

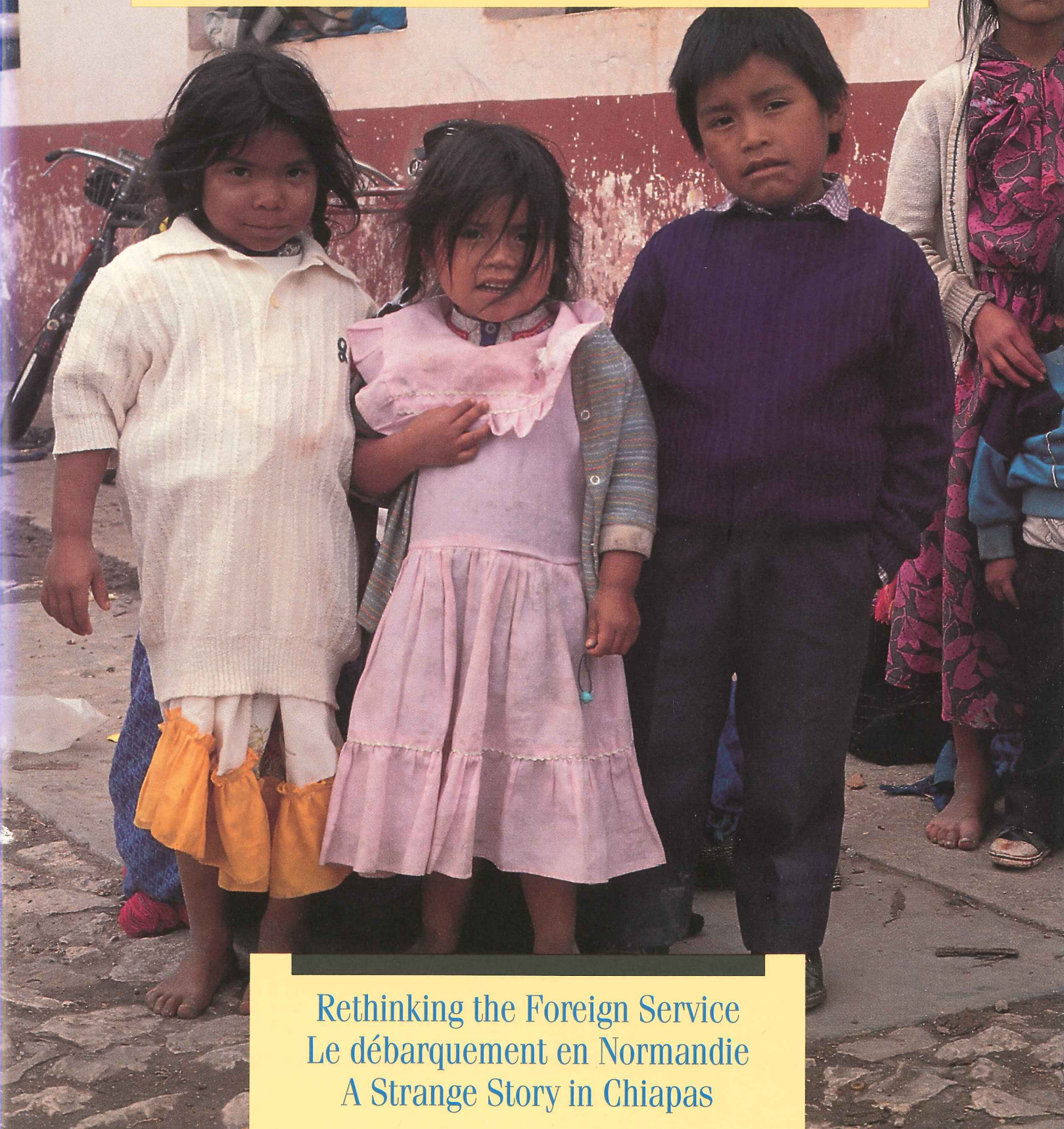
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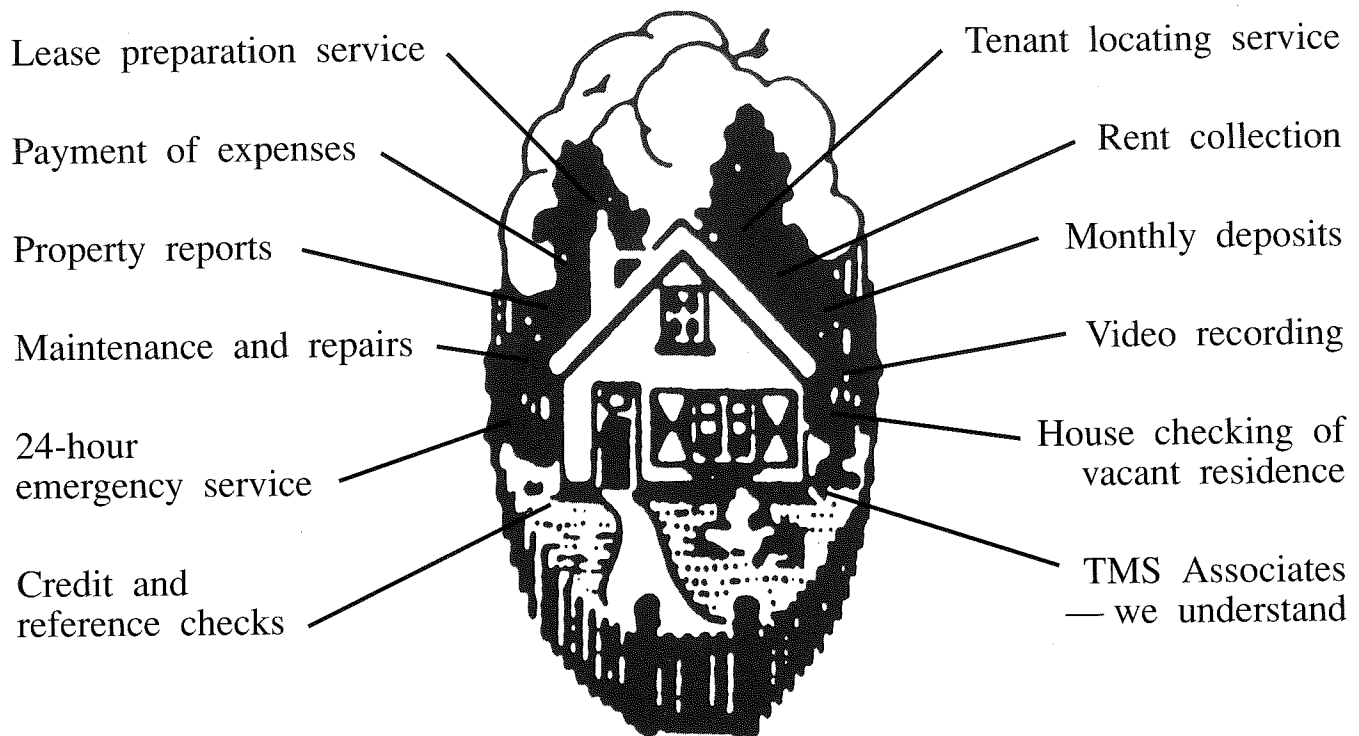
Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

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Rethinking the Foreign Service
Le débarquement en Normandie
A Strange Story in Chiapas

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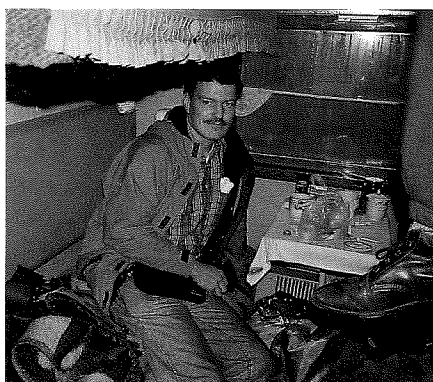
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Our cover photo this issue is by Nick Coghlan, page 34.



David Edwards aboard the Trans-Siberian, page 36.

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Editor's Notebook / Carnet du rédacteur

*So you're interested in writing for **bout**?
Well, here is our complete
guide for writers and
the fabulous sums we pay.*

The second edition of the year of **bout de papier** brings the usual kaleidoscope of articles from around the world on the front lines of the foreign service. Of particular interest in light of the foreign policy review, this edition features four articles on "Retooling the Foreign Service of Tomorrow". Glen Bailey's re-engineers the Canadian foreign service, Peter MacArthur benchmarks the Australian Foreign and Trade Ministry, and Daryl Copeland carpet bombs No Frill Diplomacy from New Zealand. Thanks to the kind permission of *Panorama*, we have reprinted the table on foreign services around the world to give a comparative perspective.

We are continuing our efforts to solicit more articles from our readers. This edition sees the end of columns by regular contributors. Laurel Pardy will no longer be writing **Pardy's Corner** and I no longer will monopolize the so-called humour column.

Some Very Foreign Affairs. I know many readers enjoyed Laurel's wit and observations over the past years and **bout** owes her a debt of gratitude for being such a regular and welcome feature. We will miss her. I know as well I enjoyed reading my article and I will miss myself too.

So you're interested in writing for us? Following are the main categories of contributions we love to receive.

Features: We usually publish seven to eight feature articles per issue and we now try to gather two or three which have the same theme. The features should be a first hand account of the foreign service in action, either recently or from a historic perspective. It can cover trade promotion, immigration, political/economic reporting, multilateral negotiations, electoral assistance, development assistance, etc. A feature should be accompanied where possible with photos. The average length is 2,500 words (12 pages double-spaced).

Commentary: This is usually an article on management/personnel/organizational issue related to the management of the foreign service. The average length is 1,300 words. (6 pages double-space).

Vignettes (soon to be called Vignettes from the Global Village): This should be a short personal (not policy-related) tale about an interesting, humorous or serious incident which happened to you overseas. Maximum length is 1,300 words.

Tales From Far and Wide (soon to be called Travel to Far and Wide): This is our feature travel article which should give details of an exotic locale and be photographic in content. Length is from 1,500 to 2,000 words.

Book Reviews: We like to have reviews of books dealing with international economic and political issues; Canadian foreign, trade, military, security and immigration policy; Canadian politics and biographies; life in the foreign service, etc. Length 500-1,300 words.

Some Very Foreign Affairs: A humorous, satiric piece of life and management in Canadian foreign service. Length 1,300 words.

Entertainment: Any type of puzzle along the lines of A Aalto puzzle.

We would especially encourage our French-speaking or French-writing colleagues to put in our articles in French as we are dismally failing to publish an edition equally in the two languages or even representative of the two official languages.

And finally, a special congratulations to James Trottier who has won the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA) Award for best article in **bout de papier** in 1993. In addition to the prestige and honour and cheap congratulations from the editor, the Award is worth 500 dollars. So there is another motivation to write for us!



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Tout contenu © APASE, 1994. **bout de papier** est une publication trimestrielle de l'Association professionnelle des agents du Service extérieur, pièce 600, 45, rue Rideau, Ottawa, Canada K1N 5W8 (613) 241-1391, Téléc (613) 241-5911. Les opinions exprimées dans **bout de papier** ne sont pas nécessairement celles de l'APASE.

Articles

Manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, preferably on WP 5.2 3 1/2" diskette, with a short biographical note about the author(s). Features are normally around 2,500 words. **bout de papier** publishes all articles in their original language. Send articles to **bout de papier**, c/o PAFSO (see address above). Manuscripts acceptés à double espace, de préférence sur WP 5.2, disquette 3,5", accompagnés d'une brève notice biographique sur l'auteur. Les articles comptent habituellement environ 2500 mots. **bout de papier** publie tous les articles dans leur langue d'origine. Envoyer les articles à **bout de papier**, a/s APASE (voir adresse ci-dessus).

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Editor:

I wish to thank you for sending a copy of the Fall/Winter 1993 edition of **bout de papier**.

As a former diplomat and ambassador, I certainly appreciate receiving a copy of this impressive magazine which undoubtedly provides insight into not only life in the foreign service but also the making of foreign policy.

Thank you once again for this information.

Michel Dupuy
Minister of Communications

*Look what happens when you don't write letters to **bout**. We use space fillers. So write and tell us what you think.*

Editor

Regardez ce qui se passe lorsque vous ne nous écrivez pas. Nous inventons des trucs inutiles. Donc, écrivez-nous et dites-nous ce que vous en pensez.

le rédacteur

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Winning Article for RHOMA Award

We are pleased to announce the winner of the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA) Award for the best article written by a PAFSO member in Volume 10.

James Trottier has won for his article **World Conference on Human Rights** published in Volume 10 No. 4.

The Selection Committee also wished to make Honourable Mention of two other articles. These go to **Daryl Copeland** for his article **Devolution and the Desk Officer** and **Bernard Dussault and Marc Cousineau** for their article **Profession : Fonctionnaire d'ambassade** published in Volume 10 No. 3.

The members of the Section Committee were William Barton, Yvon Beaulne and Geoffrey Pearson. The Committee particularly stressed the diversity of subject matter and approach in its review of descriptive and policy articles, poetry, photo essays and book review.

The Editor and members of the Editorial Board of **bout de papier** congratulate the winner and honoured contributors, and remind all members of PAFSO that we continue to welcome contributions to the magazine reflecting our life and how we see the world.

Article gagnant du Prix de l'ACMR

Nous sommes heureux d'annoncer le lauréat du Prix de l'Association des chefs de mission à la retraite (ACMR) décerné au meilleur article rédigé par un membre de l'APASE dans le volume 10.

James Trottier remporte le prix pour son article **World Conference on Human Rights**, publié dans le volume 10, n° 4.

Le Comité de sélection tient également à décerner des mentions honorables à deux autres articles. Ces mentions vont à **Daryl Copeland**, pour son article **Devolution and the Desk Officer**, et à **Bernard Dussault et Marc Cousineau**, pour leur article **Profession: Fonctionnaire d'ambassade**, publié dans le volume 10, n° 3.

Les membres du Comité de sélection étaient William Barton, Yvon Beaulne et Geoffrey Pearson. Le Comité a souligné en particulier la diversité des sujets et des approches dans son examen d'articles narratifs, d'articles de fonds, de poésie, d'essais photographiques et de critiques de livres.

Le rédacteur en chef et le Conseil de rédaction de **bout de papier** félicitent le lauréat et les titulaires de mentions honorables et ils rappellent à tous les membres de l'APASE que nous continuons à accepter des contributions au magazine qui reflètent notre vie et notre vision du monde.

Le débarquement en Normandie le 6 juin 1944

Le 6 juin 1944 les Alliés de la seconde guerre mondiale marqueront la cinquantième anniversaire du débarquement en Normandie. En hommage aux anciens collègues qui ont participé à cette grande bataille, nous republions un poème écrit par Michel Gauvin, OC, CVO, DSO, lieutenant du Régiment de la Chaudière à Southamptton pendant l'embarquement de la flottille le 5 juin. Démobilisé mars 1947 comme major, Michel Gauvin est entré aux Affaires extérieures où il a suivi une carrière distinguée, incluant les postes d'Ambassadeur en Éthiopie, Malgache, Somalie, Portugal, Grèce, Maroc et la Chine populaire.

"D-1"

À mon ami Jean Saint-Jacques,
lieutenant au Régiment de la Chaudière,
mort au champ d'honneur le 16 août 1944.

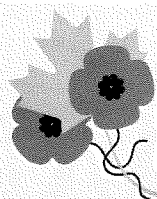
Midi vingt-quatre
Mille drapeaux aux mille couleurs
Féerie... Fête champêtre
Képi kaki, balaclava, bérêt marin blanc, bleu, calotte,
bérêt basque
Tuniques aux galons dorés, battle dress, denims
Officiers, soldats, marins, débardeurs
Un jazz
Un engin qui s'essouffle
Un talon de fer sur la passerelle de fer
Un cri
La charge de munition qui sonne sourd en tombant
dans la cale
Un sifflet... une locomotive qui rentre
Un sifflet... une locomotive qui part
Un penny qui roule à l'eau
La vague qui s'écrase sous la coque
Le grincement de fer d'une grue mécanique
Les ballons au-dessus de nos têtes qui dansent au bout
du câble
Un navire qui prend la mer
Une cheminée qui crache une fumée rose
Une T.S.F. qui chante à pleins poumons un jazz nouveau
Les hommes de l'assaut vivent inconscients
Celui-ci dort à la chaleur du soleil, le torse déjà brun
anonyme, pour seule individualité... une plaque d'identité
au cou
celui-là, oui celui-là avec la tuque grise, plus nonchalant
que les autres, une cigarette sur le coin de la gueule,
qui relève continuellement une mèche trop longue
de cheveux
Ceux-ci, sales, pas rasés, la chemise ouverte,
les manches relevées, en train de couper le pain blanc

avec leurs mains noires
ceux-là, à genoux près d'un tas de pennies,
jouant leur solde
Cet officier, la calotte en abat-jour, la pipe au bec,
un livre à la main;
celui-ci un roman grivois
celui-là, la Bible
Et cet autre, plié en deux, le cul dans un trou de cordage
les pattes plus hautes que la tête, en train d'écrire.
On descend dans les barges
On monte sur les quais
Les véhicules dorment sous les filets de camouflage
Fantassins, canons, chars d'assaut, marins, commandos,
Anglais, Canadiens, Français, un Chinois, deux Nègres,
tous pareils.
L'eau.
les bateaux, petits et grands
les ballons contre avions
les hommes pêle-mêle
les mille drapeaux aux mille couleurs
tout n'est plus qu'une masse...
On crie pour se libérer... on ne s'entend même plus
Tout est confus
Mêlée
Tout ce qui demeure n'est plus qu'un continuuel
et sourd murmure fait de mille bruits qui se perdent...
Seule identité... le numéro du craft...
Landing Craft Tank 716.

