing a few, the terrorist saves the lives of the many. He cites several examples.

In November 1979, Iranian "students" raided the U.S. embassy in Tehran and took diplomats hostage. The Carter administration, fearful that the Americans would be executed, abandoned its "plots" against the Khomeinist revolution, and thus forestalled events that could have led to the deaths of tens of thousands of people.

Similarly, when Hezbollah suicide bombers attacked American targets in Beirut in 1983, a total of 300 Americans, including 241 Marines, were killed, forcing Washington to abandon its ambition of reshaping Lebanon. And in 1993 the murder of 18 U.S. Army Rangers in Mogadishu forced President Clinton to withdraw American peacekeepers from Somalia and abandon plans for the Horn of Africa, avoiding bigger conflicts that could have cost many more lives.

Carlos does not say why it is good for mankind to destroy the United States. His method is religious and admits of neither doubts nor counterarguments. The West is evil, and the United States is the leader of the West. Thus the United States is evil. At one point he says the United States is an incarnation of Satan (*Shaytan*) and should, therefore, be hated without question, just as believers hate Satan without asking why.

Carlos urges Islamist groups to conclude alliances with all radical elements, including Maoists and nationalists, in a joint campaign against the United States. He wants all radicals to rush to Afghanistan and Iraq to kill Americans, while hordes of "volunteers for martyrdom" organize suicide attacks inside the United States.

And he makes a number of forecasts: The United States will reshape Iraq, Syria will disintegrate, and Lebanon will fall apart while Hezbollah is destroyed. Kosovo will become independent, and Sudan will be carved up. Libya will surrender to the United States. Even France will be divided into smaller countries, according to what Carlos claims is a secret American plan worked out by Henry Morgenthau in the 1940s. Carlos believes that, in the medium-term at least, only two states—North Korea and Iran—will be able to resist the United States, thus representing "the last hopes of mankind." The war against the United States, then, is going to be a long one, and the Americans will win the first rounds.

One question worth exploring in all this is whether Carlos is really a Muslim. Since Islam has neither baptism nor excommunication, we have no grounds for saying he's not. But neither is there reason to think he has any authority to speak on behalf of Islam. He is an individual with a peculiar view of the world that has nothing to do with what Islam has taught for 15 centuries. Moreover, his knowledge of Islamic doctrine, theology, history, and political philosophy is almost nonexistent. He thinks the first four caliphs were members of a dynasty known as the "Rashidis," and he confuses Hajjaj Ibn Yussef, the brutal governor of Kufa, with Mansur al Hallaj, the mystic who was crucified for blasphemy.

At one point Carlos presents himself as "the voice of Islam and history." At another point he poses as an authority on theology (*fiqh*) and offers a plan for "reforming the faith" under which "obligations" such as prayer, fasting, and the pilgrimage to Mecca become secondary. Instead, the number one duty of Muslims becomes

"fighting the United States by any means" available. He dwells on the necessity for all Muslim men to grow beards and all Muslim women to wear the "revolutionary" head-cover (the hijab) invented in Lebanon in the 1970s. He says that beards and the hijab can be used as tools of terror, to dishearten the Americans by reminding them that "their enemy Islam" is in their midst.

Carlos tells us little about the Islamic utopia that will cover the globe once Islam is established as "the sole religion of mankind." At one point he praises the Khomeinist system of rule by a mullah or group of mullahs. At another, he presents the "emirate" created by the Taliban in Afghanistan in 1998 as the model. Carlos is not interested in Chechnya, Kashmir, the Philippines, or Myanmar, where Muslim minorities are in conflict with non-Muslim states. Nor does he care if Muslims live under corrupt or even genocidal rulers, as long as those rulers are unfriendly toward the United States.

Where Islamists are fighting regimes that Carlos favors, he brands them "bandits" and "murderers." In this way he condemns Islamists who are fighting the Libyan regime. He is especially harsh on Algerian Islamist terrorists, whom he labels "gangsters." The reason is that Carlos was for years protected by the Algerian secret service.

A name-dropper, Carlos makes his own terrorist career out to have been something of historic significance. He pretends that many Arab leaders, from Muammar Qaddafi to Hafez al-Assad to Yasser Arafat, were his friends. He also claims to have known former Pakistani premier Benazir Bhutto "very well," though he does not say in what circumstances.

Carlos mentions the names of the seven men he most admires. Oddly enough, five are Palestinian Christians: George Habash, Waddi Haddad, Nayef Hawatemah, Kamal Nasser, and Naji Allosuh. Two are Muslim Arabs: the Algerian president, Abdul-Aziz Bouteflika, whom he calls "my beloved brother," and fugitive terrorist Osama bin Laden, upon whom he bestows the title of "sheikh."

Carlos's admiration for Bouteflika is based on a misunderstanding. Carlos writes that Bouteflika agreed to become president of Algeria mainly to prevent his country from being absorbed into the NATO system, "a tool of the United States." Carlos seems unaware that Algeria had *already* established a relationship with NATO. Indeed, at next May's NATO summit, Algeria along with three other Arab states and Israel will join a "partnership for peace" with the alliance.

Carlos is wholly dedicated to inciting Muslims to hate the United States and not at all interested in inspiring them to change the regimes that oppress them. The reason may lie in his own long association with some of the most repressive Arab regimes—regimes that, frightened by the liberation of Iraq, fear they may be the next dominoes to fall as the democratic impulse reaches the Middle East. ♦

Case Closed

The U.S. government's secret memo detailing cooperation between Saddam Hussein and Osama bin Laden

By Stephen F. Hayes

Osama bin Laden and Saddam Hussein had an operational relationship from the early 1990s to 2003 that involved training in explosives and weapons of mass destruction, logistical support for terrorist attacks, al Qaeda training camps and safe haven in Iraq, and Iraqi financial support for al Qaeda—perhaps even for Mohamed Atta—according to a top secret U.S. government memorandum obtained by The Weekly Standard.

The memo, dated October 27, 2003, was sent from Undersecretary of Defense for Policy Douglas J. Feith to Senators Pat Roberts and Jay Rockefeller, the chairman and vice chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee. It was written in response to a request from the committee as part of its investigation into prewar intelligence claims made by the administration. Intelligence reporting included in the 16-page memo comes from a variety of domestic and foreign agencies, including the FBI, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the National Security Agency. Much of the evidence is detailed, conclusive, and corroborated by multiple sources. Some of it is new information obtained in custodial interviews with high-level al Qaeda terrorists and Iraqi officials, and some of it is more than a decade old. The picture that emerges is one of a history of collaboration between two of America's most determined and dangerous enemies.

According to the memo—which lays out the intelligence in 50 numbered points—Iraq-al Qaeda contacts began in 1990 and continued through mid-March 2003, days before the Iraq war began. Most of the numbered passages contain straight, fact-based intelligence reporting, which in some cases includes an evaluation of the credibility of the source. This reporting is often followed by commentary and analysis.

The relationship began shortly before the first Gulf War. According to reporting in the memo, bin Laden sent "emissaries to Jordan in 1990 to meet with Iraqi government officials." At some unspecified point in 1991, according to a CIA analysis, "Iraq sought Sudan's assistance to establish links to al Qaeda." The outreach went in both directions. According to 1993 CIA reporting cited in the memo, "bin Laden wanted to expand his organization's capabilities through ties with Iraq."

The primary go-between throughout these early stages was Sudanese strongman Hassan al-Turabi, a leader of the al Qaeda-affiliated National Islamic Front. Numerous sources have confirmed this. One defector reported that "al-Turabi was instrumental in arranging the Iraqi-al Qaeda relationship. The defector said Iraq sought al Qaeda influence through its connections with Afghanistan, to facilitate the transshipment of proscribed weapons and equipment to Iraq. In return, Iraq provided al Qaeda with training and instructors."

One such confirmation came in a postwar interview with one of Saddam Hussein's henchmen. As the memo details:

4. According to a May 2003 debriefing of a senior Iraqi intelligence officer, Iraqi intelligence established a highly secretive relationship with Egyptian Islamic Jihad, and later with al Qaeda. The first meeting in 1992 between the Iraqi Intelligence Service (IIS) and al Qaeda was brokered by al-Turabi. Former IIS deputy director Faruq Hijazi and senior al Qaeda leader [Ayman al] *Zawahiri were at the meeting—the first of several between 1992 and 1995 in Sudan. Additional meetings between Iraqi intelligence and al Qaeda were held in Pakistan. Members of al Qaeda would sometimes visit Baghdad where they would meet the Iraqi intelligence chief in a safe house. The report claimed that Saddam insisted the relationship with al Qaeda be kept secret. After 9-11, the source said Saddam made a personnel change in the IIS for fear the relationship would come under scrutiny from foreign probes.*

A decisive moment in the budding relationship came in 1993, when bin Laden faced internal resistance to his cooperation with Saddam.

5. A CIA report from a contact with good access, some of whose reporting has been corroborated, said that certain elements in the "Islamic Army" of bin Laden were against the secular regime of Saddam. Overriding the internal factional strife that was developing, bin Laden came to an "understanding" with Saddam that the Islamic Army would no longer support anti-

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Saddam activities. According to sensitive reporting released in U.S. court documents during the African Embassy trial, in 1993 bin Laden reached an "understanding" with Saddam under which he (bin Laden) forbade al Qaeda operations to be mounted against the Iraqi leader.

Another facilitator of the relationship during the mid-1990s was Mahmdouh Mahmud Salim (a.k.a. Abu Hajer al-Iraqi). Abu Hajer, now in a New York prison, was described in court proceedings related to the August 1998 bombings of U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania as bin Laden's "best friend." According to CIA reporting dating back to the Clinton administration, bin Laden trusted him to serve as a liaison with Saddam's regime and tasked him with procurement of weapons of mass destruction for al Qaeda. FBI reporting in the memo reveals that Abu Hajer "visited Iraq in early 1995" and "had a good relationship with Iraqi intelligence. Sometime before mid-1995 he went on an al Qaeda mission to discuss unspecified cooperation with the Iraqi government."

Some of the reporting about the relationship throughout the mid-1990s comes from a source who had intimate knowledge of bin Laden and his dealings. This source, according to CIA analysis, offered "the most credible information" on cooperation between bin Laden and Iraq.

This source's reports read almost like a diary. Specific dates of when bin Laden flew to various cities are included, as well as names of individuals he met. The source did not offer information on the substantive talks during the meetings. . . . There are not a great many reports in general on the relationship between bin Laden and Iraq because of the secrecy surrounding it. But when this source with close access provided a "window" into bin Laden's activities, bin Laden is seen as heavily involved with Iraq (and Iran).

