

on the run as a terrorist. "In the middle of the night," Sekina remembers, "British troops and King Farouk's political police came crashing into our house, hurling us out of our beds, breaking furniture and crockery, tearing the place to pieces. They weren't at all nice. They were looking for Anwar."

That was during World War II. Sadat had graduated with Gamal Abdel Nasser from the Egyptian Military Academy in 1938; but if Nasser was cautious and brooding, Sadat was impulsive and bloodthirsty. They served together, upon graduation, at the same military post at Mankabad on the banks of the Upper Egyptian Nile, and nourished a common dream of a modern Egypt free of British bondage and a corrupt King. By 1941, Sadat was concocting elaborate plots to expel the British Army from Egypt.

In Cairo, he fell in with the anti-British Sheik Hassan el Banna, Supreme Guide of the fanatical Moslem Brotherhood, and Gen. Aziz el Masri, the former chief of staff of the Egyptian Army who had been sacked by Winston Churchill. Twice, Sadat tried to smuggle General Masri through to the German lines in the Sahara (where Masri was to advise the Germans how to outflank the British), but on the first endeavor the general's car broke down, and on the second his airplane crashed at takeoff. Sadat's subsequent intrigues with a pair of German spies in Cairo were betrayed by a belly dancer. (Sadat himself was never particularly "pro-Nazi," as some of his critics still claim. He was an anti-British Egyptian nationalist—period.) He was court-martialed in 1942, cashiered out of the army, and dispatched to a prison camp in Upper Egypt.

He escaped, demanded an audience with the King, was recaptured, and escaped again—hiding out all over Egypt and in the teeming mosques of Cairo till the termination of the war. By that time he was demanding that Nasser's clandestine Free Officers movement adopt terrorism as a political tool. As Sadat later confessed in his writings, he pleaded with Nasser for permission to blow up the British Embassy and everybody in it, including the ambassador.

Nasser refused, but to keep Sadat happy he appointed him the head of a civilian auxiliary. Sadat then plotted to assassinate several pro-British politicians. He bungled an attempt on the life of Mustafa Nahas Pasha in 1945, but a year later some of his companions did assassinate Amin Osman Pasha, a former Minister of Finance, for declaring that the bond between Britain and Egypt was "as unbreakable as a Catholic marriage." Sadat was arrested for complicity, but was eventually acquitted and released in 1948. He hacked at several menial jobs, including journalism, but rapidly became destitute. One of the stories he wrote then was called "The Prince of the Island"—an allegory of a prince, surrounded by malevolent advisers, who eventually gets rid of them and establishes his own supremacy. The story was never published, but the plot was eventually to reappear in Sadat's real life.

Through the intercession of King Farouk's physician, Sadat's army commission was restored in 1950. He was ordered to act as a palace spy against suspected revolutionaries in the army, and gleefully he became a double agent, telling everything he knew not to the palace but to Nasser. By 1951, he was a lieutenant colonel and (so British intelligence has claimed) embroiled in yet another bungled plot—a mine was planted in the middle of the Suez Canal, but failed to explode when a British ship bumped into it. In 1952, on the epochal night of the July 22-23 revolution, he was supposed to cut army communications in Cairo, but the signals got crossed; he took his family to the movies, and at the crucial moment Nasser could not find him. From that moment on, though he held a succession of prestigious titles including that of Vice President until

Nasser died last September, Sadat's power in Egypt was far more nominal than real.

How then are we to explain the metamorphosis of this callow conspirator into the adroit empiricist of power who is today the President of Egypt? I believe one of the basic explanations is that, though he is not an intellectual and despite his professed distaste for theories, Sadat has long been an omnivorous reader—and his reading has helped focus his insight into the motives that propel men. His literary tastes are more catholic than those of Nasser, who devoured books on history, geopolitics and war but who was beguiled by little else. Sadat systematically educated himself in prison; he learned to speak English, German and Persian fluently, and to read French. Over the years he has doted on the works of Harold Laski, Arnold Toynbee, Lloyd C. Douglas, Somerset Maugham, and has dabbled in the literature of other creeds besides Islam.

