

bout de panier

Vol. 22, No. 4

Une visite d'état unique

La gouverneure
générale en Afrique

Into the Raucous Caucasus

by David Edwards



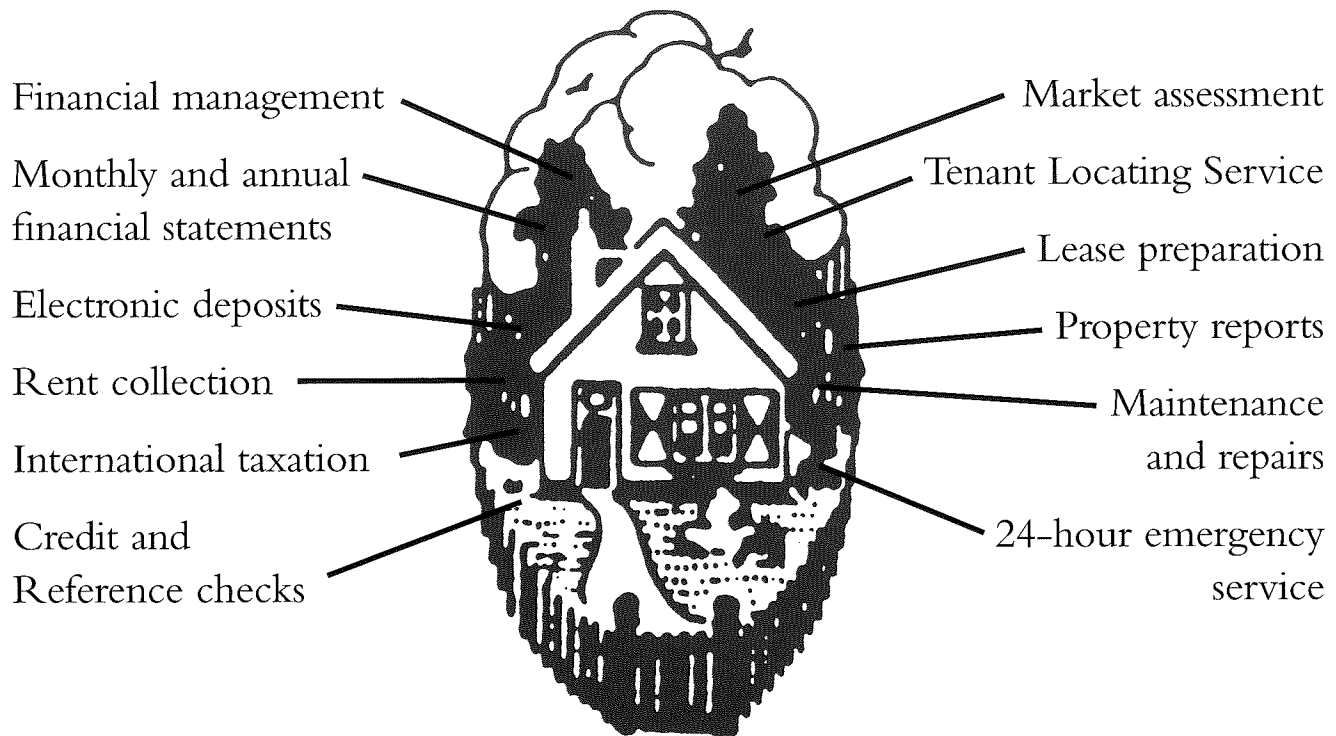
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Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur



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Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
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Vol. 22, No. 4



Jvari Church, perched on a hill high above the town of Mtskheta, Georgia. See page 27.

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Photo: CP (Fred Chartrand)

*The Governor General acknowledges
cheers from the rooftops during an
emotional walk through the Casbah.
See page 8.*

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This issue of **bout** finds me enjoying one of the pleasant sides of foreign service life, an unexpected temporary duty south of the equator during an Ottawa winter. Modern technology makes it possible for me to carry out many of my duties as Editor of **bout** from Montevideo, Uruguay, enjoying a southern hemisphere summer instead of enjoying skating on the Rideau Canal.

L'éloignement d'Ottawa m'a aussi permis d'échapper aux pressions et aux exigences quotidiennes de l'administration centrale et de remettre l'accent sur le travail clé du service extérieur — représenter le Canada à l'étranger et promouvoir et défendre les intérêts du Canada dans le monde. Les agents du service extérieur dans nos missions à l'étranger jouent ce rôle dans une foule d'environnements, certains hostiles, d'autres amicaux, en utilisant toute une gamme d'outils, mais l'objectif général reste le même — aider le Canada et les Canadiens à l'étranger et voir à ce que le Canada ait une présence dans le monde qui compte vraiment.

Rotationality is the key element for the foreign services of the developed world and for nations wishing to make a difference in the world. Having a large group of employees who have experience around the world, representing Canada, using and improving on our tools of the trade, is indispensable to the Canadian government and Canadians. During an assignment abroad employees gain a much more complete picture of Canada in the world. It allows us to see the difficulties and intricacies of carrying out the essential work of the foreign service departments promoting and protecting Canadian interests in a very complex and diverse world.

La permutabilité donne aussi aux agents du service extérieur qui travaillent à Ottawa l'expérience et l'ampleur de perspective voulues pour faire en sorte que les décisions prises à Ottawa tiennent compte du fait qu'elles doivent être mises en œuvre dans les environnements souvent fort différents qui sont propres au service extérieur. C'est là l'un des nombreux avantages de la permutabilité : les employés à tous les niveaux dans les ministères du service extérieur ont besoin de l'expérience des affectations à l'étranger pour acquérir la profondeur et l'ampleur de perspective nécessaires pour bien comprendre l'environnement opérationnel de ceux et celles qui sont envoyés en mission pour mettre en œuvre la politique canadienne.

Canada has a tremendous asset abroad: its foreign service. Rotationality makes the foreign service departments stronger and more able to

fulfill their mandates, as a knowledge base of the world and how to make a real difference is gained and preserved by rotationality. This knowledge base and experience is not something that can be achieved overnight. It must be continually built upon. Foreign service personnel dedicate their careers to building up this knowledge and the foreign service departments should nurture and strengthen this key Canadian asset.

Dans le présent numéro, **bout** met l'accent à la fois sur cet atout et sur une des façons qui s'offrent à nous de le cultiver. Nous avons des contributions de plusieurs missions en Afrique sur la visite de la Gouverneure générale du Canada la très honorable Michaëlle Jean, gouverneure générale. On y souligne la valeur intangible de la renommée du Canada en Afrique par les réactions positives fort concrètes à la visite de la Gouverneure générale.

A war in Afghanistan is also featured in this issue. But it is not the current war. Roger Lucy has written on Alexander the Great's invasion of Afghanistan which took place more than two millennia ago.

David Edwards has provided us with an article on the Raucous Caucasus, giving us an insight into the conditions in this relatively unknown part of the world.

In "From the Archives", Hector Mackenzie has brought us a wonderful mock despatch written by Chester Ronning from New Delhi in October 1959 which contains comments on British politics. The stimulus for drafting this mock despatch was a despatch from London commenting on relations between India and Pakistan.

We are fortunate to have four book reviews in this issue of **bout**. Three are reviews of non-fiction works — John Hadwen reviewing *The Dark Vision of Harold Innis*, Jim Gould providing us his views on the book *The End of Iraq* by Peter Galbraith and Greg Donaghy's review of the book *Pearson's Prize: Canada and the Suez Crisis*. We also have a review of Adrian de Hoog's novel *The Berlin Assignment* by Kevin O'Shea. Hopefully the reviews will prompt people to start constructing their spring and summer reading lists.

Aalto has presented us with a puzzle requiring in-depth knowledge of French language movies over the last several decades. Good luck to all



Ronning Amok?

On New Year's Day, 1969, Pierre Trudeau was interviewed by Norman Depoe for the CBC. In the course of their discussion, the Prime Minister casually questioned the justification for diplomatic representation in the modern world and he suggested that much of what was reported by Canadian diplomats abroad simply duplicated what was available — and often more quickly — in the pages of a good newspaper. Trudeau's glib assertion predictably prompted outraged protests from retired members of the Canadian foreign service and frantic preparation of an authoritative rationale for diplomacy by planners in the Department of External Affairs.

Perhaps it is just as well that Trudeau never read the attached correspondence, in which two veterans of Canadian diplomacy, Chester Ronning and John Holmes, reflected with a typical blend of exasperation and sardonic wit about the unfortunate tendency of

an over-staffed mission (or so it seemed to these jaundiced observers) in London to justify its establishment or find work for its surplus personnel by commenting on matters well beyond its appropriate purview. Whether or not the British government was reconciled to its loss of Empire, it was evident that the Canadian high commission in the imperial capital still regarded its mandate as global.

For readers of *bout de papier*, the delightful by-product of this exchange was the mock telegram prepared in New Delhi and enclosed with Ronning's letter. To permit a better appreciation of the satire, we have also reprinted the offending telegram from London as well as the exchange of letters on this topic. These documents may be found in the John Holmes Papers in the Archives of Trinity College at the University of Toronto.

Hector Mackenzie

John Holmes to Chester Ronning, 27 October 1959.

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

OTTAWA,

October 27, 1959.

Chester A. Ronning, Esquire,

Canadian High Commissioner,

NEW DELHI II, India.

Dear Chester:

The long delay in acknowledging your letter of September 10, to which was attached an office report on the British Election, has nothing to do with a failure to appreciate this gem. The reason, as a matter of fact, is that I have been discreetly circulating it to a number of people for their enjoyment and enlightenment and it was inevitably stalled in someone else's basket. The report is a sublime performance and like all good satire makes its point much more effectively than a sharp complaint. First of all let me say that I know exactly what you mean. We have not been unaware of the provocation and as a matter of fact, when I was in London in July, I had some words about their excessive reporting. In my own view, the principal cause is the gross over-staffing of Canada House. They have too many officers with too narrow spheres.

Because they are zealous officers, they send far too much stuff. Needless to say I didn't take the liberty of sending them your report, although I am sure that George Ignatieff [Deputy Canadian High Commissioner in London] and others would have enjoyed it enormously. However, when Gordon Cox [Executive Assistant to the Canadian High Commissioner in London] was spending a few days in Ottawa, I did let him have a highly confidential look at it. He thought it was quite hilarious and will, I think, without involving you, try to bring the message home.

The London performance seems only a particularly acute case of a disease which afflicts the whole service these days. We are constantly sent, and all too often sent by telegram, far more information than we can conceivably absorb or need to know. The result is that our baskets and our minds are clogged and we can't do any useful work. There is such a deluge of paper in the office that messages from Saigon, for example, wait six days before they can be delivered to us. Much of the reporting is very good, but there is so little related to our functions as instruments of Canadian policy. It seems to me also that we are confusing our role with that of journalists. We do want to know what is happening in countries like Iraq or the Belgian Congo, but we don't have to be kept up to date every 48 hours.

I have been crying like this for the past six years — like a voice in the wilderness, but I am happy to receive support from Delhi. Thank you very much for bringing joy to me and my colleagues. I hope that you are not similarly provoked in view, but I trust that even without further provocation you can continue that sort of flippant reporting from time to time.

With all the best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

John

J. W. Holmes

Chester Ronning (High Commissioner for Canada, New Delhi)
to J.W. Holmes (Assistant Under-Secretary, DEA),
10 September 1959.

OFFICE OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

4 Aurangzeb Road,
New Delhi-11,
September 10, 1959.

J.W. Holmes, Esq.,
Assistant Under-Secretary,
Department of External Affairs,
Ottawa, Canada.

Dear John,

We sometimes wonder at the number of subjects on which our colleagues in London feel compelled to report by telegram. Certainly we would be the last to suggest a curb on their reporting of considered reactions in the Foreign Office, C[ommonwealth].R[elations].O[ffice]., or the U.K. press, to events which take place in other parts of the world. Yet we wonder sometimes about the risks of confusion, not to mention the unnecessary expense, when lengthy reports are sent on events which another mission is patently in a better position to report and comment upon.

This is by way of introduction to a rather startling example of second-hand reporting in the attached telegram No. 2756 of September 4 from London on "Sino Indian Relations and Indian Defence". This confidential telegram contains, inter alia, the text of the communique issued on September 1 by Mr. [Jawaharlal] Nehru [Prime Minister of India] and President [Muhammad] Ayub [Khan of Pakistan] after their meeting at Palam Airport. It appeared in all local newspapers. The telegram also contains a pot pourri of views on such subjects as [V. K.] Krishna Menon, General [Kodandera Subayya] Thimayya, Kashmir, Afghanistan and the East Pakistan border.

We have, of course, reported on the Nehru-Ayub meeting by letter but did not think the cliché-clogged communique even worth sending as an attachment. We have also reported, and will continue to report, on the other matters referred to in London's telegram. The really rather staggering aspect of that telegram (particularly paragraph 7), however, is that it was repeated to us and Karachi.

We have put together the attached telegram as an indication of our attitude towards London's effort. We hope it helps to brighten your day. We couple this with the hope that some relief will be forthcoming in future to the Canadian tax payer and our hard-pressed communications staff.

All the best,

Yours sincerely,

Chester

Copy of telegram from Canadian High Commission in London to Department of External Affairs, 4 September 1959, enclosed with Ronning to Holmes, 10 September 1959.

COPY

FM LDN SEP4/59 CONFD CDN EYES ONLY

TO EXTERNAL 2756 PRIORITY

INFO KARACHI DELHI

REF OURLET 1673 AUG28

SINO INDIAN RELATIONS AND INDIAN DEFENCE

1. HUNT, ASSISTANT UNDER SECRETARY, CRO SHOWED US LATE YESTERDAY A TEL FROM MACDONALD IN DELHI DESCRIBING AN INTERVIEW WHICH HE HAD HAD EARLIER IN THE WEEK WITH PILLAI, SEC GEN EXTERNAL AFFAIRS, REGARDING CHINESE AGGRESSION ON THE NORTHEAST FRONTIER AGENCY AND IN LADAKH. WHILE THE TEL ADDED LITTLE TO WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN REPORTED TO YOU FROM DELHI, IT WAS INTERESTING TO US BECAUSE OF PILLAI'S STATEMENT, AS REPORTED BY MACDONALD, THAT MR. NEHRU WAS AT PRESENT IN A QUOTE INTROSPECTIVE SELF CRITICAL MOOD UNQUOTE AND REGARDED THE LATEST EVENTS AS HAVING SHOWN THAT HIS POLICY TOWARD CHINA HAD BEEN QUOTE A FAILURE UNQUOTE. HE WAS ALSO REPORTED BY PILLAI TO BE VERY TOUCHY AND THIS IN HUNT'S VIEW MAY PERHAPS EXPLAIN THE WAY HE HANDLED THE THIMAYYA RESIGNATION.

2. HUNT ADDED THAT EVENTS HAD SHOWN REPEATEDLY THAT NO RPT NO MATTER WHAT THE HOSTILITY TO MENON, NEHRU WOULD QUOTE CLEAVE TO HIM UNQUOTE. (TAYA ZINKIN, WRITING FROM DELHI IN TODAY'S GUARDIAN TAKES A SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT

VIEW. SHE SUGGESTS THAT NEHRU WAS FACED WITH A DILEMMA QUOTE HE DID NOT RPT NOT WANT TO GIVE THE ARMY MENONS HEAD IN PUBLIC: ON THE OTHER HAND MENON HAS BECOME A LIABILITY THE PREMIER CAN NO RPT NO LONGER CARRY. UNQUOTE NEHRU THEREFORE QUOTE DAMNED MENON WITH HIGH PRAISE AND LEFT THE REAL ISSUES CLOUDY AND SCOLDED THE COMMANDERS IN CHIEF. PUBLIC INDIGNATION WILL NOW DO THE REST UNQUOTE. COMMENTING UPON THE REPORT THAT 84 BARRISTERS AT THE CALCUTTA HIGH COURT HAD STATED THAT IT WAS IN THE INTERESTS OF INDIAN DEFENCE THAT NEHRU SHOULD HIMSELF TAKE CHARGE OF THE DEFENCE MINISTRY, TAYA ZINKIN SAYS QUOTE THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY WHAT MR. NEHRU WILL DO. BY THE TIME MR. MENON COMES BACK FROM THE UN HE WILL BE LUCKY TO GET AN AMBASSADORSHIP OR A GOVERNORSHIP UNQUOTE).

