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Vol. 25, No. 1

**Yemen: Why Canada
Should Do More**

by Hartmuth Kroll

Lycée Claudel : Peau neuve
par Jean-Philippe Tachdjian

A Troubled Pilgrimage
by Bill Bhaneja



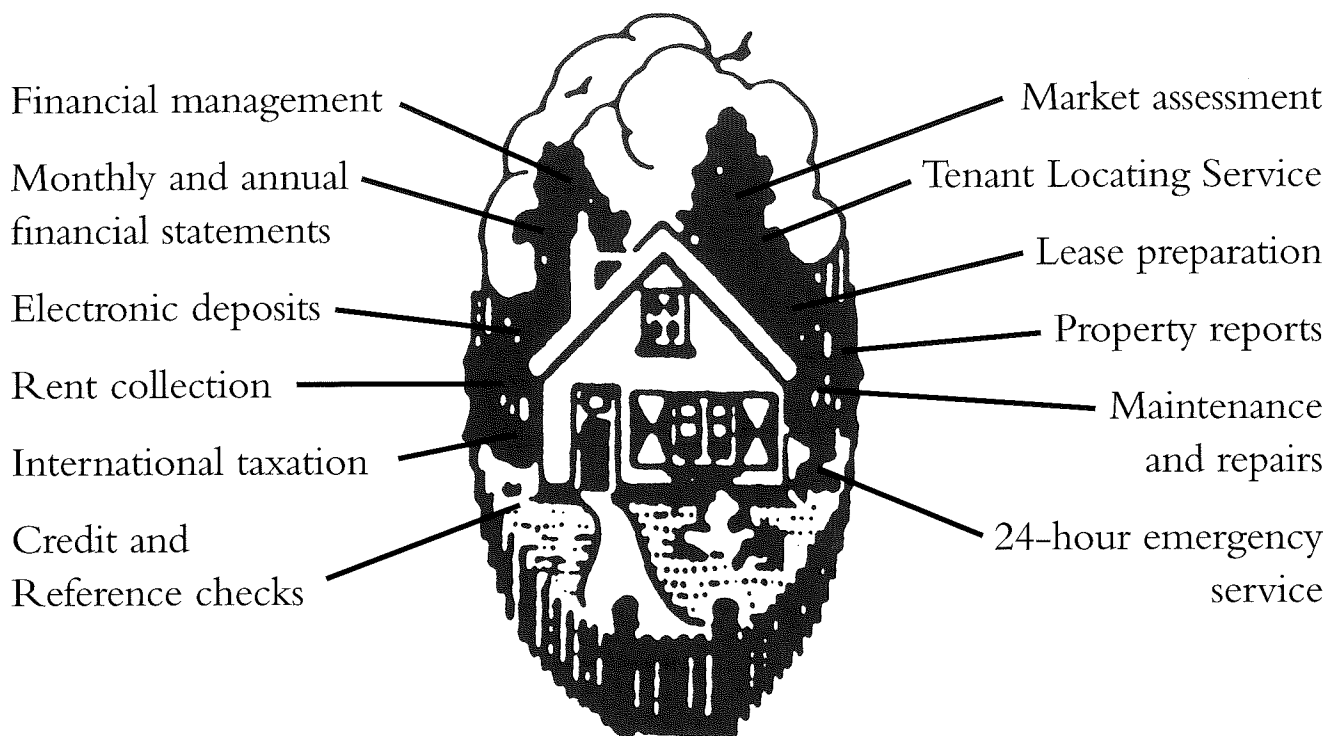
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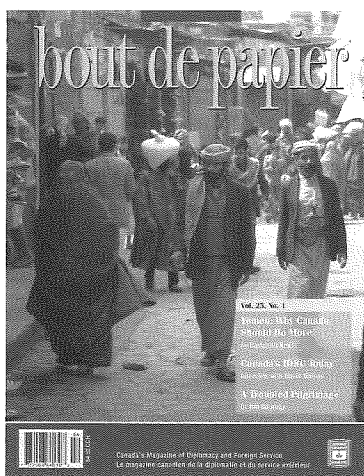
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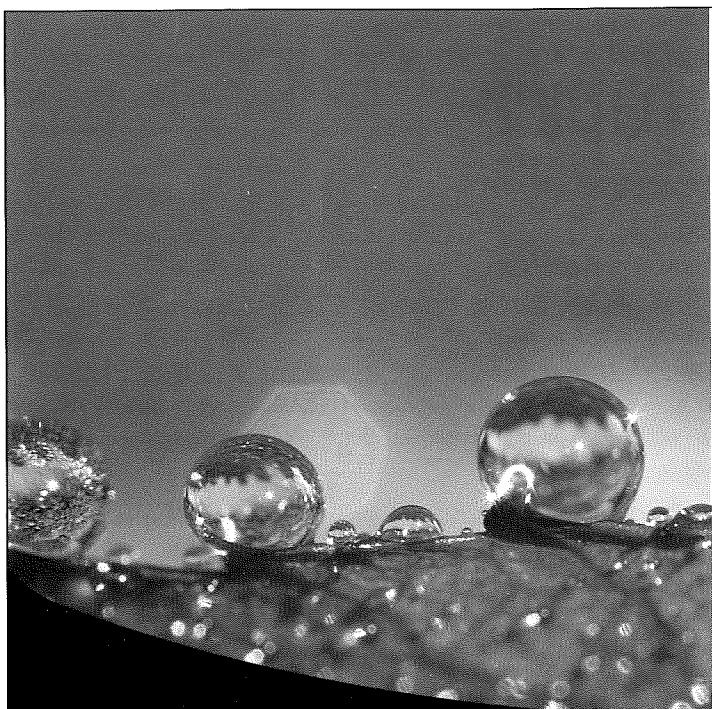
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An otherwise ordinary day is soon etched in our memories. Thomas Garden Barnes passed away on March 9th, after a stroke. A terrific friend of many of us who served in the United States, Tom was Professor of Law and History at the University of California, Berkeley. He was also past President of the Association for Canadian Studies in the US, Co-Director of the Canadian Studies Program at Berkeley (with the well-known anthropologist of the Inuit, Nelson Graburn), and arguably the best friend Canada could hope for among top flight universities in America. He was a bit of a polymath, jokingly referred to as the "Senior Professor of Last Resort" as it seemed that there was no issue so obscure as to stump him.

American by birth and descended of noted Nova Scotian jurists, clerics and farmers, Tom was an award-winning student at Oxford. In France he met his lovely bride, Jeanne Marie Dubus. Together they presided over their ancestral home on St. Mary's Bay, at Plympton south of Digby, every summer for decades. No scallop or lobster was safe. Denizens of Nova Scotia know their old "front yard" as Savary Provincial Park, a sizeable picnic spot with glorious views of the bay, Digby neck and sunsets.

Much of Tom's magnum opus was completed there, his 100-volume *Legal Classics Library*. A collection of landmarks in the intellectual history of the law, his introductions were so succinct and compelling that two volumes of those prefatory essays were compiled on civil and common law respectively, with potentially more to come. Tom, of course, made sure that Canada was part of that stellar collection with "The Queen vs Louis Riel", dealing with issues that are more topical than ever.

A keen student of Acadian history, he was a good friend of Prix Goncourt author Antonine Maillet. He hugely admired Canada's contributions to the Great War and to the defeat of Nazism in WWII which he felt were seriously underestimated. Fascinated by the Arctic, he convened several conferences on Arctic issues and sometimes said what others might not want to hear. Giving a talk at Costa Rica's Instituto Diplomático in January 2009, he argued

that Canada's position on Arctic sovereignty and navigation was understandable but that international law and the precedent set by Magellan centuries before in the southern hemisphere did not favour Canada's posture; we needed to rethink and retool.

Tom wanted Canadian Studies to prosper at Berkeley. He worked assiduously to fund a Chair. He inspired support from many quarters, including friends in Alberta's energy sector; the Thomas G. Barnes



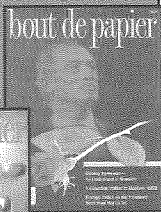
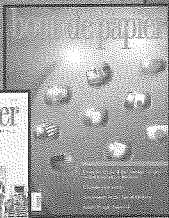
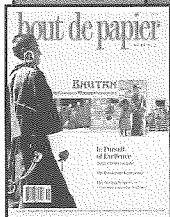
Tom and Jeanne Marie with a guide and UBC astronomer Jaymie Matthews at the Franklin Chang Plasma Propulsion Laboratory in Liberia, Costa Rica (January 2009).

Endowed Chair of Canadian Studies was established in 2005. It was named in his honour despite Tom's wish to keep a more modest profile. Tom slipped away just as a conference on "North American Futures", co-sponsored by the Canadian Studies Program, got underway at Berkeley. It gave participants and old friends like Joe Clark and former Québec PM Pierre Marc Johnson a chance to bid farewell in person at his funeral mass.

Thanks to Tom some of America's brightest will learn about Canada in their formative years, and the benefit of that will last for years to come. For Tom, success always required the kind of commitment and great affection he had for Canada. Were we lucky to have him? Absolutely, but our sustained commitment to Canadian Studies also was essential. As one of Stephen Leacock's characters aptly said: "It took twenty years of hard work to get this lucky!" That hard work was never more rewarding than in our many years of joint effort with Berkeley's much-loved Senior Professor of Last Resort.

— Stuart Hughes

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bout de papier est la publication de prestige de l'APASE et l'une des activités les plus visibles de l'Association. C'est donc avec plaisir que j'ai accepté l'invitation, à titre de président de l'APASE, de renouer avec la tradition de rédiger une rubrique pour notre revue.

As our collective agreement remains valid until June 30, 2011, and we face a wage freeze for the next couple of years, some might argue that PAFSO has little role to play just now. I disagree. This is an excellent moment to begin addressing some of the important non-monetary issues facing all of us as practitioners of the world's second-oldest profession, issues of parity, respect and demonstrating our worth to Canadians.

takes place over canapés at garden parties. However, I believe that we do ourselves and our country a disservice when we downplay our customary role and time-honoured expertise. States are still the basic unit of international relations, and state representatives remain the key final decision makers when it comes to foreign policy. The business of diplomacy might be done less and less at receptions and closed conferences, and more and more in village shuras and over the Internet, but the basic skills involved are not all that different. Diplomacy is not an anachronism; to the contrary today's challenges require not just our diverse skill set but also the resilience to use it. This flexibility and adaptability allows the traditional diplomat to

*Diplomacy is not an anachronism;
to the contrary today's challenges require not just our
diverse skill set but also the resilience to use it.*

On entend beaucoup parler du retard perçu des membres du service extérieur par rapport à d'autres entités, notamment les militaires; pourtant les agents du service extérieur servent aux côtés de leurs collègues militaires dans des missions dangereuses en Afghanistan et ailleurs. Il nous faut prendre conscience que notre profession fait face à de nouveaux défis et qu'une adaptation continue s'impose.

Yet, as someone who has served in both Kandahar and Kabul, I have found that it was my traditional diplomatic skills that served me best, even in those tough environments. The generals I advised did not need another military officer — even one in civilian clothes — beside them. Instead, they craved input from someone who could develop a rapport with civilian organizations that did not interact easily with the military, who looked at issues through a political/diplomatic lens, and who knew how to put both village elders and government representatives at ease. It certainly helped that I was willing to wear body armour and ride in a LAV without complaining (much), but that was not the most important thing.

It has become fashionable to dismiss traditional diplomacy as something that

function in situations both glamorous and gritty — and everywhere in-between.

Bien que la communauté du service extérieur ait connu des succès considérables pendant la dernière décennie en ce qui concerne l'écart entre notre traitement salariale et celui de groupes professionnels comparables, il nous reste du chemin à faire. Un moyen d'assurer le respect que nous méritons serait de mettre en valeur auprès du public canadien notre contribution et nos talents. Chaque nouveau **bout de papier** qui sort sert donc à souligner la portée complexe de notre profession, ce qui inclue certaines dimensions qui profiteraient certes d'approfondissement et d'autres qui auraient besoin d'un nouveau bien réfléchi. ☺



Pamela Isfeld, Deputy Director with the Middle-East Relations Division, DFAIT, was elected President of PAFSO in October 2009

and is in the second year of a two-year term on the Executive Committee. Affectée à Nairobi, Sarajevo, Kaboul et Kandahar, elle est titulaire d'une maîtrise en études politiques de l'Université du Manitoba.

Éducation française et rénovations : le Lycée Claudel d'Ottawa se fait peau neuve

par Jean-Philippe Tachdjian

Pour bien des parents francophones du service extérieur canadien, le Lycée Claudel d'Ottawa est comme un deuxième chez-soi. Faisant partie du réseau de plus de 400 établissements d'enseignement, situés dans 127 pays, affiliés à l'Agence pour l'enseignement français à l'étranger (AEFE), le Lycée Claudel offre l'avantage d'une éducation de langue française de qualité tout en assurant aux diplomates francophones, tant Canadiens que provenant de pays étrangers et en poste à Ottawa, la continuité des études de leurs enfants lors d'affectations subséquentes à l'étranger.

Fondé en 1962 avec une classe de 24 enfants, le Lycée œuvra pendant ses premières années dans des locaux loués à proximité de l'Université d'Ottawa. En 1965, avec l'aide de Maurice Sauvé (alors Ministre des Forêts et du Développement rural dans le gouvernement Pearson, et époux de la future Gouverneur-général Jeanne Sauvé), le Lycée achète un immeuble de la Défense nationale situé au coin des rues Cartier et Park pour 185 000 \$. Face à une population étudiante en plein essor, le Lycée est obligé de déménager à nouveau et loue un immeuble appartenant à la Commission de la Capitale nationale (CCN) sur la rue Riverside en 1972. En 1988, il achète le campus de la CCN pour la modique somme de 3,2 millions \$.

« Sur le campus, les deux grands bâtiments ont été rénovés; le troisième était devenu obsolète et vétuste », nous explique Joelle Émorine, la Provisoire du Lycée Claudel depuis 2005. « Les installations ne répondaient ni aux normes modernes, ni aux attentes des parents. »

En réponse au défi de modernisation et pour accroître l'espace et ainsi accueillir un plus grand nombre d'étudiants, le Lycée s'est lancé dans un vaste projet de

rénovation et de modernisation. « Ce n'est pas seulement pour faire peau neuve. Nous devons nous doter d'installations et d'équipements modernes et à la hauteur du talent de nos élèves », dit M^{me} Émorine.

Le projet en trois phases débuta en 2005 avec la rénovation des classes de maternelle, à un coût de 1,5 million \$. « Ces travaux furent payés avec les fonds de réserve qu'avait constitué la Corporation du Lycée au fil des ans. »



La phase 2 a compris la construction de l'accueil central, des bureaux administratifs et d'une bibliothèque de 400 m² dans l'espace entre les deux bâtiments. Les travaux ont débuté à l'été 2008 et se sont terminés à temps pour la rentrée scolaire de septembre 2009. « La nouvelle bibliothèque est un bijou, vaste et bien éclairée. Les élèves y ont accès de 8h30 à 17h30 », se réjouit la Provisoire.

La phase 3 a nécessité la démolition de « l'immeuble de l'Alliance », situé au nord du bâtiment principal et nommé ainsi car il abrita l'Alliance française d'Ottawa durant plusieurs années. « L'immeuble de l'Alliance abritait l'administration de l'école ainsi que les cours de langues du secondaire. Nous avons été obligés de louer des portatives placées à l'extérieur de l'école

pour assurer les cours de langues des élèves du secondaire », nous dit la Provisoire.

L'immeuble de l'Alliance a été démoli en janvier 2009, et les travaux de construction de la nouvelle aile ont pris plus d'un an. Le plus grand défi fut d'organiser les travaux afin de minimiser l'impact sur les élèves et rassurer les familles. « Il fallait gérer la présence des élèves et des ouvriers en même temps. Mais les enfants ont été remarquables, nous dit M^{me} Émorine. Ils ont fait preuve d'un respect incroyable envers les ouvriers. »

Les coûts des phases 2 et 3 ont été de plus de 18 millions \$, financés par des emprunts bancaires. Le gouvernement français a cautionné l'hypothèque jusqu'à une hauteur de 10 millions \$. « Cette garantie de la France nous a permis d'obtenir un meilleur taux hypothécaire, nous dit Carole Saint-Louis, Présidente du Conseil d'Administration du Lycée Claudel et employée du MAECI. Le Conseil d'administration de l'établissement prévoit de rembourser l'hypothèque sur les 20 prochaines années. »

Comme le Lycée Claudel offre le programme du ministère français de l'éducation, il jouit de l'assistance financière et pédagogique de la République française. « La France prend en charge les salaires des quatre membres de la direction et de certains professeurs, qui sont envoyés ici de France, ainsi que la formation continue des personnels explique la Provisoire. Mais la majorité des coûts sont couverts par les frais de scolarité. »

L'AEFE a aussi offert deux subventions de 125 000 € (200 000 CAD \$) pour les phases 2 et 3 des travaux. Ces subventions sont appréciées car le Lycée Claudel, en tant qu'école privée en Ontario, opère sans subvention gouvernementale. « Les lycées

français de Montréal et Québec jouissent de subventions de la part du gouvernement du Québec. Le gouvernement ontarien offrait jadis une subvention de 157 000 \$ par année mais cela a été coupé en 2008 », explique M^{me} Saint-Louis.

Les travaux de la phase 3 sont maintenant complétés, à l'exception de l'auditorium. « Nous avons maintenant des salles spécialisées pour les arts plastiques, les langues, l'éducation musicale. Il y a même une salle de montage spéciale pour l'option "cinéma-audio-visuel", un nouveau programme que nous offrons aux étudiants de la seconde à la terminale », nous dit la Provisoire.

L'auditorium doit être complété dans les prochaines semaines, à temps pour l'inauguration officielle de la nouvelle aile, prévue pour le 3 mai. L'auditorium sera équipé grâce à une nouvelle subvention de 175 000 € (250 000 CAD \$) de l'AEFE.

« Nous avons fait des activités de levée de fonds par le biais de la Fondation du Lycée Claudel et avons pu amasser plus de 95 000 \$ en 2008-09 pour la nouvelle

bibliothèque, dit M^{me} Saint-Louis. Cette année, nous espérons recueillir 300 000 \$ pour pouvoir acheter les fauteuils du nouvel auditorium. En plus du reçu d'impôt, chaque donateur de 500 \$ verra son nom inscrit sur un fauteuil. »

Ceux et celles qui le voudraient peuvent contribuer à la Fondation du Lycée Claudel en contactant M^{me} Audrey Tardy au gestionnaire@claudel.org. Tous les dons à la Fondation sont déductibles d'impôts.

Permutabilité et la DSE 33

« Le réseau des lycées français est bien établi dans la plupart des capitales et métropoles du monde, dit Stéphanie Beck, Directrice-générale du Bureau des Services et des Directives du Service extérieur au Ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international (MAECI). Le système du Ministère français de l'éducation est le seul qui assure une éducation de qualité aux enfants de nos agents francophones. »

Le MAECI paye ainsi les frais de scolarité des enfants de ses employés permutants quand ils sont en poste à l'étranger, mais

que faire quand ils sont en poste à l'administration centrale ou dans les bureaux régionaux?

« Les défis reliés à la permutabilité sont déjà difficiles pour les agents du service extérieur et leurs famille. Il faut éviter de compliquer les choses avec des changements fréquents de système d'éducation pour les enfants, nous assure M^{me} Beck. C'est pour minimiser l'impact de déménagements fréquents et assurer une continuité des études que le Ministère paye depuis plusieurs années les frais de scolarité des enfants des employés permutants du MAECI et de Citoyenneté et Immigration Canada (CIC), inscrits au Lycée Claudel, conformément à la Directive 33 du service extérieur (DSE 33). »

« Cette politique existe depuis longtemps mais pendant des années, Revenu Canada considérait qu'il s'agissait d'un bénéfice imposable relié au travail et comptabilisait les sommes remboursées au revenu de nos membres, explique Ron Cochrane, le Directeur exécutif de l'Association professionnelle des agents du service extérieur, l'organe syndical des agents permutants du service extérieur. Le remboursement des frais de scolarité ne devrait pas avoir un effet sur le revenu, car l'employé francophone, dicté par l'intérêt des enfants, n'a pas le choix : s'il veut que ses enfants soient instruits en français, il doit les inscrire au Lycée Claudel. »

Dans son arrêt *Louis Guay c. Sa Majesté la Reine* (1997), la Cour d'appel fédérale s'est prononcée:

En effet, ces frais ont été engagés par l'appelant en raison de la condition de permutabilité de son poste. Cette condition est inhérente à l'emploi de l'appelant au service du Gouvernement du Canada. La fréquentation de ses enfants au Lycée Claudel est la seule option réaliste dans l'hypothèse où l'appelant décide que ses enfants, lorsqu'ils seront à l'étranger, poursuivront leurs études dans le cadre d'un régime pédagogique français.

À compter du moment où la seule option réaliste qui s'offre à un employé en raison du caractère de permutabilité de son emploi, est d'inscrire ses enfants dans la seule institution, à

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Ottawa, qui offre le régime pédagogique français reconnu à travers le monde, il n'est plus possible de conclure qu'il n'y a pas de lien suffisant entre les dépenses engagées par cet employé et l'emploi qu'il occupe.

Depuis cet arrêt historique, les frais de scolarité du Lycée Claudel pris en charge par le MAECI pour les enfants des employés permutants, ne sont plus considérés comme un bénéfice imposable par l'Agence du Revenu du Canada.

Avec l'établissement récent des bureaux régionaux du MAECI dans plusieurs villes canadiennes et la révision récente des DSE, les agents du service extérieur peuvent maintenant utiliser la DSE 33 pour inscrire leurs enfants dans des lycées français situés dans plusieurs villes canadiennes dont Montréal, Québec, Toronto, Vancouver et Calgary. Mais la grande majorité des enfants des agents du service extérieur au Canada se trouve encore à Ottawa.

« Il y a 130 enfants inscrits au Lycée pour l'année scolaire 2009-10, dont les frais de scolarité sont pris en charge par le MAECI, nous dit Audrey Tardy, la gestionnaire du Lycée Claudel. Cela représente une hausse de 16 % sur 2007-08 quand il n'y avait que 112 élèves. »

« Le MAECI est un partenaire important du Lycée. Plus de 13 % des élèves inscrits sont pris en charge par le Ministère », explique la Provisoire Émorine.

