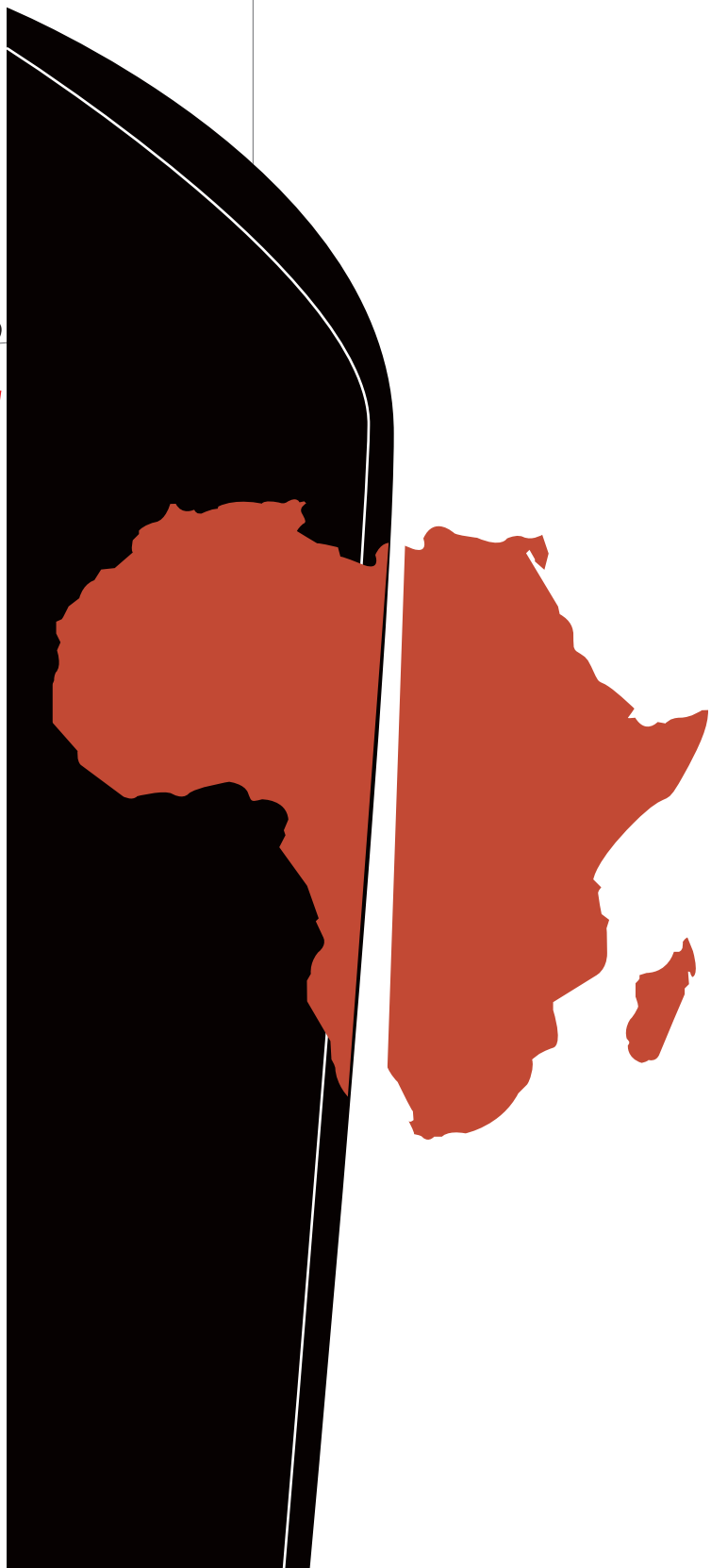
JOURNEY *to* JUSTICE

Barbara Mulvaney pursued criminals from Malibu to Miami before her own life and family fell apart. Then she found a new mission: bringing the accused perpetrators of the Rwandan genocide to a reckoning



By **KENNETH MILLER**
Photographed by
ALESSANDRA PETLIN

HAIR AND MAKEUP: KIM GOODWIN FOR CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM. STYLIST: MICHAEL CIOFFOLETTI. SHIRT AND JACKET: EILEEN FISHER. ILLUSTRATION, OPPOSITE PAGE: JOSE FERNANDEZ

Mulvaney, January 2007, on a rare break from the United Nations International Criminal Tribunal

To reach Trial Chamber 1 of the United Nations International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda, you take a creaky elevator to the fourth floor of a conference center in the city of Arusha, Tanzania. The courtroom is long and narrow; the prosecution and defense teams sit at opposite ends, with the judges' panel in between. The distance is so great that they watch one another on video screens. Visitors and press are separated from the action by a wall of bulletproof glass.

