

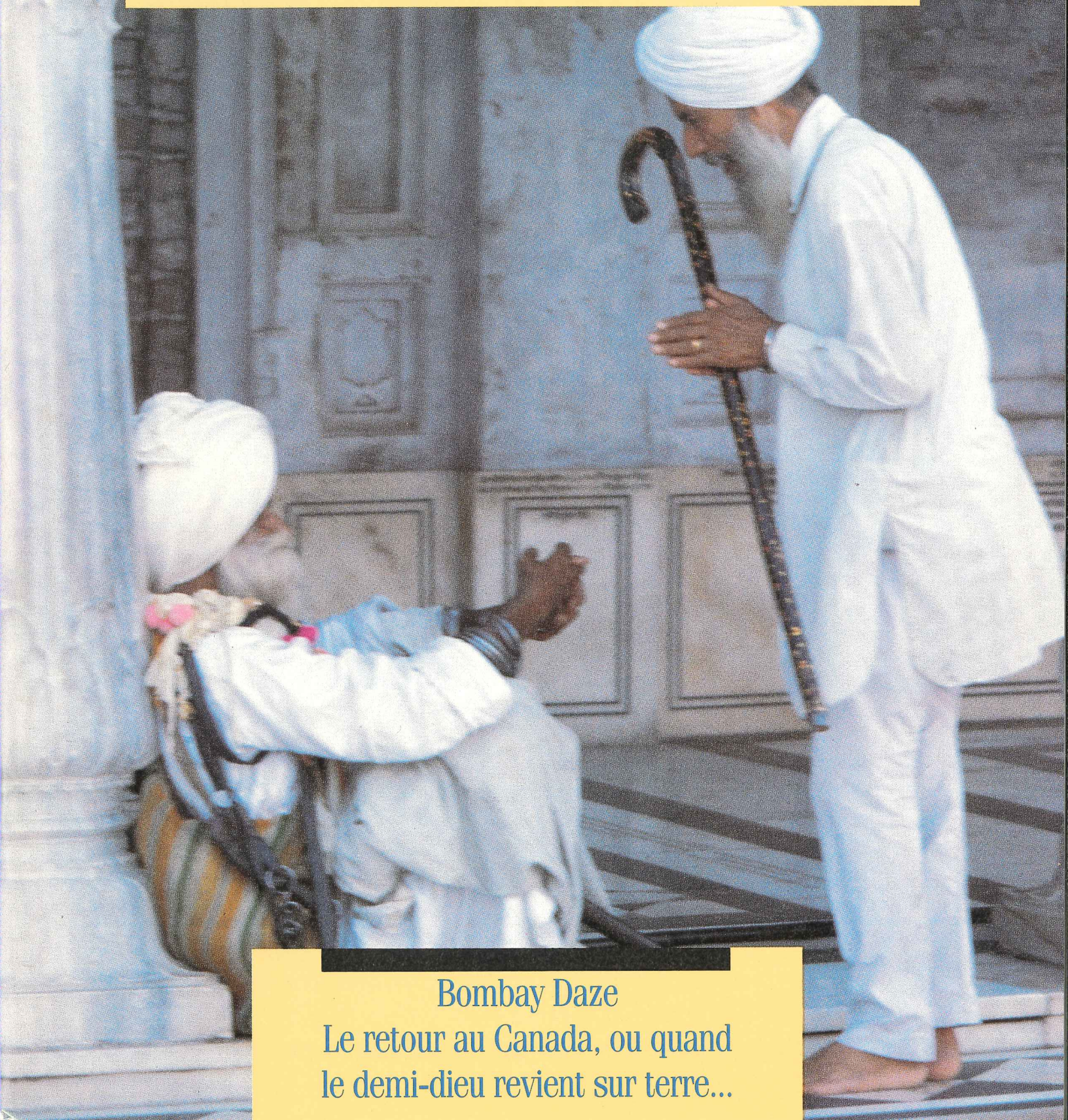
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Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

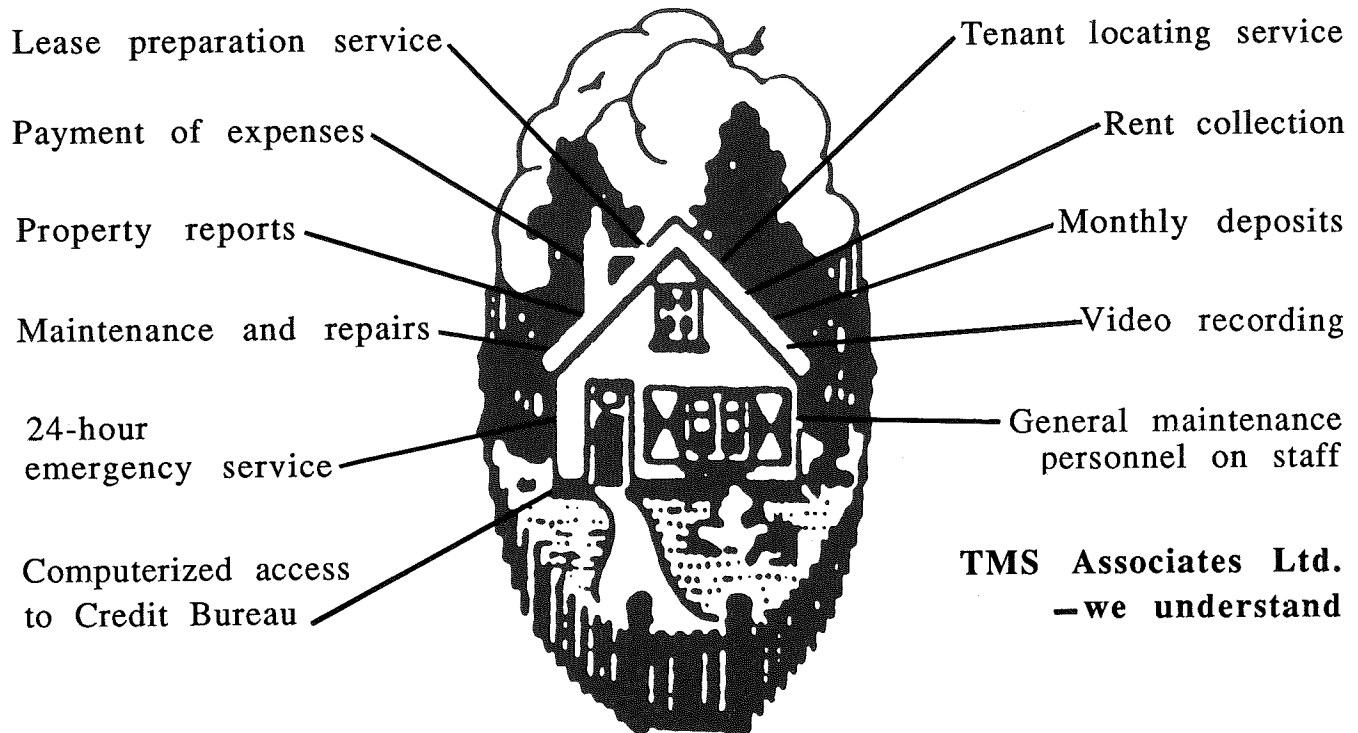
Vol. 9 No. 3
ISBN/ISSN 305500



Bombay Daze

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Le retour au Canada ou quand le demi-dieu

revient sur terre

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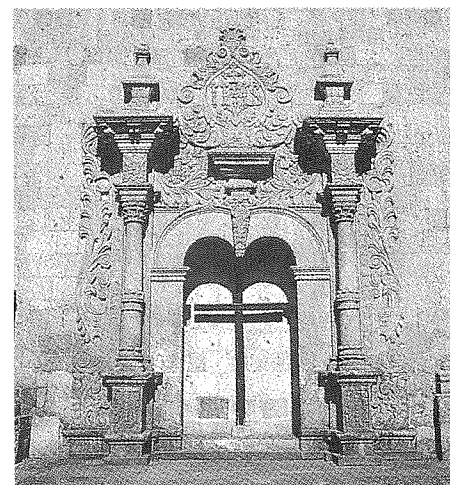
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Our cover photo, by Fredericka Gregory, is of Elders at the Temple, Amritsar, India.



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In Our Upcoming Issue:

Winners of Second RHOMA Prize for Writing

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All contents © PAFSO, 1992 *bout de papier* is published quarterly by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers, Suite 600, 45 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 5W8 (613) 234-1391, FAX (613) 234-4018.

Editorial Note / Note de la rédaction : Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, preferably on WP 5.1, 3 1/2" diskette, with a short biographical note about the author(s). Given the bilingual background of our membership, PAFSO's policy for *bout de papier* is to publish all articles in their original language. Subscriptions: one year \$16.; two years, \$30.; Overseas add \$6 per year; USA add \$4 per year. PAFSO itself remains at your service to provide any assistance you require in the language of your preference. Opinions expressed in *bout de papier* are not necessarily those of PAFSO.

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Of Treasures and Trophies...

The process of regeneration and renewal is sometimes time-consuming and difficult. At other times it is as simple as receiving outside recognition and confirmation of value. Winning awards is fun and **bout de papier** has just won its sixth award (and the third international award for creativity).

Readers will be pleased to learn that once again **bout** has won the 1992 Certificate of Distinction from the Art Direction Magazine of New York at Creativity '92.

This is a major honor. To win the award once is prestigious in itself; but to do so three times in rapid succession is a real commendation! We won the Certificate of Distinction in a multimedia international event which draws entrants from around the world. All the winning entries will be displayed later at the Creativity Show in New York and also in Creativity 21, an annual publication showcasing the winners from around the world.

As a reminder for readers of the winning edition, we have reproduced its cover (Spring, Volume 8, Number 3). The issue was designed by Acart Graphic Services Inc. of Ottawa under the art direction of John Staresinic and the design talent of Nancy Boland. The cover photograph was taken by Carol Walker (who now uses her maiden name Hart) while on assignment in Bolivia and Peru.

bout de papier's two previous Art Direction Awards were received in 1989 for Volume 6, Number 1 which featured the cover photograph of parasols in Chiang Mai, Thailand taken by Liza Linklater, and in 1990 for Volume 7, Number 3 which featured the cover photograph of tribal flute players in Brazil taken by Michael Small.

It really is a pleasure to be Editor of such a fun publication and to have the opportunity to work with such a diverse range of fascinating people and subjects. The success of the magazine ultimately depends upon you, the reader; you, the contributor; and you, the advertiser. Our Editorial Boards are composed of unpaid and unsung volunteers who give their personal time freely to obtaining and editing the material in the magazine. It is a team effort which requires much work, but the results speak for themselves.

A grant from PAFSO and the revenue obtained from our advertisers and subscribers keep the magazine alive and well and publishing in Ottawa. When you use the services of one of our advertisers, let them know that you saw their advertisement in **bout de papier**. This is one way that they can tell whether their investment has an effect. So please do not be shy—say you “saw it first in **bout de papier**”.

I would also encourage members of the Foreign Service to buy subscriptions of **bout** for their families. To do so is an investment in your own future. If nothing else, it saves you a few letters home by helping to tell the folks what you do for a living. We know that every copy of the magazine which sits on someone's coffee table is actually read by ten other individuals, be they friends, relatives, neighbours or visitors. It is in your interest, the department's and that of the Foreign Service to help spread the word far and wide. As a subscriber, colleagues retiring and those on leave from the department can continue to contribute to **bout de papier** while keeping up to date with your colleagues and their activities in the Foreign Service.

In closing off the notebook for this issue, I would like to highlight the recent appointment of **bout de papier's** Managing Editor,

Debra Hulley, to the Board of Directors of the Canadian Magazine Publishers Association. Other CMPA directors are: Jeffrey Shearer, Publisher and Chief Operating Officer, Saturday Night; Lynn Cunningham, Executive Editor, Toronto Life; Michael Crawford, Executive Editor, Canadian Lawyer, Diane Davy, Executive Vice-President, Young Naturalists Foundation; Heather Elton, Editor, Dance Connection; Terry Gray, Circulation and Business Manager, Royal Geographic Society; Jane Hamilton, Managing Editor, The Capilano Review; Paul Jones, Executive Vice-President, CB Media; Caren King, Vice-President Circulation, Telemedia; Judy MacDonald, Managing Editor, This Magazine; Scott Milsom, Editor, New Maritimes; Jean Paré, President, Les Magazines Maclean Hunter, Québec and Editor in Chief, L'actualité.

In my own case, as a result of being Editor of **bout de papier** for the last two years and having edited the “Managing Your Money” column over the past five years, I was invited to join the Board of Directors of Tradex Management Inc., a group of mutual funds founded by and open only to members of the federal public service and one of our advertisers. This is quite an honour because, according to a recent *Globe and Mail* business article, fewer than five per cent of board members across all financial institutions in Canada are women.

Ottawa, July 1992

Carol N. Markham

Carol N. Markham
Editor



Vol. 8 No. 3

1992 Canadian Foreign Service Officer Award

Presentation of the 1992 Canadian Foreign Service Officer Award held in Ottawa on June 17, as well as one Special Commendation and three Citations, highlighted a number of themes.

The first of these is constructive engagement. It is no secret that the relationship between PAFSO and the senior management of the Department has been strained of late. The Social Affairs announcement, poor morale in general, continuing attacks on resources and limited advancement possibilities all have played their part in creating an atmosphere of mutual mistrust. PAFSO, and the members it represents, have grown increasingly cynical and unresponsive to management's claims about the value placed on human resources. On the other hand, I suspect that management was caught off guard by the intensity of PAFSO's reaction to the decision to transfer the Social Affairs stream to Employment and Immigration.

In these circumstances, PAFSO believes that there is a heightened need for constructive engagement. Such engagement was a major objective of the Awards Dinner. Over 200 people attended the dinner at the National Arts Centre including Minister McDougall, our three Deputy Ministers: Reid Morden, Don Campbell and Peter Harder (CEIC), and a large number of other attendees, including a sizeable contingent of journalists. More important than the number who attended, is the fact that the Awards Dinner was the product of close cooperation between the Department and PAFSO. It demonstrated that there are matters on which we have common interests and that pursuing them jointly does not mean that either of us has abdicated our respective beliefs or responsibilities. It was an event that encouraged an informal, if brief, dialogue between individuals, all of whom, I hope, went away with a better understanding of each other's concerns.

Over the last several months, PAFSO has been working on the development of a political and a communications strategy the main feature of which is the constructive engagement between PAFSO and management in areas of common interest. We hope to approach management with an action oriented plan later in the fall after we have had a chance for further reflection and consultation with the membership.

Unity in the Foreign Service was another theme underlying this year's Awards Dinner.



Left to right: Mervyn Meadows (Citation), Bob Turner (Award), Donald Mackay, René Désamoré (Citation), Daniel Jean (Special Commendation)

As the decision to move the Social Affairs stream to Employment and Immigration comes to be implemented, the importance of events that bring all the Foreign Service together will become more important. In institutional terms, PAFSO will be one of the few organizations representing the collective interests of the Foreign Service. A key role for PAFSO will be to serve as the link between different stream members, to ensure that their common identity as Foreign Service Officers remains firmly established. That view was most eloquently presented by the acceptance speech given by Daniel Jean, the 1992 winner of the Special Commendation. Mr. Jean's experiences as the immigration and consular program manager in Haiti reminded him of the need to examine our own situation here in Canada, especially in contrast to some of the conditions encountered elsewhere and of the need to preserve and build upon the good fortune we enjoy as Canadians. Similarly, we need to preserve and build upon the excellence that has come to be the hallmark of the Foreign Service.

Of course, the Awards Dinner credited professionalism as exemplified by the winners. Professionalism is composed of many elements, but it is recognizable, above all, as an attitude. That attitude was evident

in the words of the 1992 Award winner, Bob Turner, Senior Trade Commissioner in Santiago, who wondered why he should be singled out for doing a job that he loves so well. In this case, the answer lies in the question itself. The professional attitude was also evident in the genuine humility of Mervyn Meadows who accepted his citation not on his own behalf but on behalf of the entire Embassy in Moscow. Taking a given situation and exploring the outer boundaries of its possibilities was recognized in the citation given to René-François Désamoré who had made *CanadExport* into an important source of information for Canadian exporters. Excellence of management was also recognized in the citation awarded to David Hardinge for his efforts in the delivery of the immigration program in Warsaw. The 1992 Awards allowed PAFSO to spotlight the achievements of a few individuals whose endeavours serve to give further definition and clarity to what we mean when we speak of the Professional Foreign Service Officer.

Donald H. Mackay

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President

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SWITZERLAND

The following letter to the SSEA was copied to the Editor:

Dear Ms. McDougall

An anonymous commentary in **bout de papier** (February 1992) revealed that institutionalized, government sponsored discrimination against gays and lesbians is alive and well at your Department. Furthermore, the discrimination revealed in that article barely scratches the surface of the systemic injustice at External.

There are four areas where gay men and lesbians are discriminated against at EAITC. First, the Department generally assists the spouses of FSOs to get visas and diplomatic status, unless they're gay. Second, benefits for rotational employees specified in the FSDs, such as travel and family reunion costs and extra allowances, are not available to gay employees with a spouse, as they are for opposite-sex couples. Third, pension and extended medical/dental programs do not recognize same-sex couples for the purpose of benefits. Fourth, a gay FSO may be denied a posting if

the Department feels that the anti-gay laws of the foreign country make the posting unsuitable.

Your government has said that it "will take whatever measures are necessary to ensure that sexual orientation is a prohibited ground of discrimination in relation to all areas of federal jurisdiction." (*Towards Equality*, 1986). Your government has recognized that sexual orientation is a prohibited ground in the *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms* (Hansard, March 8, 1990). And yet you have done nothing. As the anonymous contributor to **bout de papier** said "one can only wonder why, and for how long, management and staff unions will continue to remain silent and to ignore the plight of all employees serving their country abroad while having to share their lives with a 'ghost'."

I request that you review the policies of your Department and take immediate action within EAITC and with Treasury Board to correct these injustices.

Sincerely yours,

Svend J. Robinson, MP
Burnaby-Kingsway

Editor:

In the article entitled "*The Ghosts Among Us*" in your last issue the anonymous author appears to adopt the prevailing convention of using "gay" as a synonym for "homosexual". I believe the time has come to protest the hijacking of a good adjective.

My own experiences with homosexuals is not extensive but "gay" is certainly *not* the adjective I would apply to those I have met. Some have been intelligent, kind, generous and loyal — but that is different. In any case it is ridiculous to use such a specific word as "gay" to describe a large group of people whose temperaments obviously vary greatly from each other. Let us get back to proper English usage.

Harry H. Carter
Ottawa

Editor:

Congratulations on your article "*The Ghosts Among Us*" in Vol. 9, No. 1. The matter of same sex spouses is one that will have to be dealt with soon, if the department hopes to keep up with changes in society. To

I am writing a book on women in the Canadian Foreign Service to be published in the fall of 1993.

To make the book as complete and lively as possible, I invite your readers to share with me any reminiscences, anecdotes, adventures and experiences they have had as women officers in External or as colleagues (male or female) of such officers. I would particularly like to hear from men who have worked with female heads of post and from the wives of officers about their relationships with their husbands' female colleagues.

Since women couldn't enter External as officers until 1947, and remain today a small minority in the department, I would also welcome expressions of opinion on why the disparity persists. Despite today's employment and pay equity laws, are women discriminated against in the Foreign Service? Are there examples of sexual harassment?

Letters and documents that shed light on the accomplishments of women officers and their contributions to shaping and carrying out Canadian foreign policy would also be helpful. If you cannot send copies, I'll return originals. My mailing address is 22 Kingsborough Crescent, Etobicoke, Ontario, M9R 2T9, and my telephone number is (416) 241-7422.

Margaret K. Weiers

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many of the newer members of our department (both straight and gay) it is a non-issue and a situation that should be recognized immediately. It will, however, be a struggle, witness the Anonymous signature on the article and on this letter of support.

Anonymous

Editor:

I am writing to submit two entries, which you will find enclosed, to the **bout de papier** Photo Contest "The World Through Canadian Eyes."

I also wanted to say that I think the contest is a wonderful idea, and an excellent way to encourage participation from your rank and file readership. I hope you will also gain more than a few good additions to your photo library....

I note from your masthead that I know and travelled with several members of the editorial board while on training in '82. Greetings to all. You are doing a marvellous and much appreciated job.

James Schultz

M^{me} le Rédacteur :

Barton, Blouin, Cameron, Fortier, Gauvin, Halstead, Hyndman, Langley, Menzies, McKinney, Nutt, Pearson, Rogers, Small, Warren : cette liste des co-signataires d'un « Mémoire au Comité spécial mixte sur le renouvellement du Canada » reproduit dans vos pages (vol. 9, n° 2) m'est apparu, per se, d'une belle éloquence. En tant que membre de ce Ministère qui a produit, parmi tant d'autres, de tels serviteurs de la politique extérieure canadienne, je me suis réjoui (et, avouons-le, j'ai ressenti un brin de fierté) de leur initiative de produire un tel texte. Je suis sûr que la très vaste majorité de nous qui « vivons » le Canada, et *tout* le Canada, aux frontières parfois si exaltantes entre, d'une part, sa difficile mais si unique réalité interne et, d'autre part, sa projection et ses apports au « village » chaque jour plus « global » de la communauté internationale, en partagerons la teneur.

Je vous prie d'agréer, M^{me} le Rédacteur, l'assurance de mes sentiments les meilleurs.

Jean-Paul Hubert
Washington, D.C.

Editor:

Re: Your editorial "When the Music Stops!", in **bout de papier**, Vol. 9, No. 1

This editorial was one of the most reasoned, sensible, and sensitive articles I have read on the issue of sexual equality in the workplace. Some may object to your term "woman-friendly", but I would argue that it is an accurate description of what is needed, and indicates the necessity to go beyond statutory requirements to ensure true equality and collegiality in the Department. The re-building of morale in the Department is both a top-down and bottom-up process, and we can all contribute by ensuring that informal discrimination — of any type — is neither condoned by senior management or supported by employees.

Stewart Henderson
Policy Planning Staff (CPP)

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Transfer of Social Affairs Stream to CEIC: View from Manila

by Social Affairs Officers, Manila

Readers will recall the intensive 1990 Corporate Review exercise in which EAITC employees of all levels and streams were challenged to develop innovative approaches to promote the effective delivery of departmental programs within Canada and abroad. In transferring the Social Affairs Stream to CEIC, it is clear that the spirit and decisions of this exercise to which Senior Management and Ministers were so deeply committed have been rejected for reasons which are convincingly explained.

After months of study and reasoned review of the Department's responsibilities abroad for immigration, consular and passport activities and in recognition not only of their interrelationship, but their consolidation in many foreign ministries such as in the US State Department. The Corporate Review determined: to amalgamate the delivery of these programs at missions abroad under Social Affairs responsibility; to remove the Passport Office and its revolving fund from the Corporate Management Branch; and finally, to create as of 1 April 1991 a new headquarters which reflected the increasing importance of immigration issues in bilateral relations, the prominence of refugee issues in multilateral fora and the need to rejuvenate the consular program.

