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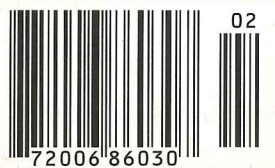
Vol. 23, No. 2

Why We Need a Charter of Canadian Citizenship

by Randolph Gherson

Illuminating Khmer Ornamentation

by Scott Slessor



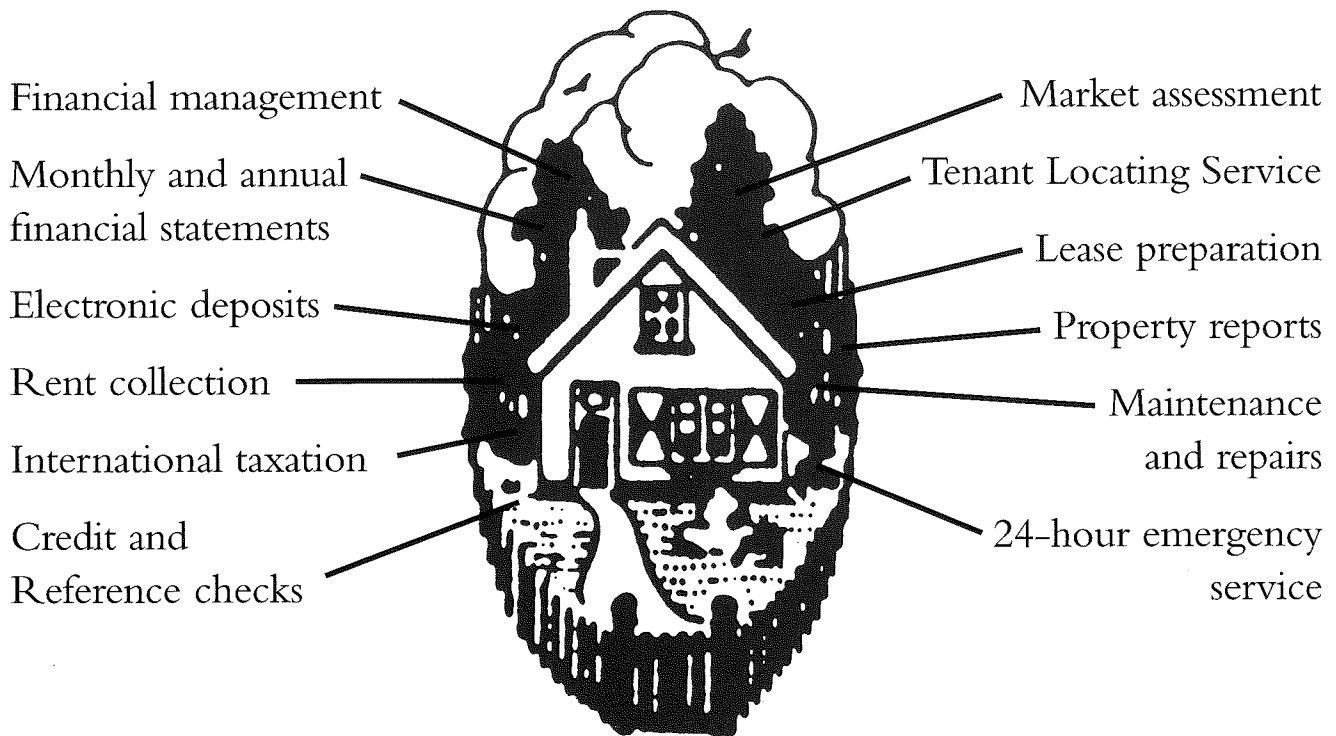
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Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur



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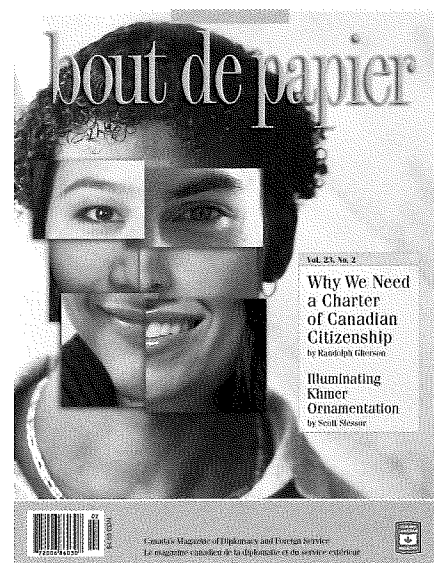
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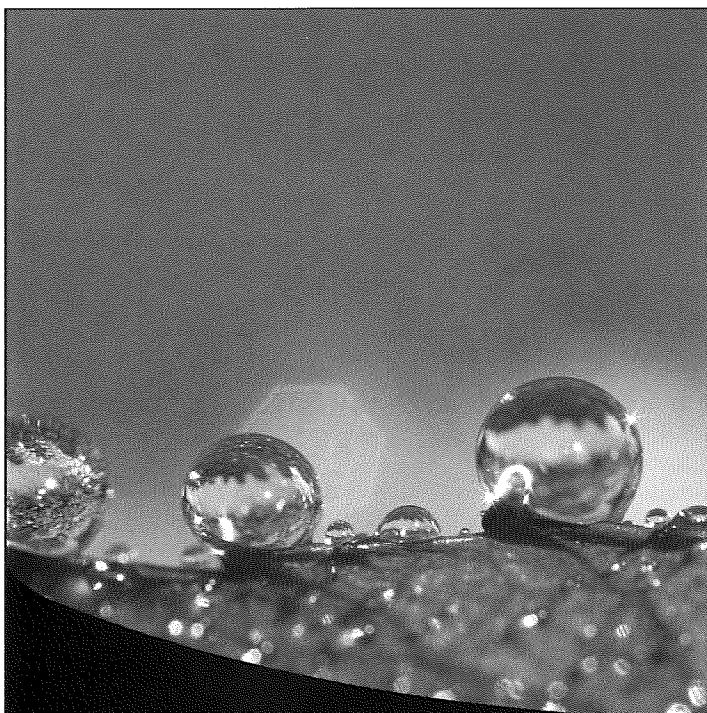
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Many in the Foreign Service will have encountered dilemmas similar to one I recently faced. A great intern was working with me, and then she wrote the Foreign Service Exam and was invited to an interview. She asked whether or not I would recommend a career in the Canadian Foreign Service. This type of question always causes me to pause and reflect.

The downsides of a foreign service career quickly come to mind including major disruptions to family life, many changes of work locations, health issues, variable levels of schooling for children, and numerous spousal issues. But the major downside dominating and affecting all these other concerns are the attitudes of the employing Departments of the Foreign Service towards the future of the Foreign Service and those who have chosen to make it their career. From inadequate FSDs, to the sad managing of the transition to the new imposed FS structure, to the drawn out and often extremely flawed promotions processes, to the lack of recruitment and the chronic shortage of FS's to do the Departments' work, much of the joy of working in the Foreign Service is overshadowed by how it is managed.

Dans le présent numéro de **bout**, nous avons un ravissant article de fond de Scott Slessor, un conjoint du service extérieur, qui nous parle d'un merveilleux projet auquel il a participé durant son séjour au Cambodge. Cet article est rehaussé de photos artistiques.

Former Ambassador and senior Foreign Service Officer, Randolph Gherson has provided us with a timely opinion piece regarding dual nationality and Canadian Citizenship. This is an issue very close to many Foreign Service families and an issue which needs an informed public debate. I have no statistics, but many in the Foreign Service are affected by dual nationality, whether they have a foreign born spouse, or if they themselves were born abroad and immigrated to Canada, or their children were born abroad while on assignment and through the quirks of local citizenship laws became dual nationals.

Roger Lucy has provided us with a timely article regarding the attempts of a superpower trying to occupy and control part of the Middle East. It is a story spanning several hundred years of Rome and the Arab Judean conflict.

Nous retrouvons malheureusement trois inscriptions sous la rubrique « En mémoire de » dans le présent numéro. Nous disons au revoir à deux anciens membres du Conseil de rédaction sénior de **bout**, John Hadwen et Ross Campbell. Les deux ont connu de remarquables carrières perpétuant la force historique de la diplomatie canadienne. Nous disons également adieu à Éric Mercier, qui nous a quitté dans la fleur de l'âge. Éric a été lauréat d'un prix des agents du service extérieur canadien de l'APASE en 2004 et, lui aussi, il a, au cours de sa brève carrière, apporté une importante contribution à la force du service extérieur.

Hector Mackenzie has provided us a selection from the archives titled "fantaisiste" which provides another historic insight into a sad chapter in Canadian diplomacy.

In this issue, we also have several book reviews. John Noble has reviewed David Reece's book on Ambassadorial Assignments. Gar Pardy has reviewed two Rory Stewart books, which are a must read for those interested in the Middle East and recent world events. Gar has also reviewed the second novel by retired FS Adriaan de Hoog.

The entertainment section has a puzzle by A Aalto challenging readers to solve it by following numerous cryptic clues.

This issue of **bout** has cheered me, seeing the contributions to the magazine by members of the Foreign Service community, and recognizing the high quality of those associated with the Foreign Service including the memories of our three departed colleagues and the contributions they made to Canada through their careers and work. So to get back to the question posed in the first paragraph of this editorial, yes, I would recommend a foreign service career to young people considering the career, because, despite all the drawbacks and frustrations, many imposed by the employer, the Foreign Service is a place where we can do the things we like doing, surrounded by quality people, creative and intelligent people who care about Canada.



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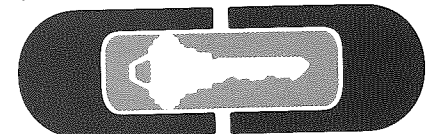
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From One "Fantaisiste" to Another

*John Benjamin Clark Watkins was born in Norval Station, Ontario, in 1902. He had specialized in Scandinavian studies at the University of Toronto and at Cornell University, from which he received his doctorate in 1944 (after working for more than a decade with the American Scandinavian Foundation in New York). Before he joined the Department of External Affairs in 1946, Watkins taught at the University of Manitoba. At headquarters, Watkins ultimately served as an Assistant Secretary of State for External Affairs from 1956 to 1958. His diplomatic appointments included chargé d'affaires in Moscow and later Ambassador to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. As testimony to the quality of his writing, the acuity of his observations and the fascination of others with his encounters with the Russian people, notably the artistic community and the Soviet state, selections from his official correspondence were edited and published by Dean Beeby and William Kaplan as *Moscow Despatches: Inside Cold War Russia* (Toronto: Lorimer, 1987). His last diplomatic appointment was as Ambassador to Denmark.*

After entrapment in a homosexual encounter, Watkins was pressured by Soviet authorities. The revelations of a Soviet defector led to his identification as the diplomat involved, though subsequent investigation demonstrated that Watkins had never betrayed his country. As part of the inquiry, however, Watkins was questioned in London and then in Montreal by the Security Service of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. During the latter interrogation, which took place in a hotel room less than six weeks after the letter below was written, Watkins suffered a fatal heart attack. That episode became infamous when journalist and author Ian Adams raised sufficient questions about the circumstances of his death,

particularly the misrepresentation of those who were present when he died, that there was a coroner's investigation in the early 1980s. The life and death of John Watkins have been depicted in works of fiction as well as in various studies of diplomacy, intelligence and security in the Cold War.

As the letter reprinted below demonstrates, John Watkins was not only an eloquent diplomatic reporter but he was also a delightful private correspondent, whose gossipy personal writing was characterised by warm friendship and urbane wit, much of which involved self-deprecation and/or an appreciation of the absurd. The recipient of this letter, John Holmes, had himself experienced a discreet but stressful separation from the Department of External Affairs when he was a victim of the "gay purges" which took place in the Canadian public service in the late 1950s and early 1960s. Both Watkins and Holmes, whose significant contributions to the "golden age" of Canadian diplomacy have been justly highlighted by scholars, retained close friendships and strong connections to the Department of External Affairs and their former colleagues in the Canadian foreign service, as this document attests.

This letter was written in a cramped hand, which posed some editorial challenges, particularly when Watkins deliberately invented phonetic equivalents to French words or phrases to highlight pronunciation or made passing reference to individuals who would be known to both correspondents. The original letter may be found in the John Holmes Papers in Trinity College Archives at the University of Toronto. I was unable to find a copy in those files of the letter from Holmes to which this was a reply.

Hector Mackenzie

Hotel Lenox, 9, rue de l'Université, Paris-7e
September 2, 1964

Dear John [Holmes],

Your interesting letter of August 4 reached me only yesterday, as it got immersed in the great empty mansion on the Faub. St. Honoré while Jules [Léger, then serving as Canadian Ambassador to France, later Governor-General], Gaby [Léger] and I were at Recloses, the little village five miles south of Fontainebleau where Mrs. Tommy Stone [Thomas Archibald Stone, who served as Canadian Ambassador to Mexico and Sweden, among several diplomatic appointments, died the following summer and is buried in Recloses] has her charming house and property giving on the forest of F. I had been invited there earlier, before I was sick, for the first week in August, but the Légers insisted that I stay for three, occupying the little maison du curé which forms part of the complex of old buildings skilfully welded together by Mrs. Stone and supplied with all American comforts such as hot water, bathrooms, central heating, etc. There with lots of rest, good food (mostly Gaby's cooking for the first two weeks which, as you well know, is excellent, and the last week with the new chef, who is a real treasure) long walks in the forest and duets on the piano with Jules, stimulating and amusing conversation with Gaby, etc., I rapidly improved and was able to come back to Paris a week ago Monday (the Légers stayed till the next week end when Jules had to make a speech in Rouen) in time to move out of 38, Bd. Raspail [coincidentally the address of the "tiny" or "intimate" Théâtre de Babylone, where Samuel Beckett's *En attendant Godot* was first performed on 5 January 1953], as my Dutch friend is returning, and back into the old Lenox. I have rather a large room on the fourth floor at 18 francs a day instead of 15 since I'll have to spend more time in it now.

I feel I owe you a brief account of my misbehaviour since your departure. I very much enjoyed your short visit but was sorry I was not in form to do justice to the Place Pigalle, the Canadian mecca, to which I know you were just dying to go, corset or no corset. As you may remember, it was my stomach and the question of what I could eat or not eat seemed very important. I had a rough night alone in the apartment July 12 (even the American professor was away for the week end), wakened at 4:30 a.m. with a stomach pain, decided it must be a result of emptiness, ate a banana and a croissant, went to sleep, and wakened again at six terribly short of breath. Since I couldn't lie down or sit down, I stood with my head out the window in the courtyard to get air for a couple of hours. The only

sensible thing I did, Jules said, was to take a swig of Scotch. I took it in hot water, but he said that was just a superstition of my grandmother's that something hot was good for the stomach: the whiskey was the thing.

My doctor, whom I should have seen a month earlier, was away on a month's vacation. I remembered that when we had lunch together Gaby threatened to drag me to her doctor who was a marvellous person. So I called Gaby and she moved very quickly. Dr. Laporte diagnosed "cardiac fatigue" and gave me a choice of going to the American Hospital or the Canadian Embassy, I chose the Embassy, explaining that I could only stay three days as I was leaving then on a tour of the Massif Central with a friend from Toronto. Dr. Laporte tactfully said that in three days he would present me with the evidence and I could decide. Privately he told Gaby I was a "fantaisiste." In an incredibly short time he had a battery of doctors arranged for — blood tests, electro-cardiograph, eyes (apparently they can tell a lot about the arteries from the eyes) stomach x-rays (*pas d'ulcère, pas de concère* [sic]). In a few days he told me that if I followed a regime for four or five months, I should be able to lead a normal life after that — slow upstairs and up hill, not to carry anything over one kilo, cut cigarettes from 40 to 5 or 6 a day, drink Sanka coffee & weak tea, take sédo-caréna [a compound of aminophylline, papaverine chlorhydrate and phenobarbital] pills and digibain drops (I remember from years ago in Norval that all the old crocks had to take digitalis). It's an awful bore but perhaps it's worth it. In any case I haven't much choice as a little over-exertion brings the pain back.

