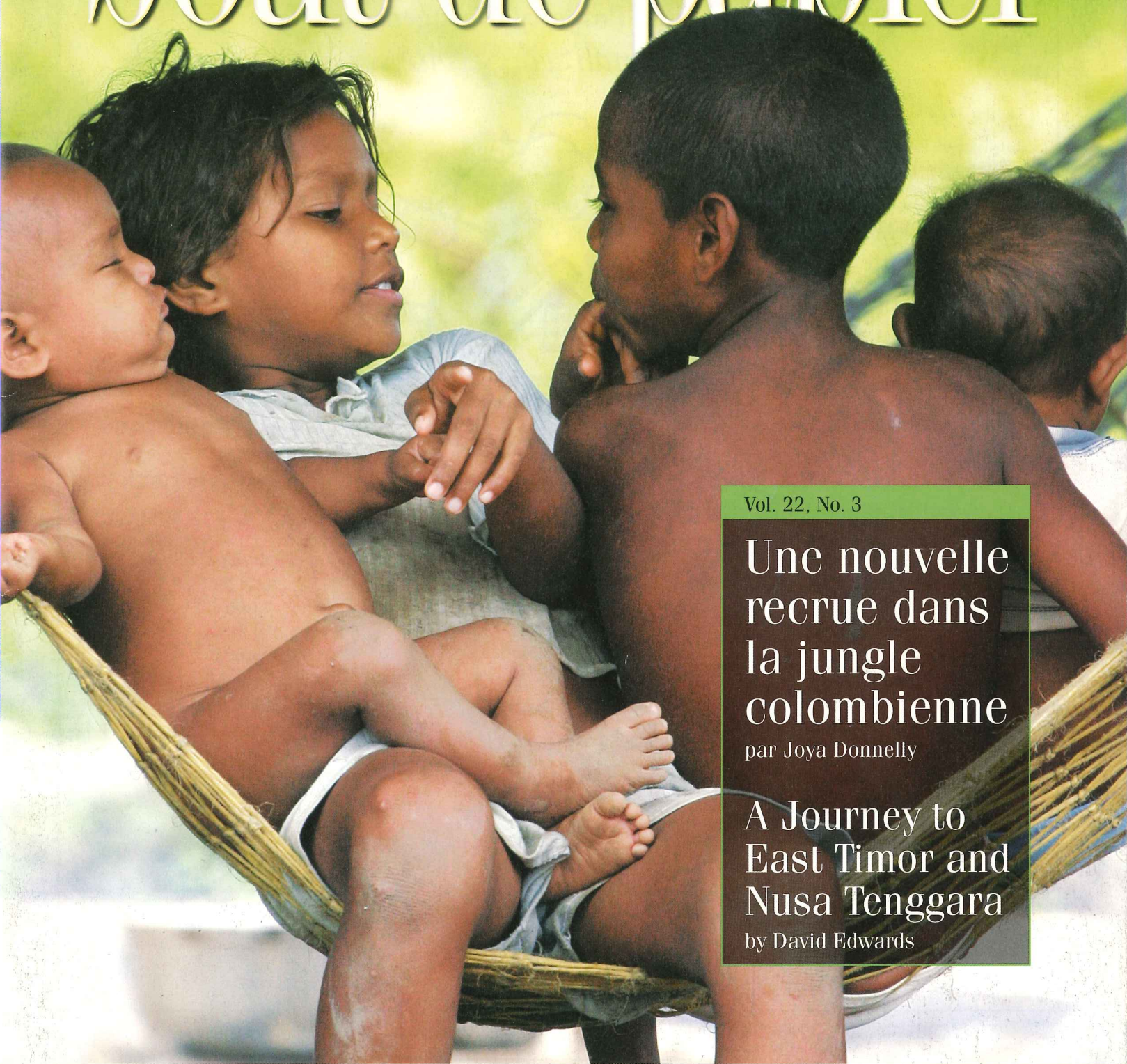


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Vol. 22, No. 3

Une nouvelle recrue dans la jungle colombienne

par Joya Donnelly

A Journey to East Timor and Nusa Tenggara

by David Edwards



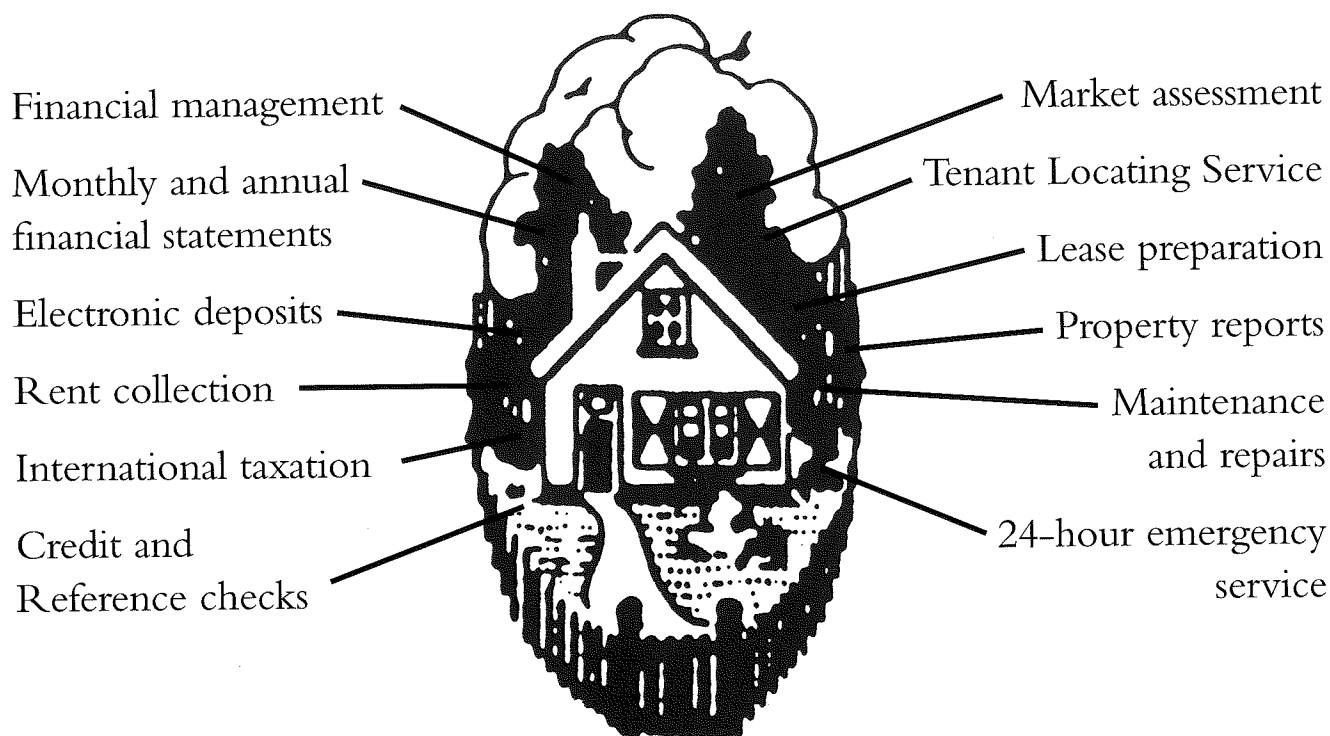
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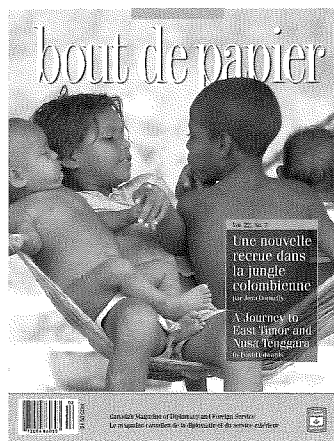
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*Enfants dans un hamac
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The end of 2006 is upon us and with it an opportunity to look forward and back. Early in the year the foreign service community was shocked and saddened by the death of our colleague, Glyn Berry, while on duty in Afghanistan. Sadly, since then, many more Canadians in the service of Canada have lost their lives in that conflict. One of our colleagues, Stewart Henderson, the resident head of our diplomatic mission in Iraq, was one of the winners of the PAFSO Award. These events only served to demonstrate the dangers and challenges facing the Canadian foreign service in the first decade of the new millennium. To respond to these challenges both the members and the employing departments of the broad foreign service community need to focus thinking on how to ensure our members best promote and protect Canadian interests in this increasingly multi polar and diverse world and where Canada's role is changing.

Training, and not only for new recruits, needs to be a focus. From the top down, the message must be clear that all employees not only should receive training but that the foreign service organizations must be communities dedicated to learning. This means resources must be made available to backfill those on training, and funds must be available to ensure that training opportunities are used.

Dans une perspective plus générale, l'année a été marquée par la réunification des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international après un divorce très douloureux. Comme nous l'avons fait valoir dans l'éditorial du dernier numéro, l'heure est peut-être venue pour le Parlement du Canada d'adopter une *Loi sur le service extérieur du Canada* qui nous doterait de la structure et de la capacité nécessaires pour satisfaire les exigences des prochaines décennies du nouveau millénaire. Le Canada a besoin d'un service extérieur professionnel, apte, souple et bien formé. Cela signifie la bonne structure et les instruments de base adéquats qui tiennent compte de la permutabilité et de l'obligation de travailler dans des cultures et des pays étrangers et souvent fort différents. Cela signifie également un service extérieur constamment bien formé. Il incombe à tous les membres de faire ce qu'ils peuvent à cette fin.

This issue of **bout** has benefited greatly from the talent and creativity of the Canadian foreign service community and covers the diversity of foreign service life from very different perspectives. The broad range of articles, touching on topics as varied as Iraq, Sudan, Colombia, the Middle Ages, special places, wonderful recipes, espionage and intelligence and the Hungarian Revolution, demonstrates the breadth of experience and capacity of the Canadian foreign service family.

In the Books in Review section, we provide two reviews of David Malone's book *International Struggle Over Iraq: Politics in the UN Security Council 1980-2005*, one by an academic (and a former foreign service dependent), and the other by a former

President of PAFSO, now an academic after his retirement. Gar Parly has written a review of two books by another PAFSO member, Nicholas Coghlan. Nick, who entertained us in the last issue with the account of his sea voyage from Cape Town to Tierra del Fuego, has written two books about his postings to Colombia and Sudan.

Une toute nouvelle venue dans le service extérieur, Joya Donnelly, nous fait part de son excitation et de ses découvertes lors d'une affectation temporaire comportant un voyage dans la jungle colombienne, à peine quatre mois après son arrivée au MAECI. (Par souci de transparence, j'avoue ici mon rôle car c'est moi qui, dans mes fonctions ministérielles, ai désigné Joya pour cette affectation et lui ai ensuite fortement fait valoir que **bout** pourrait grandement s'enrichir d'un article.)

David Edwards has provided us with a wonderful article about a journey to East Timor and Nusa Tenggara, again about discovering a place that was new and special.

In "Deglobalization — the Anglo-British Model," Roger Lucy has given us the story of the Dark Ages, when Britannia had sunk to a level lower than it was when the Romans invaded in AD 43. A very interesting lesson on global economics and of what happens when a large economic unit — the Roman Empire — ceases to function.

In the "From the Archives" section, Hector Mackenzie has found for us a remarkable document, on this the 50th Anniversary of the Hungarian Revolution. It is a report from the Canadian Chargé d'affaires at the Canadian Embassy in Yugoslavia which captures the intensity of one witnessing historic events unfolding.

Nous poursuivons nos reportages sur l'espionnage et le renseignement. Dans le dernier numéro, Kurt Jensen avait abordé ce thème. Aujourd'hui, nous publions une lettre ouverte sur la question, venant de Joseph Stanford, ancien sous-secrétaire adjoint et sous-solliciteur général. Nous avons aussi un autre article, rédigé cette fois par John Starnes, ancien directeur général des Services de sécurité de la GRC. On se préoccupe beaucoup de la question et du rôle que le Canada devrait jouer à cet égard, et **bout** est ravi de servir de tribune pour ce débat.

Kari Jones has provided us with an article containing reflections on growing up in a foreign service family. We also have included in this issue, excerpts from Margaret Dickenson's cookbook, *Margaret's Table*. One look at the photos, and it will be hard for you not to run to the store and buy the ingredients.

Again, the issue is rounded out with Aalto's puzzle to challenge us, and stimulate our brain cells.



Editor,

Bravo to Dr. Kurt F. Jensen for his Commentary "Toward a Canadian Foreign Intelligence Service" in the Summer 2006 issue of *bout*. He has analyzed well the arguments for and against such a new Canadian service. Permit me to add a few observations.

As Dr. Jensen points out, a core issue is whether we would get a bigger bang for our tax buck by creating such a service or by greatly strengthening our capacity to access and evaluate open sources. The public discussion of this proposal tends to refer in only the most general terms to the very high costs of establishing and maintaining a clandestine foreign intelligence service. The specific budgets of such services are, of course, highly classified. However, reputable research bodies have, I believe, been able to establish at least the order of magnitude of such budgets. Let's get some credible numbers into the debate. No Canadian public authority can make a sound judgement on this proposal unless it has access to budget figures in which it can place confidence. Only then can it consider whether this is the best use of these resources.

That a retired head of the British SIS described Canada as an intelligence free-loader is not particularly relevant. With respect, the comment reflects a narrowness of vision. Those with a broader understanding recognize, first, Canada's many important contributions to the international effort against terrorism and, second, that the main weakness in Canada's effort does not lie in the absence of a Canadian counterpart to the CIA and SIS. It lies rather in the inability of CSIS, our police forces and our immigration service to deal adequately with those connected to international terrorism who conduct their activities from within Canada. If the policy objective is to respond to foreign criticism, and even if it is not, it may well be that major additional resources should first be directed to our efforts at home.

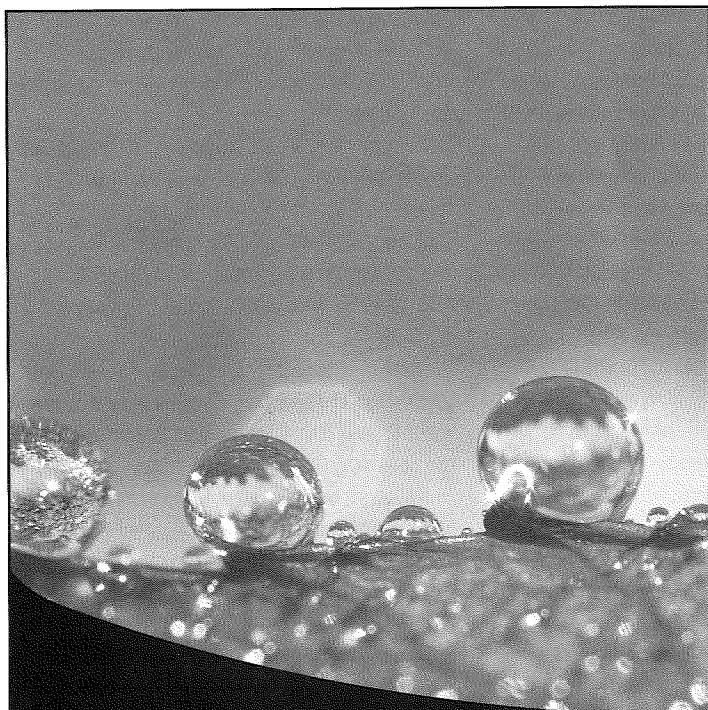
Finally, to suggest a covert foreign intelligence service be placed within CSIS turns an already questionable proposal into something much more suspect. The distinguishing capacity of services like the CIA and SIS is that they are authorized by their governments to break the laws of the foreign jurisdictions in which they operate. A large number of

unhappy experiences demonstrates the risk that these law-breaking capabilities (and mindset), once established, may be used within the home state of the service in question. Linking these capabilities to CSIS, whose principal mandate is to operate within Canada, greatly increases the likelihood of that risk becoming reality. That is why other nations keep the two functions separate. Canada has already had quite enough experience of its law-enforcement and intelligence agencies breaking Canadian law. Indeed it is to a series of such experiences that CSIS owes its existence as an entity separate from the RCMP.

I encourage Dr. Jensen and others who are particularly knowledgeable in this field to lead a better quality of public debate of this issue than we have seen so far. Otherwise a government policy which does not appear to have been adequately thought out risks becoming a very expensive and cost-ineffective reality.

Joseph S. Stanford

(Associate Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, 1987-88; Deputy Solicitor General of Canada, 1988-93) ☺



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The Spirit of Kossuth

Rising and Falling in Budapest

Fifty years ago, the First Secretary in the Canadian Embassy in Belgrade, A.F. Hart, and his wife, Marion Ruth (Sellers), entered Hungary on the day that a mass uprising began in Budapest against Communist rule. A peaceful demonstration was transformed into a revolution when the Hungarian Security Police opened fire and killed hundreds of unarmed protesters. Within days, in spite of the ominous presence of Soviet tanks from units already stationed in Hungary, the rebels took up arms, the government was toppled, political prisoners were freed, non-Communist local authorities were established and a new government announced its intention to withdraw from the Warsaw Pact. The first phase of this clash ended with a ceasefire on 1 November 1956.

While the rest of the world was distracted by the Suez Crisis, the Soviet Union orchestrated a brutal suppression of the revolt by Red Army forces from outside

Hungary. On 4 November, a massive assault on Budapest began, with 150,000 infantry supported by 6000 tanks, heavy artillery barrages and sustained air strikes. In less than a week, the revolution was effectively over as a second ceasefire brought an end to the fighting. Though there were some negotiations between local groups and the occupation force between 10 November and 19 December 1956, the Soviet-backed regime in Hungary consolidated its hold on power, with thousands of its opponents imprisoned and an estimated 1200 executed.

The despatch below captures some of the tension and uncertainty of the first phase of the Hungarian Revolution. The original document may be found in part 3 of file 8619-40 from the records of the Department of External Affairs (RG25) in Library and Archives Canada.

Hector Mackenzie

From: The Chargé d'Affaires, a.i., Canadian Embassy, Belgrade, Yugoslavia

To: The Secretary of State for External Affairs, Canada

Despatch No. 632, November 1, 1956.

CONFIDENTIAL

Subject: The Red Star Falls from Hungarian Skies.

On Tuesday, October 23, my wife and I, in our car, crossed the Hungarian border just beyond Subotica. It was an afternoon of bright, warm sunshine and the golden brown tints of autumn gave the countryside a peaceful, tranquil appearance. All appeared to be well in this part of the world. A comment to this effect to the Hungarian Customs officer drew, however, only a short pessimistic reply.

2. Fifteen minutes after completing the frontier formalities, we passed through Szeged, one of the larger industrial towns on the way to Budapest. Here on the streets there was nothing to excite our curiosity, and good-natured students, wandering

aimlessly on the streets, cheerfully directed us on to the Budapest road.

3. By the time we entered Budapest, or rather the Pest section of the town, darkness had descended. The initial impression of the city which the poor lighting accentuated, was one of gloominess and depression. As we got closer to the heart of Pest, traffic became thicker and dense crowds spilled over on to the road itself. Finally in the centre, we ran into complete confusion: large bodies of students were marching in chaotic fashion here, there and everywhere. We attempted to cross over into Buda only to meet other marching groups on the bridges, all converging upon Pest.

4. As each succeeding group of students surrounded our car, our licence plates instantly became the focus of attention. The red star on the plates drew prompt criticism but our "YU" plate on the back of the car softened the blow. Yugoslavia, after all, was synonymous with anti-Stalinism and we were allowed to turn round and escape further inspection.

As they marched, the students shouted slogans which it was impossible for us to understand. Motorcyclists were distributing mimeographed student manifestos. These remained unintelligible to us until we obtained a translation the next day. They embodied demands for the reorganization of the Government and Party; the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Hungary; freedom of opinion, press and radio; a multi-party parliamentary system based on free elections; recognition of the right of workers to go on strike; rehabilitation of all political prisoners wrongfully condemned and the repatriation of all Hungarians deported to the Soviet Union.

5. Towards eight o'clock in the evening, we were passed by one group of very determined-looking young men who were shouting words which sounded like "radio hoz". A passerby informed us that this meant "on to the radio station"! At this point we found ourselves outside the British Legation and went inside to make enquiries. There was still apparently no feeling that any unusual developments were in store.

Hungarian soldiers, we were informed, had associated themselves with the student demonstrations in the demands which they were presenting to the Government and nothing more unusual than the present manifestations of ebullience was expected. Since we had now spent several hours trying to find our hotel on Margaret Island, we gladly accepted an offer from a member of the Legation to guide us to the hotel. Once installed there weariness induced us to leave further sightseeing of Budapest to the morning.

