

Live From ...

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You know, I've been thinking, if I would have, for example, to make a choice in between having, say, half a million tourists or five thousand soldiers, I believe that even from a security point of view, half a million tourists will guarantee more the security than five thousand soldiers, because it creates an entirely new environment.

-- Shimon Peres, CBS News "Face the Nation," 5 September 1993

Today any event worthy of notice is surrounded by a circle of lenses and microphones and lit up by the flaming explosions of flashbulbs. In many cases, the event itself is completely subordinated to its "transmission"; to a great degree, it has been turned into an object. Thus we have already experienced political trials, parliamentary meetings, and contests whose sole purpose is to be the object of a planetary broadcast. The event is bound neither to its particular space nor its particular time, since it can be mirrored anywhere and repeated any number of times.

-- Ernst Jünger, "On Pain"

"Soldiers and journalists stay longer, but are regularly replaced."

In the summer of 1993, an independent media group in Sarajevo called *Fama* ("rumor") produced a guide book to the city that had become a proper name for siege. [1] The preface presented the guide as aimed at "taking visitors through the city and instructing them on how to survive"—how to stay alive, to live on, when home has become as alien as a foreign land. But who would visit? The guide described life in the city as if its inhabitants were already visitors. In a war on civilians, the roles of tourist and resident are somehow strangely reversed: the tourist, who wants to learn how to live like a native, is offered instead as an example of everyday survival, for the inhabitants of the city. In the face of annihilation, of a military campaign in which the extraordinary terror of war for soldiers has become an ordinary fact of existence for civilians, daily life is transformed into an ordeal of survival, itself recorded and broadcast, even shot live, in accordance with the unnatural ebb and flow of international news rhythms. A guide book for a life beyond life, for a city of survivors, images, ghosts, a city still to come: "It is a chronicle of survival, a part of a future archive that shows the city of Sarajevo not as a victim, but as a place of experiment where wit can still achieve victory over terror." Who might use it at the moment? The section on Entertainment and Accommodations explains that "the only tourists in Sarajevo are foreign journalists and politicians. The latter group stays in the city only for a few hours and then runs away. Soldiers and journalists stay longer, but are regularly replaced."

"The competition for publicity"

The landings on the beaches and fields of Normandy were marked by chaos and violence, which also means survival, and by journalists and photographers, responsible for survival of another sort. Too often, it seems, the battles were fought for the latter: that, at least, appears to have been the concern of General Omar Bradley who, one Army diary noted later, "had some definite words to say about divisions and commanders who appeared to be fighting the war for newspaper headlines alone. The competition for publicity, he told General Collins, will have to cease." [2] But what would the battle for Normandy, the landings of D-Day, have been without this competition, this unseemly, even parasitic, desire to sacrifice lives and to survive for the sake of words and images, for the sake of the blur and glare of publicity that ought to differentiate war, with its requisite organization of popular consent and memory, from merely private battles? What is it to fight not for a hill or a city but for a headline or a picture? Nothing short of war itself: the struggle not only to kill and capture but the fight to define, to determine a people and a nation, to mark, inscribe, represent, to redraw the boundaries ... and to live on, to fight in the light of another day. This violence—of battle and of publicity—is irreducible.

D-Day would have been unthinkable, indeed it would not have been, without the newspaper headlines and newsreels that always threatened to contaminate its tactical and strategic purity, to reduce its elaborate logistics to the status of some kind of prop for a vast photo opportunity. And it is not as if war can simply be criticized for, or rescued from, falling into some publicity trap; as Paul Virilio has argued, war is this logistics of perception. "The macro-cinematography of aerial reconnaissance, the cable

television of panoramic radar, the use of slow or accelerated motion in analyzing the phases of an operation—all this converts the commander's plan into an animated cartoon or flow chart. In the Bayeux Tapestry, itself a model of a pre-cinematic march past, the logistics of the Norman landing already prefigured The Longest Day of 6 June 1944 [Macro-cinématographie de la reconnaissance aérienne, télévision par câble des radars panoramiques, ralenti et accéléré de la photo-interprétation des phases d'opération, le dessein du chef de guerre n'est plus qu'un dessin animé, un organigramme et la Tapisserie de Bayeux, modèle de défilement pré-cinématographique d'une guerre, où la logistique du débarquement normand préfigurait celle du Jour le plus long, celle du 6 juin 1944]. [3]

