

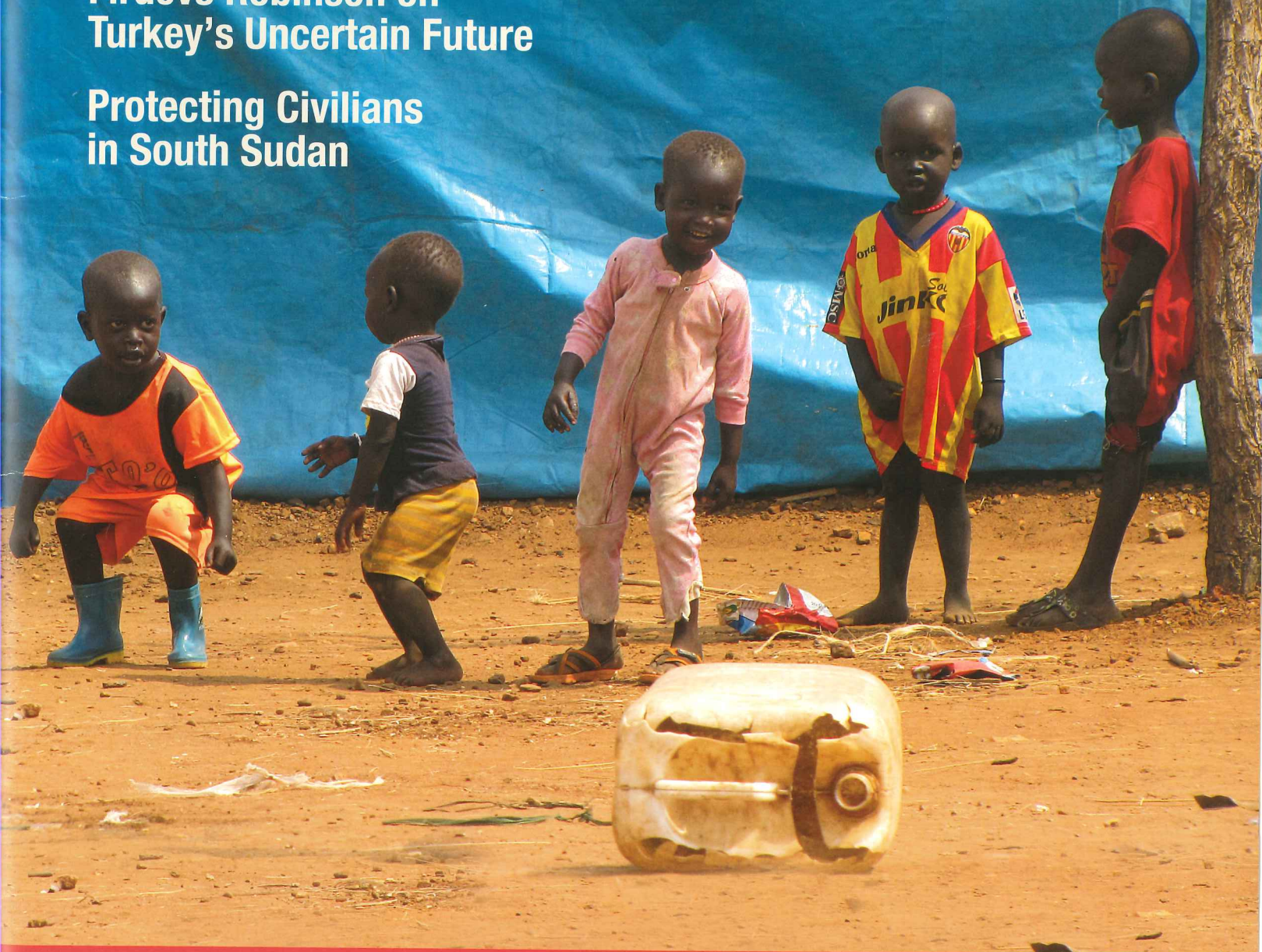
bout de papier

Vol. 29, No. 1

Les Prix de l'APASE 2015

**Firdevs Robinson on
Turkey's Uncertain Future**

**Protecting Civilians
in South Sudan**



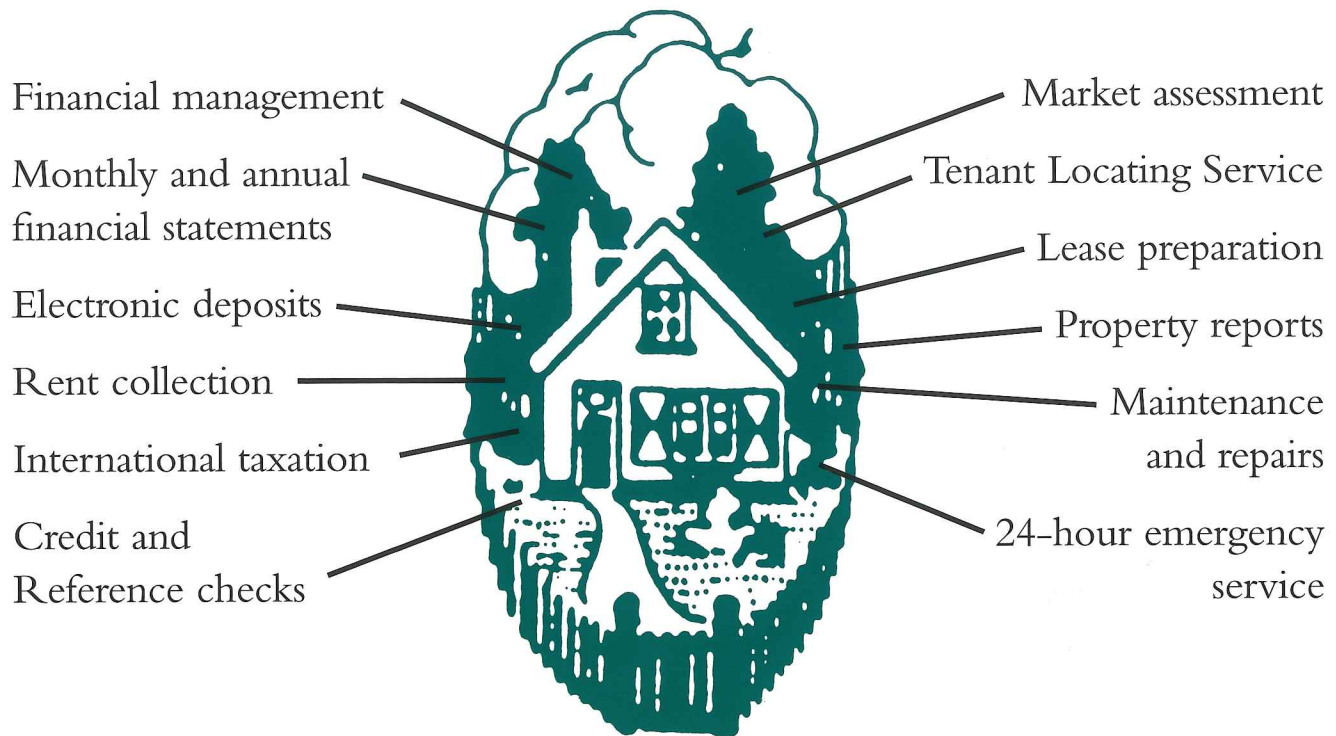
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Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur



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Articles

Manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, preferably in Word, with a short biographical note about the author(s). Features are normally around 2,000 words. **bout de papier** publishes articles in their original language. Send articles to **bout de papier**, c/o PAFSO (see address or email). / Manuscripts acceptés à double espace, de préférence dans Word, accompagnés d'une brève notice biographique sur l'auteur. Les articles comptent habituellement environ 2 000 mots. **bout de papier** publie les articles dans leur langue d'origine. Envoyer les articles à **bout de papier**, a/s APASE (voir adresse ou courriel).

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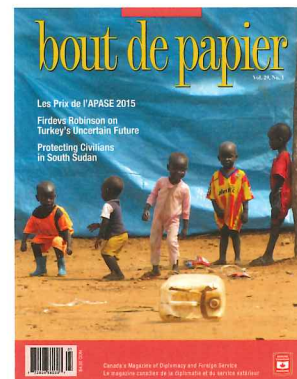
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The Road Ahead

Writing editorials for **bout** can be a challenge. As I was to learn, balancing critical honesty and constructive optimism in dealing with Foreign Service issues isn't always easy. Things can change quickly and what was on target one day is off-base the next and then it's back to the drawing board. Sometimes you feel like Alice...

"Can you tell me which way to go?" asks Alice 'in Wonderland' when she meets the Cheshire Cat with his toothy grin, high up on a bough. "That depends on where you want to go," replies the oddly sensible cat. When it was suggested that I reflect on six years as **bout**'s Editor in this last editorial, I balked ("not another navel-gazing exercise!"), but quickly agreed. **bout**, like Alice, must decide where to go: Stick with the tried and true in a shrinking and increasingly costly print-only world, or expand our horizons and embrace "digitalization"?

Contributors to our bilingual magazine have pushed for change, not only as regards a print-only **bout** but also for the PAFSO website. For instance, the website does have a page for **bout** and the cover page is featured with a list of articles, but no content. Former PAFSO President Tim Edwards got around the problem by publishing his "Mot du Président" on his blog as soon as it appeared, and some contributors do likewise with their articles.

David Malone, distingué diplomate bien connu, a exposé le problème de façon succincte. Il a contribué des articles sur les conjoints de diplomates et le CRDI et il a pris sa « retraite » afin de devenir recteur de l'Université des Nations Unies à Tokyo et secrétaire général adjoint. Dans un récent courriel, il a écrit : « C'est à regret que j'ai cessé de contribuer à **bout**, mais peu d'auteurs dignes de ce nom sont désormais disposés à contribuer à une publication à faible tirage et sans empreinte numérique. La version numérique pourrait aussi aider à étoffer le site web de l'APASE. »

Comme rédacteur en chef, j'ai constaté la nécessité de changement, convaincu que

bout devait avoir deux objectifs pour rester vivant: atteindre et maintenir les normes d'édition les plus élevées (dans les limites du raisonnable) et suivre le rythme de l'évolution technologique animant l'industrie des périodiques. Si **bout** n'a pas su retenir un David Malone, que devrions-nous proposer pour recruter de nouveaux talents, en particulier chez une génération pour qui les médias sociaux sont devenus une seconde nature? Cependant, nous devons être conscients de ce que cela coûterait en ressources humaines et financières, coût que notre petite exploitation bénévole pourrait difficilement se permettre.

But perhaps best of all was a message from a reader serving in Bangladesh who suggested that in light of the Syrian refugee crisis, **bout**'s recent series on Canada's outstanding efforts to rescue Vietnamese boat people 40 years ago ought to be made available on the PAFSO website

On the former goal, these six years have demonstrated our collective capacity to reach high standards editorially (Gar Parly, a regular contributor of book reviews recently compared **bout** to *Walrus* magazine!). On embracing best practices, with the support of PAFSO's President, **bout** briefed the Executive Committee on the challenges ahead and got a strong endorsement to get professional help in determining the feasibility and modalities of digitalization – hence the recently completed survey.

Il y a quelques semaines à peine, la « franchise » l'emportait sur l'« optimisme » car on semblait avoir marqué peu de progrès concret en matière de numérisation. L'ébauche de mon éditorial empruntait la méthode dure –

« S'adapter ou mourir ! ». Toutefois, au moment d'aller sous presse, j'ai senti que nous ne tournions plus dans le vide. En toute objectivité, l'ébauche d'éditorial – heureusement – était dépassée.

What had changed? Preparations for the survey had people thinking seriously about the future and our options. Our leadership is committed to securing **bout**'s future as best it can be. Our new Editor, Joya Donnelly, met with terrific success in persuading francophone colleagues and our newly welcomed MCO contingent who are eager to contribute to the magazine – so much so that a full line-up is already in place for the next two issues (that's no small achievement). But perhaps best of all was a message from a reader serving in Bangladesh who suggested that in light of the Syrian refugee crisis, **bout**'s recent series on Canada's outstanding efforts to rescue Vietnamese boat people 40 years ago ought to be made available on the PAFSO website. Now, it is!

Cette récente activité s'apparente peut-être davantage à un Chinook qu'au printemps, mais, qu'importe, il faut faire place aux félicitations. Il va sans dire que ce n'est qu'un début. Les défis ne manquent pas et notre direction aura assurément des décisions difficiles à prendre...

Many thanks to one and all for making the last six years so memorable and fulfilling. Special thanks to our many terrific contributors who are the heart and soul of the magazine, to the editorial board (always wise and very constructive), as well as those at PAFSO who been unstintingly helpful, notably our Managing Editor Debra Hulley, who ensured that we met the highest production values.

So, with that – carpe diem, choose well, and continued bonne lecture! ☺

– Stuart Hughes

Un nouvel élan

We are indeed in a time of changes – a new government has been elected, and many of us will be working on the transition in the next few months. We have also recently welcomed management and consular officers (MCOs) in the FS stream, which was long overdue. **bout de papier** is also in transition as we explore new possibilities and have many new editorial board members. As a member for the past three years, it seemed natural to me to step up and volunteer to be **bout**'s editor. Stuart has provided me with great mentorship over the years, and I look forward to his continued collaboration. I am also taking this opportunity to thank Douglas Small, who just announced his retirement from the editorial board after serving for more than 20 years. Un grand merci! **As we go to press, I am being informed that Mr. Small passed away on October 31. His enthusiasm and sense of humour will be truly missed by our editorial team, and we send our deepest condolences to his family.**

Bien que **bout** soit dans une période de transition – ce qui est excitant parce que plusieurs possibilités s'offrent à nous – je n'anticipe pas que **bout** change de manière draconienne mais plutôt qu'il évolue. To meet the interests of our diversity of readers, which include first and foremost PAFSO members, but also their spouses, retired officers, senior management, academics, students and foreign diplomats, we will continue to focus our coverage on three pillars: an analysis of current events related to foreign policy but with more attention given to consular, immigration, trade and development issues; life in the foreign service; and, a historical perspective of Canada's foreign policy. Il est important pour **bout** de continuer à jouer un rôle de premier plan dans la promotion des intérêts du service extérieur.

Je suis privilégiée de pouvoir compter sur un comité éditorial de bénévoles dévoués pour continuer dans cette lignée. Je souhaite la bienvenue aux nouveaux membres soit Christian Ranger, Anne-Marie Leclerc,

Colleen Mapendere et Joëlle Parent, et tout particulièrement à Jean-François Parizeau et Sabrina Yoong, deux agents de la gestion et des affaires consulaires (AGC) aussitôt convertis, aussitôt recrutés! Je souhaite qu'ensemble nous puissions donner à **bout** un nouvel élan et publier un plus grand nombre d'articles écrits par des FS, toutes filières confondues.

It is important for us to know what matters for our readership and its views with regards to **bout**'s possible transition towards an electronic format. This is why we have asked a sample of readers to take a survey about **bout**. Topics included content, format and distribution of the magazine. Nous nous concentrons présentement sur l'analyse des résultats de cette étude, mais nous sommes déjà enchantés de l'enthousiasme avec lequel nos lecteurs ont répondu au questionnaire. Ceci signifie que comme moi, vous avez l'avenir de **bout** à cœur. ☺

– *Joya Donnelly, Rédactrice en chef*

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE / MOT DU PRÉSIDENT

When you come to a fork in the road...

take it! This is perhaps the most famous of all Yogi-isms and one that seems to me to be the most apropos as we confront change across the PAFSO landscape.

The conversion of Management Consular Officers (MCOs) to the Foreign Service (FS) classification is perhaps the most significant of recent changes. The Association membership overwhelmingly greeted the conversion announcement as very good, albeit long overdue, news. For years, we have recognized the patently obvious – MCOs are part of a common Foreign Service community of interest. The long-awaited conversion is a change well worth celebrating!

Suite à l'expansion et aussi par souci de garder l'Association forte et bien équilibrée, le Comité exécutif a proposé des changements mineurs, quoique importants, à ses Statuts au niveau de la composition du Comité exécutif et des quatre filières de la collectivité FS. Certes, nos Statuts ont subi avec succès l'épreuve du temps. En l'occurrence, les modifications proposées sont volontaires – mais nous estimons qu'elles s'imposent afin de

garantir la force et l'équilibre du Comité exécutif à moyen et à long terme.

Over the past year, together with the Executive, I have made efforts to focus greater attention on the professional element of PAFSO's mandate and character. I believe that, as a union, the Association has proved its worth and punched well above its weight. Concurrently, however, I believe we could be doing much more to collaborate with fellow Foreign Service professionals abroad. In recent months I have had the opportunity to consult with several of my counterparts. It is clear that we have much in common, with plenty to gain by comparing notes on challenges and opportunities of our profession. This change in emphasis will not come at a cost to our union activities and in fact it will complement them.

Enfin, après six ans, il y aura changement à la barre de la rédaction de **bout de papier**. Vous constaterez que, dans son dernier message, le rédacteur en chef Stuart Hughes consacre presque toutes ses réflexions à l'avenir plutôt qu'au passé – reconnaissant ainsi que des changements



Photo courtesy of Sam Garcia

s'annoncent pour le magazine et encourageant de nouvelles initiatives. Stuart a fait preuve d'une main ferme et a servi **bout de papier** de bonne grâce, avec vivacité d'esprit et beaucoup d'aplomb. Nous lui en sommes très reconnaissants.

We are very fortunate to have Joya Donnelly step in as **bout de papier**'s Editor and to generously offer to manage the magazine's interim transition. With Joya's arrival begins the search for a new Editor and the concrete development of a vision to ensure our beloved magazine meets current and future readership needs. ☺

Timothy Hodges

President, PAFSO / Président de l'APASE



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Le grand saut!

par Pierre-David Jean



Visite de l'équipe des douanes du poste frontalier de Belladère entre Haïti et la République dominicaine. Le commerce entre les deux pays est vital mais cause également beaucoup de tensions.

J'ai toujours apprécié la diversité des affectations au MAECD. La possibilité de changer de responsabilités, de dossiers et parfois de pays de résidence régulièrement me plaît et me motive. Mais mon plus récent changement de poste est probablement le plus important et celui qui m'a le plus surpris depuis le début de ma carrière.

Suite à un parcours exclusivement du côté affaires étrangères, j'ai entrepris à l'été 2014 une affectation du côté commercial en tant que délégué commercial principal à notre ambassade à Port-au-Prince.

Comme la plupart de mes collègues, la décision de postuler et d'accepter une affectation est basée sur une multitude de facteurs tant professionnels que personnels. Dans ce cas-ci, je cherchais notamment une mission où mon conjoint et moi pouvions tous deux travailler (Jean-François est agent de gestion consulaire). Après des

affectations conjointes à Paris, nous souhaitions vivre dans un pays où les défis sont plus nombreux (à ce titre, nous avons bien choisi!). Le poste commercial était disponible et on m'a expliqué que mon expérience politique serait particulièrement

Le poste commercial était disponible et on m'a expliqué que mon expérience politique serait particulièrement pertinente étant donné la situation sur le terrain et la nature de notre relation commerciale.

pertinente étant donné la situation sur le terrain et la nature de notre relation commerciale. D'ailleurs, l'ambassade à Port-au-Prince a la particularité d'avoir une section politique et commerciale intégrée.

Pour être très franc, l'idée de travailler dans la section commerciale d'une ambassade plutôt que du côté politique ne m'avait jamais effleuré l'esprit avant que cette opportunité ne se présente à moi. Ce n'est pas que le commerce ne m'intéressait pas. C'est plutôt que je percevais les deux filières comme étant distinctes et fonctionnant en parallèle. Je prenais pour acquis qu'ayant commencé d'un côté et y ayant acquis toute mon expérience jusqu'à présent, j'allais y poursuivre le reste de ma carrière.

Alors, près d'un an plus tard, qu'est-ce que j'ai appris en faisant « le grand saut » de l'autre côté du ministère?

1. J'aime Trio! Bon, j'exagère peut-être un peu, mais j'apprécie beaucoup tous les efforts entrepris du côté commercial afin de pouvoir mesurer les résultats de ses agents. À chaque trimestre, j'ai



Visite d'un nouveau port en eau profonde en compagnie de l'Ambassadeure Caldwell-St-Onge.

maintenant une idée très précise de la performance de mon équipe, de l'atteinte de nos résultats, du taux de satisfaction de nos clients, de notre performance par rapport aux autres équipes commerciales. Nous avons des outils adaptés afin de faire et mesurer notre travail, dont Trio, que je redoutais comme la peste et qui s'avère finalement assez facile à utiliser. Grâce à ce suivi systématique de nos activités, c'est beaucoup plus facile de recenser ce que j'ai accompli pendant l'année et de déterminer quelle a été ma réelle contribution à l'atteinte de nos résultats. Je crois que l'utilisation de tels outils et des bilans précis de nos activités a un certain impact sur la culture organisationnelle du côté commercial qui me semble jusqu'à présent un peu plus axée sur les résultats que du côté politique où le travail est plus intangible.