6. Next morning we awoke to the noise of full-scale battle from the direction of Pest. A state of martial law had already been declared, a curfew was in force and we were told that we could not venture out on the streets. We were thus more or less isolated on the island which lies in the river between Buda and Pest and extends from the Margaret Bridge near the centre of the city to the Stalin Bridge further along the river. From the island we could hear and see something of the general turmoil but not distinguish clearly what was going on. Part of the Margaret Bridge was under fire occasionally because it lay close to AVO [ÁVH: Államvédelmi Hatóság or 'State Protection Authority'] the political police headquarters. Over the nearby Stalin Bridge traffic consisted only of military vehicles and urgent screaming caravans of Red Cross ambulances.

7. From various sources we gathered that the developments of late Tuesday night and Wednesday morning had unfolded as follows: the students marched first to the Polish Embassy to demonstrate their solidarity with the trend of events in Poland. They then went to pay their respects at the foot of the statue of General [Józef Zachariasz] Bem, the Polish hero whose struggle in Poland had made the [Louis] Kossuth rising possible in Hungary in 1948. From there they went on to the Parliament Buildings where they presented their demands to the Government. Gero [Ernő Gerő], the First Secretary [of the Central Committee] of the Hungarian Workers' Party, who had just returned from Yugoslavia, chose somewhat arrogantly to ignore these demands. In an evening broadcast he attacked the demonstrators and defended Hungary's ties with the Soviet Union. These rejoinders served only to inflame the demonstrators

and they headed off in the direction of Stalin's statue which, through the efforts of a number of trucks and great masses of students, was toppled over and dragged a couple of blocks to one of the main squares. There it reposed in crumpled ignominy in the following days undergoing repeated acts of desecration on the part of the irate inhabitants of Budapest. A group of students next broke into military barracks and with the soldiers looking on helped themselves to arms and ammunition. This enabled hostilities to begin in earnest with an attack first on the radio station which lies near Rakoczi Street. This area in which the newspaper offices and National Museum are also located was to be the scene of the most bitter fighting throughout succeeding days.

8. In the early hours of Wednesday morning, the brunt of the opposition to the insurgents was borne by the political police. A little later, Hungarian troops were brought in followed by Soviet tank components. These forces we learned had been stationed just on the outskirts of Budapest the evening before in preparation for any trouble. A Dutch traveller at our hotel, a Mr. deLange, who had attempted to reach Budapest from Vienna on Tuesday evening had been turned back by troops and told to return to Vienna. Instead, he took a detour along the Danube and entered the city from that direction.

9. During the course of Wednesday, the noise of battle in Pest continued without much interruption. On the island we were dependent for precise information on events on telephone calls to the various Embassies in town and to the news being broadcast every few minutes over Budapest Radio. I was able also to listen in on the extended telephone conversations which M. [Jean-Daniel] Daninos, a French film producer [best known for directing *Un Martien à Paris* (1961)] resident at the hotel, maintained with his Hungarian colleagues, in Pest. These people, with the lid off, expressed their views in completely uninhibited fashion. On two occasions small groups of Red Cross workers and youths armed with revolvers, who were passing by, gave us their version of the campaign.

10. Radio transmissions, telephone and power facilities continued to operate fairly continuously but all other phases of the

normal life of the city were suspended while we were there. Radio Budapest transmissions remained under Government control but the studio building itself was largely demolished in the course of the fighting. Broadcasts were made, we were informed, from the cellar of the Parliament Buildings and were transmitted from technical facilities in Government hands outside the city.

11. Throughout the night the Government and the Central Committee of the Hungarian Workers' Party sat in emergency session in the Parliament Building. With the deterioration in the situation they remained indefinitely in session assuring inviolability of their deliberations by posting a cordon of Soviet tanks around the building.

12. Among Wednesday's early-morning announcements over Radio Budapest was the news of the admission of [Imre] Nagy to the Government as Prime Minister [later lured out of asylum in the Yugoslav Embassy by a false promise of safe conduct to exile, his execution was announced on 17 June 1958]. This was the only change made at this stage and Gero was still First Secretary. Since announcements about martial law and the request to the Soviet Union for military help were made about the same time it looked as though Nagy had assumed responsibility for these unpleasant and drastic measures. In fact, Soviet tanks had already started fighting within the city several hours before the request was announced. A telephone conversation with the U.S. Embassy reported that fighting was going on outside the Embassy and one badly-wounded Soviet tank crew member had been brought inside the Embassy. From eye-witness accounts, it appeared that the Soviet tanks were being used against the strongholds of armed groups of insurgents and for protecting the main Government buildings such as AVO, the large political police building near the Margaret Bridge. One report indicated that some Soviet crews had abandoned their tanks and were fraternizing with the civilians. Eye-witness accounts have subsequently become available to indicate that on one occasion on Wednesday Soviet tanks fired into an unarmed crowd of demonstrators outside the Parliament Buildings. The number of dead resulting from this incident was estimated officially at about 200 persons.

13. During the day Radio Budapest kept broadcasting appeals to the insurgents to lay down their arms. An ultimatum set two o'clock in the afternoon as the deadline for compliance and also as the end of the curfew. The Government's hopes, however, proved unavailing and in both cases new deadlines had to be set as control over the situation continued to elude the Government's grasp. From these broadcasts in the afternoon, it was clear that large numbers of workers had joined the students and were holding out in factories in one industrial section of the town.

14. Thursday opened fairly quietly in the morning and, although the curfew was still in effect, deLange, our Dutch friend, accompanied by an American decided to drive in preparation for the drive to Vienna. Shortly afterwards some others of us were about to set off on foot into town. But these intentions were dissipated by the early return of deLange and his passenger, both looking visibly pale and shaken. Two automobiles in front of them, they said, had been shot up and their occupants killed in a tank sortie just beyond the Margaret Bridge. Abandoning their car, they temporarily sought shelter in a nearby doorway and, when the tanks passed by, they got quickly into their automobile which fortunately had escaped undamaged.

15. Mass demonstrations, we learned through our telephone contacts, continued throughout the day in the town. Members of the American and Yugoslav Embassies brought us reports of large crowds appearing outside their Embassies to appeal for military assistance against their Soviet masters.

16. Towards noon on Thursday only sporadic outbursts of machine gun fire could be heard and it appeared that the uprising was almost over. Various events immediately conspired, however, to render this conclusion premature. First. M. Daninos introduced us to a Mr. [Andras] Libik [a film director and producer, who later made a documentary film about the Hungarian uprising], whose father, we were informed, held the position of Director of Information in the Hungarian Government with responsibility for all cultural activities. Mr. Libik presented us with an alarming picture of the situation at that point. He said that in effect the uprising

was just in its early stage and would probably soon assume wider proportions. Hungarian Army units and even some Soviet tank crews had abandoned voluntarily their equipment to the insurgents; the city was now ringed by Soviet forces and, as the Hungarian Army was extremely restive, it was possible that pitched battles might take place between the two armies. It was expected that the Soviet Air Force would bombard Budapest in the afternoon. (A squadron of jet fighters did fly over according to schedule but nothing happened.) This information was conveyed to us in a way which left no doubt as to the sympathies of the young man himself, and, when I remarked on this fact to M. Daninos, he suggested that if I wanted to hear some really strong anti-Communist view-points expressed, I should meet the young man's father. It was M. Daninos' impression, after some weeks in Hungary, that the presence of Soviet forces was bitterly resented and the Communist regime itself heartily and generally disliked.

17. After Mr. Libik's stimulating remarks, we went outside to salute the arrival of a young French journalist from Pest. She brought a story of bloody fighting around the railway station and also the lamentable news that the political police had just fired into a massed crowd of demonstrators causing casualties which were later set officially at 300 dead. She also seemed to think that the battle was far from over. Indeed her remarks were punctuated by an outburst of firing for the first time in the Buda section nearby.

18. In the early afternoon Radio Budapest gave the significant news of Gero's replacement by [János] Kádár as First Secretary [of the Central Committee] of the [Hungarian Workers] Party [and later head of the Hungarian Worker-Peasant government, which declared itself in power on 4 November 1956; ruler of Hungary until 1988]. A further concession to the insurgents was contained in the announcement that the Government intended to open negotiations with the Soviet Government on a basis of equality and to have Soviet forces withdrawn once order was restored. The impact of these statements was weakened, however, by complimentary references to the fraternal Soviet Army units, and, in a disappointing

inaugural address which followed, Kadar chose to dwell largely on the need to restore order.

19. These evidences of the Government's weakness and vacillation encouraged the insurgents to stiffen their demands. A new manifesto was distributed on Thursday evening which confirmed both that a prolongation of the struggle was anticipated and that the insurgents were developing an organization. The manifesto, a translation of which has already been sent on from Vienna repeated previous demands and went on to call for the formation of a new temporary revolutionary national government. The insurgents were prepared to accept Nagy and Kadar in this new government. They demanded also the ending of martial law, the cancellation of the Warsaw Pact, a general amnesty, the disarming of the AVO (political police) and the establishment of Hungarian socialism on real democratic foundations. On Friday morning early heavy fighting broke out. The Margaret Bridge was under fire again and over the Stalin Bridge more tanks were pouring from out of town to take part in the battle. For the new few hours there was a full complement of sound effects from machine gun fire, cannons and mortars. Although this all seemed to be going on very close at hand, we learned subsequently that the major battle was taking place in the ninth region, an industrial sector lying just beyond the area in which is found the Parliament Buildings, the main squares and radio and newspaper offices.

20. The increased intensity of the fighting induced a number of foreigners in the hotel to think about getting out in spite of the curfew and a total of fifteen cars were quickly enrolled for a convoy. There were fortunately enough vacant seats for those without their own cars. In our car we were able to accommodate an Indian engineer, an Israeli diplomat, and Mr. George Boer, a Canadian of Hungarian origin from Georgetown, Ontario. Petrol coupons, however, were required and here our Dutch friend volunteered to make another attempt to reach the auto club. This time he was successful. On his return he described the centre of the town as a scene of complete shambles and desolation with overturned carts, buses and trams lying on the streets, buildings on fire — the National Museum

was gutted — and bonfires which people were stoking with the contents of Communist literature from the bookshops.

21. At noon our convoy headed slowly out towards Buda by way of the Stalin Bridge. This bridge was now fully occupied by Soviet tanks but no attempt was made to stop us and, as we passed, each tank seemed to be the scene of a curious crowd of Hungarian people.

22. The paralysis of all normal activity which was noticeable in Budapest also characterized the areas through which we passed en route to Vienna. People seemed to be out en masse on the streets aimlessly wandering around or queued up before closed food shops. Some were avid for news of the progress of the fighting in Budapest; others begged us to get help to them from the West in their struggle for freedom. Flags were much in evidence, the Hungarian tricolour alternating at times with a solid black flag. In their lapels, people were also wearing ribbons of the Hungarian colours surmounted by a black patch. Nowhere did we see any of the symbols of Sovietization and Communism. All had been torn down including the Communist centrepiece from the Hungarian tricolour. The Hungarian Army barracks which we passed flew only the unadorned Hungarian tricolour with the tell-tale off-colour patch in the centre where the Communist centrepiece had formerly reposed.

23. As we had heard that the main Vienna road for some distance from Budapest was clogged with tank components, we took a detour for the first 100 kilometres along the Danube River. We passed innumerable truckloads of men headed in the direction of Budapest obviously with the intention of joining the struggle. All along the road it was clear that the normal organs of authority had abandoned their functions. There were no police officers to be seen at any point. Occasionally we had to stop to identify ourselves to groups of insurgents who were obviously conducting themselves without interference from the normal authorities, if indeed these still existed. At one of these points just fifteen kilometres outside of Budapest we were stopped by insurgents who were exercising their supervisory powers on traffic in front of military barracks from which the soldiers, apparently Hungarians, looked on either

with apathy or approval. The red star on the licence plates of my car was promptly noticed and in the next few uneasy moments we faced the distinct prospect of being heaved into the ditch by irate Hungarians. Fortunately our fellow refugees were able to intercede successfully on our behalf and we were allowed to proceed. Before we approached the next town, however, I took the precaution of covering over the red stars with sticking plaster.

24. The most sensitive area we had to pass through before reaching the border was the large industrial town of Győr. About a kilometre before reaching the town, units of the Hungarian Army including artillery, tanks, and infantry were drawn up in full battle array on a small ridge commanding the approaches to the town. Artillery and tanks were both deployed in the direction of Budapest. This deployment might have been devised for fleeing groups of insurgents from Budapest but, on the other hand, since Győr was clearly in the hands of anti-Government groups which were not being molested by the troops, another explanation offered was that these were anti-Government Army units drawn up to protect the town against possible intervention from Soviet forces.

25. As I look back on our Budapest sojourn, the predominant emotions which remain apart from well remembered feelings of anxiety and concern, are astonishment and admiration — astonishment that an uprising of such proportions could take place in a Communist-controlled state occupied by Soviet forces, and admiration at the remarkable heroism of the people who participated in the insurrection. A full explanation of the failure of the Communist regime in Hungary to cope with the situation must await the efforts of people who are better-informed on Hungarian politics than I am. On the surface, it appeared that the Government badly misjudged the temper of the people on that fateful Tuesday evening. The early arrival of Soviet forces which had been conveniently stationed in readiness nearby suggests, however, that Hungarian leaders were not too sure of themselves. Perhaps what they did not expect was the remarkable unity and courage of the people in the crisis. In the face of such staunch opposition, the Government clearly lost its

nerve and continued in the following days to fumble its way towards some kind of solution which would enable the Stalinists in its midst to retain power.

26. In Budapest and in the countryside generally, the rising was both anti-Communist and anti-Soviet. People obviously did not differentiate between the two evils. The predominant theme was "Liberty and Independence" and these words were inscribed on the flags which covered the bodies of those who had fallen in one of the main squares. The manifestos which the insurgents issued also laid the stress heavily on objectives which were basically nationalist: equality in relations with the Soviet Union, the withdrawal of Soviet troops, the use of the Kossuth symbols and the restoration of traditional Hungarian Army uniforms. They brought out clearly that, in the eyes of the Hungarian people, the leadership of the Communist Party was completely discredited. Demands for a multi-party parliamentary system and socialism based on real democratic foundations were put forward as avenues of escape from the all-embracing monolithism of Communism. My impression, however, was that the insurgents were realistic enough to appreciate that they could not eradicate Communism immediately. Acceptance of Nagy and Kadar, in the absence of other less offensive Communist leaders, was put forward in their manifestos, providing of course that they were not merely the stooges of the Stalinists and that other demands were conceded. But these two men, I am sure, are merely regarded as stopgaps. They will undoubtedly in the future have to answer to the Hungarian people for their share of responsibility in the use of Soviet forces against the people of Budapest.

27. It was impossible to say when we left Budapest on Friday what the outcome of the struggle would be. All that we could take away definitely with us from this tragic event was the conviction that if the Hungarian people could be freed of Soviet forces and the hated political police they would probably then seek to go further and discard all traces of Communism.

A[lbert]. F[rederick]. HART

Chargé d'Affaires, a.i. ☺

Cinq mois au MAECI

Une nouvelle recrue dans la jungle colombienne

Lorsque je suis arrivée à Bogota, j'avais à peine quatre mois d'ancienneté au Ministère. On m'avait pourtant dit que je resterais à Ottawa au moins trois ans avant de décoller mais les choses se sont passées autrement : j'ai eu la chance de décrocher une affectation temporaire de trois mois en Colombie. C'est donc ici que j'ai tout appris. Ou presque. Et c'est aussi ici que j'ai dû confronter le mythe du service extérieur à ma réalité découverte sur le terrain.

par Joya Donnelly

photos par Joya Donnelly et Stas Pacionek

Un arc-en-ciel en bordure du fleuve Atrato

(Photo : Joya Donnelly)

Avant mon arrivée au Ministère, mes anciens collègues d'une ONG internationale se moquaient de moi en me disant que ma nouvelle vie de diplomate n'allait se résumer qu'à des cocktails et soirées mondaines et que j'allais tranquillement m'y faire en perdant mon idéalisme et mon goût pour l'aventure. On m'avait aussi dit que la bureaucratie allait m'anesthésier et m'enlever l'énergie pour faire les choses différemment... En fait, cela c'est passé autrement.

La tâche la plus importante qu'on m'a confiée en arrivant en Colombie fut l'organisation d'une mission internationale dans la province du Chocó. L'initiative venait de mon prédécesseur Patrice Laquerre mais avait été retardée jusqu'à mon arrivée. Bien que celui-ci partait en congé de paternité, il m'accompagnait heureusement dans la mission. Entre-temps, il fallait convoquer la communauté diplomatique de Bogota, coordonner la logistique avec l'ONU, préparer le programme avec les ONG, établir contact avec les communautés et les autorités locales que nous voulions rencontrer et informer le gouvernement colombien de nos intentions. Le tout en deux semaines. Ouf! Et moi qui n'avais jamais entendu parler du Chocó! Je ne connaissais rien de son histoire ni de la triste réalité de ses habitants...





Jeune garçon rencontré dans un café de Belén de Bajirá (Photo : Joya Donnelly)

Le Bas Atrato, là où se concentrerait notre itinéraire, fait partie du département du Chocó situé dans la zone occidentale du pays. Cette région est isolée géographiquement et historiquement du reste de la Colombie. Elle dispose d'une biodiversité très riche mais paradoxalement d'un lot de misère humaine frappant, qui s'est aggravée par le conflit armé. La population est composée à 85 % d'Afro-Colombiens. Ils seraient d'ailleurs près de 11 millions dans le pays, soit 25 % de la population. Mais pourtant ils sont presque invisibles... Ici, à Bogota, on en voit très peu. Quelques vendeurs de fruits aux coins des rues et c'est à peu près tout. Des autochtones habitent aussi le Chocó, principalement des communautés Tule, Wounaan et Embera. La population est majoritairement rurale et vit d'une économie de subsistance.

La guérilla était déjà présente de manière régulière depuis le milieu des années 80 dans le Bas Atrato, un couloir stratégique pour le commerce illicite vers le Panama et les Caraïbes et vers d'autres régions de la Colombie, en plus d'une zone de retranchement et d'approvisionnement pour les groupes armés illégaux. Jusqu'au milieu des années 90, il y eut peu d'affrontements entre

la guérilla et l'armée nationale mais les Forces armées révolutionnaires de Colombie (FARC) prirent le contrôle en ayant recours à des assassinats sélectifs d'opposants et en terrorisant la population.

Les paramilitaires, groupe d'extrême droite très violent apparu en réponse à l'incapacité de l'État à résoudre le problème de la guérilla, ont fait incursion dans la région dès 1996. L'année suivante, les forces armées ont lancé des opérations contre les FARC. La violence des combats a entraîné le déplacement d'environ 15 000 paysans des bassins des fleuves de Cacarica, Jiguamiando, Curbarado, Domingodo, Truando et Salaqui. Cet abandon massif des terres a mené à l'effacement des processus d'organisation existants, interrompant ainsi les efforts déployés par ces communautés pour la reconnaissance des droits de propriété sur les territoires collectifs.

Bref, les populations civiles se retrouvent aujourd'hui dans une région où plusieurs acteurs armés sont présents et bien qu'elles essaient d'être neutres, elles sont malgré elles au cœur du conflit. D'un côté comme de l'autre, on les accuse de collaborer ou d'informer l'opposant. C'est pour cela qu'elles se sont regroupées en « communautés de paix » ou zones humanitaires, dans lesquelles la présence de tout acteur armé est rejetée. Elles tentent ainsi de se mettre en marge du conflit. Malgré cette initiative, la population civile n'a pas réussi à assurer sa protection ni à améliorer ses conditions de vie, qui demeurent très précaires.

Le gouvernement ne voit pas d'un bon œil les communautés de paix. Il croit que leurs leaders font partie des FARC, ou du moins en sont des collaborateurs. De plus, l'idéologie des communautés de paix entre en conflit avec sa politique de sécurité. Dans le cadre de celle-ci, le gouvernement veut rétablir sa présence dans toutes les régions du pays, ceci en ayant préalablement sécurisé le territoire par l'intermédiaire de l'armée et de la police. Ainsi, la principale présence gouvernementale se fait par les forces armées et non par des représentants civils. Les communautés refusent d'interagir avec les militaires, qu'elles perçoivent comme des acteurs armés menaçants au même titre que les FARC ou les paramilitaires, et reprochent au gouvernement son manque de présence civile sur le terrain. Bref, l'absence de confiance d'un côté comme de l'autre est flagrante.

C'est donc ça le Chocó... Une complexité extrême de malentendus, de pauvreté, d'opportunités ratées et d'histoires tristes. Je commençais à comprendre pourquoi Nicholas Coghlan, affecté à l'ambassade entre 1997 et 2000, avait surnommé la Colombie « le plus triste pays du monde »...