3. HUNT ALSO SHOWED US TELS FROM KARACHI AND DELHI CONTAINING THEIR ASSESSMENTS OF THE AYUB NEHRU MEETING. ALTHOUGH THIS MEETING WILL NO RPT NO DOUBT HAVE BEEN REPORTED ON BY OUR OWN MISSIONS IN KARACHI AND DELHI WE ARE REPEATING THE TEXTS OF THE UK TELS TO YOU SINCE EVEN THAT OF THE COMMUNIQUE HAS RECEIVED SCANT ATTENTION IN THE PRESS HERE.

4. FOLLOWING IS THE TEXT OF UK TEL 1410 SEPT2 FROM KARACHI QUOTE ON ARRIVAL IN DACCA, PRESIDENT AYUB IS REPORTED TO HAVE SAID THAT IF INDIA AND PAKISTAN WENT ON FIGHTING WITH EACH OTHER THEY WOULD ONLY BE LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF THEIR DEFEAT IN DETAIL, AND ADDED THAT THIS WAS THE BURDEN OF CERTAIN POINTS WHICH HE HAD LEFT WITH MR. NEHRU WHEN HE HAD MET HIM AT DELHI. IT HAD BEEN VERY HEARTENING TO MEET MR. NEHRU WHO HAD BEEN VERY KIND TO HIM. MR. NEHRU WAS OLDER AND MORE EXPERIENCED WHILE HE HIMSELF WAS A NEW HAND.

2. THE PRESIDENT SAID THAT THE SUB CONTINENT HAD BEEN INVADDED A NUMBER OF TIMES FROM OUTSIDE AND THAT SOMEBODY FROM WITHIN THE COUNTRY HAD INVITED OUTSIDERS. IF INDIA AND PAKISTAN CONTINUED TO FIGHT EACH OTHER SUCH A CONTINGENCY COULD NOT RPT NOT BE RULED OUT ALTOGETHER. HE THOUGHT THAT MR. NEHRU WAS IN GENERAL AGREEMENT, BUT UNFORTUNATELY THERE WAS A BACKLOG OF HISTORY OF MUTUAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES AND IT WAS THEREFORE NECESSARY THAT THEY SHOULD SHOW A SIGN OF GOOD FAITH IN EACH OTHER. AS A START, THE INCIDENTS ON THE EAST PAKISTAN BORDER MUST BE ELIMINATED.

3. IN REPLY TO A QUESTION, THE PRESIDENT SAID THAT HE DID NOT RPT NOT DISCUSS THE QUESTION OF JOINT DEFENCE WITH MR. NEHRU.

4. ASKED IF HE HAD FOUND MR. NEHRU DISTURBED OVER THE PRESENT SITUATION CONFRONTING HIS COUNTRY ON HER FRONTIERS, THE PRESIDENT SAID THAT MR. NEHRU WAS A

BRAVE MAN AND HE HAD FOUND HIM CALM. BUT MR. NEHRU WAS CERTAINLY CONCERNED, AS ANY RESPONSIBLE MAN WOULD BE.

5. THE PRESIDENT DISCLOSED THAT HE HAD DISCUSSED KASHMIR WITH MR. NEHRU AND HAD MADE IT QUITE CLEAR THAT IT WAS NOT RPT NOT AN INSOLUBLE PROBLEM. HE ADDED THAT TO HIM AS A SOLDIER THE SOLUTION WAS VERY SIMPLE IF APPROACHED IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

6. THE PRESIDENT WAS ASKED HOW CONTACT WOULD BE MAINTAINED BETWEEN INDIA AND PAKISTAN AS AGREED AT THE DELHI TALKS HE REPLIED QUOTE THROUGH THE EMBASSIES. UNQUOTE

7. REFERRING TO THE SITUATION IN AFGHANISTAN, THE PRESIDENT SAID THAT THE RUSSIANS WERE BUILDING COMMUNICATIONS AND ROAD FACILITIES WHICH, IN A FEW YEARS, WOULD ENABLE ANY ARMY TO MARCH UP TO PAKISTANS BORDERS. TRANSIT FROM AFGHANISTAN WOULD NOT RPT NOT BE AS DIFFICULT AS IT USED TO BE. PAKISTAN WANTED TO IMPROVE RELATIONS WITH AFGHANISTAN BUT AFGHANISTAN WANTED CONTINUING TO PAKHTUNISTAN SLOGAN, NOT RPT NOT WITH THE OBJECT OF BENEFITING THE PAKHTUNS IN PAKISTAN BUT TO USE IT TO BOLSTER THEIR PRESENT REGIME. THEY WERE USING THE PAKHTUNISTAN SLOGAN AS A COMOFAGE WHICH COULD NOT RPT NOT CONTINUE FOR LONG. UNQUOTE

FOLLOWING IS TEXT OF UK TEL 1325 SEP2 FROM DELHI QUOTE FOLLOWING IS TEXT OF JOINT STATEMENT ISSUED AT END OF MEETING: THE PRESIDENT OF PAKISTAN AND THE PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA MET INFORMALLY IN A VERY CORDIAL ATMOSPHERE AT PALAM AIRPORT THIS MORNING. MATTERS OF MUTUAL INTEREST WERE DISCUSSED. THEY AGREED THAT THERE WAS NEED TO CONDUCT THEIR RELATIONS WITH EACH OTHER ON A RATIONAL AND PLANNED BASIS AND NOT RPT NOT ACCORDING TO THE DAY TO DAY EXIGENCIES AS THEY AROSE, AND THAT THEIR OUTSTANDING ISSUES AND OTHER PROBLEMS, IN MUTUAL INTEREST, BE SETTLED IN ACCORDANCE WITH JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY IN A SPIRIT OF FRIENDLINESS, COOPERATION AND GOOD NEIGHBOURLINESS. THEY WERE GLAD TO HAVE HAD THIS OPPORTUNITY OF AN INFORMAL EXCHANGE OF VIEWS AND THEY AGREED TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH EACH OTHER TO FURTHER THEIR COMMON OBJECTIVES:

2. GENERAL AYUB MADE FOLLOWING ADDITIONAL POINTS TO PRESS AT AIRPORT.

(I) AS A MILITARY MAN HE FORESAW DANGER THAT IF INDIA AND PAKISTAN CONTINUED TO SQUABBLE THEY WOULD BE DEFEATED QUOTE ON DETAILS UNQUOTE PAST HISTORY HAD BROUGHT INVASIONS TO THE SUB CONTINENT IN THIS WAY. (II) HE AND NEHRU HAD DECIDED TO HAVE A HIGH LEVEL CONFERENCE OR CONFERENCES, ATTENDED BY MINISTERS AND MILITARY COMMANDERS, TO FIND WAYS OF STOPPING

INCIDENTS ON THE EASTERN INDO PAKISTAN BORDER.
(III) HE EXPRESSED HIS PLEASURE AT HAVING MET
MR. NEHRU, SAYING QUOTE I AM REALLY INSPIRED BY
HIS PERSONALITY, BY HIS THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS OF
GOODWILL. UNQUOTE

Draft Message from Canadian High Commission in New Delhi
to Department of External Affairs, 10 September 1959, enclosed
with Ronning to Holmes, 10 September 1959.

NOT SENT

DEPARTMENT OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

OUTGOING MESSAGE

FROM DOMCANADA, NEW DELHI

TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS,
CANADA

REPEAT: LONDON

SECURITY CLASSIFICATION: CONFIDENTIAL CANADIAN
EYES ONLY

PRIORITY: OPIMMEDIATE

REFERENCE

SUBJECT: MR. MACMILLAN, MR. GAITSKELL, MR. BEVAN,
UNCLE TOM COBBLEY AND THE GENERAL ELECTION

1. WHILE AT FIRST IT MAY SEEM A LITTLE STRANGE FOR US IN
DELHI TO BE REPORTING TO YOU ON THE U.K. POLITICAL
SITUATION, WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE HELPFUL TO SEND YOU
THIS TELEGRAM TO SUPPLEMENT THE REPORTS WHICH YOU
WILL NO DOUBT BE RECEIVING OCCASIONALLY FROM OUR
PEOPLE IN LONDON NOW THAT THE U.K. ELECTION DATE HAS
BEEN ANNOUNCED. WE DECIDED TO SEND A TELEGRAM RATHER
THAN A DESPATCH BECAUSE THE DATE IS LESS THAN A MONTH
AWAY AND AFTER ALL ONE NEVER KNOWS WHO IS GOING TO
READ A DESPATCH. A TELEGRAM, ON THE OTHER HAND,
RECEIVES GENERAL DISTRIBUTION TO EVERYONE SO THERE
REALLY IS NO EXCUSE FOR SOMEBODY NOT READING IT.
WE ARE SURE YOU WILL AGREE.

2. IT CERTAINLY WAS INTERESTING THAT THE MEETING
BETWEEN MR. MACMILLAN AND MR. EISENHOWER TOOK PLACE
AT THE SAME TIME THAT MR. GAITSKELL AND MR. BEVAN
WERE IN MOSCOW. NATURALLY ENOUGH, THIS HAS CAUSED
COMMENT IN THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PRESS IN INDIA (WHICH,
AS A MATTER OF FACT, IS THE ONLY SECTION OF THE INDIAN
PRESS THAT WE ARE EQUIPPED TO READ). TYPICAL OF MANY
OF THE PRESS COMMENTS WE HAVE SEEN WAS THAT OF THE
HYDERABAD HERALD, DATED SEPT 5, WHICH SAID IN PART
(THE COMPLETE ARTICLE IS REPEATED IN MY IMMEDIATELY

FOLLOWING TELEGRAM) "MACMILLAN SCORES AGAIN". FROM
APPROXIMATELY THE SAME STANDPOINT YOU MIGHT ALSO
CONSIDER THE AMRITSAR BUGLE WHICH TOOK THE LINE THAT
MR. MACMILLAN'S POSITION WITH THE TORY RANK-AND-FILE
HAS NEVER BEEN STRONGER. THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS AN
ACCOUNT OF MR. MACMILLAN'S VISIT TO MILLFORD-ON-SEA
ON SEPT 4 AND QUOTES THE PRIME MINISTER AS STATING "IT
IS CERTAINLY A GREAT PLEASURE FOR ME TO BE HERE ONCE
AGAIN AT MILLFORD-ON-SEA AND PARTICULARLY TO SEE THAT
THE PARTY WORKERS ARE IN SUCH A CHEERFUL MOOD AS THE
APPROACHING ELECTION CONTEST DEVELOPS." OF COURSE THIS
PARTICULAR SPEECH MAY HAVE ALREADY BEEN REPORTED TO
YOU FROM LONDON BUT WE WANTED TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU
SAW IT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

3. AN INTERESTING ASPECT OF THE REPORTING ON
MR. GAITSKELL'S VISIT TO MOSCOW WAS AN ACCOUNT IN
THE MADRAS GUARDIAN OF SEPT 6 WHICH DESCRIBES HIS
VISIT TO THE PETAGORSK STEEL MILLS. APPARENTLY WHEN
SOMEONE ASKED MR. GAITSKELL WHETHER THE STEEL
WORKERS IN ENGLAND WOULD FAVOUR THE ELECTION OF
A LABOUR GOVERNMENT HE REPLIED "YES". MR. BEVAN IS
REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN STANDING NEAR MR. GAITSKELL
WHEN HE MADE THIS STATEMENT BUT MOVED AWAY,
APPARENTLY TO INSPECT AN INGOT MOULD, A FEW MOMENTS
LATER. THIS HAS GIVEN RISE TO SOME SPECULATION THAT A
RIFT MAY BE DEVELOPING IN THE LABOUR PARTY LEADERSHIP
AT THIS CRITICAL TIME. THIS SPECULATION HAS BEEN
HEIGHTENED BY AN INFORMANT IN THE EXTERNAL AFFAIRS
MINISTRY HERE (WHOSE WIFE'S COUSIN IS STUDYING STEEL
MAKING AT PETAGORSK AND WAS AN EYE WITNESS TO THIS
EVENT) WHO SAID THAT THE SOVIET LABOURERS WERE
SHOCKED WHEN MR. GAITSKELL FAILED TO JOIN MR. BEVAN
WHEN THE LATTER OFFERED TO SING THE CHORUS OF UNCLE
TOM COBBLEY IN THE FACTORY CANTEEN. IT IS POSSIBLE,
HOWEVER, THAT NOT TOO MUCH SIGNIFICANCE SHOULD
BE ATTACHED TO THESE INCIDENTS FOR WE HAVE SEEN A
PHOTOGRAPH IN THE PRESS OF MR. GAITSKELL AND MR. BEVAN
STANDING TOGETHER. THEY WERE BOTH SMILING, THOUGH IT
SHOULD BE NOTED THAT THEY WERE NOT LOOKING AT EACH
OTHER AT THE TIME. PERHAPS OUR MISSION IN MOSCOW WILL
BE ABLE TO PROVIDE SOME INFORMATION AS TO JUST WHAT
HAD CAUGHT THEIR ATTENTION AND COMMENT ON THIS
ASPECT OF THE COMING ELECTION CAMPAIGN. NEVERTHELESS,
THE FACT THAT SUCH SPECULATION HAS ARISEN IN INDIA
MUST INDICATE SOMETHING. AS THE NAGPUR CLARION PUT
IT IN A RECENT EDITORIAL, "WE MUST REMAIN VIGILANT".

4. WE HAVE QUITE A FEW MORE TELEGRAMS IN PREPARATION
ON THIS SUBJECT AND I WILL SEND THEM ALONG TO YOU AS
SOON AS I CAN FIND SOMEONE TO TYPE THEM.

RONNING ☺

Diplomatie vice-royale en Afrique

La visite de la Gouverneure générale du Canada la très honorable Michaëlle Jean en Algérie, au Mali, au Ghana, en Afrique du Sud et au Maroc, du 18 novembre au 11 décembre 2006, restera longtemps gravée dans nos mémoires.

À sa première visite d'État en qualité de Gouverneure générale, M^{me} Jean a été accueillie sur le tarmac de l'aéroport international Houari Boumediene, à Alger, par le président Abdelaziz Bouteflika et des membres clés de son gouvernement et du corps diplomatique. La promenade riche en émotions qui a suivi dans la Casbah d'Alger et la réaction spontanée des Algériennes à la messagère et à son message n'étaient qu'un avant-goût de ce qu'il restait à venir pendant ce voyage. À Bamako, au Mali, des dizaines de milliers de personnes sont sorties dans les rues pour accueillir M^{me} Jean; certains ont même cru qu'une « rock star » était en ville. Ses contacts avec des Maliens de tous âges et de tous les milieux, les gestes de réconfort, ses larmes et les émotions qu'elle a suscitées sont autant de traces heureuses de son passage. Au Ghana, en Afrique du Sud et au Maroc, l'humanité, la simplicité et la chaleur de M^{me} Jean ont transcendé l'apparat et la cérémonie, touchant profondément ses hôtes et leurs concitoyens. À plusieurs endroits, sa visite a fait la une dans les médias pendant des jours et a même fait l'objet de bulletins de nouvelles nationaux. Sa photo s'est aussi retrouvée sur des tee-shirt, des posters et des panneaux publicitaires. Le 6 février 2007, après que tout fût terminé, la Gouverneure générale a réuni toute la délégation à Rideau Hall pour discuter des suites à donner à la tournée en Afrique. L'enthousiasme était toujours à son comble, et le souvenir de cette visite d'État presque sans précédent était encore frais à l'esprit des diplomates canadiens qui en ont été témoins. Dans cette édition du magazine, les missions du Canada dans cinq pays africains présentent une capsule sur le passage de la Gouverneure générale.



Algiers, Algeria

The limousine pulled up to the curb as local dignitaries prepared to greet Governor General Michaëlle Jean in the heart of the City of Algiers, the Casbah, the very soul of this historic capital. The night before, in a pre-taped television interview broadcast across Algeria just as Her Excellency was leaving Rideau Hall to board her government plane, Algerians were asking themselves what exactly was a Governor General, and who was this Haitian-born representative of Queen Elizabeth II making the first-ever Canadian state visit to Algeria?

