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**Defining and
Defending
a Place in
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Out of Muskoka

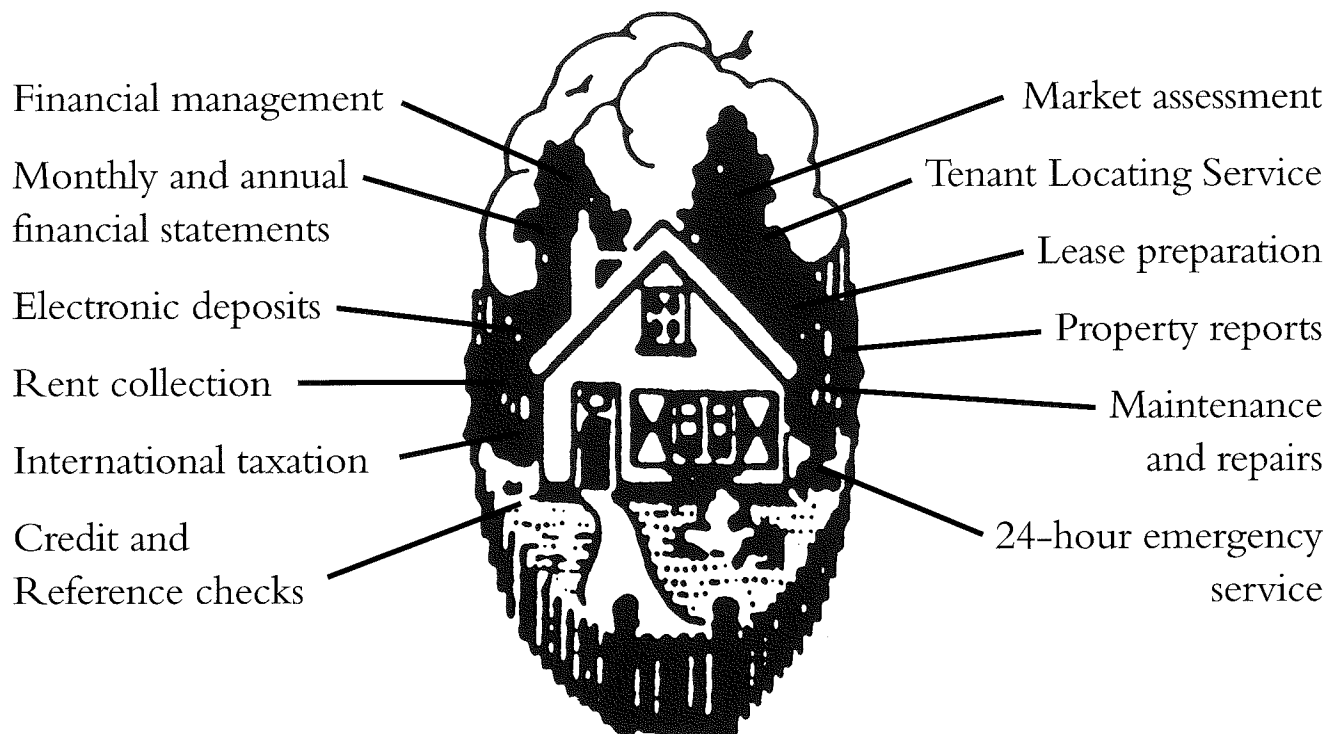
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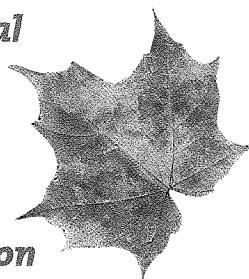
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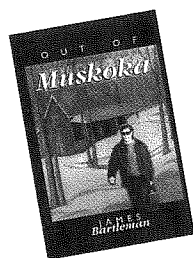
Vol. 19, No. 3

*At the heart of the Canadian world view
are commitments to international
order, to the rule of law, to
justice and to democracy, along
with respect for human rights.
Fairness, tolerance and compassion
are seen as vital characteristics of
Canada's approach to world affairs.* page 3



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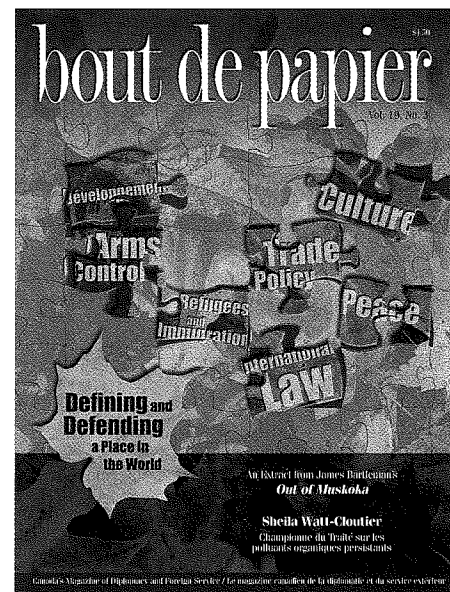
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One of the issues with which the practitioners of foreign policy constantly struggle is identifying Canada's place in the world. At first glance, this issue may seem a little trite, appealing to the apparent Canadian national past-time of navel-gazing. But Canada is probably unique in the industrialized world in being pulled in so many different directions simultaneously. It is a constant struggle not to spread ourselves so thinly that we end up accomplishing not much at all.

Canada is perceived as having a major influence on the setting of the international agenda, thanks to our membership in the world's most exclusive club, the G-8. Yet we are perceived as having a minor influence on our most important trading partner, as anyone who has an acquaintance with the exasperating saga of softwood lumber might attest. We are a senior member of two of the most disparate clubs in the world, the Commonwealth and la Francophonie. We are a country of the North Atlantic, as a result of our history, geography and founding history. We are a country of the Americas, drawn together through ties of geography and common interest. We are a country of Asia, as a result of immigration and trade. We are a country of Africa, a product of our links through progressive development policy and migration. We are environmentally aware. We are pretty darn good at peace and security issues. We have a talent for analysis on global economic issues. We are a proudly multicultural country with more substantive links to more parts of the world than virtually anyone else. Yet we are at the lower end of the league tables on population, with a foreign service resource base (both fiscal and human) to match. Canada has a lot of specialized "value added" to contribute to the world, but has demonstrably finite resources at its disposal to deliver. We can't be like more homogeneous nations, like the Netherlands or Norway, who have the luxury of being able to select a small range of partners on whom to concentrate. So how do we identify our niches?

Le sujet a fait et fait encore couler beaucoup d'encre. Dans le présent numéro de **bout**, nous avons le privilège de compter plusieurs articles portant sur cette question profonde, mais pourtant souvent oubliée. Le remarquable tableau que Hector Mackenzie brosse du contexte dans lequel le Canada crée sa niche dans le monde contient beaucoup de matière à réflexion :

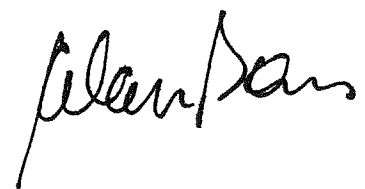
il faut absolument le lire pour comprendre les éléments avec lesquels les spécialistes du service extérieur doivent jongler pour établir les politiques et les priorités. L'interview inspirante de Clyde Sanger avec Sheila Watt-Cloutier illustre l'interrelation de pressions variées sur la politique étrangère — dans ce cas, les affaires circumpolaires, l'environnement et le droit international. D'autres aspects des diverses pressions sur la politique étrangère ressortent dans les critiques de livres dans le présent numéro — sur le commerce et la mondialisation (critique de Randle Wilson), le renseignement (critique de Kurt Jensen et David Peel) et le maintien de la paix (critique de James C. Langley).

We are indeed fortunate to present extracts from the autobiography of one of Canada's premier diplomats, and current Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, James Bartleman, which is also reviewed in this issue by Ross Francis. The extract covers part of Mr. Bartleman's formative years as part of the aboriginal community of post-war Port Carling, Ontario, and how these influences shaped the outlook of one of Canada's most influential diplomats.

In this issue we mark the passing of three colleagues — Donald Anthony Moorman, Ormond Wilson Dier and Robert Louis Rogers — who have earned both the respect and the admiration of their colleagues. Ambassador Rogers' advice on the structure of instruction messages is the kind of strategy that, I suspect, is not taught at our foreign service institute.

Roger Lucy's work on Flavius Priscus provides yet another fascinating insight into fifth century civil service, proving once again that there are, indeed, some constants in the universe. And, of course, A Aalto has provided another confounded, er, sorry, confounding puzzle.

We hope that what you see in this issue of **bout** will be thought-provoking — sufficiently so for you to be in touch with us with your views and reactions. We can be reached by e-mail at boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com, or by standard mail at the address listed in our masthead.



Defining and Defending a Place in the World

CANADA'S VITAL INTERESTS IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

by Hector Mackenzie

In the wake of the terrorist attacks over one year ago and in light of the myriad responses to those events in North America and around the world, there has been an understandable attention in Canada as elsewhere to what has changed in national and international affairs.

Other contributors to this discussion suggest the broad range of implications of the events of 11 September 2001. The purpose of this article is not to contradict or to qualify those assessments but rather to suggest some fundamental considerations that have influenced Canada's foreign relations in the past and that will continue to do so in the future.

I. CONTEXT FOR DECISIONS: DETERMINANTS OR INFLUENCES

All countries, irrespective of relative power and influence, must take into account various factors that advance or constrain the realization of their national interests in world affairs. Nations measure their commitments and contributions in some relation to such criteria, informed as well by their values. Most countries believe that their situations and roles are unique. Most states, along with international movements and organizations, believe that the world would be a better place if others followed their lead. In spite of similar approaches to external affairs, each country is unique and governments tend to emphasize those aspects that underscore that distinctiveness.

Geography

Canada is surrounded by three oceans and one country. It has a lengthy and sinuous coastline. In spite of a vast territory and abundant natural resources, Canada has a relatively small population, most of which is

regarded as an asset or advantage in national defence and international affairs. For most of the twentieth century, the country's location was a source of security. Vast oceans kept most dangers and crises distant from its shores. Proximity to the United States has

Most states, along with international movements and organizations, believe that the world would be a better place if others followed their lead.

located in cities in southern regions close to the American border. Its harsh climate plays a key role in both phenomena. Whatever physical challenges it poses to Canadians, Canada's geography has usually been

reinforced the myriad ties that bind Canada to its wealthy and powerful neighbour, so that no other bilateral or multilateral relationship rivals the importance of Canadian-American relations. Though there are



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regional variations within Canada with respect to the relative significance of other parts of the world — with greater attention to trans-Atlantic ties in the East and to trans-Pacific links in the West — and not all continental influences are seen positively, the United States understandably dominates the world-view of all Canadians.

History

Diplomacy and international affairs have shaped the character and prospects of Canada, as well as the attitude of Canadians towards the rest of the world. Aboriginal populations had vast experience of conflict and negotiation long before the first contact with Europeans. That heritage played a critical part in Canada's destiny in the northern half of the North American continent. For France and Britain, this land was a destination for exploration, enterprise and settlement as well as a battleground for imperial clashes. The distinct quality of British North America was determined in part by the impact and aftermath of the Conquest and the American Revolution. At Confederation, the Dominion of Canada combined the legacy of an increasingly democratic parliamentary tradition with constitutional development of a federal system, all within an imperial setting. In the twentieth century, a preoccupation with status and recognition (in North America, in the British Empire and in the League of Nations) gave way to an acceptance of international responsibility. Canada's participation in the two world wars and its active involvement in the United Nations and other international organizations since then have enhanced the country's reputation domestically and overseas. Justifiable or not, Canada's self-image as a positive force for good in the world has been important to its national identity.

Demography

The ebb and flow of people to and from Canada (which have often been treated as barometers of national well-being), patterns of settlement, duality of language and diversity of culture have all contributed to the composition of the Canadian population. The myriad overseas connections of the Canadian people contribute to Canada's attitudes toward other countries and regimes, its reaction to events in the rest of the world and its response to global phenomena. The distinction between refugees and other immigrants is a modern judgment, but Canada has long represented a haven as well as a land of opportunity, to Canadians and foreigners alike. That image and self-image — as well as the diverse population that sustains them — may help to explain why Canada has had a "predisposition to international activism,"

as Richard Gwyn puts it. Along with other factors, changes in the Canadian population may prompt shifts in international priorities and stances by Canada. In light of these alterations, perhaps more remarkable is the persistent importance of traditional concerns to Canadians.

Economy

Canada's economic fate and fortune have always been linked to foreign trade and investment, whether as a colony within an empire or as a nation whose development and prosperity hinged on its economic ties to the rest of the world. National demands (particularly those associated with the exploitation of natural resources, transportation, settlement and communications) have necessitated international inputs. The protectionist impulses of the National Policy of the nineteenth century have been overtaken by events. Since the Second World War, Canada has increased its already significant dependence on international trade and investment for prosperity. The American share of that economic activity has ascended to extraordinary heights in recent years. Diversification of trade and globalization, so often cited in discussions of external economic policy options, have made little impact on the rising tide of Canadian-American financial and commercial transactions.

Ideology: Values or Beliefs

Though not universally endorsed, some beliefs are deemed to be sufficiently central to how Canadians collectively view themselves as a country and to how they relate to the international community that support for these attitudes may be regarded as tantamount to upholding a national interest. The values themselves and the actions

undertaken to implement them have been depicted as fostering national unity. That these principles may not be unique nor original does not diminish their apparent importance (for example, political liberty was stressed during the Cold War in part to highlight its absence in the Soviet Union and other adversaries). On the contrary, a shared set of beliefs has often been seen as critical to key bilateral and multilateral relation-

Alliances to Buttress Power and Influence

Over the years, Canada has made a virtue out of a necessity. The need to ally or collaborate with other nations — without whose cooperation Canada's prospects for success would be nil — in furtherance of common objectives in external affairs has often been depicted as a talent or predisposition supposedly derived from an internationalist tra-

Since the Second World War, Canada has increased its already significant dependence on international trade and investment for prosperity.

ships, notably with Britain and the United States as well as other OECD members. Often these attitudes frame the debate over options for Canadian foreign policy, even as diminishing resources challenge Canada's ability to achieve its aims. Most Canadians depict such tenets as aspects of "internationalism," though that virtuous spirit is more nebulous than they believe. At the heart of the Canadian world view are commitments to international order, to the rule of law, to justice and to democracy, along with respect for human rights. Fairness, tolerance and compassion are seen as vital characteristics of Canada's approach to world affairs. Most Canadians take the view that their government and its representatives can and should play an active and constructive role in international relations (analogous to support for government intervention in domestic matters).

dition and disinterested commitment to the well-being of the global community. Except when national prestige is linked to the defence of sovereignty — and even that exception must be qualified — unilateral action is not a viable option for Canada nor is it one likely to be sustained by popular support.

Omnipresent: the Relationship with the United States

What is most noteworthy about the foregoing inventory is how much Canada's relationship with the United States historically and currently dominates all of these considerations. Clashes of interests or differences in values between Canada and the United States, however minor in a global reckoning, understandably attract more attention from commentators and policy-makers on both sides of the border than do the common experiences and perceptions of the countries that

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are taken for granted. Often it is the excep-
tional integration of the continent that raises
the stakes in disputes over economic and
defence matters or questions that Canadians

attention and possible advantage on exter-
nal matters tends to be transitory; public
awareness of and interest in world affairs
is limited, with media coverage conse-

***At the heart of the Canadian world view
are commitments to international order, to
the rule of law, to justice and to democracy,
along with respect for human rights.***

associate with the territorial integrity and sov-
ereignty of Canada. In assessing their posi-
tion, Canadians must bear in mind not only
the interdependence of the two nations but
also the considerable disparity in power and
influence between their own country and its
closest neighbour. Unquestionably, however,
the commonalities are much greater than the
differences. Moreover, a Canadian policy in
international affairs that over-emphasizes dif-
ferentiation from American policy for domes-
tic political reasons may simply fail to achieve
its aims as a consequence of distance or
detachment from the critical criteria that link
Canada's international relations to its funda-
mental bases.

II. WHAT MATTERS? TRANSCENDENT ISSUES AND CONCERNS

National Unity

"The first general principle upon which I
think we are agreed," Louis St. Laurent
stated in 1947, "is that our external policies
shall not destroy our unity." As he noted,
the challenges involved not simply relations
between English and French Canada but
also regional differences and jurisdictional
disputes that frequently arose in a federal
system grappling with the notion of one
international voice. For most of the first half
of the twentieth century, international issues
tended to divide Canadians, so that the safest
course for Canadian governments was usu-
ally to avoid overseas commitments. Since
the second world war, however, an oppo-
site tendency has preponderated. Ventures
such as peacekeeping or humanitarian
intervention abroad have usually struck a
responsive chord with the Canadian people.
However, some cautionary notes should be
sounded: international questions are usu-
ally not priorities for Canadians, especially
if allocation of scarce resources is consid-
ered; with the significant exception of
Canadian-American relations, political

quently assuming disproportionate if still
limited influence; and, national unity can
be interpreted variously, so that it can be
invoked as a justification in instances that do
not withstand closer scrutiny. Even so, the
ultimate litmus test for any international or
national policy of a Canadian govern-
ment must be its possible impact on
national unity.

National Security

Provision for national defence is an essential
aspect of sovereignty for a state. Acceptance
of overseas military commitments, whether
as part of an alliance or within an interna-
tional body such as the United Nations,
demonstrates a sense of shared responsibil-
ity for collective security as well as a recog-
nition that there is an overall interest in
maintaining world order and limiting con-
flict, where possible. The debate over
Canadian defence policy is less about options
than about resources. The impossibility of
independent and effective national defence
for Canada has meant that the country has
relied on informal and formal alliances to
protect itself. Defending Canada is insepa-
rable from safeguarding North America. Seen
in that light, the obvious interest of the United
States in the protection of the continent from
foreign threats ensures that Canada will never
be defenceless. The attendant risks, however,
are that the United States will define its appro-
priate response or precautionary measures in
ways that do not take sufficient account of
Canada's distinct concerns and that the
Canadian government will lose even nominal
shared control over (or input into) decision-
making in this sphere. As for overseas con-
tributions, these have raised serious doubts
about Canadian capacity for intervention
abroad directly as a result of the budget allo-
cated to national defence. Moreover, there
are some issues, such as boundary questions
(and matters of territorial integrity generally),
maritime transit in the Arctic Ocean (involv-
ing both sovereignty and environmental pro-
tection) and protection of coastal fisheries,
on which Canadian policies vary and

Canadian priorities differ from those of the United States. Thus, reliance on its continental partner to bear the principal burden of Canada's national defence poses the threat of undermining its position on matters that Canadians consider important if not essential to Canada's national interests. Even the selection of overseas military tasks must take into account the lack of self-sufficiency of the Canadian armed forces. Beyond these considerations, there are global dangers to which all like-minded countries, including Canada, must respond co-operatively so as to prevent the emergence of systemic threats to individual and collective security — such as the proliferation and potential use of weapons of mass destruction and the spread of terrorism. These challenges reinforce the need (yet increase the cost) of Canada's traditional commitment to world order.

Prosperity

Foreign investment and trade are vital to Canada's economic well-being, so that it is a cardinal purpose of Canadian external economic policy to concert with other countries to ensure international economic freedom within a reasonable and stable system of exchange. However, Canada's financial and commercial world is so dominated by the United States that Canadian external economic policy succeeds or fails largely on the basis of its ability to ensure fair access to American markets. Thus it becomes a fundamental objective of Canada's international economic policy to safeguard the Canadian economy from deleterious decisions taken in the United States and to attempt to secure remedial action whether through international institutions or by efforts to overturn or qualify American actions that respond to domestic political and economic considerations in that country. In other words, the most important foreign economic concerns for Canada are often domestic economic matters for the United States. Occasional Canadian ambivalence about exemptions or special treatment of Canada by American policy-makers is more than offset by the critical need to maintain constructive and productive relations with the United States. Consequently, a philosophical commitment to multilateralism cohabits with a practical preoccupation with bilateral concerns.

Environment and Natural Resources

Current policy-makers may disdain the traditional image of Canada as a comparatively unspoiled land with abundant natural resources, but that impression has been significant for the national and international identity of Canada. In the past, abundant and inexpensive sources of energy, for example, have been vital to Canada's economic

development — though arguably that wealth reinforced complacency about questions associated with global scarcity of fuel and with efficient use of non-renewable resources. The ready availability of natural resources has attracted foreign investment and sustained Canadian exports. In keeping with this perception, public opinion polls have suggested that environmental concerns animate and unite Canadians (though political

with the United States — as with issues such as sales of energy and water or trans-boundary pollution.

