the weekly Standard

OCTOBER 31, 2005

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INDICTMENTS HAVE CONSEQUENCES
FRED BARNES • STEPHEN F. HAYES
WILLIAM KRISTOL

Success in Iraq?

FREDERICK W. KAGAN
A military strategy for victory

MICHAEL YON
All quiet on the Baghdad front

DAVID TELL
Saddam on trial

With the onset of colder weather, many Americans are understandably concerned about heating their homes this winter.

Lingering effects of the recent hurricanes have disrupted oil and natural gas supplies. At a time of already tight supplies, this presents a significant challenge.

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Government has an important role to play by fully funding the Low-Income Home Energy Assistance Program (LIHEAP) for Americans who need a helping hand. For information on LIHEAP, go to www.liheap.ncat.org.

In the longer term, we need to increase supplies of oil and natural gas by allowing greater production of domestic resources offshore and in the Mountain West and Alaska. Advanced technologies enable us to tap these resources in an environmentally sensitive manner. We need to build more liquefied natural gas (LNG) receiving terminals so we can tap into global supplies to meet our nation's growing demand for this clean-burning fuel.

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In the new issue of the Hoover Digest . . .

Liberty First, Democracy Later

The best way to promote democracy abroad? Promote liberty first.
By Peter Berkowitz.

By its very name, democracy indicates not merely an ethos or a set of procedures but rather a distinctive form of government. In contrast, liberty names a good that can be achieved gradually, one reform at a time, in a variety of regimes. . . . Whatever is in our minds when we utter the phrases, democracy promotion proclaims a radical cure—regime change—whereas spreading liberty suggests incremental reform.

Over the long haul, the best way to make democracy stable and just is to practice toleration, establish an independent judiciary, encourage a free press, and build a market economy—hallmark liberal institutions all. At the same time, the experience of the last 250 years demonstrates that the best way to secure individual rights is to make government accountable to the people by grounding it in a regular cycle of free and fair elections. And liberty and democracy intertwine in the idea that participating in the choice of government officials is itself an important expression of individual freedom. At the same time, it is useful to keep in mind that instituting majority rule and expanding individual rights are separable undertakings.

Concentrating on liberty involves a shift of rhetoric and a change of emphasis in practice. In our efforts to promote liberty, particularly in the wider Middle East, we should utilize the array of diplomatic and developmental means at our disposal to expand the range of individual rights, particularly liberty of thought and discussion; extend the rule of law; foster religious toleration; and ensure equality of opportunity for women in politics and in the marketplace. Proponents of democracy promotion should not be disappointed or alarmed. One advantage to putting the spread of liberty abroad first in the here and now is the long-term gains it promises in promoting democracy around the globe.

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Contents

October 31, 2005 • Volume 11, Number 7

Articles

Cover: Polaris / Paul Assaker

Features

Books & Arts

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

Decade of Reed (cont.)

For months now Ralph Reed, the former head of the Christian Coalition and current candidate for lieutenant governor of Georgia—the GOP primary is July 18 of next year—has been telling reporters that when he accepted checks from his old pal Jack Abramoff to help derail antigambling legislation from 1999 to 2002, he didn't know that the money had originally come from casinos—the ones paying Abramoff. And Reed's public affairs firm, Century Strategies, has said, in a statement, that it "had no direct knowledge" of who Abramoff was shilling for. That would be problematic, you see, since Reed is an avowed opponent of gambling, and taking money from gambling interests you supposedly oppose looks . . . well, sorta hypocritical.

The I-didn't-know-where-the-money-came-from defense was always shaky, but it fell apart completely on October 16, when the *Washington Post*'s intrepid Susan Schmidt and James Grimaldi published a front-page story, "How a Lobbyist Stacked the Deck." Schmidt and Grimaldi's piece follows, in stomach-churning detail, how in the summer of 2000 Abramoff—now at the center of a wide-ranging federal investigation—was able to derail the Internet Gambling Prohibition Act. To that end, Abramoff's client, the Connecticut-based eLottery Inc., paid Preston Gates, Abramoff's firm, a retainer of $100,000 a month—$2 million in all. A lot of that money ended up going to Reed.

Not all at once, and not directly. To gin up "grass-roots" support among social conservatives against the gambling ban (basically by misrepresenting the nature of the legislation), eLottery sent $160,000 to Abramoff, who forwarded it to Grover Norquist's Americans for Tax Reform, which apparently kept $10,000 and forwarded $150,000 to the Faith and Family Alliance, a Virginia Beach group headed by Robin Vanderwall, an ally of Reed's currently in jail on child molestation charges. Vanderwall then sent $150,000 to Reed. "I was operating as a shell," Vanderwall told the *Post*. Writes Schmidt and Grimaldi: "A spokesman for Reed—now a candidate for lieutenant governor of Georgia—said that he and his associates are unaware that any money they received came from gambling activities."

Sorry, no.

From Schmidt and Grimaldi's reporting, we learn that on August 18, 2000, Abramoff faxed an eLottery executive. "I have chatted with Ralph," he wrote, "and we need to get the funding moving on the effort in the 10 congressional districts" supporting the bill. "Please get me a check as soon as possible for $150,000 made payable to American Marketing Inc. This is the company Ralph is using." The check was issued August 24.

On August 29 Abramoff sent Reed an email with the subject line: "Internet Gambling: And so it continues."

"Where are we?" Abramoff asked his old friend. "You got the check, no? Are things moving?"

Reed replied: "1. Yes, they got it. 2. Yes, all systems go." ♦

More Staged News Events

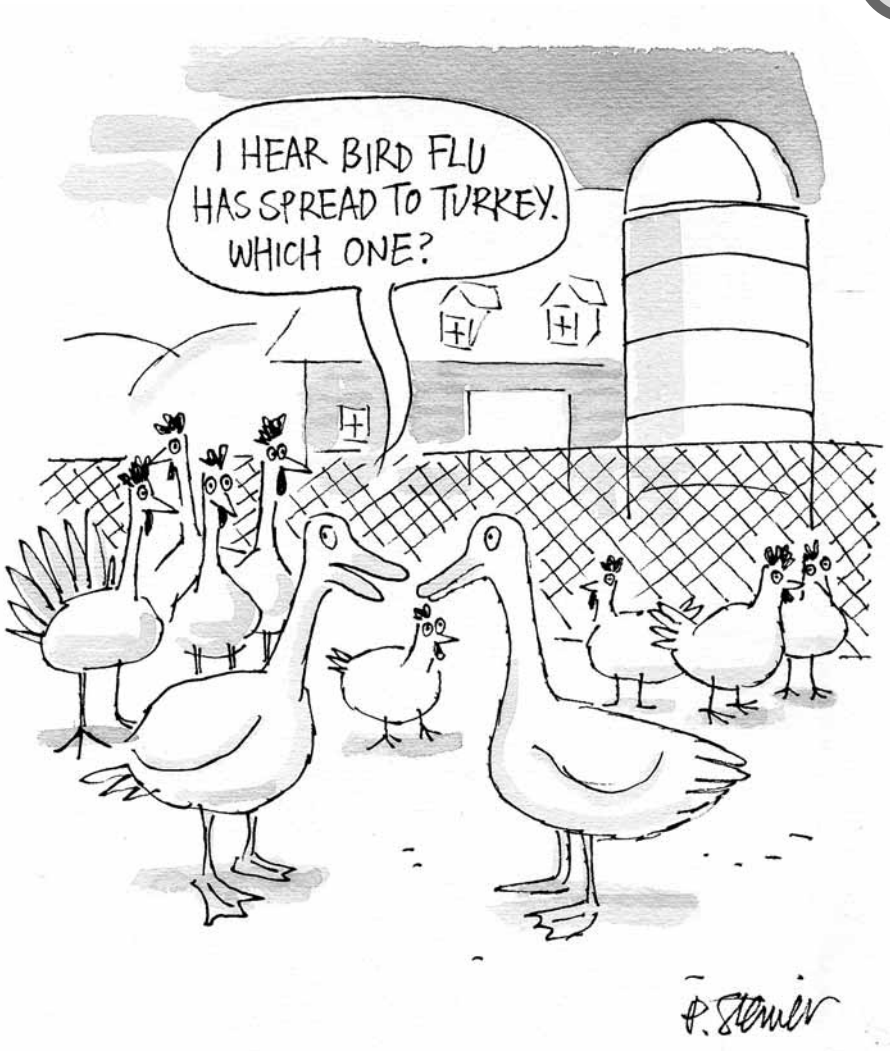
Last week on this page, we mocked the Associated Press for hyperventilating over a "staged" White House event—namely, the president's videoconference with U.S. soldiers in Iraq. After all, there is an element of theatricality in almost everything that passes for "news" on television—most of it perpetrated by the news professionals themselves.

As if to prove the point, Michelle Kosinski, a *Today* show correspondent, decided to dramatize the flooding in the northeast by filing her Oct. 14 report from a canoe in the flooded streets of Wayne, N.J. "This is essentially now a part of the Passaic river in this neighborhood—it rushed in yesterday through the streets," she said, paddling all the while. "And it's really tough to control a canoe or boat when you're out in it"—at which point two men in waders splashed between Kosinski and her cameraman, revealing that the "river" she was paddling in was at most ankle deep.

As Mark Finkelstein noted at *NewsBusters.org*, Kosinski's *Today* show colleagues Katie Couric and Matt Lauer engaged in some well-deserved impromptu media criticism:

LAUER: "Are these holy men, perhaps walking on top of the water?"

COURIC: "Gee, is your oar hitting ground, Michelle?"



At which point the two of them "dissolved into laughter."

A penitent Kosinski later unburdened herself to the *New York Observer*:

"It's kind of painful," she said, "because you want to explain yourself. The most important point for me to get across is: Yeah, it looked really stupid, but there was never any attempt to make it look like it was worse of a storm than it really was."

No, no; certainly not.

Other than the personal humiliation, she had only one regret: "That it might have looked to some people like we were trying to put something over on viewers."

Gee, ya think? ♦

Penn Kemble, RIP

We note with a pang the death last week of Penn Kemble. He was one of those people who had been around Washington so long, and whose energy and enthusiasm were so infectious, that it was especially distressing to realize he was only 64 when he died of brain cancer.

Like more than a few political activists in the nation's capital, he began life on the left: as a member of the Young People's Socialist League in college, and as founder, in 1967, of an organization advocating a negotiated end to the Vietnam war. Yet if any single event was formative in his life it was probably the 1972 presidential campaign of George McGovern. That was the year the Democratic party deliberately severed its connection to its historic grass roots, and for which it has been paying the price ever since.

As a founder, along with Senators Henry Jackson and Hubert Humphrey, of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, Penn Kemble spent the subsequent decades urging his fellow Democrats to reacquaint themselves with the values of their party's blue-collar past, and embrace the "muscular" foreign policy that had served FDR, Harry Truman, and John F. Kennedy so well. It was a lonely battle, fought at times in company with conservatives who shared his active support for freedom in the Soviet Union and Central America. And it was a battle that he steadfastly fought within his own party's ranks, with mixed success; but always gallantly, and with great good humor. ♦

We'll Always Have NPR

Not even the nation's capital can help sustain Air America these days. According to the *Washington Post*, "the liberal talk network carried on WWRC-AM (1260), went from bad to nonexistent. After WWRC recorded a mere fraction of a rating point in the spring with syndicated shows from the likes of lefty talkers Al Franken, Janeane Garofalo and Stephanie Miller, Arbitron couldn't detect a measurable listenership for the station this time around." ♦

Casual

Un Monde Sérieux

A pity that Alexis de Tocqueville didn't wait 15 years or so, after baseball had been invented, to visit America. Much impressed as the penetrating Frenchman was by what he termed America's penchant for "voluntary associations," he would have been at first utterly baffled by that looniest of all loony American voluntary associations, that of being a baseball fan, especially a fan of a particular team.

What makes this so loony is that in so many instances fans are more loyal to their local teams than are the players on these same teams. Grown men (and, increasingly, women), otherwise prudent in the conduct of their lives, have been sent into mild depression by the plummeting fortunes of the baseball teams they cheer for. I have a cousin who, having developed ulcers in his twenties, was beseeched by his physician to cease listening to broadcasts of Cubs games.

I'm a Cubs fan myself, but not a diehard one. I get angry instead of depressed by the team's mismanagement and general bumbling. I don't take their defeats to bed, and I certainly don't take them to a psychotherapist. In those glum seasons when they have been out of the running as early as June—and this past year provided such a season—I have deserted them and mentally slipped across town to follow the Chicago White Sox.

Could Tocqueville have been made to understand the mystery of the decision, made by American boys when very young, to care about either the National or American League, one or the other but not both equally? I cannot pierce the mystery myself; all I know is that once the decision is made—National or American—it is locked in for life. The advent of the designated hitter in the American League has made those National Leaguers among us all the more confident in the rightness—and purity—of our original decision.

Yet, as a sensible fair-weather fan, I have set all this aside this year to follow and come much to admire the Chicago White Sox, a bit of disloyalty that has paid off nicely, now that the team is in the World Series. This decision has been made a bit more complicated by the fact that in Chicago, fans

of the two teams tend heartily to despise one another, though it's evident that Sox fans dislike Cubs fans more intensely than the other way round. There is even a class element to the rivalry, which Tocqueville, with his nose for social hierarchy, would have picked up quickly. The Cubs fans tend to be more middle class (or "stupid yuppies," in Sox fan parlance), the White Sox more trade-union, working-class. A White Sox victory isn't enough to please most of their fans; pleasure arrives only if, on the same day on the other side of town, the Cubs also lose.

The current White Sox have an appealingly working-class feel about them. They field a team that seems like nothing so much as Reagan Democrats. The two team leaders are Paul Konerko, a power-hitting and intelligent first baseman, and A.J. Pierzynski, the catcher and the kind of take-no-prisoners battler who is eminently dislikable unless he happens to be on your team, in which case you adore him. The lead-off man, a brilliant base stealer and bunter, is named Podsednik. They have a centerfielder who rides motorcycles in the off-season; a Japanese second baseman with no English; and two Cuban pitchers, both former Yankees, whom, it is rumored, George Steinbrenner offered to trade Fidel Castro Guantanamo to obtain.

Best of all is the team's manager, Ozzie Guillen, a Venezuelan of 41 and a former White Sox shortstop, who regularly brings off the astonishing trick of being witty without quite being intelligible. He is the anti-Tony La Russa, a noncomputer manager, who makes most of his decisions based not on statistics but on instinct, and his instinct this past season has rarely been wrong.

The White Sox play small ball, which means they feature base stealing, bunting, strategic sacrifices: Get 'em on, move 'em along, get 'em in. Because of the team's strong pitching, not all that many runs are needed to win games. The team has won a high percentage of one-run games. Such was the White Sox's resilience in the first half of the season, if they were two runs behind in the seventh, you could assume a victory.

Since a World Series comes up in Chicago roughly once every 50 years, I probably ought to make an effort—which really means I ought to break down and spend the insane $1,000 ticket-brokers' price—to attend at least one game. A shame, though, I can't bring Tocqueville along. ("Ah, Monsieur Epstein, this World Serious, it provides an excellent chance to study up close many American *moeurs*, *n'est-ce pas*?") He might find the game a little confusing at first. But the guy was a quick study, and, my bet is, by the fifth inning he'd have mastered everything about it, including the infield-fly rule.

Joseph Epstein

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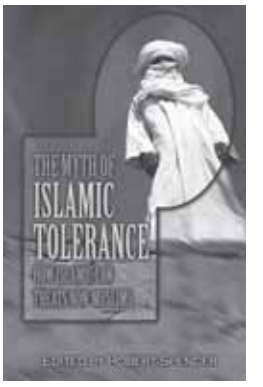

"Robert Spencer has here assembled a collection of documents devastating to PC myth and multiculturalist wishful thinking. Anyone concerned about the dangers of politically motivated distortions of Islamic theology and history should not miss this explosive and enlightening volume."

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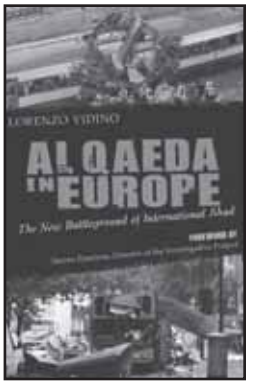

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Foreword by Steven Emerson, Director of the Investigative Project

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—Dennis M. Lormel
Former Chief, Terrorist Financing Operations Section (TFOS)
Counterterrorism Division, FBI

THE LOSING BATTLE WITH ISLAM

David Selbourne

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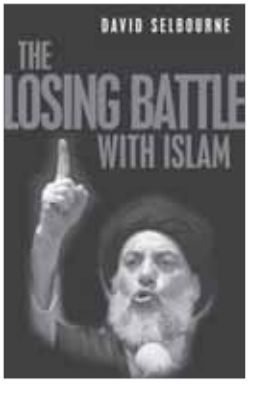

In this comprehensive study of the Islamic revival from 1947 to the present, historian David Selbourne traces in detail the complex causes motivating the rise of Muslim fundamentalism in many countries and the West's largely uncomprehending response to it. Writing neither from the "left" nor from the "right," Selbourne pieces together up-to-date information from more numerous sources than in any other work on the subject. He highlights the grotesque role that some sections of the Western media have played and seeks to do justice to the Islamist cause, demonstrating how many of the real issues of the Islamic revival have been evaded.

Selbourne concludes with a warning against the illusions of the West about its superiority and ability to contain a force that is confident of its own moral superiority and certain of its ultimate triumph.

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the weekly Standard

Fitzgerald's Moment

As I write, on Friday afternoon October 21, no one outside special counsel Patrick Fitzgerald's office—and perhaps not even Fitzgerald himself—knows what, if any, charges he'll ultimately bring in the Valerie Plame leak inquiry. Public understanding of the events in question—the disclosure of Plame's identity as a CIA operative, and any possible perjury or obstruction of justice that might have ensued—remains radically incomplete.

So let us stipulate this: If someone knowingly made public the identity of a covert CIA operative and compromised her status, whether to maliciously damage her career, to punish her husband, or to deter criticism of the White House—if, in other words, someone violated the Intelligence Identities Protection Act of 1982—that person deserves to be fired and prosecuted. If individuals purposefully lied to a grand jury or engaged in a knowing conspiracy to cover up the truth, those persons deserve to be fired and prosecuted. Fitzgerald's investigation may well have uncovered crimes like these.

But it may not have, too. Press reports suggest that Fitzgerald is unlikely to bring charges under the Intelligence Identities Protection Act of 1982, the original act whose possible violation he was charged with investigating. Based on what we know, and absent startling revelations, it would seem to be a huge prosecutorial overreach to bring charges under the 1917 Espionage Act. So we are presumably left with possible instances of perjury, obstruction of justice, and false statements to the FBI or the grand jury.

And here is the point: Unless the perjury is clear-cut or the obstruction of justice willful and determined, we hope that the special prosecutor has the courage to end the inquiry without bringing indictments. It is fundamentally inappropriate to allow the criminal law to be used to resolve what is basically a policy and political dispute within the administration, or between the administration and its critics. One trusts that the special counsel will have the courage after conducting his exhaustive investigation to reject inappropriate criminal indictments if the evidence does not require them, no matter how much criticism he might then get from the liberal establishment that yearns to damage the Bush administration through the use of the criminal law.

And I will go out on a limb to say this, based on the very limited information one can glean from press accounts: It seems to me quite possible—dare I say probable?—that no indictments would be the just and appropriate resolution to this inquiry.

I say this knowing that administration officials may have engaged in behavior that is not altogether admirable. I say this knowing that legions of Clinton defenders will complain that conservatives were happy to support the impeachment of a president for lying under oath seven years ago. My response to the second charge is that if anyone lied under oath the way Bill Clinton did—knowingly and purposefully in order to thwart a legitimate legal process, or if anyone engaged in an obstruction of justice, the way Bill Clinton did, then indictments would be proper. What is more, the Clinton White House mounted an extraordinary—and successful—political campaign against the office of the independent counsel and the person of Kenneth Starr. All the evidence suggests that the Bush White House has been fully cooperative with, even deferential to, the Fitzgerald investigation. And as for the first point, many people in government and politics engage in behavior that is less than admirable. That said, defending one's bosses against criticism, and debunking their attackers, is not a criminal conspiracy. Spin is not perjury. Political hardball is not a felony.