Reporting from the early 1990s remains somewhat sketchy, though multiple sources place Hassan al-Turabi and Ayman al Zawahiri, bin Laden's current No. 2, at the center of the relationship. The reporting gets much more specific in the mid-1990s:

8. Reporting from a well placed source disclosed that bin Laden was receiving training on bomb making from the IIS's [Iraqi Intelligence Service] *principal technical expert on making sophisticated explosives, Brigadier Salim al-Ahmed. Brigadier Salim was observed at bin Laden's farm in Khartoum in Sept.-Oct. 1995 and again in July 1996, in the company of the Director of Iraqi Intelligence, Mani abd-al-Rashid al-Tikriti.*

9 . . . Bin Laden visited Doha, Qatar (17-19 Jan. 1996), staying at the residence of a member of the Qatari ruling family. He discussed the successful movement of explosives into Saudi Arabia, and operations targeted against U.S. and U.K. interests in Dammam, Dharan, and Khobar, using clandestine al Qaeda cells in Saudi Arabia. Upon his return, bin Laden met with Hijazi and Turabi, among others.

And later more reporting, from the same "well placed" source:

10. The Director of Iraqi Intelligence, Mani abd-al-Rashid al-Tikriti, met privately with bin Laden at his farm in Sudan in July 1996. Tikriti used an Iraqi delegation traveling to Khartoum to discuss bilateral cooperation as his "cover" for his own entry into Sudan to meet with bin Laden and Hassan al-Turabi. The Iraqi intelligence chief and two other IIS officers met at bin Laden's farm and discussed bin Laden's request for IIS technical assistance in: a) making letter and parcel bombs; b) making bombs which could be placed on aircraft and detonated by changes in barometric pressure; and c) making false passport [sic]. *Bin Laden specifically requested that* [Brigadier Salim al-Ahmed], *Iraqi intelligence's premier explosives maker—especially skilled in making car bombs—remain with him in Sudan. The Iraqi intelligence chief instructed Salim to remain in Sudan with bin Laden as long as required.*

The analysis of those events follows:

The time of the visit from the IIS director was a few weeks after the Khobar Towers bombing. The bombing came on the third anniversary of a U.S. [Tomahawk missile] *strike on IIS HQ (retaliation for the attempted assassination of former President Bush in Kuwait) for which Iraqi officials explicitly threatened retaliation.*

In addition to the contacts clustered in the mid-1990s, intelligence reports detail a flurry of activities in early 1998 and again in December 1998. A "former senior Iraqi intelligence officer" reported that "the Iraqi intelligence service station in Pakistan was Baghdad's point of contact with al Qaeda. He also said bin Laden visited Baghdad in Jan. 1998 and met with Tariq Aziz."

11. According to sensitive reporting, Saddam personally sent Faruq Hijazi, IIS deputy director and later Iraqi ambassador to Turkey, to meet with bin Laden at least twice, first in Sudan and later in Afghanistan in 1999. . . .

14. According to a sensitive reporting [from] *a "regular and reliable source,"* [Ayman al] *Zawahiri, a senior al Qaeda operative, visited Baghdad and met with the Iraqi Vice President on 3 February 1998. The goal of the visit was to arrange for coordination between Iraq and bin Laden and establish camps in an-Nasiriyah and Iraqi Kurdistan under the leadership of Abdul Aziz.*

That visit came as the Iraqis intensified their defiance of the U.N. inspection regime, known as UNSCOM, created by the cease-fire agreement following the Gulf War. UNSCOM demanded access to Saddam's presidential palaces that he refused to provide. As the tensions mounted, President Bill Clinton went to the Pentagon on February 18, 1998, and prepared the nation for war. He warned of "an unholy axis of terrorists, drug traffickers, and orga-

nized international criminals" and said "there is no more clear example of this threat than Saddam Hussein's Iraq."

The day after this speech, according to documents unearthed in April 2003 in the Iraqi Intelligence headquarters by journalists Mitch Potter and Inigo Gilmore, Hussein's intelligence service wrote a memo detailing coming meetings with a bin Laden representative traveling to Baghdad. Each reference to bin Laden had been covered by liquid paper that, when revealed, exposed a plan to increase cooperation between Iraq and al Qaeda. According to that memo, the IIS agreed to pay for "all the travel and hotel costs inside Iraq to gain the knowledge of the message from bin Laden and to convey to his envoy an oral message from us to bin Laden." The document set as the goal for the meeting a discussion of "the future of our relationship with him, bin Laden, and to achieve a direct meeting with him." The al Qaeda representative, the document went on to suggest, might provide "a way to maintain contacts with bin Laden."

Four days later, on February 23, 1998, bin Laden issued his now-famous *fatwa* on the plight of Iraq, published in the Arabic-language daily, *al Quds al-Arabi*: "For over seven years the United States has been occupying the lands of Islam in the holiest of places, the Arabian Peninsula, plundering its riches, dictating to its rulers, humiliating its people, terrorizing its neighbors, and turning its bases in the Peninsula into a spearhead through which to fight the neighboring Muslim peoples." Bin Laden urged his followers to act: "The ruling to kill all Americans and their allies—civilians and military—is an individual duty for every Muslim who can do it in any country in which it is possible to do it."

Although war was temporarily averted by a last-minute deal brokered by U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan, tensions soon rose again. The standoff with Iraq came to a head in December 1998, when President Clinton launched Operation Desert Fox, a 70-hour bombing campaign that began on December 16 and ended three days later, on December 19, 1998.

According to press reports at the time, Faruq Hijazi, deputy director of Iraqi Intelligence, met with bin Laden in Afghanistan on December 21, 1998, to offer bin Laden safe haven in Iraq. CIA reporting in the memo to the Senate Intelligence Committee seems to confirm this meeting and relates two others.

15. A foreign government service reported that an Iraqi delegation, including at least two Iraqi intelligence officers formerly assigned to the Iraqi Embassy in Pakistan, met in late 1998 with bin Laden in Afghanistan.

16. According to CIA reporting, bin Laden and Zawahiri met with two Iraqi intelligence officers in Afghanistan in Dec. 1998.

17. . . . Iraq sent an intelligence officer to Afghanistan to seek closer ties to bin Laden and the Taliban in late 1998. The source reported that the Iraqi regime was trying to broaden its cooperation with al Qaeda. Iraq was looking to recruit Muslim "elements" to sabotage U.S. and U.K. interests. After a senior Iraqi intelligence officer met with Taliban leader [Mullah] *Omar, arrangements were made for a series of meetings between the Iraqi intelligence officer and bin Laden in Pakistan. The source noted Faruq Hijazi was in Afghanistan in late 1998.*

18. . . . Faruq Hijazi went to Afghanistan in 1999 along with several other Iraqi officials to meet with bin Laden. The source claimed that Hijazi would have met bin Laden only at Saddam's explicit direction.

An analysis that follows No. 18 provides additional context and an explanation of these reports:

Reporting entries #4, #11, #15, #16, #17, and #18, from different sources, corroborate each other and provide confirmation of meetings between al Qaeda operatives and Iraqi intelligence in Afghanistan and Pakistan. None of the reports have information on operational details or the purpose of such meetings. The covert nature of the relationship would indicate strict compartmentation [sic] *of operations.*

Information about connections between al Qaeda and Iraq was so widespread by early 1999 that it made its way into the mainstream press. A January 11, 1999, *Newsweek* story ran under this headline: "Saddam + Bin Laden?" The story cited an "Arab intelligence source" with knowledge of contacts between Iraq and al Qaeda. "According to this source, Saddam expected last month's American and British bombing campaign to go on much longer than it did. The dictator believed that as the attacks continued, indignation would grow in the Muslim world, making his terrorism offensive both harder to trace and more effective. With acts of terror contributing to chaos in the region, Turkey, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and Kuwait might feel less inclined to support Washington. Saddam's long-term strategy, according to several sources, is to bully or cajole Muslim countries into breaking the embargo against Iraq, without waiting for the United Nations to lift it formally."

Intelligence reports about the nature of the relationship between Iraq and al Qaeda from mid-1999 through 2003 are conflicting. One senior Iraqi intelligence officer in U.S. custody, Khalil Ibrahim Abdallah, "said that the last contact between the IIS and al Qaeda was in July 1999. Bin Laden wanted to meet with Saddam, he said. The guidance sent back from Saddam's office reportedly ordered Iraqi intelligence to refrain from any further contact with bin Laden and al Qaeda. The source opined that Saddam wanted to distance himself from al Qaeda."

The bulk of reporting on the relationship contradicts

this claim. One report states that "in late 1999" al Qaeda set up a training camp in northern Iraq that "was operational as of 1999." Other reports suggest that the Iraqi regime contemplated several offers of safe haven to bin Laden throughout 1999.

23. . . . Iraqi officials were carefully considering offering safe haven to bin Laden and his closest collaborators in Nov. 1999. The source indicated the idea was put forward by the presumed head of Iraqi intelligence in Islamabad (Khalid Janaby) who in turn was in frequent contact and had good relations with bin Laden.

Some of the most intriguing intelligence concerns an Iraqi named Ahmed Hikmat Shakir:

24. According to sensitive reporting, a Malaysia-based Iraqi national (Shakir) facilitated the arrival of one of the Sept. 11 hijackers for an operational meeting in Kuala Lumpur (Jan. 2000). Sensitive reporting indicates Shakir's travel and contacts link him to a worldwide network of terrorists, including al Qaeda. Shakir worked at the Kuala Lumpur airport—a job he claimed to have obtained through an Iraqi embassy employee.

One of the men at that al Qaeda operational meeting in the Kuala Lumpur Hotel was Tawfiz al Atash, a top bin Laden lieutenant later identified as the mastermind of the October 12, 2000, attack on the USS *Cole*.

25. Investigation into the bombing of the USS Cole *in October 2000 by al Qaeda revealed no specific Iraqi connections but according to the CIA, "fragmentary evidence points to possible Iraqi involvement."*

26. During a custodial interview, Ibn al-Shaykh al-Libi [a senior al Qaeda operative] *said he was told by an al Qaeda associate that he was tasked to travel to Iraq (1998) to establish a relationship with Iraqi intelligence to obtain poisons and gases training. After the USS* Cole *bombing in 2000, two al Qaeda operatives were sent to Iraq for CBW-related* [Chemical and Biological Weapons] *training beginning in Dec. 2000. Iraqi intelligence was "encouraged" after the embassy and USS* Cole *bombings to provide this training.*

The analysis of this report follows.

