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Big-Boss to Fugitive to Captive

"His arrest is immensely important for victims who waited too long."

So said Serge Brammertz, chief prosecutor at the International Criminal Court in The Hague, on the arrest of Radovan Karadzic after thirteen years on the run. In 1995 he was indicted for genocide, complicity in genocide, extermination, murder, killing and persecution between 1991 and 1995 in Bosnia, where he led the Serbian campaign to destroy and partition the country and drive most non-Serbs out of territory claimed by Serbs.

In only my second month of blogging, back in the halcyon days of 2002, I wrote a post about the two indicted, on-the-run Serbian war criminals Ratko Mladic and his boss Mr Karadzic. Both had once been big bosses amongst their fellow Bosnian Serbs: Mladic a senior army general and Karadzic the president. During that summer, between long periods of lethargy, the Nato-led SFOR

stabilisation mission was having one of its periodic bouts of activity when it would pretend to search for the two fugitives in the mountains of Serbia and Bosnia, the Serbs would pretend not to obstruct them, and the media would use the story to brighten up an otherwise news-free silly-season August.

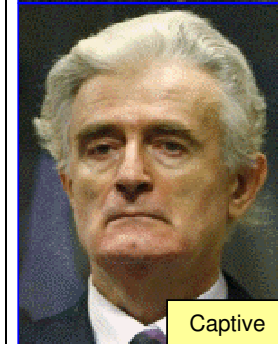
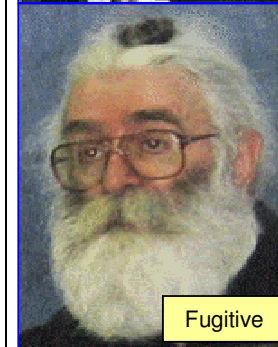
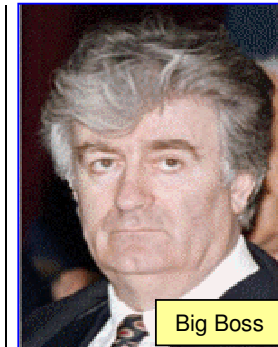
Two years later, as the indictment saga once again hit the headlines and nothing much had changed, I regurgitated much of it in a letter kindly published by the Irish Times.

I pointed out that being indicted is itself a lifetime sentence whether or not you are captured. You have, effectively, been charged, tried, found guilty and then sentenced to a miserable life-long punishment of fugitivism. This is all done, in absentia, via the presentation of unchallenged evidence to a faceless committee operating behind closed doors, and without your ever having the chance to put up a defence or even knowing the details of what exactly you are being accused of. Your only way out, if you can call it that, is to present yourself for trial to the tribunal that has indicted you and hope that the terms of your imprisonment are shorter than the lifetime sentence you are otherwise serving as a fugitive.

As an indictee, a life of constant hiding and harassment - real or imagined - lies ahead, spent in mountain hideaways, secret chalets, unknown monasteries, anonymous villages, faceless towerblocks, with no end in sight. Despite how many ill-gotten millions you may have squirreled away, they will not provide much fun -

- no sunny holidays,
- no shopping trips to Harrods,
- no celebrity blondes,
- no Caribbean cruises with adored grandchildren,
- no obsequious appearances on TV or in Hello! or OK! magazines,
- no meals in world-class restaurants,
- no champagne receptions,
- no ringside (or any) seats at international concerts and events,
- no meetings with the great and the good.

In fact, the only thing your money is good for is to pay your bodyguards. Mr Karadzic reportedly had eighty of them when he began his career as a fugitive after he was indicted in July 1995; by the end of the decade this was down to forty. Sometime around 2000, hiding his face behind a magnificent disguise of chunky spectacles and mountainous white hair and beard, he decided to pursue a new profession as some kind of new-age faith-healer, a trade not known for high income levels. His bodyguards were gone, he lived in a modest flat on the outskirts of Belgrade, rode public transport and consumed things like yoghurt, fruit, cheap Serbian wine, dried beans, fish-meal. When finally arrested aboard a bus, he was off on holiday somewhere with just €600 in his bag. Clearly his big money was gone. I don't know what a Bosnian bodyguard costs, but I would guess around \$20,000 a year, which would mean he spent some \$2m on them between 1995 and 2000. So, whatever his other crimes, he does not appear to have filched money at anything like the same rate as many other dissolute political leaders.