Among the fighting men of the invasion, who lived it with an often traumatic immediacy, there was also some unnerving sensation of distance, of an even touristic experience of spectatorship and of the foreign. Relaying the accounts of British soldiers who landed on the morning of 6 June, Max Hastings reports on a private who "had been one of thousands of awed spectators of the airborne landing. He, and the others who had been compelled to swim the last yards to the beach, were now dug in around their anti-tank guns, seeking to dry their boots. ... It was the first time that he and any other men had set foot on foreign soil. They found it very strange" (118). To have set those feet and boots on the ground in France, for the first time, was already to have survived, to have outlived not only so many others but also expectations, and to begin again, begin to see again, something strange. Others, who had fought and been wounded next to dying comrades in landing craft, had witnessed death and noise and disfiguration on an unprecedented scale and gathered later at quiet inland rendezvous points. There had been terror, writes Hastings, "yet nothing could dampen the exhilaration of those who had survived, sitting as wondering sightseers on ground that over four long years had attained for them the alien and mysterious status of the dark side of the moon" (110-111). The sheer fact of survival was cause for wonder, and it rendered the territory attained by definition foreign and the experience of arriving there enigmatically excessive. Two kinds of people can go to battlefields, soldiers and journalists. They share this experience of the foreign, of the strange, as one of an astonished stare, something to write down and preserve for the future. If the battle on those beaches would come to be called "the longest day," one of the mechanisms of its persistence was the light of another day, the flashbulbs of the photographers and the landing lights that guided the cameras and the paratroopers: the superficial shine of the very competition for publicity which could never be brought to a close.

"Central Asian proverb: 'Travel is a foretaste of hell'"

And so it can be—especially for wanderers smitten by places they ought to think twice about: where quaint cultures run up against armored jeeps charging through city streets, where emergency travel kits had best include not just a bottle of Lomotil but also a bulletproof vest. The surprise is not that such dangers exist but that so many of the countries where they are

commonplace want you to spend your vacation there. (*Time Magazine*)

"*Tourisme de guerre* [War tourism]" was what *Le Monde Diplomatique* called it. [4] "Holidays in Hell," headlined *Time* in the heat of mid-August 1992. [5] Both were reporting on, among other things, the plans of an Italian travel agent named Massimo Beyerle, who was quoted as offering his clients an "October War Zone" tour of the "edge zones of combat [terrains limitrophes des combats]." For \$25,000 apiece, "a dozen crazy people," as Beyerle put it, could spend two weeks in a war zone, accompanied by doctors and security forces, but without weapons of their own—only cameras. Already anticipating trips to Somalia and the former Soviet Union, Beyerle proposed the war tour as a peculiar sort of return, to places one had already seen through other eyes or other lenses: he planned to go

where the fighting has just ended, such as the south of Lebanon, Dubrovnik or Vukovar; as close as possible to the places shown on the television news, so that our clients can see and speak with the people, and see for themselves the damages caused by the war [là où la guerre vient de s'achever, comme le sud du Liban, Dubrovnik ou Vukovar; le plus près possible des endroits que montrent les journaux télévisés pour que nos clients puissent voir et parler avec la population, et constater les dégâts causés par la guerre].

"As close as possible" implies a certain immediacy, and the tour guide was quick to certify this with the threatening imminence of violence: "dangerous situations cannot be ruled out [les situations de danger ne sont pas à exclure]." The touristic desire for presence, the desire to coincide with nothing less than history itself, at least spatially if not temporally, finds here its ultimate test and seal of authenticity, the possibility of death, but this chance seems to assume its full richness only against the background of a somewhat

more quotidian experience of the same: the daily and nightly images of the television news.

Dangerous, and highly publicized, situations, indeed: a visit to Moscow or Mogadishu on 3 October 1993, the proposed D-Day of the tour, would have no doubt oversatisfied this demand. But those who died that day in those belico-touristic destinations died, themselves, before “the watchful eyes of live cameras,” as one television critic said of the “raw and real” CNN coverage of the Moscow assault. “Real” because “it was real-time television and thus more seductive,” even when what is “live” is nothing more than “live calm,” the waiting that guarantees the reality of the violence that is “seen as it occurred.” [6] If the time is real, though, the reality remains at a distance, with the television “there” in place of its viewers, substituting or making up for their absence, and thus the television that should offer reality seems to provoke an even stronger desire for it. Television, especially what is called “live” television, has its signature in violence, weapons, and death, its relation to the reality of the real thing authenticated by the tracer fire, flames, blood and corpses of ‘real war.’ It ought to render tourism anachronistic, as it abolishes distance in the would-be immediacy of its live-and-direct ‘you are there.’ But apparently the signature of television requires the counter-signature of a visit: not simply to see, but to see for yourself, to see yourself seeing.