Humanitarian Concerns

There are interwoven international policies and programmes advanced intermittently and inconsistently by Canada that complement the country's political values and respond to the avowed humanitarian impulses

“The first general principle upon which I think we are agreed, is that our external policies shall not destroy our unity.”

LOUIS ST. LAURENT, 1947

responses to possible signature of the Kyoto Agreement have demonstrated the extent to which such topics can divide Canadians). However, these sentiments are not always measured in relation to choices or commitments that might affect the standard of living or convenience of Canadians. What prompts a deeper public reaction on such questions is often the implication for dealings

of its citizens, particularly with respect to the alleviation of poverty and the promotion of good governance and respect for human rights. Though Canadians tend to regard these stances and actions as indicative of Canada's place in the world, most such endeavours can trace their roots no further back than the second world war, except as private causes advanced by well-intentioned groups or



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individuals without government support or endorsement. However inspired or even beneficial, the response to these urges may not correspond to any reckoning of Canada's geopolitical interests. Moreover, the humanitarian impulses may be undermined or contradicted by other considerations, such as the quest for markets for Canadian exports. Nonetheless, good deeds — even when intervention abroad may be involved — are seen as appropriate undertakings for Canada in world affairs.

Who Matters Most?

Not surprisingly, the country that dominates the context for Canadian decision-making in international affairs likewise has the greatest impact on the content and the viability of the options that confront the Canadian government in dealing with the rest of the world. This often takes the form of self-restraint by Canada rather than direction or dictation of policy by the United States. However, the over-arching influence is unquestionable.

III. Canada's Neighbourhood: International and Continental Relations

Although most Canadian commentaries on world affairs attend to events or issues far from its shores, Canada's vital national interests in international relations have

increasingly become continental rather than global in scope. That is true whether one considers trade, defence or foreign policy. As the foregoing indicates, that trend poses problems for Canada, as the lesser country in power and influence, but it also offers some reassurance about the furtherance of broad Canadian objectives. Often lost in the understandable attention to specific points at issue between Canada and the United States is the remarkable harmony of interests and values of the countries. The commonalities are much greater than the differences, so that any effective advancement of Canadian aims in world affairs will

as domestic matters, where the lead is often taken by a "domestic" Canadian or American department. Moreover, the international issues that evoke the strongest response in Canadian politics tend to be those that involve relations with the United States.

Canada's preoccupation with the United States is hardly unique in world affairs, nor is it simply a recent phenomenon. Peoples and states pay closest attention, when they look beyond their borders, to their neighbourhood. Canada's location has precluded its acting as a regional power. However, there have been advantages. "We in Canada are particularly fortunate," Prime Minister W.L.

***"We in Canada are particularly fortunate,
both in our neighbours and in our lack of
neighbours."***

PRIME MINISTER W.L. MACKENZIE KING TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, 1936

likely fare better in association or partnership with the United States.

What matters most in Canada's external policies — most obviously with respect to trade but also running the gamut of other topics — is often the domestic policy (and politics) of the United States rather than the goodwill and cooperation (or lack of same) of the rest of the international community, whether "like-minded" or not. American farm subsidies and restrictions on Canadian softwood lumber demonstrate the impact on Canada of decisions taken primarily for domestic political reasons in the United States. Defence of the American "homeland" necessarily requires effective co-operation in North America. On foreign policy questions generally, Canadian policy-makers must be mindful of congressional as well as administrative positions south of the border. That tendency is compounded by the cross-border implications of questions formerly regarded

Mackenzie King observed to the League of Nations in 1936, "both in our neighbours and in our lack of neighbours." That observation remains valid today, albeit with less sense of detachment now than then from the rest of the world. Canada's neighbourhood is less isolated and more vulnerable than it was when King spoke. Now even more than then, relations with our closest neighbour dominate our view of the world and our policies in international affairs. ☺

Dr. Hector Mackenzie is President of the Association for Canadian Studies and Senior Departmental Historian and Academic Outreach Adviser of the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade. The views expressed in this article are those of the author, not necessarily those of the Association for Canadian Studies or the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade.

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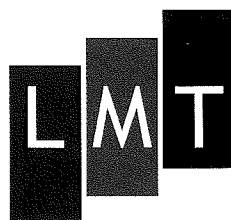
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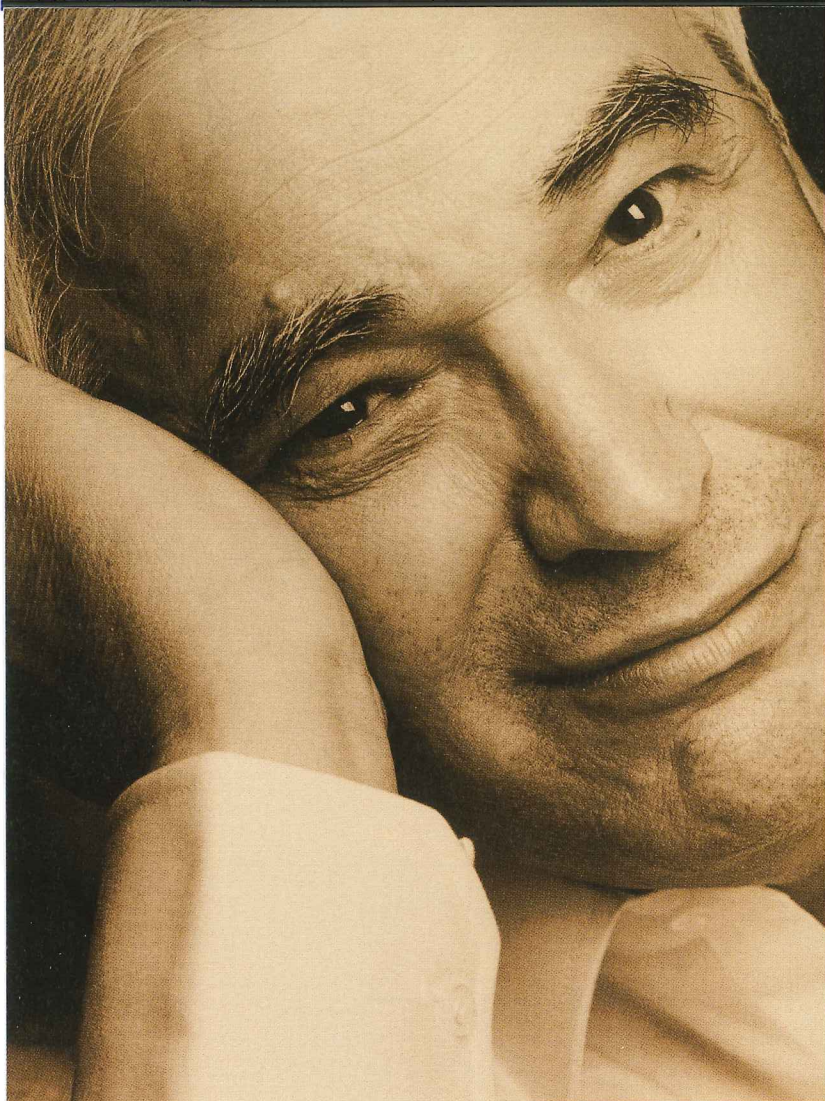


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An Extract from

OUT OF
Muskoka

(Penumbra Press, 2002)

by James Bartleman



One of the more remarkable books to have been published recently is a memoir by a former diplomat that is unlike any other diplomatic autobiography. For those even vaguely aware of the story it tells, that is unsurprising, as its author travelled a unique and difficult path to reach his honoured place in Canadian public life. ***Out of Muskoka*** by James Bartleman recounts in direct and evocative prose a story of quiet — and often uncertain or incomplete — triumph over adversity and hostility remote from the experience of most of his former colleagues in the foreign and public services of Canada.

Readers of ***bout de papier*** will likely have read extracts from this book dealing with the brutal assault on Mr. Bartleman in South Africa and how that horrific experience ultimately prompted him to write about his life. However, the enduring images in this volume are his recollections of growing up in Port Carling, a few of which are reprinted below with the kind permission of James Bartleman and his publisher, Penumbra Press. For all of the trials and tribulations that it conveys with grim detail and extraordinary wit, this memoir displays above all else humanity and dignity.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario has earned his distinctions and our respect. ***Out of Muskoka*** provides further reasons for us to admire his achievements and to begin to appreciate the impact on his career of origins and circumstances that were so unlike those most often associated with diplomats in the public mind. For that educational purpose and for its quality as a depiction of the dire consequences of Canada's neglect of its Aboriginal population, ***Out of Muskoka*** should be widely read.

Hector Mackenzie



Our first year in Port Carling was hard; we were different, and treated as strangers. Our parents were closest to the Indians at the Indian Camp, but only a handful of them remained in the fall; the others did not return until the spring. One who did stay was Sam Williams, whose daughter, hospitalized with tuberculosis at the time in the government sanitarium at Gravenhurst, had been my mother's closest friend as a youngster. Sam radiated a sense of inner peace, impressing me enormously with his innate wisdom. He and my Indian grandfather, who was similar in outlook, were to serve as role models. I was well aware, even at that early age, that if one's lot in life was likely to be poverty and toil, as mine was, then it was important to value peace of mind and wisdom in order to cope. Sam, unaware of my developing philosophy of life, gave me my first major material possessions: a .22-calibre rifle and an old rowboat.

The winter of 1946–1947 was bitterly cold. The sky was lit up at night by the northern lights and the stars, clouds of freezing mist hung over the river, and the snow crackled as we walked. After we went to bed, the fire in the wood stove would go out, a dusting of snow would penetrate the cracks in the walls, ice several centimetres thick would build up on the uninsulated windows, and a covering of frost would descend over everything, including the blankets on our beds. We three older children would make our way to our parents' bed to sleep with them and the baby to keep warm.

Each morning my father would rise early to light the fire. One day, out of kindling, he searched for dry branches along the banks of the river, which a strong current kept ice-free except along the shore. Spotting a dry branch, he ventured out on the ice, but broke through. Despite the minus-35-degree temperature, he pushed on to seize the branch, realizing that the only way to avoid death from hypothermia was to start a fire as soon as possible. His clothes quickly froze and icicles formed on his hair and eyebrows as he returned to the cottage. My mother then took over, lighting a fire and giving him dry clothing. He went to work that morning as if nothing unusual had happened.



My father installed a wood stove purchased by mail order from Simpsons department store in Toronto;

with the help of my mother, he strung stovepipes horizontally across the downstairs room (which served as living room, kitchen, dining room, and clothes closet) to an opening in an old brick chimney. The theory was that the heat from the stove would pass through the stovepipes to warm the room. As far as I could tell, however, this elaborate arrangement simply made it difficult to keep the fire going and rendered the periodic cleaning of soot and creosote from the pipes that much more difficult and dirty.

My brother was given the job of lighting the fire each morning, but was soon relieved of his duty when my parents discovered that he was tearing boards off the back of the house for firewood. Fearing that the house might gradually disappear, like the Cheshire cat in Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, they thrust me into his place. From the age of eight until I left home at the age of seventeen, it was my responsibility to prepare dry kindling for my father to light fires, to help him cut wood in the bush and haul it home by sleigh with the aid of our malamute huskies, and to ensure that the family woodbox was always kept full. I loved my wood-

cutting duties, welcoming the chance to spend time alone outdoors every evening, away from the hothouse atmosphere of the one room that confined the six Bartlemans and their household pets.

Our house, the only one in the village lacking electricity, was lit by kerosene lamps. We derived quiet, ignoble, satisfaction whenever the power failed and our neighbours, scrambling to find lanterns and candles, found themselves reduced to our level. Toilet facilities consisted of an outdoor privy constructed out of three doors nailed together, with an often-missing fourth door for an entrance, located in a grove of sumach trees some fifty feet behind the house. We children considered it hilarious to see visitors try all four doors before gaining entrance to the odorous inner sanctum. An old copy of Eaton's catalogue, which in later years my brother Bob dubbed the Poor Boy's Playboy Magazine, provided paper. Visits to the outhouse were less entertaining in winter, when we had to struggle through snow up to our bums (the path was never shovelled). We never lingered, given that we would usually find ourselves sitting, as if in Dogpatch in the comic strip, amid snow blown in through the open door.



In those early years, Bob and I had to endure racial taunts from older boys, who called us "dirty half-breeds."

We had to fight a lot and did not always win. Bob, older and more recognizably Indian than I, had to bear the burden of the name-calling and bullying, but was never intimidated. One Saturday afternoon in the spring of 1947 we were set upon by a group of teenagers twice our size; they called my brother a "black bastard" and told both of us in a message laced with invective that Indians and half-breeds were unwelcome in the village and that the time was overdue for the Bartlemans to return from whence they had come, wherever that was.

Bob and I fought fire with fire, providing our opinion on the ancestry of their mothers before fleeing to what we thought would be the refuge of our home, the aroused bullies on our heels. To our surprise, the teenagers did not stop at the property line, but chased us up the path to our front door, which they kicked and yanked in an effort to get at us. We were dismayed to find that neither of our parents was at home. It looked as if we were in for a thorough beating, since the flimsy screen door, fastened only with a lightweight lock, would not resist for long.

I cowered in one corner of the room, but Bob did not hesitate; he grabbed the rifle Sam Williams had given me, loaded it in front of our attackers, and pulled back the hammer as he thrust the barrel into their astonished faces. He would have fired had our tormentors managed to open the door, and they knew it. They backed away, calling Bob a "crazy Indian" and vowing to exact their revenge in the schoolyard.

Another time I was chopping a fishing hole in the ice when a child from a nearby house came out to repeat in a mindless refrain, "Half-breed! Half-breed! Dirty half-breed!" The next thing I knew I was at his front door, having chased him in a blind rage, axe in hand, all the way to his home.

Even my mother was not spared. Late one afternoon she was waiting on the veranda as usual when Bob and I returned home from school. Suddenly a large raw-boned kid about sixteen years old started braying from the sidewalk, "Filthy Squaw! Filthy Squaw! Go back to your filthy reserve! You're not wanted here!" I could see how hurt my mother was but she said nothing either to us or to my father. She wanted desperately to fit in to village life and was afraid of causing trouble. Within

the year, she paid the price for her exposure to racism, for the abuse she had sustained as a child at home on the reserve, and for her desperate struggle to make ends meet on the wages of an unskilled labourer, by suffering a severe nervous breakdown, the consequences of which she would endure the rest of her life. She sought refuge in her children, determined that we would not lack the love she had been deprived of as a child; we reciprocated with the fierce protective instinct of the very young.

■ ■ ■ The attitude of the people of Port Carling to the Indians

who appeared every summer at their traditional campsite was probably neither better nor worse than that displayed by mainstream Canadian society to Native Canadians throughout most of the country's history. There could be instances of compassion. In the late fall of 1927, my Indian grandparents, my mother (then just four), and her brother of nine months, Dalton Lywood, were living at the Indian Camp long after the other Indians had returned to Mnjikaning for the winter. Dalton contracted pneumonia and died. Although my grandparents had no connection with the Anglican church, the priest in Port Carling took matters in hand and arranged a dignified funeral, with six little white boys serving as pall-bearers. Dalton was then hurriedly buried before the ground froze at the Port Carling cemetery, in a pauper's grave among those of the white pioneers, in a coffin provided as a gift by carpenters from the village.

No one, however, wanted to be reminded that Port Carling had once been Obogawanung. Some white men fantasized that the Indian Camp was a centre of sin and debauchery, and occasionally ventured down to try to seduce Indian girls; the Indian men would administer severe drubbings and throw the interlopers out of the camp. Contacts between Indians and villagers were few; indifference, suspicion, distrust, and a tinge of fear predominated, for the divide was great. Port Carling was a model Anglo-Canadian community, the Indian Camp was an unwanted intrusion of the Third World into this paradise.

Neither Margaret Laurence nor Robertson Davies would have been able to find a more archetypical small Canadian town for their novels than Port Carling, with maple-lined streets named after the

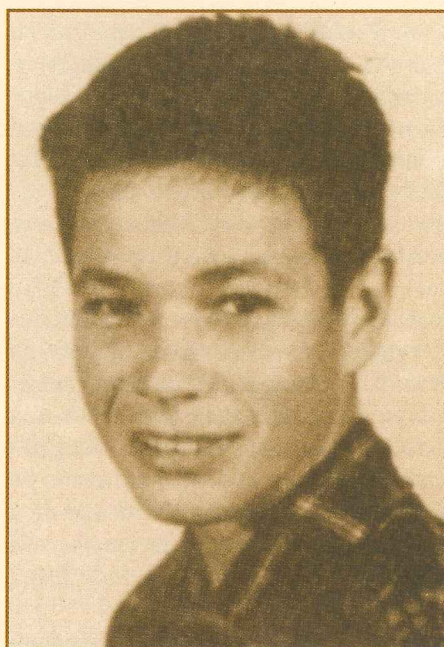
early pioneers, a memorial hall, three well-attended Protestant churches whose bells rang before and after Sunday services, a carefully tended cemetery, a softball diamond, a Canadian Legion Hall, a municipal park, a covered skating rink with natural ice, a library, schools, grocery stores, a boat works that produced small inboard runabouts, and the Lions Club and the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. Margaret Atwood would have been happy with the potential mystique of its northern location, where the Precambrian Shield meets Old Ontario, on the Indian River at the hub of three magnificent lakes. For the convenience of the summer residents, there was also a restaurant open every July and August, as well as summer performances by the "Straw Hat Players," featuring the best of live theatre, with up-and-coming stars such as Robert Goulet and Donald Sutherland.

The Indians had no potential literary champion. Their houses were small cabins without electricity that they described as shacks. In 1946 one water tap and a line of outdoor privies on a hill served the fifty

to sixty people who lived in the community. The York, Schilling, Anderson, Snake, Williams, Douglas, St. Germain, Laforce, Rennie, and Roads families are those I remember best (their names reflecting intermarriage dating back 300 years with French *coueurs des bois*, or the cultural influence of the British and American pioneers who crowded them off their lands in the nineteenth century). Relatives from the extended Simcoe family were the most numerous, occupying five shacks in a section informally known as "Simcoe Corners." These shacks were basically for summer use, although a few people, including my

grandfather and Sam Williams, occasionally spent a winter there.

In contrast to Port Carling, the Indian Camp was an oasis of peace — most of the time. The ground was carpeted with pine needles and the air was filled with the perfume of giant white pines.



The author in the early 50s.

*(below) Mother and father
(Maureen and Percy Bartleman) in
Port Carling in the late 1940s.*



The cabins exuded the fragrance of sweet-grass, fresh birchbark, and strips of white ash that were used for making baskets. The Chippewa language is, by its very nature, soft, and conversations were in muted tones. Saturday nights, with their roaring parties, were enlivened by brawls between young Chippewas (always including one of my uncles) and Mohawks, as some vague memory of ancient wars between the two peoples surfaced.

