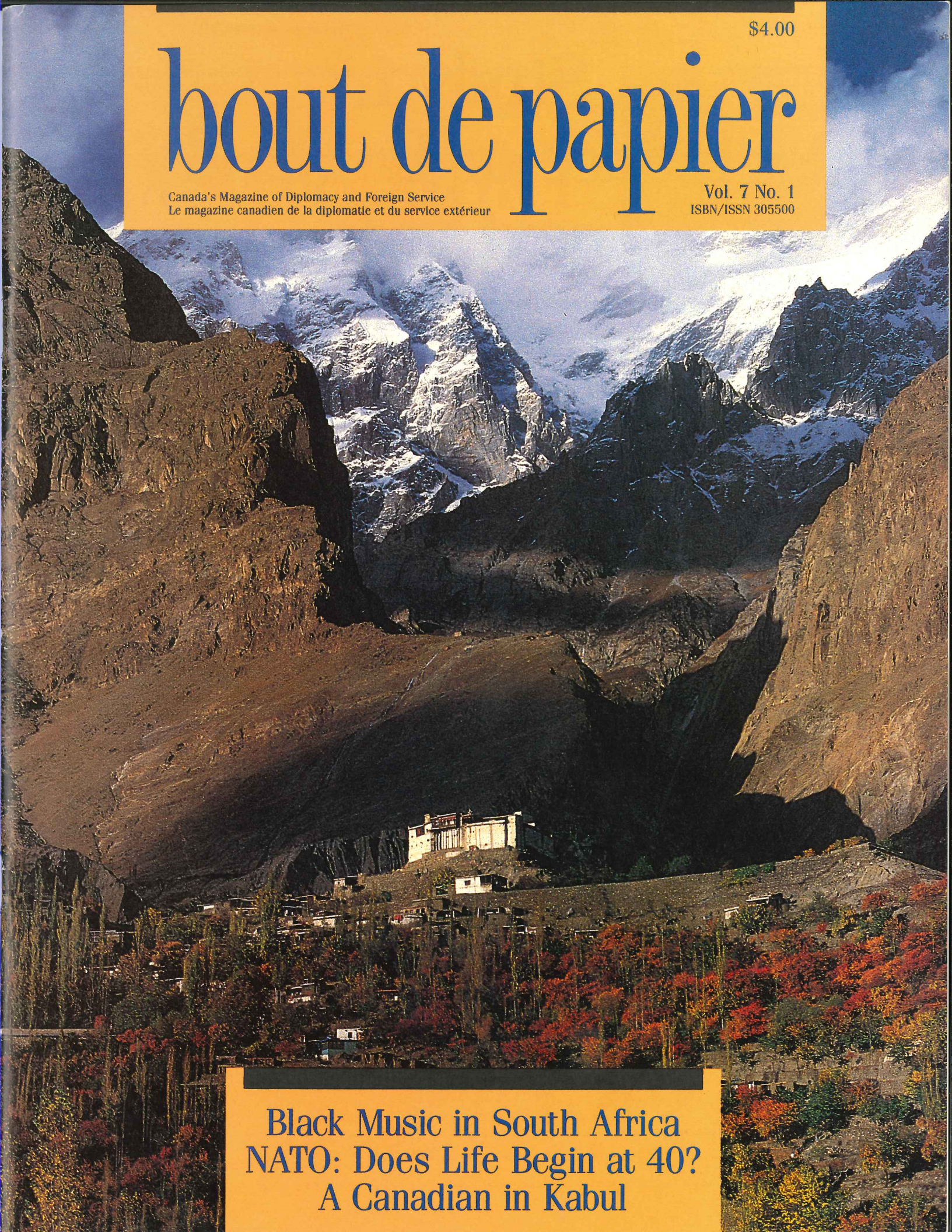


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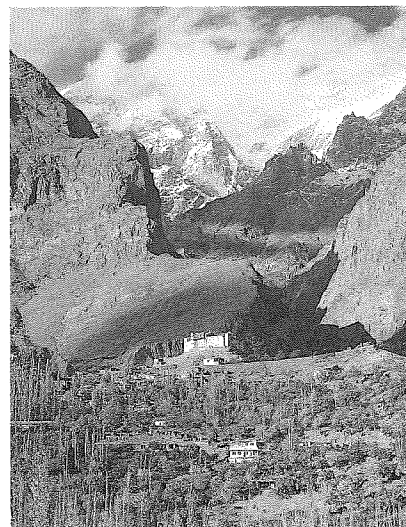
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Our cover photo this issue, by Hugh Stephens, is of the Baltit Castle in Hunza, Northern Pakistan.

In our Upcoming Issues:
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Things Remembered: External Affairs in 1939

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The Department of External Affairs ranks 32 out of 33 federal departments with respect to the representation of women in the management category. Even National Defense has marginally better representation: It is Revenue Canada which ranks a dismal 33.

Despite efforts to remove the barriers to the advancement of women officers in the Department, External Affairs has failed to achieve significant results. The fact of this failure and the reasons behind it were the subject of a meeting between Mr. Raymond Chrétien, Associate Deputy Minister and women foreign service officers on June 22. Some 60 women (all those at headquarters were invited) spent an hour and a half explaining to Mr. Chrétien why they believe progress has been hampered.

What is clear is that the management of the Department has yet to fully come to grips with the problem and has yet to develop the measures needed to change the current situation. Certainly the recruitment of women officers has improved significantly in recent years. Now almost one third of new recruits are women. But to assume that all that is now needed is to wait 15 years for these women to work their way through the system is to fail to recognize the barriers which have prevented, and still prevent, the women *now* in the ranks from having the same opportunities as their male colleagues.

The statistics are discomfiting. There are 244 rotational foreign service women of all ranks in the Department, approximately 15% of the total officer complement. 92 women are at the FS2 level, or 12.6% of all FS2s. Yet, of 321 rotational management-level positions at Headquarters (from Deputy-Director and up), only 35 are held by women and only 21 of these women are rotational foreign service officers — that is 6.5% of management positions are held by rotational women.

In the political/economic stream, only 2 rotational women of 81 program managers abroad (from Counsellor to Minister level) are women. In the trade stream, 4 of 21 positions from Counsellor to Head of Post are held by women. The situation for the social affairs and development assistance streams is even more grim. There are *no* social affairs women in management positions in Headquarters, and of 63 program manager positions abroad, only 3 are held by women. Interestingly, 50% of new recruits to the social affairs stream are women, a stream where their chances of becoming managers seems to be slimmest. In the development assistance stream, only 3 of 99 management level positions are held by rotational women at Headquarters, while of 31 program manager positions abroad, only 1 is held by a rotational woman.

These statistics are only some highlights of

a more detailed profile of women in management positions prepared by an ad hoc group of women for presentation to Mr. Chrétien. Similar profiles were prepared in 1986 and 1987, and while there have been improvements in some areas, it is clear there is still a long way to go. The statistics suggest that there remain systemic limitations to the progress of women into the management ranks of External Affairs although there are women who are eligible with sufficient experience and seniority.

Staffing and attitudes were identified as the crux of the problem. The answer is not lateral entries of non-rotational women into senior ranks or the political appointment of women to Head of Post positions. The Department needs to grapple with "growing its own women senior managers" from within the rotational ranks. The way to begin is to staff women *with potential* in jobs which give them the experience and exposure that is needed for entry into management in the same way that men with potential are staffed. The point is not to blindly advance women, but rather to give women *equal opportunity* to demonstrate their skills and to gain experience.

Staffing women in Deputy Director positions at least in proportion to the number of eligible women is critical. (To date, the proportion of women Deputy Directors is well below the number of eligible women). Assignment of women to positions slightly above their present rank — stretch assignments — is also important. Senior FS2 males are sometimes seen in Director positions, yet only the trade stream has seen fit to offer similar challenges to senior FS2 women. Women need to be *seen* in the high profile positions such as Executive Assistant to Deputy Minister positions, as Departmental Assistant to the Minister or as Departmental Spokesperson. Women also need to be assigned to "fast-track" jobs in the economic bureau and elsewhere, and to jobs in traditionally male dominated areas like arms control and defense.

How do officers get the kinds of jobs needed to progress? All of us in the Department are aware that staffing is done through a combination of the old boy network, reputation, lobbying and, lastly, Personnel. In large measure, officers staff themselves to the areas that will advance *their* career interests and provide *them* satisfaction. Are women less aggressive, less able to identify the "good" jobs, unwilling to accept the challenge of a "stretch assignment", less able generally than their male colleagues? I think not. The answer to the staffing question lies in a complex of factors often dominated by antiquated and conservative attitudes about women held by both men *and* women inside

the Department. Many of these attitudes can be overcome by sensitizing people to the situation and to the effects of these attitudes. Awareness is the beginning of change.

First, is the understandable fear that male colleagues may have that their own career prospects will be diminished in an already grim promotion environment as a result of affirmative action. Equal opportunity and some concrete measures are needed to redress the historical and substantial advantage men have always enjoyed and still do. But qualified male officers need not fear equal competition from qualified women officers. Equal opportunity and treatment ensures that the best, male and female, reach management levels to the benefit of all.

What are some of these attitudinal problems? Paternalistic treatment (pats on the head, the cheek, being called "dear"), exclusion from informal socializing, being deemed "shrill" or "aggressive" or "moody", in contrast to males who are "firm" or "assertive", having the substance drained from job packages and challenging issues turned over to male colleagues, beliefs that because women have spouses and dependants that they can't provide the quality work that male officers with spouses and dependents can, assumptions that all women answering phones are secretaries, and assumptions that women have less authority. Needless to say these are examples of attitudes that are not uniformly held nor experienced. But they are real examples that many woman officers have experienced.

The meeting with Mr. Chrétien was the beginning of a new phase in consultation with management on issues of concern to women. It was a good beginning. The women have proposed to establish an FS Women's Advisory Committee to continue the consultations and to help the Department map out a realistic plan of action to address the problem, including collecting and making available statistical information on the status of women in the Department.

It is time to debunk the myths. The Task Force on Barriers to Women in the Public Service will release its report in November, and the Canadian Human Rights Commission is now reviewing this Department's equity data and employment systems. The issue has caught the concern of those outside the Department as well. But the test of success will be the results.

Babsa K. L.

Le mot du président

Il s'agit plutôt du mot de l'ex-président! A président, tous les membres savent que Amos Donohue m'a succédé au poste de président de l'APASE. Je sais qu'il accomplira de l'excellent travail et je profite de l'occasion pour lui offrir mes meilleurs vœux de succès. Je tiens aussi à remercier les membres du Comité exécutif de leur appui et de leurs efforts incessants au cours de mon mandat de président.

Dans mon premier mot du président, j'ai souligné que l'un des plus importants objectifs de l'Association pour 1988-1989 était la signature d'une nouvelle convention collective et que nous espérions bien entamer les négociations au début de 1989 en vue de conclure une nouvelle convention avant l'expiration de l'ancienne. Nous avons non seulement respecté ce délai, mais aussi signé ce que j'estime être l'une des conventions les plus innovatrices dans la fonction publique. Aucune autre convention en vigueur à l'heure actuelle dans le secteur public en prévoit le paiement de bonis en espèces aux employés qui se trouvent au dernier échelon de leur échelle de rémunération. Je crois sincèrement que les avantages à long terme pour l'ensemble des membres l'emporteront de loin sur le prix unique relativement modique que nous avons dû payer en acceptant une augmentation économique moins élevée pour certains membres de l'Association au cours de la deuxième année de la convention. Un pourcentage sans précédent de 70 % de nos membres se sont prononcés sur la convention, ce qui témoigne d'un degré d'intérêt très élevé. La marge de 3:1 en faveur de la nouvelle convention prouve que les membres étaient disposés à payer le prix pour établir le principe de bonis forfaitaires liés au rendement pour les employés qui se trouvent au dernier échelon des échelles de traitement FS-1 et FS-2.

Ce principe étant désormais établi, j'estime que le moment est venu d'entamer un exercice qui se fait attendre depuis longtemps, soit la restructuration des fourchettes de rémunération du Service extérieur. J'entends par cela le remplacement des fourchettes FS-1P, FS-1 et FS-2 par des fourchettes allant de FS-1P à FS-4. L'APASE n'a pas encore arrêté de proposition définitive sur la question, mais je suis personnellement d'avis qu'il y aurait lieu d'ajouter au-dessus de la fourchette FS-2 actuelle une nouvelle fourchette FS-4 qui correspondrait, en fait de rémunération, à la fourchette actuelle de rémunération de la catégorie de la direction (SM) et d'établir une nouvelle fourchette FS-2 au milieu de la fourchette FS-2 actuelle. La partie supérieure de la fourchette FS-2 actuelle deviendrait une nouvelle fourchette



FS-3. La structure, selon les échelles de rémunération en vigueur au 29 avril 1989 à titre d'exemple, ressemblerait à ceci : FS-1P, 18 086 \$ - 29 041 \$; FS-1, 30 314 \$ - 41 805 \$; FS-2, 40 931 \$ - 50 054 \$; FS-3, 48 180 \$ - 59 176 \$; FS-4, 57 302 \$ - 65 900 \$.

Une telle restructuration atteindrait simultanément un certain nombre d'objectifs. Au bas de l'échelle, elle donnerait à la direction l'occasion de faire passer presque automatiquement les agents de FS-1 à FS-2 après quatre évaluations du rendement complètes. Par automatiquement, j'entends qu'il serait plus que probable qu'un agent évalué entièrement satisfaisant soit promu. Le premier obstacle de taille dans la carrière d'un agent ne serait pas le passage de FS-1 à FS-2, mais plutôt de FS-2 à FS-3. Autrement dit, l'avancement de FS-2 à FS-3 refléterait la situation actuelle dans laquelle un agent doit être supérieur, sinon exceptionnel, pour passer d'un niveau à l'autre dans la période moyenne qui s'établit à l'heure actuelle à sept ans. Une chance d'avancement plus rapide dans la carrière d'un agent relèverait le moral car il me semble bien évident qu'un FS-1 d'expérience accomplit des tâches et assume des responsabilités qui méritent plus de 40 000 \$ par année. Tous les agents conviendraient, il me semble, que le fait d'être bloqué dans la fourchette de 50 000 \$ avec accès à un boni forfaitaire non acquis fondé sur le rendement correspondrait grosso modo aux avantages économiques du système actuel qui permet à un agent de passer rapidement de 40 000 \$ à 60 000 \$ sans obstacle important.

À l'échelon supérieur de la fourchette, les

avantages sont manifestes. Il ne fait pas de doute que les FS-2 principaux accomplissent des tâches correspondant parfaitement à celles des SM et qu'ils méritent d'être rémunérés comme tels. En outre, on pourrait ainsi établir une distinction plus nette entre les capacités et l'ancienneté des FS-2.

Dans l'ensemble, je crois que la restructuration relèverait le moral en augmentant les chances d'avancement, en prévoyant de plus fortes récompenses économiques plus tôt dans la carrière des agents du Service extérieur et en apaisant en partie la frustration résultant de l'engorgement au dernier échelon des fourchettes de rémunération. L'augmentation du nombre de fourchettes donnerait aussi plus de latitude à la Direction du personnel pour ce qui est de « gérer » les carrières des agents, tel qu'il en a été question dans mon dernier mot du président (*bout*, vol. 6 n° 4). Durant les mois qui viennent, l'APASE élaborera un énoncé de position détaillé concernant la restructuration des fourchettes de rémunération, qui sera envoyé à tous les membres pour fins d'observations.

Au cours de mon mandat de président, on a achevé une nouvelle série de consultations concernant les Directives du Service extérieur. Bien que nous soyons satisfaits du résultat global, il manque un élément clé qu'à mon avis l'Association devrait poursuivre cette année, soit la simplification.

Comme les agents qui se rendront à des missions ou en reviendront cet été pourront le constater, les DSE deviennent de plus en plus complexes. Il me semble que l'on pourrait supprimer du système beaucoup de paperasse et de tracas en optant pour une forme d'avance prévérifiée dans le cas d'un certain nombre de directives. La directive intitulée « Faux-frais de réinstallation » (DSE 15.31) en est un exemple frappant. Personne ne saurait nier le fait qu'il en coûte de l'argent de se réinstaller, alors pourquoi ne pas prendre le montant maximum actuel et le donner aux agents pour qu'ils s'en servent à leur gré pour faciliter leur déménagement. La même chose pourrait s'appliquer aux directives intitulées « Aide au déplacement pour le service à l'extérieur » (DSE 50) et « Congé de service à l'extérieur » (DSE 45). Un tel système serait avantageux pour tous, car il réduirait le fardeau administratif des déplacements et l'incidence des griefs et épargnerait du temps précieux pour la direction et les agents.

Le temps est venu de simplifier les DSE, et j'estime que nous ne devrions pas attendre au prochain examen pour ce faire. L'APASE a convenu d'étudier cette question avec le Comité des Directives du Service extérieur avant le prochain examen triennal.

Au sujet d'une question connexe, je crois que l'APASE doit poursuivre sa lutte contre

les nouvelles lignes directrices du Ministère concernant l'acquisition de logements du personnel. Nous estimons que ces lignes directrices sont injustes, en particulier pour les célibataires (qui constituent à l'heure actuelle 50 % des agents à l'étranger), et que des révisions s'imposent. Le Comité administratif du Conseil national mixte est actuellement saisi de la question, et nous y faisons valoir que les nouvelles lignes directrices vont à l'encontre des DSE.

Toutefois, je pense que le problème va plus loin que la question des lignes directrices concernant le logement. Un très grand nombre d'agents sont récemment venus me voir pour me faire part du choc que leur cause leur part du loyer. Ils veulent savoir comment l'APASE a-t-elle pu accepter la méthode actuellement en place et de quelle manière pourrait-on la modifier. Bref, bien des gens estiment qu'ils se font plumer par le Ministère. Il s'agit là d'une question complexe et, malgré que j'estime personnellement que tout n'est pas parfait, je ne suis pas certain que tout soit mauvais. Toutefois, je crois que le moment est venu pour l'APASE d'examiner sérieusement toute la question du partage du loyer. À cette fin, je recommande au Comité exécutif de retenir les services d'un expert-conseil qui se pencherait d'un oeil objectif sur ce problème. Le rapport de l'expert-conseil viserait à rensei-

gner les membres sur les avantages et les inconvénients du système, y compris peut-être des idées sur la meilleure façon de gérer notre propre situation du logement de manière à tirer le meilleur parti possible du système en place. Chose plus importante encore, un tel rapport devrait contenir des propositions constructives sur la manière de réformer le système s'il va effectivement à l'encontre des intérêts de nos membres.

J'ai adoré mon année à titre de président de l'APASE. Elle s'est révélée à la fois enrichissante et pleine de défis. Toutefois, je n'aurais pu rien accomplir sans l'aide des permanents de l'APASE. Je suis le premier à avouer que j'étais absolument inconscient de la charge de travail que le bureau doit abattre chaque jour. J'en suis venu à voir avec quelle ardeur et efficacité le bureau fonctionne, qu'il s'agisse de Susan Courville, qui a dû déchiffrer mes affreuses pattes de mouche, à Barbara Topp, qui a dû rendre compte pour moi. Un merci tout particulier va à Debra Hulley, qui a oeuvré sans relâche à un certain nombre de questions clés, notamment l'assurance-vie, et, enfin, à Christine Manseau, sans qui je n'aurais pu assumer mon rôle de président.

Rodney Griggs

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Dear Editor,

I would like to offer two postscripts to the piece on Victor Odlum's evacuation planning (Vol. 6 No. 4). While it is true that the famous evacuation plan never had to be carried out, Odlum did organize a safari of Embassy locally-engaged staff to create a series of petrol dumps along a prearranged escape route all the way from Ankara in Anatolia to Iskenderun on the borders of Lebanon. A driver who participated in this odyssey described it thus —

The Embassy work party, aboard a caravan of embassy cars and station wagon laden with the 4-gallon gasoline tins, would stop every 25 kilometres or so, excavate a hole under the direction of General Odlum, and proceed to bury a cache of 5 tins. But the hilarious denouement of this heroic plan is that the Embassy cavalcade was being pursued just over the horizon by a rag-tag and bob-tail of Turkish peasants in a battered truck, who methodically were digging up the precious gasoline almost as fast as it was buried!

I do not know whether the ambitious project was in fact carried out all the way to the Levant; I do know that there would not have been an ounce of gasoline to sustain Odlum's carefully planned evacuation scheme, had it been necessary.

Regarding the "emergency food rations" to which the good General referred in his despatches, there, too, there is a postscript. When he finally was persuaded to leave Ankara in the late summer of 1952, one of his last acts was to brief me, as the one who would be in charge until a new Ambassador was appointed, on the details of his emergency planning and to coolly inform me that I owed him \$4,000 for the food supplies piled high in the Embassy garage! — a fortune in those days. Still, almost all our food had to be imported anyway, so I reluctantly agreed. Only after the General had gone did we discover that all of the tinned hams were spoiled, most of the biscuits had weevils and the wax wrapper had melted into the cereals, etc. I say "we" because the very understanding American Ambassador, George McGee — a Texas oil millionaire — when he learned of the burden that had been thrust upon me, generously bought half of the emergency stores, sight unseen. We learned together of their sorry state.