Sometime in the next month or two, Barbara Mulvaney, 55, will walk into Chamber 1 for the last time, to hear the verdicts on four former military officers she has been prosecuting for genocide and crimes against humanity. Behind her will be the extraordinary drama of a case that has occupied her days, and bedeviled her nights, since she arrived here five years ago from Los Angeles. She'll recall the time Colonel Théoneste Bagosora, one of the accused, described how he might go about having her or her colleagues killed. She'll remember the time she broke down, unable to continue questioning a young survivor who reminded Mulvaney of her own daughter. She'll recall the mother whose husband and children had been cut down in front of her, and the look in the eyes of Lieutenant Colonel Anatole Nsengiyumva—at once panicked and scornful—as the woman told her story.

Mulvaney has prosecuted enough murders in her career—though never before on this scale—to know that witnesses routinely twist the facts. She fully expects the four defendants to be convicted as ringleaders of the genocidal campaign in which some 800,000 Tutsi and moderate Hutu were slaughtered by soldiers, militia and their own neighbors. If convicted, each faces multiple life sentences.

"Everyone has rewritten history to protect themselves," Mulvaney says, with rueful cynicism. "How the hell can you blame them?"

On this warm December afternoon, Mulvaney is enduring a round of testimony she finds merely irritating. The witness, a Belgian colonel who was second in command of U.N. peacekeepers in Rwanda during the genocide in 1994, has recently turned against the prosecution. The colonel, Luc Marchal, lost 10 of his own men on the first day of the massacre, and has spent the past decade publicly agonizing over whether he could have done more to stop the killing. But now he is testifying for one of the accused; he has joined a minority of international observers who believe that Tutsi rebels brought the massacre on their own people by provoking the Hutu. In his dealings with the Rwandan military before the slaughter, Marchal insists, "I can say sincerely that [the U.N.] received high-quality cooperation."

His claim sends a ripple of reaction around the packed gallery. But Mulvaney, hunched over her laptop, is unfazed. She was prepared for Marchal's testimony. Her eyes narrow. "Tomorrow," she says later, "we'll rip him apart."

The Rwanda tribunal began hearing cases in 1997; its convictions (at least 24 to date) include the first for the crime of genocide since the U.N. defined the term after World War II. Set up in a neutral, relatively stable country—Tanzania, on Rwanda's eastern border—the tribunal is an enormous operation, easily outstripping that of the Nuremberg Trials. It involves dozens of defendants

"WHAT DOES IT MEAN to be ready for trial?" the U.N.'s Carla Del Ponte (opposite page, far right) asked in Mulvaney's job interview. Her answer helped get her hired to prosecute the Rwandan genocide case. She would spend the next five years leading the case against military leaders Anatole Nsengiyumva (near right) and Théoneste Bagosora (below), among others.

in four courtrooms, staffed with 1,000 employees from 85 countries.

The prosecutors are a diverse lot: earnest human rights lawyers seeking justice; ambitious young attorneys adding to their CVs; seasoned jurists putting a capstone on distinguished careers. The most successful tend to share one thing: They're politically savvy and especially skilled at navigating the huge U.N. bureaucracy.

Then there's Mulvaney. The senior prosecutor of Military 1 (as the case is officially known), one of the most complex and important cases, is tall and strong-featured, with an unruly mane of silver hair. Her somber robes help her blend into the scene. But as suggested by her choice of words ("rip him apart" is not a standard U.N. locution) and eyeglass frames (black on the front, backed by

Bagosora looked straight at Mulvaney and **mused about how to "kill someone here** in this courtroom."

crimson with white polka dots), she is a type unto herself. Mulvaney has little tolerance for diplomatic rituals. When she first arrived, as she likes to recount, she repeatedly told the head of personnel, "You'll have to excuse me. I don't understand the rules. And I don't plan on learning them." She combines antiestablishment instincts with the street cred of a crime fighter.