Quant aux employés avec des enfants qui partent bientôt pour leur première affectation à l'étranger, le système des lycées français demeure le premier choix pour les agents francophones. « Nous recommandons à tout employé de vérifier le site de l'AEFE (www.aefe.diplomatie.fr/guide.php) et de s'informer avant d'appliquer à des postes à l'étranger », conclue M^{me} Beck. ☺

Jean-Philippe Tachdjian est Directeur adjoint de la Direction de l'Éducation internationale et de la jeunesse au MAECI et le chef d'Édu-Canada, le groupe qui coordonne la promotion du Canada comme destination d'études pour les étudiants internationaux. Il était en poste au Caire entre 2001 et 2004. Il est aussi membre du Conseil d'administration du Lycée Claudel d'Ottawa.



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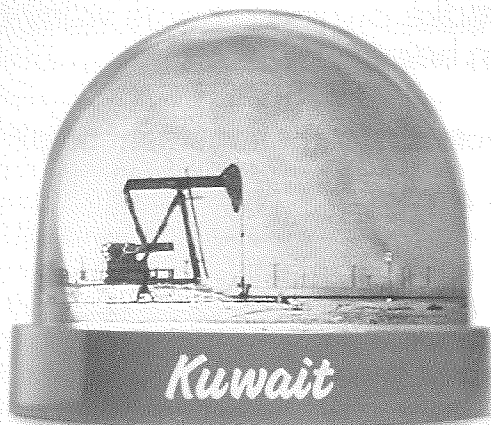
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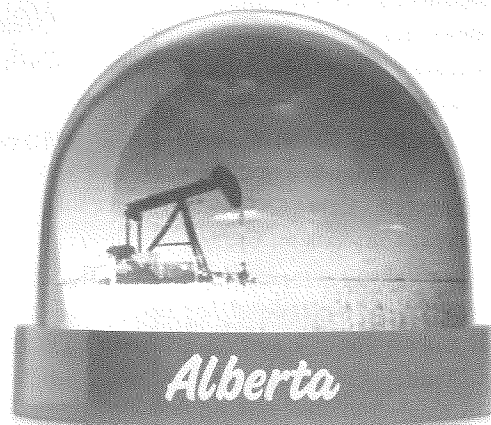
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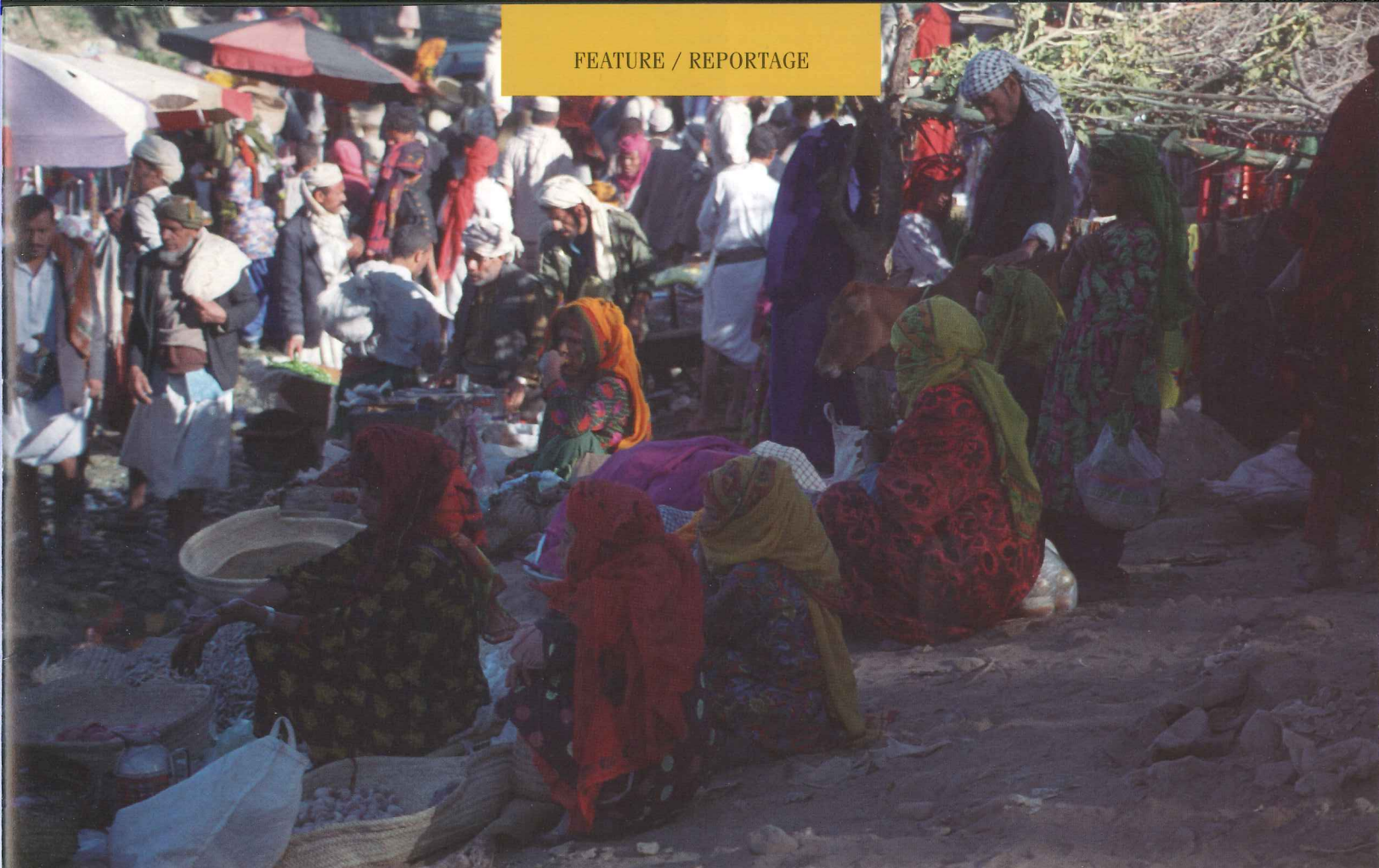
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Rural Market, near Jiblah.

Yemen: Why Canada Should Do More

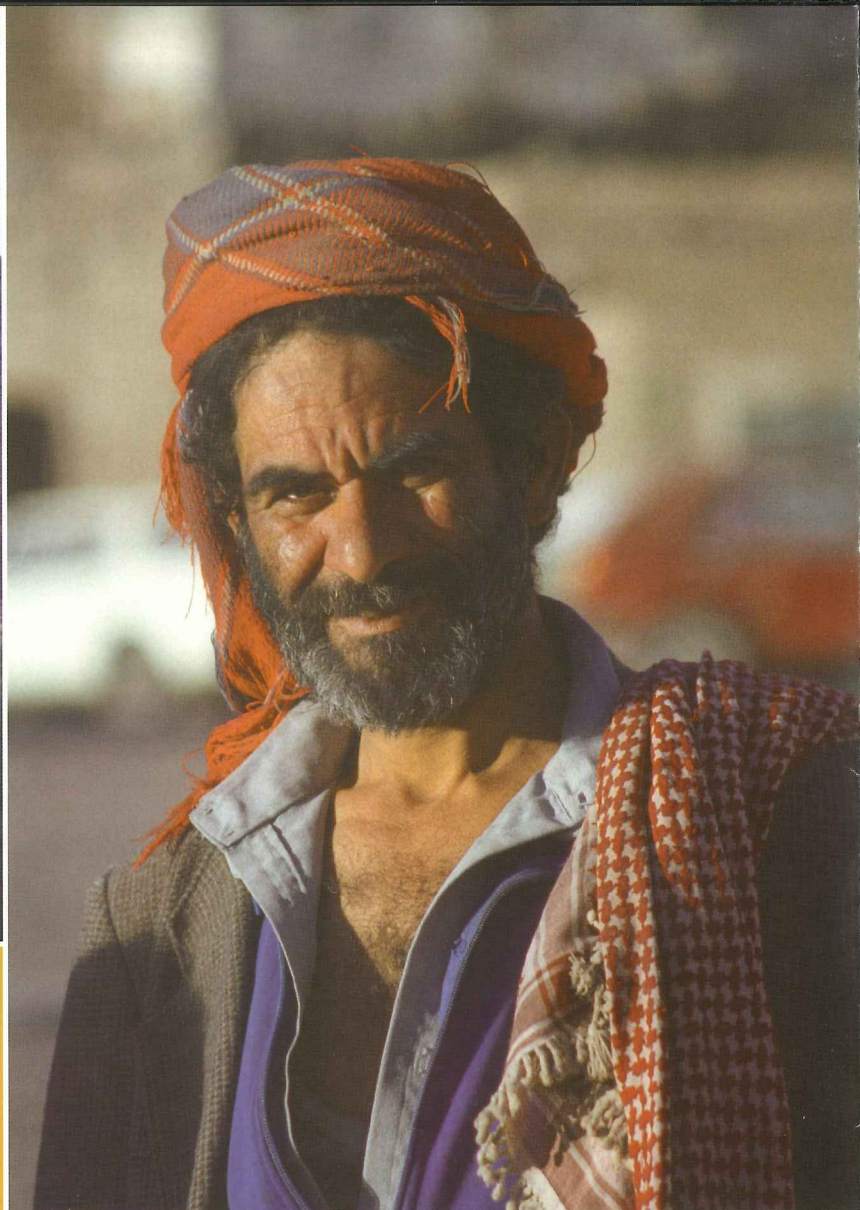
story and photos by Hartmuth Kroll

The appearance of Yemen in the world news in recent months brought to mind memories of my posting in Riyadh at the end of the last century, when regular visits to Yemen provided the type of experiences that kept so many of us abroad.

The extraordinary multi-storey, mud-built skyscrapers of the Hadramawt, some reaching ten storeys in height, exemplified Yemen's unique building traditions and architecture. The old city of the capital Sana'a, among the last of the true walled cities, has been named a UN World Heritage site. The mountain villages, crouching at the edge of the most rugged of cliffs, were a cultural delight — including many inhabitants armed to the teeth. During a visit to the Presidential Palace, our delegation passed a cabinet displaying gifts presented by foreign dignitaries, including a gold-plated AK-47. "It works," was the wry comment of our escort, when he saw the focus of my attention.

But best of all, the people — men with AK-47s on their shoulders and daggers in their sashes crowded around a truck selling watermelons; rural markets where town and country clashed in the bargaining for cattle and sheep, fruits and vegetables; and the bride bedecked in gold, painted, perfumed and eyes down-cast in modesty, with an armed escort warning away disrespectful foreigners who might have the temerity to take a picture. In the end, it was always the people — proud, friendly for the most part, accepting of the presence of strangers — who shaped the most lasting memories.

Yemen has a noteworthy history of biblical breadth, although in more recent centuries it has fallen on hard times. Once home to the Queen of Sheba (who appears in the Old Testament), the Romans knew Yemen as Arabia Felix, the most prosperous region of the Arabian Peninsula. Its prosperity



According to legend,
coffee
 was Yemen's first gift
 to the West.



Top left: The Dar al Hajar, Imam Yahya's rock palace in Wadi Dhahr.

Top right: Yemeni tribesman, near market in Old City, Sana'a.

Bottom right: Institute for handicapped children run by the Missionaries of Charity supported by the embassy.

Bottom left: Members of the Missionaries of Charity, with Counsellor Hartmuth Kroll of the Canadian Embassy.



Women's school supported by the embassy.

was underpinned by the great dam at Marib and its extensive hydrological works. An expedition sent by Caesar Augustus in 26 BC to annex it ended in failure, doomed by the desert, the heat and hostile tribes. Part of the Muslim world since 630, Yemen remains culturally unique, even in a neighbourhood that challenges the imagination of western visitors.

According to legend, coffee was Yemen's first gift to the West. Islamic jurists at first were sceptical of the merits of the new drink from the Horn of Africa, likening it to alcohol because of its stimulating effect. They finally relented when it was pointed out that that very stimulation permitted one to study the Quran more assiduously and later into the night. Equally, the European Christian community frowned upon the "new brew" as something so good it had to be the work of the devil. Eventually the Pope — an avid coffee drinker himself — blessed coffee and declared it a truly Christian beverage. Thereafter, coffee houses began to quickly spread across Europe, then to the four corners of the world.

Changing trade patterns, invasion and conquest, and internal strife led to Yemen's decline and the eventual establishment of two countries, North and South Yemen. The discovery of oil in modest commercial quantities in North Yemen in the 1980s, and the near bankruptcy of the southern government, facilitated their merger into the Republic of Yemen in 1990, but it was insufficient to stimulate significant economic growth. The discovery of considerable (in Yemeni terms) oil deposits in the south in 1991 by Canadian Occidental Petroleum (CANOXY, now Nexen Petroleum) strengthened feelings of

regret and bitterness among southern politicians. A brief war of secession in 1994 ended in victory for the Republic.

A strong central authority has been a rarity in Yemen. Even today, the government's command over the country as a whole, using an ad hoc system of patronage, co-optation, corruption and force, is tenuous at best. The difficult terrain, a dispersed and varied population, coupled with a lack of resources mean that the provision of government services is rare or non-existent in many areas. Secessionist unrest continues in parts of the south, while well-armed and truculent tribes are a potent force in large swaths of the country. An uprising in Sad'dah province, ongoing since 2004, has assumed a more dangerous regional hue with the involvement of Saudi Arabia and supporters of Al-Qaeda. In these troubled waters, Al-Qaeda has established an active presence, and the U.S. has begun to respond.

However, care must be taken in the execution of any counter-terrorist response. While there are obligations of hospitality to guests and ties through the "mujahedeen fraternity" (Yemenis with jihadist experience in Afghanistan, Iraq or elsewhere), there is no deep-seated affinity between Yemeni tribes and the Qaeda movement. Tribal elders tend to be opportunistic, not ideological, so the greater risk is that Al-Qaeda will find ways to exploit resentment of government neglect and broken promises. Equally, an ill-considered or rash reaction to a threat of terrorism could lead to an undesired confrontation, or even push the proud and independent tribesmen into the extremist's camp.

Economically, Yemen remains desperately poor, suffers from widespread corruption, and is economically dependent



Fisherman at the market in Hodeidah, one of the Yemeni ports once famous for the export of coffee beans.

on its limited oil exports. At current rates of exploitation, the known oil reserves are expected to run out by 2017, and while there is some prospect of new revenues from the sale of liquefied natural gas, these too are limited, projected to have a 20-year life span at best. At present, there are few apparent options for a sustainable post-hydrocarbon economy. Worse, Yemen suffers from an acute water shortage, with reserves being replenished at a rate much less than consumption. Sana'a, growing at 7 percent per year, is in danger of running out of water.

Yemen also faces a social crisis. More than a million labourers were forced to return from Saudi Arabia and the Gulf States when the Yemeni government supported Saddam Hussein in the lead-up to the first Gulf War. Only a few have been able to return and find work. The loss of remittances and the lack of jobs at home have placed great pressure on the social fabric of Yemen. More than two-thirds of Yemenis are under the age of 24, unemployment exceeds 35 percent, and illiteracy stands at over 50 percent. The inability of the government to maintain even minimal standards of education has provided a fertile ground for the "parallel Islamist education

system" largely funded by the Saudi Arabian government. In the words of May Yamani, the author and daughter of the former Saudi oil minister Ahmad Zaki Yamani, "Saudi Arabia exported both its Wahhabism and Al-Qaeda to Yemen by funding thousands of madrassas, where fanaticism is taught."

Nonetheless, there are positive elements. The 1990 constitution, ratified in a public vote in May 1991, affirmed Yemen's commitment to free elections, a multiparty political system, the right to own private property, equality under the law, and respect of basic human rights. It established a Presidential republic, with a bicameral legislature consisting of an elected Assembly of Representatives (Majlis al-Nuwaab), and an appointed Shura. Elections since that time have been generally free and fair, and judged to represent the will of the populace. While the President's General People's Congress (GPC) has maintained an absolute majority, the northern-based, tribal, and Islamist-oriented Yemeni Congregation for Reform (Islah) and the southern secular Yemeni Socialist Party (YSP), have maintained strong minority positions, and take part in the process of government. Women have the vote, participate in parliament, and hold positions of authority in the government. The first woman minister was appointed in 2001. The government and people of Yemen, while respectful of tradition, remain outward looking and open to the world.

My first introduction to Yemeni society came at social gatherings in the home of our extremely able Honorary Consul, which featured poetry recitations and song, political debate and business discussions, and learned discourse on a variety of subjects. What I learned by listening served me well for the rest of my posting.

It was also at these gatherings that I first encountered *qat*, the semi-narcotic plant that is so much a part of Yemeni culture. As pervasive as coffee, as addictive as nicotine, and as socially enabling as a beer in the pub, it is estimated that over 75 percent of the men, and a majority of the women chew *qat* daily. It is the major cash crop, moving money from the cities to the rural areas. However, *qat* also contributes to the poverty of Yemen, by decreasing productivity, using scarce water, reducing the amount of land devoted to food production and consuming large portions of the household budgets.

With the assistance of the Honorary Consul, projects were found for the embassy's small Canada Fund. First among these was support offered to an institute for handicapped children and abandoned elders run by Mother Teresa's Missionaries of Charity. Contributions were made to a women's school, which taught sewing and provided sewing machines for the employment of widows and unwed mothers. Among other projects, a generator was acquired for a hospital in Sad'dah, and trophies and uniforms were purchased for a volleyball league for a girl's schools in Sana'a.

There were problems of course. Kidnapping of foreign tourists and workers by tribal groups were far from unheard of, although most often these were efforts to gain the attention of the central government, to encourage them to keep their

Turmoil

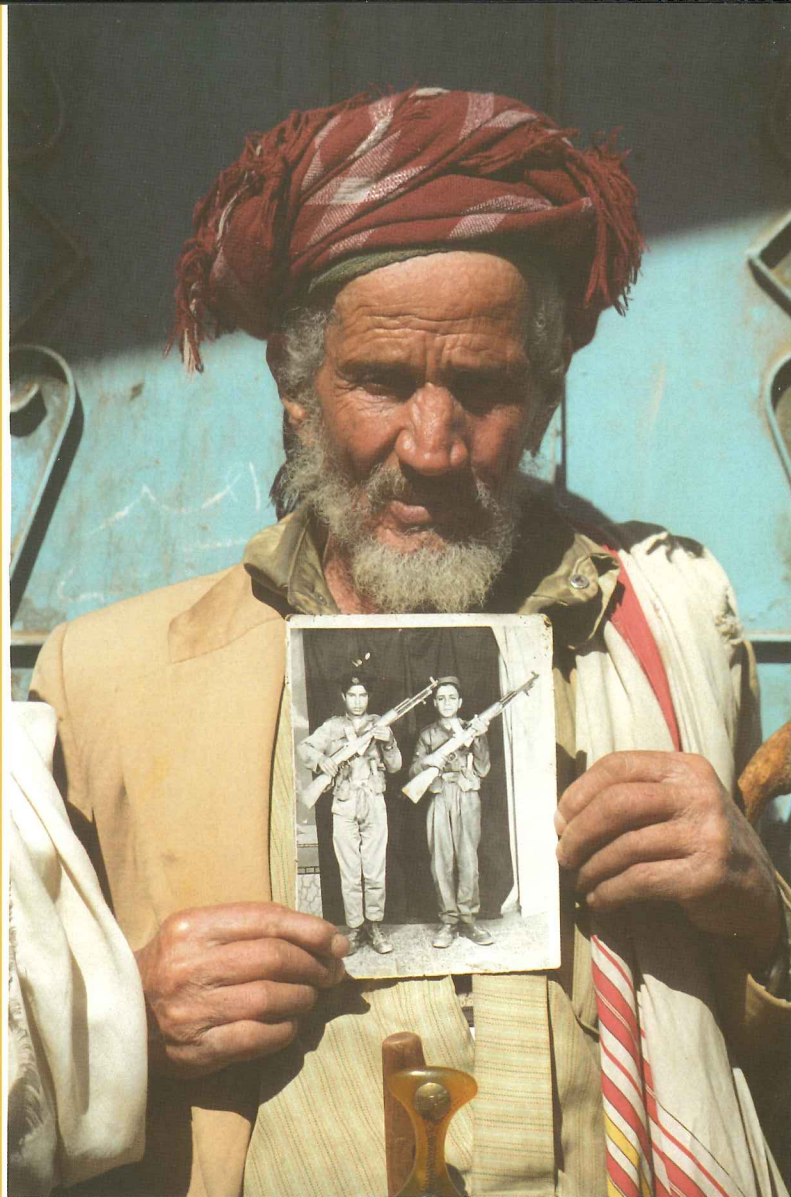
in Yemen undermines regional stability by providing openings for violent extremists.

development promises. Vicken Koundakjian of the embassy played a pivotal role in recovering a Canadian businessman who was held for three weeks after being kidnapped by the Hada tribe in 1993. And it was necessary to evacuate Canadian citizens during the 1994 civil war.

Clearly, the inroads made by the extremists in the tribal areas and the continuing internal conflicts have made it more difficult to work or even travel in Yemen today. Foreign tourists visiting historical sites have been attacked, too often with deadly results. Nonetheless, it would be unfortunate if Yemen's relations with the West were to be limited to military and security aid. Development assistance, education and technical cooperation, capacity building, and institutional strengthening will provide much greater benefits in the long run. Yemen has recognized the immense economic and societal challenges it faces, and accepted that good governance is fundamental to successfully addressing them. Steps have been taken to address corruption, but weaknesses in the government institutions limit their effectiveness.

In the mid-1990s, Canada was well placed to encourage Yemen in the area of good governance. Our political relations were on the upswing, as then-Speaker of the Senate Gildas Molgat visited Yemen in 1996, hosted by Sheikh Abdullah ibn Husayn al-Ahmar, Speaker of Assembly of Representatives. A number of parliamentary visits took place subsequently, in both directions. Additionally, CANOXY dealt fairly with the government in its operations in Yemen. It was also well regarded for its policy of cooperation with the local residents in its concessions, drilling water wells and building schools among the tribes. It reinforced Canada's strong reputation for honourable dealing.

