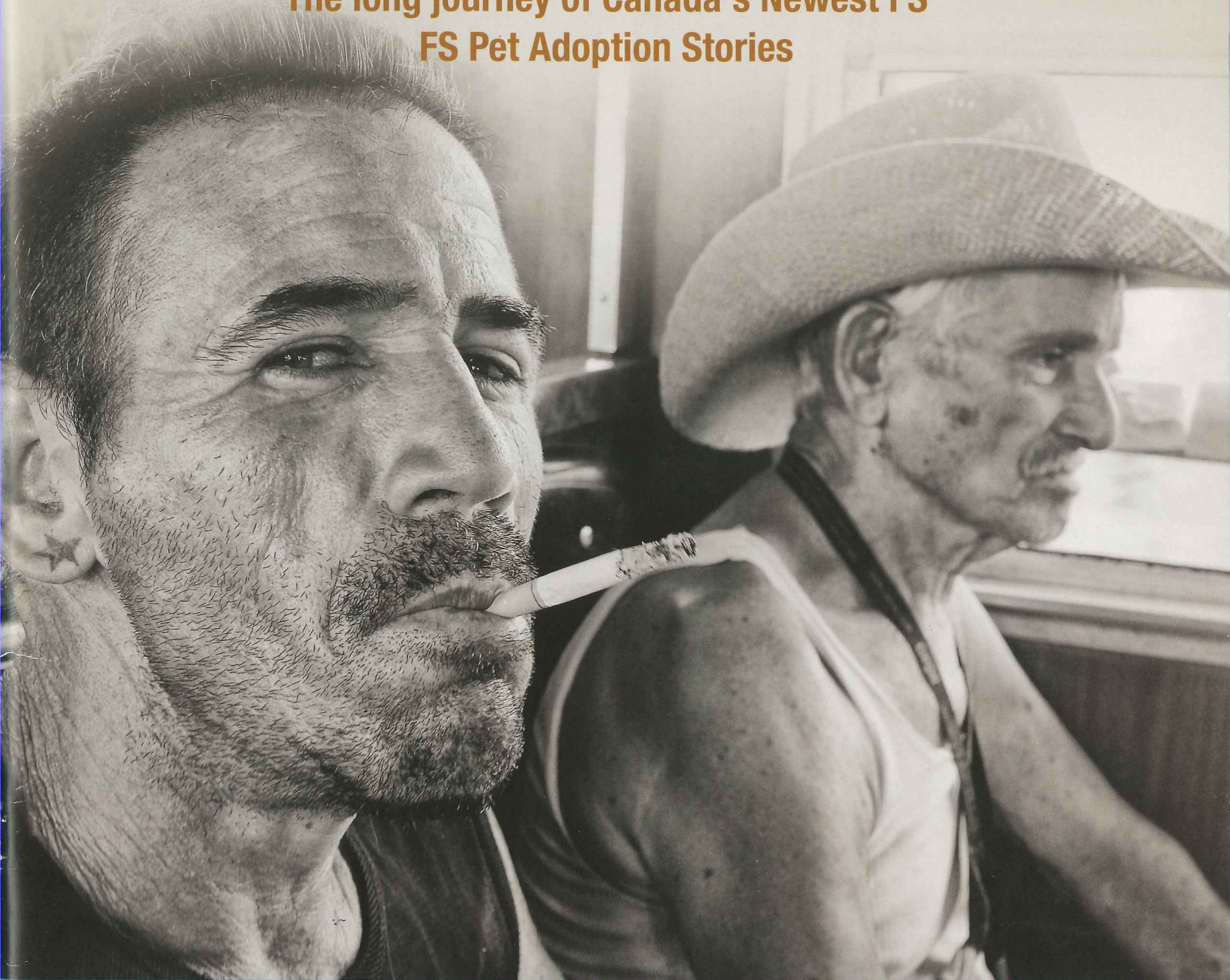


bout de papier

Vol. 29, No. 3

À bord du train Hershey
The long journey of Canada's Newest FS
FS Pet Adoption Stories



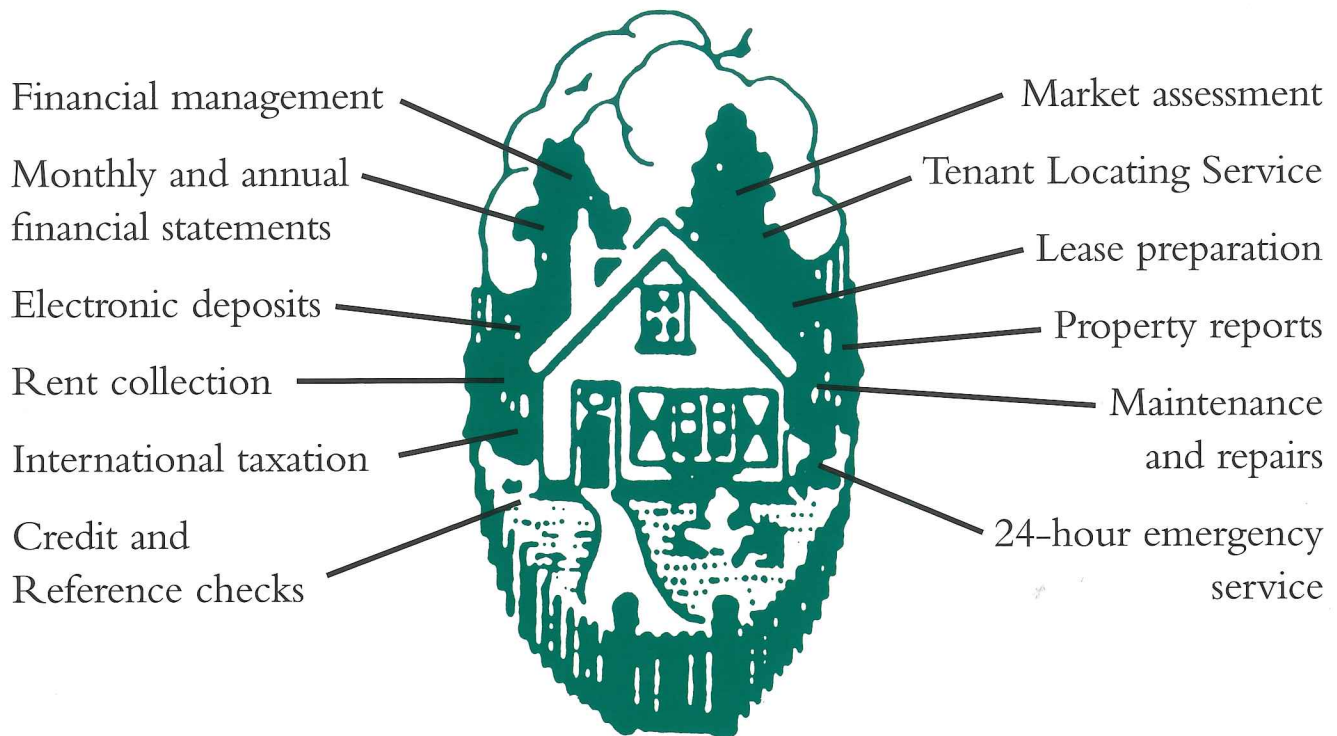
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Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur



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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.

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bout de papier

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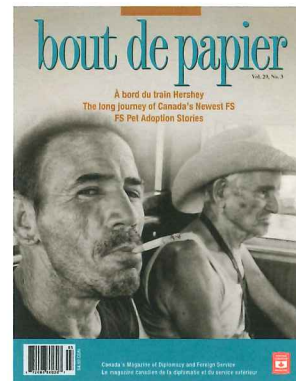
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Couverture : Nicolas St-Pierre

Questions de principes et d'engagement



Not all messages published on the Department's intranet receive the same level of attention or create enthusiasm among employees. However, the publication of « Some Principles » in October 2015 by now-Deputy Minister Peter Boehm inspired many colleagues in the Department, and one of them, Cael Husband, suggested that it be reprinted in **bout de papier** for the benefit of a larger audience. While this is not regular practice, the editorial board felt compelled to do so, given the value for our readership.

Ces dix grands principes ont été rédigés par M. Boehm pour guider les chefs de mission dans leur rôle mais plusieurs de ces principes s'appliquent aussi aux autres employés en poste à l'étranger. Ils nous rappellent les standards élevés de professionnalisme et de leadership dont nous devons faire preuve à tout moment. Ces principes ne devraient pas seulement nous guider à l'étranger, mais aussi à la centrale, voire même dans nos vies personnelles.

En effet, le leadership, le professionnalisme, l'intelligence émotionnelle et l'engagement sont des qualités que plusieurs FS, encore actifs ou à la retraite, démontrent aussi dans leurs activités communautaires, au Canada ou ailleurs dans le monde. Ce sont ces attributs des agents du service extérieur que nous

essayons également de mettre en relief dans les pages de **bout de papier**.

Douglas Small, one of the longest-serving board members of **bout de papier** was a great example of this commitment to the foreign service. More than 25 years after he retired, he was still contributing to the FS community by helping with the PAFSO Awards, serving on the **bout de papier** editorial board and running the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA) for five years as its Chairman. As his son Michael Small said with regards to his father's commitment to the Department, "He had an abiding interest in the health of that institution and in how it was treating its people". This is certainly a key principle that we should always follow – to take care of each other, especially in stressful situations, and put psychological health and wellness at the forefront of our considerations. I think we are getting better at it, but there is certainly still room for improvement. In this issue, we also take time to remember Bob Middleton and Jim Langley.

À l'instar de M. Small, plusieurs agents du service extérieur sont devenus des leaders dans leurs communautés, que ce soit à Ottawa ou à l'étranger. Notre collègue Suneeta Millington en fait partie. Dans ce numéro, vous pourrez lire comment son engagement dans le quartier Côte de Sable s'est traduit par la réalisation

situations... Talking with friends and colleagues from the Department, I realised that several of us had similar stories of rescued cats and dogs, and that many of these four-legged companions have played important roles in our postings abroad and often became integral parts of our families. Anne-Marie Leclerc accepted to take the lead in collecting several testimonies of colleagues who adopted pets abroad for your reading pleasure.

MCOs know too well about commitment towards their community and clients since they are constantly providing assistance and advice to Canadians abroad. Since their conversion into the FS group, **bout de papier** has already benefited from the participation of several MCOs, whether as contributors or as editorial board members. However, the conversion process and the long struggle that led to it is not well-known to many in the Department. This is why, when Peter Kolakovic contacted **bout de papier** to share his perspective on this historical process, we were very enthusiastic to publish this story in our pages. Many will appreciate the efforts of all involved over the years, and the real challenges that such a reclassification poses. We continue to encourage MCOs to submit articles for as a vehicle to share the important work done by this stream of FS, but also as a means to deepen their integration in the FS community.

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d'un projet de mise en lumière du patrimoine historique du quartier, L'Allée des Premiers Ministres.

Our engagement with our community may take several forms. For instance, on many occasions during my first posting in Indonesia I tried to rescue abandoned kittens, some of them in very unhealthy

Enfin, j'aimerais rappeler à tous que si **bout de papier** est publié année après année, c'est grâce au dévouement de bénévoles qui contribuent numéro après numéro au magazine. J'aimerais souligner l'arrivée parmi nous de nouveaux membres du comité éditorial, notamment Laura Atar, Christina Komorski, Rory Nisan, Sonja

Panday et Claudio Ramirez qui ont tous contribué à leur façon à ce numéro. Je note aussi la publication récente de deux ouvrages par des membres de notre comité éditorial, soit « Whose Man in Havana? » de John Graham et « What Would You Say? ...as guest speaker at the next Canadian citizenship ceremony » de Robin Higham, dont vous aurez le plaisir de lire les critiques dans

les pages qui suivent. Je me dois également de saluer Anne-Marie Leclerc, qui peut eu affectation cet été. J'en profite finalement pour remercier Timothy Hodges, Président de l'APASE, qui a annoncé son départ au cours du dîner des prix de l'APASE le 9 juin dernier. Son appui à bout de papier fut indéfectible. Vous aurez la chance de lire notre photo-reportage sur la remise des prix

de l'APASE et sur les lauréats dans notre prochain numéro.

Bon été à tous, et à tous ceux et celles pour qui cette saison marque le début d'une nouvelle aventure, n'oubliez pas que **bout de papier** est toujours intéressé à recevoir de vos nouvelles! ☺

– *Joya Donnelly, Rédactrice en chef*

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE / MOT DU PRÉSIDENT

Communication is the Key

Regular readers of **bout de papier** well know that the magazine has long served as the Association's flagship publication. I am a big fan of **bout** – recognising the myriad ways it serves both current and former members, together with the broader community of enthusiasts of Canadian diplomacy past and present.

Over recent months, with the encouragement and support of PAFSO's Executive Committee, and under the able leadership of Editor, Joya Donnelly, the magazine has been reinvigorated. Its future, whether in hardcopy or digital format, is assured.

De mon point de vue, le rôle plus important du magazine consiste à projeter et à promouvoir le service extérieur comme profession. Selon bon nombre de collègues, la profession diplomatique canadienne, voire la diplomatie canadienne, a atteint un creux au cours de la dernière décennie. Le Comité exécutif de l'APASE s'est donné pour priorité de communiquer notre contribution unique aux Canadiens comme partie intégrante des efforts que nous déployons pour renverser l'érosion et les menaces pesant sur notre bien-être.

Under the leadership of Executive's Sub-committee on Communications and Advocacy, we are seeking to up our 'comms' game in a significant way.

Le Comité exécutif a récemment adopté une stratégie de communication ambitieuse qui vise à combler les lacunes dans les



Photo: Sam Garcia

communications internes et externes. Dans un premier temps, nous avons ressuscité le réseau des délégués de l'APASE et renforcer les communications internet afin d'atteindre les objectifs de l'APASE en matière de communications. Nous venons d'entreprendre un remaniement majeur du site web de l'Association – qui mettra l'accent sur l'amélioration de la fonctionnalité et du contenu – pour fins de communications internes avec nos membres et externes avec les parties prenantes et les médias.

This is an exciting time for the PAFSO Executive and Office staff alike. It will take some effort over several years but I am convinced modernization of our communications tools is the key to the survival of PAFSO and the survival of our profession. Stay tuned to www.pafso.com!

Timothy Hodges

President, PAFSO / Président de l'APASE

Some Principles / Quelques principes

by Peter Boehm

L'été est arrivé et bon nombre de nos collègues aux ministères des Affaires mondiales et d'Immigration Réfugiés et Citoyenneté partent pleins d'enthousiasme pour commencer leur affectation à l'étranger, alors que d'autres reviennent (parfois avec moins d'enthousiasme) à l'administration centrale.

J'ai l'habitude chaque année, comme mes autres collègues sous-ministres, de m'adresser aux nouveaux chefs de mission dans le cadre de leur programme de formation, afin de leur donner certains conseils avant le départ. Il y a quelques années, à l'occasion d'un autre discours prononcé devant un public en Allemagne, j'ai commencé par une citation de Marx : « Ce sont mes principes... Si vous ne les aimez pas, j'en ai d'autres! » (Certaines personnes se sont rapidement rendu compte que je ne citais pas Karl, mais bien Groucho. Les autres sont restées perplexes.) Dans la même veine, je pourrais bien vous en donner d'autres, mais je préfère m'en tenir aux dix grands principes que j'ai élaborés pour guider nos nouveaux chefs de mission. J'ose espérer qu'ils pourront aussi en intéresser d'autres, dont les lecteurs de **bout de papier**.

1. Remember who you are working for.

As the senior representative of Canada in your country of accreditation or international organization, it is Canada, our country, its provinces and territories, municipalities and its people that you represent. This comes first. Beyond that, you are also representing Global Affairs Canada – much of your interaction will still be with our department –, but also others, among them CIC, the RCMP, CSIS, CBSA, DND and the provinces, which may have staff in your mission. As a head of mission you have to be capable of accurately reflect the policies of our government and represent many parties, but, ultimately, one country.

2. Remember you are a leader. Your staff, both Canadian and locally engaged, will take your measure and take it quickly; looking for attributes they like or flaws they dislike, as the case may be (and let's be honest, we all have both). You do not control this observation, which will last throughout your posting, but you do control the interactions on which this perception

is based. So I suggest you roll up your sleeves, manage by walking around and be accessible to all.

3. Remember you are in the public eye.

Your new job will come with demands on your time. You will not be in Ottawa where your evenings are mostly your own. There will also be more visibility than at Headquarters. You will almost always be in the public eye, recognized and scrutinized by all. It is wise to conduct yourself accordingly.

4. Remember continuity is important.

I do not recommend going into your new job with a fixed agenda for change. Assume that your predecessor knew what she or he was doing and give yourself and others some time to adapt to new realities before launching a “new” approach.

5. Remember to appreciate your Management and Consular Officers (MCO).

Your effective collaboration is crucial to the success of the mission and to your own. Accountability matters and your

MCO will be invaluable when you are being bombarded by reporting requests from Headquarters (and help you survive what I refer to as “death by template”). Being attuned to consular cases should also be part of your *modus operandi*.

6. Remember proportionality.

We look for regular, strategic analysis across all aspects of the departmental mandate from our heads of mission. What distinguishes your work abroad from that at Headquarters is that you have to get out and around, desk time being less relevant. So get out there and learn about your new countries/organizations and tell us what we need to know! However, there is no need for breathlessly written daily reports and photos. The preference is typically for quality over quantity.

7. Remember emotional intelligence.

There is a story of the Emperor Hadrian returning home after a long, tiring day running the empire when an old woman approached his cavalcade and petitioned him to resolve a problem.

Irked by the question, he said, "I haven't the time." She quickly retorted, "Don't be Emperor then." She received the audience. Make time for your staff and their concerns. It comes with the territory and it's the right thing to do.

The notion that everything is urgent, important and necessary is a delusion we bring upon ourselves. Use your judgment – which is but one reason why you were selected to be a head of mission – and be discerning. Incorporate psychological health and wellness into your work.

Celebrate your team's hard work and victories and commiserate with your colleagues when things go sideways.

8. **Remember psychological health and wellness.** The notion that everything is urgent, important and necessary is a delusion we bring upon ourselves. Use your judgment – which is but one reason why you were selected to be a head of mission – and be discerning. Incorporate psychological health and wellness into your work. Celebrate your team's

hard work and victories and commiserate with your colleagues when things go sideways. Look after your own well-being: take leave, relax. We are committed, from the Clerk on down, to creating a healthy workplace and open, stigma-free

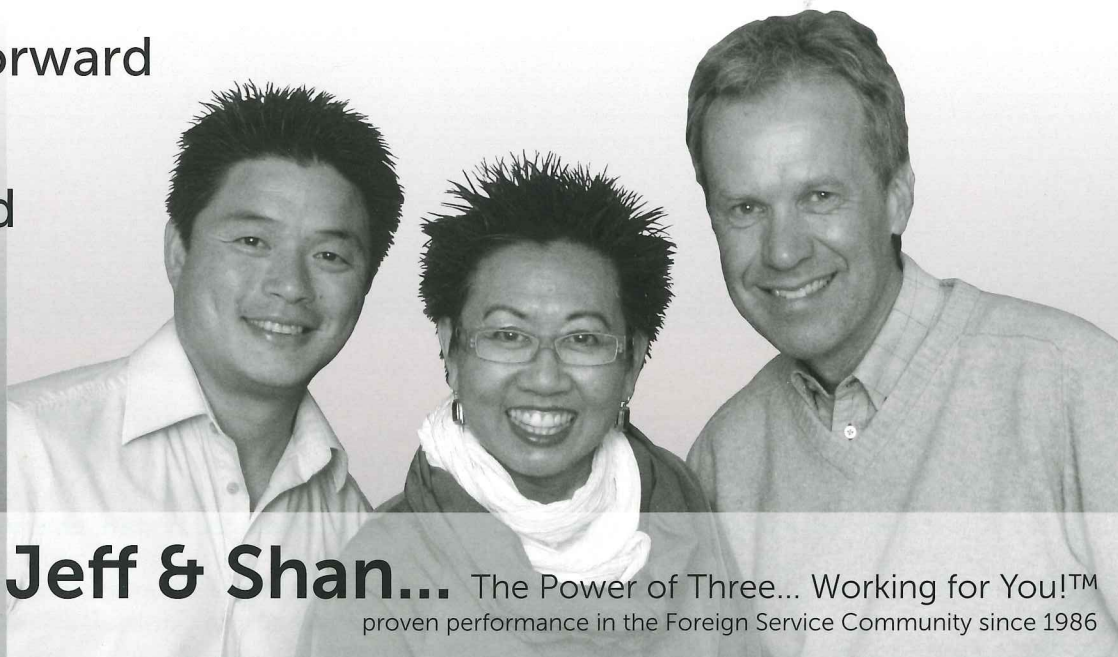
9. **Remember to absorb and enjoy the different cultural and foreign environment you are in.** This can

be very fulfilling and in turn give you a better appreciation as to who and what we are. It will also open doors.

