



## BIBLIOGRAPHY

# TOWARDS AN UNKNOWN SEA

**(Towards an unknown sea), by Michel Barnier. 139 pp. in French by Hachette, Paris, collection Pluriel-intervention, FF 55.- ISBN 2-01-278708-8**

Now Minister of the Environment within the French government, Michel Barnier was co-president of the organizing committee of the XVI Olympic Winter Games in Albertville, the success of which reflected on the whole Olympic Movement and reminded the world of France's ability to stage major sports events. In this essay, as a responsible politician he analyzes the task of those who govern in a world which poses more formidable questions than it offers practical answers. This book begins with a self-examination provoked by the unsatisfied reactions of the youth of France to whom the author seeks to

keep listening. After a long quest through the history of the European continent where the Enlightenment was invented, a constant search for contact with people in the real world, in the difficulties of their daily lives, Michel Barnier outlines two projects which can give hope to disoriented, demotivated young people frightened by the lack of prospects: work sharing and clean transport. *"Two concrete but immense projects through which a world will take shape that is more egalitarian, more balanced and less polluted: in short, better."*



## OFFICIAL BOOK OF THE X WINTER GAMES - LILLEHAMMER

**304 pp. over 500 illustrations. In Norwegian, English and French. Published by J.M. Sternersens Forlag, Arbins Gate 3 - 0202 OSLO. ISBN 82-7201-187-5**

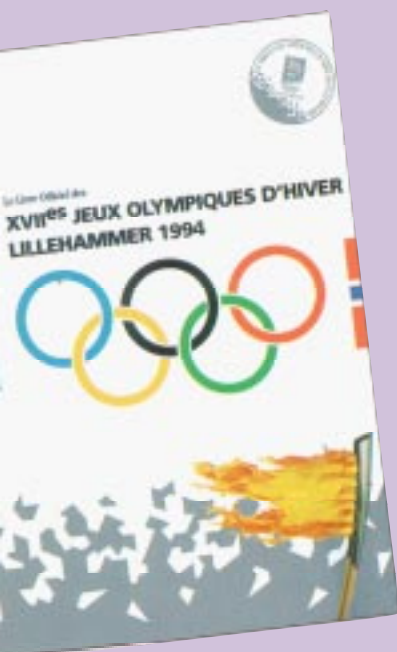
Do as we did, follow the advice of Mr Raymond Gafner. Open this book at page 38 and you will see the opening ceremony of the first Winter Games, in 1924 in Chamonix. Then turn straight to the following page: the effect is striking. Seventy years later, the opening ceremony expresses everything that the Olympic Games have become: the greatest of sporting events. The huge white amphitheater in Lillehammer has disappeared under the crowds, in spite of the extreme temperature, and the snow-covered slopes the fireworks explode in a symbol of the 16 days of glory to come.

Edited by Knut Bjoernsen, a star presenter and director for Norwegian television, this official book of the XVII Olympic Winter Games benefits from many talented contributions. Each in its own way offers a personal opinion of what made up the originality of these Games, the biggest sporting occasion in the history of Norway. The aim was not just to produce a splendid commemorative and reference work, but also to offer a historic record of everything that happened during these Games. With a pref-

ace by President Juan Antonio Samaranch, it has received the official approval of the IOC. The contributions by the organizing committee directors and councillors from the various towns which hosted events or accommodated visitors place the event in its human context, calmly presenting the difficulties which the organizers had to face. But the uncompromising interview portrait of Gerhard Heiberg, LOOC president and today IOC member in Norway, and the contribution by Petter Ronningen, deputy managing director of the Games, show just how much the organization was in good hands. The high points of the 16 days of glory unfold before us at several speeds. A recapitulation of the competitions is provided by Knut Bjoersen, in a meticulous chronological list of the events, the results of which appear at the end of the book. Henry Notaker, producer and president of cultural programmes for Norwegian television, gives a detailed account of the opening and closing ceremonies, while Vetle Lid Larsen offers some thoughts on the art of losing and Jon Michelet devotes his page to three winners. Markus Markussen takes up the crowd's cry of: "Go on Norway and Smirnov" to look at the media coverage and the quality professionals who

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did not let the television viewers down. Further on, the communications technology is described, without forgetting the public who have their own special chapter in which the Norwegian qualities are highlighted, especially resistance to extremes of cold. The cultural aspects of the Games are reviewed by journalists Unni Sunnand, who looks at the whole programme of festivities in both Lillehammer and the rest of the country. All this can be found in this book on what the Games were, the ecology of the Green Games, their impact on the environment and what will remain for Lillehammer. The highly traditional layout is enhanced by extremely vivid and well-chosen illustrations, which add to the appeal of this top quality work.



# THE HONOUR OF THE JUST

**L'honneur des justes (The Honour of the Just) by Robert Parienté, novel, 424 pp. in French, Editions Julliard Paris. FF 130.- ISBN 2-260-01121-7**

The former director of the French sports daily *L'Equipe*, member of the IOC press commission, regular contributor to the *Olympic Review* and author of numerous works on sport has just published his first novel. It is a book about the press, its glories and wrongdoings, the popular newspapers of the last century and those who produced them. The heroes are journalists, brilliant minds who cannot reconcile themselves to the guilt of Captain Dreyfus, the French officer wrongly condemned for high treason. It is a quest for the truth in which all the great names more or less involved with the Dreyfus Affair appear. This drama, which happened exactly a century ago, shook France deeply and lastingly because of the anti-Semitism and xenophobia it revealed in all layers of society.

