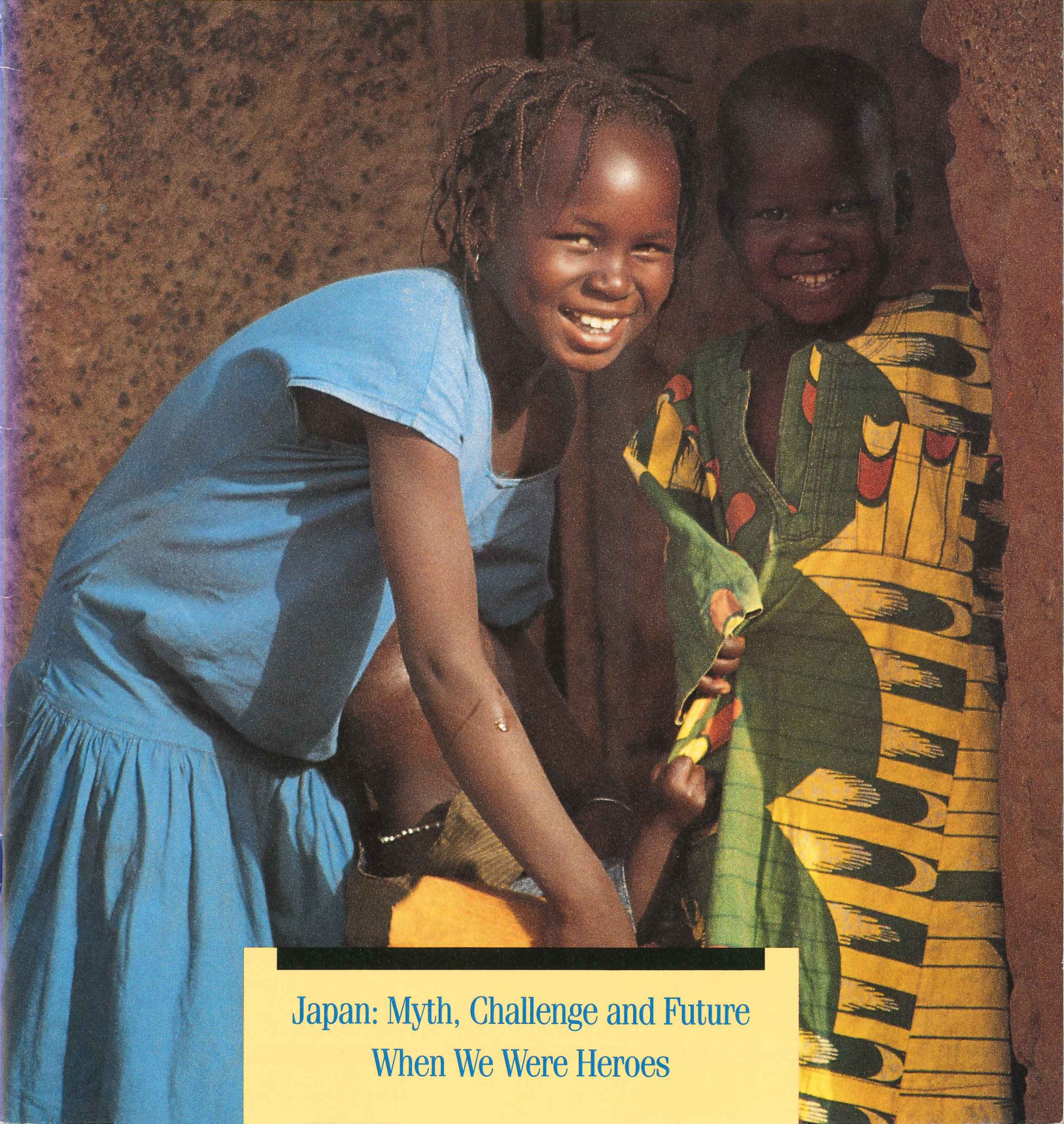


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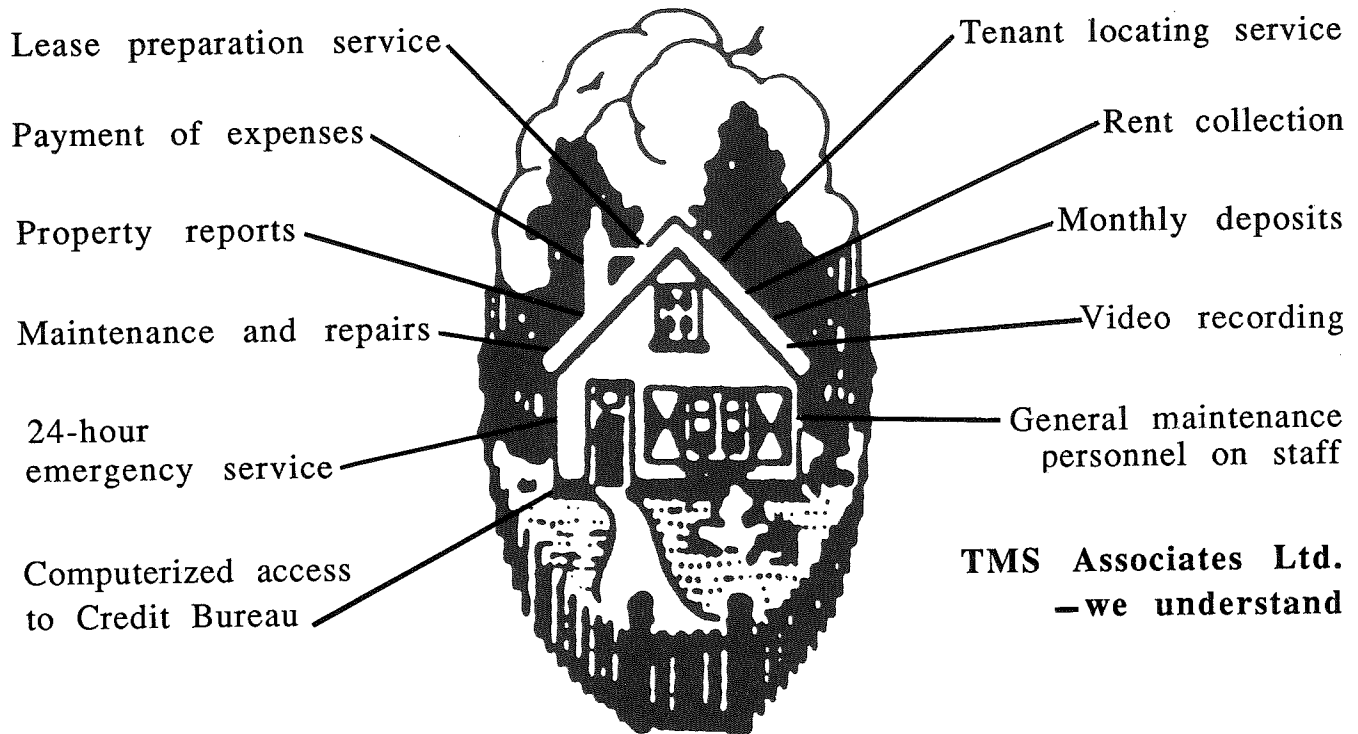
Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

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Japan: Myth, Challenge and Future
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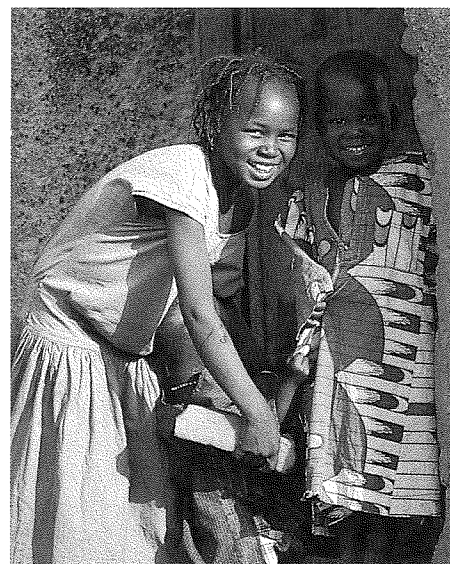
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Our cover photo by David Edwards, a foreign service officer, was taken in the town of Mopti in Central Mali.



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To the Top of Borneo

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Farewell and Best Wishes

After two and a half years as Editor responsible for ten editions of **bout de papier**, the time has come to pass the quill onward. Beginning with the Winter 1993/94 edition, there will be a new Editor, freshly confirmed by the Annual General Meeting of the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers (PAFSO) in September 1993.

Before that happens, and as a bit of nostalgia, it may be worthwhile looking back briefly to see where we were in late 1990 when Volume 8, Number 2 was being put together and I became Editor. At that time, the Editorial Board forecast that the world of the Foreign Service and the practice of diplomacy would change dramatically, and this has come to pass. The aim of **bout de papier** would be to come to grips with some of these issues in an enlightened, rigorous and professional manner and to attempt to point the way forward for the profession.

We predicted that the way ahead would be far from clear, both for the Department and for the profession. We sought the views of the readership concerning fundamental issues such as: What is a modern diplomat, and has the shine gone off this profession?

Is the practice of diplomacy a true profession? Is there a need for international diplomacy, or has the media pre-empted this role? What should the priorities of a foreign ministry be in the 21st century? What should the trade, immigration and aid roles be in an era of government downsizing, global recession, and widespread international political instability? We questioned whether there would be a viable future for External Affairs and we raised the issue of whether individuals would even continue to want to join the Foreign Service; and if so, then why?

We expressed open concern about the future role of External Affairs and the future ability of the Foreign Service to function as a distinct profession. We recognized that change was in the wind; brought about not only by the Government's desire to decrease the deficit but also by the Department's desire to re-orient its working practices.

As part of re-orienting the work of the organization, we predicted a re-streaming process whereby the Department would move closer to the notion of specialization and professionalization. It would have "economic officers," or "international lawyers," or "multilateral negotiators" for instance, rather than political/economic officers, social affairs officers or trade/economic officers in the current Public Service Commission (Foreign Service Officer) occupational category. We saw this movement as leading to the possibility of greater career enrichment and to much broader job opportunities, particularly for non-rotational employees. Indeed, pursued further, we saw that this notion could perhaps lead to the eventual demise of the FS group as a distinct job classification in the Public Service.

In this latter scenario, we considered that breaking down the job packages of the Foreign Service could result in an economic analyst becoming an ES (economist/statistician); an international lawyer becoming an LA (lawyer); and a trade expert becoming a CO (commerce officer).... In this situation, the career issue would then probably shift to the individual's rotationality much as now exists with the CR (clerk), AS (administrative officer), and SCY (secretary) groups. This might make for greater transparency and flexibility for both employer and employee in planning for individual careers and in personnel management.

We could then foresee that a wider range of occupational groups could be split into rotational and non-rotational positions. We saw this as a positive prospect because it seemed to open up the opportunity of

developing and maintaining expertise, and of encouraging greater training and wider exposure in government departments through the process of shifting back and forth from periods of being rotational to being non-rotational. We also foresaw that this would enhance movement into and out of the profession and that, through the use of more frequent, systematic and regularized secondments to and from other government departments, this could provide a much wider range of alternate career options.

Some of this is happening already, both within the Department itself and across government. The conversion of a range of occupational groups to the new "GE" (general) category is part of this cross-government process. The creation of a new stream of management/consular officers in the Foreign Service is a departmental variation on the theme. These are positive steps in the direction of trying to build the necessary team spirit in those who remain in the employ of government.

I can imagine that **bout de papier** will continue to pursue many of these themes in upcoming editions, and give priority to the provision of in-depth analysis concerning specific matters of foreign policy in the political, trade, immigration and aid fields. **bout de papier** is a magazine for those with a lively sense of curiosity, imaginative visions and unique proposals to meet changing circumstance and shifting national and international foreign policy priorities.

I wish my successor all the best and hope that the new Editor enjoys the magazine, the Editorial Boards, the contributors and the producers as much as I did! Being Editor was a tremendous personal learning experience, and an incredible professional challenge.

It has been a great honour for me to be associated with the illustrious members of the Senior Editorial Board; the cheerful collegiality and professionalism of the members of the Editorial Board; the superb art direction of the dedicated team at Acart Graphic Services Inc.; and last but not least, the outstanding support, constant ideas and enthusiasm, and rigorous professionalism and dedication of the Managing Editor, Debra Hulley. All have kept me on the "straight and narrow" path and have contributed inestimably to the real success of **bout de papier**. Long may the magazine flourish!

Carol N. Markham

Ottawa, August 1993

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1993 Canadian Foreign Service Officer Awards

by D. Colin Robertson

The 1993 Canadian Foreign Service Officer Award was presented by Senator the Honourable Allan J. MacEachen on June 3 to Peter Boehm, First Secretary at the Canadian Embassy in Costa Rica from 1988 to 1992. Mr. Boehm won the Award for his commitment to improving Canadian relations with Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, Panama and Costa Rica during a period of great political turmoil. Mr. Boehm developed an equally strong relationship with Nicaragua during his posting, which spanned both the Sandinista and Chamorro regimes. His fluent command of Spanish and his detailed knowledge of the various regional conflicts in Central America helped him

play a leading role for Canada both during and after the Civil War.

Special Commendations were presented by the Honourable Flora MacDonald to Sam Hanson, Head of the Canadian Special Mission to the Republic of Croatia and to Lillian Zdravetz, a Foreign Service Officer with the International Service Group of Employment and Immigration Canada (EIC).

Mr. Hanson established a mission in Zagreb under extremely difficult conditions. With its increasing volatility, limited communications, and a large contingent of Canadian peacemakers, Croatia presented an enormous challenge for a sole Canadian diplomat. Hanson promoted Canadian interests and views to Croatia, reported and interpreted Croatian politics to Canadians and handled a wide range of consular activities, including evacuating Canadian children from a danger zone in Croatia. Mr. Hanson composed a poem in honour of the occasion.

Ms. Zdravetz helped set up a temporary immigration program in Zagreb, Croatia, for citizens of the former Yugoslavia. Using her knowledge of the language and culture of the community, she assisted citizens of the

former Yugoslavia to join their families in Canada. She handled such sensitive issues as the adoption of Croatian children, reported on Bosnian rape victims and developed close ties with the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees and the International Committee of the Red Cross.

Mr. R. Allan Kilpatrick presented a citation to Robert Peck, a Foreign Service Officer with the International Service Group of Employment and Immigration Canada, for his work in developing the successful Consular Awareness Program, his management of consular crises in Kuwait and Haiti, and his contribution to the transfer of the immigration component from EAITC to EIC. Mr. A. Douglas Small presented a citation to Bryan Burton, Political Counsellor at the Canadian Embassy in Pretoria, for his promotion of Canada's role in dismantling apartheid; and the Honourable Mitchell Sharp presented a citation to Georges Rioux, First Secretary and Consul in Tel Aviv, for his contribution to the promotion of Canadian interests in the Middle East peace process.

Judges for this year's awards were Jocelyn Côté-O'Hara, V. Peter Harder, Jeff Sallot, the Honourable Mitchell Sharp, and James H. (Si) Taylor.

Thank You

by Sam Hanson

The commendation of one's
colleagues and one's peers
Is honour that demands a humble
pride.

For the accolade thus given also bears
Witness to others' worth, by this
implied.

Where this was earned, an evil time
has come:
Horror walks, and murder makes
its way,
Force speaks loud while reason's
voice is dumb;
War inhabits, and peace has lost
its sway.

A time and place where hope is hard
to have —
Despair and anger harder to avoid.
But hope's the greatest thing we have
to give:
We must not let that treasure be
destroyed.

With this, you tell us, we must still
go on:
If hope is lost, then nothing can
be won.



Four of the six Award winners were able to attend the presentation dinner in Ottawa:
l. to r. Lillian Zdravetz, Peter Boehm, Robert Peck and Sam Hanson.

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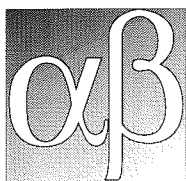
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Editor:

As a rotational administrative officer I find your article titled "Trust and Confidence" contained in Volume 10 issue 2 of PAFSO's *bout de papier* offensive, very offensive.

You remark that "Foreign Service Officers (FS's) didn't join the Foreign Service to do consular duties" consequently the Department had to find personnel from "somewhere." In this case the "somewhere" is the AS group; perhaps because of the abilities and aptitudes found within that group. Your article seems to suggest that some FS's may not understand the importance of one of the prime mandates of the Department. I'm not sure what you mean in saying, "lacking a Consular Corps in Canada," as foreign representatives in this city most certainly do have a Consular Corps and our membership in it would be abnormal.

It is presumptuous of you to put forward "an individual Administrative Officer's point of view." I, for one, do not see the transition to the new **consular-management stream** as "due recognition." Recognition for professional administrators will come as management promotes more and more senior *administrators* to positions where they have influence within the system. I feel consular responsibilities could just as easily have been incorporated into the existing AS structure rather than go through the conversion exercise we're now involved with. I disagree with you that administrative and consular work is "generally very different." Both programs require officers having the right combination of aptitude, attitude and superior judgment. No amount of formal education can make up for a lacking in these essential personal attributes.

Your suggestion that the work "demands a different temperament" is ridiculous. Both Administrative and Consular officers become babysitters, father confessors, crying towels, whipping posts, and react appropriately as circumstances dictate. To suggest otherwise reflects a lacking in foreign service experience.

You seem to feel that the inclusion of, God forbid, ex CR's (you missed CM's, *my previous group*) will lead to "downgrading and de-professionalization of the Foreign Service." The Department at this time, has many extremely competent employees in support staff categories who, if given the chance, can perform any function or role asked of them including, FS trade, social affairs or political reporting.

I don't care what PAFSO's motivation is for "welcoming" the AS conversion. I want no part of a union, yours or our current organization. If in fact PAFSO has agreed

to this exercise solely to bolster its membership than what does this say for its "professionalism."

I think your editorial will upset a considerable number of ASs and others in the Department. *I expect to see this rebuttal published in a future edition of your paper.*

William G. Gooch

Editor:

A number of my colleagues in the Social Affairs stream have asked me to comment on your recent editorial, "Trust and Confidence."

First, because of a certain ambiguity in the wording, some of your readers may believe that the editorial reflects the position of the PAFSO Executive. This is not the case. While I cannot speak for every member of the Executive I am confident that the majority, and certainly the six representatives of the Social Affairs stream, disagree with both the general tenor and many of the points presented in the article. As editor of *bout* you have every right to express your personal opinions: you also have a responsibility to make clear the distinction between your own views and those of PAFSO.

I must also dispute the rather dismissive assessment of the skills and abilities of the Administrative group. The work of Administrative officers may be different from that of the current FS group, but it is not inferior. Indeed, I have often felt that most FS officers (and not a few EXs) could learn a great deal from our AS colleagues about management, organization, and interpersonal skills. Certainly, if the AS group is as effective in dealing with distressed Canadians as it is in balancing the myriad demands of staff abroad against budgetary reality, then the Consular service is in good hands.

I take particular issue with the editorial over the picture it projects of "traditional diplomacy," a picture which simply does not reflect the reality of the modern Foreign Service. The Foreign Service does not reside exclusively in EATTC nor does it restrict itself to political and economic reporting and analysis. The Department of Public Security also has a rotational, career Foreign Service whose members represent a full third of the total FS group and perhaps half of those currently serving abroad. Social Affairs officers do not practice a traditional brand of diplomacy (and I would question whether anyone does): we are nevertheless as much an integral part of the Foreign Service as our political and trade colleagues and will continue to be so in whatever Department we happen to find ourselves.

