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Acknowledgements/permissions: Peter Turnley's photographs appear with the cooperation of DigitalJournalist.org http://www.digitaljournalist.org. / Etel Adnan, SITT MARIE-ROSE, A Novel ©1978 Des Femmes, Paris © Translation 1982 The Post-Apollo Press (U.S.) Published with permission of Post-Apollo Press http://postapollopress.com, 35 Marie Street, Sausalito, California 94965 on the twentieth anniversary of the English translation./ Rep. Tom Allen's article appeared in an earlier version in *The Bangor Daily News*, May 17-18, 2003. / To the Memory of Rachel Corrie © Haviva Pedaya. Translation © Howard (Tzvi) Cohen From the collection POEMS FROM THE LAND OF THE DOVE, by Haviva Pedaya. The Hebrew original is due to appear in *Hadarim* 15, ed. by Helit Yeshurun.

Contributors

Etel Adnan, poet, painter and essayist, was born in Beirut in 1925. Her novel SITT MARIE ROSE, a novel of the Lebanese Civil War (excerpted in this issue), has been translated and published in six languages and is considered a classic of Middle Eastern literature. Her books in English include THERE; PARIS, WHEN IT'S NAKED; FROM A TO Z; THE ARAB APOCALYPSE; THE INDIAN NEVER HAD A HORSE and other Poems; and OF CITIES AND WOMEN, all published by The Post Apollo Press http://www.postapollopress.com, as well as many artist's books. The composer Gavin Bryers set a group of eight of her love poems to music in THE ADNAN SONGBOOK. With her companion, the publisher and sculptor Simone Fattal http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2000fall/fattal.shtml, she lives in Paris and Sausalito and travels often to Beirut. Her meditative essay "Further On…" appeared in *Archipelago*, Vol. 4,

No. 4 http://www.archipelago.org/vol4-4/adnan.htm.

Rep. Tom Allen (D) http://tomallen.house.gov represents the First Congressional District of Maine. In the 108th Congress, he sits on the House Committee on Energy and Commerce. Previously, he was a member of the Armed Services Committee (HASC) and the Government Reform Committee and was also a Democratic Whip at Large. He has worked to develop legislation to reduce the price of prescription drugs for older Americans, clean up pollution from aging power plants and reform campaign finance laws. In the 105th Congress, Rep. Allen co-authored (with Arkansas Republican Asa Hutchinson) the Bipartisan Campaign Integrity Act, to ban soft money, tighten financial disclosure rules and regulate so-called issue advocacy ads in political campaigns. Born in Portland, Maine, in 1945, Tom Allen attended public schools and graduated from Bowdoin College in 1967. After earning a B.Phil in Politics as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University, he worked for Sen. Edmund S. Muskie, and then attended Harvard Law School, graduating in 1974. During his twenty years at a Portland law firm, Allen served on the City Council and as Mayor of Portland. In 1968, he married his high school classmate, Diana Bell. They have two daughters, Gwen, 28, and Kate, 23.

Rosamond Casey <rctreehouse@aol.com> an artist and calligrapher. Her mixed-media paintings, books, and calligraphy have been exhibited or published abroad and in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Virginia, Maryland, and Washington, D.C., most recently, at the Corcoran Gallery of Art and at the National Museum of Women in the Arts. She is the sole proprietor of Treehouse Book Arts, a school for adults and children in the arts of handmade papermaking, calligraphy and book making, and the current President of the McGuffey Art Center a cooperative arts organization in Charlottesville, Virginia, comprised of forty artists studios and several public exhibition spaces. Rosamond Casey holds a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from the Boston Museum School of Fine Arts and Tufts University. She lives with her husband, the novelist John Casey, in Charlottesville. "White Noise," from *Mapping the Dark*, appeared in *Archipelago*, Vol. 7, No. 1 http://www.archipelago.org/vol7-1/casey.htm.

Tzvi / Howard Cohen <tzvic@bgumail.bgu.ac.il> was born in London, in May 1966. He attended Mill Hill Public School and, following a year in South America, obtained a B.A. in Medical Sciences and Philosophy at Downing College, Cambridge University. He left medicine at the end of his first year of clinical studies at Charring Cross Hospital, and studied for an M.A. in Continental Philosophy at Warwick University. He lived at various times in South America and Galicia, northern Spain, where he wrote fiction. Tzvi Cohen has written several short stories and is currently working on his third novel, REDEMPTION; his two previous novels are LUCIFER'S LIGHT and RENAISSANCE, a philosophic / poetic novella based upon the life of Jesus and his complex relationship with his cousin John. He moved to Israel in May 1996, where he has worked as an editor, writer and translator of texts and journals, and a teacher of English at various universities. He is currently writing his doctoral thesis at Ben Gurion University of the Negev, Beer Sheva, under the guidance of Professor Haviva Pedaya, on the subject of "A Necessary Evil."

Tom Daley < TDaley8119@aol.com> is a machinist living and working in the Boston area. His poems have been published in *Perihelion*, *CyberOasis*, *Pemmican*, and *Yemasee*, and will appear in forthcoming issues of *Prairie Schooner* and *Salamander*. As an undergraduate at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill, he received the Charles and Fanny Fay Wood

Academy of American Poets Prize.

Mary Nell Ganter <Fraleymng@aol.com> is 41 years old. Her family is from Kentucky, but she has lived in Maine for ten years. She has a B.A. in English. In the decade or so following school, she was apprenticed to a pastry chef in Charleston, South Carolina, where she learned, thoroughly, how to bake. In addition to writing poems, she is working on a play about memory, set on the Moon; a book of meditative paragraphs on American themes; and a book about using our color experiences to grasp the meanings in works of art. The poems in this issue are the first of hers to have been published in the U.S., although others have appeared in little magazines in England. She has not felt ready to seek attention until lately.

Individual entries on **Richard Kostelanetz**'s <Rkosti@aol.com; Web site: www.richardkostelanetz.com> work in several fields appear in various editions of A READER'S GUIDE TO TWENTIETH-CENTURY WRITERS (ed. Peter Parker, Oxford); THE MERRIAM-WEBSTER ENCYCLOPEDIA OF LITERATURE; CONTEMPORARY POETS; CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS; POSTMODERN FICTION; WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN WRITERS; THE HARPERCOLLINS READER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE; BAKER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF MUSICIANS; DIRECTORY OF AMERICAN SCHOLARS; WHO'S WHO IN U.S. WRITERS, EDITORS, and POETS; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN ART; AND THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, among other distinguished directories. When the publishers listed in the annual DIRECTORY OF AMERICAN POETRY PUBLISHERS (Dustbooks) have been asked to name five poets they printed recently, he generally ranks between numbers three and six, with twenty votes. Nonetheless, he still needs two dollars (U.S.) to get on a New York City subway. A number of 'random' arrangements of "1001 Contemporary Ballets" have appeared in print and on the World Wide Web.

Giovanni Malito is an Italo-Canadian chemist now resident in Eire. He lectures at the Cork Institute of Technology and publishes two or three scientific papers a year. He edits the poetry magazine *Brobdingnagian Times* http://www.nhi.clara.net/mg0210.htm. His books include TO BE THE FOURTH WISE MAN, (MuscleHead Press, BoneWorld Publishing), A POET'S MANIFESTO (Lol Productions). MISLEADS (pawEpress), and SLINGSHOT (Donut Press). Reviews of his books can be found on *NHI Review OnLine* http://www.nhi.clara.net/bs0033.htm.

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Haviva Pedaya <pata@bgumail.bgu.ac.il> is a professor of Jewish thought and history at Ben Gurion University of the Negev, Beer Sheva, specializing mainly in Jewish mysticism from antiquity to modernity. She has published three books of scholarship: NAME AND SANCTUARY IN THE TEACHING OF R. ISAAC THE BLIND (Magnes Press, Jerusalem, 2001, Heb.); VISION AND SPEECH: MODELS OF REVELATORY EXPERIENCE IN JEWISH MYSTICISM (Cherub Press, Los Angeles, 2002, Heb.); and NAHMANIDES: CYCLICAL TIME AND HOLY TEXT, Am Oved Press, Tel Aviv, 2003, Heb.). Her books of poetry are FROM A SEALED ARK: POEMS (Am Oved Press, 1996), and THE BIRTHING OF THE ANIMA: POEMS (Am Oved Press, 2002). Besides receiving an academic education, she also studied theatre at a school for visual arts.

Peter Turnley <pturnley@attglobal.net> has published his photographs in such magazines as *Newsweek* (contract photographer, 1984-2001), *Stern*, *Paris Match*, *Geo*, *LIFE*, *National Geographic*, *The London Sunday Times*, *VSD*, *Le Figaro*, *Le Monde*, and *DoubleTake*. *The Digital Journalist* has published several important portfolio's of Turnley's work relating to Kosovo http://www.digitaljournalist.org/issue9904/fields01.htm; the Gulf War, 1991 http://www.digitaljournalist.org/issue0212/pt_intro.html; and Iraq 2003 http://www.digitaljournalist.org/issue0305/pt_intro.html. In the past twenty years, he has covered, as well, Afghanistan, the fall of the Berlin Wall and revolutions in Eastern Europe in 1989, Bosnia, Chechnya, Haiti, Indira Ghandi's assassination, Indonesia, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, = Rwanda, and Somalia. He has documented most of the world's refugee populations; witnessed Nelson Mandela walk out of prison and the end of apartheid in South Africa; chronicled Tiananmen Square, 1989; and was present in New York at "Ground Zero" http://www.digitaljournalist.org/issue0111/pturnley_intro.htm on Sept, 11, 2001. His international awards include the Overseas Press Club Award for Best Photographic Reporting from Abroad, and awards and citations from World Press Photo and Pictures of the Year (University of Missouri). He has published four books: MOMENTS OF REVOLUTION, BEIJING SPRING, IN TIMES OF WAR AND PEACE, and PARISIANS http://www.abbeville.com/parisians/index.asp. Peter Turnley is a graduate of the University of Michigan, the Sorbonne and the Institut d'Études Politiques. He was a Neiman Fellow in 2000-2001, has taught at the Santa Fe, Maine, and Eddie Adams Workshops and was a Teaching Fellow for Robert Coles at Harvard. He was assistant to the French photographer Robert Doisneau in the late 1970s. He continues to work as a documentary photojournalist and is a special contributor to the Denver *Post*. His photographic archive is more than 25,000 images (some are here http://home1.nikonnet.com/nikoncentre/photojournalism/photoj_turnley.html and here http://www.apple.com/pro/photo/pturnley/). At present, he lives in New York and Paris http://www.digitaljournalist.org/issue0009/frame_cover.html. His most recent work is represented by Corbis http://pro.corbis.com/search/searchFrame.asp.

Donovan Webster wrote this story after a visit to the southern Philippines in May 2002. It was published in a greatly truncated version in the July 21, 2002 issue of *The New York Times* magazine under the title, "It Only Looks like Vietnam." In that story, an editing error introduced a claim that Gracia Burnham "raced to freedom," an impossible act given the bullet wound in her leg. Since the time of that story's publication, and following a partial recall of the Special Forces from the area around Zamboanga, American troops are once again being stationed on Basilan and the southern Philippines. This time, if negotiations between the Philippine and U.S. governments can be worked out, the Americans will be freed to actually hunt and engage the ASG on Filipino soil. Webster, who often writes for *National Geographic, Smithsonian*, and *The New York Times* magazine, will publish a history of World War II in south Asia, THE BURMA ROAD (Farrar, Straus, and Giroux), in October 2003.

Boyd Zenner <bz2v@virginia.edu> is an Acquiring Editor at the University of Virginia Press http://www.upress.virginia.edu/. Her garden writings (under the pseudonym of V. Digitalis) ran in *Archipelago* for several years, and can be read here http://www.archipelago.org/vol1-2/garden.htm, here http://www.archipelago.org/vol1-3/recommend.htm, here http://www.archipelago.org/vol1-3/garden2.htm, here http://www.archipelago.org/vol1-4/digitalis.htm, and here http://www.archipelago.org/vol2-1/garden.htm.

photojournalism

Seeing Another War in Iraq in 2003

Peter Turnley

April 2003

I entered Iraq from Kuwait on the first day of the ground invasion by U.S. and British military forces, sharing a four-wheel-drive SUV with two other friends, both Italian photographers. For the following five weeks I worked independent of the military. I made this choice consciously, as I had during the Gulf War in 1991, hoping it would let me have the broadest possible exposure to the war. While I appreciate the great work of many of my colleagues who were "embedded" with the military, that approach to covering war was not the one I preferred.

It must be said that, regardless of the benefits that do exist of allowing embedding, the full story of a conflict can never be told to the public without those journalists who work independently. It is difficult, if not impossible, while you are with an advancing military unit to linger in an area and report on the casualties seen in hospitals, or witness the aftermath of battle on the civilian population, or cover the humanitarian and refugee crises.

This decision to work as a "unilateral" photojournalist led, as it did for all other unilaterals, to a series of implications that directly affected our ability to participate in telling the story of this war.

It is a little-known fact, as I have since learned in conversations among the general public, that the official policy of the U.S. and British military, as well as of the Kuwaiti border guards, was not to allow unilateral journalists to work in Iraq during combat. Every time I or my colleagues presented ourselves at a checkpoint on the two highways into Iraq from Kuwait, and openly showed our unilateral accreditation badges, we were told to turn back, that we had no right to enter Iraq. As in most situations of this kind, I, and many others like me, found ways to bypass the rules. Some times we dressed in military clothes, hoping the checkpoint authorities would not notice we were journalists. Other times, we found ways to fall in behind or into the middle of a military convoy, and crossed the border that way. On occasion, in the very hot weather of the desert, we would encounter border guards who were a bit asleep and cared little about checking our identities.

Since I could not cross the border freely, once inside Iraq, a country with no gas stations, open stores, or hotels, I was at all times scared that if I returned to Kuwait to sleep at night, or to resupply, I might never get back to cover the story. Thus, I was obliged to transport on the rooftop of my vehicle nearly 300 liters of petrol in fifteen jerry cans, making me the driver of a rolling bomb. I also transported nearly a month of food and water supplies. I ate more cans of tuna in five weeks then in my whole life put together. Because U.S. and British military units usually refused to let

unilateral journalists camp near their units, my biggest daily challenge was to find a seemingly safe place to sleep, where I wouldn't be attacked by pro-Saddam militia hostile to the presence of non-Iraqis in their country. During most of my time in southern Iraq, I joined other carloads of western unilateral journalists at night. We would "circle the wagons," parking our cars together and as near as possible to an area under control by the British or U.S. military. I usually laid out my sleeping bag on the ground. For many nights, an area outside the port of Um Quasr became my refuge.

Though I had worked previously all over the world in diverse conditions, I don't recall ever having the same relationship with certain basic amenities that meant my survival. Gasoline and electric power became among my most-needed friends. Before, when organizing a trip, my checklist of necessities had been pretty small: cameras, film, some money, a few clothes, and my passport. Now, in the digital age, I had to add a multitude of items: lots of batteries, a recharger, a computer, a satellite data-transmitter, and multiple plugs, cords, and adapters. Any missing element or a broken or lost part could take me completely out of effective action.

After a week in southern Iraq, Rachid, a Kuwaiti man who owned a farm in the north, purchased for me a small Robbins gas-propelled electric generator. I risked crossing back into Kuwait to pick it up. Suddenly, that generator became an indispensable lifeline. And I remember times when, while pouring gas into my vehicle, looking at and smelling the liquid, I felt an almost sensual connection to it – so much it seemed the essence of my survival in a country where a disabled vehicle could mean being attacked and killed at any time by hostile Iraqi militia.

After spending nearly three weeks in southern Iraq, I arrived in Baghdad, on the evening of the day a crowd had toppled a statue of Saddam Hussein near the Palestine Hotel. For the next week, I roamed the city and its outskirts, observing the aftermath and the near-term effects of this war on the Iraqi people.

One memory will always haunt me. On April 14, in Baghdad, I walked into a hospital room in the Al Asskan Hospital. There were two beds. On one of them lay two-year-old Martatha Hameed in the arms of her mother, Eman Ali, who was twenty-three. I noticed an expression of great anxiety and stress on the face of Eman Ali. On the other bed lay, diagonally, a ten-year-old girl with curly brown hair, named Worood Nasiaf. She was dressed in a small shirt and pants, and her feet were covered only by little white socks. Her head was pulled back on the side of the bed. A doctor held it in his hands. From the other side of the bed, another doctor pushed violently on her chest with repetitive strokes. Both doctors wore expressions of determined intensity, and their energy offered a great sense of hope. After many minutes of cardiac massage, one of them stopped, waited a few seconds, put his stethoscope to her chest, and listened.

I thought I saw breathing, and a leap of joy lifted me. Several seconds later, the doctor resumed pushing on her chest. After what seemed at least ten minutes, in an almost violent gesture, one of the doctors stopped and put his hand over her face. The other stood up and put her tiny hands together over her chest. In the next instant, he pulled a towel over her face. Both doctors turned and walked out of the room shaking their heads, and I realized I had just seen this beautiful little girl's

life evaporate. I stopped one of the doctors and asked him her name and what she had died from. In perfect English, the Iraqi doctor gave me her name, and explained that she had died of pulmonary pneumonia, which, he said, could easily have been treated. Her father had been unable to bring her to the hospital in time because of the impossibly dangerous traveling conditions. With bitter resignation he said to me, "I am sorry, I have no more time to talk, there is too much work left for me to do here." A few minutes later, a man walked into the room and removed the towel from her face. It was her father. Holding her hands, he stood and sobbed.