2. Les visites de terrain : La définition de « rendez-vous en dehors du bureau » peut prendre une tournure très différente au commerce! Alors que j'étais habitué dans mes précédentes affectations à naviguer dans des bureaux

gouvernementaux ou des enceintes d'organisations internationales, me voici maintenant en train de visiter une usine d'essence de vétiver (une plante utilisée pour les parfums), une école de formation technique, un parc industriel, un site de construction d'un nouveau port, et j'en passe. Et j'adore ça (malgré le mal du transport occasionnel)! Ces visites me donnent un bon aperçu des possibilités et des défis du marché local. J'ai été agréablement surpris, par exemple, de découvrir une pisciculture de tilapia complètement auto-suffisante grâce à l'énergie solaire et aux nouvelles technologies de filtration de l'eau, et ce, au bout d'une route de terre cahoteuse

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au fin fond d'une région rurale. Ces visites me permettent aussi d'en apprendre beaucoup sur les plans et la vision d'avenir de nos interlocuteurs.

Elles mettent en relief les liens entre nos contacts, leurs employés et la communauté locale. Je comprends maintenant pourquoi on considère qu'un bon agent commercial passe une grande partie de son temps en dehors de son bureau.

3. Le service à la clientèle : En tant que délégué commercial, j'ai de véritables clients. La notion de client existe aussi du côté politique, notamment toute la communauté intra et inter ministérielle, mais ça me semble somme toute assez différent. Maintenant, je dois répondre à des demandes précises de citoyens et entités canadiennes qui reçoivent même

un sondage pour évaluer s'ils sont satisfaits des services rendus. Ces derniers mois m'ont donc permis de développer encore davantage mes techniques et

réflexes de service à la clientèle et d'approches propres à un groupe varié d'interlocuteurs, compétences qui me semblaient moins prépondérantes du côté politique. Par exemple, au commerce, je constate à quel point le « temps est de l'argent » et qu'une réponse rapide à une question peut faire la différence pour un client qui tente d'obtenir un contrat. Les attentes sont parfois irréalistes ou difficiles à satisfaire, mais c'est gratifiant de sentir qu'un client est heureux et que notre travail a pu concrètement aider quelqu'un au Canada.

4. L'esprit d'entrepreneuriat : Mes contacts actuels démontrent tous un esprit d'entrepreneuriat que je ne rencontrais pas aussi souvent par le passé. Ils m'impressionnent et je les admire, car je réalise à quel point il faut du courage, de la conviction et de la passion pour réussir en affaire, surtout à l'étranger. Par exemple, un de mes clients s'était mis dans la tête de fabriquer des camions citernes « made in Haïti » avec de l'expertise canadienne. Malgré tous les défis que ce projet comportait, et les nombreuses personnes qui lui disaient que ce serait impossible à faire en Haïti, il a persévéré. J'ai pu constater sa grande fierté quand son premier camion-citerne, tout propre et étincelant, est sorti de l'usine et a attiré tous les regards sur les routes de Port-au-Prince. Un autre me parle toujours avec fougue et passion de l'énorme chantier touristique qu'il supervise et qui doit transformer peu à peu une île tranquille du Sud du pays pour en faire la destination écotouristique la plus prisée des Caraïbes. Mes contacts commerciaux se battent pour la santé financière de leurs entreprises, pour leurs employés, pour assurer leur gagne-pain. L'impératif de réussite qui les anime fait d'eux des êtres fascinants et charismatiques. J'ajouterais aussi que ce sont souvent des visionnaires. Ils perçoivent le potentiel dans quelque chose ou un endroit inattendu.

5. Les deux côtés de la médaille : S'il y a bien évidemment certaines différences entre les filières politique et commerciale, je constate de plus en plus à quel point ces deux côtés du Ministère se ressemblent et leurs

enjeux s'entrecroisent. L'écart que j'anticipais très grand ne l'est finalement pas tant que ça. En matière de réseau, par exemple, je constate que mes interlocuteurs canadiens et haïtiens suivent l'évolution de la situation politique de très près, tant au Canada qu'en Haïti, et sont souvent des parties prenantes dans les discussions politiques. Ils constituent un excellent réseau d'information pour comprendre ce qui se passe dans le pays. Il y a ainsi des synergies qui se manifestent régulièrement entre mon réseau commercial et celui de mes collègues de la section politique et nous bénéficions mutuellement de l'information recueillie.

Un autre me parle toujours avec fougue et passion de l'énorme chantier touristique qu'il supervise et qui doit transformer peu à peu une île tranquille du Sud du pays pour en faire la destination écotouristique la plus prisée des Caraïbes.

Les tâches des délégués commerciaux ont aussi leurs équivalents du côté politique. Résoudre des problèmes pour une compagnie ressemble souvent beaucoup à essayer de régler un différend au niveau politique entre deux gouvernements, par exemple. Obtenir de l'information privilégiée sur un enjeu politique est semblable et nécessite certaines des mêmes compétences que d'obtenir de l'information privilégiée qui peut permettre à une compagnie canadienne de poursuivre une opportunité d'affaire intéressante. Bref, les deux fonctions ne sont pas si différentes que ça!

6. Et les autres : Je suis également étonné de voir comment le commerce est aussi relié aux autres sections de l'Ambassade. Mes collègues du Développement et moi travaillons ensemble sur les questions de développement économique local pour identifier comment ces besoins peuvent s'arrimer aux capacités du secteur privé canadien. Nous avons entrepris des visites conjointes dans certaines régions du pays afin d'identifier les opportunités commerciales et de développement économique local. Mes collègues du consulaire offrent des services à mes clients canadiens et leurs coordonnateurs d'urgence (*warden*) sont souvent une excellente source d'information sur

les potentialités du marché local. Et je dois aussi embêter mes collègues d'immigration de temps en temps pour les sempiternelles questions de visas. Bref, j'ai été agréablement surpris de constater à quel point le commerce ne peut opérer en vase-clos et que toutes les sections de l'ambassade en deviennent parties prenantes.

Ces quelques observations ne représentent bien entendu qu'un bilan provisoire car j'en ai certainement encore beaucoup à apprendre dans mon nouveau rôle! Néanmoins, je suis agréablement surpris du changement de carrière que j'ai pu

entreprendre pendant ces quelques années et de la quantité de choses que j'ai intégrées en l'espace de quelques mois. Même s'il était inattendu, je considère mon « grand saut » de l'autre côté du Ministère comme réussi.

Je recommande donc sans hésiter à mes collègues FS et des autres groupes à envisager un poste dans une autre filière du Ministère. Je suis persuadé que de telles expériences font de nous des agents plus complets et de meilleurs représentants du Canada. J'encourage aussi notre haute gestion à faciliter de manière concrète ces affectations entre filières car l'agent en question et notre organisation en entier en ressortent enrichis et plus polyvalents, prêts à faire face à une multitude d'enjeux et de situations. Car, comme le dit le proverbe haïtien *De mòn pa janm rankontre, men de moun konn rankontre* – il n'y a que les montagnes qui ne se rencontrent jamais! ☺

Pierre-David Jean est délégué commercial principal à l'Ambassade du Canada en Haïti depuis août 2014. Il a également été en poste à l'Ambassade du Canada en France (2009 à 2012) et à la Mission permanente du Canada auprès des Nations Unies (2006). À Ottawa, Pierre-David a occupé diverses fonctions dont la plus récente à titre de Conseiller principal du Sous-ministre délégué des Affaires étrangères de 2012 à 2014.

Firdevs Robinson on Turkey's Uncertain Future

Former Editor of the Central Asia & Caucasus Service at the BBC and later the London correspondent for CNBC-e, Firdevs Robinson today is one of the leading bloggers on the contemporary Turkish political scene. Written in both Turkish and English, “Firdevstalkturkey” is one of the best sources for independent and balanced analysis (at least from a Western perspective) on rapidly evolving developments in Turkey, the world’s 17th largest economy and the only NATO ally straddling Europe and Asia.

Despite its global stature, Turkey’s current leadership and politics are poorly understood beyond its borders. **bout de papier** interviewed Ms Robinson for the latest on how President Tayyip Erdogan is breaking with the secularist and pro-Western paradigm of the modern country’s founder, Kemal Ataturk, as he endeavours to create a highly centralized, Islamist successor regime. Turkey’s uncertain future has profound implications for the West. That implies the need for an objective review of our relations with Turkey and a close scrutiny of old assumptions about shared values and goals.

Robinson’s “FirdevsTalkTurkey” blog for June 25 captures much of the confusion and ambiguity about Turkey’s motives and actions under today’s leadership and provides a good starting point for discussion – the curiously evolving relationship of our NATO ally and ISIS, now overtly adversarial:

Thursday’s simultaneous offensives by ISIS near the border crossing between Kobane and Turkey, in the northern city of Hassakeh and in city of Deraa in southern Syria have shown, once again, that ISIS still has momentum. Five months after they were driven out by Kurdish forces and just as their capital Raqqa has seemed to be under threat, ISIS militants have managed to inflict serious losses in and around Kobane.

Thursday morning’s suicide car bomb attack and killing of civilians in Kobane neighbourhoods also put Turkey on the spot. Soon after the explosions, there were allegations of collaboration from the Turkish side.

Syrian state TV claimed that ISIS fighters had entered Syria from Turkey.

Figen Yüksekdağ, the co-leader of the Kurdish-affiliated Peoples’ Democratic Party (HDP) talked about the “high probability” of the attackers entering Kobane from Turkey. Journalist and Syria analyst Mutlu Civirolu (@mutludc) wrote on Twitter that his sources said five separate groups of ISIS entered Kobane from Turkey, blowing vehicles, entering houses and shooting civilians.

The co-president of the Democratic Union Party (PYD), Salih Muslim was more specific. He was quoted as saying that there was every sign to suggest the militants infiltrated from and returned to Turkey.

Redur Xelil, the YPG spokesman was more measured. “So far, we have no confirmed news, if this group entered Kobane though the Turkish borders or not. The primary information and the eye witnesses say that they entered from Turkey but officially we don’t have confirmed information yet,” he said.

Turkish authorities issued strongly worded denials, calling the allegations black propaganda. A statement by the governor of Urfa, the province bordering Syria said the militants reached Kobani through the Syrian town of Jarabulus. However, several sources from the area say it is impossible to use the Jarabulus route as it is impassable.

Syria has become the world's most dangerous country for journalists and at times like these, it is extremely difficult to uncover the truth. There are too many propaganda machines, disseminating false information and not enough independent confirmation of claims.

I do not know if the allegations against Turkey are true or false. If Turkey was a country where key institutions, independent of partisan interests and influences existed, I would have given the authorities the benefit of the doubt. After all, Turkey is the world's largest refugee-hosting nation, opening its doors to close to two million people from Syria. Yet, it is easier to doubt than trust.

After the latest attack in Kobane, the Diyarbakir Bar Association called for an urgent investigation into allegations of complicity. If we had forgot what had happened to others for daring to probe suspected illegal shipments of arms for rebels fighting Syria's government before, we would have been more patient for the truth to emerge. However, based on previous experience, we can only expect further news black-outs, new conspiracy theories and even loud calls for intervention in Syria – not to stop ISIS – but to prevent Kurds getting the upper hand, pushing ISIS away from Turkey's borders.

The rest of the world may puzzle over how a NATO member Turkey has ended up as a pipeline of arms and volunteers into Islamist opposition in Syria. They may ponder why ISIS is still expanding, entrenching. They may question what else needs to be done to stop it.

No such questioning, self-doubting for Turkey. Hours after the ISIS massacre in Kobane, Foreign Minister Mevlüt Çavuşoğlu boldly declared that Turkey's foreign policy was the envy of the world. "The US is sad that they had not heeded our advice on Syria" he said, adding "our policy of zero problems with neighbours will continue".

BOUT: Your blog underscores how much difficulty the West seems to have in understanding Turkish policy and motives on ISIS, on how far Turkey has evolved away from its pro-Western and secular past. Why, when and how did it happen?

FR: Turkey was never well understood by the West. To complicate matters, it has changed fundamentally in recent years, notably since Prime Minister (now President) Tayyip Erdogan and his AKP (or Justice and Development Party) party first formed a majority government. While some of those changes to past authoritarian Kemalist practices are not a bad thing, both as a democrat and as a woman I find many others very alarming.

When Kemal Ataturk established the modern Turkish Republic in 1923 he built on western-oriented reforms already introduced in the Ottoman Empire. However, it took another year to abolish the Caliphate and many more years to establish a secular state. He encountered significant resistance and had to be heavy handed to get major reforms accepted, notably the right to vote for women. I know of no Islamic country that has sought to become a western-style secular state without some dictatorial measures.

Ataturk created a hybrid secular state. Islamic law was replaced with civil law taken largely from Switzerland and Italy but he replaced the Caliphate with "state religion" through the High Directorate for Religious Affairs (which replaced older institutions like Muslim brotherhoods and controls matters such as the Friday sermon). Also, as the Lausanne agreement that ended the war with Greece in 1922 called for the continued special status for minorities in Turkey so to be a "Turk" was based on a Muslim identity (that included ethnic Turks, Kurds and Alawites).

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Turkey's Religious Affairs Directorate today remains a very important institution. In recent years, it has become an ideological tool of the government. Its budget grew by 176% from 2002 to 2012, exceeding the growth of the education and health budgets.

Turkey's move toward greater piety is part of a global trend. There has been a lot of Saudi and other Gulf money coming in to Turkey to support it, among other things by building new mosques and setting up cultural centres. However, other factors also have played a role. In the 1980s the military government encouraged greater piety and religious practices as a counter-balance the left-right political conflicts of the day. It was the 1982 Constitution that made religious education mandatory. The nationalist CHP, the presumed successors to Ataturk, themselves opened many more imam training schools, now the backbone of secondary education in Turkey. That said, no one has been more effective and efficient in promoting the religious agenda than the current government.

BOUT: Are *imam hatips* the "backbone" of secondary education? That seems extraordinary.

FR: In the last 10 years much of the secular system Ataturk established has been eliminated. Some of that was overdue such as the ban on headscarves on women in university that effectively denied them the right to higher education, but since 2011 (when the government won a third consecutive victory with an increased majority in parliament), it is putting a lot of pressure on people to become more religious. The message is clear that if you are not a practicing and preferably Sunni Muslim you are not a proper

citizen. How far President Erdogan is prepared to go with this Islamist ideology is hard to predict but he has stated that there is no such thing as “moderate Islam, there is only Islam”, and considers Kurdish nationalism on the Syrian border a greater threat than ISIS.

Whether by choice or as a result of social pressure, Muslim practices are far more in evidence than they used to be in Turkey. Nonetheless, I would estimate that 50 percent of Turks remain committed to a secular system, something the government ought to respect. While conflicts such as we saw in the Gezi Park protests in Istanbul (triggered by Erdogan’s plans to convert one of the last green spaces and open gathering places in the city into an Ottoman-style commercial centre and mosque complex) reflect the oppression of secular liberals by the government, secularists themselves have become more tolerant of those who practice their religion. They sometimes find common cause with them against some of the more extreme practices of the government. The polarization of Turkey over issues of religion seems neither necessary nor inevitable.

BOUT: Is Ataturk’s revolution truly dead (President Erdogan had gone so far as to insist on the inequality of women whom Ataturk emancipated), or is this just the swing of the political pendulum?

FR: Ataturk’s revolution has been seriously dented but Turkey has gone a long way towards being integrated into the world system. The Turkish economy has grown considerably in recent years and economic reality will always play a very big role in the country’s politics. However, I am very worried about the status of women and we have clearly seen the country moving backwards across a wide range of issues beginning with the declining role of women in the economy.

In my view, the high profile debate on religion and its practice in Turkey masks an even deeper problem: the rule of law no longer really exists and the checks and balances in the system are nearly almost all gone. All the key institutions of the state are politically manipulated and controlled by the government. State universities have lost their independence. The military’s back is broken (which is not necessarily a bad thing given our history), and has little influence on key security issues such as the war on the border with Syria. The structure of the judiciary was turned upside down in a quite unconstitutional way (judges are fired when they make independent decisions). Sharia has not yet made inroads in Turkish law constitutionally as yet, but in practice we see it in decisions. A man who kills his wife may be released within a year, a woman who kills her husband in self-defence will get life with no chance of early release.

There were no checks against the Prime Minister when Erdogan occupied that post and none in his capacity as President. The parliament does not function and political parties are unable to operate properly. Issues are not debated, members vote as they are ordered to by the President, and extremely contentious legislation gets buried in omnibus bills that often are passed in the dead of night. Civil society is too weak to protest effectively and media censorship and fierce intimidation of journalists through litigation and incarceration ensure that the public remains ill informed about what is actually going on. In other words, there is no one left to defend the public interest.

Officials in the international community have registered growing concern over the erosion of the rule of law in Turkey (including the US, the EU, the European Parliament among others). However, aside such gestures, the international community turns a blind eye to what is going on. It seems that the status quo serves their economic interests best. One thing is certain about this issue: it will be extremely difficult to restore the rule of law, to put it right.

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I do not think that we are witnessing a simple swing of the pendulum in Turkey. Education is the key to the future and now even scientific universities include much questioning of evolution and give space to creationism. The Head of the country’s government-based scientific research institute (purged of professional evidence-based scientists a few years ago) was quoted recently making the extraordinary claim that experimenting with the Hydron collider is to propose an alternative to Allah, the ultimate apostasy. The statement was carried by major independent newspapers but later proved to be a hoax. It is symptomatic of the country’s tense political climate that reputable media fell for the hoax and perhaps equally telling that people protesting the imposition of fundamentalist religious beliefs on science need to resort to the subterfuge of a hoax to express their concerns. In fact, officials in the Ministry of Education in key positions often lack necessary qualifications, were selected on partisan and religious grounds, and their long term impact on education is extremely worrying. Incidentally, much of that took place when Abdullah Gul was President and it goes to show that although he cuts a much better figure diplomatically, he shares the same Islamist ideology and background as Erdogan.

BOUT: Is the struggle for Turkey’s soul still between the secularists and Erdogan’s “Sunni chauvinists” or is it more accurately between Islamist factions (like the US-based Gulen movement) with competing visions of a Turkish Islamic state?

FR: The struggle, as I see it, is between those who want a robust democracy, the rule of law, respect for human and civil rights, and freedom of the press; and, those who like authoritarian governments and leaders, who benefit from the economic conditions the government has helped create, and who, as social conservatives, support entrenching religion in daily life. I would also point out that there are old style secularists, some Kemalists, who have no time for a free press, civil rights or for the Kurds.

This struggle is complex and one should not underestimate President Erdogan’s charisma as a strong leader or his rhetorical skills that put other Turkish leaders to shame. Although not

supposed to participate in partisan politics as President, Erdogan campaigned vigorously in the June 7 parliamentary elections, eclipsing AKP Prime Minister Ahmet Davutoglu. His only real competition as an orator came from Selahattin Demirtas, the young and urbane leader of the HDP (a Kurdish affiliated party). Demirtas' ability to pull together the conservative Kurdish protest vote and appeal to young liberal voters country-wide propelled his party beyond the crucial 10 percent threshold for representation in Parliament.

The fact that Erdogan's party still got over 40 percent of the vote indicates that he remains quite popular, notably with socially conservative women and with religious and conservative business leaders (especially in central Anatolia) who have benefitted handsomely from his rule. Younger people in big cities are also very vulnerable to Islamist ideologies so Erdogan's and the AKP's appeal is certainly not restricted to an older demographic. Younger people are also struggling to find employment and in Turkey, like many other countries, connections to people in power matter.

BOUT: How do the latest elections play into Turkey's current political evolution and President Erdogan's ambitions for an authoritarian Islamist state under his rule? Was it a reversal or just a setback to his ambitions?

FR: I think many observers underestimate the role of social conservatives in the outcome of the recent elections.

In the Southeast Erdogan overplayed his hand when he campaigned, waving a Koran in Kurdish. Conservative Kurds are still Kurds and to backtrack on promises made to them while manipulating religious sentiment struck many as just too blatant. Throughout Turkey many honest, decent and pious Turks, who otherwise would have voted AKP, were sufficiently unhappy with growing allegations of corruption in the AKP and with the political manipulation of religion to cast their ballots for others.

Corruption is a big issue and will be extremely difficult to root out. There is a lot of rent to be gained in Turkey today for many interested groups and parties. They have a vested interest in keeping corruption going and the more they are compromised by it, the more they are likely to use every means available to avoid accountability.

At its core, Turkey's fundamental problem is the authoritarian mindset of its leaders, whether it was the Kemalists of the past or the current government. The difference between them is that in today's Turkey the authoritarian mindset is reinforced by religion making the country doubly oppressive for secular people, liberals and especially for women who care about their civil rights.

The centrist and secularist CHP or the Republic Peoples' Party, (led by Kemal Kilicdaroglu) which sees itself as the successor to Kemal Ataturk's legacy, still harbours some of the mindset although it is tempered by contemporary political realities. However, it failed to capitalize on its potential popularity and garnered only 25 percent of the vote in June's elections. In many ways the leader of the other opposition party that did well in the elections better epitomizes the authoritarian mindset. Devlet Bahceli of the right wing MHP or Nationalist Movement Party (which got just over 16 percent of votes) is staunchly opposed to

the accommodation of Kurdish nationalist aspirations. Using increasingly xenophobic language, Mr. Bahceli has ruled out any kind of coalition the pro-Kurdish HDP might take part in or supports from the outside.