Indeed, the travel agent would have us believe that television, rather than supplanting tourism, gives it a new *raison d’être*. And Lisa Beyer concludes her *Time* article with the promise that, “done properly, this kind of [war] travel is no ‘foretaste of hell.’ It’s the real thing.” The image comes first, witness to the violence of war, and travel promises the chance to verify what has until now, in retrospect, remained only an image. There, at the site, the reality of the place can in its turn be recaptured in the snapshot or the camcorder. CNN, 16 October: “The Russian White House, after facing a political crisis, is facing a new assault now: instead of soldiers with guns, this time it’s tourists with cameras who are doing the shooting.” In an unstable oscillation, the two discourses of presentation, of all that is teleported “live” and in “real-time” from elsewhere, displace each other in a contest without end: the longest day, and night, of the real. Under the banner of the Coke slogan—no distance, no lag, just the reality of the thing, yes, but with security—tourism and television articulate themselves around the reality test that is war ... the war that, in the closing days of this century, cannot help but pass by way of the blinding light of the laser target designator and the glare of the video camera.

“We’re tactical!”

It is said that one of the Navy SEALs who landed on the beach in Mogadishu shouted this phrase, over and over, to the CBS news correspondent and camera crew who met them there in the pre-dawn hours of 9 December 1992. While this may have been the functional equivalent of the phrase “no flash,” uttered by another SEAL to an American news photographer who got as close as possible to the action, the identifying phrase “we’re tactical” also allows us to propose a hypothesis about a new division of military labor: tactical troops, strategic cameras. *Armed Forces Journal International* reported, in January 1993, that the Operations Director of the US European Command had concluded “that comprehensive media coverage has changed the way the Services conduct operations.” [7] Contemporary military strategy now counts on the presence of the cameras, the light of the flash and the green glow of the night-scope, as a fundamental component of armed operations: if that was still not entirely clear during the carefully managed war against Iraq, it became blindingly evident on the beach in Somalia. The US military’s Somalia strategy has from the start been oriented toward the production of images, and December’s massive deployment of troops and weapons was a tactical dimension in that strategy.

If television has not succeeded in doing away with tourism, but rather has become a new sort of provocation for it, a stronger and stranger test of the reality that always calls for a visit, what happens when the reality of the war that might be visited is itself structured like a tourist visit? And to the extent that television somehow induces the war, the structure folds in on itself vertiginously: television conducted as tourism, in war, or war conducted as tourism, on television. What would there be to see “for oneself” in the Mogadishu of Operation Restore Hope, city of ruin and survival in the image?

From its pretext in the predictable images of starvation and civil war, “technicals” and “khat,” through the saturation coverage of the “live” landing and the periodic photo opportunities that culminated in President Bush’s New Year’s visit and the springtime return of the troops to President Clinton’s White House, to the gradual disintegration of the United Nations mission in the summer and fall, the Somalia operation has been conceptualized, practiced, and evaluated—by all parties—strictly in terms of the publicity value of

the images and headlines it might produce. Comprehensive media coverage has not just changed the conduct of military operations—images and publicity have become military operations themselves, and the military outcome of the operation cannot easily be distinguished from the images of that operation. The mission in Somalia is an imaging operation: the front page of *The Washington Post* called the landing “A Well-Publicized Military Operation,” and the adjectives could not be differentiated from each other, nor from their noun. [8]

When the first six-man SEAL team “waded unopposed onto a muggy Indian Ocean beach under a full moon,” the soldiers were met “not by armed Somalis but by an American news photographer, one of scores camped out on the beach near the Mogadishu airport.” So reported Jane Perlez—who was there—the following morning on the front page of *The New York Times*, by which time the news was old. [9] The landing had been advertised on the front page of *USA Today* the previous morning—“Televised landing” said the teaser, and the story was headlined “Somalia landing airs live”—and some 600 members of the international press corps, including anchors from the four US news networks, were already positioned in Mogadishu to transmit the unopposed operation in real time. [10] The first troops hit the beach just about 4:20 Eastern time, a little ahead of schedule (“NBC and CNN plan to air the scheduled troop landing live at 10 pm ET/7 pm PT,” *USA Today* had written) but well timed for presentation of the ongoing operation live on the nightly news and throughout the evening. After all, it had been a long time since the marines had been able to land on a beach in a serious military operation, the opportunity having been notably denied them during the assault on Kuwait and Iraq. Michael Gordon of *The New York Times* reported merely the obvious on the day after the landing: that the cameras and lights were already on the beach because the Pentagon had told them to be there.