I visited several hospitals in Baghdad and Basra. In all of them were almost no medicines, anesthesia, or sterile instruments. In the emergency rooms were scenes from a hell. The results of war took on names and faces. A young woman, Hanan Muaed, 16, was wrapped in a body bandage, burned from an explosion when her home in Baghdad was hit by a bomb. Mahmoud Mohammed, 17, lost his leg from shrapnel from a shell. Zeinan Haneed, 9, lost her leg, and all of her family, when her home was shelled in Basra on March 23. A grandmother, Shukria Mahmoud, stood crying next to a bed where her grandson, Saif Abed Al Karem, lay hurt by a bomb, one having lost his father, the other her son, in the incident.

A small girl, Safah Ahmed, lay on a bed in the Al Karch Hospital, Baghdad. She had been playing in front of her house when a bomb landed in her neighbors' front yard. All she could remember was that it had been her birthday, and that when she woke up, she only had one leg.

On the western outskirts of Baghdad, daily, thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of Iraqis were on the move, on foot, coming home after having left the capital during the war, or walking in the opposition direction, home, towards the the south and Basra. The war in Baghdad seems almost over for the time being; but on the faces of these masses on the move were no smiles. Children often had the look of terror and fear in their eyes. At one point, twenty-five meters from the road, American troops blew up a large munitions cache, as thousands of people were walking by. There was a huge boom, and families scattered, screaming, in all directions and dove to the ground. A woman speaking perfect, well-educated English stopped me one day and told me she was a medical doctor, and that she and her family lived in a small village near Baghdad. She would identify herself only as Jasmine. She expressed what I heard in variation from many, many people: "We don't like Saddam, but what has happened here is criminal and you must tell it! We will give you our oil, you can take it, but we won't let you take our country. Look at this, no electricity, no water, no food, no control, everything stolen. We didn't like Saddam, but our country needs force to be controlled."

At one of the central cemeteries, near the Al Karch hospital, a group of women wear the traditional black chadors of the Shiite Moslem minority. They come from the poor, predominantly Shiite neighborhood in the north of Baghdad called Saddam City. The women were there to bury Abed Al Hassin, 53, who was killed by Iraqi militia as he waved a white flag from his car while driving home. One of the woman – "Just say I am a mother" – said, "Bush is better than Saddam, We will give him our oil, and maybe he will let us live in peace."

The crowd burying a body, an Iraqi soldier killed by a Coalition bomb, in the "1,000 Houses" neighborhood, was much less calm and cordial. One man, called out, "If Bush has any honor, he should tear Saddam into pieces and bring him to us."

I witnessed dozens of burials of Iraqis killed during the war. A large family stood at the grave of Fadila Sadek, 74, as she was being buried. I asked if she had died from injuries from the war, and one of her relatives said to me gently, "She died from the stress of this war."

A few days after one of many of the Saddam Hussein statues was pulled down by crowds in Baghdad, signaling the end of his regime, life began to come back to certain daily routines. Elder men, gathered again at the Al Zahani Cafe in the old city. Jamal Abdullah Khalil, sixty-six years old, a former carpenter, sat smoking his water pipe. The cafe owner told me, "Jamal has been coming here since he was born." I asked Jamal what he felt about the war. He looked at me and said, "I don't want to say to you what I have to say, please don't ask me."

In the Al Alawi Market in Baghdad, business is coming back gradually to routines of daily life. In the month I spent in Iraq since April 17, I saw glimpses of smiles only twice. Once was while women fought with each other to get buckets of fresh water, the first they had had in weeks, from a water truck provided by the British military in Al Zubair, a town in southern Iraq. The second time was just a few days ago, as men sold squawking, live chickens to buyers in the Al Alawi Market.

I have traveled to more than eighty-five countries and covered most of the major conflicts of the past twenty years. I spent a lot of time while in Iraq trying to make some semblance of sense from all the impulses of experience I have lived, felt, and observed. The theme that seemed to dominate my observations of and conversations with Iraqis and Coalition Forces has been that of two worlds – two cultures, at least two religions, and two sets of history and civilization – which have confronted each other. At best, they seem not to know each other well. At worse, they are openly hostile toward each other. They are not really sure they want to live in each other's midst. As British and American soldiers sped through towns and villages in southern Iraq leaving no military presence behind, time after time, Iraqis would shout out at their speeding backs, "Where is the water, where is the aid we heard about?"

When I was leaving, I approached the town of Safwan, on the border of Kuwait and Iraq. A group of Iraqi children stood waving as I drove up near the customs point. As I lifted my camera to take a last picture in Iraq, a young boy, who couldn't have been more than ten, waved, walked up to my car, and, suddenly, produced a brick and slammed it into the windshield, shattering it. Disoriented, my car rolled to the side. I managed to speed away across the border, leaving behind a crowd of pursuing children.

When I crossed into Kuwait, I was stopped by a border guard. I felt relieved to be in a seemingly less-hostile, safer environment and heading home. The guard asked me to take everything out of my car so he could search it. As I removed heavy boxes, I said to him, "I was here in 1991, when the

Americans fought for your country." The guard looked at me and said, "They didn't fight for my country, they fought for my oil!"

After I was cleared, I drove away slowly. I wondered if I should be angry at the words and ideas of this Kuwaiti man, standing by himself at a dusty crossing between the two countries. It occurred to me that what was important, much more so than my feelings about them, was that his words actually represented his feelings and perceptions about his world, and about a war the United States and its allies had "won" more than eleven years ago.

A selection of Peter Turnley's photos and text follows. The complete exhibition appears in *Archipelago*, Vol. 7, No. 2 www.archipelago.org.

In a field near the "1,000 Houses" neighborhood, relatives and friends bury an Iraqi soldier who was killed by Coalition bombs that hit his military unit in a camp on the outskirts of Baghdad. One of his relatives holds up a photograph of the deceased taken while he was alive. A person attending his funeral cried out, "If Bush has any honor, have him bring us Saddam so we can tear him to pieces!"

At a central Baghdad cemetery, Iraqi women mourn the death of one of their family members who was killed by Iraqi fighters as he returned from outside Baghdad in his car. He was showing a white flag and was shot by other Iraqi militia fighters as his car approached the outskirts of the city. The deceased person's name was Abedal Hassn, 53.

A young Iraqi man sitting wailing with pain in a burn unit of the Al Asskan Hospital in Baghdad. This young man was burned severely as he was trying to loot petrol after the fighting stopped in Baghdad. Looting and anarchy and lawlessness have been rampant in Baghdad and all over Iraq's' major cities since the end of the fighting.

At Al Asskan Hospital in Baghdad, a pediatric hospital, two doctors perform cardiac massage on 10-year-old Worood Nasiaf, who died a few minutes later. She suffered from pulmonary pneumonia, and she was unable to be brought to the hospital for treatment by her father, because of traveling conditions during the war, and because many hospitals stopped functioning during the fighting. In the bed next to hers' lay patient, 2-year-old Mortalha Hameed, and her mother Eman Ali, 23. After the doctors declared Worood Nasiaf dead, they put her hands together on her chest, and covered her face, and her father entered the room and wept.

On Day 11 of the war in Iraq, several thousand Iraqis citizens of Basra fled daily this city under siege by the British Military. Inside the city and on the outskirts of Basra, artillery battles between the British and pro-Saddam forces continued. In the city a humanitarian crisis developed, with a dramatic lack of fresh water and food. On the outskirts of the southern edge of the city, the "Desert Rats", members of the Black Watch Regiment of the 7th Armored Brigade, held checkpoints leading into the city. They had a double task, checking people for weapons trying to get back into the city, and directing refugees out. One could see many donkey carts trying to take vegetables like tomatoes into the city. There were many signs that the humanitarian crisis was getting worse. Many people coming and going from the city were collapsing at checkpoints indicating they were in desperate need of water. The numbers of people fleeing the city also increased dramatically. The situation in Basra was one of the critical elements of the war.

On the western outskirts of Baghdad during the second week of April, thousands of people were on the move in and out of the city, many returning to their homes in Baghdad, and some returning from Baghdad to their homes outside the city. On this road, among the exodus of people was a funeral procession for a 29 yr. old civilian employee of the Ministry of Oil, Saddam Mohammed Haidar. He was killed during the war, and here, his family is taking his exhumed body to Al Najaf, a Shiite Moslem town where many Shiites are buried. His body was accompanied by his relatives, including his mother, being held up by family members as she was overcome by emotion.

In early April, during the siege of Basra, the British Military checked Iraqi men for weapons at checkpoints on the outskirts of the city.

The British Military, in particular the "Desert Rats", had moved right up to the edge of Basra in their siege of this southern Iraqi city. Overnight, they had taken a key point on the southern edge of the school, the Basra Technical School. Until this point, Pro-Saddam militia were using this as one of many points from which they were firing RPG's and mortar rounds at the British. The British military moved in to this school and set up a base. On the outside perimeter of the school, dead Iraqi corpses lay with RPG launchers and RPG's strewn all over around them. They were killed while fighting the British forces on the edge of the city. Late in the afternoon, several people, who appeared to be relatives, came to recover the body of one of the Iraqi fighters. Aside from the men that came to claim his body, an elder woman was present, and judging from her emotion and intense interest in the recovery of the body, one could assume it was a family member of the dead soldier.

One day after British forces claimed control of all of Basra, many new scenes emerged. At one of Basra's main hospitals, there were many Iraqi wounded victims of several weeks of intense warfare. Children, and women and men, lay in hospital beds with many different types of wounds, much from shrapnel, and bombing and shelling, and many of the victims suffered from amputations. In the morgue of the hospital, many bodies of Iraqi fighters lay dead on the floor. Here an elder Iraqi woman is left sitting in a wheelchair in the hallway of the hospital.

As the siege of Basra was over and British Forces controlled the city, many bodies of Iraqi fighters lay dead on the floor of a central Basra hospital morgue.

As fighting began to quiet down in Baghdad, Coalition soldiers, here U.S. soldiers, have the difficult task of trying to help influence the return of law and order to Iraq's capital city.

As fighting began to quiet down in Baghdad, Coalition soldiers, here U.S. soldiers, have the difficult task of trying to help influence the return of law and order to Iraq's capital city.

The Unseen Gulf War

Peter Turnley

December 2002

During the Persian Gulf War, 1991, the pool system created by the military was meant to be, and was, a major impediment for photojournalists in their quest to communicate the realities of war. This fact does not diminish the great efforts, courage, and many important images created by those among my colleagues who participated in these pools. While you would have a very difficult time, now, finding an editor of an American publication who wouldn't condemn that pool system and its restrictions, most publications and television entities at the time more or less bought the program before the war began. This reality has been far less discussed than the critiques of the pools themselves.

I refused to participate in the pool system. I was in the Gulf for many weeks as the build-up of troops took place, then sat out the air war, and flew from Paris to Riyadh as soon as the ground war began. I arrived at the "mile of death" the morning of the day the war stopped. It was very early and few other journalists were present. It was a scene of incredible carnage. Strewn over this one-mile stretch of highway were cars and trucks with wheels still turning, radios still playing, and there were bodies scattered along the road. Many people have asked, "How many people died during the war with Iraq?" The question has never been well answered. That first morning, I saw and photographed a U.S. Military Graves Detail bury in large graves many bodies.

I don't recall seeing many television images of the human consequences of this event, or, for that matter, many photographs published. A day later, I came across another scene on an obscure road further north and to the east, where, in the middle of the desert, I found a convoy of lorries transporting Iraqi soldiers back to Baghdad. Clearly, massive firepower had been dropped, and everyone in sight had been carbonized. Most of the photographs I made there have never been published anywhere, and this has always troubled me.

The photographs that I made do not, in themselves, represent any personal political judgment or point of view about the politics or the right or wrong of the first Gulf War. What they do represent is one part of a more accurate picture of what really does happen in war. I feel it is important that citizens see, and that they have the right to see, these images. This is not to communicate my point of view, but to say that viewers as citizens can be given a better chance to consider the whole picture and consequences of that war, and any war. I feel that it is part of my role as a photojournalist to offer them a way to draw from as much information as possible, and develop their own judgments.

That war and the one looming have often been treated as something akin to a Nintendo game. Such treatment conveniently obscures the vivid and often grotesque realities apparent to those directly involved. I was a witness to the results of the Gulf War. The televised, aerial, technological version of the conflict was not what I saw, and I'd like to present some images I made that represent a more complete picture of what the conflict looked like.

War is at best a necessary evil, and I am certain that anyone who feels differently has never experienced or been in it. I have always hoped that true images of conflict give one the opportunity to witness and reflect more fully on the full realities of war. After covering many conflicts around the world during the past twenty years, and having witnessed much human suffering, I feel a responsibility to try to contribute with my images to making sure that no one who sees the brutal realities of conflict ever feels that war is comfortable or convenient.

A selection of Peter Turnley's photos and text follows. The complete exhibition appears in *Archipelago*, Vol. 7, No. 2 www.archipelago.org.

The "Mile of Death." During the night of the 25th of February and the day of the 26th of February, 1991, Allied aircraft strafed and bombed a stretch of the Jahra Highway. A large convoy of Iraqis were trying to make a haste retreat back to Baghdad, as the Allied Forces retook Kuwait City. Many Iraqis were killed on this highway. Estimates vary on the precise number of Iraqis killed during the Gulf War. Very few images of Iraqi dead have been previously published.

A U.S. Military Graves Detail buries the bodies of dead Iraqi soldiers killed along the Mile of Death, on the road between Kuwait City and Basra, north of Kuwait City.

A few days after the end of the Gulf ground war, an American soldier looks at a dead Iraqi soldier lying in the desert near where his convoy of vehicles was bombed and strafed by Allied aircraft as the convoy attempted to retreat from Kuwait back to Iraq. This was a different and much less exposed convoy that was bombed, from the Mile of Death. This convoy was on an obscure road to the north and east of Kuwait City. This attack left most of the Iraqi soldiers in the convoy carbonized, and their bodies were buried by Allied Forces at the end of the war.

A carbonized Iraqi soldier, killed by Allied aircraft, as a convoy of Iraqi soldiers tried to retreat to Baghdad from Kuwait City at the end of the Gulf War. The scene of this photograph was on a highway that was to the northeast of Kuwait City.

A few days after the end of the Gulf ground war, an American soldier inspects the carbonized bodies of Iraqi soldiers killed when their convoy of vehicles was bombed and strafed by Allied aircraft as the convoy attempted to retreat from Kuwait back to Iraq. This was a different and much less exposed convoy that was bombed, from the Mile of Death. This convoy was on an obscure road to the north and east of Kuwait City. These bodies were buried by Allied Forces at the end of the war.

Dead Iraqi soldiers before burial by a U.S. Graves Detail, killed on or near the Mile of Death, on the northern outskirts of Kuwait City. On this stretch of highway, many of the Iraqi soldiers and their families were killed as Allied aircraft strafed and bombed a convoy attempting to retreat in haste back to Baghdad from Kuwait City.

A U.S. Military Graves Detail with a bulldozer buries, in a mass grave, the bodies of Iraqi soldiers killed along the Mile of Death, on the road between Kuwait City and Basra, north of Kuwait City. Many of the Iraqi soldiers were killed along this stretch of highway on the 25th and 26th of February. Few images of this scene have ever been seen.

A U.S. soldier helps support an injured Iraqi soldier as a large group of Iraqi soldiers are taken prisoner by the Allied Forces at the end of the Gulf ground War. This scene was very near the Mile of Death north of Kuwait City.

At the end of the Gulf War, Kurdish refugees fled in a mass exodus from northern Iraq over the border into the mountains of southern Turkey. Here, a young Kurdish boy was seriously injured after being hit by a palette of food being airdropped by Allied Forces into this mountainous area trying to deliver food aid to the refugees. An estimated 450,000 Kurdish refugees fled to Turkey, and tens of thousands died of cold, hunger,and disease. These Kurds, initially supported by U.S. Forces in an independence uprising against Saddam's forces, were later left defenseless as Saddam's forces retaliated and brutally killed many Kurds.

A Kurdish woman buries her child in the mountains of southern Turkey. At the end of the Gulf War, Kurdish refugees fled in a mass exodus from northern Iraq over the border into the mountains of southern Turkey.

An Iraqi Republican Guard soldier one year after the end of the Gulf War sits in a tea salon in the old city of Baghdad. He told me that he had been in the convoy of Iraqi soldiers that was strafed and bombed along the Mile of Death at the end of the ground war. He described the experience of running over the bodies of his fellow soldiers as he fled for his life amidst the bombing on this road. He described running barefoot in the desert all the way to Basra, as he escaped the aerial assault.

Freedom of the Mind: Threatened by War

U.S. Representative Tom Allen
1st District of Maine

Not long ago, a fifth-grade teacher spoke at a community meeting I held in Southern Maine. He was distraught because he feared that he could not express his opposition to the impending war in Iraq without paying a heavy price. In a poem written earlier, he raised similar concerns. It reads, in part:

I had my class write the troops
I asked for a kids' support group.
Can I talk of peace?
I am told:
Say the pledge; sing the anthem; skip the question....