What we now see of the experiences of Mr Karadzic bears out what seemed pretty self-evident six years ago, at least to me. From the moment that the International Criminal Court, or equivalent body, decides to indict someone, which it does unilaterally though only for the most heinous of crimes, that person's life is effectively over. He must either spend his remaining years

- as a fugitive haemorrhaging money until it is all gone
- or else serve the decades-long sentence that the court will inevitably hand down - an acquittal is unthinkable.

These stark alternatives -

fugitivism or captivity - confront every recent indictee I can think of, some now liberated through death.

- Idi Amin, brutal, murderous, ethnic-cleansing dictator of Uganda, who spent his last 24 years hiding away in those renowned funspots, Libya and Saudi Arabia.
- Manuel Noriega, brutal, murderous drug-dealing dictator of Panama, languishing in an American jail since 1989.
- Augusto Pinochet, brutal, murderous dictator of Chile, who spent his last eight years miserably confined to his house in Santiago after a Spanish judge nearly engineered his arrest for murder and torture during a visit to Margaret Thatcher in England.
- Charles Taylor, brutal, murderous, war-mongering dictator of Liberia, unexpectedly extradited from his bolthole in Nigeria and now awaiting trial in The Hague, followed no doubt by a life sentence.
- Goran Hadzic, a brutal, murderous Croatian-born Serb indicted in 2004 for ethnic cleansing, imprisonment, torture and/or extermination of non-Serbs in the Krajina area of eastern Croatia.
- Omar al-Bashir, brutal, murderous current dictator of Sudan, indicted just last month for the genocide, systematic rape and ethnic cleansing that is still going on in Darfur; he will never dare leave his wretched country again.

And of course, there's Ratko Mladic, the brutal, murderous Bosnian Serb army general who, in addition to many other crimes,



oversaw the massacre of 6,000 men and boys at Srebrenica, whilst reporting to his buddy Mr Karadzic. With his big-boss phase long over, he is now in his fourteenth boring year as a fugitive. Because he used to be a military man, he probably still

has quite a following among his erstwhile soldiers, who doubtless continue to provide physical protection but with less drain on personal resources than Mr Karadzic could manage. So he might last a decade or so longer, but he too will one day fall captive into a prosecutor's arms, unless he simply dies prematurely due to stress, as did Slobodan Milosevic in 2006 during his own war-crimes trial.

Either way, Gen Mladic's life has, thanks to the indictment, long been over; he is irrevocably locked into the trajectory from big-boss to fugitive to captive. He is certainly not "*getting away with murder*" as his many victims might feel.

Ancient Greeks' Astronomical Computer

The latest Olympiad, to be held in Beijing, begins, auspiciously, on Friday 8th August 2008, better expressed as 8/8/8, to reflect the

root of its auspiciousness in Chinese lore. Single digit numbers are always special for the Chinese, and the more the better, but eight is the most special of all. This is because In Cantonese it is pronounced Bah, in Mandarin Fah, and the word forms part of the expression for "*get wealthy*". That's the reason I will be attending a nephew's wedding that day, the date selected because he is half Chinese, and (like the rest of us) hopes to "*get wealthy*" thanks to 8/8/8.

In this context, I was astonished to learn recently of the story of a Roman merchant vessel from the second century BC, whose wreck was discovered in 1901 by divers off the Greek island of Antikythera. It turned out to be stuffed full of Greek treasures, artefacts and bronze statuary, which in due course made their way to the



National Archaeological Museum in Athens.

Some months later, an indiscriminate lump of metal split apart, to reveal some small precision gear-wheels and mysterious, indistinct inscriptions. This was clearly a machine of some sort. But its state of deterioration prevented anyone from properly understanding it, until the advent of 21st century technology in the form of 3D X-Rays and modern IT, combined with astronomical expertise and classical Greek scholarship, allowed its secrets to be delicately prised open.

The Antikythera mechanism turns out to be a clockwork driven clock, which is astounding enough for a device over two thousand years old, but it's not just any old clock. Its intricate gears with hundreds of tiny teeth and epicyclical trajectories betray its true function as a mechanical astronomic computer which uses the predicted movement of the stars and planets to calculate time and dates.