10. **Remember your commitment to values, ethics and exemplary conduct in the execution of all of your functions.** Last but not least, we expect you to set the standard as you represent Canada on the world stage. Transgressions reflect badly not only on our department, but on our country, and as such cannot be tolerated. Be guided by Goethe, who said: "Behaviour is the mirror in which everyone shows their image." ☺

Peter Boehm is currently Deputy Minister of International Development at Global Affairs Canada, after serving since 2012 as Associate and, subsequently, Senior Associate Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is a career Foreign Service Officer who last served abroad as our Ambassador to Germany.

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Compagnons de route : FS Pet Adoption Stories

Propos recueillis par Anne-Marie Leclerc

Comme vous le lirez dans les vignettes qui suivent, plusieurs diplomates canadiens et leur famille sont tombés sous le charme d'animaux dans leur pays hôte et ont décidé de leur donner un foyer confortable. Mais plus souvent qu'autrement ce sont ces animaux qui ont, au final, donné plus qu'ils ont reçu. Ils ont permis de créer un lien tangible et durable avec le pays d'affectation, mais aussi apporté à ces familles un sentiment de stabilité et de continuité dans leurs vies de nomades. Au fil des postes et des retours au Canada, une constante demeure : la présence de ces poilus et affectueux compagnons de route.



Jen and Hudson

Hudson from Tripoli

by Ryan Ward

Going on posting in Libya, I left behind my wife Jen, two cats, and a dog in Ottawa. I went with the idea that seeing my wife every three months on reunification leave would be tough but workable, and the belief that I could go two years with no animals for company. I was wrong.

Three months into my posting, I got back to our housing compound after work, and saw a tiny stray ginger kitten lurking around my apartment block. I managed to coax him out from under a bench, and got him up on my lap. It didn't take long to decide that he was going to come live with me, and I catnapped him back to my apartment.

As the situation in Libya deteriorated, Hudson and I dealt with the growing danger together. He spent days locked in the bathroom when there was inter-militia fighting around our compound and CBS were moved to the ACP. He slept on the floor in the hall with me when the shelling was bad and we were afraid of the windows being blown in. He rode across the Libya-Tunisia border in our armoured vehicle when it came time to evacuate the mission. And he flew back to Canada under my seat when our time in North Africa was over.

Hudson and I are now reunited with my wife and other pets, and are living comfortably in Kenya. He has lived in four countries, and has looked after me as much as I looked after him. He is currently dealing with our decision to foster six Kenyan street dogs that were abandoned in someone's hedge. He'll survive – he's been through worse.

Sam from Bridgetown

by Jade Puddington

I grew up a diplomatic brat. And through four moves, our long-haired German Shepherd named Sam was a constant.

I was only 6 years old, but my parents have re-counted the story many a time. We were on posting in Barbados, and they had invited a number of guests over for a dinner party. Amongst those guests were some family friends who bred dogs. Evidently they appeared for the dinner party with a puppy in their arms, asking if we could look after him for the evening. Needless to say, that puppy never left. Sam instantly became a big furry member of the family. He moved with us to Turkey twice and back to Canada in between. In Turkey, at the time, street dogs were still a problem and so many Turks had a fear of large dogs. The driver at the embassy loved nothing more than walking into the airport with Sam on a leash and watching the crowds of people part as he headed for the check-in counter.

As a family we often joked that Sam was better travelled than most people, having been back and forth across the Atlantic at least seven times. Whenever we went somewhere new, he was always there with us – a constant whenever everything else was changing. There was no better friend an expat kid could ask for.



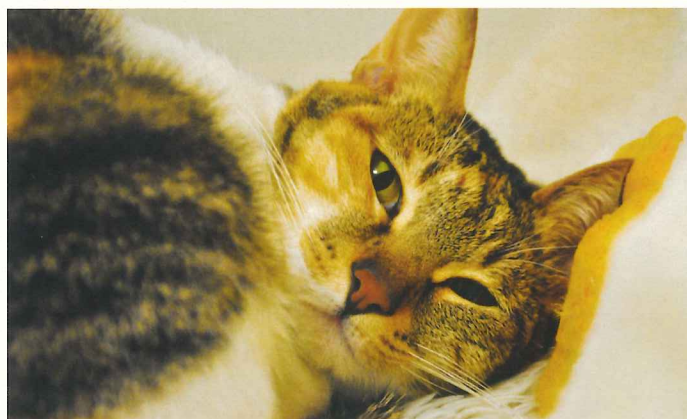
Jade and Sam

Sybille et B-Scotch d'Hanoi

par Christine Le Blein

Qu'est-ce qui nous pousse à adopter un chat, un chien, un cochon d'inde ou encore un poisson rouge? Pourquoi « craquons-nous » pour une de ces petites bêtes et n'hésitons pas à braver les préparatifs de voyage les plus complexes pour nous assurer qu'ils déménagent avec nous? Qu'est-ce qui nous pousse à tant d'entêtement et de dévouement envers nos fidèles compagnons?

Imaginez que vous venez d'arriver en poste : tout est nouveau, un peu intimidant et merveilleux à la fois. Vous vous sentez donc un peu comme un poisson hors de l'eau, et par-dessus le marché, vos enfants qui, jusqu'à présent, sollicitaient toute votre attention ont eu l'idée incongrue de grandir sans vous en aviser et semblent manifester un certain agacement vis-à-vis votre style parental « hélicoptère » ! Au choc culturel s'ajoute donc une situation criante de surplus affectif. Par un beau soir de printemps, alors que vous êtes sur le point de vous endormir, des miaulements stridents se font soudainement entendre dans le voisinage. Sans même y penser, vous vous retrouvez sur votre balcon au milieu de la nuit à lancer des boulettes de viande à un adorable chaton en détresse. Puis c'est l'engrenage : le lendemain après l'opération « sauvetage du mignon petit chaton blanc », vous entamez des négociations avec vos voisins d'immeuble pour tenter une procédure d'adoption qui, malheureusement, échouera. L'adorable félin disparaît, ses propriétaires ayant jugé plus prudent de le laisser à l'intérieur... C'est alors qu'une de vos collègues sentant votre détresse affective profonde, propose de vous mettre en contact avec un de ses amis qui vient d'avoir... des chatons. C'est aussi l'anniversaire de votre fille dans un mois... Vous venez donc de lui trouver le cadeau dont elle rêve depuis si longtemps! Quelques semaines plus tard, deux minuscules boules de poil, Sybille et B-Scotch, faisaient leur apparition dans notre vie.



Sybille



B-Scotch

Chori from Santiago

by Jessica Hepworth

In 2012, I was posted to Santiago, Chile, and adopted my dog Chori (aka Choripan and formerly known as Ralph Laurent) from a shelter there in 2013. He is a Catalan sheepdog/poodle mix and was found on the street as a very young puppy, only about one month old. He was in rough shape, suffering from malnutrition, mange, alopecia, fleas and lice. After spending five months at a veterinary clinic getting his health back, he was sent to a shelter where we met two months later. There were many beautiful dogs, but he brought tears to my eyes and I knew I wasn't going to leave without him. I noticed right away that he had a problem with his hind leg and was told that it was nothing serious. After a second opinion and x-rays, it was revealed that the head of his femur was actually smashed to bits. He was operated to remove that part of the femur and now runs like the wind, pain-free. After a short stint in Canada this past summer, Chori and I are now enjoying the warm beach weather in Havana, Cuba.



Chori

Hunter and Fisher from Washington

by Amanda McNaughton



Fisher and Hunter

Don and I went to Washington, DC on our first posting in 1999. He had grown up with pets, but the most our own family had owned were a pair of gerbils. By June of 2000, we had settled in to our apartment and there was the option to have pets, so we started exploring local availability. I found a group named Paw Rescue in Maryland that had just taken in a pair of cats with a litter of seven kittens, newly available for adoption. Hunter, the tabby, looked just like the cat Don had left with his parents in Winnipeg to join me as I started as a Trade Commissioner in Ottawa, while Fisher was just the sort of dainty lady tuxedo that I had always thought was the epitome of "cat."

Either coincidence or a general recognition of the positive effect cats have on dealing with stress led to all seven kittens being adopted by diplomatic families from various embassies, leading them to be named the "International Litter."

Fisher passed at the age of thirteen but Hunter is still with us after two boys, four moves, and fifteen years – both having been far more pampered than many FS.

Oréo de Beijing

par Lionel Jobin (10 ans)

Nous avons déménagé en Chine à cause du travail de mes parents. Nous, les enfants, voulions un chien. Notre femme de ménage, M^{me} Kong (là-bas on dit "Kong a-i") nous a montré la photo d'un bébé chien qu'elle avait recueilli chez elle et elle nous a demandé s'il nous plaisait. Mes sœurs et moi, on a convaincu nos parents de prendre le chien en promettant de le promener et le nourrir nous-mêmes. Ils ont accepté. Un jour, quand Kong aï est venue nous chercher à l'école, elle avait un bébé chien dans ses bras. C'est là que tout a commencé.

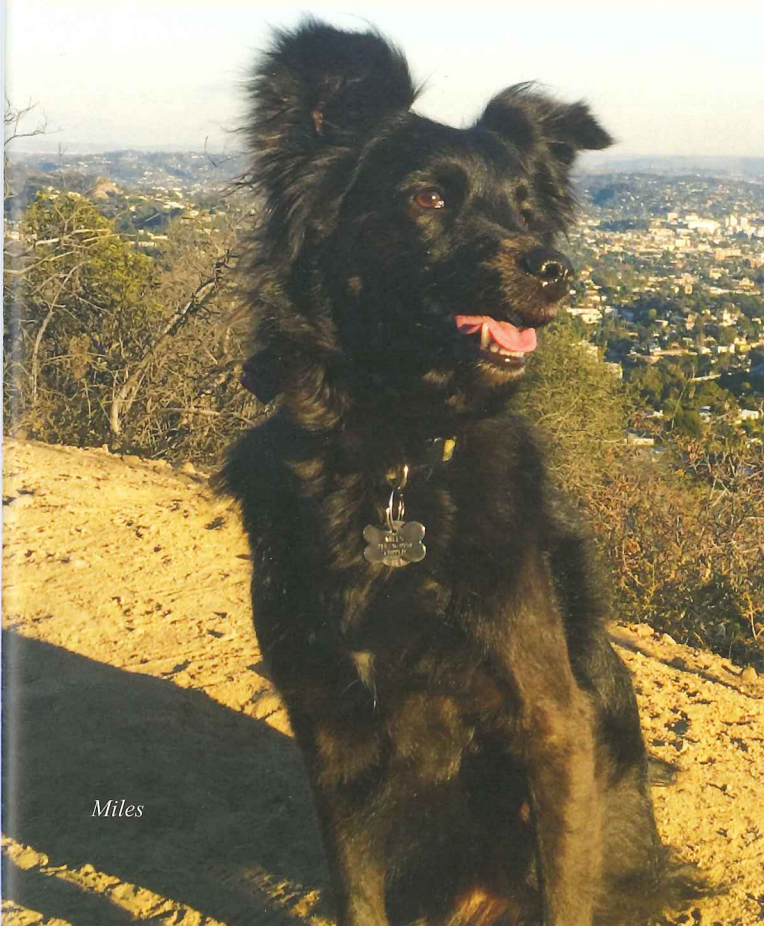
On devait lui trouver un nom. Notre petit terrier avait un poil noir/blanc/noir, alors on l'a appelé Oréo, comme les biscuits. La chienne était encore trop petite pour rester chez nous, alors Kong-aï la rapportait chez elle tous les soirs. Ce n'est qu'après une semaine qu'elle a pu rester chez nous, mais la pauvre pleurait. De jour en jour, elle s'habitua à nous. On lui a donné un coussin et des jouets. Elle a mangé le coussin après un mois, alors elle dormait sur mon lit.

La première fois que j'ai promené notre chienne, je l'ai libérée de sa laisse pour lancer un bâton. Je n'étais pas conscient qu'elle pouvait se sauver, mais heureusement elle est revenue avec le bâton. Je me suis tellement attaché à elle que je pouvais jouer des heures avec elle. J'ai supplié mes parents de l'emmener avec nous à notre retour au Canada. C'était compliqué: un ami a dû garder Oréo pendant l'été et on a dû demander à quelqu'un d'autre de la ramener à l'automne. Pendant les vacances, je regardais par la fenêtre et quand je voyais des chiens, ça me faisait penser à Oréo. À notre retour au Canada, je demandais tout le temps à mes parents quand Oréo nous reviendrait. Un jour, ils m'ont annoncé qu'Oréo arrivait. Je ne pouvais pas aller la chercher à l'aéroport avec mon père parce que l'avion arrivait trop tard le soir. Le lendemain matin, quelle surprise merveilleuse j'avais! Oréo était là, devant moi!

Elle est importante pour moi. Tous les jours à mon réveil, elle saute sur mon lit et je vais la promener dehors. Quand je suis triste, elle fait des folies pour me faire rire. Elle aime le Canada. Elle nous suit en voyage. Un jour, à Québec, nous sommes passés devant des statues de lion et elle pensait qu'ils étaient vrais... elle aboyait et a pris du temps à se calmer. L'an prochain, nous allons vivre dans un autre pays et j'espère pouvoir emmener ma chienne. Je vous raconterai tout à mon retour.



Oréo et Lionel



Miles

Miles from Tel Aviv

by Sabrina Yoong

About a year into my first posting in Tel Aviv, it seemed everyone I passed walking down Rothschild Boulevard had a dog or a stroller. I wasn't ready for a stroller, but knowing two of my colleagues had adopted dogs in Israel, the former seemed like a good idea.

My husband and I set off to the SPCA in Ramat Gan and met the adorable 6 month old puppy who would make us a family. He was the only dog in the whole place not to bark at us when we approached his cage. We suspect he lived on the streets before coming home with us, and we made up an impressive backstory to explain his many fears. (If you're curious, we pretend he was lost during an exercise while training to be a canine intelligence agent for the Mossad and that is why he is so skeptical and suspicious of bicycles, garbage cans, wide-brimmed hats and trench coats!) We named him Miles after Mr. Davis, and he answers commands in English and in Hebrew. Four and a half years later, he lives the charmed life of a diplo-dog in Los Angeles, racing off-leash in Runyon Canyon with the canines of Hollywood celebrities and nobodies, and frolicking in the Pacific at Rosie's Dog Beach in Long Beach.

Philip from Ramallah

by Kate Solomon

Both Ramallah (home to the Canadian Rep Office) and Jerusalem (where RMLAH CBS live) are full of stray cats. It's not unusual to see a dumpster with ten or more cats sitting on the edge, picking through the trash for food. This makes it all the more surprising that this cat, who now goes by the name Philip, made it home with me. As far as we can work out, he was born in the taxi rank beside RMLAH, and was thrown out of the litter by his mother. I had acquired a reputation as the mission's resident soft-heart, and one Friday, the guards asked me to come outside. I wasn't expecting what I found down there: an approximately three week old kitten, covered in dirt, vomit, and blood. He was tiny and sick, injured by rock-throwing teenagers and taxi drivers who smacked him with sticks.

He was only supposed to come home with me for the weekend. Long enough to get him to a vet in Jerusalem, patch up his wounds, and bring him back to Ramallah. No such luck. Our (large) dog took very quickly to being the kitten's nursemaid, and attended him, day and night, for weeks until he got better. I like to say we kept him because they match!



Philip

Biscuit from Port-au-Prince

by Pierre-David Jean & Jean-François Parizeau

Biscuit came into our lives on my first day in Haiti (her adoption was a "surprise" by my spouse, who had arrived a week prior). In meeting her, I had a strange mix of emotions. I certainly felt a bit of revulsion as she was in an awful shape and looked completely haggard. You could tell she had had a rough time in the streets. But nearly immediately, my revulsion was mixed with, and then overtaken by, a strong paternal bond (puppy love I guess?). This was our dog, we rescued her from the Haitian streets, we would ensure that she thrived. And thrived she has. We are amazed to this day to see her transformation from a frightened little creature into a strong, energetic, happy (and we would argue good-looking) dog. She's been a great source of comfort and entertainment in our more confined environment here. She'll always represent our link to Haiti as well as one tangible thing we were able to do to help. Our friends refer to her as the "luckiest dog in Haiti" (which I guess is true) but we also consider ourselves quite lucky to have stumbled upon her and to now count her as a member of the family!

Biscuit

Sammy de Washington

par Jonathan Sauvé

Le titre de son éventuelle autobiographie fera inévitablement référence au fait que l'adoption de Sammy a radicalement changé le cours de sa vie. Une « amie Facebook » a publié sa photo quelques jours avant Noël 2010, la veille de notre départ vers Montréal. Enseignante au primaire, elle venait de le recueillir auprès d'une famille qui s'apprêtait à le conduire à la fourrière... Sammy avait alors 13 mois, passé la majorité de son existence attaché à une corde dehors et on l'a d'abord cru gris jusqu'à ce qu'il prenne un bain ! Il n'avait toujours pas trouvé de famille adoptive quand nous sommes revenus à Washington le 28 décembre. Nous sommes donc allés le chercher en banlieue de Baltimore et dès notre arrivée à la maison, il s'est roulé en boule sous le sapin et a dormi pendant deux heures. Sammy a depuis ce temps vécu trois ans à Ottawa où il a fondé son fan club. L'allemand lui donne du fil à retordre depuis notre arrivée à Vienne et les écureuils de Manor Park lui manquent cruellement, mais il s'est bien adapté à son nouvel environnement. Il se la coule douce, est gâté pourri et nos voisins se bousculent pour le garder en notre absence !



Sammy

Mokey from Hsinchu County

by Toby Schwartz

Sometimes in life, timing is everything. My husband and I grew up with dogs, and were planning on getting a dog when the time was right. We had decided against getting a dog in Taiwan, despite the fact that there were adorable abandoned puppies to be found around almost every corner. We always came up with the excuse that we were too busy with full time jobs to give a pooch the care it would deserve. When we found Mokey though, it seemed as though fate had somehow intervened.

We were on a camping trip in the forested mountains of Hsinchu County, Taiwan. When we arrived after a gorgeous drive through the Taiwanese wilderness, and were just about to park the car, we noticed what seemed like a rather random box discarded on the road side. When we got closer, up popped a furry black nose and there she was. The puppy had rather obviously been discarded there, perhaps as the owners had hoped that the men paving the road nearby would take her home. She was tiny, no more than 8 or 9 weeks old, and would likely not have made it if left there for too long. I scooped her up, and took her down the river bank with us for a swim. When we came back up to the car about an hour later, the box had been completely flattened with a massive tire track imprinted on it. One of the paving vehicles had run it over. Timing, indeed.

We weren't initially planning to keep her, but the vet back in Taipei convinced us that Mokey wouldn't stand much of a chance if we brought her to a shelter. That was all we needed to hear to tip us over the fence we'd been sitting on, and she was ours. She has brought much joy, warmth and cuddles to our family, and is the best possible souvenir of Taiwan – a place we came to love during our posting.

What's the lesson learned from finding Mokey? First, timing can often make all of the difference. Second, sometimes it's easiest to come up with excuses to not do something, but it's the decisions to go ahead and do something – while invariably harder to make – that can be the most rewarding. ☺



Toby, Mokey and Erin

Après l'obtention d'une maîtrise en études théâtrales de Trinity College Dublin, Anne-Marie Leclerc a rejoint les rangs du service extérieur en tant que déléguée commerciale en 2006. Elle a eu le plaisir de servir brièvement à l'Ambassade du Canada au Brésil ainsi que pendant trois ans à Paris. Elle se prépare maintenant à partir en Turquie.

