

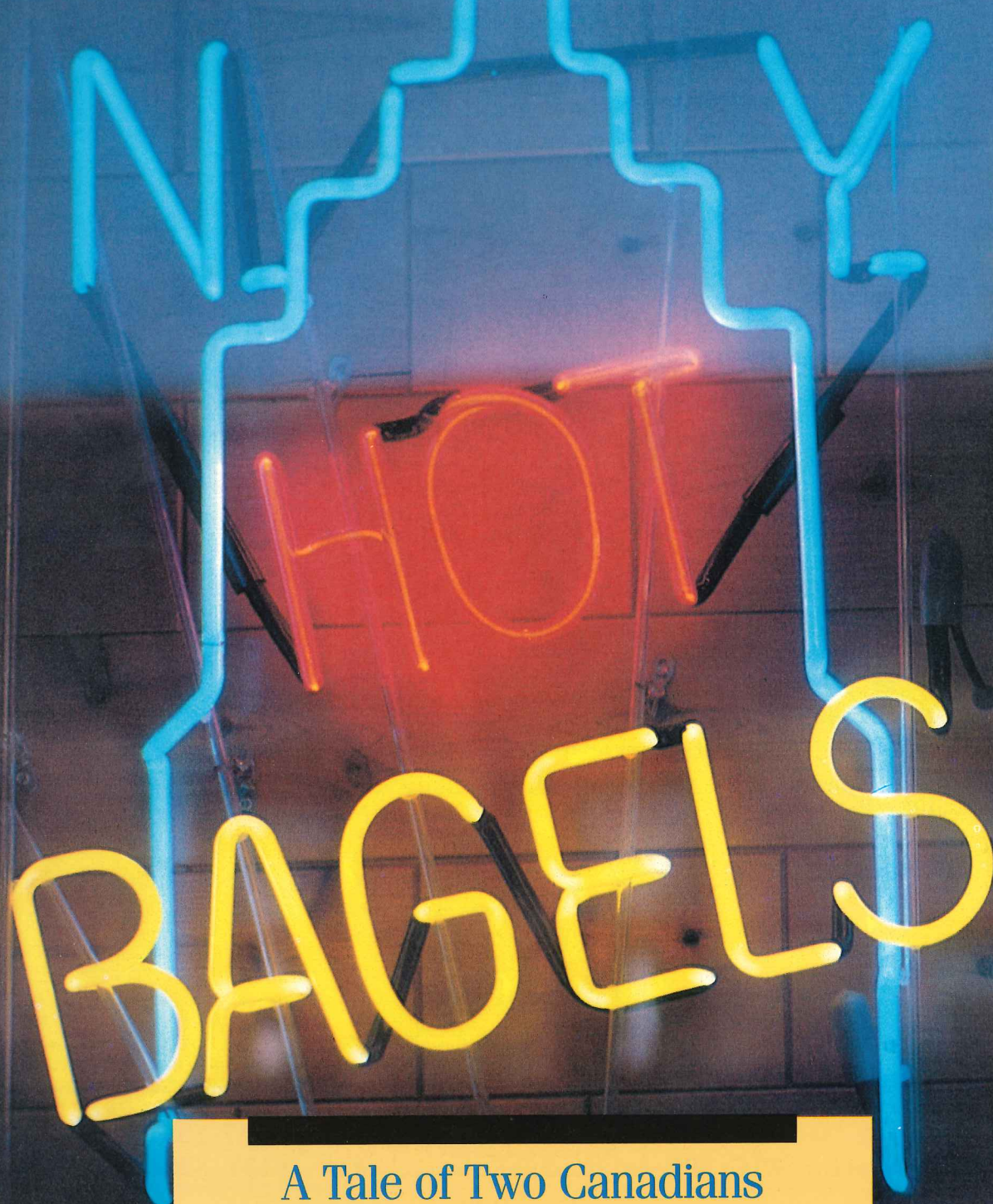
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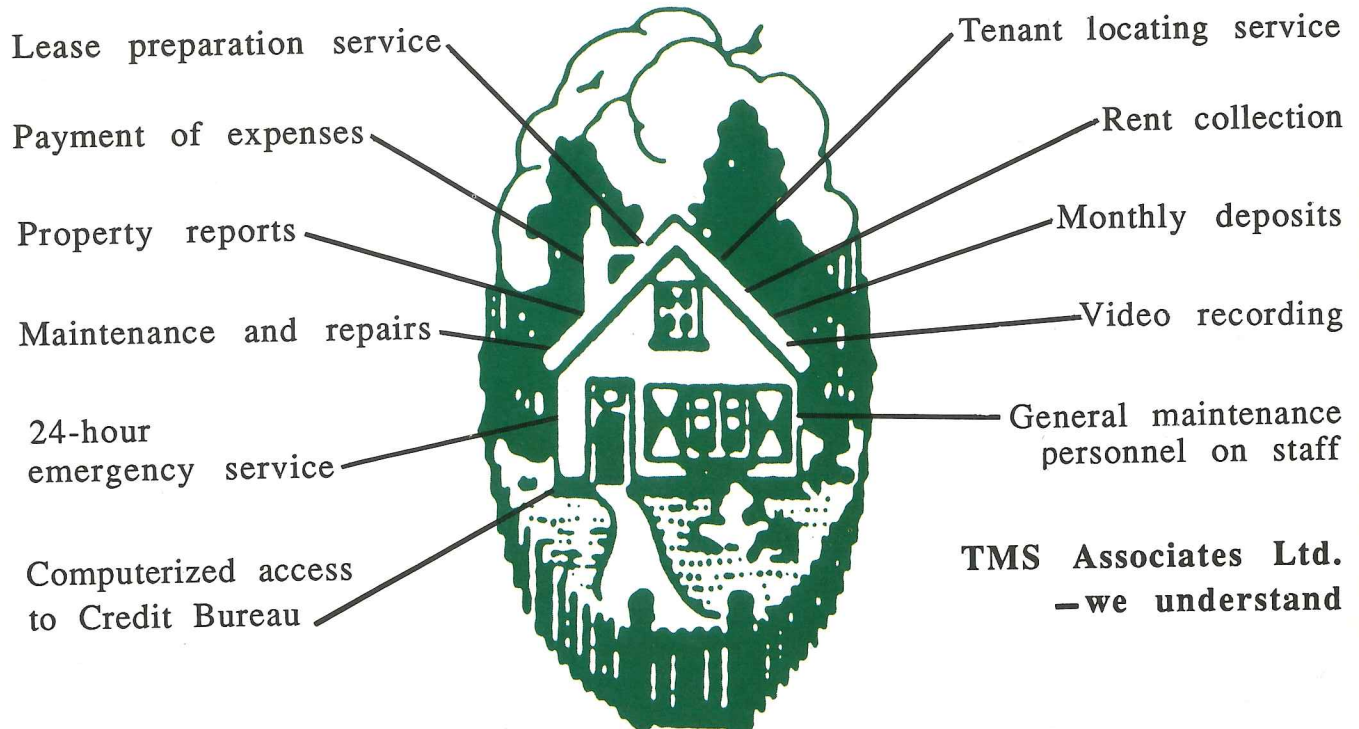
Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

Vol. 8 No. 2
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A Tale of Two Canadians

Carol N. Markham analyzes recent books by two spouses on their posting to the USA.

The Great Totem Pole Caper

Hugh Stephens tells it like it was when he introduced a Haida totem pole to the Koreans.

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Noshing along 42nd Street in New York. Our cover photo this issue is by Fredericka Gregory.



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In Our Upcoming Issue:

Jim Nutt on Canada's Oceans Policy
Operation MoonDip

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Beginnings

In this issue, **bout de papier** enters a new phase with a new editor and a new year. Similarly, the world of the foreign service and the practice of international diplomacy are changing dramatically. **bout** will focus ever more closely on these changes in the coming months, with the objective of looking ahead to a new century and a new era of foreign service.

The way ahead is far from clear, both for the profession and the department. We look to our readers to provide their own ideas and views on fundamental issues such as: What is a modern diplomat, and has the shine gone off this noble profession? Is the practice of diplomacy a true profession? Is there a need for international diplomacy, or has the media pre-empted this role? What should the priorities of a foreign ministry be in the 21st century? What should the trade role be? Is there a future for External Affairs? Why join the foreign service?

I am not as optimistic as I used to be about the future role of this department in the conduct of foreign policy or in its hegemony abroad. I am less positive about our ability to continue to function as a distinct profession. Change is in the wind, brought about not only by the government's desire to decrease the deficit, but also by the department's desire to reorient the working practices of this organization. What this has largely meant to date has been the "rust out" of both our headquarters and missions operations, and the de-professionalization of the FS stream as officers take on yet more support functions. With the de-streaming of the EX(FS) group down to the EX-1 level, and with the proposed expansion of levels in the FS group, presumably there will no longer be a foreign service component in the EX group. In time there will also be an inevitable de-streaming of the FS group.

The result of this de-streaming will be a re-streaming process whereby the organization decides to have "economic officers", or "international lawyers", or "multilateral negotiators", for example, as opposed to political officers or trade officers. This may well be welcome news for those who have training in these areas, and could lead to the development of other recognized areas of expertise. It could also lead to greater career enrichment and broader job opportunities for non-rotational officers in the department. However, it could result in a greater erosion of the FS role, or even the demise of the FS group as a distinct Public Service job classification. In this latter scenario, an economic analyst would become an ES; an international lawyer would become an LA; a trade expert would become a CO.... The career

issue probably would then be government-wide, and would shift to the arena of the officer's rotationality in each job category such as now exists with the CR, AS, and SCY groups. Thus a wider range of occupational groups would be split into rotational and non-rotational positions.

What would these changes mean for members of the FS group? Will we go the way of the dodo, or can we adapt to take advantage of this new environment? What should our role be vis-à-vis other government departments — particularly their international branches? Should we insist, as the Department of Justice does, that External Affairs has the mandate to conduct all international relations, and therefore to staff their international branches with FS officers? This stance would ensure that inward and outward secondment from the Pearson Building takes place, and that the value of the work done while on outward secondments is given due weight in annual appraisals. It would also enhance outplacement of officers who wish to leave the rotational foreign service. Finally, it could provide FS officers with more opportunity to develop and maintain their expertise and obtain additional training through the process of regular secondments to other government departments. Thus, a wide range of alternate career options would emerge.

It is not evident, however, that any intensive analysis of our priorities is taking place. The *External Affairs Act*, which has not been amended since it was enacted in 1982, sets out the mandate of the department. But senior management does not hold our activities up to this mirror and question their relevance to furthering this mandate. The *Act* does not designate the department as a printing centre, yet we print sixty million pages a year; it does not set out that transportation is our *raison d'être*, yet we transport thousands of kilos in hundreds of vehicles both in Ottawa and abroad; we are not designated as being in the real property business, yet we fit-up and decorate (even renovate) hundreds of housing units and chanceries around the world. To what end? Do these activities significantly enhance the department's ability to get the job done? Or rather, do they tend to deflect the department from its fundamental objective of representing Canada's interests abroad?

It is becoming apparent that certain decisions have already been taken. Presumably, some unknown individual determined at some unknown date somewhere in the department that it is of limited relevance to do political analysis; trade and immigration are the priorities on most days. On certain high holidays and feast days, the aid component is seen to have some bearing on our

international relations. This is re-inforced by the posting cycles of different streams, whereby the trade, immigration and aid streams spend most of their time abroad (eight-to twelve-year stretches), and the political stream spends most of its time in Ottawa. Assignments abroad for junior officers continue to be eliminated — a further erosion of the career foreign service. We keep hearing that morale in this department is the lowest throughout the entire public service. How can we change this?

This edition of **bout** begins the examination of our role and future with *Absence of Justice*, a provocative article by Daryl Copeland on the FS promotion system. Canada's role in assisting India to attain nuclear capability is examined by Iris Lonergan in her fascinating article entitled, *Canada and India: The Negotiations for the Supply of the NRX*. My own piece, *A Tale of Two Canadians*, was written before I became editor, and focuses on books by two well-known spouses about their experiences while on posting in the USA.

Ottawa, 7 January 1991

Carol



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WINNING ARTICLE FOR RHOMA AWARD

In the last issue, we indicated that the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA) would award \$500 for the best article written by a PAFSO member in the last volume of **bout de papier**.

We are pleased to announce that the winner is Michael Small for his article on the Brazilian rain forest and two cultures under siege, "*A Tale of Two Tribes*" which was published in Volume 7, Number 3 of **bout de papier**.

The selection committee also wished to make Honourable Mention of two other articles. These go to Hugh Stephens for his article "*Over the Khunjerab to Kashgar*" (Volume 7, Number 1) and to Jim Gould for his review of "*A History of Islamic Studies*" (Volume 7, Number 3).

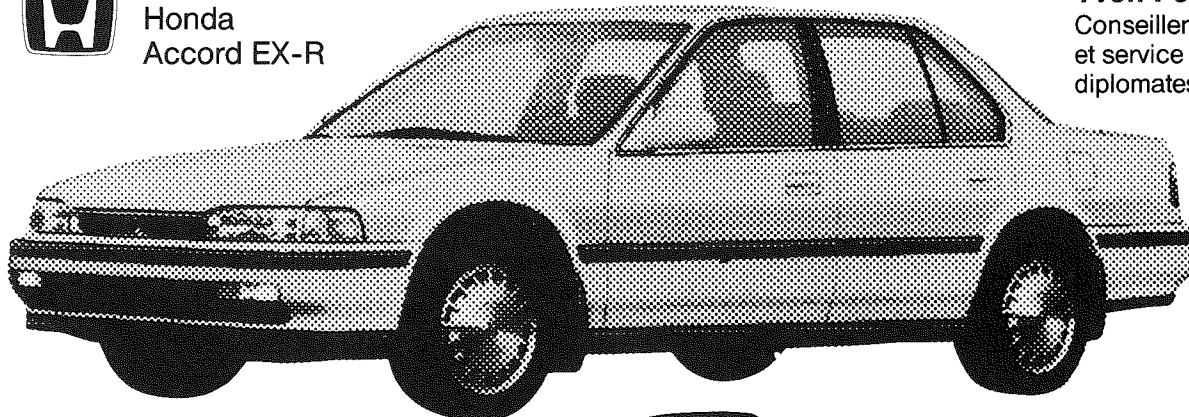
The members of the RHOMA selection committee were Bill Barton, Yvon Beaulne and John Starnes.

The Editor and members of the editorial board of **bout de papier** congratulate the winner and honoured contributors, and remind all members of PAFSO that we are looking for contributions to the magazine reflecting our life and how we see the world.

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Crises

One day before the expiry of the United Nations ultimatum to Iraq, I attended a brief early evening ceremony on the 9th floor of the Pearson Building. Its purpose was to honour departmental employees who had served in our Embassy in Kuwait after August 2nd and then were transported as captives to Iraq, until they were finally released along with the other foreign "guests" of Saddam Hussein on December 9th.

The ceremony was simple and understated. Mr. Clark arrived late from the House of Commons, visibly under stress, said a few words of appreciation, and then left again for Parliament. Cabinet was in the process of making the decision to take us formally into the impending war. M. Chrétien read out the names of those employees being awarded the Departmental Merit Award, and gave each of them in turn a framed certificate and an engraved silver plate or bowl. Then our *Chargé d'Affaires*, Bill Bowden, who had spent his final weeks in Kuwait holed up in the remnants of our Embassy along with four colleagues, spoke on behalf of the group.

Bill had clearly given a great deal of thought to his remarks. His simplicity and truthfulness stand out in my memory in sharp contrast to much of the over-statement and bombast of subsequent days. He made three telling points. First, that while the Department was treating them like heroes, they considered themselves to be ordinary Canadians, asked to serve under difficult and extraordinary circumstances. Second, that their experiences since August 2nd had taught them the overwhelming importance of being part of a team and being able to count on it; their team in Kuwait; their team in Iraq; and their back-up team at Headquarters. Third, that while they had been able to escape, all of the Canadians had left behind Kuwaiti friends and colleagues still trapped in the city they had been able to evacuate.

The Kuwait team is now beginning to break up and scatter to the four corners of the world. The Department has been able to offer cross-postings to most. A number of others are continuing to serve in the Gulf at our newly re-assembled Canadian Embassy in Bahrain, under our former Ambassador in Kuwait, Larry Dickenson. A few more are working on the Iraq Task Force in Ottawa, wondering whether they might be able to return. After a traumatic and deeply bonding experience they are, as a group, slowly being

re-incorporated into the larger body of External Affairs.

For an organization that always imagines itself to be on the verge of a self-inflicted crisis, it is remarkable to see how placidly the Department responds when confronted with a real one. What is strange about the war is that it has not had (to date) a greater impact on the Department. The SSEA and a few senior managers are completely absorbed by it; our Middle East posts are under telegraphic black-out; and personnel all over the building disappear for a few hours of shift work in the Operations Centre. But, large segments of the Department march onward, unperturbed by the dramatic events in the Gulf.

Three nights after the ceremony described above, a colleague and I stepped into an elevator containing Mr. Clark. He was on his way to the Operations Centre to hear the latest reports on the first Iraqi missiles that had just struck Tel Aviv. We were on our way to the Comcentre carrying two "important" delivery telexes: one dealing with an appointment to an international organization to protect wild-life; and the other concerning an invitation list to a high-level meeting to discuss forests. To the best of my knowledge, both telexes were "delivered-by" the next morning.

If war has not yet subsumed all our activities to its demands, at least it has curbed some of the essential inwardness of the Pearson Building. There are more pressing things to worry about at the moment than "the future of the Department". In December our Professional Committee organized a highly charged and highly successful retrospective on the Corporate Review. Today, that sort of public debate would seem like an indulgence. For once, the substance of Canadian foreign policy is a matter of full scale national debate.

Unfortunately, whenever this current external crisis comes to an end, and we can all return to our more parochial concerns, we are likely to find that the Department is in even worse shape than before. The government has already had to find an extra \$350 million in fiscal year 1990/91 to finance our involvement in the Gulf. Now that hostilities have broken out, that figure seems likely to rise. External Affairs took a \$9.5 million "hit" in December to cover our share of that \$350 million. This was largely achieved through postponing a number of major capital projects, rather than slashing operating budgets.

However, as Garrett Lambert (MCB) told our panel last month, these sorts of decisions only accelerate the "rust-out" of External Affairs — which is already noticeable at many of our posts abroad.

At the same time, the Department now has to come to terms with the long-term Work Force Adjustment targets mandated for this Department, like every other, by Treasury Board. In September, the Department made the unpleasant discovery that even after the Corporate Review cuts of June 1990, we were still 151 P/Ys over the target of 4060 P/Ys set for us by the Board for April 1st, 1991. By the time this article appears, we should know how the Department intends to bridge this gap. Involuntary lay-offs of permanent rotational staff are unlikely; but everything short of that will probably be invoked. A major strategem seems to be an appeal to the Board for a twelve-month postponement of the 60 P/Y cut in our base originally negotiated as the *quid pro quo* for the launch of COSICS. COSICS unfortunately is now about a year and a half behind schedule.

By April 1st, the Department will also have to shed about 250 positions, to bring the number of jobs we have on the books into line with the smaller number of people we have to fill them and the number of P/Ys we have given up to pay for them. Expect any unfilled positions in your posts or divisions simply to disappear as well as a certain amount of redistribution across the organization.

Why is External Affairs forced to take such draconian measures now? The sad truth seems to be that our accounting systems have failed us and, in the past couple of years, the Department has simply lost count of its people, positions and P/Ys. As a result, we now have to resort to major surgery to meet Treasury Board targets. Like the Soviet economy, it is not that there is an absolute shortage of resources; but, there has been a breakdown in allocation. Fine-tuning is no longer possible. A shock plan is needed.... However, I would rather not push the Soviet economy analogy any further. For the moment, we have another crisis to deal with.

Ottawa, 13 January 1991



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O T T A W A • T O R O N T O • K I N G S T O N • E D M O N T O N

Dear Editor,

I live in an elegant apartment for which I pay more or less the same as for my place back home. It is located in a country full with wonderful, hospitable people, surrounded with physical beauty and fascinating antiquities. I am a proud diplomat at a Canadian embassy and judging from the job ads in the *Globe and Mail*, financially I am not doing too badly at all. I love my job and have a modest amount of success in my efforts.

In full support of my program-related activities, my wife works hard at organizing hospitality functions, when needed. She also feels privileged to have a servant and therefore the freedom to explore, which she loves. In other words, we live a good life in the service of our country.

I therefore am somewhat shocked to read Mr. Small's comments in his article in *bout de papier*, Volume 8, No. 1, which hopefully are his own and not sanctioned by the executive or PAFSO members. They are so typical of the remarks heard in the corridors of 125 Sussex by those with little else to do, or the busy ones on their seventh cigarette break in front of the entrance.

We live in a free world and represent a very democratic country. Nobody forces us to follow a particular route in our careers. We are free to change direction at any time and free to quit. Anybody who does not appreciate the undoubtedly better living and working conditions abroad and sticks with it, is spineless. All one has to do is write a letter to HQ with regrets and return to the good life of two hours of commuting.