An animated, functioning copy has been reconstructed on a virtual (computerised) basis, allowing it to be rotated and viewed on a screen from every angle and in great detail. Don Unwin, a master instrument-maker of historic clocks has been commissioned to build a working physical replica, and is clearly excited at the prospect.

The original had two calendar functions which have attracted particular attention, with separate sub-dials on the face of the clock from which the ancients could read off the information.

- The first would tell them when the next lunar and solar ellipses were due in a manner that would remain valid for up to fifteen centuries.
- The second dial traced a four-year cycle. While this had no astronomical or scientific

purpose, it had a profound cultural meaning, for the Olympic games were conducted then as now on a quadrennial basis. However, since they had to begin on the full Moon closest to the summer solstice, expertise in astronomy was needed to calculate the timing required. The games continued for over a millennium until the the Christian Roman emperor Theodosius I banned them in 394 AD, to be resurrected only in 1896, just five years before the Antikythera wreck was discovered.

Those involved in unscrambling what amounts to a mechanical computer built by the ancient Greeks describe it as “*a complicated model doing complicated and extremely sophisticated things in a design which is pure genius*”.

In the latest issue of Nature magazine you can find an [article](#) explaining the work done to date. But there is an even better, utterly compelling video [here](#), as we approach the “*get wealthy*” Olympic date of 8/8/8.

Let's **NOT** Roll

Amongst the tragedy and misery of the 9/11 outrage, one particular act of incredible, selfless courage stood out. When United Airlines Flight 93, flying out of New Jersey, was forced by Islamic suicide hijackers to U-turn from its trajectory to San Francisco and start heading back towards the White House, the passengers realised what was happening, because over their mobile phones they had learnt about the the two

planes which had already been flown into the Twin Towers.

The hijackers on Flight 93 had already killed one passenger and wounded the flight crew. But rather than cower in fear and wait for the “*inevitable*” to happen, they got together and took action in the American way. A hitherto nondescript IT account manager, [Todd Beamer](#), became a heroic leader. He and a hastily assembled team of other passengers launched a counter attack on the hijackers, which successfully aborted the White House mission, but at the price of crash-landing in a field in Pennsylvania with everyone on board killed. Just before the fateful attack, Todd Beamer was overheard on a mobile phone shouting “*Let's roll!*”. This later later became a battle cry for those fighting Al-Qaeda, inspiring thousands all over the world - civilians and military alike - to fight back against evil-doers, to this day.

One of those was undoubtedly Jake in England. A couple of years ago I [wrote about](#) this baby-faced then 12-year-old who, when a 95-kilo thug in a balaclava demanded his mobile phone and threw a punch, delivered to Mr Balaclava a broken nose instead. Young Jake, who turned out to be a karate brown-belt, in his own “*Let's roll!*” moment dodged the punch and landed a kick squarely on his assailant's nose, which cracked loudly. The man ran away in pain. Shamefully however the police said he should have meekly handed over his phone.

Sadly, Todd Beamer's heroic example does not seem to have permeated to all parts of Canada. Last week a 40-year-old passenger on a Greyhound bus in western Canada calmly murdered the 19-year-old man sitting

beside him. Garnet Caton, one of 35 other passengers aboard the bus, [describes](#) what happened -

“We heard this bloodcurdling scream and turned around, and the guy was standing up, stabbing this guy repeatedly, like 40 or 50 times ... When he was attacking him, he was calm ... like he was at the beach. There was no rage or anything. He was just like a robot stabbing the guy.”

From reports, it is apparent that the 35 other passengers calmly allowed the killer to proceed with his grisly business unmolested, but then stampeded off the bus in terror at the first opportunity.

When you think about the heroism of Todd Beamer and his fellow passengers, there can be no starker contrast than the abject, shameful, unmanly cowardice of the bus passengers. Despite a 35:1 numerical advantage, they simply made no effort to stop a sole man armed only with a hunting knife from committing a most foul murder.

The story gets worse. Once the passengers and driver had jumped off the bus, they “*bravely*” jammed the door shut on the murderer and his victim. He then proceeded to hack off his victim's head and proudly displayed it aloft. Later he started cutting up the rest of the body.