Americans, of course, can dissent.
Yet we must be patriotic.
Can a good American dissent?
I am told:
Say the pledge; sing the anthem; skip the question.

"To strike freedom of the mind with the fist of patriotism is an old and ugly subtlety," Adlai Stevenson, Jr. said half a century ago. Yet that is what threatened to silence this intrepid teacher, along with Senate Minority Leader Tom Daschle, Senator John Kerry, actors Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon, the Dixie Chicks, a hapless New York shopper sporting a peace message on his T-shirt, and countless others who have been chastised, arrested, banned, dis-invited or intimidated by accusations that dissent is "unpatriotic."

"War never leaves a nation where it found it," remarked the eighteenth-century British statesman Edmund Burke. America's war in Iraq and war against terrorism are no exception. Since September 11, 2001, the United States has not only challenged its enemies with our military power, but, purportedly in support of that effort, challenged our own people's right to speak out. A growing hostility to views out of sync with the President's war plans is apparent in the halls of Congress, the media, schools, and other places where there should be a lively debate over American policy.

The eerie silence and one-sided view of reality has been fueled by statements and polices coming from the White House and Republican Congressional leaders. The doctrine, "You're either with us or against us," first applied internationally after September 11th , has been alarmingly directed at domestic political discourse. As Attorney General John Ashcroft told a Senate Committee: "To

those who scare peace-loving people with phantoms of lost liberty, my message is this: Your tactics only aid terrorists, for they erode our national unity and diminish our resolve."

Sadly, the erosion of liberty is no phantom. Attorney General Ashcroft himself, to quote Burke again, has orchestrated "[t]he true danger[,]…when liberty is nibbled away, for expedients, and by parts."

Among other things, he banned public and media access to deportation hearings in federal court and ordered U.S. citizens to be treated as "military combatants," held without charge, and tried without access to counsel or meaningful judicial review. He issued guidelines (rejected by the secret intelligence court) that would have allowed prosecutors to direct searches without the law's requirement of probable cause.

Likewise, Ashcroft planned Operation TIPS, which would have encouraged citizens to spy on each other. He rewrote guidelines allowing the FBI to attend every worship service, political demonstration, and public gathering, enter every Internet chat room, and look at commercial records that reveal an individual's buying preferences and travel and Internet records. All this information can now be gathered by the government whether or not there is any evidence of criminal behavior by the individual.

Under proposed legislation Ashcroft is drafting – the so-called Patriot Act II – a host of sweeping new powers would be authorized, including allowing the secret detention of American citizens held in connection with a terror investigation, obtaining credit card and library records without a warrant, and repealing limits on local police spying on religious and political activity.

Public debate is also being stifled by a lack of balance and competing viewpoints in the media. There is little to offset the jingoistic reporting of cable TV and talk radio shows. On Fox News, editorial comment has come to replace news reporting. When MSNBC's Ashleigh Banfield pointed out the one-sided coverage of the war, she was roundly criticized by the media, and even NBC refused to back her up.

The news sources Americans rely on are increasingly controlled by a handful of owners, many with conservative political agendas that dovetail with the Administration's. Clear Channel, for example, now owns about 1,200 radio stations, and its owners have sponsored "support the troop" rallies. Performers who espouse anti-war views are afraid they will be banned from the air if they speak their mind. Indeed, a Colorado station recently suspended two disc jockeys for playing songs by the Dixie Chicks.

The Federal Communications Commission has just given the green light for further concentration of media ownership. On June 2, the FCC, voting along partisan lines, narrowly adopted new regulations that lift the ban prohibiting a newspaper from buying a television or radio broadcast station in the same city. The new rules also allow television networks to buy more affiliate stations.

Americans define ourselves by our freedom to question and criticize. If we surrender those rights, through the force of law, by intimidation, or as a result of ignorance, we compromise our very identity and the cause for which we fight.

See also:

Rep. Tom Allen http://tomallen.house.gov/

Sen. Russell Feingold, "On Opposing the USA PATRIOT Act" http://www.archipelago.org/vol6-2/feingold.htm

Library of Congress, "Legislation Related to the Attack of September 11, 2001" http://thomas.loc.gov/home/terrorleg.htm

Library of Congress, "HR3162: Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism (USA PATRIOT ACT) Act of 2001" http://thomas.loc.gov/cgi-bin/bdquery/z?d107:h.r.03162:

The American Library Association, The USA PATRIOT Act in the Library http://www.ala.org/Content/NavigationMenu/Our_Association/Offices/Intellectual_Freedom3/Intellectual_Freedom_Issues/The_USA_Patriot_Act_in_the_Library.htm

The Constitution Project http://www.constitutionproject.org/ *See also,* "Liberty and Security Initiative Releases First Amendment Report" http://www.constitutionproject.org/ls/index.htmlt

Thomas Jefferson Center for the Protection of Free Expression http://www.tjcenter.org/

"The September 11 Detainees: A Review of the Treatment of Aliens Held on Immigration Charges in Connection with the Investigation of the September 11 Attacks June 2003," Office of the Inspector General, Department of Justice http://www.fas.org/irp/news/2003/06/detainees.html

"FCC Set to Vote on Easing Media Ownership Rules," Frank Ahrens, *Washington Post,* June 2, 2003 http://www.washingtonpost.com/ac2/wp-dyn?pagename=article&node=&contentId=A1007-2003Jun1&notFound=true

A draft of the proposed "Patriot II" Act http://www.eff.org/Privacy/Surveillance/Terrorism_militias/patriot2draft.html

Detailed critiques of the Patriot II draft:

ACLU http://www.aclu.org/SafeandFree/SafeandFree.cfm?ID=11835&C=206

Center for Public Integrity http://www.public-i.org/dtaweb/report.asp?ReportID=502&L1=10&L2=10&L3=0&L4=0&L5=0

The Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, 98-page report(pdf) on post-Sept. 11 civil liberties http://www.lchr.org/us_law/us_law.htm

The Electronic Privacy Information Center, PATRIOT-related site http://www.epic.org/privacy/terrorism/usapatriot/

About Operation TIPS, *see, inter alia,* Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, "A Year of Loss," Chapter 2 http://www.lchr.org/us_law/loss/loss_ch2.htm

In Archipelago*, see:*

"A year in Washington," Katherine McNamara http://www.archipelago.org/vol6-3/endnotes.htm

"Patriotism and the Right of Free Speech in Wartime," Katherine McNamara http://www.archipelago.org/vol7-1/endnotes.htm

"Where Are the Weapons?", this issue.

WAR WITHOUT END?
Confronting the new, global Vietnam

Donovan Webster

> I thought we should act as their protector – not try to get them under our heel.... But now – why, we have got into a mess, a quagmire from which each fresh step renders the difficulty of extrication immensely greater.
>
> —Mark Twain on the Philippines[1]

Basilan Island is a would-be paradise. A flung-dice dot on the map between the Celebes and Sulu seas – seventeen miles off the Philippines' southernmost mainland state of Mindanao – Basilan has cathedral-like rainforests, volcanic highlands draped by misty waterfalls, and white-sand beaches so clean and fine they appear sifted from confectioner's sugar. Analogous in size, topography, and sunny tropical sway with Hawaii's Oahu, Basilan should, by all rights, be one of the world's most-visited beach destinations.

Instead, thanks to the cruel whims of religion and time, the island's 295,000 people have been left to cower day and night. And the only foreign visitors here at the moment – other than me – are roughly 600 U.S. troops billeted in camps across Basilan's jungles. The reason for this paucity is simple: in this otherwise-perfect idyll, there exists a deadly and multi-headed peril called the Abu Saayef Group (or ASG). A loosely organized front of Islamic rebels, with slack but visible ties to Al Qaeda, the ASG regularly take – and often behead – Christian and America-friendly hostages in the name of Allah, ransom, freedom from Filipino rule, and whatever other excuses pop up as useful.

This is why, as I stand deep inside Basilan's interior with U.S. Special Forces Captain Mike Lazich, he keeps returning to one question on his mind. "I *gotta* ask again," he says, a smile on his narrow face. "You don't feel *threatened* out here?"

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[1] "Mark Twain (1835-1910) was the most prominent literary opponent of the Philippine-American War and he served as a vice president of the Anti-Imperialist League from 1901 until his death. In February of 1901, as his essay 'To the Person Sitting in Darkness' was creating a storm of controversy throughout the United States, a Massachusetts newspaper editorialized that 'Mark Twain has suddenly become the most influential anti-imperialist and the most dreaded critic of the sacrosanct person in the White House that the country contains.'" Jim Zwick, MARK TWAIN ON WAR AND IMPERIALISM http://www.boondocksnet.com/ai/twain/index.html.

Lazich is a lanky, black haired 29-year-old who, thanks to his ropey boxer's physique, would stand out as a Green Beret even in baggy Bermuda shorts and a T-shirt. He is also the ranking officer of "A Team" No. 111 of Special Forces First Division, based in Fort Lewis, Washington. At the moment, as he's already sidling up to his seemingly favorite question for the third or fourth time, we're standing in a meadow at a remote Basilan military camp called Kapatandan Grande. Beyond us, a three-acre field tufted with patches of tall grass stretches toward jungle so dense it rises from the earth like 70-foot emerald tapestry. Farther off, encircling us on all horizons, are tall ridges whose flanks are stippled a dozen shades of shiny, Crayola green.

It's 1 p.m. on a Friday, with spring easing toward rainy, south-Asian summer. The day's noontime downpour has finally passed, and a blistering equatorial sun is now re-booting the afternoon's heat and humidity. In front of us, the other eleven members of Lazich's "advisor" team drill forty Filipino Special Reconnaissance troops in something called "contact reaction." Using the Americans as opposition, the Filipinos are war-gaming strategies for the next time they encounter an Abu Saayef ambush. "We're doing this," Lazich says, "because the Abu Saayef has been using some pretty sophisticated flanking maneuvers to kick these guys asses. The ASG is well trained. They employ some of the same strategies we Special Forces use. Our job here is to level the playing field."

Like a bunch of outsize boys playing Army, the scrimmage across this field uses no live ammo. Instead, when discharging a weapon, each man shouts: "*Bang!*" If firing a machine gun, they shout "*Bang! Bang! Bang!*" This pantomime is far from frivolous, however, since each of these commandos has engaged the ASG in this neighborhood, some of them on this very field.

"So, really, you're not threatened?" Lazich asks me again.

Yesterday, Lazich tells me, he spray-painted the black steel of his A4 automatic rifle an impressionist's mix of green and brown, so it would better disappear into the landscape should he need to dive for cover. With an air of bored, casual menace, he's rocking the rifle, which hangs slung under his right arm, back and forth in the air.

Strangely, the War on Terrorism feels no different here, in the home of the terrorists, than it does on any street in America. And, mostly, that comes down to a nervy sense of languor. As an abstraction, we all recognize that the war is terrifyingly and mortally real, and any glimpse at CNN or a morning newspaper's headline confirms that. But standing on this steamy field, where slightly bored men are shouting "*Bang!*" at one another? Well, uh…

"Nervous?" I say to Lazich. "Not really. Why? Are you?"

Lazich shoots me a quizzical look, then he points at his A4 rifle and the black Beretta 9-millimeter pistol holstered on his right hip. He balls his right fist and punches the camo-covered Kevlar body-armor that envelops his torso.

He then reminds me I have none of these accessories.

"We're Americans in Abu Saayef territory, man," he adds. "This is bad-guy central. So, yeah, I'm a little on edge. It looks peaceful, but–" Lazich lifts his right hand and snaps his fingers "–that quick, hostile fire could be pouring out of the jungle on us. I about guarantee we're being watched right now. That's how these guys fight. They kill you when you're not looking. Hey Bucko, welcome inside Unconventional Warfare 101. And get used to it, 'cause around these parts it's here to stay."

If there is a preview to America's spreading War on Terrorism, then the American push across Basilan and the southern Philippines is likely it. Initiated in late January of 2002, with a six-month term set to end July 31, this stripe of the War on Terror is philosophically and materially 180 degrees from the B-52 mauling of Taliban and Al Qaeda forces in Afghanistan in October of 2001, where a possibly endless and already-garden-variety Coalition mop-up continues across that country's crags and caves.

In the Philippines, the American program – which is soon to be rolled out in Yemen and the Islamic corners of the former Soviet Union – is about being pro-active against future terrorism. In places not actively hostile to American assistance (or that have invited an American military presence inside), the plan is to shatter terrorist networks though the introduction of enlightened self-interest. Instead of destroying cities and roads, American troops are spreading military expertise, making municipal improvements in support of our own troops there, and holding out the promise of a future more secure from terrorist threat. It is, in the estimation of Air Force General Donald Wurster, commander in charge of all American forces in the Philippines, a campaign to win the "hearts and minds" of people who have lived beneath the severities of terrorism for far too long.

"Our primary mission," Wurster says, "is to advise and assist the Philippine Army in training. But somewhere down the list of our priorities, certainly, is a hearts and minds component. If through our presence we can show local people they don't need to fear Abu Saayef, then maybe food or assistance won't flow to the terrorists next time the ASG needs it. And once these terrorists are caught under-supplied or exposed, they quickly become vulnerable – or they chose to leave altogether."

At its most basic, American forces are on Basilan to hone Filipino elite-forces skills to razor-sharp edges: from marksmanship to unit tactics and navigation to mission planning and secure communications. Then they send the upgraded Filipinos back into the world. Yet, while there, the Americans are also bound by a number of restrictions. Under terms defined by the Philippine Constitution, written since the U.S. decommissioned its last air and naval bases there in 1992, the active participation of foreign armies on Filipino soil is banned. Consequently the Special Forces can only conduct training on existing military posts. Owing to these same restrictions, the Special Forces also aren't allowed to actively patrol in the field. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, while the Americans can defend themselves and return fire if fired upon, they cannot chase the enemy once engagement has been made.

But the War on Terror in the Philippines doesn't end with training. Beyond the battlefield drills, a battalion of engineers from the U.S. Marines, supported by several Navy Seabee construction battalions, are upgrading the island's infrastructure: improving roads, digging new wells, erecting new bridges, and reinforcing the island's harbors with the stated rationale of keeping the Special Forces supplied.

"Of course," says General Wurster, "if these improvements have secondary and tertiary benefits to the Filipino Army and the indigenous people of Basilan, that's O.K. with us. If hostages are recovered thanks to our training of the Filipino forces, that's good, too. If our presence makes the ASG so uncomfortable they feel compelled to leave Basilan and never return, that's great. But the improvements the Marines and Seabees are making on Basilan are purely – from our perspective – in support of the Special Forces training mission. Period."

Five months into the program, the combined Philippine-American push is showing signs of purchase. On June 7th, a detachment of thirty-seven American-trained Filipino Rangers began stalking a paramilitary unit through the mountainous jungles on the Philippine mainland of Mindanao. Because the forty- to fifty-man guerilla force was away from Basilan, the Rangers were surprised to discover they weren't just tracking an off-course cell of the ASG, but one commanded by Abu Sabaya, the most visible and media-savvy of the Abu Saayef's five leaders, and a man responsible for hundreds of hostage-takings and a sizeable number of beheadings. Under pressure from the heightened military presence on Basilan, Sabaya apparently chose to depart the island. Displaced from his network of bases and supplies, he had been sending out for fast-food cheeseburgers and candy to provision his men. It was, in fact, a trail of candy wrappers found in the jungle that first caught the eye of the Army patrol.

The Rangers were then doubly surprised to learn that Sabaya had with him three high-profile hostages, all of whom had been missing for more than a year. Two of the prisoners, Martin and Gracia Burnham, were American missionaries to the Philippines who had been kidnapped in May of 2001, along with eighteen others at a resort off the nearby island of Borneo. The third hostage, Ediborah Yap, was a Filipina nurse taken hostage during a hospital raid on Basilan last year.

When afternoon rain forced Sabaya's unit to establish a camp at the bottom of a narrow ravine, the Rangers began tactical encirclement. Crawling through the jungle to within 20 or 30 yards of the rebels, the Rangers were preparing for attack when ASG sentries spotted them. The Rangers opened fire, careful to avoid the hostages, who were by then housed inside a blue-nylon tent at the camp's center. In the ensuing 30-minute firefight, in which the ASG outgunned the Rangers using grenade launchers before fleeing into the jungle, four rebels were killed, seven Rangers were injured, and Martin Burnham and Ediborah Yap were either executed or killed by Filipino Ranger crossfire (an investigation is on-going). At the battle's end, Gracia Burnham was recovered by the Rangers, alive but with a gunshot wound in her leg.

For the next two weeks, stragglers from the ASG cell would be dogged through the jungles of Mindanao by Filipino forces. Finally, just before sunrise on June 21st, the Philippine Navy spotted a fishing boat slipping offshore from a jungle beach. As a Navy gunboat approached, the crew of the fishing vessel opened fire, prompting yet another engagement that left all seven passengers on the fishing boat either dead or captured. Among those killed is said to have been Abu Sabaya, who was shot and sank below the surface as he tried to swim from the scene. Divers have been searching for his body, to make a 100-percent identification. Until then, all Sabaya has left behind has been his visual trademark: black and mirror-lensed wrap-around sunglasses he was never seen without.