Les grands hôtels étant rares dans la région, il fallait donc prévoir une logistique se rapprochant beaucoup plus du camping pour la mission que j'organisais. Bottes de caoutchouc, filets, insecticide, sacs de couchage, chapeaux et crème solaire faisaient donc partie des bagages. Pas de robe de soirée, bien au contraire. Encore une fois, le mythe du service extérieur se déconstruisait...

Arrivée à destination, la descente de l'avion fut surprenante. J'avais l'impression d'entrer dans un sauna vu la chaleur et l'humidité. J'en avais même les lunettes embuées! Sortis des douanes, un sympathique représentant du Haut-Commissariat des Nations-Unies pour les réfugiés nous attendait dans son véhicule onusien. Pour des questions de sécurité, il nous était interdit de voyager

Les populations essaient d'être neutres, mais sont malgré elles au cœur du conflit.

extrême de malentendus, de pauvreté, d'opportunités ratées et d'histoires tristes.

dans tout autre véhicule que ceux de l'ONU. Le Chef de sécurité de l'ambassade avait été clair : que des véhicules officiels et aucune dérogation à l'itinéraire. C'est à ces conditions qu'il nous autorisait à faire la visite dans le Chocó. La sécurité précaire dans la région explique d'ailleurs que la mission ait pris une telle ampleur, puisqu'il est plus sécuritaire de voyager en groupe, accompagnés d'organisations internationales reconnues connaissant l'endroit, que seuls. De plus, il y avait réel intérêt de la communauté diplomatique pour connaître la réalité du terrain. L'ambassade du Canada a donc proposé de coordonner cette mission. Selon le représentant du Haut Commissariat des Nations-Unies aux droits de l'homme qui nous accompagnait, c'était la première fois, du moins en quatre ans, qu'une mission de la sorte était organisée par une ambassade.

On m'avait pourtant dit que le Canada avait perdu son rôle de leader au niveau international. Andrew Cohen avait presque réussi à me convaincre que le Canada était affaibli et que nous n'avions plus de crédibilité sur la scène mondiale. Et bien ce n'est pas la réalité que j'ai découverte en Colombie. Ici, le Canada est un acteur de premier plan, particulièrement au niveau de la défense des droits humains et de l'appui à la société civile, en plus d'être un important interlocuteur du gouvernement. Mes premières rencontres avec les ONG me l'ont confirmé. Lorsqu'une délégation des *Christian Peacemaker Teams* a demandé à nous rencontrer quelques jours après mon arrivée à l'ambassade, j'étais un peu inquiète. Je pensais qu'elle serait probablement très critique à l'égard de notre gouvernement, insistant pour un engagement plus important, dénonçant notre inaction... Quelle ne fut pas ma surprise lorsqu'un des délégués, un militant de longue date, nous raconte les larmes aux yeux, que partout où il va en Colombie, rencontrant des leaders menacés et des organisations de défense de droits humains, on lui vante les mérites du travail de l'ambassade dans le pays. Le trémolo dans la voix, il nous dit solennellement à quel point il est fier d'être Canadien. J'étais soudainement très émue moi aussi. Non seulement les efforts de l'Ambassadeur et de son équipe étaient reconnus en Colombie mais ils contribuaient à la fierté de citoyens canadiens. J'étais fière de mon pays et j'avais d'autant plus hâte de me lancer à fond dans ma grande aventure colombienne.



L'auteur avec des enfants du Cacarica (Photo : Stas Pasionek)

*L'heure de la lessive sur le bord du fleuve RioSucio
(Photo : Stas Pasionek)*





Photo de groupe dans le Cacarica (Photo : Stas Pasioneck)

Notre visite commençait par une rencontre avec la communauté de San Josécito, probablement celle ayant reçu le plus de support et d'attention de la communauté internationale. C'est ici que se sont regroupés les habitants de San José de Apartado qui n'acceptaient pas l'arrivée de la police dans leur communauté de paix créée en 1997, suite au déplacement massif provoqué par le premier massacre commis par des paramilitaires dans leur communauté.

Au fil des années, 178 personnes de cette communauté auraient été tuées, ce qui représente 20 % de leur population, toujours sous la menace des paramilitaires. Des ordres de capture ont été lancés contre plusieurs habitants et le Président Uribe a affirmé en mars 2005 que certains de leurs leaders étaient en relation avec la guérilla. Comment encourager la reprise d'un dialogue lorsque les interlocuteurs prennent des positions extrêmes? Comment arriver à un accord ou à un consensus alors que les perceptions sont si différentes? C'est un peu comme ça la Colombie. Il semble y avoir ici une dichotomie de bien et de

mal, de noir et de blanc... On se demande parfois où sont les nuances, où sont passées toutes les couleurs. Pourtant, paradoxalement, je n'ai jamais vu autant d'arc-en-ciel qu'ici. J'en ai compté neuf en à peine un mois. C'est qu'il pleut souvent malgré le soleil... au sens propre comme au figuré.

Un autre défi auquel la Colombie est confrontée est la démobilisation et la réintégration des groupes paramilitaires. Le Blocue Émer Cárdenas, présent dans la région que nous avons visitée, n'était pas encore démobilisé au moment de notre visite. Bien qu'il le soit aujourd'hui formellement, il exerce toujours un contrôle important. Par exemple, les paramilitaires vont jusqu'à bloquer le passage de la Defensoría (organisme de contrôle de l'État en matière de droits humains) pour se rendre aux communautés, en lui déniaient l'accès à la plateforme permettant de passer d'une rive à l'autre du fleuve. Le chef du Blocue, surnommé l'Allemand à cause de sa stature imposante, logeait justement dans un hôtel voisin du nôtre le soir de notre arrivée à Apartado et se promenait



Photos : Joya Donnelly

tranquillement, avec ses escortes, dans la ville. Simple hasard? Curiosité de voir ces étrangers qui s'intéressent à cette région souvent oubliée? Tentative d'intimidation? Qui sait. Et puis, comment avait-il été mis au courant de notre présence? Mystère. Tous semblaient pourtant savoir qui nous étions.

Pour se rendre dans une communauté du Cacarica, enfoncée dans le littoral du fleuve Atrato, il a fallu voyager en bateaux, des « pangas » comme on les appelle ici. La beauté des paysages et la tranquillité des lieux contrastaient avec les histoires de massacres que nous avions entendues ces derniers jours. Comme la chaleur et l'hospitalité du peuple colombien contrastent avec la froideur du conflit. Arrivés à destination, un cortège pêle-mêle d'enfants nous attendait et rigolait à la vue de ces étrangers qui semblaient si mal à l'aise les deux pieds dans la boue avec leurs bottes de caoutchouc. Eux, nu-pieds, nous devançaient sans problème et sans tomber!

Un des moments les plus marquants du voyage fut probablement cette rencontre que nous avons faite dans les rues de RioSucio. À RioSucio, le fleuve n'a pas seulement l'air sale, il déborde. Les rues deviennent les bras du fleuve et la boue est omniprésente alors on construit des échafaudages pour circuler d'une bâtisse à l'autre et chacun, devenant équilibriste, vaque à ses occupations. Un soir, après le souper, quelques-uns d'entre nous avons décidé de nous promener. Il faisait très noir et les rues n'étaient pas éclairées. La présence de paramilitaires dans la ville se faisait sentir et je commençais à me demander si cette balade était réellement une bonne idée. Soudain, un éclat de rire plus fort que les retransmissions du match de soccer du Mondial raisonnant dans les petits commerces capta mon attention. Sur le bord de la rue, deux petits enfants, flambant nus, se lançaient corps et âmes dans une grosse marre de boue, dans un fou rire contagieux. À la seule vue de ces deux petits corps gluants, à peine perceptibles dans la noirceur à part leurs dents blanches qui reflétaient les rayons de la lune, nous nous mirent tous à rire. Encouragés, par notre réaction, ils se lancèrent de plus belle et on eut droit

à un spectacle burlesque sans pareil. J'avais les larmes aux yeux tellement la scène était loufoque et mon rire n'était plus contrôlable. En quelques instants, et tout à fait innocemment, ces enfants avaient réussi à nous faire oublier les atrocités racontées au cours de la journée. J'aurais moi aussi aimé pouvoir leur rendre quelque chose d'aussi précieux que ce moment le restera pour moi.



Un enfant se promène dans les rues inondées de RioSucio

(Photo : Joya Donnelly)

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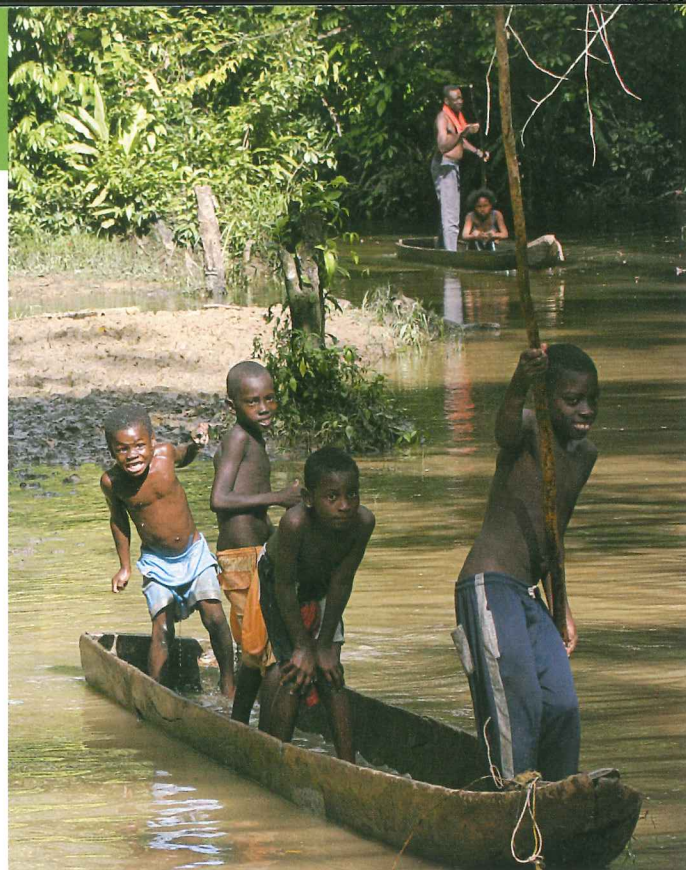
Le lendemain, les visites continuaient. Dans la majorité des communautés rencontrées, il est clair que la problématique dominante n'est pas idéologique mais reliée à la question des terres. Certains paysans ont dû vendre les leurs dans les années 1990 sous la pression des paramilitaires mais la majorité a été déplacée de force. Plusieurs témoignages de paysans nous ont fait état de falsification de documents de vente, ainsi que d'expulsions ou d'assassinats dans le but de s'approprier les terres. Les plantations industrielles, notamment les palmeraies, ont été sans merci pour le territoire, mettant en péril la biodiversité, envahissant et détruisant jusqu'au cimetière des communautés afro-colombiennes. Aujourd'hui, les paysans tentent donc de se réapproprier ces terres qu'ils disent leurs, bien souvent au péril de leurs vies. Certains ont commencé à défier l'entreprise palmicultrice et à couper des palmiers. Je me surprends souvent à me demander à quel moment ils couperont le palmier de trop...

En matière de développement régional, les conceptions du gouvernement et des communautés diffèrent encore. Les plans de l'autoroute pan-américaine pour relier l'Amérique centrale à l'Amérique du Sud via ce territoire clé, n'ont pas fini de créer des remous. Les paysans et les communautés autochtones se préoccupent du sort de leurs terres et veulent préserver le Parc National de Los Katíos. Ils ont même barré la route en mai dernier lors d'un sommet organisé pour réclamer leurs droits et confronter les autorités. Résultat : affrontements violents et un mort.

De retour à Bogota, ma compréhension de la situation est maintenant différente. Je me rends compte de l'importance des visites de terrain; elles permettent de se faire une idée propre de la situation et de ne pas dépendre des informations communiquées par les ONG et le gouvernement, qui sont souvent contradictoires. La mission nous a permis de se familiariser avec les problématiques de la région et de rencontrer communautés qui y vivent. Nous avons été confrontés à la complexité des enjeux et des positions bien campées des différents interlocuteurs qui ne semblent pas encore prêts à entamer un dialogue efficace.

Aujourd'hui, quand je reçois à Bogota des représentants de communautés et d'ONG, ou lors de rencontre avec les représentants du gouvernement, mon discours a beaucoup plus de crédibilité car j'ai été témoin, ne serait-ce que pour un court moment, de la réalité dans le Chocó. Même dans la rue, les gens s'étonnent qu'une étrangère se soit aventurée dans cette contrée où très peu de citoyens de Bogota ont mis les pieds. Les retombées de la mission se font encore sentir, et le leadership de l'ambassade canadienne dans la communauté diplomatique de Bogota ne s'en trouve que renforcé. Cette visite a servi à exprimer l'engagement de notre politique étrangère sur le terrain et de notre

Aujourd'hui... mon discours a beaucoup plus de crédibilité car j'ai été témoin... de la réalité dans le Chocó.



Des enfants du Cacarica tentent de suivre la délégation internationale qui quitte leur communauté en bateau (Photo : Stas Pasioneck)

vigilance à l'égard des obligations internationales de la Colombie. Le Canada a définitivement un rôle important à jouer ici. Et moi, j'ai tellement appris. Mon expérience au Chocó aura certainement un impact sur ma jeune carrière de diplomate, même de retour à Ottawa. Franchement, je crois que je ne pouvais pas mieux tomber pour une première affectation, même temporaire, à l'étranger. ☺

Joya Donnelly a joint le service extérieur en janvier 2006. Après trois mois au Ministère, elle a obtenu une affectation temporaire à Bogota, en Colombie.

Stas Pasioneck, vétéran de l'Armée canadienne, actuellement en mission à Bogota (Colombie).

Navigation difficile : une embarcation de l'ONU prise dans le Delta du fleuve Atrato, dans le Golfe d'Uraba (Photo : Stas Pasioneck)





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Deglobalization — the Anglo-British Model

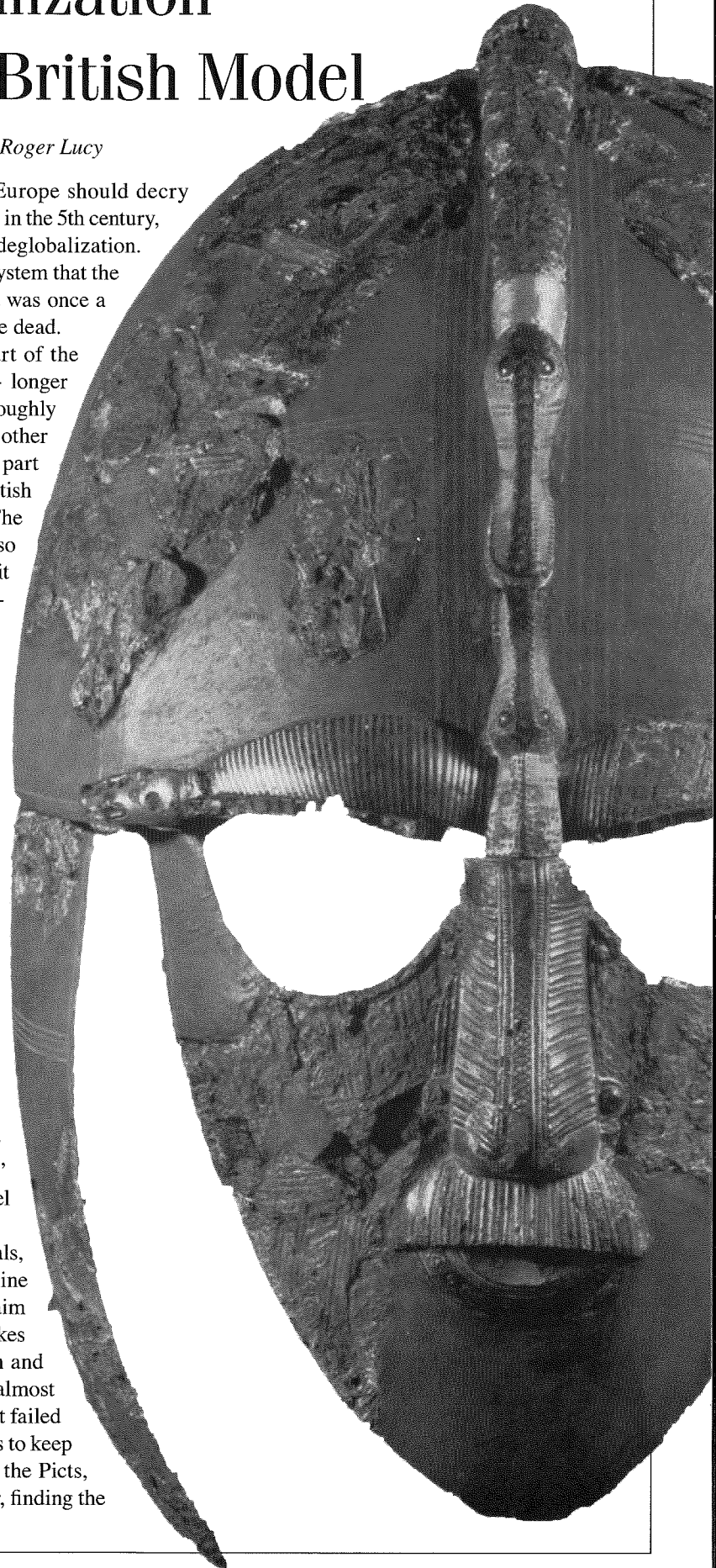
by Roger Lucy

It is somewhat ironic that anti-globalization activists in Europe should decry “Anglo-Saxon” economic models. When they invaded Britain in the 5th century, the Anglo-Saxons found themselves at the cut-ting edge of deglobalization. Indeed the island disappeared so completely from the global system that the 6th century historian Procopius — while aware that part of it was once a Roman province — believed that it harboured the abode of the dead.

At the turn of the 5th century, Britannia (the Roman part of the island) had been part of the Roman Empire for 350 years — longer than India was to be part of the British Empire — and was thoroughly integrated into its political, social and economic system. As in other West European provinces, there were signs of retrenchment, in part possibly attributable to the failed civil wars launched by the British and Rhine armies in the last decades of the fourth century. The colder wetter climate of the period and rising sea levels may also have compromised some of Britannia’s agricultural land, as it did in what is today Flanders. That said, Britannia’s administrative and military infrastructure remained intact, and the province was relatively immune from barbarian attack. The economy was highly monetarized and trade with other provinces provided a market for British surpluses and brought in goods that could not be produced locally. The larger cities may have seemed rather down-at-heel, but the small towns, where much of the industry was concentrated, and the countryside at large remained generally prosperous. While the upper classes in their rural villas enjoyed the amenities that went with classical civilization — fine jewellery and silverware, heated baths and living rooms, mosaic floors and luxury imported goods — even the humbler members of society could possess their share of quite high quality manufactured goods. The population, some four to six million, was not to be reached again until the High Middle Ages.

One hundred years later, Britannia had been reduced to ruins, broken into statelets controlled by petty warlords and their bands. The economy had collapsed, industry was dead, agriculture had sunk to a subsistence level and external trade was virtually non-existent. Literacy survived only in a few monastic refuges. Virtually nowhere else were the “dark-ages” quite so dark. By every indicator, Britannia had sunk to a level lower than it was when the Romans invaded in AD 43.

What had happened? On the last day of 406, a horde of Vandals, “lans and Burgundians, fleeing the Huns, crossed the frozen Rhine near Mainz and spread through Gaul. While one chronicler’s claim that “... the whole of Gaul smoked on a single funeral pyre” makes great copy, it overstates the case. Nonetheless the devastation and disruption must have been extensive. The Rhine frontier was almost defenseless, having been stripped bare of troops after the recent failed civil wars, followed by the drawing down of surviving garrisons to keep Alaric’s Goths out of Italy. While not immune from raids by the Picts, Scots and Saxons, Britannia was spared this invasion. However, finding the



"continent isolated," Britannia's leaders decided (as they had done on at least five occasions in the past 200 years) to set up their own emperor. After two unhappy choices, they selected a relatively obscure soldier named Constantine. Exactly 100 years earlier the British Army had proclaimed another Constantine, who eventually had taken over the entire Empire and had begun the process of making it Christian. His namesake tried to repeat this feat. Stripping Britannia of most of its effective troops, Constantine III invaded Gaul. The consequences, disastrous for the Western Empire, were catastrophic for Britannia. Rather than joining Constantine III against the barbarians, the legitimate government in Ravenna invited more in to oppose him. Having liberated much of Gaul (but without destroying the invaders) Constantine sent much of his army to Spain. There, his general Gerontius proclaimed his own emperor. In the midst of what was now a three-sided civil war, the Vandals crossed the unguarded Pyrenees and overran Spain, where they caused great devastation. When they were ousted some 20 years later, they moved on

to North Africa, seizing the Western Empire's richest provinces. Depriving it of its main source of revenue, the Vandals thus sealed the Western Empire's doom. The Ravenna government, preoccupied with Constantine and Gerontius, also paid insufficient attention to Alaric and his Visigoths, ensconced on the borders of Italy. In 410, he got their attention by sacking Rome. By 411, Constantine III was dead, his head was shipped around the major cities of the Empire to deter imitators, and his supporters were purged.

