

bout de papier

Vol. 28, No. 1

In Jonglei

photos and story by Nicholas Coghlan

What Every Aspiring Canadian Diplomat Should Know About Wine: A Personal Reflection

by John Sloan

Le remarquable programme d'échange entre le MDN et le MAECD

par Sébastien Bouchard et Sumeeta Millington



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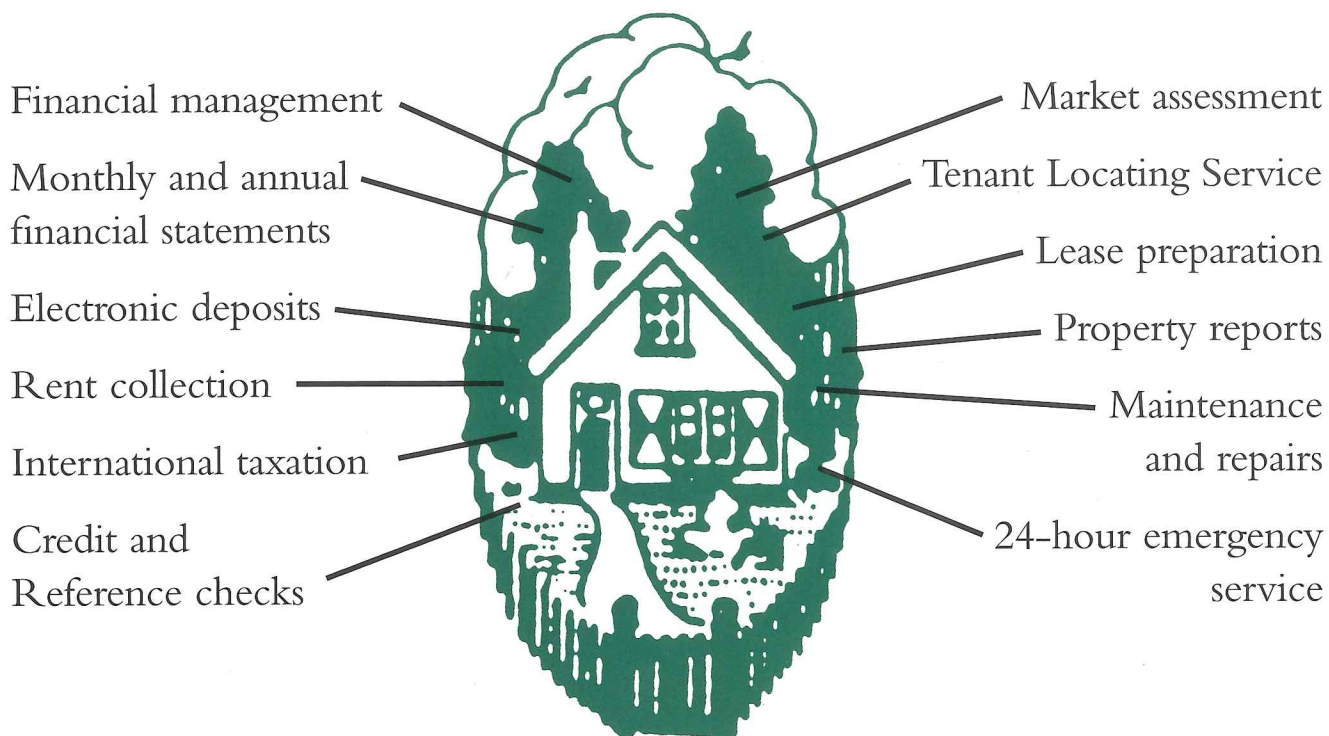
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Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur



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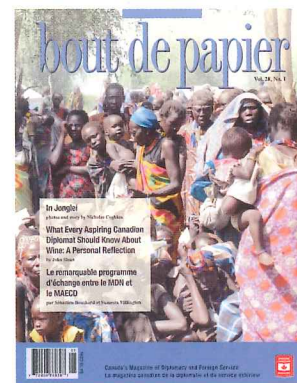
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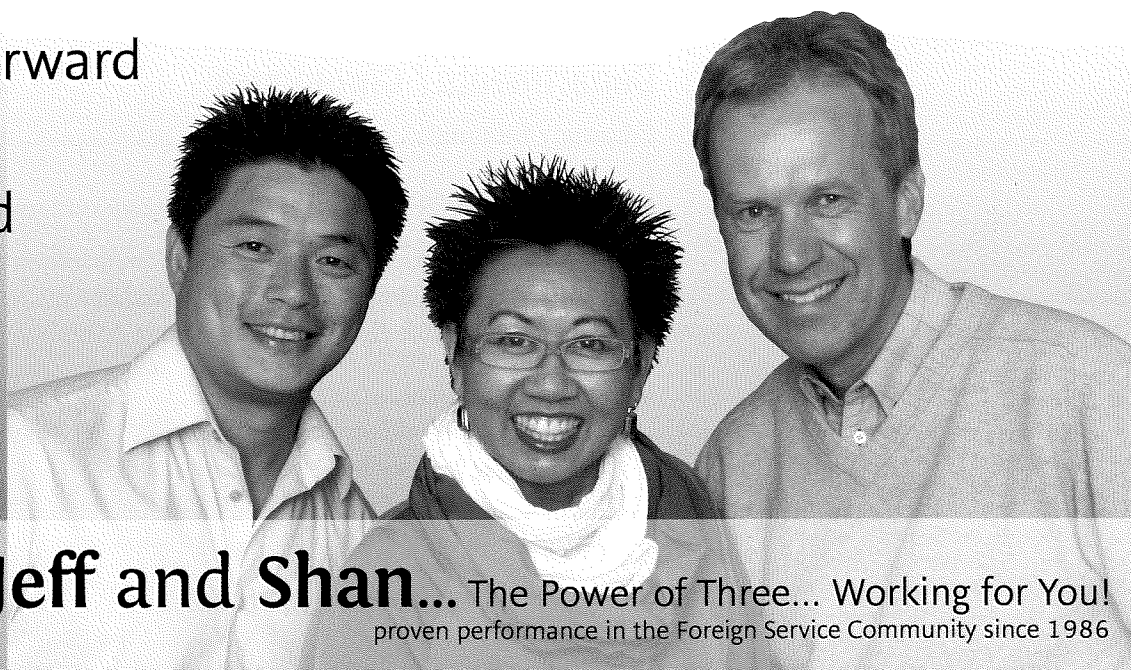
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You Missed the Point – ouchhhh!

Certains éditoriaux suscitent des commentaires plus pertinents que l'éditorial lui-même – c'est le cas du plus récent. Une collègue, après avoir pris connaissance de l'éditorial concernant l'après-grève, a déclaré que, si on lui avait confié la tâche de l'écrire, elle aurait été tentée de faire preuve de plus de prudence car « they hate us enough already ». Un autre a écrit qu'il s'agit d'un « tough editorial, but these are tough times ». Un troisième s'est montré encore plus direct « You missed the point! » Comment? Pour reprendre ses propres mots :

“Your editorial hits on a number of topics that are highlights of many discussions among young FS: (1) the ‘real’ reasons for resolving the strike; (2) the manner in which Rosenberg left the Department (and his role/effectiveness in the Department prior to that); (3) the fact that notwithstanding that FS have continued to give loyal, expert, well-reasoned advice, no one in authority seems to care (it sometimes seems to form the basis for taking the complete opposite action); and (4) the fact that government scientists have been muzzled, the impact that has on our ability to formulate policy, and what that bodes for our own futures.

However, I would say that the largest worry of the ‘under 35 set’ is that we are seeing a systemic change among middle managers. When we joined 4–5 years ago, our managers would still push ideas up; now it seems that they are pushing ideas down. Instead of continuing to send up memos setting out true recommendations from the Department, we see Directors and DGs trying to suss out what it is that MINA or o/MINA wants to hear, and then telling us to draft memos and other recommendations accordingly. Of course this is not true of all managers, but what we have seen is unacceptable, and it seems as though the ceiling we are pushing against in trying to get ideas and programs approved is dropping lower and lower.

I am reducing to its core hundreds of conversations over recent years – and it isn't just the ‘over 35 set’ that hope for

better, that is everyone's hope. I wouldn't attribute it to an age group or family situation necessarily, but it seems that a certain level of management has ceased to represent the Department upwards for fear of the effects on their careers. It's understandable in many ways, given the Minister's very public disciplining of senior Department officials for daring to ‘speak truth to power.’ If ADMs can be punished for giving ‘loyal and fearless’ advice, what's a Director or DG to do?

When a lot of us first joined and saw by 2010 (or so) the direction the government was going, we told each other to hang in there, that we would need quality officers in the Department once the regime changed. Now, however, we are being crushed to such an extent that many of us don't think we'll last until such a change. It's truly unfortunate, and it comes up during every conversation I've had with FS in the past few years that is longer than a few minutes. Many of us agree that without the strong relationships formed among our starting cohort, we would already be gone, since it is truly the only support system we have.

Which brings me to the comment about ‘what officers under 35? We haven't recruited in four years; we haven't seen a promotion in years!’ The last and second-to-last recruitments combined probably number at least 150, of which I only know of less than 10 who are over 35. So we're there! The lack of promotion opportunities within the Department also drives some discussions of departure.”

Ces réactions sont fascinantes à maints égards. Premièrement, le vocabulaire est déconcertant : « hate », « tough times », « unacceptable », « fear », « disciplining... for daring to speak ‘truth to power’ », et espoir d'un « regime change ». Parlent-ils de la Russie de Poutine? de la Turquie d'Erdogan? Non, il s'agit de notre propre grand nord « fort et fier ». Deuxièmement, qui s'exprime ainsi, des vieillards récalcitrants qui s'empiffrent de canapés? Non, les commentaires ci-dessus viennent des plus jeunes. En quoi nous sommes-nous trompés dans le dernier éditorial? Ce respect professionnel et cette éthique du travail sont de plus en plus compromis entre les mains des cadres intermédiaires.

La haute direction doit combattre l'évidement du service extérieur et d'inverser la pourriture des valeurs fondamentales qui ont attiré nos professionnels au départ. L'APASE doit rester la voix de la base syndicale d'un service extérieur (où la culture de l'intégrité professionnelle ne peut être compromise sans causer des dommages durables à notre avenir). Reprenons le côté « professionnel » de l'APASE et élaborons notre propre code de conduite, nos propres normes d'éthique, pour un XXI^e siècle et un service extérieur basé sur les principes clairs. Je crois que nous pouvons tous et toutes convenir qu'un service extérieur qui craint ou est incapable de dire la vérité au pouvoir n'a rien de professionnel... 🌐

– Stuart Hughes

Réinventer le service extérieur du Canada : What Needs Doing Now

Budget 2013 announced the amalgamation of DFAIT and CIDA. This offers a real opportunity to reshape the structure and management of the department's workforce. In PAFSO's view, the first immediate objective should be to address harmful inconsistencies in classification and staffing which have plagued employees for a decade and set the stage for last year's strike. The longer-term objective should be to reassert Canada's Foreign Service as the leading edge for Canadian interests in an increasingly volatile and complex world.

Nous partageons une fière tradition. C'est une source de motivation, un esprit de corps et un engagement professionnel. Toutefois, le service extérieur n'est ni une guilde ni un sacerdoce. En mettant l'accent sur l'excellence et la sélection fondée sur le mérite, nous sommes représentatifs du Canada et accueillants pour tous et toutes. Nous n'avons pas le monopole en matière de compétences, mais nous comptons dans nos rangs plusieurs filières de généralistes polyvalents. Nous sommes ouverts au changement valable, constructif.

DFATD is evolving fast though not always for the better. We have gone through Strategic Reviews, Transformation, DRAP, FS job action, and now amalgamation, all of which have perpetuated a cycle of disruption and realignment. We know that the organigrams created for today's issues may not be needed tomorrow. However, as an organizing principle, rotationality remains essential to developing and managing "agile generalists". Our task load requires people with broad ranging aptitudes and a myriad of professional experiences across the globe, supported by a compact cohort of specialists at headquarters. We need the right people in the right place at the right time.

Unfortunately, we are losing ground. Observers of Canada's international performance note the pressing need for our diplomacy to regenerate itself as the pre-eminent (but not exclusive) agent for pursuing our global interests. They argue that key to any government's stewardship of the instruments of national power remains a well-trained, motivated, and high-performing corps of professional diplomats – an imperative shared by all G7 and like-minded foreign ministries.

Treasury Board, it seems, agrees. TB documents defining the FS group contain a list of "inclusions" which can be modified as needed to reflect the government's changing lines of business: trade policy, legal affairs, political relations, immigration, and so on. This group also features certain competencies essential to

representing Canada abroad that transcend all of its streams and are perhaps unique in the non-executive public service:

- Flexibility and adaptability to changing environments
- Intercultural effectiveness
- Ability to exercise good judgment with limited information and high consequence of error
- Ability to perform in isolated locations with minimal support
- Superlative networking, collaboration, and communication skills
- Ease with senior and influential clients
- Linguistic fluency, including full bilingualism

À ces compétences viennent s'ajouter la curiosité, l'intégrité, la ténacité et le courage. Ces qualités, jumelées à la perméabilité qui caractérise la gestion de ce cadre, font que notre service diplomatique convient le mieux aux besoins du ministère du fait qu'ils se posent dans des emplacements et des conditions qui ne se retrouvent pas dans les autres ministères.

What's needed now? PAFSO has proposed four forward looking amalgamation measures to meet the needs of management and employees. They would produce a workforce primed to implement management priorities while offering employees sustained job satisfaction with meaningful career variety and progression:

1. **Convert the Management and Consular Officer cohort to the FS group.** The business case was made 20 years ago. However, we still need a political decision recognizing that MCO responsibilities have changed drastically over the decades and that they should be an "official" part of the Foreign Service.
2. **Convertir les anciens postes d'agents de développement de l'ACDI qui conviennent à la définition de FS.** Les affectations outremer à l'ACDI étaient gérées de manière ponctuelle, mais des centaines d'agents sont permutants dans la pratique. Ils constituaient une filière distincte du service extérieur jusque vers la fin des années 1980. Leurs descriptions de travail correspondent étroitement à celles du groupe FS.
3. **Élargir la filière développement en filière de « programmation ».** La dernière décennie a été témoin d'une forte hausse des activités de programmation au MAECD, en particulier dans les secteurs de l'aide à la sécurité et de la reconstruction. Le MAECD devrait évaluer le bien-fondé d'une filière de « programmation » élargie au sein du service extérieur, qui engloberait les agents de

développement et ceux des filières affaires étrangères et commerce qui possèdent des compétences en exécution de programmes et en gestion.

4. **Resume classification review of Economist & Social Scientist (EC) and Commerce Officer (CO) positions.** Inconsistencies in job descriptions at DFATD are a leading irritant for employees and impede sound HR management. We must address the consequences of mass conversion of FS positions to the CO and EC group in the mid-2000s (prompted by chronic under-recruitment of FS and the 2005 aborted split of DFAIT), along with the creation of dozens of new EC and CO positions.

Potential benefits are enormous. Expansion of rotational pools will allow Human Resources to fill positions more nimbly. Streamlining positions into the FS group will reduce classification contradictions, pay inequities, and grievances. DFATD also could reduce its systemic reliance on acting situations and improve the ratio of positions abroad versus those in Ottawa. The larger pool of jobs overseas will develop even greater competence among FS in meeting Canada's global needs.

Les employés aimeraient davantage de possibilités d'occasions d'affectations interfilières. Les agents des filières politique ou commerce qui possèdent des antécédents en développement ou en gestion, et vice versa, pourraient appliquer ces connaissances, ce qui accroîtrait le maintien de l'effectif. La conversion en bloc tiendrait compte des employés non FS qui aspirent à devenir permutants. Le maintien d'experts techniques dans le reste des cases EC, CO et PM (gestion des programmes) fournira une niche aux spécialistes qui désirent travailler à des enjeux internationaux tout en restant à Ottawa.

Expanding the Foreign Service tent and overhauling outdated structures would inspire a more coherent corporate culture. Wider use of rotationality will increase the talent available to work with other departments and organizations outside the public service, boosting innovation in policy-making and programming and closing the so-called "culture gap" between DFATD and the rest of official Ottawa. These proposals will give the government a multi-functional workforce, expert in the art and practice of diplomacy, able to pivot as crises emerge, domestic priorities change, or the global environment shifts. Canadians deserve no less. ☺

Tim Edwards was elected President of PAFSO in October 2011.