Were the recent elections a disaster for Erdogan or just a setback? I think they are certainly a setback in his campaign to legitimize the further concentration of powers in his hands as an all-powerful President. But he is one of the most clever political players in modern Turkish history. He

also has acted as the all powerful President in the recent elections and did so with no constraints although his behaviour was clearly unconstitutional, so what is really going to stop him now?

More than a month after the elections, President Erdogan has signaled that he would not want to work with a coalition that would insist on changes to Syrian policy and attempt to hold his administration accountable for alleged corrupt practices. He seems to be banking on politicians' failure to form a workable coalition and for the electorate to turn to him to show the way out.

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The suicide bomb attack in the town of Suruc, on Turkey's border with Syria on July 20 brought the violence right into Turkish towns. Both the HDP and The Republican People's Party (CHP) have pointed the finger at the AKP government for its foreign policy and its sympathetic treatment of radical Islamists. After the Suruc attack, demonstrations in towns and cities across Turkey were again met with police violence, but it will not be easy to ignore the anger this long-expected spillover from the crisis in Syria has created in the country.

The government's response to this horrific explosion in Suruc was to call for national unity. However, without some recognition by the AKP government and the President of the shortcomings of their past policies, I doubt very much the opposition would be willing to take on the responsibility of dealing with the danger we face now. Mr. Erdogan and his prime minister may yet try to exploit the situation for their political ends but they will be taking a huge gamble. ☹



Firdevs Robinson

Paris

Then and Now

by Mary Taylor

NOTE DE LA RÉDACTION : Paris, à chaque visite, nous semble immuable: ses immeubles de pierre haussmaniens, ses grands boulevards, sa tour Eiffel trônant fièrement depuis plus de 100 ans en son centre... Cependant, c'est à la lecture de textes comme celui de M^{me} Taylor que **bout** publie aujourd'hui qu'on réalise que sous ses apparences placides de vieille dame embourgeoisée, Paris grouille tout autant aujourd'hui qu'il y a 50 ans. Les enjeux qui la rendent si vibrante ont peut-être changé, mais le plaisir de la visiter, d'y habiter, de la découvrir reste toujours intact et se renouvelle à chaque passage.

Outwardly Paris seems much the same as it did more than 50 years ago. Since the construction of the Tour Montparnasse, which aroused an outcry at the time, nothing much has altered the central skyline. Neither the Pompidou Centre nor the pyramid at the Louvre rise above it and the towers at La Défense only appear on the distant horizon. But in other ways things are very different.

Fifty years ago the streets were more colourful. Many nuns were to be seen wearing the elaborate wimples of their various orders and there were also the gypsies and the street entertainers, particularly in the spring and summer. A group of jolly Dutch men used to come round and play beneath our windows, then gather up the coins which had been tossed into the street. There was even a poor dancing bear. Wreaths were still being placed at the plaques commemorating those who had been killed during the liberation of Paris and when someone died the entrance to their apartment would be covered in huge black drapes with the initials of the deceased in silver. We were there on the day of Edith Piaf's funeral when the

nearby Boulevard Suchet was thronged with thousands.

There were no supermarkets. One bought groceries either at the local market or at any one of the little stores, the pâtisserie, the fishmonger, the butcher. Some even patronized the horse butcher, marked

even enquire later as to my success. The fishmonger across the street prepared plates of oysters all ready to eat for Sunday lunch. The produce was wonderful and varied with the season. In spring there was the first white asparagus, in summer the *fraises des bois*, now almost unobtainable.

On the first of May bunches of lily of the valley would be on sale at almost every street corner. But for foreign tastes a few things were missing. Peanut butter, an essential as far as my toddlers were concerned, could only be bought at a health store, and foreign cheeses such as cheddar were hard to obtain. The British embassy ran a commissary, not surprisingly to the scorn of the French, where one could obtain delicacies such as Scotch marmelade and plum pudding. Our children hated the local



with its distinctive horse's head. Not all the merchants were patient with foreigners speaking poor French. Especially at the market one's ungrammatical requests would be corrected peremptorily. But some were very gracious. Our local butcher went to great lengths to explain unknown cuts of meat, instruct me how to cook them and

milk and so we got a weekly supply imported from Holland for others who shared our problem.

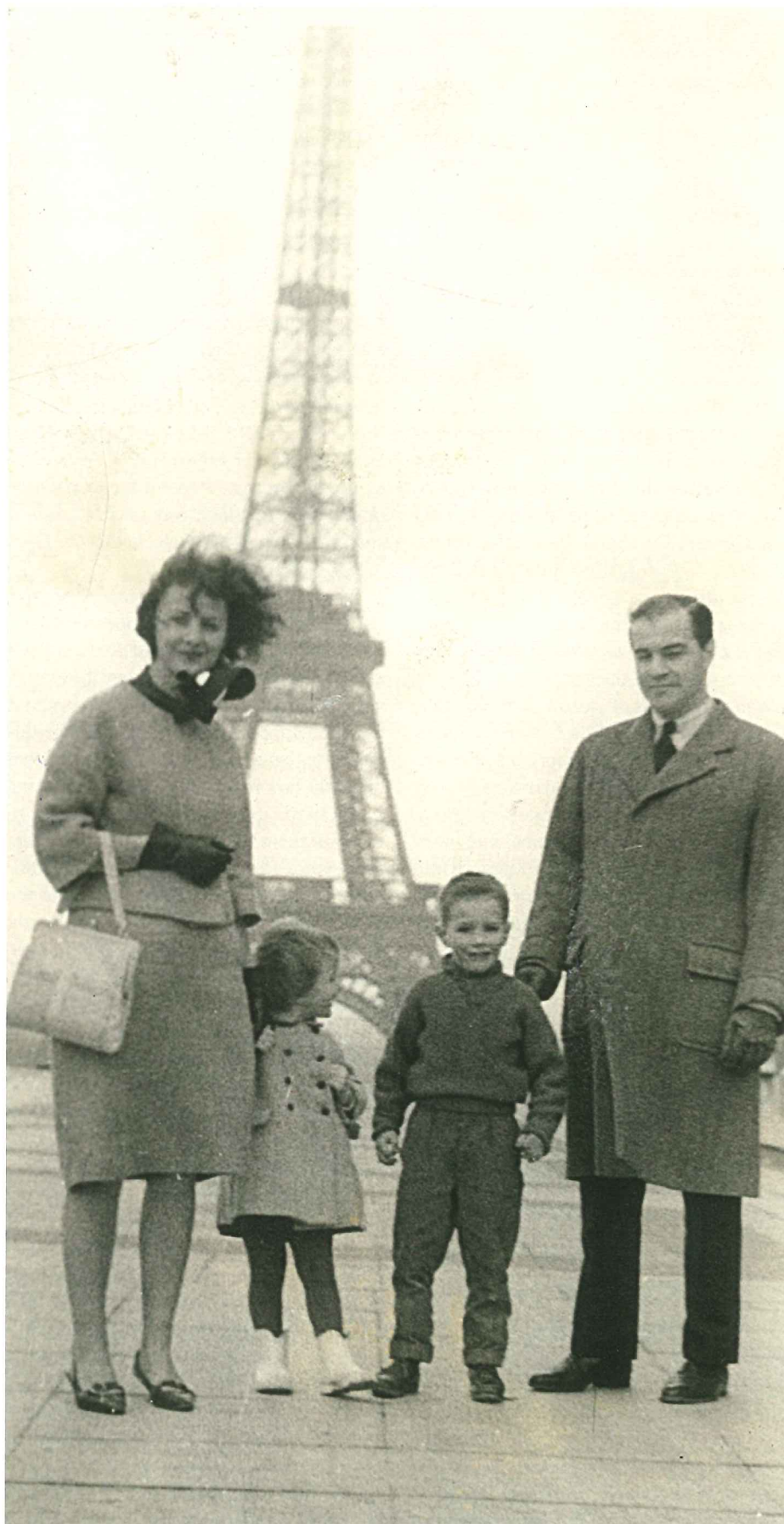
If food often seemed quite expensive the restaurants – at least at the time of a strong Canadian dollar – were remarkably cheap. Unlike today, no menus were in English.

Not long after we arrived we celebrated a birthday lunch at the Grand Véfour, one of the handful of three star restaurants, famous for having been patronized by Collette, who lived beside it. The price was much what it had cost us for a meal at La Touraine, then one of Ottawa's two rather modest French restaurants. A couple of years later we treated friends who were leaving Paris to dinner at Lasserre. Three courses, a good bottle of wine, cigars for the men and a view of the stars, when the famous roof was drawn back, cost three hundred francs, about today's equivalent of their lunch for one. We still have the bill. If great restaurants like these seemed reasonably priced the more modest establishments were a great bargain. At one near us a remarkably good meal including wine cost about \$5 for two. Any suggestion that in

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10 years time there would be a McDonalds on the Champs-Élysées would have been treated as the ravings of a lunatic.

Just as superb meals were a bargain so too were stylish clothes. Even the great houses were almost in reach when they had their sales and it was easy for junior diplomats to get tickets to their shows. There were fewer celebrities seated in the front rows, though I once discovered that the woman sitting near me who looked remarkably like Ingrid Bergman was indeed the famous actress. For the impecunious all kinds of little shops were busy emulating the latest fashion, turning out copies which were not too different from the original. On a street nearby stood just such a boutique, which my husband passed on his way to work and where the owner used to lie in wait to tempt him with her latest offerings. Thanks to this I acquired two charming Chanel type suits. People were more conservative about what they wore. No woman would have gone downtown wearing trousers and hats and gloves were common, there were white



The Taylors in Paris with Sarah and Andrew.

ones for small girls; children were dressed very elaborately even in the park. One amusing memory is of a beautifully turned out little girl being admonished “*lève-toi*”, every time she tried to kneel in the sandbox and risk soiling her lovely dress. If ever a stranger came to the door of our apartment and found one of our children running around barefoot, they expressed great concern at this evidence of disarray. Nowadays it is all sensible jeans and t-shirts.

It was the best of times but also in some ways the worst. Then as now France suffered from the burden of its colonial past. Not long after we arrived there was a call telling us to stay in the house. An Organisation de l’armée secrète (OAS) regiment was said to be arriving at Orly and Général De Gaulle had called on the citizens of Paris to go out and prevent the paratroopers from entering the city. In the end it was all a false alarm, and this quixotic defence was never put into action. But from then on the situation in Algeria, and the bitterness of those who thought the Général had betrayed them by negotiating independence, would affect everyday life. The OAS, the organization radically opposed to Algerian independence, began setting off small bombs, known as *plastiques* all over Paris. They would cunningly set off a series at one time in a particular district thus giving people the

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impression that these events were more numerous than was the case and that the OAS was everywhere, just as their slogan claimed. These bombs were modest compared to today and mainly shattered glass and damaged the facade of buildings. A frequent sight were little trucks carrying large sheets of plate glass to replace these

which had been blown out the night before. One day my *au pair* was walking with the children just as a *plastique* went off in the building beside them. A friendly concierge rushed out to ply the children with candies to comfort them. But no such consolation was necessary. Home they came reporting enthusiastically on a wonderful outing which had involved not only treats but a splendid explosion. Not all of us had the same reaction. Once just as I put my hand on a door knob on the Champs Elysée a bomb went off in the next building and I had the irrational feeling that I had somehow triggered it. But these were gentler times. The first serious human casualty, a child disfigured by flying glass, and a large explosion near the Renault factory, which injured many on their way to work, caused such widespread indignation that the OAS abandoned their tactics.

There were of course the other Algerians, not the *pieds noirs*, the European settlers, but the many Arabs who had come to Paris and who were not well treated by the French police. Ironically some had come because they had supported the French authorities and now feared they would suffer for that under the new regime. One Sunday morning I was made aware of what happened to many of them. A friend had lost a bracelet near Notre-Dame and I agreed to accompany her to the local police station in the Marais in the hopes that someone might have turned it in. We took along my three-year-old. To our horror just inside the station stood a large cage filled with dark-skinned men, who had been arrested during the night. They were perhaps luckier than they knew because years later it was discovered that quite a few of their compatriots had ended up in the Seine. But what a shocking sight for an innocent child. As with the *plastique*, however, we were quite wrong. For her, the idea of putting adults in a cage as if at the zoo, was an intriguing possibility. She returned to recount this fascinating experience to her older brother. Many French sympathized with the aims of the OAS if not with the means it employed. I remember a lunch given by our kindly neighbours, a retired military couple. Somehow the conversation turned to Algeria – had we in our innocence somehow provoked this – and this led to an embarrassing argument. No doubt similar conversations are taking place today about how to deal with France’s large Muslim population.

There were other important issues as well as Algeria. Reconciliation between France and Germany had been initiated by De Gaulle and Adenauer. The famous comedian Henri Tissot milked their meeting for all it was worth. A small stocky man, he amazingly transformed himself into De Gaulle as he bent forward from the stage of the small chansonnier, where he was appearing, and pumped the hands of the front row muttering a greeting in execrable German. Not everyone

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welcomed this new friendship. The war and the occupation were still fresh in many people’s minds, and one friend told me that she only spent time with those who like her had supported the *Résistance*. With De Gaulle in power some of his early supporters had been well rewarded. We were a beneficiary of his generosity since we rented our apartment from an admiral who had been among the first to bring his ship over to the Free French and who now resided in an official apartment at the *Ministère de la Marine*.

So Paris 50 years ago was rather different. Yet in many ways it remains the same, one of the most beautiful cities in the world, its citizens renowned for their wit and elegance, their love of language – how my modest little grocer would turn a phrase – and their supreme self confidence that there is no better place to live. ☺

Mary Taylor is the wife of a retired Foreign Service Officer and the author of If Only I had Known and A Black Mark: The Japanese-Canadians in World War II.

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Andrew Cohen: *Two Days in June:*

John F. Kennedy and the 48 Hours That Made History

In *Two Days in June*, renowned Canadian journalist and professor Andrew Cohen provides fresh insight into the political life, times and achievements of President John F. Kennedy and his talented circle of advisors. Although spending 373 pages on just two days may seem overkill, and the prose may seem a tad breathless from time to time, it is hard to identify a single superfluous sentence. Indeed, we are treated to exhaustive research, compellingly presented, with great economy of expression and much verve.

Empathetic and deeply admiring, Cohen never descends into hagiography. The facts are allowed to speak for themselves. We see, moment to moment, Kennedy's performance and that of brother (Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy), speechwriter Ted Sorensen, and other reformers of the post-war generation as they come to grips with the need for real reform, at home and abroad, in the shadow of the atomic bomb and a history of racial prejudice. We see the synergy of talent, leadership and conviction needed to bring about deep-seated change that we almost take for granted now.

By implication, the book also invites the reader to contrast the quality of such leadership with today. *Two Days in June* is indispensable reading for those who may despair about national and international leadership coming to grips with our own great macro challenges, such as climate change. But Cohen also reminds us, at a more personal level, that everyone "educated in freedom" should reflect on our own duties. Citing Robert Kennedy:

In the light of a truly freed mind no prejudice can disguise itself as zeal, no bullying can masquerade as leadership, no pettiness can pose as importance. The freed mind will never

confuse a sentimentality with a true emotion, an act of violence with an act of heroism, a slogan with a cause...

Fifty years later the work of Kennedy's generation is far from complete and "freed minds" (what else should skilled diplomats possess?) still must accept our responsibilities. Cohen reminds us that an earlier generation proved unequivocally that mediocrity need not prevail.

We see the synergy of talent, leadership and conviction needed to bring about deep-seated change that we almost take for granted now.

The implied question Cohen puts to us: do we measure up today?

BOUT: Simply put, why should Canadian diplomats (and more broadly our foreign policy community) read your book?

AC: For the same reasons, I hope, that the general public would read it. I invite readers to observe a president, up close, as he pivots dramatically over 48 feverish hours on the two great issues of his time – nuclear arms and civil rights. To understand why

he does it, largely ignoring his advisors, without taking polls or assembling focus groups, and the making of a brave and moral choice. To see how he does it, mobilizing language in the two greatest speeches of his eloquent presidency. To see that something real comes from his lyrical appeal – a pioneering treaty and a landmark law. And, I hope, to draw a parallel between then and now on how we approach race and the Russians.

BOUT: Although *Two Days* is about Kennedy and his team, the book reads like an enquiry into the fundamentals of political leadership – to paraphrase your own words: not to contour events, but to shape them. What are some of the lessons of Kennedy's presidency for coming to grips with the great challenges and events of our own day, say climate change, ISIS, or nuclear negotiations with Iran?

AC: Kennedy became president in the heat of the Cold War, in lily-white, apartheid America. Both seemed intractable in the spring of 1963. How to advance racial equality? How to slow the arms race? Kennedy found a way to address both, seizing the power of the bully pulpit. While he was unimpressed with diplomats – he thought that they did not have to take the

risks of politicians – he believed in diplomacy. He believed in dialogue. He used back channels, such as the Vatican, to establish a conversation with the Russians. It led to “the Peace Speech” on June 10, 1963 and six weeks later, the Limited Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, the first of the arms control treaties of the Cold War. Few thought it could be done, but he did. Today, were JFK dealing with Putin, he would treat him as he did Nikita Krushchev during the Cuban Missile Crisis and beyond – with patience, restraint and

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empathy. However much they disagreed, he would never appear triumphalist and never “rub his nose in it.” Curiously, some of the doubts expressed by critics today on an agreement with a nuclear Iran – the Iranians cannot be trusted, that they will cheat – are much the same as what critics said in coming to terms with the Russians in banning the testing of nuclear weapons.

BOUT: What do the Kennedy years teach us about the handling of the Canada-US relationship. Do you see any parallels between those years and today’s awkwardness?

AC: Kennedy and Diefenbaker loathed each other, not that Kennedy spent much time thinking about Diefenbaker, who was just a nuisance to him; he reminded JFK of blustering American prairie populists. He had bigger things to worry about. Today, Obama and Harper are also said to dislike each other, though not as intensely. Yet as the relationship did not fall apart in the 1960s, whatever the personal strains, it has not fallen apart today. Personal relations do matter, and when Lester Pearson was elected in April 1963, Kennedy was delighted and immediately invited him to Cape Cod. Things improved, but they were not perfect. Then, as now, the Americans had their interests, and we had ours. ☺

Charles Ritchie on Navigating an Awkward Relationship

...Canada, America’s neighbor, historically, and largest trading partner, was also seething on the sidelines. In 1963, its ambassador was Charles Stewart Almon Ritchie, a hawk-nosed, dapper blue blood from Nova Scotia, with a mid-Atlantic accent, a sharp ear, and a gifted pen. In 1938, having read history and literature at Oxford, he joined Canada’s fledgling foreign service, which, in 1959, Senator Kennedy deemed “probably unequalled by any other nation”. Ritchie served in Ottawa, London, Bonn, and New York. He was the personification of the “golden age of Canadian diplomacy”, when Canada, by virtue of its disproportionate military and financial contribution to the Second World War, had some influence in the postwar world. Ritchie was one of the constellation of stars who helped Canada play a role in the making of the new international architecture, including the establishment of the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, the United Nations, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, and particularly the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The best of them was Lester B. Pearson, ambassador, foreign minister, Nobel Laureate, and future Prime Minister...

...Ritchie had the misfortune to represent a country led by John George Diefenbaker. The relationship between the Conservative prime minister and the Democratic president (historically a mismatch) had started badly when the Kennedys visited Ottawa in March 1961 and never recovered. Diefenbaker thought Kennedy elitist, imperious, and too enamored of Lester Pearson’s Liberals; Kennedy thought Diefenbaker ornery, pompous, and bloviating, reminding him of swaggering prairie populists. Both Jackie and Bobby later maintained that JFK “hated” Diefenbaker, who nursed a spirited anti-Americanism. When Ritchie presented his credentials to Kennedy in the Oval Office on May 26, 1962, he found Kennedy “civil” but “distinctly cool”, and “deliberately creating a distance”, which Ritchie thought reflected his antipathy for the prime minister. Their conversation was strained – banalities punctuated by long pauses – which was unnatural for two natural conversationalists. “No, it was not ‘a click’ with the President”, an embarrassed Ritchie wrote in his unpublished diary. “I felt ineffective... and nervous. That’s what occasions are for – to rise to them. This was one I didn’t rise to.”

For the next year or so, Ritchie was shunned. He felt the administration distrusted Canada’s “self-righteousness and self-centeredness”. They “think we are a small-time bunch who don’t belong in the big league.” It did not help that a suspicious Diefenbaker had been slow to support the United States during the Cuban Missile Crisis, prompting Bobby’s cutting wisecrack: “Canada offers all aid short of help.” Sure, Ritchie was able to see McGeorge Bundy, whom he liked but did not understand, and Dean Rusk, who looked like “Buddha” or “a Chinaman – a short one.”... In February 1963, Ritchie acknowledged his isolation: “Having virtually given up on the Kennedys, I have now... resigned myself to having a housemaid’s keyhole view of them. But even if I boast, as I now do, of being OUT, I still find it tiresome to be treated from that moment as if I am not only OUT but non-existent.”

