Contents

1. Introduction
Something is wrong with this picture 1
Imagining Afghanistan 4
This is not nation-building 6
Refugee-induced urbanization 10
The ‘permanent fix’ that isn’t: refugee resettlement policy in Afghanistan 14
2. Invitation 17
The half-mirror of modernity 18
Planning as an expression of political rationalities 20
Misperceptions of the city 20
Writing against the linguistic grain 21
Two cities, two failures in housing policy 24
Neoliberalizing Afghanistan 26
Extremism and accretion, rather than fundamentalism and accumulation 31
Hard lessons in de facto urban policy 32
The politics of position: working for the Islamic Republic 35
4. Neighborhood upgrading 36
3. Building codes 37
2. Land use planning 38
1. Surveying in haste 41
Data by accident, in a regime that chooses not to see 42
Numbers and regime accountability 49
From housing policy to urban politics 52
Towards an understanding of planning in Kabul 53
3. Planning as urban politics 55
Governing regimes versus domination by “the State” 55
A plurality of rationalities 58
Rationalities in relation 60

Biopolitics and the pluralization of political reason 62
Translations: political rationalities in the Afghan context 62
Chadwick's bargain and the liberal limits of biopower 64
Plural rationalities, plural modes of planning 67
Formal planning (Concrete) 68
Informal planning (Clay) 69
Exceptionalist planning (Mirrorglass) 71
Graphing the pluralization of planning in Kabul 73
Making sense out of a fractured planning process 77
4. Concrete 79
In search of the urban regime 80
Regime legitimation through the image of modernity 84
Beaux-Arts urban modernization: Amanullah and the *Kabul Jadid* plan 85
A more prosaic modernization under the Musahibans, 1930-1963 87
Cold War geopolitics and developmental regimes: a new socio-political bargain 96
Khrushchev's Soviet urban planning 98
A totalizing concept of urban planning 102
Master-Planning Kabul, 1964-1992 104
Negotiating access to information 110
Visualizing the Master-Planned Kabul 111
Developmentalist regimes and Modernist urbanization 115
Formal planning under fragmenting sovereignty 119
Breaking the 'fair deal' 120
The return of the Master Plan, post-2005 124
Institutional continuities and discontinuities in an urban regime 130
Exurban formal planning by the Ministry of Urban Development 132
The cost of political disruption to actual management of urban development 135
5. Clay 137
From customary to informal 139
Re-reading the urban landscape 143

Clay as a mode of urban planning 145
An urban genealogy of rights 150
The case of Shir Pur 153
Some historical perspective on Shir Pur 155
The Wazir factor 157
The political factor 159
A peculiar collusion 162
An innovative building type: Aid-palaces 166
Re-thinking urban informality 168
Lex, *ius*, and the politics of urban informality 169
The productivity of urban informality 172
Formal and informal planning through the lens of biopolitics 179
6. Mirrorglass 183
Militarized humanitarianism: the biopolitics of American hegemony 184
Urban segregation as risk-segmentation 187
"Bubble" logic: inserting low-risk environments into Afghan cities 188
The biopolitics of demographic transitions 191
Demographic transitions as life-world schisms 193
The urban mechanics of risk-segmentation 196
Kabul through the Mirrorglass: An elite schematic 199
The Citadel, the Global Village, and the Forbidden Forest 199
Citadel as spatial and political assemblage 201
The Global Village 205
The MOSS house in the Global Village 212
The Forbidden Forest 213
Mutually-invisible geographies: the Forbidden Forest as dis-counted space 214
The production of elite subjects 218
7. Transmission 223
Contributions of this research 226
Planning in Multiple Modes 226

Global empire, viewed from the street 229
Planning as a normative project 230
The challenging ethics of complex agency 230
Beyond the paralysis of cynicism 233
8. Bibliography 237

Preface

Magic World

“Wait a minute. I know this place.”