What Every Aspiring Canadian Diplomat Should Know About Wine: A Personal Reflection

by John Sloan

***Note de la rédaction :** Dans l'ensemble, les viticulteurs du Canada étaient plus ou moins une source nationale d'embarras (nous produisions effectivement une boisson à base de vin appelée « Lonesome Charlie » – offerte en cinq saveurs de fruits)... jusqu'à ce que nous prenions conscience que nous étions capables de produire de manière fiable des vins de glace de classe mondiale. Allez donc savoir pourquoi! Cela, jumelé au choc de la concurrence provoqué par l'ALE en 1988, a obligatoirement révolutionné l'industrie. De nos jours, l'industrie vinicole en C.-B., en Ontario, au Québec et en Nouvelle-Écosse approvisionne près de la moitié de notre demande nationale et exporte plus de 40 millions de dollars par année à des marchés aussi diversifiés que les É.-U., l'Europe et l'Asie. Elle compte pour au moins cinq milliards de dollars de notre économie. John Sloan, « vrai » ambassadeur récemment à la retraite, nous en dit davantage sur l'essentiel du vin dans son nouveau rôle d'ambassadeur « discret » de produits canadiens haut de gamme.*



View of Quail's Gate vineyard and Mission Hill, Kelowna, B.C.

It's "Red, White and Drunk All Over" according to the extremely humorous and knowledgeable Canadian author and critic, Natalie MacLean. Wine has always had an important international angle since the first accidental fermentations in ancient Georgia, Armenia or Iran (where the town of Shiraz is found) – depending on whose foundation

Borjomi, in the aftermath of their 2008 mini-war.

So what does the aspiring Canadian diplomat need to know about wine in the 21st century? As much or as little as you want is the simple, if not simplistic answer. Will knowing about wine advance my career, asks the ambitious careerist?

Copious amounts of wine have greased the paths of international diplomacy for centuries if not millennia.

myths you believe. Its subsequent spread via the Mediterranean and Black Sea trade routes to Phoenicia, Greece and eventually throughout the Roman Empire powered much of early commerce. Trade protectionism is by no means a new phenomenon – recall Gaul's early experience with blatant Roman discrimination when, in AD 92, the Emperor Domitian ordered the uprooting of half the vines in Rome's overseas provinces, including the Greek-planted vineyards of the lower Rhone, in order to protect the wine producers of the Italian peninsula. The edict was not rescinded until nearly 200 years later.

Copious amounts of wine have greased the paths of international diplomacy for centuries if not millennia. The Persians are reported by Petrarch to have made all-important decisions at drunken revelries only to review them stone cold sober the morning after. Thomas Jefferson amassed a notable collection of fine French wines during his stint as the new Republic's ambassador in Paris and shortly thereafter Talleyrand attempted to conduct the Concert of Europe from his dining table. Before the 1917 revolution the Tsars sipped sweet Yquem and Tokaj wines while the Swiss sent *vignerons* to tend the imperial vineyards at the mouth of the Dnieper.

More recently the great trans-Atlantic tasting of 1976, celebrated in the film *Bottle Shock*, announced the definitive arrival of the Yanks at the very gates of French civilization. *Appellations* and rules of origin still bedevil trade talks (not least the Canada–EU Comprehensive Economic Trade Agreement negotiations). Wine wars also still break out from time to time, viz. freedom fries and Beaujolais in American streets after France's refusal to join the coalition invasion of Iraq or Russia's ban on the sale of Georgian wine and the Politburo's favourite mineral water,

Probably not, but you never know. Is a knowledge of wine, and Canada's contribution to the international world of wine, in the "national interest"? Today, most definitely so as, after many years of growing pains, Canadian wines now increasingly compete with the established vineyards around the world. But more on that below.

As this is a personal reflection, perhaps a few historical details are in order. My childhood exposure to wine came quite early as my Europhile father joined with Vancouver neighbours in importing wines more interesting than those available to customers of British Columbia's abstemious LCB. In those days B.C. wines were not worth contemplating. New World exposure, with a definitely California twist, arrived via a wine course during my first year of university at Stanford. However, tasting my first really great wine was not until a sojourn at Stanford in France in 1970 where, courtesy of a wine-mad teaching assistant, I partook of a Château Latour 1959. A Masters' degree at the LSE allowed me to pursue my interest via a Higher Certificate from London's Wine & Spirit Educational Trust. But equally important were the tasting rooms at Christie's auction house where, every Tuesday morning before the weekly wine auctions, anyone off the street could

buying a duty free case of Château Margaux from a not very good year (1967) for \$12.00 a bottle. Nothing like that is available today but one bottle from that case still remains in Vancouver, waiting for an appropriate occasion – if my house-sitting daughter hasn't drunk it already.

However, this curiosity and background learning really came together during our posting to Geneva. At first, I was not particularly impressed by most Swiss wines – tart, thin and seemingly expensive. When I discovered some wines that merited further exploration, I found that nothing existed in English or French, or German for that matter, that could explain Swiss wines to the interested amateur. A six-month project stretched into five years but eventually, from my tasting notes, *The Surprising Wines of Switzerland* emerged in 1996 and remains, even today, the only unbiased (and therefore definitive) book on the subject. At first self-published, the second edition, hardback with professional photographs, was brought out by Bergli Books in Basel. At one point my book was listed as the 536,000+ all-time best seller on Amazon! Needless to say it was never a moneymaking proposition – the joy was in finally seeing the book published. But crisscrossing Switzerland on the weekends in search of material and insight was a superb and unique way to discover a country, its traditions, culture and people.

There is all manner of levels of sophistication when it comes to wine and one need only indulge as far as your desire takes you. You can learn about terroir, typicity, extraction, structure and aromatics. You can also argue about 20 or 100 point rating scales for assessing wines. You can try to detect sweaty saddles, cat's piss, barnyards, violets, apricots, cedar or pencil shavings in the glass. The more you

So what does the aspiring Canadian diplomat need to know about wine in the 21st century? As much or as little as you want is the simple, if not simplistic answer.

sample great wines (particularly Bordeaux) that were to go under the hammer the following Thursday.

My interest in wine continued after joining the Foreign Service in 1975. I can remember early on in my career in Japan

are exposed to various wines, the more you can become comfortable with such terms of art. But fundamentally, wine comes down to colour, bouquet and aroma, taste and an overall personal impression. Throw in concentration, balance, complexity

and longevity and you have the basics. Not so tough.

There are, however, two indisputable facts about wine. First, wine is a diminishing quality. Eventually it all ends up oxidized or vinegar – that's assuming it wasn't vinegar in the first place. And you can't take it with you. But equally, such an end shouldn't prevent someone from keeping the right wine for 50 years or more in the right conditions. Basically wine is a substance to be enjoyed on its own or to enhance the enjoyment of other materials, i.e. food. Although many traditions have grown up over the years and many of these traditions are based on a combination of experimentation and local practice, in the end there are no hard and fast "rules" on how to serve or enjoy wine. Wine has to be what you like and how you like it. Red wine with fish, so be it. Would I serve a sweet Sauternes with a steak? Unlikely, but in world where great chefs have produced bacon and eggs ice cream, I'd never say never. But a sparkling Shiraz – I'm sure

challenges they have overcome with the hand that nature and technology have dealt them.

In the pantheon of great pronouncements the five principles of vinous enlightenment below don't hold a candle to China's five principles of peaceful co-existence, but for the budding diplomatic oenophile, here are a few thoughts based on 40+ years of searching, slurping, sipping and spitting:

1. Don't be shy

More specifically, don't be intimidated. There are more different wines made today than ever before and increasingly it is difficult to get a really bad bottle. Price is a guide, but not the only one. There are always new emerging regions producing interesting, attractive, intriguing wines. Canada, over the past two decades, is an excellent illustration of this phenomenon. Experiment and keep trying something different – wines from the same grapes or *cepages* from different regions or the

There are all manner of levels of sophistication when it comes to wine and one need only indulge as far as your desire takes you.

some Australian creative genius has made it work!

And second, wine can be so much more than just the final product. In addition to the colour, bouquet, taste, balance and length of the liquid that emerges from the bottle, cast or flask, wine is history, economics, psychology, sociology, urban and rural planning, environmentalism, etc. Knowing a country's wines can impart something quite fundamental about the country, its people, its culture and its history. Isn't that understanding what diplomacy is, at least in part, supposed to be about?

As I discovered when doing the research for my book on Swiss wines, getting to know a country's wines is a great way to discover a country. On this I speak from experience. In general nasty people don't make wines although they certainly can own vineyards. However, once you show an intelligent interest in their creations, their "babies", wine makers have a habit of opening up and proactively want to demonstrate what they have done and the

different wines from the same regions. Try both old and young wines by the same producer – wines really do change with bottle age. Few things are more satisfying than finding a wine on a wine list or in a store or restaurant that clearly exceeds its simple appellation and properly gives value for money.

2. Do your homework

Learn about fermentation. Learn about grape types. Learn a little geography and why it might matter. Establish benchmarks so you know what a good cabernet sauvignon, pinot noir, sauvignon blanc or sangeovese should taste like. Compare Australian shiraz with French syrah and then California's version (multiple spellings). And read. Books or the internet, your choice. You can't really go wrong with the likes of Jancis Robinson, Hugh Johnson, Stephen Brook, Nicholas Faith, Robert Parker, Clive Coates or Burgundhound. Visit vineyards and ask questions every chance you get. But above all, taste.



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3. Taste is personal

No one can tell you what you like except you yourself. For example, many people today don't like sweet wines. All well and good but for me a good sweet wine, on the right occasion, can be the best value for money wine around, and no-one is going to convince me to the contrary. But you have to like what you drink and serve, so make it personal and find wines that you really like. It isn't that hard.

4. Avoid wine snobbery

Don't buy the label; buy the wine and the people that produced it. Find good value-for-money workhorse wines that will do for various different occasions. A reception wine is not necessarily a good dinner wine. And what you drink on your own is not necessarily what you would present to promote Canadian wines. Find *vignerons*, producers, *négociants* or chateau that you are comfortable with at price levels appropriate for the occasion. The vagaries of the market and the deep pockets of *arriviste* Asian (and Russian) trophy collectors have put the possibility of buying the traditional grand cru wines beyond the means of most of us. This is not new. Thirty years ago the English sulkily lamented the arrival of the Americans' purchasing power on the international scene. But the wine market is sufficiently creative and innovative that there will always be good if not great wines available at all price points for those willing to make the effort to search them out. In their time, the emergence of Australia, New Zealand, Chile, Argentina, South Africa and Canada prove the point.

5. Be proudly Canadian

When I was first posted to Japan in 1976 I took no Canadian wine with me. Our wines just weren't good enough. And growing up in Vancouver with some exposure to early Okanagan vinous efforts, I wasn't going to be embarrassed by serving Baby Duck or "Herb Capozzi's socks" to invited guests. How things have changed. We often forget that it was to a considerable degree the competition induced by the 1988 Canada-USA FTA that forced the Canadian wine industry to improve its competitiveness and attractiveness in order to withstand the anticipated tsunami of imports coming from south of the border. I would argue, admittedly with hindsight, that the FTA was the best thing that ever happened to the

Canadian wine industry. As Senior Departmental Assistant in Pat Carney's office at the time, I certainly recall how strong the opposition to the FTA was among Canada's wine producers.

At times, however, Canada has seemed to be in a trough where the only wines we were known for internationally were ice wines, which, unlike in Germany, we are able to produce, year in, year out. The success of our ice wines was certainly important in getting the Canadian wine industry established, but somehow it could have become a dead end over time, despite being commercially successful. However, in 2005 a Mission Hill Chardonnay was awarded "Best Chardonnay in the World" at a major London wine competition. That caught the attention of the critics and since then, our dry white table wines, and increasingly our reds, keep getting better to the extent that we can put our best up against anything from anywhere – so long as we get rid of the embarrassing and deceptively labelled imports that are just bottled in Canada. So now, the real competition between B.C. and Ontario, not to mention Quebec and Nova Scotia can properly be engaged. Burrowing Owl, Blue Mountain, Hillside, Tantalus, Osoyoos Larose versus Cave Spring, Thirty Bench, Château des Charmes, Stratus and Clos Jordanne versus Jost – a fair and exciting competition. Ontarians, who have been at a disadvantage because of the lack of availability of the really good B.C. wines through the LCBO, are slowly discovering just how good the domestic competition really is. But the point is, you will be very surprised how appreciative the uninitiated are to learn that Canada can produce some incredibly interesting, honest, drinkable wines. We are seen in a new light.

Five small vignettes to illustrate this last point:

1. Many years ago I accompanied Donald Ziraldo of Inniskillin Wines on an evening of tasting in Tokyo's Ginza area with one of Japan's great wine collectors. I was along as the interpreter and colour commentator. At one point we put Inniskillin's Reserve Pinot Noir against a quality Premier Cru Burgundy. Clearly the burgundy had more class, as one would have expected, but the Inniskillin held its own and demonstrated the promise of Canada's vinous future.
2. In my APEC days, our team cosseted six bottles of Okanagan Tantalus Riesling in

our luggage to Arequipa, Peru for the annual APEC wine competition. We didn't win but we certainly gave the Aussies and Kiwis a run for their money. Plus the jury was rigged!

3. During my time in Moscow I hosted a dinner for a group that included ambassadors from Germany, Austria, South Africa and Chile, all well-established wine producers, and, as usual, served only Canadian wines. My colleagues were completely bowled over, virtually all of them admitting that they had no idea that Canada produced wines – from sparkling, to dry whites, to serious reds to ice wines – of such quality.
4. To celebrate the 70th Anniversary of Diplomatic Relations between Canada and Russia in 2012 the embassy commissioned a special bottling of a chardonnay, merlot and sparkling brut from B.C.'s Summerhill Pyramid Winery with a front label incorporating a painting by Robert Bateman of the Moscow embassy's façade. It was a huge hit with all our Russian contacts.
5. And finally, the example of the forced improvements in Canada's wine industry post-FTA provided a compelling and attractive argument as to why, long-term, Russian entry into the WTO might not be so bad after all for Russian agriculture.

On a personal note, wine has provided me with a great deal of pleasure over the last 38+ years of globetrotting. But it has also provided important access, cachet and surprises. Saving my first ambassador's small collection of precious Mazis-Chambertin from the rapacious thirst of a visiting naval ship crew certainly earned me kudos with my first ambassador's wife. Visiting a "vineyard" in the middle of the Gobi Desert near Hami in China, where summer temperatures can exceed 50 degrees, proved how resilient the grape vine can be. And you'd be amazed how many senior members of Japan's Finance and Foreign Ministries are extremely knowledgeable on their wines. Serving Quebec vodka (admittedly not wine) to a Russian First Deputy Prime Minister during the visit of a Canadian minister had its risks, but it certainly made for a more relaxed conversation. Finally, holding tutored tastings of Canadian wine for charity events or organizing a wine auction have been credible and enjoyable contributions to various benevolent activities.



John and Martine Sloan

So what advice to give to the aspiring Canadian diplomat? In moderation, in context and used intelligently, wine, and particularly Canadian wine, is a useful and enjoyable tool in your professional arsenal. Promoting Canadian success is good in and of itself. But equally important, understanding wine, and its cultural and social underpinnings, can be one of the many ways to discover the creativity, variety and vitality of individuals and countries around the world. In turn such understanding, in some small way, gives our diplomats greater credibility when we analyze complex societies or situations for our domestic constituents. So drink up, slurp, spit (where appropriate), enjoy and question. ☺

John Sloan was Canada's ambassador to the Russian Federation, Armenia and Uzbekistan from August 2010 till September 2013. He retired from the department in October 2013. He has served Canada in Japan, China, Switzerland, the United Kingdom and Russia. He was Senior Departmental Assistant to Minister of International Trade, Pat Carney, at the time of the FTA negotiations. From 2000 to 2006 he left the Government of Canada and worked for the U.K. Financial Services Authority. John and wife Martine dream of producing great wine for family and friends at their retirement home in Kelowna, overlooking the stunning Quails's Gate vineyard and nearby Mission Hill.

Le remarquable programme d'échange entre le MDN et le MAECD : Diplomacy Meets the Chain of Command

par Sébastien Bouchard et Suneeta Millington

En 2009, à l'initiative du Jurisconsulte et du Juge-avocat général de l'époque, Alan Kessel et le Brigadier-général Kenneth Watkin, le Bureau juridique du MAECD et le Cabinet du Juge-avocat général (JAG) du ministère de la Défense nationale et des Forces canadiennes ont instauré un programme d'échange entre leurs avocats. Conçu afin que le Cabinet du JAG et le Bureau juridique acquièrent une expertise juridique accrue, le programme, d'une durée de deux ans, offre une opportunité aux avocats de niveau FS3/Major d'acquérir une expérience au sein d'une autre organisation gouvernementale dans un domaine d'intérêt mutuel, en favorisant le développement professionnel en droit international. Ceci, notamment, en touchant aux questions du désarmement, de la sécurité internationale et du droit de la mer afin d'obtenir une perspective militaire et civile unique face aux différents enjeux du droit international.