The Légers have been marvellous and I don't know how to thank them. With her experience of cardiacs Gaby is very knowledgeable and also pretty strict. It is hard for an ordinary person to understand the treatment at first. After a week in bed Dr. Laporte was pleased with my progress and said he thought I might now go out a little, take a taxi to St. Germain or somewhere, sit in a café and have a glass of water, and take a taxi home. Never in my life having taken taxis to get a glass of water, I suppose he only meant I could have an outing of some sort and walked to the Rond-Point [des Champs-Élysées] and back. That was quite the wrong thing to do — especially back, which he said was uphill — and I had a pain that night. Stopping cigarettes doesn't bother me so much — I never inhaled anyway, so it was largely a waste. Now I don't have one till after 12 noon. The most difficult thing is not to smoke in company.

Gaby wants to drive to Nice for a few days late in Sept. And if she does I may go along and stay for a while in a pension she

recommends there. Rosa Groom has asked me to come back to Mallorca, but she and her Dutch friend motor by through France to Holland in November and December and return in January. I might go later as the winter is a good deal warmer there than in S. France. The Alexanders — and Ann — have invited me to London again and I'd like to go some time but probably should wait till I'm closer to normal. I find it hard to cut down on walking but have to for a while. I had hoped you were going to get ten days holidays between Oxford and Italy, but it looks as if they were getting absorbed somewhere. Pain really brings me to heel quite quickly and I'm surprised that you can go on at such a pace while your back is as painful as it obviously was when you were here. I think Gaby would soon put an end to some of your nonsense too! Fantaisiste!

I had a letter from Basil [Robinson, who had been appointed as Assistant Under Secretary of State for External Affairs one month earlier, after serving as Minister in the Canadian Embassy in Washington, and who was later Under Secretary of State for External Affairs] in B.C. a month or so ago, which I only answered recently. Presumably the whole family will be back in Ottawa by now. They were planning to spend at least this year in their old house. The little I read about the Canadian House [of Commons] over here is not appetising. I was glad to hear that the G&M [Globe and Mail] had come out so unequivocally against Dief[enbaker]. I hope L[ester]B[Pearson] is taking a wise course. As you know, Jules was rather worried.

It would be fun to have Escott [Reid, former Assistant Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, High Commissioner to India and Ambassador to Germany, who was then serving as a Director of the World Bank and who would become Glendon College's founding Principal in the following year] in Toronto. I wonder if he'd like it as they him. Herb [Moran, then Director General of the External Aid Office and former Assistant Secretary of State for External Affairs] will only move, I think, when he gets a post abroad to his liking. There are other candidates for his job in Ottawa too. I should think he might himself favour Peter Towe [then serving as Deputy Director-General of the External Aid Office, later Assistant Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, then Ambassador to the United States and for ten years Chairman of Petro-Canada International Assistance Corporation]. Basil expected Arnold Smith [then Assistant Under Secretary of State for External Affairs after serving as Ambassador to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and later Secretary-General of the Commonwealth] to grab quite a lot before he got there and

I haven't heard yet what he's handling. He hoped he might have D.L.1 for the sake of an occasional trip to Europe.

The Centre of International Studies at the U[niversity] of T[oronto]. would seem a nice haven for you when you wear yourself out and even get fatigue cardiaque with the life you're leading. I don't blame you for not wanting the administrative side — just a nice professorship with a couple of seminars a week and lots of time for reading and writing.

I hope your mother and the rest of the family are well. Give them my best when you see them. (It's a wonder I didn't give Isabel cardiac fatigue too — it was my relations that finally finished me, especially my cousin from N. Ireland) Ann seems happy in her new job. Basil Rakoczi [an Irish artist, born in London, who was a member of the White Stag group] saw a lot of her in London and said she was very helpful with the exposition. He sold 12 — incredibly good out of only 30 altogether.

I still haven't decided whether I want to live in or near Toronto, which I like and where I have friends and relations, or somewhere over here where a cheap warm winter is easily accessible. Some day I'll have to decide. Nice that you got to the Crowes [Marshall Crowe had recently left the foreign service to work as an economic adviser to the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce and later served as Deputy Secretary to the Cabinet and as Chairman successively of the Canada Development Corporation and the National Energy Board; Doris Mary Crowe]. My best wishes when you see them.

John [Watkins]

[added on left margin:]

I'm lunching at the Gardens [Gordons?]. Janice is picking me up in the car at 12:15. What service I get now! I'll probably trade on this the rest of my life. My aunt in Toronto 85 says: Take lots of rest. We all have to come to it sooner or later!

[added on right margin:]

I felt mean letting Arthur Kilgour [a former member of the Department of External Affairs, who had most recently served abroad as First Secretary and Consul in the Embassy in Cairo, where he had been posted from 1957 to 1959; he later was Registrar of Trinity College at the University of Toronto] down so badly, but he had a fascinating trip anyway. ☹

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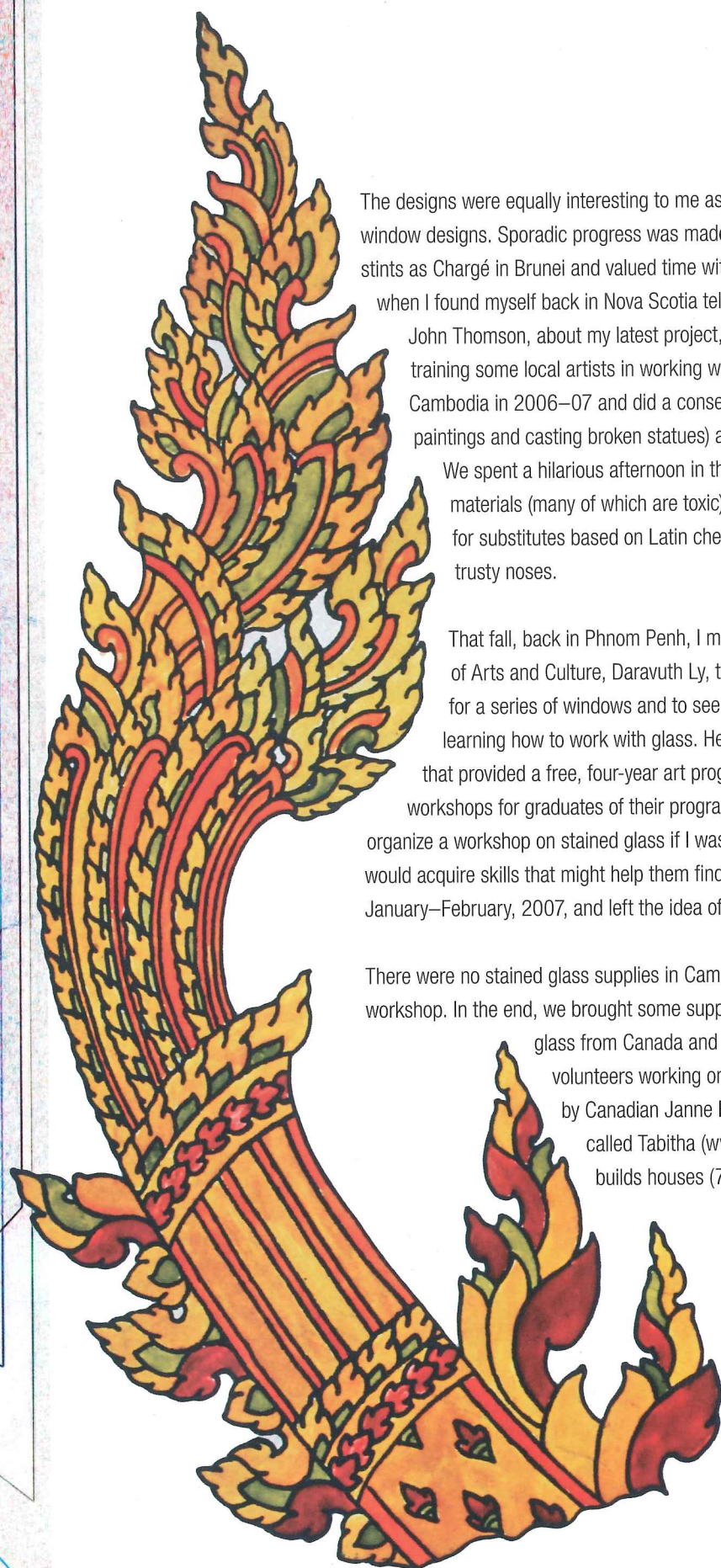


Illuminating Khmer Ornamentation

by Scott Slessor

In 2005, Reyum Publishing put out a book called *Kbach: A Study of Khmer Ornamentation*. Its aim was to document the design and drawing techniques of a cadre of artisans and artists on the verge of extinction after decades of conflict. The illustrations allow designers and students to follow the detailed development of Khmer ornamentation from natural elements like bamboo, lotus petals or fish eggs to newer forms represented in wood, plaster, stone, concrete, bone or plastic. As a former draftsman, I was drawn to the high quality illustrations of Angkorian ornamentation. This form of ornamentation has been widely promoted in Thailand and is often thought to be Thai, but they picked up the original ornamentation from Angkor Wat in Cambodia. It is impossible to visit Cambodia and not walk away with the images of the ornamentation you find on walls and roofs of pagodas, public buildings and homes. The most ubiquitous is the mythical goose tail you find on the roof ridges.

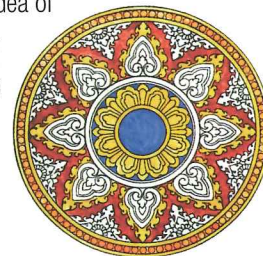




The designs were equally interesting to me as a stained glass artisan and inspired a series of window designs. Sporadic progress was made on these designs around my French training, stints as Chargé in Brunei and valued time with our daughter. It was the summer of 2006, when I found myself back in Nova Scotia telling a friend, artist and art conservator,

John Thomson, about my latest project, that John suggested the idea of training some local artists in working with glass. John visited us in Cambodia in 2006–07 and did a conservation workshop (cleaning paintings and casting broken statues) at the Reyum Art School.

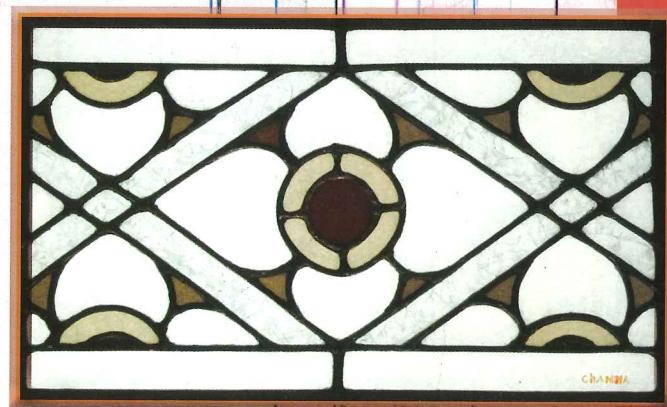
We spent a hilarious afternoon in the markets buying his materials (many of which are toxic) and ultimately looking for substitutes based on Latin chemical names and our trusty noses.

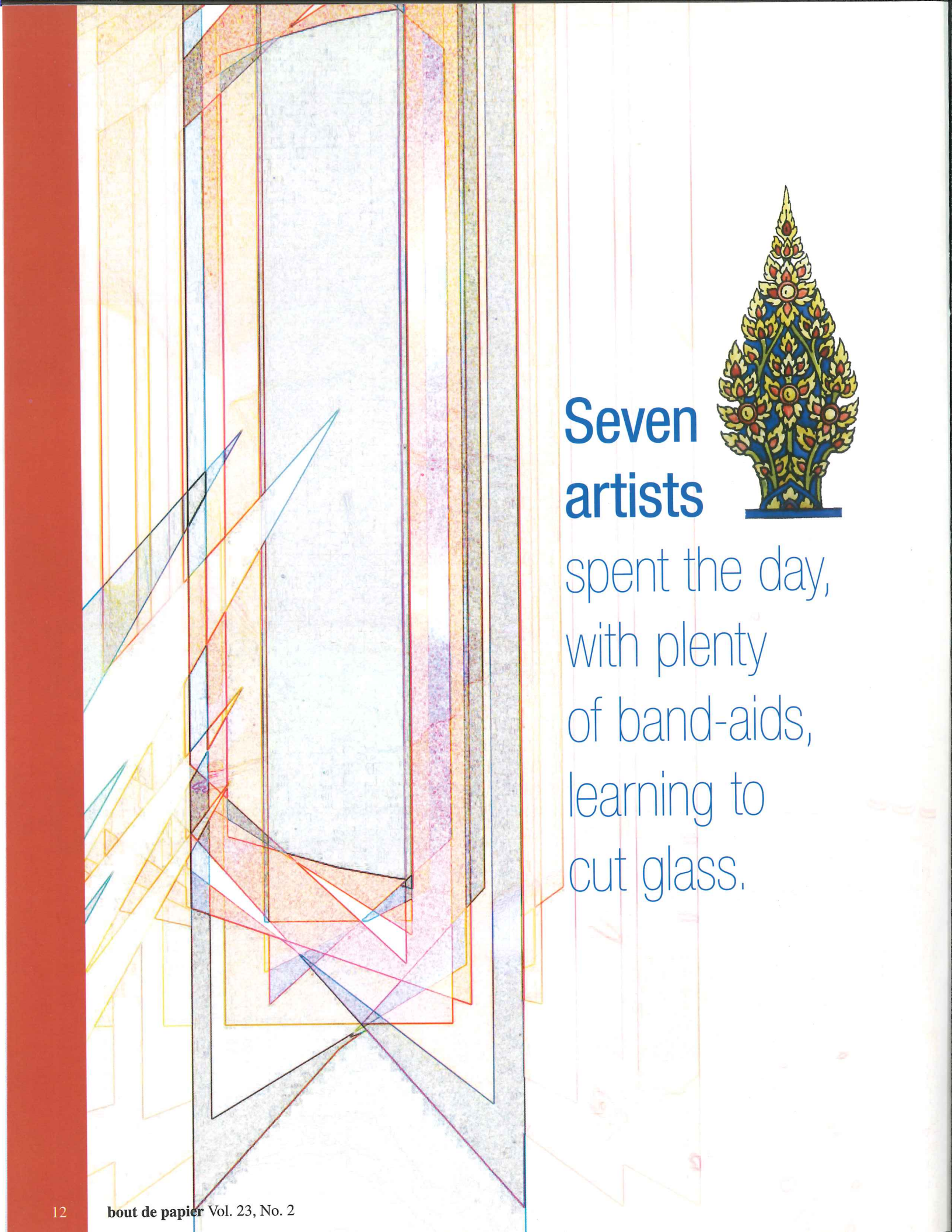


That fall, back in Phnom Penh, I met with the Director of the Reyum Institute of Arts and Culture, Daravuth Ly, to get his permission to use the Kbach designs for a series of windows and to see if he knew of a group of artists interested in learning how to work with glass. He explained that Reyum also had an art school that provided a free, four-year art program to disadvantaged children and infrequent workshops for graduates of their program. He said that they would be happy to organize a workshop on stained glass if I was willing to teach it, particularly if participants would acquire skills that might help them find work. We scheduled the workshop for January–February, 2007, and left the idea of an exhibit open ended.

There were no stained glass supplies in Cambodia — except for what was in my personal workshop. In the end, we brought some supplies in from Singapore, friends brought some glass from Canada and lead was transported into Cambodia by volunteers working on a housing project with Tabitha, a local NGO run by Canadian Janne Ritskes. Janne is from Ottawa and runs an NGO called Tabitha (www.tabitha.ca) that makes silk handicrafts and builds houses (700+ since 1996) with teams of volunteers.

The designs
were equally
interesting
to me as
a stained
glass artisan
and **inspired**
a series
of window
designs.





Seven artists



spent the day,
with plenty
of band-aids,
learning to
cut glass.

