



Karine Simon

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I Am Martin Eisenstadt

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Also by Martin Eisenstadt

Near, Far, Wherever They Are: U.S. Foreign Policy Toward the Mid, Near, and Far East, Harding Institute Press, 2007
(Out of print)

From Willie Horton to the Swift Boaters: Collected Essays on Effective American Political Campaign Ads, Harding Institute Press, 2006 (Out of print)

Punditocracy! A Musical Guidebook to the Washington Media Elites, Harding Insitute Press, 2006 (Out of print)

A Watergate Cookbook: All the President's Recipes, Georgetown Day School mimeograph, 1975 (Out of print)





I Am
Martin
Eisenstadt

*Wildly
Inappropriate*

ONE MAN'S ADVENTURES WITH
THE LAST REPUBLICANS

Martin Eisenstadt



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Preface

A funny thing happened to me this election cycle. An anonymous source accused me of not existing, going so far as to flood my Google page with postings warning people that I was a fake. And before I could set the record straight, the major media outlets (from CNN to *The New York Times* to the *Omaha World-Herald*) had jumped on the bandwagon, reporting that I, Martin Eisenstadt, was a hoax, the virtual creation of two obscure filmmakers.

Now I enjoy a joke as much as the next guy, but politics is my life. And, therefore, this is a score I must settle. As my mentor, the great political operative Lee Atwater, once instructed me, “If someone you slighted hangs from a cliff, push him off, because if you save him, he won’t remember that you saved him. He’ll only remember that once you slighted him.” So “push him off,” Lee repeated. “You got to. Otherwise, you will lose the game.”

And I have no intention of losing this game. Marty Eisenstadt is a fighter, a winner. I’ve worked on seven political campaigns. I have a drink named after me at the Dubai Hilton. I am a sought-after strategist and consultant. So don’t think I won’t recover from this slander. I will.



Foreword

Trust me. I exist.

How do I know that for sure? Because I am a senior fellow at the Harding Institute for Freedom and Democracy, a neoconservative think tank based in Washington, D.C. I am the founder and CEO of the Eisenstadt Group, a multifaceted consulting firm specializing in political campaigns and issue advocacy. I am a respected blogger and pundit who regularly appears on television and radio.

I was even the subject of a widely seen BBC documentary entitled *The Last Republican*. I am Martin Eisenstadt, and I was born on July 23, 1964, in upstate New York to Connie Beane of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Izzy Eisenstadt of Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn.

Mom was a sophomore at Vassar. Dad was just starting out in the family zipper business. The year was 1963. Mom had never met a Jew before. Dad had a client who owned a beret factory, so he was looking sharp that night at the White Horse Tavern in Greenwich Village. Mom loved poetry and jazz. Dad didn't come all the way from Brooklyn just to hear poetry and jazz. Kennedy

had been shot that morning so Mom was feeling sad. Dad was feeling lucky. Like Barack Obama, I am the product of a mixed-race relationship (if by race, we mean ethnicity, and by ethnicity, we mean religion). Like Barack Obama, my parents became estranged soon after having me.

And like Barack Obama, I spent my early years with relatives because Mom was off gallivanting with the hippies. And even after Grammie Beane set Mom straight and sent her to Washington, where she landed a job in the Nixon White House as John Ehrlichman's secretary (or should I say mistress, but that's for a later chapter), I was still bounced from house to house and often introduced by Mom as her nephew. So trust me when I say: I get Barack Obama. I too had to be different things to different people—a chameleon, if you will. Which probably explains why we both went into politics.

And to answer the question on so many of your minds, yes, I would be willing to apologize for some of the more inflammatory statements I may have uttered about Barack in the heat of the campaign. But who could have known? All evidence pointed to him being a radical socialist, an America hater, a Malcolm X type. I mean, he talked about raising taxes on the oil and gas companies. He participated in the divestment protests of the 1980s antiapartheid movement. He palled around with college professors. And that smirk! Like he was some sort of tattoo-covered NBA thug . . . But that's the past and now he's president, and America needs to come first.

Because for me, "Country First" (a phrase I, by the way, came up with, but let others take credit for—in the body of the book, I will explain) is not just a slogan. It is a philosophy, a value system, a moral ethic I live by. That's why I offer no regrets in leaking to the press (after the election, of course) that Governor Palin greeted me in a skimpy, provocative towel and that she wasn't sure whether Africa is a continent or a country. In my humble opinion, America needed to know, so I put country first.