These decisions set in motion many management, financial and personnel decisions taken at headquarters and abroad, the consequences of which appear not to have been fully considered when undoing what had been done so recently and successfully. Consultations aside, a more thorough research of the impact of the transfer to CEIC and a less disingenuous approach would have revealed that the Foreign Service and EAITC will incur significant costs at every level of operation — costs which are needless in terms of policies, programs and personnel.

In domestic terms, a department concerned with its image, its lack of domestic constituency and the perceptions by other departments in Ottawa should not leap to implement decisions which reverse a long-term management strategy resoundingly endorsed after a year of introspection and consultation. The domestic and international

environment has not changed so significantly in twelve months as to warrant a fundamental restructuring in departmental organization affecting three programs. If these changes are not about saving money, as Senior Management has admitted, what are they about? Where is the evidence that the organization of the Consular, Immigration and Passport affairs branch (OFB) was less than effective or less than responsive to direction from Ministers and Senior Management? What really did need fixing? Surely after the sweeping and not inexpensive revisions of Corporate Review, the Department would be better served by letting the new organization demonstrate its effectiveness before introducing yet more change.

In a time of deficit and recession, is it really a priority to move pieces of departments around like jigsaw puzzles without regard to cost or need?

In a time of deficit and recession, is it really a priority to move pieces of departments around like jigsaw puzzles without regard to cost or need?

Financial and corporate considerations aside, there is the aspect of service to the public which has been sorely neglected in all discussions of this subject. The Auditor General in his 1989 Report on the Department's delivery of the Consular Program publicly chastised EAITC for its

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lackluster performance, poor management practices, lack of global standards, and lack of recognition and career advancement to employees dedicated to consular activities. The transfer of responsibilities to the Social Affairs Stream allowed a rejuvenation of this program, while providing the opportunity for Social Affairs Officers to demonstrate their abilities over a wider range of activities. Social Affairs Officers devised and constructed an outstanding "Consular Awareness" campaign which brought compliments and recognition to the Department, not only from the Auditor General but from the Canadian public. Social Affairs Stream employees managed the Department's consular program through the Gulf War, not only in Kuwait and a number of missions in the Middle East, but through months of nights and weekends in headquarters. It would be interesting to touch base with these central agencies now to query whether they, too, are convinced that a transfer of consular and passport responsibilities really best serves the Canadian taxpayer and the travelling public at this time.

Recognition of Social Affairs Stream achievements and abilities has been sorely neglected. With a headquarters' complement no larger than two pages in the departmental phone book, OFB met the challenges of accepting consular responsibilities in

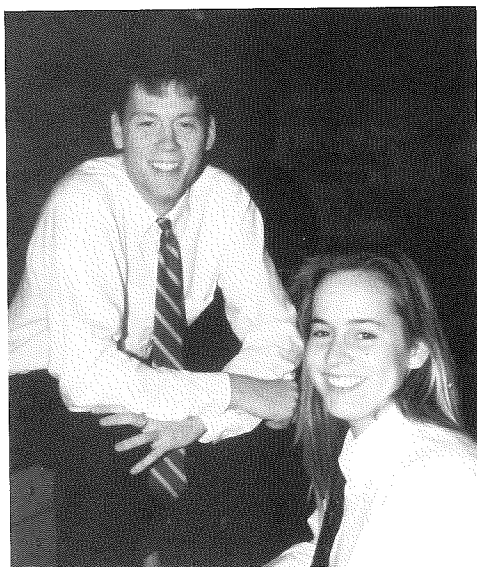
which no other group in the Department was interested; rebuilding relations with an alienated Passport Office and overseeing its first year of financial and operative independence as a Special Operating Agency; formulating policy on mass migration and refugee issues worldwide; and managing consular crises globally. These achievements have been rewarded by a transfer out of the Department and by bureaucratic revisionism of the worst kind. Since when do we adhere to the principles of consolidation by deconsolidating? Since when in going "back to basics" is trade promotion a "core" program of External Affairs?

Recognition of Social Affairs Stream achievements and abilities has been sorely neglected.

From the viewpoint of Social Affairs Officers abroad, this decision sends conflicting messages. We hear Senior Management speak of ethics and efficiency and then turn

600 Passport Office employees over to their third ADM in twelve months; speak of excellence and then return the consular program to mediocrity; and speak of employee commitment and then transfer 350 committed officers to another department. Perhaps Senior Management should be reminded that Social Affairs Officers in 1981 had a choice whether to stay in CEIC or to transfer to External Affairs. How convenient that the question of choice which was so prominent in the 1981 consolidation process is now forgotten in the 1992 deconsolidation exercise.

The transfer of the stream is most definitely the Department's loss in terms of skills, youth, enthusiasm and Foreign Service Officers within the broadest meaning of those words. Yet it is never too late to review a decision. It is also never too late to make a case to Management when a decision has unforeseen consequences. This is our responsibility as employees and taxpayers. If Senior Management is not willing, despite strong and compelling argument, to allow the Social Affairs Stream to remain in a Department to which it has committed itself for over a decade, then the sound principles upon which the Department was said to be founded following Corporate Review will be nullified. Most importantly, the EAITC of the future will be as hampered by its organization as was the DEA of the past. 



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World Population Growth and Population Movements: Policy Implications for Canada

by Michael Shenstone

Major decisions are facing Canada's policy-makers on the two great "people" phenomena of our time: rapid world population growth and mass movements of population. A huge UN Conference on Population and Development, almost on the scale of the UN Conference on Environment and Development (UNCED), is barely two years away, and because population issues are controversial as well as important, its preparation will require prolonged high-level attention. Migration issues have recently become a matter of widespread public concern in Canada, and are now high on the foreign policy agenda of many countries; they will also figure in the Conference. We urgently need a better understanding of these fundamental but complex problems, their links with other UN issues, their impact on Canada, and what we can and should do about them.

The statistics are frightening. World population has reached 5.4 billion and is increasing at 1.7 per cent per year; it will reach 8.5 billion by 2025, and probably at least double by the end of the century. 95 per cent of population growth is in developing countries, with the highest rates in Africa; in contrast all industrialized countries are now growing slowly if at all. Eventually world population will stabilize, but the experts cannot answer the key question on which so much depends: how soon, and at what level?

Rapid population growth combined with poverty cripples economic development; environmental sustainability is menaced; political and social structures are corroded, and authoritarian reaction against feared unrest blocks progress in human rights. In turn, migration pressures are fuelled, and world economic imbalances and Third World indebtedness are increased. Internationally, coming shifts in world population ratios will menace the global system. How will the present three economic colossi, with their eventually declining populations, cope with the demographic colossi of tomorrow?

Economic progress and family planning complement each other in contributing to fertility decline, even though the process is gradual and uneven. Important factors include broader access to education, and particularly

advancement of the status of women. Contraceptive use must increase rapidly if population is not to grow even faster than predicted; there is already much unmet demand. Surprisingly, neither AIDS, malnutrition or religious factors will have decisive statistical effects. Most developing countries now have population policies, but in many the essential political will is still lacking.

Developed countries now recognize the link between population growth and development, but do not stress it; the link with the environment is more tentatively acknowledged; the link with migratory movements is only beginning to be seriously discussed. Population issues have not been taken up in summit gatherings. However there are extensive UN and IBRD programs, and large goal-setting UN Conferences in 1974 and 1984, to which the 1994 UN Conference on Population and Development mentioned above will be the successor. About 1.3 per cent of world ODA goes to population; the USA leads the field, but does not give to the UN. We are near the mean.

Migration flows have become a major world concern; they include 17 million refugees, perhaps 20 million internally displaced, and millions more seeking to find a better life. Specific flows are idiosyncratic; migrants go where co-nationals happen to have established a beach-head, and where the easiest entry and best benefits are. But it is only a question of time before most of the developing world becomes a source of migration pressure on the countries of the North. Among the latter, the distinction is breaking down between traditional countries of immigration, and others. Much migration is now irregular; stay rates of those rejected are high everywhere, and costs of maintenance and control are enormous. Racist reactions in Europe are increasing. Meetings on migration and refugees have mushroomed, so far with little result. Governments are beginning to recognize that control measures alone will not suffice, and that a broader approach is needed, but agreement is still lacking on its nature.

Population and migration trends gravely handicap many specific Canadian objectives, in the fields of international development, human rights, the environment, trade, and the UN. Some of our foreign policy emphases will have to change. Still more people will

be pressing to come to Canada, using our refugee claim route if they can. The proportion of non-European applicants will rise, perpetuated by the extended family system. If tensions in our cities increase, and if much stronger control becomes necessary, our liberal self-image, itself a unifying factor, may be damaged.

One of the five priority objectives of *Canadian policy*, as stated late last year by the Government, is to encourage greater international involvement and cooperation on population growth and mass migration issues. A large number of specific recommendations made to this end include, in outline, that *on the Canadian scene* we should:

- do more to highlight the importance of these issues, for example through official statements dealing with global issues, clearer focus and improved liaison inter-departmentally and with posts, and closer NGO contacts;
- strengthen Canada's population assistance, through clarifying its priority and raising its proportion within our ODA, increasing Africa's share from the present 11.4 per cent, adding population experts, restoring funding to WHO's reproductive health research, adjusting Canadian NGO funding, and preserving IRDC's modest population research;
- maintain our immigration policy's non-discriminatory and humanitarian aspects; but with the aim of being taken more seriously multilaterally, as well as of maintaining immigration's public credibility and keeping ample room for selection of independents, try to narrow the gap between our and others' refugee claim acceptance rates, reduce our attractiveness to irregulars, and make sponsorship of relatives somewhat less generous.

On the *international scene*, it is suggested, among other things, that we should:

- generally, work to increase awareness of the issues and their links with other world problems, e.g. by encouraging suitable discussion at major UN fora, G-7, Commonwealth and Francophone summits, NATO, OAS, Davos, interparliamentary meetings, etc.;
- on population, put a strong effort into the 1994 Conference, rejoin the UN Population Commission, push for better UN coordination, urge the USA to restore UN funding,

stress the issue more at UNCED, raise population's priority at the DAC, IBRD, and IMF and with laggard G-7 and other donors, underline its importance with aid partners as an important indicator of their seriousness in development, and support the recently proposed Bruntland-type "Independent Commission on Population" designed to support the international population effort.

- on migration, strengthen resources for our international strategy, appoint a special representative to manage it, make more use of political-level contacts and our bilateral network, develop a considered Canadian view on the complex question of short- and long-term effects of development on migration, support an OECD study and early high-level DAC discussion, intensify efforts to secure agreements with the USA and Europe on refugee claims while recognizing that early success may elude us, encourage trilateral talks including Mexico with an eye on possible future flows, be cautious about a larger UNHCR role, make vigorous use of the "Informal Consultations" for policy coordination even if Eurocentric trends make its future uncertain, stimulate joint action on root causes of migration through the "country assessment process" in the Consultations while avoiding exaggerated expectations, and in dialogue with source countries, counter the impression that Canada and other developed countries are retiring behind a fortress wall, oblivious to Third World problems. We must establish that migration needs to be tackled jointly in coming decades together with other great world issues such as development, environment and population.

The twin problems of rapid population growth and mass migration threaten the world's environment, economic future, and political stability. It is clearer what should be done about the first than the second, but resources are a key issue in both. While there are things we should do to put our own house in order, we are well placed to play an important role in a number of specific ways to promote common action by the world community. But solutions can only be long-term, needing much patience and consistent effort. Are we and others up to the challenge?

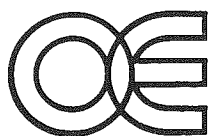
Michael Shenstone recently retired from External Affairs after 39 1/2 years of service during which he served at a number of Middle Eastern and other posts. His last assignment was in Vienna. The paper which is summarized here was written just before his retirement when he was with the policy planning staff as a policy advisor.

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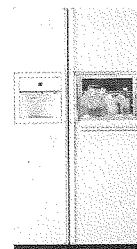
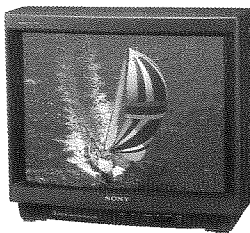
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Excerpt from *Red Tory Blues*

by Heath Macquarrie, University of Toronto Press. 1992, 378 pp. \$35.00

Senator Heath Macquarrie was the Progressive Conservative Member of Parliament for the Prince Edward Island constituency of Hillsborough (still the dual riding of Queens when he was first elected in 1957) for over twenty years. He never became a cabinet minister, but was an active member of the Standing Committee on External Relations, was a delegate to the United Nations General Assembly, and travelled widely on parliamentary business over the years. He was appointed to the Senate in 1979 by Prime Minister Joe Clark.

The excerpt printed here is from his political memoirs, Red Tory Blues, soon to be published by the University of Toronto Press.

Senator Macquarrie, like any good Maritimer, never lost touch with his Maritime roots. Politics is fiercely partisan in eastern Canada, but frequently the regional perspective will override party positions, as the following passage from his book demonstrates.

Rick Belliveau, Editorial Board

The 1988 vote gave the Mulroney government a mandate for free trade. When the House of Commons met after the election the two opposition parties began a foolish and futile course of obstruction. The government's eventual use of closure seemed justified. All Canadians can now hope that the measure will generally be beneficial. But sadly I am inclined to believe that it won't be as helpful as its proponents declared it would be.

So refined are our modern polling techniques that a young ministerial executive assistant forecast the result for me in my office on the Thursday before the election. Based on knowledge of last-minute polling, he assured me there would be a majority government but that the likely result in PEI would be a Grit sweep. As I said to Isabel that night: 'Monday's great national effort is almost an anticlimax.'

Even before this astute tip I had heard worrisome predictions about PEI. Naturally

I hoped for the best. At such a volatile time I didn't expect Conservative wins in the two seats where the incumbents weren't running, Malpeque and Egmont. But Pat Binns, reoffering in Cardigan, was as close to the ideal MP as one can get. In Hillsborough, Tom McMillan was a credit to any constituency or any government. He was active, intelligent, personable, and, though young, highly experienced in politics. Even after a lifetime in politics I was shaken by the loss of Pat Binns and Tom McMillan. At a dinner at the Australian high commissioner's residence on the Friday before the election, I was asked why PEI seemed to be so strongly against free trade. Although it was a difficult question I welcomed it, since it forced me to organize my thoughts on what motivated my own people.

Certainly it was not because of any demerits in our candidates. Nor was there any strong preference for John Turner as leader. Our provincial premier was actively supporting the Liberals, but in other provinces the views and efforts of the premier seemed not so significant. In my own early days in politics, many of our old people were fearful about voting PC lest their pensions be endangered. Some Liberal activists were both expert and active in sowing seeds of anxiety. In 1988 there were reflections of old-time scare tactics. Also it must be noted that in PEI, as in the Atlantic region generally, there are few big business establishments to mount the opposite type of pressures which were felt in more industrial areas.

But there were other reasons for PEI taking such a strong and contrary stand against the general trend in the country. Behind the *Free Trade Agreement*, with its stress on the value of great trading blocs, economies of scale, mergers, integration, and the like, there stands the suggestion that bigness of itself is a virtue or even a necessity in the modern world. In PEI we have to believe that small can be beautiful. If economic rationalization is the be-all and the end-all, our continuing existence as a province might someday be ruled counterproductive. When our ancestors, often with reluctance, joined others to form a Dominion, north-south trade with the United States was not considered the big thing. Rather were they sold on the great east-west economic movements which would build a great nation. Many Maritimers to this day have a small feeling of having sacrificed a good deal to join Confederation. This was somewhat relieved

by aid from the central government, subsidies, grants, regional expansion funds, and a host of other compensations. If the vitality and clout of the federal government were to be diminished in a supranational trade bloc, what capacity would a Canadian government retain to redress some of the regional imbalances which so heavily burden the Maritime economies?

To a substantial degree it was a careful reflection, vague anxiety, and a degree of independent thought which prompted PEI's election performance on 21 November 1988.

To a large degree we share a continent with the Americans. We are like them, but we are different.... I have an uneasy feeling that our present leader Brian Mulroney has no pulse beat for this kind of classic Canadianism.

Not surprisingly, in the months after the 1988 election I gave much thought to the effect of the *Free Trade Agreement* upon the Canadian people. Because of the procedures by which the measure was dealt with in the Senate prior to the election, I was never faced with the decision of being for or against it on a recorded vote. After the 1988 election the Liberal majority properly decided to cease their opposition to the FTA. Considering the result of the election and believing that the Senate should not oppose the legislation of a newly elected government, I had no difficulty in voting for the measure on 30 December 1988.

But there was more to it than the terms of the *Free Trade Agreement*. It seems to me that the present PC government has forgotten that an essential part of Canadian nationalism has been founded on a belief that mere imitation of the American way of life was an

insufficient and erroneous way of expressing our national identity. To a large degree we share a great continent with the Americans. We are like them, but we are different. John A. Macdonald knew that. So did Robert Borden. Bennett, as he said at the Charlottetown meeting in 1935, most certainly did. John Diefenbaker did not wish to subsume our way of life under Americanism. I have an uneasy feeling that our present leader Brian Mulroney has no pulse beat for this kind of classic Canadianism.

I had this worry as I saw the cosy relationship developing between President Ronald Reagan and Prime Minister Mulroney. The Shamrock Summit of 1985 may have been good theatre, but it was not a great moment for Canadian nationalists. I used to be proud of Canada's role in the world. We carved out a role for ourselves as a trusted peacekeeper. We were the voice of moderation at the UN and other international assemblies. John Diefenbaker refused to go along with the Americans regarding Cuba, in the early Castro days. Lester Pearson, even in the United States, called for a cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam.

But on the Gulf crisis of 1990-1 it would take a very sharp detective to see much difference between the views and utterances of Washington and those of Ottawa.

I am troubled not only in the field of foreign policy. I fear that a highly casual attitude pervades the present governing party when it comes to serious issues of Canadian nationalism. John A. Macdonald and his colleagues believed that a strong central government was necessary to counterbalance the enormous power of the nation to the south of us. The transcontinental railway for Macdonald was essential to our burgeoning nationhood. Borden opposed reciprocity which he saw as closely equivalent to commercial union which would precede political union. Another Conservative, R.B. Bennett, sensed that we must control our airlines and our airways. One of his greatest initiatives was the creation of the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Corporation (CRBC), the predecessor of the CBC. A prince of capitalism, he nevertheless saw the need for state involvement in the media. His enunciation of the media's mandate in the House of Commons on 18 May 1932 reads well to this day.

First of all, this country must be assured of complete control of broadcasting from Canadian sources, free from foreign interference or influence. Without such control radio broadcasting can never become a great agency for communication of matters of national concern and for the diffusion

of national thought and ideals, and without such control it can never be the agency by which national consciousness may be fostered and sustained and national unity still further strengthened...

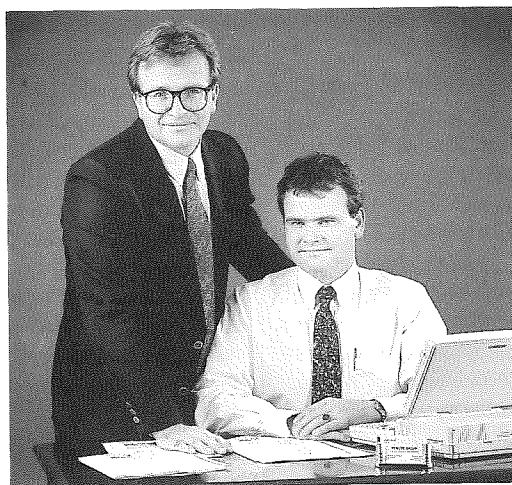
The cruel slashes of 1990 in the spending of the CBC seem a far cry from the Bennett years. Even in the depths of a Depression profoundly more miserable than today's recession, Bennett found sufficient moneys for the CRBC. In those days the total government budget was a mere fraction of today's vast expenditure.

From the first day I entered the PC caucus in 1957 I heard a heavy strain of hostility to the CBC. Personally I thought that the CBC had done great things for the development of the Canadian intellectual and artistic community. When a CBC outlet was established in Prince Edward Island, the political awareness of all the media was uplifted, and coverage of public affairs increased on all the outlets. The cutbacks announced in late 1990 were hurtful to the CBC. Some of these were particularly difficult to justify. What kind of reasoning would put Windsor in the forefront for closure? Some funny things happen in the the world of politics. I had the feeling throughout the debates on the *Free Trade Agreement*, the 1988 election, and the *Meech Lake Accord* that the

CBC's 'neutrality' had a noticeable and consistent slant to the PCs. I also thought it a remarkable coincidence that, amid the swirling criticism of station closures and 1100 job cuts at the CBC, its president, Gérard Veilleux, should be given the country's highest public service award.

During the Mulroney years, there was also widespread criticism about the drastic cuts in the Via Rail service and the closure of many post offices in small Canadian communities, both in the name of restraint. Actually the nation's rail passenger service was under the gun long before 1985. Railway abandonment was a complaint during the Trudeau years. Sometimes railway service was first downgraded and then withdrawn because the public weren't using the service. It may be that this did happen; but there seemed to be a widespread deploring of the loss of our railways by many Canadians who, while they may have loved railways, didn't use them. Once upon a time Canadians accepted the view that there were many services which were provided to the citizenry whether or not they were profitable. Today we have accepted too readily a user-pay mentality. We never would have built the country we have if such a view had prevailed in the great years of national Canadian development and growth. 

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What Goes Around, Comes Around

by Laurel Pardy

My father often quoted the saying, "What goes around, comes around." At the time I thought it meant that, if your friend had chicken pox, sooner or later you were bound to get it too. As the years went by, I realized there are broader interpretations. One such interpretation challenged me a few months ago.

At a clan gathering in the guise of an Embassy Coffee Morning which I was hostessing at the Residence, discussion had turned, as it often does, to the difficulty of being a Diplomatic Spouse — family separation, lost jobs, elderly parents, adjustment trauma, and posting anecdotes. It should be pointed out that once one reaches the exalted Head of Mission status, one no longer has a home, one inhabits an Official Residence, affectionately called the O.R. Hence, I cannot say, "a coffee morning at my home."

"Oh, Lord," I thought, "here we go again."

Resigned to listening to the same old complaints created by a rotational career as expounded by a crop of recent arrivals, I nearly choked on my biscuit when one of the as yet unbloodied proclaimed (apologized?) with a sidelong look in my direction that,

"Of course, it is different for the Older Wives. They never expected to have a Career. And the Ambassador's Wife is Too Busy To Work anyway."