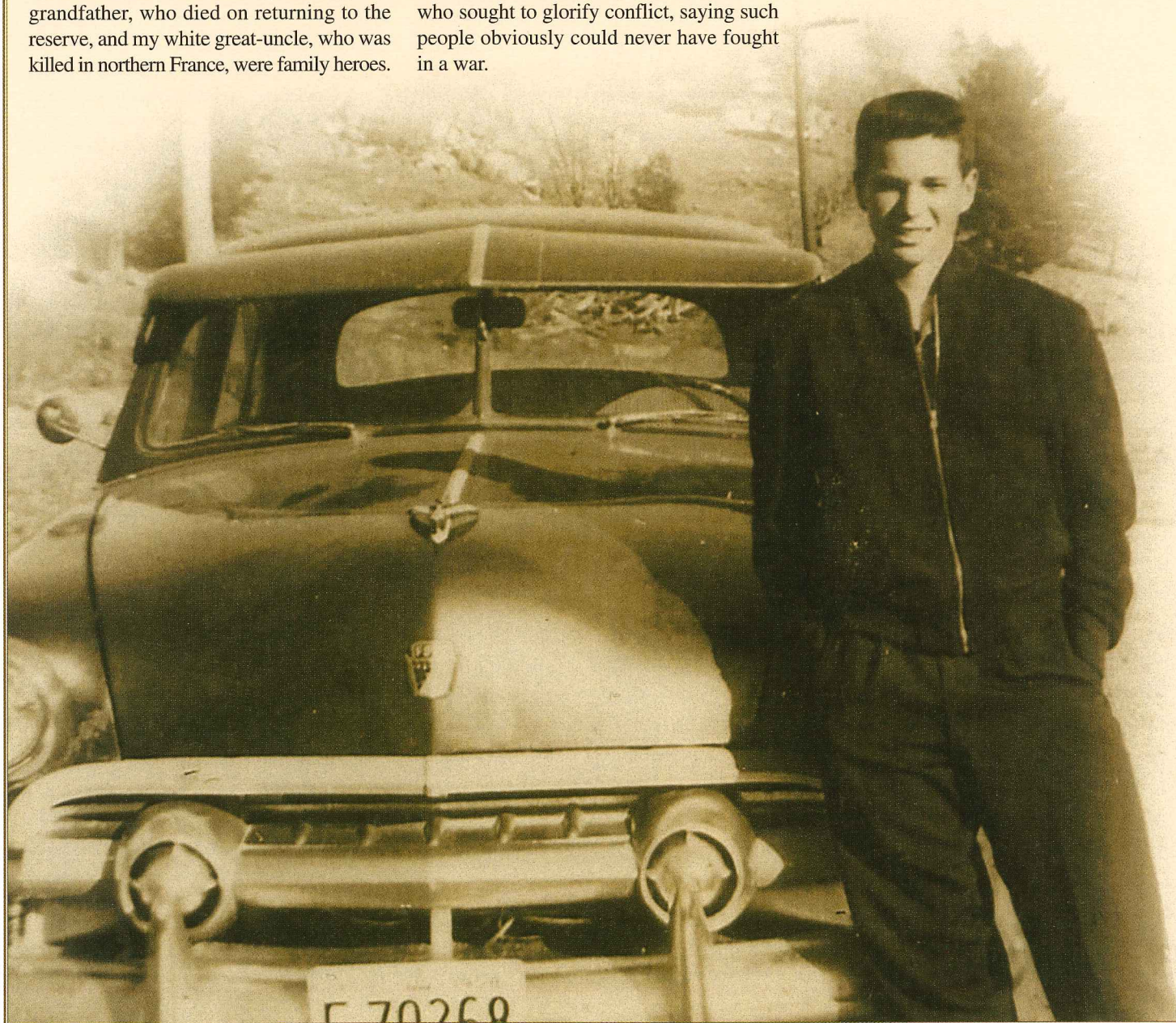
■ ■ ■
A high proportion of the men from Mnjikaning were volunteers

in the First and Second World Wars; they were involved in some of the heaviest fighting, and numbers of them were killed and wounded. My Indian great-grandfather, who died on returning to the reserve, and my white great-uncle, who was killed in northern France, were family heroes.

I would sit for hours at a time with a distant cousin, Bill Simcoe, on a bench at the public docks, and listen to him describe life in the trenches in France as a sniper and forward artillery observer, radioing-in coordinates in Chippewa to another member of the reserve to confuse the enemy. The scenes he painted of mindless carnage and destruction on another continent in another age seemed so remote from his quiet life as a trapper that they sounded like science fiction. His ever-present crutches, and the flapping pant leg covering the limb he lost at the hip in 1916, indicated otherwise. I also heard accounts of fighting in France, Belgium, and Holland from Ivan Douglass, wounded in north-western Germany in 1945. Ivan once showed me his shrapnel scars, saying that young people had a responsibility to eliminate the causes of war. He strongly criticized those who sought to glorify conflict, saying such people obviously could never have fought in a war.

Bill Simcoe refused to wear an artificial leg, and it never would have crossed his mind to don a life vest while fishing. He was a superb paddler; in the spring, when the water was high from the snowmelt, he would plunge his canoe through an open sluice gate at the Port Carling dam and run the rapids of the Indian River. Ivan Douglas and his wife, Peggy, an Algonquin from the Golden Lake reserve near Renfrew, Ontario, were close friends of my parents, who would visit them often at their home at Mnjikaning. Ivan was elected Chief of the reserve, but he died at an early age at the Sunnybrook Hospital for Veterans in Toronto after much suffering from his war wounds. Peggy passed away shortly thereafter.

Many years later, when I accompanied Prime Minister Chrétien to Europe on the



fiftieth anniversary of the Normandy landings, I told him about the sacrifice that so many Native Canadians had made in defence of Canada in the world wars. The prime minister's speech, broadcast live across Canada from the Bény-sur-Mer Commonwealth War Cemetery, where the Canadian war dead from Juno Beach and the battle for Caen are buried, accordingly made prominent reference to the wartime contribution of Canada's Native community in general and to that of Mnjikaning in particular. He singled out Ivan Douglas and Sanford Stinson, another reserve resident and a childhood friend of my mother, killed while fighting as a member of the Sherbrooke Fusiliers in Normandy in July 1944.

At the age of fifteen I was hired

by a tree surgeon and landscaper as his assistant for the summer months. Although afraid of heights, I forced myself to scale trees to prune dead branches and learned how to lay cement and flagstone walkways. I also obtained a weekend job, which I kept for many years, working for the local municipality helping to burn brush, dynamite rocks and stumps, and dig ditches. I became, in effect, the valiant if unofficial deputy to the village foreman. He was always in good humour and had a ready supply of jokes.

His judgment was another matter. He once borrowed the work boat of a friend and took it out on Lake Rosseau without checking the gas supply. A vicious storm came up, the boat ran out of gas and was washed up on the rocks. It took a party of villagers and one boy (me) two days working in the rain to free it. Another time, he and I were working at the bottom of a hill behind the municipal building. The hand-brake on his truck, which he had parked on the top of the hill, failed, and it careened toward us out of control. I ran for my life and got out of the way. The foreman ran in the other direction and tried to stop the truck by sticking his leg in the way of the front wheel. He was sent reeling back, bruised and lucky to be alive.

The foreman was an excellent hunter, and he usually managed to bag a deer each fall

on one of the islands on Lake Rosseau. One year he invited me to join him and his good friends, the village postmaster and a local farmer, for a day of hunting on Tobin Island, one of the larger islands on the lake. We were not dissuaded by a lack of licences; the season hadn't started and hunting was forbidden in this region anyway. Neither were we discouraged by the absence of vocal chords in Flash, the foreman's hunting dog. The foreman proposed doing the necessary barking and howling himself, if and when Flash caught the scent of a deer.

At the island, we disembarked at the dock of a summer resident who had long since closed his cottage for the season. The foreman knew from prior reconnaissance that there were deer on the island, trapped since the previous winter and waiting for the water to freeze to escape to the mainland. He aligned us 100 metres apart along a so-called "runway" — the path normally taken by the deer — and circled around behind us with Flash on a leash to drive them toward us.

About an hour later I heard the foreman howling and barking. I readied my 12-gauge shotgun, loaded with number-one shot —

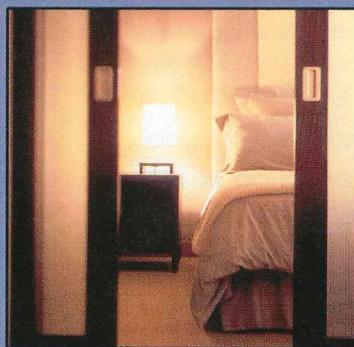
more than adequate to bring down big game. The sound of human barking came closer and closer. I was filled with excitement. How proud my parents would be when I came home with a deer I had shot myself! Suddenly the foreman came into view, his howling now taking on a note of desperation. He and Flash, held tightly on a leash, came right up to me.

"Why didn't you shoot? We drove it right by you?"

My three hunting partners have long since passed away, but my sense of disgrace remains to this day. We returned to the mainland in silence. It was at this time that I began to suspect that I might need glasses. I decided I wasn't cut out to be a hunter, and persuaded myself that hunting was morally wrong in principle and cruel to boot. Bob didn't wait for me to change my mind; without asking me, he traded my shotgun for a used wristwatch, which he gave to me, and a pistol, which he kept. I never went hunting again, but I wonder whether I would have adopted my new-found principles had I returned home a hero, with a winter's supply of venison. ☹

*Th author with his "Muscle Car" in 1960;
it did not impress the Big City girls.*

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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

Out of Muskoka

Reviewed by Ross Francis

A Trading Nation: Canadian Trade Policy from Colonialism to Globalization

Reviewed by Randle Wilson

Canadian Peacekeepers in Indochina 1954–1973: Recollections

Reviewed by James C. Langley

The Invisible War: The Untold Secret Story of Number One Canadian Special Wireless Group

Reviewed by Kurt F. Jensen

Cooper's Snoopers and Other Follies

Reviewed by David Peel

OUT OF MUSKOKA by James Bartleman; Penumbra Press, 2002, pp. 144, \$29.95

Ross Francis was Canadian High Commissioner to Malaysia and Ambassador to Finland.

Before leaving the Canadian Foreign Service to become Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, James Bartleman served as Ambassador to Cuba, Israel, NATO and the European Union; High Commissioner to South Africa and Australia, and Assistant Secretary to the Cabinet and foreign policy adviser to Prime Minister Chrétien. He might have been expected to add to the long list of memoirs by former members of his department, reflecting on Canadian foreign policy and outlining his contribution to its formulation and implementation. But this is a very different and exceptionally interesting book.

In 1999 Mr. Bartleman was nearly killed by a mugger in South Africa. For some time he had been struggling with depression and having nightmares that he was still a poor half-breed kid in Muskoka, afraid to leave the village and face the outside world. He reports that the mugging shook him to the core. The dream now recurred with such intensity that soon he was afraid to go to bed. It was as though the mugging had destroyed his sense of identity and resurrected old struggles over issues that he had come to terms with as a child and youth. As therapy he wrote this memoir, focusing on his life in Port Carling. By reliving his past, he hoped to find peace in the present.

Mr. Bartleman was born in 1939 to a Chippewa mother, nee Maureen Benson

Simcoe, and a Scottish Canadian father, Percy Scott Bartleman (who later reinvented himself as an Irishman). He reports that his mother was the real head of the family, utterly devoted to her children, who did her best to keep his father's wild instincts under control. His father was an unskilled labourer and nomad at heart who moved from job to job before ending up in Port Carling, where with his wife's help he eventually secured a job as the town's lockmaster. He then mastered the art of doing what was expected of a public servant by spending most of the day drinking coffee and delegating the bulk of his work to his assistants. On the other hand he was a reader, and Mr. Bartleman believes his own voracious appetite for books and reading was probably influenced by his example.

As one of Canada's leading tourist centres, Port Carling demonstrated a startling contrast between the rich and the poor, with Indians as an invisible brown minority at the bottom of the heap. The Bartlemans initially lived in a tent near the town dump, then moved up to a crumbling summer cottage and eventually settled into a deserted two-story shack known locally as the haunted house. At first there were bad years: poverty, racial discrimination, bullying and gothic reality. He and his brother had to endure the taunts of older boys who called them "dirty half-breeds". Despite the hardships, he found much to enjoy in Port Carling. He writes fondly of hunting and fishing, usually unsuccessfully. He is amusing on the advantages of living as a child near the dump, where unexpected treasures might be found, and of the adventures in repairing and improving

the family's crumbling house. He had a variety of part-time jobs, delivering newspapers, trapping porcupines for their quills, caddying at the local golf club, assisting the village foreman. He started a riot when, as a myopic goal judge at a hockey game, he made a bad call.

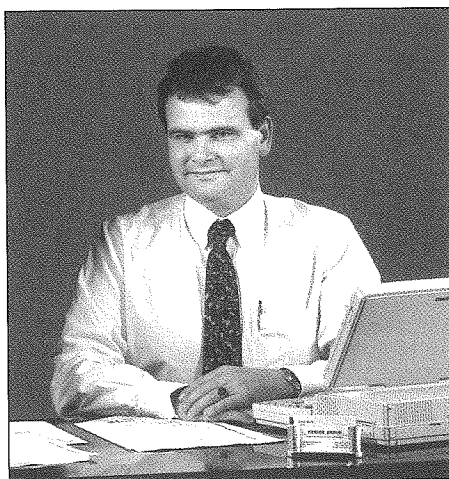
Until Canadian legislation changed in 1985, Indian women lost their Indian status when they married white men, and their children were similarly denied Indian status. Mr. Bartleman enjoyed visiting the neighbouring Indian reserve, and dreamed of someday being accepted as a member. He was proud of his Indian ancestry and would never have denied his roots. But contacts between Indians and villagers were few; indifference, suspicion, distrust and a tinge of fear predominated. Port Carling was a model Anglo-Canadian community; the Indian Camp was an unwanted intrusion of the Third World into this paradise. He assumed that his classmates shared their parents' prejudices, but was nonetheless elected school president for several years in a row. Despite good relations with his classmates he never felt that he fully belonged.

Mr. Bartleman received his big break from an American, Robert Clause, who owned a nearby estate. Obviously impressed by his ability and intelligence, Mr. Clause offered to pay for his education through grade thirteen and university on the same basis as his own grandchildren. He left Port Carling for high school. At first Mr. Bartleman suffered from acute homesickness and longed to return to his family and the familiar surroundings of his village. Gradually he established a group of acquaintances and found

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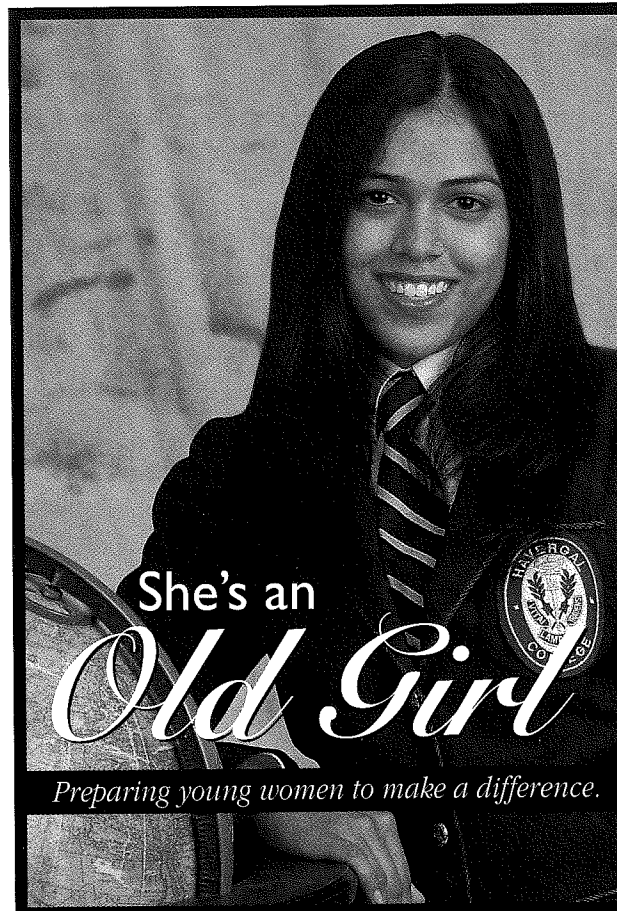
he could keep up academically with the others. He had overcome what he considers one of the greatest obstacles facing young people, white and Aboriginal, who come from small northern communities, adjusting to alienation in urban environments.

The University of Western Ontario was liberating. Psychological defence mechanisms that had been developed over the years to cope with life as a half-breed in a small white community fell away. From there, after a gap year tour of Europe and a brief spell teaching, he succeeded in joining the Canadian foreign service, to become one of its stars.

In this memoir, Mr. Bartleman naturally draws on his subsequent experience in the foreign service when looking back at his early life. When commenting on the beliefs of the Indians and the Christianity of the villagers he grew up with, for instance, he also compares the faith of Muslims, Jews and Catholics he met subsequently and of the Bushmen of South Africa and the Aborigines of Australia. When he was back in Muskoka from university, he met Louis Armstrong, whom he found a man of great personal dignity and humanity. He became the benchmark for judging charismatic political leaders met subsequently, including Nelson Mandela, Sheik Mujibur Rahman of Bangladesh, Fidel Castro and Yitzak Rabin. However Mr. Bartleman's true heroes would be "ordinary" people: a nun in Bogota, a Canadian doing aid work in Bangladesh, Cuban dissidents, individual Palestinians and Israelis trying to forge bonds to move the peace process, an Aborigine leader promoting healing and reconciliation. He concludes that suffering is caused as often by decisions taken casually and indifferently as it is by hatred, jealousy, rivalry and fear. He illustrates the point with examples taken from Commonwealth and NATO meetings he attended and from his experiences in Israel and Columbia.

In an epilogue, Mr. Bartleman brings the story of his family down to the present. He also notes the improvement in the lives of the First Nations of Wahta and Mnjikaning, of which he, his brother and two sisters are now full members. He had long since identified himself with the Indian rather than the white part of his being. He records that writing the memoir has allowed him to reconcile these two parts and to come to terms with existential issues such as death, spiritual quest and justice.

Perhaps some day we may be given a full account of Mr. Bartleman's professional life — but we must be grateful for this unique memoir of his childhood and youth.



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A TRADING NATION: CANADIAN TRADE POLICY FROM COLONIALISM TO GLOBALIZATION, by Michael Hart. Vancouver: UBC Press, 2002. Hardcover, pp. 576, \$85; paperback edition November 2002.

Randle Wilson is Director of Strategic Trade Policy in DFAIT and a self-professed trade policy junkie. He was a colleague of Michael Hart's some twenty years ago, which is not to be held against Michael. The views expressed in this article are those of the author.

First, a word on our author. Michael Hart is not just the holder of the Simon Reisman Chair in Trade Policy, Norman Paterson School of International Affairs, Carleton University, and a leading Canadian authority on trade policy. He is also a former trade official from DFAIT/DEA with a solid grounding in the dark arts (textiles negotiations), and—more pertinently for the purposes of this review—one of that breed of trade policy wonks that can tell you not just what they are doing, but why they are doing it, who has done it before, and whether or not it will work.

And now, we pause for a brief commercial announcement. Michael has given Canadians a remarkably complete survey of the history and political economy of Canadian trade policy. This fills a gap in the shelves of serious analysis of trade issues and should be high on the reading list of students and practitioners alike. It is also a highly enjoyable read, no surprise to those who know his earlier works (a hint: there are some gems strewn among the nearly 60 pages of footnotes, ample reward for the diligent). Michael has kept his natural proclivity for forthright expression largely in check, doubtless in the interests of academic impartiality, but the effort must have been considerable, and I for one relished the moments when he let rip. It is invigorating to see the muddled efforts of the Atlee Government and its successors characterized as, “Two decades of floundering and inept British foreign and economic policy”, even if Michael’s perceptions are coloured by the major negative implications of these policies for Canada. And European views of apparent American insensitivities to domestic realities such as the Common Agricultural Policy are well summarized as “obtuse myopia”; in fact, I think the expression deserves wider circulation. Complementing all this are the illustrations, which range from election posters through photographs of momentous occasions right the way through to contemporary political cartoons (my favourite). They are well chosen to help bring the subjects to life. However, I do have to retract one thing I said at the

book launch for *A Trading Nation*: the material would *not*, on reflection, lend itself to being made into a music video.

Michael comes at his subject from the historical, political and institutional perspectives rather than the economic, a point to which I shall return. Santayana said something to the effect that those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it, and after reading this history of Canadian trade policy I am beginning to believe it. Geography, population and politics have anchored Canada’s trade policy pretty firmly over the years. One may change the industries, but the dynamics are similar. Westerners might say we favour central Canadian agriculture now, where a couple of generations ago they would have pointed to the Ontario and Quebec manufacturing sectors; oil and gas interests have appeared in the East and West; but the business of trade policy is still one of finding balances while being buffeted by domestic and international forces. Given this reality, it is curious that Michael pays relatively little attention to the domestic players. The views of Canadian manufacturing receive attention at key points (e.g., in the 1911 election campaign; in the negotiation of the Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement), but the federal-provincial relationship is scarcely mentioned, even though trade policy has moved well into areas of shared or provincial jurisdiction over the past two decades, and the role of other players is barely acknowledged. I hope that the success of this work will be such as to warrant a second edition; this is one of several areas that I would wish to see further developed.

A recurring theme of this work is the inevitability of economic integration with the United States. This is not, for Michael, a source of any concern; he clearly does not see in it any sustained or deliberate attack on our sovereignty or our values, although he does not try to hide those occasions when U.S. interests collided with Canadian policy (e.g., over the Foreign Investment Review Agency). His charts of trade flows tell a story that his analysis reinforces: the United States and Canada are natural trading partners. The only time our trade pattern significantly diverged from being U.S.-preponderant was when we were shut out by U.S. protectionism while simultaneously welcomed into the British market through preferences. It comes as no surprise, therefore, that he sets little store by deliberate attempts to work against the underlying economics and redirect trade and investment flows, whether under Diefenbaker or Trudeau, though he acknowledges different motivations behind much of our contemporary regional trade agenda, especially in the Americas. I suspect Michael’s next edition will cover the history of that agenda with similar scepticism!