Ross Campbell

Editor's Note: Ross Campbell was Ambassador to NATO and Chairman of Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. He is currently a Partner with InterCon Consultants in

*Ottawa and a member of the Senior Editorial Board of **bout de papier**.*

* * *

Dear Editor,

I was intrigued by Ed Whitcomb's article in the most recent issue of **bout de papier**, which points out that some of the blame for what he describes as the recent stagnation of the foreign service lies with the group itself, particularly in our reluctance to claim adequate compensation for the extra hours we put in. Actually, the problem is more than contractual — it lies in the very ethos of the foreign service group, which is rooted in Edwardian ideas and is hamstrung by a very narrow definition of the term "professionalism". Many seem to take the term to mean complete negation of one's own needs and the needs of one's family in order to serve the Canadian government.

The FS contract now has provisions for overtime, yet many will not claim it. Why? One reason is simply that of the dynamics of the power relationship between manager and employee, especially at post. The wording of the contract is such that it gives an inordinate amount of discretionary power to the manager, which seems to me to indicate that management does not have any faith in the ability of foreign service officers to use their own professional judgement in determining when extra time needs to be put in, usually for specific functions or crises.

Moreover, one's ability to advance in the system, despite what personnel people may tell us, is still to a great degree determined by the degree to which one gets on with one's manager. Advancement in the Foreign Service is based on an antiquated, authoritarian process. Evidence for promotions is based solely on appraisals, which are themselves mostly subjective judgements: the process gives few effective rights to the person being appraised. In this situation, one's ability to claim overtime is actually (although not officially, of course) dependent on the manager's attitude toward overtime. If the manager and the employee are at loggerheads over the issue, the loser will be the employee, because a vindictive manager can use the appraisal to get even with the employee, even if the issue over which the two have clashed is not itself mentioned in the appraisal. Given the overblown writing that goes into appraisals in External Affairs, a simple "fully satisfactory" in one or two places, combined with one or two oblique comments, is enough to ensure that promotion will never take place, especially as the promotion process does not allow for an employee to respond *in person* to whatever allegations have been made in an appraisal.

The answer is a more objective, job-specific promotion process — one which includes an interview with the candidates being considered. This is a hassle, I know — but then again so is most progressive change.

The problem, too, is more far-reaching than even Mr. Whitcomb allows. It is rooted in the blinkered conservatism of the FS group, an attitude which **bout**, in its own way, continues to foster. For example, doesn't the title "The One-Man Post" strike you as being sexist? It does me, as do the ongoing references to "Our man in...". Even the Trade Commissioner Service, which is not exactly a repository of progressive thought within External Affairs, has an increasing number of women in officer positions. Some are getting promoted, and some are now heads of post. Would you call Mary Vandenhoff "Our Man in Helsinki"?

In short, the FS group, if it wishes to meet the needs of the 1990s and beyond, needs to change many of its attitudes; this need is also apparent in the approach and editorial policy of **bout** itself.

Phil Calvert
Foreign Service Officer
(on Leave Without Pay)
Department of History
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

Dear Editor,

It is not only diplomats and public servants who owe a debt to the late John Holmes but also that "unofficial" part of the establishment — the media.

John was unfailingly helpful in advising journalists who would regularly pester him for advice on Canada's role in the world — on arms control, the United Nations, defence strategy, trade.

He had a soft spot for reporters and was thrilled by the relatively recent expansion of Canadian newspapers' foreign bureaux and in the widening coverage of international affairs on radio and television.

He knew the importance of a specifically Canadian window on the world and would patiently suggest, in his own characteristically gentle way, what reporters should look for and question.

He believed passionately that the Canadian public *did* have a thirst for events outside the country and he worked to foster that thirst by often calling media people to offer ideas.

To me, John Wendell Holmes, will always be "Mr. International Affairs, Canada Inc." He was a witty and good-humoured lunch and dinner companion. In age terms there



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were four decades between us but he was a man dedicated to the future who did not dwell in the past. He was equally at home among teenage students as among retired ambassadors and other worthies.

Certainly, he was proud of Canada's diplomatic past, particularly the role the country played in the founding of the United Nations — a role he contributed to. But John was also interested in the future and Canada's contribution to that.

John was immensely helpful to me when I began researching a six-part series in 1982 for The Globe and Mail on Canada at the U.N. I began the first article with a quote from the venerable Holmes:

"Canada's role in the United Nations is to accept the world as it is while seeking to change it; to do what can be done rather than abandoning a cause that is less than perfect; creating a world order from the ground up rather than from the heaven down; refusing to let the best be the enemy of good; and working like hell all night in a committee rather than hollering hellfire from the rostrum."

That quote sums up John's effective and pragmatic approach to diplomacy.

He will be sadly missed.

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Reflections on Leaving the Foreign Service

by William T. Warden

The month of August 1961 stands sharply etched in my mind for two reasons. On the tenth day of that month my wife and I took a taxi to Berlin's Tempelhof airport and left the city where we had lived for two exciting years as students. The tension was thick enough to slice as Khrushchev threatened to close the Western sectors down, and indeed three days after our departure the infamous Wall was thrown up. The second memorable event for us was generated by the first. Our reason for leaving Germany was to return to Canada and join the Foreign Service, and thereby set out on a career that has been richly rewarding.

The following twenty-seven years have indeed met all our expectations and more. If we, the new "Class of '61", had been handed a *carte blanche* to script our own careers as we sat under the spreading shade tree beside the East Block on that bright summer day for an informal get-together, I could not have done better in terms of personal satisfaction than to map out a scenario identical to the one events subsequently created. In retrospect, there is virtually nothing I would change — and I consider myself eminently fortunate in being able to say this.

However, a number of my colleagues have asked me why I chose to leave the Service at the age of fifty-four. A blunt question deserving of a frank response. I suppose the reason why the question keeps recurring in so many quiet conversations is that so many senior officers over the past decade, sadly to say, have left with a bitter taste. Sad, because in no other arm of Government in the past was morale higher, were the troops more dedicated or was the concept of public service more deeply entrenched.

Fortunately, bitterness was not part of the baggage I took with me. The reason first and foremost for my resignation was that I had long had an interest, at this end of the career, in moving into academia. While I might have preferred ideally to wait another three or four years and take another posting before making the move, it was a simple matter of seizing a good opportunity when it presented itself.

Another reason why leaving the foreign service caused little pain was because I

had never during my career, including the nine years as head of mission, fallen into the trap of taking myself too seriously, of confusing official status with my own self-image, or of believing that my elevation to the ranks of the Excellencies resulted from charm and sparkling wit. Too many of my colleagues, I felt, fell victim to "Excellency-itis", came to cherish residence life somewhat too dearly, and as a consequence found it difficult to revert to ordinary mortal-dom on terminating their assignments as Heads of Mission (HOMs).

In a Department whose main resource is flesh and blood, personnel administration and management steadily deteriorated.

This is not to say that I view the Department in retrospect totally through rose-coloured glasses. It is, in fact, deeply distressing to have to acknowledge that morale in the Foreign Service at the time I resigned was probably at its lowest point in my twenty-seven years service. The slide which began in the late seventies apparently continues today. Contrary to the views of some, I do not accept that the decline was an inevitable consequence of consolidation. Rather, there is no doubt in my own mind but that the lamentable state of affairs was the direct consequence of a decade of cavalier bureaucratic and political leadership in the Department. If one were to set out to construct the antithesis to the ideal "corporation" described in "In Search of Excellence", one could scarcely do better than to use the Department of the past ten years as a model.

In a Department whose main resource is flesh and blood, personnel administration and management steadily deteriorated, not because competent administrators were lacking, but rather because of a lamentable lack of leadership. The most senior personnel administrators (and they were undeniably bright people) tended to distinguish themselves — at least in the perception of the people in the field — not with their vision and new and innovative ideas, but rather

with the dexterity with which they unfailingly manoeuvred themselves into their favoured posts.

Senior management for its part, starting in the late seventies, gave the impression of feathering its own nest with perquisites rather than confronting prickly issues head-on. The most senior officers basked in first class travelling from Ottawa to Washington, while parents burdened with squirming children rode steerage to Bombay. Officers coming up to retirement — and this was a major cause of bitterness — were not infrequently treated as pariahs because of their age; experience became a seeming liability, rank, youth or gender the assets; stories of humiliation were all too common.

The telex from Bonn in April of last year, cited in Frank Howard's "Bureaucrats" and which caused so much consternation in management circles, was right on the mark as far as many in the field were concerned. (See *Vignettes in bout* Vol. 6 No. 1) At least the impression prevailed that promotion and senior positions were much more likely to result from cushy Ottawa jobs, from proximity to power, than from service in the far flung regions where threat to health and security were a constant in one's consciousness. Senior managers in Ottawa, many of whom had scarcely served beyond North America and Europe in recent years, if ever, made no secret of their belief that service in Ottawa rated more highly than service, say, in Bangladesh or Baghdad. And in examining the promotion lists, who could fault them?

Moreover, is it any wonder that an appraisal and promotion system as inherently open to abuse as the Department's should adversely affect morale? There can scarcely be any doubt that far more important than performance or job substance for an FS are the regard in which the appraising officer is held and the latter's ability to write a good appraisal. There was a time when I myself used to do my best to be objective. I quickly learned as HOM that unless, in doing appraisals, I exaggerated out of all proportion, my own deserving officers never got promoted. Shocking, but accurate as a reflection of the sorry state of affairs, was one ambitious officer's "confession" that she devotes forty percent of her serious thought-energy to the politics of career progression.

EXs in the field are even more disadvantaged. Connections, closeness to the under-secretarial row, membership in the Ottawa mafia all outstrip merit as factors bearing on advancement. What can one say of a system in which, in this age of intense career competition, an officer's appraisal can be written by one's Ottawa peers competing nose to nose for promotion and performance pay? This happens in many instances and with predictable consequences. The fact that the right of appeal is now denied to EXs is hardly calculated to allay concerns over abuse.

I was surprised, although not amused, on arranging my own resignation to learn that had I been incompetent enough to warrant the Department's taking the initiative in seeking my early retirement, I might have negotiated a substantial incentive under a Treasury Board program which apparently is being kept under close wraps. In fact, the more incompetent, the greater the leverage and the higher the settlement. Unfortunately, despite my best efforts, I was quite unable to prove my incompetence and had to settle for zilch. A remarkable commentary on management values in the Department.

Perhaps the issue of greatest concern today is the perception of declining standards of service. And little surprise given the low morale. I think that the product coming out of the pipeline is, in spite of the laudable objectives of consolidation, inferior in many instances to what it was ten or fifteen years ago. The Trade Commissioner Service, submerged in the acronyms of the Pearson Building, is one glaring example. It has lost much of its former *élan* and its identity with Canada's hard-driving business community. The decentralisation of CIDA to the field — in part a political gimmick and remarkable only because it took so long for us to pattern ourselves on the Americans — should be about as good for Canadian development efforts as the disembowelling of the trade service was for business.

Much has been said on the subject of patronage appointments and others under the guise of affirmative action. Given the malaise within, the unfortunate erosion of the merit principle, and a system which by the 'eighties was more likely to penalise candour, forthrightness and integrity, while rewarding powder-puff-ism, little wonder that successive Governments increasingly turned elsewhere to find their stars. We had mainly ourselves to blame, and unless the Service can reverse direction and devise a system for rewarding strong performance rather than mediocrity, the situation is bound to get worse.

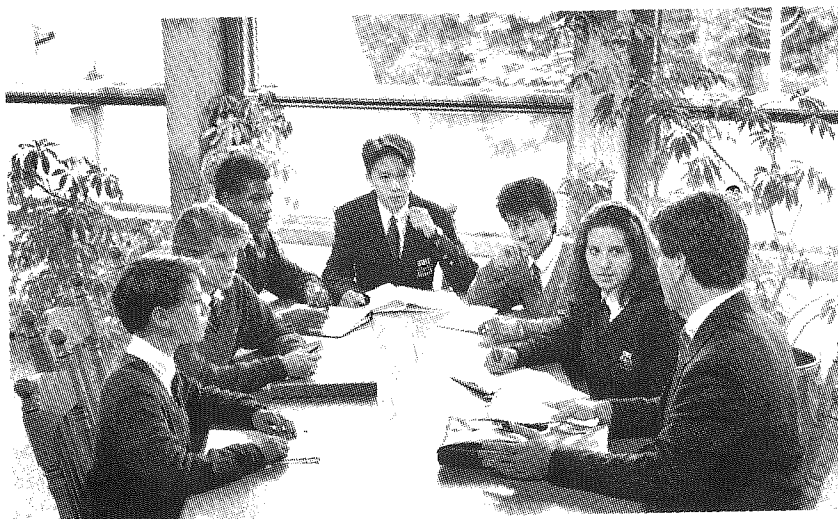
When all is said and done, the fact remains that the Foreign Service, with all its faults and weaknesses, nonetheless provided, and

can still provide, the vehicle for an exciting and richly rewarding career. Much more important on leaving the Service, I think, is that one focuses on the peaks one climbed rather than on the valleys.

Nostalgia occasionally invades. But this is quickly submerged in the interest of a new and different career, and in the satisfaction I take out of being able to share with young people in the university environment whatever wisdom the experience of twenty-seven years in the Foreign Service bestows. 

William Warden joined the Department of External Affairs in 1961. He served as Commissioner to Hong Kong, Ambassador to Pakistan and High Commissioner to India. On leaving New Delhi, he became Foreign Service visitor at the University of Calgary, and stayed on under Executive Interchange Canada to become Executive Director of the University of Calgary's new International Centre. He resigned from the Department of External Affairs June 30, 1988.

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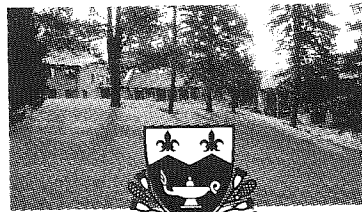
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NATO: Does Life Begin at 40?

by John Halstead

This is a year of many anniversaires. 50 years ago the most destructive war the world has ever seen broke out. 44 years ago VE- and VJ-Days marked the end of that war, and with it the emergence of a new bipolar world order. 40 years ago the North Atlantic Treaty was signed, giving clear warning to the Soviet Union that further encroachment on the Western democracies would be met by force and sealing an historic new commitment by the United States, as leader of the free world, to transatlantic co-operation and collective defence.

Taken together these events confirmed dramatically the truth, hitherto only dimly perceived, of two important lessons. The first was that it costs infinitely more to fight a war than to prevent one. And the second was that the security of Europe and that of North America are inextricably linked and can be decoupled only at the peril of both. To these lessons, NATO has added a new concept, stability, which depends as much on political as on military means. Hence NATO's "two-track" policy (as elaborated in the Harmel Report of 1967) of defence/deterrence and dialogue/détente. NATO has thus been able to avoid the mistakes leading up to World War I, when there was too much defence and not enough dialogue, as well as those leading up to World War II, when there was too much dialogue and not enough defence.

These lessons bear repeating, because our collective memory tends to be very short and a majority of our population has no personal experience of the events leading up to the creation of NATO — events which had as much to do with two world wars as with the Soviet threat. It also bears repeating that the Alliance has done well the job for which it was created. For 40 years, it has secured peace in freedom for its members, while countless conflicts have raged in the rest of the world. But 40 can be a difficult time of life, with risks of middle-age complacency and hardening of the arteries of communi-

cation. It should, therefore, be a time of taking stock.

The challenges NATO has had to face over the years have been as much internal as external. Differences of power, perception and policy have often strained the transatlantic dialogue. Divergences have arisen over how to maintain the nuclear deterrent (the European allies wanting to tie NATO's defence in Europe as closely as possible to the U.S. strategic deterrent, the Americans wishing to make the link discretionary); how to reconcile defence cooperation with economic competition (the European allies accusing the Americans of mismanaging the economy, the Americans complaining that they are carrying an unfair share of the defence burden and both sides charging the other with protectionism); and how to deal with the Soviet Union (the European allies wishing to avoid confrontation which might deepen the division of Europe, the Americans giving priority to showing resolve). While the Alliance has shown remarkable resilience under these tensions in the past, it cannot simply be assumed that in future the allies will always weigh their shared interests as more important than those which divide them, or that they will continue to regard the Alliance as the best available means to secure those shared interests at acceptable cost and risk.

It is no longer enough for the allies to know what they are against; they must now define more clearly what they are for.

NATO's very success is now one of its problems. It has led some people to overlook the causes and to take the results for granted as self-generating. They think that, since there has been no fire for so long, it is no longer necessary to pay the fire insurance premium. For others, NATO's success means that yesterday's fire prevention methods will continue to be effective against

tomorrow's fires. They fail to see that the elements which have secured peace so far have to be constantly renewed and adapted to the changing international environment. And today that environment is in greater flux than at any time since 1945.

For one thing the post-war world of the two superpowers has yielded to a more diffused multipolar pattern, with the rise of other power centres in Europe and Asia. And the predominance of the Atlantic basin as the centre of economic and political gravity has been modified by the increasing importance of the Pacific rim. This does not mean that Europe is no longer where the global balance of power is at stake, but it does mean that the growing weight of Japan and China, and the mounting social and population pressures in Latin America are drawing American attentions increasingly south and west.

By the same token, the United States is no longer in a position to exercise the sort of hegemonic leadership it did in the past, not because the United States has declined but because others have grown stronger. While internal pressures are working to limit U.S. overseas commitments, the momentum of "Europe 1992" is leading the European allies to concert their defence efforts more closely, to articulate a European defence identity and to deal with the United States on a more equal footing. Such changes are bound to have enormous implications not only for burden sharing (in its broadest sense), but also for power sharing within the Western world.

Another remarkable development is the second Communist revolution going on in the Soviet Union as a result of Gorbachev's "new thinking." His reform program is impelled by the failure of the Soviet system to deliver the goods. The imperative of economic reform has led to political reform and the imperative of internal reform has led to foreign policy initiatives designed to ensure a more stable and predictable international environment. It has certainly caused a dramatic improvement in East-West rela-

tions and significant changes in public perceptions in the West of both Soviet military capabilities and Soviet intentions. Gorbachev's announcement of unilateral force reductions has made a deep impression, as has the less ideological and more pragmatic approach adopted by Soviet spokesmen.

Gorbachev may not have realized when he started how hard it would be to put his "new thinking" into effect, but it is now clear that, having let the genie out of the bottle, he has a tiger by the tail (to mix metaphors). The trouble is that too much depends on him alone and his problem is that, while the results of "glasnost" are immediate, the results of "perestroika" will take years to realize. His game plan must be to try to bridge the gap, and his strongest card is that there is no alternative. At the same time, there are likely to be serious threats to stability not only in the Soviet Union, but even more in Eastern Europe, as the old order gives way to pressures for more freedom, pluralism and decentralization.

In these circumstances, it will be prudent for NATO to keep its guard up. The East-West confrontation is certainly reduced, but even with Gorbachev's unilateral reductions the Soviet Union retains a decided superiority in conventional forces in Europe. Deliberate war is certainly unlikely, but there is still a risk of inadvertent conflict. The prospects are certainly better for setting East-West relations on a more constructive course, but the inherent instability in the Eastern European situation is likely to make the task of managing the East-West relationship more complex rather than easier. We should therefore be cautious, but that does not mean standing pat. The "Soviet threat" is no longer sufficient to guarantee Alliance solidarity or public support for NATO. It is no longer enough for the allies to know what they are *against*; they must now define more clearly what they are *for*.

The time has come to revisit the Harmel Report and reconsider Article 2 (the "Canadian article") of the North Atlantic Treaty. Well-articulated, comprehensive, long-term strategies are needed for the management of both East-West and West-West relations. In a situation where new opportunities are opening in East-West relations, policies should be developed to bring the Soviet Union and its allies more fully into the international system and to make the transition with as little disruption as possible. There is also need for a new conceptual framework of "mutual security" in which both sides would acknowledge that they cannot buy their own security at the price of the other's insecurity.

All this can be accomplished only if Alliance solidarity can be maintained in

conditions of greater burden sharing, risk sharing and decision sharing. Statesmanship of a high order will be needed to build a more reciprocal partnership in which there is a concerted effort by the United States, on one side, and its allies on the other, to take greater account of each other's views and to contribute more to each other's interests. Such a partnership should seek, among other things, to promote the strategic unity of the Alliance, to establish better coordination between NATO's military and political "tracks" and to bring Alliance strategy and arms control policy into closer alignment.

Canada has an important though difficult role to play here. The polarization of NATO between American and European "pillars" and the accompanying trend toward regionalism threaten either to make us "odd man out" or to absorb us into the American "pillar." Neither would be in our best interests. NATO still offers the most congenial framework for seeking our security in cooperation with like-minded nations. It is our entrée into the highest councils affecting our security. And it is our window into the arms control negotiations and the confidence building process in Europe.

Given Canada's geopolitical position, we have a vital interest in the betterment of superpower relations and we are well placed

to contribute to increasing East-West exchanges, particularly with respect to the environment and circumpolar cooperation. At the same time, we should help ensure that better East-West relations do not lead to a weakening of cohesion in the Alliance and we are well situated to contribute ideas for reinforcing the bridge across the Atlantic. Such a role will depend, however, on our maintaining our transatlantic vocation, and the presence of Canadian forces in Europe which is its visible symbol.

Projecting present hopes into the future, I foresee the prospect that the progressive integration of the Soviet Union and its allies into the international system could lead to East-West cooperation in dealing with the global problems facing all of us. NATO could become an essential political instrument for helping to manage that process. Far fetched? Perhaps, but what we need in this age of rapid change is a vision of where we want to go, for without that we will become victims, rather than managers, of change. ✍

*John Halstead is a member of **bout de papier's** Senior Editorial Board. A retired foreign service officer he was Canadian Ambassador to Bonn and Acting Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs. He teaches now in Washington and Ottawa.*

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TCP's

by Laurel Pardy

It is unlikely that there is a parent in the world who has not at one time or another been beseeched to add a pet, either furred, feathered or finned, to the household.