It was a toss-up whether to laugh, cry or leap shrieking onto my chair. I was readying for the fray when the really sobering reality of the statement kicked my consciousness awake — the speaker considered me unequivocally one of the Older Wives. What had gone around, had come around. What's more, they thought the battle was *their* invention and that nobody had ever railed against the world's injustices before; that those who preceded them were guilty of passive acceptance. Worse, the implication was that we Older Wives had not even *seen* the injustice.

Surprise! Surprise! It was not the Treasury Board who decided that more family-life Foreign Service Directives were needed and it was not the Under-Secretary who forced the realization that spousal employment was an issue.

The thought that saved the Official China Pattern for C Posts cup and saucer from becoming airborne was that *I* had been there; *they* would be here. I said a mental thank you to that forbearing Older Wife who had not thrown her cup at me in my brasher days of windmill tilting. So I opted for the devil's

advocate role and settled to find out what were the new concerns of the community.

It should come as no little surprise that there were no new concerns. The conversation could have occurred during any of a hundred mornings over the last quarter century. How discouraging. I had expected more of the Liberated and Politically Correct generation of Younger Spouses; more dynamism and less passivity; more constructive activity and less waiting for something to be done for them. During an ebb in the conversation, I realized what I had unconsciously been doing and another turn of the wheel came round. No longer interested in manning the barricades, I was endeavouring to prod the younger generation into activity, to nudge them into broadening personal gripes into more generic problems and to generate some practical solutions.

Had someone done this to me twenty-five years ago? Had *I* been the manipulated instead of the manipulator all these years?

The Foreign Service Community Association did not exist in those days. Instead, there was the External Affairs Officers' Wives Association which had a loose, big sister arrangement that took all the Young Wives under the maternal wing and attempted to show us by example *How It Should be Done*. The name says it all. The dividing line was between those wives (and they were all wives) who, when abroad, would have an Official Representational Role to play versus those who would not.

While the employee received a smattering of information related to the job; it was accepted that accompanying dependants would be self-sufficient enough to ferret among the community for such support and information as they required when departing or returning to Canada. Self-reliance and a sense of marital and patriotic duty was a highly prized attribute in those days and smiling, stiff-lipped and silent acquiescence to the Exigencies Of The Service was expected.

There were no pre-posting briefings, re-entry workshops or résumé writing seminars. These were not the issues that concerned *this* segment of the Canadian Diplomatic Corps (the concept of the Foreign Service Community would come later). Instead, it was whether or not the Younger Wives would be able to meet the demands of Representation and Protocol. In the early days, anyone becoming a Canadian diplomat came from the upper class (yes, Canada had and has an upper class); but about the mid-sixties, entry was democratized and attendance at Upper

Canada College was no longer a prerequisite. Even the odd Newfoundlander could get accepted into the ranks. This meant that, *tsk-tsk*, their wives might not have attended Haverhill or Bishop Strachan and, consequently, would probably be unfamiliar with the placement of crystal stemware in a formal table setting.

The response to this Potential Situation was a series of coffees, lunches, teas and, once before a posting, a dinner with the Divisional Head. So it was that I left my young babies in the hands of an unknown baby sitter, donned my best togs and assailed the stone fences of Rockcliffe Village for my first lunch-lesson.

At the time, we were living in a third-floor walk-up off Bank Street swamped in student debt and diapers, so I will admit that the stained glass double front doors and dove-grey plush carpeting was a sharp reminder of my position. For an eon I sat between two stalwart ladies from the Soviet Embassy (remember, those were the days of Russophobia). Thank God the Protopopovs had just won the Olympic gold. Every few minutes one could say, "Protopopov", and smile. At the summons to partake of the buffet luncheon (lesson no. 1, "luncheon", not "lunch"), I carefully placed my coupe de imported champagne on the silver coaster and sought the tail end of the line. I figured that it was a safe bet I should stand behind everyone else.

With discouragement, I eyed the silver casserole holders, Wedgwood dishes and cut crystal stemware. How could I ever afford such things? Clearly, it was presumptuous to think I could ever entertain Important People in Adequate Style. Then I looked at my plate and began to laugh. Tuna casserole! Despite the sterling silver fork, it was still only tuna casserole with canned peas. I had learned my lunch-lesson alright, even though it may not have been the one intended.

Instead of fretting about the trimmings, I started listening to the conversation — family separation, lost jobs, elderly parents, adjustment trauma, and posting anecdotes.

What went around, came around. A quarter of a century later, I found myself sitting in my Official Living Room as a Senior Wife dispensing wit and wisdom on the same topics. I wonder if the Younger Spouses realize that only the quality of the tuna casserole is important? 

Laurel Pardy has been an observer of Foreign Service life for twenty years. This time, she does so from a hillside in Costa Rica.

Réminiscences et souvenirs de Yvon Beaulne

*L'ex-ambassadeur Yvon Beaulne, a évoqué pour **bout de papier** certains souvenirs de ses interventions en faveur du français à l'ONU. Résumé d'une entrevue par Arthur Blanchette.*

*— Hélène Lafortune,
Équipe de rédaction*

Ayant été d'abord censeur de langue italienne au début de la guerre avant de devenir traducteur parlementaire au Secrétariat d'État, M. Beaulne connaît bien les difficultés des traducteurs. Il a même donné des cours de traduction à l'Université d'Ottawa avant de s'engager dans l'Armée canadienne où, en 1944, il est devenu correspondant de guerre pour les journaux tant de langue anglaise que de langue française. Il a toujours été soucieux de la correction, de la précision et de la qualité du français au cours de sa carrière au ministère des Affaires extérieures.

À son arrivée au ministère il est affecté au Protocole où l'une de ses premières initiatives est de créer des lettres de créance en français selon des modèles du Grand Siècle. Il le raconte lui-même : « comme M. Jules Léger devait présenter ses lettres de créance en tant qu'Ambassadeur du Canada au Mexique, il me vient à l'idée de les rédiger en français. Cela n'avait jamais été fait auparavant. Mon adjoint, Mario Lavoie, me propose donc des lettres signées par Louis XIV, ce qui donnait un texte d'allure solennelle. Je les envoie ensuite au sous-secrétaire intérimaire Charles Ritchie qui les fait suivre au ministre Pearson et de là, par l'intermédiaire de M. Norman Robertson, Haut-Commissaire du Canada à Londres au secrétaire de la Reine. Ce dernier, très surpris, convoque M. Robertson pour lui dire : « Quelle idée saugrenue avez-vous eue d'écrire à la Reine en français? ». M. Robertson répond que le français est une des langues officielles du Canada et que si la Reine ne veut pas signer les documents, on peut toujours les faire signer par le Gouverneur général. En effet, il existait depuis les dernières années de la guerre, un accord qui permettait au Gouverneur général de signer des lettres de créance en l'absence du Roi. Toutes les difficultés se sont dissipées, la Reine d'un coup a aimablement signé les lettres de créance

en français à son Cher et Grand Ami le Président du Mexique. Cette situation s'est par la suite répétée avec les lettres de créance de l'ambassadeur du Canada à Washington alors que Dean Rusk était secrétaire d'État. Et alors il ne lui paraissait plus étonnant que la Reine écrive en français à son Cher et Grand Ami, le Président des États-Unis ».

Dans le même domaine M. Beaulne rappelle les démarches du Canada à l'ONU pour la défense et l'illustration de la langue française. L'Ambassadeur George Ignatieff avait d'ailleurs reproché officiellement à M. U. Thant de traiter le français en parent pauvre dans les services de l'administration centrale.

Ces services avaient l'habitude regrettable de traduire d'abord tous le discours en anglais pour les retraduire à partir du texte anglais dans les six langues officielles. Les interventions à l'ONU que l'Ambassadeur Beaulne prononçait toujours en français, pour se démarquer de ses voisins américains, paraissaient alors dans les comptes rendus tellement déformées qu'il reconnaissait à peine sa pensée. Ses discours avaient été traduits en anglais avant d'être retraduits en français.

Les services en français avaient périclité à l'ONU et l'Ambassadeur Beaulne a fait des représentations au Secrétaire général au nom des délégations d'expression française pour la diffusion simultanée en français, tant à New York qu'à Genève, des déclarations, discours et communiqués de presse, qui pour la plupart ne paraissaient qu'en anglais depuis plusieurs années. Rappelons qu'en 1946, l'ONU avait adopté le français et l'anglais comme langues de travail. La division de la presse et des publications comprenait jusqu'en 1958 un bureau français qu'on a fait disparaître sans éclat et sans bruit au moyen de remaniement administratif. Les fonctionnaires comprennent bien ces méthodes. On a tout simplement muté graduellement les fonctionnaires de ce bureau pour les affecter à d'autres tâches sans les remplacer.

Le Secrétaire général U. Thant a répondu à la demande du Canada en octobre 1970 en prenant des dispositions pour remédier à une telle situation. Il a ainsi chargé le bureau du personnel de recruter au Canada des spécialistes francophones qui ont remis sur pied, en peu de temps, les services abolis

subrepticement. Il faut donc se réjouir de ce que les langues officielles du Canada soient les principales langues de travail de l'ONU et que cela crée des emplois pour les Canadiens. Cela devrait être pour tous les Canadiens, non un motif d'embarras ou de lamentations mais un sujet de fierté.

D'autre part, à la veille du 25^{ème} anniversaire des Nations Unies à l'été 1970, le gouvernement canadien avait publié un ensemble de documents sur la politique étrangère qui comptait au nombre de ses principaux objectifs la projection du Canada à l'ONU comme pays bilingue. Cela survenait également après la publication des travaux de la Commission Laurendeau-Dunton et l'adoption par le gouvernement fédéral de la politique du bilinguisme officiel. Ayant pris au sérieux ce point du programme, l'Ambassadeur Beaulne à New York prononçait ses interventions en français. D'ailleurs le secrétaire d'État aux Affaires extérieures lui-même, Mitchell Sharp, l'a encouragé à poursuivre cet objectif. Un jour, le recevant dans son bureau, il lui indique une pile de lettres à signer. « Vous me surprenez au moment où je signais des lettres à des anglophones indignés d'apprendre que vous vous exprimez en français à l'Assemblée générale ». Il est vrai que les débats commençaient à ce moment-là à être télévisés, M. Sharp ajoute : « et je leur répond, que vous avez l'entière approbation du gouvernement canadien ».

Malgré quelques réticences, ces initiatives ont généralement été bien accueillies et personne ne s'étonne aujourd'hui quand un diplomate canadien parle du Canada sur la scène internationale dans l'une ou l'autre des langues officielles du pays. /

Yvon Beaulne a pris sa retraite en 1984 après une carrière de 37 ans au Ministère. Son dernier poste a été Ambassadeur du Canada près le Saint-Siège. M. Beaulne avait auparavant été Ambassadeur du Canada à l'UNESCO, 1976-1979; directeur général de la division Afrique et Moyen-Orient 1974-76; Représentant du Canada auprès des Nations-Unies à New York 1969-1972; Il a aussi été Ambassadeur du Canada au Brésil et au Venezuela ainsi que Sous-Secrétaire d'Etat adjoint au Secrétariat d'Etat.

Apartment Hunting in Paris — A Liberal Education — Part II

During his long and truly distinguished career in External Affairs, Charles Ritchie held such top posts abroad as Ambassador to the United States, High Commissioner in London, Permanent Representative to the United Nations, Ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany, Permanent Representative to NATO, and more. Notwithstanding the gruelling nature of such assignments, during all of this time Charles managed to write diaries which, in his retirement, have been converted into four volumes of Diaries published by Macmillan have delighted readers throughout the English-speaking world.

*In the early post-World War II years, Charles served as Counsellor at the Canadian Embassy in Paris where, quite in addition to writing diaries, he kept up a delightful correspondence with Under-Secretary Lester B. Pearson. **bout** readers will recall the very amusing letter, published in a recent issue, about his vicissitudes, as a bachelor, in finding housing in 1947 Paris.*

A year later, by then married to Sylvia, he writes to Mike Pearson about the oddities of life in the apartment they are occupying — but without their own effects, for which they had been waiting over two months for shipment by Ottawa. The spiritual landlady, the plumbing complete with bidet, the shared telephone, the stone-deaf manservant, the aged and toothless cleaning lady, the toothbrush that disappeared down the toilet and threatened the entire plumbing — all vivified in the spring of 1948 for the Under-Secretary in the kind of language that, I am confident, the present Under-Secretary does not see today, even in communications from PAFSO.

*Sidney Freifeld
Editorial Board*

home she allows her positively Victorian length grey locks to fall in a shroudlike manner over her shoulders. If one didn't know this background one would think that the witch of Endor was blowing down the stairs on a broomstick.

*Like so many French
mechanical devices,
they are usually
abandoned in
an emergency in
favour of the
more direct
human contact.*

*by Charles Ritchie
Paris, 23 March 1948*

Dear Mike,

I feel that the time has come for me to render to my Superior (if I may borrow monastic phraseology) some account of myself and of life in the Ritchie menage in Paris. Marriage is indeed a very Beautiful Thing — a far more beautiful thing than I ever guessed in the unregenerate days of my bachelorhood. [...] Our home life is organized along simple but effective lines. In addition to a stone-deaf man-servant who spends most of his time ironing my ties with a hot iron till they bloom into a curious shade of rusty yellow, we have at our disposal the services of an aged and toothless crone who wields an ineffective feather duster in her chilblained and trembling fingers. Our landlady is a spinster of the most refined sensibilities and comes of one of the (very nearly) best French families. She resides on the top floor

of the house and gives herself up to good works which seem principally to consist of the moral regeneration of a number of young strapping men who are described as "nephews". We occasionally hear the soothing murmur of spiritual counsel percolating from her quarters. We have the privilege of sharing a telephone with her, which is operated to her part of the house or our own by a series of switches, the mechanics of which I have not yet mastered. In any case, like so many French mechanical devices, they are usually abandoned in an emergency in favour of the more direct human contact. This means a good deal of screaming up and down the stairs whenever the telephone rings in either division of the house. Sometimes our landlady's head appears over the bannisters as she calls us to communicate a telephone message. On such occasions she presents a surprising appearance for, owing to her finely stretched nerves, she cannot bear the weight of her abundant tresses pressing upon her forehead so that when at

The sanitary arrangements in the house have all the peculiar charm and interest of French attachments in the best homes of France. There is a mystery about French baths, w.c.s and bidets. These objects of glistening white porcelain seem to have been installed as a matter of fashion in some period in the 1920s. Their installation was purely for prestige purposes and not for use. This at once becomes evident if you try to use them. For example, no hot water comes out of the taps despite the fact that they are heated by a circular gas contraption (alarmingly labelled Vesuvius). I asked our landlady why there was no hot water even after one had risked one's life by igniting this device, and she blandly replied that in the winter the water was cold but in the summer naturally it was warmer. This seemed at the time a self-evident proposition and I felt that I had asked a foolish question. On reflection, however, I feel there must be a catch in it somewhere. My own method of washing is to sit in the bath while my man-servant pours vats of boiling water taken off the stove over my person. This I believe to be quite customary among the *samurai* in Japan. I have no idea how Sylvia manages [...]

I must admit that I have not assisted the smooth working of the sanitary arrangements as, while brushing my teeth, I let fly my toothbrush which, guided by some mysterious force of attraction, described a circle in the air and precipitated itself down the w.c. From then on it was impossible to pull the plug. Plumbers arrived and said that the toothbrush was so deeply buried in the entrails of the plumbing that it would be necessary to take up the bathroom floor tile by tile and strip the pipes. This would have entailed pulling down most of the interior of the house at the cost of about half a million francs. Fortunately, however, such drastic methods were not in the end necessary. The toothbrush has been rescued and is now used by the man-servant to apply brown shoe polish to the more delicate whorls of my brown brogues. Everything works together for the good of those who love the Lord.

The furnishing and interior decoration of our house is in the style of the First Empire and it contains a number of relics of our landlady's grandfather, a Marshal of Napoleon. The most interesting of these is a moustache comber presented to him by Napoleon personally and with which I have personally combed my own moustache. Delightful as these period relics are, I am still looking forward to the possibility that the Department will be able to despatch to us

our personal effects, for which we have now been waiting for more than two months, as it would be quite a pleasant change to have something about the house which dates from the last century of progress. Unfortunately, we have not inherited the Marshal's war chargers, so that until our car, which is also being despatched to us by a kindly Department, arrives we have no means of transport.

I am still looking forward to the possibility that the Department will be able to despatch to us our personal effects as it would be quite a pleasant change to have something about the house which dates from the last century of progress.

Despite the bizarre elements in our home life, we are very pleased with existence in Paris and, insofar as is possible for a hard working and conscientious public servant like myself, we are enjoying life. Not a hard word has passed between my wife and I since our marriage day except that she once asked me whether I always left my clothes lying in heaps upon the floor. I said that I always did, that may late father always had, and that my dear brother always does. She seemed to accept this as being in the Nature of Things.

Our love to yourself and Maryon. I do hope that we may see you both in Paris before the year is out. That would be a real cause for rejoicings. 

Yours ever,
Charles

Charles Ritchie served as Ambassador to Germany, Ambassador and Permanent Representative to the United Nations, Ambassador to the United States, Ambassador and Permanent Representative to the North Atlantic Council and High Commissioner to the United Kingdom.

Sidney Freifeld served as Chargé d'Affaires in Uruguay and Ambassador to Colombia and Ecuador.

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LE RETOUR AU CANADA, ou quand le demi-dieu revient sur terre

par Olivier Nicoloff

Le 27 juillet 1989, c'est le départ pour ma première affectation, et cette journée m'apparaît comme un grand soulagement. Elle signifie la fin de la course folle des dernières semaines : l'inventaire, cette forme raffinée de supplice, est classé au rang des cauchemars à oublier; les effets personnels ont été emballés, et c'est avec une résignation souriante que je constate mentalement les erreurs commises : non, les patins à glace ne seront pas très utiles au Sénégal alors que le costume de bain, lui, patientera jusqu'à mon retour, tant pis; les différentes démarches ont été effectuées, et pour ce que j'ai oublié, il est de toute façon trop tard, il faudra aviser une fois rendu à destination. Et que sera cette destination? J'en connais la description selon le guide de mission, les souvenirs éparpillés des collègues qui connaissent l'endroit, et les articles de journaux. Pas beaucoup, mais suffisant pour que se forme dans mon imagination une image de ce qui m'attend, image aux contours un peu flous que je me réjouis de préciser.

Le 27 juillet 1991, c'est le départ pour le Canada, et cette journée est triste. Il n'y aura pas de retour cette fois, et l'image du pays accueillant ne pourra dorénavant que s'estomper. Les dernières journées ont été tendues : trop à faire, trop de gens à voir, l'inventaire, l'inventaire toujours qu'il a fallu recommencer, le travail au bureau qui ne diminue pas pour autant, et ce sentiment de ce qui aurait pu être fait mais ne se fera pas faute de temps, en raison de ce départ, ce départ qui arrive au moment où j'établissais mes racines en terre sénégalaise. J'ai appris à connaître ces gens, à les apprécier, mes contacts avec eux sont maintenant très faciles, je connais leurs travers sympathiques, ils connaissent nos obsessions (« ah vous les canadiens et vos droits des femmes... »), je sais les faire rire. Il y a de la complicité dans l'air entre nous. Mais il faut partir. Le Ministère le veut, mon ambition m'y pousse. Et puis, nous allons retrouver le Canada, n'est-ce pas?

Le 28 juillet 1989, c'est l'arrivée à mon premier poste. Il y a un collègue de

l'Ambassade pour m'accueillir. Le chauffeur est là. L'hôtel est réservé. Une tournée de la ville, vers l'école, les épiceries, les principaux centres d'intérêt, est planifiée. On me presse de choisir mes domestiques.

Le 28 juillet 1991, c'est l'arrivée à Ottawa. Il n'y a personne à l'aéroport, mais la ligne de taxis est juste là. L'hôtel est réservé. Le plus urgent est de louer une voiture et chercher une maison. J'ai quatre jours pour trouver cette dernière. Ah oui, quel est le circuit d'autobus qui assure la ligne entre l'hôtel et le Ministère? Combien coûte un billet? En fait, où se procurer un billet? On verra bien.

Le 30 juillet 1989, le chauffeur m'amène à ma maison. Elle est vaste, éclairée, la peinture vient d'être faite, je suppose la place des tableaux et autres décorations. La bonne est déjà là. Le gardien m'a ouvert la porte. J'hésite encore sur la personne que je vais engager comme nounou.

Le 30 juillet 1991, je suis avec l'agent d'immeuble à visiter une cinquième maison cette même journée. Les plans de toutes ces maisons s'embrouillent dans ma tête, les prix de vente sont devenus un amalgame de zéros qui s'étendent, affolants, à l'infini.

Le 31 juillet 1989, une collègue m'emmène à la plage. Très préoccupé d'éviter les coups de soleil, je me demande si cette mission a effectivement un indice de difficultés de niveau 4. C'est peut-être, justement, en raison de ce soleil dont il faut se méfier?

Le 31 juillet 1991, j'arrive, trempé par la pluie, d'une autre visite. Les magasins où je pourrais me procurer un parapluie sont fermés, et quant à celui qui est dans mes bagages, mais au fait qui va me dire quand et comment mes bagages vont arriver?

Le 1^{er} août 1989, je suis présenté à mon personnel au bureau : une assistante consulaire,

une assistante pour le commerce, une pour les affaires publiques, et une secrétaire. Et puis il y a tous les autres membres de l'Ambassade. L'atmosphère est très agréable. Il va falloir essayer de se souvenir de tous ces nouveaux prénoms.

Le 1^{er} août 1991, je fais face à mon ordinateur. Il semble m'examiner autant que moi je peux l'examiner. Je me demande comment je vais l'aborder. J'ai déjà renoncé à lui donner un nom. Le Ministère me semble tentaculaire. La simple petite portion de travail que j'occupe va m'obliger à cavalier dans les méandres de ce labyrinthe : qui fait quoi ici? Et il va falloir essayer de se souvenir de toutes ces directions.

Le 15 août 1989, je croise dans le couloir de l'Ambassade l'agent d'administration et lui demande ce qu'il advient de mes effets personnels. Le dédouanement est complété, il faut attendre leur arrivée.

Le 15 août 1991, j'en suis à ma deuxième visite au bureau de Douanes Canada. Il me manquait un document la première fois. Ce n'est pas le même agent cette fois, mais son regard est toujours aussi soupçonneux, et je me sens coupable de n'avoir ni voiture, ni cigarettes ni alcool dans mes effets personnels.

Le 1^{er} septembre 1989, l'Ambassade a envoyé quelqu'un percer les trous dans les murs de béton pour que je puisse fixer les cadres. J'hésite sur la place de quelques-uns, et demande à l'ouvrier de patienter.

Le 1^{er} septembre 1991, je viens de plier la troisième mèche de ma perceuse électrique sur un mur de briques.

