

bout de papier

Vol. 28, No. 2

Les Prix de l'APASE 2014 25^e anniversaire

Change and Continuity in Indian Politics

Le drapeau des Auriverde

par Suzanne Beaulieu-Gingras

Georgia and Putin's Russia

by Giorgi Badridze



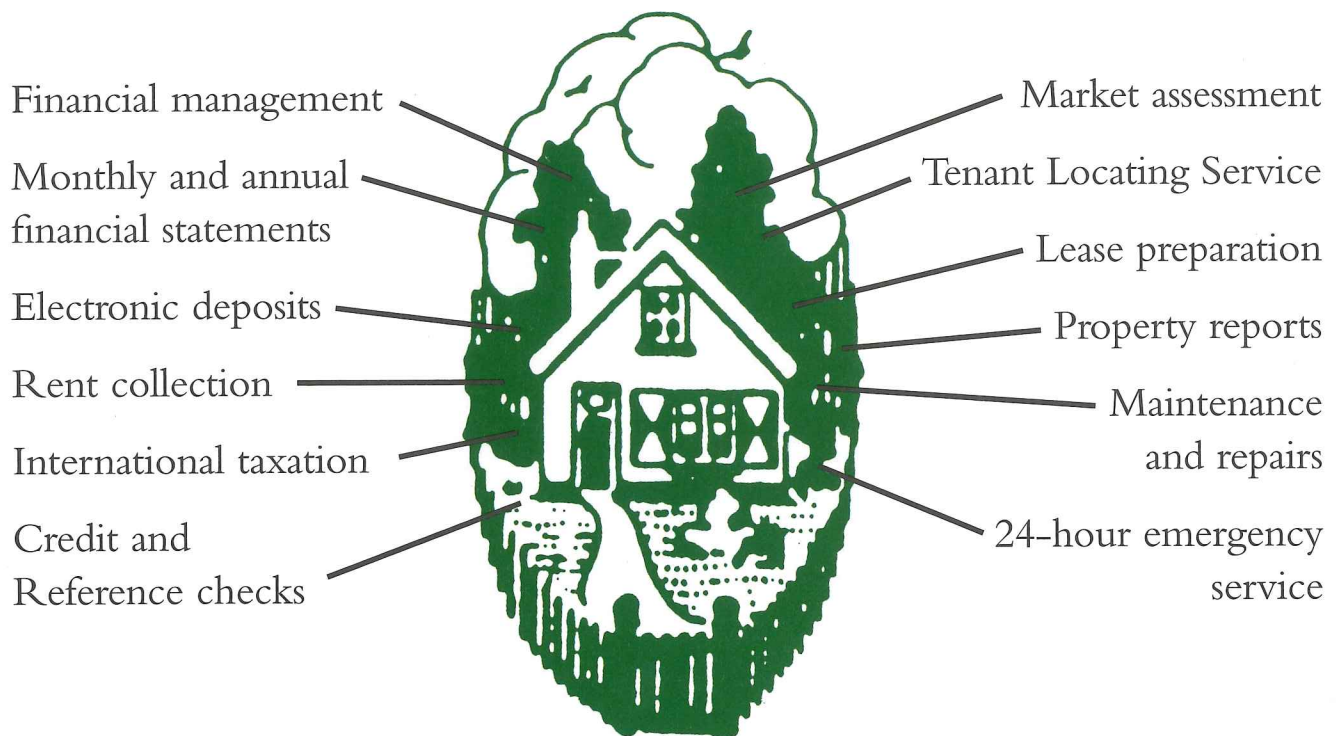
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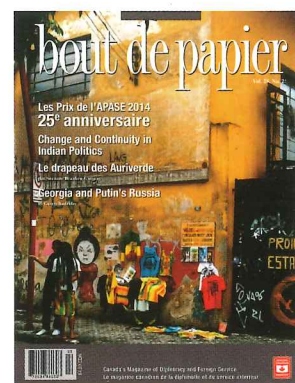
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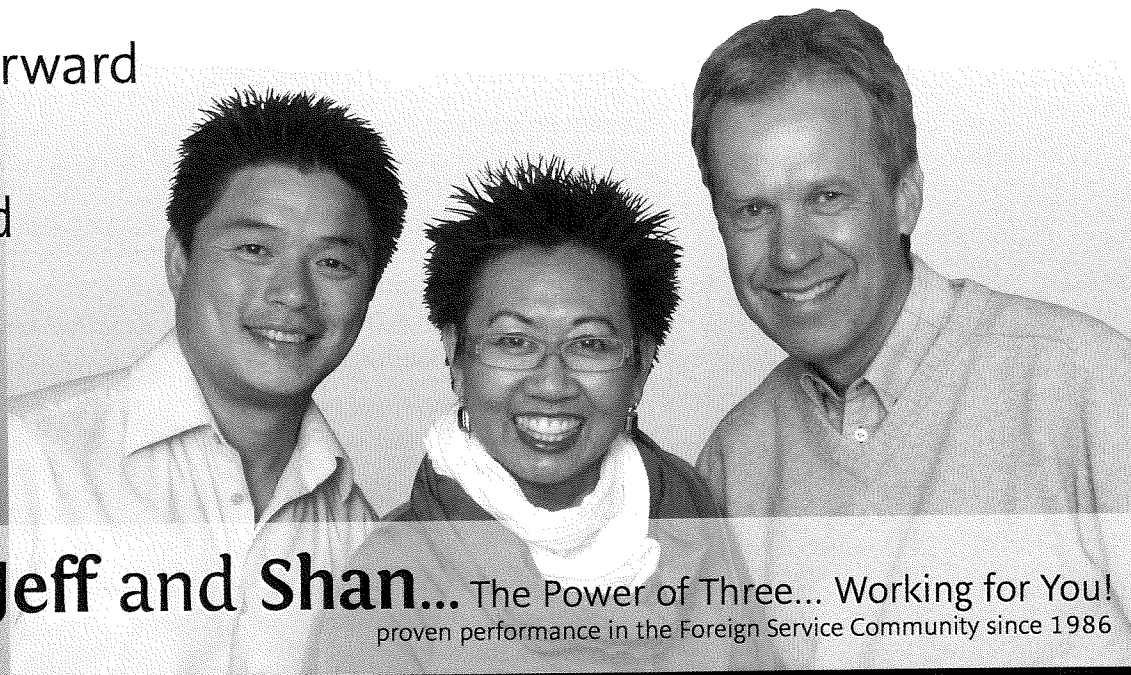
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Atila Altikat, Claude Brunelle, Glyn Berry & Annemarie Desloges

Le 27 août dernier, le diplomate à la retraite Paul Heinbecker a pris la parole à Ottawa lors de la cérémonie commémorative pour les diplomates décédés en fonction, en mémoire de feu le colonel Atila Altikat. Il a évoqué la tragédie et l'injustice de leur mort, en insistant sur les incidences plus générales d'une telle violence pour le Canada d'aujourd'hui et son immense diversité. Comme nous rappelons la vie d'Annemarie Desloges dans le présent numéro, les « notes » de M. Heinbecker revêtent une perspective éditoriale essentielle dans des termes extrêmement bien sentis. Ainsi, pour reprendre ses mots :

“Today we commemorate diplomats fallen in the service of their countries and to remind ourselves that while remembrance is necessary, even obligatory, it is not sufficient – we have responsibilities to acquit to the victims and to each other.

Many diplomats have faced great dangers in the service of their countries and suffered great harm. My friend and colleague Glyn Berry, my former deputy at the Canadian Mission to the United Nations in New York, was killed in January 2006, on duty in Afghanistan. Annemarie Desloges, a young Canadian diplomat, was killed last September in a terrorist attack in Nairobi.

Down through the decades and across the continents there have been many casualties. This monument, a gift from the people of Turkey, is dedicated to all diplomats and public servants around the world who lost their lives in service to their countries. It is dedicated to Colonel Atila Altikat who was brutally murdered at this intersection by Armenian terrorists 32 years ago.

Atila was a friend of mine, a young, bright, promising Turkish military pilot and diplomat. Ayla, Atila's wife, was a friend of Ayse, my wife. Goker, Atila's son, played together with Celine, my daughter, in our home and theirs. The last time I saw Atila alive our two families and others had gathered for a picnic in Gatineau Park. A few days later he was dead at the hands of terrorists. The perpetrators have not yet been brought to justice.

Sadly, Atila was not the first Turkish diplomat attacked in Ottawa. Kani Gungor had been brutally assaulted earlier that year, and was left paralyzed. The Turkish Embassy itself was attacked by Armenian terrorists in 1985. Claude Brunelle, a young Canadian security guard at the Embassy, a student at the University of Ottawa, was killed in that attack. The Ambassador was seriously hurt and spent months in hospital. His family and embassy staff were traumatized, especially the children.

Turks were not the only diplomats attacked in Ottawa – other members of the diplomatic corps have been the objects of violence here – nor were diplomats the only targets of terrorists. Air India Flight 182 also was bombed in 1985 by a Sikh separatist group – 329 people, including 280 Canadians, were killed in the worst mass murder in Canadian history.

There is a common thread running through these tragedies: the unwritten contract of newcomers with Canada was broken in each case. That contract holds that people from every corner of the world, from every ethnic group, people from all faiths

– and no faith – are welcome to join in the building of Canada provided they leave violence at the border. We cannot survive as a multicultural, diversity-valuing society if national, ethnic or religious groups import their conflicts into Canada.

That does not mean that anyone has a right to ask immigrants or their offspring to turn their backs on their pasts or to ignore what is happening now in their former homelands. But we do have a right to expect that they will, also, respect Canada and what it stands for.

At a time of growing concern about home-grown terrorism, there is a further point to make on this occasion. Public peace is not guaranteed in Canada, any more than it is elsewhere. Peace, order and good government are not gifts bestowed on us by a benign Providence, nor are they the pre-ordained consequence of an inspired Constitution. They are the creation of an enlightened polity, in which people recognize society's fragility and consciously work at living with one another constructively and peacefully. No one in this country, no citizen, no immigrant, no NGO leader or cleric, and no elected politician, is ever justified in playing diaspora politics or driving wedges:

- between Jews and Arabs
- between Christians and Muslims
- between Sunni and Shia
- between Turks and Armenians
- or between any other diaspora communities

Diaspora politics is the tinder of a fire that could consume not just those who ignite it but us all.

We remember Atila Altikat, Claude Brunelle, Glyn Berry, Annemarie Desloges and all the many diplomats who have died at the hand of terrorists. We remind ourselves that we have responsibilities as well as rights, and that we need to do more than remember. We need to resolve never to turn a blind eye to the extremists among us. “Peace, order and good government” must never be seen as just an aspiration, nor must it ever become just a slogan. It is the due of every citizen of this country, native born or newcomer, and it is the obligation of us all to defend it. Thank you, Merci and Teshekur ederim. ”

*Stuart Hughes is Editor of **bout de papier**; Paul Heinbecker is a retired Foreign Service Officer and prominent commentator on foreign policy issues.*

Le drapeau des Auriverde

par Suzanne Beaulieu-Gingras

Au moment d'atterrir à São Paulo, sous un ciel maussade, je me demande ce que nous venons chercher dans ce pays de la démesure étalé sur presque la moitié du continent. Un territoire d'abord occupé par des peuples indigènes. Développé par la volonté des Portugais et autres Européens. Et le labeur d'esclaves noirs amenés d'Afrique. Des Japonais sont du nombre des migrants venus, au siècle dernier, relever encore davantage la diversité culturelle sur cette terre de métissage, où les Blancs comptent pour moins de la moitié de la population. Une population jeune dominée par les moins de 30 ans.

J'essaie de me préparer mentalement au choc du premier contact avec une mégapole de plus de vingt millions d'habitants. J'anticipe des problèmes de congestion routière autrement plus sérieux que ceux de Montréal ou Toronto. Et ça ne manquera pas. Via autoroutes et voies rapides, nous mettrons plus d'une heure et demie à parcourir une trentaine de kilomètres jusqu'à l'hôtel.

Traversons des quartiers aux constructions négligées, aux murs couverts de graffitis. À l'écart des tours d'habitation. Partageons le macadam avec des camions, des autobus et, hantise des automobilistes, des motos et mobylettes pétaradantes qui se faufilent dangereusement entre les véhicules. Aucun accrochage. Aucun accident. Du bruit, de la poussière. Beaucoup de tension et d'inconfort. Notre hôte nous rassure, mon mari et moi. Les conditions sont normales aujourd'hui.

Nous voici enfin sur la prestigieuse Avenida Paulista, épine dorsale de la ville. Avenue résidentielle de prestige à l'ère des barons du café. Maintenant bordée de gratte-ciel où logent les grandes entreprises du pays. Le cœur du Brésil prospère que je devrais appeler « Brasil ». Un nom associé au bois local « pau-brasil », objet d'un commerce important au début du XVI^e siècle. La teinture pourpre qu'on en tirait, alors fort appréciée en Europe, contribua à la prospérité initiale du pays. Et inspira le titre du roman de Jean-Cristophe Rufin, prix Goncourt 2001, *Rouge Brésil*.

À mon retour au pays, le guide touristique *Lonely Planet*, m'apprendra un autre aspect de la démesure de São Paulo. *On n'arrive pas à pied à l'emporium le plus huppé. Le taxi est une option, mais il est beaucoup plus chic de se faire déposer en hélicoptère sur l'héliport du toit du Daslu, bâtiment blanc qui ressemble à une énorme villa romaine de trois étages et accueille tous les créateurs de la mode... Aujourd'hui São Paulo détiendrait le record du trafic d'hélicoptères à l'échelle mondiale, avec quelque 300 héliports contre à peine 60 à New York.*

Je me sens mal à l'aise en lisant ces lignes. Et je l'ai été à plusieurs reprises pendant notre séjour chez les « Paulistanos ». Bien que membre du quatuor des pays émergents les plus florissants, le Brésil se caractérise aussi par la disparité des revenus entre les strates de sa population. Plus de 20 pour cent des gens vivent en deçà du seuil de la pauvreté. Difficile à croire lorsque nous allons dans un centre commercial huppé pour y casser la croûte en milieu de journée. Dans ce temple de la consommation, décoré et aseptisé, les étalages offrent des marchandises de luxe, hors de prix. Qui donc sont les clients?

Probablement les habitants des quartiers résidentiels les plus exclusifs où nous

circulerons. Enfilades de vastes terrains fleuris et ombragés. Hauts murs d'enceinte derrière lesquels se dissimulent des résidences que je devine imposantes. Entrées bloquées par des grilles de métal. Souvent surveillées par un gardien posté dans une guérite. Qui est l'ennemi à craindre?

En plein quartier New Murumbi, foisonnement de tours d'habitation de luxe, quelle n'est pas ma surprise de voir un panneau de signalisation marqué « Favela Paraisópolis ». Ce que je n'aurais pu imaginer est là sous mes yeux. Derrière une rue aux façades de bon ton, une dénivellation de terrain importante et un autre monde. Celui de l'une des dizaines, ou des centaines de favelas typiques des grandes villes du pays. Poches de pauvreté, de promiscuité et de violence. Où les conditions de vie se sont améliorées avec l'installation de l'électricité, de l'eau courante, des égouts, et l'organisation de patrouilles de police à l'affût des trafiquants de drogue. Au dire de notre ami, cette favela en est la preuve. Je regarde le panneau indicateur si propre, si officiel. Et je retiens mon souffle. L'impression de me tenir au bord d'un gouffre. Tout en bas, les petites maisons semblent solides. Sans plus. Une favela d'exception?

On dit des favelas qu'elles sont autant de villes dans la ville. Et, sans m'être renseignée, je supposais que le mot portugais « favela » signifiait l'équivalent de bidonville

en français. La vérité est tout autre et nous ramène à une page d'histoire de la fin du XIX^e siècle.

Une armée de 8 000 soldats, dont plusieurs originaires de Rio de Janeiro, la capitale du temps, sont alors envoyés à Canudos, dans la région du Nordeste, pour défendre les intérêts du gouvernement contre la population locale rebelle. De retour à Rio, victorieux, après avoir mis Canudos à feu et à sang, ils n'obtiennent pas les terres qu'on leur avait promises en échange de leurs services. Ils finissent par installer des abris de fortune pour eux et leurs familles sur la colline voisine du Morro da Providencia. Là, ils retrouvent le même arbrisseau que sur les terres de leur campement de Canudos. Une plante appelée « favela ». Ils baptisent leur nouveau lieu de résidence Morro da Favela. Très vite le mot favela en vient à désigner les communautés informelles qui apparaissent autour de Rio. Des regroupements créés par d'anciens esclaves et habitants de l'arrière-pays fuyant la misère et cherchant une vie meilleure en ville. Une triste réalité qui a cours encore aujourd'hui.

Observer des serpents. Ce n'est pas ce qui m'a amenée à São Paulo. Et pourtant je ne détache pas les yeux de ces créatures exotiques. Admirative des coloris gris, bruns, noirs de leur peau. Des motifs bleus, corail, jaunes, qui en démarquent certains, comme autant de tatouages.

Nous visitons l'Instituto Butantan, centre de recherches biomédicales de réputation internationale. Depuis plus de cent ans, l'Institut produit des vaccins et sérums antivenimeux à partir du venin de serpents, de scorpions et d'araignées. Ses précieux pensionnaires sont assurés de manger à leur faim et selon leurs goûts chaque jour. D'être à l'abri de leurs prédateurs. Des reptiles mieux traités que les déshérités de la ville. Certes, sous ces latitudes tropicales les antidotes fabriqués ici guérissent des malades, sauvent des vies. Un besoin sous-estimé par les nordiques que nous sommes.

Dans « Centro Velho », le quartier historique de São Paulo, j'ai l'impression de toucher à l'histoire en admirant des fonts baptismaux de pierre datant de 1650,

et de nombreuses cartes de la ville ancienne. Nous sommes au « Patio do Colégio », emplacement du collège et de l'église des missionnaires jésuites fondateurs de la ville. Padre José Anchieta et ses collègues y célébraient la messe marquant l'événement le 25 janvier 1554, jour de la fête de Saint-Paul. D'où le nom São Paulo.

Convertie en musée, une humble construction de style colonial en stuc blanc évoque le couvent d'origine. Pendant quelques minutes je suis retrempee dans une époque héroïque et lointaine. Il suffit que je m'approche d'une fenêtre pour que s'efface la magie. À l'extérieur, la mégapole me toise de ses hauteurs.

Quelques minutes plus tard, je verrai à nouveau le panorama des forêts grises ou blanches des tours d'habitation agglutinées les unes aux autres, sillonnées de larges voies de circulation. Dans toutes les directions. Jusqu'au bout de l'horizon.

Au Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal, en 2006, j'avais été emballée par l'exposition du peintre allemand Anselm Kiefer. Dans son œuvre, il s'est attaché à retracer de grands moments de l'histoire afin de comprendre son pays et le monde. Son tableau *Pope Alexander VI: The Golden Bull*, dont j'ai retrouvé la référence, évoque le sceau en or d'un décret papal. Une pyramide colossale mange l'espace de la toile. Sur sa surface pierreuse et grisâtre coule un filet d'or.

Kiefer se serait inspiré de la pyramide de la Lune vue à Teotihuacan lors de son passage au Mexique. Site présumé de sacrifices humains offerts aux dieux, et entaché du sang de victimes innocentes. À son avis, le pape cachait son appétit de pouvoir et son avidité pour l'or en professant l'évangélisation du Nouveau-Monde. Aussi, du point de vue de Kiefer, l'or et le sang tracent un lien entre le ciel et la terre. Je résume de mon mieux. Le tableau de Kiefer, riche de signification, mériterait plus de précisions.

Au regard de la colonisation de l'Amérique, Kiefer a raison. Alexandre VI est nul autre que Rodrigo Borgia, de l'influente famille Borgia. Un nom devenu symbole de la décadence de l'Église catholique à la fin de la Renaissance. Selon un ecclésiastique de ses contemporains, Rome, sous Alexandre VI, ne connaît



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ni loi, ni divinité; (mais) l'or, la violence et l'empire de Vénus.