In Britannia and in northern Gaul there were uprisings which expelled Constantine's civil administration. The cause is unclear. His demands for more men and money may have become too great, particularly when Britannia also began to suffer from barbarian raids. British landowners may have feared that they would suffer a round of reprisals and confiscations with Constantine's defeat. As the Romans devolved much of the local administration to the cities, Britannia's city councils may have hoped to muddle along with no central authority until Honorius, the legitimate Emperor in

Ravenna, got around to appointing new officials. In the meantime, they could enjoy a tax holiday (city councillors were held financially responsible for tax arrears). In Italy, the positions of Britannia's governors and other officials remained on the books, and incumbents may have been appointed to fill them — and enjoy the tax exemptions and other privileges that came with the titles. However, with Gaul in chaos and Rome recovering from Alaric's sack, none was ever sent back to Britannia, nor were any survivors of Constantine's army.

Britannia fell off the map. There were no more demands for taxes (nor the means to collect them) and there was no more army or administration to support. The Imperial Government had been the major consumer of agricultural products and manufactured goods. Cross-channel markets for British goods and produce had departed with the Rhine garrisons. Britannia's industries soon collapsed, as did the monetary economy. Once ties with Europe were severed, no new coinage flowed in. Much of the specie that did remain soon disappeared into hoards (many of which were very rich indeed). Bronze coinage needed to facilitate local commerce also vanished. Unlike in previous periods when coinage was in short supply, no local counterfeits appeared to fill the gap. With no central authority to impose its tax demands and no markets for their produce, the peasants saw no need to generate surpluses and reverted to self sufficiency. Within a generation, towns great and small — even London — were deserted, except for a few squatters. The wealthy villas that had dotted the countryside were falling down, their owners were either dead or had fled, and many never recovered their buried valuables. Local councils would have followed their cities into oblivion. Politically fragmented and reduced to a subsistence economy, with virtually no material culture, Britannia was well and truly "deglobalized." There were few signs of social stratification. The nearest equivalent might be what Pol Pot hoped to achieve in Cambodia, but without recourse to the Khmer Rouge. There does not appear have been any immediate population decline. Pollen analysis shows no significant reduction in the amount of land under cultivation.

We know little of what happened next. Without coins, manufactured ceramics or



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other datable objects, the archaeological record becomes almost unreadable. Stone buildings were no longer built or maintained and their flimsy wooden replacements left few traces. In the west some old Celtic hill forts were reoccupied. Here and there local leaders appear to have attempted to keep up the old ways: a grand timber-framed but Roman-style building on the ruins of one town's forum; a not inexpert water-pipeline laid in another. In Verulamium, in 429, the town council could still muster in their old style finery to greet a Gallic bishop — come to sort out a local heresy. Indeed the only institution that seems to have weathered this social, political and economic collapse was the Christian church. It maintained the rudiments of an ecclesiastic structure, and could still impart to a few some semblance of a classical education. A trickle of continental imports (wine, glassware, fine tableware) begin to reappear in the late 5th century in the strongholds of local warlords. How these were paid for, in the absence of a cash economy, is uncertain — slaves would likely be the most marketable product available. English slaves were on sale in Rome in the latter part of the 6th century.

Written sources for the period are few and far between. Those which were more or less contemporary were generally far removed, in southern Gaul or even in the Eastern Empire, while most local accounts were written down centuries later. We do get a picture of an island beset by raiders from Ireland, Scotland and, above all, from the North Sea coast of Germany. Many Britons fled across the channel to what is now called Brittany (scholars argue on the degree to which the Breton language was re-implanted by these refugees or stems from the region's indigenous speech), where they played an active role in the unstable politics of western Gaul. Elsewhere, particularly in the less Romanized north and west of Britannia, local warlords emerged. Some seem to have followed the classic Roman practice of allowing one group of barbarians to settle in exchange for their fighting others. The county of Kent was reportedly seized by two Anglo-Saxon warlords, Hengist and Horsa, after a pay dispute with a British chief.

Archaeology shows a slow infiltration of Anglo-Saxon settlers up the river valleys of eastern England. There does not appear to have been any large organized invasion

force, and many archaeologists are loath to admit that a mass migration occurred. It has been argued that the Anglo-Saxons lacked the shipping capacity required to cross the North Sea in any numbers. However there are signs that, during this period, the North Sea coast of Germany and Denmark was becoming depopulated, perhaps hastened by marine encroachments. Moreover, the strength and extent of the defences the Romans had erected along the east coast of Britannia and on both sides of the channel — the "Saxon shore" — indicate the Anglo-Saxons did pose a significant naval threat to the Romans and were capable of raiding as far south as the Loire.

The unanswered question is what became of the native Celtic-speaking Britons. There are few Celtic loan words in English. Relatively few English place names are based on those used by the Romans or the Britons. Those who dispute the idea of a mass migration have tried to create acculturation models to explain how what they claim were relatively small numbers of Anglo-Saxons totally imposed their language and culture on the Britons. Elsewhere, most German invaders — Goths, Vandals, Franks and Burgundians, who admittedly took over still functioning societies — were rapidly assimilated into the Latin-speaking majority. Only in the Rhineland (which had a substantial German population) and on the upper Danube (where the remnants of the Roman population were evacuated by the Ostrogoths) did German replace Latin.

In the 7th century, when the light of history began to shine again on what is now England, a number of Anglo-Saxon kingdoms had emerged. One by one, they converted to Christianity. Literacy was reintroduced, trade links with the continent revived, and with them a number of market towns begin to emerge beside the ruins of the old Roman cities. The Anglo-Saxons enthusiastically embraced the remnants of classical civilization that Irish and continental missionaries brought back, after two centuries of isolation. Still we know very little of what happened in Britannia during the intervening "dark age." Genetic studies indicate that the majority of the male ancestors of the present day population of eastern and central England were more closely related to the people of Denmark and Friesland, than to those of Wales (who have

closer affinities with Ireland and northern Spain). This indicates there was indeed a significant population movement. It has been suggested the plagues which ravaged Europe in the 640s hit the Britons harder than the English. Perhaps more Britons emigrated to Brittany. Perhaps the Anglo-Saxons were just as bloodthirsty as the Romans (and their own legends) said they were. The early law codes of some Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, particularly in the west country, recognize the existence of a residual "Welsh" (the Old English word for "foreigners") population, but they do not seem to have been very numerous and later codes omit mentioning them altogether.

Much as we try to put a rosy gloss on their activities, the Saxons were not a gentle tribe of organic farmers, winning the Britons over to their ways by demonstrations of deep ploughing. To the Romans, they had a particularly unsavoury reputation, with a penchant for taking no prisoners. The adjective *ferocissimus*, "most savage," is regularly coupled to their name. Indeed, the name Saxon comes from their favourite weapon, the *saex*, a curved single-edged knife — how would we react to a people called the "Kalashnikovs"? The Anglo-Saxon Chronicles do little to dispel this negative image. Its 9th century monkish compilers give a bloodthirsty account of how bit by bit Britannia became England. Invading war-bands are recorded destroying "with fire and sword," or massacring a garrison "so there was no Briton left," and elsewhere killing "four companies" of Welsh. While the chronological precision of the Chronicles is questionable, its entries were likely based on oral traditions. It is clear from the Chronicles' tone that the historic roots of the English lager-lout go very deep indeed.

Our views of Roman history often reflect the intellectual climate of the beholder. Gibbon attributed the Empire's fall to the forces of barbarism and Christianity. In the 19th and early 20th centuries historians portrayed a Roman Empire that was a model for their own nations' imperial missions — selflessly spreading civilization. With de-colonization in the 1960s, the Empire's motives were perceived as much more predatory. Revolts against Roman rule, or even local usurpers, showed the stirrings of self-determination. Today, the idea of a violent end to the Roman Empire sits uneasily with the "kinder/

gentler" Europe of the EU. We are presented in its stead, with the "transformation of the Roman World." The "Dark Ages" are no more. They have become "Late Antiquity," emphasizing the age's spiritual qualities, not its material decline. The barbarians (actually the word has been virtually banished) are no longer portrayed as forcibly taking possession of large tracts of Roman territory; instead the focus is on a process whereby the Imperial government settled them in various provinces under a sort of mutual defence pact. Your average Frank or Visigoth would, no doubt, happily have voted in favour of the EU Constitution.

Interestingly (considering their ancestors' interactions) modern British historians have been bucking this trend, pointing out that the 5th century was a very messy and unpleasant time and that the passage of barbarian invaders (and for that matter of Roman armies — sometimes it was moot which was which) often had negative consequences for the inhabitants. Eight years after Alaric sacked Rome, large sections of Italy still required substantial tax relief as they recovered from the Goths' devastation. Cities were sacked, in the case of Trier no less than five times. Villas, the mainstay of the rural economy, suffered heavily, particularly along the Rhine and Danube. The bottom line is that the Roman Empire in the West well and truly fell, with dire economic, cultural, and probably demographic consequences for those forced to live through it.

In his recent book examining the fall of the Empire (*The Fall of Rome and the End of Civilization*, Oxford, 2005), the British historian Bryan Ward-Perkins calls one of its consequences "the end of comfort." The Romans had produced a lot of "stuff," much of it of high quality. We only know a fraction of it, as much was made of perishable materials, but an awful lot of ceramics, glassware, stone work and metal work have survived. An archaeologist, Ward-Perkins is well aware of the huge difference between the rich material culture found in deposits of the Roman period and the impoverished Dark Age layers that follow. In Roman times, quality goods were not only produced in profusion but were widely distributed, socially and geographically. Even quite humble citizens could own manufactured goods of a quality not found again until the late Middle Ages. An ordinary family in

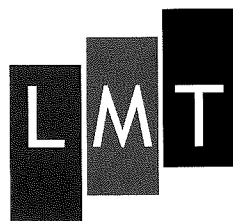
Roman Britain could own good wheel-thrown tableware made from carefully selected clays. This vanished with the Legions (along with baths and central heating). Two centuries after Roman rule ended, an Anglo-Saxon monarch, who could adorn himself with intricately wrought gold-work, still had to drink his mead from crude, hand-formed, poorly-fired cups.

Estimates of the quantities of Roman output belie the notion that theirs was a pre-industrial economy; one factory in Gaul filled a 20-cubic-metre refuse pit with pots which had failed to meet its standards. Rome's "Monte Testaccio" — the mother of all landfills — is a 50-metre-high dump comprising the remains of over 50 million amphorae. When filled, they had held six billion litres of Spanish or African olive oil; on a per capita basis, Romans consumed an average of 25 litres a year. Estimates of other measures of Roman production include an Empire-wide requirement of over 80,000 tonnes of iron a year, and lead and copper production so high that they left pollution spikes in the Greenland icecap — not to be encountered again until the Industrial Revolution. The density of shipwrecks on the Mediterranean floor also shows a volume of trade not to be equalled until early modern times. In many regions of the Middle East and North Africa, specialized export-oriented agricultural production and careful water management opened areas for cultivation which have lain as desert ever since.

While the Roman Empire fell short of being a fully open economy (somewhat like in Canada, interior tariffs were levied on goods crossing provincial boundaries), it united the Mediterranean Basin and surrounding territories into a single

political entity, consolidated over time with a single currency, citizenship, and legal code. The road network, state-subsidized shipping (to supply the Army, feed Rome and Constantinople, and transport inter alia wild beasts for the arenas and marble pillars for the baths) and, above all, peace and security stimulated trade and encouraged economies of scale and specialization, as well as the exchange of goods over very wide areas. The fall of the Western Empire disrupted these trade and transportation links. Over the longer term the new barbarian rulers were unable to maintain the machinery of government they had inherited. This eroded their tax base and their ability to maintain order. Across Europe, levels of literacy, agricultural productivity, industrial production, the degree of monetization and the volume of trade all precipitously declined. While the fate of Britannia was a worst-case example of this deglobalization, the end of the Western Roman Empire had a profoundly negative effect on the material well-being of its inhabitants, one that took over a millennium to overcome. ☺

*Roger Lucy served as a Foreign Service Officer in Ottawa and abroad (Chicago, Tehran, Oslo and Port of Spain) from 1971 to 2004. For the past 10 years he has been contributing articles to **bout** on "dark age diplomacy." Now retired, and living in Ottawa, he been researching and writing monographs on Canadian armoured vehicles for a local publisher, Service Publications. His latest book is *Secret Weapons of the Canadian Army*. If you have any comments about this article, Roger can be contacted at galea.hortus@sympatico.ca*



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Committing Espionage

by John Starnes

There have been recent developments in the field of the collection of intelligence outside Canada which have gone unnoticed by the press and public and which suggest that, at long last, the Canadian government appears to have decided to commit espionage. These developments are:

- a) statements in a Senate Committee by the then Cabinet Minister responsible for the Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS),
- b) certain recommendations in Judge Gomery's Second Report (Responsibilities and Accountabilities of Deputy Ministers),
- c) last, but certainly not least, the defeat of Paul Martin's government and its replacement by the Conservative government headed by Stephen Harper.

Unfortunately, these developments leave it unclear what espionage activities (if any) are now being carried out by Canada, by which government agency or agencies, under what authority (mandate) and to what purpose and effect? Moreover, it is not clear whether CSIS indeed has a valid mandate (Section 12 of the *CSIS Act*) to commit espionage by collecting intelligence outside Canada which is not "threat-related."

The average Canadian simply does not understand the very important differences between *foreign security intelligence* and *foreign intelligence*. I believe these phrases first came into use during the McDonald Commission's hearings. Unfortunately, they have only served to confuse the complex issues involved. I understand the first of these phrases means the collection of intelligence abroad directly related to some recognized threat to Canada's internal security and that the second phrase means collecting intelligence outside Canada which is not clearly related to some threat to Canada's internal security; that is to say, espionage. At the time these phrases first came into use there also was little or no informed discussion concerning the important differences between a Security service such as CSIS and an espionage service, which make it unwise to attempt to combine the two functions in one organization!

On 15 February 2005, Anne McLellan, then Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Public Safety and Emergency Preparedness Canada, appeared before the Standing Senate Committee on National Security and Defence. The following is an excerpt from the record of the proceedings of the Senate Committee on that day, dealing with intelligence collection outside Canada (author's underlining).

Defence, Issue 12, Evidence, February 15, 2005 (Page 21 of 27).

Senator Forrestall: I am trying to relate this to CSIS, in a sense, Minister, you have told us that you supported the requirement for a broader based CSIS collection capability offshore, both quiet intelligence — not threat related — and otherwise.

Have you been able to divert some additional funds for this activity? Is it showing up in a higher quality of work and improved work?

Ms. McLellan: I have made a budgetary request for this year. It remains to be seen whether the Finance Minister will see fit to fund my request. I have made a request that would permit the gathering of foreign intelligence. It is one of the things that I have talked about before and the fact that we live in a world where it is incumbent upon each one of us, as countries and allies, to ensure that we are doing our fair share, both in terms of being able to protect our own people and having that which we share under appropriate circumstances around foreign intelligence with our allies.

While CSIS does collect foreign security intelligence now, I have made no secret of the fact that I think they should collect more, I have made a budgetary request to that effect.

Senator Forrestall: If you need help, give us a call.

Ms. McLellan: I will.

The Chairman: I take it from that, Minister, that CSIS will be collecting non-threat related intelligence?

Ms. McLellan: No.

The Chairman: I take from that that government has made a decision that foreign intelligence is properly the purview of CSIS and not some other agency?

Ms. McLellan: No final determination has been made in that regard. I am making a request for funding to collect more foreign security intelligence. I have not indicated where the locus of that gathering would be."

These brief exchanges are very confusing. They appear to suggest Paul Martin's government decided to collect more intelligence abroad, and that some of this activity, so-called "foreign intelligence," involves the collection of intelligence not directly related to Canada's internal security.

Apparently some participants in the debates in parliament and elsewhere were not well informed about the intricacies of committing espionage, which is not surprising since very few Canadians have such direct knowledge and, these few are rapidly dying off.

In 1942, I was the military intelligence officer in Canadian Military HQ in London responsible for seeking out in England Canadian Army personnel of all ranks with the qualifications (knowledge of European countries and their numerous dialects, signals expertise, training in small-arms equipment, etc.) which might make them useful to the British Special Operations Executive (SOE) to serve as British secret agents in German-occupied Europe (by the end of the war about 75 Canadians served in this capacity). At that time, in response to a British request, I had volunteered to join SOE as a prospective British secret agent. I was in a position to know a good deal about the nature of the secret intelligence gathering and sabotage operations of the Allies in Europe and how the secret agencies involved were trained and went about their difficult tasks and the very important differences in the nature of their work.

Technological advances such as global positioning devices, reliable satellite communications, much better "burst" radio transmissions, and greatly improved cryptology

presumably have made life easier and theoretically safer for spies. First, however, they have to be selected, recruited, trained, and then regularly funded, instructed and protected, usually from considerable distances. Successful espionage remains a very special, complicated activity, calling for unusual agents with special aptitudes, skills, dedication and incentives. Moreover, it is particularly important for the political leaders and senior officials involved to possess in good measure the qualifications required to direct such unusual activities.

World War II secret intelligence operations were ruthless in their execution and the "peacetime" nature of a successful espionage service is not necessarily lawful. A good secret agent in carrying out his or her tasks sometimes has to resort to unpleasant methods to succeed (blackmail, subversion, bribery, entrapment, etc.). For example, using such methods to recruit citizens of the target country, possessing reliable knowledge of that country's secret efforts to acquire nuclear weapons and reliable delivery systems. Some of those eager for Canada to have an espionage agency appear not to understand these unpleasant realities.

The Second Report of the Gomery Commission, and particularly Chapter Five, "the Responsibilities and Accountabilities of Deputy Ministers" could be relevant should the Conservative government decide to act upon Gomery's recommendations and are serious about committing espionage.

Gomery's recommendations would accord the head of the Canadian Security Intelligence Service the status, powers and responsibilities of a deputy minister, which certainly seems appropriate. However, it is to be hoped that due account is taken of the sharp differences in the relationship between most deputy ministers and their Minister and the rather different, delicate relationship between the head of CSIS and his Minister.

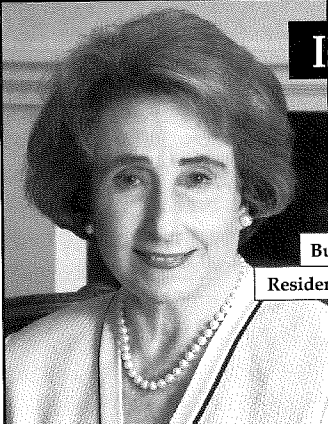
Gomery proposes that since deputy ministers have clearly defined administrative/financial responsibilities for running their department or agency, which their Ministers do not possess, they and not the Minister should be required to appear before a parliamentary committee to answer questions. Thus, the head of CSIS could be questioned by the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons concerning his or her administrative/

financial responsibilities. On the face of it a reasonable recommendation. However, the head of CSIS should never be required to answer any questions concerning CSIS's espionage activities, which must remain "top secret" and eventually the responsibility of the Minister concerned, since the decision to carry out such dangerous activities in other countries is a hostile act, with strong overtones affecting Canada's foreign relations, and particularly should CSIS request that its secret agents be granted the protection of diplomatic immunity. Namely, that certain of its agents become members

(pro tem) of Canada's Foreign Service, with suitable diplomatic rank (Counsellor, First Secretary, etc.).

In such cases the Foreign Minister should be consulted in advance and give his/her consent since, in the event of a CSIS agent being unmasked, declared *persona non grata*, and expelled, it would fall to the Foreign Minister and not the minister responsible for CSIS, to deal with the awkward matter. ☺

John Starnes is former Director-General of the RCMP Security Service.



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International Struggle Over Iraq: Politics in the UN Security Council 1980–2005

Reviewed by Bruce Jones

Reviewed by Jim Gould

*The Saddest Country: On Assignment in Colombia**Far in the Waste Sudan: On Assignment in Africa*

Reviewed by Gar Pardy

INTERNATIONAL STRUGGLE OVER IRAQ: POLITICS IN THE UN SECURITY COUNCIL 1980–2005, by David Malone, Oxford University Press, 424 pp., June 2006, \$59.95.

