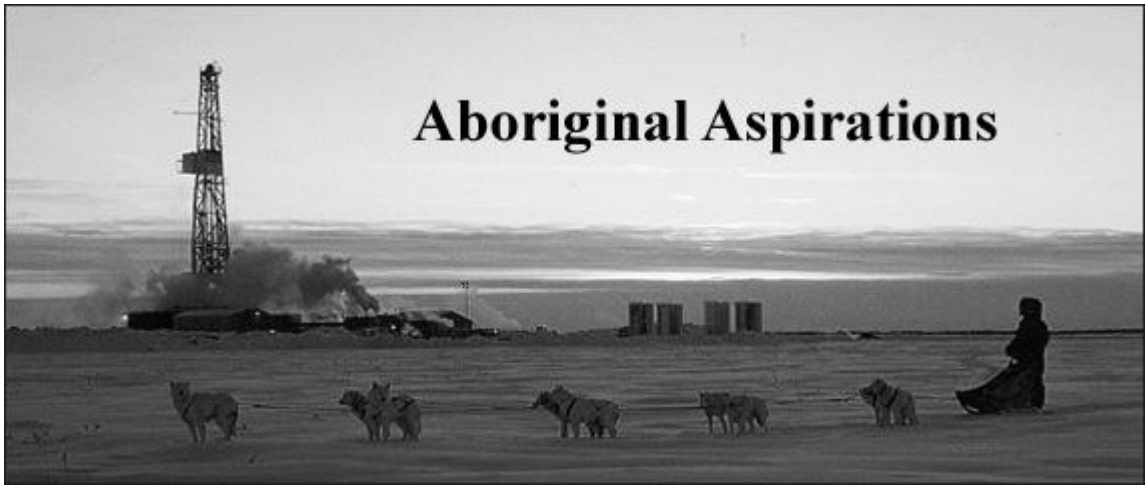
Arctic Sovereignty



Aboriginal Aspirations: Wary eye on the future

Arctic aboriginals wonder if they'll be pawns again in the new rush to develop the North - Ed Struzik, Edmonton Journal - Published: Sunday, June 13 2010

Shortly after the Second World War ended, 19 Eskimos from the Alaskan island of Little Diomede set off in walrus skin boats to visit friends and relatives in Chukotka in the far northeast corner of Russia.

The dangerous journey was not a long or unfamiliar one; the Bering Strait is only 85 kilometres wide, and both Little Diomede and Big Diomede, which lie just five kilometres from each other, sit right in the middle of it.

Bering Sea Eskimos had been travelling back and forth between Chukotka and Alaska since long before 1867, when the treaty finalizing the sale of Russian Alaska to the United States put many of them on opposite sides of the border and the International Dateline. Those days of unrestricted travel, however, were coming to an end.

In spite of an alliance that resulted in the U.S. shipping wartime supplies to Russia through the back door of the Bering, both governments were suspicious of each other's intentions in the region and scrutinized every little thing to try to confirm their worst fears about each other.

The Soviets, for example, objected to the missionary efforts of a Jesuit priest from Little Diomede who had some success in converting Eskimos on the big island. To discourage him and others, they put a bounty on his head and limited the number of Eskimo visits from Little Diomede to just a hundred each year.

In the meantime, J. Edgar Hoover, the head of the FBI, used Red Scare rhetoric in Washington to try to get the Bering border closed altogether.

The Russians beat him to the punch. First, they relocated everyone on Big Diomede to the mainland to make way for a weather station and small military base. Then, in May, 1948, they informed the State Department that cross-border visits would no longer be allowed.

Word of the border closure spread quickly by telegraph from Washington to Nome and by boat and dog sled to the remote villages. It didn't get there in time to stop the Little Diomeders.

Once they set foot on Russian soil, the Alaskans were detained and held as illegal aliens. Nearly three months passed before a U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs schooner came to pick them up and take them back home to worried families, who had no idea what had become of them.