As co-authors of this review, we are very pleased to attest to the success of the exchange programme, now well into its fourth year. It more than met our expectations and, for good measure, those of at least two of our predecessors (see insets). The exchange programme really deserves to be better known. It owes its success to the vision of its creators who sought to strengthen institutional ties between the two bureaux, and (in all modesty) to the talent of participating officers. All of the latter brought strong academic backgrounds, in-depth legal experience and wide-ranging professional skills to the table. Most importantly, the programme has flourished because it has tapped into a strong desire amongst members of our respective legal branches to strengthen

personal ties between military and foreign service cadres.

Major Sébastien Bouchard

Lorsque le Cabinet du JAG voulu sonder mon intérêt pour une assignation à la direction du droit des océans et de l'environnement (JLO) au sein du Bureau juridique, ma principale préoccupation fut reliée aux spécificités des responsabilités du poste comme tel, c'est-à-dire aux questions juridiques reliées au droit de la mer et à la souveraineté de l'Arctique. Ma carrière au sein du Cabinet du JAG, bien que diversifiée, en était essentiellement une en droit international et opérationnel, peu orientée dans un contexte naval ou maritime et ce programme d'échange me

semblait fort opportun à la lumière de mon expérience à ce jour.

Ayant été déployé à titre de conseiller juridique dans plusieurs théâtres d'opération et ayant prodigué des conseils juridiques à des commandants militaires en zone d'opération, mon expérience était diversifiée et spécialisée à la fois. En effet, j'avais eu l'occasion de me déployer avec les troupes, ou autrement participer, comme conseiller juridique aux plus récentes missions militaires d'importance. Acquisée souvent dans des circonstances tragiques, il s'agit d'une expérience professionnelle unique. De 2007 à 2008, j'ai été désigné comme conseiller juridique du groupement tactique, le bras armé de la force conventionnelle du contingent canadien, déployé dans le cadre des opérations de combat



Sébastien Bouchard in "business class"—Afghanistan style!

Credit: Lieutenant Commander Patrick Goulet

menées dans la province de Kandahar. Peu de temps après mon retour au pays, je me redéployais en tant que conseiller juridique principal de l'Opération Hestia, la composante militaire de la réponse humanitaire internationale et pangouvernementale impliquant également le Ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international et l'Agence canadienne du développement international (suite au tremblement de terre dévastateur qui a frappé Haïti, le 12 janvier 2010).

En 2011, j'étais affecté à la direction juridique de l'État-major stratégique au Quartier-général de la Défense nationale à Ottawa. J'ai renoué avec la pratique du droit international humanitaire en participant, entre autre, à l'élaboration de la directive de ciblage des objectifs militaires et des règles d'engagements applicables aux opérations aériennes visant à faire respecter la zone d'interdiction de vol au-dessus de la Libye ainsi que protéger les civils et les zones d'habitation libyennes contre les forces armées du régime de Mouammar Kadhafi. Qui plus est, je venais de compléter une maîtrise en droit dont plusieurs sujets traités se rapportaient au droit de la mer. Puisque l'un des objectifs de cet échange est de faire profiter chacune des organisations – et les individus qui y participent – d'expériences et d'expertises différentes, je présume que j'étais alors un bon candidat!

Passons à l'échange : avant de discuter brièvement des distinctions dans les sujets traités, je me dois de faire une brève parenthèse sur la différence de la culture organisationnelle entre nos deux ministères. Un exemple aussi simple que les heures de pointe de chacune des organisations suffit pour étayer ces différences. Lors de ma dernière affectation à l'État-major stratégique, la journée commençait par une réunion à 7h15. Quelle fut ma surprise d'être le seul arrivé au bureau à 8h00 lors de ma première journée au MAECD! Loin de moi l'idée de sous-entendre par ces propos que mes collègues du MAECD ne travaillent pas de longues journées, bien au contraire! Mais pour emprunter une analogie militaire connue, le rythme de bataille n'est pas le même. Le premier choc culturel passé, j'ai vite réalisé, de par la nature des dossiers qui m'ont été confiés, que les océans étaient plus vastes et profonds que je ne le pensais, offrant ainsi des questions juridiques aussi inattendues qu'intéressantes.

En tant que chef de délégation représentant les intérêts canadiens à l'Autorité internationale des fonds marins, j'ai appris l'existence de la prospection et l'exploration des nodules polymétalliques et autres recherches scientifiques dans les fonds marins. J'ai avisé et participé aux négociations concernant le statut souverain d'une épave dans les eaux canadiennes qui présentait une menace environnementale en raison de fuites d'huile. J'ai aussi eu à représenter la position canadienne sur des différends maritimes et territoriaux, au Canada et ailleurs.

Fait intéressant, dans le cadre de mes fonctions j'ai donné de nombreux conseils juridiques sur les droits et obligations des États eu égard aux régimes juridiques applicables aux différentes zones maritimes. À cet effet, j'ai eu l'occasion d'analyser plusieurs opérations maritimes des Forces canadiennes. Cette fois cependant, d'un angle différent! Bien que la pratique du droit opérationnel comprenne également les opérations maritimes, notamment la piraterie et les opérations contre-narcotiques, ces questions sont en quelque sorte limitées au contexte militaire comportant une réalité opérationnelle importante. S'il est vrai que je me plais à croire que mon expérience comme avocat militaire en droit international et opérationnel ait apporté une autre perspective aux opinions données, force est de constater que cet échange m'a également exposé à d'autres considérations propres aux affaires

étrangères qui étayent et définissent davantage l'analyse juridique. Je crois que c'est cette combinaison d'expérience et de perspective qui rend cet échange si profitable et enrichissant, non seulement pour les individus qui y participent mais également pour les organisations.

Suneeta Millington

In 2007, as a Legal Officer in the International Humanitarian Law Section of the United Nations, Human Rights and Economic Law Division, I had the good fortune of being assigned to the Cluster Munitions file. As such, I joined a small interdepartmental team of legal and policy colleagues within Foreign Affairs and National Defence working to address the humanitarian impact these weapons were having in conflict and post-conflict zones around the globe. States and civil society had begun to mobilize around the issue and the diplomatic process for negotiating a new multilateral instrument had just been launched. It was, very much, "The Beginning".

As a result, over the subsequent year I was privileged to work alongside a small but talented DFATD-DND delegation as we studied the issues, consulted within government and formulated our national position. I was further privileged to travel alongside this same group as we undertook preliminary negotiations around the world during a series of multilateral preparatory



DFATD's Suneeta Millington and DND friends "exchange" a celebratory smile.

Credit permission: Waiting for credit for permission to use this photo (from Joya Donnelly).

meetings, often working long, late hours to hash through some of the more complex and controversial aspects of the draft treaty. It was, in effect, a chance to experience first-hand the tremendous relationship between DFATD and DND, wherein – although we often represented distinct interests and brought unique perspectives to the table – we shared a similar vision and were bound, of course, in advancing the interests of the Government of Canada cohesively and coherently. While there were regularly differences of opinion, the

seeds for the exchange started to take root and the possibility of participating was on my radar. But in the intervening years I gave it little further thought; I was busy in Geneva with the conventional weapons file and the broader international peace and security portfolio, and although I continued to work on the policy aspects of cluster munitions (Canada played an integral role in establishing the implementation structure for the new instrument), my daily interactions with DND and my OJAG colleagues decreased.

The development of international law moves slowly, as does virtually every issue that arises in a multilateral context.

strength of our interpersonal relations meant that we addressed these professionally and respectfully, and came out at the end with better approaches and more creative solutions.

The preparatory work culminated with intense and heated negotiations at the Dublin Diplomatic Conference in May 2008, addressing, *inter alia*, thorny issues of scope, definitions and interoperability. It was during this final set of negotiations where the talents of the JAG lawyers (both those on the delegation and those supporting them back in Ottawa) were on full display, and where I truly came to appreciate the quality and skill of the military lawyer (though not their obsession with early morning starts...). Each colleague brought to every challenge a remarkable clarity of thought, an important precision of drafting and an impressive depth of substantive legal knowledge – borne of military discipline and drawn from valuable operational experience – that played an instrumental role in Canada's ability to advance its interests in concluding a new Convention on Cluster Munitions. My interest was thus piqued: what kind of professional development, work culture and training opportunities were being fostered by the OJAG that led to the emergence of these top-notch lawyers, and how could I tap in?

When I left Ottawa the following summer for a posting to Canada's Permanent Mission to the UN and Other International Organizations in Geneva, the

Although I found this continued work on clusters very rewarding, when the news came that the file would also be part of the job package for the JAG Exchange, I hesitated – I wanted to join the OJAG's Directorate of International and Operational Law (DIOL) to take on new files and try new things, did I not? And after almost five years, on and off, I felt a sense of fatigue setting in vis-à-vis the work. Yet the allure of finally getting to approach the issue set from the DND perspective was tempting, and the knowledge that I could bring a wealth of inter-related experience to the management of the dossier was gratifying. Thus, having been there at the beginning, I decided I also wanted to be there at the end; the opportunity to play one last role in the evolution and closure of this file (anticipated passage of Canada's domestic implementing legislation and subsequent ratification of the instrument) was too good to turn down.

The development of international law moves slowly, as does virtually every issue that arises in a multilateral context. On cluster munitions, I have experienced something many international lawyers can only dream of – seeing new law conceptualized, negotiated and implemented, all within the span of a few years – and be part of it all. Now, six months into my exchange, I realize how lucky I am to have come full circle on this file and to have been given a front row seat from which to view (and participate in) its final developments.

I am also grateful for the other opportunities afforded so far by this exchange position: a team of impressive colleagues with whom to work and to learn from; a seat at the table on several sensitive, topical files; a daily chance to confront cutting-edge questions related to armed conflict and the conduct of hostilities; a dedicated week studying Weapons Law and the Law of Weapons Reviews with a global expert in Geneva; a chance to meet the current Chief of the Defence Staff; an opportunity to brief two General Officers – including the former Chief of Defence Staff General (ret'd) Natynczyk; and a spot at the OJAG's annual Continuing Legal Education Symposium. Finally, and perhaps most exciting of all, an invitation to the JAG's Military Mess Dinner.

Conclusion à deux

En raison de l'importance stratégique du rôle du JAG et du Jurisconsulte qui est intégré dans leurs organisations respectives, la mission et la vision que les deux bureaux juridiques ont de la prestation de services juridiques sont comparables. En effet, que les services juridiques soient axés sur les opérations militaires ou sur la politique étrangère, la transition d'une organisation à l'autre est facilitée par le fait que cette prestation des services juridiques soit orientée vers le développement de solutions et une compréhension opérationnelle évidente. Les avocats et avocates du Cabinet du JAG et du Bureau juridique font continuellement face à des défis et à des opportunités similaires: nouvelles affectations, déplacements fréquents, difficulté pour les conjoints de travailler, exigences de formation professionnelle continue, déploiement/affectation en zone de risque et effets physiques et psychologiques suite à des conditions difficiles sont que quelques considérations qui sont partagées par une carrière tant de soldats que de diplomates. Cette proximité dans nos expériences professionnelles nous lie d'une façon surprenante et, pour ceux et celles qui ont participé à cet échange, a permis un enrichissement professionnel et personnel considérable.

But there are marked differences between our Departments also, and it is perhaps from these that we learn the most. We are both encouraged to advocate diligently and faithfully on behalf of our

respective clients, to provide excellent and unfettered legal advice and to seek creative solutions to multifaceted problems. And yet our daily rhythms are varied, our work cultures unique and our bureaucratic structures distinct. When it comes to work-life balance, the military wins hands-down; physical well-being and mental wellness are viewed as integral parts of job success, and “blackberry attachment” is as frowned upon as daily fitness breaks are encouraged. But alas, DND should not get too smug – the benefits accrued in this regard are daily challenged by the complexities of mind-boggling Chain of Command intricacies and the frustrations of deciphering the “military parlance” that is regularly used at the expense of everyday English and French. In sum, this exchange far surpassed our respective expectations, deserves a long life, and ideally might prove a precedent for other exchanges that strengthen our collective professionalism. ☺

Major Sébastien Bouchard is on exchange with the Ocean & Environmental Law Division at DFATD. He studied law at the University of Ottawa, was called to the Québec Bar, and joined the Office of the Judge Advocate General (OJAG) in 2002. He served with Legislative and Regulatory Services, and as Special Assistant 2 to the JAG, Deputy Judge Advocate for 5 Canadian Mechanized Brigade Group in Valcartier, and Strategic Joint Staff Legal Advisor. He was deployed as the battle group legal advisor in Kandahar in 2007–08 and senior legal advisor to the Commander of the Joint Task Force Haiti in 2010. He completed his LL.M in Comparative Law at McGill in 2012.

Suneeta Millington is a DFATD Legal Officer on exchange with the Directorate of International and Operational Law (Office of the Judge Advocate General) at DND. Having studied English and Spanish Literature at the Universities of Calgary and Barcelona, she obtained her J.D. from the University of Western Ontario and was called to the bar. She joined the Foreign Service in 2006, serving with the Treaty Law, Privileges & Immunities Law and International Humanitarian Law sections. She was assigned to PRMNY covering the UNGA Legal Committee and held the Disarmament, Peace & Security portfolio at the UN Mission in Geneva.

MAJOR BRENT CLUTE

This exchange afforded me the opportunity to get involved with an issue to which I would have likely never otherwise been exposed – Space Law – and to represent Canada at the 4th and 5th Meetings of Government Experts on the Space Assets Protocol to the Cape Town Convention. In this context I had the chance to engage as a “real” diplomat on the international stage, and to advance Canadian concerns in unique settings (including the Food and Agriculture Organization in Rome). Though the substantive legal issues upon which I worked are not directly applicable to my current job at the Canadian Forces College in Toronto, the strong big picture understanding of relevant issues I accrued during my time at DFATD, the numerous international contacts I forged with both civilian and military counterparts, and the insight I gained into multilateral negotiations have all continued to prove relevant and useful to my career as a military legal officer.



ALISON MITCHELL

Currently posted to the Embassy of Canada in Washington, D.C., I participated in the JAG exchange in 2012–13. The experience expanded my knowledge of the law of armed conflict enormously. Best of all, it gave me a unique understanding and appreciation of the good work of the Canadian Armed Forces – something that will serve me for the rest of my career. I had been working on international humanitarian law matters for a number of years at DFATD, but spending a year in the Directorate of International and Operational Law gave me a whole new perspective on some of the most important international legal challenges of our time. Highlights of my time with the JAG included negotiating the Arms Trade Treaty at the UN in New York; helping formulate new guidelines for the protection of schools during war (in a medieval castle in Switzerland); and being welcomed as the only civilian on a two-week, hands-on operational law course for JAG officers at the Canadian Forces Base in Kingston.



Canada: A Nation of Shopkeepers?

by Louis A. Delvoie

Note de la rédaction : **bout de papier** se penche sur la diplomatie d'entreprise, sa base comme son tableau d'ensemble. À l'échelle micro, dans le prochain numéro, Joya Donnelly profile trois entrepreneurs membres de la collectivité du service extérieur qui sont passionnés et résolus à concrétiser sur le plan commercial une idée brillante – ils font exploser l'image du bureaucrate barbant. À l'échelle macro, Louis Delvoie ci-dessous dissèque le document clé du gouvernement sur la politique étrangère en vue de redéfinir le ministère des Affaires étrangères, son « Plan d'action sur les marchés globaux ». Il y constate plus de morgue intéressée que de substance et soulève des questions troublantes.

Le document donne à entendre que nos diplomates polyvalents seraient mal placés, sinon non productifs, dans la défense et la promotion des intérêts économiques du Canada. Et pourtant, c'est sensiblement au même cadre que l'on doit trois des plus grandes réalisations de la fin du XX^e siècle, soit l'Accord sur les pluies acides avec les É.-U. (et les énormes incidences économiques qu'il aurait eues si l'on n'avait jamais réglé les dommages afférents en matière d'environnement), l'ALE et l'ALENA, ainsi que d'innombrables autres contributions à notre bien-être économique. Delvoie estime que le problème est ailleurs, que la politique étrangère du Canada à l'heure actuelle est plus calculée de manière à aliéner des partenaires étrangers qu'à les convaincre. Il fait valoir que l'abandon de la diplomatie publique a grandement nui au Canada. Pour Delvoie, le Plan d'action réduit dangereusement l'accent de la diplomatie canadienne et réaménage ce qui a déjà été fait, qu'il est une façade, peut-être, pour dissimuler et rationaliser l'évident constant de la capacité internationale du Canada en général. Il semble dire : « Show me the (new) money ». A-t-il raison? Le temps le dira, aux lecteurs de trancher.

In a phrase that has lasted over 200 years, the Emperor Napoleon once derisively dismissed Great Britain as “a nation of shopkeepers”. He could not have been more wrong. Marshalling all of the resources at its disposal, Britain became Napoleon's most formidable adversary, and its naval and military might sealed his fate. And, of course, the Emperor died as a prisoner of the British on the island of St. Helena.