A renewal of Canada's investment of time and money could have a large impact. Exchange programs for judges, members of parliament, journalists, government workers and academics would help to address limitations in the capacity of the Yemeni state. The Yemeni government is seeking to implement a plan to address deficiencies in the education system, and Canadian support for teacher training courses would be a service to Yemen.

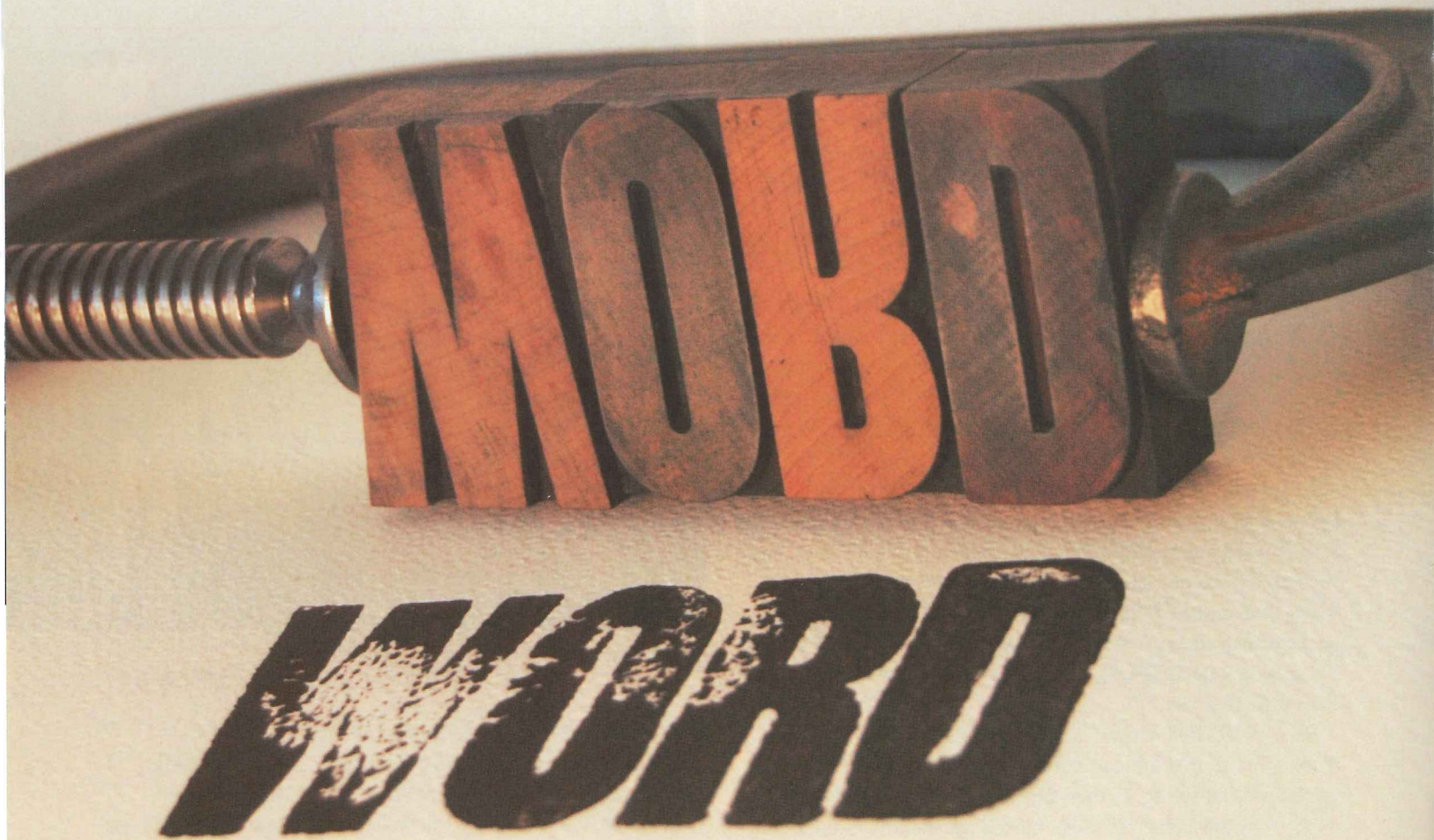


Yemeni tribesman, Taiz.

Turmoil in Yemen undermines regional stability by providing openings for violent extremists. If not contained, it poses problems for its neighbours, Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states. The Yemeni government is seeking ways to address its communal shortcomings. For the time being, it has the will and, with assistance, the resources to become a model for its neighbours, but they need to be mobilized by better governance. It is clear from the recent visit of the Foreign Minister that they seek our help. We have a real opportunity to make a difference in promoting good governance and economic development in one of the poorest of nations.

At the end of the day, the highest cost will come from doing nothing. ☺

*Hartmuth Kroll is a retired foreign service officer, who now consults on foreign affairs issues. He served in six postings abroad, including Saudi Arabia with accreditation to Yemen, Oman, and the Gulf states. Consistently indulging his passion for photography, he has previously contributed to **bout de papier**.*



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Two Decades and Six Days

Readers of *bout de papier* will recall that we earlier reprinted messages from John Starnes, when he was Canada's Ambassador in Cairo, about the outbreak of the "Six Day War" in June 1967. Eric Bergbusch, who recounted his travels to the Middle East with John Diefenbaker in an earlier issue, has kindly provided a copy of his attempt to analyze the origins of that conflict in light of the troubled history of relations between Israel and its neighbours, particularly focussing on the two decades prior to the war, and to draw tentative lessons from that analysis. His memorandum and its annex are reprinted below (with a few editorial insertions in square brackets to provide identifications or brief explanations of terms or individuals for modern readers).

As readers will know, the concern expressed at the conclusion of the memorandum was justified by events, as another Arab/Israeli conflict (the "Yom Kippur War") took place in October 1973.

Hector Mackenzie

CONFIDENTIAL, June 6, 1969.

TO: File 20-Arab-1-3-Israel
FROM: African and Middle Eastern Division:
E.J. Bergbusch
SUBJECT: The Origins of the Arab/Israeli War,
June, 1967.

The J[oint]I[n]telligence]C[ommittee] paper on the Middle East prepared in 1965-66 did not estimate that an Arab/Israeli war was likely in the years immediately ahead. The general tenor of the paper was that things were likely to continue more or less as they were, with intermittent clashes along Israel's borders but no large-scale hostilities. Many of the dangers in the situation were correctly identified, but what was not foreseen when the paper was drafted was the manner in which various factors making for instability and conflict were to interact in 1967. Nor was sufficient importance attached to El Fatah and the persistence of terrorist attacks on Israel, although El Fatah was identified as posing the "greatest single threat" to peace in the region. (This was, of course, well before the Israeli raid on Samu in November, 1966.) What was also missing from the paper was any suggestion that Nasser

might, in certain circumstances, take bold and decisive action, and risk the consequences. The importance of these factors becomes clearer if one examines the genesis of the 1967 war against the pattern of Arab/Israeli relations during the two previous decades.

2. It has often been asserted that the Arab-Israeli dispute is at base a clash of cultures: that Israel, however civilized and humane, is an alien intrusion into the area, based on exclusiveness, and contemptuous of its neighbours; that the Arab states, obsessed with their backwardness and past humiliations, are fearful of Israel's (European) competence, expertise and modernity, qualities which challenge their abilities and the worth of their culture. Little has been done, however, to show how this "clash of cultures" impinges on Arab/Israeli relations. Perhaps some connections between the two may be found in the origins of the 1967 war.

3. For descriptive purposes the course of Arab/Israeli relations prior to the June war may be divided into four phases, the first from 1949 to 1953, the second from 1953 to 1957, the third from 1957 to 1964, and the last from 1964 to 1967. The first phase — from the signing of

the Armistice Agreements to President [Gamal Abdel] Nasser's assumption of office following the revolution in Egypt — was comparatively calm, as Israel and the Arab states adjusted to the Armistice regime and explored its implications.

4. After 1953, things changed. The dynamic element President Nasser introduced into the government of Egypt also found expression outside the country, notably in the organization of fedayeen attacks on Israel. From 1953 to 1956/7, conditions of life in southern Israel became less secure as the fedayeen raiders pursued their attacks, some of them penetrating to the outskirts of Tel Aviv — Jaffa. Tension gradually mounted as Israel organized intermittent reprisal raids. Infiltration, clashes, and reprisal raids also increased along the Jordan and Syrian borders. The Israeli government finally decided to put an end to this harassment by launching its invasion of the Sinai in 1956. One of the obvious aims of this attack was to bring about the downfall of Nasser, whom the Israelis saw both as the author of their immediate troubles and as a major obstacle to an Arab/Israeli settlement. In the event, Nasser was not turned out of office but augmented his prestige and raised his standing in the Arab world (because of his diplomatic victory over Britain, France and Israel).

5. Three important factors in Arab/Israeli relations were demonstrated in the course of these events:

- A. Israel's extreme sensitivity (within its narrow borders) to fedayeen attacks which disrupt and endanger normal civilian life. The domestic pressure on this issue reflected its central importance for the economic and political viability of the state.
- B. Israel's deep fear of Nasser as the one figure in the Arab world capable of uniting the neighbouring states against Israel, and of taking decisive action.
- C. Nasser's impulsive character and sensitivity to Arab criticism. Nasser showed in connection with the organization of the fedayeen raids, the Aswan/Suez Canal issue, and the purchase of arms from the Soviet Bloc that, in certain circumstances, he was prepared to take bold action without much regard for the consequences — that he would not brook affronts and real or perceived humiliations.

6. The third phase in Arab/Israeli relations, from 1957 to 1964, saw the nearest approach to a stable equilibrium between Israel and the Arab states. During the earlier part of this period, Nasser was deeply involved in inter-Arab affairs and Arab/Israeli difficulties were relegated to second place. By the early sixties, though border clashes occurred periodically (quite as much from Israeli expansion

and provocation in the Demilitarized Zones and in No-Man's land as from Arab aggression), a relative calm prevailed and it appeared that a secure *modus vivendi* might have been found between Israel and the Arab states — especially following the break-up of the Egyptian/Syrian Union [Egypt and Syria formed the United Arab Republic in 1958, with Nasser as President; Syria withdrew from the union in 1961, but Egypt continued to identify itself as the UAR until 1971] in 1961. Border incidents were pretty well confined to exchanges of fire in the Demilitarized Zones; the UAR-Israeli border was totally quiescent. Terrorist attacks had virtually died away after the Sinai Campaign in 1956. It seemed possible that if this state of comparative tranquillity could endure, an amelioration of the fundamental hostility between the two sides might gradually take place.

7. What disturbed this balance? What turned Nasser's attention from the Yemen and other inter-Arab issues back to Israel? If one can identify one trigger, one single cause, that led to the subsequent deterioration, it would seem to be the Jordan Waters issue, and specifically Israel's decision to divert the un-used waters of the Jordan for industrial uses and irrigation.

8. For the Israelis, nothing could have seemed more natural and reasonable. The water was not being used. It was needed for Israel's development. The depletion of fresh, underground sources was already limiting Israel's economic growth and inducing dangerous saline inflows. Israel had co-operated with Eric Johnston's efforts [as President Dwight Eisenhower's Special Representative, 1953-6] to work out a joint or agreed development plan [the Jordan Valley Unified Water Plan, which was rejected by the Arab League, contrary to the advice of its experts, though Israel and Jordan agreed to abide by its allocations for usage]. It had moved the point of in-take from the River Jordan to Lake Tiberius at some cost to itself. What more could be expected of it? (For further comments on Israel's motivation, see the Annex.)

9. For the Arabs who had refused to agree to a shared development scheme and had no plans afoot to utilize the Jordan waters, the Israeli project was, however, a public affront, a challenge to the principle that the natural resources of the Arab World should not be exploited except, with the consent, and for the benefit, of Arabs. The Israeli action reminded them of their comparative backwardness and of their long subjection to foreign rule. It challenged their common myth that Israel was neither a legitimate creation nor a permanent fixture in the region. The issue would have attracted less attention if only one Arab state had been involved or if the Palestine refugees in their host

countries had not directed attention to it. The UAR itself had no direct stake in the outcome. Jordan, Syria and Lebanon, however, were directly involved [as riparian states]. Because they were themselves divided by mutual distrust, the dispute over the Jordan waters inevitably became an issue in inter-Arab politics.

10. Israel's diversion of the Jordan Waters together with the hostile Arab reaction may thus be seen as the start of a train of events that led to the hostilities in 1967 during the fourth phase of Arab/Israeli relations, from 1964 to 1967. To maintain his position of leadership in the Arab World and to contain Syrian militancy on this issue, Nasser convened an Arab Summit Conference in January, 1964. A competition had developed among Arab governments, and particularly between Syria and the UAR, as to which would win the highest plaudits of the Arab community by opposing the Israeli project most staunchly. The inauguration of the diversion project was imminent (water began to flow through the pipes to the coastal plain in May, 1964). Nasser was determined, for inter-Arab reasons, not to be left behind.

11. The Summit Conference realistically decided that the Arab States were in no position to mount a military response and that they would not be in such a position for some years to come; 1967 was cited as the magic date. The Conference therefore decided on a political riposte: an Arab project to deprive Israel of the Jordan waters by diverting them at source; a joint fund to pay for the project; the creation of a "United Arab Command" to protect it; and a revival of the moribund Palestine Liberation Organization (or PLO). More ominously, the Syrians pressed for "direct action" and the UAR responded by sponsoring a "Palestine Liberation Army" (PLA) under the aegis of the PLO (which it largely controlled). During 1964/65, the PLA mounted a number of clumsy and ineffective raids on Israel from Jordan where it was based. It never became an important threat.

12. A rival organization soon emerged. It was based in Syria, operated through Jordan and Lebanon, and proved more dangerous — El Fatah. The formation of El Fatah seemed to reflect two forces: Syrian determination not to be outdone by Nasser and the — justified — scepticism of extremist Palestinians of the effectiveness of a PLA which remained under the aegis of the UAR. After a brief lapse of time, El Fatah's exploits completely overshadowed those of its rival. The PLA virtually disappeared from the scene. Meanwhile, El Fatah had a fair degree of success; from 1965 onwards, its terrorist raids unsettled civilian life in Israel and called forth Israeli reprisals.

13. By these actions, Syria and the UAR had taken steps which, under the pressure of Arab dissension and rivalry, were to bring them to war with Israel. The Summit Conference system soon ran into difficulties — no further meetings were held after 1965 — and the "co-ordinated Arab response" to the inauguration of the Israeli water project degenerated into what was even more dangerous, uncontrolled competition among the Arab states neighbouring Israel.

14. From 1964, through 1965/1966, and into 1967, a gradual escalation of violence took place. Israel contributed to it by its increasingly harsh acts of retaliation. Although the Arab diversion scheme would have taken years to complete, the Israeli authorities were determined that it should not make any headway; behind that determination lay the conviction that any joint Arab action against Israel under Nasser's leadership posed a threat to its security and had to be stopped before it gathered too much momentum. The Israelis did not raise the issue in the Security Council; instead, they hit the Arab project repeatedly with artillery fire and by air to bring it to a standstill. The use of air power in 1964 and subsequently was an act of escalation; counter-escalation, if one takes the Arab project and Arab terrorist attacks into account; or counter-counter-escalation if one starts with the Israeli diversion project.

15. Although the Jordanian and Lebanese governments, under pressure from Israel, took steps to control and limit the activities and operations of El Fatah on their territories, Israel deemed these efforts to be insufficient and mounted a series of raids — mainly into Jordan but also into Lebanon — in order to induce the 'host countries' to take stronger measures against El Fatah. Israel did not strike against Syria although Syria provided the main inspiration, training and material support for El Fatah. By 1966, that organization appeared to have a fairly extensive network in Jordan and Lebanon by which it could mount terrorist — mainly mining — attacks against Israel. These continued fairly steadily. While they caused little loss of life or damage to property in Israel, they did create a sense of insecurity in border areas.

16. A key point, at this stage, was that the UAR, still deeply embroiled in Yemen (and protected by U[nited]N[atations]E[mergency]F[orce] in the Sinai), took no part in the exchanges in 1965 and 1966. At the same time, it gratuitously attacked Jordan and Lebanon, through its propaganda organs, for opposing and hindering the activities of El Fatah: it sought to justify its isolation from these events by violent words. Consequently, having helped to create the momentum which led to extensive Arab/Israeli clashes in 1964-66, the UAR now had no easy way

to keep them in bounds. Neither, for that matter, did Israel: its leadership saw no ready way to secure a de-escalation of violence. Their reaction was to hit ever harder at Jordan in the vain hope that this would lead to suppression of the Syrian-based fedayeen operating within the Palestinian community on the West Bank. By 1966, the Israeli counter-raids into Jordan – aimed at El Fatah – had demonstrated to Arab and particularly to Palestinian activists and extremists that terrorism was effective. By contrast, nothing could, in their view, be expected from Arab governments, with the possible exception of Syria.

17. The large-scale Israeli action against Samu [a Jordanian-controlled village on the West Bank] in November, 1966, transformed the situation. For the first time in years, Arab (Jordanian) armed forces were engaged in large numbers by Israeli forces and suffered considerable casualties [this raid was the largest Israeli military operation since the Suez Crisis of 1956]. The prestige of the Jordanian army was affected; El Fatah's case was strengthened. King Hussein [bin Talal] could not, for the time being, press El Fatah unduly. To answer UAR gibes about the ineffectiveness of the Jordanian forces and about the repressive measures Jordan had taken against El Fatah, Jordan and then Syria asked the fateful question: where was the UAR air force during the Israeli attack? Why did the UAR not assist? Was Nasser content to hide behind UNEF? Jordan and Syria gave the lie to Nasser's (the UAR's) claim to lead the Arab world, a claim to which Nasser attached the first importance for domestic and pan-Arab reasons. Henceforth, the Arab/Israeli dispute was subsumed in an inter-Arab quarrel.

18. From 1966 onwards, Nasser's standing in the Arab World was thrown into question. It must have been shortly after the raid on Samu that the UAR began to examine what steps it could take to counter the threat of another punitive Israeli military action against Jordan or into Syria. Whether the results of that examination were shaped by false optimism as to Arab military capacity or a conviction that Israel would not fight – and would accept some sort of diplomatic set-back – is unknown. What seems plausible is that Nasser was toying with the idea of a new gamble (after those of 1955/56) which, if successful, would restore his standing in the Arab World.

19. Another consequence of the Samu raid, to which no great weight was given at the time, was that the UAR entered into a new defensive alliance with Syria (in November, 1966). Such *ad hoc* alliances had been made before and had not lasted long. This one seemed to have only a marginal effect on Syrian-UAR relations. It might,

however, have been seen as a danger-sign that Nasser felt it necessary to take this step.

20. What followed early in 1967 seemed to have a fortuitous quality about it at the time, though the rising tension during those months was evident to all. In January, the U[nited]N[ations]T[ruce]S[upervision]O[rganization] Chief of Staff reported to the Secretary-General that there was a heavy build-up of military equipment on both sides of the line between Israel and Syria. As this was related to Israel's cultivation within the Demilitarized Zone and resulting exchanges of fire, a regular occurrence at this time of year, it did not cause exceptional concern, although the possibility of an Israeli raid into Syria – following the raid on Samu – was on people's minds. It was assumed that the build-up of equipment on the Israeli side was to protect the agricultural activity in the Demilitarized Zones from Syrian fire. It was generally agreed that Israel would require little or no prior build-up to launch a limited attack on Syria.

21. What did cause concern was the possibility of a major Israeli assault on Syria in response to continued Arab terrorist attacks. In January, 1967, our ambassadors in Tel Aviv and Beirut were instructed to make representations to Israel and to Syria, respectively, in order to express Canadian concern at the developing situation. During the interview in Jerusalem, Israel's Foreign Minister, Mr. [Abba] Eban, told our ambassador that the Arab terrorist attacks on Israel posed the real threat to peace in the area – the problems in the Demilitarized Zones were of secondary importance. In Damascus, the Director-General of the Syrian Foreign Ministry disclaimed any responsibility on the part of Syria for the fedayeen raids. A Memorandum to the Minister in January, 1967, reporting on these conversations, compared these circumstances to those before the war in 1956: "a disquieting parallel to the present situation can be seen in the fedayeen raids from Egypt before the Sinai campaign..."

22. UNTSO made a special effort to address the situation. In order to deal with the problems in the Demilitarized Zone, it tried to convene an extraordinary meeting of the Israeli-Syrian Mixed Armistice Commission (ISMAC), which did not ordinarily meet. This effort continued from January to May, 1967. At one stage, Israel agreed to refrain from cultivation while a solution was sought, an unusual step for the Israelis. The Syrians, for their part, agreed to participate in the proposed extraordinary meetings, despite their long-established boycott of ISMAC. The three meetings held did not, however, yield any worthwhile results.

23. On April 7, a major incident took place which the press billed as the largest air battle in the Middle East since 1948. Following tank and artillery exchanges with the Syrians, the Syrians enjoying the advantages of terrain, Israel brought in air strikes to silence the gun emplacements on the Syrian heights. In the course of the ensuing air battle, six Syrian aircraft were shot down. One aspect of this clash not given enough weight at the time was that it exposed Nasser once again to the charge of inaction – of hiding behind UNEF while other Arab states carried on the struggle with Israel. The Syrian reproaches with respect to UAR inaction were all the sharper – and presumably all the more galling to Nasser – because their bilateral defence pact had been signed only four months earlier. The UAR had stressed that the defence pact would only come into effect if Israel launched a major ground offensive and occupied Syrian territory. Nevertheless, in the eyes of the broader Arab public, that did not exempt the UAR from the charge that Nasser was prepared to sign treaties but not confront Israel: that he had not lived up to his commitments.