CIA maintains that Ibn al-Shaykh's timeline is consistent with other sensitive reporting indicating that bin Laden asked Iraq in 1998 for advanced weapons, including CBW and "poisons."

Additional reporting also calls into question the claim that relations between Iraq and al Qaeda cooled after mid-1999:

27. According to sensitive CIA reporting, . . . the Saudi National Guard went on a kingdom-wide state of alert in late Dec. 2000 after learning Saddam agreed to assist al Qaeda in attacking U.S./U.K. interests in Saudi Arabia.

And then there is the alleged contact between lead 9/11 hijacker Mohamed Atta and an Iraqi intelligence officer in Prague. The reporting on those links suggests not one meeting, but as many as four. What's more, the memo reveals potential financing of Atta's activities by Iraqi intelligence.

The Czech counterintelligence service reported that the Sept. 11 hijacker [Mohamed] *Atta met with the former Iraqi intelligence chief in Prague,* [Ahmed Khalil Ibrahim Samir] *al Ani, on several occasions. During one of these meetings, al Ani ordered the IIS finance officer to issue Atta funds from IIS financial holdings in the Prague office.*

And the commentary:

CIA can confirm two Atta visits to Prague—in Dec. 1994 and in June 2000; data surrounding the other two—on 26 Oct 1999 and 9 April 2001—is complicated and sometimes contradictory and CIA and FBI cannot confirm Atta met with the IIS. Czech Interior Minister Stanislav Gross continues to stand by his information.

It's not just Gross who stands by the information. Five high-ranking members of the Czech government have publicly confirmed meetings between Atta and al Ani. The meeting that has gotten the most press attention—April 9, 2001—is also the most widely disputed. Even some of the most hawkish Bush administration officials are privately skeptical that Atta met al Ani on that occasion. They believe that reports of the alleged meeting, said to have taken place in public, outside the headquarters of the U.S.-financed Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty, suggest a level of sloppiness that doesn't fit the pattern of previous high-level Iraq-al Qaeda contacts.

Whether or not that specific meeting occurred, the report by Czech counterintelligence that al Ani ordered the Iraqi Intelligence Service officer to provide IIS funds to Atta might help explain the lead hijacker's determination to reach Prague, despite significant obstacles, in the spring of 2000. (Note that the report stops short of confirming that the funds were transferred. It claims only that the IIS officer requested the transfer.) Recall that Atta flew to Prague from Germany on May 30, 2000, but was denied entry because he did not have a valid visa. Rather than simply return to Germany and fly directly to the United States, his ultimate destination, Atta took pains to get to Prague. After he was refused entry the first time, he traveled back to Germany, obtained the proper paperwork, and caught a bus back to Prague. He left for the United States the day after arriving in Prague for the second time.

Several reports indicate that the relationship between Saddam and bin Laden continued, even after the September 11 attacks:

31. An Oct. 2002 . . . report said al Qaeda and Iraq reached a secret agreement whereby Iraq would provide safe haven to al Qaeda members and provide them with money and weapons. The agreement reportedly prompted a large number of al Qaeda members to head to Iraq. The report also said that al Qaeda

members involved in a fraudulent passport network for al Qaeda had been directed to procure 90 Iraqi and Syrian passports for al Qaeda personnel.

The analysis that accompanies that report indicates that the report fits the pattern of Iraq-al Qaeda collaboration:

References to procurement of false passports from Iraq and offers of safe haven previously have surfaced in CIA source reporting considered reliable. Intelligence reports to date have maintained that Iraqi support for al Qaeda usually involved providing training, obtaining passports, and offers of refuge. This report adds to that list by including weapons and money. This assistance would make sense in the aftermath of 9-11.

Colin Powell, in his February 5, 2003, presentation to the U.N. Security Council, revealed the activities of Abu Musab al Zarqawi. Reporting in the memo expands on Powell's case and might help explain some of the resistance the U.S. military is currently facing in Iraq.

37. Sensitive reporting indicates senior terrorist planner and close al Qaeda associate al Zarqawi has had an operational alliance with Iraqi officials. As of Oct. 2002, al Zarqawi maintained contacts with the IIS to procure weapons and explosives, including surface-to-air missiles from an IIS officer in Baghdad. According to sensitive reporting, al Zarqawi was setting up sleeper cells in Baghdad to be activated in case of a U.S. occupation of the city, suggesting his operational cooperation with the Iraqis may have deepened in recent months. Such cooperation could include IIS provision of a secure operating bases [sic] *and steady access to arms and explosives in preparation for a possible U.S. invasion. Al Zarqawi's procurements from the Iraqis also could support al Qaeda operations against the U.S. or its allies elsewhere.*

38. According to sensitive reporting, a contact with good access who does not have an established reporting record: An Iraqi intelligence service officer said that as of mid-March the IIS was providing weapons to al Qaeda members located in northern Iraq, including rocket propelled grenade (RPG)-18 launchers. According to IIS information, northern Iraq-based al Qaeda members believed that the U.S. intended to strike al Qaeda targets during an anticipated assault against Ansar al-Islam positions.

The memo further reported prewar intelligence which "claimed that an Iraqi intelligence official, praising Ansar al-Islam, provided it with $100,000 and agreed to continue to give assistance."

Critics of the Bush administration have complained that Iraq-al Qaeda connections are a fantasy, trumped up by the warmongers at the White House to fit their preconceived notions about international terror; that links between Saddam Hussein and Osama bin Laden have been routinely "exaggerated" for political purposes; that hawks "cherry-picked" bits of intelligence and tendentiously presented these to the American public.

Carl Levin, a senior member of the Senate Intelligence Committee, made those points as recently as November 9, in an appearance on *Fox News Sunday*. Republicans on the committee, he complained, refuse to look at the administration's "exaggeration of intelligence."

Said Levin: "The question is whether or not they exaggerated intelligence in order to carry out their purpose, which was to make the case for going to war. Did we know, for instance, with certainty that there was any relationship between the Iraqis and the terrorists that were in Afghanistan, bin Laden? The administration said that there's a connection between those terrorist groups in Afghanistan and Iraq. Was there a basis for that?"

There was, as shown in the memo to the committee on which Levin serves. And much of the reporting comes from Clinton-era intelligence. Not that you would know this from Al Gore's recent public statements. Indeed, the former vice president claims to be privy to new "evidence" that the administration lied. In an August speech at New York University, Gore claimed: "The evidence now shows clearly that Saddam did not want to work with Osama bin Laden at all, much less give him weapons of mass destruction." Really?

One of the most interesting things to note about the 16-page memo is that it covers only a fraction of the evidence that will eventually be available to document the relationship between Iraq and al Qaeda. For one thing, both Saddam and bin Laden were desperate to keep their cooperation secret. (Remember, Iraqi intelligence used liquid paper on an internal intelligence document to conceal bin Laden's name.) For another, few people in the U.S. government are expressly looking for such links. There is no Iraq-al Qaeda equivalent of the CIA's 1,400-person Iraq Survey Group currently searching Iraq for weapons of mass destruction.

Instead, CIA and FBI officials are methodically reviewing Iraqi intelligence files that survived the three-week war last spring. These documents would cover several miles if laid end-to-end. And they are in Arabic. They include not only connections between bin Laden and Saddam, but also revolting details of the regime's long history of brutality. It will be a slow process.

So Feith's memo to the Senate Intelligence Committee is best viewed as sort of a "Cliff's Notes" version of the relationship. It contains the highlights, but it is far from exhaustive.

One example. The memo contains only one paragraph on Ahmed Hikmat Shakir, the Iraqi facilitator who escorted two September 11 hijackers through cus-

toms in Kuala Lumpur. U.S. intelligence agencies have extensive reporting on his activities before and after the September 11 hijacking. That they would include only this brief overview suggests the 16-page memo, extensive as it is, just skims the surface of the reporting on Iraq-al Qaeda connections.

Other intelligence reports indicate that Shakir whisked not one but two September 11 hijackers—Khalid al Midhar and Nawaq al Hamzi—through the passport and customs process upon their arrival in Kuala Lumpur on January 5, 2000. Shakir then traveled with the hijackers to the Kuala Lumpur Hotel where they met with Ramzi bin al Shibh, one of the masterminds of the September 11 plot. The meeting lasted three days. Shakir returned to work on January 9 and January 10, and never again.

Shakir got his airport job through a contact at the Iraqi Embassy. (Iraq routinely used its embassies as staging grounds for its intelligence operations; in some cases, more than half of the alleged "diplomats" were intelligence operatives.) The Iraqi embassy, not his employer, controlled Shakir's schedule. He was detained in Qatar on September 17, 2001. Authorities found in his possession contact information for terrorists involved in the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, the 1998 embassy bombings, the 2000 attack on the USS *Cole*, and the September 11 hijackings. The CIA had previous reporting that Shakir had received a phone call from the safe house where the 1993 World Trade Center attacks had been plotted.

The Qataris released Shakir shortly after his arrest. On October 21, 2001, he flew to Amman, Jordan, where he was to change planes to a flight to Baghdad. He didn't make that flight. Shakir was detained in Jordan for three months, where the CIA interrogated him. His interrogators concluded that Shakir had received extensive training in counter-interrogation techniques. Not long after he was detained, according to an official familiar with the intelligence, the Iraqi regime began to "pressure" Jordanian intelligence to release him. At the same time, Amnesty International complained that Shakir was being held without charge. The Jordanians released him on January 28, 2002, at which point he is believed to have fled back to Iraq.

Was Shakir an Iraqi agent? Does he provide a connection between Saddam Hussein and September 11? We don't know. We may someday find out.

But there can no longer be any serious argument about whether Saddam Hussein's Iraq worked with Osama bin Laden and al Qaeda to plot against Americans. ♦

The Ronald Reagan I Knew

A behind the scenes look at a consummate politician and statesman.

By Max M. Kampelman

The recent decision by CBS to cancel a television program about President Ronald Reagan because it was "not balanced" revealed that those who had created the program reflected a belief held by the left in American politics that Reagan was not capable of governing in a responsible manner. Although I am a longtime liberal Democrat in the Hubert Humphrey tradition, I feel compelled to share my personal experiences with President Reagan, which led me to a contrary conclusion.

My first meeting with Ronald Reagan took place in Palm Beach, Florida, in the winter of 1978. The occasion was a large fundraising dinner sponsored by the American Friends of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. I was the national chairman of the organization, and Governor Reagan was our speaker of the evening. We sat next to each other during the dinner, and as we began talking, he mentioned to me that he owned Israel Bonds.