In short, PAFSO and presumably *bout* represent a diverse Foreign Service with a spectrum of interests, concerns and responsibilities which extend well beyond the rather narrow confines described in your editorial.

Finally, on the subject of FS restructuring, PAFSO has received briefings on the draft proposals put forward by the two Departments and has identified a number of legitimate areas of concern: however, the possibilities of an "overall downgrading and de-professionalization of the Foreign Service" and "the erosion of the profession of diplomacy" are not prominent among them.

As Foreign Service officers we are all faced with a rapidly changing and increasingly complex world: the pace of technological progress, the speed with which information is transmitted, the arrival on the international scene of new powers and players, all demand a fundamental rethinking of the ways in which the Foreign Service supports Canadian interests and policies in the international arena. The real threat to the professionalism of the FS group will come not from the inclusion within our ranks of officers possessing new and different skills, but from the inability or refusal of the FS group to recognize and adapt to the reality of change. Traditional concepts of diplomacy are no longer adequate to meet the demands of the late twentieth century: instead, we must be prepared to undertake whole new ranges of activities in keeping with the needs of the Government and the public. The Administrative group may well find a place within this broadened Foreign Service. If so, we should see this not as erosion, but as growth.

Marlene Massey
International Service Group
Department of Public Security

Editor's Reply: *My editorial has been misconstrued and misunderstood. The intention was to set out a range of views (many of which are highly diverse and rather contentious) as expressed by many individuals throughout the Department in the hallways and cafeteria to try and air some of the concerns and fears which currently exist amongst employees. They are not my views. I certainly did not intend to "insult" or "denigrate" any person or group. My intention was the opposite; to try and get beyond all the fears and move ahead toward an integrated team spirit in the Foreign Service. That is why I entitled it "Trust and Confidence". We have to work together for a better future for all members of the Foreign Service, and we have to take it on trust that this is management's intention as well.*

Editor:

Having read your editorial, "Trust and Confidence" in the Spring, 1993 issue of **bout de papier**, I would like to add some background information on past history that might be useful to all concerned with the current debate on the future of the Foreign Service.

Those of us who are Foreign Service retirees like to think that we have experience which should be useful, both to the Department and to our successor FSOs, in dealing with contemporary issues. One of the less glamorous, but perhaps most useful ways in which we can lend a hand is in providing a corporate memory of past events which is relevant to today's problems.

In this light, it might be useful to the FSOs of today in coping with the miseries occasioned by the current round of downsizing, reclassification exercises, and budget limitations, to be acquainted with some of the past departmental vicissitudes, which, if nothing else, will demonstrate the Service's capacity to survive in the face of adversity.

The Department of thirty years ago was a smaller and simpler bureaucracy than today. The *External Affairs Register*, better known as the *Stud Book*, which came out annually in the form of a booklet about the size of *Canadian Representative Abroad*, listed about 450 FSOs, and 100 Administrative Officers. Departmental administration, by today's standards would be called rudimentary. There was a Personnel Division, a Supplies and Property Division and a Finance Division, all reporting to one Assistant Under-Secretary.

The professional staff of the Foreign Service were recruited as FSO-1s and over the years advanced through competitive selection by promotion boards until they reached the deemed upper level of their competence. The ultimate, achieved by very few, was FSO-10. You felt that you had moved into the senior ranks when you attained the rank of FSO-6. Most Heads of Post were FSO-7s or -8s. Incidentally the number of non-career appointees was very small.

The Service was growing, which made the prospects for advancement much brighter than today, and the methods of the promotion boards could be described as more humane than the ruthless competitive practices which came along later.

A promotion board, faced with the task of selecting perhaps a half-dozen candidates out of a considerably larger total list, would first pick the top two stars and then look at those who had served for the longest time in grade to see if there were not some slower

achievers who merited advancement. Only after that review did the board fill the remaining slots.

Alas, these simple times came to an end. In the '60s, the Government accepted the concept that the members of the Public Service had the right to organize and bargain collectively. It also accepted the views of the Glassco Commission that its management practices were out of date and needed to be reformed. The concept of central agencies laying down government-wide standards became reality.

In 1968, this reality hit the Foreign Service. The new government made it evident that it regarded the Department in general, and the Foreign Service in particular as fossilized. Budgetary cutbacks were imposed and at a time when the normal practice was to serve until retirement age of sixty-five, the Department was faced with the unpleasant task of forcing the early retirement of some fine officers.

The Privy Council Office was pressing the case for integration of government operations abroad, and this provoked a lengthy and contentious debate between departments concerned. It was finally resolved by the decision to designate External Affairs as responsible for the provision of support services, but with the trade, immigration and CIDA program responsibilities remaining with their respective departments. It was at this moment, in 1970 that I was appointed Assistant Under-Secretary in charge of Administration.

But this was not the only challenge. The Treasury Board and Public Service Commission proclaimed that the FS classification system was flawed because the salary bands were too narrow and incorporated fixed annual increments, which was contrary to the system in the home service. They proposed a new scale consisting of five grades, with much wider bands, and attempted to institute the idea that an individual would "float" within the band, getting increases which would match inflation but would advance only with superior ratings. They did not accept the External Affairs view that most officers were, by definition, superior.

The Department argued as strongly as it could that the new classification system would serve us badly. It would mean that many officers could look forward to no more than one promotion during their whole careers. Contrary to the view of the Treasury experts that all that mattered was that salaries would keep increasing, FSOs took pride in their work and would expect to see it reflected in their titles as well as their pay cheques.

The issue came to a head at a meeting between our Under-Secretary (Ed Ritchie),

the Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce (Jake Warren), and senior officials of Treasury Board and the Public Service Commission. Recognizing that we were faced with superior force, Messrs. Ritchie and Warren bowed to the inevitable, and the new system was installed.

At the same time, as a response to the view that we didn't have sufficient respect for the importance of "management," steps were taken to incorporate selected AS officers into the Foreign Service group. This proved to be an ill-considered half-measure. Nothing was done to establish a career stream for them, or to ensure that new administrative recruits would have the academic qualifications to enable them to advance to higher management responsibilities.

Coincidentally, a disgruntled foreign service officer appealed a decision of a promotion board, and carried it to a judicial appeal. The judge in his wisdom decided that the system we followed was contrary to the merit principle. As a consequence, promotion boards were bound much more strictly than before, to the language of assessments in rating reports. As a consequence many excellent officers suffered unfairly during the 70s.

I went abroad in 1972 so I can't say much about what happened during the rest of that decade, but my impression is that PAFSO fought valiantly and effectively to counter some of the worst consequences of the new regime.

The next round in the battle with the Central Agencies took place in 1980, and just as I was organizing my retirement, I unexpectedly got drawn back into the fray. In the confusion following the defeat of the short-lived Clark government and the resumption of power of the Liberals, Michael Pitfield, then Secretary to the Cabinet succeeded in pulling an end-run around the departments and had an edict issued integrating all foreign operations under External Affairs. He also recalled Gordon Smith, who had the job I had held ten years previously, to the PCO. Allan Gotlieb asked me if I would fill in for a few months until a replacement could be found, so I found myself reliving the battles of the previous decade.

In due course Daniel Molgat arrived back home and took over, and at last my plans for retirement could go ahead, but just as I was cleaning out my desk a new problem arose.

Our friends in the central agencies, presumably abandoning the argument in favor of wide salary bands, at least for senior ranks, dreamed up the idea of a government-wide executive category, consisting of five grades. In order to determine which

positions in the public service should belong to this exalted club they decided to use a job classification system used in the private sector (the Hay system), which needless to say was profoundly affected by the bottom line. They had run a pilot project the year before under the guidance of Jack Maybee, and found that if one prepared to apply the system with a great deal of imagination, it could be used for assessing jobs in the Foreign Service. We insisted that in applying the system to the Foreign Service, our positions be categorized as EX(FS).

In order to implement the review, the Treasury Board created a series of six or seven committees, and assigned a group of departments to be assessed by each committee. I was asked to chair the committee responsible for reviewing the Departments of External Affairs, Industry, Trade and Commerce, Employment and Immigration, and CIDA. The committee had representatives from each of the departments, and we were free to invite experts to advise us.

I won't go into the details of the succession of negotiations between the Department and the Treasury Board. Sufficient to say that they went on intermittently over a period of more than two years,

and turned into a major post-retirement project for me.

Essentially, so far as the Foreign Service was concerned, our task was to classify positions deemed to merit an EX level around the world. Initially we were concerned only with overseas jobs, but this was later changed to include positions in Ottawa as well.

Notwithstanding the assurances we had been given about the way the Hay system was to be applied, the Treasury Board was profoundly unhappy with our proposals and decided to reconvene the group under the chairmanship of an independent arbiter, Lieut. Gen. W.A.B. Anderson, who after retirement from the army, had had experience with the Glassco Commission and with the Ontario Government.

After several more weeks of argumentation Gen. Anderson submitted his recommendations to the Treasury Board. I felt that his proposals had essentially met our concerns and I recommended to the Under-Secretary that he accept the report. After some delay, the Secretary of the Board also acquiesced, and the chapter was closed. But I have no doubt that officials of the Board were profoundly unhappy that we had

ended up with more than a quarter of all EX positions in the public service and would do their best to "rectify" the situation.

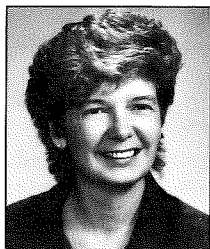
I am not clear whether or how Heads of Post positions are classified today, or whether the Hay system still has any currency, but I suppose the pressures of the present downsizing operation will go some way toward meeting Treasury Board views.

I have read the outline of the Department's plan for the reclassification of the FS group, and the inclusion of a new administrative and consular stream. The system won't be an exact match, but the net effect will be a career progression involving nine grades instead of ten — not all that different. It seems to me that the essentials of the scheme meet the defects of the current system that concerned us twenty odd years ago, but of course it is for the FSOs of today to decide if this is the case. I have every confidence in PAFSO's ability to defend the interests of its members.

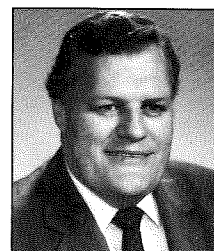
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Devolution and the Desk Officer: Rethinking the Way We Work

by Daryl Copeland

Surprise ... It's a fabulous time to be a Foreign Service Officer.

With the world changing at breakneck speed, the need for efficient operations at headquarters and effective program delivery abroad has never been greater. CNN and the *New York Times* are no substitute for hands-on engagement governed by the particular requirements of Canadian policies and interests.

In Ottawa, the pace of change within EAITC — much of it technologically driven — has been head-spinning. First centralized word processors. Then the ambitious attempt to develop integrated secure communications (COSICS). Then the random introduction of personal computers. The creation of the MITNET telephone network. Now the SIGNET system of global interaction and the wonders of the "windows environment". All have combined and compounded to alter the workplace radically.

Little of this wizardry, however, has been reflected in the structure of the Department's decision-making process or organizational architecture, even though many of the new features will almost certainly prove to be profoundly subversive to existing culture and constructs. Leaner may be meaner, and smaller more beautiful, but when it comes to bureaucracy, flatter is best. And in public administration, as in politics, fundamental change come from the bottom up.

The Department has, until recently, proven itself largely incapable of self-reform. Remember "Corporate Review"...? In part as a result, a serious disconnect has emerged between actual and potential performance, and the spread of debilitating ferment has continued unchecked.

The rehabilitation and reconstruction of the position of the desk officer is fundamental to restoring successful management of the Department's human resources — its best, and most neglected asset.

Desk officers make External Affairs go 'round. With the regrettable exception of deep cuts abroad, however, this level has been forsaken or ignored. Among those in the best position to know, it is clear that the quality

of working life has been severely degraded by the absence of promotional opportunities, the withdrawal of support resources and the over-substitution of technology for labour. As can be seen at almost every photocopying machine, these decisions have resulted in a serious misallocation of Foreign Service talent. Moreover, the current, hierarchic organization of labour is unnecessarily costly and often counterproductive.

Desk officers remain the heart of the Foreign Service enterprise: they initiate, they undertake, they deal with the public and other government departments, they produce. With structural and demograph factors combining to ensure the continued greying of the working level, this group does not need or want much by way of supervision. Desk officers know the job; most have been doing it for 5, 10, 15 years or more. That experience must be harnessed, not shackled.

The rehabilitation and reconstruction of the position of the desk officer is fundamental.

Gone are the days of large recruitments of untested, inexperienced undergraduates. Real greenhorns are very hard to find; most newcomers tend to have several degrees and established professional competence. Yet, at the professional working level, the Department is still set up to provide close supervision to the uninitiated. This may have made some sense in the days of 22-year-old undergraduates learning-by-doing. But most serving desk officers are approaching or have entered middle-age; seasoned veterans with a posting or two under their belts are naturally depressed to find themselves stuck on a treadmill or vested with a largely meaningless title after years in the trenches.

The Department has recently started to move decision-making authority down the hierarchy and out to posts. But in Ottawa the movement has stopped at the level of Director, and the process has been incomplete. It is now necessary to remove the obstacles which impede maximum performance, liberate individuals to achieve their full potential, and renovate the trenches by reconfiguring the jobs of the occupants. The trend towards devolution should be extended to its logical conclusion: the transfer of operational responsibility to those who are operationally responsible. This need not be a complex exercise: upgrade the positions, empower the incumbents, and delay by eliminating supervisory redundancy.

At the FS-2 level (or higher in the event of a restructuring) throughout the Department, senior desk officers could become, within clearly defined spans of control, country (or functional) program managers. Consulting when necessary, program managers would sign off on all routine matters and refer upwards only when appropriate. Existing divisional units would, at least initially, remain unchanged. The results would almost certainly include greater efficiency, increased productivity, and improved morale, all at no incremental costs to the Treasury, and without recourse to central agencies or Parliament.

In this new dispensation, deputy directors would be abolished. Almost no-one would lament their passing, since few have much real authority, and none receive additional compensation. Yet former deputy directors, and many of their colleagues, would both gain authority and become more immediately accountable for their decisions and actions. Divisional directors would retain overall responsibility, but would be freed from supervisory duties to concentrate on larger, longer-term, regional and issue-related matters: a genuine management and leadership mandate. Directors could plan, advocate, integrate and harmonize. They would have time to reflect on salient issues, track emerging developments, devise options and formulate approaches to real and potential problems. These are all things that directors should do, but rarely get around to as a result of the epidemic preoccupation with supervisory

minutae, all of which could be delegated to the newly created program managers.

Any inexperienced recruits, after adequate training in the Canadian Foreign Service Institute, could start their careers as deputy or assistant program managers. This would introduce a clear substantive and structural distinction which does not exist now between FS-1s and FS-2s, in that elevation to the senior working level would entail a change in responsibilities as well as title. Promotions would become meaningful in more than a strictly economic sense.

In this regard, the time-in-grade requirement has long ago outlived its usefulness, and all FS-1s should be promoted automatically upon receipt of three outstanding, four superior, or five fully satisfactory appraisals. The retention of significant numbers of demonstrably capable officers at the entry level over a protracted period was never intended, produces enduring economic and psychological hardship, and is inimical to Departmental interests. The status quo cannot be justified and should be scrapped without further delay.

In another era, most of the Department's serving desk officers would have been, or could at least expect to be promoted. In the present environment, this is not on. Frustration and anxiety over the present career impasse is finding expression in departures (in many cases not of those whose departure was solicited), burn-outs, and worse. An acceleration of these disturbing trends can be avoided by moving to express confidence and restore self-esteem.

As a particularly welcome by-product, the trend towards delegation of more engaging duties to support staff would be greatly abetted. Responsibility for a wide range of administrative and logistical functions could be transferred as computer literacy among the FS community makes possible the redesign of the whole. FS staffing and the assignment process would be enormously facilitated, as the pool of attractive jobs would multiply. Above all, the growing contradiction between the high quality of the Department's cadre of professionals at the working level and the deteriorating quality of job contents might finally be resolved.

The siege of the public sector shows no signs of abating, and creativity, innovation and energy are in short supply throughout government. When qualified professionals are prepared to run — or, not infrequently, sprint — they should at minimum be provided with appropriate footwear. Too often, the most inspired and capable staff are the first to be turned off as their best ideas and most lofty intentions end up lost in an impenetrable labyrinth or mired in a bureaucratic swamp. Inevitably, the conclusion is drawn that it is better to follow than to lead; that initiative does

not pay. When motivation is scarce to begin with, this is absolutely the wrong message.

Foreign Service officers have been impaled on the horns of the diplomacy-bureaucracy dilemma for too long. Let's stop moaning, and do something about the bull. With some creative thinking, much can be achieved outside the moribund realm of compensation and contracts. This proposal, or something like it, is the least that can be done for a group with dedication, skills and knowledge at least equivalent to, and often surpassing that of their superiors. With its surfeit of good minds, this department should be on the leading edge — not the reactive rump — of public service reform.

The notion of transforming desk officers into program managers is entirely consonant with the thinking of some of today's more enlightened management theorists. In the absence of compelling reasons not to provide those at the working level within greater recognition, responsibility and a strengthened sense of their own self-worth, what, exactly, is anyone waiting for?

Daryl Copeland has had postings in Bangkok and Addis Ababa. He spent three years in the Political Assessments Division and is currently in the Asia Pacific South Relations Division at EAITC.

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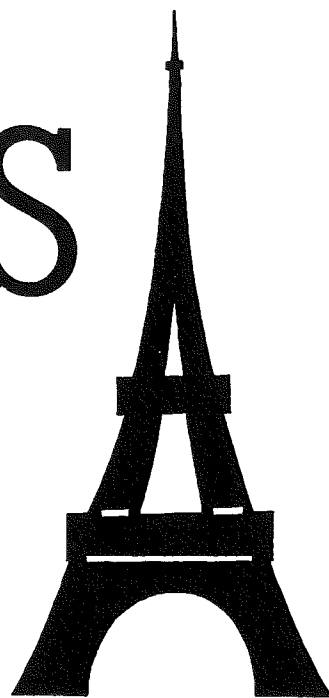
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PROFESSION :

Fonctionnaire d'ambassade

par Bernard Dussault et Marc Cousineau

Dire de l'environnement international qu'il est de plus en plus difficile pour ceux qui oeuvrent dans le milieu diplomatique, ce n'est qu'exprimer un lieu commun. Il n'en demeure pas moins que la vie dans les zones troublées n'est guère commune! Nous le savons à Port-au-Prince où notre vie n'est plus normale depuis le coup du 30 septembre 1991. Bien peu de Canadiens ont eu le privilège de se retrouver avec des collègues de travail pendant près de cinq mois, sept jours par semaine, vingt-quatre heures par jour dans une résidence devenue lieu de travail, maison privée et unique lieu de rencontre! Cinq d'entre nous avons pourtant eu ce privilège suite à l'occupation de notre Ambassade en novembre 1991.

*Inévitablement les
maladies tropicales,
le stress et
l'épuisement
frapperont tôt
ou tard.*

Il y a certainement lieu de s'interroger sur les raisons qui font que des fonctionnaires qui pourraient mener une vie semblable à celle de leurs collègues d'Ottawa-Hull choisissent de vivre et travailler dans un pays tel Haïti. S'agirait-il du désir d'accumuler les anecdotes à raconter plus tard? Y-aurait-il quelque chose d'autre de plus profond?