Bruce Jones is Co-Director of the Center on International Cooperation at NYU and refugee from UN assignments in the Middle East and the Secretary-General's office.

For more than a decade, Foreign Affairs' own David Malone had a front row seat in New York as participant/observer at Canada's mission to the UN and observer/participant at the International Peace Academy. In the latter position, Malone was both privileged outsider and free-speaking insider in the inner court of Kofi Annan. His term at IPA coincided with what in hindsight seem the UN's best years. During Annan's first tenure, the UN restored (temporarily) its tarnished relations with the US, recovered (partially) from the peace-keeping failures of the mid-1990s, innovated (controversially) in both operational and normative terms, and emerged (tentatively) as a central player in international politics. Malone was this evolution's foremost commentator, his op-eds and essays a fixture of the intellectual firmament that grew up around the UN and that was richer for his ever-ready willingness to prick the self-regard of the institution and the self-importance of its members' Ambassadors.

The UN's resurgence was cast into doubt by the clash with an assertive US over the question of Iraq — the topic of Malone's book. In *The International Struggle Over Iraq: Politics in the UN Security Council 1980–2005* Malone brings both his insider access and his outsider perspective to bear

on one of those rare issues that directly connect the inner workings of the UN to questions of high strategy in international politics. Malone pulls off the clever trick of well-conceived contemporary history, finding in the multi-faceted story of Iraq a canvass on which to paint a broader political picture. His account of the evolving realities of the UN Security Council and of UN practice captures a crucial part of the international reality during the period between the fall of the Berlin wall and the fall of Baghdad.

Malone steers a careful path between the general and the expert reader, his introduction and second chapter setting out critical elements of the background and history to the UN's engagement in Iraq, particular in terms of the local, regional and international politics surrounding the Iran-Iraq war. In that bloody episode, Malone finds the seeds of several later themes, and captures the growing optimism that surrounded the UN as the US-Soviet rivalry began to wane.

It is in Malone's third chapter that his focus turns to the long, troubled Security Council engagement in Iraq. It reminds us of the ground-breaking and precedent-setting action of the Security Council in passing Resolution 678, the resolution that set out the ambitions and hopes of the "new world order" to which the Gulf War was mid-wife. Alongside resolutions that acknowledged internal conflict in Somalia as a threat to international peace and security, the Security Council's resolutions on Iraq in 1991 set out an agenda for collective security and carved out political space the UN would spend the rest of the 1990s struggling to fill. In laying out the deliberate diplomacy that preceded the first Gulf War,

Malone also highlights the contrast to the rough repudiation of the Council in the lead-up to US invasion of Iraq in 2003.

At the heart of Malone's book are three detailed chapters that recount the mounting tensions and the operational tribulations that accompanied the UN's roles in authorizing humanitarian intervention, enforcing sanctions and managing the adjacent regime (the now notorious Oil-for-Food Programme), and in mounting weapons inspections in the form first of the UN Special Commission (UNSCOM) and then the UN Monitoring, Verification and Inspection Commission (UNMOVIC).

Through these three chapters, Malone traces the unravelling of the consensus between the permanent members of the Security Council, his distaste for their instrumental and often cynical manipulation both of the Council and of the Secretary-General ever more evident as his tale unfolds. Though Malone is too seasoned an observer to be surprised by the cynicism of the major powers, it is helpful to be reminded that it is far from the US alone that engages in what he calls "instrumental multilateralism." When the Permanent members' interests align, the Security Council is capable of undertaking important and effective roles in the maintenance of peace and security. That they failed to maintain a shared understanding of the nature of the threat posed or not posed by Saddam Hussein in the late 1990s and in the first part of this decade was to their cost, and to ours.

Malone's chapter on the Oil-for-Food Programme should be required reading for everyone forced to witness the sordid saga of the effort by some US politicians and

pundits to discredit Annan after he clashed with the US over their performance as occupation authorities. Malone puts the focus of blame for the Oil-for-Food Programme squarely where it belongs, on the Permanent Members of the Security Council. But he does not neglect to notice that while the details of the American attack on Annan were wrong, the broader charge of inadequate management under his tenure contains far more than a kernel of truth.

Equally, his chapter on weapons inspection provides a salutary corrective to press accounts and more superficial analyses of the role of UN weapons inspections. After all, as Malone reminds us, the IAEA's El Baradai is the only international actor whose account of Iraq's weapons capacity has been proven right by time. Malone gives perhaps too much credit to Hans Blix, whose more nuanced account of the more complex issue of Iraq's chemical and biological capacity was more right than wrong, but left room for interpretation — room duly exploited by both sides.

The account culminates in the drama that surrounded the UN Security Council in the

lead-up to war in 2003. Most important, Malone's dissection of the negotiations correctly notes that it was the UK's Prime Minister Blair who pushed for a second resolution in the Security Council, for domestic reasons, while France and others were initially more willing to look the other way (and even contribute forces) if the US acted under the aegis of Security Council 1441, which foreshadowed but did not explicitly authorize enforcement action. Missing from the account is a developed portrayal of the internecine warfare between US power centres (especially the Departments of State and Defense and the office of the Vice President) that did much to shape international diplomacy during that period. This is the downside of a focus on the Security Council: it gives the Council greater centrality than it actually enjoys. During much of this period, both UN and trans-Atlantic diplomacy was caught up in a no-holds-barred battle over the interpretation and use of US power, a struggle between those actors within the US administration who believed that the US could and should garner a coalition to support a war in Iraq (led, at times nobly, at times haplessly, by Secretary of State Colin Powell), against neo-conservatives and their allies who believed (some genuinely, some cynically) that a demonstration of untrammelled US power would serve as device to bring order to the post-Cold War world — and who therefore did much to frustrate Powell's efforts to secure Security Council votes for the US invasion.

The upside of the focus of the UN is that Malone captures better than others have yet done the emotional roller-coaster that was the UN in the lead up to the war and in its troubled aftermath; in the agony of loss that accompanied the death of 20 UN staff members, several of them close friends and colleagues of Malone (and of me); in the effort to galvanize reform to square the circle between apparent US dominance and mounting anti-US sentiment, both injurious to an effective UN; and in the collapse of morale among the UN that followed Annan's loss of prestige and moral authority.

In his final chapter, Malone returns to the broad canvas, touching on a range of issues partially illustrated by Iraq but having wider purview — such as debates over the role of Secretary-General ("Secretary, or General?"), the potential for the new UN Peacebuilding Commission,

and the threat posed by the emergence of Al Qaeda as an actor with global capacity that rejects the very foundations of the UN both as a body of international law and as a representative institution.

The chapter suffers from trying to do too much; indeed, it reads less like the conclusion to a volume on Iraq and more like the curtain-raiser on a broader manuscript on the wider evolution of the UN — a volume we can only hope Malone decides to write. Doing so would give him a chance to build a stronger case for his most controversial theme: that the Security Council has evolved away from a "politico-military" approach to conflict management towards a role in which it "sits at the apex of a global legal-regulatory structure." Perhaps. Many in Europe and some in the developing world would like to believe so. By contrast, Ambassador John Bolton speaks for many Americans, not just of the neo-conservative variety, when he describes the UN as "one of many options" in international security management. Perversely, it is precisely US disdain for the UN which keeps pulling European and Arabs back into its fold, most recently in Lebanon. It remains to be seen how these attitudes survive two transitions soon to be upon us — the election of a new Secretary-General by the end of 2006 and a new American President in November 2008. Malone's book is essential reading for the turbulent times ahead.

Jim Gould retired from the foreign service two years ago. Since then, he has passed the time corrupting young minds at the University of Ottawa and learning basic carpentry, plumbing and electrical work at his cottage.

As is said in the foreword, "On one level this book is about Iraq and its complex and conflict-ridden history over the past quarter of a century." The second level and certainly the more important in the global *schema* — the machinations of the Security Council as it has dealt with Iraq — is being dealt with separately. Because it cannot be avoided, a third topic runs *sub-rosa* throughout the book and that has to do with the foreign policy of the United States of America, its development and its implementation. The following review focuses on the first — the Iraqi — level of this



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complex, but worthwhile, book. But the book should not be construed as a history of Iraq. The outline is there and the main points are mentioned, but the reader may be at a disadvantage if he/she is not already somewhat familiar with both Iraq and the greater Arab world of the Middle East.

The author "assumes a reasonable level of knowledge" spread across a variety of disciplines because, in order to understand what went on in the corridors of the Security Council, one must understand what was going on in Iraq. Each chapter, therefore, includes the necessary background explicitly or as part of the narrative. But there are *lacuna*. It is never made entirely clear why the people of Iraq were willing to tolerate Saddam's excesses. It is true that they saw him as "the lesser of several evils that could have overtaken the country," but it should also be noted that Saddam and the Ba'ath brought to the country a better standard of living, widespread access to education and health care, and despite the omnipresent security agencies, a stable and secure way of life that had been unknown in Iraq since the end of World War II.

In some places misunderstandings can occur because of the need of the author to cram so much into a book of reasonable length. Especially in the purely historical sections, such as those at the beginning of the second and third chapters — the origins of the Iraq-Iran war and the background to the invasion of Kuwait respectively — the narrative occasionally seems too glib or superficial. It is not that the reasons attributed to the Iraqi actions are incorrect, but rather that they do not delve into the complexity of the situations that led Saddam to do the things he did.

The statement: "... the 1973 Israeli-Arab war added another ideological and military enemy to the long list that Baghdad had been compiling since 1958" implies that Iraq had not been engaged with Israel before that time. But Iraqi units fought in the 1948 war, only missed the 1967 war because it took too long for them to get there, and — as was said only a few lines before the quote above, Israel had been supporting the Kurdish insurrection in northern Iraq in the 1960s and 1970s.

Much is made of Saddam's zealous pursuit of total power and the cult of personality that he cultivated as a tool to maintain himself in power and that was condoned and propagated

by others to further their own prospects within the hierarchy or their own separate agendas. Among the latter must be included leaders from the West who, throughout the 1980s, paid little heed to the evils of the regime because it suited their purposes to support Baghdad in its struggle with revolutionary Tehran. (It is widely believed that it was Western powers that provided Saddam with the basic elements of his chemical weapons program.) Saddam, who had almost no knowledge or experience of the world beyond the frontiers of the Arab world (and had only marginally more of the Arab world itself), failed to understand the transient nature of this support. It was not just his "preoccupation with domestic developments" that led him to misinterpret the global changes that were underway in the 1980s and 1990s — Saddam just didn't have the experience to understand that the end of the Cold War meant that he could no longer expect support, or at least inaction, from the great power(s).

But Iraq is very much the secondary story that the book tells, and the third story has to do with the role the US has played in Iraq and in the Security Council. It is impossible to tell the story of either the last two decades of Iraqi history or the evolution of the Security Council without dwelling on the policies and activities of the American government and this is unfortunate. Too often a description of the policies of the administration of the second Bush president must deliver the sort of critique that is not well received in today's Republican Washington. Even with the most objective drafting possible, the role of the Americans with regard to Iraq and the Security Council is not a pretty one and by telling the story "warts and all," this book and its author will, in all likelihood, receive a very frosty reception in many American circles. Because it is important, one can anticipate that there will be other publications that will tell the story from the viewpoint of the American administration, but it is unlikely that they will carry the same sense of authority.

Overall, the book is to be recommended. It is a very useful case study for those trying to understand where the UN — and indeed much of the world — is going. The clarity of the drafting and the structure — with numbered and titled sub-chapters, together with valuable appendices providing a list and pocket description of relevant UNSC resolutions and a chronology of

pertinent events, make the book useful both for the student who seeks to understand the passage of events or for the practitioner who needs an in-depth commentary on political events that have helped shape the global system as it is today.

THE SADDEST COUNTRY: ON ASSIGNMENT IN COLOMBIA, by Nicholas Coghlan, McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2004, 270 pp., \$39.95.

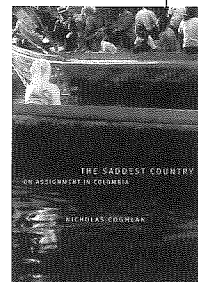
FAR IN THE WASTE SUDAN: ON ASSIGNMENT IN AFRICA, by Nicholas Coghlan, McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2005, 344 pp., \$39.95.

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How Nicholas Coghlan became a member of Canada's Foreign Service should be closely investigated. The selection process, the questions asked and those asking the questions should be identified so that the information can be used to ensure persons of similar striking qualities are identified and welcomed. Mr. Coghlan's two books under review provide ample evidence that he is the sort of representative Canada needs as it struggles to re-establish its place in the world and deal with the asymmetrical problems of an unbalanced international system.

Anyone who, in the space of a few years, can write comprehensive, understanding and perceptive books about two of the world's most difficult countries obviously has the talents to be in the front lines of our foreign service. Not only are the books well written but Mr. Coghlan has an eye for the telling detail, details while overwhelming at times, but when synthesized provide the reader with a sense of place and an understanding of why Colombia and the Sudan are the way that they are.

Of Colombia he writes a massacre is "defined as the killing of four or more



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persons at one time and in one place" or in the Sudan "more court cases involved litigation over cattle and marriage dowries gone wrong with the horn size and skin colour of bulls providing much grist for learned legal debate." In both cases it is amply clear that outsiders have not had or will ever have sufficient import to materially alter the inevitable direction of their national roads to ruin.

In many ways the books document the extensive travels in both countries of Nick and his ever-present Jenny. (Some of his trips must have caused sphincters to tighten on Sussex Drive in Ottawa.) And it is not aimless travel. It is travel in the great tradition of the 19th century when the traveller frequently brought the understanding and nimble mind that provided the basis for discovery and insight.

In Colombia there was hardly a river (and there are many) that Mr. Coghlan did not boat and in doing so saw the country for what it is — an Eden where too many apples have been eaten. In the Sudan, the clash of some of the world's great civilizations and religions, African, Arab and others continues to dominate. And these are places where inept, to be kind, or more accurately, exploitative leaders and outsiders ensure that even time, the greatest of all solutions, will not bring redress or resolution.

Colombia is the more familiar of the two for Canadians. However, the Sudan with its latest festering boil, Darfur, is closing the gap and becoming one of those international flashes that Canadians adopt and then turn away from with easy aplomb.

Colombia is where insurgency is a business. It overlaps with the drug barons and the oil companies. Whatever the original reasons for the creation of the ideological insurgent groups of FARC, the ELN or the EPL some 50 years ago or even longer if one accepts "root" causes as a justification for such violence, these have long faded, and today the FARC and EPN dominate territory, exercise many of the attributes of government and ensure that for the long suffering Colombians, long suffering will remain.

The emergence of the *paramilitaries*, or the paras, as a not-so-secret weapon for the Colombian military or government and large economic interest, added another volatile chemical element in an already explosive mixture. Along with the government and the

drug barons, these are, as Mr. Coghlan writes, and according to the Colombians themselves, the "actors" in their danse macabre. And ironically, as actors their "roles" cannot be assumed in advance of specific events.

Mr. Coghlan describes the interplay between these elements in one small battle:

It looked as though what had happened was that the guerrillas had attacked, but the paras had then encouraged the population to leave and in turn then pressure the military to reinforce the garrison at Jurado — thus providing a shield for a renewed para presence.

He goes on:

The remains of the police station were an awesome sight. For one hundred metres all around, the dirt was pitted by ten-foot craters left by the launching of the FARC's now trademark propane canister mortars.

At the Marine base, the scene was even grimmer... You could work out which were the last holdouts by piles of used rocket-propelled grenade cartridges.

As he left this scene, Mr. Coghlan writes:

All this, of course, in that South Seas location. We boarded the Belalcazar at midnight for a ride back to Bahia Solano; the stars were so bright you could read by them, and the dolphins left phosphorescent trails as they dived under and around our bows. Another day in paradise.

Mr. Coghlan's book is replete with such scenes and their cumulative effect is one of Dantesque despair and no doubt the reason for the title of his book, *The Saddest Country*.

There is hardly a section of the country that Mr. Coghlan's cool but sympathetic eye does not take in. From the Darien Gap on the border with Panama, in the north ("...Cacarica Watershed. Cacarica, translated literally, means "Rich Shit.") to Puerto Asis, Putumayo in the south where "80 percent of the department's economically active population, i.e., 97 percent of the rural population, is directly engaged in one phase or another of the cocaine business." And, despite focussed attempts to limit the trade, "forty tons of finest

Putumayo cocaine still reached North America and Europe every year. A fitting epitaph to the decades' long 'war on drugs.'"

Colombia, in addition to its well known reputation for cocaine (and increasingly for the by-products of the poppy, as Mr. Coghlan wearily notes), is also known as the kidnapping capital of the world. Kidnapping, drugs and an extensive protection racket provide all of the main actors — the insurgent groups, the paras, the drug barons and the government — with the grease that keeps the present sad system humming. It is a successful "failed" state.

It is, however, kidnapping, both for its lucrativeness and its widespread intimidation value, that continues to dominate Colombian life. As Mr. Coghlan notes, middle class Colombians form the "vast majority" of those taken and as "an increasing number of couples make living will pacts that stipulate that if one is kidnapped, the other will not pay — kidnappers are turning more and more to children."

Mr. Coghlan discusses two such cases involving Canadians in which he was involved and while he does not say so directly it is clear, as we have known for years, everyone pays. Purists far from the scene of such events decry these payments but anyone who has been on the front lines knows that the higher moral duty is to ensure the release of these unfortunate victims. He gives true and well deserved credit to his locally engaged consular officer, Ida, "our long serving and highly reliable" official. In these days of doubt about the foreign service Ida Isaak and Mr. Coghlan are valuable examples of the quality of persons we need to see more often in our foreign service.

Weaker persons might have reconsidered their decision for a career in the foreign service upon learning that after three years in Colombia you were assigned in 2000 to open an "office" of the Canadian embassy in Khartoum. However, for Mr. Coghlan, he did not miss a step; in his words "you cry when you learn you have been posted to Sudan, but you cry harder when the time comes to leave."

The book from this assignment, published in 2005, and titled *Far in the Waste Sudan*, provides another example of Mr. Coghlan seeing a country from the ground up and the people down. His travels were as extensive as in Colombia and if that is possible, more dangerous. While *The Saddest Country* is almost exclusively about Colombia, *Far in the Waste Sudan* provides a compelling account of such associated issues as the politics and effectiveness of humanitarian and development assistance in such situations, the effect and the politics of the discovery of oil, the machinations of leaders whose first interest after decades of war was more personal than enlightened, and Canadian commercial interests in the Sudan.

Mr. Coghlan left the Sudan just as Darfur ("Home of the Fur People" which gives a sense of the climate just a few miles north of the Equator) was becoming critical and just as another peace agreement brought a welcomed respite to the war in the south. Except for two short aid-related trips to Darfur and several days hiking throughout the area centered on the fabled mountains of Jebel Marra ("a lake rich in myths and legends, whose depths were reputed to the home of evil itself"), there was little going on in the Sudan at that time to indicate the birth of another insurgency

or the ferocity and obtuseness of the reaction by the government in Khartoum.

However, there is much in the book about the war in the south. Mr. Coghlan's descriptions of the pig-headedness of both the government in Khartoum and the rebels with political headquarters in Nairobi and their respective international supporters clearly demonstrate that any eventual permanent solution in Darfur will be long in coming and will involve untold suffering.

The discovery of large quantities of oil in south central Sudan in the late 1970s and early 1980s, much of it in the contested areas, introduced a new dynamic into the decades-old civil war. As Mr. Coghlan notes, oil was the reason Canada opened a diplomatic office in Khartoum in 2000, not because it needed the oil but because a heavy hitter from Calgary, Talisman Energy (formerly BP Canada) bought out the interest of Arakis, another Canadian firm, in 1998. Talisman bought new capital (25 percent interest in the project) but also modern oil technology and within a few years, hundreds of millions in revenue for Khartoum which by 2001 amounted to "40 percent of the Sudanese government's budget."

As Mr. Coghlan wryly notes, "Talisman had done its geological and financial homework, but it had no idea of the political and public relations quagmire into which it was wading by acquiring Arkis and pursuing the Sudan project." It was not long before it did, as Talisman became a sitting duck for Canadian and international humanitarian organizations (with Canadian government hand-wringing on the side) and by 2003 it threw in the towel and sold its share to the Oil and Natural Gas Corporation (ONGC) of India (a clone of the early days of PetroCanada) for \$1.1 billion.