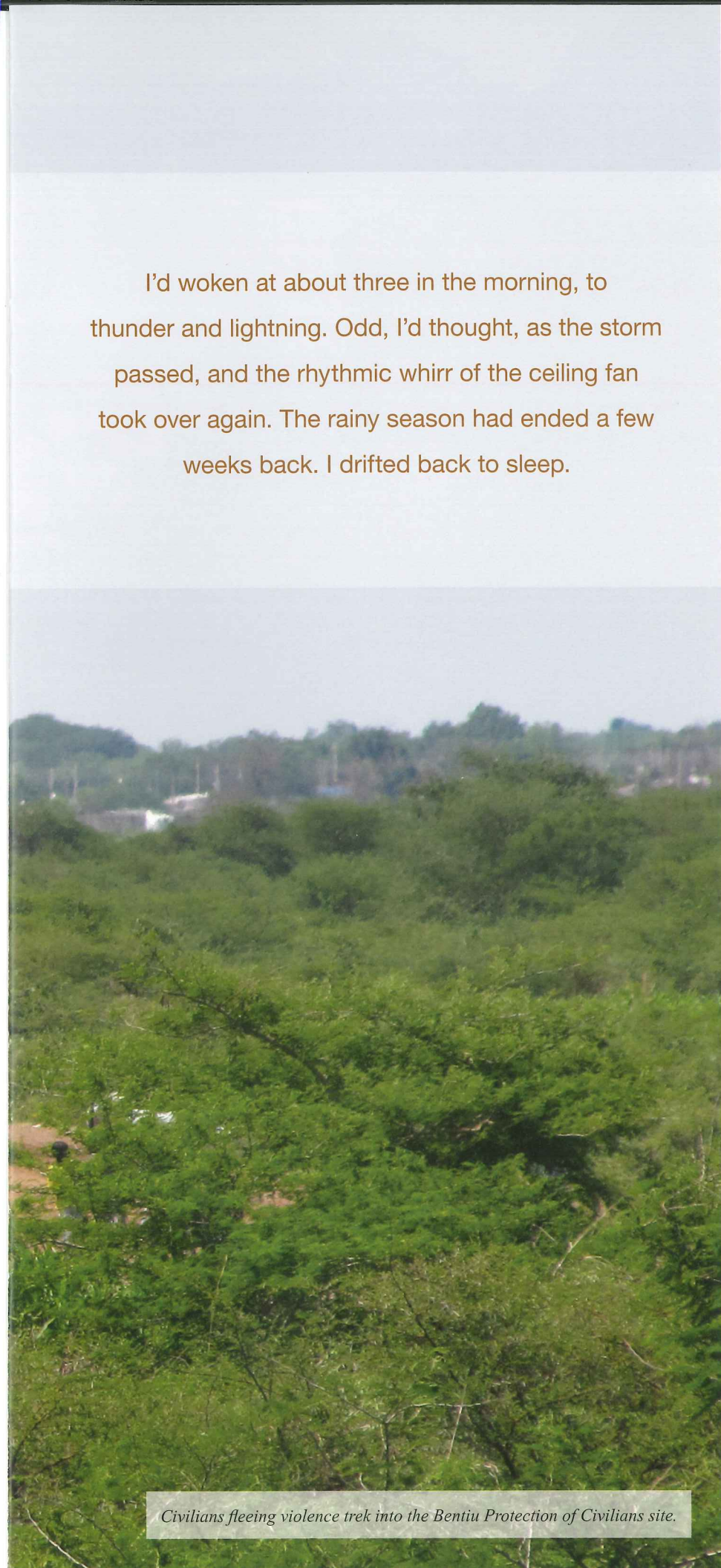
That began to change – if not personally, at least politically – when Pearson became prime minister on April 22, 1963. Kennedy knew and liked “Mike” Pearson, whom he welcomed to the White House with the other Nobel Laureates in 1962, and whose published collection of speeches he had reviewed admiringly in 1959. Kennedy immediately invited Pearson to Hyannis Port. Ritchie tagged along and found the meeting “an ordeal”, because he worried about putting a foot wrong with Kennedy.

(excerpt printed with permission; 2014, McClelland & Stewart, pp.404)

Protecting Civilians in South Sudan: The UN learns the hard way

story and photos by Nicholas Coghlan





I'd woken at about three in the morning, to thunder and lightning. Odd, I'd thought, as the storm passed, and the rhythmic whirr of the ceiling fan took over again. The rainy season had ended a few weeks back. I drifted back to sleep.

Soon after six, it started to get light. Now I could hear a staccato crackling outside. I got up and pushed aside the net curtain: no sign of rain. I pulled on a pair of trousers and, rubbing my eyes, walked to the front door and peered out. It was going to be another hot and hazy day. John and Emmanuel, our two night guards, were in the courtyard just by the main gate. John saw me and came towards me:

"Mr Nicholas: please go back! Is problem, I think..."

Jenny came out from the washroom and joined me at the door:

"What's up?"

"I don't know. Sounds like shooting, maybe..."

By now it wasn't just small arms fire. There was the occasional heavier thump and you could feel the ground shake a little. Once, the glasses and silver in our dining-room dresser tinkled. From the direction of the main road, maybe two hundred metres away, we heard a loud clanking noise over a heavy engine. I wondered where I'd heard that noise before, then remembered: *Saving Private Ryan*. A tank.

With the sounds of machine-gun fire everywhere, diplomats were summoned to a surreal briefing at the Presidential compound and assured that everything was under control.

Over the next 24 hours, one half of South Sudan's army – the SPLA – fought the other half in the nation's capital, Juba. On the second day, things got worse. With the sounds of machine-gun fire everywhere, diplomats were summoned to a surreal briefing at the Presidential compound and assured that everything was under control. The Foreign Minister several times had to pause as explosions made the windows shake, and more tanks rumbled past.

When I got back home, there was a body lying at the gate of our neighbour, where an hour ago there had been nothing.

"What happened?" I asked.

"There was a man, walking in the street...An SPLA pick-up came the other way. They stopped and spoke to the man. One question, maybe two... then they shot him"



At a water distribution point, Bentiu Protection of Civilians site.

An ethnic purge had begun. Victorious Dinka elements of the SPLA were roaming the streets looking for ethnic Nuer. Military on the run or civilian, it didn't matter. They were killed on the spot. In a matter of a few hours, entire quarters of Juba emptied out.

By day three Jenny and I were at the airport, assisting Canadians – nearly all of Nuer descent – to flee. It was difficult at first to figure out what was happening. But I started to understand when one man, clutching all his possessions and his treasured blue Canadian passport in a small plastic bag, would not look me in the face, and eventually asked me if he could borrow my baseball cap. He needed to cover his forehead and those horizontal scars. He sat cowering in the back of our battered Land-Cruiser until the British C-17 that would take him to safety in Entebbe arrived. Then he asked me to hold his hand as we walked past scowling SPLA in the airport terminal, out onto the tarmac.

Another Canadian, Peter, arrived with his granddaughter:

"They came for my neighbour this morning," he said.

"They made us both watch. They cut his throat. They said they would come back in an hour, and if we weren't gone, they'd do the same to us..."

Ordinary people in Juba had no Embassy to call on, no one to help them escape the pogrom. Instead they fled to what seemed to be the only safe haven: the United Nations logistics base at one end of the Juba Airport runway. Three or four days on,

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20,000 civilians – nearly all Nuer – were crammed into the narrow roadways between the UN's container offices, onto a basketball court, onto the apron where the white aircraft of the UN's vast fleet were parked. Thus came into being the first of South

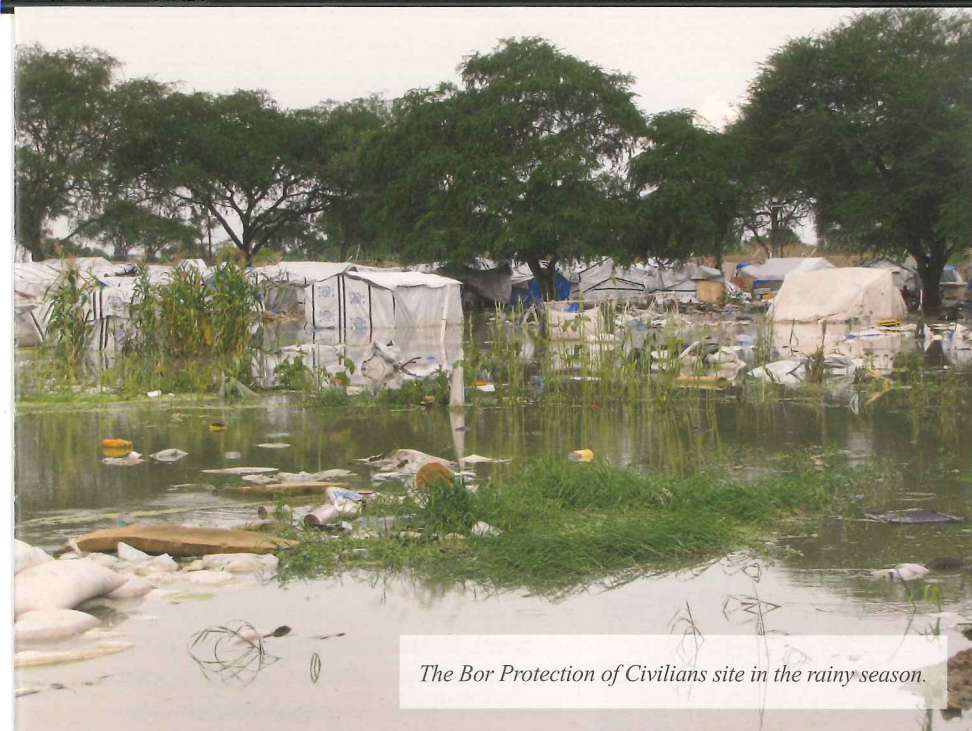
Sudan's PoCs (pee-oh-seas), or Protection of Civilians sites.

We all thought that once things calmed down, people would go back home, it would be a matter of a week or two at the most.

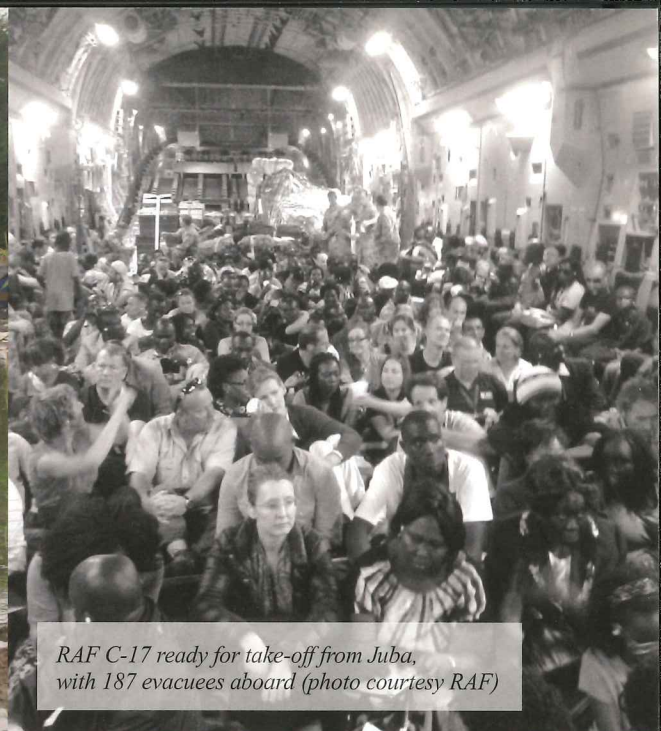
But the war spread up-country from Juba. In a few weeks it had engulfed one third of the country. By September 2015, 20 months on, 200,000 civilians were holed up in seven PoCs across the country, and a further 1.6 million were at large in much more informal, unprotected settlements. 623,000 had fled South Sudan. The PoCs had become a fact of life.

Over those few days in December 2013 and January 2014, United Nations peacekeepers – by unquestioningly opening their gates – saved tens of thousands of lives. It was a high point in the history of the UN. The lessons of Rwanda had, it seemed, been learned.

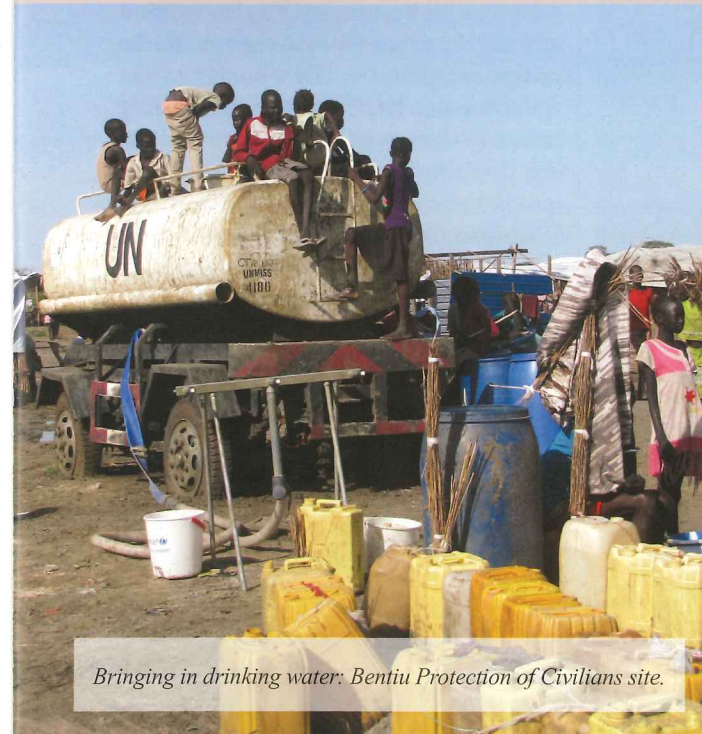
Of course, it wasn't that simple. It soon became obvious that counting on the blue UN flag for protection was not enough. In April, following a rebel victory in the



The Bor Protection of Civilians site in the rainy season.



RAF C-17 ready for take-off from Juba, with 187 evacuees aboard (photo courtesy RAF)



Bringing in drinking water: Bentiu Protection of Civilians site.



Nuer children in the Juba Protection of Civilians site.



Indian peacekeeping troops manning the perimeter, Bor Protection of Civilians site.

North of the country, the word went out in the Jonglei state capital of Bor that the Nuer within the Bor PoC were celebrating. A Dinka mob assembled, marched on the PoC, breached its puny defences and killed 50 civilians before the Indian peacekeepers could organize and expel them. Bor's PoC now has 10 concentric lines of defence, with a tank permanently stationed on each

chimed in with its own complaints: the UN was harbouring rebel deserters, it said; the PoCs were an affront to national sovereignty, to the dignity of South Sudan.

For a time, it looked as though the UN – after its moment of glory – could do no right. When it proposed relocating the civilians within the semi-flooded Juba site to a drier location, the same humanitarian

would normally be found at opposite ends of the bar at Juba's main UN base – have had to learn each other's job. The Mongolian troops who guard the largest PoC of all, at Bentiu (117,000), police the food distributions, help dig the latrines and shepherd the NGO workers into the bunkers when shelling begins; humanitarians who two years ago sneered at the blue-helmeted soldiers now ride inside the Mongolian Armoured Personnel Carriers (APCs) with no qualms.

When the 2014 rains set in, the inhabitants of the Juba, Bor and Bentiu sites were within a few days knee-, even waist-deep in rancid flood waters, floating with sewage and dead animals. Médecins Sans Frontières slammed the UN for failing to meet even the most basic of humanitarian standards, and warned that cholera was virtually inevitable.

of its earthen berms, and seven heavy machine gun posts. Of the 3,000 remaining civilians within this PoC, not one has dared set foot outside the wire since that April day.

And it was not as though any of the PoCs were designed as camps for the displaced. When the 2014 rains set in, the inhabitants of the Juba, Bor and Bentiu sites were within a few days knee-, even waist-deep in rancid flood waters, floating with sewage and dead animals. Médecins Sans Frontières slammed the UN for failing to meet even the most basic of humanitarian standards, and warned that cholera was virtually inevitable. The government

organizations that had denounced the appalling sanitary conditions now insisted that no one should be forced to move. There were simultaneous – but incompatible – calls for the peacekeepers to beef up protection at the PoCs and also move out into the hinterland to protect the much larger number of internally displaced scattered around the countryside. Some complained that the camp residents were receiving insufficient food and shelter assistance, while others said just the opposite: the PoCs were fostering dependency and entitlement.

More positively, over these 15 months, humanitarians and peacekeepers – who

South Sudan's PoCs represent R2P, the Responsibility to Protect, a concept that Canadian diplomats helped develop some years ago. It's been messy. The Department of Peacekeeping Operations wants the camps emptied; the UN's humanitarian agencies and NGOs dither, alternately insisting that no one must be forced out but that the peacekeepers need to get out and about. At every meeting of the UN Humanitarian Country Team on which we sit (twice a week) the fate of the PoCs is on the agenda. But it's probably cutting edge, as well; this may be the future of peacekeeping.

Canada has been helping the International Organisation for Migration (IOM), as well as a number of non-governmental



Main street: Bentiu Protection of Civilians site

organizations, to deliver security and assistance to those holed up in the PoCs. And our 12-person Canadian Forces detachment with the United Nations Mission in South Sudan has been providing Military Liaison Officers who play key roles in liaising between the peacekeepers, the humanitarians and the local authorities in places such as Bor and Bentiu.

We've also been engaged in some less traditional programming. One of the many side-effects of life in the camps is that children have been cut off from their old school and neighbourhood friends, who may be scattered around the different PoCs or as far afield as the refugee camps in Kenya, Ethiopia and Uganda.

Using our Canada Fund for Local Initiatives (CFLI) and working with a media organization called Free Voice, in early 2015 we launched a three-month blitz to try to reconnect some of these children. Volunteers recorded messages which were then relayed or sent via Skype to other locations; the children made drawings which were carried from one camp to another with greetings; a link was re-established with the elementary school in the Juba suburb from which many of the children had fled, and a new one was made to a girls' orphanage in town.

In March 2015, children from Juba's three PoCs were brought together in one of the sites (normally they are not free to move between them). There were acrobatics and dancing contests, a sprint race for the Under Fives, drawings were judged, giant puppets performed and more messages were sent. Lots of new friendships were made.

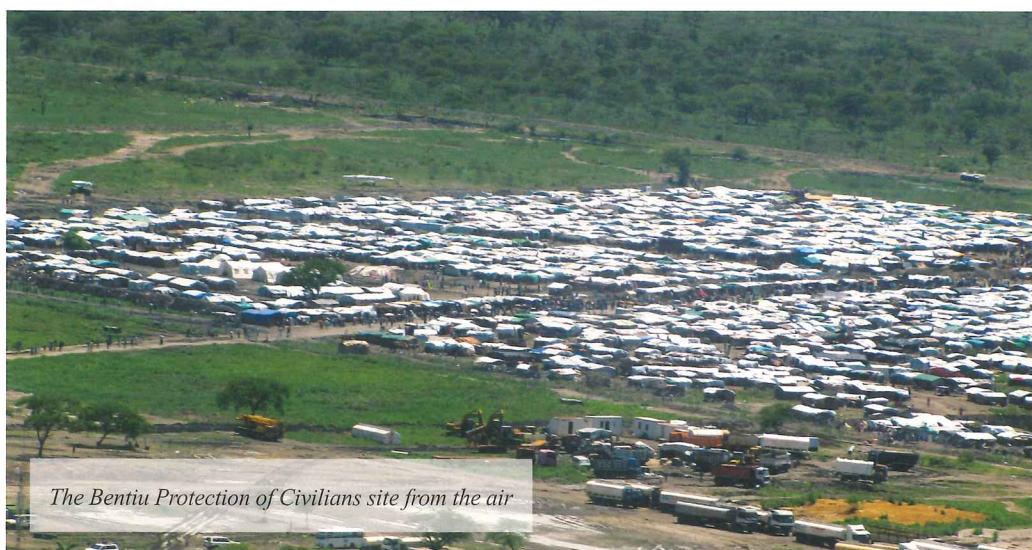
There were sad moments too. The title winning song, performed by the boys and girls of Juba PoC One, said it all:

"When will I see my home again..." 🌀

Nicholas Coghlan is now Canada's first resident Ambassador in Juba, South Sudan, the newest country in the world. His Embassy, housed in pleasant containers, is the only officially bullet-resistant Canadian mission in the world; happily, it has not yet been tested. Nicholas is the author of two books about postings in the Canadian Foreign Service – The Saddest Country (Colombia); and Far in the Waste Sudan (both reviewed by Gar Pardy in Vol. 22, No. 3) – and one about a two-year sailing odyssey through the frigid waters of Patagonia: Winter in Fireland (reviewed by Paul Durand in Vol. 26, No. 2).



Nuer girl dancing at the Juba Protection of Civilians site.



The Bentiu Protection of Civilians site from the air



Nuer girls dancing at the Juba Protection of Civilians site.