I was walking through Terminal 1 of Dubai International Airport on May 27th, 2003, on my way to Kabul for the first time. The Society of Afghan Engineers had invited me to participate in a capacity-building program in which Afghan-Americans were returning to Kabul to volunteer their professional services to the new Afghan Transitional Administration. The easiest way to fly to Kabul at the time was to connect through either Frankfurt or London to Dubai, and then on to Kabul.

This was just before Dubai became world-famous for its opulence; but the Emirate had already begun upgrading its infrastructure for some time. They had contracted with Bechtel Civil for the design and construction of this new airport terminal. Bechtel, based in San Francisco, had extensive experience building airports, and building in the Middle East. It also had experience with large hospitality facilities. Bechtel built the EPCOT center at Disneyworld. They had been involved in the construction of Dubai International’s Terminal 1 in the mid 1990s. While overseeing the construction of the terminal building, they were commissioned with the design of Magic World Theme Park, to be built in the desert adjacent to the Dubai Lagoon.

I was hired by Bechtel in 1998 to help design the “Sinbad’s Voyage” water-ride, modeled on the “Pirates of the Caribbean” ride at Disneyland. I had just spent a year doing Commedia Dell’Arte performance, mask design, and set design, including some work for the San Francisco Mime Troupe. I needed to pay down my bills and I thought that working on an amusement park design would be a fun and strange way to integrate set design with my professional training in urban design. So, I ended up detailing onion-domes that would be framed out on top of a tilt-up structure (like a Wal-Mart) and sculpted in architectural foam.

Why had the Sheikh commissioned a team in San Francisco to design a Sindbad-themed variant on the Pirates of the Caribbean ride? Only fifty years earlier, actual dhows were sailing from that same lagoon. There is now a replica of a dhow housed outside of the Dubai Museum, next to Dubai’s Old Town replica of its own old town. But the Sheikh was after world-class branding. He wanted the firm that had built the world’s most famous amusement park to build his amusement park, only better. Besides: for a Sindbad’s Voyage ride, who better to design it than the Californians who had extracted so many traditional stories and folktales and converted them into profitable commodities? The Sheikh *was* getting the real thing. We would take bits of *the thousand nights and one night* and convert them into a profitable, well-built carnival ride.

Magic World never got built. The Sheikh could not be contacted in the fall of 1998, and he had stopped paying Bechtel. At one point a manager walked through our row of cubicles, complaining that the Sheikh was in southern Afghanistan, of all places, spending his time falcon-hunting. Riley Bechtel decided to concentrate the business focus on mining, bridges, and nuclear facilities. The whole amusement park design team was

laid off; the unit was disbanded. That was painful to witness. Some of the staff had been hired straight out of school and worked at Bechtel for twenty-five years. They had received their commemorative watches for such loyalty to the firm; but now they were asking me how to put together resumes and design portfolios for the first time. The era of stable employment in the United States was over.

During my brief time at Bechtel I saw the drawings of Terminal 1. Five years later, I was walking through part of the magical world of Dubai that *did* get built. I was completely taken by surprise: I was on my way from San Francisco (presumably the First World) to Kabul (the Third World, or maybe even Fourth). But here at my last connection, just four hours from Kabul, I found myself in a world that made San Francisco look shabby and somewhat backward. Dubai was the latest manifestation of what Walter Benjamin called our present phantasmagoria—an enchanted world created for the purpose of selling commodities. Benjamin began to reveal the stage-set workings of modern capitalism through his analysis of the outdated, discarded, yester-year phantasmagoria of the Parisian arcades. In their time, they had been the height of fashion; but sixty years later, in the 1920s, Benjamin sensed the uneasiness of contemporary Parisians around these decidedly out-of-fashion spaces. What did that reveal about the present-day world that he—and now we—inhabit? I was experiencing the reverse: I had participated in the creation of this latest Oz, and the shock of the new made it difficult to absorb. Besides, I was struggling with another dimension of the modern phantasmagory. I was in transit to a land that was haunting the imaginations of Americans. At the time, the glitzy mall of Dubai Terminal One seemed entirely incongruous with the war zone I was about to enter. Only later would I begin to understand some of the vital relations between San Francisco, Dubai, and Kabul.