A footnote to the Talisman story occurred in September 2006 when an American judge denied a claim by the Presbyterian Church of Sudan. The claim filed in 2001 alleged that Talisman aided and abetted the Sudanese government in a brutal campaign of ethnic cleansing and rights abuses in south Sudan. The company is reported to have been "pleased" with the ruling.

This chapter should be required reading for any Canadian resource company (or others as the field for humanitarian concerns are broadening as we read) interested in investing in a country with a record such as that of the Sudan. However, there

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are ups and downs to such investments and Mr. Coghlan ably highlights them. While he does not go so far, there are four conclusions that might be reached:

1. While forced out by domestic and international pressure, Talisman's continued presence in the Sudan might have brought greater interest in and resources on community development and emergency relief work than its successor, the ONGC. Certainly, by the time that it left it was actively involved in humanitarian work in its areas of activity.
2. Secondly, the new capital by Talisman meant that the oil pipeline to Port Sudan, the expansion of the oil fields along with the increase in oil prices after 2001 provided the Sudanese government with resources allowing it to become more robust and bloody in its fight with the southern rebels.
3. By the same token, the rebel commanders in the south, seeing the ever increasing revenue accruing to Khartoum probably made the calculation that the only way they were going to get their hands on any of it was through a peace agreement. Accordingly, in 2002 peace

agreements were signed, one dealing with Juba Mountains region and the other, the Machakos Protocol, covering self-determination for the South and the separation of state and religion. These agreements appear to be holding and southern leaders are now part of the gravy train in Khartoum. (John Garang, the leader of the Sudan People's Liberation Army for a long number of years became Vice President of the Sudan following the peace agreements. He died in a helicopter crash on July 30, 2005 in southern Sudan. There are questions still as to the cause of the crash.)

4. It might be extrapolated that the hard-nosed reaction of Khartoum to the emergence of the insurgency in Darfur in 2003-04 was supported by the ever increasing oil revenues. Having forced the south to accept an agreement, after 50 or so years of conflict, it is likely that Khartoum believes Darfur is an easier problem. And certainly, no one will suggest that Sudanese oil be internationally sanctioned.

Mr. Coghlan's frequent observations on humanitarian and development assistance

in war-torn Sudan should be required reading for those who make large decisions on these issues. There is no doubt that delivering assistance into Sudan in the midst of a civil war was a daunting task. That people did succeed, as Mr. Coghlan notes, was a tribute to the hundreds of organizations, governmental, non-governmental and international that were involved. However, there was a "niggling doubt":

What would happen when back in London, Washington, and Ottawa people started to lose interest and there was nothing left for the planes to carry? The SPLM/A had been in control of a very large portion of territory for nearly twenty years now — wasn't it about time they started to feed their own people? And what kind of self-sufficiency and resilience were we encouraging by dropping hundreds of thousands of tons of grain out of the back of planes, however accurately, month after month, year after year?"

In some ways the most discouraging chapter in the book is five which records Mr. Coghlan's conversations with the political "elite" of Khartoum. These are all honourable, (not too formal a word to use), educated, experienced men (there are no women of course) and democratic politicians. There is little sense that they preside over one of the world's more reviled political system. One is almost left with the impression if only General Omar Bashir were to leave the scene they would see that a new Sudan appeared. However, in one conversation with a former President, Mr. Coghlan records what may well be the epitaph for the Sudan: "There are many Darfurs in Sudan."

These are rare books about two of the world's most troubling countries and being written by a person who walked the ground and talked with those involved is all the more enlightening. Not many, if any, members of Canada's foreign service have produced books of this quality and importance. Perhaps Mr. Coghlan's example will lead more to do so as Canadians and the world need all the help they can get on the issues that both books so ably portray. I have already suggested to the personnel department of Foreign Affairs that Mr. Coghlan's next assignments should be to Papua New Guinea and Albania. ☺

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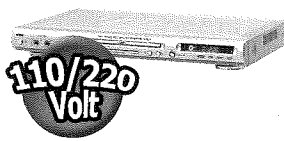


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A Journey to East Timor and Nusa Tenggara

Nusa Tenggara, or the Lesser Sunda islands, are located to the east of Bali in Indonesia. The main islands are Lombok, Sumbawa, Flores, Sumba and Timor. I travelled through the latter three islands in the spring of 2006. It was a chance to complete a missed segment of the classic long-distance overland journey from Europe to Australia which I had undertaken in the late 1970s.

story and photos by David M. Edwards

At the age of 23 I left Canada with a backpack, a little bit of money and a lot of curiosity about the world. I wanted to circumnavigate the globe, by hitch-hiking or by the cheapest local transport, and I wanted to do as much of it as possible overland. I bought a one-way ticket to Reykjavik, Iceland, in May 1977. After a few days at the youth hostel, I walked to the edge of town, stuck out my thumb and began a journey that would take me through Scandinavia and Eastern Europe, then through the Middle East and Asia for a year, and beyond to Australia. I picked up odd jobs in Western Australia, Tasmania and the South Island of New Zealand. Fortified with some extra earnings, I flew across a series of South Pacific islands to Tahiti, Easter Island and then to Chile. From Santiago, I travelled for another year, hitch-hiking down to Tierra del Fuego and then gradually making my way back up through South America, Central America and some of the larger Caribbean islands, returning to Canada in August 1980.

When I originally envisaged the trip, I intended to make my way through the Lesser Sunda islands in order to arrive in Dili, in what was then Portuguese Timor. In the early 1970s it was possible to catch a cheap flight from Dili to Darwin, Australia. My university roommate passed that way in 1974 and had taken a particularly beautiful photograph of a solitary Makassar schooner in Dili harbour. It came to symbolize a destination point about as exotic and as distant from Ottawa as I could imagine.

Labuanbajo Harbour, Flores





(above) Sumba woman, West Sumba

(below) Seminary at Venilale

Global events sometimes have a way of altering travel plans. My journey to India and Nepal through West Asia in the summer and fall of 1977 occurred when that part of the Asian overland route was still viable and popular. I travelled through Iran on the eve of the fall of the Shah and through Afghanistan prior to the communist takeover and subsequent Soviet invasion. Further to the east, however, events by the mid-1970s had restricted travel in previously accessible parts of Southeast Asia. The expansion and then the denouement of the conflict in Indochina rendered Vietnam, then Cambodia, and then finally Laos effectively off limits to backpackers. Slightly later, Indonesia's annexation of what had been Portuguese Timor in late 1975 blocked that route into Australia.

In 1978, I decided to pass on Nusa Tenggara and instead went up to Sulawesi. I then backtracked to Jakarta before catching a flight to Perth, Australia. For almost three decades, however, curiosity about "missed" islands east of Bali continued to pique my interest. I had read of the Komodo dragons, the famous coloured lakes of the Kelimutu volcano, and the lazy backwater of Dili, portrayed as a Mediterranean town misplaced in the far-flung reaches of Southeast Asia.

In order to make the most of my experience, and following feedback from knowledgeable colleagues working at the Canadian Embassy in Jakarta, I decided to focus my time in 2006 on three of the islands — Timor, Sumba and Flores.

Nusa Tenggara is in a transition zone between Asia and Australia. In the early 1800s, British naturalist Alfred Russel Wallace had noted that fauna from Bali west is typical of the rest of Asia. Lombok, Sulawesi and beyond marked a sharp transition to fauna more typical of Australia. In other ways as well, Nusa Tenggara differs from other parts of Indonesia. While Islam predominates in Lombok and Sumbawa, the islands beyond, including Flores, Timor and Sumba, are mainly Christian (mixed, particularly on Sumba, with traditional animist beliefs). The terrain on some islands, particularly East Sumba and parts of East Timor, is noticeably drier than in other parts of Indonesia.



There are wide expanses of dry grasslands, open fields, and eucalyptus trees. Infrastructure, though improving, is still inferior to that found in many other parts of Indonesia. Flights are more frequently subject to cancellation, something I was to experience first hand.

East Timor's long struggle for independence is well documented. It emerged from Indonesian control in late 1999 and came under the transitional administration of the United Nations. In May 2002 it became fully independent. In retrospect, my journey in East Timor had one uncomfortable parallel to my experience in West Asia almost three decades earlier. I arrived after an initial set of riots had occurred in March, but before the situation completely spun out of control in late April and May. The dispute related to a confrontation within the military, culminating in a controversial government decision to dismiss 600 soldiers. Despite the brooding unresolved crisis, the United Nations was getting on with finishing its mandate and withdrawing police and other advisors who had been working in the country.

My arrival in Dili at the beginning of the Easter weekend in this overwhelmingly Christian country occurred as almost everything in the small city was shutting down for several days. My main concern on arrival in Dili was boredom. At no point did I have any sense of danger. Dili still has the feeling of a lazy Mediterranean town. For some reason the heat and humidity seemed even more intense than elsewhere.

Prices in East Timor, which rocketed during the time of the peak United Nations intervention, have softened somewhat, but they remain high in comparison to Indonesia or elsewhere in Southeast Asia. The US dollar remains the official currency, though local Timorese coins are produced.

After a few days in Dili, and scuba diving in nearby locations, I rented a vehicle and drove up into the mountains. I spent a night in Fatumaca at the John Bosco Technical High School, founded by Father Eligio Locatelli. Father Locatelli, of Italian origin, is a Salesian priest who has been living in Timor since 1964.

Father Locatelli had an interesting perspective on the situation in East Timor. He observed that on one level, independence had given Timorese their liberty. The fear and repression had abated since the departure of the Indonesian military. Yet he noted that since independence the economic situation in the country had deteriorated, leading to a widespread malaise. Locatelli expressed his appreciation that Canada, through the Canada Fund for Local Initiatives, had been among the most generous of donors to his organization.

From Fatumaca I went north to the seminary at Venilale on a ridge at over 1000 metres and then continued up to the isolated mountain village of Baguia. Later I went to the far east of the country to the grasslands around Los Palos and the beaches of Com. Evidence of the destruction wrought by the retreating Indonesian military and militias was still in evidence. Abandoned and destroyed buildings can be seen throughout the country.

Despite concern expressed by many about the country's continuing fragility, the international community was



(above) Village family, West Sumba



(left) Sumba girl donning mask, West Sumba

decreasing its presence. In the last year, Canada's bilateral aid program in the world's newest fragile state was terminated.

Even the local Canada Fund was slashed for East Timor. Timorese authorities are gamely trying to encourage tourism, though recent events have made things more difficult. In the interim, Timor struggles with its national identity in dire poverty.

Indonesia's huge tourist industry has suffered from a series of incidents directed against foreign tourists in recent years. Yet my experience of travel and interpersonal interactions on all the islands was extremely positive. I can understand the caution in official travel advisories. I wonder, however, if in certain circumstances it may have reached the point of diminished credibility. None of the other travellers I met, many well seasoned and by no means foolhardy, believed the warnings to be an accurate reflection of the objective risk. If anything, it was a delight to

have a few weeks on remote islands to escape the media-induced "culture of fear" now prevalent in North America. As it is, tourist arrivals to Indonesia still exceed three million annually.

Flores is one of the most surpassingly beautiful islands on the planet. After arrival at Ende airport from Kupang, I arranged to head to the village of Moni, some 52 kilometres east, on the back of a motorcycle. As the kilometres unfolded, the scenery and images reminded me of Tahiti. There were high rocky cliffs, cascading waterfalls, thick bamboo forests, verdant bird life and butterflies, and brooding green volcanic peaks towering overhead.

Throughout towns and villages in Nusa Tenggara, local men often offer their services as guides. I found travelling on the back of a motorcycle through the mountains to local villages to be among the most exhilarating of travel experiences.

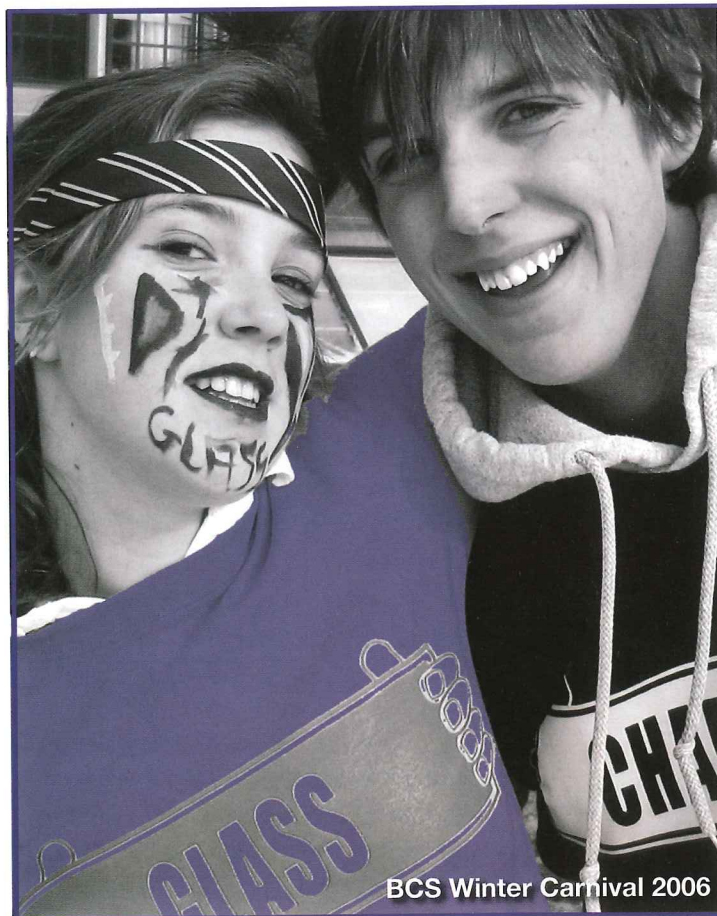
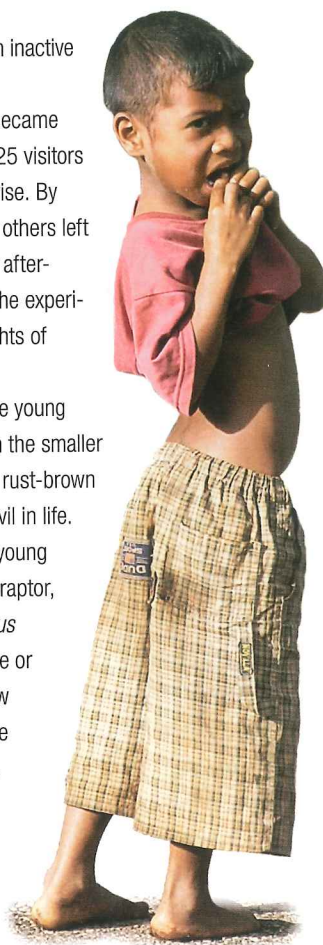
Moni is a small village lying at the base of the Kelimutu volcano. Kelimutu has been famous since Dutch colonial times for its three water-filled calderas with lakes of different colours. The colour of the lakes changes from time to time. No one is scientifically certain why this is the case. Sunrise is the best time to see the lakes, before the clouds roll in obscuring the view. I caught a motorcycle lift from Moni at 4:30 and was driven to the roadhead in the chill mountain air shortly before dawn. The last stretch of the trail is a 1.5 kilometre walk done just prior to sunrise. There is an observation platform at the summit. To the south are two of the volcanic lakes side by side. The largest and closest lake is currently a bright turquoise. Beyond, separated only by a thin ridge of crumbling rock, is a rust-brown coloured lake. Two kilometres away to the north is a dark olive green lake. It is a smaller lake than the other two, and due to the vegetation and trees

within the caldera rim, it appears to have been inactive for far longer than the other two lakes.

As the sun rose, the colours of the lakes became more and more vivid. There was a cluster of 25 visitors at the summit that morning to watch the sunrise. By 7:00 people began leaving. By 8:00 the only others left were two young Dutch men. They left shortly afterwards and for the last couple of hours I had the experience of Kelimutu, one of the most surreal sights of Indonesia, completely to myself.

According to local legend, the spirits of the young who have died reside in the turquoise lake. In the smaller olive-green lake lie the spirits of the old. The rust-brown lake contains the spirits of those who were evil in life. As I sat at the edge of the ridge separating "young person lake" from "evil person lake," a large raptor, probably a Changeable Hawk-Eagle (*Spizaetus cirrhatus floriss*), flew overhead. It circled three or four times over the turquoise lake. After a few minutes, it soared away in the direction of the olive green lake a couple of kilometres away. I saw it appearing to circle once and then it

Young boy, Fatamaca, East Timor



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slipped out of view. I waited and absorbed the magical scenery for another hour, then took three hours to hike on my own along the road and pathway back to the village of Moni. I recounted my experience of witnessing the flight of the hawk-eagle to a local Indonesian woman. She was educated in Holland but had recently returned to live in her home village. She responded that according to their belief system, what I had seen meant that a young person and an old person from the village were about to die.

It took seven hours on a local bus heading west from Moni to arrive at Bajawa, a cool town at 1100 metres in the central west of Flores. The mountains around this area also have a variety of traditional villages. Two particularly attractive villages were Luba and Bena, lying at the foot of Gunung Inerie, an inactive volcano. In both of these villages there were many women weaving ikat (a tie-dye technique with cloth), megalithic monuments and interesting syncretic religious symbols — spirit houses and crosses — mixing Christianity with traditional animist rites.

At the far western tip of the island of Flores, almost twelve gruelling hours away by bus beyond Bajawa, is Labuanbajo. Labuanbajo is a destination just popular enough to attract a core of other travellers. It is famous as the jumping-off point to see the Komodo dragons, the largest lizards in the world. The dragons are found on the islands of Komodo and Rinca between the larger islands of Sumbawa and Flores. The area is well known for its snorkelling and scuba diving. There are several dive shops, and many travellers arrive in Labuanbajo having taken a multi-day boat tour from Lombok. It is frequently the end point for travellers from Bali and Lombok. It was the one point during my entire stay in Nusa Tenggara, save for the hour at dawn at the summit of Kelimutu, where I was able to meet a substantial group of other travellers.

Sumba is one of the most interesting islands in Indonesia. The island, particularly in the western part, maintains adherence to traditional belief structures without the overlay of Islam, Christianity or Hinduism that you see in other parts of Indonesia. West Sumba was a particularly attractive area, centred around the town of Waikabubak. Villages are characterized by very high peaked conical thatched-roof clan houses. Women in the villages are famed for the quality of their ikat weavings. In the villages it is customary for visitors to hand out kretek

cigarettes and betel to the elders and then to make a contribution and sign a book. Sumba is even more lightly visited than Flores. Even within the Kampung Tarung and Kampung Waitabar, literally on the outskirts of Waikabubak, there had only been 25 visitors in the previous five months. While the villages are exceptionally scenic, there was also evidence of malnutrition. I was told that most of the children in the traditional villages do not attend school. The only other non-Indonesian I met during my stay in Sumba was a Danish woman working with an environmental non-governmental organization. The topography of the western part is hilly, green and quite lush. Long isolated sandy beaches are found along the south shore. The drive from Waikabubak to the capital of Waingapu, located on the east of Sumba, took four hours. One goes through a protected forested area about half way along. East Sumba is considerably drier with rolling hills and grasslands, almost reminiscent of Australia. Waingapu itself was a rather unremarkable and noisy town, though graced slightly by a range of hills on the horizon.

Coming back to transit in Bali was a bit of a shock. While most Balinese involved in the tourist sector bemoaned the serious economic impact of the decline in tourism, I found the noise, commercialism and over-development, predominantly Kuta-Legian but also throughout much of the island, to be unappealing after the relative pristineness and tranquillity of Nusa Tenggara.

In a world where the sense of discovery and adventure seems to have diminished, travel in Nusa Tenggara brought back memories of an earlier age and time, where something new and special was waiting at the other end of the next bus destination. Unspoiled paradises welcoming travellers still exist and the sense of wonder of exploration still remains. For that reassurance, I was blessed with the chance to see Nusa Tenggara three decades later than on my first long trip.

Much later on that same trip, one other destination which I was unable to reach was the Falkland Islands... Hmmm. ☹

David Edwards joined DFAIT in 1981 and has served in New Delhi, Lusaka, Harare and Yaounde. He is currently working in the Non-Proliferation Arms Control and Disarmament (Chemical, Biological and Conventional) Division.