Someone must have phoned the Royal Canadian Mounted Police because in due course they arrived and arrested the perpetrator. However they have refused to give out any identity details such as his name or nationality.

Now why would that be? Is it possible that this information might provide a clue as to what this ghastly episode was about? Perhaps he was white? Or maybe an African? Canada has countless Chinese and Koreans, especially in the

West; could it have been one of those? And if so, would the Police have been nervous about revealing this? Why?

Hmmm.

But what if he was of dusky complexion and called Abdullah or Mohammed? Surely this is the only circumstance that would explain the Mounties' coyness. I would put money on it that these exemplars of Canadian manhood are simply too politically correct and too frightened to reveal that the killer/beheader was a Muslim, in case that leads people to conclude that the murder was an act of Jihad and everyone blames the Mounties for stirring up religious strife. No other explanation makes sense.

In my view, the Mounties' craven reticence is on a par with the passengers' cowardice. Moreover, they actually praised the craven passengers for making no effort to stop the crime. Cowardice rules.

Pretty much a collective “*Let's **NOT** roll!*”.

You would have expected more honourable behaviour from Canadians. Someone please tell me these people are not representative.

Late Notes (5th and 13th August 2008):

*Well, I was completely wrong about the identity of the killer. Despite the Mounties' curious reluctance to divulge his identity, he is **not** an Islamic Jihadist, but a recent Chinese immigrant to Canada, Vince Li Wei-Guang, who is apparently a Christian - and a cannibal.*

But this takes nothing from the cowardice of the other passengers.

And if you have any doubts about this, just watch this *Yourfube* videoclip starring Garnet Caton, blissfully unaware of his own abject cowardice.

Ryanair Finger

Michael O'Leary, the boss of Ryanair, is renowned for giving the (metaphorical) finger to all and sundry, in particular governments, grandiose magnates, airport operators and national-airline competitors, though never to other low-cost operators such as EasyJet. The fury that this behaviour induces always generates further publicity and additional ticket sales.

Recent objects of his derision and finger, expressed in Ryanair advertisements, have included

- A photograph of the newly betrothed Sarkozys, with Carla Bruni thinking "With Ryanair's low fares, my whole family can come to the wedding". The French were furious.
- Irish billionaire businessman Denis O'Brien who escapes Irish taxes by becoming a tax exile in Malta; Ryanair offered customers free flights to Malta, with a photograph of Mr O'Brien and the tag line, "All you pay is taxes". Fellow tax-exiles were furious.

- A potpourri including German Chancellor Angela Merkel, British prime ministers Tony Blair and Gordon ("The Great Plane Robber") Brown, Irish Taoiseach Bertie Ahern, Irish transport minister Mary "gun-totin' cowgirl" O'Rourke, Sweden's prime minister Goeran "Time to flee the country" Persson, most of them eliciting howls of fury.

But the latest is the best because it includes an actual finger - that of maverick Italian politician Umberto Bossi who leads the Northern League party which is currently in coalition with Silvio Berlusconi. Apparently Minister Bossi, who wants the wealthy North to break away from the rest of Italy, was snapped on 18th July at his party's congress in Padua giving the finger when the National Anthem was played, specifically at the words "Slaves of Rome, never again".



I've reproduced Michael O'Leary's advertisement, capturing the moment.

It reads,

"The government ...

- supports Alitalia's high tariffs
- supports its frequent strikes
- doesn't give a damn about Italian passengers"

And here is the furious response from Italy's Transport minister Altero Mateoli -

"It is quite unacceptable and vulgar that a foreign airline company, a guest at our airports and in our air space, should use a government minister in this offensive manner just to generate publicity ... That Ryanair ... should now attack both the Italian national carrier and the policies of the Italian government is really too much."

Strangely there is no criticism directed at Mr Bossi's own, treasonous finger.

You can always rely on Michael O'Leary to add to the hilarity of Europe. May his finger never rest.

Venta Los Condes - Restaurant Review

Take a drive northwards and upwards into the hills overlooking the industrial town cum holiday resort of Fuengirola on Spain's Costa del Sol and you shortly come to the pretty little village of Mijas, a clump of white-washed houses, shops and a picturesque little bull ring.