Les anecdotes sont certes nombreuses à Port-au-Prince. Il y a celle de la surprise causée par les plombs d'une arme de calibre 12 manifestement pointée sur la résidence et s'écrasant à deux pas de la table où nous étions tous réunis pour le réveillon de Noël. Il y a celle de la colère montante des militaires canadiens avant qu'ils ne comprennent que la remontrance faite par l'ambassadeur, en

soirée du premier avril, sur leur comportement hors des heures de travail, n'était qu'un poisson d'avril. Il y en aurait plein d'autres qui feraient sourire mais qui seraient loin de témoigner de notre quotidien depuis plus d'un an, en particulier celui du groupe des cinq à la résidence de novembre 91 à avril 92.

Vivre dans les conditions d'un pays comme Haïti veut dire renoncer aux habitudes de vie familiale et personnelle normales. Cela signifie également se mettre à l'écart des courants culturels canadiens et occidentaux qui nous sont familiers. Cela implique qu'inévitablement les maladies tropicales, le stress et l'épuisement frapperont tôt ou tard. Pourtant, la majorité d'entre nous avons choisi de venir en Haïti, d'y vivre en tirant le maximum de l'expérience voir même de prolonger notre séjour au-delà des deux ans de la durée d'affectation. Pourquoi?

La réponse la plus simple est que nous aimons notre métier; et il n'a rien à voir avec les clichés sur la vie diplomatique. Le monde a changé et, aujourd'hui, la sécurité coopérative, la prospérité et le développement ainsi que le renforcement de la démocratie et du respect des droits humains sont devenus les grands axes de la politique étrangère canadienne. Cette orientation s'inspire de valeurs hélas bafouées dans de nombreux pays, dont Haïti. Nous sommes fiers à Port-au-Prince de contribuer aux efforts du gouvernement canadien et de notre ministre d'alors, Madame Barbara McDougall, en vue de permettre un retour à la démocratie, à une vie saine, pacifique et productive pour tout le peuple haïtien.

Faire fonctionner une ambassade dans des conditions de crise n'est guère banal! Il faut assurer la sécurité de tout le personnel; il faut prendre les mesures nécessaires pour disposer de l'eau, de l'essence et de l'électricité sans quoi rien n'est possible; il faut établir un système de communication efficace; il faut sang-froid, sens de l'humour et un bon sens commun pour garder le moral, élevé Dieu merci, et le sourire.

C'est en période de crise que l'on saisit l'importance de faire équipe tant sur le terrain qu'avec l'administration centrale. Nous avons appris que dans une telle période non seulement le ministère mais également l'ACDI et le Ministère de l'Emploi et de

l'Immigration étaient capables de mobiliser toutes leurs ressources pour nous offrir le maximum d'appui. Nous avons aussi appris que notre ministère est véritablement bilingue; même dans une situation de crise extrêmement complexe, chacun pouvait travailler avec toute la précision et le professionnalisme requis dans la langue officielle de son choix.

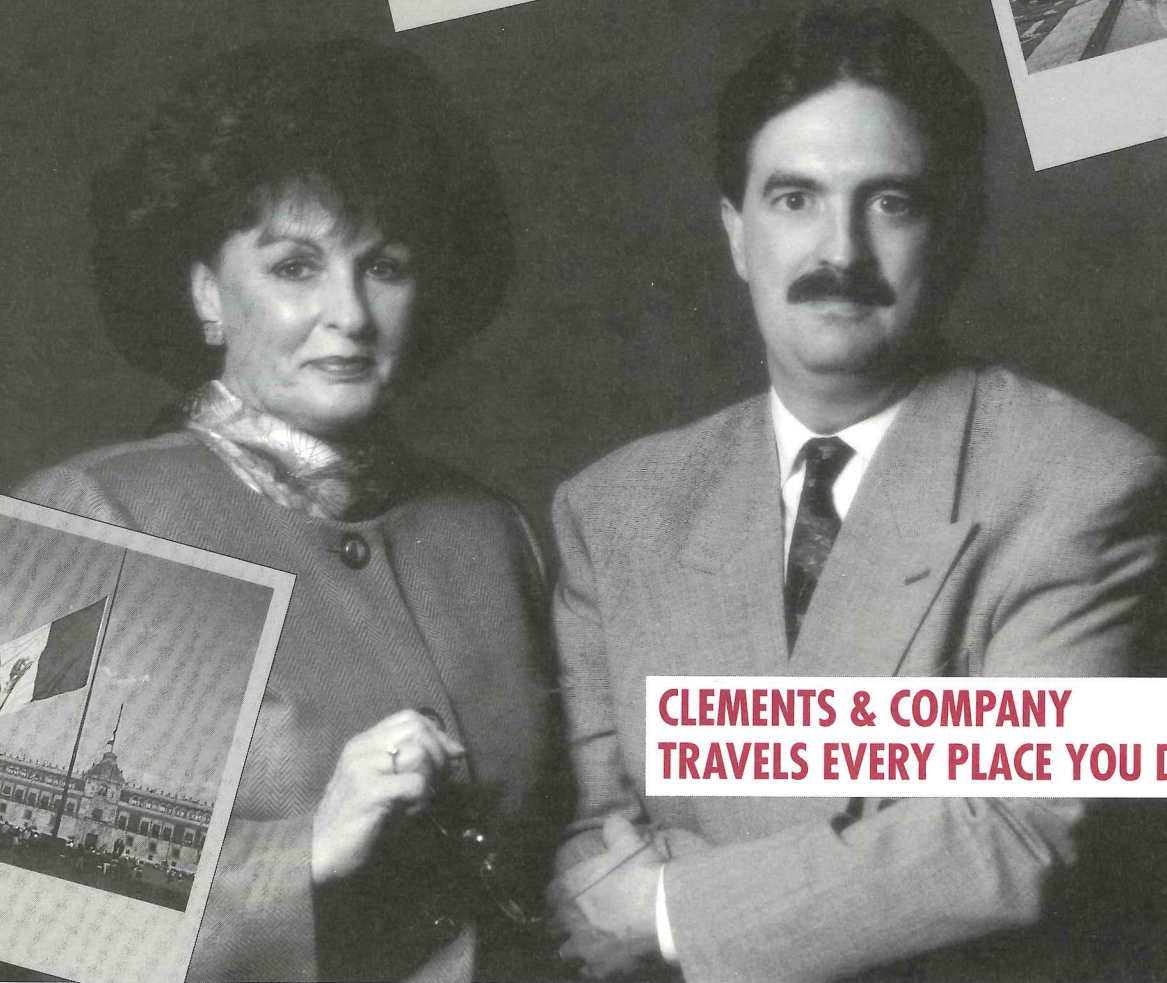
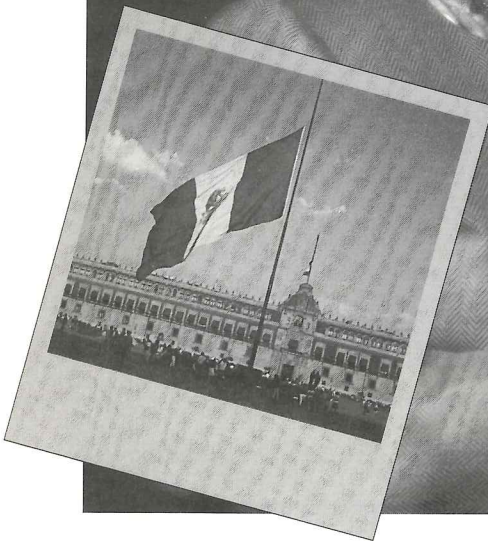
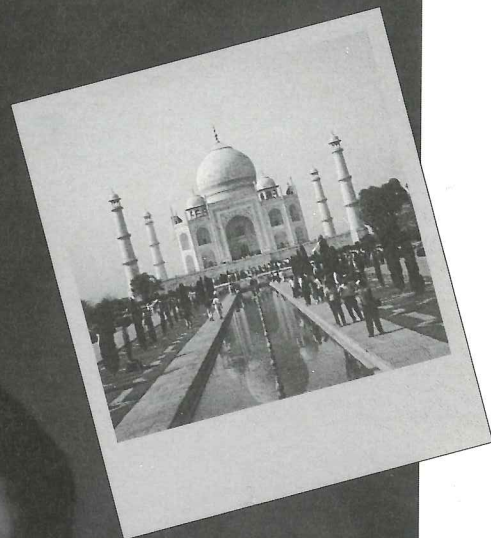
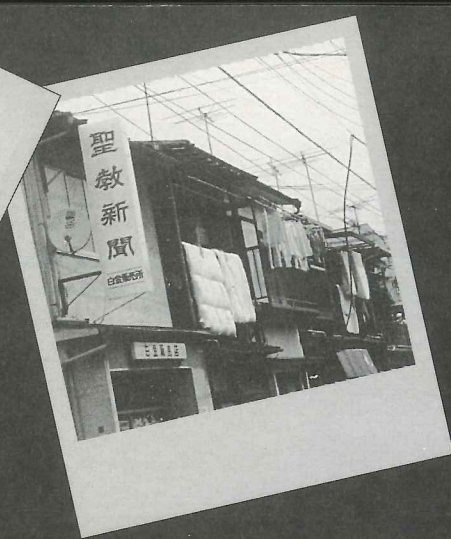
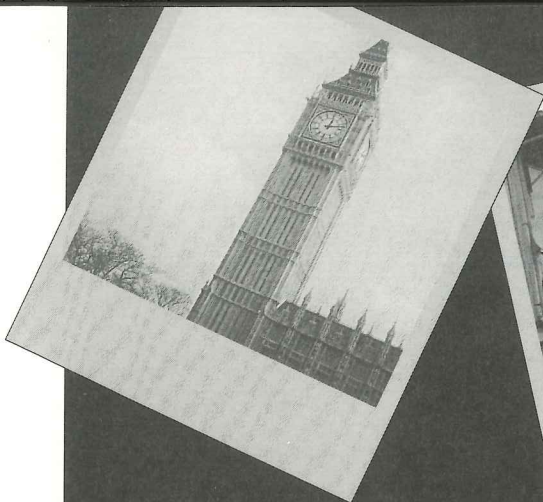
*Nous aimons
notre métier; et
il n'a rien à voir avec
les clichés sur la vie
diplomatique.*

La crise haïtienne nous a enfin fait découvrir le rôle précieux joué par les militaires canadiens et les agents de la Gendarmerie Royale du Canada. Nous aurions vécu sans eux des moments bien angoissants. Un grand coup de chapeau aux représentants des deux corps qui nous ont fait comprendre que chaque instant peut-être un instant déterminant. Une question de vie ou de mort!

Au moment où les vieux mythes sur le Ministère des Affaires extérieures chancellent, nous sommes fiers de participer activement à l'effort canadien en vue de créer un monde plus paisible et plus juste. C'est ainsi qu'avec tous nos collègues à Ottawa, à notre mission près l'OEA ou ailleurs nous contribuons à l'émergence de nouveaux mythes à la mesure des défis affrontés par tous les fonctionnaires au service de la diplomatie canadienne.

Marc Cousineau a eu des affectations à Abidjan, Rabat, Madrid, et Sydney. Maintenant, il est Conseiller et Consul à Port au Prince.

Bernard Dussault a eu des affectations à Accra, Buffalo, Paris, Berne, et Libreville (comme Ambassadeur). Maintenant, il est Ambassadeur à Port au Prince.



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Talamanca South: Off the Beaten Track in Costa Rica

Story and photos by Laurel Pardy

The urge to go where no one has gone before is strong in us all. Short of descending into the ocean depths or ascending some geologic peak there are few places left on earth that meet that criterion. Anyhow, to go where only a few have gone before is enough for most of us.

The southeastern coast of Costa Rica might qualify for that description. Reached only by fairweather roads through the banana plantations where Chiquita and Dole originate, by boat or coastal footpath, the Manzanillo-Gandoca Biological Reserve is protected by its isolation and inaccessibility.

At the moment, those are the only things protecting it. The status of being a "Reserve" is a meagre defence against developers, lumberers, poachers of wild fauna and flora, the immediate needs of a growing local population for land and the desire of *bananeros* to encourage every member of the ECC to consume daily the long yellow potassium-rich fruit.

The invisible agrochemical footprint of banana production is on my mind as I step down into the mud and wave at the barefoot

children playing in the green-scummed drainage stream.

For an hour we had been fishtailing in black gumbo through thousands of hectares of banana plants with their load of green bananas covered in the blue plastic bags that keep insects and the hairy tarantulas at bay. Beyond the plantations, lie the coastal village of Gandoca and the Reserve. With a final slide and swoop the track ends abruptly in front of a cleared field with a weathered hut, safely raised on four legs above the water-logged earth.

"¡Hupe la casa! Buenos días, señora. Por favor, díganos ¿donde estamos?" "Where are we?", I shout to the woman hanging clothes to dry on the barbed wire fence of her garden patch. Her children clutch her colourful skirts in shy excitement at the appearance of strangers.

"Aquí esta Gandoca, señores." This is Gandoca.

She has to be kidding. This is nowhere. It could not possibly be our destination.

The map had shown neat little black squares representing houses, a tiny cross for a church and a flag for a school. Where were they? There had been no little pigs, or coconuts, or wavy swamp lines on the map.

The guidebook had described a ranger station at the entrance to the reserve, a pleasant little village with a school, possible guides, fishermen who could be persuaded to take us along the coast and an unofficial hostelry where one could sleep sheltered for the night.

*There are a number
of turquoise doors
and window frames,
but the school, being
more important,
is all turquoise.*

We look around. Two mud tracks intersecting the middle of coastal jungle and banana groves, three huts on stilts and a roving band of hungry porkers, grunting at the wheels of our Montero were not what



high gum boots and water bottles for everyone. One camera and a pair of binoculars between us will suffice, it is too hot for more.

The entrance to the Gandoca-Manzanillo Biological Reserve is marked by a few wooden fence posts, a small carved sign and an empty hut. The trail would have been driveable in the dry season but now it is impassable, even for horses, because of the mud.

How do the people keep their homes clean, or dry their laundry? Where do they shop? They need rice and beans, coffee and sugar. How do the children get to school? Only for the first few years can they attend the local school, a freshly painted hut on stilts in the middle of a cleared quarter acre. Turquoise seems a popular colour. There are a number of turquoise doors and window frames, but the school, being more important, is all turquoise.

Bright turquoise does not stand out here, where blood-red and scarlet heliconias grow in ranks several metres tall along the forest edge. Jewel-like colours punctuate the jungle greens from every nook and cranny. One would assume that emerald green and crimson birds would be easy to spot, but a shy Slaty-tailed Trogon sitting quietly on a branch is nearly invisible until it flies.

"Look at the purple flowers on that tree," someone calls out.

"That's not the tree, it's a vine growing on the tree."

"Idiot, it's an orchid growing in the tree."

It's hard to tell where one plant starts and another begins. This time it is a vine, an escaped species of morning glory which thrives around domestic clearings. At home, it is the vine of summer swings and front

Above: Cutover palm nut trees. Right: Hut raised on stilts because of the rains. Over: On the road to Manzanillo.

we had expected. The wheels of our Montero were our immediate concern as they were hub-cap deep in marshmallow mud and inching toward the deep roadside ditch. People complain about winter driving in Canada, but many times I have been thankful for the enforced practice with slippery conditions when faced with off-road tracks in the tropics. Rain and mud and river fords and potholes and sugar sand yield to the experienced hand and foot of wily winter drivers.

A few anxious moments later, safely parked with two wheels on a grassy hummock, we look around. Despair turns to elation upon discovering that we are only a kilometre from the beach and the reserve entrance is just around the corner. The peace and quiet gradually penetrate the adrenalin fog and we make ready for the trek to the beach. Sun hats,



porches and Sunday dinner with Grandfather; here it is a weed.

Small yellow and black and orange and iridescent birds dart about the bushes. Blue and yellow and orange and black and red butterflies flirt with the flowers. They look too fragile to be so energetic in this wet heat.

In any event, we are more intent on rescuing our gum boots from the sucking mud and drawing air into our heaving lungs. For a year, we have been living in the

Central Valley at an altitude of 1500 metres and are unaccustomed to the torrid sea level temperatures and suffocating humidity.

This land has been inhabited by bands of *indigena*, the original people, for centuries. There are clearings for huts, small gardens, stands of coconut and banana, and pastures for a few horses and cattle but still the jungle presses in. The *indigena* traditions emphasize harmony with nature and the preservation of balance between human and

environmental need. This is why we have come, to see how it was before it disappears under a wave of development opportunists and ecotourists. We ourselves, are the fore-runners of the very thing we deplore.

Suddenly, the land rises slightly and the trail opens onto the beach. It stretches away to the north and south for several kilometres, the sand pure black and powder fine, a reminder of Costa Rica's volcanic history. The slope is steep and the surf smashes and



To the north, our left, stretches a long slow curve of beach fringed by coconut palms bending submissively in the wind. At first, it seems that the place is empty, but there are small houses in the trees, and gradually the signs of domesticity become obvious. There are clothes drying on fences, fishnets draped over upturned boats resting on the jetsam above the high tide mark, a few dogs sleeping in the shade and children playing on the stoops.

*To the north, our
left, stretches a long
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the wind.*

The manatee is an ancient creature with small populations here and there around the world, in East Africa and northern Australia, Florida and South America. Referred to unflatteringly as the “seacow”, it is also portrayed in legend as the siren of the seas whose seductive song can lure ships onto the rocks and sailors to their watery deaths. Unfortunately, the manatee looks more like a cow with flippers and a stubby rudder. They are gentle vegetarians whose aim in life is to raise their young in peace while browsing contentedly among the sea grasses.

A few men and young boys walk past in small groups or alone. They smile and throw amused glances at the crazy *gringos*. The water in our bottles is hot and stale, but

In this form it is called a *pipa* and the coconut is thrown away after the liquid has been drunk. The beaches are littered with them. These husks become home to an assortment of beach life, mainly crabs waiting out the sunshine hours between tides.

Heat waves shimmer in the noonday sun. The sand is too hot to touch and the surf too strong to walk in, besides the beach is too steep. We toil along the high tide mark, just out of reach of the snatching surf, slipping and staggering in the soft sand.

The sand barrier is firmer and we shade our eyes against the glare as we search for our objective. The lagoon is glassy under the layer of hot air. Shorebirds dart in and out of the surf; fishing eagles and kingfishers glide among the mangroves trees; a lone fish skitters over the surface of the water to elude a feeding predator. There appear to be no

Nothing. Waves and more waves. Lunch is calling. Have we come this far to be foiled? "Look. There. In the wave."

I see it. Brown, stubby, like a fat cigar rolling in the surf. Its back glides smoothly in a curving roll up and out of the water and down again. It is riding a roller. The tide is not at full flood yet, so perhaps it is waiting to get into the lagoon for a feed. It may be tired of the grassy seabed and anticipating a change of menu. Whatever it is doing, it does not do it again. That is the only sighting we have. The ten second reward for six hours of gruelling effort.

The trip back to our campsite is relaxed and filled with hums of contentment. Tonight we will talk about what we have seen and done. For now, it is enough that we did it. 

Laurel Pardy has been an observer of Foreign Service life for twenty-five years. Assignments in India, Africa, the USA and Central America are the background for her columns.