The only time Little Diomeders would see their relatives again was when they occasionally bumped into each other under the cover of fog on ocean or sea-ice hunting trips. The so-called Ice Curtain would divide many of them forever.

Forcibly relocating and controlling the movement of indigenous peoples in the Arctic was not uncommon. In the ensuing years, the Russians moved dozens of reindeer herding, whaling and walrus hunting villages to make way for mines and military bases and to supply cheap labour for state-run farms.

Families were split up and children were sent to residential schools, often against the wishes of the parents. Many of them never came back.

Russia wasn't the only Arctic country doing this.

In 1953, the Danish government relocated the entire village of Thule in Greenland 100 kilometres to the north to make room for a U.S. military base. That same year, the Canadian government shipped several families 2,000 kilometres from northern Quebec to the High Arctic as part of a plan to assert sovereignty in the region.

In Alaska, the relocations weren't quite as draconian. But whenever government officials or merchants closed down schools, post offices and trading centres for economic or health reasons, communities like Naukan, King Island, Mary's Igloo, and Solomon were forced to follow.

This pattern in public policy decision-making that emerged in those early years continued for decades. Whenever sovereignty, security and economic priorities came into play, environmental integrity and the cultural interests of indigenous northerners invariably suffered.

In the fall of 2009, I was boarding a small airplane on the runway in Nome, Alaska, getting set to fly across the Bering Strait to Chukotka.

The sky was clear, but the wind was cold and blowing hard off the ocean. In the distance, small pans of ice were being swept in from the Chukchi Sea.

With me on this U.S. government-organized charter was Eva Menadelook, a native of Little Diomede, and Rose Fosdick, vice-president of a native Alaskan organization that represents 19 other small coastal villages in the Bering Strait. With financial support from the National Parks Service, both were hoping to re-establish some of those family connections that were severed during the Cold War.

Menadelook and Fosdick were not alone on this mission. Several others on the plane -- U.S. National Parks and Fish and Wildlife Service officials, scientists, archeologists and anthropologists -- were also anxious to make contact with counterparts in Chukotka who share a common interest in Arctic research and environmental preservation. Like Eskimos -- the Yupik and the Inupiat -- in Alaska, the Inuit of Canada and Greenland and indigenous peoples in other parts of the circumpolar world, they were hoping to lay the foundation for a friendlier Arctic than the one that emerged from the Cold War years.

Long as this trip had been in the making, few of us knew what to expect. Chukotka is a land of pristine mountains, taiga forests and treeless tundra that merge with the frozen sea along the Arctic coast. Often mistakenly referred to as Siberia, the territory covers about half what is contained in Alaska, the largest of the U.S. states. Yet much like Arctic Canada, which is even bigger, few people live there.

Although the Chukchi lend their name to the territory, they and the other indigenous people who live in this remote part of Arctic Russia are a minority. Only a third of the 57,000 inhabitants are Chukchi, Yup'ik, Chuvantsi or Yukagir; the rest are Russians, Ukrainians, Armenians and others who were either forced to work in the Gulag labour camps in the 1930s or lured here by high wages and food subsidies that the state offered western Russians later on.

In spite of the fall of the Soviet Empire in 1991, Chukotka has remained largely off limits to most outsiders.

Much of this has to do with logistics. There are few hotels and services in Chukotka and no roads connecting the coastal villages.

Lingering geopolitical tensions are also at play, as U.S. vice-presidential candidate Sarah Palin demonstrated in 2008 when she complained loudly about

Russian Prime Minister Vladimir Putin "rearing his head and coming into the air space of the United States of America," through the back door of the Bering Sea.

"You can see Russia from Alaska," she warned.

Anadyr, the capital of Chukotka, also hasn't shaken its reputation as "one of the most dangerous cities in the world." That, at least, is how former U.S. Navy commander H.G. Stevens described it during the height of the Cuban missile crisis in 1961. (Operation Anadyr, ironically, was the code name for Russia's covert plan to deploy missiles on Cuba.)