Minuit vingt-quatre
Couché sur mon safari, je grille une cigarette
Tout semble dormir
Plus que le roulement d'un wagon sur les rails
le voisin qui ronfle
le clapotement de l'eau
La flottille est assemblée dans le port
Collées épaule à épaule comme des soldats avant l'assaut,
les barges pointent toutes vers la mer
Les courts mâts blancs se tiennent en ligne
tels les croix blanches d'un cimetière, la nuit
Les ballons argentés font la garde au-dessus de nos têtes
Leur nez brille, et cette pâle clarté leur donne un visage
Bercés par le vent au bout de leur câble, ils regardent
à gauche, à droite, pointent vers le sol, puis s'élancent
vers les étoiles dans une tentative de rompre l'attache
Leur élan se brise à la longueur du câble
Celui-ci, au-dessus de ma tête, plus énergique que les autres
Ses piqués ne cessent pas, son courage ne faiblit pas...
ses efforts font mal au coeur
Je voudrais le laisser partir libre comme l'oiseau
Mais non!
C'est là sa part dans la machine de guerre
Comme tous ces soldats anonymes, sans individualité,
perdus dans la machine eux aussi, se confondant
dans le tout

— O Romains, c'est bien une guerre unanimiste que celle-ci
 Tout ou rien
 Sans autre âme que l'âme commune
 Victimes du moment
 Emportés dans la tempête
 Soumis à la force aveugle
 Inconscientes parcelles d'un tout
 Déterminés à n'être rien de plus que la partie infime
 d'un tout
 Abnégation.
 Attitude sublime
 Amour au-dessus de l'Amour
 Détachement complet...
 Tout peut vivre
 Tout peut mourir
 Une concentration d'artillerie
 Un bombardement aérien
 Même un tout petit morceau d'acier au bon endroit,
 et s'en est fini des efforts, de la volonté
 Rien ne dépend plus de soi
 Tout est accident
 On ne parle plus que de groupes de masses
 La plus basse unité n'est qu'une réunion confuse
 de mille âmes
 Rien n'existe par lui-même
 Ce bateau ne compte pas mais cent...
 Un canon ne peut rien mais mille...
 Un homme n'existe pas mais cent mille...
 L'héroïsme n'est plus possible
 Où sont les Chevaliers d'autrefois, ces héros uniques,
 qu'on leur offre la même part pour voir quelle grimace
 ils vont faire
 en échange de l'immortalité de leur nom,
 celui du grain de sable sur la plage infinie
 Mais non!
 L'héroïsme n'est pas dans les gestes mais dans l'attitude...
 C'est la foi qui fait le héros comme l'intention le péché
 Ils ne sont pas tous beaux ces soldats;
 beaucoup ont le visage façonné au moule de la laideur
 vice, passion, bêtise...
 dans un geste gratuit
 dans un instant de complète abnégation
 à travers des contradictions, des inconséquences,
 de l'imperfection, de la cause...
 l'homme en saisit intuitivement l'essence
 nue
 amère
 sévèrement belle
 Il accepte de ne pas comprendre la loi humaine autrement
 qu'en s'offrant en victime
 Il dit oui devant la fatalité
 Il se laisse sombrer sans plus résister dans le courant
 de la vie
 pour qui la mort n'est qu'un acte nourricier
 Tout sera pardonné en un moment
 peut-être demain
 notre visage deviendra beau, passionnément beau
 lorsque notre corps, dernière preuve d'égoïsme, se perdra
 dans la nuit éternelle. /

Michel Gauvin
 Berth 46
 Southampton, 5 juin 1944



**LE CANADA SE SOUVIENT
 CANADA REMEMBERS**

Le Canada se souvient

« Le Canada se souvient » est le programme national et international dont l'objectif est de marquer le 50^e anniversaire de la fin de la Seconde Guerre mondiale, et de faire en sorte que la participation du Canada à la guerre soit honorée comme il se doit. Le programme a pour objectif d'encourager les Canadiens à se souvenir de ceux qui se sont ralliés à la cause du rétablissement de la paix dans le monde pendant la Seconde Guerre mondiale.

Le logo

L'entrelacement des trois éléments, deux coquelicots et une feuille d'érable, symbolise l'unité et la force du Canada jaillissant de la loyauté, du dévouement et du sacrifice de ses citoyens. La feuille d'érable représente le pays, le Canada; le coquelicot au premier plan se veut le symbole des Canadiens qui ont participé aux combats outre-mer et qui, dans nombre de cas, ne revinrent pas; l'autre coquelicot, derrière le premier et la feuille d'érable, représente le rôle essentiel de soutien des épouses, des époux, des enfants et de tous ceux qui sont restés au Canada. Ces trois éléments forment un lien, une unité et une force qui propulsera le Canada à l'avant dans l'avenir.

Renseignements

Pour plus de renseignements généraux, veuillez appeler au : 1-800-268-1333.

Canada Remembers

Canada Remembers is Canada's national and international program aimed at commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of the Second World War, and ensuring that Canada's participation in the war is appropriately honoured. The Canada Remembers programme will encourage Canadians to remember those who rallied to the cause of restoring world peace during the Second World War.

The Logo

The intertwining of the three elements, two poppies and a maple leaf, symbolizes the unity and strength given to Canada by its people's loyalty, dedication and sacrifice. The maple leaf represents the country Canada; the foreground poppy is representative of those Canadians who joined the battle overseas and, in many cases, did not survive; the second poppy, behind the first poppy and the leaf, portrays the vital and supporting role played by wives, husbands, children and all those who stayed in Canada. The three together form a bond, a unity and a strength that will carry Canada forward into the future.

Information

For more information please call the Canada Remembers Commemoration Committee at 1-800-268-1333.

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The Charmer by / par Fred Haack

Oswiecism

par Bruno Picard

Pour les gens de ma génération, les villes de Berlin, Postdam, Dresden et Nuremberg tirent une bonne part de leur triste célébrité des événements dont elles furent le théâtre au cours des cinquante dernières années. En visitant l'été dernier ces lieux aujourd'hui redevenus libres et paisibles, nous voulions en quelque sorte, mon épouse et moi, mieux comprendre l'Histoire récente de l'Europe dont les plaies ne sont pas encore toutes refermées même si la construction européenne s'efforce de les panser. C'était sans compter sur la réalité encore bien vivace de la « petite histoire » de ces millions d'individus qui ont vu leur vie bouleversée, voire anéantie, durant cette période révoltée.

Au départ, nous savions que notre voyage à travers cette époque ne saurait être complet sans la visite d'un camp d'extermination nazi. Après avoir visité les villes allemandes citées plus haut, visite dont la relation ne présenterait ici que peu d'intérêt, nous sommes donc parti vers Cracovie et sa région, là où, sous le ciel bas de cette pauvre région boisée d'Europe Centrale, les barbares ont voulu cacher et faire disparaître leurs crimes...

Non seulement ils n'ont pas réussi à le faire lors même des événements qui ont marqué à jamais ces lieux, mais, encore aujourd'hui, au moment où l'on franchit la route qui mène de Cracovie à Oswiecism (Auschwitz), la présence des millions d'enfants, de femmes et d'hommes anéantis en ce lieu se révèle progressivement au voyageur, se fait réalité, et devient plus persistante jusqu'à devenir insoutenable. Ils sont bien là... présents dans les éléments. On a le sentiment qu'il y eût en ces lieux tant de souffrance humaine que tout y est encore imprégné des odeurs, des cris, des pleurs, du désespoir des victimes. En effet, à mesure que l'on s'approche du lieu, la gorge se noue, le silence s'impose de lui-même, l'horreur se révèle. Après avoir franchi une cinquantaine de kilomètres, nous sommes arrivés dans un lieu d'apparence banal où nous avons posés des gestes tout aussi banals. Pourtant, nous étions bien arrivés à Auschwitz-Birkenau, berceau de l'industrialisation de la mort.

Nous avons garé la voiture au parking attendant au centre d'accueil des visiteurs venus du monde entier soulever un coin du voile de pudeur posé sur ces lieux. Lieu dépouillé que ce centre d'accueil où déjà la visite s'amorce, toute empreinte de vérité simple et crue. Toutefois, ce n'est qu'en sortant de ce bâtiment que, brutalement, l'on pénètre dans le camp. C'est alors que, sous le ciel gris et froid, même par une journée d'été, le visiteur aperçoit pour la première fois les bâtisses méticuleusement alignées, les miradors, les barbelés, le crématoire dont la vue soudaine saisit l'être tout entier. Pour plusieurs, il est clair que, même cinquante ans après les faits, la seule vue de la dure et crue réalité de cette machine à anéantir conçue par les nazis est toujours insoutenable. Nous n'avons pas fait exception à la règle.

Jamais lieu aussi sobre n'aura été capable de révéler avec une telle éloquence son horrible et cruelle histoire. Et pourtant, tout n'y est que silence et nudité. Silence respectueux du visiteur ayant perdu tous ses moyens devant la cruelle réalité de ces briques qui

ont tout vu et qui racontent. Nul besoin de guide ni d'affiches, l'horreur se fait envahissante et devient réalité: ici une valise portant encore les noms des déportés, là une simple camisole d'enfant. Point n'est besoin d'entrer dans les détails. Ce n'est pas du cinéma, ce n'est pas une réalité livresque, ce n'est pas non plus de la propagande.

Et cette maxime posée au dessus de la grille d'entrée du camp n'a rien perdu de son incroyable cynisme: « *Arbeit macht frei* ». Elles sont bien libres maintenant ces millions de victimes innocentes qui auront vécu l'enfer avant la mort sans avoir connu, pour plusieurs, les joies simples de la vie. Elles avaient commis le terrible « crime » d'être, pour la plupart, juives, et d'habiter l'Europe de 1939. Oswiecism fut pour nous la rencontre silencieuse avec la « petite histoire » de ces millions d'individus broyés par la grande Histoire qui n'aura eu de grand que la première lettre de son nom.

Bruno Picard est un conseiller à Bruxelles. Il a eu des affectations à Rabat, Guatemala, et Le Caire.



Arbeit macht frei.

La saga des certificats de naissance et de citoyenneté

par Jean Prévost

Donner naissance à l'étranger, ou tout au moins dans les pays dont les conditions sanitaires sont adéquates, peut s'avérer une expérience riche en anecdotes.

Mon épouse Cécile avait donné naissance à notre premier garçon, Samuel, à Baie-Comeau, qui était la ville de son enfance. À l'époque (1982) encore une petite ville peu connue sur la Côte Nord, elle (la ville, pas mon épouse) deviendrait rapidement connue un jour pour avoir engendré un Premier Ministre des plus controversés. Mais là n'est pas le but de mon propos, puisque les historiens sauront bien juger un jour (l'ex-PM, j'entends, pas mon épouse).

Ayant accepté un poste à Mexico en 1985, alors que Cécile était encore enceinte de six mois, nous eûmes à décider si elle demeurerait au Canada ou si elle opérerait pour l'une des nombreuses cliniques de Mexico. Après tout, cette ville ne voit-elle pas naître plus d'enfants que tous les hôpitaux canadiens réunis? Et demeurer au Canada à l'automne, seule dans un appartement n'était pas la solution, d'autant que notre aîné, alors âgé de trois ans, déplaçait de l'air.

Après nous être dûment renseignés auprès du médecin du poste, qui nous rassura sur le professionnalisme des soins disponibles sur place, nous optâmes pour le « beau risque » (non, pas celui de René Levesque concernant le petit gars de Baie-Comeau — l'ex PM, pas notre fils Samuel), c'est-à-dire de venir à Mexico y compléter la grossesse et accoucher.

Tout se déroula à merveille, le hasard ayant voulu que nos effets personnels arrivent au moins une bonne semaine avant l'accouchement, ce qui permit à Cécile de se changer les idées en déballant, tâche emballante s'il en est, la multitude de boîtes contenant les accessoires de bébé et autres menus articles dont tout ménage a besoin pour survivre.

Je passe par-dessus les émotions que nous eûmes à vivre le jour où « l'enfant s'annonça » et qu'il nous fallut nous rendre rapidement à l'hôpital Humana de Los Angeles (situé à Mexico, et non en Californie). Tout se déroula le plus naturellement du monde, si ce n'est que nous ne pûmes voir notre fille, Laure Élise, que 24 heures plus tard, les médecins ayant diagnostiqué « quelques problèmes, rien de grave, rassurez-vous ».

Plus d'un mois plus tard, rassuré sur l'état de santé de la mère et de la fille, et désireux d'entamer les étapes pour l'obtention du certificat de citoyenneté canadienne pour notre fille, on m'informa qu'il me fallait un certificat de naissance en bonne et due forme. Formalité normale, pensai-je alors, et qui m'ayant pris une bonne demi-heure à l'Hôtel de ville de Baie-Comeau dans le cas de notre petit gars (Samuel, pas l'ex-PM), je croyais benoîtement que la procédure serait peut-être un peu plus longue à Mexico, mais qu'avec l'aide de l'ambassade, ce ne serait qu'une formalité.

Disons qu'il me suffit de huit visites au bureau de quartier de la mairie pour obtenir ce précieux document. La première fois, je n'avais pas en ma possession tous les documents requis. La seconde, la mairie n'avait pas de formulaire de certificat de naissance. La troisième, le fonctionnaire ayant autorité de signer n'y était pas. La quatrième, il y était, mais la photocopieuse était en panne. La cinquième, la photocopieuse fonctionnait, mais on manquait de papier du bon format. La sixième, tout concordait, et il me suffisait de présenter le reçu (tiens, du nouveau, personne ne m'avait parlé de reçu avant, et quel reçu donc?) que je pouvais obtenir au comptoir des finances dans l'édifice voisin qui était malheureusement fermé, les heures de ce service ne coïncidant pas avec celles du service qui octroyait les certificats de naissance. La septième, muni du précieux reçu, je croyais sentir la victoire à portée de la main, mais il manquait un renseignement qu'on avait oublié. Les astres étant bien alignés, la conjoncture favorable, et mes nerfs reposés, je me pointai une huitième fois sans trop me faire d'illusions. On me sourit avec la gentillesse proverbiale des Mexicains et je pus finalement obtenir le nombre limite de copies légales du parchemin tant convoité, quelque chose me disant que je devrais éviter dans la mesure du possible d'y retourner à tous les mois.

En possession de ce document, mon épouse et moi complétâmes les formulaires pour l'obtention de la citoyenneté canadienne pour Laure Élise. Nous eûmes alors à faire face à une autre série d'épreuves, concernant cette fois le nom légal de notre fille. C'est que Samuel avait été enregistré au Québec, ce qui permet un certain nombre de permutation dans le choix du nom de famille, le nom de mon épouse (Bourdages) suivi du mien. C'était sans compter sur le certificat mexicain, qui inscrit obligatoirement le nom du père avant celui de la mère. Désireux de rectifier cette anomalie, nous soulignâmes que nous souhaitions que notre fille possède, à l'instar de son (grand) frère, le même agencement de nom(s). Le service de la citoyenneté de

situé sur l'Île du Cap-Breton, en Nouvelle-Écosse. « Mais vous ne pouvez pas, puisque le certificat de naissance dit ... ». Résumons nous pour dire qu'au bout de quelque mois de cet imbroglio québéco-mexicano-fédéral-néo-écossais, et de deux renouvellements de son passeport canadien temporaire, la précieuse citoyenneté canadienne fut octroyée à ma fille, dont les parents l'avaient certes fort méritée. Quant à son nom, disons qu'il dépend du côté de la carte de citoyenneté que l'on regarde.

À la naissance de Félix Antoine, en 1987, l'expérience aidant, il me suffit de ... sept visites au bureau de quartier de la mairie de Mexico. Et sa citoyenneté lui fut accordée en quelques mois seulement!

Jean Prévost travaille dans la Direction de la planification stratégique du service des délégués commerciaux. Il a eu des affectations à Tunis, Mexique, Lima et Abidjan.

The Charmer

by Fred E. Haack

The day began as usual in Accra, Ghana. I was seated in my office, going through my correspondence and reviewing my appointment schedule. Around 10:00 a.m. I realized that I had to go into town to cash a cheque at Barclay's Bank. I took a shortcut by walking through the market, filled with exotic smells and interesting sights. It was brimming with people who seemed bent on not only selling a multitude of goods but also enjoying themselves at the same time.

To my left, a Market Mammy was selling fried plantain, rice and stew, laced with red hot chili peppers. Farther along, I entered the retail section where new and used clothing was sold. I noticed that there were a large number of students, whiling away their time. I enquired and found that there had been a wildcat teachers' strike. No school today. I continued on my route.

Up ahead, there were people crowded around an entertainer. As I approached, I could hardly believe what I saw. There was a Snake Charmer and a little girl, helping him perform before a spell-bound audience. In shocked disbelief and horror, I recognized my daughter.

A small python was coiled around her leg. There was an ugly black snake crawling up her shoulder. I dreaded that it might continue and wind itself around her neck. I flinched in fear and revulsion. Linda saw me, broke into a big smile, while waving to me with her free hand.

Remembering Arnold Cantwell Smith, C.H., O.C.

*Delivered by Colin Robertson
St. Matthew's Church, Ottawa,
22 March 1994*

Today we celebrate the life of Arnold Smith, one of Canada's most distinguished foreign service officers. Ambassador to Egypt in the aftermath of Suez, Ambassador to Moscow during the Cuban missile crisis, Secretary General of the Commonwealth during the tumultuous first decade of its existence.

It has been said that Canadian nationhood was forged on the battlefields of France during the first World War. I think it can be said with equal justice that Canada achieved its place as the helpful fixer and peacekeeper of nations as a consequence of the actions of Canadian diplomats like Arnold Smith.

Arnold and his generation of Canadian diplomats were instrumental in the creation of the multilateral institutions which have preserved the peace and promoted prosperity throughout the world for half a century. His generation experienced the horrors of two world wars. They were determined it would not happen again. They were internationalists. They were the makers of multilateralism.