24. The level of tension arising from these developments caused enough concern in the Department of External Affairs, in April 1967, for it to consider a formal approach to the Security Council in conjunction with other countries. The aim would have been to empower the Secretary-General to take such steps as he deemed necessary – through UNTSO and in consultation with the parties – to defuse the situation. The instruction to the Permanent Mission in New York noted that the United States' preoccupation with Vietnam and British concern about Aden "cast doubt on ... [the possibility] of organizing effective, concerted action in [the] Security Council". It noted, as well, that the action contemplated might dampen down the situation in the Demilitarized Zones but would do little to meet Israeli complaints about Arab terrorism. The latter, it said, was much harder to come to grips with. In the event, nothing came of this initiative either in New York or in talks with friendly governments.

25. Later in the month, Israeli armour which had been brought into the Defensive Area and Demilitarized Zone on the Syrian border was withdrawn in order to make way for a proposed UNTSO sweep of the border area. Owing to persistent differences between Syria and Israel regarding the terms of the sweep, it was never carried out. Nevertheless, by the beginning of May, it seemed that the worst might be over. The Syrian/Israeli border was comparatively quiet. One could reasonably hope for increasing calm as the period of cultivation came to an end. The intensity and extent of the military exchanges had been unusual; the level of tension remained fairly high owing, in part, to

the fear that a further terrorist attack would precipitate an unduly robust Israeli response. It was thought unlikely, however, that the UAR would become involved if Israel mounted a new reprisal action against Syria.

26. Two developments followed. Rumours began to circulate that Israel had concentrated a military force in the Galilee. While these rumours were about, Prime Minister [Israel Levi] Eshkol and Foreign Minister Eban reiterated earlier warnings, but in stronger language, that Israel would hold Syria responsible for further fedayeen attacks on Israeli territory. In mid-May, the Soviet Union openly cited the reports of new Israeli troop concentrations along the Syrian armistice line by way of a warning. Its motive was, presumably, to prevent an Israeli attack on its most devoted ally in the region by crying wolf. Although the reports of military concentrations were denied by Israel (our Military Attaché in Tel Aviv confirmed they were not true); although UNTSO confirmed that there were no Israeli concentrations or movements near the Syrian line; although the Soviet ambassador declined all invitations to see for himself that no military preparations were in train: although there was all this evidence to the contrary, these reports were apparently believed in Cairo. It must be said in mitigation that the proposition that Israel was planning to attack Syrian was not of itself implausible. It is possible that Soviet intelligence had picked up information about a possible strike against Syria (for which no extensive preparations would be required) and that the Soviet Union publicized it as a preventive measure.

27. Whatever the case may be, Nasser, in Cairo, evidently decided – recklessly and over-optimistically – that he could not afford further reproaches for failing to assist his Arab brothers. He seems to have calculated that he could at the very least inflict a diplomatic defeat on Israel and that placing his forces in a defensive position in the Sinai would enable them to block an overwhelming Israeli victory, as in 1956, if they were attacked. He therefore first moved his forces into the Sinai and then sent them into sectors occupied by friendly elements in UNEF (the Yugoslavs and Indians) along the UAR/Israel demarcation line. From that point onward, neither Nasser (for inter-Arab and domestic reasons) nor the government of Israel (for security and domestic reasons) felt it could pull back. In the absence of forceful and concerted intervention by the international community (and it is open to question whether such an intervention was possible), each would persist till the other gave way, or till war broke out.

28. The simplistic view is that the Six-Day War was the inevitable result of Arab hostility to Israel. This review of the train of events from 1964 to 1967 – which

disrupted the equilibrium of the previous years — suggests that both sides took steps which traced the path to war and that it was the interplay between them that precipitated the conflict. If Israel had not diverted the Jordan Waters unilaterally, pursued a policy of harsh retaliation (Samu in 1966, Lebanon and the air strike against Syria in 1967), and issued stark, far-reaching threats in response to terrorist attacks, there might have been no war. If it had taken the Arab diversion project or the general question of terrorism to the Security Council, the result might have been different. If the Arabs had not dramatized the Israeli diversion project and thus compelled themselves to respond to it, if Jordan and Egypt had opted out of the anti-Israeli competition fostered by Syria, if they had had the confidence to pursue their own interests rather than pan-Arab chimeras, if they had mastered their sense of inferiority and refrained from extravagant gestures (as in the Sinai), the catastrophe of 1967 might have been avoided. If Nasser had taken the Israeli diversion of Jordan Waters to the Security Council, he might have saved enough Arab honour to avoid

calling the 1964 Summit Conference which set in train so much of the inter-Arab rivalry that triggered the war — that drove Israel to war.

29. The role played by the Palestinians in stoking Arab hostility to Israel and reckless action by Arab governments was probably more important than was realized at the time. Through these years, the Palestinians kept the issue of Israel's existence in the public eye, they focussed attention on its diversion of the Jordan Waters, and they were directly involved in the renewed fedayeen harassment of Israel.

30. If peace is to be achieved, both sides will need to amend their ways. The Arab states will need to adopt a more pragmatic course with respect to Israel and one another, and Israel will need to show a better appreciation of Arab concerns and sensitivities. Otherwise the prospects for peace will remain dim. ③

A N N E X

The Jordan Waters Issue

It may be argued that Israel could have avoided a confrontation with the Arabs on this issue by holding its project in abeyance in the face of Arab opposition to it. For instance, one might contend that with the funds available to it from abroad, Israel could have utilized its ground waters more effectively or turned to the more expensive alternative of desalination. While these options would have inhibited Israel's economic growth, it may nevertheless be argued that it would have been to Israel's long-term advantage to accept the costs involved and a lower rate of growth rather than to pursue a course that was deeply offensive to the Arabs: only by refraining from steps which undermined the existing balance could Israel hope to foster Arab tolerance of its existence and eventually come to terms with its neighbours.

The flaw in this line of reasoning (however plausible on its face) is that it would have been impossible, or virtually impossible, to persuade Israel's leaders and informed Israelis generally to look at the situation in this light. First, the Israelis have what — for lack of a better term — might be described as a sacramental, even obsessive, attitude to the development of 'eretz Israel', the land of Israel. Zionist rhetoric is believed. To have failed to use the Jordan Waters would have seemed to many as a dereliction of national/religious duty. Second, and perhaps more important, the political and military viability of Israel was and is dependent on maintaining a high rate of economic growth. Expansion, experiment, a rising standard of living: these are needed to pay the cost of defence, to attract support and assistance from abroad, to maintain an influx of immigrants and, indeed, to prevent emigration. (The fall in immigration in the sixties, before the war, was a major concern.) In short, to oppose the diversion of the Jordan Waters would have been to call into question, in some measure, the logic of Israel's existence. ③

the gallic CRISIS of 506

by Roger Lucy

In the first decade of the 6th century the successor states to the former western Roman empire became embroiled in a political crisis which threatened to undo the security architecture which had been put in place by the region's most powerful ruler, Theoderic the Great, king of the Ostrogoths and ruler of Italy (plus much of modern Austria, Slovenia and Croatia). Thanks to surviving documents left by one of Theoderic's senior officials, we are able to form a reasonably clear picture of how Theoderic met this crisis and, despite initial set-backs, improved his position by the skillful combination of diplomacy and force.

The crisis arose from the ambitions of Clovis, king of the Salian Franks, who controlled most of northern France. Succeeding his father Childeric in 481, he had steadily expanded his realm by encroaching on neighbouring tribes and states, until it encompassed most of Gaul west of the Rhine and north of the Loire. In 506 his aggression was aimed at Alaric II, king of the Visigoths, who ruled most of Spain and Gaul south of the Loire.

The Romans had left Gaul, rather as Julius Caesar had found it 500 years earlier, "divided into three parts." However the Aquitanians, Belgae and Celts of Caesar's day had long since been Romanized. Over the 5th century, three Germanic kingdoms had taken over Gaul. Besides the Franks and the Visigoths, were the Burgundians who controlled the Rhone valley. In addition, the Alemanni had infiltrated west across the upper Rhine to occupy what is now Alsace and Switzerland, while Armorica (Brittany) had lapsed into Celtic twilight.

The Franks had first appeared in the mid-3rd century, as a loose confederation of German tribes along the lower Rhine. While a murderous nuisance to the peoples of then Roman Gaul, they also became a major source of manpower for the western Roman armies, and many Frankish nobles rose to the highest ranks in the Roman army. Some Franks were allowed to settle in depopulated areas west of the Rhine. As the western Empire collapsed, Franks had remained largely loyal to what was left of Roman authority in Gaul, to the extent that the distinction between Frankish chiefs and war-bands and Roman officers and regular army units, had become increasingly blurred. Typical was Clovis' father, Childeric, who was buried

in Tournai, in the uniform and regalia of a Roman general but with 10 sacrificed horses to see him to Valhalla. According to his contemporaries, Childeric had been appointed (exactly by whom, is uncertain) Dux (commander) of the province of Belgica II (roughly modern Belgium and the Pas de Calais).

Childeric's son Chlodovech, known to us as Clovis (over time the name morphed into Louis), succeeded his father as King and Dux in 481. In the last two decades of the 5th century he extended his control — by fair means or (indeed mainly) foul — over the entire region north of the Loire and west of the Rhine, absorbing most of the other Frankish groups in northern Gaul.

In recognition of Clovis' growing importance, Theoderic married Clovis' sister Audofleda in 493 while Clovis married Clotilde, the daughter of Gundobad, king of the Burgundians. Theoderic also fostered two of Clovis' sons.

Even by the standards of 6th century *Barbaricum*, Clovis' reputation was a dubious one. He would ally himself with other warlords, then bribe their retainers to assassinate them and join his Salian Franks — some of these victims were his own relatives. Clovis' style of personnel management is typified by the fate of a warrior who had objected to Clovis' expropriating a plundered chalice for himself. Booty was to be divided equally. To prove the point the warrior split the chalice with an axe. To prove his point, Clovis split the warrior's head with an axe.

Theoderic clearly grew to dislike him. He sent a harpist to Clovis as a diplomatic gift, in hope that he would "go forth like another Orpheus to charm the feral hearts of the tribesmen." As well, he was likely referring to Clovis, when praising Senarius, one of his diplomats, for facing down "those who, in their base obstinacy, were barely able to understand reason..."





Posterity has, until recently, been kinder. Later ages saw him as France's founding father. In his own day, the Gallo-Roman clergy gave him their seal of approval when he embraced Catholic Christianity,

rather than the Arian sect preferred by other German rulers. Whether this reflected careful political calculation, or simply happenstance (his Burgundian wife liked to flit from one religious allegiance to another), it allowed him to legitimize his wars as ones for the liberation of Catholic Gauls from their heretic masters.

In 486 Clovis took Soissons near Paris, eliminating Syagrius, the last commander of an ostensibly Roman army in the West. Syagrius sought asylum with the Visigoths. Alaric, at the time, was preoccupied in Spain and deemed it prudent to hand him over to Clovis rather than risk war. Clovis had Syagrius executed and was soon raiding deep into Visigothic territory, sacking Bordeaux in 496. The Visigoths however were able to check Clovis' depredations. In 502 Clovis and Alaric held a peace conference on an island in the Loire and solemnly swore eternal friendship — this eternity would stretch for half a decade.

In the meantime, Clovis carried on his depredations elsewhere. In 481 he crossed the Rhine and defeated the Thuringians. In 496 he inflicted a major defeat on the Alemanni. In 500 he intervened in a civil war between his Burgundian father-in-law Gundobad and Gundobad's brother Godegisel. While at the time these campaigns won no permanent territorial gains, they did set the stage for more lasting Frankish conquests.

Frankish expansion was beginning to attract attention further abroad. Clovis' father Childeric had reportedly visited Constantinople, and one can be fairly certain that the East Roman government saw in Clovis an instrument for maintaining their influence in the West and as a potential counterweight to the Goths. Theoderic, for his part, had no desire to see Frankish power expand any further to the east or south. Around 500 he married his niece to the king of the Thuringians, a tribe in what is now central Germany. More disturbing to Theoderic was Clovis' renewed campaign against the Alemanni in 504. Their King was killed and many refugees driven into Rhaetia (modern Bavaria), territory the Ostrogoths claimed.

Theoderic sent an embassy to Clovis (along with the above mentioned harpist, Theoderic wrote to sing of Clovis' "... power and glory"). Alluding to their ties by marriage he congratulated Clovis on his victory but entreated him to spare the refugees, who had fled to his territory.

"It is a memorable triumph that the impetuous Alemanni should be struck with such terror ... it suffice that their King, with all the pride of his race, has fallen; let it suffice that an innumerable people has been doomed either to the sword or to slavery ... from my own experience, wars which have the happiest outcome are those which are ended with moderation."

Neither these entreaties, nor the harpist, seem to have had much effect. Theoderic soon had to move the refugees further east to Noricum (modern Austria) where they were resettled. Orders were sent to the Noricans that they swap their cattle for Alemanni cattle:

"It is an admirable arrangement when a favour can be granted where both the giver and receiver are beneficiaries. We therefore decree that you exchange your oxen for those of the Alamanni. Theirs is the finer and larger breed of cattle, but they are worn out by their long journey. Thus will they get fresh beasts, capable of doing the work which is required of them, while you will permanently improve your breed of cattle, and so be able to till your fields better."

Frankish-Visigothic relations soon deteriorated again, until, in 506, war again threatened. It would seem that a Frankish embassy had gone home unsatisfied on some issue, and Clovis threatened to escalate. Alerted to this development, and hoping to avert the looming conflict, Theoderic proposed that Clovis' neighbours join him in a démarche to Clovis, sending the signal that an attack on Alaric was an attack on all of them. Theoderic sent his ambassadors out on a round of shuttle diplomacy. First they visited Alaric, promising support, but urging Alaric to avoid getting drawn into a war he might not win:

"While you are surrounded by an innumerable multitude of subjects, strong in the memory that they turned back Attila ... the long peace may have softened the hearts of your people, and from want of practice, your soldiers may have lost the habit of working together on the battlefield... War is a terrible thing, and a terrible risk. Draw back if possible, before blood is shed. We are sending ambassadors to the King of the Franks to try to prevent war between our relatives; while the ambassadors whom we are sending to you will go on to Gundobad, King of the Burgundians, to get him to intervene on behalf of peace. Your enemy will also be mine."

Next Theoderic's ambassadors went to Gundobad the Burgundian. Expounding on the woes of their mutual kin going to war, the ambassadors asked him to join Theoderic in

"... moderating the angry impulses of these youthful kings... It becomes them to reverence older heads [i.e. Theoderic and Gundobad], although they are themselves in the balmy vigour of the flower of their age."

Gundobad was asked to reflect on this message and send an ambassador of his own to join Theoderic's to entreat Clovis to show restraint.



A detailed map of Europe and the Mediterranean region, showing various kingdoms and regions in Latin. The map includes labels for 'MARE GERMANICVM', 'MARE NORTICVM', 'BRITANNICA OCEANVS', 'ANEMERICA', 'REGNUM TYRINGORVM', 'REGNUM FRANCORVM', 'REGNUM BURGUNDIONVM', 'REGNUM HALLIE ET GOTHORVM', 'REGNUM GEPIDORVM', 'REGNUM VISCOTHORVM', 'MARE INTERNVM', 'REGNUM MAIORVM ET ROMANORVM', 'MARE INTERIUM', 'MARE NORTICVM', 'PONTUS EUXINVS', 'IBERIA', 'PERSIA', 'IMPERIVM ROMANVM', and 'REGNUM PARTICORVM'. A small inset box in the bottom left corner contains the text 'A enrtas CANTABRICVM'.

A detailed map of the Roman Empire at its greatest extent, showing the Mediterranean Sea (MARE INTERNUM) surrounded by Roman provinces. Key regions labeled include REGNUM MAIORVM ET MINORVM, REGNUM MACEDONIVM ET ALACIVM, AFRICA, REGNUM ARABIVM, and IMPERIUM ROMANVM. Major cities like Alexandria, Antiochia, and Carthago are marked.

Senarius had, in the course of one year, twice travelled to both Constantinople and to western Europe

"Twice saw the shores of the [Atlantic] Ocean, and twice the Pontic [Black] Sea, traversing both Europe and Asia, the two limits of the World."

A further indication that Senarius was involved comes from a correspondent who wrote to him late that year congratulating him on his safe return from a long and dangerous mission.

We do not know the outcome of Theoderic's joint démarche. Clovis reaction may have been very hostile. Theoderic's references to Senarius standing up to "base obstinacy" and "enraged authority" do not sound encouraging. However if there is any truth (however fleeting) in Senarius' claim that his missions "never failed in their task," perhaps Clovis did initially promise to back down in the face of Theoderic's coalition. If so, he did not keep his promise for long, nor did his erstwhile ally, Gundobad the Burgundian, keep faith with Theoderic.

Sometime in course of the following year, 507, Clovis crossed the Loire and — confirming Theoderic's worst fears — rapidly defeated the Visigoths and killed Alaric. Seizing an opportunity for gain, Gundobad changed sides and rushed to the aid of the victor, ravaging Visigothic territories in southern Gaul, and plundering as far south as Barcelona. For all his promises to Alaric, Theoderic could not intervene, to help the beleaguered Visigoths. As a diversion, Anastasius had sent 100 ships and 8,000 soldiers to harry the coast of Italy, forcing Theoderic to keep his army at home. Anastasius also signalled his disfavour by withholding recognition from the West's consular nominee for 507. At the same time his ambassadors ostentatiously congratulated Clovis for his victory over the heretic Visigoths and conferred on him the insignia of an honorary Consul.

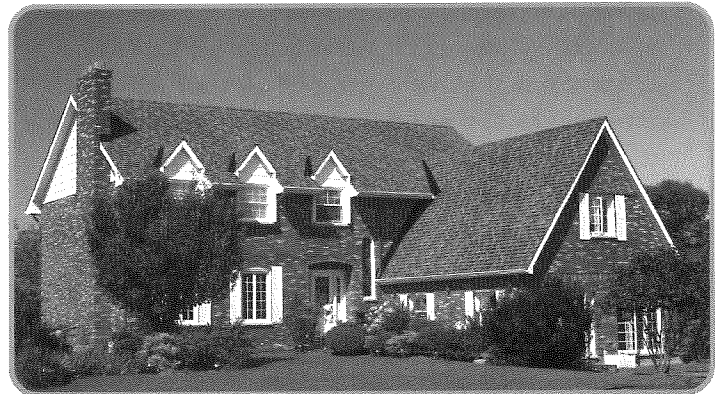
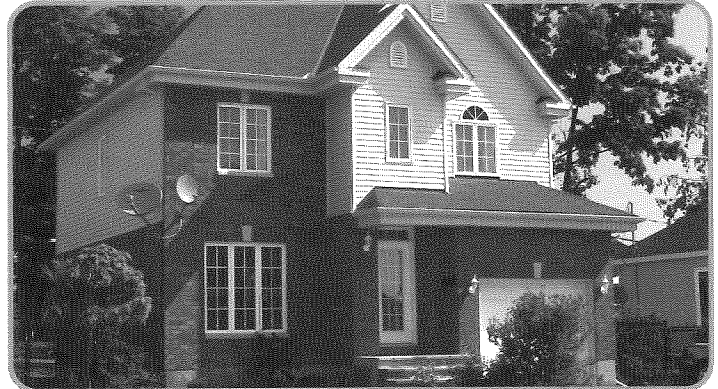
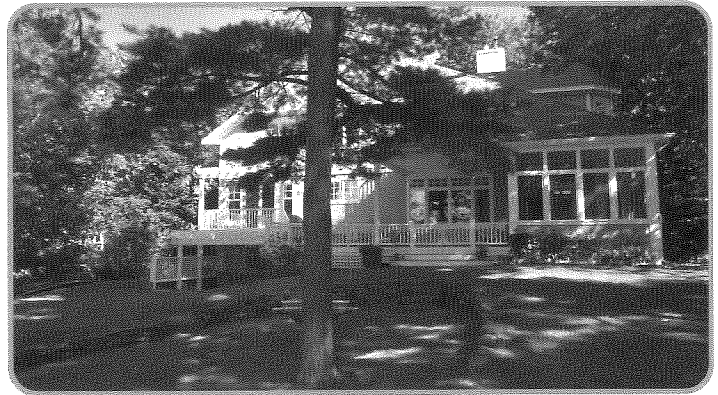
The investiture of gaudy regalia was a common Roman mark of favour for loyal client king. We know of similar instances from this period to chieftains in what is now Georgia and in North Africa. Gundobad the Burgundian was also favoured.

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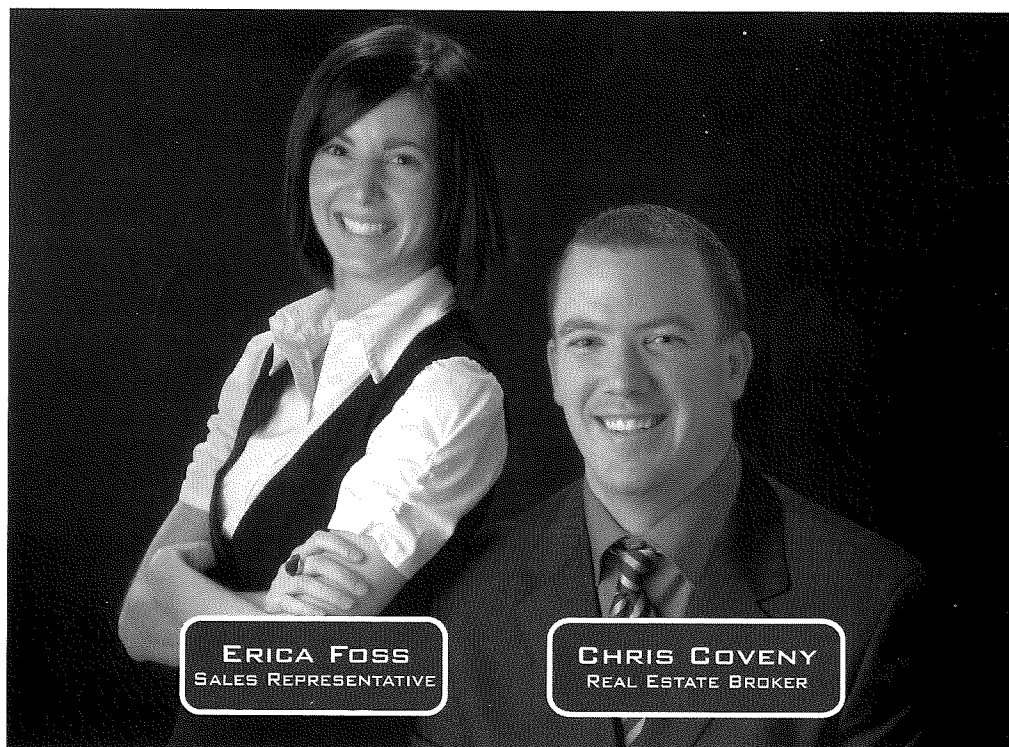
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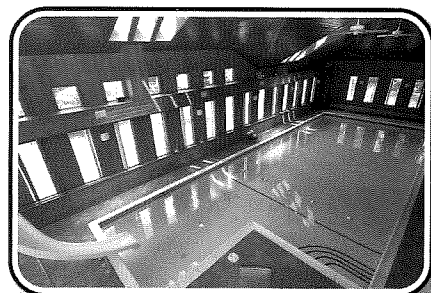
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being honoured with the post of *Magister Militum per Gallias* (commander-in-chief of the long-defunct Roman Army in Gaul). Clovis flounced about in his new finery, distributing largesse, the distinction between an actual and an *honourary* Consul being carefully blurred. His clerical cheerleaders hailed him as a new Constantine (forgetting the original Constantine had fed Frankish chiefs to the lions in the Trier arena).

