

bout de papier

Vol. 23, No. 3

Aventures dans les montagnes de l'Elbourz

par Élise Racicot

The Woes of Wenamun

by Roger Lucy



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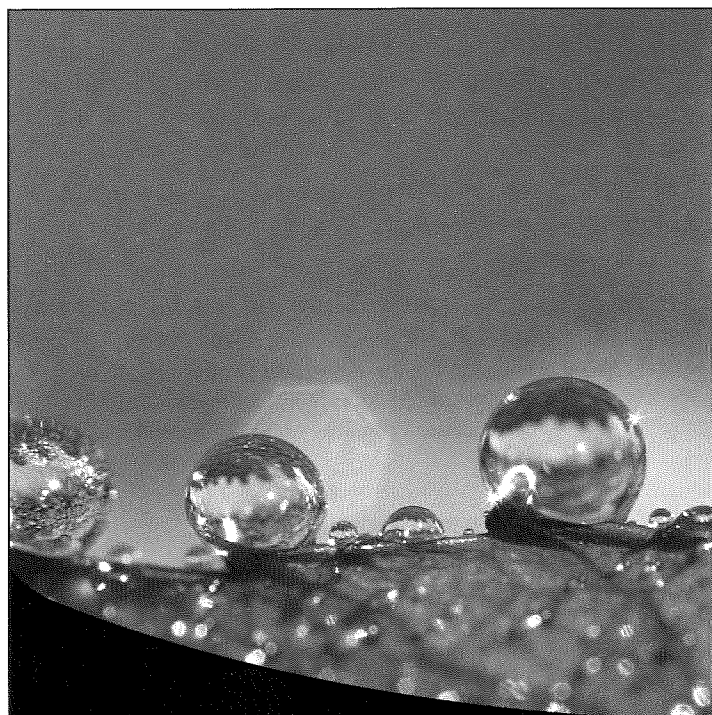
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This winter has found me working in the Department of National Defence on the upcoming Conference of Defence Ministers of the Americas which Canada will be hosting at the end of the summer. This has spurred me to think about how the Foreign Service should work with other government departments in this age of "Whole of Government" approaches to international affairs. One of the continual complaints of other government departments about the Foreign Service is that we do not understand non-foreign service departments, either their objectives or how they work. As well, those in the Foreign Service also complain that domestic departments do not understand the role of Canada in the world and the complexities of representing and promoting Canadian interests in often extremely different political, social and economic environments.

Les deux parties à ce débat ont raison, et les ministères du service extérieur doivent résoudre le problème de sorte qu'il existe une véritable démarche d'approche axée sur le gouvernement dans son ensemble à la vaste gamme de questions que les agents du service extérieur à l'administration centrale des ministères et à l'étranger sont appelés à régler. Les ministères du service extérieur pourraient jouer d'audace à cet égard en créant, par exemple, de nombreux nouveaux postes d'agents du service extérieur aux quatre niveaux, puis en les plaçant dans tous les ministères au pays. De même, ils pourraient créer de nouveaux postes destinés à accueillir des agents d'autres ministères du gouvernement en affectation.

Part of the career development plans and regular assignment process for Foreign Service Officers would include being assigned to domestic departments. The standards for promotion could be changed to require that to be promoted beyond FS-3 an officer must have served at least one assignment in a domestic department. In the long run, this would strengthen both the Foreign Service as well as domestic departments and would make it much easier for the Foreign Service

departments to deliver Whole of Government results in their efforts.

Dans le présent numéro de **bout**, notre article-vedette est l'œuvre d'Élise Racicot. Elle y raconte, ravissantes photos à l'appui, son amour pour l'Iran qui ne fait pas les manchettes mondiales, l'Iran au-delà de Téhéran. Son article nous brosse un tableau nouveau et inusité de ce pays remarquablement diversifié.

In *From the Archives*, Hector Mackenzie has again found a marvelous piece. We no longer see reports such as these, full of very scathing and undiplomatic comments about a key figure in a friendly government. The writer, the Canadian High Commissioner to Australia in 1944, who was extremely frank in his opinion of the number two in the Australian Foreign Ministry obviously had no worry that his missive would be leaked and appear on the front page of the *Globe and Mail*.

We have an extensive *Book Review* section in this issue. Patricia Marsden Dole, Dan Livermore, Bernie Etzinger and Gar Pardy have given us views on a wide variety of books. The reviewers selected books about a member of the Foreign Service, Tony Vincent, and his harrowing days in Lima, Peru; books on intelligence and Iraq; and books on Afghanistan. For those looking to add books to their summer reading list, these reviews will guide you to books touching on many issues the Foreign Service deals with on a daily basis.

Roger Lucy has provided us with a glimpse into the life and misadventures of an Egyptian Softwood Lumber Negotiator traveling to Lebanon around 1090 BC to obtain a supply of cedar.

Finally, A Aalto has provided a brilliant puzzle entitled "The Birdman of Kaladar" to challenge those who have grown tired of working on their Sudokus.



Letter to the Editor

Editor

I refer to the John Watkins letter to John Holmes that was published in your Vol. 23, No. 3, where you indicate that there was an addition on the left margin referring to a lunch "at the Gardens (Gordons?)." I am not sure whether you accept letters to the editor, but assuming you do, you might wish to consider publishing the following:

I wonder if I might add a postscript to John Watkins's letter to John Holmes that was published in your latest issue.

You indicate that there was an addition on the left margin of the letter referring to a lunch "the Gardens (Gordons?)" and "Janice ... picking me up in the car." During our posting in France in the mid-1960s, we saw a good deal of John Watkins, who was an old friend. After his first heart attack in the summer of 1964, we used to visit him at the embassy residence and at the Stones' house in Recloses, where the Légers spent some time in those years, or have lunch or dinner with him in Paris.

As a result, I think it is almost certain that it was not the Gardens or Gordons with whom John was to lunch that day, but the Yaldens, and that the Janice who was picking him up was my wife.

Maxwell Yalden
Ottawa ☺

YOU STILL HAVE DREAMS TO FULFILL. WHAT'S NEXT?

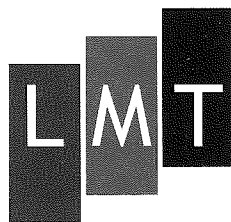
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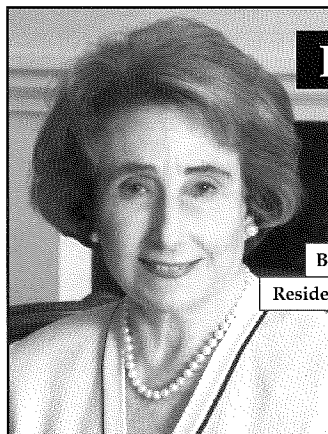
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Down (Under) and Out in Canberra?

For most of the first half of the 20th century, notwithstanding the images projected during recent fits of harmony, the relationship between Canada and Australia was more often marked by political and diplomatic, as well as geographic, distance. Most notably at Imperial Conferences and then Meetings of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, the clashes in experience, circumstances, attitudes and perspectives were more obvious than fraternal feeling, particularly as the two Dominions differed greatly on the major inter-war issues of constitutional change and imperial defence. As so frequently in politics and diplomacy, personalities exacerbated rather than eased the tensions, though these differences were usually more evident in private rather than public settings. Soon after the beginning of the Second World War, the countries exchanged high commissioners, to symbolize wartime alliance and Commonwealth solidarity. For the most part, that innovation worked well, as shared challenges were met in close association and with better understanding.

Readers may be familiar with the post-war rivalry over leadership of the smaller powers in the formative years of the United Nations. Scholars have drawn from the diaries of William Lyon Mackenzie King and other sources to highlight the bitter feeling between the Canadian prime minister and the Australian external affairs minister, Dr. Herbert Evatt. What has attracted less attention was the animosity between Evatt's deputy, Colonel William Roy Hodgson (1892–1958), and those who had the questionable fortune to represent Canada in Australia in the early years of bilateral diplomatic relations. As Australian historian Alan Watt has noted, Hodgson "was not cut out temperamentally for the life of a diplomat. His direct, blunt and rather aggressive

style was apt to give offence." That tendency was evident when Hodgson represented Australia on the Security Council of the United Nations after the war, most conspicuously when the question of the conduct of the Netherlands in Indonesia came before it. As the report from Canada's representative in Canberra reprinted below indicates, however, Hodgson also proved difficult for Canadians. Whether or not Hodgson's prior education and employment invalidate the negative impression conveyed therein about his intellect, it should be noted that he was qualified as an accountant and a lawyer and that he had served as head of Australia's military intelligence for a decade before he became official head of the foreign ministry.

As for the author of the dispatch, Thomas Clayton Davis (1889–1960), he was a former municipal and provincial politician from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, who briefly served as a Justice of the Court of Appeal of Saskatchewan. Before his appointment as High Commissioner for Canada in Australia in 1942, Davis had served as Associate Deputy Minister of National War Services responsible for National Registration and had been a member of the National Film Board and the Wartime Information Board. In 1946, he was appointed as Canada's Ambassador to China. In spite of his varied experience, it would appear from the text below that nothing had quite prepared Davis for the task of dealing with Colonel Hodgson.

The original document may be found at Library and Archives Canada in the files of the Department of External Affairs (RG25), Volume 5699, File 4-G(s).

Hector Mackenzie

Office of the High Commissioner for Canada
Canberra
June 13, 1944

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

No. 61

N. A. Robertson, Esq.,
Under Secretary of State for External Affairs,
Ottawa, Canada.

Dear Norman:

I thought you would be interested in the following account of an incident which occurred here in Canberra on Saturday night last, the night of the arrival of the Parliamentary Delegation.

Col. [William Roy] Hodgson, as you are aware, is Secretary of the Department of External Affairs [since 1935; he had also been responsible for the subject as an assistant secretary in the Prime Minister's Office before the creation of a separate department]. His position here is comparable to yours in Canada.

No doubt my predecessors have told you all about him and it is quite possible that in some of my letters I have from time to time commented upon him. He is a little man — mentally and physically, with a very limited outlook and extremely limited experience. He is not qualified for the position he occupies and I doubt if you would even have him as a member of your staff in Ottawa, on his own merits. He is a Returned Soldier and was badly wounded [in fact, he was reported dead and his obituary was published] in the last war [at the Battle of Gallipoli, where he had served as a forward observing officer for an artillery battery; Hodgson was mentioned in dispatches and received the Croix de Guerre avec palme], which perhaps accounts to some extent for his failings of which he has many.

He is a man of rather violent prejudices and a very bitter and also a very loose tongue. I could tell from the moment I landed here that he has not a very warm spot in his heart for Canada. I think that part of his feelings in this regard is actuated by jealousy because we have progressed much further than Australia. He is also an Imperialist and he does not like Canada's attitude on Commonwealth relations. He is very very anti-American and I think he feels that we pay too much attention to the United States and he does not relish the friendship which exists between Canada and the U.S.A.

On top of all this he seems to consume as much liquor as he possibly can whenever he has an opportunity to secure it at other people's expense. Whenever there is a cocktail party or entertainment of any kind to which he is invited, he sees to it that a considerable portion of the refreshments is carried away inside him. When he has a few drinks on board he becomes very quarrelsome. Even when not in this condition he is not wedded very much to the truth and when he is drinking, he throws truth to the four winds. Altogether he is not a very prepossessing individual. On top of this, his Minister, Dr. [Herbert Vere] Evatt [Attorney-General and Minister for External Affairs, 1941-49],

also has not a very friendly feeling towards Canada, which coupled with the fact that he is very uncouth and ill-mannered, makes him a rather difficult person with whom to deal. His outlook is very much akin to that of Hodgson although naturally he is a very much more brilliant man than Hodgson.

For recreation Hodgson is a great lawn bowler and bridge player. Dr. [Charles Jost] Burchell [High Commissioner for Canada in Australia, 1939-41] was a curler in Canada and naturally took to lawn bowling here and became one of the leading members of the local bowling club and whenever he travelled throughout Australia became associated with the bowling group and this naturally gave him a tremendous number of contacts. He became famous as a bowler all over the country. He was also a very ardent bridge player and he and Hodgson seem to have become quite good friends through the three way combination of Hodgson's connection with External Affairs, bowling and bridge.

I am not interested in bowling nor have I played bridge for a long time but I do play golf and have been consequently quite closely associated with the golfing crowd. On a number of occasions it has been made quite clear to me that Hodgson resented this, and through this diversity of interests, I have seen very little of him whereas Burchell saw a great deal.

I am giving you this as background to the matter I am going to deal with herein and which is covered by my Telegram No. 205 of today's date.

The Parliamentary Delegation arrived here in Canberra late Saturday afternoon as stated above. I met them but could not remain with them as I was going out to dinner. Martin of the United Kingdom Office entertained them in his suite at the Hotel at a little cocktail party. He had a few outsiders in as well, including Hodgson. As usual Hodgson took on all he could get. They went in to dinner at the Hotel and were spread about at different tables — six at each table. Hodgson was seated with Dr. [Thomas M.] Donnelly [Liberal Member of Parliament for Wood Mountain, Saskatchewan since the general election of 1935 and before that for Willow Bunch, Saskatchewan, since 1925], a man named Butcher, a British Member of Parliament, Dr. Cheng of the Chinese Legation, John de la Valette of the United Kingdom High Commissioner's Office, and one other. By this time Hodgson was very belligerent. Donnelly had never seen the man before except at the party for half an hour or so previous to the dinner, but no sooner did they sit down, than Hodgson opened up with a tirade against Canada. He deprecated Canada's war effort in very insulting terms and when Donnelly took issue with him, he finally admitted that the war effort was all right everywhere else but he thought that Canada should have been in the Pacific helping Australia.

He then went on to say that [General Victor Wentworth] Odum [High Commissioner for Canada in Australia, 1941-2] was a useless representative here and all that he had ever done was to sign an agreement of some kind on behalf of Canada with regard to the furnishing of military supplies to Australia. He may have had in mind the Division that Odum was alleged to have promised

here. At all events he went on to say that this promise had been repudiated and not lived up to by the Canadian Government.

When he was through with this he then announced that Canada had entered into a Mutual Aid Agreement with Australia, which was given world publicity, but that no sooner was the agreement signed than Canada again repudiated its undertaking, and did not send anything.

After he was through with this he then started to speak very disparagingly of me and said that the only representative worthwhile that Canada had ever sent here was Dr. Burchell and that Odlum was totally hopeless and that I was a nonentity. He said I did not try to make friends for Canada and just went my own way without any attempt at doing so. What he had in mind of course was the fact that I did not spend my time around the bowling club and go out of my way to make friends with the gentlemen who bowled there.

Donnelly was very much upset about this but apparently restrained himself with a great deal of effort. After dinner Hodgson got into another row out in the rotunda with an Australian newspaper man, which is not pertinent to this discussion.

Donnelly was so upset about the matter that he spoke to Paul Malone [then Press Attaché in the Office of the High Commissioner for Canada] who was at the Hotel to dinner and on Sunday morning I went and saw Donnelly who told me all about the incident and said that Hodgson was abusive and most objectionable. I told Donnelly that I would see Hodgson on Tuesday and have a word with him about it. I could not see him on the Sunday and yesterday, Monday, was a holiday.

The incident became known throughout the Hotel and amongst the delegates and yesterday morning Mr. Frank Green, Clerk of the House of Representatives [from 1937 to 1955] here, who is in charge of the tour of the Parliamentary Delegation, came to see me as he had heard all about what happened. He told me he did not propose to let Hodgson get away with this. He asked me if I knew anything about it and I told him I did and I proposed to see Hodgson today. He then said that regardless of what I did he was going to have the situation cleared up. I told him that if he was going to do anything he should see Donnelly himself, and anything he did should be done as a result of Donnelly's connection with the Delegation and without reference to me at all because I would look after my own show. He saw Donnelly and confirmed what he had heard of the incident. He then went and saw Hodgson and told him, if he did not get over and apologize to Donnelly, he would report the matter to the Acting Prime Minister. Hodgson demurred at first, taking the stand that the statements were not correct, but when Green told him he would carry out his threat and speak to the Acting Prime Minister, he then decided to do something. He went over and saw Donnelly and I think took the attitude that he had not said the things that he did say. From what I can learn, although I have not had the opportunity as yet of talking to Donnelly, he told him off and made it quite clear to Hodgson that he thought his action was

most offensive, particularly as he had made the statements in a loud voice in a public diningroom within the hearing of all the guests at one table and within the hearing of a large number of people whose tables were adjacent to the one at which Donnelly and Hodgson sat.

Shortly thereafter Hodgson telephoned me in great distress and wanted to see me at once and I saw him here in the office. He denied absolutely having said that things which he did say, and if what he told me he did say had been said, then I am positive that Donnelly, instead of being insulted, would have blown up completely with pride. Hodgson said he opened the discussion by alluding to Canada's war effort. According to him, he stated that Canada's Army was the best Army in the world as was being proved in the fighting in France and Italy. He told me that he had mentioned Odlum's promise of a Division but had said that it was not Canada's fault that it did not come but that this project had been killed by the Combined General Staff in Washington. He went on to say that he had expressed deep gratitude at the signing of the Mutual Aid Agreement and appreciation for all the help Australia was getting thereunder. He told me that he had made a passing favourable reference about me.