When I told him of my former association with Humphrey, it was as if a bond suddenly formed between us. "Hubert was my good friend," he said, adding that Humphrey had on occasion spent the night at his executive mansion when in California. He told me that Humphrey had been very helpful to him when he was president of the Screen Actors Guild. "Hubert helped me a great deal as we fought the Communists," he said, and he told me that he and Humphrey had been among the organizers of the liberal anti-Communist Americans for Democratic Action (ADA). "Hubert would have made a great president," Reagan said. My wife and I now recall that shortly after we came to Washington in 1949, we were at the home of James Loeb, the national director of ADA. Our dinner was interrupted by a phone call from Ronald Reagan, then an actor. It was clear Jim considered him an ally.

In 1980, President Carter asked me to leave my law practice and accept a temporary diplomatic assignment at a 35-country meeting in Madrid of the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe. With the defeat of Carter and the election of Reagan in November, I properly submitted my resignation and happily prepared to return to private life. Much to my surprise, General Al Haig, whom I knew and who was designated as Reagan's secretary of state, telephoned me to say that both he and the president wanted me to remain in Madrid. I agreed. When I met with President Reagan shortly thereafter, he obviously recalled our earlier meeting in Florida.

During the more than two years in Madrid that followed my reappointment, I had a number of occasions to discuss with President Reagan the human rights issues that were on our Madrid agenda. The most significant of those occasions came toward the end of our negotiations. In late 1982, I reported to Secretary of State George Shultz that I saw signs the Soviets were eager to end the conference and were probably prepared to give us most of what we and our NATO colleagues were proposing for the final agreement and declaration. They had lost their battle to kill NATO's deployment of Pershing and cruise missiles, partly because of the severe criticisms of the Soviet Union coming out of the Madrid meeting. I told Secretary Shultz, however, that I was no longer satisfied with our demands, which primarily entailed verbal commitments. I felt we should demand the release of victims of Soviet repression, many of whom were in prison

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Corbis / Ronald T. Bennett

Kampelman with Reagan, Robert McFarlane, George Shultz, and George Bush, March 1985

or unable to obtain visas to leave the country. Secretary Shultz understood my concerns, but was surprised by my suggestions and pointed out that they would change the rules in the middle of the contest. As we talked further, his interest increased and he said that my proposal required a decision to be made above his pay grade. He called the president, and in a few minutes we were driving to the White House.

The president listened to my proposal carefully. I pointed out to him that our NATO partners as well as the Soviet Union would oppose the serious change I was proposing. Shultz predicted that all of NATO, particularly Germany, would oppose this change in our objectives for the Madrid meeting. The president listened carefully and then said, "George, you take care of [German foreign minister] Genscher should he call, and I will take care of the chancellor should he call me. I like Max's proposal."

The president then asked me how I would proceed, and I acknowledged that I had not arrived at a plan of action. But I explained that I knew it was important for me to talk to the KGB general who was in charge of the Soviet delegation. It was also very important that I not consult with our allies, primarily because our new demand would appear to be unattainable and likely to prolong the sessions, but also because publicity would make it much more difficult for the Soviets to accept my proposal.

The president interjected that he would like for me to make sure that the seven Russian Pentecostals who were in hiding in the American Embassy in Moscow were among those whose release we would insist upon. He informed me that he had told Soviet ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin that the release of the Pentecostals was essential if the Soviet government wanted to have better relations with the United States, but he had heard nothing more from the Russians on that subject.

As the secretary and I were leaving the president's office, the president went to his desk, opened a drawer, and took out some sheets of paper, which he gave me saying, "See what you can do about these people, Max." The list consisted of Soviet Jewish refuseniks, most of whom were in prison.

I now had my authority from the president. It took effort, but the KGB in Moscow finally accepted our proposal on the condition that we inform nobody, not even the Soviet ambassador in Washington. Hundreds of human rights victims, including the Pentecostals in the embassy and their Siberian relatives, were released from Soviet jails and permitted to leave the country. We did not inform our allies of the private negotiations. Neither the president nor the secretary of state publicized the arrangements, and the Madrid meeting came to a fruitful end after three years of talks.

Following my return to private life, the president became concerned by the fact that the American embassy was the only embassy in Moscow to station observers outside the Moscow synagogue every Friday night to discourage KGB hostility. He wrote personal letters to a number of European heads of state asking them to send an embassy official to join us outside the synagogue every Friday evening. He asked me to deliver those letters, and to add my urgings at sessions with the heads of state. He provided me with Air Force transportation. This, too, was never publicized.

There is one other event of interest that took place during the Madrid meeting, as I now think about Ronald Reagan the human being. On one of my return visits to Washington, I used the occasion of a meeting with George Shultz to make a proposal relating to the change of leadership that was taking place in Moscow. I sensed from dealings with my KGB colleague that the changes were potentially significant. The secretary listened carefully to my proposal, and then informed me that he had made a contrary recommendation to the president on the previous day. The idea was not a vital or strongly held one by me,

but Shultz continued to think about it and said that he felt that the president should hear my thoughts. He phoned the president's secretary and told me I had an appointment with the president the next morning at 9, a meeting he himself could not attend because of a scheduled breakfast with a number of congressmen.

At 9 the next morning I was escorted into the president's office. It was apparent that I was interrupting a staff meeting. The president explained that Shultz had suggested he listen to an idea from me. I presented it in summary form. White House chief of staff Jim Baker, saying that Shultz had made a contrary suggestion earlier in the week, said he agreed with Shultz and did not support my proposal. Ed Meese spoke up, as did two or three others in the room, all agreeing with Baker. I did not take this as a personal affront in any way, and had not expected to get even this far with my idea. But the president, sensing disappointment I did not feel, spoke up. "Don't pay any attention to these fellows, Max," he said. "Not a single one of them was ever a Democrat!"

Following my return to private life I learned from the press that I was being considered to serve as the head of the American delegation in negotiations with the Soviet Union on nuclear missile reductions and on missile defenses. I did not want the assignment and saw to it that my feelings were made known to Secretary Shultz. Nevertheless, in the midst of a talk I was making in Aspen, Colorado, to a Young Presidents' Organization meeting, I was interrupted to take a telephone call from the White House. On the phone were George Shultz and Caspar Weinberger, both of whom informed me that the president would be calling me in about ten minutes and that it was essential I accept the appointment to Geneva. The president called, and I reluctantly accepted. The next day, I was in Washington with the president, who informed me that I was the only person whom Shultz and Weinberger could agree upon to head the delegation to the Geneva talks. He also informed me I should be present at all National Security Council sessions whenever I was in Washington.

The first NSC meeting to which I was invited took place before the Geneva talks began. Weinberger informed the president that he had heard a disturbing report to the effect that Senator Robert Byrd, the Senate leader, was planning to introduce a resolution that would create a Senate Observer Group, which Weinberger felt would in effect take control of the Geneva negotiations. He asked the president to stop this interference with the president's constitutional powers. Others around the table agreed. At the end, the president asked me to comment, and I said that during my three years in Madrid I had found the Congress to be extremely helpful. The president expressed no opinion but directed me to meet with Senator Byrd.

During my meeting with the senator, he pointed out to me that any treaty arrived at would require ratification by the Senate. We proceeded to agree upon a set of rules that would govern my relationship with the Senate group. I welcomed their presence in Geneva as often as they could make it, though I could not permit them to sit in on any of the negotiations. I would, however, whenever the senators arrived, arrange for them to meet members of the Soviet delegation. The formula we agreed upon was reasonable and in no way interfered with my negotiating responsibilities. At the end of our constructive talk, the senator, believing that I was aware of the fact, mentioned that before he had introduced the resolution, he had telephoned President Reagan, who had encouraged him to proceed. The formula we worked on proved indispensable both during the negotiations and at the time the treaties were ratified by the Senate. The president never mentioned his discussion with Senator Byrd at the NSC meeting.

One other incident relating to the president's relationship with the Congress now comes to mind. On the morning of our departure for Geneva to begin the negotiations, the president arranged a large "send off" breakfast at the White House, to which he invited the bipartisan leadership of both houses of Congress. It was a pleasant and exciting event for me and my negotiating colleagues. The president good-humoredly noted my being a Democrat.

About a week later, I received a telephone call from Kenneth Dam, the deputy secretary of state, alerting me that I might be asked to return to Washington to lobby in favor of a proposal in Congress to acquire 23 MX missiles, a deeply controversial issue. I explained that this would undercut the bipartisan spirit that the president had expressed during our breakfast. Ken said that he and George Shultz agreed, but that Max Friedersdorf, the White House legislative director, felt that they were short of the necessary votes and my presence might be helpful. That Friday evening, Friedersdorf called me to say that the president would like for me to be at the White House at 7:30 on the following Monday morning.

When I arrived at the White House, the staff gave me a schedule of visits in the House of Representatives. Tip O'Neill, the speaker of the House, was not on the list, apparently because he was the source of the opposition to the MX. I said I would not set foot in the House until I could first talk to O'Neill. Staffers furiously looked for the speaker and found him at breakfast. He agreed to meet me. I had known him for a long time, and our conversation was excellent. He acknowledged his opposition to the pro-

posal and indicated that he had the votes to kill it, as the White House believed. I explained that I opposed unilateral U.S. action that was not met by reciprocal Soviet action. Why give up our MX missiles without receiving any missile reductions from the Soviets? This was the purpose of our negotiation in Geneva. O'Neill and I then talked in good fellowship about other broader matters, and I proceeded with the schedule provided to me by the White House staff.

I went back to the White House and met with the president. I told him that by the end of the day, I had indications that O'Neill had shifted some votes in our direction. The president immediately picked up the phone and called the speaker. What followed was totally surprising. I could hear only one side of the telephone conversation, but what I heard was two Irish friends cussing each other out and insulting each other freely and good-naturedly. The president thanked the speaker for greeting me and said that I had spoken well of O'Neill, which he said was a lapse in my good judgment. I recall him saying that I was demonstrating how a Democrat could be a patriot, and it was time for O'Neill to follow that example. He then thanked O'Neill for his assistance and winked at me, as we both proceeded to another meeting elsewhere in the White House. During that brief walk, the president made a point of identifying O'Neill with Democrats like Walter Reuther, David Dubinsky, and Hubert Humphrey. In the vote the next day, the 23 MX missiles were approved by a very narrow margin. O'Neill voted no.

When the president called O'Neill, what I heard was two Irish friends cussing each other out and insulting each other good-naturedly.