If Mulvaney is, in essence, a rebel, she is also a collection of contradictions: a free spirit who has spent years putting lawbreakers in prison, a devoted mother who abruptly left her kids behind when her marriage grew unbearable, an impatient woman who relentlessly pursues her quarry. She can be warm and charming, yet startlingly—and profanely—frank. In a husky voice long abused by tobacco, she succinctly describes the accused men who have sat before her as "fucking assholes." Yet Mulvaney's passions, her experience and even her quirks make her particularly well qualified for this unusual assignment.

Since the Military 1 trial began, in 2002, Mulvaney's team has called 83 witnesses and cross-examined more than 100. While searching for evidence, she has argued her way past Kalashnikov-bearing soldiers at the military compounds where her defendants once barked commands. She has inspected piles of human remains, still lying at massacre sites, with flesh and clothing still clinging to the bones. And she has coaxed traumatized survivors—many of whom had never before left their villages—into telling their stories in a foreign courtroom.

What pointed Mulvaney toward this work was a life without a life plan. And what landed her in Arusha was a succession of personal disasters—the kind of midlife cluster bomb that might have sent a more cautious woman running for permanent cover.

Caution was never Barbara Mulvaney's forte. That's partly family tradition: Her ancestors were Western pioneers, and her parents brilliant nonconformists. Mulvaney's father, Ed, worked as an aerospace engineer and rode broncos as a kid. Her mother, Julie, taught high school English before working for Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, California's first black congresswoman. "I have pictures of my mom where she's the only white face among 70 people," Mulvaney says. "She's like a human dynamo. She worked until she was 75, and she quit only because she couldn't hear anymore."

Mulvaney grew up in the Los Angeles suburbs and spent her teen years in San Bernardino, a former railroad town where the Hell's Angels got their start. "I called it 'the armpit of the world,'" she says. If Mulvaney conformed to the era's nonconformist ethos, she did it more energetically than many. In high school, she lined her skirt hems with Velcro so that she could create an instant mini after passing the morning dress-code check. During her college years,

PHOTOS, OPPOSITE: CHRISTOPHE CALAI/CORBIS. THIS PAGE, FROM LEFT: JOE ALEXANDER/NEWSCOM, LANGEVIN JACQUES/CORBIS SYGMA

she studied art in San Francisco and international relations in Cholula, Mexico. She walked her pet otter on a leash, ran a macrobiotic concession stand at the Pepperland Ballroom (an unsuccessful rival to the famed Fillmore) and lived communally with friends, one of them a stripper who dated guitarist Carlos Santana.

In Mexico, she fell in love with her future husband, a boy she had known since childhood. She followed him to Los Angeles, and then into law school. He became a litigator, while Mulvaney got her start volunteering for the Los Angeles district attorney's office. Their daughter Erin was born in 1982, the twins Nikki and Jessie two years later.

However happenstance her entry into the law, Mulvaney loved it. She had pictured herself championing penniless defendants, like her literary hero Atticus Finch, of *To Kill a Mockingbird*. But her first real job was working for the state of Florida in Dade County under Janet Reno, who would later become Bill Clinton's attorney general. "Janet was so inspiring and so ethical and so extraordinary," Mulvaney says. "We all pretty much worshipped her." She discovered a righteous joy in going after murderers, rapists and other victimizers. And she took Reno's lessons deeply to heart: Speak plain English to juries, treat witnesses kindly, come to trial impeccably prepared.

Over the next two decades, Mulvaney jumped from one job to the next and one side of the country to the other, pushed by her mercurial nature and her stormy marriage. She and her husband—a civil plaintiff's attorney and at least her equal in pugnacity—battled over money, domestic roles and where to live, as well as their general outlook on the universe.

Mulvaney's talents won her increasingly responsible positions, but she found ways to combine work with mothering. She once brought baby Erin into court with her and let her sleep under the prosecution table. Later, she ferried the girls to swim practice and soccer games in between meetings and court dates. But the tensions in her life ratcheted up with every move.

