

U.S.-backed rebels as “little more than an armed gang” engaged in “killing, looting, and raping. Its indifference, almost animosity, towards the people it was supposed to be ‘liberating’ was all too clear.” Garang died while on a visit to one of his foreign sponsors: Uganda’s presidential helicopter crashed into a mountainside, ending the bloody career of a ruthless killer whose legacy of nihilistic violence lives on.

Sen. Barack Obama and House Democratic leader Nancy Pelosi spoke at the Washington rally to “save Darfur,” and yet we heard not one word out of their mouths about the Clinton administration’s role in creating the Darfur disaster. An apology from these two would be too much to expect; a simple admission would do. But don’t hold your breath waiting for it. Much of the clamor for intervention by the Democratic Left seems to be a continuation of the old Clintonian policy of meddling in Sudan’s internal affairs, playing the regime-change game by subsidizing various guerrilla proxies. Now they demand outright American military intervention to clean up the mess they created.

It’s odd that U.S. military intervention in Sudan doesn’t qualify as a “war for oil,” at least in certain quarters, although the invasion of Iraq apparently does. In 1978, Chevron discovered substantial oil reserves in the south of the country, and today a Chinese state-owned oil company has a substantial investment there. China is Sudan’s single largest trading partner. That may change if power passes to a separatist government, especially one allied with one or another of the various foreign-funded guerrilla groups, such as the SPLA. Control of a territory with oil reserves of 563 million barrels—and possibly more—is a prize of increasing value, and if it has to be won in the name of “humanitarianism,” rather than the “war on terror,” then so be it.

If the decline and fall of CIA Director Porter Goss were a morality play, it might be entitled the “Revenge of Mary McCarthy” and feature characters with unlikely names like Kyle “Dusty” Foggo. Foggo, the agency executive director and Goss protégé who is currently under FBI investigation for fraud in contracting, has followed his boss out the door. It has been plausibly suggested that an impending indictment led to the abrupt and unscripted retirement of Goss in a brief White House ceremony that only lacked a pat on the back and a presidential assertion that Goss was “doin’ a heckuva job” as a prelude to being sent to Coventry. Bush enthused over Goss’s yeoman’s work helping “this agency ... become integrated into the intelligence community,” which reveals just how the president views the CIA and might lead some to question where the agency was before it was subsumed.

But it was the embarrassment of Mary McCarthy and everything she represented that brought Goss down. McCarthy was fired in April under direct orders from the normally managerially distant Goss ten days before she was due to retire. The CIA quickly leaked the story that she had revealed classified information on secret detention centers, but her “crime” was subsequently downgraded, with McCarthy insisting she had done no such thing and CIA spokesmen conceding that she had been fired only for unauthorized contact with a journalist. It was the Goss version of a Stalinist show trial, peculiarly misdirected as the overwhelming majority of leaks emanate from Congress and the executive branch, not from the agency. The McCarthy sacking was intended to send a message to CIA employees that no contact with the media would be condoned, deliciously ironic in that overseas journalists and spies frequently move symbiotically in the same circles.

McCarthy was the final humiliation, the culmination of a year-long exercise in identifying and bullying CIA officers who were held to be disloyal to the director and the White House. It involved serial intimidation by polygraph exams, hostile interrogations by security personnel, unsubtle inquiries into the political views of suspect senior officers, and increasingly hysterical generic threats leveled against staff, contractors, and even former employees. Its net result was to convert many proud intelligence professionals into inmates in the administration’s latest maximum-security facility. Many others, completely demoralized, opted for retirement. Recently and tellingly, CIA senior management added another criterion to what is permissible public interface by an agency employee: “it cannot impair the individual’s ability to do his or her job” in a “non-partisan and non-policy fashion.” Disagreement is out. Professional dissent now has a political dimension and security personnel can investigate any criticism of the administration, presumably up to and including something as innocuous as a newspaper letter to the editor. The prepublication review of former employees’ writings relating to the agency for possible leaks of classified material has also been broadened. The constitutional right to exercise free expression through the medium of a free press is now frequently denied on “context,” meaning that the piece can be blocked because it reveals how the CIA functions or what it is like to work for it.