As that unsung American philosopher Donald Rumsfeld noted, there are “known knowns” and “known unknowns.” One of the “known unknowns” is what exactly motivated Anastasius to intervene on the side of the Franks. There was one clear area dispute between Theoderic and Constantinople. Sirmium (Smrška Mitrovica in modern Serbia), the principle city in Pannonia II, was nominally part of the eastern Empire. It was in fact held by the Gepids, ancient enemies of Goths. One of Theoderic’s generals had recently expelled them from the city and annexed it. He then defeated a nominally east Roman army of barbarian mercenaries, that had been sent to show the flag in the region (the regular Imperial field army was tied up with a war against Iran). The Ostrogoths now seemed intent on penetrating deeper into the eastern Balkans, their old stamping grounds. This was a little too close to home for Constantinople. By intervening, Anastasius had shown Theoderic just how far his reach could stretch. Moreover Clovis was a perfect client — well positioned to threaten the Goths, but too far away to pose a threat to imperial interests.

Unable to respond militarily, Theoderic again turned to diplomacy. He sent an embassy to Anastasius with a very

humble letter behooving “...us, most clement Emperor, to seek for peace, since there are no causes for anger between us...” He entrusted the letter to a senior official, Agapitus, who was warned that

“... you will have to dispute against the most subtle persons — artificers of words, who think they can foresee every possible answer to their arguments.”

Assuring Anastasius that

“Our royalty is an imitation of yours, modelled on your good purpose, a copy of the only Empire; and in so far as we follow you do we excel all other nations...”

Theoderic asked that

“Peace, which has been broken, through a variety of causes, may, by the removal of all matters of dispute, be firmly restored between us ... Let there be always one will, one purpose, in the Roman Empire.”

Good relations were thus restored, and Constantinople recognized the western Consul for 508. Anastasius had made his point; moreover, sending the Roman fleet to ravage Italy had proven unpopular at home. As a *quid pro quo* there seems to have been a Gothic undertaking that they would not penetrate deeper into the Balkans (although Sirmium stayed in Gothic hands). Theoderic was now given a free hand in the West, and took full advantage of it.

In June 508, Theoderic’s armies massively intervened against Clovis’ Franks in southern Gaul. The besieged cities of Arles and Carcassonne were relieved and the Franks suffered a devastating defeat, allegedly losing 30,000 men. The Burgundians were also chastised and Theoderic took the Provence from them. The happy Provençals were told to rejoice at their liberation and to:

“Obey Roman customs. You are now by God’s blessing restored to your ancient freedom; put off the barbarian; clothe yourselves with the morals of the toga; unlearn cruelty, that you may not be unworthy to be our subjects.”

Theoderic now turned his attention to restoring the wreckage of the Visigothic kingdom. Alaric had two sons. The elder, Gesalic, while illegitimate, had been proclaimed king by the Visigothic nobility. Theoderic, however backed his infant grandson Amalaric, Alaric’s legitimate son by Theodegotho. The Visigoths were in no position to contest this, and Gesalic was forced to seek refuge with the Vandals in North Africa, who gave him funds and sent him back to try to reclaim his throne. Theoderic now made strong representations to the Vandal king Thrasamund:

“Having given you our sister, that singular ornament of the Amal race, in marriage, in order to knit the bonds of friendship between us, we are amazed that you should

have given protection and support to our enemy Gesalic. If it was out of mere pity and as an outcast that you received him into your realm, you ought to have kept him there; whereas you have sent him forth furnished with large supplies of money to disturb the peace of our Gallic provinces. This is not the conduct of a friend, much less of a relative."

Thrasamund was very contrite, sending rich presents to Theoderic and more importantly disowning Gesalic, who, after a failed attempt to make a comeback in Spain, died under murky circumstances in Burgundia. Theoderic's response to his brother-in-law was suitably gracious:

"You have shown, most prudent of Kings, that wise men know how to amend their faults, instead of persisting in them ... In a noble and truly kingly manner you have humbled yourself to confess your fault with respect to your reception of Gesalic ... We thank you and praise you, and accept your contrition for this offence, with all our heart. As for the presents by your ambassadors, we accept them with our minds, but not with our hands. Let them be returned to your Treasury, so it may be seen that it was simply the love of justice, not desire for gain, which prompted our complaints."

In 511, Theoderic sent one of his generals, Theudis, to Spain to act as Amalaric's "tutor" — a task he fulfilled for the next 15 years. In effect, he became Theoderic's viceroy in Spain. The Visigothic treasury was sent to Italy for "safe-keeping," and Theudis ensured that a substantial tribute was remitted every year.

By his (and his diplomats') skillful exercise of (as Kofi Annan so aptly put it) "diplomacy backed by firmness and force," Theoderic had salvaged much from Alaric's disaster. The Vandals had been cowed, the Burgundians chastised, and the Franks held at bay. By adding the Provence and most of Spain to his domains, Theoderic now ruled almost half the territory of the former western Empire. To commemorate his victory he issued a large gold coin showing himself dressed as a Roman general, with the legend "King Theoderic, Ever-victorious, Pious Prince." On the reverse was a winged Victory and the legend "Theoderic, Victor over the Barbarians." ☺

*Roger Lucy is a retired Foreign Service Officer (1974 to 2004), who has contributed many 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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Canada's IDRC Today

Interview with David Malone

*David Malone, recently Canada's High Commissioner in India, and a former ambassador at the UN, became President of International Development Research Centre (IDRC) in July 2008. He is a graduate of Hautes Études commerciales (Montreal), the American University in Cairo, Harvard and Oxford. He is the author of eight books and has two more on the way, one of which, *Does the Elephant Dance?* Contemporary Indian Foreign Policy, was recently previewed in The Economist. We interviewed him in January 2010.*

bout: As a long-time Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade (DFAIT) type, how did you wind up at IDRC?

DM: Actually, it all started when I spotted an advertisement in *The Economist* for the position. I had been aware for some time that my terrific predecessor, Maureen O'Neil, who served for 11 years, was thinking of moving on — she today leads an exciting private foundation in the health research field.

My career, a very happy one, has involved more coming and going from DFAIT than most do. I joined as a very young guy, after a singularly undistinguished university career but with a strong interest in international affairs and an active past in student politics. Within a few years, I felt an inexplicable pull back towards academic work and, when I returned to it on leave from the government, I worked hard and enjoyed myself a lot. And, with support from colleagues in External Affairs (as it then was), and considerable encouragement from several of my supervisors, I kept going back to school, taking a sabbatical from External every seven years or so, to do some studying, writing or teaching, sometimes all three. I only earned my doctorate when I was 43, having understood that in the academic world a Ph.D. is like union membership — a requirement for admission into certain functions.

As an occasional scholar I was well aware of IDRC. I knew of its very significant impact in research and policy circles of the developing world, but never got to know it well. IDRC in 2000 co-published one of my books, *Greed and Grievance: Economic Agendas in Civil Wars* (edited with my friend Mats Berdal), achieving for it much wider distribution in the developing world than any other publisher could have. Incidentally, the book resulted from a policy-oriented research effort co-sponsored by the Foreign and Commonwealth Office (FCO) in London and DFAIT in Ottawa put together in 1998 by Michael Small, then a

director in the Global Issues Bureau, that came to involve many of the leading scholars in the field (including Paul Collier).

And so, I applied cold, rather than seeking a grace and favour appointment (that, in any event, would have eluded me), in a process involving headhunters, a search committee of the IDRC Board, serious reference checks and so forth. I had to fly back from India twice for interviews. And still, even when the Board had made its choice, the government's endorsement was required through an Order in Council appointment, as the head of IDRC is a "Deputy Head" in Ottawa parlance, leading a Crown Corporation. In sum, nearly as much process as a diplomatic Head of Mission appointment!



IDRC President David Malone (right) speaking with journalists in Dakar, Senegal.

My only regret was leaving India, where I loved my time unreservedly, earlier than planned. New Delhi has to be one of our three or four most interesting assignments and one very relevant to global interests today. But, in order to manage an interesting career, all of us need to make compromises. And my experience in India (like my earlier postings in the Middle East and at the UN) is useful to my work at IDRC, and today also lies at the heart of my personal research life.

bout: How has IDRC changed over the years?

DM: In 2010 we celebrate our 40th anniversary. Like all institutions, IDRC has had its ups and downs, although its reputation for excellence has never faltered. It suffered severe budget cuts in the mid-1990s, like all federally funded institutions, and it took some years to recover from the trauma. Under Maureen

O'Neil, particularly as of 2000, IDRC experienced a "golden age". Its overriding commitment to capacity-building in the developing world for evidence-based policy-making came to be more widely shared. And its reputation for tight management conjoined with great ambition for its grantees yielded a view elsewhere, most clearly expressed in a review for the UK's Department for International Development (DfID) of the development research community, that it is a uniquely compelling international actor — and a great foreign and development policy instrument for Canada.

The result is twofold. On the one hand, the Canadian government has prompted Parliament to devote greater resources to it, most recently through the government's Development Innovation Fund (DIF) — announced in the budget of February 2008 — which IDRC is overseeing. On the other, IDRC can now engage in financially very significant partnerships with some of the strongest funders in the development field, including DfID, the Gates and Hewlett Foundations, and, of course, the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) itself.

In 2010–11, our budget is likely to hover around \$250 million, and in 2011–12, when the DIF kicks in fully, around \$300 million. While this is small compared to CIDA's resources (well over \$3 billion), it is very meaningful in the development research world, where IDRC is one of the largest actors globally.

Our most exciting new program, the Think Tank Initiative, an idea of the Hewlett Foundation, has made waves in the funding world. Hewlett was prepared to make available very large sums (US\$40 million in the first instance) to provide core (as opposed to project-related) support to promising policy-relevant social science research institutions in the developing world. Late in the day, the Gates Foundation, with which we have partnered quite a bit on a range of issues (and will again on the DIF), joined in with an equal amount. IDRC put in about CDN\$12 million of its own, and is implementing the initiative which is rolling out in 11 African, 7 Latin American and 5 South Asian countries. It now looks as if the initiative will attract one or two further funders before we close out its first fund-raising phase. (Implementation has four years left to run.) A second phase of the initiative seems likely.

bout: What substantive areas does IDRC focus on?

DM: IDRC works to a five-year programming cycle governed by a strategic framework set by our Board. The Board, currently chaired with great flair by Barbara McDougall, has nearly as many international members as Canadian ones, all of them appointed by Order in Council. It is frankly both more reliable and in that sense easier to work to a Board than to satisfy short-term bureaucratic impulses



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and often misunderstood or opaque political guidance in a line department. But from another angle, it can be very exacting given that our highly knowledgeable Board members have many questions (and their own ideas) on our future directions. Our Finance and Audit Committee is chaired by former Auditor General of Canada Denis Desautels, who is very demanding — as he should be on planning, budgeting and accountability — but also highly supportive of IDRC's goals. I am once again greatly enjoying working for a Board, and learning from it, as I did during my years leading the International Peace Academy in New York from 1998–2004.

The Board recently approved a strategic framework for 2010–15 after a year-long process of consultation within Canada and abroad. It is supportive of the priorities for Canadian Official Development Assistance (ODA) set out by Minister Oda last year. And we also strike out in a few modest directions of our own, notably on science and technology innovation. Beyond this, we will focus on agricultural and environmental research (building on a large partnership we have with DfID in Africa, on adaptation to climate change), with perhaps some energy projects thrown in; support for health systems and (through the DIF) funding of medical research involving developing country scientists; and, as always, economic and social policy writ large (including programming in such sub-fields as trade, competition policy, administrative law, gender, peace and conflict). Information technologies for development, in which IDRC has blazed quite a trail over the past 10 years, will now be integrated throughout the Centre's programming.

We don't have countries of concentration, rather being guided by where research is most likely to bear fruit and most needed. Also, we don't fund multilateral institutions (although we maintain a useful funding partnership with International Fund for Agricultural Development). We do, however, within the developing world, fund networks of individual researchers and research institutions within countries, across regions and globally, which often yield very fine collaborations and results. And we continue to engage very energetically with the major emerging economies as they offer new models of success for other developing countries.

bout: What about a Canadian angle?

DM: We have a terrific new pattern of promoting the engagement of Canadian researchers with those of the developing world. IDRC funds the developing country end, and the major Canadian granting agencies (NSERC, SSHRC, CIHR) increasingly agree to take on funding of the Canadian end. Further, we have a new partnership with CIDA, on food security and agricultural research, that will operate rather similarly, in linking Canadian research teams (which have so much to offer in this field) with counterparts in the developing world. These trans-continental partnerships are very popular with politicians in

Canada who appreciate how important it is for our country to link up with innovation and ground-breaking research globally.

bout: Is there a DFAIT angle?

DM: Very much so. IDRC reports to Parliament through Minister Cannon. Len Edwards is our "portfolio Deputy" and has been very helpful to us. And we liaise often with others in DFAIT. In the field, our six regional offices (Montevideo, Dakar, Nairobi, Cairo, Delhi and Singapore) aim to keep in touch with our Heads of Mission (HOMs) and their colleagues throughout the developing world. We encourage newly appointed HOMs to visit IDRC to establish what we have going on in their countries of accreditation — often quite a lot. And with CIDA concentrating on fewer countries, IDRC is often the sole Canadian official development actor still engaged in many countries. But, depressingly, not everyone is interested. HOM training recently has focused so overwhelmingly on management requirements that some of our colleagues barely seem to know what it is they are meant to be managing. When I visit the field, I make myself available to our diplomatic missions for whatever political and other activities are of use to them. Many are tremendously creative and impressive in drawing on my time.

bout: Does coming from DFAIT make a difference?

DM: Not really. Serious attention to management, genuine respect for the guidance of the Board and total commitment to our grantees are what matters. Once we have decided to back an individual or a research team, we hold them to very high standards of accountability, but we also support them (for example on methodology, grant administration and result dissemination) much more than most donors.

It helps to have been a researcher and thus a former grantee — so often at the mercy of funders. My personal models of good donorship are the Ford, MacArthur, Rockefeller and Hewlett Foundations, as well as DfID. Alas, I have dealt with some other funders who verged on the irrational and neurotically self-absorbed, serving as donors because they had to rather than because they believed in what they were doing. Thus, I have good models to fall back on, and some very bad ones to remind me of what to avoid. (The great Canadian public international law scholar, Tom Franck, used to comment: "Nobody need be completely useless — one can always serve as a bad example.")

IDRC was exceptionally well managed when I got here. My colleagues are outstanding. All of this was recognized in one of the best strategic reviews Ottawa has seen in recent years. But the challenge for us all here is to fight complacency and the joy is to glory in the privilege of serving both Canada and our wonderful, ever-evolving community of grantees.

bout: Thank you, David. ☺

Recession! What Recession?

You think I joke
Because I smile,
And normal folk
Think that's sheer guile.
But when I see
Before my eyes
Pure hypocrisy
It's no surprise
That I point it out, *comme il faut*,
But gently, without *braggadocio*.

I'm tired of reading economic news
That all is lost, recession woes are here,
Financial analysts with thoughts abstruse
Expect that we will nod and all concur.
But I've discovered in the fashion world
Where retro lingerie stalks the catwalks,
Where Givenchy still reigns, a demiworld
Exists; Armani dazzles, wild in high baroque.

Couture transcends the economic bile
And panders with its satin, silk *chef d'œuvres*
To those who flaunt an elegance of style
In handmade hats of Dior chic and verve.
They, nestled in a sexuality
Of elegance and flowers, prove the rule:
Fashions' famed irresponsibility
Trumps economic woes and ridicule.

And what of men, are they exempt think you
From fashion's folly, in these straightened times?
No way, for dudes, masculine through and
through
Have discovered the "Mirdle" a male paradigm,
A girdle for men designed to contain
Too generous a belly and handles of love.
Three hundred dollars to remain urbane
Buy a tee-shirt on steroids that fits like
a glove. ☺

*Terry Jones has contributed poems to
bout over many years. After 36 fasci-
nating years in the foreign service,
many of them spent in Africa or on
African issues, he is currently on post-
ing in Victoria, BC, Foreign Affairs'
"retirement lotus land".*

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Transforming Rights: Reflections from the Front Lines

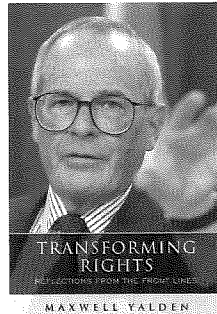
Reviewed by Ian Ferguson

Canada's Voice: The Public Life of John Wendell Holmes

Reviewed by Hector Mackenzie

TRANSFORMING RIGHTS: REFLECTIONS FROM THE FRONT LINES, by Maxwell Yalden. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2009, 256 pp, \$39.95.

Ian Ferguson is a retired Foreign Service Officer who served as Director General, Africa Bureau (2005–07). His last postings were as Deputy Permanent Representative to the UN in Geneva (2001–05) and High Commissioner to Nigeria (1999–2001).



legislation to emerge from the federal administration since the war." To build on its significant achievements, Yalden has some tough advice: the Clerk and Deputies have to show they care and insist that official language "champions" report directly to them; Francophones must exercise their right to work in French;

universities should make a second language compulsory and provide training.

On Canadian human rights files, Yalden sets up the milestones in removing discrimination on grounds of gender, disability, and sexual orientation. He recalls Quebec's untimely and so far unique invocation of the "notwithstanding clause" after the Supreme Court ruling on its sign law which he suggests began the unravelling of the Meech Lake Accord. He looks at ever-vexing pay equity issues. With the exception of ongoing age discrimination, he generally approves of what our legislatures, commissions and courts have achieved. He discounts as "urban myth" the idea that the courts have been unacceptably "activist." While noting that Canada has done better than others on multiculturalism, he deplores that laws on polygamy have not been vigorously enforced. He gives us his wisdom on current issues around "reasonable accommodation" such as clothing or the presence of the crucifix in the Quebec National Assembly (still hanging there with unanimous support).

On Canada's treatment of its First Nations, Yalden is worth heeding. He argues for greater candour noting that total financial dependence on other governments makes self-government unrealistic. He disagrees with the "nation" approach of the Royal Commission and advances ideas about a "rights plus" system for individual Aboriginal Canadians wherever they reside. He is attracted to the idea of an ombudsman for Aboriginal Affairs, reporting to

Parliament, to give a push to projects and negotiations. He finds Canada's opposition to the 2007 UN Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples to be based on "singularly flimsy grounds." He flags the Government's increasing isolation in its stance with the Canadian Parliament's supportive resolution of April 2008 and the Obama Administration's reconsideration of its position. (In the March 3, 2010 Speech from the Throne, the Government undertook to take steps to endorse the UN Declaration.)

On human rights issues at the UN from 1996–2004, Yalden brought to bear his training as a philosopher and experiences as a diplomat and deputy minister to come up with workable policy advice. This unique, non-legalistic perspective made him invaluable to the UN Human Rights Committee, an expert body which critiques Member States performance under the UN Covenant on Civil and Political Rights. Most of the other members were lawyers. I recall the then Chair of the Committee, an eminent Tunisian law professor, pleading with us to put forward Mr. Yalden's re-election for a third four-year term. Canada, however, decided to adhere to its policy of two terms only for all UN elected expert and secretariat positions. Yalden evaluates the shortcomings of the UN's inter-governmental and human rights treaty machinery making reasonable recommendations to streamline member states reporting. Canada's good record in making legislative changes in response to the UN Committee's findings has been marred, in Yalden's view, by the refusal of both Canada and Ontario to expand to other faiths the pre-Confederation advantages accorded Roman Catholics.

He believes our overall human rights policy could do with a little less moral posturing *vis-à-vis* others and more effort to resolve problems at home. He concludes that if he gives Canada only a passing

Former Foreign Service Officer Maxwell Yalden has written a book faithful to his own persona: informed, thoughtful, eloquent, and straight talking. Anyone concerned about bilingualism, human rights and Canada's future should appreciate it. The book opens with a mini-memoir of an impeccably managed career which began in External Affairs and took him to senior levels in Secretary of State, Communications, and then service as Official Languages Commissioner, Human Rights Commissioner, Ambassador to Belgium, and member of the United Nations Human Rights Committee. **bout de papier** readers will be edified to hear that no-one was immune to sub-standard diplomatic housing in Moscow in the Cold War days.

After taking stock of the pitiable state of French language services outside Quebec at the time of the *First Report of Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism* (1965) and before the *Official Languages Act* of 1969, Yalden chronicles the legal evolution and the steady progress made. For example, in 1971, there were no Francophone-controlled school boards outside Quebec. By 2004 there were 30, managing 675 French-language schools. The Act is deemed "probably one of the most successful pieces of societal

mark, it is because he believes that we can do better. It is also because he cares deeply about such issues and about Canada, and because they are so connected to our identity and our values.