For General Wurster and the Americans on Basilan, however, the destruction of Abu Sabaya doesn't intimate the destruction of the Abu Saayef Group – or the close of operations there. In fact the President of the Philippines, Gloria Macapagal-Arroyo, recently committed 1,200 more Filipino forces to the island, stating, "We will not stop until the Abu Saayef is finished." For several months, she has also steadfastly refused to negotiate with the rebels for a truce or the release of any remaining hostages. She and the Philippine government seem confident that, with continued pressure, the ASG can be eradicated. In early June 2002, as a move to check Abu Saayef, she entered into discussions with U.S. Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz to keep the Special Forces on Basilan longer, and to allow the Green Berets to train smaller, platoon-sized units in the field: a possibility that increases both the vulnerability of the Americans and the risk of further American-led escalation against terrorism in south Asia.

Wait a minute? Unconventional warfare in South Asia? American Special Forces "advisors?" Hearts and Minds? Isn't the War on Terrorism starting to sound frighteningly familiar? Have we enjoined a global Vietnam?

The last U.S. advisors went so publicly to southern Asia, the nation of choice was South Vietnam. And like the War on Terrorism, the war in Vietnam was a policy-based offensive that started slowly, and was fueled by American good intentions. In 1961, President John F. Kennedy, faced with a threatening Cold War, sent several thousand U.S. Advisors into South Vietnam to help prop up its ailing democratic government. By 1963, the Quiet Americans in Vietnam required 50,000 U.S. Special Forces to ensure their safety, and President Lyndon Johnson hit the slippery section of Vietnam's crumbling slope. Within 18 months, 185,000 U.S. soldiers were deployed there. Over the next eight years, two million Americans would cycle through Vietnam, with 58,000 returning home in body bags, and the United States would be forced to employ every weapon in its arsenal short of a nuclear device in a failing effort to protect political order in South Vietnam. What had started as an exercise in promoting American ideals skidded into a national debacle.

Yet if Vietnam is the most memorable American episode in southern Asia, it is not the only one. Aside from activity in the region during World War II, perhaps the most notorious American

"police action" into south Asia came a century ago. It also happened to take place in the southern Philippines. And, frankly, it didn't go so well, either.

In 1898, the United States purchased the Philippines from Spain. The idea, known inside the American government as Plan Orange, was to hold the island group as a regional bulwark against Japanese Imperialism while simultaneously milking the resource-rich archipelago for economic gain. In the Philippine north, the largely Catholic and Spanish-speaking population was pleased to make acquaintance with Uncle Sam. After 300 years beneath stern Spaniards, the friendlier, easier-going, and wealthier Americans brought a breezier and more self-determined – if still colonial – presence to the nation. But though things went swimmingly for the Americans in the north, when troops led by General John "Black Jack" Pershing entered the southern Philippine island-state of Mindanao and ventured onto the Sulu Archipelago, home to Basilan and 500 or so other islands, events grew bloody and combative.

In the southern Philippines, the Americans came up against the region's Islamic Moro people (their name is derived from Spanish for the Islamic Moors, North Africans who once ruled Spain), and the Moros chose to resist these newest, Christian colonizers. Followers of Islam since the 14th century, after the teachings of the Koran had been brought from Malaysia across Indonesia and up the Sulu Archipelago to the Philippines, the population of Basilan, southern Mindanao, and the Sulu islands was – and remains – more than ninety-percent Islamic. And because of these religious and cultural differences, the Moros felt their home should be autonomous from colonial rule. Their sovereignty, they believed, was guaranteed them by both the Koran and the Old Testament, where their spiritual father, Ishmael, had been promised his own great nation.

The Moros were prepared to fight for their freedom. Doing battle in their own neighborhood, adept at jungle warfare and ambush, and capable of disappearing into the local population when not actively fighting, they began attacking the Americans without warning and at all hours. As the Americans began defending themselves, a tide of casualties on both sides started to rise, and in response to the Moro's all-out, close-contact charges from the jungle, the Americans developed a new weapon with such point-blank stopping power it wouldn't be outmoded for eighty years.

Since the 1850s, the government-issue sidearm for all U.S. officers had been a six-shooting Colt .38 revolver. But against the Moros, the pistol not only took too long to reload, its complement of six bullets often wasn't enough to halt even a single hard-charging Moro. In response, beginning in 1904, American officers were issued the new, brick-like .45 caliber automatic pistol, which took bullets nearly a half-inch in diameter and could be quickly reloaded with magazine clips holding a dozen bullets each.

Still, if the big pistol was a more efficient object for the Americans to have at hand, it did nothing to slow the ferocity of the attacks. The Americans and the Moros would scrap sporadically until 1913, and, depending on whom you ask, before the fighting was over the Americans had killed

between 250,000 and 700,000 tribesmen. Yet despite the prodigious pile of Moro dead, in the end it was the Americans who cried uncle, granting the Moros a greater share of autonomy than any other ethnic group in the Philippines.

Now back in the land of the Moros with the War on Terrorism, and once again, as in Vietnam, fighting an irregular army capable of disappearing into the population like drops of water in a filled bucket, has America entered a bloody, protracted conflict with no end in sight?

"Don't get us wrong," says Pentagon spokesman Lt. Commander Jeff Davis, "there will not be American boots on the ground in the southern Philippines for years and years to come. Now, that said, we are currently asking Congress for extra funds to keep the Special Forces in place longer – but the word indefinite is *not* being used. These days, the Defense Department is very conscious of avoiding open-ended troop deployments. Everything we do, every plan we make, has a very deliberate end-date. We're not flying the War on Terror by the seat of our pants. Though, as I say, the mission to the Philippines could very well be extended."

"All I know about the length of my stay on Basilan," Lt. Colonel Roger Griffin is saying, "is that I'm here until they tell me to go."

Griffin, 43, is the officer in charge of all U.S. Special Forces activities on Basilan. And sitting in his eight-man barracks, a stilt "nipa" hut of bamboo, woven palm fronds, and window screens, at a Basilan jungle outpost called Tabiawan Camp, Griffin gives every indication of a man dug in for the long haul. "My whole job here," he says, "is to help the Filipinos with their terrorist problem. Together, our aim is to make the ASG so uncomfortable – so unwelcome – that they want to leave this place and never come back. How do we accomplish that? How long will it take? Well, some of that is up to the Philippine government and our Department of Defense, and some of it's up to the ASG."

Tall and lean, with a more cerebral cast than many of the Special Forces troops, Griffin could well be the hood-ornament for Donald Rumsfeld's gleaming, post-September 11th American military. Possessing both elite combat skills and a master's degree in public administration from Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, Griffin was the go-to man in the fall of 2001, when the Department of Defense was selecting the first battalion troops to insert into Afghanistan. Six months later, a few men from his division, who also carry advanced degrees from the Kennedy School, are still on the ground in Kabul, advising President Hamid Karzai on the organization of a new Afghan government. Another of Griffin's troops, Sergeant Nate Chapman, was the first U.S. soldier killed in Afghanistan, shot by unknown enemy forces in January 2002.

"Yep, Nate was one of mine," Griffin says, a streak of remorse in his voice. "And I personally made the visit to his house … told his wife of events. As we talked, there were two little kids running around–" Griffin scissors his right index finger and middle finger in the air, pantomiming running kids. "That's hard. But that's war."

Now sitting in his Philippine jungle hut and questioned about the lengthening shadow of "mission creep" and a prolonged, Vietnam-style guerilla war against the ASG, Griffin doesn't bat an eye.

"All I can say is that this is a smarter Army," he responds. "We've studied the lessons of the past, and we think we've learned them. That's why our mission here has so many restrictions. That's why very specific end-dates exist for everything, and why we follow very specific protocols. We're here specifically to help the Filipinos fix their own problems. We're not fixing problems for them. We're very deliberate about what we're doing here. Beyond that, all bigger philosophical questions about the War on Terror are best answered by the President and the Department of Defense."

As Griffin suits up for our first day of tours around Basilan, he is, in fact, the embodiment of what must be the Pentagon's new buzzword: deliberate. He's double-checking the vehicles we'll take, and pulling on form-fitting body armor. He triple-checks his A4 rifle and the 9-millimeter pistol on his hip. Beyond him, Tabiawan Camp seems so locked-down and secure it's like a prison in reverse: a fortress to keep people out. A nest of razor wire barriers encircles the base perimeter, with gated guard-posts and sentry checkpoints protecting the two roads leading into the base. Inside the wire are a half-dozen nipa barracks, mess huts, a large command building (complete with dozens of laptops and computers hooked to the Internet), a physical-training tent, several steel shipping containers – inside of which satellite communications are maintained between bases on Basilan and the United States – a new and clean shower facility, a medical hut, a heli-pad, and, at the camp's center, a concrete slab of a basketball court.

Every morning at 6 a.m., a 200-man battalion of Filipino troops arrives from their own temporary base just down the road, and falls-in on the basketball court. Then, as orders are issued, the troops – joined by American trainers – are loaded into armored trucks and sent to link with other battalions and twelve-man "A-Team" advisor units at nine training camps scattered across the island. For their own protection, all U.S. troops not involved in teaching on any specific day are ordered not to travel beyond Tabiawan's boundary. And any non-training-related trip outside the fences, such as the one we're about to take, is such a rare exception it sends a flurry through camp.

There's ample reason for this security. In the jungles just beyond these fences, a very real ASG threat hangs in the air. Having had a unique level of self-government for a century, the people of Basilan and the Sulu islands now occupy a unique Philippine sub-directorate. Known as the Autonomous Region of Muslim Mindanao (ARMM), they have, after years of no-holds-barred fighting, forged a mostly peaceful truce with the Filipino government. But beginning in 1990, believing the ARMM's two legitimate parties, the Moro National Liberation Front and the Moro Islamic Liberation Front, had become too chummy with Manila, a man calling himself Abu Saayef ("Father of the Sword" or "Bearer of the Sword" depending on translation) split from ARMM with the goal of establishing a strict, Taliban-style government on Moro lands.

Abu Saayef, whose real name was Abdurak Janjalani, was born into Islam on Basilan, and left in the 1980s, to study the Koran and Arabic in Libya and Saudi Arabia. He later fought alongside Osama Bin Laden against the Russians in Afghanistan, an experience that is said to have hardened his fundamentalist beliefs. In 1989, he returned home and began to collect like-minded Muslims to his cause, using money and weapons donated from both Al Qaeda and Hamas to fund and arm his forces.

At first, the ASG devoted itself mainly to bombings intent on driving out Christian influence in the region and destabilizing the existing ARMM government. Soon Christian missions, municipal offices, and villages inhabited by Christians all across Mindanao and the Sulu islands echoed with the booms of fragmentation grenades and home-made explosions. Eventually these ASG-sponsored blasts reached all the way to Manila's shopping malls and Aquino International Airport, 600 miles to the north.

By 1993, the Abu Saayef Group, by then estimated to be well more than a thousand strong, began taking hostages and negotiating their ransoms as a means of income. The level of hostilities escalated, as the Philippine armed forces increased their hunting for Abu Saayef guerillas. In June of 1994, ASG gunmen, in one swoop, took fifty Christians hostage on Basilan, eventually releasing all but a priest (who was never heard from again) after the Philippine government paid a ransom of 500,000 pesos. In April 1995, in retaliation for the shelling of an ASG camp in Basilan's interior, Abu Saayef rebels razed the Christian town of Ipil, murdering all fifty-three civilians and Filipino Army troops there. By the time Abu Saayef himself was killed, in a police shoot-out in December of 1998, he was the most-wanted outlaw in the Philippines.

With the death of Janjalani, command of Abu Saayef Guerrillas was thrown open, and the groups' initial goal of self-government was supplanted by a terror-and-ransom campaign aimed merely at keeping the movement afloat. For a time, Janjalani's younger brother, Khadaffy, ran the organization; but he, too, is believed to have been killed by Filipino Army forces in June of 2001. Whether Khadaffy is still alive, however, is irrelevant, since control of the shattered ASG front by then had spread to several other leaders across southern Mindanao and the Sulu islands. As of September 11th, 2001, the ASG was being commanded by five equally ruthless bosses: Sahinum Hapilan on mainland Mindanao, Galib Andang (alias Commander Robot) on the island of Jolo, Isnilon Janjalani on Mindanao and Basilan, and Aldam Tilao – the famous Abu Sabaya – on Basilan.

To keep local economies disrupted and populations in slow-motion terror, the ASG also continued its program of destroying bridges and wells. In an effort to isolate villages further and sow fear, hostages by the heaping handful were taken, usually as they traveled between towns or through the jungle. When the ASG had the good fortune to capture Americans and Philippine military personnel, they generally held them for enormous ransoms, instead of the pittances the locals paid; and they often didn't release them even after money had been tendered. The parents of Martin

Burnham, for example, paid representatives from ASG $300,000 for the release of both missionaries, only to see both the money and its reciprocal promise vanish.

Other times, to reaffirm their unpredictability, the ASG doesn't negotiate at all. Instead, they'll mutilate or behead their captives, then leverage the act's horror for maximum visibility. In May of 2000, 13 Filipino soldiers were hacked to pieces after their ASG raid on Basilan went bad, with two of the troops left by a road beheaded and with their eyes plucked out.

In June of 2001, Abu Sabaya himself telephoned a local radio station. Speaking on the air, he informed the people of the southern Philippines that, as a gift to President Arroyo on the occasion of Philippine Independence day, he was pleased to release one of his Americans hostages, a Californian named Guillermo Sobrero, who had been taken in the same raid that had netted the Burnhams.

"We've released unconditionally one American, our amigo Guillermo," he taunted. "But we released him without a head."

Ready for our journey beyond Tabiawan's wire, Colonel Griffin leads me from our barracks to a pair of armored Toyota Landcruisers opposite base command. Each vehicle is fitted a machine-gun-toting security officer in the back, who is connected by radio headset to both the other vehicle and to a base station in the command post. As we ready to depart, the lead driver, a sergeant named Mark Jackson, gives orders to the driver and the armed security detail.

"We're headed into known ASG traffic areas," he says. "If we meet resistance from the front, we will engage them and provide cover, and we will back the vehicles up and remove ourselves from the conflict. If we're engaged from the sides, proceed forward at a maximum rate of safe speed. If engaged from the back, keep moving and increase your rate of speed."

We depart, rolling out of camp along a mud-based road whose new gravel top has been recently provided by Marine and Seabee construction teams. As we drive, however, the peril conjured by the international press and the Special Forces is nowhere to be seen. Instead, the people of the island run through the jungle toward roadside from their cinder-block or nipa houses, waving and shouting hellos.

Griffin rolls down the reflective window on his side of our Landcruiser. He begins waving back. "The response we've gotten is amazing," he says. "Initially, when the first members of the Special Forces got here in February, the people were very skeptical and afraid. There was little contact, and the few locals who did have dealings with us were reserved and scowling. Now I'd say ninety percent of the island is delighted we're here. They're re-establishing shops and businesses. They're beginning to return to their villages from the cities. Just this week, 400 people moved back to the Muslim village of Marengai, which had been an ASG stronghold. The people, I think, are appreciative of what we're doing. I get written invitations to speak at different civic events all the

time. Just the other night, I emceed the coronation rites for a teenage King and Queen in the town of Tabiawan."

Griffin pauses for a minute. "Not that long ago," he adds, "the Special Forces got invited to play a softball game against a team of All-Stars from the island. Four thousand people showed up at the local ballpark. It was a big, happy party. Several years ago, the last time there was a public sporting event at that park, somebody fragged it. Grenades."

Which begs the question: What about that ten percent who don't appreciate the American presence?

Griffin taps his A4 rifle. "Our job," he says, "is to be friendly, but never to present a soft target of opportunity. If they come, believe me, we're capable of taking care of ourselves."

That hard-target mindset is evident every morning, as, shortly after the Filipino troops and their American advisors leave for training, the Seabees and Marine engineers depart their camp adjoining Tabiawan. As the construction dump trucks and trailered Caterpillars head out, an impressively intimidating security detail, led by armored personnel carriers topped by grenade launchers and .50-caliber machine guns, travels with them. In the sole instance so far where American engineers have been fired upon by the ASG – a minutes-long jungle-road skirmish on June 17th – no American or Filipino troops were wounded, though several rebels were made casualties.

Ten miles along, we arrive in the island's seaport capital of Isabella, and the hellos and waves continue. As we cross the city, passing blocks of low, Spanish-colonial plaster buildings fronted by big walled courtyards, I notice the exterior walls of shops and houses show ghostly traces where, recently, pro-ASG graffiti has been scrubbed away. "This really is a beautiful place," Griffin says, apropos of nothing.

"Yeah," responds Special Forces Major Jeff Prough, who is riding along, "except a small portion of the people here want to kill us. And we don't know which portion that is."

The road exits Isabella, winding over jungled mountainsides that run to the seacoast. We drive across a bridge, beneath which a 50-foot waterfall tumbles toward the beach. Then, as the road turns inland from the shoreline, Griffin lifts his A4 rifle across his lap and says: "O.K., we're getting to an area where the ASG is known to travel. Let's keep an eye out."