Contrary to the statements made about the poor assistance given to our colleagues caught in the Gulf crisis, they have been and still are being cared for in an exemplary manner. It is too bad that the writer's spouse has such a good income that they are better off living in Canada. He sounds somewhat bitter that he cannot live that adventurous life without a financial loss. But I can only assume that he and his wife chose their path with wide open eyes. It does not seem fair to blame the Department if things panned out differently from those originally planned. As mentioned before, there is no need to play if one does not enjoy the game.

I have no problem paying double for the same accommodation as secretaries. Often they are excluded from diplomatic functions, have no partner to come home to. So why not let them have a break for half the price?

Many before us have retired on one pension. If the writer does not like that, why does he not join the millions he refers to? I have no problem with the golden handshake principle. It is a welcome break for some who are sickly, unhappy, unsuitable

or very close to retirement in any case. And it does create some breathing room for those at the beginning of their career. I never saved enough to purchase a villa at Costa del Sol, but have a nice place in the Gatineau, where I enjoy living in between postings. And would you believe it, when there I scrape by on a one-salary income.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Wondergem,
Counsellor (Commercial)
Ankara

Dear Editor:

Greetings from Paris. The President's paper in the latest issue of *bout* was a great piece ("Warm Beer, Lousy Food"). It inspired the following drawing. Perhaps you could use it.

Yves Brodeur
OECD
Paris, France

Rebuttal to "Warm Beer and Lousy Food"

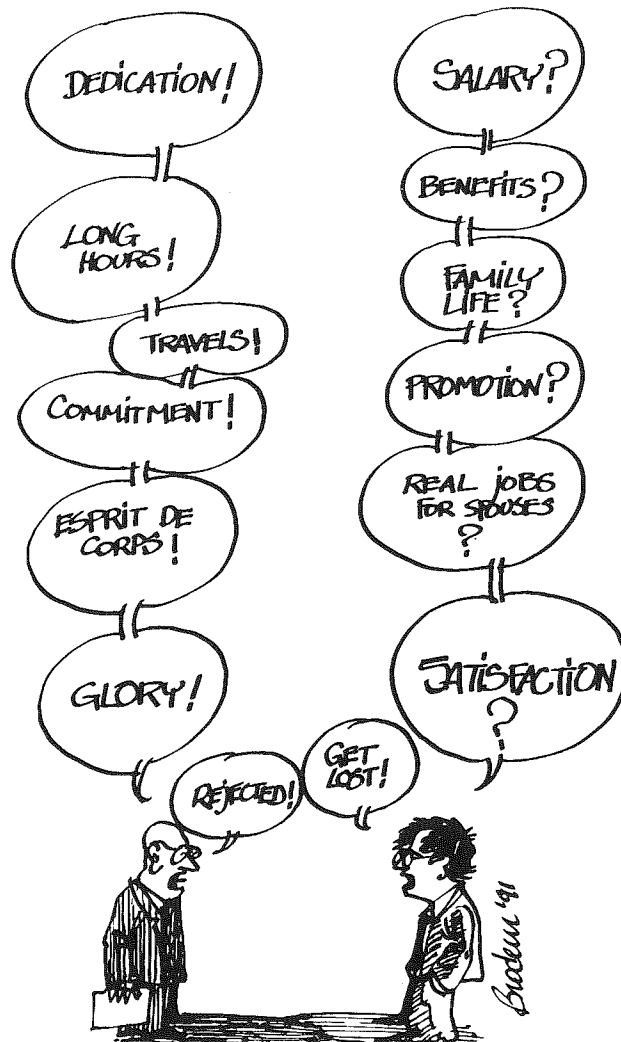
Dear Editor,

The letter which was excerpted in "From the President's Desk" in Vol. 8 No. 1 deserves a rebuttal. As a recently confirmed FS-1, I have the following comments:

I will not argue about what compensation is appropriate. Doubtless the debate concerning the proper level of remuneration will be with us always.

What I do take issue with is the notion that a higher calibre of foreign service officer would be hired if the compensation package were improved. I doubt that this assumption is true. There are clearly other motivations besides pecuniary gain in selecting employment.

The letter writer's only evidence to support the assumption is anecdotal relating to the experience of one interview period. Even this provided "...perhaps 6 ... of FS quality." From a pool of 55 candidates interviewed. To me such a proportion is reasonable



and ought to be expected in any interview process.

Regardless of the compensation package, a great many people will not seek to be foreign service officers. There are several reasons for this which ought to be obvious.

Since joining External Affairs after nearly a decade of employment in the private sector, I have worked with or otherwise come to know, several dozen FS-1Ds and junior FS-1s. As a group I believe that they possess as much talent and potential as any group who may have been dissuaded from writing the foreign service exam due to a perceived poor compensation package. Of course, this cannot be proven and is a subjective opinion.

There may be other justifications for improving the salary and benefits for the FS category but please spare me from specious questions such as "Where are all the high flyers, the leaders, the top scholars?" and the self-serving assumption that better candidates would be attracted.

Yours sincerely,
Michael MacKenzie
EAITC

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Absence of Justice:

Promotions, Appeals and the Merit Principle

by D.S. Copeland

As part of the Corporate Review process, a consultant was hired by the Department to study its organizational structure and management process. These he described as one of the worst in either the public or private sectors. The consultant focussed, *inter alia*, on appraisals and promotions, and described the Department's human resources system as the most cumbersome and bureaucratic that he had ever seen. In particular, he noted that to predicate promotions upon performance appraisals which are essentially dishonest leads, inevitably, to serious managerial deficiencies.

These observations come very close to the heart of the argument that the promotion and appraisal process as practiced by this Department defy the principle of advancement by merit. The case against the status quo is compelling, and rife with implications for initiatives such as Public Service 2000. At a minimum, the issue is worthy of sustained reflection as we view the results of another promotional cycle.

Although this contravention of the merit principle is well-established, it warrants much closer examination than it was accorded in the Review. That senior management chose not to modify significantly the Department's organizational structure, operating procedures or decision-making process despite overwhelming evidence that fundamental reforms are required is perhaps less than completely surprising. Few appear to have been shocked to discover that beneath the fancy wrapping, with the possible exception of a few innovative consular and immigration proposals, the package is essentially empty. All that remains — of any lasting significance — are the cuts, the preponderance of which involve support and working-level professional positions which appear to have been sacrificed to preserve the rich endowment of executive positions at headquarters. At the end of the day, however, it is the failure of the Department to rethink fundamentally the existing promotion and appraisal practices which may prove to be its Achilles heel.

For purposes of personnel administration, the Foreign Service Group, since

consolidation in 1982, has been divided into four "streams": Political/Economic, Commercial/Economic, Social Affairs and Development Assistance. While these streams encompass a variety of activities, the Foreign Service Group remains, in law, a single occupational group. Herein lies the Department's critical weakness.

The administrative convenience of limiting the area of competition by promoting on a stream basis virtually ensures uneven, inconsistent results across what is otherwise treated as an integrated area of selection. By its own admission, the Department does not cross-check among streams to ensure that uniform standards have been applied or that the most deserving candidates in the *whole* group have prevailed. There is no quality control between streams, since the weighted scores separating those promoted from those not promoted are wildly divergent from one stream to the next.

*There is little question
that relatively less
qualified individuals
from one stream are
rewarded while more
deserving persons in
other streams are left
to languish.*

By the Department's own measure, there is little question that relatively less qualified individuals from one stream are rewarded while more deserving persons in other streams are left to languish. Decisions concerning eligibility for promotion often turn on factors having nothing at all to do with merit. They are, instead, a reflection of specific conditions such as the number of vacancies which obtain within particular streams.

If the Foreign Service were composed of a range of different occupational categories, these aspects would not be so relevant. This

is, however, a single consolidated professional group and despite differing work content, all Foreign Service Officers are judged according to the same selection standards and appraisal criteria. Although the Department operates a unified personnel management system, the notion of an integrated occupational group is nowhere in evidence when it comes to promotion. There are, moreover, no Exclusion Orders (or any other legal basis) which would allow promotion-by-stream by providing exemptions from the relevant provisions of the *Public Service Employment Act*.

In short, whatever its other virtues, the practice of promotion by stream results inevitably in the compromise of the merit principle. Accordingly, the practice must be considered *ultra vires* of the Act. The severity of this violation is, in itself, cause for considerable concern. That said, the situation existing within streams represents in many ways a more profound breach of established public service norms.

The Department's system (like that of National Defence) of "appointment to level" is unique within the government and has attracted the interest of the PS 2000. If properly administered, this approach to managing a rotational cadre of employees might seem sensible. Regrettably, the system has degenerated into something of an annual ritual of appointment. There are no competitions. Those "eligible" (a group not to be confused with those technically "qualified" for consideration) are not accorded the opportunity to appear before a promotion board. Instead, the board meets; reviews the appraisals; discusses the list; and then decides who to advance according to highly inconsistent interpretations of merit which vary from one board to another. Candidates are not provided with access to the record of these deliberations. Reputation and personal knowledge play a role, as does other related information, which does not appear elsewhere but which is provided by the Personnel Branch. Mediated by these factors, decisions are otherwise largely based upon the reader's estimation of the quality of an employee's "paper trail" — accumulated performance appraisals.

To prosper even moderately, a supervisor must both personally like the individual under

review, and be capable of writing an effective appraisal. Without both of these considerations being strongly in a candidate's favour, there can be little hope of promotion. Where does merit fit into this? Perhaps as one of many variables, but often not at all.

Reliance upon interpersonal relations and other highly subjective instruments to arrive at important promotion decisions introduce an impressive variety of distortions. Moreover, these deficiencies have generated huge reservoirs of counterproductive frustration, anxiety and despair as the time between promotions creeps upwards and now averages over 10 years. If appointment-to-level is going to work effectively, the entire process must be as transparent, objective and fair as possible. In the Department of External Affairs, none of these terms apply.

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The tradition of cloistered, back-room dealings is an embarrassing carry-over from days long past when the Foreign Service was much smaller and everything was done "entre nous". These attitudes, and the activities which give them voice, are unacceptable in the late twentieth century. Supervisors are vested with a wholly inordinate influence over the professional prospects of those whose performance they evaluate. The system invites abuse, discourages initiative, and fosters submission. Small wonder that morale has plummeted and the Department is in a near-chronic state of crisis.

Appraising the abilities of Foreign Service Officers through extended, formulaic and repetitive narratives is personally corrosive and serves mainly to provide promotion boards with exceptional discretionary powers. Appraisal language is grossly inflated, while constructive criticism is usually entirely absent. Mere mortals find themselves described in such blushing prose that it strains credibility. Most candidates sound so uniformly and stunningly competent that the use of criteria other than merit becomes not optional, but inevitable.

Even the slightest imperfection on this shimmering surface can set a career back dreadfully. The long "shadow effect" ensures that the fallout from a single uncomplimentary, or even neutral, appraisal will linger for years as the offending document is reviewed annually by different boards. There are no effective safeguards to protect the employee's interest (written rebuttals are often ignored, and sometimes penalized), and candidates are otherwise denied the right to be heard. None of this is at all satisfactory.

As the body responsible for the care and nurturing of the merit principle, time is long overdue for the Public Service Commission to become actively involved. For starters, a panel of experts from outside the Department should examine a representative sampling of completed Foreign Service Officer evaluations and should present independent conclusions as to their integrity and utility. For example, improved and more objective evaluations could be achieved by having the drafts reviewed by open and accountable promotion boards restructured to include representatives from PAFSO, the Public Service Commission, and the private sector. These changes, combined with interviews of the top candidates, would assist in providing minimum standards of transparency, comparability and effectiveness.

Although good officers continue to advance through the ranks, this is more despite the system than because of it. The necessary connection between promotions and merit has been effectively severed. In addition, the top down, authoritarian approach to promotions has given rise to a host of unpleasant tendencies in the Department's organizational culture. For example, employees must devote an inordinate amount of time to servicing and managing supervisory relationships. Right up the hierarchy, obsequious behaviour and excessive deference to authority are encouraged. Such attributes are hardly the stuff from which public sector excellence is fashioned.

Finally, there are a host of serious problems inherent in the nature of the appeal process itself. These bias the process entirely in favor of those promoted, and therefore contribute materially to decisions to drop appeals before they are ever heard.

In fact, the system is so hopelessly prejudiced against the appellant that the right of appeal is, to all intents and purposes, impossible to exercise. The simple act of declaring one's intent to appeal carries significant career and financial implications both for the appellant and for those whose appointments are at risk, and gives rise to huge amounts of acrimony, opprobrium, and resentment. In the unlikely event the appeal is upheld, the

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results tend to achieve more harm than good by striking down, or at the very least, significantly delaying the promotions of not one individual but an entire group of colleagues. Even at that, there is no guarantee that the appellant will be promoted if and when the board is reconvened.

In the Department of External Affairs, appeals are a punishing zero sum game. There is no reasonable prospect of achieving a remedy commensurate with the complaint. Even if there were, the price is much too high to be borne by any single individual. There is no justice in this.

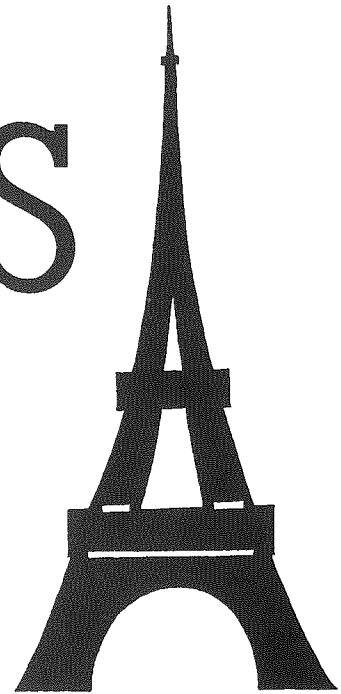
With such daunting disincentives, it is amazing that anyone would stay the course of an appeal: very few have; none have survived unscathed. Again, it is most surprising that representatives of the Public Service Commission seem never to have wondered why so many appeals are dropped before they are heard. A thorough investigation of the records on their part would produce some very interesting reading, particularly in the form of a comparative, inter-departmental statistical survey. Such scrutiny should have been exercised years ago.

The existing appeal process clearly was designed for regular Public Service competitions and is not appropriate to the Foreign Service at all. Individuals cannot be expected to exercise the right of appeal when they will be pitted automatically against the combined resources of an entire Department and they will be confronted by the unbridled hostility of their peers. This is simply not unreasonable, it is unacceptable since it renders the right of appeal effectively meaningless. At a minimum, adequate legal, financial and research assistance should be made available to the appellant to help balance this asymmetry. At present, there is no relief — only the prospect of incurring crippling legal fees while injuring one's colleagues. This is more than enough to terminate prematurely even the strongest case.

Given that the merit principle is under siege, that the appeal process offers scant potential for redress, and that the Corporate Review came up empty-handed, the time seems ripe for the Public Service Commission to take an active interest. The PSC is mandated to serve as the merit police of the Public Service. In this Department, however, there have been no signs even of a watching brief, let alone a more thorough investigation. The closest examination is warranted, preferably in advance of the next round of appointments which in their turn will be similarly disputed by those not promoted. ✍

Daryl Copeland has had postings in Bangkok and Addis Ababa. He is currently with the Political Assessments Division at EAITC.

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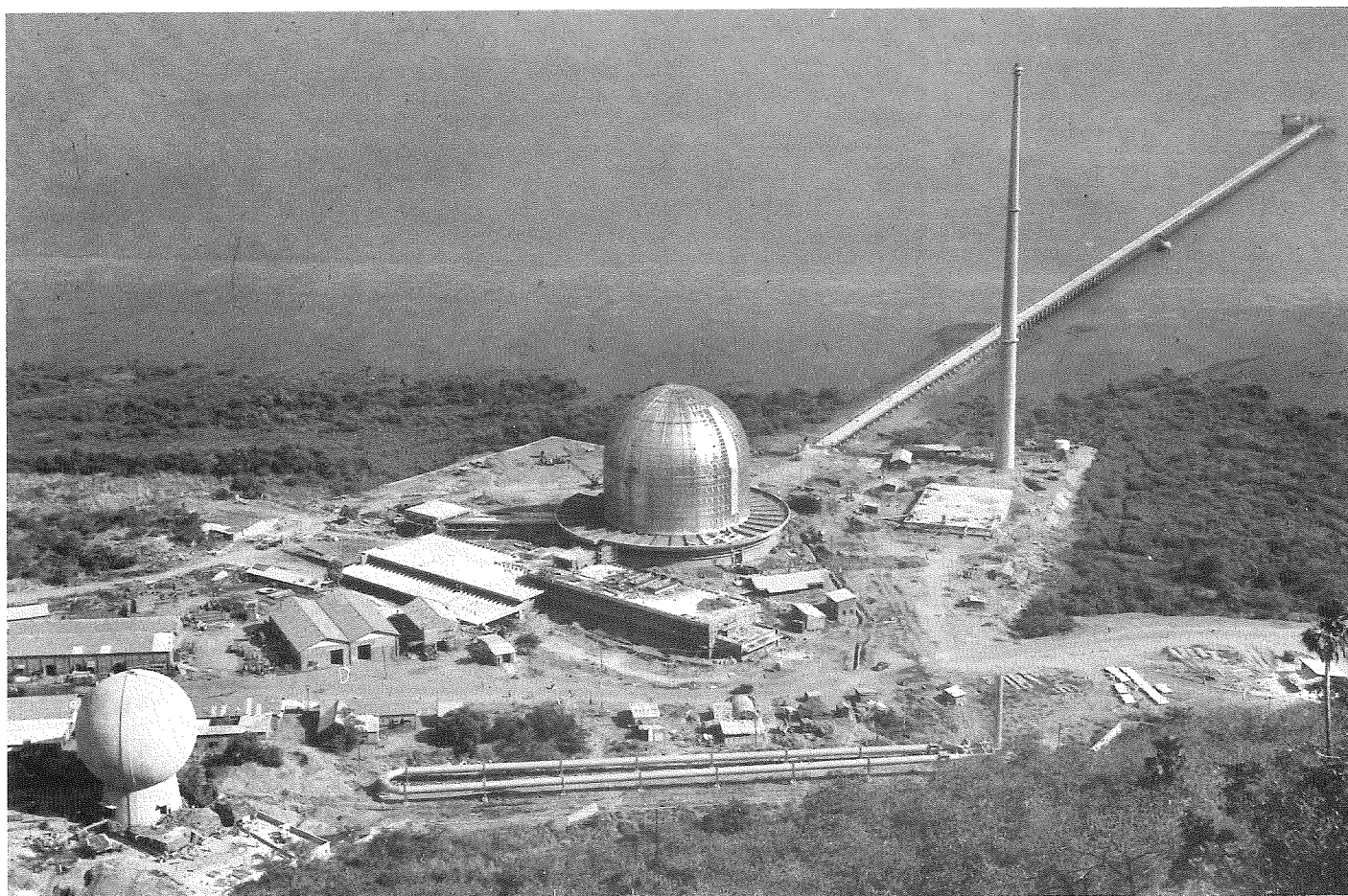
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Canada and India:

The Negotiations for the Supply of the N.R.X. 1955-56



Aerial photograph of CIRUS reactor during construction.

by Iris Lonergan

On May 18, 1974, India detonated an underground nuclear device in the Rajasthan desert. In its official announcement, the Indian government laconically stated that the nuclear explosion experiment was solely conducted for "peaceful" purposes. The experiment would help India in underground research and projects in the fields of mining and oil exploration. The test, however, had enormous significance. On that day, India crashed into a most exclusive club. It became the sixth nation to possess a demonstrated nuclear explosive capability. Newspapers all over the world carried the story.

In Canada the explosion had immediate reverberations. For years the two countries had worked closely together in nuclear technology. Their cooperation had started in 1956, when the Liberal government of St. Laurent signed a nuclear agreement with India and, under the umbrella of the Colombo Plan, supplied the N.R.X. (National Research X-perimental), a 40 MW pressure tube nuclear reactor fuelled by natural uranium and moderated by heavy water. The 1956 agreement is crucial to understand why India could covertly manufacture an explosive device. The C.I.R. (Canadian-Indian-Reactor) agreement imposed no international safeguards on the use of the spent fuel generated by the N.R.X. After the explosion the

project became a source of acute embarrassment, because, by all evidence, the fissile material (plutonium) had been processed in the N.R.X.

Initially, the C.I.R. had been praised as a vital commercial venture and a significant foreign policy achievement. The project symbolized goodwill and cooperation towards the emerging countries of the southern hemisphere. The project was truly notable. Thirty-five years ago there were no precedents for nuclear cooperation between the West and Asia and there existed no international agency to monitor peaceful nuclear activities. Aid was only in its infancy and Canada, like the rest of the world, had no concrete experience of international development.