Part of what I was experiencing in May of 2003 was direct evidence that the Cold War era division of the world into First and Third was obsolete. As Aihwa Ong and Ananya Roy point out, Dubai was not even referencing Western cities in its modernization. The image of modernity for Dubai is Singapore. Emiratis can buy the services of Americans to apply some brand-California sheen to their cities; but we are seen as quaint, not as the model of their future.

I was also seeing the metropole of a very different, emergent type of urban complex. At the time there were direct flights from Dubai to the major cities of east Asia, Europe, and South Africa. Since then, Emirates Airlines has bought longer-range jets and there are now direct flights from San Francisco as well, straight over the shrinking ice-cap of the Arctic. Closer in, Dubai is a regional employer of Bangladeshis, Indians, Pakistanis, and Afghans in construction and service jobs. Closer still, Dubai is part of a cluster of cities in the Emirates. Abu Dhabi is focusing on higher education and environmental sustainability; Dubai is focusing on business and tourism. Rapid urbanization in South Asia and the Middle East involves extended relationships across space, just as Atlantic Coast urbanization in the United States depended upon long-distance linkages by canal and rail to Chicago and the ranchers of the Western Plains. The scale and pattern are very different; but extended relationships continue to play a crucial role in urbanization.

A year after my first visit to Kabul I learned about another connection between it and

Dubai. During his testimony before the 9/11 Commission on March 24, 2004, Richard A. Clarke reviewed several instances when the Clinton Administration tried to assassinate Osama bin Laden. One missed chance was in October of 1998, when bin Laden's location in southern Afghanistan had been confirmed. A final high-resolution satellite photo was taken to confirm the target for a cruise-missile attack. However that image also revealed the presence of the jet of the royal family of Dubai, parked at the camp. Apparently in the fall of 1998 the Sheikh was out falcon-hunting with his friend bin Laden, rather than paying us for design services on Sindbad's Voyage.

Refugees and pronouns

Authors like to write prefaces as one last chance to reflect upon a work nearing completion. For readers, though, prefaces are often most useful for getting a sense of the author, hopefully one that clarifies their perspective and their agenda in the text that follows. I have read my fair share of prefaces for exactly that reason. I want to encourage a great deal more research on the planning of cities in our rapidly-urbanizing world. So, while it may seem crass to wax autobiographic in the opening of a story about a remarkable city, I hope that this indulgence will be useful in critiquing this work. Maybe it will help you design better research methodologies than I have used thus far. Maybe it will help bend our use of language into a better instrument to describe the emergent world we inhabit.

My own narrative has problems. The instability of first-personness throughout this text disturbed my dissertation advisors. I am still grappling with how to write in a mode which expresses some uncomfortable identitarian tensions. Usually the problem is with the pronoun "we," but behind that are some unstable aspects of the "I." That instability is important in how it connects to migration, geopolitics, and urbanization.

My ancestors are Italian, Greek-Italian, and Swedish. My parents met in lower Manhattan, a quintessential site of waves of American urbanization. *Their* parents had assimilated thoroughly, refusing to pass on either language or folk-superstitions. Arriving in America meant arriving in modernity, breaking with tradition. And yet, both sets of my grandparents were uncomfortable with a Catholic-Lutheran wedding. As a sort of compromise, my parents settled in suburban Connecticut among Ashkehazi Jews who did not mind our mixed-Christian household. As normal as West Hartford might seem, though, it was very much haunted by the Holocaust. So many of my classmates had no grandparents, no uncles and aunts, no cousins. This calm, bland place was a refuge from the intensely violent geopolitics of the twentieth century: the attempted extermination of an entire people.