CANADA'S VOICE: THE PUBLIC LIFE OF JOHN WENDELL HOLMES, by Adam Chapnick. Vancouver: UBC Press, 2009, 361 pp, \$85.00; \$32.95 pb

*Hector Mackenzie is the Senior Departmental Historian of the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade and a member of the editorial board of **bout de papier**.*

As readers of **bout de papier** will appreciate, it is a formidable challenge for any biographer to write about someone who wrote so well as John Holmes, as quotations from the subject may eclipse the author's prose. Moreover, what endeared Holmes to colleagues, students, friends and strangers, and what served him so well as a diplomat, scholarly organizer and commentator, were personal qualities — charm, tact, modesty, genuine interest in others and self-deprecating wit — about which the biographer must rely on the recollections of his associates, as these elusive traits may not always be conveyed in the writings which must be the principal source for such a study. Similarly, the public and private analyses by Holmes tended to be characterized by common sense and pragmatism rather than by originality or boldness, so that it is difficult to depict him in path-breaking terms. Confronted by these challenges, Adam Chapnick has done well.

He has made excellent use of the correspondence, official and personal writings of Holmes, as well as interviews with many who knew him. There is an understandable tendency to exaggerate the distinction of his subject and to speculate where evidence is lacking. This is also a solemn biography. Holmes certainly never took himself quite so seriously as does Chapnick.

Holmes is often described in terms that likely would have made him cringe,

from "an indispensable force within the East Block" (p. 69) to "one of the most sought-after commentators on foreign policy of his era" (p. 81), "public representative of all that was Canadian" (p. 130), and "Canadian ambassador to the world" (p. 142). Afterward, he became "one of Canada's great university teachers" (p. 202) and ultimately "Canada's leading voice in world affairs" (p. 276). The repetitive hyperbole is unfortunate and unnecessary. The fond and fulsome tributes and eulogies after his death attest to the high regard of many for Holmes, who was certainly, as Keith Spicer aptly recalled, a "good man" as well as possibly a great one.

Chapnick rarely disagrees with Holmes, with the principal exception being the latter's views on the UN resolutions dealing with Israel and Zionism. Though elsewhere a debunker of the "golden age," Chapnick embraces the concept here so as to place Holmes in its limelight. Much of Holmes' influence was linked to his personal rapport with Pearson, though the latter barely mentioned Holmes in his memoirs, an omission that Chapnick justifiably corrects. Pearson relied on Holmes, but it may not be so simple to attribute policies or actions to an adviser.

In any event, Holmes left the Department of External Affairs (DEA) soon after John Diefenbaker became prime minister, though Chapnick carefully separates the political from the personal factors in the end of his diplomatic career. Chapnick presents a convincing portrait of Holmes as weary and less effective or reliable even before he became a victim of the "gay purges" that swept through the federal public service and especially damaged the senior ranks of DEA.

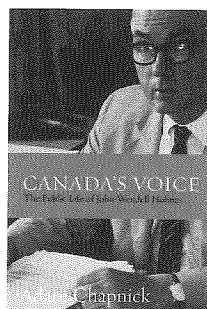
As Chapnick illustrates so effectively, Holmes remained steadfastly loyal to the government and department that dispensed with his services, as one of his major contributions in later life was to act as an informal adviser on international relations and a facilitator between government and scholars. That remarkable role and his myriad contacts served the Canadian Institute of International Affairs (CIIA)

well, though they may also have prompted the CIIA to over-extend itself. Chapnick appropriately notes how Holmes was surrounded (and sheltered) by remarkably capable, devoted and effective women, most notably Gayle Fraser, to whom Chapnick pays a deserved tribute.

Holmes was a prolific writer, especially adept as an essayist, so that his published work provides ample evidence of his views, including his reaction to contemporary events, which he shared with Canadian and foreign audiences. As a former practitioner, Holmes tended to be sympathetic with the constraints within which decision makers operated, and he was mindful of the CIIA's non-partisan mandate, so that he rarely spoke openly against a policy or action of the Canadian government. That produced some inconsistencies in analysis and led some critics to cast him as an apologist and others simply as an elitist. His written work demonstrates his devotion to the UN, his sympathy for the Commonwealth, his complex appreciation of Canada's relations with the United States, and his lack of understanding of NATO. As Chapnick notes, particularly in his early years with the CIIA, he sometimes strayed "beyond his expertise," though his eloquence masked that tendency.

Holmes greatly influenced the research, writing and teaching of Canada's international relations (though less so economic aspects). He eschewed ideological or theoretical approaches and disdained moralism in favour of the "case study" method, which certainly suited his pragmatism and realistic appreciation of the limits of influence and authority. He brought to the classroom and to his exchanges with scholars a lively appreciation drawn from experience of the rational and irrational factors that can influence policy making and the conduct of external relations. His acumen, tolerance, generosity, attentiveness and consideration for others have had a profound and lasting impact on the study of international relations in Canada.

To Chapnick, John Holmes was "the idealized voice of Canada in the world" (p. 286). This is a comprehensive and sympathetic biography, though its modest subject would have been embarrassed by the attention and the praise. ☺



A Troubled Pilgrimage

Three excerpts from an unpublished travel memoir

by Bill Bhaneja

Although we think of pilgrimages as devotional trips to special places like Santiago de Compostela or Mecca, usually the real destination is the same: the soul. Born in Lahore just before British India's brutal partition in 1947, in 2006 Bill Bhaneja took advantage of the posting to Pakistan of an old friend (your Editor) to return to the city of his birth. He also wanted to return to the home of his ancestors, Sukkur, half way down Pakistan in Upper Sindh. A former Science Counsellor and Canadian diplomat, our intrepid traveller set aside his worries about personal security. With train tickets and knapsack in hand, he stepped into what he quietly feared might be an "unthinkable abyss."

What follows is extracted from his journal of that trip.

It is the tale of two great leaps of faith in trusting perfect strangers and the soul-satisfying discovery that so many years later and despite great divides, one remains a "son of the soil." But there also followed a failure of nerve that seems only too understandable in today's Pakistan. As Bill shows us, journeys of the soul are not only about risks rewarded, but also about regret when fear undermines our faith in others.

Bill (Balwant) Bhaneja was posted as Counsellor (Science and Technology) in London, Berlin and Bonn. He is author of four books on politics, international relations, and theatre. His last work was a collaboration with Indian playwright Vijay Tendulkar entitled, Two plays: The Cyclist and His Fifth Woman, Oxford University Press (India), 2006. His plays have been produced by BBC World Service. He has just finished his play adaptation of Trillium Award winning novel, Fabrizio's Return, by Mark Frutkin.

— The Editor

Arrival in Sukkur

The tall taxi driver in baggy shalwar trousers and long shirt stood before me. He had a weathered complexion and a thick moustache. On mentioning the two hotels suggested in Islamabad to me, he said both were equally good. I wondered if he was being tactful not wanting to put down the hotels of his hometown. The Forum was in the centre of town close to the main market; the other one, Inter Pak, was quieter, near

the daryah, the river. He took my brown duffle bag and put it on his side seat while I climbed into the back of the taxi.

As we drove out of the airport he curiously asked me if it was my first visit to Sukkur. He seemed to be having difficulty placing me regionally. I understood my parents' language well, but it was rusty. Though I spoke Sindhi hesitatingly, it was understandable. I had tried it in Islamabad with Abida Pervin's brother Ali and thought it sounded fine (Abida being an icon of Pakistani traditional music). However I would not know the regional origins of my dialect. As I had learnt it listening to my parents, I assumed it came from here — the region of their birthplace. Having grown up largely in Hindi and Punjabi

In the post 9/11 climate, one had to be cautious whether in New York or Sukkur. Upper Sindh had a reputation for robberies and abductions for ransom.

speaking neighbourhoods of Delhi, the other two languages were picked up at school or on the street. At home, our parents spoke in Sindhi while we replied to them in Hindi. Conversing with the driver I was surprised that Sindhi words I had not heard since my childhood were coming to my lips.

Seeing me carrying a duffle bag, he asked if I was a medical rep touring the area. I kept quiet. I was not sure whether to tell him where I came from or about the purpose of my visit. In the post 9/11 climate, one had to be cautious whether in New York or Sukkur. Upper Sindh had a reputation for robberies and abductions for ransom. While growing up in India, I remembered newspapers headlining the stories of innocent Indians held in Pakistani jails for years having been arrested on charges of spying. Similar stories were reported of Pakistani Jasooos caught in old Delhi's Muslim areas. I had decided that on this trip I would try to avoid being drawn into any political talk. Even the camera I carried with me was a cheap disposable one, in case my expensive Canon might be confiscated by the authorities.

When I had expressed this concern to Stuart [Hughes] in Islamabad, he had consoled me that unlike most Canadians,

in Pakistan I had the unique advantage of being an invisible minority. We had both laughed at his insight. He suggested that I take the usual common sense precautions travelling in a foreign land, and to phone him if I ran into any problem...

Rohiri — my father's birthplace

Despite a grey baseball cap protecting my head from the sun, the heat of the day had begun to affect me. It had been long since I walked through such cramped alleys, I felt claustrophobic. It seemed images from my childhood memories of this place had shrunk considerably in scale. I had felt the same way in historic Shikarpur, everything around looked much smaller than I remembered from my visit to the area as a five-year-old. The streets were narrow and packed densely with rows of two to three floors-high houses which were shabby and worn down.

There was a concentration of Hindu families and small shops in this old neighbourhood. As we walked by the shops, my taxi driver Nur Bux read the signage over the entrance of a stall and repeated the Hindu name of the owner neatly written in Arabic Sindhi script on the tin board. Perhaps some Hindu families in my father's quarter had decided to stay on. It might have been due to good communal relations in the area, or its proximity to Hindu shrines of Sadhu Bela and Vasan Shah temples which served as sanctuary to those who opted to stay during the tumultuous times of Partition.

Like other places we had visited since morning, here too none could remember much about the Hindus from pre-Partition days, especially those who had migrated to India. One of the younger men took us to an Hindu shopkeeper who ran an electrical repair shop. There was an air of authority about this middle-aged man. I was not sure if it came from his age or being a community leader. He wore the traditional loose shirt of beige colour with white stripes and shalwar trousers. Sitting on a wooden stool in his tiny shop, he was busy fixing an electric iron on the raised workbench in front of him. As he saw us, he stood up and came down the steps of the shop. While the younger man deferentially repeated what he had heard about me from the taxi driver, the shop owner studied me with interest. After a moment's pause, he introduced himself in Sindhi, "I used to be with the Irrigation Department, an electrical engineer. Now retired, I own this shop. Where are you from?"

I replied, "Canada, but originally a Sindhi Hindu from India." His penetrating eyes scrutinized me. I continued with my story, "My father was born here in Rohiri." "Vaasho vari Ghitti," he wryly interrupted, confirming its existence. The word Ghitti in Sindhi stands for a narrow lane. Encouraged I said, "My grandfather's name was Aildas Bhaneja. He had two sons: Devidas and Sugumal. My father was the younger one, Sugumal. Both lived in the same lane along with their cousin Shri Nandlal. I visited them once when I was five years old for my oldest cousin's wedding." Nur Bux intervened



bringing the conversation to the present. "Sai," he addressed the shopkeeper, "this sahib has a lot of time. He has to catch his train from Rohiri Station at 10:30 tonight." Then he turned and looked at me, "It is getting quite hot. I suggest you pass the rest of the day here, you can walk around to find your family house and then the spend rest of the time in the temple by the river? You will find it interesting."

The shopkeeper gave a sharp look to the driver, mumbling under his breath that the driver was pulling a fast one on me. He asked me, "Where are you going next?" I replied, "Lahore. I was born there." With bravado he told the driver in Sindhi, "Okay, you leave him here. We will take care of Sai and show him everything." While all this was going on, I noticed a small crowd gathering around, curiously examining me, wondering how all this would end. Nur Bux glanced in my direction to check if I was satisfied with what was being proposed.

I felt like a bundle being exchanged in the middle of nowhere. I was apprehensive. How was I to discern who was friend or foe, a Hindu or a Muslim? My unease was about not wanting to end up with the wrong people and later regretting it.

Years earlier my wife and I visited India. Travelling by bus from Ajanta caves to Aurangabad we saw a group of men befriending a young Japanese tourist who was travelling with us. Next morning we found the youth in the hotel lobby in tears having lost all his belongings. His new friends had slipped him a sleeping tablet in a drink and stolen all his valuables. I remember him saying that he never thought that there would be such deceit and thievery in the land of Mahatma Gandhi. That had taught me an important lesson of being careful who you fraternized with when travelling.

The shopkeeper seemed to understand my hesitation, "Don't worry Sai." He interjected in a firm voice. "We will drop you at the station to catch Karokaram Express for Lahore. It is always late. You are our guest."

I knew I had some quick decisions to make. Should I spend a few more hours with Nur Bux who would have driven me around Rohiri, and later leave me on my own at the train station for rest of the day? There was not much left to see, except to end up in the railway waiting room until the train arrived. The only other choice was the one being offered by this total stranger I had just met. But then as far as I was

concerned everyone was a stranger in Sindh. Ultimately, it is our faith in ourselves which makes us decide at such moments whether to take the risk — a blind step that could take you into an unthinkable abyss...

Despite my fears, I gave in to the shopkeeper's invitation. Smiling Nur Bux assured me, "Nothing to worry Sai. You are with your own people."

The shopkeeper called a boy in the crowd and told him to go with Nur Bux to the river to bring my duffle bag from the taxi. I paid Nur Bux the fare and thanked him for the splendid work he had done in showing me the three towns. The boy disappeared with Nur Bux down the lane to fetch the duffle bag. The small crowd that had gathered around us slowly dispersed, going their different ways.



Train to Lahore

I looked at my watch, it was six o'clock in the morning. The jolt with which the train lurched out of the station had awakened me. The sign at the platform read Khanewal. The misty light of dawn penetrated through the train window. The young fellow sleeping on the berth facing me greeted: "Salaam-e-Lekum!" I reciprocated, "Va-lekum Salaam." The young man of a fair complexion had a handsome round face. A thin crescent shaped beard ran from his ear to ear. He put on his white skull prayer cap. Standing up he called his friends asleep on upper berths to wake up and that it was time for the morning Namaz. From the language and accent, I could figure out that these youths were neither Punjabi nor Sindhi. The way they spoke Urdu, their accent made me think they were the children of Urdu-speaking Muslims who migrated from northern India.

Soon one by one, all five of them were standing in the space between the berths in the cabin. They looked young to me, in their early twenties. Obviously, it was too narrow a space for everyone to pray together, so a couple of them decided to move outside in the corridor. They spread their neatly folded prayer mats on the floor to offer their first Namaz of the day. "Allah O Akbar!" (God is supreme!) In a row of two, their mats

side by side, standing up, sitting down, rising folded hands in appellation to Allah, God, they repeated, "Allah O Akbar!" In the rattling noise of a moving train, they went on with the ritual for the Morning Prayer.

The five young men had the same ear to ear beard and wore similar perforated skullcaps. I peeked outside in the corridor to check if this was a normal routine that all Muslims followed ardently. I couldn't see anyone so devout across the whole coach entreating God so early in the morning. After Namaz, those who had stood outside returned to the cabin, taking their seats, three on one side and two on my side.

One of the youths suddenly stood up to close the door of our cabin. Saying "Bismillah Rahim O Rahman," he launched into what he called "Baat," a homily on "Yakin" — the Absolute Belief. This was a completely new experience. Non-stop the youth went on for the next 15 to 20 minutes explaining significance of faith and importance of infallible belief in one's life. He gave examples from Holy Quran of incidents of piety and sacrifice. There was not much I could comprehend as I had no familiarity with the Muslim scripture. From little debate around, it was the word of the leader who I heard saying that his homily was strictly for contemplation, no discussion. As a fish out of the water, I began to feel uneasy, wanting to escape that confined space. I wondered how the group would react if they knew that I was a Hindu of Indian origins and a former Canadian diplomat.

After their Baat, one of them politely asked me, "You boarded the train last night at Rohiri."

"Yes." Keeping my composure, I replied.

"Are you going to Lahore?"

I turned the question around, "And you all?"

"Pindi." He grinned.

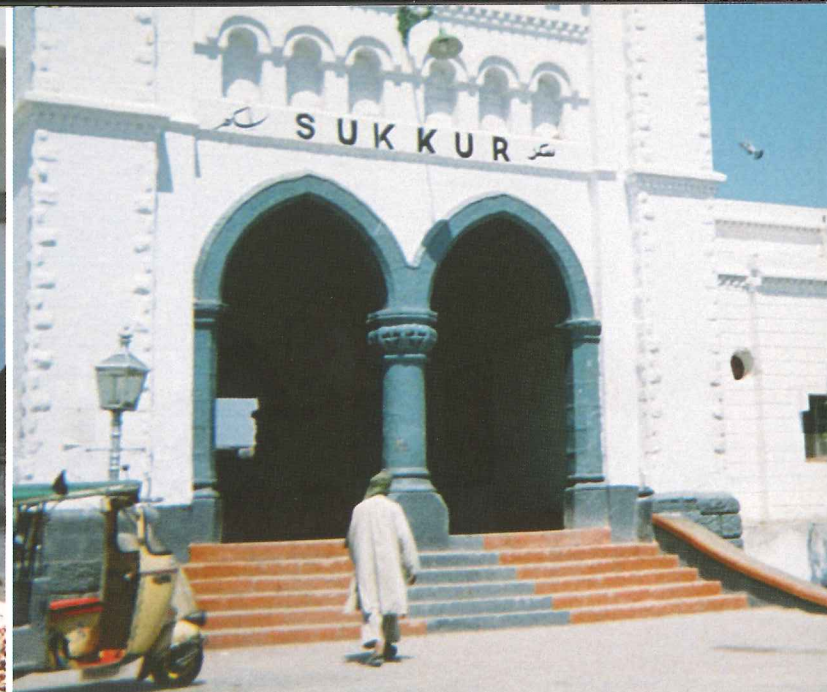
"You are from Karachi?" I innocently asked.

"And you, sir?"

"Both Rohiri and Lahore, you may say." I was being evasive.

The youth could see my discomfort. The same caution had overcome me when I had first met Nur Bux and Bhajan Lal. A strange instinct urged me to remain silent. I was afraid that I might be asked to get drawn in their religious chat. So I turned away my face to look outside the window at the changing scenery. Was I afraid, or just being cautious? The train chugged on. None of the youths seemed to be returning to their upper berths. As it was day now, it was obvious that everyone would sit on the lower berths. I was feeling squeezed sitting between my fellow passengers. Noticing an empty seat outside in the corridor, I stood up to offer my seat, suggesting that this would give them more room. They seemed happy as I excused myself carrying my duffle bag into the passage. I heard the glass door quickly shut behind me.

While sitting outside in the corridor seat, I was not happy with my decision to move out of the cabin. Why did I not just stay and converse with them? How could I let an opportunity of engaging these youths in a conversation pass? I generally enjoyed talking to strangers, wanting to learn about other cultures. On top of that, their Urdu accent was that of



Delhiwallas that I had always loved; it was the Urdu of poet Mirza Ghalib reminding me of my college days in Delhi. In my vocation as a diplomat, building relationships came naturally to me; and in my post-diplomatic career which now focussed upon promoting a culture of peace, transcending national boundaries and viewing everyone as the children of the same God had been an important goal. Their orthodox dress and behaviour however had made me suspect that they might belong to some religious Madrassa school. In my writings I had said that fear based on distrust usually comes from stereotypes. And here I was falling victim to the same. Was this caution in fact not my overblown fear? I had been able to overcome that fear in spending the day with Nur Bux and Bhajan Lal, both strangers — one Muslim and the other Hindu. However in this case, despite the normal train journey, I wondered at my reluctance to mingle. There had been too many stories of kidnappings and murders in Pakistan that I had read, most recently of Daniel Pearl, the *Wall Street Journal* correspondent who was killed by his young kidnappers in Karachi. I had been warned by friends and family to keep personal safety ahead in my travels inside Pakistan. Two times I had been lucky with my instincts, this time I was not ready to jump into unknown, my gut feeling keeping me from opening myself up to these youths.

It was a common knowledge that Islamic “terrorists,” Taliban and Lashkar-e-Tabia, were mainly populated by disaffected youth who had their training in Madrassa schools described as “Terrorist Factories” by many. How did one distinguish the followers of dogma from faith? Can dogma be also faith? It was difficult enough to discern this honesty in oneself and in one’s own faith, judging others seemed to me unattainable. This rational but inexplicable distrust of others bothered me. How presumptuous to have cast myself as a hostage?

The underlying question that bothered me for long was who were then “my people”? — Hindus, Muslims, Sindhis, Punjabis, Indians, Pakistanis, Canadians... Had I stayed home in Delhi and married a girl from the same caste and

of Sindhi origins, things were still not likely to be different. I would have still been unsure of the stranger with whom I was travelling. The question about my identity and that of my people had always been ambiguous. Without a land-based culture for Hindu Sindhis, the Partition had mercilessly fractured that notion of certainty about my anchor in a place and time, making me forever cautious and quieter. These Muslim young men could have been just devout believers, I didn’t think I would have hesitated in the same way if I had a similar encounter with either Hindu or Christian youths. I wondered if this incapacity for reaching out said a lot about me or was it about human condition in general in the year 2006?

The Karokaram Express chugged along towards Lahore. The morning sunshine penetrating through the fog, its brilliant rays gradually burnt the mist away revealing the ripe bushels of wheat. The train was passing by a small station called Kot Radha Kishan. Radha and Kishan were two names of a revered Hindu God and his consort female deity. I had read in one of the guidebooks on Lahore that there was a square named after Hindu Goddess of wealth and prosperity Laxmi. The square in the old part of the city was called Laxmi Chowk.

On the Indian side of the border, the general view was that in Pakistan all places with Hindu names had been changed to Muslim ones. Kot Radha Kishan. This would be another stereotype broken when I would tell friends and relatives in Canada and India of a town with such a pious name. My destination was still an hour from Kot Radha Kishan.