A couple of other insights from history still ring true. After the Tokyo Round, for instance, he says it appeared to critics that the central focus of Canadian trade policy was systemic and bureaucratic rather than economic and political. That changed, of course, with the “triple whammy” of Canada-U.S. free trade, the Uruguay Round, and NAFTA, but critics are again posing the question in light of the current multilateral and regional negotiating agendas. It begs a question that does not receive as much analysis as I should have liked: who is Canadian trade policy for? Why do we pursue strong dispute settlement provisions and other systemic goals that constantly seem to boomerang on us? What, in brief, are the lines that connect “systemic and bureaucratic” to “economic and political”?

In his early chapters, Michael answers the basic question authoritatively in his analysis of the balancing act of Canadian trade policy: it is for Western agricultural exporters and Eastern manufacturers. Alas, this analysis is not carried through to the present day, when trade policy seeks to advance a far wider array of interests. It is a pertinent criticism, however, as long as the trade policy community does not point out the links between a well-functioning system and the interests of business, between trade facilitation and the interests of small and medium-sized enterprises, and so on. In fact, many modern critiques of Canadian and global trade policy rest on the premise that we have not fully appreciated the links between trade and investment rules and flows and other areas of concern such as environmental protection or labour rights. Much of this debate — though not, to my chagrin, the development debate — is sketched out in a tantalizing survey of future challenges in chapter 15 (“Canada in a Globally Integrated Economy”), which contains the seeds of many fascinating future books and articles. My reproach may just be a case of *déformation professionnelle* in me: I had hoped for more on the issues that occupy the minds of current practitioners.

Another historical insight that struck me with peculiar force is the difficulty in building and maintaining support for reform, whether domestically or internationally. “Twas ever thus, apparently; negotiating outcomes that may be highly desirable from the perspective of building a better world order may have limited political appeal, especially when short-term pain is threatened under promise of very long-term gain. That, however, is more or less where we find ourselves right now, at least on the multilateral front (the FTAA and other regional activities do offer clearer and nearer-term economic benefits). How GATT Director-General

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Sutherland built constituencies for the Uruguay Round package belongs to another book, of course, but perhaps time will allow Michael to answer that question for successive Canadian trade ministers facing sceptical colleagues and concerned publics. I suspect that he will begin his analysis with his shrewd observation that the emerging political economy of international trade is shifting from "equality of opportunity" to "equality of results"; support will increasingly be withheld until concrete results are in sight, and given the pace of change in the international economy, we will have quite a challenge to surmount.

I was disappointed, I confess, by a certain unevenness in Michael's treatment of more recent trade policy. He gives fairly short shrift to the influence of Canadian ideas at various times and in various ways (e.g., in helping inscribe services on the GATT agenda; in experimenting — not always successfully! — with innovations in our bilateral trade agreements with Chile and Costa Rica; in developing models for labour and environmental cooperation). The detail and insights taper off markedly towards the end of the book: the Canada-U.S. free trade negotiations and the GATT Uruguay Round are well covered, for instance, but NAFTA receives a scant four pages in one chapter and a few paragraphs in another, while the rest of the regional agenda scarcely warrants a mention. If you're really into this stuff, it's like coming to the end of a great mystery novel and reading, "The door creaked gently as the murderer slipped into the room. And they all lived happily ever after!"

I also have to say that *A Trading Nation* is neither by nor for economists, which may of course commend it to many readers. I cannot in fairness reproach Michael, as a non-economist, for not venturing into the economic analysis of the impact of trade and trade policy on Canada. He has certainly tried to invoke the authority of others, in particular in his analysis of mid-twentieth century protection and its impact on the Canadian economy. Perhaps he could inveigle an economist colleague into co-writing another book about the costs, benefits and purposes of certain policies we now pursue; without being polemical or predictable, I suspect they could nonetheless come to some surprising conclusions about what we are doing in trade and investment policy, and in international business development. I don't wish to tip my hand too much, but suffice it to say that I wonder whether the title of the book's final summary chapter, "From a Trading Nation to a Nation of Traders", really tells the truth!

CANADIAN PEACEKEEPERS IN INDO-CHINA 1954-1973: RECOLLECTIONS, edited by Arthur Blanchette, Golden Dog Press, 2002, \$29.99

*James C. Langley is a retired Ambassador who was head of post in OECD, Brussels, the EEC and Mexico. He is currently living in Ottawa and is a member of the Editorial Board of *bout de papier*.*

In 1631, a year before he died in Milan, Fr. Cristoforo Borri, S.J., one of the first missionaries to Cochinchina, wrote in his "Relacione della nuova missione ... al Regno della Cocincina" that the first strangers to arrive in Vietnam were shipwrecked mariners "who took such an affection to the country that not a man of them would go away". The same cannot be said for the authors of this book, although it is striking that several write with evident affection for the countries of Indochina to which they were posted for a year or more and, no matter how frustrating their work as the International Commissions for Supervision and Control grappled with the implementation of the Geneva Accords, none seem to regret the experience.

Canadian Peacekeepers is, as the editor's preface makes clear, a collection of personal reminiscences focused on what it was like to live and work in Indochina during an unprecedented international experiment in peacekeeping. It is not intended as history or political analysis and, although several of the contributions qualify as such, most recount the authors' personal reactions to the difficulties and frustrations, as well as the diversions and pleasures, of foreign service in an exotic and unfamiliar environment. That repetition and monotony have been avoided in these accounts is due in part to the fact that the experiences related cover three different countries over a period of some twenty years of enormous change and, even more so, to the authors whose reactions to these experiences, anecdotal or reflective, are as individual as their personalities.

I rarely laugh out loud when reading but did so on several occasions in preparing this review. The humour of the contributions by, for example, Dick Gorham, Ross Francis and the editor is welcome leaven to the background to all accounts of the Indochina peacekeeping experience: the total disruption of an accustomed way of life, oppressive heat, physical discomfort, monotony and incredibly frustrating conditions of daily work. The truth, as is clear from this book, is that after their initial successes during the first year of the implementation of the Geneva Accords, the Commissions lapsed into progressively greater impotence. The causes of this are still a matter of debate but willful obstruction for

partisan advantage within the Commissions played a major role and the resulting disillusion of our peacekeepers deeply colours the contributions to this book, not only in what is said but what is omitted. For example, my most vivid memory of Laos in 1955 is the enforced intimacy of the Indian and Canadian delegations and, to a lesser extent, the Poles. In formal and informal meetings, bilateral and trilateral chats, and on countless social occasions the Commissioners pursued their glacial task of eroding stubbornly held positions in the hope of reaching some form of common ground, be it on the latest complaint of treaty violation by one of the parties or, more ambitiously, on the facilitation of a political settlement. Yet this interaction is barely mentioned; perhaps it was unique to Laos or perhaps the experience was too depressing to recall?

How the individual reacted depended in part on time and place. Time in the sense that the situation in the three countries, and with it the work of the Commissions, changed as the years passed, and successive generations of peacekeepers faced significantly different challenges. With the decline in Commission activity there was more time for other work (for example the Canadian aid programme to which Roy MacLaren and

the editor make reference) and for cultural or recreational travel.

Time and mortality have more subtly influenced the book: few if any of the principals of the early Commission days survive and there is thus no account of its first year of operation, a period of intense activity and some success in the implementation of the cease-fire, disengagement and population transfer phases of the Geneva Accords. The earliest contributions date to mid-1955 and their authors were new to foreign service (Vernon Turner wryly entitles his account "Learning on the Job"). Their narratives are fresh and provide perceptive comments on life, peoples and political attitudes in the three countries but the authors were not present for direct experience of the Commissions at the height of their activity and success.

Place has also exercised a formative influence on these recollections. John Schioler's account of his prolonged stay in Hanoi makes it clear that this was the most difficult and isolated of the Indochinese posts. He sought partial relief in travel and the cultivation of personal interests. At the other extreme, Phnom Penh offered the closest approximation to normal living conditions with the added attraction of glorious beaches nearby and the magnificent ruins of the Khmer civilization

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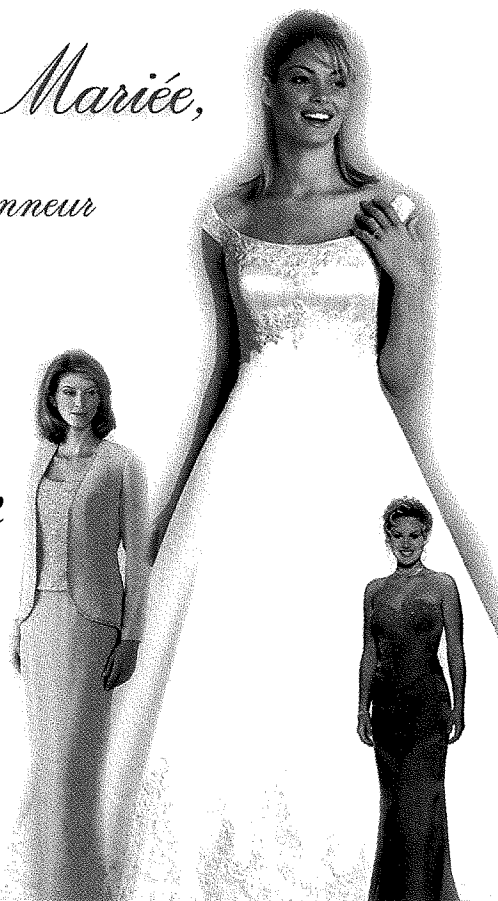
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at Angkor. The longest memoir in the book is that of a young secretary, Louise Pomet-Dyer; engaged and then married to an Australian, she spent an exceptional three years with the Canadian delegation in Phnom Penh and gives the most lively and circumstantial account of what it was really like to live and work in Cambodia.

As mentioned above, a more explicitly analytical or historical perspective colours several of the contributions. In chronological order, Si Taylor combines personal recollections with an analysis of the intricacies of North and South Vietnam policies and how they impacted the Commission. Blair Seaborn interweaves impressions of his time as Canadian Commissioner in Vietnam in the mid-sixties with a unique personal account of the special mission with which he was entrusted by the Canadian government: to act as conduit for communication between the United States and North Vietnamese governments. Peter Roberts experiences an incident of war in Saigon and records evidence of political miscalculation, ignoring a consensus of expert advice as an element in the catastrophe that overtook the United States in Indochina. Geoffrey Pearson considers the impact on Canadian policy of our general relationship with the United States and the respective roles of Prime Minister Pearson and the Secretary of State

for External Affairs in developing that policy. Finally, Daniel Molgat, then Director of External Affairs' Far Eastern Division, presents a straightforward account of the events leading up to the formation of the new International Commission in 1973 following the Vietnam cease-fire agreement of that year, and of Canada's later withdrawal from it.

This short review cannot do justice to the individual authors, although some have been mentioned to illustrate a point. Read the book for entertainment, for the light it throws on an important episode in Canada's participation on the international scene — memories of which are fading in the shadows of time — and for its relevance to the international crises of our times.

THE INVISIBLE WAR: THE UNTOLD SECRET STORY OF NUMBER ONE CANADIAN SPECIAL WIRELESS GROUP, by Gil Murray, The Dundurn Group, Toronto, 2001, pp. 297, \$24.99

Kurt F. Jensen is Deputy Director, Foreign Intelligence Division in DFAIT. He has had postings in Stockholm, Bonn, Port of Spain, and Boston. He is in the process of completing a PhD at Carleton University.

In 1944, just over 300 Canadian soldiers were sent to Australia on a Top Secret intelligence mission which has largely remained untold until now. They were members of Number One Canadian Special Wireless Group (1CSWG) and their job was to collect signals intelligence for use in the fight against the Japanese. 1CSWG stayed in Australia until 1946 before being repatriated.

The first real acknowledgment of what these mostly young men accomplished did not occur until July, 2001. At that time a plaque honouring their achievements was unveiled at Leitrim near Ottawa on a little known military installation which is still, today, the headquarters of the Armed Forces signals operations.

The mission of the 1CSWG was judged so sensitive that upon return to Canada, after the end of the war, the members were dramatically warned not to reveal anything about their mission for thirty years. Most of the soldiers were barely over twenty at the time but abided by their promise for more than half a century.

Gil Murray was one of the youngest members of 1CSWG. He eventually became a journalist and some years ago began to collect details of his youthful adventure from the recollections of his colleagues. This book is the story of a young man's great adventure. That it involved a highly secret tale of intrigue only adds to its charm and readability.

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What Murray sets out to describe is the human story which accompanied the adventures of some 300 young men sent to the northern reaches of Australia to set up a secret listening post against the Japanese Empire, which still posed a threat to Australia. Nearly a million Japanese troops were lodged on the 2,000-mile chain of islands making up the Dutch East Indies and they posed a real and viable threat.

Murray's focus on the human dimension of the men of 1CSWG is both the strength and weakness of the book. Murray tells a very human tale, often funny, sometimes sad, but always interesting. The author seems concerned about his promise of secrecy made so many years before because the weakness of the book lies in the paucity of details of interest to the historian who might wish to reconstruct the story of 1CSWG.

The first two chapters are probably the strongest for the historian trying to understand the mission and challenges of 1CSWG. But the level of historical detail is often cursory, and sometimes not quite correct, as when the author incorrectly cites the initials of Herbert O. Yardley, a famous early cryptographer with a significant tie to Canada's own early SIGINT activities (which Murray overlooks). It requires a full reading of the book to extract all the details to piece together

the story of 1CSWG. It is well worth the challenge and one benefits from reading an interesting story plainly told.

Murray has made a significant contribution to Canadian history by piecing together the first-person human story of 1CSWG. And his book will likely be the only one written by any of the participants, given that all are in the twilight of their lives and have remained silent on the subject of their youthful adventures for a half century.

It is regrettable that Murray chose not to delve into greater details of the origins, mandate, and accomplishments of 1CSWG — although one must be grateful for his recording of the human drama which accompanied the story.

Although the story of 1CSWG has not been recorded in detail elsewhere there have long been many hints about its existence. And sometimes the story was almost told. C. P. Stacey's *The Canadian Army, 1939–1945*, published in 1948, is the 'bible' of Canadian World War II military history. In this official history Stacey is explicit in stating the purpose of 1CSWG, writing that it "did useful work in intercepting enemy wireless messages" (Stacey 292). When he wrote his *Six Years of War* in 1955, the adventures of 1CSWG had become a line simply stating that the unit had been sent

to Australia, without mentioning why (Stacey 510).

Both Stacey books were written in the early part of the Cold War when details of intelligence activities were not revealed. According to those who know, the 1948 book contains the reference to "intercepting enemy wireless messages" because the editors (censors) did not catch it. They did catch the second reference in 1955 but could not make 1CSWG entirely go away and instead selected an acknowledgment which said nothing.

Some details of 1CSWG can also be found in S.R. Elliott's *Scarlet to Green*, the story of Canada's military intelligence. Writing many years later than Stacey, Elliott is more forthcoming and was able to use archival material which had been declassified in the interim. In fact, the story of 1CSWG is available at National Archives Canada if one has patience and an idea of where to look. It is a very interesting story which might one day be told to build on what Gil Murray has made available.

These additional details of the misadventures surrounding other historical references to 1CSWG are not presented to detract from Murray's fine book but only to add to the mystery and to aid anyone in tracing the story of 1CSWG. Murray writes

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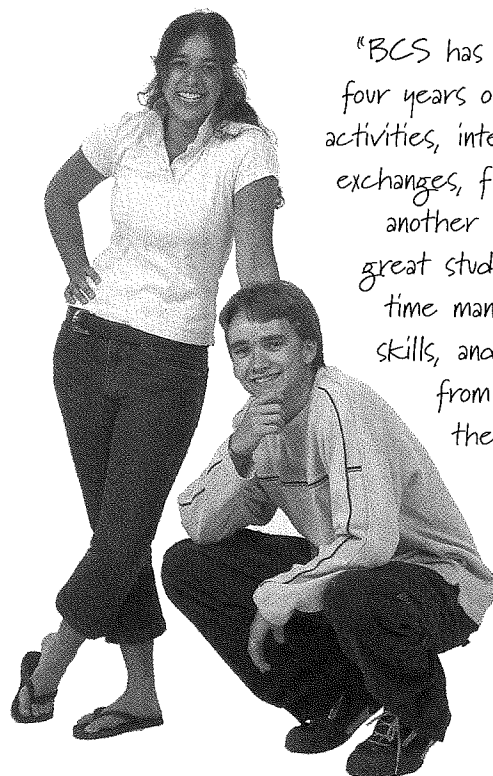
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sympathetically, with an understanding of the people in his story. He has carefully drawn on the recollections of his colleagues to reveal as true a portrait of ICSWG as is possible from the perspective of a half century later. He has done it with charm, humour, and clear sympathy for the human side of the drama. Mostly, he has been able to capture the wide-eyed wonder of his own youthful self in presenting this story of a young man on the adventure of a lifetime.

COOPER'S SNOOPERS AND OTHER FOLLIES, by Peter Johnston, Trafford Publishing, pp. 180, \$21.00

David Peel, now retired, entered External Affairs in 1959 and had postings in Ankara, Madrid, Prague, Moscow and as Ambassador in Prague and in Vienna at arms control negotiations and to the CSCE. He was Inspector General of CSIS from 1994-98.

There is a big disappointment, for which you should prepare yourself, when you get to page 164 of this little book: it ends. And it ends far too soon. To be fair, the author has subtitled it "Fragments of a Life" and memoirs that are too complete are often boring. That this one is neither is certainly due, in part, to the selection of fragments that he has chosen to set down, giving "an account of himself" not only to his children but to the rest of us. I doubt that all the parts he has left out were boring and perhaps he will write another delightful book about them someday.

Peter Johnston entered the Department of External Affairs in a rather roundabout way in 1957, just as he turned 36. The first half of this book is about the military side of that roundabout. From 1940 to 1945, Johnston served in the Canadian Army, mostly in England and Italy, mostly in what came to be the dominant aspect of his career, "security and intelligence". (I've put the quotation marks around those words because, from what he tells us, he had a hard time taking either one of them seriously, though I remember taking him very seriously indeed when I was marginally involved with security in my own early days in the Department.)

In the army, his ability with languages got him some interesting positions, snooping and interrogating, and he was once mentioned in dispatches, a singular honour that sounds quaint today but that had to be earned on the battlefield or just behind it. He makes his adventures in the long advance of the Canadians up the boot of Italy sound funny, ridiculous and touching but they give a vivid picture of war and the

men who fought in it. That little bit of the war that he saw, neither organized nor coherent to any single individual, was his introduction to counter-intelligence.

After the war, Johnston completed his degree in modern languages at the University of Toronto and went to work for the predecessor of CSE, listening. It was very secret work in those days and he says he found it boring; for whatever reason, he hasn't written about it. But he gives a wonderful picture of the almost accidental way he entered the foreign service. His age and experience gave him a perspective that other newcomers lacked and his stories and comments on the situations and people he encountered are, while generally kind, great fun and sometimes scathing — the sort of thing we all wish we'd had the courage to say at the time.

His explanations of his tasks in the "intelligence community" (his quotation marks this time) illustrate many problems that are still there, though the names have changed. His first posting was in London and his relations with the British are enlightening; he even gives us tiny insights into the Cuban missile crisis and other parts of the cold war with Communism as seen from UK eyes. For much of his career, Johnston dealt with just such matters; that he was clever

and able in them, and spoke Russian to boot, might make it surprising to anyone outside the foreign service that he was never posted to Moscow. His only posting, among six, behind the "iron curtain" was as ambassador to Prague (where I succeeded him). Surely it was not because it was boring that he omitted his Czechoslovak life from this book, so I am looking forward to the next volume.