He then went on to say that he had seen Donnelly in reference to myself, had told Donnelly I was an extremely successful High Commissioner and was seeing the country and meeting the people and making friends for Canada and all in all doing an excellent job of interpreting Canada to Australia and Canada's viewpoint to the Australian people.

I have checked with some of the people who were at the same table and I know that what Donnelly says is right, which means that when Hodgson was half drunk, as he was, what he actually thought came out.

He told me that he had satisfied Donnelly and had expressed regret that any unpleasantness had occurred and I told him that, if this was the case, that we had better close the incident and forget it. The whole thing is typical of the man and of what he thinks with regard to Canada.

I feel that I should tell you this story because it will give you an idea of the type of man occupying your position in this country and his attitude towards our country. You will likely have dealings with him in years to come, long after I have passed from this field of activity. I might say that Evatt treats him like a dog but I doubt if Evatt will ever replace him because I don't think he could ever get anyone else to fill his place who would take uncomplainingly from Evatt what old Hodgson has to take from day to day. They are a well-matched pair but it is extremely unfortunate that Australia's foreign relations should be conducted by this team.

Yours very sincerely,

T. C. Davis
(T. C. Davis)
High Commissioner for Canada ☺

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AVENTURES

dans les montagnes de l'Elbourz

Alors où dois-je commencer? L'Iran est si vaste, si multiple, si complexe ... De plus c'est un sujet émotif car c'est maintenant devenu en quelque sorte mon deuxième chez-moi : « *keshvar-e dovome-man shode* ».

Photos et texte par Élise Racicot

Cela dit, je sais que je risque fort de n'y retourner sinon jamais, du moins pas pour longtemps, et donc, comme la diaspora iranienne qui s'étire sur de nombreux continents, moi aussi je connais maintenant l'exil d'une patrie que j'aime malgré tout. Je dis « malgré tout » car l'Iran continue de me séduire tant bien que mal. Malgré l'idée bien noire que l'on s'en fait à travers les images de la BBC. Malgré les discours que prononce ce président qui n'a pourtant pas tout le pouvoir qu'on lui prête à l'étranger. Malgré le *rusari* (*hidjab*) que l'on doit porter. Malgré les *Peykan*, ces voitures prérévolutionnaires qui pullulent. Malgré la pollution qui y règne. Malgré les *Pasdaran*, les *mollahs* et les *Basiji* (*respectivement les Gardiens de la révolution islamique, les membres du clergé, et les miliciens supportant le régime*). Malgré le fait que tout y est un peu plus difficile, un peu plus compliqué. Malgré la difficulté d'y vivre donc, reste encore la difficulté de la quitter, cette contrée des mille et une nuits, des tapis volants, des mosaïques turquoises, des montagnes et de la mer, des nomades, du *tchai*, du safran et des *shirinis* (desserts, littéralement « sucré »), des poèmes de Hafez, de Roudaki et de Ferdowsi ...

Ce que j'aime le plus de l'Iran? Certainement pas Téhéran, ville tentaculaire et monstrueuse qui a l'haleine fétide du mercure et du plomb, qui est le reflet chaotique de ce que le supposé progrès industriel a semé de pire dans son extrapolation à l'infini, le paradis du moteur et de la ferraille, l'enfer des poumons et du cœur. Mais pourtant depuis Téhéran, on y aperçoit déjà un peu de la beauté de l'Iran : les montagnes de l'Elbourz qui s'élèvent derrière la mégapole sont bel et bien là, du moins tôt le matin avant que la pollution n'ait réussi à faire disparaître ces amas de roches gigantesques derrière son épais rideau.

Je n'ai toujours pas répondu à ma propre question ... Ce que j'aime le plus de l'Iran sont les gens si hospitaliers qui y vivent, si généreux, si fiers de leur

culture et de leur histoire. Ces gens qui forment un peuple loin du monolithe imaginé par l'Occident sont issus de différentes ethnies, s'expriment par des langues de familles bien différentes, pratiquent diverses religions, ont une variété d'opinions et de coutumes et semblent tous s'intéresser à l'Autre, à l'étranger, au visiteur. Mais je préfère être discrète et garder les histoires des gens rencontrés pour moi seule, comme de petits trésors glanés çà et là en découvrant la plupart des *ostans* (*provinces*) de la Perse.

Ce qui rend l'Iran un endroit unique et superbe à mes yeux, c'est la manière dont elle allie sa nature grandiose, une histoire rocambolesque et sa sagesse millénaire, puis réussit à dissimuler cet aspect d'elle-même dans les recoins les plus reculés de ses terres. Le trône de Salomon, le château de Bâbak et bien sûr les châteaux des Assassins à Alamut en sont mes exemples de prédilection. Ils ont aussi en commun un autre trait bien caractéristique : la résistance à l'envahisseur, un thème récurrent dans l'histoire de la Perse. La résistance face aux armées d'Alexandre de Macédoine, puis face aux invasions arabes, mogholes, soviétiques, puis certains diront aussi face aux prétentions britanniques et américaines passées et à venir, mais là n'est pas le sujet que j'ai choisi d'aborder ...

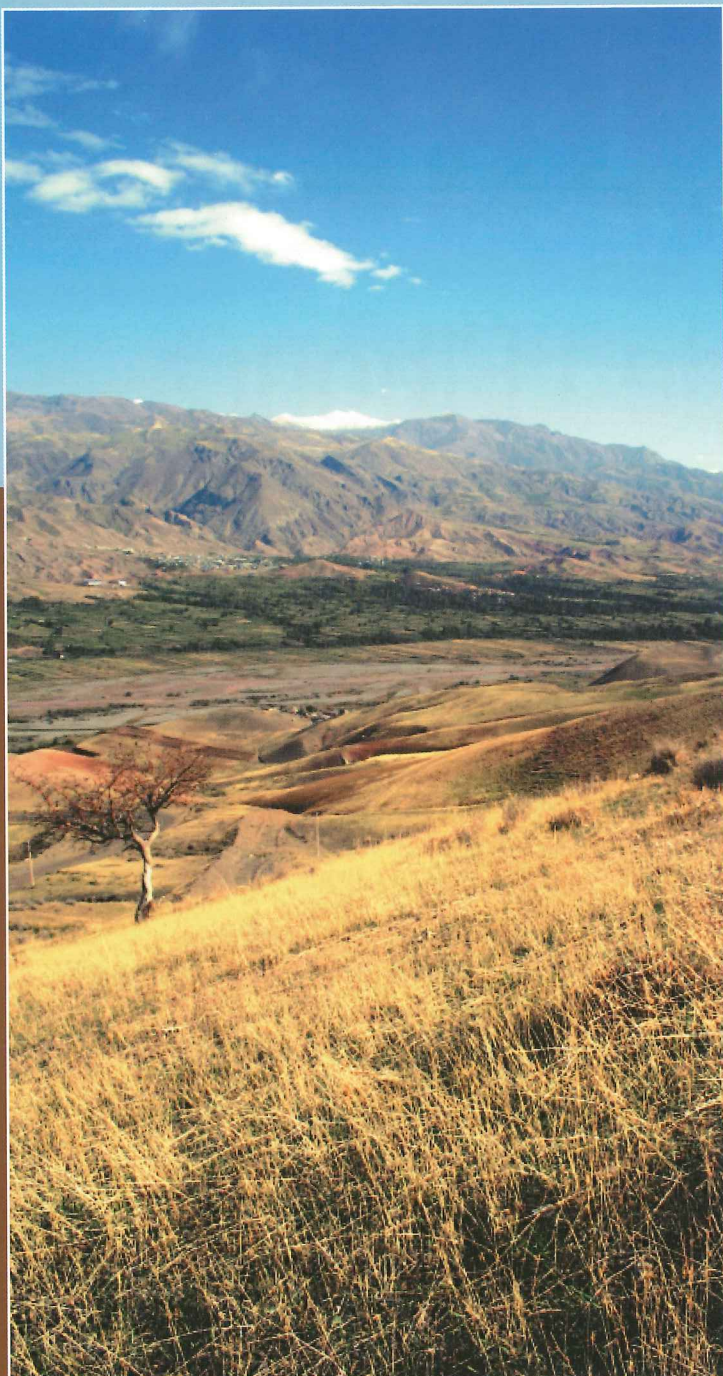
Revenons à nos moutons, qui comble de coïncidences, peuplent en grand nombre les monts et vals de cette chaîne montagneuse qui comme un réceptacle décrit une large demi-lune aux abords de la mer Caspienne. Ce bétail est encore aujourd'hui la source de revenus de bien des gens, dont les nomades turcophones et kurdes qui voyagent dans cette région au gré des saisons et pâturages. Donc, sans plus tarder, et sans davantage de ronds de jambes, voici un extrait des carnets de ces voyages fabuleux à la recherche de ruines perdues dans les cimes de l'Azerbaïdjan iranien.

Alamut

La forteresse d'Alamut longtemps dite inexpugnable fut érigée au III^e siècle du calendrier perse et devint quelques 200 ans plus tard le centre névralgique de la secte chiite ismaélienne des Nizârites. On les nommait aussi les Assassins, un vocable probablement issu de l'adjectif persan assâssâ, qui signifie fondamental. Les Assassins dans leur foi étaient en effet en quelque sorte des fondamentalistes, « Assasiyoun ». La légende locale — où est-ce bien l'histoire? — nous dit que ce clan ismaélien à l'époque des invasions mongoles a fait preuve de la plus solide résistance face à l'envahisseur, en combattant depuis ses quartiers hauts perchés et faisant ainsi s'étirer le siège que l'ennemi leur faisait subir jusqu'à leur défaite finale. Ce destin extraordinaire, toujours selon la légende, aurait donné le nom encore utilisé aujourd'hui dans nos langues pour parler des auteurs d'homicides, en mémoire de ceux qui en commirent plus d'un durant les batailles les opposant à l'ennemi venu des steppes.

Cet endroit, on ne peut l'expliquer mais seulement le décrire, pâle copie de la réalité. Alamut est un incroyable mélange de couleurs : ses herbes qui ploient gracieusement sous l'onde du vent, la force du soleil qui plombe et filtre la lumière en un kaléidoscope de teintes et reflets, des vallons doux et arrondis tout autour, le ciel d'un bleu sans faille au-dessus de nos têtes, les rizières qui s'étalent verdoyantes de chaque côté de la rivière qui s'écoule à nos pieds, mais surtout, la majesté de ces montagnes superbes dont on aperçoit la cime enneigée même en plein cœur de l'été, en plein mois de tir (*quatrième mois du calendrier iranien, du 22 juin au 22 juillet*).

Pour s'y rendre, il faut d'abord prendre les chemins qui séparent Téhéran de Ghazor Khan à Alamut, mais le réel plaisir et l'impression d'y être enfin presque arrivé ne s'installent qu'une fois passé Qazvin. C'est alors que la route sillonne les villages en direction de l'Elbourz, puis monte et offre cette vue imprenable sur la région. Il est encore tôt en cette journée où nous nous y rendons. Des nuages se sont donc formés au sommet et nous enveloppent de leur couverture lactée. On ne voit plus rien d'autre que cette brume céleste, comme si l'on se



Les couleurs d'Alamut

Chemin de Qazvin vers
Ghazor Khan, Alamut



retrouvait subitement aux confins de deux mondes, sans savoir ce qui s'en vient ni s'en préoccuper d'ailleurs, dans cet instant paisible et serein.

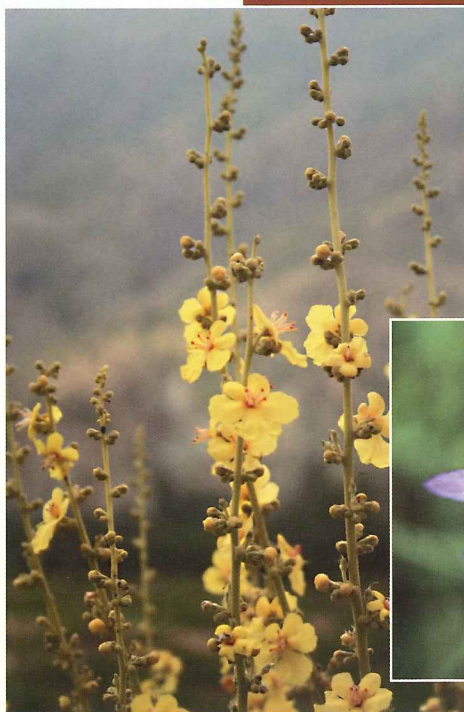
Puis l'on redescend vers cet ailleurs, vers la vallée que suit le chemin devant nous mener à notre destination. Il faut encore rouler plus d'une heure pour se rendre à l'endroit à partir duquel on peut gravir l'escarpement à pied, fouler le sol que ces héros millénaires foulèrent eux aussi à leur époque. Sous un soleil de plomb, il est presque midi, l'ascension se fait difficilement malgré le tracé relativement simple. Des familles entières et de vieilles dames iraniennes y montent sans trop de peine, peut-être car les Iraniens sont férus de marche en montagne. Enfin rendus au sommet, on voit que si le château a perdu des plumes à travers les siècles passés à s'exhiber aux quatre éléments, la vue, elle n'a probablement pas changé d'une miette. Cet endroit demeure le point d'observation idéal pour les vigies occupées à scruter l'horizon et à y apercevoir l'ennemi s'y profiler bien avant qu'il n'arrive, secret de la longévité de ces Assassins qui connaissaient ces montagnes par cœur.

Au retour de cette randonnée sublime, on installe le campement près d'un ruisseau, aux abords d'un verger de cerisiers, sous un arbre porteur de baies blanches et sucrées, perché près d'une vallée agricole vertement magnifique en cette saison riche. D'ailleurs, une fermière du coin nous offre gentiment quelques kilos de *gilas*, ces cerises noires délectables et parfaitement à point. C'est le bonheur! Ceci étant dit, des gens très soucieux de notre bien-être nous demandent de bien vouloir changer notre campement de place puisque l'arbre sous lequel nos tentes sont plantées attire inmanquablement les sangliers du coin car ses baies font leur délice ... Alors la nuit déjà tombée, on doit remonter le camp plus loin à la lueur de la lune. Une conclusion plutôt drôle à cette superbe journée. En effet, ironie du sort, ces sangliers auront probablement été la plus grande et la plus réelle menace que mes trois années en Iran m'aient donnée!

Vue de la vallée, Alamut



Fleurs sauvages, Alamut



Alamut est un incroyable mélange de couleurs.

On dit en effet qu'elle ne serait nulle autre que le fameux jardin d'Éden!

La rivière Aras et le château de Bâbak

Je m'initiai à la longue histoire de la vallée de la rivière Aras lors d'un voyage dans la province de l'Azerbaïdjan de l'Est, qui nous mena de Tabriz à Kaleybar en voiture. On dit que cette rivière est celle-là même sur laquelle Noé vogua avec son arche avant de finalement s'échouer sur le mont Ararat. La vallée qui abrite cette rivière est la limite géographique qui partageait hier l'Iran de l'ancienne URSS, et de l'Arménie et de l'Azerbaïdjan aujourd'hui. Elle a récemment été le siège de bien des conflits et on dit cette vallée encore minée de l'autre côté de la rivière. Cela dit, elle aurait une histoire encore bien plus ancienne selon les gens du coin. On dit en effet qu'elle ne serait nulle autre que le fameux jardin d'Éden! Du moins c'est ce que la rumeur raconte. Cette partie de l'Iran, avec ses églises millénaires, raconte d'ailleurs plusieurs autres histoires, dont certaines témoignent des périples orientaux des premiers Chrétiens. Mais pour nous, elle n'est que le superbe chemin naturel qui nous amènera jusqu'à Kaleybar dont les montagnes recèlent le château de Bâbak.