During the days when he was writing speeches for others, he put his creed into words for his friend and mentor, Mike Pearson, then Secretary of State for External Affairs. Arnold wrote that:

"no great society is ever defeated by outside pressures or attack, unless it first defeats itself by disintegration of its own moral standards ... the real issue, which will in the long run determine the political future and fate of our society must be faced and fought out within the minds and wills of each one of us. There is no escape from our individual responsibility and no other road to reach that goal."

As Arnold would later write in his memoir of the Commonwealth, *Stitches in Time*, he and his generation were guided by the sense of community — that our neighbourhood included all of the world and that the best way forward was through cooperation and the recognition of our common humanity. The starting point, as Arnold defined it in a speech he gave nearly forty years ago, "is the ability and willingness ...

to talk to each other ... with mutual knowledge, understanding and respect."

Diplomacy, in Arnold's view, combined four qualities: "patience and strength, prudence and vision as we move forward, steadily and relentlessly, in the search for a peace which will rest on something firmer and more lasting than force."

I knew Arnold first as my professor and tutor and, later as my friend and mentor. We arrived at the Paterson School at Carleton at the same time: he the illustrious Lester Pearson Professor of International Affairs, I the student. There was nothing aloof about Arnold and he proved as good a professor as he was a diplomat.

His tales of a crowded life were robust and entertaining. A superb raconteur, he would keep us entranced with his stories of motorcycling about the Baltic states in the years before the war and as propagandist in Estonia and Egypt during the war years.

That year René Levesque had just come to power in Quebec and there was considerable anxiety about Canada's future. Arnold took the view that Canada was Canada because it was both English and French.

Chaque fois qu'Arnold devait prononcer un discours, et devant n'importe quel auditoire, il se faisait un point d'honneur de dire quelques mots en français, pour bien montrer l'importance qu'il accordait à la dualité linguistique de notre pays.

Pour lui, il était très important que l'on comprenne les deux langues canadiennes, simplement parce que cela correspondait à la réalité du Canada.

Of all his accomplishments, he was perhaps most proud of his work in the making of the modern Commonwealth. He created the Secretariat and then guided the institution through crisis after crisis — Rhodesia, Pakistan, South Africa and elsewhere.

Arnold's teaching convinced me to do my thesis on the Commonwealth. He graciously arranged for me to observe the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting in 1977. His letters of introduction opened all doors, including that of Sonny Ramphal. These interviews gave me another insight in Arnold as administrator and manager. Everyone to whom I spoke was full of praise and admiration for his work.

One of my fondest memories is the splendid lunch Arnold gave me at the Athenaeum to celebrate the news of my entry into the Foreign Service. I had been going to visit

him and Eve at their farm in France but I had run out of money. I phoned Arnold and he said no matter, he was planning to come over to London anyways. We would have lunch.

When I arrived at the Athenaeum I was escorted up to the Library. It was intimidating. Arnold had three lessons for me that day. I was introduced not as Colin Robertson, his student, but as Colin Robertson of the Canadian Foreign Service. It was his way of marking the rite of passage and showing confidence in me.

The second lesson was to recommend a good tailor. He told me that substance was everything but that a well-cut jacket never hurt anyone's advancement.

After lunch he beckoned for the drum of Stilton — a great, massive tub. I looked at it with some trepidation. And herewith came the third and perhaps most important lesson. How to eat Stilton: "Use a spoon, scoop it up and always, but always, with Port."

Arnold instilled in me a desire to live life to the full, a life that included room for the arts and culture. Living well is the best revenge. This included developing an appreciation of Grands Crus. How I recall his scalding commentary on our provincial liquor practices.

The last time I spent any length of time with Arnold was during my posting in Hong Kong when he and Frances stopped over during their honeymoon. As Stewart reminded me the other day, he was determined his wife should see the Taj Mahal. It was obvious Frances that you had restored Arnold to his old exuberance.

And it gave me considerable satisfaction to be able to return the favour of recommending a tailor to Arnold. At dinner he delighted the children and showed his usual enthusiasm for things new as we made our way through the crowds enjoying the magic of the Chinese New Year's Lantern Festival.

Now he is gone. He is not forgotten.

We will all remember Arnold in various ways. For me the lasting picture will be of the man with the walking stick and Russian shapka atop his head. His fur coat is open and flapping in the winter wind as he marches boldly down Sparks Street.

At the end of the Sparks Street Mall there is a memorial on which is written a verse from Ecclesiastics: "All these were honoured in their generations and were the glory of their times."

It applies to Arnold and his generation.
And so we remember Arnold Cantwell
Smith:

Companion of Honour,
Officer of the Order of Canada,
Foreign Service Officer.
A Christian Gentleman and
a Good Friend.

Loved by his family, his friends
and his students.

Respected and admired by his
colleagues.

Honoured by his Queen, his
Country, his Commonwealth. 

Ralph Edwards Reynolds

Ralph served as a Flight Lieutenant in the RCAF from 1940-45. He joined External Affairs in 1950 and served in several European posts before being appointed Ambassador to Ethiopia and concurrently to Madagascar and Somalia in 1971 and in 1975 as Ambassador to Costa Rica and concurrently to Nicaragua, El Salvador, Honduras and Panama. He retired in 1985 and, after a cheerful and stout-hearted battle with cancer, died in Ottawa on February 4, 1994. He is survived by his wife, Louise, four children, and ten grandchildren. 

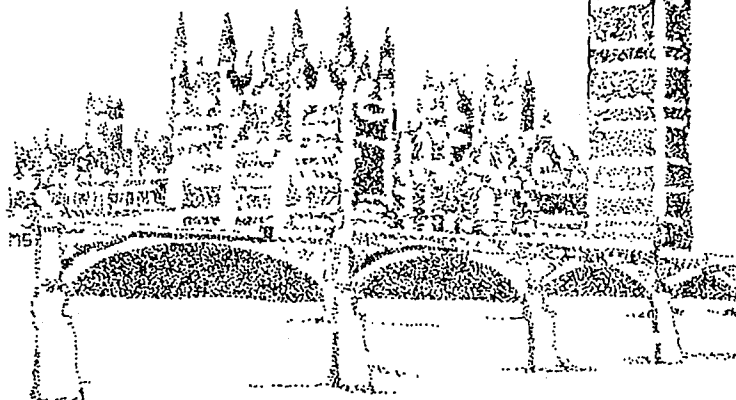
Albert Frederick Hart

Bert served in the RCAF during World War II. He joined External Affairs in 1949 and served in Eastern European posts and Ottawa before being appointed High Commissioner to Ghana, with concurrent accreditation as Ambassador to Ivory Coast, Togo and Upper Volta in 1966. In 1968 he served as Special Assistant to the Rt. Hon. L.B. Pearson when he was Chairman of the Rockefeller Commission on International Development. In 1969-71 he was Canadian Commissioner on the International Commissions for Supervision and Control in Vietnam and Laos and from 1975-76 Ambassador to Poland.

After retiring in 1979 Bert obtained a Ph.D. degree in Philosophy and lectured on the subject at McGill University. He was a gentle and thoughtful man. He died in Ottawa on March 9, 1994. He is survived by his wife Marion and two daughters. 

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PROFESSION: Canadian Foreign Correspondent

An Interview with Ben Tierney Bureau Chief, Southam News, Hong Kong

Ben Tierney has one of those rare occupations in Canada — a foreign correspondent for Canadian newspapers. Before he retired to a cottage in Scotland, Neil Reeder and Michael Welsh caught up with him in Hong Kong and were able to turn the tables on one of Canada's most respected journalists. He gives his views on his profession, his time in Asia, Canadian trade, foreign and immigration policy as well as his perception of Foreign Affairs.

bout: You're about to end your stint as the unofficial "Dean" of Canada's journalists in Asia. What were some of the highs and lows of your time here?

BT: It's been seven, almost eight years. Let me speak first about India. When I came to Asia, it was a country of such despair, so much poverty, and agonizingly going through one upheaval after another. But in the last few years it has been throwing off that old post-war socialism and joining the rest of the world economically. And all the while, it has maintained the democracy it's had since independence. It's been a very tumultuous brand of democracy, but India's experience has shown that big, cumbersome, hard-to-manage third world countries can have democracy. Not a perfect democracy, but one that works. India to me is a big under-reported story, particularly if you compare it to China.

bout: Why is that?

BT: China is in some respect the obverse side of India. China is charging into economic reform whereas India is tiptoeing. China is not prepared to take the political steps that India took way back in 1946-47 to set democracy in place. As (Canadian) Ambassador Bild said, "China is rushing headlong into economic reform with no clear plan for political reform, even though

that is an inevitable outcome of economic change." I'm very pessimistic about China. I know a lot of businessmen will disagree with me. They still see the possibility of selling a billion widgets. I see a very, very big bang coming to China.

*India's experience
has shown that
big, cumbersome,
hard-to-manage
third world
countries can
have democracy.*

bout: The conventional view is that China does not want to repeat the mistakes of the Soviet Union by promoting political reform before economic reform.

BT: I think the Chinese have not only learned from the Soviet experience; they have been panicked by it. As for that particular comparison, I don't think it's a question of "first we do political reform and then we do economic reform." I think they go in tandem. Economic reforms mean colour TV and VCRs and that means contact with the outside world. And contact with the outside world leads to demands for everything the outside world has, including democracy and civil rights.

bout: Some analysts suggest that before June 4th, 1989, the world looked at China through rose-tinted glasses, blind to its faults. Since then, the world is using a microscope; now the world expects too much of China.

BT: There's something to be said for that. After June 4th, everybody jumped on the

"Let's punish, China" bandwagon, which was not realistic. Others said "Let's not get into something that we're only going to have to change a couple of years down the road" which has in fact happened. I don't think the world is being very tough on China at all. The world is handling China with kid gloves. I think that when we talk about human rights, we cannot allow people to say "it's an internal matter." Human rights are a global concern.

bout: How far can the international community go in insisting on observance of human rights?

BT: I recognize you can carry pressures and standards to impractical levels to the point where they become counter-productive, such as the American debate about renewing China's Most Favoured Nation (MFN) privileges. But I think that the pressure has to be on China all the time. There's a marvellous opportunity coming up with the Olympic games in the year 2000. China wants them, for its own reasons, and I think that the world has the right to say "Well, you're going to have to show us that China's the kind of place where we want to hold the Olympic Games." One thing that will be key: China must let in journalists regardless of their political views or writings in the past.

bout: Have we touched a nerve here?

BT: I was one of the few journalists not allowed to go to Beijing to cover the Asian Games. The Olympic Committee should know that the Chinese prevented journalists from covering the Games because of what they had written before on completely different subjects. The Committee should demand that those conditions not be in place if China gets the Olympic Games.

bout: A little closer to home, any thoughts on Hong Kong?

BT: That, in a way, is the saddest story I've covered in the last eight years. When I came

here in mid-1985, Hong Kong was on a high. London and Beijing had just signed the Joint Declaration and everybody was talking about legislatures that would be composed through elections, a high degree of autonomy, and an executive that would be answerable to the legislature. Now, eight years later, China is taking an axe to those commitments and the British are going along with China to a large degree.

bout: What about the democratic crusade launched by the new Governor, Chris Patten?

BT: Too little, too late. The British still seem to be in full retreat. Hong Kong seems destined to be handed over to one of the world's most repressive regimes without realizing any of the protections that were promised in the Joint Declaration. China has even re-interpreted those commitments or simply ignored them altogether.

I don't think the world is being very tough on China at all. The world is handling China with kid gloves.

bout: The *Hang Seng* is the most robust stock market in Asia. Investment is pouring in. Economically, the world still seems to have great confidence in Hong Kong. Are things really as bad as you suggest?

BT: I think they are. China is trying to do to Hong Kong exactly what it is doing within its own territory. It wants economic development here, but it is trying to squeeze the political life out of Hong Kong. There are people in the business community here who take a non-confrontational stance with China. This just encourages Beijing. They have not shown the slightest attempt to say to the Chinese: "Look, trying to stifle political development here is not a good strategy for the long run."

bout: The business community says a "go-along" approach is best for Hong Kong and, after all, business is what makes Hong Kong tick.

BT: I remember when I was very junior and I came to Ottawa. The bilingualism and biculturalism debate was going on and I recall being sent to the Hill to cover a

public hearing. Several business groups were telling the Commons Committee that we could not possibly have a bilingual country. It would just cost too much. I remember coming back to our office very excited to write up the story. I interrupted Charlie Lynch, while he was doing his column, to tell him the business community had said bilingualism was impossible. Charlie looked up from his typewriter and said, "Businessmen are stupid, didn't you know that?"



Ben Tierney

bout: Hong Kong has never had democracy. Why is it so essential now?

BT: Hong Kong hasn't had formal democracy, but it has all the benefits and protections through the link back to London. Hong Kong has virtually every civil right there is — but the business community seems ready to trade that away for the right to keep making money. Not only their rights, but the rights of everybody else. You're going to have a place where you will not be able to send your kids to school without telling them to watch what they say in front of their teachers, and for what? The right to continue making money! Charlie was right. "Businessmen, they're stupid."

bout: There are so many more positive stories in Asia.

BT: Yes, Asia has made enormous strides in the last eight years. South Korea was a military dictatorship less than a decade ago. It has been a tumultuous birthing, but South Korea is a democracy now — flawed, but a democracy. Taiwan has emerged as a democracy, flawed again. Thailand was a corrupt military dictatorship. It's had its ups and downs, but the signs are very encouraging. There are obviously some black

spots like Burma (Myanmar) and China, which is a very big black spot, but I'm encouraged by what's happening in Asia. The economic side is emphasized a lot, but Asia is emerging politically as well as economically. And I think the white hats are winning.

bout: How do you think Canada has done in Asia?

BT: We have improved, but we have had a lot of improving to do. When I came to Hong Kong eight years ago, it was not unusual to find a businessman here on a PEMD grant and somehow he would have managed to wangle his wife onto the trip. And the chief objective in his 3.4 days here was to get up to *Sam's* on Nathan Road and get a couple of suits made. Canadian businessmen have progressed from there. More are coming out, spending a longer time here, and thinking seriously about business. Asia is penetrating their consciousness, not nearly as much or as fast as it should be, but it is improving.

Hong Kong has virtually every civil right there is — but the business community seems ready to trade that away for the right to keep making money.

bout: What is your prescription?

BT: Canadian industry should come out here on a task force basis. I don't mean a day here, a day there. What I mean is to have the Canadian "widget" industry send a task force out here to see what they can do, and not just in terms of selling widgets. Sure, we need more of that, but we also have to see how to make Canadian widgets better. We can use some of the expertise they've got here. We may have to look at re-structuring our industries: getting out of the blue-collar work in order to save white-collar staff, like design, marketing, and research and development. Some businessmen realize that but there is still too many

coming out here to see five countries in four days and learning nothing.

bout: Do you think we have the right balance and priorities with our immigration policy?

BT: First of all, I have a fundamental objection to the Investor Program—putting a price tag on a visa to Canada. We say it costs \$125,000. Sorry, we've raised the price. I am glad it is not depreciating — \$250,000 minimum now for a visa. I don't think money should come into it at all. I'm not saying business skills should not be considered. To put it into a format where someone can just shovel a quarter of a million dollars into Canada for some scheme that has not been properly thought out and isn't being properly supervised is wrong! It's already given Canada a black eye in this part of the world and will continue to do so. The Investor Program should be dismantled forthwith.

Asia is emerging politically as well as economically. And I think the white hats are winning.

The Entrepreneur Program is just as bad because it cannot be monitored properly. I've asked Immigration how we know how many jobs were created by entrepreneurial immigrants. Their answer is "We asked the businessman and he said, "Oh, I have created 10 jobs." Immigration adds up all the 10s and comes up with these totally unbelievable figures. Total rubbish!

We should just look at immigrants on an independent basis. Of course, we'll always have family class and refugees. That's the nature of Canada. But let's look at all other immigrants as independents. Let's look at them as people who will do well in Canada, will help Canada, will help themselves. Independent, young, bright, honest, hard-working people.

bout: The government has put a lot of emphasis on relations with Asia. What do you think it has produced?

BT: A lot of our activities seem simply based on excuses for Canadian government officials to get out of their offices. They come through this part of the world the same way the whistle-stopping businessman used to. You always get people hurrying through. One senior group we had here were almost breathless when they arrived and they were still panting when they left sixteen hours later for the next stop on the itinerary. They scarcely had time to hear what they were being told.

bout: What's the solution?

BT: We could apply the same kind of task force thinking to bureaucrats. How many times have we seen the official or the businessman or the journalist who has come out to Asia and he is so enthusiastic while we are showing him around. We think we finally have someone who is paying attention. But two weeks after they're back in Canada, we're getting no response. They go away and they forget. We have to do something more sustained and thought-out, and that's not what we are doing now.

bout: What was the best and worst of your assignments in Asia?

BT: The most horrible thing was when I was in Manila covering the return of that wretched woman, Imelda. A big huge typhoon hit Leyte. Another Canadian journalist and I jumped on a plane to Tacloban. I got there and interviewed relief officials. It was late at night. I phoned Southam News in Ottawa and they got it in the early morning paper. But that was just the first brush with the story. We jumped in the car and drove four or five hours through incredible roads to Ormoc where the typhoon hit. There was an awful stench from bodies all over the place. I spent two to three hours interviewing people. All the phones were down so we had to get back to Tacloban. We got in the car and drove back through the night until morning. We got to the long distance office just in time to make the final edition the next day. But one of our major newspapers, the *Vancouver Sun* didn't use it.

It is so dismaying when things like that happen. I had the real story with real people involved. I'm not having fun when I'm walking around knee-deep in mud interviewing people who have just lost half of their family and you're working there in the stench of death. You like to think that if you go through hell the guy at the other end of the phone will say well, "Maybe I could skip coffee long enough and get this story in the paper." Working with people who

don't seem to give a damn: that's been my most frustrating experience.

bout: What has been your best experience?