His own Islamic ardor runs deep, for half of him will always remain the village son—devoted to those millennial values of the fellah, the Egyptian peasant, rooted in the rhythms of prayer and hardship, of closeness to the earth and of the shrewdness which is the treasure of the poor. Unlike Nasser, who grew up an urban shizoid in Cairo and Alexandria, Sadat not only retained his roots in Mit Abu al Kom, but he returned there often throughout his career to pray in the village mosque and to mingle among the merchants, the butchers, the beasts and toilers of the field. "Those visits home taught me something I never forgot," he told me once. "They taught me how to talk to the people—and how to listen."

There was a curious dualism at work here too, for once the Free Officers were ensconced in power Sadat developed by degrees into an urban, sophisticated and—so his critics say—slightly venal man. Goaded by his elegant half-English wife Gehan, he dressed in suits from Savile Row, sent his daughters to fashionable schools, and honed away at the rough edges of his character without sacrificing any of his earthy charm. He wrote a book, "Revolt on the Nile," an emotional and highly selective account of his personal history as a conspirator. He took pains never to stray too far from Nasser's shadow. Other Free Officers were falling by the wayside because they belonged to cliques and aspired to power for themselves; Sadat never made that mistake. He remained a loner, and—whatever his private reservations—remained totally, blindly loyal to his leader.

True, some of his old recklessness re-emerged from time to time. As head of the Islamic Congress in the mid-nineteen-fifties, his brashness so disenchanted other Moslem powers that Nasser removed him from his Egyptian delegation at the Bandung Conference and sent him home to Cairo. As Speaker of the National Assembly in 1961 he went to Moscow, where he engaged in a shouting match with Nikita Khrushchev when Khrushchev attacked him for Nasser's persecution of Egyptian Communists. He meddled in the Yemen—first urging Nasser to intervene in the civil war, and then opposing the peace settlement he had himself helped to negotiate with Saudi Arabia in 1965. He made demagogic speeches in 1969, vowing that the army would cross the Suez Canal to push the Israelis out of Sinai, and vehemently opposed the Rogers peace initiative before Nasser embraced it in 1970.

And yet, for all that, Sadat mellowed and matured during his long years under Nasser's restraining hand. He traveled widely, all over the Moslem world, to Yugoslavia and Mongolia, and to the United States in 1968. There, as an official guest of the American Government, he met Lyndon Johnson, marveled at Disneyland, and was so fascinated by the open debate procedure in Congress that he introduced it into the Egyptian National Assembly when he returned to Cairo. He visited

PRESIDENT ANWAR SADAT

HON. LEE H. HAMILTON

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, July 19, 1971

Mr. HAMILTON. Mr. Speaker, the political involvement of Egypt's President Anwar Sadat spans the last 30 years and today President Sadat is one of the most important politicians in the Middle East. Edward Sheehan's article in the July 18 issue of *New York Times Magazine* offers a good study of this complicated man and I commend his essay to my colleagues:

[From *The New York Times Magazine*,
July 18, 1971]

THE REAL SADAT AND THE DEMYTHOLOGIZED
NASSER

(By Edward R. F. Sheehan)

CAIRO.—For much of his early life, Mohammed Anwar el Sadat was a most unsuccessful conspirator. Many of his conspiracies were directed against the British, and there was good reason for that. As a boy of 10 in his village of Mit Abu al Kom in the Nile Delta, he had discovered the works of Mahatma Gandhi; soon he could recite chapter and verse of British despotism not only in Egypt but eastward across the Euphrates to beyond the Hindu Kush.

"When he was still in primary school," recalls his sister Sekina, "Anwar began dressing up in a white sheet like Gandhi, and he would walk through the village leading a goat on a string. Then he would go and sit under a tree, pretending he did not want to eat."

Later, the Sadat family moved to the Kubri el Kubbeh quarter in Cairo, and by that time Anwar had turned to violence—he was

so many remote corners of Egypt itself that he came to know his people more deeply than Nasser ever did. He glimpsed the complexities of power, and bided his time.