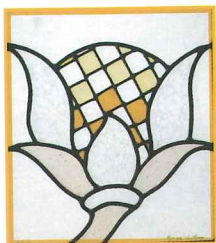


On January 15, seven artists spent the day, with plenty of band-aids, learning to cut glass. That was followed by two days of glass/stained glass history and a visit to a rather Dickensian bottle making factory so that they could appreciate the fluid, dynamic nature of glass. Over the next four weeks I walked them through the design and fabrication phases of three types of windows: leaded, foiled and painted. Each of the artists made two leaded/foiled windows and did a number of painted windows.

As I became more familiar with Reyum over the course of the workshop, it became clear that the Reyum Art School was in financial difficulty. With this in mind, we estimated profits from the sale of the workshop-produced windows and developed a brief business plan for starting a stained glass shop in Reyum — the profits of which could be used to help fund the school. Daravuth remained understandably skeptical in the absence of clear public interest in stained glass. As windows progressed, he started to see how unique and marketable the windows might be, but he remained trepidatious.

People who had heard about the workshop through Reyum started to ask about commissions. That spurred a more detailed business plan to show Daravuth costs and profits over three years. There were two versions of the plan, one sourcing larger quantities of materials from Canadian producers and a second sourcing smaller quantities from businesses in Thailand who sell Canadian, American and Australian materials at marked-up prices. When the first few windows were finished, Daravuth became keen on the exhibit and we set it up for March 17, 2007. By the end of the workshop and after a full-page article in the *Cambodian Daily*, the school staff, artists and students were very excited. In the midst of that excitement Daravuth and I started to worry no one would attend, or worse, that they would come but not buy anything. First, we had to transform the courtyard that had been our classroom into an exhibition space.





Like all exhibits, the day before and the day of were nerve-racking. Reyum had a good number of the older students involved in reworking the rooms and setting up lighting, tables, etc. They even printed some T-shirts with the designs we had used for painted windows. At the last minute, we had to discard the wooden stands which required we alter the recycled cardboard boxes we had custom made for each window. We had lit the fabricated windows from behind and placed the painted windows on a light table to optimize the effect. The final pieces were in place just as the first visitors arrived. The lead/foil windows were sold in a silent auction and the painted windows had fixed prices.

The first visitor (about 200 came that evening) bought three painted pieces. Then the pieces seemed to fly off the table for the rest of the night and four had to be ordered due to a lack of stock. The lead/foil windows took longer to get started but soon generated bidding wars and they all sold. Profits of \$4K USD+ exceeded my estimates.

Following the exhibit, Reyum received a commission for three large leaded windows for the Seim Reap Airport, which receives hundreds of thousands of tourists each year on their way to Angkor Wat. They have also received an order for 40 windows from an upscale furniture store in Phnom Penh, which will use the windows in tables they are designing. Finally, as I put the finishing touches on this article, Teacher Lim from the Reyum School of Art is on his way to Bangkok to spend their profits on a shipment of lead and glass. It would appear that the Reyum Glass Studio is open for business. ☺

Scott Slessor joined the public service in 1986. He joined DFAIT to create the Young Professionals International Program and worked in Jordan, Cambodia and Brunei. He is currently working in the China Division pondering press lines, correspondence, the future of the world and alternative Chinese phrasings for "private visit."

The first
visitor **bought**
three . . .
then the
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to **fly** off
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Rome

and the

Arab/ Judean Conflict



PHOTO BY SUSAN HOWELL

by Roger Lucy

In 64 BC, the Roman general Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus (Pompey the Great), having chased Rome's long time adversary Mithradates out of Asia Minor, descended into Syria, looking for fresh fields of glory. Much of the region was in chaos, afflicted by the prolonged death agony of the once-great Selucid Kingdom. Pompey put the dynasty out of its misery and set about reorganizing Syria — here taken in its broadest sense, embracing the entire Levant from Antioch to Aqaba and from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. Republican and early Imperial Rome did not have much in the way of bureaucracy to administer conquered territories and, where possible, the Romans delegated the day-to-day grind of law and order, public works, and above all, collecting taxes, to local city councils. The main tasks of the governor of a Roman province were to act as judge in important legal cases, and to defend and (where appropriate) extend its frontiers. This hands-off system worked well for the largely Hellenized city states in what is now northern Syria and Lebanon, which were organized in much the same way as Rome itself. Syria's

mountainous interior and the desert fringe, were ruled by a welter of minor princelings, nomad tribes, temple-states, and plain old-fashioned robber barons. There, Pompey and his legates set about suppressing the more obvious bandits, while identifying likely client rulers who could maintain order, deliver tribute and contribute military contingents when required — paying a hefty bribe to the Romans was another major selection criterion. Client rulers who did well often had their territories or sources of revenue augmented. Those who did not measure up, showed signs of less than total loyalty or who got ideas above their stations, were swiftly dealt with. The Romans were not too fussy whether or not the ruler was of the same ethnicity or religion as his subjects, as long as he was loyal and got the job done. The system worked well enough. A century later some 17 of these, what Pliny the Elder called, “ethnarchies with barbarous names” still existed.

The two largest client states in the region lay in the south, roughly separated by the Jordan river and the Rift Valley. To the west lay the Jewish state of Judea, to the east, the Arab Nabatean kingdom. Judea was ruled by the Hasmonean dynasty, which combined within the same family (and often the same person) the offices of King of Judea and High Priest of the Temple at Jerusalem. The Hasmoneans had broken away from Selucid rule a century earlier, and had steadily expanded their realm at the expense of their neighbours. The Nabatean Arabs were formerly nomadic bedouin, but had grown immensely wealthy “protecting” the caravans that brought spices from what is now Yemen to the Mediterranean. Centered in their mountainous stronghold at Petra — in what is now southern Jordan — Nabatean control eventually stretched from the northern Hejaz to the region around Damascus, as well as into the Negev and Sinai. The Nabatean Arabs’ wealth made them a tempting target, but their impregnable capital, largely inhospitable terrain and judicious bribes allowed them to fend off several of Alexander’s successors, as well as various Roman generals. Nabatean Arab and Judean interests came into conflict over control of Perea — on the east banks of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, as well as over southern coastal cities such as Gaza and Raffa, important outlets for the spice trade.

At the time of Pompey’s arrival, the Hasmoneans were embroiled in a civil war between the brothers Hyracanus and Aristobulus, sons of the late King Alexander Janeaus. Aristobulus gained the upper hand, and Hyracanus fled to Petra, where one of his supporters, Antipater, had family connections. Antipater persuaded the Nabatean king, Aretas, to intervene on Hyracanus’ behalf in exchange for several disputed east bank cities. This turned the tide — soon, Aristobulus was holed up on the Temple Mount in Jerusalem, fighting for his life, when Pompey’s legate Scaurus appeared on the scene. After considering offers from rival claimants, Scaurus was persuaded to take up Aristobulus’ cause. Aretas had to beat a retreat and Hyracanus’ cause seemed lost, when Pompey himself arrived. Offers and counter-offers were made and

Pompey was persuaded that Hyracanus had the better case. The Temple was stormed (although Pompey refrained from plundering its treasury) and Aristobulus deported to Rome. Hyracanus became King of Judea, less a number of Hellenized cities on the upper Jordan and on the coast, which the Romans incorporated into their Syrian province. Pompey’s generals made a couple of half-hearted efforts to invade the Nabatean kingdom, but found the logistical challenges so daunting that they readily accepted relatively moderate bribes to go away. The tonne or so of silver that these pay-offs cost King Aretas was a fraction of the value of a single spice caravan.

While Hyracanus was now the King of Judea, the de facto ruler was Antipater, who skillfully navigated the civil war that broke out in 49 BC between his former benefactor Pompey and Julius Caesar. When Caesar found himself trapped in Cleopatra’s palace in Alexandria by her brother’s supporters, Antipater sent a relief force including both Judean and Nabatean Arab troops. For this he was rewarded with Roman citizenship and the lucrative post of Procurator (financial manager) of Judea. His son Herod became governor of Galilee. Herod accompanied his father on campaign and undertook diplomatic missions on his behalf giving him the opportunity to accumulate an impressive number of influential Roman friends. Indeed, during a visit to Antioch he arranged the fateful introduction of Cleopatra to Mark Anthony (Marcus Antonius).

Caesar’s assassination in 44 BC led to a new round of civil wars, during which the Aristobulus faction tried to regain control of Judea. Antipater was assassinated. Invited in by one of Pompey’s former partisans, the Parthians (rulers of what are now Iran and Iraq) invaded Syria in 40 BC, over-running Judea. The figure-head king Hyracanus was deposed and deported to Babylon, and his late brother Aristobulus’ son, Antigonus was placed on the throne. Herod escaped to Petra, but Malichus, who had succeeded Aretas as King of the Nabatean Arabs, refused him sanctuary, preferring to submit to the Parthians. Herod then made his way to Alexandria where Cleopatra arranged for his passage to Rome. In Rome, he began to work his connections, and with Anthony’s help, the Senate was persuaded to vote a decree making Herod king of Judea. He swore his oath of office at the altar of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill. This clearly violated several of the Ten Commandments — but “when in Rome” Herod was more than happy to do as the Romans did.

Armed with his Roman mandate, Herod made his way back to Galilee, where he raised an army. By 37 BC, he had retaken Jerusalem, killing off Antigonus in the process. Mark Anthony, who had taken control of Rome’s eastern provinces needed loyal client kings such as Herod, but his desire to reward him ran afoul of Cleopatra’s ambitions to restore Ptolemaic Egypt’s long-lost hegemony over Syria. While Anthony thwarted her ambition to annex Judea and the Nabatean Arab realm, Herod was forced to cede Jericho to her.

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Malichus was deprived of his ports along the Arabian coast of the Red Sea coast — giving Egypt a monopoly over the emerging maritime spice trade — and forced to pay her a large tribute. When Malichus balked at this, Cleopatra tasked Herod with collecting it — hoping the two kings would destroy each other. She almost achieved her objective. Herod invaded the Nabatean Arab kingdom, but suffered a humiliating defeat just south of the Golan Heights. Herod's position was further undermined by a severe earthquake which devastated Judea. He tried to sue for peace, but Malichus executed his ambassadors. Malichus then invaded Judea, hoping to conquer it, but Herod was able to rally his troops and defeat the Arab invasion. Outside events then intervened. Anthony and Cleopatra had gone to war against Caesar's adopted son Octavian (the future emperor Augustus). Octavian defeated them at Actium in 31 BC. Destructive though it had been, their war had spared Herod and Malichus from being caught up in Anthony and Cleopatra's debacle. They quickly broke off their own hostilities to make peace with the victor of Actium. Malichus sent a force to Suez to burn the remains of Cleopatra's fleet, while Herod hastened to Rhodes to congratulate Octavian. There, he convinced Octavian that by remaining loyal to Anthony to the end, he had shown himself to be far more reliable as a client than if he had changed sides at an opportune moment. Whether or not he was convinced by this argument, Octavian had few alternatives. Herod had already narrowed Octavian's options by executing any eligible member of the Hasmonean dynasty. Herod was confirmed as King of Judea. The territories he had lost to Cleopatra were

returned to him, and, over time, as he continued to prove his worth as a client, further territories were added to Judea, including Gaza, the Golan and other parts of modern Jordan and Syria. This was to be a cause of future Judean–Nabatean Arab strife.

Cicero had remarked that a good client ruler should be strong enough to keep order within his own realm but not grow so strong as to threaten Roman interests. In this respect Herod proved the very model of how a client king should behave. Judea was fractious enough, but Herod kept it under control so effectively that other territories were granted to him when their former rulers proved incapable of controlling them. Herod also provided troop contingents as required, including 500 men to accompany Aulus Gallus' expedition to seize the Sabea kingdom in Yemen. The expedition, dependent on Nabatean guides and logistical support, was not a success. Failing to take the Sabaeans' capital at Marib, Gallus accepted their nominal submission and beat a retreat back to Egypt. He blamed Syllaeus, leader of the Nabatean Arab contingent, for leading him astray. Although the Nabateans had little to gain from Rome winning control over the source of the spices on which their prosperity depended, it seems more likely that Gallus failed because he underestimated the sheer difficulty of mounting a major expedition down the inhospitable Red Sea coast. In any event, the nominal Sabea submission was enough to enable Augustus to declare the expedition a success in his memoirs.

Herod believed in enhancing his prestige through ambitious public works. Most famously he enlarged and embellished the Temple in Jerusalem (the Romans allowed him to levy a tithe on the diaspora to help pay for it). He also rendered unto Caesar by building (in the non-Jewish parts of his realm) several temples dedicated to Rome and Augustus. He built a major port (with the help of Roman engineers and their latest concrete construction techniques) at Strato's Tower — tactfully renamed Caesarea. The main Samarian city was also rebuilt on Roman lines and renamed Sebastea ("sebastos" is Greek for Augustus). Like another, more recently deceased middle-eastern despot, Herod had a penchant for elaborately decorated (and heavily fortified) palaces. The most famous of course was Masada, the ancient seat of his family. Herod also endowed cities throughout the eastern part of the Roman empire with subsidies and public works, and maintained his close contacts with the Roman elite, including, of course, Augustus (who made an official tour of Judea), his number-two, Marcus Agrippa, and various senators and provincial governors.

The Nabatean Arabs, by contrast, seem to have taken the view that the best course for dealing with the Romans was to try and stay "out of sight and out of mind." Malichus died soon after Actium and was succeeded by Obodas who proved far less capable than Herod at managing his relationship with Rome. When another local dynast, Zenodoros, offered to sell him the Trachontis —

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a mountainous, but potentially fertile, region east of the Golan — Obodas neglected to seek Roman permission before proceeding. Zenodoros was selling up because the Trachontis was a nest of bandits and its neighbours — including Herod — were beginning to complain. Ignoring (or even unaware of) Zenodoros' deal with Obodas, Augustus gave the Trachontis to Herod, who proceeded, with his usual zeal, to suppress the bandits. Those Trachontians who did not wish to become peaceful farmers fled to Nabatean territory from where they started to raid Herod's lands. Syllaeus, now the power behind the Nabatean throne, encouraged their activities and brushed off Herod's complaints. Herod, believing he had the assent of the Governor of Syria, invaded Nabatea and wiped out the bandits' nest. Inevitably there were collateral Nabatean Arab casualties, and Syllaeus made the most of it, appealing to Rome. For once Herod's lobby failed to counter his claims. Syllaeus' tale grew considerably in the telling. According to the Jewish historian Josephus, Syllaeus "...told Caesar that Arabia was afflicted with war, and that all the kingdom was in great confusion, with Herod laying it waste with his army. He said, with tears in his eyes, that two thousand five hundred of the principal men among the Arabians had been destroyed." Augustus was not amused, and wrote a very stiff note admonishing Herod, telling him that "...while previously he had treated him as his friend, from now on he would treat him as his subject." Back in Trachontis, the inhabitants rebelled and expelled Herod's garrison.

Things were looking bleak for Herod. In addition to a war gone sour, and Augustus' unwonted displeasure, he was also having family problems (largely self-imposed). To shore up his legitimacy, Herod had married Mariamne, a Hasmonean princess. His new mother-in-law, Alexandra, did not approve of the match (Herod had executed her father) and intrigued against him. In the end, Alexandra, Mariamne, and Herod's two sons by her, were all executed by Herod. Fortunately for Herod, before things could get worse, Obodas, king of the Nabatean Arabs, died. His throne was seized by a nobleman from the Hejaz, Aeneas, who took the royal name of Aretas. In true Nabatean Arab fashion, Aretas neglected to seek Augustus' permission before assuming the throne. Now both the Judeans and the Nabateans were feeling the chill of Augustus' displeasure. Syllaeus, hoping to succeed Obodas, tried to exploit this. However, despite the liberal *douceurs* Syllaeus paid various courtiers, Augustus was unimpressed by his claims. He may have recalled Syllaeus' role in the misguided Yemeni expedition.