Johnston writes with a light touch. My wife laughed out loud several times as she read this book and that's something rare in reading memoirs of the foreign service! He gives us his insights through his narrative; his anecdotes often leave the reader to infer the point he is making. His wry comments on Canadians and Canadian policies are sometimes a little uncomfortable, as I am sure he intended, but in general it is obvious that he enjoyed his work and the life that went with it. He concludes with a chapter on his time as ambassador in Indonesia and his post-retirement stints monitoring elections abroad, enough to show that he has been reluctant to let go of this sometimes difficult but often fascinating professional life. At page 164, that's just how I felt about his book — reluctant to let go. If it's not at your bookstore, you can order it from the publisher at www.trafford.com. ☺

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The Further Adventures of Flavius Priscus

BY ROGER LUCY

Mission to Attila (*bout de papier* 3/13 Fall, 1996) presented the fifth century Roman diplomat Flavius Priscus' account of a mission he undertook in 449 A.D. to the court of Attila the Hun. Colleagues have asked to know more about Priscus' career in the Roman foreign service, and whether he went on other missions. Unfortunately his memoirs have largely disappeared, except for some fragments excerpted in a collection of diplomatic despatches collected by Emperor Constantine VII in the tenth century (see *Foreign Policy for Byzantines*, *bout* 4/16, Winter 1999/2000). From this and some entries in the Suda (a sort of Encyclopedia Byzantina) we can glean some idea of his career, and, with some extrapolation, fill in some of the gaps. What is clear is that the world was just as complicated a place 1500 years ago as it is today, and Priscus received a number of quite challenging assignments.

Priscus was born in the second decade of the fifth century in Panium, a town on the European shore of the Sea of Marmora. He clearly came from a prosperous background: his family could afford to give him a first class education in philosophy, rhetoric and probably the law, while his writings betray a sense of resentment about the government's increasing tax burden on the land-owning gentry. Being close to the East Roman capital Constantinople, he probably received his higher education there. Of the other possibilities: Athens had the most prestigious philosophy school, but its faculty was staunchly pagan, and a reputation for "Hellenism" was at the time not normally compatible with a successful career in the public service — the high moral tone in the capital being set by a series of staunchly Orthodox empresses. A first class education could also be obtained in some of the great eastern cities such as Antioch and Alexandria, but these too were riven by conflict between a pagan faculty and an increasingly stridently Christian student body. About the time that Priscus was born, Hypatia, the head of the Philosophy faculty in Alexandria, had been lynched by a Christian mob and the library, housed in the temple of Serapis, torched. Beirut also

had an excellent law school and with it training in Latin — essential for a public service career — but most of its graduates were streamed into the provincial bureaucracy and law courts. All this training was available in Constantinople; moreover, the faculty there were appointed by the Senate and often personally chosen by the Emperor or his representatives. While this was not necessarily a guarantee of the intellectual quality of the professors, they were assured of having good connections, and in the Roman world, when it came to appointments and promotions, connections were everything. A fine example is the Gallic writer and teacher Ausonius, who landed the job of tutor for the future western Emperor Gratianus. On Gratianus' accession in 375, Ausonius was placed in charge of the civil service, which allowed him to find lucrative jobs for most of his family and favoured former students.

The late Roman civil service was, by modern standards, quite modest, but its size and scope was vaster than anything which had preceded it. In the early years of the Empire, most

administrative tasks were undertaken by the emperors' own household — trusted slaves and freedmen — and at the provincial level by the governors' household plus some clerical, administrative and enforcement personnel seconded from the

Army. Most administration was delegated to the cities, which were responsible for public works, law and order and tax collection (town councillors were held personally responsible for any deficits). By the late third century this system collapsed under the demands of an Empire under attack on all fronts. The emperor

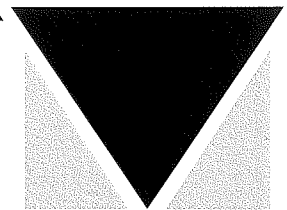
Diocletian drastically overhauled the administration, multiplying the number of provinces and layers of administration, setting up a centralized fiscal system and rationalizing tax collection. A soldier himself, he drew much of his new bureaucracy from the army. Late Roman civil servants received military ranks and uniforms, and were even nominally enrolled in the I Legion (actually stationed near present-day Budapest). Service conferred privileges, including generous tax exemptions, the right to be tried in special

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Normally one joined the civil service by becoming an unpaid supernumerary at a government office. In due course, when a vacancy appeared, a diligent, fortunate or well connected supernumerary would be allowed to buy a permanent position. This may sound like graft, but was in fact more like an annuity, the interest on the capital used to buy the office being its salary and other perquisites. Promotion was mostly by seniority (some parents enrolled their infant children to give them a head-start up the ladder), with some scope for an accelerated career for the more able or better connected.

It is believed that on graduation Priscus landed a job working for the Imperial commission drawing up what became the Theodosian Code, which compiled all Imperial legislation made in the previous century. He was probably working for the Master of Offices, a sort of Minister of everything: PCO, Solicitor General, Minister of Communications and Minister of Public Works all rolled into one. The Master of Offices also had some responsibility for Foreign Affairs, being in charge of the Office of Interpreters of all Nations.

Through much of their history, the Romans had not paid an awful lot of attention to the arts of diplomacy. Force or the threat thereof usually sufficed to attain their objectives. Only the Persians offered anything like a serious threat to Roman supremacy, and even that threat was usually more perceived than real. A series of disasters in the second half of the fourth century radically changed the world. In 362 the Emperor Julian led a massive invasion of Persia, getting as far as the capital Ctesiphon (just south of Baghdad). He was unable to take it and, short of supplies, began to retreat. In the course of a skirmish he was killed and his successor, to extricate his army, was forced to surrender several provinces along the upper Tigris. After Julian's death the Empire was effectively divided into two, although normally members of the same dynasty ruled in each half. It's no coincidence that the boundary between the Latin-speaking west and the Greek-speaking east follows the present Bosnian-Serbian border.

In 375 the Huns swept over the Volga and crushed the Goths, who sought refuge within the Empire. This was granted, but mistreatment and exploitation by local Roman officials drove the Goths to revolt. Trying to suppress it, the eastern Emperor Valens and most of his field army were surrounded and killed near Adrianople in 378. His successor, Theodosius, patched up a peace with the Goths, but at the cost of allowing them to remain within the Empire. He also had to contend with two serious revolts in the western Empire which further drained Roman resources. In 407 the barbarians breached the Rhine frontier, overran Gaul, and penetrated into Spain. They were never completely evicted, and one tribe, the Vandals, even crossed into North Africa and took control of the richest provinces in the western Empire. To top off these disasters, in 410, Alaric, king of the Visigoths, sacked Rome. In such an environment, the Romans lacked the military resources to ensure a successful military solution to a crisis if attacked on more than one front at a time.

The eastern Empire in general fared better, until the 440s, when Attila united the Huns and began to attack across the Danube, destroying many of the frontier cities. It will be recalled that in 449, Maximinus, a respected general, was selected to go on a mission to Attila, who was making demands for increased tribute and the return of Hun refugees. Maximinus asked Priscus to accompany him as

an assistant. Unbeknownst to Maximinus and Priscus, Chrysaphius, the Empress' Chamberlain, had tasked Vigilas (assigned to the embassy by the Office of Interpreters) with arranging Attila's murder; worse, the plot was revealed to Attila, who was not amused. Priscus, nonetheless, was able to mitigate some of the more extreme demands of the capricious barbarian king and buy valuable time.

In July 450, the Emperor Theodosius II died, leaving no male heir. The last representative of the Imperial House was his pious and virgin sister Pulcheria. Theodosius had had little interest in ruling; his main pursuits were hunting and theology. Pulcheria and Flavius Aspar, Master of Soldiers in the Imperial Presence, were the real powers behind the throne.

Aspar was of barbarian origin, part Gothic, part (judging from his name, which means "horse") Alan. The Alans were a tribe of Iranian horse nomads, then resident in the Ukraine. Their descendants, the Ossetians, can be found on the borders of Russia, Georgia and Chechnya. Along with the Anglo-Saxons and the Swabians, they are virtually the only barbarian peoples who today survive from this, the Migration Age. Aspar came from a military family. His father was also a Roman general and, while working under him, Aspar helped overthrow an unwanted pretender to the West Roman throne. Having distinguished himself defending the eastern Balkans, he was promoted in 441 to become, in effect, head of the east Roman equivalent of Homeland Security. Priscus claims that Aspar, translated from the Danube frontier to the fleshpots of Constantinople, slipped into an idle and dissolute lifestyle. Despite this and a series of serious defeats, he kept this job for over 30 years.

Aspar solved the succession crisis by persuading Pulcheria to marry his chief of staff, Marcian, who then became emperor. The marriage respected Pulcheria's vow of chastity and Marcian also agreed to promote her religious agenda. One of his first acts, however, was to end the appeasement of the Huns. Chrysaphius, one of the chief promoters of this appeasement policy (when he wasn't trying to have Attila assassinated) was executed and protection payments were terminated. This was not as rash as it sounds; Attila was turning his sights on the West Roman Empire. His *casus belli* was the

western Emperor Valentinian's sister Honoria. She had been caught *in flagrante* with one of her servants and was quickly married off to a boringly respectable senator with no imperial ambitions. In despair she sent her ring to Attila with an appeal that he rescue her. Attila chose to interpret this as a marriage proposal and demanded Valentinian hand over half the western Empire to him as her dowry. At the same time the king of the Franks, on the lower Rhine, had died. His two sons were disputing the succession: one sought support from Attila, the other from Rome.

In the fall of 450, Marcian sent Maximinus and Priscus on a mission to Rome. Priscus' surviving works give few details, beyond the fact they met the pro-Roman claimant to the Frankish throne. However Valentinian had been taking his time recognizing Marcian, and Marcian probably also wanted to stiffen Valentinian's spine and assure him the East Roman army would counter-attack if Italy were threatened (which in fact did occur). They also met with Aetius, Aspar's counterpart in the western Empire. The mission would seem to have been successful. The western Romans resisted Attila's demands, and at the battle of Chalons, Aetius led a coalition of Roman, Frankish and Visigothic forces to defeat him. Maximinus and Priscus also met Pope Leo. At Pulcheria's behest, Marcian was trying to organize an ecumenical council, to be

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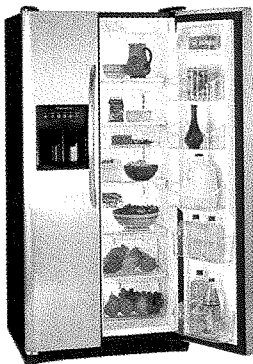
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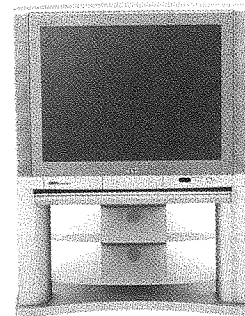
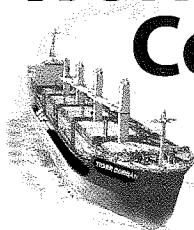
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held at Chalcedon on the Asian side of the Bosphoros. The Pope's support for what Pulcheria wanted to be the Orthodox position was required. Leo gave his endorsement and entrusted Maximinus with letters to take back to Constantinople.

Their next assignment was in the Middle East. All we have to go on is a fragment from Priscus' memoirs to the effect that Aspar's son Ardabur (Master of Soldiers for the Orient) was fighting the Saracens (bedouin) near Damascus, but that by the time Maximinus and Priscus arrived he was already engaged in dictating the peace terms to their envoys. That Ardabur was engaged at all indicates the situation must have seemed quite serious. Over the several centuries of their great power rivalry the Romans and Persians increasingly concentrated the bulk of their regular armies along the upper Tigris and Euphrates where modern Turkey, Syria and Iraq now converge — a zone studded with heavily fortified cities. To compensate, both superpowers delegated defence of their southern borders to local Arab chieftains, *Phylarchs*, who were tasked with maintaining order along the desert frontier, fending off Arab raiders from deeper in the interior (in particular those sponsored by the other side), and providing auxiliary troops when open warfare broke out between Rome and Persia. This the favoured Arab chiefs did, in exchange for honours and titles for themselves, subsidies and rations for their tribesmen, and a share in whatever tribute they could collect from tribes deeper in the interior. The proxy wars that Rome and Persia waged in Arabia extended down into Yemen, stimulating the political, military and religious development of the peninsula. Two centuries later the two empires, having fought themselves to exhaustion in a war that lasted almost 30 years, reaped the awful consequences of this meddling in the peninsula, while out-sourcing the defence of their southern frontiers.

As noted, normally the Master of Soldiers did not need to bother with events in Syria or Palestine, and Ardabur's presence there, as well as the dispatch of Maximinus and Priscus, indicates that something was seriously amiss. It could be that Persian-sponsored Arabs had mounted a major attack (although that would have violated the treaties between Rome and Persia which forbade direct attacks on each other's territory by their clients); that a major tribe had a grievance against Rome and was trying to renegotiate their terms and conditions (in the 370s one allied queen, Mawia, had mounted a series of raids on Lebanon, Palestine and even into Egypt in order to get a favoured hermit appointed bishop over her people); or that two tribal chieftains were contesting who should be the *Phylarch*, with all the perks and patronage such a title could command. It is known that sometime in the mid to late fifth century the Salihids, who been Rome's chief clients in this region, were displaced by another tribe, the Ghassanids. In any event Ardabur seems to have found a military solution to the problem and there was no need to resort to diplomacy.

Maximinus and Priscus therefore proceeded to the next trouble spot, the southern frontiers of Egypt. In the late third century, under pressure from raids from the Blemmyes, a barbarian people who lived in what is now northern Sudan, the Romans had pulled back to the First Cataract of the Nile and entrusted the demilitarized zone to the Nubians, who still maintained many of the traditions of ancient Egypt. Normally the Blemmyes were hostile to the Nubians, who thus acted as a buffer for the Roman frontier. Unfortunately, on this

occasion both peoples had decided to attack Roman Egypt, possibly because they feared their traditional religion was under threat from Roman missionaries, who were actively proselytizing in Ethiopia and Yemen. The defences held, and the Blemmyes specifically asked for Maximinus (who must have been known to and trusted by them) to negotiate a peace settlement. Initially they were only willing to keep its terms as long as Maximinus remained in Egypt; however, he was able to get them to agree to keep its terms for his lifetime. The Blemmyes and Nubians agreed to surrender their prisoners and plunder (and even pay for any stolen cattle which they had eaten), as well as handing over some nobly born hostages. Probably as a gesture to demonstrate that the Romans were not trying to convert them, the treaty was concluded at a pagan temple that had been kept open for their use on the Roman side of the frontier (pagan temples had been officially closed throughout the Empire in 392). Unfortunately before the ink on the treaty had dried, Maximinus fell ill and died, and considering the treaty void, and having forcibly recovered their hostages, the Blemmyes revolted again.

Florus, the Governor and Military Commander of Egypt, was able to suppress this new revolt and Priscus accompanied him back to Alexandria. Before he could return to Constantinople serious rioting broke out in Alexandria between rival supporters of the recently exiled Coptic Patriarch and his government-appointed successor. Troops sent to quell the uprising were routed by the mob, driven into an abandoned temple and burnt to death. Florus cut the grain ration, closed the baths, theatres and race track and called for help. Two thousand newly enrolled guardsmen were sent as reinforcements from Constantinople but showed themselves more interested in molesting the populace than in restoring order. On Priscus' advice, Florus was persuaded to listen to the grievances of the Alexandrians. He agreed to restore the grain ration and re-open the public amenities. The rioting ended and Priscus returned to the capital.

Clearly Priscus was thought to have performed well. This is reflected in his next assignment as Assessor (chief legal advisor) to Euphemius, Marcian's new Master of Offices. This was considered a very important position, drawing an annual salary of 10 lb. of gold. In this function Priscus was involved in mediating an end to a civil war in Lazica, the Black Sea coastal province of Georgia. The Lazican king, Gobazes I, faced an uprising by his son. The Romans intervened on behalf of the son, but their expeditionary force did not accomplish much. Gobazes

appealed to the Persians, but heavily engaged with barbarian attacks on their eastern border, they did not want to get involved in a region which, while culturally aligned to

Persia, was deemed to fall within the Roman sphere of influence. The Romans sought Persian permission to stage an attack on Lazica through the part of Armenia which lay under Persian control. Using this threat, Euphemius and Priscus were able to persuade Gobazes that it was in his best interest to seek terms. With a trusted Roman intermediary serving as a guarantee of his safety, Gobazes handed-over Lazica to his son and retired to Constantinople.

This is the last mention of any involvement by Priscus in diplomatic affairs. It is quite possible he left the civil service in 457, when Marcian died. He may have fallen afoul of Aspar, as his history becomes progressively more critical of him, in particular Aspar's involvement in a disastrous expedition in 468 to oust the Vandals from North Africa. The expedition cost 130,000 lb. of gold and

Priscus was able to

mitigate

some of the more extreme
demands of the capricious
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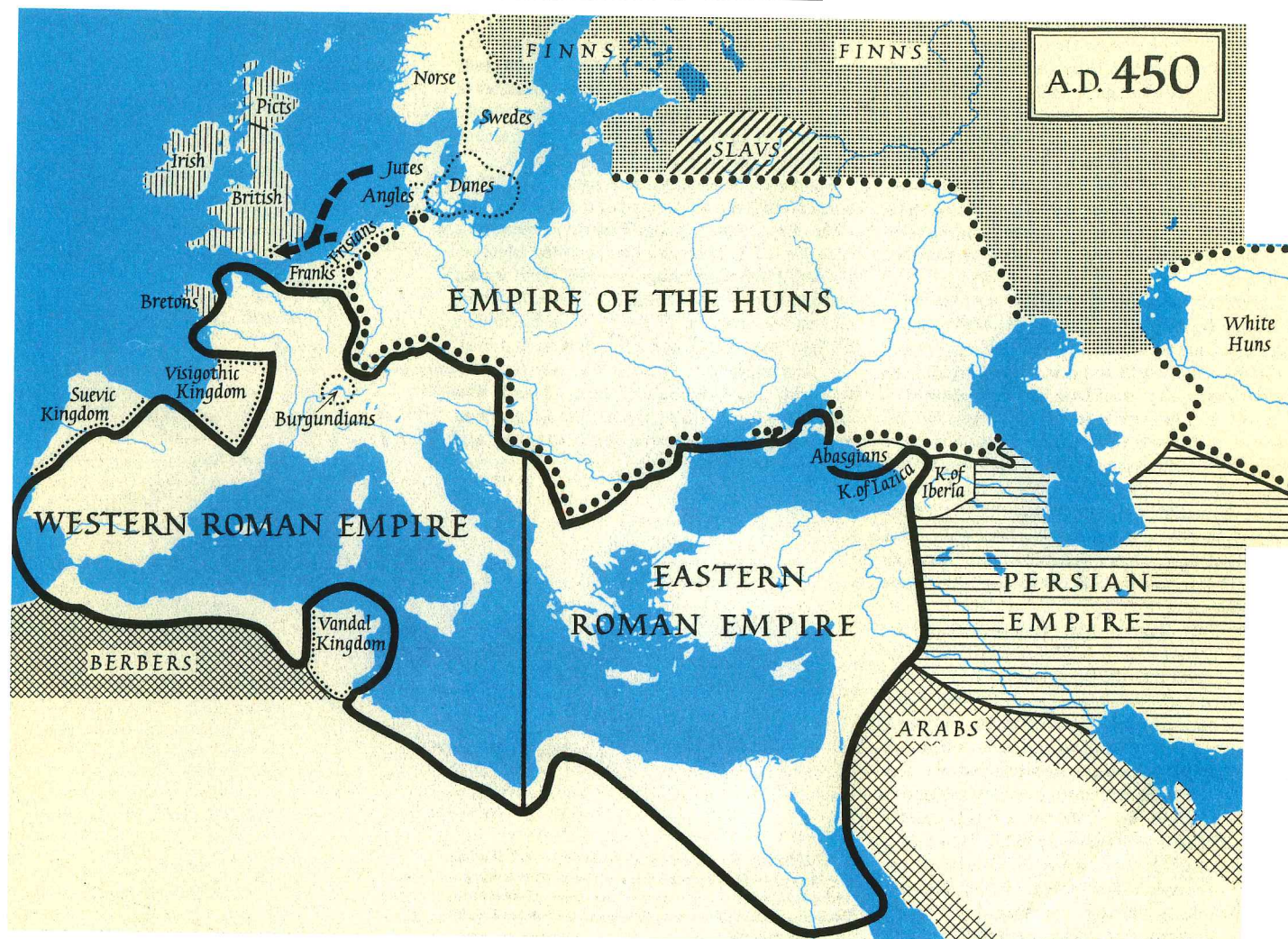
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Priscus lived in interesting times and was a keen observer of the events of his day, to which he was so often required to contribute his

diplomatic skills.