The *New York Times* reported on Friday that sources say Fitzgerald "will not make up his mind about any charges" until sometime this week, the final week of grand jury proceedings. We trust that Fitzgerald, who has an impressive record as a prosecutor, will call it as he sees it. A large part of any prosecutor's duty—especially that of a special counsel—is to have the courage and judgment to refrain from bringing charges when such charges would be inappropriate. With all of Washington abuzz this weekend over possible indictments of major Bush administration figures, but with the apparent grounds for those indictments seeming so shaky, we wonder if Fitzgerald might wind up surprising us all, including many at the White House: Maybe he will simply end his inquiry, having concluded that—whatever else may be said about the actions and motives of different figures in this long, unpleasant, and tortuous saga—no crimes were committed and no criminal indictments should be brought.

—William Kristol

the weekly Standard

Iraq on Trial

Richard Dicker of the New York-based international monitoring outfit Human Rights Watch remembers how "distressing" it was, in those first weeks and months after the liberation of Baghdad, to watch nightly news footage of ordinary Iraqis "desperately uncovering and excavating mass graves and seizing thousands of pages of government documents, in an attempt to determine the fate of missing and 'disappeared' relatives." Oddly enough, however, it wasn't the horror and unfathomable grief on display that Dicker remembers being distressed by. Nope. What really bugged him was the obliviousness and indiscipline of the mourners.

The *nerve* of those peasant Iraqis: tramping their footprints all over the place, throwing dirt in the air, clutching bare-handed at their murdered children's skeletons, spilling their teardrops hither and yon—and thereby contaminating the crime scene! Hadn't these people ever watched *CSI*? And hadn't it occurred to the American GIs who were helping the Iraqis make such shortsighted, selfish exhumations that what they should have been doing, instead, was implementing a "coherent strategy to protect sites of potential importance to future prosecutions"? Evidently not. What blockheads.

"Crucial forensic evidence was lost in the process," Dicker points out—just as chain-of-custody requirements were ignored in the Iraqi people's frantic search through millions of pages of Baath party archival records, raising "serious concerns about the integrity of the documents and their potential evidentiary value" in any subsequent prosecution of Baath party mass murders.

Yet just such a prosecution is now underway in Baghdad, despite these and many other, similarly "grave" complaints that Dicker and Human Rights Watch—echoed by right thinking people everywhere—have leveled against the new Supreme Iraqi Criminal Tribunal. And there's no guarantee that so "deficient" a court can provide its most prominent defendant, a certain Mr. Saddam Hussein, the full and fair trial he deserves. Something's got to change but quick, Dicker warns, or Iraq's de-Baathified judiciary is going to have a next-to-impossible task "establishing its credibility" with the "international community."

Indeed. *New York Times* Baghdad correspondent John F. Burns noted last week that "Western human rights groups" and other "critics here and abroad" would have preferred that Saddam be tried before "an international tribunal of the kind that has spent four years hearing the case against the former Yugoslav president, Slobodan Milosevic." It was not Burns's assignment to elaborate on what this means, but we'll do it for him: The war-crimes tribunal in The Hague is an unmitigated fiasco. Its televised proceedings have made Milosevic more—not less—popular and influential back home in Serbia. His two most important, would-be codefendants, Radovan Karadzic and Ratko Mladic, are still at large, though one of them, Karadzic, wanted for the massacre of some 20,000 Bosnians, is hardly bothering to hide at all, having just brought out a book of lyric poetry intriguingly titled *Under the Century's Left Teat*. Karadzic's successor as Serbia's president, Biljana "Iron Lady" Plavsic—the Yugoslav tribunal's one and only significant conviction to date—will soon be done with the modest sentence she's serving in Sweden's Hinseberg prison. That prison, by the way, is in a converted mansion overlooking a lake. There's a sauna, a place for piano recitals, *en suite* bathrooms, and a horse-riding paddock, too. The prison shop sells ice cream.

Begging Richard Dicker's pardon, but this is not what the great mass of Iraqi citizens have in mind for the man who butchered their fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers and daughters and sons by the hundreds of thousands for 35 years—crimes of which not even the noble souls at Human Rights Watch can bring themselves to presume Saddam innocent. The great mass of Iraqi citizens intend, instead, to watch as an Iraqi trial, of a deposed Iraqi dictator, unfolds in their Iraqi living rooms, gavel-to-gavel on Iraqi TV.

It began last Wednesday, at a specially fashioned courtroom in Baghdad's Green Zone. Presiding Judge Rizgar Mohammed Amin—risking assassination by allowing his name and face to appear on camera—first asked Saddam and his codefendants to identify themselves. Then he confirmed that each man was represented by counsel. And then the judge spent 30 full minutes reading the prisoners an impressively long list of their rights. Which was all by itself enough: By the time the Supreme Iraqi Criminal Court adjourned, in just a few short hours, the trial of Saddam Hussein had already earned its place as the fairest trial seen anywhere in the Arab world since at least the end of the British Mandate.

The "international community" will be sure to let us know when Iraq's besieged, infant democracy at last does something that meets their approval, won't they?

—David Tell, for the Editors

Indictments Have Consequences

After Rove, the deluge.

BY FRED BARNES

KARL ROVE, President Bush's virtuoso adviser, is the most influential White House aide in decades, maybe longer. His departure, if compelled by an indictment in the Valerie Plame investigation, would be demoralizing and a blow to Bush's prospects for a successful second term. Could he be replaced as the most important political and policy adviser to the president? The conventional wisdom in Washington is that no one is irreplaceable. But in my view, Rove is.

With reelection no longer the focus of the White House, Rove's influence has diminished, but only a little. He had, for instance, a minimal role in Bush's nomination of Harriet Miers for the Supreme Court. Yet once she was chosen, he stepped in and recruited conservative supporters such as James Dobson of Focus on the Family. And minutes after Miers's nomination was announced, Rove was on the phone trying to persuade conservative commentators that she is a legitimate judicial conservative.

House Majority Leader Roy Blunt, perhaps Rove's closest friend on Capitol Hill, says Rove is "unique in the history of the White House" because of his "combination of political sensitivity and deep understanding of policy." Rove produces his own synergy, Blunt says. "He creates the impact of more than one person. With him, the whole is greater than the sum of the parts."

That's lavish praise but largely deserved. Rove has done remarkable things in his years with Bush. He made Bush more conservative, and he organized a massive conservative coalition behind Bush. Now, with Rove no longer as dominant a force at the White House, Bush appears to be drifting ideologically. Appearances, of course, can be deceptive, but many conservatives haven't waited to find out the truth. They're in revolt.

No presidential aide in the past half-century matches Rove's breadth of influence. James A. Baker III was a strong and effective chief of staff for President Reagan. But he was mainly an implementer. Rove is more than that, an idea man on top of everything else. My rule of thumb is that if you find some political or policy area where Rove isn't involved, you're wrong. He's there. You just haven't found his fingerprints yet.

The closest match may be Bobby Kennedy, but he wasn't a White House aide. He ran the presidential campaign in 1960 for his brother, John F. Kennedy, then became attorney general and an important adviser to the president. Rove was the strategist behind Bush's four election victories, two for governor of Texas, two for president. He became an even more powerful adviser at the White House than Bobby Kennedy, especially on domestic issues. At least in Bush's first term, Rove was first among equals on the White House staff, even when Karen Hughes was a rival for influence.

When Hughes returned to Texas in 2002, there were suggestions that Bush would suffer politically because *she* was indispensable. But Bush suffered no harm. Now Hughes has returned as a State Department diplomat assigned to improve Bush's image abroad. She's no longer a serious counterpoint to Rove. Her job consists mostly of make-work.

Conservatives should be Rove's greatest enthusiasts, but many of them aren't. One Republican House member holds Rove responsible for Bush's decision to sign the McCain-Feingold campaign finance reform bill. Rove told him, the congressman said, that signing the legislation would spare the president months of bad press and that the Supreme Court would strike down much of the measure anyway. Instead, the court upheld it.

Rove has at least four great achievements, all of which conservatives should appreciate. A moderate in the 1980s, Rove could, to borrow a quip of Democratic patriarch Robert Strauss, teach it round or teach it flat. But by the 1990s, he was bringing conservative intellectuals and policy experts to Austin to meet with then-Governor Bush. That continued in the White House. The result: When Bush ran in 2004, he was palpably more conservative than in 1994 when he made his first run for governor. That's achievement number one.

Number two was his recognition, early in Bush's first term, of the meaning of the polarized electorate after the dead-heat election results of 2000. It

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meant there weren't as many moderates or independents or swing voters or soft Democrats who might be attracted to a Republican president who tilted to the center. Bush would have to concentrate on keeping conservatives happy to create a solid (but bare) majority of support.

Rove's third achievement is tied to this: The creation of a national Bush bloc, a McKinley-like coalition of the upper, middle, and working classes. In Washington, Rove has spent considerable time with conservative journalists and think tank scholars. But his role outside the Beltway is more significant. Almost alone among Republican bigwigs, Rove has recognized that social and religious conservatives—working class conservatives—were an army waiting to be deployed. They became a major part of the 1.4 million campaign volunteers who in 2004 helped Bush increase his vote total by 23 percent over what he received in 2000. Since John Kerry attracted 16 percent more votes than Al Gore in 2000, what the volunteers accomplished was critical. Without them, Bush might have lost.

Number four: Hispanics. Rove deserves enormous credit, as does Bush, for dramatically expanding the Republican share of the Hispanic vote. Democrats have counted on a growing number of Hispanic votes as part of an emerging Democratic majority that is yet to emerge. What went wrong? Rove and Bush stole a huge chunk of the Hispanic vote with an appeal based on social conservatism, patriotism, and an entrepreneurial spirit. The Hispanic vote for a Republican president rose from 21 percent in 1996 to 35 percent in 2000 to 44 percent in 2004.

One of the few smart things Democrats said after the 2004 election was that they needed a Karl Rove of their own. Indeed they do. But Bush and Republicans have the original. If they lose him, it will create a void that cannot be filled. Sure, Rove can give strategic advice from the sidelines. But a key to his success has been his proximity to the president. Bush needs him at the White House. Conservatives need him there, too. ♦

One Good Leak Deserves Another

How the CIA got the ball rolling on the Plame investigation. **BY STEPHEN F. HAYES**

FOR FOUR YEARS, a slow-motion war between the CIA and the Bush administration has been unfolding over America's airwaves and on its front pages. A principal weapon in this war has been the deliberate leaking of information to the media.

When the history of this damaging episode is written, two leaks will stand out as having been most consequential. One of them is famous: the alleged leak to columnist Robert Novak that led to the compromising of CIA operative Valerie Plame.

But there was another big leak that no one seems to care about: the leak of the CIA's referral to the Justice Department concerning the Plame matter. That second disclosure, perhaps even more than the initial leak, set off the chain of events that resulted in the naming of a special prosecutor and finds us now anticipating indictments of senior White House officials.

Some additional relevant details: The CIA referral to the Justice Department was classified, an intelligence source tells THE WEEKLY STANDARD. Anyone who disclosed the existence of the referral and described its contents broke the law. The agency, however, has thus far refused to send a referral to the Justice Department that could result in an investigation into the source and effects of that leak. Why? An intelligence source tells THE WEEKLY STANDARD that there are limits—of time and manpower—to how many such referrals the CIA can make. Perhaps. But there's another possible explanation: The second leak came from the CIA itself, and lawyers there are reluctant to call for an investigation for fear of what such an investigation might reveal.

On Friday, September 26, 2003, NBC News reporter Andrea Mitchell and MSNBC's Alex Johnson broke a big story on the MSNBC website. "The CIA has asked the Justice Department to investigate allegations that the White House broke federal laws by revealing the identity of one of its undercover employees in retaliation against the woman's husband, a former ambassador who publicly criticized President Bush's since-discredited claim that Iraq had sought weapons-grade uranium from Africa, NBC News has learned."

This report came after a lull in the narrative. Joseph Wilson, Plame's husband, had accused the Bush administration of disclosing his wife's identity to retaliate for his "truth-telling." He boasted in speeches that he would mount a campaign to get Karl Rove "frog-marched" out of the White House in handcuffs. And while many reporters in Washington may have been sympathetic to Wilson, few took his threat seriously.

That changed with the news from NBC that the CIA had referred the case to the Justice Department for investigation. Other news organizations scrambled to catch up. Over the next two weeks the *New York Times* would run nearly three dozen stories on the case, the *Washington Post* more than forty. News reports noted the close relationship between Attorney General John Ashcroft and the White House. Editorials called for Ashcroft

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to recuse himself. Prominent Democrats stepped up their calls for a special prosecutor.

Trying to determine the source of leaks is a popular parlor game in Washington. The obvious question: Who does the leak hurt and who does it help? With that in mind, the leak of the CIA referral achieved two important results. First, it embarrassed the White House and put pressure on the Justice Department to appoint a special prosecutor. A September 29, 2003, news story in the *New York Times* is illustrative. It reads, "The very fact that Mr. Tenet referred the matter to the Justice Department comes as a major political embarrassment to a White House that is famously tight-lipped, and a president who has repeatedly vowed that his administration would never leak classified information."

The second effect of the leak was equally obvious. It produced a series of news stories in which journalists reported uncritically the claims of the CIA and Joseph Wilson regarding the original Iraq-Niger uranium deal and stated unequivocally that the White House had simply ignored their strong warnings about the intelligence.

From the same September 29, 2003, *New York Times* story: "The agent is the wife of Joseph C. Wilson 4th, a former ambassador to Gabon. It was Mr. Wilson who, more than a year and a half ago, concluded in a report to the CIA that there was no evidence that Saddam Hussein tried to buy uranium ore in Niger in an effort to build nuclear arms. But his report was ignored, and Ambassador Wilson has been highly critical of how the administration handled intelligence claims regarding Iraq's nuclear weapons programs, suggesting that Mr. Bush's aides and Vice President Dick Cheney's office tried to inflate the threat."

(We now know that neither of those claims is true. Wilson's oral report was not ignored, though it appears never to have found its way to the officials, at both the CIA and the White House, responsible for clearing presidential language on Iraq and uranium. And, as the Senate Intelligence Committee report of July 2004 makes clear, Wilson did not conclude in his report to the CIA that there was no evidence Iraq had sought uranium from Niger. In fact, the CIA analysts on the receiving end of Wilson's report told the intelligence committee staff that Wilson's findings had made a uranium deal seem more plausible and, if anything, appeared to confirm the earlier intelligence on Iraq's nuclear ambitions in Africa.)

So who were the chief beneficiaries of the leak to NBC News about the CIA referral to the Justice Department? Joseph Wilson and the CIA.

"We all assumed that it was the [Central Intelligence] Agency that leaked it to ratchet up the war that they were having with the White House," says a former Justice Department official.

Peter Steiner

The referral process works like this. The CIA monitors media reporting to determine whether there has been a disclosure of classified information. When such an incident occurs, the CIA notifies the Justice Department. Justice then sends a questionnaire to the CIA to obtain more information about the possible breach and, if warranted, opens an investigation. (In recent years, these two steps have been collapsed into one: The CIA simply sends a completed questionnaire to the Justice Department.) There are approximately 50 such referrals from the CIA to the Justice Department each year. Few of these result in prosecutions, and fewer still are ever disclosed to the public.

In the months before the Iraq war, officials at the CIA engaged in a broad campaign of leaks designed to undermine the Bush administration's case for war. It was a clever hedge. The finished intelligence products distributed by the agency made a strong case that Iraq was continuing to develop weapons of mass destruction. Dissenting assessments were buried in footnotes. (These "intelligence reports show that Saddam Hussein has worked to rebuild his chemical and biological weapons stock, his missile delivery capability, and his nuclear program," said Senator Hillary Clinton on October 9, 2002, an unlikely shill for the Bush administration.)

But the agency leadership knew its assessments amounted to an educated guess. It was an entirely defen-

sible educated guess, based on a decade of deceit by the Iraq regime and reinforced by behavior that suggested the regime's work on weapons continued. But it was an educated guess nonetheless.

Bob Woodward's book *Plan of Attack* paints a particularly devastating picture of CIA cluelessness. Woodward interviewed "Saul," the chief of the Iraqi Operations Group at the CIA. Writes Woodward:

> Saul was discovering that the CIA reporting sources inside Iraq were pretty thin. What was thin? "I can count them on one hand," Saul said, pausing for effect, "and I can still pick my nose." There were four. And those sources were in Iraqi ministries such as foreign affairs and oil that were on the periphery of any penetration of Saddam's inner circle.

A war in Iraq risked exposing this incompetence, and the CIA began to wage its own preemptive war: Leaks from the agency implied that analysts were being pressured into their aggressive assessments. Footnotes filled with caveats became more important than primary texts. This campaign intensified after the war, with the failure to find stockpiles of weapons of mass destruction. It culminated in the leaking to the news media of the CIA's referral of the Plame matter to the Justice Department.

None of this should be mistaken for an attempt to minimize the seriousness of knowingly and deliberately leaking the name of a CIA operative. If that is what happened in this case, a full prosecution is not only justifiable but necessary.

Even so, this entire episode reeks of hypocrisy and blatant double standards. The result may well be a renewed interest in prosecuting leakers of classified information. That would be an unfortunate development for reasons long articulated by the political left—the silencing of dissent and the muzzling of whistleblowers.

But if prosecuting leakers becomes the norm, certainly the CIA cannot expect to be exempt from prosecution. Can it? ♦

A Good Judge of Judges?

Harriet Miers's role in the White House's vetting of judicial candidates. BY TERRY EASTLAND

When President Bush announced the nomination of Harriet Miers, he said she was the "one person [who] stood out as exceptionally well-suited" for the Supreme Court. Bush cited her character and "distinguished legal career." What Bush didn't mention was Miers's assistance in helping him pick federal judges. He did that slightly more than 24 hours later in a press conference defending his suddenly embattled nominee. Miers, he said, was "a part of the process that selected John Roberts." And because of her work on the Roberts nomination, "she knows the kind of judge I'm looking for," meaning one who will interpret the law "strictly" and not "try to supplant the legislative process." He added that Miers "shares that philosophy."

This was Bush's answer to conservatives who wanted proof that Miers was a judicial conservative. Miers's advocates have followed the president's lead, emphasizing her role in helping the president choose not only Roberts but also other judges. During the daily briefing on October 17, White House press secretary Scott McClellan said Bush has "nominated more than 200 people to the bench. And Harriet Miers has been very involved in that process." Therefore, "she knows the type of person that the president is looking for." Left unstated was McClellan's—and Bush's—key point: that Miers herself is that type.

True, Miers has been "involved" in the president's judicial selection. Her involvement, however, extends to only a small fraction of the president's 200-plus choices. Still, her work in this process—over a span of 27 months—surely was sufficient for her to know, to use Bush's general terms, "the kind of judge I'm looking for." And it's hard to imagine, given her widely reported loyalty to Bush, that she would fail to "share" his views, to some degree, on judging. Still, there is much that is not known about her involvement in Bush's judge-picking. And it is almost certainly not going to be known. So her work as a judge-picker is not a useful indicator of what approach to judging she would take as an associate justice.

A lawyer from Dallas and a confidant of Bush's since the early 1990s, Miers came to work in the White House in January 2001. She served as staff secretary until July 2003, when she succeeded Josh Bolten as deputy chief of staff for policy. As part of her new position, she attended (as Bolten had) the White House Judicial Selection Committee meetings, which were convened weekly by White House Counsel Alberto Gonzales. When Gonzales became attorney general in February of this year, Bush named Miers to take his place.