En fait, il y aurait eu quatre bulles successives, en 1493, par lesquelles Alexandre VI divisait le Nouveau-Monde connu entre l'Espagne et le Portugal. Et, l'année suivante, suite à des négociations entre les deux puissances, un traité signé à Tordesillas. À partir d'un méridien nord-sud, localisé à l'ouest des Îles du Cap-Vert, presque toutes les Amériques revenaient à l'Espagne, privilégiée par Alexandre VI aux origines aragonaises. Le Portugal recevait toutes les terres situées à l'est du delta de l'Amazone, soit la totalité de ce qui devint le Brésil, puis au-delà de l'Atlantique, l'Afrique et l'Asie, sauf exceptions. D'autres traités ont par la suite modifié la répartition des territoires et brisé ce monopole hispano-portugais.

Le partage défini en 1494 m'apparaît fondamental pour comprendre l'histoire de la colonisation par les puissances européennes. Ces faits que j'apprends aujourd'hui expliquent l'omniprésence de l'Espagne en Amérique, l'Amérique latine.

À l'été 2014, le Brésil aura tenu les médias internationaux en haleine à l'occasion de la Coupe du monde de soccer. Une occasion de réjouissances populaires au pays des Auriverde. Mais aussi de contestations. Cette Coupe du monde n'est pas pour nous... Le gouvernement a mis tout l'argent (plus de 11 milliards de dollars) dans les stades et des infrastructures, se plaignent les protestataires. Ainsi, dans le quartier modeste d'Itaquerao, à São Paulo, la construction d'un nouveau stade aurait entraîné la hausse du prix des appartements forçant l'exode de familles qui ne pouvaient plus payer les mensualités ou les obligeant à s'entasser à plus d'une famille dans le même logis. Dans les douze villes hôtes des matchs au programme, quelque 250 000 Brésiliens auraient été expropriés.

Combien de temps soutiendrons-nous à ce prix l'idéal olympique et les exploits sportifs internationaux? Combien de fois encore assisterons-nous, choqués et impuissants, à ces mascarades de prospérité aux dépens de populations démunies et sans défense?

Des chercheurs universitaires se sont penchés sur les rapports entre soccer et politique. À leur avis, les systèmes

démocratiques et autoritaires ont utilisé les Coupes du monde comme un dispositif pour construire des légitimités nationales et internationales. Ainsi, ils soutiennent que les militaires argentins au pouvoir dans les années 1970 ont pu garder le pouvoir quelques années de plus quand l'Argentine a remporté la Coupe du monde chez elle en 1978. Je suis dépassée par la portée de ces propos et les questions qui s'ensuivent.

Je repartirai en n'emportant qu'une esquisse sommaire de São Paulo, la singulière. Je me souviendrai de l'abondance des fruits exotiques dont je me suis gavée chaque matin, au petit déjeuner. Des viandes savoureuses goûtées dans un

« churrascaria ». De l'oasis de fraîcheur du Parc Trianon et de sa végétation tropicale. Des transats, à la façade d'une librairie, où nous avons fait une pause lecture au milieu d'un centre commercial. De la profusion étourdissante et colorée d'une exposition d'artisans d'art populaire. De la barrière linguistique qui nous a empêchés de communiquer avec un jeune Brésilien curieux de nous connaître... Le drapeau des Auriverde s'est enrichi pour moi de bien des nuances nouvelles. ☺

Maintenant à la retraite, Suzanne Beaulieu-Gingras a occupé des postes de cadre supérieur au sein de la fonction publique fédérale, notamment. Elle a accompagné son mari, Gilles Gingras, à Abidjan, Paris, Washington et Oslo.

Le théologien de la libération

Le Brésil, longtemps considéré la première nation catholique du monde, est pour moi indissociable de l'œuvre du Brésilien Helder Camara, archevêque de Recife dans le Nordeste. Une des régions les plus pauvres du pays. Promoteur de la théologie de la libération, qui fait appel aux sciences sociales pour déceler les mécanismes sociaux facteurs de pauvreté, il prenait la défense de ses concitoyens. À distance, je ne pouvais comprendre ni la teneur ni l'ampleur de son action et de sa pensée.

Au moment où je rédige ces notes, le missionnaire québécois Claude Lacaille publie *En mission dans la tourmente des dictatures 1965-1986*, récit de son expérience en Amérique latine. Il accorde une large place à la théologie de la libération. Et affirme : *L'Histoire de l'Église retiendra du pape Jean-Paul II et de son préfet de la Congrégation pour la doctrine de la Foi, plus tard devenu Benoît XVI, qu'ils ont été un obstacle redoutable à l'évangélisation dans le continent.* Il explique : *...notre théologie traditionnelle (propose) une aide charitable aux pauvres plutôt que de travailler à l'éradication de la pauvreté.* Pour sa part, celui que l'on appelait simplement Dom Helder, disait : *Quand j'aide les pauvres on dit que je suis un saint. Lorsque je demande pourquoi ils sont pauvres, on me traite de communiste.*

Après la démission de Dom Helder, à l'âge de 75 ans, son remplaçant se chargera de faire table rase de toutes les entreprises apostoliques de son prédécesseur. Dom Helder restera fidèle à l'Église jusqu'à sa mort en 1999. Puis, un dénouement inattendu. En juillet 2013, s'est ouvert à Recife, dans l'Église désormais gouvernée par le pape François, le procès de béatification de Dom Helder.

Que peut-on attendre du pape François qui, lui, met de l'avant la théologie du peuple? Au Brésil il sera confronté à un réel défi. Des sectes évangéliques se disputent maintenant la ferveur des croyants. Et l'Église de Rome perd du terrain.

Change and Continuity in Indian Politics

***Note de la rédaction :** Dans un monde où la démocratie semble de plus en plus vulnérable, il est d'autant plus important de comprendre son évolution dans la plus peuplée des démocraties, l'Inde. La récente élection en Inde a posé deux énigmes pour l'observateur non averti : l'effondrement apparent du parti du Congrès après des générations de pouvoir au pays; et l'avènement d'un parti Nationaliste hindou dirigé par un homme possédant des antécédents de politique sectaire suffisamment troublants pour avoir soulevé des questions au sujet de l'avenir même de la démocratie laïque en Inde. L'Inde a-t-elle vraiment changé? **bout de papier** offre deux perspectives : celle de Louis Delvoie sur l'effondrement de la politique dynastique et celle d'Anu Bose sur la thèse iconoclaste d'un universitaire britannique qui regarde au-delà des exposés intéressés des dirigeants politiques indiens pour s'attarder aux dynamiques plus authentiques qui ont façonné la politique indienne jusqu'ici... et qui pourraient fort bien continuer à ce faire.*

India: The End of a Dynasty?

by Louis Delvoie

The idea of political dynasties suffered a devastating blow at the hands of the rationalist philosophers of the 18th Century Enlightenment. They argued persuasively that political power should be enjoyed by those who could acquire it on the basis of merit, competence and demonstrated abilities. To confer it on the basis of an accident of birth was simply irrational and a throw-back to tribalism. This conviction slowly but surely won the day in the Western world. In many European countries the shift was from powerful monarchies to constitutional monarchies, in which the king or queen reigns but does not rule. This was the case in Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries and the Benelux countries. In other European countries monarchical forms of government were replaced by republican forms. This was true of France, Germany, Russia, Italy and Austria. By the middle of the 20th century the idea of political dynasties was almost totally dead in the Western world, with a couple of notable exceptions being the Bushes in the United States and the Papandreous in Greece.

In Asia, however, the idea is anything but dead. In supposedly socialist or communist countries like Syria and North Korea, the Assads and the Kims carry on

from generation to generation (enough to make Karl Marx turn in his grave). This is true also of a number of supposedly democratic countries where the sons or daughters, wives or widows, brothers or sisters of former leaders hold sway. This is the case in Bangladesh, the Philippines, Malaysia, Thailand and Singapore. It was also the case until recently in Pakistan, Indonesia and Sri Lanka. Nowhere, however, has the phenomenon been more in evidence than in India. There the Nehru-Ghandi family has dominated the political scene for over 60 years.

At the head of the Congress Party, India's first prime minister Jawaharlal Nehru came to office in 1947 and remained prime minister for the next 17 years. After a brief interval, he was succeeded by his daughter Indira Gandhi who was in office for a total of 15 years. She in turn was followed by her son Rajiv Gandhi who served as prime minister for five years. When Rajiv was assassinated in 1991, many insiders in the Congress Party urged his widow Sonja Gandhi to throw her hat into the ring. She very wisely declined thinking that an Italian born former airline stewardess with no political experience was unlikely to win a general election. She did not, however,

withdraw from politics and was eventually chosen to be president of the Congress Party, a position from which she exercised considerable influence; she was widely viewed as the power behind the throne over the last ten years of Congress rule. In the most recent general election, the Congress Party was once again led by a member of the family, Sonja's son Rahul. And during the campaign he became heavily dependent on the vote-swaying capabilities of his sister Priyanka. "All in the family" is the title of an old sitcom, but it might equally be applied to Indian politics since independence. But is the story now over?

The results of the latest general election, held in April and May of this year, represent what can only be described as a disaster for the Congress Party. The opposition Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) has come to office with 282 seats in the lower house of the Indian parliament. Congress secured only 44 seats, by far its worst showing in over 60 years. What accounts for this total reversal of fortunes? There

...the Nehru-Ghandi family has dominated the political scene for over 60 years.

are at least four significant factors which came into play at the national level.

Many Indian and foreign observers have put the emphasis on the numerous corruption scandals, involving sectors as varied as mining and telecommunications and implicating senior ministers and government officials. But then corruption is nothing new in India. In a book published 15 years ago, Professor Paul Brass of the University of Washington wrote: "What exists in India is pervasive, systematic, structural and graded corruption running from the bottom to the top of the political order. Few are exempt from it, untouched by it, immune from it – from ordinary villagers to prime ministers of the country." Put another way, the Indian electorate is thoroughly inured to the phenomenon of corruption and the recent scandals are unlikely to have played a decisive role in the outcome of the election.

Another and probably far weightier factor is the current state of the Indian economy. As finance minister in the early 1990s, Manmohan Singh was the principal architect of an ambitious programme of reforms which helped to overcome decades of

[...] Manmohan Singh was the principal architect of an ambitious programme of reforms which helped to overcome decades of economic stagnation and launched India on a new path which led to its being seen as one of the major "emerging economies".

economic stagnation and launched India on a new path which led to its being seen as one of the major "emerging economies". However, as prime minister over the last 10 years, he has been repeatedly stymied in his efforts to implement further necessary reforms. Opposition to reform has emanated from within his own Congress Party, from the parties in his coalition government, from small business and from labour unions. His inability to overcome that opposition has led to his being portrayed as a weak and ineffective leader. While that portrayal may be somewhat unfair, what is certain is that India's economic performance has declined sharply in the last three years or so. The rate of economic growth is only half of what it once was, the value of the currency has decreased significantly, investment levels are down and inflation is on the rise. All of this has had an impact on ordinary Indians in terms of the cost of living and employment opportunities. Discontent on this score was palpable during the recent election campaign.

A third factor was the emergence on the Indian political scene of a new star, Narendra Modi. The newly minted leader of the BJP and until recently chief minister of the state of Gujarat, Modi created something of a sensation during the election campaign. He came across as a charismatic and self-assured political leader. What is more he projected himself as an effective economic manager on the basis of the successes he had achieved during his 12 years in office in Gujarat. And Indian voters appear to have lapped it up, choosing to overlook his longterm association with extremist Hindu nationalist movements and his complicity in a 2002 massacre of some 2000 Muslims in Gujarat. Modi offered serious political and economic change, and the electorate made him Prime Minister.

If the victory of the BJP was spectacular, the defeat of the Congress Party was even more spectacular. The once mighty and dominant Congress now holds less than eight per cent of the seats in the Lok Sabha. This dismal result can be explained

in good part by the fourth major factor which came into play during the campaign: the lacklustre performance of the party leader Rahul Gandhi. Reporting on the election campaign in early May, *The Economist* noted that: "Nobody in Congress was enthused by their own man; party workers privately grouse that Mr. Gandhi is aloof, absent and happier fiddling with games on his phone than meeting voters." Put another way, he is totally lacking the fire in the belly required of politicians intent on winning elections. What is more, he comes across as both elitist and paternalistic, fatal flaws in a party leader. He turned out in the end to be a total dud.

The results of the election do not necessarily spell the end of the Congress Party. After all, the BJP has come to power while securing only 31 per cent of the popular vote due to the vagaries of the first past the post system, all too familiar to Canadians and Britons alike. Should Prime Minister Modi and the BJP decide to pursue a divisive Hindu nationalist agenda, Indian voters may well decide in due course that they prefer the politics of the centrist and secular Congress Party. But if the Congress Party is to experience a rebirth, it will need to develop a new leadership allowing the last scion of the Nehru-Gandhi dynasty to fade into the background.

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The Indian Ideology

by Anu Bose

Introduction

The Indian Ideology is a slim volume by Perry Anderson, the eminent British neo-Marxist historian. It caused a firestorm in academe when first published (as three essays in the *London Review of Books*). Collected and published in 2014 by Verso, it ranges from acerbic polemic to incisive critique, and effectively punctures the foundational myth that independent India was a “miracle” of “democratic stability, multi-cultural unity and impartial secularism”. That also makes it essential reading for diplomatic practitioners endeavouring to make sense of the rise to power of the controversial Narendra Modi and the Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) with a majority government that trounced the “natural party of government”, the Congress.

The book has several targets, all “sacred cows” of Indian politics: the myth of Indian exceptionalism; the iconic status of the twin heroes of the Indian freedom struggle, Gandhi and Nehru; the role of the Indian National Congress in the partition of India; and, the caste-bound nature of India’s democracy. Anderson’s essays are thus a refreshing alternative to competing current narratives, notably the optimistic, even self-serving triumphalist narrative served up by Modi’s cheerleaders (which include both Americanized free-marketers and the “Hindu-firsters” of the *Sangh Parivar* or “Family of Organizations”), or the doom and gloom scenario preached by the shell-shocked Congress apologists, the anglicized old elites, and leftwing members of academe.

Indian exceptionalism

The “Indian ideology” that most offends Anderson is Indian exceptionalism. Its highly committed adherents include key prominent Indian thinkers such as welfare economist and Nobel laureate Amartya Sen and policy think tank guru (and former member of the IDRC Board of Governors), Pratap Bhanu Mehta. Anderson gives their considerable body of work short shrift and finds them all guilty of believing their own

rhetoric. But he reserves special scorn for the granddaddy of Indian exceptionalism, India’s first Prime Minister, the old Harrovian and Cantabrigian, Jawaharlal Nehru.

India, Nehru maintained in his writings, was unique because it had a culture and civilization that had had a “continuity for five or six thousand years or more” but was also “changing and progressing” all that time. Reality suggests otherwise: even a cursory reading of Indian history will show this to be pure fantasy. To this day, Indian “unity” is enforced by firepower in the restive tribal areas, in Kashmir and the NE frontier. Taking a longer view, the writ of none of India’s three previous empires

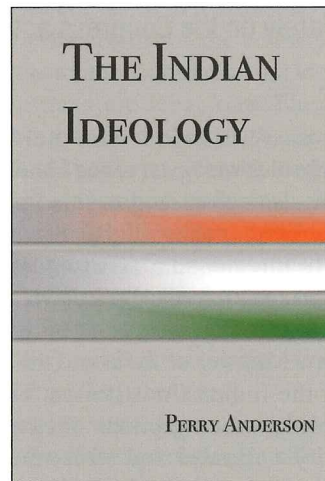
strategy” of its newly acquired territory, the British introduced the telegraph, the railways and laws, established land borders such as the McMahon and Durand lines, and “proclaimed new ideals of civilization and progress” but made no serious attempt to end the caste system.

They even created local English educated elite whose children later became many of the leaders of the freedom struggle. Today’s Hindu-majority India owes far more to the sub-continent’s somewhat prosaic unification under British rule than to self-serving, grandiose mythic notions of an inspired melding of competing identities millennia ago.

Gandhi and Nehru

Much of the opprobrium heaped on Anderson is because he dared to portray the two icons of the freedom movement as human beings, warts and all. His Gandhi is a charismatic communicator, a “first-class organizer and fundraiser,” but also “temperamentally in many ways an autocrat”. His accusation that “religion mattered more than politics” to Gandhi is supported by facts. Gandhi saw Hinduism as indigenous to India, gave it primacy over all other faiths and injected a “massive dose of Hinduism” into the hitherto secular elitist Indian National Congress (INC) turning it into a tool of mass mobilization with Hindu symbology.

But Anderson’s real criticism is reserved for Nehru, the first prime minister of independent India. Anderson categorizes him as an upper caste fop, to which statement I would add, upper class, with “few political ideas of his own”. However, he does laud Nehru’s unflinching attachment to democracy that has withstood the test of time. Nehru, a secular person with an interest in natural sciences, exhibited an exaggerated filial devotion to Bapu (father) Gandhi. He withheld his own opinions and never challenged the latter’s authority or ideas. Gandhi soon realized that Nehru was more tractable than the fiery intellectual Subhas Bose, an erstwhile competitor on the political stage, with his



The Indian Ideology by Perry Anderson, Three Essays Collective, 2012, 184 pp., \$18.00

(Hindu, Buddhist and Islamic) had run across the sub-continent. There is no proof that there was any continuity between the civilizations they nurtured. However, there is much evidence, now denied by fundamentalists, that syncretism is deeply embedded in the sub-continent’s culture. In fact, it was not ancient empires but rather the British that created “India” by “skilful” use of alliances, annexations, “tutelage” and winning a few battles.

The British took full advantage of the fact that the sub-continent, in the dying days of the Mughal Empire, consisted of many, mainly Hindu independent “native states”. As part of the “unification

socialist leanings... and so anointed Nehru as his successor. The Nehru dynastic succession was thus created.

The Partition of India and the role of the Congress Party

Anderson lays the blame for the Partition of India and the ensuing bloodbath, in which close to one million people died, squarely on the Congress acting in cahoots with the British. It is certainly not a popular view. Nehru, an unabashed Anglophile, had had a close relationship with the Viceroy, Lord Mountbatten, and the Vicerene that he exploited to his advantage. So convinced was Nehru of the strength of India's unity, that he ignored the first formal signal of eventual partition: the 1940 Lahore Resolution passed by the All-India Muslim League calling for

with advanced degrees from Columbia University and the London School of Economics, who was a Dalit (Untouchable). "Babasaheb" (father-lord, a term of respect), whom Anderson rightly admires, fought unceasingly for the rights of all the minorities, especially Untouchables.

The Indians, represented mainly by the Congress Party and the All-India Muslim League "failed to come to a resolution on how communal" representation should be configured electorally. Ramsay MacDonald, the British Prime Minister, then imposed the Communal Award of 1932 as part of the British policy of self-rule for India. According to the Award, all minority communities were given separate constituencies. It also categorized "Untouchables" as a minority. Ambedkar had always advocated for separate electorates for minorities. The Award infuriated

Anderson lays the blame for the Partition of India and the ensuing bloodbath, in which close to one million people died, squarely on the Congress acting in cahoots with the British.

the creation of "independent states" for Muslims in north-western and eastern British India.

Anderson maintains that when partition became inevitable, Nehru, with the support of the Hindu-firster party, the Hindu Mahasabha, connived with Mountbatten to prematurely push through partition and the transfer of power. While the ex-colonial power looked the other way, India secured territory, backed up military force, in Hyderabad and Kashmir. The hopes for a united secular independent India were scotched forever.

Caste-bound democracy

The British Raj lacked resources necessary to control an entire subcontinent and was forced to collaborate with the local gatekeepers of culture. Thus, they accepted and codified the "Brahmin version" of subcontinental history with its twin pillars: the immutability of caste and the primacy of the Brahmins. Anderson describes the Congress Party as an alliance controlled by a coalition of "rich farmers, traders and urban professionals", mainly from the upper castes.