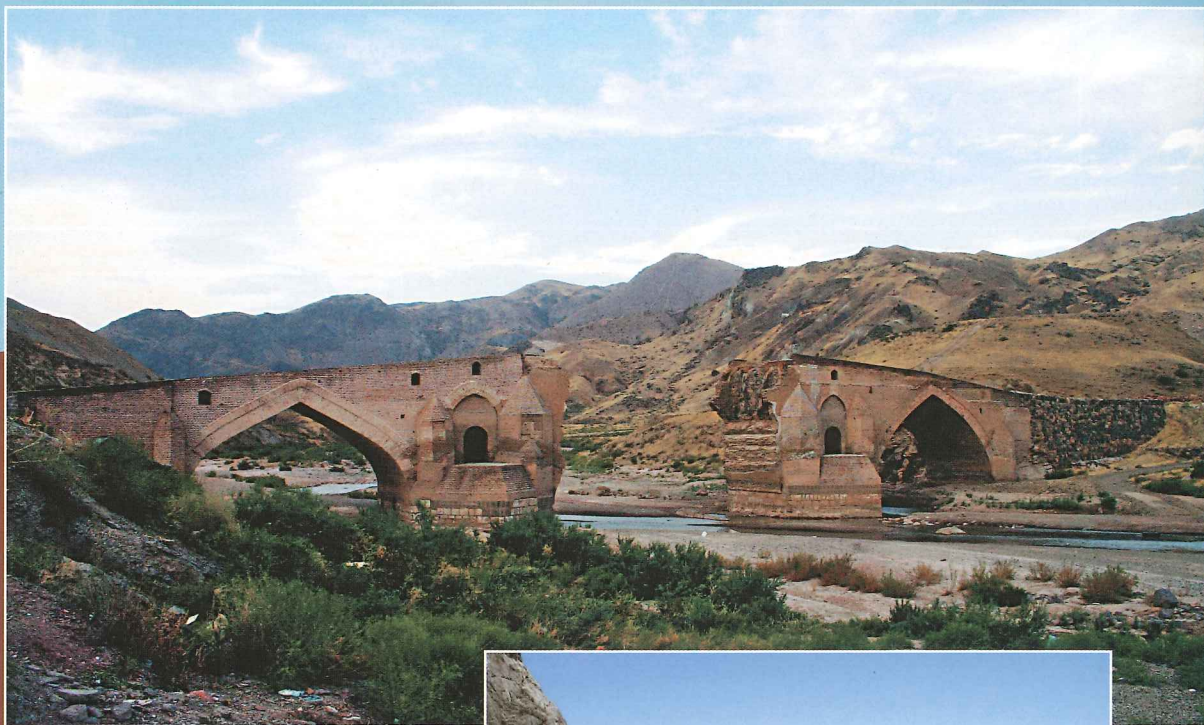
Après une nuit passée dans le village tranquille de Kaleybar, notre petit groupe se lève de bon matin. On trouve la boulangerie assez facilement en voyant tous les Kaleybaris qui marchent sur la rue avec leurs pains frais : on n'a en effet qu'à poursuivre notre route vers la source. Et là, l'odeur et la file de gens qui s'enlignent devant le *tannoor* (four traditionnel, littéralement, « corps de lumière ») nous annoncent que nous avons atteint notre but. On se remplit la panse de ce pain local, différent de ceux que l'on trouve généralement à Téhéran ou même à Tabriz. Puis on reprend la route pour aller vers les montagnes. Une fois arrivés à une certaine altitude, il faut abandonner le 4X4 et continuer à pied car le chemin se termine. Un village de nomades turcophones se trouve à cet endroit. Ils y ont installé leurs yourtes, leurs animaux, leurs véhicules et autres effets de manière temporaire. Leurs vêtements sèchent au vent, un vent qui souffle depuis les montagnes jusqu'au fond de la vallée que leur campement

surplombe, parsemant ce paysage aride de petites taches aux couleurs vives. Ils nous saluent d'un geste, nous laissent prendre des photos, et un chien qui semble attaché au groupe nous fait un accueil des plus chaleureux, humant le reste du pain que nous avons dans le coffre arrière de la voiture. Une ascension d'un peu plus d'une heure nous attend pour arriver jusqu'au château de Bâbak. En chemin, on rencontre un voyageur français qui profite d'une visite d'affaire pour explorer un peu la contrée. Au bout de la route, un escalier sculpté à même la pierre de la montagne débouche sur une vue superbe de ce château légendaire. Au retour, on se lie avec un groupe de jeunes Azéris venus d'Ardebil pour camper dans la montagne et voir le château au lever du soleil. Ils nous racontent que le 30^e jour de juin, des milliers de personnes se rassemblent en ces lieux pour célébrer l'anniversaire de Bâbak. Cet événement revêt du même coup une importance particulière et exprime la ferveur nationaliste azéri en célébrant la minorité ethnolinguistique qui habite dans cette région et compose plus du quart de la population iranienne.

Bâbak, un Perse pratiquant la religion zoroastrienne, a vécu à la fin du VIII^e siècle. (Il est à noter que certains contestent ce fait et affirment qu'il était Azéri, quoique son passage semble remonter avant l'époque où les premiers turcophones habitèrent la région). À cette époque, le calife abbaside Al-Mu'tasim siégeait à Samara et exerçait son contrôle sur la région notamment en envoyant son armée aux extrémités de l'empire pour enrôler de jeunes hommes contre leur gré, faisant d'eux des *ghilman* ou soldats esclaves. Bâbak devint l'un des piliers des khurammites (ou la religion joyeuse), un mouvement de contestation interethnique visant à libérer du pouvoir des califats les peuples leur étant soumis. Évidemment, il s'attira ainsi les foudres de Samara. Les forces d'Al-Mu'tasim à ses trousses, Bâbak se rendit jusqu'à Byzance pour demander le soutien de la cour, qui lui fut accordé. Ceci mit évidemment le calife en rogne et il décida d'envoyer un de ses généraux pour défaire Bâbak et ses disciples. Après un long siège de sa forteresse, Bâbak réussit à s'enfuir, mais fut trahi par l'un des siens et fut finalement exécuté à Bagdad de manière sanglante par les sbires du calife.

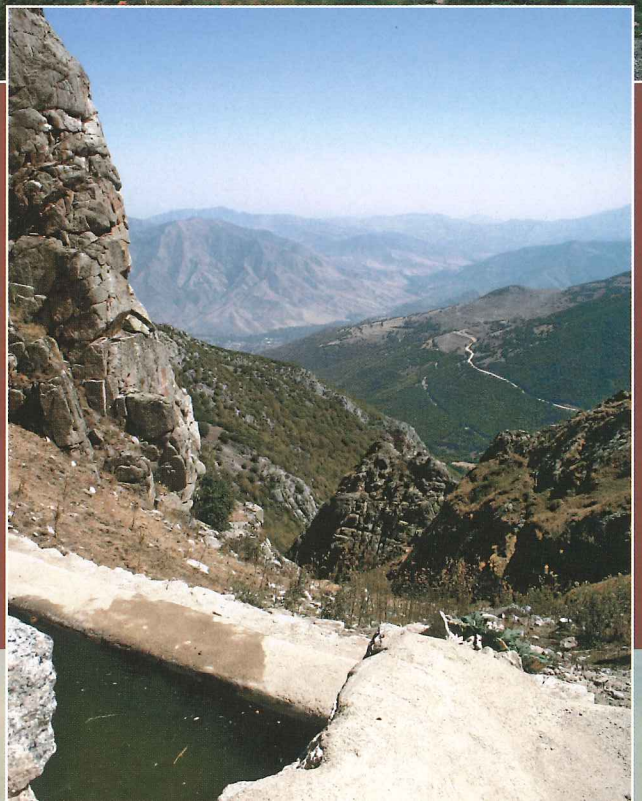
Aras et le de Bâbak

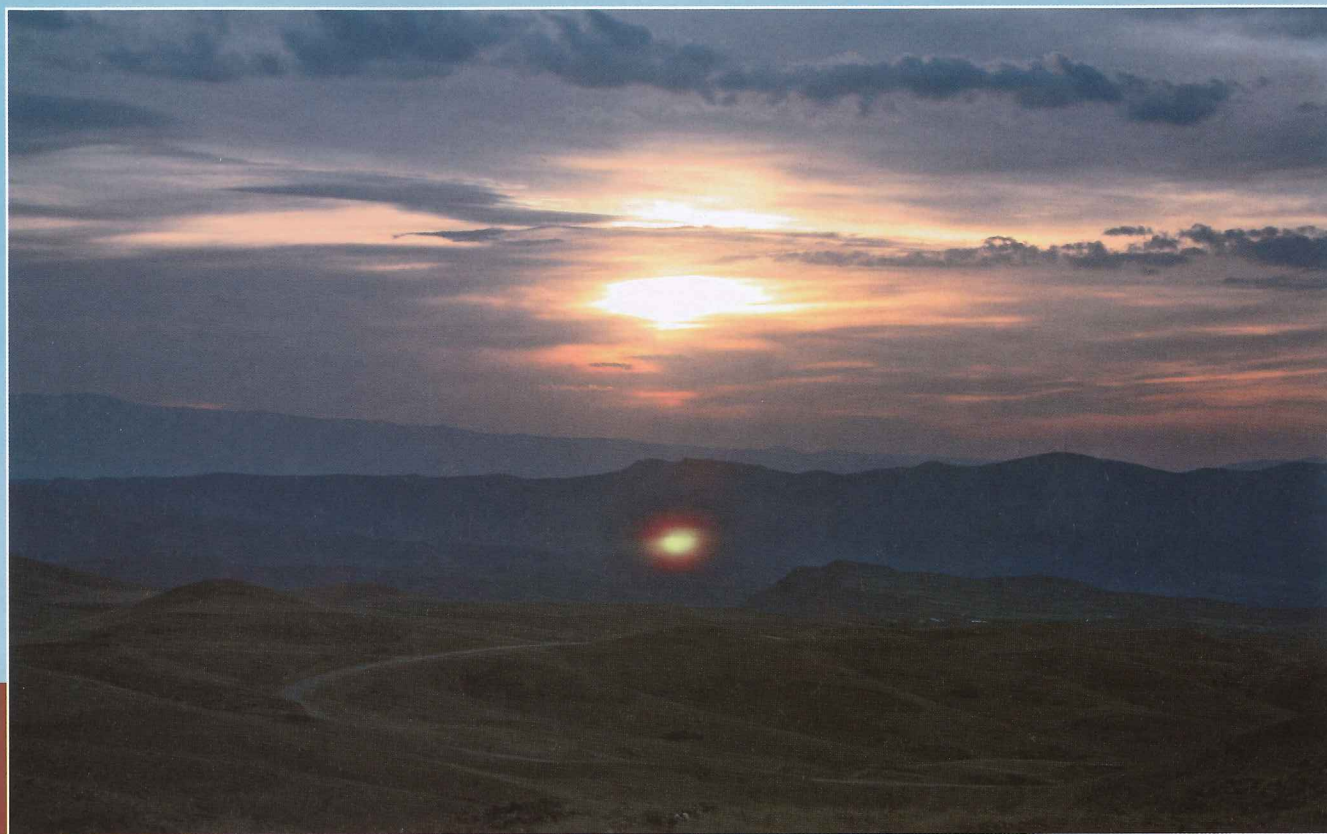
Le pont de la fille sur le
chemin de Tabriz



La vallée de la rivière Aras

Vue de la vallée à Kaleybar,
château de Bâbak





Lever du soleil sur la route vers Takht-e-Soleyman



Montagnes zébrées de neige,
Takht-e-Soleyman

L'immensité de ce paysage
fantastique qui semble
pratiquement inhabité.

Takht-e-Soleyman

Ce voyage vers Takht-e-Soleyman est certainement l'un des plus mémorables de mes nombreuses escapades iraniennes. C'est dans cette région de l'Azerbaïdjan de l'est, aux confins du Kurdistan et de la province de Zanjan, plus encore qu'à tout autre endroit auparavant ou par la suite, que je me sentis littéralement être en route vers le bout du monde. Après une nuit passée à dormir tant bien que mal dans le coffre du Patrol de l'ambassade, faute d'un meilleur endroit, je m'éveillai au lever du soleil avec devant moi ce paysage extraordinaire : un avril encore enneigé, avec ses zébrures blanches sur le sol d'argile; les couleurs ocres, turquoise et dorées des sols riches en métaux; le vent qui souffle doucement sur la surface des montagnes, seul bruit venant briser le silence absolu de cet endroit désert; l'immensité de ce paysage fantastique qui semble pratiquement inhabité. À l'exception d'une mine qui ne semble plus en fonction et de quelques hameaux aux murs de terre parsemés çà et là aux environs de Takab, nous ne croisons que l'occasionnel troupeau de moutons et son berger. Il nous prend même une soudaine envie de troquer le Patrol contre un de ces troupeaux tellement l'endroit est enchanteur, mais bon, cette idée farfelue est vite réfrénée ...

En plus, quel temps de l'année pour y aller! C'était alors sizdah bedar, le treizième jour du mois de *farvardin* (du 21 mars au 21 avril, le premier mois du calendrier iranien) de l'an 1385 (2006 chez nous), le premier mois du calendrier iranien qui débute avec le printemps. Cette journée, comme d'ailleurs tout ce qui entoure Nowrouz, revêt une importance toute particulière pour les Iraniens (*Nowrouz est le nouvel an iranien et la fête la plus importante et la plus célébrée en Iran, littéralement le « jour nouveau »*). C'est une journée où il faut absolument sortir, pique-niquer en famille, aller dans un parc, en montagne ou à la Caspienne et célébrer la nature qui renaît dans la joie et le plaisir. Nos seuls compagnons de visite sont un groupe de nomades aux habits colorés et superbes qui sont venus en ces lieux mystiques armés d'un véritable festin pour l'occasion de cette fête zoroastrienne : kababs, pain naan et fromage blanc, herbes fraîches, tchaï et fruits. Notre propre pique-nique composé de sandwiches au beurre d'arachides et de jus de pomme est en comparaison bien rustique, voire ascétique!

Takht-e-soleyman signifie trône de Salomon, mais il semble plutôt que ce site archéologique avait été conçu pour célébrer la religion zoroastrienne et qu'il s'agissait d'un atesh kade (*temple de feu zoroastrien*). On dit en effet qu'à l'arrivée des premiers musulmans venus de la péninsule Arabique pour propager leur nouvelle foi, les mobeyds (*prêtres zoroastriens*) qui y étaient auraient caché le véritable usage de ces lieux et le culte qui y était pratiqué afin de le protéger d'une potentielle destruction et auraient plutôt prétendu que cet endroit était relié à Salomon et s'inscrivait donc dans l'histoire biblique. Leur mensonge semble-t-il permit de préserver le temple en question et rebaptisa ses ruines du nom qu'on utilise encore aujourd'hui pour les désigner. Le site comporte donc les ruines d'un atish kade et celles d'un temple qui aurait été bâti par les Sassanides pour célébrer la déesse Anahita. Deux cratères s'y trouvent, dont un, central, qui est rempli d'eau fortement minérale. Le second cratère appelé Zendan-e Soleyman, ou prison de Salomon, se situe un peu plus loin mais est visible depuis le site principal. La légende dit que Salomon se servait de ce deuxième cratère, qui est très profond, pour y emprisonner des bêtes monstrueuses.

Jeune fille nomade devant le trône de Solomon

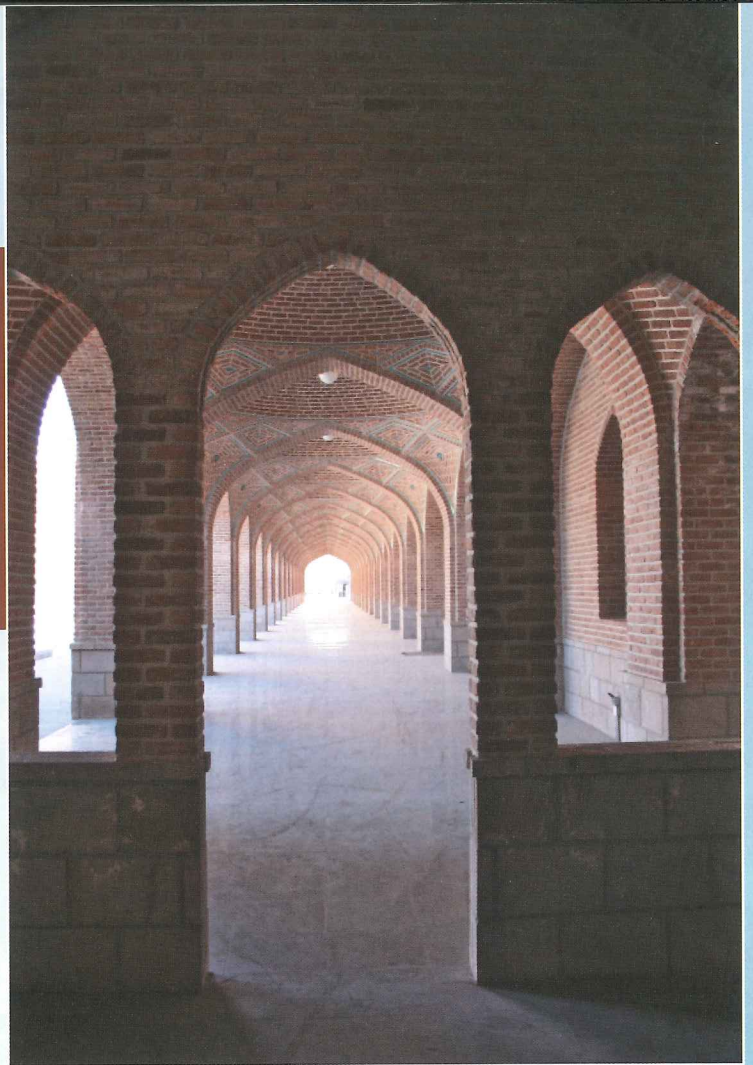


Montagnes et moutons près de Takab-Takht-e-Soleyman



Dans la mosquée bleue de Tabriz

Mosaïques de la mosquée bleue, Tabriz



« Car, ainsi tourne et tournera l'univers céleste
Depuis que le monde existe, il a tourné ainsi du reste »
— Roudaki, poète persan (X^e siècle de notre ère)

Alors voilà, trois voyages superbes qui m'ont chacun donné des souvenirs impérissables, trois lieux situés dans ces montagnes de l'Elbourz qui racontent chacun leurs héros millénaires, trois histoires qui démontrent la volonté des habitants de cette région de garder leur liberté de penser et d'agir, le désir de la Perse de se soustraire à l'autorité d'empires éloignés qui ont bien souvent voulu la prendre et l'envahir. Mon amour pour ce pays ne se limite pas à ces histoires ou à ces lieux, au contraire ceux-ci n'en sont qu'une simple réflexion, mais quand je me surprends à les raconter, je réalise à quel point le passé est souvent une fidèle illustration du présent.