Ahead of us, the road snakes through several tight, ambush-friendly curves. A thick jungle encloses the roadsides and rises above us, creating a shadowed, verdant tunnel. Behind me, the security officer has his rifle at the ready, and his head rotates back and forth as if on a swivel, eyes scanning the jungle. We keep going, and in another few minutes encounter ten-foot-long bundles of palm tree trunks stacked and bound together with barbed wire. These have then been laid out on the roadbed from alternating shoulders.

"We put these in to slow vehicles down through here," Griffin says. "We're almost to the Scout Ranger camp, and our security people want a good clear look at everyone driving past their gate."

Halfway down the makeshift obstacle course, the Landcruisers make a sharp right turn, and – executing a long s-curve between tall screens of woven palm frond – we pass a nearly invisible security gate then roll under a raised barrier and inside another tall nest of razor wire.

"We're here," Griffin says. "Scout Ranger camp. Home to the best, most-feared Filipino unit on Basilan."

Except for its proximity to a paved road and the lack of a basketball court, the Scout Ranger camp is interchangeable with Tabiawan. There are palm trees, camouflage-covered soldiers, nipa-hut barracks, a mess hall, and a headquarters choked with computers and laptops, Dave Matthews Band and Puddle of Mud CDs, and a big box of recently released Hollywood DVDs that the soldiers can watch on their computers at night. As we step from the cars and begin looking around, we're met by a smiling, sturdy, thirty-year-old named Captain Doug Kim. He's the officer in charge of "A Team" No. 113, and his job in the War on Terrorism is to improve the marksmanship of Philippine forces. After introducing himself and shaking hands, he gives me a pair earplugs, then starts leading us toward the camp's deepest recesses, where perhaps a hundred Philippine Rangers are firing at paper targets.

"I tell ya," he's saying above now-deafening bursts of machine gun fire, "we've been really impressed by these guys. They've got unmatched discipline. They've got high standards. They just needed better equipment and a little fine-tuning."

As we stand and watch the rifle-range training, Kim says that, when the Special Forces instructors first arrived, the Filpinos' weapons were in terrible shape. "Their bullets were keyholing targets," he says. "They made a long, thin, keyhole-style rip through the paper instead of a circular round one. What causes that is the rifling inside a gun's barrel has worn out, so the bullets don't come out of the rifle barrel spiraling; they bounce around as they move down the barrel, Then, as they exit the barrel, they begin tumbling end over end through the air. It's hard to shoot anything consistently if your bullet is flying like a knuckle ball. So we got the Philippine Army to find these guys some new weapons – several thousand M-16 A2s, the same ones our Marines use – and now their accuracy is fantastic. Just fantastic."

After a round of shooting, Kim and I follow the Filipino troops down the rifle range to examine targets. Kim is right, the bullet holes in these targets – black human-scale silhouettes – are now tightly massed in the center of each silhouette's chest. As we return up the range, new targets in place, he adds that, under a program the Special Forces is calling "Train the Trainer," half of the roughly 200 men cycling through the Scout Ranger camp at any time are riflery instructors.

"We're not going to be here forever," Kim says. "So our goal is to train instructors inside the Philippine forces in how to teach their people. That way, they can pass the knowledge on after we're gone. Otherwise, once we leave, the systematized methods of training we've developed can unravel pretty quickly. It's a critical piece of our mission here: not only to train the Filipino forces, but to train instructors for the future. After all, I don't think anyone expects the War on Terrorism to be over any time soon."

Does Kim think his tour on Basilan will end with the current, July 31st pull-out date?[2]

He shrugs. "I don't know," he says. "And it's not for me to decide. All I need to know is that I'll be here as long as my presence is required."

How long Captain Kim's presence is required in the southern Philippines, however, remains seriously open to question.

While awaiting my visit to Basilan and Tabiawan, I spent four days at the secured Royal Orchid hotel in the mainland seaport of Zamboanga, just across the seventeen-mile strait from

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[2] According to the *New York Times*, May 20, 2003, President Bush intends to send "American troops to help root out Muslim militants in the southern Philippines, but he did not provide any details of how or when they would be sent."

> Mr. Bush appeared to be making the statement as a public gesture to President Gloria Macapagal Arroyo of the Philippines, who stood at his side during a full-dress East Room news conference this morning that celebrated the United States-Philippine alliance and Ms. Arroyo's support for the United States during the Iraq war.
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> "She's tough when it comes to terror," Mr. Bush said. "She fully understands that in the face of terror, you've got to be strong, not weak. You can't talk with them; you can't negotiate with them. You've got to bring them to justice."
>
> …. Today Mr. Bush said that the Philippines would be considered a "major non-NATO ally," which would give it greater access to American defense equipment and supplies. Nations like Israel and Australia already have such status.
>
> Mr. Bush's announcement that the United States intended to send troops to the Philippines to combat terrorism was a reiteration of an administration policy that has bogged down for the past two months.
>
> In February, the Pentagon said that it was ready to send 1,700 troops to fight terrorist groups in the southern Philippines, but that plan was stalled when Philippine officials balked and said that their Constitution did not permit foreign troops to carry out combat missions. Both nations have pledged to work together to hunt down members of Abu Sayyaf, a group of about 250 guerrillas who have kidnapped and beheaded foreign tourists and missionaries.
>
> But the details of how the United States can fight terrorists in the Philippines within the restrictions of the Philippines Constitution has still not been worked out, as administration officials made clear today. In his remarks, Mr. Bush said the extent and nature of the American troop commitment was up to Ms. Arroyo.
>
> "We will be involved to the extent that the president invites us to be involved," Mr. Bush said.
>
> Ms. Arroyo's government is also fighting the Moro Islamic Liberation Front, a 12,000-member Muslim separatist group. "That group must abandon the path of violence," Mr. Bush said. "If it does so, and addresses its grievances through peaceful negotiations, then the United States will provide diplomatic and financial support to a renewed peace process."

Elizabeth Bumiller, "Bush Affirms U.S. Is Ready to Send Troops to the Philippines," *New York Times*, May 20, 2003 http://www.nytimes.com/2003/05/20/international/asia/20PREX.html?ex=1054434493&ei=1&en=bbc0f1bd0ee0dbf6 .

Basilan. It was an eerie experience. The hotel staff warned me not to leave the facility's grounds. At night, teams of sentries with assault weapons guarded the hotel roof, its interior swimming-pool courtyard, and each hotel entrance. On one occasion, my room's outdoor patio was occupied overnight by a camouflage-dressed security soldier in a camouflage-colored tent and who carried a camo-painted assault rifle, who strongly urged me to keep my room's lights down and the drapes closed.

On another occasion, when visiting the hotel's restaurant/bar for dinner, I was approached by a local who suggested that, were I to follow him outside, I could be "the next Danny Pearl. We know where you're from, and we know what you're doing here…" Another night, while at the hotel, I engaged a benign-looking local man about the current situation for the southern Philippines and Abu Saayef. After explaining his take to me (which turned out to be from the Moro perspective, as he, like most locals, is a follower of Islam), he concluded our conversation by advising me that the battle for the Moro lands was far from over.

"For now," he said, "the fight will slow. The terrorists are going underground. They've left the jungle camps, and have gone back into the urban jungle. Abu Saayef will disappear into the towns and cities until the heat is off. Then they'll reorganize and start their terrorism campaign again."

During my last day on Basilan – on the afternoon following my visit with Captain Kim – and having been shown the panoply of American-improved roads, wells, and bridges all across the island, Colonel Griffin and I finally fetch up at Mike Lazich's remote jungle training camp, Kaputandan Grande, in the middle of, as Lazich puts it, "bad guy central."

As we stand and watch Filipino contact reaction drills across the open field, Lazich, like all the Green Berets on Basilan, seems far more interested in the training and the constant low-level threat from the jungle than he is in the length of his stay on this island. "This is a classic Special Forces mission," he says. "We're keeping our footprint small, we're looking to win hearts and minds, we're keeping our force protected and secure, and we're training. We're hitting the 'Train the Trainer' program especially hard. I don't have time to worry about how long my visit here will last. And what's the point that thinking about it anyway? I'm staying until they tell me to go."

After several more mock battles, Lazich and his team inform the Filipinos they now want to try the exercise in the jungle, where conditions will be a little more demanding. As we begin walking toward a thick stand of rubber trees a few hundred yards beyond their nipa barracks, sweat now dripping off our faces as we go, we're met by a small boy, perhaps five years old, who runs to me and hugs me around the legs.

"Uncle. Uncle," the boy is saying, over and over.

"That's Jeffrey," says Lazich. "He used to live back in the jungle. His father was an ASG rebel who he was killed here in a firefight awhile back. The people of Kaputandan Grande have sort of adopted him. He hangs with us a lot. We feed him."

Before sending the Filipino forces out into the forest, Staff Sergeant Mike Walton, the "A Team's" chief trainer, gives them a chalk talk using a whiteboard and magic markers. After discussing the two most-used tactics used by the ambushing ASG – either flanking maneuvers, or a tactical "drawing in" of the Filipinos to a vulnerable position before retreating and letting rear-positioned snipers take over – he breaks the Philippine troops up into fighting units.

As the Filipinos fan out, Walton also offers two other pieces of advice. First, he tells everyone going into the forest check the magazines and safeties on their assault rifles. Though they're still to shout "*Bang!*" to simulate pulling the trigger, now, in the thicker forest, the odds of meeting Abu Saayef fighters has risen slightly, and everyone should be prepared for such an accident.

"And one other thing," Walton says. "Be deliberate as you move through this forest, even if you're moving fast. The ASG loves to hide packed balls of sodium nitrate and nail fragments at your eye level. They attach 'em to trip wires and blasting caps. That explosion will blind you if it doesn't kill you. It's a real threat." (A couple of weeks into the future, one of my hut mates at Tabiawan Camp, Special Forces Sergeant Mark Jackson – my driver of the past few days – will soon be killed by a similar, remote-control nail-bomb while sitting at a café in Zamboanga.)

The jungle practicing continues. For another hour, at an ever-increasing pace, soldiers hurtle through the rainforest and rubber trees, shouting "*Bang! Bang! Bang!*" and acting slightly hopped-up as their training inches them closer once again to the real thing. As the exercise continues, Colonel Griffin and Captain Lazich watch closely and talk of some training sites, in still-denser jungles beyond the boundaries of this sprawling base. Should approvals go through, they, too, may soon be able to turn up the pressure on the Abu Saayef Group. As Lazich and Griffin chew over the prospect of a stepped-up War on Terror, it's hard to know if they're anxious or excited about the possibility.

Finally, with the afternoon draining toward evening, Lazich and Sergeant Walton call an end to the day's maneuvers. Following a quick "After Action Review," where Walton imparts a few final tidbits for the day – "I can't say this enough, you need to watch for ASG flanking maneuvers at the first sign of contact, it's their favorite move" – the now-sweat-soaked and muddy Filipinos begin walking back to their own nipa-hut barracks on-base. As they go, Lazich escorts Griffin and me back to our vehicles.

"We're just keeping up the mission," he says as we approach the cars. "We're training the trainers and expanding our presence here. That's our orders. We're in a war against terrorists, and anybody who's thought about that knows it probably won't end soon. The only other thing I know

for sure–" he pauses and stares across the encircling forest of would-be paradise "–is that all of us, Philippine and American alike, need to stay sharp. The terrorists are still there, lying in the tall grass and waiting for their next opening. Those guys are serious, and they're growing more desperate. So be careful getting back to Tabiawan. It's a jungle out there."

SITT MARIE-ROSE

Etel Adnan

Translated from the French
by Georgina Kleege

The Churches of the Arab East are those of the catacombs, those of the Faith, of course, but also those of obscurity. They still haven't left the labyrinths. They have never gotten the knife in the belly that the great reforms were to the Church of the West. They're not concerned with human pain. They're not in actual communication with any force other than the Dragon. The sword of Saint George is what inspires their actions.

Set against these churches is an Islam that forgets all too often that the divine mercy affirmed by the first verse of the Koran can only be expressed by human mercy. Their shared existence is a dry flood whose passage leaves more cadavers than flowers.

The four young men seated in this classroom are not merely judges. They are the victims of a very long and very old tradition of man's capitulation before Destiny. For them, the decision of the group is the one thing thy must defend and assert by whatever means. They train themselves to become executioners, all the while believing themselves to be judges.

They are moved by a sick sexuality, a mad love, where images of crushing and cries dominate. It's not that they are deprived of women or men if they like, but rather are inhabited by a profound distaste for the sexual thing. A sense of the uncleanliness of pleasure torments them and keeps them from ever being satisfied. Thus, the Arabs let themselves go in a tearing, killing, annihilating violence, and while other peoples, violent in their own obsession with cleanliness, invent chemical products, they seek a primitive and absolute genocide. In their fights they don't try to conquer lands, but to eliminate each other. And if after death they persist in mutilating the corpse, it's to diminish the enemy's body still more, and erase if possible the fact that he ever existed, the existence of the enemy being a kind of sacrilege which exacts a purification equally as monstrous.

They don't feel the opposition between that internal road which leads back to the tribe, and that need that one feels under other skies, to break down the barriers and take a look around, like liberated goats, to go randomly towards a humanity that moves to the rhythm of the turning stars. It's not the first time that an Arab woman has shown such courage before them, but their memories

are rebellious. They see greater virtues in their cars than in their women. Their women only exert indirect powers over them, powers that seem ineffective, or else are so strong that they, the men, can't recognize them as such. But a woman who stands up to them and looks them in the eye is a tree to be cut down, and they cut it down. She falls with the sound of dead wood which disappears among the perfidious murmurings of the city, and to the smirking of other women who are satisfied with the male victories.

They only admit to good qualities in their mothers because they can remember a well-being in them and around them, which they have never left, even if it were only to go kill birds and other men.

The exclusive love of the mother sets the cycle of violence n motion again. When a stranger appears on the horizon, or the poorly loved, he is the dispossessed whose hatred sprouts and grows before the eyes like jungle plants that don't even wait for the rain to stop, to proliferate, then he, the one loved by his mother an blessed with wealth, takes his rifle and goes to the attack. He feels he's the strongest, and doesn't know that those bullets will carve bloody words on his naked chest. Deadly, like the stranger, he too will disappear.

How long must we wait for the impossible mutation?

It's fear, not love, that generates all actions here. The dog in the street looks at you with terror in his eyes. The combatant has the mentality of a cave man, and despite his courage, goes forward with a mask, or huddles for hours behind sandbags. Snipers, mercenaries, attracted by the bad smell of this war, lie in wait for their prey, like snakes. They are ashamed of their appetite for crime and odiously proud of their ability, and yet they hide, in the night of their veins, a kind of panic that drove them to kill Arabs in Algiers, blacks in the Congo, and Moslems or Christians in Beirut. The citizens of this country are accustomed to fear, fear, the immense fear of not deserving their mother's love, of not being first at school or in the car race, of not making love as often as the other guys at the office, of not killing as many birds as their neighbor, of being less rich than the Kuwaitis, of being less established in their history than the Syrians, of not dancing as well as the Latin-Americans, of being less of a break-neck and extremist than the Palestinian terrorists.

Marie-Rose frightens them. They have all the means in the world to crush her in a second, to subject her to all forms of disgrace; to throw her, cut into pieces, on the sidewalk, and register her name on their bulletins of victory. But they've known from the beginning that they wouldn't be able to conquer either her heart or her mind. The more she spoke to them of love, they more they are afraid. Mounir, Tony, Fouad, and even Bouna Lias, an orphan who had never known his mother, finding themselves before a woman who can stand up to them, are terrified. She breaks on the territory of their imaginations like a tidal wave. She rouses in their memories the oldest litanies of curses. To them, love is a kind of cannibalism. Feminine symbols tear at them with their claws. For seven thousand years the goddess Isis has given birth without there being a father. Isis in

Egypt, Ishtar in Baghdad, Anat in Marrakesh, the Virgin in Beirut. Nothing survives the passing of these divinities: they only loved Power, their Brother or their Son. And you expect Marie- Rose to hold her head up to this procession of terrible women, and find grace in the eyes of the males of this country?

She thinks of that "other" whom she has just left, and who waits for her with her children in mortal apprehension. She had met him in the narrow streets of the Sabra camp the day she went to the U.N.W.R.R.A. for the first time. She was trying to find her way around, casually looking at the children playing, the multi-colored laundry hung out on lines, the little houses with the colored walls, the old people looking out windows that had neither bars nor glass. He was returning from the dispensary where he had been the doctor on duty that day. She spoke first, in a severe tone as though to insure that he would not think she was being forward. He understood, smiled, and responded.

One evening while she was having a lemonade in a café in the Hamra, he was there. He sat down with her and they chatted. He was happy to hear her speak of the Palestinians with such affection. "We need more people like you," he said, "who will know we're not wolves." She laughed. She didn't tell him that she directed an organization that worked for their cause.

A feeling of well-being surrounded the café. Outside, the movie theaters were all in a row. Groups of young people, mostly office workers, salesgirls, students on holiday, male hairdressers, and shirt salesmen passed and re-passed, zigzagging through the cars which also loitered there. Everyone moved in slow-motion because no one wanted time to pass.