Le 15 septembre 1989, je me suis déjà laissé emporter dans ce monde de privilèges et de gâteries que représente le fait d'être le représentant diplomatique d'un pays ami, apprécié (et riche) dans un pays du tiers-monde. J'ai le statut, l'argent, le personnel, les privilèges,

et un éventail impressionnant de responsabilités. Le travail ne sera jamais routinier.

Le 15 septembre 1991, ayant seulement raté le dernier autobus et n'ayant pas la monnaie pour téléphoner, je souris en me remémorant que durant les deux années passées j'ai été traité comme un demi-dieu et n'en ai à peine eu conscience. Il pleut encore, la grippe m'attire de tous ses charmes, et en me disant qu'il vaut mieux être riche et en bonne santé que pauvre et malade, je réalise la chance qui est mienne d'avoir comme cadre de vie le changement permanent : le demi-dieu du Sénégal est revenu sur terre, mais l'agent du Service extérieur prend conscience de ce privilège exceptionnel qu'il a de travailler dans un environnement où la monotonie et la banalité sont interdits de séjour.

(J'ai bien sûr, pour les besoins de la cause, quelque peu composé avec la réalité des dates et des événements...)

Au Ministère depuis janvier 1987, Olivier Nicoloff travaille actuellement à la Division du Personnel (filière politique/économique) depuis son retour de Dakar et Abidjan.



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love affair with politics began when he

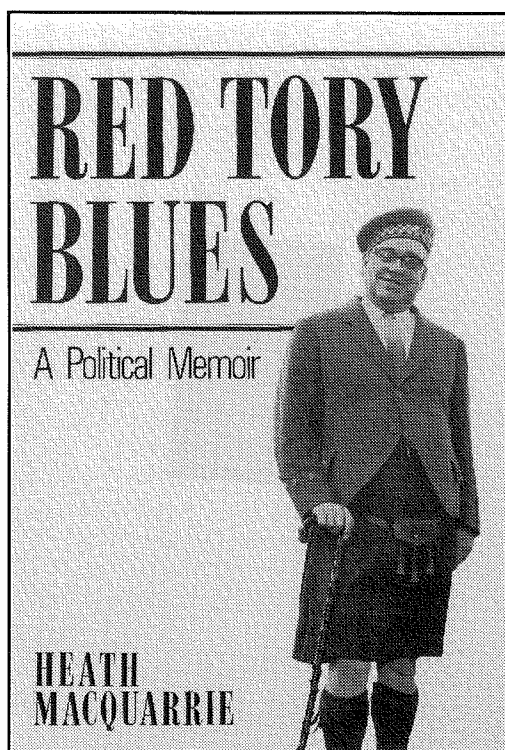
was eleven years old at a 1930 campaign

meeting in Prince Edward Island.

Now he looks back over a political life

that includes his years as a party organizer,

member of Parliament, and senator.



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Beyond the Walls: Architectural Rambles Abroad

Story and photos by Leslie Maitland

Cast your mind back to your first foreign posting. Sifting through the memories, extract that single feature which most forcefully and subtly shaped your perception of that society.

It was probably the architecture.

It is stating the obvious to say that the architecture of a place shapes your vision of it; after all, you lived, worked and played in and around those buildings. But how conscious were you of the effect that the buildings had on you? How did you relate them to your other experiences of a foreign culture? How did those experiences of a foreign-built environment shape your judgment of Canada?

Finding out about architecture in the developed world is no problem. If you are in Paris, and wonder why the streets are laid out the way they are, you will have ample opportunity to learn about Hausmann's plans through books, lectures, tours, exhibits and so forth. Finding out about architecture in the developing world can be more of a challenge, where barriers of language or lack of resources may make it hard to obtain factual information. However, if you have good eyes and sturdy walking shoes, there is not much to stand in your way.

Naturally, I was curious about my new house and neighbourhood when we first arrived in suburban Santiago, Chile. Driving down the street, I was none the wiser: every house had a ruddy great wall in front of it. Stucco walls, wrought-iron gates, billowing bougainvillea, a seductive view into a lush garden behind — all very pretty. But still the walls stand out.

Were they for security? Suburban Santiago seemed to have far less break-and-enter than do Canadian cities. Were they for privacy? A more decorous folk than the Chileans would be difficult to find. Was it because, when we finally glimpsed them, the houses themselves were often mostly made of glass? No, they seemed to have as many drapes and curtains as have our houses. I was puzzled about those walls for three years but, in the end, the walls were only part of the bigger picture.

When you start to interpret a culture through its built environment, you are looking at a complex interplay of forces and activities.

You look at individual structures, their settings, the way the streets work, how the neighbourhoods are built, how the city and countryside relate, and how the built environment interacts with the natural one. And then you ask, how did all these things change throughout the history of the country?

When you start to interpret a culture through its built environment, you are looking at a complex interplay of forces and activities.

Take the walls as an example. Many countries place walls around their structures, but they do not always do so for the same

reasons. The Spanish who settled Chile brought their taste for walls along with them. Traditionally, their houses in Europe had been very inward-looking and were constructed around a central, open courtyard. Bigger houses were achieved simply using conglomerates of these large square "doughnuts". This type of house — called a Mediterranean-style house — is as old as western culture, and the remains of similar houses date from prehistoric times. They were built from the Pyrennees to Persia, and later were brought to the New World by European settlers. Security, at certain times in history and in certain places, was no doubt one issue, but perhaps a more pressing and pedestrian issue was the need for shade. These enclosed spaces ensure that at any moment during the day, there is shade somewhere in the courtyard. For Chileans, security historically was not one of the critical issues; shade was one reason, but there were others.

The outside of these old patrician houses — which still exist in Chile, hidden behind their avenues of poplar trees (or *alamos*) —



Courtyard of a seminary, also dating from the early eighteenth century, in Arequipa, Peru.

Background: Early eighteenth century doorway of a church in Arequipa.



Macchu Piccu. The picturesque structures atop the Incan walls are modern reconstructions dating from the post-Hiram Bingham era.

are generally faceless walls. Perhaps a carved door here, or some shutters there, to relieve the blankness of the surface. But our North American concept of the front of a house as a public statement simply does not exist in the South. Your opinion of the structure and your speculation as to its occupants are matters of complete indifference to them.

So what lies behind these walls? What is it that is so precious that it must be withheld from even the most innocent of public scrutiny?

In modern Chilean suburbs, these courtyard houses have not entirely disappeared. The exterior wall is a prerequisite of domestic life, and these eight-foot high constructions of brick, stucco, iron or reinforced concrete can be intimidating sights. Behind those walls are houses that suggest distantly the courtyards

of old. They merely consist of posts supporting a roof and not much else, with a free flow of space between house and garden which is impossible to recreate in this country, a sort of "Frank Lloyd Wright meets Hispanic tradition" style. When it does not rain for eight months of the year, what else do you need?

So what lies behind these walls? What is it that is so precious that it must be withheld from even the most innocent of public scrutiny?

I obtained a clue of this during a conversation which I had with a mixed group of Chileans and foreigners. The subject of the word "community" had come up, and we all disagreed over its meaning. For certain of us foreigners, "community" means those overlapping groups of people who form the contexts of our lives: the group that revolves around our children's lives; our friends and colleagues at work; people with whom we have formed relationships or friendship or common interest; and our neighbours. Family for us is a separate category. "No, no," said our shocked hosts. "Your family is your community. No one else matters."

The shock was mutual. But suddenly a light had been shed on my dim understanding of the walls because, by this time, we had been accepted behind the walls of one Chilean family.

Within the walls is reserved for the family and only the family. The family is the fundamental social unit; more profoundly so than in our society. This is where family members receive their earliest socialization, nourishment, and nursing in old age; in short, many of the things that we, in our more "developed" society, have farmed out to institutions. While this sense of family solidarity has its appeal, it seems to come at the cost of greater we-versus-they mentality. And if you are invited into their hearth and home, you are treated as a member of the family, with all that that implies. The greeting, "*en su casa*" means much more than its rough translation, "Make yourself at home".

But walls can have a more insidious purpose. No doubt you have noticed the walls that have sprouted alongside most super-highways running through Canadian cities. They are there in a vain attempt to provide some privacy, as well as to act as a sound barrier to those unfortunate souls who were foolish enough to buy property beside a 16-laner.

The main ring-road around Santiago has one of those high fences, too. But only on the outer side. Inside the ring, facing the nice suburban, middle class houses, there is no sheltering wall. Outside, beyond the wall — beyond the pall, so to speak — there are no

nice suburban houses; instead there are the *barrios* of the poor. These walls began to appear in the later years of the Pinochet regime, and their purpose was unmistakable: out of sight; out of mind.

Getting to know a culture through its architecture can be entertaining and amusing. One night, we attended a Garcia Llorca play, which was being put on in a trendy, gentrified inner-city *barrio*. The waiting area for the theatre was, in fact, the outer courtyard of the house. The cool, stucco walls encircled us on three sides, while the house itself, now the theatre, made up the fourth side. Suddenly, from the balcony over the door, one of the actors appeared, and the play began. He was answered back by another actor, standing amongst us in the walled garden. The play took place partly in the walled garden and partly in the house. Had it not employed the walled garden, the story would have lost much of its meaning.

Buildings say more about people than their builders sometimes intend. Did Pablo Neruda, poet, diplomat, communist and champion of the common people build a wall around his house? No! His house is a wall! It is just more tastefully decorated than other walls.

Chileans are not the only enthusiastic wall-builders in South America. In Peru and

Bolivia, pre-Columbian walls are commonly found, both standing on their own as part of archaeological sites, and also integrated into subsequent colonial-era and modern construction. The Bolivians and Peruvians historically were superb stone-masons — better than the Spanish — and often their re-interpretations of Spanish prototypes, such as the Baroque style, were strikingly fresh and innovative.

The South Americans have made an art form of the humble wall. The stucco walls of ancient *haciendas* (“*fundos*” as the Chileans call them) are tinted a wondrous honey gold or a dusty, autumnal maroon. The jigsaw, earthquake-proof masonry of the Inca is monumental and humbling. The combination of baroque, Moorish and Amer-Indian motifs in the sculpture around a church doorway can hold your attention for hours. The textures of these walls beckon you to reach out and touch them. Part of the beauty of these walls is their context, for what wall would ever be complete without a contrasting blush of foliage? Bougainvillea was meant for walls, as are poinsettia and geraniums that grow as large as trees in this Southern climate. They billow over the tops of walls like foam on the crests of waves. Walls also have openings, and what could be more tantalizing than a

glimpse through an archway into a cool and shady garden?

On one occasion, Chilean diplomats in Canada ushered us into the backyard of their suburban home in Ottawa. In the adjoining yard we could see clearly that — because there was no wall, only a low, symbolic fence — the neighbours were also settling down to a family barbecue. Now, in this situation, Canadians would have studiously avoided eye contact with the neighbour and vice versa in order to give their neighbours a sense of privacy.

A Canadian “wall” is created by body language, if you will. This subtlety was not apparent to our hostess. She had seized upon what she thought was the meaning of this strange, foreign, wall-less society and pursued it with relentless Latin American logic. “Hello!” she waved vigorously at the neighbours. Touched by the acknowledgement, they too smiled and waved back at her, and then turned into the solace of their dining room.

Leslie Maitland is an architectural historian with the Canadian Parks Service. Her most recent book, Historical Sketches of Ottawa, co-authored with Louis Taylor, was published by the Broadview Press. Leslie accompanied her husband, Dan Livermore, on their posting to Chile in 1983-86.

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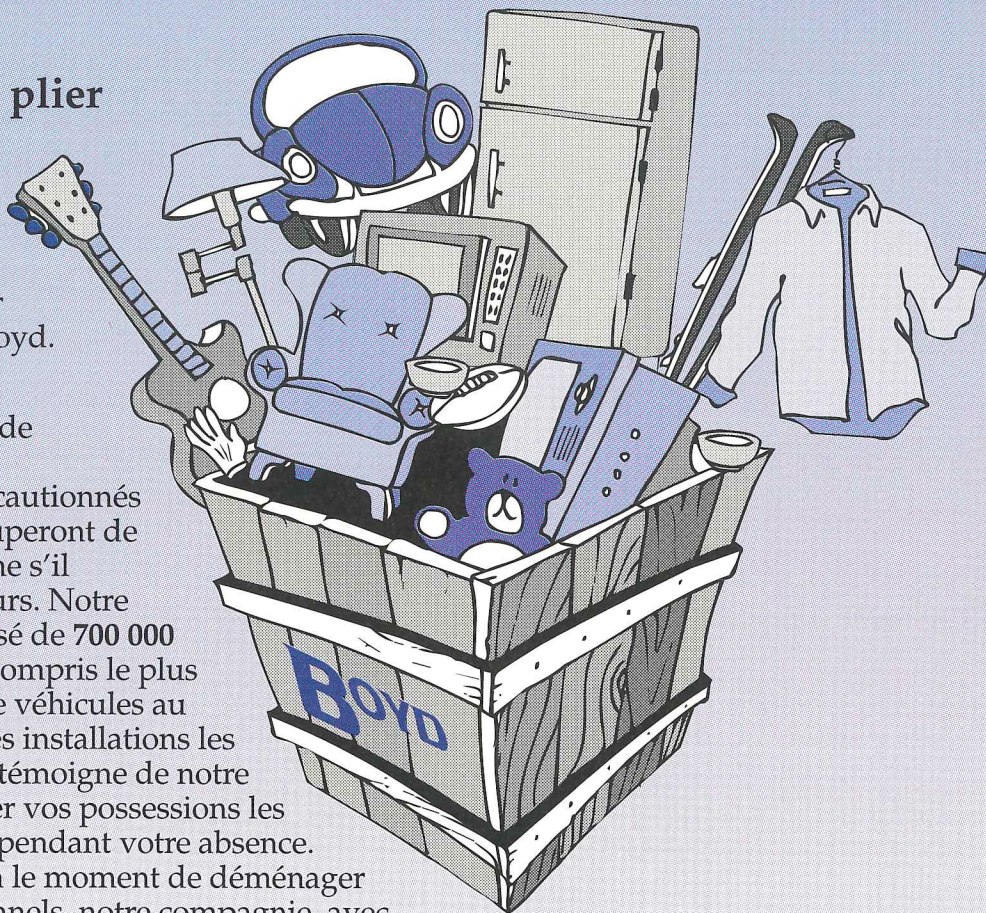
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It's Time to Talk About 'The Greatest Challenge of the Coming Century'

by Jeffrey Simpson, The Globe and Mail,
May 5, 1992

OTTAWA — Only four countries in the world accept immigrants as a matter of policy — Australia, New Zealand, the United States and Canada.

In Canada, from 1981 to 1986, net immigration represented 21 per cent of the country's population growth; from 1986 to 1991, 38 per cent. In Toronto and Vancouver, and to a lesser extent in Montreal, Ottawa, Calgary, Edmonton and smaller centres, immigrants (and refugees) are changing the demographic landscape. The country is spending roughly \$1-billion a year on immigration and refugees, but that figure excludes such services as English (or French) as-a-second-language programs financed through school boards.

Immigration is the most consequential social change in contemporary Canada. Its physical presence is everywhere apparent. Its economic consequences are considerable. The social change pops often into the headlines, as it did this week when a black youth was killed by Metropolitan Toronto police and the Ontario Premier immediately accepted the framework of those criticizing the police by saying everyone had to struggle against "racism."

And yet it is almost impossible to get a serious national debate going on the country's immigration policies. The tremendous social, cultural and human differences brought to Canada by immigrants and refugees pose a challenge that countries in Europe and elsewhere have either failed to meet or are struggling to accommodate. Even in Los Angeles, inter-racial tension (Afro-Americans and Korean-Americans) was front and centre in the violence.

Interest groups, in this field as elsewhere, speak publicly and incessantly, but their contributions should not be mistaken for a debate. They are almost all on one side: refugee-advocate groups favouring an even more liberal refugee policy, ethnic communities favouring more immigration from their home countries.

Politicians remain mostly mute. Elements of the media are sometimes more interested in stories about plucky illegals fighting heartless bureaucrats, or in stupid and unacceptable comments made by refugee-tribunal members, than in assessing immigration policy.

The importance of immigration and refugees to Canada will only increase in the

years ahead, especially since world population trends will continue to send millions from their homelands in search of security or a better economic future. Two million people are reckoned to be on the move now around the world.

As the British-North American Committee argued in a recent monograph: "Mass migration flows may well provide the greatest challenge of the coming century ... It is an area ... both of great potential opportunity and of great potential conflict."

A helpful starting point for what this mass migration means to Canada is provided by Michael Shenstone, a 39 1/2-year veteran of the External Affairs Department who ended his career this week with a specially commissioned study of world population growth and movements.

Mr. Shenstone's message is simple, although his prescriptions are complex and occasionally controversial: world population growth will intensify the pressure on Canada to accept more immigrants and refugees, but its immigration and refugee policies are ill-equipped to deal with the problems. World

population growth is so omnipresent a problem that Canada's foreign and aid policies must change.

Those who want Canada to remain one of the few countries accepting immigrants and refugees assume their case is proven. Unfortunately, a growing number of Canadians have seen through both the immigration and refugee-determination systems. Neither is efficient, or conducive to retaining long-term public support.

As Mr. Shenstone writes: "One cannot escape the conclusion that if the credibility of the system in the eyes of the general public cannot be soon restored, the credibility of our whole immigration program may be severely undermined."

The trick is not to make these systems more restrictive — indeed, if anything the numbers should be increased. The trick is to allow Canada to take genuine refugees instead of so many bogus ones, and to restore the balance between independent immigrants and those in the family-assisted class over whose qualifications Canada has almost no control.

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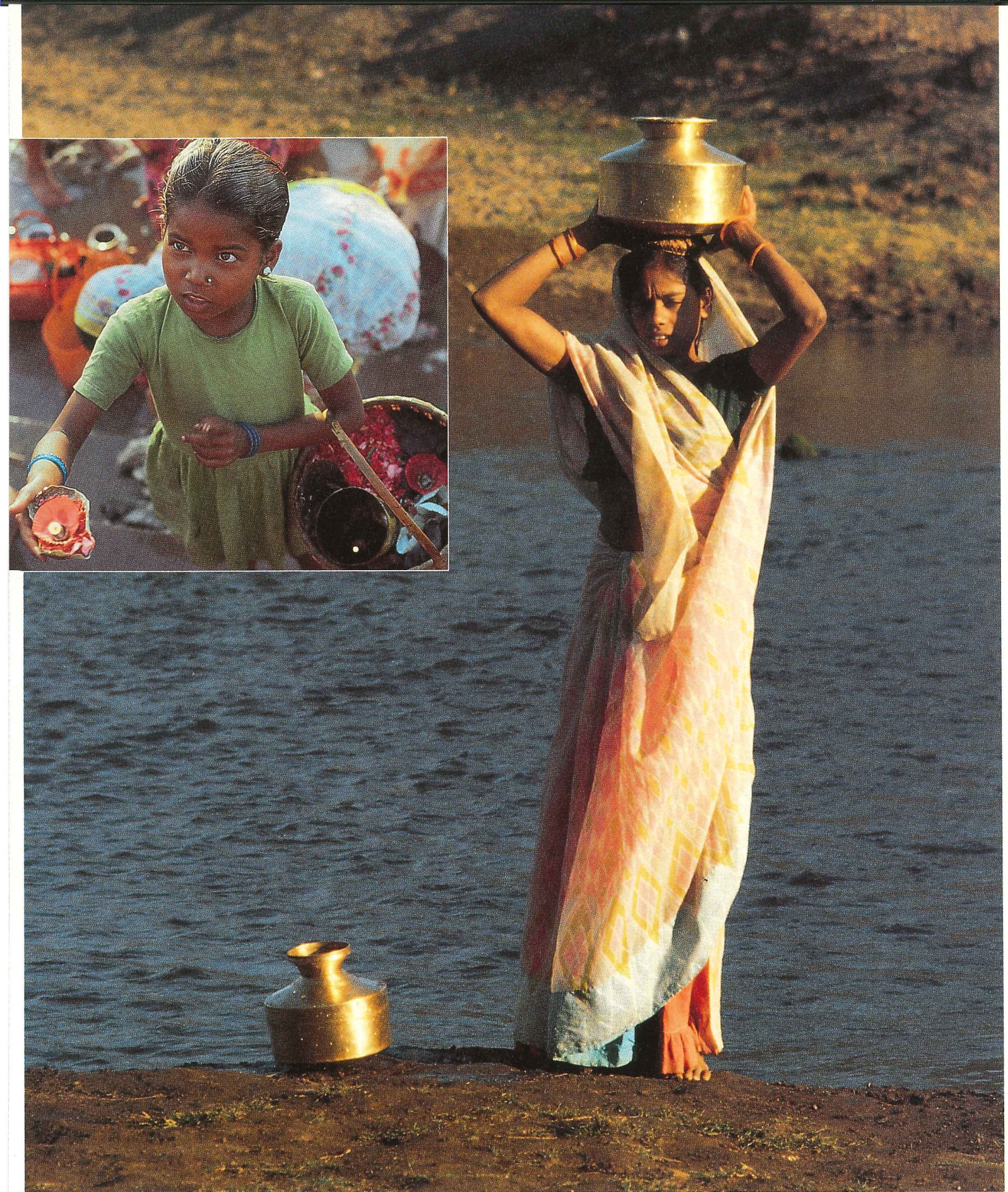
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AU CANADA OU À L'ÉTRANGER

Bombay Daze

Story by Susan Cartwright Photos by Fredericka Gregory





Village Woman, Gujarat

Inset: Offering for the "Festival of Lights", Bombay

Previous page: Elephant Ride at Dawn, Kaziranga Game Reserve, Assam

An elephant's skin: grey and creased. Below, the tide begins to reclaim the mudflats, the muddy water creeping forward in the gentle folds of a pachyderm's hide. The returning waters displace dazzling white herons, replete after a morning's fishing and beckon the fishermen from their flimsy huts nearby, to wade to their dugout canoes, armed with nets, lines and a paddle for the day's pursuit.

Across the bay, the still waters as yet unruffled by the onshore breeze, buildings on Malabar Hill are reflected as they reach up to a hazy blue sky. The promontory is fringed with trees and tiny beaches, unfurling towards the terracotta tiled roofs of the Governor's residence.

This is the Bombay we see from our windows, the seductive curve of Marine Drive, illuminated at night by the Queen's Necklace of lights that shine on walkers, joggers, hawkers, beggars, dogs and lovers. It is serene and quiet, a veneer that belies the truth, typical of the contrasts that prevail in the City of Gold.

Three years in Lagos had surely prepared us for almost anything. But it had not. Bombay assaults the senses; everything is of IMAX proportions. The impressions jostle one another as they crowd in, demanding examination and reaction. The smells, the sounds, the colours, the size are all larger than life. If you let it wash over you, you can select bits to devour and digest, as the heron

on the mudflats below does at each change in the tide.