BT: Possibly travelling across India. I throw more tantrums per hour than anybody else. It can be a very frustrating place, but it can be so utterly rewarding too. I can remember driving through country roads looking for a particular village and thinking, "Mahatma Gandhi is going to be over the next hill." India is still a movie set. You have to have very little imagination not to be able to write a good story out of India because all the colour and drama is coming at you. India is my love-hate relationship.

I have a fundamental objection to putting a price tag on a visa to Canada.

bout: What about the cooperation you get from Canadian missions around Asia?

BT: It varies. Of course I'm part of the variable. Some missions are less receptive than others. But they are changing all the time. You have a bad experience, but the next time you go there's a new Ambassador or political officer who is less terrified of the press and more willing to share his thoughts.

I can truthfully say that there has only been one embassy in Asia with which I have had problems. We had a little quarrel early on when they thought I shouldn't have written something. I thought they had a bad case of "clientitis." They seemed more interested in not offending the host government than in reporting about what was going on.

By and large the Canadians in Asia have been quite good. They've gone from just helpful to being really quite super. I've made a lot of friends in the diplomatic corps here. Places like India, you really need help, particularly on your first, second or third trip. I've been to India many times now and I begin to fancy I know what I'm doing. But there were a lot of people early on who took the time to explain what was going on. I would have to give the Canadians a B+, maybe even an A-.

bout: What is the secret to working successfully with the Canadian media overseas?

BT: I think there must be a school somewhere, outside Arnprior, where they take Canadian diplomats, shut them in a room and turn on big speakers that blare at them: "Reporters are dangerous." A lot of diplomats are absolutely terrified of journalists, but it's not just diplomats. It applies to other departments in Ottawa.

bout: You know why that's the case.

BT: Many diplomats do not think it's part of the function to tell the Canadian public what's going on through the media. Others recognize it is part of their job but they are so careful. All you get out of them is the sky is blue. They're wasting everybody's time. But thankfully you've got a lot of people in the Canadian diplomatic service who have experience with journalists. They know you can get burned but, they accept that Canadian journalists are just trying to tell people what's going on. If given information, not half but all of it, they will do a good job of informing the Canadian people.

bout: There's the fear that the real objective is to embarrass the politicians and the public service.

BT: I understand where they're coming from. I did spend a lot of time in Ottawa and I know there's not an awful lot of upside to talking to a reporter and there's a lot of downside. You do not get a pat on the head from a Minister for saying the right thing to a journalist, but you always get something else when you say the wrong thing. So I realize that it's not an easy thing to bring diplomats and journalists together.

bout: What changes have you seen in Canadian coverage of Asia?

BT: There are a few more journalists here but still not nearly enough. Southam, *Toronto Star*, *Financial Post*, *Globe and Mail*, CBC, and CTV are all trying to cover this huge area with one journalist each. Like Canadian diplomats, we're thin on the ground—even thinner. I don't think our managers are doing a good job keeping us so light on the ground in Asia.

bout: What is the attitude to foreign news among editors?

BT: We need a more mature and informed approach to foreign news. When I was based in Paris, I found that if I wrote a story about French heavy industry, it didn't get in the paper. But if I wrote about German heavy

industry or about the German military, it got in. From France, they only wanted stories about wine and can-can dancers — German can-can dancers just got nowhere. Editors and readers have preconceived notions about what the countries and the stories are. Editors are looking for colour instead of facts and that can be frustrating.

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We should be giving the readers more credit. Too often editors and journalists have decided that our readers aren't interested, so they are not interested. We have to recognize that we're not just selling sausages, or shoes or, in our case, papers and ads. We have a responsibility to inform our readers about the local community, the country and the world.

bout: Newspaper publishers have got to meet a bottom line.

BT: Sure, and until recently they've been doing that quite well. My point is, "we are not an ordinary product." I also think we are a bit mechanical. We go in everyday, we do the job, and the paper comes out, and we're happy. Sometimes I think we do not do enough examining. Was it a really good paper today? Was it a good paper over the last month, the last years? A little bit of Chinese self-criticism might be worthwhile.

Still, putting out a daily newspaper is no easy job. A lot of people have to do a lot of things in a hell of a hurry. As they say, "it is history in a hurry and mistakes get made." My old friend, Art Evens of the *Calgary Herald*, once told me "If newspapers were ammunition factories, we would have all been blown to ratshit a long time ago." 

Neil Reeder is First Secretary and Consul in Hong Kong. He previously served as the Executive Assistant to the Canadian Ambassador in Washington and has had another posting in Morocco. Michael Welsh is Counsellor in Washington. He has served in Hong Kong, Singapore and Manila.

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Day One of the Revolution

Monday, November 20. Vaclav Havel announces the creation of the Civic Forum. Two hundred thousand people take to the streets. It is the end for the hard-line regime in Czechoslovakia.

by Robert McRae

There was an air of expectancy that first morning of the revolution in the Havel's apartment. Of course no one there, among the few of us present, could predict what would happen later that day. It was Monday morning, November 20, 1989. I was sitting in a chair in front of the desk at which Vaclav Havel would soon announce the creation of Civic Forum. This was to be an umbrella opposition group in communist-ruled Czechoslovakia. Its surprising strength would bring the regime to its knees.

Civic Forum was created in reaction to the brutal police attack at a peaceful demonstration a few days before. The demonstration had been intended to mark International Students Day on Friday, November 17. By Monday morning, the sheer violence of the attack on the students was becoming clear. There were countless critical injuries and there was a rumour of at least one death. Public outrage, spreading across the country, suddenly crystallized.

*Its surprising strength
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regime to its knees.*

It had been a long road. Over twenty years since the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia and the crushing of Dubcek's Prague Spring. And over ten years since Havel, the so-called dissident playwright, had founded Charter 77 with a few other defenders of human rights. Havel had spent five of those years in prison. Now it was a year and a half since the first sizeable demonstrations against the regime. That was in the summer of 1988, the summer my family and I arrived in this hardline communist state.

At that time, Havel and the ragged band of Charter signatories were a controversial lot for both their countrymen and for the diplomatic community. Many in both camps wondered what possible impact this small group of dissidents could possibly have on a totalitarian state. Within days of our arrival, Havel had responded in an opposition journal, arguing that he could theoretically imagine a situation where a series of events might turn Charter 77 into a definable and visible movement with a large following. The point was that the Charter's strength derived from the truth it articulated. The mirror's existence far exceeded the number of people holding it.

Now, as I waited in the Havel's apartment, we were on the verge of that transformation. Thousands, even hundreds of thousands of people, would rush forward to hold a mirror so all would see the regime for what it was, without equivocation. This had come about because the need to live in truth experienced by a growing number of people was converted into the courage to do so. Havel had earlier articulated the commitment that inspired a revolution. "I base my actions on a fairly simple human philosophy: namely, that I have to say what I think. I have to speak the truth. I have to fight for the things I know to be right." The brutality unleashed by the regime on the students of Prague clarified the mind of an entire nation along the same lines.

So there we were, a gaggle of journalists and a couple of diplomats in the Havel's apartment on that fateful Monday. A desk had been pulled into a corner of the room where Vaclav Havel would sit. I had been there regularly since I had arrived in Prague in the summer of 1988. Pierre Guimond, a colleague from the Embassy, was sitting beside me. Vaclav came through the door. The Swedish Ambassador followed him. Havel announced that he would not go to Sweden to receive the Olaf Palme Award, which had just been awarded to him, even if he was given a passport by the regime. He felt he had to stay in Czechoslovakia at this time of difficulty. The Swedish

Ambassador hinted that his Foreign Minister might come to Prague to present the award.

Vaclav Havel announced the formation of Civic Forum. The cameras of foreign journalists clicked, microphones were thrust forward, there were TV cameras from American networks. The whole atmosphere was one of tension and hurry, and I half expected the police to come in and break up the meeting. Havel laughed lightly, saying it was his first press conference. He knew better than most that anything like this before would already have been broken up. There was the air of expectation now, that something was happening, that things had broken loose, a vertigo almost. General Secretary Jakes was still in power, and anything was possible on the side of the regime, including more violence and mass arrests.

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Havel talked about Civic Forum's declaration, the need for political change and the need to find out who was responsible for Friday night's brutality. Universities had been closed down by students' strike committees and many were occupied by the students, and sheets proclaiming the strike were draped out of upper floor windows.

The photographers shot and whirled, and the journalists wrote. They had just come from the Berlin Wall and expected more of the same in Czechoslovakia. Certainly there was something in the air, hope tinged with

foreboding. Yet this was the regime that had applauded the Chinese "solution" of last June (the Tiananmen Massacre).

As I sat listening to Vaclav, I didn't know what the regime or the Czech and Slovak people would do. The pattern of the past had not been encouraging. Very small groups of people had risked showing their displeasure with the regime, and had paid an inordinately high price for it. All Czechs and Slovaks grumbled, of course, and there was a constant stream of jokes about the uneducated, boorish leadership. Violence and intimidation had worked in the past, and the beating dealt out on Friday night was no doubt intended as a lesson.

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In January, 1989, I had sent a telegram arguing that the story of that year would be the decline, perhaps precipitous, of the regime's public authority. This conviction had come on the heels of the week of demonstrations in January 1989 marking the 20th anniversary of Jan Palach's suicide. I had argued that the fall of the regime would come as the result of some miscalculation, an over-reaction to dissent. Perhaps that was what had occurred on Friday night. Perhaps a corner had been turned after all. Only the reaction of the people would tell.

Still, as Havel joked that this was his first press conference, I knew he half expected, as I did, that the police would intervene sooner or later, that he would be arrested again as so many times in the past. Yet he was cheerful and determined, flying without instruments in a storm.

I could not help but think of the last year, about being present at his trial in February 1988, and before that, when I first met him. It was a very long road to me, but only the last chapter to him. It had already been more than a year of tremendous highs and lows, of enthusiasm and disillusionment.

Havel grasped immediately, sooner than any of us, the importance of Civic Forum.

For the first time, all of the opposition groups would be brought together under one umbrella. Even more important, a number of groups from the "grey zone", a zone between the regime and the opposition, would also join. This included representatives of the Forecasting Institute of the Academy of Sciences, actors, singers, musicians, members of the coopted Socialist and People's parties, scientists, and so on. The declaration proclaiming the creation of Civic Forum contained recognizable Charter 77 language about individual freedoms. There were also specific demands for an enquiry into the police violence on November 17.

Rita Klimova was sitting beside Havel interpreting. She had been brought up in Brooklyn as a child by Czech parents before returning to Czechoslovakia. It was wonderful to hear Havel's very precise and highly charged pronouncements being rendered in a Brooklyn accent. Rita would become Havel's Ambassador to the USA two months later. Also present was Michael Zantovsky, who had gone to school at McGill University. He would become the President's spokesman, and then succeed Rita in Washington as Ambassador. Ivan Havel and his wife Dasa, a Slovak, stood behind Havel, barely able to contain their excitement. Havel himself wore no tie or suit jacket, simply an open white shirt with the sleeves rolled up. The business of opposition was about to start in earnest.

The Civic Forum Declaration was printed in the newspaper of one of the coopted parties under the regime, the Socialist Party. This was *Svobodno Slovo*, or *Free Speech*. For the first time in forty years, the title of the newspaper meant something. It hit the streets of Prague on Monday morning. The effect was to be explosive.

When Havel's press conference ended, I waved goodbye and went out into the street. All over town university buildings were draped with banners proclaiming the strike. The buildings were barricaded and students were occupying them, often sitting defiantly in the windows a few floors up. It brought back to me the excitement of the 1960's and the feeling that sometimes one had to do the right thing regardless of the consequences. I was given a copy of the student demands, surprised momentarily to see that it was a computer print-out. They were establishing strike committees at the universities and high schools across the country. They had resources and organizational talent, two important ingredients that the opposition groups did not always possess.

I went back to the Embassy and wrote my report on Havel's initiative and on what was happening in the streets. I had earlier arranged to meet some journalists at the



Just for the Havel of it — bringing the regime to its knees.

Hotel Jalta just before the scheduled 4 p.m. demonstration. The Jalta was located just about half way up Wenceslas Square. The journalists had rented a room at the hotel four floors up, with a balcony facing the square. I arrived early, a half hour before the time, in case the police chose to close the square off, as they had done in the past.

By 4 p.m. there were already more than 10,000 or so people, more than I had ever seen at any previous demonstration in the square. The atmosphere was electric as dusk fell and turned to twilight. People kept streaming into the square. There were thousands of students, but there were thousands of ordinary men and women too. From my view from the balcony, they swarmed in from all sides, noisy and shouting and carrying Czechoslovak flags. This was no meek gathering of the morally pure. That had been typical of the almost Gandhi-inspired demonstrations of the past. This was a surging crowd that had a life of its own and was looking for action.

Some portable loud speakers had been set up at the foot of the statue of King Wenceslas. The voices were almost impossible to understand because they echoed off the buildings. It didn't matter at all to the crowd. The huge square filled up. There was a dense moving mass of people the whole

length of the square, half a kilometre long. The sound of a crowd of 200,000 people is both moving and frightening. It is pure power, the power of the general will made manifest and irresistible, both spiritually and materially. The roar from this mass deafened the handful of us on the balcony.

The light became twilight and the lights in the square glowed softly. The crowd throbbed and moved like the sea, chants starting in one corner and moving down the square like a wave, breaking and echoing off the buildings. I stood there with the journalists, hardly able to believe my eyes. Or to contain my excitement. I was seeing this through the lens of a year and a half of repression and brutality. I told them, "Well, that's it. It's all over." The regime was finished. I knew that the resentment against the regime, against communism, was so deep, that once the door was opened the whole nation would rush through. The elaborate construction of lies, backed up by fear, would collapse. Living the lie for fear of falling into the abyss was the essence of the regime. The people in the square below were not afraid any more.

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Those who were not afraid any more would show others and then no one would be afraid of the communist bullies any more. Those fearless people in the opposition had tried to show the way during their years in the wilderness. Now, in that crowd below, I saw the whole process multiplied and condensed. It would not be stopped, short of massive force. I did not believe that force was an option for the communists, not after what had happened only weeks before in East Germany. Gorbachev had clearly signalled that the days when Warsaw Pact armies were used for internal policing were over. This was not to say that the regime's leadership might not have wanted to use force. They simply realized at one point that week that without the help of the Soviet troops stationed in Czechoslovakia, they could not be sure of crushing a revolution.

"It's all over." It was quoted by the journalists from the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Globe and Mail* and the *Toronto Star*. What I meant was that the

repression would stop. Innocent people would be released from jail. Innocent people would have their rightful jobs back. The children of these people would be able to go to school like any normal child.

In that huge jubilant crowd there were students and people from all walks of life and all ages. Many held candles as a symbol and memory of the Friday night massacre. As the minutes went by and people began realizing what was happening, the crowd began to feel its strength. Slogans were chanted that must have been heard all down the square. They cried "Down with" followed by the names of various regime figures, including the General Secretary of the Communist Party, Milan Jakes. The statue of King Wenceslas, sitting nobly on his horse, was covered with Czechoslovak flags and signs that called for free elections and pluralism. As the night wore on, the crowd took out their keys and began shaking them, making a loud cacophony. Unable to hear clearly what had been said in Czech to inspire this odd gesture, I asked one of the Czechs what this was all about. He said, "They are tolling the death of communism."

Although people tried to speak to the large crowd through the improvised loud speakers, this didn't work well. The crowd had its own life, the slogans rising and falling, or drifting down the length of the square and disappearing in a far corner. Then someone shouted, "To the Castle." This was where the office of communist president Husak was located. It was also the closest thing to a traditional, if geographical location of Czech sovereignty. The entire crowd poured out through the bottom of the square into several streets, but mostly onto Narodni street in the direction of the Vltava river.

I recognized several people in the crowd as I marched with them. There was a lady to whom I said hello that was an underground Catholic activist. She had ten children at home and she was carrying a candle. I found myself in a crowd that moved onto Charles Bridge as others moved onto other bridges up and down the river below the Castle. Armed personnel carriers moved onto the bridge from the other side. They had large metal screens mounted on the front to push back the crowd. They came half way across the bridges and stopped, dimly lit in the darkness by the soft lights on the bridge. Confronting the small tanks on a 14th century bridge was eerie to say the least.

The armed personnel carriers blocked the crowd. We were packed onto the bridge like sardines. Looking behind, all I could see was a river of people that stretched back through the streets into town. The armed personnel carriers had six wheels and there

was a turret mounted with a large gun and a couple of machine guns. There were shouts from the crowd to sit down and we all sat down. The idea was to wait out the confrontation. This tactic had not always worked well in the past. It had been used on Friday night, when the police attacked the crowd after waiting for two hours. We were sitting ducks on the bridge, and I swore at myself for getting into such a situation. But then there were other shouts, some close to me, that called out for a return to Wenceslas Square, or to the Old Town Square. The looks of the agitators close to me told me that these were StB (secret police) agents that had infiltrated the crowd.

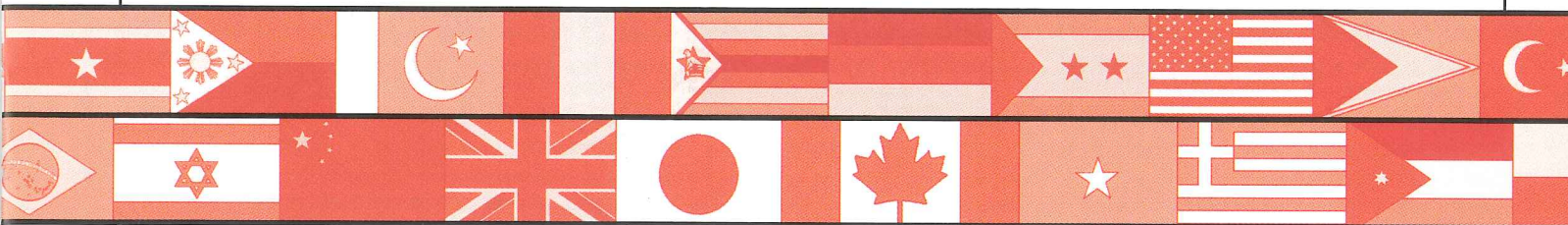
*As the night wore on,
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a loud cacophony.*

The result was confusion. Some sat. Others stood up and turned, wanting to retrace their steps. No doubt because most didn't like the idea of confronting military vehicles on a bridge, everyone eventually stood up and walked back towards town. The StB strategy of divide, if not conquer, worked, but for the last time. A part of the crowd headed in the direction of the Old Town Square, while the rest headed for Wenceslas Square.