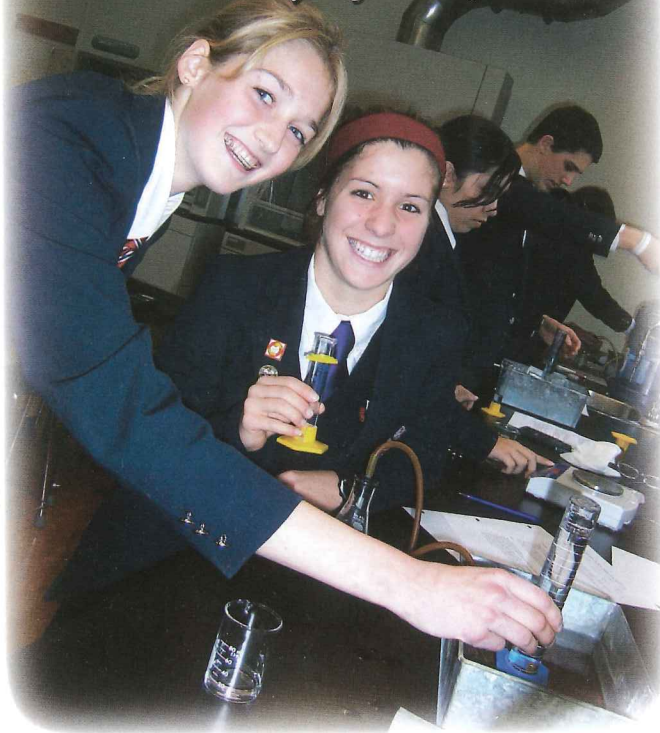
Photo left: Governor General Michaëlle Jean with President Bouteflika.

Photo right: M^{me} Jean, Brigitte Bergeron of Canadian Embassy, Algiers, and M^{me} Fatima Leskhem.

The Governor General told her interviewers that she had come to listen to, and engage with, Algerians, not to give lessons to this former French colony. And before her plane had even landed, Michaëlle Jean's coming generated a buzz that would last throughout her four-day visit to Algeria. The visit was symbolic in Algerian eyes for other reasons, Algeria being the first stop on a five-country African tour and M^{me} Jean's first state visit as Governor General.

The meet and greet, the flowers, and the protocol aside in this ancient quarter, the Governor General strolls through the narrow streets, the delegation and presidential security detail in tow. Few, if any visiting heads of state ever visit the Casbah, virtually off-limits to foreigners not that many years ago during the so-called Black Decade. And then, from the roof-tops of centuries old, white-washed houses, the women of the Casbah emerge from the shadows and veiled faces peer through grilled windows. A groundswell of *you-you's*, celebratory wails of pride and joy, echo through the narrow, windy passageways as young girls, their friends, mothers and grandmothers wave and clap as M^{me} Jean looks up to acknowledge their greetings, with a smile and wave, and even a raised arm in a gesture of solidarity. Mothers press their young children to the windows at street-level or stand knee-deep along the narrow streets hoping to catch a glance of this daughter of Africa as President Bouteflika would describe her at the next day's State luncheon.

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Children coming home from school stop in their tracks to wave and shout greetings. An elderly shopkeeper proudly emerges from his store to show the Governor General the deed of sale, beaming that he was a Casbah original. The crowds grow as the official party descends towards the Port of Algiers. Entire families look down from their balconies, people line the street shouting "Vive le Canada." A Canadian reporter, initially convinced that this has been stage-managed, acknowledges the spontaneous outpouring. He, too, is swept up by the emotion of the moment. The official party leaves. The crowds continue to cheer.

The next day, women journalists join with their sisters of the Casbah as the Governor General visits Algerian Radio and Television. She places a wreath in memory of journalists assassinated during the height of terrorism, many of them women television presenters. From on high, members of her growing fan club appear at windows, on roof tops and balconies. The *you-you's* and applause come as a wave. There are tears as the Governor General breaks away from the official party after a round-table with Algerian journalists. There are calls from the crowd for photo ops. The presidential security contingent winces. Heads of State, as one burly security officer uttered, simply do not do this! And he asks, Do you think I could I have my picture taken with Her Excellency? (He did).

A traditional Khaima or Bedouin tent, touaregs from the Algerian south, and an Algerian-Canadian singer from Quebec, Lynda Thalie, a rising star, await M^{me} Jean's arrival at the Official Residence for a staff celebration. A gift of a hand-embroidered caftan was delivered to Her Excellency earlier in the day from a talented Algerian dress designer. Would she or wouldn't she wear it that evening, joining with Embassy staff in traditional dress? M^{me} Jean did not disappoint. The women are moved to tears, macho men, too. Her Excellency cannot hide her own emotion at being on African soil for the first time. The evening wears on. Her entourage looks uncomfortably at their watches. M^{me} Jean is seated around a brass table, sipping mint tea poured by a woman from the Algerian southern city of Bechar, her smile accentuated by blue tattoos. The music starts. The Governor General is swept up by a dancing crowd and moves to the strains of Raï and Chaâbi. Her staff members look at their watches. M^{me} Jean reluctantly leaves after a final dance, surrounded by enthusiastic onlookers!



Photo: Cpl. Issa Paré, Rideau Hall

They are still talking about Governor General Michaëlle Jean in Algeria. The emotion, the message, the simple touch and the connection with Algerian sisters. Actions do, indeed, speak louder than words. The President has asked her to come back. He delayed her departure at the airport for one final, unscheduled tête-à-tête — the last of no less than four separate meetings. The national anthems play. The Canadian Forces aircraft lifts off. It is over all too soon. Even the President and his cabinet linger. It was hard for us all to say goodbye.

Robert Peck, Canadian Ambassador to Algeria

Algiers, Algeria

Photo left: Ambassador Robert Peck greets Algerian President Abdelaziz Bouteflika as Governor General Michaëlle Jean looks on.

Photo below: Governor General Michaëlle Jean, Nouhed Chabani and Leila Ouadhi of Canadian Embassy in Algiers.



Photo: Reda Bouskri, Systems Administrator, Canadian Embassy, Algiers



Bamako, Mali

« *Crossing of the river by bac* » : cette phrase n'est pas le titre d'un film d'aventures mais est tirée du programme préliminaire de la visite d'État de la Gouverneure générale (GG) au Mali. Elle désignait un élément particulièrement complexe de l'organisation du séjour de la GG : sa visite de la ville sainte de Djenné, qui n'est accessible qu'au moyen d'un « *bac* », traversier motorisé pouvant prendre environ six véhicules. Or, comment amener à Djenné les quelque 25 véhicules du cortège de la GG sans perdre un temps fou? Que de discussions avant que ne s'impose la solution à cette question! Le gouvernement malien a fait en sorte que deux bacs puissent traverser simultanément le

fleuve : un pour les voitures de la GG, des ministres maliens et de la sécurité; l'autre pour tous les autres membres de la délégation, qui devaient y monter à pied pour rejoindre des véhicules pré-positionnés de l'autre côté. En arrivant au bord du fleuve au « jour J », Son Excellence a choisi de descendre de véhicule et de se joindre au reste du groupe.

La traversée s'est effectuée sans problème et dans la bonne humeur. Les photos qui immortalisent ce moment me sont donc chères.

*Jean-François Desgroseilliers, Coordonnateur principal de la Visite,
Ambassade du Canada, Bamako*

« *So-so-so-Solidarité entre toutes les femmes !* », ont hurlé les femmes maliennes, à l'arrivée de la Gouverneure générale à l'aéroport, et tout au long de son voyage au Mali, de Bamako à Djenné, de Mopti à Bandiagara, de Bendiéli à Bamako. La Gouverneure générale a mieux que quiconque su leur répondre, les comprendre, sourire et danser avec elles. Elle a su mieux que personne leur parler, que ce soit à l'Assemblée nationale où elle a été le deuxième Chef d'Etat à prendre la parole après Nelson Mandela, et où elle a trouvé les mots qu'il fallait pour incarner les luttes des femmes maliennes et pour les encourager, ou encore le long des routes.





Photo du haut, à la gauche : Bendiéli. Photo du bas, à la gauche : Le directeur du protocole du Mali, M. Modibo Diarra, indique à la Gouverneure générale de prendre garde en descendant du bac de Djenné (Mali). Photo ci-dessus : Pendant la visite guide de Djenné, Son Excellence la très honorable Michèle Jean discute avec les enfants du village. Photo ci-dessous : Le mouton offert à la Gouverneure générale par les populations de Bendiéli, au pays dogon (Mali).

Bamako, Mali

Son Excellence est aussi venue à la rencontre des milliers d'enfants qui l'ont acclamée à chaque étape de sa visite de presque six jours, venant s'amasser spontanément et massivement pour l'attendre sur son passage, parfois pendant des heures, et criant et dansant à son arrivée. Là encore, elle a su trouver les mots pour les toucher, et tisser des liens avec eux.

Deux mois après son départ, tous les Maliens parlent encore de la Gouverneure générale du Canada et de la magie qui a opéré pendant toute sa visite.

Isabelle Roy, Ambassadrice du Canada, Bamako

Quel cadeau offrir à une invitée de marque?

Au Mali, la question ne se pose même pas : la tradition commande que ce soit le plus beau mouton ! Et c'est ce mouton magnifique, décoré des drapeaux canadien et malien qui a été offert par les populations de Bendiéli à la Gouverneure générale du Canada lors de son passage dans le pays dogon. Maintenant, que doit faire notre service du protocole avec un tel cadeau ? Vous imaginez bien que plusieurs hypothèses ont circulé...



Photo : Darquis Gagné

Finalement, il a été remis à YAGTU, l'ONG locale qui avait organisé cette rencontre et dont le travail remarquable est appuyé par le Canada.

Darquis Gagné, Directeur adjoint de la Coopération, Ambassade du Canada, Bamako

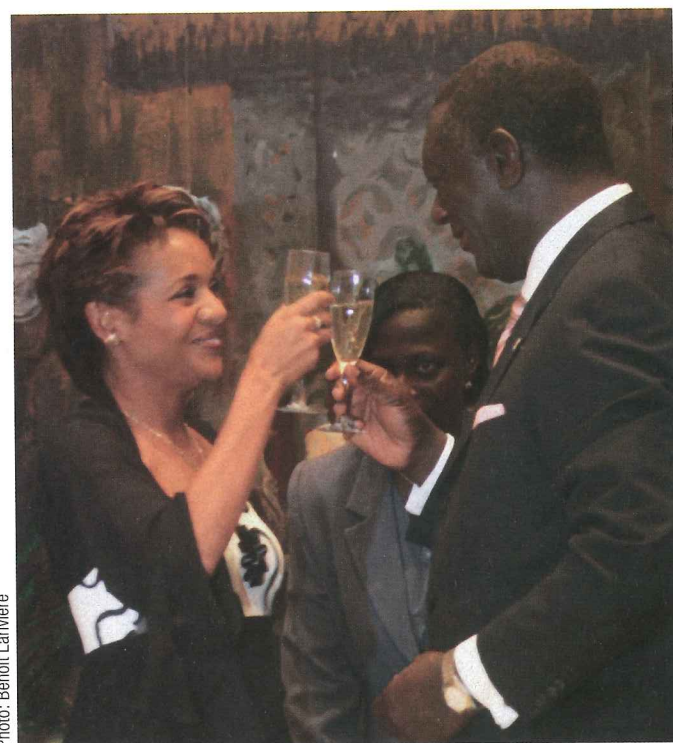


Photo top: The Governor General at the durbar in Golina.

Photo above: The Governor General and Ghana's President John Agyekum Kufuor raise their glasses in a toast at the state dinner.

Accra, Ghana

There was much to see in Ghana as Ghanaian politicians, the public and the media cheered Canada's first African-Canadian Governor General.

The timing was right — 2006 marked the 100th anniversary of a Canadian presence in the country. It was a century ago that les Pères Blancs from Quebec established a mission at Navrongo in northern Ghana.

But it was clear that the emotional highlight of the trip to the former Gold Coast turned Slave Coast was the visit to Elmina Castle. Also called St. George's Castle, the waterfront fortress was built in 1482 by the Portuguese as a gold trading site. It changed hands several time over the centuries, passing to the Swedes, a local chief, the Dutch and the British, before finally being returned to Ghana at independence in 1957.

That the visit to the Castle was to be a major point of interest for the Governor General became apparent when Ghana's President John A. Kufuor hosted a State dinner in her honour. In her speech, this daughter of Haiti and descendant of slaves referred to the President's recognition in the summer of 2006 of the African role in the slave trade (a rarity among African leaders).

The following morning the Governor General flew on a VIP helicopter, provided by the Minister of Defence, to Elmina. She was accompanied by,



Photo: The Governor General joins a child reading a library book at the Nima Maamobi Community Learning Centre in Accra, built with Canadian donations.

among others, Minister of Tourism and Diasporan Relations Jake Obetsebi-Lamprey. Obetsebi-Lamprey's Ministry is promoting the Joseph Project. It is named for the Biblical Joseph who achieved high status in Egypt but eventually returned home to Israel. In this case, the Joseph Project encourages members of the African diaspora to reconnect with their ancestral roots through Ghana — particularly in 2007, Ghana's 50th anniversary of statehood. (Ghana was the first sub-Saharan African colony to gain independence.)

Landing at the Castle, the Governor General was met by Charles Adu Arhin, Elmina's chief guide, who provided her with a moving and informative tour of the Castle. It was an emotional experience for all, but for some members of the group the visit to the slave dungeons was overwhelming. Here it was easy to imagine men, women and children languishing in hot, crammed, airless rooms, brutalized and fed little so that they would lose weight and permit the greatest number of human beings to be crammed into the holds of slave ships. The next day Canadians saw a photo in their newspapers of Michaëlle Jean standing at the Castle's Gate of No Return with tears in her eyes.

But the sadness at the tragic history of slavery could not eclipse the joy of the rest of her visit to Ghana. The Governor General danced to traditional drummers at the airport and at a durbar (traditional festival) in her honour in the north, where she was named an Honorary Chief. She toured a children's library built with Canadian donations, spearheaded by the efforts of

Winnipegger (and former Ghana resident) Kathy Knowles. Knowles has opened or assisted approximately 150 such libraries in Ghana.

A former journalist, the Governor General discussed media issues with volunteers from the Toronto-based NGO Journalists for Human Rights. She highlighted Canadian development efforts, whether with women farmers in the north, focusing on a judicial reform project with the Chief Justice of Ghana, or visiting the Ghana Regional Appropriate Technology Industrial Services (GRATIS) Foundation.

GRATIS is a technical school that promotes marketable technologies and skills for the growth of micro-, small- and medium-scale enterprises in Ghana and West Africa. She also visited the Kofi Annan International Peacekeeping Training Centre outside Accra. Partially funded through the Canada– West Africa Peace and Security Initiative, it is assisting the Economic Community of West African States (ECOWAS) to plan and manage complex peace support operations. Hundreds cheered her at a reception for Canadians and friends of Canada at the Official Residence.

And that's just to name some of her stops on what was a fast-paced, four-day visit to a state that is emerging as a West African leader.

Cindy Kleiman, Second Secretary, High Commission to Ghana



Photo : Sgt Eric Jolin, Rideau Hall



Photo ci-dessus : Son Excellence la très honorable Michaëlle Jean ainsi que l'Ambassadeur du Canada auprès du Royaume du Maroc, M^{me} Michèle Levesque, regardent une sélection de tapis dans la Vieille ville de Rabat.

Photo ci-dessous : Remise de médailles à l'équipage du NCSM Iroquois (Port de Casablanca).

Rabat, Maroc

Visite de Son Excellence la très honorable Michaëlle Jean, Gouverneure générale et Commandante en chef des Forces armées au Royaume du Maroc, les 9, 10 et 11 décembre 2006.

Connectivité femmes

Populations en liesse, rencontres au sommet, sites millénaires, discours devant les élus, accueils grandioses et fastes dîners d'État. ... Après ce carrousel d'émotions, que pouvions-nous faire, nous, le « dernier point de chute », pour que le Royaume de Mohammed VI trouve sa place au palmarès des souvenirs marquants de ce périple de rêves? Bien sûr, un déjeuner intime avec un jeune monarque moderne et prisé par ses compatriotes est un événement pour les annales les plus sélectes. Mais encore, comment imprégner la Gouverneure générale et nos compatriotes du dynamisme de la société marocaine? Comment lui faire absorber l'énergie de ce Maroc en ébullition?

Une seule réponse : les femmes! Qui de mieux que des femmes marocaines engagées pour communiquer le Maroc? Car ce sont elles qui ont changé le paysage législatif et social de leur pays. En décrivant leur lutte, en racontant leurs cheminements, elles pourront transformer en mémoire vive des moments qu'un trop plein de protocole aurait pu asphyxier en un rien de temps.