After the debacle of the 1967 war with Israel and the suicide of Nasser's boon companion Field Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, Sadat grew closer to Nasser—the better to observe in silence all the errors the President was making, and to remember them for future reference as pitfalls to avoid. "The Revolution," so the saying goes, "devours its own children." Not so with Anwar Sadat, since Nasser rewarded him, not with power, but with longevity. The greatest lesson that Sadat ever learned at Nasser's knee was how to be patient.

But when Sadat succeeded Nasser, almost no one—including this writer—took him seriously. For Nasser had bequeathed to Egypt not only Anwar Sadat, but his goons as well. Nasser's goons—Presidential Affairs Minister Sami Sharaf, Interior Minister Sharawi Gomaa, et al.—gripped the rods of power in their own hands, particularly the pervasive intelligence apparatus, and they clearly expected Sadat to do what they told him. Sadat seemed to assent, and again bided his time.

The Sharaf-Gomaa cabal considered themselves the rightful rulers of Egypt after Nasser's death. They were his younger heirs, and they wanted done with the old Free Officers like Sadat. While Nasser lived they were his tools ("Show me 10 men I can trust," he used to say) and he constantly played off one against the other, keeping a black book of their misdeeds (they were nearly all corrupt) and even of their erotic escapades. Sami Sharaf was especially disreputable. Sensual and slightly fat, mustachioed and handsome in a way that exuded bad taste, he loved food, drink and women. An army officer (of course), he had participated in an abortive coup in 1954, but soon betrayed his co-conspirators to Zacharia Mohieiddin, then head of the secret police. Mohieiddin absolved Sharaf as a witness for the prosecution, and—sensing his utility—appointed him his private secretary. Soon Nasser discovered him, first using him to spy on Mohieiddin, then making Sharaf his own private secretary. Eventually Sharaf became the director of Nasser's clearing house for all intelligence affairs. He built his career on snooping, on bugging his rivals' bedrooms, on betraying his friends.

Sharawi Gomaa, the burly, India-rubber-faced Minister of the Interior, was only slightly more respectable. An old crony of Sami Sharaf's, he had been scheming with Sharaf for years to take over effective control of the Government, and when Nasser died he was the second or third most powerful man in Egypt. Besides the police and the huge General Investigative Authority, which he controlled outright, he had penetrated most of the other intelligence agencies as well; like Sharaf he was an addict of the most sophisticated snooping devices, which he purchased all over the world at considerable cost and then planted promiscuously in the private chambers of friends and enemies alike. He manipulated large sums of secret monies which he later used to slander Anwar Sadat, and even consulted swamis to divine when he himself would become Prime Minister and President.

From the moment that Sadat succeeded Nasser, Sharaf and Gomaa were resolved to keep the intelligence apparatus out of the President's grasp. In the beginning, Sadat made no serious move to stop them. "My brother is slow in making decisions," says Sekina Sadat. "He has learned to think everything over very carefully, even the smallest decisions concerning his children." With his sly fellah mind, he ignored the intelligence services for the moment, and concentrated instead on building his popular base.

He cut prices, eased numerous restrictions and sought out the civil establishment—the press, the universities, the judiciary—to coax them to his side.

On radio and television, Sadat spoke softly in homely colloquialisms, asserted all of his rustic charm and began to acquire charisma. The values he invoked were not visions of a Marxist utopia but the verities of the Egyptian village—above all, belief in God. In his visits to the army; he refused to do all of the talking, and engaged his officers in dialogue. As he gradually became more popular, he embarked on tiny probing operations of the intelligence apparatus, not daring yet to dismiss Sharaf and Gomaa, but inserting one spy here, another there, the better to be briefed on their machinations. It was all of it a marvel of political craftsmanship, a masterly lesson of how to proceed from quasi impotence toward supreme power, step by modest step.

In the meantime, Sadat was moving rapidly on the external front. He accepted the hitherto unmentionable idea of a peace treaty with Israel, he proposed reopening the Suez Canal, and he invited Secretary of State William Rogers to Cairo. The reasonableness of his strategy won world opinion to Egypt's side, and put Israel on the diplomatic defensive. The architect of the rapprochement with Washington was Mohammed Hassanein Heykal, the editor of Al Ahram, Cairo's leading newspaper. Heykal, Nasser's closest confidant, was now ascending to a position of even greater influence with Sadat. The essence of Heykal's argument, which he expounded repeatedly in his column, was that the expulsion of the Israelis from Sinai was probably unattainable unless Egypt first improved its relations with the United States; only then would Washington apply the essential pressure on Tel Aviv. Al Gomhouria, the Government organ controlled by the Arab Socialist Union, replied with violent editorials which accused Heykal of selling out to the Americans; indirectly, the editorials were an assault on Sadat as well.