Groups of protesters roamed about, mostly young people, relishing their freedom, calling for the end to communism and carrying Czechoslovak flags draped over their shoulders. In the Old Town Square, a crowd of perhaps 50,000 to 100,000 gathered. Some had climbed the statue of Jan Hus. They were cheering and shouting slogans. The statue was covered in home-made banners, using bed sheets, that demanded free elections. Jan Hus would have been proud. Other young people were dancing Czech folk dances in the middle of this huge crowd that filled the square like a sea. It seemed that no one was particularly disappointed that we had not made it to the Castle. We all knew that a corner had been turned. Nothing would be the same again. 

Robert McRae is Counsellor in London. He has also served in Prague and Belgrade and was a former Executive Assistant to the Under-Secretary.

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A Road in Sri Lanka

The ever-changing military geography of a stretch of road on the east-coast of Sri Lanka is symbolic of the changes in the country and the fortunes of a Canadian aid project.

Story and photos by Adrian Norfolk

The road from Polonnaruwa through Batticaloa district to the east coast of Sri Lanka is only about 50 km long and for the most part crosses an uninspiring countryside of low scrub forest. In “normal” times it is a section of road for package-tourists to doze through on their cross-country coach trip from Colombo to the resorts of Kalkudah Bay — waking only to disembark at the “Sun & Fun Hotel” (and hoping that the establishment lived up to its name).

“Normal” times ended in 1985 when Eelam War I reached the East coast. Package tourists are a distant memory, the hotels now looted ruins, and the road is no longer one to sleep through. In the ongoing war between the Sri Lankan army and the LTTE (Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam) the route’s strategic importance ensures a depressing but fascinating military scenery of fortified camps, mobile patrols and, most memorable of all, roadblocks.

The Indo-Lankan Accord of July 1987 established a framework for peace between the Sri Lankan government and the (many) Tamil guerrilla movements fighting for an independent Tamil homeland (Eelam). It also established the Indian Peace-Keeping Force (IPKF) which effectively asserted military control over the disputed Northern and Eastern Provinces of Sri Lanka. Soon after the Accord, the Canadian government joined with other donors in committing several million dollars to the reconstruction of the war-ravaged north and east of Sri Lanka. In early 1989 the World University Service of Canada (WUSC) began the detailed planning of the first CIDA bilateral project in response to the Sri Lankan reconstruction initiative.

As the Sri Lanka Field Director for WUSC, I had to travel those 50 km to and from the coast of Batticaloa many times. The ever-changing socio-military geography of this stretch of road will, for me, always remain symbolic of the changing fortunes of our project and of the country.

September 1989 — Oh no! It’s a Gurkha

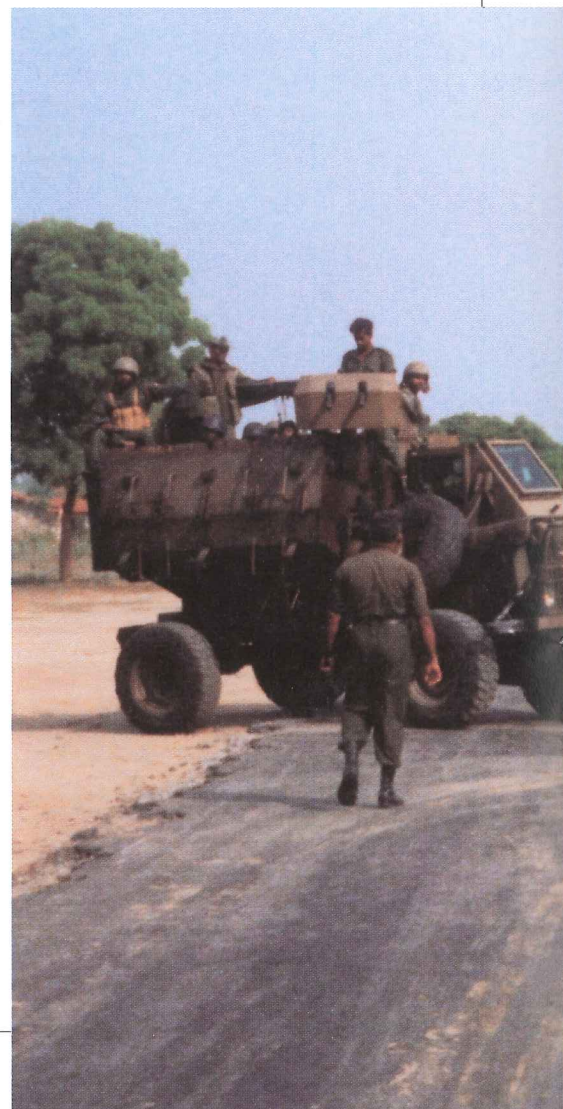
A few miles from the coast, an Indian Army Gurkha Regiment “kept the peace.” The roadblocks and checkpoints either side of the Valaichenai Bridge were always Gurkha-manned and this meant serious delays. The Gurkhas always lived up to their reputation for professionalism, while seldom tempering their military efficiency with a sense of humour. My passport was poured over, permits were double-checked, and the details entered into the ubiquitous register and then, most dreaded of all, the radio-call made to the Duty-Officer.

The Gurkhas always lived up to their reputation for professionalism, while seldom tempering their military efficiency with a sense of humour.

If I were lucky the Duty-Officer, interpreting his title loosely, was in the Mess with his mates and (eventually) communicated the nod to let me across the bridge. Too often I was out of luck, the officer was indeed on-duty, inevitably bored and (my worst nightmare) a graduate from some Commonwealth Military Training Institution where he was good friends with a Canadian army captain whom I “must know.” The latter scenario meant being “invited” to join the officer for tea and a chat. A chat that quickly overcame the absence of a shared acquaintance for subject matter. However it rarely touched the subject of the security situation — which would have been about the only way I could justify sitting inside a mined, sand-bagged and razor-wired perimeter sipping Indian-Army issued Darjeeling.

Not all roadblocks were manned by “Jawans” (the G. Is or “Grunts” of the Indian Army) as educated as the Gurkhas. This was the case in early October at the Punani railway station roadblock. The soldiers appeared to check my documents quite thoroughly, but when they turned the register around for me to complete myself I began to doubt their command of English. Scanning up the page to see who’d preceded me through that day, I noted that both Minnie Mouse and Sylvester Stallone had been travelling with a British charitable organisation — doubts confirmed!

By March 1989 WUSC had begun planning what was to become the three-year



Cdn \$3.8m "Project for Rehabilitation through Education and Training". The project, entirely funded by the Canadian government, intended to provide basic vocational training and income-generation opportunities to up to 4,000 women and youth who had been most affected (for example widows and orphans) by the fighting in Sri Lanka's Eastern Province.

It is a province politically characterised by its potentially explosive mix of Tamil, Sinhalese and Muslim populations, mainly concentrated in small ethnically-homogeneous administrative Divisions. In 1989 the province could also have been described as an area effectively "occupied" by the Indian Peace-Keeping Force. A force that at its height numbered more than 50,000 troops — a greater number than the entire Sri Lankan Army. Such a huge military presence was a fair indication that, after the Tamil Tigers had withdrawn their support to the 1987 Accord, the Force's title became a misnomer and, at best, the Indian troops were having to "enforce" the peace. The few thousand well-trained, well-armed and fanatically-dedicated Tamil Tigers based in their jungle strongholds were waging a guerilla war on their own terms. A war not only

against the Sri Lankan government and the other Tamil militant groups, but also against the Indian Peace-Keeping Force itself.

Consequently, although "developmental" reasons led WUSC to design a project that worked with existing training structures (secondary schools, vocational training institutes) and with local NGOs, it was pragmatic political reasons that required a project operating primarily at the Divisional level with activities (and staff) being seen to reflect the ethnic balance of the region, and equally practical security reasons that dictated short-term, small-scale activities with limited investment in infrastructure. The result was a programme to establish many small-scale, short-term training courses (such as small motor repair, bus driving, stenography, weaving) and income-generation projects (grants and revolving-loans for such things as agricultural production, brick-making, lagoon- and sea-fishing) throughout the region. Despite the flexibility afforded by the "small sub-project" delivery strategy, the basic premise for the project's success was that sufficient "peace" would prevail in most of the province, most of the time. This premise began to look decidedly shaky when in July 1989 the Indian Government announced its

intention to accede to Sri Lanka's request to "deinduct" the Indian Forces.

Therefore, it was not with much optimism that, in September 1989, WUSC moved from the planning to implementation stage of the project.

December 1989 — TNA Surprise

By far the most frightening kind of roadblock is the invisible one that serves the dual purpose of being an ambush site. Fortunately I only ever encountered one of these. In December 1989, less than 3 km from the coast, and about 100 yds in front of my truck, five armed men ran into the road and pointed their weapons in my general direction. I had no idea a vehicle could stop so fast or that a heart could beat so loudly. Two of the "soldiers" slowly approached the vehicle and after an hour (well it seemed that long) I removed my hand from the steering wheel and wound down the window. Much to my surprise I managed to complain about the absence of a proper roadblock. The leader (all of 19 years old and identified by the Che Guevara style hat) informed me that they were expecting to ambush the "Ceylon Army," that roadblocks were a bit of a giveaway, and that I shouldn't be on the road. I apologised.

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that a heart could
beat so loudly.*

This motley crew was a platoon of the Tamil National Army (TNA), a hurriedly-formed amalgamation of various Tamil guerrilla groups aligned against the Tamil Tigers. It had received some arms and training from the Indian Peace-Keeping Force and inherited the IPKF's camps when they started their district-by-district withdrawal from eastern Sri Lanka in October 1989. In the wake of the pullout the Tamil Tigers launched devastating attacks on the TNA, an army which proved to be not the most committed of forces. The cadres I met on the Batticaloa road were among the remnants that had not yet fled to Trincomalee district, where the IPKF remained in control until March 1990.

In October 1989, less than two months into the implementation phase, WUSC suspended all project activities pending the outcome of the TNA-Tamil Tigers fighting.



February 1990 — Welcome to Eelam!

The Punani railway station roadblock in April 1990 was a distant cry from that which had seen the likes of Minnie Mouse and Sylvester Stallone six months earlier. For one thing it was now in the hands of the Tamel Tigers. Punani was on the "border" between the areas under Sri Lankan government control and those where the Tamel Tigers ran the show (and were anxious to publicise it). Travelling from the west, for several hundred yards bright professionally painted signs announced that you were approaching the checkpoint. The Tamel Tigers had rebuilt and redecorated the camp. They seemed to take an aesthetic interest in their military architecture, and this made the journey to the coast a little more pleasurable. Bunkers housing high-calibre machine guns somehow did not seem as threatening when covered in manicured grass and flower beds and decorated with borders of white-painted stones.

It was always slightly surreal discussing the finer points of implementing a vocational training programme with these guerrilla fighters recently in from the bush

Public relations were also a bit different, young (i.e. around 15 years old), well-trained cadres in their characteristic "tiger-stripe" camouflage politely checked papers with a slight deal more good cheer than their IPKF and TNA predecessors. The atmosphere was almost relaxed! They were definitely into hearts-and-minds stuff these Tigers. At the Punani camp, over tea (this time Tiger-issue Ceylon), I received the first of many assurances from a senior cadre that the Tamel Tigers fully-supported WUSC activities in vocational training and income-generating. Assurances inevitably followed by recommendations as to particularly needy villages requiring training centres (by coincidence usually in particularly strategic locations), and as to suitable income-generation projects ("boot-polish making" and "uniform-dyeing" were deemed to have good market potential). It was always slightly

surreal discussing the finer points of implementing a vocational training programme with these guerrilla fighters recently in from the bush.

It is hard to imagine stranger bedfellows than the Tamel Tigers and the Government of Sri Lanka. Yet for several months in 1989 and early 1990 there were Colombo-based talks between the two, with the one common denominator being their mutual desire for the Indian Peace-Keeping Force to leave the island. After the Indian forces left Batticaloa district in November 1989 and the subsequent routing of the TNA by the Tamel Tigers, there was a period of relative stability in this part of our project area. For the first time since arriving in Sri Lanka we had access to the interior areas that had always been deemed operational by the Indians. The fact that this stability was achieved under Tamel Tigers military-rule was irrelevant to the project as long as the Tamel Tigers's presence was sanctioned by Sri Lankan government (who had confined their troops in the area to barracks and had permitted the disarming of the police).

Relative stability meant that between January and June of 1990 WUSC managed to open local offices, recruit staff and finally begin project activities, while paying very careful attention to ensuring (and publicising) a Tamil-Muslim-Sinhalese balance in both staff and sub-projects. By June, five training courses had been started with just over 70 trainees and a further fifteen projects/courses were being established. However the level of stability was not sufficient to attract any private investment or permit government infrastructure projects in the area. It soon became evident that most of the WUSC trainees had little prospect of related employment. Furthermore, when the last Indian troopship left Trincomalee at the end of March the common ground between the Tamel Tigers and the Government of Sri Lanka went with it, and even the "relative stability" began to appear a very finite commodity.

November 1990 to November 1992 — Fortified Ruins

It was not really so much the roadblocks, now in the hands of the Sri Lankan Army, which commanded attention in November 1990, but the deserted ruins behind, around and between them. Soldiers were the only people to be seen. At Punani, Tamil youths in uniform had been replaced by grim-faced Sinhalese youths in uniform. Many had only a few months training before being sent to the battlefield in this "foreign" district. Document- and vehicle-checking were serious business again. I soon felt myself sinking into despair as the reality of

what had occurred over the previous six months hit.

It was the first time since May that I had been able to visit Batticaloa. The journey was probably the saddest and most bewildering that I made during my four years in Sri Lanka: sad because the villages where we had been working just six months before were now deserted ruins; bewildering because I knew that most of the destruction was not the result of bombs and mortars but of systematic looting by "civilians" — by the "ordinary people that our project was trying to help."

I knew that most of the destruction was not the result of bombs and mortars but of systematic looting by "civilians" — by the "ordinary people that our project was trying to help."

For the next two years my journeys to the coast were marked by a steadily increasing number of roadblocks and fortified camps and a steadily decreasing amount of vegetation on either side of the road as the Sri Lankan Army attempted to minimise the chances of their patrols being ambushed by the LITE.

Not unexpectedly, the fragile peace had collapsed on June 11, 1990 when the Tamel Tigers forcibly took over almost all the police stations in Batticaloa district and killed ten Sri Lankan Army soldiers in a land mine explosion in the town of Kalmunai. After briefly laying siege to several Sri Lankan army camps, the Tamel Tigers retreated to the jungles in the face of the superior conventional forces of the Sri Lankan Army. However what was unexpected was what followed this retreat — the massacre of over a hundred Muslim civilians in a mosque just south of Batticaloa town. A horrific series of reprisal and counter reprisal massacres of Tamils and Muslims followed, hundreds of civilians were killed and within weeks tens of thousands fled to "safer" areas. The houses they left were quickly looted down to their bare masonry.



By 1991 the war in the Eastern province had settled into a classic guerrilla confrontation, with the Tamil Tigers holding only a limited amount of territory, moving with seeming impunity in the more remote and jungle areas, carrying out ferociously successful ambushes on foot patrols and occasional hit-and-run raids on army camps. In Batticaloa, the government forces held the main towns and roads during the day, but during the night retreated into their camps and bunkers, hoping vainly that the Tamil Tigers would respect the curfew. In addition, the security situation was further complicated by the mutual fear between Muslims and Tamils that physically and politically polarised the two communities. Thousands of families became internal refugees unable to return to homes and farms deemed too close to settlements of "the other" ethnic group.

In the face of the scale of death and destruction of the first few months of "Eelam War II" (as the press dubbed it), no amount of "flexibility" could keep the WUSC project functioning. Obviously all activities had ceased on June 11th, staff was evacuated and offices closed. During the weeks that followed many trainees disappeared and at least two were killed; in early July, Father Eugene Hebert, an American Jesuit Priest and Director of a Training Institute assisted by the project, disappeared without a trace.

It was not until February 1991 that conditions had improved sufficiently for WUSC to return and start again — for the

third time! Although the military situation in the coastal areas was stable, that stability was achieved with thousands of troops annexing schools, libraries, hotels and private residences. As it had been in the time of the IPKF and the Tamil Tigers, the province was yet again under army-occupation. The security situation was far from the "normalcy" the government-controlled press was proclaiming, and it was the security situation that was now the prime determinant of WUSC activities. In an "occupied-territory", strangers are always subject to suspicion and therefore at risk. Consequently recruitment for new project staff and course instructors was limited to those living in the relevant Division, while trainees were selected from the immediate vicinity of the courses. The location of project activities was limited to areas declared "cleared" by the Sri Lankan Army, while ethnic balance was scrupulously maintained (even if it didn't make much economic or "developmental" sense such as when the project supported two stenography training courses within three kilometers of each other, one for Muslims and one for Tamils).

December 1992 to ? — No change

If this were fiction, I'd definitely end this account with an upbeat section on the "last of the roadblocks", and then waffle on about the reopening of the "Sun-as-Fun" as symbolic of the return of peace and prosperity to the east of Sri Lanka. But sadly this is reality. The S&F is still in ruins, and

the military camp is still an all-pervasive feature of the road to Batticaloa. The Tamil Tigers are still fighting for Eelam, and the Muslim and Tamil communities of Batticaloa are still deeply distrustful and more than a little scared of each other. While on the prosperity front, private investment in the region is negligible and most of the population still dependent on government "food-stamps".