For Canadians the C.I.R. held the promise of reaching out further than immediate history, beyond the neat and secure political and social neighbourhood in which Canada had been born. Pearson used the concept of "participatory internationalism" to describe Canada's foreign posture in the post-war period. Canada simultaneously pursued two objectives: its own national interests and the maintenance of world peace. Participatory internationalism was not a slogan that could be found strewn across countless speeches and declarations or memoranda and telegrams. It was a broad principle or an underlying theme that inspired Pearson and his colleagues because it summarized what the world needed and what contribution Canada ought to make. Ambitious and innovative projects such as the C.I.R. were undertaken in this spirit and to demonstrate Canada's independence and constructive role in international affairs.

The C.I.R. seemed a perfect vehicle to put participatory internationalism into practice. In the early 1950s, atomic energy was perceived as a vital tool for under-developed countries. It would be a powerful stimulus for the advancement of scientific and technical knowledge and enable poor countries to industrialize. Power reactors would generate cheap and abundant electricity while research reactors would encourage scientific research in medicine and agriculture.

Canada's self interest would be served because the project had manifest scientific and commercial advantages. The scientific community would gain experience from having the N.R.X. function under different climatic and topographic conditions. Canadian firms would oversee and build the reactor thus demonstrating their capabilities outside Canada. Nuclear technology sales would diversify Canada's trade and reduce its commercial dependency on the United States. The successful completion of the project would also establish Canada as an independent supplier of high technology in a very competitive field. Canadian officials were confident that they could present a challenge even to the American and British nuclear technology industry. They were now ready to play in the major league.

The C.I.R. would also fortify the special relationship that Canada wanted to build with India and demonstrate to the world that different cultures and countries could learn and benefit from one another. Canadians responded very positively to India because, like Canada, it had recently emerged on the world scene, had a parliamentary system of government and pursued an independent foreign policy. India's willingness to play a positive role in the international forum appealed to Canadians because they saw it

as the natural complement of their own efforts. Their common interest for the peaceful resolution of international problems made a new generation of internationalists from both countries eager to work together.

Building a bridge to India, harnessing nuclear technology and creating a new and more equal world were not fantasies but the various aspects of a single vision held by men who at heart were builders. Canadians were embarking on a major project and fulfilling a vision of Canada's place in the new world order. The C.I.R. was thus a unique and innovative undertaking in the spirit of "participatory internationalism". It was ambitious, dynamic and idealistic.

The unexpected Indian objections and the British and American and even the Soviet Union bogies seemed to throw the Canadians into a state of apprehension.

The C.I.R. was first seriously considered in the early months of 1955 by Ed Ritchie, who headed the Economic Division, Gerry Stoner, who handled the Colombo Plan File, Nik Cavell, the Head of the Colombo Plan Administration in Canada (Department of Trade and Commerce) and W.J. Bennett, the President of A.E.C.L. In a memorandum to Lester B. Pearson, the Minister, the Departments outlined the many commercial, technical and political advantages that Canada and India would derive from the project. (Subject: Colombo Plan Technical Assistance India: Provision of an Atomic Energy Reactor by Canada. The file consists of six parts. RG 25, Vol. 353, file No. 11038-1-13-40. Department of External Affairs, National Archives of Canada. Unless otherwise specified, all documents quoted in this essay come from this file.)

They also proposed that the N.R.X. be offered to India under its yearly Colombo Plan allotment and that scientists from member states of the Plan be allowed to train at the reactor site. The ownership of nuclear fuel and non-proliferation were not treated seriously. The Department argued that with the N.R.X. reactor, "there would apparently be no significant security problem". It was reasoned that in any case "a country like India

will acquire a reactor from some source (friendly or otherwise) and will be producing this material". Also sooner or later, an international agency would be established to verify the peaceful uses of nuclear energy. These assertions are surprising because they reveal a fundamental lack of understanding for the technology and for the controls that should govern its use.

Pearson was convinced and a few days later Escott Reid, Canada's High Commissioner to India, was informed. Reid enthusiastically welcomed the proposal because it would have a very favourable "impact on public opinion in India" and immediately suggested to Ottawa that the reactor be an outright gift.

On April 1, Reid informally presented the Canadian offer to the Indian Foreign Ministry. To his surprise the Indians reacted coolly and raised three objections: 1) if the project were to be regional, as Canada wished, its cost should not be borne solely by India; 2) it might be "politically embarrassing" for India to train scientists from other Colombo countries; 3) India's acceptance should not be at the expense of other Colombo Plan projects undertaken with Canada. Furthermore, the Indians indicated that they were interested in British and American nuclear technology. They hinted that they were about to obtain a swimming pool reactor from the United States and a somewhat more advanced facility (an E-443 reactor) from the British. The Soviets were also in the game promising to assist them, as they had helped China. In revealing that they were negotiating with other suppliers, the Indians were acting rather mischievously, probably in the hope of getting a better deal from Canada.

The unexpected Indian objections and the British and American and even the Soviet Union bogies seemed to throw the Canadians into a state of apprehension. In order to ensure the successful conclusion of the project, they sweetened the offer. On July 15, Louis St. Laurent wrote to Jawaharlal Nehru that the reactor would be funded "in a manner which would leave virtually unchanged the amount of funds available for assistance to India in financing conventional development projects". St. Laurent, however, insisted that India should "permit scientists from other Asian countries in the Colombo Plan" to use the facilities.

From August to November the Canadians lived in constant fear that the whole project might collapse. Nevertheless project planning went on and issues such as the training of Indian scientists in India or at Chalk River were considered. The spent fuel question however was not addressed until August 24, when Bennett raised it with officials of the

Department. The result was instantaneous. The documents which until then had been silent on this question (except for the initial and brief mention in early March) stand in marked contrast with later correspondence which addressed the issue with great vehemence and urgency.

On September 2, 1955, India formally accepted that foreign scientists from Asian countries, including those belonging to the Colombo Plan would have access to the reactor site. The Canadians feared that this new proposal by India could enable Chinese, as well as Colombo Plan scientists, access to Western nuclear technology. However, they felt locked-in. "It would appear to me," Ritchie warned, "politically impossible for us to reject this change [the addition of scientists from non-Colombo countries] without endangering the whole project and creating a good deal of unhappiness in relations between India and Canada".

India's acceptance set the stage for a visit to Canada by the eminent Indian physicist, Homi Bhabha. Bhabha had been made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1947 for his work on cosmic rays and was considered a "brilliant scientist". In 1948, Nehru had appointed him Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission of India and had given him the mandate to bring his country into the nuclear age. Bhabha was a well-known figure in multilateral fora. During the summer of 1955 in Geneva, he had presided over the first Atomic Energy Conference.

The two sides were to discuss the financial and technical aspects of the cooperation agreement. The Indians pressed so hard on the first issue that, at one point, the Assistant Deputy Minister of Finance, A.F.W. Plumptre said that the Indians "were not only looking at the gift horse in the mouth but insisting that we supply a complete set of gold-filled teeth for the beast as well — together with replacements as the teeth wore out."

If, eventually, the financial question was resolved satisfactorily, agreement on the safeguards issue proved unachievable. On October 7, Bhabha was presented with an offer that Canada supply the initial fuel load and the fuel stock required for a period of three years. The irradiated rods would be returned to Canada for reprocessing. Bhabha reacted sharply: these were terms to which India could never agree. Its position on the safeguards question was straightforward: no nation or group of nations should have a privileged position and nations should not be expected to abdicate their sovereignty. India wanted to have the same access to nuclear technology as the US or Britain. Canada, on the other hand, did not want to accept Bhabha's terms. There is evidence that the Canadian side was sensitive to the



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uneasiness and suspicion this would create in the international community particularly in the United States and Pakistan.

To resolve the impasse, Pearson proposed to raise the matter directly with Nehru during the visit he would make to New Delhi in November 1955. No doubt, Pearson hoped that Bhabha could be side-stepped and that technical details, such as the spent fuel issue, could be avoided. In a brief to the Minister, Ritchie urged that the bilateral agreement between Canada and India avoid compromising "the basic concept of agency control". Pearson was also advised that both the United States and United Kingdom considered the C.I.R. negotiations as serious and were generally concerned. A bad precedent would be established if India's position were accepted and if it were given "clear and absolute title" to the N.R.X. fuel. To overcome the difficulty, Ritchie suggested an interim agreement in which:

Canada would lend India the fuel charge for the reactor to India and in due course would extract the plutonium from the irradiated rods and lend this plutonium to India for its research programme. As soon as the International Agency [the I.A.E.A.] was functioning

effectively, the arrangement would be recast and made firm in accordance with the principles established by the agency.

The discussion between Pearson and Nehru was not fruitful. The charm of this intuitive Irish Canadian politician was insufficient. Although he had met Nehru before, Pearson was not prepared to deal with this rather intractable and complex man, who was both at home in the intellectual environment of Cambridge and the self-indulgent splendour of his Gangtok palace. Pearson found his host in an expansive and lofty mood, preferring to discuss the problems between the West and the East. When finally Pearson became insistent on discussing the C.I.R. project, Nehru called in Bhabha, who happened to be waiting outside.

Bhabha overwhelmed Pearson with his technical knowledge and the strength of his political argumentation. He first stated that uranium was widely available and that he was convinced that no international agency would be able to regulate its sale as long as major suppliers, including Canada, continued to supply the nuclear weapons states. He added that the extreme complexity of the physical process of obtaining fissile materials was control enough against the risk of

proliferation. It was impossible to devise a "perfect security system" and the only realistic policy was to aim for "reasonable security". Finally, even if a few weapons were manufactured clandestinely, they would not have any global strategic significance.

Neither Pearson nor Reid, who had accompanied him, had counted on India's unyielding position. Although technical, the question of safeguards had enormous political consequences. By bringing Bhabha into the room, Nehru had allowed a scientist, albeit a trusted friend, to make a fundamental policy decision. No doubt, Nehru knew exactly what he was doing. He may have wanted, in this instance, to put distance between himself and the decision, and thus avoid appearing as just another Machiavellian politician. Pearson, like Reid, did not understand Nehru's strategy. By the end of the meeting, Pearson still had "a good deal of sympathy" for India's position. He remained optimistic, writing, "We will work this out all right, in spite of India's sensitiveness, and the reluctance of Washington to help." (Diary on Pearson's Visit to the Soviet Union, South and South-East Asia and the Middle East, September 30 to November 12, 1955, MG 26 N 8, Vol. 1, L.B. Pearson papers, National Archives of Canada.)

At a second meeting on November 5, Pearson and Bhabha decided that the nuclear cooperation between their countries would be "silent" on the provision of the fuel. Reid agreed with his Minister. "It could ... be argued", he said, "that the agreement would not establish any precedents which would affect the principles or procedures of the international agency".

By the end of the year, the C.I.R. was beginning to face tight deadlines. In the region of Bombay, where the reactor was to be built, the monsoon would start in April and further delays in the negotiation of the agreement might mean missing a full construction season. The question of the spent fuel had still to be resolved. The Canadians had to weigh the risks of defaulting on the safeguards issue against the advantages of completing the project. In the final analysis, for the men of the East Block, the risk of proliferation did not appear to be overwhelming. India would, in any case, soon be capable of building its own reactor. Undoubtedly they reasoned it was better that India acquire its nuclear expertise and facilities through cooperation with countries like Canada than as a result of assistance from the Soviet Union.

In early December 1955, Cabinet was informed, for the first time, that Canada and India could "not resolve the conditions on which the fuel elements for the reactor should be provided". Ministers were told that India's decision to reject anything less than

"complete and absolute ownership" of the fuel was based primarily on political considerations and Pearson urged his colleagues to sanction the project immediately. On December 7, Cabinet authorized the signature of a bilateral agreement with India. The final text had serious loopholes. There was no provision for any type of verification by Canada or the future international monitoring agency. India was only subject to a voluntary restraint. The agreement assumed that India would be willing to obtain its nuclear fuel from Canada. Finally, nothing would prevent India from refusing to conform to the safeguards "principles" of the international agency, once it came into force.

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Throughout the negotiations, Canadian officials were severely handicapped by their lack of experience with safeguards and non-proliferation treaties and by inadequate technical expertise. The initial memorandum in March 1955 reveals that Canada's diplomats were not sufficiently apprised of the security and proliferation risks of nuclear technology. Five months later the Department still failed to recognize the key consideration: the control of fissile materials and the disposal of spent fuel rods. It may have been that External Affairs was incapable of asking the right questions because its officials had only a peripheral knowledge about atomic energy and they did not fully appreciate the significance of the small amounts of plutonium produced in the N.R.X. The same lack of knowledge cannot be attributed to the officials and scientists of A.E.C.L. Somehow, and this is a crucial point, the proliferation significance of the spent-fuel, which would be clear to any nuclear physicist, was not impressed on the officials of

External Affairs before August 24, when finally the issue was raised by the president of A.E.C.L.

The documents also reveal that the Indians were shrewd negotiators. They pursued their objectives selfishly without caring for Canada's concern for future proliferation or for the deleterious impact that a loose agreement might have on the establishment of an effective international system of safeguards. The Indians had immediately observed that the Canadians were "hungry" for the deal. They were emboldened to seek greater concessions and, when they obtained them, acquired the upper hand. This set the trend for the negotiations. Whenever a difference of view appeared, the Canadians would yield to India's objections or demands. On all key issues, for instance the financing of the project above the normal Colombo Plan appropriation and the safeguards issue, the Canadians compromised. As for the access of foreign scientists to the site, they obtained an impractical clause whose implementation could not be enforced. The Canadians certainly did not examine whether they had any alternatives to signing an increasingly unsatisfactory agreement.

Ultimately, to close the deal, the Canadians accepted that the text of the agreement be silent on safeguards and that matter be passed once the agency had been created, in spite of the fact that there was no guarantee, and perhaps no real hope, that Indian would be more cooperative with the agency than it had been with Canada. The Indians had obtained the "gift horse", the "gold-filled teeth and their replacements".

Perhaps they were intoxicated by the mirage of a "special relationship" with India. Maybe the "special relationship" had never existed, or only so far as it espoused national self-interest. In the context of the C.I.R., the relationship was exploited by both parties to achieve basic foreign policy objectives. India came out a winner. Canada obtained no more than a foothold in the international nuclear market and the dubious prestige, difficult to quantify at any time, of being a generous and cooperative country. In the final analysis, the two countries cooperated on a basis of business rather than on mutual trust and friendship. The 1974 explosion underlined how fragile both trust and friendship are in international affairs. India has military pretensions and regional ambitions. Its interests are global and centred on the United States, the Soviet Union and China. Canada, after all, is a middle power.

Iris Lonergan based her article on the subject of her M.A. thesis at Carleton University. She currently resides in Brasilia where she is a Consular Officer at our Embassy.

The Difference Between New York and Washington?

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*, was published by Hounslow Press in October. See our review on page 40.)

Around this time of year my thoughts often go back more than a quarter century to an odd little episode that took place just after I arrived in Mexico City to take up the post of First Secretary at our Embassy. In retrospect, it turned out to be unique in my three-decade foreign service career.

In 1955 I had been working as the United States desk officer. When I was offered the post in Mexico, and after talking it over with Crenia, I eagerly accepted and began studying Spanish for the first time. In addition, I began reading about Mexico. For the most part, this country's history and international relations seemed to be inextricably intertwined with her huge neighbour to the North.

As I read on, I soon became appalled to read about Mexico's tortuous relations with the United States, exacerbated by the American conquest over the years of such prime real estate as California, Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. But even more appalling was what I read about the behaviour of American petroleum and mining corporations and their buccaneering personnel in Mexico. I was reading American, not Mexican, histories, and they conveyed a caricature of the worst features of nineteenth-century big-stick imperialism.

Mexico is quintessentially a *mestizo* (mixed race) country; the bulk of its population combines Aztec, other Indian, and Spanish blood, with negro admixtures in certain areas. There is a small minority of whites. Prejudice about race and colour seem all the more intolerable in the Mexican *mestizo* setting. Mexican hypersensitivities to, and resentment of, everything American pervaded the works that I read. And they seemed hardly less pervasive when my family and I arrived in Mexico City in September of 1955.

The American Embassy in Mexico is one of the United States' largest, and I assumed that its staff would have been selected for their understanding of, and sensitivity to, Mexican complexes about colour and race as well as Mexico's manifold concern about relations with its dominant neighbour. Indeed, on perusing the American Embassy's personnel list in the local diplomatic handbook, I noted that the Labour Attaché was Ben Stephansky; I had read that Mexican authorities esteemed him greatly for his sensitive handling of the complex *bracero* (wetback) illegal immigration problem, as divisive then as it is now. The revered ex-president, Lazaro Cardenas, had said that Ben had a better understanding of the problem and its impact on Mexican-United States relations than anyone in Mexico.

And I was delighted to see in the diplomatic list that my opposite number in the U.S. Embassy was Bill Snow. Bill had been Canadian desk officer in the State Department while I was U.S. desk officer in Ottawa and, although we had never met, we knew of each other by remote control. External would get telegrams from our embassy in Washington saying, "Snow on the Canadian desk told us today that..." and the State Department undoubtedly received telegrams from its embassy in Ottawa referring occasionally to me as the source of some information.

Very quickly after arrival in Mexico City, I arranged to have a chat with Hugh Morgan, the number two at the British Embassy. I also fixed an appointment with Bill Snow for early the next afternoon.

Snow couldn't have been more friendly and helpful when I called on him. He gave me a run-down for nearly two hours on the important subjects and personalities of the day, and he then took me around his embassy to meet section chiefs who, he promised, would give me any help I might wish after settling in.

It was getting to be around four o'clock and I indicated, after profuse thanks for his helpfulness, that it was time for me to break away. But Bill insisted that I take a few more moments to meet his Ambassador, Francis White; he was, Bill had said, a political appointee of President Eisenhower's and, by profession, a Maryland banker.

Bill took me into the Ambassador's office and introduced me. The Ambassador opened the conversation by asking the usual question of a newcomer: where I had served prior to coming to Mexico. When I replied that I had just arrived from Ottawa, where I had been serving on the United States desk, he asked whether I had ever served at the Canadian Embassy in Washington.

To this I replied that, regrettably, I had never served in Washington and hardly knew the city at all. But, I went on to say, I had worked for many years in New York before joining External Affairs and then for several more years in New York at our Consulate General and at our Permanent Mission to the United Nations.

"Oh you must know New York well, then," said the Ambassador. "Do you know what we in Maryland say is the difference between Washington and New York?"

Sensing that I should play the "straight man" for a joke, I said: "No, Mr. Ambassador, what do people in Maryland say is the difference between Washington and New York?"

"Well," the Ambassador replied, "Up in Maryland we say that in Washington you get pushed around by the niggers and in New York you get pushed around by the Jews."

I shall never forget the look on Bill Snow's face as he blanched and froze. In a grim voice, hardly audible, he told the Ambassador that he had already taken too much of his time and that he knew I had to go to another appointment. We quickly left the room.

Nearly speechless on our way to the elevators, I thanked Bill for the useful briefing he had given me and how interesting it was that — after being opposite numbers for many months in Ottawa and Washington — we had finally met in Mexico City.

But I thought it the path of wisdom *not* to mention to Bill that I indeed was in a hurry to get to my next appointment — to meet my family for dinner before sundown and then go on, for the first time in Mexico, to take part in the Kol Nidre services, which begin Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement.

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



Richard Belliveau

A Funny Thing Happened...

by Robert Burchill

I knew it would not be an easy trip. The Amazon I set out to visit was very different from what it is today. Then no highways pierced its close. Then no mobs attacked it with flame throwers and diesel power. Nature, alone, ruled a vast mysterious realm where heat, humidity and disease sapped the strength and crushed the will of those who sought its change. Still, a Trade Commissioner's got to do what a Trade Commissioner's got to do, and I found, somewhat paradoxically, that I was being carried into the heart of this particular darkness, not in a litter or a dugout, but in a Caravelle jet, complete with in-flight movie. Imagine my surprise when the feature presentation turned out to be the National Film Board's "Trans Canada Journey" and my strongest impressions on entry into the

Amazon turned on Nova Scotia fish and Saskatchewan wheat, and other clichés of Canadiana. Well, perhaps not quite the strongest.

When I travel, and particularly when I travel to outposts of foreign language civilization, I make sure I have some light reading with me for solace in the lonely hours. On this trip it was a novel, the latest enthusiasm from North America. Unfortunately, I left it on the seat during a brief absence and found, on my return, that someone had relieved me of it. So on my arrival in Manaus that Saturday evening, I too had the beginnings of a sense of personal siege.

I don't know what wakened me at four o'clock the next morning, but whatever it was, it did a good job. After a few futile attempts at resumed sleep, I had to acknowledge that I was awake, period! The diversions offered

in the room were limited. I tried reviewing the notes I had prepared for my visit, but found I could almost recite them from memory. The only other reading material with me was the *Canadian Trade Index*. Now, I don't know about others, but I find that I can only read the *Trade Index* so many times before, quite frankly, it begins to pall. It was a relief, therefore, when light began to gather outside, and I could prepare to sally forth and experience the city at first-hand.