J'ose espérer qu'un jour peut-être, j'aurai la chance de revenir en ces lieux uniques, de les revisiter et les redécouvrir, et aussi de goûter, une fois de plus, à la caresse du vent de la vallée sur la peau de mon visage, au doux silence des grands espaces que seuls les nomades et leurs moutons habitent, à la magnificence de ces paysages si particuliers, mais surtout à la paix immense que m'inspirent les montagnes de l'Iran. ☺

Élise Racicot, une passionnée de langues et littérature, est native de Joliette dans la région de Lanaudière. Elle a gradué du baccalauréat en relations publiques de l'UQAM en 2001 avant d'entamer des études de maîtrise en administration publique internationale à l'ÉNAP. Elle a aussi travaillé au sein de différentes ONG locales et internationales pendant la durée de ses études. Après deux années de travail à la centrale, Élise Racicot fut la première femme à accepter une affectation en tant que déléguée commerciale à l'Ambassade du Canada auprès de la République islamique d'Iran, fonction qu'elle occupa de 2004 à 2006. Elle accepta subséquemment de prolonger son séjour en Iran dans le cadre d'une affectation temporaire d'un an comme agente d'immigration. Depuis son retour au Canada, elle fait partie de l'équipe du Bureau régional de Montréal du Service des délégués commerciaux.

THE AMBASSADOR'S WORD — HOSTAGE CRISIS IN PERU

Reviewed by Patricia Marsden Dole

*AT THE CENTER OF THE STORM: MY YEARS AT THE CIA**ON THE BRINK: AN INSIDER'S ACCOUNT OF HOW THE WHITE HOUSE
COMPROMISED AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE*

Reviewed by Daniel Livermore

*TAKEOVER: THE RETURN OF THE IMPERIAL PRESIDENCY AND
THE SUBVERSION OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY*

Reviewed by Bernie Etzinger

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PLUS SIX BOOKS ON CANADA'S ROLE IN AFGHANISTAN

Reviewed by Gar Pardy

THE AMBASSADOR'S WORD — HOSTAGE CRISIS IN PERU, 1996–1997 by David J. Goldfield, Penumbra Press, 2007, 168 pp., \$27.95.

Patricia Marsden Dole was the first woman to join the Trade Commissioner Service in 1969. She retired in 2003 having spent 23 years serving abroad in India, Europe, Africa, Australia, and the USA. Her last posting as Ambassador to Portugal challenged her to renew Canada's historic relationship with Portugal following the "1995 Fish War." In 2007 she completed a Master of Arts in Inter-religious Dialogue and is now working on a doctoral programme. She is happily married to Paul Dole and has two adult sons living in Toronto.

Big and little heroes/heroines of the Canadian Foreign Service are at work every day in or out of Ottawa engaged in the many crises of our global village. Occasionally an event occurs and someone steps up to the plate to become that day's media story. So it happened to Tony Vincent in Lima on December 17, 1996 in the midst of a national day of celebration at the Japanese Embassy. On the spot he gave, and then kept, his *word* to act as guarantor for the terrorists holding 380 high profile guests-turned-hostages (including government ministers) in their negotiations with the Peruvian government of President Fujimori. In an instant Anthony (Tony) Vincent went from departmental disgrace/victim to redemption in glory. Before this newly released account

of Tony's role as mediator extraordinaire, the only lasting public memory of his life had been the "Anthony Vincent Park" in Manor Park in Ottawa where a bronze plaque tells curious dog walkers —

Anthony Vincent, 1939–1999, community leader and diplomat, was Canada's ambassador to Peru in 1996 when he, his wife Lucie and more than 500 others were taken hostage at the Japanese Embassy. Ambassador Vincent was released to negotiate with the Peruvian Government, returning to the embassy on numerous occasions despite personal risk. He received Canada's Meritorious Service Medal and the admiration of his friends, neighbours and colleagues.

Tony's story of those days in Lima has now been brought vividly to life by David Goldfield in his book *The Ambassador's Word*. The book was launched by Assistant Deputy Minister for the Americas, Peter Boehm, on December 12, 2007 to a packed audience in the Cadieux Auditorium of DFAIT headquarters. David recounted how upon his own return from Peru in 1999 he had first learned about Tony from his widow, Lucie, while participating in community events following Tony's death. Through Lucie, David learnt of Tony's suffering in the aftermath of the Al-Mashat affair and of his subsequent restoration to grace by a new government when he was appointed Canadian ambassador to Lima.

The setting of the story is the embattled Andean country of Peru where President Fujimori was determined to crush by any means a violent and largely indigenous guerilla movement — the *Movimento Revolucionario Tupac Amaru* (MRTA). Tony was the only one of the five diplomats, released by the hostage takers the morning following the terrorist takeover, to keep his word to act as their guarantor with President Fujimori. The mother and sister of the president had already been released at midnight.

Fourteen guerillas had pulled off an incredibly daring and ingeniously planned operation and had galvanized the attention of all Peru and the international press. Tony's agreement to act as guarantor/mediator was accepted by the Canadian government with some hesitation. He shared this long drawn out, nerve-racking task with the then Archbishop of Lima, now Cardinal Archbishop Cipriani, and the local representative of the International Red Cross, Michel Minnig. Tony and his colleagues shuttled regularly between the armed and nervous hostage takers within the Japanese embassy, through the heavily armed military and media perimeter without, and over to various government offices, or home to shower, shave and sleep. David Goldfield delivers close-up portraits, not only of Ambassador Vincent, but also of the guerilla "*commandante*," his troops, President Fujimori and his notorious Minister of the Interior, Montesinos. Throughout the story we share the hesitations concerning the good faith of the

Peruvian government which gnaw constantly at the guarantors.

On the basis of many interviews and meticulous research, David has written a gripping chronicle of what was in 1996 the most sensational hostage crisis since Israeli citizens were seized by President Idi Amin at Entebbe airport in Uganda in 1976. The four month long stand-off in Lima between determined guerillas and a humiliated Peruvian government, anxious to restore the "tough on terrorism" image it created to defeat the *Sendero Luminoso* threat, generated incendiary tensions on all sides. We share this tension in the gripping dialogues in meetings between and among the President, the guarantors, and the terrorists. In one instance on page 121, during a chat between the Archbishop and the leader of the terrorists, Nestor Cerpa, we glimpse the personal drama of Cerpa who had asked the Archbishop to hand a note to his two sons in Paris which read "Have faith in me. If I ever leave this place it will mean that your wish has come true. It will mean that your mother has been released from prison. ...". So this was the key to releasing the hostages — to release Nancy Gilvonio, whose name

headed each of Cerpa's lists of hostages to be exchanged. The Archbishop then pleaded with the President to release Nancy along with some others but was told by President Fujimori instead, "I don't think it will be acceptable to release Nancy. She is a terrorist." And so the story rolls on through more weeks of anxious, useless negotiations to the finale — the slaughter of all the terrorists. Perhaps the next installment from David will be the tragic love story of Nestor Cerpa and his beloved wife, Nancy, who remains in the dreadful bleak mountain prison from whose confines Nestor and his followers gave their lives to release her.

David draws a fast moving, exciting tale which confirms for Canadian diplomats the role which they could be called upon to play anywhere in the world at a moment's notice. This is a story waiting for the action packed movie edition in a theatre near you.

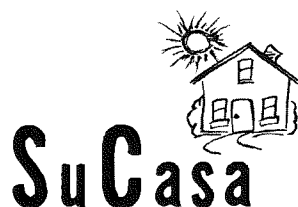
The author David Goldfield is an Ottawa native and this is his first book. He has had a varied career in international business and currently is CEO of a company specializing in Latin American investments. He was most recently Regional Director for Latin America at Export Development Canada (EDC).

to which we can now add the memoirs of some of the principals. Needless to say, the picture sketched with increasing clarity by the insiders isn't pretty: a largely feckless presidency, ostensibly leading an ineffectual National Security Council; an unusually docile Congress; confusion, conflict and back-stabbing in the US foreign policy departments and agencies; tension and discord in the defence establishment; and an intelligence community under intense pressure by the neo-conservative hawks in the Bush administration.

The Iraq conflict began with more bravado than coherence. And as the campaign began to head south shortly after the predictably short military offensive, the blame game began. How does one explain it all? The response on the part of the presidency and others was simple and concise: faulty intelligence got the US into an impossible war.

But is that the truth? And is it that simple? If any individual knew how the origins of the Iraqi conflict and the intelligence community were intimately linked, it was George Tenet, head of the CIA and Director of Central Intelligence for seven years since his appointment by President Clinton, and the lone Democrat in a leading governmental position under President Bush (although no longer of Cabinet rank). Aptly enough, he entitles his fulsome, 500-page memoir *At the Center of the Storm*, because it must have been an agonizing daily grind in the midst of the chaos that passed for policy discussion within the Bush administration in the aftermath of 9/11 and the lead-up to war in Iraq in 2003.

Tenet's broad brush lines echo some of the more recent journalistic exposés, like *Fiasco* by Thomas E. Ricks and *Hubris* by Michael Isikoff and David Corn. Yet Tenet's objectives are more specific than simply using his autobiography to tell the saga of a conflict gone wrong. His contention is that the CIA did its job. It told President Bush and the administration what it believed was the truth with respect to weapons of mass destruction in Iraq. Moreover, it performed its analytical function despite intense pressures on him, his senior officials and the analytical community by a bevy of neo-conservative heavyweights, led by Vice-President Cheney, Secretary of Defense Rumsfeld and two of Rumsfeld's deputies, Paul Wolfowitz and Douglas Feith. Mistakes were admittedly



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AT THE CENTER OF THE STORM: MY YEARS AT THE CIA, by George Tenet, Harper Collins, New York, 2007, 549 pp., \$30.00 (US).

ON THE BRINK: AN INSIDER'S ACCOUNT OF HOW THE WHITE HOUSE COMPROMISED AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE, by Tyler Drumheller, Carroll and Graf Publishers, New York, 2006, 296 pp., \$26.95 (US).

Prior to his retirement in 2007, Daniel Livermore was Director General, Security and Intelligence in Foreign Affairs and International Trade Canada. He is currently a Senior Fellow at the Graduate School of Public and International Affairs, University of Ottawa.

How did the United States get into the Iraqi quagmire so quickly, with so few allies, and with no apparent game plan? That question and its many variations have dominated a huge and growing collection of materials by journalists and academics,

made, and bureaucratic infighting contributed to public pronouncements based on faulty or incorrect intelligence. But somehow, his argument goes, with the pressures leading to war in the post 9/11 period, the Iraq conflict was simply inevitable, irrespective of the CIA's performance. Nor does he know when regime change in Iraq became entrenched in the Bush administration's agenda.

So how does Tenet fare? At the broad level, it's a good line. But as it gets into the details, it begins to falter. In essence, Tenet's argument turns on a number of specific, rather complex analytical issues, most of which found their way into the ill-fated Colin Powell speech to the UN Security Council in February, 2003. The CIA got it wrong, according to Tenet, on the aluminum cylinders, mobile biological launchers and other elements of Saddam's weapons of mass destruction program. But they got it wrong "because the truth was so implausible."

The essence of this story is better told, with the professional candour of the aggrieved insider, by Tyler Drumheller, former head of the CIA's clandestine

European Division. He has his own take on the run-up to war, and it's downright ugly. His shorter memoir — about 200 pages after about 80 pages were excised by CIA censors — accuses the Bush Administration of "the manipulation of intelligence" and "an unprecedented drive for intelligence to justify the Iraq war and find someone to blame for the September 11 attacks."

An experienced operations officer with 30 years of service, Drumheller's view is evident from the sub-title of his memoir. A number of senior Bush officials, chief among them Paul Wolfowitz, were anxious to use American military muscle to resolve an old, unfinished conflict. To this end they manipulated evidence, relied on false information, supported spurious sources and generally brow-beat a badly-divided American intelligence community to support a public drive towards war. Alerted by the CIA to problems with sources, the administration either ignored the warnings or lost the memos. A succession of administration speeches deliberately exaggerated dangers and hyped the challenges posed by Saddam and his regime, at a time, ironically enough, when Saddam was probably internally weaker and more

subject to domestic challenge than at any time since 1991. The Defense Department created its own intelligence units, second-guessed the professional analysts about virtually every important judgment, and accepted as intelligence a raft of lies and exaggerations gathered by the Iraqi exile community in the United States. When the inevitable reckoning came, not only did they hand the blame to the CIA, but the CIA, in a Tenet statement, accepted it.

Drumheller was front and centre for the now-legendary series of foul-ups linked to the German source, "curveball." Although he is less authoritative on other issues, because of the position he held within the CIA throughout the drive to war, Drumheller's views are supported by a rising chorus of other authors, including James Risen, whose book, *State of War: The Secret History of the CIA and the Bush Administration*, tracks the same set of issues with considerable authority. In short, placed side to side, Drumheller's version of the key events leading to the Iraq conflict is sounder on details than Tenet's. One also suspects that it's supported by the still-classified evidence buried in CIA computers.

Between Tenet and Drumheller, despite some attempts at keeping the discourse polite, there's a lot of distance. Tenet comes away in Drumheller's view as a person seduced by the rush to war, committing the fatal error (in the intelligence community) of being "dragged into the inner workings of a White House that behaved as if it was on a constant war footing." In doing so, he "sacrificed the objectivity any intelligence chief must have if he or she is to deliver unwelcome information to policy makers." Harsh judgments, but probably accurate descriptions of a CIA head who liked his access to the presidency and paid the ultimate price for trying to ensure that his many masters were happy.

But if the CIA and the intelligence community were not centrally responsible for the rush to war, where does the onus lie? As Drumheller emphasizes, the principal responsibility for the drive to war resided with a small group of inside ideologues bent on redressing what they considered old failures. They used the panic of the post 9/11 period to abandon a containment policy which had kept Saddam in check for a decade. They rolled over the expertise of Scowcroft, Kissinger and other Republican stalwarts, and ignored (if they

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ever asked) the views of the Arab states who will now bear the real burdens for the war's devastation and failure. Iraq wasn't an intelligence failure, despite the mistakes at the leadership of the CIA. It was fundamentally a policy fiasco, for which the intelligence community was asked to fall on its sword. There's more than enough blame to go around.

Ultimately, George Tenet confronted the central dilemma of leadership in the intelligence community, a tension explored by Tim Weiner in his fascinating, albeit uneven, review of the CIA's 60-year evolution, *Legacy of Ashes: The History of the CIA*. Getting good intelligence to the right people at the right time in the American system has depended upon access at the top. But acquiring and keeping access to a succession of presidents has inevitably meant bending assessments to suit prevailing political views, whether the issue was the fictitious "missile gap" of the 1950s, the Cuban threat to Central America in the 1980s, or Saddam's weapons of mass destruction in the post 9/11 period. Tenet kept his place at the top, but not because he delivered honest, dispassionate "ground truths." His cardinal sin, which destroyed the CIA as the key civilian institution in the American intelligence community, was that he gave American leaders what they wanted to hear, against the advice of intelligence professionals like Tyler Drumheller and others.

The key issues and the personalities behind the Iraq conflict are increasingly on full view. When, one wonders, will Cheney, Rumsfeld, Wolfowitz and Feith respond as the bookshelves fill with materials increasingly stacked clearly against them?

TAKEOVER: THE RETURN OF THE IMPERIAL PRESIDENCY AND THE SUBVERSION OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, by Charlie Savage, Little, Brown & Company, 2007, 416 pp., \$29.99.

Bernie Etzinger joined the foreign service in 1995. He has served in New York, Silicon Valley and Washington, DC. He is presently Director of the Continental Defence Relations Division.