The first Reagan-Gorbachev summit took place in Geneva in November 1985, shortly after our missile negotiations began. I was not present at the summit, but I was present at the National Security Council meeting shortly thereafter where the president summarized his conversations. His theme was, "Maggie Thatcher was correct. We can do business with Gorbachev."

Following the Christmas break, when I returned to Geneva, Viktor Karpov, the head of the Soviet negotiating team, took me aside before we entered the negotiating room to say, "I want you to know that I have an instruction from our highest authority not to criticize your president." This was obviously a byproduct of the summit. He then smiled and said, "This does not include your secretary of defense."

Some years later I had the occasion to meet with Gorbachev and his capable interpreter. They explained to me that Soviet intelligence had informed Gorbachev before that first summit meeting that the president was old, not sophisticated in foreign affairs, and in fact a simple actor and cowboy. With that in mind, they prepared for the Geneva session. The weather was freezing cold. Gorbachev and his interpreter wore heavy winter coats and Russian fur hats, and drove to the meeting place. As their automobile arrived at the door, out came Reagan with a big smile and no coat or hat, energetically running out of the open door and down the steps to greet Gorbachev with obvious vitality. Instead of formalities, Reagan suggested a private one-on-one conversation at a small cottage near the lake, with no others present except interpreters. This apparently produced a successful initial exchange of views and objectives that impressed Gorbachev and laid a good foundation for the agreements arrived at later.

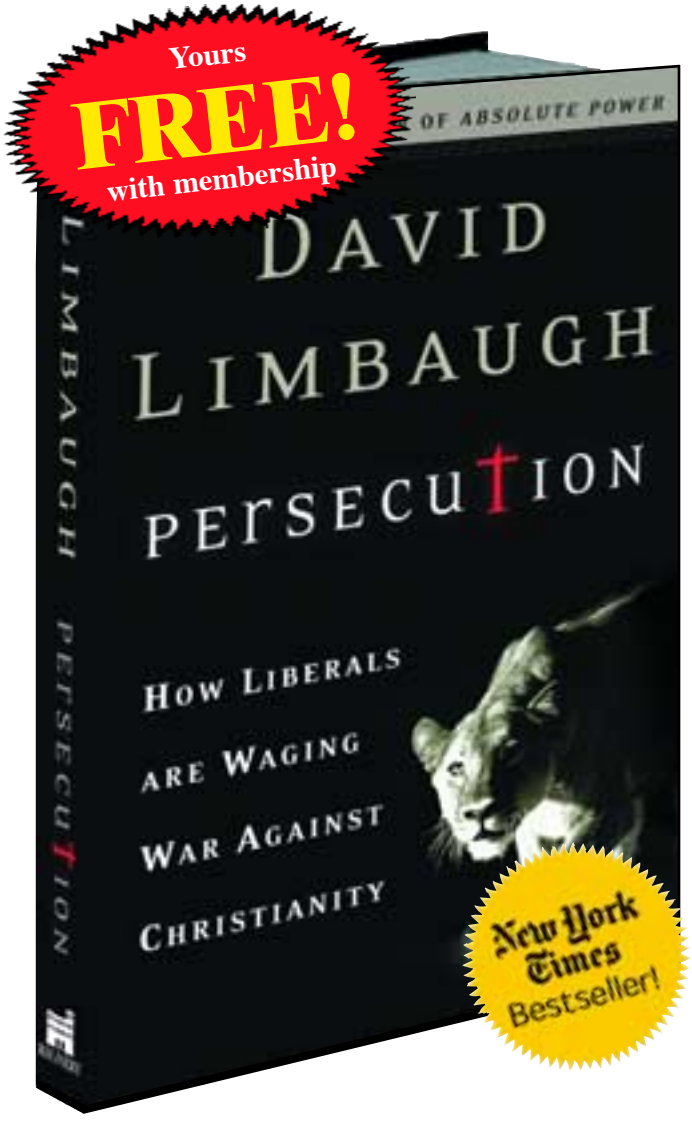
The nuclear negotiations that followed were, of course, complicated and detailed, but the atmosphere remained a constructive one over the years. The negotiations produced two treaties, the first ever reducing missiles in both countries. One treaty totally eliminated intermediate-range nuclear missiles, and the other provided for a reduction of approximately 50 percent in long-range strategic missiles.

It should be said here that in spite of strong concerns and opposition by both Democrats and Republicans in Congress and among experts in and out of government, a continued theme in Reagan's mind was the desirability of totally eliminating all nuclear missiles. To the best of my recollection, no member of his cabinet agreed with him, and I can think of no congressional leader who agreed with him. He came close to such an agreement, however, at the Iceland summit, but much to the relief of his cabinet and the congressional leaders of both parties, other differences at Reykjavik stood in the way.

The Ronald Reagan I knew and worked with had my respect and admiration. No American did more to undermine the brutalities of the Soviet Union and destroy the dictatorships of Eastern Europe. No American did more to spread the gift of democracy and respect for human dignity to people who had not enjoyed them. And no American did more to persuade our country that the spread of democracy and human rights to all peoples is the proper goal of the United States. That reality is not likely to be revealed or understood in the television program that CBS still plans to distribute next year. But the American people know who broke down the Berlin wall. ♦

CHRISTIANS PERSECUTED? IN AMERICA?

OPEN YOUR EYES—IT'S HAPPENING RIGHT NOW!



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Mickey Mouse at Seventy-Five

Disney's best character still survives.

By Garry Apgar

Henry Ditz / CORBIS

Mickey Mouse turned seventy-five this year—although you'd hardly know it from the studied lack of attention the Disney corporation has granted the occasion. Mickey was born at a brutal meeting in New York in March 1928, when a Universal Pictures executive muscled Walt Disney out of a contract for a modestly successful series called *Oswald the Lucky Rabbit*. Disney needed a fresh idea quickly—and, according to the legend, came up at least partially with the idea of the mouse on the long train trip back to his studio in Los Angeles.

In fact, Disney was almost destined to pick a mouse for his new project. Animated cartoon protagonists in 1928 were invariably cuddly, furry animals. Rabbits and cats were already spoken for, thanks to Oswald and Felix the Cat. But mice were available for a starring role, although they had played minor parts in such 1920s work as Paul Terry's *Farmer Al Falfa* cartoons, the *Oswald the Lucky Rabbit* films, and an earlier Disney series, the *Alice Comedies*. Disney later claimed that Mickey stemmed from his fondness for a mouse that kept him company while he worked—a tale that reeks of revisionist history. But a handmade birthday card adorned with what would prove cartoon prototypes of the early Mickey, given by Disney to his father in 1926, confirms a genuine affinity on his part.

Mickey Mouse made his debut on a Sunday afternoon, November 18, 1928, at Manhattan's Colony Theatre on 53rd Street and Broadway. The six-minute one-reeler, "Steamboat Willie," appeared on a bill that boasted music by Ben Bernie and His Famous Orchestra, live stage acts, and a Pathé newsreel with sound. In its *New York Times* ad, the Colony Theatre touted "Steamboat Willie" as the "*FIRST and ONLY* synchronized-sound animated cartoon comedy." The nominal highlight of the day was a now-forgotten feature film called *Gang War*, with Olive Borden and Jack Pickford, the brother of America's Sweetheart, Mary Pickford.

In his review the next day, the *Times* critic Mordaunt Hall called the Borden-Pickford film "better than the majority of its ilk." But Hall swooned over the mouse: "On the same program is the first

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Garry Apgar is coauthor of The Newspaper in Art *and is working on a book about Mickey Mouse as a cultural icon.*

sound cartoon, produced by Walter Disney, creator of 'Oswald the Rabbit.' This current film is called 'Steamboat Willie,' and it introduces a new cartoon character, henceforth to be known as 'Micky Mouse' [sic]. It is an ingenious piece of work with a good deal of fun. It growls, whines, squeaks and makes various other sounds that add to its mirthful quality." Disney's pint-sized hero was an immediate hit, and for years thereafter the *New York Times* was one of Disney's biggest boosters. (Between 1934 and 1937, Mickey Mouse rated three pieces in the *Times*'s Sunday magazine, one of them illustrated by Al Hirschfeld.)

But Mickey at the beginning was not as anodyne as he later became. He was a scamp who pressed a sow's teats to make music in "Steamboat Willie" and put unwanted moves on Minnie in "Plane Crazy" (also 1928). And unlike the snobs of today, seventy years ago the intelligentsia idolized Walt Disney and his frisky alter ego. In the first highbrow analysis of the mouse, "Mickey and Minnie," published in the *Spectator* in 1934, E.M. Forster lauded "a scandalous element" in the character that "I find most restful." Charlie Chaplin, Sergei Eisenstein, and pop-culture maven Gilbert Seldes also were public in their praise.

In the 1930s, Mickey began to crop up in popular songs like Cole Porter's "You're the Top" (*You're a Bendel bonnet, a Shakespeare sonnet, / You're Mickey Mouse*) and films like *Bringing Up Baby* (when Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn are mistaken for bank robbers and ordered to name their accomplices, Grant retorts: "Mickey-the-Mouse and Donald-the-Duck"). In 1932 Thomas Hart Benton inserted the mouse in a set of murals painted for the library of the Whitney Museum in lower Manhattan (when the Whitney moved uptown the panels wound up at the New Britain Museum of American Art). In 1933, a display of Mickey and other Disney animation art at New York's Kennedy Galleries was transformed by the College Art Association into a show that began a national tour at the Art Institute of Chicago, where it was feted at a gala soirée presided over by two of the town's grandest dames, Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Chauncey McCormick. Disney-and-Mickey exhibitions were seen at the Toledo, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Dallas, and Los Angeles County museums, among other venues.

Mickey Mouse has touched America in myriad ways since his inception. Children gobbled up anything with his or Minnie's face on it, from school supplies and plush toys to sweets and milk. During the Depression, he almost singlehandedly saved Lionel Trains and Ingersoll-Waterbury from bankruptcy, with the Mickey-and-Minnie handcar and Mickey Mouse wristwatch. Mickey and his maker may have been responsible at this time for the rise of the modern phenomenon of year-round marketing aimed at kids. In 1944, "Mickey Mouse" was the password for the Normandy invasion.

