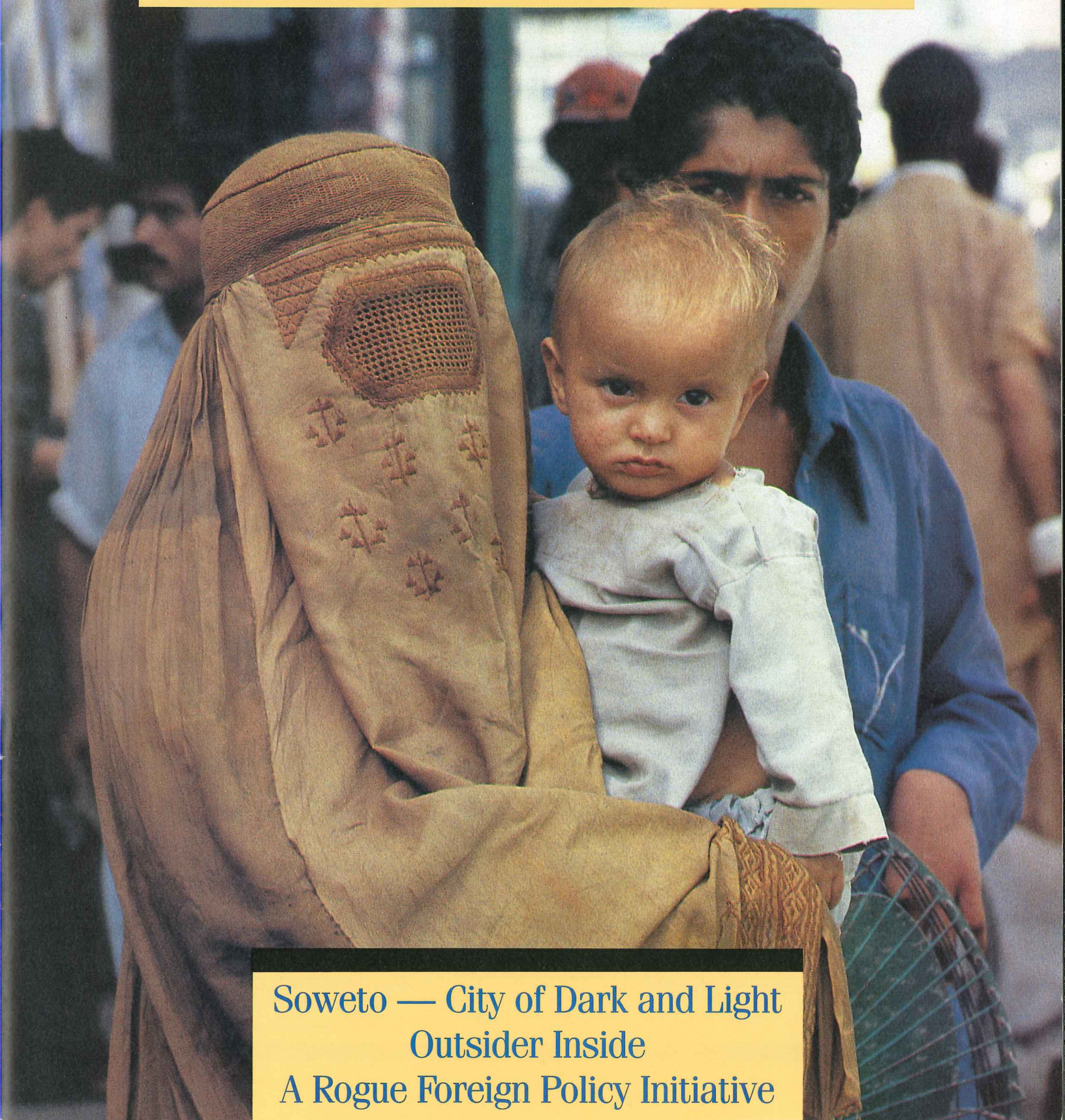


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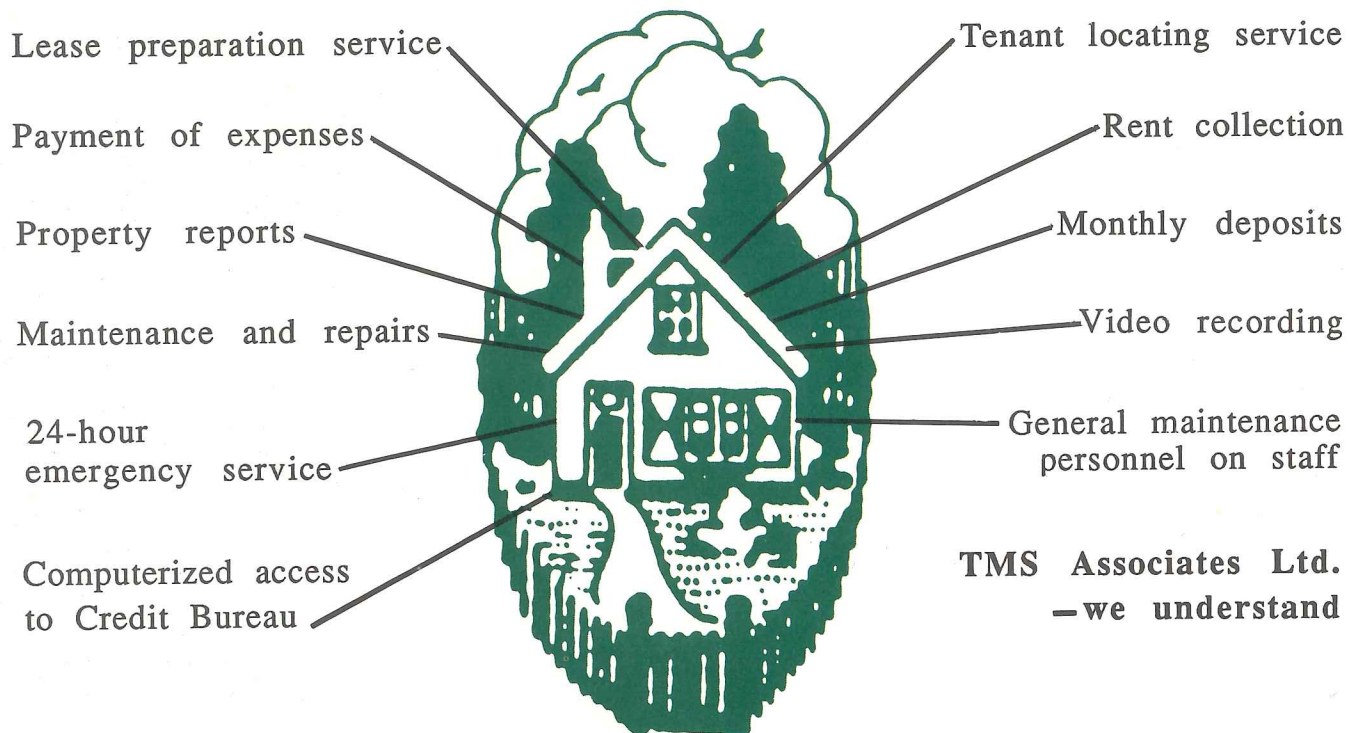
Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

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Soweto — City of Dark and Light
Outsider Inside
A Rogue Foreign Policy Initiative

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Vol. 8 No. 1

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Professors Granatstein and Bothwell assess Trudeau's relationship with his American counterparts in this excerpt.

Soweto — City of Dark and Light

Lucie Edwards gives a guided tour through Soweto.

PJBD 50th Anniversary

Terry Devlin describes the train trip which led to the birth of the Permanent Joint Board of Defence in 1940.

Entrevue au secrétaire général de l'ACCT M. Jean-Louis Roy

Guy Archambault se penche sur le mandat et le rôle du nouveau Secrétaire général Roy.

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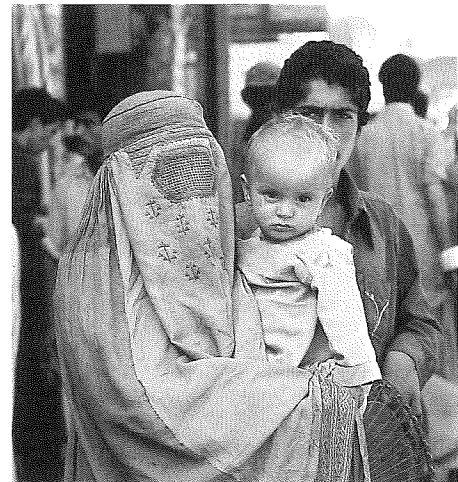
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Our cover photo this issue, by Fredericka Gregory, is of a woman in Purdah in Peshawar, Pakistan.



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In Our Upcoming Issue:

An Interview with Flora MacDonald
The Great Totem Pole Caper

All contents © PAFSO, 1990 *bout de papier* is published quarterly by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers, Suite 600, 45 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 5W8 (613) 234-1391, FAX (613) 234-4018.

Editorial Note / Note de la rédaction : Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, with a short biographical note about the author(s). Given the bilingual background of our membership, PAFSO's policy for *bout de papier* is to publish all articles in their original language. Subscriptions: one year \$16.; two years, \$30. PAFSO itself remains at your service to provide any assistance you require in the language of your preference. Opinions expressed in *bout de papier* are not necessarily those of PAFSO.

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L'APASE a connu un énorme roulement du personnel, cet automne — elle a notamment perdu son président et la directrice générale de son Comité exécutif, sans compter le rédacteur et les membres du Comité de rédaction de **bout de papier**.

Michael Fine, qui a piloté l'Association de main ferme et avec créativité sur les eaux turbulentes de la Revue opérationnelle et de FP2000, entre autres tempêtes, a passé le gouvernail à Michael Small. Michael, il s'agit toujours du premier, quitte le poste de président pour devenir directeur des Affectations du personnel administration au Bureau du personnel. Comble d'ironie. Michael Small, pour sa part, qui a délaissé les forêts du Brésil l'année dernière afin de livrer le bon combat pour l'environnement au sein du Bureau des affaires économiques, a déjà amorcé la tâche de défendre nos intérêts au sujet de la qualité du travail et de la vie dans le Service extérieur. Sa perspicacité, son discernement et son aisance lui permettent déjà de maintenir et de renforcer la crédibilité et la bonne volonté que l'APASE est parvenue à mériter ces dernières années.

Christine Manseau a quitté l'APASE au terme de sept ans au poste de directrice générale. Si l'APASE a réussi à maintes reprises à protéger les intérêts de ses membres, tant individuellement que collectivement, c'est souvent grâce au fait qu'elle comprenait « comment le système fonctionne » et à sa capacité de relever le profil de l'Association pour en faire un des syndicats les plus forts et les plus visibles de la Fonction publique. Il sera difficile de remplacer Christine, mais c'est ce que tâchera de faire Peter Cenne, notre nouveau directeur général, qui est entré en fonction le 22 octobre 1990. Les imminentes négociations collectives se révéleront le baptême du feu pour Don Mackay, mais il va sans dire que sa vaste expérience nous servira bien.

De nouveaux visages se pointent tant au Comité exécutif qu'au Comité professionnel de l'APASE et au Comité de rédaction de **bout**, ainsi qu'au Conseil principal de rédaction. Voilà les personnes qui consacrent des heures de bénévolat à rendre votre syndicat et votre magazine utiles pour vous. Pour ceux et celles qui ne le savent peut-être pas, le Conseil principal de rédaction se compose d'agents du Service extérieur à la retraite qui, par leurs idées et leurs contacts, voient à obtenir des articles pour **bout**; autrement dit, certains de nos meilleurs articles nous viennent du Conseil principal de rédaction.

Enfin, il y a également lieu de signaler que le poste de rédacteur de **bout** a changé de titulaire. Après deux ans et huit numéros, le temps était venu de céder la place à de nouvelles idées et à des forces fraîches. Le Comité exécutif de l'APASE a élu Carol Markham et lui a confié les rênes de **bout**.

Elle saura lui faire bénéficier de son enthousiasme, de son expérience et de sa vision claire des choses. Je souhaite à la nouvelle équipe qui compose le Conseil de rédaction, ainsi qu'à Carol, une expérience aussi fertile et enrichissante que celle que j'ai connue avec **bout**. En dernier lieu, je m'en voudrais de ne pas remercier Debra Hulley, notre rédactrice administrative, dont les longues heures et la patience rendent le travail de rédacteur non seulement maniable, mais agréable.

Babsa K. L.

RHOMA Prize

An award of \$500 will be made for the best article written by a PAFSO member that appeared in **bout de papier** last year. The Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA) has offered a prize of \$500 for the best article written by an FS1(D), FS1 or FS2 for publication in **bout de papier** to recognize quality in writing and to provide an additional incentive for contributions by active members to the PAFSO magazine.

The initial prize will be for the best article that has appeared in Volume 7 (the last four issues), and will be announced in the next issue of **bout de papier**. A committee drawn from the Senior Editorial Board will make the final selection.

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Warm Beer, Lousy Food

Having assumed the President's Desk as this issue was going to print, I thought I would share with you an excerpt from a long and thoughtful letter PAFSO recently received from one of our members.

"Just off U.S. 19A, between Tarpon Springs and Clearwater, Florida, lies a restaurant best known for its trademark slogan: "Warm beer, lousy food." Should you ever be in the area, I highly recommend a stop at Jerry's on the Beach, if only to understand your chosen career better, because it seems to me that Jerry's embodies the same sort of perverse attractiveness that draws people to the Foreign Service. For surely, if there ever was a career which offered the equivalent of a menu consisting of warm beer & lousy food, it is the Foreign Service today.

Jerry's, which serves that Florida standard, deep fried nearly everything, almost lives up to its billing. They perhaps disappoint the diner by actually serving beer that is cold. But since it is only American beer, one can't be too let down. Nonetheless, the place seems to be busy, particularly on Saturday nights when the jaded 30-somethings saunter in for something different. And I have to believe that this same mulish attraction to something different is what attracts us to Foreign Service today, for I can't think of any other reason for accepting the deteriorating conditions of life overseas.

As I write this, our colleagues are stuck in Kuwait and Iraq, wondering if the Iraqi troops will soon be cutting off the water and electricity, and if they will ever get out of the place alive. The Government is not capable of doing anything for them in the way of security or offsetting the terrible pressure on their families, but states instead that as a matter of principle they will keep the Kuwait City embassy open. The good that will come of this is that the public, politicians and Treasury Board officials will see that Foreign Service officers provide an important service to Canadians, and often do so in far from ideal conditions.

And what do we get for doing this? Well, we get to try to live most of our lives on one income, when something like 90% of equivalent families in Ottawa-Hull have two incomes. We get to have continued attacks on our standard of living overseas through ridiculously low Post Indexes. The latest blow, through some sort of warp-think on the part of the property management people, is that single officers now pay twice as much

as secretaries for exactly the same accommodation. At least in the past we could look forward to an attractive house to offset the other negatives. Finally, when we are ready to retire, we get to do so on one pension, while the rest of the country does so on two.

Last February, I participated in the Toronto recruiting team for new FSs. In two weeks, we interviewed 55 people, perhaps 6 of whom we felt were of FS quality. Where were all the high flyers, the leaders, the top scholars? They were, rightly, looking for careers elsewhere where they had a chance of decent salaries, a chance for promotion before they were crippled with terminal arthritis, and a life for their spouses. As my recruiting team wrote to Peter Walker, ADM Personnel, "No longer are poor salaries, slow promotions, and lack of career opportunities for spouses enough to attract good people to the Foreign Service."

In the past, management has responded to these sorts of complaints by saying that there was obviously no problem because no one was quitting. However, I note that when the bronze handshake was recently offered to encourage people to leave the Department early, it was vastly over-subscribed. In fact, some 150 people have asked for the bronze handshake, even though the Department only wants to give it to about 50. In addition, I note that many of our colleagues have resisted all attempts to send them out on posting. When asked why, the answer is that they see no point in screwing up their lives and the lives of their spouses and families. It is therefore a good thing that the Corporate Review cut a number of overseas jobs, or there would be a severe shortage of people to fill them. That shortage, I predict, will hit in another two years.

Perhaps you have noticed that there seem to be two sorts of Foreign Service Officers today. There are those who have been back in Ottawa for several years, (or have never left Ottawa for that matter), and don't intend to leave unless they are forced, or get a posting with guaranteed employment for their spouse. Then there are the others, perhaps an equally large group, who never want to come back to Ottawa. This second group has adapted itself well to the Foreign Service life, but has become so dependent on the FS premiums that they can't afford to come home. They have systems in place that work fine overseas, but will be totally broke upon return to Ottawa. For the most part, these people are the veterans, who have 15 to 25 years in,



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can't quit even if they wanted to because of pension plans, and are going to make the best of what they now have. Hopefully, they invested wisely a few years ago in a condo on the Costa del Sol and never have to survive a one-salary existence during an Ottawa winter.

Into this miasma, the Corporate Review suggests recruiting women and minority group EX's to offset the imbalance of representation of these groups. But as PAFSO members have pointed out to Senior management during Corporate Review meetings, we have this imbalance because of the systemic problems in the Foreign Service, such as the problem of spousal employment. So if you want to attract new people, be they women EXs (which I do not believe for a minute is necessary — there are lots of talented women within the FS) or entry level recruits, we had better fix the system fast, because it sure as hell is broke. And Corporate Review did little more than pay lip service to these problems without offering substantive solutions. So what do we do to fix this system that is rapidly collapsing around our ears? I would like to suggest a few remedies to PAFSO:

- *Spousal employment*, both at home and abroad needs real attention. The proposal contained in the Corporate Review does not go nearly far enough. For example,

at least 50% of LES jobs at posts could be reserved for spouses. HOMs should be judged on how they find jobs for spouses, and those who fail should not be given further senior management opportunities. All term and contract positions at HQ should first be given to eligible FS spouses, to help them re-enter the Canadian workplace. Unemployment insurance should be paid to spouses who go on posting and who return to Canada.

- *Overseas Housing* needs to be allocated on the basis of rent share, not just on family size. Representational responsibilities should influence the sort of housing assigned, as it still counts to entertain at home. As in Ottawa, those that pay the most should get the most — it is ridiculous for someone to be paying twice the rent as someone else for the same apartment. Either give better housing for more money, or charge the same for the equivalent apartment, as is done everywhere else in the world. And why should rent share calculations now stop at the bottom of the EX-1 salary level? A senior FS-2 pays about the same rent as an EX-4!
- *Foreign Service Premiums* should not stop when the employee returns home, just when he needs it the most. A system should be put in place that rewards foreign

service in general, based on the number of years abroad as it does now, throughout the entire Foreign Service career.

- *Salaries* should do more than just protect our members from inflation, and should reflect the problems of the Foreign Service life. When J.C. Pelletier received his political appointment to Kinshasa earlier this year, the Government managed to find a way to pay him \$90,000 to do the job of an FS-2. If that is what it takes to get someone from the private sector to do this job on a one-time basis, then we who spend a portion of our careers in such places should expect at least as much.
- *The pension plan* should be adjusted so that pension contributions of both the employee and employer, plus interest at RSP rates, is fully portable after five years. This would enable people to leave the Foreign Service and start new careers. In addition, spouses of FS officers should receive all of their pension, rather than the half that they are now entitled to when the officer dies, in recognition of the fact that they have given up opportunities to pursue their own careers."

Michael Small

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Dear Editor:

Your organization is to be commended on your excellent magazine — **bout de papier**. There are many well-written articles that catch my interest in each issue.

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Sincerely,
Peter J. Foley
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To the Editor

For more than 35 years, federal employees in the National Capital area have responded generously to the annual campaign on behalf of the United Ways of Ottawa-Carleton and the Outaouais.

Indeed, we in the federal service have always taken pride in the fact that for some time federal employees have provided close to 50 per cent and more than 60 per cent of the Ottawa-Carleton and Outaouais needs respectively.

Employees of the Department of External Affairs have been particularly conspicuous in their generosity and last year's campaign is a good case in point. During 1989, the average contribution of External Affairs employees was more than double the average in the federal service division. On a per capita basis, External Affairs also led the way in terms of average contributions. This is a most impressive and enviable achievement, especially when you consider that many of the contributors were Foreign Service Officers, living and working away from the National Capital Region.

But each year is a new year and a new challenge and that is particularly true for 1990.

This year, the federal public service has been asked to run the very first, joint, UNITED WAY/HEALTHPARTNERS campaign in Canada.

This is a historical occasion. For the first time, federal employees will have an opportunity of contributing, by means of a single campaign, to the widest array of local social and national health organizations ever to come together in the country.

Not only will we be canvassing on behalf of the 104 agencies which make up the United Ways of Ottawa-Carleton and the Outaouais, but also for the 17 organizations, such as the Alzheimer Society of Canada and the Heart and Stroke Foundation, which make up the Healthpartners Fund.

Our objective is a very ambitious \$6,550,000. This is 13 per cent more than the monies collected last year. But then, we have a 20 per cent increase in the number of agencies who need our help. The work of these agencies on behalf of the sick, the elderly, the lonely, the handicapped and many others is vital to the well-being of our society and deserves our whole-hearted support.

My congratulations to the people at External Affairs for their very enviable record of generosity. Please keep it up.

Sincerely,
Harry Rogers
Deputy Minister
Industry, Science and Technology Canada
Chairman of the 1990
UNITED WAY/HEALTHPARTNERS
Campaign
Federal Service Division

Dear Editor:

Whenever a document is labelled as being dangerous, it usually means it contains some fundamental truths which challenge existing ideas and those who support them. I was therefore intrigued by Max Reid's letter to **bout de papier** (Vol. 7, No. 4), in which he described the PAFSO Evaluation Guide (PEG) as an "ill-conceived and extremely dangerous initiative" which threatens to "destroy departmental morale, the employee-management relationship and thus our service to the public."

This is quite an accusation. However, several of Mr. Reid's assertions, and their underlying assumptions, are unfair and rather unpalatable. The first of these assumptions seems to be that the employee's assessment of management will inevitably be negative. Well, I found the PEG to be a good opportunity to put into writing some positive things about people — one in particular — for whom I have worked in the past, along with some reasonable and realistic criticisms. It was heartening to be able to write that a head of post had demonstrated the kind of loyalty and dedication to his staff which Mr. Reid correctly insists is essential in any large organization.

The spectre of employees "venting unhappiness through unskilled evaluations" is hardly one for concern. First of all, this image assumes that the mere condition of being a manager gives one the ability to give *skilled* evaluations. We all know from experience that this is not always the case — and indeed that managers themselves can use the appraisal system to vent unhappiness in an unfair

manner. Moreover, it assumes that the employee is not going to treat the PEG in a professional and critical manner — that there is something mysterious about management that ordinary employees do not have the ability to grasp. Now, these same employees are people whose profession involves coming to an understanding of the political, cultural and economic complexities of the country to which they are posted, or whose responsibilities they cover as desk officers. They are all obviously intellectually capable of evaluating their managers. Often these employees are entrusted with carrying out tasks of great delicacy, and some have acted in management positions at post. Obviously they have the experience and professional commitment to treat this process in a responsible manner.

Mr. Reid has clearly identified the need for more training before posting. In fact, training ought to be an ongoing part of one's career development — one which management should encourage in its employees. How often have we heard of pre-posting training being cut short because the manager of the employee's existing section or post will not release the employee soon enough to take advantage of it? There is certainly a need for officers with more specialized training — whether it be in language, area studies, international political economy, finance, or personnel management at both the employee and management levels. Yet the time taken in acquiring these skills is still considered to be basically a hiatus in one's career development. I am not sure, though, what Mr. Reid's criticism here has to do with the PEG itself.

I welcome the PAFSO Evaluation Guide as a slight counterweight against an overly rigid and authoritarian power structure within the Department of External Affairs. If this can contribute to redressing some of the inequities in the appraisal system, it can only improve the morale of the place. The Department has nothing to lose from this but the chains of bureaucratic stagnation. It has a world to win.

Philip Calvert
Foreign Service Officer

Dear Editor:

I have seen the article "Humble Origins: 'For Want of a Better Phrase, the External Affairs of the Dominion'" by Don Page in Vol. 7, No. 4 of **bout de papier**.