(1981)

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When We Were Heroes: Canada in 1918

by W. (Bill) A. Dymond

On a still, early August evening seventy-five years ago, a solitary Canadian soldier stood on a steep hill overlooking the valleys east of Amiens in Northern France. As it grew darker, trucks, horse-drawn artillery, tanks, and thousands of Canadian soldiers appeared on the roads below. From a nearby wood, bands played Canadian marches. Something was in the air. The men were singing; they believed that this was it. As he watched his divisions march to the battle line, the Canadian commander, Sir Arthur Currie, remarked: "God help the Bosche."

The night of Thursday, August 8, 1918 was fine and moonless. The infantry took up position in fields of ripening corn. Many slept. At 4:00 AM, a ration of rum was issued to stiffen the men and burn off the evening chill. A dense ground mist began to form. At 4:20 AM, a single cannon barked. Some troops heard it; most did not. Immediately, more than 900 cannon opened fire and the Canadian infantry pressed forward. It was the first day of the 96-day battle which ended the Great War.

Few realized that victory was at hand. Trench warfare had reigned since 1914. Offensives dissolved in the French and Flemish mud. Men died by hundreds of thousands for slight gain. The great push of Passchendaele in Flanders, finally captured by the Canadians in November 1918 left the Allies in a "slough of despond," exhausted, under-strength and despairing of victory. In the spring of 1918, the German army fortified by more than 1 million soldiers transferred from the Eastern front after the Russian collapse, launched three massive attacks in March, April and May. At tremendous cost and considerable loss in territory, the allied lines held. After nearly four years of war, the German army lacked the strength for the final push. The Allies were poised for the offensive which would bring victory in the Great War.

On August 8 and 9, the Canadians, 100,000 strong, flanked by Australians and British on their right and French on their left, advanced 13 miles. The Germans were

totally surprised to find the Canadians suddenly upon them. One officer complained bitterly that the Canadians were supposed to be 70 kilometres north and had no business capturing his unit. Through four hard years of war, the Germans had learned that the arrival of Canadian soldiers in allied trenches meant an imminent attack. They were the shock troops of the Allied armies. But this time, there had been no warning. The Germans were victims of an elaborate deception scheme. The Canadians marched south towards Amiens only by night and concealed themselves by day. Two battalions, complete with signals detachments, maintaining a lively and fraudulent chatter, were sent north into Flanders. On the final days prior to the offensive, airplanes droned overhead to drown the noise of trucks, artillery, tanks, and marching soldiers.

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and had no business
capturing his unit.*

Resistance had stiffened by August 10. The Germans had reinforced. The battle had reached the old, torn up battlefields of 1916. Only the Australians had been able to keep up with the Canadians; the British and French lagged far behind. Further progress could only be made at the cost of heavy casualties. Still, the achievement was enormous. Four Canadian divisions had defeated 4 times their number capturing over 10,000 exhausted, demoralized enemy troops. Ludendorff, the German commander, called August 8 "the black day of the German army." The Kaiser

told Ludendorff that "the war could no longer be won."

The Canadians moved back north to spearhead the next Allied offensive. On August 26, they attacked the Hindenburg line, the most strongly fortified parts of the German defensive system. Again, surprise was achieved and by September 2, the Canadians were through, prompting a German withdrawal along virtually the whole of their lines facing the British and French further south. In this battle, Major Georges Vanier of the 22nd battalion (the famous Van-doo's) lost his leg. In late September, the Canadians liberated Cambrai, then Valenciennes and finally Mons on November 9. At 10:58 on November 11, two minutes before peace, Private George Price became the last Canadian killed in the Great War.

While the capture of Vimy Ridge in 1917, is celebrated as the summit of Canada's military achievement of the Great War, it was the performance of the Canadian army as the strike force of the Allied forces in 1918 which confirmed Canada's right to a place in the sun. With 100,000 soldiers compared to 600,000 Americans, the Canadians advanced twice as far, captured twice as many prisoners, met and defeated the same number of enemy divisions and suffered less than half as many casualties. The fighting was hard. In one battle, German machine gunners surrendered but then shot a Canadian officer. The officer's platoon charged the post and killed all the defenders. Later a group of defenders tried to surrender and they too were killed by the enraged Canadians. The butcher's bill was high, 45,000 Canadian soldiers were killed and wounded, more than one-fifth of all casualties suffered by Canada in the Great War. Yet, morale remained high until the end. Currie said of his men, "they do not whimper and they do not quit."

The Great War wrought a remarkable change in Canada's status as a nation. In the early years of this century, Canada basked in the late afternoon, sunlit-glory of the British Empire. While global changes transformed the old verities of the 19th century, the concerns of the Canadian government and people were virtually exclusively domestic. Canada was nation-building. The

20th century was the century of Canada; Sir Wilfred said so and so it seemed. Optimism reigned. New provinces were carved out of the Western prairies, immigrants were pouring into the newly opened lands, the transcontinental railway network was complete, foreign trade and investment reached record levels, Canada was becoming an urban nation. It was a time of unbounded confidence; the potential seemed unlimited.

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Canada was a proud member of the Empire. Kipling observed that English Canadians, in particular, had "a certain crude faith in the Empire of which they naturally conceive themselves to be the belly button." True, Laurier resisted initiatives for a closer Imperial federation; Canadians grumbled that the British judges had, for larger "imperial" reasons, sided with the Americans in the Alaska border arbitration. Still in 1910, Laurier had declared in ringing terms that "when Britain is at war, Canada is at war." In the 1911 election, Borden converted the campaign fought over the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States into an Imperial loyalty test, persuading the voters that "Canada [could not] become fiscally and commercially a part of the United States and remain politically a part ... of the British Empire," and Laurier was defeated.

When Britain declared war on August 4, 1914, Borden declared: "We stand shoulder to shoulder with Great Britain." Laurier answered, "ready, aye, ready." Patriotic crowds filled the streets on the declaration of war. In Quebec, *La Patrie* announced that only "one race exists united by the closest bonds in a common cause." Canada's contribution to the war effort was immense; from a population of 7 million, over 600,000 served. Yet in the initial years of the war, the Canadian government had no voice in the conduct of the war or the use of Canadian troops. Indeed, Ministers got their war news from the censored press.

By 1917, however, Borden and the other Dominion Prime Ministers were members of the Imperial War Cabinet and were levying severe criticisms over the conduct of the war and the performance of British generals. In 1918, Borden informed Lloyd George that the arrangements for the Versailles Peace Conference which deprived Canada of a separate seat at the table were unsatisfactory. "I [have] not come to take part in any light comedy."

In 1919, when Borden told Lloyd George to count Canada out of any guarantees to France against future German aggression, he had concluded that "perhaps sooner than later, Canada must assume full sovereignty." Canada had arrived, no longer a child of the Empire but, an ally at best, and a difficult one at that. While it would be the Statute of Westminster which would confirm the full formal measure of independence of Canada and the other Dominions, by the end of the war, Canada had shed itself of Imperial control, indeed oversight over Canadian foreign policy for all intents and purposes.

If common purpose, national unity and patriotism dominated Canada in the war years, bickering, disunity, and bitterness soon arrived on the scene. The divisive conscription debate in 1917 accompanied by the shattering of Laurier's Liberals and the

desertion of Borden's Quebec Conservatives foretold hard times ahead. Labour unions, farmers, and the returning wave of job-hungry soldiers agitated for change. Sir Arthur Currie did not escape the dismal treatment we reserve for our heroes. Recognized by the British as the most capable Corps commander in the British Army and considered by Lloyd George as a possible Supreme Commander of all British forces, Currie, alone among allied commanders, received no honour from his Government. When he was bitterly attacked in the House, and libelled in the press, no Minister stood to defend him.

But this war was over. On November 11, a soldier wrote home: "I can't believe it ... the end is come, no more horror, or death or fear. When I think of the friends who lie in battered fields and graveyards ... thank Christ, we who are left did not let them die in vain ... for the work is done." General McNaughton, the commander of the heavy artillery was angry: "Bloody fools. We have them on the run. [The Armistice] means that we shall have to do it all over again in another twenty-five years." When Canadians again went to war, McNaughton commanded.

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Excerpt from *No Fixed Address*

by Dr. Christine Hantel-Fraser, University of Toronto Press, 1993, 357 pp. \$45.00.

“What made you want to join the foreign service?” Few members of any such service have not been asked this question in the course of their career. Most Canadian foreign-service employees first encounter it during their entrance interview. Many of them come prepared with a response: “I want to serve my country!” Examination officers express weariness with this all-too-common reply. This sort of purportedly selfless motivation, they insist, usually disguises a host of other reasons. They favour candidates who admit honestly to slightly more selfish motives.

Why do people want to embrace a life that is permanently in transition? “Classification does not explain the individual psyche” — the Swiss psychiatrist C.G. Jung could have had foreign-service employees in mind when he made this statement in his book *Psychological Types*. Members of few professions seem to defy classification into types quite as much as foreign-service employees. And yet, when it comes to one particular aspect of their personality, namely, the reasons behind their choice of career, a large majority of them (by no means all) provide data that point to three key components of what amounts inevitably to a tangled mass of contributing factors for such a decision: 1 / childhood fantasies or childhood experiences involving foreign countries and cultures; 2 / acquisition or professional skills required by the foreign service; whether originally intended for the service or not; and 3 / desire for satisfaction of specific social needs.

Vocational choices are generally influenced by a large number of considerations, such as family history, social and economic background, education, training opportunities in the community, and peer pressure. A close look at individual foreign-service employees reveals more subtle shadings. As recent research suggests, heredity can play an important, if not decisive role in the career decision-making process. Whether as a result of genetic predisposition, family tradition, or a combination of both, an extraordinarily large number of public foreign-service employees have parents and grandparents who were public servants, and a strikingly large number have grandparents

who were missionaries. Professional and amateur world travellers are equally well represented among the immediate ancestors of foreign-service personnel.

A remarkable percentage of foreign-service members also mention environmental factors as the basis of their career choice. In many interviews, foreign-service members indicated that the attitude a family and its social environment maintain towards the world beyond the immediate community — in particular, towards foreign countries and cultures — imposes on a child three distinct types of relationships with the outside world. These types can be represented by three creatures noted for their relationship with the world around them: 1 / the oyster, locked in a shell, clinging to a rock, immobile and unaware of its relationship with its environment; 2 / the owl, open-eyed and generally watchful, moderately mobile, and reputedly wise and aware of itself in relation to its surroundings; and 3 / the migratory bird, by definition a world traveller, simultaneously having a bird’s-eye view of its environment and a down-to-earth familiarity with feeding and nesting-grounds wherever it roams.

Foreign-service members of all ages and occupational groups pointed out that their growing awareness during childhood and youth of one of these attitudes in their family and social surroundings strongly influenced their decision to throw their lot in with the foreign service. Stories they tell about their childhood allow for the classification of a majority of foreign-service personnel into these three basic types.

[Dr. Hantel-Fraser then goes on to describe three main groups of personality types who choose the Foreign Service as a way of life and a profession.

First, there is the OYSTER. This personality type comes from a relatively self-contained and secure background but has a desire to break out of the protective shell that is, at best, experienced as narrow and confining and, at worst, as suffocating.

The second personality type is the OWL. The desire of the owl type is to explore a world that is known to exist and is deeply yearned for, but that is always somewhat out of reach. This individual possesses a limitless curiosity and has a lifelong fascination with foreign peoples, customs, and cultures.

The third type is the MIGRATORY BIRD. This personality type has already experienced

a peripatetic lifestyle and has acquired a liking for it. The owl, therefore, wishes to continue a migratory lifestyle instilled in childhood.

According to the author, these vastly different motivations all lead to the doors of *External Affairs*. Her analysis of the three personality types suggests that the oyster may experience trouble living and working in a strange and often hostile environment. Initially, they tend to find it extremely difficult to cope with foreign cultures and usually go through periods of considerable strain before they manage to glide through uncharted waters, especially when hardship posts conspire against them. When this occurs, the oyster has to be rescued and brought back to the safety of a familiar environment. A variation on the oyster type is the individual who eagerly ventures out into the great promising unknown, but over time grows increasingly intolerant of foreign cultures.

From these three main groups, the author describes three sub-groups of personality types who join the Department. They are distinguished by their dominant values, interests and skills.

First, there is the PUBLIC SERVANT. Many of these individuals come from families who have a tradition of public service over several generations. She claims that they prefer the secure public service to the uncertain world of private business. At *External Affairs*, service to the public is mitigated through assignments overseas every few years, job security and a regular income.

The second personality type she designates the INTERNATIONALIST-COSMOPOLITAN. These individuals seek to satisfy their interests in international relations through employment in the Foreign Service. These people want to work where they believe that “things are happening” and they seek to make a contribution to the “solution” of international problems.

The author distinguishes a third personality type, the ANTHROPOLOGIST-LINGUIST. By joining the Foreign Service, this group is able to satisfy its interest in studying foreign languages and cultures, an endeavour many of them had probably started at school or at university.

Whereas the Oyster, Owl and Migratory Bird are exclusive categories and do not involve cross-overs, the boundaries

between Internationalist-Cosmopolitan and Anthropologist-Linguist are fluid, and nothing prevents those belonging to either group from fitting into the Public Servant category as well. Many employees do, in fact, belong to two, and a good number fit into all three categories.

This sub-group can be further refined by adding a clearly discernible secondary subset: the JOINER; the STATUS-SEEKER; and the ESCAPIST. These personality types are readily defined by the names assigned to them and revolve around their expectations of Foreign Service that influences their decision to join External Affairs.

Her thesis for assigning these nine personality types is that most people in search of a profession are looking for more than a job and a salary. Consciously, but primarily unconsciously, they yearn for satisfaction of higher social needs, such as belonging to a group, self-esteem, esteem for an employer, esteem from an employer, and recognition and fulfilment of human potential.

The author claims that the Foreign Service is well-known for maintaining a close-knit community, even beyond national boundaries, as much as for the prestige attached to membership in this international brotherhood. It also offers, through global mobility, a unique opportunity every few years for its employees to put a physical distance between themselves and their life situation. Quite a number of employees, all of them eager for new beginnings, see this chance simply to get away from everyone and everything, as a particularly desirable aspect of Foreign Service life. Many have also been strongly motivated by deep-rooted social needs in the choice of Foreign Service.

In this third group of personality types, the author cites emotional problems as a potential minefield.]

Psychological excess baggage can bring down anyone and will be especially dangerous during the turbulence that inevitably accompanies this kind of life.

Not everyone seeking a foreign-service career in order to escape the ill effects of an unhappy childhood; difficulties with parents, friends, or lovers; or any other lingering conflict comes out of the crisis.... Unresolved, such problems tend, like hurricanes, to gather momentum and fury as they cross oceans and continents, and eventually catch up with their victims.

Not many members of the rotational foreign-service team fall into the category of Escapist. But those who do carry the potential for a major disturbance that all too often develops into a disaster. Every year, foreign-service members have to be emergency evacuated for a number of reasons, including severe psychological

problems related to unresolved inner conflicts.

A number of foreign-service members cheerfully ascribe their career choice to some degree of escapism. But the conflicts they cited and their ease in discussing the issues indicated that theirs amounted to harmless cases, nothing in comparison with the small number of those afflicted with "Foreign Legion Syndrome," as one senior member of the service called the phenomenon after having fought an exhausting battle with an obvious escapist among his staff.

The vast majority of foreign-service members fit into the Joiner category. Some of the Status Seeker and Escapist can perhaps be found in more individuals than is immediately apparent. But pure Status Seekers and Escapists are rare. The distinction among these categories points at predominant, but not exclusive personal needs foreign-service members hope to satisfy through an international career.

Why do young men and women want to embrace a life permanently in transition? Classification does not explain the individual psyche. But the three basic groups of clearly discernible motivations and the more detailed nine subgroups might offer one answer to the question of why the foreign service exercises such a powerful pull on such a large number and variety of people.

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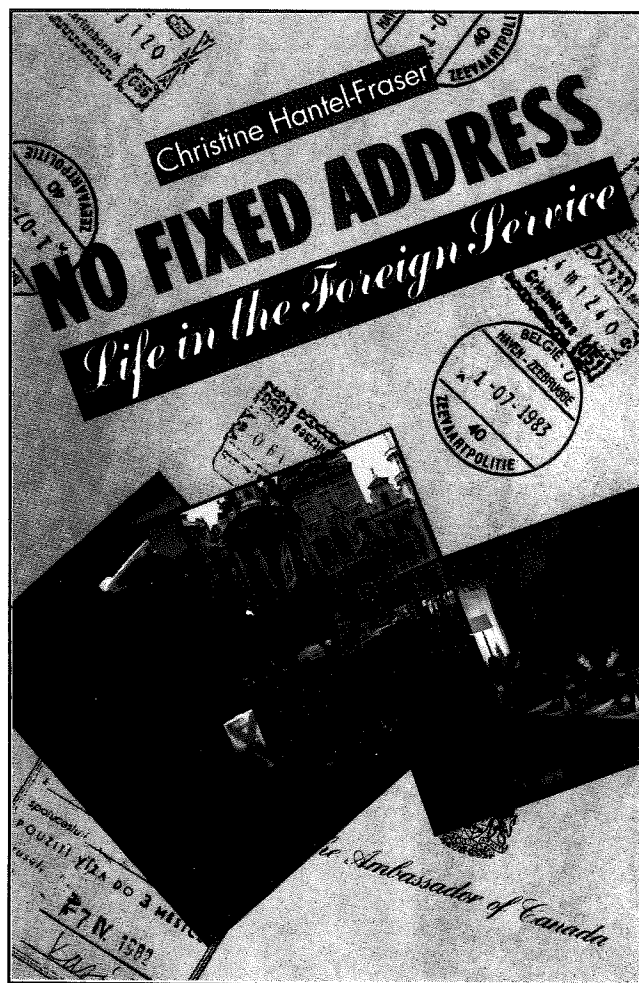
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Chester Ronning: *A Canadian Diplomat*

by Sidney Freifeld

There it was, tucked away with a thousand other listings in *The Citizen's* weekly TV Guide earlier this year:

24VIS25 China Mission

The Life of Chester Ronning, a Norwegian who attempted to explain China to the Western World.

It's a fine, hour-long, National Film Board documentary, which I draw to the attention of the present generation of Externalites and other *bout de papier* readers because they would never know, from the above listing, that the film portrays the life of a very Canadian member of our Foreign Service who became a distinguished senior officer of the Department of External Affairs.

Norwegian? Ronning's parents were indeed of Norwegian origin. They were Lutheran missionaries who arrived on the China coast in 1891 and founded a mission in the interior, in Fancheng, Hupeh province, where Chester was born in 1894. Chester was reared on Chinese milk and dressed, spoke, played, studied and ate Chinese, until the Board of Missions ordered the Ronning family to leave China at the time of the Boxer uprisings. After World War I, during which Chester served with the Royal Flying Corps, the family returned to Fancheng. Following Chinese language studies in Peking, he became deputy principal of the Middle School at Fancheng (1923-27). In 1927, he was appointed principal of the Lutheran College at Camrose, Alberta where he remained until 1942.

During the 1930s, the time of the Great Depression, Chester joined the United Farmers of Alberta and became active in the early CCF, the forerunner of today's NDP. On the CCF ticket he was elected to the Alberta legislature as member from Camrose, and served as an MLA from 1932 to 1935. Chester was the only External Affairs officer I have known who, before joining the Department, had served as a provincial or federal

House member; Roy Maclaren and Don Munro, for example, were elected to the federal House only after leaving External. When I think of Chester — tall and slender, with a fine mane of silver and blonde hair, smiling with his weathered, intelligent and kindly face — I associate him less with China than with early Alberta.