Vandal fireships sent most of the Roman fleet to the bottom. Because of Aspar's origins (a strong Alan contingent had accompanied the Vandals to Africa) the chattering classes had long suspected him of other loyalties. Some even accused him of bribing the Basiliscus, leader of the ill-fated expedition. However, Basiliscus (a son in law of Marcian's successor Leo I — another Aspar protégé) was incompetent enough to lose the battle without any outside encouragement.

Priscus lived into the 480s, probably staying in Constantinople. His history continues to the end of the reign of Leo. He was therefore able to record, with some satisfaction, how in 471 Aspar overreached himself by trying to set his son Patricius up as heir to the throne and was deposed and executed. Priscus' historical work, heavily mined by historians who followed him, seems to have survived

intact into the ninth century. Unfortunately, perhaps because it was so heavily excerpted, not enough people saw fit to copy out the original in its entirety to ensure the survival of copies down to modern times. This is a great tragedy, but we must be grateful for what does survive, as Priscus lived in interesting times and was a keen observer of the turbulent events of his day, to which he was so often required to contribute his diplomatic skills. ☺

Roger Lucy is a Deputy Director in Export Controls Division in DFAIT and has served in Chicago, Tehran, Oslo and Port of Spain. He has contributed several previous articles on "Dark Age Diplomacy" two of which have been awarded prizes by the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA).

Le ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international a lancé un site Web éducatif destiné principalement aux enseignants et aux étudiants de niveau secondaire au Canada, mais dont une grande partie du contenu pourrait aussi intéresser un auditoire plus vaste. Les Canadiens dans le monde / Canadians in the World compte tout un éventail de sujets, notamment du matériel original conçu pour Internet et des versions Web de documents imprimés et audiovisuels. Dans le cadre de ce projet, on a demandé au journaliste et écrivain Clyde Sanger d'interviewer des Canadiens et des Canadiennes qui ont eu une action déterminante dans le monde. Une de ces personnes est Sheila Watt-Cloutier, qui est présidente de la section du Canada de la Conférence circumpolaire inuit (CCI). Son profil, que M. Sanger a rédigé en anglais, a été ensuite traduit par le Service de traduction (TRAN) du ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international.

Hector Mackenzie

Sheila Watt-Cloutier

Championne du Traité

Entrevue réalisée par Clyde Sanger pour Les Canadiens dans le monde.

La signature par 125 pays de la Convention sur les polluants organiques persistants représente ni plus ni moins un succès retentissant pour les habitants du Nord, et en particulier pour **Sheila Watt-Cloutier**, qui est présidente de la section du Canada de la Conférence circumpolaire inuit (CCI) et qui représentait les 150 000 Inuits de quatre pays à la série de conférences qui ont produit ce résultat très prometteur. Pourquoi ce traité revêt-il une telle importance pour les habitants du Nord? Parce que ces polluants, poussés par les vents dominants, se retrouvent dans l'Arctique, où ils pénètrent dans la chaîne alimentaire — c'est-à-dire la chaîne des « aliments traditionnels » — et mettent en danger la santé de la population de ces régions, surtout celle des jeunes mères et de leurs enfants.

Le Comité canadien des ressources arctiques, qui a également joué un rôle important dans ces négociations étalées sur plusieurs années, a fourni des explications sur les 12 polluants organiques persistants (POP) qui doivent être interdits en vertu de ce traité. Son directeur général, **John Crump**, a écrit ce qui suit en automne 2000 :

« Les polluants organiques persistants (POP) sont des composés incluant des produits chimiques industriels comme les BPC, des pesticides comme le DDT et des déchets indésirables comme les dioxines. Ils ne se décomposent pas aisément dans l'environnement. Ces polluants extrêmement toxiques se retrouvent en quantités croissantes dans les eaux de l'Arctique et, de là, jusqu'au sommet de la chaîne alimentaire. Leurs effets néfastes sur la santé peuvent être très étendus : ils peuvent être la source de divers types de cancers, d'allergies, de lésions du système nerveux central, de problèmes de reproduction et d'un dérèglement généralisé du système immunitaire. Ils sont TRÈS dangereux. »

M. Crump explique en outre que les produits chimiques utilisés dans l'hémisphère Sud, quoique pour la plupart interdits au Canada et aux États-Unis, produisent des POP qui se retrouvent dans l'Arctique. « Ils sont portés par les vents dominants qui soulèvent les résidus dans la haute atmosphère, sautant les océans et des continents entiers — comme des sauterelles invisibles — jusqu'à ce qu'ils entrent en contact avec l'atmosphère plus froide et plus humide des régions nordiques — comme le Canada et l'Arctique. »

Avant les premières manifestations de ce phénomène, **Sheila Watt-Cloutier** a été exposée à un vent dominant d'une tout autre nature, qui bouleversait la vie des jeunes enfants inuits dans les années 1970 : elle a été arrachée à sa famille et à sa culture pour



être placée dans des écoles situées dans des régions du Canada très éloignées du nord du Québec.

Voici ce qu'elle dit à ce sujet : « Je suis née dans le district du Nunavik et j'ai été élevée selon les coutumes ancestrales par ma grand-mère et par ma mère; j'ai vécu très proche de la terre pendant les dix premières années de ma vie et je ne me déplaçais que par traîneau à chiens. À l'âge de 10 ans, j'ai été envoyée dans une école en Nouvelle-Écosse, où je suis restée deux ans, puis j'ai été placée en internat à Churchill (Manitoba) pendant trois ans et, enfin, j'ai passé trois ans à Ottawa, où j'ai fait mes études secondaires. Pendant ces années, j'ai fini par oublier ma langue maternelle et j'ai dû la réapprendre. Les deux premières années d'exil dans le Sud ont été très dures parce que je n'avais que 10 ans; à cet âge-là, on oublie très vite sa langue et sa culture. C'était l'époque où l'on essayait de nous dissuader d'utiliser notre langue maternelle. Il s'agissait plus ou moins d'un processus d'assimilation. Ce fut donc une période très difficile pour moi. Il faut longtemps pour se remettre de ce type d'expériences parce qu'on est très jeune et très vulnérable et qu'on est isolé de sa famille, de sa culture et de ses traditions. Je ne suis pas retournée chez moi pour Noël ou en hiver pendant cinq ans. Quand j'y suis enfin retournée, je n'avais pas été témoin de la transition de l'attelage de chiens à la motoneige. J'ai eu beaucoup de difficulté à accepter ce changement et j'étais terrifiée par l'omniprésence de ces machines bruyantes. Ce changement radical s'était produit pendant cette période d'absence relativement brève. C'était mon premier contact avec le changement technologique et tumultueux.

« Je suis retournée dans ma région à l'âge de 18 ans. J'espérais alors devenir le premier médecin inuk du Nunavik. J'étais influencée par ma mère qui a été interprète au poste de soins infirmiers pendant des années; j'avais grandi à proximité de cette clinique et dans ce milieu. Depuis que j'étais toute petite, je voulais devenir médecin. Mes notes en chimie et en mathématiques à l'école secondaire à Ottawa n'étaient pas suffisantes et l'orienteur m'a fait comprendre que mes ambitions étaient au-delà de mes capacités.

Plus tard, avec le recul, je me suis demandé pourquoi on ne m'a pas trouvé des tuteurs pour m'aider à réaliser mes ambitions. Nous ne sommes pas toujours entièrement maîtres de nos plans de vie ni de la situation et ma destinée n'était pas de devenir le premier médecin inuk du Nunavik. Il y a diverses façons de donner un but à notre vie. J'ai donc opté pour l'alternative qui me paraissait la plus engageante, à savoir devenir l'interprète et l'assistante des médecins. J'ai exercé ce métier pendant trois ou quatre ans, jusqu'à ce que je me marie et que j'aie des enfants. »

Avant de se lancer dans la politique, **Sheila Watt-Cloutier** a été pendant plusieurs années conseillère et coordonnatrice des services aux étudiants, au niveau secondaire. Voici ce qu'elle dit : « Je ne

à toutes les négociations sur le Traité sur les POP à travers le monde, au nom des pays membres de la CCI. C'est ainsi que nous essayons de promouvoir notre cause. »

Les négociations concernant les POP : Il y a une douzaine d'années, les scientifiques et les travailleurs du secteur de la santé se sont aperçus que la santé des habitants du Nord se détériorait à cause de la pollution. Sheila Watt-Cloutier dit ceci à ce sujet : « Il a fallu une dizaine d'années de préparation en raison du nombre de travaux et d'études scientifiques accumulés. C'est précisément parce que ces données scientifiques étaient de classe mondiale que j'ai pu m'en inspirer pour élaborer une politique internationale. Ces données scientifiques ont été recueillies avec le concours des peuples

sur les polluants organiques persistants



me suis lancée dans la politique qu'en 1995 lorsque j'ai été candidate pour la région comme secrétaire de la Société Makivik, où j'ai été élue. La même année, j'ai été élue vice-présidente pour le Canada de la Conférence circumpolaire inuit qui, à cette époque, n'était pas un poste à plein temps mais plutôt à titre bénévole. « La CCI a été créée en 1975-1976 et a tenu sa première assemblée en 1977. C'est l'Alaska qui en a été l'instigateur. Eben Hobson, un Inuk, voyant que les problèmes environnementaux et les déversements pétroliers détruisaient petit à petit les eaux et les territoires de chasse des habitants de la région, a jugé préférable d'unir les Inuits de diverses régions du monde. La CCI est une organisation très crédible; elle s'est taillée une place sur la scène internationale et pas seulement en ce qui concerne les problèmes environnementaux, bien que ceux-ci soient son principal cheval de bataille étant donné qu'ils ont des répercussions sur notre vie courante et menacent notre mode de vie, notre patrimoine culturel, et notre santé surtout depuis l'arrivée des POP.

« Le rôle que j'ai joué au sein de la CCI ressemble à une course de relais. Plusieurs de nos chefs, comme Mary Simon, ont entamé la course puis j'ai pris le relais et j'ai franchi une autre étape; c'est toujours à cela que je compare la tâche que nous avons accomplie au cours des 23 dernières années. Les quatre pays membres de la CCI — les États-Unis, la Russie, le Groenland et le Canada — se chargent chacun de certains dossiers, en fonction des ressources et des fonds qu'ils arrivent à obtenir chez eux. Par exemple, le Canada a pu trouver les fonds nécessaires pour s'occuper du Traité sur les POP; c'est pourquoi j'ai pris la tête des opérations pour les quatre pays dans ce domaine. Le Groenland a recueilli des fonds importants pour les droits de la personne; il a donc pris les commandes dans ce domaine et a aidé à créer la tribune permanente pour les populations autochtones sous l'égide des Nations Unies afin d'avoir des contacts permanents avec l'ONU. Les représentants du Groenland participent à toutes les séances de négociations sur le projet de Déclaration sur les droits des populations autochtones. J'ai assisté

autochtones canadiens et du MAINC (ministère des Affaires indiennes et du Nord canadien). Ce partenariat a permis d'établir une collaboration très étroite afin de déterminer la nature des POP et leurs répercussions sur nous, ce qu'il faut faire à leur sujet et les dangers qu'ils représentent. Nous avons pu participer aux séances de négociations des Nations Unies auxquelles assistaient les représentants de 140 pays et à la série de cinq séances de négociations qui a débuté à Montréal et se tenir ensuite à Nairobi, à Genève, et à Bonn pour se terminer à Johannesburg. J'ai participé à toutes ces séances et j'ai fait des interventions non seulement au nom des Inuits des diverses régions du monde mais je suis également devenue la porte-parole des peuples autochtones du Canada, notamment des Dénés et des Métis et des Gwich'in. La CCI a le statut d'observateur permanent à l'ONU et, bien que nous n'ayons pas le droit de vote, nous avons accès aux discussions; nous pouvons nous asseoir au fond de la salle et donner notre avis à toutes les étapes du processus. Par conséquent, j'en ai profité pour faire entendre la voix de l'Arctique et celle des Inuits.

« Nous avons été traités avec beaucoup de respect par Klaus Toepfer, le directeur général du Programme des Nations Unies pour l'environnement et par John Buccini, président du Traité sur les POP, un Canadien qui a rallié les troupes avec brio et qui a permis d'élaborer un traité acceptable pour toutes les parties concernées. Nous avons fait partie d'un processus étonnant au cours duquel des partenariats plutôt insolites ont été scellés, à tous les niveaux, un processus qui a même permis à l'industrie de faire des concessions et d'approuver le traité. Les relations entre les Inuits et les groupes écologistes ont été marquées par des tensions mais nous sommes parvenus à créer des alliances avec des organismes comme le Fonds mondial pour la nature (FMN) qui dispose de ressources colossales, et même avec des organismes comme Greenpeace, sur la question des POP. Le processus d'établissement de partenariats et de liens a été très fécond et très constructif. Il s'agissait d'une situation très difficile parce que les Inuits, qui sont les principaux concernés par les POP, n'étaient que 150 000 pour se mesurer à 140 pays. Ce n'était déjà pas une mince tâche de nous faire connaître de ces pays et c'était encore beaucoup plus difficile de leur faire prendre conscience des répercussions négatives que leurs activités ont pour nous. Lorsqu'on a affaire à des pays en développement de l'hémisphère Sud qui essaient de faire tourner une industrie avec de maigres ressources et qui s'efforcent d'enrayer les ravages de la malaria, responsable du décès de milliers, voire de millions d'enfants, on comprend la complexité de la tâche et l'ampleur du défi pour les Inuits. Je voulais que les autres pays comprennent que nous n'étions pas là uniquement pour prêcher pour notre paroisse mais qu'il s'agissait d'un problème d'envergure planétaire et que la situation dans l'Arctique n'était que le signe

avant-coureur des dangers auxquels les autres régions du monde étaient exposées. Les habitants de l'Arctique sont comparables aux canaris dont on se servait comme signal d'alarme dans les mines. Il est un peu tard pour nous parce que notre système absorbe des POP depuis une dizaine ou une douzaine d'années. »

Sheila reconnaît qu'« on n'a pas encore de données scientifiques fiables sur les incidences à long terme des POP. Nous continuons d'exercer des pressions sur le gouvernement fédéral, sur les services de recherche et sur Santé Canada pour qu'on fasse davantage de recherche dans ce domaine. C'est absolument nécessaire. Nous savons que le problème ne se limite pas aux contaminants qui entrent dans notre organisme par le biais des aliments que nous consommons puisque cette situation nous oblige aussi à renoncer à des aliments traditionnels très nutritifs qui étaient auparavant très sains. Le problème est aussi celui d'un mode de vie qui se perd. Je pense au pouvoir de notre culture et à l'importance du maintien de nos traditions au moment de l'avènement d'un nouvel ordre mondial, où il est très important de maintenir intact notre mode de vie et de savoir en tout temps ce que nous faisons. Je parle ainsi à cause des changements radicaux qui se sont produits dans le Nord. Dans mon cas, en 37 ans, je suis passée du traîneau à chiens comme mode de transport à l'avion supersonique pour aller en Afrique du Sud afin d'aider à négocier ce traité. Ce qui s'est produit est incroyable et nos problèmes communautaires n'ont rien d'étonnant. Nous ne devrions pas avoir à nous préoccuper de la toxicité de nos aliments traditionnels qui devraient nous donner la force nécessaire pour accomplir tout ce que nous avons à accomplir. C'est un problème qui a des incidences globales.

Le problème de la perte d'un mode de vie est étroitement lié à ce qu'il nous faudra pour survivre et créer des systèmes de gouvernance qui puissent être efficaces dans le monde contemporain. »

La politique de l'influence : Une des questions abordées au cours des négociations concerne l'utilisation du DDT, qui était sur la liste des 12 substances toxiques dangereuses à interdire. Étant donné que la malaria est redevenue une des principales sources de mortalité dans les pays de l'hémisphère Sud, de nombreux pays en développement s'opposaient à l'inclusion du DDT dans la liste. Sheila Watt-Cloutier a approuvé leur attitude. « Nous avons déclaré que nous ne serions pas partie à une convention qui pourrait être causer du tort, voire des décès chez d'autres peuples parce que nous savons ce que c'est de perdre les siens en grand nombre. Nous étions beaucoup plus de 150 000 Inuits dans le monde mais, au début des années 1900, un grand nombre d'Inuits ont été victimes de la maladie; des communautés entières ont été anéanties par la tuberculose, par la variole ou par la rougeole. Je voulais faire prendre conscience de la relativité des chiffres. Pour nous, étant donné que nous sommes en très

petit nombre, la perte de cinq personnes équivalait à celle de 40 000 personnes à Montréal. Lorsque nous avons perdu neuf des nôtres dans l'avalanche de Kangirsualujjuak il y a quelques années, cela équivalait à une perte de 50 000 personnes à Montréal ou de 400 000 personnes à l'échelle nationale. Nous avons déjà perdu un grand nombre des nôtres à cause des changements radicaux qui se sont produits, à cause de l'alcoolisme, de la toxicomanie, des suicides et des accidents. Compte tenu de notre faible population, c'est parmi les nôtres que les pertes de vies sont les plus élevées à l'échelle de l'Amérique du Nord.

« Par conséquent, la question des POP revêt une importance cruciale pour faire comprendre la situation critique dans laquelle nous nous trouvons. Et c'est ce que nous nous sommes attachés à faire comprendre. Je ne dis pas que les autres pays ont résisté mais, étant donné la situation précaire des pays de l'hémisphère Sud, cela a été très difficile dans un premier temps, car c'était perçu comme une question de choix. J'ai alors tenu le discours suivant : « N'envisagez pas le problème sous cet angle parce que ce n'est pas une simple question de chiffres. C'est la planète et la mère Terre qui sont concernées et qui réclament ce traité à grands cris. Ce sont les appels désespérés des mères que nous entendons au sujet de ces substances toxiques. Quel genre de monde avons-nous créé pour en arriver au point où les mères d'Amérique centrale et du Mexique essaient de sauver

« ... c'est en pratiquant la politique de l'influence plutôt que celle de la protestation que nous avons réussi à transmettre un message acceptable. »

leurs enfants en utilisant divers insecticides pour lutter contre les parasites? On retrouve des traces de ces insecticides dans le lait maternel des femmes inuites de l'Arctique. Cet appel à l'aide des mères du monde est un appel de la mère Terre elle-même. Il est certainement possible de trouver d'autres solutions. » C'est le message que nous avons toujours lancé, un message fondé sur des principes moraux très élevés; nous n'avons pas créé une atmosphère de conflit ou de confrontation. En fait, c'est en pratiquant la politique de l'influence plutôt que celle de la protestation que nous avons réussi à transmettre un message acceptable. »

Une sculpture d'une valeur symbolique plus puissante que la masse du Parlement : Sheila a fait preuve d'imagination en proposant un objet ayant un pouvoir symbolique plus subtil que la masse du Parlement, au cours des débats. Voici ce qu'elle dit à ce sujet : « Dès le premier jour, Klaus Toepfer [le ministre de l'Environnement du gouvernement allemand du chancelier Kohl] a manifesté beaucoup de respect pour les représentants des Inuits. C'est pourquoi au cours de la deuxième séance, à Nairobi, nous lui avons offert en cadeau une sculpture faite par une Inuite, représentant une mère et son enfant, en lui disant, au cours d'une réception : « Nous vous offrons ce cadeau en témoignage de la gratitude des Inuits des diverses régions du monde parce que nous sommes très sensibles au respect qu'on nous témoigne, en raison de notre isolement et de notre petit nombre ». Avec beaucoup de bienveillance, il s'est tourné vers l'assemblée et a dit : « Je prête cette sculpture à John Buccini [président de l'assemblée] pour qu'il la place devant lui pendant la durée des négociations », ce qu'il fit. John Buccini m'a confié à quelques reprises : « Sheila, à certains moments, je me sens très las mais il me suffit de regarder cette sculpture pour qu'elle me remonte complètement le moral ». C'est ainsi qu'elle est devenue pour ainsi dire la conscience de la conférence. À la cérémonie de signature, à Stockholm, il l'a remise à Klaus Toepfer et c'était parfait ainsi. Dès le premier jour, Klaus

Sheila
Watt-Cloutier

Toepfer avait manifesté un profond respect et une grande bienveillance à notre égard et il nous a permis d'exprimer notre point de vue. »

Pendant un certain temps, quelques pays se sont opposés à plusieurs clauses importantes de la convention, y compris celle qui a été assimilée dans d'autres contextes au « principe de précaution ». La règle tacite voulait que les pays ne s'opposent pas à un produit chimique mis sur le marché tant que sa toxicité n'était pas prouvée — au même titre que, lors d'un procès, le prévenu est considéré comme innocent jusqu'à preuve de sa culpabilité sauf que dans ce cas-ci, le prévenu n'était pas devant un tribunal mais pouvait causer impunément des dommages jusqu'à ce que les effets cumulatifs deviennent évidents. Le « principe de précaution » veut que l'on interdise l'utilisation d'un produit soupçonné avec raison d'avoir des répercussions dommageables. Un groupe de pays composé du Japon, des États-Unis, du Canada, de l'Australie et de la Nouvelle-Zélande, désigné sous l'acronyme JUSCANZ, n'appréciaient pas les implications de ce principe. Sheila se rappelle du climat de tension qui régnait. « À la troisième séance (à Genève), la situation était devenue très pénible et même chez les représentants de l'Afrique du Sud, on percevait des divisions. Par moments, le président pensait que l'on n'arriverait pas à établir une convention. Le Canada s'est toutefois révélé comme un chef de file. Je crois que nous avons eu quelque influence sur la délégation canadienne, placée sous la direction de Steve Hart qui travaillait pour Environnement Canada. Nous avons eu des difficultés avec la délégation, mais nous sommes parvenus à accorder nos violons et à tenir le même langage. Cette collaboration a provoqué un revirement d'attitude de la part des autres pays et a montré que les Autochtones sont capables de collaborer avec leur gouvernement pour tenir le même discours dans une tribune internationale. »

Le point de vue du Comité canadien des ressources arctiques : Le moment est venu de citer quelques observations faites par **John Crump** au sujet du rôle du Comité canadien des ressources arctiques. Elles concernent principalement la dernière séance de négociations qui s'est tenue à Johannesburg. « La CCI participait au processus depuis le tout début et nous avons collaboré avec elle ainsi qu'avec le Réseau international pour l'élimination des POP (IPEN), un réseau d'ONG des pays du tiers monde et des pays développés qui s'est révélé être un moteur extraordinaire en matière de lobbying. Nous avons été invités à participer pour exposer le point de vue de l'Arctique. Nous transmettions les messages de la CCI à l'IPEN, ou nous nous soutenions mutuellement. C'était une collaboration très intéressante et c'était important pour le Comité que l'on mettait souvent dans le même sac que les écologistes, ce qui équivalait au baiser de la mort, dans le Nord.