However even in reality there is hope, and I am able to end with the hope demonstrated by the way WUSC's Muslim, Tamil and Sinhalese project officers have worked together since the project (finally) got underway in 1991. By the end of 1992 they had succeeded in establishing more than 25 training units that had provided vocational skills to over 800 youths and women. They had supported close to 30 income-generation projects assisting an additional 550 individuals throughout the Eastern province. These figures are indeed testaments to the dedication and bravery of these Sri Lankans who worked across the ethnic boundaries that crisscrossed their project areas, and who encouraged, by example and by their actions, the three communities to work and live together. 

Adrian Norfolk is a new FS officer. He has worked with the Former Soviet Union Division of the Bureau of Assistance for Central and Eastern Europe. Before joining the Department, Adrian worked for WUSC for ten years in Africa and Asia.

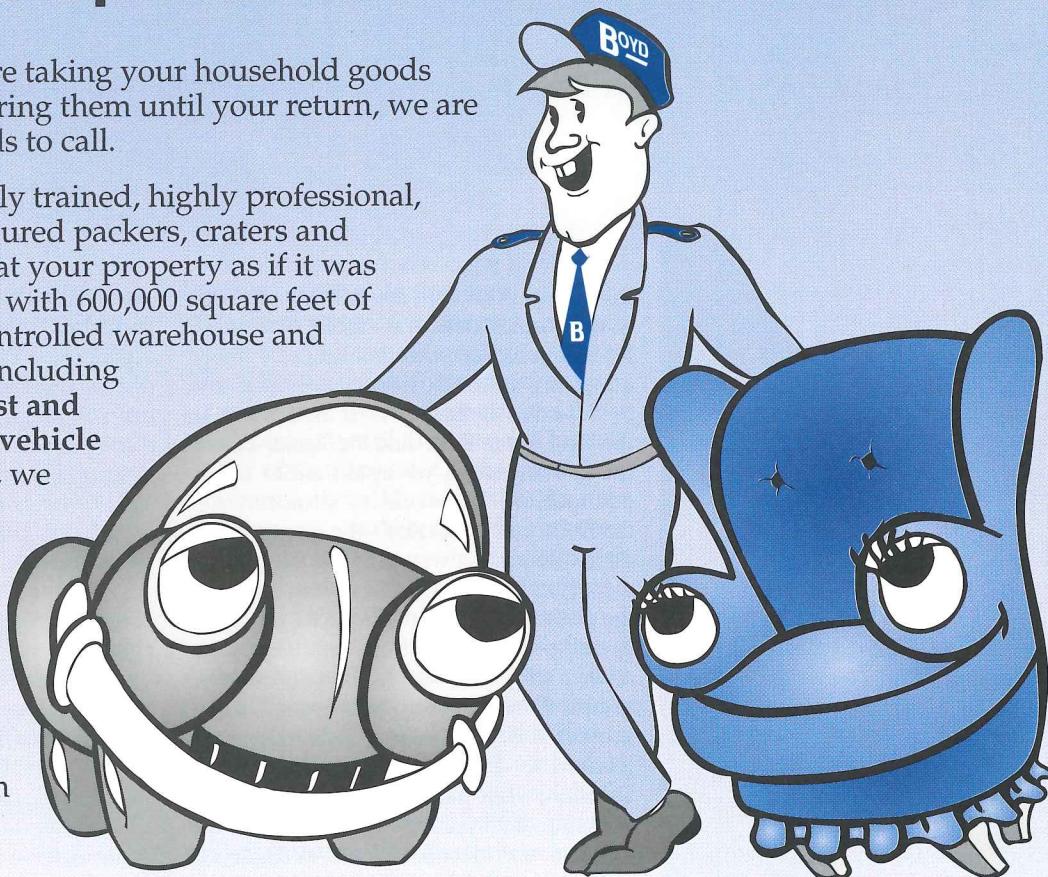
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Re-engineering the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade

Re-engineering means starting with a blank piece of paper and designing your organization from scratch. How would DFAIT fare?

by Glen Bailey

Last August the *Economist* carried an article about the newest management fad "re-engineering." In a nutshell, re-engineering means starting with a blank piece of paper and designing your company or production process from scratch. The idea is to break free from inherited processes and structures and look anew at how one does business. The object is to find more efficient and effective ways to conduct business at a healthy profit.

The thought crossed my mind: What would happen if we applied re-engineering to Canadian diplomacy and the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade? And what unit of currency would we use to evaluate our success in meeting our objectives — furthering Canadian interests? Promoting Canadian values? Or both?

The Dilemma

We have all mused at various times about how global interdependence and the increased complexity of government to government relations affected the conduct of diplomacy. Or about the impact of the airplane, the computer, fax, and satellite TV. We all know the great impact these have had on aid or economic cooperation, environmental policy, or the growing importance of non-tariff issues in trade policy, investment regimes, and the triumph of market economics.

Have these new forces so overwhelmed the traditional diplomat as to make him or her irrelevant? Should the conduct of diplomacy change or should we keep to our traditional role? What is the role of a diplomat in dealing with specialized functional departments and issues? What is the role of an Embassy in the conduct of multilateral diplomacy? And equally important, what is the impact of declining financial and human resources on how we define that role? Can we afford to continue with more of the same?

We should perhaps look at ways re-engineering might affect the conduct of bilateral diplomacy. The answers proposed below have two assumptions. First, our

power and influence on the world stage has peaked and will continue to fall, especially as many developing countries emerge as significant regional and international actors. Second, we are a department which has lost its sense of direction and purpose. We are an unwieldy bureaucracy too slow to shift resources to new areas and we are over-managed.

*We should perhaps
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bilateral diplomacy.*

We cannot continue as we have been. We have insufficient resources in our Embassies and our geographical desk officers are spread too thinly. The advent of modern communications may give us an opportunity to do things differently.

Post Versus Headquarters

a) Value added from Disneyland on the Rideau?

One option would be to reduce most of our Embassies to mini-posts and expand the geographic desks in Ottawa where costs are lower. The savings in Foreign Service Directives costs alone would be significant. Desk officers who now rarely get outside of the L. B. Pearson Building would travel frequently to their country of accreditation and in between the fax and telephone could suffice. Is there a difference between a desk officer in Ottawa phoning the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for an appointment and a phone call from the local Embassy? Why not have multilateral desks in Ottawa organize their own trips as they often know who

they want to meet? We could do away with multiple accreditation and have non-resident accreditation handled by the geographic desks in Ottawa.

b) Post as the centre of the Universe?

A second option might be to do away with the geographic divisions in Ottawa and place more people in the field. Many of the tasks done by desk officers in Ottawa could be done in the Embassy with E-mail/fax/phone/video conferencing, etc. Why do we send telegrams (do we have telegrams any more?) from post to be recast as a memo to the Minister in Ottawa when the memo can be drafted and finalized at post and sent by SIGNET directly to the Minister via senior management?). Embassy activity in countries of non-resident accreditation would be reduced to a minimum.

While we would be foolish to be unaware of the dangers of *localitis*, the fact remains that the knowledge and skills which make the department unique are those that come from our local knowledge of other countries and our ability to use that knowledge to advance or protect Canadian interests. Any further emasculation of our posts without redefining our role would undermine the very effectiveness of the department.

Multilateral Diplomacy and Bilateral Posts

Another avenue of questioning leads to the role of the Embassy in the conduct of multilateral diplomacy. Can a general relations officer be a specialist in domestic politics, foreign policy, events in Canada, and Canadian policies in 30 or more multilateral agencies? How many times have we asked Embassy officers to make representations on multilateral issues in capitals when the decisions are being made in New York, Geneva, Vienna or elsewhere? Or worse, our candidacy was agreed in WEOC and we had lobbied in 150 countries around the world needlessly? How much time do we spend translating or simple re-typing diplomatic notes and talking points? Would it be simpler to send our Embassies information copies of notes delivered to representatives

to multilateral agencies and ask them to intervene only if a problem arises.

Maybe we should face reality and acknowledge that we should diminish the role of the Embassy in multilateral diplomacy except where major Canadian interests are involved and where there is reason to doubt that lobbying through the multilateral channels on key issues will not be effective. We can no longer afford to duplicate efforts through both channels in this era of scarce resources: we need to re-examine when the Embassy really provides "value added" in multilateral organizations.

The General Relations Program: Myth or Reality?

The third avenue to explore is the nature of a general relations program and how it serves Canadian interests. Is our priority cogent analysis of the domestic scene or effective lobby in the MFA on UN elections or access to ministers and influential parliamentarians. Where does public affairs fit: Are we to be skilled drafter of press releases or have an extensive list of influential columnists and editors? Is success measured by column inches of news printed on Canada or a couple of good editorials? Do we really expect posts to mount effective public affairs programs with minuscule Public Affairs Initiative Funds (PIF) of \$5-\$10,000 per post and non-existent HQ funds?

The general relations program is so broad and unfocused that it has nearly collapsed of its own weight. Its *raison d'être* desperately needs to be rethought. Central to this must be a definition of the general relations program as series of activities, projects and expenditures which advance specific interests. Cultural events, sports, visits of high profile speakers or public figures need to be examined in the light of how they raise Canada's profile and advance specific interests. Academic cooperation should be focused on specific sectors of interest. Canadian speakers tours should be organized to ensure the Canadian view is heard at major international conferences on trade, foreign investment, social policy.

To do so requires a fundamental shift in the perception of the department and the general relations stream as one of program management rather than policy advisers. It means expanding the scope of our activities while focusing more on interests. It means freeing up financial resources. As a small start we could establish a General Relations program fund (like CIDA's Canada Fund) in every Embassy so that general relations managers can actually allocate funds to priority programs. Isn't this what delegation of authority to Heads of Post and managers is really about?

International Cooperation in Support of Canadian Interests?

Finally there is the issue of international cooperation — development assistance, economic cooperation, police training, technical assistance, technology transfer or cultural and academic exchanges.

In the decades of the 70s and 80s, we focused all of Canada's expenditures on cooperation into the development program, with small pots of money allocated to cultural programs, media relations, or academic programs. On the trade side, the focus was on trade promotion and more recently on business cooperation including investment or technology transfer to foster trade and strengthen Canadian companies.

CIDA has responded to the development crisis of the 1980s initially by re-allocating funds from infrastructure projects to policy-based lending. Gradually there was a second shift to new activities such as industrial cooperation and policy-related activities such as economic management, good governance, public administration. In many cases however, CIDA funding for these cooperation programs has such a wide scope that it has a direct impact on areas which can affect bilateral relations or activities of multilateral agencies. CIDA funding for industrial cooperation for example, far exceeds PEMD or trade fair funding and is barely distinguishable in content from our trade development programs. CIDA and IDRC funding of universities in developing countries dwarfs any impact that a meagre academic relations program might have.

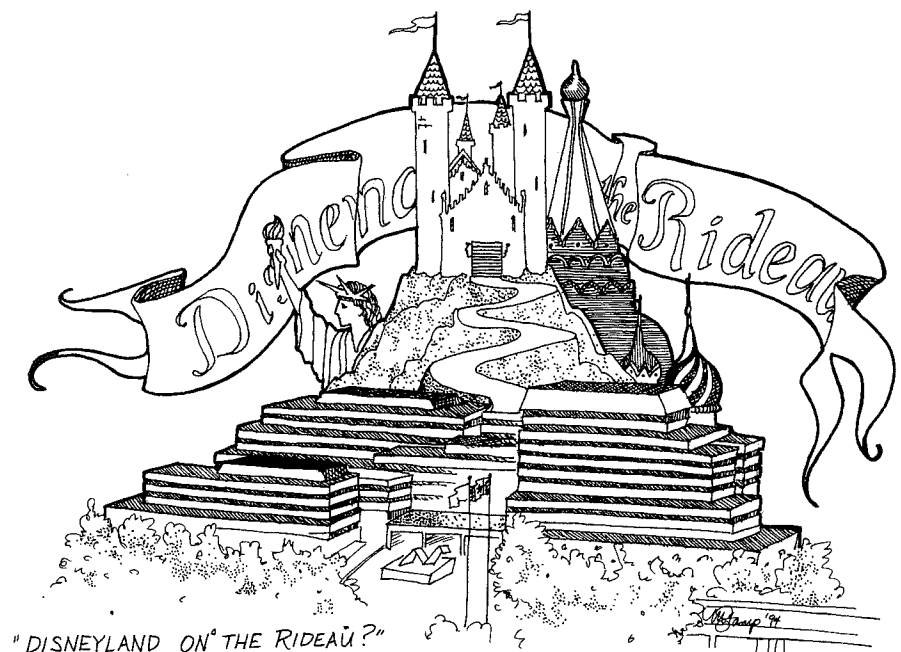
The recent growth of significant programs in Eastern Europe, the transformation of many ASEAN and now Latin

American economies is further blurring distinctions. International cooperation is becoming a seamless web in which actions in one sector bolster Canadian interests in another.

If we started over again it is unlikely that 90 percent of the \$2.8 billion in International Assistance Envelope (IAE) would be allocated to Official Development Assistance and hence mostly to CIDA. EDC might not exist — trade finance and insurance is after all a private sector activity — or it would have a much smaller mandate more directly linked to DFAIT programs and priorities. Geographic branches would likely manage larger resources and programs and many activities. CIDA's activities would be more focussed on the poorer developing countries where Canada's objectives are more related to our values than our interest. International cooperation with more advanced developing countries and Eastern Europe could be channelled through new mechanisms in which Canada's more diverse interests are reflected.

Most of the questions I have raised are by no means new or original. Most of you will have many different ideas about how to answer them. But of three things I am sure: a) we can only expect further cuts in funding for the department and its programs in the foreseeable future; b) we cannot sustain further budget cuts without rethinking how we conduct our business; and c) the way we do business at present is an increasingly inadequate response to how to advance Canadian interest in our global village.

Glen Bailey is Counsellor in Chile. He has served in London, Yaounde and Addis Ababa.



Marie Stamp

Benchmark for Middle Power Diplomacy: The Australian Model

As Canada reviews its foreign policy, Peter MacArthur, who is on an exchange assignment in Australia, believes we can draw lessons from Australia

by Peter MacArthur

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to work in another foreign service? Imagined how you might operate in another country's bureaucracy? Thought how you would fare representing a foreign government at a multilateral negotiations which include Canada at the table?

Over the past two years I made this mental leap as Canadian Exchange Officer in the Australian Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade (DFAT). My assignments included their OECD and G-7 Section when Australia chaired the annual OECD Ministerial Meeting, their Japan Section, shortly after the July 1993 elections and introduction of political/economic reforms by the Hosokawa Government, and in research teams in the East Asia Analytical Unit to prepare major studies on India, China and Japan. I had to learn much and more quickly, establish trust and credibility in an organization that was as new to me as I was to it, and perform my duties not only as a DFAT officer but as a representative of the Canadian foreign service. This meant adapting to the different foreign and trade policy objectives and to the different management style and operating procedures in DFAT's destreamed environment.

I was conscious of a gradual progression from "guest" to "team member," and at some point starting to talk about "our" interests instead of "your" or "Australia's" interests. The characteristic Australian friendliness and hospitality eased the shift. In the workplace, the morning and afternoon appearance in the corridors of a tea/coffee and biscuit trolley vies with the cappuccino available in the basement cafeteria. Busy work units find time to establish "cake rosters" to celebrate special occasions on a rotating basis each week and jump at any opportunity to lunch together and talk shop.

An exchange officer feels the additional responsibility for one's work and decisions as a foreign guest who is representing Canada in the workplace. Traditionally, and for good practical reasons, the exchange officer and High Commission operate at arm's length in order to maintain discretion in the treatment of sensitive issues and confidences.

DFAT is perhaps as much influenced by British traditions and style as DFAT is by American ways of dealing in information and running government policy.

As Canada reviews its foreign policy and considers public sector reforms against a backdrop of continued budgetary austerity in the 1990s, I believe we can draw some useful lessons from the Australian experience.

The Revolution Down-Under

Many Canadians may not fully understand or appreciate the revolutionary changes which have occurred in Australian politics, economy and diplomacy. Australia, this "continent for a nation", is rapidly strengthening its own national identity, beginning to enjoy economic recovery and opening up to the world, particularly to nearby Asia.

I found an Australia in the full flight of an economic revolution, re-embracing

Labour Party Government in an election won against a GST proposal and relentlessly charting a future in an economically dynamic Asia, its natural region in a post-Cold War world. I worked in a Department led by three Ministers (Foreign Affairs, Trade and Aid), the first two sat in a Senate chamber elected on the basis of compulsory voting, proportional representation and a complex system of party preferences.

The structural adjustment and micro-economic reforms which Australia began to pursue in the early 1980s were beginning to deliver economic recovery, buttressed by more buoyant consumer and business confidence. Major improvements in labour relations and domestic competitiveness coupled with relatively comfortable public finances and the right policy settings were leading to low inflation growth and enhanced exports.

During my assignment Australia also came to terms with native title for its indigenous peoples following the decision of the High Court in the Mabo case. This reconciliation, more than two centuries after Europeans first discovered "terra nullis," is part of the fostering of a stronger national identity which may include Australia's possible referendum decision to become a Republic within the Commonwealth by the time Sydney hosts the Olympics in 2000.

Australia was also increasingly asserting itself on the regional stage through the Asia Pacific Economic Forum, the ASEAN Regional Forum and the South Pacific Forum. The country's economy is as big as all of the six ASEAN markets combined. The links are close. Australia is one of two countries (China is the other) to have regular Ministerial Committee Meetings with Japan.

Sharing time zones with Tokyo, Beijing and Taipei, Australian business news focuses more on the *Hang Seng* and *Nikkei* indexes than the Dow Jones stockmarket reports. Australia's little known Christmas Island, situated in the Indian Ocean, is only one

hour's flying time from Jakarta while its Northern Territory shares maritime boundaries with the Indonesian archipelago and former colonial territory of Papua New Guinea. Australia's navy is helping to protect some of the world's most commercially important sea lanes linking Asia to North America and Europe.