Manaus at that time was a city in the thrall of melancholy reflection. An aging opera house reminded of the days when rubber was king and everyone sent their laundry over to Europe. But the good times by and large had gone, and Manaus while generally down at the heels was the epitome of sobriety and restraint. On a Sunday, it was positively petrified.



bolted away screaming in apparent asinine terror. There was also a three-legged dog that tracked me for some time at a furtive distance.

Suddenly, a distant bell began to toll and I thought, "Now it will happen. The doors and windows will open, gaily decked people will parade to church and later gather on the greensward to gossip and engage in harmless games of skill and chance." If that bell tolled for the living, none within my ken responded. The town remained as still as ever and I shuffled back to the hotel, which too seemed vacant.

A gaiola (birdcage), favourite means of transport on the Amazon and a familiar sight.



Amazon basin-jute.

I walked through deserted streets and stared at great wooden shutters that covered every window and doorway. This town was closed, *fechado!!!* The sun and humidity rose in equal measure. Heat began to radiate off the cobblestones and cement walls, and to converge on anything that moved, which principally was me. I recall coming upon a time-worn donkey that first froze at my appearance and later

I had one contact in Manaus, the manager of a foreign bank, with whom I had had one brief, formal exchange of correspondence pertaining to my visit. By noon I felt I could, without undue presumption, phone him on the pretext of "program consultation". He might welcome me to his home, seek news of the outside world, and insist that I fill the gap at dinner so lately caused by an ailing

guest. The actual reception was more like that of the medieval mayor on learning that a plague carrier was approaching the village square. With the least grace I was directed to present myself at the rear of the bank, over which he lived, at three o'clock that afternoon. I spent some of the intervening period playing mental games based on philosophical models of trees falling in forests. If no one sees you, do you exist? A gloomy train of thought.

The streets were still deserted when I set out, but by now the sun had burned away every cloud in the sky and every earthly mist so its rays smashed down in full, crashing fury. I remember that when I first encountered the tropical sun, I felt betrayed. I had expected heat. I knew heat. Blast furnaces, forest fires — that was heat. But no one had explained that the tropical sun falls like a million hammers, slowly driving you into the earth. Being on the equator and close to sea level, the sun in Manaus was a doozer. By the time I reached the bank, both my spirits and a few litres of perspiration were in my boots.

I walked down the alley beside the bank and into a small, concrete courtyard at the back. The whitewashed walls caught the sunlight and hurled it around in a blinding frenzy. The only slight relief was an open stairway that spiralled up to the floor above and on which two very streetwise tomcats were engaged in some sinuous, malevolent play.

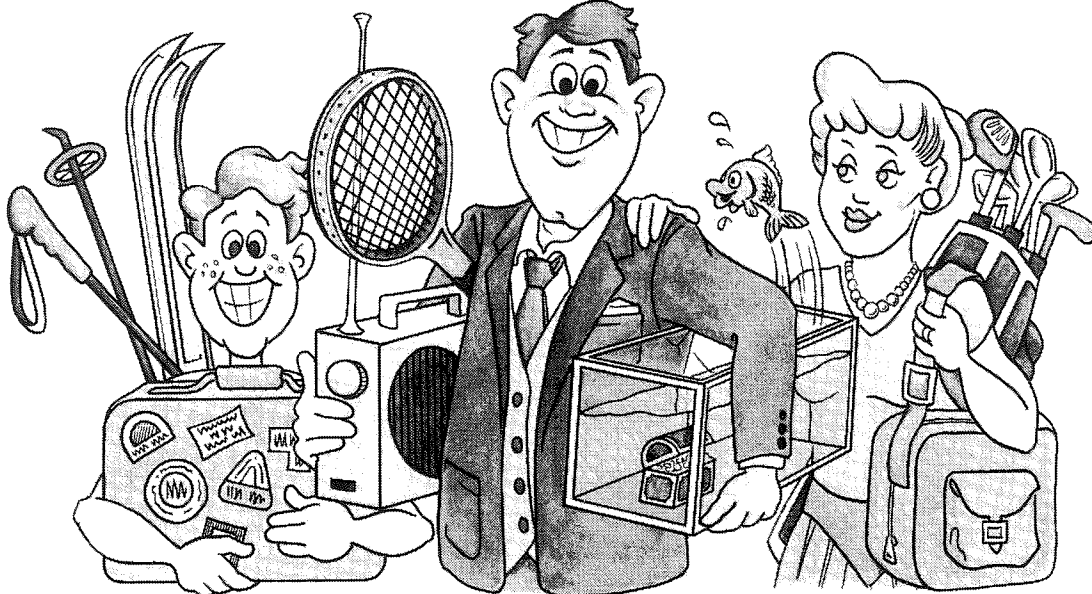
I rang the bell beside me and waited in the stifling heat. Finally, a window above me was flung open and a head appeared. No "Hello", no "Come on up and have a cold beer". Just "Stay there. I'll be down".

I sat on a cement ledge, partly to forestall fainting and partly to reflect better on what madness had brought me into the situation in the first place. Suddenly I felt a small shower of raindrops. RAINDROPS? Like hell!!! I looked up at the cloudless sky and gazed around in puzzlement. And then I saw one of the tomcats poised on the stairway above me. And it was grinning.

Later, everything was fine. The manager turned out to be a gruff, but kindly Scot, my business contacts were friendly and the trip turned out to be a great success. But that time beneath those stairs remains the moment of greatest despair in my whole career notwithstanding automatic rifles jammed in my face, being guest of honour at a St. Andrew's dinner and spending two days with a particular minister of the Crown....

Robert Burchill has had postings in Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Kingston, Chicago, and as Consul General in Sydney. He is currently Director General, Agri-Food, Fish and Resource Products at EAITC.

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Susan Macartney

Coming, Looking and Going in the Darien Gap

by Laurel Pardy

One of the periodic pleasures of being the spouse of a member of the foreign service is the opportunity to visit out-of-the-way places. Without question, the tiny native settlement of Arimae in the southern region of the Darien province of Panama is out of the way. Arriving by road requires the simultaneous cooperation of the weather, the roads and the off-road vehicle; not to mention one's kidneys. This is the Darien Gap, a terrain so formidable that linking the southern and northern legs of the PanAmerican Highway has been impossible, because of the jungle which is so dense that routing out guerillas and narco-traffickers has proven impossible.

The most direct route is one hour by small plane to La Palma at the mouth of the

Rio Sabanas; a long hour by outboard river canoe to Santa Fe; and then a half hour by jeep to Arimae. What from the air looks like tropical forest turns out to be jungle swamp with a few patches of solid ground supporting isolated huts and, rarely, villages of a dozen or fewer homes.

Travelling, fishing, transporting supplies, and visiting are all done by dugout canoe. By the time the family, their goods, dogs and any stray passengers are loaded aboard, there might be only three inches of free board left. Needless to say, *everyone* sits very quietly as papa paddles along....

Being important guests, we were transported in a larger dugout canoe, with extended sideboards and outboard motor, which certainly made it safer to cross the wide river mouth. Even so, any shifting to relieve

cramped muscles provoked alarming rocking and increased the opportunities to be soaked by the bow wave. The impressiveness of one's arrival is determined by how elegantly one can clamber over the bow of the boat and scramble up the steep muddy bank without being covered in ooze and muck. The added obstacles of intervening canoes, slippery concrete slabs and helping hands only enhance the challenge.

Arimae is a ten-hut village with a school room, a street light (but no streets) by the soccer field, and a canteen-cum-store which sells matches, oil, salt, and a few other basics. The electric generator is cranked-up for soccer games and town meetings. Even in this elevated area, after two days without rain, the ground is saturated with water; so much water and yet scarcely drinkable, that aqueducts and sanitation are top priorities. Homes are built in the traditional way on stilts with open sides and thatch roofs. Hammocks and the occasional handhewn table are the only furniture. Ancient school desks in the roofed meeting place are reserved for chiefs and male guests.

The purpose of our visit to Panama was to hand over a variety of Canada Fund cheques. Arimae was receiving a "chicken cheque"; a small sum which would buy hens and a rooster, build a coop and provide some instruction in poultry production. It is traditional for the women to have scratch hens about the village and the ones we saw looked fat and succulent from feeding on the grains of rice that fall to the ground from the husking mortar. However, the need for increased protein in their diet was apparent in the red hair and pot bellies among the toddlers.

As usual, it was the people that made the day and provided the most entertainment. Just about the time I was thinking, and not for the first time, that the concept of "noble savage" was a load of fertilizer, I met two people.

Very wisely, the village had not made any arrangements in honour of the occasion as it would have been unseemly to second guess the fates by assuming that we would actually arrive. It seemed that the Bishop, who was to accept aqueduct cheques, had the same feeling as he went to a different village in the other direction whence it would take over an hour to fetch him. So, leaving the men to socialize as they waited for someone to find the village *jefe* and collect everyone for the ceremony, I went for a look-about.

The first person I approached was a lone woman pounding rice with a double-ended pestle in a wooden waist-high mortar. I hefted the pestle which weighed several kilos and admired the dexterity with which she removed the husk and avoided breaking the grains. We each agreed that children

were a worry to raise, housework was never done and husbands were always hungry. Then she asked a few pertinent questions of her own; who was I (unimpressed), why was I there (pointed to the fat hens about her feet), how long was I staying (relieved that I wouldn't have to be fed with one of her hens). Throughout the conversation she never missed a stroke with the pestle nor lost a grain of rice to the mooching hens; a lady with her priorities firmly in place. In an insightful twist on an old saying, she summed it all up by commenting, "You're coming and looking and going."

The second person was the village chief. Under pressure from the boatman, who foretold dire consequences if we missed the tide, and the Ambassador who paced about consulting his watch, it had been decided to proceed with the ceremony without the chief. Naturally, ten minutes into the speeches, he arrived.

Barefoot, sweaty from the fields, with raggedy pants and torn T-shirt he could give lessons in aplomb and grace to any seasoned diplomat. Without a twitch or stammer, he greeted the crowd, unhurriedly shook hands in order of protocol, welcomed the guests and granted permission to proceed with the ceremony.

When the Bishop arrived another ten minutes later, and expressed some confusion over "our" chicken project as he was also discussing a chicken project for the village, the chief pointed out that, as chief, his responsibility was to get chicken into the stomachs of his village. He has chosen the Canada Fund (through INCADI, a Panamanian NGO) as the most direct, and the fastest, method of achieving this goal. During the resulting period of discussion and clarification, the chief stood quietly with the cheque firmly in hand, a gentleman with his priorities also firmly in place, and a striking symbol of the new reality in developmental assistance. A reality in which the recipient firstly expresses choice, and secondly, appreciation.

A chicken cheque will not save the world, but if among all the coming and looking and going, some learning also takes place, there will be more chicken in the pots and fewer pots on the children!

(For those readers who may spy a potential for conflict between the regional development interests of the church and a local NGO, that is not the case. Neither the Bishop nor the NGO were distressed and immediately set about deciding how to coordinate their efforts better on this and other projects.)

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

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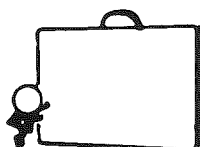
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Pierre Elliott Trudeau

Stanford University
January 30, 1990

On January 30, 1990, the Right Honourable Pierre Elliott Trudeau was awarded the Jackson H. Ralston Prize in International Law at Stanford University Law School. The prize is awarded for original and distinguished contributions to the development of the role of law in international relations and the establishment of international peace and justice. On this occasion, the former Prime Minister delivered a lecture, excerpts from which are published below.

(In the opening portions of this lecture, Mr. Trudeau laments the apparent hypocrisy of recent administrations in the United States in its practice of international power politics and diplomacy, and refers frequently to the W.B. Yeats' poem, "The Second Coming." He notes that Mikhail Gorbachev, ironically, has become the world leader who is subordinating class interests to human interests and setting the agenda for the next century. He cites the expressions of faith in the free market economy that have been made recently by leaders in Communist and former-Communist countries, including China.)

I feel there is something quite touching about the abiding faith in the market system shown by all those reformers who are trying to free themselves from the dead hand of central planning. Yet I cannot help wondering how many of them realize that even in the best of circumstances our so-called free markets are not always free. And that even though the market has proved to be the main condition for the efficient production and accumulation of the wealth of nations,

it can hardly be claimed that its purpose and effect are to ensure that the distribution of that wealth is either fair or just. Nor can it be held that in our market societies the efficient production of goods and services will guarantee people's health or the preservation of their environment. Or that the slogan "Let the consumer decide" produces beneficial choices in those who are manipulated by advertising and conditioned by a society dedicated to acquisitiveness. For example, a few decades ago, the dream of America was that of a reduced work week and increased pleasure, but in spite of computers and robots it's estimated that over the past fifteen years leisure time for the average American family has fallen by 30 per cent.

*The law of supply
and demand is not
an objective law like
the law of gravity
found in nature.*

It should be obvious to us by now that if the centrally planned economies have failed for having made too little use of the market, our Western capitalist societies are failing because of their too great a reliance on the market. The law of supply and demand is not an objective law like the law of gravity found in nature. It's a law the operation of which is based on subjective variables such as human decisions and feelings.

Without a social contract whereby people direct their governments to define the conditions and limits of production, distribution, and consumption, the market will simply turn out more of everything desired by those wielding some form of power. More arms for the military, more profits for business,

more goods and services for the consumer: to each according to his rank.

The market is not equipped to consider and report that, as by-products, it also produces more misery for the underclasses, more health hazards for the community, more drugs and crime for the cities, more CO₂ for the greenhouse effect, more depletion of the ozone layer, more destruction of rain forests and loss of genetic-varieties. In some cases, costs can be internalized and be reflected in market decisions, but competition will prevent this from happening unless there is regulation by public authorities. Competition of the marketplace will also prevent newly empowered business elites from producing a fairer set of rules: for instance, entrepreneurship in the hands of women or of new minority groups seems incapable of moving values other than the sacrosanct bottom line.

As Thomas More predicted four centuries ago in a book that we well know, "When I consider ... all these common wealths ... I can perceive nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name and title of the common wealth."

What is to be done? We are living in an age where the only constant factor is rapid change. The question is: can we harness change in order that our human societies now and in the future will be equitably governed? That is to say, so that every human being will be enabled to fulfill himself or herself to the utmost. In other words, can mankind develop the self-control and sense of fairness that would permit reason and justice to govern the earth? Or must we forever lament with Emerson that "things are in the saddle and ride mankind?"

To answer such questions, one would have to examine the role of ideologies in the governance of civil societies and that cannot be my purpose here and now. Suffice it to say that I have yet to be convinced by those who claim that the world is moving toward a convergence between socialism and

capitalism and I strongly disagree that we are witnessing the end of history in the form of "the universalization of Western liberal democracy as the final form of human government."

Even though I claim to be a liberal in the 20th century meaning of the word, it will be obvious from my earlier remarks that I believe that liberal democracies have a long way to go before they can claim to be victorious in many crucial areas, from arms control to controlling CO₂ emissions.

Indeed, if ideas are the stuff of which history is made, governments in the Western world seem singularly unprepared to shape their own destinies.

*I have yet to be
convinced by those
who claim that the
world is moving
toward a convergence
between socialism
and capitalism*

In the field of disarmament, Gorbachev has dominated the negotiations by basing defence on the concept of sufficiency, an idea which had been around a long time in the West but which had been rejected earlier by NATO with its mind-set on flexible response and possible first use of nuclear weapons.

In terms of East-West relations, the Soviets have set their former satellites free, whereas the United States — in utter contempt for the international law of nations — continues to determine which governments have its leave to stay in office in the Western hemisphere and elsewhere in the world. Events in Central America seem to demonstrate fairly clearly that "containment of communism" was only a gambit in the policy of empire. In the defence of its rationale for containment, the State Department has now returned to the justification it had been using in Latin America since the turn of the century: the punishment of bad guys, in this case, the drug barons.

In terms of diplomacy, the Soviet group of countries are busily establishing commercial and diplomatic relations with Asian countries. North America looks helplessly at events in Eastern Europe, while the governments of the European Community debate whether upheavals in the East should cause

the speeding up or the slowing down of European integration.

On the economic front in the West, the private sector rather than the government continues to determine the pace and direction of change. In the European Community, big business has taken the lead in the march toward integration by 1992, just as in the Canada-USA Trade Accord (sic) it was big business that decided what was good for the people of Canada. As things now stand, it is also big business who will decide whether competitive forces will oblige the Canadian government to trim down its social legislation. On that score, I must say that the European countries at least envisioned some structures to protect their people and their social welfare legislation. You will know Jacques Delors' social charter.

More important still, market economies have yet to make a choice between: (a) untrammelled economic growth of the kind that had prevailed until now; (b) sustainable growth as advocated by the Brundtland Commission; or (c) rejection of the entire growth mystique as advocated by Ivan Illich and Wolfgang Sachs.

If our democracies are enlightened enough to go for choices (b) or (c), the art of government will entail a different kind of planning than that presently practised on the people's behalf by transnational corporations. It will certainly necessitate a return to a more regulated economy where the public interest would have priority over private profit. Thus, true equality of opportunity for all, regardless of the condition of their birth or the size of their bank account, might some day become the goal of life in civilized societies.

So the contest between political systems, not ideologies, is bound to continue.

On the one hand, capitalist countries are still far from having resolved their internal contradictions; and if this be true in the United States of America, it is even more so in the Koreas, the Brazils, the Chiles, and the South Africas of this world.

On the other hand, the centrally-planned economies, having at last discovered that progress is no longer possible under totalitarian state planning, must ponder their choices. No doubt some of them will opt for Western-style democracies with free markets; but others will certainly strive to preserve the egalitarian aspirations of collectivism, reconciling the virtues of a freer market with some form of democratic planning.

So there is hope that we will continue to live in a pluralistic world for a while yet. And we will continue to struggle with problems raised by Plato and Aristotle, by Rousseau and Locke: how can individuals remain free, yet be restrained by the State?

How can the exercise of liberty lead to a society of equals?

Yet many dangers will continue to lurk. Horizontal and vertical nuclear proliferation, though presently subdued, has not ceased. Ecological threats continue to grow relentlessly. The Third World is a cauldron, more ready than ever to boil over now that official development assistance is being redirected from there to Eastern Europe. And no exorcist has yet appeared to protect political stability, East or West, North or South, from the demons of tribalism forever in search of an ideological or spiritual void.

*The Third World is
a cauldron, more
ready than ever to
boil over now that
official development
assistance is being
redirected from there
to Eastern Europe.*

Only if statecraft and public law are diligent in the constant reshaping of social contracts to the rapidly changing times will our crowded world feel secure from the terrible vision of Yeats. Now I read you the end of his poem.

*The Second Coming! Hardly are these
words out
when a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight; somewhere in sands
of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of a stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking
cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come
round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?*

A Tale of Two Canadians

by Carol N. Markham

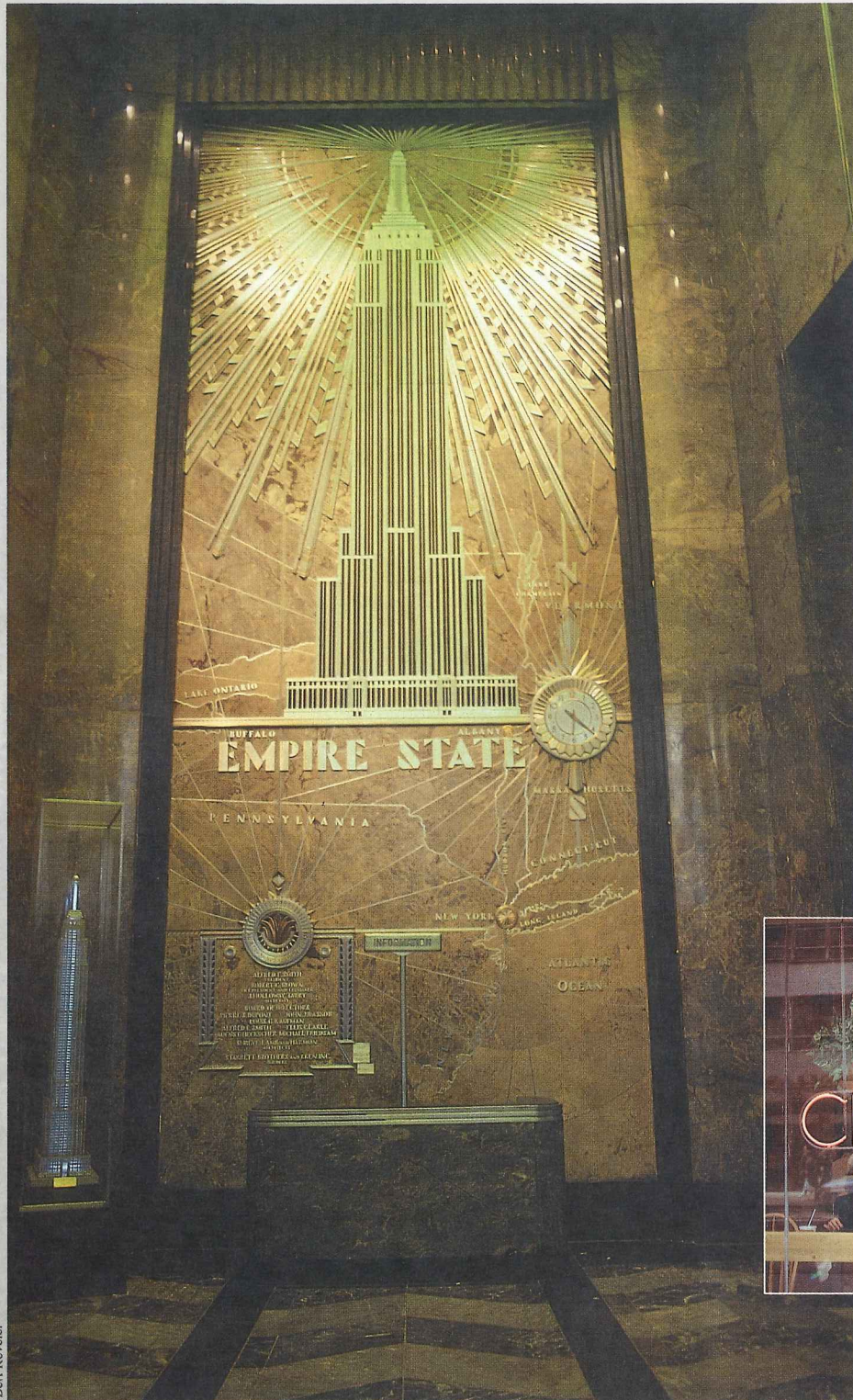
The odds of winning LOTO/649 surely must be lower by far than the odds of Personnel effecting such perfect posting symmetry in the normal course of business. Two well-known Canadian authors (spouses at that) landing at our two major missions in the USA at roughly the same time: one to New York, the other to Washington; one the spouse of a political appointee, the other the spouse of a career bureaucrat/diplomat. What a wonderful, wacky, serendipitous turn of the screw, with the political appointee going to the United Nations in New York, the apogee of diplomacy, and the bureaucrat/diplomat going to Washington, the pinnacle of power.