Napoleon's phrase sprang to mind on reading the Harper government's latest foreign policy statement. The document was published on November 23, 2013 and is entitled the “Global Market Action Plan”. It is both a rather conventional piece of work and a rather curious one.

There is nothing new in the idea that the government will continue to improve Canada's access to certain markets through the negotiation of free trade and investment protection agreements. These are

standard trade policy objectives and have been for years. Similarly the notion that the government will concentrate its trade promotion activities in select countries which offer the best prospects for the sale of goods and services is not original. Focussing on key markets and on product lines in which Canada has recognized strengths has been the hallmark of Canadian trade promotion activities for decades. Moreover, the idea that Canadian diplomats will play an important role in the advancement of Canadian trade objectives has been around for a very long time. (When the author was ambassador to Algeria over 30 years ago, he spent 40 per cent of his time on trade files. What

is more he did so enthusiastically and with gratifying results.) Far more to the point is whether the government will allocate the financial and human resources necessary to convert its words into action. The document strikes two rather curious notes, one more disconcerting than the other. For a government statement it is unusually self-congratulatory in tone. It vaunts the wisdom of the Harper government's economic policies and suggests that these account for the fact that Canada is doing so much better than other G-7 countries. The statement is also larded with quotations from a variety of leaders of Canadian business associations and lobby groups. These all praise the government and

Focussing on key markets and on product lines in which Canada has recognized strengths has been the hallmark of Canadian trade promotion activities for decades.

"applaud" its initiatives. There is an unpalatable element of hubris in this.

Of greater import is what the document has to say about the conduct of foreign policy. It states in part that the Action Plan "will entrench the concept of 'economic diplomacy' as the driving force behind the Government of Canada's activities through its international diplomatic network...

Unfortunately all of these tried and tested policies and programmes have been turned on their head by the Harper government.

Under the plan, all diplomatic assets of the Government of Canada will be marshalled on behalf of the private sector." In his introduction to the document, the Minister of International Trade, Ed Fast, states that "This new focus represents a sea change in the way Canada's diplomatic assets are deployed around the world."

Now trade policy and trade promotion have always been important components of Canadian foreign policy, and they always should be. After all, the prosperity and well-being of Canada and Canadians are highly dependent on the successful implementation of this policy. What is less evident is the desirability of the "sea change" being proposed for the conduct of that policy. Taken in conjunction with other initiatives launched by the Harper government, it represents a singular narrowing of the focus of Canadian foreign policy and a departure from policies and practices which have served Canada so well for so long.

Canada has been blessed over the years with a long line of distinguished foreign ministers. The list includes Louis St. Laurent, Lester Pearson, Paul Martin Sr., Mitchell Sharp, Allan MacEachen and Joe Clark. These were all men who had a real understanding of Canada, of its interests, of its values and of its place in the world. They also understood the realities and complexities of the international system. They knew that to be successful in the world Canada needed to engage with a wide variety of entities in a wide variety of enterprises. Some of these enterprises might be purely self-interested while others might be somewhat more altruistic. They were, however, complementary in ensuring Canada's place on the international scene

and thus consolidating its ability to pursue its core interests.

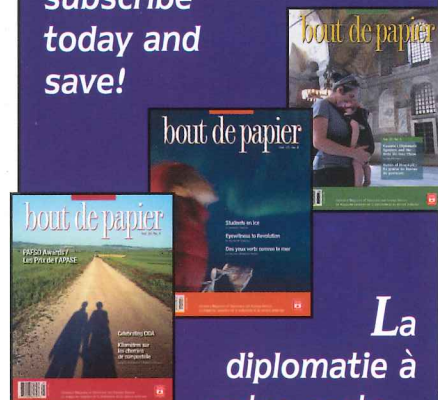
This outward-looking approach to foreign policy and to foreign economic policy was summarized in a few words by Louis St. Laurent in his Gray lecture at the University of Toronto in 1947. He said: "Our geography, our climate, our natural resources have so conditioned our economy

that the continued prosperity and well-being of our own people can best be served by the prosperity and well-being of the whole world. We have thus, a useful part to play in world affairs, useful to ourselves through being useful to others." It was this combination of self-interest and generosity which inspired Canada's constructive role in the creation of the United Nations, of the Food and Agriculture Organization, of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, of the modern multiracial Commonwealth, of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) and of the Colombo Plan, all within five years of the end of the Second World War. These and a host of other institutions have served Canada well over the last 60 years and have been valued by successive Canadian governments whether Liberal or Conservative.

Those same governments made a point of engaging positively with as many foreign countries as possible. This involved not only establishing diplomatic relations with governments, but also fostering people to people contacts in a variety of spheres. Academic exchanges and the promotion of Canadian studies in foreign universities helped to cement relationships between scholars and students. Tours by symphony orchestras and theatre troupes helped to enrich relationships in the cultural sphere. The founding of Canadian cultural centres in major cities such as New York, London and Paris carried this work forward. All of these activities served to raise the Canadian profile abroad and to project a positive image of Canada among political and economic decision makers in other countries.

Unfortunately all of these tried and tested policies and programmes have been

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The Harper government has already reduced Canada's contribution to NATO, and Canada's proud record as a major contributor to UN peacekeeping operations is now but a fond memory.

turned on their head by the Harper government. The Prime Minister himself has chosen to snub the United Nations and to boycott the Commonwealth. He has also seen fit to unburden himself of sanctimonious lectures to European leaders on the shortcomings of their economic policies. He gave China the cold shoulder for three years before finally being convinced by Canada's business community that China was an important trade and investment partner for Canada. He and his foreign minister John Baird have alienated numerous Arab and Muslim countries by proclaiming their unquestioning and uncritical support for anything and everything done by the current Israeli government. Most recently Baird managed to alienate some of Canada's closest friends and allies (the United States, Great Britain and France) with his comments about the agreement which they had concluded with Iran over its nuclear programme. So much for the fine art of making friends and influencing people – is it any wonder that Jeffrey Simpson of the *Globe and Mail* entitled one of his columns on the Harper government's foreign policy "Truculent moralizing for a domestic audience"?

The Harper government has also seriously diminished Canada's ability to conduct a robust foreign policy. A long series of budgetary cuts inflicted on the Department of Foreign Affairs have resulted in a decrease in Canada's diplomatic presence abroad and in the virtual gutting of its programmes for public and cultural diplomacy. Cuts to the budget of the Department of National Defence will have the effect of diminishing the capabilities of the Canadian Forces as an instrument of Canadian foreign policy. The Harper government has already reduced Canada's contribution to NATO, and Canada's proud record as a major contributor to UN peacekeeping operations is now but a fond memory.

The elimination of the Canadian International Development Agency is hardly likely to enhance Canada's

reputation and profile among aid donors and aid recipients alike. Nor will the statement in the Global Markets Action Plan that the government intends to "leverage development programming to advance Canada's trade interests". And, of course, at a more symbolic level the Harper government has reduced Canada's presence abroad by selling off some of its more prized diplomatic assets: Macdonald House on Grosvenor Square in London was sold to an Indian real estate developer.

Under the Harper government the focus of Canadian foreign policy has been seriously narrowed. Many of the country's international relationships have been compromised as a result of foolish postures and statements. And the instruments for the conduct of foreign policy have been seriously weakened. None of this bodes well for the defence and promotion of Canada's interests in an ever more competitive world. Napoleon was wrong on Britain, but was he prescient on Canada? Are we destined to become "a nation of shopkeepers"? ☹

Louis A. Delvoie is a retired Foreign Service officer and Fellow at the Centre for International and Defence Policy at Queen's University, Kingston. A graduate of Loyola College, the University of Toronto, McGill University and the National Defence College of Canada, he served as Ambassador to Algeria, Deputy High Commissioner to the U.K. and High Commissioner to Pakistan. He was also DG for International Security and Arms Control at DFAIT and ADM (Policy) with DND. After retiring he became Adjunct Professor at Queen's University and RMC. He has authored many op-eds for the Kingston Whig-Standard on foreign policy and defence issues.

*Note: An earlier version of this op-ed appeared in the Kingston Whig-Standard and was adapted for **bout de papier**.*

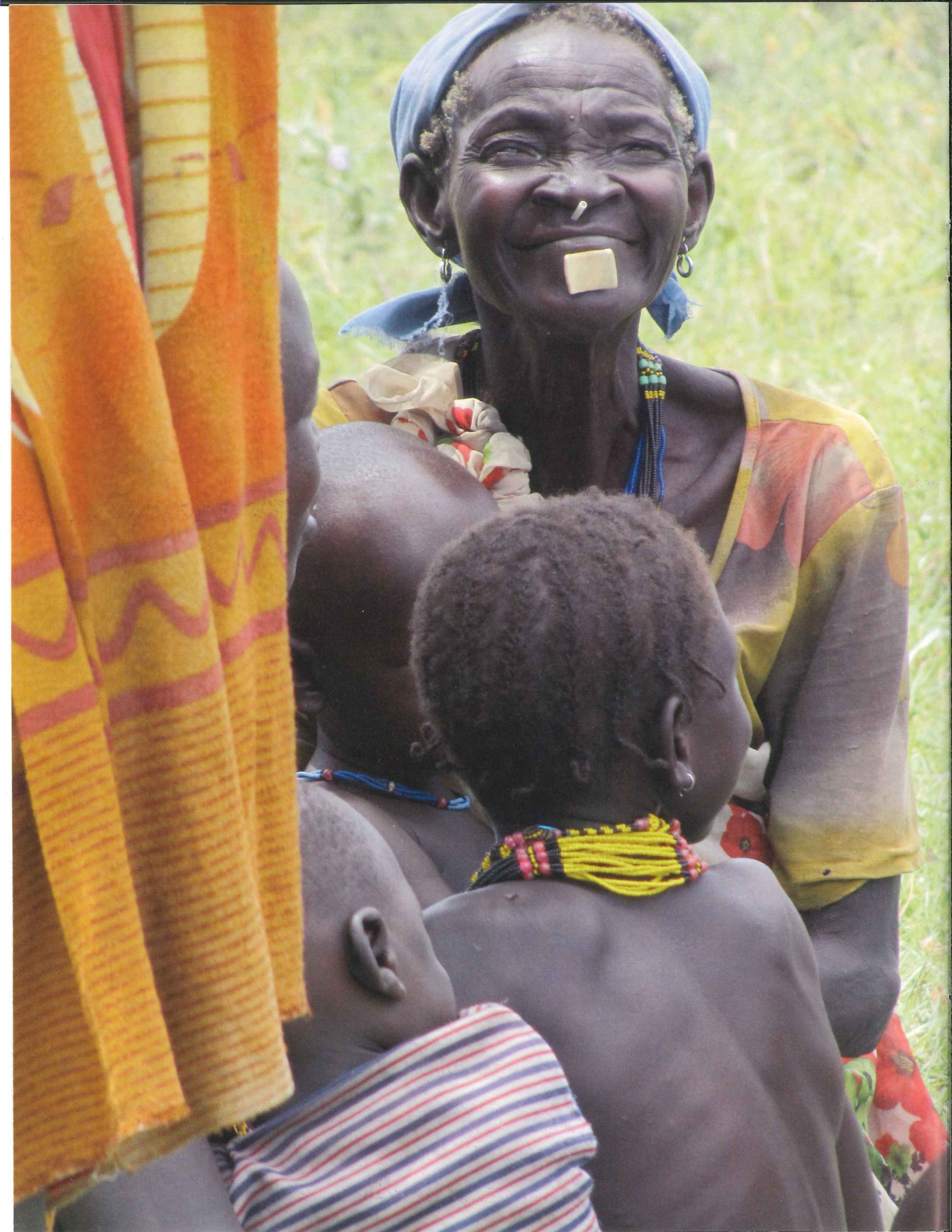
A collection of various Canadian magazines and newspapers, including Maclean's, Canadian Living, and The Canadian Geographic, displayed on a white surface. A laptop screen in the background shows the Magazines Canada website.

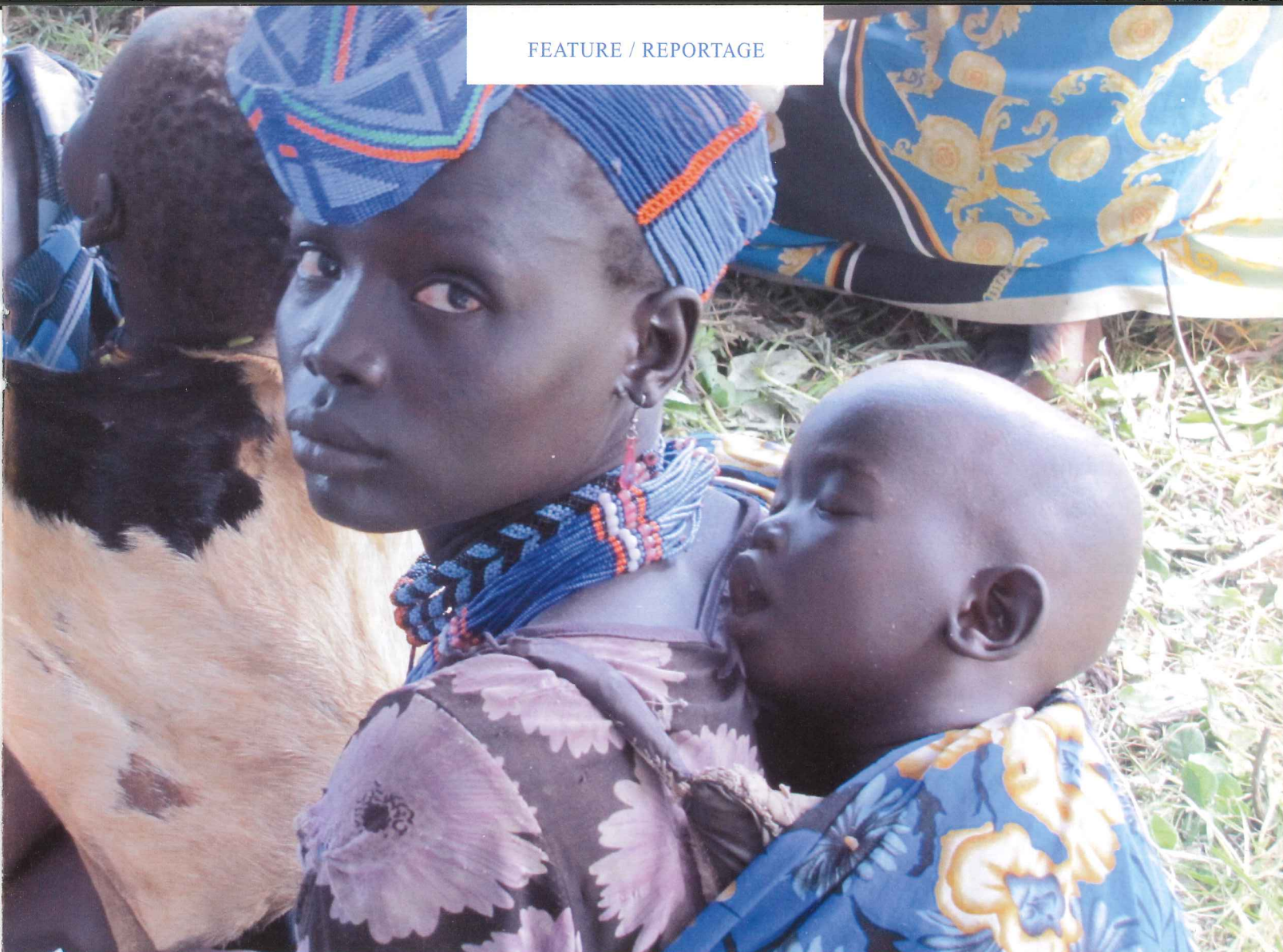




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Murle woman and her child

In Jonglei

photos and story by Nicholas Coghlan

Everyone remembers where they were for 9/11. I was at the Comboni Sisters' convent in Juba, Sudan, sampling home-made Italian ice cream. One of the nuns came in and hesitantly said there seemed to be something on the television (one of only two sets in the city) that perhaps I should watch. I sat in silence for half an hour, then turned the TV off; it didn't seem real. That night there was the occasional thump of Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA) artillery, from way in the distance. The frogs would be silent for a minute or two, then start up again. In the morning I turned on my Thuraya and called my wife Jenny, back in Khartoum.

"You'd better get back", she said.

Southern Sudan in the war years was like that. It was another world. At Leer one day, I was meeting in a dark straw hut with some chiefs when at an unspoken signal they all got up and left. Later I learned that they had received news that a new Nuer prophet had been born, with teeth and speaking English; they had all gone to see him. On a path the next day, coming the other way, I was met by a barefoot 12-year-old boy with a crucifix around his neck and an AK-47 over his shoulder; he was leading by rope a chain of half a dozen dejected Sudanese army prisoners.