Mickey Mouse in Black and White
Walt Disney Treasures
Disney DVD (two-disc set), $34.98

Mickey Mouse in Living Color
Walt Disney Treasures
Disney DVD (two-disc set), $34.98

Mickey Mouse
The Evolution, The Legend, The Phenomenon!
by Robert Heide and John Gilman, et al.
Disney, 192 pp., $35

The Disney Treasures
by Robert Tieman
Disney, 64 pp. with audio CD, $60

After World War II, Mickey reentered high art, starting in 1948 with a satirical collage by Eduardo Paolozzi. But it was the Pop artists (notably Roy Lichtenstein, Claes Oldenburg, and Andy Warhol) who established him as a common motif in contemporary art, inspiring the likes of Keith Haring, Dennis Oppenheim, Michael Sandle, Enrique Chagoya, Takashi Murakami, Joyce Pensato, and Philip Pearlstein to follow suit. One might add that as a boy Kurt Cobain was fond of drawing Mickey, and once, when photo-realist Chuck Close had to convince some kids that he was a "real" artist, he dashed off a picture of the mouse. By the millions, Americans invoke his beneficent powers by donning Mickey T-shirts and trekking to Orlando for an obligatory pose with the mouse.

In light of all this, what is the Disney corporation doing on the diamond jubilee of its founder's signature character? Not much, it turns out. Rumor has it that the company doesn't want to make a fuss, fearing that kids will perceive the rodent as long in the tooth. Over the years, he has been accused of many things (the movie critic Richard Schickel once ranted in a letter to the editor of *Playboy*: "If fascism ever comes to America, it will probably be wearing mouse ears"). But now, apparently, Mickey Mouse is a victim of ageism—by his own minders.

Fortunately, for those who wish to toast the übermaus of cartoondom, two DVD compilations and a pair of books are at hand. The anthologies offer a generous sampling of films from Mickey's first decade, many of them long forgotten or unavailable on VHS. *Mickey Mouse in Black and White* contains thirty-four of Mickey's seventy-four cartoons from 1928 to 1935, all of which are still funny. One revelation of the pre-color films is Disney's imaginative use of song. In fact, a detailed review of Disney shorts from 1928 through the mid-1930s (when orchestrations started to rely on staff-written melodies) would reveal an extremely broad cross-section of American popular music, from traditional ballads, patriotic anthems and minstrelsy to vaudeville, ragtime, jazz, and Tin Pan Alley compositions—with a dash of classical to boot.

"Mickey's Follies" (1929) is basically plotless, just a barnyard revue with fare as varied as "Swanee River," a rooster and hen doing an Apache dance, and a sow singing "O Solo Mio." In "The Gorilla Mystery" (1930) Minnie sings and plays on the piano a now tender, now wildly syncopated treatment of the Irving Berlin and Hoagy Carmichael tune "All Alone (By the Telephone)." In "Mickey Cuts Up" (1931), the action kicks off with the mouse rhythmically

mowing the lawn to "Shine," a number previously recorded by Louis Armstrong and reprised, a decade later, by Dooley Wilson in *Casablanca*.

"The Birthday Party" (1931) is one of Walt Disney's most delightful unions of art and music. A surprise shindig for Mickey is a pretext for nonstop song and dance, starting with Mickey and Minnie in a dueling-piano version of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" (a hit from 1928 that resurfaced a decade later in *Bringing Up Baby*). Next, Mickey, Minnie, and friends do the Charleston to the "Darktown Strutters Ball," and then Mickey gives a soulful rendition of "Home, Sweet Home" on the xylophone. The climax is a rousing version of "Muskrat Ramble," in which the mouse tickles the ivories with his fanny.

The DVD set *Mickey Mouse in Living Color* showcases all twenty-six Technicolor shorts from 1935 to 1938, including the first and possibly finest: "The Band Concert," featuring Mickey as a Music Man, in a baggy uniform, who conducts six barnyard amateurs in an outdoor program of classical fare. Disney's mastery of color shows clearly. The saturated hues of the band costumes are enhanced by the soft pastoral background drawing and Mickey's face and gloved hands, which retain their crisp black-and-white purity, contrast superbly with his crimson suit festooned with lush green trim, gold braid, and buttons.

Donald Duck—in a turn that made him an overnight star—appears early on as a vendor hawking snacks. As the players tackle the "William Tell Overture," the irascible bird determines to steal the show by pulling out a fife and playing "Turkey in the Straw." Mickey perseveres, however, snatching and breaking the instrument in two—although Donald, it turns out, has a boundless supply up his sleeve. As the musicians heave into the "Storm" movement, a tornado arrives and the crowd runs for cover. Oblivious to the turmoil, the band plays on, lifted up and transported acrobatically through an aerial obstacle course of chairs, a farmhouse, and diverse debris, before it is deposited safely back on terra firma. But no one is left to witness the group's tenacity and the duck has the last laugh when he pipes one final riff on his fife.

Bettmann / CORBIS

Walt Disney and his wife sled with Mickey Mouse in 1933.

"The Band Concert" caused Gilbert Seldes to write:

> I am afraid there are still two or three of Disney's works which I have missed, but I think I have seen all of the great ones and after two years it is still my judgment that the *Band Concert* is Disney's greatest single work and I doubt very much whether half a dozen works produced in America at the same time in all the other arts can stand comparison with this one. What Mr. Henry James might have called the "dazzling, damning apparition" of Donald Duck in this picture is only a small part of its glory. I know of no other Mickey Mouse in which all the elements are so miraculously blended.

A second highlight in this compilation is "Lonesome Ghosts" (1937), which inspired the 1984 Hollywood comedy *Ghostbusters*. By the late 1930s, however, Mickey was much tamer than he had been a just few years before—and more manic cartoon characters such as Bugs Bunny began to eclipse him at the box office.

In a few weeks, a second Disney DVD set will be released: *Mickey Mouse in Living Color (Part 2)*, featuring all twenty-one color shorts from 1939 to 1953 (the thirty-year drought of Mickey Mouse cartoons began in 1953). It can only be hoped that the remaining black-and-white cartoons will be released, too, among them, one of Forster's favorites: "Mickey in Arabia," wherein the mouse and his paramour, in Forster's words, "strolled with their kodaks through an oriental bazaar, snapping this and that, while their camel drank beer and galloped off on both its humps across the desert."

Mickey Mouse was always a means toward an end for Disney. That was clearly the case in his role as the sorcerer's apprentice in the ambitious 1940 melange of art and music, *Fantasia* (also now on DVD). *Fantasia* lost money because many foreign markets were cut off during World War II, and after the war, Mickey was finished on the movie screen. But his career revived when the *Mickey Mouse Club* television show, with its famous Mouseketeers, was launched in 1955. Disneyland was inaugurated in 1955 as well, and it has largely been via the Mouseketeers in their various permutations and the theme parks that Mickey's loaded sociocultural image has remained embedded in our lives.

As a complement to Mickey's film career, now accessible on DVD, two books from Disney give a taste of his multiple transformations and critical fortunes over the past seventy-five years—even though, like most Disney publications, they are more satisfying pictorially than textually. Robert Heide and John Gilman's *Mickey Mouse: The Evolution, The Legend, The Phenomenon!* is full of illustrations ranging from storyboard art for "Steamboat Willie" to movie posters, memorabilia, and ads

Library of Congress

Grossman's 1967 cartoon of Reagan as Mickey.

for Mouseketeer ears. Short on original research, its brief, readable text follows the company line of wholesomeness and good cheer—with no mention of Seldes or Forster, much less the way Mickey has become a standard trope for the evils of America.

The studio's vast storehouse of original art, archival materials, and merchandising tie-ins has been exploited more impressively in *The Disney Treasures* by Robert Tieman, manager of the Walt Disney Archives. Although just sixty-four pages long and devoted to the entirety of Walt Disney's life and career, it's full of mouse-related photos and pop-out and pullout memorabilia—including facsimile reproductions of a theater program from the maiden run of "Steamboat Willie" in New York, Mickey's first color comic strip from 1932, a children's magazine from 1935 distributed by dairies around the country, and an audio CD with a folksy eleven-minute track of Walt Disney recounting "The Story of Mickey Mouse" for Mickey's twentieth birthday.

These books will appeal mainly to Disney freaks or nostalgia buffs. But there are aspects of Mickey's story that officially sanctioned historiographers cannot confront. Naturally, Walt Disney's figure lends itself to visual parody. He has been spoofed in the *New Yorker* (and on its cover by Saul Steinberg as a malevolent emblem of "Amerika"), mocked in *Mad* magazine as "Mickey Rodent" and as Mickey's "evil twin," Rat Fink, by Ed "Big Daddy" Roth.

Then, too, Mickey has been flogged for over thirty years as a symbol of American cultural and military imperialism. "One of the most disastrous cultural influences ever to hit America," is how James Michener characterized him in 1968. Last spring, Kurt Vonnegut decried the Republicans "who have taken over our federal government, and hence the world, by means of a Mickey Mouse coup d'état." Such cant is echoed in a cartoon by Robert Grossman from 1967, depicting a chipper Ronald Reagan as Mickey Mouse—neither of whom, one may suppose, would mind the visual simile. After all, Reagan cohosted the televised opening of Disneyland, and Walt Disney was a staunch Goldwater Republican.

The unprecedented extent to which Mickey has permeated our culture reflects the dizzying ascent of movies, cartoons, and other forms of popular entertainment that Gilbert Seldes called the "lively arts." As Alfred Eckes and Thomas Zeiler point out in their new book, *Globalization and the American Century*, by the late 1930s Hollywood accounted for "over 70 percent of the world's screen time," leading *Variety* to claim that American films were the "subtlest and most efficient form of propaganda any nation has ever had at its command." Eckes and Zeiler add that Disney's cartoons, and Mickey Mouse in particular, were "perhaps the most successful American film exports in the 1930s."

At the close of his caustic biography, *The Disney Version: The Life, Times, Art and Commerce of Walt Disney* (1968), Richard Schickel especially stressed Disney's "significance as a primary force in the expression and formulation of the American mass consciousness."

The Disney vision of America was not without its failings—rank sentimentality, crass commercialism, and so forth. But, in Schickel's view, Disney's flaws were those of an entire country, and they were balanced by virtues that he shared with his compatriots: "his individualism, his will to survive, his appreciation of the possibilities inherent in technological progress, despite the bad odor it gives off today. . . . It is culturally blind not to see that Disney was a forceful and, in his special way, imaginative worker in this, our only great tradition. . . . The industrial and entrepreneurial tradition that both moved and sheltered him was neither more nor less flawed than he was."

If any single product of Disney's dream factory embodies his vision, it is his iconic little mouse.