Stevens had been involved in the military effort that routed thousands of tonnes of wartime supplies from Alaska to Russia. Based on intelligence and stories he got from Eskimos who had escaped Chukotkan labour camps, he and others were convinced that most of those supplies were used to build a base at Anadyr where nuclear missiles were eventually installed and pointed at America.

It was some time before Cold War tensions began to thaw. The outpouring of warmth, however, didn't come from politicians, at least not initially. Much of it came from extraordinary people like American Lynne Cox who swam from Little Diomede to Big Diomede in 1987 and Chukotkans Nikolai Ettyne and Sahsa Reznuyk, who travelled by dogteam from Anadyr to Nome with Alaskan mushers four years later. (The trip was made by dogsled and boat.)

These daring, goodwill efforts set the stage for a more formal exchange that began in 1996 when a small group of scientists, cultural anthropologists and government officials from both sides of the Bering Strait agreed to start working together on issues of mutual interest.

Invited as our group was by the autonomous government of the Chukotka, it still wasn't easy getting visas. Most of our travel documents didn't arrive until we got to Alaska.

The challenge of getting to Anadyr, the region's capital, didn't end in Nome. Shortly before boarding the plane, the pilot handed each of us an alcohol swab. "We've been told that a nurse in a biohazard suit will be boarding once we land in Chukotka," he said. "She'll be taking your temperature. I don't know what kind of thermometer they're going to use, so you might want to wipe it down when it's passed on to you. If anyone shows any sign of a fever, you all go home."

Flying at 15,000 feet above the Bering Strait, the eye searches for a point of reference, anything with colour that stands out in a grey sea merging hypnotically with a hyperborean sky. Spellbound, most of us gave in and went to sleep.

The long descent along the stark coastline of Chukotka revealed nothing in the tundra landscape that was anything different from world we left behind. Here, the

barren hilltops were powdered with snow from the same storm that had swept across Alaska a few days earlier. The extreme clarity of the polar light on both sides of the border was equalled by the spareness and simplicity of the olive-drab tundra.

On the ground, the nurse boarded the plane just as we had expected. But instead of a protective suit, this man wore a trench coat that made him look like a KGB agent. No one missed noticing that the thermometer he was carrying was the kind that goes in the ear.

After passing the quick physical, we were led onto the tarmac by customs officials who then ushered us onto a bus. The driver jerked forward for about 20 metres before making a sudden stop in front of a huge concrete building where another group of customs officials was waiting by a door that turned out to be locked.

Once inside, we stood silently in a cold, furnitureless room for a good half-hour before someone came in with forms for us to fill out in duplicate. Down another long hallway in an equally gloomy room, I waited nervously for more than 15 minutes as one official behind a glass booth pored over my papers, checking my passport against something that caught her attention on the computer screen.

Back and forth her eyes darted until she finally called in a supervisor for advice. Fingering the screen, he too seemed disturbed by what he saw. But then, without explanation, he waved me on, allowing me to proceed to the luggage screening area where another customs official weighed my bag before running it through the X-ray machine. David Mollet, an art historian from the University of Alaska in Fairbanks, tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the electric cord that powered the X-ray. It wasn't plugged in.

The tundra road to Anadyr winds its way along old military bunkers, an abandoned coal mine and the remains of a ramshackle town that still houses a few families. This is the Chukotka I had heard and read about -- dirt poor, in shambles and destabilized by thawing permafrost.

When the Soviet Union collapsed in 1991, the Russian economy was in a mess. To make ends meet, Moscow put an end to the food subsidies and coal shipments that kept most Arctic communities going. Fuel and engine parts that were required to keep the whaling and fishing boats in operation stopped coming.

So did the pay cheques that went to the indigenous reindeer herders who worked on the state farms.

Faced with starvation, nearly half the population of Chukotka cleared out in the 1990s. Some of those who stayed were either compelled to take up the more

traditional lifestyles that they had been forced to abandon or move into more populated towns like Anadyr.