Worth Their Wait:

The Long Journey of Canada's Newest Foreign Service Officers

by Peter Kolakovic

The best time to plant a tree was twenty years ago.

The second best time is now.

– Chinese proverb

When word came down that Daniel Jean wanted to meet urgently, none of us were quite sure what to expect. About a year and a half had passed since Jean, then Canada's Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, had made a very public pledge: "My personal promise is to immediately look into how we can move forward. People who know me, know that I prefer actions to words. As such, I will do everything in my power to help make headway on this file."

The file in question was not something you might expect to make the hearts of Canadian foreign policy junkies flutter. It had nothing to do with the resettlement of Syrian refugees; nor was it in any way related to reenergizing Canadian diplomacy and leadership on key international issues. Rather, it was as dull and arcane a subject as one could imagine: the conversion of a group of departmental employees from one occupational classification to another. Hardly the stuff of a Tom Clancy novel. Did this file really require the Deputy Minister's attention, and more importantly, a significant amount of his time, energy and political capital?

The 300 or so Management and Consular Officers (MCOs) of the erstwhile Department of Foreign Affairs, Trade and Development, since rechristened Global Affairs Canada, had been clamoring for more than twenty years to be recognized as Foreign Service Officers. At stake was membership in the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers (PAFSO), a salary bump, enhanced career advancement opportunities, and long sought-after recognition of their work. After months of silence on the subject, Jean suddenly wanted to talk, and quickly. His staff contacted the members of the MCO Consultative Committee, a departmental body set up to advance the interests of the MCO stream. Jean had some important news to share.

The story of MCO conversion is surprisingly interesting, with a history stretching back into the early 1990s. The last two to three years alone are full of all the classic ingredients of a Greek tragedy – there's hope, despair, frustration, anger, betrayal, heroism, and ultimately, redemption. The denouement was always in doubt; in

fact, when Deputy Minister Jean announced that conversion had finally been achieved in May 2015, it caught many by surprise.

MCOs were conceived more than two decades ago as 'administrative officers'. Their job was to grease the wheels of Canada's diplomatic machinery, ensuring that our diplomatic missions abroad functioned efficiently. However, over the years, it became increasingly apparent that while Global Affairs did diplomacy very well, it was less effective at management. And yet, the need for effective managers is clear: the Department operates 174 missions in 107 countries abroad; employs 4,900 locally-engaged staff; manages more than 2,200 properties with an estimated value of \$3 billion; manages budgets, maintains bank accounts and interacts with banking systems at each post; is responsible for ensuring the safety and security of Canadian staff and their families as well as local staff; provides consular services to an ever-increasing number of Canadian travelers overseas; and is expected to have a robust plan to protect Canadian citizens, staff and Canadian interests in response to emergency situations abroad including political unrest, natural disasters, and terrorist attacks.

To be fair, the MCO job did not initially encompass all of these activities. Rather, as the Department slowly acknowledged that its management control systems required strengthening, new taskings from Ottawa to missions abroad seemed to multiply by the day. With budget cutbacks the new norm and political and trade officers already feeling overworked, every new task, every new request for information, every hitherto unassigned deliverable was assigned by default to the MCO. The job became increasingly complex, the number of overtime hours soared, and the MCO arguably became one of the most important actors at Canadian missions abroad. The job slowly evolved from 'administrative support' to something more akin to a Chief Operations Officer.

"Over the years, the responsibilities of MCOs have expanded... and the nature of their contribution abroad has become broader and a lot more complex," notes Daniel Jean. "I meet regularly with our heads of mission when they come through Ottawa and they all underline how critical MCOs are to the pursuit of our international efforts."



Mary-Jean Wason and Marta Berggren celebrate with then Deputy Minister Daniel Jean during his first trip abroad following the announcement of MCO conversion; Jakarta (Indonesia), May 2015

While most MCOs enjoyed the responsibility and diversity attached to their continually redefined roles, there was one small problem: MCOs continued to be classified as administrative officers rather than Foreign Service Officers. That meant less pay and less respect.



The concept of a political officer, a trade officer, or an immigration officer is intuitively clear. But the label “management and consular officer” is arguably as awkward as it is ambiguous. In fact, the job package is unparalleled within the foreign service for its vast scope of responsibilities. One MCO describes the job as *“infinitely varied; at turns hugely rewarding and mind-bogglingly frustrating; part psychologist, part MacGyver.”*

Even the Department’s brief description of the job on its internet page hints at a monstrously large and complex set of duties. It describes the MCO management role as: “managing embassies and consulates to operate at peak efficiency; overseeing the human resources program...; managing complex budgets...; managing security issues for embassies and consulates; and procuring and managing properties around the world.” The consular component includes “helping Canadians deal with any emergency or distressful event (abroad), including arrest, incarceration, theft of belongings, deprivation, assault, child abduction, death, medical emergencies and medical evacuation, natural disasters, civil unrest, and airline crashes; managing international emergencies, from contingency planning to the evacuation of Canadians following civil unrest or a natural disaster; providing advice and information to the traveling public; and assisting on passport, citizenship, adoption, notary and other files.”

In fact, one could plausibly argue that this is not a job description for one person, but rather for a team of five. “It’s a strange

combination of roles and it shocks me that we’re expected to do it all – at one count I had 17 counterparts in the US Embassies and Consulates in my areas of accreditation.”

Still, as much as MCOs love to complain about the number of tasks that get dumped on their desks, they also love their jobs. “I love my work, serving clients, helping Canadians, solving problems, managing resources, saving lives, establishing networks and using them to advance Canadian interests. My days are never the same, I am exhausted at the end of every single day but proud of what I have accomplished...” The sentiment is shared by many.

Another sentiment shared by many was that the job was not appropriately classified, nor appropriately compensated. “An (administrative officer) in any other department would not have to deal with multiple cultures, 120 different labour codes, very different banking systems and use his or her judgment to make decisions on the spot which may or may not skirt policy requirements...”

MCOs privately acknowledge that departmental or Treasury Board policies often collide with the reality of the legal jurisdiction of the host country. Risk analysis and judgment are paramount; not to mention familiarity with a comprehensive suite of laws, regulations, policies, directives, guidelines, manuals and recommendations; both foreign and Canadian.



Daniel Jean’s message to the MCO community promising to make headway on the conversion file was precipitated by a seemingly innocuous human resources action. Generally, one might expect that the redeployment of a few non-rotational officers into a rotational stream might result in some employee grumbling and perhaps a grievance or two. But when the MCO Governance Committee discretely announced that six employees were being

redployed without competition into the MCO stream, it set off a firestorm. The MCO community, already feeling slighted by twenty years of perceived neglect, was up in arms.

One MCO took up the matter with the members of the Governance Committee. A few days later, someone copied on the original exchange wrote his own message of concern, this time copying the entire stream. His message was followed by another; and that one by another; and that one by another. Eventually, a number of senior departmental managers were added to the cc line, including Daniel Jean. One MCO described this turn of events thus: "Catholics believe in order to talk to God that you... must speak via the priest (MCO Governance Committee)... Protestants believe you can talk directly to God (the Deputy Minister). While both are a matter of faith and have value, there is nothing wrong with talking directly to God. God may like to hear from the people if he is a grassroots type of guy."

Seeing the previous messages sent by their colleagues, more and more MCOs felt emboldened and nailed their own theses to the departmental door. Some messages expressed frustration, others expressed exasperation; some were hopeful, some were playful; but all of them shared one common theme: MCOs demanded change.

Daniel Jean would later acknowledge that "twenty-three years of patience creates an explosive environment." He adds, "in this particular situation, all deputy ministers, senior executives and heads of mission were well aware, engaged and supportive. Everyone agreed that the contribution of this group deserved to be recognized."

The messages would continue for over a week; an unprecedented, "unorganized display of solidarity", in the words of the MCO Consultative Committee. By the end, over 150 MCOs, representing roughly half the stream, had made their voices heard. A Reformation of sorts was under way.

The MCO job package is a peculiar mixture of complex tasks requiring high-level thinking, judgment and networking skills on the one hand, and mundane transactional work on the other. While MCOs generally take great satisfaction from the former, they often wonder whether there are more efficient ways to complete the latter. As one MCO puts it, "I don't feel a sense of accomplishment when I'm signing electricity bills, but I do when I've worked a 20-hour day to bring Canadians across a border to safety."

One of the peculiarities of the MCO job, in particular on the consular side, is that privacy considerations limit the ability of MCOs to trumpet their success stories and to be recognized for the important work they do on behalf of Canadian citizens. While high-profile cases sometimes make the media, such publicity is typically instigated by third parties. The many success stories of Canadian consular officers are rarely celebrated in the same way that a new trade deal, for example, is celebrated. Both are important achievements for the Department, but it's unlikely that a broadcast message will ever be sent out celebrating the successful resolution of a difficult consular case. *The Privacy Act* forbids it.

A few years ago, I was selected for a short-term assignment at one of Canada's missions abroad. It was my first real taste of MCO work. I knew it would be challenging, but I wasn't expecting to face four exceedingly complex consular cases within the span of four months. The country in question was a small one, and while it did receive its share of Canadian tourists, the numbers were relatively small. For reasons of privacy, I cannot divulge many of the details, but I'd like to share my experience with one case in particular – not because I feel that there was anything especially unique about this case, but rather the opposite – because I feel it is fairly typical of the type of consular case that MCOs successfully manage on a daily basis.

Early on a Sunday morning, I received a call from the Emergency Watch and Response Centre in Ottawa. A young Canadian woman had perished a few hours earlier in a mountaineering accident. Her distraught parents and brother and sister were planning to arrive from Canada the next day. As the responsible consular official, I was asked to render all possible assistance to the family – and for the better part of a week, that's exactly what I tried to do. Every other task, every other activity, every other deliverable, was put on hold.

When I met the family at the airport late on Monday evening, overwhelming grief was evident in all of their eyes; in every word they spoke; in their collective body language. It suddenly dawned on me that, for this family, I was the Government of Canada. I was its embodiment, its official representative. They had come to collect the remains of their loved one, but also to seek answers to what had happened, why, and whether the trek operator bore any responsibility. Even though I was inexperienced, I knew that Canadians expected their Government to protect the interests of its citizens abroad, to ask tough questions, and to demand answers. What many don't immediately grasp is that, as consular officials, we have no legal authority in the receiving state. While we ourselves enjoy the benefits of diplomatic immunity, we do not have the power to get anyone out of jail, to exempt a Canadian from local laws, or to oblige a local official to carry out our requests. The only real tools that we have are our network of contacts and our power of persuasion.

I accompanied the victim's family to several meetings with local officials where they sought answers about the accident and whether or not there was negligence involved. I was also there when they later recovered the subject's remains. This being a developing country, neither the setting nor the preparation was overly elaborate – the body had been laid out on a simple concrete slab in a small building within a cemetery.

Before returning to Canada, the family had one last request; they wanted to meet with the trek operator, and specifically with the guide that had been roped to the subject and her friend at the time of the accident. They wanted to know whether we could arrange and host such a meeting.

There was nothing specific in the Department's Consular Manual to guide me on whether or not this was a good idea. I was pretty certain that if I checked, I would find one or more policies advising me to steer clear. Our policy on what we refer to as 'private legal matters' was simple: don't get involved. All the same, I had already spent a few very long days with the family, and I believed them to be reasonable people. A meeting would help clear the air, give them the answers they sought, and avoid a situation where they went

back to Canada feeling that their government had not done enough to assist them.

In the end, a meeting at the Embassy went forward and served as a helpful catharsis for all involved. At one point, the guide was describing the accident and became very emotional, recalling how he himself also had children and could therefore relate to what the victim's parents were going through. He also stated how this was the worst moment of his life. At that moment, in the most courageous act I've ever witnessed, the victim's mother came over to embrace him. By the end of the meeting, we were all hugging each other and taking pictures at the family's request.

The fact that the meeting went as well as it did was undoubtedly because the family were some of the nicest and most decent people one could meet – quintessential Canadians. Still, I like to think that my judgment and decision-making also played a small role in ensuring that the meeting was non-confrontational in tone (despite the presence of the family's legal counsel) and that this sad case was ultimately resolved without growing into something larger than it needed to be. The family sent a very kind letter to our Head of Mission as they were departing, thanking me and my team for our assistance. Even our Director General back in Ottawa admitted that she was moved to tears after reading our daily situation reports.

Canada's consular officers record small victories like this on a regular basis, but the stories are known to only a select few. While we certainly must continue to respect the privacy of our clients, the Department really needs to find a way to recognize the outstanding achievements of our consular officials.

Daniel Jean did not waste a lot of time getting to the point. In spite of his apparent silence during the previous few months, he was in fact working hard behind the scenes with Treasury Board, making the case as to why the Department's MCOs should be properly classified as Foreign Service Officers. Jean writes, "For months I had tried to explain to those who were concerned we were not communicating enough, that when such files approach a critical phase like a cabinet process, you have to have radio silence both to respect cabinet confidence, and also to avoid creating false expectations."

Jean wanted the members of the MCO Consultative Committee to be the first to know the good news – the President of Treasury Board had finally signed off and MCO conversion was a done deal. He swore us to secrecy until the next day, so that he could make the announcement to all MCOs formally during a Town Hall session; an event which he later described as "sheer joy". He had been true to his word; he was indeed a man of action and because of his efforts, MCOs are now able to stand beside their counterparts in the political, trade and immigration streams as proud Foreign Service Officers of Canada. ☺

Peter Kolakovic is First Secretary (Management) and Consul at Canada's Permanent Mission and Consulate in Geneva.



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Four Months as Saddam's 'guests' in Baghdad

by Gary Luton

*Three weeks after Iraq's invasion of Kuwait on August 2, 1990, the Canadian Embassy was forced to downsize. Despite Iraq's threat to round up all foreign embassy staff that did not leave the country by August 24th, five colleagues remained inside the Embassy. The author and four other Embassy staff flew to Baghdad with the understanding that they would be allowed to return to Canada. Instead, they were detained in Baghdad as 'guests' of Saddam Hussein as punishment for the Embassy not closing in Kuwait. Weeks turned into months and on December 9, 1990, 130 days after Iraq's invasion, all of the Canadian diplomats from Kuwait and other remaining Westerners under detention were released. The following account, pieced together from personal notes, recollections and conversations with former colleagues, gives shape to events that took place in the fall of 1990. Part I, published in the last volume of **bout de papier**, reflected on three uncertain weeks spent in Kuwait under Iraqi occupation.*

Kuwait City, August 1990

Reluctantly following instructions to reduce staff at the Embassy in Kuwait, no one knew what actually awaited us in Baghdad. Those who would depart on August 24 included Michel Têtu and his spouse Ingrid, Mary Ann Kurjata, Mireille Farah, and myself. Like the Arab nomads from a previous era, I packed a small bag with some light clothing, a few mementos and other valuables in the form of two fine, silk prayer rugs, recently acquired, and a modest collection of old Omani silver jewelry.

Kuwait's Airport (already renamed Saddam International Airport) was extremely tense. The security office was manned by Iraqi officers, and a portrait of Saddam hung nearby. The armed man in civilian clothing who searched my bag seemed truly apologetic, asking "where are you from?" "Canada," He repeated the word with a sigh – "Canada" and gave a wistful glance. The x-ray machine picked up a miniature Sony radio and Dictaphone which he confiscated. "Sorry," he said, with considerable

conviction, picked up his gun, and walked back to join the others.

It felt odd sitting quietly in a darkened terminal, almost empty of travelers. The senior Iraqi officers looked smug. Their glances made no mistake of the fact that they were the victors enjoying their moment of glory. "Long live Saddam" was painted in Arabic on the wall and two Soviet Aleutian freighter aircraft sat on the tarmac – their massive holds being filled with plunder.

Baghdad, August 1990

After a panicked scrum getting off the flight in Baghdad, we were funneled into a crowded, airless terminal and greeted by *Chargé d'affaires* Dale Carl and a team from the Canadian Embassy. The Ambassador had departed earlier in the summer as part of the normal posting cycle and his replacement, Chris Poole, had not yet been appointed at the time of the invasion.

The Embassy in Baghdad was located on the Western side of the Tigris, off Mansour Street in a district by the same name. Embassy staff included Dale Carl, Jean Gauthier, Gaetan Letourneau, Janice

Attree-Smith and David Smith. In addition to proximity to our staff quarters (SQ), the Mansour District hosted a number of other embassies and was within walking distance to the famed Al Mansour Racecourse.

Our small SQ, a house across from the Canadian Chancery and down the street from the British Official Residence, was shared with a couple of other Canadians caught up in the crisis.

Our first morning in Baghdad was a relatively late start – a chance to read, contemplate the ceiling fan and walk in the walled garden before others awoke. There had been spurts of gunfire during the night that were relatively close. Supposedly a day of rest, after an early call from Dale, it turned out to be a day filled with consular business, almost as usual. Many Iraqis and others wanted out, but the borders were sealed.

Leaving our SQ, I found our Iraqi 'spotters' parked directly in front in a battered sedan.



A Thanksgiving toast from Baghdad, October 1990. Last names were not used in the original photo. Kuwait Embassy Staff indicated with a (K): Mary Ann Kurjata (K), Philipp, Jerry, Gary Lutton (K), John, Canadian Ambassador to Iraq, Chris Poole, Mireille Farah (K), Jim, Howard, and Michel Tétu (K).

The neighbourhood was fairly lively, with the Saudi and Pakistani Embassies not far away. The latter had already become an encampment for 600 plus Pakistani refugees. Another 500 were expected later that day from Kuwait and, with the land border to Jordan now closed until further notice, they would remain living and sleeping in the street with little or no food.

We prepare to make a demarche at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs requesting permission to depart. *En route* I get out of the car to put up the flag – otherwise they will not let us in. A soldier with the maroon beret of the Republican Guard saluted, reluctantly.

Later in the day, we learn our arrival in Baghdad was reported in the Canadian press. The story that followed was more alarming. Canada, like other OECD countries, had rejected the deadline to close its embassy in Kuwait. It was likely our colleagues at the embassy had now been surrounded by troops, preventing anyone from coming or going. This was confirmed on August 26.

Not only was the Embassy in Kuwait now surrounded by troops, telephone and water lines had also been cut. Tanks were reportedly stationed outside of the British Embassy. The UN Security Council

imposed a shipping blockade in response. Three days later, Iraq countered by officially declaring Kuwait to be its 19th province.

Baghdad, September 1990

Unlike our colleagues in Kuwait, we were able to make short, weekly telephone calls home on a new satellite phone – the latest in technology at the time. It came by diplomatic courier in far too many diplomatic bags, which created a fracas at the airport. The dish, once assembled, was the size of the hood of a car. While we now had no direct lines of communication with Kuwait, Michel Tétu and David Smith continued to make daily radio broadcasts to inform and entertain our colleagues.

After a month of extreme uncertainty there were still about 100 Canadians in Baghdad, including Kuwait Embassy staff who had been denied exit visas/permits. We were extremely lucky as U.S. and British hostages continued to be sent to various strategic military locations in Iraq and Kuwait to act as ‘human shields’. All of the captive Canadians had been released to the Canadian embassy.

A burden was lifted when on September 6, when we were able to evacuate 140 Canadian women and children from Kuwait to Baghdad and on to freedom in Turkey. This was the first flight out

for foreign women and children from any country. With no Iraqi diplomatic ID, I was almost arrested by airport security for using the ID of a diplomatic colleague to help with the evacuation. Rescued by the Chief of Protocol for the Iraqi Army, I remember him saying “we wouldn’t like to see mistakes occur,” as he escorted me out of departure lounge. In the end, we were doing our job and the Iraqis were doing theirs.

After wheels up from Baghdad, corks popped while we tried to ensure everyone was accounted for before sending a ‘flash’ reporting telex.

Later, reflecting on the day, I realized the extent of the police state in which we found ourselves. Every 150–200 metres for at least ten kilometres on the way to the airport there had been ‘spotters’ – men who sat on benches covered by plywood shade umbrellas. All within sight of each other, wearing civilian clothes, appearing to be unarmed. Harmless, perhaps, but they, along with policeman under every bridge, were a constant reminder that we were always being observed and monitored.