One early exception was Dr. Bhimrao Ambedkar, a brilliant jurist and economist

upper-caste Hindus who held that Untouchables were part of the Hindu fold. Gandhi also subscribed to this view but considered untouchability *per se* abhorrent. He threatened a fast to death and Ambedkar was forced to back down. Nonetheless, Ambedkar went on to become the first Law Minister of India and the architect of the Indian Constitution. Finally, discrimination on grounds of caste was formally outlawed and constituencies were "reserved" for the Dalits. Since Independence, urbanization and industrialization slowly began to erode some of the rigidity of caste barriers. Yet, lower caste men and women are still victims of unspeakable violence and denial of justice especially in the Northern and Central Indian "cow belt" states.

In recent years, both North and South India have seen a proliferation of regional political parties that draw their support from Dalits and OBCs (Other Backward Castes). That has led to the formation of "vote banks" and rise of Tammany Hall-type politicians. Caste has become crucial in local politics. In the most recent election, both parties assiduously courted the Dalit and OBC vote across India. Modi, a member of the OBC, is India's first low caste PM but his base is still the upper caste Hindus.

According to the Lokniti-CSDS analysis, the BJP was elected with 60 per cent of the upper caste vote and this vote is heavily concentrated in seven out of 29 states.

It might surprise Canadians to know the extent to which Cabinet-making in India requires balancing caste and faith interests as well as regional and linguistic interests. As the recent election demonstrated, identity politics (as expressed through caste and religion) is far more embedded in the Indian psyche than class and aspirations to a better life. India, extolled as a stable democracy, still remains "caste-bound" even after 70 years of independence.

When choosing his Cabinet, Modi all but ignored Eastern and Southern states and faith groups. Predictably, Modi's 46-person cabinet has 20 upper caste Hindus, 13 OBCs, six *adivasis* (tribals) and only three Dalits. According to the *Times of India*, the caste mix changes drastically with the different levels of responsibility!

This confirms Anderson's canny observation that "A rigid social hierarchy was the basis of original democratic stability, and its mutation into a compartmentalized identity politics has simultaneously deepened parliamentary democracy and debauched it."

Conclusion

Many eminent Indian critics of Anderson's work have raised the seemingly self-serving argument that non-Indians cannot "really understand the complexity of India". An honest reading of Anderson's book suggests otherwise. Anderson's book has much to say to current practitioners about the historical antecedents of Modi's "New Order" India. His analysis provides a powerful antidote to the optimistic rhetoric of BJP spinmeisters and certain sections of the Indian diaspora. A more realistic focus on India's past helps make better sense of the new government and its behaviour. ☺

Anu Bose is a friend of the Foreign Service. Born in Calcutta to a political Brahmo Samaj (Unitarian) family, in the waning days of the Raj, she holds a PhD from the University of Birmingham U.K. 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.

Georgia and Putin's Russia: The Practical Art of Sustaining Independence

by Giorgi Badridze

Editor's Note: Western media is saturated with news and analysis of events in Ukraine following Russia's annexation of Crimea and the downing of MH-17 over Eastern Ukraine. However, little attention has been paid to Russia's war with Georgia in 2008 that foreshadowed virtually everything we witness today in Ukraine, or the lessons learned by Georgia – before and after – in maintaining its independence in the face of Russia's political displeasure and its resurgent territorial ambitions. **bout de papier** invited former Georgian Ambassador to the U.K., Giorgi Badridze, to explain why Russian behaviour should have been predictable and how Georgia has coped thus far with its own struggles with its vast northern neighbour. Georgia's unfinished business with Russia may hold key lessons for the West's handling of the crisis in Ukraine.



Giorgi Badridze

When I became a history student at Tbilisi State University in 1985, my native Georgia was hopelessly stuck under the Soviet rule. Not in my wildest dreams did I imagine that, by the time I graduated, Georgia would be an independent state and I would join its newly created diplomatic service. But, as I had learned, history is rarely random or illogical. Even though the collapse of the Soviet Union caught many by surprise, it was clearly the result of its own economic incompetence and internal contradictions.

Georgia's independence had its own logic too. Contrary to the widespread cliché, Georgia was not some “newly independent state” that was born in 1991 out of the collapse of the USSR. Rather, that was the year when the Georgian people regained their independence which had been taken from us twice by our giant northern neighbour. To understand how Georgia has sustained its independence

since then one needs to reach much farther back, to the origins of the country itself and to the taproot of our national identity.

Georgians are tenacious. They have outlived great empires of the past and preserved their own identity and statehood, their unique culture, religion, language and alphabet (unrelated to other living languages). Georgia was also one of the world's oldest Christian kingdoms ruled by Europe's longest serving dynasty (575–1810) and had two distinct components, eastern and western.

Georgia's western part was known to the Greeks of the 2nd millennium BC as the Kingdom of Colchis, where Jason and his hero friends sailed on the *Argo* in the quest for the Golden Fleece. Eastern Georgians formed their own kingdom in the 4th century BC which Greeks and Romans called Iberia (not to be confused with the Iberian Peninsula comprising Spain and Portugal). Our Iberia soon became the dominant power in the South Caucasus (and was closely allied with Rome), proclaimed Christianity as a state religion in the early 300s, and by the early 13th century was established as a major regional power. By that time Western nations called our country – “Georgia”, perhaps reflecting the near cult status of our country's patron saint – St. George (still strongly present in everyday life and on our flag).

In the centuries that followed, Georgia survived Mongol, Persian, and Ottoman

invasions and periods of domination but, ironically, finally lost its statehood to fellow Orthodox Christian Russia. Annexed by the Russian Empire in the first half of the 19th century, the Russians went further than other invaders: they abolished the ancient Royal House of Bagratids, all forms of our national autonomy, and even Georgia's ancient Apostolic Church.

When the Russian Empire collapsed at the end of the WWI, Georgia proclaimed its independence again and was recognized by a large number of world powers, including Bolshevik Russia itself. Its rebirth also inspired hope well beyond its modest borders. In the words of Prof. Stephen Jones: “[*The Democratic Republic of Georgia*] was, at the time, a genuine beacon of hope (a beacon of liberty too) among social democrats such as Emile Vandervelde, Karl Kautsky and Ramsay MacDonald, all of whom visited the republic and wrote about it as a viable democratic alternative to other authoritarian and more statist models.”

This democratic experiment, still in its infancy, ended abruptly in 1921 with the unprovoked Bolshevik invasion and subsequent annexation. Georgia was thus condemned to 70 years of Soviet rule. Those who know little or nothing about our history may think Georgia is just a “breakaway” Russian province and that Russia is entitled to an exclusive sphere of influence that includes Georgia. However, the Georgian



Photo courtesy of Legatum Institute.
Geoffrey Robertson, QC, Anne Applebaum, Giorgi Badridze, and Peter Pomerantsev, journalist and author of Revolutionary Tactics, from Georgia to Ukraine.

people have three millennia-long history of statehood and a strong tradition of fighting for their freedom. We are not a “breakaway” state, but a state reborn. That is the main reason why we took the first opportunity to get out from under a crumbling Soviet Union and have never looked back.

However, the end of the USSR did not mean Georgia (and other post-Soviet republics) were free to build a democratic and prosperous future for themselves. What many experts failed to understand was that most Russian politicians considered the defeat in the Cold War and the dissolution of USSR as a temporary setback. No one has made the Russian mindset clearer than President Putin himself when he said that the collapse of the Soviet Union was “the greatest geopolitical catastrophe of the 20th century”.

From the early 90s Russia left little room for illusions about its intentions vis-à-vis Georgia. In 1990 Georgians elected a staunchly pro-independence (some called it nationalist) government led by Zviad Gamsakhurdia and by the end of 1991 Georgia was the only non-Baltic Republic that refused to join the Russian-led Commonwealth of Independent States (CIS). The punishment was swift and brutal – after rejecting Boris Yeltsin’s ultimatum to join, Georgia’s first democratically elected government was deposed by a Russian-backed coup and separatists in Abkhazia and South Ossetia received Russia’s full military and political support.

All that ensured a very difficult start to our newly regained independence. The West was busy with propping up Yeltsin’s regime and did not consider the Russian behavior in their neighbourhood as a symptom of the true nature of the new Russia. We were on our own.

The “radicalism” of Gamsakhurdia’s deposed government was replaced by the

‘pragmatism’ of Edward Shevardnadze (I use inverted commas for both radicalism and pragmatism because they reflect the widespread perception of the time rather than the real substance of their respective policies). The “Silver Fox” – the former Soviet foreign minister – returned from Moscow to create a new and presumably pro-Kremlin regime. However, the way Russia treated Georgia under this government demonstrated the full extent of our problem: despite accepting Russian nominees as the ministers of security, interior and defence, Russia continued to arm and entice the separatists resulting in a full scale war. As a consequence, Georgia lost control over two regions (20 per cent of our territory) and received hundreds of thousands of refugees, ethnically cleansed from their homes in Abkhazia and South Ossetia with the help of the Russian military.

Unlike Gamsakhurdia, Shevardnadze gave in to Russia’s ultimatum of joining the CIS in exchange for keeping his diminished power. He also legalized the Russian military bases and gave Russia the status of “peacekeepers” in a conflict to which Russia was a party, but pretended to be a mediator. As someone wittily observed at the time – “the Russian ‘peacekeepers’ were there to keep the pieces of the Soviet Union, not the peace”.

One might have thought Yeltsin’s Russia would be happy with a weak Georgia that had been brought back into the Russian orbit. But Shevardnadze started putting his house in order by ridding our streets of uncontrolled militias (that earlier helped him oust Gamsakhurdia), by implementing economic reforms, and by introducing a new constitution in 1995 to consolidate state institutions. Russian reaction was shocking: Igor Giorgadze, the Minister of Security, a KGB officer seconded from Moscow, organized an attempt on Shevardnadze’s

life (which he barely escaped). Moscow did not do much to cover the trail – Giorgadze fled to Moscow where he lives to this day (he reportedly visits Syria and Belarus regularly). Georgian requests for his extradition have been ignored.

There was another attempt on Shevardnadze’s life three years later, in 1998, during the most successful period of his rule. By that time the political situation in Georgia had stabilized and the economy had improved somewhat. The Baku-Supsa pipeline was built delivering the first Azerbaijani oil to international markets via Georgia’s Black Sea coast, bypassing Russia. More importantly, negotiations on the major Baku-Tbilisi-Ceyhan main pipeline (BTC) had entered the active phase and Russia did not hide its hostility to the project.

After surviving a second attempted assassination, Shevardnadze more or less gave up serious reforms. As a result, Georgia sunk into corruption and soon became what many described as a failing state. However, there was good news on one front at least – the BTC project was finalized and the agreement to begin operations was signed by the leaders of Azerbaijan, Georgia, Turkey and the United States. I was serving at the Georgian Embassy in Ankara at the time, participated in the negotiations, and was fortunate enough to witness the signing ceremony in Istanbul in November 1999. Georgia was back on the geopolitical map.

At the end of 2003 Shevardnadze was forced to resign after his government’s unsuccessful attempt to rig the parliamentary election. The Rose Revolution government that came to power returned to what many described as “radical” policies. But the so-called radicalism was inevitable if Georgia was to survive: state coffers were empty, our infrastructure destroyed, over 80 per cent of what remained of the economy had moved into the shadow sector, and the country was effectively run by organized crime.

Newly elected President Mikheil Saakashvili and his team of Western-educated young reformers received a very strong mandate. They did not waste much time. Saakashvili started his presidency by trying to launch a dialogue with Putin. Even if he were to have taken Putin’s “advice” and kept some ministers from Shevardnadze’s government (particularly

the minister of security), that dialogue was doomed. Russian anger over what was to come was all but guaranteed. Saakashvili was determined to rebuild the economy and state institutions, to consolidate state authority, curb corruption, end mafia rule, and most importantly – revitalize Georgia's ties with the United States, NATO and the EU. By then it was already clear that Putin had his own agenda and any economic or political progress in the “near abroad” (which includes Georgia in Russian minds) was in conflict with his plans.

On June 23, 2014 the Legatum Institute, a respected London-based public policy organization, launched a research paper on aspects of the Rose Revolution government legacy. Called “Revolutionary Tactics: from Georgia to Ukraine?”, it demonstrated that even the harshest critics of Saakashvili's presidency recognized that after nine years in office he had left a transformed country with its GDP nearly doubled, infrastructure rebuilt, and state institutions consolidated. Georgia's public service reforms are being discussed and copied in several countries. I am far from saying that Georgia suddenly turned into Switzerland (major problems with poverty, human rights and rule of law remained), but the contrast with where Saakashvili's government first started is staggering.

It needs to be said that Russia made us pay a huge price for our success. Our main “crime” was our desire to be an independent and democratic nation with a market economy, which Russian leaders consider a dangerous alternative to its own model. In 2006 the arrest of four Russian GRU officers (caught red-handed in espionage activities) prompted a wild reaction from Putin. He closed down all road, air and maritime connections and even postal services with Georgia and opened a hunting season on ethnic Georgians in Russia. Thousands were rounded up, abused and later put on cargo planes like cattle to be expelled to Georgia. Some died in the process. On July 3, 2014 the European Court of Human Rights ruled that “Russia violated rights of Georgians with a coordinated campaign of arrests and expulsions ahead of the 2008 war between the two neighbouring countries”.

The war with Russia in August 2008 was the hardest test for Georgia. Russia mounted an all-out campaign using tactical ballistic rockets and strategic bombers in

addition to ground forces. The Soviet-style propaganda war, based on a campaign of lies, was waged even before the actual invasion. Georgia fought back and we managed to survive.

The war exposed many things, including the West's skewed, if not naïve, perception of Putin's Russia. By late 2007 Georgian government officials and diplomats warned about Russian plans, but it fell on deaf ears; EU and US intelligence slept through clear signs of the looming war. Some Western analysts and politicians felt it was more convenient to blame the victim – Georgia – for “poking the

Our main “crime” was our desire to be an independent and democratic nation with a market economy, which Russian leaders consider a dangerous alternative to its own model.

bear”, or tried to spread the blame on both sides. It took Russia's annexation of Crimea to get people in the West to see things as they are in Ukraine – and as they were in Georgia's case.

The period following the war with Russia was used to pursue further reforms. Georgia distinguished itself by efficient use of international financial aid and rapidly rebuilt infrastructure destroyed during the war. The overall results were gratifying: the World Bank gave Georgia the title of the “Top Reformer” twice and, between 2004 and 2013, moved our rating for “Ease of Doing Business” from the mid-100s to 9th position; we currently rank 8th.

But the most important legacy of the Saakashvili government is probably not the stronger state that it left behind but the way in which it left the scene in October 2012. The government held a free and fair election and, after losing it, organized a democratic and orderly transfer of power to the winning coalition. It was the first of its kind in Georgian history.

With the accession to power of the “Georgian Dream” coalition (GD), we witnessed the second full circle made by Georgia on its path between “radicalism” and “pragmatism”. The GD government maintained the strategy on EU and NATO integration but said they would repair Georgia's ties with Russia as well, by “changing the rhetoric”. This implied that the problems in bilateral relations were caused by the “aggressive tone” of its predecessors. Such statements are still

heard from the top officials, including Prime Minister Garibashvili. He told BBC World News that his government had achieved considerable progress in relations with Russia and assured viewers that Russia had no intention of annexing Abkhazia or South Ossetia, as it did with Crimea.

Does Prime Minister Garibashvili indulge in wishful thinking? The expectation of a thaw by the GD was based partly on the fact that it had defeated the political force led by Mikheil Saakashvili (whom Putin personally loathed) and, after coming to power, many of Saakashvili's close associates were sent to jail. In reality, apart from

re-opening its market for some Georgian goods such as wine and mineral water (Russia was required to do so after joining the WTO), there is no progress to report despite the “change of tone”. To the contrary, Russian troops moved the line of occupation deeper inside Georgian territory grabbing more land and property, and regularly abduct Georgians from their orchards and vineyards (under the noses of the EU Monitors) for “border violation”.

Despite unilateral concessions on the part of Georgia and attempts to sweeten diplomatic language, the fundamentals of Russian policy toward Georgia have not changed. Russia continues its occupation of one fifth of Georgia's territory and spares no effort to derail Georgia's westward movement, as well as any internal progress. Russia did not make us wait long to register its reaction to the Association Agreement and the Free Trade Deal signed on June 27 by Georgia, Moldova and Ukraine with the European Union.

There are many reasons why the West got Russia wrong for so long. One reason is perhaps simple ignorance on the part of some experts, coupled with arrogance. The fact that the Russian aggression in Ukraine came as a surprise to many illustrates the point. There were many warning signs and direct predictions – I myself made one back in August 2008, when in a TV interview I said that – *“Russia is on a collision course with the West and the longer it takes for the Europeans to respond, the deeper inside European territory this collision*

will occur and the more painful it will be.” And there were many and more authoritative voices than mine directly warning the West that if Russia had not paid the price for its aggression against Georgia, its next target would be Ukraine.

Edward Lucas, the Senior Editor of *The Economist* was one such voice. He said that “we are ignoring views of the people who’ve been comprehensively and systematically vindicated in their analysis and listening to views of people who’ve been comprehensively and systematically wrong”. An analyst from a respected French think-tank illustrated the point perfectly when he spoke about the chances of the Polish Foreign Minister Radek Sikorski replacing Catharine Ashton as the Chief of the EU Foreign Policy. He cast doubt about the eligibility of Sikorski, who has been vindicated many times about Russia, based on the fact that “... the Polish people are still marked by their tragic history of Soviet oppression”. In other words, instead of Sikorski he would rather have someone with no historical knowledge of what it means to be Russia’s neighbour and thus one easily duped by Moscow (to borrow again from Ed Lucas).

There is a little black humour in all this. When the US announced its “Reset” policy with Russia, Secretary Clinton was made to push a symbolic button together with Russian Foreign Minister Lavrov. This gesture,

shortly after the Russian war in Georgia, not only signaled that the US was ready to ignore Russian aggression toward her neighbours but was botched on a symbolic level: the “reset” button was misspelt in Russian. Instead of “Перезагрузка” it read “Перегрузка” – which means “overload”!

[...] Russia wants to be surrounded by poor, corrupt, authoritarian and virtually failed states, to make sure that the West loses all interest in cooperating with them.

Unintended humour aside, I think we can all agree it is time to listen to those who have deeper knowledge and experience of Russia and of Europe’s Eastern neighbours. Here is what in my humble opinion we should have learned in the course of recent months.

If there was any real question about what Russia wanted after 2008, the developments in Ukraine offer a comprehensive answer. Until last year it had everything to be Russia’s perfect partner. The two nations have close historic and cultural ties. Ukraine had a pro-Russian leader who terminated cooperation with NATO. He also was deeply corrupt and easily manageable by Moscow... his only “crime” against Russia was that he tried to

make a trade deal with the EU and sign largely a symbolic Association Agreement (which does not imply potential candidacy status, let alone membership in the EU). In a nutshell this deal would facilitate Ukraine’s trade with the EU and improve the investment climate.

What happened next exposed Putin’s own neighbourhood policy: in contrast with the EU (whose Eastern Partnership aims at creating a stable, democratic and prosperous neighborhood for Europe), Russia wants to be surrounded by poor, corrupt, authoritarian and virtually failed states, to make sure that the West loses all interest in cooperating with them. While the EU integration process requires aspiring countries to meet a multitude of criteria (and the EU will respect your choice if you decide to head the other way), Russia is prepared to use force against those who will try to “escape” from its sphere of influence.

