

Pearl's life and death examined in two books

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ned his Jewishness at the moment of his death, like a character out of an ancient Babel story about to be slain by the Babylonians. Before the knife fell, Pearl said to his wife, "In Bnai Brak, in Israel, there is a street called Haim Pearl Street, named after my great-grandfather." It is a deliberate recovery of such specificity and proud past that kept his mentors from reducing him to a mere symbol.

Pearl's death also stirred up the ultimate horror of another group: foreign correspondents, who must operate on their own in places where the concept of an independent journalist alienates them. It automatically defines them as a spy or agent. While Levy's book is the product of a French intellectual—the author of a study of Jean-Paul Sartre, among other works—and is a more personal work—*The Life and Death of My Husband, Danny Pearl*, written with Sarah Crichan—is that of a grieving widow, both authors have worked as foreign correspondents, with significant experience in South Asia. It is their professional knowledge that imbues their books with an uncanny profundity that what Pearl experienced the weeks of his life.

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to death in the Pearl case, but he laughed and said he would no doubt be released in three to four years, which is what happened the last time he was sentenced to death. Most observers believe it's probably true. He's in prison now, convicted in a secret trial. Four others were also convicted, but he was the only one sentenced to death because he was the leader. Pakistan has refused the United States' request for extradition.)

"I keep wanting to know how the kidnapers got Danny into the car. He is such a cautious man," Mariane Pearl says to a Pakistani counterterrorism expert. "Did they pull a gun on him? Hit him?" The man answers patiently: "Omar Sheikh is an expert. It is Danny who is being kidnapped for the first time. It is Omar Sheikh who has done it 10 times. There is a difference. Omar Sheikh has had a chance to learn from his mistakes. . . . After this, do you think Danny will ever be kidnapped again?"

A NEW KIND OF WAR

Though Danny Pearl, as both authors point out, did not consider himself a war correspondent, in a way he was one: in a new kind of war characterized by an unparalleled dispersion of forces. As the modern battlefield expands and empties out, scat-