However one might describe Bombay, it is ultimately a city of stark contrasts, some amusing, some perplexing, many tragic but none unique. It lies at sea level, covering a string of islands now linked by reclamation, erupting upwards in highrise buildings. The city is home to 12 million people, many of whom have migrated from towns and villages throughout India, drawn by the magnet of wealth and dazzled by lights and promises.

On Bombay days, the city wakes slowly each morning, stretching as walkers stride out (some wrapped traditionally in saris, others daring in shorts) in parks, along the seafaces and around Mahalaxmi Racecourse. Pavement dwellers unwind themselves from children and dogs and emerge from their shelters to sit bemused as the traffic builds around them. Rush hour comes late to the city, the cacophony of horns heralding the start of the business day. Despite the chaotic appearance, there is a traffic code of sorts, rooted in fatalism but not in consideration. At each traffic signal the flow is in slow motion as drivers coax cars to restart, grind gears into first and lumber off to the accompaniment of impatient horns.

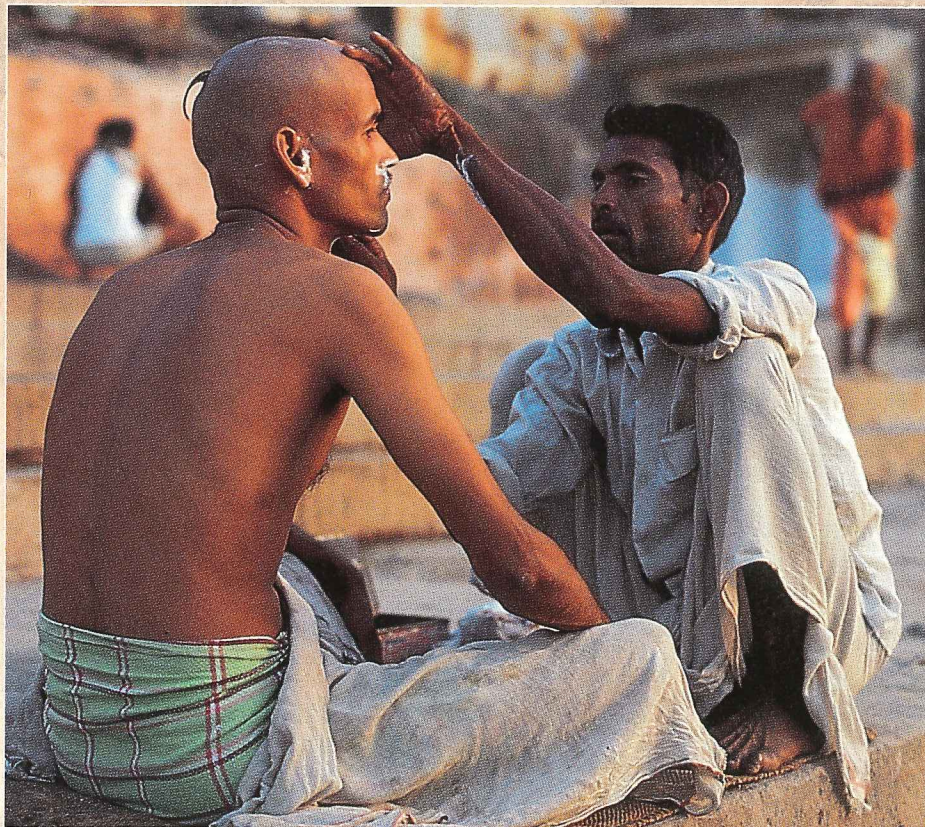
My route each morning passes temples, flags fluttering from pinnacled roofs, an implacable cow tethered outside, chewing slowly on the purchased offerings of grass.

Along the sidewalk are ranged the saffron-robed *sadhus*, faces daubed for their ambush of the devout. In a tiny stone portico a young man with an antique iron presses shirts for today on a counter that only an hour ago was his bed. Hutment women, wrapped in tattered saris with brass water pots perched on matted locks, parade to public taps, surrounded by a ragged troupe of children, some naked, all fearless and impudent. Everywhere, children. If I am late, the blocks of flats have begun to disgorge those children lucky enough to be going to school. English-style uniforms, school bags bouncing and long black braids bound with bright red ribbons. They spill over the edge of the sidewalk, a babbling stream of tomorrow's hope.

Then I am engulfed in an air-conditioned cocoon, insulated from the sensual assault, watching the daily drama unfold as a silent movie. Armed with bottled water, telephones, telegrams from home and visitors who have crossed the boundary into my microcosm, the world at large seems manageable and predictable. Another illusion, shattered by the events each day and by venturing forth into the contrasts that lurk beyond the door.

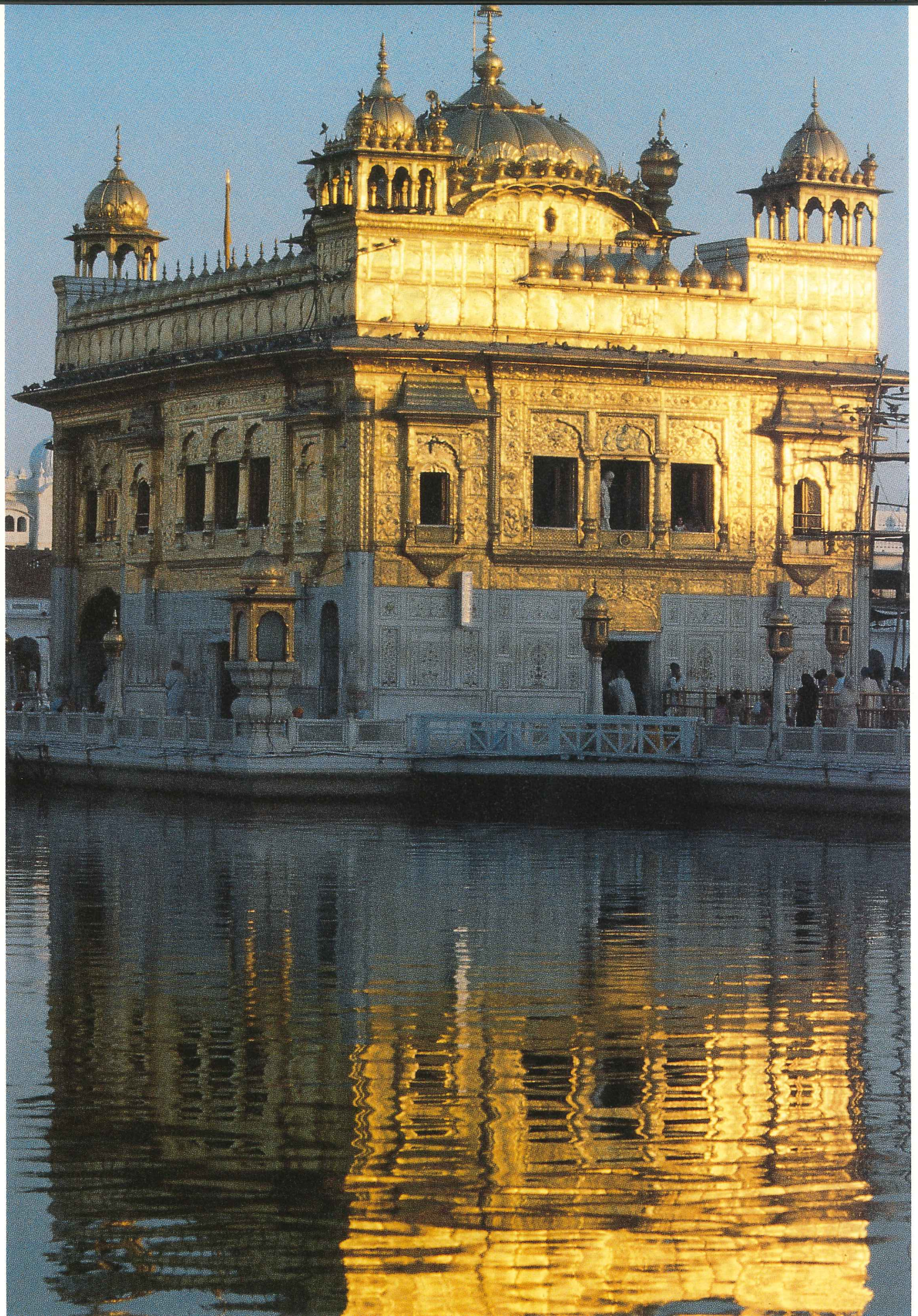
The two hour drive to the industrial perimeter unfolds a tableau that demands a camera but which seems surreally distant, until a beggar taps on the window and brings the world outside into instant and unavoidable focus. Shorter journeys in the city pass towering modern office blocks, blackened stone buildings that reverberate with colonial memories: the *maidan* — a vast village green; and the *chowks* — roundabouts adorned with statues, gardens and fountains. The cityscape is one of endless variety, a thousand vignettes available to the observer. Tiny lanes and wide thoroughfares are the city's veins and arteries, carrying the flow of cars and trucks, bullock carts, porters struggling with enormous loads on their backs or on long, narrow carts, scooters and bicycles. Shopkeepers abound, from cool department stores to tiny stalls clinging precariously to the sides of buildings. A tailor with two treadle machines is wedged into the space of a closet with a jumble of garments, both hung and folded, from which your treasured commission is produced with a flourish and wrapped in discarded computer printout.

In the fifth largest stock exchange in the world, the boardroom is the epitome of office



Street Barber, Benares

Background:
Temple Fresco, Ajanta & Ellora Caves



sophistication and boasts a 360 degree view of the city stretching into the pre-monsoon hazy distance. Tall and sometimes graceful, these office buildings blend sophistication and computer technology with an anachronistic lunch delivery system and signs exhorting one not to spit. The lunches are prepared at home and taken in tiffins to the station, which have been colour-coded with dabs of paint to specify their destination. Collected at the city terminus, they are then carried to their owner in a carefully timed and choreographed daily ritual.

Climbing up the once gracious, broad staircase to a lawyer's office that resembles the set of a horror movie, one expects to be con-

fronted with swooping bats, or Frankenstein at the very least. In other offices, files bound with notorious tape, once red and now faded, are piled in Dickensian grandeur and tended by aging peons, build a testament to the industry of their *sahibs*.

On foot, negotiating the sidewalk with care, often driven out to contend with vehicles by treacherously uneven pavements, *paan wallas* ready to prepare leafy packages of flavour to be chewed for hours, fresh juice purveyors, cobblers and sugar cane crushers, the sounds and smells assault anew. To our new office premises where, at night, construction workers labour in a Dante-like inferno lit by naked bulbs. Plaster

is applied by hand to cover their names scratched in the cement. Raju, Anil and Ashok are preserved until renovation or demolition, a hidden element of the new decor.

Lunch at the elegant club with white-gloved waiters could be anywhere in the world, but it is not. The extensive vegetarian menu, the aromatic curries and, outside the window, are groups of children playing with fallen palm fronds, their eyes wide, their clothes in tatters and their bellies distended.

As the sun's intensity wanes and the hues of the brightly coloured saris mellow, city workers begin the long trek home, snaking



Morning Ablutions, Banks of the Ganges

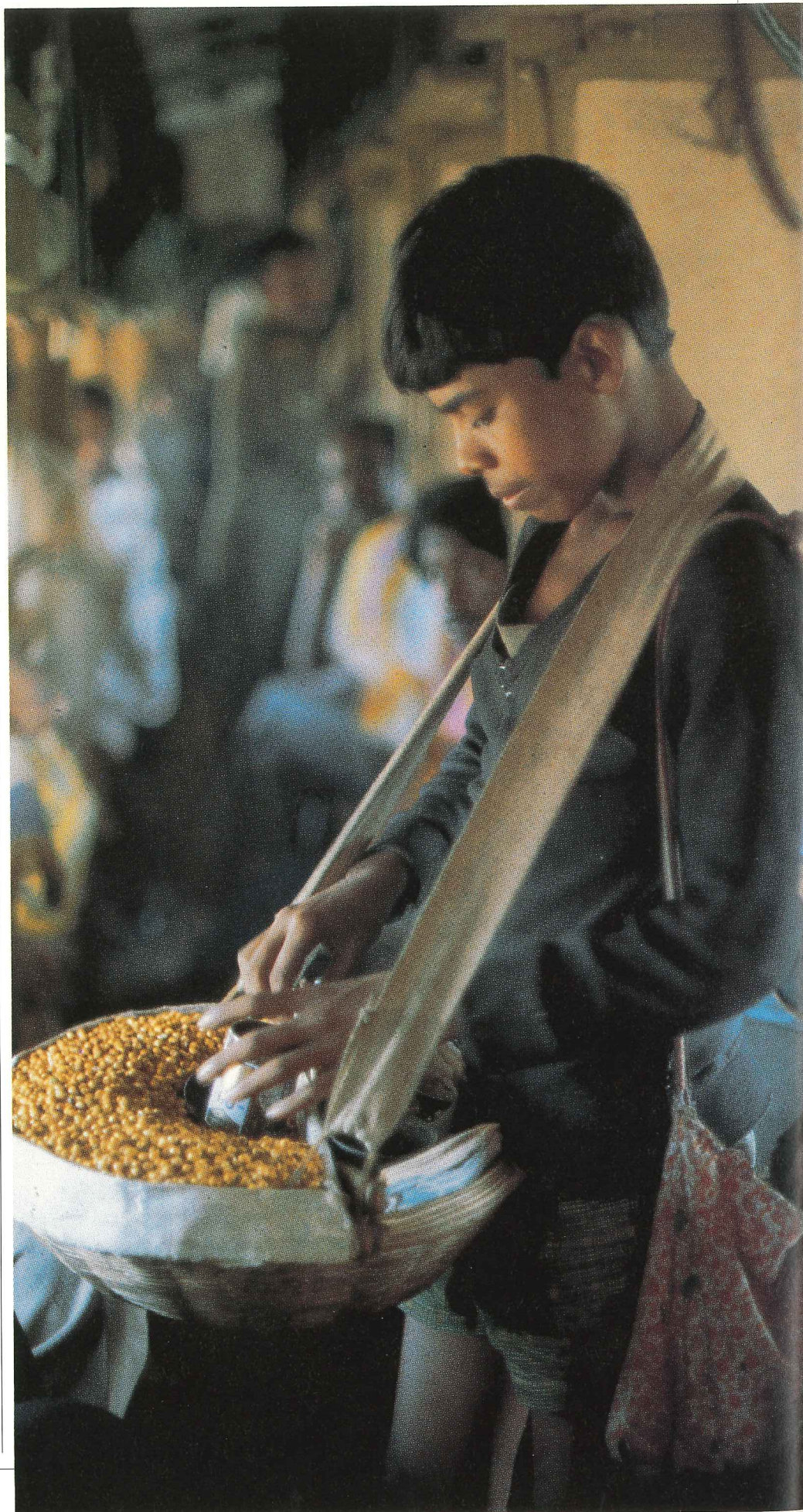
Previous page: The Golden Temple, Amritsar

queues at bustops and waves of commuters breaking at the doors of Churchgate Station and Victoria Terminus. The traffic thickens and edges northbound and the evening walkers emerge. My nocturnal route passes a Parsi apartment building where an old woman and a black and tan dog lean over the balcony to watch the passersby each evening. The flower sellers walk from car to car as the traffic stalls, eager to be rid of today's stock. The large red buses thread their way imperiously, confident that no-one will challenge their right-angled bumpers, past the mosque in the bay where the faithful throng to prayer, wading across the causeway at high tide.

As the warm velvet darkness enfolds the city, the seafaces are transformed by pony rides, hand-powered ferris wheels and merry-go-rounds for the children, cumbersome horsedrawn carriages, relics of an era long past, are drawn by lame and boney horses, and an endless procession of peanut sellers, balloon merchants, scruffy children with listless monkeys and coconut juice sellers. It is as though some ragged carnival grasps the edges of the city each evening, a release for those who must return to their small and airless flats. The ear cleaner has packed up his tools until tomorrow and the wizened old man who shaves cheek after cheek has disappeared into the dusk. Families sit by the road entwining sweet smelling flowers to be sold for someone to pin in jet black tresses, or to hang from the rear view mirror.

As the blackness deepens, groups begin to gather in elegant apartments and on potted plant-rimmed terraces, the rustle of silk — a sibilant background to political debate and the exchange of business leads. When all thought of dinner has passed, buried beneath cocktails and snacks, a repast is served, streaming dishes of fragrant *pillaos*, saucer-shaped breads and innocent-looking chutneys. A hasty dénouement and the bejewelled depart. Elsewhere, others are settling under a cloth on the pavement, numbed by alcohol and drugs, to endure another night before they must face another day.

The days unfold, punctuated by festivals and travels. The festivals add a layer of colour and noise, magnifying fleetingly the character of the city. Huge effigies of the elephant god *Ganesh* are carried through the streets and immersed in the sea, accompanied by frenzied revellers. *Diwali*, a time of gift giving, signals the sales and the beginning of the marriage season. Outdoor receptions transform sportsgrounds into flower bedecked palaces that glitter once, but are reduced by morning to poles and lengths of satin, withered flowers and





Above: Busy Bureaucrat, Darjeeling

Previous page: Chick Pea Vendor, Train to Delhi

loudspeakers now silent. At *Holi* the prudent take refuge indoors from the coloured powder hurled at passersby. Those unwise or uncaring are riding motorcycles like monsters from a psychedelic fantasy. The shallows run blood red as roisterers bathe and wash their clothes, regaling each other with tales of daring and bravado.

When we return to Bombay, the massive billboards have changed again, repainted by an army of artists, freehand while perched

on spindly scaffolds of bamboo lashed together with hairy brown string. While some advertise, others make bold political comment, one-line editorials writ large. The flowers and trees have changed as the monsoon disappears, a distant memory only to be heralded by sultry, sticky days the following year. But, as we drive home the smells, the sounds and the sights are still there and we are immersed once again in a delicious, intoxicating Bombay daze. ✍

Susan Cartwright is a member of the Trade Commissioner Service at EAITC. She has been posted to Nairobi, Melbourne and Lagos. She is currently serving in Bombay.

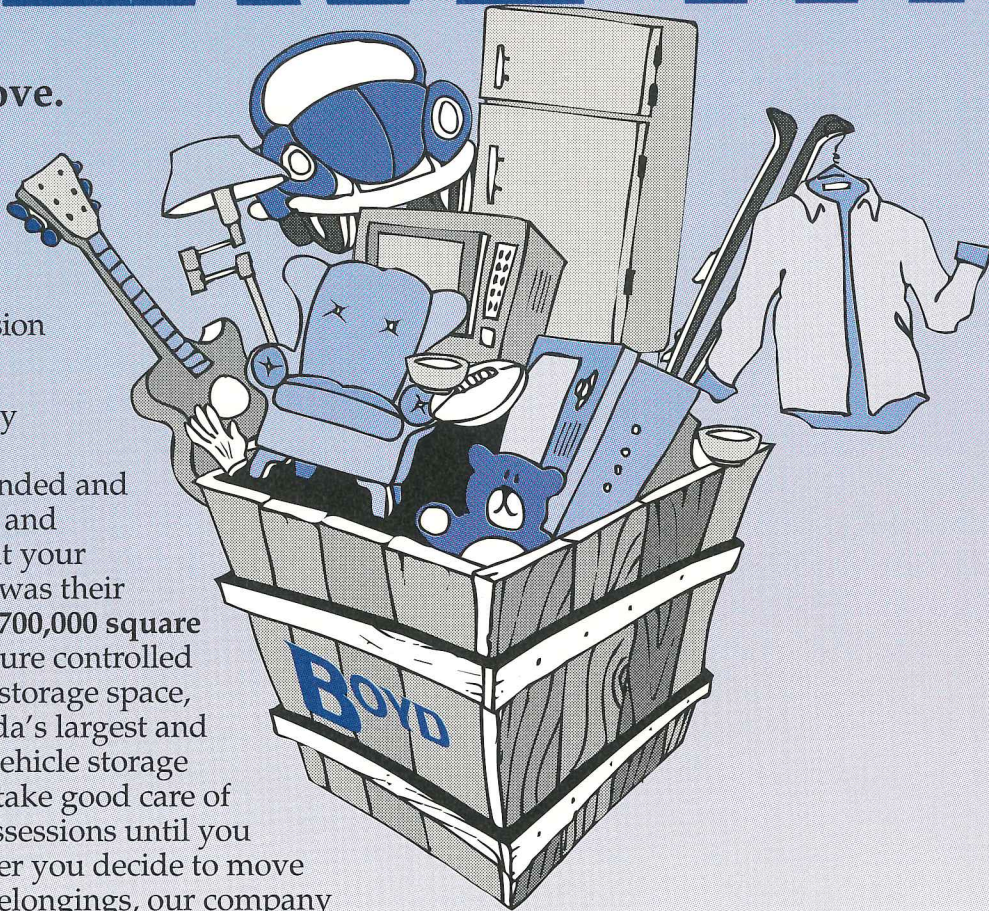
Fredericka Gregory is currently Deputy Director, Economic Relations Division, Responsible for coordinating the G-7 Economic Summits, the OECD and Macroeconomic matters.

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Robert A. (Bob) Grauer

Members of the Department of External Affairs were deeply saddened by the unexpected news of the death on Saturday, 7 March 1992, of Bob Grauer, one of our finest officers.

Bob joined the Department in 1972 and served with great distinction throughout his career with postings in New York, Yokohama (language training), and Tokyo. Bob was one of the Department's brightest and most dynamic officers. He was a gifted economic policy advisor who had been Director of both the Economic Relations with Developing Countries Division (EEA) and the International Economic Relations Division (EER) at EAITC.

During the past two years, Bob had been working in the Prime Minister's Office (PMO) as Deputy Chief of Staff to the Prime Minister. Bob was slated to become the Deputy High Commissioner at our High Commission in London this summer. In a statement issued by the PMO, the Prime Minister said, "Bob was a consummate professional, on whose advice I relied for several years and through challenging times. He served his country faithfully and skillfully. Mila and I came to know him as a friend and we will miss him. We have extended to his widow, Leslie, and two children our deepest condolences."

The funeral, held in Ottawa at St. Matthias Anglican Church, was well attended by many of Bob's friends and associates with whom he had worked during his career in the Foreign Service. Eulogies were delivered by the Prime Minister and by the Under-Secretary, Mr. Reid Morden.

The Prime Minister spoke eloquently about Bob's contribution to the Government during his time in the PMO and he spoke warmly about the close friendship that he had enjoyed with Bob. The Prime Minister presented Leslie Grauer with the Canadian flag from the Parliament Buildings that was flying the day Bob died.

Mr. Morden, who had served with the Grauers in New York and Japan, paid a moving tribute to Bob and commemorated his special place in the Foreign Service family.