For the Arab Socialist Union was not merely the country's unique political organization, it was the citadel of Heykal's enemies and of Sadat's rivals for the control of Egypt. It was the power base of Vice President Aly Sabry, Cairo's leading leftist ideologue; it was the darling of the Russians—who hoped it would eventually propel the country from bourgeois socialism to a more authentic dictatorship of the proletariat. I have no evidence of this, but I suspect that the cunning Heykal may have written his editorials not only to improve Egypt's bargaining position abroad, but also to set a trap for his enemies at home. I suspect that with Sadat's consent he was encouraging them to tip their hand, and goading them toward the confrontation that Sadat himself was aching for.

The confrontation with the Arab Socialist Union came, not over the opening to Washington, but over Sadat's proposed federation with Syria and Libya—which Sadat argued would strengthen Egypt against Israel, and protect his flanks against the real radicals of the Arab world, Algeria and Iraq. This issue was almost incidental; for their part, Sabry, Gomaa and their partisans were determined to emasculate Sadat before he acquired too much popularity, and they carefully chose the federation issue because they knew that few Egyptians were eager for more adventures in Arab unity. They outvoted Sadat in the executive committee of the Socialist Union, and rigged the ensuing session of the larger central committee in their own favor. Perhaps sensing that he had gone too far too fast, Sabry tried to mollify Sadat by apologizing for the vehemence of his attacks. Sadat refused the apology, and decided to pursue the power struggle to the end. He swore in a May Day speech that "I am

responsible only to God, to the people and to myself," and—on the eve of Rogers' arrival in Cairo—sacked Sabry from all his major offices.

On May 12, a week after Rogers' departure from Cairo, Sadat visited a group of 170 key army officers at Inshass, near Ismailia in the Suez Canal zone. According to the most knowledgeable Government officials and Western diplomats in Cairo, part of the dialogue went rather like this:

SADAT. My sons, our political and military position is squeezed between the two great powers.

OFFICERS. We accept this, but we insist on a solution—diplomatic or military—one way or the other. We want to set a time limit.

SADAT. I'll give you one, I promise, within a few weeks. By God, I will walk to the ends of the earth to keep Egyptian soldiers from getting killed again, if I can still achieve an honorable solution by peaceful means. But there is another problem, my sons. I will never be able to achieve any solution at all if the centers of power in Cairo keep obstructing me.

OFFICERS. If you have rivals for power in Cairo, then we urge you to get rid of them—all of them. You are the President of Egypt, and they will get no help from us. We have only one battle to fight—the battle with Israel.

SADAT. The centers of power are subverting the home front, and by God, I will cut them to pieces. Look to the Israelis who are facing you, my sons, and leave the home front to me.

Confident of the army's support in the impending power struggle, Sadat returned to Cairo to prepare for the next round of confrontation. It was not long in coming. Briefly—according to Sadat's version—no sooner had he returned from the Suez front than he was visited by a young informer from the Ministry of the Interior who handed him a pair of tape recordings. Listening, Sadat discovered that Interior Minister Sharawi Gomaa had ordered his secret police to surround Cairo Radio in late April—to prevent the President from addressing the population. Thereupon, Sadat sacked Sharawi Gomaa. Thereupon, five other ministers—including the Minister of War, Gen. Mohammed Fawzi, and the shadowy Sami Sharaf—tendered their resignations, expecting that the sheer weight of their defections would cause the entire Government to collapse.

General Fawzi had been well forewarned of Sadat's suspicions—he had attended the meeting at Inshass. He joined the conspirators because he was beholden to Sami Sharaf by tribalistic bonds of blood and marriage, and because he believed the conspiracy would succeed. Once the collective resignations were announced over the radio—with ominous martial music—Fawzi was supposed to lead troops into Cairo, but true to their word, the rest of the army officers refused to follow. Next day, May 14, Sadat named a new Government, composed largely of eminent technicians and university professors, and ordered the conspirators arrested. He dismissed and jailed the leaders of the Arab Socialist Union, turned the intelligence service upside down and purged many other ministries as well.