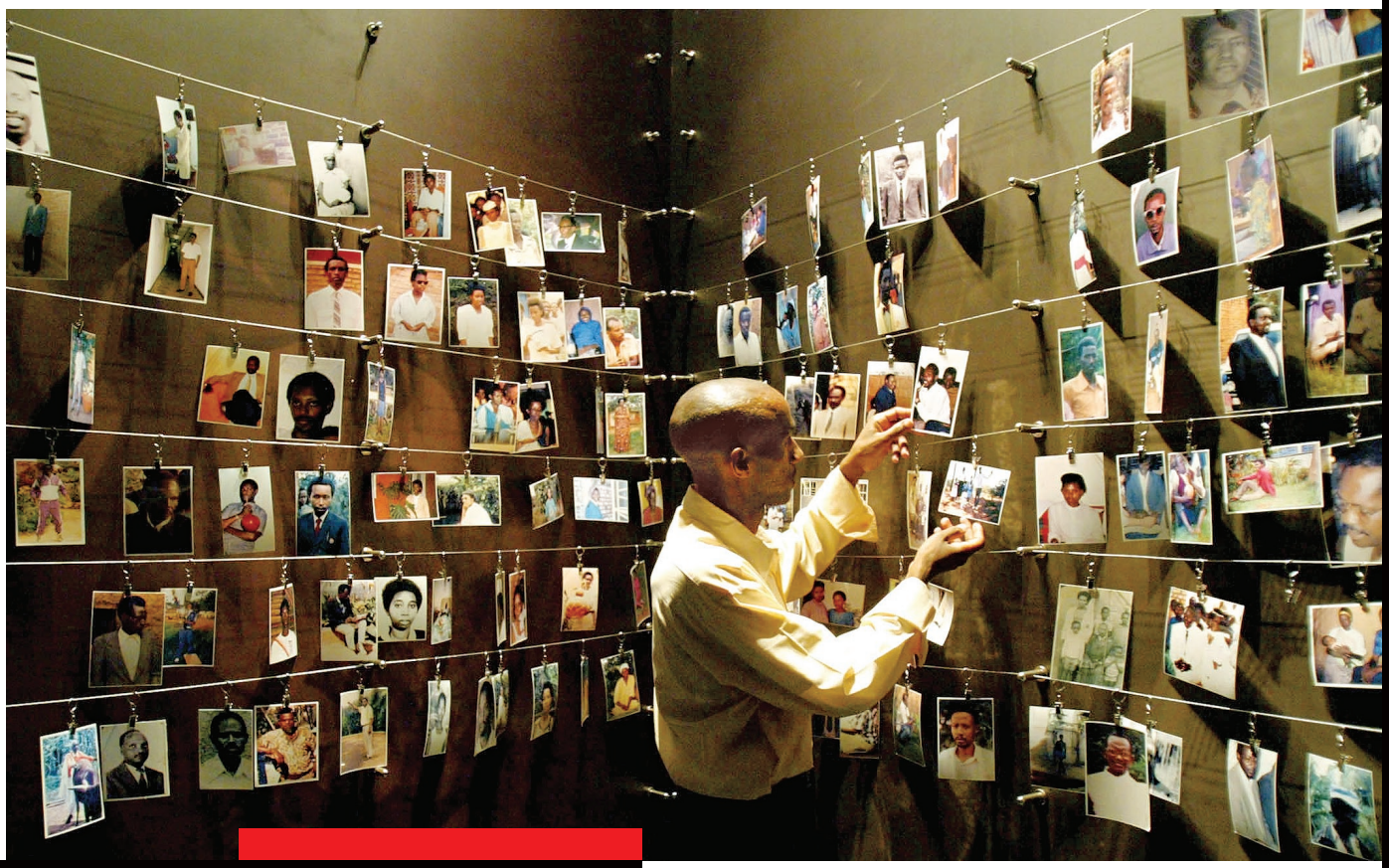
There were several years as a prosecutor in Malibu, where she loved the scruffy-glam scene (Mick Fleetwood and Martin Sheen in the local supermarket, singer John Sebastian on a jury). And then back to Florida, where the cocaine wars were raging. In 1991, tired of working in a place where "the morgue was overflowing," Mulvaney signed on as chief prosecutor for New Mexico attorney general Tom Udall. She scored some notable successes, including establishing a statewide domestic violence program, and won her staff's loyalty as their fierce advocate. But her taste for combat and her outsized spirit sometimes worked against her. In 1996, after a shouting match with Udall, she lost her job and then sued him, charging breach of contract and discrimination. Afterward she joined her husband's firm, taking on a civil rights case that involved a sex scandal at Los Alamos National Laboratory.