*Jim Wright
Director
Political/Economic Personnel*

bout de papier is honoured to print below the text of the speaking notes for Mr. Morden's oral eulogy on that sad occasion.

— Editor

"Speaking with two hats — as Under-Secretary and as a friend; I am not going to describe in any detail Bob's great capabilities as an officer. They are well-known to you all and I need not repeat them.

"Rather — let me recall that Canada's Foreign Service has a long and proud tradition of service to the Government and people of Canada. Bob was part of that tradition — and through him that tradition has been strengthened.

"Also — members of the Foreign Service do not **work for it**; they are part of it; it is part of them — and we are all, in that sense, family.

"We are happy that the Prime Minister borrowed Bob to serve the wider needs of government — and serve them well he did — but here today we would claim a part of him back — and in so doing say to Leslie, Peter and Britta how **deeply** we care about our own and that you remain very much a part of the family.

"What I hope those present today will take away are our memories of Bob as a friend.

"Margaret and I first encountered the Grauers almost twenty years ago. Always the pioneers — Bob and Leslie — and it was **just** Bob and Leslie — broke new ground in moving further north in New York City than anyone. They both jumped into the kaleidoscope of activity that constitutes life in the "Big Apple" with the verve we've all known of the Grauers.

"However, for many here today, Japan was the spot where we formed really close friendships with Bob and Leslie. (The Steers and Mona Rankin between them cover off, as residents of Marler House [the official residence of the Canadian Ambassador in Tokyo] — all of Bob's time in Japan).

"I think first of Bob struggling with his Japanese *kanji* cards while at school in Yokohama. I think of him while still at the rudimentary stage of language training and with his very young family challenging the Japanese rural train and bus system to visit us at the seaside — and succeeding.

"Bob spent five years in Japan and had a wonderful appreciation of that country — its competitive spirit, its history, its food. I am told there is a chair at a sushi restaurant in Akaska that bears his name. His Revelstoke roots gave him a love of mountains and in

Japan he and his family climbed to the top of Mount Fuji in the off-season — unthinkable to the Japanese.

"Unorthodox — yes, but coupled with his Japanese language skills, Bob was a compelling and attractive figure for the Japanese who responded to his warmth and energy with friendship both for himself and for Canada.

"Some here today will also have known Bob since his return to Canada in 1982 when he became an important part of the Department's economic fabric and above all in G-7 [economic] summitry.

"No matter where we have encountered Bob — we take away our particular memories of him. However, I am confident that we will all come together in remembering the essence of the man.

- He had enthusiasm.
- He had an enquiring and powerful mind.
- He worked as he played — at full throttle and with total commitment.
- He had a capacity for friendship from which we all come away enriched — today and for the years ahead."

*Reid Morden
Under-Secretary of State for
External Affairs*

Christine Manseau

Past presidents of PAFSO recall their memories of Christine Manseau who died on May 3, 1992. Christine joined PAFSO as Executive Director in 1983 and faithfully served the interests of the Association and its membership with great distinction and dedication. Since 1990, Christine served as a faculty member of the Canadian Centre of Management Development providing senior public service managers with the benefit of her professional experience and expertise on labour relations issues.

Editor

Christine Manseau, Directrice-exécutive de 1983-1990, a fondamentalement marqué l'APASE. Elle nous est venue avec une vision des changements qui devaient être introduits pour renforcer le rôle syndical de l'APASE tout en préservant, voire améliorer, le rôle d'association professionnelle.

Christine est venue à l'APASE d'un poste syndical où l'on se préoccupait des droits des employés et de violations de conventions collectives, pour se retrouver au sein d'une institution qui se donnait une double vocation — celles d'association professionnelle et agent négociateur. Ceci en soit causait une certaine confusion car il n'était pas toujours évident quelle vocation de l'APASE devait primer, surtout qu'un grand nombre de membres ne percevait pas l'APASE comme un syndicat à cause des relations « spéciales » qui avaient toujours existées avec le Ministère.

Christine est aussi arrivé au moment où la pire récession connue érodait toujours les revenus des membres, où les possibilités d'avancement comme par le passé disparaissaient, et où les coupures de ressources financières et humaines commençaient à affecter la capacité du Ministère à remplir son mandat.

Elle a également réalisé l'importance, dès le départ, du côté « association professionnelle » de l'APASE, et le rôle primordial que jouaient **bout de papier** et le Comité professionnel entre autres, comme relayeurs pour faire connaître l'APASE et le service extérieur canadien auprès du public.

En examinant l'APASE aujourd'hui, on y retrouve clairement les empreintes de Christine, résultats et succès des années qu'elle a passé avec nous :

- un syndicat efficace qui n'hésite pas d'intervenir, incluant au niveau politique, dans l'intérêt des membres, et
- une association jouissant d'une revue professionnelle tout à fait exceptionnelle, et qui utilise une variété de moyens

pour faire connaître le haut niveau de professionnalisme des agents du service extérieur canadien.

Jean-Paul Déglise
Le Caire

Many were the instances when Christine went far beyond the call of her office to take care of a member's interest. She taught me a lot about PAFSO and about staff relations. We are more than a staff association; we are a group of professionals with a deep personal and professional commitment. Christine taught me that the personal element is crucial. She knew the professional and technical side of labour relations better than most. PAFSO benefited in many ways from her knowledge and her professional contacts, not least through her unselfish work on employment equity. Yet I think it was our individual members who benefited most, those with seemingly intractable personal problems that fell outside the normal ambit of staff relations. Those of our colleagues who benefited from her counsel will know what I mean and will remember her for it. I will be forever thankful for the insights she gave me.

I last saw Christine about a month before her death. Wandering through a crowded shopping centre in a jet-lagged haze I heard a friendly voice call my name. It was Christine, pale and clearly gravely ill but full of life, hope and genuine care for an old colleague. That's what I'll remember about her.

Len Mader
London

Foreign Service Officers sometimes had a hard time figuring Christine out. It was not surprising really, given the propensity of most diplomats to make their points in an elliptical fashion. Nothing, of course, could be farther from Christine's style or the way she lived her life which was nothing if not straightforward and to the point.

Christine was a marvel to watch as she went head to head with other Unions and the Department on PAFSO's behalf. She knew what was needed and how to go out and get it.

Her death is all the more tragic given how energetically and fully she lived her own life. Christine was a warm, generous human being who will not only be sorely missed by her family, but by all the good friends she has left behind.

Rodney Briggs
Beijing

Christine was really that rare exceptional person. One always knew where one stood in Christine's esteem. If you made a mistake she told you. If you were proposing a course of utter folly she told you. On those rare occasions when you did good she told you that as well. Her instincts and experience almost always made her advice invaluable. Christine made PAFSO work for the Foreign Service and she made the President work for PAFSO.

Christine was above all a fighter. She fought for just causes, for what was right and for what had to be fought for. Christine was a person with genuine dignity in her professional as well as her personal life. She never gave up on losing causes at work and she never gave in to self pity and despair when she knew fate had dealt her a cruel blow. During her life, right to the end, Christine was a source of inspiration to those who knew her.

Amos Donohue
Fisheries and Oceans, Ottawa

Christine had an incredible amount of knowledge about the Department and the people in it. She also had a real affinity for Foreign Service officers and the challenges of the Foreign Service life, even though she had never experienced an assignment abroad. But what I found particularly useful was her contacts throughout the Ottawa federal labour relations scene. She knew everyone, from the head honchos at Treasury Board to the Heads of the major Public Service Unions. Sadly for me and others who knew her, her time amongst us was far too short. I will miss her.

Michael Fine
EAITC, Ottawa

Christine Manseau Memorial Fund

The Christine Manseau Memorial Fund will be used to carry on Christine's commitment to improving labour relations in the Federal Public Service through education. The Fund will help sponsor, promote and defray the costs of seminars, courses and lectures on labour relations. The Canadian Centre for Management Development will administer the Fund under the direction of a Board of Trustees to be made up of the National Joint Council, representation from CCMD and Mr. Norman Bernstein.

Contributions can be sent c/o Norman Bernstein, 936 River Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1K 3Y8.

Ralph Collins

A Few Thoughts from a Colleague and Friend

by Basil Robinson

Ralph joined the Department of External Affairs in 1940. He retired in 1979. He began his Foreign Service in Chungking, China in 1943 and his last appointment abroad was as Canada's first ambassador to the People's Republic of China in Beijing, in 1971. In between there were postings to Washington, London, Moscow, and Pretoria, where he was Ambassador. And there were long and demanding years in Ottawa during which he held many of the more sensitive senior posts in the Department.

He was an acknowledged expert in Asian affairs but he could turn his hand, and his brilliant, questioning mind, to almost anything. Soviet affairs, the Middle East, Africa, Western Europe, the United Nations, the Commonwealth — he handled them all with equal aptitude. In the last seven years of his career, the Government employed him in the role of chief air negotiator, an appointment for which he had no special experience or training but which he enjoyed as much as any he had held.

He was devoted to the Department and even after his retirement he maintained his connection with it, as a member of an advisory board on the Department's history. His last wise words of advice were given to the principal author just four days before he died.

One reason for Ralph's success as a diplomat was that he worked hard at understanding the position of others. He was never satisfied until he felt fully and roundly informed. He was a voracious consumer and a searching analyst of information, on practically any subject. In his final illness, which he fought so bravely, he complained that the doctors would not give him enough information about what they were trying to do. That was Ralph. Even at such a moment, he wanted to understand.

In his approach to his work, he lived in the world of the possible, skeptical of visions and forecasts and slogans, yet alive to new concepts and theories. He was a contributing participant in what is often referred to as the golden age of Canadian diplomacy.

He was a modest man, blessed with a sense of humour. He was not given to advertising himself, and he was happier behind the scenes. He could always be relied on for an independent judgment on the day's events, unswayed by the lead story in the

morning paper or by the latest rumour of what the higher-ups were thinking.

And what a teacher he was, by example. He maintained a loose rein on his subordinates, kept them informed, listened to them, and worked with them. He could be a severe critic of loose writing or reasoning, and he was a refreshing debunker of conventional wisdom. A skilled draftsman himself, he tightened up a lot of reports and speeches in his time. It is too bad that the historians will not be able to trace his full contribution. The archives will reveal only a fraction of his work. He was not one to insist on a byline.

I would like now to quote from a message which has been received from Willis Armstrong, a distinguished American friend. These are his words:

"Ralph and I became friends in the summer of 1936 when we studied Russian together at Berkeley, California. We kept in touch over the 55 years, no matter where we were. He was one of my best friends, warm and responsive, good company on the golf course or on a social occasion. I always admired his collected and cool approach to a wide range of subjects, offered with modesty and objectivity. In recent years we all admired his courage in adversity. His sense of humour never left him. He remained vitally interested in world affairs, even as late as three weeks before his death when I had the privilege to visit with him in Ottawa. My wife Louise and I pay tribute to an exemplary Canadian and a fine human being. We shall miss him and we shall cherish our memory of him."

As Willis Armstrong says in his eloquent tribute, Ralph will indeed be missed and remembered, as a man who won the admiration and respect of all who knew him in Canada and beyond, and by many of us, as a treasured friend.

Basil H. Robinson joined External Affairs in 1945 following World War II service in the Army. He had postings in London and Paris, and was Deputy Minister at Indian and Northern Affairs, Under Secretary at External Affairs, and Principal of the Management Studies Program for the Public Service Commission. Mr. Robinson is the author of "Diefenbaker's World: A Populist in Foreign Affairs" published in 1989.

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Cruel and Inhumane Treatment

by Kevin O'Shea

A recent ruling of the United Nations Human Rights Commission has created a stir in Canada, comparable to recent Supreme Court decisions on capital punishment in the United States. The UN has ruled that the current procedures in External Affairs and International Trade Canada for getting policy advice up to the Minister represent "cruel and inhumane treatment of individuals, far beyond the realm of what is normally regarded as acceptable in a civilized society."

The ruling has had an immediate impact on the Department. For those two hundred and seventy-eight officers who have Memoranda to Ministers or Treasury Board submissions languishing in the system, expectation of a speedy resolution and execution of their policy advice is high. For those who were victims of the old system, there is hope for a process of healing and reconciliation. For the Department's management, there is the challenge of change.

Relief on Fret Row

It is a dark, glum corner in the farthest reaches of the Lester B. Pearson Building cafeteria. The harshness of the locale and its despair keep out any interloper. Known to some as Fret Row, this corner of the cafeteria harbours a hardened, cynical core of officers who have Memoranda or Treasury Board submissions awaiting resolution as they wind their way through the murky labyrinth of External.

Donald Mypay, former lawyer for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and now President of the Professional Association of Foreign Service officers, is in a buoyant mood. "The UN decision is fabulous. It publicizes the fate of hundreds of individuals caught up in an unfair and oppressive system. It will give hope to those who are on hold here waiting for

movement on their memoranda to the Minister."

Mypay's sense of jubilation is not entirely shared by those sentenced to wait for a decision. Freddy "The Wall" Greggory stirs her coffee in her quarried white coffee mug and stares out the window. As usual she is chewing her lucky omen, a piece of the Berlin Wall. "Yeah, o.k., like I am relieved by the UN ruling. But at the same time I am resentful. The Department stole my youth, my idealism."

Freddy continues. "Do you know that it was almost two and a half years ago that I tried to get a Ministerial hearing on resources for the new Berlin Embassy. At first, things seemed to move. I got a draft memorandum to the eighth floor and a decision of the Program Management Board. But then my case got sidetracked by a Treasury Board submission. My lawyers have been going back and forth between the M-Branch, Treasury Board and the eighth floor since then. I have yet to get a memorandum or a Treasury Board Submission to the Minister."

She looks ruefully down at her coffee. She notes bitterly, "You know I could have been a contender. I could have been a contender."

A couple of other officers are playing cards at the next table. They are oblivious to the trays of institutional food cluttering their lunch benches. "Snap," says the taller one, gruffly reaching for the cards.

"I was moving with a fast crowd", admits "Numbers" Preston. "Everyone in the Bureau seemed to be putting forward a Memorandum to the Minister. It seemed like an easy way to get known in the Department, to make a reputation. Everyone seemed to be doing so well. The DG had flashy clothes and dressed like a pimp."

"So, I tried it. I put forward a memorandum on debt forgiveness to the middle income countries as a Summit initiative. That was two years ago. How was I to know that Finance, Treasury Board and the EDC would come down on me like a ton of bricks? My friends at the Bureau deserted me, left me out to dry. I believe the memorandum is still in the in-basket of the ADM. It was a set-up."

"Ah, calm down, Numbers", the other officer says. "It's always the same old story."

"Well, how did *you* end up here?"

"Baby face" Guimond shifts his regard toward Preston. "One misdemeanour led to another. First, I left off a couple of divisions in the transmittal slip; then I forgot to clear the memorandum through the three relevant Directors-General; then I didn't make enough copies for the eighth floor registry; and finally there was the need for a reworked Communications strategy. Hell, here I am still waiting to get the Memo to the Minister, five months later."

The two dolefully return to their game of cards.

The Foreign Service Halfway Home

The Foreign Service Halfway House is located beside the bicycle stand in the parking garage of the Lester B. Pearson Building. A therapy session for thirty Foreign Service officers is getting underway. Officers sit around in a circle, each one eyeing the other warily. Some have a wild-eyed craziness in their stare, a cross between Charles Manson and John Foster Dulles. Some have a fatigue born of a thousand consultations.... The rest have a longing for acceptance in their eyes, a searing call for a simple sign of approval, or better yet a simple signature of approval.

One officer finally breaks the silence. "It started so innocently, really. How was I to know that it would lead to a downward spiral of depression, agony, despair." His voice cracks.

"The SSEA was going down to the United Nations General Assembly. We had five weeks' notice to prepare a Memorandum suggesting a delegation list." He breaks into an audible sob.

Others in the group comfort him. "Come on, Gerry. You can do it. Stop your denial. Get it out in the open. You will feel much better."

Gerry takes a deep breath and starts again. "I suppose deep down inside I wanted to do it — draft a memo and get it approved. There was the element of risk, of daring. Besides, others in the division egged me on — 'Try it, do it,' 'the Minister's office will know your name'."

He stops, "Oh God, please help me." He closes his eyes and continues. "The first draft was completed in a couple of days. I thought I had consulted sufficiently both with other departments and within External.

I thought I was ahead of the curve with four weeks' advance. But then, it happened, my world collapsed." His hands tremble and perspiration breaks out on his forehead.

"The first draft, the DG did not like some wording and wanted shorter sentences; the second draft, the ADM hated short sentences and wanted more detailed explanations; the third version, there was a problem with the margins and with the signature box; the fourth version, someone decided that Wayne Gretzky, and not Bernard Woods should be part of the NGO delegation; the fifth version, the size of the delegation had to be reduced; the sixth version saw the delegation increased." By now, Gerry is reduced to a sobbing hulk, no longer the arrogant and unresponsive diplomat he used to pride himself on being.

The members of the group listen sympathetically, nodding their heads in agreement to a story that oddly resembles their own downward descent into uselessness.

"The seventh version, the PMO wanted to make changes; the eighth version ran into problems with Protocol over scheduling; the ninth version had some problems with the geographic divisions which claimed that they had not been consulted on any versions beyond the fifth one: the tenth version ran into financial problems and we had to go to the M-branch for resources to cover the size

of the delegation; the eleventh version was called back after Policy Branch wanted to add in a large strategic overview; the twelfth version was sent back to the eighth floor after some smudges were found on the corner of the transmittal slip; the thirteenth version came to a halt when the ADM took a week's holiday; the fourteenth version was sent back because it was too long. Oh, God help me, all the while the Minister's office is phoning, asking for the suggested list of some twelve names."

The others in the group consoled the now nearly desolate Gerry. "Same thing Gerry with me. It's o.k. big guy."

"And you know what", Gerry lifts his face from his hands. "I did get the memorandum up to the Minister's office."

"Great going, Gerry. See you achieved something."

Gerry looks blankly at the others. "Only thing, it got up a week after she left for New York." Her staff gave up on us and put together a delegation based on a mailing list from the Ottawa UNICEF office.

Sister Heather, who runs the Halfway House, puts her arm around Gerry and ends the session. She says calmly, "You know, these are the victims. The ruling of the Human Rights Commission is too late for them, but maybe it will prevent further abuse. I admit I was part of the old system,

but now I have dedicated my life to helping these poor souls."

The Department's View

Geoffrey MacLosealots, the Assistant Deputy Minister, International Legal Aid Bureau, paces his office, fingering a walnut gavel he won in a recent Gavel Throwing Competition at the annual picnic of the Bar Society of Upper Canada. He is visibly at a loss for words.

"Frankly, I am at a loss for words," he explains, brushing his hand through his thick mane of curly hair. "I had warned Senior Management that the UN case had the potential to be a landmark human rights 'cause célèbre'. I warned them that it was imperative for the Department to act immediately. I advised them that the case would cause the government embarrassment. I stressed that a press line should be developed without any further delay."

MacLosealots turns slowly around. "Unfortunately, my memorandum on the case never made it to the Minister. It got stuck in the system, somewhere.... Pity."

Kevin O'Shea has served in Accra and Paris (OECD). He is currently assigned to the Task Force on Assistance to Eastern and Central Europe and the former USSR at EAITC.

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Alvin: A Biography of the Hon. Alvin Hamilton, P.C. by Patrick Kyba, Regina: Canadian Plains Research Centre, 1989, 390 pp., \$30.00.

Reviewed by Greg Donaghy

As Patrick Kyba notes in the introduction to his recent biography of Alvin Hamilton, the craft of Canadian political biography has focused almost exclusively on national and provincial political leaders. Individuals like Alvin Hamilton, whose contribution as a cabinet minister was critical to the success of the Diefenbaker government, have been consistently ignored and shunted aside. Kyba's work is a laudable effort to correct this imbalance and examine the career of a politician, who was credited with being a driving force behind the development of Conservative Party policy in the 1950s and 1960s and who was the author of Diefenbaker's "northern vision".

Though primarily concerned with Hamilton's political life, Kyba begins with a brief sketch of his subject's early life in small-town Ontario and Saskatchewan. Unlike many young people of his generation, Hamilton turned, not to the socialist Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, but to the individualist Conservative Party of R.B. Bennett for the solutions to the Great Depression. An indefatigable campaigner and an incurable optimist, Hamilton com-

mitted himself wholeheartedly to the waning fortunes of a third party in an intensely competitive two-party province. By 1948 he had become the Conservative Party's federal organizer in Saskatchewan, where he also became leader of the small provincial party in 1949.

During the 1940s and 1950s, these were undoubtedly two of the most thankless jobs in Canadian politics. In 1957, however, after unsuccessfully contesting a total of six federal and provincial elections, Hamilton was elected to the House of Commons. Soon after, he was named Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources in Diefenbaker's first cabinet. There, drawing upon a set of ideas that had preoccupied him since first campaigning for J.T.M. Anderson's Saskatchewan Conservative party in 1929, Hamilton helped author the program of national and northern development that Diefenbaker used to ignite the country's imagination in 1958. Once implemented, Hamilton's program for developing Canada's energy, transportation and agricultural resources constituted one of the most enduring legislative achievements of the Diefenbaker government.

Appointed Minister of Agriculture in 1961, Hamilton remained in that portfolio until the Liberal victory in the spring of 1963. Drawing upon the records of the Department of External Affairs, Kyba presents the most complete account available of Hamilton's role in Canada's first major wheat sale to China, a country in which Hamilton has since retained a major interest. In the work's concluding chapters, Kyba charts Hamilton's declining influence on the direction of later Conservative policy under Stanfield, Clark and Mulroney.

With its emphasis on Hamilton's contribution to the development of Conservative Party policy between 1952 and 1968, Kyba's biography shatters the view that Hamilton, whose wheat sales to China in the 1960s tended to obscure his other achievements, was interested only in prairie agriculture. Unfortunately, the attention accorded policy development leaves the reader without a real sense of Hamilton's political life. Hamilton's relationship with Diefenbaker, for example, which stretched back to the late 1930s and which Kyba describes as "a rather strange relationship", is shrouded in a discreet silence. Similarly, Kyba declines to examine seriously the relationship between Hamilton and his senior civil servants, a question of considerable interest to students of the Diefenbaker period. The author's reluctance to deal with these difficult and contentious topics is perhaps due in part to his ambiguous relationship with his subject. Kyba relies heavily on Hamilton's own reminiscences

for much of his material and, it seems, for much of his inspiration. All too frequently, the reader is left wondering whose views and conclusions are presented in this work. 

Greg Donaghy is an historian with External Affairs and International Trade Canada. He is currently pursuing his doctorate at the University of Waterloo.

Children of Glasnost: Growing Up Soviet by Landon Pearson, Lester and Orpen Dennys, 1990. 505 pp., \$18.95.