Baghdad, October 1990

The first week of October the Iraqi Foreign Ministry sent a diplomatic note to western Embassies warning of a Revolutionary

Command Council decree that "anyone harbouring a foreigner could be hanged as a spy". The note ordered diplomats present for registration any foreigners on their compounds. The government later clarified it would take no action against embassies sheltering 'civilians.'

About the same time Ottawa asked us to photograph our SQ and to clearly indicate where they were on various maps – an indicator that air strikes could be coming our way. As the political rhetoric ramped up, we all began to feel somewhat expendable. The need for a Plan B to escape and evade capture started to become a real possibility, should an air attack materialize or the political situation deteriorate.

After two months as "guests" in Iraq, many of the more than 8,000 westerners and Japanese who remained were growing restive as Saddam continued to try and manipulate western policies by letting some nationalities leave. On 11 October a group of about 350 westerners fleeing Iraq and Kuwait landed in London. It was the first such flight since the 22 September. Most of the passengers were Americans but seven Canadians were on board – mostly women and children and Western men of Arab descent.

My brother in England sent me birthday wishes via a special BBC broadcast (no last name was used). Journalists came and went. Eric Margolis of the *Toronto Sun* and a photographer Greg Reekie came in mid-October. They met with Kuwait Embassy staff and other Canadian hostages and wrote a Thanksgiving cover story with photo entitled "Canadian 'guests' just wait." With thoughts of home sparked by the visiting journalists we raised our glasses in a Thanksgiving toast for the camera.

Our five colleagues who emerged after eight weeks from the besieged Canadian Embassy in Kuwait arrived in Baghdad on October 19. Chargé Bill Bowden described the city he once knew as "dirty and largely empty." The Iraqis had pillaged most

moveable objects and garbage was piled everywhere. Sporadic gunfire could still be heard from the diminished resistance and from roving armed gangs. Joe Clark, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, said the five "exemplified the best tradition of the Canadian Foreign Service."

Canada maintained that the Embassy remained technically open, in defiance of Iraq's order to close. As a result, the Iraqi authorities continued to refuse to allow all Canadian diplomats previously based in Kuwait to leave Baghdad.

Every 150–200 metres for at least ten kilometres on the way to the airport there had been 'spotters' – men who sat on benches covered by plywood shade umbrellas. All within sight of each other, wearing civilian clothes, appearing to be unarmed. Harmless, perhaps, but they, along with policeman under every bridge, were a constant reminder that we were always being observed and monitored.

Two Canadian destroyers and a supply ship, a squadron of CF-18s and 1,700 military personnel from Canada were now in the Gulf at bases in Bahrain and Qatar. With a goal to enforce sanctions against Iraq, their gear also included special nuclear, biological and chemical warfare masks. By late October more than 200,000 troops from 11 countries were in the northern Saudi desert along with 100 ships from 14 nations and jets bombers, transport planes and helicopters.

Baghdad, November 1990

As October gave way to November, we continued to update our advice to Canadians. This included information on personal security and medical assistance; access to 'friendly embassies'; emergency numbers and radio frequencies; what to do in the event of the outbreak of war, most

likely in the form of an air attack on Baghdad, or restricted movements due to civil unrest. Evacuation procedures for land routes from Baghdad to the Turkish border (800 km north) or Amman (550 km west) were also highlighted.

We reported to Ottawa that Saddam's military machine, oppressive security apparatus and shattered economy, resulting from almost a decade of war with Iran, gave Iraq a heightened sense of survival under adverse conditions. The effective use of psychological warfare to avoid or delay the outbreak of hostilities was clearly evident in his threats of inflicting heavy Western casualties if attacked.

Saddam had photo-ops with hostages and held interviews with news anchors such as Dan Rather from CBS and courted peace activists as TV networks tussled in their coverage of the crisis – some argued to mediate it. The sporadic release of detainees through high profile "special envoys" bought time for Iraq. Despite this, there was still no news for the Canadian guests at the Embassy in Baghdad about a possible departure date. Minister Clark refused to send an official delegation to Iraq saying it would only provide a propaganda opportunity to Saddam.

Rumours of an impending war were in the air and Iraqi Generals were reportedly on high alert. At the Melia Mansour Hotel in central Baghdad, the restaurant was filled with Japanese politicians, journalists and many women and children released from military targets preparing to go home. A waitress looked on through the slats of a room divider taking in the scene like the inmates we had both become.

Three Canadian MPs from the main parties visited Baghdad in late November for an 11 day mission – Lloyd Axworthy (LIB), Svend Robinson (NDP) and Bob Corbett (CON). They gained permission to depart with five Canadians, which would still leave behind 40 others.

On November 28 the Security Council in a Resolution indicated that it was concerned by Iraq's attempts to "alter the demographic composition of...Kuwait and

to destroy the civil records”. Importantly, a day later Resolution 678 announced that Iraq must voluntarily withdraw from Kuwait by January 15, 1991 and gave authority “...to use all necessary means” to force Iraq from Kuwait if it does not comply.”

While Baghdad rejected the UN’s “ultimatums”, a new line had been drawn in sand. The MPs returned to Canada and, together, told reporters that the UN resolution allowing for military force “was a mistake, making it more difficult to free other Canadian hostages.”

Baghdad, December 1990

By December 1990, our impatience was growing, particularly as other nationals were leaving Iraq UN sanctions were beginning to take hold with shortages of fuel additives, newsprint, tires and some food. Then, out of the blue, on December 6 Saddam Hussein announced that all foreigners still held in Iraq and those hiding

in Kuwait (approximately 2,600 people) were free to leave. That included us!

We continued to lack confidence about our security when dealing with an unpredictable dictator who had changed his mind several times before. In the end, we were indeed allowed to leave Baghdad on Sunday, December 9 on an American chartered Iraqi Airways 707. Thirty-two Canadians – twenty-one from Kuwait, including seven Embassy staff and their spouses and eleven Canadians from Baghdad – were released that day.

The flight of 300, mostly American and British citizens, arrived in Frankfurt around midnight. I don’t recall much of the actual airlift from Baghdad, other than the cumulative fatigue of four months under Iraqi occupation and detention and the cheers and relief that overcame us when we finally flew out of Iraqi airspace.

Epilogue: During Christmas 1990 our thoughts were with the small staff of Canadian diplomats left behind at the

Embassy in Baghdad and the Kuwaitis still living under occupation. More than 510,000 Iraqi troops were now in Kuwait and the south of Iraq facing off against a multinational force of about 490,000 in Saudi Arabia. Peace talks ended in failure and, with all diplomatic initiatives exhausted, the first Gulf War began January 16, 1991. It ended on February 26 with the Iraqi Army largely defeated and Kuwait in disarray, its population traumatized and its oil fields on fire. Part III of this series will discuss events related to the Gulf War, and Canada’s involvement in it, leading up to the author’s return to Bahrain and Kuwait in March-April of 1991. ☺

Gary Luton is currently Director of the Treaty Law Division. His most recent postings abroad were as Head of Mission in Doha, Qatar and, prior, as Consul General in Mumbai.



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Une expérience de télétravail : L'Iraq vu de la Tunisie

par Emmanuelle Lamoureux

« La fonction publique du Canada est une organisation dynamique et dévouée qui travaille dans un monde de plus en plus internationalisé et relié par les technologies. Nos méthodes de travail doivent évoluer au rythme des changements qui surviennent de manière continue afin de relever les défis actuels et futurs. »

– Extrait du rapport « Destination 2020 », mai 2014

« En 2014, quatre employés sur dix (40 %) indiquent travailler selon un ou plusieurs des régimes de travail flexibles suivants : semaine de travail comprimée (23 %); horaire variable (15 %); télétravail (4 %); étalement du revenu (3 %) et partage d'emploi (moins de 1 %) »

– Extrait du Sondage auprès des fonctionnaires fédéraux de 2014

Août 2013. Mon congé parental tire à sa fin. J'en ai passé la majeure partie en Tunisie, où j'ai suivi mon conjoint il y a un an, aidant nos trois enfants à s'adapter à la vie dans un nouveau pays. Un an plus tard, chacun a trouvé ses marques, y compris la petite dernière qui vient d'entrer en garderie, et je me sens prête à reprendre mes activités professionnelles.

Pour l'heure, je suis assise dans un bureau de la tour A du 125 Sussex. Devant moi, un gestionnaire réfléchit à ma proposition de télétravail. « Pourquoi pas l'Iraq? », propose-t-il. À l'été 2013, nos relations avec l'Iraq viennent de prendre un nouvel essor, avec l'annonce de l'ouverture d'une mission diplomatique à Bagdad. Bien que le pays soit la cible d'attaques terroristes de plus en plus fréquentes, rien ne laisse présager la montée en puissance du groupe terroriste État islamique en Iraq et en Syrie (EIIS). L'Iraq est un pays en sortie de crise, important sur le plan géostratégique et bénéficiant d'une économie en pleine croissance, bref un dossier diversifié et intéressant. L'affaire est donc conclue : Je rencontre les membres de ma nouvelle équipe, signe une entente de télétravail, et regagne Tunis pour y installer mon bureau.

S'ensuivront deux années stimulantes pendant lesquelles j'ai travaillé à la mise en place de notre mission diplomatique à Bagdad et à l'ouverture d'un bureau commercial à Erbil. En 2014, suite aux avancées de l'EIIS dans le nord du pays, j'ai contribué au développement de la réponse du Canada à la crise iraquienne. En deux ans, j'ai participé à l'organisation de plusieurs visites ministérielles et d'une visite du Premier ministre en Iraq, et je suis me suis moi-même rendue sur place à deux reprises.

Voir l'Iraq depuis la Tunisie m'a aussi offert une perspective régionale inédite. Entre 2013 et 2015, la Tunisie et l'Iraq, deux pays de culture et d'ouverture, ont connu à la fois d'importantes avancées sur le plan démocratique et des moments difficiles sur le plan sécuritaire.

Pendant ces deux années, le télétravail m'a permis de relever de nouveaux défis tout en m'évitant un arrêt professionnel forcé. Depuis Tunis et grâce à des technologies qui n'existaient pas il y a quinze ans, j'ai pu nouer des relations professionnelles stimulantes et j'ai été appelée à repousser les limites du télétravail pour répondre aux exigences d'un dossier changeant et mobilisateur. J'ai reçu tout le

soutien nécessaire de mes gestionnaires et collègues, qui se sont montrés à la fois réceptifs et compréhensifs. Bref, l'expérience s'est avérée positive.

Dans le cadre de l'initiative Objectif 2020 lancée par Wayne Wouters alors Greffier du Conseil privé, le gouvernement s'efforce de mettre en place « un milieu de travail moderne qui utilise intelligemment les nouvelles technologies [...] afin de favoriser le télétravail, le réseautage et le travail d'équipe dans un environnement sans fil. »

Le télétravail est un bon exemple d'innovation en matière de ressources humaines. Ayant moi-même été la gestionnaire de deux télétravailleurs avant d'en devenir une, je soumets ici quelques idées pratiques aux employés et gestionnaires qui souhaitent tirer le meilleur parti du télétravail.

Pour le télétravailleur

Choisissez votre poste judicieusement.

Avant d'approcher un gestionnaire pour lui faire une proposition de télétravail, assurez-vous de bien comprendre les exigences du poste que vous convoitez et d'être en mesure de mener à bien la grande

majorité des responsabilités depuis votre lieu de télétravail.

Soyez proactif. Peu importe la distance, on s'attendra à ce que vous maîtrisiez vos dossiers. Participez aux réunions par télé ou vidéo-conférence et soyez aussi engagé que si vous étiez sur place. N'oubliez pas de profiter de chaque retour à la centrale pour rencontrer vos contacts et élargir votre réseau.

Restez branché sur votre organisation. L'isolement est l'un des principaux risques pour le télétravailleur. Pour éviter de tomber dans ce piège, portez-vous volontaire pour mener à bien des initiatives de nature corporative qui vous permettront d'interagir avec l'ensemble de vos collègues et d'élargir votre réseau. Qu'il s'agisse de coordonner la campagne *Centraide* ou de faire partie d'un groupe consultatif sur un sujet qui vous intéresse, ces activités, en plus d'être utiles à votre organisation, vous permettent de rester branché sur votre milieu de travail et de compenser pour les "conversations de couloir" que vous aurez manquées.

Soyez collégial. À cause de l'éloignement, vos collègues devront parfois assister à des réunions ou répondre à des demandes à votre place. Pensez à leur renvoyer l'ascenseur lorsque l'occasion se présentera.

Tirez profit de votre emplacement. Y a-t-il des contacts, des centres de recherche, des conférences ou d'autres ressources locales susceptibles d'ajouter de la valeur à votre travail? Si oui, tirez-en profit et rédigez quelques rapports pour en faire profiter votre équipe. Votre emplacement peut aussi permettre à votre direction de réaliser des économies en frais de déplacement.

Pour le gestionnaire

Laissez de côté vos préjugés. Il existe quelques préjugés tenaces à l'égard du télétravail, notamment celui voulant qu'un dossier à haute visibilité ne peut faire l'objet d'une entente de télétravail. La décision à savoir si un poste est propice au télétravail devrait être prise au cas par cas et en fonction de nombreuses variables : la nature des dossiers (et non leur visibilité), l'expérience et la personnalité du télétravailleur, la taille de l'équipe et les termes de l'entente de télétravail (horaire, fréquence des retours à la centrale, fréquence de l'accès à l'information classifiée). Refuser une proposition

de télétravail d'office, sans avoir pris le temps de considérer ces éléments, pourrait vous priver d'une ressource compétente et engagée.

Le télétravail comme atout. Le télétravail n'est pas un accommodement au seul bénéfice du télétravailleur. Ne vous privez pas des avantages que peut offrir le fait d'avoir un employé dans un autre emplacement ou fuseau horaire. Prenez le temps de réfléchir à l'utilisation de votre télétravailleur d'une façon qui bénéficiera votre organisation.

Décrochez le combiné. Le téléphone est le meilleur ami du gestionnaire de télétravailleur. Consultez votre employé, incluez-le, informez-le. Bien informé, il n'en sera que plus efficace et engagé. Et cela ne prend pas plus de temps que d'aborder quelqu'un dans le couloir. La vidéo-conférence est aussi une façon utile de maintenir le lien.

Ouvrez à votre télétravailleur la porte de l'ambassade. L'accès aux ressources de nos missions est essentiel à un grand nombre de télétravailleurs. Le télétravailleur peut y occuper un bureau, s'y rendre périodiquement pour consulter des documents classifiés, pour utiliser les services de vidéo-conférence ou pour y élargir son réseau de contacts locaux. L'utilisation par le télétravailleur des ressources de nos missions se fait généralement sur la base du recouvrement des coûts. Le gestionnaire du télétravailleur peut contacter le chef de mission pour demander l'appui de la mission et régler les détails administratifs. Ce faisant, il confirme le fait que le télétravailleur n'est pas un "électron libre" et qu'il a l'appui de sa hiérarchie.

Faire preuve de flexibilité pour conserver ses talents est à l'avantage de toute organisation. La mobilité est en quelque sorte inscrite dans le code génétique de notre ministère. Mais de plus en plus, les employés du MAECD sont mobiles à l'extérieur du cadre des affectations. Ils vont étudier et se perfectionner à l'étranger, vont y rejoindre un conjoint, ou souhaitent être près d'un parent malade. Heureusement, l'évolution technologique fait en sorte qu'il est possible à plusieurs d'entre eux, malgré la distance, de contribuer de façon significative aux objectifs de leur organisation.

Mais le télétravail n'est qu'une option. Au sein d'une fonction publique moderne,

plusieurs mesures peuvent être envisagées pour faciliter la conciliation entre la vie personnelle et professionnelle et ainsi retenir ses talents, tels que des horaires variables, des semaines de travail comprimées et des postes partagés. Ces options restent sous-utilisées dans notre ministère, comparativement au reste de la fonction publique fédérale. Selon le dernier Sondage auprès des fonctionnaires fédéraux (2014), 72% des employés du MAECD estiment que "sous réserve des nécessités du service, mon (ma) superviseur(e) immédiate(e) appuie l'utilisation de régimes de travail flexibles", contre 78% dans le reste de la fonction publique.

La décision d'accorder à certains employés la permission de bénéficier de régimes de travail flexibles doit bien entendu demeurer à la discrétion de l'employeur. Ces régimes, y compris le télétravail, ne se prêtent pas à toutes les situations, mais le fait d'y avoir recours est un indicateur de l'importance qu'accorde une organisation à ses ressources humaines et de sa capacité à innover. Pour cette raison, l'utilisation de ses régimes doit être décidée sur une base éclairée et en fonction des besoins réels de l'organisation.

Au terme de mes deux années de télétravail, je peux affirmer que mon expérience a été bénéfique aux deux parties : le ministère comme employeur et moi comme employée. Qui plus est, il a accru mon sentiment de loyauté envers le ministère. De retour à la centrale cet été, j'accueille avec joie la perspective de côtoyer à nouveau mes collègues en personne et sur une base quotidienne. Ce qui me manquera le plus? Mon ancienne tenue de travail: jeans et t-shirt. ☺

Titulaire d'un baccalauréat en journalisme et d'une maîtrise en relations internationales, Emmanuelle Lamoureux a rejoint les rangs du service extérieur en 2002. Tunis est sa troisième affectation après Genève et Paris. De retour de Tunisie depuis l'été 2015, Emmanuelle est présentement directrice des relations avec les États du Golfe.

Un voyage photographique à bord du légendaire train Hershey

par Nicolas St-Pierre

À l'été 2015, j'ai eu l'occasion de voyager à Cuba pour la troisième fois en sept ans. Durant mon séjour, j'ai réalisé un reportage photographique sur le légendaire train électrique Hershey, lequel relie Casablanca, une banlieue de La Havane, à Matanzas, quelques 90 kilomètres à l'est.

Construit en 1917 par l'industriel et chocolatier américain Milton S. Hershey afin d'assurer le transport de travailleurs et de sucre entre la raffinerie de canne de la compagnie Hershey et le port de La Havane, la ligne de chemin de fer a été nationalisée au lendemain de la révolution cubaine. Le train a depuis été reconverti en train de passagers.

Aujourd'hui, pour la modique somme de 1.5 peso cubain, soit environ 5 cents, travailleurs, paysans, écoliers, retraités et autres voyageurs peuvent prendre place à bord de ce train quatre fois par jour pour un voyage dont la durée ne peut jamais être prédite avec certitude. En effet, le train, qui est composé de deux voitures construites en Espagne en 1945 et usées jusqu'à la corde, a acquis une mauvaise réputation en raison de ses pannes fréquentes et des aléas variés qu'il croise sur sa route, comme des troupeaux de vaches qui bloquent la voie ferrée.

Les photos présentées dans les pages qui suivent ont toutes été prises à bord du train Hershey ou dans l'une des minuscules gares qu'il dessert. Elles ont ensuite été converties en noir et blanc pour mettre en lumière la vétusté du train et l'impression bizarre que les passagers de ce dernier ont été figés dans le temps.

Bienvenidos a bordo!