At Lahore Junction as I stepped down from the train, I saw the youth who had slept across the berth in my cabin waving at me from the train window. Cheerfully he shouted, “Allah Hafiz!!” I was a bit taken aback by his warm good bye. Without any eye contact, I feebly lifted my left hand, mumbling “Khuda Hafiz” in response. Blending hurriedly into the crowd on the platform, I walked towards the exit gate to the city. I wished I had the nerve to have talked to those Muslim youths. ☺

Sylvester's PURPLE HEART

by Wilmer Collett

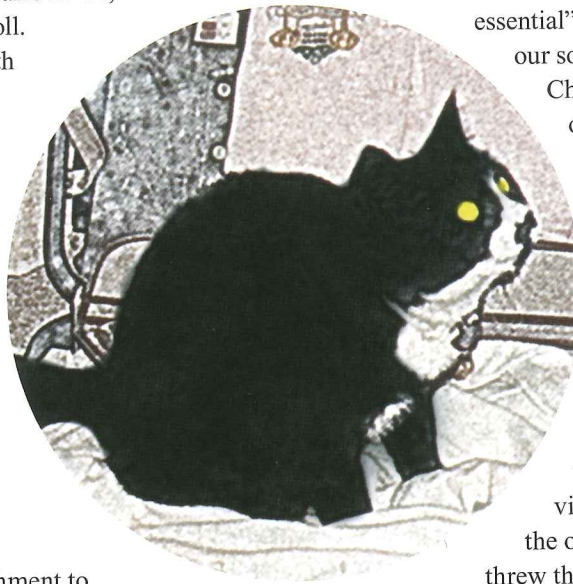
MRRR-O-U-GH! A clear response in his loudest operatic baritone voice. A cat's voice of course. Sylvester's location — a school playground separated from our looted house by a ten-foot wall in Mogadishu, Somalia. How strange. What happened?

As with most events, there is a beginning and there is an end. And this is only one act of a rather long play.

When at our cottage near Perth, Ontario in '81, my wife Anne and I went on a long stroll. An unwanted black and white stray with a Führer moustache and a sleek coat of silky fur seduced us completely. Being cat-lovers, it was easy. He followed us, but was limping with a sore foot. Sure enough, that guaranteed a carry in Anne's arms all the way home and a visit to the local veterinarian for vaccinations, removal of a thorn in his foot, and a change of life from dominant male, to a docile "consultant." He was named "Sylvester" for record purposes, and from that moment he was a family member.

Sylvester was dog-like in his attachment to us and followed us everywhere — to the lakeshore, to visiting neighbours, to picking wild berries and flowers. He respected the sofa as a place to preen and sleep, not a scratching post. Instead of demanding to be fed, were we late with presenting him with dinner, he might quietly present us with a self-caught meal from the outdoor world as a reminder of our negligence. He soon discovered that open suitcases meant travel and to ensure his inclusion, he would sit in a half-packed bag just to draw additional emphasis.

Judging by the quality of his fur, his feline flexibility, and his statuesque poses, we could see why Sylvester traced his ancestry back through several homestead barns, to European castles, to Roman and Gallic expeditions on Mediterranean shores, to the Valley of the Kings in Egypt and Persepolis in Persia. What a superior social animal. Off he trotted with us with all his chattels (comprising two plastic bowls and a toy mouse) to Bonn, Munich, Lagos, Edmonton, Tuscany and then Somalia.



Here I should insert that I had retired from the Canadian Foreign Service in 1990 and joined the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), a specialized agency of the UN with headquarters in Rome. My first juicy assignment as FAO representative was the Republic of Somalia where many conflicts were underway because of tribal differences and power-hungry warlords.

After a few months, civil unrest and rebel activity accelerated.

UN officials chose to evacuate families and "non-essential" personnel. Anne left for Nairobi with our son, David, who had just arrived for Christmas. I joined them on the beaches of Malindi a week later with a commitment to return to Somalia within two weeks, leaving Sylvester in the tender care of our two house girls — Queresh and Jamilla — and five guards. Sadly, all of them had to abandon Sylvester and flee for their own safety during the initial insurgents' raid on the city.

How naïve, how trusting I was while there in the Horn of Africa where violence and destruction rapidly became the order of the day. Rebel militias overthrew the Government and the civic authorities, followed by looting and chaos throughout.

Naturally, all flights were cancelled. It was impossible to return and we confined ourselves to a studio apartment in Nairobi, trying to help a nation under siege next door. A hopeless task in itself.

And there was poor Sylvester — alone and frightened. Each evening we sat on our tiny balcony watching the ibis birds and egrets settle for the night and implored Sylvester, "Hang in there, chap. Hang in there!"

It was two months before I could return with colleagues on a UN plane to assess living conditions in Mogadishu, but only for five hours, including a luncheon with the Acting Prime Minister. Before landing, we first had to sweep camels and goats from the runway with a couple of low flying passes.

My first stop was the FAO office — a disaster, fully looted and partially burnt. No files were left, all equipment had been removed, and even the copper wire was ripped out of the electrical systems.

Next stop was our house next to the school playground. I felt an abnormal fear as we approached. On leaving the Nairobi apartment that morning, Anne handed me a pillowcase — just in case. It was now in my hand. A squatter family was in the garden skinning a goat; the car and large generator has disappeared; the front door of the house was open. The girls and the guards had long vanished. I entered the house somewhat hesitantly because I suspected that after two months of no electricity, no water, and no food that I could find Sylvester's corpse in the room — if not this one, the next one. I found only rubble — all our personal effects and furnishings were gone, even the broom and the cat's plastic bowls. Not one personal item remained. I reached the roof terrace, went to the edge overlooking the school yard and pleaded with a friendly call, "Sylvester, Sylvester, come."

"MRRR-O-U-GH, MRRR-O-U-GH". That low pitched bush call twice in reply was such a part of Sylvester.

He was alive. HE WAS ALIVE!

Before I could reach the front door, Sylvester had climbed over the ten-foot wall of the schoolyard and was waiting for me. He recognized my voice, he brushed me, he smelled me, and he touched my face with his paw. He was happy to go into the pillowcase where he felt safe and protected for the first time in weeks. Just ponder this — two months without water and food. His only hiding place would have been in the thorn bush over the wall in the school playground, probably shared with the mongooses (or is it mongeese?). No wonder his leg was wounded and quite swollen.

I was now late for the Prime Minister's luncheon, so on entering, I apologized to him and my colleagues and added, "But I found my cat, Mr. Prime Minister," holding him aloft in the pillowcase for all to applaud, "And with your permission, Mr. Prime Minister, he is joining us for lunch." You see, I already knew the PM was fond of cats from a discussion during his visit to our house weeks before the breakout of hostilities. He was a kindly man and handed me a short string to tie up the pillowcase which in turn allowed me to use both hands for eating the two chicken legs on a bed of rice. Sylvester refused to eat or drink anything. He was too sedated with his own safety.

Sylvester and I boarded the plane for Nairobi with my UN colleagues and arrived at Wilson Airport well after sunset. While skirting an electric storm en route, the Venezuelan pilot informed me that Kenyan customs regulations demanded that animals without proper health certificates be put down immediately. All of Sylvester's papers had been destroyed in Mogadishu so it was a matter of smuggling him in. The pilot suggested that I leave Sylvester aboard, proceed through Customs while he parked the aircraft in its usual place — a shadowy corner of the tarmac. I was then to return by following the ground mechanic

to the plane with my driver and station wagon. The moon that night was as bright as the African sun, it seemed, and never had I come across such giant Kenyan guards on duty where the UN plane was parked, but obviously they did not see one loaded pillowcase disappear instantly into the rear seat of the station wagon beside me.

So, now you know the pertinence of Sylvester's bush call which clearly identified his whereabouts.

But there is a final scene. On reaching the studio apartment, Anne opened the door for me and I handed over the pillowcase. The lump in the bottom was warm and Anne, on realizing who was there, cried for joy for the next three hours. Sylvester, so thin and dehydrated, slept beside me that night, stretched out like a contented cheetah with his head nestled on my pillow. I think it was an act of gratitude.

The next day, Anne took Sylvester to an animal clinic to be examined by a lady veterinarian. She was horrified with the condition of Sylvester and gave Anne a rapier-like reprimand, "What have you done to him? Where are his papers?"

A meek but honest reply, "I don't have any."

"Then how did you get him here?"

Anne offered, "Shall I tell you the truth?"

"Yes, please do," said the vet rather firmly and from that moment on, we became good friends, all of us. Sylvester was rehydrated intravenously, had a chemical bath to remove the ticks, and received new papers which made him a legal pet in Kenya.

Sylvester quickly regained his appetite and recovered from his wounds and various scratches. He joined us on our balcony each evening without fail — the place where our pleas for his safety emanated.

Then Anne recalled that a few weeks earlier, President George Bush, Sr. had presented the

Purple Heart to several American soldiers in the Iraq/Kuwait conflict. So, she tracked down a purple heart at a Nairobi button factory, attached it to a ribbon and draped it around Sylvester's neck. He too had been wounded while never leaving his post of duty!

One brave cat.

Sylvester lived the balance of his 18 years, somewhat coddled in comfort, in Kenya, Iran, and Italy. He then returned to his domicile and favourite home — our cottage in the bush on Farren Lake near Perth. And there he rests in eternal peace.

We still miss him. ☹

Following retirement in 1990 from a career in DFAIT as Trade Commissioner in a series of postings, Consul General in Chicago and in Munich, High Commissioner in Nigeria and Sierra Leone, Wilmer Collett joined the UN's Food and Agriculture Organization in Rome as FAO Representative successively in Somalia, Iran and Rwanda.

Before I could reach the front door, Sylvester had climbed over the ten-foot wall of the schoolyard and was waiting for me.

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Donald Saunders 1943–2009

Don Saunders died on December 18, 2009 after a struggle with cancer. After retiring when he reached his entitlement, Don returned to the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade where he continued to make a significant contribution as a contract employee until shortly before his death.

He was one of the most respected and liked individuals in the Department where he spent a great deal of his career in the security and foreign intelligence fields, including a tour as the Foreign Intelligence Liaison Officer in Washington. No one ever had an unkind word to say about Don nor did everyone not always receive anything but the greatest consideration from him. He had a real human touch and it was often remarked that he was one of the finest "people managers" in the Department. He was a mentor to many new entrants into intelligence to whom he gave much of his time and insights into the business.

We both remember Don as a man of great integrity and ethics for whom things were either correct or wrong. He advised more than one new entrant into foreign intelligence that the laws of Canada were never broken nor bent; once such a path was embarked upon, given the nature and secrecy of the work, there was no turning back and the value of what we were doing was for naught.

Don had worked his way up through the Department, starting as a Clerk while completing his university degree in the evenings. Once he had received his degree he secured a lateral transfer into the Foreign Service Officer stream where he served in headquarter assignments and overseas. His last assignment, before taking retirement in 2000, was as Deputy Director for Foreign Intelligence, an appointment he managed with skill, tact, great discretion and, despite the frequent frustrations, with obvious great personal enjoyment. He often remarked on and truly believed that we were "making a difference."

The intelligence field is one fraught with potential minefields as different

agencies engaged in struggles for limited resources and pride of place for their particular specialty. In the Canadian intelligence community, and among our allies, we have never met anyone who knew Don who did not hold him in the highest regards, not only as a valued colleague and professional, but as someone whose motives were never questioned and who served his country with honour and distinction. It was an honour to have worked with him.

Don is survived by his wife Susan, his two children, Mike and Kathy, and four grandchildren.

James Gould and Kurt F. Jensen, who both worked with and alongside Don Saunders in foreign intelligence for many years.

Konrad Sigurdson 1945–2009

Eulogy delivered at the Sacred Space at Beechwood Cemetery on November 28 by retired foreign service officer Jean Roberge.

It is heartening to see so many sharing this day with Konrad's lovely family. To all of this family, I want to extend Jenny's and my warmest and most heartfelt condolences. The shock of his early departure remains difficult to accept.

So many friends from so many countries and postings are a sign, I believe, that this private person impressed many amongst us, although we came from such varied worlds and differing perspectives.

I was not fortunate like some of you to have known Konrad in the Gimli days, the Manitoba time. I understood that he played hockey against some who later became colleagues. I also understand that he was a fierce and feared competitor, *à la* Gordie Howe, perhaps?

I met Konrad during my first posting. It must have been 1975 or 1976. He was then serving in Teheran and I was a junior officer in Tel Aviv. He came on a Friday afternoon to say hello to my boss, who had left. We only had a few quick words and did not see each other again until we worked together in Ottawa in the early 1990s.

Konrad was an efficient and efficacious officer. Skilled at understanding the situation, identifying what was needed and getting the job done. This trait was recognized early by senior management and he became indeed one of the youngest managers in the Immigration Service of the time.

A colleague who was a young officer then recalled how Konrad had no patience for fools and was rather a towering and ominous presence with the young line officers. At the same time, he could show a very warm and human side and ensure that the newly-minted arrivals at his post were well received and made to feel part of a great team.

I was more closely involved with him after the Immigration arm of the Foreign Service returned to CEIC in 1993. It was the time of Peter Harder and Ian Glen at the helm and Konrad was a close and essential aide to them both. Konrad, Ian Glen and I were also neighbours then, Glebites of the Avenues and Konrad ferried us to CEIC in his car. I later learnt that the "car" had become well-known amongst the staff as an incubator of ideas and informal forum where important decisions were made and CEIC visions developed.

But one memory will always stay with me. We had crossed from Quebec and the car was descending Booth Street with Konrad driving but also animatedly talking about a particularly prickly issue. The car came to a stop sign but Konrad was so engrossed into the idea that we did not even slow down and careened on...the expression on Ian Glen's open-mouthed, blood-drained face will remain etched in my memory. And Konrad simply carried on.

This carrying on was his strength. When the goal was set, he would not deviate from it and, yes, carry on until it was achieved, even if it risked ruffling a few feathers in the process.

I also recall that he brought me back from a posting in Manila to work with him on budget cuts mandated by the Treasury Board. I reported to his office one morning and as we spoke, saw him highlight several unread e-mail messages with a "control-shift" keyboard gesture and then "delete" all these messages. I said: "But Konrad, you have not read any of those!" He

replied, and that has also stayed with me: "If it's important, they will write again."

I think this was the secret of his career success: understand the essentials, solve the problems and move on.

Lately, after Jenny and I returned from overseas and after I joined him in retirement, we had time to share new memories in Ottawa. This was the warm, relaxed, private Konrad. He regaled me with tales of his grandchildren, a doting grandfather marvelling at their antics. To me, his pride and joy was unmistakable and he warmly welcomed my wife and I "into the club" when we had our first grandson, only last September.

I cannot say how touched I was that Bradford called me and asked that I share my memories of Konrad. I am sure others here will have stories to tell also. Many have known him longer than me. I assume that either RHOMA or the CIHS, or both, will prepare tribute articles in their newsletters.

The Ancient Greeks had a complicated word for eulogy: epicedium. Shakespeare wrote one, I believe, in *Hamlet*. Now, far from me to compare my desultory prose to that of the great Bard or to Greek poetry. But I do feel that Konrad, having served in Iran, would allow me to close with a Persian proverb:

and I quote:

*"We come into this world crying
while all around us are smiling,
May we so live that we go out of
this world smiling while everybody
around us is weeping."*

And yes, I am sure that he still smiles and I believe that all of us unashamedly cry.

Thank you.

Jean Roberge joined the Foreign Service in 1974 and for 35 years served at Immigration NHQ in Ottawa, on the PAFSO Executive and at several posts abroad, lastly in New Delhi, London and Hong Kong. He retired in 2009.

Denis Grégoire de Blois 1940–2010

Bruxelles, 4 janvier 2010

« Jeune homme, pourquoi voulez-vous apprendre l'arabe? »

Nous étions à l'automne 1982. Celui qui me posait cette question, de manière plutôt impérative, était le Conseiller politique à l'Ambassade du Canada au Caire, Denis Grégoire de Blois. Je pense que j'avais répondu quelque chose comme « la visite de l'Alhambra à Grenade »!

Fraîchement arrivé d'Ottawa, je me trouvais dans son grand bureau à la Chancellerie de Garden City, passablement déboussolé et peu préparé à pareille rencontre.

Ce fut mon premier contact avec celui qui fut un ami et mentor pendant près de 28 ans.

Une amitié qui s'est trop rapidement terminée par le décès de Denis (ou Grégoire) le 3 novembre 2009 à Ottawa, des suites d'une longue maladie, comme on dit. Il venait d'avoir 69 ans.

Il était l'un des derniers représentants d'une diplomatie canadienne très différente de celle que l'on connaît aujourd'hui. Doté d'une forte personnalité, très cultivé, grand lecteur, il n'hésitait pas à faire état de ses réflexions et de ses vues.

Elles ne cadraient pas toujours avec celles de ses interlocuteurs ou patrons... Ce qui, au niveau professionnel, ne l'a pas toujours servi mais au contraire le rendait

encore plus attachant pour ceux qui le connaissaient autrement.

Denis Grégoire de Blois a eu toute une vie!

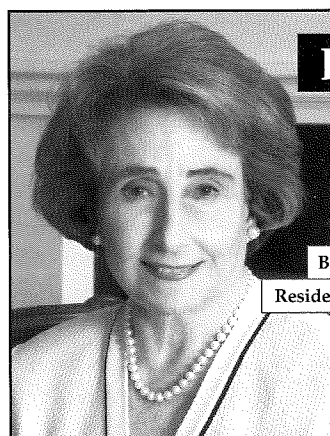
Originaire de Saint-Cuthbert, comté Berthier, et fier de ses racines il avait obtenu sa licence en droit de l'Université de Montréal (où il avait eu comme professeur nul autre que Pierre-Elliott Trudeau) puis avait poursuivi en droit international à Genève. Il avait payé une partie de ses études en s'enrôlant dans la réserve de la Marine canadienne. Monarchiste, il évoquait avec nostalgie les toasts portés à la Reine!

Sa carrière l'a amené en poste en Europe, au Moyen-Orient, et en Afrique. Son apprentissage de l'arabe à l'Université américaine du Caire (AUC), en avait fait l'un des rares et certainement l'un des meilleurs spécialistes de la région, au ministère.

C'était l'écoute des mélodies de la diva égyptienne Oum Kalthoum, quand il étudiait à Montréal, qui avait déclenché sa curiosité pour le monde arabe, me disait-il.

Pour l'avoir accompagné dans de nombreuses visites de souks, mosquées ou sites archéologiques en Égypte ou en Tunisie, ou l'avoir reçu en Syrie je peux témoigner de son amour de la culture du Moyen-Orient et de son « sixième » sens à l'égard de ses populations. Il pouvait tout autant blaguer avec un paysan du Delta du Nil, qu'échanger avec un ministre.

Sa sensibilité à l'égard du Moyen-Orient ne s'arrêtait pas à l'Islam ou à sa chrétienté. Peu de gens savent qu'il avait été très impliqué dans le dossier des juifs qui voulaient quitter la Syrie dans les années 90, alors



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qu'il était agent de pupitre pour ce pays à Ottawa. Il a d'ailleurs été, lui et d'autres collègues, honoré par la Communauté juive de Toronto pour ses efforts dans ce dossier complexe et sensible.

Il avait aussi reçu la médaille du Jubilé de la Reine Elizabeth II.

L'Afrique l'avait aussi beaucoup marqué. Il y avait presque laissé la vie d'abord lors de la révolution en Éthiopie, puis lors de son séjour à Kinshasa. C'est d'ailleurs après cette dernière affectation, revenu psychologiquement ébranlé qu'il avait décidé de prendre sa retraite.

Mais Grégoire avait d'autres intérêts. D'une part, il portait beaucoup d'attention à son porte-feuille financier (et certains ont pu bénéficier de sa sagesse dans ce domaine) mais aussi à ses racines ancestrales.

Il a consacré une grande partie de ses années de retraite aux Archives nationales à Ottawa, pour remonter l'arbre généalogique de sa famille. Il laisse de gros volumes, à anneaux, plein d'information dûment documentée. Il s'en prenait souvent aux historiens ou autres spécialistes qui se lançaient dans des interprétations sur notre histoire, non fondées sur des faits.

Son amour de la nature l'aura aussi poussé à planter des arbres, tant d'espèces canadiennes que plus rares, sur un coin de sa terre de Saint-Cuthbert. Le plus beau cadeau qu'on pouvait lui faire était de lui en apporter des graines ou des plants. Certains d'entre nous lui ont même rapporté des semis de terres bien lointaines...

Chaque fois que nous le visitons en été, beau temps mauvais temps, il nous faisait faire le tour du propriétaire de sa « forêt », identifiant par son nom latin chacun de ses arbres.

C'était sans doute un moyen pour lui de laisser quelque chose de concret après son séjour ici-bas.

Un personnage comme Grégoire il n'y en a plus beaucoup. Il me manque déjà. ☹

François LaRochelle est Conseiller, Ambassade du Canada, Bruxelles.

Grégoire as I knew him

Judy Feld Carr is a Human Rights advocate, Jewish community leader, and was awarded the Order of Canada in 2001. Judy was interviewed by bout early in the new year.

bout: You were very special to Grégoire, what brought you two so close?

JF: Grégoire wasn't just "someone at Foreign Affairs." He had so much heart and soul, and knew much about the rescue of Syrian Jews in which I was deeply involved. I trusted him with everything because I knew he was so honourable.

bout: You described him as an exceptional diplomat, what did you mean?

JF: Grégoire didn't skip from one job to another, he had tremendous knowledge of the countries he was responsible for and so much empathy. He never lost an opportunity to learn more about them, to see things as local people did. He looked at both sides of the coin and trusted his own judgment. He had a "psychological understanding" of people he met and of locals, and was very astute in how he handled difficult officials. He saw past the party line and often did not let on that he spoke Arabic fluently. Afterwards he would write up what was said for the record and what they said among themselves, "them" not realizing that he understood every word! It wasn't always pleasant; he found the invective he sometimes encountered in those meetings quite disturbing. He loved making jokes, but they always had a point — telling you the way it really was. He was generous too. He called me immediately after I was awarded the Order of Canada and seemed even prouder of my award than I was! I wonder if he didn't have a hand in the citation.

bout: How was he perceived by others?