Foreign service parents are no exception and so wither there be TCK's (third culture kids), there be TCP's (third culture pets). Even knowing the difficulties of transportation or the trauma of leaving them behind, parents succumb to the entreaties and acquire, not only dogs and cats, but monkeys and marmosets, parrots and pirhanas, iquanas and tarantulas.

One such family had a son with a passion for Ophidians, who lined his room with fish tanks and filled them with snakes. At one memorable dinner party, the guests were invited to leave their wraps in the "room on the landing" and "please, don't tap on the tanks." Just as dessert was finishing, said son entered and indignantly demanded, "Who opened Fred's tank?"

I sometimes wonder if they ever identified me as the coward who neglected to retrieve a blue silk shawl that evening.

Not being immune to the entreaties of our children, we acquired on one occasion two hand-me-down pets — an unfixed male German shepherd and a mixed breed tomcat. If the life and loves of these two could be translated into people talk, it would be banned from every bookshelf in the land.

The German shepherd was totally indiscriminate and repeatedly escaped from the compound in pursuit of any passing lady love, returning home only to have his wounds stitched and receive his shots of penicillin. As a deterrent to thievery, he was useless until we started keeping him inside the house at night.

We inadvertently discovered how to triple his effectiveness after one of his amorous adventures ended in disaster. To keep him from licking his stitches, we cut a hole in a bucket and shoved it over his head. The sight of a large dog, in full voice, charging the fence with his head encased in a red plastic bucket not only stopped casual visitors in their tracks, it put passers-by to flight on the footpaths as well.

The tomcat was no slouch either; however, the difficulty with him was that he took a passion for me. To this day there is a certain vanity chair on the veranda of a certain SQ which emits feline territorial warnings every rainy season.

Children rarely understand that guests might not tolerate their exotic friends with as much equanimity as their parents. Couple that with the nasty habit animals have of expressing tension by relieving themselves and one has a hospitality disaster waiting to happen. The fears of a colleague were realized one evening when their daughter, a budding biologist, brought her menagerie into the dining room to say good-night.

The innocent foursome consisted of a blond cherub in a pink nightgown, one chameleon and two grey African parrots. The angel in pink calmly kissed her parents while the chameleon disappeared into the flower arrangement and the parrots flew off to roost on the ceiling fan from whence they dropped plaudits onto the lapels of the guest of honour.

A quick flip of the fan switch took care of the parrots but the chameleon continued to rock contentedly on a flower stem throughout the remainder of the meal. He was waiting no doubt for a stray moth to be attracted by the lights and, after all, if the dining table was good enough for us, it was good enough for him.

Travelling with pets is equally as constrained as travelling with young children. The organization of flights, stopovers and arrival procedures, not to mention cost, requires hours of careful planning. Despite this, from time to time, the unexpected can happen.

During a self-congratulatory moment while waiting takeoff after a stopover in Rome, a colleague glanced out the window only to see his Great Dane taking off down the runway on her own with three attendants in hot pursuit. In an effort to contain the situation, he leapt from his seat and started pounding on the door, demanding to be let out.

Unaware of the reason behind his actions, some of the other passengers became alarmed and raced to add their demands for immediate exit to his. Somehow the door was opened and he ran after the men who were running after the dog, beseeching them to stop chasing her and let him retrieve her. Thinking he was asking them to run faster, the whole entourage tore off across the tarmac in an excess of helpful exuberance.

Eventually, all was restored and the flight finally departed several hours late and several passengers short.

Insects make interesting pets, too. Half a dozen dung beetles joined our household for awhile. They make very quiet pets and they

can travel in pockets, but they are hard to feed and frequently disappear into corners. Dung beetles are also clumsy fliers and tend to flap about crashing into things.

At a dinner for some visiting Canadian parliamentarians and their wives, these beetles were introduced to human social life and were found not to be naturals. It also proved that humans do not always respond well to close encounters of the third kind. Only two of the beetles were ever found again.

As a general rule, furred and feathered outlast finned and otherwise in terms of longevity. However, in terms of affection, furred and loving outlast them all. It is not uncommon for furry children's pets to become furry parent's pets, a factor not to be overlooked when the "Please, can I have a puppy, please" litany begins.

*Laurel Pardy, a regular contributor to **bout de papier**, is a frequent writer on issues of international mobility, basing her observations on both research and personal experience.*

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The Trauma of Uruguay

by Sidney Freifeld

Lest my "Tales from External Affairs" in earlier issues of *bout de papier* give the impression that life in the Canadian Foreign Service is a succession of amusing pleasantries, let me relate the most traumatic episode in my three-decades career, viz. receiving instructions, barely six weeks after I arrived in distant Montevideo, to close down the first Embassy to which I had been appointed Head.

Towards the end of a tour of duty at our Permanent Mission to the United Nations, I was appointed resident *Chargé d'Affaires* of the Canadian Embassy in Uruguay. My wife, Crenia and I arrived in Montevideo at the end of August, 1969, happy with the prospects of our new, although modest, post. Uruguay, justifiably, had the reputation of being the model democracy of South America, although we knew it had been going through difficult times. Montevideo, with a population of about 1,500,000 — about half that of the entire country — was considered one of the most intellectually stimulating and cosmopolitan capitals in all Latin America. Like neighbouring Argentina and Chile in South America's *cono sur*, Uruguay had a racially homogeneous population of Italo-Spanish descent. In addition, it had been a haven for Europeans fleeing from the Nazi juggernaut in the 1930's and 1940's. While indeed there was poverty, there was much less of the extreme social and economic disparities to be found in nearly all other Latin American countries; Uruguay was not a country with a tiny oligarchy owing most of the wealth and the land, and ruling despotically over a mass of illiterate peasantry. Of all Latin American countries, it was the closest to being, or becoming, a middle-class society and, in one respect at least, it stood out from the rest of Latin America: from the early years of the twentieth century, it had been developing a social welfare state, due to the vision of President José Batlle, and however imperfectly this had functioned due to mounting economic difficulties after World War II, Uruguay had gained the image of being a Latin American "Denmark-Switzerland".

The morés of the country were well described by a contributor to Montevideo's influential liberal-left weekly, *Marcha*, in the early 1960's: "The Uruguayan does not wish to be a very important man, or an insignificant one. He just wants to live in

freedom, without making any great sacrifices, and without forcing others to make them. Here is a country whose people do not aspire to greatness, or to anything absolute, but who desire that things shall be kept in good, human proportion and that the human values shall be treated with proper respect. With such a people one does not build empires or alter the course of history."

According to the conventional wisdom, the increasingly middle-class countries of the *cono sur* should have been among the last to be the targets of domestic terrorism, but Uruguay became one of the first. Political scientists began pointing to it as an example of the dysfunctioning of a democracy, due *inter alia* to the difficulty of maintaining over-ambitious social welfare programs — e.g., civil service retirement at age fifty on a pension equal to 100% of salary — while markets and prices for its staple exports, wool and beef, were declining.

*Living herself alongside giant
and powerful neighbours,
Uruguay had a special interest
in Canadian policies.*

By the time we arrived in 1969, Uruguay's sophisticated urban guerrillas, the Tupamaros, were undergoing a metamorphosis and change of tactics. In earlier years they had carried on a Robin Hood type of derring-do — robbing stores, banks and casinos and ostentatiously turning over the proceeds to the poor. By the time we left Montevideo, we could hear Tupamaro gunfire from our residence and my British colleague, Ambassador Geoffrey Jackson, was soon to be kidnapped and held in a "People's Prison" for a year. When I went fishing in the Plata River with the United States Ambassador, protecting helicopters hovered overhead and the nearby coastline was guarded heavily. Montevideo was rapidly resembling the sets for Costa-Gavras' film "Z".

About six weeks after we arrived in Montevideo, the Canadian Thanksgiving holiday had come around and we spent the day at our new home-away-from-home, hanging the last of the paintings we had brought with us. I remarked to Crenia that I felt we were finally getting settled in our new post; I had finished calls at the Foreign Ministry and on diplomatic colleagues, and we had met the handful of local Canadian

residents. The use of Spanish was returning after eleven years absence from Mexico.

Late on Thanksgiving morning, the telephone rang. A Canadian clerk had passed by the office on the holiday and found the telex machine clattering long messages in cypher. He had decyphered a few lines. He urged me to come down immediately to the Chancery.

Two confidential telegrams for me had arrived from Ottawa — one from Mitchell Sharp, the Secretary of State for External Affairs, and the other from Under-Secretary Marcel Cadieux. What they added up to was simple — and jolting: for reasons of austerity, the Government was contacting a number of persons of all ranks stationed at Canadian posts abroad and, as part of this process, was closing down eight posts entirely, three of them in Latin America and one of which was Montevideo. I was instructed to seek an urgent appointment with the Uruguayan Foreign Minister to inform him that we would be closing out the Embassy by January 31 at the latest, i.e., within four months. Our Uruguayan employees were to be given notice, the Department would attempt to arrange cross-paintings for our Canadian staff, and I was to return to Ottawa for re-assignment. Leases were to be cancelled, contracts annulled, and furniture, vehicles and other items were to be disposed of or shipped to other posts, as would be subsequently directed by the Department.

So began the final four months of our short stay in Montevideo, during which I had to terminate our fine, loyal and shocked Uruguayan employees, negotiate transfers of our Canadian staff and totally liquidate our small diplomatic mission. My first task that morning was to seek an urgent appointment with Foreign Minister Venancio Flores and tell him this astounding news.

In October, 1969, Uruguay was a tense nation. A strike of banking employees was paralyzing the country. The old-line Colorado and Blanco parties were at loggerheads, and Congress seemed paralyzed. Tupamaro urban guerrilla tactics were becoming bolder — they had just staged a spectacular rescue of imprisoned comrades by digging an escape tunnel out of Montevideo's main prison. To bolster exports there was a ban on the domestic sale of beef — the three-meals-a-day staple of every Uruguayan's diet. To illustrate the prevailing mood: if, for example, Pan American Airways were to reduce the frequency of its flights into Montevideo from seven to

six weekly, this would be looked upon as a portentous event; conversely, if the Blue Star Line were to add one extra call a month to Montevideo, it would be cause for rejoicing. For Canada — of all admired countries — to close its Embassy and scuttle out of the country would be ominous and foreboding. With these thoughts in mind, I went downtown to keep my urgent appointment with Foreign Minister Venancio Flores.

I thanked the Minister for granting the immediate appointment I had been instructed so urgently to seek and, in accordance with instructions, stated that, because of economic conditions in Canada, our Government had decided that it would have to reduce expenditures in the Foreign Service (amongst other measures of austerity), that it was reducing its diplomatic and consular staff around the world and that, as part of this process, it was closing eight of its diplomatic missions — of which Montevideo was to be one.

The Foreign Minister looked at me in shocked astonishment and for a few moments said nothing. Then in a sad voice he replied.

"Mr. Chargé d'Affaires, I imagine that to be instructed to come here and to tell me this must be difficult and painful for you, especially after having arrived so recently. I will say simply this. Please tell your Government that Uruguay, too, knows what it is to experience economic difficulties and to have to introduce measures of austerity. We, too, have had to close several of our missions abroad in recent years. But, just as we found that we could manage subsequently to re-open our missions, we are confident that Canada, too, will find that it is able to do the same thing." He then went on to assure me of his Ministry's co-operation to facilitate our closing-down procedures and to liquidate or transfer our contracts and property. Fortunately, he had not learned that on that same day, Ottawa was announcing the opening of new posts at the Vatican and in Africa.

Less than a week before I was due to leave Montevideo, the Chief of Protocol called to say that the Foreign Ministry wanted to tender a luncheon before my final departure. This was a surprise; I knew that it was not the custom for the Ministry to give luncheons or dinners for departing Heads of Mission. I urged the Chief of Protocol not to go to this trouble, but he was quite insistent. I then said that the date he proposed, and the time, was the same as that on which the Diplomatic Corps would be giving me the customary reception for a departing colleague. He said he would tell the Dean to arrange another date.

I had expected the Foreign Ministry's

luncheon to be a small and informal affair. Instead, it was held in the penthouse dining room of Montevideo's leading hotel, was co-hosted by the Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs and the Director-General of the Ministry, and was attended by the Directors-General of all Branches and their Heads of Division. Word must have gone out that this was a must; the Ministry was on a summer timetable and many of these officers had already moved down the coast to Punta del Este.

The Director-General of the Ministry, Sr. Marques Sere, whom I had known when he was Uruguay's Permanent Representative at the United Nations, opened the farewell remarks and took the line that there was no other country in the world for which Uruguay had greater respect and regard than Canada. The Uruguayans were a genuinely democratic people and Canadians occupied a special place in their hearts. Canada had achieved a special place in the western world and had played an extraordinary role in multilateral organizations. The reputation of our Foreign Service was second to none. Living herself alongside giant and powerful neighbours, Uruguay had a special interest in Canadian policies. Uruguay had been going through trying times and needed the support of her friends, amongst whom she counted Canada foremost during this difficult period. It would be difficult to conceive of Montevideo without a resident Canadian mission and, after our present difficulties

were over, we would surely find it possible to return. This line, *au revoir* but not farewell — was echoed by other officers through the luncheon.

It was a hard act to follow. I emphasized that our decision to close had been dictated by harsh budgetary considerations only, and should not be construed in any way as reflecting any diminution of our appreciation of the unique place that Uruguay occupied in South America, or of her superb performance on the international stage and in multilateral organizations, such as the United Nations, where we had co-operated closely. I emphasized that nothing would change in our relationship with Uruguay except the modalities of conducting our local business; our Ambassador in Buenos Aires and other officers at our Embassy there would be accredited to Uruguay and would henceforth make frequent visits to ensure that the happy and close relationship between our two countries would continue unchanged.

A week later, at the end of January 1970, and barely six months after arriving, Crenia and I were on a plane for the long flight back to Rio, New York and February's Ottawa.

*Sidney Freifeld a former ambassador to Colombia and Ecuador, and a member of the Senior Editorial Board of **bout de papier** holds the world's record for fly-rod-caught spotted sea trout.*

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What I Have Learned about Washington

by Allan Gotlieb

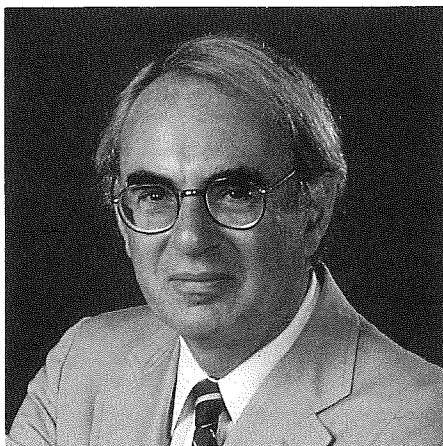
The following speech was given to the National Press Club in Washington on December 20, 1988, just before Mr. Gotlieb ended his 7 year assignment as Canada's Ambassador to the United States.

A Washington insider defined what it takes to be a successful diplomat here these days. He said a diplomat needs to be one part pundit, one part lobbyist and one part saloon-keeper. He argued that, while diplomats are paid to carry out all three of these functions, it was really only the last one for which they were appreciated locally. I have spent seven years now at the intersection of Canadian and American affairs, the cross-roads of Interdependence Avenue and Indifference Street. To keep traffic moving through this thoroughfare, I have had to learn some new rules about diplomacy. What I learned are the following propositions on the really NEW diplomacy as practised in Washington.

Proposition Number One

The exercise of political power in Washington is so extraordinarily complex that the only way one can understand or describe it is through a metaphor. Everyone has his own. This is mine.

Imagine RFK Stadium. Only imagine also that the field is a magnetic field. Each player is an atom or unit and carries an electrical charge. All of the particles are moving about, seemingly at random. Some particles have more power than others, but all have some. Some particles attract. Others repel. The field is full of players, hundreds of them, thousands of them. Several teams take the field at a time, several kinds of games are in play at once, players from one team, without changing uniforms, occasionally play for another. There are no referees. The cheerleaders, dressed in power suits and Gucci loafers, send in plays from the sidelines. Political Action Committees, (PACs), dressed as trainers, dispense the steroids of modern politics — money — to the players on all sides. Meanwhile, the crowd's attention is riveted



on the media, not the field. The media sometimes describe what happens on the field, sometimes play their own games.

Who are the particles? First the President, the Cabinet, the 4000 political appointments made direct by the President and the 350,000 federal civil servants. Then the 535 Members of Congress, the 18,800 Congressional staffers, the 47,834 lawyers, the employees of the 11,000 associations and seventy-five think tanks located in Washington, the 4,196 PACs, the 9127 lobbyists who have registered in the last year, the 18,348 lobbyists who have not registered in two years and last, but not least, the 4,326 journalists located here — a cozy community of some half a million people, all shooting off electrical power charges. The biggest charge is given off by the President. But there are many other particles of heavy voltage in the game — the House Speaker, the Senate Majority Leader, the Secretary of State, the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, the committee chairmen, the subcommittee chairmen, the principal staffers and so on. Occasionally the power-particles form into large harmonious patterns. Other times, the field becomes one huge super-collider. It is the modern diplomat's job to identify the particles whose charge can affect his country's interest, develop a healthy respect for each and all of them, connect with them and then try to align them in such a way as to make them as benign as possible.

Proposition Number Two

The United States is the only country that has two executive branches of government.

Whatever the Constitution says about the doctrine of the separation of powers, the reality is that power is not separated but shared, and shared more or less evenly, depending upon the popularity of the President himself, the size of his electoral margin, the length of his coattails, if any, and so on. After the U.S. election, the media were full of punditry about the President-elect's lack of mandate. At the same time, paradoxically, the media were also saying that both the President and the Congress had their own, quite distinct, mandates. Liberalism and conservatism had both won.

You will appreciate that many foreign diplomats found all this perplexing. Imagine the difficulty their governments, and their peoples, at home, had in fathoming it. But it all becomes clear when you see that in the United States, you elect two executive branches. Here, as in other countries, the executive proposes and the legislature disposes. But here, often, the Congress proposes as well as disposes.

Proposition Number Three

To find the true locus of power, look to the Chairman of the Congressional Committees and Subcommittees. If a Chairman is astute enough and persistent enough, he or she can write the law of the land.

The Presidency of the United States is, of course, a uniquely powerful institution. On the cosmic issues of the age — war and peace, hunger and pestilence, — the President personifies the power of America and exercises it, assuming that a measure of consensus exists among Americans on the issue in question. But on the less cosmic issues, the real bread and butter of politics, foreign ambassadors soon learn that to perceive the exercise of power clearly, you need a microscope, not a telescope. Washington is full of the lore of the powerful Congressional bosses. Buildings bear enduring witness to the power they had — the Rayburn Building, the Cannon Building, the Hart Building.

But, what some diplomats miss is that the Congress has transformed itself. The reforms of the seniority system, the impact of television and the explosion of PACs and private funding have had the effect of decentralizing power in both Chambers. These changes have also had the effect of making the Senate

the cockpit of democracy and the House, the body of sober second thought. If you are worried about the control — or decontrol — of pipelines or of gas, for example, go right to the focal point of political power, the Chairman of the relevant Congressional Committee or Subcommittee or to his staffer.

Proposition Number Four

In Washington, a foreign government is a special interest, and not a very special one at that.

Returning to the metaphor of the playing field, a foreign diplomat is not some distinguished invited guest, with seats in the stands, looking down at the play. A diplomat, instead, is one of the particles on the field and not one of the bigger ones. He carries no great electrical charge. A diplomat has no votes to

could find them. Some did not want to hear what we wanted to say, although all listened courteously. Most recognized we had a problem. But, as we were to discover, few were playing the same game we were playing. Ultimately, and with difficulty, we did succeed in finding the players with their hands on the right ball. They took our point and drafted the relevant parts of the bill in such a way as to preserve the bill's objectives while meeting our legitimate concerns. It was a fairly happy ending. But had we stuck to traditional diplomacy, the outcome would have been a lot less happy, for both sides.

Proposition Number Five

U.S. domestic policy is often more important to foreign governments than U.S. foreign policy.

The flip side of one country's domestic issue is another country's foreign policy.

deliver. Nor can he contribute financially to his favourite team. He *can* hire veterans of the game to guide him in its complexities. But, in the end, if he is to do his job, he must go out on the field and play the game himself.

For example, in the dying hours of the 100th Congress, the legislature was working on the Omnibus Drug Bill. It was a bill whose goals we fully endorsed. We are concerned in Canada about drug abuse and have our own strategy to counter it. But there were some elements of the bill that caused us serious difficulties. Essentially, the bill tried to impose U.S. regulations on Canadians in Canada, for example, by requiring Canadian contractors doing business with the U.S. government to meet U.S. regulations for drug-free workplaces. We sympathized with the goals of the bill, I repeat, but we did not think it appropriate that the U.S. Congress legislate for us, extraterritorially, on how to handle the problem.

We took our problem to the State Department. State referred us to the Department of Transportation. DOT gave us a good hearing. They sympathized and acknowledged that we had a problem. They agreed to help, but they also had some serious problems of their own with other parts of the bill. Effectively, our number one priority was their number ten priority. We could either rest on tradition and propriety and risk seeing our interests being damaged. Or we could go out on the field to protect them. It was not a difficult decision. We had to go out on the field ourselves.