Most of the 11,000 residents of Anadyr live across the river from the airport. Because the Soviets never got around to building a bridge, we had to wait for an old coal barge to ferry us across. Dressed in hip-length, black leather jackets, white shoes and sunglasses, the drivers of three taxi vans stood around in a circle smoking cigarettes and sizing up the women in our small group.

Standing on the rusty deck of that battered barge, I was enchanted by the sight of dozens of white beluga whales swimming by, seemingly unconcerned that they might be shot at, as would likely have been the case in the 19th century when American whalers invaded this part of the world and nearly emptied it of large marine life.

From a distance, Anadyr looks much like any other small industrial town in Arctic Russia. Concrete high-rise apartments sit next to a coal mine that spews a yellow plume of sulphur into the air around the clock. The plume is often so thick that the village rarely shows up on Google Maps. Some people in the United States think that this was purposefully done to camouflage a nuclear program. There's even a website that suggests this.

Once inside the city, however, the view is transformed. Here, on the sides of crumbling concrete high rises, are magnificent murals depicting polar bears, mountain landscapes and beautiful Chukotkan women dressed in traditional clothes. On the cobblestone streets, well-dressed women walk arm-in arm with men in hats. Everywhere, there are playgrounds and parks that are illuminated by the glimmer of Christmas tree lights at night. Only the occasional drunk lying in the street or stealing a drink behind a building suggests a more hard-edged side to this world.

It didn't take long for us to discover that there was no need for the granola bars, crackers and peanut butter that we were encouraged to bring along. Anadyr's main grocery store was well stocked with fresh Russian breads, an endless choice of cheeses and wonderfully smoked meats. For drinks, it had everything from Perrier to French champagne.

Not that there was any need to go shopping. The handful of restaurants in Anadyr served up everything from Tuscan-style pizzas to poached Norwegian salmon and Chukotkan reindeer. Everything, except for the surly service that you often find in Russian stores, left us all wondering how such a small town at the edge of the Bering Sea had come to be so prosperous in a territory where every other community is dirt poor.

Those we asked all had a similar explanation.

"Have you ever heard of Roman Abramovich, the owner of the Chelsea football team?" Constantine Saava, a Russian translator, responded when I posed the question.

"It is because of him that this is like a candy store. There is really no other reason for this wealth you see here."

Next to Vladimir Putin, Roman Abramovich may be the most famous living Russian, his rags-to-riches story an extraordinary example of how capitalism has triumphed over Communism.

Born to a poor Jewish family in Lithuania, Abramovich was still a young boy when his mother and father died within a space of three years. One story has him being raised by grandparents in a dank Lithuanian apartment; another has him taken in by an uncle who lived outside of Moscow.

Abramovich went into business selling plastic ducks from his Moscow apartment after dropping out of school and serving in the military. Somehow -- no one has a compelling explanation -- that gave him the resources required to get into the lucrative, but highly controversial oil exporting business in the early 1990's.

Abramovich hit the jackpot in 1995 when he and Boris Berezovsky teamed up and took over the Sibneft, the giant state-owned oil company that Boris Yeltsin was determined to sell as a sign that Russia was disavowing itself of Communism. Being a majority shareholder, Abramovich was able to leverage that holding to strike a partnership with BP, the British oil giant in 2003. That gave him a stranglehold on some of the Arctic's richest energy plays.

In court documents related to a law suit that Berezovksy recently launched against his former partner, Abramovich admits to paying billions of dollars in bribes and protection fees to get what he wanted.

One of the things he apparently coveted was to be governor of Chukotka.

Why one of the richest men in the world desired to be leader of the poorest region in all of Russia is still a matter of debate. Some suggest that he sought the job to gain control over the region's untapped energy and mining resources. Others believe that he was genuinely moved by the plight of the poor.