How wonderful that both authors chose to write about their experiences, as wildly diverse as they would be in such disparate centres of the American melting pot. I refer to *"This is New York, Honey!"* by Michele Landsberg, and *Washington Rollercoaster* by Sondra Gotlieb. The titles themselves epitomize the flagrant differences.

Landsberg writes about New York, a city where anybody with enough daring, talent and chutzpah can make it if they try hard enough and long enough. For many it is the true capital of the USA. It is a city of multinational corporate headquarters and multistoried buildings (PanAm Building, Chrysler Building, Empire State Building); of art and culture (Metropolitan Museum of Art, Museum of Modern Art, Lincoln Centre, Carnegie Hall); of crime and passion (Mafia, Triads, 42nd Street, Times Square); and of rampant seven-day-a-week consumerism and gastronomic delights (Saks, Tiffanys, Bloomingdales, Macys, Lutece, pretzel vendors).

I was predisposed to dislike Landsberg's book. Her *Globe and Mail* column had prepared me for a narrow perspective, with little

Fredericka Gregory



Faces and fast food places.

The lobby of the Empire State Building

Bert Reveller

sympathy or willingness to understand the foreign service. I was wrong in my predisposition. While her book contains earlier *Globe and Mail* columns on New York, she builds on them. She reveals a hesitant Canadian, initially not particularly inclined to like New York but, discovering a fascinating city, and showing a wonderfully exploring eye. She learns the whereabouts of places of personal interest and the ways of the city, revealing a warm and humanistic spirit. The city of "wilding" teenagers has a humanizing effect which transforms her perspective. She is liberated into a technicolour world from the mundane straightjacket of being the grey Canadian from Toronto.

*Landsberg is liberated
into a technicolour
world from the
mundane straightjacket
of being the
grey Canadian from
Toronto.*

She examines New York mores and provides a fascinating travelogue both for those familiar with the city, and those visiting it for the first time. As she says, "What I couldn't know until I lived there was that walking the streets, the simplest and most mundane of all activities, could be intoxicating and addictive and one of the things I would love the most. The streets of New York are superabundant with life, colour, action, and anecdote; they're like a river of stories you can dip into and out of for as much humour, poignancy, or drama as your soul requires at the moment." Perhaps it is this contrast which creates the difference, because "writing is a solitary task. To plunge from my silent, eight-by-nine foot writing cupboard into this tidal surge of the streets was like an instant charge of electricity."

The city does surge; there is an electric charge in the very air one inhales with every intoxicating breath! It is a walker's city — the only way to feel its pulse, smell its smells, see its sights and the millions of people with millions of stories. Landsberg is seduced by the Big Apple. She enjoys its small, liveable neighbourhoods; the vitality of its inhabitants; and, unlike Toronto, the ability to be openly Jewish in a polyglot and, on the surface, egalitarian city. While she revels in the multicultural city where every race and



Fredericka Gregory

Ready to rap in Brooklyn.

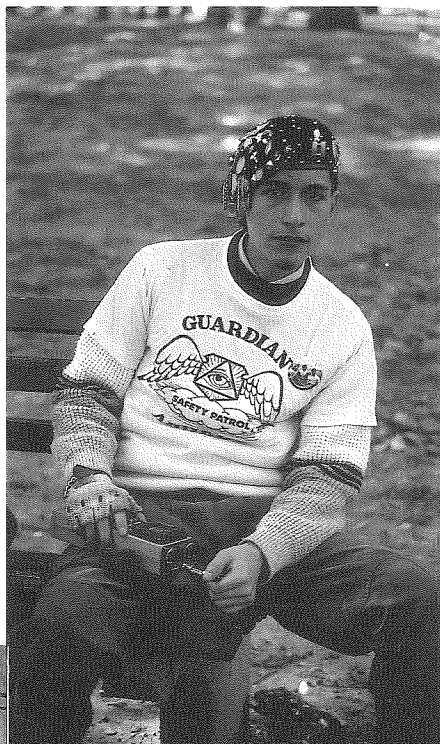
culture has its day, she is also horrified by the corruption of its politics, with the obvious impact on services, education, and race, and by the evident extremes of dire poverty and ultra wealth.

She devotes several chapters to this duality. She refers to Tom Wolfe's book about the same concern, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*; or what Jane Jacobs had earlier termed a time of "cataclysmic money" which gushes suddenly in such a huge geyser that it overturns society's value system, stable patterns of employment and housing, thereby creating an uncontrollable upheaval. As she says, "to live in that bubble of wealth, that fragile shimmer of ease and safety surrounding the very rich in New York, is entrancing: you waft on the heady currents of flattery, power, sensual ease, service. But the price you pay ... is that thrill of pure icy horror along your veins when, every now and then, you sniff the cold, cloacal breath of menace gusting at you from the dark swamp..." She contends that rarely has a class of obscenely wealthy robber barons flaunted its riches so blithely under the very noses of the deprived and the hopeless — and this in the heart of a culture that constantly proclaims its classlessness, opportunity, and democratic values.

She observes "Black New York", and appears to be surprised by its reality. One

can only assume that she has spent little time living outside Toronto. Black America, black Nova Scotia, the indigenous West, and oriental British Columbia would probably be equally foreign to her. She appears to adopt Tom Wolfe's greatest fear of rich white America being a lurking terror of its black people. On arrival in New York she writes about having "to try hard not to be nervous of some people just because of their skin colour..." She cannot forget and is fascinated by this racial tension, and the divisiveness which occur in daily encounters. As a newcomer to the city, she first sees it as integrated: black faces as part of the visible mosaic. "Only slowly did I learn ... that there is a huge gulf dividing the classes ... the upwardly mobile black population which blends seamlessly into white New York ... and the black poor; their race noticeable only because their poverty has made them into a menacing underclass." I would suggest that the poor latino, asian, indigenous and white populations form an equally menacing underclass.

In spite of the incipient menace posed by living in New York, there are glorious compensations such as art, music, and literature. Added to this is the sheer unexpectedness of the cultural ambitions of seemingly ordinary individuals: "In the local cigar store, I bumped into the butcher, a man with an



Fredericka Gregory

are we afforded any glimpse into the world of international diplomacy viewed from the perspective of the wife of an ambassador.

Sondra Gotlieb's book, on the other hand, goes right to the heart of the issue: being a writer and the spouse of a diplomat. On the first page she appears to deprecate her role as "Washington's twinkling hostess" as she was referred to by *Vanity Fair*. We know that the Gotliebs (like the Ostrys, the Kirkwoods, and the Enders) were famous in Ottawa for their gracious and exuberant entertaining in a city not known for glamour or graciousness. But Gotlieb's real lament is that she never grew up wanting to be a "wife of ..." or a hostess. Indeed, before the posting to Washington, she had managed to have a successful career as writer, journalist, and

On patrol in Spanish Harlem.



Fredericka Gregory

Stars and stripes in TRIBECA.

untidy grey moustache and a plump aproned belly, reading art magazines on his coffee break. Eagerly, he told me of his plans to create a book of food photography as art: his eyes glistened with pictures of perfect pork roulades. A bleached-blond real-estate agent confided that she was researching a book on the history of European witches; a taxi-driver played me a tape of his own jazz saxophone compositions."

It is Landsberg's position as the wife of an Ambassador to the United Nations that wins her entree, initially at least, to the milieu she seeks. There is no reference to the social responsibilities which inevitably must have come her way as the result of her husband's political appointment. Neither

novelist. However, as the spouse of a diplomat, and particularly of an Ambassador, her function was to be a hostess. This obviously rankled.

Gotlieb believed the pressure exerted on a bureaucrat's spouse was intense. This convinced her early on that her commentary on politicians or their policies would adversely affect her spouse's career. His reputation for being an objective public servant would be destroyed because she would be considered his "mouthpiece". This forms the basis for the bad feelings between her and Michele Landsberg. Indeed, she censures Landsberg: "The unwritten rule about wives (sic) of top officials who write about politics did not seem to apply to the wife of Canada's

ambassador to the United Nations, Michele Landsberg, who was to write a controversial column for the *Globe and Mail* during her husband's term of office. However, a politician who reads something unpleasant about himself written by a public servant or his wife (sic) would certainly remember. The husband (sic) should be prepared to slither about in the slow lane of his public-service career." (Landsberg later retaliated when reviewing Gotlieb's book on television, and was noticeably negative.)

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Nevertheless, this is a fascinating book for many reasons, one of which is the glimpse it gives of a strong marriage and successful partnership between two individuals who succeed brilliantly. Gotlieb relates her progress from the obscurity of a childhood in Winnipeg where "my mother believed that inviting strangers for dinner was 'pushy', especially if they came from a headier social scale than her own". It provides tantalizing glimpses of the hard work and behind-the-scenes effort in becoming a successful 'Hostess': not simply entertaining but, *Entertaining the Power Jobs* to gain influence or an entree to "take" a meeting. This difference is something which all diplomats presumably would like to know. This is a skill which External Affairs admires but fails to develop in its new recruits or their spouses, trusting that people can learn this on the job. Indeed, officers used to be evaluated on the quality of their spouse's entertainment; now it is euphemistically on the basis of the "officer's" entertainment.

According to *Vanity Fair*, the standard by which entertainment is judged is largely in the guest list: "The Canadian Embassy in Washington is the only social hot spot on Embassy Row. Those who wouldn't be caught dead at an embassy affair will always go to the Gotliebs' certain of meeting someone

they know or need to know." Having an exciting and interesting mix of guests has always been true. But how does one accomplish this? Gotlieb's answer is that the event must be interesting, enjoyable, well-planned and presented, gracious, and tasteful. It need not be necessarily sophisticated, although this helps, nor needlessly extravagant. However, it should be elegant, even if simple. This introduces the perennial battle still waged between External Affairs and Treasury Board. Entertainment allowances are based on some nameless bureaucrat's perception of what constitutes an appropriate level or style of official entertaining. Gotlieb makes her point on style early. She knows the differences between a good meal and a bad one from her restaurant reviewing days, and how not to give the kinds of deadly diplomatic parties with only diplomats present.

According to Gotlieb, appropriate guests include artists, writers, journalists, top businessmen, politicians and government officials. They should not include what she terms "‘embassy rats’ — rich idle people who only ask ambassadors to parties in order to be asked back to the embassy. These people have little or nothing to do with foreign relations or helping the ambassador's country."

Why is entertainment important? Well, she defers to Jane Austen who defended her novels by stating, "Everything happens at parties." Gotlieb then proceeds to prove the validity of this statement. She makes it clear that while being the unpaid manager of a "small hotel" and chief orchestrator of the "froth and shadow of important events", she was helping her husband to "put Canada on the map" of power city. She devotes several chapters to various brunches, luncheons and dinners at which the power jobs on the rise and on the fall of the rollercoaster ride (including the Gotliebs) are revealed through the shifting and reshifting groups and conversations.

Her book also gives a fascinating view, particularly during the Reagan years, of the sands and shoals of the highly sophisticated whirl of high society in America. In a humorous, but self-deprecating manner, Gotlieb provides several anecdotes of this difference in life-style between Ottawa and Washington. Just trying to decide what to wear is a problem. "We'd dress up or down, depending on the event. It was always a puzzle to know what to wear ... Sometimes the men were wearing ties and blazers, and the women Oscar de la Renta suits. Sometimes the men left their ties at home, and the women wore Yves St. Laurent slacks and triple-ply cashmere sweaters, made in Scotland, not Hong Kong. Inevitably I wore a suit to the slacks

affair and a sweater to the Oscar de la Renta suit brunch."

Even getting people to come to dinner is difficult unless you have the right list. "In Washington you are known by your job, or your access to Important Jobs, and people come for dinner to gather information, arrange a meeting or lobby for their interests." When they do come, they do not like to waste time. "Everybody in Washington gets up early and many go out for dinner almost every night. This means they hate sitting too long at the table. A separate course for salad was a thing they dreaded like the middle seat in an airplane...." Alcohol also posed difficulties since many either did not drink or pretended not to by taking only colourless beverages. Even at dinner, while wines were not refused, they were not often consumed. However, she could not ignore serving wine because she learned that important wines were necessary for important people. So far as she could discern it was the appearance that counted.

Travel to places such as Palm Beach and San Francisco reveal further, the dream-like worlds of the super-rich referred to earlier in Landsberg's book. The Gotliebs visited Palm Beach and were met by their hosts at the airport "in one of their Rolls-Royces.... Before we could go to sleep we were taken to the Bath and Tennis Club for a Moët and Chandon champagne cocktail party. Moët, I discovered, was the local drink apart from the hard stuff. In the morning we woke up in a large house coloured entirely in white — walls, upholstery, rugs, marble floors, as well as the figurines on the shelf. This was the only colour our hostess, dressed in white, liked. She was ashen-haired, with a very white face."

On another occasion in San Francisco, they attend a party given by Mrs. Getty (of the oil family) at her *Architectural Digest* home in Pacific Heights overlooking the bay, where even the flowers of the wealthy are different: "I noticed the bowls of peach-coloured roses gathered in huge bunches.





Manhattan Skyline.

Each flower was fully bloomed, yet no one flower was opened more than the one pressing next to it. It was the roses that more than any of the objets d'art in the beautiful house brought to mind Scott Fitzgerald and his famous phrase about the rich being different than you and me. This was the first but not the last time I was to see designer roses."

Being a houseguest in these large homes created problems. Aside from the question of clothes, gifts and sports (not many Canadians play polo), the inevitable matter of tipping arises: whom to tip, how much should be given, and when. However, leaving aside the trials and tribulations of being the travelling road show for Canada, the Gotliebs continued to perfect their entertainment and lobbying style in Washington. Toward the end of the book, which details events and people during their seven-year posting, Gotlieb confides that the best parties from their point of view and that of their guests were the small ones with about 14 stimulating guests. Even non-ambassadorial level diplomats should be able to apply many of her useful tenets to good advantage, whether in Washington or Timbuktu.

These two books have generated some anger and considerable debate both at External Affairs and in the public domain. In my view, they rank among the best of their genre. That is not to say that they do not



St. Patrick's Cathedral, midtown Manhattan.

have faults. For instance, I believe that both would have benefitted considerably by leaving out their final sections. The Landsberg book could have dropped the section on being "A Canadian in New York" because the entire book is written from the perspective of being a Canadian. The final chapter is a somewhat self-indulgent critique on smugness. In the Gotlieb book, the chapter on "The Ride Down the Rollercoaster...." (which begins on the morning after the "Slap Flap") could have deleted the final part about the daughter's

illness. This is a deeply personal event which has been diminished somehow by its telling. Without actually using it as an excuse for the slap she gave to the social secretary, this is the effect. Having chosen to write in the preceding chapter about the slap, she blamed it on her anxiety over the constantly changing seating plans for an ever-growing Prime Ministerial dinner, and on her too-rigorous diet. I believe she should have stopped at this explanation, because there really is no easily forgivable reason for the event. It happened, which is unfortunate. However, it cannot be undone, and Gotlieb should put it aside and go on to other more positive matters.

Notwithstanding these comments, I believe the two books provide intriguing glimpses into life in two fascinating cities: Washington and New York. This is the view through the looking-glass of the spouse's world which the employee generally never experiences.

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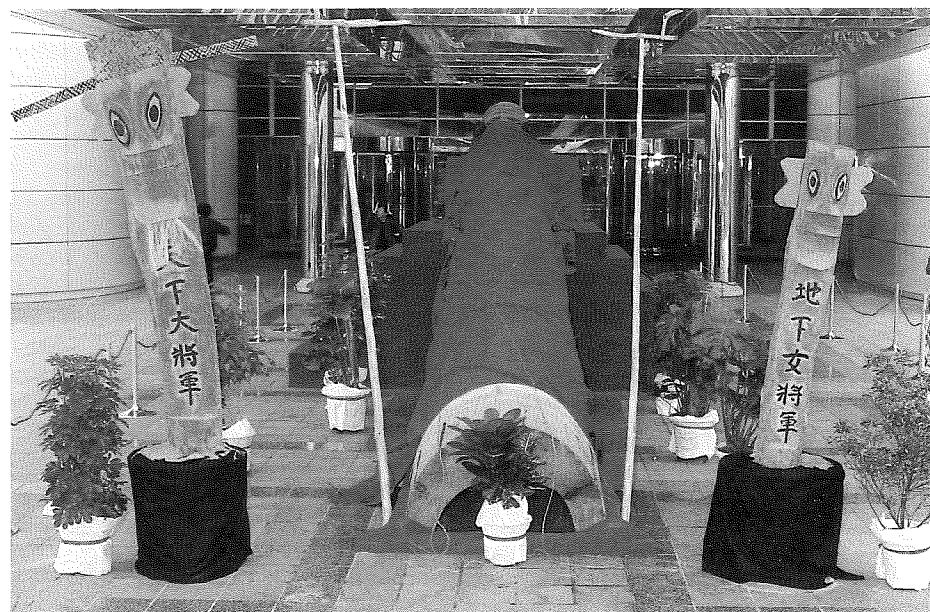
Fredericka Gregory was posted to the Canadian Mission to the UN in New York from 1984-1988. She is currently Deputy Director in Western Europe Relations Division at EAITC.

The Great Totem Pole Caper

by Hugh Stephens

Was it Murphy who said that anything that can go wrong will go wrong? If so, when he formulated his law, he must have had in mind what I will call the great "totem pole caper." We, in the foreign service, are called upon to do many unusual and unexpected things in the course of our careers, and during my 17 years in the Department I thought that I had run across quite a few of the more bizarre. But, as the totem pole episode proved, there is always one more waiting around the corner to test one's ingenuity and patience.

Why, you may ask, was the Canadian Embassy in Seoul involved with a 40-foot Haida totem pole? I can assure you that it was all in a good cause; namely, the promotion of Canada's image in Korea, and in particular, the promotion of Canadian high-tech products. In 1988, Olympic year, the Embassy mounted a series of promotional activities which it labelled "Canada Week." Special funding, the presence of Olympic athletes, and a televised "twinning" between the Seoul and Calgary towers had all made for a very successful event. In 1990 it was decided to mount a second Canada Week, albeit with a much more limited budget, built around a Canadian Products Show that was to be organized by KOTRA (Korean Trade Promotion Corporation) and the Embassy. While the Products Show was a significant event in its own right, it was not the sort of thing that would generate much media attention, particularly since it had already been preceded by much larger U.S. and European Products Shows. What we were looking for was something to distinguish our show from the others, and at the same time, get Canada's name before a large segment of the Korean public. Thus was born the idea of adding cultural events to the trade show to make a second Canada Week. And thus was born the idea of the totem pole. Seoul is rapidly becoming a fairly sophisticated city. The New York Philharmonic now includes it on its Far East circuit, and the Bolshoi has been in town, so any Canadian cultural activity either had to be world calibre or else something *really* different. A



The two Korean poles and the Canadian Haida pole, before the ceremony began.