I grew up as a minority Christian in a Jewish community in Connecticut, and then came of age as a minority Christian in the secular community of the San Francisco Bay Area. Early on, I had to develop a dual dialect for discussing religion with either believers or nonbelievers. This tension was exacerbated by the rise of intolerant Christian fundamentalism during the 1980s. The use of Christianity as a pretext for violent hatred is especially painful for me, because what Jesus demands most directly through his teachings is to be compassionate. Homophobes, Islamophobes, and enemies of scientific

research are usually my co-religionists. I cannot separate from them, cannot set them apart as Other, no matter how divisive American politics may become. Seeing through the eyes of the other, opening up to radically different ways of *feeling* the world is the most sacred and most disturbing act of faith that I can commit. As my wife reminded me on September 11, 2001, we need to pray for our enemies as well. That is our fullest act of humanity.

Those formative experiences shaped how I would approach Afghanistan. During my work and research, I often had extended conversations with taxi-drivers while we were stuck in traffic. Usually we would discuss politics and religion; most Afghans I met were tremendously relieved to find out that I was a Christian. That provided a shared basis of identity, as we discussed the shared qualities of Christianity and Islam. It was a basis of connection, *ertebat*, that was deeply human. It also revealed to me how anxious Afghans are about Westerners who fail to recognize the shared lineage of Islam and Christianity, and perhaps an even greater anxiety about secular, 'post-religion' Westerners including aid workers and diplomatic staff in Kabul. Stern Islamists might regard such unbelievers as corrupting threats; but the Afghans I met seemed most worried that such nonbelievers were lost souls.

I felt a great deal of affinity for the Afghans I met and worked with, but affinity is not the same as identity. Mindful of the questionable ethics of British explorers who had pretended to 'go native' in this region, I had to be very careful to actually maintain my non-Afghanness during my research. I happen to look like many Kabulis, in part because I inherited more of the Graeco-Italian features of my ancestors, but also because Afghans themselves are so diverse. This made it easy for me to ride buses, take shared taxis, and walk through crowded urban areas unnoticed. Afghans in Europe do likewise: they pass as Italians when they want to avoid attention. Even King Amanullah commented about how congenial he found Naples to be. Most Kabulis explained my resemblance to them as a result of passage of Alexander's army through the region. However, Martin Schwartz, professor of Near Eastern Studies at Berkeley, doubts the Hellenic connection. I look Nuristani, and there is little evidence that Greeks intermarried with the people of that region. Schwartz made his point with a characteristic shrug: "Maybe you just happen to resemble Afghans because you are a human being, and so are they."

When I use the 'we' in this text, there are times when it does not imply a complementary or or contrasting 'they.' When it does, the 'they' is not always Afghans.

Shifting terrain

I first become interested in Afghanistan in the late 1980s, when Americans paid far too little attention to events in Kabul. I took advantage of the sea-change in geopolitics after 2001 to gain access to Kabul, to work for the Afghan government and learn about the city through that work. But I expected the situation to stabilize; indeed I expected Afghanistan to slip back into obscurity.

What has happened since 2001 is even more peculiar. Though Afghanistan remains an important site in the daily drama of geopolitics, in many ways the country remains

obscure to Westerners. In part this is because Afghanistan has always been difficult to explore. The terrain is rugged and arid, and Afghans have a justified suspicion about the intentions of outsiders. Meanwhile, Westerners have treated Afghans as an object of geopolitical struggle, or as subjects of development and aid. Neither approach tends to promote careful consideration of what Afghans are saying and thinking. But most importantly, Afghanistan remains a site of anxiety for Westerners—an anxiety through which Westerners produce our own identity.