In a style where unexpected twists and intrigues hold the reader, not dissimilar to the serial writers of the leading Parisian press of the time - no coincidence -, Robert Parienté paints a highly-detailed and impressive synoptic picture of French society at the turn of the century. Captain

Dreyfus was sent to a penal colony in the same year that the IOC was founded. Two years later, when the idea of a legal error was very slowly starting to emerge and some voices denouncing the injustice were progressively being heard, it is not unimportant to learn that it was the overtly anti-Semitic and jingoistic writer Charles Maurras who wrote one of the first accounts (and a me-



diocre one) of the Games of the I Olympiad in Athens for a big-circulation newspaper. This episode, deliberately chosen for the readers of the *Olympic Review*, shows how the threads of the book are woven. Thus each character or personality, every historical or fictional event, big

or small, is linked to another which influences it or gives it its full meaning, in a new and complete perspective. Not that all fights are of equal merit, but every endeavour to convince is a long-term process, often requiring a lifetime's devotion, be it to see a victory for the truth or more simply for a good idea, like that of the Games.

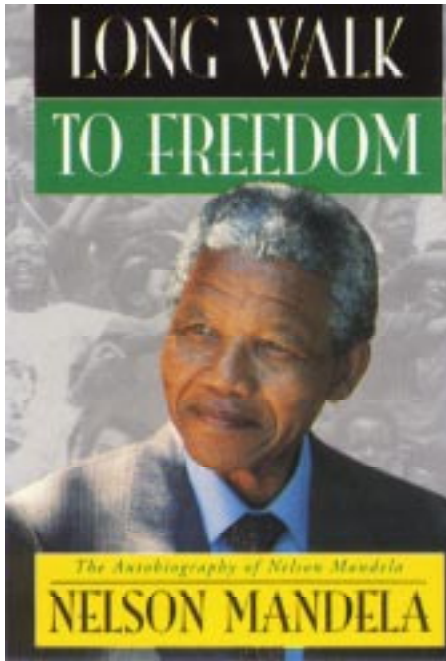
The evolution of society follows the same processes as plate tectonics, imperceptibly or brutally. It is the writer's job to describe this. The scrupulous observation of reality, a profession of faith for the naturalist writers at the end of the 19th century, brilliantly highlights here under the pen of Parienté the journalist the essential conflicts of French society at the time, which saw a generous, innovative, already sporting and forward-looking France in conflict with another France, inward-looking, xenophobic and racist, turned towards a past as idyllic as it was illusory, totally fictitious and dangerous.

At the time when electricity was appearing in the streets, the discoveries of Pierre and Marie Curie already featured in publications and the moving images of the cinematograph were on the point of revolutionizing the sense of perception, the truth finally triumphed, as we know; but the victory was not a complete one, since obscurantism never gives in.



## BIBLIOGRAPHY

# THE LONG WALK TO FREEDOM BY NELSON MANDELA



Nelson Mandela has just published his autobiography. After reading the 544 enthralling pages full of emotion and sadness, you want to know more of him, ask him questions about this or that event, or to have more details. “*The Long Walk to Freedom*” is a lesson on tolerance, courage, generosity and family responsibilities from a man who spent 27 years of his life in prison; a truly exceptional person.

I met Mandela briefly for the first time in 1991, as a militant campaigner against the repellent policy of apartheid holding sway over South Africa, during an IOC mission to South Africa. In 1993, the IOC President, Juan Antonio Samaranch, who had welcomed Mandela in 1992 in

Lausanne and Barcelona, invited him to spend a few days of rest in Switzerland, in Montreux. I was designated to keep him company. Thus it was that I spent several memorable days with Nelson Mandela. We walked together each day for two hours, between five and seven in the morning. And, since

then, each time we meet, we speak of our morning walk. It was with joy that I saw him last November in Capetown, at the Parliament building and afterwards at the Presidential Palace. And I thought again of him when I flew over Robben Island prison in a helicopter with President Samaranch.

In “*The Long Walk to Freedom*”, Nelson Mandela describes the benefits of physical exercise and sport as follows:

*“My education at Fort Hare was as much outside as inside the classroom. I was a more active sportsman than I had been at Healdtown. This was due to two factors: I had grown taller and stronger, but more important, Fort Hare was so much smaller than Healdtown, I*