If this surprises some Western analysts, they have only themselves to blame. There is nothing new in current Russian policy. Putin’s Russia does what Yeltsin did, only more aggressively, heartened by the billions of petro-dollars that were largely unavailable to his predecessor. The Western view of Yeltsin’s Russia was at best naïve: they thought democracy would take root in Russia if only they supplied more IMF money to support it. Of course, in the Russia of the 1990s there was a greater degree of political freedom, but Yeltsin’s rule also ensured that the oligarchy gained control and effected a virtual merger of the state and organized crime. By the end of the 1990s Russians were convinced that poverty and rampant crime were a direct result of democracy; they embraced “strongman” Putin – another legacy of Yeltsin – as a messiah.

As for the policy toward former colonies – Putin did not have to invent anything – he simply continued the bullying and the pressure. A complacent West should have heard the first wake-up calls when Russian strategic bombers started flying over their heads once Russia could afford fuel for their antiquated TU 95s – the “Bears”. The West also chose to look the other way when Putin was flattening Grozny and committing countless war crimes against his own citizens in Chechnya (in reality Chechnya and other parts of the Russian Caucasus were always treated as conquered land).



Map of Georgia – printed in 1775.

Courtesy of Giorgi Badridze

The choice of Georgia and Ukraine as primary targets also shows Russia's geopolitical approach to its undeclared goal of rebuilding the empire it lost. What makes Georgia Russia's priority is its strategic location: who controls Georgia will control the Caucasus and access to Caspian energy. That is one reason why Russia thus far has not been openly hostile toward Azerbaijan – Georgia's oil-rich eastern neighbour – the moment Georgia falls or succumbs to Russian pressure, Azerbaijan will follow. As for Ukraine, without it Russia will never regain great power status.

The same can be said about the timing of Russian attacks on Georgia and Ukraine. In both cases the goal was to prevent development that would strengthen the independence and stability of these countries. In Georgia's case, Russia viewed its successful reforms as a threat to its own authoritarian model (in 2007 Georgian GDP grew by 12 per cent). Today Putin will do almost anything to prevent Ukraine's democratic transformation and economic reform.

So what can Georgia and Ukraine do to survive as independent states? The leaders of both countries must know that Russia will back off only if it sees us determined to fight for our freedom and democracy. We must continue building democratic institutions and deepening economic transformation. Russia has been doing a good job of mobilizing support in the West, often using questionable means. That's why we need to work harder with our Western partners, and we need to wrest the "narrative" of this conflict from the Russians by raising Western public awareness about us.

Does Ukraine have anything to learn from Georgia's experience? I believe so. We learned that Putin's Russia will exploit your every weakness and internal contradiction. Do not waste time, start reforming your economy and build stronger democratic institutions now. Finally, war with Russia and its surrogates is no reason to delay – if Georgia pursued much needed reforms while we faced Russian guns, so too can Ukraine. ☺

Giorgi Badridze is Senior Fellow at the Georgian Foundation for Strategic and International Studies, and former Georgian Ambassador to the United Kingdom and Ireland.

On separatism in Georgia

The issue is complex and a few paragraphs hardly do it justice. While I accept that in conflicts usually neither side is entirely to blame, the truth is not always in the middle.

Igniting ethnic conflicts was part of the Soviet policy of deterring pro-independence movements among the "restive peoples" like Georgians, Lithuanians and others. When the USSR collapsed, Russia continued to use conflicts as leverage for preventing ex-Soviet nations from "escaping" from its orbit.

Yes, Georgians made mistakes and probably are guilty of some crimes. However, the current conflict in both Abkhazia and South Ossetia originates in the late 80s when – with a little help from the KGB – local ethnic leaders, often Communists, declared that if Georgia seceded from the USSR – Abkhazia and South Ossetia would break away from Georgia. Yet, on March 31, 1991 Georgia's democratically elected and legitimate government held a referendum in which over 90 per cent voted for independence. The referendum also was held in Abkhazia and the Tskhinvali region (South Ossetia) and the overwhelming majority supported independence. All the later "referendums" and "elections" held by self-proclaimed Russian-supported authorities in the two provinces were devoid of any legitimacy and fairness because by that time the majority of the local population was ethnically cleansed.

Those who cite the "will of the Abkhaz people" should be aware of this fact, unless they support the idea of ethnic cleansing as a policy tool. Prior to the ethnic cleansing of Abkhazia, ethnic Georgians constituted half of the region's population and, as noted, in the 1991 referendum a huge majority of the local population voted for the independence of Georgia. What some observers often refer to as "the Abkhaz people" is less than a third of the original population (17 per cent, to be precise) prior to the expulsion of ethnic Georgians. To say now that people that constituted a minority of the region's original population are the "people of Abkhazia" is a political statement that ignores the rights of the forcibly expelled majority.

How legitimate were the "grievances" of the separatist minority? The Gamsakhurdia ("nationalist") government of Georgia affirmed a near-"apartheid" arrangement in favour of the Abkhaz minority. The constitution enshrined that ethnic Abkhaz had a reserved majority both in parliament and in the government, and that the President of the autonomous republic had to be an ethnic Abkhaz while the Chairman of the Cabinet of Ministers position was reserved for a Georgian. As for "South Ossetia" (established in 1920 by the Bolsheviks), its autonomy was abolished by Georgia only after the "supreme council" of the separatists proclaimed independence from Georgia. This may have been a mistake on the part of the Gamsakhurdia government, but it was a consequence of the actions by the separatists, not the cause.

While ethnic conflict in Georgia did become a reality (and today the removal of Russian occupation troops from Abkhazia and South Ossetia would not automatically bring peace and harmony), the origin of both separatist wars lies in the scheme created in the Kremlin – "you try to break away from us – we'll give you trouble".

In Ukraine, the scenario is almost identical, the Russian propaganda machine has been calling Ukrainians "fascists" and making up horror stories to justify the need to "protect Russians". If Western analysts now see the Russian narrative on Ukraine as an exercise in divide and conquer, the Russian narrative on Georgia and its "separatists" also should be given a fresh, hard look.

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Les Prix de l'APASE 2014 – 25^e anniversaire

2014 PAFSO Awards – 25th anniversary

event photography by Gordon King

On Thursday, June 12, 290 colleagues and guests gathered to celebrate excellence in the Canadian Foreign Service at the 2014 PAFSO Dinner and Awards. Pipe Major of the Sons of Scotland, Bethany Bisaillon, piped in guests for another outstanding evening in the Panorama Room of the National Arts Centre in Ottawa. PAFSO President Tim Edwards welcomed all those attending the 25th Canadian Foreign Service Officer Awards, including special guests, Ms Maureen McTeer and the Right Honourable Joe Clark.

The evening began with a special tribute. On September 21, 2013 the Foreign Service family lost one of their own in a terrorist attack in Nairobi. Annemarie Desloges was only 29. Annemarie's parents, Madeleine and Michel Desloges, joined the gathering to pay tribute to her optimism, her warmth, her commitment to country and to the achievements of a career which ended much too soon. The room stood to remember a fallen colleague and friend while Pipe Major Bethany Bisallion played "Amazing Grace".

M. Edwards a présenté le maître de cérémonie de la soirée – M. Martin Charron. M. Charron a joint les rangs du service extérieur en qualité de délégué commercial en 1987 et il a connu des affectations à Beijing, à Hong Kong et à Taipei, ainsi que diverses affectations à l'administration centrale (politique commerciale américaine, financement des exportations, Caraïbes et Chine). After a secondment to Canada Pork International, Martin returned to DFATD in the North Asia Commercial Relations Division.



Left to right: Stephanie Duhaime, Nicholas Coghlan, Noëlla Nincevic and Éric Laporte

Tonight's four recipients represent the very best of the ingenuity, adaptability, tenacity, and persuasive powers which Canada's trade, immigration and foreign affairs professionals bring to their jobs every day.

Présentation des Prix de l'APASE



Nicholas Coghlan et le très honorable Joe Clark

NICHOLAS COGHLAN

Nicholas Coghlan was head of the Office of the Canadian Embassy in Juba, South Sudan, in December 2013 when violence erupted, setting off a devastating humanitarian crisis. Nicholas negotiated space on American, British and European flights to evacuate 300 Canadians caught up in the violence, many of them former refugees from the Sudanese civil war. In the crushing heat, working out of the office vehicle under a Canadian flag in the airport parking lot, Nicholas identified the fleeing Canadians and shepherded them onto outbound flights. À la fin de chaque journée épuisante, Nicholas dressait des rapports de situation et des analyses politiques éclairées de manière à tenir le gouvernement au fait de l'évolution rapide des choses. Après l'évacuation au Kenya à la fin de décembre, Nicholas a continué de prendre des dispositions pour que l'ONU évacue des Canadiens de points chauds éloignés et de faire d'éreintants aller-retour quotidiens de Nairobi à Djouba afin de garantir leur départ en toute sécurité pour le Canada. Nicholas, qui est retourné depuis au Soudan du Sud, reçoit le prix de l'APASE pour son leadership inspirant, sa compétence en gestion de crise et son service exceptionnel à des Canadiens en péril.

We are pleased that the founder of these awards in 1990, Michael Small – now our High Commissioner to Australia – has joined us to mark the Silver Anniversary.



Stephanie Duhaime et Daniel Jean, Sous-ministre des Affaires étrangères

STEPHANIE DUHAIME

Stephanie Duhaime est la première et seule diplomate canadienne à résider en Irak depuis 1990. En moins d'un an, Stephanie a ouvert un bureau de l'ambassade du Canada au sein de l'ambassade britannique, ainsi qu'un bureau commercial satellite à Erbil, dans le nord de l'Irak. Elle a organisé trois visites ministérielles, joué un rôle crucial dans le règlement fructueux d'un litige entre Bombardier et les autorités irakiennes et co-organisé une mission commerciale avec le Conseil de Commerce Canado-Arabe – la première en Irak en plus de 25 ans. Stephanie managed the full spectrum of official relations with Iraq, provided consular services to Canadians and successfully stickhandled complex and sensitive immigration issues. She has enhanced Canada's visibility in Iraq and convinced Canadian firms that it is possible to do business there. All this was accomplished within an exceedingly difficult political, operational and security environment. Stephanie's PAFSO Award recognizes her success in advancing Canada's diplomatic and commercial interests in Iraq.

For the last twenty-five years, the Canadian Foreign Service Officer Awards has been an opportunity for Canada's diplomats to reflect on the challenges and rewards of our profession and to celebrate the achievements of our colleagues.



Éric Laporte et Daniel Jean, Sous-ministre des Affaires étrangères

ÉRIC LAPORTE

Lorsque le typhon Haiyan, le plus fort ouragan jamais consigné, a frappé les Philippines en 2013, le ministre Baird a demandé à Éric Laporte, directeur adjoint, Direction des affaires humanitaires et des interventions lors de catastrophes, de diriger l'équipe mixte civilo-militaire aux Philippines chargée d'évaluer la situation et de fournir des conseils concernant une réaction adéquate de la part du Canada – tâche habituellement réservée à un cadre supérieur. Malgré des conditions épouvantables et l'obligation de produire des résultats rapidement sous forte pression, Éric a su, par son tact, sa compassion et sa sensibilisation à la culture, mériter la confiance des autorités philippines tout en formulant des recommandations qui tenaient compte à la fois des besoins des Philippines et des capacités du Canada. The resulting deployment of the Disaster Assistance Response Team (DART) to Panay Island and other measures recommended by his team have been hailed by the Philippine government and the United Nations for exemplary sensitivity to local needs and outstanding civilian-military cooperation. Éric Laporte receives the 2014 PAFSO Award for exceptional performance, leadership and determination under extreme pressure in the face of a major tragedy.



Noëlla Nincevic et Anita Biguzs, Sous-ministre, Citoyenneté et Immigration Canada

NOËLLA NINCEVIC

Noëlla Nincevic, a veteran of Citizenship and Immigration's operations in Nairobi, Beijing, Bogota and Mexico City, is being recognized as a manager guided by the highest ethical standards who creates positive and constructive work environments that improve client service and meet departmental production objectives while enhancing the competence, confidence and dedication of those she supervises. One example: while managing an 11 person unit in Beijing, her strong analytical skills and commitment to continuous improvement enabled her team to deliver visas to Canada bound spouses in half the time specified by CIC's processing standards. Elle sait traiter avec sensibilité, mais fermeté, les cas difficiles et les employés sous-performants et elle est renommée pour son pot à biscuits bien garni, ses maximes inspirantes et sa propension à célébrer les étapes clés professionnelles et personnelles de ses employés. Noëlla reçoit le prix de l'APASE pour son excellence comme gestionnaire, leader, source d'inspiration et innovatrice.

2014 Panel of Judges / Jury de sélection 2014

The panel selecting this year's Award recipients comprised people of great distinction in their own fields:

Monsieur Claude Laverdure, président du jury, ancien agent du service extérieur, a été ambassadeur en Haïti, au Zaïre, en Belgique et, de 2003 à 2007, en France. Il a travaillé au Bureau du Conseil privé à titre de conseiller en politique étrangère auprès du Premier ministre et, en 2002 et 2003, il a été représentant du Premier ministre au Sommet du G8. Il est professionnel en résidence (Senior Fellow) à l'École d'affaires publiques et internationales de l'Université d'Ottawa. Il est aussi membre des Conseils d'administration de plusieurs fondations et autres organisations. Monsieur Laverdure est Commandeur de la Légion d'honneur et Chevalier de l'Ordre de la Pléiade.

Monsieur Denis Comeau a joint les rangs du ministère en 1974. Au cours de ses 36 ans de carrière, il a occupé des postes comportant de plus en plus de responsabilités à l'administration centrale et à l'étranger. Il a été nommé ambassadeur auprès de la République de Corée en 2001 et du Royaume de Thaïlande en 2004. Au terme de son affectation en Thaïlande, il est revenu à Ottawa où il a occupé le poste d'inspecteur général jusqu'à sa retraite en 2009. En mars 2008, Denis a reçu le Prix pour services insignes de la fonction publique du Canada lors d'une cérémonie à Rideau Hall. Il est membre du conseil d'administration de Parrainage civique depuis 2009 et de la section d'Ottawa de l'Association nationale des retraités fédéraux depuis 2012.

Madame Claudette Deschênes a amorcé sa carrière au ministère des Affaires extérieures en 1981 en qualité d'agente des visas dans des missions canadiennes au Mexique, au Guatemala, au Costa Rica et à Trinidad et Tobago. Elle a aussi été gestionnaire du Programme d'immigration à Colombo, Sri Lanka de 1994 à 1996. À Ottawa, elle a occupé des postes comportant de plus en plus de responsabilité à Citoyenneté et Immigration Canada et à l'Agence des services frontaliers du Canada. En 2004, Madame Deschênes a assumé les fonctions de vice-présidente, Direction

générale de l'exécution de la Loi, à l'Agence et en 2007, elle est revenue à CIC à titre de sous-ministre adjointe (Opérations), poste qu'elle a occupé jusqu'à sa retraite en juin 2012.

Mr. Scott Feschuk is a partner in the speechwriting and strategic communications firm Feschuk.Reid. He served as chief speechwriter to Prime Minister Paul Martin and as a writer on *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*. He is the author of two books and has been a reporter and columnist for *The Globe and Mail* and the *National Post*. He currently writes a column for both *Maclean's* and the new *Sportsnet* magazine. In 2008 and 2012 he won the gold award for humour at the National Magazine Awards.

Lt-General (ret'd) Andrew Leslie served in the Canadian Forces for more than 30 years and has commanded at various levels at home and overseas. He has served or seen service across Canada, in Germany (NATO), the USA, England, Cyprus (UN), France, the former Yugoslavia (UN) and Afghanistan (NATO). He retired from the military in 2011 and became a Senior Vice President with a large Canadian multinational, responsible for intelligence, security and cyber resilience. As of 2013, he runs his own strategic and cyber security consulting practice, is a member of various charitable and corporate boards and is engaged in public speaking.

Madame Maureen O'Neil est présidente de la Fondation canadienne pour l'amélioration des services de santé depuis 2008. Auparavant, elle a été notamment présidente du Centre de recherches pour le développement international, présidente intérimaire du Centre international des droits de la personne et du développement démocratique et sous-ministre de la Citoyenneté du gouvernement de l'Ontario. Madame O'Neil est également présidente ou membre de plusieurs conseils d'administration et en 2011, elle a été nommée officier de l'Ordre du Canada pour sa contribution à la fonction publique, en reconnaissance de son apport au développement international, à l'égalité des sexes et aux droits de la personne.

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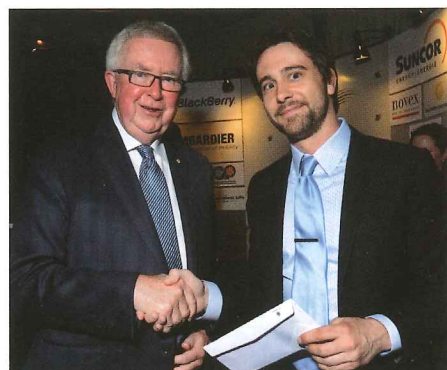
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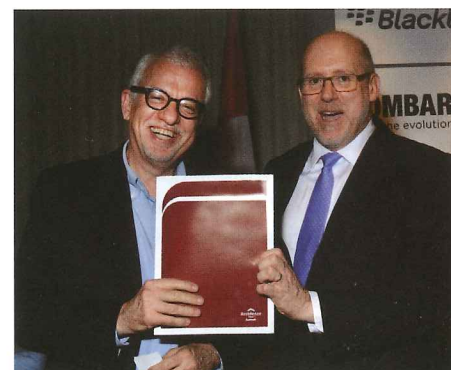
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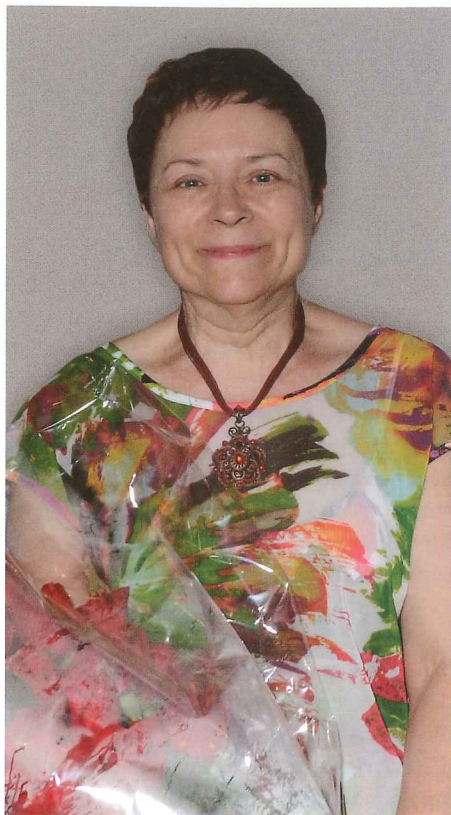
2015

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Why not prepare now for nominations for the 2015 PAFSO Awards? Although the deadline for submissions is April 5, 2015, nominations or indications of forthcoming nominations can be received at any time at awards@pafso-apase.com or by mail to Secretary, FS Awards Committee, 412-47 Clarence St., Ottawa, ON K1N 9K1.

Pourquoi ne pas envisager dès maintenant de présenter une ou des candidatures aux Prix de l'APASE de 2015? La date limite de réception des candidatures est fixée au 5 avril 2015, mais il est possible en tout temps d'envoyer une candidature ou un avis de candidature, soit par courriel à prix@pafso-apase.com, soit par la poste à : Secrétaire, Comité des Prix FS, 412-47 rue Clarence, Ottawa (Ontario) K1N 9K1.



A fond farewell for Susan Courville

Executive Director Ron Cochrane announced that Susan Courville, PAFSO's Executive Assistant/ Receptionist would be retiring on June 13, 2014. Susan served with loyalty and dedication and was the face of PAFSO for the last 26 years. She will be truly missed by all. On behalf of everyone, Ron expressed his heartfelt wishes for a long and happy retirement. ☺

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Kathryn McCallion

1945–2014

“The doctor told me”, Kathryn said, “that 60 per cent of the women who get my kind of cancer come through fine; the other 40 per cent succumb – the dice rolled me into the latter crowd.” In early June we lost her. She was only 68 years old – 25 years younger than her aunt Hazel, the longest serving Mayor in Mississauga’s history.