Herod now sent his best lobbyist to Rome, Nicolaus of Damascus. Nicolaus was able to document that the Trachontian brigands operating from their sanctuary in Nabatean Arab territory had been a serious menace, and that Herod had indeed received the Governor of Syria's permission to suppress them. Nicolaus was also able to convince Augustus that Syllaeus' claims about the damage caused by Herod's troops in Nabatea were greatly exaggerated.

Herod was forgiven and Augustus even considered handing the Nabatean kingdom over to him. In the end, due to Herod's failing health and his on-going family troubles, Augustus decided against this. Aretas was confirmed as King of the Nabatean Arabs. Syllaeus, amazingly, was allowed to return to Petra where he began a campaign of assassinations against his potential rivals. Finally he went too far, a conspiracy to assassinate Herod was uncovered and he was extradited to Rome and executed.

In 4 BC Herod died from some very repellent disease. Shortly before his death Herod executed yet another son — his eldest — Antipater. Augustus had given Herod the right to name his own successor (normally an Imperial prerogative, as Aretas of Nabatea had learned), and in his will Herod divided up his kingdom among his three surviving teenage sons, Archelaus, Philip and Antipas. Augustus reluctantly accepted the arrangement, although — contrary to Herod's wish — the younger sons were not subordinated to the eldest, Archelaus. While he received the Judean heartland, Archelaus was only granted the title of Ethnarch, not King. Antipas became Tetrach of Galilee, while Philip's Tetrachy comprised the Golan, Trachontis and other highland territories in southern Syria. While Antipas and Philip proved to be quite competent rulers, Archelaus did not prosper. At the start of his reign, while he was off in Rome — lobbying for a larger share of his father's dominions — a major uprising broke out in Jerusalem requiring the intervention of the Governor of Syria, Publius Quintillius Varus (better known for leading three legions to disaster in Germany in 9 AD). Varus was willingly aided by Nabatean Arab auxiliaries, who seemed mainly interested in ravaging Galilee. Restored to his throne, Archelaus proved every bit as paranoid as his father, but far less competent. In 6 AD he was fired by Augustus and exiled to Gaul. Judea was annexed to the province of Syria and placed under the control of a Roman procurator.

Antipas took a leaf out of his grandfather's book and fostered good relations with the Nabatean Arabs, marrying one of King Aretas' daughters. Philip also seems to have ensured that relations with Nabatea ran smoothly. This happy state of affairs ended in 34 AD when Philip died. Antipas married Philip's widow, Herodias (mother of the infamous Salome), and sent Aretas' daughter home. This not only offended Jewish law (and John the Baptist) but, needless to say, enraged Aretas. Nabatea and Galilee went to war, with the main theatre the Golan — Philip's former territory — which both Antipas and Aretas had hoped to inherit. The Nabatean Arabs were victorious, but, true to form, Aretas had failed to consult the Romans. The new Emperor, Tiberius, had other plans for Philip's former territories, annexing them to the province of Syria. The Governor of Syria, Vitellius, was ordered to launch a punitive expedition against the Nabatean Arabs, which he did somewhat reluctantly. Vitellius promptly halted the invasion the moment news reached him of Tiberius' death. He was wise to do so. Tiberius was succeeded by his nephew Gaius (better known as Caligula) who granted Philip's Tetrachy to

Herod Agrippa, son of Herod's executed son Aristobulus. Agrippa had been raised in the Roman court and (as fans of *I Claudius* will know) was close friends not only with Caligula, but also his eventual successor, Claudius.

Soon after, Caligula exiled Antipas to Gaul and gave his Tetrachy, as well, to Agrippa. Agrippa was in no hurry to visit his unexpected inheritances and was in Rome in 41 when Caligula was assassinated. Agrippa was instrumental in persuading the Imperial Guard to proclaim Claudius as emperor. Agrippa was granted Judea and Samaria and the royal title. The kingdom of Herod the Great had been restored. But not for long.

As friend and maker of Emperors, Agrippa clearly had exalted ideas about his place in the Roman East. The Governor of Syria had to intervene when Agrippa called an unsanctioned regional conference of client kings. In 44 Agrippa was in Caesarea, adjudicating a dispute between Tyre and Sidon (properly the responsibility of the Governor of Syria). Those present so approved of his judgment, that the crowd hailed his words as being those of a god. Agrippa seems to have taken this literally, but shortly afterwards was struck down by some nasty intestinal disease which soon killed him. We don't know if this sudden ailment was — as the pious assumed — divine retribution for Agrippa's hubris; executive action by nervous Roman officials, who had decided that, even for a friend of the Emperor, Agrippa was getting too big for his boots — or just a bad meal choice. Judea reverted to direct Roman rule.

Over the next two decades, without the firm hand or local knowledge of someone of Herod the Great's calibre, relations between the Romans and their Jewish subjects grew steadily worse; as did intercommunal relations between the Jews and the Hellenized populations of cities like Caesarea and Sebastea. In 66 a major revolt broke out, in the course of which a Roman punitive force was heavily defeated. The Romans mounted a major counter-attack commanded by the future emperor Vespasian.

Jerusalem was besieged and stormed and the Temple was destroyed. The Nabatean Arabs, along with other client states, were invited to join the punitive expedition which, according to Tacitus, they did with great enthusiasm. The resulting booty may well have helped finance a fine tomb which can still be seen in Petra, commemorating the likely leader of the Nabatean contingent.

Since Vitellius' aborted expedition, Nabatean Arab behaviour had, in Roman eyes, become exemplary. Aretas and his successors devoted their energies to enhancing the Kingdom's agricultural productivity (their water management schemes are a model to this day) and embellishing Petra and its other cities with the usual apparatus of a Roman city — temples, baths and theatres. But despite, or because of, this, the Kingdom's days of independence were numbered. While modern colonial powers granted colonies their independence once they reached a certain level of development, the Romans did the opposite. In 106 the Emperor Trajan, wishing to tidy up the frontiers before invading Iran,

took advantage of the death of the then king to annex the Nabatea, transforming it into the Province of Arabia. The transition seems to have gone smoothly and peacefully. The Nabatean army was incorporated into the Roman army and the III Cyrenica Legion was sent to garrison the new province. The next 500 years — until the Islamic conquest — were for Roman Arabia a period of prosperous obscurity. Judea was less fortunate, another Jewish revolt broke out in 130, which was, again, suppressed with great severity. Judea became Palestina and Jerusalem became the Roman Colony of Aelia Capitolina. So it was that the Romans resolved the Arab/Judean situation. ☺

*Roger Lucy is a retired Foreign Service Officer (1971 to 2004), who has contributed a number of articles to **bout** on ancient and medieval diplomacy. The inspiration for this article came during a recent trip to Petra. Questions and comments about this article or suggestions for future ones may be addressed to him at galea.hortus@sympatico.ca*



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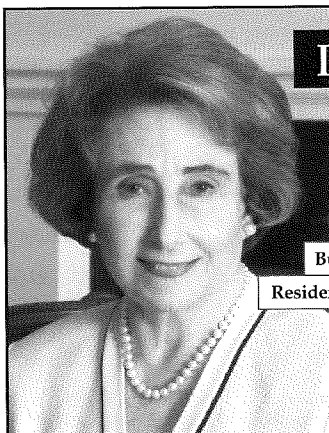
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Borderless Deceit

Reviewed by Gar Pardy

Ambassador Assignments: Canadian Diplomats Reflect on our Place in the World

Reviewed by John J. Noble

*The Places In Between:**The Prince of the Marshes and Other Occupational Hazards of a Year in Iraq*

Reviewed by Gar Pardy

BORDERLESS DECEIT by Adriaan de Hoog, Breakwater Books Ltd., 359 pp. 2007, \$22.00

Gar Pardy retired from the Canadian foreign service in 2003 following assignments in India, Kenya, the United States and Central America. He can be contacted at garp@rogers.com.

I begin reading a book with a sense of wonder. Wonder for what is to be expected. For many, authors' experience has shown what I can expect. Wayne Johnson's books will always have a combination of geography, climate and character as central features; Ian Rankin can be expected to deliver a whodunit where the detective deduces largely from the inside of a decent whisky bottle; and Robertson Davies could be trusted to detail the human condition in any of its many frailties and hopefully an occasional success.

A new novelist, as is Adriaan de Hoog, has a more limited track on which to judge what to expect. His first novel *Berlin Assignment* published last year, capped a 30-year career in Canada's foreign service, and following the advice of all handbooks to write about what you know, de Hoog's first novel detailed aspects of Canada's foreign service against the destruction of the Berlin wall and the reunification of Germany. If that was all it was, it would still be a most readable and insightful book.

It was much more; it was fine satire in the great traditions of that style. His new book, *Borderless Deceit* is very much the same style.

There are not many novels extant that deal with the foreign services of the countries of the world. What there is largely deal with secret missions carried out by people with cloaks and daggers in total disregard for the

structures and protocols that give some measure of order to today's often chaotic world. The only exceptions of any note are the four delightful books of Lawrence Durrell (*Esprit de Corps*, *Stiff Upper Lip*, *Sauve Qui Peut* and *Antrobus Complete*) detailing his experiences in a British embassy in central Europe after the Second World War. His was satire of a rare high order.

This lacuna is surprising since a constant theme of today's world is the need for vision and action to create a world where the worth of the individual far exceeds, hopefully, the needs of the nation state; after all the UN charter begins "We the peoples of the United Nations..." No one, despite the heaving and sighing of many (for example the fascination of a former prime minister for the *New York Times*), has been able to create a world where national and international diplomats do not have a central and unique role. The increasing flabbiness of the military muscle of the United States in the face of unique opposition merely demonstrates the point even more strongly. Even North Korea and Libya succumbed to the blandishments of diplomats.

All the more reason to welcome de Hoog's literary light into the recesses of Canadian diplomacy. *Borderless Deceit* is the story of four diplomats, three of whom haunt the halls of the "Service" in Ottawa. The fourth, Rachael, a "high flyer" in the language of the "Service," moves from the mission in Vienna to Geneva and finally is appointed as the Ambassador to Romania, the youngest in the history of the "Service." Two of the three in Ottawa are timeworn caricatures of any diplomatic service, and all the more accurate for that. One is a "Czar" of various foreign "Operations" while the other is a brilliant analyst of arcane intelligence working closely with the Americans.

The third one in Ottawa is a computer geek who is brought in to save the Service when a foreign-sourced virus (from a refused immigration applicant) invades and in seconds wipes out the departmental records and its ability to communicate with its far-flung foreign empire. She is *sui generis* and her generational uniqueness provides freshness and flip that add new features to the characters of her two Ottawa colleagues. The book plays the interactions of these four characters with humour, depth and sensitivity and, in that alone, it is of considerable value.

However, while the characters are significant, the satire that permeates de Hoog's writing is what gives the book its lasting and unique value. The Canadian foreign service is not known for its openness or frankness in dealing with the public and for many there is an ancient religiosity about its work and processes. de Hoog picked up on this aspect in his first book and now in his second, he again provides his own titles for the various offices of the foreign service in Ottawa. For the most part these are taken from the world of the church, convent and monastery. The author's deputy minister, Étienne des Étoiles and head of the "High Council" is characteristic of the many around Ottawa who know less and less about more and more and have a shorter shelf life than a piece of pop music.

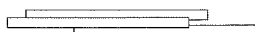
The collapse of the communications network brings its own religiosity and Mr. de Hoog shows unusual command of its arcane nature.

The bug arrived in stealth, without warning. And it was virulent, so bad that some — the closet mystics amongst us — supposed it spring from the occult. A visitation?
...

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Cyberspace velocity and a voracious appetite for ruination — these were the overt symptoms. But the bug also possessed an inner wizardry, because it was precisely targeted, like a smart bomb.

Vital spirits gushed from the Service as water through a burst dam. Ten thousand linked computers scattered over all the diplomatic outposts were sabotaged with one stroke.... Our shocked techies stood by, helpless and slack-jawed. Outside in the rest of the world all the other networks went about their business in robust good health. Why us? Why no one lese?

Of course the diplomat outside of Ottawa, Rachael, continues her work and search for personal salvation, seemingly indifferent to the cataclysmic events in Ottawa. For those in Ottawa, the world stopped for a few weeks and it was only with the restoration of the network through the display of technical artistry that is only available in a good novel that life returns to normal. However, for the four characters it is a new life and the ending provides the surprise that can be expected only from a good novelist.

AMBASSADOR ASSIGNMENTS: CANADIAN DIPLOMATS REFLECT ON OUR PLACE IN THE WORLD edited by David Chalmer Reece, Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 200 pp., 2007, \$28.95

John J. Noble served 35+ years in DFAIT including stints as Ambassador to Greece, Minister to France and Ambassador to Switzerland and Liechtenstein. He currently is President of the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA).

Ambassador Assignments: Canadian Diplomats Reflect on our Place in the World is the second volume of ambassadorial memoirs edited by retired Ambassador David Chalmer Reece (the first was *Special Trust and Confidence: Envoy Essays in Canadian Diplomacy* published in 2003). Reece has assembled a rich broth of memoirs spanning the period from the fall of Nanking in 1948–49 (Jack Maybee) up until the early 1990s

with Derek Burney in Washington and Fred Bild trying to rebuild the relationship with China after the Tiananmen Square massacre.

Nineteen former Heads of Mission have contributed to this exercise, three of whom were deceased at the time of publication, Eldon P. “Pat” Black, John Stiles, Elmo “Jean” Thibault, and another who died this past summer, John Hadwen. The posts and countries covered range from our largest (Washington, London, Tokyo, Beijing) to Burma where we have never had an Embassy. South Africa is central to the memoirs of three contributors: Roy McMurtry from his post of High Commissioner to London in the late 1980s, where he was active in the Commonwealth’s efforts, much to the annoyance of Margaret Thatcher; and Robert (Bob) Middleton and Edward (Ted) Lee from their posts in South Africa in the late 1970s and 1980s before the fall of apartheid. Several of the chapters cover the period when Brian Mulroney was Prime Minister and the publication of his “Memoirs” has brought out his relationships with Margaret Thatcher, Nelson Mandela, George H.W. Bush much as described by McMurtry, Burney, Lee and John Graham. With the exception of Fred Bild’s reflections on China, none of the chapters extends beyond the Mulroney period to the more recent history of the Chrétien era.

Jack Maybee recalls his experience of being in China at the time of the victory of Mao (when he was not the Ambassador) and in Beirut in 1967 at the time of the Six Day War. Eldon “Pat” Black writes about the rationale for Canada establishing diplomatic relations with the Vatican and what the Canadian Embassy does, but did not provide any vignettes about his time as Ambassador there. Dorothy Armstrong, the only woman in the group, describes her posting to Denmark and her visits to Greenland (1986–91) that resonate today with conflicting claims in the Arctic still unresolved. John Graham writes about the coup in Haiti which toppled President Aristide while he was Ambassador to Venezuela.

Arthur Menzies talks with now deceased CBC reporter Tom Earle about his postings to Japan, Australia, Malaysia and Vietnam, as well as reflections on his

responsibilities as Ambassador for Disarmament in Ottawa.

Three of the memoirs are written in French: André Couvrette reflects on almost missing a coup in Nigeria in 1966; Elmo (Jean) Thibault reflects on his trials and tribulations with the Government of Gabon (and French officialdom) in the late 1960s when it invited the Quebec Minister of Education to a conference without passing through Ottawa (I believe that was the last time Canada broke diplomatic relations with a country as a result of a bilateral issue); and Charles Bédard reflects on his posting to Montreal as Permanent Representative to the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) in the 1970s.