But, as soon as we did so, we were surrounded by the swirl of battle. We made our case to sympathetic players wherever we

As much as any other single factor, this proposition explains why diplomats are found wandering the further reaches of the Administration and all over Capitol Hill. This is, obviously, more true for this country's nearest neighbours but it is also true, in varying degrees, for many others. It is obvious that, U.S. fiscal policy and its eventual impact on the dollar would be of interest to every country. Less obvious is the fact that other U.S. domestic policies are also of extreme interest and relevance, such as transportation deregulation, uranium enrichment programs, interstate banking law, environmental regulations, securities regulations, gas pipeline regulation, even oil drilling in national parks.

The choices facing a diplomat are stark. Lobby on these issues and you may well be accused of interference in U.S. domestic affairs — a big diplomatic no-no, by the usual reading of the Vienna Convention. Or don't lobby, and see your country's interests suffer. Machiavelli and Palmerston and Metternich would scarcely recognize the practice of this type of diplomacy. Nor, for that matter, probably, would even George C. Marshall, John Foster Dulles or Dean Rusk.

Acid rain is another example. For several years now, the debate has raged. The game has been centred in the Congress which has been trying to revise domestic clean air legislation. The whole context of this activity has been domestic. The debate is over which region of the country will pay for what reduction in SO₂ emissions. It is handled almost exclusively as a domestic, regional conflict. But if U.S. air is cleaned up as a result of domestic legislation, foreign air — Canadian

air — is a major beneficiary. Pollution does not respect boundaries. Nor does clean air.

Nor can diplomats. Probably a day does not go by when I or my colleagues do not discuss this issue with Congressmen, or staffers, or interest groups, or the Administration. More often than not, we talk to all of them. Always we press our interlocutors for action. No other field of public policy in which I have been active has been so controversial. Testimonials to my wisdom lie side by side in the Congressional Record with censures of my interference, including one Congressman's request for my recall. Meantime, back in Canada, the Government is excoriated for its impotence and I am criticized for reluctance to work the U.S. system. How the U.S. acts on this problem is, of course, of direct and significant interest to Canada. Were I to observe antique diplomatic niceties, I would not be doing my job.

The fact is, these days, the flip side of one country's domestic issue is another country's foreign policy. In such circumstances, there no longer is any discernible line between domestic and foreign affairs.

Proposition Number Six

It's never over till it's over and, in the U.S. system of government, it's never over.

This proposition, otherwise known as "the Yogi Berra insight" means that there *are* no final decisions. Defeat, delay, reorganization and re-engagement are intrinsic to, not to say endemic in, the power games on the broad field of action. Particles collide, reform, re-align themselves and collide again. The particles are never in repose, never at rest. How many times have I proclaimed victory in a fight to save a particular product, e.g. softwood lumber or fish or steel, only to find the fight was not over. A particularly good example of this peculiarly Washington reality occurred in Canada's attempts to safeguard the use of asbestos for some, safe, applications.

The story began in the early 1980's. At the time, EPA was the lead agency and it wanted to ban asbestos outright. We agreed that asbestos did present severe health hazards in some applications but we were adamant that it was not unsafe in all applications. Canadian industry hired a very high priced lobbyist who devised a strategy for them. This strategy eventually paid off. Canadian asbestos producers celebrated. Too soon, Congress intervened, the regulatory agencies regrouped and the decision was reversed. Those who favoured an outright ban celebrated. Too soon, again. Other power particles invaded the field and deadlock ensued. Five years later the battle is still going on. Perhaps the only clear winner has been the lobbying firm. They keep on celebrating.

Proposition Number Seven

Alliances must be built issue by issue. Or, in Washington, countries have no permanent friends, only periodic allies.

With the possible exception of Israel, no country can count on friends in the U.S. Congress to protect it from harm. Even Israel has been surprised recently. But remember the Yogi Berra insight. On a given Canada-U.S. issue, for example, uranium imports, I go to see numerous Senators and Congressmen. I can describe one such Congressman — a composite of my imagining. Typically, when I call on him, he tells me his great-grandmother was a Canadian; he still has cousins in Canada; he spends a week or two at a northern lake each year, if he can. He even has a little Canadian flag in his office. On acid rain, we have no firmer ally. He loves Canada. But when I try to talk to him about uranium, forget it. He wants to have his yellow cake and eat it, too. His constituents' interest come first, last and always.

While this composite describes a fictional Congressman, there are scores of real life examples. Persuasion is utterly impossible in circumstances where a Congressman's choice is between his constituents and mine. The game has to be played differently. We assess who, in Congress, wins and loses if, for example, uranium quotas are imposed. We try to identify Congressmen whose constituents' interests dovetail with our own and to work with those people. Sometimes we prevail; sometimes we don't. And, in our case, the stakes are often enormous.

Lobbying by foreign governments on an issue by issue, ad hoc, basis is a long, difficult and, ultimately, quite unpredictable business. This uncertainty was one of the reasons Canada wanted a bilateral free trade agreement with the USA.

Proposition Number Eight

Institutionalization in bilateral relations is an idea whose time has come.

I used to share what was a widely held view in Canada that institutionalization of relations between Canada and the United States was not a good thing. It implied, somehow, a constraint on the political handling of disputes, a bar to the injection of the political impulse. Mark me down as a convert. Institutionalization is perhaps the best way open to foreign governments to get the power particles in Washington to align themselves long enough to get some things done. Here I am thinking of regular formal meetings of Heads of State, Foreign Ministers and so on.

Institutionalization in the form of the Free Trade Agreement between Canada and the United States will take some contentious trade issues out of the middle of the field and

put them into a more quiet corner. The issues will remain part of the Washington power game. But, removed from the game's hurly-burly, binational panels and commissions will, we hope, deal with problems that arise between us in a calm, more predictable and, to the extent possible, apolitical way. Bringing the rule of law to an otherwise power-based bilateral trade relationship is obviously of special interest to the smaller country.

Proposition Number Nine

Every country is famous for 15 minutes.

It is a fact that one of the groups of particles on the Washington power field that foreign governments must address is the media, print or electronic. A diplomat must recognize that the media are powerful particles in the U.S. process. They are, also, permanent, a quality they share only with the House of Representatives. When the media come onto the field of action, they influence and sometimes even determine the U.S. national agenda. Sometimes they are active participants in it. So an Ambassador cannot do his job without focussing on them. There are hundreds and hundreds of media stars in the game — a thousand points of blight, as it were.

In Washington, gossip is not gossip. It's intelligence!

And as with politicians, there is not much that diplomats can give the media stars, beyond helping them to validate their celebrity. On the scale of independent-mindedness, moreover, reporters are exceeded only by statisticians. Consequently, foreign governments don't get far in charming them. And it is usually feast or famine, so far as coverage is concerned. And when the media do interest themselves in events abroad, they do so from the American angle. Earthquakes and typhoons possibly excepted, it is not what is happening abroad that interests the U.S. media the most, but how those events affect the U.S. agenda.

A good example is the recent Canadian election. This year there was an unprecedented amount of coverage of the Canadian elections. This was not, however, because of some touching, fraternal interest in the democratic processes in the Great White North. Nor was it because of a sudden attack of conscience after years of neglect. It was because the Canadian election affected the U.S. agenda. The central issue of the Canadian election was a decision on the nature of our relationship with the USA. That is what provided Americans with the essential point of reference.

Now that the Canadian election is over, and the outcome was benign, Canada is, once again, erased from the media mind. It is the journalistic equivalent of a computer virus. Every time you meet a foreign country, your monitors are empty. "No country is so provincial" to quote Gunnar Myrdal in another context, "as a large country".

Proposition Number Ten

To succeed, you have to excel at the power game. Or, that's entertainment!

I started by saying the Washington field of action is infinitely complex. There is a lot at stake in the games that are, at best, imperfectly understood. The key is to get to know as many players as quickly as possible. Doing so is not easy. No one has a lifetime to form friendships. Patience is not its own reward. Nor is liquor necessarily quicker. Diplomats do not keep saloons. If they are smart, they keep salons.

How do you get your phone calls returned if you are unknown to the players? What do you do if you are not married to a columnist of the Washington Post? How do you carry conviction with your interlocutors if they have no knowledge of your credibility?

Friendships and relationships of common interest and trust are forged through socializing. This means when issues come to the crunch, an Ambassador has his phone calls returned. It also gives him the opportunity to pre-brief key figures so that those 2:00 a.m. Congressional decisions are reached in the knowledge of the interests of his country. It is also true that, in Washington, gossip is not gossip. It's intelligence!

In conclusion, there is one over-arching piece of advice I would give to my newly arriving foreign counterparts. "If you want to be a successful diplomat in Washington, forget what you have ever learned about traditional diplomacy. Get up, get out on the field, and play the American game." And remember — there is no friendlier people anywhere than the American people, none warmer, none more open, more hospitable, more fair-minded. Count yourself fortunate to be here and savour every moment of it.

Allan Gottlieb was Canadian Ambassador in Washington from 1981 to 1988. After joining the foreign service in 1957, he served abroad in Geneva. Subsequently, he was head of the Legal Division of the Department of External Affairs and Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs after having served as Deputy Minister of Communications and Manpower and Immigration. He is now chairman of the Canada Council, as well as council for Stikeman Elliott in Toronto, Ontario.

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by Paul Willox and Fernando Schwartz

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Tom Roach

The Reed Dance is both a fertility ritual and a renewal of tribal loyalty to the Royal Family.

Freedom is Rising: Popular Black Music in South Africa

by Lucie Edwards

Dedicated to David Webster, friend, African music lover and human rights worker murdered May 1, 1989 in Johannesburg, South Africa.

Music is everywhere in black South Africa. It swells from the tiny township churches, spills out of parties in the matchbox houses, pulses from the pirate taxis taking workers to and from their city jobs, and punctuates every protest meeting. Most of this is still home-made music. Although a recording contract and music stardom seem to be the dream of most township youths, music still belongs to the people.

It is not yet a vinyl or plastic form of passive entertainment.

The legendary South African jazz pianist, Abdullah Ibrahim, has said that "the function of music in African society is social, devotional and healing, as well as to record history." For him, and other prominent black musicians, it is also a "personal contribution to the struggle against apartheid and towards the institution of a just society." This struggle has forced him, and many other celebrated South African musicians, into exile.

It is easy to acquire a taste for the township sound by listening to recordings by such exceptional musicians as Abdullah Ibrahim, Miriam Makeba, and Letta Mbulu, but it takes a ticket (and a visa!) to hear the music as it should be heard, in the dusty streets of

Soweto and the windswept coloured ghettos of the Cape Flats. Two things immediately strike foreign fans visiting South Africa, the variety and quality of the township sound, and the utter ignorance of white South Africans about these musical riches. Afrikaner country and western music and foreign pop dominate the airwaves of the white radio channels of Radio South Africa.

The outside world now has a much better knowledge of South African music as a result of the best-selling *Graceland* album. Several of the leading black music groups — Johnny Clegg and Savuka, Ray Phiri and Stimela, and Ladysmith Black Mambazo — have gained international recognition, admittedly at the price of political brickbats overseas and in South Africa.

But this article is not about the knotty poli-

tics of cultural boycotts: It is about the vernacular black music of South Africa — the street sounds of the townships.

It is a dangerous, but convenient, oversimplification to say that black South African music has three sounds, drawn in turn from the churches, the shebeens (illegal saloons) and the protest gatherings of the townships. The sounds mix and mingle, crib the same themes, and borrow from the earliest rhythms and riffs of tribal music.

One of the last great tribal rituals is the annual celebration in Swaziland known as the Reed Dance. This national rite is both a fertility ritual marking the arrival of Spring and a renewal of tribal loyalty to the Royal Family. For hours, the maidens of Swaziland, dressed in vivid traditional costumes and led by their clan leaders, sang and danced before the Royal Family. The music, as each clan competed in singing traditional praise songs to the accompaniment of hundreds of tin whistles, the colours, and the dust rising from the stamping feet of many thousand participants, is intoxicating. At the peak of the ceremony, the King selects his new brides from among the fairest girls in the multitude. For the Swazis, a successful Reed Dance is the best possible omen for rich crops and fat cattle in the year ahead. Music and dance have always been indispensable to the health and happiness of the community.

The mother of gospel (devotional) singing in South Africa was tribal music, as performed at the Reed Dance, with its emphasis on complex rhythm, repetition and improvisation. Its father was the mission tradition, which has contributed the disciplines of European choral music, formal harmony and the call and response structure, as well as a wealth of European hymns and liturgical sounds. The result is a complex tapestry of sound — almost exclusively choral, as church music is generally sung *a cappella* — combined with extraordinary inventiveness in performance. Even the most professional of church choirs, epitomized perhaps by Ladysmith Black Mambazo, never sing a hymn the same way twice and the best-loved hymns take on different colours with the mood of the congregation. The most famous of all hymns, *Nkosi Sikelele iAfrika* — God Bless Africa — can break your heart with its pathos or bring you to dance in rapture, depending how it is sung, depending on the mood of the congregation.

While gospel music is above all an act of worship, it is also a source of community pride. Just as the Swazi clans compete at the Reed Dance to produce the loudest and most harmonious singing, community churches vie for the honour of the best choir. There are elaborate contests at the township, regional and even national level for the top

gospel choirs. Prize winners, especially the choir conductors and top soloists, enjoy enormous community prestige. Most of the top choirs have junior choirs affiliated to them where, like farm baseball teams, promising newcomers can earn promotion to the ranks of the elite. Needless to say, choir members invest immense amounts of time in rehearsing and scrimp and save to buy elaborate costumes suitable for competitions and community celebrations. These choir competitions are not without their critics. Some Ministers (often those whose parishioners are leaving for churches with better choirs) complain this preoccupation with winning choral contests is unchristian while political activists argue it drains energy which should be properly devoted to political protest or self-help. But at black weddings, funerals and community celebrations, with one and often more choirs performing, the pride and joy of both the choristers and their hosts are real and palpable. Gospel choirs remain one of the best loved institutions in black South Africa.

It may be unfair to label popular music as shebeen music, but the shebeens were the cradles of the popular jazz and blues sounds of South Africa. Just as influential as traditional tribal music in developing Amabaqanga and ngoema, Zulu and Cape Coloured popular music, was Afro-American music. The American influence began as early as 1887, when a black American minstrel group came to Cape Town. Their catchy vocal sound, backed by banjos, harmonicas and accordions, immediately caught on in the Cape Coloured community. The annual Coon Carnival (sic) has become an annual celebration of Kaapse Klopse — the Cape Beat —, featuring competing minstrel groups in flashy satin, marching bands, and spectacular dancing. Later, American jazz, the blues, the Motown sound, Reggae, even disco music, captured large black audiences and spawned scores of South African imitators.

What sets South African music apart from Western pop tends to be its rhythmic inventiveness, its sometimes jarring counterpoint of musical instruments (where else is the



Frances Kelly, Toronto Star

accordion as important as the guitar) the accomplished singing and its lyrical content. Sung in a range of black languages, in English and in "township-taal", a rich and vigorous slang which is the lingua franca of the townships, the songs are a faithful reflection and celebration of township life. They deal, not only with the usual pop formula themes of love lost and found, and fortunes won and lost, but with hunger, separation, exile, unemployment, and humiliation, the common denominators of black life in the land of Apartheid. Politics and the impact of the current State of Emergency are common themes. As one of the best of the young black groups, the Genuines, explained on their debut album, their music is about "Oh ho ho de Struggle...mellow yellow en Buffel en de teargas en de purple rain en de pain." (Translation: mellow yellow en Buffel are armored troop carriers used by the Defence Forces in their military occupation of the townships, while purple rain is caused by police water cannons spraying purple dye on township protestors.)

*New protest songs seem
to sweep the townships,
and travel like wildfire
from one community
to another.*

The line between popular music and protest music is increasingly hard to draw. These are the songs of the people, songs of protest, songs of hope, in praise of leaders and condemnation of the present government. The music tends to be simple and rhythmic, often borrowed from traditional hymns and working chants created to ease the burden of ploughing the fields. The words change frequently, in response to political developments. New verses are frequently improvised on the spot. These songs are rarely written down, but new protest songs seem to sweep the townships, and travel like wildfire from one community to another. Needless to say, these songs are not allowed on state-controlled radio, so their transmission from one end of South Africa to another is a tribute to the strong oral tradition of black music.

One of the first protest songs, called *iLand Act*, was composed in 1913, in anger at the robbing of black land by the white government. The song, one of the few by an identifiable composer, combined traditional Zulu music and American ragtime. It is still popular today. (Unfortunately, the Land Act is still with us, so the song remains highly

relevant.) One of the most famous protest songs, *Strijdom you have struck a rock* was composed as part of a campaign against the extension of pass laws to women. In March 1956, 20,000 women sang it as they marched on the Union Buildings in Pretoria. The song is now the anthem of the Federation of South African Women. Another protest song with a long and heroic history is *Hlangani* — Unite — the theme song of the black trade unions, the fastest growing union movement in the world today. A traditional hymn which has been updated to political use is *Somlandei uJesu* — we will follow Jesus — which has become *Somlandei uMandela*. But most topical songs pop up like mushrooms, vanishing just as quickly from South Africa's own unique version of "top twenty" music.

In addition to protest songs, the crowds at political gatherings dance the "toyi toyi" — a fast shuffle known as the warrior's dance — while shouting political slogans. The repeated shouts of Amandla! Awethu! (power to the people) Viva Mandela Viva! Viva Socialismus Viva! to the sound of clapping and stamping feet have become a refrain at every popular gathering. At church services the altar boys swing the incense burners while doing the toyi toyi at the altar!

Protest gatherings and community celebrations, are, alas, few and far between under the present State of Emergency. While the world celebrated Nelson Mandela's 70th birthday, local gatherings in honour of Nelson Mandela, featuring leading black musicians, were all banned by the authorities. The Botha government even restricts the singing of protest songs at funerals. (Only "bona fide" hymns may be sung.) But union gatherings, church services, school celebrations and even commuter train rides are popular occasions for the singing of protest songs.

A train ride to the townships can be quite an experience. Hot, slow and desperately overcrowded, each train carriage has its regulars. One coach will feature rousing speeches and protest songs, while a fervent Apostolic church service redounds from an adjacent carriage. Passengers quite literally can make a political statement every time they get on the train! But then, everything is political in South Africa.

The music community is beginning to recognize the importance of these protest songs to the freedom struggle, and by extension, the importance of popular music to black life in South Africa. Increasingly, composers are experimenting with musical theatre in an attempt to portray the reality of township life. Many of these plays have attracted an appreciative international audience. Two of the most successful — Sophiatown and District Six — are musical

memorials to communities which were destroyed by the South African Government's policy of forced removal. A more contemporary portrait of township life is *Sarafina*, now enjoying a successful run on Broadway.

South African music, forged on the anvil of ruthless oppression, is a vibrant celebration of musical creativity, a treasure-house of Africa's long musical heritage, and a dauntless affirmation of hope in a better future for us all.

Lucy Edwards is currently Counsellor and Consul at the Canadian Embassy in Pretoria, South Africa. This article first appeared in MUSICWORKS Magazine #43.

South African music is much more fun to listen to than to read about. Unfortunately, very little of it is distributed internationally. To get a taste of the South African sound, it is worth looking out for the following records.

Paul Simon, *Graceland*. Ignore the pallid lyrics, and concentrate on the musical accompaniment by some of South Africa's most talented musicians.

Harry Belafonte, *Paradise in Gazankulu*. Another international star adopts the amabaqanga sound with a galaxy of talented South African backup artists. But the lyrics, in this case, are political.