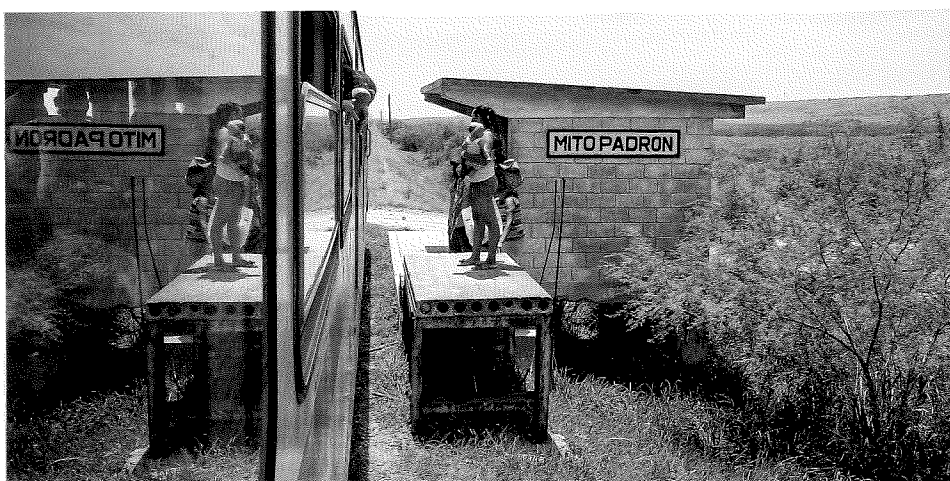
Bienvenue à bord! ☺







Nicolas St-Pierre suit une formation linguistique à Tokyo en préparation pour une affectation à l'Ambassade du Canada au Japon. Il a également été en poste à Beijing (2008–2011). À Ottawa, il a occupé plusieurs fonctions au sein de la Direction générale des affaires juridiques ainsi que dans la Direction de l'Asie du Nord-Est. Nicolas s'adonne à la photographie depuis près de douze ans. www.nstpierrephoto.com www.facebook.com/nstpierrephoto



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Prime Ministers' Row

by Suneeta Millington

When my family returned to Ottawa from our most recent posting in Geneva in 2012, life in Europe had convinced us of the link between urban, walkable, complete communities and high quality of life. So it didn't take long to sell us on a new home in Sandy Hill and the familiar lifestyle that came with downtown living. But while we loved the stories of our Confederation-era house – which had once served as the workshop for a pair of entrepreneurial fur-trading brothers in the late 1800s – we knew little about the history of the area itself.

I began to question neighbours about some of the spectacular architecture of surrounding houses and was amazed to discover that my daily commute alone took me past the former homes of Lester B. Pearson, Sir Charles Tupper and Sir John A. Macdonald. I had no idea this national history was – quite literally – in my backyard, and I was fairly certain most fellow Canadians didn't either. That turned out to be just the tip of the iceberg.

At the time, I had recently joined a grassroots community group called *Save the Saints* (co-led by fellow Foreign Affairs colleague Susan Young) which had formed in response to the Anglican Diocese putting All Saints Church on the market. *Save the Saints* was working to ensure that any potential buyer undertook to respect the needs and desires of Sandy Hillers in the development of this unique property. Part of this exercise included an historical survey of the church and its surrounding streets.

We were floored to discover that not only had the area been home to the “Father of Medicare” Tommy Douglas, CPR magnate Sir Sandford Fleming, Confederation poet Archibald Lampman, Canada's first female Senator Cairine Wilson and WWI flying ace Billy Bishop, it had also served as residence to lumber barons, Governor Generals, Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, Cabinet Ministers, Lieutenant Governors, Clerks of the Privy Council, and heads of national institutions. Moreover, multiple fathers of confederation and prime ministers lived on or within a



Suneeta Millington

few blocks of Laurier Avenue East and a number of those homes still remain standing, including Macdonald's Stadacona Hall, Diefenbaker's abode at The Strathcona, Laurier's Laurier House, where Mackenzie King also resided, Tupper's Daly Street residence, Pearson's Augusta Street Cottage and (according to urban lore) Trudeau's suite on King Edward Avenue's Martin Terrace.

I began to question neighbours about some of the spectacular architecture of surrounding houses and was amazed to discover that my daily commute alone took me past the former homes of Lester B. Pearson, Sir Charles Tupper and Sir John A. Macdonald.

Through this discovery, the Prime Ministers' Row Initiative was born. Prime Ministers' Row seeks to transform Laurier Avenue East from King Edward Avenue to Strathcona Park into Canada's first street museum, dedicated to commemorating the legacies of all former Prime Ministers and

celebrating other significant nation-builders. Our hope is to leverage the extraordinary built heritage assets of this area to tell the stories of these nation-builders – both their successes and failures – and to bring Canadians together to debate and discuss contemporary governance issues of the day.

Specifically, this is a large-scale, national legacy project with four main components:

- **Street Museum:** We will leverage the extraordinary architecture and history of this area to create an innovative, interactive, multi-block, multi-media outdoor 'street museum' that will offer Canadians a place to reflect on questions of governance, identity, culture, values and history.
- **Physical Transformation:** Through infrastructure improvements to the streetscape and the addition of a number of structural components, the physical environment of Laurier Avenue East will be transformed into a grand and dynamic space befitting the nation's capital. The streetscape will benefit from: the addition of public art installations representing all 10 provinces and three territories as



Pearson Cottage



All Saints Church



Strathcona Park

All photos from Suneeta Millington

well as art installments reflecting the stories of Canada's Indigenous People; commemorative elements recognizing this area as unceded Algonquin Territory; monuments to past leaders and nation-builders; wayfinding markers; an illumination program; entrance arches; and seating areas, all of which will bring the physical space to life and will create lasting symbols. The emphasis will be forward-looking and inclusive.

- **Programming & Events:** We will leverage the existing critical mass of international, national and local civil society organizations based in this area to establish Laurier Avenue East as a vibrant centre for political discourse in the heart of that Nation's Capital. Through a curated series of programs and events, as well as conferences, debates, and speaker series, we will engage Canadians from across the country and from all walks of life in contemporary issues, building on the networks, expertise and interest of civil society partners.
- **Multimedia Platform & Educational Content:** In addition to being available in hard copy, material will be accessible via digital content, outreach materials, mobile apps, virtual tours, online forums and social media networks. In partnership with educators, we will

develop a spectrum of age-appropriate content to educate and engage inter-generational learners. This will allow for Prime Ministers' Row-related content to be accessible to Canadians across the country.

In just over a year, Prime Ministers' Row has become a federally-incorporated non-profit governed by a board of eminent, influential Canadians from across the country; we are supported by a team of special advisors with extensive experience and expertise in relevant disciplines (from architecture to urban planning to museum interpretation to partnerships/fundraising); we have been publically endorsed by the National Capital Commission as one of the Big Ideas for the National Capital for 2017 and beyond; we enjoy the support of major institutions such as the University of Ottawa and the City of Ottawa; we have been championed at all levels of government across party lines (including through the stalwart support of former Foreign Affairs colleague and now city councillor Tobi Nussbaum); and we have benefitted from enthusiastic media and social media coverage from all corners of the country.

And the church that started it all? This past Christmas, the property was sold to a group of investors made up in part from the *Save the Saints* group itself. Now, not only will Sandy Hillers have a say in the future of All Saints Church, but Prime Ministers'

Row will have its very own interpretive centre within it – nestled in the same space where Sir Robert Borden's State Funeral was held almost 80 years before.

With the transformation of Laurier Avenue East into Prime Ministers' Row for Canada's 2017 sesquicentennial celebrations, this historic streetscape will offer the literal and figurative meeting place between those who shaped Canada's first 150 years and those who will shape the next 150.

I hope you will consider becoming part of it! Visit our website to get a better sense of the project and click on the 'Join Us!' link to become a member; \$20.00 will get you a five-year membership and access to an exciting series of events and programs in the lead up to 2017 and beyond. www.pmr-apm.ca

Suneeta Millington is Chair of The Prime Ministers' Row Initiative. After postings to PRMNY and GENEV, she is currently in the third year of an exchange with the Canadian Armed Forces, within the Office of the Judge Advocate General at the Department of National Defence.

Teaching Old Dogs New Tricks: A post-GAC Option

by Ian Ferguson

New York Times journalist Frank Bruni advises: "If you want to feel much, much older, teach a college course." My version is that if you want to feel much, much younger, take a university course! Going back to university after a Foreign Service career posed challenges, but provided a long-awaited opportunity to learn more about art history.

I surely stood out in a large lecture hall with hundreds of first-year students in 2007 at the University of Ottawa. However, from the very start when we learned about cave art and then the Romans and Greeks, I found the readings and lectures fascinating. Although I had been visiting galleries in Europe, Africa, and Latin America while on postings, museum visits soon became more meaningful. On a part-time basis for the next eight years, I registered for additional courses, moving to Carleton for my M.A., which was awarded in 2014.

Several changes in university culture struck me. The study habits of many of my first-year classmates were appalling. Some played card games on their computers during lectures; many never asked a question or responded to the professor's invitation to join the conversation. Others attended sporadically. Things improved after the first year, although the professors continued to take attendance and have their TAs check on students playing computer games. A noticeable improvement occurred with graduate school where articulate, intelligent students appeared poised to begin successful professional careers.

Almost all courses are now taught on a semester basis, usually once a week for three hours. Given the length of each session, snacking is tolerated and even expected. One professor regularly brought cookies, cheese and crackers for all. Of course, the pipe-smoking professors and smoky seminar rooms have disappeared. Also on the positive side: no more frustration typing essays on a manual typewriter

and correcting errors by hand. How did we ever manage before word processing?

What else had changed? There were almost no text books to purchase. Professors now use "course packs", loosely bound compendia of articles and book chapters. Or they can place texts on university-run websites, which only registered students can access. Other electronic data-bases, managed by the library, reproduce scholarly articles online.

Memorization, e.g. of specific art historical dates, was no longer deemed necessary. By second year all the final exams were of the "take-home" variety or final marks were based on the overall course assignments. Internships, research papers, and additional courses offer options for students who do not want to do the M.A. thesis. In practice, most avoid it.

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This may, sadly, reflect a generational decline in writing skills which universities have been forced to acknowledge. Many student colleagues struggled with their essays. They are now encouraged to get help with editing before submitting them. Universities offer tutorials and special classes. Another way of responding has been for professors to put more emphasis on oral presentations. PowerPoint has, of course, replaced the old side show and overhead projectors.

I found more emphasis on academic integrity given the temptations of cut-and-paste on the internet. That had not been a major issue during my initial years at university in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Professors are now less formal, but I have the impression that they devote less time to individual students. Most have limited weekly office hours, often a half-day per week, and appear to work mostly from home. There also seemed to be less campus social life, less informal discussions in the library and coffee shop. Libraries, however, open late to accommodate students. Professors and their courses are now evaluated during class by the university administration.

What about study for credit versus auditing a course? When you enroll for credit, you complete the assignments and receive grades. As a result you tend to take everything more seriously. Much of what I learned came from doing the assignments and getting the professor's feedback. I enjoyed researching artists such as Gauguin and Matisse, and exploring histories of martyrdom in art, primitivism, curatorial practices, tribal and modern African art, Pop Art and Minimalism. You won't get that kind of intellectual satisfaction from auditing. If I had studied art history on my first time in university, it would not have included the "turns" in the discipline over recent decades including feminist critiques, post-structuralist theory, performance art, and post-modernism.

In my last year, 2013–14, I undertook an M.A. thesis. While the research and my subject matter were highly rewarding, the formatting and editing requirements for an academic work could be tedious. Every word and citation had to be carefully weighed. Professional reputations could be affected. Other scholars would be able to build on your work, if well done. My 120-page thesis represented a full year's work, with continuous registration

required. Certainly, I had never worked so hard or long on any Cabinet memo.

My subject was "Contemporary American Art at the National Gallery of Canada: The Surprising Legacy of Brydon E. Smith (1967–79)." Smith was the Gallery's first curator of contemporary art and built up the modern, international works in the Gallery's permanent collection. I focused on three of Smith's early solo exhibitions of American artists James Rosenquist, Dan Flavin and Donald Judd, and an important Jackson Pollock acquisition. The research involved primary material in the Gallery's archives, as well as questionnaires and interviews with former colleagues and associates of Smith. I discovered that the Gallery possesses real treasures of postwar American art, highly regarded and sought for loan from prestigious international institutions. I learned about the procedures and criteria for acquisition of a new work, the role of trustees, and how curators perceive their mandate to build a collection as a form of collective visual memory for Canadians.

Since receiving my degree in 2014, I have presented lectures on my research to volunteer groups at the Gallery, and spun off a couple of articles based on the research. I also continue to volunteer at the Gallery as a docent for school tours and public talks.

Would I recommend a return to university for others? Absolutely, provided that you have a real affinity for your subject and are willing to make the time sacrifices required, for example, avoiding lengthy trips during the academic year. A certain level of stress is inevitable: worrying about that term paper or class presentation, or what mark you will receive. In the process, you will be encouraged by the stimulation of discourse, the discovery of learning, the chance to share your newly acquired insights, the contact with a younger generation and its insights, the skills to evaluate art with discernment and explore new forms of artistic production. ☺

Ian Ferguson is former Foreign Service Officer who served as High Commissioner to Nigeria (1999–2001), Deputy Permanent Representative at the Canadian Mission to the UN in Geneva (2001–05), and Director General of the Africa Bureau (2005–07).

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James C. Langley

1922–2015

Jim Langley's long life and outstanding career were honoured at a memorial reception in Ottawa on January 9, 2016. Jim was born into the Foreign Service. His father, James A. Langley, was a Trade Commissioner. Jim spent his boyhood in Japan, where his father was posted, first to Kobe and later to Tokyo when the Canadian Legation was established there as one of Canada's first full-fledged diplomatic missions. Jim was schooled partly in Japan, partly in Canada and partly in England. He served with the British army for five years during the Second World War in Europe and in India and retired in 1946 with the rank of Captain. He then attended Oxford University, taking a degree in Philosophy, Politics and Economics with first class honours in 1949, followed by a Master's degree from the University of Toronto in 1950. He joined the Foreign Service in the same year.

By inheritance and education, Jim was a natural choice to serve in the field of economic relations. There he made a distinguished career in positions of increasing responsibility. After serving as a junior officer in Belgium and Laos, he was posted to Washington as Economic

Jim was born into the Foreign Service. His father, James A. Langley, was a Trade Commissioner. Jim spent his boyhood in Japan, where his father was posted, first to Kobe and later to Tokyo when the Canadian Legation was established there as one of Canada's first full-fledged diplomatic missions.

Counsellor. Subsequently, in 1961, he was appointed Canada's first full Permanent Representative to the OECD; in 1965 Assistant Under-Secretary for Economic Affairs; in 1970 Ambassador to Belgium and the EEC; and then Canada's first full-time Ambassador to the European Communities from 1973–75. Finally he served as Ambassador to Mexico and Guatemala from 1975 to 1979.

In 1979, Jim resigned from the Foreign Service, after almost thirty years, to pursue a second career in archaeology. His interest in this field had already been aroused during his years in Belgium, where he had begun to undertake field trips of exploration and to collect artifacts – a collection which over the years came to risk turning his home into a museum. But it was his service in Mexico and Guatemala

In 1979, Jim resigned from the Foreign Service, after almost thirty years, to pursue a second career in archaeology. His interest in this field had already been aroused during his years in Belgium, where he had begun to undertake field trips of exploration and to collect artifacts – a collection which over the years came to risk turning his home into a museum.

which fired his enthusiasm to enrol in the Institute of Archaeology of London University and pursue doctoral studies in Meso-American archaeology. This field became his special interest for the next thirty years. In that time, he focused particularly on the great monuments of Teotihuacan, near Mexico City, producing a series of scholarly papers that established his reputation as a leading researcher. As well he co-founded the Canadian Society for Meso-American studies, and served as its Vice President. He taught in Mexico, where he was external Ph.D tutor in the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters of the University of Mexico; in Canada, where he served as a trustee of the Canadian Mediterranean Institute; and in England where he was Research Associate of the Institute of Archaeology of London University. He received numerous honours and awards for his work. In 2003, in recognition of his remarkable career as diplomat and archaeologist, he was appointed to the Order of Canada.

Jim Langley was one of that admirable generation of men and women who, after

years of service in war, returned to serve Canada in peace. They helped create for their country a reputation in international affairs in which the whole nation took pride. As soldier and diplomat, archaeologist and scholar, he deserves to be remembered. Those of us who were fortunate to be his colleagues and friends keep an affectionate memory of his capacity for hard work, his good humour, his enthusiasm, and the intellectual curiosity that marked him to the end of his days. He leaves his wife, Ling, a daughter, Vanessa and a son who, like his father and grandfather, bears the name James Langley. ☺

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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Robert Morrice Middleton

1931–2016

Although Robert (Bob) was born in Truro, Nova Scotia, he grew up on Midmar Ranch at the foot of Middleton Mountain in British Columbia. There he learned to raise cattle and developed a lifelong love of horses. But his future career choice may have been influenced more by his father's prewar appointment to Canada House, London, promoting Canadian exports, when he learned about life in the Foreign Service. After graduating with a BA Honours degree in economics from the University of British Columbia, he joined the Department of External Affairs in 1955.

Bob had a variety of early postings: Indonesia, Brazil (where he had a period as Chargé) and Washington. He was then appointed High Commissioner to Ghana, with accreditation to Benin, Liberia and Togo. A posting followed as Ambassador to South Africa, with accreditation to Swaziland, Botswana and Lesotho. Ottawa assignments included Head of Division dealing with human rights and Director

General for Africa. Unusually, he took a year's leave of absence to study the evaluation of antiques at Christie's in London. His final posting was as Ambassador to Cuba.

Bob initially retired to London, where he filled his elegant flat with antiques and enjoyed the rich cultural life the city offers. He was a frequent host to many visitors,

Unusually he took a year's leave of absence to study the evaluation of antiques at Christie's in London.

...Bob initially retired to London where he filled his elegant flat with antiques and enjoyed the rich cultural life the city offers.

often taking them to his club, the Travellers. As his health became uncertain, however, he returned to B.C, settling in Kelowna, where he was the patriarch of an extended Middleton clan, including a niece, if

possible three nephews and their families. He became a regular attendee at the Anglican cathedral and a generous contributor to several local cultural organizations and the Okanagan campus of UBC.

My wife Ardath and I developed a close friendship with Bob from his first days in the Department. Although we were never posted together, we spent many evenings with him whenever we were both back in Ottawa. On retirement we stayed with him on several occasions in London, and in turn we were pleased to be his hosts on his visits to Ottawa. He was proud of his roots in the Okanagan Valley and could look back with satisfaction at a successful career. He will be missed by his many friends and extended family. ☺

Ross Francis is a retired Foreign Service Officer who served as High Commissioner to Malaysia and Ambassador to Finland.

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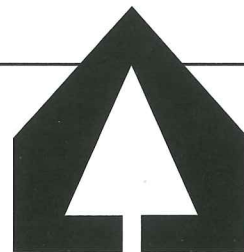
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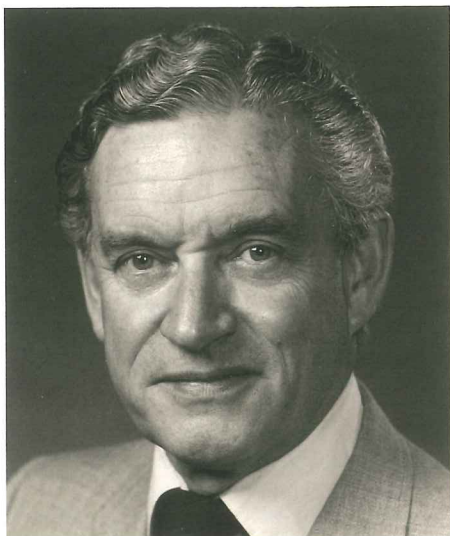
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A. Douglas Small

1924–2015

Photo: Sam Garcia



A. Douglas Small

My father grew up during the Depression in small town Ontario. It was the opportunity to go to university that changed his life forever. The great teachers he met at the University of Toronto in the early 1940s profoundly expanded his intellectual horizons – such as Northrop Frye who taught him first year English and the political thinker, Frank Underhill, who fired his interest in public service.

My father graduated in 1947, just as the federal public service was starting to expand rapidly after the War. The Special Branch of the RCMP recruited him to come to Ottawa to work as one of new cohort university trained intelligence analysts, in the aftermath of Gouzenko's revelations. But it was the opportunity to work on the Colombo Plan in the early 1950s which inspired him to join the Foreign Service in 1955 and gave him a life-long interest in developing countries.

After a very happy first posting to Germany, in the early 1960s my father developed an enthusiasm for Africa. He took our family to Nigeria, then a young, vibrant democracy, not yet scarred by military coups and the horrors of the Biafran War. He did a four-month temporary duty in our new Embassy in Kinshasa and came back telling tales about water skiing on weekends while dodging crocs

in the Congo River. In the late 60s, he was posted to Tanzania, then in the first flush of international enthusiasm for Nyerere's vision of African socialism. We visited all the great game parks of northern Tanzania, when rhinos were plentiful, tourists were few and the roads were freshly paved. In his only fit of athletic endeavor, my father joined the annual expedition led by the Colonel of the Tanzanian Army to climb Mount Kilimanjaro. After three days of hard walking, he reached the summit, took a few snaps of the snow-covered crater at the top with the small camera my mother had given him, and then walked down again. I never saw him take another picture or climb another hill.