In *Takeover: The Return of the Imperial Presidency and the Subversion of American Democracy*, Pulitzer-prize-winning author

Charlie Savage has written an odyssey. His odyssey chronicles Vice-President Dick Cheney, starting with his beginnings as a 28-year-old executive assistant to Donald Rumsfeld, himself then a 36-year-old former member of Congress and President Richard Nixon's Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity.

From there, Savage begins to tell of a spectacular voyage that would lead Cheney to become Chief of Staff to President Ford, member of Congress for Wyoming, Secretary of Defense under President George H.W. Bush, CEO of the Halliburton Corporation and finally Vice-President of the United States.

This journey serves as the catalyst for Savage's central theme in *Takeover*, that is, the almost singular pursuit of the consolidation and expansion of the powers of the Executive Branch by Cheney and what was to become a close group of advisors, who sought to remedy what many conservatives saw as the evisceration of the powers of the Presidency in the years immediately following the Watergate scandal.

Savage carefully constructs a chronology that shows how Dick Cheney's early experiences with government led him to believe that Congress had greatly overreached its powers and had passed unconstitutional laws that prevented the President of the United States from faithfully executing his duties to protect America, being commander-in-chief, and executing US law in an unencumbered fashion.

But Dick Cheney wasn't the only one to arrive at this conclusion. Early in the Reagan era, the conservative Federalist Society was created and thrust onto the American political stage the Unitary Executive Theory — an idea that holds at its core that Congress has no authority over the powers granted to the Executive Branch under the Constitution. Advanced gingerly at first by Reagan Administration lawyers, wary of public opinion and congressional reaction in a post-Watergate America, the Unitary Executive Theory eventually became the compass that directs the presidential view on all aspects of executive authority, but especially in the areas of national security and foreign policy.

This theory would become the *sine qua non* of the legal strategy of the Reagan and Bush White House Offices of Legal Counsel, who themselves would use their ability to issue binding legal opinions on

the federal government, to instruct bureaucrats on which aspects of what laws to pursue and which to ignore.

In essence, the Unitary Executive Theory held that the President could not enforce laws that it deemed were unconstitutional. Operationalizing this theory required White House staff and Department of Justice officials to employ three principal tools: the court challenge, the signing statement and the binding (and often secret) legal opinion of the Office of Legal Counsel.

Ultimately these tools were in service of three key objectives — use internal legal opinions to ensure that actions by federal government officials were not illegal, even if Congress said they were; use court challenges at every possible opportunity, to defend and fight for every inch of legal ground, often with the help of sympathetic judges; and finally, use signing statements, where the Administration would sign a bill from Congress, and then issue a statement on what parts of that bill it intended to enforce, in such a fashion that they would become the de facto legal equivalent of a line item veto. These three tools would construct a legal rationale that leveraged each victory for a strengthened federal Executive Branch.

For the vast majority of Americans, and everyone else in the world, this inter-branch struggle would likely have been little more than a historical curiosity or fodder for highly partisan Beltway debates about which branch of government should do what.

In fact, as Savage dutifully points out, the expansion of executive power dated back to FDR and the New Deal. He notes conservatives were furious at how FDR first had used the New Deal to expand both the size and power of the executive, and then legitimized that new authority through Supreme Court rulings only after there were enough FDR appointees who were sympathetic to the federal plan.

What makes Savage's story truly remarkable is that few were aware of the consequences for the checks and balances system, resulting from this relentless pursuit of executive authority.

And then came 9/11. An attack on American soil for the first time since the Civil War, and the beginning of a Global War on Terror.

Whether or not the reader believes that the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan and the

passage and renewal of the *Patriot Act* were the right things to do, the Administration was faced with a number of legal conundrums regarding fundamental issues of human rights and national security in the days following the attacks.

What Savage makes clear is that while America may have been unprepared for the attacks of 9/11, the machine created by the advancement of the Unitary Executive Theory was well-oiled and very ready for the legal battles that would lie ahead.

And while those battles were themes familiar to all — the application of the Geneva Convention, the parsing of what was and wasn't torture, and *habeas corpus* — winning those battles meant, as Savage sees it, radically redefining what laws did and did not apply to the Executive.

In these battles, there were two legal generals — David Addington and John Yoo, one a decades-long aide to Dick Cheney, and the other a 34-year-old Berkeley professor whose appointment to

the Office of Legal Counsel in early 2001 would thrust an unyielding proponent of inherent presidential power into the legal power vacuum of national security and foreign policy in the days and years after 9/11.

Savage contends that Yoo and Addington, both virtually anonymous, served to enable one of the greatest consolidations of unchecked power in American history, leading ultimately to many landmark events — including legal protection for those who wiretapped without warrants, the establishment of Guantanamo as a detention centre free from any civil authority, the protection of those engaged in interrogation that the US military had for decades banned, and finally, the checkmate of Congress and the Judiciary in legitimizing the denial of *habeas corpus* to American citizens arrested and detained on American soil.

Savage's book is a tour de force in its own right. Meticulously researched, it tells a perfect story, one that many would

consider apocryphal if not for the overwhelming research backing it up. It is a story of the struggle of a team united by their desire to overturn what they saw as extreme congressional overreach after Watergate, an overreach that weakened the Presidency, and by extension weakened America in the world.

In the end, as with many great stories, it could be seen as a lament for better days. Except that the consequences of this story reach profoundly into the American psyche, where freedom and security cannot exist one without the other, but where both must be protected by government and from government. It is in this conundrum of global proportions that Savage's lesson lies — such powers once established do not recede, no matter which party comes into power.

The question at the end of such an odyssey is not whether the traveller recognizes the world he left, but more whether the world recognizes the traveller when he returns home.

FIFTEEN DAYS: STORIES OF BRAVERY, FRIENDSHIP, LIFE AND DEATH FROM INSIDE THE NEW CANADIAN ARMY, by Christie Blatchford, Doubleday Canada, 2007, 370 pp., \$34.95.

WAR AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD: THE STRUGGLE FOR AFGHANISTAN, KASHMIR, AND TIBET, by Eric S. Margolis, Key Porter Books, 1999 revised and updated 2007, 330 pp., \$24.95.

OUTSIDE THE WIRE: THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN IN THE WORDS OF ITS PARTICIPANTS, edited by Kevin Patterson and Jane Warren, Random House Canada, 2007, 294 pp., \$32.00.

CANADA IN AFGHANISTAN: THE WAR SO FAR, by Peter Pigott, Dundurn Press, 2007, 224 pp., \$35.00.

UNEXPECTED WAR: CANADA IN KANDAHAR, by Janice Gross Stein and Eugene Lang, Viking Canada, 2007, 332 pp., \$35.00.

REPORT OF THE INDEPENDENT PANEL ON CANADA'S FUTURE ROLE

IN AFGHANISTAN, 90 pp., January 2008. www.independent-panel-independant.ca/reportViewer-eng.asp?selMenu=1

Gar Pardy retired from the Canadian Foreign Service in 2003 following assignments in India, Kenya, the United States and Central America. He can be reached at gap@rogers.com.

Harper's Magazine in its monthly index of numbers, recently reported that there had been some 835 books published in the United States about the war in Iraq and some 32 of that number were books for children. I have searched the various indices and could only find five books that deal exclusively (or in the case of the Margolis book substantially) with Canada's war in Afghanistan. Fortunately none are meant for children.

While quantity is no measure of substance there are many aspects of Canada's role in Afghanistan that are not covered by these five books; we can only hope that there are books in the writing that will add to the Canadians' understanding of how we are where we are today and what we are about. One major lacuna is that there are no books written by military

personnel (except for brief accounts home of battles in *Outside the Wire*), either from those with Afghan mud on their boots, or by those who could add some measure of insight on Canadian insurgency tactics and why such an inordinate number of NCO soldiers have died. To expect that foreign service and CIDA development personnel might be preparing their own books would be an unexpected blessing.

Nevertheless, these five books, all published in 2007, do constitute a valuable shelf of work for Canadians on things Afghanistan. I am not aware of another set of circumstance where there has been such a timely and valuable contribution for Canadians in providing information and understanding to one of our most troublesome public policy issues. There is a minimum of overlap between the books and each in its unique perspective contributes to our understanding of what Afghanistan was and is today.

Eric Margolis is the only non-Canadian, but his frequent appearances in the Canadian media over the years have been such that his views are familiar to many. He has been a peripatetic traveller in central and south Asia for the past three decades (after serving in the American Army in

Vietnam) and is on first-name basis with many of the key players in the politics of the countries in the region. His "top of the world" metaphor is an appropriate one given the geography of the region and his overview.

Few can match his experience and knowledge and this 1999 book, updated in 2007, is a useful starting point for those seeking some measure of understanding of the broader contexts in which the Afghanistan conundrum must be viewed. India and Pakistan; India, Pakistan and China; India and Russia; and the bit parts played by Nepal, Tibet, Sikkim, Bhutan, Burma and the "stan" countries are all appropriately covered. The description of his trek with the Pakistani army to the battlefield on the Siachen Glacier is worth the price of the book. It illustrates in chilling, bone-jarring language the nature of the battlefields in this part of the world and the unfinished business they represent. While Margolis can be seen as a constant forecaster of large political disasters, and he is not shy in this book, it is by no means inappropriate to suggest that the seeds of several larger conflicts are present in this part of the world. Four (with an aspiring fifth) out of the nine acknowledged nuclear weapons states have common borders in the region and the best that can be said so far is that they have all been sane and sensible in the role that these weapons play.

The background information on Afghanistan and the personal relationships arising from his numerous visits since the late 1970s give this book a value that cannot be found elsewhere. Importantly, he makes little distinction between those who were mujahedin for one war and Taliban for another, as he sees them on an Afghan continuum rather than through the changing eyes of westerners. The fascination of these medieval warriors with modern weapons, to the restless and rootless in the Middle East and elsewhere, is equally documented.

His relationship with the Pakistani military is documented and despite his often laudatory tones, he provides ample background on why this military has played such an enormous role in everything that has happened in south Asia since the British rolled up their tents 60 years ago. Given recent events in Pakistan, his comment that "The military was the only

Pakistani institution that managed to avoid being fouled in the national swamp of corruption and chicanery, or that succeeded in holding popular respect in a country steeped in poisonous cynicism" may seem over the top. At the same time when viewed a few years into the future he may be more correct than we are prepared to acknowledge today. However, for anyone looking for some degree of balance on the India-Pakistan disputes this is not the place to look. He has an animus towards India and Indians that in many respects undermines the value of his central thesis on the importance of this region.

Peter Pigott, a former employee of Foreign Affairs, is an author who has given life to Canada's aviation story (with side trips to Hong Kong). His book *Canada in Afghanistan* is a significant departure. It is two books in one, with the first a fast-paced 60-page summary of Afghan history ranging from the Sumerians to Karzai. As an entry point for readers it is one of the best that I have seen and for those who believe that all history is prologue it is the sort of introduction to a complex area that is seldom available. It is the second part of the book that brings things up to date with the first entry of Canadian troops to Afghanistan in late 2001 and the subsequent efforts to forge a policy and military deployments that made sense in that changing environment. It is a sympathetic account and makes few judgments on the results.

However, in the last chapter of the book, Pigott documents the sorry effort to provide the troops with equipment appropriate to the task and the seeming ease with which the Taliban has parried the western thrust with appropriate cheap counter tactics and weapons. Quoting Churchill's experience in the same area over 100 years ago, the author suggests that supply will never meet the demand or more correctly the need. While readers may disagree with his pejorative-laden descriptions of the enemy in Afghanistan, he does detail their greatest strength. Quoting Gwynne Dyer about how the Afghans have dealt with foreign conquerors, he writes, "Eventually they will cut their losses and go home."

The author details the sad litany of armed personnel carriers (APCs) in Afghanistan. Ranging from the Iltis ("battlefield taxi"), to BV-206 AMV, the

G-Wagon ("an SUV with armour panels"), the LAV III ("unreliable in rough country"), the Coyote, and the Nyala ("vulnerable to IEDs"), the one piece of equipment that has been the source of more Canadian casualties than any other in Afghanistan. Recent reports and deaths suggest that matters have not improved.

The story of unmanned aerial vehicles (UAV) is equally troublesome. Rushed into fulfilling the need for "over-the-hill" tactical intelligence, the decision was made to purchase the Sperwer UAV, which had been designed for the European theatre. In Afghanistan, the Sperwer was a total disaster. The author quotes a military officer, "By the first week of December, we were just about to be fully operational. About this time we also had our first crash." Five crashes later (there were only six vehicles) it was determined that Afghan "wind shears and turbulence" were too much for the equipment. However, the Canadian content, snowmobile engines from Bombardier, worked well. And we are still looking for helicopters.

Two of the books, *Fifteen Days* and *Outside the Wire* tell the stories of mainly Canadians military personnel, often in their own words. In Christie Blatchford's *Fifteen Days* there is the jaundiced eye of an experienced and self-deprecating journalist who has seen much and knows much about the human condition. (Her story of loose bowels while under fire is a classic.) I was not prepared to like the book, as Blatchford in her daily writings in Canada has a tendency towards the "sob" or Mary Sunshine. But here she rises well above such a tendency and gives the reader a tight, ground-level account of what it means to be a soldier in Afghanistan. This is combined with accounts of grieving and fearful relatives in Canada.

Outside the Wire on the other hand is a compilation of journal entries and accounts of a range of persons who have worked in Afghanistan since 2002. Soldiers, medics, doctors, psychiatrists and aid workers are all jumbled together and the quality of the writing, while weak at times, is compensated by its diversity and uniqueness. The story "Mascara" by Marja Dumancic, a CBC journalist, particularly stands out. She was assigned to northern Afghanistan to help female journalists develop an all-woman radio station. CBC Canadian ethics and one Afghan reporter clashed when it

turned out she wanted to interview her sister who was running for elections. In good Canadian fashion

The staff had a meeting, and although it was tense at times, we all had our say. Finally we agreed that another reporter would do the whole interview again ... But I still went to Tajikistan. These ladies needed makeup.

Many of the same people appear in both books; the value of this is in the different slant that Ms. Blatchford provides on a set of circumstances, compared to that given in their own words in *Outside the Wire*. Lieutenant-Colonel Ian Hope provides a first-hand account of Task Force Orion in Helmand province, which he commanded. The Canadian Task Force was located to the west of Kandahar province, despite the fact that it is mainly the responsibility of the British military. Following an engagement in and around Heyderabad, in support of an American platoon, Hope was ordered to take his Task Force to Nawa and Garmser to the south as both of those towns had just fallen to the Taliban. Upon receiving these orders and asked if he had any questions, the Colonel laconically replied, "Where are Nawa and Garmser?"

The directions were found and Colonel Hope and the Task Force went off to do battle. Both towns were captured (or at least the centre of Garmser) and a few days later both were handed over to British and Afghan forces.

Christie Blatchford devotes a chapter to this battle and her account matches that of Colonel Hope up to the end. However, her account of the end is more troublesome. She reports that the British military decided they would not defend the two towns and would follow the Canadians out. Major Kirk Gallinger, one of the Canadian commanders, is quoted as follows:

They [British] were such a light force. I can understand their CO not wanting to get his soldiers decisively engaged. Nobody else in Afghanistan had that wherewithal and had that ability, that operational tactical ability to manoeuvre, like we did. And quite honestly, no one else was willing to take those types of risks to be able to support the Afghan government like we were.

The Unexpected War takes us back to the beginning. Janice Stein and Eugene Lang have provided a unique and, in Ottawa terms, as much of an insider book on Afghanistan as we are likely to see for some time. It is a depressing book even for one who has chased more Ottawa sheep than is healthy. As someone once remarked, those who like sausages should not view their making; the making of Canadian Afghan policy from 2001 onwards is no prettier and the motto for the exercise should be from the frequently quoted Dr. Ken Calder, assistant deputy minister of policy for DND, who in 2003 said, "We don't know anything about this country." But as the book and recent events demonstrate, Canada's Afghan policy has little if anything to do with Afghanistan.

Stein and Lang provide in clear and sharp language a policy element by policy element portrait of the road on which we are walking. The initiating event was the decision in October 2001 to join the Americans in their dash to get rid of the Taliban and the subsequent rush of self-congratulatory euphoria when everyone was taken in by how easy it all seemed. But the worms of poor planning soon appeared in late December when the *Globe and Mail* published a picture showing Canadian soldiers with prisoners and the Minister of Defence did not know what was going on. A blip perhaps, but the issue of prisoners continues to dog Canadian policy to this day.

In the aftermath of the defeat of the Taliban in late 2001 and their decision to go south to lick their wounds and regroup in the comfort of Pakistan, Canadian policy followed its traditional approach. Again Stein and Lang methodically detail the careful measuring of each decision against military capacity, meeting American expectations (which were surprisingly low) and, importantly, making decisions that carried finite time constraints. This approach took Canada to Kabul; continued naval involvement in the Persian Gulf, even with nominal Canadian command of ships associated with the Iraq war; and a year-long deployment to then relatively peaceful Kandahar. This approach of a "little-bit-for everyone, everywhere" while messy to outsiders (especially with respect to Iraq) worked well and would have continued to work well except that there was a new

Prime Minister and shortly thereafter a new Chief of Defence Staff.