*When I think of
Chester, I associate
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Chester worked in RCAF Intelligence during World War II, joined External in October 1945 and was soon one of its Far Eastern specialists, along with Herbert Norman, Arthur Menzies and Ralph Collins, who were also born in Asia of missionary parents. Ronning was quickly appointed First Secretary at the Canadian Embassy in Chungking and then, from 1946 to 1951, he was Counsellor and Chargé d'affaires at our Embassy in Nanking. His fluency in Mandarin was a great asset to the Embassy. According to the NFB film, Mr. Pearson intended to send Ronning as our first ambassador to the Communist Government in Peking, but Canadian recognition of the Peking regime was sidetracked by the outbreak of the war in Korea. As things turned out, Canada did not recognize the Peking regime until 1970, and Ralph Collins went there as our first ambassador. Meanwhile, Ronning was appointed Minister, and then Ambassador to Norway and Iceland, 1954-57, and then High Commissioner to India, 1957-64. Ronning's personal friendship with Zhou Enlai enabled him to serve as an effective intermediary in the Geneva conference on Indo-China in 1954 and as head of the Canadian delegation to the international

conference on Laos in 1957. He retired in 1964 but continued to be a popular public speaker on China and an ardent advocate of the recognition of the Peking government. He died at Camrose, Alberta in 1984. As unlikely as it may sound, my first and last encounters with Chester Ronning had a piscatorial aspect.

In the early 1950's, while I was working for External in the East Block, I used to go trout fishing in Algonquin Park with an External Far Eastern hand, Charles Eustace McGaughey, universally known as "McGuff". One Sunday in the Park, where McGuff had a shack, he filleted a dozen speckled trout we had caught and asked me to take them to Chester. Ronning was overjoyed when I brought the precious package to his house, and never forgot the purveyor.

A decade later, I was External's student for a fascinating year at the National Defence College (NDC). As part of the NDC worldwide tour, we spent a week in India, where Ronning was High Commissioner in New Delhi. On arrival for our first meeting at his Residence, the class was presented to Chester, one by one, by the NDC Commandant. When my turn came to be introduced to Chester, he whispered that the class would be visiting the Taj Mahal over the weekend but that I should skip the Taj Mahal as he had laid on a trout fishing trip for me in the Himalayas! I was the only Externalite at NDC that year. I had decided at the outset of our tour to decline such kindnesses from Heads of Mission who knew me, because that would have involved breaking away from my colleagues with the potential for misapprehension about favouritism within External. So I went with my colleagues to the Taj Mahal and gave up Chester's trout fishing trip to the Himalayas. I have been regretting that decision for a third of a century ever since. 

*Sidney Freifeld is a former Canadian Ambassador to Colombia and Ecuador and is a member of the Senior Editorial Board of *bout de papier*. He is the author of *Undiplomatic Notes: Tales from the Canadian Foreign Service* published in 1990 by Hounslow Press.*



Kyoto:

A Photo Essay

Story and photos by Hugh Stephens

Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, is one of Asia's jewels; a blending of gardens, temples and palaces. I knew that I could not leave Asia without visiting it, but timing was a problem. Finally, a long weekend over the Lunar New Year holiday in February came available, and my family and I flew from Seoul, to Osaka, and on to Kyoto. The skies threatened heavy rain; but, as luck would have it, on the night of our arrival, the city was dusted with a coating of light, flaky snow.

When we ventured out the next morning to visit the shrines and gardens, we were treated to a rare and beautiful spectacle. By 11 o'clock in the morning all the snow had gone, as fleeting as memories, but for the

photos we took. Later in the day, it began to rain; but toward dusk, the sun suddenly burst through the clouds.

We had just reached the Golden Pavilion, minutes before closing, and the sudden burst of late afternoon sun illuminated the temple with a radiant glow. There were not many people present to enjoy the moment, but fortunately I still had some film in my camera to catch the scene. Kyoto is a special place and for us will always remain so thanks to the pictures you see here.

Hugh Stephens has had postings in Beirut, Hong Kong, Beijing, Islamabad and Seoul. He is currently Senior Advisor and Secretary to the Program Management Board, in the Resource Planning and Management Secretariat, EAITC.



JAPAN:

The Myth, the Challenge, and the Future

by David Anido

The ancient myth of Japan was first borne in its Chinese name, *Chipangu* (islands of gold), which was anglicized as "Japan". The softer Japanese name for the archipelago, *Nippon*, was not transliterated.

The Chinese Emperor Kublai Khan tried to invade the islands of gold in 1281, but his bickering generals lost their fleets to the "divine winds" or *kamikaze*. Marco Polo heard about Chipangu from Kublai Khan and the myth of secret gold beyond imagination returned with him to prosperous and adventurous Venice. Neither Kublai Khan nor Marco Polo ever visited Japan.

It is said that, years later Columbus, while seeking the Spice Islands, hoped that he would discover the golden islands. But, like elusive Atlantis, Japan remained mythical and isolated until Portuguese missionaries arrived there in the 16th century. The Japanese did not like these Christians who had called their language "the devil's language", so they got rid of them, except for a small pocket of Dutch who remained behind in Nagasaki during the Tokugawa isolation. The wily Dutch provided a meagre contact with the outside world — particularly when *gaijin* (foreign) shipwrecked sailors, carried onto the rocks and shoals of Kyushu by northern-flowing currents, brought foreign maps, charts, and languages to the Japanese archipelago.

Japan knew it could not escape the world forever, but its leaders were determined to remain hidden for as long as possible. Internal battles kept feudal Japan in a flux of powerplays which was stemmed by the isolationist authority of the Tokugawa regime.

The modern myth of post-industrial Japan is that it is still a myth and still feudal. Many believe that Japan remains as mercurial and as unpredictable as the eruptions of its volcanoes: the shocks of its *temblors* that give the islands ten percent of the world's seismic activity; and, for good measure, the *tsunamis* that thrash and flay its coasts.

Japan performs in the world to a varied audience of lovers, haters, bashers, revisionists, apologists, tourists, carpetbaggers, and scholars. The key question most asked is: who are the Japanese, and where in the world are they going?

No wonder that the efficiency of its Nissans, the speed of its bullet-train *shinkansens*, and the eight-hour daily world focus of the Tokyo Stock Market on global financial affairs, offer the logical western mind a seemingly comprehensible prism through which to understand and to criticize "the floating world", as author Kazuo Ishiguro calls his former homeland.

Like a comet, Japan has entered the dying years of a deadly century as the second-brightest economic light in the world. Japan saw first hand with the rest of the world the lies and ghoulish behaviour of communists and fascists, the denizens of the post-industrial revolution. And Japan's neighbours around the Pacific, including the United States and Canada, witnessed similar monstrous and unacceptable behaviour from Japan. But in a world of instant communication, the assumption can be made that peaceful behaviour can prevail in a cooperative atmosphere. Japan is in an ideal position to contribute to this atmosphere because it is rich and it is respected for its ability to meet extraordinary challenges.

Who are the Japanese, and where in the world are they going?

For the memory of 50 years ago and for its brilliant reconstruction since then, Japan is taken seriously — with both fear and respect. Asian neighbours entreat Japan to be honest about historic shortcomings which hurt most of them so much. Contrition is possible if the global will and the marketplace can make it so.

In the mind of the sceptic, the enigma remains — is Japan a reformed alcoholic who might revert back to "the bottle" if isolated or provoked? It is probable that, if Japan is isolated by the world from human exchange, commerce and natural resources, we can expect the empire to strike back. But few western countries care to remember that

only just over a century ago many of them were involved in similar brutal imperial behaviour with the added obscenities of racism and slavery. Amnesia is a convenient moral stance among states.

Japan has achieved half a century of geopolitical sobriety, and has created a successful Asian democracy in the world. No western or Asian country can with justice take a morally higher road today than Japan whose democracy is working with all the successes, failures, and scandals that a free press and informed citizenry make public.

It is said that after a few days in Japan you can write a book about it; after a few years you can write a page about it; and after a decade you have been absorbed by it and can write nothing. However, one way to understand Japanese people is to know that often it is what remains unsaid that is better understood than what is said. Communication begins by observation with patience.

The empirical western mind is comforted by the logic, statistics, tangibles, and certainties of prediction about Japan's future presented by the same pundits who promise also to predict interest rates and forecast weather. For the Japanese, silence is golden.

In a geo-strategic competitive world, no country remains an island — not even an island. Each is an integral part of the cobweb of satellites, fax machines, TV cameras, and trade routes of the "global village". Networks have corners to hide in, but the spider of information has access to every part of the cobweb where there are no corners but only links across links.

The concept of democracy is fuelled today, as never before, by the free flow of ideas that cannot be censored or controlled like commodities at the borders of a state. *Samizdat*, *perestroika*, and *glasnost* are three new words in the English (sic) language which illustrate the power of democratic ideas and the flow of information. Japan is inextricably linked to this flow and is contributing to it.

Japan is an economic giant skilled also in the ability to create miniatures. Japan strides the economic globe like a colossus, but is capable of keeping the cultural privacy of the *tatami* room in a world demanding transparency. For this right to privacy, the Japanese are often misunderstood and are

accused of being cryptic or superficial. Lovers, sceptics, revisionists, and bashers all articulate views of Japan; but still demystification is elusive.

Asao Shin'ichiro, on assuming the Presidency of the Japan Foundation in 1992, said that "Japanese themselves and the country from which they come are still shrouded in mystery. Cultural exchange must be directed with renewed determination at remedying this situation. The rest of the world should be able to see our faces and know what kind of people we are."

Cultural exchange, in the broadest sense (eg. arts, science, tourism, scholarship, environment), is an increasingly important aspect of relations among countries, though this is often overlooked because such exchanges sometimes clash with official policies and exigencies of the treasury.

International cultural exchange does not imply that all that is seen is exemplary. What is implied is that rhetoric, propaganda, official posturing, and falsehood can be exploded by a more profound understanding of the strengths, weaknesses, traditions, achievements, and evolution of a people.

Cultural exchange has no strategy or policy (unless it is "cultural diplomacy" or propaganda) because participants make up their own minds about what they see and experience. This gives the citizens of all countries the power to apply knowledge to judgments on the nature of a country and its behaviour in a democratically international fashion. No ideology or policy can stop such insight.

Cultural exchange begins with a knowledge of languages. Japanese, with *kanji* and *kana*, is certainly one of the most difficult languages for an Indo-European to learn. But, in the dialogue, it takes a Japanese at least an equivalent two to three years of hard study to master an alphabetical language like English or French. Japanese is no more "the devil's language" than are English or French depending on which is native to the speaker.

There are two aspects of Japanese culture that lead from the language. The first is that the *kanji* represent an aesthetic of communication that is rendered in the art form of calligraphy. The nearest representation in western culture might be the illuminated manuscript painstakingly crafted to beautify a text.

The second aspect is to understand that the "search for excellence" in the Japanese context is just that — the "search". Excellence is never attained, however perfect the product. Improvement is always possible. Such wisdom is exportable.

In Japan, the cultural road has no beginning and no end because life and achievement are a continuum. Thus a westerner must learn to accept Japanese and Asian culture as a new

dimension — not as a balance of similarities and differences with, in its own right, an equally sophisticated western culture influenced by Greek philosophy, the Roman Empire, monotheism, and various revolutions.

For two millennia, Japan has digested foreign influences carefully and without international coercion. Buddhism from India, via China and Korea, came as a means of scholarly and artistic learning — but not to replace the native animism of Shinto.

Japan, throughout its history, has added dimensions without tampering with the bases of its evolving "traditional" culture. Most western countries throughout history have been invaded by foreigners. European cultures have evolved through the transfer of genes, languages, and cultures by trade and warfare.

For the Japanese, silence is golden.

In Japan, foreign cultural influences were "screened" long before being absorbed. The Chinese characters of the *kanji* were imported from China, but are used with different pronunciations and without tones. The vernacular written language, the *hiragana*, added flexibility to the grammar and to the calligraphy of scribes, and the *katakana* script gave a dimension to acceptable foreign words to be used but not necessarily to be assimilated.

The ancient fine art of calligraphy dealt gracefully with *kanji* and *hiragana* — but the "ugly" *katakana* was seldom used as art except to comment on foreign cultures. Perhaps the nearest equivalent in western aesthetics is the Italian *bella figura* (the beautiful) versus the *bruta figura* (the ugly). Whatever genes were imported were never imported by invasion or conquest but rather by assimilation, and often, denial.

In the west, the myth of the Asian was one of fear and distance. The Mongols and other ancestors of the Japanese sped across the plains of Eurasia on horseback, past the Urals, to the Danube.

The Roman Emperor Constantine, who sowed the seeds of (Judaean) Christianity in his pagan empire created an eastern capital at Constantinople as the barbarians poured west into the Italian peninsula and captured Rome. A thousand years later, the Ottoman Turks, also arguably part-ancestors of the Japanese, took Byzantium and turned a Christian city into Moslem Istanbul.

Unlike the Vandals, Goths, and Visigoths who had taken the western Roman empire, the Turks were monotheists — though this made no difference to the objectives of the Crusaders. Asians were Asians, and the cliché was that east and west did not meet — except quietly in trade or openly in war.

Long before all this happened, as the cultural tectonic plates of Europe and Asia collided in war — or in trade along the Silk Road — other Asians crossed the ice-bridge of the Bering Strait, and the islands of Diomedea, and settled the latterday Americas with Asian blood. This wave of *homo sapiens*, following the hunt of the mammoth, spread in tribes across the continents bringing prehistoric Asian cultures to the Atlantic coast.

As European empires such as Venice declined, and the fall of Constantinople reinforced fears of marauding Asians, the explorers Giovanni Caboto and Cristoforo Colombo sailed westward through the pillars of Hercules toward their destiny — the meeting with the "Asians" of the Atlantic who were to be called "Indians".

It is an irony of history that Sanscrit was the precursor of both the Indo-European (Caucasian) and Indo-Persian (Asian) languages, the alphabetic and the hieroglyphic. The word "Indian", in retrospect, may not have been such a misnomer if the imagination is allowed to be retroactive and to trace civilization back to where there was no east or west in the Indus Valley.

The world has come almost full circle as caravels capable of crossing the Atlantic, with the Arab invention of the lateen sail and Arab techniques of navigation, made landfall in the Americas. The circle was finally to be closed by the brilliant voyages of Captain James Cook, who first brought the science of navigation to an art form.

When Commander Perry's "black ships" threatened the Japanese *Shogun* with American guns in the name of trade, Japan added the world to its other dimensions. The Emperor Meiji sent his foreign minister as head of the Iwakura Mission to the advanced imperial world of the west to study the infrastructures of the Industrial Revolution and the political and economic systems of major powers.

Superficially, much was imported (including, sadly, the virus of militant imperialism), but little was permitted to sink deep. Like a growing onion, new layers were added to protect the centre.

The question of today is whether the 21st century will bring a sea-change to break the millennia-old mystique of a secretive Japan. The evidence is that Japan officially will become "global", while much of the traditional culture will remain "silent" in the "village". This may be an ideal balance of

dimensions for a people who are so deeply rooted in native traditions and myths of a rising sun, a chrysanthemum throne, mirrors, swords, and jewels.

*Japanese dynamism
is Japan's greatest
human resource.*

No two democracies function identically, so it is foreseeable that Japan will offer the example of "first-world" Asian democracy, rooted in its culture, but working in concert with other democracies and their myriad cultures. The challenge will be that more than 100 million Japanese have little to do with the outside world except for what they see through television and tourism. Like other island peoples, their island is as much a refuge as it is a launching pad for knowledge and commerce.

Japan may have discovered the new wave for international democratic life. To be proud and knowledgeable of one's own cultural history gives comfort and stability in

a changing world because proven traditions breed self-confidence.

Japanese dynamism is Japan's greatest human resource. Japan will only remain an enigma to those who wish it to become "more western", and will only remain a myth to those who do not study its language, culture, and performance in the world.

It is in this light that all countries can be judged by the international community and guided away from predatory behaviour. The moribund legacy of the 20th century teaches a lesson — that war, genocide, poverty, and humiliation are evil and are avoidable if groups of nations cooperate against aggression. The lesson for the 21st century is that no nation must ever be alienated because now the cobweb of the planet is interconnected to the benefit or peril of all.

Japan can add a formidable dimension to the world that goes beyond its economic prowess. The dimension is Asia, and the challenge is how to strengthen domestically their historic cultural roots while, internationally, reaching into a wider world of shared traditions, products, and enterprise.

David Anido has a Ph.D in Asian/Pacific Studies, and has been posted to Rome and Tokyo with the Department of External Affairs and International Trade.



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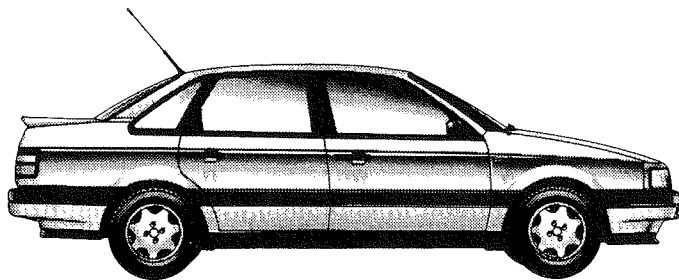


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Derrick Haro

A friend of mine once told me that he measured a person's worth by the shoes they wore: I started to keep my eye on people's feet. In mid-1982, when Derrick Haro first reported for duty at Trade Commissioner Service headquarters, I was the training officer who welcomed him aboard; I looked him up and down, and checked below: Derrick wore **great** shoes!

It was the beginning of a choice friendship that ended last May on a bad road near the Caspian Sea. Derrick was in Tehran, his fourth posting (after having served the Canadian Foreign Service so exceedingly well in Riyadh, Buenos Aires and Houston), when fate showed its ironic hand. Travelling with good Australian friends and their family on a road that he had sworn he would never visit again because it was too dangerous, the inevitable happened.

I was very saddened to learn of this tragedy, not only as one is to learn of any death, sudden or expected, but because Derrick — who had experienced ups and downs — was about to move into his first real program managership in Tehran this summer and he was justifiably feeling good about himself. As Ambassador Paul Dingledine said at Derrick's memorial service: "in his private life he enjoyed more than his share of personal triumphs. But he also suffered more than his share of personal traumas. Despite the turmoil that at times surrounded his life, his standard of service to Canada never faltered."

During Derrick's training year in 1982-83 he stood out because he had presence, self-confidence and a contagious sense of humour. When we bundled him off to Arabic language training at the end of his first year, I made myself a mental note to watch as his career developed because I liked his potential and his personality.

It was not until the spring of 1990, however, that our paths were to cross again. I was about to move into a job in Middle East affairs and was trying hard to find new people to become part of the team. When Derrick agreed to leave Houston to join the group in the G Branch, I was very relieved indeed.

There, Derrick took charge not only of the complex workings of Canada-Iran trade relations but also handled Syrian enquiries as well as the difficult counselling related to the then-busy Iraq-invasion-of-Kuwait environment.

As Louise Fréchette, who has been his Ambassador in Argentina, said earlier of his talent: "Derrick plunged into the byzantine world of his new work with enthusiasm and flair." He was a quick study; he wrote like a dream: fast and clear and persuasive; he

had initiative; he enjoyed his work and provided sound counsel; but, for me, it was his friendship and outrageous wit that were the cherry to top the cake.