Speaking Truth to Power was the trope offered most frequently to describe Kathryn. This matter-of-fact attitude guided her last two years, as it had during a lifetime of achievement. To me, she remains the classmate that burst into my world when we met in 1972 as Assistant Trade Commissioners-in-Training. We were to become lifelong friends, but back then little did any of our class suspect that she would become – one way or another – our boss. She also served as PAFSO President 1980–81.

The Department’s announcement states that “she was an icon for the international trade stream and a pioneer role model for many women in the Department as the first female Chief Trade Commissioner”. Her friends and colleagues go further, capturing something of her spirit, a whiff of the air she breathed...

Heritage Deputy Minister, Colleen Swords: “Kathryn was a woman of principle – she spoke truth to power – and she spoke truth to her friends”.

Commissioner of the Public Service (and former foreign policy advisor to the Prime Minister) Susan Cartwright: “She spoke truth not just to power, but to everyone within earshot”.

From my own eulogy: “In a Westminster system bureaucrats are expected to make policy recommendations, they need to be sensitive to elected officials’ agendas. Kath was sensitive alright or she would never have climbed to the heights she did, but her ‘truth to power’ approach made that climb an exciting ride”.

Retired Head of Mission Anne Charles: “Kathryn lived live at full throttle, with gusto, humour and integrity, taking no hostages, guided by her profound and enduring belief in the importance of good government and good governance. Whatever task she undertook, at work or play, she brought the full force of her

formidable intellect, concentration, courage, dedication and laughter”.

Deputy Minister Peter Boehm: “we lost one of our great ones last week...an original: she combined a passion for public service with an acute sense of how to get things done simply and smartly. She did this through clear, direct and often very colourful communication. Loyal to her people and fearless in offering policy advice, she understood both timing and nuance and this served her well throughout her distinguished career where she attained the levels of Assistant Deputy Minister, Head of Mission and Chief Trade Commissioner.”

Kathryn had four outstanding qualities we could all aspire to:

Clarity of Purpose. Former US Ambassador to the WTO and Deputy US Trade Representative, Peter Allgeier, told our colleague Bernie Etzinger:

“I was fortunate to work together with Kathryn for many years on the Free Trade Area of the Americas. She had many wonderful characteristics, one of which was as a problem solver, no matter the problem. For some reason, during Canada’s chairmanship of the negotiating process among the 30 plus countries of the Western hemisphere, we agreed to have one of our meetings in Surinam – not exactly on major airline routes. Everyone complained they couldn’t get there. So Kathryn chartered a Boeing 737 from Miami and back. She went up and down the aisle of the plane, collecting a huge wad of bills in her hand. There was no way that she was going to let Canada get stuck with the bill. Typically creative, pragmatic and no-nonsense Kathryn. I’ll always remember her fondly and with the greatest admiration”.

Spirit. Former Ambassador and DFATD Chief Legal Counsel, Michael Leir: “Kathryn was indefatigable. She loved kayaking. Last year, before concluding her first course of treatment or any signs of a spring thaw, she prepared for the break-up on Ontario’s waterways. ‘Time for a new kayak’, the old one was just too tired and scuffed up. ‘Name your time’, I replied. In May we headed to a lakeshore specialist near Kingston to inspect new offerings. Not for Kathryn a local store where testing was

precluded! After much discussion and close examination of brands and crafts, Kathryn identified a sleek and lightweight red. A new colour for a new chapter in her kayaking career, she said. Carefully lowering herself in, she paddled around the local bay testing the craft’s maneuverability, comfort and feel. From the middle of the inlet she lifted her paddle in both hands over her head – she had found the right one... It did not see much service, but that paddle against the backdrop of a Canadian lake in spring captured for me her determination, optimism and love of life.”

Being Human. From Susan Cartwright: “Despite her bluff, gruff exterior, she was deeply compassionate and more sensitive than many suspected. In the early years I was a little frightened of Kathryn and in awe of her confident exterior. She asked me one day to remain behind after a meeting. I was grateful that she wasn’t going to ream me out in front of everyone but wracked my brains – what had I had done wrong? Now, you have to know that Kathryn and I were both cursed with fine, limp hair and not very much of it at that. I was speechless: she wanted to ask me how I managed to get mine to stand up and be counted – at least for part of the day!”

Self Deprecation. From Colleen Swords: “Kathryn often told us of taking Jason, the family border collie, to the groomer when she was home from university. After picking him up, he sat proudly, preening in the back seat as Kathryn drove him home. She said that she got a real job soon thereafter as ‘becoming her dog’s chauffeur was a new low!’

Kathryn McCallion was blunt, generous, witty, steel-trap smart, and a proud Canadian with an innate sense of duty who relished public service. Like all those who knew her and who held her in deep affection, I salute Kathryn – she is sorely, sorely missed.

Richard Kohler joined the Trade Commissioner Service in 1972 the same year as Kathryn McCallion. In his 35 years with foreign affairs Rick served on four different continents including as CG in Sydney and Ambassador to Brazil. In Canada he was a personnel director and chief of both information and protocol.

Randolph Gherson

1928–2014

Randolph Gherson was born in Cairo and educated at the London School of Economics. In 1958 he came to Ottawa with Joan, his Winnipeg born wife, following his work as an economist at the International Wheat Council. A spell with the IWC was a natural entrée to Canada's Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce (ITC), whose Minister was then responsible for the Canadian Wheat Board.

Prior to the 1981 integration of ITC's trade policy and trade promotion functions with the Department of External Affairs, ITC, along with External Affairs and Finance (ever jealous of its primacy in the tariff field) formed a triumvirate in trade policy formulation and for the management of trade relations. ITC even shared trade policy postings with External Affairs and Finance. Thus we find Randolph appointed as Deputy Head of Mission to the European Communities in 1968 and then Minister Counsellor Economic in Washington in 1972. At the time of the Departmental amalgamation, Randolph was serving as Ambassador to the OECD, then, as now, the developed world's exchange for information and ideas on all aspects of multilateral economic cooperation. On his return from Paris, Randolph expanded the range of his expertise to become Chief Air Negotiator in 1986 and then Ambassador for Fisheries Conservation in 1991.

Randolph was a consummate diplomat, totally bilingual, with a mastery of the arcana of the profession. He knew the tone to adopt when dispatching or replying to a *note verbale*, *aide-mémoire* and yes even a *bout de papier*. He operated easily and effectively in his face-to-face exchanges with foreign *interlocuteurs*, many of whom became close personal friends.

The positions he held are testimony to Randolph's skills as a negotiator: mastery of the facts, understanding of the political constraints (domestic and foreign), the imagination to discern an acceptable deal and the capacity to walk away when none was available. To complicate matters, building a consensus negotiating position among fractious domestic stakeholders could be more difficult than reaching an

agreement with foreigners. Then, as now, the chief negotiator needed to satisfy the expectations of his Minister, other Federal Departments, Provincial Governments, and the private sector. In Air negotiations, Randolph sometimes had to steer through more "turbulence" on the ground than in the air given the often divergent interests of Air Canada and Canadian Pacific.

Randolph remained very active to the end. His rich post-retirement life should persuade the nervous that quitting the "nine to five" (OK, nine to seven) routine

constitutional plan for a Palestine settlement inspired by the 1870s arrangements whereby the Egyptian monarchy retained sovereignty but leased to Britain (the great power of the day) *de facto* security and fiscal control?

From his reading and experience, Randolph developed strong principles. He believed devoutly in the political neutrality of the bureaucracy, in appearance as well as substance. Most of his contemporaries accepted this up to a point, but had no compunction in voting against the political

In Air negotiations, Randolph sometimes had to steer through more "turbulence" on the ground than in the air given the often divergent interests of Air Canada and Canadian Pacific.

can be quite fulfilling. The papers he accumulated over his career were collated, indexed and turned over to Library and Archives Canada. He pursued new hobbies: heraldry, photography and bird watching. He became an active executive with the Rideau Club and a very helpful member of *bout de papier's* Senior Editorial Board. His sudden and mercifully swift death came as something of a shock: until his last few weeks, he followed a regular exercise regime and to all appearances was in excellent health.

Randolph's impeccable dress and courtly manners, his pipe and Havanas, spoke to a more elegant age, yet Randolph was thoroughly modern. Throughout his life he remained a keen observer of national and global politics. There were few issues on which he would not offer an opinion, few problems for which he could not suggest a solution. It would be a mistake to pigeonhole Randolph as a "Conservative" even in un-capitalized form. He was often startlingly radical and creative. He argued that the OECD could emerge as the right forum to negotiate multilateral trade agreements among developed countries, an idea that may yet come to fruition. Who else would have delved into history to devise a

bosses du jour. Not so Randolph. He simply refused to vote in federal elections. Moreover, as an immigrant, Randolph loved his adopted land. He worked hard to promote Canada's interests. He wore his richly deserved Order of Canada with great pride. Although many of his close friends carried two passports, Randolph disapproved of the practice (and of passports of convenience). For him, loyalty to Canada was a supreme value while a confusion in the allegiances of Canadians inevitably led to foreign policy incoherence. He was prescient.

Randolph's death leaves a gap in the lives of his many friends – those who served with him in Ottawa and abroad, and the many new friends acquired in his retirement years. But all will remember fondly how their lives were enriched and enlivened by their friendship with Randolph – an accomplished and quintessential gentleman.

Tony Halliday joined the Canadian Government in 1968 after serving in the Government of Rhodesia and Nyasaland and then GATT (now WTO) in Geneva. He had postings in Washington and Chicago (Consul General 1986 to 1989). He retired in 1991.

Annemarie Desloges

1984–2014

Note de la rédaction : Le 21 septembre a marqué l'anniversaire du décès de notre collègue de l'immigration, Annemarie Desloges, victime d'une attaque terroriste à Nairobi. Âgée d'à peine 29 ans, professionnelle d'avenir et personne très appréciée, elle est la deuxième diplomate du Canada à perdre la vie dans une attaque de ce genre après Glynn Berry, décédé en Afghanistan en 2006. Ses parents, Michel et Madeleine Desloges, membres à la retraite de la famille du service extérieur canadien, étaient invités d'honneur au dîner de remise des prix de l'APASE en juin dernier. Nous remercions sa collègue, Eilis Pourbaix, d'avoir compilé cet hommage personnel que ses nombreux amis et collègues lui ont rendu.

The VIP lounge at the Kinshasa airport was crammed with giant overstuffed furniture and glass tables, and was relatively calm compared to the cacophony and general chaos of the airport. She was happy to flop herself into its unconvincing opulence at the end of a long work week. The posting list for 2014 had come out, and the down time until the flight back to Nairobi seemed a perfect occasion to narrow her choices for her next posting. She had a system that involved several coloured pens and grids. She was excited about the many prospects, from Beijing to Beirut, and with each opening she highlighted came an exclamation about the possibilities for travel in the region, or the type of work Robert, her husband, might find there. When asked about the logic behind what seemed like a complicated exercise, she laughed: "It's not that complicated in the end. I would pretty much go anywhere!"

Annemarie Desloges was born in Bogota, Colombia on February 10, 1984 to Canadian diplomats Michel and Madeleine Desloges and spent most of her life abroad. From Bogota she followed her parents and sister Julie from Aylmer to Jamaica (1984–86), to Ivory Coast (1989–92), France (1996–01) and India (2001–02). She returned to Canada to study at Carleton University in 2002 and then at the University of Ottawa where she graduated in 2007 with honours in Health Sciences. She joined the Department of Citizenship and Immigration as a Foreign Service Officer in 2008. She was posted to Delhi in 2009 and to Nairobi in 2011.

Au retour de sa famille au Canada après une affectation en Jamaïque, Annemarie avait deux ans. Ses parents n'arrivaient pas à la convaincre de s'habiller chaudement. La première neige venue, elle s'est proménée pieds nus dehors. Après cet épisode, ils n'ont plus eu de difficulté à lui faire porter ses bottes et son habit de neige!

A gifted and observant child, she learned to read and write with flash cards at four years of age (in order to be accepted in grade 1 in Abidjan). Annemarie could memorize almost anything, absorb it, understand it and play it back in a manner any layman could understand. She adapted easily to every move, and looked forward to them – each one a new adventure. Elle profitait de tout ce que le pays où elle se trouvait avait à offrir.



**She adapted easily to every move,
and looked forward to them – each
one a new adventure.**

Annemarie avait 12 ans lorsque sa famille est partie pour Paris. Pendant son séjour en France, elle remportait à chaque année une médaille d'or dans la compétition de natation de son école, et enseignait la natation aux jeunes aveugles une fois par semaine. She was kind and generous, volunteered for the United Way campaign, walked for breast cancer, and would go out of her way to help anyone. Her best friend Jennifer remembers "Annie" showing up at her door with a comfort pie when she was down during exams and needed some TLC. It was just what the doctor ordered.

Annemarie venait tout juste de graduer du bac international à l'école américaine de New Delhi quand elle a rencontré Robert Munk, l'amour de sa vie. They were an ideal couple and completed each other perfectly: one and one made at least three!

Jeune femme, Annemarie est devenue la meilleure amie de ses parents. Ils partageaient beaucoup ensemble. Ils pouvaient discuter de tout – religion, sexe, politique,

etc. Il n'y avait pas de sujets tabous. Peu importe où elles se trouvaient, s'il y avait un cinéma, Annemarie et sa mère y allaient, et parfois elles visionnaient des films un après l'autre. Annemarie appelait sa famille tous les 2-3 jours pour lui donner de ses nouvelles et partager avec eux ses bons et mauvais moments. At home visiting she never failed to get up a dozen times, unexpectedly, to give family members a hug. She loved to play board and card games – she would lose on purpose just to entice her opponents to keep playing because, if she set her mind to it, she would win them all.

Wise, mature and perspicacious wherever there was trouble brewing, at home or at work, Annemarie could see it coming and would take the lead in trying to mitigate if not eliminate it. She would make you think and question your beliefs and prejudices. She excelled at presenting a very reasoned but opposite point of view even if it was not necessarily her own, just to make one reflect. She was a born diplomat.

On her first posting in New Delhi, Annemarie helped introduce a new way of working and a new computer system to the immigration section. The project involved a huge amount of work, and Annemarie thrived on the challenge, putting ideas into practice. Annemarie possédait beaucoup d'énergie, ne craignait

pas les responsabilités et relevait avec plaisir de nouveaux défis. The connections she and Robert made with people on posting set them apart. They were experts at living abroad, and took it upon themselves to welcome newcomers, guiding them, hosting them at home and checking in on them. Having learnt from her father, a longtime MCO, Annemarie would discreetly make sure the safe havens and other features met established standards when visiting staff quarters. She had a talent for easing people through bewildering transitions and had sound advice for newly arrived diplomats' children navigating unfamiliar environments. She delighted in surprising you with a huge bouquet of flowers on special occasions or by showing up with champagne to mark your last night at a mission.

On her second posting in Nairobi, Annemarie helped to reunite families and resettle thousands of refugees from across East Africa. For many newcomers to Canada, fleeing war and persecution in their home countries, she was the first Canadian they would meet. That their first impression of Canada would be of a vibrant and confident young woman who embodied values that Canadians hold dear is something that we can all be proud of. She had a natural curiosity about and respect for other cultures and a deep and abiding belief in fairness that guided her work.

Annemarie appreciated the finer things in life but was also very down to earth, ready to roll up her sleeves in less than ideal surroundings. She was undaunted by travelling in tiny UN chartered flights to dusty refugee camps in remote and sometimes dangerous locations. She worked long, often thankless days without a break in hot, overcrowded rooms, eating stale granola bars between interviews, but always kept things in perspective. She spent many hours packing and unpacking, travelling to and from airports in armoured vehicles across East Africa. She listened to the stories of peoples' lives; their fears, their transgressions, their hopes, and also made hard decisions, balancing Canada's commitment to protect the world's most vulnerable populations, while keeping Canadians safe.

She grew into different roles and duties at work, and so did her abilities. Her instincts were sharp and her capacity to assess complex situations quickly and act with sound judgement made her a remarkable Foreign Service officer. She never took for granted the impact that her work in immigration had on individuals' lives. Because she took her job seriously, she demanded a lot of herself and set a high standard for those she worked with. Local staff in New Delhi and Nairobi remember her as hardworking and truly committed to improving her area of operations at mission. If you wanted an honest opinion, Annemarie would give it you, even when it was hard to hear.

For all of her strength and sometimes intimidating intelligence, those closest to her remember her gentle side, her humour, and her sense of romance. Inside that self-assured woman who commanded an authority beyond her years, was the exuberant, tender heart of a girl. Her sense of adventure knew no geographical bounds, she was full of imagination and mischief. A loving and playful spouse, she laid elaborate plans to take her husband on a mystery trip to China. She made him apply for visas for different parts of the world and pack clothes for different climates, just so he wouldn't know where he was going until the last minute.

Those fortunate enough to be part of Annemarie's life knew how funny she could be. Her retorts, so to the point, left anyone defeated or in stitches. Annemarie lived the motto of "work hard, play hard", and whether she was raising a stein at Oktoberfest in Nairobi, lighting up the dance floor in New Delhi, or captivating an audience with one of her many tales of adventures around the globe, her energy and enthusiasm were contagious.

At one of the last office outings (before many Canadian officers left Kenya in 2013), immigration officers, new and departing, were seated at the bar before dinner. Annemarie had just come back from her first deportation experience at the airport. It had lasted most of the previous evening and well into the morning. She described the ordeal with humour. The person being deported was toying with the immigration officers and resisted boarding the flight from Nairobi as one would expect. Annemarie kept her

She had a natural curiosity about and respect for other cultures and a deep and abiding belief in fairness that guided her work.

cool and followed him between his "trips" among Kenyan immigration offices trying to convince them to let him enter the country, the smoking lounge, the shops, etc. in those long airport corridors. She talked with him for hours, trying to convince him that it was in his best interest to board that flight and return home. She used her full battery of wits, charm, and resourcefulness, and in the end, the deportation was completed. What struck her peers was how professionally she had handled such a complex and sensitive situation almost by herself – and only a few days into her new role as the Migration Integrity Officer. At 29, she was a rising star with a promising career ahead of her.

Some days it seems as if she might careen around the corner at the office, excited or exasperated, effortlessly elegant in her high heels and jeans. It is easy to picture her flashing that brilliant grin and making a clever quip when things don't go as planned. But it was her caring and ever smiling eyes that defined her. She lived life to the fullest. She was cherished by her partner Robert, who often said that she was the best thing that ever happened to him. Even knowing the pain that her loss would bring, he wouldn't take back single a moment of the 11 years they shared. Annemarie et ses gros câlins manquent énormément à sa famille. Pour ses amies, ce sont ses fous rires, ses incertitudes, sa vivacité et son amitié profonde et sincère.

Though the flag no longer flies at half mast at the Canadian High Commission in Nairobi, a Jacaranda tree, her favourite, now grows on the sloping hill behind the building. The tree will be there long after those who knew her leave. It will flower, like her, bright and beautiful and strong, branches outstretched to the horizon. ☺

Eilis Pourbaix collated this commemorative article, was a colleague of Annemarie Desloges, and is on her first posting (with the Refugee Unit of the Immigration Section of the High Commission in Nairobi).

Escaping Iran – A True Account of the Best Bad Idea

reviewed by John Kneale

ESCAPING IRAN – A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE BEST BAD IDEA, Deeds Publishing, Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A., 2014, 258 pp., \$21.89.

Just when you thought there couldn't possibly be another book or film about the Canadian Caper, along comes another one. This book has a unique angle, though. It's a personal account by Mark Lijek who, along with his wife Cora and four other Americans, was one of the "houseguests" protected by the Canadian embassy in Tehran in 1979. He is the only one of the six to have told the story from their perspective.