Of course, to be truly "iconic" requires more than mere celebrity or invasive familiarity. The word itself comes from the term for standardized portraits of sacred figures in Greek Orthodox art. Even today, properly employed, it suggests something touched by a vital spark that provides comfort and meaningful connectedness. Such hallowed figures inevitably invite derision as well as approbation. Disney's protean creation continues to captivate the masses—and provoke the creative mind—in part because Mickey Mouse personifies the drive, optimism, and relentless quest for happiness that are core traits of America. Besides, he was funny. ♦

Alain Noques / CORBIS SYGMA

Machiavelli's War

From the Art of War *to the revolution in military affairs.* BY JACQUELINE NEWMYER

The war on terror poses novel challenges. And as we wage it, the United States is undergoing a revolution in military affairs that requires us to adjust our defense posture in light of new capabilities. But it would be wrong to conclude that the past offers no guide—for something similar happened in sixteenth-century Italy, and the town of Florence produced a genius to help explain it. Machiavelli's *Art of War*, newly translated by Christopher Lynch, arrives at an opportune moment.

Art Resource, NY.

Art of War
by Niccoló Machiavelli
translated by Christopher Lynch
Univ. of Chicago Press, 312 pp., $25

Thanks to peremptory dismissals by most scholars of strategy and to the lack of interest of political theorists, the only work Machiavelli published in his lifetime may be his least-read book today. Military historians, for instance, typically consider the book's author a thoroughgoing apologist for ancient practices, incapable of appreciating the significance of modern advances in weapons and tactics.

Lynch argues convincingly that *Art of War*'s detractors have failed to approach the text in the right way. Because it is written not as a treatise but as a dialogue, the *Art of War* demands interpretive labor from the reader—for which Lynch's notes and accompanying essays prove very helpful.

Lynch cites Machiavelli's other works as evidence for his disapproval of the backward-looking humanists of his day and analyzes the descriptions of the dialogue's characters for clues about Machiavelli's judgment of them. Machiavelli's view of antiquity was not rosy, Lynch insists. In the *Art of War*, as in Machiavelli's more familiar *Prince* and *Discourses on Livy*, historical examples serve to illuminate the predicament of his native Florence, but the past offers both positive and negative examples. While Fabrizio Colonna, the chief speaker of the *Art of War*, refers admiringly to the customs of the ancient Romans, he recommends imitating them only "in the strong and harsh things, not in the delicate and soft ones" and distinguishes "the true and perfect antiquity" from "the false and corrupt one." Further, none of the dialogue's characters, not even Fabrizio, can be assumed to speak for Machiavelli. Instead, the dialogue tests arguments and counter-arguments for rival views—some dear to Machiavelli and some repugnant—about how a state must be organized to defend itself.

The result is a work that goes to the heart of today's military-political dilemmas. In explaining the current revolution in military affairs, defense analysts typically speak of technological innovations and novel uses for old technologies, ranging from hardware (such as precision-guided munitions, unmanned aerial vehicles, and directed-energy weapons) to operational and tactical arrangements (such as networking special operations forces on the ground with bomber pilots and central command). But the revolution also contains a moral and political dimension—and in this regard, it bears remarkable similarity to the one heralded by Machiavelli.

During the 1990s, some proponents of the revolution in military affairs rued the failure of politicians and Pentagon officials to adapt America's defenses to the post-Cold War world. Under President Clinton, the military was increasingly deployed for peace-seeking and peacekeeping missions. The soldiers sometimes objected, on the grounds that they had enlisted and received training to be soldiers, not nation-builders or civil police. But most Americans agreed that humanitarian missions were an appropriate use of our sizable defense resources. Meanwhile, however, the need to adjust—particularly in the training, equipping, and stationing of troops—to confront new kinds of threats and aggressors was largely neglected.

That is, until Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld took office and made waves by championing "transformation." Rumsfeld's determination aroused such animosity within the defense establishment that pundits had him pegged as the cabinet member who would be forced out first. But the terrorist attacks of September 11 changed all that. The general population supported retaliatory action against the Taliban and a war to oust the rogue, terrorist-harboring regime of Saddam Hussein. At Rumsfeld's urging, soldiers in Afghanistan and Iraq employed the most advanced weapons systems and techniques.

Machiavelli is no help in debates over how many troops should be stationed in Iraq or whether traditionally trained soldiers should be serving as nation-builders and counter-saboteurs. But these flash points are bound up

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Art Resource, NY.

An anonymous painting of a festival in Florence's Piazza Signoria.

with a broader debate to which Machiavelli has much to contribute: the internal pressures on a state at war and the state's obligations to other powers, or what we today call the international community. This set of concerns implicates not just America's military capabilities but also the nation's moral principles and political priorities.

The subject of the *Art of War*, announced in Machiavelli's preface, is the conflict between two ways of orienting a state: the civil and the military. Fabrizio's association of antiquity with the military mode—and his denunciation of the soft, civil ways of contemporary Florence—has contributed to the *Art of War*'s reputation as an encomium to classical civilization, but this association is not clear cut. As the conversation unfolds, Fabrizio explains the unenviable aspects of antiquity.

When Rome was in its prime, its citizens served as soldiers—a practice that inculcated robust patriotism. Eventually, however, prosperity and the absence of serious military challenges allowed the ascent of mediocre emperors. Fear of popular insurrection led these weak leaders to abolish the militia, replacing citizen-soldiers with hired guns. Soon, the leaders found themselves at the mercy of their mercenary captains, and thus the state collapsed from within, or as Fabrizio recounts, "Sometimes it happened that there were many emperors created by various armies, from which proceeded the first division of the Empire and ultimately its ruin." Internally weak, Rome was susceptible to Christianity's message.

In his *Prince* and *Discourses*, Machiavelli depicts Christianity as a sweeping power wielding a universal claim about peace and justice. In the *Art of War*, Fabrizio advances a similar argument: Christian faith disarms men, turning their minds from the mortal realm, where martial strength and virtue are rewarded, to the immortal sphere. Heaven houses those who live righteously, not those who save their skin in combat.

Machiavelli's focus on the Romans rather than the Christians suggests that he intends his Church history to be taken not just literally but also figuratively. Christianity represents a force that can undermine a polity by propagating a universal claim. By focusing on what people share with all of humanity, this claim tends to cast particular ties—the bonds of family, community, and country—in a subordinate position. It degrades local politics as it exalts a global ethic of peace and justice.

One could reject Machiavelli's sinister portrayal and still appreciate the larger point: Superpowers contain the seeds of their own undoing, and one means of defeating them is to induce them to embrace a universal claim at odds with military necessity.

As Machiavelli states famously in *The Prince*, "There is so great a distance between how one lives and how one ought to live that he who rejects what people do in favor of what one ought to do brings about his ruin rather than his preservation; for a man who wishes to do in every matter what is good, will be ruined among those who are not good."

In our time, international law and the institution that embodies our aspirations for it, the United Nations, urge the United States to subject national security decisions to the will of the United Nations. This message is attractive because most Americans share the presumption that military action is a last resort and that differences should be resolved through law and diplomacy whenever that is possible.

And yet, when cast as part of a universal claim about how the world not only should but actually does operate, the inflexible insistence on negotiation and the ceding of national sovereignty can do harm. The danger lies in the belief that law and diplomacy can become a substitute for, or eliminate the necessity of, military readiness in a world of rogue states and actors who themselves know no law.

Machiavelli does not urge an excessive respect for human rights and the dignity of the individual—universal claims fortified by the Christianity he condemns. Judging by its protection of human rights and the individual, the liberal democratic nation-state has proven better than all other regimes that have been tried.

But if Machiavelli's works bear the mark of a pre-liberal age, his thought also transcends his age, not least his timeless warning about ideologies that, in the name of abstract principles, ask us to refrain from defending and strengthening the nation in which we actually live. ♦

Mastering the Seas

Hollywood does justice to Patrick O'Brian's naval saga. **BY JONATHAN FOREMAN**

Devotees of Patrick O'Brian's celebrated series of historical novels are likely to be not just relieved but delighted by Peter Weir's beautiful film *Master and Commander: The Far Side of the World*.

They had reason to be worried at the prospect of a Hollywood version of the beloved Aubrey-Maturin novels. The twenty-volume series, set during the Napoleonic wars, mostly aboard British naval vessels on the high seas, is too literary and language driven, its humor too subtle and dry, to be promising movie material (although you can just about imagine a *Masterpiece Theater*-style miniseries). Worse, the stories form a fairly tight chronological sequence, and the title of Weir's film combines the titles of O'Brian's first and tenth books in a worrisome way.

All of which means that Weir's *Master and Commander* is a small miracle: a genuine achievement in literary adaptation. For all its beauty and excitement, there isn't a movie-ish moment in the movie. Every scene demonstrates a restraint and intelligence that accord with the spirit of O'Brian's work.

Perhaps the most important thing to point out to non-initiates is the Aubrey-Maturin books are not precisely "genre fiction," the pejorative term of literary snobbery used to damn even the best detective, science-fiction, western, and romance novels. They are not maritime adventures (in England there are whole sections of bookshops devoted to the genre) like the Hornblower stories of C.S. Forester (although these are underrated and inspired a very good British television series), Dudley Pope, and Alexander Kent. Rather, as Richard Snow wrote in the *New York Times* essay that introduced O'Brian to a wider public, these novels are arguably "the best historical fiction ever written."

The maritime setting is extremely important, and the books are full of authentic technical detail comprehensible only to the most educated sailor (O'Brian was steeped in eighteenth-century maritime lore and literature). But they are also works of brilliant imagination. (O'Brian's imagination was so rich, it flowed into his accounts of his own life.) The books are really about the unlikely friendship of two men: a bluff English sea captain named Jack Aubrey, and Dr. Stephen Maturin, a half-Irish, half-Catalan ship's surgeon who is also a brilliant naturalist, a laudanum addict, and a secret agent for the British admiralty. Three things unite this pair: a love of music, a devotion to the war against Bonaparte, and a mutual admiration. The books are considerably less accessible and more learned than most historical fiction. But soon after Norton reissued the series in 1990—to be championed by such writers as Snow, Mark Horowitz, and John Bayley—they began to win a remarkably large audience.

O'Brian writes in an invented language that sounds like eighteenth-century English—although, as you can tell if you compare it with the language of Smollet and Fielding, it's really a brilliant pastiche composed of slightly archaic vocabulary and syntax interspersed with genuine expressions of the era. One of O'Brian's signature techniques is his eccentric, elastic sense of time, accelerating and slowing down in sometimes unpredictable ways. A teasing charm of the books is the way O'Brian takes the reader in great detail to the beginning of a battle—and then cuts to its aftermath, so that you discover how it all worked out in casual remarks at a gunroom dinner.