As has been said by others, Derrick was: "kind, sincere, honest;" and his "infectious laugh lightened our days. His spirit and enthusiasm encouraged us all. He was a man of principles, and he had the courage of his convictions, even when the pursuit of those convictions caused him considerable pain. We will miss him very, very badly."

During one particularly telling event, we were in the final throes of preparing for an important economic commission with a major Middle East trading partner; the centrepiece was to be an umbrella Memorandum of Understanding but we did not have one ready. Time was running against us (as these things seem to always do); I hauled Derrick away from his regular duties and set him to work on a file completely foreign to him; within three short days — in the midst of patching the fires that were part of his normal activities — Derrick produced a nifty document that went as far as we could go without giving away the candy store yet was couched in such language that it was irresistible to our normally difficult bilateral partner. In the process of obtaining approvals from the legal division (with respect), it became apparent that Derrick had even them in awe.

At a celebratory staff party soon after, Derrick ceremoniously jumped up on a table, took a pose, and with stentorian baritone rhymed off the complete poem by Edgar Allan Poe *The Raven*; we shivered, under the spell, at every "tap, tap, tapping..."

This was pure, distilled, Derrick: that special blend of the burlesque with brilliance.

As Paul Dingledine said to those gathered to pay tribute to Derrick at the Consulate Church in Tehran: "(he) was a true son of the Foreign Service ... For we here in this church, the Foreign Service mentality will prevail. Those strange and mysterious hands into which we all put our fate have once again made an unexpected decision and Derrick, in our minds, has now been reassigned. Though we grieve in our hearts ... we wish Derrick well in his next, and his last, assignment."

I join all those who have expressed their grief at Derrick's loss to say to his family and close friends how highly we valued him and how very much he will be missed.

Richard Kohler has had postings in Sydney, Los Angeles, Paris, Sao Paulo, Bucharest and Bangkok. Rick is currently on his second assignment in Paris where he heads the Trade Program and is Minister-Counsellor (Commercial-Economic) at the Canadian Embassy.

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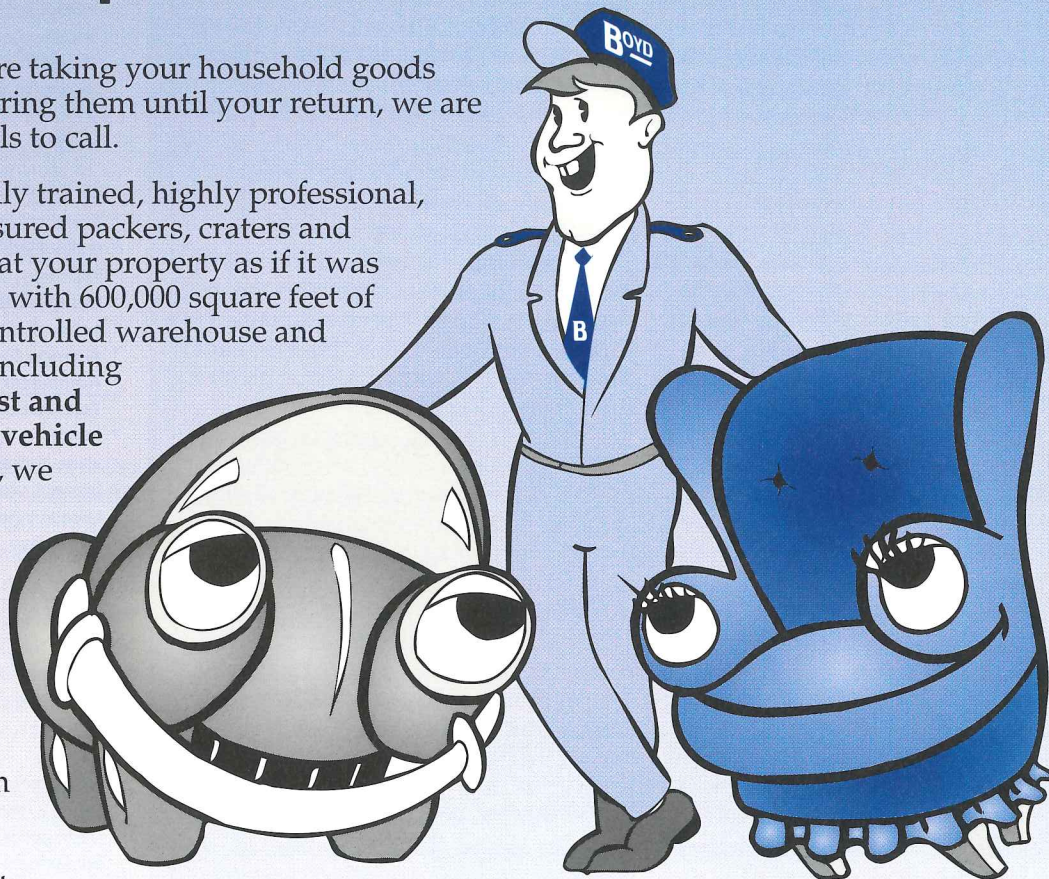
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Missing the Idealism of Charles Ritchie's Generation

by Andrew Cohen, *National Affairs*,
The Financial Post

OTTAWA — Charles Ritchie descends the stairs gingerly and extends a fine, slender hand, a politesse befitting an old diplomat. He slips into a soft chair and gazes intensely at the Rideau Canal, watching the world as only this old diarist can.

The appointment was to be at his flat in a Victorian pile where the doorbell hasn't worked since 1932. But his dear wife is ill and the place is teeming with attendants and oxygen tanks. "I'm afraid it looks rather like Sarajevo," he apologizes.

Horn-Rimmed Glasses

The loss is yours. You miss the crystal glass of sherry at 11 a.m., the dusty leather-bound books, the texture of a storied life. You miss that sense of place of an esthete who has lived as fully and passionately as Charles Stewart Almon Ritchie.

The face is a little thinner, the hawklike nose a little sharper. His black, horn-rimmed glasses make him look unduly severe. A cane is his concession to age, a rumpled suit his concession to formality.

He is well, thank you very much, very well. Oh, yes, there was a little problem awhile ago, but that is gone now.

You are happy to see him. Last year he suffered an aneurysm that was almost his undoing. When he regained consciousness in hospital, his doctors told him they wanted to operate.

"If you do, will it work and how long will I live?" he asked. They told him the chances of success were 70% and gave him another two years. "In that case, pass me my clothes," he said. "I'm leaving."

The mind is sound. His speech is clear and precise, delivered in that mid-Atlantic accent that has endured for 86 years. The voice still rises an octave, particularly when doing an imitation. He is sardonic, but rarely cynical.

Ritchie is the last of a circle of public servants who came to prominence at mid-century. He was born in Halifax and went to Oxford, a finishing school for those elegant and erudite diplomats who helped Canada create the international order of the post-war era.

He joined External Affairs in 1934 and served in London during the Blitz with Lester Pearson, whom he still calls Mike. Subsequently, he was ambassador to Bonn,

Washington, the United Nations, NATO, and London.

All the while, Ritchie was scribbling impressions. Life was simply too interesting to go unrecorded, so he preserved it like a butterfly under glass. His four volumes of diaries crackle with insight and wonder. He is still working fitfully on a memoir.

Refreshing Antidote

This afternoon, Ritchie talks about international relations, arts and letters, politics and personality. In this self-absorbed country cautiously marking another birthday, he is a refreshing antidote to the despair of contemporary cant.

While it is fashionable today to talk about the decline of traditional diplomacy, for example, Ritchie is unconvinced. "There has to be someone to pick up the pieces of plaster fallen from the cracks," he says. He recalls when John Diefenbaker claimed that External Affairs was full of "Pearsonalities" undermining his government. The accusation still unnerves Ritchie.

Lighting a cigarette, a habit he refuses to give up, Ritchie talks about two books he is reading. One by historian Arthur Schlesinger discusses the impact of multiculturalism on society; another by journalist Lawrence Martin examines "the Americanization" of Canada.

In a tumultuous time, Ritchie worries both about the fragmentation of Canada into splinter groups and the loss of the national identity. But although he is "a pessimist by nature," he hasn't lost faith in Canada. His is too great an investment.

You wonder, given all that he has seen, about the lessons Ritchie can offer us. As Canada prepares for new political leadership, you remember the contribution of a brilliant generation that served this country at home and abroad, in and out of government. They included Pearson, Paul Martin, Escott Reid, Graham Spry, James Coyne, King Gordon, Norman Robertson, Tommy Douglas, Eugene Forsey. Most of them are gone now and, in our hour of self-doubt, we raise their idealism and their hopefulness.

It is mid-afternoon and Ritchie rises to leave. It's been terribly nice, so awfully lovely, but he must return home to his wife. He insists on walking alone. You watch him pass the Cenotaph and the Château Laurier, then lose him in the long shadow of Parliament Hill.

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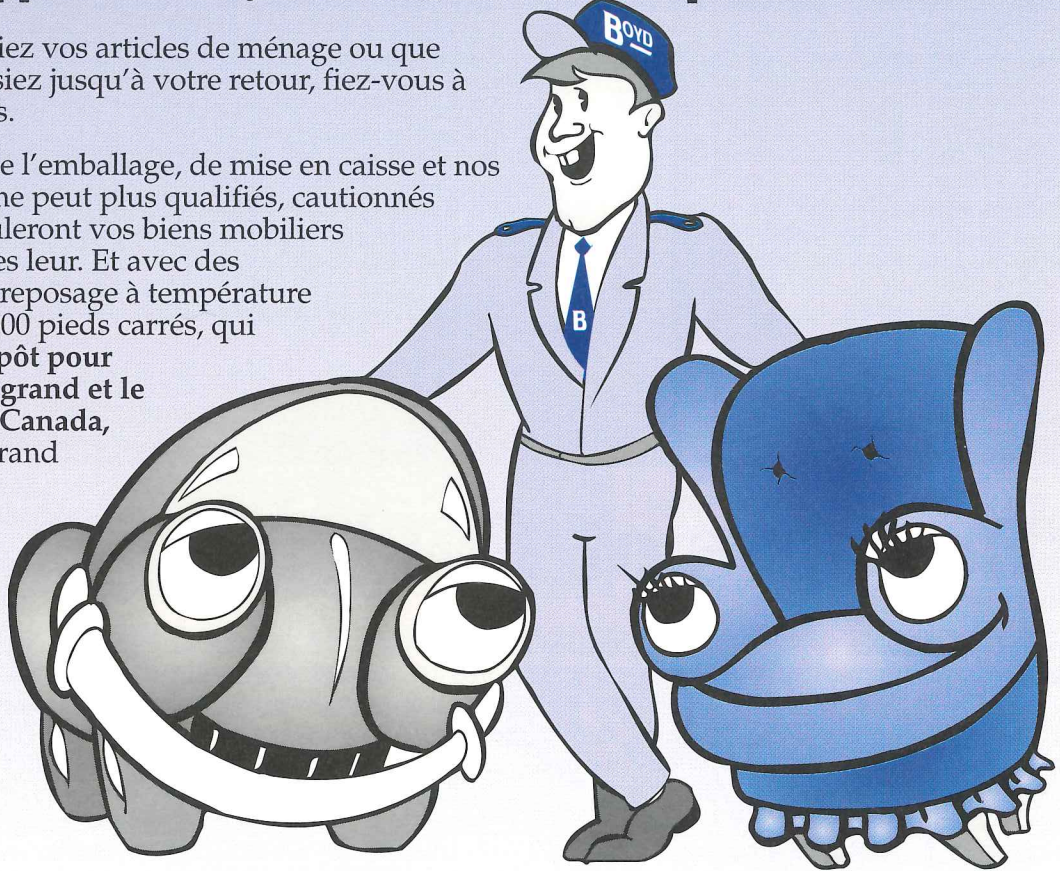
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Borders of the Mind in Africa

Story by Fred E. Haack
Photos by David Edwards

Juju became a centre piece of my life when I lived in Accra, Ghana, where I was the Counsellor, Political and Economic Affairs, at the Canadian High Commission.

On my first day on the job, I was introduced to the Canadian staff and to the locally engaged employees. I mentioned that we would get to know each other through our work, but that I hoped that they would be my teachers and tell me about Ghana and what it was like to live in the country that was known in colonial times as the "Gold Coast." I was searching for the African perspective on the events of daily life in order to get a real appreciation of what it meant to be a Ghanaian.

My day at the office usually began by scanning the local newspapers. One day, I

noticed a headline story with a picture of an uprooted tree. The journalist explained in the lead column that over the weekend the spirit of the tree had returned and moved the tree.

*"Do you believe
in witches?"*

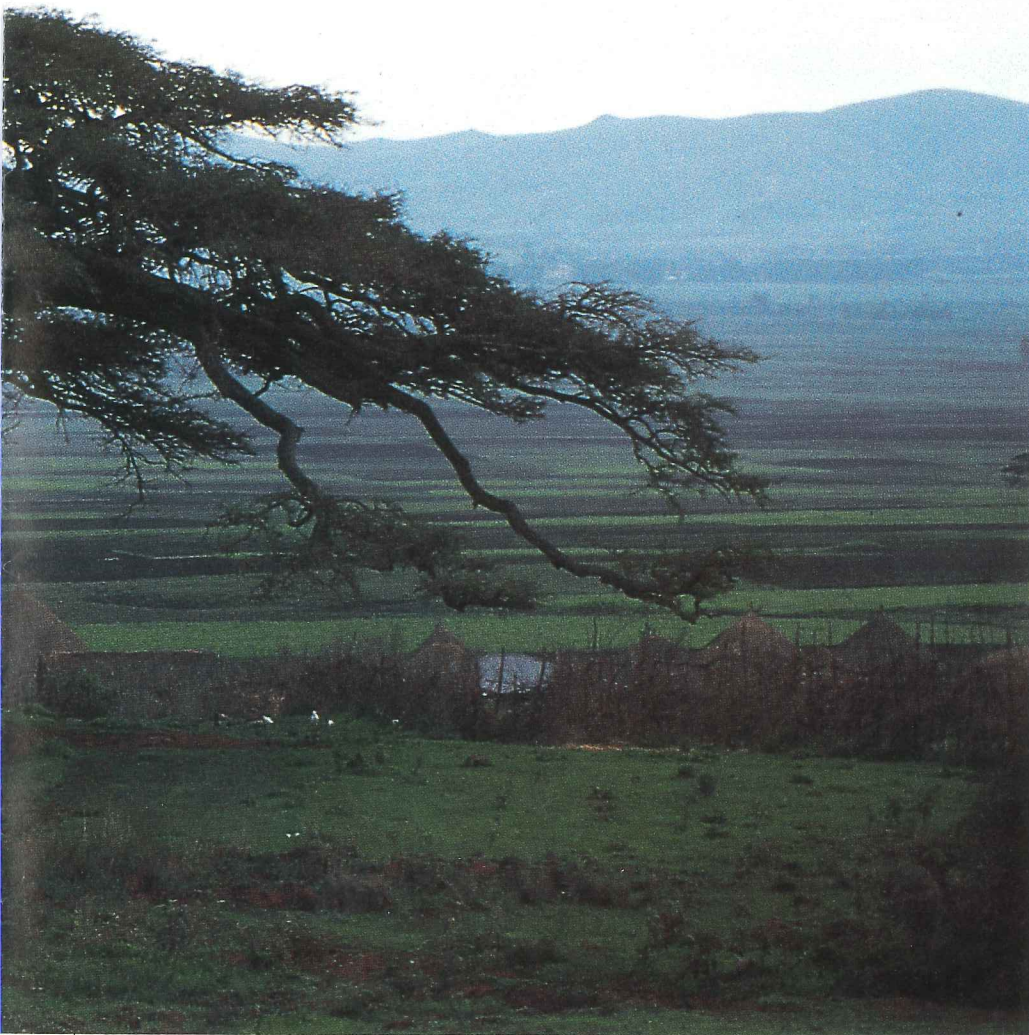
I got up from my chair, left my office and went down to speak about this newspaper article with the locally-engaged Commercial Officer. "Perhaps the women of the town chopped off some of the branches of the tree,

thus altering the balance. Perhaps the rock under the tree acted as a fulcrum, thus shifting the trunk and making it move," I remarked to Martin. I compared the tree to a playground teeter-totter. When one of the two children gets off the teeter-totter, the empty end flies up. Forces cause things like trees to move.

Martin chuckled in disbelief.

My first response was one of incredulity and smouldering anger. I felt I was not being taken seriously.

Back in my office, I concluded that there was no need to insist that I was right. I was in Africa and I was the one who had told the staff that it was their responsibility to teach me about the local circumstances. The lesson learned: "the spirit moved the tree." On second thought I pondered: "Really, how far-fetched is Newtonian physics?" I concluded that my belief system had been



I understand witchcraft as sorcery, a web of beliefs and practices. Its purpose is to manipulate nature for the benefit of the witch or the witch's client. As a Foreign Service Officer, however, I have to be able to provide a rational explanation of the world around me. I do not believe there are people in this world that can change the laws of nature.

"Can I take the liberty to show you not only that witches exist but also that witches fly?"

The Commercial Officer continued his interrogation. "What book is the best-seller of all time?"

"The Bible."

"And do Christians believe the Bible is the word of God?"

"Yes," I answered belatedly.

"And does the Bible refer to witches?"

"Yes," I answered, smilingly, as I felt I was being nudged into an intellectual corner.

Sensing he was winning the argument, Martin continued. "Who is the most popular writer in the English language?"

challenged, but I remained sceptical about Martin's faith in magic.

About a month later Martin returned my visit to his office. After the usual niceties had been completed he asked, "Are you superstitious?"

"No, I'm not," I replied. "My grandparents were staunch believers in the supernatural. My parents did things like never walking under ladders and throwing salt over their shoulders to ward off bad luck. On Friday the 13th, my sister never tempts fate. I am the first person in my family to adopt scientific rational thought."

Martin pressed the conversation. "Do you believe in witches?"

I have thought about it, as I expect most westerners have. Some scholars put forward the idea that witchcraft was a way of dealing psychologically with the all-powerful Christian church of the Middle Ages. In the eastern United States, witches may have been people who could not tolerate a strict Calvinistic dogma yet needed a belief system.



"Shakespeare, of course," I answered.
"Now did Shakespeare, the greatest writer in the English language, believe in witches?"
"Yes," I smiled.

"Can I take the liberty to show you not only that witches exist but also that witches fly?"

It was about 10:00 p.m. one evening and I was about to go to bed. The telephone rang and it was Martin. "You remember our conversation about witches? I know it's very late but, if you would like, I can come over and pick you up in my car and drive to the golf club, a short distance from your place. There's a vista near the 10th hole where one can have a good view."

"A good view of what?" I inquired.

"I would like to show you that the witches are flying."

I agreed to Martin's proposal.

A short time later I sat in Martin's car, overlooking a valley that was situated a short distance from the Accra Golf Course.

Martin pointed to a large silk-cotton tree. With little need for imagination, I saw an

illuminated light rotating round and round the top branches of the tree. The witches were flying.

Stunned, I mumbled something on the way home, still upset at what I had witnessed. That night I lay in bed not wanting to believe what I had seen. I tossed and turned, highly disturbed, until dawn signalled the beginning of a new day.

For the next few weeks, I spent my evenings in the British Council library examining references dealing with the African supernatural. Then I turned to the Annual Reports of the early missionaries, going back in some cases, over a hundred years. Finally, I found the explanation I was looking for.