Les Prix de l'APASE 2015 — Reconnaissance de l'excellence

2015 PAFSO Awards — Celebrating Excellence

event photography by Gordon King

Le mercredi 10 juin 2015, 270 collègues et invités se sont réunis pour célébrer l'excellence au sein du service extérieur canadien lors du dîner de remise des Prix de l'APASE 2015. C'est au son de la cornemuseur-majeure des Sons of Scotland, Bethany Bisaillion, que les invités ont fait leur entrée dans la salle de bal Trillium du Centre Shaw, à Ottawa, pour une soirée exceptionnelle. Le président de l'APASE, Timothy Hodges, a accueilli tous les participants à la 26^e remise des Prix du service extérieur canadien et leur a chaleureusement souhaité la bienvenue. Il avait aussi plusieurs messages importants à leur livrer.

Tonight is a celebration of the dedication and excellence that Foreign Service Officers bring to their work, day in and day out, in the service of Canadians. This year's recipients, who were selected from a very strong field of nominees, are as impressive a cohort as any in the over quarter century we have been recognizing excellence in our profession through the Foreign Service Awards.

Tonight's gala falls on the heels of some recent good news for the Foreign Service and for PAFSO. After more than two decades of effort by numerous colleagues on June 1st, I formally

welcomed Management and Consular Officers (MCOs) to the Foreign Service and to the Association. We are elated that MCOs are finally and fully part of the PAFSO community and we are now planning on integrating the new, additional MCO stream, alongside our Political, Trade, and Immigration streams. MCOs will bring new energy, skills, and experience to our profession.

I am driven (together with the all the PAFSO Executive) to help renew and reinvigorate our profession – while ensuring the achievements and sacrifices of all those Foreign Service





Left to right: Allison Saunders, Yasemin Heinbecker, Tyler Arrell and Colin Townson

Officers who have gone before us are not forgotten. To those ends, I have been working closely with senior Departmental managers, other public sector union heads, and, I very am pleased to note, the president of our sister organization, Canada's Retired Heads of Mission Association.

It is my sincere hope that some day soon we will see established a new prominent, permanent and public memorial to Canada's fallen Foreign Service Officers. I know that many in this room share this vision and I am confident that the "right thing" will be done to further honour those who have made the ultimate sacrifice for Canada – killed while on foreign

mission over the years, ranging from Indochina, Egypt, Afghanistan and, most recently, Kenya.

In terms of the future of the Foreign Service, I am excited to tell you that planning is well underway with my counterpart at the American Foreign Service Association to co-host, within the next few months, a meeting of heads of Foreign Service unions and associations from around the globe. The meeting will be held in Washington, DC, and will concretely focus on the many challenges and opportunities facing our profession and ways to strengthen our practice. We aim to be at the center of the many debates surrounding the future of

foreign ministries. As actual Foreign Service professionals, we feel we have plenty to contribute to that discussion, both within Canada and with partners abroad.

Timothy Hodges ensuite a présenté le maître de cérémonie de la soirée, Norm Baillie-David. M. Baillie-David a fait carrière pendant 30 ans en consultation et développement organisationnel – dont les 20 dernières consacrées à aider des groupes du MAECD (tant à l'administration centrale que dans les missions à l'étranger) à travailler plus efficacement en équipe et à élaborer des démarches plus rationalisées et plus efficaces pour la prestation de leurs divers programmes et services.

Je suis déterminé (ainsi que les membres du Comité exécutif de l'APASE) à renouveler et à redynamiser notre profession – tout en veillant à ce que les réalisations et les sacrifices des agents du service extérieur qui nous ont précédés ne tombent pas dans l'oubli.

Présentation des Prix de l'APASE

Tyler Arrell

With excellent judgement, exceptional talent for innovation and keen awareness of the importance of the Canada-China relationship, Tyler Arrell manages Immigration's Temporary Resident Unit in Beijing which saw a 40 percent work increase last year to 400,000 applicants. The monetary value of the student component alone is exceeded only by Canada's ore exports to China. Tyler understands that excellence in client service is a key to Canada's competitiveness in attracting tourists, students, business and investment from China. ■ Ses programmes d'avant-garde, innovateurs, qui rationalisent la délivrance de visas aux voyageurs à faible risque ont été adoptés par d'autres bureaux de visas à volume élevé. Le Prix de l'APASE 2015 est attribué à ce leader confiant et décisif qui encadre et gère 35-50 employés aux prises avec des charges de travail répétitives de taille et les inspire à obtenir des résultats impressionnants.



La sous-ministre de Citoyenneté et Immigration, Anita Biguzs et Tyler Arrell

Les lauréats de cette année, choisis parmi un éventail de candidats remarquables, sont à la hauteur de ceux et celles qui ont reçu cet honneur depuis la création des Prix du service extérieur, qui soulignent l'excellence de notre profession.



Le sous-ministre des Affaires étrangères, Daniel Jean et Yasemin Heinbecker

Yasemin Heinbecker

With the first promotions for FS3 and EX1/EX2/EX3 in years looming, Yasemin Heinbecker saw an opportunity to foster collaboration and teamwork across the newly amalgamated department. On her own time, she organized an open and bilingual information sharing network and study group involving over 300 women and some male colleagues. She organized weekly events featuring senior officials as guest speakers to address topics relevant to the promotion exercise. ■ Elle a compilé et partagé une liste de lectures recommandées et établi un groupe de soutien pour les candidats non retenus. Le Prix de l'APASE 2015 est attribué à Yasemin, dont les efforts bénévoles ont fait en sorte que, pour la première fois, un nombre égal de femmes et d'hommes figure dans les listes de promotion EX-2/3 et que la représentation des femmes dans la liste de promotion EX-1 dépasse le seuil des 50 pour cent.

Allison Saunders

For seven years Allison Saunders, Deputy Director of DFATD's Continental Shelf Division, has been the fulcrum of a close knit team of geologists, hydrographers and lawyers who have prepared a submission to the UN's Commission on the Limits of the Continental Shelf. The submission is key to gaining international recognition for Canada's continental shelf – the final line on the map of Canada. ■ Le leadership d'Allison repose sur de superbes habiletés diplomatiques et juridiques doublées d'une expertise scientifique qui lui permettent de comprendre les subtilités des données hautement techniques qui sous-tendent le mémoire du Canada. Allison Saunders se voit attribuer le prix de l'APASE 2015 pour son rôle de leadership dans un projet d'importance cruciale pour la sécurité maritime et l'avenir économique du Canada.



Le sous-ministre des Affaires étrangères, Daniel Jean et Allison Saunders

Ce soir, nous célébrons le dévouement et l'excellence avec lesquels les agents du service extérieur accomplissent leur travail, jour après jour, au service des Canadiens et des Canadiennes.



Le sous-ministre du Développement international, Malcolm Brown et Colin Townson

Colin Francis Townson

Colin Francis Townson continued to build on his stellar networking and reporting skills in Afghanistan and at NATO, which drew a ministerial commendation, when assigned to the Canadian Embassy in Libya. With its closure, Colin was appointed Chargé d'Affaires for Libya at the Canadian Embassy in Tunisia where he has made it the leading source of reliable information and the principal venue for international coordination meetings concerning Libya. His social media presence has significantly amplified Canadian messaging and he used this influence to create a diplomatic niche for Canada promoting human rights in Libya. ■ Colin est reconnu comme étant la « personne-ressource » pour obtenir un coup d'œil sur les événements et les personnalités en Libye, et son expertise et son rôle de leadership sont largement reconnus dans le milieu de la diplomatie. Sous sa direction, le Canada s'est établi comme un champion en matière de droits de la personne – rôle que le prestigieux magazine *Foreign Policy* a souligné. Pour ces réalisations, le Prix de l'APASE 2015 est attribué à Colin.

2015 Panel of Judges / Jury de sélection 2015

The panel selecting this year's Award recipients comprised people of great distinction in their own fields:

Maureen O'Neil O.C. (Chair) is President of the Canadian Foundation for Healthcare Improvement. Previous positions include President of the International Development Research Center, Interim President of the International Centre for Human Rights and Democratic Development, President of the North-South Institute and Deputy Minister of Citizenship of the Government of Ontario. Ms. O'Neil is also Board Chair or Board Member of many national and international organizations, as well as several not-for-profit organizations. In June 2011, Ms. O'Neil was named an Officer of the Order of Canada for public service, recognizing her contributions to international development, gender equality and human rights.

Serge April a joint les rangs du ministère des Affaires extérieures et du Commerce international en 1968. Il a servi à Rome, à La Havane et au sein de la Délégation auprès de l'OCDE à Paris. Il a été ambassadeur au Sénégal, Haut-Commissaire adjoint à Londres, ambassadeur en Pologne et aux Pays-Bas. À Ottawa, il a occupé plusieurs postes supérieurs, notamment ceux de directeur de la Direction du droit économique et des traités, conseiller principal pour les Relations fédérales-provinciales, directeur général du Service juridique, négociateur en chef des accords aériens et conseiller principal pour les questions juridiques. Depuis sa retraite en 2006, M. April a été vice-président de l'Association des chefs de mission à la retraite et vice-président de la Section de la capitale nationale du Conseil international du Canada.

Andrew Cohen is a professor, journalist and author. Among his bestselling books, *While Canada Slept: How We Lost Our Place in the World* was a finalist for the Governor General's Literary Award in 2003. His latest book is *Two Days in June: John F. Kennedy and the 48 Hours That Made History*. A former foreign correspondent and editorialist with *The Globe and Mail*, he writes a column for *The Ottawa Citizen* syndicated in Postmedia Newspapers and appears weekly on the CTV News Channel. The founding president of The Historica – Dominion Institute, he is a member of the boards of The Trudeau Centre, The Writers' Trust and the Pearson Centre for Progressive Policy, as well as a mentor with the Action Canada Fellowship Program. He has won two National Newspaper Awards, three National Magazine Awards and twice received the Queen's Jubilee Medal. Mr. Cohen teaches at the Carleton School of Journalism and Communication, as well as at the Norman Paterson School of International Affairs.

Denis Comeau a joint les rangs du ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international en 1974. Il a occupé plusieurs postes supérieurs à la centrale, notamment ceux de porte-parole et directeur de la direction des relations avec les médias, de la direction des comités consultatifs sur le commerce et la compétitivité et de la direction des relations avec le Japon. Il a été ambassadeur auprès de la République de Corée, du Royaume de Thaïlande, de l'Union du Myanmar et de la République Démocratique Lao. Au terme de son affectation en Thaïlande, il est revenu à Ottawa où il a occupé le poste d'inspecteur général jusqu'à sa retraite en 2009. En mars 2008, M. Comeau a reçu le Prix pour services insignes de la fonction publique du Canada lors d'une cérémonie à Rideau Hall. Il est membre du conseil d'administration de Parrainage civique et de l'Association nationale des retraités fédéraux et bénévole auprès de la Bruce Denniston Bone Marrow Society.

Claudette Deschênes a amorcé sa carrière au ministère des Affaires extérieures en 1981 en qualité d'agente des visas dans des missions canadiennes au Mexique, au Guatemala, au Costa Rica et à Trinidad et Tobago. Elle a aussi été gestionnaire du Programme d'immigration à Colombo, au Sri Lanka de 1994 à 1996. À Ottawa, elle a occupé des postes comportant de plus en plus de responsabilité à Citoyenneté et Immigration Canada (CIC) et à l'Agence des services frontaliers du Canada. En 2004, M^{me} Deschênes a assumé les fonctions de vice-présidente, Direction générale de l'exécution de la Loi, à l'Agence et en 2007, elle est revenue à CIC à titre de sous-ministre adjointe (Opérations), poste qu'elle a occupé jusqu'à sa retraite en juin 2012.

Nos Commanditaires / Our Sponsors

Nous tenons à remercier nos commanditaires, ministres, ambassadeurs et diplomates qui jouent un rôle important dans le succès constant du programme des Prix de l'APASE.

Minister / Ministre

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Outre les quatre prix de l'APASE, un autre prix a été octroyé lors du dîner de l'APASE, le 10 juin 2015. Un prix de 500 \$ de l'Association des chefs de mission à la retraite (l'ACMAR) a été décerné à M^{me} Véronique Choquette pour le meilleur article publié dans le magazine *bout de papier*. L'article « The Dos and Don'ts of Democracy Support » a paru dans le volume 28, n° 3.



De gauche à droite : Vice-présidente de l'ACMAR, Sandelle Scrimshaw et la nouvelle rédactrice en chef de *bout de papier*, Joya Donnelly qui a accepté le prix au nom de Véronique Choquette.

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Sumeeta Chandavarkar

1971–2014

Diplomat, Sinophile and exceptional friend

by Julia Bentley



Colleagues and friends were deeply saddened to learn of the death of Sumeeta Chandavarkar, who passed away unexpectedly in Ottawa on November 16, 2014 at the age of 43. She leaves her husband David Moodie, her parents Shyamsunder and Sujata Chandavarkar, her brother Sumant Chandavarkar, his wife and a beloved niece and nephew, and legions of friends. Sumeeta unfailingly spoke of her family with tremendous love and pride, and it was clear that her family was the source of her determination and drive.

Sumeeta had been a Foreign Service Officer since 2002, with postings to Guangzhou, Shanghai and Taipei. Her most recent assignment was as Deputy Director in the Human Rights Policy Division. Sumeeta was one of the department's most seasoned China hands and fluent Chinese speakers, and was particularly proud of the contribution she had made to advancing Canada's interests in Taiwan, Shanghai and Southern China, where her creativity and innovative approach shone through.

Sumeeta was a friend and colleague to many of us in the Department and is remembered for her wit, energy, her

engaging laugh and her zest for life. Her loss has been felt by a wide range of people, as evidenced by the astonishing number of condolences and memories which flowed in from around the world, from colleagues, friends, locally engaged staff in the posts where she had served, diplomats from other countries, and professional contacts from all walks of life. A gathering at DFATD to honour Sumeeta's memory held on November 27, 2014 drew close to a hundred people to share memories and honour her contributions both to the Foreign Service and as an exceptional friend. They spoke of Sumeeta's bright inquisitive mind, her positive energy and enthusiasm, her professional dedication, her impressive multilingualism, her passions for swimming, cooking and entertaining, and her talent for making others feel welcome and drawing people together to enjoy each other's company. In testament to her enduring friendships with colleagues at home and abroad, some travelled from as far away as Istanbul and Tokyo to attend the celebration of her life at DFATD and her funeral on November 22. With support from colleagues, a mighty oak tree is to be

planted in Sumeeta's memory this spring in Brantwood Park, within sight of her house, with a park bench in her name to facilitate quiet contemplation of the Rideau River.

Having been raised in places as far-flung as India, Malaysia, Zimbabwe and Hong Kong, Sumeeta moved to Toronto as a teenager, first attending Havergal College, then earning her BA at the University of Toronto and her Master's degree at Simon Fraser University. She was awarded a scholarship under the Canada-China Scholars' Exchange Program to study Chinese at the Beijing Language and Culture University in 1996, and later worked for a joint venture in Beijing at a time when this was unusual for a foreigner, let alone a young woman with no formal support system in China.

After two years in Beijing, Sumeeta applied to the China division of the Department of Foreign Affairs, which was always in search of talented young people familiar with China. As Gordon Houlden, then deputy director, put it, "I hired Sumeeta when the Department desperately needed China talent, and never regretted that choice." Sumeeta later joined the Foreign Service and was justly proud of serving as a Canadian diplomat.

Just what an asset Sumeeta was to the Canadian Foreign Service was evident from her accomplishments during her postings to Taipei, Shanghai and Guangzhou, where she made stellar contributions to advancing Canada's relations in these jurisdictions, and in particular raised Canada's profile through cultural, academic and advocacy activities involving everyone from writers and journalists to academics and health professionals. Her signature catch phrase for Canadian advocacy worked equally well in each of these locations, playing on the fact that the first syllable in the Chinese word for Canada (加) is a homonym for family or home 家: Jia zai Taiwan 加在台湾 (Canada in Taiwan), Jia zai Shanghai 加在上海 (Canada in Shanghai), Jia zai Guangzhou

加在广州 (Canada in Guangzhou). Without a doubt, Sumeeta was at home in any Chinese environment, thanks in part to the years she spent in Hong Kong as a child. Her passing is felt particularly keenly within the Department's circle of China hands, current and retired.

At the celebration of Sumeeta's life on November 27, her director Rachael Bedlington reflected on Sumeeta's contribution to Canadian diplomacy. "When I think of Sumeeta, I think of her professional accomplishments which were many, and her dedication, which was unflagging. Though work was sometimes very challenging, she excelled in conquering the policy details and quickly mastering aspects that were nuanced and sensitive. I believe she saw value in what she was doing. And we certainly valued her efforts, hugely. She was recognized professionally more than once, most recently in 2014 through an award for her outstanding performance in leading headquarters efforts to ensure the successful adoption at the Human Rights Council in Geneva of the flagship Canadian-led resolution on the elimination of Violence Against Women. This was a really key accomplishment for Canada, and most importantly, for the women whose lives the resolution aims to empower. She made a difference through what she was doing."

Rachael also spoke of Sumeeta's mischievous sense of humour. "Sumeeta took a particular pleasure in sometimes saying deliberately outrageous things, to provoke humour and lighten the mood. In our division working to promote better respect for human rights worldwide, I remember one particular occasion when a conversation about eradicating child labour led her to muse about the negative impact this could have on production of wonderful luxury products, such as Persian carpets – leading to howls of outrage and protest, and laughter, because we knew of course that her intent was just the opposite."

Sumeeta had an unquenchable thirst to live life to the fullest. She made it clear that right from the beginning when she contracted polio as an infant, her parents, always enormously supportive, encouraged her to reach for her goals, and not to see her physical challenges as an obstacle. Her determination allowed her to overcome what for others might well have been

insurmountable obstacles to achieving what she set out to do in life.

Perhaps because of her own experience, Sumeeta was particularly adept at reaching out to civil society and disadvantaged communities seeking to protect their rights. For example, in her interactions with Chinese civil society, such as migrant workers or environmental activists, those with whom Sumeeta engaged felt very strongly the momentum and energy that she brought to their work. It is a gift to be able to help others overcome their struggles, to give them hope and traction for achieving their goals, especially in other cultures. Sumeeta had that gift and used it very well, to the benefit of advancing Canada's interests abroad.

Sumeeta was tireless, adventurous, witty and a great deal of fun. It was a privilege to have known her. To this day, she remains a reminder that life is what you make of it.

Julia Bentley first met Sumeeta when they moved to Beijing in 1996, as a diplomat and student respectively. They remained friends when they both moved back to Ottawa and Sumeeta later joined the department. Over the last five years, Julia visited Sumeeta in Shanghai, Guangzhou and Ottawa, and enjoyed a memorable weekend in Hong Kong together.

A number of Sumeeta's friends and family members gathered at Brantwood Park in Ottawa on July 3, 2015 to view the oak tree planted in her memory and the park bench dedicated to her. It was a sunny summer day and the view of the river from the bench offers an oasis of tranquility in an otherwise busy part of town.



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Michael Chesson

1947–2015

Editor's Note: The following is adapted from the tribute by Rodney Moore at the funeral for Michael Chessons held in Ottawa on February 20, 2015.

Michael Chesson, as most of us will know, had a very varied and distinguished career: joining the Dept. of External Affairs in 1967, he quickly gained a sought-after position on the Canadian Delegation to the 22nd Session of the UN General Assembly; and – interspersed with five assignments in Ottawa – three special assignments abroad in Kampala (Uganda), Madrid, and Kigali (Rwanda), and five foreign postings: to Lisbon, Brasilia, London, Amman, and Tunis (covering Libya). He was also seconded to the Department of National Defence from 1991 to 1994. Michael was known for his excellent use of English; his great proficiency in, and love, of French; his excellence, later, in Portuguese.

I, too, joined External Affairs in 1967, became a friend of Michael and remained so even through times when we had little contact. Some from that period who were friends and had not seen him for perhaps 40 years, at once *now* recall him as friendly, sharp, analytical, amusing, a good mimic; and also as an aspiring tennis player. On reconnaît toujours des qualités exceptionnelles, une facilité d'invoquer des arguments très persuasifs, un sens de l'humour restreint, *profond*.

My working connection with Michael really began toward the end of his posting to Amman (he was there 1986–91).

In the last few years, it was always a happy treat to meet Michael for coffee outside the Department, perhaps once a month if his work permitted, sessions often extended as one site closed and another could be progressed to, for a prolonged period of continued talk on never-ending topics. He and I discussed “*language*” a great deal, the lack, as we perceived it of instruction on its conventional usage, on the correct meanings of words, and on the traditional way that Canadians generally spoke vis-à-vis that of most Americans.

We both would reflect on the growing Americanization of pronunciation, often seemingly accelerated by the CBC with its *nooze* reports about our *canstitooshun*, or which *rowt* people were using to get to

work from Barrhaven... Just between “he and I”, as they so often say on the CBC and *anywhere*, we agreed that Jane Austen’s English would presently, indeed soon, be “worse” or as alien than that of the tiresome Shakespeare, not even to mention useless old Chaucer – and *who on earth* ever heard of that prehistoric creature called Beowulf! We both were ready to admit that the French language here was, more often than English, likely to be well-spoken and a bastion against the current vogue of speech based on Tweets. No wonder Michael was well-known over the years for the clarity and economy of his memoranda and personal notes...

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of most Americans.