After a posting to London and a stint in Ottawa working on East Asia, my father received his first Head of Mission assignment in late 1978 as Ambassador to Pakistan and Afghanistan. It was a turbulent time: in Pakistan, the military government had recently executed the charismatic and corrupt former President Bhutto; Afghanistan was governed by an unstable and unpopular socialist regime. I was visiting my parents in Islamabad in November 1979 when a crowd of student militants, inspired by events in neighbouring Tehran, stormed the U.S. Embassy and burned it to the ground, killing six people. Despite direct appeals by my father to the Foreign Ministry to protect diplomatic premises, the Pakistani government took no action that day to stop the militants, fearful that if ordered to use force, their soldiers might mutiny. The diplomatic community was deeply shaken by this brutal and chaotic event and relations with the United States went into a deep freeze – which lasted only six weeks until the Soviet Union decided, after a coup in Kabul, that it had to protect its position there by invading Afghanistan. The United States immediately switched tacks and negotiated an understanding with the Pakistani military to enable the CIA to funnel weapons through Pakistan to arm the Afghan mujahideen – with destabilizing consequences for all three countries that are still playing out today. My father proved to be the last Canadian

Ambassador to Afghanistan until after the fall of the Taliban in 2002.

My father's last posting was to New Zealand and the South Pacific. He was impressed by the radical free-market medicine being administered to the moribund New Zealand economy by an energetic new Labour Prime Minister, David Lange. And he loved travelling to his five South Pacific countries of accreditation where Canada still had a small but appreciable aid presence. Over thirty years later, when I covered the other half of the South Pacific from Canberra, I would marvel that in the late 1980s, my father had a Canada Fund of \$1 million dollars to use to represent Canada in that now neglected region.

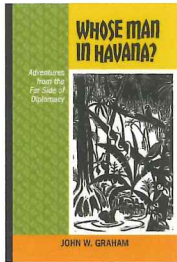
My father retired in 1989 but he never really left the Foreign Service – he just continued to participate in other ways: helping with the PAFSO Awards, serving on the **bout de papier** senior editorial board and running RHOMA for five years as its Chairman. He was always happy to have a reason to put on an impeccably neat suit, tie and matching handkerchief and take the bus down to the market to spend an hour at PAFSO world headquarters to make a few phone calls on PAFSO or RHOMA business. These post-retirement activities kept him in touch with the evolving Department and new generations of Foreign Service officers. He had an abiding interest in the health of that institution and in how it was treating its people. He never thought of himself as a mentor, but many other people regarded him as theirs. As one person wrote to me after his death: "He made me feel important, but it wasn't only me, I think it was fair to say he made every one of us feel important, like we all counted". More so than memos written or agreements negotiated, that was his real legacy to the Foreign Service. ☺

Michael Small, Douglas's son, also served for 34 years as member of the Canadian Foreign Service. His last posting was as High Commissioner to Australia and seven Pacific Island countries. He is now a Fellow of the SFU Centre for Dialogue in Vancouver.

Whose Man In Havana: Adventures from the Far Side of Diplomacy

Reviewed by Ross Firla

WHOSE MAN IN HAVANA: ADVENTURES FROM THE FAR SIDE OF DIPLOMACY,
By John W. Graham, University of Calgary Press, 2015, pp 308, \$34.95



The epilogue to John Graham's entertaining book *Whose Man in Havana?* states that the various anecdotes contained therein are by no means unique for a Foreign Service Officer of his generation. If this is indeed

true, then perhaps this reviewer, still in the early years of his Global Affairs Canada career, may have missed the truly Golden Age of Canadian diplomacy.

Part travelogue, part foreign policy history and with text that can be simultaneously weighty one moment and light-hearted the next, many of the stories show the absurd aspects of diplomatic work and life abroad but also the fun that can be had in new and strange locales. A 35-year career diplomat who started with the department in 1957, John Graham was Head of Mission at Canada's posts in Guyana, Suriname, Venezuela (as well as non-resident Ambassador in the Dominican Republic), among other senior posts. Following his departure from the department in 1992, he participated in over 30 election observer missions in the Balkans, Ukraine and South and Central America. The book is essentially a collection of thought-provoking anecdotes taken from this long and storied career, some funny, some bittersweet, often back-dropped with historical events dating from the start of his first posting in 1960.

The book begins with the author's assignment to the Dominican Republic, during the Trujillo dictatorship. One has the sense that while many things in the Canadian foreign service are unchanged (feeling perhaps forgotten in a low priority post being one of them), a modern mission security officer may be surprised to learn that the author's primary security precaution was a Browning 9mm tucked into his belt

(purchased on the advice of his predecessor). Initially dismayed to be assigned to this diplomatic backwater, he quickly discovers that some of the best experiences can be had in places that are somewhat off-the-beaten track where one covers a broad range of files and responsibilities.

His subsequent posting to Havana is the eponymous story to the book, something previously highlighted in an interview with the author in the *Globe and Mail* in 2012. As part of the rapprochement between the Canadian and U.S. governments following Pearson's election as Prime Minister, Canada agreed to provide some on-the-ground intelligence from its embassy in Havana. The author was assigned (this being a time when officers did not have much, if any, say in their assignments) to discharge this function with minimal preparation. Many of his actual sketch drawings identifying Soviet equipment are included for reader interest.

Reading through these early pages, one has the sense that – before the arrival of email, MITNET and any number of ways by which HQ could instantly get updates on post activities – diplomacy required a far greater latitude for independent action, and relied heavily on the abilities of the officer in the field. While the modern era has better integrated HQ and post activities, one might feel a sense of nostalgia for a pre-information age era.

As the stories and anecdotes move to the present day, we learn of the author's knack for getting the most out of a posting or assignment by soaking up as much of the local culture and scenery as possible. Language is very descriptive, at times bordering on Raymond Chandler. While acting as an election observer in Kyrgyzstan, the author goes to find a meal: "The restaurant was one of the grungiest I have ever been in. Roughly patched chairs, splintered linoleum tabletops, and vivid tropical island murals were lit by over-bright neon strip lighting. Our neighbours were young Kyrgyz who were throwing back the dollar-a-bottle vodka that we had been warned about."

The text is littered with larger-than-life corrupt officials, saints, drunken bravado, off-the-clock silliness, sometimes ill-considered misadventures (such as flying above the jungle in a tiny, under-maintained airplane with several boxes of dynamite). The flavour changes from one chapter to another, with lighter fare alternating with denser discussions that provide background on Canadian foreign policy. For example, a story of participating in the Port-of-Spain Carnival is juxtaposed with a behind-the-scenes explanation of Canada's response the United States invasion of Grenada. In those chapters which deal with the author's involvement in more weighty matters, he takes pains to bring the reader up to speed with sufficient context.

Reading through these pages, you gain the sense that the author truly enjoyed his work, and that he had a genuine belief in the role of diplomacy and the international community in making the world a slightly better place. His plea, in the epilogue, (not necessarily a new one) stresses the importance of a credible, professional foreign service and its role to inform the formulation of foreign policy that truly has Canada's best interests at heart.

Perhaps the one weakness of the book would be that sometimes passages within the anecdotes seem incomplete, or are clipped before their natural conclusion, leaving the reader wondering what happens next. In some sense this actually could very well be a compliment, in that the reader is engrossed and is eager to hear more. To be fair this is a minor issue in the scope of this thoroughly enjoyable work. ☺

Ross Firla is a Senior Policy Advisor working in the Trade Strategy and Analysis Division. He was posted as a Trade Commissioner to Canada's High Commission in Malaysia from 2012–2015. Prior to joining GAC, he has worked as an Economist (with Finance Canada), as a Mining Engineer (the other great travelling job) and as an IT analyst. In the spare time that a busy family life occasionally allows, he enjoys reading and boxing.

Interview with John Graham

by Shauna Hemingway

Note de la rédaction : Dans son livre *Whose Man in Havana?* John Graham insiste sur l'importance d'un service extérieur professionnel et crédible, et sur le rôle de celui-ci quant à la formulation d'une politique étrangère ayant les intérêts du Canada à cœur. Shauna Hemingway a rencontré l'auteur et ancien diplomate et lui a demandé quels seraient ses conseils pour une nouvelle génération d'agents du service extérieur.

SH: Chance shaped many of your opportunities and experiences as a Foreign Service Officer. What did you bring to your postings that ensured a colourful and rewarding experience?

JG: Maybe a healthy sense of adventure and an enormous curiosity about the culture, the history of the country, its art forms, and, of course, its individuals. I found almost everywhere that a shared sense of humour allows you to cross many bridges, particularly in difficult times and difficult places. I speak of periods when I was mediating in the Dominican Republic or doing election stuff in the Balkans and Central America. In Bosnia, it sometimes meant being prepared to join local grandees in bad brandy at ten in the morning. It helps if you are open-minded and enjoy long conversations with people from all parts of society. In some circumstances it actually helped that I smoked cigars. Yes, that can also be counter-productive. And, as I said, a sense of humour – that really helps.

I found almost everywhere that a shared sense of humour allows you to cross many bridges, particularly in difficult times and difficult places.

SH: If today's Foreign Service could reflect one element of the Foreign Service of your day, what should it be?

JG: At the top of the list would be professional pride in doing what you are doing because you think it's right and sound. Your sense of personal integrity springs from your values and, if the balance with your job works, life is good.

SH: Today's Foreign Service Officers have a greater degree of control in charting their own course professionally. What would you say to a new officer?

JG: There's a big difference today. I am so grateful that I was on a roulette wheel that I didn't control. It led me to places that, at first, I was appalled to be sent to. Especially way off the beaten path, they turned out to be wonderful, amusing, entertaining and enriching. We filled in forms about where we wanted to go – London, Rome, etc. As long as I filled in those forms, I wasn't sent to those places.

I am so grateful that I was on a roulette wheel that I didn't control. It led me to places that, at first, I was appalled to be sent to. Especially way off the beaten path, they turned out to be wonderful, amusing, entertaining and enriching.

You had the advantage, at a small post, of covering the waterfront. You did consular, and you did cultural and administrative work, as well as political and economic or trade. If I had to send a telegram from Ciudad Trujillo (now Santo Domingo), I had to use book cypher, a term nobody knows anymore. You learned to write concisely. You also became very distressed with your colleagues from big missions when they copied their classified telegrams to a lot of other missions. It might take you half an hour just to decode the information line of a telegram that you didn't need!

SH: You didn't shy away from voicing your opinion to senior management both as a Foreign Service Officer and while working for NGOs. Why was that important to you?

JG: If you're working on a problem that is troubling head office and you think head office has a twisted understanding of what's going on and that you don't, you try to straighten it out. That means talking

turkey – polite turkey, of course. To be fair, that didn't always happen, but often enough to keep the wheels running in the right direction.

SH: How do you view the Foreign Service at the time you served versus the Foreign Service of today?

JG: If we're talking about my time versus this last decade, the differences are enormous. With very few exceptions, the kind of dialogue that was supposed to exist between the senior public service and ministers and ministers' offices disappeared. Most of the time when I was in harness, there was two-way dialogue. Of course, from time to time we got into trouble. Sometimes egos got out of control. If you're called Excellency long enough, or *Excelentísimo*, as you are in Latin America, it can go to your head with all sorts of unfortunate results.

SH: You have worked closely with both the Foreign Service and with development colleagues throughout your career. What, in your opinion, is the most important element to get right in today's amalgamation within Global Affairs Canada?

JG: That's an important question. What's happened recently, not just in the last ten years but going back further, is that to save money and reduce personnel the easy route was to write a cheque to a multilateral organization. That saves an awful lot of person years, but it means that you no longer have Canadian boots on the ground helping with agricultural projects, or supporting the timber industry and so forth in somewhere like Guyana. We still spend a lot of money in the Caribbean. But almost all of it is through writing cheques to non-Canadian organizations. Our visibility and our leverage in those small islands, which used to automatically mean 14–15 UN votes, is

gone. Maybe with the two institutions joined together, as they are in the British system, there will be better communication and better results.

SH: You emphasize in your book the importance of quality, non-partisan advice from the civil service to the government. You mention advising both the political level and DMs. How did your advice differ between the two?

JG: It's a human thing. If there's a difference, it's a difference that is the function of the character or personality of the Deputy Minister or Minister. The public service's first allegiance is to the government, but – and I'm repeating myself – traditionally there was an intermediate process called consultation. I address this issue in the epilogue.

SH: You discuss in your book how free you were to speak to the media. What advantages and disadvantages did this bring to your work?

JG: It enormously widened the impact of your work. If there were difficult questions being put to Canada and you had answers, you were able to provide those answers. It made you and the mission and Canada more visible. Same with good news. If it was well done and well said, then it enhanced Canada's image and perhaps its leverage. It's branding, it's publicity. For sure, public exposure can sometimes get you into trouble. But those risks are worth taking.

SH: In a posting abroad, one must balance the time spent reading and analyzing an issue with getting out and engaging local contacts. What advice would you have on achieving the right balance?

JG: That [latter] part is indispensable. You have to get out of the glass towers downtown. Find out what the slums are like, why there are slums, why there are so many drugs. You need to know what the prisons are like, how the police and the courts operate. You need to know what the public hospitals are like. Without a feel for these things, you can't really understand the values of that society and the extent to which the values of that society are translated upward or not to government policy. You also need to know something about the

history of where you are. Novels about that society help – in Colombia, Gabriel Garcia Marquez; in Peru, Mario Vargas Llosa. Does the local culture do ballet, plastic arts? Is the theatre full of local satire? You're not going to report it all to Ottawa. You're doing it so that you are better informed and can relate that much more effectively to the people of that country.

SH: "Going native" is a term used when FS identify too closely with their host country. How does it impact their effectiveness?

JG: There's a line here that can get blurred. Keep focused on your professional image, but don't hide behind that and don't let status obscure your own personality. Of course, don't be stuffy or pompous, but don't let dignity go. If you're going to the local Carnival, wear some clothes!

SH: How did you stay connected to Canada?

JG: I never really felt disconnected as an FSO. At an Embassy, you are operating on a Canadian platform. You can be much more easily disconnected working in a multilateral mission. In an early chapter on Bosnia I say something about this. I was with the OSCE. Your national eccentricities are not so visible when you're in the embassy, but boy (!) do they become visible when you are working as a member of a team made up of ten or more nationalities.

SH: Our Foreign Service Officers follow elections abroad and participate in monitoring missions. Is there a specific pitfall that you would urge monitors to avoid?

JG: Absolutely. One of the biggest is the nature of the election organization. You should not become associated, as I did, with an observation mission that is one flag only. *One flag only*, i.e. a Canadian observer mission or a Russian observer mission, means carrying all national baggage. *One flag only* tends to be interpreted by others, whether true or not, as meaning that your judgment on that election is subject to the advice and pressures of the government that has paid and selected you. I was on Canadian missions like that in Palestine and Ukraine, and it was bad. Another is the importance of

long-term observation. If the election is expected to be dodgy, there should be a small group of long-term observers who will be there for three or four months. If you are a short-term observer, you need to use the short time you have constructively. It is important to move around, talk to representatives of all political parties, local police and the local bishop/mullah and so on. This way you can sometimes spot and occasionally defuse problems by reporting them to the responsible local authorities before they get out of hand. In the end you can do a better assessment of what has happened. And your public mantra is "neutrality, neutrality!" ☺

Shauna Hemingway is currently on parental leave from her position as Deputy Director G7/G20 in Ottawa. This follows postings to Mexico City, where she served as the Economic Counsellor, and Seoul as a political officer with accreditation to North Korea. Shauna previously worked as a staff reporter at the Toronto Star and then as communications manager for the Kent Police in England.

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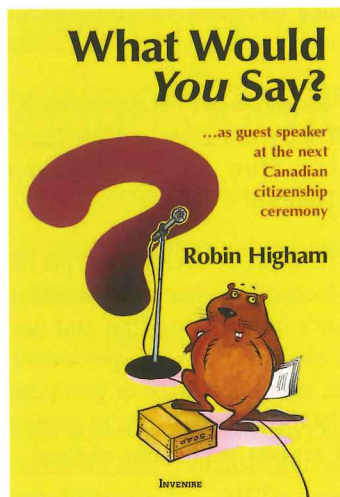
«What Would You Say? ...as guest speaker at the next Canadian citizenship ceremony»

Critique de livre par Frank Asi Talatini

«WHAT WOULD YOU SAY? ... AS GUEST SPEAKER AT THE NEXT CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP CEREMONY» de Robin Higham, Invenire, 2015, 139 pp., \$ 16.95

À la suite d'une carrière dans le service extérieur canadien qui l'a conduit en Afrique, en Asie, en Europe et aux États-Unis, Robin Higham a poursuivi ses activités en tant que membre honoraire de l'École supérieure d'affaires publiques et internationales de l'Université d'Ottawa et directeur associé de la maison d'édition Invenire. À ce titre, il a organisé plusieurs conférences au Canada et en Europe sur les thèmes de l'immigration, de l'intégration et de la diversité culturelle. Dans son premier livre *«Who do we think we are? Canada's reasonable (and less reasonable) accommodation debates»* publié en 2009, il s'interroge sur le concept de nation commune dans un contexte marqué par une diversité constante et croissante de la population conjugée à une politique officielle de multiculturalisme qui promeut le droit à la différence et à toujours plus d'accommodements raisonnables. D'après l'auteur, il y a des limites au compromis, au non-dit et à ce que la société d'accueil peut accepter. À force de trop vouloir plaire à tout le monde, le Canada, terre d'immigration, pourrait mettre en péril son propre modèle de gouvernance, de cohésion sociale et de croissance économique. Dans un article publié en 2014 dans la revue *«Just Ottawa»* et intitulé *«Passports of Convenience»*, il réitère son appel à une discussion ouverte et franche sur les droits et devoirs reliés à l'acquisition de la citoyenneté canadienne.

Dans le même ordre d'idées, *«What Would You Say?...»* réunit de nouveau les protagonistes du premier ouvrage autour d'une discussion informelle et fictive sur la définition d'une identité commune. Le groupe de huit intervenants se veut représentatif de la société canadienne, avec quatre Canadiens « de souche » : un anglophone, deux francophones, une représentante des premières nations, auxquels



s'ajoutent quatre nouveaux citoyens, aux origines, croyances et opinions aussi diverses les unes que les autres. Chacun est invité à préparer le discours idéal de la cérémonie de citoyenneté canadienne et à partager en toute honnêteté ses attentes vis-à-vis des nouveaux arrivants et ses conseils pour une intégration réussie.

Pour ce faire, Robin Higham propose d'emblée, dès l'introduction, de se débarrasser des contraintes qui, selon lui, empêchent toute conversation constructive sur les politiques publiques au Canada : le politiquement correct, la réticence à la confrontation, la culture du droit primordial et l'accommodement déraisonnable. C'est donc sans retenue et dans le cadre convivial d'une chaîne de cafés typiquement canadienne que les huit amis se retrouvent pour discuter de ce qu'ils diraient à la cérémonie de citoyenneté.

Le premier chapitre s'ouvre sur une conversation entre Henri, le francophone, et John, l'anglophone, sur la nécessité ou non d'apporter des restrictions au nombre d'immigrants accueillis face aux capacités limitées d'absorption de la société d'accueil et aux problèmes d'intégration économique, culturel et sociale qui en découlent. Le malaise public qui entoure les questions d'immigration en France et dans d'autres pays européens est de plus en plus évident, de même que la frustration et la résurgence d'idées réactionnaires et nationalistes chez certains face à la politique de l'autruche de

leurs gouvernants. Les Canadiens devraient en tirer quelques leçons (chapitre 2) et définir aussi bien pour les premiers arrivants que pour les plus récents, les attentes des uns et des autres face à leur rôle de citoyens (chapitre 3).