The committee is a key part of the judge-picking process, which Gonzales instituted during the first weeks of the administration. Interviews with a half-dozen lawyers who have been a part of the process confirm that it remains today essentially what it was in 2001, and that the White House counsel—first Gonzales, then Miers—has been the one in

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charge. The process was designed to identify candidates for vacancies and vet their legal qualifications, judicial philosophy, and confirmability. The counsel's office has done much of the vetting, and the committee (including several associate counsels and a Justice Department lawyer, as well as Andrew Card, Karl Rove, and the deputy chief of staff for policy) functions as a court of sorts, deciding which candidates to interview and ultimately which to recommend to Bush.

Relying on this process, Bush has now appointed 172 judges to the district (trial) courts and 41 judges to the circuit courts, whose importance derives from the fact that very few cases rise above them to the Supreme Court. While Miers was deputy chief of staff for policy—and thus on the committee—Bush nominated 37 district and 19 circuit judges (according to the Justice Department). The work on at least 11 of those nominations (8 district, 3 circuit) had already been done by the time Miers became deputy chief of staff. During her time as White House Counsel, the president has made 12 district and just 1 circuit court selection (again, according to the Justice Department). Using different processes, Bush has chosen Roberts and now Miers for the Supreme Court.

The above two paragraphs describe the process Miers took part in and its actual results. Still, there is much more that needs to be known about Miers's involvement if you want to discern how she might interpret and apply the law. To put it otherwise, if it were possible to know with some specificity about Miers's particular role in Bush's judicial selection, you might be able to see whether the judicial philosophy she shares with the president has gained much definition or remains at the level of platitude, however appealing. Suppose you knew the questions she asked candidates, or the views (if any) she stated in those committee meetings. Or suppose you'd read whatever she might have written pertaining to judicial selection. Then you might find out.

Harriet Miers

But such information, involving as it does presidential decision-making of the highest order, is not given out, either to senators obligated to advise and consent or, through aides or even former aides, duly respectful of the office, to an inquiring press. "I'll eat my hat," says one former administration lawyer who was involved in the process, if materials involving judicial selection "are ever given up."

The situation is such that supporters of Miers who are willing to speak about her role in judicial selection do so only in general terms. For example, David Leitch, who served as deputy White House counsel from late 2002 until March of this year, told me that while Miers was deputy chief of staff for policy, she was "a full participant" in the weekly judicial selection meetings. "She engaged in discussion and offered her thoughts and comments about people and strategy."

Of course, on background—that is, not for attribution—people tend to be a little more specific, but only a little. Thus, one individual who asked me to identify him (or her) as "a source involved in the process" said that, as White House counsel, Miers has insisted on the importance of "neutral principles in judicial interpretation," and in one instance she cautioned against inferring from a prosecutor's tough-on-crime reputation "an overarching judicial philosophy" or an understanding of "the proper role of the courts."

This raises the question, of course, of what her own philosophy, and her own understanding, might be. Miers may be a better scout of judges than judge material herself.

Miers wins praise from lawyers in a position to know about her work on the Roberts nomination. "She was instrumental in pushing his candidacy," says one. "She was in charge of that process," says another. "She sat through all the murder boards," says yet another, a close friend of Miers's. Another lawyer who helped with those boards says, "She was there for the whole thing," though he adds, "I don't recall her asking questions."

Not incidentally, a lawyer who advised on the Roberts nomination says that Miers and her team vetted that choice so thoroughly that "the

roll-out was flawless." Her nomination, he continues, was not well vetted, hence its accumulating problems, one of which is the worry among conservatives about the depth of her judicial philosophy. "When it came time to roll out Harriet Miers, there was no Harriet Miers." That invites a question: Would another Harriet Miers be able to sell this Miers?

In responding to a Senate Judiciary Committee questionnaire last week, Miers chose these words to describe her work in the judicial-selection process: "A critical role of my current job is to assist in the formulation of recommendations for individuals to fill judicial vacancies. I also participated in such activities as Deputy Chief of Staff. My work in this area confirmed my view that judges must limit their role to interpreting and applying the law, leaving policymaking and legislating to others."

While senators in both parties are unlikely to learn more about Miers's work on "the formulation of recommendations" for judicial nominations, that does not mean they will end their inquiry into her judicial philosophy. Whether there is any more to learn about Harriet Miers's judicial philosophy is a question that the hearings, advertised to begin on November 7, seem destined to answer. ♦

The Second Time As Farce

Not that the first time was serious.

BY MATT LABASH

IF YOU'RE in the reporting game long enough, old stories start repeating on you like a bean pie past its freshness date. So it felt as we gathered in Washington, D.C., last week to celebrate the Millions More Movement, Louis Farrakhan's sequel to his 1995 Million Man March. It seems like only a decade ago that we stood on the National Mall, baying and bellowing and clapping each other's muscled shoulders. Or maybe, through the mists of time, I'm thinking of the NOW rally.

Farrakhan had proclaimed the original march a "Day of Atonement," pinching the Jewish holiday's name, perhaps in a bit of turnabout since he's never been keen on how the Jews "leech on us." Attendees made lots of promises to reform their lives that were forgotten by, oh, dinnertime. The Park Service, back then, estimated the crowd at 400,000 strong, while the Nation of Islam insisted it was 2 million.

If we go with the latter estimate, that would mean nearly one-seventh of all black American males turned out, enough to influence the direction of black America. Considering that 68 percent of black children are still born out of wedlock, that nearly 60 percent of black males don't graduate from high school, that blacks are seven times more likely than whites to commit homicide, and six times more likely than whites to be murdered (94 percent of them by other blacks), the Million Man March hardly appears to have been the transformative experience of its organizers' billing.

Which isn't to say nothing came of it. There was *Get on the Bus*, the bad Spike Lee movie. Also John Muhammad, a Nation of Islam adherent who reportedly worked security during the March, went on to become the Beltway Sniper, shooting strangers as they gassed their cars. The March's most conspicuous legacy, however, was inspiring a million more million-something marches: the Million Mom March, the Million Family March, the Million Youth March, etc. All bipeds were pretty much covered.

But Farrakhan's Million Man March 2.0 turned out to be a different beast. This time, he invited women and children, Indians and Latinos and Oppressed Peoples, even gays, lesbians, and transgenders (who met in a sub-gathering before the event in front of the National Theatre's production of *Les Misérables*). Farrakhan incessantly points out that this isn't just a march, it's a "movement." Marches are for amateurs, Saturday-afternoon wheel-spinners. A movement connotes heft and permanence. Plus, one must admit, naming the sequel the "Millions More Movement" is a lot catchier than calling it what it was: the "Several Hundred Thousand-Less Disappointment."

Farrakhan critics love to quibble with his numbers, just as they fixate on his Jew-bashing and his having never met a human-rights-crushing dictator (from Castro to Qaddafi to Robert Mugabe) whose throne he wouldn't sniff. But those indictments miss the point. The answer to every Farrakhan riddle, the crude and inel-

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Farrakhan on the Mall

Reuters / Micah Walters

egant truth about his character, boils down to the following: He is nuttier than a can of Planters.

This I was reminded of two days before the big gathering, at a Farrakhan press conference at the National Press Club. After listening to him once again mutter of dark conspiracies that had the government or some other mysterious force deliberately exploding the levees in New Orleans to victimize poor blacks, I took the open mike to ask him if he's worried that people will think he's bonkers. It was a rhetorical question.

In the interest of religious pluralism, many consider it impolite to rehearse the minister's actual teachings. But he is the man, after all, who believes that whites were created 6,000 years ago by an evil black scientist named Yakub, that Farrakhan himself was abducted by an invisible pilot and beamed up to a UFO-type object called the "Mother Wheel," that he took a meeting there with the late Elijah Muhammad, who informed him that the U.S. government was plotting a war, which, Farrakhan figured out, was against blacks, and that the ship deposited him again at either Tysons Corner in Virginia or Fifth Street in D.C.—one or the other—so he could make this important revelation. To label him a mere demagogue is to give him short shrift as a loon.

One might assume such flights of imagination would cause mainstream black leaders (incapable of turning out crowds in Farrakhan-like numbers) to dissociate themselves from Farrakhan, or at least to tell him to button it. But the big Mother Wheel keeps on turning. While many leaders sat the '95 march out, leery of Farrakhan's extremism, they all seemed to have a change of heart after nobody was shot (a success metric not cited after, say, a Boy Scout Jamboree).

In what is a marker less of Farrakhan's relevance than of their own increasing irrelevance, the leaders of every old-line civil-rights organization and mainstream group, from the NAACP to the Urban League to the Progressive National Baptist Convention to the Congressional Black Caucus, couldn't get to the Mall fast enough. Except this time, they didn't have much company (100,000—according to a source quoted by the *Washington Post*).

I started my march at the middle of the Mall, near the Washington Monument, and walked to the Capitol steps, where the speakers' stage was. It's a walk that took me over an hour 10 years ago, as I squeezed through the throng. This time, I completed the trek in about 25 minutes, making several stops along the way. One of them was at the Solar Decathlon exhibit, a village of solar houses plunked down near the Monument and unrelated to Farrakhan's gathering, where geeky university kids competed to see who had the coolest energy recovery ventilators and photovoltaic systems.

While 10 years ago the village would have been overwhelmed by Million Man Marchers, who streamed all the way from the Capitol to the Lincoln Memorial, this time, I meet a single marcher named Jeff Johnson, a young kid sporting an "I'm Black" T-shirt, who is charging

his cell phone in one of the solar edifices. As I talk to him—assuming he's one of Farrakhan's disenfranchised, downtrodden, dispossessed—he tells me not to take notes on the text of his neck tattoo. He's a male model. And doing so would be a copyright violation of his Wilhelmina contract.

Non-event that it was, this march did have something the last one didn't: white people, even if they bumbled through by accident. There were tourists pushing baby strollers through the crowd, Smithsonian Sculpture-Garden visitors, twenty-somethings playing three-on-three pick-up soccer in the middle of the Mall.

But the marchers themselves are stereotypical. They post themselves along the heavily traveled byways in Nation of Islam faux-military uniforms that look as though they come from the Sgt. Pepper collection in Michael Jackson's closet. They hawk souvenirs such as the Millions More Movement "Certificate of Participation." They form drum-circles and sport unspellable self-appointed names that sound like birth-certificate monikers that have been run through the "Louis Farrakhan African Name Generator" on the Internet (I couldn't resist doing the same, and now have the option of bylining under "Zuwarah"). I am weighed down with literature, from copies of the *Final Call* to the "360 Reasons to Free Malachi York" (leader of the Nuwaubian sect who's doing time on federal racketeering and child-molestation charges). So many socialist newspapers are jabbed at me that I feel as though I've been buried in Eugene Debs's knapsack.

The dozens of speakers who take the stage, from full-time grievance groups like the New Black Panther party, spike their self-betterment speeches with lots of "Black Power" yawps and blame-whitey asides. I tape most of it, and spend two days transcribing over 25 single-spaced pages. But in charity, I'll spare readers any excerpts. The spiels seemed incendiary at the time, but upon second reading, the material is so depressingly predictable, so broadly belligerent, that it's as if the participants have cast themselves in a '60s-era Black Radical Halloween party, one that lasts all year.

Mainstreamers take the stage too, such as PBS's Tavis Smiley and Princeton's Cornel West (who admitted to me in the media bullpen that this wasn't a movement, "just an attempt at momentum. You go from momentum to a kind of motion, but social movements are very rare"). But there is no shortage of less seasoned spokesmen shooting the message in the foot, such as Jim Jones of the Diplomats. When Jones starts rapping along to a backing track that makes generous mention of "bitches" and "Rolexes" and "weed," he has to cut off his own music. "Yo, they made a mistake and put the dirty version on," he says. "I apologize from the bottom of my heart. . . . We in the struggle too, just like y'all."

Farrakhan mounts the stage with his Fruit of Islam security retinue, looking like a tin-pot dictator about to review his troops.

The main event, of course, is Farrakhan himself. Mounting the stage with his Fruit of Islam security retinue, looking like a tin-pot dictator about to review his troops and missiles, Farrakhan, to his credit, isn't short on specifics. He essentially advocates a return to segregation, the need for blacks to grow self-sufficient and form a country within a country by starting their own Ministries of Education, Defense, Art and Culture, Justice, and Science and Technology.

Farrakhan students will recognize this as the Nerf version of "The Muslim Program," printed in the back of every issue of the *Final Call.* It advocates the "descendants of slaves" being "allowed to establish a separate state or territory of their own," with "slave masters" being obligated to fork over land that "must be fertile and minerally rich," while supplying "our needs in this separate territory for the next 20 to 25 years." Some of this, of course, would have to be done through reparations and the federal government turning back tax dollars. But for the time being, the audience can make a good start on this rather formidable project by dropping money into the trash-can donation receptacles that the Nation of Islam stations all over the Mall.

It isn't clear whether the cheerless Buppie crowd, many of them graduates of places like Howard and Spelman, is ready for such a drastic program. But I take it as an indication that they aren't when a large percentage of them start heading for their cars mid-speech, as if they were at FedEx Field and the Redskins were getting blown out in the fourth quarter.

I spy one of these evacuees holding a sign that reads, "Be free, grow your own food, kill your television, boycott sports." His name is Zeus Cosmos, and he looks the part. Zeus is a Greek immigrant who sports Fu-Manchu facial hair, a door-knocker nose ring, and around his neck an Africa pendant and a black-power fist. He's not happy with what he's hearing from the stage. "Slavery was bad, we know that," he says. "But I'm telling you, the groups who preach hate against the white man are destroying themselves."

I find Zeus sensible, and let him go on for awhile. Maybe too long. He starts down tangents about how the Treasury Department can't be trusted and how blacks should be moved from the city to the country, where they should be given wheelbarrows and wagons to make their way in the woods. My impulse is to grab him by the nose ring and lead him to the nearest mental health professional.

But after what I've heard all day, I'm not so sure Zeus isn't ready to assume the dais at the next Million-Whatever-March. ♦

Putting Federalism to Sleep

The wrong way to argue against assisted suicide.

BY NELSON LUND

THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION claims the authority to stop Oregon physicians from using prescription drugs to implement that state's unique program of physician-assisted suicide. But the administration's effort to use an ambiguous federal drug statute to undermine Oregon's assisted suicide law is a betrayal of conservative legal principles. *Gonzales* v. *Oregon*, argued before the Supreme Court earlier this month, may give an early signal about the commitment of the emerging Roberts Court to those principles. And the Court's decision could have unexpected implications for a range of other issues, including future policies about abortion.

Like the administration, I believe that the people of Oregon made a terrible mistake when they voted in two separate popular referenda to authorize Oregon doctors to help their patients commit suicide. Physicians are uniquely empowered by their technical knowledge and the nature of their work either to heal or to kill, and their patients know it. For millennia, the chief safeguard against abuse of this power has been the Hippocratic ethic, which forbids a doctor from seeking to hasten the death of any patient. That ethic was compromised when physicians began to violate a related Hippocratic prohibition of abortion, and it has continued to crumble in the face of pressures for doctors to make moral decisions (masquerading as medical decisions) about whose life is worth preserving. The Oregon law is a step along the path toward a world of legalized euthanasia in which seriously ill people will have good reasons to worry about what their doctors are up to.

Unlike the Bush administration, however, I believe the voters of Oregon are adults who are entitled to make their own decisions about this important policy question, even if they disagree with me. Among the signal achievements of the late Chief Justice Rehnquist was his long crusade to revive the constitutional principle of federalism. That principle demands that the people of each state be allowed to govern themselves as they see fit, so long as their decisions are not forbidden by the Constitution itself (as in certain decisions involving racial discrimination) or by federal statutes covering issues assigned by the Constitution to the jurisdiction of Congress (such as the regulation of foreign and interstate commerce).

The constitutional principle of federalism suggests that Oregon's assisted suicide law should be immune from congressional interference. Virtually all of the people affected by Oregon's law will be Oregonians, and there is nothing in Oregon's decision that will interfere with other states' ability to choose a different policy in regulating their own physicians. In any event, Congress has not clearly authorized the Bush administration to interfere with Oregon's decision. The federal statute generally requires that doctors with state licenses to prescribe drugs be given a federal license as well. Federal authorities do have a vaguely worded authorization to yank the licenses of doctors who behave irresponsibly, which was aimed at allowing federal agents to quickly shut down doctors who set up shop as drug dealers. The Bush administration is using this provision to claim a power to override any state law involving prescription drugs if the attorney general disagrees with that state's chosen policy about the proper use of such drugs.

The drug statute can easily be interpreted to leave policy decisions about medical practice to the states. The statute does not clearly grant the authority the administration is claiming, and it might be unconstitutional if it did. In any event, there was absolutely no necessity for the administration to claim this power (which reversed the Justice Department's previous position). This is a legally gratuitous departure from the principle that the states are free to manage their own internal affairs unless a valid federal law clearly constrains their discretion.

There may be further implications. If the Roberts Court eventually overrules *Roe* v. *Wade*, as I believe it should, the abortion issue will return to the democratic processes of each state, which is where it lay before the Supreme Court usurped state authority. We can be sure that interest groups on both sides of that issue—none of which is likely to have enough political support to obtain a clearly worded federal statute, let alone a constitutional amendment—will seek to get future administrations to attack state laws they disagree with, using maneuvers like the one the Bush administration has adopted here.

Assisted suicide is a serious issue. So is abortion. Less visibly, but no less important, this case involves the obligation of judges to be faithful to the constitutional principle of federalism. That principle should be especially significant in guiding the resolution of controversial issues, but the principle seldom has a strong political constituency. For that reason, whatever our views on assisted suicide and abortion, we should all hope that in this case the new chief justice will be true to Rehnquist's spirit rather than to the will of the president who appointed him. ♦

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Blueprint for Victory

Democracy won't take root in Iraq until the Sunnis know they are defeated

By Frederick W. Kagan

The nature of the conflict in Iraq has shifted over the past 30 months. A basic assumption of the war plan executed in March and April 2003, and of the counterinsurgency campaign waged since then, was that the overwhelming majority of Iraqis would welcome the establishment of democracy in their country. And although a majority of Iraqis clearly do welcome democracy, there is an important complication. The most significant challenge the coalition faces in Iraq today is the fact that the Sunni-Arab community is in large part unwilling to accept the consequences of democracy, and has not yet reconciled itself to the loss of its dominant position in the country. U.S. military strategy has largely ignored this problem so far. Victory in Iraq thus requires a refocusing of coalition military efforts against this central challenge.

The coalition counterinsurgency effort has focused on three major military objectives. Between April and December 2003, the U.S. Central Command (CENTCOM) concentrated on finding Saddam Hussein and his two criminal sons, Uday and Qusay, and on breaking the Saddamist insurgency. The deaths of Uday and Qusay in July and the capture of Saddam in December 2003 largely achieved this goal.

The second objective emerged starkly with the capture of a letter from Abu Musab al Zarqawi to Osama bin Laden in February 2004. Coalition forces thereafter began to focus primarily on "jihadists" and "foreign fighters" who were thought to be masterminding the terrorism campaign in Iraq. During the first half of 2004, coalition forces took the lead in this campaign because Iraqi military and police units were for the most part incapable of doing so.

The third objective is the transfer of responsibility for Iraqi security to the Iraqis themselves as rapidly as possible. This objective was prominent in the initial war plan, but received new attention in mid-2004, with the transfer of sovereignty to the interim government headed by Ayad Allawi and the refocusing of coalition strategy on training Iraqi soldiers to take the lead in the counterinsurgency. In accord with this emphasis, coalition forces have moved away from the centers of Iraqi cities and towns and worked to put increasing numbers of Iraqi troops on the front lines instead. This objective has apparently been predominant in coalition strategy.

These three objectives have interacted with one another since the fall of Baghdad. The goal of getting coalition troops away from the front lines and replacing them with Iraqis has been a consistent CENTCOM aim since June 2003. The focus on Zarqawi and the problem of foreign fighters and jihadists has remained largely unchanged since February 2004. There have been notable exceptions to the doctrine of removing coalition forces from the front lines, particularly in the battles of Falluja of April and November 2004, and in Tal Afar in September of 2004 and 2005. Generally speaking, however, these three goals have defined the operational patterns of the U.S. military in Iraq. (CENTCOM officials would point out that the command has also been pursuing many other "lines of operation," as it calls them, including humanitarian relief and support for the political process, and so on. These undertakings, although critical to the overall success of the counterinsurgency, fall outside the realm of military strategy proper, and so are not considered here.)