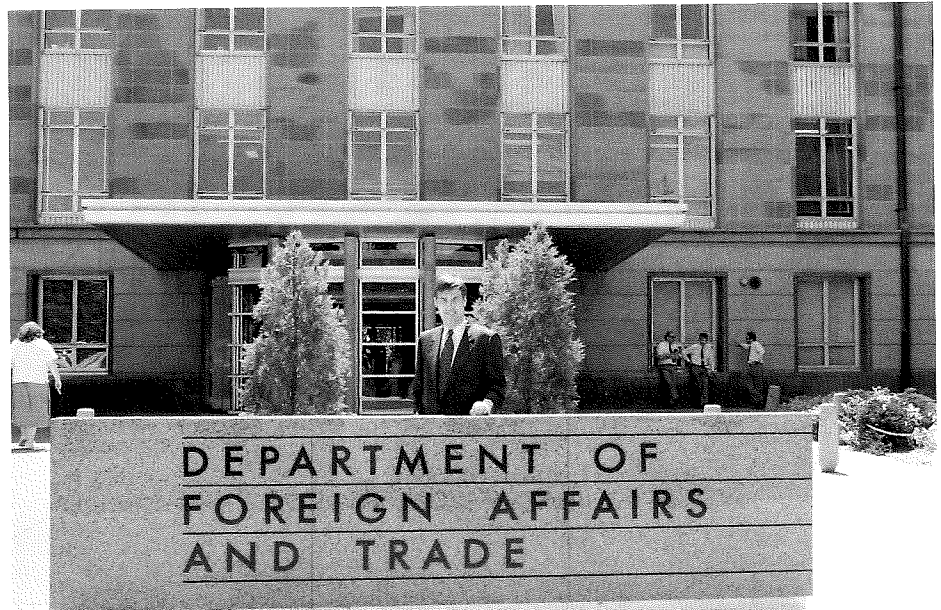
The DFAT believes that there is excessive micro-management by senior staff.

Unlike Canada, Australia was bombed by the Japanese in World War II. Today Japan is by far Australia's major trading partner, buying one quarter of her exports, now including rice, and providing over 600,000 tourists per year. Having once fought beside the Americans in the jungles of Viet Nam, Australia is today a leading business partner to the Vietnamese. It has actively contributed to the Cambodian peace effort with the largest UNTAC peacekeeping contingent.

A Benchmark for Middle Power Diplomacy?

In the world of foreign and trade ministries, as in the case of global multinational corporations, there may be a case for utilizing the concept of "best practice" and comparative "benchmarking" to measure and improve Departmental performance. If Canada's DFAT were to undertake such an analysis, we might well start with our Commonwealth cousins in the southern hemisphere.

Australia and Canada fit the same category as active and diplomatically well equipped middle powers with similar interests to pursue and protect. We are among the civil service leaders in the streamlining and simplification of client services, i.e. making performance still count in an era of diminishing resources. Australia followed the 1982 Canadian decision to integrate trade and foreign policy when a similar amalgamation took place in 1987. Both Departments have thus gained a merger of economic and political expertise and cross-fertilisation, enabling considerable strengths in advancing APEC, the Uruguay Round and other key trade issues in the 1990s. The new challenge facing the two Departments is how to effectively bring together management and policy skills at all levels of the



Peter benchmarking the Australian DFAT

organization to achieve higher productivity and enhanced return on investment for maximum impact.

DFAT is perhaps as much influenced by British traditions and style as DFAT is by American ways of dealing in information and running government policy. One example is the Australian retention of good prose over the Canadian telegraphic style in the drafting of telegrams. Another small example is the attention paid by Australian diplomats to the preparation of official records of conversation following any substantive visits or talks. Apart from that, Australian diplomats carry out many of the same tasks as their Canadian counterparts: international conferences, official talks, ministerial correspondence, ministerial visits, briefing books, ministerial submissions, cabinet submissions, policy papers and protocol.

Smaller and More Focussed

The Australian DFAT is smaller and more focussed than the DFAIT in Canada. It retains functions such as consular services, public and cultural affairs and (since 1987) trade policy. The Passport Office remains an integral part of the Department but operates in separate offices on a fee for service basis. The Australian Trade Commission (known as Austrade), the approximate equivalent of our Trade Commissioner Service, has been part of the ministerial portfolio since 1991 but functions as a separate corporate entity. Austrade earns 10 percent of its budget from cost recovery on trade development services.

Despite being accountable to the Minister for Foreign Trade, Austrade's headquarters were moved from Canberra to Sydney and senior management was decentralized

throughout major world markets in 1991-92. This dramatic shift followed a report prepared by the McKinsey consulting firm which recommended a reorganization in response to widespread political and business criticism. The jury is still out on whether Australia would also gain from a complete integration of its trade policy and trade development function along Canadian lines.

The DFAT is about half the size of the DFAIT in staff numbers and operating budgets which do not include specific trade and investment promotion. The Australian Department, which is increasingly keen to diversify into broad strategic trade development, is staffed by 3755 employees, divided 1253 in Canberra, 769 overseas, 275 in state offices and 1458 LES deployed abroad.

The DFAT operates 82 missions in 72 countries but these numbers will continue to be fluid as bigger posts are cut or closed and smaller posts are opened. Washington is the DFAT's biggest mission while Nauru in the South Pacific is considered its smallest post. Australian posts are fewer and highly concentrated in Asia and the South Pacific. Austrade has also been reducing or re-deploying Australian positions abroad. In 1991-92 Austrade closed Vancouver, San Francisco, Chicago and Miami in order to open Hanoi, Guangzhou and Surabaya.

Doing More with Less

Both Canada and Australia are seeking to do more with less. As in Ottawa, Canberra public servants are having to meet greater demands with less resources and incentives for adaptation, innovation and reform. In

both capitals questions such as "where can we make a difference?" and "how can we do this better?" are being asked.

The DFAT has for several years been surrendering 1.25 percent of its running budget as an efficiency dividend and, like Canada, has closed or reduced posts. The DFAT receives an appropriation of about A\$500 million, of which \$367 million comprises operating costs (about two thirds of which is spent abroad.) Australian Ministers are currently seeking Cabinet approval of a major proposal to rehabilitate the DFAT's global network with additional resources, particularly in the Asian region.

DFAT planners forecast a future of more numerous, smaller posts.

Management in the DFAT is actively seeking to keep the Department relevant to the interests of its main client base. Their approach to downsizing, productivity enhancements, information technology, training, decentralized management, financial reforms and other innovations include the introduction of accrual accounting and program budgeting, a three year forward-looking corporate plan, workplace enterprise bargaining, expanded business liaison with some cost recovery, a clampdown on fraud, streamlined administrative procedures, a focus on new technologies (such as the Australian Diplomatic Communications Network-ADCNET — which parallels our SIGNET) and better management of human resources (including a massive commitment to Asian language and other training such as a new scholarship fund).

DFAT management believes that while its policy agenda is looking good, the Department needs to improve the quality of management, managers and administrative systems in order to create pools of talent which will facilitate future successions to the most senior levels. The challenge, like that of the Canadian service, is how to make use of the high proportion (by wider public service standards) of Executive level officers and a large pool of experienced and talented staff at lower levels of the organization.

The DFAT believes that there is excessive micro-management by senior staff. Too

many managers are bogged down in the detail of policy that is just as well undertaken by large reserves of staff and spend too little time leading, planning, assessing, appraising and coaching more junior officers. Among DFAT's efforts to improve career satisfaction are proposals to employ more spouses as locally engaged staff (LES) at overseas missions, Leave Without Pay, permanent part-time work, more reciprocity agreements on spousal employment (Australia is less advanced than Canada) and more higher level specialist positions in both Canberra and posts. The bottom line is to take measures which retain the loyalty and enthusiasm of officers who have reached their limit in the promotions cycle.

The Department is being called upon to institute continuous improvement training and multi-skilling, prioritize constantly, adopt new technology, cut costs, introduce user pay principle and "say no" to some demands. The introduction of the ADCNET computer communications system is replacing A-based communicator and clerical staff at posts.

This shift is being assisted by a determined LES localisation program where local staff, including expatriates, replace A-based officers in more and more posts, particularly high cost locations. DFAT planners forecast a future of more numerous, smaller posts, many staffed by only one Australian officer to provide administrative and quality control oversight, program leadership, representation and negotiation skills. Much of the analysis and post administration will be left to LES through a participative work design which will require more precise post directives and mandates and clearer job descriptions.

One innovation for middle power diplomacy faced with reduced resources may be sharing our resources. Canada and Australia already have consular sharing agreements for about 26 countries, common diplomatic bag facilities in certain countries, cooperate in the CANZ Forum in support of each other's candidates and positions in international organizations and enjoy a tradition of personnel exchanges. In 1993 Canada and Australia commenced direct electronic cable exchange and began to implement a policy of co-locating missions abroad, beginning with Phnom Penh and Bridgetown, to achieve financial economies and greater efficiencies.

Relevance in the 1990s

How do the Australians expect to remain relevant and survive the 1990s? In 1993 DFAT decided to enunciate and develop a clear corporate aim: "Winning a future for Australia in the world." DFAT recognizes

that dramatic global changes mean that it will have to fight skilfully for Australia's future and win at all levels. The aim is to win access to (and engage) governments, international organizations and the worldwide business community. A fundamental change in how DFAT approaches the world strategically is taking shape. The Department is shifting from the traditional "maintaining good bilateral relations" posture to managing bilateral relations primarily in terms of building leverage to achieve specific bilateral and multilateral goals which are of highest priority to Australia.

Canberra is more methodical in painting a big broad brush picture before ruthlessly selecting program and administrative targets for follow-through.

The saying that "small is beautiful" rang true for me in Canberra where a smaller Department is more methodical in painting a big broad brush picture before ruthlessly selecting program and administrative targets for follow-through and completion, including evaluation.

On balance, in comparison with DFAIT, there are many more strengths than weaknesses in my personal view. Among approaches we can learn from are a more tightly focussed Departmental mission, greater outreach to the community through published material based on cost recovery, streamlined and more forward-looking corporate services, greater openness to analysis provided by think tanks, revolutionary ideas in labour relations and productivity enhancement and better internal communications. ✍

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No Frills Diplomacy in Wellington

Not unlike the GST, the radical and fundamental reorientation of the Foreign Ministry in New Zealand may be a bellweather for what is to happen in Canada.

by Daryl Copeland

Rolling Thunder Down Under

For much of the past decade, New Zealand's public sector has been subject to the political equivalent of carpet bombing. Much of what was once here is gone. Few found cover. "Rationalized," privatized and drastically downsized in the wake of the liquidation of entire departments, the apparatus of government is less than a shadow of its former self.

For much of the past decade, New Zealand's public sector has been subject to the political equivalent of carpet bombing.

The re-invention of the state was undertaken in the context of a much wider programme which would make the likes of Milton Friedman blush. Social programs have been slashed, subsidies eliminated and unions broken. Taxes have been cut (especially for the wealthiest), markets deregulated and investment requirements streamlined. Unemployment remains high, but the economy is otherwise improving. Supporters of this line see flowers growing from the craters; radical adjustment, they claim, has left New Zealand fit to compete in the global marketplace. Critics recoil at the damage to the social fabric and anguish over the high human costs.

The popular explanation — and it is virtually undisputed — of the scope and intensity of these changes makes compelling reading for Canadians. Around the mid-eighties, New Zealand was running headlong into an abyss of collapsing public finance, spiralling debt, and reduced productivity and earnings. Insolvency loomed. Faced with the inability to fund the status quo and stripped of its long-cherished role as farm for UK, necessity was invoked as the mother of invention.

The structure and mandate of the foreign ministry was rigorously reviewed, and the subsequent re-orientation has been fundamental. Not unlike the GST, this may prove a bellweather. New Zealand's "No Frills Diplomacy" should therefore be of interest to practitioners of foreign policy in Canada.

Looking West: Catch the Rays of the Rising Sun

In the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade (MFAT), the imperative of advancing New Zealand's international competitive position has been enshrined as the over-arching goal. While the Trade Development Board is charged with the provision of close commercial support to New Zealand business abroad, MFAT establishes the priorities and proffers the policy guidance. The Government is committed in particular to demonstrating that New Zealand is both in, and of, the Asia-Pacific region. No Appalachian-style backwater, this, but a worthy partner well able to hold its own on anyone's terms. Although the commitment to regional integration seems more widely held among decision-makers and opinion leaders than the general public, much has already been accomplished.

The nineties have seen the Asia-Pacific region emerge as everybody's darling, but many aspirants have been unable to get beyond lip service offered in pursuit of a receding horizon. In New Zealand,

however, a constant two way flow of senior officials, politicians, and businesspeople is creating new patterns of thought and behavior. Tourism is booming, investment relations are flourishing, and trade with Asia is expanding at about twenty percent per year. A determined attempt is being made to diversify New Zealand's traditional dependence on Australia and Europe by exploiting opportunities in the neighbourhood. New Zealand is niche marketing itself throughout the region, and the audience has shown itself receptive.

New Zealand is niche marketing itself throughout the region, and the audience has shown itself receptive.

Eliminate the Guesswork

Within government, and certainly in the case of MFAT, resources have been marshalled in support of clearly defined interests and objectives. Each year Ministers are offered a selection of policy options, and choose those they wish pursued. Failed contenders are not funded and, at least in theory, are dropped from the list of active files. For the current year, the first priority among the "outcomes desired by the Governments" is to "improve conditions for New Zealand trade and economic growth, in particular through further development of relations with East Asia..." To a degree which would astound most Canadians, diplomatic assets are deployed in

direct, and, to a considerable extent, exclusive support of New Zealand's economic and trade interests.

Private sector culture and values are pervasive throughout the bureaucracy. Delaying has been embraced, senior officials are accessible, and desk officers serve as country or functional programme managers in all but name. The language of performance contracts is omnipresent. In the preamble to MFAT's "Projected Output Performance for 1993-94," for example, reference is made to a "comprehensive range of systems and procedures ... designed to ensure that outputs of all classes are delivered to agreed specifications." The outputs are then listed (Management of New Zealand's Relations with Other Countries; Interests in International Institutions; Official Development Assistance, Consular Services; and so forth), described in detail, and costed. There is never any reason to doubt what anyone should, or should not be doing.

Private sector culture and values are pervasive throughout the bureaucracy.

The act of publishing annual foreign policy objectives — in the budget, annual report and operational plans — makes some form of heightened accountability virtually inevitable. Indeed, accountabilities are assigned all the way down the hierarchy, from the CEO to desk officers, with responsibility for specific "outcomes" and "outputs" deliberately delineated. The CEO, for instance, is "responsible for the management of the Crown's investment in the Ministry" and "for the production of all classes of outputs listed in the Statement of Projected Performance". In my case, I was presented with a letter a few days after arrival stating my duties and responsibilities and referring to key tasks "set out on pages 3-5 and 14 of the division's operational plan." The existence of clear standards immensely simplifies performance measurement and adds a welcome degree of objectivity to the otherwise odiously subjective task of performance appraisal.

Sharpen the Focus

In addition to the emphasis on internal economy, this up-front style concentrates the

mind, and, for those charged with charting the direction of the ship of state, forces a process of sobering, and often harrowing selection. It allows politicians to buy only the policy advice and services they want, and, in a world of limited resources, enforces a form of market discipline. Ministers get no more than they pay for, the CEO is charged with producing the goods, and those at the working level are offered concise guidance on how their time is to be spent. Both posts and divisions are evaluated bi-annually by the (ADM level) Senior Management Group against stipulated benchmarks, and the results are factored into the appraisals of Heads of Mission and Directors. Indeed, mid-year reviews are mandatory for all employees. Meanwhile, an Audit Department tracks and evaluates both operational and financial performance and reports annually to Parliament.

We're Here to Help

In the interim, efforts to court the business community continue apace. The Ministry's Business Communications Coordinator works full-time to establish effective linkages and ensure that the message is getting out. Corporations wanting "information on the economy or market it is targeting", or that "have a problem with access," or "want to know about future opportunities or link up with Government programmes" are enjoined to talk to Ministry representatives. All officers spend much of their time dealing with exporters associations, bankers, consultants, and businesspeople of every stripe. Officials are regularly despatched across the country to promote an awareness of MFAT's services and expertise.

It is a profoundly different approach to the conduct of diplomacy, one far removed from the conventions of Parsonian internationalism. That said, in the absence of luxuries such as export credits and tied aid, the imperative of working harder on cooperative economic promotion did not take long to emerge as one of few options.

Sweetness and Light

Among other effects, this system empowers elected representatives, facilitates public scrutiny and encourages a focussed, even strategic approach to diplomatic enterprise. The extensive planning and consultative mechanisms, however, carry high administrative overheads. Critics are quick to point out, moreover, that the new order has arrived with a host of strings attached, both ideological and practical. Without going into the many arguments as to why or why not certain biases may be necessary or appropriate, suffice it to say that human rights advocacy, large scale development assistance, and the

pursuit of political liberalization — major aspects of Canadian foreign policy — do not figure centrally in this dispensation.

Those uncomfortable with the corporate orientation have also observed that it constitutes an integral part of the bundle of public policies which has broken up national unions, rolled back social programmes, reduced health care and social security benefits, redistributed wealth upwards and generally retrenched across the board. At best, clear cutting in the guise of strategic pruning; at worst, slash and burn. Members of groups least able to articulate or defend their interests have been seen to underwrite the costs of a programme whose benefits have been delivered elsewhere.

It allows politicians to buy only the policy advice and services they want, and, in a world of limited resources, enforces a form of market discipline.

A Common Future?

The results of New Zealand's recent national election suggest that there remains much unease over the pace and direction of change, and no consensus on future directions. It must be said that relative to perhaps 80% of the rest of the world, important elements of the welfare state remain intact, and the more flexible, dynamic approach has provided some obvious public dividends from a value for money perspective. For what it's worth, the "reforms" have been widely applauded in the foreign ministry, though that may be less than indicative in terms of the *vox populi*.