In Rumbek I once saw 12 naked Dinka men, all two metres tall, striding stark

naked along the main road, spears in hand, their penises swinging together in time. On the last visit I made to rebel-held lands, in 2003, I spent three hours squatting in the rear cabin of a Twin Otter from which all the seats had been removed. Laid out the length of the cabin on a blanket was a man who had been found that morning, unconscious, wearing only a pair of singed shorts and jammed into the lower branches of a tree. He had been struck by lightning and now we were taking him to the Red Cross hospital at Lokichokio. My job was to tell the pilot, every 20 minutes or so, that he seemed still to be alive.

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Waiting for a UN food distribution, Kongkor, Jonglei



Women unloading grain from a UN relief helicopter, Kongkor, Jonglei



Displaced Murle women carrying UN-supplied cooking oil, Kongkor, Jonglei

Juba today is unrecognizable. The main hazard now is not some SPLA shell lobbed speculatively into the city, but being run down by a *boda-boda* (motorbike) driver as he weaves his way between the hundreds of white Toyota Land-Cruisers that jam the streets. The rumble of a thousand generators fills the air. Big Men – in shades and shiny suits – sit around the lobbies of the Ethiopian or Kenyan-run hotels that have sprung up by the dozen along dirt roads. Everywhere the United Nations and Non-Governmental Organisations are running earnest workshops on UNSC 1325, Constitutional Reform or Freedom of Information. Just occasionally you get a glimpse of what Juba once was: there is a naked man who can often be seen striding up and down Airport Road, talking unintelligibly to himself. A monkey comes sometimes to sit by the pool of the Juba Regency Hotel, where only three years ago there was open scrubland.

But in Jonglei – South Sudan's largest state, a vast expanse of inaccessible territory between the east bank of the Nile and the highlands of Ethiopia – little has changed.

Prophets still hold sway. Dak Kueth, a leopard-skin-clad Nuer with seashells in his braids, studies the entrails of cattle, looks at the moon, then blesses battalions of Lou Nuer youth as they prepare to march on their age-old enemy, the Murle of Pibor County. In turn a Dinka prophetess sits naked in a straw Tukul, receives only visitors who are similarly unclad, never eats and promises Dinka men that they shall be impermeable to Nuer bullets.

All life in Jonglei revolves around cows, as it has for a thousand years. A young Murle man, part of his 10-year age set that has no hierarchy but which commands greater loyalty than family bloodlines, must amass 70 or 80 cows if he is to find a bride. He is only considered to be a man if he does so by raiding. Much of his life he spends in ever-moving cattle-camps, where fires of dung shroud 10,000 or more long-horned cows and he smears himself in ash and cow-urine to keep away the mosquitoes. There are few more eerie sights than a Murle camp as the sun comes up on a sea of huge horns, and tall grey-faced figures with spears wend their way through the smoke.

The Lou Nuer raid the Murle, the Murle raid the Lou. The Lou come in great columns in the daytime, thousands strong,



Police chief and SPLA General, Akobo, Jonglei



SPLA troops at Akobo, Jonglei



Murle chiefs meeting at Kongkor, Jonglei; the ostrich-feather fly whisk is a mark of office

banners waving in the sun as they move at a slow jogging pace. The Murle fight at night, guerrilla-style. Often it is days before the news reaches Juba of some new massacre, usually many kilometres from the nearest named place; Bor, Twic, Yuai, Bunj.

The blame usually lies everywhere, but it is the Murle who get most of it: they are stigmatized as syphilitic, as child-abductors. Many of them have lately rallied around a former student of theology by the name of David Yau Yau, who fights an intermittent war from swamps where the SPLA fears to go. He began with only a few dozen followers, his agenda unclear. Brutal but ineffective repression by the army in Pibor town drove hundreds more into his ranks, but what he wants is as vague as ever. Many Murle see him as their defender – “David”, “The General” – and that is enough for them.

It's a man's war. Successively, I ask the women of Nuer-dominated Akobo and the Murle capital of Pibor why the cycle of raiding and revenge cannot be broken. They talk among themselves, then turn back to me:

“It is what our men do...”

By the end of the rainy season of 2013, 60,000 Murle have abandoned their fixed settlements and have fled to the swamps; they fear not just the Lou Nuer but an SPLA offensive in December or January, “the fighting season”. The United Nations,



Murle women at Kongkor, Jonglei

The women sit patiently in lines in the shade. Many have infants on their backs. Some wear the strange framework-head-dresses, adorned with coloured beads unique to their husband's age-set, that are typical of the Murle. Others have bone-work set into their lips. All clutch their ration cards, some in cleft sticks. At a signal from the head of the line, they rise, reach for the dress of the woman in front,

The blame usually lies everywhere, but it is the Murle who get most of it: they are stigmatized as syphilitic, as child-abductors.

with support from Canada, flies food into five locations: three under Yau Yau's control, two under the government's.

Thousands of women and children swarm the food distributions. With the exception of a handful of chiefs, identified by their ostrich-feather whisks, there are no men to be seen: they are either tending cows in distant locations, or will not come to the UN sites because they must surrender their guns. When we meet with the chiefs, they nod their gratitude for the relief supplies but ask for medicine for their cows, and gum-boots for themselves:

“Just for we chiefs, you understand, not for everybody...”

and shuffle forward like so many kindergarten children. But these are no children. It is the women who unload the big white Mi-8s that thwack their way in every hour or so, helping each other out as they hoist 50kg sacks of sorghum onto their heads. The men watch idly from plastic chairs, flicking the flies away.

“When will you go back to your home, to Likuongo?” I ask.

They shrug.

“When David tells us it is safe,” one finally says.

Postscript

Since this article was written, Jonglei has dived even deeper into crisis, engulfed in a country-wide conflict that has thus far cost the lives of at least 10,000. The state capital, Bor, is a smoking ruin. Rebel militia leader David Yau Yau has – for the time being at least – aligned himself with his erstwhile enemy, the SPLA, but nobody dares guess how long that alliance will last. The outlook for the Murle people looks grimmer than ever. ☹

Nicholas Coghlan's career has progressed meteorically over the past 14 years from the heights of Head of Office (with a capital “O”) in Khartoum, Sudan, to the diplomatic stratosphere: he is now Head of office (small “o”) in Juba, South Sudan. Or at least he was until Canada evacuated its Juba office to Nairobi on December 27, 2013. When he is not missing Juba, he pines for his other home, a small sailboat currently moored in Kodiak, Alaska. Nick is the author of two books about postings in the Canadian Foreign Service – The Saddest Country (Colombia); and Far in the Waste Sudan (both reviewed by Gar Pardy in Vol. 22, No. 3) – and one about a two-year sailing odyssey through the frigid waters of Patagonia: Winter in Fireland (reviewed by Paul Durand in Vol. 26, No. 2).

SAVING LIVES: Canada and the *Hai Hong*

by Dara Marcus



Note de la rédaction : Il y a près de 40 ans, le Canada a relevé le défi d'un phénomène qui semblait nouveau – les « réfugiés de la mer » du Vietnam. Nous avons contribué à établir une nouvelle norme pour la réaction de la communauté internationale à ce qui est devenu une marée montante de réfugiés fuyant la violence ethnique et confessionnelle, l'oppression politique, les guerres civiles et les conflits internationaux. C'est aussi une marée de défavorisés sur le plan économique qui refusent d'accepter platement le désespoir de leurs vies.

Dara Marcus, étudiante diplômée, met l'accent sur le dossier du Canada en matière d'immigration. Dans « *Saving Lives* », elle reprend le récit là où Michael Molloy s'était interrompu dans un numéro antérieur (portant sur le sauvetage d'un grand nombre de ressortissants asiatiques en Ouganda). C'est une histoire de leadership et de conviction morale canadiens concrétisés en action humanitaire – grâce à des agents d'immigration aussi aguerris que courageux. Ainsi, les réfugiés à bord du *Hai Hong* ont tous été sauvés et réétablis – non seulement au Canada, mais aussi aux É.-U., en Allemagne et même en Suisse. Le contraste ne pourrait être plus grand quand on songe du sort des réfugiés juifs de quelques décennies plus tôt qui étaient à bord du *Struma* (coulé, sans moteur, après avoir été remorqué d'Istanbul jusqu'en Mer Noire), ou du *St. Louis* qui s'est vu refuser le droit d'accoster au Canada et qui a dû retourner à son port de départ où une mort certaine attendait les réfugiés.

La communauté internationale est appelée à relever des défis nouveaux et déchirants. Bon nombre d'entre nous connaissent bien les cas des Tamils au Sri Lanka, des migrants invariablement noyés dans la Méditerranée et des personnes déplacées par suite du conflit interminable en Syrie, qui vont s'entasser en grand nombre chez leurs malheureux voisins. Les Canadiens peuvent tirer fierté du *Hai Hong*, mais cette histoire inspirante soulève aussi de véritables questions sur notre réaction à des crises semblables de nos jours. Hier comme aujourd'hui, leadership et conviction, courage et savoir-faire sont la clé.



The Tang family being transferred from the Hai Kong to Malaysia, the airport and Canada

On November 9, 1978, the *Hai Hong*, an overcrowded boat carrying roughly 2,500 refugees from Vietnam, sat stranded off the coast of Port Klang, Malaysia. Refused permission to land, and with a disabled engine, the boat was caught in a standoff with Malaysian officials while

employees, artists, businessmen, and draft-age youths felt pressure to flee Vietnam. Around 130,000 left in 1975, resettling mainly in the US. At that time, Canada agreed to accept anyone with relatives in Canada, plus an additional 3,000. After the initial exodus, a steady flow of around

Each refugee paid roughly \$3,200 US, or 16 bars of gold: ten to Vietnamese officials, and six to the syndicate.

those on board suffered from lack of food, water, medical supplies, and adequate shelter. "Boat people" had been fleeing Vietnam since the fall of Saigon in 1975, but the *Hai Hong* incident, which garnered attention around the world, would transform Canada's response to the Indochinese refugee movement.

On April 30, 1975, Saigon had been captured by the National Liberation Front and the North Vietnamese Army, signalling the defeat of South Vietnam. As the Communist regime came into power, many South Vietnamese, especially ethnic Chinese, who were in a position similar to that of the Ugandan Asians in 1972, were jailed, forced into hard labour in re-education camps, or moved into New Economic Zones. Professors, previous government

employees, artists, businessmen, and draft-age youths felt pressure to flee Vietnam. Around 130,000 left in 1975, resettling mainly in the US. At that time, Canada agreed to accept anyone with relatives in Canada, plus an additional 3,000. After the initial exodus, a steady flow of around

2,000–5,000 people escaped Vietnam each month; however, starting in the second half of 1978, thousands were fleeing each month, peaking at 21,505 in November 1978. While many escaped in secret, others bribed officials thousands of US dollars to allow them to leave. Canada had been gradually increasing the quota of boat people it was accepting up to this time. In a Cabinet document from June 26, 1975, Minister Bob Andras stated that he "would not be seeking authority to admit Vietnamese and Cambodian refugees beyond the 3,000 already authorized by Cabinet." The infamous case of General Quang, who had fled, via the US, to Canada as a refugee (but was dogged by accusations of corruption and drug trafficking) had soured the

public's support for Indochinese refugees. However, as the numbers of people fleeing Vietnam rose, Canada slowly increased its quotas. In October 1976, the annual quota was 180 boat people, which was raised to 50 families per month in January 1978, and then to 70 families per month in June.

At this time, Canada was implementing its new *Immigration Act of 1976*, which came into effect in 1978. The new Act, with a focus on who should be allowed into Canada rather than who should be kept out, included refugees as a new immigrant class, exempt from the point system used to determine the admissibility of other potential immigrants. Additionally, the new private sponsorship programme was launched, under which groups composed of at least five Canadian citizens could sponsor refugees. This Act also allowed for provinces to make individual immigration agreements with the federal government. Québec took advantage of this legislation to obtain the right to select and recruit its own immigrants, based on the need to promote French language and culture. On February 20, 1978, Minister of Employment and Immigration Bud Cullen and his Québec counterpart, Jacques Couture, signed the Cullen-Couture agreement, granting Québec a measure of control over immigrant selection.

In August 1978, a syndicate-run ship filled with Vietnamese refugees who had been willing to pay dearly to escape, dropped its passengers on an uninhabited Indonesian island, leaving them for the UNHCR to take care of. Following this successful financial venture, the same group decided to purchase another boat and fill it with more paying Vietnamese refugees. The *Hai Hong* was a cargo ship built in 1948, and purchased for scrap metal in 1978. Instead of going to Hong Kong for demolition, the rusting boat docked in Vietnam, where it had arranged to pick up 1,200 refugee passengers. However, the government forced the captain to take an additional 1,300 people. Those fleeing included a few young ethnic Vietnamese escaping military conscription, but the vast majority were ethnic Chinese. Each refugee paid roughly \$3,200 US, or 16 bars of gold: ten to Vietnamese officials, and six to the syndicate. The *Hai Hong* departed Vietnam on October 24, 1978, with 2,500 passengers on board.



Québec Minister Jacques Couture on the right, with Hai Hong refugees and a colleague

From the Mekong Delta, the boat headed toward Indonesia, but was blown off course and damaged by Typhoon Rita. With engine trouble, and virtually no food or water, the *Hai Hong* spent several fruitless days attempting to land, and finally dropped anchor near Port Klang in Malaysian waters. However, because the passengers had paid the Vietnamese government to let them leave, Malaysia, like Indonesia, refused to accept them as refugees. Malaysia voiced an understandable concern that accepting these boat people as legitimate refugees would simply encourage the trafficking of further refugees from Vietnam.

The *Hai Hong* stayed anchored offshore, receiving vital food and medical supplies from the UNHCR and the Red Crescent. Malaysia was trying to avoid increasing the number of refugees in its already-overflowing camps; the price of acceptance to a Malay camp was another resident's departure, whether via acceptance by another country, or voluntary repatriation. Many countries, including Canada, expressed sympathy for the plight of the *Hai Hong* passengers, and argued with

Malaysia and each other over what was to be done, but initially avoided making any concrete commitments. Malaysia finally announced its intention to tow the disabled boat out to open waters and leave those on board to their fate. Immigration Minister Bud Cullen felt that "Malaysia was calling our bluff, and heaven knows they had every right to, having accepted something in excess of 35,000 refugees."

The Government of Canada faced a dilemma: although it did not want to abandon the 2,500 refugees on board the *Hai Hong*, accepting them would mean bypassing tens of thousands of refugees already waiting in camps. Ottawa was working on convincing Kuala Lumpur to delay towing the *Hai Hong* out to open waters. Meanwhile, although Cullen had publicly stated that Canada would support whatever position the UN took, he felt that the UNHCR was taking too long to decide how to handle the situation. He was determined to take quick action on the *Hai Hong*. He was convinced Canada should take a leadership role, a "commitment of such magnitude that other countries would be encouraged to follow," despite concern

that Canada might end up "caught with the whole thing." On November 16, just as Malaysia was on the verge of carrying out its threat, Couture informed Cullen that, under the Cullen-Couture agreement, Québec would accept at least 200 *Hai Hong* refugees, or 30% of the total Canada accepted, should that number exceed 200.

Until journalists boarded the boat and reported on the squalid conditions, there was little Canadian media and public interest in the *Hai Hong*. But Francophone newspapers in Québec began to run in-depth descriptions of the situation on the boat, where "on marche littéralement sur les gens, hommes, femmes, enfants et vieillards, étendus ou accroupis, visiblement épuisés et angoissés, mais demeurant, sans exception, d'une grande dignité." Public interest skyrocketed. Following on the heels of Québec's offer, Canada announced it would commit to resettling 600 passengers. As the story of Canada's commitment spread, the government's hope that its action would encourage other countries to react was realized. The Associated Press soon reported that France, the United States, and West Germany had

joined Canada in committing to resettle the *Hai Hong* refugees.

Immigration's Ian Hamilton, Dick Martin, and trainee Scott Mullin were immediately sent to Kuala Lumpur to take charge of selecting the refugees Canada would accept from the *Hai Hong*. They were alerted that Cullen was determined

the team selected 74 people the first day (after a six-hour delay), and 356 the second day, finishing with a total of 604 by the end of the third day. Those selected included, at 82 years, the oldest passenger on board, as well as the two youngest, both of whom were born on the *Hai Hong*. Surprisingly, there were no serious medical health issues

In the end, Canada accepted over 200,000 Indochinese refugees, the highest number per capita of any resettlement country.

to take quick action on the *Hai Hong*, and, in fact, the first flight to Canada was on November 25, just 16 days after the *Hai Hong* was first stranded off Port Klang.