Tour à tour, les intervenants présentent, dans les chapitres suivants, les huit recommandations de Robin Higham à l'attention des nouveaux arrivants, soit;

- Laissez derrière vous les éléments de votre pays d'origine qui vous ont poussé à le quitter et rappelez-vous des facteurs qui vous ont attiré au Canada;
- Faites tout avec civisme car c'est la façon la plus efficace par laquelle la société fonctionne;
- Soyez engagé et investissez-vous dans les institutions démocratiques et les communautés autour de vous;
- Devenez un citoyen peu demandant et apportez votre contribution nette à la société;
- Allez au-delà de votre enclave ethnique et contribuez à bâtir un esprit de confiance parmi tous les citoyens;
- Évitez les comportements non canadiens qui peuvent nuire au fonctionnement de la société;
- Veillez les uns sur les autres et protégez-vous les uns les autres avec une attention particulière pour l'avenir de la jeunesse;
- Acceptez l'existence de limites aux accommodements de votre société d'accueil et attendez-vous à faire des ajustements à votre mode de vie afin de vous mieux vous intégrer.

L'auteur tient également à rappeler dans chaque présentation, les principes fondamentaux qui façonnent la société canadienne, tels que l'importance de la cohésion sociale, le partage entre tous les citoyens des avantages et des responsabilités de la vie en commun; la protection de la liberté d'autrui; la séparation de l'Église

et de l'État; le respect de l'espace public et la loyauté envers son pays d'adoption.

L'ouvrage s'adresse avant tout au grand public et il est aisément accessible aux non-experts et aux citoyens canadiens ordinaires. Il se veut simple, ouvert et utile pour comprendre les enjeux actuels de l'immigration et son impact sur le fonctionnement de notre société.

L'auteur privilégie le format de conversations informelles et le choix d'illustrations humoristiques pour transmettre les inquiétudes et les attentes inexprimées d'une partie croissante de la population canadienne. En d'autres termes, Robin Higham réussit habilement à dire ici tout haut ce que beaucoup pensent tout bas. Il parvient notamment à évoquer à travers ses différents personnages plusieurs idées et vérités qui poussent le lecteur à une introspection réelle et à une réflexion personnelle sur la question de l'appartenance nationale.

Si « *What would you say?*... » a le mérite d'apporter une dimension originale au débat sur l'intégration des immigrants, en revanche, le livre manque de rigueur dans sa forme purement anecdotique. L'absence de données historiques, culturelles,

démographiques et statistiques, de même que d'une bibliographie de référence sur les lois, articles de presse, travaux universitaires et ouvrages écrits sur le sujet, demeure sa principale lacune. Il est regrettable de la part de l'auteur de ne pas documenter ses arguments par des preuves tangibles et des sources fiables de comparaison. Cette approche ne réussit pas à convaincre le lecteur rationnel, aussi ordinaire soit-il. Par ailleurs, l'auteur adopte, à certains endroits, un ton tantôt alarmiste tantôt paternaliste qui nuit à la crédibilité de son message. La représentativité des personnages et de leurs opinions semble également pâtir d'une tendance à la généralisation et il n'est fait aucunement mention de la majorité invisible des nouveaux arrivants qui ne demandent qu'à travailler et vivre en toute discrétion. Enfin, les problèmes socioéconomiques préexistants et latents de la société d'accueil ne sont pas pris en compte. Robin Higham laisse, pour ainsi dire, aux immigrants le poids de la responsabilité de cohésion sociale et de la survie du modèle canadien d'intégration.

En réponse au titre de l'ouvrage, j'ai moi-même retenu la proposition de l'auteur et posé la question « *What would you say?*... » à plusieurs de mes amis, collègues et connaissances. Les résultats obtenus ont permis de confirmer que l'accueil canadien des immigrants demeure une réussite malgré quelques problèmes d'intégration. Le concept du Canada comme « *le plus meilleur pays au monde* » a encore de longs jours devant lui, aussi bien dans les esprits que dans les faits. Pour qu'il demeure une réalité, il est important de parler librement et ouvertement de ce qui nous définit en tant que Canadiens, tel que le suggère Robin Higham. ☺

Frank Asi Talatini a joint le MAECD en 2009 à titre d'Agent de gestion et des affaires consulaires (AGC) après une carrière dans le secteur privé à Montréal. Il a été posté en tant qu'AGC adjoint à l'Ambassade du Canada aux Émirats arabes unis de 2011 à 2014. Il occupe présentement le poste d'AGC par intérim à l'Ambassade du Canada en Thaïlande.



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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.

VANILLA: When someone talks about something being “vanilla,” they are usually describing something as being common or boring. But just because vanilla is ubiquitous, it is definitely not boring. I love it so much that I routinely double or triple the amount in baking (and have yet to hear a single complaint). Like salt, sometimes you won't know it's there, but you'd definitely notice if it were missing.

Vanilla is derived from the fruit of orchid originating in Mexico. It is such a demanding plant that only one type of bee can pollinate it and it only begins producing vanilla beans after three years. When the orchid was transported abroad to countries like Tahiti, Madagascar and Indonesia, it had to be hand-pollinated (and quickly

prices. Remember, even though it ends up in a bottle, it starts as a plant.

If you use vanilla with any kind of regularity, you've no doubt heard the term “Madagascar Bourbon vanilla”. I've got news for you. There's no bourbon in there. The name refers to where the bean was grown; the Bourbon islands, which include the French island of Réunion, Madagascar, Comoro and Seychelle. Researching

this article, I was surprised to learn from the Food and Agriculture Organization of the UN that Indonesia produced slightly more than Madagascar in 2013, the latest year for available statistics. Together, they formed a vanilla powerhouse, far exceeding any other countries like Mexico, Papua New Guinea and...

Vanilla is derived from the fruit of orchid originating in Mexico. It is such a demanding plant that only one type of bee can pollinate it and it only begins producing vanilla beans after three years.

– within 12 hours of flowering) because that bee is not in their ecosystems. After six months of growing, the bean needs to be hand-picked at a perfect stage of ripeness. And of course, they don't ripen all at the same time, so the plants have to be inspected daily. As a result, vanilla can be a mighty expensive flavouring. Storms like Cyclones Hudah (2000) and Gafilo (2004) in Madagascar have a huge effect on

The Best Whipped Cream Ever

This is the easiest method I've found, creating the fewest dirty dishes.

This is a great way to show off the beautiful flavour of whatever real vanilla extract you have on hand. It mimics the pillowy richness of the whipped cream you get in European restaurants because of the powdered (icing) sugar. All ingredient amounts can be adjusted to your preference.

1 cup whipping cream (35%)

2 tbsp icing sugar, or more according to your liking.

1 tsp vanilla

Pour all ingredients into a stand mixer bowl and beat on high for several minutes, until soft peaks form (not too long or you'll have sweetened butter instead of whipped cream).

You can beat by hand with a whisk if you need an exceptionally hard workout, or put the ingredients in a mason jar with a tight-fitting lid and shake! Goes great on desserts or on hot chocolate.



China! The U.S. consumes a huge part of the global supply, with Europe consuming most of the rest.

Vanilla is so popular that it even has an imitator. You may remember vanillin from university chemistry class. It smells nice, but it tastes like... well, fake vanilla. Saving a few bucks that way is a mistake. Trust me. The flavour profile of the real thing differs according to where the vanilla was grown. Just like wine, vanilla takes on certain characteristics according to the terroir. Nielsen Massey gives a nice write up of each of its vanillas on its website: Mexican is "sweet and woody", Tahitian is "floral, fruity and cherry-like" and Madagascar is "sweet, creamy and mellow". And it's not just hype. I have a collection of vanilla at home (it just happened, I swear) and the vanilla produced in the Caribbean tastes very different than the one I picked up in the Mexico City airport or the vanilla from the grocery store I most frequently use from Madagascar.

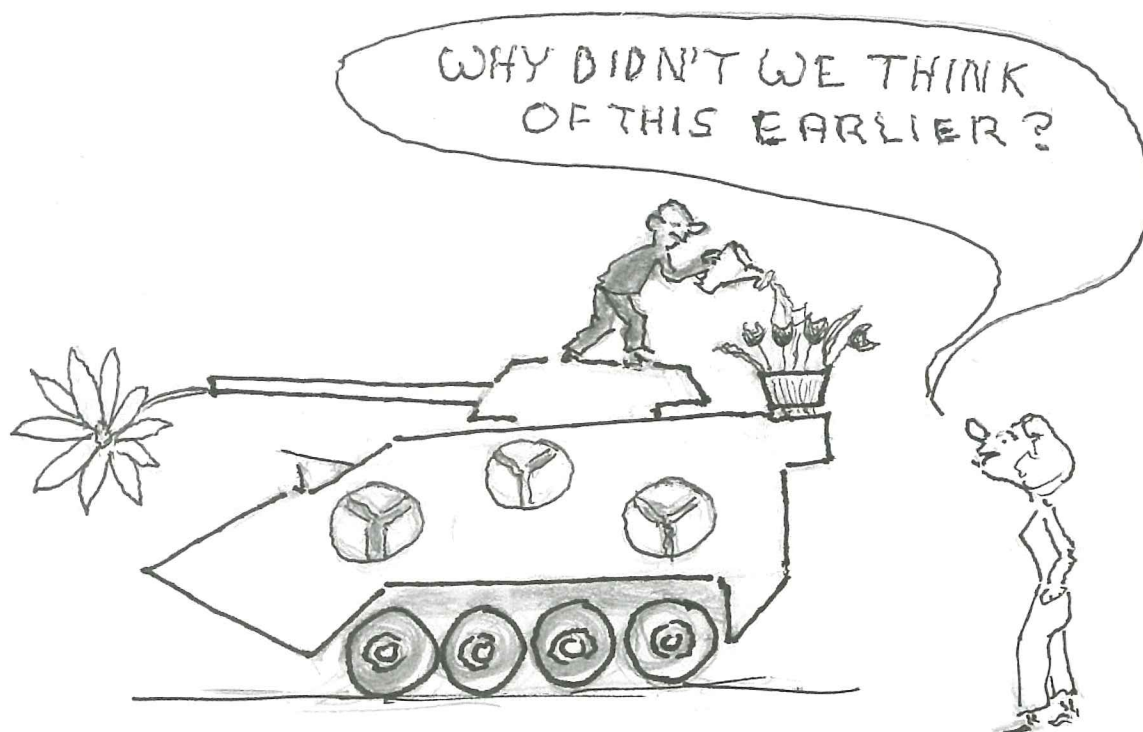
Cook's Illustrated calls vanilla a "flavour potentiator," meaning it enhances other flavours. According to their 2009 testing, the Awesome of real vanilla over

Just like wine, vanilla takes on certain characteristics according to the terroir. Nielsen Massey gives a nice write up of each of its vanillas on its website: Mexican is "sweet and woody", Tahitian is "floral, fruity and cherry-like" and Madagascar is "sweet, creamy and mellow".

vanillin bakes off at 280–300F, so they claim that while it's worthwhile to use the real stuff in unheated situations (like when you add it after caramel sauce or pudding is taken off the stove or in frosting), it may not be so worthwhile to use it in baked cookies or cakes. I must respectfully disagree. You'll not find vanillin in my pantry.

If a recipe calls for a scraped vanilla bean, take a sharp knife and make a slit down the length of the bean, holding onto one end with a finger. Turn the knife over so you are using the unsharpened side of the blade and scrape the opened bean in one long motion. The empty pod can be placed in a jar of sugar to make vanilla sugar, popular in parts of Europe. It's also easy to make your own vanilla extract (the black liquid vanilla you buy at the grocery store): place whole beans in a narrow bottle and pour rum or vodka over them. Let steep a few weeks; replenish alcohol as needed. Bam! Homemade vanilla-y deliciousness. Go ahead and brag about it. ☺

Lisa Bitto has been a political stream Foreign Service Officer for 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.



Cartoon by John W. Graham

GRAHAM 2016

MILITARY LEXICON: DECRYPTING DND/CAF

by Ambra Dickie

Many of us at Global Affairs Canada (GAC) have had the privilege of working with staff from the Department of National Defence (DND) and the Canadian Armed Forces (CAF), either at Headquarters or while on posting. While it is immediately clear to us that they are great people to have in our corner – capable professionals of the highest caliber – our respective lexicons and work cultures are sometimes less clear. As we at GAC know well, lost in translation moments are often best resolved with a bit of a laugh; in that vein, here is a humorous look at a few of the more common (or just amusing) sources of misunderstanding.

DND/CAF Speak	Common reactions	What they really meant
Ack (in an email reply)	I must scour my missive to determine the source of surprise or concern and attempt to resolve it immediately.	Acknowledged.
OBE	A misspelled woodwind instrument? *Google Search* An Order of the British Empire?	Overtaken by events. As in, “no need for your input into this brief, it has been OBE.”
Whiskey Tango Foxtrot	WTF?	Oh, I get it.
BLUF (at the beginning of an email)	That’s one combination I’ve not seen before.	Bottom Line up Front – approximate GAC equivalent to Summary, except DND/CAF will almost certainly be more to the point.
Closest Alligator to the Canoe (or Boat)	Where exactly were you canoeing, Sir/Ma’am?	The most urgent priority. As in, “sorry I’m late, there was another alligator closer to the canoe.”
Let me just socialize this brief	And here I thought we were the social ones.	Run it up their side to gauge reactions (somewhat equivalent to our heads up).
Can you send me that on the High side / Low side?	I have a 50% chance of getting this right, I suppose.	High side = Classified Low side = Unclassified
FYSA	Why can’t they just say FYI like everyone else?	For your situational awareness. See, it does sound more official than FYI, doesn’t it?
PT (as in, I’m off for some PT time)	Gee, sorry to hear that (thinking: you spend a lot of time in parent-teacher meetings).	Physical training. CAF have PT built into their work-day (nice, huh?).
Ready Aye Ready (as a closing in an email, for example)	Popeye? Pirates?	This person is almost certainly from the Royal Canadian Navy—this is a typical sign-off of theirs.
NSTR	New Kids on the Block—Step by Step, ooh Baby. Yeah, probably not, but it was fun to be nostalgic for a minute.	Nothing significant to report.
Left of bang / Right of bang	Does one’s physical location really make a difference to the final outcome?	Pre-event / Post-event. As in, we need to better coordinate our efforts left of bang.
Battle Rhythm	No idea what you mean, but it sounds like you’ve got some serious stuff to do today.	Day-to-day of maintaining the bureaucratic machine. As in “we’ve got an intense battle rhythm today; let’s get through these slides, folks.”
PowerPoint Ranger	*An image of a group of pre-teens dressed in bad ninja costumes drafting a deck flashes through your mind*	The term actually comes from the elite US Army Rangers, meant to imply that someone is off working magic with PowerPoint, which is not unusual since DND drafts decks for nearly everything.
Flash to bang	I hope we’re only talking about a thunder storm here.	The time between the event and the likely consequences/ effects.
She’s over there chatting up the GO FOs	To the outside listener, you realize that doesn’t sound particularly flattering, right?	General Officer / Flag Officer (DG and above would be an approximate equivalent)
The meeting starts at 10:00	Ok, I’ll be there at 10:00.	The meeting actually starts at 9:45. If you show up at 10:00, you are late. But that’s ok, you’re from GAC and none of what you say or do makes any sense to DND/CAF anyway.

Ambra Dickie is Senior Policy Analyst in the Defence and Security Relations Division. Previously, she has worked at the Embassy in Brasilia, in the Afghanistan Task Force, and in the Media Relations Office. Avidly interested in security and defence issues, she has been fortunate to work with great colleagues at DND/CAF at almost every step of her career. Despite the years, she still sometimes doesn’t completely understand the DND/CAF culture, but she sure has fun trying.

Precedents and Precedence: A Guide for the Perplexed

*The late John Starnes was a great supporter of **bout de papier** and a frequent contributor. He also generously shared insights and documents accumulated in a lifetime of public service at home and abroad. Mr. Starnes also had a keen eye for the oddities and absurdities that could torment members of the foreign service and their spouses. At one point, when he and his wife Helen were sifting through the contents of their apartment, they came across a wonderfully anachronistic artifact, which he promptly passed on to me, as it was, he said with a mischievous smile and a sly wink, "of historical interest." As he observed, the document from which extracts are reproduced below had "about it a whiff of 'Upstairs/Downstairs'." In spite of this tone, it did offer some helpful advice. His favourite (which is included below) was the guide to seating arrangements should one have the fortune (or misfortune, as the case might be) to ride in the head of mission's car. Mr. Starnes even supplied an answer to the unasked but obvious further question, "What happened if there was a fifth person? The trunk I imagine."*

*As Mr. Starnes suggested, this well-intentioned manual, "which had the imprimatur of the wives of the most senior officials in the department at the time," certainly illustrates vividly the cultural and social shift from the time of its writing (about 1950) to later years, not least of which was the assumption that spouses would be wives. In fact, female members of the foreign service were still required to resign immediately upon committing the disloyal act of marriage, a regulation that guaranteed that all spouses were women. As part of its continuing efforts to curb false nostalgia for a "golden age of Canadian diplomacy," **bout de papier** offers this primer on appropriate conduct for the edification of its readers.*

– Hector Mackenzie

FOREIGN SERVICE WIVES MANUAL

* * * * *

Foward

This manual has been prepared by the External Affairs Wives Association to meet the widespread demand on the part of its members. It has been made possible through the co-operation of many wives from the most senior to the most junior, and wives who have had experience at posts in all areas of the world. Of necessity, it has been written in general terms, with no reference to specific posts, and it is understood that the manual will be read in conjunction with individual post reports.

While some phases of general etiquette have been touched on, a recognized book of etiquette such as those listed in the attached bibliography [including Listowel, *Manual of Modern Manners*; Emily Post, *Etiquette*; and, the *Vogue Book of Etiquette*] would be very useful.

No attempt has been made to lay down hard and fast rules, but rather to provide general guidance on a variety of topics in a brief but convenient form. The application of common sense and courtesy in most situations described in this manual is a sound basis from which to work.

The wife of an officer of the Department of External Affairs has a unique opportunity to help her husband in his chosen career. One of the main assets of the wife of a diplomat is to be as friendly and unaffected in her contacts abroad as she would be at home. Although her life may not be an easy one, it can be both interesting and rewarding.

Entertaining

Entertaining when abroad is essentially business. It is well to have this clearly in mind from the outset, and thus avoid the disappointment and disillusionment which may follow the discovery that popular notions of the gay social whirl of diplomatic life are far wide of the mark. It is part of your job to entertain and you will be entertained as part of someone else's job. Of course, you will be doing your job best if your entertaining is made as enjoyable as possible for your guests. You will be more at ease and natural if you make it a habit to plan in detail and make your preparations well in advance.

Do not rush into entertaining until you have had time to observe the local forms of entertaining, types of menus, etc.

Staff

By far the most important member of your staff is a good children's nurse or nanny. You must remember that many evenings a week you are required to be out at the time the children need supper, bath and bedtime stories. Outside of North America, the baby sitter is virtually unknown. If you have pre-school children and can afford only one full-time servant, that servant must in most places be a good nanny. She should be willing to cope with all phases of a child's needs and guide his activities intelligently. Almost nowhere are children allowed the freedom that they have at home in Canada. Even older children have to be confined to the house and garden. Generally, children are never allowed to go anywhere on their own and have to be fetched and carried.

Interdepartmental Relations

Great care should be taken to establish and maintain good personal relationships with all Canadians at a post. In most posts the number of Canadians is not large. If there is bad feeling for personal or business reasons between even two members of that community it can affect the morale of the whole group and in an amazingly short time become the talk of others outside the Canadian circle, thus lowering the prestige of the mission.

Miscellaneous

Seating in Cars

In many of our smaller missions you may find that from time to time you ride in your head of mission's car with him. The senior ranking person sits on the right hand seat, the next in rank on the left side. A third person in the middle and the fourth person on a small seat if there is one behind the driver or beside him if there is not.