Perhaps of necessity, this style of storytelling is not mirrored by the film. Nevertheless, that a major movie studio—one every bit as guilty of crassness, greed, and cynicism as its brethren—would risk more than a hundred million dollars on a film like this, with little concession to mass taste or political correctness, is astonishing. Hollywood hasn't seen as high-minded a gamble in thirty years.

The success of Peter Weir's adaptation (he cowrote the screenplay with John Collee) is all the more remarkable given that it is built on enormous excisions, not the least its marvelous dry humor and love of language. Huge aspects of the Aubrey-Maturin series are missing. The Maturin character in particular is simplified and shrunk by the movie: He occupies much less screen time than Aubrey and he is made to seem almost a quasi-pacifist as well as a landsman troubled by the harshness of naval discipline. As a skeptical man of the Enlightenment, the literary Maturin is supposed to represent modern sensibility in the novels, but there are important ways in which O'Brian intends him as very much a man of his time. What modern physician would admit that he cannot wait to feel bone under his saw or has taken part in some thirty duels? (British actor Paul Bettany, the real casting gamble in the movie, turns out to make a surprisingly fine Dr. Maturin—although he is certainly not "small, dark, and ill-favored," and the film makes him a secondary character rather than co-equal of Jack.)

It's also a shame that there are no women in the movie. O'Brian's favorite author was Jane Austen (the second novel in the series, *Post Captain*, includes some brilliant Austen pastiche), and he was much interested in matters of sex, love, jealousy, and marriage. The Diana Villiers character in the novels, a divorced woman who

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Twentieth-Century Fox / Universal Studios / Miramax

Russell Crowe as Jack Aubrey in Master and Commander.

becomes Jack's lover and at one point Stephen's wife, is a fascinating creation: Thackeray's Becky Sharp wandered into a Jane Austen world.

Of course, if you haven't read the books, you won't notice her omission. Perhaps a more important flaw in the film is the inadequate and sometimes confusing way it depicts the technical challenges of naval warfare in this period. A sequence that involves disguising Aubrey's HMS *Surprise* as a civilian vessel confused even a naval historian in the screening I attended. And it was obvious that non-nautical members of the audience didn't entirely understand what was going on in one scene when the ship's boats had to tow it out of danger, or in another why a sailor clinging to wreckage being dragged along behind the ship had to be abandoned to his death.

Even more important, the film fails to explain effectively the basics of naval gunnery: aiming when the hull is up on a wave or down in a trough or the difference between independent firing and broadsides. Still, Weir's *Master and Commander* captures the terrifying nature of this period's naval warfare with more realism than any of the swashbuckling movies of the past. And it does this without compromising the romance of tall ships. Indeed it's a film of remarkable visual beauty that gives a real sense of the amazing elegant intricacy of square-rigged ships—for centuries the most complicated machines in the world—and their fragility.

Both the largeness of the sea (and its perils, especially in the sequence set near Cape Horn) and the smallness of the wooden world are made to feel wonderfully real. O'Brian was rigorous in his recreation of the social world of the early-nineteenth-century Royal Navy.

This, by the way, was an era when it was still very much a meritocratic service, with seamen rising "through the hawse hole" to become officers, and men of talent but little "interest" in the sense of social rank or political connection rising high based on ability and achievement. In the royal navy, unlike the British army, you could not purchase a commission—perhaps because the navy was so much more important to national security.

And unlike so many of its Hollywood predecessors, *Master and Commander* cuts almost no corners when it comes to period authenticity. It is filled with the kind of period detail and atmosphere that O'Brian reveled in: the songs sung at boozy dinners at the captain's table, and the jigs danced in the crowded decks below, and the grisly surgeries practiced after battle.

Nor do you ever forget that the sailors in Jack Aubrey's claustrophobic little ship are constantly at war with nature in the form of storms, calms, and disease, even when they are not engaged in hand-to-hand fighting with axes and cutlasses or enduring the horrors of a broadside.

This helps explain why the mariners live under such harsh discipline—the redcoated marines were on board as much to maintain the captain's law as to snipe at the enemy. And to its credit the film has a sense of something that O'Brian makes much of: that there was more give and take in the relationship of captain and crew than maritime law would suggest. An unhappy crew had various ways of making its displeasure known short of the capital crime of mutiny, including the communicative practice of rolling shot: letting loose cannon balls roll thunderously and dangerously around on the deck while the officers took their supper below.

Weir has run with O'Brian's particular interest in leadership and the moral courage required by command. The film begins with two young midshipmen keeping watch in the fog. One of them, the officer of the watch, thinks he sees the shape of a ship in the distance but hesitates when it comes to sounding the alarm. This young man's lack of natural leadership becomes more and more of an issue until it begins to undermine morale. After it has a fatal result, Weir's Aubrey makes a wonderful, moving, newly invented speech remarking that "we do not all become the men we hoped to be."

This brings us to the film's central performance by Russell Crowe, an actor whose reputation for boorish behavior in his private life has distracted people from his spectacular talents. Aubrey isn't perhaps a role as complex as his marvelous work in *A Beautiful Mind*, *L.A. Confidential*, or *The Insider*, but Crowe's performance is again wonderfully quiet and unshowy. He almost effortlessly conveys both Aubrey's talent for leadership and his very eighteenth-century physical vigor (despite being physically less imposing than his literary model).

O'Brian's Aubrey is very much a "Jack ashore"—clueless about human motivation and generally feckless when not at sea. In his own element on the other hand, he is a supremely competent predator, extremely aggressive in the way of his hero, Nelson, and his model Lord Cochrane. He's also a Tory Englishman of the ebullient pre-Victorian type with large appetites for food, liquor, women, money—this was both an honor culture and a thoroughly commercial one—and, of course, battle. Though not particularly well educated or literary (his favorite line of verse is penned by one of his sailors: *the impervious horror of a leeward shore*), by the end of the series he's revealed to be an accomplished astronomer and mathematician.

It hardly needs to be said that there really were men like Aubrey in those

The Standard Reader

Long Songs

You have to love Dana Gioia for what he's trying to do with the National Endowment for the Arts. Earlier this year, I watched him begin a presentation on the endowment's budget by reading one of Longfellow's poems—I think it was that classic of American sententiousness, "Psalm of Life": *Art is long, and Time is fleeting, / And our hearts, though stout and brave, / Still, like muffled drums, are beating / Funeral marches to the grave*.

Of course, we all need reminding that our hearts are mostly keeping rhythm for the Grim Reaper, and perhaps budget analysts especially need it—*For the soul is dead that slumbers*, as Longfellow observes, *And things are not what they seem*. Still, the audience can't entirely be blamed for its stolid reaction. Art really can be long—long, long, *long*—as I found last week when an NEA reception began with a performance of five American art songs.

Why is the setting of poetry to music so dreary? Something there is in poetry that doesn't want to be lyrics, and every one of the performances sounded like an extended introduction to a Broadway tune—without the tune.

The Europeans, of course, do this better. And yet, German art songs may seem so good to us precisely because they are *German*: sung in our non-native tongue, where we don't hear the poetry to the same degree. Robert Hillyer wrote a fine little poem called "Early in the Morning," Ned Rorem set it to music in a beautiful piece, the singer I heard performed it well—and the result of all this talent was somehow a diminishment. The words matter too much for music, and the music sings too well for the words.

There's a funny passage in the *Republic* in which Socrates imagines someone demanding that we paint statues' eyes purple, since purple is the most beautiful color and eyes the most beautiful part of the body. I've always thought art songs make the same mistake—which may be why the tradition of American art songs has gone the way of morris dancing and tea-cup painting.

Maybe Longfellow had it backwards: Art can be the fleeting thing, and, man, can time seem long.

—J. Bottum

extraordinary days, and they accomplished a great deal, especially when they worked in conjunction with men as clever and curious as Stephen Maturin. And so did the royal navy. Although there are moments in the film when you could be watching almost any submarine movie—or science-fiction spaceship analogue—it's interesting to remember that it was this form of military community that shaped an empire remarkably compatible with liberty. It's significant that it was square-rigged ships that gave the Christian West a major advantage over its Ottoman and other Eastern rivals—for while you can win an empire with a navy, you cannot crush your own peasants with one.

There are other fine performances in Weir's *Master and Commander*. Max Pirkis, who plays a midshipman, was apparently eleven years old when the film was shot, although he appears to be a year or two older. Eleven-year-olds really did serve as midshipmen (essentially apprentice officers) and under some conditions took on great responsibility. Pirkis arguably steals the movie, and does so with a character faithful to O'Brian's vision of a lost but magnificent moral and social world. It's a world that O'Brian did more to retrieve and reanimate than a host of academic historians.

O'Brian knew that while some of us do not become the men we hoped to be, others do, and in the royal navy of the Napoleonic wars, some did even at the age of eleven. To adapt an immortal phrase of Captain Mahan's, those men and boys filled the ships on which Napoleon's Grand Army never looked, but which forever stood between them and the mastery of the world. Because Patrick O'Brian wrote, those men and boys are still not dead history. And because Peter Weir has made his film, they have a chance at living for many more people. ♦

Parody

"In one of the more bizarre scandals to befall the hapless House of Windsor, [Prince] Charles has denied a rumor without ever saying what it was about. . . . Sunday papers will still have to be careful of what they print, because a former palace servant, Michael Fawcett, still has a court order banning publication of the details."

—Reuters, November 9, 2003

The Daily Telegraph

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THE U.K.'S PREMIER PERIODICAL PUBLISHER

IAN CROZIER-HEPPLETHWAITE
EDITOR FOR USAGE & FORM

MEMORANDUM

TO: Nigel Candleman, Director of Legal Affaires

The Windsor/Buckingham desk needs guidance as to how to cover Prince Charles's little pickle (if I may). Do any of the following circumlocutions pass muster?

"The source says he entered into a bedroom where he witnessed an 'incident' occurring between Prince Charles and his aide, Michael Fawcett." NO

"The former ervantsay alleges that he walked in and saw arlesChay and awcettFay in a surprising 'an-sandwichMay.'" NO(!)

"Royal Eye for the Straight Guy?" NO

"Whether the unspecified allegation is true or false has no bearing on the Prince's eligibility to become a Bishop within the North American Episcopal Church." NO

"While English publications are barred from printing specifics, readers might like to brush up on their Italian and Google 'Carlo,' 'Fawcett,' and 'non sono gay.'" NO

"Exchequer officials say they have no plans to issue a Crown Prince three-dollar bill." NO

"Camilla Parker Bowles, who is not a man, did not say whether the Prince had encouraged her to get a 'Mike-over.'"

Why not this? -Nigel
↳ "Lusty Chuck in Sex Shocker with Feisty Mike"