Before the first flight of refugees could be organized, however, Hamilton, Martin, and Mullin needed to access the people on board the *Hai Hong*. Despite Canada's public declaration that it would take 600 refugees, Malaysia would not facilitate the selection process. Hamilton believed that their threat to tow the boat out to sea was not idle, and Malaysia maintained that the *Hai Hong* passengers were not legitimate refugees. The Canadians therefore were not allowed to board the boat, and the refugees could not land on Malaysian shores. When the officers tried to survey the boat from a mile away, the police confiscated their binoculars. A compromise was soon reached: the Malaysian police would anchor a minesweeper between the *Hai Hong* and shore, where they would bring small boatloads of refugees to the waiting Canadian officials for interviewing and processing. The security police made clear their stance on the situation, carrying automatic weapons and cans of mace to demonstrate that the refugees were unwelcome and considered dangerous. The Canadian officials, not easily deterred, quickly accepted this setup and turned to winning over the police officers, maintaining an upbeat and friendly attitude, and showering them with Canadian souvenirs.

Despite oppressive heat and pouring rain, police interruptions, and unexplained delays by Malaysian officials, the immigration team was prepared to dive into the selection process by November 21. Starting before sunrise and working until sundown,

among the refugees; however, two elderly women had died earlier in the voyage, and another woman died from a fall after Canada started processing applications. While many people had rashes due to having lived for a month under terrible conditions without bathing facilities, the worst injury was a broken leg.

On November 24 at 3am, having finished the processing, Hamilton realized that, in their exhausted, overworked state, they had accidentally processed one family of 15 members twice, leaving them 15 refugees short. He convinced the now fairly friendly police to bring him back to the *Hai Hong*, where he knelt in the dark beside the ship and processed 15 more refugees.

Even after the refugees had been selected, Malaysia would not relax its guard. Officials refused to allow the refugees access to showers before boarding their plane to Canada. Instead, they provided an armed escort from the pier to the airport buses. As commercial airlines declined to get involved, Canadian military planes were used to transport the refugees. When the military aircraft landed in Malaysia, the police moved in, searched the planes for weapons, and then maintained tight security around them.

Back in Canada, preparations were made to receive the refugees at Longue-Pointe military base near Montréal. The plan was that the refugees would stay for no longer than 48 hours – enough time to process them, conduct a complete medical examination, and allow them to bathe, eat, rest, and pick out a new winter wardrobe – many were barefoot, none were prepared for winter – before heading to their permanent destinations. The refugees arrived in

four groups: November 25 and 28, and December 1 and 5. The media was on hand to document the tired, but smiling people holding toddlers waving Canadian flags as they arrived in their new homeland.

The successful handling of the *Hai Hong* mission, including its resonance in the media and with the Canadian public, led to Canada resettling far more Indochinese refugees than anyone could have predicted. At the end of 1978, Canada committed to accepting 5,000 Indochinese refugees as part of the first annual refugee plan, and instituted an Indochinese designated class, which would permit acceptance of refugees based on admissibility rather than eligibility; this signalled the Government's understanding that conventional refugee classification was not applicable to this movement. As the *Hai Hong* incident had shown, if refugees were not removed from the overcrowded camps quickly, those waiting on boats for permission to enter the camps could die.

The *Hai Hong* mission's impact on the public became apparent in July 1979, when the government proposed a programme in which it would match up to 21,000 private sponsorships. A wide variety of community organizations, from religious groups to bowling clubs, clamoured to sponsor refugees, and the limit was reached within four months. In March 1980, as offers of private sponsorship continued to flow in, a final increase brought the total quota to 60,000. In the end, Canada accepted over 200,000 Indochinese refugees, the highest number per capita of any resettlement country. ☺

Dara Marcus holds an MA from the University of Ottawa's Graduate School of Public and International Affairs where she worked with bout contributor Michael Molloy (see Vol. 26, No. 4, "How Ugandan Asians Came to Call Canada Home"). Dara is involved with the Canadian Immigration Historical Society (CIHS) and is a recipient of the Gunn Prize for her original research and writing on the Hai Hong. (The "Gunn" is awarded by the CIHS and the Immigration and Migration Research Centre at Wilfrid Laurier University for the best historical immigration term paper in Canada.)

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Troubled Pilgrimage: Passage to Pakistan

reviewed by Anu Bose

TROUBLED PILGRIMAGE: PASSAGE TO PAKISTAN by Balwant Bhaneja, A TSAR Book, 2013, 141 pp., \$24.95.

When Balwant Bhaneja retired from the Canadian Foreign Service he bravely undertook a solo voyage to Pakistan where his parents had lived to adulthood, about which he only had some vague childhood recollections and where he had no known relatives. This slim volume, *Troubled Pilgrimage, Passage to Pakistan*, is a very personal reflection on his short post 9/11 visit particularly to the small-towns of the Upper Sindh: Sukkur, Rohiri and Shikarpur, not your usual tourist destinations. In his own words, he went on “a real journey navigating the gulf between imagination and reality” travelling light on an old banger taxi, a small plane and a night train.

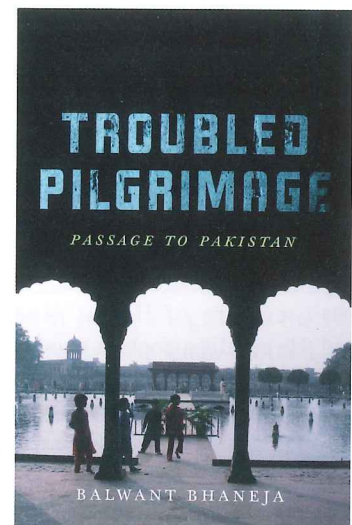
Bhaneja’s immediate family was already in Delhi in 1947 so he was spared the bloody aftermath of what the Indian writer Pankaj Mishra has termed “one of the greatest fiascos of the twentieth century” the Partition of Greater India into two states, India and Pakistan, based on religion. However, he does remember the unexplained disappearance of his little Muslim playmates and the sudden arrival by train from Sindh of his elderly paternal grandmother, his uncle and 13 other relatives. The Sindhi Hindus were refugees in the truest sense of the word. Uprooted from Sindh, they came to India, where unlike the Punjabis and Bengalis, they had no “homeland” of their own. They scattered all over India and rebuilt their shattered lives through a combination of hard work and business acumen.

Bhaneja, like most Indians, grew up with stories of the bloodbath after Partition especially in the Punjab and Lower Sindh and negative stereotypes about the “enemy” Pakistan and its “murderous” Muslim majority. But in spite of himself, Bhaneja is rather taken by the efficient non-hijabed women immigration officials, the spanking new airport, the newspaper report of Hindus and Muslims celebrating Holi (the Hindu spring colour festival)

together, the modern highway and bright lights of the capital, Islamabad. All this in sharp contrast to the untidy New Delhi airport and Indian capital’s crowded streets. Even the Islamic architecture in Islamabad seems somehow more authentic than the Edwardian “Anglo-Mughal” building style of Sir Edward Lutyens’ New Delhi. He is prepared to give Pakistan the benefit of the doubt and for good reason.

Bhaneja was also reared on nostalgic tales of Muslim and Hindu Sufi saints and their festivals in Sindh where all faiths were welcome. Bhaneja père never separated from his past. He kept the distinctive Sindhi culture and language alive, no mean feat in Hindi and Punjabi speaking Delhi. He had even organised a Sindhi-themed float in the iconic January Republic Day parade in 1960, always an odd mixture of “folk culture” and military might. The float represented Sindh’s Hindu patron saint, Jhuley Lal, references to whom appear several times throughout the book. More importantly, he bequeathed this deep love and understanding of the unique syncretic Sindhi Hindu culture to his son, regaling him with nostalgic tales of Sufi Muslim and Hindu saints and their festivals where both religions came together in a shared culture in pre-Partition days.

There are several lovely little vignettes in the book. I have chosen to concentrate on three, which spoke to me, like Bhaneja, another of *Midnight’s Children*. First, the account of his visit to hand deliver a parcel for the celebrated Sindhi Sufi singer, Abida Parveen. His meeting with her brother is, no doubt, an excellent example of the shared culture of Sindh’s two religions and of the legendary hospitality of the Indian sub-continent. I was struck by the unself-conscious way in which Bhaneja incorporated the Sindhi forms of address “Sai” (friend) and “Adi” (elder sister) into the narrative. As Ms Parveen was away, it was to Ali, a complete stranger, that he expressed some trepidation about travelling alone to Sindh. And, Ali reassures him that, as in their parents’ day, Hindus and Muslims lived peaceably in Sindh. As they parted, Ali presented Bhaneja with an “*ajrak chadar*”, a large



woven cotton shawl blessed by a Sufi dervish or contemplative who was a devotee of “Lal Sai of Sindh”. Bhaneja is “moved” by this memento and reassured that post-Partition Sindh still retains the best of the past.

The second little gem is his description of his visit to Rohiri, the city of mystics, and his father’s birthplace. Here he discovered a small but thriving community of prosperous Hindu businessmen, teachers, and civil servants, some living in a neighbourhood with a mosque belonging to another minority group, the Shia. Bhaneja, a complete stranger, was embraced by a Mr. Bhatia, a retired civil servant-turned-electrical repairman and Hindu community leader. His kindness and hospitality is remarkable just as Ali had predicted. An afternoon spent at the Bhatia home more than compensates for the fact that he found no one who remembered his father’s folks and he is content when, with Bhatia, he does find the lane where his grandfather’s home had stood. Chapter 9 is a wonderful evocation of small town life in Upper Sindh and of an educated, well-established small, resilient and self-contained community which comprises less than 1% of the total population of Pakistan.

In Upper Sindh, Bhaneja is transformed. He confidently uses his rusty Sindhi and is much less wary about being from an “enemy” country. Bhaneja drops his guard somewhat and opens up to his

chauffeur-guide, Nur Bux, asking him about his family and showing him a picture of Bhaneja père. His writer's imagination has taken over conjuring up pictures of his young mother and himself as a child travelling by horse-drawn carriage between Shikarpur and Rohiri. En route to Shikarpur, his late mother's birthplace, he is overcome by emotion and breaks into a song by Sarmast Sachal, an 18th century Sindhi poet, while Bux hummed along.

It is only when he arrives in the ancestral homeland that the full extent of Bhaneja's knowledge of and passion for the syncretic culture of Hindu Sindh is revealed. He recalls a popular qawwali (A form of sacred Sufi Muslim vocal music popular in Sindh) "*O Lal meri pat rakhiyo*" (O red-robed one, may I always have your benign protection), sung in praise of two mystics associated with the river Indus: the red-robed Jhuley Lal, mentioned earlier, and his Muslim counterpart, Lal Shahbaz Qualandar. (The song has been widely recorded by both Muslim and Hindu singers, from the famous *qawwali* singer Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan of Dead Man

Walking fame to the Bangladeshi pop artiste, Runa Laila.)

The third and final vignette is the disconcerting account of Bhaneja's brush with the Islamists on the night train from Rohiri to Lahore. Waking up and peeping out from under his dervish-blessed shawl, he found himself in a "cabin" with five young Urdu speakers, all with Delhi accents, uniformly bearded and skull-capped. Bhaneja was clearly rattled by the openly flamboyant practice of their religiosity, including a homily. He had finally met "the enemy" and the old stereotypes, fears and latent mistrust returned. After a few minutes of strained conversation with the "madrassaniks" he removed himself to the corridor, rather rattled.

Canadian readers might feel that this former Canadian diplomat missed a great opportunity to grasp the nettle and open a dialogue with Pakistanis, if not Pakistan, right there on that train. In Bhaneja's defense, I would say that is asking too much even of a self-confessed Gandhian like him. One of Midnight's children and from a "displaced family" is not the ideal

candidate for the job. How many really comprehend the deadly legacy of that hasty and unplanned withdrawal from Greater India by a war-weary British Raj? The visceral hatreds and suspicions run deep to this day. It has led to several wars, an ongoing proxy cross-border insurgency in Kashmir, border skirmishes, an arms race and two nuclear-armed states. The only other example which comes even close is Israel and Palestine.

India and Pakistan are like Siamese twins joined at the hip. The hatred of Pakistan, the "historic enemy" or "the other (evil) Siamese twin" is bred into those born in India and Pakistan. In India, these prejudices have been buttressed considerably by the ongoing conflict in Kashmir, the rise of Islamism on both sides of the border and the random bombings across India. The 2008 well-planned and savage attacks on several areas in the commercial capital of India, Bombay, or Mumbai, by the Lashkar-e-Taiba (an Islamist terrorist group) has only hardened existing attitudes. The Bharatiya Janata Party and its allied "Hindutva" advocates are quite happy to stoke these

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suspicions for political gain. What is more disturbing is that more Hindu Indians than before now harbour misgivings about Indian Muslims who form about 15% of the population, even going so far as to speak of them darkly as a “fifth column in our midst”. India has had several pogroms against Muslims and in 1992 Hindu mobs demolished the Barbari Masjid alleging that a Hindu temple used to stand at that site. Pakistan’s record is no better. In most areas of Pakistan minorities, even those belonging to Abrahamic faiths, live in fear of Islamist zealots.

It is a sad comment about the leadership of these two countries that in 60 years of existence there has never been a concerted government-led effort to bring about reconciliation between the peoples who share common languages and traditions. The festering wounds of fratricide and uprooting remain. Intense “cricket diplomacy”,

cross-border trade, opening of borders and cultural exchanges are some of the ways that might bring the two peoples closer. But, it will not happen in the lifetime of “Midnight’s Children” like Bhaneja and I. Whether the next generation will be more willing to come together is a conversation for another day.

What did I not like about the book? Very little. I found Chapter 2, “Gandhi Darshan in Birla House”, a digression, which does not contribute to the narrative. But, then Bengal has always been ambivalent about Mahatma Gandhi. More importantly, the book also would have benefitted greatly if the photographs had had captions. But these are minor points which in no way detract from this charming little book about one man’s “returning the family honor”.

“Family honour” is an alien concept for Canadians. “Closure” is something

Canadians understand. For Bhaneja, one of *Midnight’s Children*, this was a personal quest and he has had his “closure” in his own way. He comes to the sad realization that “you can’t go home again” because his birthplace, one of his four worlds, is gone forever. Fortunately for him, Canada, Ireland and India remain.

Ottawa-based Anu Bose is a friend of the Foreign Service. She was born in Calcutta to a highly political Brahmo Samaj (Unitarian) family, in the turbulent, waning days of the Raj. She holds a PhD from the University of Birmingham, UK, in Development Administration with a specialization in Economic Anthropology and Behavioural Economics. She is an independent consultant as well as a consumer and human rights activist and, as she is fond of saying, “somehow manages to muddle along in four worlds”.

How The English Establishment Framed Stephen Ward

review and interview by Stuart Hughes

HOW THE ENGLISH ESTABLISHMENT FRAMED STEPHEN WARD by Caroline Kennedy and Phillip Knightley, Createspace Publishing, 2013, 362 pp., \$16.47.

Authors Caroline Kennedy and Phillip Knightley have penned a compellingly well-written account of how the “swinging” London of the 1960s was also sometimes a lynching London. Their topic is of twin and interrelated scandals: the political sex and security scandal best known as the Profumo Affair, and the trial of Stephen Ward, one of John Profumo’s circle (or perhaps more accurately, vice versa). Profumo was a rising political star and former Brigadier; he was then the UK Secretary of State for War.

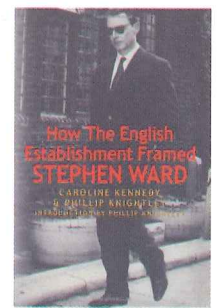
The authors’ principal contention is that the trial of Stephen Ward was orchestrated to deflect attention from the Profumo affair given the declining fortunes of the government of Conservative Prime Minister Harold MacMillan. Elections were on the horizon for 1964. Kennedy and Knightley are well placed to tell the tale. In 1987 they published their very

successful account, *An Affair of State: The Profumo Case and the Framing of Stephen Ward*. By lying to the House about his sexual liaison with Ward’s erstwhile girlfriend Christine Keeler, (amusingly described as “the fastest rising fallen woman in Britain”), Profumo had committed an unforgivable offence in British politics. The government needed to “change the channel” and sideline the Profumo affair before it damaged electoral chances any further.

Neither Profumo nor Ward ever really faded from the British political scene, or in the public mind, despite the intervening years. West End musical theatre magus, Andrew Lloyd Webber (of *CATS* and other fame), has written a new musical based on the life and death of Stephen Ward. It opened in December of 2013 and draws on Kennedy and Knightley’s earlier work. The timing on this second book is no coincidence, having gone to print in the lead-up to Webber’s opening night. In this new account the authors update their earlier research and argue the case for rescinding Ward’s conviction and clearing his name.