Sadat's consolidation of power was complete. Whether the conspiracy against him was as real and persuasive as he had claimed—some Egyptians still have their doubts—Sadat had at last proved that he was the master of his own house. He had purchased precious time to pursue his opening to Washington unfettered by his enemies at home, and he had acquired the essential liberty of action to conclude an honorable peace with Israel should that prove possible.

For the next fortnight, the Cairo press overflowed with oaths of fealty to Anwar Sadat, and lurid particulars of the conspiracy.

Sami Sharaf was accused of fomenting public disorders, of organizing a network of rumor mongers and of breaking into Gamal Abdel Nasser's safe. Sharawi Gomaa was accused of burning bundles of incriminating documents and taped telephone conversations. All of all conspirators were accused of "corruption, embezzlement and bribery." Aly Sabry was accused of masterminding everything.

"The most painful thing of all," Sadat declared, "was the discovery that my own house had been bugged." (The most popular rumor in Cairo at this time was that Sadat's "bug" had been discovered by Secretary Rogers. The Secretary, so the story went, came to Cairo wearing a "magic wrist-watch"—an electronic device to detect hidden microphones. When he and Sadat sat down in the President's office, the wristwatch began growling, so the two of them took flight to the garden. American diplomats later relayed this typically Egyptian tale to the Secretary; he was said to have been much amused. What is true is that Rogers did bring his own debugging expert with him to the suite at the Nile Hilton—but no microphones were found.)

Forthwith, Sadat ordered an end to all telephone-tapping and other forms of pervasive police surveillance—except when authorized by a court order or required by "the country's external security." The announcement was admirable, but was it intended to mask a deeper motive—the elimination of Sadat's enemies, not because they were domestic despots, but because they had hindered his freedom of maneuver on the diplomatic front? Whatever his motive, Sadat seized upon a truly popular issue in Egypt, and he was too shrewd to let it go. At the end of May, he drove to the Ministry of the Interior to observe a bonfire of thousands of Sami Sharaf's magnetic tapes. "The people must be free of fear," he said, and henceforth the hallmark of the Egyptian state would not be snooping, but "the rule of law."

The rule of law. Where had it been these last 19 years, since the day that Nasser seized Egypt from the King? In all his assaults on the "centers of power," Sadat—the heir of Nasser's mantle, and now the sole acknowledged prophet of his word—had implicitly been indicting Nasser himself. Sami Sharaf, Sharawi Gomaa and the other snoopers had all been Nasser's hand-picked men, and if they snooped on so many it was because Nasser told them to, or allowed them to—that was his way of governing. Sadat's public explanation is that Sharaf and company had got out of hand only after Nasser's death, but this was in large measure a demagogic obfuscation, and it convinced few.

For there is at large in Egypt now a most fascinating phenomenon—the demythologizing of Gamal Abdel Nasser. Though the once ubiquitous photographs of Nasser have largely vanished from Cairo's streets, the demythologizing has not yet deeply touched the common people. Nor, despite some broad hints, has it yet explicitly exploded in the pages of the Cairo press. Among the conversations of the intellectuals, the technocrats, the middle class and even some of the military, however, Nasser's ghost is being dissected with a vengeance. So much so that I found myself exhorting my intellectual friends to retain some sense of balance.

"Look," I said, "I admit that Nasser made some terrible mistakes. But you cannot deny that he gave Egypt the vision of becoming a modern state. He built factories, hospitals and schools, nationalized the Canal and ran it well, erected the Aswan Dam . . ."

"No," my friends replied, "he ruined Egypt. He destroyed all of our democratic institutions, and brought back the despotism of the Mameiukes. Whenever one of his ministers showed signs of independent thinking, Nasser fired him. He led us into the disastrous

union with Syria, gave us an Egyptian Vietnam in Yemen, and—despite all his efforts to blame it on Marshal Amer—marched us to defeat with Israel in 1967. That was the worst defeat in our modern history, and the day will come when every Egyptian will damn him for it."