Photo : Son Excellence la très honorable Michaëlle Jean et un guide prennent un courte pose dans de la vieille ville de Rabat.

On aurait pu se demander ce qu'ont en commun la Gouverneure générale du Canada, chef d'État d'un pays du G-8, et quatre marocaines dont les parcours divers calquent les progrès parfois turbulents de la conquête des droits au Maroc. Plein de choses. Le sens de l'humour. La détermination. Mais surtout, des convictions profondes. Dit plus simplement, une même foi. Une foi inébranlable dans la justesse de leurs combats, la certitude que la défense des droits et des libertés valent tous les sacrifices. Et ce sont ces sacrifices, si lourds pour certaines, que ces femmes ont partagés avec d'autres femmes. Leurs joies aussi. Les déserts traversés. Les buts atteints.

Avec Amina, Latifa, Nouzha et Fouzia, un sourire aura suffi, un regard, pour que le courant passe entre elles et notre Gouverneure générale. Du coup, la parole est libérée. Des étrangères sont devenues amies, complices et confidentes, dans le temps et dans l'espace. Quel privilège que d'entendre résonner la fierté de ces marocaines quand elles parlent du Code de la famille, de l'Instance Équité Réconciliation ou des droits de la personne. Au passage, on comprend le prix de leur longue lutte, en souffrances, en absences et en solitude. Elles s'accordent à dire qu'il n'y aura pas de victoire définitive, qu'elles sont conscientes de l'omniprésence des contre-courants qui planent sur les acquis.

Créer des liens, briser les barrières, instaurer un dialogue bref, connecter. Ces mots souvent galvaudés ont pris un sens, en ce dimanche quand douze femmes Marocaines et Canadiennes se sont retrouvées, autour d'un « mechoui »

d'expériences et d'idées. Connectivité. Ce mot évoque notre monde branché, câblé, satellisé. Ce sont des ondes, des courants, des échangeurs, des fibres, qui permettent à des systèmes de fonctionner. Mais lors de la visite de la Gouverneure générale du Canada au Royaume du Maroc, la très honorable Michaëlle Jean, c'est la connectivité humaine qui a pris le dessus. C'est peut-être là le plus grand succès de cette tournée africaine de notre « Cheffe » d'État!

C'était un 10 décembre, Journée internationale des droits de l'homme (appellation onusienne) et anniversaire d'Amina! Ce fut son tour « de se laisser parler d'amour » par une chorale canadienne impromptue dirigée par Son Excellence la Gouverneure générale.

Michèle Lévesque, Ambassadrice du Canada, Rabat ☺

Pearson's Prize: Canada and the Suez Crisis

Reviewed by Greg Donaghy

The Berlin Assignment

Reviewed by Kevin O'Shea

The End of Iraq: How American Incompetence Created a War Without End

Reviewed by Jim Gould

Marginal Man: The Dark Vision of Harold Innis

Reviewed by John Hadwen

PEARSON'S PRIZE: CANADA AND THE SUEZ CRISIS by John Melady, Toronto: The Dundurn Group, 207 pp., 20 b/w photographs, 2006, \$30.00.

Greg Donaghy is Head of the Historical Section at DFAIT and general editor of Documents on Canadian External Relations.

Over the last few years, it has become almost *de rigueur* for world weary policy-makers and hip international analysts to dismiss Pearsonian peacekeeping as quaintly old-fashioned. In the post-Cold War, post-9/11 world, peacekeeping has been replaced by peace building and peace enforcement and other meatier missions designed not to preserve an unhappy status quo but to reshape the social order. But old-fashioned peacekeeping, as dull and dreary as it often was, served Canada well. From the late 1950s until the early 1990s, it gave Canadians a distinct role in a world sharply divided into east and west, north and south. It often united us at home during periods of domestic turmoil and buttressed our reputation abroad as a fair and judicious people. It is unfortunate that the 50th anniversary of the Suez Crisis, when Mike Pearson won the Nobel Prize that made Canada synonymous with peacekeeping, passed so unremarked in November 2006.

Historian John Melady thought so too and his new book, *Pearson's Prize: Canada and the Suez Crisis*, is a timely effort to remind Canadians of Pearson's accomplishments 50 years ago, when France and Great Britain conspired with Israel to invade Egypt and seize the recently nationalized Suez Canal. Melady's work outlines the history of the Suez Canal from the 13th century BC on, properly highlighting it as a contested symbol of a fading European imperialism by the middle of the 20th century. Lacing his text with entertaining anecdotes, Melady

marches predictably through all the familiar landmarks: Nasser's nationalization of the canal in July 1956; the fruitless efforts to seek a settlement in August; the Anglo-French-Israeli plotting at Sevres in October; their fateful assault on Egypt; and finally, Pearson's diplomatic demarche, leading to the creation of the peacekeeping force that resolved the crisis.

Drawn to the colourful and readily accessible, Melady's account includes plenty of Nasser and Eden and Dulles, and many useful reminders of the role that chance — Dulles's bad breath or Eden's gallstones — plays in history. But sadly, and surprisingly, there is little Pearson. Partly, of course, this is because Canada's genial foreign minister, unlike Eden, who threw an inkstand at one of his military advisors, was not given to dramatic gestures (though Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent reportedly threw a telegram from Eden across the room in anger). Perhaps too it reflects the fact that Melady, a popular and successful writer of military history, knows little about the environment in which Pearson operated. He repeatedly misidentifies key Canadian personnel (there is a world of difference in Canada between a secretary of state and a secretary of state for external affairs) and badly misconstrues Washington's role in Ottawa's decision to sell fighter aircraft to Tel Aviv on the eve of the crisis. Most of all, Pearson's relative absence reflects Melady's reluctance to come to grips with the detailed negotiations and diplomatic considerations involved in crafting the United Nations Emergency Force (UNEF) that resolved the crisis. Pearson, presumably, was active somewhere amidst all the "hours and hours of negotiations" or the "frantic non-stop negotiations" that litter the book, but we will never know from this account. He, and Canadian peacekeeping, deserves better.

THE BERLIN ASSIGNMENT by Adrian de Hoog, Breakwater Books Ltd., 512 pp., 2006, \$24.95

Kevin O'Shea is currently Minister (Political Affairs) in the Canadian Embassy to Washington. He has served abroad as Deputy Head, Canadian Mission to the EU, and in New York, POECD and Ghana. He is an avid squash player, often trounced by Mr. de Hoog, which may explain this review.

Adrian de Hoog's first novel, *The Berlin Assignment* is a very good read, well crafted and smartly written as it follows an FS officer who returns to Berlin 25 years after his post-graduate studies there. His coming back sets off a chain of events, clouded in the ambiguously sinister atmosphere of post-Cold War Berlin. For those who love fog and intrigue in Berlin, this is your book.

As stellar as his foreign service career was, Adrian may be on the way to finding his true calling — as a novelist, with a fine pen for narrative, atmosphere and turn of phrase. This should not be surprising for those of us who remember him in the department. After all, who else could write equally well taut talking points at G8 Summits, training manuals on the 13 management competencies that sang, and intellectually gripping presentations to Cabinet on climate change? Oh, my God, is this review sounding like an appraisal report?

Leaving aside the above, I too may have found my true calling — reviewing novels whose heroes are Canadian diplomats. This has not kept me terribly busy — the last time I did it was ten years ago



when I reviewed famed Canadian journalist-gone-south Robin MacNeil's second novel, *The Voyage*.

But de Hoog's and MacNeil's novels share traits which may suggest that we are at the beginnings of a new sub-genre of the thriller — the Canadian consul general of intrigue.

Both books have a Canadian consul as the principal character; both heroes have pretty lively sex lives (our boys pay more attention to SEX than PMAs); both novels revel in the minutiae of the Canadian foreign service; and both novels' plots track the somewhat meandering going-ons of the protagonists whose lives then come somewhat undone, ending with some (but not really catastrophic — after all we are Canadian) impact on their lives.

Despite de Hoog's wonderfully descriptive prose (no *Da Vinci Code* one sentence chapters here), his wonderful capturing of the eerie atmosphere of Berlin, his successful weaving of the currents of Berlin past (the post-war catastrophe, the Cold War split, the insanity of East Germany and the Stasi empire, the resurgence of neo-Nazism and the Ossies vs the Wessies) and our hero's past with this city both sinister and beautiful, something is missing.

Maybe it's this — this kind of Canadian consul general genre is, if I may suggest, lacking pulsating action and suspense. James Bond, Jack Ryan and John Smiley can rest easy — their day and night jobs are safe; our Canadian heroes are really not engaged with earth-shaking events of global consequence.

No mad rush to stop the assassination of a President (or even a PM); no frantic foiling of a terrorist plot to nuke Baltimore, let alone Barrie, Ontario; no uncovering of a conspiracy to wipe out a secret cult dedicated to preserving the secret that Jesus married Mary Magdalen and their offspring are now alive and well and living in Scotland. *The Sum of All Fears* for Canadian diplomats just may be a Team Canada mission.

In *The Berlin Assignment*, Richard Hanbury is a 25-year plodder, who accepts an assignment to open up the official residence in Berlin, builds up his network, becomes pals with the Chief of Protocol (see what I mean?), goes to and offers up hospitality events, finds furniture for the new place and wires the office for SIGNET. He also deals with his local staff — a roly poly Brit administrator who has a tremendously kinky sex life with his fat wife, Frieda, and a strict German secretary who has a negative view of our hero's propensity to take long walks and leave the driver at home.

Hanbury's chief interest is to renew acquaintance with his old girlfriend, whom

he dumped unceremoniously 25 years ago, check up on some old friends he knew in East Berlin, when East Berlin was East Berlin, and date and mate an up-and-coming East Berlin journalist.

Now although our man has not hijacked a Russian nuclear submarine, his personal adventures bring him into the orbit of some sinister characters, one embedded in the old Cold War intelligence wars, another dabbling in neo-Nazi politics, and most evil of all, one running the Foreign Affairs personnel branch. And alas, his Berlin wanderings lead to his downfall.

But as Elaine once said about *The English Patient* in "Seinfeld" — "Go ahead and just die — who cares!"

As well, de Hoog's book often straddles uneasily between satire and thriller, and the reader is often left wondering which one is which. For example, throughout the book, de Hoog associates the Foreign Service metaphorically with the Church and suggests that we in the FS do so too. "The Personnel Department turned into *Investitures*, policies in Asia were formed in — where else — the *Asian Temple*; the *Zealots* looked after Europe, the spooks inhabited the Crypt and Irving Hayword when Tony worked for him was *Priest in charge of the Disarmament Priory*." Really? I thought our acronyms were bad enough. I hope readers really do not think we talk like that.

Then there is the character of the Deputy Minister, Bo Bilinski, who is often referred to as the *High Priest*. Bo, a Rocky Mountains boy, hates public policy.

"The crap of government", he whispered to his wife 'it's like sitting in a vat of goddamn filth.' Bo had always managed to outrun the putrid slime of policy. Hadn't he shot Tax Policy to pieces without being corrupted? And blown Competition Policy apart with his swagger undiminished? Even a thorough evisceration of Industrial Policy hadn't threatened his survival as a human being. But running Foreign Policy forced him to the conclusion it was time to quit. Foreign Policy was inconstant, a moving target, weaving and dodging. Even if he happened to land a blow, it seemed he had only punched a bog, because foul vapours were suddenly released."

Great stuff, great satire. And don't we all feel the same; though I'm glad I did not quite put it that way during my last EX competition. But if this is meant to be a thriller, isn't it too a bit corny?

Yet in the end, *The Berlin Assignment* reveals a solid talent and stylist. And I have no doubt when Adrian irons out a first timer's kinks and gets his groove, he will produce a great thriller, perhaps the first

Canadian consul thriller. Or even, the great Canadian satire — the Canadian DM trilogy — the Lords of the Eighth? We should all look forward to them.

THE END OF IRAQ: HOW AMERICAN INCOMPETENCE CREATED A WAR WITHOUT END by Peter W. Galbraith, New York, London, Toronto, Sydney: Simon & Schuster, 272 pp., 2006, \$36.00

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.

Michael Gunter began his review of this book in *The Middle East Journal* by saying:

"This is a devastating critique that illustrates the arrogant ignorance, sheer incompetence, hypocritical cronyism, and at times even outright corruption of the Bush Administration's Iraq policy."

Wow! Well said! Couldn't have put it better myself!

If nothing else, it should be very clear from the outset that Peter Galbraith in no way supports the American policies that have led to the present situation in Iraq.

The End of Iraq is Galbraith's entry into the serried ranks of the Iraq pundits. Writing an anti-Bush exposé has almost become a cottage industry — but the target audience surely must be the same in all cases. It is unlikely that those who support the Administration would bother to read any of the ever-increasing list. So if you are already a believer, do you need to have the litany rehearsed yet another time? In this case, probably yes. This is a highly personal account of how the situation in Iraq deteriorated to its present sorry state. Galbraith is a highly knowledgeable and very engaged observer. (The word "I" appears on almost every page.)

It appears that his first visit to Iraq was in 1984 as a professional staffer for the US Senate Foreign Relations Committee. From that time forward, even — to some extent — during his time as American Ambassador to Croatia (1993–98), Galbraith maintained his connections to Iraq and especially to the people he had met over the years. In 1987 he was one of the first Westerners to see and report on the *anfal*, the devastation wrought upon the rural Kurds by the Baghdad regime. During this early period he met several of the Kurdish leaders, among them both Talabani and Barzani. It is clear that he

was much taken by the Kurds, their decades-long struggle for independence against several different Middle Eastern regimes — all too often betrayed by others or victimized by the brutality of their opponents (the gassing of Halabja in 1988 is but the best known incident of the latter) — and their willingness to grab and succeed with whatever opportunity presented itself. And the Kurds were, in turn, taken with Galbraith. They gave him privileged access to their leaders and themselves. It was to Galbraith, specifically not to President G.W. Bush, that they gave 14 tonnes of documents captured from Saddam's secret police.

As a result of his involvement, his contacts, his access and his obvious skills as a researcher and a writer, Galbraith is in an enviable position to write an account of the US involvement in Iraq. He begins with the Reagan Administration and its barely concealed support for Iraq vis-à-vis Iran until its ill-fated lean toward Tehran during the Iran-Contra affair. He describes the effect of President George H.W. Bush's appeal (or misunderstood *ad lib*) to the Iraqi people to rise against Saddam. Whether a miscalculation or a mistake, allegedly as many as 300,000 people died in southern Iraq as a result, while an autonomous Kurdistan was created in the north. But Galbraith hits his stride after the events of September 11, 2001. Now his tale is worthy of the quote with which this review opened. The account is damning and the situation has become insoluble.

If you have been following any of the international media since the 2003 invasion of Mesopotamia, the details and the allegations will be familiar. Indeed having read the book, most would confess that they hadn't learned anything new nor have they read anything that they found to be surprising. But it is unnerving to contemplate the depth of the ignorance of the American officials sent in to transition Iraq to democracy, capitalism and all the benefits of the American way of life, and the uncaring manner in which they took responsibility for the maintenance and management of the governance of the country. Certainly as a result, the on-going violence — a civil war by another name — can only be expected and the Americans can anticipate little other than blame because of the policies of their political leaders.

If you must read one book on the situation in Iraq, and only one, then I recommend that you choose this one. Equally, if you want to give a gift to someone who is undecided as to the merits of the most public face of the Global War on Terror,

Galbraith's work is an obvious choice. It is not the definitive analysis of the situation. That one won't be written for several decades — the crisis has to play itself out and passions will have to subside — but *The End of Iraq* may very well be the best for some time to come.

MARGINAL MAN: THE DARK VISION OF HAROLD INNIS by Alexander John Watson, University of Toronto Press, 480 pp., 2006, \$65.00

John Hadwen, a foreign service officer from 1950–87. He was High Commissioner for Canada in Malaysia and in Singapore (1967–71); Ambassador of Canada to Pakistan and to Afghanistan 1972–74; High Commissioner for Canada to India (1979–83) and Ambassador to Nepal (1980–83).

There is virtually no foreign affairs content in the latest, and by far the best, book about professor Harold Innis. Nevertheless Innis life profoundly affected Canada's political and economic development. His influence will be as permanent on our lives as anything can be. I was one of his many students at the University of Toronto after the Second World War.