Edward Said shared this remarkable insight in the opening pages of *Orientalism:* that Europeans *produced* the exotic Orient as part of a process of producing their own identities as Western, as modern, as *not*-Oriental. This is a process in which a whole geographic region is rendered into an abstract, symbolic object, which tends to interfere with any discussion of the actual human beings in that region in terms other than mythology. Said's observation helps explain a struggle I have had throughout the writing of this study. Yes, Afghans do traffic planning, land-use planning, and all sorts of administrative work that Westerners usually classify as normal, even prosaic. That is a vital part of this story, as is the distinctiveness of planning in Kabul. How do we use words like *distinctive* and *different* in this context without shading into words like *exotic?* The issue is not Afghans themselves, who are both normal and remarkable as all humans are; the issue is the politically-lopsided shape of English as we use it.

Anxiety plays a direct role in the shaping of Kabul. The center of the city is a bizarre, securitized landscape serving a complex elite class: Western military commanders, diplomats, aid workers, and Afghan political leaders themselves. Large portions of foreign aid are expended in maintaining this environment in which the suppression of physical risk for preferred individuals is the highest priority. That, in itself, reflects a longer trend in urbanization. Through practices of public health, surveillance, and discipline, Western cities have become extraordinarily safe environments. The probable longevity of citizens in Western cities means we can invest vast sums in individuals, and expect those individuals to generate millions in revenue over their working lifetimes. To place a group of college-educated, highly-skilled aid workers or diplomats in Kabul, the agencies responsible for their physical well-being are willing to create environments so distinct from the surrounding city that we might study Kabul as an example of alien occupation of another planet.

I will occasionally resort to science-fiction metaphors throughout this text, in part to emphasize that Westerners experience Afghanistan at least in part as a projection of our own imaginations. Imagination and visualization are essential functions of urban planning itself, and both our material and institutional world is in large part a product of our imaginations. Thus I do not use science-fiction merely facetiously. I also use it as a tool for strategic dislocation of our own identities in an effort to achieve a little clarity about the world we are observing and creating. As best I can tell from and Afghan perspective, Westerners often are the Borg or the Cylons in the dystopian epic of occupation and survival that comprises the recent history of Afghanistan. We can only laugh at that by recognizing how painful it is; the depth of suffering that humor can touch. We are indeed cybernetic, from our vaccine-enhanced immune systems to our

digital asynchronous communication—web pages, email, texting, and the softcopy of this very text. Most importantly, the 'we' in this case extends steadily to encompass Afghans as well as non-Afghans through linkages of communication, political engagement, and even loyal ties of friendship. The very meaning of first-person pronouns shifts in the description of this urbanizing world.

Toward a history of the vanishing present

During the entire period over which this dissertation was researched and written, Kabul remained a focus of international attention, and political developments significantly altered urban policy in Kabul. I had not expected this. I became interested in Kabul in 1987, and for fifteen years far too little attention was paid to Afghanistan. Despite the dramatic geopolitical shift in 2001-2002 that gave me access to Kabul, I expected that international attention would drift away, for better or worse. Instead, I began to dread hearing the morning news on my clock-radio. Would the latest 'developing story' precipitate a rewrite of one of my chapters? Mostly they did not. As I argue in the chapter "Concrete," the politics of urban planning often involves remarkable continuity in the face of other political changes.

However geopolitics—including the internal politics of the United States—plays a direct role in the planning of central Kabul, and an indirect role in the shaping of the city as a whole. Thus when an Afghan joined the Facebook group "Afghan-Americans for Obama" in the spring of 2008 I posted on his Wall that perhaps Afghans should lobby for a vote in the U.S. election. "No occupation without representation" might be a fitting slogan for Afghans, considering the potential consequences of differing electoral outcomes in the U.S. on their daily lives. The controversies in the re-election of Hamid Karzai in 2009 also had a strong effect, revealing his remarkable loss of both domestic and international legitimacy. The arrival and departure of Stanley McChrystal, worldwide food price inflation in 2007, the return of Pakistan to civilian rule; all of these affected the form and meaning of spaces in Kabul. The political uprisings in North Africa and the Middle East in the spring of 2011 may also have a profound effect over political change in the Afghan capital.