It should have been explained that this article is based on work done for the first

volume of the official history of the Department, *Canada's Department of External Affairs: The Early Years 1909-1946* (McGill-Queen's University Press, 1990; published in French as *Le ministère des Affaires extérieures du Canada : Les années de formation 1909-1946* by les Presses de l'Université Laval). The author of the book is John Hilliker, Senior Departmental Historian and Head of the Historical Section in this Division. The copyright is held jointly by the Minister of Supply and Services and the Institute of Public Administration of Canada. The book appears in the Institute's Canadian Public Administration series.

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"Pirouette": An Excerpt

The following is an excerpt from Professor(s) J.L. Granatstein and Robert Bothwell's book entitled Pirouette: Pierre Trudeau and Canadian Foreign Policy published in August 1990 by the University of Toronto Press, (477 pp., \$35.00). The excerpt is taken from Chapter 2, A Curious Absence: High Policy in the Relations of Canada and the United States.

Trudeau had not troubled to identify himself with the outgoing Democratic administration of Lyndon Johnson. 'We got the idea that Trudeau didn't want anything to do with us,' Johnson's secretary of state remembered. 'The attitude was hell, these guys are on the way out anyway.' When Nixon and the Republicans moved into Washington in January 1969, there was no need for the Canadians to atone for any presumptive Democratic partisanship.

That said, it could not be disguised that Trudeau was a Liberal and that Nixon was not. The Canadian prime minister communed with the ex-Canadian economist and Harvard professor John Kenneth Galbraith, an admitted liberal and no friend to the Republican administration in Washington. Although Canada was seldom reported in the United States, early rumblings were felt in March 1969 when Trudeau was quoted as saying that an American anti-ballistic missile system then under consideration would endanger the peace of the world. Kissinger moved to squelch 'an over-reaction on our part' — presumably some authorized fulmination from the White House. A few days later, as Trudeau's defence policy review moved towards its climax, one of his old Harvard professors approached his erstwhile colleague, Kissinger, to get him an appointment with Nixon so as to discuss 'the drift in Canadian policy toward neutralism.'

Whatever the instinctive White House response to errant Canadian sentiment, negative American opinion of Trudeau was muted or mute. Canadian assessments of Nixon for their part were cautious. Formidable as Nixon might be, he was not likeable. The president was not a gifted communicator, Trudeau was told. He lacked charisma and strained to prove his sincerity. He was not inclined to give of himself, preferring to be insulated behind a praetorian guard of California cronies. He looked at problems from a long-range view and was not given

to quick solutions. He was prepared to spend a year on a problem before it began to be settled. He was also, as time would show, mistrustful to a fault, especially of those with connections to his many enemies. Yet he was 'confident and self-assured' on policy matters, especially foreign policy, which he used to compensate for his relatively modest domestic accomplishments. 'A complex man,' Trudeau would say in 1985, 'full of self-doubts ... very strange.' And yet, he added, 'even without Kissinger he would have had a shrewd appraisal of world politics.' Trudeau adopted a professionally dispassionate approach to Nixon, treating him less as a discrete personality than as the embodiment of the American executive branch. He therefore merited 'respect,' and got it, as did the other occupants of the Oval Office, Gerry Ford and Jimmy Carter. Trudeau did draw the line at Ronald Reagan, but that is the subject of another chapter.

On foreign policy, Trudeau learned, it was the national security adviser, Henry Kissinger, who counted. Kissinger dealt with great issues and grand strategy; less important matters could be left to the secretary of state, William Rogers, the titular head of the American government's foreign-policy establishment. Together, Nixon and Kissinger formulated policy on the issues that, they agreed, must concern them. Heading the list, obviously, were East-West diplomacy and Vietnam. Somewhat further down the list were certain European questions, followed by the rest of the world and non-security matters. Given the limited amount of presidential time available, such economy of effort made eminent sense.

In American diplomatic practice, Canada was bracketed with Western Europe. A 'Europeanist' by the Canadian embassy's definition, Kissinger did not rank Canada very high in the European constellation — perhaps on the level of Belgium. He gave no sign that Canadian views, or Canadian contributions, were essential or even important in his vision of world order. 'He didn't take Canada seriously,' Dick O'Hagan, the embassy's man in charge of press and public relations, recalled. 'I could understand it ... He felt, "I'm a big league guy and I can settle big league problems."' It would not be easy to get, and retain, Kissinger's attention.

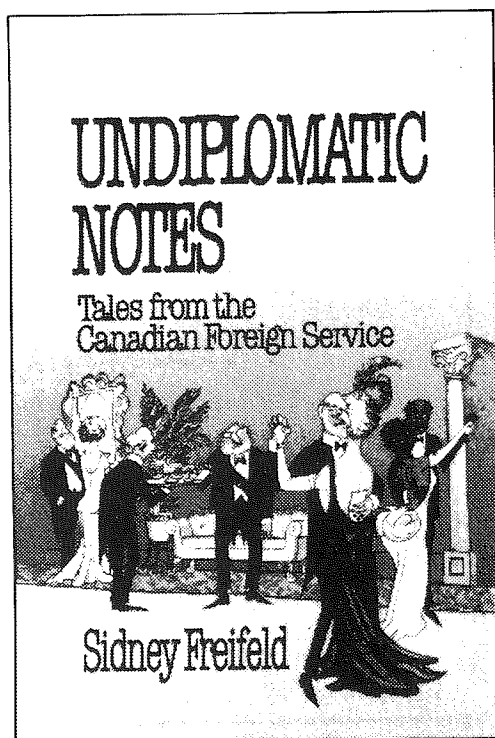
The Canadians tried. In 1970 Canada sent down to Washington one of the country's most expert political diplomats, Marcel Cadieux, an experienced international

lawyer. He had been undersecretary, and there were those who suspected that he considered himself undersecretary still. Cadieux loaded the files in Ottawa for the next five years with learned and perceptive analyses of events. In terms of the daily conduct of business, however, his efforts were largely wasted, for few in the American capital were interested in what he had to say on the larger questions of politics, and economic affairs, the embassy's bread and butter, rolled on without any need for, or benefit of, high-level political negotiations. It was all the worse because Kissinger's monopoly over the high-flying, high-policy end of diplomacy.

In such a league, in Kissinger's opinion, Canada had little to offer. When the Canadian ambassador finally got to see Kissinger, according to a witness, he brought with him a thick briefing book. Kissinger raised his eyebrows. 'Well,' he said, 'I hope you didn't come here to talk to me about the sex life of the salmon.' It was only one indication of how Cadieux found Washington bitterly disappointing; that was especially so when events began to move in a direction that he was not well-equipped to handle.

If Cadieux found Kissinger disappointing, Trudeau did not. According to Jules Léger, governor general from 1974 to 1979, Trudeau was 'fasciné par Kissinger — par sa force physique aussi bien que par sa force intellectuelle.' He considered Kissinger's views to be attractive and found the man altogether impressive. Léger added that Trudeau 'est souvent pris par les personnalités politiques qui font montre de vigueur physique.' Kissinger's charm — an attribute not generally stressed by his chroniclers — may also have played a part. 'As soon as he could divine the object of any petitioner,' an American ambassador wrote, 'he would proclaim that object to be his very own, and proceed to discover a great and possibly unanticipated commonality of purpose as well as a deeply-shared mutual respect.'

No doubt Kissinger also found Trudeau intriguing, but he did not find him important. Trudeau was not prepared to allow Vietnam to determine the pace of Canadian-American relations, nor was he engrossed by American politics or American concerns. Like other thoughtful Canadians, however, he speculated on the implications for the longer term of racial conflict and urban disorders across the border, and the State Department briefed Nixon to discuss these concerns when Trudeau paid his first call on



UNDIPLOMATIC NOTES

Tales from The Canadian Foreign Service

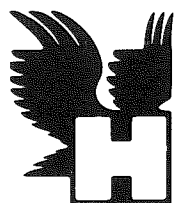
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the new president. Unlike Martin or Pearson, he had few personal connections in the United States; his most spectacular American acquaintance of the period was the actress Barbra Streisand, his date on several well-publicized occasions.

Trudeau's fondness for spectacular dates seems to have been a quality Kissinger shared; perhaps it was a symptom of a broader rapport. At any rate, they had no difficulty in agreeing that they were witnessing 'la disparition de la position spéciale que le Canada possédait vis-à-vis Washington.' As far as they were concerned, a special Canadian-American relationship was outside their personal experience. Neither man, in 1969, saw its utility as outweighing its liability — at a time when the Canadian political elite seemed determined to assert Canada's autonomy and distinctiveness as far as the Americans were concerned.

Nixon and Trudeau traded platitudes in public and compliments in private.

The first step was to establish communications. Most diplomatic traffic was handled through the Canadian embassy in Washington, since the American embassy in Ottawa, through most of Trudeau's time in office, was in the hands of political appointments. The Canadian envoy in Washington, A.E. (Ed) Ritchie, was an old Washington hand who had served briefly as chargé at the embassy in the 1950s. His strength lay on the economic side of external policy, and he was proficient at catering to his government's economic policy abroad. But as an ambassador his links were with the State Department, and Secretary of State William Rogers and the State Department counted for little in Kissinger's Washington. 'You never kidded yourself,' Ritchie remarked, 'that Rogers was going to change the world.'

When Trudeau visited Washington in March 1969 he adapted to the Washington style. On the sidelines stood Kissinger and Trudeau's own foreign-policy adviser, Ivan Head; to Head fell the duty of briefing the prime minister and preparing his speeches. This was correctly perceived in External Affairs as a reproach, for Trudeau did not like its briefings or its manner of preparing his speeches; but it was not entirely so. Nixon had his own foreign-policy staff, and they expected to deal with their Canadian opposite numbers. It was a situation that Mitchell Sharp accepted with considerable external grace. If that was what Trudeau

wanted, he had his reasons which, by definition, were sufficient.

The meeting accomplished little of a concrete nature. Trudeau wanted to hear Nixon's and Kissinger's view of the world, and his officials wanted to establish that the Canadian and American leaders could communicate civilly and coherently when required. Trudeau for his part wanted it established that Head could call Kissinger whenever necessary; and it was done. For the rest the Canadians had few illusions. 'It's great if you're the guest,' Head recollected, 'but you have to remember that for Nixon it's one of three or four appointments in an afternoon.'

Nixon and Trudeau traded platitudes in public and compliments in private. No harsh words were exchanged, thereby masking the fact that, as Kissinger put it, 'it cannot be said that Trudeau and Nixon were ideally suited for one another.' Nixon would later say as much, referring to the Canadian prime minister on at least one later occasion as 'that asshole Trudeau.' As to Trudeau's real opinion of Nixon, we can only speculate.

What was important was that Nixon did not exploit the opportunity, either in March 1969 or subsequently, to lecture Trudeau on the rights and wrongs of Canadian foreign policy; nor did Trudeau read Nixon sermons on the morality of deploying an anti-ballistic missile system, even though that was much desired by Canadian commentators. As Trudeau told the cabinet, Nixon hoped Canada would not withdraw from NATO, but he did indicate 'in strict confidence' that 'he too hoped to bring troops back in time.' Within days of his return from Washington, Trudeau authorized cuts in Canada's forces in Europe; and within months Canada would recognize the Communist government of China. It was a policy that might have affronted the old Nixon; it did not greatly trouble the new.

It did irritate some of Nixon's supporters. Their reaction was conveyed by 'one of the highest officials of the State Department' to a well-connected Canadian journalist. It was that Canada had 'crawled on its belly' before the Peking regime, thereby losing 'the respect of decent Americans' and imperiling transborder relations. It was, perhaps, fortunate that Nixon and Kissinger were contemplating a visit to Mao's China to chat over tea with its rulers. Despite resentment at lower levels, the administration would not use China, or NATO, as a club to beat Trudeau, partly, we must assume, because Canadian policy was not regarded as especially significant, at least in multilateral terms. Capitalizing on this insignificance, Trudeau put a value on inaction: 'We may be excused, I hope, if we fail to take too seriously the suggestion of some of our friends

... that our acts — or our failure to act — this or that way will have profound international consequences or will lead to widespread undesirable results.'

That left bilateral relations as a field of endeavour. Here, Trudeau, primed by Head, was eloquent. Addressing the National Press Club in Washington, he pointed out that Canada depended on foreign trade, especially with the United States, where Canada sold and bought more than any other country in the world. In fact, Trudeau added, Canada bought more than the next four American trading partners (Japan, Britain, Germany, and France) combined. There was, of course, an obvious disparity between the two countries; and in one of his most frequently misquoted phrases, Trudeau tried to illuminate the disparity: 'Living next to you is in some ways like sleeping with an elephant: no matter how friendly and even-tempered the beast, one is affected by every twitch and grunt.' The reporters heard elephants, thought mice, and confused the two, placing a Canadian mouse in bed with an American elephant. And so it stuck in the public memory — an image, an attitude, but no single policy.

The Americans did not really expect there to be any policy. Relations with Canada, to American officials, meant bilateral issues. As one senior Kennedy and Johnson administration official, McGeorge Bundy, later

reflected, Canadian-American issues are included to be 'both complex and relatively minor so that it would be hard to treat them effectively except at disproportionate length.' Bundy was writing as a historian, but the comment reflects his experience as a White House aide. 'The real wonder,' he added, 'is not that Canadians occasionally get annoyed when Washington fails to pay attention to problems that are large in Ottawa, but rather that the Canadian government, more often than not, made allowances for its large neighbour and goes on to do at least its share in resolving differences.'

Despite frequent contacts between Canada and the United States, at the United Nations or at NATO, there was seldom any urgency to them. On world issues and matters of global policy, positive Canadian opinion counted for little. Negative opinion, however, mattered, though not in quite the way that advocates of open-mouth diplomacy thought. If the Americans believed themselves obstructed or thwarted by Canada, then they might take it out in bilateral policy. And bilateral policy meant maintaining the world's largest trade flow, not to mention the patterns of life and standards of living of millions of Canadians. Those same millions, however, had views and feelings about Vietnam. If for no other reason, Canadian policy had to be carefully gauged. 

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Outsider Inside

by Dr. Diana Lary

For most of my working life I have been a professor, but for two years I was metamorphosed into a strange hybrid — the resident sinologist and cultural attaché in the Canadian Embassy in Beijing. I left the tranquillity of academic life to play a variety of roles — expert on China, bureaucrat, diplomat, press officer, hostess, den mother (to Canadian students), 'the doctor' (to local staff), and, my own favourite, 'the Canadian Embassy' (for dealings in Chinese on the telephone). I had two of the best years of my life, spent in an organization whose members I came to respect enormously for their intelligence, their professionalism and their humour.

Life in China

Going to work in China usually involves major culture shock. The big shock for me was not China, which I knew already, but the world of the Department and the Embassy. The initial shock was positive — travelling business, living in a huge apartment, having two servants. My bad shock was the pressure of work, The 8:30 a.m. start, and the 9 p.m. finish after a banquet, was heavy duty for someone used to academic hours. I also found it taxing to work for superiors instead of for myself; I had to learn to be a subordinate, after twenty years of autonomy. The technicalities of work were daunting. I floundered for weeks with acronyms, shell combinations and door codes. Shirly Pajunen, my super-professional secretary, prevented me from making too many hideous mistakes — I was dissuaded from putting my name on telegrams, or referring to myself as 'I'. (When I got home my habit of referring to myself as 'we' convinced my colleagues that I had got so puffed up that I was seeing myself as the Queen or Mrs. Thatcher). I also found myself doing things I had never dreamt of before — negotiating a Memorandum of Understanding or MOU, arranging a ministerial visit, corralling a press corps, making a demarche. I became an 'expert' on quite a range of subjects — arts exchanges, telecommunications, the Chinese bureaucracy, Norman Bethune, protocol, film making in China, the Peter Justensen catalogue, Chinese education, human rights, AIDS, modern Chinese painting, traditional porcelain, protest movements etc.

I had read about diplomatic life in Beijing in the pre-communist era, a relaxed round of

parties, picnics in the Western Hills, elevated conversations about the origins of man, and serious study of Chinese arts (the greatest expert on Chinese erotica, Robert van Gulik, served for many years in Beijing as the Dutch ambassador), all punctuated occasionally by warlord battles or anti-foreign riots. This was very different from the life of present-day diplomats. We had little time for gracious living. Every day brought sheaths of telexes, invitations, newspapers, phone calls. All we could do was keep just abreast of the most urgent issues (not necessarily the most important ones). The ordinary workload was compounded by "the visits." During my time in Beijing every important Canadian from the Governor General and Prime Minister to the mayors of small towns visited China.

The visits of important Canadians were interesting, but time-consuming — and also a trial. Our beleaguered feeling helped the growth of a sense of cohesion within the Embassy, which was reinforced by our sense of working for a leader. Our Ambassador, Dick Gorham was demanding, in terms of work, but supportive and infinitely caring of his staff. The staff's response was loyalty and cohesion. He and Dorrie set a personal style of warmth and generosity which infected the whole staff. (Dick was even magnanimous in defeat, when I took away from him a cherished distinction — that of having the most illegible handwriting in the Department).

I often felt I was in a speeded up version of academic life.

The frantic pace of life at the post skewed many aspects of our work. We seldom had time for discussions about policy, or the situation in China, or for travel around China. We had too little time to spend on reporting. The events of June, 1989 revealed to all embassies in Beijing how many gaps there were in their knowledge of the Chinese situation. Part of this lack of information could be ascribed to the amount of time absorbed by the stately formalities of official visits and official life in China. One hesitates to say that this was a deliberate policy on the part

of the Chinese authorities, but this was the way the imperial Chinese government managed outsiders: 'barbarians' from inner Asia were invited to Chengde, and there spent months going to receptions and banquets, before being sent back to their tribal homelands to wait for the next visit.

We also had little time to make Chinese friends (at one of the few periods when this was possible). I was better off than most staffers in that I could speak Chinese, and I already had friends in Beijing. Many people left China after two years without having made any real Chinese friends, or having seen much of the country beyond Beijing and Shanghai.

Diplomat/Bureaucrat

Before I went to Beijing, I had had some administrative experience, but I had never been a bureaucrat. I did not expect to become one either, because I assumed that diplomats were a cut above regular bureaucrats. I discovered that though people might have entered External to serve abroad, they were inevitably caught up in the bureaucratic world of Ottawa. I had to become a bureaucrat too, and to my initial chagrin, I enjoyed it. There was the intellectual challenge of working with very clever people; I often felt I was in a speeded up version of academic life — no waiting for the book to come out for reviews, but instant (veiled) congratulation or criticism on anything one wrote — or worse no response at all. The complexity and subtlety of dealing with the different offices/acronyms at Headquarters brought out a mixture of gamesmanship and competitiveness. One of the first things I learnt was the importance of distribution and info lines. Getting something done could be more a question of strategy than of the merit of the issue. The style of work was fascinating; I appreciated the arch, laconic style of prose of the telegrams. I enjoyed the toning down of language: 'concerned' equals 'furious', 'disturbed' means 'beside myself with rage'. I liked the studied casualness of manner, the ability to seem relaxed while working flat out. I found the speed of work horrifying at first, but then understood that one had to churn one's way through the mountains of paper, or be buried.

I looked on with misgivings at the internal dynamics of bureaucracy — the nagging preoccupation with careers, the anxiety over appraisals, the hopes and fears over the next

posting. As an outsider with a secluded office, I was sometimes the confidante of 'worried, Beijing'. I came to feel that people were put through far more anxiety than was necessary. The uncertainty over postings was understandable, but the appraisal system struck me as an inefficient and unkind way to evaluate people. The key determinant of a good evaluation seemed to be whether the reviewing officer stuck strictly to the rules — in which case a good appraisal was impossible — or bent them, and presented a good, but perhaps misleading one. Either way, the Department was poorly served. Fear of the appraisal encouraged people to minimize risks of making mistakes — a quick way to discourage initiative and creativity.

It was ironic to get my introduction to Canadian bureaucracy in the home of the world's most ancient, experienced and creaking bureaucracy. The contrasts were more interesting than the similarities, which tended to be depressing. One of the most striking contrasts had to do with specialization. Chinese bureaucrats tend to be highly specialized. They stay with one issue for a long time, and become very expert in it. Canadians are more likely to be generalists. Using generalists may have its advantages, but two work in a country like China, specialized knowledge is important. This is particularly so with

language. At best, we had five fluent Chinese speakers in the Embassy. We probably had fewer Chinese speakers than any major western embassy, except the French, certainly far fewer than the Australians, the most nearly comparable embassy. We were critically dependent on interpreters for many aspects of our work — and all of the interpreters were employees of the Chinese government.

*I liked the studied
casualness of manner,
the ability to seem
relaxed while working
flat out.*

Interchange

The job I had was organized through Interchange Canada, an office which encourages professionals to take short-term assignments away from their normal place of work. The programme gives people a chance to change their jobs without risk to their permanent position, to do something new and interesting without leaving security. For me and the other

ex-sinologists, the job has been an unbeatable opportunity to spend a long time in China, in the best possible conditions. I did things and met people I could not have done as an academic — being able to say 'I am the Canadian Embassy' opened many doors. I learnt something about government. I regenerated by intellectual powers, in dealing with a range of new activities. Coming back I felt transformed — my experience and my horizons expanded enormously, but cut off from the normal preoccupations of academics; I had no enthusiasm for tenure battles, or membership in the graduate faculty.

To the Department, the advantage of Interchange is that it brings in people with special knowledge and experience. In the case of the resident sinologist, the programme provides someone who knows China and Chinese, is happy to be in Beijing, and can give in-house advice on almost anything. Besides talking about political and cultural issues, I could give advice about weekend getaways, shopping, entertainment, Chinese festivals and customs. I only drew the line at arranging marriages between Canadians and Chinese, though the requests for the ideal husband came from Chinese acquaintances rather than Canadians.

Another advantage of the programme is that it brings fresh points of view into the

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Department. The value of these views is enhanced by the fact that they are offered by people who have no career consequences to worry about. People on loan can also be used to fill posts which career officers might feel dubious about — I loved being a cultural attaché, because it allowed me to meet all kinds of people in my own line of work, but for someone on the way up being a cultural attaché might seem a punishment posting. Taking people in for short periods also deals with the problem of expanding the permanent staff — they will be gone in two or three years.

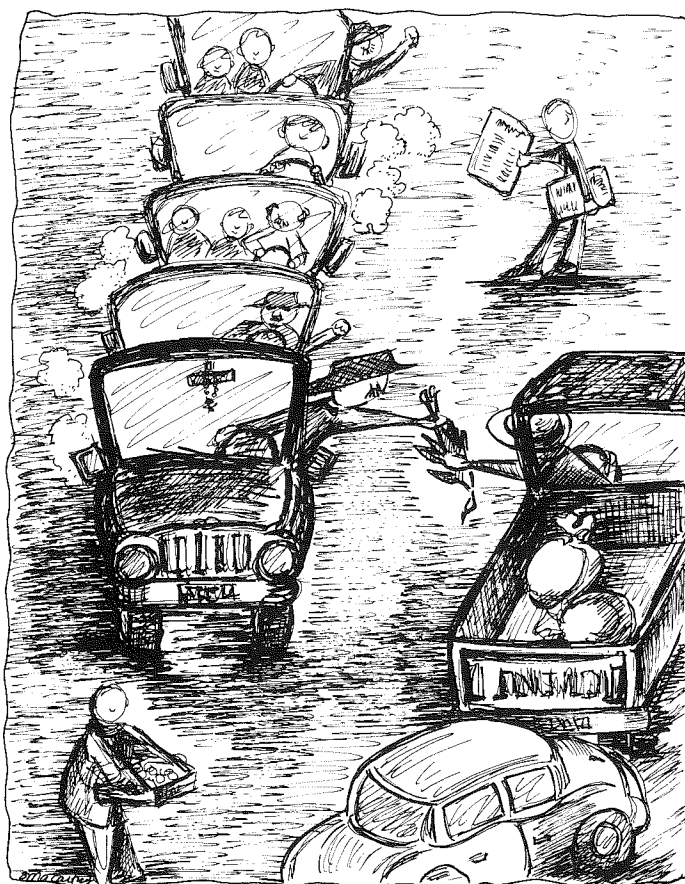
The programme has a major disadvantage — it is time-consuming to manage, with selection and security clearance, and blending the person into the Department. There are potential dangers too. The person may be lazy or incompetent, or unable to stand the pace. The person may not look or act the part. Over twenty years the first three dangers have not materialized — almost all the sinologists have settled in well, worked hard, and made serious contributions. The clothing allowance does a lot to deal with the last danger, though I was surprised to find that few diplomats look like 'real' diplomats. Pin-striped elegance has gone, a new style has yet to develop. The men of the Canadian Embassy, overly cautious in dress in winter, burst out in summer with raffish safari suits and Filipino see-through shirts. The women did better — so long as we kept away from dressed-for-success tailored suits — and most of us were well kitted out in silks before long in Beijing.