One of Michael’s bugbears, *bêtes noires*, was the use of the words “proud” and “proudly”, a source of particular derision from him, whether seen in endless advertisements for absolutely *anything* – or in, as it seemed, practically every News Release issued by a certain Government, even slipped into media lines for *apolitical* Civil Servants to use – to the disdain of the latter. There was also rarely a day without its references to “the hard-working people of Canada”, which soon took on the status of a hackneyed cliché and a piece of filling. When we met, Michael always had new examples to hand.

A vignette – Michael was more than once amused by the way that people would stop him on the street proclaiming “You must be Norman Fetterley, we’ve enjoyed seeing you for years on CTV!” As Fetterley was reputed as a journalist with a good sense of Canadian

history and culture, and a spare writing style – and perhaps a *passing* resemblance to Michael – it was not a mistake for either side to be ashamed of!

Politics was always a sphere of Michael’s interested insight, and this came to the fore when it seemed that no technical device in an office building was likely to be picking up his words (a new source of potential paranoia!), let alone people at the next table. In fact we readily fell into a “Politically *Incorrect*” mode. The talk was often hilarious, each trying to out-do the other’s bold, unforgivable and outrageous utterings, Michael *always* out-scoring mine, coupled with his wonderful ability to mime and take on the shocked faces and gestures of quite different characters. In cafés on Beechwood or Dalhousie people must have wondered how those two greying men at a nearby table could seriously appear to shock one another one minute and laugh out loud the next. We certainly hoped they hadn’t heard why...

Perhaps related to this scenario, one of our former co-workers, when she overheard us talk in that light-hearted mode, once likened us to the two elderly squabbling men in the theatre balcony in TV’s *Sesame Street* – a minor insult, but really a source of humour which left Michael *very* much amused.

In 2010 for some months, Michael and I faced a challenge in our redaction work: we were barred from looking at certain relevant files stored in secteur-Hull, files full of messages that Michael *himself* had drafted 5, 10, or more years earlier. I’m afraid I’ll have to leave his proud (sorry, *redact* that word!) solution to this défi to your imagination! During that period, Michael began to assume the redacting mantle held for years by the late Peter Bakewell.

Michael, as others have noted, had a huge memory for dates, of writers, musicians, battles, social movements, over the centuries, in a *range* of countries; was a stickler for historical accuracy, for the correct recollection of words from voluminous, often leaden, Government Reports

that he had had to read months or more earlier. In talking with him, if he agreed with my point of view, I liked to feel that I might have said something at least slightly profound. If Michael *disagreed* with my approach, I knew that *he* was profound and that I had been only treading in the shallows.

I hope that you will not have found any of my comments flippant.

I think that, in this Chapel, it is not out of place to refer to religious faith, a serious subject, in the lives of many, that Michael and I discussed from time to time. He liked to attend Service at the large Roman Catholic Church on Cumberland near Ottawa University's Tabaret Hall, and sometimes talk of why he found this important.

Privately I happily retain quantities of valuable memories of Michael and my years knowing him. Their presence will remain in my thoughts – des souvenirs que l'on peut toucher; ce qui n'est pas parti avec lui.

I have lost someone whose comments on international developments, and on many other aspects of life, I instinctively

sought out for *years*. I greatly miss this very good and respected friend and guide.

I understand the *very deep* loss to his family. His immediate family, I know, *paid inspiring* attention to Michael's care and well-being during this last difficult year – une famille toujours très attentive aux souhaits et besoins de leur proche. They could not have helped, or shown their love for Michael, more – for which we can *all* be grateful. ☺

Rodney Moore entered External Affairs in 1967 (the same year as Michael Chesson). His assignments included, inter alia, work in the SSEA, the East Block Office; disarmament work in Geneva; speechwriting at Government House; Buckingham Palace in HM's Household, before a posting to Jeddah. After an interval, he pursued years of media work including a posting to Washington, then assignments to the 2010 G10 and G20 Summits. He worked closely from 2010 with Michael Chesson on redaction work in what later became the Litigation Support Unit, before retiring in 2012.

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Maxwell F. Yalden

1930–2015

Max Yalden, who died in Ottawa on February 9, 2015, entered the public service as a foreign service officer in 1956. After serving in Moscow, Geneva and Paris, he transferred to the Secretary of State's Department as Assistant Under-Secretary in 1969. Subsequently he held appointments as Deputy Minister of Communications (1973–77), Commissioner of Official Languages (1977–84) and Chief Commissioner of Human Rights (1987–97). He returned to diplomacy from 1984–87 as ambassador to Belgium and Luxembourg. At the end of his career, he served as a member of the UN Human Rights Committee for eight years. One of the outstanding public servants of his generation, he was a Companion of the Order of Canada, the country's highest honour; had been awarded honorary doctorates both by Carleton and Ottawa universities; and been named *Commandeur de l'ordre de la Pleiade*. He is survived by his wife Janice, former Dean of Arts at Carleton University, his son Robert and daughter-in-law Pearl of Montreal and by a granddaughter, Zoe.

One of the outstanding public servants of his generation, he was a Companion of the Order of Canada, the country's highest honour; had been awarded honorary doctorates both by Carleton and Ottawa universities; and been named *Commandeur de l'ordre de la Pleiade*.

Max Yalden's career as a public servant followed a pattern set by a number of his contemporaries. But for the foreign service competition, he might never have come to Ottawa. A brilliant graduate of the University of Toronto, he had earned a doctorate in philosophy from the University of Michigan and was on the point of taking up a fellowship at Harvard when he decided instead to enter the Foreign Service. Ottawa was then, for many young people, a remote and not necessarily attractive capital – especially perhaps for French-speaking graduates. The Foreign Service, however,

had a special appeal. A notable group, including some of its most talented recruits, after serving an apprenticeship in the Foreign Service, were later attracted to more senior responsibilities elsewhere in the public service. Thus the Foreign Service, thanks to its system of annual recruiting, came to serve not only as a source of future diplomats, but indirectly as well, as one of the most important sources of senior public servants. Max Yalden's career was an example.

Attitudes towards this unavowed but effective recruiting mechanism varied within the Department of External Affairs, depending on who was in charge. The great Norman Robertson, who had himself worked for three unhappy years outside the service as Secretary to the Cabinet, believed that the departure of talented officers to other departments should not be a cause for regret, so long as those leaving were enabled thereby to make a greater contribution elsewhere. For Marcel Cadieux, on the other hand, to enter the foreign service was to make a lifetime commitment to a sort of secular priesthood. He set his face against departures and warned those who applied to leave that they could never come back.

This was Max Yalden's experience: he applied to Marcel Cadieux and was told that if he went he could never return. Max then consulted Gordon Robertson, the Secretary to the Cabinet, who told him in effect to ignore the warning. This, as it turned out was shrewd advice. Max left the Department, served brilliantly in a succession of senior appointments, yet was not prevented from returning to serve as ambassador.

Max Yalden's early years in the Foreign Service provided him with solid experience. His first posting, after a year of Russian language studies at Cambridge, was to Moscow, during the testing but interesting Khrushchev years. Moscow was not, as Max later wrote, "a bowl of cherries". For all the attractions of Russian language and culture, life in the Soviet capital was a daily struggle with unpleasant restrictions and discomfort. Contacts with ordinary Russians were limited, however much one admired the sacrifices

they had made during the Second World War, and the stoicism with which they endured the stultifying burdens placed on their lives by the Soviet system. No amount of ritual boasting on official occasions could conceal the vast human and material waste, nor the spiritual oppression, involved. All this left a lasting impression on all those who served in Moscow, despite the degree of insulated privilege in which resident foreigners lived.

After the Moscow posting, Max was assigned to the disarmament file, on which he worked for three years in Geneva and Ottawa. His boss at the time was General E.L.M. "Tommy" Burns, a formidable and sardonic figure also known from his

Moscow was not, as Max later wrote, "a bowl of cherries". For all the attractions of Russian language and culture, life in the Soviet capital was a daily struggle with unpleasant restrictions and discomfort.

wartime days as "Smiler", because he never smiled. These were not easy years for the cause of disarmament, despite the earnest advocacy of Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, the Honourable Howard Green, nor was General Burns always an easy boss. It was not until Max had moved on to other things that the East-West dialogue produced in 1963 the Limited Test Ban Treaty, the first step towards lessening the threat of nuclear war through negotiation.

By then, Max was enjoying the posting to the embassy in Paris that marked his career more than any other. These years were his introduction to the struggles over Quebec separatism, as they played out in the context of "les relations triangulaires": Ottawa, Quebec, Paris. He became deeply concerned with the issues of language rights and national unity that dominated the public debates of the Trudeau era. In the process he emerged as an uncompromising federalist, who over the years maintained an adamant belief in strengthening the federal role within confederation, and in Pierre Trudeau's firm confrontational opposition

to all manifestations of separatism. Max always doubted the wisdom of some of Prime Minister Mulroney's concessions to Quebec nationalism – for example, the bargain Mr. Mulroney struck with Premier Bourassa over provincial representation at meetings of La Francophonie, which opened the way to permitting summits of francophone leaders, a file that had been frozen through the Trudeau years. Max's posting in Paris under Jules Léger, then ambassador, led on in time to a succession of his later appointments centred on the issue of official languages, first within the Department of External Affairs, as a special adviser on federal-provincial relations, subsequently as Commissioner of Official Languages and finally as Chief Commissioner of Human Rights.

Paris also confirmed Max, in his private life, as a lover of France and the French language and culture. He became a gourmet and a wine connoisseur. In later years, the Yaldens decided to make a second home in France, acquiring a property at Sablet, among the vineyards of the Côtes du Rhone, where they extended generous hospitality to friends escaping the rigours of a less fortunate climate.

With his Foreign Service experience and his seven years as Commissioner of Official Languages, Max was well equipped to serve in Belgium as ambassador between 1984 and 1987, when he was also accredited to Luxembourg. Belgium, like Canada, was a country with two official languages, one of them French. Max was able to address his audiences in both French and Flemish, a rare perhaps unprecedented accomplishment for a Canadian ambassador. While he was intrigued by the comparison of Belgium's linguistic problems with Canada's, he recognized that the two countries even in this respect are not easily comparable, and that Belgium's answers to its dilemmas over official languages are unlikely to reply to Canadian problems.

From a concern with official languages, Max progressed in the final years of his career to a broader concern with human rights in Canada, as Chief Commissioner of Human Rights, and then in the world at large, as a member of the UN Human Rights Committee. He will be remembered particularly for his work in overseeing the implementation of the *Official Languages Act*. It is largely to him that we owe the fact that the Act, which in other hands might

have become an enduring and difficult source of controversy, passed off as easily as it did. His tenure of the Chief Commissioner's office was notable for the extension of gay rights and for a vigorous defence of the rights of native peoples. He served on the Human Rights Committee not as a national representative, but in his individual capacity, as one who by then had become one of the world's leading experts in the human rights field, well able, albeit not a lawyer, to more than hold his own in a circle dominated by distinguished international lawyers.

The motto of the Order of Canada, in which Max Yalden, as a Companion of the Order, held the highest rank, is "They desire a better country." Max strove all his professional life for that great objective, and left all Canadians more secure in their rights as citizens through his work. The Foreign Service can take pride in its association with so distinguished a career. ☺

James H. Taylor is a retired Foreign Service Officer who served as Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs and Ambassador to Japan and NATO. Mr. Taylor is Chancellor Emeritus of McMaster University, and an Officer of the Order of Canada.

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Guerilla Communications

Spokespersonry: A Guide to Connecting

Reviewed by Jim Junke

GUERRILLA COMMUNICATIONS, by Eduardo del Buey, 2014, Friesen Press, Victoria, B.C., 155 pp.

SPOKESPERSONRY: A GUIDE TO CONNECTING, by Eduardo del Buey, 2015, Friesen Press, Victoria, B.C., 165 pp.

www.friesenpress.com

Eduardo del Buey is a consultant in Washington, D.C. and worked close to four decades as a Canadian diplomat. He served at six Canadian missions and as the official spokesperson at the Organization of American States and the Commonwealth and as a deputy spokesperson for the Secretary General of the United Nations. He is also the author of two new and inter-related books.

Guerilla Communications is a practical guide to effective communications, no matter one's place in an organization. It begins by discussing context, the importance of internal and external communications and of networking. It then addresses the tools of the trade, from the role of the spokesperson, to press releases, conferences, speeches, effective messaging and crisis communications. It is well organized, pithy at just 155 pages, disarmingly simple, funny and wise. Divided into 19 short parts, its logic is easy to follow. Del Buey marshals his arguments and lets the reader follow his reasoning so that we come share his insights and conclusions.

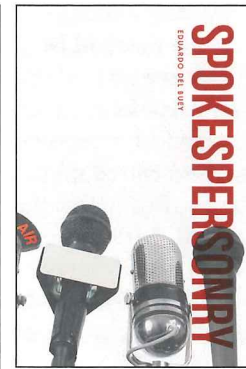
Presumably responding to client needs as a consultant and trainer, del Buey's second book, *Spokespersonry*, provides further insights on how organizations can use "spokespersonry" to achieve their major communications objectives and connect effectively with the audience. Del Buey explains that this is best done by arousing feelings in the audience through words, images, stories and props (creating a "wow" moment), and by engaging in honest discourse. The story and its delivery must be fully researched and consulted, using internal and external assets, anticipating all contingencies, most importantly potential or

current crises. He illustrates his basic thesis by moving the reader crisply through six chapters that cover much of the same territory as his first book. However, there is much greater emphasis on crisis communications and the art of presentation. These cover almost two thirds of the book's 166 pages; the remaining third are about setting the bar realistically (not promising more than you can deliver), and adapting your communications "endgame" to respond to changing circumstances in real time.

Both books are greatly strengthened by the way that the material is organized and by the story telling approach del Buey advocates. He practices what he preaches. Parts/sub parts, chapters/sub chapters, are kept brief. All are enlivened by the extensive use of anecdotes and quotes. The chapter on Crisis Communications in the second book has 20 different case studies compressed into in 62 pages. That results in two books that are highly readable and memorable. The reader is able to connect to the messages in the stories, to relate them to her/his work situation, to benefit from the experience of those described, and from the lessons and knowledge that they impart. Clearly del Buey has been collecting his anecdotes and quotes for decades, no doubt supplemented by relevant anthologies and the wonder that is the internet search function.

Del Buey's focus is on professional technique, stressing the importance of sound preparation and execution. The "how to" takes precedence over the "why". He does address the latter but no more than he, and likely his editor, judge necessary to his purpose. This makes for a tightly presented, compelling read but leaves the reader wanting more of the back story on how precisely a spokesperson, and her/his team, would negotiate both a suitably flexible and comprehensive mandate from senior management at the outset, and for the later, inevitable re-calibrations.

The much greater emphasis in the second book on crisis communications and changing your endgame may reflect an



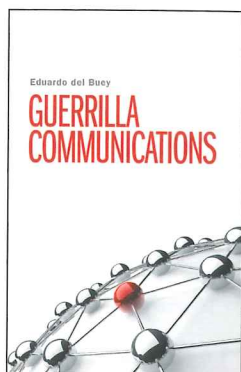
indirect admission that as a spokesperson, you may only be able to get conditional buy-in from senior management and your audience. It also takes into account the reality of judgments

and decisions made in real time that are almost always based on imperfect information. Such constraints acknowledged, del Buey also seems to be saying: "Yes, yes, of course, but in the end, you must get on with the task at hand".

All good advice for a seasoned professional, but how does a spokesperson, faced with sometimes deep disagreements over an organization's mission, navigate ethical and substantive challenges without over-complicating the message? Del Buey tackles that question at various points in both books by making specific reference to pertinent case studies.

The lessons del Buey imparts are serial, cumulative and useful for communications practitioners. But what about others in the organization? I concluded that they would have been well-served if he had aggregated his insights in a more systematic way into a chapter or special section. That would have facilitated the ability of the spokesperson or communications practitioner to engage other colleagues in developing a communications policy and strategy as well as the necessary products and service ideas, and delivering them within the broader framework of the organization's business lines and programming.

The benefits of such an approach would work both ways. Other colleagues need to engage with the spokesperson, to convince her/him of the relevancy and importance of their work as part of a broader corporate communications strategy. Given the expertise that the spokesperson's team has in engaging with senior management and target audiences, such a symbiosis seems



imperative for the successful marketing of seminal ideas and key messages. That lacuna aside, these books remain very useful because employees as a whole – and every organiza-

tion has its share of introverts – can learn about being themselves pro-active in promoting the communications expert's ideas (both to help secure senior management support and to see such ideas translated into communications products). In sum, for a truly successful communications effort, every relevant member of the organization should work to achieve his or her own "wow" moment.

Jim Junke retired in 2013 after serving 40 years as a Foreign Service Officer at both the working and management levels.

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The Wrong Enemy: America in Afghanistan, 2001–2014

Reviewed by Anu Bose

THE WRONG ENEMY: AMERICA IN AFGHANISTAN, 2001–2014, by Carlotta Gall, 2014, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 352 pp, \$37.00

When the Editor of *bout de papier* suggested a review of another book about the war in Afghanistan, this reviewer moaned. She believed that there was little new to be said. She picked Carlotta Gall's, *The Wrong Enemy: America in Afghanistan 2001–2014* because hers was a familiar name from the dispatches in the *NY Times* since 9/11. Gall, the daughter of a distinguished journalist, is a prominent journalist in her own right. In the words of Ahmed Rashid, the doyen of the interpreters of the region, she had emerged as "the leading Western reporter living in Kabul" with an enviable rolodex.

This is Gall's first book in which she is the sole author but it has a long list of acknowledgements. It is a superbly written account of the 14 year war, the longest in US history which cost the US \$685.6 billion. At its peak in 2009, the US had 142,000 pairs of boots on the ground, clearly not enough to defeat an insurgency, according to C. Christine Fair, the US scholar. The book has several pages of striking colour photographs from a Quetta photographer who remains anonymous for his own safety. Reviewers of her book, also experts in the region, have called it "well-informed", "important and long overdue". Predictably, her book caused controversy in Pakistan while Afghans mostly approved. Conspiracy theorists will find plenty of grist for their rumour mills.

The title of the book comes from the epigraph, a quote from the late Richard Holbrooke, US Special Representative to Afghanistan and Pakistan from 2009 to 2010. He was the first high-ranking US official to openly state that Pakistan was the USA's real adversary in the Afghanistan war, a view to which Gall wholeheartedly subscribes. Building from the epigraph, she constructs a convincing case about the double-dealing by Afghanistan's neighbour and putative US ally, Pakistan and

its secretive and powerful Directorate of Inter-Services Intelligence (ISI). In Gall's book, the USA are a gullible lot for ever thinking that Pakistan would walk away from the Taliban, having made such a huge investment in building it up from 1994 to 2001, and who believed that they needed Afghanistan in their camp to provide "strategic depth".

It is common knowledge that the dreaded ISI is a "state within a state" that has had a long history of nurturing various *jihadi* groups to fight its proxy wars in Afghanistan and India, something Gall is not afraid to assert. But, she does not credit Pakistan for birthing the Taliban. In fact, she writes that as early as 1994, ISI acted quickly to co-opt an indigenous Pashtun movement by sending in at least two Pakistani army trainers, a Major Gul and the legendary "Colonel Imam". The latter "went native" and immersed himself wholly in the Afghan *jihad*. In fact, an American reporter heard Imam directing the Battle of Shomali Plain from his desk at the consulate in June 1996!

Gall is an extremely courageous woman. In 2006, she ran afoul of ISI for sniffing around the Pashtunabad area in the sensitive border town of Quetta where the ISI's clients, the Taliban were headquartered. ISI officers burst into her hotel room, roughed her up and confiscated her notebooks and laptop. She was rescued by her NYT "connections" to the Pakistan civilian establishment, itself a hostage of the ISI but not before they had copied all her information. Her informants were questioned by ISI. This did not deter her from continuing her work for another eight years.

The book opens with the defeat of the Taliban in 2001. Many of the subsequent chapters begin with a date, and give the impression that the author is writing a journal. For example, Chapter 2 The People Turn, opens with the words, October 2001. Among other things, it describes the first days of the clandestine return to Afghanistan of Hamid Karzai, an Indian-educated, Quetta-based, "minor tribal politician". Karzai, who had been working on an alternative to Taliban rule

for a while had managed to link up with some former *mujahedeen* commanders and was moving around hoping to rally the Pashtuns to his cause. The Taliban soon got wind of him and there is a vivid description of the run-in with the Taliban where Abdul Haq, a Pashtun and former resistance leader, one of the two best potential US allies, died.

Gall worked with an interpreter. But she had an uncanny “feel” for the local culture and customs such as: privacy, hospitality, the complex inter and intra-clan relationships and the role of women something that the American military seemed to completely lack. She was able to penetrate the world of ordinary folks: farmers, day labourers, housewives all of whom paid the price, and were still paying, for almost four decades of war and conflict. Gall’s innate curiosity and determination to bring to light facts, however repellent, have made her run to earth key informants like, “retired” *mujahedeen* commanders, ISI “thugs”, Taliban foot soldiers and Afghan warlords. At the same time, she had access to top politicians starting with Karzai down, government officials, diplomats and both US and Afghan top military brass.