Ted Lee recalls the battles he and his wife engaged in fighting apartheid in South Africa from 1982–86. John Stiles writes about his efforts to set up a new mission in Korea from 1973–77. John Fraser recalls riding the Polish roller-coaster through the heady days of Solidarity in Poland 1980–83 and the proclamation of martial law there in 1980. Peter Johnston reflects on the heavy emphasis on trade promotion as Ambassador to Indonesia from 1974–77. Louis Delvoie takes up the same theme (“The Ambassador as Trade Commissioner”) in his observations of his time as Ambassador to Algeria in the early 1980s. Bob Middleton reflects on his postings to Ghana, South Africa and Cuba. Fred Bild reflects on his inner thoughts in trying to get through the post-Tiananmen Square period despite contradictory instructions from Ottawa. Ken Williamson looks at the history of Canada’s relations with the Organization of American States where he served as permanent observer before the Mulroney government decided to join the organization. John Hadwen reflects on Canada–Burma relations both at the time he was accredited there in the late 1960s and in the aftermath of the 1988 riots and massacres, which resonates in light of the recent massacres there.

Despite the title, most of the authors do not reflect on Canada’s role in the world but they describe the many facets which it took through the postings covered in their chapters. Nevertheless there are many valuable insights into the various

roles played by various Canadian governments and our diplomats around the world. All of the chapters were written in the 1990s, which may be somewhat disconcerting to a reader of a book which was published in 2007. However, its value is not so much a reflection on what role Canada should play as in Reece's own words "a window on the part played by Canadian diplomats in Canada's role in world affairs" for every Canadian government since World War II. Burney, Lee and Hadwen make clear the crucial role played by the spouse of the Head of Mission in very different circumstances, which is also acknowledged by Reese. This book is an excellent contribution to the history of various parts of Canadian foreign policy during the second half of the last century and brings to life the highs and lows of diplomatic life as practised by a wide variety of Canadians. It is a joy to read for both serious students of Canadian foreign policy and would be practitioners of the future.

THE PLACES IN BETWEEN by Rory Stewart, Toronto: Penguin Canada, 299 pp., 2004, \$18.00.

THE PRINCE OF THE MARSHES AND OTHER OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS OF A YEAR IN IRAQ by Rory Stewart, Toronto: Penguin Canada, 196 pp., 2006, \$24.00

Gar Pardy retired from the Canadian foreign service in 2003 following assignments in India, Kenya, the United States and Central America. He can be contacted at garp@rogers.com.

A hundred years from now historians will have passed judgment on the two curious wars that began the 21st century. Will these wars then be as faded as the wars that surrounded the opening of the 20th century? Will they have been assembled into the welf and the warp of a quickly changing world and for which there are few large historical consequences? Japan's wars with China and Russia, the Spanish American War, the Boer Wars, and the Boxer Rebellions were relatively small affairs — relative to what was to come later in the first half of the 20th century. Today there

are small footprints of these wars and their echoes are largely contained within historical footnotes. Curiously, only the British skirmishes with the Pashtuns on the Northwest Frontier of present-day Pakistan and Afghanistan can be tracked to today's troubles in the same region.

For those living at the time or for the participants, these wars were of some significance involving as they did major European powers; and just as today's wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, they captured world-wide attention. Both of today's wars involving the military might of the United States and major European powers dominate the world's agenda almost to the exclusion of all else. In part this is due to the amount of oxygen American interests consume; but for other countries there are significant national interests involved ranging from keeping relations with the United States in good repair or for some, the belief that the future of western civilization depends on the outcome.

A consequence of the global preoccupation with the Afghan and Iraqi wars has been the proliferation of books, both good and bad, that detail the mites and the mighties, and the labyrinthine motivations involved in these troublesome conflicts. For those who had forebodings of the demise of the printed word with the advent of the www, its dependent children email, blogs and YouTube and their associated .com enterprises, the literary canon shows no signs of yielding to these neoteric devices and concepts. Very few of the books, however, in the hurry to have the first if not the definitive word, contain mihrabs to give readers a sense of understanding or a sense of the future of what is involved. Pre-emptive protection, regime change, elimination of nasty weapons and drugs, retribution, punishment, emancipation of women, the spread of democratic values and the security of oil supply have all been promoted as the reason or among the reasons for sending thousands of western troops to Afghanistan and Iraq. Unfortunately, very few have much to say about the Afghans and the Iraqis and their countries.

Enter Rory Stewart — then an itinerant British diplomat. Stewart succeeds in fixing that troublesome imbalance. In short order

he has given us two books *The Places in Between* detailing a gruelling walk across most of central Afghanistan in 2002 and *The Princes of the Marshes*, memorializing a ten-month "governorship" in the Iraqi marsh-centered cities of Amarah and Nasiriyah in 2003–04. These two books provide a ground-up view of why western interventions have been such failures in their objectives and form part of the events that have altered the world's strategic balance. They should be required reading for all who deal with places foreign. Hopefully, the books will be read long after these wars come to some form of conclusion as illustrations of what we don't know when we militarily engage societies such as those in Afghanistan and Iraq.

In the opening of *Places* Stewart succinctly acknowledges the basic humanity of his journey and his hosts:

But never in my twenty-one months of travel did they attempt to kidnap or kill me. I was alone and a stranger, walking in very remote areas; I represented a culture that many of them hated, and I was carrying enough

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money to save or at least transform their lives. In more than five hundred village houses, I was indulged, fed, nursed and protected by people poorer, hungrier, sicker, and more vulnerable than me. . . . I owe this journey and my life to them.

Stewart's Afghan journey began in the early winter months of 2002 just weeks after the fall of the Taliban. The route stretched from Herat in the northwest, due east through the central mountains along the Hari Rud (river), through the lost Islamic capital of the Turquoise Mountain, into the Bamiyan valley (the home of the destroyed cliff Buddhas) and onto Kabul. It was the route taken by Babur early in the 16th century (probably based on bad advice) as he began the wanderings that led to the establishment of his Mogul empire. Babur died in 1530 in India and after a delay his remains were buried in Kabul under the widely-quoted inscription, "If there is a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this." A more recent traveller is quoted by the author as writing that she was "reluctant to recommend this route without the gravest reservation."

The passes only lower to 14,000 feet and in the winter deep snows and 40 below temperatures are common. For most of the route, the Hazara people dominate. The Hazaras are Shia and descendants of Genghis Khan, an earlier traveller in the region. They are at the very end of the Afghan social scale and, it is more the result of their isolation that they continue to survive at some 10 percent of the population. They were the last to be dominated by the Taliban in 1996, which added further to their misery and downtrodden status.

The author's journey is blessed by the Herat governor and he starts with two minders from the local security authorities. Their and many other conversations establish the strength of the book. As the author notes

Yuzufi [local official in Herat] had an older view of an Afghanistan with a single national identity, natural frontiers, and ambassadors and a culture defined by medieval poetry. The Security Service saw my walk only as

a journey to the edge of Ismail Khan's terrain. The Hazara area was as foreign to them as Iran. But for Yuzufi my walk was a journey across a united country. Perhaps this was why he was one of the only people who thought the walk possible.

As the author leaves, Yuzufi remarked "Record me in your book. As the Persian poet say: 'Man's life is brief and transitory. Literature endures forever'."

The minders, Seyyad Qasim and Abdul Haq, related through marriage, are of a different order. Described with a touch that Cervantes would appreciate, they work now for the new regime in Herat but their histories reflect the country: probably before they were with the Taliban; before that they fought the Russians; and even earlier, as children, they enjoyed one of the few periods in recent Afghan history when there was reasonable peace throughout the land and when the national buzukasi in Kabul had the status of Stanley Cup playoffs between Montreal and Toronto. Along the journey's route, the recent history of Afghanistan is also memorialized: destroyed Russian equipment, places where Russians died; places where the Taliban killed Hazaras and places where the Hazaras killed Taliban. And from 600 years earlier or even 900 years there are still signs of Babur's journey and the wanderings of Genghis Khan's armies.

The author deftly gives Babur's journey currency by quoting from his journal (and those of many other previous and more recent travellers on the same route), demonstrating the endurance of the people and the land. In one quote a local ruler in the 16th century was convinced of his invincibility and without planning believed he could defy the invading Uzbeks. Babur writes:

Zulnun . . . kept his ground against fifty thousand Uzbeks with a hundred and fifty men. A great body of the enemy coming up took him in an instant and swept on. They cut off his head as soon as he was taken.

And today, the author observes:

No where in Afghanistan did the cruelty of the Taliban seem so

comprehensive or have such an ethnic focus. In a three-day walk from Yakawlang, where the Taliban had executed four hundred to Sahidan, where eighty shop fronts had been reduced to blackened shells, every Hazara village I saw had been burned. In each settlement, people had been murdered, the flocks driven off, and the orchards razed. Most of the villages were still abandoned. The Hazara knew little and cared less about the World Trade Center.

It is these riffs up and down the historical scale that provide a reality check for our current preoccupations with things Afghan. The folly and conceit or our coming is quietly and devastatingly illustrated by Stewart's daily privations and small courtesies that are extended by his hosts. "Only when he saw I was warm and had finished eating did he lean forward and ask, 'And who are you? And where are you from?'" As he ended his journey in Kabul, Stewart, perhaps with journalistic opportunism, picks up a piece of paper from the street:

There is a consensus in Afghan society: violence must end, respect for human rights will form the path to a lasting peace and stability across the country. The people's aspirations must be represented in an accountable, broad-based, gender sensitive, multi-ethnic, representative government that delivers daily value.

It was a draft proposal, in English, intended for the Afghan government! Needless to say there are many such draft proposals lying in the dirt of Iraq.

By 2003, Stewart was looking for a new adventure (he had resigned from the British foreign service by this time) and thought that Iraq offered an antidote to tree-planting in the Highlands of Scotland. He was asked by the Foreign Office to be "deputy governorate coordinator" of Maysan, and by late September 2003, he was on his way via Basra. Maysan "lay in the marshes just north of the Garden of Eden. Or rather just north of the dead date palm and visitors' parking lot that Iraqis claimed marked the site of paradise." His mission was to create "a democratic Iraq at peace with itself and

with its neighbors" — or in the jargon popular in Baghdad, "a multi-ethnic, decentralized, prosperous state, based on human rights, a just constitution, a vibrant civil society, and the rule of law."

The Prince of the Marshes is written as a series of journal entries and excerpts from documents still available to the author. It covers the period from September 28, 2003 to June 28, 2004. It was a period in which the brilliant military invasion of Iraq in early 2003 turned into the quagmire that deepened and broadened the fissures of Iraqi society into vast gulfs of irreconcilability. The author tracks this decline through the eyes of a civilian coalition team working within the confines of a supposedly homogeneous people of the marshes. Like the Hazaras in Afghanistan, the Marsh people were the outcasts of Iraqi society and in some ways were more harshly treated by the previous Baathist regime than were the Kurds in the north.

The team, when fully staffed, was made up of a disparate group of short-term aliens who were supposed to re-establish social and economic services until such time as elections could be held for Iraqis to take over. The author, through wit, understatement, satire, irony and naïveté, treats us to the 10 months of slipping and sliding that only dealing with an ancient, patient and knowing people could produce. The daily work ranged from the establishment of a local governing council, the appointment of police and security officials and local administrators to obtaining some measure of understanding of the various social and political forces and local personalities. The work made Lawrence Durrell's descriptions of a British embassy in central Europe

between the wars appears as nursery play. Money was no object and tens of millions of dollars were available and the author's accounting standards would have led Judge Gomery to early retirement.

It is the author's dealings with the Prince of the Marshes that is at the centre of the book and provides its sub-title — *and Other Occupational Hazards of a Year in Iraq*. The Prince was a serious occupational hazard having for the previous 17 years fought the Baathists from Baghdad and had considerable legitimacy both locally and with the new forces in the capital. The naming of the "Prince" (he was not) was attributed to Paul Bremer, which he subsequently denied, as with so many other things for which he was responsible. The British military and more significantly minor civilian functionaries were of little consequence. The marsh Arabs could remember British soldiers from 50 and even 100 years earlier and assess their true importance on the area's many-millennia of recorded history. Upon Stewart's introduction, the Prince "glanced at me and then looked away." While there were other occasions, it was clear that the Prince (although he was overcome by the new forces in the marshes and from the east) had an understanding of the relative order of things.

For Stewart the new order crumbled when the invading forces failed to provide protection for the new local authorities he was instrumental in putting into office. Paralleling the "looting" in Baghdad a few months earlier, in the words of the new local governor, "You sent home my security force, dissolved the police line and took responsibility for the building. How did you then let the crowd get in and steal

everything?" the author notes "the governor left that meeting certain that we were not prepared to give him the level of protection we gave ourselves. And from then onwards almost any hope of cooperation was lost." A few lines earlier he notes: "... we thought property less important than life. And because we could not define the conditions under which we were prepared to kill Iraqis or have our own soldiers killed. Occupation is not a science but a deep art that can only be learned through experience." And clearly it is an experience that western publics do not wish to learn.

In the middle of his Afghan journey, the author was presented with a dog, a "Sag-Jingo," a dog of war, as company for the last five weeks of his trek. It was the size of a small pony and named Babur by the author. When the author flew off to Scotland he made arrangements for the dog to follow. It was not to be. Babur died before he got on the plane.

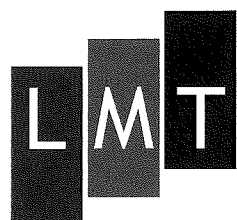
*Someone had given him rack of lamb.
After eating bread all his life, he had
neither the teeth nor the experience to
handle a bone. The shards cut up his
stomach and killed him. I had thought
that line of smells by unmarked boulders,
stretching to a snow-ridge horizon,
with ice holes for drinking, would
finish with good meat, oak trees,
rabbits, and a warm house. But it
ended with his death.*

Perhaps fitting testimony to our own efforts in that ancient land.

Another Afghan host, when asked by the author to explain the Hazara, carefully unwrapped the Koran and read:

*Unbeliever, I do not worship what
you worship,
Nor do you worship what I worship,
I shall never worship what
you worship,
Nor will you ever worship what
I worship,
You have your religion and
I have mine.*

Many have died to arrive at that understanding. ☺



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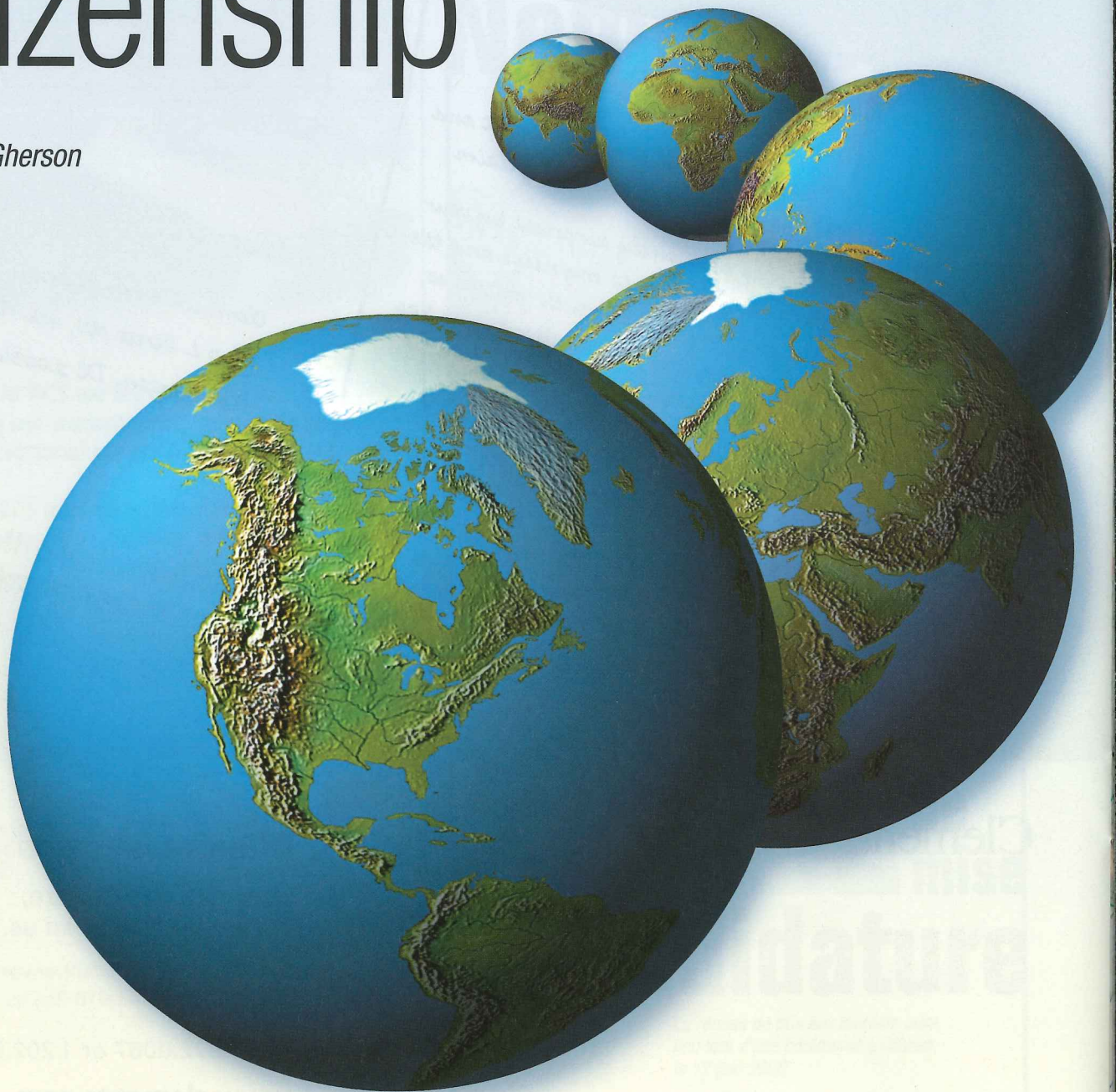
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Why We Need a Charter of Canadian Citizenship

by Randolph Gherson



This essay is an introduction to a large, complex and delicate subject. It enquires into whether and, if so, how the rights of Canadian citizenship should be balanced with effective statutory duties and responsibilities. It discusses the underlying changes, including the *Citizenship Act* of 1977, the *Charter of Rights and Freedoms* (CR&F) of 1982 and the *Multiculturalism Act* of 1988, attended by the steady flow of immigration, that have influenced political and social attitudes. One of the emerging consequences is the issue of dual nationality and its policy implications at home and abroad. It concludes with proposed approaches to a formula.