Author with friend at summit of Kelimutu volcano, Flores



MARGARET'S TABLE

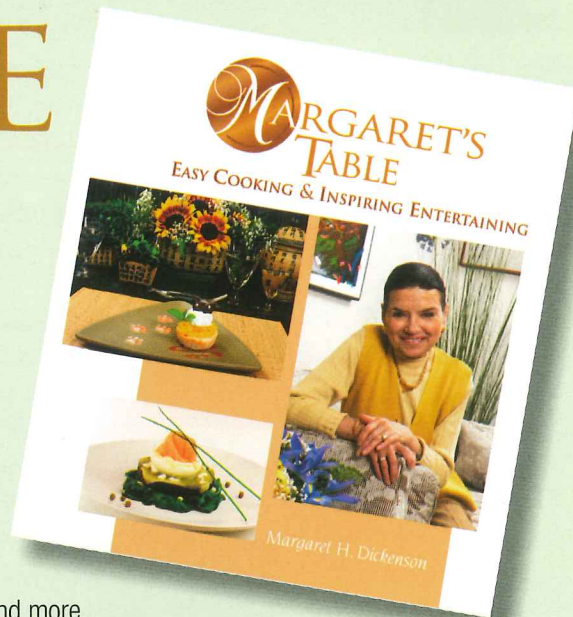
Margaret's Table — Easy Cooking and Inspiring Entertaining

by Margaret Dickenson

Publishers: Margaret's Sense of Occasion; ISBN 0-9739874-0-5, September 2006

We reproduce below three recipes from renowned cookbook author Margaret Dickenson's just-released cookbook. *Margaret's Table* presents 180 personally created recipes (with photography by her husband Larry) with clear step-by-step, meticulous instructions. Over 60 percent of them are flagged as "No Time, No Talent!" 🐾 In addition to 25 practical and creative menus, there are hundreds of invaluable "tips" — make ahead, storage, alternate ingredients, presentation and more.

Editor's Note: *Cordon d'Or* has announced its Gold Ribbon International Annual Cookbooks and Culinary Arts 2006 Awards. Margaret Dickenson has captured five awards.



Springtime Fillet Mignons

(with Fiddleheads and Wild Garlic) 🐾

Makes 4 servings (Barbecue Friendly)

Spring is the only time of year that nature produces two of its most exotic "wild products" — fiddleheads and wild garlic. As a salute to the happy arrival of our "Canadian" spring, I have designed a fillet mignon recipe where my Sesame Honey Mustard Cognac Sauce plays a critical role in the successful orchestration of the various elements. Served with a mushroom wild rice, the recipe is

particularly flavourful as well as intriguing and attractive. (Note: At other times of the year, when fiddleheads and wild garlic are not available, — or if you have yet to develop a taste for the "exotic wild," use asparagus spears. To serve, lay two cooked and buttered asparagus spears arranged in a criss-cross manner, over individual fillet mignon steaks.)

ACCOMPANIMENT TIP: The accompaniments are included in the recipe. Anything else would distract from the amazing combination.

4 fillet mignons or thick fillet steaks
(each: 5 oz or 150 g)
4 strips of bacon
1½ tbsp (20 mL) teriyaki marinade/sauce
(commercial)
1 tbsp (15 mL) olive oil (preferably garlic infused)
10 oz (280 g) fresh fiddleheads
¼ cup (60 mL) milk
4 cups (1 litre) water
To taste salt
1 tsp (5 mL) peppercorn steak spice
½ cup (125 mL) Sesame Honey Mustard
Cognac Sauce, divided
3 cups (750 mL) mushroom wild rice
Garnish
8 stems wild garlic (stem and bulb attached), roots
trimmed off

1. Wrap each steak with a single strip of bacon. (Secure bacon in position with a toothpick.)
2. Rub exterior of steaks with teriyaki marinade/sauce and then olive oil. Let steaks rest at room temperature for 20 minutes.
3. Rinse fiddleheads several times in plenty of cold water, swirling to remove brown feathery portions; drain. Trim off brown ends.
4. To cook, add fiddleheads and milk to salted boiling water in a large size saucepan. Bring contents back to a boil and cook fiddleheads for 10 minutes. (Note: This minimum cooking time is important as a food safety precaution.) Drain, rinse a couple of times and drain very well again. Place fiddleheads between paper towels and pat gently to remove extra water.
5. Just before serving, season steaks with peppercorn steak spice and place in a lightly oiled preheated grill pan (heavy skillet or on a barbecue grill*) over medium heat. Cook to desired degree of doneness, reducing heat if required and turning once (e.g., rare: about 2 to 2½ minutes per side; medium-rare: about 3 minutes per side). Turn steaks on their sides; rotate (i.e., roll) to sear bacon wrapping.

* If using a barbecue grill, place the steaks on a well oiled, medium-high preheated grill and immediately reduce the heat to medium.



6. Transfer to a plate, remove toothpicks and hood loosely with aluminum foil (shiny side in).
7. Meanwhile, toss heated (and drained again if necessary) fiddleheads with 1½ tbsp (20 mL) of Sesame Honey Mustard Cognac Sauce to glaze evenly.
8. For individual servings, if desired place about ¾ cup (170 mL) of mushroom wild rice in centre of 4 individual oversized dinner plates and top with a grilled steak.
9. Drizzle each steak with 1 tbsp (15 mL) of Sesame Honey Mustard Cognac Sauce, top with glazed fiddleheads and crown with 2 wild garlics arranged in a criss-cross manner. Garnish plates with drizzles of remaining sauce.

MAKE AHEAD TIP (Steps 3 & 4): The fiddleheads may be cooked, placed in an airtight plastic container and stored refrigerated for up to 2 days.

Alternative Cooking Technique (for Step 5): Quickly sear both sides of fillet steaks in a lightly oiled preheated grill pan/skillet or on a barbecue grill. Transfer them to a baking sheet, place in a 400°F (200°C) preheated oven and cook to the desired degree of doneness (e.g., medium-rare: about 5 minutes in the oven).

INFORMATION TIP: Fiddleheads are the edible, tightly coiled tops of young ostrich-fern leaves. Their flavour is often compared to that of asparagus but with an "earthy" or "swamp-like" (slightly bitter) edge. Cooking fiddleheads with milk reduces the bitterness. Fiddleheads with longer stems are sweeter and more tender than short stemmed ones.

Mushroom Wild Rice

Makes 3½ cups or almost 1 litre (4 to 6 regular servings or about 10 cocktail buffet servings)

With its additions of garlic, ginger and crunchy almonds, this recipe gives a broader dimension of flavours and textures to the typical stellar combination of wild rice and mushrooms! Yes, my Mushroom Wild Rice is a delectable accompaniment for virtually everything — seafood, fish, game, beef, poultry and pork. Featuring one of Canada's native food products (i.e., wild rice), it disappears quickly when placed on a buffet table! The recipe certainly is a smart choice for a pot luck event.

- 1 tsp (5 mL) finely chopped fresh garlic
- 1 tsp (5 mL) peeled and grated fresh ginger root
- ¼ cup (60 mL) butter
- ¼ cup (60 mL) peeled and diced shallot
- 2½ cups or 8 oz (625 mL or 225 g) sliced mushroom caps

To taste salt and crushed black peppercorns
2 cups (500 mL) cooked tasty wild rice
¼ cup (60 mL) toasted slivered almonds

1. In a large skillet over medium-low heat, sauté garlic and ginger in hot butter for about 1 minute. Add shallots and sauté carefully until transparent.
2. Add mushrooms, seasoning with salt and crushed black peppercorns; sauté over medium-high heat until just tender and slightly browned. Remove from heat.
3. Shortly before serving, heat mushroom mixture over medium-low heat. Stir in cooked wild rice; combine thoroughly and heat through, adding a few drops of water to keep mixture slightly moist. If necessary, adjust flavours by adding a touch of butter/ garlic butter, salt and/or crushed black peppercorns. Cover and remove from heat immediately. (*Note of caution:* Avoid overheating rice and/or holding it for more than a few minutes as the grains may open too much.)
4. Stir in toasted almonds and serve.

MAKE AHEAD TIP (Steps 1 & 2): The recipe may be prepared to this point up to 2 days in advance, cooled and stored refrigerated in an airtight plastic container. (*Note:* The wild rice may also be prepared days in advance.)

Sesame Honey Mustard Cognac Sauce/Drizzle

Makes almost ½ cup (125 mL)

Taste buds are happily stimulated by the pairing of honey and mustard. Add sesame oil, cognac and crushed black peppercorns and one comes up with a cleverly unique sauce/drizzle with flavour hints of "East Meets West." I combine this slightly sweet and spicy sauce with chicken, beef, cooked bean noodles and sushi rice to devise unusual recipes which appeal to children and adults alike.



- 3 tbsp (45 mL) Dijon mustard
- 3 tbsp (45 mL) sesame oil
- 2½ tbsp (38 mL) honey, preferably buckwheat*
- 1 tbsp (15 mL) cognac
- ⅓ tsp (2 mL) crushed black peppercorns

1. In a small bowl, whisk all ingredients together until smooth.
2. Pour sauce into a well-sealed jar and store refrigerated for up to several weeks. Stir/shake well before using.

* *Buckwheat honey definitely works best with the cognac and the nutty flavour of the sesame oil.*

MAKE AHEAD TIP: The sauce can be prepared in just a matter of minutes and kept on hand refrigerated for weeks. ☺

Copies of *Margaret's Table* and *From the Ambassador's Table* (see *bout de papier* Vol. 15, No. 3) can be obtained online at www.margaretssenseofoccasion.com or www.chapters.indigo.com



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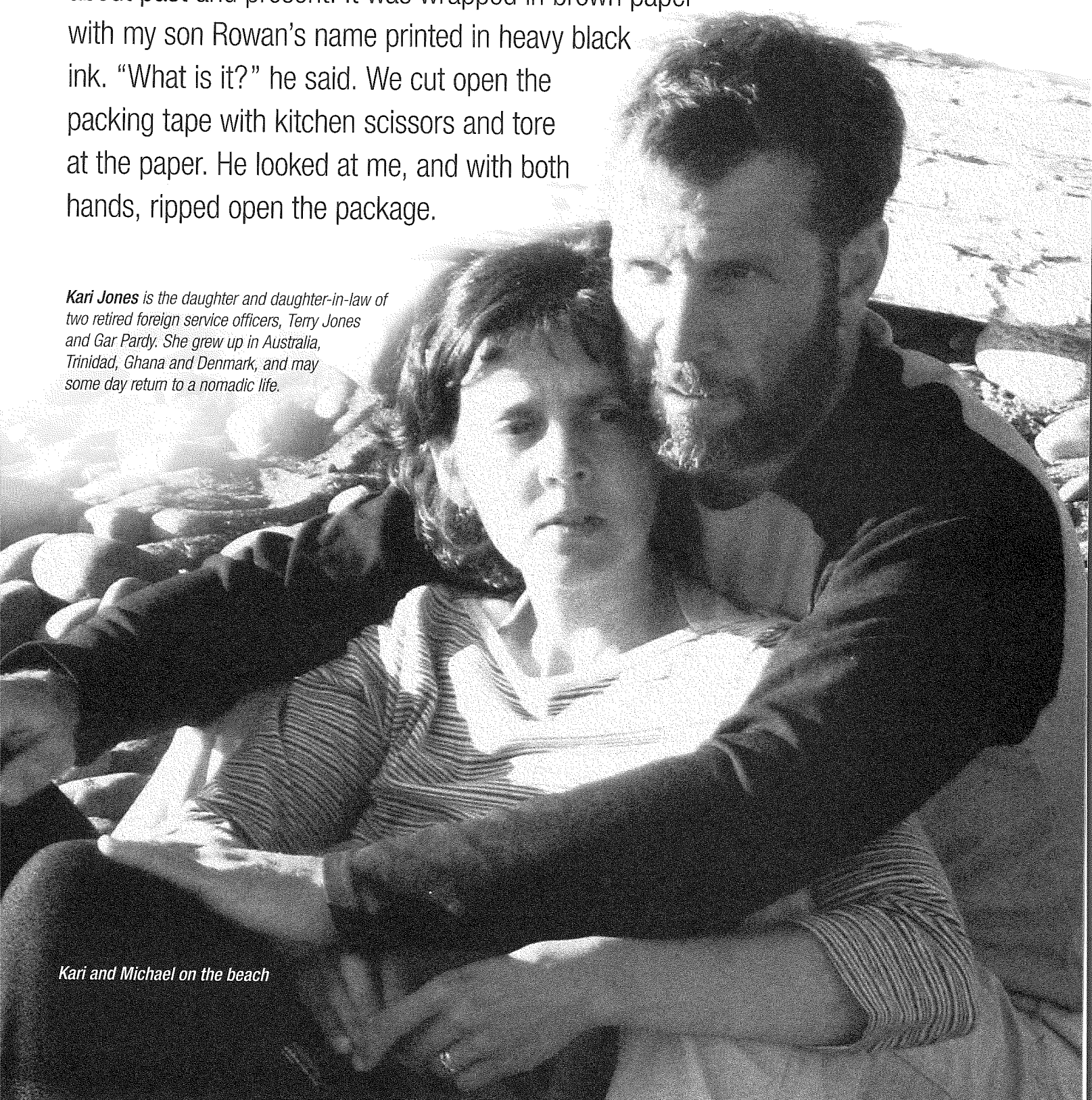
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Seduced by Belonging

by Kari Jones

It was the package that arrived in the mail that started me thinking about past and present. It was wrapped in brown paper with my son Rowan's name printed in heavy black ink. "What is it?" he said. We cut open the packing tape with kitchen scissors and tore at the paper. He looked at me, and with both hands, ripped open the package.

Kari Jones is the daughter and daughter-in-law of two retired foreign service officers, Terry Jones and Gar Pardy. She grew up in Australia, Trinidad, Ghana and Denmark, and may some day return to a nomadic life.



Kari and Michael on the beach

Inside was a history of a family. Not a written history traced chronologically from day to day, but a history in stamps. This collection of thousands, maybe even hundreds of thousands of stamps, was sent to Rowan by his grandfather, who collected them in the 1970s and 1980s during his years at the High Commissions in India and Kenya, and the Embassy in Washington. The stamps tell stories of travels to Afghanistan, Tibet, Mauritius, Poland and Tanzania. They whisper of letters from Peru and Honduras and the Solomon Islands. They hint at furtive visits to wars in El Salvador and Pakistan, and troubles in Ethiopia. They remind us of sojourns to countries that no longer exist: Czechoslovakia, Tanganyika, even Newfoundland. They speak of a life so large it travels the whole world.

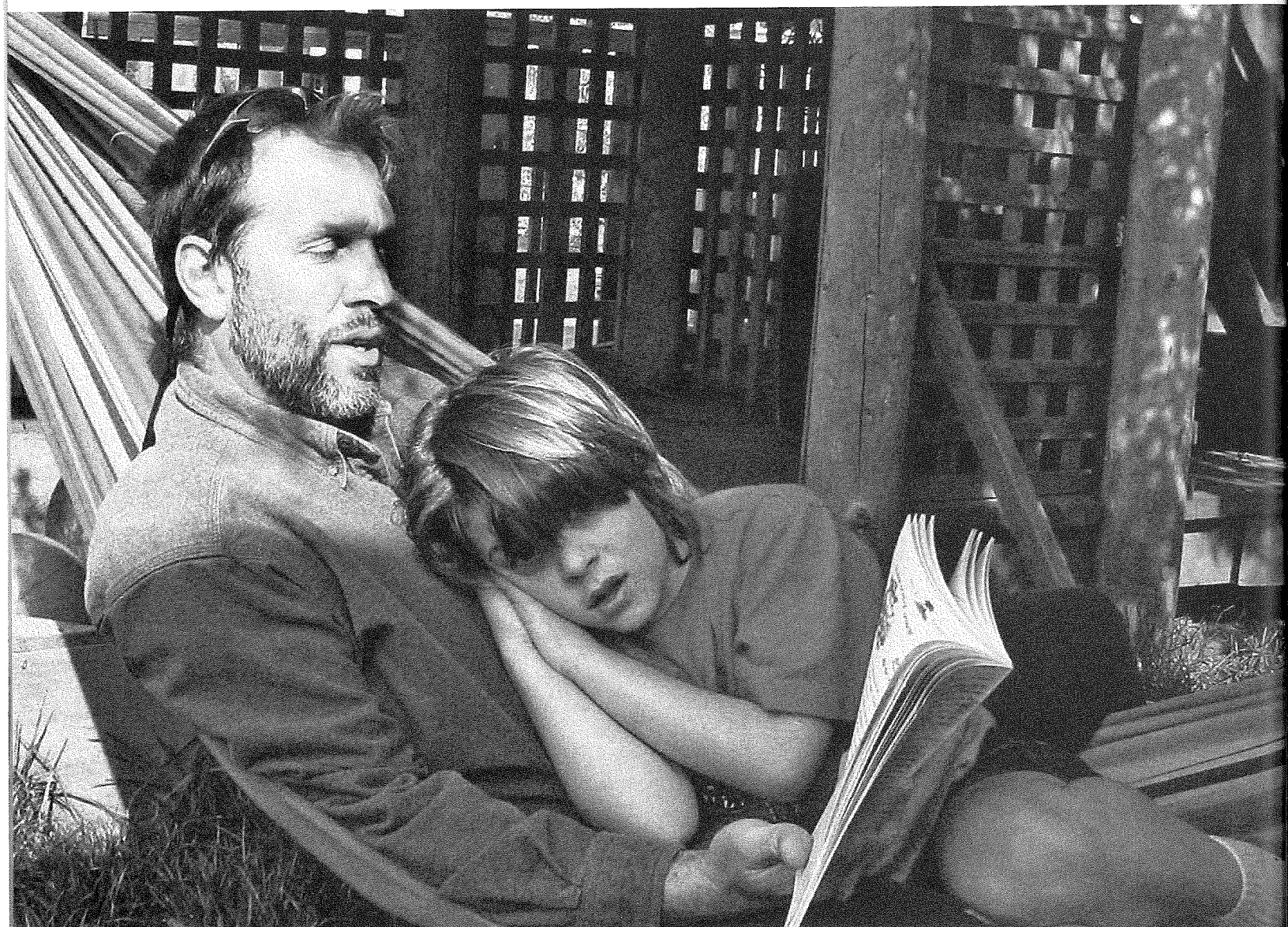
Rowan wanted to look at the stamps right away, so we sat right down on the living room floor and sifted through the bundles. My husband Michael and I were both instantly transported. As children of diplomats these lands are familiar to us, and we have either visited many of these places or known people from them. We sat and reminisced about the time we ate lobster on the beach in Costa Rica with Michael's family. I found a colourful stamp of a lizard from Ghana, and laughed as I spoke of my brother Bruce chasing them with his friends. Michael held up a stamp from Kenya and told us about his school there, and the friends he had. We spent hours that day looking at stamps and reminiscing.

Michael reading to Rowan in the hammock

It has been 20 years now since Michael and I left our family homes and started our own lives as adults. We have lived in Victoria, B.C., for 11 years. Michael has his own business focusing on outdoor leadership and training, and I am a freelance and fiction writer. Periodically we say to each other, "Let's move. We always wanted to go back to New Zealand." But the thing is, we never do. Seeing these stamps from around the world brought back that strong desire. I looked at Michael. I could see he was feeling it too.

A quick look outside on a summer's day tells the story of our current lives. Our yard is crisscrossed with ropes, strung from the tree house to the deck, from the deck to the fence. Wetsuits and spray skirts and life jackets hang from them like flags. Michael teaches kayaking to guides and instructors from across Canada who come to paddle on the wild west coast and learn. Each week as Michael comes back from another trip the wetsuits and other gear will change, but they will be there all summer. He brings treasures home with him too. A moon snail from Nootka Sound. A fossilized sea star from a beach at Tofino. The jaw bones of an otter, long bleached by the sun.

Rowan and I have added to this collection too. We bring shells of sea urchins home from our camping trips at Sombrio Beach along the west coast of Vancouver Island, and half clams from nearby Salt Spring Island. Sometimes we find rusty nails the size of pencils, once used to build telephone poles and railway tracks.



Over the years our house has become cluttered with these treasures. They lie in piles in the windows and along the mantle. But every year when we return to our favourite camping spots, or venture on a kayaking trip to a new part of the island, we replenish our collection, adding a geode or simply a beautiful rock or shell.

This is the texture of our lives these days. We have replaced the exotic with the deeply familiar. Where once we thrilled with the adventure of climbing the turrets of a castle in a country we had never been to before, now we are excited to plan our seventh annual family camping weekend at French Beach on Vancouver Island's west coast. Where our memories of childhood are filled with new countries and cities, Rowan's will be filled with details of the island we live on.

What we have really done is replaced transience with roots. These changes don't always sit easily with me. Sometimes this life seems too small. Sometimes I think if I have to walk down the same streets to the same school or corner store one more time I will scream. Sometimes, I think we made the wrong choice. But then, coming home from dropping Rowan off at school I bump into Joanne, a friend I made when our boys were babies, and she asks, "Do you have time for a coffee this morning?"

We walk her dog back home on our way to the coffee shop at the corner. "Oh, by the way, I've dug up those day lilies for you. You can get them whenever you're ready," she says, and in a second I am once again seduced by the power of belonging.