Lijek's motivation in publishing his story is to set the record straight. "I believe that by telling the story in full detail, the true heroes will stand out and it will be clear why they should be remembered", he says in the Foreword. Lijek began to be concerned in 1997, after the CIA declassified the details of the rescue of the six by agent Tony Mendez, that the actions of the Canadians were being relegated to secondary status. But it was the film *Argo* that convinced him to write his own account, "in the hope that Hollywood fiction, no matter how well done, did not completely overwhelm fact".

The "best bad idea" of the title comes, of course, from *Argo*. There is a scene in the film where the CIA are asking then U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance for permission to implement a rescue scenario that would have the six Americans adopt aliases as Canadians working on a Hollywood movie production. It was a highly improbable plan, but when Vance questions it they tell him it's the best bad idea they've come up with. (In fact, we in the management team of the Canadian embassy had a better idea, which was to take the Americans out quietly over several days, by ones and twos, accompanied by one of us. But then we don't have that Yankee flair, do we?)

The list of people that Lijek considers the heroes of the Tehran incident is a long one, but right at the top is John Sheardown. He was the Immigration Program manager in the Canadian embassy who took the initiative to welcome the Americans into

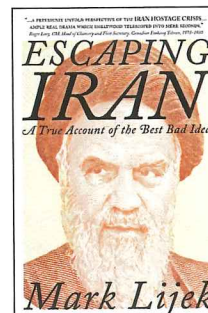
his home. Sheardown, who died in 2012, was a big, gruff guy, a decorated WWII bomber pilot, with a soft heart and a no-nonsense attitude. He and his wife Zena looked after four of the Americans (two stayed at the official residence) for more than two months. He was so effective at protecting them and assuaging their fears that they began to call him "Big Daddy" and to look forward eagerly to his return from work each day.

Lijek is generous with his praise for all the people who helped the six to find sanctuary, including those in the Canadian embassy and those in other friendly embassies, as well as some Iranians and other foreign nationals. He has a less rosy view of senior officials in the U.S. State Department and the U.S. embassy in Tehran, who did not foresee what might happen after President Jimmy Carter admitted the deposed Shah of Iran to the U.S.A. Lijek devotes a good deal of space to the question of why the embassy was not better prepared for the attack less than two weeks later.

This is the second version of Lijek's account. The first, published as *The Houseguests: A Memoir of Canadian Courage and CIA Sorcery*, was a slimmer book but "prompted a number of people to come forward with corrections, both minor and major". It also attracted the interest of a firm called Deeds Publishing, in Atlanta, Georgia, which offered to help improve the book and republish it. The new version covers much more than the intense, but brief, story of the houseguests and their exfiltration. In fact, the broader story makes this a much more interesting book.

The book begins with the day of the takeover, November 4, 1979, and recounts the hour by hour drama of the attack on the embassy and the stealthy exit of Lijek, his wife and some co-workers by a rear door. There follows the frightening and frustrating search over six days for a safe hiding place, until one of the group called John Sheardown. "Why didn't you call sooner?" was the response.

Lijek describes the daily life of the Americans in the Sheardowns' home for the long weeks until January 26 when



the CIA agent arrived; then the stressful discussion of the bizarre plan to get them out of the country, and the early morning departure. The triumphal arrival in Washington and the

welcome by the President and the world's media are recounted in detail.

From this point on, the book tells a more personal story. Lijek talks about his education, his army service, his application to join the foreign service, his training and assignment. This will be of great interest to readers curious about how the U.S. foreign service operates. Ultimately, Lijek's tale circles back to the posting to Tehran and a description of his work in the weeks before the attack. The discussion of how the embassy grappled with understanding the new regime in Iran is fascinating.

As I read the book, I watched – in vain – for signs of remorse on the part of Lijek and his companions, guilt over the way successive U.S. administrations had used the Shah, winked at his corruption and encouraged Savak, his repressive secret police. I found none. Lijek says, very even-handedly, "We should have distanced ourselves from the shah earlier, or supported him more earnestly. A case can be made for either strategy".

This caveat aside, *Escaping Iran* is an excellent read and a valuable addition to the Tehran incident canon.

*John Kneale is a former Foreign Service Officer and Head of Mission. He served in the Canadian embassy in Tehran as First Secretary, Economic and Trade Relations and, after the seizure of the American embassy, prepared reports for Ottawa and Washington on the impact of U.S. sanctions against Iran. He was also the embassy spokesperson. He wrote about his Tehran experience in his 1993 book Foreign Service (excerpted in the special section on John Sheardown in **bout de papier**, Vol.27, No.2).*

So Much for Democracy

reviewed by Kate Preston

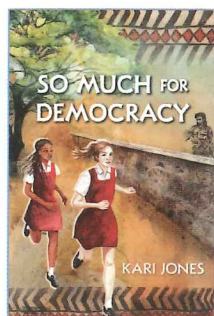
SO MUCH FOR DEMOCRACY, Orca Book Publishers, Victoria BC, Canada, and Custer, WA, U.S.A, 2014, 184 pp., \$9.95.

In Kari Jones' latest book for young adults she draws on the experience of a foreign service posting in Ghana with her family at the end of the 1970s, a period which coincided with the first coup by J.J. Rawlings. This should be an unusual but absorbing narrative for young people who have spent most of their lives in Canada and a subject of particular interest to foreign service families.

The book is set in what, for contemporary young adults, is the remote past – before the internet and social media when the Bee Gees and Blondie were popular bands! Many of the issues are universal ones, played out against a dramatic backdrop. The father of the family at the centre of this book is in Ghana for the purpose of observing a scheduled election, rather than for a diplomatic assignment. From the first chapter Jones introduces the principal characters as well as setting the scene. While the themes are particular to that location and period, they have common elements with many overseas assignments.

An adult reader will be aware early on that the family is dealing, in different ways and to different degrees, with culture shock.

The mother of the protagonist, 12-year-old Astrid, is anxious about health and security issues. She imposes unfamiliar restrictions on Astrid and her younger siblings. Other anxieties are provoked by armed soldiers and road blocks throughout the city and potentially dangerous creatures in the garden. As well, the family's three children have to deal with the high degree of visibility entailed in being blond in an African city. The story is also driven by the more universal themes of adaptation to a new environment, making new friends, and learning to deal with a heightened



awareness of the opposite sex.

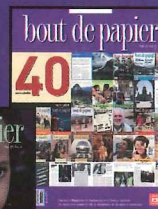
An adult reader will be aware early on that the family is dealing, in different ways and to different degrees, with culture shock. What at first is a sulky refusal to understand this by Astrid develops over the course of the book to a more nuanced and more mature understanding of the lives of the people around her, including those of the adults, and it is interesting to get an adolescent's perspective on the issue. The themes are handled delicately and sensitively. In particular, Astrid's relationship with Thomas, the gardener, is beautifully drawn and leads her to understanding the much greater constraints to freedom of action on the part of the Ghanaian characters than are imposed on her family.

The book evokes Accra very vividly: the Harmattan winds from the Sahara, the colour of the earth in the schoolyard, the greater formality of relations between pupils and teachers, the diversity of a typical classroom, the sights and sounds of the market. It also evokes the unpredictable atmosphere of danger surrounding an armed coup. The tension in which the adults attempt to make sense of what is happening transmits itself to the children and is highlighted in a frightening confrontation. How the adult and child characters handle this provides the dramatic climax of the book.

The book is highly recommended for young adult readers and, in the case of foreign service families, for the parents as well. It will be a useful corrective to adults who think they can successfully conceal their own adaptation issues from their children!

Kate Preston accompanied her husband and two young children to a posting in Accra in 1980–82, an assignment which coincided with the second Rawlings coup. The family also had assignments in Indonesia, Australia, Bangladesh and Poland.

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Return of a King: The Battle for Afghanistan

reviewed by Gar Pardy

RETURN OF A KING: THE BATTLE FOR AFGHANISTAN by William Dalrymple, 2013, Bloomsbury Publishing, London, 568 pp., \$22.00.

Déjà vu all over again

Rarely does one read a book dealing with events nearly 200 years ago and find it is not only a fascinating and rollicking journey but enormously relevant for today. Such is William Dalrymple's *Return of a King*. It is an exhaustive examination of the British invasion of Afghanistan in 1839 with new, original material from contemporaneous Afghans. As if mocked by today's events, the British wanted to bring about and perpetuate regime change in Kabul.

Living in New Delhi much of his adult life, Dalrymple has long mined the history and art of central and south Asia. His latest book explores an area and a war which many have written about before, but no one can match him in turning that rich, prescient ore into works that are difficult to put down. Equally, his work carries relevance for today as we cope with intra and inter religious struggles, security pivots and emerged and emerging economies.

Scottish born Dalrymple's father was a cousin of Virginia Woolf, literary talent seems to have been in the air. His first book, published in 1989, was *In Xanadu*, a "travel" narrative of Marco Polo's trek from Jerusalem to Shandu, the seasonal home of Kubla Khan. Dalrymple was only 22 at the time and the book – rich in the history of the lands travelled and people observed – established him as a major writer.

Central Asia and the Indian sub-continent were more interconnected and politically over-lapping historically than is understood today. Those of us raised on a history of a world with oceans as the only road in the spread of culture, people and trade

need to appreciate the history of long distance travel by land across the Euro-Asian-Indian land mass. As he has shown in earlier works, the route between Europe and Asia – the "Silk Road" – is as relevant today as it was a thousand years ago.

The significance of this vast area, especially for human migration, was given new emphasis earlier this year. DNA analysis found genetic markers linking peoples living in the Russian republic of Altai with the indigenous populations of North America. Altai is a small, remote area of the Russian Republic surrounded by Mongolia, China and Kazakhstan. Although its population today is just over 200,000 its history as a European-Asian crossroad suggests that some Turks, Mongols, Yeniseians, Tocharians, Persians or Uralic peoples crossing its lands may have made it all the way to the southern reaches of the Americas.

...the route between Europe and Asia – the "Silk Road" – is as relevant today as it was a thousand years ago.

Perhaps we should not be surprised that in the late 18th century British and East India Company officials in London and Calcutta were exercised by word that the Russians were eyeing Central Asia. For many, Russian interest coupled with Napoleon's earlier determination to separate the British from their large involvement in the Indian subcontinent, and possibly further east, was enough to convert possible Russian intent into overt intentions.

Dalrymple traces these developments throughout the early years of the 19th century in the context of changes in Persia, competing dynasties in Afghanistan and the rise of the Sikh kingdom of Raja Ranjit Singh on the western edges of East India Company's lands. He reminds us that the Battle of the Nile between the French and British navies in August 1798 was part of Napoleon's longer term goal of driving the British out of India. The total defeat of the French navy by Rear Admiral Horatio Nelson put an end to Napoleon's

plans for a sea route to India but throughout the rest of his reign he harboured dreams for disrupting the British in India.

Having used "General Winter" (and defence in depth) to rout Napoleon's eastward thrust in 1812, the Russians were looking south. Before long they "had moved their frontier south and eastwards almost as fast as Wellesley [East India Company's Governor-General in Calcutta] had moved that of the Company north and westwards, and it was becoming increasingly evident – at least to the armchair strategists in London – that the two empires would at some point come into collision in central Asia." Wellesley (the older brother of the Duke of Wellington) regarded Afghanistan as the key asset in central Asia in blocking Russian expansionist moves into the region. He and his successors began a series of maneuvers including the expansion of British control over Afghanistan.

Dalrymple's description of Afghanistan (or Khurasan, as Afghans called it), for the two millennia before the 19th century is still relevant. It "had had but a few hours of political or administrative unity. Far more often it had been the 'the places in between' the fractured and disputed stretch of mountains, flood plains and deserts separating its more orderly neighbours." Adding to the lack of geographic cohesion were the "different tribal, ethnic and linguistic fissures fragmenting Afghan society." Without changing a word, his historical fissures describe today's Afghanistan – "the rivalry between the Tajiks, Uzbeks, Hazaras and the Durrani and Ghilzai Pashtuns; the schism between Sunni and Shia; the endemic factionalism within clans and tribes, and especially the blood feuds within closely related lineages."

In the early part of the 19th century, sitting at the top of these fragmenting fissures was Shah Shuja from the Sadozais part of the Durrani clan. In 1805 he was overthrown by Dost Mohammad Khan of the Barakzai side in the Ghilzai clan. While both were Pashtun, often there was less love between them than with the Tajiks and Uzbeks who made pragmatic alliances

based on their own interests. (Former President Hamid Karzai is from the same sub-tribe as Shah Shuja while Mullah Omar, the head of the Taliban, is from the Ghilzai clan.) Once overthrown by Dost Mohammad, Shah Shuja was allowed to go to India where he was supported and protected by the East India Company and available to return to the throne when the British invaded in 1839.

While the Russians made small intelligence forays into the lands in between, Dost Mohammad was King and sought to keep intact the traditional lands of the Afghans. He was amenable to the Russian moves as a counter to feints by the remnants of the Persian Empire into western Afghanistan, especially around Herat. Pressure also came from the south where the Sikhs under Raja Ranjit Singh ended profitable raids by the Afghans across the Indus River. Throughout this period Afghanistan included Peshawar and the lands stretching to the Indus River.

The British, working through the East India Company and sitting in imperial splendor in Calcutta, were growing alarmed. They saw Dost Mohammad's activities to

keep his kingdom reasonably intact as inimical to their own position east of the Indus. "The tournament of shadows", as the "Great Game" was seen by many, was encouraged by a variety of off-stage actors in London and St. Petersburg who saw their respective expansion of Empires as intersecting and conflicting in the lands of the Afghans. Various Embassies (travelling diplomatic missions in those days) travelled vast distances. "Intelligencers", or British spies, recruited agents throughout the region and the British in India decided on the need for regime change in Kabul to ensure the safety of their regime throughout most of India.

Dalrymple tracks this "tournament of shadows" through committees of British officials in London and Calcutta who were required to describe the proverbial camel without having seen one. This, despite the fact they had a first rate official in Kabul – Alexander Burnes – whose understanding of the Afghans still offers valuable insights and conclusions. Not surprisingly Burnes' value was undermined by Claude Wade, the "keeper" of Shah Shuja (keen to regain the throne).

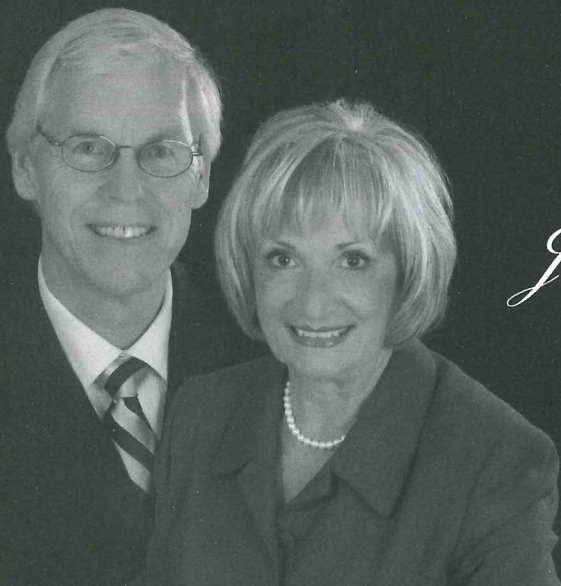
Dalrymple captures the nature of the Calcutta regime in his description of the first visit out of Bengal by George Eden, Governor General Lord Auckland. Eden was the ancestor of another Eden who in 1956 thought that he could overturn Egyptian nationalism under Nasser. Quoting an eye witness, Dalrymple writes that the elder Eden left Calcutta with "850 camels, 140 elephants, several hundred horses, the Body Guard, the regiment that escorts us, and the camp followers. They are about 12,000 in all."

At the time, the oddness of Auckland's role was noted by his nephew, Captain William Osborne: "A private English gentleman and the servant of a joint stock company [that is, the East India Company], during the brief period of his government [he] is the deputed sovereign of the greatest empire in the world; the ruler of a hundred million men. There is nothing in history analogous to this position..."

The British eventually accepted Wade's views on the need for regime change in Kabul and pulled together an army that marched out of British India, 60,000 strong, crossing the Indus in two places. It entered

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Afghanistan through the Khyber Pass and through the Bolan Pass (south of Quetta) leading to Kandahar. On August 7, 1839, eight months after it assembled, the invasion force entered Kabul. Dost Mohammad had fled three days earlier. Shah Shuja was placed on the throne he had lost three decades earlier.

A prominent tribal leader of the time, Mehrab Khan, is quoted by Dalrymple as warning "You have brought an army into the country, but how do you propose to take it out again." A sentiment echoed through Afghan history. One-and-one-half years later the British had their answer. Shah Shuja found little popular support. Before long he was deserted by tribal leaders and was seen by most Afghans as a "servant of the Kafir infidels." As one poet wrote at the time:

*But in this land you were doomed
Here your death was certain.*

The British garrison was besieged on all sides. After several months and the death of many of the British leaders, including Burnes, it was decided to withdraw from

Kabul down the Kabul Gorge. On January 6, 1842 13,000 left Kabul with the temperature "considerably below zero point." Attacked from the hills along what is the most inhospitable fighting ground in the world, only one (a medical doctor) arrived in Jalalabad. Correcting a historical myth, Dalrymple, details that over the following weeks many hundreds more were to escape from Afghanistan and make it back to British India.

British leadership, both political and military, in London and in Calcutta was responsible for this greatest debacle in British colonial history. As in all such cases the reaction was for revenge. Before long an Army of Retribution under Major-General George Pollock was created. By early April 1842 it had relieved the siege of British troops at Jalalabad. A few days later the army arrived in Kabul and burned it to the ground. Having learned its lesson, the army quickly departed Afghanistan. It was almost four decades before another British army ventured beyond Peshawar.

The 1880 invasion also was prompted by possible Russian involvement in Afghanistan; this time the British stay was

even shorter than that of 1839. Again thousands of British troops died and in the words of one historian British "Forward Policy" had failed. The conclusion, long in coming, was that "if the Russians went into Afghanistan, they would have the same problems or worse."

An overwhelming regret is that Dalrymple's book was not available 15 years ago when the United States and several cooperating countries, including Canada, invaded Afghanistan and, like Britain in 1839, hoped to bring about regime change. Even the futile Soviet invasion of 1979 created no caution in the minds of those who enthusiastically supported and participated in the 2001 invasion.

Today, after years of war, tens of thousands dead and national treasuries badly dented, another invasion of Afghanistan is coming to an end as foreign troops depart. The debate in Canada as elsewhere is over what was achieved. Various positive social indicators have been promoted in support of the invasion, elections have been held, but fundamentally little seems to have changed. The Taliban control large swaths of the country. The newly created and western trained Afghan National Army, touted as the bulwark against the insurgency, has met with little success. The description of Afghanistan "as the places in between" still applies. Kabul seems doomed to remain a temporary resting place for short-lived regimes. The Taliban and its power base, the Pashtun Ghilzai clan, seem destined to return to power and western oriented leaders may be lucky to escape with their shoes on. Like Shah Shuja, they likely will carry the curse of being "a servant of the Kafir infidels."

Dalrymple's memorialization of a war more than one hundred years ago will do nothing to ease the suffering of Canada's war wounded returning from Afghanistan or the pain of so many Canadian lives lost there. But it powerfully underscores the need to be far better prepared before undertaking such commitments, to better consider the decision against the weight of history, and to accept full responsibility for the needs of those who pay the price. The 21st century badly needs to learn from the 19th. ☺

Gar Pardy is a retired Foreign Service Officer and comments on foreign policy issues from Ottawa.

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BICKFORD ON THE BRAZILIAN NEED FOR SPEED

by David Bickford

Protocol road racing!

A properly organized motorcade provides an essential first impression for a visiting dignitary. If smoothly executed, it literally gets a visit off to a good start. Thus, we place considerable effort on getting it right. In Brazil in the early 1980s we received the visit of our foreign minister. It was decided from on high that he would visit the capital, Brasília, the industrial/commercial centres of São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro and one of the poorer states of Brazil's northeast. I was placed in charge of the logistics, especially the motorcade, for the final leg of the visit.