Why is this a matter of concern?

Over the last year or two there have been calls for diplomatic intervention and assistance from Canadians with dual nationality in difficulty abroad. The issue came to the fore over the plight of Lebanese-Canadian citizens visiting or residing in Lebanon during the outbreak of hostilities in 2006. Questions were asked both in Parliament and in the media concerning the Canadian government's responsibility to protect dual citizens in trouble in their country of origin, particularly in respect of residents who had ceased to be taxpayers in Canada. Other situations include Italian-Canadian, French-Canadian, US-Canadian and Iraqi-Canadian dual nationals who have cast votes in Canada for elections in their country of origin. Italian-Canadians also voted in Canada for other resident Italian-Canadians to represent them in the Italian parliament, which invests Italy with extra-territorial claims over Italian-Canadians in Canada, and permits those dual citizens to participate in legislative elections in both the countries of origin and adoption. Moreover, recent cases in Iran and China prompted questions about the Canadian government's responsibility towards Canadian dual nationals who have been detained or imprisoned in their country of origin and who seek protection from the Canadian government.

Dual nationality: its implication and consequences

Nationality defines the relationship between the state and its citizens. Our current *Citizenship Act* of 1974–75–76 (1977) no longer prohibits Canadian citizens from holding dual nationalities. This means, however, that allegiance and its inherent commitments are bound equally to Canada and another country, both of which also have corresponding legal claims on the holder. The question arises as to which country a Canadian dual citizen owes allegiance and feels committed to in situations of conflicting national interests or loyalties.

To which country's call does the virtue of patriotism respond?

To put this question in context: the vistas of economic opportunities and political and social freedoms in western societies have attracted large migratory movements from economically disadvantaged countries, particularly those with authoritarian regimes. These migratory movements have in turn been accompanied by the growth of dual nationality. In 2005 there were six million foreign-born new Canadian citizens. Of these, some estimates indicate that over 700,000 Canadian citizens, and possibly about three times as many living abroad (including in their countries of origin), hold dual nationality.

Under international law, the country of adoption, e.g. Canada, is entitled to protect its citizens abroad except in the case where dual nationals are visiting or residing in their country of origin. This is made clear on the last page of Canadian passports, as follows: "Canadians may have dual nationality through birth, descent, marriage or naturalization. They are advised that while in the

The question arises

as to which country a Canadian dual citizen owes allegiance and feels committed to in situations of conflicting national interests or loyalties. To which country's call does the virtue of patriotism respond?

country of their other nationality they may be subject to all its laws and obligations, including military service.” This is particularly important where the country of origin affirms its claim by neither allowing the renunciation of its nationality nor accepting the nationality of the adopted country: to wit, Mrs. Zahra Kazemi, an Iranian-Canadian national who, while visiting Iran as a Canadian photographer/journalist, was considered an Iranian citizen, subject exclusively to Iranian laws. Declared in contravention of security rules, she was detained and tortured. Moreover, dual nationals falling afoul of the authorities in a third country may be deported at that country’s discretion to either the country of origin or the country of adoption, or even another country: to wit, a Syrian-Canadian national, Mr. Maher Arar, was deported from the USA to Jordan and then Syria; and Mr. Husseyin Celil, a Chinese-Canadian, was deported from Uzbekistan to China. In the case of both Iran and China, Canadian representations were rebuffed as foreign interference in an internal matter affecting their own citizens.

Renunciation of the nationality of the country of origin may require the negotiation of a consular agreement, on a case-by-case basis. Our own Governor General and Commander-in-Chief, the Rt. Hon. Michaëlle Jean, had to seek the agreement of the French government to part with her French citizenship. The leader of the official opposition, the Hon. Stéphane Dion, also a dual citizen of Canada and France, proposes, if necessary but not necessarily, to follow suit. Not to do so would set a questionable precedent, implying the legitimacy of dual nationality for holders of the highest political offices of the land. As citizenship is defined as a legal rather than a sentimental attachment, this also raises the question whether or not dual nationality compromises the expectation of absolute commitment to Canada and Canadians from their public servants, particularly from those in positions of authority. Since a majority of Canadians favours Canada as a country of peacekeepers, this would presume that conflicts of interest or of nationalities are unlikely to arise and test the allegiance of dual citizens. But such conflicts can and do arise: in Bosnia and Kosovo, Canadians confronted each other in the service of Serbia, Croatia and the UN respectively; or in past Arab-Israeli wars, Canadian dual nationals served in the Israeli armed forces. If challenged, the CR&F may allow Canadians with dual allegiances to choose who to fight for, so long as they do not contravene Canadian security laws. In a diverse society of Canadians from about 140 countries of origin, it is perhaps inconceivable that Canadian public opinion would countenance war except in defence of Canadian borders, or in compliance with a UN Security Council mandate, which could then be defended domestically on the grounds

that all the countries of origin represented by dual nationals in Canada would also be bound by their respective UN Charter obligations.

How do we, as Canadians, therefore, identify ourselves, or wish to be perceived internationally? Is Canadian citizenship to be janus-like, hyphenated: half-country of origin, half-Canadian, with two passports of convenience? Or are dual nationals just post-modern citizens with rights to the 100% protection of the passports of two countries with 50% responsibility to each?

Rights and responsibilities of citizenship are found in a booklet issued by Citizenship and Immigration Canada (C&I-143-02-04E) to assist applicants for citizenship. It includes the oath of citizenship: to “be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second, Queen of Canada, and that I will faithfully observe the laws of Canada and fulfil my duties as a Canadian citizen.” This same oath is applied to Members of Parliament and Senators. And yet what does “be faithful and bear true allegiance” and fulfilling “duties (unspecified) as a Canadian citizen” mean for MPs and Senators holding dual nationality, who legislate and determine Canadian domestic and foreign policy and who apparently believe that dual nationality lends an additional perspective which enriches Canadian political discourse and policy formulation? Is this how we can best define and protect the Canadian national interest? Perhaps this does not matter; it is the natural, evolutionary offshoot of a post-modern, multicultural, multinational state. In any event, dual nationality is not only allowed by law, but also protected by the CR&F: (“Part I, General Section 26: The guarantee in this Charter of certain rights and freedoms shall not be construed as denying the existence of other rights and freedoms that exist in Canada”; and “Section 27: The Charter shall be interpreted in a manner consistent with the preservation and enhancement of the multicultural heritage of Canadians.”).

A recent (June, 2007) Ipsos/Reid poll found that 75% of Canadians aged 18–34 endorse current policy allowing Canadians to hold dual citizenship, and that 50% of older Canadians support the idea. In the present climate of public opinion, and given the legitimacy of dual nationality, the Canadian government would be hard put to disallow it. The dual national constituencies would contend that the Charter ethos now prevails in Canada and that in any event we have passed the point of no return. So long as one respects Canadian laws, pays taxes, participates in the local community, votes in municipal, provincial and federal elections and exercises rights under the CR&F, promises as citizens of Canada are deemed fulfilled. Is this how

Canadian citizenship can be best defined? Others may regard these points as reflecting a rather convenient, if not narrow concept of Canadian citizenship. It should be remembered that the present-day Canada that welcomes migrants as its own owes its existence to early settlers and those who followed in the eighteenth, nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. These pioneers made their contribution in their own way, harnessing resources from a harsh land in an unforgiving climate with human sacrifice, and giving their all in 1812, 1914–18, 1939–45, 1950–53 and more recently in the Gulf War and Afghanistan, with an unfailing sense of Canadian nationhood. Collectively, they provided for a free society, national institutions of democratic governance, an independent judiciary and an apolitical public service committed to serving the elected government of the day. Should not these efforts inspire and give meaning to Canadian citizenship? Or do we now say that was then and this is now? That is, we have progressed from nation-building to globalization, and in a “flat” world of increasingly multicultural, ethnically diversified societies the notion of nationhood or nationality becomes almost anachronistic. One’s real core identity would be defined by descent, heritage, background and culture, which carry enduring attachments to a place or country of origin. Yet, while globalization has wired the world with a network of supply chains transacting electronically from one end to the other in “real time,” it does not appear to have diminished conflict, national ferment or cultural/

ethnic/religious tensions, reflecting frustrated aspirations of national self-determination. Therefore, as Canada continues to be a nation state welcoming migrants at the official target rate of 250,000 a year, it would seem important that, while maintaining and celebrating respective traditional cultures, there should develop a binding sense of nationhood that builds on and preserves the knowledge of Canadian history, institutions and ethos. Is this achievable in light of current legislation, practices and public opinion?

Proposed approaches: a Charter of Canadian Citizenship

If Canadian citizenship is to mean more than rights and freedoms, the observance of laws and voluntary civic participation, should we then not consider a charter to impart an unambiguous commitment to Canada and primacy to its citizenship?

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How do we, as Canadians, therefore, identify ourselves, or wish to be perceived internationally? Is Canadian citizenship to be janus-like, hyphenated: half-country of origin, half-Canadian, with two passports of convenience? Or are dual nationals just post-modern citizens with rights to the 100 percent protection of the passports of two countries with 50 percent responsibility to each?



The *Canadian Oxford Dictionary* defines a charter as a written grant of rights by a sovereign or legislature. It is generally silent on corresponding duties or responsibilities. These may be assumed to be covered by convention, an unwritten social compact or customary law: "you shall obey the law, pay your taxes and exercise your vote." Unlike new Canadians, native Canadians are not required to pass an examination and take an oath of allegiance to qualify for the grant of citizenship. For uniformity of coverage and application, a Charter of Canadian Citizenship (CCC) could take the form of a social compact defining the relationship between the State and Canadians. It would cover: (i) the state's obligations under the Constitution and laws of Canada to protect Canadian citizens at home and abroad; and (ii) the duties and responsibilities of Canadian citizens with a commitment to Canada and Canadians as true and loyal subjects: (a) by allegiance to the Head of State and Government of Canada, (b) by observance of the Constitution and laws of Canada, (c) by respect for the Canadian Flag and other national symbols, for historical traditions and conventions, for Canadian common values and for national institutions and their history; and (d) by exercising the right to vote in federal and provincial elections, and to participate in community affairs. It would also make clear the government's obligations with respect to dual nationals visiting or residing in their country of origin, where they may be liable to its exclusive jurisdiction. It would articulate agreed common consent on duties and responsibilities of citizenship and allow for the payment of Canadian taxes by dual citizens residing in their country of origin,

so as to maintain their entitlement to participation in Canadian elections and to social services when visiting Canada. It would explain that in the event of deportation of dual nationals from a third country, the government could not assure their direct return to Canada. The CCC could also indicate the need for voluntary national service (civilian or military) in the event of national emergency or threat of hostilities where Canadian national interests or international undertakings are involved.

While the *Official Secrets Act* and a security clearance should provide a guarantee protecting the government, it is not clear that these would necessarily exempt a Canadian dual citizen holding public office or in designated positions from possible legal claims of the country of origin on the allegiance of its national. It also begs the question whether Canadian diplomats and their wives/partners or children holding dual nationality would be fully covered by diplomatic immunity when posted in their country of origin; or whether they would be (discreetly or by common consent) ineligible for such

assignments. If dual citizenship cannot be disallowed as a requirement of Canadian citizenship, it would be prudent to stipulate in the CCC that, at the very least, exclusive Canadian citizenship would be a prerequisite for Order-in-Council appointments and for public servants in designated positions or occupations involving national responsibilities or national security, and to provide, where necessary, for consular agreements for the renunciation of the nationality of the country of origin.

Is a Charter enough?

In conformity with the *International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights*, to which Canada is a party, the *Multiculturalism Act* provides that "persons belonging to ethnic, religious, or linguistic minorities shall not be denied the right to enjoy their own culture, to profess and practise their own religion or to use their own language." The Act goes on to declare as the policy of the government, inter alia, to recognize and promote the understanding that multiculturalism reflects the cultural and racial diversity of Canadian society and acknowledges the freedom of all members of Canadian society to preserve, enhance and share their cultural heritage; "to foster the recognition and appreciation of the diverse cultures of Canadian society and promote the reflection and evolving expressions of those cultures." The Minister may, inter alia, "provide support to individuals, groups or organizations for the purpose of preserving, enhancing and promoting multiculturalism in Canada; and may undertake such other projects and programs in respect of multiculturalism, not assigned to any other federal institution, as are designed to promote the multiculturalism policy of Canada."

These provisions illustrate the purport of the Act, which underlines both their necessity and importance in an evolving diverse society. Yet, taking the Act as a whole, there seems to be a missing complementary component, a connection with Canadian history and the visionary, nation-building attitudes of mind that informed the evolution of Canadian institutions and governance and which could help forge a fully committed Canadian identity. This reveals the consequential need to sustain and enliven the CCC with greater emphasis on the teaching of Canadian history and institutions, especially for the young: to provide a common history for a common geography. As the former Governor General, the Rt. Hon. Adrienne Clarkson, said in her speech on Canada Day 2001, "History does not begin the day you (are born or) arrive in Canada." To follow up this insightful observation by a foreign-born Canadian, one possible approach would be for the CCC to authorize (through a federal/

provincial protocol and inspired political will?) a common Canadian history curriculum. This could be combined with the Dominion Institute's proposal to enhance Canadian civic literacy by including civics as a compulsory subject for high school graduation. Taken together, they would help develop a collective historical memory that would strengthen the fabric of Canadian society and the viability of its democratic institutions.