The new Martin government came into office in late 2003. The new defence minister, David Pratt, who only lasted eight months, in comments to the authors is quoted as saying that, "Afghanistan wasn't a priority during my tenure. I was focusing on procurement, defence policy, NORAD and BMD and the Proliferation Security Initiative." This, while there were 2,000 Canadian troops in Kabul and General Rick Hillier was in command of the ISAF. As with all Canadian elections foreign and defence policy rarely rose to any level of concern among the electorate and 2004 was no different. During the election and after, Martin and the Liberals made noises about how Canada should "contribute meaningfully to peace and nation-building around the world. Afghanistan, again, was not in Martin's sights; Haiti, the Middle East and Darfur were."

Shortly after, there began one of the strangest periods of Canadian policy formation that the country has ever seen. "Conflict prevention was going to be critical to our foreign policy going forward," the Prime Minister is quoted as saying and the word went out for an International Policy Statement (IPS). It was to be a "defining feature of the Martin government, one of the prime minister's top priorities, an attempt to redefine and transform Canada's role in the world." Foreign Affairs was given the coordination pen and International Trade, National Defence and the Canadian International Development Agency were expected to drop their traditional vertical views on the world and move to a "horizontal" approach in order to give the Prime Minister his "transformational" policy. Of course the issue bogged and the Prime Minister's Office took control of the process but "it soon became apparent that neither the PCO nor the PMO had the expertise or institutional horsepower to give shape to a document that was the product of endless compromises." In desperation the PMO decided that Jennifer Welsh, a Canadian Oxford don, was their saviour for the policy statement, and over the howls of the traditionally-minded she was given the "pen." Not surprisingly this did not work much better as what the Prime Minister naively wanted consisted of pushing an imaginary rock up an imaginary hill

and describing it in sufficient detail to provide focus for those charged with its implementation.

Over at National Defence, General Rick Hillier had returned from Kabul and was the new Chief of Defence Staff (CDS). Hillier understood more than most that what the Prime Minister wanted was a differentiating concept that would separate his government from that of his predecessor and, at the same time, make sense of a changing and troublesome international environment. Illustrating how deficient the policy process had been, Hillier simply combined the concepts “of failed and failing states” and the “emergence of global terrorism,” added the American concept of the “Three-Block War” and suddenly there was something that the Prime Minister could accept — proving once again that old wine in new bottles still sells. “The Defence Review saved the IPS. Hillier’s contribution was the outstanding contribution to that effort,” the authors quote the former Prime Minister as saying.

Hillier in addition to being a “soldier, a field commander, and an operator,” was also a Pied Piper. He could lead and charm the dollars out of the tightest tightwad at Treasury Board. The first test of the new policy was of course Afghanistan since Darfur and Haiti were not seen as being amenable to significant Canadian intervention. Before long Hillier was promoting a six-element package for Afghanistan — a PRT in Kandahar; a renewed deployment of JTF2 Special Forces in the same region; lead and command for nine months; the Kandahar region multinational headquarters; and, the icing on the cake for any foot soldier, the deployment for one year, beginning in February 2006, of a combat infantry task force of about 800–1,000 troops to “conduct stabilization and combat operations throughout Kandahar province.” The sixth element was the creation of a 15-member team, called a Strategic Advisory Team, that would work with important ministries and advise the Afghan government on public administration.

Surprisingly, there was little debate within the government on the bold plan. The Prime Minister convened a meeting with Defence Minister Bill Graham, Hillier and others to discuss the plan but apart from a desultory examination of the other priorities of the Prime Minister —

Darfur, Haiti and the Middle East — it would appear from the authors’ comments the Hillier plan was considered a slam dunk. “Hillier gave the prime minister unequivocal assurances that the complete package that he recommended in Afghanistan would not inhibit the Canadian forces from contributing significantly to an international force for Darfur (or Haiti or the Middle East), beginning early 2007.” The *Toronto Star* subsequently reported, “Martin made it plain ... that he didn’t want to be patronized ... He didn’t want any ‘Yes, Minister’ business. He looked Hillier squarely in the eye and demanded his commitment. He got it.”

Associated with the Afghan plan was Hillier’s far-reaching plan to transform the Canadian military and it was from that transformation he expected the flexibility to mount a second mission to another part of the world. Subsequently, the Finance Minister queried the total cost of the Afghan mission (\$1.2 billion; now estimated to be in excess of \$6 billion) and suggested that the multinational headquarters component be eliminated. Not to be outdone Hillier decided that element could be funded out of DND’s existing funds and the full package was approved by Cabinet. Darfur was still of importance to the Prime Minister and he pressed for something to be done. Ever the wily soldier, Hillier met the demand by donating 110 clapped-out, aging Grizzly armoured personnel carriers to the African Union peacekeeping force. They were shipped via Senegal and it is not clear whether they made it to Darfur or were of any use.

In the summer of 2005 Bill Graham and the CDS spoke publicly about the plan and while Graham talked of a complex plan with a complex message, Hillier, on the other hand, started his love affair with the Canadian media and public with speeches that sounded like pep talks before a hockey game. The CDS got the headlines but it “buried the more sophisticated nuanced message that Graham was trying to communicate, a message that more accurately described the purposes the government had approved.”

A few months later there was a new government and a new Prime Minister and the first troublesome casualties from Kandahar. Surprisingly the Prime Minister decided to make the Liberal Afghan policy his own and before long through

parliamentary sharp-practise obtained a two-year extension for the combat role in Kandahar. Today the Prime Minister is trying to engineer another two-year extension for the combat role in Kandahar that would take it to 2011.

The Manley Panel was the strategy the Prime Minister used to gain support for the second extension. The Panel report released in early 2008 is a document meant to beguile Canadians into believing that with time and patience the current Afghan strategy of the government and NATO will work. Unlike John McCain in the United States, who has honestly suggested that American policy in Iraq might take 100 years, here the reasoned tone is one that “no end date makes sense at this point.” The Panel details the importance of the mission to Canada and the world and then establishes a series of near-miracles for success to occur. At the same time the Panel then suggests that if the miracles do not occur than Canada would be justified in quitting the Afghan plains. This has provided the government with a wide road on which to operate and if it does not succeed in making the miracles happen, it can place the blame on others, especially some European members of NATO who have not risen to the occasion.

If nothing else war should teach and the issue for Canada and Canadians is whether or not we have learned anything over the past seven years. Certainly there is little appreciation that our leaders have learned much. We have had seven defence ministers, six foreign ministers, three Prime Ministers, a host of ministers and presidents at CIDA and an Independent Panel. In all of that time and with all of those eminent Canadians, not more than 50 percent of Canadians, and often much less, are convinced that either NATO or Canada can succeed in the changing and difficult environment of Afghanistan. Importantly, there are few signs that the Afghans themselves are prepared to even come close to meeting the reasonable expectations that its western friends have made. Perhaps it is time that the next vote in Parliament should be one of confidence on Afghanistan and the opposition for once should give Canadians an opportunity to make their voices heard on the matter. It is time that the manipulation by the infernal, internal Ottawa game players should come to an end. ☹

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The Woes of Wenamun,

or the Misadventures of an Egyptian Softwood Lumber Negotiator

by Roger Lucy

About a century ago a papyrus was found in upper Egypt which preserved a trip report prepared around 1090 BC by an Egyptian priest named Wenamun. Wenamun was a senior cleric, the Elder of the Portal of the Great Temple of Amun-Re in Thebes. At the behest of the High Priest, Herihor, he journeyed to Byblos (Jubail) on the coast of Lebanon, to obtain a supply of cedar. The timber was required to build a new ceremonial barque for his god. While his account is unfortunately incomplete, enough survives to chronicle how a series of misunderstandings on Wenamun's part compromised what should have been a routine commercial arrangement. It is an example of what can happen when an amateur, however well intentioned or proficient in his or her own field, is sent to do a job best left to a foreign service professional.

The mission should have been a straightforward one. Byblos and Egypt had been closely linked politically and commercially for over 1,500 years — literally back to the dawn of recorded history. Byblos was a major port of export for Egyptian goods going to the northern and western Mediterranean and, in turn, was Egypt's main source of Lebanese cedar. Traditionally when the Temple of Amun-Re required lumber for a new barque, the Pharaoh sent an embassy to Byblos to purchase it. Unfortunately for the success of his mission, Wenamun set out unprepared and unaware of how past missions of this type had been conducted.

In Wenamun's time Egyptian fortunes were at a very low ebb. The Pharaoh of the time, Ramasses XI, was the last, and least effectual, of the slowly decaying XX Dynasty. Effective control of the country lay in the hands of three warlords. Herihor (Wenamun's boss) controlled upper Egypt from Thebes. Despite his priestly title, he was actually a professional soldier and even after becoming High Priest, retained his title of Commander of Upper and Lower Egypt. In Tanis — a burgeoning port at the mouth of the Nile — Nesubanedjed (usually called Smendes — the Greek rendering of his name) had assumed the title Organizer of the Country and controlled lower Egypt (the delta north of what is now Cairo). Egyptian territories in what is now Sudan were controlled by Paynehsi, Viceroy of Nubia. Herihor got along well enough with Smendes (they may have been in-laws), but was a bitter rival of Paynehsi, and as a result of their struggle Nubia broke completely away from Egypt. None of these warlords bothered to assume the royal title. For Herihor this was hardly necessary, as his temple owned virtually all the land in Upper Egypt. It was not until 20 years later — when Ramasses XI had finally faded away — that Smendes proclaimed himself Pharaoh of a new XXI Dynasty.

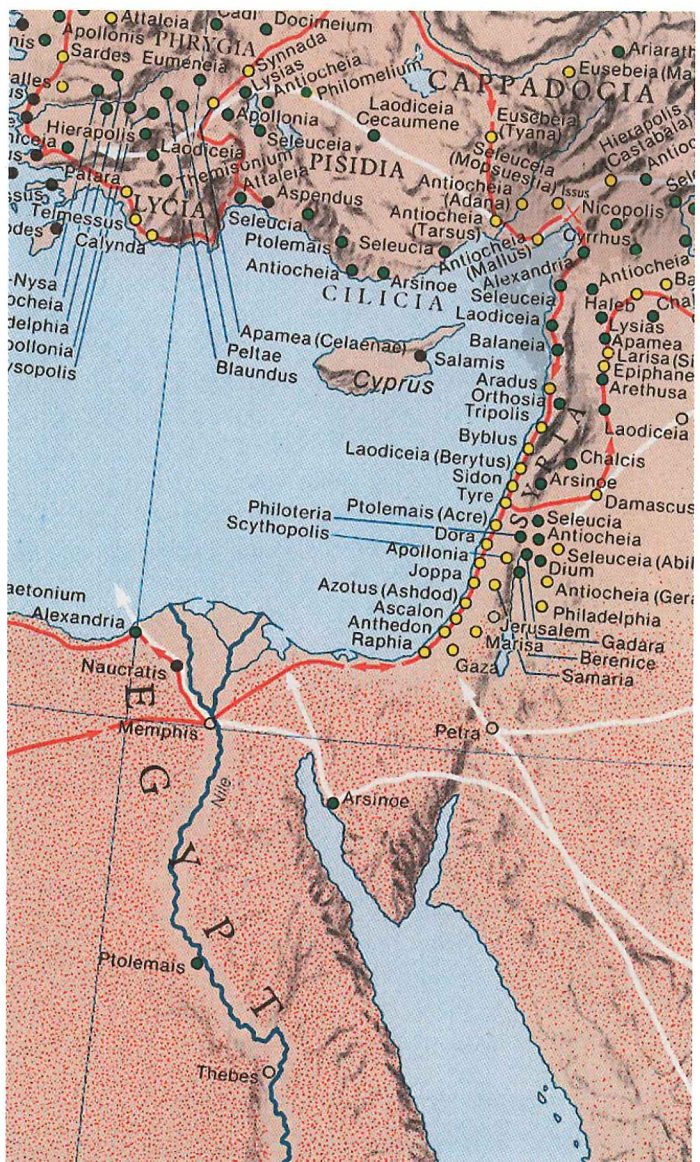
In its days of glory, Egypt had controlled much of the coast of the Levant. This was swept away in the great upheavals of the 12th century BC, which had also seen the overthrow of the Hittite Empire, the collapse of the Mycenaean civilization in Greece, and the destruction of many Canaanite city states. Few states had been spared. Some Lebanese ports, like Byblos, had weathered the storm, while Ramasses III of Egypt had waged epic — but victorious — battles to expel invaders from Libya and the so-called Sea Peoples. Archaeologists and philologists have spilt much ink in trying to determine who these Sea Peoples were. Their material remains show affinities with the Aegean and the Balkans. They likely included both the instigators of and refugees from the turmoil which had overwhelmed the Hittites and the Mycenaeans — a catastrophe so complete that, in Greece, all knowledge of writing was lost for 500 years, the economy reverted to a bare subsistence level and political organization to that of the tribe or village. Many of the Sea Peoples settled on the coast of Palestine, founding their own settlements amidst the ruins of the Canaanite towns they had destroyed. The biblical Philistines derive their name from one of these peoples, the Peleset. In sum, where 100 years earlier the eastern Mediterranean had been a bi-polar world dominated by Egypt and the Hittites, it was now, if anything, a-polar. Of the significance of such convulsions and developments, Wenamun seems to have set out blithely unaware, equipped with little more than his credentials, signed by Herihor, a portable shrine to Amun, and — in light of his mission — a rather paltry travel advance.

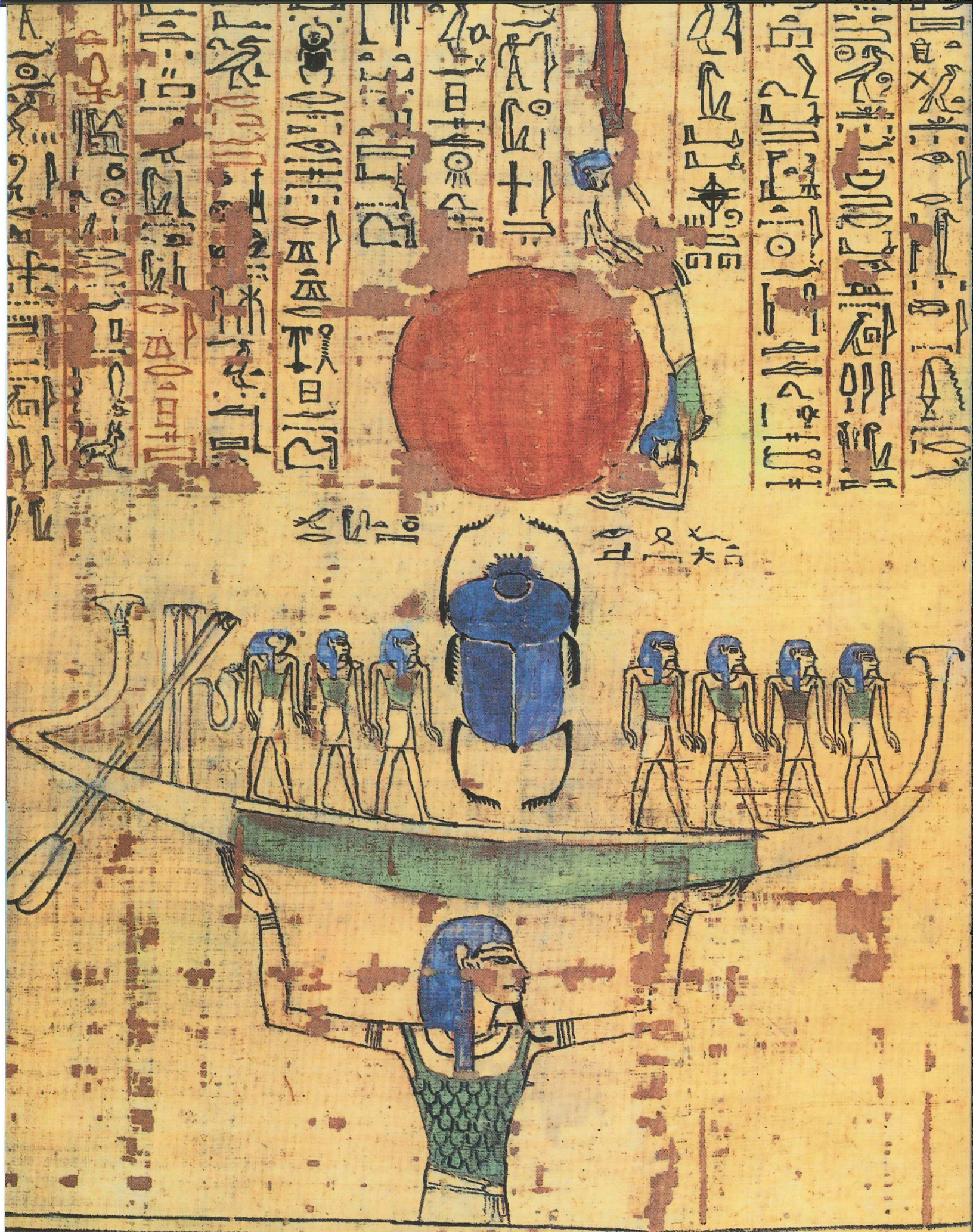
Wenamun's first stop was Tanis. In his report he writes: *On the day of my arrival at Tanis, the place where Smendes and Tentamun [Smendes' consort] are, I gave them the dispatches of Amun-Re, King of Gods. They had read them out before them and they said "Yes!" to the saying of Amun-Re, King of the Gods ... Smendes and Tentamun sent me off with the ship's captain Mengebet, and I went down upon the great sea of Syria.*

Here is where Wenamun's mission starts to go off the rails. He surrendered his credentials to Smendes and so had nothing to show the King of Byblos when he got there. He also seems to have assumed that Mengebet's ship was an Egyptian vessel. In fact, it was just one of many chartered Syrian ships that Smendes used to trade with the Levant. Now his misfortunes began to mount.