Innis had a prophetic vision of what he wanted to achieve. However, he himself might have been the first to understand that he failed in most of his objectives. But what good causes they were and are, and how hard he tried to reach them. Perhaps this is his first and central legacy. In spite of the immensity of the problems there is no alternative but to keep on trying to contribute to a better world. A recent deputy minister of foreign affairs, in an hour long speech on current UN issues, all of it negative and discouraging, concluded only that we have no option but to work with the United States. In a masterly review of the disarmament scene, which depicts many failures and frustrations, Paul Heinbecker concludes that we have no option but to "hang together."

I have no more right than anyone else to imagine what Innis would have to say now. I had three consecutive years of his courses, in 1946, 1947 and 1948 and became totally committed to his purposes. His messages today would be that, although all the evidence is damaging and the future is dark, we have to continue to try as hard as we can to understand "the situation" and do something about it.

John Holmes was a sunny optimist compared to Innis. (I see no evidence that they intersected in any way.) Innis' path was a lonely one.

It is also remarkable that although Innis started out with a strong religious faith he became and remained an agnostic. What kept him going? He worked harder than anyone can imagine.

Others have recorded the fact that there was no chatter in Innis' classes and you did not miss them for frivolous reasons. You saw before you a great mind grappling with the lessons of the past. Innis constantly surprised by his connections to the work and thought of others. If you did not listen carefully you might lose the thread of his argument. But if you did pay attention you came away invigorated.

In foreign policy terms he corresponds most closely to a combination of Norman Robertson and Marcel Cadieux. Like Innis, Cadieux was prepared to resign over questions of principle; like Robertson, Innis was often opaque. Cadieux hoped to establish a priesthood of career foreign service officers and, for a time, he did. He and Innis would have been appalled at the deliberate murder of the career Canadian profession. Innis, like Robertson, had little time to spend on those who could not understand. Innis just moved on to even more unknown territory. He believed personally that Canadians should study Canadian issues. He did this himself with the fur trade, the cod and our railways. He wanted Canadian universities to secure their independence. He thought that academia should be free of governmental interference (but ended his life working on a Royal Commission). He feared the dominance of any "great power," but now there is no alternative but to embrace our neighbours. He worried about the influence of changing communication technologies and feared the changes that are upon us.

He stood for independence of thought and would have reviled the thinking of today's bureaucrats who must above all know what the minister is "thinking" and provide the material believed wanted. Within recent memory Cabinet documents have ceased to consider the possible adverse effects of new policy because such comments would be considered disloyal. The politicization of the policy process both foreign and others would have offended Innis. He stood for rugged objectivity at all times. Perhaps it was Innis' courage that we admired. At each lecture he would take on some long established truth fearlessly.

Innis would have regretted the Americanization of Canadian foreign affairs. He would have worked his head off, as the disciples did, in pursuit of the Canadian national interest even with failure staring them in the face. It was and remains, a dark vision. ☹

Alexander (of Macedon) in Afghanistan

by Roger Lucy

With Canada engaged in what seems like a long-term commitment in Afghanistan, comparisons have been drawn with the past experience of other western armies in this now poor and always warlike country. The examples most readily at hand are the unhappy experiences of the British and the Soviets in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Their inability to quell the Afghans reinforced the impression that Afghanistan is a country that is easy to overrun, but impossible to hold. We forget that there was a time when what is now Afghanistan was apparently a rich and prosperous land, with abundant agriculture, vigorous trade and reputedly 1,000 cities. Between 330 and 327 BC. it was conquered by Alexander III of Macedon (known to his admirers as "the Great"). His successors held the land for 200 years and in the process greatly contributed to the region's wealth, prosperity and close links to western civilization.

In ancient times Afghanistan, north of the Hindu Kush, was known as Bactria. Bactria and its environs were the heartland of Iranian culture, home to prophets and poets from Zarathustra to Omar Kayyam. Before Alexander, the Iranian world was far more extensive than today.

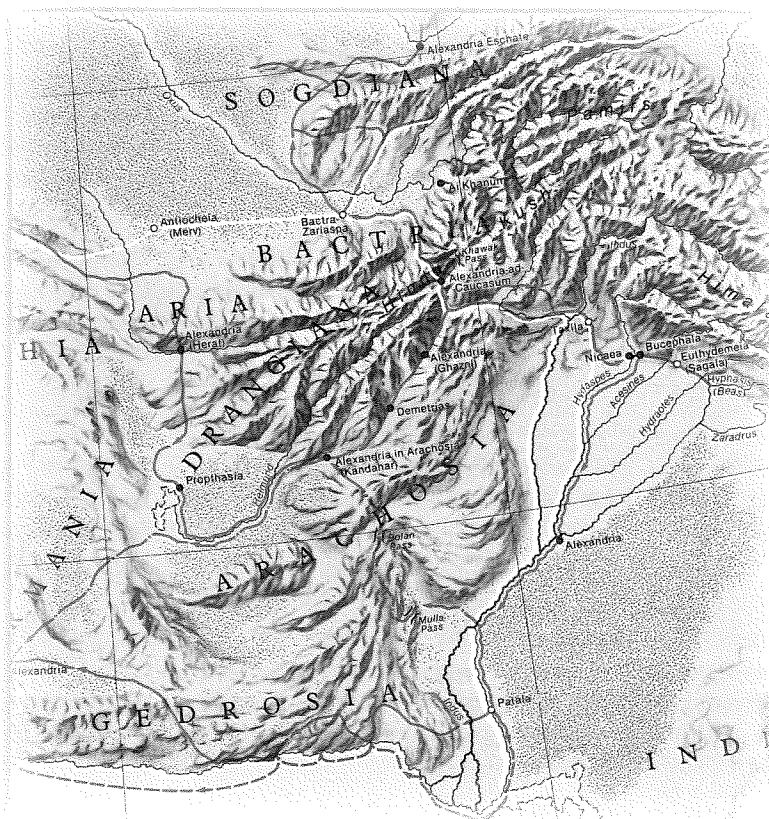
Bactria was the crossroads between two quite different Irans. To the south and west lay the Persian Achaemenid Empire, centred on modern-day Iran but extending from the Nile to the Indus. It was heir to the millennia-old civilizations of the fertile crescent. Another Iran lay to the north, inhabited by Iranian-speaking nomads — such as the Scythians and Sakas — who dominated the steppes from China to the Danube. While Persia endures (and has never forgotten its past glories), the Scythians' last descendants, the Ossetians, are now confined to a tiny corner of the Caucasus, hemmed in amidst the Russians, Chechens and Georgians. In their heyday,

however, the Scythians and their kin were both a recurring threat and a rich source of military manpower for the Achaemenids. They passed this steppe nomad "package" on to their Turkic and Mongolian neighbours — some of whose

descendants still pursue it in Iran, the "Stans" and Mongolia.

Bactria and its northern neighbour, Sogdia (modern Tajikistan and Uzbekistan), were where these two Irans met. The first cities grew up there in

the second millennium BC, in response to the Mesopotamian and Indus Valley civilizations' search for mineral resources such as tin, turquoise and lapis lazuli. The beginnings of urbanization also saw the beginnings of intensive agriculture, supported by irrigation along the river valleys, particularly the Amu Darya (the ancient Oxus) Bactria's — and now Afghanistan's — northern boundary. Sometime in this period, the Indo-Aryans came south from the steppes, moving on into Iran and India, but leaving behind them a vast reservoir of nomadic peoples. As further nomad waves passed south, Bactria and Soghdia acted as a filter, giving them a veneer of civilization before they moved on to Persia and India. In the



process, the hill barons of Bactria and Sogdia, the backbone of the Persian Empire's armoured cavalry, absorbed much of the nomads' military culture. Their assertion that all a gentleman needed to know was how to "ride, shoot and tell the truth," formed the core of Persian aristocratic values. Alexander was not the first Westerner to enter what is now Afghanistan. The Persians had learned the hard way — i.e., at Marathon and Thermopylae — that they could not match Greek heavy infantry, and they soon began hiring Greek mercenaries in large numbers. In due course, many of these Greeks were settled in northern frontier areas, including Bactria and Sogdia. They were augmented by deportees from the Greek cities in Asia Minor, which passed in and out of Persian rule, and by exiles from the politics in turmoil of the European Greek city states, in which the Persians were always happy to meddle. Many Greeks saw no contradiction in fighting for Persia, against Alexander; indeed, when he crossed into Asia in 334 BC, more Greeks were fighting for the Great King Darius III than for him.

Alexander entered what is now Afghanistan near Herat (which he refounded as Alexandria-in-Areia) in August, 330 BC. He was pursuing Bessus, satrap of Bactria, who had deposed and murdered the defeated Darius III. Bessus proclaimed himself Great King, of the now very shrunken Persian Empire, hoping the rough terrain and warlike peoples of the Iranian heartland would check the Macedonians' unstoppable progress. After passing through the Helmand region, Alexander had to halt in Kandahar (where he founded Alexandria-in-Arachosia) to deal with a number of threats. The former Persian satrap, whom he had left in charge in Herat, had revolted and slaughtered the Macedonian garrison. Alexander also faced dissension in his own ranks. His soldiers were becoming mutinous as they were dragged ever further east. His conservative Macedonian generals were unhappy with Alexander's adopting Persian royal insignia and co-opting former Achaemenid officials to administer his empire.

Alexander ruthlessly quashed both threats. With characteristic speed he led flying columns of elite cavalry and light infantry, taking the rebels in Herat off guard. Resistance quickly collapsed. Dissident Macedonian commanders were tried and executed on trumped up charges. Their supporters in the ranks were given dangerous assignments or sent to garrison insalubrious places. (Alexander knew who they were, as he encouraged his soldiers to write home and then read their mail.) Soldiers were also offered large re-enlistment bonuses or were

allowed to cash out and go home. There were lots of replacements — new drafts from the Balkans and Asia Minor, locally engaged Iranians, and the descendants of the Greeks settled there by the Persians. Soldiers were also encouraged to take local wives, to dispel homesickness.

Despite the winter season, the march resumed in February, 329. At Begram, Alexander founded Alexandria-in-Caucasus (Hellenistic geography was a bit hazy; the Hindu Kush was believed to be an extension of the Caucasus, the Don to flow into the Aral Sea). Crossing the Hindu Kush, through its highest and most snow-bound pass, at the head of the Panjshir valley, Alexander surprised and routed Bessus out of his capital, Bactris (near modern Balkh). Bessus fled across the Oxus but was overthrown by Spitamenes, satrap of Soghdia. Spitamenes handed Bessus over to Alexander, who had him tortured, tried, mutilated and eventually executed. Iranian resistance still did not end. In August, 329, Alexander crossed the Oxus, spending the next two years trying to subdue Sogdia. He even ventured beyond the bounds of the Persian empire, over the Jaxartes river (the Syr-Darya) pursuing Spitamenes' Saka allies. At the edge of the Fergana valley, where Khojand Tajikistan now stands, he founded Alexandria Eschate — "Alexandria the Furthest."

Spitamenes rallied the nomads from beyond the frontier and stirred up a bloody revolt within Sogdia and Bactria. Large Macedonian garrisons were isolated and smaller ones slaughtered. Macedonian relief columns were ambushed. Even Alexander did not escape unscathed, suffering an arrow through his leg, a head wound that almost blinded him and a bad case of "Darius' Revenge." Gradually he got the upper hand. Rebel strongholds were stormed. The mass execution of prisoners encouraged others to capitulate. Macedonian heavy cavalry overawed the Saka horse-archers, who eventually agreed to Spitamenes' rendition. Alexander's Balkan and Anatolian mountain troops seized seemingly impregnable fortresses perched on crags in the Pamirs. To seal his conquest, Alexander married Roxane, daughter of Oxyares, who held the Sogdian Rock, the most imposing of the Pamirs' fortresses. His generals were also "encouraged" to take Iranian wives; one of them, Seleucios, received Spitamenes' daughter. In the spring of 327, the conquest of the region was complete and the way was clear for Alexander to turn south to invade India.

He left behind, however, a strong occupation force — 13,500 European troops backed by local auxiliaries trained in Macedonian techniques, in a network

of garrisons across Sogdia and Bactria including a chain of strategically located "Alexandrias" at or near Merv (now in Turkmenistan), Herat, Kandahar, Kabul, Termez, Ai Khanum and Khojend. In addition, time-expired or ex-Persian Greek mercenaries were settled across the region. These were not all happy campers. Whatever Alexander's pan-Hellenic pretensions, most Greeks despised Macedonians, as just another group of Balkan barbarians. When a rumour spread that Alexander had fallen in India, 3,000 Greek settlers mutinied and set off back for Greece. Likewise, two years after Alexander's death, 26,000 other Greeks mutinied and had to be ruthlessly suppressed — by loyal Macedonians.

Alexander died in Babylon on the 10th of June, 323 BC. Not even a self-proclaimed god could survive the cumulative effects of wounds, strong drink, malaria, and an extreme "type-A" personality. With Alexander's passing, the spotlight of history no longer shines on upper Asia. We are left with a faint and flickering strobe. Almost no contemporary sources survive. Scholars must sift through some Roman-era histories and geographies; a brief window of Cold War archaeology (abruptly shut down in 1979); imaginative efforts to tweak information from Chinese and Indian accounts; and large quantities of often very high quality coins found across the region. Elaborate edifices of Bactrian and Indian Greek dynasties and kingdoms have been built upon these fragments. Some historians have portrayed the Bactrian Greeks as a sort of proto-Raj stretching from western China to the lower Ganges and from Merv to the Bombay region. Others believe Greek control was confined to Tajikistan, Afghanistan, Pakistan and the Punjab.

As Alexander's generals fought each other for his empire, few showed enthusiasm for inheriting Bactria, with its warlike population and fractious colonists. We are told it was assigned to a Greek-Cypriot officer, Stasanor, "because none of the Macedonians would deign to accept it." In due course, Bactria became, by default, the property of Seleucios Nicator (the Conqueror) — the easternmost part of a realm that stretched west to the Aegean. Seleucios traded off his territories south of the Hindu-Kush to the Indian king Chandracotta, in exchange for 500 war elephants — the ancient equivalent of a Panzer Korps. With these, Seleucios crushed his chief rival, the octogenarian Antigonos the One-Eyed. Seleucios entrusted what remained of the eastern satrapies to his son (by Spitamenes' daughter) Antiochos. Antiochos sent another punitive expedition over the Syr-Darya to keep

the nomads at bay, and further encouraged Greek colonization of Bactria. A string of cities called variously Seleucia or Antioch now supplemented (or replaced) the Alexandrias. However, after Antiochos succeeded his father in 283, Seleucid interest in upper Asia waned. The heartland of the Seleucid realm lay in former Iraq — a few crumbled ruins of its capital (yet another) Seleucia can be still found just south of Baghdad — and the Seleucids became preoccupied with wresting Syria away from Ptolemaic Egypt. For most of the second century BC, Seleucid kings showed little interest in Bactria. Sometime around 250 BC, the satrap of Bactria, Diodotos, declared himself king, taking Bactria out of the Seleucid realm.

According to the Roman historian Justin, when the "... governor of the thousand cities of Bactria revolted, and assumed the title of king, all the other people of the east, influenced by his example, fell away from the Macedonians." Modern historians disagree whether Diodotos' UDI was the cause or an effect, but around this time, the Parthians, one of the nomad tribes from the steppe, bypassed Bactria, and seized what is now Mazandaran northern Iran. Gradually they conquered all Iran. These conquests largely isolated the Bactrian Greeks from the rest of Hellenistic world.

Nonetheless, and somewhat surprisingly, the Bactrian Greeks continued to maintain the ways of their distant homeland, as is evident from what archaeologists have found in the ruins of a city now known as Ai Khanum. Located on the south bank of the Amu-Darya, it was probably the site of Alexandria in Oxiana. Destroyed by nomads circa 130 BC, it lay abandoned until it was discovered by French archaeologists in the 1960s. It was deserted again after 1978 and has since been thoroughly trashed in the ensuing Afghan wars. Ai Khanum has all the appurtenances of a Greek city — theatre, gymnasium, temples (although some reflect Persian architectural styles), Greek-style sculptures and mosaics (albeit of an old fashioned type). Fragments of inscriptions and documents reveal a Greek style administration and a taste for Greek philosophical texts. In sum, rather like Victoria, BC, it presented a rather dated and idealized version of the old mother country. Unfortunately (for archaeologists), all the other cities of Bactria continued to flourish and have been built over, leaving few traces of this period, beyond the very abundant coinage of the Greco-Bactrian kings. The coinage, however, is remarkable, depicting some forty different rulers. Many of the coins

are of a very high quality and use the Athenian drachma (the currency of account of the day) as their standard. The coins have realistic royal portraits on one side and Greek gods and heroes on the other. Some rulers wear a second century BC version of the Afghan cap, others headgear that looks remarkably like a pith helmet. The coins' quantity and purity are seen as indicators of ample resources and a flourishing foreign trade. Other coins, with bilingual inscriptions and Iranian or Indian deities on the reverse, are struck to local standards. Probably for local circulation they reflect a highly monetarized economy. Chinese descriptions of Bactria describe the population as poor soldiers — afraid of battle — but clever merchants.