40-foot Haida pole, accompanied by its native carver, Mr. Jim Hart, was both. Once the idea took root in the mind of an enterprising officer at headquarters, there was no stopping it. While we at the Embassy were asking a number of mundane, but necessary, questions such as how it was to be erected, and what equipment was required, the pole was loaded into a container in Vancouver and was on its way. Knowing that it was coming, regardless, somehow made it easier to deal with problems that subsequently arose. It was going to happen, and it appeared inevitable that somehow all the problems in the end would resolve themselves.

Looking back, it is not surprising about the complications that arose, given the number of players in this little drama. First of all there was KOTRA, co-sponsor of the show. To say that KOTRA was unenthusiastic about the pole would be an understatement. KOTRA clearly regarded the pole as an unnecessary complication in what should have been a routine trade show similar to those already successfully organized for the U.S. and the Europeans. While never overt, KOTRA's opposition manifested itself in a subtle variety of ways, usually by letting the Embassy unilaterally solve complications with other

sections of the Korean bureaucracy. The second major player was KOEX, the government-run exhibition hall. Then there was Korean Express, the local freight forwarders who were to handle the pole and their subcontractors, Pico, who were to install it. And there was the City of Seoul on whose land the pole was ultimately supposed to rest. On the Canadian side, there was Hillman Enterprises of Vancouver who were undertaking the operation, the Vancouver Museum, the Haida, the Embassy and of course headquarters. Add a dose of cultural indifference, mix thoroughly, and you have an idea of the dimensions of the problem.

At first, all seemed to go quite well. We decided that the pole had to be erected in front of the KOEX building where the trade show would take place. We hired a public relations consultant who developed the idea of twinning the Haida pole with similar, but smaller, Korean shamanistic poles called changseng. Both North American totems and Korean changseng appear to have similar functions in native society and may have common historic roots. To celebrate the twinning, we enlisted the services of the Korean Folk Village, an organization which I can best describe as the Upper Canada

Hugh Stephens

Village of Korea. They were willing to enact a dedication ceremony, known as "Je", and to provide musicians and dancers. The "Je" involves a ritual presentation of a pig's head, rice and fruit to the poles by village elders clad in traditional Korean costume. The dancers beat drums, gongs and cymbals and, generally, raise a ruckus to befit the spirit of the occasion. So far so good, except that Folk Village wanted to keep the Haida pole in return for its participation.

This was impossible, as we soon found out. The Haida pole, a reproduction of an original found in the village of Yan in the Queen Charlottes, had been exhibited at Yokohama the previous year. Jim Hart, working through Hillman Enterprises and the Vancouver Museum, had carved the pole which, after this exhibition, would be taken to Yan to replace the original which was in bad condition. In return, the Museum was to receive the original pole for its collection. And the reproduction, which had taken several men working under Hart's guidance three months to carve, was valued at \$80,000. After considerable persuasion, Folk Village relented and settled for out-of-pocket expenses in return for the ceremony.

Having secured the cooperation of Folk Village, we were pleased that KOEX identified a site for the erection of the pole on its grounds just outside the main entrance. Most of the courtyard was paved, so it was fortuitous that there was a small parcel of land, ideally situated, where a tree had once stood. We contacted the television networks and the print media and drummed up considerable interest in this original cultural twinning (bilateral ties through shamanism) all in the name of the greater glory of Canada-Korea relations and trade. Then it all started to unravel.

KOEX suddenly decided that the pole site, so admirably suited for a tree, should indeed have a tree. The date for the Products Show was March 27-30, with the pole to be installed on March 26. KOEX's gardener decreed, however, that the tree had to be planted on March 25. Surely, we argued, the tree could be planted a week later. Why not plant it April 5, Arbour Day, when the President had decreed that all Koreans should plant a tree? Canadians, we pointed out, loved trees. Planting a tree was a laudable act — but couldn't it wait just one week? We rolled out our big gun, the Ambassador, who made a special call on the President of KOEX to "review arrangements" for the show. He was assured that there would be no problem with the tree. It turned out that this meant the gardeners had won, and that we were to be given another site, which we were assured was "just as good". During all this imbroglío, KOTRA stood on the side-

lines in bemusement. They had not wanted the pole and, in particular, a twinning ceremony on opening day because they feared it would upstage or delay the official ribbon-cutting inside the KOEX building to which a number of Korean VIPs had been invited. Now it looked as if they might get their wish.

We were finally shown the new site. It was a tiny slice of land squeezed between the road and the sidewalk. When I pointed out that we had to excavate a hole 8 feet deep to receive the pole, I was assured that there would be no problem. I pointed out the fire hydrants nearby, the lamp standards which ran from underground wiring, but was again reassured that there would be no problem. In this part of the world, when you are informed that there is no "problem," it usually means you have a problem — we did.

However, before we got to the installation stage, Korea Express came to us with another insoluble "difficulty." All the show samples were being brought into Korea in bond. The show area itself was designated a bonded area. The pole was entered under the same conditions, yet the site where it was to be erected was outside the bonded area. We would need special permission from Korea Customs to remove the pole from the bonded area (as if a three-ton, 40-foot pole was likely to be illegally entered into the commerce of the country). So I cranked up my best letter-writing technique and explained to the Director-General of Customs how his cooperation was essential if this important bilateral cultural manifestation, upon which the continued goodwill of our two peoples rested, would take place. We received permission.

At last the pole arrived at installation day-minus-one. At this point, Korea Express decided that the portion of land allocated to us by KOEX actually belonged to the municipality and before digging could start they would need a municipal permit. It was made clear that this was not their problem to solve; as usual, it was the Embassy's responsibility. Within a couple of hours I was having ginseng tea with a very charming gentleman who was Chief Engineer for the Municipality of Kangnam, where KOEX was located. He would like to help us, he explained, but would have to do an on-site evaluation to determine whether there were traffic or safety hazards. With not much time to lose, we provided all the technical specifications and prayed.

The next day, Saturday, was when work was to begin, I showed up in a heavy drizzle to meet Mike Hillman and two Korean workmen from Pico who were armed with shovels. We looked at the sky and hoped for sunshine at the opening. The workmen broke ground; I went home. The next thing I heard, just after I received a letter from the municipality authorizing us to install the pole on public

land, was a call from Mike to tell me that they had struck telephone wires about 2 feet down. It was impossible to put the pole in the ground. Mike seized the initiative and went to Plan B, which was to lay the pole down on an incline on a wooden scaffold. But he had trumped it by getting KOEX to agree that this would be directly in front of the main doors under the entrance canopy. If it rained, we would be protected. Our PR consultant immediately began to dissuade us, saying the media would never come for a prostrate pole, and that she would be a laughingstock. But we had no option.

Finally the big day came. The Haida pole lay under its red shroud like some fallen king, with smaller Changseng poles, one male and one female, flanking it. In front was a low table adorned with a pig's head, wine, fruit, rice, and three old gentlemen in traditional horsehair hats, chanting and burning incense. Off to the side 15 or more dancers and musicians from Folk Village warmed up with considerable gusto. A large crowd gathered. TV cameras were there from both national networks. Female "anchors," one a former Miss Korea, zeroed in on Jim Hart and the Ambassador for interviews. Jim talked about the pole and Ambassador Schumacher about the show, bilateral trade, Canadian high-tech products — all the things that were on our agenda.

After the unveiling (by Ambassador Schumacher, Mayor Duerr of Calgary, President Lee of KOTRA, and Mr. Maeng of Folk Village), Jim Hart spreadeagled (not chicken-feathered as one uninformed bystander was heard to remark) over the pole and danced to the accompaniment of the Korean music. Cameras rolled; flashes popped. And when the VIPs went inside to open the Canadian Products Show, the cameras and the media went with them and coverage continued of the ribbon-cutting and the VIP tour of the show.

We made the national news that night, and had specials on the morning shows of both networks the following day. Press coverage was substantial. The pole had done its duty. The show attracted over 10,000 visitors, more than both the U.S. and European shows which preceded it. We received enthusiastic plaudits from the Korean media for combining culture with trade and, I like to think that the cultural aspects of Canada Week, especially Jim Hart and his work of art, played a part in that success. The Ambassador was pleased; visiting firemen from Ottawa were pleased; and even KOTRA was pleased. I breathed a sigh of relief; the great totem pole caper was over.

Hugh Stephens has had postings in Beirut, Hong Kong, Beijing, and Islamabad. He is currently Counsellor and Consul in Seoul.

Et moi, je n'ai rien à faire

by Robert E. Lapointe

A crossposting in 1972 from Dakar as new Second Secretary at the London High Commission where I was Head of Personnel with an office in MacDonald House, Grosvenor Square, was quite a change. Two years later, I was re-assigned as Head of the Consular Section at Canada House, Trafalgar Square. In addition to the rich variety of professional and social contacts, I was given the opportunity of working with the late Paul-André Bissonnette, Jake Warren and, in my final year, the Hon. Paul Martin.

As High Commissioner, Paul Martin never lost his natural fondness and curiosity for people, nor his legendary recall. Not surprisingly, he was particularly interested in contacts with the Consular Section. He got my attention the first time we met when, upon entering my office (the envy of many of my colleagues), he told me it didn't look much different from World War II days "when Mike Pearson was in here". Although the H.C.'s main office was in MacDonald House, Paul Martin would spend at least two half-days a week in Canada House and never failed to drop by the Consular Section "to see how the visitors are doing". Being the only Consular Officer assigned to the Section, managing a six-person team plus a Veterans' Affairs Section and the receptionists, looking after the interests of over 40 prisoners in detention, liaising with our four Consulates in the British Isles, and being the passport-issuing officer for over 5000 passports per year was rather demanding. On one occasion when Martin was on his way to visit, I happened to pass him on my way out. "Comment allez-vous, M. Lapointe?" he enquired. "Très, très occupé", I replied, somewhat short of breath. His inspirational rejoinder appears as the opening sentence of this brief memoir.

The High Commissioner's deep commitment to assisting people who sought his help put me in conflict with my own sense of priorities and values on one especially instructional occasion. Anxious parents (and family friends) had written him to explain that their daughter (let's call her Nicole) had left home a year or so earlier on bad terms with them. They had heard she might be living in London in squalid conditions, and that her health might be precarious. An uncertain address was provided. Could Mr. Martin help? The H.C. and I discussed the matter. I was not in favour of direct involvement. She was of adult age. An official appearing

at her door might distress her. She could accuse us of interference or harassment. He, however, sympathized with the anguish the family must feel. He had known Nicole as a child. He realized it would probably be impossible to do anything, but if only she could be located, and then if he could somehow reassure her parents....

I gave the matter some thought and decided on a course of action. The address was in a working-class district about a one-hour's bus ride away. My wife, Arlene, offered to accompany me — and I gratefully accepted. Dressed in blue jeans, loafers, and casual shirts, we set out early in the morning. We had trouble locating the house — the street name was misspelled and not all the doors bore numbers. At last we arrived at what we believed to be the correct address and rang, and rang, and rang. The door finally was opened by an attractive but sleepy young lady. I asked if she was Nicole and told her why I had come. She confirmed her identity and, warily, invited us in for tea.

We sat talking for over an hour before I asked her to come into town to say "Hi" to Paul Martin. She expressed fear that somehow she could be forced to return home. I did

everything I could to win her confidence. Finally, she agreed, provided Arlene and I would stay with her all through the meeting. We solemnly promised to do so.

The looks on the faces of some of my colleagues in MacDonald House when we all marched in was interesting! Some didn't recognize me; but others, I'm convinced, chose not to acknowledge me. We proceeded to the H.C.'s office and were ushered in immediately. His look of relief when he saw her allayed Nicole's last fears, and they spoke for an hour. Finally, I walked her back to the bus stop so she could return to her London home and fiancé.

Heading back to MacDonald House, Arlene and I were elated, until I approached the entrance and remembered the looks I had drawn in walking in earlier in my very casual attire. There at Reception was Paul Martin. "Well, at least I can tell her family she's well", he said. Then, as an aside: "It's a good idea to get out of our suits and ties — once in a while".

Robert Lapointe has had postings in Dakar, London, Nairobi, and Rome. He is currently Counsellor and Consul in Paris.

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Would You Like to Put Your Tax Dollars to Work?

Income-Producing Real Estate Investments Can Yield Exceptional Profits!

by Peter Hunter

There are sound reasons why high quality income-producing real estate should be part of any serious investment portfolio.

An investment in income-producing real estate can yield significant income tax advantage to investors. A positive cash flow, resulting from the excess of rental income over operating expenses and debt service, can be sheltered from the effects of income tax through deductions for capital cost allowance (essentially depreciation for income tax purposes). Even though the property may be increasing in value, the *Income Tax Act* permits a deduction for capital cost allowance to the extent of net rental income. Furthermore, proper structuring of the acquisition of the real estate investment can result in a loss for income tax purposes which is fully deductible against other income, such as salary or interest, even though the property actually earns a positive cash flow.

As with any investment, profits on the sale of the real estate will generally be treated as a capital gain for income tax purposes. The accompanying chart illustrates the marginal tax rates imposed on capital gains compared with those imposed on salary and interest income:

1990 MARGINAL INCOME TAX RATES

	Annual Net Income (\$000s)		
	\$0 to \$28	\$28 to \$56	\$56+
Salary/Interest	27%	43%	48%
Capital Gains	20%	32%	35%

(These are the approximate marginal tax rates for an Ontario resident, including federal and Ontario surtaxes.)

Thus, the maximum tax rate on profits from the sale of a capital property, for example a real estate investment, is 35% compared with 48% on salary and interest income, a difference of 13%. This difference is even more pronounced if one can take advantage of the lifetime \$100,000 capital gains exemption.

In addition, as the property increases in value, the increased equity in the property can be used as security for additional borrowing, with the higher cash flow from the property being available to service the increased debt. The real estate investment does not have to be sold to obtain funds for

additional investing, and the funds received on refinancing are entirely tax free.

The result is that an investment in high quality income-producing real estate, for example a well-maintained rental plaza, office building, industrial warehouse, multi-unit apartment complex or mixed-use project, can yield a pre-tax profit and cash flow in excess of 25% per year.

The reasons for this above-average performance are straightforward, and can best be illustrated through an example. Assume that a shopping plaza can be purchased by a group of investors for \$3 million, with a 20% downpayment of \$600,000. If the value of the property increases by 6% in the first year, perhaps from higher income or the effects of inflation, the property would then be worth \$180,000 more. This increase of \$180,000 on an initial downpayment of \$600,000 is a potential profit of 30% in one year. This profit would be in addition to any cash flow and income tax savings resulting from the real estate investment. With a maximum tax on capital gains of 35%, this would produce an after tax return of 19.5% in one year, plus any cash flow and income tax savings.

In this example, if the property earns additional income of \$100,000 after three

income-producing real estate. By pooling their financial resources, individual investors of diverse financial backgrounds can acquire superior large-scale properties in partnership, and can earn an immediate positive cash flow and income tax savings.

In some cases, no initial down payment is required. Individual investors, with a minimum annual family income of \$60,000 and a family net worth of \$100,000, can finance their equity contribution to the partnership by borrowing the entire amount from any financial institution. The investment loan is generally amortized over twenty-five years which, after the monthly loan payments are made, creates a significant positive cash flow from the investment.

Individual investors can thus enjoy the benefits of owning high quality income-producing real estate, with no disruption to their monthly disposable income. In almost every case, disposable income increases significantly. The benefits of owning this type of investment include:

- cost-effective professional property management and leasing expertise;
- regularly distributed cash flow earned from the tenants of the property, with automatic deposits to each individual investor's bank account;
- tax free distribution to each individual investor of the proceeds of additional refinancing in future years;
- no requirement for day-to-day involvement in the investment, which is of particular interest to foreign service officers on posting abroad;
- immediate positive cash flow and income tax savings; and
- long term pre-tax rates of return in excess of 25% per year.

These results are certainly achievable with any large scale well-managed real estate investment. However, as with any proposed investment, potential investors should conduct careful analysis prior to investing. In addition, they may want to consult with professional advisors who are well-versed in real estate issues.

Peter Hunter, a chartered accountant, is President of **SDC Sterling Development Corporation**, which is licensed by the Ontario Securities Commission as a dealer in real estate securities. He welcomes your comments, and can be contacted through the company at the address shown on page 5 of this issue.

years of operation, and if prevailing interest rates permit the refinancing of an additional \$600,000, the investors could receive a \$600,000 lump sum entirely tax free. Rental income earned from the property will service the additional debt without the investors having to contribute on an ongoing basis. In this situation, the investors will have received all of their initial investment plus \$100,000 in three years, entirely tax free, without having sold the property.

This significant profit level and record of performance can be earned through the careful analysis and acquisition of high quality

by Peter Cenne

It is clear that 1991 will prove to be a busy and challenging year for PAFSO as the Association will be involved in a number of important issues. These issues include: the upcoming contract negotiations with the Treasury Board; the Foreign Service Directives triennial review; and the continued consultations on the implementation of Public Service 2000 and the Department's corporate review.

Collective Bargaining

As members are aware, the current collective agreement for the FS group will expire on April 30, 1991. To prepare for the upcoming negotiations, a bargaining team headed by Don Mackay has been established. Although actual bargaining is not expected to begin until March, our team has been working diligently to prepare negotiating positions and strategy. As membership input is an essential component in this process, a **collective bargaining questionnaire has been sent to all PAFSO members. We encourage all members to complete this survey and return it to the PAFSO office at their earliest convenience.**

As a normal part of each collective bargaining round, a special membership meeting was held to discuss the appropriate choice of redress to be used should an impasse emerge at the bargaining table (i.e. Conciliation/Strike vs. Arbitration). Following a full discussion of the options, **the general membership voted in favour of arbitration** at a meeting held on January 15, 1991.

FSD Triennial Review

PAFSO, in consultation with other staff associations, is currently preparing positions for the next review of the FSDs which is scheduled to begin in September 1991. **As the Association is required to submit its proposals to Treasury Board by July 1, 1991, we have requested your input as part of the general collective bargaining questionnaire.** We would also welcome any independent advice or suggestions which members may wish to submit, particularly as it relates to specific problems which have been experienced since the last triennial review in 1989.

Public Service 2000/Corporate Review

On December 12, 1990, the Government released its white paper on Public Service 2000. It contains widesweeping recommendations which, if implemented, would fundamentally change the structure and organization of the Public Service of Canada.

With respect to personnel management, the white paper advocates various reforms concerning staffing, classification, the appraisal and promotion process, training and career development, and management accountability to name just a few. Of particular interest to PAFSO members is the

formal recognition of appointments to level and assignments within grade. While recognizing these concepts, the white paper identifies the need to hold managers accountable for the "fairness and transparency with which they work with employees to match particular assignments with the interests and needs of individuals." In addition, the report identifies a requirement for a promotion and appraisal process which is fair and transparent and which is supported by an accountability framework which ensures compliance with generally accepted principles. This will be partly accomplished by ensuring that "the performance assessments of managers will reflect the quality of their assessments of subordinates and the feedback given to them."

As many of the recommendations of Public Service 2000 will likely form part of the Department's corporate review, PAFSO intends to enter into direct consultation on these matters to ensure that the interests of the Association and the general membership are protected. **It is part of the Association's objectives to ensure that the corporate review reflects positive changes to the appraisal and promotion process which will demystify current practices with respect to appraisals, promotions and the awarding of performance pay.** Further information on the corporate review will be provided as the consultation process develops.

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The West to the Rescue

On May 16, 1990, the President of Lithuania, Vytautas Landsbergus, said:
 "The west never promised us anything... We could only think that everything the West has said had some foundation: that the principles and faith in humanity, democracy, people and nations' rights were worth something. If we were deceived, then only we are to blame."

"Pull down this wall, Mr. Gorbachev"
 President Reagan cried to the world.
 Politician Gorby, recognizing
 rhetoric when he heard it, ignored him.
 But people heard, and the wall came down.
 So it was left to politician Bush
 to sound alarms. "Stay at home, East Germans.
 Work to make your country democratic."

Will they never learn that politicians
 talking of Principles, Democracy
 Faith in Humanity and Sovereign Rights
 don't expect to be taken seriously.
 Problems arise when power falls to those,
 such as Landsbergus, Havel and the like,
 academics and artists who believe
 words have meanings, leaders can be trusted.

You'd think they'd know the value of these words
 as Dubcek learned one fleeting spring in Prague
 and the Hungarians before him.

Wot, me worry!

The conversation beside me was very intense.
 Sipping their cafeteria-swill coffee
 voices low, leaning forward, brows furrowed
 they talked of increasing tension, worry, stress.
 "Do you feel it too?" I heard one ask.

God yes! I wanted to shout, I worry:
 will my urgent memo to the Minister
 come back a fourth time for redrafting;
 can I meet the deadline for those briefs;
 is my work creative, innovative;
 will I be promoted this decade;
 to say nothing of my mortgage, repairs
 to aging car, my neighbour's dirty dog.
 What about you?

"I worry," I heard one say,
 that Gorbachev won't pull it off. The wall
 came down too soon."