In the absence of such complementary educational provisions, do we not risk the incremental dilution of our past, letting it fade into oblivion? The afore-mentioned Ipsos/Reid poll found that "Canadians are less knowledgeable now than they were a decade ago about their country, history, culture or geography." The perpetuation of such a trend, abetted by the cohesive ties of individual cultures, could well lead to the fragmentation of society and the country. Does this represent the enviable Canadian mosaic? Every mosaic needs a glue which binds all the pieces together into a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts. That is the precious quality underlying Canadian nationhood and values, which it is the obligation of its citizens to preserve and cherish.

Conclusion

In sum, a CCC would provide the necessary glue to integrate diversity within the unity of the Canadian mosaic. It would embrace the principles and purposes of the CR&F and of the *Multiculturalism Act* and, by recognizing our past, also confer the full dignity of (unhyphenated) Canadian citizenship. Holding such citizenship would be a privilege. It would also pay tribute with dutiful respect for our present and more so for our past. National unity seems to have been addressed mainly through the prism of federal/provincial relations. A CCC with its complementary, statutory and public dimension provides a coherent, inclusive and firm underpinning to national unity. ☺

*"True patriot love
in all thy sons command."*

Randolph Gherson is a member of RHOMA and of the Senior Editorial Board of *bout de papier*. (Talk originally given to The Friday Club, Ottawa, ON, Friday, 3 February 2006. Edited and revised for publication.)

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John Hadwen 1923–2007

*The following is the tribute given by James (Si) Taylor at the Memorial Service on Friday, September 7, 2007. John Hadwen was a member of the senior editorial board of **bout de papier** and a constant supporter of the foreign service.*

It is an honour to have been asked to speak at this service about John Hadwen's career. John has left a wide circle of friends and colleagues. They would want me to express our deep sympathy to Shirley, to John's sons, daughters-in-law and grandchildren, and to the entire Hadwen family. We share — as much as anyone outside the family can share — in the pride, tinged with sorrow, of this memorial to John.

It is not hard to talk about him. There must be dozens of his old associates with vivid memories of him and with stories about him. He himself reflected a good deal about his work, and wrote and spoke about it extensively. He had a long career. His university studies were interrupted by the War, in which he served for three years in

the artillery in Italy, Northwest Europe and Germany. He completed his studies after the War, entered the foreign service in 1950 and served a further 37 years in Ottawa and abroad. In all he gave 40 years of service to Canada in war and peace. A long career, indeed, for which we all stand indebted.

As it was long, so also John's career was broad. He knew the work of headquarters and the work of posts abroad; the business of diplomacy, multilateral as well as bilateral; and how to work easily with everyone from the great and the near-great to the most recently hired junior employee. In his time he served in virtually every country in south and south-east Asia. He had two assignments in Pakistan, first as a junior officer and later as Ambassador where he was also accredited as Ambassador to Afghanistan. He was High Commissioner to India where he was also accredited as Ambassador to Nepal. It was in Nepal that he developed his affection for the Ghurkas, an interest which he maintained in retirement. Earlier he had served as High Commissioner to Malaysia where he was also accredited as Ambassador to Burma and High Commissioner to Singapore. Subsequently in Ottawa he had responsibility for relations with China,

Korea, Hong Kong, Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. Thus his experience in Asian affairs was amongst the widest, if not *the* widest, of any officer of his generation. To this broad experience of bilateral relations he added a tour of duty in Norway.

But he was equally versed in multi-lateral relations. Through service in the Permanent Mission to the UN in New York, and through later participation in delegations to many successive sessions of the General Assembly and to other UN and Commonwealth bodies, he became a leading expert among Canadian diplomats in economic relations with developing countries. He was one of the team that established the External Aid Office, the precursor of CIDA. Along with a Dutch colleague he profited from his work at the UN to co-author a standard text entitled *How UN Decisions Are Made*.

John became as accustomed over time to carrying senior responsibilities in Ottawa as he was abroad. He served for three years in the 1960s as special assistant to the Hon. Paul Martin, then Secretary of State for External Affairs. Later, as a director general, he was at various times the senior officer responsible in the Department of External Affairs for consular matters, for security and intelligence, for personnel and for relations with East Asia. Over his whole career he was, by my count, named ambassador or high commissioner seven times, and director general five times. This is an exceptional record. It demonstrated how justified, in John's case, is the phrase that appears in the order which appoints every ambassador, "...reposing special trust and confidence in your loyalty, integrity and ability, we appoint you—"

John was a very special kind of manager. He was full of ideas and perfectly prepared to entertain unusual, even quirky, notions — to think outside the box, in the current phrase. During much of his time, the foreign service was inundated with successive waves of bright ideas about yet further reorganizations. Yet for all the originality of his mind and for all his own capacity for organization, John never belonged to the great Ottawa school of management by buzzword. Fundamentally he believed in people far more than in processes. He believed that the right people, decently treated and well led, could accomplish much for Canada. He was devoted to the foreign service and worried all his life about the



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damage he feared that governments were doing to it. His heroes were men like Ed Ritchie and John Holmes and of course L.B. Pearson. When he came in his turn to lead, John paid close attention to dealing, knowledgeably and humanely, with everyone who worked for him. While many of us, for example, have admired the standard set by chauffeurs at Canadian missions abroad, only John thought enough and cared enough about these men and their work to take the trouble to write a paper about it. It was in the same spirit that, reflecting on his years as Director General of Personnel, he took particular satisfaction in having devoted attention to the needs of every category of the Department's employees. John was a man in the mode of Kipling's ideal who could "walk with kings — nor lose the common touch."

John was as open to ideas as he was to people. He liked reading, writing, analyzing and discussing. He could expatiate on nuclear proliferation or economic development in the Third World, or international energy programs or the paintings of Holbein. But he liked just as much to have fun with ideas, and was equally at home with campaigns to ensure there were Christmas trees on Parliament Hill, or water jets in the Ottawa River — or that the bilingual abbreviations on the elevator buttons in the Pearson building were accurate. He had a wonderful career — a career to be proud of. And as with the summer sunset at his much loved Lake of Bays, even when the sun is gone, a splendid light remains.

James (Si) Taylor was Canada's Ambassador and Permanent Representative to the North Atlantic Council (1982–85) and Ambassador to Japan (1989–92).

Ross Campbell 1918–2007

Ross Campbell, O.C., D.S.C., was born in Toronto on November 4, 1918. He graduated from the Faculty of Law, University of Toronto, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1940, he volunteered for service with the Royal Canadian Navy, on loan to the Royal Navy. He took part in two North African invasions and in others in Italy, Greece and Normandy, and as a Lieutenant

Commander was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross by King George VI in 1944 for actions in motor torpedo boats.

Ross joined the External Affairs Department in 1945, serving first in diplomatic posts in Norway, Denmark and Turkey. In Ottawa he held several senior positions — head of the Middle East Division, special assistant to the Minister and Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs responsible for NATO, NORAD, the UN, and peacekeeping. He was also Canada's Ambassador to Yugoslavia, Algeria, NATO (Paris and Brussels), Korea and Japan. As Ambassador to NATO, Ross successfully fought against some members of Cabinet who thought we should get out of NATO. He was a frequent lecturer at the National Defence College, Kingston, Canadian Forces Staff College, Toronto, and NATO Defence College, Rome.

Following a distinguished 30-year diplomatic career, he became Chairman of Atomic Energy of Canada Limited (AECL) from 1975–80. Ross played a major role in nuclear power, helping to sell CANDU reactors. After leaving AECL he was an advisor to business and industrial clients at home and abroad. He was a founder of and partner in InterCon Consultants, from 1983 to 2007. Ross also enjoyed memberships in various organizations including the Rideau Club, of which he was a Life Member. He was also a member of the senior editorial board of *bout de papier*. In 2003, he was inducted into the Canadian Veterans' Hall of Honour. On May 4, 2007, Ross was invested as an Officer of the Order of Canada. A funeral took place on Thursday, August 23, 2007, at Christ Church (Anglican) Aylmer, Quebec.

The following *in memoriam* was read by retired ambassador Jake Warren at the service.

*No ordinary man,
A remarkable man,
A man of primary colours,
A unique and extraordinary man.*

*A lively life, lived to the full,
Leaving a trail of tasks well done,
Challenges met and overcome.
Strong of will and of convictions,
Formidable in close debate when
serious issues were at stake,
—Always punched above his weight!*

*A proud and passionate Canadian,
Decorated for bravery and leadership
in World War II,
Honoured for his many years of
exceptional achievements as a
diplomat and senior public servant,
And pioneer promoter of the Canadian
nuclear power system (CANDU).
We all rejoice in the public recognition
of Ross's contribution to our
national life.*

*A patriarchal family man, generous
and caring for his kin,
Steadfast and loyal to colleagues and
friends for whom he always had a
helping hand when need arose,
An exemplar of the best Canadian
qualities and traditions,
A true gentleman.*

In these few remarks of tribute and farewell, I hope that Pippa and the family will forgive me if I borrow and depart a little from the familiar poetic words of Masfield and Tennyson. (But thinking of Ross, I'm afraid I couldn't resist!) SO,

*I must go down to the sea again,
To the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a good crew, a fast
boat,
And a wheel to steer her by.
And I will feel again the surge of
power 'neath the keel,
As we stalk, find and attack the target
foe.
And then, as darkness wanes, break
and run for harbour-home.
Re-arm, refuel and re-supply, ready
for the next sortie.*

*That was long ago, but such memories
do not fade.*

*Now Ross, your last good fight, the
fight for life, has come and gone.
As always, you stayed the course until
the very end.*

*Sunlight and evening star and one
clear call for thee,
And may there be no moaning at the
bar,
As you put out to sea.*

*Adieu, old comrade,
Sayonara dear friend.*

Éric Mercier 1960-2007

Éric Mercier nous a quitté trop tôt. D'abord un collègue, il était devenu, au fil du temps et des rencontres, un ami. Nous espérions le voir pendant notre séjour au Canada, mais nous sommes arrivés quelques jours trop tard. Il va nous manquer.

À son arrivée au ministère des Affaires étrangères, beaucoup furent intrigués par ce sympathique musicien, cheveux poivre et sel, rire feutré. De musicien à diplomate, Éric amorçait avec détermination une seconde carrière bien différente de la première. Dès son entrée au Ministère, c'est le Moyen-Orient qui l'a appelé et une formation linguistique intensive a suivi. Son oreille musicale et ses connaissances linguistiques lui ont permis de maîtriser la langue arabe rapidement et à un niveau remarquable.

Dès sa première affectation en Jordanie en tant qu'agent responsable de l'Irak, il a brillé par son ardeur au travail et la qualité de son analyse. Éric a ainsi récolté coup sur coup les prix du Ministre, et de l'Association professionnelle des agents du Service extérieur pour son travail en Irak. Remporter un seul de ces prix est un honneur distinct pour un diplomate canadien; les cumuler, et ce dès sa première affectation à l'étranger, relève de l'exploit.

Après le Proche-Orient, Éric fut appelé au Maghreb. Comme conseiller politique à Alger, il s'est encore une fois attelé à la tâche avec intérêt et courage, et s'est attiré l'admiration et l'amitié de ses collègues et patrons. Pendant son séjour tristement écourté à Alger, il s'est également porté volontaire pour prêter main forte à l'ambassade du Canada au Liban lors des plus récents combats entre Israël et le Hamas.

Éric a touché beaucoup de collègues et de vis-à-vis irakiens, jordaniens et algériens. Talentueux, érudit et d'une rare modestie, Éric entreprenait tout avec passion et une exceptionnelle ouverture d'esprit. Sa connaissance et son respect de l'histoire et des traditions locales touchaient ses interlocuteurs et collègues locaux. Sa curiosité insatiable et une remarquable capacité d'écoute lui ont ouvert bien des portes dans des milieux parfois hermétiques. Éric a aussi pu charmer bon nombre de gens en apprenant à manier des instruments de musique locaux et exotiques — prouvant à ses hôtes

son intérêt pour leur culture et leur point de vue. Dans un monde où l'information circule de plus en plus librement, Éric a pu démontrer qu'il est plus important que jamais d'aller sur le terrain recueillir les renseignements privilégiés qui nous permettent de réagir rapidement et adroitement aux événements.

Le 11 septembre 2001, Éric était fidèle au poste à Amman. Ce soir-là, autour de multiples cafés bien serrés, les discussions entre amis se sont poursuivies jusque tard dans la nuit. À travers le choc, la fébrilité et l'inquiétude, Éric jetait de temps à autre un coup d'œil à la télévision locale (en arabe) ou donnait un coup de fil à un de ses contacts. Loin d'être un simple spectateur, il avait vite compris qu'il se retrouvait au cœur de l'action, et qu'il serait primordial de fournir une analyse juste des répercussions des attentats au Moyen-Orient.

Les témoignages et hommages recueillis mettent en lumière les grandes qualités d'Éric : généreux, sensible, à l'écoute, créatif, conciliant, érudit, d'une extrême gentillesse. On se souvient aussi de sa grande humilité et de son extraordinaire capacité d'émerveillement. On se rappelle beaucoup de l'ami avec lequel on pouvait avoir de longues conversations à bâtons rompus, ou qui prenait naturellement un instrument en cours de soirée pour y gratter ou taper quelques notes. Il n'avait pas besoin de se faire prier pour utiliser sa cornemuse et assurer une entrée triomphale au Père Noël de l'ambassade!

Et on ne peut pas parler d'Éric sans souligner la présence à ses côtés de Sandra. Une femme de conviction, d'énergie et de courage qui a partagé avec Éric la passion du voyage et des découvertes. Sandra, nous te transmettons nos condoléances les plus sincères.

Au cours des derniers mois de sa vie, le courage et la détermination d'Éric face à l'adversité nous ont révélé sa force de caractère. Il n'a jamais cessé de vivre à plein et il a poursuivi ses passions jusqu'à la fin. Rares sont les gens sachant combiner la passion pour leur travail avec une gentillesse universelle et des talents si variés. Éric aura brillé en tant que diplomate, mais c'est de l'être éminemment attachant et sensible dont nous nous souviendrons. ☺

Chantal Chastenay et Jean-Dominique Ieraci, inspirés des témoignages d'innombrables collègues et amis.

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Liebnitz in the **Heart** of the **North**

**Puzzling Times in
the High Arctic,
from A Aalto**

Photo by David Edwards

The shaman rested a paddle

across the front of his kayak, watching a small whale hauling itself onto the beach. "Chaos roils the sea and the land, the people and our fellow creatures," he said to the man in the outboard beside him.

The younger man nodded. "The days are warmer and the ice is clearing earlier every year. The shoreline is eroding and the permafrost is melting deeper. The caribou must find new trails and it is harder for the polar bears to hunt because the floes are disappearing." They watched as the whale crawled arduously up the slippery hillside above the beach, only to slide down again and again.

"And because the water is opening between the islands," the young Inuit continued, "the qallunaat are back in force, fighting among themselves for ownership of the sea. I fear their coming will bring us trouble." The whale had pulled ice axes from a fold in its flanks and was using them to pull himself up the hill.

The shaman replied, "When the qallunaat fight, we are often injured. We must not let them exile us again to hostile country. Your grandmother still cries out in her sleep." The young man watched the struggling whale and said, "And we must protect the animals. Look at that poor one, driven mad by change." The shaman shook his head. "Yes we must. But the one on the hill is not a whale but a very fat man in a beluga suit."

The beluga had almost reached the top, by a hut with a Canadian flag, when it lost its grip. Crying "Caramba!!", it sped back down the slope, ricocheted off three Inukshuk trail markers and an abandoned DEW Line station, skidded under a surprised-looking bear, launched into the air over the lip of a cliff, just missed being pronged by the horn of a narwhal surfacing in the bay and landed on a sleeping walrus, which used its tail to volley him back to the beach. Three seals on a rocky islet held up boards bearing the numbers 8.9, 9.3 and 9.5 in large print.

Some time later, the hut door crashed open and Don Gordo staggered in, swathed in shreds of grey and white neoprene. Liebnitz glanced around the table and said, "Now we can start. First, a situation report on our competitors in this Arctic sovereignty fight. What are the Americans doing?"