Perhaps so, but until that day of reckoning—it could tear Egypt apart—President Sadat must drape himself in Nasser's toga. Publicly, he makes a show of his affection for Nasser's family, but privately there are signs of strain. Nasser's widow and his children are said to resent Sadat, much as the Kennedys came to resent President Johnson after his accession. The most widely circulated story in Cairo at the moment—and many distinguished diplomats believe it—is that sometime before he died Nasser deposited \$16-million (the figure varies) in a secret Swiss bank account. Sadat has been trying to persuade the family to return the money to the Egyptian state, but the Nassers have refused, considering it their personal property. I have no way of knowing whether this story is true. If it is true, it does violence to the legend of Nasser's personal incorruptibility. What is significant is that, true or not, so many Egyptians believe it.

The Russians, in the meanwhile, had become terribly alarmed. First, Rogers' visit to Cairo had aroused their fears that Sadat might be concocting a deal with Washington behind their backs; then Sadat purged their closest friends—Aly Sabry, Sami Sharaf *et al.*—and jailed them as traitors. Furthermore they feared that Sadat's purge of the Arab Socialist Union and his plans for new elections (the previous A.S.U. elections had been "fraudulent," he said) would exclude most of Egypt's Marxists from future participation. For instinctively the Soviet leadership has sought to achieve influence in Egypt's internal affairs through the same party-cum-intelligence apparatus that is the foundation of its own power. Some Western diplomats state that a number of the purged Marxists had been on Moscow's payroll.

In fact, the Soviet leaders were so surprised by the purges that they very nearly recalled their ambassador in Cairo, Vladimir Vinogradov, for failing to forewarn them. (The trouble with some governments," Vinogradov lamented later to a Western colleague, "is that they expect their ambassadors to be prophets.") No sooner were the purges consummated than the Kremlin invited Sadat to Moscow to discuss their reverberations. To Sadat, this smacked suspiciously a summons. "I can't come now," he answered. "I'm too preoccupied with internal problems. However, if you wish to send a delegation to Cairo, *ahlan wa sahan*—welcome."

On May 25, a high-level Soviet delegation, headed by President Nikolai Podgorny and Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, arrived in Cairo. According to Western and neutral diplomats on the scene, the essence of the Soviet complaint ran like this:

"Look, we're not asking you to reinstate Aly Sabry and Sami Sharaf—they were our friends, but we've written them off. What we do ask of you is an assurance that there will be no more internal surprises. We want to stabilize and formalize our special bond with Egypt—not with one man, or group of men, but with the Egyptian Government as an institution. As you know, we have long been unhappy with Egypt's social policy—it's much too bourgeois. We want to show the world some written evidence of Egypt's permanent attachment to the Socialist camp. We are very concerned with the strengthening of institutions and cadres. We want to increase the contacts between the Arab Socialist Union and the Soviet Communist Party. We are hopeful that you will now make a serious effort to turn the Arab Socialist Union into a vanguard of authentic Socialist transformation."

The result of these discussions was the Soviet-Egyptian Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation of May 27, valid for 15 years and renewable for 10. The treaty duly pledged Egypt to pursue a "Socialist transformation," and included as well the highly interesting assurances in Articles VII and VIII. Article VII pledged both parties to "coordinate their positions" in the event of "circumstances which, in the view of the two parties, constitute a threat to or a violation of peace." Article VIII pledged the Soviet Union to continue its "aid in training the personnel of the [Egyptian] Armed Forces, and in their assimilation of arms and equipment supplied to [Egypt] for strengthening its capability to remove the traces of aggression."

The treaty is unprecedented outside of the Soviet bloc. On its face, it confers considerable blessings on both parties. The Russians extracted assurances in writing of Egypt's permanent fidelity to the "anti-imperialist camp," and that neither the attempted *rapprochement* with Washington nor Sadat's purge of Moscow's friends would subvert the "firm and unbreakable friendship" between Cairo and the Kremlin. Sadat was reassured of continuing Soviet support despite the purges—and he now has a signed commitment that the Soviet Union will help him to regain the Sinai, by diplomacy or by war.