All week the Pentagon had encouraged press coverage of the Marine landing. Reporters were told when the landing would take place, and some network correspondents were quietly advised where the marines would arrive so that they could set up their cameras. [...] But having finally secured an elusive spotlight, the marines discovered that they had too much of a good thing. [11]

The problem, though, was not the tactical disadvantage of night blindness, nor the ostensible possibility of betraying military positions, but the ruin of the pictures by the lights that were there to make them possible, the lights that were indeed something like the necessary condition of the invasion. If there was a military disadvantage posed by the interference of the lights, it was not that they would allow shots to be fired by Somalis or prevent the marines from shooting back. The landing was in no way compromised by the presence of the cameras: the marines arrived where the cameras were known to be, intentionally. But that does not mean that the invasion was ‘simply’ a photo opportunity or a made-for-TV sham. The televised landing was a military operation precisely insofar as it was televised, and the tactical disadvantage was that the television disturbed the television. “Too much of a good thing” means too much light, means the intrusion into the scene of the condition of its own possibility. Glare, or what the *Times* also called “too bright a light,” means the becoming public of the effort at publicity, the live coverage not of the landing but of the live coverage.

So where did those marines land? On the beach in Mogadishu, or on TV and the front page? Who was visiting whom, exactly? Reporting that morning from the Mogadishu airport within (night-scope) sight of the landing beaches, CNN correspondent Christiane Amanpour narrated the goings-on as economically as follows: “it was a classic media event—lights flashing—people desperately trying to ask the marines some questions.” The marines (“we’re tactical!”) appeared to be willing to have their pictures taken but were less enthusiastic about engaging in a dialogue on the beach. So a few minutes after the initial landing a Marine spokesman “came ashore,” as he put it when asked, “in a rubber boat,” in order to deal with the questions. Journalists interviewed Lt. Kirk Coker not so much about the landing as about the scene of the landing, and about what they were all doing there at the moment. Within a few more minutes CNN was playing the tape:

Q. Sir, don't you think it's rather bizarre that all these journalists are standing out here during—A.—Yes, it really was, and you guys really spoiled our nice little raid here. We wanted to come in without anybody knowing it—Q.—Like it was a surprise we were here—A.—Well, we pretty much knew that. [...]

Q. So far everything's going well, sir?

A. Everything seems to be going well right now. We're not being shot at and I'm standing here

talking to all of you. [12]

No surprise to anyone, Operation Restore Hope was and remains a battle of images. The spoiled pictures of the moonlight SEAL and MRU landings were replaced within hours by elegant hovercraft and helicopters, and later by food convoys, grateful children, the President of the United States, bountiful crops, more and more elegant landings on other beaches, weapons searches ... and even Marines, in shorts and suntan lotion, relaxing on the very shores of their televised triumph. [13] That the famine had virtually ended by the time they arrived, that the other landings were tactically unnecessary, that the arms raids turned up few weapons, and that the political labor of national reconciliation was barely begun—these are important, but somehow almost irrelevant to what is most deeply significant about the operation: it had no depth. It was an operation on the surface, of the surface. One need not look behind or beneath the images it produced, as if they concealed some lurking geo-strategic ambition or agenda. The agenda, and the strategy, was the imagery: the transmission and archiving of a new image for a military-aesthetic complex recently deprived of the only enemy it could remember knowing. In this sense, the operation had little chance of going wrong. As long as armed confrontation was largely avoided—whether by negotiation or by the use of the overwhelming firepower (the so-called Powell doctrine) that guaranteed only Somali casualties—all publicity was good publicity, and with every news report it could be said again that the mission had been accomplished.

A battle waged for images and headlines: this is no longer a critique but a mission. Was it a war conducted like a tourist operation, or tourism conducted like a war? We should think twice before demanding that warriors reserve themselves for 'real' fighting, or that they resist the lure of the lights. War and the television that still remains uneasily bound up in sightseeing are increasingly difficult to tell apart, and to oppose one in the name of the other will now rarely suffice.