JF: He had wonderful colleagues at the Foreign Ministry at the time. It meant a great deal to him. During one of his visits he and the Chief Rabbi for Syria became good friends. When I called the Chief Rabbi, now in Israel, to let him know Grégoire had passed away, he was full of sorrow. He called him "the most wonderful man I met." I am not sure Grégoire fully understood what his work meant to those he touched or the impact of the trust he inspired. He was just thrilled when the Board of Governors of the Beth Tzedec Congregation (the largest in North America) awarded him and François Larochelle the Judy Feld Carr Award for Humanitarian Service for his work with Syrian Jews. It was unprecedented and in Grégoire's own words, in a Christmas card to me last year, he wrote that "I cherish these memories". (*Editor: although the Award is named by the synagogue for her, it was not her decision.*)

bout: What does his life tell you about the ideal Foreign Service officer?

JF: He taught us that there is no substitute for in-depth knowledge of the countries Canada deals with. He showed us the importance of mastering languages. He was gallant, he had a wonderful sense of humour, and a brilliant mind. He knew good times and hard. Thank you for giving me a chance to share my thoughts on a man I liked enormously. I miss him.

bout: Thank you! (*Editor: Denis Grégoire de Blois received a PAFSO Canadian Foreign Service Officer Award in 1994 for promoting human rights in Syria.*)

Bugbyte and the cool between the stars

A further future fandango from A Aalto

Bugbyte O'Nanotek pushed the bowl away with the tip of her spoon. "What flavour was this ice cream again?" "Chocolate rococo karaoke," replied the hologram of ace logician Ludwig Liebnitz. She shook her head. "I'm not ready for a dessert that sings 'Bohemian Rhapsody' to me." She turned to the elegant golden robot at her side, "Where did it come from?"

Before GEODE could answer, a flash of citrine light filled the room, clearing to reveal a human in a tight twentieth-century black suit, fedora and one white glove. Shuffling quickly backward, he tripped over a power cable, performed a triple reverse somersault and slid under the galley table before striking his head on a potted Arcturan leopard-fern. The fern lashed its tail, unimpressed.

"Haven't see a moonwalk that bad in, oh, 500 years," mused Bugbyte. "And what's with the get-up?" The figure leapt to his feet. "Andromeda Jones at your service, ma'am." She covered her eyes with a hand. "That figures. Strong genes." He went on, "And this is the new uniform of Queen Michael's diplomatic corps. Cloned from Jackson's third nose, she has some very definite ideas about protocol."

"Why are you here?" asked Liebnitz. Jones replied, "Unless you can help us, the *Titanic* will be rendered into fragments in

about three hours, along with everyone aboard." "The *Starship Titanic*?" replied Liebnitz. "But I was on her only weeks ago. Hashish MacBannock bought her to use as a conference liner. He had a contract with some scholarly association..."

"Exactly," agreed Jones. "The Society for Interstellar Cooperation, Synergy and Organization in Canadian Studies and Allied Causes — SICSOCSAC." "Sick sock sack?" queried Bugbyte, one eyebrow aloft. "Hey, they're academics, didn't notice the acronym until the name had been adopted. And it means 'seven million super-model strumpets' in the *lingua franca* of the Sagittarius Sector. It's done wonders for recruitment there."

Liebnitz said, "We were attacked on the second day out by pirates in plaid suits and white shoes. The captain ordered evacuation, but the ship was caught in a combine harvester ray, the next step up from a tractor beam. I slipped away through an open airlock, as my tesseract-transporter was too small to be caught in the net."

"Those pirates were Steffi De Lyre, interim leader of our planet, and his caucus," Jones explained. "By amalgamating the Reform and Progressive parties last year, he created a new political organization — the Regressives. Since then, he's struggled with his arch-rival DisKount

Ignitionoff, whose party combines socialism with short pants under the slogan "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his knees".

"De Lyre was pulling ahead in the polls when everything went wrong. He lost his cool. Not that he had much to begin with, but suddenly he couldn't do anything right. The accidental invasion of Khandahar 4, the carbon capture fiasco that drowned Omicron-beta, the aid on conception misconception — it was all turning to dross."

"And the loss of cool was material, not just psychological. Some device that generated cool had been stolen. Rumour was, it had been smuggled out on this very spaceship, the *Heart of Glod*. But it doesn't register on any sensors. And with your Infinite Impossibility Drive, he couldn't just hunt you down."

"So De Lyre figured that extortion was the only way. He captured the *Titanic*, knowing that you, Liebnitz, had friends on board, then made sure you escaped along a vector that would bring you close to the *Heart of Glod*. Meanwhile, he towed the *Titanic* to the nearest ship-breaking yard and put it into the line-up for disassembly. Only he can reverse the order and the price is getting his cool back."

GEODE asked, "The automated ship-breakers don't accept consignments with

living species on board. How did De Lyre get around the crew and conference?" Jones replied, "He prorogued them. Logical step for a pro rogue. Suspended without function, they become formless and don't register on the scene."

"I avoided the prorogation ray because I had stumbled into a closet full of hyper-space brooms. I swept out to find the ship full of manikins and a message from De Lyre telling me what to say when you showed up. I survived on maple-screch martinis and stale cod-lips canapés from the SICSOCSAC reception until you came close enough for an inter-ship transporter beam."

"What can we do?" asked Bugbyte. "We have no idea where De Lyre's cool is." "I can help there," responded Liebnitz. "Before I left the *Titanic*, I, ah, made friends with the main computer there. She's a politics junkie, great contacts with all the party animals. If anyone knows how to find De Lyre's cool, she does." GEODE interjected, "Two problems. Now that the *Titanic* has moved inside the shipbreaker's shields, there's no way to reach the shipboard computer. And the transporter can no longer take us inside."

Bugbyte replied, "Then we'll need to do it the old-fashioned way. In person. GEODE, manoeuvre the *Heart of Glod* as near as you can to the outside of the breaking yard, maximum cloaking, while I suit up. Liebnitz, get your tesseract ready to roll."

Minutes later, just down-orbit of an industrial satellite the colour and shape of a kumquat but the size of Orson Welles' ego, three figures popped into visibility. Bugbyte, wearing the sector's only black-leather spacesuit, helmet by Ray Ban, pointed GEODE and Liebnitz toward the line of spaceships. "Which one is the *Titanic*?" she radioed. "The one with the carving of Leonardo DiCaprio panicking at the bow," said Liebnitz.

Slipping through the same airlock Liebnitz had used to escape, the trio moved past a meeting room full of frozen academics ("Ottawa's Military Takeover of Antarctica: Pointless or What?"), theme bars featuring zero-gravity 3-D rocket curling (with attached hospital facilities) and a restaurant featuring Canadian cuisine (ditto).

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Reaching the bridge, GEODE linked into the ship's computer and offered Liebnitz a portal. After a few seconds, GEODE blushed an odd shade and suggested Liebnitz get down to business. The logician said, "She's already given me what she had. De Lyre's techies have largely disabled her, so she can't give the answer directly, but she has adapted a conference quiz." A printer clattered and Bugbyte tore off a text and chart.

On the bridge in the *Heart of Glod*, Bugbyte explained. "On the back of the paper, there is a series of apparently random dots. Since the source is a computer, they're probably a binary representation (dot=1, space=0). If so, they correspond to: '10-11-22-18-24 / 25-6 / 2-24-19-11-1 / 25-15 / 18-7-25-23 / 15-7-21-22-6-18 / 2-22-16-16-24-7-15-19-11-10 / 16-19-6-25-24-13-12-11-24' ... whatever that means."

Liebnitz rubbed his hands. "OK, this shouldn't be so tough, especially since the clues are from our era." Soon he had the chart filled in. "It isn't even necessary to

know all the answers. In some cases, you can tell which clue and therefore which clue number correspond to which row on the chart, using factors such as the number of letters. The phrase that the puzzle calls the plaintext is clearly the code to unlock a hiding place. Appropriate enough reference,

by the way, for the source of cool. And the second part, the phrase hidden in the binary text, gives a location and a procedure. The place is easy, but I have no idea about the procedure."

Andromeda Jones read the deciphered text over the hologram's shoulder. "I can

The twenty-six clues relate to twentieth and twenty-first century Canadian films, directors, actors etc. The numbers at the end of each clue indicate the number of letters in each word of the answer to that clue. The answers (with no spaces) fit into the attached chart, so that the 26 letters of the alphabet in the vertical column are used in the answers. Note that the clues are not/not in the same order that the answers appear. Rather, once you have inserted the answers in the right places on the chart, you should enter the corresponding clue numbers in the first column. Matching the numbers column and the original alphabetical column will give you the decoding key — for example A = 23 or B = 2, although these are not in fact correct.

On that basis, what is the plaintext for:
1-2-24 / 15-25-6-17 / 11-13-7-24-5?

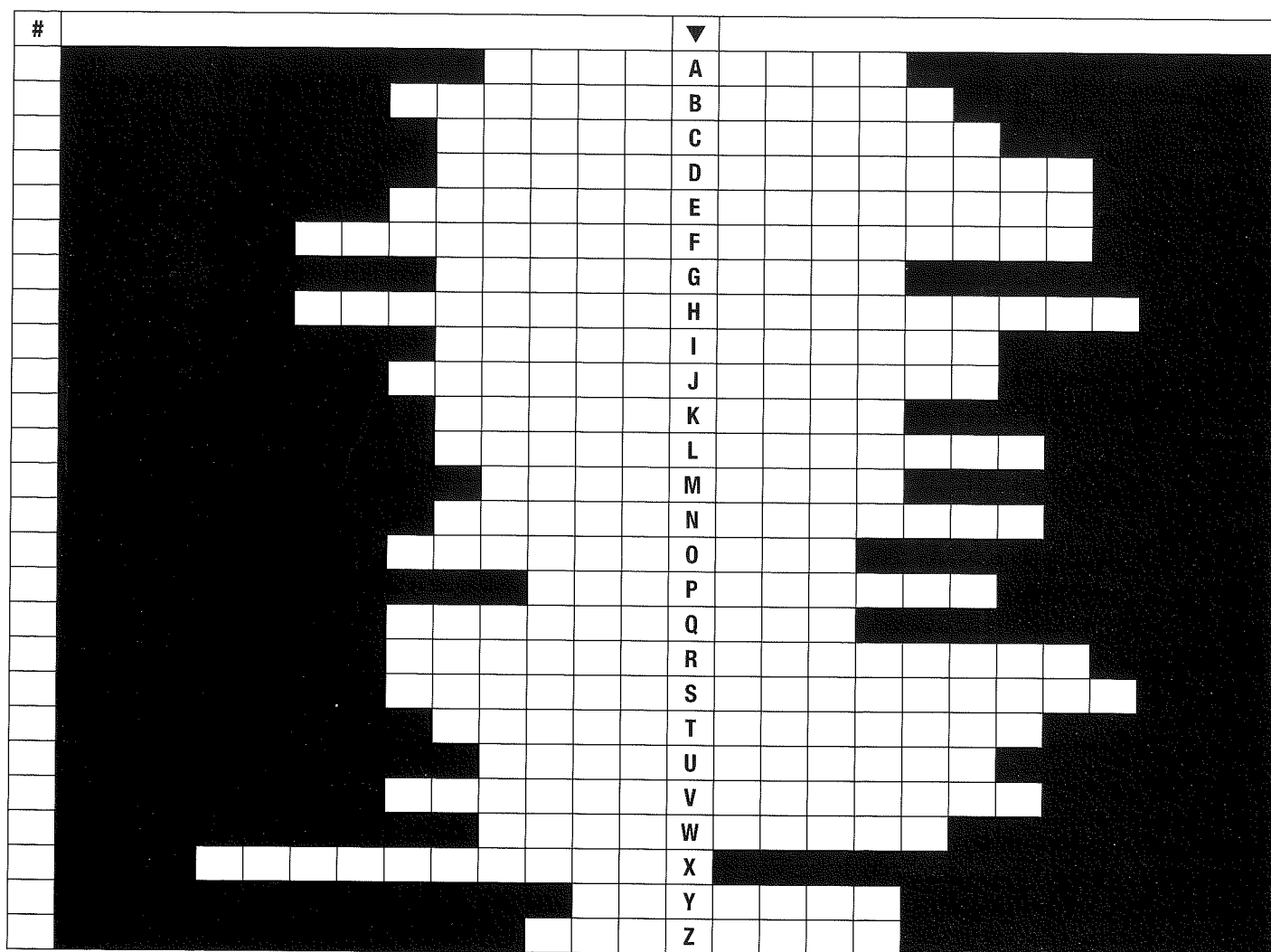
Bugbyte and the Greatest Game

Answers to Vol. 24, No. 4

WINNER: **Julia Drew-Watt, Ottawa**

The fail-safe phrase is **KLAATU BARADA NIKTO**. It plays the same role — preventing the destruction of humanity — in both versions of "The Day the Earth Stood Still", spoken by aliens Michael Rennie and Keanu Reeves. It was never revealed what it meant. Konstantin Tsiolkovski was one of the great pioneers of modern rocketry, largely forgotten by all but his Russian compatriots and a few outside fans.

RANK	FILM OR TV SHOW	NON-HUMAN TYPE	NAME	PLACE OF ORIGIN	ACTOR
1	Star Trek Voyager	Borg	7 of 9	Delta Quadrant	Jeri Ryan
2	Planet of the Apes	Gorilla	Cornelius	Earth	Roddy McDowall
3	Return of the Jedi	Ewok	Wicket W Warrick	Endor	Warwick Davis
4	Bruce Almighty	Deity	God	Heaven	Morgan Freeman
5	Matrix	Agent	Smith	Cyberspace	Hugo Weaving
6	Avatar	Na'vi	Neytiri	Pandora	Zoe Saldana
7	District 9	Prawn	Christopher Johnson	Unknown	Jason Cope
8	Blade Runner	Replicant	Pris	Outer Planets	Daryl Hannah
9	Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy	Jatravartid	Humma Kavula	Viltvogel 6	John Malkovich
10	Doctor Who	Time Lord	Dr. Who	Gallifrey	Matt Smith (as of 2010)



1. Leslie Nielsen curling comedy with cameo by The Tragically Hip (3, 4, 6)
2. Toronto-born Oscar nominee last year, playing Leo Tolstoy (11, 7)
3. Indo-Canadian director of *Bollywood/Hollywood*, at work on *Midnight's Children* (5, 5)
4. London (Ontario) born youngest of four brothers who ran eponymous major studio (4, 6)
5. Saint John-born star of *M*A*S*H*, *Klute* and Bethune bios (6, 10)
6. Toronto-born brother of a Governor-General, played Abe Lincoln in a 1940 bio-pic (7, 6)
7. Irene Adler to Robert Downey's recent *Sherlock Holmes* (6, 7)
8. Edmonton-born star of *Back to the Future* and Parkinson's crusader (7, 1, 3)
9. Kapuskasing-born director of *The Terminator* and two recent titanic hits (5, 7)
10. Bilingual comedy-thriller (2006) starring Colm Feore and Patrick Huard (3, 3, 3, 3)
11. Toronto-born "body horror" director of *The Fly* and *M Butterfly* (5, 10)
12. Born Harold Smith near Brantford, played Tonto but also in *Key Largo* (3, 11)
13. Lebanese-Canadian star of *Speed* and the *Matrix* trilogy (5, 6)
14. Winnipeg-born Oscar winner for *The Piano*, at age 11 (4, 6)
15. Organization that has received more than 70 Oscar nominations (8, 4, 5)
16. Toronto-born comic behind Austin Powers, Dr. Evil and Shrek (4, 5)
17. Iconic Japanese monster flick, recut with New Westminster-born Raymond Burr (8)
18. Named after Egypt's first nuclear reactor, director of *Exotica* and *Ararat* (4, 6)
19. Newmarket-born comic actor (*The Mask*, *The Truman Show*) and pet detective (3, 6)
20. Toronto-born director of *In the Heat of the Night* and *Moonstruck* (6, 7)
21. Cardston-born actress most famous for that scene atop the Empire State Building (3, 4)
22. Toronto-born actress and "America's sweetheart"; co-founded United Artists (4, 8)
23. Born Geswanouth Slahoot in North Vancouver, Oscar-nominated for *Little Big Man* (5, 3, 6)
24. Montreal-born star of *Kamouraska* and *Anne of the Thousand Days* (9, 6)
25. Blacklisted London (Ontario) born actor in *Cocoon* and *Sunrise at Campobello* (4, 6)
26. Born on Canada Day in Ottawa, starred in *Ghostbusters* and *Driving Miss Daisy* (3, 7)

help on the procedure. It's a playground dare where I grew up. If you will dial down the artificial gravity and get ready to chant the plaintext, I'll just strap on this jetpack..."

Minutes later, Jones started his engines. Intending a discreet hover, he shot straight into a ceiling corner of the room, making a three-corner carom that threw him toward the far wall. A noisy collision with the food processor resulted in a stream of small rhubarb cupcakes that buried the captain's chair. Ricocheting through the Liebnitz hologram, the hurtling diplomat headed straight for Bugbyte, only to be redirected by a mighty blow from the snarling leopard fern she wielded.

Jones disappeared into the impossibility drive hatch, then hurtled right out again without the jetpack but wearing full Zouave regalia and whiteface makeup, carrying a lurid Alpha Centaurid idol marked "made in Taiwan" and sporting a flamingo on his head. To the sound of the plaintext chant, he slammed into one of the few undented panels in the wall. Sliding to the floor, he murmured, "I meant to do that" and passed out.

A hidden panel opened where Jones had struck and a medium-sized cardboard cylinder rolled out, singing "Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the fandango?" Bugbyte blinked. "De Lyre's cool is... the karaoke ice cream? That's incredible. As well as inedible." "Why not," said GEODE. "If it had been something obvious, it would have been found long ago. Well, we have about twenty minutes to get this to De Lyre and save the *Titanic*, so let's move."

Bugbyte tapped her teeth with a long-nailed finger. "Do we really want to help this extortionist? Is there no way around giving him back his cool?" A voice replied from the floor, "Not to worry." They stared down at the ice cream. "Well, I like Queen but there's more to say than that. It's been a nice rest, but those people on the *Titanic* need help. And all the ice cream in the world isn't going to help De Lyre be cool. He is to cool as Madonna is to modesty. There'll be another day, another flavour for me. Pistachio eel ripple, maybe."

So it was that the *Starship Titanic* was freed, the crew and passengers restored to

normalcy and CanCult respectively, and Steffi De Lyre re-inflicted on his beleaguered planet, at least until the next election.

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat by providing the plaintext of the chant and the binary message? **bout de papier** will choose the winner by drawing one entry from all those with correct answers submitted by July 12, 2010. The prize will be a book autographed by A Aalto. Not necessary to solve the puzzle, but can you fill in the chart? Also not part of the puzzle, can you identify the unique sequence of Canadian-related Oscars awarded in the years 1929-31? ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto lives in South Asia with a wonderful spouse and assorted semi-wild animals. Any resemblance between characters in this puzzle and real persons in our own era is utterly coincidental. Right...

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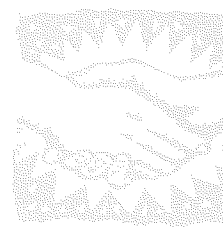
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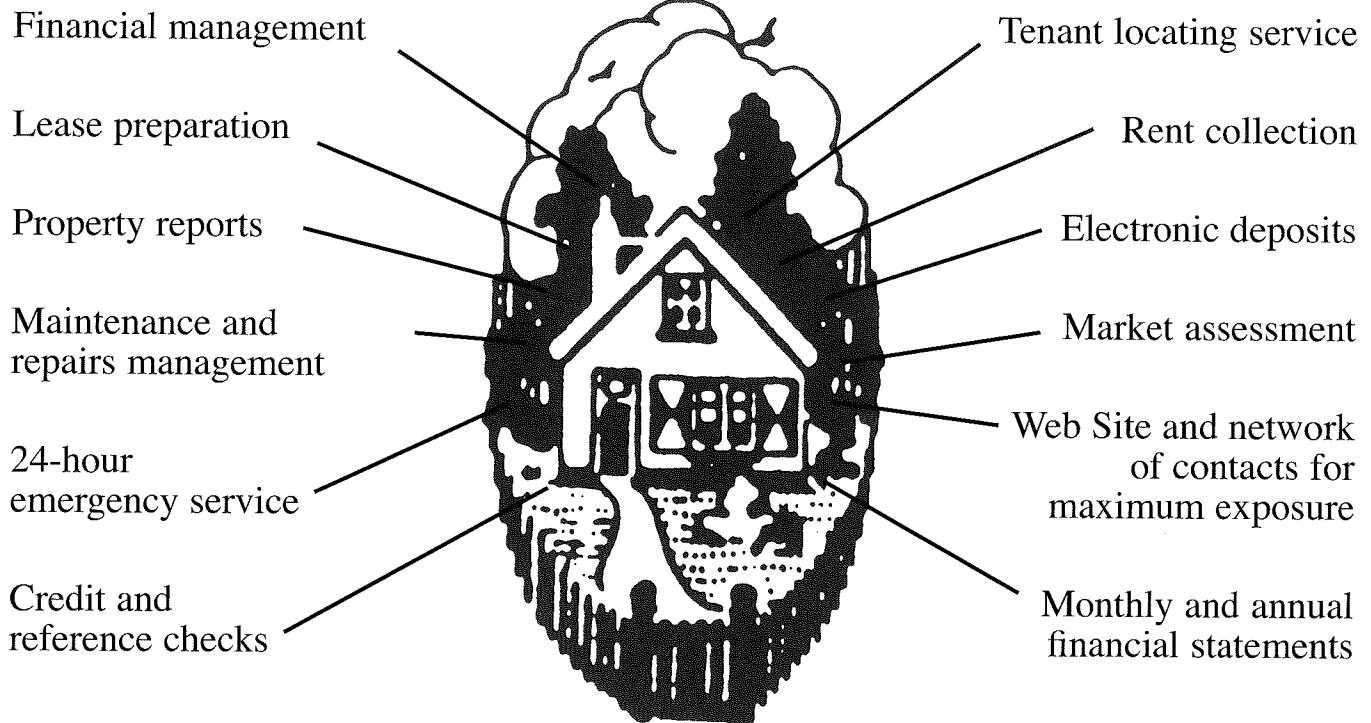
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