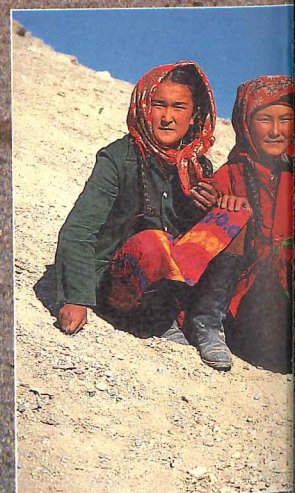
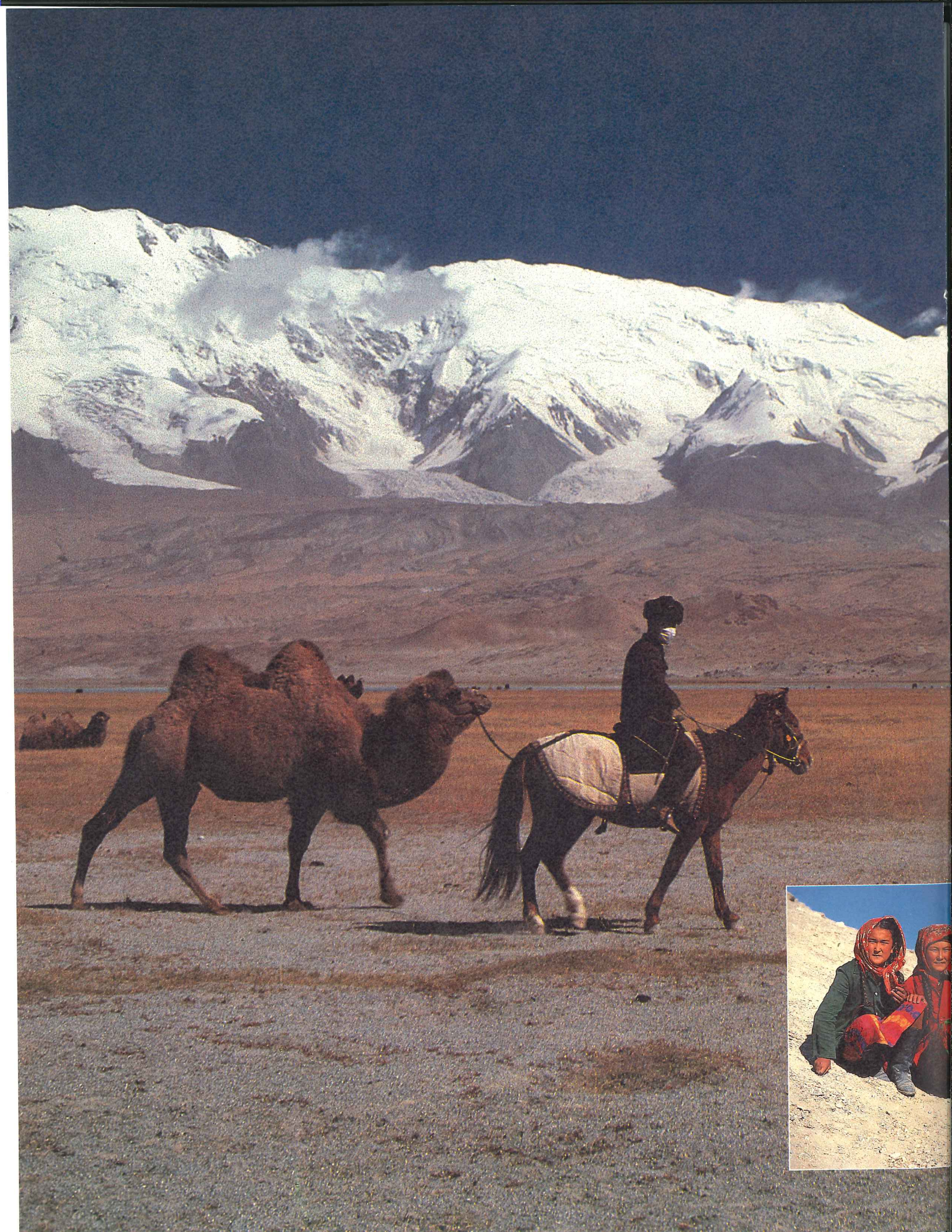
Miriam Makeba, *Sangoma*. "Mama Afrika" goes back to her tribal roots in this recently-released album.

Hugh Masakela, *Tomorrow*. Another legendary South African artist revisits the amabaqanga sound in this recent album.

Ladysmith Black Mambazo, *The Journey of Dreams*. This deeply religious choral group, the best selling recording artists in South Africa, won a Grammy for its first internationally distributed album, *Shaka Zulu*.

Johnny Clegg and Savuka, *Third World Child*. This gifted rock group is enormously popular in Europe, where Clegg is known as "le Zoulou blanc" but is not yet well known in North America. They deserve to be the first South African group to become international superstars.

If you're very lucky, or have access to specialty music shops, records by any of the following: Letta Mbulu, Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand), Ray Phiri and Stimela, the Genuines, the Boyoyo Boys, and Mahlatini and the Mahotella Queens. And for a taste of music north of the Limpopo, look out for the Zimbabwe group the Bhundu Boys.



Over the Khunjerab to Kashgar



Metalsmith, Kashgar Market

*Story by Hugh Stephens
Photos by Fredericka Gregory*

In May 1986, the governments of Pakistan and China announced the opening to foreign nationals of the Karakorum Highway over the Khunjerab Pass. At an altitude of 16,000 feet, the Khunjerab is reportedly the highest paved mountain crossing in the world. Its opening unlocked the back door to China and re-established the long closed link of the legendary "Silk Road" through the Karakorum and Pamir ranges between the Indian subcontinent and Kashgar, the regional capital of what was once known as Chinese Turkestan. Today, Kashgar is the major trading centre of southwest Xinjiang Province, although the Silk Route through the Soviet Union is no more.

The Karakorum Highway was blasted up the Indus Valley and its tributary, the Hunza, by Chinese and Pakistani army engineers in the 1970's. It was built as a military road to provide direct access for Pakistan to its close ally, the Peoples' Republic, and to this day is maintained by the Pakistan Army. Apart from its strategic value, the highway quickly helped bring about the economic development of Pakistan's Northern Areas—Gilgit, Skardu and Hunza — which had been cut off from the rest of the country since Partition, except for an air link. With the opening of the highway, foreigners were allowed to travel as far north as Hunza, but beyond the

Camel Herder, Kalakuli Lake, Xinjiang, China

Young Kirghiz women

Baturo Glacier, some 100 km. From the Chinese frontier, the road was blocked. Even if they somehow bypassed the check-point, they could not enter China.

Apart from military transport, the only use of the border crossing was an annual trade caravan of heavy trucks sent each year to Kashgar by Gilgit merchants. As a result, the bazaars of Gilgit were stocked with Chinese goods which made the forbidden border all the more tantalizing.

All this was about the change. The first foreigners to reach Pakistan over the Khunjerab were a group of foreign journalists resident in Beijing who participated in an excursion organized by the Chinese Government to publicize the route. However, I wanted to see what it would be like going over from the Pakistani side, and particularly what it would be like for a traveller on a shoestring budget. With the opening of yet one more "last frontier", we expected that young Canadians would join other nationalities in seeking adventure, and we wanted to be able to anticipate any consular problems at the Embassy and be able to provide sound advice.

It was with this goal in mind that, with a colleague from the Embassy, Ken Pearson, I set out from Islamabad for China on May 29, 1986. In two days of hard driving, we reached the hamlet of Gulmit in the upper Hunza valley, the last place in Pakistan to offer overnight accommodation. Hunza, a former princely state allegedly ruled by the same family for more than 900 years, marked the furthest point of tourist penetration and several rudimentary but comfortable inns had been established by enterprising locals. The Hunzakuts, as the locals are called, are an unusual race, left behind in their mountain valley as waves of invaders swept over the subcontinent. They speak a language akin to no other in the subcontinent and many of the people have light or russet hair and blue eyes, attesting to their Caucasian origins. Today, they are Shia Muslims of the Ismaili sect.

The prince, or Mir, still resides in Karimabad the capital but although he still wields a great deal of influence, he no longer has any legal authority over the people. The ancient seat of the principality, Baltit Castle, built by Tibetan craftsmen in the 14th Century still looms over the valley. Today, the Mir lives in a more modern residence, where he regularly entertains



Sunday Market, Kashgar

visitors. He is no stranger to Canadians as Canada has provided funding for a number of local development projects through the Aga Khan Foundation, and several Canadians (including the writer) are entered in the Mir's guest book. This is a fascinating document dating back to the early 1900's. Among the earliest entries is that of the first British Consul-General to Kashgar who passed this way in 1906 enroute to take up his post. At that time, and until the building of the highway in the 1970's, the only route into Hunza and on over the Khunjerab was a single file donkey track. The remains of it, carved out of the sheer rock face or in places suspended over the gorge below, can still be seen.

The economy of Hunza is sustained by a series of irrigation channels that start high in the mountains at the foot of the glaciers. These channles, which are the community's lifeline and are maintained by group effort, bring the glacial melt to terraced fields perched high above the course of the Hunza River. Although there is water in abundance in the river, there is no means to raise it to the fields high on the benches and for the most part the Hunza runs through a barren and desolate moonscape. Only where man has changed nature's course can one see splashes of green marking the apricot groves and fields of wheat which are the staple of the economy.

But Hunza, fascinating as it was, was not our destination. On the morning of May 31, we left Gulmit and drove about an hour up the road to the Pakistani check point of Sost. Although Sost was about 50 km from the border, it was the last settlement before the pass and was where Pakistan had erected an improvised border control station. This was as far as we were allowed to take our vehicle and where the real unknown began.

We had heard reports that a Pakistani bus ran over the pass into China, but no-one in

Islamabad or Gilgit seemed capable of confirming this or supplying any details. We were about to find out. After parking our Landcruiser behind the police post, and clearing immigration at a makeshift counter, we spotted the bus. It was a shiny new Bedford bedecked in the usual Pakistani way with reflectors, paintings, icons and what-have-you. We were assured it would leave promptly at 9:00 am, so we paid our 50 rupees (5 dollars) and climbed aboard. Sure enough, promptly at 9:00, the driver climbed aboard, cranked it up and we lurched about 50 metres down the road where we came to a sudden stop. There we waited about an hour and a half while boxes were loaded aboard, people milled about, and heated arguments were held over who-knows-what.

Finally we were off, following the banks of the Hunza River as it got narrower and narrower until it became a stream issuing from a snowbank. At this point, the road climbed up a series of steep switchbacks until we reached "Khunjerab Top", a small barren plateau surrounded by high peaks and populated by marmots. There is a cairn at the pass, in English and Chinese, marking the frontier and here, technically, one switches from the left hand side of the road to the right. Our driver squatted in the centre all the way up and all the way down, so it didn't much matter.

We piled out of the bus and caught our breath in the thin air. After several minutes a couple of Chinese soldiers appeared to take part in the ritual photos at the summit and then climbed aboard for a lift back to their post a half mile or so down the road.

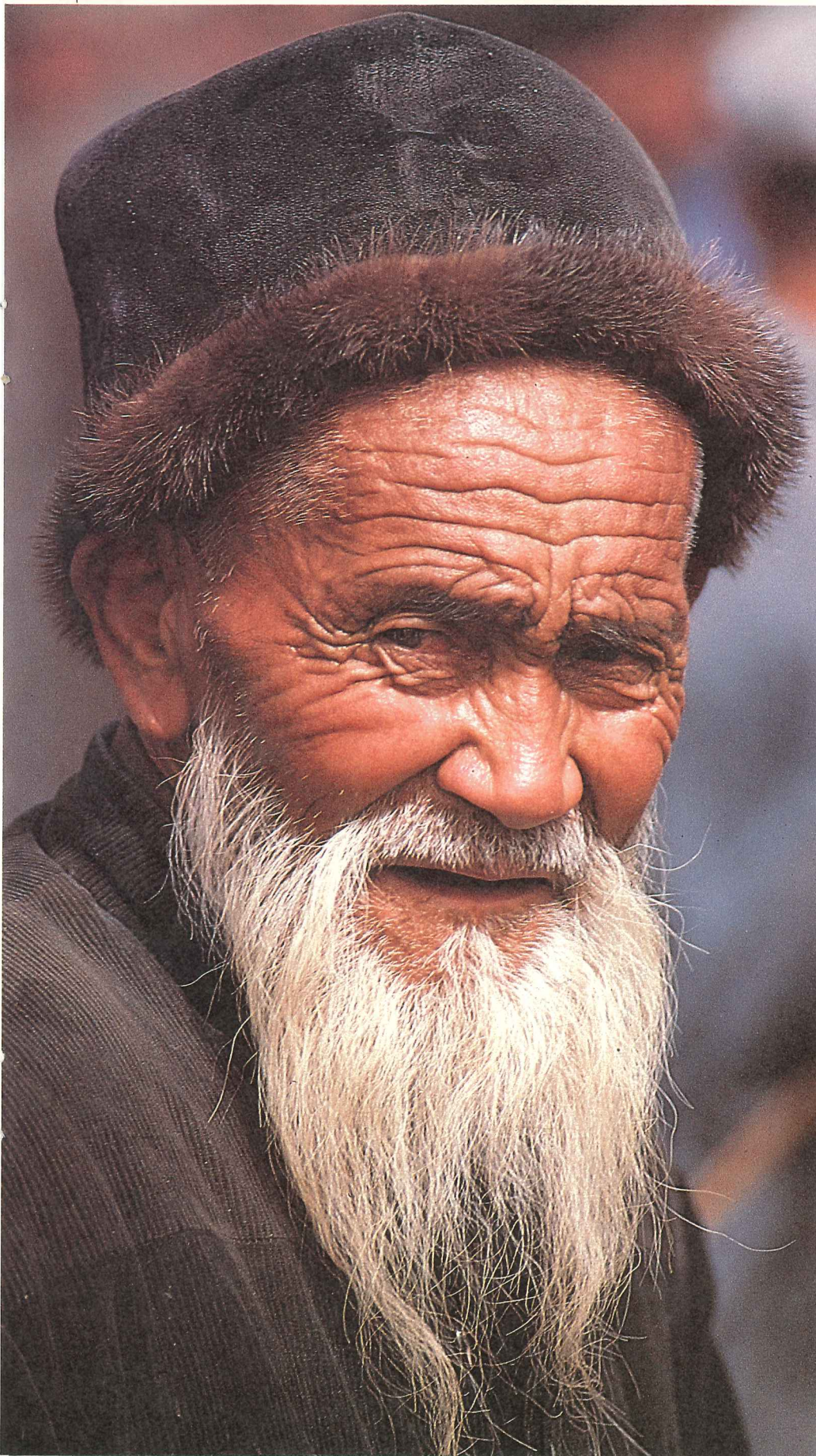
The ride down to Pirali, the Chinese border post about an hour's drive away, gave me a chance to observe our fellow passengers. The bus was packed and except for we two Canadians, all were Pakistani.

They were all small merchants on their way to trade in Kashgar and the back and roof of the bus was packed with a variety of western consumer goods to be exchanged for china-ware and textiles.

At Pirali, we parted company with the Pakistani bus which dropped us and returned empty whence it had come. We faced more uncertainty. Again there had been rumours that Pirali was served by a Chinese bus, but we had been unable to confirm this. Still, we reasoned that our Pakistani fellow travellers had to know what they were doing and we would just follow them. After clearing immigration control we waited and sure enough after an hour or so the most decrepit vehicle I have seen in along time came wheezing out of the distance. It was a "Beijing" brand bus, towing another that had broken down. I brushed off the Mandarin I had scarcely used since leaving Beijing 6 years earlier and ascertained that for 20 yuan (10 dollars), we would buy a one way ticket to Kashgar, a day and a half's drive away. We would spend the night in Tashkurgan, the closest (and only) town.

Despite the decrepitude of the bus, I came to admire its resilience as we hammered over the bone-jarring road. Any pretence of pavement had disappeared just over the border. About an hour from Pirali, we saw our first sign of human habitation other than the official and military presence at the border. A lone yurt, a round tent made of skins, stood out on the barren plain while all around the snowclad Pamirs towered in the setting sun. We were still at over 13,000 feet and the peaks around us were all over 20,000. Apart from the yurt and a couple of yaks which obviously belonged to the Tadjik nomad family camped there, the countryside was totally barren-not a tree, not a shrub, barely a blade of grass. Unlike on the Pakistani side where we had approached the pass up a steep defile, once into China we found ourselves on a high open rolling plain, surrounded by mountains on three sides but which opened up ahead of us in a slow descent to the desert. It truly gave one the sensation of being on the roof of the world.

Tashkurgan, where we spent the night in a new but unfinished guest house, is the administrative centre of the Tadjik minority autonomous county. There were almost no ethnic Chinese and those that we saw gave the distinct impression that they knew they had been banished to the furthest reaches of the realm. The next morning, after a thoroughly disgusting breakfast of rock-hard bread, salty dishwater (which we were assured was tea) and cold pickled cabbage, we remounted our bus for the next 12 hour leg of the journey.



A glimpse of old Kashgar

At first, we passed road-gangs, apparently prisoners, and large groups toiling on land reclamation. At times the road completely disappeared and we struck off across open country. We passed groups of tombs, small dome like structures made of baked mud. They could have been a century old or a week old, it was impossible to tell. After a while, all signs of civilization disappeared and we rattled across a vast empty basin. As I started thinking of lunch, we came to a halt before a small compound in the middle of nowhere that seemed to be some kind of a staging post for the bus line. We gratefully piled out. A couple of the Chinese passengers and our Pakistani colleagues seemed quite prepared. Fortunately, we still had a couple of cans of sardines and some beer. The Foster's lager tin we left behind was arguably the first to grace that part of the world and has no doubt already been flattened and put to good use as building material.

A small group of Kirghiz herdsmen joined us to stare in awe, and a mounted border guard—a tall handsome Kirghiz with pale eyes and gold teeth, very Russian looking I thought — came over to observe. I later calculated that at that point we were only about 7 km from the Soviet border.

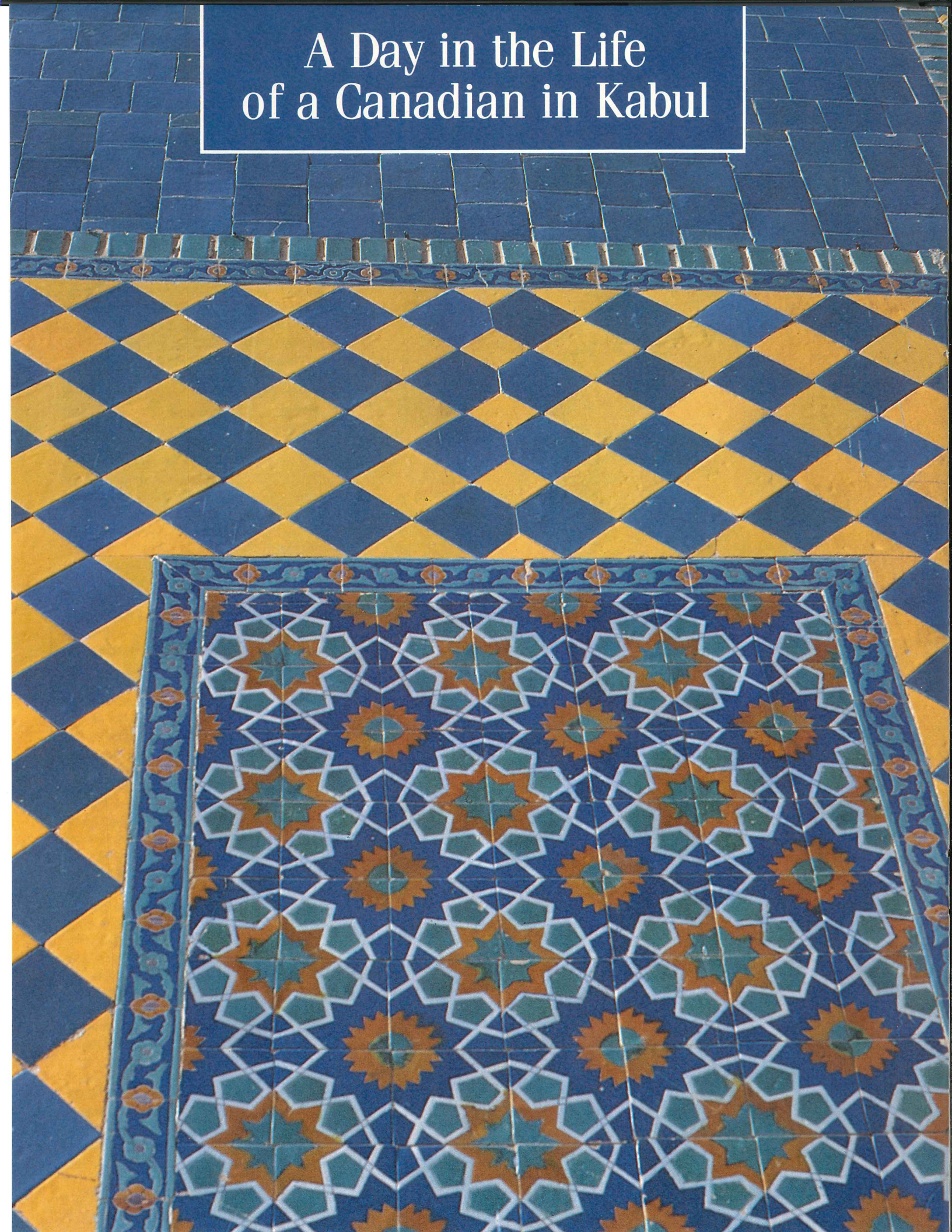
The final leg into Kashgar became more and more interesting. As we descended down a valley to the desert, we came across patches of irrigation. Near the junction to the road to Yarkand, there was a sizeable settlement. The poplars, which grow rapidly along the watercourses, marked the edge of each oasis as we neared the city. An endless stream of donkey drawn carts greeted us as people returned to their villages from market day in Kashgar.

Once in the city we drove past the old Russian consulate, now a hotel, and were let off at the old British consulate, also a hotel. We were again struck by the paucity of ethnic Chinese, but here the people were mostly Uighur, although there were Kirghiz as well. Each group wears its distinctive headgear, so it is easy to tell which is which.

We were grubby, thirsty, and dog-tired, but we had made it, and proven that it could be done on a backpacker's budget. We climbed aboard a horsedrawn "taxi" and searched out the 600-year-old Eidgar Mosque in the centre of the city. There were retreated into its calm and tranquility to contemplate and convince ourselves that we had really reached this fabled city across the roof of the world. 