There is no question that accomplishing these three objectives is essential to success in Iraq. The question is whether it is sufficient.

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Objective I: fighting Saddam

The United States invaded Iraq in March 2003 and captured Baghdad in early April, ending major combat operations. Before the war, Saddam Hussein had created the Fedayeen Saddam, a large group of unconventional warriors trained, equipped, and supplied to conduct guerrilla-style attacks on advancing U.S. forces during the war, and to continue a guerrilla struggle on behalf of their deposed leader after the end of major combat operations.

The activities of the Fedayeen Saddam first attracted the attention of American commanders and civilian leaders during the war. The continuation of guerrilla attacks after the fall of Baghdad seemed to be an obvious and natural extension of those tactics, now carried on by "bitter-enders," "Baathists," and "former regime elements," as the military called them. U.S. military strategy therefore focused on convincing these recalcitrant Saddamists that Saddam would not be returning to power—and bent every effort to finding Saddam and his sons as the linchpin of this strategy. This view of the problem seemed to be vindicated following the killing of Uday and Qusay on July 22, 2003, and the capture of Saddam himself a few months later.

Riots over unemployment and other economic issues nonetheless suggested that "former regime elements" were not the whole problem—and that nonmilitary measures might also be brought to bear on the violence. Under General John Abizaid, CENTCOM commander from July 2003 to the present, the military increasingly emphasized humanitarian assistance to improve the quality of life of ordinary Iraqis, and CENTCOM argued repeatedly that improving the Iraqi economy was the key to reducing the violence. The assumption was that Iraqis generally desired democracy, but might become disillusioned with it if the quality of their daily lives did not improve.

At the same time, the coalition was working to reestablish an Iraqi army and police force. The organizations overseeing that process reported to the Coalition Provisional Authority, headed briefly by Jay Garner and then by L. Paul Bremer. The CPA's efforts to rebuild the Iraqi army aimed at producing a force incapable of meddling in Iraq's domestic affairs, yet minimally able to defend Iraq from foreign threats. It was to be an organization of three light infantry divisions with no special training in or focus on counterinsurgency.

The conflict between this process and CENTCOM's hope of replacing U.S. forces with Iraqi troops may not have seemed stark to strategists in 2003. The belief was that the insurgency would dwindle quickly as the Saddamists were hunted down and the Baathist leadership was captured. Once the few malcontents committed to the old despotism were eliminated or cowed, ran the common wisdom, the coalition would be able to withdraw.

The focus on a small military footprint that would minimize the appearance of a U.S. occupation made sense in this context. The Iraqis would not naturally support their former oppressors and would do so only out of fear that the Americans would become new foreign oppressors. The CPA's failure to develop an Iraqi army able to put down internal rebellion was therefore viewed as regrettable but far from disastrous. CENTCOM was much more worried about getting critical infrastructure and the economy up and running.

The killing of Uday and Qusay and the capture of Saddam seemed to strengthen this view. Those events led to a significant increase in the amount of intelligence CENTCOM was receiving from Iraqis, and in the number of surrenders of "former regime elements" who recognized that their day was done. The Bush administration and its military commanders entered 2004 confident that they had the winning strategy and that the continuing attacks and explosions were the sputterings of a dying insurgency.

Objective II: fighting terrorists and foreign fighters

The insurgency, however, did not wind down, and in early 2004 a new element appeared on the scene in the form of Abu Musab al Zarqawi, who claimed to be running an al Qaeda branch office in Iraq. Coalition forces intercepted a letter from Zarqawi to Osama bin Laden in February of that year, which seemed to lay out Zarqawi's future program of action. He told bin Laden that the transition of authority and military power from the coalition to the Iraqis would be a major and unfortunate turning point for him, one that might even destroy his justification for continued violence in Iraq. He therefore intended, he wrote, to launch an intense campaign to split the country along sectarian lines before the June 2004 transfer of sovereignty. He would incite Sunni violence against Shiites, intending to provoke a Shiite response that would lead to civil war and thereby galvanize the Sunnis to fight both the Shiites and the Americans.

Since then, Zarqawi and his organization have transfixed American strategists. U.S. officials began in early 2004 to focus heavily on terrorists and on foreign fighters. A Jordanian (of Palestinian descent) by birth, Zarqawi founded an organization that not only includes fighters drawn from outside of Iraq, but also has introduced into Iraq the tactics, techniques, and procedures of international jihad, including suicide bombings, car bombings, and al Qaeda's cell system of organization. As attacks on coalition forces and terrorist attacks continued after Saddam's cap-

ture, it was natural to see these foreign elements as the key to the problem.

The focus on counterterrorism operations and the foreign fighters was a strategy on which all sides could agree. No one doubted that jihadists were evil, and few U.S. or Iraqi leaders wanted to consider the possibility that their more basic assumptions were mistaken. This view of the problem was justifiable until April 2004, when Marines sent into Falluja to capture those responsible for the brutal deaths of four American contractors encountered not only a determined, organized, well-equipped, and well-supplied enemy that attempted to fight them toe to toe, but also a hostile populace. Not only did the people of Falluja give aid and shelter to the insurgents, but many young Fallujans grabbed their trusty AK-47s and made a game of shooting at advancing Marines and then disappearing. They were spurred on not just by radical imams preaching anti-Americanism and the virtues of jihad, but also by their families and friends, who exhorted them to be martyrs. A common thread in these sermons and exhortations was that the Americans had turned Iraq over to the Shia and thereby dispossessed the Sunni Arabs of their birthright to rule Iraq. (An excellent account of the April and November battles of Falluja can be found in Bing West's new book, *No True Glory*.)

The first battle of Falluja should have rung alarm bells about the assumptions underlying American strategy. The widespread and enthusiastic participation of the population made nonsense of the notion that a handful of former Saddamists and foreign fighters were the major problem. Hostility to the United States and also to the nascent Iraqi government was widespread and deeply rooted. The refusal of the Fallujans to accept or participate even in humanitarian assistance and economic recovery efforts raised grave doubts about that focus of CENTCOM's activities. Above all, the Marines' inability to find local leaders who could engage in meaningful negotiations was evidence of a deep crisis within the Sunni-Arab community.

The immediate political context, however, obscured the larger strategic lessons. The Marines' attack had been hastily prepared, without adequate political groundwork, and within days members of the Governing Council, the Iraqi face of the American occupation authority, were threatening to resign. At the same time, coalition forces faced a worrisome challenge from the radical Shiite cleric Moqtada al-Sadr and his Mahdi Army, which launched operations in Najaf, Karbala, Baghdad, and a number of other Shiite cities. The dread possibility that the majority Shiite community might rebel against American efforts to implant democracy could not be ignored. Fear of the Shia community in Iraq, which some in the administration wrongly believed wished to unite with or follow the dictates of Tehran, had profoundly influenced U.S. policy in Iraq from the end of the war. The specter of such a rebellion in the person of Moqtada al-Sadr was nearly paralyzing. For all of these reasons, the U.S. military leadership decided that the political price of crushing opposition in Falluja was too high and implemented a unilateral ceasefire that included the withdrawal of American soldiers from the city and the creation instead of the so-called "Falluja Brigade," to be manned by locals and commanded by former Baathist generals.

These events also reinforced the CENTCOM belief that American forces in Iraq were an irritant and created more problems than they solved, and that only Iraqi forces could suppress the insurgency. Because they had not been trained to fight counterinsurgency wars (and because their training was inadequate in any case), the Iraqi forces that were to have accompanied the Marines into Falluja largely fled. The Marines withdrew from the city at the conclusion of the battle and were replaced by the Falluja Brigade. The city suddenly became much quieter. A similar policy of restraint and the more successful use of Iraqi forces led to the isolation of Moqtada al-Sadr and the gradual erosion of his support and of his uprising, although only an assault by Iraqi and coalition forces on the Imam Ali Mosque in August 2004 finally ended his military resistance. The successful transfer of sovereignty to an interim government in June 2004 seemed both to have eliminated the appearance of an occupation and, according to Zarqawi himself, to have destroyed the jihadists' justification for their presence in Iraq.

Yet the insurgency continued. The rebels shifted their fire from coalition forces, which were generally too heavily armed and armored to be attacked successfully, to Iraqi police, Iraqi military and paramilitary units, and Iraqi civilians. And by the fall of 2004, it had become clear that the Falluja Brigade had melted away and the insurgents had made Falluja an organized base in which neither the coalition nor the Iraqi government had any power or presence. The withdrawal from Falluja was thus an emblem of a larger failure of imagination about the real problem the United States faced in Iraq.

Objective III: Iraqification

The first battle of Falluja should also have led to questions about the goal of turning Iraqi security over to the Iraqis as quickly as possible. This objective had been a key tenet of U.S. strategy from the first moment of the occupation. It rested on the assumption that coalition forces would be far less effective at counterinsurgency operations than Iraqis, and that it was important to minimize interactions between American soldiers and Iraqi civilians.

EPA Photos / Nabil Mounzer

Leaving Falluja, April 30, 2004

The initial efforts to create an Iraqi army were problematic. General Tommy Franks, CENTCOM commander during the war, had effectively disbanded Saddam's army, instructing its soldiers to surrender by laying down their weapons and going home. The coalition took only a handful of prisoners of war. When CPA head Bremer issued an edict formally disbanding that army, he was ratifying a *fait accompli*. The coalition therefore needed to build an Iraqi army from scratch. After the fiasco with the half-trained forces that fled Falluja in April 2004, CENTCOM brought in Lieutenant General David Petraeus in mid-2004 to overhaul the Iraqi army completely, with the particular goal of focusing on counterinsurgency. This undertaking has proven far more successful than the handful of light infantry divisions originally envisioned. Iraqi units performed admirably in the second battle of Falluja (in November 2004), in Tal Afar (September 2005), and in numerous other fights. But the question remains: Is the best strategy to focus on building up Iraqi units to fight the counterinsurgency battles? This question is more problematic than the coalition has let on. It may, in fact, be the central question of Iraq strategy today.

The months between the two battles of Falluja were tumultuous and confusing. Despite rising violence, the Bush administration held to its determination to transfer sovereignty to an Iraqi government as rapidly as possible, and to encourage that new government to set aggressive timelines for framing a constitution and holding elections. These decisions, much criticized at the time, turned out to be wise. They ensured that the coalition did not lose the support of the Shia and Kurds by losing momentum in a political process both groups knew would favor them. The political process also offered a prospect for creating a new Sunni-Arab elite that has legitimacy within the Sunni community and a commitment to democracy. So far, the emergence of such an elite is just a hope. Without the ongoing political process, though, there would be no hope at all.

The wisdom of the political process was to some degree undercut by the shortsighted decision to pull the Marines out of Falluja. Within months, the insurgents had not only taken over the city but established defensive positions, stockpiled food and ammunition, and set up *sharia* courts. Falluja for a time became a safe haven for the insurgents and a base for exporting rebellion throughout Iraq.

With Iraq's first elections, set for January 30, 2005, approaching, the CENTCOM leadership realized it could not surrender Falluja (and the larger Sunni Triangle) to Zarqawi and the insurgents. The Marines therefore prepared to return to the city in November 2004, but with a new approach. Effective Iraqi Army units accompanied them this time, and the now-sovereign Iraqi interim government fully backed the assault. It held firm even through the hard fighting that proved necessary to clean out this insurgent stronghold.

The insurgents met the Marines' attacks with everything they had. Estimates suggest that some 3,000 rebels fought fiercely, turning the town's cement houses and mosques into thousands of miniature pillboxes. They were confident that the Americans would not engage them in close-quarters fighting, and were disagreeably surprised when the Marines went house-to-house and room-to-room to clear them out of the city completely. The result was a devastating setback for the insurgency. Thousands of their most determined fighters were killed or captured, a safe haven that had come to look like an impenetrable fortress fell in a matter of days, and Zarqawi himself was forced to flee ignominiously to save his skin, after having promised his warriors that he would stay with them until the end.

The second battle of Falluja marked a major turning

point in the course of the insurgency. From that point on, the insurgent military threat became much less grave. Insurgents now rarely concentrate in groups of more than two or three. They do not undertake direct attacks on U.S. soldiers if they can help it, and they have focused their improvised explosive devices on the softer targets of the Iraqi army, Iraqi police, and Iraqi civilians. The guerrilla war is effectively over because the enemy dares not even attempt guerrilla attacks, and the coalition is faced with a nearly pure terrorist campaign. The handful of exceptions, such as the recent fights at Tal Afar, simply prove the rule—the insurgents know that they cannot hold ground, and so they have largely given up trying. In this sense, the U.S. military strategy in Iraq has been extremely successful.

For the U.S. military, Falluja was important mainly because it seemed to validate the retraining efforts that were producing the new Iraqi army. Iraqi soldiers fought bravely and well in Falluja in November, and helped the Marines gain intelligence and fight the enemy. When the battles were over, the Marines moved as quickly as they could to turn the patrolling of the city back over to the Iraqis and to withdraw to the outskirts of town, ready to support their local allies if necessary. The mantra that the Iraqi soldiers needed to take over the fight before victory could be achieved continued monotonously, and President Bush began to say of the Iraqi troops that "as they stand up, we will stand down."

This is the posture that U.S. forces have tried to adopt throughout Iraq. Coalition forces have steadfastly attempted to hold positions on the outskirts of towns and cities, leaving actual patrolling within population centers as much as possible to Iraqis. At first the emphasis was on joint patrols with new Iraqi units, but U.S. forces say that their aim is to move to Iraqi-only patrols as quickly as possible, providing a backup and security force on which the Iraqis can rely as necessary. This strategy has been consistently followed by Abizaid from the beginning of the struggle, and there is no evidence to suggest that it is simply making a virtue of the necessity imposed by low American troop levels. On the contrary, Abizaid's belief in the inherent value of this approach is the principle that explains his consistent refusal to request more U.S. soldiers for Iraq. He and many others at CENTCOM genuinely believe that this is the best strategy and the right approach for the country, and can point to the history of the insurgency offered above as proof of the validity of this view. The question is: Are they right?

Before considering the wisdom of the particular approach to Iraqification that CENTCOM is using, we must first step back and reconsider the nature of the problem that confronts the coalition in Iraq. The notion that foreign fighters were the main problem should not have survived contact with the armed young men of Falluja attacking coalition tanks and armored personnel carriers with AK-47s. The real problem lies within the Sunni-Arab community itself. By eliminating Saddam's regime, the coalition simultaneously disenfranchised that community and decapitated it. Saddam had either co-opted the leaders of that community or killed them, and those that remained fell when he was captured. Radical imams and people like Zarqawi gained power within the Sunni-Arab community by stepping into a vacuum created by coalition success. Their appeal came, as it so often does, from their ability to focus anger and hatred. They spewed anti-Americanism, of course, and thereby drove countless young Iraqi men to their deaths in hopeless combat, but they also preached hatred against Shiites and the doctrine that Iraq should be ruled by the Sunnis forever.

Sunnis have dominated what is now Iraq for centuries—under the Ottoman Empire, the British, and subsequently. Even today, Sunni Arabs claim to be a "majority" in Iraq. For the most part, they do not mean that they are more numerous than the Shiites (though some propaganda tracts attempt to "prove" just that), but rather that they are (or should be) the dominant element in Iraq. In this sense, they are inherently hostile to any arrangement granting power to the Shia—which of course almost any real democracy will do. American assumptions that the Sunnis had been victimized as badly by Saddam as the Shiites and would therefore welcome democracy have turned out to be wrong, undermining U.S. military strategy in the Sunni Triangle.

The decapitation of the Sunni-Arab community in Iraq posed another problem as well, beyond the vacuum exploited by Zarqawi and radical clerics. It meant that there was no recognized authority figure who could speak for that community or control it. The contrast with the Moqtada al-Sadr uprising was stark: At a pivotal moment in that rebellion, Ayatollah Ali Sistani, the recognized leader of the Iraqi Shia communities, spoke against Moqtada and urged the Shia not to support him. Sistani thereafter worked to broker several deals that gradually stripped Moqtada of his base and ultimately eliminated the military threat he posed. There was no leader who could perform a similar service in the Sunni-Arab regions.

The failure to occupy the Sunni Triangle after the war in April 2003 aggravated these challenges. Besides allowing Zarqawi and his ilk to step in, it also meant that the Sunni Arabs of Iraq never felt that they had been defeated. They did not fear American forces, as evidenced by the fact that Fallujans of all ages, men and women, came out to watch the first battle of Falluja as though it were a spectator

sport—not the behavior one would expect of a people in awe of America's military might.

The very fact that the insurgents held their ground in Falluja is one of the most important and least examined events of the war. Insurgents do not ordinarily behave in this fashion, fearing the destruction of their organizations in pitched battles against stronger military forces. Yet the rebels held in Falluja, in many cases fighting to the death. Why? Because it *is* important to them that they hold ground. Sunni Arabs resisting the vision of a Shia-dominated Iraq are defending their homeland. And they did not believe that the Marines would fight them—the quick and relatively bloodless war had left them unbowed.

Zuma Press / Cpl. Joel A. Chaverry / DOD

Retaking Falluja, November 23, 2004

The debacle (from the insurgents' perspective) of the second battle of Falluja has certainly convinced them to fear U.S. forces in close combat, and they have largely eschewed such fights ever since. But they have turned now to a campaign that is clearly aimed at another perceived American weakness—they do not believe we will stay long enough to defeat them. In a recent letter, bin Laden's lieutenant Ayman al-Zawahiri wrote to Zarqawi: "Things may develop faster than we imagine. The aftermath of the collapse of American power in Vietnam—and how they ran and left their agents—is noteworthy." Repeated assertions by American leaders that U.S. troop withdrawals were just around the corner no doubt reinforced this belief among the rebels and encouraged them to hold on.

The nature of the targets the insurgents are choosing also speaks volumes about the problems the coalition faces. With few exceptions, the rebels are attacking Iraqis, both Sunnis and Shiites, with the aim of destroying support for the nascent Iraqi government. CENTCOM rightly argues that this shift reflects the insurgents' recognition of their inability to hurt American forces seriously, but that argument misses a more important point. If the insurgents are willing to focus their efforts on attacking Iraqis, then the real aim of the insurgency cannot simply be getting the Americans to leave. It must also be to prevent the establishment of a stable democratic government in Baghdad. Who has an interest in such a fight? Sunni Arabs who are unwilling to see a Shia-dominated government have such an interest. Why are they willing to kill Iraqis to prevent that from happening? Because they think it will work.

The Bush administration has always said that convincing the Sunni Arabs that they have a bright future in the new Iraq is an essential component to success, and that is quite true. There is, however, a precondition for the success of that endeavor: *convincing them that they cannot hope to improve their bargaining position through force*. But the coalition reaction to the continued terrorism in Iraq has been a mixed message. Repeated coalition statements about our intention to begin withdrawing as soon as possible, and about the need to turn the task of security over to the Iraqi forces, have tended to send the message that the insurgents can wait us out. President Bush's periodic statements that we will stay for as long as necessary have been drowned in the much louder noise of withdrawal-mania from below. And the absence of coalition forces from many of the cities in the Sunni Triangle has reinforced the message that the U.S. presence is fleeting and will lighten as the weeks go by.

The real danger lies in the months ahead. So far, the Sunni Arabs in Iraq have proven unwilling to accept the possibility that they cannot control the country's destiny

any more. They have manifested that unwillingness through violence and through a failed political strategy of boycotting the January elections to delegitimize them and now unsuccessfully trying to vote down a constitution that many Sunni Arabs feel leaves too much power in the hands of the Shiites and the Kurds. What will they do now that that effort has failed?

Some may decide that they must play even more aggressively in the political game. But many others may well conclude that the political process is hopelessly rigged against them. The Sunni Arabs are a minority community in Iraq. Giving them power approximating their desires is certain to infuriate the Shiites (and the Kurds). Such a course of action is almost certain to lead to civil war. The only political solution, therefore, is to compel the Sunni Arabs to accept a far lesser voice in Iraq's affairs than they have had for centuries, and a far smaller role than they are now demanding.