Canadian readers have reason to take special interest in Stephen Ward’s story. The historic dimension is obvious, the Profumo affair occurred during the worst of the cold war and our obsession with national security and ideological concerns today has parallels with the waning days of McCarthyism when these twin scandals took place. Perhaps more importantly, our Parliamentary democracy is firmly rooted in the Westminster traditions of the “Mother of Parliaments”; how justice was, and was not, seen to be done in Ward’s case should be of special interest to those grappling with Canada’s ongoing PMO/Senate scandal.

Ward’s story is succinctly told, a page-turner that politician become best-selling author Jeffrey Archer might envy. One also may quibble here and there: circumstantial evidence of motives may appear compelling but to go from inference to fact



is risky business and a few more "it would appear that" or "evidence suggests" would have done the narrative no harm. Occasionally, the authors adopt some of the hyperbole of the *News of the World* they thoroughly researched (Rupert Murdoch's now defunct and scandal-plagued London tabloid), as in this seemingly gratuitous swipe: "John F. Kennedy's sexual appetite was so prodigious and so indiscriminate that he would not have been able to remember (sleeping with Keeler or Rice-Davies during a brief US trip)." Really? The probability of such an encounter seems so remote that the idea of his not being able to remember it – had it occurred – seems even more improbable! But back to our topic...

Stephen Ward was a US-trained London osteopath and WWII officer. He later became a favourite with many of London's social and economic upper crust thanks to his exceptional talent for soothing aching bodies. His swinging sixties nonchalance about sexual mores and his celebration of heterosexuality (with the likes of a mendacious and fickle Christine Keeler and a coolly self-serving Mandy Rice-Davies)

would hardly raise an eyebrow today, but certainly did then with the morally self-righteous.

Ward made good money and made friends with plenty of old money, like the Astors of Cliveden. His financial insouciance could be seen as extremely generous but also as disingenuous when questions of sexual favours arose involving his highly placed friends and the young women he cultivated. In addition, his remarkable talent for portrait sketches of society notables informed an artistic sensibility that predictably defied conventions. His military experience bred patriotism (he briefly acted for MI5 during the Cuban missile crisis) and sustained a deep-rooted respect for British justice. However, that ultimately proved sadly misplaced because Ward also, if unwittingly, made himself an easy target for the miscarriage of justice.

The details of Ward's prosecution and persecution, (there seems no other appropriate word), are marshalled by the authors to great effect. Ward realized that he had been "framed and blamed" by the police, the government, and the judiciary. He was abandoned by his many friends who were

either too intimidated, or too preoccupied with their own well-being, to speak the truth. His professional reputation had been sullied beyond recovery, he faced wrongful incarceration and, more simply, his life prospects were now next to nil. In a gesture reminiscent of Canadian Ambassador Herbert Norman's last act a few years before, (one of US Senator McCarthy's notable victims in his anti-Communist witch hunt), Ward took the only decision that seemed available to regain some control over his fate and repudiate his tormentors: suicide. As the authors report, the unintended complicity of some in his wrongful death was to haunt them to their own graves.

In Canadian parlance, Ward was thrown under the bus. The principal actor was a government fighting scandals and other political woes as the country prepared for national elections. The book offers a window onto how political scandals once evolved across the pond, something to ponder as Canadians deal with our own issues with closely related political institutions.

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In Conversation with Caroline Kennedy

bout: Why do you think the Profumo and Ward stories proved so durable in Britain?

CK: This story has remained in the public eye for so long because it left the generation that lived through it with a bad taste in their mouths. Something was not quite right. But, until our original book was published in 1987, no one really knew the truth behind the story. Yes, over the succeeding decades, they had heard Profumo had rehabilitated himself through working with disadvantaged families in the East End of London. They had read conspiracy theorists' views that Stephen Ward was a pervert, a Communist spy, a master of the black arts or a highly-organized pimp on both sides of the Atlantic, but no one really knew the true story because those that were truly in the know had never opened their mouths. For some reason, in 1984, when I began my research, the timing was right and many, who did not want to go to their graves with the knowledge and insight they had of the story, opened up to me.

bout: Some judicial practices used in the framing of Stephen Ward have been reformed – has enough been done to prevent similar abuses? Did the media really do its job? Has the British establishment mended its ways?

CK: The judicial practice that was glaringly unfair during Ward's day was that the defendant was tried twice. The first trial was a "hearing" at a Magistrate's Court where only the prosecution could state its case and the Magistrate would decide whether there was enough evidence to bring the case to the higher court. And it was legal for the press to report on anything said during this hearing. This meant, in effect, that the prosecutor in Ward's case could outline his evidence against Ward, call Ward "dissolute", "debauched", even "evil" and the newspapers could, and did, print it all. The defence had to remain silent. So, in Ward's case, the public was already primed to find him guilty and, with such a high-profile case, every single newspaper, radio programme and TV show reported avidly every day.

This practice was abolished after Ward's trial. Newspapers cannot publish details of hearings at Magistrate's Courts. This has made for a fairer system for the defendant. Tabloid newspapers, as we have seen with the now defunct News of the World, still use questionable methods to gather information. In the information age, phone-tapping and spying have become commonplace.

And, as far as the English political establishment is concerned the hypocrisy continues. If it is not "MPs' expenses" or "cash for questions" (in the House of Commons) or even, in these times of hardship, the amount MPs' salaries should increase, they treat their own very differently from the way the rest of us are treated. The double standard is alive and well in English politics.

bout: Did you imagine that Stephen Ward would become the central figure in a Webber musical? What would he have thought of it?

CK: A courtroom drama? – Yes. A movie? – Yes. But a musical? – Definitely not. I was stunned when I heard Andrew Lloyd Webber was planning a musical based on the case of Stephen Ward. I understand he had read my book and the contemporary book written on the trial by Ludovic Kennedy (no relation), who was covering the court case for the BBC. Ward's story became a passion for ALW. He is currently funding an effort to refer Ward's case to the Court of Criminal Appeal to have his conviction overturned. He is fighting in the House of Lords to have the Cabinet Papers of the day, the transcript of the trial and the evidence of Lord Denning's Report released. At first there was a 25-year ban on the release of these papers. With subsequent governments, the release has been extended, at first, to 50 years and then to the current, imprecise explanation, "not until all the sons and daughters of anyone involved in the case have died." This has obviously led to much speculation as to what the government hopes to hide.

bout: Canada's Parliamentary traditions derive from Westminster, what are some the principal lessons of the Profumo/Ward experience for Canadians?

CK: I wonder if many lessons were learnt from the case even in the UK. A similar case arose 17 years later. An MP, Jeremy Thorpe, leader of the Liberal Party, was accused of trying to murder his male prostitute boyfriend. Whereas in Ward's case the testimony of known "prostitutes" and perjurers was accepted as evidence, the words of Thorpe's boyfriend were discarded as "unreliable" because of what he was – a male prostitute. Had Thorpe been anything other than an MP, had he been someone like "Stephen Ward", for instance, the judge in his case would have found the boyfriend's testimony completely acceptable. And Thorpe would have been found guilty immediately. But in Thorpe's case it was the political and judicial establishment protecting their own.

bout: You lived in the UK, the Philippines, Central America and elsewhere but choose to live in Newfoundland for the summer – why such a special affinity?

CK: I fell in love with Newfoundland in the summer of 1999. I had been working in refugee camps in Bosnia and Croatia during the war, and then in Azerbaijan in a post-conflict setting. With all the tragedy and destruction around me for several years, I was burned out. I needed some R & R. I chose Newfoundland in the hopes of seeing some whales. I was not disappointed. That first summer, and subsequent summers, I spent mostly in the company of literally hundreds of whales that spend their summers feeding along the North Atlantic coastline. Added to the enchantment of the whales was that the people of Newfoundland immediately adopted me as their own, and I was hooked. I love the serenity of the place. I love the fact that I can sit and write while watching whales breaching outside my window. I love the fact I can leave my doors and windows open and not expect intruders to exploit the situation. I love the warmth of the people. And I love the clean air and breathtaking landscapes. ☺

*Stuart Hughes is a retired Foreign Service Officer and Editor of **bout de papier**.*

SPOOKED AND SODDEN: TWO VIGNETTES "DE LAS AMERICAS"

by David Bickford

Do You Believe in the Supernatural?

It was my first missing persons case as a newly-minted consular officer. At the time, I was about two weeks on the job at the embassy in Mexico City. One Monday morning I received a call from a woman in Vancouver who reported that her husband had been scheduled to return home from a trip to Mexico on Sunday evening, but he hadn't been on the flight. She emphasized that he was a responsible person and would have called if he had been delayed. I undertook to initiate a missing persons investigation.

The lady called me every subsequent morning for a report, but I had no news. On Wednesday, we chatted a bit and she rather jokingly said that she had received a phone call the previous evening from a friend of hers who was a seer/tealeaf reader/psychic living in Northern British Columbia. The psychic asked her how her husband was, and she replied that she didn't know because he was missing somewhere in Mexico. The psychic said that she thought something was seriously wrong since she had been having a recurring dream since Saturday night that the missing husband had been driving a black car on a winding road but had lost control and had driven into a ravine and died. We both had a good laugh about psychics and voodoo, but no progress was made that week.

On the following Saturday we received a call from the Mexican Red Cross informing us that our missing person had been found. He had been driving a rental car on a winding country road near Cuernavaca. Apparently he had lost control and driven into a ravine. The approximate time of death was the previous Saturday evening. I felt a chill run down my spine, and I asked the Red Cross representative what was the colour of the car. Somewhat bemused by the question, he replied "black".



Madame President, welcome to the
New Canadian Residence.

O Canada

To me, our national anthem portrays dignity and understated but immense pride. It is about as good as any other out there, but for Latin Americans it has one major fault: it is too short. Most Latin American anthems go on for a glorious five or six minutes, while ours barely manages a minute. This causes problems when one of our embassies receives important dignitaries and the playing of anthems is *de rigueur*. The Embassy sends over the score for military bands and the inevitable response is "Is that all there is? Is there something missing?"

Naturally hospitable and not wishing to show bad manners by giving short shrift to welcome visitors, Latin Americans have devised a few strategies to redress our musical asymmetry. In Venezuela, we received the now-defunct National Defence College. A highlight of the visit was the laying of a wreath at the tomb of the liberator, Simon Bolivar. The ceremony began with the two anthems, during which all military members had to hold a crisp and precise salute. After six minutes of the Venezuelan anthem, soldiers were experiencing elbow lock and beads of sweat appeared on furrowed brows. As the band swung into *O Canada* there were slight sighs of relief as the ordeal appeared to be nearing an end, but despair reigned once again! ...the band performed it twice in an attempt to even up the air-time. The Commandant later whispered to me that he thought he might never be able to hoist a beer again with that arm – not often that the military show weakness in front of a civilian!

In Brasilia, at the airport arrival ceremony for our foreign minister of the time, the massed band slammed out the rollicking Brazilian anthem. This lively performance was followed by *O Canada* at something less than half speed – a funeral pace. It was raining lightly and we dignitaries, solemnly lined up on the tarmac, became somewhat sodden. During such a dirge, one's thoughts tend to stray, and I wondered whether my newly purchased Hong Kong-tailored suit might shrink from the wet. Can you imagine greeting the big boss with pant legs up above the ankles and cuffs showing six inches of sleeve? Happily, it was not to be: dirge completed, sodden but not shrunk, we soldiered on. I like to think that polyester had nothing to do with it. ☺

David Bickford is a retired Foreign Service officer with a keen sense of humour nurtured through long experience in Latin America, further honed through the better part of a decade's service with the International Assessment Staff at PCO.



Violette Paré Born in Montreal in 1956, Violette Paré began her expatriate experience early: she lived in West Africa from the age of 7 to 17. That was followed by several years of exploration in Canada, studying and working as a Set and Costume Designer for the theatre. During that time she also obtained her teaching degree. Since 1991, she has traveled, lived and worked abroad accompanying her husband, a Canadian Foreign Service Officer. They also raised three children. In recent years she began to draw cartoons about her life as an expatriate spouse. A first series was published in Moscow in 2011-2; her latest series appears in 'bout de papier' and reflects the reality of "La vie dans les valises", of living out of a suitcase.

HAÏKUS

par: **Violette Paré**

Série: La vie dans les valises- n. 4 Janvier 2014

Lors d'une nouvelle affectation, ma vie s'illumine lorsqu'enfin je me fais une amie.

EXCUSE-ME, PLEASE, IS THIS THE STOP FOR THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN SCHOOL SHUTTLE BUS?



YES, INDEED!

RENCONTRE

Une voix interrompt
Ma lecture-refuge
Déjà, j'ai perdu le fil

... OUR DAUGHTER IS IN GRADE 11 AS WELL!
BY THE WAY, I AM NORIKO, FROM JAPAN.



...VIOLETTE, FROM QUÉBEC, CANADA.
SO, HOW DO YOU LIKE MOSCOW?

RENDEZ-VOUS

Immobile dans la cohue
Visage impassible
Une perle dans son regard



Yes! This is it!
I am pretty sure!

AMITIÉ

Nous portons
comme un châle
L'amitié tissée
Au fil des saisons



Smile!

Puis, j'ai quitté le pays, j'ai quitté mon amie Noriko et aussi sa famille, le cœur plein de nos échanges complices et des moments magnifiques. Il me reste une valise pleine de petits haïkus... et

LONGUE DISTANCE

Mon amie, ta voix
Portée par les ondes
Est la même qu'autrefois

NORIKO! IT'S BEEN SO LONG!
HOW IS YOUR LIFE
IN BRUSSELS?



VIOLETTE!
JE SAIS PARLER FRANÇAIS,
MAINTENANT !

Violette Paré 01-2014

All in the Family

A relatively new puzzle by A Aalto

"You? Identical twins?" smirked Sleazewagon. "To counterfeit a phrase, it must have been tough finding the same white suit in sizes 68 extra fat and 12 dwarf." Don Gordo turned to the diminutive young woman beside him. "Ignore this lout, dearest sister. He should have been hung in effigy years ago!" "Effigy?" she replied. "That's just outside Kapuskasing, right?" She and Don Gordo high/low-fived.

As they crossed the street, a manhole shot open and the Ottawa Tuba Festival Marching Band erupted like obese sky-rockets, booming out the Oompah Brothers version of "Melancholy Baby". Gordo and Maria's answering zumba flattened three telephone poles, 17 skate-boarders and a pierogi wagon. Ace logician Ludwig Liebnitz shaded his eyes. It was going to be one of those days.

It had started off badly enough. Called to the office of the Centre's chief, Hamish MacBannock, Liebnitz found MacBannock's wife Hilda in the chair. The odour of Scotch and oatcakes drifting under the closet door suggested Hamish was on break. Hilda glared at Liebnitz, saying "We have to act fast, Commander Chaos has Heather." Liebnitz shuddered. Chaos was a mad clown who revelled in his name. Heather was the MacBannock's

teen-aged tomboy daughter. "What does he want?" "With her, nothing. He wants Hamish to name Rialto Sleazewagon his successor and resign. Today. Or we'll never see her again."

A tall man with a pencil-thin moustache sneered from an armchair behind Liebnitz, "As if I'd be interested in running this dump. It was bad enough working here without having to worry about budgets and personnel and the annual polka contest." Hilda coughed. "He called me, Liebnitz, to say he had been pitched by Chaos, but wanted no part of it. We've agreed to suspend hostilities while we sort this out." Liebnitz nodded. Hilda was tough, had good judgement and knew a lot about the Centre. And there was no time to lose. "Who do we have to work this?" She replied, "Chaos said no police and only six people were allowed to know. So there's Hamish and me, you and Rialto, and we can choose two more..."

A door burst open. "No need to furrow your brow in this matter of choosing, honoured señora. I, Don Gordo Beluga de Puerco y Frijoles, am here, along with my sister Maria. We are identical twins, so we understand about family. We had an appointment with Hamish and, *Ay!*, he never remembers to turn off the waiting room intercom, so we have heard everything!"

Liebnitz turned and considered the Centre's corpulent fixer. Hilda paused and nodded, "Very well, I suppose you'll do. So where do we go from here? Chaos usually leaves a hint. He likes making life a puzzle. So far, all he's said is that she is in an office building in this city. He also promised things would work out."

She was interrupted by someone knocking. "What is this, Grand Central Station?" Liebnitz asked. After some confusion, they decided the knock was from the closet door. Opened, it revealed a bleary-eyed Hamish, who said, "Hilda, the strangest thing...I was sipping a wee dram when the secret escape hatch slammed open and this courier – spandex bodysuit and whiteface – wheeled in his bicycle – things were getting a bit crowded – and handed me this envelope. Made me sign for it and demanded a tip – gave him an oatcake. It's probably nothing, but the return address is a clown's head..." Hilda kissed him gently and took the envelope. Hamish went back to the closet.