We wove through traffic down a major artery at well over 120 km/hr with motorists shouting insults at us and gesturing in a decidedly unfriendly fashion.

Myself and a protocol officer (known hereafter as Paulo – to protect the innocent), from Brazil's highly professional foreign ministry, arrived early in the state capital to coordinate the final arrangements with the local protocol office prior to the Minister's arrival. State protocol consisted of two people, neither of whom had any experience with high-level visits, no sense of the importance of ensuring events took place on time, nor any apparent interest in the visit. We began the motorcade discussion with Paulo proffering small Canadian and Brazilian flags to be met by blank stares. He explained that these were for the motorcycle escort, again met by blank stares. In response to "you are going to use a motorcycle escort?!" they muttered that they intended to lead off with a jeep sporting a blue flashing light on the roof. Hmmm...OK.

The great day arrived. The motorcade was assembled, in all its glory. The jeep was ready to lead the parade, followed by the "protocol car", a beat-up Passat for myself and Paulo. Next came the Governor's huge armoured limo, followed by his campaign bus (complete with bar, swivel captain's chairs, television) for the rump of the delegation. When all participants were settled into their respective vehicles, Paulo gave a dignified hand signal for the jeep to proceed. The jeep left in a cloud of burnt rubber and dust, never to be seen again. The "protocol car" then became lead car and off we went at a sedate pace. Our driver, a young fellow in his late teens, did well at first, but gradually became more and more excited. The speed of the convoy increased dramatically, and despite our shouts/entreaties to slow down and Paulo frantically pounding him on the back, the driver excitedly explained "I've never done this before. It's great!" We wove through traffic down a major artery at well over 120 km/hr with motorists shouting

insults at us and gesturing in a decidedly unfriendly fashion. At one point, I wondered where the Minister's car might be. Glancing out the back window, the monstermobile loomed about six inches from our back bumper. I tried to ignore it after that.

We arrived at the hotel, surely in record time. As collateral damage – the "protocol car" being somewhat ancient, ill-used, with no carpets in the rear, and loose floor panels – Paulo and I were covered with a layer of reddish/orangey road dust which had blown up through the cracks in the floor. Originally sporting black suits, we now looked for all the world like a pair of orange Meerkats. To add insult to injury, the Canadian flag we had given to the hotel was flying upside-down.

We had been warned the Minister was not comfortable with travelling at speed. We hastily clambered out of the infamous protocol car and watched, anxiously, as the Minister emerged from the limo somewhat shaken. We made suitably soothing noises as we drew him (and his attention) into the lobby and away from the upside down maple leaf. Fortunately the rest of the visit went rather well, logistically, and we ensured that the return to the airport was conducted at a more sedate pace. Thankfully my posting was almost over and I was able to flee the country before the next ministerial visit.

The "Brazilian Miracle"

With the FIFA World Soccer Cup in São Paulo wrapped up, Rio de Janeiro is getting ready for the next great sports carnival, the 2016 Olympic summer games. Like FIFA organizers before them, the International Olympic Committee is concerned that the facilities may not be ready on time... but they may have forgotten that Brazil is the hands-down gold medalist in a little known "Olympic" sport I like to call "The Brazilian Miracle". It's a variant of the sprint: There is a strong belief in the country that although preparations may lag, Brazilians can put on a last-minute burst of activity and it will all come together. They have a point:

Shortly after I arrived at the Embassy in Brazil in 1980, I was sent to the northeastern city of Recife for the opening of a Canadian art exhibit we sponsored entitled "Hard Edge". The exhibit was to arrive in Recife from Belem about two weeks in advance of the opening, and my arrival was set for Sunday afternoon before the Monday vernissage. I was met at the airport and taken to my hotel by an official from the state arts council. As he left me in the lobby of the hotel he said he would pick me up at 9:00 Monday to take me to the arts council. While leaving, he

smiled and told me that the exhibit hadn't arrived yet. My Portuguese wasn't all that fluent at that time, so I wondered if I had mis-heard. I spent a rather restless evening and night.

Next morning at pick-up, I asked if I had heard him correctly, and he confirmed rather airily that, indeed, the exhibit hadn't arrived. I phoned the Embassy when we got to his office, and found out a bit later that the Governor of the state of Belem had held on to the exhibit for a private showing that very evening. My Locally Engaged Information Officer threatened them with the Ambassador, the Brazilian Foreign Minister and anyone else she could think of (Don't you just love LES?), and ordered them to get the exhibit to Recife that afternoon. The best she could arrange was arrival at the

There is a strong belief in the country that although preparations may lag, Brazilians can put on a last-minute burst of activity and it will all come together.

airport in Recife at 17:15 (the vernissage – with television, radio, governor of the state, et al, was to begin at 19:00).

The arts council staff's response was magnificent. They arranged a truck with police motorcycle escort to take the exhibit from the tarmac to the museum. The truck arrived at 18:00 (or so), and we had under an hour to place over 80 large paintings. About five of us pulled frames out of travelling boxes, charged over to the curator of the exhibit, who made an immediate decision and pointed to a panel. After 45 minutes of frantic activity we all gathered around the curator in a state of shock and awe. The exhibit looked fantastic – as if we had taken many painstaking hours to finesse the arrangement. Into the sudden silence our champion curator (the only one of us who remained cool and collected) raised her index finger and said: "That's what we call the Brazilian Miracle!" We laughed, cheered and opened the doors to greet the public. ☺

David Bickford is a retired Foreign Service Officer with a wry sense of humour nurtured through long experience in Latin America and with the International Assessment Staff at PCO.



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It's the dialogue with senior foreign service officers on policy.

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At Britain's Side: For the Defence of Canada and Freedom

As we approach the 75th anniversary of the start of the Second World War, **bout de papier** reproduces extracts from the diary of the Canadian Prime Minister, William Lyon Mackenzie King. Fifteen years ago, we published King's account of the Cabinet meeting on August 24 1939, when the Canadian government decided in principle, as King put it, to fight "at Britain's side." The extracts below deal with the immediate aftermath of the German invasion of Poland and then the British declaration of war. As there were no minutes kept of Cabinet meetings at this time, the diary is the key source for understanding what happened in these momentous days (though seen through King's eyes) and the combination of trepidation and resolve that characterized the reaction of the Prime Minister and his colleagues to events overseas. In late August, the Cabinet had been meeting almost daily (often for day-long sessions) to keep up with the developing crisis and to plan for Canada's war effort. In contrast to August 1914, Parliament was summoned for a special session which effectively endorsed the government's decision to go to war – not through a formal parliamentary resolution as such but by approval of the Speech from the Throne, which included the proposed commitment. Though Canada was officially at war one week later than Britain – when King George VI signed the Canadian proclamation on September 10, 1939 – these extracts convey the extent to which that decision was never in doubt, though the formality of a separate declaration was seen as an important constitutional milestone. The Diary, which is available on-line, is part of the William Lyon Mackenzie King Papers at Library and Archives Canada.

– Hector Mackenzie

Friday, September 1, 1939 Kingsmere and Ottawa

At 6.30 this morning, McLeod awakened me, saying that Mr. [Arnold] Heeney [Secretary to the Cabinet] was anxious to speak to me on the 'phone. I asked him if the situation had become dangerous, and he said he thought it had. I then got Arnold on the phone and he told me that reports had come from the press that Poland had been invaded. There were all kinds of statements as to the critical condition matters had assumed. I told him to have Council summoned for nine...

I reached the East Block about 7.45, and met immediately with members of the staff. Heeney summarized the situation as it had come from despatches in the form of press bulletins. I then began the preparation of a statement to be issued by the Cabinet, based, in part, on what I had previously prepared and what [Ernest] Lapointe [Minister of Justice] had sent to me. Went over this in part with [O.D.]. Skelton [Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs] and Heeney later, and at nine o'clock sharp met with colleagues in the

Cabinet, the only member not present at the beginning was [W. D.] Euler [Minister of Trade and Commerce], who, at the last meeting, was the one who said that nothing should be done without a full Cabinet, and I had pointed out the difficulty of getting members to be present when needed. I had suggested that none of them should be away this week. He was in Toronto and had to fly back. Did not arrive until noon, therefore, missed the morning proceedings, but was there when the final decision was made. Senator [Raoul] Dandurand [Minister without Portfolio] also arrived at twelve o'clock, so that when the final decision of the Cabinet was taken, every member was present.

I avoided all preliminaries and simply began by reading the order-in-council to summon Parliament for Thursday, the 7th. It had been previously arranged that we would allow a full week, but I decided on the way coming into the city that, having the news so early in the morning, it should be possible to have Parliament together on Thursday afternoon. Besides, I like the "7" as a day for Parliament to re-assemble. This order was put through without any question.

I next sought to put through the order under the War Measures Act, proclaiming that the situation of apprehended war had arisen, and had Lapointe read the proclamation. There was some discussion as to whether we should date back the apprehended condition of war to August 25th, or have it dated as of today. The order had been brought in as of today, but it was decided rightly to date back the period to August 25th, at which time we met and decided to purchase aeroplanes, and made other appropriations under G.G.'s warrants.

The next orders to be put through were those placing the Militia on active service, and also the Naval Service, and the Air Force. I was surprised that some of these measures were not more in readiness and had to be changed somewhat at the last moment. The order regarding Militia and active service had been worded "beyond Canada". It was agreed by all that we should not, at this stage, go beyond Canada. My presence in [Sir Wilfrid] Laurier's Cabinet at the time of the drafting of the Naval Service Act helped me in being quite sure as to the nature of the provisions of that Act as to

the disposition of the Naval Service in time of war.

Another measure to be put through was one giving authority to apply censorship in a variety of directions. There were one or two other measures to provide funds for payment of men called out on temporary service and other essential expenditures.

I then took up the statement to be issued to the press. Read over what I had been trying to draft in the morning and parts of what I had drafted before. I sought to get agreement, clause by clause, but it became apparent that the briefer the statement made at present the better it would be.

I should have mentioned that immediately the order-in-council had passed summoning Parliament, I went myself and gave the announcement to the press, so that word was out a few minutes after nine.

After some discussion, I felt I had consensus of view of Council pretty fully, and as all had agreed to the policy of Canada being at Britain's side in the event of her being obliged to go to war, I felt that the rest was secondary, and that the main thing was to get out a statement before war had actually been declared, so far as England was concerned. Fortunately, by the cables we were getting from the British Government, it was possible to know that in what the British Government itself had thus far given out, was that hostilities had broken out between Germany and Poland.

Later came the message which said that England was communicating with France with a view to notifying Germany that, if her forces were not withdrawn, she would then feel she was obliged to keep her pledge to Poland. This is the one and only ray of hope there is at the moment. It is just possible that if pressure may be brought to bear by Italy, and possibly by some of the German people themselves, a truce may be declared, the Poles having learned a lesson themselves. On the other hand, what I think makes this altogether impossible, is that [Adolf] Hitler [Chancellor and Führer of Germany] apparently had a very quick meeting at the Reichstag, at which he declared that he would put on his uniform and would die before he would take it off. That he had named [Hermann] Goering [Reichminister of Aviation]

as his successor and [Rudolf] Hess [Deputy Führer] to succeed Goering. He evidently has the idea that death may come to himself, as has been hinted he had, ere very long.

Fortunately, this position made it possible for us to call Parliament, and to state our policy before Britain was involved in war, and made clear that, meanwhile, everything had been done for the defence of Canada, and that more could not be hoped for in the way of effective co-operation than will be possible within the week's communication with London. The statement is one of Canada voluntarily going to the aid of Britain as she stands for the defence of freedom, not her own freedom only, but the freedom of mankind.

I was somewhat surprised at how timid some members of Council were to declare that we were prepared to fight for freedom. I avoided using the words "solely for the defence of Canada", though I brought in Canadian defences and our freedom. I should like to have gone further and made it part of the freedom of mankind. I was terribly shocked and surprised when I learned that President Roosevelt had told the press this morning that the U.S. ought to be able to keep out of the European war. It may have been tactics on his part, but, as some members of Council said, it will put him in a curious position when he comes and carries out his promise of defending Canada against any attack. It may be that he is preparing, and I imagine this is the case, a way to get the neutrality law repealed, and that would seem to be a strange way. I did not give the Cabinet Roosevelt's statement until after I had read over the statement as I had it finally prepared, after going from the Council chamber to redraft the whole in conference with Skelton and Heeney.

In the Cabinet, I read the statement over twice. When I had finished it the first time, Lapointe said that it would satisfy him. I read it a second time and all were agreed. I was pleased that both Euler and Dandurand had reached the Cabinet in time to be present for this final decision.

I then had the press summoned, and met them in my office at one o'clock. Read over the statement to them, and gave them additional copies. ...

I then returned to the Council chamber and said to my colleagues

I was immensely relieved in mind because of our complete unanimity. That I thought it made clear that we were expressing what will be the will of Canada and what she expected of the Government at this time. I then suggested an adjournment until four o'clock.

...

I met my colleagues again shortly after four. Passed an order giving Council the prior word as to when and how the different departments are to operate under the censorship order passed this morning. I read over to Council the Chief of Staff's memorandum as to Canada's possible war contribution. Was surprised to find how much of it was devoted to possible expeditionary force. Council were much against that idea.

Spoke to [Ian] Mackenzie [Minister of National Defence] and others of getting suitable man as Acting Deputy Minister of Defence. Brought up question of possible national government. Took view that, for the present at least, better hold to our own administration; also spoke of necessity of amending election act so as to enable elections themselves to be held in three weeks if on during war times. Power thought this was going against all the different groups of Parliament, and seemed to think it was impossible to arrange. I stressed, however, the utter folly of having an election in war time, taking several weeks, and said I would not ask to have the life of Parliament prolonged beyond its constitutional term.

Read part of [Neville] Chamberlain's [Prime Minister of the United Kingdom] speech to Council. Then adjourned until tomorrow at 11.30.

Saturday, September 2, 1939 Kingsmere and Ottawa

...

Went immediately into Council. Practically no communications had come in of any significance other than one indicating it was thought Germany was seeking a military alliance with Russia. Another significant word was that there had not been as much damage done in Poland as the press was reporting, which would seem to indicate that the Germans were trying to put themselves into the position of being in possession without having gone too far and then seeking stronger terms for settlement. My

own feeling is that the British and the French have each been a little annoyed at the Poles and their delay in negotiating direct, though, naturally, they had not shown this, and are letting them see for themselves they must pay a little more attention to the wishes of those who guaranteed to stand by them against aggression.

I received a very nice cable from Chamberlain, saying how much his colleagues and himself had appreciated our statement and the position taken by the Government.

In Council I discussed the necessity of our amending the Elections Act so as to make possible an election in three weeks. Most of Council were pretty strongly with me, though many difficulties were asserted. I had Heeney phone Harry Butcher to come to assist in drafting a measure which I could discuss with the leaders of the other parties before Parliament meets. Also, advised all present to look over the debates of the special session in 1914, so as to be prepared for discussion in this session and further to see what might be necessary in the way of monies required for particular purposes as a budget will have to be brought down. Told [J. L.] Ilsley [Minister of National Revenue and Acting Minister of Finance] to have the budget ready for discussion in Council early next week. Also took up the question of price control, profiteering on sugar and other supplies. Matters regarding the Purchasing Board.

Spoke out strongly against the report made by the Chiefs of Staff as revealing that they had been really preparing for expeditionary force and had led the Government to believe that they have nothing of the kind in contemplation. Discussed the question of an expeditionary force. Mentioned what I had said to Sir Gerald Campbell [the British High Commissioner in Ottawa, who had suggested that the British government did not regard a Canadian overseas contingent as a priority], and all were agreed we should not absolutely prohibit it, but not seek to encourage anything of the kind.

Sunday, September 3, 1939 Kingsmere and Ottawa

...

Took the phone in hand at 7.30. Got [Walter] Turnbull [seconded to the

Prime Minister's Office from the Post Office] at the office and asked him quietly what word had come in. He told me that Britain was at war; that Chamberlain had spoken to this effect in the House. I told him to arrange to have the Cabinet come together at 10. ...

I went straight to my office, talked with Skelton and Heeney about the most recent despatches, and began the preparation of something to say over the radio. It had been announced that the King would speak at one o'clock. They seemed to feel that I should follow Chamberlain and speak about noon before the King spoke. I took the opposite view that it would be better to wait until after the King spoke, and see how he phrased the statement as to war. Also I felt I would need time for preparation of the broadcast. My colleagues agreed with me when I brought up this point in Council, and it was arranged to have the broadcast at 5.30, and that Lapointe would read in French what I had said. It was fortunate I gave this word to the press before. He later joined me in seeking the wording of an Order-in-Council regarding the putting into effect of the defence regulations. He then sought to have someone else do the translating. That they might not feel in Quebec that he was always the one that was being put into a position of participation in war. However, he accepted the situation very nicely. Raised no question once he knew the situation.

In the Cabinet, I felt that the first question to raise was that of my relations with the press. ...

We had considerable discussion in Council as to the exact position the Government and the country should take between now and the time Parliament authorised co-operation. I held to the language statement I had already made which was that all our measures at present would be for the defence of Canada. That we were at war in the sense of being liable to be attacked. That Britain was at war and, if attacked, we should take means of defence and should not go beyond the defence of Canada at present, or do anything in the way of attacking ourselves. We would have to take measures with regard to some aliens to protect against some internal difficulties and that all this should be done with caution and judgment.

I had indicated some things to [J. W.] Pickersgill [of the Prime Minister's Office] and Heeney to go into the statement for the broadcast. They prepared something but I felt it was lacking in many essentials. It was abstract and academic, not coming into immediate contacts with the human situation, so began a statement of my own in my office, which I worked on between twelve and one while [Norman] Rogers [Minister of Labour] was getting ready the O. in C. regarding profiteering; Mackenzie taking up matters with his officials and other members discussing features of the existing situation. Dandurand, Euler and [Pierre Joseph Arthur] Cardin [Minister of Public Works] were the only members not present. Rogers by some chance said that while Euler was on the committee dealing with supplies that, of course, he was not present. I asked him why he said "of course" and drew the attention of colleagues to what I have said to Euler about the difficulty of counting on a full Cabinet at the time such was necessary; since his own statement that nothing should be done without a full Cabinet, he has been absent on the two occasions when it was really imperative he should be here.

I read over to my colleagues what I had written as to the nature of the issue and they approved it without a suggestion as to change. I had still to work out the latter part of the speech, which I did in the afternoon.

At one, with the radio in the Council Chamber, most of us listened to the King's speech, which seemed to me wholly appropriate and well prepared. I could not but feel what his Canadian trip [the Royal Tour earlier in 1939] had meant to him in giving him the confidence needed for the present situation. I wish that on some pretext he and the Queen had made the broadcast I had suggested. It would have added another note of strength to the British position, which would have appealed strongly to all countries if made in the name of humanity. I recognized, however, at the time that the moment was not wholly opportune. It might have been done before the ultimatum was presented. It would not have saved the day, but it would have made Hitler's position more untenable than ever. ☺

The Affair of the Fair Trade Gazebo

A two-line struggle by A Aalto

It started simple. Mrs. Antananarivo was worried her husband was cheating. I had a hard time imagining it. She had the kind of looks that set off fire alarms. Two counties away. But her money was good.

"Please, Mr Dikk," she said, "Find out what's going on. Who she is. And why he keeps muttering 'Fair trade gazebo' in his sleep." "Say what?" Effie asked. "He started a couple of weeks ago, around the time he began disappearing evenings and weekends. When I asked him about the words, he turned white as tofu."

So Effie and I found ourselves tailing this guy. He worked nine-to-five as a trader in kumquat futures at the Fruits and Nuts Derivatives Board. But every evening on the way home he stopped at the same East Side dive – the *Triple Gainer with a Twist* – where he would meet this woman. They always sat at the same table, where we couldn't get close enough to overhear them. I called in reinforcements.