The ship stopped at Dor, a town near modern Haifa, ruled by Tjeker, one of the Sea Peoples. There one of the ship's crew stole Wenamun's travel advance. Wenamun lost ... *one vessel of gold worth 5 deben, four jars of silver worth 20 deben, and a bag with 11 deben of silver.* As a deben was equivalent to about 14 grams, Wenamun's losses amounted to two and half ounces of gold and a pound of silver. No financial catastrophe for one of his standing, but an embarrassment. Wenamun was not going to take this lying down. He sought compensation from Beder, the Tjeker prince who earlier had welcomed him with 50 loaves of bread, a flask of wine and a haunch of beef.

Wenamun reported that: *The next morning, I went to where the prince was and said to him: "I have been robbed in your harbour. Now you are ruler of this land, the chief and chief magistrate, you are the one who controls it. Retrieve my money! Indeed, the money belongs to Amun-Re, ... it belongs to Smendes,*





*it belongs to Herihor, my lord and to other great ones of Egypt. It is yours ...
It is for Zekerbaal, the ruler of Byblos!*

Beder was somewhat bemused by this. He replied, "I do not know what you said to me! If a thief, who belongs to my country, boarded your ship and stole your money — then I would replace it for you from my storeroom until some-one found your thief. Alas, the thief who robbed you is yours, he belongs to your ship! Spend some days here and visit me! I will search for him!"

Wenamun waited nine days in vain, but his ship was anxious to sail. In the end he set out for Byblos empty-handed. Beder suggested to Wenamun that, when he got to Byblos, he should compensate himself for his losses with his shipmates' possessions — that would force them to look for the thief. Availing himself of this dubious advice, Wenamun seized 30 deben of silver as he left the ship at Byblos, saying he would return it if they found the thief.

Wenamun found lodgings at a tavern near the harbour and set up his travelling shrine to Amun-of-the-road. Zekerbaal, the king of Byblos, must have heard what Wenamun had done and ordered him to leave his harbour. Wenamun pointed out that he could not leave until he found a ship bound for Egypt. The stand-off continued for the next 29 days, with Zekerbaal ... *sending to me daily to say: "Leave my harbour!"* Then, by chance (or was it by some judicious bribery on Wenamun's part — although one might doubt he had either the initiative or the cash to achieve it) one of Zekerbaal's courtiers went into a religious trance, claiming that only exposure to Wenamun's travelling idol would restore him. Zekerbaal therefore summoned Wenamun.

Wenamun reports, however, that he was about to leave town: *Now it was while the entranced one was entranced that night, I had found a ship which was bound for Egypt. I readied all my belongings and was waiting for complete darkness, so I could transport the god so no other eye could see him. Then the harbour master came to me, saying: "Wait until morning, says the ruler!" I said to him: "Was it not you who daily took time to come to me, saying: 'Leave my harbour'? Do you now say: 'Wait this night', in order to let the ship that I found depart, and then you will come to say: 'Go away'?" He went and told it to the ruler. Then the ruler sent to the captain of the ship, saying: "Wait until morning, says the ruler."*

So the next morning Wenamun went to the palace to see Zekerbaal. He describes the scene in his report: *I found him sitting in his loft. As he turned his back to the window, the waves of the great Sea of Syria were breaking behind the back of his head. I said to him: "Amun will be merciful!"*

Zekerbaal asked Wenamun how long it had been since he had left Thebes. Wenamun replied that he had left five months earlier. He then asked for Wenamun's credentials. Wenamun said he had given them to Smendes. Zekerbaal was not impressed. Wenamun reports: *Then he became very angry and said to me: "Now then, dispatches, letters you have none. Where is the ship of pinewood that Smendes gave you? Where is its Syrian crew? Did he assign you to that captain and the barbarians in order that he have you killed and thrown into the sea?"*

Wenamun was surprised by this, living 1,000 km from the sea and thinking he had been on an Egyptian ship. Zekerbaal gave Wenamun a short lecture on the Levantine shipping industry. There were, he pointed out, no less than 20 ships in his harbour chartered by Smendes, and 50 more in Sidon. Wenamun then explained his mission to Zekerbaal and in response got a lesson about international trade.

And then he to me: "On what commission did you come?" And I said to him: "I have come after the lumber contract for the great and august barque of Amun-Re, King of Gods. As your father did and as your father's father did, you too should do!" And he said to me: "They did it in trade! When you pay me for doing it, I shall do it! Yea, my forefathers performed this commission, when the Pharaoh had sent six ships loaded with Egyptian goods which they emptied them into our storehouses. But you, what is it that you have brought for me?"

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To prove his point, Zekerbaal called up the records of these past transactions from his registry, and had them read out loud. Wenamun reports: *And 1,000 deben [12 kg] of silver were tallied up for all in his records. He said to me: "If the ruler of Egypt were lord of what is mine and I were his servant, he would not have sent this silver and gold ... These were not coronation gifts he gave my father! I am also not your servant, nor am I the servant of him who sent you!"*

Zekerbaal then asked Wenamun how — if he got the lumber he sought — he planned to get it home. Would he make a big raft from of it? Likely he would drown and then what would the gods do?

Wenamun tried to appeal to Zekerbaal's piety. Zekerbaal should give him the lumber because everything belonged to Amun, the trees, the ships, the sea itself. Amun had, through Herihor, directly tasked Wenamun with this mission, and Zekerbaal had insulted the god by leaving Wenamun languishing on the harbour-front for 29 days. Instead of silver and gold, Zekerbaal's ancestors should have asked for life and health from Amun. Wenamun urged Zekerbaal that he *"Say 'Yes!' to Amun and carry out his commission. While you live you*

shall be well and prosperous and successful for your entire country and your people. Do not desire for yourself anything else from Amun-Re, King of Gods!"

Zekerbaal, however, was not swayed by this appeal. Finally realizing that, in Byblos, Trade trumped Faith, Wenamun agreed to write to Smendes asking him to send goods to exchange for the timber and ships to carry it back. Zekerbaal agreed to send a ship to Tanis with a messenger. He even threw in a down-payment: wood for the barque's keel, bow and stern pieces and four other pieces of hewn timber. The messenger returned in the first month of winter with a shipment of gold and silver vessels, clothing, textiles, ropes, ox-hides and food stuffs. According to Wenamun, *The prince rejoiced. He assigned three hundred men and three hundred oxen, and he set supervisors over them to have them fell the timbers. They were felled and they lay there during the winter. In the third month of summer they dragged them to the shore of the sea.*

Zekerbaal then told Wenamun he had met all his obligations, despite Wenamun's shortcomings as an ambassador. Wenamun might, he suggested, have shared the fate suffered by a group of Egyptian diplomats 150 years earlier who, for some offence, had languished in Byblos for 17 years and had eventually died there. He offered to show Wenamun their tomb. Wenamun declined, pointing out the diplomats had been in the service of an Egyptian prince, not of the god Amun. Wenamun suggested instead that Zekerbaal erect a commemorative stele stating that: *Amun-Re, King of Gods, sent me Amun-of-the-Road, his envoy, together with Wenamun, his human envoy, in quest of lumber for the great noble barque of Amun-Re, King of Gods. I felled it; I loaded it; I supplied my ships and my crews. I let them reach Egypt so as to beg for me from Amun fifty years of life over and above my allotted fate.* Wenamun assured him that this would greatly impress future Egyptian delegations. Wenamun also promised Zekerbaal that: *If I reach the place where the High Priest of Amun is and he sees your accomplishment, it will draw profit to you.*

Now, just when it seemed that Wenamun had, in spite of everything, achieved his objectives, the roof fell in. He reported: *I went off to the shore of the sea, to where the logs were lying. And I saw eleven ships that had come in from the sea and belonged to the Tjekker.* The Tjekker (one of the Sea Peoples — we last met them in Dor, where Wenamun lost his travel advance) demanded that Wenamun be arrested and his cargo detained. Wenamun despaired: *I was ready to sit down and cry. And the ruler's scribe came out to me and said: "What is the matter with you?" And I said to him: "Have you not seen those migratory birds which are going down to Egypt for the second time? Look at them, they are*

able to move to the northern delta! What must arrive before I, who have been abandoned, get there? Have you not seen those who come to arrest me?"

The scribe reported back to Zekerbaal, who seemed to share Wenamun's pain: *And he went and he told it to the ruler. And the ruler was ready to cry because of the words quoted to him.* To console Wenamun, Zekerbaal sent the scribe back to Wenamun, along with two flagons of wine, a sheep and: *Tanetne, a songstress from Egypt who was with him, saying: "Sing for him! Don't let him be desperate!" And he sent to me, saying: "Eat and drink! Do not despair! You shall hear what is to be said during the morning!"*

The next morning, Zekerbaal and his council met with the Tjekker. The Tjekker wanted Zekerbaal to detain Wenamun, as they deemed him their enemy. The reason for this is unclear. Had hostilities broken out between Smendes and the Tjekker? Or had the 30 deben of silver that Wenamun had purloined somehow come back to haunt him? Zekerbaal refused. He could not

detain an emissary of Amun-Re, but was willing to expel Wenamun, and if the Tjekker could catch him, so be it.

Wenamun was lucky — for a time. Placed aboard a Byblian ship, he eluded the Tjekker and got away to Cyprus. However, his reception there was not welcoming. People at the dock wanted to kill him, but Wenamun managed to elude the mob and reached the palace where he found Hatiba, the princess of the town. *I saluted her and said to the people who stood around her: "Is there not one among you who understands Egyptian?" And one among them said: "I understand it." I said to him: "Tell my lady that I have heard it said as far away as Thebes, the place where Amun is: 'If wrong is done in every place, in Cyprus right is done'. Now is wrong is being done here too?" She replied: "Truly, what are you talking about?" And I said to her: "The sea raged and the winds blew me to your land — are you going to allow them to accept my mooring line in order to kill me? I am an envoy of Amun, people should welcome me at any time! As for the crew of the ruler of Byblos, whom they also wish to kill — won't their lord find ten crews of yours and kill them? She had the people summoned and they were reprimanded. And she said to me: "Be at rest! ..."*

Here the manuscript abruptly ends. We can conclude that Wenamun somehow got home to write his account — a sadder but, we hope, wiser man. We do not know if Wenamun's cedar ever got to Egypt. Maybe it did. Zekerbaal clearly took his commercial responsibilities seriously. He would have wanted to ensure that Smendes — a trusted trading partner — eventually got what he paid for. One

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cannot help but admire Zekerbaal for his tactful handling of Wenamun, who arrived under dubious circumstances so badly briefed and unprepared for his assignment. Zekerbaal, while not sharing the intensity of Wenamun's faith in the power of Amun-Re, was too shrewd a ruler to annoy the gods unnecessarily, or to turn down the prospect of a lucrative lumber sale — once Wenamun was educated in how a rules-based trading regime operated.

Wenamun had not understood the system of reciprocal royal gift exchanges — a mainstay not only of bronze-age diplomacy, but also a crucial part of the commercial system of his time. In the past when wood was required for Amun's barque, it was the Pharaoh, not the High Priest, who sent a delegation to Byblos bearing suitable gifts to pay for it. His Holiness General Herihor, by sending Wenamun, had usurped yet another royal prerogative. Unfortunately the Temple of Amun lacked the institutional memory of how things were really done. Zekerbaal, by contrast, knew the system perfectly well and had the records to prove it. In sum, Wenamun's misadventures serve as an object lesson in the perils of not leaving diplomacy to the professionals. ☺

*Roger Lucy is a retired Foreign Service Officer (1971–2004) who has contributed a number of articles to **bout** on ancient and medieval diplomacy. 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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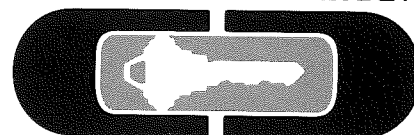
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Georges-Henri Blouin 1921–2007

Georges-Henri Blouin passed away peacefully in Ottawa on December 27, 2007. A memorial service was held in Ottawa on January 3, attended by a large gathering of colleagues and friends who came to pay their respects to a consummate diplomat and a caring person. Predeceased by his wife Denise, Georges was the father of Pierre, Micheline and Michael Joseph, grandfather of Katherine (Gravley), Andrew Glendinning, and Nitzan, Gil, Ron and Dean Blouin and great-grandfather to Sean and Liam Gravley.

Georges was born in Montreal on June 4, 1921. He received a BA from Collège Saint-Marie, Montreal and an LLB from the University of Montreal in 1948. He worked in the Department of National Revenue before joining the Department of External Affairs in 1949. He served in the office of the Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs and in several divisions at headquarters and abroad in New Delhi, San Francisco, Athens and Brussels, thus gaining broad experience in the work of the Department.

In 1965, Georges gained his first head of mission appointment when he was named Ambassador to the Federal Republic of Cameroon, with concurrent accreditation to Chad, Gabon and the Central African Republic. He then served as Minister at the Embassy in Washington, from 1967 to 1970 and, on his return to Ottawa, he was named Special Advisor to the Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs and Director General of Personnel.

Georges was Ambassador to Spain with concurrent accreditation to Morocco from 1973 until his appointment in 1977 as Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs. He was Ambassador to the Netherlands from 1979 until his appointment in 1983 as Chief of Protocol. He left this post in 1985 to become Special Advisor in the Department's Bureau of European Affairs.

From March until June 1986, when he retired from the Department of External Affairs, Georges was seconded to Petro-Canada International Assistance Corporation as Senior Policy Advisor to the President. He was appointed Advisor to the Canadian Secretary to the Queen during the visit to Canada of Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh in October 1987.

In retirement, Georges served as a member of the Senior Editorial Board of *bout de papier* magazine from 1991, and in 1996 was a member of the Judges' Panel for the Canadian Foreign Service Officer Awards.

An able and gracious diplomat, he served his country and his wide circle of colleagues and friends well.

*Douglas Small is a retired Ambassador and member of the Senior Editorial Board of **bout de papier**.*

Christopher M. Brown 1942–2008

Christopher M. Brown passed away on January 5, 2008. An expert in African affairs, Chris worked for CUSO in Lusaka prior to joining CIDA in 1971, later serving in Dar-es-Salaam and Harare. He moved to DFAIT in 1993 and served in a variety of positions, notably as Advisor to the Coordinator for Reconstruction of the Balkans, and most recently, in the Eastern Europe and Balkans Division.

The Confederation Bridge linking Prince Edward Island to the mainland opened in 1997. To celebrate this achievement, the 12.9-kilometre-long bridge was first opened to pedestrian traffic only. For one day, revellers walked, ran, biked and rolled across the steep span. Chris Brown was one of that group, wheeling himself among the throngs of athletes, tourists and partygoers. If you have ever driven across the bridge you will have a small appreciation of the effort this entailed. Chris had a certificate hanging on his office wall for many years, acknowledging his achievement. The certificate says a lot about Chris — he loved a party and wasn't fazed by physical challenges.

Chris had wide interests and could be found at every DFAIT speech, town hall or roundtable — listening intently, taking notes and invariably posing the first question. He was an active volunteer, devoting time and energy to the local African community, serving meals at the Shepherds of Good Hope, and supporting schools in Africa. He had an inquisitive faith and conducted long correspondence on matters of religion with missionaries and teachers.

Chris was devoted to his children, and took great joy in their achievements. He was

a proud grandfather — even if you hardly knew Chris, you would have heard him speak of Zeki. He also enjoyed other people's children. A few times I accompanied Chris to deliver Christmas hampers through the Shepherds of Good Hope. Sporting his beret, Chris would load bags in his lap, greet the families (often recent arrivals from Africa) and chat up the kids. Once, the snow made it difficult for him to get close to the door, but his smile and energy encouraged the young children to don coats and boots and go out to greet him.