What went wrong? It appears that someone forgot it was being done for television, or perhaps the military or the UN finally wanted to try out some different pictures. In May, American troops returned from Somalia, led by their commanding officer, were greeted on the lawn of the White House by President Clinton, and the operation that began with a photo opportunity was declared complete with another one. Decisive indicator of the transition from Operation Restore Hope to UNOSOM II: size of the Mogadishu media operation. "Unlike his predecessor, Col. Fred Peck of the United States Marine Corps, who had a staff of 30, Major [David] Stockwell [chief military spokesman for UNOSOM] manages with an assistant who is not allowed to give out any information." [14] It was only when the mission strayed—not from its so-called humanitarian origins but from its publicity goals—into an at once overgunned and underdefended UN operation against the Somali National Alliance ("fugitive warlord Mohammed Farah Aidid"), which is to say, when the military began to pay more attention to shooting its weapons than to shooting pictures, that things got complicated. Most of the Western journalists had departed with the end of Operation Restore Hope, and soon hundreds of civilians were once again dying in Somalia, not from starvation but at the hands of the troops who were supposed to save them. The increasingly bloody exchanges between SNA forces and the UN brought the American reporters back in the middle of the summer—especially after the US telegraphed its intentions to use high-tech gunships against Aidid, and then waited to use them until the television correspondents and their uplinks were in place—but the twin stories of the failure-to-capture and mounting-Somali-casualties could only last so long on television. The problem for the UN was not that the reporters had departed, but that they had set the threshold of the media agenda too high (wanted: Aidid) and then failed to provide adequate photo opportunities.

As the American television stars left once again, and the military was released to fight in less mediagenic ways, the pictures that remained became worse and worse: the UNOSOM media operation lost track of its own operation. The logic of the UN military tactics was no longer governed by the competition for publicity, and the image agenda was set in turn by the SNA. Finally, the State Department's Somalia policy coordinator was forced to concede that what he called, frankly and accurately, the "public relations war" had been lost, and indeed had "probably been won by Aidid." [15] The remaining reporters in Mogadishu were benefitting from, and documenting, the hard work of the SNA's media staff, especially after clashes between UN troops and Somalis accelerated in August. [16] Soon the UN briefer in Mogadishu was simply annotating the videotape everyone else had already seen—"I know you guys have it on tape," he was reported to say "softly" one day "as he approached the podium" [17] -- and commenting on the benefits that the presence of television conferred on his opponents, and on their success "at 'spinning' events." "It was when CNN was reporting it live, or at least faster than we could keep up, that lent some imbalance of perspective, that led me to ask, 'Is this the Tet Offensive?'"

Stockwell told a reporter. [18] And the UN staff and soldiers seemed to have lost that spirit of cooperation that had so marked their initial encounters with journalists. Who could have anticipated, not that US troops would one day be firing on Somalis, but that they might shoot at photographers? Yet in fact CNN was reporting in mid-September that, during a raid on some headquarters of the fugitive warlord,

soldiers in helicopters lobbed stun grenades at three photographers and reporters. A military spokesman said the soldiers were trying to keep journalists away from the military operation to ensure their safety, but one of the photographers contends the soldiers wanted to stop him from photographing the way they were using their helicopter to clear people from the street. [19]

There was a still photo, well lit indeed, to document it—strange snapshot from a war zone. So in September, when the Pentagon, shaken by the pictures of dead American soldiers from Mogadishu, embarked on an effort to shift both strategy and image in Somalia, the turn consisted in de-emphasizing both General Aidid and the military efforts against him and in re-emphasizing a political process. *The New York Times*' sub-headline translated the renewed interest in politics as "warlord's capture not deemed vital as U.S. seeks to shed the image of combatant," and the article went on to detail what "political pressure" meant exactly: "The United States wants the United Nations to present a brighter picture of the Somali peace-keeping mission, and is urging an overhaul of the United Nations' public affairs operation, [including ...] daily press briefings in Mogadishu." [20] The suggestion, or the pressure, came too late to save the operation from the terrible pictures of 3 October: not the images of the some 300 Somalis who died in the worst firefight in the country since its civil war (there do not seem to have been many pictures of them), but the video of dead Americans dragged through the streets of Mogadishu and of a living American in captivity. There was little reporting, of course, since there were no longer six hundred Western news people in Mogadishu but only six or eight, and the UNOSOM briefer waited hours to confirm what the world had already seen on video—video shot not by Western reporters but by a Somali driver left behind with a Hi-8 camcorder, video relayed not by satellite but by military flight to Nairobi. The video was of such a graphic nature that in the end very little of it was seen on American television, [21] but what CNN aired was more than enough to intervene in the situation. Another performance, another surface, another military-television operation. A week later, American diplomats and thousands of new troops were on their way back to Mogadishu, and already the birds were up over the Indian Ocean. "We've just established satellite connection with Christiane in Mogadishu, and we'll get her thoughts live, in just a moment." [22] Led by the President's special assistant for media affairs, and amply provided with stories and photo opportunities, American television, with CNN in the front, was once again reporting ... live from Mogadishu. [23]

"... the risks involved in visiting a country at war."