Reviewed by Leigh Sarty

Recent years have seen a massive outpouring of works that have attempted to describe and account for the revolution that Mikhail Gorbachev unwittingly launched in 1985. Few have successfully met the dizzying challenge of Soviet change. Events there have been moving so fast that analyses and predictions are often irrelevant by the time they make it into print. As a result, much of the literature on "Gorbachev's Russia" has suffered a very short shelf-life, particularly where the daily politics of reform is concerned.

Pearson made good use of her diplomatic status to win access to a range of people and institutions.

The avenue of inquiry pursued in Landon Pearson's *Children of Glasnost: Growing Up Soviet* seems more promising. As the title suggests, Pearson's focus is the first offspring of the Gorbachev revolution — the generation reared and educated in the 1980s that will shape "new thinking" and the Soviet future into the 21st century. Given Pearson's assertion that the survival of the human race will ultimately depend on our children's ability to cooperate with their Soviet counterparts, the reader is led to expect that the book's attempt to describe the "children of *glasnost*" will have more staying power than an exploration of who's up and who's down in the Kremlin.

The author brings a good list of credentials to her task. In the 1970s, the mother of five took a master's degree in educational psychology to "consolidate and make sense out of twenty years of hands-on experience."

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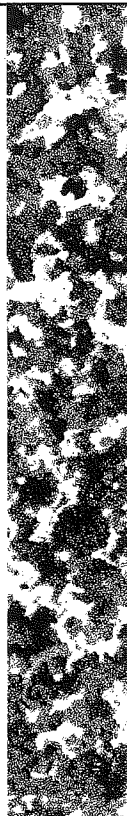
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Dissatisfaction with Western theories of child development fuelled Pearson's curiosity about Soviet perspectives, a curiosity she indulged during three years in Moscow with her husband Geoffrey, who was Canada's ambassador to the USSR from 1980 to 1983. Pearson made good use of her diplomatic status to win access to a range of people and institutions that in the early 1980s was likely beyond the reach of the typical Western student. After 1983, she returned to the USSR five times to update her research, visiting most recently in the spring of 1989.

The result is a remarkably thorough account of what it was like to "grow up Soviet" in the 1980s. The Soviet child, Pearson tells us, is the unique product of the interaction between two worlds: the "affectionate, indulgent, yet somewhat constricting world of the Soviet family", and the "carefully planned collective world" of the Soviet school and other state organizations that see to the proper "upbringing" of the country's youngest citizens. Pearson draws on a great wealth of material — scholarly writings, interviews, and months of first-hand observation — to bring these worlds to life for the Western reader. We are shown children at work in the classroom and at play in the schoolyard; we learn what they read and what they watch on TV; we hear of the music they listen to and the stories they hear at home; we visit a children's puppet theatre in the city and see Soviet families at play at the beach. No detail has been overlooked. We learn, for example, that the new Soviet baby will begin toilet training at four months and be introduced to meat at seven months; when the youngster goes to school, he or she will have a snack at ten in the morning that might consist of "hot milk with a little tea in it" and a sweet bun. Anything that one could conceivably wish to know about the daily life and world of the Soviet child seems to be here.

Pearson is careful to place her everyday observations in their broader historical context. Chapters on Soviet child psychology, labour education, youth organizations, and children's theatre, for example, are all enriched by brief accounts of how theory and practice have evolved since the early days of the Bolshevik regime. These passages are nicely integrated into a text that is clear and informative but never dry and academic. The style is well-suited to the very human touch that the author brings to her material. Whether discussing special schools for the handicapped or the trials and pitfalls of Soviet sex education, Pearson never lets the reader forget that hers is a story about real people — about children, parents, educators and bureaucrats whose

Pearson set out in the early 1980s to write a magnum opus on what it is like to grow up Soviet.

concerns and expectations are not entirely unlike our own.

In her efforts to demonstrate the "human" component of "growing up Soviet", however, Pearson seems to be knocking on an open door. She writes of the fact that Soviet families go to the park together on Sundays and on beach holidays in the summer as if this might be news to a Western reader. While this might well have been the case when Cold War stereotypes held sway a couple of decades ago, journalistic accounts from the 1970s and early 1980s, such as those by Hedrick Smith and David Shipler of *The New York Times*, have long since put to rest the notion that Soviets live and think in alien ways. Thus, while Pearson's vignettes of Kolomenskoye and Gorky in Moscow and Yalta in the Crimea add a nice touch of colour to the book, in analytical terms they appear dated.

This seemingly minor item is worth raising because it points up the principal weakness of *Children of Glasnost*. Despite the author's return to the USSR for several visits during the Gorbachev era, her analysis is burdened by the fact that the bulk of her fieldwork was completed almost two years before the upstart General Secretary came to power. In and of itself, of course, this is not necessarily a problem. Since history did not start from scratch on the day the Central Committee elected Gorbachev to its top post, one would expect any study of contemporary Soviet society to explore the pre-1985 phenomena that helped to make more recent transformations possible. Yet given the place of *glasnost* — the bulwark of *perestroika* — in Pearson's title, and her emphasis on the impact of "new thinking" as a justification for the study, the volume that she has produced draws far too heavily on information gathered in the early 1980s.

Time and again, Pearson's discussion of a given issue will centre on a detailed reconstruction of an interview she conducted or a meeting she attended some time in 1982 or 1983. A briefer update on subsequent developments usually follows, to culminate in a frustratingly vague statement to the effect that things are changing under Gorbachev. To be sure, no work of Sovietology written in these tumultuous times

To Carrie: On Becoming a Teenager *Life and Love*

by Konrad G. Sigurdson

Life means so much, it has so much.
So we believe there's much to lose.
We try to hold, therefore,
And keep and cherish
What we can, what we must, of life.

But don't hold on; just accept,
And strive for all life's worth.
Don't do unto others
What you want from them;
But give — if only for the giving.

Life is empty; life is full.
So much depends on us.
Others care, care not at all;
But what we care, and when we care,
We've done what we must, in life.

Today might be the first day;
Perhaps life will end today.
But don't believe; and don't deny.
It's not the beginning or the end;
It's just at where we are.

We always seek, and hope to find,
The real meaning of life.
We find the love,
Experience the loss,
And know the pain of both.

Love is many things, blessed many things.
Loss and anger only one,
That start and have an end.
Love goes on forever
In all its many forms.

It's good, it's bad and wonderful;
It's happy, sad, deliriously made;
Joy, fire, ice and tears.
It can hurt as much as hate;
But it doesn't — because love is stronger.

Love is all, love is shared.
Give it up, give it away, and
You'll always get it back.
What we give out of love,
We get to keep in life.

This is why it means so much.
That's what makes it full.

Konrad Sigurdson has had postings in Hong Kong, Stuttgart (FRG), Manila, Tehran, Kingston and London. He is currently Director-General for Planning and Resource Management in the International Service (OFB) at CEIC.

should be judged harshly simply for failing to keep up to date. Yet, to repeat, for a book that purports to inform about the children shaped by these times, the balance of Pearson's discussion is badly skewed. Surely events such as the abrupt cancellation of senior history exams in the spring of 1988 and declining enrollments in the Komsomol deserve more than the passing mention they receive.

In her preface, Pearson acknowledges that "writing about any aspect of a society that is as deep in the throes of social and political change as the Soviet Union today is a daunting task". Unfortunately, recognizing this challenge and meeting it are two different things. *Children of Glasnost* suffers from the author's failure to adapt her content and method to the changing times. Pearson set out in the early 1980s to write a magnum opus on what it is like to grow up Soviet. In the tradition of journalistic and other chroniclers of the Soviet Union at that time, the unique qualification that Pearson brought to her subject was the experience of first-hand observation. Reported nearly a decade later, however, much of the resulting material has lost its immediacy. The pace of Soviet change, it seems, has claimed yet another victim.

It is a pity that Pearson did not decide to write two separate, shorter books: an account

of daily life in Moscow in the late Brezhnev and Andropov eras, written with special reference to children, and a second work focused specifically on growing up under *perestroika*. Her attempt to combine the two in what she terms a "history of the present" gives short shrift to the more recent developments that one might expect to find treated at length in a book on the *Children of Glasnost*. If the reader expects, however, a richly detailed survey of the forces shaping Soviet youth on the eve of the Gorbachev revolution, he or she will not be disappointed.

Leigh Sarty is a recent graduate of Columbia University, and is now a SSHRC Postdoctoral Fellow at the University of Toronto's Centre for Russian and East European Studies.

World Bank World Development Report 1991, New York: Oxford University Press, June 1991 for IBRD, xii and 290 pp. \$23.95.

Reviewed by Timothy M. Shaw

In his Foreword to the 14th *World Development Report (WDR)*, the outgoing World Bank President, Barber Conable, articulates the major themes of the latest version, on "The Challenge of Development", which emphasizes both history and the future:

One of the most valuable lessons relates to the interaction between the state and the market...The Report describes a market-friendly approach in which governments allow markets to function well...Restoring the confidence of the private sector is now a major challenge for several countries with a long history of macroeconomic instability...the Report stresses that, above all, the future of developing countries is in their own hands.

Yet despite purporting to learn from post-war successes and to revise previously over-optimistic scenarios, this *Report*, like all its predecessors, especially last year's on "Poverty", constitutes a restatement of neo-classical and -conservative dogma about domestic responsibility and market efficacy. Indeed, its rhetorical treatment of current discourses is palpable: from "reforming the public sector" to "rethinking the state". The focus in its "political economy of development" is on adjustment, enterprise and reform, now extending beyond environment, gender, human resource development, and technology to hitherto forbidden terrains like democracy and the military.

Three contradictory assertions are particularly remarkable, embedded in its own role and rhetoric. First, that "thinking on

The Bank seems to deny any responsibility for either local or global difficulties.

development has undergone a sea change during the past forty years"; yet the Bank avoids claiming any responsibility for popularizing the prevailing "paradigm" of market-forces. Second, that integration into the global economy is a prerequisite, but dependence is not a cause of underdevelopment only policy "distortions". And third, that the "model" of the newly-industrializing countries (NICs) should be emulated without any recognition that such successes may prejudice the prospects of "late-comers". In brief, the Bank appears to be quite unselfconscious in its assertion that "a consensus is gradually forming in favor of a 'market-friendly' approach to development": an imposed or voluntary policy hegemony!

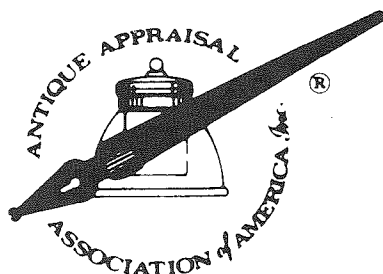
Amazingly, then, despite its admission that global development has been most uneven over the last 40 years — "the real income gap between the industrial countries and some developing countries, notably those in East Asia, has narrowed dramatically since World War II. But the gap between [them] and the developing countries of other regions has widened"! The Bank seems to deny any responsibility for either local or global difficulties. Moreover, despite ample evidence that "the world economy in transition" poses immense dilemmas for almost all economic actors — "in some ways the international economy will be unfavourable to development in the coming decade" — it insists that national states are the primary determinants of development prospects.

Aside from reflections on divergent experiences in the world economy, the *Report* treats lessons in the causes, consequences and sequences of reform, again without any admission that its structural adjustment conditionalities are primary factors! Indeed, the discussion about participation and institutions appears to be voluntaristic when such terms are in reality imposed. Furthermore, even lessons derived from the successes of the minority of NICs deny that the prospects for the majority of late-comers are thereby affected: the fallacy of history.

The ideological purity of this year's *Report* was maintained by the Bank's release just a month earlier of a revealing analysis of the other side of the adjustment syndrome: *Global Economic Prospects &*

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the Developing Countries. This candidly admits the current decade may be no better for most polities and peoples than the last, "lost" one:

The 1980s saw a sharp divergence in economic performance across developing regions...the chances of significantly reducing these disparities are remote in the 1990s. The unlikelihood of convergence intensifies the risk that the number of absolute poor in the world will rise greatly.

Notwithstanding all *Report 1991*'s rhetoric and repetition, it not only indicates the scope of contemporary orthodoxy, it also treats some delicate yet salient issues, such as AIDS, capital flight, corruption, military costs, NGOs, and population. Regrettably, like its 13 predecessors, it lacks an index, but it does contain 45 tables of data in its appendices along with 41 of its distinctive boxes, 35 figures and 30 in-text tables. Its bibliography of the latest orthodoxy further reveals its commitment to the prevailing paradigm as eminent liberal (eg. Paul Mosley and John Toye) and radical (eg. Manfred Bienefeld and Andrea Cornia) contributions are overlooked.

In short, whether the Bank admits it or not, this is indeed the authoritative *Report* by contrast to more sceptical, radical annuals

from other inter-state agencies like UNDP and UNICEF, and *Hunger 1990* and *State of the World 1991* from non-governmental organizations. The Bank's espousal of post-Keynesian theology even makes *The World in 1991* from *The Economist* appear rather cautions and catholic by contrast. And this, despite the fact that *WDR 1991* admits that a decade ago, as its adjustment project was beginning to be effected, it was "generally too hopeful about growth in the 1980s"!

Timothy M. Shaw is General Editor of the Macmillan Press Series in International Political Economy and Professor of Political Science and International Development Studies at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He recently completed time as a Hallsworth Fellow at the University of Manchester and at UNRISD in Geneva.

Citizens Irving — K.C. Irving and His Legacy by John DeMont, Doubleday Canada, 1991, 00 pp, \$26.50.

Reviewed by John Edward Belliveau

John DeMont was raised in Saint John, New Brunswick, within the sight, sound and

smell of the Irving pulp and paper mill. He rode on Irving buses fuelled with Irving gasoline refined in Irving's Saint John refinery, Canada's largest. Riding across town he would pass the Irving drydocks where Canada's naval frigates are now being constructed. Nearby were the docked Irving ships carrying cargo to and from the ports of the world.

Leaving town, he could drive through miles of Irving timberlands, and a hundred miles eastward within the same province he could be where Irving tissues were being manufactured in Moncton. En route, his automobile would stop for gas at one of the hundreds of Irving gas stations and lunch in one of their good restaurants where the daily newspaper he read would be one of New Brunswick's five all owned by the Irvings. The food he consumed at the restaurants might be vegetables prepared from Irving-owned Cavendish farms.

DeMont is the author of the first comprehensive study of the industrial titan, Kenneth Colin Irving, and his three sons who control the richest family empire in Canada. They, their wives, children and grandchildren are Canada's wealthiest family...and they don't just control. They own it all.

In a province where the Irvings employ one in twelve of the working population, the

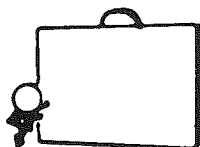
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issue of whether this is good or bad, and who, in the end, runs the government, is rarely raised. Nor does this book debate it. Yet, in the 1960s when K.C. Irving was conducting decade-long warfare with the reformist government of the plucky young Premier Louis J. Robichaud, there were those who argued that outside investors would not come into the province because Irving was there, leaving no room for anyone else because of his iron control. In the end, "Little Louis" did manage to entice a few giants such as Noranda to develop mine, mill and smelter industries and they did bring major development, but K.C. Irving and his sons never ceased to battle them.

In the prologue to *Citizens Irving*, the author notes "there is nothing malevolent about K.C. and his family, who have always thought of themselves as ordinary, Christian folk doing their part to make New Brunswick a better place to live." To this he adds, "that the Irvings on balance have been good for the province is undeniable; if they had not existed, it is doubtful if another group of entrepreneurs would have emerged with the guts and drive to create jobs and enterprise in the barrens of New Brunswick."

This excellent book is the best yet published on the incredible private, enigmatic family and its works, and the fact is that until Senator Robichaud's private papers

"There is nothing malevolent about K.C. and his family, who have always thought of themselves as ordinary, Christian folk doing their part to make New Brunswick a better place to live."

are published or a miracle of disclosure occurs within the Irving family, not a great deal more is likely to be published. The laws of libel and the difficulty of documenting what was apparent to some of us close to the Robichaud government make it nearly impossible to tell the whole story.

DeMont is cautious, perhaps conscious of libel chill, but withal has not spared the facts and aired the criticisms. He has done a splendid profile of the self-contained, autocratic yet personally unassuming and courteous nonagenarian whose hand is still close to the pulse of the empire he built in a long

lifetime. As well, he does excellent profiles of the three sons who were so dominated by the patriarch's example and direction they became almost his clones in respect of their business conduct. Courteous and unassuming, even dull in the public eye, they have the patriarch's courtesy if not his courtliness. They do not have, however, his unrelentingly adversarial manner when closeted with those who opposed him. Indeed, his grandchildren now heading large elements of the empire are said to be almost benign mixers ...except where business is involved.

Unlike writers in other media, John DeMont goes into the Buctouche, N.B. hometown background of the Irvings in valuable detail. There is nothing "rags-to-riches" about K.C. whose Scots forebears prospered in rural Acadian-French Kent County. His father was the big merchant of the port and district who gathered timber limits when K.C. was a boy at home and, as a youth, went working in the woods. This was a solidly middle-class entrepreneurial family, hard-working Presbyterians, raised among Catholic Acadians who were only then emerging from a century of isolation and deprivation. The Irvings always got on well with these neighbours.

Irving had once been a bagman for the Liberal Party, though later he said that

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"politics and business don't mix." However, as his career advanced, he took a most determined interest in provincial premiers and his support was impartial in that respect. In a small province like New Brunswick, premiers run governments pretty well on their own strength, and if that strength did not suit, K.C. went looking for a new one. There were periods when the young and, at first, rather naive Premier Robichaud was almost distraught with the intensity and persistence of the pressure being put on him by Irving. Later, after years of battling and controversy over the installation of the most radical social, municipal, educational, judicial and tax reforms ever effected by a Canadian province, the premier was left in a distressing personal state, and his party would have been battered in its third election had not the Irving people fixed on a mountebank and once-disbarred lawyer as the leader of the opposition party.

Since this book was published, the Irving empire has come onto the international stage with a challenge by the state of Maine to the family's massive incursion into the United States. DeMont is made to look prophetic by his detailed chapter on the American ventures which in fact had their origin nearly forty years ago. It is an ironic twist in the era of Canada-USA free trade that in February of this year the Maine state legislature introduced a bill to give its attorney-general more authority to police the oil industry. This was a direct move to halt the spread of Irving gas stations, imposing a moratorium on expansion until 1994. Irving Oil Corporation, the USA subsidiary, now owns some 130 stations in Maine and controls 25 percent of the state's gasoline industry, 60 percent of the industrial fuel business, along with convenience stores and trucking operations. And of course their operations in the United States are not confined simply to Maine.

At the end of this very readable and useful book, the basic question remains undebated: are the Irvings or other such conglomerates good or bad for a small province and its governance? In New Brunswick, at least, the economic benefits seem real enough. 

John Edward (Ned) Belliveau is a former national and political journalist (the Toronto Star) and public relations executive. He was an advisor to Premier Louis J. Robichaud for a decade, and acted as political strategist and campaign speech writer for Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson. He is the author of a number of books including Little Louis and the Giant K.C. Mr. Belliveau now lives in New Brunswick.

Reluctant Adversaries by Paul M. Evans and B. Michael Frolic, University of Toronto, 1991, 268 pp. \$19.95.

Reviewed by Diana Lary

Canada is now at one of the lowest points in our long relationship with China. Canada's offer of permanent residence to PRC citizens unwilling to return to China after June 1989 and her strong stand on human rights issues have irked the present masters of Beijing, who find criticism of their behaviour impertinent. On the track-record revealed by this book, Canadian failure to take a more expedient line towards the present government in Beijing may not be the wrong policy. Over the course of almost a century of Canada-China relations, Canada

*China may pay homage
to previous good deeds,
but political and
economic relations are
still hard-headed.*

has a record of taking idiosyncratic stands on China, which later turn out to be the right ones — in the long run if not the short. In 1949, Canada came very close to transferring diplomatic recognition from the Guomindang to the Communist Party, and only heavy pressure from the USA prevented this. In 1961, Canada started to sell wheat to China when China was still in the deep freeze of international isolation. In 1970, Canada reopened relations with China, well ahead of most Western countries.

The essays in this book, originally presented as papers at a conference at Montebello in 1985, record these and other aspects of the relations between Canada and China. The first deals with the missionary effort in China, the start of Canada's fascination with China. Canadian missionaries went to China before there was an independent Canadian foreign policy, and no formal Canadian presence abroad. They developed a special Canadian role in China, their faith as deep as anyone's but their unassuming means of spreading it were unlike the haughtiness of the British or the fervency of the American missionaries. Canadians were practical; they stressed medicine and education over proselytisation. One uniquely helpful undertaking was the founding of the first dental school in China, which

won Canadians a reputation for low-key but truly valuable activity.

The book then moves to policy issues, with the 'mish kids', the children of missionaries who entered the public service in Canada as the bridge between the early period and the later one. Three China-born men — Ralph Collins, John Small and Arthur Menzies — served as ambassadors to China. The key episodes are the three listed above; recognition in 1949, wheat sales, and the Trudeau initiative in 1970. Canadian policy is contrasted with American, a 'merry go round rather than a roller coaster', a sense of continuity and consistency, without over-emotional fluctuations between wild enthusiasm and bitter denunciation.

Canada's China story has been dominated by expansive personalities, none in any doubt about the importance of his contribution to Canada-China relations. Chester Ronning, the last chargé d'affaires to the Guomindang government, was born in China, and was the great interpreter of China to Canada; Alvin Hamilton, under whose term as minister of Agriculture wheat sales started, was the Prairie visionary who saw that wheat would tie Canada and China together; and Pierre Trudeau was the prime minister and statesman who saw that China had to be brought in from the cold in terms of international relations if the world was to

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live at peace. Two other grandiose figures could have been included: Norman Bethune, the communist doctor who died in China during the Anti-Japanese War, and James Endicott, the pro-communist missionary and advisor to Chiang Kai-shek. To find an area of Canadian politics dominated by such huge personalities is quite exciting.

This is a balanced book, its carefully chosen topics making a comprehensive whole. The editors have managed to put together a collection of papers which are all strong, an unusual achievement. They are measured in their analysis and fair-minded, keeping away from many of the exaggerated views that people have held about China — and still do. They steer away from any glib assumptions that the missionaries and Bethune or our early recognition have given Canada a special advantage with China. This is not the case. As several of the essays reveal, China may pay homage to previous good deeds, but political and economic relations are still hard-headed. Generations of Canadian diplomats have sat through glowing tributes to Bethune, but there is no proof that his name has ever helped to sell aeroplanes or satellite dishes. His memory has, however, been generously supported by the Canadian taxpayer, through the financing of the movie on his life.