Mulvaney spent years pursuing that case and her own. Then in spring 2001, just as she was turning 50, both suits were dismissed. (In Mulvaney's lawsuit against the state, the attorney general's office was found to have committed no wrongdoing.) A week later, after a monstrous quarrel, her fraying marriage went terminal. Her mother, who had been staying with the family in Santa Fe, decided to go home to L.A., and Mulvaney offered to drive her. Once there, she couldn't bring herself to leave. After years of misery, she says, "I imagined a door opening. I was finally allowed to *get out*. And I got out."

Mulvaney's mother (who had divorced Barbara's father years earlier and was recently widowed) lived in a bungalow near Venice Beach; she moved into her own guesthouse to give her daughter space. At first, space was all Mulvaney had. Although she invited Nikki and Jessie to join her, the twins—then in their senior year of high school—stayed with their dad. In fact, they refused even to talk to her. Erin, then a freshman at New York University, sided with her sisters. "They were applying to colleges, and they didn't have their mom there to help them," Erin recalls. "There wasn't much of an explanation on her part. And we were very close to our father." Though the girls had often relished their mother's boldness and candor, this time they weren't inclined to see her point of view.

Without work or her children, Mulvaney fell into a profound funk. She passed her days going to museums with her mother, taking long walks and hunting for jobs online. She told herself she was ready to try a less stressful specialty—real estate law, perhaps. Her applications were rejected. Then, after the 9/11 attacks, her idealism—and ambition—resurfaced. Eager to serve her country, preferably in the international arena, she applied to the FBI, the CIA and the State Department. There were no takers. Mulvaney is not certain why. Perhaps the agencies balked at hiring an outsider for a senior position; certainly some of her work history might have hurt her. No one, it seemed, was ready to take a chance on this 50-something woman trying to start over.

Arusha is a noisy, sooty town of 270,000 in northeastern Tanzania; its streets are full of motorbikes, oxcarts, battered four-by-fours and taxi-buses called *daladala*. Mulvaney's home sits far above the hubbub, on a lush hillside with a view of Mount Kilimanjaro. The rambling stucco house is filled with mementos of her travels over the past few years, in Africa and beyond: hand-tooled beds from Zanzibar, sculptures from the Swahili Coast, rugs from Kashmir and Istanbul, strewn about with bohemian abandon. Yet as symbolic objects go, a more prosaic possession outweighs them all—a giant trampoline, set up in the backyard among the mango and banana trees.



Mulvaney toured Rwanda, inspecting piles of bleached bones. "The whole country," she says, "was a crime scene."

AT A MEMORIAL IN KIGALI, a survivor of the genocide examines photos of some of the 800,000 Tutsi and Hutu who were murdered. Touring massacre sites, Mulvaney found that the "horror was overwhelming."

PHOTO: RADU SIGHETI/REUTERS/CORBIS

"I don't jump on a regular basis," she says, enjoying the morning's first cigarette on the veranda. "It's more personal amusement, to watch everybody else jump." Mulvaney throws frequent parties for her staff and their children, and the trampoline gets plenty of use. When she took the leap that brought her here, however, the trampoline represented her hopes for the future. She bought it back in L.A. with the idea that her children would someday forgive her and come and try it themselves. She had abandoned almost everything she owned in her haste to leave her marriage, but she had not lost her faith in new beginnings.

It was that optimism that helped Mulvaney find her way forward one night in February 2002, when, during an extended Google search, she stumbled on the Rwanda tribunal's Web site. On the help-wanted page was an opening for a prosecutor. Seized with the conviction that this job was meant for her, Mulvaney faxed and e-mailed her résumé the next day, sending it several times for good measure. Although she heard nothing back, she began reading everything she could about the genocide and the trials, combing the Internet and bringing home stacks of books from the public library near her mother's home.

The tribunal's mission appealed to all the impulses that had first drawn Mulvaney to the law and engaged the antiauthoritarian instincts that had always driven her. The perpetrators of the genocide had abused their power on a truly cosmic scale, she felt. "If not for this court," she remembers thinking, "these very bad people would be living in the south of France."