Suddenly she felt a need to confide in him the discovery of the day, an idea of the kind she hadn't had for very long. On her walk from her house to this café where she was waiting for the box office of the Saroulla Cinema to open for the nine-o'clock show, a huge idea had filled her brain: each passing person, she said, is full of his own term of time. Everyone lives Time. If then one added every second lived by each of these people, lived by each of us, by all the people of the world, at this precise moment, it would make all the eternity of Time. She told herself that she had just discovered a new dimension. She had just been thinking these things sipping her lemonade through her straw as he came up and sat down before her.

He had asked her if she was worried about something. She laughed and began to tell him how time was as infinite ass space and as mysterious, using her hands to draw invisible lines and spheres. He was a bit stunned, but very amused.

She had gone home happy to have talked to a man who, though she wore glasses and spoke of serious things, didn't seem bored. She asked herself if she were not perhaps prettier than she had thought.

She saw him again at the funeral of Ghassan Kanafani who was killed starting his car by a bomb designated for him. She walked behind the coffin with the other women dressed in black. He

walked tranquilly before, in the group of the militants of the Resistance, their eyes red, their lops tired, their hands open. She saw how haggard these people were, and understood the nature of their new wandering. These were no long nomads comforted by their tribe and their herd, but a people perpetually pursued, as if by some cosmic agreement, by both an outer and inner enemy, by their self-proclaimed brothers as well as the adversary, without a single square meter of certainty or security under their feet. They would have to forge a nation in the midst of total hostility. They breathed air laced with betrayal.

Marie-Rose and the young doctor found themselves together before the coffin of the assassinated militant poet. Together, they left the little cemetery of exile, in the disorder of the crowd. For a few steps they walked hand in hand, but they became embarrassed and separated. He followed and finally caught up with her, and, as the hot afternoon waned, they walked without a ward under a threatening sky, through the streets to the both lively and sad Zarif quarters where she had lived with her children since leaving her husband. They were spending a week of vacation with their paternal aunt. Marie-Rose was alone. So was he. He didn't wait long before taking her in his arms. She didn't protest. During the night he never once said "You are my wife" or "You are the mother of my children." He didn't need to mentally project a pornographic film seen on a trip to Denmark, in order to possess her with pleasure. He simply wanted to be completely with her, and she with him. And when he said to her, "I think I love you," she knew it was true, and there, in the darkness, kept her eyes closed.

The news of her capture had the impact of a submarine missile in the camps. "Allah bring her back,' some said, while others said, "Blessed Virgin, we'll light a hundred candles for you if you just send her back to us safe and sound." The young doctor who for months had care for the wounded seeing some recover and some remain in agony, who had operated sometimes without anesthesia or during power outages by the light of an assistant's flashlight, and who had trained himself to avoid pity in order to hold on, because he knew misfortune had moved in for a long stay, took off for hours from the war and paced around and around in his room. He took the time out to cry. He discarded all that he knew. He forgot his name and his age. He was reduced to nothing but the consciousness of his own pain. He went out into the street, avoiding the eyes of all who knew him, to walk among the garbage cans at the feet of some stunted pines that were even sicker than his patients, and for which he felt a strange affinity. These spindly trees survived with as much difficulty as the Palestinians and they had already seen other bombardments of the refugee camps, other disasters. He said to them, they've captured her and they're going to make her suffer. They're merciless. All the suffering of Palestine was in the muteness of those trees. He felt powerless to help her and strangely humiliated.

He came back to the underground shelter that served as a hospital for a few minutes, before going out again to run to the General Headquarters at the front. The patients were taking advantage of the truce to rest, at least those who were still up to it.

In the various western quarters of the capital, in the sectors allied to the Palestinians, even in families accustomed to tragic news that was repeated with the monotony of weather reports, there rose a kind of death-rattle. Sensibilities, though almost dulled by the daily dose of pain, experienced an enormous shock. Telephone calls become more numerous, people went out in to the streets to question each other, stunned, and carried to the point of rage. Everyone knew how horrible this war was, but this woman's capture brought to light a feeling of revolt against the injustice of the war which up until then had been clenched inside.

Contradictory rumors began to circulate through the city where naturally fertile imaginations had been over-excited for months and months.

While people looked for her all over, and her capture was at first denied by the various suspected parties, and then confirmed, she was till watching them there seated before her, still calm enough to detect that the over-charged life the whole country had been living had gotten to them, cut them down, and debilitated them like a stiff and apparently inert muscle. Her own mind was a kind of boat ferrying between the outside world she had unwillingly abandoned with her loved ones, her friends and her reasons for being, and these four faces that were now the masters in a place where she was used to being mistress. She was their prisoner to a complete degree, because for a long time now moral and judicial law had been suspended, and reason itself had foundered.

Mounir was a complete stranger to her now. It seemed to her that she had left the world to which he belonged light years ago if she had ever actually been a part of it. He ore his elegant clothes while his comrades wore the party uniform. Violence had not marked him. Murder, torture – he had managed to avoid being party to them, and above all, not to feel responsible for them. He was still the perfect rich kid. She felt she was being judged by creatures from outer space. They were completely locked into their own logic. They were impermeable to everything. She saw in the slight sea-sickness that had become her thoughts, the sign of the difference between their world and hers. She carried herself back to the brown faces, the agile bodies, the willfulness made out of anguish, and the need for survival of the young Palestinians. Wandering had put questions into their eyes which, at the moment they felt accepted, quickly became luminous sparks. She needed them. She was suffocating.

Mounir found again vis-à-vis her a complete autonomy. He was hostile towards her. During the two months since he had thrown himself into his clan's battle, he had been constantly irritated. Everything annoyed him that was not directly linked to his new functions. Before his maps and figures, his plans for defending this building, or bombarding that neighborhood, he found a milder tone, a calm, an equilibrium. Away from these things, the old flaws of a spoiled child took the

forefront. He was fighting – that was all there was to it. For what? To preserve. To preserve what? His group's power. What was he going to do with this power and this group? Rebuild the country. What country? Here, everything became vague. He lost his footing. Because in this country there were too many factions, too many currents of ideas, too many individual cases for one theory to contain. Like the presence of this woman, taken at random at a roadblock, who should, according to the norms, be a part of his clan, his flesh and blood. He wanted to construct a country where this sort of problem could not exist. But the problem came before the ideal country Mounir wanted to build. He would have to fight the dissident Christians to save the real Christians. His head spun.

But how do you think a judgment could be made in these wretched times? How could Justice remain alive in a country so saturated with covetousness? How could anyone manage to see clearly through so many layers of half-cooked ideas jostling in the myth-stuffed brains which have turned into cages for parrots?

The air that the men who direct the Arab world breathe is particularly wicked. (It is time to call a cat a cat and wickedness an ally of stupidity and envy.) No one is interested in anything but his own destiny. It's always the destiny of others that must be conquered and destroyed. A true political enterprise, the opposite of oppression, does not exist here. And oppression, God, how they know how to do that. If the human spine could be adapted to it, they would oblige people to walk on all fours. The political enterprise that they don't know is similar to the poetic one. Che Guevara and Badr Chaker el Sayab have this in common: that neither of them can be imitated. It is always the next phase, the next poem or the next march through the jungle that shapes them. Our leaders live sitting. When they arrive in power they grow into their chairs, until they, body and chair, become inseparable. In this society where the only freedom of choice, when there is any, is between the different brands of automobiles, can any notion of Justice exist, and can genocide not become an inescapable consequence?

Thus, when the impossible mutation takes place, when, for example, someone like Marie-Rose leaves the normal order of things, the political body releases its antibodies in a blind, automatic process. The cell that contains the desire for liberty is killed, digested, reabsorbed.

EIGHT POEMS

Tom Daley

Engraving of Whitman

(by Samuel Hollyer, frontispiece, *Leaves of Grass* 1855 edition)

A slouch. A warrant. An assurance.
Poignant and cocksure angle of the hat.
Plait and wrinkle. Unbuttoning.
Cotton bracelet of the cuff.
An igneous lassitude. A granite condescension.
Goatee fraying, rimmed with salt.
Right hand wears right pocket. His hat
shadows his seduction. About to amble,
at rest from shuffling.
Cool, like old sweat.
Roughneck's poise,
plaint of a penitent.

Defiance

She is stepping backwards now
and laughing, the twin straps
of her bathing suit
looped over her upper arms.
The afternoon coppers
her hair, her rebuke
has softened like chalk.

The tide is yanking the wind
out to sea beyond her ears.
At her feet, the magma
has forsaken its fire.
All her life,
she has warded off caution
with her mouth.

It is not for nothing
that the world has left her so:
bare-legged, wanton,
bristling like a vapor trail
in the track of the sun.

June Night

Two streets over, a yammering dog.
Tires wrinkle new asphalt, slosh between curbs.

June is a planet hatched from the fizz
of street lights looping shine

between brambles of wire.
A planet moored by giant moths

whiffling dust pan wings.
The world shears into silence

and tucks itself beneath
the snap of joints in a big toe.

A June night is a complaint, a mash
of mustard and sardines

still yellow in fingernails.
Across the street a child won't go to bed.

He cranes to catch
the last light of the long day.

His father lifts him so he can see
through the sleeping-porch screen

the roofs of passing cars. June night,
June night, hold us to

the sound of calls crossing a sidewalk
and that dog's bark like a punch clock

scoring the thunder of lavender twilight
as it slides between thin slats of blinds.

Grain Worker, Minneapolis, 1950: Jerome Liebling

How he fidgets between rough trade and tears!
A dust mask festoons his neck like a skull. Short years

have threshed his mouth of any twinge or scowl.
It slumps into exhausted kindness and prowls

bravado's back room. His silo eyes bless
your right pocket. Boy rumple, man slouch. You're assessed

by shoulders sheaved in wary heft.
Indignation lulls his right eye, ramps behind the left.

White

i.

Out on the pond
skaters sling calves and ankles
while snow, sharp, simpering,
troubles the ice like a powdery mold.

A boy with blond skin and a blue cap
circles the surface of the pond.
Snow silhouettes the blades' tiny ruts.
The boy wobbles through a harsh ellipse
of wind and cold on Christmas day.

ii.

Sand stings the desert eyes
of anti-aircraft gunners
sullen in a December vigil.

Across a border, soldiers squat the desert floor
in front of the man in the red suit.
They huddle in their grey camouflage
like snow clouds.

iii.

Like a windowshade of war,
snow sleets the New Hampshire woods,
brittle as styrofoam in the box
bearing the gift ham.
Snow like patches of beard
on a young woman's face, incongruous, fecund,
poised to spread.

The boy waterbugs, jitters across the ice,
whimpers with cold.

iv.

After the turkey, crisped and moistened
under a dishrag bloody with tomato sauce,
after the Egyptian carrots and before the toffee,
we venture again into the snow.

Current carves through wires
suspended over electric homes
spaced in frontier intervals. We sink
felt-lined boots,
over asphalt before the plow.

Street lights bronze the snow.
The suffering of the world
is wired without hope
over snow banks, oil derricks, missile berths.

It soldiers in grey sleet,
curses the light, the stinging sand,
the white that scarred
the almost perfect ice.

Merman

(After Jimi Hendrix, *Electric Ladyland)*

i.

Mr. Hendrix ballyhoos a hubbub. He rounds
lapsed time over a bass line, detonates drum mutinies.
Maestro divvies Red Seas into sound.
Coo and cough flag their wings, easy

in the weather of his guitar. Sleet, cloudclap, madness—
all stratocast between major chords.
Contents of a fretted shaker strained over ice,
Ah, perfection of switching promises and rewards!

Notes skitter, decamp their oases
to a Jerusalem divided in blood.
Jimi's fingers trill the timing. He's aglow as
cat fur smoked on a sunlit car hood;

he's mink as a milk-fed mouse lolling in the granary.
He's gnawed by the eventuality

that all will be hellish, all manner of things
ruled by a luciferous diablo.
O hellbird swinging
Like the moon over tidal bores! O ghetto

elevators creaking in your sleep! O breast
of Gazan mother drizzled with milk! Tugged,

confined, kept close to the vest
like an unexploded grenade.

He excavates thunder
from a kaleidoscope. A procession of bird calls
undulates under jet engine wonder.
He papers a hornet in high-hat cells.

Will Maestro blow the amps? Can his wah-wah cork the clock?
Squash of bee noise. Moon dividing into sparks.

ii.

Okay, Dad, you listening? These bells are your freckles smashing in time to a pulley as it dings a flagpole

a noise you told us was the sound of a shipwrecked pirate's bell ringing underwater

Now you swim forever underwater with a porcelain doll cradled in your arms like a coral chalice

Listen: feedback, gently blown through the amps:

It's your voice coded in static from the vacuum tube radio on the kitchen table

Before you sprouted a merman's tail you straddled the roof, paintbrush in hand, salt marshes stinking left, bay water curling blue and hopeless to your right

A flapping noise—a hundred fireflies that you set free in the theater loom hugely in matinee shadows as they swim in front of the projector

Reverb and whistle: The decay of your eardrums, last flickering of the synapses along your auditory nerve the day we left you alone in the icestorm, alone forever in all the icestorms

Now hear this! Mr. Hendrix' voice is sullen, is the unctuous, slightly cracked voice you in your taunting temperature would turn on women who could not help themselves

Per your instructions at the drug store we help ourselves to boxes of small fireballs yearning and plush in their cellophane windows

Trace of Ohio now in Jimi's twang, trace of your friend Jake

The crash cymbals rattle Jake and his coy, gee-whilikers beer breath and spotted teeth

there where you and he exchange maraschino cherries and sales tips and phone numbers of easy women in Marietta

I sit on your double bed the four posters shorn of their swags and curtains and you hold the handkerchief over my nose and you say, "Blow"

Both of us turned inside out to the sad torpedo misfires in our lives

Dad this is metal hiss, a technical term. You never taught me anything technical, only how to sleep at inappropriate moments, snore at Sunday dinner

also the importance of flossing the molars and attending to the minor mysteries of male hygiene

The snare and the rhythm guitar have been synchronized, and your bomber crew's watches have been synchronized

Your sweat comes up with smell of sorties over the Philippines and the heat of the anti-malarial medicine that poisoned you into a padded cell in the Hartford sanitarium.

There's a flute in the corner—is that you in the corner? Your shadow Easter morning adjusting the menthol rub in the vaporizer when I lay croupy and wheezy dreaming of green nylon grass and jelly bean wax?

Now— a drum thud: You turn to smooth my coverlet

Now a slash of flute and you stalk away underneath the South China Sea

Tape sizzle over headphones: Your tail fins shoosh and shoosh, you curse and bless as best you can under all those far fathoms

Seascape (Cloudy): Gerhard Richter

For W. F. D.

The clue, you promised us,
shakes out in the whitecaps. How they flock
like a herd of blisters
toward something beyond
this painting's rim:

Toward you as you squat on the sand
on a day grey as Richter's.
You laugh your eyes
to a squinch, your
eyes steadying us
as we bob and yelp
in the breakers breezing up
over the turbid bay.

A line sorts the world
into one part sea and two parts sky.
That line is a hinge

where time clamps you
to its undertow,
when time is a joint
grafting cloud to wave.

Waves ringed by your pipe smoke.
Clouds crowding in a trance.
The sky whittles to a sharp blur,
husks like burnt skin.

The clue is in the whitecaps
unlocking the cooked sky. Whitecaps
wedge in like an affliction
foreshadowing storm. White

stains the uproar
in Richter's recurrence of blur. Blur
as gauze dressing, as sheen
negating shine. Blur is a relic
of our slicked heads
pitching in the roiled surf,

the testament of fingers
knitted by salt

to you there on the shore
keying us to whitecaps
blurred out of our time.

Shore

What hung? What dangled?
Short curtains in basement windows, heavy with sun

Cobweb braid, ash-slicked
Tassels furred like scrota on a bedspread's fringe

Minute hand on china clock, straying across Roman numeral six
Rubber strap of bathing cap spangled by its plastic snap

Beagle ears, wetted with salt water, slightly contracted
What dangled? What hung?

Naked cousin, male, gripping cross beam, swinging ankles and genitals in 4/4 time
Limp knuckles of the attempted suicide bumped down attic stairs

Strips of flypaper, fleshy, adhesive, glittering with the trapped eyes of houseflies
Wet hair of coed who crossed from Jesus to Karl Marx

Love beads clasping the neck of the military cadet
Belt buckle trailing waist of fellatio tryout

Wet sheets whitening under clothespins tense as barn swallows
Wave spume falling in slow strings

Women's breasts, ungirded and slippery
Male nipples lugging the family legacy of downturned slide

Necktie in bedroom closet, the lighthouse of communion Sundays
What hung?

Twilight stiff as goosenecks
Droopy, thunderclapped dahlia heads

A poster with peel-off applications tendering summer employment
Black bristled brush snarling the broom closet

Tumescent cock pooling pale blue pouches
What dangled?