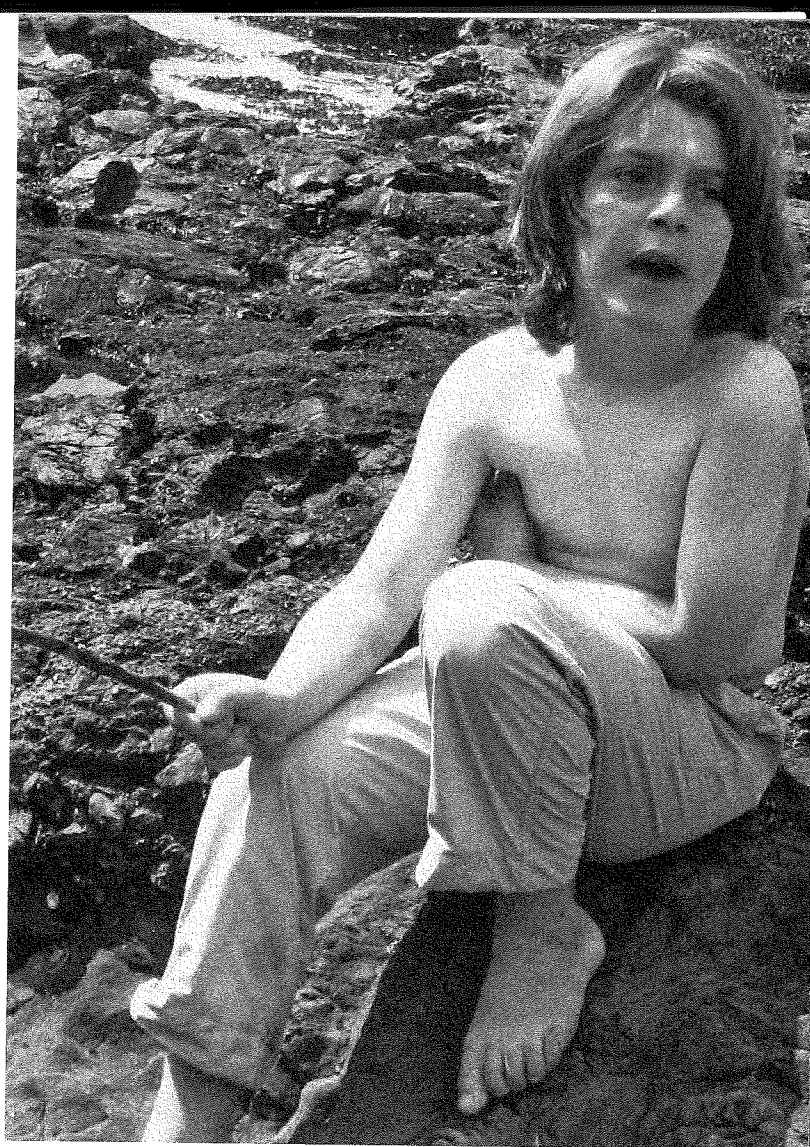
Shortly after the stamps arrived my brother came to visit. He flew in looking tired. "Look at my stamps," said Rowan, and the two of them disappeared for hours into his room. Later, when I got a moment alone with Bruce I told him of my musings about the past and the present.

He lay back on the sofa and closed his eyes. Without having to think about it he said, "I consciously miss having a home city in my life. It is something I have never had." Bruce has never stood still. From the time he went away to London for his graduate degrees until now, he has worked all over the world for the UN and other international organizations on peace-related issues. "The thing is," said Bruce, "as the kids of diplomats, we are always aware of the duality."

It's true. Duality is always with us, and the pros and cons of each choice. I look back now and feel the poverty of not having friends who have known me since I was two, or being able to walk down the street to the house my grandparents grew up in. I can see the actions of my neighbours who take umbrage when a new development threatens the character of the village nearby. They have faith they will be here in this neighbourhood to witness the change. And at the same time I see how our friends turn to us to ask questions when something happens in another part of the world. "What do you think?" they ask.

Recently, Rowan burst out of school at the end of the day and said, "Guess what Mum? I got the highest score on our Canada test. The highest score." He was so proud of himself, and I was proud too. He knows this country well. He's been to all of the provinces, and has plans to visit Auyuittuq National Park in Nunavut as soon as he's old enough to carry his own backpack on a hiking trip.

And as for the rest of the world? We are aware of it every day. In the books we read and the movies we watch. In conversations with friends; in our awareness of where things we buy are made. In the food we eat. In the



Rowan "fishing" at Sombrio Beach

things we write and the volunteer work we do. For years we've been involved in a project working in El Salvador and Bolivia. It's the bright side of duality. The largeness that our lives still hold.

A life's tapestry can be woven out of many things. One day we might pack up our house and move to New Zealand. The possibility is always there. But for now, we're happy growing roots here in Victoria. The stamps have given us a way to talk to Rowan about our childhoods and the countries and people we met. He loves to listen. ☺

Liebnitz and the Ultimate Endgame

A sporting enigma by A Aalto

The President bounced up the grandstand steps to his box behind the band. As he straightened from kissing a baby, a hotdog in flight to a customer caught him square upside the face. He fell over the railing and into the bell of a large tuba, which wedged around his prominent ears. Clambering to his feet, he was helped to his seat, resisting all attempts to remove the instrument and announcing that he intended to stay the course. Meanwhile, the Vice President suspended *habeas corpus*, the Secret Service sent the steps and the railing to Guantanamo, the CIA water-boarded the hotdog and the FBI led a (fortunately fruitless) search of the crowd for an ethnic computer engineer they could deport. The vendor escaped in the confusion. The judges considered awarding a special gold medal for Absurdly Hysterical Over-reaction to a Minor Incident but narrowly voted against it.

The Ultimate Games were underway. The brain-child of a twisted video gamer cloned from Henry Kissinger, they sought to replace war with a program of extreme sports events modelled on the Olympics, with the goals of war — border adjustments, colonial franchises, freedom of passage, support for puppet regimes, victory in the Eurovision songfest — up for decision based on team rankings. Regional finals winnowed contestants to six plus the host team. Modifications

to the traditional structure of the events guaranteed strong audience and media interest. This year's ten:

- Sumo, signature event of the Asian champions Kung Fusion. It is played on a giant wheel balanced atop a 100-metre tower, so being thrown out of the ring makes a real impact, especially if the bungee cord breaks. Adding a thrill, one wrestler, unknown to the others, has a nitroglycerin pouch in his loincloth.
- Javelin toss. Teams throw simultaneously from both ends of the field. Points for both distance and aim. Its classical roots are emphasized by the event's sponsor, Salt of the Earth (from Carthage in the MidEast-Maghreb league).
- Long-jump, sponsored by DFAIT's land-mines destruction team. The landing pit is seeded with mines, moved forward with every successful jump.
- Shot-put, favourite of the European regional winners, Kropotkin's Revenge. Played simultaneously by members of all squads, facing inward in a circle. The shots look standard, but the sputtering fuses add a nice anarchist touch.
- Caber toss. Adapted from the highland games, this involves hurling young telephone poles for distance. In these Games, tossing is done all at once and from anywhere on the field. Doping regulations

are strict — anyone not stoned out of his gourd has an unfair advantage and is immediately disqualified, but extra marks for special combinations (scotch and acid is popular).

- Hurdles. Association of this event with Africa's team, The Sun, is clear from the line of razor thorns across the top of each hurdle and the carnivorous wildlife released behind the runners. This version provides all world records for hurdles over 500 metres, many set posthumously (inside the lions).
- Skeet shooting, brought to the Games by the North American champion Screaming Eagles. The skeet targets arching overhead give the event an air of the traditional, but with contestants in ultra-light planes firing Stingers.
- Water polo, brought to the Games by the Demons of Don Gordo from the Latin American region. Spiced up by filling the pool with salsa. And sharks.
- Biathlon. Heavily modified from the original winter ski-and-shooting format. Contestants drive souped-up jalopies around a mirror maze and eliminate the competition with Saturday Night specials. Mad Max meets the LA freeway.
- Hockey, sponsored by the host team, Black Ice. Giving the players nuclear hand grenades brings new meaning to clearing the benches, while the holes they melt in

the ice add interesting obstacles to the power play.

The crowd roared as Felix Africa sidled up to Liebnitz and whispered, "There's a man in the VIP box with his head up a tuba!" "If it's who I think it is," said the ace logician, "a piccolo would have sufficed. But we have more important problems." He scanned the crowd. "Too many little things are going wrong, too many accidents, too many slip-ups. Too many people around with dubious security passes and wild expressions in their eyes. I mean, aside from Chief MacBannock. And there's this old codger who keeps dropping out of ventilator shafts and popping up out of drains — slowly — and waving a Glock around. I don't know who he is, but I've put Manitoba Jones on finding him."

"What's worse, Rialto Sleazewagon is trying to make sure these Games are the last. They have reduced popular support for conflict and provided other ways to resolve its causes, so they are a threat to some people. Neo-cons hate them since they reduce opportunities for good old-fashioned international aggression and domestic repression. Terrorists oppose them because they promote peace, order and freedom. So someone hired Sleazewagon. And GEODE tells us that all the minor incidents are just to distract us from something bigger."

"GEODE?", queried Felix. Liebnitz replied, "An artificial intelligence stored in a stone-age computer in SuWaNi. It's befriended Bugbyte." The beautiful black computer tech seated before a terminal at the far end of the booth looked up and said, "Our quartz-based friend just came through. Sleazewagon's employers blocked GEODE from communicating anything obvious, but he sent us this puzzle. It's set up like a score card for the Games, but the clues don't match the actual results on the field, so it must be designed to help us on the major threat."

GEODE's puzzle read as follows:

Fill in the grid to show the winner of all the gold, silver and bronze medals for the 10 events, plus the medal point totals (based on 5 points for gold, 3 for silver and 1 for bronze) and rankings for the seven teams. Three silvers are already marked to give you a head start. No team has more than 5 medals or less than one gold and one silver. There are no ties for medals. Events are in time order (A to J) on the chart. Each team has a different point total and therefore ranking.

1. The Demons are in last place with 9 points, including a gold in water polo and a bronze won earlier.
2. Gold-silver-bronze in the long jump are held respectively by the Salt, the team in third place overall and the team with 15 points.
3. The team in first place has a gold in caber toss.
4. The team in fifth place has 12 points, including a bronze in water polo.
5. The Sun took the gold in biathlon by edging the team that won javelin.
6. Kung Fusion was the only team to take two medals in one event, winning both gold and bronze in hurdles.
7. The Eagles and Revenge each got one silver and one gold out of hockey and shot put.
8. The team with a bronze in both skeet and biathlon has three more points than the team in sixth place, which took the gold in the last event.
9. One team won medals in long jump, caber toss, hurdles, skeet and biathlon; another won medals in javelin, shot put, caber toss, water polo and biathlon.
10. The Eagles, the fourth-place team and the team with 17 points each had two silvers.
11. Ice has a gold in skeet and 14 points overall.

12. Revenge has four medals, including bronzes in sumo and javelin, and 10 points overall.

Liebnitz filled in the grid. "More than enough data to solve it, but what do we do now?" There was a thump on the roof, then a trap door opened in the ceiling and a woman in pre-war aviator's garb climbed down, dragging a parachute. Liebnitz smiled. "Assuming you aren't Amelia Earhart, you must be Mabel Stanley. Felix, Bugbyte, meet the Ranee of SuWaNi." The woman dusted off her jodhpurs and smiled back. "GEODE asked me to bring the other part of the message to you directly. Those idiots from the skeet event shot down my biplane, but I got out in time." She grimaced. "The big finale is a missile, already on its way, aimed at the stadium and big enough to wipe out everyone in it. No one will ever revive the Games, and enough false clues have been left to cause a big new round of wars." "Already on its way?", Felix quavered. "So there's no time to evacuate the place."

Mabel calmly unstrapped a chunky wrist-watch and gave it to Liebnitz. "This will make the missile auto-destruct. The warhead is a short-range neutron bomb, so even a close blast — say half a kilometre up — won't hurt anyone. The detonator has to be close to the missile to work. The detonation command is a 10-digit number encoded in the puzzle — note the ranking of the team that wins the gold in each event, string them together in the order A to J and enter the result on the watch."

As the lead-lined dome closed over the radioactive hockey rink, the crew dashed down to the reviewing stand in front of the band. They quickly assembled cabers, bungee cords and spare parts from a '57 Chevy biathlon racer into a giant crossbow and loaded a javelin with the watch duct-taped

to it. As they awaited the countdown from GEODE, a pair of lions suddenly bounded onto the platform and herded them away from the crossbow. Three sputtering bombs arced over the rail and exploded, demolishing the device. "Only seven minutes to impact," said Mabel. "Won't matter to us," replied Felix. "Those lions look hungry."

The platform shuddered as Don Gordo hauled himself over the edge, a large shark covered with salsa and taco chips over one shoulder. Taking in the situation, he set the creature down and gave it a swift kick in the tail, at which it opened its eyes and wriggled with surprising agility toward the lions, who left in a big hurry. "Land shark, my latest genetic experiment," explained the *caudillo*,

"Bred from a goldfish — it's really an 800-pound guppy — it really hates cats." He grimly surveyed the remains of the crossbow. Liebnitz picked up the watch, which had been thrown clear.

Then a helicopter swooped over to hover above the platform. Two figures rappelled down, the younger one with a certain flair (narrowly avoiding impaling himself on the javelin wedged upright in the deck), the older more slowly. The first, Manitoba Jones, made the introductions, "This is the guy you sent me to find — the President's father. He was worried about him and mounted an independent security sweep. Got the idea from watching Tom Cruise movies." The tall, preppy man extended his hand. "Glad to

meet you. Junior was always a handful and now he has nukes."

Looking up from her laptop, Bugbyte said, "Missile within range. It has a message stencilled on the front, 'Greetings from Tora Bora'. We need to do something inside... about 45 seconds. But what?" The old man gestured at his ear and said, "I've been following your contact with GEODE on my hearing aid — it picks up a lot of weird stuff. So on the way over, I purloined the last of these from the skeet rack. Haven't used one since Nicaragua, but I think I remember how." Reaching into a backpack, he pulled out a Stinger and asked for the watch; strapping it to the rocket, he braced and fired. The Stinger rose and disappeared into the

TEAMS	MEDALS BY EVENT (events in time order) G = gold S = silver B = bronze										Points	Rank
	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J		
1. Kung Fusion									S			
2. Black Ice												
3. Demons of Don Gordo	S											
4. Screaming Eagles												
5. Salt of the Earth						S						
6. Kropotkin's Revenge												
7. The Sun												

Events

A Suicide sumo

B Two-way javelin toss

C Long jump with mines

D Anarchist shot put

E Caber toss with creative doping

F Razor-top hurdles with lions

G Skeet shooting with Stingers

H Water polo in salsa with sharks

I Road rage biathlon

J Ice hockey with nuclear grenades

gathering dusk. There was a muffled detonation and a glittering starburst of multicoloured flame. The spectators applauded wildly.

"Mission accomplished" my ass, Junior," he said. Just then a hot dog came flying through the air and hit him square upside the face. Liebnitz turned and saw the security guards near a vendor's cart, wrestling Rialto Sleazewagon to the ground. The old man wiped a steak of mustard from his cheek ("Not even Dijon!"), turned on his heel and slipped on the greasy wiener that had fallen to the deck. Toppling over the rail, he fell headfirst into the bell of the second tuba, where he stuck fast, feet waving in the air. Peering over the edge, Liebnitz murmured, "Must be something genetic."

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat by providing the ten-digit number making up the auto-destruct sequence for the missile? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from

a box containing all correct entries received by February 15, 2007. The winner will receive a book prize autographed by A Aalto. Not necessary for the contest, but can you also fill in the grid to indicate the winners of each medal, the medal point totals and the team rankings? And any suggestions for removing tubas from the hard-headed, without harming these delicate instruments? ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto was born in pre-revolutionary Tanu Tuva and raised by Patagonian missionaries on the Zambezi, giving him a strong global bent. He is a fan of the Olympics and feels that something like the Ultimate Games, might also be considered — if only as a contribution to disarmament — while recognizing that the world has a limited capacity for original (not to say eccentric) ideas. Still, one step at a time. Thanks as always to Mrs. Aalto.

Liebnitz and the patent of doom

Answers from Vol. 22, No. 2

The message on the back of the exam reads:
PSALM 121 VERSE 1: FIRST HOUSE UNDER THE H.

Psalm 121, verse 1 of the Bible reads "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." The hacienda was therefore in the Hollywood hills, the first house below the H in the famous giant HOLLYWOOD sign adorning those hills.

The indicated answers for the exam are 1 (P), 2 (I), 3 (E), 4 (R), 5 (L), 6 (O), 7 (T), 8 (U), 9 (D), 10 (A), 11 (B), 12 (C), 13 (F), 14 (G), 15 (H), 16 (K), 17 (M), 18 (N), 19 (S), 20 (V), 21 (W) and 22 (Y). These are in fact generally true, with an allowance for humour.

The loyalty cipher reads: WE ARE GOING TO BE GOVERNED WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT. IT IS UP TO US TO SEE TO IT THAT WE ARE GOVERNED NO WORSE THAN IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. WE MUST THEREFORE CONCERN OURSELVES WITH POLITICS... TO MITIGATE AS FAR AS POSSIBLE THE DAMAGE DONE BY THE MADNESS OF OUR RULERS.

The author was Pierre Elliott Trudeau, in his Montreal days.

Congratulations to Alan Bones, Khartoum, Sudan

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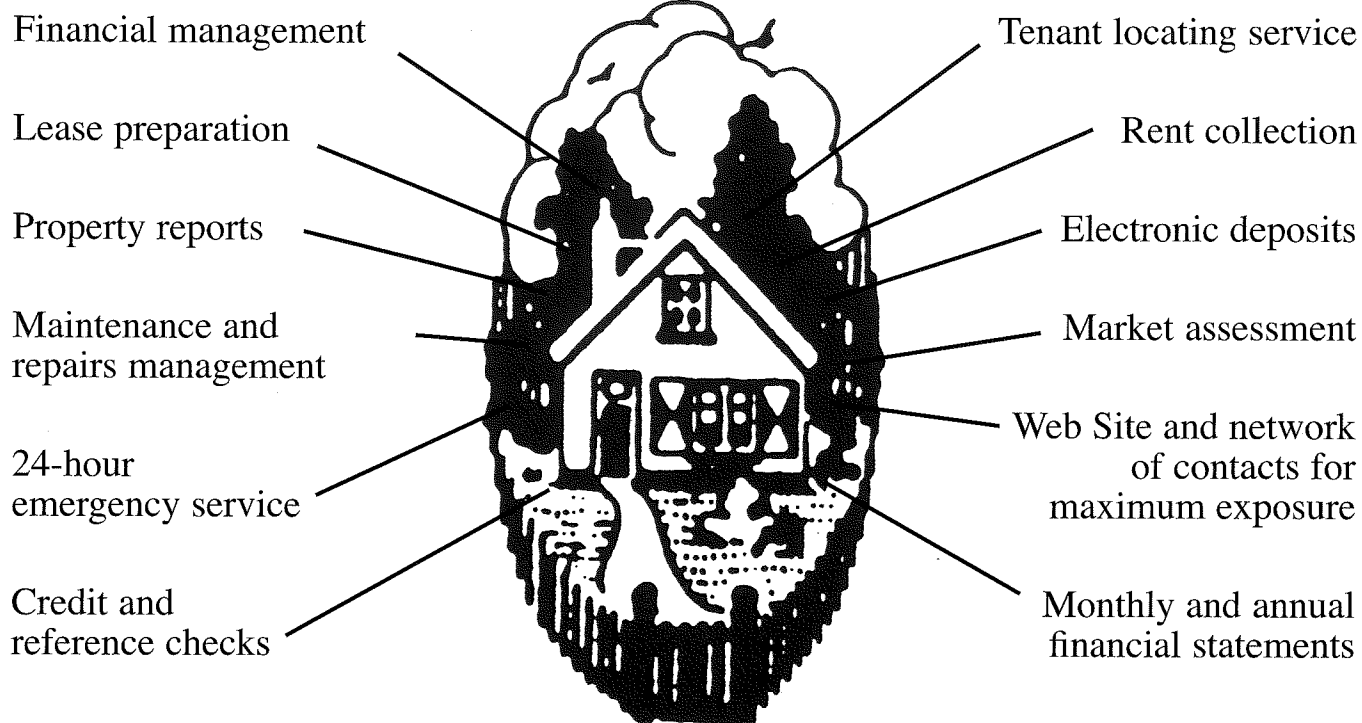
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