The following morning I walked confidently into the Commercial Officer's office.

"Let me explain how witches fly," I said.
"The silk cotton tree is the tallest tree in the tropical rainforest. During tropical storms, therefore, it becomes the point of contact for lightning. There is a bolt of lightning. The silk cotton tree is struck and catches fire. The bark burns. There is a chemical change.

Phosphorous is created in the ashes. Large birds, like eagles and kites nest in the burned-out branches of the tree. The phosphorous rubs off onto their wings. At night the birds fly, circling the nest in the tree. Moonlight shines on their wings, making them glow. From a distance of about three miles all one sees is this moving light, moving round and round the top of the silk cotton tree," I concluded, with pride. As an afterthought I said, "What one sees is a bird flying, not a witch."

There was a polite silence. Then Martin broke into a wide grin. "The moon set last night was at 8:00 p.m.," he replied. You saw the witches at midnight. There was no moon.

Fred E. Haack has served with CIDA, ISTC and EAITC as a Foreign Service Officer. He spent twelve years in Africa (Tanzania, Zambia, Egypt, Sudan and Ghana). After an assignment at the International Trade Centre in Saskatoon, Mr. Haack joined the Export Controls Division at EAITC. He is currently writing a book about his experiences in Africa.



Une promenade au marché de Pultusk

par Anne Leahy

La place du marché en début d'après-midi est encore en activité. Il y a bien quelques gens qui marchandent avec les vendeurs. L'air est froid, nous sommes à la mi-novembre, et le soleil est vif. Plus tard, en m'enregistrant à l'hôtel à Varsovie, j'apprendrai qu'il fait toujours soleil à Pultusk. Cela doit être ce qui attire les tolkachi russes qui s'y sont installés et essaient d'écouler leurs bibelots. Qui peut bien vouloir cette ferraille et ces stylos en plastique?

Pultusk est une petite ville élégante sur les bords de la Narev. Ses attraits sont une église fin XVI^e et un ancien palais épiscopal du XVIII^e siècle qui surplombe la place bordée de longues rangées de maisons transformées en commerces et bureaux. Une de celles-ci a, bien sûr, accueilli Napoléon pendant quelques jours. En traversant la place déserte la veille, le conducteur m'avait fait remarquer que les agents de police que nous apercevions étaient là surtout pour surveiller les voitures depuis que les 'étrangers' étaient plus nombreux à Pultusk. Comme ailleurs, les réseaux de trafiquants se sont multipliés.

Les russes se tiennent par petits groupes autour de réchauds et derrière leur marchandise débballée pêle-mêle sur les pavés ou installée sur de petites tables. Leurs voitures et vieux bus stationnés sur la place servent d'entrepôt et probablement à autre chose. Ils ont l'air chez eux, emmitoufflés, la cigarette aux lèvres. Les palabres avec d'éventuels preneurs se font en russe.

Ces gens étaient peut-être les mêmes qui sont arrivés à Varsovie voici déjà deux ans et qui ayant épuisé leurs possibilités et la patience des habitants ont poursuivi leur chemin, s'enfonçant dans la campagne. Combien de temps encore dureront-ils ici? Ce sont des hommes et des femmes, pas tous jeunes, qui tentent leur chance. Un compagnon allemand qui flânait avec moi au marché m'a fait remarquer qu'après la guerre, ses parents avaient fait exactement la même chose pour reconstruire leur vie.

Anne Leahy a été affectée à Bruxelles, Moscou, Paris et Yaoundé (où elle était Ambassadeur). Elle est Directeur-général, Groupe de la Planification des politiques, AECEC.

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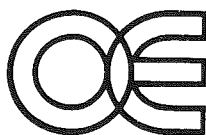
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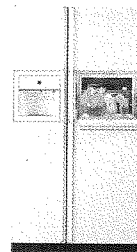
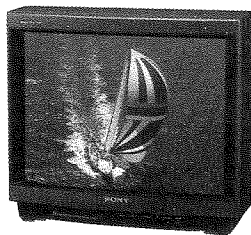


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Update on FS Restructuring and Foreign Service Directives

by Peter Cenne

The Departments of External Affairs and Public Security are currently working with Treasury Board on a plan to restructure the Foreign Service (FS) group from two to four levels. The general objective of the exercise is to provide a meaningful opportunity for career advancement by allowing progression into higher pay bands. These higher pay bands would presumably extend to levels as high as 75 to eighty thousand dollars. Such a classification design would be comparable to other groups in the Public Service which have senior positions extending to these levels (i.e. Commerce Officers, Economists).

PAFSO is being briefed on the plan and fully expects an opportunity to provide meaningful input prior to final decisions being made. For this purpose, a committee of PAFSO Executive members has been tasked to review all aspects of Management's plan as they are presented. At this stage many important issues remain to be addressed. Therefore, it is difficult to evaluate whether the proposed revisions will benefit the general membership. In the interests of all members we will continue to pursue these matters to ensure that membership concerns are fully addressed and taken into account.

The Treasury Board, in consultation with individual Departments, has the legislative authority to implement a new classification plan without PAFSO's agreement. Normally, this authority only extends to the classification plan itself and not to the establishment of pay bands which are subject to collective bargaining. Current restraint legislation, however, has removed our ability to negotiate rates of pay meaningfully as Treasury Board may unilaterally establish new salary bands relating to a revised classification plan. Once established, these pay rates would remain in effect until the restraint legislation expires in April 1995. Obviously, the timing of FS restructuring raises particular concerns given the legislative suspension of our collective bargaining rights.

Notwithstanding the legal restrictions, PAFSO is attempting to ensure that membership interests are reflected should FS restructuring proceed toward implementation. In this regard, PAFSO is seeking assurances that no member will suffer financial disadvantage as a result of restructuring. As a minimum, this

means that all members are salary-protected within the pay range they currently occupy. Current FS-1s and 2s may, therefore, progress to the maximum of their current pay bands unless they are promoted into a new level having a higher maximum rate of pay. In addition, the creation of a four level system must not further restrict the possibilities of upward career progression. Time in grade must be significantly reduced or eliminated. Finally, a restructured FS group must provide increased possibilities for promotion to higher levels with corresponding and meaningful increases to the compensation package.

Foreign Service Directives

Members should be aware that the Triennial Review of the Foreign Service Directives has been completed. An information package was sent by general distribution telex to all missions detailing the various changes. It is recommended that all members familiarize themselves with the new provisions to avoid potential difficulties when submitting their claims. Some of the major changes to the directive include:

- a provision to extend the repayment of posting loans in situations involving early termination of posting when such a repayment would cause financial hardship;
- increased amounts claimable for authorized child-care expenses;
- the payment of transportation costs for a PMV (private motor vehicle) shipped directly from a manufacturer to a local dealer at the employee's post;
- a provision for a non-accountable incidental relocation expense of 1800 dollars per relocation and an additional accountable expense of 600 dollars for car rental outside Canada while awaiting arrival of a PMV or on departure following the disposal of a PMV. Members should also be aware that separate accountable provisions exist for other expenses that were previously covered under the incidental relocation clause;
- the reimbursement of GST levied on expenses relating to real estate and legal fee claims made in accordance with FSD 16, as well as reimbursement up to 300 dollars on fees charged for a structural inspection of a new dwelling;
- in addition to spousal assistance previously provided (i.e. payment of professional fees required for job certification),

additional expenses up to 350 dollars per relocation for professionally prepared curriculum vitae;

- a complete waiver of rent share in situations when a spouse does not accompany a member to post as a result of education or employment reasons;
- inclusion in the FSD's of provisions concerning the reimbursement of fees associated with Lycée Claudel education in Canada. Although this does not change the taxable nature of this benefit, it ensures that the provision cannot be unilaterally changed by the Employer;
- a new provision relating to FSD 45 — Foreign Service Leave Option. This new provision allows a trade-in of 10 days of Foreign Service leave in exchange for a transportation entitlement equal to 85% of full fare economy, mission-to-Ottawa return. The entitlement may be split up as many times as desired, provided it is fully used within the same fiscal year. This provision may be used for most forms of transportation. The entitlement does not reimburse the expenses incurred for travel by PMV or by first class air. To ensure the entitlement is exhausted, the Department will require that receipts be submitted on one claim for all travel taken within the fiscal year; and
- a new provision relating to FSD 50 — Foreign Service Travel Assistance. FSD 50 now provides a choice between the fully accountable travel entitlement which had previously existed and a non-accountable allowance equivalent to 90% of full fare economy, mission-to-Ottawa return. If the non-accountable provision is chosen, the Department may request some proof that the individual has left post (i.e. hotel or gas receipt, airline/train ticket, etc.). A requirement still exists to take 10 days of leave within the fiscal year, however, it may be split over shorter periods of time provided that at least five days of leave are taken on one occasion.

Members are advised to consult the appropriate authorities within their Department prior to incurring major expenses. Members are also encouraged to consult PAFSO to ensure that appropriate interpretations are provided.

Peter Cenne is Executive Director at PAFSO.

The D-Day Dodgers: The Canadians in Italy 1943-45 by Daniel G. Dancocks: McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1992, 508 pp., \$24.95.

Reviewed by W. (Bill) A. Dymond

In the Persian Gulf in 1991, Canadian soldiers, sailors and aircrew went to war for the first time in almost forty years. Now there are 1,200 Canadian battle-ready soldiers in Somalia engaged not in peacekeeping but peacemaking. There are two infantry battalions and supporting units in Croatia in an operation which may grow before long into peacemaking. After a long period of peace and peacekeeping, Canadians may increasingly find themselves involved in armed conflict. Daniel Dancocks' account of the role which Canadian forces played in the Allied campaign to liberate Italy is a timely reminder of the military prowess latent in the national soul.

The late Daniel Dancocks is best known for his books on the Great War, *Sir Arthur Currie, Legacy of Valour: The Canadians at Passchendaele* and *Spearhead to Victory*. Like those, *The D-Day Dodgers* is crisply and elegantly written, deftly weaving the story of individual units and soldiers with an account of the strategic considerations which governed the fighting. Its narrative of some of the units involved reads like an atlas of Canada; the Vancouver Seaforths, the Loyal Edmontons, the Saskatoon Light Infantry, the Lanark and Renfrew Scottish, the Three Rivers tanks, the West Novas, the Cape Breton Highlanders. Regiments who fought in WWI, the Princess Pats, the Royal Canadians and the Royal XXIIInd, the famous vandoos, were also there.

Dancocks' account of how Canadian forces came to fight in Italy is the familiar tale of conflicting objectives, confusion, and inspired muddle and compromise which characterizes our history. Canadian troops arrived in Britain in December 1939, destined to join the British army in Belgium. When the British were driven out at Dunkirk, the Canadians were the only fully trained and equipped troops available to resist the anticipated invasion. By the winter of 1940, there were two divisions of Canadian troops in England. While Canadian aircrew in the RAF and RCAF fought the enemy in the sky and the navy was fully engaged in the desperate opening stages of the battle of the Atlantic, the army trained and trained and trained. Apart from the disastrous Dieppe raid, it seemed destined to spend years without fighting. Lionel Shapiro of the *Montreal Gazette* joked that this was the only army which had a higher birthrate than death rate.

Public opinion in Canada and in the army itself clamoured for action. Mackenzie King and the Army commander, General MacNaughton were determined to preserve the army for the invasion of France, fearing that its employment in some other theatre would give it a subordinate role under British command. Colonel Ralston, the Minister of Defence, convinced King to send at least part of the army to join the Italian campaign. Playing on King's fears — to be borne out in late 1944 — that massive casualties in Northern Europe would generate a second conscription crisis, Ralston argued that the Italian campaign would give Canadian troops valuable experience and a role in liberating Europe at a modest casualty rate, and so the Canadians embarked for Sicily.

Landing in 1943, the Canadians fought their way across Sicily, and growing to two full divisions and an armoured brigade, up the Italian boot to reach the Po valley in 1945. The name "D-Day Dodgers" coined by the notorious Lady Astor in a letter to a British soldier, was applied to all Allied troops in the Italian campaign and deeply and justifiably resented. It reflected the reality that the Italian campaign was a sideshow pending the Normandy invasion. When D-Day came, the Italian campaign became increasingly starved of resources and dropped almost entirely from public view.

In this campaign, as in the campaigns of the Great War, Canadians became the shock troops on any front where they fought. The Germans knew that the presence of Canadian troops meant an attack. Army commanders devised elaborate deceptions to conceal the movement of Canadians to a new front so that the Germans would not rush reinforcements to the threatened sector. In 1945 when the Canadians left Italy to join the First Canadian army in Holland, the move was shrouded in secrecy to prevent the Germans from relaxing in Italy. From 1943 to 1945, over 92,000 Canadians served in Italy and over a quarter became casualties including more than 5,000 dead of the some 40,000 Canadians who died in WWII.

The D-Day Dodgers will be troublesome reading for some Canadians. It is a story of the horror and carnage of war and the loss of young life — hard news for a country accustomed to a long, if uneasy, peace. It is a story of military skill and superb fighting qualities by volunteer forces that vanquished the best the enemy had to oppose us — hard news for a country that wears its peacekeeping skills as a badge of honour. But most of all, it is a story of heroism — hard news for a country which makes a national sport of denigrating its heroes. Doubtless *The D-Day Dodgers* will attract the attention of

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those determined to suppress any feeling that Canadians harbour that heroism, courage and the ability to make war, when war must be made, are an indelible and treasured part of our heritage.

W. (Bill) A. Dymond is currently the Canadian Ambassador to Brazil.

Making a Difference? Canada's Foreign Policy in a Changing World Order edited by John English and Norman Hillmer, Toronto, Lester Publishing, 1992. Paperback \$16.95.

Reviewed by Dan Livermore

In December, 1991, an all-star line-up of academics, NGO leaders, government specialists and political leaders met in Toronto at a conference marking the sixtieth anniversary of the Statute of Westminster. This book, edited by two widely respected historians of Canada's external relations, is the product of that conference.

Following a preface by the editors and an introduction by Mrs. Barbara McDougall based on her key-note address, this anthology contains eleven essays by prominent

Canadian academics which look at sixty years of an independent Canadian foreign policy and its current prospects in a changing world order. A loosely-interpreted slogan — "making a difference?" — is the organizing theme, which the contributors have chosen to address from different angles.

For the orthodox purveyors of Pearsonian statecraft, the issue is whether Canada over the past six decades has made a positive contribution to the wider world — to the evolution of the UN (Sewell), to the development of peacekeeping (Granatstein), or the emergence of Francophonie and the modern Commonwealth (Thérien and Doxey). To others, schooled in more "what's-in-it-for-us" realist traditions, the issue is influence. When did Canada cease to have any real leverage in NATO (Bercuson)? How does one account for the demise of the Atlanticist ideal (Nossal)? Some of the essays are sweeping in time-frame and general in their diagnoses (Bothwell on Canada/USA relations). Others are microscopic examinations of pivotal issues (Bercuson on NATO in the early 1950s).

One can quibble at the margins with arguments and evidence, and with some of the conclusions. But these are good essays, the stronger ones (Bercuson, Nossal, Cooper) outnumbering the weaker contributions. This is a book that will command a small

and dedicated audience of professional practitioners, and attract virtually no attention from the wider Canadian audiences.

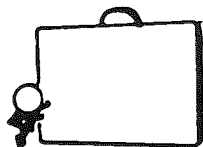
All of which raises the main problem about both the conference and the book — its limited success in tackling the current and future agenda and in raising the newer issues about Canada in the world of the 1990s.

Where, among the contributions, do we have an author sufficiently adventurous to try to situate Canada in today's world order? Where is the examination of Canada's trade policy options in a book published virtually in the shadow of the FTA debate? Where are the contributions of the business community and the NGO leaders, who have something to offer on our record and prospects in the fields of trade development, investment policy, or development assistance? Where are the essays which take the traditions and values which have shaped our policies and measure them against the tougher realities of the years to come? Where, in short, are the contributions which reflect in Canada the debates now under way in every major country about adapting to the end of the Cold War and the realities of globalization?

Despite the title of the conference and the broader discussions in Toronto, the balance of the volume is heavily retrospective, historical and traditional. There are minimal linkages to current issues and emerging ideas, especially in the economic domain, which will constitute the core of Canadian foreign policy in a changing world order.

In 1931, Canada stumbled into its foreign policy independence. For the balance of a "low, dishonest decade," we spent more of our time resisting the international arena than we did championing our newfound freedom. When we discovered foreign policy, in the so-called "golden age of Canadian diplomacy," it was more an attitude of mind or an intrinsic disposition than a clearly-articulated sense of international interest. We have now lost the luxury that victory in the Second World War and the stalemate of the Cold War had allowed us. Even in the niche markets in which we prospered — peacekeeping or the UN — there are new competitors, hungry for a slice of the action.

Sixty years after Westminster was a good time to take stock. It marked an era now over. The UN peacekeeping, or NATO are issues still with us, but the underlying realities are now fundamentally different. Global balances of forces have been abruptly altered, and Canada's ability "to make a difference," either to the world or for ourselves, has changed with it. Globalization has become a new catch-word, and the economic agenda is pressing. How relevant our traditions will be to the new world order and what Canadians require to prosper and survive are critical



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questions which need to be addressed, not only by the academic community but also by a wider Canadian constituency whose insularity will soon be punctured by a more intrusive international environment.

This useful, and at times provocative, volume succeeds in assessing the last sixty years. We now need a companion piece, situating Canada in a newer era in which the harder realities of our foreign policy independence are coming home to roost.

Dan Livermore has been posted to New York, Santiago and Washinton. He is currently Director, Policy Planning Division at EAITC.

L'Empire et les nouveaux barbares par Jean-Christophe Rupin, Éditions Jean-Christophe Lattès, 1991, 00 pp., \$00.00.

par Anne Leahy

Depuis Rome, le monde a toujours eu besoin de barbares. Depuis la chute du mur de Berlin, il nous faut en trouver de nouveaux. C'est ainsi que dans nos grands pays, certains considèrent qu'à la menace idéologique soviétique s'est substituée celle que semble constituer la puissance économique du Japon.

Dans son ensemble, le monde dit civilisé est aujourd'hui fortement préoccupé par son propre bien-être et n'a que peu de patience pour ce qui se passe ailleurs, à moins que ce ne soit pour régler un problème ponctuel. Cet 'ailleurs' est délimité par le 'limes', tel que désignaient ainsi les Romains la limite qui séparait leur empire du reste du monde. Le 'Nord' a développé une idéologie du 'limes' pour se préserver : tel est le propos de *L'Empire et les nouveaux barbares* de Jean-Christophe Rupin.

Le monde civilisé y verrait son intérêt de tenir séparés les deux mondes « de peur que la barbarie de l'un ne compromette la civilisation de l'autre. » Les réactions différenciées des pays civilisés devant les tragédies qui se déroulent sur divers continents (Guerre au Libéria, massacre dans le Timor oriental, guerres ethniques dans le Caucase et les Balkans), semble accréditer la thèse de l'auteur selon laquelle, pour se prémunir des menaces du monde sous-développé, le Nord entretient une morale de l'inégalité et que la démocratie, le développement et le Droit s'arrêtent au limes. Au-delà, le monde se divise en : états-tampons dont il est important d'assurer la stabilité (p.e. le Mexique, la Turquie, la Chine); les comptoirs, qui ont un intérêt stratégique ou commercial (p.e. Afrique du nord ou Singapour); et la « terra incongita » sans intérêt (p.e. Libéria et Somalie).