Chris was a contributor to *bout* and submitted a charming account of meeting Tanzania's first President, Julius Nyerere ("Mwalimu and me", Vol. 15 No. 4, 1998). Chris had been posted with CIDA in Tanzania, where, although long since retired, Nyerere was still regarded as a founding father of the state. Chris attended an Ottawa luncheon in Nyerere's honour. Upon entering the room, Nyerere spotted "his old friend." He promptly stopped, and leaving behind his entourage, Nyerere pulled up a chair opposite Chris and started discussing Tanzanian railways. The formal event could wait for this affectionate reunion.

Chris's funeral took place on a snowy day in a beautiful Aylmer church. It was a moving service, replete with song and memories. The church was full of family (including his beloved Zeki), friends, many colleagues from CIDA and DFAIT, and members of the African community so close to his heart.

There were touching speeches by his children and younger brother, but the closing words by Chris's former brother-in-law (or "out-law" as Chris called him) described the Chris I knew best. Although confined to a wheelchair, Chris did not let it confine him. He was interested in everything, travelled far and wide, and when confronted by a mountain, saw it as a challenge, not an obstacle. In so doing, he accomplished things most of us couldn't dream of.

The five pages of tributes in the guest book on his memorial site echo a common theme: Chris Brown was a special man and he will be missed. ☹

Elaine Sullivan Butcher joined the then Department of External Affairs in 1979. She met Chris Brown in the 1990s when they worked in the Africa Bureau. Elaine is now a desk officer in the Europe Commercial Relations Division.

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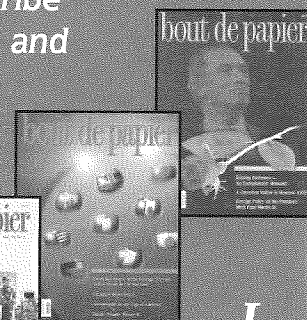
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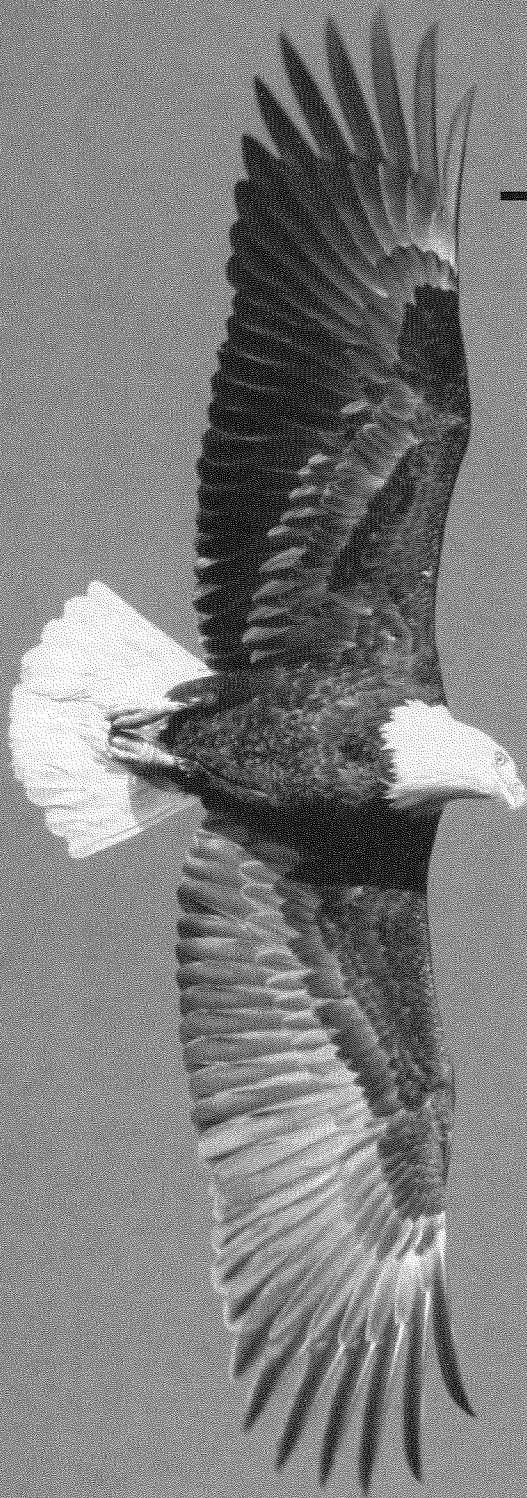
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The Birdman of Kaladar

A Aalto goes one under par
with Shamus Dikk

It was a sultry afternoon. I was at the office window hoping for air. A guy in a plaid suit sauntered by, pausing only to snatch a lollipop from a baby, snap a blind lady's cane and push a boy scout into traffic. A pigeon let go above him, but he stopped just in time. As he stood there sneering, a guy carrying a ladder over his shoulder made a sudden turn and clipped Mr. Plaid hard upside the head. He fell over one end of a teeter-totter in the playground. Seconds later, a man big enough to squire a walrus at Roseland slipped on a banana peel and sat down heavily on the other end. Mr. Plaid shot straight into the air and came down head-first in the back of a garbage truck, which took off in a hurry, the pigeon perched on one of his shoes.

The streets are mean all right, but sometimes the system works.

Sometimes ...

I hadn't heard her come in, but she was standing by the door when I turned around. Tall, short blond hair, a model's figure, blue eyes over a snub nose, a cut on her forehead. Without looking up, Effie asked from the depths of his magazine, "The clue to 14 down is 'thirsty sea-bird' — four letters ending in P. Any ideas?" The blonde said, "A gulp. It's like a swallow but bigger." Then she came over to me. "You must be Shamus Dikk. I'm Melanie Daniels. I need you to find my brother. His name is Jack, maybe you know him?" Effie snorted. Like most PIs, I'm old friends with a certain Jack Daniels, but he wasn't her brother.

She got down to details. Her brother was using the family fortune to research birds. "He wanted to create a real-life bluebird of happiness," she explained. "He worked his way up from the wren of apathy to the canary of mild amusement, with a detour to the grackle of morose inanity. Then one day he disappeared." I tried to look surprised. "The lab was taken over by a strange man in white-face who said his name was Challenger Chaos. He said Jack had gone abroad to look for rare specimens and asked him to step in. I haven't been allowed in the place since, but I hear it's full of strange things and I'm worried something bad has happened to Jack. I went back on Friday to demand answers and Chaos wasn't there, only a man with a pencil-thin moustache named Sleazewagon — the man, not the moustache." My ears perked up. Sleazewagon's name was not one you could forget, although everyone tried.



"He threw me out. But I have to know what's going on, Mr. Dikk. Please help my brother." I agreed, at my usual rates. She gave me the details and a retainer, then got up. Maybe my eyes were going bad, but she seemed to be fading out as she went gracefully through the door, and the fact that she didn't have to open it should have tipped me off. But some days you have to just follow your gut. Ask Sydney Greenstreet.

Her brother's place was called Birdland Also. Effie and I dressed as health officials and demanded entry to inspect a phoney avian flu outbreak. Inside, the place was as big as a warehouse, divided by a giant glass wall. The far side was filled with hundreds of birds of all sizes and shapes, making the kind of noise, even through the heavy barrier, that gives band-saws a bad name. I asked to see the boss. A man in the reagent-stained whites of a scientist gave the name Floyd C Manifesto. Unimpressed, I gave it back. We pressured him for the whereabouts of Sleazewagon, Dr. Chaos or Jack. He clammed.

Just then, sharp explosions rocked the heavy doors on the far wall of the office. Manifesto went pale. "Oh God, they're loose again," he whimpered. Effie and I looked at each other and agreed to deal with him later. Waiting for a break in the gunfire, we whipped through the door,

split right-left and found ourselves face to face with a flock of heavily armed doves, mounting a coo. Fortunately, they weren't too bright, and we were able to knock them down with foam from some handy fire extinguishers before they could bring their wing-mounted artillery to bear. We went back into Manifesto's office. All the fight had gone out of him too.

"Dr. Chaos paid me to help him take over the place," he explained. "After we got rid of Mr. Daniels, Chaos started to work over the lab's equipment. Originally, it could only be used to create birds noone had ever heard of before. Once the Doc was finished, he had a thing he called a Birdbath, a big round limestone tub that would change people into birds and back. Then Chaos started to use it. He'd invite people to tour the lab and then push them in and throw the switch." I asked him, "So what was the point — Money? Revenge? TV rights?"

Manifesto threw up his hands. "I have no idea. We had male models turned into peacocks, religious fundamentalists changed into turkeys, yogic flyers transmuted into cuckoos, management consultants flipped to albatrosses and Cabinet ministers converted to dodos. I ask you — do you see any pattern?" I decided not to go there, but asked, "So what about Sleazewagon?"

He picked at an acid burn in his white coat. "Now that was strange. One day, he just showed up and started trying to talk Dr. Chaos into a partnership, saying that the equipment could be used for better purposes, like money and power. At first, Dr. Chaos looked at him like he was a bug, but then he got this far-away look in his eyes, smiled one of those smiles you really don't want to see more than once in a lifetime and told Sleazewagon he could have the whole operation for free, that I would tell him how to use it. Sleazewagon clearly smelled a rat — other than himself — but couldn't turn down an offer like that. Soon he had a real criminal operation going — kidnap victims hidden as geese, crooks who needed a safe house camping out as eagles, rival gangs trapped in flocks like those doves you KO'd." He shook his head. So did I. This was worse than Sudoku.

Effie asked the sensible question. "So where is everyone?" Manifesto looked up and said, "The VIP pens in the main lab, along with two special projects of the Doc's. He converted Jack when he wouldn't go along, Sleazewagon took Chaos by surprise and dumped him in the bath in turn, and I tossed Sleazewagon in last night because I just couldn't take it any more. I used to be a respectable scientist." Just then a small wingless bird scurried in through a door left ajar in the confusion. Rushing up to Manifesto, it stabbed him in the shin with a sharp beak tipped with a noxious-looking stain. "Et tu, kiwi?" said the scientist, as he collapsed and quickly expired.

Effie and I searched the place. On the top floor, we found a lab containing a big cage of raptors, a row of individual birdcages and what had to be the Birdbath. "Great," I said. "Who's who and how do we get them back?" Effie handed me an envelope from a small table near the controls. I was surprised to see my name on it, but inside was only Dr. Chaos' business card, clipped to instructions for operating the equipment and the following puzzle.

You will see five different birds in the five individual cages numbered 1–5 from left to right. Each cage has a card with a false first name and surname (indicated by "Mr.") on it. These false names differ from the real names of the converted men, which are given in the clues below. Each cage also has a poster from a bird-themed film and a poster of a star from one of the same five movies; in three cages the film and star posters match, in the other two they do not.

1. The *La Cages aux Folles* poster and the poster of Jeremy Irons are in cages with numbers adding up to 8.
2. Mr. Nuff, Charles and the chicken are in 3 adjacent cages, in that order.
3. Cage #1 has a poster of Jack Nicholson.
4. Ruben's cage is directly between Max's and #3, which holds Gaston LeLouche.
5. The Ugo Tognazzi poster is in an odd-numbered cage.
6. The pigeon is in the cage with the *Maltese Falcon* poster.

7. The loon and Mr. Beauregard are at opposite ends of the row.
8. The 3 cages with Morton, Challenger Chaos and the *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* posters are not adjacent.
9. William is Jack Sparrow and Rialto Sleazewagon is in cage #4.
10. Mr. Parker, the jay, is in the cage with the poster from *The Birds*.
11. Jack Daniels and Mr. Maltravers are in the cages with the Humphrey Bogart and Rod Taylor posters, not necessarily in that order.
12. Mr. Storkfeather is in the second cage to the left of the one holding the raven and the *Swann in Love* poster.

Effie solved the puzzle while I worked out the instructions. Happily, they were Linux, not MS-based. The first person we converted was Jack, who fell over himself with gratitude for the rescue, anger at what the others had done with his lab and confusion at my mention of his sister. "Tippi? But she died years ago, an accident on a movie set. You must have confused her with someone else." I held my peace and hoped Effie had not tried to cash her cheque.

Next we converted Sleazewagon. Pleased at the chance to brag, he confirmed Manifesto's story in detail and added that he had also been the pigeon who offed Mr. Plaid ("a villain, yes of course, but so small-time, the man had no class, he devalued the brand identity of evil") after escaping and tailing Melanie to my office. Having said so, he squirmed

	Cage #1	Cage #2	Cage #3	Cage #4	Cage #5
False first name					
False surname					
Real full name					
Bird					
Movie poster					
Star poster					

out of Effie's grasp and fooled us by running for the Birdbath rather than the door, pulling a lever on the console on his way. Before we could do anything, he was a pigeon streaking out an open skylight.

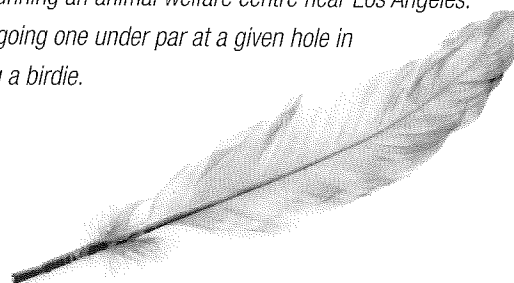
There was a flash from the row of cages and a tall slender man in a tuxedo and white-face appeared in a puff of smoke. "Glad you worked out my message, boys. As a demi-god, I could have handled Sleazewagon by myself, but I always prefer to create the conditions for chaos and then see where you mortals take things. I however don't think we should let Rialto slip away."

I'd heard of *deus ex machina* endings, but this was ridiculous. Chaos walked over to the raptors and coaxed a fierce-looking falcon onto his wrist. Moving to the skylight, he launched the bird with a gentle word. We watched as it rose high above the desperately fleeing pigeon. The falcon hung motionless, then plummeted and stuck, a puff of gray feathers betraying the impact. The hunter flew regally back to drop the smaller bird, still struggling feebly, at the demi-god's feet. As Effie tossed it into the Birdbath, I asked, "Great, but how did you know the falcon had been trained to bring back its prey alive?" "I didn't," came the reply, with a look that left me thinking how much I needed a drink.

Effie came up with a bound Sleazewagon as Chaos evaporated into the night. "What about the others?" I asked. "One is changed back," he reported, "but the other one convinced me he preferred to stay a bird, so I left Willie Nuff a loon."

Can you duplicate Effie's feat by identifying which birds in which cages were Jack Daniels, Dr. Chaos and Sleazewagon? **bout de papier** will draw from all correct entries received by June 30, 2008, and the winner will get a book signed by A Aalto. Not necessary for your entry, but can you also fill in the table? How did Melanie Daniels get that cut on her forehead? And what was special about the name on Jack Daniel's cage? ☹

Free-lance prestidigitator **A Aalto** thanks George Booth for systemic workings and Roses Café Also for the name. Tippi Hedren is not a ghost but rather alive and running an animal welfare centre near Los Angeles. For those unfamiliar, going one under par at a given hole in golf is called shooting a birdie.



Liebnitz in the Heart of the North

Answers to Vol. 23, No. 2

WINNER: **Victoria Sutherland, Ottawa**

The hidden message is "NORTH MAGNETIC POLE", the location of the Mapleheart. The crystal was moving because it floated in the null spot of the magnetic field above the pole, which is currently shifting about 100 metres a day northwest (in 50 years, it may be in Siberia).

The full puzzle passage is derived from promo material for the film *Qallunaat! Why White People Are Funny* (2006) and reads:

WHAT'S SO FUN★NY ABOUT WHITE PEOPLE (KNO★WN TO THE INUIT AS QALLUNAAT)? WELL, AMONG OTHER CUR★IOUS BEHAVIOURS, QALLUNAAT RIT★UALISTICALLY GREET EACH★ OTHER WITH INANE SALUTATIONS, REPRESS NATURAL BODILY FUNCTIONS, COM★PLA★IN A LOT ABOUT BEING★ COLD AND SEEM TO WAN★T TO DOMINATE THE WORLD. INUIT WRITER AND SATIRIST ZEBEDE★E NUNGAK IS CEO AND HEAD RESEARCHER AT★ THE MYTHICAL QALLUNAAT STUDIES I★NSTITUTE (QSI). HE SAYS, "QALLUNAAT OUGHT TO BE THE OBJEC★T OF SOME KIND OF STUDY BY OTHER PEOP★LES AND CULTURES. THE MORE I THO★UGHT ABOUT THE WAY THEY HAVE STUDIED US OVER THE YEARS, IT OCCURRED TO ME: L★ET'S STUDY THE★M."

For the match-ups giving the decryption key, see the chart.

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

* of the Northwest Passage



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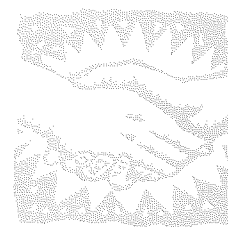
- diplomatic clause
- notice to tenants
- repairs

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