On the eve of the Feast of the Assumption, semen glistening from vented meatus
Draggling from the monsignor's Bermuda shorts, a few madras threads

Water pearling from brass nozzle of garden hose
Light fixture twine plumbed by a porcelain bob

Thumbtacked prayers to unrepentant pontiffs; to blowzy guardian angels with latex wingspans; to toothsome martyrs pickled in bottles of *friction pour le bain*

Willow wands leafy with septic tank plunder
Nylon cord governing aluminum garage door like Caligula

THREE POEMS

Mary Nell Ganter

Workaday

On a paper in my mind I arrange bricks
Red brick red brick red brick always coming together
I see something I think of something red brick that appears
Red brick put it red brick put it red brick move it over
I shift the bricks some resist others lose their brickishness
Red brick on red brick next red brick makes sound
Here you hear brick click on brick grind next scrape brick
Red not sealing them they go on being moveable
Bricks appear on a paper in my mind while I lieve
Account and hefty their arrangement is my housekeeping
Red brick beginning now to be somewhere longer than a tower

All She Said Was

doubled over/with changing
I seem to see my kin everywhere
running up to them/this one in particular
turns out unrelated

doing everything poorly/doubled over
I feel the fold of inside parts urging
now in one place/there right there
one after another remarking

the whole story is not enough to tell time by
more of me happens/while I seem to meet you
mistaking another one for my kinsman
story is a head start/doubled over

can understand that?

Around the World Around the World

Love of country ran down our street
leaving three stripes as always ate
the local food then tinted the stripes
Similarly went into the next block next block

THREE POEMS

Giovanni Malito

clear sky

swaying
on the rock ledge
casting the die

spotting
the falcon
grazing on blue

how it soars
in such slow motion
extracted bits of time

at my feet
spider floss trails
lead to the white beach

the shore murmurs
to a boat far out
its sails are motionless

and the clouds beyond
are just that —
the clouds beyond

beneath us

ice bound
silence is
a myth

I know
because I lay
one ear flush
to the surface

the effect
was like suction

and I heard
something
that flowed

and it flowed

Signals

the man
in the long wrinkled coat
comes out only
at night

his eyes
are two great pearls
on the edge
of rain

the red spiders
with long legs
do not fear him
though they do shelter
in the dame shade

the man leans
against the lamp post
and gives rise
to rings of smoke

and the smoke lifts
dispersing
ever so slowly
into the moonlight

The Red Cross

John McKernan

The heart began wondering what it was made of.

But only after looking closely at the blue prints for
a mansion and a machine gun.

He certainly liked the paint factory of Oxygen,
particularly its inner chambers, turning the blue blood red.

The heart watched in horror as the child ate a plate
of carrots peas strawberries Oreos and drank a glass of milk.

"Am I a liquid or a solid?" the heart asked. "Or a
feeling?"

Introduction: Mr. Kostelanetz has invited me to a duet, and it's hard to resist both the temptation to lead and to let go entirely and be lifted through subways, dance halls, and ballrooms of interesting lives. Implied was an invitation to perform a solo, which I gratefully accepted. My thanks, R.K. -H.B.

From

1001 CONTEMPORARY BALLETS

(Any number of which may be selected for publication, distributed in any order)

Richard Kostelanetz

> *A good libretto, even an impressionist, double-exposed or portmanteaued one, follows most of the rules of simple dramaturgy. Balanchine once said the perfect type plot for a dramatic narrative ballet was the story of the Prodigal Son. Once there was a man who had everything, then he had nothing; finally he had everything again.*
>
> —Lincoln Kirstein, BALLET ALPHABET (1939)

From over two dozen famous classic ballets this dance called "Inventory," really the epitome of compilation choreography, takes phrases familiar to all dance lovers.

In an all-night performance, several dancers represent the planets slowly rotating around the sun, whose role is played by the choreographer.

Inspired by birdlike movements, this ballet is essentially plotless.

When two strangers start to flirt with each other, other young men and women appear, apparently strangers, likewise flirting with one another.

When Susan, a young girl smartly dressed in a tight blouse, a short skirt, and red tights, comes out of her apartment house, she sees across the street, on the top stair of a row house belonging to a mysterious doctor, another girl, likewise fashionably attired, approximately her age but previously unfamiliar to her. Greeting the stranger with a smile, as one would to any newcomer your age to your neighborhood, Susan is distressed to notice that the other girl does not move. Stepping back, Susan bows, with an elegant flourish typical of a dancer, but still the stranger remains oblivious. As Susan continues down the street of her small city, smiling and dancing like someone very much in love, she notices behind her that her bearded boy friend, Frank, dressed in a leather jacket, is approaching the woman on the top stair. Susan darts quickly behind her apartment house, going into its backdoor before Frank notices her. Sure enough, Frank greets the stranger, even doffing his baseball cap. Looking briefly at Susan's house, he seems undecided over which way, to which side of the street, he should go. As the new woman on the street doesn't respond to him, Frank turns toward Susan's house. When he enters her family's apartment through the unlocked door, Susan is chasing a multicolored butterfly, which she captures. Seizing the creature, Frank pins it to his t-shirt. Upset already, Susan succumbs to tears, accusing Frank not only of cruelty but of infidelity.

Meanwhile, at a nearby rickety dance hall is a crowded and loud party for neighborhood teenagers, the latest pop music blasting into the street. A local politician arrives to announce that neighborhood businessmen have donated practical housewares as prizes to be awarded to whichever young couples are the best dancers. It is expected that Susan and Frank, already famed for their terpsichore together, will win one of these prizes, yet they do not immediately compete. Instead, Susan, stepping outside, picks a dandelion, plucking its petals one at a time to discover whether Frank still loves her. When the last petal rings negative, Frank, watching over her, protests, but Susan is convinced that their affair is over. Instead of dancing with Frank, she dances with several girl friends, the expression on her face portraying at once grief and relief.

In the next scene, as the front door of the mysterious doctor's house opens, a well-dressed elderly man coming down its steps, out into the night. Brandishing a giant key, he locks his front door with a smug flourish. Surrounded by a band of young men, who inspire fear even if they do not touch him, the doctor inadvertently drops the key, which is soon afterwards recovered by Susan and her girl friends. Emboldened by drink from the party, they decide to enter the doctor's house and hopefully discover more about the snooty young woman living there. Anxious, they encourage one another until Susan herself turns the lock. Meanwhile, Frank, having been rejected by Susan, feels free enough to court the silent woman. Being a rakish sort, he decides not to knock on her door but instead brings a long ladder to the back of the doctor's house, leaning it against the balcony. Just as he is about to scale its rungs, the doctor comes home, frantically searching for his key. Chasing Frank away, he is shocked to see his house's front door wide open. As the doctor rushes in, Frank returns, intent upon following him inside. The curtain falls, concluding the first act.

Imitating the kinds of movement typical of roller skaters, the dancers in bare feet enact various kinds of kinetic trysts.

In this updated version of the Orpheus legend, a matinee idol, publicly known as homosexual, descends into hell in search of a favorite lover who recently died from AIDS.

When a pilot who dies in an ocean crash returns to his fiancée as a ghost, she agrees to follow him to his submarine cave, where they are wed. Consummation becomes impossible, given their inhabiting different realms, until she too becomes a ghost and an infant is born.

PEACE follows Tolstoy's mammoth novel but eliminates all battle scenes — thus the different title.

As the curtain opens, its moorings at the top begin to crack, the curtain falling down onto the stage in a clumsy heap, leaving the platform otherwise bare and the audience justifiably angry.

Before any human performers appear, water floods onto the stage and out into the audience which is forced to leave. Their commotion becomes the ballet.

Two women mount bicycles at the back corner of the stage and, as they ride forward, crash into each other.

In this war between two gangs of young people, a girl belonging to one gang causes a street war when, to escape an oncoming car, she hops on the back of the other gangleader's motorcycle.

On a stage the size of a basketball court (or hockey rink), men representing fifty states, each wearing a costume based upon his state flag, dance with fifty women likewise wearing state-based costumes specially made for this spectacle.

Christ is reborn in an urban slum, experiencing again, after a period of miraculous good deeds, a crucifixion and resurrection whose significance is apparent not to those around him but to the audience.

This nonrepresentational ballet has several continuous, uninterrupted movements in which the dancers carry string from suspended hook to suspended hook until the stage comes to resemble a spider's web.

While a woman lies unconscious on an operating table, members of her family, as well as her business partners, individually do pseudo-improvisatory movements that reveal each's present aspirations for her.

After an intermission, the stage reveals a darkened workshop at least two storeys high, filled with human-sized manikins of all kinds. Still anxious, the young girls look around with their mouths open. Susan goes behind a dark curtain, supposedly in search of her nemesis, only to leap back toward the security of her girl friends. When they urge her to show more courage, Susan first takes deep puffs from a cigarette offered to her; it might be a marijuana joint. Sufficiently fortified, she ventures behind the curtain again, staying longer than before, this time to emerge with a delighted, relaxed look on her face. Desiring not to make any noise, Susan moves like a puppet, demonstrating her relief at discovering that her competitor-in-love is actually a doll. How ridiculous now seem not only Frank but her jealousy, not only to her but to the audience. However, when one of her friends leans against the studio's wall, that movement appears to activate some button or switch, prompting the dolls to spring to terribly life-like life. In the midst of this hysteria, the doctor enters, horrified to discover not only the intruders but his manikins completely out of control, his studio in disarray. He flips the wall switch back, stilling the manikins' movements and then chases the girls out of his workshop, however failing to notice that Susan has hidden herself behind another curtain.

The doctor then catches Frank emerging through a window along the studio's upper tier. In response to the doctor's inquisition, Frank says he has come to find the woman he loves. That changes the doctor's mood, prompting a cynical smile (straight out of the silent movies); and instead of throwing the young man out, the doctor offers him a drink. Deceived by the doctor's reassuring manner, Frank feels comfortable enough to remove his leather jacket and baseball cap. Not unlike other young men disappointed in love, he drinks too much, rapidly pouring tumbler after tumbler down his throat, until he collapses unconscious onto the floor. This prompts the doctor to consult a reference book in which he looks for a way of successfully transferring some living force from Frank to his favorite doll. Going behind the curtain, he brings out a woman whom we can see is, unbeknownst to him, not the doll but Susan dressed in her inanimate competitor's clothes. Reading incantations from his guidebook, the doctor is pleased to see his puppet demonstrate some human movements, albeit stiff, with one body part at a time responding to his command. After blinking, she raises one shoulder after another, and then moves each arm and each leg. Both Susan and the doctor are visibly pleased with themselves, albeit for different reasons.

She moves toward Frank, hoping that he will awaken into appreciating the deception, sending her body through complete gestures typical of a dancer, now apart from the doctor's commands; but realizing that Frank has not yet awakened, she becomes anxious again, incidentally angering the doctor because his creation seems no longer under his control. When Frank begins to stir, Susan drops her pretense, darts behind the curtain, and carries out her doll nemesis, of course completely lifeless. While the doctor collapses in despair, Frank realizes that Susan is his best bet.

Susan and Frank return to the neighborhood dance hall where the local politician's contests are still continuing. Pleased that their love has resumed, they dance spectacularly together and, much to the pleasure of their friends (and, by extension, the audience), win enough prizes for them to furnish their first apartment.

Shouldn't we say that the ballet's theme appears to be that its author, unlike the doctor, knows the formula for creating imaginary life — that the artist wins over the scientist at successful creation?

The intent of this ballet is to represent life in hell, a theme that might not be so clear did the ballet not have the title Not In Heaven.

While a professional actor recites the texts of John Donne, the dancers portray various crises of faith.

Incorporating passages from both the King James Version and the Koran, both sung and spoken, this ballet mixes, with equal status, movements characteristic of both the East and the West. (For German productions, it is advisable to use the Martin Luther translation.)

Before a projection of a bombed-out city, the dancers construct a tent from urban scrap.
An athletic woman who tries repeatedly to do four jetés in mid-air finally succeeds, disappearing above the proscenium.

Heather Burns (H.B.) is Assistant Editor of *Archipelago.*

Other distributions of "1001 Ballets" can be read on the following sites:
The 2nd Hand http://www.the2ndhand.com/archive/1001ballets.html
Jack Magazine http://www.jackmagazine.com/issue4/richardk.html
Milk http://www.milkmag.org/kost.htm
Shampoo http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooFourteen/kostelanetz.html
Poetry Daily (*Seneca Review)* http://www.poems.com/seneckos.htm
Insound http://insound.com/zinestand/feature.cfm?aid=7358
Paper Plates (pdf): www.paperplates.org/pp12.pdf

Also, "Notes on spacial form," *Seigfried Schmidt Festsite* http://www.schmidt.uni-halle.de/essays/texte/kostel1.htm
And an interview in *collected stories* http://collectedstories.com/files/storyteller/rkostelanetz.html

MAPPING THE DARK
A MUSEUM OF AMBIENT DISORDERS

VISUAL FICTION
BY ROSAMOND CASEY

"All art is image-making and all
image-making is rooted in
the creation of substitutes."

E.H. Gombrich
Meditations on a Hobby Horse

Mapping the Dark: A Museum of Ambient Disorders originated as a gallery installation by the artist, Rosamond Casey, at the McGuffey Art Center in Charlottesville, Virginia, in March 2003. The artist has created ten works of visual fiction, which are 'collaborations' with imaginary characters. The works are psychological portraits that begin with the 'art' or visual material her characters have left behind as a residue of a peculiar turn of mind: a worry, a craving, a secret wish or loss.

A Museum of Ambient Disorders is a collection of a collection of books, photographs, collages, sculptures, and paintings. Each piece suggests, through narrative clues and the urgency of the character's mark, the conditions which have driven each individual to produce the work exhibited. The artist plays the role of collector and curator in addition to straddling the line between self and other.

Placed around the gallery space are small black and white photographs alluding to the characters. The viewer is invited to draw connections between the artwork and the elusive identities in the photographs and to examine the possibility of relationships between characters.

"White Noise," another visual fiction in the collection *Mapping the Dark*, appeared in *Archipelago*, Vol. 7, No. 1.

The Raymond Swann Collection

A pair of scissors, his text books, the faculty xerox machine, and the confidence he had in his absolute invisibility in high school gave Raymond the tools he needed for his work.

Photo Rosamond Casey

response

Où sont les Swanns d'antan?

On a Visual Fiction in Rosamond Casey's "Mapping the Dark"

Boyd Zenner

You knew Raymond Swann, or someone like him. Everybody did. In my seventh grade class it was Carleton Grimes, he of the bulging green eyes and preternaturally square head. Generally he could be found at the rear of the classroom, slumped over his desk and staring into space as he thoughtfully mined the depths of one nostril with a stubby finger. It was remarked by many that he gave off a more or less constant low hum, like an amplifier left on overnight. One day somebody asked him what tune he was humming, and he said it was "Stranger in Paradise." The other kid told the whole class, and everyone laughed insanely.

A few years later it was Teddie Bethune. Precociously cross-dressed, he'd smooth his nyloned legs with slow, hypnotic strokes during Algebra Two while favoring the teacher with a sociable and attentive smile. Once in a while he would remove a small compact from his book bag and daub his nose and forehead with powder while the class erupted in groans of disgust. The spring of tenth grade, practically the whole school crowded into the gymnasium bleachers to watch him try out for the cheerleading squad. A few teachers looked on expressionlessly from the doorways and went away shaking their heads.

None of them was what you might call one of the fellows, Carleton Grimes or Teddie Bethune or Raymond Swann. The referendum on each could be summarized as: Weird, and not in a good way. Grimes and Teddie Bethune eked out an existence as laughingstocks at the far chilly edge of the social continuum; nevertheless, there they were. Raymond Swann, on the other hand, was invisible.

Now, anyone can be invisible – middle-aged women complain of it all the time – but Raymond Swann was different; a rare work of self-erasure. In memory, he exists as a defined void or cipher, the outline of a human being with nothing at all in its center. Perhaps he went out for a pack of cigarettes and forgot to return. Perhaps he signed himself into the Witness Protection Program, needing protection from – what?

He nourished a secret, of course; something about a baby brother. Or it was a semi-secret, hidden in plain view because nobody could be bothered to discover it. Gradually it eroded him, and as it did, he decided he would memorialize it: Here is the boy launched into space, heels snaking

twin umbilicals; here is a menacing wire coiling toward a uterine sea. Over and over, receding, he is telling his one story, and if anyone listens... But no one did.

Not a brain, Raymond, but precocious – oh, more so than Teddie Bethune. He learned the art of self-mutilation long before its moment in the sun arrived, and his technique was subtle, refined – no bloody razor marks or circular burns; just disintegrating contours. You could call him a deconstructionist. Interestingly, there was no violence in the process: your hand is on someone's shoulder, and he lifts your fingers off, gently, one by one, and you're holding air; you let a kite string unspool until it all runs out and the kite floats off, and you can't remember why you're standing in the middle of a field.

Here's what we may suspect about Raymond Swann: that at a certain point, for a few days or a week or a month, everything looked different than it had before or would afterward. He might even have talked about it. He'd spent a lot of time wondering what life was like on other planets: now he'd get to find out. Might someone look up to him, and might he see himself reflected in that person's eyes? It would almost have to be a better likeness than his secret xeroxes offered – more detailed, more convincing, more real. Ideally, the child would sleep in his, Raymond's, own bedroom (he might have thought), so that he could look at him whenever he liked and the child would have to look back.

But it didn't turn out. Something happened, the moment passed, Raymond went back to being whatever he was, but less so. Pallid before, he became the soul of transparency and then negation. Meanwhile he worked, though not, of course, on his schoolwork. (Not a brain, remember?) People recollected his existence for a week, then a day, then an hour. Then they began to forget him as soon as they saw him. Conversely, the images piled up, road maps to a place no one was going. He did it on purpose.