Selon l'auteur, la stabilité du limes dépend du maintien de l'équilibre militaire le long du limes, de la nécessité de se garantir des dangers lointains et de la conduite d'une diplomatie de l'inégalité. La guerre du Golfe serait une illustration de ce besoin de construire une zone de stabilité entre le Sud et le Nord. La thèse développée dans le livre nous fait réfléchir sur le principe un peu fané d'inter-dépendance. Est-il vrai que la sécurité de nos pays passe à tout prix par l'abandon de nos principes hors les murs? La force de l'opinion publique attachée à des valeurs humanitaires combinée au pouvoir des média et qui a accrédité la notion du devoir d'ingérence, et ce dans un pays de la « *terra incognita* » — la Somalie —, sont des facteurs d'influence que nos gouvernants ne peuvent ignorer. Pourtant l'heure des bilans viendra et tout compte fait, il se pourrait que le principe qui veut que 'charité bien ordonnée commence par soi' l'emporte. Toutefois, la rapidité des transformations politiques de ces pays lointains est un autre facteur qui fait que les schémas si attrayants soient-ils, ont plutôt la vie courte de nos jours.

Les observateurs français sont généralement plus sensibles que les nord-américains à l'évolution des pays en développement. Ayant encore à subir les conséquences de leur

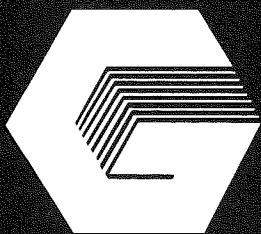
présence coloniale en Afrique, ils sont plus avertis aux sentiments de frustration (déjà récupérés à profit par certains intégristes) ressentis par plusieurs pays qui se sentent marginalisés des systèmes internationaux. Le regard cynique que pose Rupin sur le 'Nord' et les États-Unis en particulier, se rapproche de la vision de ceux, tel Alain Joxe qui souhaitent que l'Europe puisse se distinguer des États-Unis dans son regard sur le monde.

L'approche analytique de ce livre est forcément Euro-centrique et le discours sur les barbares ferait probablement sourire les Chinois. Il serait intéressant de connaître la réaction d'observateurs africains sur le sort qui est dévolu à leurs pays. Daniel Etounga-Manguelle (L'Afrique a-t-elle besoin d'un programme d'ajustement culturel?) et Axelle Chabot (Et si l'Afrique refusait le développement?) deux auteurs qui appellent les Africains à faire leur propre transformation y verraient peut-être de l'espoir là où nous voyons le cynisme.

Anne Leahy a été affectée à Bruxelles, Moscou, Paris et à Yaoundé (où elle était Ambassadeur). Elle est Directeur-général, Groupe de la Planification des politiques, AECEC.

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The French Quarter by Ron Graham, MacFarlane, Walter & Ross, 313 pp., \$27.50.

Reviewed by David Anido

Ron Graham is one of Canada's most literate political journalists and *The French Quarter* is a political book with, literally, blood on the table.

As someone who attended Lennoxville's Bishop's College School in his boyhood, Ron Graham strikes one as being quintessentially English-Canadian — a son of Westmount from the top of the famous Montreal hill. What a surprise it was personally to him to discover that his maternal grandfather, who spoke in English, was actually French-Canadian descended from master carpenter Zacharie Cloutier who came to Canada in 1634.

Such an appropriate epiphany for an author with strong federal instincts provided an opportunity for a syncretic transformation in Ron Graham's life. The discovery of his *ancien canadien* inheritance now gave these instincts the ammunition to deal both personally and authoritatively with the "to be, or not to be," the yin and the yang, of Canada's most recurrent debate of unity over dissolution.

For those of us who might call ourselves "Saxophones" — Anglos, like the author, for whom an upbringing in Quebec has given a permanent empathy for latinity through fluency in the French language — Ron Graham personifies in bloodline what others have tried to absorb through culture. *Je me souviens* (the ambiguous phrase which replaced *la belle province* on Quebec's licence plates) becomes meaningful in *The French Quarter* because it recalls the culture and lineage of Quebec — not merely the political recollection of the Plains of Abraham or the indifferent racism of the Durham Report.

The author, without patronizing, can now write on both sides of the "fence" to champion the context of Canada as a nation of cultural mixtures whose destiny can lead to an harmonious sum of many proud and legitimate parts. Certainly Ron Graham can write with as much authority on the "sum" of the Confederation as someone like tribal witch doctor and Parti québécois psychiatrist Camille Laurin can write on the "part."

Of the quiet anglo-patrician life of Westmount and the Eastern Townships of Quebec, where Anglo wealth was once evident in stately country homes with French-Canadian nannies and thoroughbred horses; boarding schools with imported British masters and chaplains; and baronic names like Molson, Redpath, Webster and Price; Ron Graham recalls his times in the company of

the great Canadian legal intellectual and poet, Frank Scott.

"(Frank and Marian Scott) had introduced me to another sort of wealth, based upon intelligent friends, frequent laughter, lethal martinis, sagging shelves of books, Marian's paintings, and big ideas."

It has been the practice of many of Quebec's Anglo and Jewish writers and academics — Ralph Gustafson, Mordecai Richler, Ronald Sutherland, Morley Callahan, Hugh MacLennan — to articulate the "big idea" of the positive aspects of Canadian Confederation from home bases in Quebec (Montreal, North Hatley, Sherbrooke). Such "intellectual diplomacy" has usually taken the impassioned view (often only in unilingual terms) that Canada is not Canada without Quebec and vice-versa.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the tracks, the "other solitude" dreams of greener pastures led by the undemocratic false prophets of the Front de libération québécois, and by the legitimate democratic commitment of many artists, academics, intellectuals, le Parti québécois and le Bloc québécois. Ron Graham, with the newly discovered power of his bicultural advocacy, leaves no doubt as to his vision of a united Canada. His advocacy is to be more than windmill-tilting; it is to be a Vraclav Havelesque belief in the unity of a Canadian dichotomy — whatever may happen...

On the subject of the language law Bill 101 the author states that "intellectually and emotionally I felt a profound sense of betrayal." The preposterous invention of Quebec's "language police", which developed from the Laurin-inspired Bill 101, and the use of the collective word "allophone" ("other" in Greek) for non-anglo, non-franco, inhabitants of Quebec enables the author to argue towards a resolution of relationships instead of the creation of a third or more solitudes in Canada.

"Bill 101 demonstrated an authoritarian, even totalitarian disregard for individual freedoms and minority rights."

But bicultural advocacy in Quebec must take into account the very real pride in being francophone and québécois, and legitimate fears for the future of *le peuple*. History has been a guide — *je me souviens*. French patriots had forsaken *les anciens canadiens* when British power reigned supreme. Lord Durham, perhaps the second *maudit anglais* (after General Wolfe), had triggered the ultimate defiant response to denigrating a culture — the testament of François Xavier Garneau (*Histoire du Canada*). For some, the Roman Catholic Church's paternal protection led to agrarian cud-chewing while the mercantile Anglais pulled the switches of power. For others, the *roi nègre* policies

of British rule were part of the protective foundations of modern Quebec giving illusions of liberty of language, culture, religion and the Napoleonic code that duped Georges Étienne Cartier to accept Confederation as a step forward — but which were, in reality, a cultural Trojan Horse.

So how does Ron Graham deal with the issue of the cultural threat to *notre pays* surrounded by a sea of anglo/allophones? Is not the independence of Quebec, in a world of many states with "protected" national cultures (Japan, France, Scotland, Israel), the answer to an inevitable dilution of *la francophonie* in a plural, English-speaking North America — despite growing Hispanic influences? Even *la revanche du berceau* is now the mandate of others — immigrants from many distant shores speaking English for communication and livelihood, if not for love.

In answer, Ron Graham provides an honest assertion of his anglo-federalism with the equally honest plea that Québécois frustration with a crypto-colonial past and the clumsy present of the Meech Lake and Charlottetown Accords should lead to a real federal conciliation.

"My federalism ... is not the prejudice of those who hate the sight of French on cereal boxes or long for the much-delayed assimilation of French Canadians. Nor is it the weakness of those who preach concession after concession in the hope of appeasing the nationalist beast ... I do not want Quebecers to leave Canada, and I do not think they must."

As Canada's soul lies temporarily in the ditch at the exit from a recession; a decade of a government's rule that has sacrificed the cultural dimensions of the arts and humanities on the one-dimensional altar of deficit reduction at all costs; and a fear of a changing world leaving Canada on the periphery of a new global market economy; Ron Graham's *French Quarter* is a personal testimony to how blood-lines interact positively with upbringing and environment. His personal discovery of a "remembered past" gives stimulus to advocate a "conciliatory future."

In August, 1992, from Way's Mills (an eponymous hamlet of 19th century anglo-mercantile history in Quebec's Eastern Townships) he writes of the *foi et hommage* he owes his French Canadian ancestors — albeit in "an English accent." "Now I, too, had a family duty." His advocacy of a proud and modern "French Quarter" within the Canadian family (which is only Canadian because of the French Quarter) is Ron Graham's positive testimonial.

The book must be read to see how deeply personal and political is its author's timely advocacy of faith amid the temporary confusion, mediocrity and spiritlessness — yet evident

promise and overdue reenlightenment — of Canada today. *Je me souviendrai.*

David Anido has a Ph.D in Asian/Pacific Studies, and has been posted to Rome and Tokyo with the Department of External Affairs and International Trade.

A Rich Broth: Memoirs of a Canadian Diplomat by David Chalmer Reece, Carleton University Press, 1993, 221 pp., \$00.00.

Reviewed by J.H. Taylor

This book can be read with interest and amusement both by those who are familiar with the Foreign Service and those who are not. Those familiar with diplomatic life will enjoy the opportunity to compare notes; those not familiar with it can find out a good deal about what the life is like. "What do you actually do?" is a question people in the Foreign Service are often asked. The question is understandable. Diplomats are few in number. At any one time, those of them not struggling with "in" baskets in our isolated capital are somewhere abroad. Whereas in most communities doctors, lawyers, business executives and teachers are near enough

and numerous enough to be known quantities, diplomats tend to be known only by hearsay, as people who follow an unusual, even eccentric, occupation. For the general reader, David Reece's memoirs, leavening as they do substance with light-heartedness, are a painless way of seeing the diplomatic profession in better perspective.

The author was born in Winnipeg in 1926 and grew up there. He studied at the University of Manitoba before and after serving in the Navy in 1944-45. Pursuing further studies in Law at Cambridge, he was called to the Bar of the UK in 1951. He joined the Department of External Affairs the following year, and served abroad in India (twice), Malaysia, Germany, Britain, Trinidad, Ghana, Jamaica, Zambia and Malawi, as well as at the United Nations in New York and the MBFR talks in Vienna. He retired in 1990 after 38 years' service, including five appointments as Ambassador or High Commissioner.

David Reece's career reveals a great deal about the Foreign Service as it became during the rapid expansion of the postwar generation. But his was by no means an average career. Apart from anything else, it was and is rare for an officer to serve five times as the head of a diplomatic mission.

It is clear that he preferred to serve abroad. This may seem an odd observation, since

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people who join the Foreign Service presumably do so in the first place because they want to serve abroad. But circumstances change, and as Churchill is supposed to have remarked to an officer who expressed a preference for serving at home, "Ah yes: power is at the centre!" Certainly the cafeteria legend — whether or not it is borne out by statistics — is that promotion comes faster to those who stay at home, whereas "les absents ont toujours tort". Yet service abroad has powerful compensations, and these were attractive to David Reece: the satisfaction of doing what he had signed on to do; the chance to be his own boss; and the pleasure — instantaneous communications notwithstanding — of keeping headquarters at a distance. The references to Ottawa in these memoirs are few and most unflattering: "chicken feed" dismisses one home assignment; and at the end of his career "stodgy memories of past jobs" in a city "too cold [and] too full of civil servants" led the author to prefer retirement near Kingston, Ontario.

It is clear also that David Reece preferred bilateral to multilateral diplomacy, and liked the assignments that allowed him to pursue this preference. This too was not necessarily the fashionable option. Multilateralism runs deep in Canadian diplomacy, and the so-called "Golden Age" of '40s was associated with it.

The author acknowledges that he was drawn to the service by the accomplishments of this period; and as a young officer, he was trained by some of its finest representatives. But multilateral work at the United Nations, when he had his taste of it in the late 1960s, did not appeal to him greatly, nor was it likely that his four years as ambassador to the glacially-paced MBFR talks would have changed his mind. "How did you stand it?" he reports Mr. Trudeau as inquiring. The author's final reflection on this aspect of his experience is realistic but bleak: "Much multilateral diplomacy is very labour-intensive and often provides meagre returns for great effort." Bilateral diplomacy was his choice. Toward the end of the book, he describes a typical day in his life as an ambassador — in this case, drawing on his time in Jamaica. This section not only neatly answers the question, "What do you actually do?" it reveals David Reece happily and constructively employed at the kind of work he liked best.

In the preface to his book, the author excuses himself for adding to the pile of diplomatic lives. He need not have been so modest: the number of books that belong in the same category as these memoirs is still relatively small. It is true that most of the great figures of the Golden Age have either written their own memoirs, or had their biographies

published, or both. One distinguished member of that generation has said flatly, "There never was a Golden Age." Whether one accepts such demolition or not, the kind of career that figures in books on men like L.B. Pearson and Norman Robertson was a thing of the past by the time David Reece entered the service. What is striking, indeed, about his career is that the greater part of it was spent in the developing countries of the Commonwealth, which only Escott Reid of the previous generation would have known from the direct experience of having served there.

In this sense, these memoirs invite reflection on the remarkable process by which Canada, geographically isolated in North America, built up a set of world-wide connections in the space of a few postwar decades. This was only yesterday, yet Canadians have assimilated the experience almost without noticing how remarkable it was. At the outset of the period of de-colonization, Canada had almost no interest of the traditional kind in the developing world, except in the Caribbean. Yet suddenly — not because of interests, but because of the historic accident that we had been a French and then a British colony — the country acquired a set of potential ties with all the former members of the two largest colonial empires in the world: ties, if we wished to develop them, with 90-odd newly sovereign states. The work David Reece describes in his memoirs is part of the history of how these ties were developed.

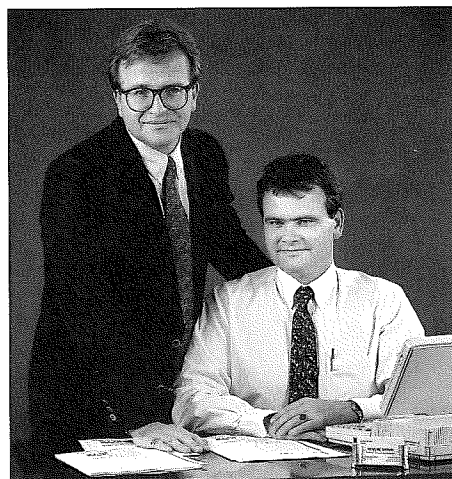
Reflections of this kind are rare in these memoirs, however. As their author observes, he has not written a textbook. He proceeds chronologically and anecdotally, giving full play as he goes to that ridiculous edge of international life on which diplomacy often seems to teeter. David Reece's rich broth of characters includes all the Canadian Prime Ministers from L.B. Pearson onwards. They are glimpsed in these pages along with Commonwealth greats like Indira Gandhi and Kenneth Kaunda and many others, all described with the sympathy and detachment of an experienced observer. When he had to, the author was obviously capable of playing the role of "Mr. Ambassador" to the hilt, with all the zest of a man who regrets that he has but one liver to give to his country. But he never suffered from delusions of ambassadorial grandeur, and the eye that casts its look back in these memoirs twinkle with quizzical amusement.

J.H. Taylor was ambassador to NATO from 1982 to 1985; Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs from 1985 to 1989; and ambassador to Japan from 1989 to his retirement in 1993.

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Another assignment for Aalto

As Aalto entered Wing Fat's Hunan beanery late one evening in July, he spotted his old friend Myron Singleway of Personnel, sitting hunched over a bowl of noodles and sweating profusely. "You have to watch old Wing Fat's Ground Chili Chao Mian," the ace said to his perspiring friend, "it can really wring you out."

Singleway looked up blankly, recognized Aalto, looked confused, mopped his brow and then realized what he was talking about. "That's not from the noodles," he said glumly, "that's just from trying to figure out how to assign these last six officers coming home this summer. I've lost my notes, the DG has the files, and if I don't come up with a solution by morning, they'll use me to fill that opening in Kinshasa."

"We don't have a post there anymore," noted Aalto. "Exactly," retorted Singleway. "So give me the details," said the logician, pouring himself a cup of Iron Dragon tea from the pot on the bar.

Singleway handed him a table with the numbers 901 through 906 at the top. "All six officers happen to be in town this week to talk about their assignments, and these are their room numbers along one corridor in the Hotel Ultimatum. All I can remember about their cases is on this list." And he showed Aalto the following:

- (a) Dalek, the political officer, arrives on September 2.
- (b) Forth gets in on August 9 and is assigned to IMU.
- (c) The officer from GENEV in Room 906 is going to ABM.
- (d) Cyr from CNGNY is going to RBT.
- (e) The administrative officer from SEOUL is between Adams and the officer going to PNR.
- (f) One division needs an officer on August 16, and an officer is arriving in town that day.
- (g) LSR needs an officer on August 2; he will arrive in town four days earlier.
- (h) The legal officer, the officer going to JLO and the trade officer from WLGTN are in adjacent rooms in that order, left to right.
- (i) The consular officer from ADDIS arrives on August 17, while his neighbour Ekles the multilateral specialist arrives on August 5.

- (j) The division getting the officer from BRSLA wants her on September 6, while Boyle is needed on August 30.
- (k) The divisions getting the officers at the ends of the row have asked for them by August 3 and August 23.
- (l) The maximum possible number of divisions get officers on the day they requested, and the total number of days late for the six officers is as low as possible.
- (m) No officer arrives two weeks or more before his reporting date.
- (n) By coincidence, no-one is assigned to a geographical division that covers his/her current post, or to a functional division making use of his/her specialty.

"Well," said Aalto, "I can certainly see why you regret having abandoned the old

dart board method, but I think I can work things out for you." Which he proceeded to do. Can you duplicate his feat by filling in the table with the name, functional specialty, current post, next HQ assignment, arrival date and requested reporting date for each room at the Hotel Ultimatum? While you're at it, can you explain why they want the officer from Brasilia to report to work on a public holiday?

Born in pre-revolutionary Tannu Tuva and raised by Patagonian missionaries on the Zambezi, free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto now commutes between Hell (Norway) and Paradise (Pennsylvania). This puzzle is dedicated to his own assignment officer, Bruce Jutzi (who has never needed Aalto's help).

Room #	901	902	903	904	905	906
Name						
Specialty						
Post						
Division						
Arriving						
Requested						

STATE OF THE STATES: Answers

STATE	COLOUR	PARTY
A GRENZ	GREEN	GREEN
B ERSATZ	BLUE	RENEWAL
C HITO	RED	RENEWAL
D ARMORICA	BLUE	RENEWAL
E DONGEN	YELLOW	LIBERTARIAN
F INVICTUS	RED	CONSTITUTION
G JIHAI	YELLOW	LIBERTARIAN
H FORMALDO	RED	RENEWAL
I BINGEN	BLUE	CONSTITUTION
J CALTROP	YELLOW	LIBERTARIAN

The anthem of state A is "The Green Green Grenz of Home".

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