Precedence Between Junior and Senior Officers

A senior officer enters cars, planes and boats last and leaves cars, planes and boats first. A junior officer walks and sits on the left of a senior officer. A senior officer enters a room first and leaves first. ☺

BANISHING BARON MADRIGAL, OR THE LAST GEAS

A Aalto goes Old School

Centre Archives Oral History (CAOH) project: 547/A/1702.55.998.
Interview with Berriman, Madrigal House, October 31, 2007.
Dryan Tweedie, Librarian, recording [EXCERPTS]

“So the Centre still hasn’t worked out what happened to Rumbo and the Baron in 1977? Well, if you want to understand, you have to start forty years earlier, Hallowe’en of 1937. The Baron was hosting a big party here at the House for all the usual swells. The Prime Minister was expected. What neither PM nor the Centre knew was that this gala was a diversion. Impressed by the *Alfheim* movement in Germany, the Baron had decided to change sides. Everything was set up, the party and the vanishing act a few days later. There was only one problem and that was the Baron. And his daughter too, as it turned out.” [PAUSE]

Baron Madrigal was in love. This was a nuisance, and most un-sidhe. When dealing with their own kind, the sidhe were good at romance and better at sex. True love not so much. They could however become enamoured of human men and women. Such attachments were obsessive, not to be denied. As happened the moment he set eyes on Thira. So just when he needed to focus on his global ambitions, he found himself bound to someone he barely knew. She was coming tonight, and he would have a last chance to enrapture her.

He straightened his tie and glanced through the diamond-paned window into the courtyard. His eyes warmed when he saw Thira descend from a limo and stride toward the door. Her red hair and trim body were set off by a long white dress. Then a stylish sportscar pulled up and almost hit her. A man leaped out and hurried over, concern on his face. Rumbo. Madrigal watched their conversation. The man projected suave concern, then open admiration. Her irritation swiftly passed to a coy smile, eyes lowered. The Baron cursed. He turned to the figure behind him and said, “Berriman, send for Ashirel and the Cleaver. And get me Andrella.”

Sonia was in love too. This was unexpected and inconvenient. She had followed her father’s instructions to seduce Rumbo, the Centre’s agent, and use him to penetrate its operations. The seduction had been fun, even after she realised he had the same instructions about seducing her. The sidhe are fond of intricate games. But then she had fallen in love with him. And now she was carrying his baby. She admitted to herself, as she stood by the front door, that the game was getting just a bit complicated. Then a limo pulled up, a woman got out, a sportscar nearly hit her, the driver came over – and it all fell apart. She could read faces as well as any sidhe and she knew she had lost her man.

Rainu Rumbo was in love. This was unexpected but overwhelming. His world shrank to Thira’s face. He did not even notice Sonia

glaring in the doorway. After a short exchange of meaningless conversation and meaningful glances, Thira pulled her hand out of his and turned to climb the steps. Rumbo followed at a distance. Sonia had already gone inside. For the next hour Rumbo and Thira played chase-and-be-caught, searching for each other among the hundreds of guests, then pulling away with lingering looks. Two large men followed him everywhere.

CAOH project 547/A/1702.55.998/Berriman, Madrigal House,
October 31, 2007 (continued).

“The Baron knew he had to act fast. He would normally just have had Rumbo killed. With his surprise exit only days off, however, he couldn’t afford to draw attention to himself. Sonia wanted to kill Rumbo too, but the Baron persuaded her there were more painful forms of revenge. So the two of them waited calmly while Ashirel and the Cleaver dragged Rumbo’s unconscious body into the back garden. The Baron said little but set to work. He wiped Rumbo’s memories of the evening – for a while. He bound the agent with a spell preventing him from leaving the city surrounding the House. Then he had Ashirel drive the still-unconscious Rumbo home.”

“Minutes later, Andrella ushered Thira into the room. Madrigal put Thira in a trance, then bound her to stay by his side and to forget Rumbo. Awakening her, he began his courtship. Four days later, the Baron and his team were all in Berlin. With Thira. Me? No, I am bound to the House. So I was here when Rumbo came back, his memory restored, and asked me what had happened. I felt sorry for him, so I told him.”

“The Centre took over Madrigal House a few months later. Rumbo moved into the tower room over the west wing and we became friends. He asked how to break the Baron’s spells, and I taught him a bit about magic. There are two kinds, you know. The Great Spells draw power from the ley lines that criss-cross the land. Madrigal House is on one of the strongest, running from Onokenoga to the Petroglyphs. That’s why the wards I set to guard the House, the ones preventing enemies from bringing in weapons or spells hostile to the Centre, are so strong. Great Spells can be dissolved by a really strong mage but not without setting off major alarms. The other kind of spell is a geas, which is a binding imposed on a person using the inner power of an individual magic-worker. A geas is not as strong as a Great Spell. But it can only be dissolved by the mage who cast it, or by that mage’s death or banishment.”

“Then Rumbo asked how he could kill the Baron. I pointed out that the Centre had tried to do so for years – a total failure. He was too well protected. Besides, he was for all practical

purposes immortal. The only way to break his geasa would be to banish him back to the Otherwhere. He could eventually return to this side, but it would take him a long time to do so. The passing of a few days on the other side can mean a century or more here. I also told him that a banishing could best be handled in the House, where the Baron first appeared."

"Rumbo never rose very far in the formal hierarchy of the Centre, since his geas meant he couldn't handle field operations. But he became *eminence gris* to a succession of Chiefs. He spent decades tracking the Baron and blocking his operations. He wound up with a lot of influence and access to resources. He was allowed to undertake special projects without supervision. He spent a lot of time in the library, which still held some of the Baron's old books. He talked to me about what he read, while I poked around the place manifesting as the janitor. So I shouldn't have been surprised when he showed me what he had done in the old chapel."

"He'd tiled a perfect banishment square into the floor. I asked him about the command of banishment. He told me it was worked into the design of the square. He pulled out a small book. 'You see the small white squares in the rows labelled 1 to 16?' he said. 'Each row can be filled in with a word relating to fairies or elves. The words are given in this broad row at the bottom. There are also 16 numbered clues. They duplicate the headings of the 16 chapters in this book. Once all the word-rows are filled in, you can read the command of banishment down the vertical stripe.' Here, I brought a list of the chapter headings with me." [PAUSE]

1. Peter Pan's fairy friend
2. The lady in the lake with Excalibur
3. Shakespeare's fairy king
4. They hide gold at the end of the rainbow
5. Jolie plays this fairy queen
6. Pratchett's Queen of the Elves
7. Pinocchio's saviour
8. Harry Potter's house-elf friend
9. Gilbert and Sullivan's fairy queen
10. Irish wraith announcing death
11. The fairy princess in Baum's Emerald City
12. Tolkien's elven archer, played by Orlando Bloom
13. King Arthur's half-sister
14. Bound to serve Prospero in The Tempest
15. #3's jester, aka Robin Goodfellow
16. Marraire in French, a fairy relative who helps out Cinderella.

CAOH project 547/A/1702.55.998/Berriman, Madrigal House, October 31, 2007 (continued)

"Rumbo's problem was how to get Madrigal back to the House. Since the Centre was his sworn enemy, this was a tough one. Eventually, 1977 came around. It was an unusual year for cadets, I recall. The January uptake included you of course, but also Ludwig Liebnitz and Rialto Sleazewagon (that one worked out really well). There was also a guy called Don Gordo something, who left to take over a tinpot Central American country, an older man named Mordred and that airhead who survived on Scotch and oatcakes and later married the Chief's daughter. A solid line of bad 70s moustaches."

"But it was also the year that Baron Madrigal came back. You'll remember that he contacted the Centre to initiate a reconciliation. He offered to bring his whole organisation under the

Centre's control. The Chief was deeply suspicious. Rambo argued that just sitting down with the Baron would give the Centre an invaluable window into his operations. So it was, late in October, that Madrigal appeared at the gates. The meetings went on endlessly, but at midnight on Hallowe'en itself Rumbo and the Baron stood confronting each other across the old chapel. They were alone except for the janitor polishing a statue in the corner. Janitors are invisible." [PAUSE]

"Dr Rumbo, it's been a long time."

"So it has. How is Thira?"

"Wonderful, thank you. She hasn't aged a day, thanks to my spell. She has forgotten you."

"But does she love you, Baron?"

"I have cast no spell to make her do so."

"But does she love you?"

"Of course she does. You're putting a lot of weight on a moment's infatuation one night 40 years ago."

"Then why agree to meet?"

"To give me a chance to kill you. I should have done so in 1937."

The Baron wrenched a halberd from the suits of armour along the walls and leaped across the room. "A man should watch where he's walking, my lord." Madrigal looked down and blanched. Rumbo spoke the command of banishment. Madrigal whispered "Thira" and vanished. The halberd clattered on the stone tiles of the banishment square.

CAOH project 547/A/1702.55.998/Berriman, Madrigal House, October 31, 2007 (continued)

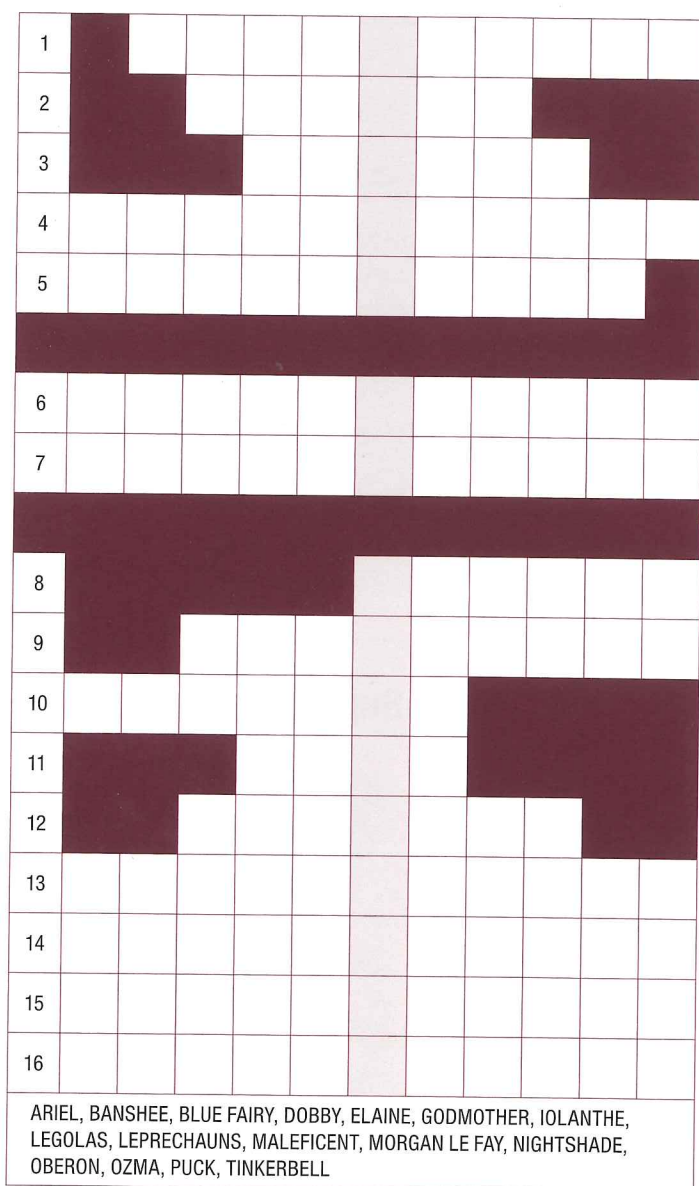
"As far as the Centre knew, Madrigal had simply taken off for unknown reasons, although no-one could figure out how. The Centre decided to bury the whole episode quietly. But within a few days everything changed again. Thira drove up to the House from town, where she had been waiting for the Baron. And then we found out about the last geas." [PAUSE]

From the window of his tower room, Rainu Rumbo stared down on the courtyard. He saw Thira get out of her car. She really hadn't changed a hair. And he loved her more than ever. But what should he do? He was a withered old man, she was still a young beauty. And he had just banished her husband. Wouldn't it just mean disappointment and embarrassment all round to force a meeting now? Wouldn't it be better just to fade out the back door and away, now that he was free of the geas? Leave her with her memories of a young man, let her start afresh? Or was it better to face up, greet her, shake hands and wish her the best? Well, he couldn't just hide in his tower. At the foot of the stairs, a corridor ran one way to the front door and the other way to the back. He had until the bottom step to decide. He opened the door onto the roof and worked his way across the tiles toward the stair head. His loose white jacket fluttered in the breeze.

Across the courtyard, the man in the attic of the high gate tower watched the figure in white moving slowly across the roof. He muttered, "At last." Letting out a long breath, he squeezed the trigger. He felt a glow of accomplishment as a red patch blossomed high on the man's back and the figure fell prone. In the courtyard, Thira glanced up when she heard the rifle-shot, but saw only two silent ravens circling the gate tower.

“So that’s how it played out. Madrigal and Rumbo eliminated each other. Still confused? Well, I only worked it out myself from a private chat with Mordred, Rumbo’s assassin. He turned out to be Rumbo’s son by Sonia, the baby she was carrying that night in 1937. She never got over the humiliation of losing both her father and Rumbo to Thira. The Baron wouldn’t let Sonia hurt her, so the daughter indoctrinated Mordred with her burning hatred of Rumbo. Mordred soon lived only to destroy his father. All very oedipal. Eventually, the Baron realised that Mordred could be useful. He coached him carefully on passing the Centre’s entrance exams and soon had a mole in its headquarters.”

"When the Baron came back to the House, his only goal was to kill Rambo. The talks were a blind. Madrigal's time in this world was running out. He knew he had to get back to the Otherwhere. As he weakened, his geas on Thira was also weakening. He couldn't bear to lose her to Rumbo even after he, the



Baron I mean, was gone. So Rumbo had to die before Thira recovered her memory. The problem was the wards around the house. That's why the Baron attacked Rumbo with a halberd, something that was already within the walls. He figured that, if he won that fight, fine. If not, then Mordred was his backup, a trusted cadet of the Centre with access to all kinds of weapons."

“Now, if left to himself, Mordred would have tried to kill Rumbo the minute he saw him. But the Baron wanted his turn first. So he put a geas on Mordred against attacking Rumbo. Because this was not a spell hostile to the Centre, the wards let it pass. But as soon as the Baron was banished, all of his personal geasa evaporated – including the one that restrained Mordred. So a few days later, Rumbo’s son climbed to the top of the gate tower and cut his father down.”

“Afterwards... well, you know what happened to Mordred, about the enquiry on the use of magic and the decision to move the Centre into town. Thira began aging at a normal rate, made a good life for herself and has a family. But there’s one last thing I have to say about the Baron and Rumbo – they were utterly clueless about women. I mean, they both professed undying love for Thira. But it was always something they made up locked away inside their skulls. Neither of them ever asked Thira what she wanted, how she felt. Rumbo just assumed that she would prefer life with him, and the Baron never got over the fear that Rumbo might be right. Shouldn’t she have had some say in the matter? It’s like Helen of Troy, all those Greeks sailing madly off to rescue the poor woman out of the hands of Paris. I mean, did anyone ask whether she actually wanted to be rescued? But hey, I’m just an old bachelor, what do I know? Now where did I put my pipe?”

[INTERVIEW ENDS]

Can you penetrate Rumbo's creation and determine the three-word Latin command of banishment? Bout de papier will determine the winner by drawing from a hat containing all correct answers received by September 30. The winner will receive a book autographed by A Aalto. Not necessary to win, but can you fill in the whole chart? And can you provide a translation of the command of banishment? 🌀

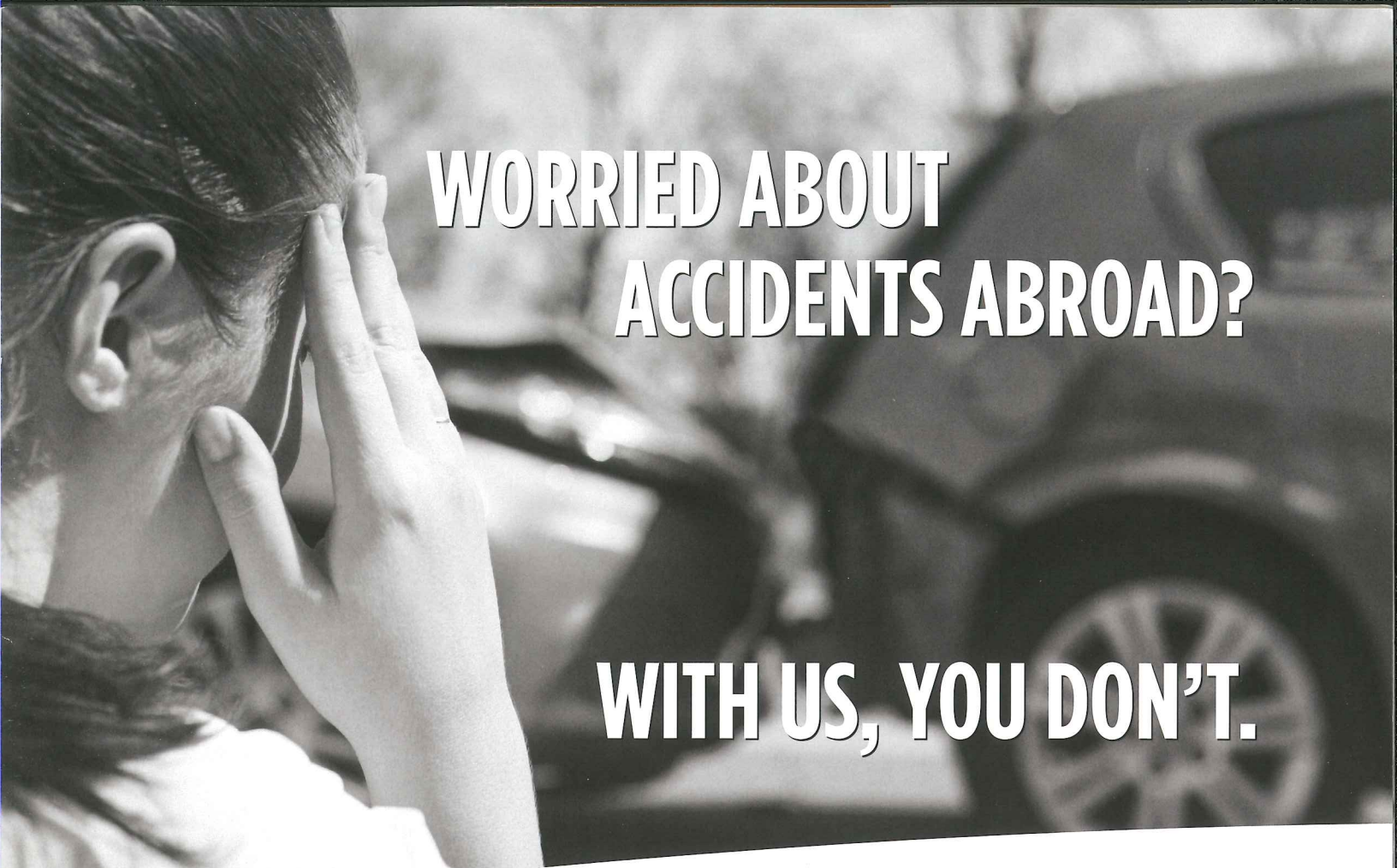
Freelance prestidigitator and Tuvan nationalist A Aalto remains somewhere south of the Great Barrier Reef. The astute reader will have noticed that some of the puzzle clues could not have been solved in 1977. The author can only suggest this was Rumbo's way of ensuring the command of banishment was not easily discovered. Onokenoga (Lake of the Gods or Lake on the Mountain) and the Peterborough Petroglyphs are said to be sacred sites joined by one of the strongest ley lines in Canada. This puzzle is for Glyn and for Mrs Aalto.

The answer to the puzzle is LAND OF A THOUSAND DANCES. The full chart is to be found below.

							↓									
1					Y	E	L	P								
2			S	I	N	A	W	E	I	B	O					
3				L	I	N	K	E	D	I	N					
4			G	O	O	D	R	E	A	D	S					
5	F	A	C	E	B	O	O	K								
6				E	L	F	T	O	W	N						
7			I	N	S	T	A	G	R	A	M					
8				T	W	I	T	T	E	R						
9	S	N	A	P	C	H	A	T								
10				D	R	O	P	B	O	X						
11					T	U	M	B	L	R						
12						S	K	Y	P	E						
13				R	E	L	A	Y	C	H	A	T				
14			B	U	Z	Z	N	E	T							
15			O	P	E	N	D	I	A	R	Y					
16				R	E	D	D	I	T							
17			M	Y	S	P	A	C	E							
18				Q	Z	O	N	E								
19				F	L	I	C	K	R							
20	C	L	U	S	T	E	R	F	L	U	N	K				
21			W	H	A	T	S	A	P	P						

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