In the unfolding of the political process, recalcitrant Sunni Arabs may well turn back to violence, noting that they have wrung concessions, including the withdrawal of U.S. forces from their cities, with such an approach before. The best hope for success in Iraq rests on convincing the overwhelming majority of Sunni Arabs that this course of action is doomed from the outset.

The policy of Iraqification, unfortunately, does not lead in this direction. First, the Iraqi military units are necessarily far less capable than coalition forces, both of attacking the enemy and of defending themselves. The insurgents are far more capable of hurting the Iraqi military than they are of harming coalition troops, and are more likely to survive even small guerrilla-style encounters with Iraqi army troops. Nor is it true that using Iraqi army troops is inherently better than using Americans from the standpoint of the hostility they arouse in the local population. Shiites and Kurds comprise a high percentage of the soldiers in the Iraqi forces. Using Shiite troops in Sunni-Arab villages offers precisely one advantage over using American forces —they speak Arabic. The Sunni Arabs still regard them as outsiders—precisely the outsiders, in fact, whom they despise for taking control of the country.

The use of either Shiite or American soldiers in Sunni-Arab villages is likely to generate hostility on the part of the locals. And in truth it is almost certainly better for the Americans to bear the brunt of that hostility. Because the U.S. forces will leave Iraq eventually, the long-term consequences of Sunni-Arab resentment of an American presence will be mitigated. It is therefore more advisable for American units to operate in Sunni areas in conjunction with Iraqi army forces rather than to leave the task to the Iraqi army by itself. The history of U.S. and Iraqi military operations since June 2003, moreover, shows that such joint operations are by far the most effective militarily and politically.

It is easy to misinterpret the anti-American hostility. When an American unit rolls into or through a Sunni-Arab village, the locals may look on with hostility. They may gesticulate, yell, gather, and even attempt to attack the Americans with rocks, sticks, or other such weapons. Such behavior would be a fairly normal way to indicate displeasure with an occupying force. But when an American force rolls into a village and is met with mortar rounds, heavy machine guns skillfully positioned, defensive obstacles, concerted counterattacks, or sophisticated explosive and car bomb attacks, the problem is not the size of the American footprint. Such activities demonstrate not merely anti-Americanism, but a high degree of organization possible only in a populated area beyond the central government's control. The lesson to learn from such firefights as those in Falluja, Tal Afar, and elsewhere is not that the American presence is an incitement to violence, but that the absence of effective occupying forces permits the insurgency to grow to dangerous and unacceptable levels.

It would always be a problem to have sizable cities or towns outside the government's control. But the complicated voting pattern of Iraq's transition to democracy makes such a situation wholly untenable. The need to ensure freedom of movement for election workers and voters every six or nine months has required repeated operations to clear towns that are then allowed to fall back into chaos in the intervals as coalition forces withdraw. This process has led to multiple "invasions" of Falluja, Tal Afar, Baquba, Samarra, and other towns. Each time coalition forces must retake a city in which they have allowed the insurgents to establish themselves, the cost is high—high in casualties for the insurgents, but also high in collateral damage, in the loss of public support, in noncombatant casualties, and in the loss of the sense of peace and progress attendant on any large-scale military operation. The coalition secured the country for the referendum. Will it now loose its hold once more, necessitating still further operations to make possible the December election? For it is nearly certain that Iraqi forces by themselves, or even with modest coalition support, will be unable to police their country adequately in the interim.

A better course would be to act aggressively now to pacify the Sunni Triangle. Coalition forces should increase the number of joint patrols with Iraqi units into Sunni-Arab towns, and should work to establish a long-term joint presence in each of the major troubled population centers. If CENTCOM is right, and towns that seem quiet really are pacified, it is extremely unlikely that the addition of American forces to the mix within those towns will lead to explosions of violence. It is easy to forget that

American forces have periodically entered Sunni towns that were, in fact, under control, and generated no explosion. If the towns or cities really do explode as the coalition troops gradually increase their presence, the odds are high that they were not under control or moving in a positive direction anyway.

It is also essential for the U.S. political elite to abandon the current fad of discussing "exit strategies" and withdrawal timetables. There are few, if any, examples in history of a regime as young and fragile as the current Iraqi state inheriting an insurgency and defeating it. To imagine that the coalition can withdraw, turn an insurgency over to the inexperienced Iraqi army, and expect that army to defeat the insurgency is folly. The measure of success is not the number of "trained" Iraqi battalions available, but the defeat of the insurgency. Both the strategy and the message must be: America will not leave Iraq until the Sunni Arabs, and all other groups and ethnicities, have abandoned the hope that violence will lead to political advantage. This condition is the definitional requirement for any peaceful state, and the job Bush started will not be completed until this condition is met, no matter how many Iraqi soldiers or police are on the job.

Should more U.S. soldiers be deployed to pursue this strategy? Ideally, yes. It remains true that major military operations in Iraq require the coalition to concentrate forces from around the country, denuding some areas of needed troops. CENTCOM finds no difficulty accepting this fact, since its strategy deliberately rejects the idea of occupation. The whole point of CENTCOM's approach, in a certain sense, is to provide forces only where needed at the moment. A strategy of using American forces in conjunction with Iraqis to establish an ongoing presence in the major troubled cities of the Sunni Triangle would force a revision of this calculus that would probably call for more troops, although likely only on the order of some tens of thousands. A mitigating factor is that the coalition has many soldiers now based on the perimeters of towns who could be moved to more central locations. The strategy of occupying rather than abandoning population centers requires first a redeployment, and only then, possibly, an augmentation of U.S. forces.

This suggestion will immediately encounter the retort that there are no more American forces to send to Iraq. It is true that the Army is having difficulty enough meeting the current requirement; it may well be impossible to increase that requirement except in the short term—and adopting a military posture that is unsustainable over the long term would be counterproductive. We should fight at all times to avoid anything that encourages the insurgents to try to wait us out.

The obvious solution is therefore what it has been for several years: to begin to increase the size of the U.S. Army. Any such increase would not produce usable units for a year or perhaps two, and so this suggestion has been repeatedly rejected, since the premise of the CENTCOM strategy has always been that victory is just around the corner. If the Army had been increased in 2001, 2002, 2003, or even 2004, as was suggested each year, there would already be additional forces available. If the Army begins to increase now, new troops will still come on line before the end of Bush's term. We may well need them, for the challenges we face are unlikely to be resolved quickly. Weighing the costs of adding new soldiers against the costs of protracting—or, worse still—losing the war reveals the folly of depending on optimistic prognostications.

The Bush administration and the U.S. military deserve much praise for what has occurred in Iraq these past 30 months. The establishment of a new state, the formation of a new army, the rebuilding of a shattered economy, the foundation of a new democracy—all these are remarkable achievements in a short period of time. They will come to nothing, however, if they do not end in success.

So many things have gone right, and so much momentum has developed behind the idea of victory, that there is no reason to become defeatist. In the military realm, the successes have been astonishing and important. But errors in coalition strategy have also created a certain momentum for defeat, primarily by misapprehending the problem and focusing too heavily on our own preconceptions. Americans have become so accustomed to seeing themselves as the problem, to imagining that their presence is the catalyzing factor of the insurgency, that they are too easily blinded to more serious problems that relate to them only peripherally. The main problem in Iraq is not the American presence, nor is it the presence of our now-perennial enemy, al Qaeda. Reducing our footprint or closing the borders will not win the war.

The problem is within Iraq and specifically within the Sunni community. The coalition and the Iraqis are creating the political preconditions for success and have largely confined the military problems to the Zarqawi network and the Sunni Triangle (where that network is, for the most part, based). But until we, working with our Iraqi partners, have persuaded the Sunni community that violence is counterproductive and cannot improve its political position, the insurgency will continue. That persuasion will require political incentives and military pressure. If we and the Iraqi government apply both in judicious measure over the course of the next few years, there is no reason we cannot win. ♦

All Quiet on the Baghdad Front

When Iraqis went to the polls, the best news was what didn't happen

By Michael Yon

Baghdad

I was in Baquba during Iraq's January elections, having hitched a ride with the U.S. Army to a polling site. There were bombs exploding, mortars falling, and hot machine guns. The fact that the voting was going great despite the violence was something few people expected. Until that day, I'd been skeptical about Iraq. Not fashionably cynical, merely skeptical. We could all hear what President Bush, Prime Minister Blair, and other elected leaders were saying, but they are politicians. We also could hear the end-of-the-Iraqi-world predictions by so many others. But nobody really knew what the Iraqi people had in mind, and the Iraqis were the people who counted most.

The millions who voted sent a message: Serpentine lines of ebullient Iraqis risked their lives—dozens died—to have a say in their futures. People who voted dipped their right index fingers into purple ink and cast their ballots. The image of Iraqis proudly holding their stained fingers aloft became a symbol for the success of the election. In Baquba, many voters asked me to photograph them as they left the polling places, all smiles and purple fingers.

The courage of the Iraqi people that January day planted a seed of confidence. These were not timid or cowering souls. There I was: an American alone in a dangerous Iraqi city, at the very polling site that soldiers were wagering would be bombed. One after another, Iraqis came and shook my hand, showing me their children, laughing, smiling, saying over and over, *Thank you*, *thank you*, *thank you*. I felt like an honored guest, and I felt a twinge of shame that I'd been less confident in the Iraqis than they were in themselves. The voice of the Iraqi people had risen above the clamor of insurgent violence.

But that was hardly the end of the story. Soon came reports that insurgents were targeting people with purple fingers. And in the months since, terrorists have murdered thousands more Iraqis, and hundreds of coalition soldiers. With Iraqis due to return to the polls for a referendum on their new constitution, I wondered which was stronger: the terror or the hope. Would the Iraqi people speak with softer and more tentative voices now after the slaughter of thousands?

For a variety of reasons, I decided the place to be on election day was alongside Command Sergeant Major Jeffrey Mellinger, the top enlisted man for coalition forces in Iraq and right-hand man to Gen. George W. Casey, himself the U.S. commander in Iraq. I'd spent three weeks with Mellinger earlier in the year, driving around Iraq, down to Kuwait, then flying over the Arabian Gulf to ships and oil platforms. Mellinger has been in the Army for 33 years, as best I can tell loving every bit of it, except maybe for the times he was laid up in the hospital. I knew that wherever he was, Mellinger would be where things were happening.

We reconnected at Camp Victory, Baghdad, on October 10, the Monday before the voting. Two Blackhawks deposited me on Griffin Field, nearly blowing me over with my heavy gear as they lifted away. I climbed the steps to the road, looked around, and heard someone yelling: "Mikey!" It was Staff Sergeant Anguiano, who drives for Mellinger and is finishing up his second year in Iraq. I'd gotten to know him during my three weeks with the crew earlier in the year. When I asked his first name, he answered, "Staff Sergeant."

After loading my gear into the Humvee hatch, we drove to link up with Mellinger and some MPs who were working with Iraqi police. Thousands of details needed attention before the voting. Junked and blown-up cars and other debris needed to be removed from roadsides to

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reduce the bomb threat. Weapons were being cleaned, and radios checked.

Mellinger and crew were going into Baghdad with the 393rd Infantry Regiment, 1st Battalion, 2nd Brigade, 75th Division, from Fort Chaffee, Arkansas. (I was in the Army for five years—studied hard—and still am lost on Army names.) They train the Iraqi police, the "IP." We walked around in the fine dust and talked with the IP, who would provide the innermost ring of security encircling all polling places.

Iraqi police have been taking an awful beating at the checkpoints from bomb and sniper attacks. The insurgents sometimes rig cars similar to the one used by the Washington, D.C., snipers, where the kid hid and fired his rifle through a hole in the trunk while the man drove. Sometimes they will make the hole in the door, and the shooter will lie on the rear floor and take aim. The car might pause a moment on an overpass, and then take a shot at Iraqi or American forces. Only takes a few moments and *bap!* Dead man. They do it all the time: Drive-bys are daily occurrences that, unlike the many checkpoints devastated by car bombs, rarely make the news.

It's Ramadan, and devout Muslims are marking the holiday month by fasting and going without fluids during the day. The traditional practice causes devout cops to keel over, and devout soldiers to collapse, and devout drivers to fade behind the wheel. During our first stop at a checkpoint, an Iraqi civilian collapsed, sending an Iraqi policeman running to fetch water.

Heading out that morning, we drove down the four-lane highway called "Route Irish," which many soldiers still think of as one of the most dangerous in Iraq. The highways in Iraq are good—with the exception of the bombs—and Route Irish has become relatively safe. But there, sitting in the middle of our two lanes, was a box. It might be a bomb. It might be a ruse. It might just be a box that fell off a truck. As we slowed, a pickup truck full of Iraqi police zoomed toward the box. My mind raced, saying *noooooooo!*, but there was nothing we could do: The police were going to be blown to bits. But when they zoomed right by, it didn't explode, and their wake was enough to jostle the empty box, so we drove on.

One Iraqi police commander at the checkpoint talked about the enemy's taste in vehicles. Opels make good car bombs because they are cheap, but Mercedes and BMWs are great for drive-by shootings or fast attacks. Nobody can catch them. Plus, he said, the terrorists like to look cool. They really like the 7-series BMWs.

After the first four checkpoints, we stopped at the old Kuwaiti Embassy, which apparently never reopened after Saddam plundered Kuwait. The place was in awful disrepair. Mellinger has a good way of going to interesting places and just telling me when I need to get back. An American sergeant kindly gave me a tour, asking if I would like to meet a police commander. Definitely, I said. The sergeant apologized to the Iraqi police commander for not announcing in advance, but the commander smiled in welcome and offered us seats. I wanted to get straight to the negatives, so I asked him what was wrong, and what would make his job go better. I expected the answer to be "Radios and armor," as it is in Mosul. But this commander said he needed his building refurbished.

"Are you saying communications and armor are not a problem?" I could hardly believe it, thinking he might be one of those chiefs who looks out for himself more than his men. But the American sergeant affirmed that the Iraqi police in this battalion have body armor and helmets. They are also getting new armored vehicles called ASVs, which the sergeant explained are much better than the armored Humvees his men use. The police commander showed me a photo of the ASVs, and he seemed satisfied. All he wanted was a better building. "I will tell the Americans," I said.

We went back out on Wednesday. Command Sergeant Major Mellinger did a pre-mission briefing of the soldiers before leaving the gates, cautioning them that the "Green Zone" is extremely dangerous and not secure. "It's just a place on the map," he said. And then, apparently to make me feel more at home, he warned that journalists are specifically targeted. We started down Route Irish to the Combat Support Hospital (CSH).

At the hospital, in the Green Zone, Mellinger asked an Iraqi nurse what she thought of the referendum on Saturday. She seemed uncertain. Every time I've gone into a CSH, the people seem to be under stress. No doubt the carnage they see wears on them. Up in Mosul, one soldier told me that he once saw a nurse walk outside and just burst into tears.

Like soldiers who have seen a lot of combat, CSH soldiers don't stir quickly. They also don't scramble when the theater command sergeant major walks in. They usually just smile, say hello, and make small talk, like they are talking with their grandfather. Mellinger visits CSHs twice a week, walking from room to room, visiting patients, asking the conscious soldiers how they got sick or wounded, offering advice on how to stop smoking. He hates cigarettes, and wants all his troops to stop, admitting that he, too, used to smoke until he got smart.

We came into a room where a badly wounded Iraqi lay unconscious, but not still. He was rolling back and forth,

All photos © Michael Yon

Minnesota National Guard soldiers waiting for calls that never came

kicking his legs in a scissor motion. Rolling back and forth, back and forth, kicking and kicking. A doctor said the man was an interpreter, and that he thought the interpreter's dad worked for the *Los Angeles Times*. The interpreter had been hit in the body and left eye with shrapnel. Part of his left occipital lobe was missing, the eye was gone. The doctor said he heard the man had saved the lives of two U.S. soldiers, but wasn't sure of any details.

The man kept rolling back and forth, kicking his legs, and Mellinger walked over as I had seen him do before, and gently put his right hand on the man's right shoulder. Suddenly the man stopped rolling and kicking and just lay there still and breathing. Mellinger stood beside the bed for several minutes, talking with the doctor, his hand lightly on the man's shoulder. The man settled down, and a breathing rhythm came to his lungs. After some minutes, Mellinger took his hand off the man's shoulder, and about 30 seconds later, the man's agony seemed to return, and he started kicking and rolling, kicking and rolling.

We visited more rooms. There were few American or coalition patients that day. We came into one familiar room where I'd once seen a badly wounded Marine. On another day, an Iraqi man who had been set ablaze and left to die was in there. Nobody knew who he was. Today, there were two young Iraqi boys. I guessed their ages to be 11 and 13. The 11-year-old had been shot in the forearm, but was sitting in a chair watching his unconscious brother, who was in bed snaked with tubes. The 13-year-old had been shot somewhere in the body. Mellinger put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

A doctor said he thought the boys had been caught in crossfire, but he didn't know. Nobody knew where their parents were. The 11-year-old watched his brother, and then watched the heart-rate monitor like it was a television. Quietly staring at his unconscious brother, and then at the heart-rate monitor. A soldier put her hand on the 11-year-old boy's head and asked if he wanted some candy, but he pointed to his jaw like it hurt. The boy was polite and responsive, but without smiles.

On the day before the referendum, I accompanied Mellinger and his security crew to Taji, to inspect Phoenix Academy, a training facility for American soldiers coming to Iraq. On the drive out of Baghdad, the streets were spooky quiet. Baghdad seemed almost deserted. Traffic had been locked down for the next day's voting. Iraqi police were manning checkpoints into Baghdad, searching every vehicle. The sound of car bombs that had been rumbling across Baghdad every day since I returned was now all but gone.

On the eve of the election, I wanted to be fully prepared for combat in the morning. Once we started out, we'd have no idea how long we might be away, so I headed as quickly as possible to my room, showered, and managed to fall asleep. While I slept, terrorists knocked out electricity to most of Baghdad. Iraqis pulled out their lanterns.

I walked through the morning darkness to meet the soldiers, who were laughing at the terrorists: *Don't those*

dumbasses know that the voting will happen during the daytime? When it comes to winning hearts and minds, cutting off the electricity didn't win any support. I have been saying it for many months: *The terrorists are losing.* But today was litmus-day.

We met with four Humvees full of soldiers from the 42nd MP Brigade from Fort Lewis, Washington, most of whom seemed to expect combat, or at least an encounter with an improvised explosive device (IED) or a car bomb. During the pre-mission briefing, the command sergeant major of the 42nd MPs warned about an "old lady beggar bomb." The terrorists have delivered bombs in the strangest ways: There's the dead-dog bomb, the dead-donkey bomb, the dead-horse bomb, the bomb in the water main, the bomb under the overpass, the one on the electric pole, and even the one in the soccer ball. But I have never, ever, heard of the old-lady-beggar-bomb. Sounded innovative. The soldiers laughed, as did their sergeant, who nonetheless said, "Now don't go shooting little old ladies. If you see an old beggar lady, just don't let her get close."

A slow day for an Iraqi policeman

Security demanded practically no cars on the road, although about 200 drivers had been issued special placards, allowing them to conduct official business in their vehicles. Anyone driving without the placard would be detained by the Iraqi police.

At 6:25 A.M. there was a big explosion in the distance.

We loaded into six Humvees—four with the 42nd MPs, two with Command Sergeant Major Mellinger—and at 6:42 we stopped just before the main gate, and the soldiers piled out from the Humvees and "went red": loaded their weapons. Five Humvees were mounted with .50 caliber machine guns, and one had an M-240 machine gun. We could put up a fight, but machine guns are pretty useless against IEDs.

We rolled into Baghdad.

The voting started at 7:00. At 7:16, our caravan of six Humvees came to a halt when a man who appeared to be drunk or stoned stumbled into the road. But then the news came into the headset that this man is often drunk here. He staggered to a stop in the middle of the road and pulled down his pants. Some soldiers got out and the interpreter tackled him. He was flex-cuffed and handed over to the Iraqi police.