One way in which Interchange could be used to greater advantage would be to loan people from the Department as well as bringing them in. Officers could be sent out to the universities for periods of research, or to the private sector to experience business in real life, or to acquire new skills. Movement out would have to be seen as a serious thing, part of a career progression, not as an oublie for someone at loose ends, or near retirement. If it were seen as a productive sabbatical, given as a reward, it would allow people in mid-career to regenerate themselves, and come back to the Department with new strengths. My hope is that my former colleagues may benefit from the programme in the way that I did, and get as much from going out of the Department for a while as I did from being an outsider inside.

Dr. Diana Lary is Director of the Joint Centre for Asia Pacific Studies at York University. She was a member of the Embassy Staff in Beijing from 1985 to 1987.

by Laurel Pardy

Unannounced closings of major arteries do not indicate lack of planning, rather they express national pride and allow citizens to



Susan Macartney

During the election campaign, horn-honking took on another responsibility. Partisans flew their party colours on long poles tied to the door's handle inside so the flag could stick up much like a bicycle safety flag outside. When cars with the same flag passed each other, they honked in encouragement; when opposition cars passed, they honked in derision; when unmarked cars passed, they honked to spread the word. This made for an endless dialogue of significant tooting which terminated in twenty-four hours of celebratory/compensatory honking and tooting on the day of the election.

Tico driving should not be viewed as reckless or irresponsible, rather as a joyful expression of faith in God, immortality and a continuous supply of rice and black beans. The motivating question is not, "Will I like it when I get there?", rather, "Will I enjoy getting there?"

bout de papier Vol. 8, No. 1 13

This Shouldn't Happen to A...

by Sidney A. Freifeld

(Editor's note: Sidney Freifeld's new book about some of the amusing sidelights of the Department over the years, *Undiplomatic Notes: Tales from the Canadian Foreign Service*, is being published by Hounslow Press in October.)

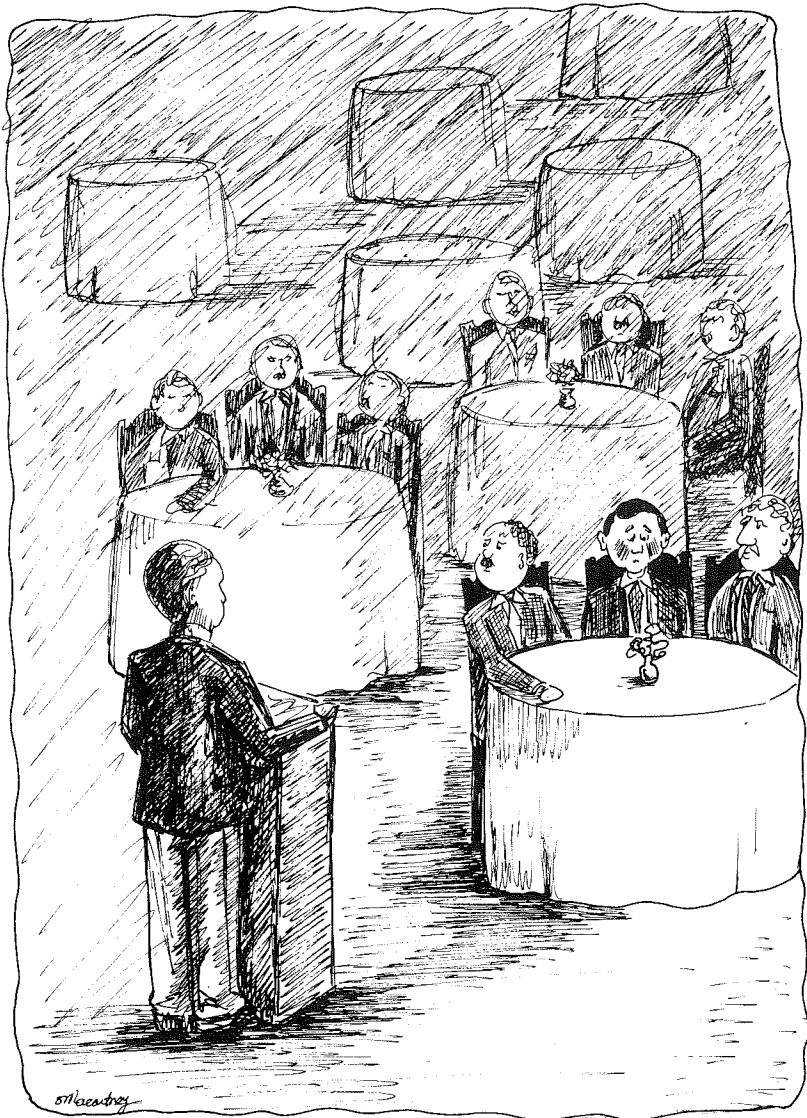
In the middle and latter thirties, I worked for the *New York Herald Tribune* in Europe and the *Toronto Star* in New York, and I was an early member of the Overseas Press Club, which had been founded in Manhattan. That membership turned out to be the cause of the most agonizing, the most excruciatingly embarrassing, episode I ever suffered in my subsequent External Affairs career. God forbid it should ever happen to any member of PAFSO. Nearly a half century later John Starnes, George Grande and Harry Carter may still remember it. I shall never forget. This is what happened.

In its early years the Overseas Press Club did not possess the fine headquarters building and paid administrative staff that it has today in Manhattan. The Club used to meet weekly or fortnightly for a luncheon, usually with a speaker; for this purpose it would engage a hotel room, floating from hotel to hotel for a room of a size the Club anticipated its next speaker would draw. A Club member's wife, herself a member of the working press served as the (unpaid) Club secretary, responsible for mailing out notices of where the next luncheon would be held and who the speaker would be.

In the early years after World War II, I was serving at our early Permanent Mission to the United Nations. It was in the winter of 1948-49, if I remember correctly, when Mike Pearson was chairing the UN General Assembly's First Committee, which dealt with the most important political items on the General Assembly's agenda.

By then, Mr. Pearson was reaching the height of his international fame, and his performance at the UN was attracting world attention. I was in charge of press and public affairs at the Permanent Mission at the time, and the Overseas Press Club prevailed on me to produce him as speaker for a forthcoming Club luncheon. He agreed.

Mike was especially popular among the international, as well as the Canadian, press corps covering the United Nations, and a record turnout for the luncheon was expected. In fact, newly independent India's first Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, had come to



Susan Macartney

New York and the United Nations at that time, and had been the Club's guest speaker the previous month before a record turnout. As some Club members and their guests could not gain entrance to the crowded luncheon with Mr. Nehru, the Club engaged the largest banquet room they could find for the luncheon with Mr. Pearson. I think it was at the Pierre or the Sherry Netherlands, certainly one of New York's finest.

In pleasurable anticipation of this public relations coup for Canada, I decided to reserve a table at my own expense and invite as my guests my working colleagues from the Permanent Mission — including George Ignatieff, John Starnes, George Grande and Harry Carter.

In those early days, the United Nations was headquartered in the former Sperry Gyroscope Building at Lake Success, a town

out on Long Island about an hour's drive from Manhattan. UN committee meetings were held at Lake Success and plenary sessions in a converted skating rink auditorium in Flushing, also on Long Island but closer to Manhattan.

Mr. Pearson agreed that I pick him up at 11:30 a.m. at Lake Success with a PERMIS car and driver, so that we could make the hour's drive to Manhattan for the Club's luncheon, which was called for 12:30. He had arranged to turn over the First Committee's meeting to a vice-chairman, so that its contentious proceedings would not be interrupted because of his invitation from the Overseas Press Club.

The Club had told me that they were prepared for an attendance of around five hundred. During the drive in to Manhattan from Lake Success, I filled in Mr. Pearson about

the persons he could expect to be flanking him at the head table. And I sought to anticipate for him questions he would likely be asked from the floor and by the working press covering the event, and who might be expected.

The drive in to Manhattan on the crowded Long Island highways, in mid-winter conditions, went smoothly enough and we reached the hotel, on Fifth Avenue, promptly at 12:30. A prominent notice in the main lobby directed us to our locale.

When I entered it with Mr. Pearson my heart stood still. Instead of a noisy audience of four or five hundred filling the main ballroom, there were four tables under lights in the centre of the room and the rest was in near darkness.

At one table were Overseas Press club officers, with a chair for Mr. Pearson. At a second table, on the edge of the cavernous darkness, sat members of the working press assigned to cover Mike's speech. At the third table sat my grim-faced guests from the Permanent Mission, with whom I unhappily seated myself in a virtual trance, wishing I could disappear into the darkness beyond. In the near darkness I could barely make out the fourth table, at which were seated some OPC members with their guests.

As we ate our lunch, which I could hardly touch and which seemed to go interminably, I tried to think of some way of breaking out of the disastrous morass. Should I slip over

to the chairman and suggest that Mike not be asked to speak in the circumstances? Had the people at the head table explained to Mike — if in fact there was some explanation — how this debacle had come about? I sat immobilized, uncertain what to do. Coffee was served, lunch was finished and Larry Blockman, the club chairman, rose to his feet and introduced the speaker of the day.

Then Mike rose, pushed aside the microphone as there was no need for amplification for the minuscule audience, and began to speak.

He spoke as though the ballroom was full, not empty. He spoke as though he was up at the rostrum of a packed plenary session of the United Nations General Assembly. He gave a superb run down of the contentious items with which he was dealing as chairman of the First Committee: The Netherlands-Indonesia dispute, the conflict between the Arab states and Israel, the threatening warfare between India and Pakistan. His impromptu, spontaneous, off-the-cuff wit was scintillating. I have heard Mike Pearson speak on many occasions, in all kinds of circumstances but never anything like this. He was magnificent.

After questions from the "floor" and from the working press, I escorted him silently out of the hotel into the PERMIS Cadillac. We headed over the Triborough Bridge, out Grand Central Parkway and onto Long Island, towards Lake Success.

After a few minutes of unbearable silence in the car, I muttered something about the unpredictable work stoppage called by the Newspaper Guild (wondering whether indeed that was a plausible explanation or just the reverse — would striking members not have had more freedom to attend a long luncheon in the middle of the day?).

Mike replied briefly and if he was annoyed or angered, he suppressed it remarkably: "Well, the Club president might have phoned out to Lake Success to suggest we not come in, under the circumstances."

Nearly a half century later, as I write these lines, I still wonder what I could or should have done to avert disaster on that cold winter day in Manhattan. Any suggestions?

*Sidney Freifeld is a former Ambassador to Colombia and Ecuador, and a member of the Senior Editorial Board of **bout de papier**.*

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CELEBRATING DIPLOMATS DAY

The following is an unclassified report dated June 8, 1990, received from "our" illustrious diplomat in Brasilia.

Brazilians are an odd people. A week ago, in the midst of a ruthless administrative reform — their government plans to eliminate 350,000 civil servants' jobs by mid-June, of which 779 are Itamaraty positions — they celebrated "Diplomats Day." President Collor, F.M. Rezek and a large number of distinguished guests assembled at the Itamaraty Palace to celebrate Commencement Day for the 11 graduates of the Rio Branco Diplomatic Institute. The event was widely broadcast in local newspapers and on TV.

Brazilians are proud of their Foreign Service. Perhaps because they remember how old Baron Do Rio Branco, a wily fox, proved that it is cheaper and more enduring to negotiate secure borders with all neighbours than to wage war on one of them. Perhaps also because they feel that the outside world is complex and potentially dangerous. In their eyes, the need to understand and influence this world warrants an investment in time, money and in the energies of bright and dedicated people, or perhaps it is simply because from minister to third secretary, Itamaraty is a seamless web. Quality and solidarity go hand in hand. The model is straightforward: no masters, no servants, no management, no unions. It works; Itamaraty is a maison sérieuse.

Be as it may, last week the Brazilians celebrated Diplomats Day. President Collor opened the festivities with a short speech designed for a "working meeting" with the 11 new graduates. He synthesized for them the main elements of the foreign policy he wants Brazil to adopt. He underlined how diplomacy is important for the preservation of civil society and democratic institutions, its unique role in the service of a country that has a vision of a greater self that is not satisfied with its peripheral status quo and that expects no special help from others. Collor made his the words of Santiago Dantas, long ago a Brazilian diplomat, "our foreign policy is the cry of a nation anxious to grow."

After Collor, the microphone was handed to the godfather of the diplomatic promotion, Antonio Houaiss, a man who would have had a distinguished foreign service career had he not opposed the military officers who decided to take charge of the country

back in 1964. Houaiss was destined to become instead a noted philologist and to make a remarkable contribution to modern Portuguese. He advised the young diplomats to stay true to their linguistic heritage, to spread their culture, and to be guided by democratic principles. He asked them to beware of old avatars dressed up in fancy jargon like the population explosion. The risk of being seduced will be your constant companion, he told them, and he prepared both for the tedium that a life of ease will bring you as much as for the eternal apprenticeship that good diplomacy requires.

It was then time to remit medals. Brazilians love awards and one of the most esteemed is the cross of Rio Branco (that man again). Supposedly, its bearers represent an elite whose vocation is to serve the nation unselfishly. 117 lapels were adorned. Ministers, state secretaries, senators, and officials were so honoured as well as Gilberto Gil, a composer from Bahia, and the School of Medicine of Sao Paulo on account of its unique contribution to the welfare of Brazilians.

Such was Diplomats Day in Brasilia where the idea of the foreign service is not so much foreign as service.

Editor's Note: Itamaraty is the name for the Brazilian Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

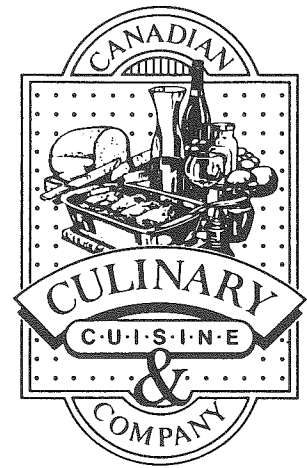
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The Canadian Embassy to the Holy See

by E.P. Black

Why does Canada have an Embassy at the Vatican? First some facts and some history. The Roman Catholic Church is the oldest and largest religious institution in the world with approximately 900 million baptized members of which over half are in the Third World. The Church came to North America with the settlers from France, it has played an important role throughout Canadian history and about 46% of all Canadians are baptized Roman Catholics. They worship in the Latin rite, in English, French or their mother tongue or in one of the Eastern rites, of which the largest is the Ukrainian Catholic Church.

Unofficial relations between Ottawa and the Vatican were first investigated over a hundred years ago when Prime Minister Alexander Mackenzie requested Rome to send a representative to examine the state of the Church in Canada and its relations with the civil authority. An Irish priest, Mgr Conroy, wrote a report, but died before his return to Rome and there was no follow-up. In the 1890's, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, reacting to the Manitoba Schools Question, sent one of his ministers to Rome to encourage a further visit. The Papal envoy, Mgr Merry del Val, recommended that the Vatican should have an Apostolic Delegate (unofficial papal representative) in Ottawa. The first incumbent, Mgr Falconio, took up his post in 1899 and there had been an unbroken line of such representatives until Canada and the Holy See established diplomatic relations in 1969. At that time, the Apostolic Delegate became Pro-Nuncio and Canada named an Ambassador to the Holy See.

There were a number of reasons for establishing diplomatic relations. The dramatic humanity of Pope John XXIII and the results of the Second Vatican Council turned the Church away from a certain besieged mentality towards a greater openness to the world while establishing the Pope and his successors as unique spokesmen for the moral and ethical points of view in foreign relations. Canada had found that in its foreign policy there was a convergence of views with the policies of the Vatican in such areas as aid and development, refugees, human rights, social justice, religious freedom, reunification of families, and the European Conference for Security and Co-operation designed to lower the barriers between Eastern and Western Europe. In addition, there was a belief that the Vatican could provide "a unique listening post" to

gather information on international developments of interest to Canada.

Against this background, the work of the Embassy consists of four aspects: The first is the classic diplomatic task of informing the Holy See of the reasons for Canadian policy in areas of mutual interest or where the approach is different. For example: both Ottawa and Rome abhor Apartheid, but the Vatican has not believed in the usefulness of economic sanctions while Ottawa has.

The diplomatic task at the Vatican is one of reporting to a secular government as a lay observer on the activities of a major international player whose actions are taken for religious reasons.

The second aspect is bilateral relations. These are excellent and generally revolve around visits. There have been two papal voyages in 1984 and 1987, a State Visit by the Governor General in 1986 and subsequent visits by the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for External Affairs. One important new development involving the Pope, the Federal Government and the provincial governments is the increasing tendency of the Native Peoples to appeal to His Holiness to further their objectives in Canada. The Embassy assists the Native Peoples representatives when in Rome, informs the Holy See of Canadian policy and reports on the results of the visits.

The third aspect of the work of the Embassy is to analyze Vatican policy as it could affect Canadian Government policy. For example, we have examined the Pope's message on Minorities, his Encyclical on the Third World and the Church's studies on Racism and Third World Debt.

The final dimension of our work is to report Vatican analysis of developing international situations where the Church's position provides a unique view, such as the role

of religion in the changes in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union or the future of the Holy Land set against the Palestinian uprising, Israeli reaction and the difficult peace process.

A colleague has described the diplomatic task at the Vatican is one of reporting to a secular government as a lay observer on the activities of a major international player whose actions are taken for religious reasons that often have political consequences. Or again, reporting on the analysis of political events by diplomatic professionals whose assessments are naturally affected by being priests of a particular religious institution. To the general reader, this may be clearer if I outline some of the matters which the Embassy follows in its three to four telegrams of analysis a week on approximately 25 countries and international agencies.

John Paul II is an indefatigable traveller to his Catholic parishioners around the world and his voyages often have political fall-out such as in the Philippines, Haiti and Chile, or longer-term effects such as in his homeland Poland. It was the Embassy's role to evaluate the negotiations leading to diplomatic relations between Poland and the Vatican, the revival of religious belief and protest in Czechoslovakia a precursor to its new-found freedom, the gradual return to relations with Hungary and, on the occasion of the Millennium of Christianity in Russia, the first official contact between a representative of the Pope and the Head of State of the Soviet Union leading to the unique visit of Gorbachev to the Pope in Rome. Of particular interest to Canada has been the fate of the Ukrainian Catholic Church declared illegal by Stalin after the War with approximately 4-5 million adherents in the Ukraine and over 200,000 in Canada.

Throughout the slow rapprochement between Moscow and Rome, it has been necessary to keep in mind that for the Pope the improved relations with the secular states in Eastern Europe and greater religious freedom for all churches may lead to a healing of the oldest major schism in Christianity (1054AD) between the Roman Catholic Church and the Orthodox Churches of the former Byzantine Empire. The Vatican's relations with the secular states of Western Europe are good but Rome believes that, after centuries of anti-clericalism and humanistic ideologies, Western Europe has become largely de-Christianized. The Church has supported the movement towards European Unity and the breaking of barriers between East and

West as the only way to a stable and peaceful continent. It hopes that in these conditions the European's loss of spiritual memory can be revived through an interest in their common culture of which Christianity was a central part.

How Latin America resolves its contemporary problems will have its effect on the evolution of the Church itself. Soon half the world's baptized Catholics will live on the continent where the social and economic disparities are vast. Conditions certainly exist for the traditional mission of the Church to the poor and deprived. In carrying out this mission, Rome faces many difficulties — its own past, opposition from local oligarchies, rich fundamentalist sects and division within the Church itself on social policy. Is it to be based on economic determinism as many Latin American theologians have argued or must it not flow as the Pope has said from faith and not ideology? It is the role of the Embassy to take these various elements into account in analyzing the attitudes of the Vatican to specific economic and political developments in such places as Brazil, Chile and Central America.

Africa is a tragic continent with its famines, ecological disasters, wars, refugees and extreme poverty. The Vatican and Canada have convergent views on how to try to meet these problems through humanitarian and development aid. They have similar attitudes to economic justice and apartheid. Canada's French- and English-speaking aid programmes, the work of Canadian missionaries and Canadian NGO's are recognized in Rome. The very gravity of the situation of the continent is likely to ensure that we shall be working towards many of the same ends in the years ahead and it is incumbent on the Embassy to report on the African activities of Rome, such as the many visits by Pope John Paul.

The relations between the Roman Catholic Church and the two other monotheistic religions Islam and Judaism can have consequences that effect Canadian interests. Islam and Christianity have tended to regard each other throughout history as a threat to the religious beliefs of the other. Since the Second Vatican Council, Roman Catholicism has tried to establish a dialogue with Islam, so far with minimal success. The reasons for this are many and complex, but the results are worrying, such as sporadic religious rioting in Nigeria or the rise of Islamic fundamentalism with its potential for creating instability. Arab Moslem countries, however, maintain a dialogue with the Holy See as a state because they have an interest in Rome's policy of internationalization of the Holy Places in Jerusalem and support for a Palestinian homeland.

The theological dialogue of the last twenty-five years between Catholicism and Judaism has made slow but steady progress but has for the time been frustrated by the Intifada and Israel's reaction to it. The Vatican supports a Palestinian homeland, is distressed by Israeli oppression and encourages negotiations. Israel finds such a position unacceptable, particularly from a state that does not recognize Israel. For Canada, the relationship between Catholicism and Judaism, and the Holy See and Israel, are important not only because of instability in the Middle East and the dangers of a rise of anti-semitism, but because of the influential Jewish and growing Moslem communities in Canada.

This brief account of the work at our Vatican Embassy would not be complete without mention of the 400-odd visitors a year who receive their tickets for various Church occasions, the more than 300 Canadian religious in Rome for whom the Embassy is often seen as a link with home, nor the great Canadian Church occasions when there is a beatification or a canonization or a Canadian is named Cardinal. The Federal Government is always represented at these ceremonies.

E.P. Black was Canadian Ambassador to the Holy See from 1985 to 1989. He also served in Moscow, Stockholm, London, Brussels, Paris and Cairo.

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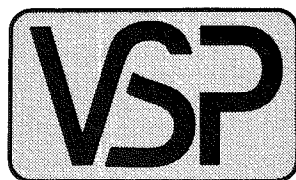
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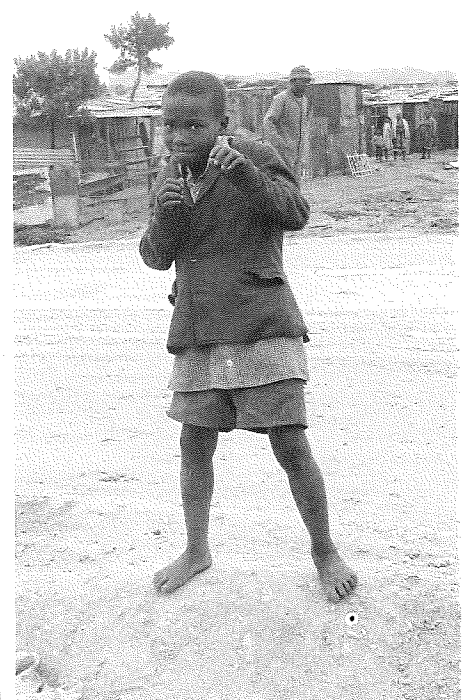
story by Lucie Edwards
photos by Frances Kelly

"What is Soweto really like?" I couldn't count the number of times I've been asked that. Soweto resonates in the imagination of Canadians as the very symbol of black suffering under Apartheid. But how do you describe the largest township in South Africa, a polyglot city of 3 million, so that Canadians can understand? Let me take you on a guided tour of Soweto.

The word Soweto stands for South-West township. It was created as a bureaucratic amalgam of several smaller townships built in and among the mine compounds south and west of the city of Johannesburg. The first blacks to settle there were miners, installed in hostels on the mine compounds. The inevitable services —

prostitutes, beer halls, bootleggers, food peddlers — assembled at the gates of the compounds. Later the miners' numbers were swelled by black families forcibly removed from the townships of Sophiatown and Coronationville. The new families coexisted uneasily with the gamier elements of the mining community, a tension that can be felt to this day in Soweto, which has more churches and more "shebeens" or speakeasies per capita than any other community in South Africa. This tension contributed to the tragic violence in August of this year, which claimed more than 500 lives.