You know how much hate mail my blog and think tank received because I exposed Governor Palin as a wacky hillbilly with no real knowledge of anything outside of moose hunting and faith healing? One of my unpaid interns was so frightened by the vitriolic mail she had to open every day that she up and quit on me. More important, I have good reason to believe that it was someone in the Palin camp who spread the slander that I don't exist. I mean, what better way to kill a story than to accuse the source of not existing? Well played, Sarah. Well played.

Or maybe it was Joe the Plumber. I did write on my blog that he hooked up with Kristen Wiig at the *SNL* after party. Sources tell me this bit of information didn't go over well with Joe's other campaign consort, the senator's beloved daughter, Meghan McCain. What about the boys from Sharif Investments, Jamie and Nabil, on whose behalf I traveled to Iraq and who have this strange idea that I cheated them? And who is this "Wolfrum," the supposed golf blogger based in Brazil, who since May 2008 has been lobbing absurd online accusations against me?

Or maybe it was Hank Paulson still smarting from the whoopee cushion I put on his chair when I was a mere nine and he and Mom both worked in the Nixon White House. No. Even Wall Street guys don't hold grudges that long.

As my sexy British editor repeatedly reminds me, mysteries sell, and as I've always known, the business of America is business. So I see no shame in rehashing some of the less flattering episodes of my past in order to unravel the mystery of who hoaxed me and why. And I see no shame in baring all, about myself and others, as long as the greater agenda of promoting freedom, democracy, and capitalism is furthered.



Introduction

Still, when the prestigious publishing house Farrar, Straus and Giroux (FSG) contacted me about writing an honest, tell-all book, I at first I resisted the idea. You see, I consider myself more of a behind-the-scenes kind of guy. I serve at the pleasure of candidates and clients. And it's important that my notoriety not eclipse theirs. Also, did I want to be remembered forever as the Washington insider accused of not existing? In politics, reputation is key, and did it make sense to amplify and keep alive my shame by writing a book?

But as I learned when I did my part to help Swift Boat John Kerry, assets (even service in war) are simply liabilities waiting to be exposed. Which means the opposite must be true as well. So I'm excited to turn a negative into a positive, to write this book, to get my side out. For in politics it is imperative to define ourselves before others do it for us. As the Good Book teaches, "In this life, reputations are destroyed quicker than they are built."

That's why it is essential that this book not just be about Martin Eisenstadt as victim, as laughingstock, as creepy middle-aged man, but be about something more. About the media not check-

ing their sources. About my advocacy on behalf of important issues—like drilling in the Arctic and encouraging war with Iran.

And don't think I'm naïve to the fact that in this era, it's not the intellectuals who get the book deals; it's the celebrities. But I'm okay with being a celebrity. I've paid my dues. I've cleaned candidates' cars and given their wives foot massages. I've pontificated on podcasts and public radio. So without apology I look forward to the day when Martin Eisenstadt, the pundit, appears only on tier-one shows. When Martin Eisenstadt, the consultant, gets picked up by a driver and doesn't have to take the bus ever again. And that's what a book can do for you. (Mind you, I've written books, several of them, but they're currently out of print in North America.)

So call me shameless. What do I care? Because if putting my face on a book helps my pundit career, helps the Harding Institute, and helps spread Western hegemony in the guise of Pax Americana, then that's a bullet I'm willing to take.

It's like the prostitutes I saw in Novosibirsk back when I was doing polling for the 1996 Yeltsin campaign. Some of these Siberian ladies would sleep with more than thirty men a day, seven days a week, for years. And in bad conditions. Outdoors. In the cold. But in the end, these go-getters had the last laugh. They saved enough to return to their villages with plenty of cash to buy homes, plant gardens, and take on young lovers. While their counterparts, the maids and checkout girls, who weren't willing to absorb temporary discomfort and shame for long-term benefit, still rent, live paycheck to paycheck, and are stuck taking care of geriatric husbands and nagging kids.

Just like Paris Hilton here at home. Not only was Paris able to overcome the ridicule of a sex video; she transcended it in the service of a higher purpose, the rebranding of the Hilton name. If it wasn't for Paris, I would argue, the Hilton name today would be indistinguishable from Best Western. And nothing says branding like a best-selling book. Just ask the Donald. Or as Joe the Plumber

whispered to me at the *SNL* after party, “You’re nobody in this country without a book.”