« La séance de Johannesburg était passionnante et nous avons pu proposer, au cours des derniers jours, une formulation du principe de précaution. Trois d'entre nous ont concocté le libellé de cette clause pendant le dîner parce que le Canada était à peu près à mi-chemin entre le bloc formé par les États-Unis, le Japon, l'Australie et la Nouvelle-Zélande d'une part, et l'Union européenne d'autre part en ce qui concerne la formulation de ce principe. Nous, les représentants des ONG canadiennes avons fait comprendre à la délégation canadienne qu'elle devait faire preuve de beaucoup plus de souplesse. En fin de compte, celle-ci nous a expliqué quel était son objectif et ce qu'elle pensait pouvoir faire. Le principe de précaution était la pierre d'achoppement et à ce moment-là, le projet de traité était sur le point d'échouer : des pays comme les États-Unis voulaient que le principe de précaution ne soit mentionné que dans le préambule, qui n'est pas contraignant, et pas dans le corps du texte. Cette position a été maintenue pendant plusieurs séances de négociations et l'on a décidé alors de régler toutes les autres questions et de laisser celle-là en veilleuse. C'est au cours de la dernière séance, qui devait se terminer le samedi soir mais qui s'est finalement

poursuivie jusqu'au dimanche matin, que l'on en est arrivé à un compromis. Le principe de précaution fait maintenant partie intégrante du texte du traité et c'est très important.

« Le traité étant en cours de ratification et de mise en œuvre, il est maintenant possible de s'interroger sur les autres substances dont l'usage devrait être interdit. Outre la liste des 12 produits interdits, on prévoit établir une deuxième liste de produits candidats à l'interdiction. Le traité prévoit un processus d'inscription sur cette deuxième liste et fixe les modalités à suivre pour l'évaluation des produits concernés. Par exemple, un ignifugeant utilisé dans l'industrie du vêtement et dans l'industrie de la construction serait un candidat éventuel. Il a les mêmes propriétés qu'un POP : il est sujet à la bioaccumulation, il est persistant et il a la même structure chimique que les autres POP. »

Au cours d'une cérémonie qui s'est déroulée à Stockholm, les représentants de 90 pays ont signé le traité; à cette occasion, le Canada s'est distingué de presque tous les autres pays lorsque David

« J'ai assisté à toutes les négociations sur le Traité sur les POP à travers le monde, au nom des pays membres de la CCI. »

Anderson, le ministre de l'Environnement, a signé et ratifié le traité sur-le-champ. Les Fidji l'ont également ratifié immédiatement. Il doit être ratifié par 50 pays pour entrer en vigueur. On espère obtenir le nombre de ratifications nécessaires d'ici septembre 2002, date prévue pour la tenue de la conférence dix ans après Rio. « Nous continuons à collaborer avec l'IPEN en ce qui concerne les ratifications et nous comptons aider les porte-parole des collectivités du Nord dans ce type de dossiers. Nous ferons en outre une évaluation des incidences du mercure sur le Nord qui pourra servir dans le cadre d'un autre processus de négociation à l'échelle internationale », de dire John Crump.

Il ajoute ceci à propos de la séance de négociations de Johannesburg : « On pouvait constater que beaucoup d'autres questions internationales étaient en jeu, une des principales étant l'aide au développement. Elle a des liens avec cette question-ci parce que les pays du Sud n'arriveront pas à se débarrasser de ces substances sans aide financière et technique. Ils ont besoin d'aide pour pouvoir procéder à un entreposage et à une élimination sécuritaires de ces substances et avoir recours à diverses autres solutions. C'est la responsabilité de pays comme le Canada et les États-Unis de fournir les fonds nécessaires. Le Canada a déjà engagé 20 millions de dollars et un mécanisme financier sera établi pour répartir ces fonds. Il reste aussi beaucoup de BPC un peu partout au Canada, étant donné qu'ils ont été utilisés comme produit de refroidissement dans les installations électriques. Un des principaux problèmes de nettoyage qui se posent dans le Nord est lié aux BPC abandonnés dans les anciennes bases militaires. »

Nouveaux défis : Sheila Watt-Cloutier a bon espoir que le traité entrera en vigueur sans retard indu. « Nous sommes optimistes parce que 90 pays ont signé le traité et que, par

John Crump



conséquent, sa ratification est possible. Les États-Unis ont dit qu'ils le ratifieraient dès que possible », ajoute-t-elle.

« La mise en œuvre de ce traité ne se limitera pas uniquement aux 12 produits concernés car il faut tenir à l'œil les nouveaux polluants organiques persistants. Le Centre for Indigenous Nutrition and Environment, qui a des liens avec l'Université McGill, a été très actif dans le secteur de la recherche. Tous les membres de son conseil d'administration sont des Autochtones canadiens, y compris des représentants de la CCI. C'est pourquoi je dis que nous avons travaillé en étroite collaboration pour l'instauration d'une collaboration à l'échelle régionale — nous avons des contacts avec l'ITC (Inuit Tapirisat du Canada), avec les Dénés, avec les Métis et avec les Gwitch'in. On a toujours de la difficulté à obtenir les fonds nécessaires. Nous collaborons avec le MAINC; David Stone est aussi un fervent défenseur de l'Arctique et milite contre les POP; c'est un scientifique remarquable qui nous a aidés à transposer les données scientifiques sous une forme que nous arrivons à comprendre. Il a manifesté beaucoup de respect à notre égard et nous a beaucoup aidés.

« Nous sommes optimistes parce que 90 pays ont signé le traité et que, par conséquent, sa ratification est possible. »

« Je pense que ces partenariats persisteront. Je ne suis pas naïve au point de croire que nous ne serons pas confrontés à de nouveaux défis. Le changement climatique est un piège monumental qu'il va falloir désamorcer. L'avantage, c'est que, comme nous avons acquis de l'expérience avec les POP, nous pouvons suivre le même processus et mettre sur pied une stratégie très ciblée. Nous connaissons déjà beaucoup d'intervenants. Pour vous donner une idée de l'ampleur du défi,

je signale que l'élaboration du traité sur les POP a entraîné la participation de 140 pays et de 600 à 700 délégués alors que le problème du changement climatique nécessiterait l'intervention d'un beaucoup plus grand nombre de pays et de 5 000 à 8 000 personnes aux séances de négociations. C'est assez déroutant car on ne sait plus trop par où commencer; on se demande à quoi il convient d'accorder la priorité et que faire ou à quel volet du processus il faut consacrer ses énergies pour obtenir les meilleurs résultats. Il faudra adopter une tactique encore plus élaborée.

« Nous souffrons déjà des méfaits du changement climatique dont la plupart des gens ne sont même pas encore conscients : l'amin-cissement de la couche de glace et le dégel du pergélisol sont déjà des réalités et l'on constate déjà la présence de boue dans l'Arctique, où il n'y en avait encore jamais eu. La faune est déjà touchée par le changement climatique. Nous étions enchantés lorsque le président Bush a annoncé qu'il signait le traité sur les POP; il était toutefois soumis à des pressions qui le forçaient à prendre une bonne initiative pour se faire pardonner le retrait des États-Unis du Protocole de Kyoto. Nous n'approuvons généralement pas ses politiques parce qu'elles font fi des considérations écologiques. En ce qui concerne les POP, nous avons travaillé en étroite collaboration avec la section de l'Alaska de la CCI qui a envoyé des lettres à la secrétaire d'État, Madeline Albright, et à d'autres personnes. Nous nous sommes mis à collaborer avec le gouvernement de l'Alaska qui a exercé beaucoup de pressions sur le gouvernement américain pour le convaincre de signer le traité sur les POP; nous aurons à nouveau à être des partenaires. Ce n'est qu'à la dernière séance qu'un représentant des Autochtones a été ajouté à la délégation américaine alors que Carol Mills, une Dénée, a fait partie de la délégation canadienne tout au long du processus. Nous trouvons cependant que c'est un très bon point de départ en espérant que les États-Unis continueront dans cette voie. » ☺

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Donald Anthony Moorman 1928–2001

Je désire rappeler avec beaucoup de ferveur et d'amitié le souvenir de Donald Moorman qui s'est taillé une juste réputation de 1954 à 1990 au sein du ministère. Né à Ottawa et y ayant fait ses classes, il passe le concours d'admission au Service administratif où il fera sa marque d'habile administrateur jusqu'au début des années soixante, période où il sera reçu au concours des Agents du Service extérieur. Il connut sa future épouse, Joan Awre, lors d'une affectation à Tel-Aviv alors qu'elle exerçait des fonctions consulaires à l'ambassade de Grande-Bretagne. Donald évoluera avec elle dans nombre de missions canadiennes principalement en Europe (Copenhague, Londres, La Haye, Bruxelles et Paris) depuis les fonctions d'agent administratif à celles d'agent politique et ainsi, il parachèvera une carrière fructueuse pendant plus de trente-six ans.

J'ai connu Donald comme Conseiller administratif de l'ambassade de Paris au cours des années soixante-dix, et par la suite, j'ai eu le bonheur, comme chef d'équipe d'inspection, de le retrouver à Georgetown alors qu'il exerçait les fonctions de second dans cette mission isolée de la Caraïbe. Cette affectation en suivait une au Zaïre et la prochaine, à Alger, marquerait la fin de sa carrière. Sa famille de sept enfants avait choisi de demeurer à Londres avec leur mère Joan qui a dû veiller à leurs progrès scolaires et autres, tous porteurs de belles carrières professionnelles.

Mais c'est à Alger que j'ai mieux fréquenté notre grand ami Donald, personnage distingué et élégant s'il en est, toujours plein d'humour, fervent Catholique qui ne manquait pas l'occasion d'un séjour dans un monastère ou une retraite chez les moines français des monts Atlas. L'éloignement de sa famille lui pesait et nous cherchions, parmi ses nombreux amis, à lui offrir fréquemment

l'accueil de nos foyers. Une excursion à plusieurs dans la région de Ghardaïa m'est demeurée très vivante en mémoire, particulièrement par la présence stimulante de Donald. La prise de retraite a été loin d'être un repos du troisième âge pour lui. Je laisse à sa fille Jane la description de ses nouveaux intérêts :

Donald was a strong advocate of education and self-improvement. He embarked on language courses during his time with External Affairs, resulting in his impeccable command of French. He encouraged all forms of learning and was able to fulfill his own life-long interest in academia after retiring, studying Greek and Hebrew, followed by a course in Economics and Political History at Plater College, Oxford. He then read for a BA in Philosophy and Theology from Heythrop College, London. He undertook research for and was a main contributor to the Dictionary of Christian Biographies (published in 2001) and embarked on an MA in Philosophy in September 2000. He had to abandon his studies early in 2001 when he became ill.

Tel était cet homme plein d'idées et de ressources qui ne supportait aucunement l'oisiveté, dont il disait qu'elle résultait de l'ignorance à combler par l'activité physique et mentale. Pendant son séjour à Alger, on a senti chez lui une réflexion profonde visant au perfectionnement intellectuel et spirituel comme réponse aux vicissitudes de la vie. Adieu, cher Donald.

Roger Paul Gilbert a fait carrière au MAECI de 1957 à 1989. Il a été en poste à Lima, Prague, Nicosie, Port-au-Prince, Paris, Bordeaux, La Havane, Alger. Écrivain, il est aussi vice-président du Centre Québécois du P.E.N. international à Montréal.

Ormond Wilson Dier 1919–2002

On a cold grey January morning in 1949, my wife, Marcelle, and I had been waiting for many hours in the Mexico City railway station for the arrival of the train from Chicago, where Orme had been vice-consul. It was due in at any time, the station master said, but it turned up about 12 hours late. When it finally arrived around five o'clock in the morning, we met Orme and Sheila Dier with their young son, Lance, for the first time. After the long delay, we were all pretty tired, but a long warm friendship started that morning.

At the Embassy, where Orme was Third Secretary and Vice-Consul, a rank which hardly exists anywhere in the world today, he took on the consular side of the work. I soon found him to be a very well-organized and effective officer. He ran things well. He had a great sense of fairness both in his professional and personal lives. He also had a delightfully dry sense of humour. Their cottage in the Gatineau Hills, situated on a point jutting out into one of the local lakes, was called "Moot Point".

In September 1950, he was posted to Caracas as Second Secretary. At that point, our career paths diverged, except for a few months in 1961 when he replaced me as Head of the Liaison Services Section on the occasion of my posting to Lisbon. The Section dealt almost daily with Basil Robinson in the PMO, where he was the departmental liaison officer with Prime Minister Diefenbaker. Orme replaced his long-time friend, Basil, in 1962 when the latter was posted to Washington. Their friendship went back to UBC in

pre-War days and continued in the Canadian Army, where Orme had been a gunner, and later in the Department, which they both joined after the War.

Orme stayed on as departmental liaison officer in the PMO until the fall of the Diefenbaker Government in April 1963 and until the Department was no longer required to provide liaison personnel for the office of incoming Prime Minister Pearson. During approximately a year, when he served two Prime Ministers successively, he played a quiet but effective role in two events of critical importance in Canada-U.S. relations: the Cuban Missile Crisis in October 1962, and the meeting of Prime Minister Pearson with President Kennedy at Hyannisport, Massachusetts, in May 1963. A few years later, another noteworthy episode occurred in his career when, in the aftermath of the events of October 1970 in Quebec, he was designated by the late Under-Secretary Ed Ritchie to accompany some of the kidnappers on their way to asylum in Cuba.

Not long before that, we had met Orme and Sheila again. This time it was at the Ottawa Airport in May 1968: a melancholy day. They were returning from Saigon where he had been our Commissioner to the International Control Commission. They had both had an extremely difficult time of it. The war in Indochina was approaching its height, with the United States and North Vietnamese forces intensifying their efforts throughout Vietnam. Apart from the difficult climate and health conditions they faced in Vietnam, daily life

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there had become very uncertain and worrisome with bombs and sabotage everywhere. In addition, Sheila had become seriously ill. She died not long after their return to Ottawa. They were a closely knit couple and her death shattered him. I saw a great deal of him at this time. He was in the Latin American and Caribbean sectors; I in Historical Division. Both Marcelle and I did our best to cheer him up. It was a depressing period for him, but a happy ending was on the horizon. He had met Jean Russell, who eventually became his wife.

He was appointed High Commissioner to Guyana in 1973 and Ambassador to Peru in 1976. As Permanent Observer to the OAS, I was able to visit them quite often on my way to or from meetings

in Latin America. I still have a delightful and very personal reminder of them both: a recipe for a delicious chocolate mousse *chocolate perfecto Pascual*. Delightful! It was named after its creator: their cook, Pascual.

Subsequent postings again intervened to keep us apart and we saw less and less of each other. In retirement, he returned to his roots in BC. He died in Victoria on September 26 last year.

Arthur Blanchette was Canadian Ambassador to the OAS, Tunisia and Libya.

Robert Louis Rogers 1919–2002

A Personal Memoir

For many of us who joined the Foreign Service a decade after the end of the war, Louis Rogers was something of a legend in his own time; certainly in ours. Combining all the professional virtues for which “The Department” had become famous, with a refreshing non-conformist personal outlook and style, Louis stood out (but not in any flamboyant sense, which would have been quite out of keeping with his approach to work) as an alternative (dare I say it?) role model to a departmental norm at the time which was heavily didactic and influenced more than a little by academic modes of thought. Within the Department, the so-called University of the East Block was at its zenith reflecting strong lingering links with academe. Small wonder that at the annual External Affairs Christmas party one “freshman class” of the era produced a parody on My Fair Lady in which the Rain in Spain chorus was turned into:

“It’s not repeat not proper or traditional,

To use a verb except in the conditional

And when you have a choice,

Use the passive voice...”

and so on in the same spirit. A gentle but pointed spoof on what seemed an unnecessarily avuncular institutional ethos.

Interestingly Louis never seemed a part of all that — he would have been bad at it if he had ever tried to belong: his wonderful sense of the absurd would have been a prohibitive encumbrance. The vision of the Department, and of the professional commitment involved, in Louis’ case were of a very different order. Younger officers who had not yet been fully marinated in “the way we do things” were immediately drawn to this rather unusual and very un-precious influential “operator”. He was a fine draftsman — clear, spare, unornamented prose — but he was never didactic in helping new recruits to improve their skills, close to perfect though these skills might already have seemed in the collective self-appreciations of the recruits themselves. In a straightforward and unemotional way, he was a fine “teacher”, if that is in fact what established officers are supposed to be for younger colleagues. Equally, he was quick and incisive in judgment, showing little patience for the “on the one hand but then on the other” mentality; that too was a useful lesson to learn early on.

But for many, the longest lasting memories will be, with a smile, of Louis’ ironic and gently iconoclastic approach to all those who peopled his working environment. Authorities got the respect they deserved: not less but certainly not more. Nowhere was this more evident than in Louis’ prescription for the most effective way of

getting a telegram transmitting tricky policy instructions to a recalcitrant Ambassador through the critical inspection it would have to undergo in order to get it signed on Killers’ Row: make sure, he would say, that the instruction itself comes near the end, preferably about page three, and then go back and insert an egregious grammatical error towards the bottom of the first page which will almost certainly become the focus of corrective attention, leaving the instruction itself intact. Advice not to be taken too literally, of course, but as a procedural metaphor, it said a lot — about the various parties involved.

The angularities (as one senior officer referred to them) of Louis’ working *persona* were noted by all, found irritating by a few and admired, sometimes with a bit of awe, by many, especially the young, even if they did not always understand that this angular style was not a desire to attract attention by being obstructive or difficult, but rather a profound impatience with self-importance, silliness and pretension — none of these character traits, alas, being totally unknown in the profession of diplomacy.

In short, he was a breath of fresh air. But a serious breath of fresh air. For all his eccentricities, he was no contrarian dilettante, and certainly no passionate radical with a burning cause with which he tried to infect others. Like so many of his generation who had seen active service in the worst armed conflict mankind had ever visited on itself, he had personal convictions about his country and his profession — and a very personal view of how the two interacted.