If you get your timing right (ie mid June) you can attend its annual Blues Festival, annual in the sense it held its first in 2007 and it was even better in 2008. It's free and goes on for 12 hours non-stop on a Saturday. With acts from all over the world, there is great music (sample), while on sale in stalls for nominal amounts there are great sizzling sausages, steaks and chicken wings, washed down with ice cold beer sold by the litre or goblets of wine. With cloudless blue skies and temperatures made for T-shirts and shorts, no

wonder everyone was in a good mood with spontaneous dancing throughout the day and night. The only problem is logistics. Drive and there's almost no parking and anyway you're in no state to drive home. Take public transport and, there isn't much, so you have to hope sufficient taxis show up.

Having recovered from this diversion, you need to choose a different day to retrace your steps in search of lunch. Beyond Mijas, you will find on your right on the road halfway to the much less pretty Coin a little restaurant perched on the side of the mountain, with spectacular views over the Costa del Sol and the sparkling Mediterranean in the distance.

Venta Los Condes is a small family-run typical Andalucian venta, or small brasserie, owned by the patriarch Juan Quero Leiva, that always seems to be buzzing. The menu is small by some standards but enticing, with the barbecue fizzing and smoking on the patio in front of the guests. (My own view/experience is that the bigger the menu the lower the quality, for how can the chef be good at everything?). It also serves tapas and a speciality is the local diesel (sherry) which is behind the bar in casks.

It's most definitely not a fast-food joint so be prepared to take your time and enjoy the scenery, aromas, ambience and relaxed service. Everything cooked fresh.

My beloved wife began with Sopa Ajos, a garlic soup with saffron, whilst floating on top was an omelette impregnated with potato and ham. It sounds a bit weird, but was hot, delicious and left you unable to talk to anyone else who hadn't also ingested vast quantities of garlic.

I went for the Gambas Pil Pil, comprising about ten fat prawns in a sizzling sauce of oil, garlic,

saffron and chillies. The prawns were a



bit overcooked, but the whole point of this dish is actually the oily sauce, which requires copious amounts of bread to soak it all up.

We followed these with a Brocheta Pescado and the Chuleta Cerdo.

The former was a two-foot long skewer of white fish, prawns, onion, peppers and tomatoes, barbecued over coals, served with thin French fries and a fresh salad. Some of the fish was a bit overcooked, the onions undercooked, the tomatoes just right – the hazard of different cooking times when

they're all on the same skewer. Nevertheless the whole thing was a delicious experience.



The Chuleta Cerdo was a large, thick pork chop complete with a layer of fat and crackling, cooked over open charcoal, served with deep-fried baby green peppers, potatoes cooked in stock and some ghastly verdure (green vegetables). It was too mouth-watering not to photograph. The chop wasn't quite as good as it looked (slightly overcooked and underseasoned) but it was still a memorable dish.

Having eaten so much, we couldn't face deserts so just finished with coffees. The whole bill for two, including a couple of glasses of wine, some fizzy water and a tip was a modest €36.

Looking back, the food alone wouldn't draw me back. But when you combine it with the views, sunshine, those aromas, atmosphere, the sense of being in a different world, Venta Los Condes becomes irresistible. My overall assessment is 75%.

The restaurant's address is Sierra Blanca 9, Carretera Mijas, Coin Km 3, Málaga (Andalucia). No GPS co-ordinates this time because I forgot to bring my machine. You can phone for a reservation on +34-95-248.5714, and as you would expect from such a traditional little place there is no website.

Issue 180's Comments to Cyberspace

Two scribbles during the past fortnight, of which one was actually published.

- Position harmful to children **P!**

Published in: The Irish Independent

At least we know now that the Irish Council for Civil Liberties (ICCL) does not believe in a child's right to a mother and father where possible. Nor does the Free Legal Advice Centres, nor the Irish Penal Reform Trust.

On July 29 [*"Attack on UN rights body just doesn't bear scrutiny"*], the heads of the three above organisations attacked David Quinn for having the temerity to criticise their view on human rights (*"How dare the UN take us to task on human rights"*, Irish Independent, July 18).

Among other things, Mr Quinn pointed out that by supporting gay adoption, etc, the ICCL and its allied organisations implicitly deny a child's right to a mother and father. This is highly controversial.