In later years, Soweto became the destination of choice for thousands of rural blacks anxious to find work in Johannesburg. Today, Soweto is an agglomeration of 26 residential suburbs sprawling over 100 square kilometres of dusty veld. Although Soweto was not the only black township near Johannesburg — Alexandra, to the North of city, is older — it was the one black population centre that was permitted to expand under



Apartheid. There are even "garden suburbs": the nouveau riche live in Diepkloof on the edge of Soweto, a community affectionately known as Beverley Hills. Dube, where such prominent citizens as Archbishop Tutu, Nelson Mandela, and Walter Sisulu have their homes was first built in the Fifties. By Soweto standards, Dube is old money.

There is a cynical belief in Soweto that the authorities let blacks live there because the land is unfit for human habitation, riddled with disused mine shafts which make it foolhardy to build multi-storey buildings. Every so often a shaft collapses and huge crevasses scar the landscape. Other parts of Soweto are built on dolomite: according to Sowetans whole houses (and their occupants) have vanished from the face of the earth during a dolomite collapse. We thought this was an urban legend, until a crash took place in a squatters' camp, and three families vanished from the face of the earth.

*Soweto is perhaps
the finest example
of apartheid
landscaping.*

Partly because of the mine shafts and mountains of mine tailings which dominate the skyline, and partly because of Apartheid, Soweto looks odd. There is no centre, no downtown district, in Soweto. There is no "there" there. Most of the township remains a vast drab bedroom suburb, with only a few schools and churches rising up from the sea of houses. Until the eighties, the government blocked any attempt to build community facilities for Soweto, arguing that as the community was only intended as a temporary housing site for workers permanently based in the rural homelands there was no need for libraries, community centres, or sports facilities. The new facilities that have been built in recent years are strung along the highways intersecting the township: the old Potchefstroom and Roodepoort Roads. The irony that the major arteries in the city are named for two small, obscure Afrikaner communities on the edges of Soweto escapes no one.

Soweto is perhaps the finest example of apartheid landscaping. Several highways skirt the huge township, but unless you know what to look for you could easily miss it. It is surrounded on three sides by coloured and Indian townships, which act as a kind of buffer between Soweto and the nearest white neighbourhoods. As the South African writer



Gus Silber commented, neighbourhood planning in South Africa is like "cappuccino: rich, whipped cream on top, earthy malt in the middle, bitter black coffee at the bottom." In another refinement of apartheid planning, Soweto has also been designed with a limited number of gateways, making it very easy for the police to seal it off, but playing merry hell with the traffic flow.

To get to Soweto from Johannesburg, we generally took the aptly named Golden Highway, which wends its way through giant mine tailings, glinting in the sun. Lending piquancy to this drive is the sight of Gold Reef City, an amusement park built on one of the oldest mine compounds. The ferris wheel competes with a visit down a mine shaft and a meal in a "gold rush saloon" as the most popular attraction with tourists. Soon after Gold Reef City, you come to Diepmeadow Station, a huge army barracks that serves as the major gateway to Soweto. Diepmeadow was once the site of Diepkloof Reformatory; Alan Paton was the Principal of this famed school for juvenile offenders and it featured prominently in his classic novel *Cry the Beloved Country*. The National Party's education critic, Hendrik Verwoerd, was bitterly opposed to this "dangerous liberal experiment" and closed it down in 1948. The children were transferred to white farms where they worked as indentured labourers. There is not even a plaque to commemorate Paton's great social experiment. More often than not, riot policemen are stationed in front of the army camp waving their sub-machine guns to flag down incoming traffic.

Today we get lucky: there are no road-blocks and we pass Diepmeadow without incident. The road narrows and we enter a stream of honking, noisy, overcrowded

minibuses: the pirate taxis of Soweto. Justly celebrated as black entrepreneurs, the taxi men are also appalling drivers, famed for suddenly slamming on the brakes when they sight customers, darting across traffic lanes and running the red light at the "robots", as traffic lights are called in South Africa. The congestion is at its height in front of Baragwanath Hospital: very convenient for the ambulances cleaning up after the frequent collisions.

Bara, as Sowetans call their hospital, is the second largest hospital in the Southern Hemisphere but far too small for the needs of Soweto. The wards overflow with patients; beds are made up on the floor under the regular hospital beds and in the hallways. The mobile and convalescent patients roll up their bedrolls and find a sunny corner outside to spend the daylight hours. Although nursing conditions are grim, Bara is a fine teaching hospital which can and often does offer state-of-the-art surgical procedures to its patients. The problem is not with Bara, but with a health system that tolerates overcrowding in black hospitals while refusing blacks access to half-empty white hospitals.

Bara is only the first of a series of show-pieces along the highway: the Lesedi clinic, the first black-owned private hospital in South Africa; the Funda Centre, a large education and cultural centre set up by white business after the 1976 Soweto Massacre; the Soweto College of Education and the Soweto campus of Vista University. But the real landmark along the highway — perhaps the symbol of Soweto itself — is the giant thermal electric power station. For Sowetans, the power station is their favourite metaphor for apartheid in action: at a time when there was no electricity anywhere in the township,

this facility generated power for neighbouring Johannesburg, while dropping industrial pollution on Soweto. Out of bounds behind a barbed wire fence was an attractive lake, stocked with fish, and "Power City", a cluster of attractive bungalows which used to house the white employees of the power station. The white families have been moved out, and the homes are now reserved for two thoroughly unpopular (but powerful) groups in the township: senior black policemen and municipal politicians.

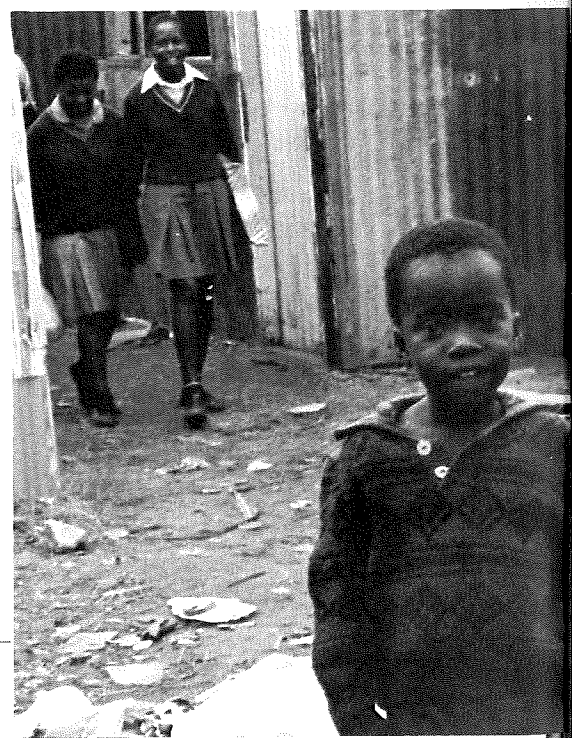
Straight ahead at the crossroads is Regina Mundi Roman Catholic Church, the largest hall in Soweto and the site of many of the most important political protests in Soweto including the annual memorial service for the 1976 Soweto Massacre. Last year the protest meeting was disrupted by police, who blocked the exits, fired teargas into a crowd of over 2,000 milling in the church grounds, then stormed the church itself where they beat up one of the officiating priests at the altar. Regina Mundi has huge expanses of stained glass, which makes it easy for the police to break up meetings by shooting tear gas through the windows; the other major church in Soweto, a short walk away from Regina Mundi, was designed to overcome these security problems. St. Paul's Anglican Church is completely windowless and is built like a round crusader tower to withstand police attack. During the August 1986 police shooting of 29 people, the people of White City-Jabavu streamed to sanctuary at St. Paul's.

*St. Paul's is known as
the "Canadian church"
in Soweto.*

Let's get out of the car here and go for a walk. St. Paul's is known as the "Canadian church" in Soweto. There is a strong historical relationship between the Embassy and the parishioners at St. Paul's. The Anglican Church of Canada was one of the principal donors to the Ipelegeng Centre adjoining St. Paul's, which houses one of the few libraries in Soweto; an elaborate training centre for workshops, seminars and adult literacy programs; a dormitory for seminar participants; and offices for a wide range of community groups. Its dormitories (known as the Archbishop Scott wing, after the former Anglican Primate of Canada) have been regularly used to house ex-detainees undergoing psychological rehabilitation after long-term solitary confinement. Canada also sponsors a series of cross-cultural seminars

at Ipelegeng which bring white people to Soweto for the first time.

Not far away from St. Paul's is another institution with Canadian connections. The Orlando Children's Home was the first orphanage in Soweto. It was set up in defiance of the authorities in the Fifties and kept open through the determined efforts of one woman, Maggie Nkwe, the wife of the pastor at St. Paul's. Long before Canada had an aid program in South Africa, the "Embassy ladies", as they were known in those days, organized fund-raising events for the Children's Home and made the journey from Pretoria to work as volunteers in the Centre. The original derelict building has since been replaced by a beautiful, airy facility, but the first iron cribs bought by the Canadian Embassy ladies are still very much in use. I often used to wonder, as our aid program billowed to \$10 million a year, if we brought





as much heart to our development work as the Embassy ladies had in providing those cribs.

White City-Jabavu is one of the oldest communities in Soweto. Its streets are unpaved and most of the houses still don't have electricity, but they do have sewage facilities and running water. Garbage pickup and maintenance are a big problem: watch out for the hills of garbage and the pools of sewage beside the road. The houses in this community are virtually all rented: very few Sowetans have taken up the Municipality's offer to buy their council houses. Most of the houses are the standard Soweto "matchbox": 2 rooms in front and 2 in back. But in White City the authorities built a variant: the matchboxes are semi-detached. The average number of occupants in a Soweto matchbox house is 10; in White City, the population density approaches 14. The families cope by building sheds out the back; these are often rented out to other families at a price exceeding the official rent for the property. The waiting list for housing in Soweto runs to the thousands, and desperate people are willing to take any shelter they can find in Soweto.

Two squatter communities, the Chicken Farm and Mshenguville, have sprung up within Soweto to provide housing for the most desperate. Mshenguville, the home of over 2,000 families, is the more notorious. It was set up on recreation land leased from the municipality by a former mayor of Soweto. You can smell Mshenguville well before you reach it: the only sanitation facilities are a rampart of "johnny on the spot" portable toilets along the perimeter of the community. The only water taps to be found in the community are interspersed among the portable toilets. Cholera is an ever-present danger, as are fires from the charcoal burners used in the crowded tin and tar-paper shacks. (Fire is an ever-present danger in the township, but there are only two fire trucks in all of Soweto). Mshenguville most closely approximates Canadian visions of Soweto as one of the lower circles of Hell.

But most of Soweto is not so much hellish as dreary. The basic matchbox house looks like a child's drawing of a house: gray cement walls, 2 small windows flanking the front door, a chimney to one side, a tin roof glinting in the sun. Multiplied by several hundred thousand, the effect is claustrophobic. You have to take a walk to see the signs of vibrant life: children in school uniforms playing stickball in the streets: lean dogs nosing the garbage; a drunk staggering out of a shebeen, jazz pouring out with him; lovingly tended daisies and geraniums in a pocket garden; noisy, good-humoured bargaining for fruit and vegetables with the peddler at the corner; a

butcher cutting up an animal in his backyard; hot take-out meals being ladled from the back of a horse-drawn wagon; ladies clustered in front of a house looking over a new shipment of used clothing. Until very recently the authorities blocked any attempt to set up commercial enterprises in Soweto. The Sowetans responded by setting up businesses in their homes. As a result, you can get just about anything you want from the "stanzas" or backroom shops of Soweto.

Running out of time? Let's get back in the car and take a quick run past a few more landmarks. The ruins of Orlando High School, known in Soweto as "the Rock", a once fine educational institution which was burned down in the 1984 riots. The authorities have refused to rebuild it, thereby exacerbating the overcrowding problem in Soweto high schools. A community group is raising funds privately to rebuild it. Orlando soccer stadium. Nothing — not even politics — inspires such passion in Soweto as soccer. Soweto has two powerful teams, the Orlando Pirates and the Kaiser Chiefs, in the national football league. The stadium at Soccer City was the only venue large enough for the 100,000 supporters who welcomed back Nelson Mandela last February. A day Sowetans will long remember. Winnie Mandela's ruri-tanian mansion, built with the proceeds of the sale of her memoirs to the movies. Winnie built it as a "presidential palace" for Nelson Mandela on his release from prison. For years it stood half-finished and abandoned. On his release, Nelson Mandela refused to live in it. But his modest bungalow proved impractical, and now the house is a hive of political activity.

We'll finish with the cemetery, and the tomb of Hector Peterson. Hector was the first person to be killed in the 1976 Soweto massacre. At dawn on June 16 every year the matriarchs of Soweto accompany his mother to lay flowers on Hector's grave. Last year, they arrived to discover his tombstone had been smashed and the grave desecrated. Soweto Day lingers most in my memory: the cloak of smog, 2 parts coal dust to one part diesel exhaust, slowly lifting from the city; the horse-drawn carts moving through the gloom; the piercing cold of the cemetery and the churches; the gentle sobbing of the grieving mothers; and the eerie quiet of an exuberant, cacophonous city of three million who mark the anniversary of the massacre every year by — staying home. Soweto — silent!

Lucie Edwards served in Pretoria from 1986 to 1989. She is now Commissioner of the Southern Africa Task Force in the Department of External Affairs and International Trade.

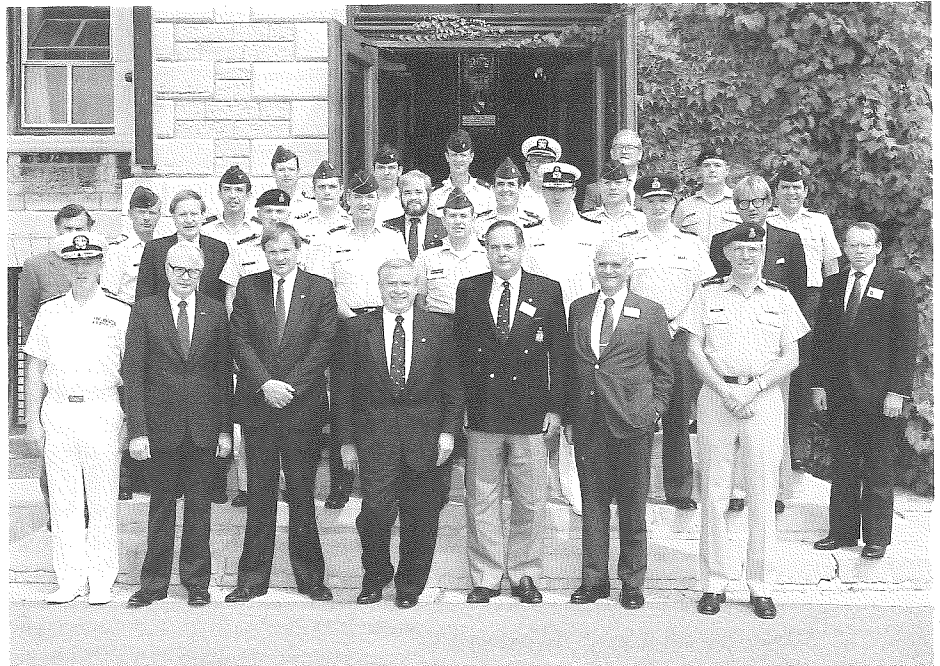
The Birth of the PJBD

by J.T. Devlin

August 18, 1990 marked the 50th Anniversary of the so-called "Ogdensburg Declaration" which established the Canada-USA Permanent Joint Board on Defence (PJBD). Ironically, on that precise date two years before the PJBD came into being, President Franklin Roosevelt, who may have been unwittingly inspired by two Canadians who would later become members of our own Department of External Affairs, had offered the assurance that the United States "would not stand idly by" if Canada were threatened by any outside Power. Roosevelt spoke these words at the George Richardson Memorial Stadium of Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, 100 kilometres southwest of Ogdensburg, New York. It is only fitting, therefore, but no more than coincidence, that the PJBD should have combined its 50th Anniversary commemoration this August 18 in Ogdensburg with its 186th regular meeting in Kingston.

With Ogdensburg and Kingston accounted for, the only loser in the 1990 host city stakes would seem to be Heuvelton, which lies ten kilometres to the southeast of Ogdensburg. It was actually at the Heuvelton junction that FDR stopped his private railway car on August 17, 1940. It was there the car remained while Roosevelt and Prime Minister Mackenzie King dined together that evening (and King watched in astonishment — so he confided to his Diary — as the President demolished a "huge steak"); it was there the two leaders spent the night aboard the railway car (and King worried what the air conditioning might do to his health); and it was there that the famous "Ogdensburg Declaration" was actually issued as a press release the following morning.

The manner in which history inadvertently short-changed Heuvelton in favour of Ogdensburg did not sit well in later years with the former Executive Director of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and onetime senior Canadian diplomat, the late John Holmes. Joel Sokolsky, Associate Professor of Political Science at the Royal Military College of Canada, Kingston, relates how Holmes, upon learning of Heuvelton's historical role, was determined — one imagines with mock seriousness — to have the Ogdensburg Declaration rechristened the Heuvelton Accord. The town's historical linkage to FDR has, at least, been assured through the work of William van den Heuvel,



PJBD 186th Meeting, Kingston, Ont. August 1990.

President of the Roosevelt Institute, after whose ancestors Heuvelton was named.

The popular interpretation of the Ogdensburg story has President Roosevelt touring US military installations in up-state New York in mid-August 1940. Having recently inspected the coastal area of Newfoundland, the thought occurs to him to discuss the more pressing question of North American coastal defences with the Canadian Prime Minister. He telephones Ottawa and in no time Mackenzie King is at the President's side. Searching for a means of securing Canadian consent to defence projects which the Americans wished to carry out on Canadian territory, Roosevelt, the wartime neutral, presents King, the belligerent, with the text that is to become the Ogdensburg Declaration. There is little discussion of the text and, after King and Roosevelt attend a religious field service the morning of August 18, they issue mimeographed copies of the statement to the press. As Col. C.P. Stacey wrote in the *International Journal* in 1954: "No international agreement of comparable importance has ever been concluded more informally."

Certain elements of the above interpretation have withstood the scrutiny of historians. However, the account underplays the efforts of Mackenzie King to involve the USA more fully in the war effort, especially on behalf of the United Kingdom, as well as what Stacey describes as a new interest

on the part of London and Washington in Canada's "possible role as a channel of communication and influence between the two great powers."

To place events in their correct perspective, one must recall the atmosphere of anxiety generated by the fall of France to Hitler's armies in June 1940. Retired Canadian Ambassador John Stiles recalls the sudden realization that spring that Britain itself might fall to the German Blitzkrieg with the prospect of imminent Nazi attacks against North America. Stiles adds: "I remember taking my COTC course at the University of Toronto much more seriously after that!" In his *Memoirs*, Hugh L. Keenleyside, distinguished diplomat, author, federal and British Columbia mandarin and first Canadian Secretary (later Chairman) of the PJBD paints the following picture:

"On 8 August 1940 the great German air attack on the British Isles began. Those in North America who shared the knowledge and deepening fears of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister King expected every day to hear that the invasion of Britain had begun. It was apparent to them that if the Germans were able to land in force, the almost unarmed soldiers and civilians of Britain could not long maintain an effective opposition. The collapse of British resistance and the installation

Canadian Forces

of a Quisling-style government under German control in London would certainly and quickly be followed by a demand on the nations of the New World for co-operation with the fascist powers. Rejection of this demand would invite early attack; acceptance would mean the betrayal of the social, political, economic and even spiritual ideals which, although consistently dishonoured by both public and private behaviour, were still the proclaimed hallmarks of North American democracy."

The preoccupation with continental defence spread quickly into the public domain. *Business Week* magazine reported at the end of August: "The Canadian public had a shock a few weeks ago when defense authorities offered a map demonstration of how — theoretically at least — enemy planes could reach this continent from Norway in five hops, no one longer than 800 miles.... Canadians were startled into demanding quick action in protecting their Arctic coasts."

In this atmosphere of impending disaster — so novel to North Americans accustomed to live in a "fireproof house", far from the conflagrations of Europe — both Roosevelt and King were forced to shorten their focus and contemplate the possibility of German attacks against the North American continent itself. Their strategy was two-fold: to bolster coastal defences, especially in the northeast, along the Newfoundland shore, and to transfer whatever military resources they could to Britain. Earlier that spring, King informed his External Affairs Liaison Officer, Dr. James Gibson (until 1947 King was his own SSEA), that even before the outbreak of the war in Europe, President Roosevelt had been profoundly annoyed with USA intelligence estimates of coastal defences in the Pacific northwest. FDR told King that he was so dissatisfied with the intelligence he was receiving that he had gone personally to inspect the region. For the same reasons he had, more recently, conducted a similar personal sortie to the northeast Arctic coast, and, as noted, to the east coast of Newfoundland. In the President's view, there was a clear need to increase USA contributions to the Allied war effort. This was not a simple task for Roosevelt — not only was the USA officially neutral but FDR had to contend with a sizeable portion of the American public determined to see that it remained so. In these circumstances, Canada was frequently portrayed as the "linch-pin" between the United States and Britain. Certainly King liked to see the country in that light; and, notwithstanding the voluminous correspondence carried on by Roosevelt and Churchill, there is no doubt that Canada and the Canadian Prime

Minister were useful and at times necessary intermediaries.

In his book *Arms, Men and Governments*, Col. C.P. Stacey, the former Official Historian of the Canadian Army's General Staff, reviews some of the developments leading up to Ogdensburg. Drawing on Col. Stacey and Mackenzie King's own recollection of events as recorded in his diary, it is possible to reconstruct the following chain of events:

9 July: Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter, a personal friend of FDR, suggests to the Canadian Minister in Washington, Loring Christie, that King should visit FDR at Hyde Park to discuss "a common plan of defence".

12 August: King sends a message to FDR through Christie dealing with the transfer of US destroyers to Britain and adds the hope that "if and when discussions for the transfer of such destroyers were undertaken there would be an opportunity for discussing the most effective means of strengthening naval defences on our side of the North Atlantic."

North Americans were accustomed to life in a "fireproof house"

14 August: J. Pierrepoint Moffat, US Minister in Ottawa writes to Sumner Welles, Under-Secretary of State in Washington, of a growing "public demand" in Canada for "some form of joint defence understanding with the United States". Welles passes this letter to FDR on 16 August.

15 August: Christie conveys King's message in person to FDR who indicates that he has been thinking of proposing to King that he send a delegation of US Staff Officers to Ottawa to discuss the question of the direct defence of North America, especially the possibility of "base facilities for United States use" on the east coast of Canada. He hints that he will make definite suggestions to King along these lines "as soon as the beginning of next week".

16 August: the President receives Moffat's letter of the 14th and, to Stacey's mind, "this appears to have triggered one of those impulsive acts for which Roosevelt was noted": at a noon press conference, he reports that the United States is carrying on conversations with Canada on western hemisphere defence. As Stacey observes, "This might have seemed a little premature." No matter — in less than two hours Roosevelt is on the phone to King to report what he has said and to invite him to Ogdensburg. Impulsive or not, FDR in this way was not only pursuing his own interests but responding to King's

request delivered through Christie four days earlier and to Moffat's recommendation, received earlier that very day.

The uncomplicated spirit of the times is captured in King's diary entry. He noted that "shortly before two o'clock, the 'phone rang and the girl at the switchboard said it was the President of the United States who wished to speak to me. The President said: 'Hello, is that you Mackenzie?' ... I replied: Yes. He then said: 'I am going tomorrow night in my train to Ogdensburg. If you are free, I would like to have you come and have dinner with me there.... I gave an interview this morning to the press in which I said that I ... was taking up with you direct the matter of mutual defence of our coasts on the Atlantic.... I have told the press that we will be meeting together. Are you free tomorrow night?' I said: 'Yes'."

King declined Roosevelt's offer to send his car to meet him at Ogdensburg or at the Canadian end of the Thousand Islands Bridge: "I replied that I would have my own car and would go direct across to Ogdensburg." Following a brief stop at the US Embassy on Wellington St. to secure a visitor's visa, King drove to Ogdensburg "at high speed" in Dr. Gibson's recollection, accompanied by the US Minister, J. Pierrepoint Moffat. An unscheduled crossing was arranged of one of the two ferries that regularly ran at that time between Prescott and Ogdensburg and King arrived in Heuvelton in time to join FDR aboard the railway car for dinner.