When a U.N. recruiter finally called from Arusha at three AM one day in April, Mulvaney was ready. A few days and an armload of inoculations later, she boarded a plane for Africa. She traveled through 11 time zones in 24 hours, and when she arrived at Kilimanjaro International Airport in the middle of the night, the terminal was pitch-black. "We walk down the tarmac," Mulvaney says, and "somebody switches the lights on. There are these bugs running across the floor that look like they're eight inches long. I'm going, 'Oh my god! What am I doing here?' "

But the next morning, when she faced the interview committee, her doubts disappeared. Mulvaney's questioner and prospective boss was Carla Del Ponte, the legendary Swiss prosecutor who had helped break the Sicilian mafia in the 1980s. (She is now chief prosecutor of the U.N. war crimes tribunal for the former Yugoslavia, in The Hague.) "The first thing she asked me," Mulvaney says, "was, 'What does it mean to be ready for trial?' "

The question was pointed: The Military 1 trial had begun

AMONG THE MANGO TREES Mulvaney with her daughters (from left) Nikki, Erin and Jessie, in the backyard of her home in Arusha, Tanzania. (Nearby: the trampoline.)

PHOTO: ATHINA STRATAKI

When mother and daughters reunited, the girls found "**the same old Mom,**" Erin says. "**She's up for anything.** You can tell her anything."

a few weeks earlier but stalled when the prosecution failed to give the defense certain documents. Hammered by the press, Del Ponte wanted someone who would make no such mistakes. Mulvaney's whole career had been based on preparation, and she answered with the ease of an Olympic athlete performing a well-rehearsed routine.

Asked about Mulvaney, Del Ponte is constrained by U.N. personnel rules from commenting in detail. But in an e-mail from her spokeswoman, she says Mulvaney was "brilliant during the interview and impressed the panel with her outstanding knowledge." It didn't hurt that Del Ponte was a friend of Janet Reno—or that, unlike most other applicants, Mulvaney was ready to relocate halfway around the world at a moment's notice. To the committee, accustomed to the wanderings of international lawyers, Mulvaney's peripatetic past was a strength, not a weakness.

The interview lasted just over an hour. Afterward, Mulvaney went on safari to the nearby Serengeti and then flew home and waited. The offer came in June, and soon after, she returned to Tanzania with the trampoline, a couple of suitcases, her two Labradors and a black-and-white cat, named Stitches.

Adjusting to life in Arusha was not easy. Among other things, Mulvaney notes, the city had no supermarket, street signs, potable tap water, modern medical facilities or reliable electricity. (It now has a supermarket.) But she managed to rent a house, find enough furniture to make it livable and hire a housekeeper. She wrangled a car from the U.N. and taught herself to drive British style: steering wheel on the right side of the vehicle; vehicle on the left side of the road.

Getting her mission up to speed was harder. "I was in a state of total, absolute panic," Mulvaney says. The trial was set to restart in six weeks, and she was shocked to discover that her crew—four lawyers and a half-dozen support staff—still had little equipment besides legal pads. Worse, she faced an insurrection: Del Ponte had brought her in above the Nigerian-born Canadian prosecutor who had been running the case, and his allies were threatening to quit. Mulvaney launched a charm offensive. She disarmed the prosecutor (who later left the case) and courted disgruntled staffers, soliciting their advice and handing out plum assignments.

They came to adore her. "Barbara's a very strong person, but she's not authoritarian," says Rashid Rashid, a young Tanzanian attorney. He had never addressed a courtroom before Mulvaney assigned him to question some of her most important witnesses. "She listens to everybody. She knows everybody's strengths and weaknesses, and she goes with that." Mulvaney ordered laptops and video monitors

and prodded the bureaucrats to wire Trial Chamber 1 for the Internet.

She worked to prepare herself as well. She asked the tech people to burn a set of DVDs with footage of the carnage and its aftermath taken by news crews and U.N. peacekeepers, and brought them home to watch every night. The videos helped her grasp the details of the crime, but the images, she says, continue to haunt her: a woman in bloody shorts lying by a road, twitching as life drains out of her; a quartet of men clubbing a prostrate figure as methodically as if they were threshing grain.

Mulvaney also took a tour of Rwanda with another prosecutor, then returned repeatedly, visiting schoolhouses and churchyards full of desiccated remains, and neighborhoods that were still eerily empty. Wherever she went, she knew she was walking among ghosts—and killers. "The whole country was a crime scene," she says. "The horror was overwhelming."

She and her team began spiriting witnesses to a safe house in Arusha and combing former military camps for documents. They worked 14-hour days, seven days a week. By midsummer, they were ready to come out fighting.