Ahmed Rashid refers to her as a one woman human rights agency. Gall worked relentlessly to uncover human rights abuses, torture and killing of Afghans by Americans and get this into the American media. As early as 2002, she was first on the spot, having driven three days over rutted roads to Uruzgan province to report on the “collateral damage” after the US bombed a wedding celebration. Fifty-four people including many children died and over a hundred injured. The victims were friends of President Karzai’s and damaged his relationship with the US.

Gall pins the entire blame for the West’s failure in Afghanistan and the success of the Taliban on the Pakistani military. This does not sit well with Rashid. But, there is some basis for his critique because so deep does Gall’s sympathy run for the Afghan people and their prolonged suffering, that she absolves the latter of any wrongdoing or responsibility. Another of her reviewers, an admirer of her work, has remarked that she relies on unsubstantiated second or third hand accounts from unnamed sources many of whom were high-ranking Afghan officials and probably biased.

In spite of her trenchant criticism of US policies, Gall is no US-hater. She makes no secret of her admiration for individual US officers for example, General Stanley A. McCrystal who on arriving in Afghanistan in 2009, opted for a counter-insurgency campaign centred on protecting civilians. He enforced stricter rules of engagement, fewer air strikes and a huge increase in night raids using airborne specials op forces. But it all came too late to make a difference. The Taliban were well-entrenched and the local population had lost confidence in President Karzai and the Americans.

The reason this book speaks to this reviewer is because Gall is so much more than a mere journalist. She is a gifted storyteller in the dramatic tradition of the bard-storyteller, the *Bakshi* of the Central Asian *chaikhane* (tea houses). Her riveting account of the battle of Qala-i-Janghi (House of War) in Mazar-i-Sharif, in Kunduz province, in November 2001 may yet pass into oral history as a *dastan* (epic) to be narrated over bowls of *kok chai* (green tea) some day! It describes the desperate fight put up by the POW Taliban fighters and the Northern Alliance troops guarding them after the surrender of the Northern sector. The battle raged for over five days and left hundreds dead. As one Pakistani Talib said in English to Gall, “we did not come here to surrender”. The POWs managed to inflict considerable damage before help arrived from US and UK Special Forces supported by US airstrikes. Gall makes a very astute observation: the US had under-estimated the Taliban.

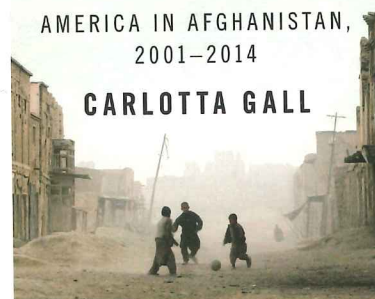
At the time of writing, the Taliban are back. They have been mounting a spate of daring bombings in Kabul mainly in areas frequented by foreigners and inflicting casualties on civilians and Afghan forces alike. In early June, the media reported that over 300 Taliban fighters had overrun the district of Yangan in the far northern province of Badakshan. To this day, no politician US or Afghan, no academic nor general, has any idea, let alone a strategy or plan, to solve the “multiple and complex” problems which still plague Afghanistan.

Along with the troop withdrawal there has been a catastrophic drying up of aid funds. The deteriorating security situation makes it difficult to find Western contractors

THE WRONG ENEMY

AMERICA IN AFGHANISTAN,
2001–2014

CARLOTTA GALL



to implement projects. In fact, providing security for these contractors has enriched many an Afghan. Rampant graft and corruption, that burgeoned under the previous administration continues to this day fueling donor fatigue and scepticism. Gall herself proffers no solutions. Pakistan, in the meantime, is racked by internal terrorism, sectarian conflict and a stagnant economy. But, there is no proof that ISI have abandoned the Taliban.

The Turkish writer Elif Shafak once said in an interview that she did not believe in writing about what she knew, but about what she felt. That way, she continues “we can write about any and everything as long as we feel a connection”. Carlotta Gall both knows her subject and feels a connection to it, a rare combination. ☺

Ottawa-based Anu Bose is a friend of the Foreign Service. She was born in Calcutta to a highly political Brahmo Samaj (Unitarian) family, in the turbulent, waning days of the Raj. She holds a PhD from the University of Birmingham UK in Development Administration with a specialization in Economic Anthropology and Behavioural Economics. She is an independent consultant as well as a consumer and human rights activist and, as she is fond of saying, “somehow manages to muddle along in four worlds”.

THE HUNGRY DIPLOMAT

by Lisa Bitto

Food is arguably one of the world's most important and ubiquitous diplomatic tools. Many items we eat and drink have a storied past, political importance or trade significance. This column explores one food, drink or ingredient at a time.

SALT: When I was a kid, my family would travel by station wagon each summer from small-town New Brunswick to Montreal for a week to visit my grandparents. Although they did many things a little bit differently than we did at home, one of the first things that struck me each trip was that their butter tasted different than ours. When you spread it on a piece of rye bread (and boy, did we ever look forward to that Montreal rye!), you got the nice waxy buttery feeling in your mouth, but without the familiar salty flavour. It took me a few years to understand that some butter had salt in it and some butter didn't.

Salt. It is both historic and trendy. It is important. It has sparked defiance and revolution. And it tastes damned good.

Salt is one of the world's oldest seasonings, first recorded as far back as 6000 BC. It's also long been used as a way to preserve meat. There are two ways to get it: harvest the residue of ancient sea beds (called halite) or use seawater and evaporate the liquid off, which is what Gandhi did in 1930, violating the British salt tax law and sparking the revolution of millions in India. You have probably noticed the grocery store is peppered with an ever-expanding variety of salt for your dining pleasure. In addition to the familiar free-running table salt, you can easily find kosher salt and the very trendy sea salt. Table salt is out of favour with many chefs, as the added iodine is blamed for adding a sour taste.

Iodine is needed to produce hormones that affect growth and development. The problem is that there used to be a real lack of it in certain parts of the

country. Canada took note of the possibilities of enriching certain foods in the 1920s and made the addition of iodine mandatory for kitchen salt in 1949.

Salt enhances other flavours (*sea salt caramel, anyone?*) and makes things taste ever so much better, like your burger and fries. Without salt, you'll very quickly notice the difference...

and it won't be a good one. You can also use it as a non-toxic cleaner in your home, as it has scrubbing power and easily dissolves away. You will, however, need to make known to the dishwasher in your house the appropriate salt to use. When my significant other used my beloved flaked sea salt instead of the cheap and easily-procured

Easy Salt Brine Recipe for Chicken

This recipe comes courtesy of ChefX, an Ottawa-area service providing recipes and ingredients, run by FS colleague Jeff Heaton (check it out at www.ChefX.ca).

Ingredients: 1 cup sugar, ½ cup kosher salt

Directions: Dissolve sugar and salt in 2 litres of cold water in a large container or non-aluminum pot. Add chicken, ensuring it is fully covered, and refrigerate 30 minutes to 2 hours. When ready, remove meat from brine and pat dry before cooking. Drying it first will help ensure the meat will brown nicely, which will give it great flavour.



coarse kosher salt I use for that purpose, we had a “diplomatic incident”. Now he has a cup of kosher salt at the ready beside the sink to avoid future tragedy.

Admittedly, I’ve become a bit of a salt collector. In addition to grocery store varieties, I’ve been adding to a small collection as I discovered pink Himalayan salt at Farm Boy and reddish Alae’a salt in Hawaii, which is used to prepare the famous Kalua pork at luaus. The red colour comes from the high iron content in the soil; Hawaiian warriors used to drink the soil, mixed with water, before going into battle believing it gave them strength. Hawaii also produces green and black salts (that’s for my next trip.) I’m also working on a bag of the big daddy of all fancy salts: Fleur de Sel de Guérande, made only in Brittany, France and only when the tide and winds are right. Oh yes. Fancy pants salt. Not to mention the solid rock of blue Persian salt my significant other brought back for me from Pakistan.

What makes certain salts special and others not so much? At its core, all edible salt is simple sodium chloride. Two things can make it “different”: the shape and the extra minerals. Flakes of salt have a larger surface, making them taste saltier on your tongue, while minerals can affect both the colour and flavour.

Salt is the ultimate undepletable resource, as the ocean will always have more to give. Speaking of resources, the word “salary” comes from the Latin word *salarium*, which referred to the money given to Roman soldiers to buy salt. Hopefully they were each given a fair shake.

Lisa Bitto has been a political stream Foreign Service Officer for nearly nine years, and an avid baker, cook and food geek since her mother first refused to bake her cookies and she took matters into her own hands. She usually chooses her vacation destinations based on the food.

COLD WAR CAPERS: OR, THE PEST FROM BUDAPEST

by David Bickford

Way back in the 1970s the Department’s Ottawa duty officer normally stayed at home and fielded calls forwarded by the Commissionaires at Fort Pearson. It was my great pleasure to have been volunteered as duty officer for the August bank holiday long weekend in about 1977.

My trials began Saturday morning when I received a call from a junior officer at the Hungarian Embassy. He explained that he had issued visas for travel to Hungary to an academic and a Member of Parliament during the week and had sent their passports out by courier on Friday. However, he had just received a call from the academic (who was to attend a conference starting in Budapest on Monday morning) to say that he had received by mistake the Member of Parliament’s passport and visa. Obviously, my new Hungarian friend explained, his secretary had put the wrong passports in the wrong envelopes. He needed to get the academic’s passport back from the Member of Parliament’s box in the parliamentary mailroom.

As we External types always try to be helpful, I undertook to call security in the Centre Block and see what could be done. I received a frosty response from a security guard, who had apparently been harassed by the pest from Budapest. He explained to me that there was nothing he could do as the person who had the key to the mailroom had gone to her cottage for the long weekend, and had no telephone there.

I called the Hungarian Embassy and explained that nothing could be done until Tuesday morning. He wouldn’t take no for the answer though, and called me back several times during the day. On the last call, he suggested that he and I could go to parliament and “enter the male room by use of force” to retrieve the passport! Somewhat stunned by the proposal, I let the conversation lapse for a moment – which he may have taken for weakness or a softening in my position, because he hastened to add that if the roles were reversed, he would do this for me in Budapest.

For a moment, I wondered what the *Ottawa Citizen* would make out of report that a diplomat from a Communist state and an officer of the Department of External Affairs were caught breaking down the door of the parliamentary mailroom with a crowbar. With this in mind, I reiterated that he would have to wait until Tuesday, when he could speak to the Member of Parliament’s office. I heard no more from him and often wondered if he had been sent to a Hungarian equivalent of the gulag for his transgression. ☹

David Bickford is a retired Foreign Service Officer with a wry sense of humour nurtured through long experience in Latin America and with the International Assessment Staff at PCO.

How others (in Ottawa) see us: Perceptions of the Department of External Affairs

*In an earlier issue (**bout de papier**, Vol. 28, No. 4) we looked at the terms of reference and a town hall meeting that launched the "McGill Report" on the role of the Department of External Affairs in August 1975. As part of the examination, other Canadian government departments and agencies were asked how they viewed the work of the foreign ministry. The summary of these opinions, which is reprinted below, was distributed as Circular Document Admin No. 19/76 (SAR) on 1 April 1976 (though it was not a joke). This is the second of three instalments devoted to this assessment of the Department of External Affairs (the executive summary of the findings will be published in the next issue of **bout**). As we all know, doubts about what the department does and how well it does it – and problems of morale – are subjects of history, not contemporary affairs. As with the earlier extract, this comes from a copy of the "McGill Report" in my possession.*

– Hector Mackenzie

THE ROLE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

Perceptions of Other Government Departments and Agencies

This paper is a preliminary attempt at cataloguing and classifying the results of some 60 meetings and interviews with federal government officials and a few written submissions about the role of the Department of External Affairs. A total of 30 departments and agencies of government were involved.

...

Set out below, therefore, with the least editorial comment, under the headings: "Service," "Policy" and "Performance", are some of the main points that emerged from interviews. The process of condensing and categorizing inevitably obliterates some of the subtleties and variations of the original perceptions. Also, some of the flavor is admittedly lost by keeping all the views anonymous. It was stipulated at the beginning of the review, however, that those who offered frank opinions would not be identified in any reports that emerged.

– A.S. McGill

Ottawa, February 1976.

Service

The most commonly encountered view of External in its service role is that it is responsible for reporting from abroad information of interest to other departments and agencies of Government. ... Some officials acknowledged a responsibility on their part to brief External Affairs more specifically on their requirements for information from other countries.

Most of those interviewed perceived one of External's primary functions to be that of providing a channel of official communications with other countries. Some, however, see External as an unnecessary intermediary where matters are "technical" and within the competence of other agencies, or where other channels are readily available, as in certain countries, notably the United States. External is pretty generally seen as a message carrier to other governments, but it also is expected by many to be an advocate of Canadian policies, a publicist for Canadian achievements and an image-maker for Canada.

There was frequent mention of a requirement for External Affairs to expedite and facilitate contacts between officials of Canadian Government departments and agencies and their counterparts in other countries or in international organizations.

Extensive services are expected of External Affairs in connection with Canadian representation at meetings and conferences and official visits abroad. ...

A good many of those interviewed perceive External as providing advice, expert services, negotiating skills, etc. in the negotiation of international agreements. There are some, however, who see External as having little or no role to play in what they regard as technical agreements.

External is widely expected to provide assessments on the situation in other countries, or in international organizations, and country studies or briefings for the guidance and assistance of other Government agencies in the execution of their own programs.

External is seen by some Government departments, but not all, as having responsibility for providing managerial services in the Government in its external operations. It is also expected to provide an administrative framework in which other agencies can operate their programs abroad. External is seen as providing a service to the Government as a whole by producing policy overviews, particularly for Cabinet purposes. Here, perceptions about the service role of External Affairs merge into views about the policy role, which are dealt with below.

There were relatively few references by officials of other departments and agencies to an External role in providing services to the public in Canada or abroad. ...

Policy

...

Some officials see all policy as beginning with domestic considerations. One or two cited as reinforcement for this view the White Paper of 1970 [Foreign Policy for Canadians] to the effect that "foreign policy is the extension abroad of domestic policy". In this view, External's role is a supportive one. The Department may provide some information and advice in the policy-making process and it may have some coordinating function after policy is decided. When policy has been decided, however, on the initiative of domestic departments, External's main role is to implement that policy abroad and to act as an advocate of that policy in other countries.

More frequently, External's role is seen as participation, as one among equal contributors, in the formulation of Canadian national policy. External, in this view, makes an input of information and advice from a foreign policy standpoint. This input is seen as mainly on the "political" aspects but some would extend this to an economic and social input as well.

Among those who see foreign policy as something distinct from the sum of domestic policies projected abroad, External is held to be responsible for foreign policy while other departments are the custodians of various functional policies (economic, technical, social). Where there are conflicts or discrepancies between foreign and domestic policies, Cabinet must decide. External may be required to gather all important views on a policy matter and present them to Cabinet to be harmonized.

Another set of perceptions of External's role sees the Department as performing functions variously described as harmonizing, coordinating, monitoring, drawing attention to contradictions, identifying cross-impacts in the policy field. In this view, External is seen as something more than a Department like the others. It may act as a catalyst to bring about a policy decision. It may be required to act as a neutral chairman among government

departments. ("Neutral" because it is not responsible for any particular sector of domestic policy.)

A somewhat more extensive version of this role is suggested by some who see External Affairs as being responsible for a set of issues called foreign policy into which the Department must seek actively to integrate other policies, by a process of consensus, in the interests of a coherent national policy abroad.

A good many perceive part of External's role as identifying the broad aims and goals of foreign policy and obtaining Cabinet approval for them. ...

A variation of this perception is that External has a leadership role in formulating and advising the Government on national objectives in the international field. It should identify objectives and priorities globally, or for geographical or functional areas abroad, so that other departments can see where their programs fit in to the total picture.

At the maximal end of the range of views of External's role is that it is responsible for managing all of the Government's external operations, and once Cabinet has approved policies, goals and priorities, it should use that authority to ensure coherence, it should monitor compliance with the Government's priorities and enforce adherence to an integrated foreign policy. This perception of External Affairs is that of a kind of central agency.

Performance

An invitation to comment on the performance of an organization naturally tends to yield more kicks than compliments. It seems to be generally acknowledged, however, that there is a great deal of talent in External Affairs. There was frequent praise of the competence and intellectual capacity of individual officers. The number of former members of the Department of External Affairs encountered at senior levels of other Departments and the indications of continuing demand for secondments from External Affairs presumably indicate that External continues to be regarded as a talent bank.

While officials elsewhere in the Government may respect the ability of many External Affairs officers, considerable resentment was also expressed (in private conversations more than in group interviews) concerning the style of some members of the Department. The most frequent complaints were of an arrogant or condescending manner or of a woolly and indecisive style of expression.

Suggestions were made that the style of operation required for foreign service, and therefore cultivated in External Affairs, is less appropriate for Ottawa and is misunderstood by many domestic public servants. Included in the "inappropriate" habits were diplomatic evasiveness, avoidance of confrontation and seeking to find a way round a problem rather than to solve it.

The most commonly perceived hindrance to an effective performance by External Affairs, however, is lack of knowledge, understanding and experience of the domestic scene. It is charged that External Affairs officers frequently do not understand other departments of Government, have little knowledge of their programs and activities, do not appreciate how the Government works in Ottawa and are generally inadequately informed on what goes on in Canada.

Among the variations on this theme were suggestions that there is a lack of adequate expertise in External to perform its role in certain functional areas. It was common to hear that External does not have enough expertise in economic matters, accompanied by praise for certain individuals in External who do have this expertise and comment on the extent to which they are overworked. On the degree of knowledge of or expertise in other government activities required, an officer in one of the economic departments suggested that External need to know enough about his department's subject: "To be sure you are not being conned".

A criticism that External Affairs does not concern itself sufficiently with "bread and butter" issues or that it is overly-concerned with political problems was heard from several sources.

Among the areas in which External was frequently complimented for its competence was in international legal affairs but sometimes coupled with reservations about its knowledge of domestic law.

Closely related to views about External's lack of knowledge or expertise on subjects of major concern to other departments is the problem of continuity. Frequent turnover among External Affairs' staff dealing with other departments was cited by many as a major problem. Some others, however, acknowledged that an increasing rate of turnover is a problem in domestically-based departments and that External was not unique.

A fairly common allegation about External Affairs, sometimes related to the alleged lack of understanding of domestic concerns, was a marked reluctance by members of the Department to press other countries hard or to pursue Canadian interests with sufficient zeal, an over-concern with keeping relations sweet at all costs and an unwillingness to be the carrier of bad news.

The internal organization of External Affairs frequently baffles other departments and fragmentation of responsibility within External is regarded by many as a major problem. One official in a technically-oriented department deals almost daily with eight different divisions in External Affairs. Contrasting with these perceptions are those of certain departments where a focal point has been identified in External for dealing with their department. In these cases, working relationships were perceived to be good even where there were substantial differences of view on policy and operations.

A number of those interviewed criticized External Affairs for a tendency to go beyond the bounds of its mandate by concerning itself with the details of programs and activities that are the responsibility of other departments or agencies.

Comments on the failure of External Affairs to show leadership are frequent. It is apparently widely assumed that External has a leadership role and that it has personnel capable of playing that role but that it is failing to play the role adequately. This school of thought is represented by one official who observed that External is shepherding not leading.

The kind of leadership that is expected depends, of course, on perceptions of the role of External in the Government. Some specific comments are that External does not produce overviews and policy options for the Cabinet, that it does not set out goals and broad strategies for other departments to fit into, that it does not help to establish priorities, that it is too timid with the provinces, and that it does not assert authority over the composition of delegations and the briefing of delegations to international conferences.

Those who saw lack of leadership as a major weakness in External's performance were also generally ready to commend recent attempts by External to draw up lists of objectives and priorities for the Government in foreign policy, or to develop coherent strategies for dealing with certain countries, such as the United States and Japan.

A number of those interviewed complained that External is very slow to take a definite stand on a problem of concern to other departments and sometimes this was connected with the alleged internal fragmentation of responsibility within the Department. Related to this was a complaint that External sometimes blocks action by another department but does not explain why. There was also a broader criticism that External does not do enough to ensure that foreign policy is set down, codified and structured so that it will be clearly known and understood to those outside the Department.

A variation on the complaint about External not taking a definite stand is dissatisfaction with imprecise assessments of the situation abroad. Two or three departments said External was reluctant to give a firm view on the situation in country "X", and whether it was likely to get worse or better, which was required for the implementation of their own programs.

There were many complaints about the failure of External to consult adequately with other departments before acting. It might also be recorded here, however, that the commonest complaint in External Affairs about other departments is that they fail to consult External before acting. In a number of interviews there were also complaints about the failure of third parties to consult. ③

FÜRST WITH THE WURST

Wagner meets heavy metal (not a long trip) by A Aalto

Hamish MacBannock studied the glittering Hall of the Singers through a gap in the curtains, then turned to ask, "How do I look, Liebnitz?" "You look like a giant green sausage in top hat and tails, Chief." "Oh, that's all right then."

It had all started a few days earlier, in a meeting at the Centre. "So," said MacBannock, "How's our favourite villain, Rialto Sleazewagon?" Liebnitz answered, "He's been adopted by a German meat-packer, and they're planning something dire." "Sounds like a wurst-case scenario," said Felix Africa. Liebnitz sighed, "Be that as it may..."