The Prime Minister had not consulted his Cabinet colleagues before his departure except to secure from Defence Minister, J.L. Ralson, a list of military supplies which the Canadian forces were attempting, with limited success, to acquire in the USA. Even his own office was caught off balance by the speed of events. Dr. Gibson remembers being told by the Duty Officer at Laurier House that the Prime Minister had left Ottawa suddenly, accompanied by Moffat. Sensing that duty would call when King returned 48 hours later, Gibson seized the initiative and was waiting in the third floor Library of Laurier House when King returned on Sunday evening, August 18. The PM thrust a sheet of paper into his hands, mimeographed hours earlier by the President's staff aboard the railway car. Aside from King's marginal notations, Dr. Gibson read for the first time the text of the "Ogdensburg Declaration:"

"The Prime Minister and the President have discussed the mutual problems of defence in relation to the safety of Canada and the United States.

It has been agreed that a Permanent Joint Board on Defence shall be set up at once by the two countries.

This Permanent Joint Board on Defence shall commence immediate

studies relating to sea, land and air problems including personnel and material.

It will consider in the broad sense the defence of the north half of the western hemisphere.

The Permanent Joint Board on Defence will consist of four or five members from each country, most of them from the services. It will meet shortly."

Events continued to move with extraordinary speed. Col. (ret.) O.M. Biggar, K.C., of Ottawa was named Canadian Chairman with Hugh Keenleyside, of External Affairs designated Secretary. On the US side, Roosevelt named the Mayor of New York, Fiorello LaGuardia as American Chairman and J.D. Hickerson, Assistant Chief of the European Division of the State Department, as Secretary. Most of the remaining members were drawn from the services, the most active of them in Dr. Gibson's memory, being the American, Lt. Col. (later General) J.T. McNarney. On 26 August, the Board met for the first time in Ottawa.

In his book *The United States and Canada*, Gerald M. Craig points out that Mackenzie King's supporters defended his precipitate action in agreeing to the establishment of the PJBD on the grounds that the crisis facing Canada and the US appeared to be immediate, the role of the Board was advisory only and that, in any event, there were few people in Canada at that time willing to reject military cooperation with the USA. King's detractors, on the other hand, professed incredulity that this Prime Minister who "had spent twenty years before 1940 in resisting all proposals for Anglo-Canadian military cooperation ... now in a few hours, without consulting his own colleagues let alone Parliament, agreed to a close, and permanent, military association with the USA". Dr. Gibson's recollection is that a certain aura of achievement accompanied the announcement of the Board's establishment. Canadians had been long enough consumed by wartime activity at that point and any news which focused on the "north half of the western hemisphere" was greeted as an antidote to the European war effort. "The PJBD was a counter-irritant against certain elements in the country that believed Canada should be doing more in Europe, sending more troops overseas."

I have attempted to show earlier that even if Roosevelt's statement to the press and subsequent telephone call to King on August 16, 1940, may have been impulsive acts, the Ogdensburg meetings and subsequent Declaration were the natural outcome of activities in the preceding days: notably King's letter to Roosevelt of August 12, delivered to FDR three days later, proposing discussions of western hemispheric naval

defences, and the August 14 US Embassy report of the growing public demand in Canada for joint defence cooperation with the United States, which was read by the President on August 16.

In a broader context, the Ogdensburg Declaration and its inherent pledge of mutual defence support was the natural end product of signals exchanged between the neutral President and the belligerent Prime Minister over the preceding two years. Like willing but shy partners at a dance, the two leaders had been "sidling up" to one another, so that by the time they met at Ogdensburg they were, in Keenleyside's words, "already clearly committed to the principle of joint defence of North America". (King recorded in his Diary that just before departing for Ogdensburg on August 17 he drove to Government House where he informed the Governor General, Lord Athlone, that he expected that a joint defence board would result from his talks with Roosevelt.)

The first overt step in the *pas de deux* had been taken by the US President two years to the day before the Ogdensburg Declaration, on August 18, 1938, in Kingston that the USA "would not stand idly by" if Canada were threatened militarily. King had responded promptly to this overture when he acknowledged at Woodbridge, Ontario two days later that Canadians had their own obligation to ensure that Canada was made as immune from attack or invasion as possible and that "should the occasion ever arise, enemy forces should not be able to pursue their way either by land, sea or air to the United States across Canadian territory."

What was not acknowledged at the time, nor has ever before been acknowledged in print, is the contribution which two future External Affairs Officers quite plausibly made to the formulation of Roosevelt's undertaking and hence, to a degree, to the manner in which Americans perceive their defence relationship with Canada.

Shortly before Roosevelt's Kingston speech, Benjamin Rogers and Dr. R.A. Mackay* had jointly authored a book entitled *Canada Looks Abroad*. In a chapter on Canadian defence, Rogers and Mackay wrote:

* Benjamin Rogers was then the Acting National Secretary of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and a member of the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations. He joined External Affairs in July 1938 and was later named Canadian Ambassador to Peru, Turkey, Spain and Morocco). Dr. R.A. Mackay was, at the time, a distinguished professor at Dalhousie University. He later enjoyed a successful second career with External Affairs which culminated with his appointment as Associate Undersecretary and subsequently Ambassador to Norway and later the Canadian Permanent Representative at the United Nations in New York. He returned to academia with a stint at Carleton University in the 1960s.

"Since the Great War there has been no doubt of American naval supremacy on both coasts of North America, and it is *scarcely conceivable that the United States would stand idly by* and see Canada invaded on either flank since such an eventuality would constitute a real threat to the security of the United States."

The publication of *Canada Looks Abroad* around April 1938 attracted a good deal of attention and was reviewed in the *New York Times*. It is reasonable to suppose that FDR may have read this review or that the book may have been drawn to his attention by his Canadian advisors in Washington or the US Embassy in Ottawa. One can easily speculate that the expression "would not stand idly by" might have appealed to someone writing a memorandum for the President, and in turn to the President himself. Whatever inspired Roosevelt may never be known. However, the original text** of his Kingston address reveals a last-minute alteration, written by the President's hand, wherein the original sentence:

"I give to you assurance that the people of the United States will never tolerate the domination of your soil by any other Empire"

Becomes:

"I give to you assurance that the people of the United States will not stand idly by if domination of Canadian soil is threatened by any other Empire."

As we have seen, Kingston begat Ogdensburg which in turn begat the PJBD. Fifty years later, Prime Minister Mulroney and President Bush would issue a joint statement at Ogdensburg rededicating their governments to the Ogdensburg Declaration and reaffirming "our strong support for the institution to which it gave birth, the Permanent Joint Board on Defence."

"Mackenzie" and the President would surely approve. 

J.T. Devlin has served in Kuala Lumpur, Bonn, Berlin, Moscow, Bridgetown and Prague. He is now the Canadian Secretary to the PJBD and Acting Director of Defense Relations Division of External Affairs.

** The original copy of FDR's address is the property of the Roosevelt Institute at Hyde Park and was loaned to the Frederic Remington Art Museum in Ogdensburg for a special exhibit in conjunction with the 50th Anniversary Commemoration of the founding of the PJBD, 18 August 1990. Other interesting revisions to the text written in by Roosevelt include the tightening up of a sentence which originally described the Dominion of Canada as a "Sister in the sisterhood of the British Empire" — FDR changed it to simply "a part of the British Empire" — and the deletion of the immediately following cryptic remark: "That is as it should be."

La francophonie, le Québec et le Canada par les yeux de Monsieur Jean-Louis Roy

par Guy Archambeault

Monsieur Jean-Louis Roy est né le 1^{er} février 1941 à Normandin (Québec). Licencié en philosophie et docteur en histoire, il dirigea le Centre d'études canadiennes-françaises de l'Université McGill de 1971 à 1980, avant de devenir directeur du quotidien montréalais Le Devoir de 1980 à 1986.

En 1986, le Premier ministre du Québec lui confia le poste de Délégué général du Québec en France. D'abord responsable des relations bilatérales entre la France et le Québec, il devait également se voir confier un rôle de premier plan en matière de francophonie internationale, en sa qualité de vice-président des comités internationaux de préparation et de suivi du Sommet de Québec.

En 1988 et 1989, il dirigea le « Comité Roy », chargé par le comité de suivi d'étudier l'avenir des institutions francophones internationales. Ses recommandations, adoptées par le Sommet de Dakar, entraînèrent des responsabilités accrues pour l'Agence de Coopération culturelle et technique (ACCT), l'organisation intergouvernementale des pays francophones.

Candidat proposé conjointement par les gouvernements du Canada et du Québec, il fut élu Secrétaire général de l'ACCT à Ottawa en janvier 1990.

Cet entretien a été fait juste après son élection.

D'abord, j'aimerais vous féliciter pour votre récente élection au poste de Secrétaire général de l'ACCT. Dans quel état d'esprit abordez-vous cette nouvelle étape de votre carrière?

Dans un esprit de service public, sans état d'âme par rapport au passé, sans intérêt pour le bavardage, ce mélange d'impressions et de demi-vérité sur l'état réel de l'Agence de Coopération culturelle et technique, mais plein d'enthousiasme discipliné.

La francophonie rassemble quarante pays. Ce rassemblement, créé à Niamey il y a 20 ans cette année-même, n'est pas nouveau. Ce qui l'est, c'est la convocation des Sommets

réunissant les Chefs d'État et de Gouvernement des pays francophones. Il faut noter qu'en cinq ans ces derniers se seront réunis quatre fois pour jeter les bases de l'aménagement d'un Espace francophone mondial : à Paris en février 1986, à Québec en septembre 1987, à Dakar en mai 1989 et en octobre 1991 à Kinshasa. Il s'agit là d'un événement politique de première importance. Cet événement a transformé le mandat de cette Maison. L'ACCT a d'abord été l'opérateur obligé des Sommets. À Dakar, ce statut lui a été officiellement reconnu, ainsi qu'une nouvelle fonction de programmation et de proposition budgétaire pour les Sommets à venir.

À la cérémonie d'installation, j'ai déclaré ce qui suit et qui résume bien l'esprit qui m'anime, esprit partagé par les Directeurs généraux que j'ai choisis, et par le personnel de l'Agence avec qui je viens de passer plus de 35 heures en séance de travail :

« — Cette maison doit être ouverte, accueillante, communicante, besogneuse et efficace... Et elle le sera.

— Cette maison doit être soucieuse de la rentabilité des ressources qui lui sont confiées... Et elle le sera.

— Cette maison doit être novatrice, capable de soutenir un dialogue fécond avec ses partenaires nationaux et internationaux... Et elle le fera. »

Ceux qui ne partagent pas ces vues n'ont pas leur place ici.

Lorsque vous êtes devenu le candidat des gouvernements canadien et québécois, vous occupiez le poste de Délégué général du Québec à Paris. Or, ce poste a traditionnellement été un point de convergence de tensions fédérales-provinciales. Quels ont été, selon vous, les événements qui ont permis un rapprochement de nos deux gouvernements et un allègement de leurs rivalités dans le cadre de nos relations avec la France et les pays francophones? Comment avez-vous vécu personnellement ces événements à Paris, en tant que Délégué général du Québec?

L'Ambassadeur du Canada en France et le Délégué général du Québec en France ne sont pas des Chefs de gouvernement en exil. Ils n'ont pas à définir les politiques qui

déterminent la conduite des relations entre leurs Gouvernements respectifs et le Gouvernement de la République française. Ils ont l'obligation d'inscrire leur action et de mouler leurs comportements sur la position des Gouvernements qu'ils représentent, après avoir fait à ces derniers, les représentations qu'ils jugent utiles de faire.

Permettez-moi de vous dire que vos expressions sont un peu inflationnistes. Peut-on raisonnablement croire que les postes de Paris ont été un point de convergence des tensions fédérales et provinciales? Certes, il y a eu des situations délicates et des périodes marquées par des tensions réelles, à ne pas confondre avec la dimension des égo et le style de nos représentants. L'aspect théâtral de certains ne doit pas être confondu avec la substance des mandats des uns et des autres.

J'ai pris mes fonctions à Paris dans la foulée de cinq événements majeurs qui ont eu un impact sur la conduite des affaires de la Délégation générale du Québec.

Un, je rappelle que le Premier ministre René Lévesque a mis le Québec sur la voie du « beau risque » du fédéralisme à renégocier;

Deux, je rappelle qu'en accueillant à Ottawa M. Laurent Fabius, Premier ministre de la France, M. Mulroney avait levé les réticences connues s'agissant des relations directes et privilégiées du Québec avec la France. Je n'ai pas le texte de l'allocation du Premier ministre sous les yeux. J'étais présent à ce dîner, et je me rappelle qu les propos de M. Mulroney étaient d'une clarté à mettre au chômage les exégètes les plus scrupuleux;

Trois, je rappelle aussi qu'en septembre 1985 les Premiers ministres du Québec et du Canada, M. Johnson et M. Mulroney, ont signé un protocole fixant les termes de la participation effective du Québec à la table des Sommets Francophones. Cette entente a été acceptée par M. Bourassa au moment de sa signature, elle représentait les intérêts des deux gouvernements, je dirais leurs intérêts complémentaires et reconnus comme tels;

Et quatre, rappelons enfin l'élection du gouvernement de M. Bourassa en décembre 1985 et la négociation qui a conduit à l'accord du Lac Meech, accord reflétant l'attitude générale et le climat des travaux qui ont entouré durant cette période les rapports des gouvernements québécois et canadien.

Ces événements ne sont pas mineurs. Ils ont marqué toute cette période, y compris

à Paris. Personne n'aurait compris que l'Ambassadeur du Canada et le Délégué général du Québec en France ne se conforment pas à ce climat et à cette attitude.

Dès ma nomination à Paris, j'avais affirmé que nos compatriotes de l'Ambassade avaient droit à une pleine mesure de courtoisie. Je m'excuse de décliner des évidences. Nous avons collaboré avec l'Ambassade notamment en matière économique lorsque cette collaboration était susceptible d'accroître les chances de succès d'une négociation. Nous avons opté pour cette voie qui est celle de la négociation.

Inutile de rappeler que nous étions à Paris pour faire vivre et enrichir les relations privilégiées entre les gouvernements français et québécois.

Que répondez-vous à ceux qui affirment que le rapprochement des positions de nos deux gouvernements affaiblit la position du Québec sur la scène internationale?

Je vous dirais que j'ai une conception plus dynamique de la force du Québec et notamment au sein de la Communauté Francophone et ailleurs. Interprétée littéralement, votre question conduit à poser comme condition de la force du Québec sur la scène internationale, son opposition au Gouvernement fédéral; les marchands de stratégie ne font et ne feront pas fortune sur ce marché-là. Certes le Québec n'est pas un satellite d'Ottawa, ni le contraire. Sa force lui vient de ses convictions, de son apport réel, de sa stratégie et de sa volonté politique. Elle lui vient aussi des amis, de ses alliés. Dans mon esprit, Ottawa n'est pas exclue de ce jeu des alliances québécoises.

Vous me permettrez d'ajouter qu'il m'est impossible de reconcilier les deux termes suivantes : une présence du Québec au Secrétariat Général de l'ACCT et l'affaiblissement du Québec.

Quelles sont vos priorités au moment où vous assumez vos fonctions de Secrétaire général?

J'ai énuméré ces priorités dans mon discours d'installation. Je les résume pour vous dans les deux propositions suivantes.

Premièrement, je veux réussir la réforme des institutions francophones qui a été approuvée au Sommet de Dakar et ainsi consacrer la place centrale de l'Agence dans un processus politique lancé par les Sommets.

Et deuxièmement, l'Agence, selon les termes utilisés à Dakar, porte la garantie institutionnelle pour la dimension multilatérale devant présider à la conception et à la mise en oeuvre des projets découlant des décisions des Sommets. Elle est donc chargée



De g. à d. M. Jean-Louis Roy, l'hon. Monique Landry, le très hon. Brian Mulroney, M. Jean-Paul Hubert

des questions communes et doit incarner les nécessités d'ensemble. Ces perspectives n'impliquent en rien qu'elle soit éloignée du réel, et que ses réformes ne soient pas de ce monde. Ces perspectives impliquent qu'elle prenne en compte l'ensemble des liens qui mettent en présence les partenaires de la francophonie. Je ne suis pas le grand prêtre du multilatéral chargé de vilipender les coopérations bilatérales si importantes. Certes nous avons à construire et à conforter une coopération multilatérale forte. Cela implique que nous soyons en lien avec les autres modes de présence et les autres dialogues riches et indispensables qui se déploient dans l'Espace Francophone.

L'ACCT s'est vue confier un mandat élargi lors du Sommet de Dakar. Pouvez-vous nous décrire ce mandat et nous indiquer votre stratégie pour le mettre en oeuvre?

Trois concepts et trois obligations découlent de ce texte :

Je dois conforter la dimension multilatérale de notre entreprise tant au plan des financements qu'à celui de la programmation. Je crois que par rapport à cette obligation nous avons fait récemment des progrès réels bien qu'insuffisants. C'est à nous de faire la preuve qu'une programmation et un financement d'une nature multilatérale portent leurs fruits et ainsi d'amener nos partenaires à consentir à une pleine mesure de multilatéralisme.

Comme vous le savez, le Sommet avait créé auprès du CIS des réseaux, c'est-à-dire des groupes d'experts chargés de conseiller

le CIS en matière de programmation. Cette formule en son temps répondait à de vrais besoins. Cependant son maintien aurait créé une situation de plus en plus difficile à gérer, plusieurs de ces réseaux oeuvrant dans les mêmes domaines que les Directions Générales de l'Agence. Leur maintien aurait conduit inexorablement à l'aménagement d'une structure parallèle. Nous nous serions retrouvés alors devant une situation ingérable et stérile.

Deux organisations parallèles sous-financées, oeuvrant dans des domaines largement identiques et consacrant — on peut l'imaginer en tous cas — une partie importante de leurs énergies et leurs ressources dans des luttes entre elles, luttes d'influence, luttes de pouvoirs. En conséquence l'exécutif de la Francophonie aurait été épuisé dans une situation institutionnelle conflictuelle, futile et à tous égards inopérante.

Le Sommet de Dakar a justement décidé l'intégration au sein de l'Agence du rôle et de la fonction des réseaux en créant auprès des Directions Générales des comités d'experts. Ces comités ont été créés, et à la vérité l'intégration se fait sans difficulté.

Enfin l'Agence a été investie par le Sommet de Dakar du mandat de préparation de programmation et de suggestion d'affectations budgétaires pour les Sommets Francophones à venir.

Certes ce mandat doit se déployer en synergie avec les travaux conduits par le Comité International Préparatoire. Nous avons déjà amorcé une vraie coopération avec les autorités zaïroises et dans les toutes prochaines semaines nous tiendrons à Kinshasa une première réunion de travail avec le Comité national chargé de la préparation du Sommet du Zaïre.

Il n'y a pas de stratégie particulière à évoquer sinon une ferme détermination de répondre aux attentes des Chefs d'État et de Gouvernement des pays francophones.

Vous êtes très critique à l'égard d'une francophonie nostalgique et défensive et vous prônez au contraire une francophonie de la modernité. Que recouvrent pour vous ces concepts? En quoi se traduiront-ils?, sous votre impulsion, dans l'action concrète de l'Agence?

J'ai beaucoup de respect pour le travail qui a été fait par les pionniers de la francophonie, ceux qui depuis 1960 ont défini son cadre intellectuel et politique. Ce respect s'accompagne d'une démarche semblable à la leur, démarche que je résumerais en une seule question : que faut-il faire *aujourd'hui* pour que la francophonie soit un véritable espace de coopération? Pour qu'elle se développe d'une façon telle qu'elle traduise

les termes d'une alliance entre les partenaires qui la forment et qui la composent?

Ma réponse simplifiée ici à l'extrême, repose sur une évidence. Sans croissance économique, sans investissement, sans création d'entreprises et sans création d'emplois, nos partenaires du Sud verrons tous leurs efforts et les nôtres anéantis dans d'autres secteurs d'activités qui sont par ailleurs essentiels pour le développement de l'Espace francophone mondial.

Je sais que certains s'interrogent sur cette conception qui à leur avis s'éloigne d'une vision culturelle de la francophonie. Je refuse cette déformation dualiste.

Quels sont donc les aménagements culturels qui pourraient survivre au défaut de développement de notre majorité?

Je souhaite un aménagement culturel fort, porté par la création du plus grand nombre, mais je le crois improbable voire impossible dans un contexte de faible croissance économique. En conséquence, je cherchais à infléchir nos programmations et à utiliser nos ressources en fonction de cette vision des choses.

Guy Archambeault fut affecté à l'administration centrale à Lima, à Marseille et à Paris. Il occupa, de 1986 à 1989, le poste de secrétaire des comités internationaux de préparation et de suivi du Sommet de Québec.

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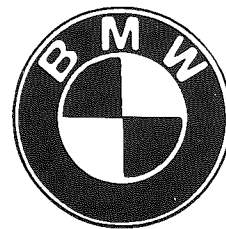
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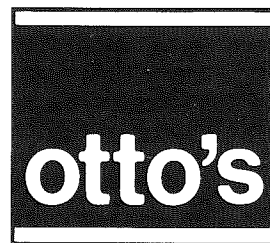


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The Wealthy Diplomat:

A Simple Approach to Material Wealth

(After All, As Madonna Says, We Are Living in a Material World)

by Carol N. Markham

This may sound like a contradiction in terms, given the abysmal salary levels of members of the Foreign Service (particularly at the FS-1 levels) vis-à-vis other professional groups in the Public Service. Nevertheless, it is possible to become financially comfortable on a government salary, and in spite of the costs associated with rotationality. The trick is relatively simple and painless, requiring only regularity, consistency, and to use Coleridge's terminology, the "willing suspension of disbelief."

One of the positive factors about working for the government is that you receive a regular paycheck for a known amount. This allows you to plan in advance. Another positive aspect is the ability to authorize payroll deductions or, alternatively, to write a series of post-dated cheques. This makes the necessary planning quite painless. The secret to financial success is to combine these welcome attributes with the magic of compound interest. This principle makes sense when considered in connection with rotationality, limited discretionary financial resources and few financial markets (at many posts).

I do not pretend to be a whiz at financial planning. In spite of this, and purely by accident, I found a most intriguing non-financial financial planning book, without charts or graphs, and which is straightforward, easy to read, and not boring!

The book is called, *The Wealthy Barber: The Commonsense Guide to Financial Planning*. It is written by David Chilton, and is published by The Stoddard Publishing Company (Toronto, 1989). It costs \$14.95 in paperback and can be read in about two or three hours. It is a Canadian best seller, and has been featured regularly on "Canada AM," "Lifetime," "Basic Black," and other national radio and television programs. Chilton writes in a narrative style, using as his medium a series of conversations amongst patrons at the local barbershop — a somewhat banal situation, but otherwise very identifiable and rather effective. This book illustrates the universal truth that if you want to get a point across, keep it simple; and that is what Chilton does extremely well.

Now to his theories. These are simple too, easy to apply, and full of infinite common sense. *Point number one: Pay yourself FIRST ten per cent of every paycheck.* (I

will tell you what to do with the money in a moment.) The easiest way to pay yourself first is either to arrange for an automatic, but regular, payroll deduction or to have committed yourself in advance to a series of relatively irreversible post-dated cheques.

The reason for this is that *most people do not miss what they do not see or do not already have in their hands*. Generally, people tend to deal with their cheques the other way round. They pay everyone else first, and then look at whatever happens to be left over as fodder for saving, or more often spending. Well, we all know what happens: There is never anything left over. When you get right down to it, ten per cent of a net (after tax and deductions) bimonthly cheque is not much money. In fact, I suggest that you round the figure up to the next \$50.00 or \$100.00 amount to make the numbers simpler for payroll deductions or post-dated cheques.

As the following discussion in the barbershop illustrates, compound interest really adds up.

"Cathy, if you invested \$2,400 a year, say \$200 a month, for the next thirty years, and averaged a fifteen percent return a year, how much money do you think you'd end up with?" challenged Roy.

"Well, \$2,400 times thirty is \$72,000." "I'm impressed," (David Chilton) interrupted.

"...plus growth ... I don't know ... I'd say \$200,000. Maybe not quite that much," Cathy concluded.