In the week between the signing of my dissertation and the writing of this preface, Barack Obama announced the assassination of Usama bin Laden. Within two days this event began to affect the political calculus over continuing U.S. military involvement in Afghanistan. In a series of satellite photographs of Abbottabad from 2004 through 2010, I also noticed that bin Laden's compound became less isolated as the area around it continued to urbanize. As a researcher, I am acutely aware of how this preface itself will become an historical text, the moment I hit the 'upload' button to file it in the university system. The subtitle of Gayatri Spivak's *Critique of postcolonial reason* is *Toward a history of the vanishing present*. When I first read this phrase, I thought it was deliberately abstract. I suspect the phrase does "carry other valences;" but at one level Spivak is bluntly describing the core problem of writing any cultural or political analysis of an always-changing present.

One of my longer-term concerns, while sifting through emerging news items, is that

the business-model of journalism itself is collapsing. The article which first alerted me to the emerging housing crisis in Kabul in 2002 was written by Barry Bearak for the *San Francisco Chronicle.* Since that time, most American newspapers have laid off their international reporters. At the same time, an increasing number of individuals have begun to post blogs and other bits of writing which provide an expanding, unedited flow of information. My sense is that scholar-researchers will play an increasingly important role in sifting and editing current events, as our counterparts in journalism struggle to find new ways to fund their own work. Discerning signals (changes in the tone of public discourse in Kabul) from the noise (weddings and scandals in the global North) sometimes feels like trying to spot a distant, earth-sized planet against the glare of its parent star.

David Harvey once remarked that the most difficult aspect of social-theory research is the art of negotiating between different scales. This is true of time as well as space. We, as a species, are urbanizing rapidly at this moment. But *rapid,* in this case, is a relational as well as a relative term. Our connection, and how we understand our connection to complex, distributed processes of urbanization, plays a role in shaping that reality. Ethical questions about intervention versus self-determination and responsibility versus accountability are not easily answered under present conditions of fragmenting sovereignty. We are each participants in that urbanization. Our daily lifestyle choices—such as driving versus walking and biking—affect the pattern of our own cities as well as the flow of resources across the planet, from weapons to food. This is how we live together, build cities together, and thrive.

This story is an effort to influence that shaping of that emergent urban reality, however minutely. I hope it is an engaging read.

Berkeley, California
5 May 2011

Acknowledgments

Before conducting my field research I came to a quick agreement with the Committee for the Protection of Human Subjects: if the Islamic Republic collapses, many of my interviewees could be targeted. Therefore I have written in a way that conveys what they taught me, but masks the settings of my interviews. I am deeply grateful to many people whom I cannot name.

Of those whom I can name, I begin with my committee: Nezar Alsayyad, who taught me housing in 1990; Karen Christensen, who introduced me to planning theory; Michael Watts, who introduced me to the politics of development in 1985; and Ananya Roy, who recruited me into the doctoral program. The metaphor I use for Ananya's advising style is to be thrown into deep, turbulent water with the exhortation, "Come on! I know you can swim in this!" From a technical background in housing and urban design, this doctoral program felt like a compressed re-do of a bachelor's in development studies, a master's in political economy, and a doctorate in urban philosophy. Quite a swim; thank you Ananya for your belief in me.

My funders deserve great credit, sending me into a place where the U.S. State Department and most granting foundations would not consider supporting research. The al-Falah grant through the Center for Middle Eastern Studies at UC Berkeley supports research of any type in Muslim-majority countries. When I returned to Kabul in 2007 the al-Falah Bank had erected a billboard over the Airport Road with the slogan "The bank who cares..." and it felt like a welcome-sign.