No doubt, self-interest was a motivator. During his seven-year tenure in office, Abramovich untangled much of the red tape that would have prevented him and foreign mining companies like Kinross Gold of Canada from buying up lucrative mining leases throughout Chukotka.

Still, Abramovich was generous with the wealth that he amassed.

Early in his governorship, he spent billions of his own money transforming Anadyr from the rundown outpost that it once was to the sparkling capital that it is today.

He was also so moved by the plight of the Yup'ik, Chuvantsi and Chukchi who suffered miserably during the harsh winter of 2000-01 that he went on a helicopter tour to see what could be done.

One story has him being greeted by villagers who were dressed like beggars. Many men were drunk and the town hall smelled like rancid walrus blubber. Appalled by the stench of this poverty, Abramovich made a quick presentation and left.

Back at the helicopter, he demanded vodka -- not to drink, apparently, but to wash his hands. Aides say he ordered his people to begin plans for new housing, a school, and a power station immediately. Similar plans for other indigenous communities were later put into play.

Now that Abramovich is in self-exile in England, pouring his wealth into his Chelsea football team, many Chukotkans fear for the future. There are rumours that administration of the territory will be centralized in Moscow. There is also talk of people being relocated once again, this time to temporary villages where energy and mining developments are taking place.

This is not as crazy as one might think. On a cold January day in 1998, nearly 1,000 residents of the Russian coal-mining town of Pyramiden were surprised by the arrival of a ship. Representatives from Arctikugol Trust, owner of the mine, told everyone to get on board and leave everything behind but their basic belongings. In less than 48 hours, Pyramiden was a ghost town.

Another fear that Chukotka's indigenous people have is that they won't be able to rely on the traditional ways that got them through the booms and busts of the past.

Now that climate change is warming the Chukchi and Bering seas and melting the ice, many hunters are beginning to see the negative impacts on polar bears, walrus and whales.

"In 2007, we counted 3,600 dead walrus," Eduard Zdor told me when I met him on the third day of the visit, "That's just what we saw. TINRO (the Pacific Scientific Research Fisheries Centre) believe that as many as 10,000 or more animals died that year."

Zdor represents the Marine Mammal Hunters Association of Chukotka. With Arctic sea ice melting rapidly, he told me, walrus are no longer able to hunt from the edge of the ice in the Chukchi and Bering Seas. Without this platform to rest

on, they have to use up tremendous energy reserves to make the long swim to shore. Already stressed, many of them succumb to disease or hunger in the struggle to find a limited food supply along the coastline.

Chukotkan reindeer herders I talked to are also worried about the impact that climate change is having on the tundra landscape. Similar to what is happening in Alaska and Arctic Canada, warmer weather in Arctic Russia is beginning to favour tall shrubs over the low ground cover that reindeer prefer.

"You can see where tall bushes are now taking over lichen and grass," said Vladislav Nuvano, an expert on the history of reindeer herding in the region. "The amount of land that is available to these animals is shrinking very fast."

During our stay in Chukotka, it was clear that many indigenous people hope that closer relations with the West and with other Arctic peoples, be it through trade, co-operative management of the region's resources, or the Arctic Council that advises Arctic governments, will help them maintain a degree of sovereignty over a region that is undergoing rapid change.

The American idea of creating Beringian International Park between Chukotka and Alaska was well received on our visit. So were suggestions that the two regions work together on the conservation of marine mammals and fisheries.

But there is also a genuine fear that progress towards brokering circumpolar initiatives will be overtaken by the frantic race to exploit the Arctic's rich resources or stalled by the need to defend those interests.

"In Chukotka, we are called the 'real people,' " one whale hunter told me. "But in a large territory where we are so small in number, words like these mean nothing. If they find oil where we hunt whales and walrus, it will be the oil that wins, not the whales or the hunters. It will be like the old days when they told us to move and get out."

Plausible as this may be, many Russians do have some sympathy for the plight of indigenous Chukotkans. There is now a growing recognition in Moscow that whaling and reindeer herding and the preservation of language and culture are important.