"Wrong. The answer is \$1.4 million," Roy declared."

Try another example. If you had started putting away \$10 a month (the equivalent of \$1 a day) at age eighteen, and continued until age sixty-five, averaging a fifteen percent annual return, how much would you end up with?

"I hate math, Roy, but I'll give it a shot. Thirty dollars a month is \$360 a year, times forty-seven years ... Anybody have a calculator?"

"It's just under \$17,000," interjected Roy.

"Plus growth, I'll say about \$70,000."

"Close," responded Roy. "The answer is \$2,679,000."

As Chilton demonstrates, this is not bull but magic. *The magic of compound interest*

is that interest is paid on BOTH principal and interest, not just simple interest on principal. This makes it the eighth wonder of the world.

Well, now that you are paying yourself ten percent first out of every paycheck, what do you do with it? *Point number two is that YOU do not invest the money in the stock market.* Why not? Because you do not know anything about stock analysis and chances are that you do not know anyone who does either. Not only that, it takes time and discipline. This is because, to do well in the stock market, you have to buy when everyone is selling, and sell when everyone is buying. One top of all that, you have to spend time analyzing each company, its worth, its management style and then make buy/sell decisions on a daily basis, depending on the market and each individual stock which you may own. Brokers are in business to buy and sell, not to give advice. They make their commissions on transactions. Whether you are up or down, buying or selling, it is immaterial to them since they make a commission either way. The idea is to buy low and sell high, but the self-discipline comes in learning to let your profits run and cut your losses. Most people do just the opposite — they hold on to shares that are losing (waiting for them to go back to what they paid for them).

Chilton's answer for the investment problem is *point number three: invest in mutual funds.* Chosen well, mutual funds generate a higher return than most individual stocks, and best of all *from the perspective of the peripatetic foreign service life, you do not have to do anything, other than commit regular fixed amounts of money to acquiring more mutual funds.* Someone else does the selection work. Therefore, you are not dependent on being in a city with a stock-market, you do not have to read the paper every day, and you do not have to spend time analyzing your portfolio and making buy/sell decisions at the critical moment. The other advantage of a mutual fund is that instead of being limited by your available resources to a few stocks, you become part of a group of investors who have pooled their limited resources to acquire a wide range of stocks. You are thus able to reap the benefit of spreading the risk and it does not really matter what happens to an individual stock. As long as the mutual fund in which you

have invested is a relatively respected one, you will do well. As Chilton says, there is a low PITA factor (ie. a low "pain in the ass" factor) in investing in a good mutual fund.

Unfortunately, even with mutual funds, there are drawbacks. One is risk. Obviously if the market goes down for a long period, so will the value of your mutual fund. Another is that you need to allow time for the compound interest factor to work. Therefore, you have to be prepared to stay in for the long run. Historically speaking, in spite of ups and downs, there has always been an upward trend in the market over a seven- to ten-year period. Thus, you must be able to leave your money in the mutual fund for at least that period of time. By leaving your funds invested while the market fluctuates, you are in fact "dollar cost averaging." This is a concept by which your fixed regular payment will buy more units in the mutual fund during those months when the unit price is low. Conversely, when the price is high, your fixed payment will buy fewer units. The result over the course of the cycle is a lower average cost per unit. A disadvantage is that mutual funds, unlike money in the bank, are less accessible since there is a PITA factor involved in having them released. However, this may be an incentive to leaving them alone.

There is a low PITA factor (ie. a low "pain in the ass" factor) in investing in a good mutual fund.

The next step is choosing a mutual fund. Here, admittedly, you do have to do a little work. Chilton provides a number of clues for determining a suitable candidate. He advises talking to the experts and reading a few investment publications. Then, when you have narrowed down the field somewhat, you should assess the following: ensure it has a good long-term track record; make sure that if a fund has a solid rate of return, the manager who created it is still there; buy an international fund which invests across many different industries, buy a fund whose manager is value-oriented, not fad-oriented; watch the commissions; and, remember that many financial product salespeople are confined to selling only their own products. Then, all you have to do when you have chosen the appropriate fund is fill out a fund purchase application form and arrange for pre-authorized chequing. Chilton advises you not to sign contractual plans

because they limit your freedom to switch if, for instance, the fund manager were to move and you decided to change mutual funds.

Inevitably, people ask about taxes. According to Chilton, "That's another beauty of mutual funds compared to plain old money in the bank. Not only do you reap the benefits of dollar cost averaging and the higher rates of return over the long run created through ownership, but you also pay a lower tax rate on your gains." This is because interest income is fully taxable, while capital gains (growth) are not. Each individual may now earn \$100,000 of capital gains tax-free. After that, three-quarters of all capital gains are taxable at the individual's marginal rate. (There are special exceptions for a principal residence, which is tax-free, and qualified farm properties and qualified small business corporations, where there is a \$500,000 capital gains exemption.) In addition, *with capital gains you do not pay tax until you sell, so ALL your money works for you full-time.*

There are only two worthwhile ways for a Canadian to reduce income tax legally: proper income-splitting and becoming knowledgeable about all the deductions and credits available. Definitely strive to reduce your income tax, since a dollar saved is equal to two dollars earned. The point of wealth creation is that by having your financial house in order (ie. no mortgage, a substantial RRSP, a growing "ten percent fund," no consumer debt) you can enjoy life. This

means you have to create a lot more wealth to be in this fortunate situation and that is what this book is all about.

By the way, this is only a taste of the broader strategy outlined in the book, which also covers RRSPs, insurance, wills, property, savings, investment, income tax and an individual's responsibility in life and death. In many ways, this is a book which all in the foreign service should read, and periodically re-read. It looks realistically at the implications of whether you are married or single, childless or not, have aging parents or disabled dependents. It is straight-forward and banishes many myths on whether to buy life insurance or disability insurance, whether to buy real property or rent and other critical issues with which we have all grappled at one time or another.

This book concerns the creation of wealth: money above and beyond salary, pension or retirement savings. Wealth is the ability and independence to do what you want when you want, and to enjoy it without guilt or creating new debt. Chilton's ideas for acquiring wealth appear to be both reasonable and attainable. 

*Carol N. Markham is a member of the Editorial Board for **bout**. She has been posted to Bangkok, and is currently with the Resource Management Division of the Corporate Review Management Bureau at External Affairs.*

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To the Khyber Pass



The ancient game of buzkashi.

story by Colin Robertson
photos by Fredericka Gregory

As a little boy, my favourite books were those found in my grandmothers' libraries, especially those by authors like G.A. Henty, R.H. Haggard, Robert Louis Stevenson, John Buchan, C.S. Forrester, and Sax Rohmer. Through them I carefully followed Wolfe in Canada, Moore in Spain, Hornblower on the high seas, Richard Hannay and Nayland Smith on the tracks of evil bolsheviks, huns and devil worshippers. They were set at a time when most of the world's landmass was still coloured red and the sun never set on the British Empire. Full of honour and treachery, bravery and comradeship, danger and dash, all calculated to make a small boy's blood run wild around the heart. It is a pity they are no longer considered socially acceptable.

The best tales were those of Kipling — the Jungle Books and Kim, of course, but also his Soldiers Three — Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd, and Plain Tales from the Hills. So when I decided to do Delhi, Agra, Jaipur and Udaipur and still had a couple of days left there were no second thoughts about

adding on a trip to Pakistan, particularly, when there was a chance of making the journey into the Northwest Frontier. With any luck I would get a chance to see the Khyber Pass, where through the pages of my grandmothers' *Boys' Own Annuals* I had passed many a rainy afternoon fighting for the Queen Empress and King Emperor.

With the war and the Pass officially closed to foreigners, we required special permission from the Pakistan Government. With a driver and van hired from the mission, and armed with a hearty lunch basket, and in the company of some friends from the Embassy — Jim, Michaelina and Iley — I set out westwards along the Margalla Hills.

Evidence of the bygone Raj, the legacy of which still haunts modern day Pakistani and Indian politics was everywhere. We passed the tall grey stone obelisk to the memory of John Nicholson, Lion of the Punjab, who died at Delhi during the Mutiny in 1857. There is a poignant inscription on his memorial, which applies with equal justice to many of those who served the Imperial cause: 'Mourned by two Races with equal grief'. Proof of a longer past lay across the road, in the ruins of temples dating back to the time of Alexander the Great.

At Attock, where the waters of the Kabul meet those of the Indus, we turned north alongside the massive fortification of the same name built in 1583 by Akbar, the great Mughal emperor who united northern India and left Fatehpur Sikri as his permanent monument. The old bridge, which offers the best view over the confluence of the two rivers, was closed except for military traffic but diplomatic plates and our determined driver resulted in the guards turning a blind eye to our passage. We crossed over the rushing, swirling waters three hundred feet below.

Rejoining the Grand Trunk Road, we drove through Nowshera. It is still a military town and its imperial era white-washed barracks and villas, with their picket fences and verandahs, line the road. A short time later we were in Peshawar, the last main town before the Khyber Pass. After a couple of missed turns, we found our way to the Office of the Agent for the North West Frontier where passes are issued. We munched on Peshawar muffins, substantial beasts heavy on molasses and bran baked that morning by Michaelina, who kept us constantly chuckling with her tales of the foreign service. Jim eventually emerged from the Agent's Office alongside "Sher," one of the

famed Khyber Rifles from the Pathan tribes whose job is to control their tribal cousins.

Ruggedly handsome, Sher wore the traditional costume of the region, grey shalway kamis — loose baggy trousers and a flowing shirt, a greasy brown turtleneck and a black leather jacket. He wore a black beret with the insignia badge of the Rifles. Its distinctive red and silver crest would be our passport, his leather bandolier of cartridges and Lee Enfield, which he prominently displayed beside him in the front seat, our guarantee of safe passage. The cheap, ill-fitting running shoes were not in keeping with the image of the fierce warrior.

Spread across both sides of the Pakistan-Afghan border, the Pathans, especially those from the Afridi tribe have guarded the Khyber Pass since the early days of the Raj in return for money and the freedom to run a protection racket and raid the caravans that once plyed the Grand Trunk Road between Kabul and Delhi. Their reputation as warriors is formidable. It is said that if you find a snake and Afridi in your bedroom, you should kill the Afridi first.

We left Peshawar and passed a series of Afghan refugee camps — it is estimated that somewhere around three million Afghans sought sanctuary on the Pakistan side of the frontier during the period of Russian occupation. We stopped in a camp, later in the day, to watch a buzkashi game. It is the Afghan equivalent of polo, except that teams are fluid and instead of a mallet you use your hand. As for the ball? At the start of the game a goat is held aloft by its hind legs, a knife is whipped out and the head cut off. The goat's body is thrown high in the air and the match begins as rival horsemen tackle, grab, gouge and beat each other to gain the goat. Russian mythology, with a helping hand by thriller writers like Ken Follet, say that during the war, the Afghans substituted Russian prisoners for the goat.

The objective is to cross an imaginary goal line at either end of the field. The essential feature of the game seems to be to prevent anyone from reaching the goal. More often than not it seemed to be one rider fighting the other twenty-five or so horsemen. Play goes on until the bruises, cuts and wounds become unbearable. The game, as the *Economist* not long ago remarked, sums up Afghanistan, with Mr. Najibullah, the Russian's client ruler, fighting hard to avoid becoming the headless goat.

The Khyber Pass begins at Jamrud, about a 45-minute drive from Peshawar. We stopped at the Bab-I-Khyber, a stone gateway above which flew Pakistan's green national banner with its inset pale crescent moon. On one of the round blockhouses we found a plaque in English and Urdu contain-

ing an abbreviated history of the pass and some doggerel from Kipling's 'Arithmetic on the Frontier':

*A scrimmage in a Border Station —
A canter down some dark defile —
Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee jezail —
The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's
pride,
Shot like a rabbit in a ride!*

Back of the gate were the battlements of Fort Jamrud, built in 1836 and still serving as an outpost for the Rifles. We were quickly surrounded by children, mostly those of refugee mujahideen. Curiosity was mutual. They were especially intrigued by Iley's black skin and kept wanting to touch her. She was novel to them but their own racial groups are amazingly diverse in complexion, physique and culture: a polyglot heritage of Chinese, Turkish, Russian, Caucasian, Mongolian, Punjabis and Sindhis who, as history's pages turned, made the frontier their home.

Once into the Pass, signs warn motorists not to stop or stray onto the side roads. To this day, government has no authority on either side where tribal law prevails. Customs officers are helpless to prevent the heavily laden smugglers who pass on the side roads. There was a fair amount of traffic on these roads, modern Japanese pick-ups full of mysterious bundles and men with rifles, as well as old trucks decorated with the most ornate panelling I have ever seen — bright, colourful patterns with pictures of landscapes, mosques and flowers.

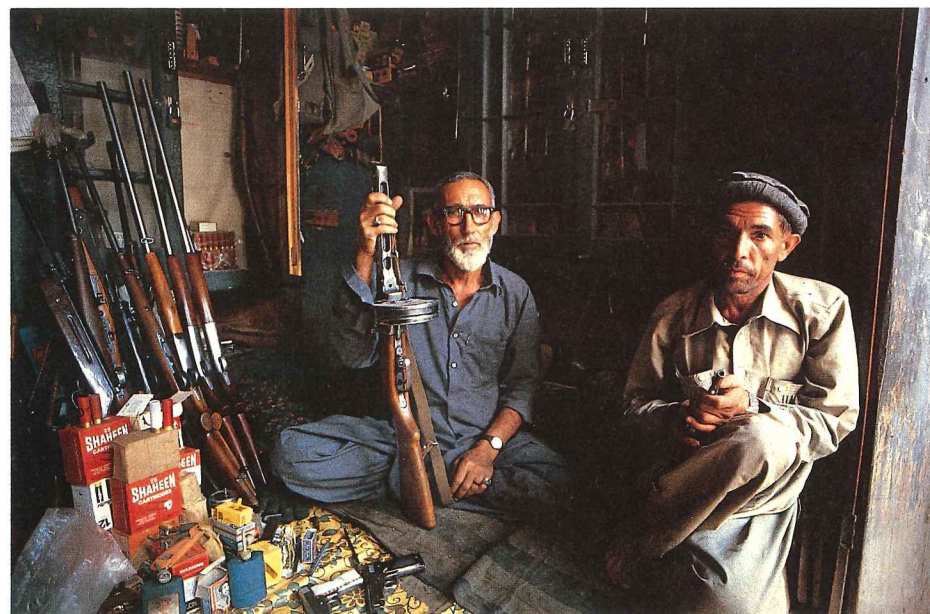
A series of medieval-looking forts with high mud walls and studded gates. I was told

they were preserves of local smugglers, for whom banditry, or dacoity to use the local term, has been a way of life for centuries. A fair bit of the booty is in drugs. Pakistan produces heroin, providing an estimated one-third of US and European consumption. It is for this reason, as much as the war in Afghanistan, that the Khyber is closed to outsiders.

The war and drug trade has brought in huge amounts of money. Today, some of the forts are said to have marble floors and Jacuzzis. The war made sophisticated weaponry easily available. A man on the Frontier is not considered dressed without a gun. Many forts are now said to be mounted with anti-aircraft guns.



Tribal elder.



Mujahidin gun shop.



Children of war, Afghan refugee camp.

Around another bend and then we began to climb the Sulaiman Hills. The view back was truly spectacular and I had renewed respect for the armies who had fought their way south and north for generations. While Alexander probably used a more northern route, the Afghan Mahmud of Ghazni came through the Khyber in 1000 A.D. as did the later Mughal emperors. The British first marched northwards in 1838, losing thousands in the process. We passed a series of fortifications, built by the British after the First Afghan War as part of their "Forward Policy" to contain the Russian threat. Many of them are still occupied. Rather incongruously, beneath one blockhouse, labelled No. 1, whitewashed rocks had been arranged with the message, 'Punjab Regt. welcome you to Shagai.'

At its narrowest, we saw what appeared to be a series of sewerholes — mines laid during the Second World War when there was fear Hitler's tanks might use the time-honoured invasion route. On the rocky ledge of the road were blocks of concrete on which were sculpted the crests of regiments — English, Scot, Irish, Welsh, Anglo-Indian and Pakistani, whose soldiers had defended the Pass over the past century. Higher up the hills was a Buddhist stupa, a relic of a much earlier conqueror.

After we had climbed for nearly 1800 feet we came to Landi Kotal, a dirty little frontier town reputedly the centre of the world's smuggling and heroin trade. Microwave ovens and colour television sets lay on the dusty ground in front of dark shop fronts. Trade is based on the barter system, with Afghan

carpets, handicrafts and leather goods exchanged for cigarettes, paper, lamps, chemicals and spare parts.

I read in *The Frontier Post*, the North West's daily English paper, that a fair bit of Afghanistan's legal imports are smuggled back to Pakistan and offered for sale at the Hayatabad market, near Peshawar. The gun trade is prolific and the paper reported that the capture of a phenomenal quantity of arms in the mujahideen's latest offensive in Kunar had resulted in a significant drop in the price of the popular Klashnikov rifles!

Every man in Landi Kotal carried a rifle, unkempt, barefoot children played in the streets and there was a charcoal brazier cooking some concoction at every corner. Women remained in *pardah* — secluded from public view. Those we spotted running to wells for water were wrapped in a cocoon of cloth. We had arrived at teatime, a legacy of the imperial era which will never disappear. Nearly an hour later, after we had eaten our lunch, a short, stocky man in a rolled-up cap ambled up to the Office of the Khyber Agency and gave us permission to proceed to Michni, the last station before the frontier.

Michni was only about three miles away but it took us nearly half an hour after retracing our way through Landi Kotal. We were met by three Khyber Rifles who told us our papers were not sufficient to enter their fort. As compensation, we could walk with them along the cliff face. There was not a tree to be seen, the rock-face was rough, bare and grey and the cold wind forced us to put on our jackets, sweaters and the yak-wool gloves I had bought in Nepal.

But we had come through the Pass and from our vantage point looked down on the plains below. The actual border with Afghanistan was perhaps three miles on, marked by a white line. About thirty miles distant, we could see plumes of smoke from Torkham, the first town on the Afghan side.

Beyond Torkham on the road to Kabul is Jalalabad. Jalalabad has a certain notoriety. In 1842, four years after invading Afghanistan, the British had decided to withdraw. Despite assurances of safe-passage the 16,500 soldiers and camp-followers led by the gout-ridden General Elphinstone were slaughtered as they struggled through Afghanistan's snowbound passes. There was but one survivor — Surgeon Major Brydon, and in Jalalabad he met his rescue party. Shah Shuja, the ruler the British left behind, lasted a few months before he was assassinated.

The expedition had been a disaster. A parliamentary committee deplored the "loss of England's character for fair dealing, loss of character of success ... exhaustion of the treasury," and the creation of a "hostile population." Afterwards, a British officer observed, "Everything is reverting to the old state of things, as it was before we entered the country." Two more wars, in 1878 and 1919, and numerous border skirmishes would follow.

Now more than a century later, the Great Game goes on. The region was once again the site of conflict, this time between the Russian-backed Afghans and mujahideen. The Rifles told us Torkham and the area around it had changed hands three times in eight weeks. During our visit, it was once again back in the hands of the Afghan mujahideen. With the Russians scheduled to pull out of Afghanistan six weeks after our visit, after a disastrous decade of occupation, the country would once again revert to its natural state of incessant turmoil.

Since Alexander, foreign invaders have come and gone; the lucky leave alive. Those tempted would do well to read Kipling and remember his advice:

*When you're wounded and left on
Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut up
what remains,
Jest role to your rifle and blow out
your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.*

Colin Robertson is currently First Secretary in Hong Kong. He has also served in New York. **Fredericka Gregory** has served in New York and is now assigned to the Western European Relations Division.

Dumplings in Harbin

story by Phil Calvert
photos by Fredericka Gregory

*In Vol. 7, No. 2 of **bout de papier**, Hugh Stephens described the rigours of learning Chinese and concluded that had he not learned the language, "going to China would have been like having no eyes or ears. It would have been as if I could never reach out and touch China."*

The most vivid of the chances I had to "touch" China usually involved chance encounters in trains or restaurants, away from the trappings of officialdom and the laboured banalities of bureaucrats (from both sides), and protected by the anonymity that springs from muttered conversation over beer in the train compartments at night.

I remember particularly an evening spent in Harbin in the fall of 1986. I don't know why I remember it so well, for nothing extraordinary happened — just a conversation over dumplings and beer in a grimy restaurant off the square in front of the train station. It was a warm September night, and I was there to accompany an oil delegation on a visit to Daqing oilfield. I had tried to entice some of the members into a noodle shop for dinner, but only one (who hailed from Hong Kong originally) would agree, and the rest had retreated to the more formal, and more expensive, restaurant in the International Hotel. I joined them later in the tiny darkened bar, full of tiny glass tables and signs for Japanese beer, and presided over by a young man in an immaculate white jacket and Nike shoes. We talked for a while, then most of the group retreated to their rooms to overcome culture shock and jet lag, and I escaped into the night air.

There is something particularly sweet about these moments of liberated solitude on a mission. I felt free, and for the first time that day, not worrying about anyone but myself, not obliged to provide fresh answers to the same old questions, and not worrying about the behaviour of any of my companions. I wore old clothes and sneakers — I would never be inconspicuous, but at least I didn't look official.

I left the hotel and crossed the street to a small square, where a group of young men in singlets were murmuring and shouting around a table under a street lamp. They were

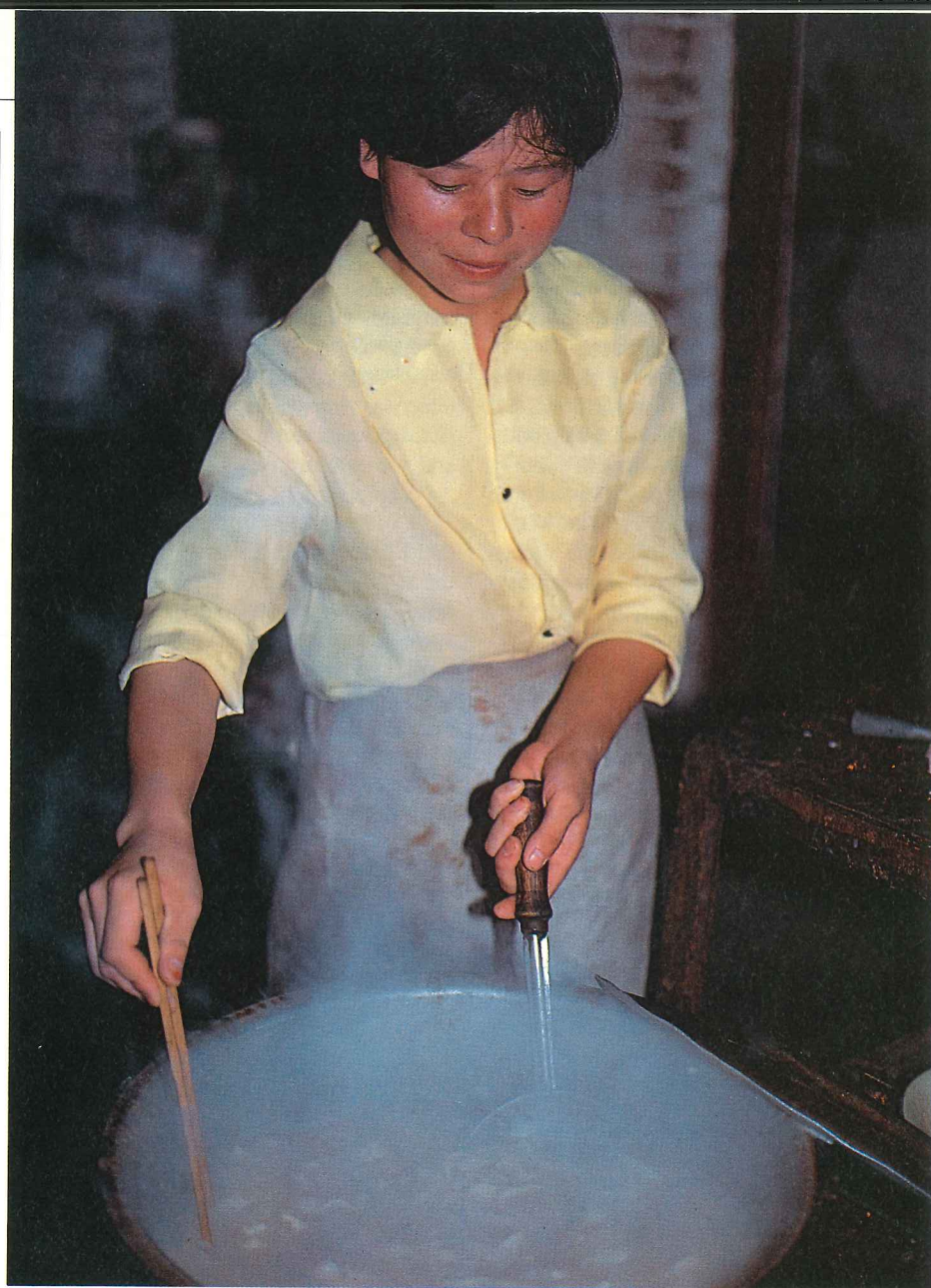
playing pool; the light lay across their table like a sleeping cat. There was no chalk and apparently little finesse involved: the cues were held backward, the ball hit with the blunt end of the instrument. The resounding *thwack!* of the cues and the hollow thunder of the rolling balls echoed off the stone walls of the neighbouring buildings.