In October 1992, just as international concern with Somalia reached a peak, the *Lonely Planet* series of guidebooks published the sixth edition of its Africa on a shoestring. [24] The article on Somalia—rare, as such, among guides to Africa, and unusually alert in itself—advised as follows:

For many years following independence few travellers visited Somalia, largely because of the difficulty of getting visas and the lack of communications. With visas more freely available after the expulsion of the Russians some years ago, however, more and more travellers started to explore this remote part of Africa. It all fell apart again in late 1989 and throughout 1990 as a result of internecine strife, and conditions are now worse than they have ever been. It's now hard to visit this country without the feeling of being a "refugee tourist." You should also seriously consider the risks involved in visiting a country at war. (939)

And the section on Mogadishu begins with this "Warning":

As a result of the civil war, which is still raging, much of the city is in ruins and many of the sights, hotels and restaurants mentioned in this section may not exist anymore. (944)

Allegory of ruin and survival, of the afterlife of tourism as of war. The traveller goes in search of history, but of history as ruin and its aftermath. The risk and the desire thus coincide: one seeks the inexistence of what remains, of what is no longer there but not altogether lost. But there will always be more than one allegory. Along with the soldiers and journalists, tourists of a special sort who stay longer and are regularly replaced, have come considerable quantities of cash and other commodities, as well as demands, and another kind of life. One reporter wrote of returning to the city:

I walked to the back of the hangar, where the bright sunlight gleamed off carcasses of junked MiG fighter jets, to find a lift to the Sahafi Hotel, the place where most of the foreign press stays in

Mogadishu. The Sahafi—the word means “journalist” in Somali—didn’t exist the last time I was here, in 1981. It didn’t exist even last year, until the Marines landed. It is a product of the war and a monument to Somali entrepreneurship. [25]

What was he coming back to, if not to another strange place of ruin, one that did not quite exist, now in a different sense?

NOTES

[First published in Elizabeth Diller and Ricardo Scofidio, *Back to the Front: Tourisms of War/Visite aux armées: Tourismes de guerre*, Caen: FRAC Normandie, and New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1994, 130-163; slightly revised version in Gary Smith, ed., *Forms of Transmission*, Potsdam: Einstein Forum, 1996]

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16. Keith B. Richburg, “U.S. Patrol Clashes with Somalis at Rally,” *The Washington Post*, 13 August 1993, A27; in “Somalis Seek Trade for U.S. Captive,” 7 October 1993, A39, Richburg quotes SNA Nairobi official Husein Dhimble apologizing for the July attack in Mogadishu on journalists: “We made a mistake one time; we will not make it any more,” Dhimble said. He said the presence of journalists in Mogadishu ‘is our voice to the world.’”
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19. CNN, 18 September 1993, 5:15 PM. Howard Kurtz, “No American Journalists Reporting From the Scene,” *The Washington Post*, 6 October 1993, A13, identifies the journalist as Peter Northall, a British

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21. Richard Dowden, "TV gives Americans grim message from Mogadishu," *The Independent* (London), 7 October 1993.

22. CNN, 10 October 1993, 1:00 PM.

23. Douglas Jehl, "G.I.'s Pinned Down in Somalia, Not Able, for Most Part, to Patrol," *The New York Times*, 13 October 1993, A10, reports that the Pentagon-organized pool of reporters, including himself, was led back into Mogadishu by "a White House official, Jeff Eller, Mr. Clinton's special assistant for media affairs. Mr. Eller said this afternoon that he was dispatched to Somalia by David Gergen, the counselor to the President, and Mark Gearan, the communications director, as a symbol of a commitment by the White House to give reporters a clear picture of military operations."

24. Geoff Crowther et al., *Africa on a shoestring*, sixth edition, Berkeley, London, and Hawthorn, Vic., Australia: Lonely Planet Publications, 1992.

25. Michael Maren, "The Somalia Experiment," *The Village Voice*, 28 September 1993, 34.