Circa 230 BC the son of the rebel satrap, Diodotos, was overthrown by one Euthydemus, an officer from Magnesia in western Asia Minor. Soon after, under Antiochos III (also styled "the Great"), the Seleucid empire struck back in an effort to reclaim its lost eastern provinces. In 210, thwarted in his efforts to wrest Syria from Egypt (he was defeated at Raphia — today's Rafa in Gaza), Antiochos set out in Alexander's footsteps on a grand tour of the Asian provinces. Having reaffirmed Seleucid rule in Armenia and Iran, and extracted allegiance from the Parthians, Antiochos invaded Bactria. Euthydemus' heavy cavalry was outmaneuvered outside Herat and Euthydemus was besieged for two years at Balkh. According to Polybius, Euthydemus was able to negotiate a settlement by persuading Antiochos he was an essential bulwark against the nomad hordes. Euthydemus had to surrender most of his war elephants and a lot of treasure, but was allowed to retain his royal title. Antiochos then "... crossed the Caucasus [Hindu Kush] and descended into India, renewed his friendship with Sophagasenus, the king of the Indians and received more elephants...." He then disappeared back into the west, only to fall afoul of the Romans. In 198 he lost his army and most of his hard-won elephant corps at a battle fought near Euthydemus' home town, Magnesia.

Sophagasenus was a descendant of the great Indian king Ashoka (273–232 BC). After conquering most of the sub-continent, Ashoka suffered a *crise de conscience* and converted to Buddhism. Around his empire he set up pillars exhorting his subjects to embrace his new-found ways and become peaceful vegetarians. That his influence stretched as far as what is today Afghanistan is clear is as one such pillar was found at Kandahar. It was inscribed in Sanskrit, Greek and Aramaic. He even sent emissaries to the Seleucids and

Ptolemies urging them to follow his example. Noble though Ashoka's sentiments were, they did not bode well for the long term future of his empire. With the Seleucid threat removed, and Ashoka's descendants under threat from a rival dynasty, Euthydemus began a *Drang nach Osten*. After reinforcing his hold on Sogdia and grabbing some western provinces from the Parthians, he gobbled up southern Afghanistan and eastern Pakistan. At some point, his son Demitrios invaded India proper. Much ink has been spilled as to whether he actually advanced all the way to Pataliputra — modern Patna on the middle Ganges — Ashoka's former capital. At this point history becomes even more murky.

Our only western source, the first century geographer Strabo, relies on Apollodoros's history of the Parthians (whom Strabo did not consider very reliable). According to Apollodoros, the Greeks "extended their empire even as far as the Seres and the Phryni", i.e., into modern China. Whether Greek political control actually extended that far, there certainly were commercial links. Bactria began to strike coinage made with nickel, a metal then available only from what is now north-west China. Apollodoros also claimed that the Greek king Menander (circa 150–130 BC) subdued more

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tribes than Alexander, advancing as far as Imaus (the Himalayas), Palibothra (Patna) and down the coast to Sarostus (modern Surat). While Menander's rule may not, if fact, have extended much beyond the Punjab, he is renowned in Indian literature as a convert to Buddhism and the source of many aphorisms.

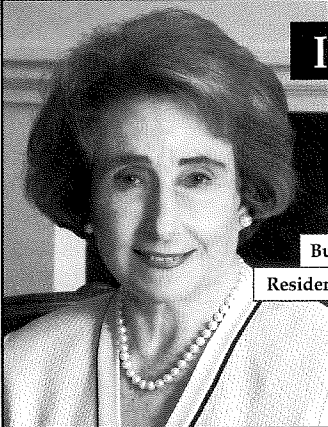
Some time around 160 BC one Eucratides (who may have been acting for the Seleucid king Antiochos IV; modern scholars can present equally compelling arguments for and against this hypothesis) invaded Bactria overthrowing Euthydemus' successors. The Euthydemids mounted a counter-attack from their Indian possessions. They failed to dislodge Eucratides, but in the course of this civil war, the Parthians regained considerable territory in the west. Sometime around 145 BC the Kushans, a horde of nomads, equated with a tribe known to the Chinese as the Yuezhi, were driven out of western China and overran Sogdia. Around 130 the Kushans overran Bactria, Ai Khanum was destroyed and the last king Heliocles fled across the Hindu Kush. His descendants hung on in the Kabul region for another generation or two, while other Greeks continued to rule in the Kandahar and Ghazni areas. Around 70 BC Hermaeus, the last king of Greek origin to rule in Afghanistan, was, in turn,

overthrown by the Kushans. The Indian branch survived somewhat longer, but was slowly crowded out as another nomadic horde, the Sakas, were driven south by yet more eruptions on the Chinese frontier. The last Greek ruler Strato II, located somewhere in the eastern Punjab, vanished from the scene sometime around 10 BC, some 20 years after the Roman Emperor Augustus overthrew the last of the Hellenistic kingdoms — Cleopatra's Egypt.

Alexander's conquest of the region transformed it, but the region transformed his successors. The result was a blending of East and West that so successfully implanted elements of western culture in the region, that the cities they founded, the use of the Greek language and their Hellenistic artistic heritage only slowly faded from what is now Afghanistan and the neighbouring "Stans." For the next century the Kushans continued to mint copies of the Greco-Bactrian coinage and use Greek in their inscriptions. They even adapted the Greek alphabet, to write their own Iranian dialect. Ai Khanum excepted, the cities continued to flourish. Begram in particular seems to have been an important trading centre and excavations have yielded many imports from the West. Just as the Greco-Bactrians were fading from the scene, the classical world discovered the monsoon, speeding the

passage to and from India. Western trade with India bloomed to the extent that Roman senators worried about a serious balance of trade deficit. When the first century AD philosopher Apollonios of Tyana visited Bactria and India, he reportedly had no problem conversing in Greek. Another legacy of this ongoing contact was Gandaharan art — a fusion blending Hellenistic, Iranian and Indian forms — which continued to influence local styles until the arrival of Islam in the seventh century. The great Buddhist statues in Bamiyan and many other surviving masterpieces of Gandaharan art survived the many changes that followed, only to be destroyed by the Taliban in 2001.

***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 has 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 ☺*

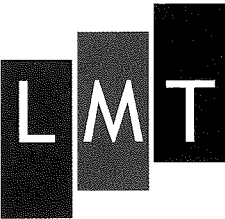


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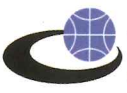
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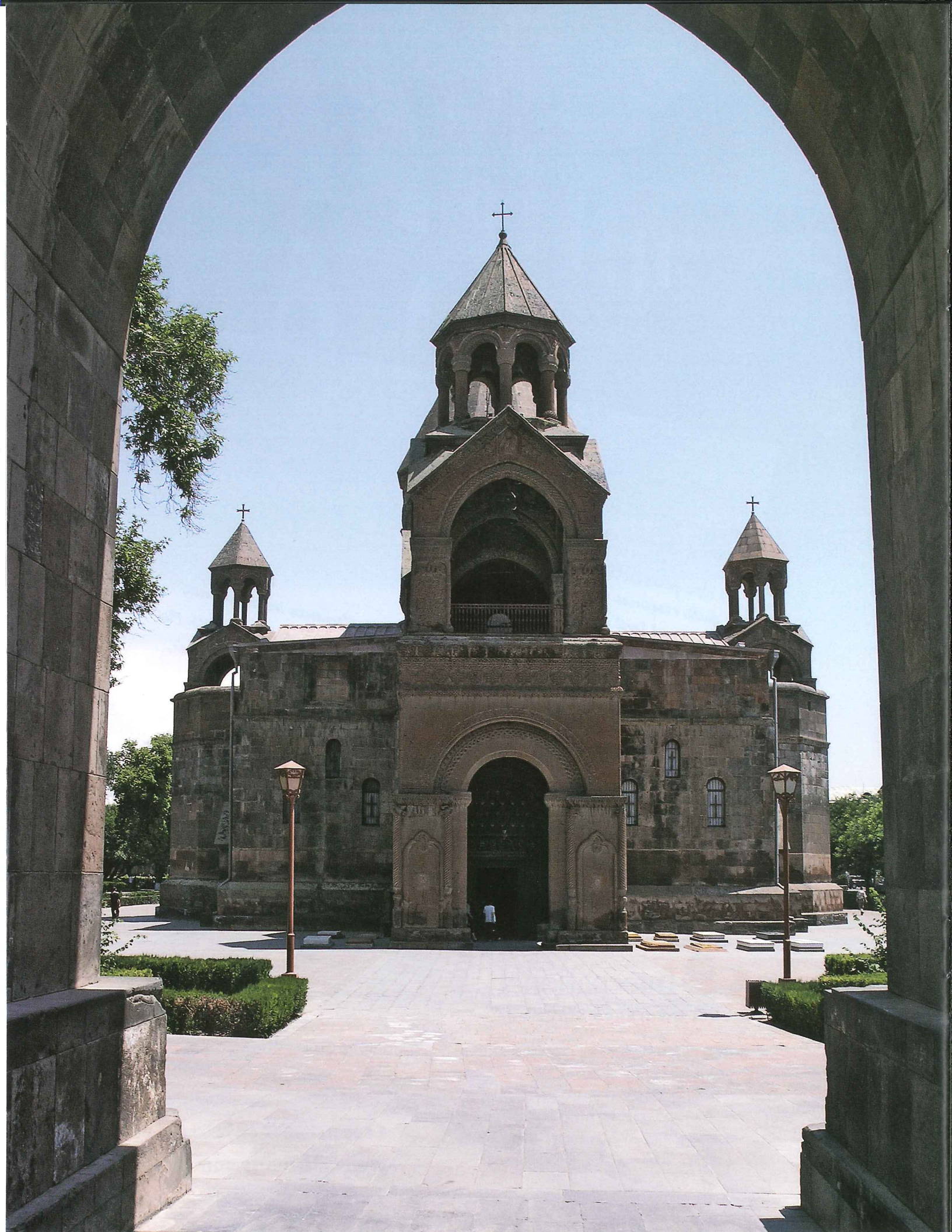
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Into the Raucous Caucasus

Photos and story by David M. Edwards

They are names synonymous with the ethnic conflict, terrorism and violence which exploded in the aftermath of the end of the Cold War — Nagorno-Karabakh, Abkhazia, Chechnya, North and South Ossetia, Beslan. While the collapse of the Soviet Union was calamitous economically for people throughout the former empire, the Caucasus region was additionally burdened with divisive ethnic violence. This was particularly tragic since the Caucasus was famed during Soviet times as among the most favoured and beautiful corners of the Soviet Union.

When the USSR split asunder in 1991, three new countries were formed along the southern rim of the Caucasus mountain range — Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan. The northern autonomous republics still form part of the Russian Federation. Conflict and violence continues there episodically. To the south, although political problems still remain and there are serious and unresolved territorial disputes, active fighting is no longer significant. With stability has returned a certain level of economic growth. Democracy now flourishes in Georgia and Armenia, while dictatorship continues to flourish in Azerbaijan. A semblance of normality is returning and in each of the newly emerged countries of the southern Caucasus, there are

signs of recovery. This recovery is most pronounced and obvious in the capital cities. Certain parts of Georgia, particularly in some mountainous valleys, have a reputation for danger to independent travellers. Crime is certainly a problem in Tbilisi. However, the rest of the area is a wonderful and safe area for travellers to explore. In the spring of 2005, I took a trip to the three republics.

My interest in the area was initially sparked during long conversations I had when taking the Trans-Siberian Express connecting Beijing with Moscow back in December 1992. I had met a couple of well-travelled Russians on the train and noted my interest in visiting the new countries in Central Asia. Both suggested that the Caucasus represented the most fascinating and dramatic part of the erstwhile USSR, even more so than the Central Asian republics. Twelve and a half years after those conversations, and three years after visiting the Central Asian republics, I decided to go to the Caucasus region to see if they were right.

Visa regimes were quite onerous and expensive when I travelled to Central Asia in 2002. Fortunately, obtaining visas to visit the three Caucasus republics was relatively straightforward and easy. The main logistical problem was that the border between Azerbaijan and Armenia is closed. Armenia's land border with Turkey is also closed.

I thus decided to fly into the capital of Georgia — Tbilisi — from Istanbul. Tbilisi was to be my base. I went to Azerbaijan from Tbilisi by air and returned by train. There are no trains or flights between Georgia and Armenia. I went to Armenia and back by mashrutkah (small bus). I also

PHOTO OPPOSITE: Mayr Tachar Cathedral, Echmiadzin, Armenia

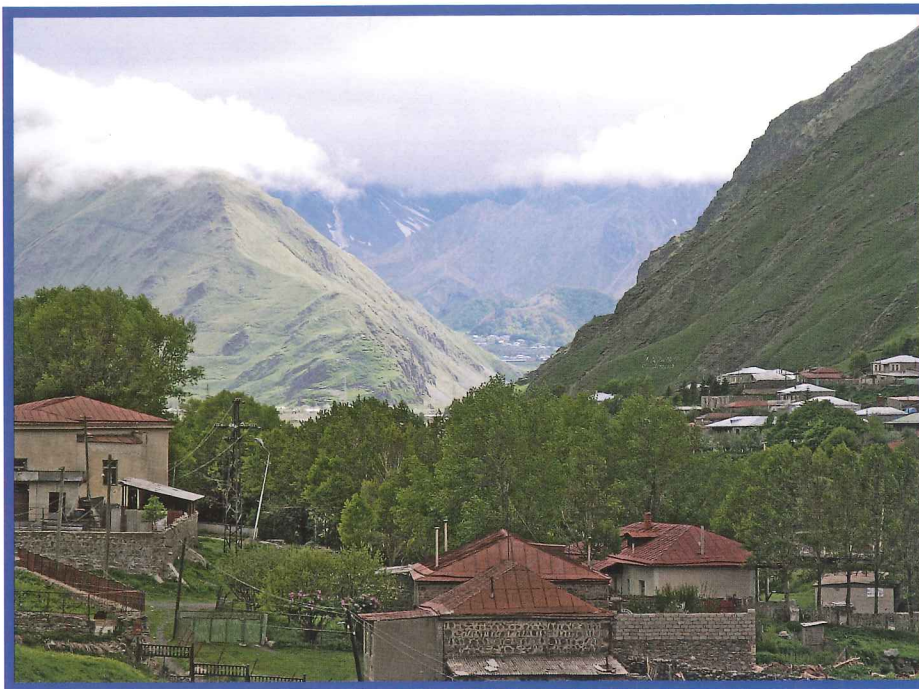
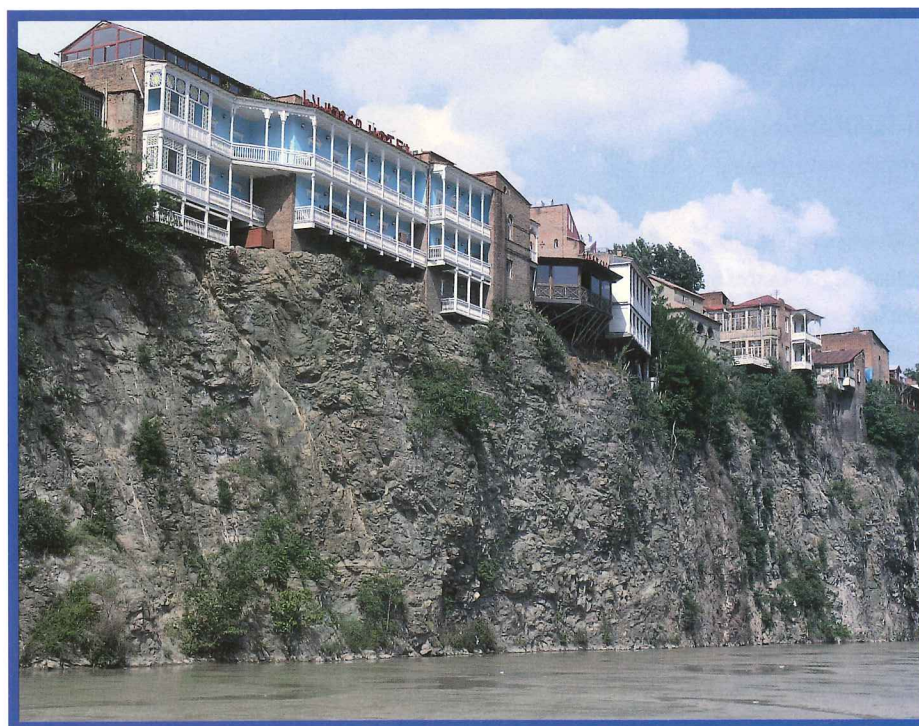


PHOTO TOP: Kazbegi, High Caucasus, Georgian Military Highway, Georgia

PHOTO BOTTOM: Tbilisi, along banks of Mtkvari River, Georgia

travelled by mashrutkah into the heart of the Caucasus range to Kazbegi, close to the border with the Russian Republic of North Ossetia. Georgia is arguably the most diverse, scenic and interesting of the three new republics. Georgians themselves are famous for their joie de vivre and zest for life, without the touch of melancholy that seems to form part of the Russian character.