The men remained intent on the game, oblivious to my presence until one of the players glanced up at me. He looked at me levelly, muttered something to his companions, (who also gave me a cursory glance), then sank the last remaining ball with what appeared to be an impossible bank off the corner. Hustlers are the same in any culture.

I left them to their game and wandered down toward the train station. The street was quiet, except for the occasional truck rattling by and belching exhaust like some dying prehistoric beast. The buildings seemed more mysterious in the night. Many were Russian architecture, reflecting headier,

more cosmopolitan days gone by; their domes delicately pierced the night sky. Down an alley, two old men sat in a pool of light cast by a single bulb strung from a house, playing a game of cards — a complicated and fiercely competitive variation of rummy. The older of the two, whose long wisps of beard gently brushed the table, slapped the cards down roughly, his knuckles pounding the table, while the other roared his dismay. Seeing me, the older man motioned for me to play him, but I told him that by the time I learned to play I'd have hair as white as his.

Down in the square by the train station, I found a few restaurants still open, each with one or two customers. I chose the nearest one, which contained about six tables, a glass case displaying plates of food and bowls of dumplings and noodles, and a fat, harried-looking man who was calling instructions to a lethargic young woman who seemed to be ignoring most of the words. Four young men occupied another table — one was in army uniform, and looked so young and



fresh-scrubbed that I thought he must be having one last night with his buddies before heading off for training. They glanced up when I came in. One muttered "*Wai guo ren* (foreigner)" and another said "Hallo" in thickly accented English. I ordered a bowl of dumplings, more for rent than for nourishment, and a big bottle of beer.

The young woman brought me the dumplings, steaming hot in a plastic bowl, and some wet chopsticks. The fat man, with nothing to yell at her, watched her walk sullenly back to the kitchen, then brought me a bottle of beer and another scarred plastic bowl (for drinking). He glanced furiously at the kitchen again, then leaned his face against the window and gazed through the steam at the railway station. "How's business?" I asked.

"Not bad" he said, turning a chair around and sitting backward on it at my table. "This time of night things are slow, but it'll pick up again in the morning, especially when the train comes in. You're a foreigner, aren't you? From what country?"

"Canada."

"Canada's a good country. How many people? There are more people than that in this province! China has too many people. Does the government restrict how many children you can have? That's good — but you need more people. We need fewer — too many people in this country. We should send some to Canada."

He seemed eager to chat and the other table was wrapped up in a discussion of army life. I poured some beer into an extra bowl and we both drank.

"You a student?" he asked.

"I'm studying Chinese" I said, hoping that I didn't sound evasive. No lies, but not the whole truth. "Sometimes I accompany business delegations to help them along, do some interpreting. I live in Beijing. How long have you had this place?"

"Three years, but it's not mine. My kid brother owns it, and I run it for him at night. I work at a factory during the day. It's a lot harder now having a private restaurant. You have to stay open more to compete with the state restaurants. Mostly people like ours

better, because the food's better. How are the dumplings?"

"Excellent. They must be the best in Harbin." They were mediocre, actually, but the beer and the companionship were making them taste better all the time.

"A lot of officials don't like us private restaurants. I usually end up dishing up a free meal or two to the local Party guy, or someone from the Harbin government. We have to keep them happy, I guess. Do officials in Canada have so much power?"

"Sometimes" I said, "but it's not so common. Government officials can be all the same, no matter what country you're in."

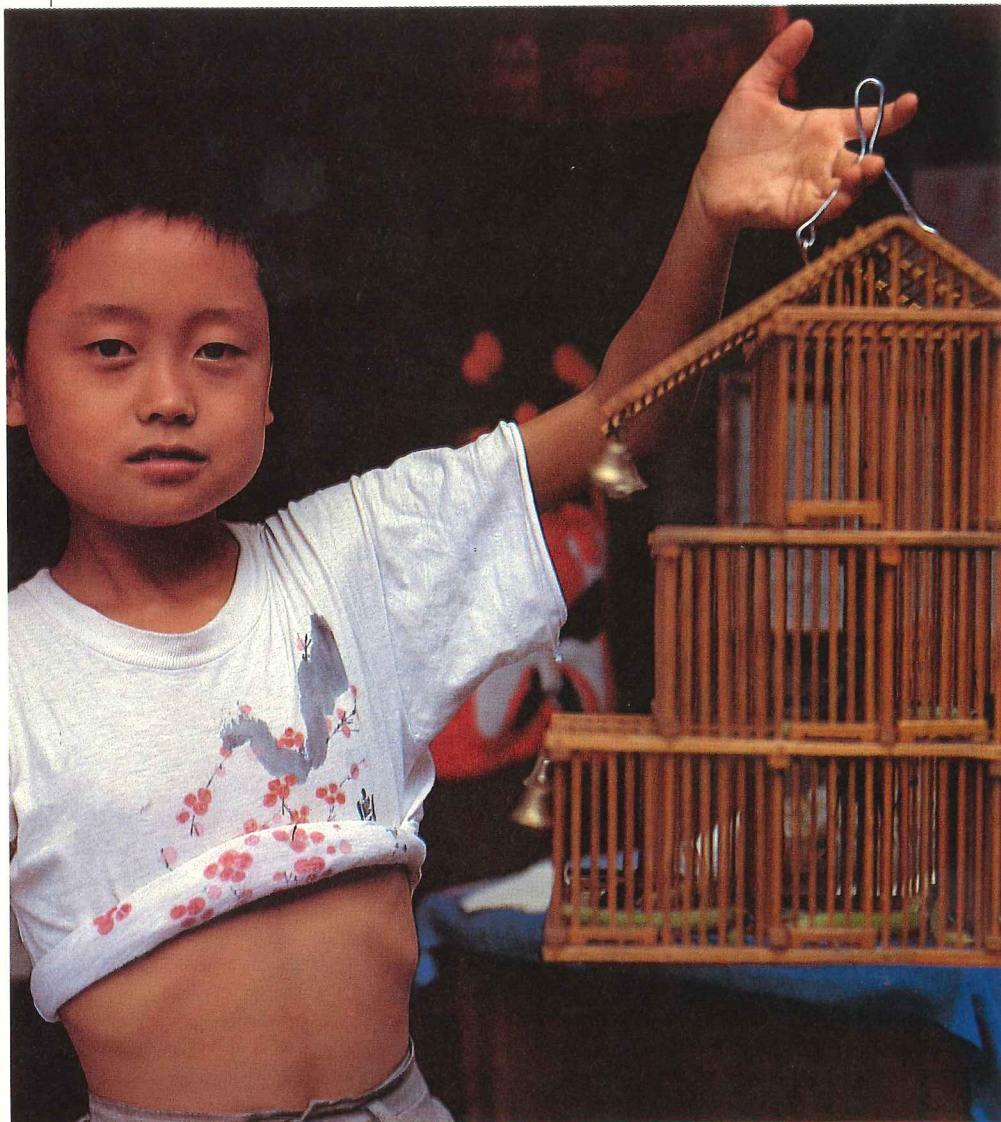
The man grimaced as he opened another bottle of beer. "So tell me, how much do people make in Canada a year...?"

I'm not sure how the conversation ended, except that the night manager refused to let me pay for the noodles or the beer, and I was forced to hide a folded up note under one of the beer bottles. I hope he found it. It was late when I got back to the hotel, and I had to pound on the front doors until the night guard, grumbling in his underwear, let me in.

The life of a restaurateur in Harbin doesn't interest most people, but for a few hours his life was very important to me, and I have wondered about him at times — whether the restaurant is still running, whether he is still yelling at the same waitress, or another like her. Would he be as friendly with a foreigner now? Probably not. Is he still dishing out free food to party people? Probably — and perhaps in greater amounts, to keep himself out of trouble.

There were no great revelations that evening — just two people filling a couple of hours shooting the breeze. I learned something about a fellow human being trying to manage his life in a time of great uncertainty and apparent hope. I killed a few hours on a lonely autumn night hundreds of miles away from my family. Nothing to stick in a report (although there is probably a rule somewhere which says that I should have), not enough for a self-congratulatory discourse on the "mood of the people". But then again, gaining knowledge rarely involves great revelations: it is a process of acquiring, bit by bit, information and understanding that eventually fit into larger whole — like the "paint by numbers" pictures I used to do as a child, or like learning Chinese itself. Being able to speak Chinese helped me to reach out and touch China on that evening. But perhaps more important, it allowed China to reach out and touch me as well.

Phil Calvert is a Foreign Service Officer currently on leave at the University of Washington. He worked in Beijing from 1984 until 1987.



Sonnet 435

by Sam Hanson

A dry and dusty, bright and sunburnt land
Last year was host to the United Nations.
They'd come, they said, to take the place in hand:
In freedom's cause, with numbrous delegations.

Others briefly came, and then complained:
"The BOERS keep these simple folk in thrall!"
The PEOPLE, whom these carpers thought enchained,
Voted — and made monkeys of them all.

"The PRINCIPLES", some wondered, "will they last?
Or will SWAPO try to rule by decree?"
Without dissent, the Principles were passed;
The Assembly found it easy to agree.

NAMIBIA: your hoped-for hour is here;
May your people ever prosper without fear.

Sam Hanson is now Deputy Director of the United Nations Affairs Division. He has served in Dar-es-Salaam, Belgrade and Brussels, NATO and Namibia.

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by Christine Manseau

Over the past few months, PAFSO has contributed either formally or informally to the Public Service 2000 Initiative by submitted written briefs in response to specific questions, as with the Staff Relations Task Force, or by raising issues of specific concern to PAFSO of its own accord, as with the Compensation and Benefits Task Force.

The 10 Task Forces established to carry out the Public Service 2000 Initiative's mandate have just released reports for purposes of discussion and further consultations with all the interested parties. PAFSO is pleased to report that most of the items listed on its agenda at the outset of this initiative have received favourable consideration. Most important, of course, were the representations concerning FS restructuring and simplification of the FSD's, but other matters such as the recognition of appointment to level in the legislation and the need for career planning and counselling have also been addressed.

PAFSO had for years looked for a way out of the Administrative and Foreign Service Category as it limited, in our view, our ability to put forward any valid internal salary comparison. Recognizing the limitations on our bargaining unit's involvement in strike action, we had favoured the arbitration route as a method for dispute resolution. However, only four issues could be dealt with by arbitration panels, often forcing us to accept unsatisfactory settlements on other issues. We also wished for the opportunity to compare segments of the Foreign Service job with outside organizations to effect real salary comparisons. As well, we looked forward to influencing internal systems such as appraisals and promotions which have a direct impact on pay.

We had wanted to restructure the Foreign Service group in order to address problems we identified with recruitment, lack of promotion and lack of recognition for employee contribution. We wished to preserve the appointment-to-level system but wanted its recognition in the legislation. We wanted to maintain our assignment system but wanted it supported by career planning and counselling services and adequate training facilities.

We looked for solutions to the eternal nickel-and-diming game under the Foreign Service Directives. We sought for the directives to be recognized as just compensation for services rendered. We wished to ease the burden for spouses when it came to Unemployment Insurance regulations or Pensions.

All in all, we were looking for conditions more conducive to the identification of solutions and were hoping to put our group in

a better position to take advantage of the changes. We have not achieved all to our satisfaction, but most of our concerns have been addressed.

The Staff Relations Task Force is recommending that all matters legally negotiable be referable to an arbitration panel should the parties be unable to settle at the table. It is also reinforcing the role of departments in bargaining and grievance adjudications.

The Classification and Occupational Structures Task Force is recommending the Foreign Service group be an entity by itself with a 4-level structure removing the non-managerial jobs from within the Executive group except for the ADM level. It is also suggesting the establishment of a classification standard specific to the Foreign Service.

The Staffing Task Force is recommending the recognition of the appointment-to-level concept in the legislation while no longer allowing for underfills. The Task Force on Workforce Adaptiveness is recommending the establishment of fully professional career counselling services and assessment centres. The Task Force on Training and Development is recommending re-balancing the emphasis on immediate job skills, future requirements and career development requirements.

The Task Force on Compensation and Benefits has confirmed the Foreign Service Directives as a compensation scheme and has agreed to recommend their "simplification." It is also supportive of our concerns for Foreign Service spouses.

We set out for the sky when we decided to take the opportunity we were offered by Public Service 2000. We only addressed issues of direct concern to our membership. We wished to change our universe in order to make it a better place for our members and their families. We believe we have made a good head start. All we need do now is manage the change and ensure it is implemented in a manner that not only does us proud but also, serves our members.

I can only wish my successor the best of luck and a lot of determination in bringing these endeavours to fruition. I must say I have enjoyed immensely, and have benefited greatly, from serving the Foreign Service and that it is with great regret and tremendous hope that I leave my position as Executive Director of PAFSO. I thank you for having given me the honour to serve you. I shall look forward to working again with some of you in my new position of Faculty Member at the Canadian Centre for Management Development.

PAFSO Professional Committee Breakfast Seminars: Fall Program

by Margaret Huber

The Professional Committee has planned an active fall program and is pleased to announce its lineup of Breakfast Seminars for the coming months.

The Professional Committee is an informal group of staff in the Department of External Affairs dedicated to organizing events of interest to the Department's members. The Committee's informal breakfast seminars feature guest speakers and aim to broaden horizons by promoting and stimulating open and lively discussions. Breakfast seminars begin at 8:30 a.m. and are held in the Crush Auditorium or the Cafeteria of the L.B. Pearson Building, 125 Sussex Drive. They usually consist of a 30-minute presentation followed by a 30-minute Question and Answer period.

Our fall preview promises a high-quality roster for our breakfast seminars.

- U.S. Ambassador Ney;
- Don Campbell, the Deputy Minister for International Trade;
- Dr. Hans Blix, the head of the International Atomic Energy Agency;
- Peter Walker, ADM, Personnel (on plans for the new Foreign Service Institute).

Other forthcoming topics (dates to be confirmed) include:

- A Canadian Perspective on International Refugee Determination;
- A New Germany in a New Europe;
- Les entreprises en renaissance;
- Foreign Policy Perspectives (part of a series);
- A Sogo Shoska View of Canada's Trade Performance.

For those among you who are late risers, or who prefer to organize your own power breakfasts, the Professional Committee also hosts the occasional Evening Focus event.

The Professional Committee welcomes proposals for future speakers and topics for our seminars. Please submit your suggestions to PAFSO c/o Debra Hulley at 234-1391 or write to the PAFSO Office, 600-45 Rideau Street, Ottawa, K1N 5W8.

Margaret Huber is Chairperson of the Professional Committee. She is currently Director of the European Community Trade and Economic Relations Division of EAITC

Collapse of Meech Lake Accord: A Rogue Foreign Policy Initiative?

by Kevin O'Shea

Was the collapse of the Meech Lake Accord a rogue foreign policy initiative concocted by someone in the Department of External Affairs? "Tommy rot," reply senior officials in External who are keeping mum on the subject in face of increasing evidence to the contrary.

Policy Memorandum on Meech Lake

Inside sources swear that someone in External Affairs prepared a policy memorandum on Meech Lake at the beginning of this year. No senior official will confirm this and no copy can be found on the BICO files.

What is certain is that a rough draft of a memorandum, "Foreign Policy Prospects of the Meech Lake Accord Failure: And Now the Good News," exists. It was found on the back of a diplomatic note addressed to the Embassy of Venezuela in February. Fortunately the Venezuelans returned the note to the Cabinet Liaison and Coordination Secretariat, believing correctly the draft note on the back had little to do with the issue of the payment of parking tickets on the front.

An aide in the Minister's office confides that there was indeed a memorandum which presented a positive case for the collapse of the Meech Lake Accord from a foreign policy perspective. "It was incredible. It argued that the Meech Lake Accord deadlock could put Canada on the map and give us great foreign visibility. Sort of like Lester Pearson's Nobel Peace Prize or Lorne Greene on *Bonanza*. The Minister thought it was a dumb idea."

Strategic Overview

While senior External Affairs officials are not talking, the rogue memorandum appears to be common knowledge within the Department.

"It wasn't ours. But, it did accurately portray a great opportunity for a foreign policy initiative," relates an official in the Policy Development Bureau. Pulling out some overheads, he goes on. "Just look at the foreign policy optic. The Cold War is over. Eastern and Central Europe are turning towards market economies and pluralist democracies. The Soviet empire is disintegrating. The EC is moving toward monetary and

political union. Japan is forming a regional bloc in the Pacific. And the USA is working on a Free Trade Agreement with Mexico and a common economic zone with Latin America.

"Where does this leave Canada?" He points to a small dot on an overhead covered with squares, pyramids and concentric circles. "It leaves us here — out in the cold, so to speak. Nowhere. Marginalized. Forgotten. Nul."

"Granted, there were some downsides to the initiative — like the actual disintegration of Canada. I heard Executive Committee was deadlocked on this. But you know how hard it is to get agreement in that group. It is an unwieldy process. You have to get unanimous agreement of 15 ADMs, two DMs, an undersecretary and countless special advisors and ambassadors. And they change every five months. They had to be locked up for seven days at Montebello to get an agreement."

New Canadian Architecture

An official in the Europe Bureau admits seeing the memorandum. "Oh yeah, that memo. It came out around about the same time as a call for briefing notes on the visit of the Danish Minister of Small Business, so we didn't focus too much on it."

"It wasn't ours. However, the memo was important for the Bureau. Here we are beaver-ing away at memoranda, policy analyses and initiatives on the new European architecture, on a common European home, on the new Soviet federation and on institutional links with EC. The only problem was every European leader was telling us to mind our own business."

"Gorbachev, when he was here, told us he didn't give a bowl of borscht for our thinking on new arrangements for Lithuania and Estonia. Havel said much the same thing about our common European house thinking. As for Delors, he indicated our ideas on the EC would be as welcome as our proposals on the North Atlantic fisheries."

"We needed something to bargain with — like a Canadian constitutional crisis." He beams. "This came along and, by God, it worked. Since the failure of the Meech Lake Accord, the phone hasn't stopped ringing."

"Every European country has been offering advice. Some have even created task forces

on a new Canadian architecture or a common Canadian cabin. Now they are delighted to listen to our ideas on their crises if we listen to their ideas on our crises. The Azerbaijanis and Armenians, in particular, have come up with some interesting ideas."

The G-7 Summit Angle

The Economic Policy Bureau was uncharacteristically tight-lipped, but one director talked for three hours, after his number was inadvertently dialed.

"Franchement, à vrai dire, en toute franchise, the Bureau was originally against the initiative. It wasn't ours. Comme disait Descartes, there were negative aspects — the most serious being the possibility of getting chucked out of the G-7."

"But, as the Summit approached, everyone else seemed to have a pet political issue — the French had aid to the USSR, the Germans had unification, Italy had debt and the World Cup, and Japan and the USA had the Structural Impediments Initiative."

"We had nothing, rien du tout. We kicked around a number of possibilities — talking about the Queen's visit, the Blue Jays and Expos, etc. You name it, we thought about it. Finally, we said, what the hell. A Meech Lake Accord failure would give us the opportunity to draft some really interesting talking points for the Prime Minister for the luncheons and dinners."

The Communications Plan

Officials in the Media Relations Division were all smiles. "Do you realize we have been trying to get the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Time*, *Le Monde*, the *Financial Times*, anyone, to write stories on Canada for the last year. No success. Apparently there is not much of a market for media features on the mating of polar bears in Churchill, Manitoba or the great pancake recipes of former Governor General Sauvé.

He continues. "This Meech Lake thing has given us a great profile, great coverage. It wasn't our memo. But whoever thought of the scenario for the Meech Lake Accord collapse was a genius. What an imagination!"

The Mystery Remains

Who then initiated the rogue memorandum and what happened to it? Did someone

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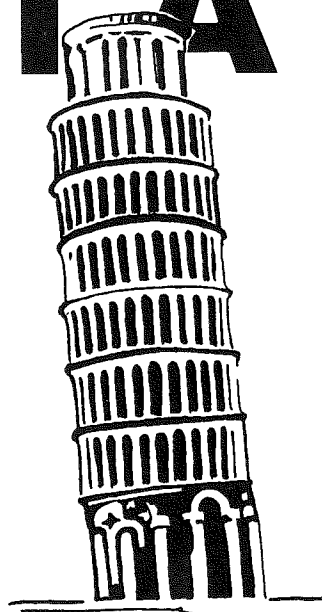
in External Affairs really engineer the
Meech Lake Accord collapse for foreign
policy reasons or did it fail for domestic
reasons?

When asked about the memorandum, an
official in Privy Council Office looks puzzled.
"What memorandum? We never saw any
memo on Meech Lake from External. Why
would they prepare a recommendation on
the issue?"

He continues, "But then again, those guys
at External often do the strangest things. For
example, today we got their list of nominees
for ambassadorial positions. Get this — they
are nominating Clyde Wells as Ambassador
to Portugal and Manitoba M.P. Harper as
Ambassador to Greenland. Do they actually
think the PM will buy that? In any case, the
Prime Minister certainly has other ideas of
where those two guys can go to."

*Kevin O'Shea is currently exercising his wit
as a member of the Canadian Delegation
to the OECD in Paris. He has also served
in Accra.*

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Governments and Corporations in a Shrinking World, by Sylvia Ostry. Published by the Council of Foreign Relations Press, New York, 1990. 123 pp. \$15.00.

Reviewed by Howard Balloch

Globalization's
A buzzword you use
When you want to impress —
But you'll likely confuse.

For most of the pundits
Who've written a lot,
On this issue have issued
A whole lot of rot.

Not Sylvia Ostry
Our ex Deputy Min,
Who has chronicled changes
Both thicker and thin.

She traces the issues
From trade to high-tech,
She examines convergence
(A pain in the neck).

Competition she says
Is no longer of goods,
But of systems and programs
(We're still in the woods).

With powers dispersed
Within the U.S.,
She examines how Congress
Makes trade talks a mess.

She outlines relations
With unscrupled Japan,
LDP, Ministries and
Famed Keidenran.

She then turns to Europe.
(Where convergence is staged),
And business is wary
Of getting engaged.

In fact the old leaders
of Europe's great houses,
Now pushed to the forefront
By American spouses.

The best chapter of all
(In my view) is the third,
Her look at High-Tech,
Is quite far from absurd.

This is welcome in light
Of snake-salesmen so many,
Who suggest a quick fix
By the fed's dwindling penny.

She examines where theories
Of macro-convergence,
Collapse when applied to
Innovation emergence.

The US thrashes about like
Some bumbling templar,
Now Europe tries mining
Japan's perfect exemplar.

The greatest domain where
This comes home to roost,
Is in info technologies
Who all try a boost.

Her picture I fear is
Not one to relax us,
Here north of the border
We've no hope of praxis.

In the end yet she tells us
"Aside set your fears,
As faith you must put
In the multilateral gears.

"To examine some issues
Use the O-E-C-D,
Such as theories convergent
And corps. truly free."

She explains that we shouldn't
Go from GATT round to round,
That systems more seamless
Just ought to be found.

This is not really likely
She correctly surmises,
So get ready for new talks
Or face ugly surprises.

When following Uruguay
We all look for a change,
To focus on services
To a GATS we should range.

To business she preaches
"Don't leave it to us
In government circles —
Instead, make a fuss.

"You have a big stake
And a role influential,
A global round table
Would be most prudential."