In their reply to Mr Quinn, they confirm this by also attacking Professor Patricia Casey, who has written elsewhere in defence of a child's right to both a mother and father. Prof Casey bases her case on the growing body of evidence which shows that having both a mother and a father is of benefit to a child.

In support of her case, Professor Casey cited reports by Anna Sarkadi of the University of Uppsala [*"Fathers' involvement and children's developmental outcomes: a systematic review of longitudinal studies"*] and by Unicef [*"Child Poverty in Perspective: An Overview of Child Wellbeing in Rich Countries"* UNICEF Report Card 7, 2007] highlighting the importance of fathers.

Prof Casey logically concluded that every child should have a mother and father, where possible, and that the State should support heterosexual marriage, because married fathers have more contact with their children than non-married fathers, on average.

It's true, as Mr Quinn's critics point out, that both Unicef and Anna Sarkadi attacked Prof Casey for drawing this conclusion, but her logic is inescapable. If fathers matter, then every child should, where possible, have one, and presumably a mother also.

In any event, Mr Quinn's critics have proven his point: namely that there are competing views of human rights; and one flashpoint concerns the right of a child to a mother and a father. The ICCL, etc, are firmly aligned with the radical side in this particular debate, a position that is distinctly -- and self-evidently -- harmful to the interests of children. - Yours etc.

- Melanie Phillips must be the most incompetent journalist in Britain

To: CentreRight, a site dedicated to the British Conservative movement

As Brian Wilson and others infer, since Mr Kawczynski MP, as a co-author, did not publicly dissent from the report, he therefore endorsed it. Period.

If through embarrassment he has now decided to change his mind, he better make some very public statements to that effect very fast and very loud. Moaning in a blogpost or writing private letters does not achieve this.

I totally agree with Melanie Phillips on this issue.

BTW, I am astonished at some of the anti-Jew invective in this thread, the more so because it is a "Conservative" site.

Quotes for Issue 180

----- J I H A D -----

Quote: "The only successful way to free the prisoners is by kidnapping soldiers."

Sami Abu Zuhri, a Hamas spokesman, points out the obvious conclusion to be drawn from Israel's release of child-murderer Samir Kuntar and other prisoners, in exchange for the bodies of the two Israeli soldiers whose kidnap sparked the Israeli war against Hamas in Gaza in 2006.

Expect more such kidnaps.
And the assassination of Mr Kuntar.

----- I R A N -----

Quote: "I wish each and every Iranian could travel abroad, come to the US or go to Europe for just one week, and feel, smell and breathe freedom, human dignity, and realise the value of their lives."

Ahmad Batebi after escaping to America following nine years of imprisonment and crippling torture for having appeared (unwittingly) as a human-rights protestor on the cover of The Economist on 12 July 1999



----- W T O -----

Quote: "If states cannot even work together on something as obvious as world trade then how can we effectively address other issues that require a multilateral response such as climate change."

Peter Sutherland,
who as director general of the GATT,
forerunner of the WTO,
presided over the last global deal in 1994

----- O B A M A -----

Quote: "The terrorists of September 11th plotted in Hamburg and trained in Kandahar and Karachi before killing thousands from all over the globe on American soil."

So keen to be seen as a
"citizen of the world",
Barack Obama speechifying in Berlin
seems to think that
the 327 non-Americans murdered
on 9/11 amount to
"thousands from all over the globe",
to the distaste of Americans everywhere,

who lost 2,646 of their
countrymen, women and children.

Quote: "So let me be clear. Jerusalem will be the capital of Israel and must remain undivided. What I mean by this is simply that there should be no barbed wire between the divisions, and my very consistent policy has been that Bill Clinton's plan, proposing a partition of Jerusalem, provides a starting point for negotiations on this final status issue."

Rich Richman, a blogger at American Thinker, summarises Barack Obama's flip-flops describing his position on the future status of Jerusalem, based on his public utterances between 2000 and now.

Glad that's been clarified then.

----- I R E L A N D -----

Quote: "A French kiss for an Irish Taoiseach on the steps of Government Buildings."

Journalist Miriam Lord,
after President Nicolas Sarkozy
kissed Taoiseach (Prime Minister)
Brian Cowen on both cheeks,
much to the latter's horror.

Mr Sarkozy was visiting Ireland to "understand" why the cheeky Irish had dared vote down the Lisbon Treaty.