*Hugh Stephens is a member of the **bout de papier** editorial board. He is currently assigned to the International Trade Office from the U.S. Economic Relations Division of the Department of External Affairs.*

A Day in the Life
of a Canadian in Kabul

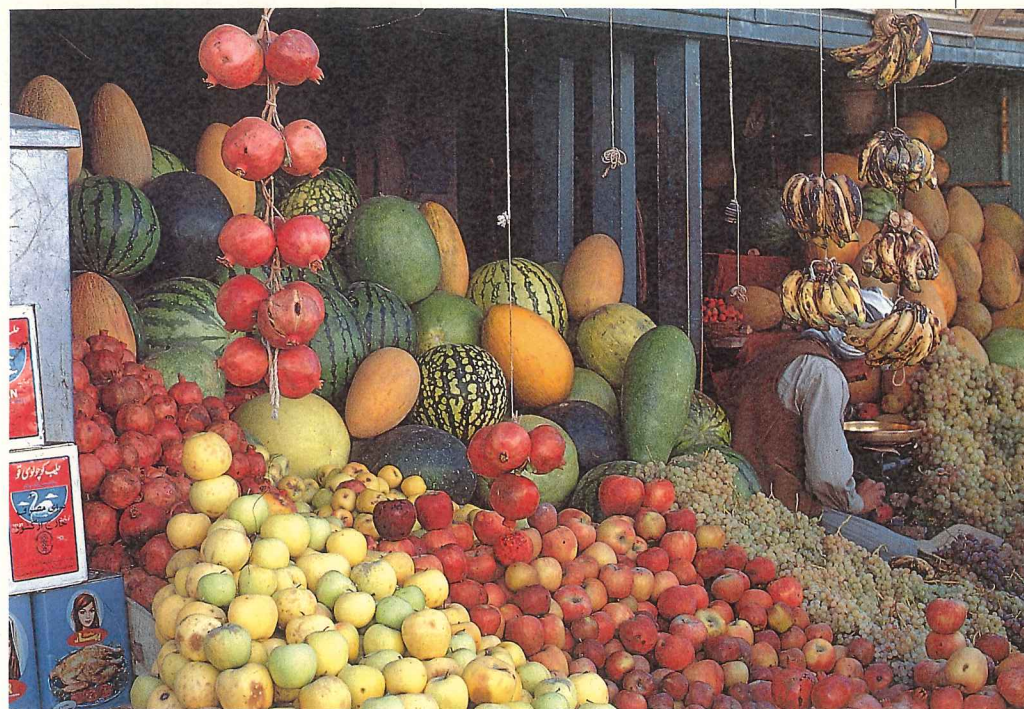


Story by Lieutenant-Colonel David S. Leslie,
CD RCR. Photos by Laurel Pardy

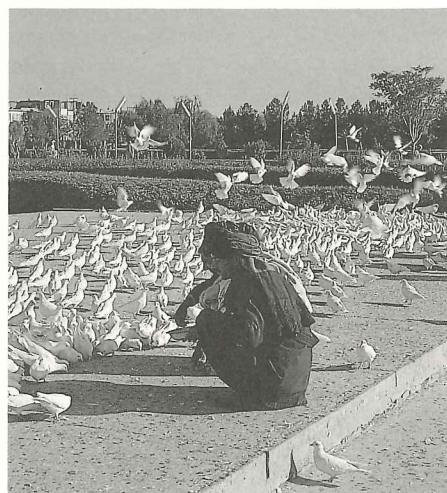
Lt. Col. David Leslie was the senior Canadian officer with the United Nations Good Offices Mission in Afghanistan and Pakistan (UNGOMAP). The following article is based on his impressions and observations after six months in Afghanistan and before the last of the Soviet troops left the country.

Kabul can best be described as a tired city — tired of war, tired of commodity shortages, tired of family tragedy, tired of rocketing. Tired of living? No, quite the contrary. Through the strength and courage of its people, the city continues to get on with the business of commerce, education, shopping and working. By dawn, the night-time drone of Afghan and Soviet military transport aircraft has been replaced by the rumble of military convoys and civilian transport vehicles racing (often four abreast on three-lane streets) towards the Salang Road, the major North-South artery which links Kabul with the outside world. By sunrise, the vegetable bazaars are stocked with produce and filled with customers. Interruptions to the flow of goods from the North and East (the Jalalabad Road) have, however, created food shortages resulting in sharp price increases, long lineups, poorly stocked shops in the bazaars and citizens resigned to hardship and deprivation. By mid-morning most shelves are bare of produce other than sweet melon.

As the day progresses, city streets become more and more congested with cars, trucks, donkey carts and hand-pushed conveyances. The sound of horns drown out most other noises, except the call to prayer. Traffic in Kabul is relatively manageable, without the anarchy seen in Beirut and Damascus. Streets do not become massive parking lots like they do in Bangkok and motorists are more predictable than those in Ottawa. One distinctive characteristic of local traffic is that drivers, wishing to turn off main streets, proceed to the furthest lane from the direction in which the turn is to be made, then, with a burst of speed, loud horns and vigorous hand actions, make a sharp turn across three lanes of moving traffic. The origin of this high adventure may have something to do with the fact that drivers spend so much time looking backward that they become disoriented. Having said that, given the choice of driving in India, Pakistan, Afghanistan or Ottawa, I would choose Afghanistan. Motorists display far less "derring-do" and fatalism than in India and Pakistan, and unlike their Ottawa counterparts, do use hand and light signals.



Fruit vendor, Kabul



Old men feed birds outside mosque, Kabul.

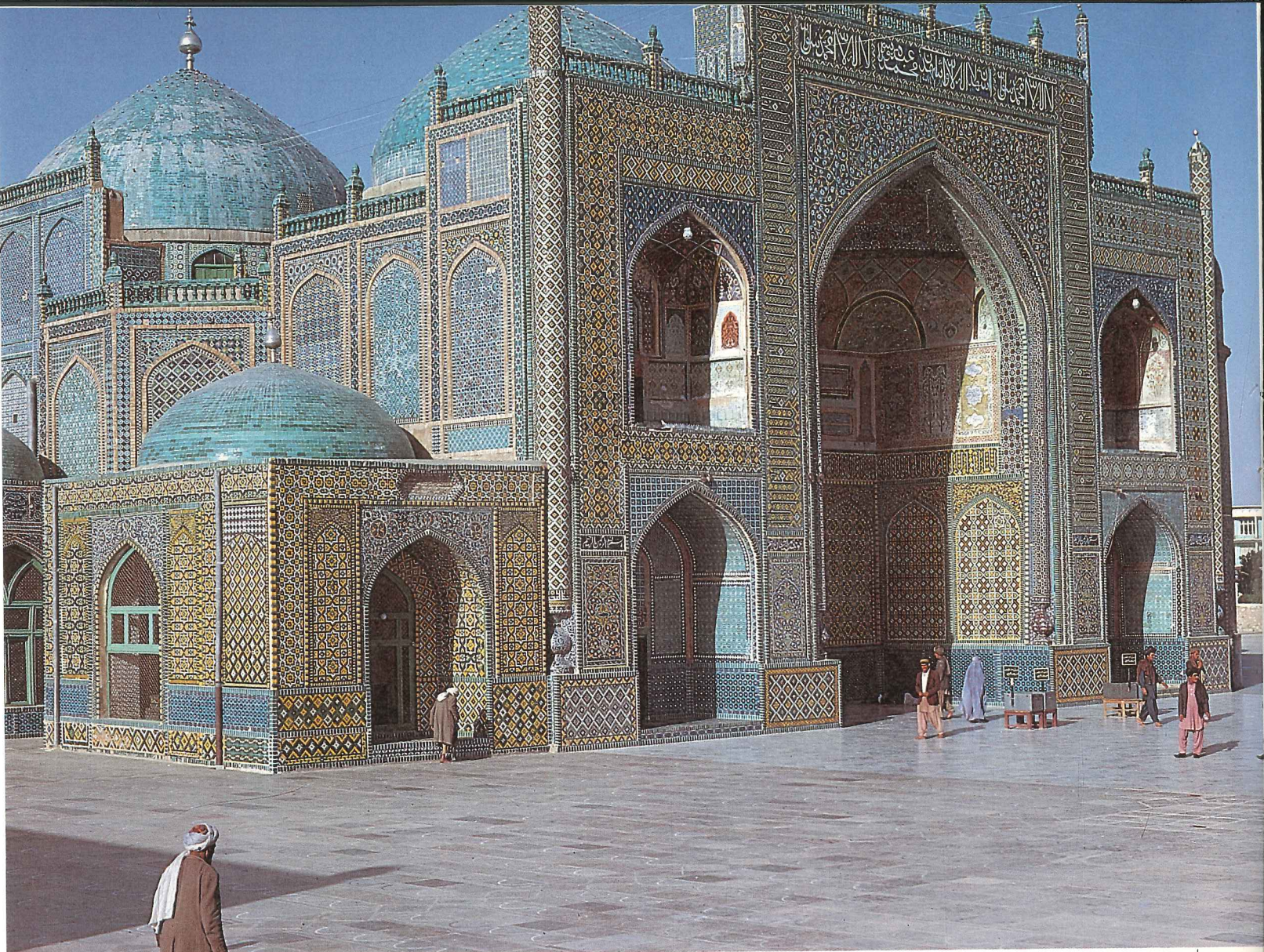
On the streets, a UN officer is required to wear a uniform (on and off duty) walking and must always be accompanied by at least one other officer. This measure has been adopted to minimize the possibility of being mistakenly identified as Soviet troops, who are not always received with open arms in Kabul. In addition most of us wear the UN-issue "baseball cap" in lieu of the traditional blue beret for the simple reason that many Soviet troops wear blue berets.

Walking in Kabul is not unlike walking in other cities in the region — sidewalks are broken and uneven and, more often than not, end in a pile of rubble strategically placed to force the pedestrian into the traffic. There is, however, one important difference. Between many street surfaces and the sidewalk there is a concrete ditch approximately 75 cm in

width and of indeterminate depth. The ditches are usually filled with water and have been constructed to cope with melting snow and heavy rainfalls during the winter months. A car catching its right front wheel in the ditch creates a spectacular result. Ottawa drivers trained in splashing passersby would be in for a rude shock in Kabul! There is no easy or graceful way to cross the ditch. Only a long jump will do the trick. The alternatives are an undignified sprawl into the less-than-pure water or a headlong plunge into the side of a passing car.

On the streets, I was struck by the marked and sobering absence of young men of military age, as well as the number of young men carrying the scars of war — amputations, crippling injuries and disfigurement. These sights are grim reminders of the realities of life in Afghanistan.

Dedicated shoppers direct themselves to the bazaars of the Old City where Afghan carpets are the most popular item and carpet factories and shops abound. A visit to a carpet factory is a "must" for every visitor. Cost adjustments are directly proportional to the bargaining skill of the shopper. Old carpets are the thing to buy, but one has to be careful. Carpets are frequently aged artificially by either frequent washings or spreading them on the street to allow passing vehicles to hasten the process. Most carpets are manufactured by teams of young children working in threes and fours. Quick, strong, and supple fingers and infinite patience are essential. It takes months to produce a carpet and as long as one year for a single artisan to finish a large carpet.



Blue Mosque, Mazar-i-sharif, North Afghanistan



Nuts & spices stall, Kabul

There are two forms of cycling in Kabul: *bicycling* and *recycling*. There is nothing distinctive about bicycling — it is as disruptive to traffic flow as in any other city — but recycling is a different matter. Recycling of steel shipping containers has become a major industry. Many goods arrive in containers and the cost of the container is included in the total cost of the shipment. When the goods are removed, the importer is left with an empty container. Hundreds can be found in various parts of the city awaiting a buyer. Enterprising Afghans have found uses for them: Row upon row of containers transformed into workshops, stores, shelters, and storage facilities. An acetylene torch skillfully used may produce a steel panel for a truck body, a storm door, a car door, a security gate, a bedstead or a roof.

The skies over Kabul resound to the roar of Ilyushin 76 ("Candid") and Antonov 12 ("Cub") transport aircraft and the scream of low-flying MIG fighters. During daylight hours, every military aircraft discharges a trail of flares designed to confuse heat-

seeking surface-to-air missiles. Kabul is ringed by hills which call for aircraft to execute tight turns over the city and the burning flares and contrails against the deep blue sky create a spectacular visual effect. A "Candid" discharges clusters of five to six flares every two or three seconds. In the three circuits taken to reach cruising altitude, the aircraft discharges hundreds of flares. Unfortunately, burning flares reaching ground level often cause fires.

*Only in those districts where
rockets have hit is the pattern
of life disrupted.*

The unnatural calm which falls over Kabul at night is broken only by the roar of increased military aircraft activity flying in total blackout conditions and "things that go bump in the night". One learns quickly to distinguish between "outgoing" and "incoming". Outgoing is usually Soviet artillery or heavy mortar fire. A SCUD-B surface-to-surface missile passing overhead is unforgettable — flaming motor, thick contrail and a clearly-visible missile body gaining speed in a sweeping trajectory. The SCUD-B with its illuminating flares, is like a fireworks display on July 1st, but without the joy and excitement.

"Incoming" is a different matter. The sight and sound of a 122 mm "Katyusha" rocket is not pleasant, and the results can be deva-

stating. Concentrations of 50 and 60 rockets in the space of one hour are not frequent, but have occurred several times during our stay. Most attacks consist of between six and twenty rockets aimed indiscriminately. It's difficult to keep track of the numbers, but a "normal" week's rocketing activity amounts to roughly 70 or 80 impacts. In spite of it all, life goes on. Only in those districts where rockets have hit is the pattern of life disrupted. Elsewhere in the city, traffic moves normally and it is "business as usual".

While most visitors (excluding Soviet troops, of course) are restricted to Kabul, UN officers have unique opportunities to travel to various parts of Afghanistan in the performance of duties associated with the confirmation of the withdrawal of Soviet forces from the Country. There is no opportunity for in-country off duty or leave travel. Permanent Observation Posts (OPs) have been established in Hairatan and Torgundi on the Afghan-Soviet frontier. OPs are manned by between two and four officers and rotations occur every two or three weeks. Additional teams have deployed to other regions (Kunduz, Bagram, Jalalabad, Gardez, and Kandahar) for shorter periods at irregular intervals. Various "carriers" are used but most often it is Afghan Ariana Airlines, whose motto is "Be a Second Marco Polo — Travel Ariana". Having travelled by Ariana, I would add "Where Every Flight is an Adventure". Alternatively, we are transported to OPS by night in Soviet military aircraft where each passenger is issued a freefall parachute (no experience

necessary). There is nothing blacker than the interior of an unlit aircraft. Passengers have been known to ask where the doors are in the event exit by parachute is required. Travel by Afghan and Soviet helicopter can best be described as "very fast, very low" and the two differ in only one respect: the Soviets fly by night, the Afghans fly by day. The "official" reason given for the difference is that Afghan pilots are not issued maps and navigation aids are limited. Now that is a confidence builder!

Night life is virtually non-existent — no theatres, restaurants, or cinemas. As embassies reduce staff, members of the diplomatic community meet with one another night after night in ever-diminishing numbers. Apart from official residences, the only rendez-vous are a handful of embassy-sponsored clubs. A self-imposed curfew between 22:00 hrs and 04:00 hrs has a dampening effect on social pursuits, but frequent small arms fire tends to discourage after-dark walks in the streets anyway. There are no social contacts with Afghan officials. A Middle Eastern diplomat stated that his contacts were his cook, his sweeper, and the melon seller. In the words of one Western diplomat Kabul "feels like the most isolated, cut off part in the world. It's like living in a monastery without the spiritual benefits."

The stresses brought about by living in such an environment make temporary relief a necessity. This usually means a short trip to Islamabad on board the UN courier flight. Islamabad is our haven. The bright lights, restaurants, greenery, wide boulevards, freedom of movement by day and night and, above all else, HAMBURGERS, SALAD and ICE CREAM at the American Embassy Club are a welcome change to life in Kabul. In addition, the assistance and generosity extended to our small contingent by every member of the Canadian Embassy in Islamabad has been excellent from the moment we arrived and has exceeded, by a wide margin, Embassy support to the nine other national contingents represented in UNGOMAP. We have known that our interests are being served and that there is a *caring* Canadian presence nearby.

For this Canadian peacekeeper, Kabul has been an unforgettable experience. I have developed strong feelings towards the people and the country and will leave very much aware of the tragedy endured by Afghanistan and the extremely limited future it faces. I have also experienced an emotion that I could not have imagined prior to coming here, that of being swept up in the fever of witnessing Soviet troops crossing the Oxus River and rejoicing in the fact that they were going home unscathed. 

Ali Masjid Fort. From this spot one can view both ends of the Kyber Pass



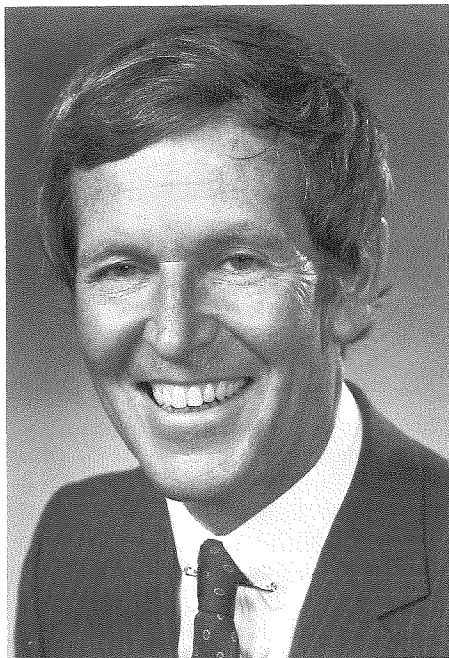
Bill Jenkins

par Daniel Molgat

Parler de Bill Jenkins, c'est parler de quelqu'un à qui s'appliquerait le testament spirituel de Gogol : « Que chacun accomplisse son oeuvre... Ne soyez pas des âmes mortes, mais des âmes vivantes ».

Ma femme et moi avons fait connaissance de Bill et Liliane en 1967 au Pakistan, où ils nous avaient précédés en affectation (il est impossible de parler de Bill sans parler de Liliane, car ils formaient un couple qui se complétait remarquablement). Or c'est tout de suite leur vitalité d'âme qui nous a frappés. Poussés par une soif de voir, de connaître, de comprendre, ils nous entraînaient aussitôt sur les pistes de haute montagne les plus effrayantes, dans des jeeps louées, pour connaître Hunza; dans les déserts et oasis d'Afghanistan, pour connaître le spectacle des caravanes de nomades; dans les régions encore sauvages du "North-West Frontier Province", pour connaître le milieu des tribus pathanes; bien ailleurs encore. Et partout, inlassablement, interrogeant, notant sur calepin, écrivant, photographiant et sympathisant avec le monde environnant. D'autres avaient connu de telles expériences avec Bill et Liliane avant nous, d'autres les connaîtraient par la suite sur les routes et dans les villages et campagnes de l'Inde, du Bhoutan ou du Népal ou encore parmi les récifs de la Mer Rouge en plongée sous-marine.

Bien sûr, j'ai connu Bill Jenkins comme l'ont connu tous ceux qui ont travaillé de près ou de loin avec lui, en tant que fonctionnaire exigeant, sérieux, dévoué, ne comptant ni son temps ni sa peine, ayant profité pleinement de toutes les affectations pour agrandir, élargir ses connaissances et sa vision du monde. Il avait commencé en cela au Service des Délégués commerciaux du Ministère de l'Industrie et du Commerce, où il a fait brillamment carrière pendant quatorze ans, de Manille à Lima à Rome puis au Pakistan, avant de passer au Ministère des Affaires extérieures de l'époque. Au cours des vingt courtes années qui lui restaient à vivre, il s'est manifesté comme étant une des plus belles forces et valeurs de ce Ministère, que ce fût à Lagos, à la Nouvelle-Delhi ou, en tant qu'Ambassadeur, en Arabie Saoudite et à l'OCDE, ou encore à Ottawa en tant que Sous-secrétaire suppléant et Sous-ministre



adjoint, en passant par le Bureau du Conseil privé et la Vice-présidence de l'ACDI.

Beau modèle que celui-là! Mais c'est aussi dans sa vie privée, indissociable de Liliane encore une fois, que Bill Jenkins était un modèle. Car ce grand commis de l'Etat se doublait d'un homme modeste, profondément attaché à ses enfants Joanne, Nicolas et Christopher, et n'ayant cesse d'apprendre. Apprendre fut tout d'abord apprendre le français, par amour pour Liliane (il le fit parfaitement, et cela bien avant l'époque des cours payés); apprendre encore l'espagnol et l'italien selon les affectations; apprendre, lui qui était un intellectuel jumelé à l'âme d'un artisan-artiste, à trouver un équilibre entre l'étude des dossiers, la négociation, les responsabilités de chef, et la besoin croissant de créer avec ses mains (une fois encore, c'était Bill et Liliane ensemble : elle créant avec la plume par ses livres, lui créant avec sa chambre noire par une oeuvre photographique remarquable); apprendre en ayant toujours à son chevet deux ou trois livres en cours, traitant de sujets parfois disparates dont il était curieux tous à la fois.

J'ai mentionné la création à deux. Bill et Liliane aimaient aussi créer ensemble leur cadre de vie. Partout où ils sont passés, ils ont construit, ou restauré, ou rénové. En Italie, c'était la construction de leur maison au bord de la mer. À Ottawa, c'était d'abord la

restauration de fond en comble de leur maison de la rue Stanley, puis l'aménagement et la décoration de leur appartement de la rue Bay. À Paris, c'était la réfection, restauration et aménagement de leur appartement au-dessus des toits du quartier latin. Partout ailleurs, en affectation dans les maisons ou appartements du Ministère, ils rénovaient et décoraient toujours une pièce qui soit non seulement « leur coin à eux » mais qui soit aussi l'expression de leurs personnalités, oeuvre à laquelle Bill mettait beaucoup de la sienne propre.