As I was supposed
To quite sharply review,
I should point out the failings
Even if but a few.

The triad she feels
Demands all our attention,
Mid-powers like Canada
Are not worth a mention.

Yet she does recognize
That four tigers emergent,
Pose challenges complex
For focus quite urgent.

If politics loom smaller
Than seems right — Please remember,
She wrote this whole study
Some time last December.

In the end I must say
This is quite a read,
Not sexy, not snappy
But still fills a need.

And best of it all
Its greatest capacity —
Is to herald our Sylvia's
Unchanged perspicacity.

(With apologies to Sylvia, to poets everywhere, and to my four small children with whom I spend summers reading vastly superior doggerel. If the above extraordinary work of art does not tell you much about the book, all the better — this is a book worth reading, not cheating on through reviews of any sort.)

Howard Balloch is currently Director General, Policy Planning and Coordination Division of the Policy Development Bureau. He has served in Jakarta and Prague.

Shadow of Heaven: The Life of Lester Pearson. Volume One: 1897-1948, by John English, Lester & Orpen Dennys, Toronto, 1989, 414 pp., \$28.95.

Reviewed by Ben Rogers

The perfect title for this biography of Lester Pearson would have been simply "Mike," but, since Pearson had already used it for his own memoirs, John English had to cast around for something different. He hit upon an expression used by Milton in *Paradise Lost*, in a rhetorical question addressed to Adam by the angel Raphael:

"...what if earth
Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like more than on earth
is thought?"

"Shadow of Heaven" is a curious and unsatisfactory title. In explaining it, English writes that "Raphael's history emphasizes, as Milton himself did, the imperative and the danger of free human choice, the essence of British liberalism, and the interdependence of all creatures, the foundation of Pearson's internationalism"; and that the biography of Lester Pearson reflects the transformation of the British Canadian Protestant tradition as it became increasingly secular in this century.

Having got the foregoing off his chest in the first paragraph of his book, English proceeded to write a clear, lively, readable account of Pearson's life and times, from his birth as the son of a Methodist minister in 1897 to his entry into politics in 1948.

The author has succeeded to a remarkable degree in describing the Empire-minded Canadian Protestant society that produced Lester Pearson. Older readers will be reminded vividly of the Canada they knew in their youth, and younger readers will be struck by the contrast between the political climate that prevailed between the wars and that of more recent times.

Never having met Pearson, English has based this account of his life entirely on meticulous scholarship. He has had access not only to official documents and innumerable published works, but also to family papers; and he has interviewed many people who knew and worked with Pearson. He acknowledges the generous cooperation of Geoffrey Pearson and his sister Patricia Hannah, who did not ask him to change a single word of

his manuscript. The book contains one page of notes for every six chapters of text.

The early chapters of the book reveal some fascinating details of Pearson's younger years: the trauma he suffered towards the end of World War I, when an accident — he was struck by a London bus during a blackout — deprived him of the opportunity of testing himself, and sharing his comrades' risks, in combat; a religious point of view

expressed in articles written for the *Christian Guardian* (equivalent of the latter-day *United Church Observer*) when he was a student at Oxford; his prowess in baseball, hockey, football and lacrosse; and the tension between his coaching activities and his academic work when he was a history lecturer at the University of Toronto.

Current members of the Foreign Service will be interested, but probably not surprised, to find that Pearson and his contemporaries faced problems, and expressed complaints, not unlike their own. In 1928, when for the first time a civil service competition was held for the recruitment of Foreign Service Officers (at the First Secretary level), he led the field, ahead of Robertson, Keenleyside and an old flame of his wife, Kenneth Kirkwood. Like hundreds who followed in his footsteps, he had his share of frustration and disappointment — and also of luck. He was highly intelligent, hard-working, personable and ambitious. Having honed his diplomatic skills in a variety of assignments, he was posted in 1942 to Washington as Minister-Counsellor, under a non-career head of mission, and soon proved to be the right person in the right place at the right time. (Early in 1945 he became Ambassador. English writes, incorrectly, that he was the first career diplomat to be appointed as Canada's representative to the United States: Loring Christie, a career officer, had served as head of mission in Washington from 1939 until his death in 1941.)

In the book, English describes in considerable detail Pearson's deep involvement in the negotiations that led to the establishment of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, the Food and Agriculture Organization and the United Nations itself. During and after World War II, he was at the forefront of efforts to ensure that Canadian representation in war-time and post-war organizations should be commensurate with Canada's contributions to their effectiveness. When he was in Washington, and subsequently when he was Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, he became a national figure more widely recognized than any other Canadian civil servant, before or since.

English notes that some of Pearson's closest associates did not really know what was the driving force behind the easy, affable manner. There is no indication in the book that Pearson was possessed by a compelling mission to reform the world. Nor are there any positive indications that he fashioned his career with the long-term aim of entering the political arena. There is no discussion in the book of domestic issues or, for instance, of the French fact in Canadian life, which would seem to suggest that they did not bulk

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large in Pearson's field of interests: his field was foreign affairs.

In assessing Pearson's intellectual make-up, English concludes that he was "thoughtful, perceptive, and very intelligent, but he was not an academic in approach;" and that, whereas some of his associates constructed their analyses through a reasoned assessment of information and experience, his conclusions came from his senses and his heart. One is left with the impression of a very able man who sincerely believed that what he was doing was in the best interests of his country and of the wider world, whose ambition was to reach the top of his profession, and who did not shun politics when the opportunity offered.

The references in the book to Maryon Pearson, who died this year after a long illness, are sympathetic. English portrays her as an intellectual with strong opinions, somewhat frustrated by her life in the shadow of an increasingly public man, but always fiercely supportive of him and his causes.

John English teaches history at the University of Waterloo. The second volume of his excellent biography of Lester Pearson is eagerly awaited.

Benjamin Rogers joined the Foreign Service in 1938. He served abroad in Canberra, Washington, Rio de Janeiro, Prague and

London (as Deputy High Commissioner), and as head of mission to Peru, Turkey, Spain and Morocco, and Italy and Malta. He retired in 1975, and lives in Ottawa.

De Mackenzie King à Pierre Trudeau. Quarante ans de diplomatie canadienne. From Mackenzie King to Pierre Trudeau. Forty Years of Canadian Diplomacy, 1945-1985. Sous la direction de Paul Painchaud, Éditeur, Les Presses de l'Université Laval, Québec, 1989, 748 pp. \$35.00.

par Pierre Savard

Professeur au département de science politique de l'Université Laval, Paul Painchaud est à la fois esprit friand de vastes synthèses et animateur tenace. En 1977, il a dirigé un collectif *Le Canada et le Québec sur la scène internationale* qui a rendu bien des services. Douze ans plus tard, il récidive avec un ouvrage plus systématique et au découpage temporel plus modeste soit les quarante années qui vont de la fin de la Deuxième Guerre Mondiale à l'avènement du gouvernement Mulroney en 1984.

Le directeur de l'entreprise nous informe d'emblée qu'il s'agit de faire voir et comprendre l'élaboration d'un véritable système de politique étrangère depuis 1945. Durant toutes ces années, souligne Painchaud, la

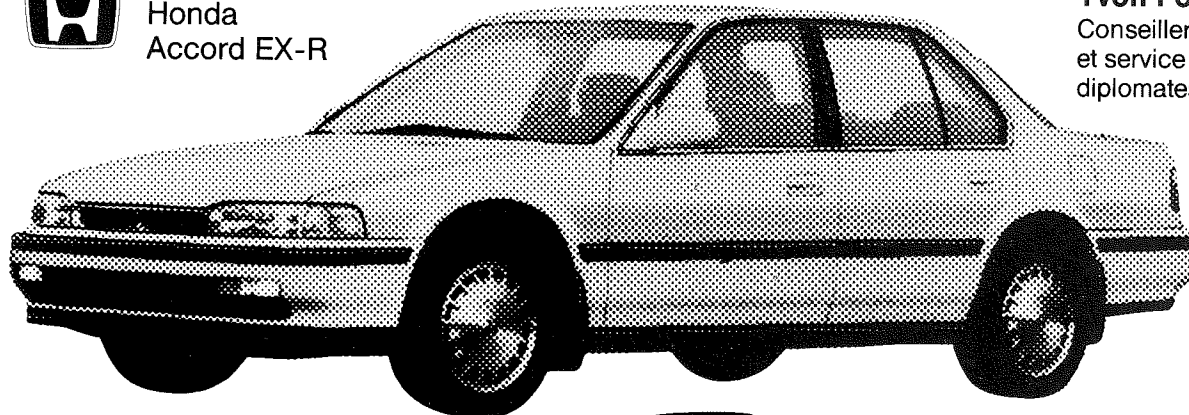
diplomatie canadienne est demeurée remarquablement stable tout en élargissant son action. Le directeur de l'ouvrage enregistre un net *satisfecit*, rappelant comment le système élaboré par le Canada (définition de rôles, de doctrines, de méthodes et d'instruments) lui a permis d'affirmer son identité et de compenser les limites de sa position géopolitique et démographique. Painchaud dégage en particulier trois axes. D'abord, le Canada a pris sa place d'« acteur global » sur la scène internationale où il a cessé d'être « observateur distant ». Ensuite, il s'est libéré de l'« état trop étroit de ses relations avec la Grande-Bretagne et les États-Unis » en se liant de plus en plus avec l'Europe occidentale qu'il considère essentielle à sa sécurité. Enfin, il s'est ouvert sur le Tiers Monde à partir d'une situation unique (leadership dans le Commonwealth et dans la Francophonie). Ce ne sont là que les principales directions de développement : le directeur de l'ouvrage et tel ou tel auteur de chapitre apportent d'autres exemples de cette promotion diplomatique.

Divisé en 29 chapitres (après l'introduction substantielle de Painchaud) l'ouvrage se recommande par la clarté de son plan en quatre grandes sections : les fondements (par exemple, « Elaboration and Management of Foreign Policy »); le système global (par exemple, « Canada and North-South Relations »); les systèmes régionaux (par exemple,

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« Canada and the Law of the Sea »). Le terrain est ainsi bien couvert même si on peut regretter l'absence d'étude de tel ou tel problème comme l'environnement.

Le plan adopté a le mérite de la clarté voire de la symétrie. Certains regretteront que les relations bilatérales avec la Grande-Bretagne ou avec la France soient noyées dans les chapitres sur le Commonwealth et la Francophonie ce qui, en ce dernier cas, fait un peu anachronique pour la période antérieure aux années 1960... L'article consacré aux États-Unis est relativement court mais l'ombre de la République du Sud couvre bien d'autres articles, comme celui où on analyse les tribulations américaines de Diefenbaker. Enfin, les auteurs s'arrêtent presque tous en 1985 tel que convenu. Ce qui nous prive de jugements et d'analyses des cinq dernières années par des experts qui, la plupart, se livrent par métier à de tels exercices.

La variété des collaborateurs tirés de disciplines diverses depuis le droit international jusqu'à l'économie en passant bien entendu par la science politique et la pratique de la diplomatie, assure un bon équilibre et fournit une heureuse complémentarité. On y trouve même des différences d'approches idéologiques Six collaborateurs sortent de

l'Université Laval, quatre de l'Université de Montréal, deux de l'Université de Toronto, huit d'autant d'universités du Canada anglophone auxquels s'ajoutent des spécialistes venus de ministères ou d'agences (trois collaborateurs par exemple sont rattachés à la North South Institute).

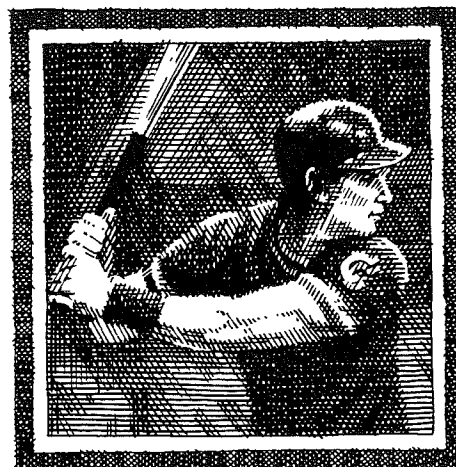
Il faudrait des pages d'analyse pour rendre adéquatement compte de la richesse et de la diversité de l'ouvrage. L'article sur les relations avec l'Europe de l'Est et l'U.R.S.S. a déjà bien vieilli mais il se révélera bien utile (et trop court!), Corée, Chine et Japon, dans ce bassin du Pacifique à l'ordre du jour, méritaient au moins le chapitre qui leur est consacré. L'article sur le Sud asiatique traite surtout de l'Inde comme on peut s'y attendre : l'auteur rappelle que les affinités de langue n'ont pas empêché un refroidissement des rapports avec l'affaire du réacteur nucléaire. L'article traitant du Proche-Orient se veut carrément révisionniste : l'auteur soutient que la politique pro-Israélienne du Canada relève du mythe. Le chapitre sur l'Europe s'achève sur le constant résigné de l'échec de la « Troisième Option », ce qui augure mal pour les années 1990. L'auteur de l'article sur l'Afrique soutient que l'opinion est en avance sur le gouvernement pour un

engagement plus ferme en faveur de ce continent. Critique de l'idéologie économique libérale, l'auteur du chapitre sur l'ordre économique mondial soutient carrément que c'est cet ordre qui commande avant tout les relations extérieures du Canada. Au chapitre de l'immigration, on loue la sagesse des politiques tout en exprimant des réserves sur leur gestion. La conclusion du chapitre sur l'économie est assez déterministe tandis que celle sur les organisations paragouvernementales appelle à plus de souplesse et de confiance de la part de l'État. L'article sur les relations culturelles est incisif et son bilan n'a rien de triomphaliste. Quant aux rapports avec la France, il sont l'objet d'un bilan assez négatif avant 1960 : on voit ici que seule la diplomatie est prise en compte. Et les réactions premières d'Ottawa face à la francophonie sont évoquées avec pudeur... Voilà quelques traits qui montrent l'intérêt de cette somme aux parties parfois contradictoires mais toujours stimulantes.

Publiés dans la langue des auteurs, les articles se répartissent à peu près également en anglais et en français. C'est, sans doute pour la maison d'édition, faire preuve de quelque témérité que de livrer au public un

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ouvrage bilingue même plus de deux décennies après la première loi des langues officielles.... Le risque reste grand que les lecteurs se jettent naturellement sur les articles de leur langue. Ils retrouvent ainsi des auteurs dont ils connaissent souvent déjà la pensée et ils négligent ceux de l'autre langue, souvent les plus propres à les instruire et à enrichir leurs perspectives. Faut-il ajouter que le public étranger auquel s'adresse aussi cet ouvrage (américain, japonais, italien...) n'est pas forcément bilingue anglais-français? Regrettons en passant l'absence d'un index des mots-clefs comme « Troisième Option » qui aurait rendu combien plus aisée l'utilisation de l'ouvrage. Un autre exemple est fourni par la bonne analyse de la crise autour du réacteur nucléaire de l'Inde traitée dans le chapitre 28 sur la non-prolifération et qui complète fort bien l'exposé sur les relations avec le Sud asiatique au chapitre 15. Combien de lecteurs feront le lien? Un index des noms principaux aurait aussi permis de repérer les jugements parfois contradictoires et souvent complémentaires sur telle organisation ou tel protagoniste. Ainsi, sur Diefenbaker et sur Trudeau au début et à la fin de son règne, les jugements parsemés tout au long de l'ouvrage sont loin de concorder. Quant aux précieuses bibliographies à la fin des articles, elles ne semblent pas obéir à quelque règle.

L'un cite des guides bibliographiques et énumère même jusqu'à des périodiques (p. 190-191). La bibliographie du dernier chapitre fournit même des sources (primary sources) tandis que certains chapitres ne comportent pas de bibliographie du tout. Notons au passage ce jugement sans aménité sur « l'imprécision étudiée des rapports annuels » (du Ministère des Affaires extérieures, en particulier), « source médiocre mais indispensable ». Une bibliographie générale choisie aurait ici aussi rendu de fiers services au lecteur étudiant ou chercheur. Ces réserves n'enlèvent pas les grandes qualités de ce *vade mecum* foisonnant de renseignements et d'enseignements. Il faut savoir gré à Paul Painchaud et à ses collaborateurs de l'avoir mené à terme malgré les obstacles.

Pierre Savard est professeur titulaire au département d'histoire de l'Université d'Ottawa.

A Aalto Meets the Weird Sisters: Answers

Beth is 24, married to Duff, is undependable, and murdered Duncan. (Or as Liebnitz put it to Chief MacBannock: "Mack, Beth Hath murdered Streep.)

Barbara is 36, married to David, tells the truth and witnessed the crime.

Beulah is 30, married to Donald, is the "matcher" and the detective.

Brandy is 31, was married to the victim (Duncan) and always lies.

The key starting point is to determine who is the truth-teller, the liar etc. Statement 10 ("I always lie") is always false by definition; the only person for whom it would be true is the constant liar, who would never tell the truth about her condition. So Beth is neither the truth-teller nor the liar. Since Brandy and Beulah both say that Beth is the liar (Statements 3 and 9), they are not the truth-tellers either, so Barbara must be the latter, by elimination. Since Beth is telling a lie (Statement 10 again) to the truth-teller (Barbara), Beth cannot be the matcher, so by elimination she is the undependable sister. Since Brandy is telling a lie (Statement 3) to the truth-teller, she cannot be the matcher either, so by elimination she must be the liar. This means that Beulah is the matcher. From there puzzle is fairly straight-forward; take as the truth all statements made by Barbara and by Beulah talking to Barbara; take as direct lies all statements made by Brandy and by Beulah talking to Brandy, and therefore take the exact opposite of these statements to be the truth; and ignore the statements made by Beth and by Beulah talking to Beth.

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Jimmy the Turk and the Numbers Racket

Another cinemato-graphix puzzle from A Aalto

As ace logician LDC Liebnitz entered the corner office of his boss, he was puzzled to hear a low sobbing from the apparently empty room. Then a shaking hand emerged from below and behind the massive desk, placing an uncorked bottle of scotch on the counter. "Have a drink, Liebnitz," came the voice of Chief MacBannock. "We've got another winner from Jimmy the Turk. This time he's somewhere in Central Europe, on the trail of a ruthless man selling adulterated medicine to ignorant refugees."

"Why does that sound familiar?" mused the ace logician, sipping his malt.

"Because all the Turk's assignments are crazy," snarled MacBannock. "Just like his reports. We know he wants us to cover him at a meeting with this scoundrel, who he says is a real old-movie buff. But does he tell us where, or even in what city? Of course not! He just sends us one of his made puzzles." With that, a paper airplane sailed out from behind the desk and landed in Liebnitz's lap. Unfolded, it read as follows:

The first list below (a to oo) is a series of clues to 41 movie titles, each with a number in it. The number can be ordinal or cardinal, but not a sequel number (so *Seven Days in May* and *Seventh Heaven* would be fine, but not *RAMBO 7*). The movie titles are in ascending order of the numbers they contain, but a given number may appear in more than

one title. The longest word in each title (excluding the numbers) fits into the skeleton. There are only 39 words in the skeleton; this is because two of the clues lead to movie titles that are *numbers and nothing more*, so they make no entry in the skeleton. Two of the words (one 4-letter and one 5-letter) are placed in the skeleton *backward*. Finally, two of the movie titles have two equally long longest words; you must choose which fits the skeleton.

(a) Tom Courtenay plays Solzhenitsyn title role (b) Acey-deucey with Marlon Brando (c) Jack Nicholson meets Big Nurse (d) Money under water in Rome (e) Adam's rib does Janus one better (f) *voici* Oliver Reed, Richard Chamberlain and Frank Finlay (g) Courage, cowardice and moulting in the Sudan (h) Jack Nicholson gets one-sixth of Judas (i) Olivier at Agincourt (j) Kurt Vonnegut from Dresden to outer space (k) Ingrid Bergman in a pleasant Chinese hostel (l) Multiple marriage out west (m) Holmes, Freud and "snow" (n) Akira Kurosawa's eastern western (o) Ingmar Bergman plays chess with death (p) Marilyn Monroe comes up to scratch (q) Liz Taylor's telephone exchange (r) Fellini self-portrait (s) CB de Mille plays God (t) Agatha Christie and the aboriginal peoples (u) Henry Fonda plus other good men and true (v) Gregory Peck's noon-hour (w) Crazy Jason's favourite day (x) John Barrymore takes the modern expressway to Chicago (y) Death Valley helps with the laundry (z) Spencer Tracy quickly bombs Nippon (aa) Santa Claus between Macy's and Gimbel's (bb) Hitchcock's long staircase (cc) the ultimate crossing-Broadway musical (dd) Wartime

Jennifer O'Neill (ee) U-Boat man at the Canada-US border (ff) Disney goes to the dogs (gg) Truffaut directs a hot Ray Bradbury tale (hh) Jason Robards at a big circus (ii) Phil Silvers meets Aladdin (jj) George Lucas directs Robert Duvall and other automatons (kk) Richard Burton meets annual George Orwell (ll) Stanley Kubrick meets voyageur Arthur C. Clarke (mm) Kirk Douglas meets deep Captain Nemo (nn) Betty Grable and the horse both had them (oo) Raquel Welch in the stone age.

To help you, here is a list of anagrams of the 39 words in the skeleton. Once the anagrams are solved, the words will be in alphabetical order:

GYRAN, SHERBORT, FLEDERTUBIT, CRYTUNE, WCNOLS, MOMDAMN-SCENT, USKOCO, AMAILSTAND, DOVESHINIC, LALORD, SCAFE, HEATHERFIN, HARSFEET, FUNATION, ARDIFY, SNEAPSHIP, RHYNE, ADIN-NIS, THIC, CASJK, GAULESE, CREMAIL, TURKEEMESS, THINGS, COLCKO, YESDOYS, LEAPRALL, ESPICC, MAURIAS, ALES, SCONSED, USEGHOSTHAULER, TUNIOLOS, SEPTS, SETTER, MUREMS, MATE, XHT, RESAY.

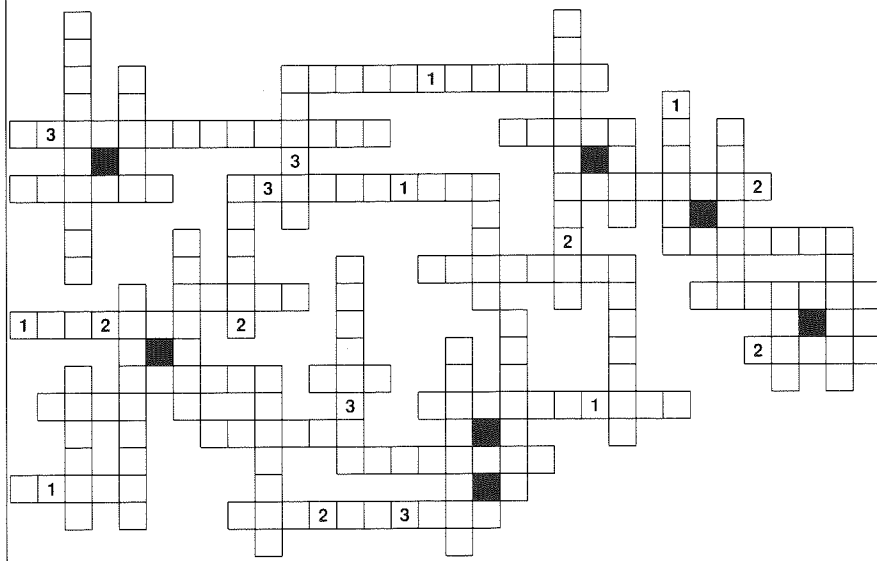
Finally, the letters that fall in the numbered spaces in the skeleton form a three-word anagram giving the city and meeting place; the letters for the first word are numbered with a 1 and so on.

"Actually," said Liebnitz after a while, "this isn't as tough as it looks. You don't even have to know all the movie titles — if you miss a few, you can just figure out the anagrams. Not only have I cottoned on to the place where Jimmy wants protection, I also think I can probably tell you the cover-name the villain is using, if he really is a traditionalist."

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat by filling in the skeleton and solving the three-word anagram to say where Jimmy the Turk will be meeting his quarry? For extra satisfaction (but *not* a necessary part of the answer), how many of the movie titles can you get? What name is the villain using? And what movie does this all remind Liebnitz of?

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Jimmy the Turk and the Numbers Racket: Skelton



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