Felix Africa replied, "They're taking an indirect approach, fronted by a movie crew filming a new Hollywood feature — Mordecai Richler meets Bullwinkle — called *The Apprenticeship of Dudley Do-Right*. The mission, personally created by the president, is called Operation Eminent Poltroon.

People in black suits, narrow ties, snap-brim fedoras and wingtips are scurrying all over, trying to look cool and cinematic. Backed by an aircraft carrier. Inconspicuously, of course."

Don Gordo jumped in. "The Chinese also deployed one of their navy vessels, which I scouted in this disguise. Embarrassingly, it turns out to have been built under the joint Sino-Canadian Revolutionary Armament Program — the SCRAP-class frigate *Joe Hu*. You may recall that the Russians sank first one, the *Sir John A McDeng*, after a surprise naval visit and fireworks display in Vladivostok. The newer ones run on a mixture of screech and maotai, which makes it impossible to sneak up on the ship from downwind without getting stoned. On a personal note, I advise — strongly — staying away from drunken female belugas."

"Sage advice, no doubt," said Liebnitz dryly. "What have you found out, Esmeralda?" Don Gordo's sultry daughter smiled. "I had quite a good time with one of the cuter — and stupider — officers from the EU cruiser. The captain of the ship, the *Quelques Arpents de Neige*, is Gaston LeLâche, the famous 'chicken of the sea'. He keeps surrendering — so far to two icebergs, the aurora borealis and a soapstone carving of Oscar Wilde. With great élan, of course. But they haven't got very far."

"Finally, the Japanese," said Inspector Wu. "They arrived in the cruise ship *Hello Kitty*, crammed with couples — well-armed couples — hoping to be married under the northern lights. The ship is a former Russian vessel, *Yeltsin's Revenge*, with an Australian crew — which explains why it is always downwind of the *Hu*. Rialto Sleazewagon is also on board. The Japanese plan to establish sovereignty by starting a colony, attracted by the freshest sashimi in the world, but we don't know what Sleazewagon is up to."

"Which takes us to the next agenda item," said Liebnitz. "None of you has been briefed on the real reason we are here. It's not just to establish a presence — us and the navy and the bases and the Canadian Rangers — but to guard the real basis of Canadian sovereignty in the north. Called the Mapleheart, it's the physical incarnation of all that makes Canada what it is. No-one knows its source, although experts guess it includes rare political elements — Trudeau's humility, King's charisma, Harper's laissez-faire media approach, Diefenbaker's coherence, Sir Mackenzie Bowell's real last name."

"Whatever it is, it has kept the Arctic ours, safely locked up here in the ice. But now we have problems. First, with the Northwest Passage open, it is easier for challengers to get here and look for it. Secondly, we no longer know where it is. The only map was lost during a particularly rowdy food fight in the parliamentary restaurant. And although there is a GPS transmitter tracking the Mapleheart, it connects only rarely and faintly. And the location seems to be moving. So that's what all five groups are seeking — the Mapleheart, key to the North. But where to look?"

Bugbyte O'Nanotek unfolded herself from a chair and slotted a memory stick into the projection system, saying, "I think I can help on that." She tapped her mirror-shades. "Our silicon-based friend GEODE contacted me through these. He sees ice as an allied crystal and thinks we should focus more on climate change and less on 'distractions.'" So he released six copies of a puzzle whose answer reveals the Mapleheart's location. Here it is." The screen flicked on.

"Interesting," said Liebnitz. "A straightforward association enigma. Each entry in the second column has a corresponding entry in the third column. If you match them up, you create a link between the letter to the left of each entry in the second column and the letter to the right of the corresponding entry in the third column, a pattern of linkages you can use to decipher the encrypted paragraph that comes with the table:

[qrhmi il pattf helam qromw vwlvcw (ntiqt ml mrw otaom hi xhccathhm)? qwcc, hultd lmrwk bakolai ewrhjolaki, xhccathhm komahcoimobhccf dkwwm whbr lmrwk qomr othtw ihcamhmolti, bluvchot hclm helam ewotd blcz htz iwwu ml qhtm ml zluothmw mrw qlkc. otaom qkomwk htz ihmokoim swewzww tatdhn oi bwl htz rwhz kwiwhkbrwk hmrw ufmrobhc xhccathhm imazowi otmomamw (xio). rw ihfi, "xhccathhm ladrm ml ew mrw legwbm lp iluw

notz lp imazf ef lmrwk vwlvcw htz bacmakwi. mrw ulkw o mrladm helam mrw qhf mrwf rhjw imazowz ai ljwk mrw fwhki, om lbbakkwz ml uw: cwm'i imazf mrwu."]

The letters just before each star ★ should then spell out the location of the Mapleheart."

Esmeralda looked over the puzzle. "I agree that the structure is standard, but some of the references in the table are obscure. What's Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami, for example?" "No idea," admitted the ace logician. "But that's what the Internet is for. Besides, you can attack the puzzle simultaneously by doing a letter-frequency count on the encrypted paragraph. E and T are usually the most common letters, for example, with A, S, O and N also among other frequent ones. From that we can deduce some letter equivalences and cross-reference between the paragraph and the chart."

PLAIN TEXT			CRYPTO TEXT
A	Operation Frozen Beaver	1969 crossing	a
B	Some self-governing Inuit territories	Peter Raymont film 2006	b
C	I, Nuligak	New Arctic bases announced 2007	c
D	West Baffin arts cooperative 1959	Thomas Berger, conciliator	d
E	Once Ports Harrison and Brabant	Nunavik, Inuvialuit, Nunatsiavut	e
F	Roald Amundsen	1985 crossing	f
G	Nunavut Land Claims Agreement	Forced relocation sites 1953	g
H	Inuit on the 1975 \$2 bill	Hans Island landings 2005	h
I	Inuit Circumpolar Council	Mary Simon, president	i
J	Grise Fiord, Resolute Bay	Diamond Jenness book, 1928	j
K	Operation Lancaster	Non-crossing 1611 (but found New York)	k
L	Resolute Bay, Nanisivik	Robert Flaherty film 1922	l
M	Sir John Franklin	Russian claims basis 2007	m
N	Largest Inuit settlements	Bylot Island landings 2006	n
O	Nanook of the North	Sheila Watt-Cloutier, president	o
P	Snow Walker	Gjøa, 1903–05 crossing	p
Q	Inuit Senator since 1984	Almost became name of NW Territories	q
R	Henry Hudson	Idlout, Ullatitak, Kadloo, Paniloo	r
S	Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami	1940–44 crossings	s
T	Lomonosov Ridge	Iqaluit, Inuvik	t
U	SS Manhattan	1845 non-crossing	u
V	People of the Twilight	Farley Mowat book 1975, film 2003	v
W	Bob	Inukjuak, Tuktoyaktuk	w
X	Grise Fiord (civilian), Alert (military)	Charlie Watt, hunter	x
Y	USCG Polar Sea	Northernmost permanent settlements	y
Z	St Roch	James Houston, founder	z

Esmeralda nodded and soon had the puzzle solved. "Well, that explains the motion, assuming it is contained by the field lines," admitted Liebnitz. The team was soon in a large skiplane, heading north over the increasingly icy terrain. Watching behind, they saw the opposition gaining on the same course, so they created diversions. A chaff of business cards grounded the Japanese while they sought consensus on how low to bow, Rialto Sleazewagon impatiently seething. A Derrida missile deconstructed the EU plane and the 10 passengers immediately formed 11 political parties to decide on repairs. Confronted with giant holograms of Chairman Mao and a US Treasury bill side-by-side in the sky, the Chinese fell into prolonged self-criticism and circled randomly. And the Americans were distracted by an offer of the lowdown linking Angelina Jolie to Elvis's alien-abduction love child with the creature from the black lagoon. But somehow nobody was delayed for long.

All five teams arrived simultaneously. But someone else was there first — the shaman and his grandson, standing between the qallunaat and an opalescent sphere just above the ice, drifting slowly away from them. "How did you get here so fast?" demanded Don Gordo. "Inuit quajimajatuqangit, the oral wisdom of my people," said the shaman. "And a little help from a stone spirit," said his grandson, tipping his argillite snow-goggles at Bugbyte. "That's right," mused Liebnitz. "GEODE did say he'd given out six copies."

Rialto Sleazewagon snarled, "All very well, my frozen mystic, but where's the Mapleheart?" "Right here," replied the shaman, reaching through the opalescent ball and pulling out a large brown object. "Mon Dieu," breathed Don Gordo, "that's the biggest maple sugar crystal I've ever seen." "Someone tie him up," ordered Liebnitz sotto voce. The shaman went on, "What forms it up is not the passing emanations of the famous, but the enduring goodness of the many — peacefulness and generosity and reverence before the beauty of nature, the things that make a people worthy of the land the gods lend them. It is too important to become a scrap fought over by huskies. I am glad we got here first."

There was a moment of tension as guns were unholstered. Then Esmeralda began to laugh. "It's perfect. No wonder our attempts to delay you just meant we all got here at the same time! GEODE had it all planned. None of us is going to allow another to take the Mapleheart, so it will go to the Inuit by default." The five commanders looked variously angry, bemused and embarrassed. Then LeLâche surrendered to an Ookpik and the rest glanced at each other, nodded and herded their groups back to the planes.

"Not so fast," howled Sleazewagon, pulling out a heavy pistol and advancing on the shaman. "You haven't heard from me. You all want to capture the crystal, but I want to see it destroyed. If no-one has sovereignty, I can claim title to all the seafront land in the Arctic. Once climate change has done its work, this will be the only place left on earth where you can grow tropical fruit. Just ask Gore. I'll corner the market!"

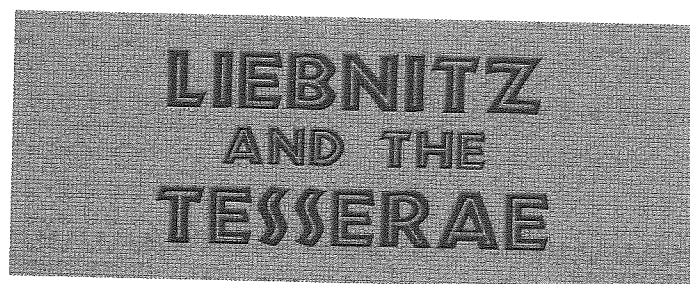
He stopped, confused, as the shaman's grandson walked calmly up to him. Drawing what looked like a polished bone from his pocket, he flicked a switch. A brilliant ray of light emerged, which he used to cut a circle around Sleazewagon's feet. The loop closed, the ice within it suddenly dropping the villain two metres into a column of water. Soon, the Japanese were loading a giant Sleazewagon popsicle onto their

snow-cat. "Quajimajatuqangit and laser tech," said the shaman's grandson. "Unbeatable."

Of the qallunaat, only Liebnitz was left. The shaman walked up to him and said, "We have a saying — nunalivut. It means the land is ours. We know what is right for it." He logician nodded and the shaman continued. "But meanwhile, you should do something about global warming. Or that man will turn out to be right and we should all be buying Canadian banana futures." Tucking the Mapleheart into a caribou-skin pouch, he blinked once and walked slowly into the white-out.

Can you duplicate Esmeralda's feat by providing the location hidden in the puzzle paragraph? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by February 15, 2008. The winner will receive a subscription to WALRUS magazine. Not necessary to win the contest, but can you also make the 26 match-ups? And can you say why the Mapleheart was moving? ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto has never been north of 60 in Canada (although he has in Norway). This puzzle is dedicated to Ed Picco of Iqaluit, in hopes that it has not (despite best intentions) too badly distorted the history, culture and language of the people he represents.



Answers from Vol.23, No. 1

WINNER: Margo Schwartz, London, England

The deciphered lines read as follows:

"In generosity and helping others, be like a river.
In compassion and grace, be like the sun.
In concealing others' faults, be like the night.
In anger and fury, be like the dead.
In modesty and humility, be like the earth.
In tolerance, be like the sea.
Appear as you are,
Or be as you appear."

They are from the Sufi poet Rumi and may be found among other places on the wall of the Mevlevi Tekke mausoleum in Nicosia, where Liebnitz found the marble tesserae.

The order of placing the tesserae (left to right) derives from the last words of the first six lines of this message:

- the tesserae, found by the clown near a RIVER
- the citrine, found by Attila in a gleam of SUNshine
- the garnet, retrieved by MacBannock in an encounter with a KNIGHT
- the marble chip, found by Liebnitz in a resting place for the DEAD
- the stone bead, dug up by Don Gordo from its place in the EARTH
- the aquamarine, found by Bugbyte in the SEA

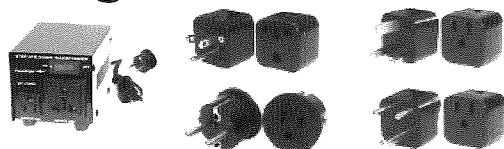
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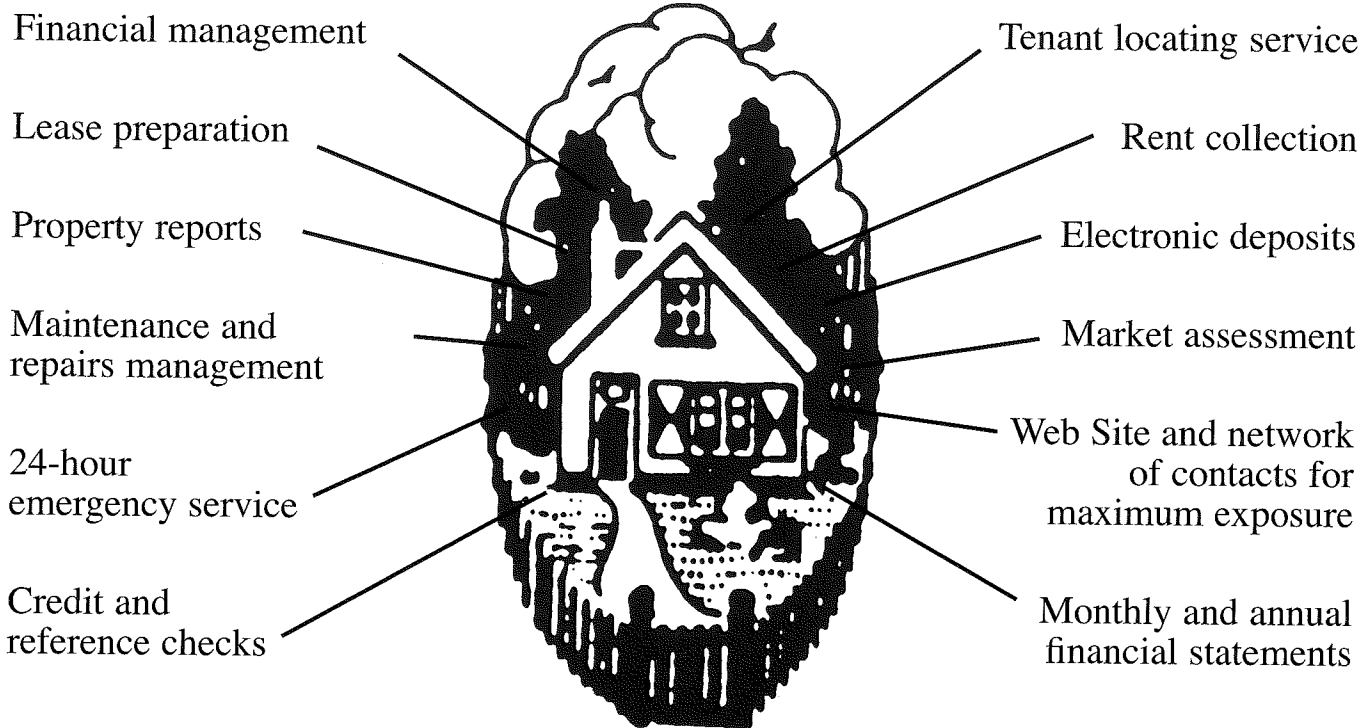
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