A few minutes later we stopped a car that had no placard displayed, but it turned out to be an Iraqi soldier, out of uniform, delivering food to other soldiers. He did have a placard, but not in the window.

At 7:49 we stopped another car and I heard the command sergeant major of the 42nd MPs over the headset: "Remember, we've had a lot of people killed along here." Turned out to be nothing.

At 8:00 we checked an American MP post where the soldiers were sleeping on cots on dirt floors in a dilapidated cinder building, sharing two Porto-lets. These MPs were in a neutral zone between an Iraqi police station and an Iraqi army station. As is common, the Iraqi police and Iraqi soldiers were not talking with each other. The fact that the army pays more than the police is causing great animosity not just here, but across Iraq. The Iraqi police are engaging in force-on-force combat with the terrorists-cum-criminals, and they are miffed to see the army getting any special pay, gear, or recognition.

On our way back through town, we started to notice competition for the mostly deserted streets. Along the way there were flocks of kids who'd claimed the open roads for soccer fields. At one point, there were four lanes of soccer matches, stretching for maybe half a mile, prompting one soldier to remark, "It's like the world's largest soccer game."

Men from the 64th MP Company, Fort Hood, with their captain, Don Meeks, were supporting two large police districts, including 184 polling sites. All told, 34 military police companies were sponsoring districts in Baghdad, but Captain Meeks was the only one supporting two districts. It was quiet. There were no reports of attacks. By 10:30, we'd visited other places and still there was no enemy activity. Apart from that one explosion at 6:25, I had not heard a shot fired, and no casualties were being reported. It was bizarre.

At 11:15, we visited Michigan National Guard serving as the 720th MPs. Their area of operations was all of Sadr

Sadr City boy arming himself for combat

City, the vast slum that comprises more than half of Baghdad's six million or so people. Many Americans have died in Sadr City. Sergeant First Class Robert Stewart showed Mellinger the giant map of Sadr City, and there was only a single sticker. "Rock throwing," it said.

In the January election, the stickers on that map might have looked like fish scales. Stewart said that "the ISF [Iraqi Security Forces] are running the entire show. Their ability to protect themselves since January has increased one thousand fold." There were so many voters that they were having problems managing the lines.

I spoke with Major Kadhum Shakir, the Sadr City traffic police assistant commander. He was confident, and said through the interpreter, "Iraqi people hope constitution pass." He said that most of the people in Sadr City would vote because the Shia religious leadership in Najaf had told them to vote, but did not tell them how to vote. Major Kadhum said that he believes Iraq will get better leadership, and that the voting was going much better than in January.

I then spoke with Major Yayha Rasuruh from the Iraqi army, who is charged with securing the 46th Sector of Sadr City. He said he took all 50 of his soldiers to vote, and he showed his purple finger proudly. "I think this is great time Iraq passes through. Thirty-five years we suffer. There is freedom now." We talked for about ten minutes, and I asked what it was like to vote. Major Yayha said that the voting worker made him fold his ballet before sticking it in the box. I laughed and said, "The worker was brave. He told an army major to fold his paper!"

Major Yayha laughed. "Yes, no longer afraid to talk with police or army. This is good change." The moment was warm and fuzzy, but the true situation is not. There is little doubt that the people are getting more confident in their new world, but the undercurrent is still Jungle Law. Major Yayha expressed gratitude to Americans for supporting Iraq, and I did not have the heart to say that many are ready to abandon him powerless and adrift on windswept sands.

At 12:10, we arrived at a voting station in Sadr City. There were many Iraqis and throngs of children about—all wanted their photos taken—and as I started to talk with an Iraqi man, I yelled at him and he blinked, and Mellinger said, "You got your earplugs in." I pulled out my earplugs and lowered my voice.

One young Iraqi policeman was hungry and irritable; apparently nobody had brought them food. The American soldiers were dealing with that while I talked with Iraqis. American forces were not supposed to go into the polling stations, but I am not a soldier. Mellinger said he would give me 10 minutes, and one soldier volunteered to go with me just in case. I thanked the soldier for volunteering, and was not brave or crazy enough to turn it down.

Inside the polling place was empty except for the workers. I asked to photograph, but they did not permit it, so I asked to see the boss, and he firmly but politely said, "No, is against rules." He was pleasant and agreed to talk but did not want to give his name, saying that he was in charge of nine polling sites, and that 2,500 people were registered at each site. At this site, which was a girls' high school—most polling sites are schools—about 1,500 people had already voted. The supervisor said that the people had formed a large line at about 6:00 A.M., an hour before the polls opened. He expected that Ramadan had decreased the number of voters, but 1,500 of 2,500 is an impressive turnout. The soldier, the interpreter, and I left the polling station and walked out front.

Soldiers from the 3rd Infantry Division had arrived and, of course, the kids surrounded the newcomers. Iraqi kids are among the best-behaved I've seen anywhere, but this does not apply to kids where soldiers have given them too much candy. They become Royal Brats. Luckily, these kids were friendly, but they all wanted their pictures taken.

We departed to another American post. Along one road there was a tire burning, and after that burning tire the streets were lined with boys, and most had their hands behind their backs. I must have seen two dozen boys trying surreptitiously to pick up rocks to throw at us, but by the looks on their faces, it was merely a sporting event. They looked excited, not angry. Like when my friends and I had pelted cars with rocks and oranges. But throw-

ing rocks at soldiers injures people, and some soldiers wanted to carry paint-guns or BB guns, knowing that if they lay into a crowd of boys with one of those automatic paint guns, the boys might think again.

We met with another group from the 720th MPs, who were supporting the Iraqis in the Al Muthana district, where the majority are Christians, but there are also Sunni and Shia. Master Sergeant Clayton Sneed said they were supporting 196 polling sites, and all was quiet. The only "strange incident" was a man riding a bike wearing three jackets, so the police took him until the voting was finished.

We stopped at another station, and met Minnesota National Guard soldiers, also serving now as 720th MPs. Captain Aaron Krenz said their responsibilities included the Karrada and al-Madaan districts, and 119 polling sites. All was quiet, but unlike in Sadr City, where the people had formed long lines before the polls opened, in these polling sites many people waited until afternoon.

The Minnesota National Guardsmen, who might have been in pitched combat if this were January, were lounging about in lawn chairs, wearing full kit, ready to fight if the Iraqis needed help. But no calls were coming. Apparently the only help anyone needed was for lunch delivery. I later heard people saying the Iraqis didn't want anyone except Iraqis coming near the polling sites; they wanted to show this was by Iraqis for Iraqis. It was their party. If things went to hell, it was their fault. If things went well, they'd get the credit.

The fighting hamsters of the 504th

We left, drove here and there, and landed at a different unit: the 170th MPs from Fort Lewis. This unit was responsible for supporting 20 polling stations. Sergeant First Class Dilbert French mentioned some minor SIGACTS that were not worth jotting down. (SIGACT is military jargon for significant action; anything that significantly affects friendly or enemy forces.) "Is it like this all over Iraq?" I asked. I could hardly believe it. *Where are the mortars? The IEDs? The homicide bombers and car bombs? No snipers?* Surely the ground must be shaking in Falluja or Ramadi, and what about Mosul, Baquba, and Basra? What about Tal Afar? French checked the secure computer for all of Iraq. The whole country looked quiet. "The media is going to be very disappointed," chuckled one soldier, and I laughed along with him.

By 6:30 P.M., when we visited Arizona National Guardsmen serving as the 860th MPs, all was quiet except for a couple of rockets that exploded harmlessly in a field. Some of the 126th MPs from the New Mexico National Guard told us that two car bombs had exploded in the morning, but there were no known casualties, and if there had been casualties, they probably would have known. There was something special about the New Mexico National Guard. They seemed very proud, and they talked about one of their fallen, Sergeant Marshall Alan Westbrook, who had been killed by an IED just down the road two weeks before. They said that over 2,000 people had attended Sergeant Westbrook's funeral in Farmington, New Mexico. Some soldiers did not grasp the importance of this day in Iraq, but I had the feeling that the 126th did.

Unit after unit that we visited was proud that nothing was happening in their sector, and now that the polls were closed, it was just a matter of securing the ballots.

We then visited the 504th MP Battalion from Fort Lewis, who had a poster with detailed cartoon instructions on one of the doors: "Turn Your Hamster into a Fighting Machine." Basically, just tape a knife to its back. Mellinger burst out laughing and walked away, and I stood there laughing uncontrollably while reading the whole set of instructions.

We walked into the TOC—the tactical operations center—of the 504th, and the board was quiet. Nothing.

And that was it: 7:03 P.M. The four Humvees from the 42nd MPs drove away in the darkness, and we drove home. This was the finest, most complete mission I had ever gone on.

Next morning, I got information from the Army that there had been 19 attacks on polling sites throughout Iraq, and in January there had been 108. There may be some garble in the numbers (there usually is). There had actually been somewhere between 300 and 350 total attacks on the January election day. And the army would later say that there were 89 total attacks during the voting last week. Who knows? I know that it was quiet from my perch, and that the guns had been silenced long enough that we could hear the Iraqi voice speak for a second time. The voice was louder, stronger, and prouder than it had been in January. ♦

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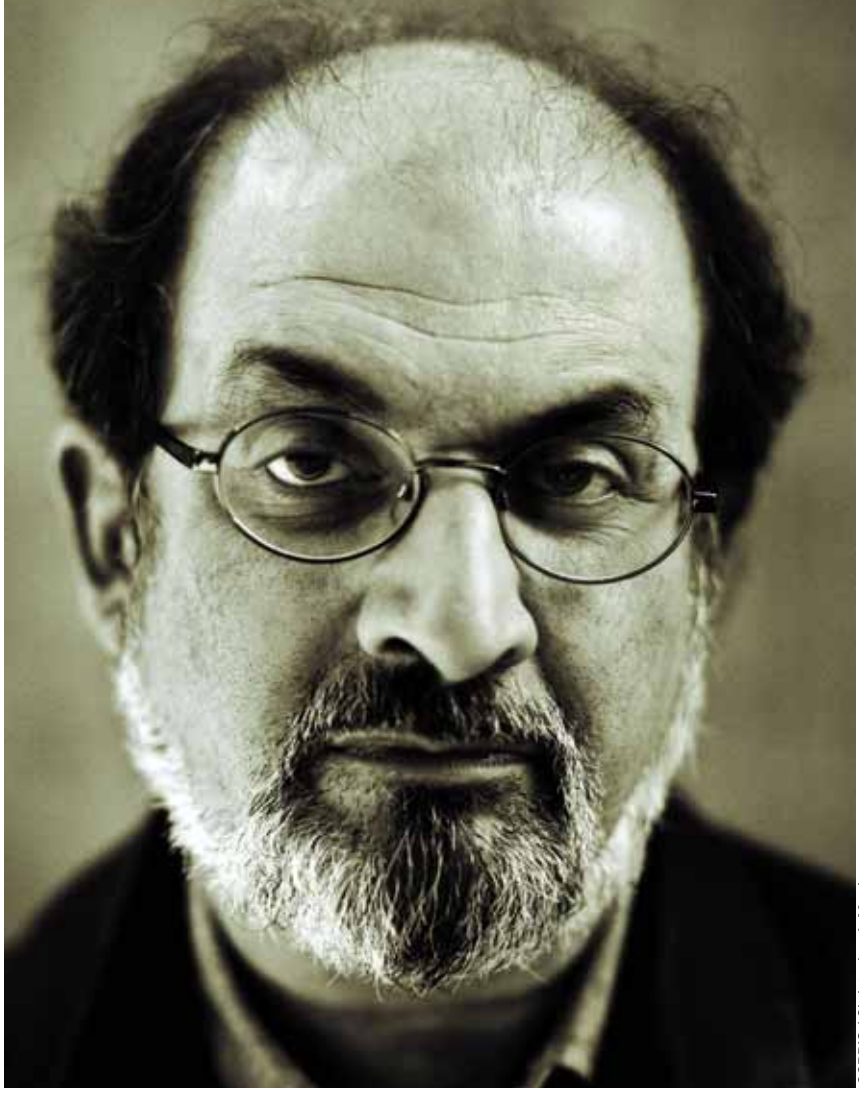
Does Rushdie Matter?

Celebrity is the enemy of the artist

By Randy Boyagoda



CORBIS / Christopher J. Morris

Salman Rushdie ranks somewhere between James Joyce and Madonna in terms of the contributions he has made to modern civilization. This is no faint praise; only an artist of uncommon talents can simultaneously draw on multiple literary and cultural traditions, engage pressing political questions of the day, revisit grand and terrible history, *and* provocatively mine the pop culture indices of contemporary Western life.

Rushdie has accomplished all this in his best writing—*Midnight's Children*, for example, is a magnificent, extended trip to a cerebral and absurdist Third World circus. Meanwhile, leaving aside its extra-literary infamy, *The Satanic Verses* is an impressively ambitious fable of reinventions and voyaging that spans centuries, continents, and dimensions. With his latest novel, *Shalimar the Clown*, Rushdie attempts to advance some of the major themes, concerns, and settings of these books to match the hysterics of terror-addled living in the contemporary East and West. His explosive rendering of these difficult times traces out the life of a Kashmiri clown-*cum*-terrorist and the diverse people in his orbit. The result is an explosively bad novel, a loose series of sideshow attractions and banal insights that comes off, with few exceptions, like self-parody.

The novel's basic plot is cheap melodrama striving to be politically conscientious: Shalimar is a heartbroken boy from torn-up Kashmir who leaves his village to become an international terrorist after his wife, Boonyi, cuckolds him. The novel begins with Shalimar murdering Max Ophuls, inveterate seducer of beautiful women, former U.S. ambassador to India, and Washington's counterterrorism czar in the early 1990s. The bloody deed occurs in front of a Los Angeles apartment building where Ophuls's daughter resides. She happens to be the love child of a messy affair between Ophuls and Boonyi, whom Shalimar has already killed for her betrayal. It falls, then, to the grieving daughter, who's named India in one of the novel's many touches of inchoate significance, to balance out Shalimar's acts of vengeance by performing one of her own, which occurs in the closing pages.

Shalimar the Clown
by Salman Rushdie
Random House, 398 pp., $25.95

In between, Rushdie works up a massive, noisy machinery of intrigue and conflict that seemingly informs the killings that open and close the book. To its peril, the novel's action consistently obeys its governing premise: "Everywhere was now part of everywhere else. Russia, America, London, Kashmir. Our lives, flowed into one another's, were no longer our own, individual, discrete. This unsettled people. There were collisions and explosions. The world was no longer calm." Laden with literati gravitas,

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this evocation comes off as painfully dull, a statement of globalization's interconnections and volatile sprawl already many times told. In fact, the ideas and very prose Rushdie uses here (and at intervals throughout) seem almost directly transposed from the pages of *Fury* and *The Ground Beneath Her Feet*, the two globetrotting novels he wrote immediately prior to *Shalimar*. But more damning than the obviousness, derivative markings, and repetition of the novel's primary conceit are the consequences of its enactment across some 400 frenetic pages.

In earlier novels, Rushdie imagined Kashmir as a gorgeous Eden ruined by ugly Indo-Pakistani politics. He returns to this premise by depicting warm, prelapsarian relations between Hindus and Muslims in the fictional village of Pachigam, who, we are told, "were not connected by blood or faith. Kashmiris were connected by deeper ties than those." The novel abounds in such mystical obfuscations, which essentially project a secular liberal ideal of multicultural amity onto mid-20th-century subcontinental history: Family, race, and religion are represented as secondary matters before one's self-determined commitment to a numinous, undefined higher good.

As the location to unfold this pretense, however, Kashmir does not work so well. Rushdie, better than most, knows how deep blood and faith run in India and Pakistan, and he knows that Kashmir has been a perennial stage for conflict since the maharajah of its predominantly Muslim population chose to join India over Pakistan in the 1947 partition. Indeed, one of the novel's most evocative lines speaks to this very issue, wonderfully describing Kashmir as "perched thousands of feet up in the mountains like a tasty green sweetmeat caught in a giant's teeth." But Rushdie diminishes Kashmir's congenital difficulties, and the blood and faith that color them, by opting for repeated images of merrymaking, feasts, acrobatics, and plays performed by Hindus and Muslims for each other. Things get knotted up when the son of the local Muslim *sarpanch*, Shalimar, and the daughter of the local Hindu *pandit*, Boonyi, go star-crossed and decide to marry. Rather than generate communal tensions, however, their nuptials represent the *summa* of harmonious unity in the village, which its inhabitants uphold until assorted snakes enter the Kashmiri garden.

Rushdie has long had a penchant for creating allegories between individuals and larger, bruiting forces. In this regard, *Shalimar* abounds to the point of incoherence. The novel strains to establish the valley's fall from paradise as due to the collective actions of cross-border militias, the Indian army, Pakistani intelligence operatives, a mullah literally made of iron, and a womanizing American ambassador. These dark powers collectively wreak their religious, political, and military havoc on an otherwise paradisiacal valley through their private involvements with Pachigam's main actors, whose latent desires for fame, power, and vengeance are stirred up and turned destructive, on themselves and each other.

In folding this action, Rushdie variously invokes *Romeo and Juliet*, Genesis, and the ancient Indian epic *The Ramayana*, with expected postmodern renovations. He also sets up post-partition Kashmir as a screen onto which he projects a series of 21st-century shorts—about Islamic fundamentalism, liberationist movements, terrorism, wars on terrorism, civil wars, border wars, guerrilla wars, and unsightly American empire-building. He also throws in an extended sidecar story about World War II-era Franco-German espionage. Rushdie aficionados usually go mad for this hyperactive splicing, but they will be profoundly disappointed by the present effort, primarily because the ideas that purport to hold everything in whirring orbit are so lazy and weak.

As an example, one of the novel's main axes runs between World War II Strasbourg and post-partition Kashmir. It is traversed by Max Ophuls, whose heroics as a spy for the French Resistance make him a diplomatic titan, "one of the architects of the post-war world," and then, after further geopolitical gyrations, Washington's man in India and the self-appointed, would-be solver of the Kashmir problem. This convoluted itinerary leads Max to a personal revelation halfway through the novel, when he's in Kashmir and thinking of Strasbourg. This would seem to affirm *Shalimar*'s overarching premise: "He had come a long way but perhaps not so very far. Could any places be more different, he asked himself; could any two places have been more the same?"

Deep.

Later on the same page, when Rushdie actually nears an authentic idea, the result is less trite but still unsatisfying. Max starts to reflect about his attempt, as a Westerner, to understand "the shape of the conflict in Kashmir. . . . Did the mind discover likeness in the unlike in order to clarify the world, or to obscure the impossibility of such clarification?" The ponderous prose notwithstanding, this question offers a welcome critique of the novel's homogenizing cosmopolitanism, and its drunken-octopus design. More significantly, it opens onto a wider issue, addressing the difficulties of symmetry and asymmetry that come up when we try to comprehend those distant, long-running problems whose convulsions can affect us with unprecedented immediacy.

But how does Rushdie respond, this novelist with an encyclopedic grasp of First and Third World experiences and traditions whose prior achievements guarantee him a large, educated, and international audience? He ducks. "He didn't know the answer. But it was one hell of a question."

Rather than venture anything resembling a thoughtful response, the novel churns on, and Rushdie's attempts at all-inclusive relevance grow worse, culminating in a ludicrous denouement. Rushdie sets Shalimar's murderous act to coincide, roughly, with the Rodney King riots. Apparently, this concurrence offers yet further proof that "Everywhere was a mirror of everywhere else. Executions, police brutality, explosions, riots: Los Angeles was beginning to look like wartime Strasbourg; like Kashmir." In writing

a global village aria to victimhood, Rushdie strips bare what little intellectual nuance and historical substance the novel had to begin with. Moreover, the chaotic Angelino cityscape inspires some monumentally bad prose: "L.A was a flame-grilled Whopper that night." This sentence, in short, spells the end of Salman Rushdie's career as a pop culture-savvy, postmodern ironist.