*had less competition. I was able to compete in both soccer and cross-country running. Running taught me valuable lessons. In cross-country competition, training counted more than intrinsic ability, and I could compensate for a lack of natural aptitude with diligence and discipline. I applied this in everything I did. Even as a student, I saw many young men who had great natural ability, but who did not have the self-discipline and patience to build on their endowment. Although I had boxed a bit at Fort Hare, it was not until I had lived in Johannesburg that I took up the sport in earnest. I was never an outstanding boxer. I was in the heavyweight division, and I had neither enough power to compensate for my lack of speed nor enough speed to make up for my lack of power. I did not enjoy the violence of boxing so much as the science of it. I was intrigued by how one moved one’s body to protect oneself, how one used a strategy both to attack and retreat, how one paced oneself over a match. Boxing is egalitarian. In the ring, rank, age, color, and wealth are irrelevant. When you are circling your opponent, probing his strengths and weaknesses, you are not thinking about his color or social status. I never did any real fighting after I entered politics. My main interest was in train-*

*ing; I found the rigorous exercise to be an excellent outlet for tension and stress. After a strenuous workout, I felt both mentally and physically lighter. It was a way of losing myself in something that was not the struggle. After an evening’s workout I would wake up the next morning feeling strong and refreshed, ready to take up the fight again. I attended the gym for one and a half hours each evening from Monday through Thursday. I would go home directly after work, pick up Tsembi (his son), then drive to the Community Center. We did an hour of exercise, some combination of roadwork, skipping rope, callisthenics, or shadow boxing, followed by fifteen minutes of body work, some weight lifting and then sparring. If we were training for a fight or a tournament, we would extend the training time to two and a half hours.*

*“We each took turns leading the training sessions in order to develop leadership initiative, and self-confidence. Tsembi particularly enjoyed leading these sessions. Things would get a bit rough for me on the nights that my son was in charge, for he would single me out for criticism. He was quick to chastise me whenever I got lazy. Everybody in the gym called me ‘Chief’, an honorific be avoided, calling me ‘Mister Mandela’, and occasionally, when*

he felt sympathy for his old man, 'My bra', township slang meaning (My brother'. When he saw me loafing, he would say in a stern voice, 'Mister Mandela, you are wasting our time this evening. If you cannot keep up, why not go home and sit with the old women.' Everyone enjoyed these jibes immensely, and it gave me pleasure to see my

Brutus?' my son asked. Before I could answer, someone said, 'Aren't they dead?' To which Skipper replied, 'Yes, but the truth about the betrayal is very much alive!'

'I have always believed that exercise is not only a key to physical health but to peace of mind. Many times in the old days I unleashed my anger and frustration on a

years), I attempted to follow my old boxing routine of doing roadwork and muscle-building from Monday through Thursday and then resting for the next three days. On Monday through Thursday, I would do stationary running in my cell in the morning for up to forty-five minutes. I would also perform one hundred finger tip push-ups, two hundred sit-ups, fifty deep knee-bends, and various other callisthenics.

'In my letters to my children, I regularly urged them to exercise, to play some fast-moving sport like basketball, soccer, or tennis to take their mind off whatever might be bothering them. While I was not always successful with my children, I did manage to influence some of my more sedentary colleagues. Exercise was unusual for African men of my age and gener-

ation After a while, even Walter (Sisulu) began to take a few turns around the courtyard in the morning. I know that some of my younger comrades looked at me and said to themselves, 'If that old man can do it, why can't I?' They began to exercise.

'From the very first meetings I had with outside visitors and the International Red Cross, I stressed the importance of having the time and facilities for proper exercise. Only in the mid-1970s, under the auspices of the International Red

Cross, did we begin to receive things like volleyball equipment and a Ping-Pong table.

'At roughly the same time we finished working at the quarry, one of the warders had the idea of converting our courtyard into a tennis court. Its dimensions were perfect. Prisoners from the general section painted the cement surface green and then fashioned the traditional configuration of white lines. A few days later a net was put up and suddenly we had our own Wimbledon in our front yard.

'I had played a bit of tennis when I was at Fort Hare, but I was by no means an expert. My forehand was relatively strong, my backhand regrettably weak. But I pursued the sport for exercise, not style; it was the best and only replacement for the walks to and from the quarry. I was one of the first in our section to play regularly. I was a back-court player: only rushing the net when I had a clean slam.'

'The Long Walk to Freedom' is a story of the struggle for dignity and human rights, the testimony of a tolerant man who forgave his jailers and who, at the age of 75, has set himself the goal, as President of the South African Republic, of building a democratic and non-racial country of national unity.

It is a book to be read by everyone.

### Fékrou Kidane

'The Long Walk to Freedom', autobiography of Nelson Mandela - Little Brown and Company, New York, 544 pages



A light-hearted moment for Nelson Mandela with Fékrou Kidane and Judge Kéba Mbaye.

son so happy and confident.

'The boxers, under Jerry's leadership threatened to secede from the club and start their own. I called a meeting for all the members and it was a lively session - conducted in Sesotho, Zulu, Xhosa, and English. Shakespeare was even cited by Skipper in his attack against the rebellious boxers, accusing Jerry of double-crossing him as Brutus had betrayed Caesar, 'Who are Caesar and

punching bag rather than taking it out on a comrade or even a policeman. Exercise dissipates tension, and tension is the enemy of serenity. I found that I worked better and thought more clearly when I was in good physical condition, and so training became one of the inflexible disciplines of my life. In prison, having an outlet for one's frustrations was absolutely essential.

'Even on the island (on Robben Island where he was imprisoned for 18