The prosecution opened the trial in August 2002 by calling to the stand Alison des Forges, an American human rights activist and a leading expert on the Rwandan genocide. Over the next several months, des Forges laid out the history behind the hatred—how centuries of peaceful coexistence between ethnic groups had ended around 1900, when European colonizers turned the lighter-skinned Tutsi into an elite that helped oppress the Hutu; how the Hutu, seizing power after independence, had exacted revenge on the Tutsi through discrimination and pogroms.

The genocide, as des Forges explained it to the judges, was largely planned and overseen by the four men in the defendants' dock. Their pretext was a long-running civil war between the Hutu-dominated government and the Tutsi-led rebels of the Rwandan Patriotic Front (RPF). According to the prosecution, Colonel Bagosora had argued for years that Tutsi civilians and moderate Hutu were fair targets for attack. He had walked out of U.N.-sponsored peace talks in 1993, Mulvaney's team alleged, declaring that he would "prepare the apocalypse." He and his allies rallied like-minded soldiers, drew up hit lists and began distributing machetes to Hutu militias. Prosecutors say his moment came on April 6, 1994, when the Hutu president's plane was shot down—whether by Tutsi rebels or Hutu coup plotters is still unknown. Bagosora stepped forward to lead an interim government and allegedly helped launch the first massacres and political assassinations. The other Military 1 defendants, General Gratien Kabiligi, Major Aloys Ntabakuze and Colonel Nsengiyumva, are said to have helped coordinate the ensuing orgy of murder, rape and mutilation, which didn't end until the victory of the RPF forces in July 1994.

After des Forges, Mulvaney called a long list of witnesses—massacre survivors, former soldiers, experts on forensics and on sexual violence. She bolstered the intrinsic drama of the case with long-practiced tactics. When one Tutsi woman told how her husband and children had been killed while Nsengiyumva looked on, Mulvaney asked her to identify him. The woman crossed the courtroom, leveled a finger and cried, "To you, we were dirt!"

The defense began calling its own witnesses in April 2005. Bagosora—a pudgy, mild-looking man with wire-rimmed glasses—was the first of the accused to testify. During his 17 days on the stand, he admitted that "excessive massacres" had occurred, but denied that they constituted genocide. The country had simply been at war, he said; enemy sympathizers had to be suppressed by any means necessary.

Staring straight at Mulvaney, he described how he might arrange her or her colleagues' assassination: "If you give an order to someone, for example, to come and kill someone here in this courtroom. . ." The instructions, he explained, would include information about the chamber's layout and the position of the guards.

Mulvaney had heard plenty of disturbing testimony by then, but she found herself deeply shaken by the veiled threat. As Bagosora's remorseless testimony continued, watching him on her courtroom monitor, she discovered that she could distort the image of his face by rubbing the screen with her finger. And she often kept her iPod plugged into one ear, almost drowning out his voice with songs by Bob Dylan, Tracy Chapman and the Traveling Wilburys. "It was my way of saying, 'I don't have to listen to your shit,'" Mulvaney says.

Outside the courtroom, she had other battles. There were showdowns with the bureaucracy over vacation time for her overworked staff and funds for a crucial database. Once, when she was about to lose two key team members, she went over her bosses' heads and enlisted the help of the U.S. mission to the U.N.; the breach of protocol almost got her fired. She pleads ignorance: "I had stepped on every single toe that you could possibly step on without knowing it."

By then, Mulvaney's style had evolved. She apologized. "I said, 'The reason I'm good at what I do is that I'm absolutely, totally focused on the work. Everything I do is because I want it to succeed. I'm not asking you for anything personal—I'm fighting for my people.'"

This time, she won. "Occasionally, Barbara may not be very diplomatic," says Hassan Jallow, the chief prosecutor who succeeded Del Ponte. He smiles. "But she has the determination we need and the ability to really lead a trial team—to keep them motivated, week after week, month after month, year after year."

Two years into the trial, however, Mulvaney's own motivation was eroding. Along with the staggering volume of work and the daily exposure to the genocide's horrors, she felt **continued on page 222**

continued from page 145

a continual anxiety over her personal safety. At tribunal headquarters, security was often spotty. Once, during a party, someone stole Mulvaney's purse—and with it her house keys and cell phone, which held the numbers of several witnesses who had been persuaded to testify only with anonymity and under court protection. Fearing that the theft was a setup (Hutu extremists continue to murder opponents inside and outside Rwanda), she hired two additional bodyguards. The missing items were eventually recovered. On another occasion, a dog belonging to one of her staff was poisoned, and Mulvaney's dog took sick the same day. Her pet recovered, but the crime was never solved. Sometimes, at night, she found herself unnerved by the sound of her own bodyguards' feet as they circled her house.