So I am excited to write this book, to uplift the Eisenstadt name. I am excited to spread our message of freedom, democracy, and capitalism. And I am determined to get my book on the bestseller lists even if it means betraying some confidences. And as a key McCain strategist, I assure you I have multiple confidences to betray. I was there, on the inside, at the critical junctures. I got drunk with Joe the Plumber. I’ve seen Governor Palin’s tattoo. I was an original member of the Committee for the Liberation of Iraq but fell out of favor with some in the inner circle after I tried to warn them that our good buddy Ahmed Chalabi might be an Iranian spy.

It’s like what my good friend Senator Joe Lieberman said to me: “Marty, you need to write a book. You have a story to tell.” And that’s when I realized he was right. Martin Eisenstadt has a story to tell. “And would you please pass the caviar? My challah’s getting cold.” I passed Joe the caviar, inadvertently spilling mustard sauce on his perfectly creased white pants. He wasn’t happy.

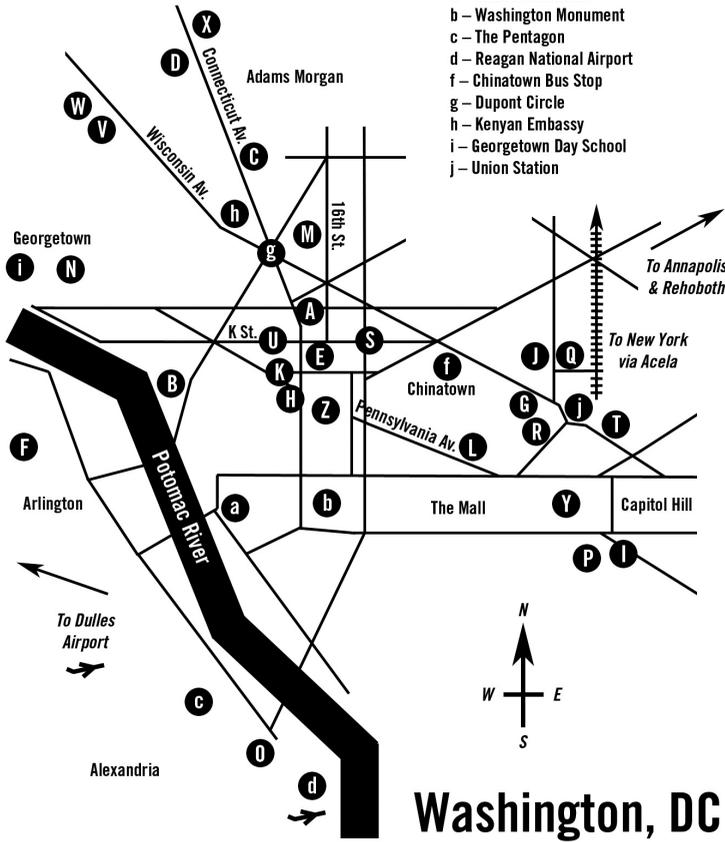
Marty's Stomping Grounds

Hotels/Bars/Restaurants

- A – Mayflower
- B – Watergate
- C – “Hinkley” Hilton
- D – Marriott Wardman Park
- E – Hay-Adams
- F – Red Hot & Blue
- G – The Dubliner
- H – The Exchange
- I – Hawk'n'Dove
- J – 9:30 Club
- K – The Breadline
- L – The Capital Grille
- M – J.R.'s Bar & Grill

Other Places of Interest

- N – Martin Eisenstadt's House
- O – McCain HQ
- P – Republican National Committee
- Q – CNN
- R – MSNBC/FOXNews
- S – Dickstein Shapiro
- T – Heritage Foundation
- U – The Harding Institute
- V – New Zealand Embassy
- W – Naval Observatory (VP Residence)
- X – National Zoo
- Y – The Capitol
- Z – The White House
- a – Lincoln Memorial
- b – Washington Monument
- c – The Pentagon
- d – Reagan National Airport
- f – Chinatown Bus Stop
- g – Dupont Circle
- h – Kenyan Embassy
- i – Georgetown Day School
- j – Union Station



Washington, DC