That's what's left of him now. If you were to take it into your head to visit Raymond Swann, well – you couldn't, that's all. You might go to his parents' house and they'd show you his room ("Sorry, it's kind of a mess," they'd apologize), with its stacks of drawings and collages and xeroxes. And at the end, you wouldn't know him any better than you do now. The kite string unspooled quite a long time ago, it appears, and a kite in the approximate shape of a person drifted slowly up, up, away from the shrinking houses and towns and roadways and into the clean white glare of the sun.

On Haviva Pedaya's "To the Memory of Rachel Corrie"

To the Memory of Rachel Corrie
Haviva Pedaya

Translated from the Hebrew
by Howard (Tzvi) Cohen

When a *digger* approaches the earth is upturned piling up into piles
When you stand before it mounds of earth drag you downwards
And you fall
When you climb to the top of the mound, you must climb to the top of the mound
Balancing at the edge of the *digger's palm*

And there remain a few moments for you to jump aside
To flee to escape

To continue to scream from the side

When crushed the question arises: will the digger stop
Allowing the body to be pulled out from beneath
For if the digger moves back and then it moves forth
Its palm may injure once more

When a bulldozer approaches the earth is upturned
When a bulldozer approaches with intent to destroy
The earth has no wish to hear it speak out in *Hebrew* calling itself a *digger*

Ay! This earth dissolving in the hand of the potter the plougher the sower

Thrust and dig thrust and dig
Into the mouth of the pit
Into the mouth of the pit

Touching the side of the palm
Crying out over the face of the earth
Enough of this thrusting into the house
Enough of this digging into the midst of life

Thrust and dig thrust and dig
Fallen into the pit fallen into the pit

Ay! The house
Ay! The entrails of life

Thrust and dig thrust and dig drunken bull
When a bulldozer approaches with intent to destroy
The earth with her memory of *Hebrew* repels the words telling of the *digger*'s *palm*
A hollow palm
Did the Jews eat out of hollow palms and what do we know of the word *palm*

The earth digs into her memory searching for the word and comes up with the *hollow palm of a sling*
There where the souls of the enemies were slung out as out of the hollow palm of a sling
The enemies wandering between the world's extremes
Projected like stones from a sling
Into an incessant unrest
While the beloved are bound in the bundle of life

But what can we say now that the world is other

With the entrails of the earth upturned she longs to spew out
To spew out the lives of those swallowed before their time

But the blood now flows

And so she tries to spew out these unfamiliar words
Unknown from her two thousand years of an exile's sleep

And when with a supreme force she tries to sound her sorrow for Rachel
The sacred stones are exhumed
Precious stones sparkling stones
Stones of life stones of precision words

Thrust and dig thrust and dig drunken bull
Your sister standing in the inner court to stop you
Touching the side of the palm
Thrust and dig thrust and dig

Your sister her voice of blood
Thrust and dig cries out
Thrust and dig from within
Thrust and dig the earth

Translator's Note
Howard (Tzvi) Cohen

The translation of poetry may perhaps be compared to the alchemist's attempt to transmute elements. Both are involved in an artform trying to create a new substance in defiance of an hermetic and unique logic holding together the original; the translator, however, is faced with an additional hurdle – for not only must the translated piece appear as autonomous in its own right, it must, at the same time, remain faithful to its origins. Naturally, his task is impossible, and it is being aware of this impossibility which drives the translator forward in his mission. This awareness has also led to the following important note to the reader.

As with almost all the poems of Professor Haviva Pedaya, the plaintive content is linked, at a deeper level, to the plaint of the Hebrew language itself – a language crying out as a result of its enforced occupation. To engage fully with the present poem, one must, therefore, be aware of the parallel being made between the imposition of modern Zionist ideals subjugating a land and a people [the Palestinians] and its enforced manipulation of the sacred language associated with this land. The following words within the Hebrew poem demonstrate this parallel oppression and are referred to here in order to allow for a fuller engagement with the English translation.

Dahpur is a modern-day Hebrew word for "bulldozer," and has been translated as "digger". It is a hybrid, artificially formed from the words *lidhof,* meaning "to thrust", and *lahpur,* meaning "to dig". In Hebrew, there also exists the transliterated word "bulldozer", and the poem oscillates between "digger" and "bulldozer" with dramatic and ironic effect.

Rachel Corrie was crushed to death during the week of the Jewish holiday of "Purim" which celebrates the Scroll of Esther from the Bible. Esther saved the Jews from certain destruction, after the *Pur,* a biblical word meaning "lot", was cast for them to be destroyed. The poem employs a play on words between this *pur* meaning "lot" and the *pur* present in the modern-day *dahpur,* thus revealing the imprisonment of sacred (biblical) words under the aegis of the conquering spirit. Unfortunately, it has not been possible to include this play on words in the English translation.

Another word that is necessary to mention is *cuf*. Meaning spoon, it appears in the bible in reference to the sacrificial offering in the temple of Jerusalem, where fragrant incense was carried in golden spoons onto the alter. It also has the meaning "palm", and appears in the bible in the context of the high priest anointing his palm with oils to purify himself before the Lord. Its use as "palm" in the poem, at one point alludes to the exiled Jew in the East (who ate his rice not with a spoon but from out of his cupped palm). Like so many other words, however, *cuf* has also been sequestrated for utilitarian purposes, and it is employed in modern Hebrew to describe the front of a bulldozer. Thus, C*uf hadahpur* has been translated in the poem as "palm of the bulldozer", thereby revealing the enforced subjugation of this biblical word within the context of the aggressor.

In light of the above, one can understand why the traumatized land wishes to "spew out" this corrupted idiom and to return to a time, 2000 years ago, before the exile of the Jews by the Romans from the Land of Israel, and before the spirit of modern-day Zionism came into being. In searching through its memory, the land comes across the biblical expression *cuf hakelah* (Samuel 1, 25; verse 29) translated here as "the palm of a sling." The land has returned to a time which is other, a time when the pious David (the poet of psalms) was alive and so too was the sanctity of the Hebrew language.

In this poem, therefore, one can feel that on the symbolic level, Rachel's brutal death instigates a reaction, a movement, whereby the land, in soaking up her blood, is transformed by it. The resulting awareness of its present sickness causes the land to try to spew out the effects of this modern-day oppressor and so cure itself. But the only recourse available under the circumstances is to take refuge in a past of uncontaminated presence – an act emphasizing the absence of a future under the destructive force of the present.

WHERE ARE THE WEAPONS?

Katherine McNamara

The president ignored the immediate threat to this nation posed by al-Qaida, about which he had been briefed several times, including the week before his inauguration. The vice-president and the attorney general did likewise. The terrible attacks of September 11 shocked them into overreacting to the consequences of their inattention. Atty. Gen. Ashcroft is on record as having said: "There are no civil liberties that are more important than the right to be uninjured and to be able to live in freedom."

And so, in American public and, often, private places, everyone is now under suspicion. We are becoming used to the fact that a government agent can search our goods, our most private records, and ourselves, for the ostensible purpose of protecting us from terrorism. What are we learning from this? To be docile? To be afraid? To expect that, wherever we go, some federal agency will be keeping track of us? What are the consequences for our democracy, when the government of the United States can legally search any, and all, of us? What freedom are we talking about, here? Recently, I took a flight, the first in more than two years. I had been warned about security, but was irked when I was asked to remove my shoes, and coldly, wildly furious at being "wanded" and "patted lightly" by a stranger, who had no probable cause to search me. In the airport, I was treated like a suspect. I was hardly alone; I was one of the masses so treated. I think this is unconstitutional, and I am deeply ashamed of this country. For, I do not believe that the "war on terror" is a real war, which is the business of killing. I observe that, because of our policies, this nation has real enemies, and that an international consortium of police action is necessary against non-state terrorists. But as a means of consolidating a monopoly power of government, I fear that same "war" may be very effective at home, and that its consequence is undermining the Constitution.

Shady and stolen elections are not new in our history. In 1960, Joseph P. Kennedy, father of the candidate for president, and Richard Daley, Mayor of Chicago and father of the present, civic-minded mayor, made sure that Chicago voted early and often for J.F.K. Richard Nixon decided not to challenge the ballots – though he might have won the election, if he had – because he knew that the Republican irregularities in downstate Illinois were egregious, and entirely known to his

opponents; and that a challenge would open a serious and disruptive court fight that could weaken the presidency. "Politics ain't beanbag," as Mr. Dooley said.

But the 2000 election was different. One candidate for president won the majority of the popular vote by a huge number if a very small proportion, while losing (finally) the electoral vote; and his opponent was selected for the presidency by five members of the Supreme Court in a partisan, political decision. It was a constitutional crisis, though we could not bear to face it straight on, and it was an American kind of coup, of which the real story – it would be one of the great American novels – has not been written. It would be the story of how our system of democracy was broken.

A grave error was made in the selection of the president, which was a formal sundering into two parts of the body politic. Can the error be corrected? If not, what consequence do we face?

The American polity does not claim for itself the right to vote directly for its president. In 1913, the country ratified the 17th Amendment to allow direct election of Senators; but it but retained the distancing mechanism of Electors chosen by ballot. Was this meant to give us a chance to breathe deeply before installing our president? Perhaps the common voter is feared, at least subliminally, by the donor class, which prefers an indirect validation. Perhaps we are even afraid of ourselves en masse at the polls.

This president has misrepresented his reasons for going to war against Iraq. If in that land are chemical and biological weapons, they are so well hidden that in searching for them, American lives and treasure have been expended on a chimera. This is a matter of the national security, for when a president lies about the public business, he betrays (once again) the trust the citizenry have placed in him. President Eisenhower, a former general, was not impeached in 1960, though the shock of his lie about Francis Gary Powers' U2 intentional flight over Russian territory was huge (I remember it as a child); but it was an election year, and the lie was more or less accepted by the populace as perhaps having been necessary. President Johnson lied his way into escalating the war in Vietnam, and was forced to concede the prospect of a second term to the wrath of the voters. Lying about sexual behavior is silly, petty, and probably necessary, but President Clinton was "stung" into his lie by a band of prurient Republicans who peeked into private business like the elders spying on Susannah at her bath.

The Constitution was damaged by the trivial basis on which that president was impeached. History – I am recalling the Watergate hearings, which led to hearings on the impeachment of President Nixon – repeated itself, not as tragedy but as farce. The instrument of impeachment has been dulled, but it should be honed and made ready for use, for there is a growth upon the body politic far worse than a cancer. The legislators who must wield that instrument would best gird themselves in sorrow and righteous anger, and they must come from both sides of the aisle. For the American president has lied outright to the citizenry, to us, on a matter of national security. Further,

and damningly: he has not secured our nation even reasonably against our likely enemies and for our civil defense. I believe the serious and grave case must be prepared, to charge him with high crime against the body politic.

We groan: Oh, no, can we bear this again? The matter now is more complicated. The president is not the only responsible party. His vice-president, Cheney, is a principle architect of the war policy and seems to have influenced the production of intelligence estimates in ways not fully made known yet. He is also culpable of conflict of interest because of his intimate relationship with the people and corporations who and which have benefited and will continue to benefit most directly and richly from the wars overseas.

The House of Representatives would have to bring a shocking bill to the floor. The Senate would have to try and convict. The party in power intends to monopolize the American government from top to bottom. It considers its opponents un-American usurpers of the power due its own propertied, oil-based class. It intends to dominate Earth and Space by military means, including nuclear weapons, and claims the right to destroy any other state that might conceivably challenge its megalomaniac dominion. Does anyone believe that party would remove its chief and symbol of power?

But our system is broken, and unless the president, the vice-president, and their administration go from office, I fear this nation and its Constitution will not be repaired. And if this is so, we are a terrible loss to ourselves, and a worse loss to the world. For if our great democratic arrangement truly is gone – as at this moment it may nearly be – then where will come the hopes of the world?

This administration, and the deformed Republican Party which is their base of power, does not believe in domestic government. How, then, will they govern us?

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher said famously, "There is no society; there are only individuals." These our governors are Thatcher's individuals, whose nature is red in tooth and claw.

obituary

Memorial for Staige Blackford

George Garrett

When, shortly before noon on the 23rd of June, Staige Blackford was killed in an automobile accident, we lost not only an important and influential figure in the contemporary American literary scene, but also a man of diverse experience (far more so than is the usual rule for literary jobs) and of elegant contradictions.

Born into an old and distinguished Virginia family, he was a dedicated and die-hard liberal, from his youthful days as editor of *The Cavalier Daily*, the student newspaper at the University of Virginia, until his sudden death a week before his retirement, following twenty-nine years as editor of one of America's oldest journals, *The Virginia Quarterly Review*. In between these two editorial positions, and following his graduation from Virginia in 1952, a Rhodes Scholarship, and military service in the Air Force, Blackford held a surprisingly various series of jobs: working for the CIA, *Time Magazine*, Louisiana State University Press, and the influential civil rights organization, the Southern Regional Council, in Atlanta. He was chief political reporter for Norfolk's *Virginia-Pilot*, from which he moved on to become speechwriter and press secretary for Governor Linwood Holton. Holton was a Republican but, as Virginia politics would have it, one far more liberal than his Democratic opposition, and Blackford was a perfect match for him. In a state plagued by the effects of decades of segregation, Holton was the first governor to argue forcefully for a new, and positive, relationship between the races. Here, Blackford had a major influence on progressive policy.

All this practical experience within the American political arena served him well, when, after Holton's term in office was finished, Staige Blackford took over *The Virginia Quarterly Review*. The *VQR* (as it is known), though essentially literary, was and is, as its subtitle announces, A National Journal of Literature and Opinion, thus neither primarily regional in point of view nor exclusively concerned with literature. Its closest kin and parallel was probably the recently defunct *Partisan Review*, though the latter was always more rigid and less diverse in form and content than the *VQR*. Blackford took over the *VQR* from Charlotte Kohler, who edited the magazine from 1942 to1975. Ms. Kohler has been called the finest quarterly editor of the 20th century. A large part of Blackford's challenge was to try to preserve and maintain the standards and quality of the *journal* as Ms. Kohler (and her predecessors) had set. A few names of contributors from earlier days will give a sense of the editor's accomplishment: André Gide, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, André Maurois, Evelyn Waugh, T. S. Eliot, Thomas Wolfe, Eleanor Roosevelt, Thomas Mann, Jean Paul Sartre, Bertrand Russell, George F. Kennan, Robert Graves, and many others.

While maintaining his predecessor's literary point of view, Blackford added political, social, and historical weight to the magazine. He continued to publish high-quality fiction, by Nancy Hale, Ward Just, Peter Taylor, William Hoffman, Ann Beattie, for example, but he also always made room

for new young writers, people like Kent Nelson, Allen Wilbur, Peter LaSalle, Kelly Cherry, and many others. Anyone familiar with the directions and trends, the ups and downs, the fashions, high and low, of contemporary fiction will be astonished by the eclecticism of the editor's taste. If the *VQR* under Blackford was fairly conservative in the *form* of its fiction, it was, obversely, *bold* in its content, more fearless than most quarterlies, and certainly more apt to deal directly, as it did, with a variety of complex social and political subjects.

If Blackford had an editorial weakness, it was, as he was quick to admit if asked about it, that he really didn't enjoy much contemporary poetry. In point of fact, the *VQR* published more poems by more poets than most of the other quarterlies of his time. Blackford hired a poetry editor, Gregory Orr, a poet of genuine repute and of strong opinions, someone who could make choices and recommendations. And, following the code of the honorable politician, Blackford took the heat when, from time to time, readers or rejected poets complained. He stood responsibly behind his man.

Blackford's other changes – illustrations for the cover, the use of color, changes in typeface – were slight, if at the same time significant, something new and (sometimes) improved, built on a solid foundation.

From Blackford's period of editorship came two anthologies: ERIC CLAPTON'S LOVER AND OTHER STORIES (1990), and WE WRITE FOR OUR OWN TIME: SELECTED ESSAYS FROM 75 YEARS OF THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW (2000).

Staige Blackford lived long enough to meet the new editor selected to replace him upon his retirement. Theodore H. Genoways, 31, the eighth and youngest editor in the history of the *VQR*, said he would make immediate changes, including "a bit of a face lift." In a recent interview, Genoways allowed: "We want to appeal to a new generation. *VQR*'s identity will be redefined under my editorship." Appropriately bold words for a new regime, to which the only appropriate response is, time will tell. As time has now told the story of Staige Blackford and a job well done. *R.I.P.*

George Garrett is the author of books of poetry, essays, short stories, and novels, including DEATH OF THE FOX; ENTERED FROM THE SUN; THE SUCCESSION; DO, LORD, REMEMBER ME; THE KING OF BABYLON SHALL NOT COME AGAINST YOU; WHISTLING IN THE DARK, et alia. He is Henry Hoyns Professor of Creative Writing, Emeritus, University of Virginia, and has been Chancellor of the Fellowship of Southern Writers. He is now the Poet Laureate of Virginia. George Garrett's reviews and comments have appeared in *Archipelago*, Vol. 1, No. 3 http://www.archipelago.org/vol1-3/recommend.htm, Vol. 3, No. 2 http://www.archipelago.org/vol3-2/garrett.htm, Vol. 5, No. 3 http://www.archipelago.org/vol5-3/recommend.htm, and Vol. 6, No. 3 http://www.archipelago.org/vol6-3/recommend.htm.