Even more demoralizing was her daughters' continued estrangement. Although she had seen the girls during trips to the U.S., the visits were tense and brief, and her letters and e-mails drew grudging responses.

Her team in Arusha had become her surrogate family: attorneys Rashid Rashid and Freddy Nyiti, also from Tanzania; Drew White, from Canada; Christine Graham, from Sweden; and a handful from other countries. They ate lunch together, reconvened for dinner at an expat joint called Stiggy's and spent weekends and vacations at a funky beach resort in Zanzibar, where Mulvaney discovered the restorative power of scuba diving.

Still, the unrelenting ache over her children—along with the other stresses in her life—was taking its toll. "I wasn't sleeping. I was smoking too much, drinking too much, doing everything too much."

The turning point came in the summer of 2004, during a long break in the trial. Mulvaney had booked a retreat at a spa in Bangalore, India, and invited her mother to join her. Julie made an offer of her own: If her granddaughters were willing, she would bring them along—and take them all through India, Cambodia, Bali and Hong Kong.

Nikki and Jessie, then 20, demurred at first. But Erin, who had just graduated college, couldn't resist. She told her sisters, "I'm not going without you."

Mulvaney had been at the spa for two weeks when Julie and the girls arrived. (Her chakras, she says, were well-aligned for the reunion.) The visit started awkwardly—stiff embraces, uncomfortable silences—but a few days of yoga and massage loosened everyone up. The five women then journeyed down the Mekong River to Phnom Penh and visited Angkor Wat. Mulvaney and her daughters got to know one another again. "She was the same old Mom," Erin says. "She's up for anything. You can tell her anything." By the time they reached Bali, the old warmth was back.

The girls spent the following summer in Arusha, where they climbed onto the trampoline for the first time. They went on safari, watched their mother in court and were embraced by Mulvaney's team. Chaperoned by Rashid, they

The team became her surrogate family. They would eat dinners at an expat joint named Stiggy's and vacation at a beach resort in Zanzibar.

danced till dawn at the local discos. They were back in Arusha last Christmas.

These days, they return their mother's e-mails and keep her posted on their lives. (Erin, 25, is thinking of applying to grad school; Jessie is in college; Nikki is waiting tables in San Francisco.) Mulvaney, for her part, sends regular bulletins on the trial. All of which makes the remaining battles somewhat easier to bear. "I'm better," she says. "Actually, I'm much better."

At the tribunal headquarters, only top management is entitled to air-conditioning. Mulvaney's office on the seventh floor is small, cluttered and hot, but its view of jacaranda-studded hilltops helps compensate. Among the diplomas on the wall is a picture of revolutionary Che Guevara in a jungle clearing. "I think it was taken somewhere in Africa," Mulvaney says. Long before he became a voguish T-shirt image, Che was an inspiration for 1960s radicals. Mulvaney admires the old warrior's refusal to quit, even when the enemy had him surrounded.

Her current fight is almost over. After delivering her closing brief, she will have little to do, officially, besides await the verdict. Whatever the outcome, her contract is good through 2008, but her duties have yet to be defined. However tired and battered she may feel, the prospect of having no mission is unnerving.

So Mulvaney has assigned herself a new one: to make sure the Military 1 case is not forgotten. She is consulting with archivists and computer experts to preserve the trial records (including her massive database of witnesses and exhibits) and make them accessible to journalists, filmmakers, historians and other courts and tribunals. "I want to get all the information out there," she says.

She has been tempted—particularly by one case that is pending—to sign on for another stint with the tribunal. But she has also thought of going to divinity school, one of the few places she can imagine coming to terms with the mysteries raised by the genocide: What are the roots of human evil? Where does God hide during a holocaust? She may write something, possibly a children's book, addressing some of those questions.

Or, she says, she may just "buy a house on 40 acres in southern New Mexico and throw rocks at anyone who comes close."

If there's one thing she learned over the past few years, it's not to worry about leaping. "I can do whatever I want," she says. "It just takes some imagination." **M**