But getting the Russian government to go beyond uttering words of respect and sympathy has been challenging. Since the Russian Association of Indigenous Peoples of the North was created in 1990 to represent 250,000 people from 41 indigenous groups across the country, the organization has failed more often than it succeeded in protecting its members from the so-called race for the Arctic and all its resources.

In Chukotka, long-term planning for tourism has taken a back seat to the production of gold.

In the central part of Arctic Russia, the reindeer-herding Evenki have been struggling to stop a $13-billion, hydro-electric development that will flood an area ten times the size of New York City and displace 2,000 of them.

Further to the northwest, the Nenets have all but lost a fight with Russian oil giants, LUKoil and Rosneft, which have massive oil holdings in the Timan-Pechora region. Even the energy-friendly governor of the region is now worried about a disaster in the ice-infested waters of this part of the Arctic.

"I am carefully following the situation (in the Gulf of Mexico,)" Nenets Autonomous District Governor Igor Fyodorov said in a press release earlier this week. "After all, the development of several fields is also being planned for our Arctic shelf."

In light of the fact that Russia has banked on energy development to fuel its future, the development of those fields is not likely to slow down soon. The Russian Ministry of Natural Resources estimates that the Russian Arctic holds about 15.5 billion tons of oil and 84.5 trillion cubic metres of natural gas. That amounts to 20 to 25 per cent of world reserves.

Yet that same area, which is home to 7,000 polar bears, countless numbers of walrus, whales and seals and a fishery that conservation groups like World Wildlife Fund (Russia) say is sometimes illegal and often overharvesting, has just one marine protected area.

Big as Chukotka is, Anadyr is a small town, so it was not difficult to find Nikolai Ettyne, the dog musher who had raced from Anadyr to Nome in 1991. Ettyne was not the big stocky person I had imagined. Short and slim, he looked boyish for a man of 48. Unlike most Chukotkans who seemed shy about speaking to foreigners, he did not hesitate to say what was on his mind.

"Come see my Chukotkan huskies," he said one day, inviting me and several others to his dog farm. "They are not far out of town by the ocean. You will see why Chukotkan dogs are the best dogs in the world."

In many ways, Ettyne's story is similar to that of many indigenous Chukotkans. Neshkan, the small village he came from, sits on the Arctic Circle a few hundred kilometres north of Anadyr on the coast of the Chukchi Sea. Like the Chukotkan villages of Tavaisvaam and Snezhnoe, it was created by the Soviets in the 1950s to forcibly bring coastal hunters and reindeer herders together under the administration of one collective farm.

Ettyne's father was both a reindeer herder and marine mammal hunter. Within the collective, he shifted from one job to another as the Russian managers willed. Demoralizing as that life could sometimes be, he never lost his skills as a dog musher and passed them on to his son, Nikolai.

Like most children in his community, Nikolai was sent to residential school to get an education. He did well enough to be accepted into university. A champion wrestler, he travelled across the former Soviet Union competing at the top ranks.

Ettyne's dream of going to the Olympics, however, ended when he was drafted into the army just a year before the great event.

"Being Chukchi," he suggested, was likely the reason why he didn't get an exemption that would have allowed him to compete.

Today, Neshkan fares better than most Chukotkan villages, thanks to the oil and gas activity that is taking place in the region. But this wealth has come at a price.

In 2004, there was a huge oil spill that killed hundreds of birds and fish along the coast between the Neshkan peninsula and Idlidlya Island. Many Chukotkans say that it could have easily done more damage if the weather hadn't aided the cleanup.

Ettyne might well have ended up in an administrative position back in Neshkan or somewhere else had he not had so much success racing his dogs, which has become a popular sport in Chukotka and neighbouring Kamchatka.

The idea of competing internationally came to Ettyne in 1985 when he heard how Libby Riddles had won the Iditarod, the 1,868-kilo-metre-long race that passes through the interior and west coast of Alaska.