Louis’ approach to the job to be done was decidedly unorthodox in many ways, and was imbued with a sometimes Byzantine skepticism about the workings of the institution through which he served his country. He could be refreshingly scathing about trendy idealism, long before it evolved into political correctness, and even more so about those who suffered from this *déformation professionnelle*. The open sharing of such critical views did not always, and with everyone, automatically pave the way for long and mutually appreciative friendships. But at the same time the close attention to departmental personal profile details was a central feature of his own administrative system. Over the years he had built up his own meticulous record of promotions and postings, and other vital information relating to the officer corps of the Department. (It would not be surprising if this Register also included an acerbic comment or two in deserving cases, but that can only be speculation). What was important was the ability this invaluable, if informal, roster (which today would probably be a human rights violation of some sort) bestowed on Louis to enter into managerial negotiations for staff resources on an equal footing. Indeed, it was often rumoured that the Rogers Register was more accurate than the departmental official system of files which were supposed to be regarded with something approaching the awe appropriate to Divine scripture because they

were "very sensitive, you know". A highly unconventional, but typically highly effective management practice.

But perhaps the most unusual glimpse of Louis as a manager has been provided by Edith Jarvis, in her recollections of serving as a member of his staff during his time as Ambassador to Israel. Somewhat daunted by the implications, back home in the Greek calends of post administrative support, of a particularly difficult local problem, she put the whole matter before the Head of Post for advice. With characteristic thoroughness and a keen awareness of the tangled political sensitivities among the administrative tyrants at HQ, Louis quickly drafted a compelling case for appropriate action, typed up the numbered letter himself and marched in on Edith to insist that she sign it herself to bestow the necessary credibility on it. It is safe to assume that seldom, if ever before or since, has a majestic Head of Post solved tough problems to the greater glory of his Admin Officer. Maybe, in this new era, such unorthodoxy has become part of DFAIT's SOPs, but somehow I doubt it. Ditto the faultless Personnel Info Register!

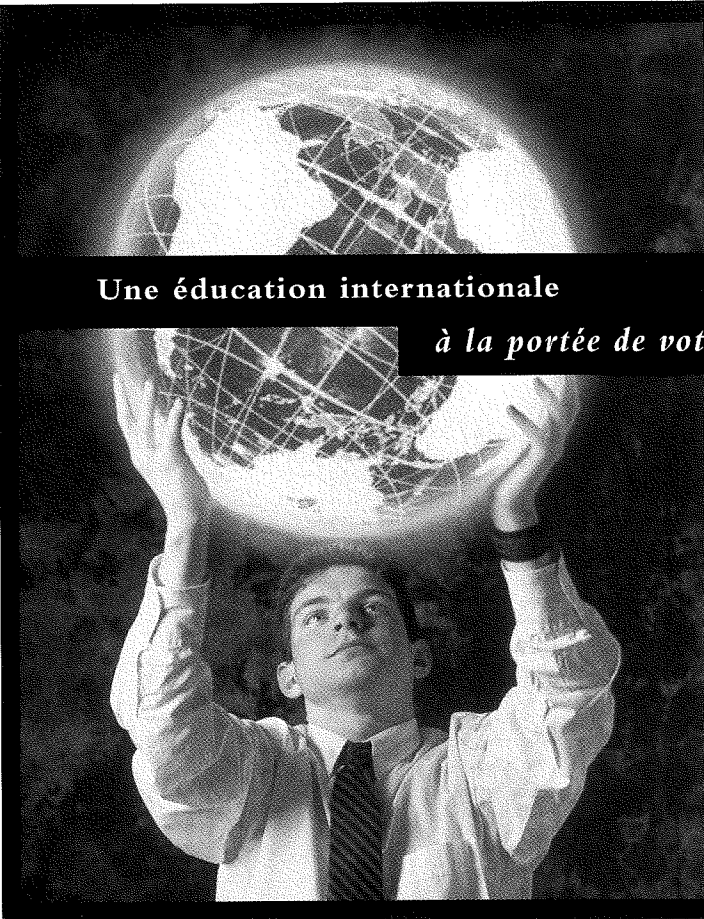
The advent of the Trudeau era in which, at least at the beginning, all things were to be made new and whole again, shook the External establishment to its foundations. Anything that had been done for ten years — a classic definition of "established policy" — was automatically subjected to searching suspicion. The cult of youth was in the ascendant and the first stirring of the cyberworld brought forth such wonderful new ideas as a hexagonal foreign policy model; paradigm shifts had not yet become fashionable, but that is what, in truth, the hexagon was intended to usher into our lives. It was a world in which conventional wisdom was not in high demand, largely because many of those who were surfing the new wave had no experience with and no memories of the terrible

turmoil and destruction that had preceded the post-war security order and therefore no understanding of the assumptions that characterized its operation, especially for Canada. In short Louis found himself — to quote his son Hume's amusingly affectionate and perceptive appreciation — "out of step with the Department He was completely consistent in his opinions regardless of whether they coincided with those of the people for whom he worked, or if they were unfashionable".

Louis was indeed a serious and skilled diplomat — one can only admire and wonder at his achievement for example at the Madrid CSCE follow-up meeting in winning consensual agreement to holding an experts meeting on Human Rights in Ottawa (of all unlikely places: perhaps the Soviets thought that its very remoteness in CSCE terms would engulf it in transatlantic fog) to understand that diplomacy is sometimes the art, not of the possible, but the impossible.

Serious the man was; earnest he was not, even less an enthusiast except perhaps, personally, for photography. But that is what made him, for his friends, unique. And worth knowing. His generation of the Foreign Service — and he was certainly a prominent and creative member of the group — was without a doubt responsible in an amazingly short period of years for giving Canada a Foreign Service that was the envy of a world groping for solutions. A generation that believed deeply but mostly quietly in what they were doing. That is surely one of the cornerstones on which our affectionate recollections of Louis Rogers will permanently rest.

Tom Delworth is a former foreign service officer and Ambassador. He recently retired from the office of Provost of Trinity College, University of Toronto.



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I asked Effie what he was reading. It was a slow day at the office, but I still should have known better. "A crime caper," he replied, adjusting his skirt over a nylon-clad knee, "left unfinished by the Brontës and completed by Mickey Spillane. Wuthering Heist." Groping for a sensible reply, I was saved by a man bursting into the room, his shirt-front soaked in gore. No-one ever just walks in. Not in this business.

Already falling when he cleared the door, he only had time to gasp "Astarte Lumbago" before measuring his length on the floor. Effie checked it, just to be sure. "Five foot eleven," she said, putting away the yardstick. "And I'm sure I've seen the guy before..." Slipping the man's wallet from an inside

pocket, he whistled. "Of course, he's that celebrity clone — Sal Mimeo. And this red stuff isn't blood — its tomato sauce. With far too much basil."

The man's eyes snapped open. He snarled, "Preposterous! It wasn't even strong enough to hide the taste of poison. Fortunately, I sneezed just as I took the first mouthful. A morsel of the marinara finished a cockroach at ten paces." Effie nodded in sympathy, "My Mom's sauce Alfredo has the same effect. Pity about the shirt, though." The man on the floor looked confused, which is Effie's normal effect.

Sitting up, he asked, "Which one of you is Shamus Dikk?" I admitted it and asked him back, "What's an Astarte

Who killed LeBreton Fats?

A testament to noir from A Aalto

Lumbago?" "She's my grandmother," he replied, "my very rich grandmother, who'll soon be dead. And that's why someone tried to poison me — someone in my family boosting their cut of the pie by eliminating the other heirs. The same reason my uncle, LeBreton Fats, was killed last week — whatever the police say. I want you to find that killer, Mr Dikk, before he gets me too."

We stuck him in a chair and started the questions. We had trouble right away. He was a narcoleptic, and conked out every time he got stressed or bored. I sympathised. Opera has the same effect on me. But getting his story was as like prying new money from the Treasury Board. We finally heard enough to start, but then had to decide what to do with him. He was in no shape to leave. Effie didn't trust him alone in the office and wanted to handcuff him to the credenza. In the end, we laid him out on the sofa, dead to the world with a copy of Tuesday's Hansard propped up in front of his face.

Our first stop was the police. You don't trespass on an open investigation. Sergeant Tennant wasn't impressed. "It's a closed case, Shamus. He was beaten to death with a frozen bok choy. The coroner said suicide." I blinked. "Suicide? With bok choy? I can see zucchini but ... hell, Louis." He shrugged, "Maybe so, but the captain warned me not to push the case further — told me to stay away from Fats." "My doctor says the same thing," I replied. "But I guess you won't mind me poking around."

He grunted his agreement. "There's not much to go on. The victim's real name was Wilberforce Zabaglione. No wonder he called himself LeBreton Fats. No-one knows any reason to want him dead. He was a mousy little man with a nice line in

Jackie Gleason imitations and not an enemy in the world. His wife had all the money in the family, but she was generous and he had no debts. No will himself and he wasn't in Astarte's will either, so there doesn't seem to be much of a financial motive. I wish you luck." As we left the station, I thought how much he deserved a promotion. But the force just wasn't ready for Lieutenant Lou Tennant.

I planned to start with Astarte, or maybe the widow Zabaglione. Neither would give us the time of day, but palmed us off instead on the family lawyer. One D. Essex Mackinaw, a man so dry he could moonlight as talcum powder. Mackinaw told us almost nothing about the family but wouldn't shut up about inheritance law. Two minutes in his office and narcolepsy was looking good.

"Astarte Lumbago's testamentary provisions are public knowledge," he said. "An even split among her three children. Should a child pre-decease her, then his or her share of the inheritance passes directly in equal amounts to his or her own children, Astarte's grand-children." I asked him whether it mattered that Sal was adopted. "The law governing a will depends on the province in which the testator legally resides at the time of his or her death. Astarte lives in Borealis, as does the family of her late elder son. In that province, 'child' is defined sociologically — your children are those who are legally so acknowledged. So an adopted child, such as Mr Mimeo, has the same rights as any other in that family."

"Interestingly," he continued, "the case is somewhat different across the river in Pays d'Hiver, where 'child' is defined genetically. If you legally reside in that province at the time of

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CODE NAMES and TOTAL YES

A. Rabid Walrus	11	D. Holy Goats	5
B. Demented		E. Shuffling Cobra	8
Woodchuck	10	F. Red Weasel	7
C. Punk Panther	3	G. Grouching Tiger	6

STATES >>>>>>>>>>

CRITERIA

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
	Y/N	Y/N	Y/N	Y/N	Y/N	Y/N	Y/N
1. Possesses weapons of mass destruction (WMD)	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
2. Has used WMD in war against another state	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
3. Has used WMD against its own people	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
4. Is working to increase or improve its WMD arsenal	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES	YES	YES
5. Has recently conducted missile tests	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	NO	NO
6. Has taken concrete actions that undermine multilateral arms control	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES	YES	YES
7. Has invaded another country since 1950 without UN authorization (except in response to military attack)	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
8. Is currently threatening invasion of another country without UN authorization	NO	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO
9. Remains in violation of UN Security Council resolutions	YES	NO	NO	YES	YES	NO	NO
10. Has supported para-military groups and/or terrorists in other states	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO
11. Has conducted military operations against its own people or those under its direct administration	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
12. Has recently jailed citizens for extended periods without trial	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES

your death, your 'child' is anyone to whom you have contributed genetic material, unless otherwise provided in your will. In both provinces, if there is no will at time of death, a current spouse gets 50 percent of the estate and the children split the rest of the estate (or all of it if there is no spouse) in equal amounts, with the grandchildren splitting their beneficiary parent's share if he or she is already dead. This, by the way, is called the standard approach when it is actually included in a will."

I pushed him on Astarte's children's wills. At first, he clammed. I threatened to tie him up in a room with Led Zeppelin posters on one wall and his toupée on the other. "You put me between rock and a hairpiece," he replied bitterly, to Effie's admiration. "I guess it wouldn't hurt to tell you. Of the two children still living, one has adopted the standard approach (with one recent special provision) and the other is intestate. Both extended families live in Pays d'Hiver. Now beat it. I have mortgages to foreclose, eco-systems to despoil, match-girls to harass." We beat it.

Back at the office, we found Mimeo awake. We plied him with questions and shots of screech, but he still kept passing out. We wound up with a partial Lumbago family tree — boxes with letters and symbols but no names and no connecting lines. And we got the following bit and pieces:

- (1) The four rows in the family tree represent four generations: Astarte herself; her three children and their three outside spouses (boxes A through F); her six grandchildren and one outside spouse (G through M); and her three great-grandchildren (N through P). This represents all of her direct descendants and their spouses; all are over 21.
- (2) Of the seventeen people listed, three are already dead: LeBreton Fats (recently) plus Zarathustra Zabaglione (box I) and Sal's adoptive father (both some years ago).
- (3) Wilbur Sassafras (box O) is one of twin boys.

- (4) LeBreton Fats (box D) was married to Astarte's only daughter, Terpsichore; they had one son and one daughter.
- (5) Wilma Radicchio Sassafras was brought up as the daughter of Astarte's younger son, but is actually the illegitimate child of his wife (since divorced) and LeBreton Fats.
- (6) Minerva Lumbago's late husband was infertile; of their two children, one (Sal Mimeo Lumbago) is adopted and the other (named Calliope after Astarte's mother) was conceived *in vitro* using sperm donated by Melchior Lumbago.
- (7) Courgette Zabaglione has been very solicitous of her Zabaglione grandmother, who is dying but now expected to outlive Astarte.
- (8) Orville Sassafras' Uncle Suppiluliuma Lumbago has been missing for one day short of seven years and will be declared legally dead tomorrow on a court motion brought by the uncle's sister. Since this woman had expressed no interest in the matter until recently, people are wondering who put her up to it, and why.
- (9) Newton Figg Sassafras (box L) is the son-in-law of Myrtle Radicchio Lumbago.
- (10) Arachne Zabaglione was recently disinherited by her mother (but not her father), based on an anonymous but accurate tip regarding her cocaine habit.
- (11) Balthazar Lumbago's daughter married one of his nephews.

[Everyone mentioned in the list above is one of A through P, including the dead and divorced ones. Each married woman uses her husband's surname and each child uses his or her father's surname. In the family tree, spouses are found next to their spouses, siblings are found next to their siblings and lines of family descent do not cross.] →

ASTARTE LUMBAGO

A♂

B♀

C♀

D♂

E♀

F♂

G♂

H♀

I♂

J♀

K♀

L♂

M♂

N♀

O♂

P♂

Finally, catching sight of The Wit and Wisdom of Dubya on Effie's desk, Sal went down for the count. Effie went back to Wuthering Heist. I worked on the family tree and what it meant. Finally, I got the answer I needed. When Sal woke up again, we went to see Astarte. I made my pitch, and she agreed to a full family show-down in her parlour.

Facing them all that evening, I felt like a skinny Nero Wolfe. Comparing Effie and Archie Goodwin was tempting, but I decided not to go there. The atmosphere was as tense as a G-string at Carnegie Hall. I started in. First, I backed Sal's guess that greed — greed for Astarte's inheritance — was the cause of the family's recent problems. Not just the death of LeBreton Fats and the poisoning try on Sal, but the sidelining of Arachne and Suppiluliuma. "There's only one person who gains from all these happenings," I said, "One person who gains in cold, hard shekels and the promise of more." I was about to name that person, when the lights went out.

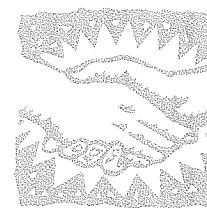
Chaos broke out, people cursing and screaming. A loud whir and a louder crash came from the place where Sal had been standing. The lights came back on and I saw Sal on the floor — but only from another faint. Behind him, a statue of Astarte's late husband Ragnarok had

a rope with three purple knobs wrapped tightly around its neck. I recognised the deadly aubergine bolas of the pampas. Across the room, Effie was standing over the murderer, calmly slipping a black-jack back into his purse. Sergeant Tennant read the unconscious figure its rights. I said to Effie, "Going in, there were still two possibilities, so I couldn't tip you off. I was only sure at the last minute. How did you know it was the younger one?" "Simple," he replied. "The killer was clutching Astarte's legal papers. A will is a dead giveaway."

Can you duplicate Shamus' feat by giving the murderer's name and the corresponding box-letter on the chart. Not necessary to enter the contest, but can you also assign names to the other 15 box-letters, indicate why LeBreton Fats and Sal Mimeo were targeted and suggest who might have been the next victims after Sal? Bout de papier will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by May 15, 2003. The winner will receive a book autographed by A Aalto.

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto wishes to thank Mrs Aalto for constant inspiration and in particular for legal and Hittite nomenclature.

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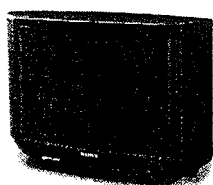
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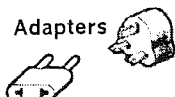
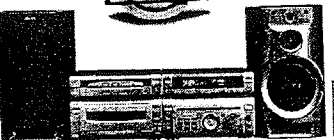
⊗ 110~220 Volts 50/60Hz ⊗



Multisystem VCR's



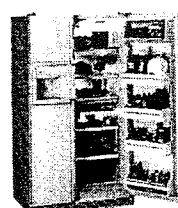
✿ 220 Volt 50 Hz Appliances ✿ 110~220 Volt Transformers ✿



Transformers



Telephones



✿ Mini Hi Fi Stereos ✿ We Do Video Conversions & Copies ✿

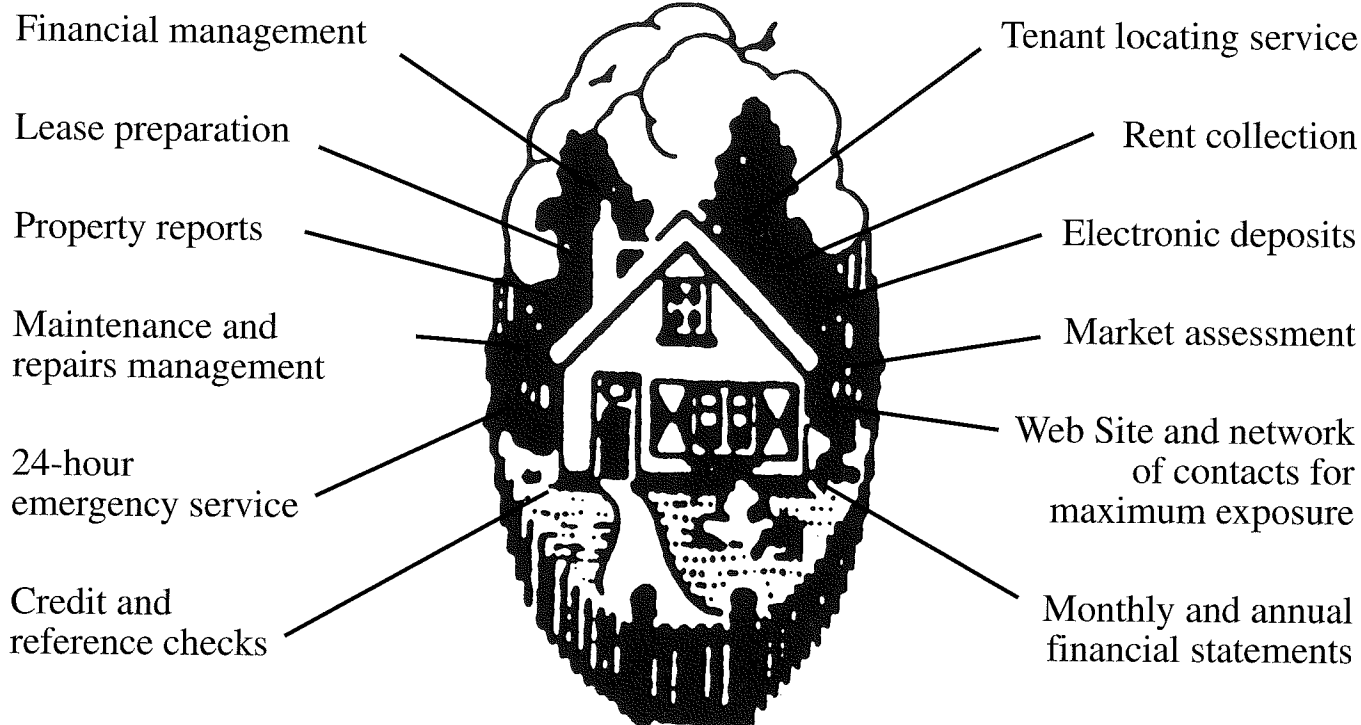
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