Rushdie has elsewhere proposed that "a book is not justified by its author's worthiness to write it, but by the quality of what has been written." Measured against his own dispassionate criteria, *Shalimar the Clown* is spectacularly unjustifiable. The world used to take notice of a new Salman Rushdie novel, and often with good reason. His latest, however, is cause for neither concern nor excitement. He has written a big bland airplane novel that labors across time-zones, its effects turbulent and tiring. ♦

No Popery There

How patriotism and Protestantism became inseparable in England. BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Speak, memory . . . yes, of course, I remember those foggy and often rainy evenings in England, when small boys would parade a stuffed figure in a wheelbarrow, and demand "a penny for the Guy, sir."

This was the early warning of an unofficial national holiday, sometimes called "Guy Fawkes night" and sometimes "Bonfire night," where pyres would be erected on public grounds and in private gardens, with an effigy atop the faggots, and fireworks would burst in the air to celebrate the fact that there would always be an England and that it would always be Protestant, and that torture and human sacrifice were a small price to pay . . . Hold it right there. We mostly did not know that this was the origin of the holiday. It was vaguely understood that a man named Guy Fawkes had been discovered in the cellars below Parliament on November 5, 1605, with explosives at the ready, and one heard the ancient rhyme:

Remember, Remember, the Fifth of November
Gunpowder, Treason, and Plot.
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

Remember, Remember
A Cultural History of Guy Fawkes Day
by James Sharpe
Harvard, 240 pp., $19.96

Yet the actual roots of the story had long been quite forgotten, and there was a 1960s anarchist T-shirt of Guy Fawkes, in his stylized hat and cloak and beard, with the superscription: "The only man ever to enter Parliament with honest intentions." The most evident traces of the original were actually understood only as far back as the stuffed effigy: This was the birth of the noun "guy" to describe an average man and, more obscurely, of the verb "to guy" as in to mock, or to caricature. It wasn't until I was in my early teens that a knowledgeable history teacher showed me the warrant issued by James I for the racking and torture of Fawkes, and the signature that Fawkes used before his interrogation (legible) succeeded by the signature on his "confession" (that of a literally broken man).

And it is in that seminal period, when the King James Bible was being written by committee, and the plays of Shakespeare performed, that James Sharpe locates his excellent chapter of history. The Cromwellian revolution was still a half-century in the future, the defeat of the Spanish Armada (also hailed by bonfires and braziers) two decades in the past, and relations between Catholics and Protestants in England and Scotland were extremely tense. Queens Mary and Elizabeth had both sent, respectively, Protestants and Catholics to the stake and the chopping block. And the new king—a Scottish import with a taste for witch trials and a verbatim knowledge of the two testaments—wanted a church and a Bible in his own Protestant image. A minority of Rome's loyalists, led by a man named Robert Catesby, met in the Duck and Drake Inn on the Strand (could anything be more English?) and decided to send king and parliament to perdition by means of a huge explosion.

Unmasked by treachery, tortured and executed, they put their coreligionists into the horrible position of seeming like a fifth column with a dual loyalty. And the Protestant hardliners, determined to rub in this very point, established the grisly commemoration, by order of Parliament and consecrated in the authorized prayer book, as a means of associating their own cause with patriotism. Some echoes of this persist to the present day, especially in stubbornly Presbyterian Northern Ireland, but also in novels like *Brideshead Revisited*, where Waugh's devout Lady Marchmain sighs that one can't seem to stop people thinking of Catholics as spies. Another indirect legacy can be guessed at: The English Protestants were delighted to have an alternative celebration to the Catholic feasts of All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day (sometimes known in the calendar as All Hallows), which take place on November 1 and 2. From this late-medieval fiesta of sectarianism, then, we can partly derive the tedium and foolishness of Halloween.

In a subterranean way, a popular

Christopher Hitchens, columnist for Vanity Fair*, is most recently the author of* Thomas Jefferson: Author of America.

Hulton Archive / Getty Images

James I interviews Guy Fawkes

suspicion of Catholics continued throughout the 17th century, monitored by diarists like Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn, who invariably noted the incendiary November 5 celebrations, where for good measure the pope himself was by now often torched in effigy. This suspicion occasionally manifested itself in paranoia (as with Titus Oates and his lurid allegation of a "Popish Plot") and equally often in serious concern about the ambitions of Catholic monarchs on the European mainland.

The year 1685 was critical: The restored Stuart king, Charles II, died and was abruptly succeeded by his Catholic brother, James, while the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV provoked a pogrom against the Protestants of France, known as Huguenots, many thousands of whom fled to London with their skills and their stories of mayhem and bigotry. There resulted what Sharpe accurately characterizes as a ruling-class panic in England. Casting about for a new monarch who could insure them against another civil and confessional war, the court hit upon William of Orange, a Protestant Dutchman who was married to the new King James's daughter, Mary. The deal was a simple one: The deposition of the heretic James and support for the Netherlands against France. In return, a guarantee that the Protestant religion would be enshrined in England by a legitimate—if only by marriage—and legitimizing monarch. William of Orange set sail with a supporting army and landed in Devonshire in 1688, selecting the suggestive date of November 5 to do so. Today's rather enfeebled British crown derives its sovereignty from that event.

The only serious gap in Sharpe's story is his discussion of this hinge moment, known to history as the Glorious Revolution. It was Conor Cruise O'Brien who pointed out, almost 40 years ago, that the most famous and foundational political debate of modern times—the confrontation between Edmund Burke and Thomas Paine—was based not just upon conflicting interpretations of 1688, but on differing religious attitudes to it. Burke was a covert Catholic (very probably having this in common with William Shakespeare) and an Irishman, while Paine was a part-Quaker English Deist. The radical and constitutionalist groups in London that hailed the 1789 revolution in France, and had hailed the 1776 revolution in America, were largely and openly pro-1688 and against "Popery," and it was this that had excited Burke's original alarm. Paine was anticlerical rather than anti-Catholic, but he ridiculed Burke's belief that the Glorious Revolution was a one-time-only settlement that established a permanent monarchy. (Burke's position was the more vulnerable one, in that he thought even a Protestant monarchy, and Protestant established church, were better than none at all.)

Both men had good reason to remember the Gordon Riots of 1780, in which a murderous and arsonist anti-Catholic mob was mobilized by a demented reactionary aristocrat named Lord George Gordon, an ancestor of Lord Byron, who later resolved his religious troubles by converting to Judaism in Newgate prison. That horrible episode of crime in 1780 is best revisited in the pages of Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*. Both Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* and Paine's *Rights of Man* contain stern condemnations of mobocracy at that level.

But, just as Paine brought his version of secularism to America, so did other English immigrants import their folkloric customs. Indeed, the fiery celebrations of November 5 abandoned all disguise and began to call themselves "Pope Day," especially in Boston (which shows you how things have altered in that city since the revolution). Energy of this dubious kind was actually conscripted into protests against the Stamp Act, so it is nice to learn that, in 1775, George Washington prohibited all officers and soldiers under his command from taking any part in "that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope."

However, I was also interested to discover that in the town of Lewes in Sussex, where, though Sharpe fails to mention it, Thomas Paine was once a radical customs officer, the November 5 parade includes a "No Popery" banner to this very day. There is a deep association between fundamentalist, millennial Protestantism and both the English and American revolutions. Yet we must still attend to the words of Ernest Renan, who observed that in order to become a nation, people must indeed collectively agree to "remember" a number of things, but also to forget a number of things. ♦

Don't Look Away

On the southern genius for self-examination.

BY EDWIN M. YODER JR.

When a new book about the South crosses my desk, I think fondly of my old friend Holley Mack Bell, a Tar Heel journalist and, later, Foreign Service officer who used to be easily annoyed by what he called the "south-south-south" cult: The endless rituals of self-scrutiny in which southerners of a reflective turn of mind fan the old embers of memory and meaning.

The political scientist V.O. Key speculated 56 years ago that such South-gazing could be life-threatening, inasmuch as it had presumably driven Clarence Cason and Wilbur J. Cash to suicide; but Mack Bell might well have welcomed the early exit of some lesser neo-Confederates by their own hands. His point was that chronic South-gazing, if not dangerous, was habit-forming, repetitive, and sterile: a dog chasing its tail in the illusion that it was making linear progress. Naturally, he would exempt from his strictures the originals who really had something to add. The prototype was fashioned by journalists like Cash and historians like C. Vann Woodward, and also by storytellers like William Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor. And a brilliant prototype it was.

Certainly James Cobb's *Away Down South* is in the latter category. With Woodward's death, Cobb is perhaps our best historical interpreter of the South, and this may be his best book, better even than his fine book about the Mississippi Delta. *Away Down South*—the title, of course, echoes "Dixie," which a younger Cobb sang as a schoolboy practically every day in the classrooms of his native Georgia—is a historical survey of the shifting phases of "southern identity," from the dawn of regionalism to the present.

In the variety and authority of its treatment, the book gives rise to a couple of enduring reflections. The first is that the South didn't invent the Lost Cause; the Lost Cause invented the South—that fabulous mix of geography, fiction, history, and sheer nonsense that regional chatterers love to chatter about. Vann Woodward once observed that the South had been American long before it became southern. Indeed, up to the Missouri crisis of 1819-20 (the "firebell in the night"), it may not have occurred to even so representative a southern figure as Thomas Jefferson (to say nothing of his Virginia contemporaries, Washington and Madison) that they were regionalists. The polarities of the Jeffersonian consciousness were less North-South than New World-Old World, and city versus farm. Admittedly, in his correspondence with the Marquis de Chastellux, Jefferson observed that the South was "fiery, voluptuary, indolent, unsteady, jealous for their own liberties, but trampling on those of others, generous, candid, without attachment . . . to any religion of the heart"—anticipating a persistent stereotype. But with no more affective charge than if he had said that the mean temperature is higher at Monticello than it is in Boston.

Away Down South
A History of Southern Identity
by James C. Cobb
Oxford, 404 pp., $30

The second point, less subtle, is no less obvious. Who sustains southern self-consciousness? James Cobb knows the answer and offers it here, though he mutes it lest an industry suffer impairment: Those who talk and write about it, that's who. There are always good ol' boys out there in the bayous and boondocks, tooling down dusty backroads in their deteriorating pickups decorated with battle-flag decals and shotguns, who at some instinctive level burst with regional self-identification. But for every such "forgit, hell" specimen, there are entire shoals and flocks of historians, novelists, poets, sociologists, journalists, and other more contemplative types who devote recidivist symposia, op-ed pieces, poems, stories, and papers to southern self-consciousness.

Contemplation, that is, is its high-octane fuel. Henry Adams, accordingly, was dead wrong when he singled out Rooney Lee, his Harvard contemporary, as the representative southerner who couldn't analyze an idea. Southerners may not be analytical, but they are surely among the most intellectualizing and idealizing tribes on earth, rivaled only by the Poles and the Irish. If they weren't, the South as an idea would have died a natural death years ago.

It is surely no coincidence that in 404 pages of text, Cobb cites and often quotes an approximately equal number of the usual regional chatterboxes (including, I add in full disclosure, this reviewer). Which is not to say that because the South is basically an idea now it is somehow unreal. As Keynes said of ideas, "Indeed, the world is ruled by little else." The southern identities examined here are first and last artifices, as much the work of pen and paper as of history and bloodshed. Faulkner admitted as much when he hinted, in a noted passage of *Light in August*, that mooning too much over the failure of Pickett's charge is a hazardous diversion for growing boys. (Wherefore, books about Gettysburg probably ought to be on the list of dangerous drugs.)

Nonetheless, if South-gazing is your bag, *Away Down South* is your book.

Edwin M. Yoder Jr., a former editor and columnist in Washington, taught journalism and the humanities at Washington and Lee.

Cobb has apparently read every book and poem, however sentimental; heard every song, however silly; tasted every dish, however repulsive; attended every seminar, however banal (including some in far-flung corners of Europe and Asia), and followed every state flag controversy, however tiresome and idiotic. Not only has he done his homework, he has reflected deeply, and the result is mature (as in good wine), mellow, stylish, and tasty. He observes southern quirks with sympathy, although as a man of taste he is repelled by the aggressive "commodification" of things southern, an inevitable by-blow of the American lust to commercialize absolutely everything.

The South hasn't reached the terminal stage of commodification, but that may be around the corner. ♦

Guys and Dolls

The facts of life about co-ed combat.

BY KATHLEEN PARKER

As never before, the war in Iraq has forced the question of women's proper role in the military and, specifically, in combat. Though Pentagon rules still preclude women from serving in the infantry or artillery, their supporting roles in Afghanistan and Iraq have put them in the direct line of fire, with familiar consequences. From Jessica Lynch, the petite West Virginia girl who was wounded, taken prisoner, and returned home a prime-time media heroine, to the far less appealing Lynndie England, whose wartime triumph consisted of humiliating Iraqi soldiers at the end of a dog leash, the debate is once again a live minefield.

Love My Rifle More Than You
Young and Female in the U.S. Army
by Kayla Williams, with Michael E. Staub
Norton, 288 pp., $24.95

In the wake of such uncertain legacies as those provided by Lynch and England, the question of whether women should be placed in "combat situations" seems to have devolved from an issue of principle—is it in America's national security interest, followed by social and cultural concerns—to one of perverse pragmatism. As in: They're getting shot, killed, captured, and raped anyway, so why not call it combat? Women die just like men, don't they? And who, in these egalitarian times of drive-through sperm banks and surrogate uterobots, would dare suggest that women's lives are more valuable than men's? (Other than the small children who are left mommyless—and often, in the case of single mothers who join the Army, orphans. But we'll leave that for another discussion.)

For now, who better to answer than a woman soldier recently returned from Iraq? Kayla Williams is the smart, sassy, sexy, in-your-face, Arabic-speaking Army intelligence soldier/author of this first-person account of what it's like to be a female in the U.S. military.

Did I mention profane? Without profanity and enough F-bombs to saturate Greater Baghdad, this book would be much thinner, and Williams, notwithstanding her occasionally wry perspective, a more sympathetic narrator. Let's just say that if cussing like the proverbial pre-sensitivity-trained sailor, talking X-rated raunch, and doing the random ancient deed constitute being one of the guys, Williams has secured her place at the urinal.

Yes, yes, I know: It's *war*, dammit. F-bombs and other explosive literary devices happen. As a veteran of newsrooms, I confess to having contributed a little shrapnel myself, as women often do as a way of desexualizing themselves in testosterone-rich environments. But an almost 300-page book surely deserves more editing than the stall doors of public restrooms, lest the reader tire of what amounts to a longwinded, monosyllabic grunt. Further, while I understand that war imposes certain hardships, including the sharing of involuntary intimacies—to wit, the toilet—surely there's a more artful way to express it than: "You know their s——g habits."

Fine. I suppose in wartime that hygiene, like everything else, is reduced to unromanticized simplicity. And perhaps, granting Williams her due for having served her country, her inner artist was striving for a hardcore realism consistent with her experience. As a reader, however, I found myself longing for a Baptist editor around page 42.

Williams's realism doesn't stop at style, for which we should be sincerely grateful. Her truth-telling about the relationships between men and women (or boys and girls, as circumstances often reveal) may be the best argument yet for keeping men and women apart as much as possible. Those deployed on the frontlines of Mother Nature's daily skirmishes usually have little trouble grasping the notion that boys and girls are different in ways not merely anatomical—though, inarguably, biology dictates many of those differences. They also strain little to embrace the understanding that young men and women thrown together in stressful circumstances, without family or other institutional constraints, might find sexual release both appealing and convenient.

Picture prewar Iraq. The desert. Dust, tedium, boredom, a man, a woman, and no one but Allah and Jupiter to bear witness. *Et voilá!* as they say. I'm not sure which is cause for greater concern: the bacchanalia that Williams hints at, or the sexual frustration that leads to hostilities and other

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distractions where mental and physical discipline are paramount. If the men and women aren't sneaking off to consummate their starlit love, they're throwing rocks at each others' zippers and, in Williams's case, her ample bosom. How do we know her bosom is ample? The same way we know that Williams is very, very smart. She tells us. Repeatedly.

In fact, by Williams's estimation, she's not only the lone woman in many instances (during one period, the only gal among 500 men), she's also the only one with half-a-wit. When she finally meets a fellow soldier who can nod knowingly when she slips the names of Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn into the conversation—liberal code for *voulez-vous couchez avec moi, ce soir?*—we are to infer that this is one mighty mind. Her politics coyly emerge through the fog of war as Williams mentions more than once that there were no WMD in Iraq, and that the U.S. invasion was based on explicit "lies," never to be confused with faulty intelligence.

Despite my tepid response to Williams's passionate personality, I will give the woman—or perhaps her "with" writer, Michael E. Staub—credit for crafting an enviable "Good God, Martha!" lede. She begins: "Sometimes, even now, I wake up before dawn and forget I am not a slut." Indeed, the Prologue is worth the price of the book, wherein Williams explains what being a woman is really like if you're one of the 15 percent of the military that is female. Here's the joke all female soldiers somehow must transcend: "What's the difference between a bitch and a slut? A slut will f— anyone, a bitch will f— anyone but you."

Okay, baby feminists, rally round the Tampon dispenser for the quickie translation. It means this: If you're outgoing and friendly, sez Williams, you're a slut. If you're reserved and professional, you're a bitch. See what I mean? War may be hell, but if you're a woman, it's . . . complicated. Not only are women considered lesser mortals militarily, but they're otherwise objectified by their male counterparts whose eyes are always on "your breasts, your ass—like there is nothing else to watch, no sun, no river, no desert, no mortars at night," writes Williams.

Awful, isn't it? Except, no, it's not. The dirty little secret, which Williams tells with a rare and selfless honesty, is that the women (many? some? most?) love it. Especially—she said it, not I—the attractiveness-challenged ones. They're called "queens for a year" because even women who never enjoyed male attention in civilian life are viewed admiringly by the lonely, sexually deprived men in their late teens and early twenties who make up much of the military. Williams's report is hardly the stuff of revelation. Any prep school male from pre-coed days will confess his lust for the headmaster's wife, who seemed like Brigitte Bardot during the interminable weekdays before girls his own age arrived for Friday night's dance.

Williams writes admirably of her own inner struggle as her emotions and intellect duke it out: "Their eyes, their hunger: yes, it's shaming—but they also make you special. I don't like to say it—it cuts you inside—but the attention, the admiration, the *need*: they make you powerful. If you're a woman in the Army, it doesn't matter so much about your looks. What counts is that you're female."

Some women sleep around, Williams tells us—"lots of sex with lots of guys, in sleeping bags, in trucks, in sand, in America, in Iraq. Some women hold themselves back." She has personal knowledge of both, she says. And then, in the bunker buster of sexual politics, she drops the MOAB. Despite our best, enlightened designs, human nature prevails. Jealousy rears her magnificent snout.

"And I know about something else," writes Williams. "How these same guys you want to piss on become *your* guys. Another girl enters your tent, and they look at her the way they looked at you, and what drove you crazy with anger suddenly drives you crazy with jealousy. They're *yours*. F—k, you left your husband to be with them, you walked out on him for them. These guys, they're your husband, they're your father, your brother, your lover—your life." And not to ruin the movie, but they're also our first-string defense against a ferocious enemy.

Just possibly, we have shelved Dr. Freud at our peril.

Before I leave the impression that Kayla Williams is a narcissist undeserving of so much attention, let me urge everyone remotely interested in a gender-integrated military to read this book. It's raw, yes, but also funny in places. And bittersweet, as well as heroic at times. A quick read, it is also a first-person account of war by a voice rarely heard—a woman's. She sees things many men might not notice: for instance, the way other women in occupied countries look, talk, and feel. She notices the gardens, the desert light, and offers female insights that betray her reluctant femininity. She is best when she turns her humorous inner eye on herself and the absurdities of military life.

In one section, certain to capture screenwriters' imaginations, Williams is asked to translate during a search-and-seizure operation at a monastery. While her officer stands by, she asks the monk in Arabic whether he has any weapons. The monk replies in perfect English, and so goes the conversation from then on. Yet Williams's officer, instead of talking directly to the monk in English, persists in asking Williams what he said, and instructing her in what she should say in response. All in English.