The book focuses on external relations between Canada and China. Greater detail

on internal events in China might have made certain episodes a little clearer. For those who are not aware of the tumultuous upheavals of China's recent history, some of the twists and turns of relations, which have nothing to do with Canada, might be hard to understand. There might also have been more on the role of Chinese communities in Canada, which are becoming larger and more sophisticated, and much more vocal over their concerns on our China policy.

The list of contributors points up a special China connection between External Affairs and the academic worlds: three of the contributors (Brian Evans, Frolic and Mitchell) have served as the resident sinologist in the Beijing embassy, while one (Andrew) is a retired diplomat. These close connections have been ongoing since the opening of the mission in 1970, when it was first decided to have an academic in Beijing.

Diana Lary is a professor of Chinese History at the University of British Columbia. She was resident sinologist in Beijing from 1985 to 1987.

A Man of Big Heart: The Memoirs of Maurice Mitchell edited by Bernard Brodie and Gerry van Kessel. The Canadian Immigration Historical Society, P.O. Box 9502,

Terminal, Ottawa, Ontario K1G 3V2, 1988, 79 pp.

Reviewed by Valerie Knowles

The Canadian Immigration Historical Society is to be applauded for its decision to publish the diaries and memoirs of civil servants who have been on the front lines of Canadian immigration. Without such a publication program, many such documents might never emerge from their authors' desk drawers. That would be a pity because these works can provide valuable insights into past developments in our history and make dry official files come alive.

Every applicant was required to demonstrate literacy by reading passages from a religious book and a newspaper.

A Man of Big Heart does just that. This is the title given to the edited memoirs of the late Maurice Mitchell, whose career in "Immigration" spanned over forty years from 1934, when he began working on a temporary basis in Antwerp, Belgium until his retirement in 1976. These memoirs are the first in a projected series of monographs to be published by the Canadian Immigration Historical Society. This is an Ottawa-based organization that supports research in Canadian immigration and strives to stimulate appreciation for the role played by immigration in shaping Canadian society.

Maurice Mitchell, the son of an Immigration agent father, was seventy-five when he sat down to compose his memoirs. Drawing entirely upon a prodigious memory, he recounts developments reaching as far back as the horrendous influenza epidemic of 1918-1919. Among its victims was his mother, who rallied from her sick bed in the Mitchell family home in St. Lambert, Quebec to nurse a stricken Maurice. Following her death, he and his two sisters spent five years in boarding school, rejoining their father only after he had remarried and gone overseas as a Canadian Immigration agent.

Maurice Mitchell's first "real" immigration experience was acquired at a young age in the Free State of Danzig, where his father was in charge of the Canadian Immigration

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office in the early 1920s. There the author watched hundreds of barely literate Polish and Romanian farm workers being processed for emigration to Canada. As he remembers it, the men trooped naked into a large room, forty to fifty at a time, to be inspected by a local doctor, who examined each individual's private parts with a magnifying glass. Later every applicant was required to demonstrate literacy by reading passages from a religious book and a newspaper, which probably few Canadians understood either.

In those days, Canadian immigration selection techniques were primitive, to say the least. But so was assistance to Canadian civil servants serving overseas. Among other shortcomings, there were no living or rental allowances. Home leave was also a figment of the imagination. Mitchell's father, for example, worked overseas from 1922-1948, and during that period he returned to Canada only twice, and even then, it was at his own expense.

The author's first overseas posting as an adult came in 1949, when he reported briefly to London and then went on to Paris. Before retiring in 1976, he would also serve in Italy, Belgium, Canada (where he eventually became Director of Operations for the Foreign Service of Manpower and Immigration), the United States and West Germany. Throughout his account of these years, Maurice Mitchell does not hesitate to speak his mind — in unvarnished prose without literary pretension.

He deeply regrets, for instance, the deportation of thousands of East European farm hands from Canada during the Great Depression and the official Canadian government attitude toward Jewish immigration in those years. But he also finds time to recall the funny incidents that made an impression on him, such as the time in 1962 when he travelled from Rome to Cairo to examine hundreds of Armenians whose entry to Canada was sponsored by the Canadian Armenian Congress. The repetitious work was easily conducted, so that after 5 p.m. each day he and his colleagues would have a few drinks before proceeding to the hotel dining room for dinner. Not surprisingly, the question of who should pay for the drinks excited a lot of discussion. Finally a creative solution was found. Whoever had the most cockroaches in his hotel room would foot the bill for the pre-dinner drinks!

For anyone interested in the subject of Canadian immigration and administrative changes in "Immigration," this monograph will make for fascinating reading. Incidentally, the title is taken from a description of Maurice Mitchell written by Jacques

Hovsèpian in an article in *La Presse* after Mitchell's death. In that column, Mr. Hovsèpian refers to the man with the big heart and expresses his appreciation for all the kindness that Mitchell showed to him and his mother at their visa examination in Cairo in 1962. 

*Valerie Knowles has published several magazine articles and has written three books, **Leaving with a Red Rose, First Person, and Strangers at Our Gate** (to be published this Summer by Dundurn Press Limited).*

Oh Canada! Oh Quebec! Requiem for a Divided Country by Mordecai Richler, Penguin Books Canada Ltd., 1992, 277 pp., \$14.99.

par Jean-Louis Gagnon

Faut-il s'étonner que la presse écrite et parlée de langue anglaise ait prêté un intérêt démesuré au pamphlet de Mordecai Richler : *Oh Canada! Oh Quebec!* qui reste, au bout du compte, une resucée de son article du *New Yorker*? À la surface des choses, cette boulimie s'explique d'autant moins que tous les faits historiques ou folkloriques, colligés par Richler, étaient depuis longtemps connus des historiens et des politologues qui s'efforçaient cependant, en toute honnêteté intellectuelle, de les situer dans un contexte explicite. Mais que les mêmes médias n'aient prêté qu'une attention distraite à la plupart des écrivains qui se sont arrêtés à ces questions, pour jeter leur dévolu sur les libelles de Richler, correspond, d'autre part, à l'impératif qui globalement les gouverne : rien n'existe qui ne soit d'abord divertissement. D'où l'importance accordée aux satires de Mordecai qui, du *packaging* à la digestion rapide, appartiennent au « *fast food* » de l'esprit.

Si la critique le reconnaît comme un romancier de talent, Mordecai Richler se révèle moins doué pour l'essai. Unidimensionnel, ce qui est le propre du pamphlet, *Oh Canada! Oh Quebec!* s'en tient aux idées reçues dans un milieu donné, sans tenir compte des causes, des circonstances et des coutumes qui caractérisent l'événement, fut-ce pour le condamner. Ignorance ou préjugé? La règle veut que le préjugé soit, le plus souvent, le fruit de l'ignorance. Mais je doute que dans sa critique de Lionel Groulx, l'auteur puisse plaider ignorance. Je combats le nationalisme de Groulx depuis 50 ans; mais sans perdre de vue que « le groulxisme » n'a jamais été une spécificité du Canada français. Sans remonter à Maurras ou à Hitler, rappelons que « ses propos

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De toute évidence, Richler ne retient de l'histoire que ce qu'il croit utile au romancier.

anti-sémites, il (Groulx) les trouvait dans son bréviaire », comme le dit son thuriféraire Jean-Éthier Blais, essayiste et romancier. Mais on pourrait tout aussi bien faire état des capitalistes américains dont la plupart, à cette époque, interdisaient aux juifs et aux noirs l'accès à leurs clubs de golf. De fait, beaucoup d'hôtels de la Nouvelle-Angleterre affichaient alors à l'entrée : « No Jews — No Niggers » et parfois « No French Canadians ». Richler, qui n'est plus si jeune, n'a sûrement pas oublié qu'au temps de Groulx, l'antisémitisme était si répandu que le Mount Royal Club ne s'était pas gêné pour blackbouler le président de Seagram, M. Bronfman. Et comment ignorer que l'institution bancaire du Canada, le plus imperméable des *establishments* anglo-canadiens, qui a toujours recherché la clientèle des entrepreneurs d'origine juive, se refuse encore à leur ouvrir les portes de ses conseils d'administration.

Toute comparaison est odieuse, disent les Britanniques. Mais ne voir que le revers de la médaille, c'est se refuser à regarder la face. Cela s'appelle, en français, avoir deux poids, deux mesures. De toute évidence, Richler ne retient de l'histoire que ce qu'il croit utile au romancier. Le Québec, bien sûr, a été trop longtemps « a priest-ridden province ». S'il y eut toujours d'honnêtes gens pour dénoncer le cléricisme ou l'influence indue du clergé, il a fallu attendre les années soixante pour que les Canadiens français missent fin à cet abus de pouvoir soi-disant de « droit divin ». Mordecai Richler se félicite au contraire de la décennie précédente. À telle enseigne que l'auteur de *Balconville*, David Fennario, s'étonne que Richler garde la nostalgie des années cinquantes quand « **English, as well as French thrived there** (Verdun-Pointe Saint-Charles) **and the two cultures enriched rather than exorcised one another.** » Sûrement pas pour les francophones, écrit-il dans *The Gazette* du 18-04-92, « *who were relegated to the worst-paying jobs with hardly any hope of a higher education. Or for the Anglos...As late as 1965, only 10 per cent of the students in my high school went to university.* »

Quoi qu'il en soit nous en sommes sortis. Peut-on, par contre, en dire autant d'Israël

où des partis théocratiques s'opposent avec succès à la laïcisation de l'enseignement et de la société dans son ensemble?

Pour qui sait lire, il existe une façon Richler de faire état de certains événements comme de certaines situations et de certains comportements, à seule fin de donner libre cours à son ressentiment. Ce qui lui a permis de s'en prendre, dans le *New Yorker*, au phénomène de la natalité au Canada français d'hier. Que la morale intégriste des curés de paroisse et le nationalisme proclamé des députés du Québec aient eu pour résultat d'imposer aux mères de famille le devoir d'être enceintes année après année, m'apparaît indiscutable. Mais si « la revanche des berceaux » peut être ressentie comme un calcul, sinon un complot pour en arriver éventuellement au *baby bonus*, il reste que les peuples incertains du lendemain, mais résolus à se continuer, y voient l'ultime moyen de fonder l'avenir. C'est ainsi qu'après la défaite de 1870, la France institua un régime de primes à la natalité. Et c'est pourquoi, face à l'holocauste, on vit se multiplier le nombre des enfants dans les familles juives de la diaspora.

Cela dit, il faut reconnaître que la xénophobie est monnaie courante dans la plupart des pays. On parle toujours en Europe de « la perfide Albion », des « boches » et des « marchands de tapis ». Faut-il y voir du racisme? Les Canadiens français, sans doute, en sont encore aux « maudits Français », aux « maudits Anglais » et aux « maudits Juifs ». Mais rares sont les songe-creux du nationalisme et du cléricisme qui, au Québec, aient fait fortune dans l'antisémitisme. Le fait qu'Ezekiel Hart ait été élu à la législature du Bas-Canada dès 1807, en dit long. Les écoles juives ont vu le jour bien avant que Maurice Duplessis n'instituât des écoles protestantes de langue française. Et on ne fera croire à personne que « l'achat chez-nous », à quelque moment que ce fût, ait mis en péril les établissements Pollack, Steinberg et Pascal et qu'il soit la cause de leurs ennuis.

Je me permettrai à ce sujet d'invoquer le témoignage de M. Ernest Steiman qui, en réponse à la diatribe de Richler, a su mettre les points sur les i (*The Gazette*, 9-04-92):

« Most Quebec Jews in Montreal lived in Jewish ghettos. Children rarely had French friends...In the English Protestant schools, Jews had Jews for best friends.... The French called me "maudit Juif" but also invited me into their homes and made me feel as welcome as any of them. WASPs seldom insulted our race — nor did they invite us for tea. That was yesterday. I still live outside Montreal where my children have

grown up with a mixture of French and WASP friends and I am pleased that they never experienced any racial tension. For their generation, racism is just not acceptable. »

Point d'orgue : le reste est silence, disait Shakespeare. 

Jean-Louis Gagnon, ancien rédacteur en chef de « *La Presse* » à Montréal; a lancé « *Le Nouveau Journal* » à Montréal en 1961; a été co-président de la Commission Royale d'enquête sur le Bilinguisme et le Biculturalisme; Directeur-Général d'Information Canada en 1970; Ambassadeur du Canada à l'UNESCO, Paris, 1972; nommé membre du Conseil de la radiodiffusion et des télécommunications canadiennes; Officier de l'Ordre du Canada 1980.

Faith and Fear: The Free Trade Story by G. Bruce Doern and Brian W. Tomlin, Stoddart Publishing Company, Toronto, 1991, 340 pp. \$29.95

Reviewed by Norman Hillmer

In the Spring 1992 issue of *bout de papier*, Michael Hart concentrated his considerable firepower on two books by Linda McQuaig and Mel Hurtig claiming that the 1988 Canada-US *Free Trade Agreement* represented the abdication of Canadian independence, the seduction of Ottawa by US big business, and the betrayal of the people by politicians. An antidote to these unjustified complaints, Hart briefly suggested, was to be found in Bruce Doern and Brian Tomlin's *Faith and Fear*, a book about which he promised there would soon be more in these pages.

This is the "more" and my conclusions do not differ from Michael Hart's. *Faith and Fear* is an important journey for all Canadians, examining complex events and phenomena with clarity and balance, and demythologizing a document the Carleton University authors say will change Canada forever. The book is part description of the origins of and forces contributing to the FTA; part analysis of the contents and potential consequences of the deal; and part rattling good story-telling (based on extensive interviewing) about the negotiation of the agreement and the election during which its fate hung in the balance.

Sometimes, it is true, the parts get in the way of the whole. The first chapters quickly survey the long and controversial history of free trade in Canada, and move at a sprightly pace from Liberal trade minister Gerald Regan's sectoral initiative in 1983 through the gathering political and business enthusiasm

for a comprehensive deal in the first Mulroney years to the opening of the talks with Washington in 1986. But the authors then offer a summary and preliminary assessment of the FTA, long before their narrative has produced an accord. Two thematic chapters on the role of business and the provinces follow before the negotiation resumes. This mixture of approach, which is repeated in the section dealing with the election of 1988, is fine theoretically, but it makes for an overlapping of material and disappointing interruptions in the book's momentum.

Too much should not be made of this. The repetitions can be helpful, and the reader is probably well served by an early glimpse at the final agreement. The authors always write lucidly, and sometimes, as in "*Weekend in Washington*", with the flair and pace of the best political writing. The book derives some of its interest from the notion that people and personality make a difference; the sketches of the principal players are wonderfully evocative. What is more, and to their credit, Doern and Tomlin seldom resort to the jargon of their social scientists' trade. One of the few lapses: "The plainest truth may be simply that the 1988 election supplied a mandate for the FTA congruent with the norms of parliamentary democracy in a multi-party system".

A good deal of the book is inevitably about deal-making. There were two phases; the period from May 1986, with Simon Reisman and Peter Murphy facing, or pulling faces at, one another, and the final early October 1987 spurt in Washington, when Treasury Secretary James Baker III and Mulroney Chief of Staff Derek Burney and their teams managed to cobble together an agreement just under the US fast-track wire. In the first phase, Murphy thoroughly frustrated Reisman by refusing to dance in the latter's own words, "drawing you out, getting you to undress while they were sitting there looking you over to see whether they were interested". The Canadians, well endowed with commitment and resources, were apt to attribute this to lack of competence and preparation, and consequently to be dismissive of their adversaries. This was a mistake: Doern and Tomlin are certain that Murphy was pursuing a deliberate and effective strategy.

Although the authors praise Reisman for his broad vision and tenacity, they argue that he played into Murphy's hands by continuing to beat his head against the wall right up to the end and by not being flexible enough to shift his goals or to consider pulling up stakes altogether much earlier in the process. In particular, they claim that Reisman might have stopped focusing his efforts on finding ways to nullify the effects of US trade remedy law, an area where little

movement was likely, and might have travelled on to other, more fruitful areas of negotiation. By the time the Americans were willing to talk, it was too late to get substantial concessions or to assemble the elements of the big deal Ottawa wanted. The last-minute solution to the trade remedies impasse, the creation of binational panels to review their application, was not the major breakthrough that had been hoped for, and a lot of energy and concessions had to be expended to get there.

The Canadian negotiating position... was always relatively weak.

But how realistic was a different outcome? I am inclined to think, on the basis of the evidence in the book, that the authors are too hard on Reisman and too kind to Murphy, whose stance led after all not to success but a Canadian walkout. The Canadian negotiating position, as Doern-Tomlin made very clear, was always relatively weak. There was a huge disparity of power between the two countries, and Canada was the *demandeur* in the negotiations, the party most anxious for an agreement and with the most to lose. That had been evident from the beginning, and no alternative negotiating strategy was going to change the basic facts. The authors suggest that the Canadian side was outpointed in the substance of the talks — they are very good on "gains" and "losses" — but that they did achieve a very considerable improvement in access to the American market for Canadian producers. A guaranteed path had been Mulroney's central goal, but it was an impossible dream.

Doern and Tomlin are quiet free-traders, and they are critical of opponents who have not really considered the alternatives. They conclude from a careful review of the FTA that the agreement does not substantially reduce Canada's ability to do business or to make its own policy, and that in some areas that capacity has been enhanced. They do urge, however, that the agreement is no panacea, and is no substitute for systematic thought about the future. Canadians, they say, must move on to confront the very serious economic, social and political challenges that the country now faces.

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INTERLOCKING ORGANS

A Aalto searches for the key

Ace logician LDC Liebnitz strode into the office of the Head of his Service to find Chief MacBannoch and his Deputy, Lydia Kraantz, huddled over a ragged sheaf of paper. From the mingled odours of stale cigar smoke and frustration, he deduced that Jimmy the Turk had struck again. "Right you are, Liebnitz" growled MacBannoch. "We sent him out on a simple errand — chasing down rumours that an unknown country was trying to "fix" the World 12-tone Flugelhorn Finals. He reported back by phone that he had discovered the culprit country, laughed uproariously and hung up. We got this report by carrier awk. As usual, it's just a puzzle of some kind."

"I've got the puzzle pretty well solved, Ludwig," added Lydia, "but I can't see where it gets us." Liebnitz took the sheets from her and read.

This set of interlocking circles represents the interlocking memberships of four well-known international organs — the Organization of Arbitrary States (OAS), the Imaginary Monetary Fund (IMF), the City-States and Countries of Elsewhere (CSCE) and the Unlikely Nations, Elusive States and Cities Outrageous (UNESCO). The members of these bodies are characterized by the fact that they do not exist — like Oz or Yoknapatawpha.

The diagram contains "sectors" numbered 1 to 13. Each circle defines the membership of one of the four bodies (the outer circles are marked A to C, the inner circle is D). Each sector therefore defines the different affiliations of the 17 imaginary places — since they can each belong to more than one body. The place(s) found in sector 8, for example, belong only to body B, while the place(s) found in sector 6 belong to bodies A, C and D.

In the clues below, each place is defined twice, once with its name as an anagram in capital letters, eg HALARINGS, and once

by a substantive reference, eg "the sunken land". (Note: "adjacent" means touching along a full side, not just a point.) Which places lie in each sector? Which bodies relate to which circles?

- King Arthur's seat and Captain Hook's island are the only two places with membership in both the CSCE and the IMF. One of these is in a sector adjacent to the sector containing a country Gulliver visited.
- Only one sector has three occupants. These are: HALARINGS, PATIOU and NEW HERO.
- Carroll's kingdom and AURITRAIN occupy a sector adjacent to the sector containing INARAN and Tolkein's world.
- The CSCE is body A.
- ARNATIVIFY has one body in common with MACHIGOTTY, but none in common with METCOAL.
- The musical Scottish village and Lil Abner's hometown lie in the same sector.
- The sectors containing RODEO LAD and SANATILT touch at a single point.
- The country where the Prisoner of Zenda was held and More's ideal lie in two non-touching sectors within the OAS circle.
- Only one sector is empty; three sectors have two occupants each.
- Sector 13 contains only Batman's lair, sector 7 only Babar's capital.
- Only four places have memberships in just one body: PHOGDACT, one of Bunyan's cities, OBROADING and the goal of many conquistadors.
- LIMED THREAD is in UNESCO, in a sector adjacent to the one containing DANNEWORLD, which is in the CSCE.
- James Hilton's sanctuary and GRAND GOBBIN are in different sectors, but each belongs to only two bodies.
- Samuel Butler's nowhere lies in a sector touching at a single point the one containing TELEVICELLES.
- CS Lewis' kingdom is in all the bodies except the IMF, the sunken land in all except the CSCE, and RAVEN REND ELVEN in all except UNESCO.

Liebnitz frowned, "As you say, Lydia, the puzzle itself is not impossible. It's straightforward Venn diagram, and all we need are a few verifications from the old Britannica. But what in the name of my Aunt Polly's pea-pods is Jimmy trying to say?"

MacBannoch took the original report to examine it. Unfortunately, he did so using the hand that held his cigar, which rapidly began to scorch the flimsy foolscap. Liebnitz snatched the papers back just in time, stared at the top sheet and then clapped him heartily on the back. "Brilliant work, Chief," he said, "the heat from your cigar has brought out a message written in secret ink. It reads **FILL THE REAL-WORLD GAP.**"

Within a few more minutes, Liebnitz had solved the Turk's riddle. When he showed the result to the Chief, MacBannoch gasped, coughed and sprayed cold coffee all over his desk-top. Lydia's eyebrows went up and she chuckled, saying "Ah well, the follow-up isn't our department's anyway."

Can you duplicate their feat, by first answering the questions in Jimmy's puzzle and then by working out the country trying to fix the flugelhorners?

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). He considers the title of this puzzle somewhat dubious, but couldn't resist the double pun on "key".

Puzzler's Block: Answers

The man in the green chair (Jimmy the Turk) has an IQ of 128 and is eating the chicken sandwich.

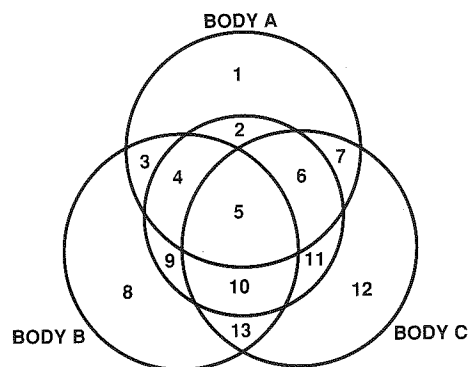
The empty chair is most likely yellow, since this fits the sequence of rainbow colours running from chair one to six: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet.

The full answer is as follows (CHAIR COLOUR, NAME, AGE, IQ, LUNCH, TAB):

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- YELLOW (EMPTY)
- GREEN, FLECKER, 30, 128, CHICKEN AND TEAM (\$4.00)
- BLUE, LIEBNITZ, 42, 144, PEANUT BUTTER AND COLA (\$3.50)
- VIOLET, MacBANNOCK, 57, 112, BRIE AND COFFEE (\$3.00)

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