Or has he? The crucial clause is Article VII, and the Soviets seem to have kept it deliberately ambiguous. Western diplomats in Cairo read the clause not as a provocation to the Egyptians to resume war with Israel, but as a restraint. "I've gone over that section carefully with the neutralist and Eastern bloc ambassadors here," one eminent diplomat told me, "and we've all come to the same conclusion. The phrase about 'coordination of positions' means that the Russians will not tolerate any more Egyptian military surprises, either. The Soviets have been sucked into the fighting before, and now they want to be told in advance of any plans to escalate the Suez front—in time for them to impose a veto, if they see fit. In effect, when they accepted Article VII the Egyptians promised not to resume shooting without Russian consent."

But what about Article VIII? This is more menacing, but it is too soon to tell whether it foreshadows major new shipments of Soviet arms to Cairo. The Israelis are insisting that it does, and are already invoking Article VIII as justification for the promise of more American weapons to Tel Aviv—which would escalate the Middle East arms race yet another notch and probably assure a parallel Soviet response.

"We've known for some time," says a prominent American diplomat, "that the Soviets want to reduce their operational role in Egypt—it's terribly risky. We have reason to believe that they've done just that in the Suez Canal zone; most of the missile sites now are probably manned by Egyptians, supervised by some Soviet technicians. So the problem here is not simply one of more Soviet hardware—the Egyptians have already got more of that than they can use. The treaty would really alarm us only if it meant that the Russians were reversing their position and promising the Egyptians a lot more operational personnel—pilots and the rest. In that event, Washington might see the situation as transcending the Arab-Israeli conflict, and worry whether the Russians were outflanking NATO."

For their part, this is precisely one of the fears that the Egyptians wish to inspire in Washington—in the desperate hope that the United States a last will apply strong pressure on the Israelis to evacuate the Sinai before the danger to America's global strategy escalates still more. For despite all of the steadfast American optimism, and despite the Egyptians' own persistent longing for a peaceful settlement if it can be achieved, the Egyptians have despaired of the Rogers initi-

ative. The cautious expectations that President Sadat entertained in early May, when the Secretary was his guest in Cairo, had, by early June, all but vanished in his frustration and impatient anger. "I'm not interested in further questions, notes, or negotiations with the Americans," he says. "We have been doing that for a year, and it's achieved nothing. Rogers himself told me, 'We have nothing more to ask of Egypt.' We've made our own position clear a hundred times—we will not reopen the Canal unless we are sure it will lead to a total Israeli evacuation of our land. All I want to know now is—what are the Americans going to do, and when?"

If the Americans do nothing it is very possible that Sadat will resume some sort of limited warfare along the Suez Canal—with or without Soviet agreement, treaty or no treaty. Again, the Russians might be dragged into the conflict, this time simply to save Sadat from being overthrown by his own exasperated army. The Soviets would still be able to veto any suicidal crossing of the Canal, but they might endorse saturation shelling, pinprick commando raids along the Israeli bank, and limited aircraft bombings deeper into Sinai—all in the hope that the ensuing losses would induce the Israelis to be more tractable about leaving the Arab territories.

The Egyptians unquestionably possess sufficient firepower to make life extremely bloody for the Israelis entrenched in the Bar-Lev line on the Canal's eastern bank. Should the Israelis themselves attempt deep air sorties or a troop crossing westward toward Cairo (as Gen. Ezer Weizmann has suggested they should, in the event of war) they would probably incur heavy losses—because of the pervasive Soviet air-defense system which now extends from the top of the Nile Delta deep into Upper Egypt at Aswan. Conversely, it is doubtful that the Egyptians could inflict major damage on Israeli positions deep in Sinai or in Israel itself unless the Russians abandon their present prudence and consent to fly the planes. "Either Sadat has to get 800 Soviet pilots," says a skeptical Western air attaché in Cairo, "or wait five years to wage a serious war with Israel."