She opened the envelope and shook its contents onto the desktop. Five pieces of cardboard – and a sixth still glued into the envelope. Each had a different picture. "A message from Chaos," said Liebnitz, "But what can it mean?" Sleazewagon replied, his sharp nose flaring. "They're signs of the zodiac. I'll bet they represent us. Virgo,

trapped in the envelope, is Heather. Gemini, the twins, that's easy. You, Liebnitz, must be Sagittarius the Archer, also called the soldier. But Scorpio?" Maria chuckled, "A treacherous insect? Not a difficult divination, señor." Sleazewagon flushed, "I am often misunderstood, true." Hilda chimed in, "Pisces the fish are probably Hamish and me. He drinks like one. Like Gemini, one card for two related people. But what about this lion? And why is it stapled to the archer?"

Liebnitz sighed. "The zodiacal lion is Leo. We need to call on my brother." Hilda nodded. "I'll keep an eye on Hamish and mind the store. You four, get going."

And so they were racing down the street dodging counter-marching tubas. Soon they stood outside an austere brick building with no sign and only one item in the show window: a huge fish with eyes pointing both ways from its T-shaped skull. Liebnitz stopped them on the sidewalk. "What you have to know is that my brother is a total flake. I love him deeply, but he's the most irresponsible guy I've ever met. The Sixties will never die as long as Leo lives. He doesn't make a lot of sense, he does make embarrassing jokes. He pretends to forget my name and then starts singing *Louie Louie*. Let me handle him."

They stepped into the store, which was immaculately decorated in a subdued style. From behind a long counter, a tall blond man in a frock coat and cravat smiled and said sonorously, "Ludwig, dear brother. A hearty welcome to you and your friends." Liebnitz stared at him warily. "Uh, hello, Leo, long time no see." Leo replied, "As you come with colleagues, I assume this call is not social. How may I help?"

Silence fell and Maria stepped in. "What kind of store is this?" Leo replied, "One catering to collectors of certain special items." He gestured. "We have a selection of naval toilets. A good sample of fine busts from all eras. A room for fans of Jerry Garcia. Biographies of everyone who has run a country since the Renaissance – and much, much more. Anything that interests you?" Ludwig smouldered. "What interests me is the game you're playing. You're dressed like an undertaker, you're talking like Sydney Greenstreet on Prozac, you haven't got my name wrong once. What gives?"

Leo smiled sadly and turned to the others. "I see Ludwig has been telling you

the usual stories about me. I'm sorry his delusions have not yet been resolved. And even sorrier that I am not the wild and amusing fellow you were led to expect. It began in our childhood – but no, some things must remain private." Ludwig restrained himself, barely, saying "OK, we'll play it your way." Leo smiled benignly. "What we need to know – badly – is whether anyone left a message for us."

Leo looked thoughtful. "Now that you mention it, a rather odd woman did come in, wearing a trench coat and floppy clown shoes. She left these documents, saying someone might call for them. That would be you?" Ludwig reached out and snatched the papers. "I certainly hope so. OK, thanks for your help. Let's have dinner some time and catch up." "That would gladden my heart," said Leo solemnly.

Ludwig growled and stomped out, the others following closely. As they reached the street, he turned back to see his brother come out from behind the counter. Below the frock coat, he wore flowered Bermuda shorts and snowshoes. He flipped a switch by the door and hidden speakers pulsed *Louie Louie* into the street. Pulling out a joint, he lit up, toked and starting laughing so hard he fell over.

"Jerk," muttered Liebnitz. The others convulsed silently. Recovering, Maria asked, "What was that place anyway? All I saw was a bunch of unconnected junk he was treating like the crown jewels." Sleazewagon smirked, "Gotta be a head shop – the hammerhead shark, the naval toilets, the Dead Head paraphernalia, the busts, the head of state bios – even a pot-head at the end."

Don Gordo grunted. "Clever. But what do the papers say? Where do we go now?" Liebnitz replied, "Well, the first page reads: 'Canada Supplies Emergency Vowels to Northern Serbia – Cities of Sjlbdvndzv, Grznc First Recipients', 'World Death Rate Holding Steady at 100%', and 'Drug War Over – Drugs Win'. 'Madre de dios! Those are just headlines from Leo's shop, his parting jest. What about the other pages?' Liebnitz said, "They appear to be a puzzle – about Canadian mysteries."

Sleazewagon and Liebnitz quickly filled in the chart. The ace logician rubbed his chin. "There's something...yes! I'm sure we got the chart right, but the city in this box is not the real home base for the character in that row. If this is the wrong city, I'll bet the right one names the building."

An Internet search confirmed the name of the right city. Within minutes they were at the building of the same name, zeroing in on a fitness centre called *The Coming Order*. "Trite," said Sleazewagon. "I've worked with a lot of megalomaniacs. Hell, I've **been** a lot of megalomaniacs. They all worship Nietzsche, who said 'Out of chaos comes order'." "On the other hand," said Don Gordo in grudging respect, "Chaos did tell Señora MacBannock that things would work out."

Night had fallen and the building was locked, but Sleazewagon picked the lock on a side door. The team climbed the emergency stairs to the darkened gym. They were creeping through the rows of silent machines, when the arc lights suddenly crashed on. Revealed in the dazzle were Commander Chaos and his killer clowns, surrounding either a Nautilus machine or the rack, to which a young woman in black leather was strapped, looking determinedly bored.

Chaos clapped hands languidly and said "Well done. I'm impressed you found us, but I suppose the clues were obvious enough." Maria turned to Don Gordo. "Oh the poor man, I think he had rickets as a child." "Rickets, my dear sister? His legs seem straight enough" "Isn't that the childhood disease where you grow up fat, bald and obnoxious?" "I believe you are thinking of 'Rickles'. Ready now?" With that, they grabbed opposite ends of a nearby barbell and clotheslined two of the gangsters, Maria running along a balance beam to keep things even.

Liebnitz piled in and was soon mixing it up all over the mats. Sleazewagon fled to the mezzanine and proved his sneaky worth by dropping dumbbells on the distracted villains Liebnitz pushed to the wall below. Clown by clown, the Centre team carried the day, the gangsters being hampered by their size 17 shoes, enormous flashing noses that exploded when punched, and tendency to break into Pilates moves when hit by an exercise ball.

Last clown standing, Chaos braced himself against the floor-to-ceiling windows. As the twins strode up behind a weight bench, he pulled out a huge revolver. "So," he snarled. "Maybe this is a real gun, a Magnum that can blow holes the size of grapefruit. Or maybe it's a clown gun. Even I don't know which. Are you feeling lucky – punks?"

The chart has ten numbered rows listing ten Canadian detective novels. Each novel has a different name, author and hero. Each hero/ine is either a police officer (in one of a variety of police organizations, with one of a range of different ranks) or a private investigator (whose rank is always “civilian”), and has a Canadian city as home base. The organization types, ranks and home bases are not necessarily unique to one hero/ine.

1. The three PIs are Jonah Geller, the hero of *The Blood Libel* in row #1, and the soft-boiled shamus created by Howard Engel.
2. In row #6 is Margaret Jennings’s *Poor Tom is Cold*, one of three books with a Toronto home base.
3. Chief Inspector Armand Gamache works for the Sûreté du Québec.
4. Silas Seaweed is the hero of *Seaweed on Ice*; on the list, he falls directly between the Ottawa municipal police Inspector and Detective Constable William Murdoch.
5. The detective based in Winnipeg, *Miss Montreal*, author Louise Penny, the municipal police Sergeant based in Halifax, and Eric Wright’s Inspector Charlie Salter are on five different odd-numbered rows.
6. Five of the seven police hero/ines work for municipal forces, one for the provincial police and one for the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, ancestor of the RCMP.
7. Sergeant Durrant Wallace in row #8 is based in Calgary; author Stanley Evans leads off row #5.
8. In the first or last row is found *A City Called July*, which is set in the fictional city of Grantham, Ontario, while Allan Levine’s Sam Klein is in the row just above or below the one with the book set in Vancouver.
9. *The Goldfish Bowl*, the policeman based in Montreal, and Barbara Fradkin’s Michael Green appear in three consecutive rows, in that order as you go down the list.
10. Hero Benny Cooperman is found in the second row below Stephen Legault’s *The End of the Line*.
11. The three row numbers for Laurence Gough’s municipal police Detective Claire Parker, *How the Light Gets In* and *Mist Walker* (in that order as you go down the list) add up to the row number of *The Night the Gods Smiled*.
12. The municipal police Inspector in row #9 is based in the same city as Howard Shrier’s civilian.

Don Gordo paused and said, “Like you, Señor Chaos, my sister and I also worked under the big top. We were acrobats in the circus of Mr. Edwin Hyde and his brother Maldwin.” Chaos looked confused. Maria took up the story. “One of the brothers died and they dedicated the evening show to him. The troupe made the tent tremble with the cry, ‘For Maldie Hyde!’” “Formaldehyde?” Chaos asked in

bewilderment. Don Gordo said, “Or, as the Irish priest taught us, ‘Formaldehyde, the Holy Ones’.” “Holy...” started Chaos punchily, as the twins chorused, “Saints preserve us”. Picking up the bench, they charged him with a banshee yell. He pulled the trigger, but all that emerged was a stick with a sign saying “bang”. He had time to wail, “Now I know what killed vaudeville!” before the bench caught him hard

in the solar plexus and he felt the window behind him shatter as he soared out into the night.

Liebnitz and Sleazewagon were untying Heather, who pulled out a smartphone and began texting. “Got to let people know. Mom will get my tweet too, but not Dad. His smartphone hasn’t been the same since he used it to surf the 60s channels on his HDTV. Now all he gets are SMS from Gilligan and Maxwell Smart.” She turned to Sleazewagon, “Thanks for the rescue, Cousin Rio. I knew you’d save me.” Liebnitz’s eyebrow lifted. “Cousin Rio?” Sleazewagon snarled, “OK, so Hilda’s sister was my mother. How do think I got my first job at the Centre? It’s not like anyone makes a big public deal of it.”

Don Gordo and Maria come over, dusting broken glass from their once-white suits. The corpulent *caballero* twirled his moustache and proclaimed, “Once again the fearless twins foil the forces of injustice.” Sleazewagon exploded. “How can she be your identical twin? She’s female, two decades younger and three feet shorter than you!” “Caramba! *Qué cabeza de hueso!*” replied Don Gordo. “My sainted mother had two sets of children, many years apart – myself and my brother Don Guapo together, then Maria and her sister Dolores on the same day. I said Maria and I were identical twins, and we both are. But I never claimed we were each other’s.”

Can you duplicate Liebnitz’ and Sleazewagon’s feat by naming the building in which Hamish’s daughter was held? **bout de papier** will declare a winner by drawing from all correct answers received by July 15. The winner will receive a book signed by A Aalto. Not necessary to win, but can you also fill in the full chart? And identify the source of the suits quotation that Rialto “counterfeited”? ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto remains determined to out-last winter. All ten novels (and the series of which they form part) can be recommended to mystery lovers. Thanks meanwhile to The Onion (one of Aalto’s favourite sites) for the headlines. Thanks also to the ever-perceptive Mrs. Aalto, and to Magic and Jimmers for ideas that come on midnight dog-walks. For K.

	AUTHOR	BOOK TITLE	NAME OF DETECTIVE	POLICE TYPE OR PI	POLICE RANK OR CIVILIAN	HOME BASE
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						

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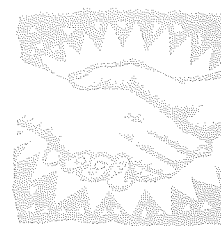
Five Lacquer Boxes – A fabulous Japanese puzzle by A Aalto

Answers to Vol. 27, No. 4

Winner: ALEX FIGLER, WARSAW, POLAND

The extra word is BONSAI, for example the “dwarf pine” in the first tokonoma. The box in that tokonoma is flat and square, gold with a MAPLE LEAF pattern. Full answers in the charts below.

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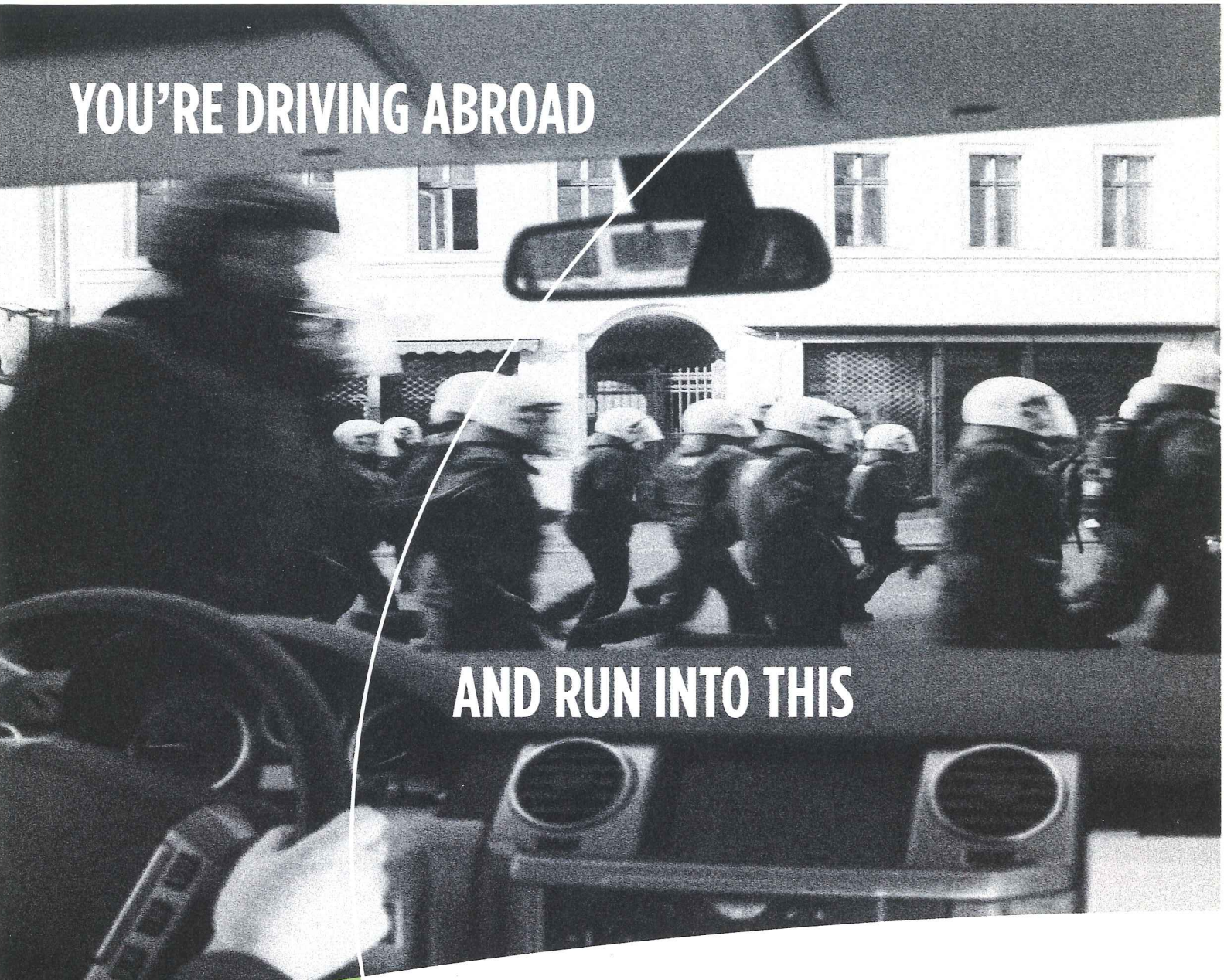
Five Lacquer Boxes

Tokonoma (left to right)	1	2	3	4	5
Colour	Gold	Red	Black	Clear	White
Shape	Flat square	Chest of drawers	Cubic	Round	Oval
Pattern	Maple leaves	Chrysanthemums	Dragonflies	Cranes	Fuji
Object in tokonoma	Dwarf pine (Bonsai)	Scroll painting	Sake cup	Netsuke	Kabuki doll

Bicycle of sorts, sideways	Rickshaw
Knowing when to fold	Origami
Picture the floating world	Ukiyo-e
That wind's divine	Kamikaze
Cartoons not for kids	Manga
New wave, unfortunately	Tsunami
After enlightenment, chop wood and draw water	Zen
Shogun's roost	Edo
Northern dog, not husky	Akita
Green fire	Wasabi
Heroic cards	Pokemon
Ceremony, to a T	Chanoyu
Lady of culture	Geisha
Where you go to get grilled	Hibachi
This one will throw you	Jujitsu
This one will floor you	Futon
Negative drama	Noh
Numerical nightmare	Sudoku
Not your average pocketful of posies	Ikebana
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