Que ce soit dans la vie professionnelle ou privée, Bill Jenkins était resté remarquablement ouvert aux jeunes, aux collaborateurs ou camarades, et aux amis. Il était toujours à l'affût d'une nouvelle tendance, perspective ou orientation; on pouvait lui présenter une idée ou projet en étant sûr d'être écouté. Si le projet était réalisable, que cela fût celui d'un proche ou d'un collaborateur au travail, on pouvait compter sur son appui et son aide.

Tous ceux qui ont connu Bill Jenkins peuvent témoigner de sa profondeur de caractère, de son aptitude à l'affection, à l'amitié sincère. C'était un homme sans détours, sans calculs dans ses rapports avec son prochain. Ma femme et moi avons eu le privilège de passer de longs moments avec lui et avec Liliane, à plusieurs reprises au cours des mois qui ont précédé sa mort. Ce fut pour nous une leçon. Leçon de détachement de soi et d'abnégation, car ses propos avec nous portaient sur beaucoup de sujets mais pratiquement pas sur celui de son état de santé, jamais sur celui de son sort. Leçon donnée par un esprit qui, aux portes de la mort, continuait de s'intéresser vivement à la politique canadienne, à la vie du Ministère et à celle des collègues, aux crises et tensions diverses de par le monde, et toujours aux êtres humains qui s'y trouvaient mêlés. Nous nous souvenons de son sourire, encore prompt à se montrer au cours de ces semaines terribles, sourire fait de compréhension, de charité, et du sens de l'humour qu'il avait gardé jusqu'à la fin. Oui, vraiment, tout sauf un âme morte! Et il a accompli son oeuvre.

Daniel Molgat est chef de Mission et Ambassadeur de la Mission du Canada aux communautés européennes à Bruxelles, Belgique.

Jacques Gaudreau

par Yvon Beaulne

Né à Rimouski (Québec) en 1947, Jacques Gaudreau s'est joint aux Affaires extérieures en 1971, peu de temps après avoir obtenu son diplôme en droit de l'Université Laval. Il servit à Paris, Dhaka, Genève et à la mission permanente à New York. À l'administration centrale, il travailla au bureau des Nations Unies et à la direction des Opérations juridiques. Il est décédé à Ottawa le 8 avril 1989 suite à une longue maladie.

Au cours de ses affectations à Genève et à New York, et en tant que membre de délégations canadiennes à de nombreuses sessions de la Commission des droits de l'homme des Nations Unies, Jacques Gaudreau est devenu un expert reconnu dans le domaine du droit international de la personne. Afin de rendre hommage à ses intérêts professionnels et à son expertise, ses amis et collègues ont établi, de concert avec la faculté de droit de l'Université d'Ottawa, un Prix commémoratif Jacques Gaudreau dans le domaine du droit international de la personne, qui sera remis annuellement à des étudiants se distinguant dans ce domaine d'étude. La dotation de ce prix est assurée par la direction des Droits de la personne et des affaires sociales du Ministère des Affaires extérieures, qui rassemblera les dons et sera chargée de la remise de reçus pour fins d'impôt aux donateurs.

Les funérailles de Jacques Gaudreau ont eu lieu le 10 avril à la Basilique d'Ottawa. M. Yvon Beaulne, ancien ambassadeur du Canada auprès des Nations Unies à New York et longtemps représentant du Canada à la Commission des Droits de la personne de l'ONU prononça l'éloge. Voici le texte des remarques de M. Beaulne.

C'est un hommage personnel que je rends ce matin à mon ami Jacques Gaudreau. J'ose croire que ceux qui m'entendent y trouveront un écho de leurs propres sentiments à l'égard du fils, du frère, du parent, du camarade, du collègue, du compagnon de route qui vient de nous quitter au seuil de l'âge mur.

J'ai fait sa connaissance il y a une vingtaine d'années. Nouveau venu dans la carrière diplomatique, il était venu prêter main forte à l'équipe que je dirigeais à New-York en tant que représentant permanent du Canada à l'Organisation des Nations Unies. Je me suis rendu compte qu'il était fait pour ce métier.



Contrairement à une opinion aussi répandue que mal fondée, les diplomates ne sont pas nécessairement des simulateurs ni des dissimulateurs. S'ils prêtent le fanc à la calomnie, c'est peut-être à cause de la discrétion dont ils s'entourent. Pourtant, il saute aux yeux que leur maître atout, c'est une parfaite intégrité. S'ils n'inspirent pas confiance à leurs interlocuteurs, comment pourraient-ils parvenir avec eux à des accords durables? Pour les avoir fréquentés durant plusieurs décennies, je les tiens pour hommes et femmes de parole et de dialogue.

À cet égard, Jacques Gaudreau était un modèle de probité et de loyauté, un diplomate exemplaire servi dans le domaine international où s'est exercée son action par de remarquables qualités d'esprit et de coeur. À la rigueur intellectuelle de l'homme de loi, il alliait la souplesse requise pour éviter les traquenards de la procédure. Au moment décisif d'une négociation il m'a suggéré à l'occasion une solution heureuse qui débloquent l'impasse. Il saisissait d'un coup d'oeil l'ensemble d'une situation et sa vive intelligence allait droit au coeur des difficultés. Il était plein de ressources et inventait des moyens inusités de régler des différends. C'est lui, par exemple, qui a mis au point une stratégie dont s'est servie la

Commission des Droits de l'Homme pour venir en aide à des États africains ravagés par des dictateurs militaires, comme l'Ouganda, la République Centre-Africaine et la Guinée équatoriale, en leur procurant des secours non seulement d'ordre matériel mais aussi d'ordre éducatif et juridique. Quelques-unes de ces innovations ont modifié le rôle de l'ONU et de ses institutions spécialisées en les incitant à sortir des sentiers battus pour appuyer de façon efficace et multiforme les efforts déployés par des gouvernements démunis pour reconstruire des pays ruinés.

J'ai également admiré, chez Jacques Gaudreau, les dons du coeur qui le portaient naturellement vers les faibles et les opprimés. Il était surtout généreux, ne comptant jamais son temps ni ses peines pour répondre aux vœux de ceux qui avaient recours à lui. C'était un hôte chaleureux, attentif et prévenant chez qui il faisait bon se trouver.

Il n'était ni égoïste ni mesquin. Il se donnait avec enthousiasme à toutes les tâches susceptibles de faire avancer la cause des droits humains, à laquelle il s'était voué comme un chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.

Jacques Gaudreau n'était pas un bureaucrate égaré dans la carrière. Il avait faim et soif de justice. Le pape Jean-Paul II rappelait au corps diplomatique accrédité près le Saint-Siège l'an dernier : Il faut assurer les fondements de la paix en les appuyant sur la sauvegarde des droits de l'homme et aussi des droits des peuples.

Voilà à quoi Jacques Gaudreau a consacré sa trop brève existence. Permettez-moi de citer en terminant un verset du psaume III qui résume tout ce que j'aurais voulu dire aujourd'hui : « Le juste laisse une mémoire éternelle ».

La faculté de Droit de l'Université d'Ottawa a consenti à honorer Jacques Gaudreau en établissant à son nom un prix tendant à encourager l'approfondissement et l'enseignement des droits humains. Ce sera un gage permanent de notre affection envers un homme de bien, un homme de foi, un homme de paix.

Yvon Beaulne était ambassadeur du Canada auprès des Nations Unies à New-York et longtemps représentant du Canada à la Commission des Droits de la personne de l'ONU.

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Women in the Foreign Service — Canadian & American

CANADA: In September 1988, Pat Carney as President of the Treasury Board created the Task Force on Barriers to Women in the Public Service. The Task Force Report is due in November, 1989. The following excerpts are from an article by Ms. Carney published in *Dialogue*, Vol. 13 No. 3:

- *When I became a minister, I was struck by the lack of women bureaucrats at my briefings.*
- *The public service is the largest work force in Canada. Therefore, any lessons we learn from the Task Force on Barriers to Women in the Public Service will certainly interest the private sector. The merit principle is very important in the public service; we want to remove barriers to women within the merit context.*
- *In terms of institutional barriers, I found that External Affairs had never named a married woman with children to head a mission abroad. Female appointees were always single, widowed or divorced. Yet many women had been appointed as trade commissioners in Hong Kong. When I asked why, I was told that lack of family housing was a factor. The implication, right or wrong, was that women put up with less!*
- *As for attitudes, I have often met women who do not perceive themselves as senior management material, even when they clearly are. It is the way they view themselves and their career potential. That is, of course, truer for my generation, but I am amazed at how many younger women are willing to do the work, but not assume the title.*
- *Based on personal experience, I wondered whether women were actually reaching the entry levels for senior management positions. Networking and mentors are very important. Both should be encouraged and rewarded.*
- *The task force is addressing three basic questions:*
 - *Where are there so few women in certain occupational groups, even when they are available in the work force?*
 - *Why do women tend to be concentrated in the "lowest level" groups?*
 - *What happened to the women who were trailblazers, who had no role models, and what were their coping strategies?*

USA: The following excerpts from the

Washington Post April 20, 1989, concern a January, 1989 court decision on a class action suit on discrimination against women in the American Foreign Service:

- *The State Department has acknowledged that it discriminated against its female Foreign Service officers in hiring, assignments and honors between 1976 and 1985.*
- *The department has cancelled the Foreign Service Exam for 1989 following a related court decision, which found that the test is discriminatory because men pass its mandatory general background section at a rate roughly twice that of women.*
- *In notices...the department acknowledged:*
 - *Using a discriminatory examination that disproportionately causes women to be assigned to the relatively low-status consular "cone" — or job track — instead of the high-status political "cone". State Department employees in the consular and political "cones" may have the same rank and earn the same salaries, but a consular official may be bogged down in handling visas while a political official is making policy.*
 - *Assigning disproportionately few women to "stretch" assignments — jobs above an individual's personal rank — and disproportionately large numbers to "downstretch" assignments — those below an employee's personal rank.*
 - *Assigning disproportionately fewer women to deputy chief of mission jobs.*
 - *Undervaluing women on their "potential" in annual ratings.*
 - *Awarding disproportionately fewer women than men Superior Honor Awards.*
- *The preponderance of men in the best jobs could not occur by chance and must be the result of discrimination.*
 - *In 11 years...nine women had been appointed deputy chief of mission out of 586 assignments — a situation that could occur randomly only once in 2,500 times.*
 - *Women in the political "cone" were assigned to the consular "cone" so much more frequently than men that the odds of it happening were one in 100 million.*

Life Abroad

by Terry Jones

"Who are you?" he screamed
 thrusting the rifle into my face.
 I had often imagined
 just such an occasion.
 "Stand aside my man" I would say
 coolly brushing dust from my immaculate lapels
 "Canadian High Commission;"
 and of course
 he would stand aside, humbly muttering an apology.
 Instead I heard a small voice say
 very quietly
 "Canadian High Commission."
 "Oh. All right," and the rifle violently waved me on.
 I drove on slowly
 past prisoners herded into army trucks
 slowly round the corner
 then like hell
 until my shaking legs forced a stop.
 At home
 they think I'm on the cocktail party circuit.

Terry Jones has served in Sydney, Port of Spain, Accra and Copenhagen. He is currently Deputy Director, South Pacific Relations Division, External Affairs.

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La négociation FS

par Christine Manseau,
directeur exécutif

Ainsi que nous en avons fait rapport dans la dernière édition de **bout de papier**, les négociations ont débuté officiellement le 23 février 1989. Les premières sessions ont surtout consisté en un échange de vues sur les positions respectives des parties dans le but d'approfondir chacune des revendications mises de l'avant dans le contexte de la négociation. Ce n'est qu'à compter du 10 avril que nous avons vraiment commencé à négocier bien que le Comité de négociations de l'APASE ait obtenu son mandat du Comité exécutif le 28 mars. Comme vous le savez déjà, nous signions une entente provisoire le 21 avril, ce qui constitue un temps record dans les annales de la fonction publique fédérale.

Les principales questions dont nous avons débattu ainsi que les modifications dont nous avons convenu au cours de la négociation sont les suivantes:

Disponibilité de moyens d'information

L'amendement proposé visait à reproduire dans la convention collective les termes de la décision de l'arbitre Brown garantissant à l'APASE et à ses membres le droit d'accès aux lignes télégraphiques du Ministère, le pouvoir de décider conjointement avec la Direction du Ministère du mode de communications à être utilisé que ce soit à la centrale ou à la mission et l'assurance que ces communications demeuraient confidentielles lorsqu'approprié.

Le ministère avait exprimé de sérieuses préoccupations quant à l'utilisation des lignes télégraphiques du ministère, tout particulièrement lorsqu'il s'agissait de messages considérés à l'encontre des intérêts de l'employeur. Après de longues discussions, il fut convenu que l'on élaborerait, en annexe à la convention collective, des lignes directrices faisant état des circonstances dans lesquelles les lignes télégraphiques du ministère pourraient être utilisées soit par l'APASE, soit par ses membres. Ces lignes directrices ne décrivent pas des circonstances aussi libérales que celles dont nous avons bénéficié ces dernières années mais, nous garantissent définitivement l'accès à la salle de courrier du ministère, ce qui n'avait jamais été confirmé auparavant.

Travail effectué un jour de repos ou un jour férié désigné

L'amendement proposé visait à établir le choix pour nos membres d'être remboursés immédiatement en argent pour les heures excessives travaillées les jours de semaine

plutôt que d'avoir à attendre jusqu'à la fin de l'année fiscale. De plus, l'on recherchait la prolongation au 30 septembre du délai fixé pour le remboursement du temps compensatoire non utilisé au 31 mars afin de permettre à ceux qui l'auraient désiré de le prendre à la suite ou en lieu de leur congé annuel.

Il est important de noter que l'employeur cherchait de son côté à éliminer certaines des dispositions déjà existantes de cette clause. Le jeu de la négociation nous a donc amenés à concéder sur un point seulement de façon à prévenir l'érosion de la clause permettant une compensation en reconnaissance des heures excessives de travail pendant la semaine. L'APASE a donc accepté que le travail effectué un second jour de repos ne serait compensé à temps double que si le premier jour de repos a été travaillé.

Rémunération

Les résultats du questionnaire en préparation aux négociations démontraient clairement l'intérêt de nos membres à un système de prime au rendement pour ceux au maximum de l'échelle salariale, l'APASE demandait donc l'établissement d'un tel système. Au point de vue salarial, l'APASE réclamait une augmentation supérieure au taux d'inflation prévu pour les années 1989 et 1990 avec en plus une compensation pour le retard accusé ces dix dernières années. De surcroît, l'APASE réclamait une diminution de 30 à 20 jours de la période d'admissibilité pour fins de rémunération intérimaire.

Le négociateur du Trésor nous a dit très clairement dès l'ouverture des négociations sérieuses qu'il nous faudrait payer cher l'établissement d'un fonds de prime au rendement pour ceux au haut de l'échelle de façon à ne pas établir un précédent qui amène tous les syndicats de la fonction publique fédérale à réclamer la pareille. Il était essentiel que cette prime soit rattachée au rendement et, prise à même la masse salariale, du moins pour la première année. Une lettre signée par le négociateur lui-même nous assure qu'il s'agissait bien là d'un paiement unique. L'augmentation salariale concédée a été de 4% la première année et de 3.52% la seconde année réparti également entre tous les membres de l'unité de négociation quelque soit leur niveau salarial pour compenser la perte occasionnée à ceux au bas de l'échelle salariale par la création de la prime au rendement. En ce qui a trait à la rémunération d'intérim, l'employeur était prêt à concéder 20 jours pour la période d'admissibilité.

Déplacements

En considération du temps passé par nos membres à voyager pour le compte de l'employeur, l'APASE réclamait que toutes les heures voyageées soient rémunérées à

temps et demi qu'il s'agisse d'un voyage en service commandé ou en devoir temporaire, une affectation ou une conférence professionnelle.

Le négociateur était d'avis que la présente clause est beaucoup plus favorable que celle que l'on retrouve dans les autres conventions collectives de la fonction publique fédérale et, connaissant l'obsession de l'employeur pour la standardisation des textes, nous avons cru bon de nous en tenir au statu quo.

Congé annuel

Dans le but d'accroître les bénéfices des employés ayant de longs états de service, l'APASE réclamait l'addition d'un jour de congé de plus par année à compter de la deuxième année de service.

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Nous avons obtenu cinq jours pour le congé de mariage sous congé payé pour raisons familiales et, avons signé un mémoire d'entente au Conseil national mixte relativement à la situation des employés en congé de maternité à l'étranger.

Ainsi que vous l'aurez constaté à la lecture de la dépêche émise par l'APASE relativement à la ratification de l'entente provisoire, d'autres changements mineurs ont été apportés à la convention collective. Cet article tente de relater la discussion des parties sur les points soulevés par l'APASE au cours de la négociation.

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The Golden Hope by Peter Stursberg.
Toronto: The United Church Publishing
House, 1987, 275 pp. \$12.95

Reviewed by Arthur Menzies

Peter Stursberg, noted World War II CBC correspondent and eminent practitioner of oral history, has taped interviews with three score Canadian missionaries and their children, Sinologists and Chinese to try to record and evaluate the aims and achievements of 60 years of Canadian missionary endeavour in China. By quoting the recollections and opinions of survivors of the China missionary experience, he succeeds in bringing to life the hopes, the disappointments and the long-term accomplishments of four Canadian Protestant missions as microcosms of the larger Western Christian movement in China.

*The Christian warlord
Feng Yuxiang baptized his
troops with a fire hose.*

In the Fall 1987 issue of *bout de papier*, I reviewed Alwyn Austin's *Saving China: Canadian Missionaries in the Middle Kingdom 1888-1959*, which I described as a good popular history of Canadian missionary activities set against the evolution of China's troubled history. Austin's book covers both

Protestant and Roman Catholic missions in a balanced and inclusive historian's treatment. Stursberg has brought his account alive by focusing on a score of key missionaries whose experiences he helps us to share through deftly sketching the background and then quoting the source or someone qualified to comment.

Canadian Protestant missionaries who went to China in the early 1890's were inspired by the vision of converting the heathen to Christianity. They believed in the superiority of Western culture and technology. It was Dr. Virgil Hart, who opened the Methodist mission in Sichuan Province in 1891, who coined the phrase: "If we give our best, the 'Yellow Peril' will become the world's 'Golden Hope'". In North Henan, Dr. Jonathon Goforth launched the Presbyterian mission with a Messianic belief in the power of preaching the Gospel. The Canadian Anglican mission was established by Bishop William C. White in 1910 at Kaifeng, south of the Yellow River in Henan. Stursberg, himself, was born in Kaifeng, the son of the Postal Commissioner of the province.

Stursberg recounts frightening experiences of Canadians being evacuated from interior mission stations in 1895, during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 and during Chiang Kai-shek's Northern March of 1927. He points to the hope that Goforth placed in the Christian warlord Feng Yuxiang, who baptized his troops with a fire hose. He describes the mis-

sionary schools where children were educated without social contact with Chinese children. He suggests that poor ability to speak Chinese and isolation in compounds of big Western houses separated the missionaries from the Chinese they wished to convert. Stursberg asserts that the phasing out of colonial privileges after the unification of China by the Kuomintang (KMT) in 1927 marked a turning point. I think that the following decade of KMT rule before the Japanese invasion of North China was the most productive period for Christian missions in China because of the educational foundations that were laid and because the Chinese churches were unified and increasingly self-reliant.

In the 1920's and early 1930's, the emphasis of the Canadian missions shifted from a priority on preaching the Gospel, to the Social Gospel with increasing emphasis on education and modern medicine. Stursberg describes the growth of the West China Union University with its faculties of medicine and dentistry. He also mentions Cheeloo University in Jinan, Shandong to which the North Henan mission contributed staff and to which it sent the graduates of its mission high schools.

Sixty years of missionary endeavour threw up many personalities who Stursberg describes sympathetically. In addition to the pioneers, Hart and Goforth, he tells of Bishop White's increasing interest in Chinese culture. After meeting C.T. Currely of the

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Royal Ontario Museum in 1924, White threw himself into collecting antiques for the museum. After retiring from China, he served from 1934-48 as Keeper of the Chinese Collection at the ROM and compiled books on Chinese art.

Stursberg interviewed me for four hours and from this records the discovery in 1914 by my father, Dr. James M. Menzies, of the site near Anyang, Henan of the last capital of the Shang Dynasty, 1311-1039 B.C. Father emphasized the need for missionaries to understand Chinese culture. He pointed out that the ancient Chinese, whose written legacy is on incised oracle bones and bronze ritual vessels, believed in a Supreme Being, Shang Ti, the same term used by Protestants for God.

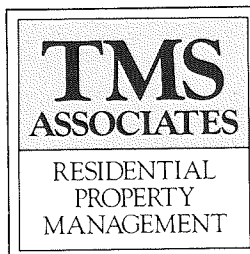
Stursberg tells of the contacts between Dr. Robert McClure of the United Church North Henan mission and Dr. Richard Brown of the Anglican Mission with Dr. Norman Bethune who arrived in China in February 1938 to work with the Communist Eighth Route Army fighting the Japanese on the Shansi-Henan border. Brown described Bethune as "very rude and arrogant, very impatient. . . . In spite of all his defects, he had this burning desire to help the underdog."

The conquest of China by the Communist armies in 1948-49 and the entry of Chinese 'volunteers' into the Korean Conflict in December 1950 brought an end to Canadian missionary activity in China. Two of the last Canadian missionaries to leave West China, Earl Willmott and Bill Small (elder brother of John Small, Ambassador to China 1972-76) endeavoured to explain to Canadians that "Chinese Christians now believe that the missionaries brought to China an adulterated Christianity — a Christianity connected with the ideas and interests of imperialism. This explanation was not well received in the United Church in Canada.