Nevertheless, Sadat keeps talking of "the battle of destiny" and now announces that 1971 will be the "decisive year"—just as Nasser swore that 1968, 1969 and 1970 respectively would be the "decisive year." Much of this may be bluster to frighten the United States into putting more pressure on Israel, but in fact Sadat has little choice. He must indulge in such bellicose pronouncements to buy more time and to convince America, Israel and his own army that he means business. Whether the Egyptian Army itself truly possesses the will to fight a "battle of destiny"—as did the Algerians and the Vietcong—is another matter. I have my doubts, and I wonder whether Sadat does.

And perhaps I am being too logical. The mood in the Middle East is explosive. In such a mood, logic—and all of its restraints—could become the first casualties.

While Sadat broods over his meager options, the Egyptian people are left to wonder what, in the meantime, will happen to them. For example, what of Egypt's "Socialist transformation"? If anything is clear, it is that Sadat has no intention of turning Egypt into a collectivist society after the model of the Soviet Union. The Russians may read the treaty that way, but the Egyptians are as jealous as before of their national independence, and they consider the treaty as a political alliance, not an ideological bond.

Indeed, Sadat knows that if he is ever to achieve his vision of an Egypt founded on "faith and technology," he will more than ever need the skills of his growing managerial class, and the last pill those bourgeois technocrats will swallow is Soviet-style Socialism. Thus, while he has placed

a pair of doctrinaire Marxists in his Government (to impress the Russians?) and while he will ritually repeat the slogans of Socialism in his speeches, in practice his policy will probably creep in the other direction. As he has clearly shown in his decrees and in his leniency toward the private sector, he wants more free enterprise, more personal incentives, more private investment—because he has observed the uneven results of Nasser's nationalization laws and he considers a liberal economy more efficient.

"No efficiency without freedom"—that is the dominant slogan of educated Egyptians now. Whatever his motives for doing so—I surmise they were mixed—Sadat has stimulated an intense thirst for freedom which he will be bound in some measure to satisfy. He is promising his people a permanent Constitution very soon, and has appointed some distinguished jurists to help write it. The jurists are taking him at his word; in some very frank articles in the press, they are insisting that the slogan "sovereignty of law" will remain meaningless if it is not backed up by iron-clad guarantees—of freedom of the press, of *habeas corpus*, of trial by jury, of truly independent courts. Sadat has also appointed the President of the Supreme Constitutional Court in the Arab Socialist Union; the elections will probably be free—or at least freer than the last ones. It is likely that extreme leftists will be encouraged not to run.

I have known Egypt for 15 years, and I have never heard Egyptians express themselves as openly as they do now—though I must emphasize that even during its most repressive moments under Nasser, Egypt was never the kind of grotesque police state we have observed in Eastern Europe. What is more refreshing, however, is the new mood of realism in this quixotic nation. More and more Egyptians are coming to understand that they cannot seriously compete with Israel so long as Egypt itself remains a backward country. And in understanding that, the Egyptians paradoxically are relinquishing their desire to see Israel destroyed. "If only the Israelis would leave Sinai," they say again and again, "then we could turn our faces home, and by God, how we could build this country!"

I am persuaded of Egypt's desire for peace. I am persuaded that Sadat would sign a treaty of peace with Israel, and that his people and his army would accept it, so long as it did not involve the loss of land which has been part of Egypt for millennia. I am persuaded that Sadat has the will to do this, if only because Egypt's internal problems have become so horrendous that peace alone will render them possible to resolve.

Having said this, one is left with the ironies and contradictions of Anwar Sadat's present policies. He has rid himself of Russia's friends, then signed a restrictive treaty with the Russian. He has invoked democracy and the rule of law, then—without too delicate a regard for either—swept all his suspected rivals off to jail. He has promised real power to the people, and gathered most of the Government into his own hands. He is liberalizing the economy in the name of Socialism. He wants peace, but he may go to war.

The armed forces are his strongest pillar—but for how long? He can count on them till autumn anyway, perhaps till Christmas. If by that time he cannot produce a peaceful solution in the Sinai, they may force him to wage a war he will most likely lose. What new upheavals then? Anwar Sadat has a violent past. Beneath his urbane exterior, we must assume that primitive emotions abide. If he were pushed to the wall, would his old brutality erupt? One hopes not, but if it does we can only lament that it is probably the Egyptian people who will have to pay.