I'm glad there are those
 who worry about important matters.
 That thought will console me at midnight
 as I struggle with the damn computer.
 But I worry the department don't care!

Terry Jones

Terry Jones has served in Sydney, Port of Spain, Accra and Copenhagen. He is currently a Deputy Director in the Asia Pacific South Relations Division at EAITC.



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Media Diplomacy or Pin-striped Television —

The Aftermath of the Gulf Crisis



by Kevin O'Shea

A debate is raging furiously between a number of diplomatic historians and TV critics. Has the Gulf crisis changed the nature of diplomacy through the use of television?

Television's Impact on Diplomacy

Lloyd Bucklewash, distinguished historian of Canadian foreign policy at the University Toronto, puffs on his pipe. "No doubt about it, television is changing the rules of the diplomatic game. Saddam Hussein uses CNN to announce his latest bargaining proposals and to manipulate Western public opinion. The Allies show their military hand through television. Hussein and Bush address each other's citizenry live and in prime time".

Putting his pipe on a pile of treaties and international conventions, he continues. "This is just the beginning. The values and norms of the television industry will soon permeate all aspects of traditional diplomatic practice. It's already happening. Have you visited the External Affairs building recently? Go there.

Look around, observe their behaviour, listen to their conversation. The old fart school of diplomacy which we historians have grown to love in Canada will soon be a thing of the past."

The Lester B. Pearson Studio

Sure enough, the External Affairs building does seem to have changed over the last months. Large autographed posters of various Deputy and Assistant Deputy Ministers (ADMs), framed in small make-up lights, line the walls of the front lobby. Smiling, big chested blondes in tight sweaters stand at the entry to the Towers, now renamed Studios A, B, C and D. Guards from the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires are nowhere to be seen.

The diplomats wandering the halls appear to dress differently. There are not many three-piece, pin-striped suits in the crowd. Most men sport sunglasses and wear loafers without socks. Italian linen sports coats cover t-shirts and beige casual slacks. Women breeze by in flimsy, one-piece leisure suits,

cut low in the breast. Gaudy golden jewellery hangs around their necks.

The conversation in the hallways, cafeteria, offices and library has a different ring to it.

— "P.G., how's it going, big guy. Listen, we're putting together a new concept for a memo on Central America. Have your people come over, we'll break bread, and let's cut a deal."

— "Julie, how are you, babe? You look fab! Heard you knocked the big guys dead in N.Y.C. during your UNGA run. Let's do lunch, tomorrow!"

— "I'm worried, Louie. I went to casting to see if I could audition for a lead role in some of the blockbuster issues this year. No way. They say I'm all washed up. My name is associated with too many of the old foreign policy clunkers."

The Major Studio Heads

The influence of the television industry is more evident in the luxurious eighth floor suites of Studio A. The conversations emerging from these offices are lightyears

beyond the hushed, reserved, guarded whisperers of traditional diplomacy.

"L.M. honey, talk to me, talk to me. It's D.W. on the phone. I love you, too, babe. Listen, sweetheart, that script your production crew penned on economic assistance to Eastern Europe just blew my mind. DY-NA-MITE! I swear, legs, if the Minister picks up the option for this pilot, we're laughing. We're on easy street. It'll be a blockbuster. We can probably syndicate it within the department. Let other divisions get a cut of the action. One problem, L.M., is the casting. I think the lead role should come from one of my divisions — Agreed? Great. I love you, babe. Catch you later."

In the office next door, another studio head is yelling into the phone. "Howie, you call THAT a scenario! I'll tell you what it is. It's dullsville. It's a dog! El stinko! Now, Howie, I like you as a director. But remember, in this business you're only as good as your last memo. Now, either your production crew gets me a good scenario for the Minister's trip to Thailand, a good dialogue for his scenes with the Crown Prince and a happy ending or I'm cutting your budget for future productions."

In a conference room down the hallway, other ADMs are discussing the department's strategic priorities. These are set out in the form of a network program grid on a chart at the front of the room. Gold chains are dropping from the necks of several of the participants.

"Donnie, Donnie. I love you. It's fab. It's wonderful. It's contemporary. It's us. It's now. What programming!"

Another voice interjects, "Let's not rush this, big Don. OK for the Summit 7 spectacular — it's a big blockbuster, special like a Bob Hope special. OK for another year of South Africa — it's big, it's popular, it's got good ratings, even better than Roots. OK for NAFO fishing — it plays well to our regional audiences. OK for some old reruns of Canada and the Latin America connection — it's like Desi Arnaz on I Love Lucy. But, come on guys, let's drop the MTN Round from prime time. It's dullsville. It has no sex appeal. Sort of like Let's Make a Deal without any deal."

Pin-Striped Television

Maury Caulfield, soap-opera critic for T.V. Journal, jabs his finger in the air. "Yeah, I bet those political analyst types are crying about how television has changed diplomacy since the Gulf crisis. Well, I have a bigger beef. They should check out how the pin-striped crowd is destroying a marvellous medium. You heard me. TV executives are now so enamoured with anything to do with diplomacy, they are forcing it down our

throats. In the process, they are destroying TV. You don't believe me. Just watch the CBS Evening News, or the Johnny Carson Show or the soaps."

The CBS Evening News

It is true that the CBS Evening News does seem slightly different than before. The writing does have the echoes of foreign ministry memoranda and cables.

"Good evening, this is the CBS Evening News, drafted by Leslie Schoor and Daniel Stahl, approved by Jack Whitaker, then approved by Norm Robertson, prepared in consultation with the news bureaux of Europe, Africa and the Features Section, recommended to the announcer by William Paley and read by Dan Rather.

"The objective of this broadcast is to inform you of recent developments in the Middle East, United Kingdom and heartland USA and to put forward a variety of insights, political viewpoints, sound bites and policy options for your consideration in the lead-up to the end of the day.

*TV executives are
now so enamoured
with anything to do
with diplomacy,
they are forcing it
down our throats.
In the process, they
are destroying TV.*

"The first issue is the Kuwait crisis. It would appear that, according to an interesting tidbit picked up at a small dinner party offered by the Mexican Ambassador on the occasion of the departure of the dean of the Kenyan diplomatic corps, the Bulgarian Ambassador, who is also known for his taste in wine and women, the Iraqis are contemplating withdrawal from Kuwait. Our Rome correspondent, however, says his contacts, who asked to be protected, have assured his wife during a recent bridge tournament that the opposite is true based on rumours they have heard from Vatican envoys in Baghdad.

"Margaret Thatcher is planning a comeback. The background to this issue dates to the signing of the Magna Carta when nobles raised swords against King John. Throughout the Middle Ages...

"And that's the way it is. Do you agree? Dan Rather reporting."

The Johnny Carson Show

It is also true that the Johnny Carson Show seems different. His opening monologues bear striking resemblances to Ministerial intervention notes.

"Here's his excellency, The Honourable John Carson."

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen. It is with great pleasure that I am able to be here with you tonight in Los Angeles on the occasion of the opening of this new show which is a continuing tribute to the vibrancy and strong bonds between our production team and our faithful audience.

"Los Angeles is a great and fair city. It has historic connections with the rest of the country. It has Spanish origins. Our production team has Mexicans too. These elements of a common cultural heritage bind our two sides together in a warm and understanding relationship.

"I want to raise with you tonight a series of jokes which, I hope will lend themselves to a peaceful but comic resolution which is satisfactory both to your side and mine. My officials, Ed McMahon and Doc Svenson, can go into the details if needed.

"Finally, I would like to note my intention to pursue subsequent bilateral discussions with Suzanne Somers, Sly Stallone and Mother Teresa. These should be productive, informative and frank.

"Thank you. We'll be right back after a word from our sponsors."

The Soaps

And yes, it is true that the soap operas are changing too. The recent plots of *As The World Turns* and *The Young and the Restless* are revolving around familiar themes. Will Nadine and Jim be posted and where to? Will Todd ever get his promotion to the EX level? Will Wayne ever stop muscling in on Cheryl's territory. Will Sally find true happiness in Lagos? Will Denise be invited to the French Ambassador's residence for a quick roll and canapé?

In Guise of a Conclusion

Both television and diplomacy are thus victims in their own way to Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait. Diplomatic historians and TV critics are right to worry. We can only hope and pray that with the passage of time the situation will return to normal so that cookie-pushers and couch potatoes can go back to their respective professions with their heads held high....

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.

Si j'avais écouté mon père ...ou ma mère!

par Marcelle Dumoulin

Si j'avais écouté mon père, je serais devenue — et il aurait été fier de moi — 'femme chef d'entreprise'! Ce qui aurait bien correspondu à cette force de caractère que je tiens de lui et qui s'est trouvée, dans ce qui fut d'abord mon métier puis est devenu tout simplement mon gagne-pain, comprimée, étouffée, refoulée, mais non sublimée. J'aurais ainsi goûté à des joies d'un tout autre ordre que celles qui me sont actuellement réservées.

Si j'avais écouté ma mère : j'aurais tout fait pour être sa fierté en devenant 'pianiste virtuose'! Elle en rêvait; moi aussi parfois. J'avais d'ailleurs un certain talent. Je ne saurais certes jamais si je serais parvenue à m'élever si haut, mais je sais en revanche que si j'y étais arrivée, j'aurais pu extérioriser cette force qui m'habite.

À Ottawa, je trime dur et j'écris des lettres (courtes et longues), des notes d'information, des discours, des communiqués de presse, des télégrammes....

De l'ambition de mon père, je n'ai conservé qu'un intérêt certain pour les affaires qui font toujours vibrer en moi une fibre particulière. Des rêves de ma mère, il me reste un grand amour pour la musique que j'aborde avec de plus en plus d'humilité à laquelle s'ajoutent estime et admiration sans borne pour les musiciens.

N'en ayant finalement fait qu'à ma tête, je me suis casée « dans l'administration », pas n'importe laquelle, les affaires extérieures. Là où l'on a deux vies bien distinctes : l'une à l'étranger et l'autre à Ottawa.

Le service étranger fait l'envie de tous. Fonctionnaires des autres ministères, professionnels en tous genres, personnel politique et militaire... rêvent de devenir et se

voient même déjà « diplomates ». Ouais, sauf que je n'ai jamais bien compris pourquoi moi qui ai passé ma vie à gravir les échelons un à un et qui, à force de volonté, de patience et de labeur, suis parvenue à me tailler une toute petite place au soleil de l'Hon. Ministre Clark, et bien voyez-vous s'il m'arrivait un jour à moi de rêver de devenir quelque chose d'autre, militaire par exemple — Colonel pourquoi pas — ou encore avocat d'affaires, je sais d'avance qu'avant d'accéder au Saint des Saints, je devrais me recycler d'abord, puis certainement passer une épreuve probatoire.

Alors, comment se fait-il que ces rêve(s)ers qui, dans bien des cas, n'ont aucune idée de ce qu'est une Ambassade, se voient propulsé(e)s en flèche, comme ça et sans à priori, à des postes de responsabilité — et quels postes! L'expérience se révèle parfois une réussite. Tandis que moi, je dois continuer encore longtemps sans doute; à tamponner des passeports, à courir dépanner ce jeune Canadien inculqué de trafic de

stupéfiants, à être présente partout, à régler problème après problème tout en poursuivant avec assiduité et intelligence le reportage politique et économique, ainsi qu'à effectuer — c'est le métier — multes ronds de jambe et courbettes, à projeter l'image d'un Canada heureux, prospère et en santé, à sourire constamment en saluant à gauche et à droite, à rire même si — et surtout — j'avais plutôt envie d'hurler, le tout se déroulant dans des conditions de vie souvent impossibles. C'est ça, je crois, qui en fin de compte fait rager le Vérificateur général!

À Ottawa, je trime dur et j'écris des lettres (courtes et longues), des notes d'information, des discours, des communiqués de presse, des télégrammes.... Je couvre de textes des pages et des pages qui, au fur et à mesure qu'elles sont distribuées, pour consultation et commentaires, aux Directions géographiques, thématiques, sectorielles, et qu'elles montent dans la hiérarchie pour vérification et approbation par le Directeur, le Directeur général, et parviennent au Sous-ministre

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adjoint responsable du secteur, puis au Sous-ministre associé responsable de la moitié du ministère, enfin, au Sous-ministre responsable de tout le ministère, ces pages dis-je sont revues, modifiées, corrigées, rectifiées.... Lorsqu'elles sont finalement envoyées au destinataire et que la copie m'est retournée, je découvre alors qu'elles se trouvent, à mon grand étonnement, à ressembler de très près à mon texte original....

Ah! si, au lieu de n'en faire qu'à ma tête, j'avais écouté mon père ou ma mère, je ne me serais pas ainsi retrouvée « nègre professionnel » et ne les aurais pas déçus, d'une certaine manière. J'aurais en revanche connu ces récompenses et ces contrariétés, ces craintes et ces griseries qui sont d'une manière générale la contre-partie de l'effort et de l'audace, de l'aventure et du danger tout autant que du risque, inhérents tant aux affaires qu'à l'art.

Mais, n'était-ce pas justement cet ensemble de contradictions qui m'a, disons le mot, « séduite » chez celui qui est devenu mon mari?

Et, l'aurais-je même un jour rencontré, si j'avais écouté mon père ... ou ma mère!

Marcelle Dumoulin a été affectée à Paris, Saigon, New York, Bruxelles, Paris, Marseilles et Berne. Elle a déjà quitté le service étranger et est en train d'écrire un livre dans lequel cet article paraîtra.

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**SALLY BRADLEY
MANAGER**

Undiplomatic Notes: Tales from the Canadian Foreign Service by Sidney Freifeld, Hounslow Press, October 1990, 194 pp., \$19.95.

Reviewed by Arthur Andrew

When Sid Freifeld was active in The Department he was well-known and universally liked as a person who took on whatever was asked of him. That included opening a Press Office in spite of a management that really didn't want us to have one. What wasn't known at the time was that while Sid spoke softly he carried a big notebook. Happily for all of us, as it turns out.

There are enough retired heads of missions around ready to write the definitive analysis of Canadian foreign policy at the drop of an advance cheque, but could they tell you what really went on when Castro took to travelling in Latin America? The account of Nicolae Ceascescu's progress through Ecuador given in this book adds a whole new dimension to the literature on presumptuous upstarts.

The book also records some transitions, particularly the passing of one of the great features of life in External in the late 1940s. Agnes McCloskey, almost single-handed, administered The Department for many years and the book tells of her tight-fisted management of its budget before she was finally persuaded to accept an appointment in New York.

The story, however, doesn't quite end there. There's an addendum, no doubt apocryphal, to the effect that very shortly after her arrival in the metropolis a bitter letter arrived back in Ottawa, saying in effect that no one should be asked to live in that city on her allowances. There was no mention of the fact that the inadequate allowances were, in both senses, hers. This turned out to be, in all probability, Miss McCloskey's most highly appreciated service to The Department. Her successor, basing himself on a recommendation by Miss McCloskey whose reputation was well known in Ottawa, had no trouble getting Treasury Board approval of a revised scale of allowances for the entire Foreign Service.

Some of the most interesting of Sid's recollections are about people who left a more substantive imprint on External; many-sided people like Escott Reid and Archie Day who are rightly singled out for the rigorous standards of precision in the use of language that they demanded. Many of the niceties that they insisted upon would be hard to apply today. We have to face the fact that the infinitive, like the atom, has been irretrievably split. Their great contribution was to insist on the importance of saying exactly what you

meant and not to accept even a close approximation of it.

General Victor Odlum was something else and in the eyes of his younger contemporaries, something to be avoided. He may well have been at the root of the saying "There are no bad posts, only bad heads of post." His was a classic case of a person who was out of his proper environment and decided to change the environment rather than his way of thinking about it. There have been others who tried to make the job of ambassador conform to their preconceptions and The Department no doubt still has people in it who carry their scars.

The most enjoyable part of this fascinating book is the longest article in it in which the author shows that the practice of diplomacy was merely a means to a much worthier end. "Angling My Way..." betrays where Sid Freifeld's real love lay; not in the salons of the *haute monde* of Latin America, not in the corridors of power in Ottawa, but up to his waist in rushing water just about anywhere in the world. Publishing a book is an act of self-revelation and although this book is not about Sid Freifeld, in the end it is the angler that the reader may remember best.

Those still plying The Trade should read this book. (Those who are now out of it, will anyway.) It has some good examples of some good diplomats but, just as important, it has some wonderful examples of some absolutely awful ones. And their stories lose nothing in the telling.

Arthur Andrew served in the Department of External Affairs from 1947 to 1979. His postings included Bonn, Berlin, Vienna and Prague. He was head of mission to Israel, Cyprus, Sweden and Greece. From 1973 to 1976 he was an assistant undersecretary. He is now honorary professor in the School of Journalism, University of King's College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Marler: Four Generations of a Quebec Family, by Howard Marler. Published 1987 under the auspices of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. pp. \$12.98.

Reviewed by Jim Langley

Sir Herbert Marler is chiefly remembered in the foreign service community for certain foibles of personality and as the inspiration and financial backer of the remarkable property that still serves as the Canadian Embassy residence and chancery in Tokyo. Insights into both are provided by his son in this slim volume, nearly half of which is devoted to the ten years spent by Sir Herbert in the Foreign Service as Canada's first Minister to Japan and then as Minister to the United States.

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The account, which is essentially a family memoir that makes no claim to historical depth, succeeds nevertheless in conveying an impression of Sir Herbert's character and his not inconsiderable achievement in placing Canada on the map of a Japan poised between its ancient past and the modern world. He was a paradox: a difficult man of uncertain temper held in awe by his family but capable of remarkable acts of kindness as this reviewer, as a child, well remembers. He was Victorian in his attitude to the proprieties, especially in dress, behaviour and protocol, but this must have made his acceptance by the Japanese all the easier. He was meticulous to the point of pedantry but his persistence and attention to detail were positive virtues in this first attempt to forge a new relationship with Japan and without them the Legation would not have been rebuilt.

The rest of the book deals with three generations of Sir Herbert's ancestors and his own early career. It sketches a background that helps account for the qualities and idiosyncracies that contributed to what was by any standards a most successful life.

Jim Langley joined the Foreign Service in 1950, and served in Belgium, Indochina and the USA. He has been Canadian Representative to the OECD and Ambassador to

Belgium, Mexico and Guatemala. He resigned from the Foreign Service in 1979 to pursue the study of archaeology.

The Editors of Canadian Business, **A Visual History of Modern Canadian Business — Guts, Greed and Glory**, Summerhill Press, Toronto, 1988, 207 pp. + illus., \$29.95.

by Duncan McDowall

In 1921, the readers of the *Sunday Express* in England were treated to a panegyric on the virtues of capitalism by the newspaper's bumptious millionaire publisher, Canadian-born Lord Beaverbrook. Having cut his capitalist teeth as an itinerant bond salesman in the Maritimes and as a merger king in turn-of-the-century Montreal, Beaverbrook was well positioned to extol the benefits of a life devoted to the pursuit of business, wealth and power. "I address myself", he wrote, "to the young men of the new age. Those who have youth also possess opportunity. There is in the British Empire today no bar to success which resolution cannot break. The young clerk has the key of success in his pocket, if he has the courage and the ability to turn the lock which leads to the Temple of Success".

Such was the appeal of this lay sermon that Beaverbrook subsequently republished

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it in book form under the brash title *Success*. In Canada, publication rights were quickly acquired by McClelland and Stewart. A "young clerk" in Canada who took Beaverbrook's peroration to heart would have found the prospects for a lucrative business career much reduced in the lean years of the early 1920s. The boom years of financial capitalism, when Beaverbrook had waxed rich on the proceeds of watered stock sales and bold mergers, had gone. The values heralded in *Success* rang hollow. If anything, Canadian business had become a prosaic matter of organization and meritocracy. The closest most Canadian businessmen came to Beaverbrook's life of high business adventure and fulfillment might possibly have come from the page of *Canadian Business* magazine, founded in 1928.

Canadian Business's sixtieth anniversary has found its editors in a sermonizing mood. *Guts, Greed and Glory* is a decade-by-decade accounting of the life and times of Canadian business from 1928 to 1988. In the words of the "creative team" that wrote the text and selected the hundreds of illustrations, the book is a "celebration of the entrepreneurial ethic that drives business people to dream

dreams, take risks and create companies". Instead of Beaverbrook's young clerks, the pages of this rendition of Canadian business history are peopled by "high flying successes, compulsive gamblers and romantic losers". Like *Success, Guts, Greed and Glory* emerges as a misplaced and unconvincing exhortation.

The book's structure is artificial. Sixty years of Canadian business are neatly carved into six *tranches*, each containing a brief (very brief) thematic introduction to the decade (the 1940s are the decade of the 'mobilized economy'), a profile of a company thought to be at the cutting edge of that decade's development (de Havilland as a wartime bomber maker) and a newsreel of related events. This schema is augmented with impressionistic portraits of six sectors of the Canadian economy, ranging from western wheat to transportation.