Williams says she wanted to build a bridge with her book between the extremes of Lynch and England, to show that women in the military aren't all good or all bad, but something in between. She also wanted to make the case that women can be anything men can be, and she may be right when she says that "women are no different from men in their corruptibility. Women are just as competent—and just as incompetent."

Her observation may serve to recommend this book to those curious about women at war. But equal corruptibility and incompetence are weak arguments to advance Williams's view that our nation is well served by mixing men and women in combat where the imminent possibility of death apparently brings out the basest instincts in both. ♦

Political Science

Is the GOP the elephant in the laboratory?

BY SALLY SATEL

Five years ago, President Bush announced his stem cell policy in a prime time television address to the nation. Federal funding would be available to researchers who wished to study any of 60 genetically diverse stem cell lines.

Eventually it became clear that only about one-third of those lines were viable, maybe fewer. The limits on the number of lines posed an insurmountable obstacle to a meaningful federal stem cell program. Nonetheless, it is perfectly reasonable to conclude that the miscount was an honest error on the White House's part. But not according to Chris Mooney, who condemns it as "one of the most flagrant purely scientific deceptions ever perpetrated by a U.S. president on an unsuspecting public."

That scalding statement appears on the opening page of *The Republican War on Science*, and the accusations keep coming. Mooney makes a strong case that science policy is often shaped by partisan expedience and ideology, that there often is a "war" on science—or at least an unhealthy disregard for it. But his case that this is a one-sided war, a Republican war, is much less convincing. A former editor at the *American Prospect*, Mooney has written excellent articles debunking alternative medicine, exposing paranormal belief, and championing the primacy of evolution in the science classroom. In this book, he offers stirring descriptions of the scientific method with its ethos of skepticism, neutrality, and truth-seeking. The chapter on intelligent design devastates its proponents, and is a proper tribute to Charles Darwin.

Mooney believes that preserving the interests of the religious right and big business—twin goals of the Republican Party, in his view—are a threat to scientific integrity. And at times, these imperatives *do* put a thumb on the scale of objectivity. For example, vested interests have led to a stubborn emphasis on the virtues of adult stem cells, and the reluctance of politicians to acknowledge the human role in global warming.

But whether George W. Bush's administration is more guilty than the left ever was (as Mooney charges) is surely debatable. After all, with its ties to environmentalists, trial lawyers, and feminists, the left has surely perpetrated its share of junk science, health scares, and overly stringent environmental regulations. To name a few, these have involved: genetically modified food hysteria; fear that thimerosal in vaccines causes autism; the brutal smear campaign against Danish statistician Bjorn "Skeptical Environmentalist" Lomborg; the banning of silicone breast implants; and fear-mongering over tiny, safe levels of arsenic in drinking water.

The Republican War on Science
by Chris Mooney
Basic Books, 342 pp., $24.95

Some of Mooney's accusations seem to be slam-dunks. If, as he persuasively argues, the National Cancer Institute website was changed to say that women who undergo abortions have a meaningful chance of developing breast cancer, then medical reality was indeed distorted. And if the Centers for Disease Control removed accurate details regarding condom use in preventing HIV, and replaced them with information about the virtues of abstinence, this was a wrongheaded purging of health information.

But often the issues are not so blatant. Take mercury contamination of fish. Mooney approvingly cites the EPA claim that "630,000 newborn children in the United States had dangerous blood mercury levels in 1999-2000," and then goes on to accuse conservative "allies of the electric power industry" of highlighting data showing that mercury exposure does not cause risk to developing human fetuses.

In truth, the levels of mercury to which Americans are exposed are extremely low when compared with levels associated with health effects in more highly exposed populations. Even among children exposed to many times the mercury levels found in Americans, the effects, if any, are so subtle as to be difficult to detect—even when hundreds of children are given a battery of cognitive tests. As far as studies of fish-eating populations are concerned, there are merits to emphasizing one (the Seychelles study) over others (the Faroe Islands and New Zealand studies) because the former population is more representative of American eating habits and ethnic variation.

In any case, none of these studies found any mercury health effects at even the highest exposures found in American children. Not surprisingly, this is a complicated debate waged with imperfect data. But, in calling efforts to relax regulations on power plants a "classic case of conservative science abuse," it is Mooney himself who is being selective about the evidence.

He calls for transparency about conflicts of interest, barring ideological "litmus" tests for technical advisers, and resurrecting analytic entities like the Office of Technology Assessment. And he makes much of reliance upon scientific "consensus." That seems like a good idea until you recognize that the bodies determining "consensus" can themselves be tilted. So, whom to trust?

Michael Crichton, the author-physician-anthropologist, has a good idea.

Sally Satel, a psychiatrist and resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, is coauthor of One Nation Under Therapy.

He argues that the key to protecting the advisory process from being hijacked by consensus is to separate the generation of findings from their verification. Having discrete teams of scientists who check each other—one to decide how to gather the data, another to actually gather them, and yet another to analyze them—would provide built-in opportunities for self-correction.

It is common knowledge that academic experts in behavioral and public health and the environmental sciences are, on average, left-leaning. So the opportunities for conflict between a conservative administration and left-of-center academics are greater than under liberal political leadership. But that doesn't mean science is any more politicized now than before; it is just that more researchers disagree with the decisions made.

In the world of science policy, it is not a matter of truth on one side and distortion on the other. Each side exploits ambiguities and uncertainties to suit its needs. Does the Bush administration have a monopoly on bias? Is it worse than the Democrats ever were, as Mooney says? This book doesn't give us a definitive answer. ♦

Ed vs. Joe vs. CBS

'Good Night, and Good Luck' and the perils of Hollywood history. BY MARTHA BAYLES

Let me start on a positive note. For a film made in the present climate that dramatizes the 1953-54 clash between Edward R. Murrow, the broadcast personality who pioneered the TV news magazine, and Joseph McCarthy, the Republican senator who gave anti-communism a bad name, *Good Night, and Good Luck* has many fine qualities. If you like rich black-and-white cinematography; precision-tooled acting (especially David Strathairn as Murrow); artful skeins of cigarette smoke; meticulous re-creations of early-1950s offices, TV studios, and hotel bars; and jazz standards sung by the incomparable Dianne Reeves, then you will relish every minute of this film, which was cowritten and directed by George Clooney (who also plays CBS news producer Fred Friendly).

Or almost every minute. Curiously, the critics have ignored this movie's most glaring artistic flaw: a subplot about Joe and Shirley Wershba, two Murrow associates who kept their happy marriage a secret because of CBS's anti-nepotism rule. This is possibly the dullest subplot of modern times, made even duller by the casting of Robert Downey Jr. and Patricia Clarkson, a couple who generate about as much spark as a Kent cigarette stubbed out 50 years ago.

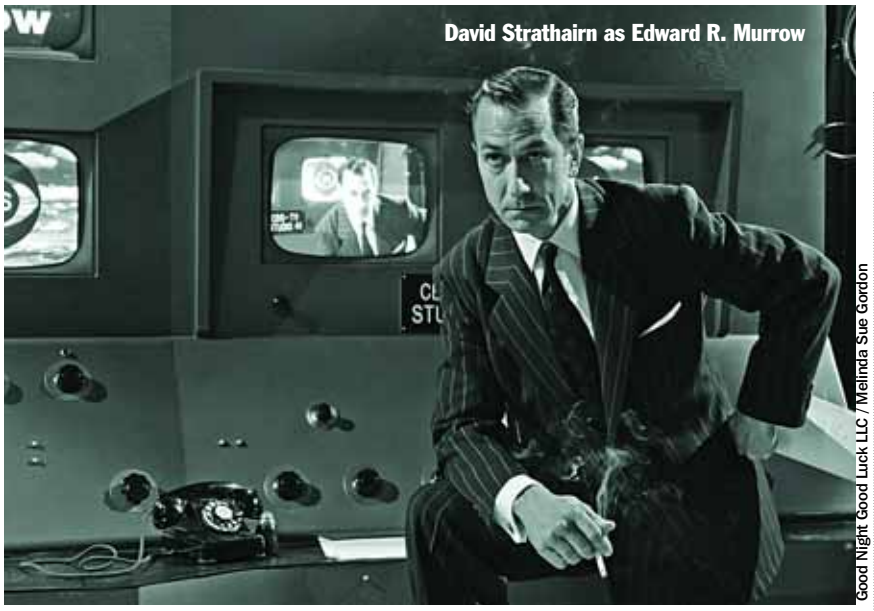
Why include this deadwood? My first impulse, naturally, was to blame the vast left-wing Hollywood conspiracy. By wasting valuable screen time on the Wershbas, Clooney and his boys avoided dealing with other, less boring, subplots, such as the Soviet occupation of Eastern Europe, the Maoist revolution in China, the perjury conviction of Alger Hiss, the successful testing of an atom bomb by the Soviet Union, and the invasion of South Korea by the Communist North. But then a quick web surf revealed that the Wershbas (now retired and living on Long Island, Joe after a 20-year career at *60 Minutes*) were consultants to the film. So, perhaps, in exchange for sharing their valuable memories, they were granted the pleasure of seeing their youthful selves depicted onscreen. At the risk of coming off as a heartless movie critic, I must note that this pleasure is not likely to be shared by the rest of us.

But enough artistic quibbles. The reader is doubtless slavering for political red meat, especially since Clooney recently underwent the standard Midlife Mulholland Mutation from skylark star to activist asteroid. "He's really interested in politics and social justice," says friend and cowriter Grant Heslov. Last summer, Clooney attended the G-8 summit in Edinburgh, where he and other celebrities enlightened world leaders about poverty. To his credit, Clooney's modest admission that the summit "taught me a lot of things" sets him apart from show-biz know-it-alls like Bono and Alec Baldwin.

Please. Of all the political districts burned over by righteous Hollywood, anticommunism is the most scorched. Again, it is to Clooney's credit that he did not head straight for ground zero: the 1947-48 hearings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC) that resulted in the despised blacklist and the jailing of the Hollywood Ten—also known as the Unfriendly Ten (as in "unfriendly witnesses"). I believe it was Billy Wilder who remarked about these individuals: "Two were talented, the rest were just unfriendly."

No, Clooney went for the slightly less burned-over district of TV news in its early fluid state, before it hardened into the monstrous shape we know and love today. Not surprisingly, the red meat here is anti-anticommunism—or, if you prefer, red-baiter-baiting, performed at the highest level of photogenic integrity. The film neither stresses nor denies the fact that Murrow came late to this cause. By the time his program, *See It Now*, jumped on the anti-McCarthy bandwagon, it was already loaded with radio commentators, print journalists, and editorialists, congressmen and senators from both parties, military brass, and the Eisenhower White House.

Martha Bayles, who teaches in the honors program at Boston College, posts a blog called Serious Popcorn *at* www.artsjournal.com.



David Strathairn as Edward R. Murrow

Good Night Good Luck LLC / Melinda Sue Gordon

But no matter. If this movie achieves anything beyond flogging the well-pulped carcass of McCarthy, that achievement will be its portrayal of how unfree TV was during its so-called Golden Age. One set of pressures was technological. Back in 1954, there was no such thing as videotape, so the closest *See It Now* got to actually seeing it now was sending a film crew into the field, shooting a few thousand feet, shipping the film back to New York, and hoping it could be developed and edited in time for the live broadcast. (All TV broadcasts were live at the time.) This is what Murrow and Friendly did for their first indirect swipe at McCarthy: send a film crew to interview Milo Radulovich, a lieutenant in the Air Force Reserve who had been forced to resign on the grounds that his father and sister were Communist sympathizers. Radulovich came off well in the interview and was soon reinstated, an outcome depicted in the movie as a clear victory—although, as Glenn Garvin of the *Miami Herald* wrote recently, "Would we be comfortable these days with an Air Force officer with a security clearance whose father belonged to al Qaeda?" The next attack was more direct, and less costly. Just as Frank Capra had made brilliant anti-Nazi propaganda by recycling clips from Leni Riefenstahl's *The Triumph of the Will*, so did Murrow and Friendly make brilliant anti-McCarthy propaganda by recycling clips of McCarthy's TV appearances dating back to 1950. As Andrew Ferguson has pointed out in these pages, the result was "a compendium of every burp, grunt, stutter, nose probe, brutish aside, and maniacal giggle the senator had ever allowed to be captured on film." These same clips are blended into the movie so seamlessly, test audiences asked who was the actor playing McCarthy.

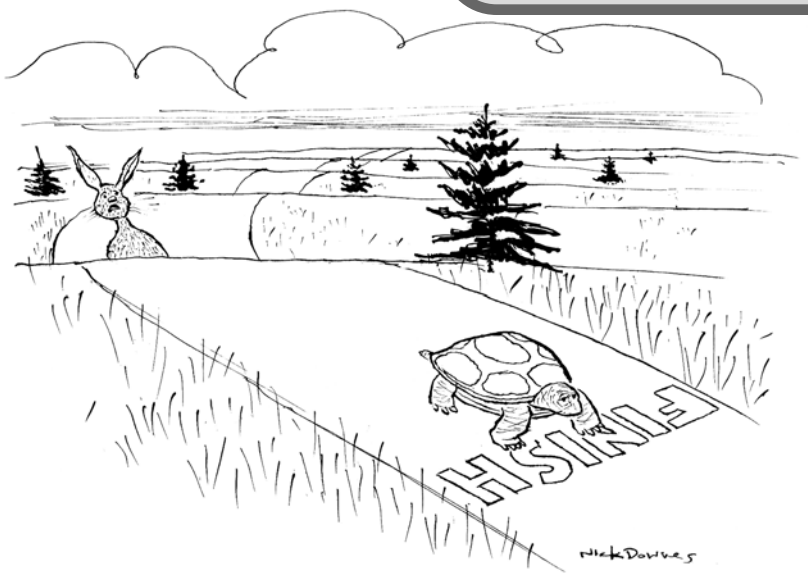
(That's easy: James Gandolfini wearing extra eyebrow pencil.)

The second set of pressures on TV news was commercial. Next to Strathairn's, the film's finest performance is Frank Langella's as CBS president and chairman William S. Paley, a man who admired Murrow but also had to reckon with such harsh realities as the priorities of advertisers and the preferences of the viewing public. The scenes between the narrowly focused Murrow and the wider-ranging Paley are beautifully done, and convey a real lesson: To speak truth to power, you must have power yourself. And it doesn't hurt if your suit is also bespoke.

The third group of pressures were, for lack of a better word, professional. After the burp-and-grunt portrait of McCarthy aired, the critic Gilbert Seldes, who was a friend of Murrow's and no friend of McCarthy's, wrote a scathing piece in which he raised important questions about the character-assassinating powers of TV and the limitations of the "equal time" principle. According to historian Michael Kammen, "Liberals were generally puzzled by Seldes's concerns about precedent and high principles. The damaging substance of Murrow's achievement seemed easily to outweigh what might happen, if, at some future time, the white hats became black hats and the process were reversed."

Needless to say, these questions are still with us. And so are the three troublesome tendencies identified by Murrow in a 1958 speech before the Radio-Television News Directors Association in Chicago: "Decadence, escapism, and insulation." Since Clooney recreated this speech as bookends to *Good Night, and Good Luck*, it seems only appropriate to evaluate the movie in these terms. It isn't really decadent, unless you count the smoking. As Jack Shafer pointed out in *Slate*, Strathairn is the best screen smoker since . . . well, I'd say since Jeanne Moreau picked the tobacco off her tongue in *Jules and Jim*. Nor is it escapist like *Julia*, Fred Zinnemann's 1977 film about two women of the left, one of whom worships the other. Since *Julia* was based on the memoirs of Lillian Hellman, some critics wondered why it starred two actresses, Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave. The answer, of course, was that Hellman herself was two women, one of whom worshiped the other.

But *Good Night, and Good Luck* is insular. The only character whose mind ranges wider than a smoke ring is Paley, and his worries are mostly about the bottom line. And the decision not to have an actor play McCarthy—to reduce the dreaded witchhunter to a flickering shadow in a cathode ray tube—places the political reality of the time at an even greater remove than usual in such films. In the end, the movie is so swaddled in layers of artistic self-referentiality that it totally shuts out the concerns that made McCarthy's witch hunt possible. Maybe the Communists of the 1950s were not under every bed or in every State Department closet. But neither were they trick-or-treaters in black pointy hats. Some witches are real. ♦



"I demand a drug test!"

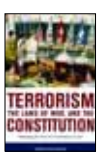
Books in Brief

Just What I Said: Bloomberg Economics Columnist Takes on Bonds, Banks, Budgets, and Bubbles **by Caroline Baum (Bloomberg Press, 320 pp., $19.95).** If you've ever asked yourself the not unreasonable, if not entirely unavoidable, question, "Is it possible for anyone to write amusingly and interestingly about the Federal Reserve?" you will discover the answer between the covers of this book. Since 1998, Caroline Baum has written a column about the Fed for Bloomberg News (where I've been happy to be her colleague). Among her rarefied and demanding readership she has earned a reputation for timeliness, originality, knowledge, and—believe it or not—wit. And you thought it couldn't be done.

How has she pulled it off? She's a reporter first and an analyst second, which means she actually knows what she's talking about, and this allows her to cut the columnizer smoke-blowing (the besetting sin of our trade) to a bare minimum. She knows everybody, and fears nobody. Most important of all, she has a strong point of view, best tagged as "classical liberal," which equips her with a refreshing impatience with cant and self-serving obfuscation.

One quote from this collection of her columns will make my point; you'll find many other examples for yourself when you buy the book. Here she is on Bill Clinton's Treasury Secretary, St. Bob of Rubin, whom John Kerry had once hoped to appoint as chairman of the central bank: "It's not idle speculation to consider how Rubin would be as Fed chairman. For starters, he's a lawyer, not an economist. Second, his grasp of economics appears slim, confined to buzzwords and mantras rather than a command of how the various parts of the economy interact. Treasury secretaries will forever be indebted to Rubin for the legacy of the 'strong-dollar policy.' No matter how nonsensical the concept, his successors must utter that meaningless mantra or else be censured by the foreign exchange market."

—Andrew Ferguson



Terrorism, the Laws of War, and the Constitution: Debating the Enemy Combatant Cases **edited by Peter Berkowitz (Hoover Institution Press, 196 pp., $15).** The global war against terror is unlike any war the United States has ever fought. The adversary is not a nation-state. It controls no territory and defends no settled population, but rather hides among and targets civilians. In this war, there is no "home front" or designated battlefield.

So how will this unconventional war change the way the Supreme Court judges the cases of enemy combatants—both foreigners and U.S. citizens who take up arms and wage war against the United States? With the Patriot Act, a new Department of Homeland Security, and the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act in full force, will civil liberties take a backseat to the need for heightened national security? Six essayists examine these issues in *Terrorism, the Laws of War, and the Constitution*—a new book edited by law professor and Hoover Institution fellow Peter Berkowitz.

Using the enemy combatant cases *Hamdi* v. *Rumsfeld*, *Rumsfeld* v. *Padilla*, and *Rasul* v. *Bush* as a basis for their essays, the authors reflect on the role of the Court during wartime. In his essay, legal mind John Yoo argues that the Court should defer to Congress and the president instead of involving itself in the military handling of enemy combatants, while Judge Patricia Wald applauds the Court for intervening during wartime when civil liberties are at stake. Professor Ruth Wedgwood focuses her essay on the handling of prisoners at Guantanamo Bay.

While the authors disagree on the exact role of the Court during wartime, all concur that this "new kind of war" needs new rules. Berkowitz's fine compilation of essays will add fire to this ongoing and necessary debate.

—Erin Montgomery

Parody

"A view of White House Deputy Chief of Staff Karl Rove's garage as seen on the morning of Oct. 13, 2005. Rove's wife, Darby, raised the white garage door to show journalists gathered outside the home that Rove wasn't home the day before he was to testify before a grand jury investigating who in the White House revealed the identity of a covert CIA operative." **—Associated Press photo caption**

What AP didn't spot:

AP / Haraz N. Ghanbari

the weekly Standard

October 31, 2005