In a final chapter, Stursberg evaluates the present role of the Christian Church in China. Numbers of adherents have actually increased to over six million from four million in 1948. After the Cultural Revolution of 1966-76, the Chinese Government began to return church property to the Chinese churches "as part of its movement toward greater religious freedom." He says that "it could finally be said that the People's Republic had finally realized that religion — which in China's case really meant Christianity — was no longer a threat to Marxism, and could even be of assistance."

I take a broader view. I think that the Communist Party of China no longer feels threatened in its control of the country by religions which do not have strong foreign links. Chinese are not religious by nature.

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Today less than ten percent have any religious interest. But the Communists are still concerned about Tibetan Lamaism's loyalty to the Dalai Lama in exile in India because Tibetan nationalism has a strong theocratic element. They are also concerned about Roman Catholicism because the Holy See maintains diplomatic relations with Taiwan and the Pope claims the right to appoint

bishops. But the 'criticize Confucius' campaign of the Cultural Revolution has been stopped and the monuments in the ancestral cemetery in Chufu, Shandong have been repaired. Repression of Islam has ceased because it was counterproductive to criticize the Russians for crushing Moslems in Afghanistan while doing the same thing to the Moslem Uyghurs and Kazakhs in Sinjiang.

Tolerance of Buddhism permits stronger cultural links with Japan and with overseas Chinese.

Relaxed attitudes toward Protestantism and Catholicism, without acknowledging Papal control, are expected to improve relations with Westerners and potential overseas Chinese investors and lessen the apprehensions of Christians in Hong Kong and Taiwan. The former Chinese Communist characterization of Christian missionaries as "running dogs of the Imperialist" has been dropped in recent years and replaced by a grudging recognition that Christian missionaries, whatever their faults, also served as important conduits of modernization in an era of great social change.

Arthur Menzies is a member of bout de papier's Senior Editorial Board. A retired foreign service officer, he was Canadian Ambassador in China and concluded his career as Ambassador for Disarmament.

Canada and the Commonwealth Caribbean edited by Brian Douglas Tennyson, University Press of America, 1988. 395 pp. \$59.95

Reviewed by Jack Ogelsby

The Commonwealth Caribbean has had ties with Canada stretching back into the eighteenth century colonial system. Yet it, like Latin America, to which it is now more bureaucratically linked, has remained less attractive to the aspiring foreign service officer than other parts of the world. Not so many years ago, an Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs (USSEA) gave fatherly advice to an ambitious recruit whose dreams of Paris or London as a first posting had been shattered by orders to the Caribbean region. The USSEA said that given the number of Canada's diplomatic posts, one was sure to have to go there once in one's career so why not start off there? A sensible approach, but daunting to a junior officer conditioned to think within the framework of the North Atlantic triangle. There was little readily available information to help in understanding Canada's relations with the region. Today that is no longer the case. This handy collection of the best of the limited number of articles on Canadian-Commonwealth Caribbean relations will be very important to those involved.

Not surprisingly, Canada's trade links since 1783 have been mentioned in most of the articles and even the pre-1912 ties have a contemporary flavour given the discussions on the search for reciprocity. P.K. Newman thought in 1960 that "the relative failure of past attempts to stimulate trade indicates

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that it might be a good idea to investigate somewhat critically the foundations of economic relations between the two areas." It did not do much good if post-1960 trade activities are a clue, as Glen Berry's 1977 study on "Present Trends and Future Prospects" showed.

When winter comes there is usually a dreamer who has enough of a public platform to receive press attention over the idea of Canada adding a West Indian province. Alice Stewart, Brinsley Samaroo and P.G. Wingley have provided insights on that urge, which began in the 1880s, driven by commercial and imperialist impulses, rather than a desire for a winter haven with beaches and a tropical sun. Ottawa preferred not to push the addition of a largely non-white population into Confederation. It also trembled at the prospect of providing defence for the area.

Both race and defence played a role in the relations. Canada has changed its immigration pattern but, as John Schultze indicated in a study of the period 1900-1965, "Immigration Branch officials appointed themselves guardians of Canada's racial purity" and managed to maintain their view until 1945. Only the frustration of other departments, including External Affairs, Trade and Commerce, and National Defence finally forced Immigration to alter its ways. As for defence, Canada may have been reluctant to take on Caribbean defence, but, ironically, it

had to contribute to that defence in both world wars. David Murray discussed that activity while Richard Preston, in 1971, wondered how far Canada's "special relationship" should go in involving itself with military technical and training assistance. He suggested not too far.

Twenty years ago the Commonwealth Caribbean received a large share of Canada's development assistance. This changed when Canada's aid policies extended beyond the Commonwealth into *francophone* Africa and Latin America. Canada's urge to render assistance has reflected Canada's missionary heritage. Protestant and Catholic missionaries began leaving Canada in the mid-nineteenth century intent on improving living conditions and saving souls. In the Caribbean case, Graeme Mount shows that Nova Scotia Presbyterians began to support a mission to Trinidad in 1868. The Rev. John Morton was not very successful as an evangelizer, but he had an important influence in education among East Indian indentured labourers. More recently, secular missionaries from CIDA and CUSO have been pushing Canada's way of life and Ralph Paragg queried whether Canada's activities have been "neo-colonialism or development?" It may be a question Canada's representatives in the Commonwealth Caribbean still have to deal with.

The Commonwealth Caribbean no longer has the special place it once held in Canada's

external relations. Yet, as Tennyson's collection of essays indicate, it is unlikely to fall too far into obscurity. The links with Canada are just too enduring.

J.C.M. Ogelsby is a Professor of History at the University of Western Ontario.

The Brass Ring — Power, Influence and the Brascan Empire by Patricia Best and Ann Shortell, Random House, Toronto, 1988, 369pp. \$29.95

Reviewed by Mitchell Sharp

The history of Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company (in 1969 the name was changed to Brascan) from its beginnings at the end of the 19th century until the great pull-out from Brazil in 1979, is covered in nine pages of this 373 page book.

I do not fault the authors for this summary treatment of a unique Canadian multinational enterprise. Their primary interest was not in how the Light began, flourished and finally fell victim of circumstances beyond its control. What they researched and recount so brilliantly begins when Brascan finally sold the last of its public utilities to the Brazilian government and, flush with cash, became a take-over target, and how it was converted into the cornerstone of the financial empire of Peter and Edward Bronfman, sons of Allan Bronfman and cousins of the

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What was unique and extraordinary about Brazilian Traction was not only that the majority of the voting shares were held by Canadians, but that this Canadian-owned company provided public utilities — tramways, electric power, telephones and gas — to the industrial heartland of Brazil, centred around Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo.

The story of how the Bronfmans took over Brascan is full of financial derring-do. So were the beginnings of this company, although of a different kind. The original initiative did not come from Canadians. It came from two Brazilians and an American engineer named Pearson who, towards the end of the 19th century, obtained a franchise to build a tramway system in Sao Paulo. Unable to raise the necessary capital in New York, they travelled on to Montreal where they were more successful. The Canadian financiers, led by Sir William Mackenzie, the Canadian railroad builder, were more prepared to take risks than their American counterparts, which in itself was remarkable. The tramway franchise in Sao Paulo was followed by similar franchises in Rio de Janeiro and other cities.

Tramways require electricity. Steam and huge hydro plants were constructed. Electricity replaced gas in city street lighting. So

the Light moved into the marketing of gas for commercial purposes as well as electricity. During the expansion, municipal telephone franchises were acquired and incorporated into the Companhia Telefonica Brasileira. When I was first associated with the company in the late '50s, Brazilian Traction was the largest enterprise in South America, with around 50,000 employees.

As such, it was the natural target for the ardent Brazilian nationalists. Having been accustomed, as Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, to hearing from ardent Canadian nationalists that Canada was the victim of foreign ownership, I was shocked when the company I was working for was referred to as the Canadian octopus, the tool of American economic imperialists.

The fact that the ownership was Canadian, rather than American, no doubt helped the Light to withstand these political attacks so successfully and for such a long period. The Light was a model of how a foreign-owned company should conduct itself locally. Insofar as possible, the Light preferred to deal with the Brazilian government direct and on its own behalf as part of the Brazilian community without the intervention of the Canadian Ambassador.

What eventually weakened Brazilian Traction was not the pressures from the

Brazilian nationalists, it was rampant inflation in Brazil and the slowness in obtaining from the regulatory authorities compensating adjustments in the rate schedules for the public utility services. One day in the late 1950s, there appeared in the English language newspaper in Rio the text of an invitation to a party to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the host's application for telephone service.

The telephone services, which consisted of a series of municipal franchises (in itself a handicap to efficiency) was the first to be transferred to the Brazilian government. Trams (called bondes because they were originally financed by the issuance of bonds, a contribution of the Light to the Portuguese language) were replaced by buses. Given the difficulties, under inflationary conditions, of raising capital to finance the expansion of Hydro electric capacity, the company negotiated the sale of its remaining public utility assets in 1979 and withdrew.

Reflecting on this history, I wondered if modern Canadian financiers like Peter and Edward Bronfman will make as great a contribution to contemporary society as those original Canadian financiers made to the development of Brazil. What motivated them, when Pearson presented his tramway project, was no doubt the prospect of

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profit. (The authors of The Brass Ring call Sir William Mackenzie "rapacious".) Their profit depended in turn upon their success in providing new and useful services to the people of Brazil. The prospect of profit also motivates modern financiers like the Edper group. But it looks to outsiders as if investment decisions involved in take-overs and mergers are related not so much to the provision of additional goods and services, or even to the provision of goods and services at lower cost, but to the skill of the investors in buying and selling assets already in existence.

Brascan was a unique target for a take-over. It had disposed of all its public utility assets in Brazil. In other words, it had terminated the business for which it had been established. The shareholders could have been paid off in cash. Instead, Brascan directors decided to perpetuate their control by launching a take-over bid for Woolworths. Edper, the Edward and Peter Bronfman private investment fund, decided to bid for Brascan. After an exciting and tortuous struggle, Edper emerged the winner.

The list of firms that Edper-Brascan-Hees acquired outright and in which the group made substantial investments covers nearly every aspect of Canadian business activity: Noranda, London Life, Labatt, Westmin, Scott Paper, Trilon, Royal Trust, Great

Lakes group, Royal Le Page, Wellington Insurance, Norcen Energy, North Canadian Oils.

There are 13 numbered chapters in The Brass Ring and a concluding chapter which begins with these words: "A lingering question hangs over the Edper-Brascan-Hees empire like industrial pollution. People suspect something. On Bay Street there are still whispers of a pyramid built on paper that will someday collapse." These questions are discussed pro and con, with this summing up: "Three years ago the fashion was to believe that Edper was a malevolent face; Edper survived the slander. Now the fashion is to lionize the group as a model of corporate perfection. This is also wrong-headed." What is obvious is that they have made an indelible mark on the way Canada does business and, for good or ill, have quickened the pace at which economic power in Canada is being concentrated in fewer and fewer hands.

Mitchell Sharp is a former Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, Vice President of Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company and Secretary of State for External Affairs. He is currently a Policy Associate with Strategicon Inc. in Ottawa.



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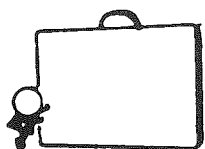
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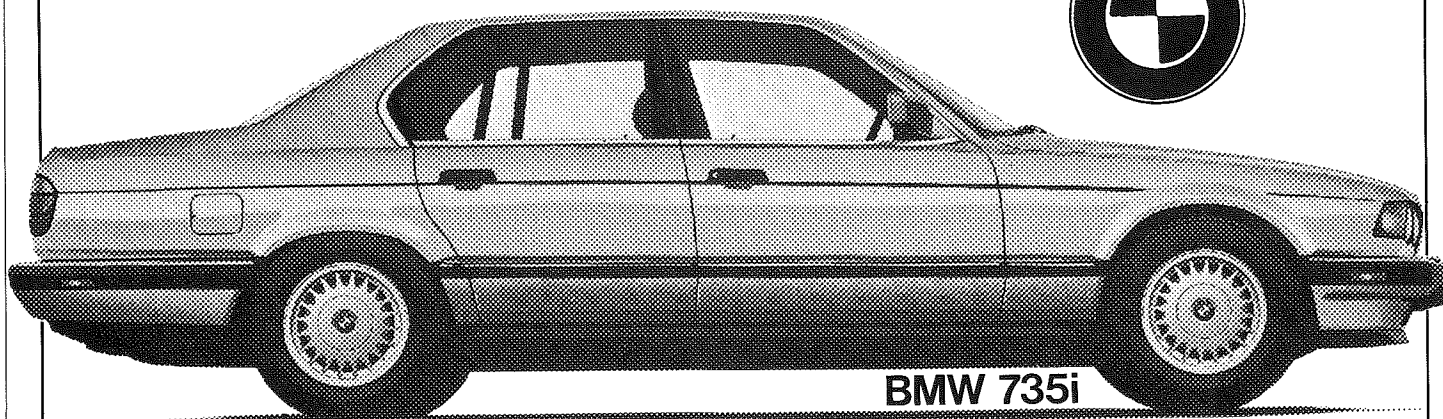
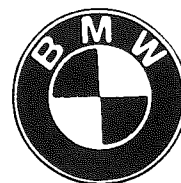
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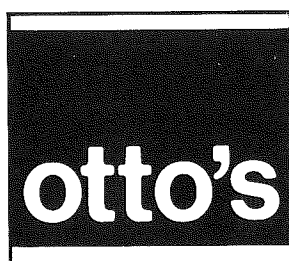
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Yes!! Prime Minister — Answer

(1) The only coalition that fits all the requirements combines the OHSO RESPONSIBLE SOCIALISTS, the RASSEMBLEMENT des GAUFRES, the COMMITTEE for BEMUSED CANADIANS and the RALLIEMENT des ARRIVISTES. (2) The coalition has 177 seats. (3) PM: Broadbeam. DPM: Lustig. SSEA: Gnash. Finance: van Tulip.

Explanation: Filling out the chart is fairly straightforward; details provided on request. From there, working out the coalition proceeds as follows. First, sort out the parties that can represent a given region. There are two for each of five regions, which means there are theoretically 32 ($2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2$) combinations that fulfill the regional rule. Write these out (using party initials makes it shorter). Since some combinations use one or more parties twice (e.g. the Socialists for both Ontario and Quebec), these 32 potential coalitions include ones with only 3 or 4 different parties as opposed to the possible 5. Since all 7 leaders demand one or other of the 4 top cabinet posts, the maximum number of parties in the coalition is also 4; you can therefore eliminate all the 5-party coalitions. Others can be eliminated by applying the Tournante-Balogna and Réalité-Broadbeam exclusions. This will leave you with only 3 possible coalitions of parties. Within these 3, work out all combinations of portfolio assignments that fit the specific demands each leader has made. The total will come to 5, of which 4 will be eliminated by Lustig's refusal to co-operate if Gnash and Broadbeam hold certain portfolios. Verify that the sole remaining coalition has a majority of the seats. QED.

CHAIR #	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
NAME of LEADER	BILLY van TULIP	MYRON BALOGNA	GROWLTON GNASH	JEANNE la TOURNANTE	CARMELLA (MEL) LUSTIG	LOUIS RÉALITÉ	EDGEWORTHY BROADBEAM
NAME of PARTY	RALLIEMENT des ARRIVISTES	RADICAL CONSERVATIVE CENTRISTS	COMMITTEE for BEMUSED CANADIANS	MODERATE CONSERVATIVE LIBERTARIANS	RASSEMBLE- MENT des GAUFRES	SONS of the SOIL	OH SO RESPONSIBLE SOCIALISTS
LEADER'S RIDING	GOATSNEST	CHARLOTTETOWN GREEN GABLES	CREPE BRETON	MUSKOKA- MARIPOSA	DRUMHELLER- TARPITS	MEDICINE JAW	AUTREMONT
NUMBER of SEATS	45	83	40	78	42	10	50
PROVINCES with MEMBERS	BC	Quebec PEI	Nova Scotia New Brunswick Newfoundland	Ontario North	Alberta Manitoba	Saskatchewan	Ontario Quebec
CABINET POST(S) DEMANDED	PM or Finance	PM only	External or Finance	PM or Deputy PM	Deputy PM or External	Deputy PM or Finance	PM or External

Lost on the Wine-Dark Sea

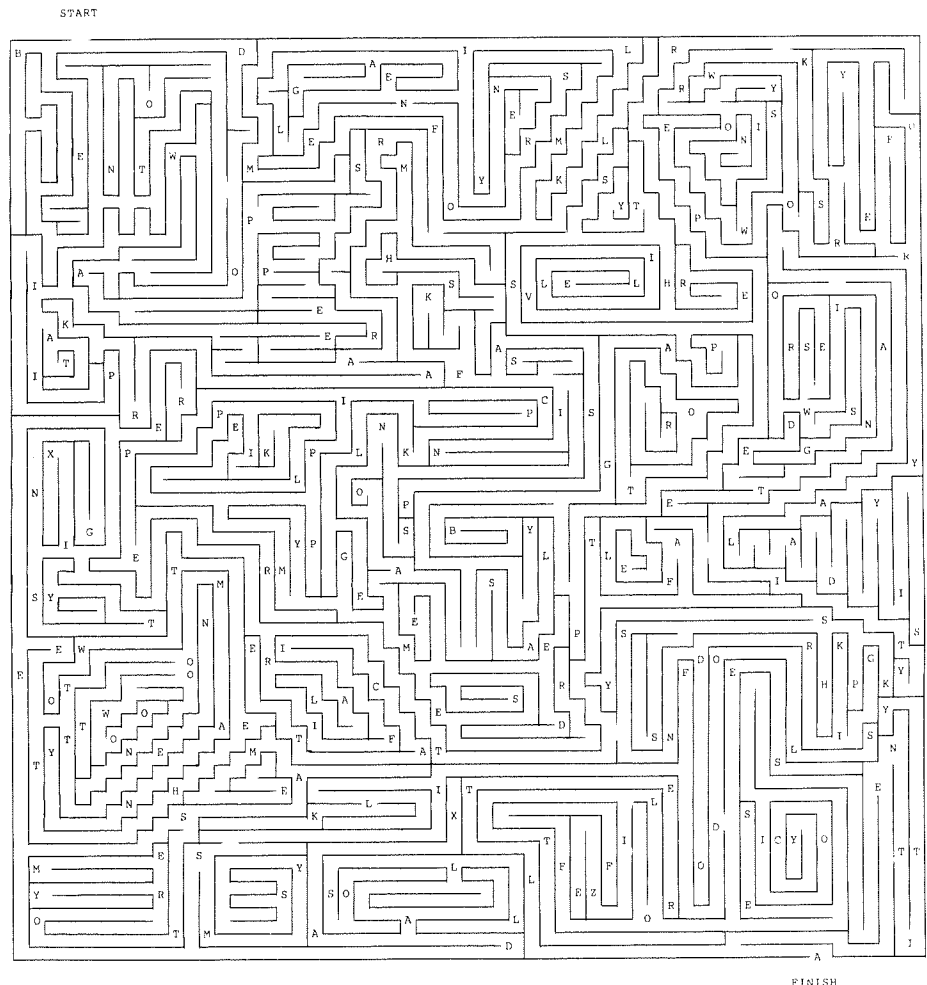
Another amazing puzzle by A Aalto

"By the look on your face, chief, we've got another coded report in from Jimmy the Turk," said ace logician LDC Liebnitz. Chief MacBannock looked up from a stiff scotch, grimaced and tossed Liebnitz two pieces of paper, adding grimly "We know he's holed up on one of the Aegean islands — but we don't know which. These just came in, wrapped around a block of feta."

Liebnitz scanned the fetid papers. One was a maze. The other had written on it: **THREAD THE MAZE TO GET A TWO-WORD ANAGRAM (7-10). STUTTGART OPERA, 1912.** "I see what he's done. The direct route through the maze picks up, let's see, 17 letters. Re-arranging them must give a clue to his hide-out. Hmmm. Ah, one of the word's the heroine's name. That clarifies the Stuttgart reference. Let me just verify that in the *Britannica*... yes!" Liebnitz began absent-mindedly to whistle "The Blue Danube" but then caught himself short, chuckled and said, "The wrong one, of course — the mind does play tricks. Anyway, I can tell you where Jimmy is. It would have been easier to phone us, but he always was bull-headed." MacBannock looked over Liebnitz's work, sighed heavily and set the machinery in motion to rescue the Turk once again.

Can you too solve the puzzle by giving (a) the unscrambled anagram and (b) the name of island where the Turk is hiding? Please send your answers to **bout de papier**. The first correctly drawn answer wins a book prize!

Born in pre-revolutionary Tannu Tuva and raised by Patagonian missionaries on the Zambesi, free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto now commutes between Hell (Norway) and Eternity (Québec). He has been known to get lost in a telephone booth.



The Editorial Board of **bout de papier** is pleased to inform our readers that **bout** has recently won two additional awards. The first is an Award of Merit for Design presented by the International Association of Business Communicators to Keith Blissett, the Art Director of Acart Graphics who have helped us to take **bout** from a newsletter to a professional magazine. The second is a Creativity Award presented to **bout de papier** by the Art Directors' Association of New York. The winning volume was Spring 1988 (Vol. 6 No. 1). **bout** first won an award in 1987, presented by the Ottawa Club of Printing House Craftsmen Inc.

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