The result of this approach to Canadian business history is an abundance of anecdotes and a sorry lack of structure. The book's copious illustrations will hold most readers' attention for half an hour. Beyond this, *Guts* contributes little to our understanding of the structure and complexity of modern Canadian business. The birth of MacMillan

Bloedel in the 1960s is chronicled at some length but the rest of the forest industry is despatched in three paragraphs and twelve photographs. Similarly, we learn of Frank Gerstein's innovative approach to the retailing of jewellery at People's Credit Jewellers in the 1930s, but practically nothing of the rest of the retail industry.

Even a good "visual" history should convey some sense of the substance of the portrait sitter. This book titillates, but does not inform. It does not, for instance, address Canada's relationship with foreign direct investment. The 1968 Watkins report on the impact of foreign ownership on the structure of Canadian industry is mentioned, but not explored. Nor does the book analyze the effects of corporate concentration. No systematic attempt is made to explain why Canada has tolerated — indeed, at times, pioneered — such a high degree of government involvement in business. What do crown corporations reveal about the guts, greed and glory of Canadian businessmen?

The book focuses almost exclusively on big business. The small entrepreneur — the creator of so much business wealth — is given short shrift. Little is said of the role

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of Canadian women in business. What emerges instead is a fragmented, superficial portrait of Canadian business that tends to celebrate the exception rather than the rule. We learn of the monopolizing ambitions of young K.C. Irving in the 1920s, but nothing of the otherwise declining fortunes of Maritimes business in that same decade. Those interested in a telling of the "rule" are better advised to turn to Michael Bliss's fine *Northern Enterprise: Five Centuries of Canadian Business*, published in 1987.

Like all sermons, *Guts, Greed and Glory* tries to end on a stirring note. The gospel is free trade and the message is that ours is a "Can-do" nation. There is little to prepare the reader for this homily — no mention of the important 1935 Canada-United States trade treaty nor any of Mackenzie King's brush with free trade in the late 1940s. We are told that in 1911 Laurier "concluded" a reciprocity agreement with Washington. This is erroneous; the agreement was tentative, to be enacted by concurrent legislation after the 1911 election. The fact that business in 1911 opposed free trade is not mentioned. Thus, while free trade may be Canada's most persuasive economic option for the future, there is little to persuade us of the proposition in this analysis.

Weeks before he died in 1964, Lord Beaverbrook candidly reviewed his life in an interview for the *Sunday Telegraph*. When asked of the significance of *Success*, he curtly replied: "But you don't want to take 'Success' too seriously. It's only newspaper stuff." The same could today be said of *Guts, Greed and Glory*. 

Duncan McDowall is a professor of business history at Carleton University and author of several books about Canadian business.

Radical Mandarin: The Memoirs of Escott Reid, by Escott Reid. University of Toronto Press: Toronto, 1989. 405 pp. \$37.50.

by Professor John English

The Canadian "mandarins," that remarkable group of public servants who came to prominence in the 1940s, have greatly enriched Canadian historiography and public debate since the 1970s. I suppose no-one has counted the number of books, articles, lectures, and essays that External Affairs officers of the "golden age" have written, but my suspicion is that the number is greater than academics of the same generation have written. They were usually literate, and their lives and their talents made what they had to say particularly interesting.

Escott Reid would probably have ranked among Canada's two or three political

scientists had not prospects for an academic job been so poor when he arrived with an Oxford first in the depressed Canada of the 1930s. His early academic work on political parties was being reprinted in books of readings that undergraduates used in the 1970s. His eye for detail was acute; his intelligence formidable; his intellectual boldness commendable. Since he left Glendon College in 1969, he has written five books, numerous essays, and now these memoirs. His written work has been marked by crisp judgments and lucid prose. Taken together, Reid's work represents a contribution of inestimable value to future historians of Canadian foreign policy and international relations.

While historians of foreign policy may find the sections dealing with Reid's public career of greatest interest, I recall most vividly the chapters on his youth and his education. Reid was the son of an Anglican rector, and his account of his childhood and youth provides the richest portrait of Canadian Anglicanism in the early twentieth century that I have read. The Anglican tradition, like the British Empire, was at the core of the Canadian identity as it was publicly defined in the first decades of this century. Both now seem part of a world that is lost. The Britishness of his upbringing, the formalism of Canadian public life, and the shock of modernism pervade Reid's early chapters. Reid's

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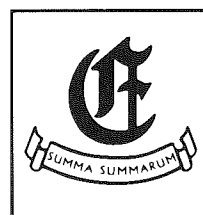
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sharp intelligence penetrated the shadows and obscurities of the world around him allowing him to see poverty which others avoided and to develop doubts which others feared to have. His Oxford chapter, which has the flavour — and not an artificial one — of Brideshead, reveals a self-confident young man who had developed the radical temper which he never lost.

He was not always easy to work with although his personal charm allowed most to forgive him his apparent sins. In **Radical Mandarin** Reid describes the numerous battles he waged against the executive of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs in the 1930s, against foreign policy "realists" in the 1940s, against those who could not see Third World problems in the 1950s, and against Cold Warriors and university bureaucracy in the 1960s. In most of these struggles, he seems to have been, in the eyes of historians, on the side of the angels. At times, however, he discusses the old battles in too much detail. Few readers will know who called out the troops, what formations they took, and what the climate was. His treatment of the 1930s is too long and too defensive, and he traverses battlefields where only antiquarians now tread.

Although Reid has written before on the 1940s and 1950s, there is little repetition in this book. This absence of repetition is a

reflection of the range of Reid's intellect and the diversity of his activities. He saw before others that decolonization was the significant event of post-1945 history and that the cold war had taken on a life of its own beyond the real differences between democracy and dictatorship which gave birth to NATO in the late 1940s. His radicalism, in fact, derived from his ability to plumb below the surfaces, and he had that quality of "beyondness" that the greatest radicals in the British tradition possessed. In the grey shades of international diplomacy, Reid's radicalism was iridescent. And so in many ways is this memoir.

John English is Professor of History at the University of Waterloo. He is the author of Shadow of Heaven: The Life of Lester Pearson.

The Power Game — How Washington Works by Hedrick Smith. New York: Ballantine Books, 1988, 789 pp. \$7.95.

Reviewed by Brendan McGivern

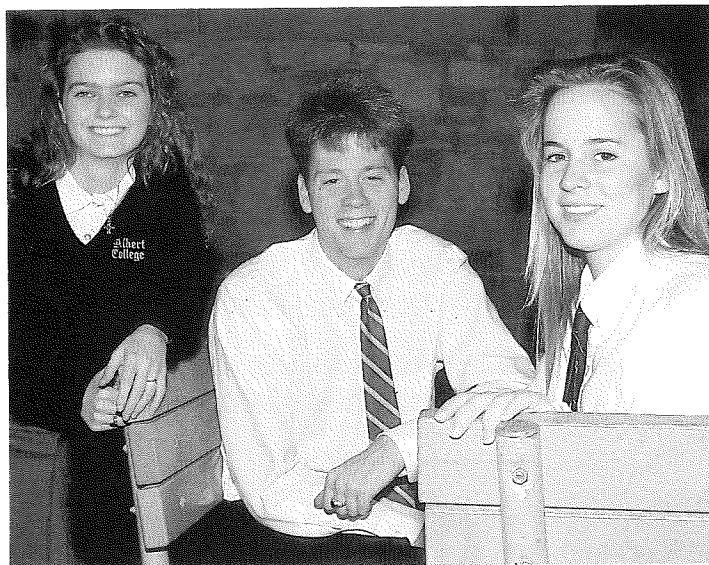
Shortly before leaving office, Harry Truman made a famous remark about his successor, Dwight Eisenhower: "He'll sit right here and he'll say, 'Do this. Do that!' And nothing will happen. Poor Ike — it won't

be a bit like the Army. He'll find it very frustrating."

Truman's term in office had taught him that although the U.S. President is vested with tremendous constitutional authority, he must exercise his powers under enormous restraints. Indeed, as former New York Times reporter Hedrick Smith argues in *The Power Game*, the attention lavished on the Presidency significantly distorts the actual political leverage of the President. To be effective, the President must be able to build coalitions to pass legislation in Congress. Yet the wide diffusion of power in Washington makes the process of forging coalitions a difficult and exacting exercise.

The central theme of Smith's book is that power in Washington continually floats and shifts, "gravitating to whoever is daring enough to grab it and smart enough to figure out the quickest way to make a political score." Smith believes that the conventional concept of the division of powers has little relevance in modern Washington. He prefers the analogy of "fast-action basketball, where anyone can steal the ball, change the flow of the game, and then score from practically anywhere around the basket".

The book examines how the legislative reforms of the mid-1970s significantly altered the U.S. political system. The reforms asserted the authority of Congress vis-à-vis



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the President, through such measures as the *War Powers Resolution* (which required Congressional approval for the commitment of U.S. forces to a combat zone for longer than 90 days), or the creation of the Congressional Budget Office, which gave the legislative branch an independent source of analysis and advice on economic affairs.

More importantly, the reforms also dramatically changed the internal workings of Congress. Previously, Congress had been divided into a relatively small number of standing committees, and the President could ensure the passage of a bill by reaching an agreement with their powerful chairmen. This changed in the mid-1970s, when a group of newly-elected members managed to wrest power away from committee leaders by establishing numerous sub-committees. In the House of Representatives, for example, 22 standing committees were divided into 172 sub-committees, each with its role to play in the legislative process. The result, according to Smith, has been the creation of "an impossible legislative steeplechase". (Jimmy Carter once noted with exasperation that his energy legislation — his top legislative priority — was required to pass through more than twenty different committees and sub-committees.)

*Poor Ike — it won't
be a bit like the Army.
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frustrating.*

Another important change in recent years has been the growing influence of television in U.S. political life. Smith observes that television has largely replaced political parties as the intermediary between candidates and voters. He argues that television has contributed to the diffusion of power in Washington by enabling political leaders to build their own mass appeal and organization. Once such political "lone rangers" are elected to office, they are often less responsive to party leaders. Moreover, television allows relatively obscure members of Congress who can capture national media attention on an issue to become major policy entrepreneurs. Consequently, he notes, "the highest ranking leaders on Capitol Hill are sometimes forced to chase after junior backbenchers to find the head of the political parade".

Smith examines the role of the major "players" in the U.S. political system. These include not just the President and Congress,

but also important — albeit less visible — groups such as the public service, Congressional staff, lobby groups, and the military. The book is more anecdotal than analytical, and draws heavily on the major events of the Reagan era. At times the book is more detailed than it need be. For example, non-specialist readers might wish to skim over Smith's thorough descriptions of certain drawn-out budget battles.

The Power Game provides a fascinating, often compelling, insight into political life in Washington. It is highly recommended for those seeking a greater understanding of the key players in the U.S. political system, and how they make critical decisions both in domestic and foreign affairs. 

Brendan McGivern is currently posted to Kuala Lumpur.

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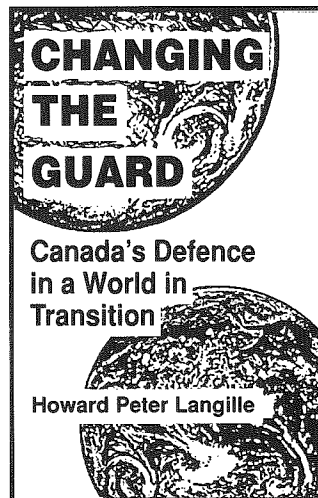
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Warlords of Tang

Another inscrutable puzzle

by A Aalto

"Actually, Lydia," said LDC Liebnitz one day to the lady of his life, "Jimmy the Turk isn't as bad as they come. If you want *really* obscure reports, you should see the ones his grandfather Hamish wrote and my father had to decipher in the '20s. I ran across these ones today, on events in the Empire of Tang in the Year of the Rat."

"Look at this outline map of Tang, showing its states numbered 1 to 20. All state boundaries run exactly north-south or east-west. The map is divided east to west by the Hai River and north to south by the Bai mountain ranges, creating four quads. (Neither the Hei nor the Bai stop adjoining states from being considered neighbours.) The map also shows the Imperial Capital and three foreign Enclaves; these four cities are not part of any state, and are not counted as states in any way."

"There had been no Emperor for 20 years. Each state had its own leader. Factions of states formed and vied to have their faction chief chosen Warlord of Tang. To be a chief, your faction had to have at least 5 states, with 3 of them (including your own) in one quad. For a chief to be named Warlord, his faction needed to include at least twice as many

states as the next strongest faction, to control 2 of the 4 states around the Imperial Capital (the Home States), and to have the support of an Enclave."

"During the year of the Rat, Hamish spent the entire spring travelling throughout the Empire disguised as an itinerant egg roll vendor. On the last day of the fourth moon he sent back a status report noting the following items:

- (a) Factions account for 16 states. Each faction controls one Home State, but no member of the same faction is now adjacent to that state.
- (b) The four non-aligned states are: Comrade Mao's socialist bastion, which is a Home State; Long, which has fewer neighbours than any other state; Deng, in the SW quad, which is suffering a civil war between Lord Ping and General Pung; and President Sun's Christian revolutionary state, which has the support of its neighbouring Enclave.
- (c) Lord Bing of Pan State leads the Zisha faction. Pan touches none of the other states in the faction; all the rest front on the Hei River.
- (d) Kulian faction, the largest, is headed by the leader of Ming State. Ming is the state with the most neighbours, but only two are in Kulian.

- (e) Lord Ji heads the Beihai faction, but his province fronts neither the Hei nor the Bai. Clockwise from the south, his only neighbours are a non-aligned state, the state of Jiang and two members of his own faction.
- (f) Lord Li rules the Home State of Kao. Clockwise from Kao are Lord Rong's state, Lord Kung's state and Shan state, which adjoins Kao.
- (g) Among the states in one quad, Tan abuts Fu, Wei has Tan to the north, Fu abuts Cao, Cao abuts Wei, Wei abuts Fu but Tan does *not* abut Cao.
- (h) Among the states in another quad, Lord Niu's state abuts Lord Qing's, Lord Xi's abuts Lord Niu's along the Hei, Lord Niu's abuts Lord Wan's, Lord Wan's has Lord Qing's on the east, Lord Xi's abuts Lord Wan's but Lord Xi's does *not* abut Lord Qing's.
- (i) Lord Gan's state (Hu) has Lord Zhou's (Xing) on its eastern border.
- (j) The states bounded by neither the Hei nor the Bai include three non-aligned, two Beihai members (including Nan state) and two Kulian members (including Lord Du's state).
- (k) Yang state has Zang state to the west. There are bridges across the Hei from both to Lord Tian's state.
- (l) Qin state has three Beihai states as neighbours."

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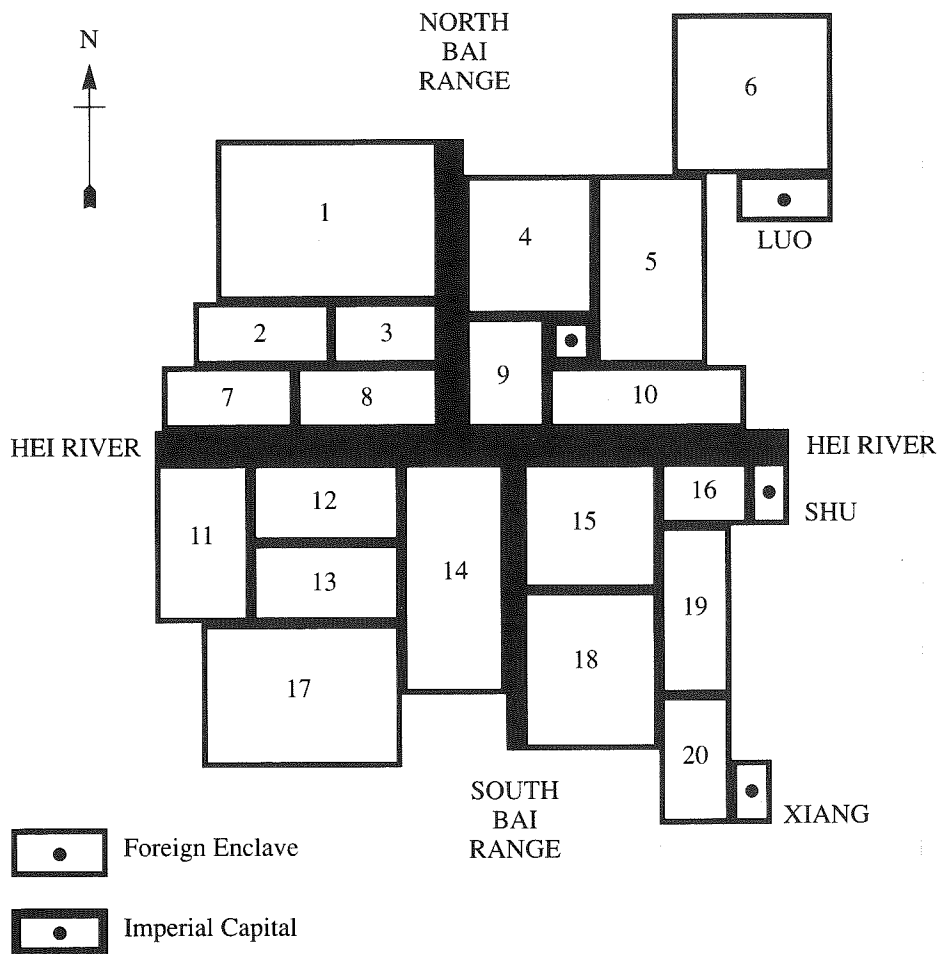


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"As I say, that reflected the *status quo* on the last day of the fourth moon. Then all hell broke loose. Over the next 10 days, here is what happened:

- Ping defeated Pung and declared for the only faction that did not so far have a state in the quad. General Pung crossed the border north to An state, which fell into a non-aligned condition of chaos.
- Kulian gained the support of Luo Enclave by bribery.
- The forces of Guang state successfully attacked west across their border into Lord Han's state, annulling his factional allegiance.
- Zisha forces had Marshal Chang assassinated, placing their puppet in charge of his state. But the old Marshal's mistress, pretending love for the usurper, poisoned his bird's nest soup. Chang's son took over with the aid of the neighbouring state of Bo, whose faction he joined.
- The Qingiu Gang of Shu Enclave staged an uprising and forced the governing council to support the faction of the neighbouring state.
- Finally, Beihai's Lord Fan attacked one of his neighbouring states east across the Bai and routed the forces there, converting the state to his faction; the defeated forces fled west across their own Bai border with Lord Yuan's state, which was reduced to civil war and non-alignment."



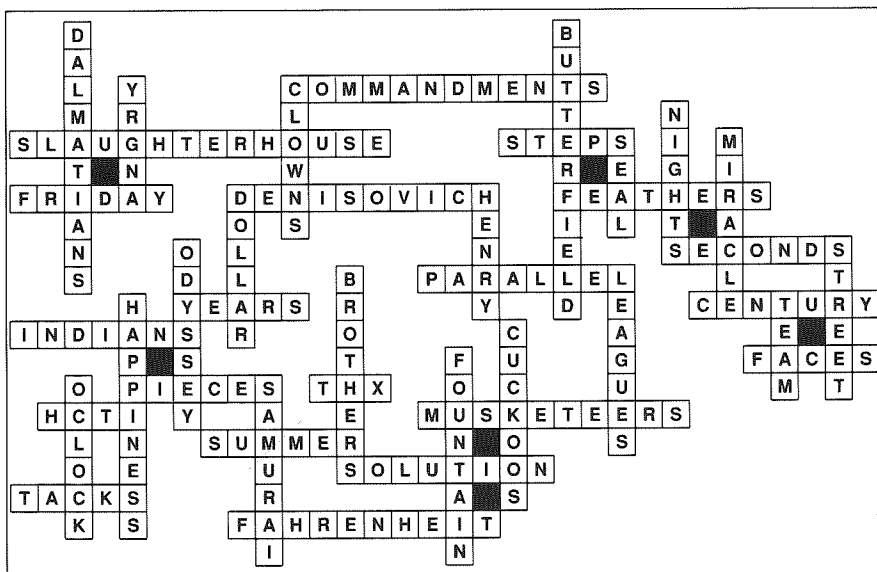
"Well, that was Hamish's second report, from the middle of the fifth moon. Father had to make sense of the mess, and in particular to say whether any faction chief became warlord. What do you think, Lydia? Hello? Hello?"

Can you duplicate the feat of Leibnitz *père* by: (a) listing, for each of the 20 numbers on the map, the name of the state and the name of its leader (Deng will have 2), all *as of the last day of the fourth moon*; and (b) say who was named Warlord of Tang in the fifth moon? While you're working on it, can you suggest a way to wake up Lydia?

Born in pre-revolutionary Tannu Tuva and raised by Patagonian missionaries on the Zambesi, free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto now commutes between Hell (Norway) and Paradise (Pennsylvania). Although he has recently gained weight, there is no truth to the rumour that he now has more chins than the Hong Kong telephone book.

Jimmy the Turk and the Numbers Racket

Answer: Vienna Ferris Wheel



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Vol. 8, No. 1:

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