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"Out of Iraq, into Darfur" means that there really isn't going to be any change in American foreign policy if and when the Democrats regain power. Once again, we'll be wading into an alien landscape without any real understanding of the ethnic and economic complexities that militate against order in the region. The conflict is presented, for Western consumption, as a clear-cut struggle between white hats and blacks hats, with the latter being the Janjaweed militia, said to be the creature of the Sudanese government. Yet Khartoum has arrested and executed several members of the Janjaweed and severely punished others—including amputating a few limbs as punishment for their crimes.

**BOTH THE OSTENSIBLE LEFT AND THE NEOCONSERVATIVE RIGHT AGREE THAT DARFUR CAN AND OUGHT TO BE SAVED BY U.S. MILITARY INTERVENTION OF SOME SORT.**

An unlikely coalition of liberal Democrats, Christian fundamentalists, and the Hollywood Left, including George Clooney, has taken it upon themselves to "save Darfur." The question is, who will save Darfur from our potentially murderous good intentions? Not that the liberal-Left wants to see U.S. air strikes at Sudanese military installations, laments Lawrence Kaplan in *The New Republic*:

The use of unilateral U.S. military power isn't the solution most Darfur activists have in mind. Even as western Sudan burns, Darfur advocates such as House Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi argue that the United States must employ its military power only on behalf of—and, more important, in concert with—international organizations such as the United Nations. The Save Darfur Coalition, a leading umbrella group for organizations bent on

action, intends to save Darfur not by urging the Bush administration to launch air strikes against Sudan's murderous militias but by petitioning the White House to bolster funding for African Union peacekeepers and to lobby the United Nations.

The liberal internationalists of the Democratic party don't have the courage of their convictions, complains Kaplan: "The victims of Darfur can be saved by one thing and one thing alone: American power."

I would say that most of those who attended the "Save Darfur" rallies understood this, if only implicitly. Similar

demonstrations were held across the country, and the afternoon of the San Francisco rally I met a neighbor coming back from the event. She is the archetypal liberal, a former social worker, now retired, who hates Republicans, and she had on her "Save Darfur" T-shirt. She stopped to chat, assuming, of course, that I'd be sympathetic. She was upset that attendance had been so sparse. I averred that most Americans are a bit reluctant to launch a fresh military intervention at just this moment. This woman whom I know to be a staunch opponent of what she calls "Bush's war" in Iraq nodded sadly. But how, I said, can you be against invading Iraq but for marching into Sudan? "Oh," she cried, somewhat taken aback, "we have to do something about the terrible genocide." I looked at her askance and inquired, "Isn't that what they told us about Iraq?" She just stared at me and, looking somewhat frightened, barked, "Oh, never mind!" And with that she stalked away.

If the limousine liberals of my Pacific Heights neighborhood are not willing to be consistent, then certainly the neoconservatives are more than eager to make up the difference. Over at the *Weekly Standard*, references to the Bush administration's unwillingness to take up where Bill Clinton left off and plunge into the Sudanese quagmire are routinely made to underscore the difference between rhetoric and reality in this White House. In a screed entitled "The Need for Leadership in Darfur," Eddie Beaver wrote,

Until George W. Bush's presidency, America was either handicapped by Cold War reality or misled by politicians who mistrusted and misused the military. This is not so today. A president of honor and vision sits in the White House, emboldened by the threat of terrorism and fascism to defend America and her ideals. A fascist, terrorist supporting regime is exterminating its citizens by the tens of thousands. Why then, under the most fervent advocate of freedom and peace since Ronald Reagan, is America not justly using its mighty military force to stop them?

The cries of "Save Darfur!" underscore the narrowness of the foreign-policy debate in this country. Both the ostensible Left and the neoconservative Right agree that Darfur can and ought to be saved by U.S. military intervention of some sort. None can imagine the day when the Sudanese, north and south, east and west, will long to be saved from their would-be saviors. Both ignore the lessons of history, even as the stream of coffins coming in from Iraq continues unabated. ■

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# The Day Laborers Took Off

A helpless American citizen copes with the illegal alien boycott.