He flashed a picture onto their laptops. "This is Baron von Scheisswagon, a distant relative of Sleazewagon's. He's Bavaria's biggest butcher, known as the King of Sausage, and he's named Sleazewagon the Prince, or Fürst. The Baron is also influential in a raft of German institutions like the Bavarian Schnitzel Bund, the Lederhosen League, the Original Guild for Gothic Horror and the Raving Loonie Monarchist Association. He is hosting the annual conference of the All-German Sausage Federation next week at Neuschwanstein castle. Last night, our agent in Munich informed us the Baron plans something flamboyantly evil at the conference dinner. But the agent disappeared before he could provide details. The Baron is a traditionalist, so I would avoid the company's knock-wurst for now."

A second picture appeared. "The Baron has teamed up with this man, Dr. Wasabi Locomoto. Locomoto was disbarred last year by the Japanese Medical Association after his experiments in necromancy came to light. He disappeared from Tokyo but turned up heading the Baron's research labs, disguised as Brad Pitt (he usually looks like Angelina Jolie). He has made some unusual

purchases recently – everything from a cyclotron to 500 gallons of schnapps – but we haven't been able to figure why."

"Finally, there's Sleazewagon, the twisted genius behind the plot. But to what end? Some kind of commercial advantage? We know the Baron plans to serve a 'special giftwurst' to the assembled dinner guests, but we don't know what makes it special. Or is there something weirder going on?" Liebnitz paused. "The only way to find out is to get a special team into the castle." Esmeralda spoke up. "How are we going to do that? The place will be heavily guarded, entry by invitation only." Liebnitz replied. "Right. So we aren't trying a frontal attack. Jones has come up with a better way."

Manitoba Jones smiled at Esmeralda. "Locomoto has convinced the Baron to add some Japanese touches to the dinner show. One is a game show. Contestants dressed as sausages humiliating themselves for demeaning prizes." Everyone stared. "Don't look at me like that! I checked. It's authentic. The Tokyo TV show I saw had people dressed as vegetables trying to tricycle across a vat of ranch dressing."

MacBannock cut in. "The Baron went to the Guild of Unemployed Actors with No Self-Respect and hired four contestants. Through connections in Berlin, I offered them twice the Baron's wages to disappear, and arranged a quick switch at the train station. To match the actors, we'll be sending in Esmeralda, Liebnitz, Felix and myself." Jones started to speak but Liebnitz interrupted, "No, Jones, you

don't fit the profiles. You'll be our site manager in the village below the castle, Hohenschwangau." Jones sulked.

The evening of the dinner found the team waiting in costume behind rich curtains. The Hall of the Singers was a Wagnerian fantasy on the top floor of the castle, with a high beamed ceiling, dark wooden panels and tapestries depicting medieval sagas. Tables the length of the room seated the cream (or lard) of German butchery. A traditional Bavarian band oompahed discretely (try that some time) in a corner of the hall, as waiters served course after course of hearty food and beer. The Baron, Sleazewagon and Dr. Locomoto were seated at the head table just in front of the curtains. The Doctor appeared to be battling a plate of raw sausage sushi, and losing.

The Baron stood to announce the evening's entertainment, then stepped over to Locomoto. The team heard him ask whether everything was ready. The Doctor bridled and said of course; the delivery from Doorn had been delayed but was now downstairs. The Baron turned to ask Sleazewagon about the gift-wurst. Sleazewagon said "*Alles in Ordnung*" and laughed so hard he nearly blew his pencil-thin moustache into the pepper sauce.

Liebnitz called a huddle. "OK, people, dinner's half over. Any ideas what's going on?" A wooden arrow thudded into the wall behind Liebnitz's head. While everyone else looked at the arrow, Felix spotted

a figure ducking out of sight in the upper gallery across the hall.

MacBannock untied the ribbon holding a sheaf of paper to the arrow. Unrolling the paper, he frowned. "This looks like your sort of thing, Liebnitz." Liebnitz put the paper on a table. The top page said, "This message just received from the Centre, disguised as a puzzle in case of interception. Watch your back." Liebnitz turned to the second page, which was headed, "First-liners for the Fürst."

Esmeralda mused, "I saw something similar in the *Coles Notes* version of the cryptography manual. The left-hand column lists opening lines from novels or stories, some with a word missing. Reading across, you get blank columns for the title and author for each quote, then the year of publication. This block at the bottom gives you the missing words, titles and authors' names, not necessarily in the order of the quotes. You have to fill in the blanks."

"Gosh," said Felix. "Some of them are tough." "That's what a smartphone and the internet are for," replied Esmeralda. "The numbers in columns two and three tell you which word of a multi-word answer is the important one. To solve the puzzle, you just read down the first letter of each of the identified words, row by row." "Impressive," said Liebnitz.

Soon the team had solved the puzzle. Alarmed by what they discovered, they were even more upset to learn they were up next. The Baron's knights-in-armour came to escort them into the Hall, no arguments, *bitte*.

Their appearance raised a gale of laughter from the assembled guests. They were handed super-soakers and led to a roped-off enclosure below the head table. The Baron announced that these wonderful wurst were going to do battle, with soakers full of condiments. Esmeralda rolled her eyes. The guests gathered excitedly around the ring. Bets were already being made.

The team slipped under the ropes and onto the canvas. At the drop of the referee's oven mitt, they began circling each other, the crowd clamouring for action. Then Hamish tripped over the mitt and fell on his super-soaker, which discharged mayonnaise all over Liebnitz. Liebnitz fired back at him but missed and sprayed mustard all over Esmeralda and Felix instead. The younger agents spun to return fire. Felix bowed in deference to Esmeralda, who

promptly painted him catsup-red before leaping over the Chief's prone form to get at Liebnitz.

The temporarily-blinded Felix tried to run her down, but only managed to carom off the taut ropes and land, off-balance, directly between Liebnitz and Esmeralda as they fired at each other. MacBannock made it to his feet, looked around, and ran toward Felix's well-coated form, already under close-range attack. But he slipped in a pool of pureed sauerkraut from Felix's soaker and slammed into his three opponents, knocking them all down like ten-pins. The crowd roared.

Meanwhile, Dr. Locomoto pulled back the drapes over the stage at the far end of the room, revealing a mad scientist's lair of crackling electric machinery and bubbling alembics. In its centre stood the hideous brass figure of a seated monkey with seven arms and the face of Leonardo DiCaprio, shrouded in smoke and shifting blue light. Cackling, the Doctor punched a remote control and giant speakers descended silently from the ceiling. The Baron strode over to a bare space in front of the monkey and intoned, "Tischlein, deck dich!" A large panel in the floor slid back to reveal a square opening.

The Baron turned back to his guests and said, "OK, let's have a big round of applause for our fighters! I declare the catsup lady the winner, for beauty as well as skill." Esmeralda struck a pose. "The clown with the sauerkraut gets the booby prize." Felix winced. "Now everyone go back to your places while our waiters serve a final special course and the good Doctor gives us the surprise of your lives."

Liebnitz's head came up sharply at the Baron's last words. He murmured to the others, "Freudian slip. I've got it. It's happening right now. And it's even worse than we feared." He started toward the head table, struggling to pull a gun from under his bulky costume.

Before they got more than a couple of paces, the team was surrounded by knights with attitude. And machine pistols. Sleazewagon strolled up and smiled broadly. "Hamish. Ludwig. Dear adversaries. You didn't really think you could fool me with those ridiculous disguises, did you? I would have dealt with you earlier, but I couldn't resist watching you in that absurd battle. Esmeralda, you look particularly delectable covered in mustard. And

this way, I get a true audience for the unveiling of my *pièce de résistance*, one that knows a masterwork when they see it."

From the head table, the Baron snapped his fingers and waiters advanced from the wings to deposit a plate before each guest, covered with arabesques of thinly sliced sausage. Dr. Locomoto gestured once more with his remote. The houselights went down, curiously oriental heavy metal music filled the air, and out of the opening in front of the monkey a massive table rose, bearing a coffin.

"Only someone as twisted as you," said Liebnitz, "could make a *pièce de résistance* out of resurrecting Kaiser Wilhelm, your 'delivery from Doorn'." Sleazewagon clapped softly. "Bravo, old man. Well deduced. But that is not my real triumph. It's only a distraction for those useful loonies – the Baron with his monarchist fantasies and Locomoto with his Infernal Necromancy fixation – God, I hate that band. While they are focused on their dreams, I will reap the necromantic power they are generating, for my own nefarious purposes." "What purposes?" asked Hamish, owlishly. "That's for a later story. This one's already complicated enough," snapped Sleazewagon.

"But for necromancy," said Liebnitz, "People have to die." "Quite so," replied Sleazewagon. "And the solid burgers around this depressingly Wagnerian hall are about to supply that requirement. They will not suddenly all die at our feet, that would be a bit obvious, but they will be walking dead within minutes, which will generate the power I need."

Behind them, the Baron rose to his feet to propose a toast. As the guests drank, Locomoto cranked the music to ear-rupturing levels, flipped some massive switches and moved to open the coffin. But he dropped the lid on his fingers and his violent if incomprehensible curses struck through the noise.

Startled, Sleazewagon turned to look. Felix moved like lightning, scooping two of the super-soakers up from the floor and tossing one to Esmeralda with a terse "Cover me." As he moved across the room, the guards advanced, but Esmeralda waxed the floor in front of them with mayonnaise and they went down in a heap. Felix halted before the Bavarian band and said in a stentorian Victor Laszlo voice, "Strike up

the Liechtensteiner Polka!" The band-leader grimaced at the speakers, squared his shoulders, screwed his monocle tighter and cried, "*Jawohl, mein Herr!*"

The opening oompahs rattled the rafters as Felix shorted the speakers with a sauerkraut spray. Just as the diners were sitting down to their last course, the irresistible music lifted them back to their feet. They began to dance wildly around the room, upsetting tables, dashing food and drink to the floor and spinning the guards into the melee.

"No, no, stop dancing you fools, stop dancing!" cried Sleazewagon in frustration. But the polka swirled on, the crowd stomping out the pulsing rhythm. The speakers burst into flames, which leapt to ignite the liquors bathing the Doctor's arcane equipment. The Tischlein began slowly to descend. A few dancers later swore they heard a muffled but heartfelt "*Gott sei Dank*" as the coffin fell from sight.

The team climbed onto the raised enclosure to search for the ringleaders. "Don't see Sleazewagon anywhere," said MacBannock. "I think he ducked out when he couldn't stop the polka. He knows when the game is lost. But the other two..." "There!" said Esmeralda. "Through the corridor where we waited. There's a stairway back there!"

The team hurried across the hall and hustled down the stairs. Bursting through an arch at the bottom, they found themselves in an artificial grotto of carved stone, stalactites dripping from the ceiling. In a glowing pool floated an open golden boat in the shape of a fluted clamshell, with a marble swan chained to the front.

In the boat sat the Baron and the Doctor. Pointing a blunderbuss at them, the Baron said calmly, "At this range, I can take you all out in one shot. Just hold still and we'll be gone in a flash. Er, won't we, Doctor?" Locomoto, who was pressing buttons frantically on his remote, muttered "Yes, yes" as familiar blue flames began to rise around the trembling craft. With the Baron's beady eye steady behind the sights of his gun, the team dared not move.

Then through the door on the other side of the stairs burst a tall, blond, bearded man dressed in full white armour and a golden helm in the form of a swan, an ivory horn at one hip and a longsword buckled

on the other. Behind him came Manitoba Jones saying, "The cavalry's here! With all the magical energy floating around the place, it was a cinch to raise some outside support. This guy was on a mural in the room next door, just raring to materialize." The golden figure snorted, "How was I supposed asleep with all that awful music? The heavy metal was pretty bad too."

He turned toward the pool. "And what are you villeins doing in my boat?" The Baron twitched and dropped the blunderbuss in the pool, while the Doctor kept pushing buttons frantically. The knight sighed and pulled out his sword. "You are unarmed and clearly mad, so I will not take your lives. Let this be enough." So saying, he swung his sword over their heads and they fell instantly unconscious. As he toppled over, Locomoto's disguise fell off. The knight pulled the boat to shore. He glanced down at the prostrate necromancer and said, "Gee, he really does look like Angelina Jolie. Who knew?"

Can you duplicate the team's feat and decipher the six-word message on the arrow scroll (the last four rows of the chart are placed in a separate parenthesis)? **bout de papier** will draw the winner from a hat containing all the correct answers received by December 30, 2015. Although not necessary to win, can you fill in the chart completely? And who is the dude with magic sword? ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator and Tuvan nationalist A Aalto was recently taking care of business on both sides of the Khyber Pass. Infernal Necromancy is a real Japanese heavy metal group; Manitoba Jones' description of a Japanese game show is authentic; Kaiser Wilhelm is indeed buried in the garden of his home in exile at Doorn, the Netherlands; Neuschwanstein castle, built by mad King Ludwig II, is more or less as described, although the Venus Grotto and the Tischlein were borrowed from another of the king's architectural fantasies, Linderhof. ("Tischlein deck dich" means "Little table, set yourself"; from a German fable.) Aalto notes the passing of long-time Sleazewagon lieutenant Papa Jacques Paridy; among other achievements, he was the founder of the Gothic Zydeco Band. With thanks to Mrs. Aalto for good advice and an eagle eye.

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First-liners for the Fürst

Opening line(s)	Title	Author	Published
Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it.	[1]		1936
It was the day my grandmother exploded.		[1]	1992
As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams, he found himself transformed into a monstrous insect.		[1]	1915
Granted: I am an inmate in a mental hospital.	[2]		1959
Call me [X].			1851
He was born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad.	[1]		1921
The sky above the port was the colour of television, tuned to a dead channel.		[2]	1984
It was a dark and stormy night.		[1]	1830
A screaming comes across the sky.	[2]		1973
[X] was dead, to begin with.			1843
Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.	[1]		1887
Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number 4 Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly [X], thank you very much.			1997
The past is a [X] country; they do things differently there.			1953
It was a bright cold day in April and the clocks were striking thirteen.		[2]	1949
Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again.	[1]		1938
All children, except one, grow up.	[1]		1911
What's it going to be then, eh? There was me, that is Alex, and my three droogs...	[3]		1962
For a long time [X] went to bed early.			1913
You will rejoice to learn that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings.		[2]	1818
To the red country and part of the gray country of [X], the last rains came gently.			1939
Ships at a distance have every man's wish on board.		[2]	1937
It was a pleasure to burn.	[1]		1953
It is a truth [X] acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.			1813
Somewhere in la Mancha, in a place whose name I do not care to remark, a [X] lived not long ago.			1605
It was inevitable: the scent of bitter almonds always reminded him of the fate of [X] love.			1985
<u>X words in opening lines:</u> foreign, gentleman, I, Ishmael, Marley, normal, Oklahoma, universally, unrequited <u>Titles:</u> Anna Karenina, A Christmas Carol, A Clockwork Orange, The Crow Road, Don Quixote, Fahrenheit 451, Frankenstein, The Grapes of Wrath, Gravity's Rainbow, The Go-Between, Gone with the Wind, Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone, Love in the Time of Cholera, Metamorphosis, Moby-Dick, Neuromancer, 1984, Paul Clifford, Peter Pan, Pride and Prejudice, Rebecca, Scaramouche, Swann's Way, Their Eyes Were Watching God, The Tin Drum. <u>Authors:</u> Jane Austen, Iain Banks, JM Barrie, Ray Bradbury, Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Anthony Burgess, Miguel de Cervantes, Charles Dickens, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, William Gibson, Gunther Grass, LP Hartley, Zora Neale Hurston, Franz Kafka, Daphne du Maurier, Herman Melville, Margaret Mitchell, George Orwell, Marcel Proust, Thomas Pynchon, JK Rowling, Raphael Sabatini, Mary Shelley, John Steinbeck, Leo Tolstoy.			

FABRICATI DIEM, PVNC — Answers

Answers to Vol. 28, No. 4

No winner (ALAS)

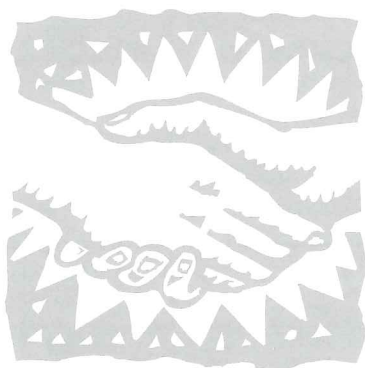
Conspirators	Killers	Victims	Weapons	Play
Brutus	Richmond	Richard III	battle ax	Richard III
Casca	Sleazewagon	---	knife	---
Cassius	Claudius	King Hamlet	poison	Hamlet
Cinna	Iago	Roderigo	knife	Othello
Decius	Lucius	Aaron	buried alive	Titus Andronicus
Longinus	Tybalt	Mercutio	sword	Romeo and Juliet
Metellus	Goneril	Regan	poison	King Lear
Trebonius	Macduff	Macbeth	sword	Macbeth

Sleazewagon's "cover" is CASCA. The fully filled-out chart is below.

According to Suetonius (followed by both Shakespeare and Sleazewagon), Casca was the first of the conspirators to strike at Caesar, after Cimber tangled him in his own toga. What Sleazewagon may have overlooked in his overweening desire to be first in line was that Casca only managed to wound Caesar in the shoulder.

Fabricati diem punc translates roughly as "Make my day, punk", the motto of Pratchett's Ankh-Morpork City Watch.

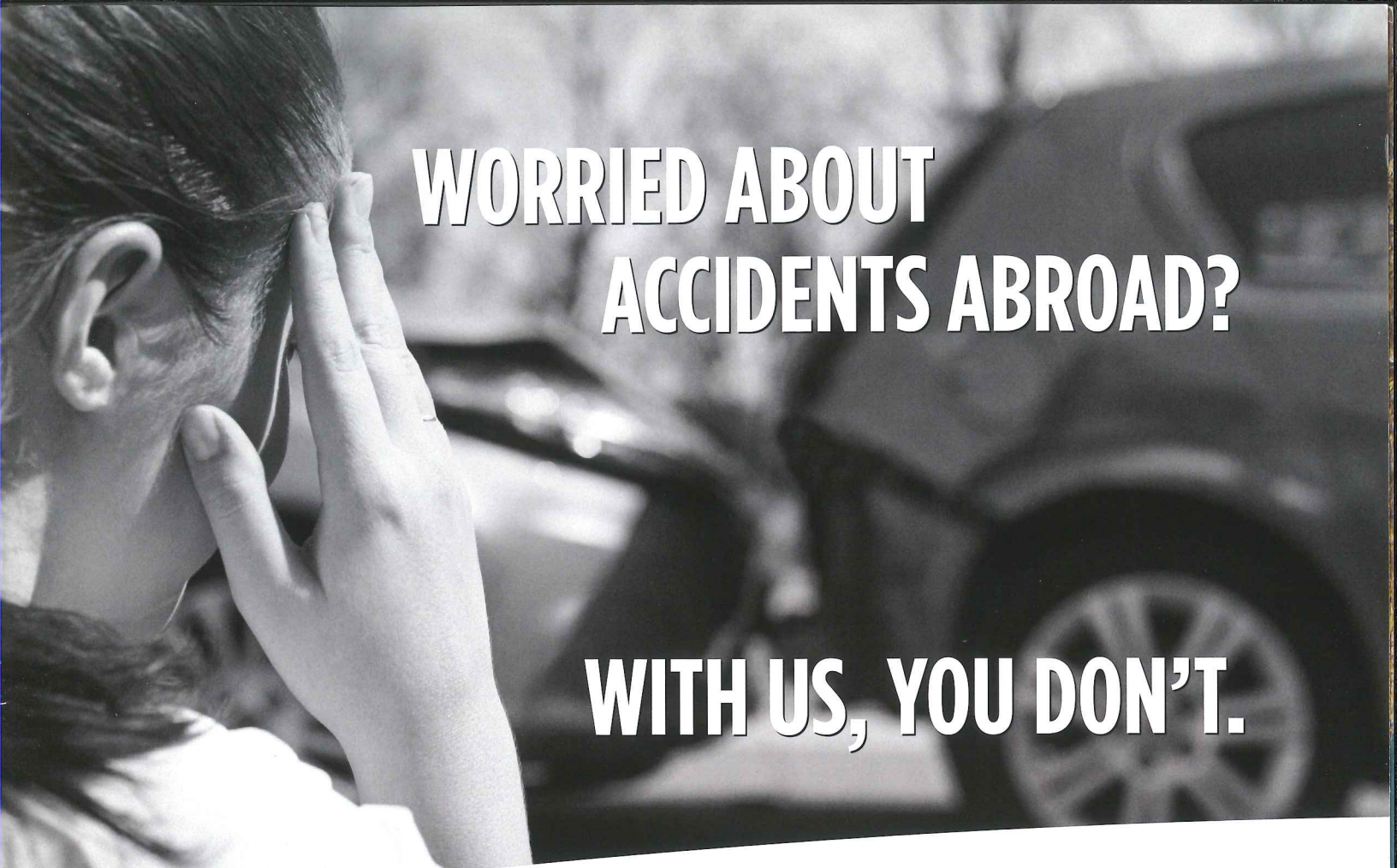
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