The next night, we walked into an Irish pub near the *Gainer*. As we went in, we saw a guy no more than a foot tall pounding away at the Steinway. Across the room, the barkeep was smacking around a leprechaun, shouting that, no, he hadn't wished for a 12-inch pianist. "Tough joint," murmured Effie. I just shrugged and wondered if it would get past the editor.

Seated with his back against the wall was a short man with a long beard. Hairy Harry January greeted us with a nod. I apologized for being late. "No need. I am happy thinking a little of this and drinking a little of that," he replied. Effie looked into Harry's glass, "And what *are* you drinking?" Harry said, "I believe it is bog water in which are soaked the socks James Joyce is wearing when he dies. I do not take a second sip to confirm." The waiter came over and we ordered boiled Perrier.

Harry reported. "So like you ask, I am spending time in the *Gainer*, not the best place I ever go, not the worst. I sit at the table Kid Kumquat always takes, but move when he gets in, leaving a pinhead mike behind. But all they talk about is the weather and fruit. I figure the real dope, other than the guy himself, must be in the notes they pass. But they hold them close, no chance for a gander."

"So I call up Shimmy the Dip. He is back from a spell in Her Majesty's guesthouse, looking for a little paying work. He shows up with his lady Knock-knock and I tip them the Kid. As the mark is leaving, Knock-knock distracts him by singing *Hava Nagila* in Swahili while juggling a school of piranhas naked. Her, not the fish. Well, actually both. Meanwhile, Shimmy is dipping the Kid. He comes back with a big grin, also with the Kid's wallet, watch and contracts for enough fruit to make a smoothie the size of Mike Duffy. And this coaster I see the Kid and his Jane huddle over."

Harry handed me a square beer mat with the logo of a not very popular brand ("LCBO's Revenge") on the front and on the back a grid with the single word "DOUBLE" below.

Puzzle chart

	E			N		Y		
U					P		O	S
	P	S		U	D			
E		D			N			O
			P		Y			
S			D			M		Y
			N	M		P	E	
N	D		Y					U

(DOUBLE)

Effie and I looked at each other and shrugged. "What the hell is this supposed to mean?" "No idea," said Harry. "But it must be something special because they spend an hour working it like I work the racing sheets. Finally, he checks his watch, they get up real sudden and hurry out."

"How long ago?" I asked. "About half an hour." I cursed, "We'll never find them. We really need to know what's going on." "Then it is probably good that I get the waiter to drop a couple or so GPS bugs in their bar snacks." "Great thinking!" said Effie. "I mean, this too shall pass, but until then we've got them nailed."

A few hours later, Effie and I were striding west down the Esplanade, hot on our suspects' trail. Up ahead was the revamped warehouse that housed the *Cirque de Loon*.

As we approached the gaudily-painted doors, Effie pulled at my sleeve, saying, "Hey, over there, it's Bugbyte, with some people from her office. They don't look like they're here for fun." "Neither are we," I pointed out. "So I suggest we postpone a social encounter until we've dealt with the Kid and Jane." Our couple were halfway around the arena to our left and just getting seated.

The lights went down, the music came up and the fog machine added mystery. Our targets didn't move a muscle throughout the show. When it ended, they stayed in their seats while everyone else climbed up to the exit level. Except for three men and two women who walked down to the arena floor and strolled around like they were killing time. Bugbyte's team tagged along, equally casual, not meeting the eyes of the strollers. They were clearly waiting for someone to make a play. Then the Kid and Jane stood up and walked down. And through the archway to backstage, Mrs. Antananarivo waltzed in.

Maybe I shouldn't have texted her.

Jane and the Kid began a tour of the five strollers. We were mooching over to eavesdrop, but as we got close, Mrs. A came around a tent-pole and glommed onto her husband. "Aloysius, you are such a cliché. Just when I think I'm that one in your world, your heart gets stolen by some mousey little girl. Well, you bet you'd better finally decide." Wonderful. I try for *Mood Indigo* and wind up with John Sebastian.

"But dear," he replied. "Jane here is just a business associate." Jane flared, "A business associate? You lamer! And you never told me you were married!" She picked up a whiffle bat and let him have it good. He went down. The papers in his hand went up.

Across town, earlier the same day...

"It's complicated," said Dryan Tweedie, the Centre's former archivist and now Sultan of SuWaNi. Ace logician Ludwig Liebnitz nodded. Thirty-four million clones of the Prime Minister, half of them female, qualified the situation as significantly wrinkled.

"Our AI, GEODE, has detected a plot to infect the entire Canadian population with a retrovirus that converts them to duplicates of the Right Honourable himself. 'Uniculturalism', some are calling it. The back room boys love it, with the election coming up." Manitoba Jones broke in, "Yeah, yeah, and I can see strong Charter benefits on the equality front, although reproduction rates and population growth might take a hit." The others looked at him blankly.

Liebnitz asked, "How is the virus to be introduced?" The Sultan looked up and his turban fell off. "Drat. That's where the plotters have been clever. Assuming that some details of the plan will be discovered, they have created multiple possible virus sources and carriers – and only the leaders know which one will be used."

"What are these sources and carriers?" asked Liebnitz. Tweedie replied, "There are five labs, three in my sultanate – at Su, Ni and Wa – and two nearby in Ip and Ro. Each lab has been working with five carriers – hogs, dogs, three-toed sloths (a slow-release option), chickens and a sort of large swallow called a gulp. Sadly, by the time we worked this out, 25 ships had already landed here, five from each lab, each with a different carrier. Only a single ship was carrying the retrovirus, but we have no idea which one."

"If they have already landed, how can we stop this dastardly plot?" exclaimed Don Gordo. "Caramba, my face, I'll have to paint over every mirror in the house!" Tweedie replied, "Release of the virus needs an electronic signal to activate an embedded chip in the carriers. If we can determine the activation command and the carriers to which it applies, we can hack a counter-command and deactivate the virus."

"What do we have to work on?" asked Liebnitz, Tweedie replied, "The agent who will issue the command is one of five people who use the code names Humphrey Bogart, John Malkovich, Brad Pitt, Lauren Bacall and Scarlett Johansson. We're keeping them all under surveillance but we don't want to move against them until we know which one is the real McCoy – they may have a protocol for advancing the release if under threat."

"The activator doesn't yet have the activation code. It will be passed to him or her just before release time. But we have no lead on the identity of the messenger, or how and when the code will be passed on."

Bugbyte turned from the window and lifted a heavy pair of dark glasses from her face. "GEODE gave me these augmented reality shades years ago to keep me online in the field. So I did a little work on the problem. Would you be interested to know that all five of the potential activators have tickets for tonight's performance at the *Cirque de Loon*?"

Liebnitz smiled. "Coincidence? We think not. I assume the messenger will pass the activation code to one of them at the show. Would your ticket lists by any chance include other points of interest, like a name for the messenger?" "There's hundreds of them, from Antananarivo to Zywycky, but no-one stands out. Besides, anyone can show up and pay at the door. I think we'll just have to be there and keep our eyes open."

A few hours later, Liebnitz, Bugbyte, the sultan, Don Gordo and Manitoba Jones were striding east up the Esplanade toward the revamped warehouse that housed the *Cirque*.

As they approached the heavy doors, Bugbyte saw Effie and Shamus. As she swung her head to look more closely, the GEOflasses flashed the words FAIR TRADE GAZEBO above a tall blond man just ahead of the detectives. She filed the moment for later evaluation.

Stationed by the grand doors, the agents identified the potential activators from their surveillance photos and tracked them to their seats. Soon the show began. Although the darkness, fog and laser

flashes made observation difficult, the team managed to keep them in sight through the whole show.

When the lights went up, the activators rose and walked down to the floor of the arena, loitering around the edge of the main ring. After a few minutes, a young couple rose from the nearly empty stands and descended the stairs. At a nod from Liebnitz, so did the team. On his way down, Manitoba noticed a striking blonde slink in from the left, focusing so hard on the couple that she tripped on a rubber chicken.

The couple started to make the rounds of the activators, shaking hands with each one. Liebnitz said, "Must be the messenger. He's using casual conversation to get their code names, so he can pass the activation key to the right one."

After finishing the round, the messenger reached into his pocket and pulled out a small envelope. The team tensed. But then the mysterious blonde strode over, spoke harshly to the messenger and slapped him. The messenger replied, then his young companion clobbered him as well. The envelope sailed out of his hand and landed in the dolphin pool.

Intermezzo with clowns...

Don Gordo and Manitoba Jones exchanged a glance. The young man jumped into the pool while his boss pushed a long-handled net out over the rim of the pool. The dolphins decided it was a game of defend-the-flag. Coming up on each side of Jones, two pinned him between them and ran him at high speed straight into the wall of the tank. At the last minute he grabbed the rim and flipped over it. In doing so, he jostled the high stool on which Don Gordo was balanced, before planting his own head in bucket of whitewash. The net flew out of Don Gordo's hand and hit the switch that turned on the clockwork orchestra. The Don himself fell into a self-driven clown car and was soon careening wildly around the ring, feet waving in the air. Jones staggered to his feet in time to be clipped by an eight-foot contra-bassoon in the hands of a mechanical hippo. The car with Don Gordo swerved and climbed a steep ramp before coming to a sudden stop and tipping the ex-dictator over a sharp drop. He bounced off a staircase of trampolines before a giant boxing glove swept in and knocked him whooping into a giant basket with no floor. Swept through a huge pipe full of day-glow orange paint and then showered by pink glitter, Manitoba staggered back into a big green chair. Don Gordo lost his grip on the basket and slammed down onto a mattress at the upraised end of a large teeter-totter. Manitoba, whose chair was (of course) at the other end, shot screaming into the high reaches of the tent and found himself holding desperately onto a trapeze bar as it swung lower and lower over the main ring. Don Gordo had found the net and was trying for the envelope while the dolphins were distracted. Instead, the avocado armchair in which Manitoba had been hoicked completed its arc, came hurtling down and knocked Don Gordo into the pool. The resulting tsunami scattered dolphins everywhere and knocked the envelope into the bell of a passing euphonium, from which it was soon blasted by a particularly pompous passage of Wagner. Arching upward, it flew into the wide-open mouth of Manitoba Jones, whose descent was rudely halted moments later by a popcorn stand. He lay dazed in a puddle of whitewash, paint, glitter and stale

Crackerjacks, beside a giggling dolphin. Liebnitz took the envelope gently from between his agent's teeth, adding that FedEx or an email would be fine next time.

Getting it together....

Things eventually calmed down and dried off. Liebnitz and Shamus briefed the combined teams. Kid Kumquat sat uncomfortably between Shamus' client and Jane, with Effie guarding them. The five potential activators sat on the sawdust under close watch by Dryan Tweedie, carrying an elaborately engraved antique-pattern pistol. Bogart sneered at the sultan, "That old handgun is single-shot, mister – if it still works at all. One bullet and five of us. Not bad odds." He grinned wolfishly. Tweedie pulled the trigger. A thin beam of light evaporated the cigarette hanging from the corner of Bogart's mouth. The sultan said, "The SuWaNi Snapdragon Laser Blunderbuss, Mark 1. We combine the best of the old and new." The five went quiet. "To be honest, I was trying for the feather in Miss Johansson's hat, but I hope you get the message." The group went even quieter.

Liebnitz said, "So, we have the players but not the score. We don't know which of the five was the activator, or the wording of the release code, or which of the 25 possibilities is the real virus carrier." The detective replied, "I have this grid we got from the Kid. No idea what it means, but it was important to him." He handed the beermat to Liebnitz. The ace logician, who replied, "OK, and here's what was in the envelope we rescued from the pool." He handed the detective a sheet of paper with the message: "INX GFUKI FJR CTQ PCZL QGT RKEP KD VF (Fair play, now)".

Brows knitted. Then they called over Effie and Bugbyte. Bugbyte snorted at the beermat. "Simple. It's an alpha-Sudoku. There are nine different letters. The goal is to fill in the blank squares so that each row of nine, each column of nine and each three-by-three coloured section of nine squares uses each letter only once. I'll bet that filling in the bottom row will give you a nine-letter word. You could also get it by treating the nine letters as an anagram." Liebnitz nodded, "But what about the 'double'?"

Effie turned to the other paper. "Hmm. Probably a letter-for-letter substitution cipher. But the text is too short for frequency analysis. Fortunately, the ciphermaker liked puns. 'Fair play' must refer to a Playfair cipher. You start out with a keyword or phrase. For example, RHUBARB JELLO. First you boil that down by deleting duplicate letters, leaving you with RHUBAJELO. Then you add the unused letters of the alphabet in order, and place the result over a regular alphabet, like this:

R	H	U	B	A	J	E	L	O	C	D	F	G	I	K	M	N	P	Q	S	T	U	V	X	Y	Z
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z

So, for example, BATTLESHIP is ciphered as HRSSFAQLOM. And the reverse for deciphering." "That computes," said Bugbyte, "But what could the keyword be?" Just then Shamus and Liebnitz drifted back from a noisy exchange with the Antananarivos. The detective asked Effie, "She's bending my ear about that sleep-talking thing. He denies everything. Did we ever work out what those words meant?" Effie looked at Bugbyte and said "Bingo". Soon they had the activation code and carrier.

They also worked out the nine-letter word from the beermat. Liebnitz looked at the result. "This must identify the real activator, but how? They all use one as a cover." Bugbyte mused, "Maybe one of them is a double, like it says. A cover based on a cover." She used the GEOglasses and confirmed her suspicion.

As the conspirators were led away by the Centre's security team, Shamus nudged Liebnitz and pointed to the middle of the main ring, where a group of the *Cirque's* clowns were pinning awards on the lapels of Don Gordo and Manitoba Jones with exaggerated ceremony. "I guess they were impressed," the detective added. Liebnitz nodded. "I agree. But they're the first medals I've ever seen with squirt bulbs attached."

Can you duplicate Effie's and Bugbyte's feat by providing (a) the nine-letter word from the bottom row of the alpha-Sudoku; (b) the name of the real activator; (c) the five-letter activator

key-word; and (d) the carrier (species and location of lab). **bout de papier** will declare a winner by drawing from all correct answers received by November 30, 2014. The winner will receive a book autographed by A Aalto. ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator and troublemaker-at-large A Aalto is considering an assignment that would take him close to Tannu Tuva. Friends wonder what syllables of the words "kumiss" and "critical mass" the authorities don't understand. Meanwhile, thanks to Shakespeare, the Loving Spoonful and Cirque de Soleil for inspiration. Thanks also to the ever-inspiring Mrs. Aalto, inter alia for advice on format. [is]

All in the Family – A relatively new puzzle by A Aalto

Answers to Vol. 28, No. 1

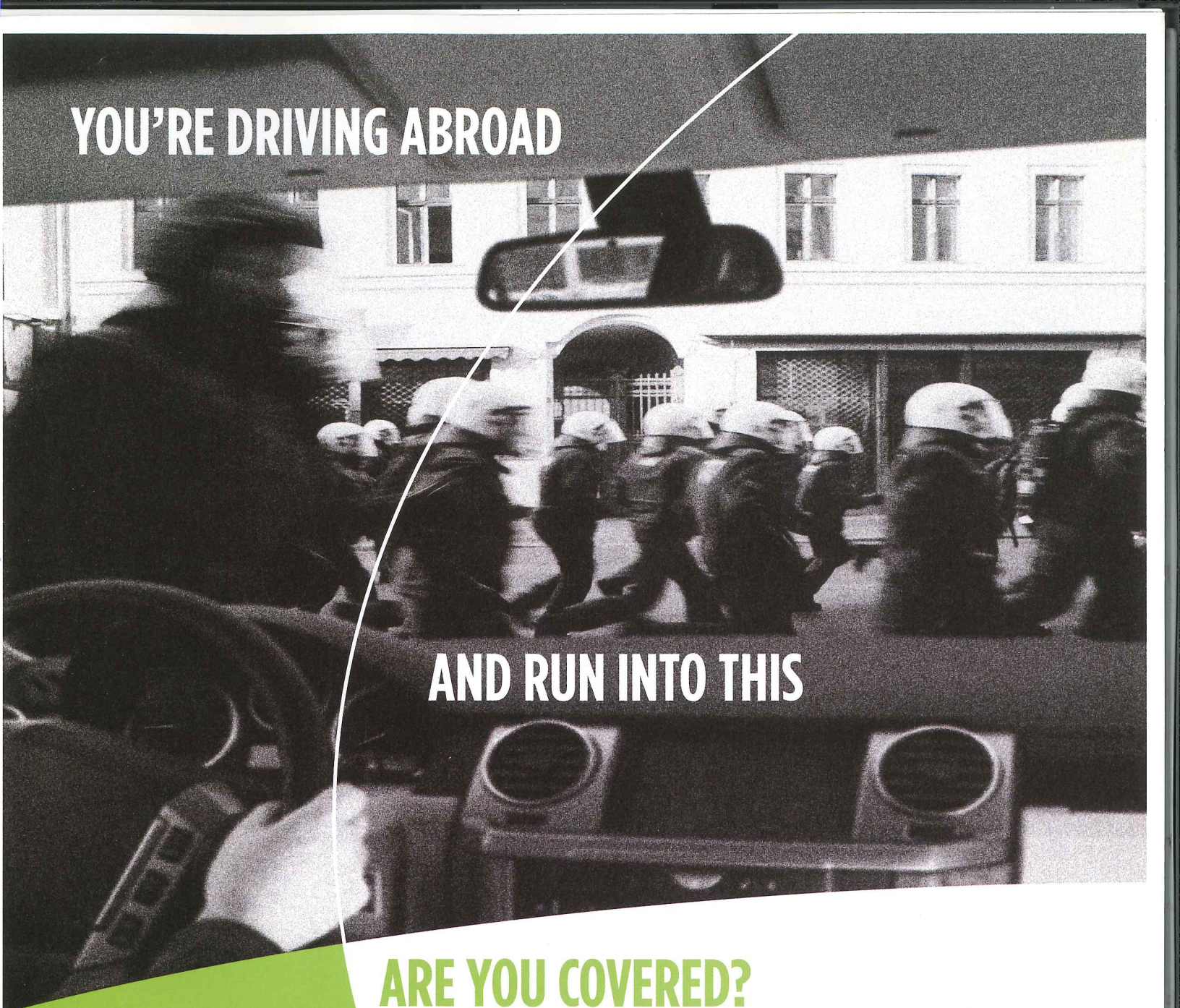
Winner: ALAN BONES, OTTAWA

The answer chart is set out below. The Silas Seaweed stories are however set in VICTORIA, not Halifax, so the VICTORIA BUILDING is where Hamish's daughter is being held. The quote on the suits is a variation on a line spoken by Burt Reynolds in *Smokey and the Bandit 2*.

	AUTHOR	BOOK TITLE	NAME OF DETECTIVE	POLICE TYPE OR PI	POLICE RANK OR CIVILIAN	HOME BASE
1	Allan Levine	The Blood Libel	Sam Klein	PI	Civilian	Winnipeg
2	Laurence Gough	The Goldfish Bowl	Claire Parker	Municipal police	Detective	Vancouver
3	Louise Penny	How the Light Gets In	Armand Gamache	Provincial police	Chief Inspector	Montreal
4	Barbara Fradkin	Mist Walker	Michael Green	Municipal police	Inspector	Ottawa
5	Stanley Evans	Seaweed on Ice	Silas Seaweed	Municipal police	Sergeant	Halifax (NOT)
6	Maureen Jennings	Poor Tom is Cold	William Murdoch	Municipal police	Detective Constable	Toronto
7	Howard Shrier	Miss Montreal	Jonah Geller	PI	Civilian	Toronto
8	Stephen Legault	The End of the Line	Durrant Wallace	RNWMP	Sergeant	Calgary
9	Eric Wright	The Night the Gods Smiled	Charlie Salter	Municipal police	Inspector	Toronto
10	Howard Engel	A City Called July	Benny Cooperman	PI	Civilian	"Grantham" (St. Catharines)

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