By Dennis Dale

LIKE MANY OF US, I was caught unprepared by the Day Without an Immigrant boycott.

There was something odd about the voice coming through the speaker at my regular fast-food drive-through. I soon realized what it was: intelligible, unaccented English. Curious.

My order arrived a full 20 seconds later than I had come to expect. Still, I thought, perhaps these were jobs Americans could do. It was then that I realized the sullen and incompetent American-born employee had used far too much mayonnaise. I could hardly get my breakfast down.

At my local hardware store, I immediately sensed an eerie absence. The day-laborer hiring center was empty. Confused building contractors helplessly circled the ghostly space, uncomprehending. In that moment I had a vision of the dystopia that was about to descend.

Deciding to get a jump on the panic, I purchased lumber and nails to board up the house and as much water and food as I could carry to prepare for the inevitable societal collapse. I sped home and found my daughter there, only now realizing the boycott had been extended to schools. I rushed to her and held her close. "Thank God you're all right. Was the sudden lack of diversity too jarring? Oh, my precious little one, I'm so sorry! I didn't know! *I didn't know!*"

"Go ahead, dear," I said, "tell Daddy what happened."

"Well, everything was pretty quiet, actually." She had no idea of the peril we were in. I turned away slightly so that she wouldn't see the tears forming in her father's eyes.

"It was nice. No gang-bangers, no fights, no one harassing you in the halls."

These profoundly ugly, stereotyping words coming from my child shook me to my core. (I abhor racism. I abhor racism with every fiber of my being. I have dedicated my life to instilling this abhorrence of racism in my child every moment of every day.)

The sudden tipping of the balance in her school's fragile ethnosystem had already produced severe racial intolerance. It was clear her school was now toxically unrepresentative. How quickly the poisonous gas of racism fills any void.

We would have to work fast: we reviewed the anti-racist documentary "Blue Eyed" and I sedated her with two Ambien, buying time until a qualified diversity trainer could be found. Of course, precious time had been lost. However, I abhor racism. I abhor racism with every fiber of my being.

Peering out the window I realized the bougainvillea was blocking my view of the street. If I was to defend the house, I would need an unobstructed view of the street. This could only mean one thing. I would have to attempt yardwork.

I found a pair of clippers—ingenious but dangerous things—and bucked up my resolve with a shot of Jack Daniels. An hour later, I managed finally to extricate myself, bleeding and disoriented, from the thorny bushes. I retreated inside, unsuccessful.

I was forced to use the remaining Jack Daniels as an anesthetic, so my memory of events becomes hazy past this point. I have to rely on the following desperate log and what forensic evidence I could find to reconstruct the

events of that long, frenzied night:

**19:00:** Still no sign of societal collapse. Too quiet. Always a bad sign. Used reciprocating saw—somehow managed to figure it out despite no illegal immigrant help—to carve escape hatch in ceiling so we can escape directly to roof. Will return later—if it's safe.

**20:01:** Trying to cook for myself with tender, incapable Anglo hands mangled by attempt at yardwork. Can't figure out how to get the food from cylindrical metal thing our Salvadoran housekeeper calls "can." Madly beating it against floor. No use. Will return later once I've stopped bleeding. So very hungry.

**20:30:** Occasional suspicious-looking yuppies wander past the house. I suspect they are desperately searching for food because the area's upscale restaurants are shut down. Must keep an eye on them. Painfully hungry now but don't dare go outside.

**21:43:** Without Maria to dust and vacuum, the air inside is dangerously unhealthy. Don't know how much longer I can hold out.

Thankfully, I lost consciousness shortly after this entry. I awoke to find that order had been restored. The illegals had returned, thank God. I cried the bittersweet tears of one who had been to the abyss and back.

No longer will I doubt that the health of our society depends on the unrestricted flow of the innumerable castoffs of a certain third-rate nation we have the good fortune to share a border with. Viva Mexico! ■

Dennis Dale's blog, *Untethered*, can be found at [www.dennisdale.blogspot.com](http://www.dennisdale.blogspot.com)