Travel throughout the former Soviet Union consists of an odd mixture of aging Soviet dinosaur hotels, often grossly overpriced and run down, new business hotels with prices similar to the most expensive European urban hotels, and an amalgam



of new private homestays, often by far the best value for money in accommodation, but not always easy to find out about or to access. Nevertheless, I was able to stay in private guesthouses in Tbilisi, Yerevan and Kazbegi, and in a fairly inexpensive but reasonable hotel in Baku.

Tbilisi has a lovely setting, bisected by the Mtkvari river and surrounded by low mountains. It is home to an impressive array of Eastern Orthodox churches. These churches are also found throughout the country, often high in isolated fields above the valleys where the bulk of the Georgian population lives. I stayed with a local family in the downtown core of Tbilisi, based on information I had been able to glean checking the Lonely Planet Web site. Tbilisi was well served by restaurants. More often than not, a group of Georgians at a nearby table would insist on inviting me for a couple of toasts and also insist on paying for the meal I had already consumed. One day I hopped on local transport to go to Mtschketa, the ancient capital of Georgia and visited the Jvari church on a mountain high above the town proper. Options for accommodation and eating are much more limited, in all three republics, once one leaves the capital city. After a few days among the bucolic Georgians, I decided to head to the second republic — Azerbaijan.

I flew into Azerbaijan and returned by train. The flight from Tbilisi to Baku along the spine of the Caucasus range and then over the Abseron peninsula is quite scenic at first and becomes increasingly surreal nearing Baku. The peninsula from the air is actually quite striking. The dry peninsula juts out into the clear blue of the Caspian Sea. Then, almost as if you were looking down upon a painter's easel, you can see the different coloured lakes or ponds — here one would be bright green, another yellow, another rust red. It was only as the plane descended to a lower elevation that you could see the oil derricks and discern that the lakes and ponds were actually toxic runoffs. The environmental devastation wreaked upon the Abseron peninsula is so complete and overwhelming (outside central Baku) that it has become a bit of a ghastly tourist site in its own right. Yet downtown Baku showed signs of prosperity well beyond what one saw in the other republics. Azerbaijan has oil and oil means money. While Georgia and Armenia are European in orientation, Azerbaijan is predominantly Muslim and definitely in a transition to the Middle East and Gulf.

The cult of personality and adulation of the political leader of the country finds one of its most vibrant expressions in Azerbaijan. Posters of the



visionary leader Heydar Aliyev were everywhere, taking credit for the construction of the \$3 billion Baku-Ceyhan (Turkey) pipeline with its promise to bring much greater prosperity to the country. The expatriate community, overwhelmingly connected to the petroleum and construction sectors, is larger and far more visible in Baku than anywhere else I saw in the Caucasus. I toured around through the derelict oil derricks and slicks to see a few areas of interest, including the escaping "natural" natural gas flare of Yanar Dag, the ancient Zoroastrian site of Suraxani with the Atesgah Fire Temple and the extensive set of petroglyphs at Qobustan dating back 12,000 years, located some 60 kilometres south of Baku.

In a comparatively rare moment of financial indulgence in travel, I decided to engage in luxury and opted to return to Tbilisi by taking the Silk Road Express, a train specially designed and operated by American Express. I thought it might provide an opportunity to meet some expatriates and others knowledgeable about the area, in addition to being a bit intrigued by the romantic sounding name.

I arrived at the central train station in Baku just as the regular slower train to Tbilisi was departing, replete with passengers and tearful relatives wishing them a safe trip. My train had not yet shown up. Shortly later, a shortened train with an engine, three carriages and a dining car pulled into the station. I handed my ticket to the conductor, who also took my passport, and was shown to my second-class cabin. I stretched out and waited. A few minutes after the scheduled departure time, the train departed. As I wandered around it became obvious that I was the sole passenger on the entire train! It remained light for the first 90 minutes as the Silk Road Express train left central Baku, then passed through Baku's dreary suburbs. I looked out as the signs of urbanity and human population declined, fading to occasional abandoned or half-constructed buildings, oil derricks, and garbage strewn along both sides of the tracks in the desiccated semi-desert of the interior of the Abseron peninsula until darkness overcame the light. At around 0230 the train stopped for about an hour, presumably the Azeri-Georgian border. The bleak scenery which had characterized the evening hours was somewhat better as dawn broke in the softer countryside of Georgia. I arrived in Tbilisi's train station and made my way back to my private home-stay in the downtown core. Served me right for opting for luxury. If the train continues to operate, my suggestion to other travellers would be not to bother, since the train journey costs more than the airfare, and little additional value is added along this route by travelling through most of the territory at night.

There are no flights or trains connecting Tbilisi with Armenia's capital of Yerevan. The route to Armenia is by "mashrutkah" or minibus. The journey takes seven to eight hours, including an hour to cross the border. Architecture changes completely the moment one crosses the border. Armenian villages tend to be constructed of large stones, either grey or slightly reddish colour. Buildings and houses appear sturdier and older than the equivalent found in Georgia.

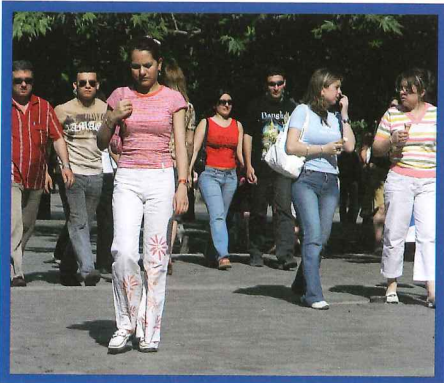
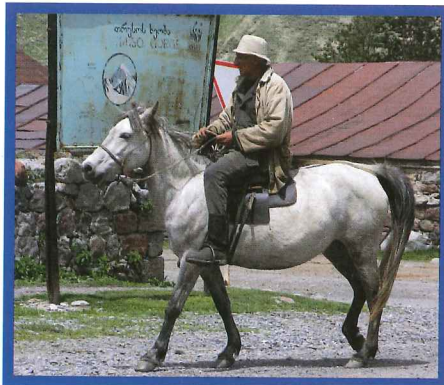
Armenia was devastated by a catastrophic earthquake in 1988 which killed over 25,000 people. The country had not nearly recovered from that natural disaster when the USSR broke up, Armenia became involved in conflict with Azerbaijan over Nagorno-Karabakh, and Turkey firmly shut its border. Almost surrounded by hostile neighbours and the total collapse of economic support from the USSR, Armenia's economy went into a disastrous tailspin.

PHOTO LEFT: Young Georgian boy, Tbilisi

PHOTO TOP: Petroglyphs of Qobustan, central Azerbaijan

PHOTO CENTRE: Georgian on Horseback, Arsha Village, High Caucasus, Georgian Military Highway, Georgia

PHOTO BOTTOM: Pedestrians in central Baku, Azerbaijan



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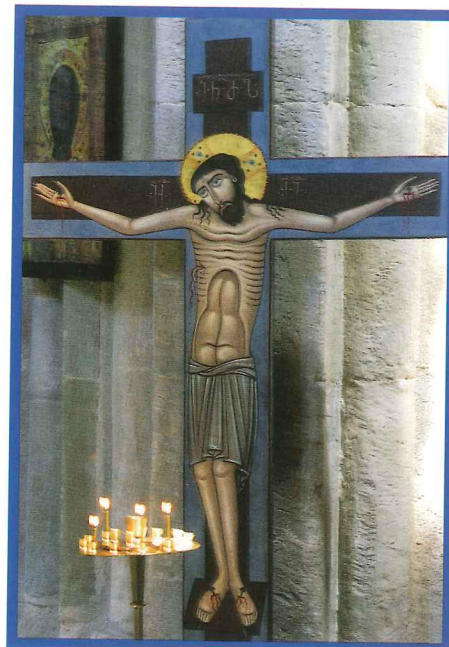
For the first 50 kilometres into Armenia, the mashrutkah travelled along the Debed River gorge, dramatic and memorable for a Dickensian-style factory pouring huge amounts of air pollution into the otherwise pristine canyon air. Later the bus climbed up to the high rolling plateau that marks much of the territory of Armenia. The bleakness of life in Vanadzor and other towns and villages along the way were obvious. Most small communities consisted of row upon row of shabby crumbling Soviet-style apartment buildings. Very little of the money and economic growth that has occurred since the bottoming out of Armenia's economy in the early to mid-1990s was trickling into this part of the country. At one point, the looming snow-capped volcano of Mount Aragats at almost 4100 metres soars skywards on the left side of the road. Even though I was travelling in mid-May, there were patches of snow along the passes en route to Armenia's capital. The road then begins a long descent off the high plateau and down into Yerevan. The looming peak of Mount Ararat in eastern Turkey dominates the horizon to the south. The downtown core of Yerevan is undergoing a dramatic renovation. This renovation was significantly more extensive than in the capitals of the other two republics. Several square blocks next to the Opera House had been completely knocked down. It would be the Ottawa equivalent of flattening everything between Wellington and Somerset, Bank and Elgin, and then rebuilding it from scratch.

Yerevan is full of charming cafés. The one significant irritation is that almost none of them open before about 1000 hours. Armenia actually

has a helpful tourist bureau, by far the best of any of the former Soviet republics that I have visited. Yet I was still frustrated in trying to travel outside Yerevan in that buses to other parts of the country all seem to leave from unmarked locations in various parts of the city. I was successful in tracking down the bus to Echmiadzin, but ended up so frustrated after several hours of searching for the location where buses left for Lake Sevan that I ultimately gave up. Echmiadzin, some 20 kilometres from Yerevan, is the heart of the Eastern Orthodox faith that binds Armenia together. Armenia adopted Christianity in the third and fourth century. There were hundreds of black robed monks wandering around the Echmiadzin church complex, the holiest of Armenian religious sites.

From Yerevan the imposing profile of Mount Ararat, now in Turkey, dominates the southern landscape. Of all the republics, it appeared to be the one making the most rapid strides. A colleague of mine who spent eight years in the Foreign Service before leaving for greener pastures described scenes of Armenia in 1993 and 1994 suggesting an almost total economic collapse. Much has recovered since then and the prosperity is only bound to increase — at least in Yerevan. Whether towns in the interior will ever recover is a different question. Armenia's population is approximately three million. Western Armenians, the name given to ethnic Armenians living abroad, total about seven to eight million. Much of the capital flowing into Yerevan comes from contributions from the diaspora.

The Georgian Military Highway connects Tbilisi with the north Caucasus via the town of Kazbegi, the zone of turbulence and trouble. Its proximity to Chechnya and the custom of some of the inhabitants in valleys to engage in kidnappings, particularly in Svaneti and South Ossetia, renders travel in parts of the area risky. The route to Kazbegi, however, is considered about as secure as any route into the high Caucasus. In fact, the summit of the Caucasus range does not represent the boundary between Georgia and North Ossetia. We crossed the central spine of the Caucasus at the Jvari Pass at 2600 metres and were descending when we reached the town of Kazbegi at 1600 metres above



sea level. The North Ossetian capital of Vladikavkaz was less than 30 kilometres away. Alas, just as I was arriving in Kazbegi, where the mountains were allegedly at their most spectacular, the weather turned and it remained wet, dreary and overcast for the next couple of days. I abandoned my plans for hiking around the Tsminda Tsameba church and the various mountain trails around Kazbegi. The rain continued as I returned to Tbilisi. It remained wet and soggy for the rest of my stay until I flew out of the Caucasus and back to Canada.

Despite my bad fortune with weather in the high mountains at the end of my trip, I felt fortunate in visiting them at this time. The three republics of the southern Caucasus provide the opportunity of visiting one of the most charming parts of the former Soviet Union. After a disastrous decade following independence, the republics now support a tourist infrastructure relatively well developed for travel without undue difficulty. It is sufficiently unencumbered by regulations to be logistically easy, and remains one of the world's great travel bargains. ☺

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



PHOTO LEFT: Clergymen of Armenian Apostolic Church, Echmiadzin, Armenia

PHOTO TOP: Inside Jvari Church, Mtskheta, Georgia



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Qui a tué Jacques Noir?

A ciné(nig)ma for Shamus Dikk

When Effie came to say that Jacques Noir was dead, I was looking at a 3-D version of Magritte's "Trahison des Images," Paradox always gives me a headache, but at least I could still feel the pain.

The crowd at the *Festival de la culture française* was turning the Palais into a down-market version of the Tokyo subway at rush-hour. Leaving the Magritte show, we passed a giant map of France in 264 cheeses, dedicated to General de Gaulle. To the left, the new head of the indépendantistes, Ségolène Riel, was regaling the crowd, across from a statue of Alexander Graham Cloche, inventor of the francophone. And up ahead, part of the film festival, were sets recreating great bars and clubs from the movies. Jacques was in the Belle Aurore.

"I guess he'll always have Paris," whispered Effie. He and Jacques had not been an item but they had been close. When Jacques asked for our help, we agreed. His private life was threatening some hush-hush job — he wouldn't say much. Now someone had pushed him headfirst into an espresso machine and he wasn't saying anything. "It was one of those *femmes de couleur*," said Effie harshly. I was surprised to hear such ugly words — a six-foot man in a ball gown and high heels, Effie was on the side of almost any oppressed minority.

Then I realized what he meant. Jacques had been hanging with a set of lovelies he called his rainbow —

Blanche Dubois, Carmine Écarlate, Chanson d'Azur, Émeraude O'Neill and Jaune d'Arc. Effie said, "I spotted Jacques and the quintette at that table over there, just before the lights went out. When they came up, all five had vanished and Jacques had been decaffeinated. You remember, he told us he'd fallen for one of them, but began to suspect that she was setting him up. But he didn't want to tell his boss until he was sure — which is why he hired us."

A voice behind me boomed, "If he had told us that two days ago, he'd probably still be alive". I turned and saw a fat man with a white beard, wearing shades and an irritated look. Santa in a rumpled suit, light on the ho-ho-ho. I edged back and slid my hand closer to the gun under my left shoulder. Then I recognized him.

"Ludwig Liebnitz," I said. "We met on the Kuhl-Ray case. You work for the government." He nodded and looked at me silently for a moment. "I was Jacques' boss. I think we may be able to help each other, but can I trust you?" A tall black woman in leather with a USBN port behind one ear stepped beside him. The look she gave Effie could have melted diamond. She said to Liebnitz, "Effie and I are partners, so I know Shamus. He's a few transistors short of

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a motherboard but his parameters check out reliable." Liebnitz nodded, "If Bugbyte confirms your honesty, that's good enough for me. Shall we get down to business?"

We found seats in the Belle Aurore. "Here's the situation," Liebnitz started. "You remember the resolution the House passed last week about Quebec and Canada?" I nodded and he went on. "Well, you think wrong. What really passed, what the PM said at third reading was 'Canadians form a nation within a united Quebec.' By the rules of procedure, it doesn't matter that the paperwork read differently, or that the PM later argued it was not what he meant — that's what the House voted on."