Determined to run that race, he got his chance in 1991 when the Soviet Union collapsed. That was the same year that he and a group of Alaskan and Russian mushers got the idea of running the Hope Race from Anadyr to Nome.

When I met him in the fall of 2009, Ettyne was setting his sights on running a similar race that starts in Murmansk in Arctic Russia and passes through Finland and Sweden before reaching Norway. His good friend Norwegian Ketil Reitan got the idea several years ago after attempts to revive the Hope race failed.
"For me, it's another way to test my skills and my dogs," Ettyne told me. "But I think it's also a way of building friendship between Arctic peoples."

Eva Menadelook and Rose Fosdick were there that day when Ettyne and Chukotkan officials took us out to the dog farm for a picnic.

They had both had a slow start trying to connect with people who may have had connections to the Diomedes. But once they got on the radio and made a public presentation, people started to step forward.

When the subject came up, I asked Eva why she was so intent on doing this.

"My great-grandfather was a man named Yalaali," she said. "He was from Inchoan, a small village in the northeast corner of Russia. He was on a long hunting trip when an epidemic killed many people in his village. Some people blamed him when he returned and ordered his execution.

"Realizing that he was going to die if he stayed, he fled across the sea ice to Big and Little Diomede Island. There he met a woman who bore two children for him.

"That's all I know about my great-grandfather and I can't help think how sad it is for other people like me who never got to know the story of their ancestors. That's why these relocations are such a tragedy. They erased our ability to know our family history."

The last time I talked to Rose Fosdick, she told me that several people from Chukotka have been able to travel to Alaska to meet relatives they haven't seen or heard from in more than 50 years. She hopes that this is just the beginning of a long-term plan to thaw out that Iron Curtain that separated so many people.

Far in the past as these relocations seem today, they may not have ended. With sea ice melting, sea levels rising, permafrost thawing and Arctic storms picking up steam in recent years, Alaskan and Canadian villages like Newtok, Shishmaref, Kivalina and Tukotyaktuk are slowly sliding into the sea.

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers estimates that the cost of moving Newtok alone would be $130 million, or $413,000 for each of the village's 315 residents. Some permafrost experts see this as an evolving catastrophe. More than 200 villages in Alaska and Arctic Canada are experiencing similar erosion issues. The cost of doing something about it in the long run promises to be enormous.

That, however, isn't the only thing that may eventually force Arctic peoples to relocate. In the event that polar bears and other marine mammals are displaced by climate change, there will not be much left for small villages in the western Arctic like Sachs Harbour, Paulatuk and Ulukhaktok, which rely on a traditional way of life more than most others.

Arctic people in Canada, Alaska, Russia, Norway and Greenland have been struggling to hang on to what they are quickly losing. In Canada, the suicide rate among Inuit is 11 times the national average; life expectancy is 13 years less than what people from the south can look forward to. Nearly half of Inuit children

in Canada don't have a high-school diploma. Many of them fail or drop out because they share a three-bedroom house with as many as 14 other people.

Mary Simon, president of Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami, recently suggested that there is still time to do something about these miserable statistics, especially now that the Arctic promises to generate so much wealth.

But she questioned the "use it or lose it" approach that Prime Minister Stephen Harper advocates as the first principle of Arctic sovereignty and development. "For Inuit, these comments are welcome, but a bit ironic," she noted.

"Have Inuit not been living in and using the Arctic for millennia? Has Canada forgotten that northern governments and aboriginal organizations have been negotiating and implementing governance agreements in the Arctic for the past 35 years?"

Like many Inuit leaders, Simon does not distinguish Inuit here in Canada from those living in other Arctic countries. Some solutions, she suggests, are circumpolar.

"Coherent Arctic policies, both domestic and foreign, must be grounded in long-term strategic thinking, and the substantial investment of time, talent and money in both infrastructure and the social fabric of the region," she says.

"Arctic sovereignty rests on viable communities, sound civil administration, and responsible environmental management, not just ports, training facilities, and military exercises."

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