The World Bank Institute and the Aga Khan Trust for Culture went through considerable effort to make my fieldwork possible. By advancing to candidacy as a doctoral student I qualified to fulfill a contract to teach planning at Kabul University; but I stipulated that I could not be restricted to a secured compound during my contract. It took Soraya Goga and Barjor Mehta six months to locate a fiduciary agency that would allow me to roam free for my research. When the AKTC agreed to supervise me I was thrilled. As may Kabulis know, Jolyon Leslie at the AKTC has extraordinary perspective on Kabul. It was an honor to have him as my supervisor.

Some of the Afghans I can name are some of the most important to me: Sayed Maqbool at Kabul University, who provided me time, space, and students to teach; Samiullah Wardak, strong friend and insightful critic; Honorable Engineer Yusuf Pashtoon, Minister of Urban Development; and Abdul Khaliq Nemat, who shows how Afghans can really plan at a whole range of scales.

The first chapter I wrote in this dissertation was called "Invitation" because of the welcome I received from the Afghan-American community in the San Francisco Bay Area. Rona Popal and Waheed Momand at the Afghan Coalition; Nagib Poya and Ghulam Qader Popal of the Society of Afghan Engineers—as well as the SAE co-founder and my first host in Kabul, Malik Mortaza. The group who funded that first volunteer work included Milan and Tish Momirov, and Carol Ruth Silver and Humaira Ghilzai, with whom I helped form the Afghan Coalition. The welcome of the Afghan-American community extends into the past—the Raz family of Castro Valley—and the present: the

members of the Afghan Students Association at UC Berkeley, including Michelle Kabiri, Susan Sabry, and Amina Kator.

The people who have read drafts of this dissertation were incredibly helpful. My committee, my parents, my wife, Dan Buch, Don Watts, and Saboor Atrafi. My Writing Group partners—Ria Hutabarat Lo, Bruce Appleyard, Jennie Day, and Yael Perez have provided critique, encouragement, and outside perspective throughout the process.

Separately, I would like to thank my parents, Doctors John and Barbara Calogero, who not only read every draft chapter I wrote, but also supported us financially, and endured great anxiety while I was in Kabul. This was especially challenging since my brother, John, was working as a peace activist in Batticaloa when the Sri Lanka government resumed its war with the Tamil Tigers. The work he does makes my fieldwork seem tame. I also thank my in-laws, John and Judy Robinson, who helped support our family and keep my own parents calm; and the community of Saint Gregory of Nyssa Episcopal Church, for the collective friendship, family support, and spiritual guidance that they continue to provide.

Those whom I have missed or cannot mention, know that I thank you and pray for you, your health, and our shared future.

As every doctoral student understands, my wife, lover, and friend Lizzie deserves a major part of this degree. She is also a most excellent editor. And my children will now have to adjust to what it is like for Dad to *not* be ‘working on his dissertation.’

Colophon

I would like to thank the open-source movement for the software and data used to make this dissertation. Especially the following projects:

- Operating system: Ubuntu Linux
- Word processing: OpenOffice, and now LibreOffice
- Research: Afghanistan Research and Evaluation Unit (AREU), Project Gutenberg, the "Harry Rud" blogger, and the foreign correspondents who risk so much
- Image processing: the Graphic Image Manipulation Program (GIMP) and Inkscape
- Geographic Information System: Quantum GIS and GRASS
- Satellite imagery: Google Earth, Digital Globe, NASA, and IKONOS
- Maps: Afghanistan Information Management Service and the Perry-Castañeda Online Library
- Historic images: the British Library
- Bibliographic reference management: Zotero
- Web browsing: Mozilla Firefox
- DARPA and their demand for the TCP/IP standard, and Al Gore who got the Senate to declassify ARPANET and make the internet possible

These projects are freely shared, and represent thousands of hours of work. Librarians and journalists might not consider themselves 'open-source,' but they are the precursors in the open dissemination of information. As North Africans are teaching us in the spring of 2011, open sharing of information—the power of the word—is the most effective means of pushing political regimes towards accountability.