I asked, "Why didn't this get out?" Liebnitz replied, "The press missed it somehow. The clerks managed to catch it in the

Blues — Hansard in draft. MPs have agreed to keep mum and the CCTV record was mysteriously wiped. But rumour has spread and the reaction is worrying the powers." "Why?" I asked. "If someone did find out, you could just call it a simple error and revoke." Liebnitz smiled wryly. "Even as a rumour, the idea is catching on. Politicians on all sides hate the idea — the status quo suits them — but everyone else in anglo Canada looks at a place with better food, livelier culture, smarter leaders, a more progressive social system — and says, "Beauty." There's a move afoot to hold a referendum..." He shook his head.

"So where did Jacques fit in this nonsense?" I asked. He said, "A policy of blank denial might have let the government ride out the storm, but it seems there is one record left. While the debate was winding up, a group from a sub-event of this Festival — a Jacques Tati retrospective — was in the visitors' gallery. They all had those famous pipes of his. One was a disguised video camera, which recorded the whole vote. Yesterday the PM heard from someone who wanted to make a deal."

I sat up. Blackmail was part of my turf. Liebnitz said, "The caller was Comrade Black, the well-known anti-socialist who traded his birthright for a title (Lord Mess of Pottage) but now wants it back. The government has not been sympathetic, but he apparently feels Ottawa will give in if the alternative is the recording going to that new scandal-sheet." Effie asked Bugbyte, "What scandal-sheet is that?" "Harper's Bizarre" came the answer. "If you say so, but what's the name of the paper?"

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Liebnitz harrumphed, "From a mole in his garden, we know the Comrade doesn't have the camera yet but knows where it is — here at the Festival, where he can put his hands on it but where no-one would give it a second look. The problem is, those Tati souvenir pipes are everywhere. We sent Jacques to find the camera and he told us he had done so, but his cellphone cut out before he could explain. We hurried over from the hotel, but he was dead when we got here. I agree that one of the five women was the Comrade's agent and Jacques' killer — the motion detectors showed that four of them left after the lights went out but before he wound up in the java. But which one was left? And where did Jacques find the pipe?"

On the table in front of us, among empty coffee cups and well-filled ashtrays, was one of the festival's thick brochures. I flipped through it idly while my brain turned over the few facts we knew. Then, in the margin of a puzzle on one of the last pages, I found a hand-drawn heart with "1-19-12-18-23-22-21-8 18-7-9-12-8" written inside it. The puzzle itself had similar patterns of numbers, and the block of numbers at the bottom had some blacked out. I showed it to Liebnitz. "Jacques' last message," he said, "And I'll bet I can read it."

The following 26 clues relate to French-language films, actors and directors. The answers replace the linked numbers after each clue, letter by letter, with the same letter always replacing the same number throughout the puzzle. The 26 answers appear in alphabetical order, ignoring initial definite articles and counting people's surnames rather than first names.

- 1 **Breathless** 1960 Godard-Belmondo film about a car thief:

21	25-7-14-19	23-12	1-7-14-5-5-8-12
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- 2 **Buñuel's** 1967 erotic semi-fantasy with Catherine Deneuve:

25-12-8-8-12	23-12	2-7-14-10
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- 3 **1990 version of Edmond Rostand's** romantic swashbuckler:

13-3-10-21-18-7	23-12	25-12-10-4-12-10-21-13
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- 4 **The star of #3, who once said of Catherine Deneuve that "she is the man I would have liked to be."** Soon after, he was taken by a group of friends and forcibly fitted with glasses:

4-12-10-21-10-23	23-12-15-21-10-23-20-12-14
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- 5 **Hellish** 1993 Chabrol film about a jealous hotelier:

8'12-18-5-12-10

- 6 **1990 Luc Besson thriller about a young female assassin:**

8-21	5-12-16-16-12	18-20-6-20-19-21
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- 7 **1972 comedy starring Pierre Richard as a man having trouble with his shoes:**

8-12	4-10-21-18-23	25-8-7-18-23	21-9-12-13	14-18-12
13-22-21-14-1-1-14-10-12	18-7-20-10-12			
- 8 **Well-received Sartre play made into a dull 1954 movie:**

22-14-20-1	13-8-7-1
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- 9 **Canadian Academy Award winner, 2004:**

8-12-1	20-18-9-21-1-20-7-18-1	25-21-10-25-21-10-12-1
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- 10 **Director of *Mon Oncle Antoine* and *Kamouraska*:**

13-8-21-14-23-12	2-14-19-10-21
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- 11 **Unpronounceable director of the *Trois couleurs* trilogy (1993–94):**

6-10-26-3-1-26-19-7-5	6-20-12-1-8-7-11-1-6-20
-----------------------	-------------------------

12 Aptly-named brothers who first showed films in 1895:

8-14-16-20-12-10-12

13 Sequel to *Jean de Florette* that made Emmanuelle Béart a star:

16-21-18-7-18 23-12-1 1-7-14-10-13-12-1

14 1973 Truffaut film on film, issued in English as *Day for Night*:

8-21 18-14-20-19 21-16-12-10-20-13-21-20-18-12

15 1949 Jean Cocteau classic where Death falls in love with a poet:

7-10-15-22-12-12

16 1936 Jean Gabin film remade in English as *Algiers*:

15-12-15-12 8-12 16-7-6-7

17 Foggy melodrama of doomed love — Vichy later claimed that “if we have lost the war, it is because of [this movie].” It wasn’t that bad:

17-14-21-20 23-12-1 25-10-14-16-12-1

18 Famous French director, son of an even more famous French Impressionist:

2-12-21-18 10-12-18-7-20-10

19 Leading lady in France and Hollywood, her autobiography was called *Nostalgia Isn’t What It Used To Be*:

1-20-16-7-18-12 1-20-4-18-7-10-12-19

20 Canadian-French-Belgian animation feature, won the 2004 Genie for best film:

8-12-1 19-10-20-15-8-12-19-19-12-1

23-12 25-12-8-8-12-9-20-8-8-12

21 Planetary title of Berri’s 1990 film about post-war France:

14-10-21-18-14-1

22 Best of Tati’s comedies about an accident-prone bachelor:

8-12-1 9-21-13-21-18-13-12-1 23-12

16-7-18-1-20-12-14-10 22-14-8-7-19

23 English version (1984) of *Un Éléphant Ça Trompe, Énormément*:

19-22-12 11-7-16-21-18 20-18 10-12-23

24 1974 Senegalese satire by Ousmane Sembène:

24-21-8-21

25 1989 Burkina Faso drama by Idrissa Ouedraogo:

3-21-21-25-21

26 Costa-Gavras thriller, Academy Award winner:

26

Now use the letter-number pairings to decipher the following extract (in English) from Michel Houle:

11-22-21-19 23-20-1-19-20-18-4-14-20-1-22-12-1

21-18-23 1-15-12-■-20-5-20-12-1 14-1 21-1

17-14-■-25-12-13-7-20-1? 1-7-16-12 7-5 19-22-12

9-12-10-3 5-20-10-1-19 5-20-■-19-20-7-18 5-■-8-16-1

7-5 19-22-12 1-20-24-19-20-12-1 22-21-9-12

25-12-12-18 15-12-10-13-12-20-9-12-23 21-1

19-12-18-19-21-19-20-9-12 21-18-1-11-12-10-1 19-7

19-22-20-1 17-14-12-1-19-20-7-■ 19-22-12

17-14-20-12-19 10-■-9-7-8-14-19-20-7-18 11-21-1

15-10-20-16-21-10-20-8-3 15-12-10-13-12-20-9-12-23
 21-■ 21 10-20-4-22-■ 19-7 1-15-12-21-6, 21
 5-14-10-7-10 5-7-10 1-■-12-12-13-22, [25-14-19]
 19-22-12-1-12 5-20-8-16-1 11-12-10-12 18-7-19
 20-19-1 19-10-■-18-1-8-21-19-20-7-18, 20-19-■
 10-12-5-8-12-13-19-20-7-18. 18-7, 19-22-12-1-12
 5-20-8-16-1 11-12-10-12 20-18-1-19-20-4-21-19-7-10-1
 7-5 19-22-20-1 16-7-9-12-16-12-18-19. 19-22-12
 5-21-13-19 19-22-21-19 19-22-12-3 12-24-20-1-19-12-23
 21-1 5-12-21-19-■-10-12 5-20-8-16-1, 20-■ 21
 13-7-18-19-12-24-19 11-22-12-10-■ 19-22-12-3
 11-12-10-12 18-7-19 21-1-6-12-23 5-7-10 7-10
 11-21-18-19-12-23, 11-21-1 ■-21-10-19 7-5
 19-22-■-1 5-14-10-7-10 5-7-10 1-■-■-13-22.

“The structure is obvious,” said the fat man. **“Solve the puzzle and the letters that have been blacked out spell a message. The same letter-number pairings let you decipher the words in the heart. I’ll bet that one message tells where the camera is hidden and the other tells us the name of the killer.”** I looked

over his shoulder. “Some of those clues are pretty obscure. I sure can’t guess them.” He raised one bushy eyebrow and replied.

“Neither can I. But this puzzle is highly redundant, which means there are many chances to get any given letter linked to its number, which then helps you across the board. So you only have to get a few clues to get the answer. You can also do a standard letter count on the cipher paragraph in English, although you couldn’t use that

method on the 26 answers, which are proper names and/or French. And there’s always an Internet search.”

And he did crack the first part easily enough. The letters under the black spots did spell out a sentence, but we couldn’t figure out what it pointed to. Then I recalled something. “I can take you there,” I said, “but first tell me who killed Jacques.” Liebnitz snorted. “OK, I’ll fulfill my part of the deal.” He quickly deciphered the message in the heart and the two words lay revealed. “I wonder whether he meant her pairing with him or with Comrade Black,” Liebnitz mused sadly. “Well, we can easily find her now — but first, the camera!” Not a good move, as it turned out.

We ran back the way I had come. Then I spotted it, and knew I was right — Tati’s pipe had a straight stem. I turned to deliver the goods to Liebnitz but a beautiful woman in bright frou-frou stepped out from behind a bougainvillea — the woman we had fingered. She didn’t have an espresso machine with her, but her Glock looked up to the task. “Very good, Mr. Dikk,” she said. “Jacques said you were clever. But then he was clever too, too clever, and he had to die. The Comrade will be here soon to pick up the camera and he does hate loose ends, so I’ll have to kill you as well.” The look in her eyes was bright and cold as February noon in Iqaluit. “Now, if you’ll just all climb into this giant steaming fondue pot.” She gestured with the gun.

It was my only chance. Shouting “No, Liebnitz,” to distract her, I pulled my automatic and got off a shot. But she was too fast for me. My shot went wide but hers didn’t, smashing the gun from my hand. “Sorry,” she apologized, “I hope I didn’t hurt you.” A real Canadian killer. Effie jumped her. He took a bullet in the torso and slammed to the floor, but toppled the killer in the process. Struggling out of the bougainvillea, she met a roundhouse left from an enraged Bugbyte, who then sank to the floor to cradle Effie’s head and staunch the flow of blood from her lover’s shoulder. The killer slammed into the giant cheese mosaic, ramming her head into the vast runny Brie that was Paris, ricocheted off the statue of AG Cloche and came to rest at the foot of a huge glacié of wine bottles, which slowly slid down and crushed her. A small man in a tight waiter’s jacket and pencil-thin moustache came over, plucked a bottle from the pile over her prostrate body and sniffed. “Y’a rien là, not a very good year anyway.”

The Comrade never showed.

Can you duplicate Shamus' and Liebnitz's feat by providing the message hidden under the blacked-out letters and the one in the heart? For extra credit, what do the two messages say about the camera's hiding place and the name of the murderer? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by June 15, 2007. The winner will receive a book prize autographed by A Aalto. Not necessary to win the contest, but can you also provide the answers to the 26 clues? And can you cite the reference to the *Belle Aurore*? ☹

Free-lance prestidigitator **A Aalto** is grateful for the many eccentric beauties of French film, not least Jean Cocteau's mirror, Mireille Darc's dress, the red Stradivarius, Maurice Chevalier's views on old age and the Triplettes singing skat. (There are also creations like *Au Milieu du Monde*, possibly the most boring feature film ever made, but every culture has an off-day.) Apologies to Jack Black, whose *School of Rock* was a lot of fun. And thanks to Mrs. Aalto for the idea that kicked this one off.

Liebnitz and the Ultimate Endgame

Answers from Vol. 22, No. 3

Congratulations to winner Alexander Fiegler, Havana, Cuba. The auto-destruct sequence is 3245123716. The full grid is below:

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		G	B			G/B			S		15	2
2. Black Ice	G		S				G			B	14	3
3. Demons of Don Gordo	S				B			G			9	7
4. Screaming Eagles				G			S	B		S	12	5
5. Salt of the Earth			G		S	S	B		B		13	4
6. Kropotkin's Revenge	B	B		S						G	10	6
7. The Sun		S		B	G			S	G		17	1

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

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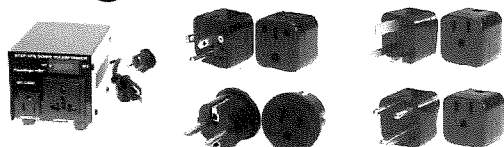
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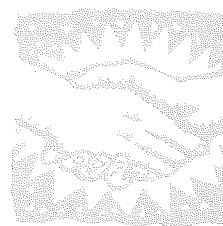
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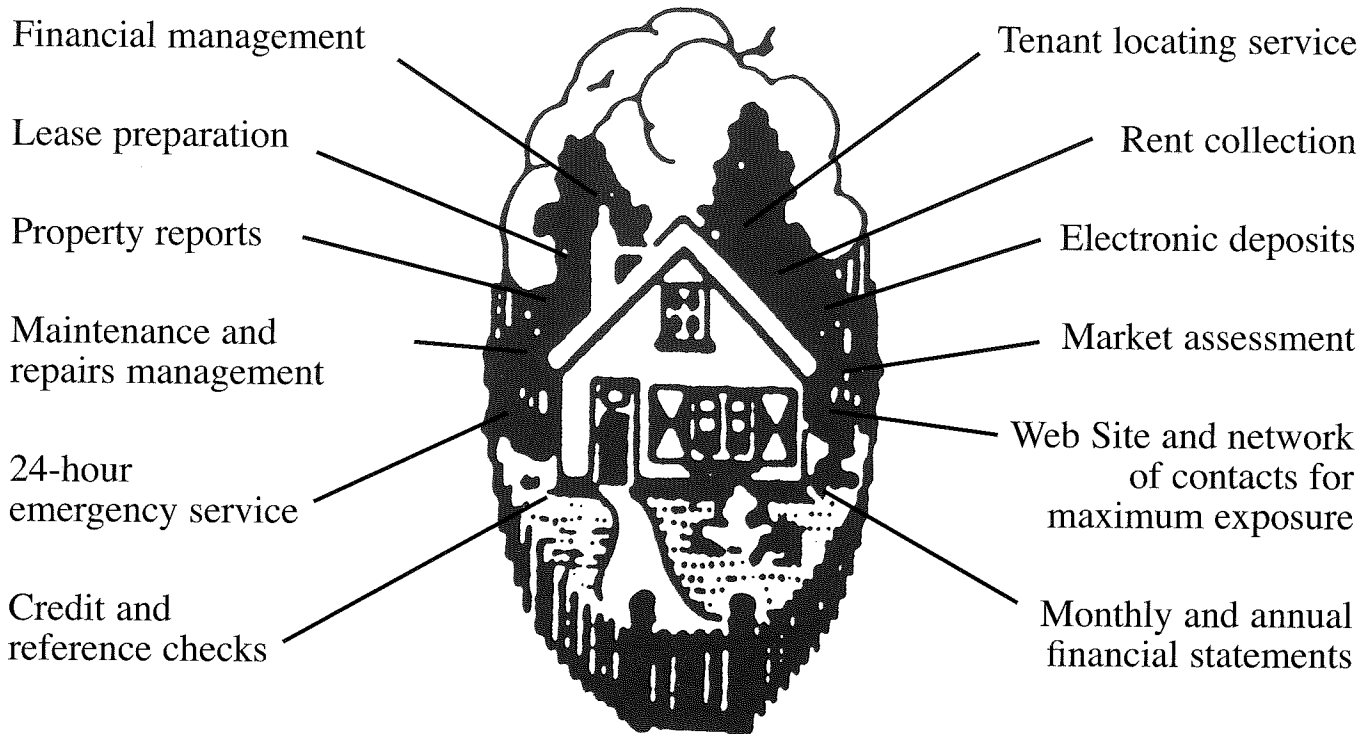
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