Viewed from the Antipodes, the extent to which events in New Zealand appear to have prefigured the continuing debate in Canada is striking. If New Zealand's experience is any guide, thought might be given to exploring means by which social and economic objectives could be achieved complementarily, and governments made lean without getting mean.

Daryl Copeland is on secondment to the Ministry of External Relations and Trade in New Zealand. He has served abroad in Ethiopia and Thailand.

Foreign Service around the World at a Glance

This chart, prepared by the M Branch, and based on information from our posts, gives an idea of the size of diplomatic representation abroad by other countries.

Countries Pays	Total missions (excluding Hon. Cons. and Hon. Cons. Gen.) Total des missions (sans consulats gén. hon. ni cons. hon.)	Embassies, High Commissions and Perm. Missions Ambassades, hauts-commissariats et missions perm.	Consulates General and Consulates Consulats généraux et consulats	Trade and Tourism Commerce et tourisme	Aid Aide	Other Autres honoraires	Honorary Cons. Gen. and Hon. Consuls Consuls gén. honoraires et consuls hon.
G-7							
Britain/ Grande-Bretagne	422	155	245	22			28
Canada	146	90	21	19	9	7	58
France	263	163	100				
Germany/ Allemagne	260	160	73		27		309
Italy/Italie	284	137	147				463
Japan/Japon	261	116	65	80			51
U.S.A./É.-U.	293	176	113			4	
Other OECD/ Autres OCDE							
Australia/Australie	116	74		15		27	18
Austria/Autriche	190	74	18	86		12	193
Denmark/Danemark	378	84	294				
Finland/Finlande	500	138	335	23		4	95
Greece/Grèce	141	84	57				160
Iceland/Islande	12	12					
Ireland/Irlande	40	33	5		2		59
Luxembourg	26	24	2				100
Netherlands/ Pays-Bas	122	95	27				376
New Zealand/ Nouvelle-Zélande							
Norway/Norvège	82	71	11				429
Spain/Espagne	205	92	86			27	137
Switzerland/Suisse	165	100	56		8	1	120
Turkey/Turquie	244	100	59	85			82
Others/Autres							
Algeria/Algérie	212	111	32	1		68	
Argentina/Argentine	152	81	71				
Bangladesh	53	43	10				
Brazil/Brésil	150	100	49			1	

RETHINKING THE FOREIGN SERVICE

Countries Pays	Total missions (excluding Hon. Cons. and Hon. Cons. Gen.) Total des missions (sans consulats gén. hon. ni cons. hon.)	Embassies, High Commissions and Perm. Missions Ambassades, hauts-commissariats et missions perm.	Consulates General and Consulates Consulats généraux et consulats	Trade and Tourism Commerce et tourisme	Aid Aide	Other Autres honoraires	Honorary Cons. Gen. and Hon. Consuls Consuls gén. honoraires et consuls hon.
Chile/Chili	133	73	58			2	116
Colombia/Colombie	183	61	122				
Costa Rica	139	66	73				101
Czech Rep./ Rép. Tchèque	102	88	12	2			35
Egypt/Égypte	179	106	29	44			
El Salvador	211	79	132				
Ethiopia/Éthiopie	32	31	1				6
Ghana	36	34	1			1	
Guatemala	43	25	13	5			76
India/Inde	140	109	28			3	
Indonesia/Indonésie	121	73	48				
Iran	120	94	22			4	
Jamaica/Jamaïque	59	14	45				
Jordan/Jordanie	45	43	2				
Kenya	34	34					
Korea/Corée	226	103	38	81	4		
Kuwait/Koweït	41	37	4				
Mexico/Mexique	100	71	29				30
Morocco/Maroc	108	71	35	2			36
Nigeria	85	75	8	2			
Pakistan	101	82	15	4			48
Peru/Pérou	116	65	51				
P.R.C./Chine	350	153	44	153			
Philippines	70	54	15			1	143
Poland/Pologne	135	88	34			13	48
Romania/Roumanie	110	96	14				7
Senegal/Sénégal	42	38	4				
Singapore/Singapour	91	65	25	1			
South Africa/ Afrique du Sud	100	61	23	4		12	
Sri Lanka	39	37	2				60
Syria/Syrie	54	54					
Tanzania/Tanzanie	27	26		1			
Thailand/Thaïlande	74	55	19				89
Tunisia/Tunisie	121	67	27	29		4	
Venezuela	122	80	41			1	

The Strange Story of the *Expulsados* of Chiapas

Story and photos by Nick Coghlan

In late 1993, two months before armed rebels of the Zapatista National Liberation Army thrust the remote Mexican state of Chiapas into the world's headlines, I paid a five-day visit to the area to see a number of Canada Fund projects in operation.

My first stop was the Bishop's Palace in San Cristóbal de las Casas where Don Samuel Ruiz concluded our talk about the problems facing the indigenous people of Chiapas by directing me to a run-down government building on the edge of town: "Just in case you think you have all the answers," he said, "go and talk a while to the *expulsados*, the expelled ones."

"Just in case you think you have all the answers," he said, "go and talk a while to the expulsados, the expelled ones."

In the courtyard and cloisters of the city's Indigenous Institute were encamped some 400 or more Tzotzil Indians from the community of San Juan Chamula. Their story was a strange one, difficult to believe in the twentieth century even in these benighted parts.

Twenty-five years ago, missionaries from North American evangelical churches had begun to spread through Guatemala and Southeastern Mexico. In the Chamula Indians they found what seemed to be a people in dire need of salvation. For, many years before, the Chamulas had forcibly ejected their Catholic parish priest and, while maintaining their reverence for a

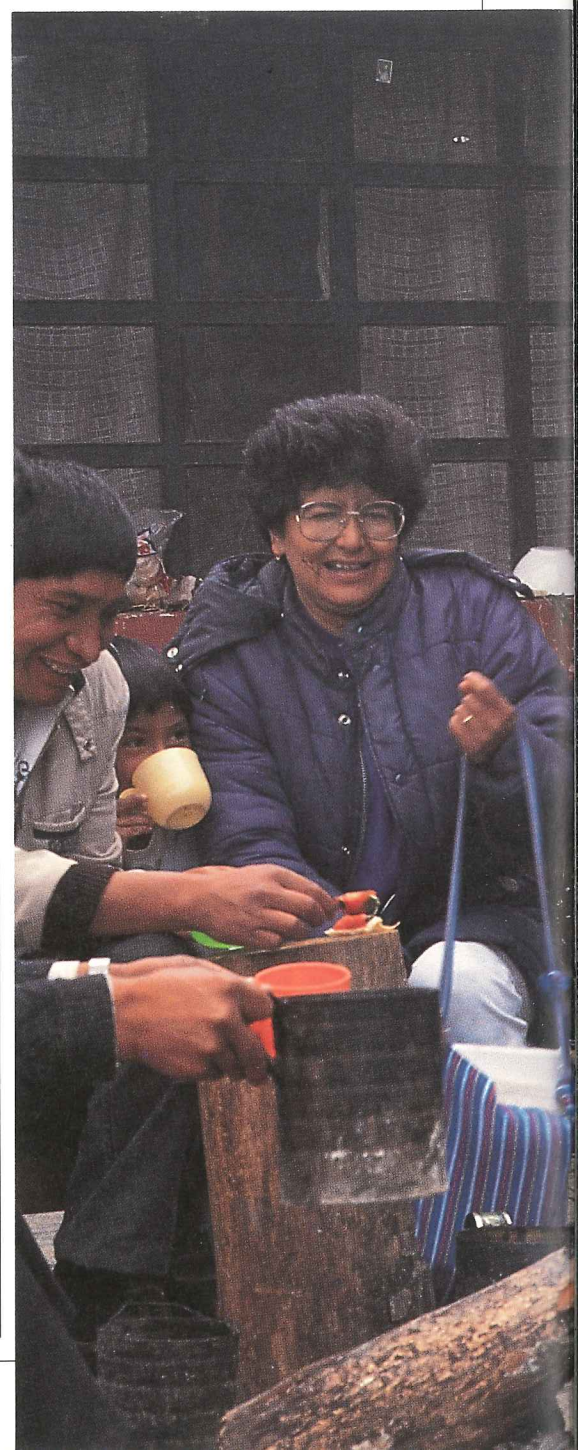
pantheon of Catholic saints, had reintroduced pagan rites that many had thought long forgotten. They removed the pews from the old stone church, spread pine needles on its floor and arranged the saints around the edge of the church, each in his or her curtained case. Each was assigned the role of specific Mayan deities and, if they failed to produce the goods — for example a satisfactory maize harvest — they would be turned to the wall or have their curtains closed. Sacred stones were unearthed from their hiding places and given places of honour.

The evangelicals made major inroads into Chamula, but the old rites survive. Today, if you pay two pesos at the town hall and hand over your camera, you can enter the church and step into a disturbing, even menacing twilight world of smoke and ritual mutterings in *tzotzil*. If you visit Chamula on one of its many feast days, which borrow from both the Maya and the Christian calendars, you should beware: the costumes, the dancing and the music are quaint but the *pox* (local firewater) flows freely and foreign faces are not always welcome.

Pox (pronounced posh) in fact plays a critical part in the Chamula culture. It is produced in copious quantities for fiestas and is accepted by the local authorities in lieu of taxes and fines. But the converts to the new evangelical religions do not drink. Nor will they buy flowers, candles and soft drinks for the monthly fiestas — all lucrative monopolies in the control of a handful of village *caciques* or strongmen. Following the arrival of the evangelical missionaries, tensions in the community grew and San Juan Chamula split, ostensibly along religious lines but really because the converts to evangelical religions threatened the prosperity of the *caciques*.

The *caciques* responded brutally to the evangelicals. In twenty years, over 20,000 evangelicals have been forcibly expelled from San Juan Chamula. Some have been killed, many beaten, their houses burned. The pretext was always that they would not conform to the traditional ways of the Chamulas and that they therefore no longer deserved a place in the community.

Whole colonies of such *expulsados* now live in shanty towns around San Cristóbal, with names like New Palestine or Bethany. Then in July 1993 the latest wave of



victims, numbering over 400, decided that enough was enough. They staged a sit-in at the city's Indigenous Institute, and there they remain. Two babies have died while they have been there. At first, no doctor would attend to them. They depend for food upon the charity of fellow evangelicals in town and, in large part, upon the Catholic diocese of San Cristóbal. Their demands are simple. The law be enforced and that they be allowed to return to their traditional homes in San Juan Chamula.

After my first visit to the *expulsados*, the Canadian Embassy made a small emergency donation to them, in the form of blankets

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and tarpaulins. I went back in January 1994, at the time of the Chiapas crisis, to see how

they were doing. The tarpaulins were in place, cauldrons of maize bubbling over an open fire, but the *expulsados* now numbered 580. They were quite oblivious to the tanks rumbling through the cobbled streets of San Cristóbal and the camouflaged helicopters clattering overhead. "We are a peaceful people," one of their leaders said to me. "All we want is justice."

Nick Coghlan is an officer in the Political Economic stream at FAIT and is currently serving as Second Secretary at the Canadian Embassy in Mexico City.

Evangelical missionaries and conversions, Mayan rites in Catholic parish, brutal suppressions of the Evangelicals and 20,000 expulsions — are all behind the headlines in the remote Mexican state of Chiapas.



Story and photos by
David Edwards

The journey along the Trans-Siberian Railroad is the foremost train trip in the world. I had the great fortune to make the trip in December, and thus got to traverse Siberia in its most typical season.

There are, in fact, three branches of the famous journey. The first goes from Moscow to Khabarovsk and on to Vladivostok and Nakhodka on the Pacific Ocean. The second breaks off at Ulan Ude, continuing through Mongolia to Beijing. The third goes to Beijing also, but through Harbin in Manchuria. I took the second route in reverse, sometimes referred to as the Trans-Mongolian which took six days from Beijing to Moscow.

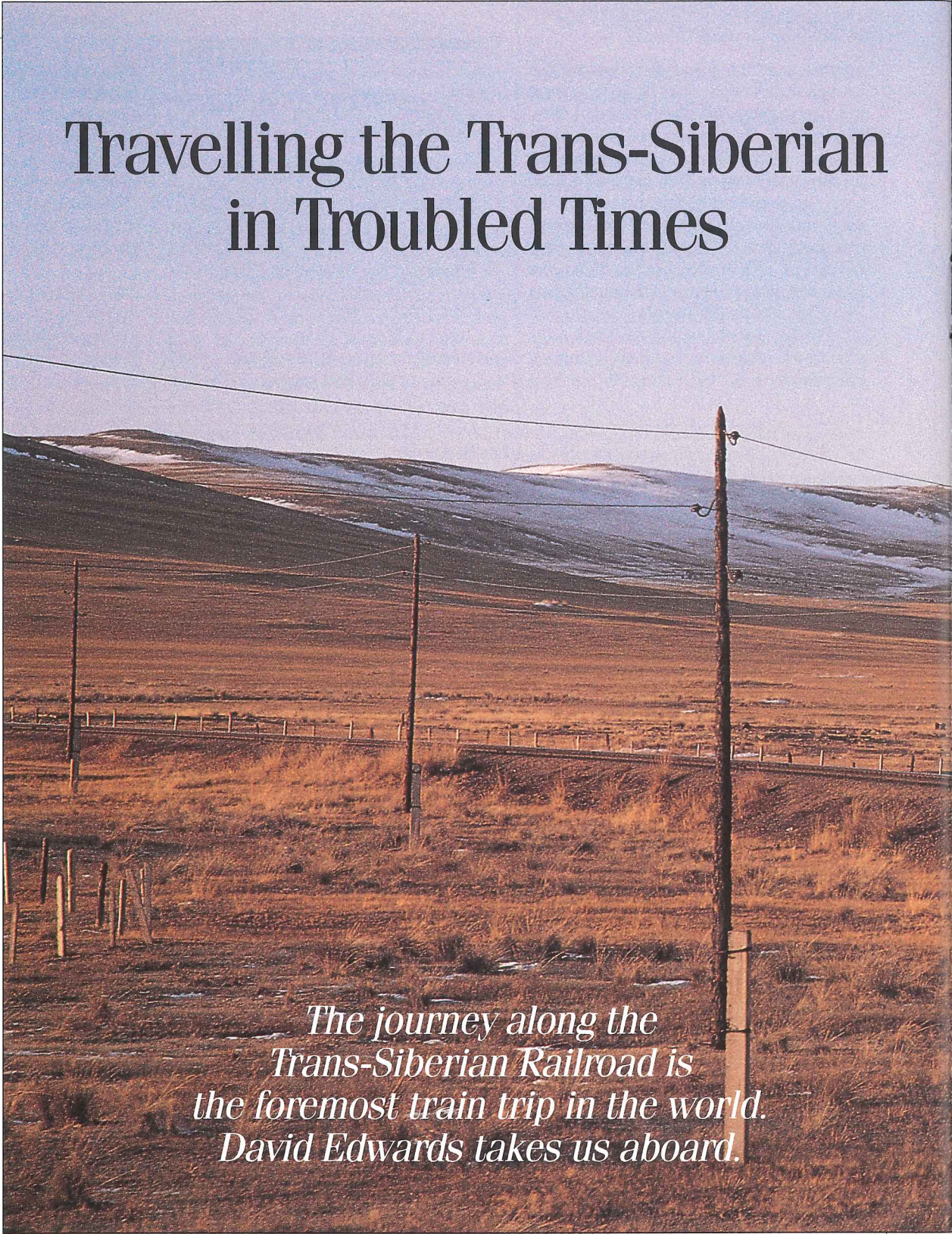
The days prior to departure in Beijing had been spent buying food supplies and preparing for the journey ahead. My enthusiasm for the trip, though still high, was being replaced by foreboding with each unnerving update I received on how the journey had changed. Russia's descent into economic and social chaos had made the journey more difficult and dangerous. Food on the Mongolian and Russian sections were described as inedible, unhygienic, and frequently unavailable at all. The trip was now a smugglers route; fellow passengers could be unruly and dangerous, with theft and occasional violence on the train a significant risk.

Yet as I boarded the train on a grey December morning at Beijing railway station, I was quickly reassured by the other passengers. I shared a compartment with a young British woman returning home after

two years in Beijing, an elderly Ukrainian man and a middle aged Chinese-Ukrainian. The compartment itself was a little tight for four people, but otherwise reasonably comfortable. In our carriage were twelve other Westerners with the rest being Chinese and a smattering of Russians and Eastern Europeans. There were perhaps another fifteen international travellers in different parts of the train.

As we were boarding at the station, all of the Chinese and Russian passengers were loading enormous suitcases and bags onto the train. By the time we reached Moscow, their bags and suitcases would be almost empty. The majority of the passengers were on the train for business reasons, making their living by selling goods to the desperate population in Russia. It has radically altered the nature of the train trip. The train

Travelling the Trans-Siberian in Troubled Times



*The journey along the
Trans-Siberian Railroad is
the foremost train trip in the world.
David Edwards takes us aboard.*



passes through once per week, and has become perhaps the foremost mobile shopping mall in Russia, a country of chronic shortages. Although many of the people on the platforms in Russia were there simply to buy the goods on sale, there were less salubrious types waiting to take advantage of the unwary.

The following incidents illustrate some of the problems that passengers faced on the

journey. In Ulan Bator railway station, a Japanese traveller was set upon by thieves. He was kicked in the groin and had mace sprayed in his face. As he and his girlfriend screamed for help he was roughed up by the police and held in a room for a few minutes. Other travellers came to his assistance and helped him back on the train amidst chaos on the platform. As we went out on the railway platform in Ulan Ude for a ten minute

were frequently chaotic and out of control. Thieves within the crowd would attempt to take advantage of those who descended from the train. Those who stayed in their cabins did not have the same experiences. Moreover, the sense of shared threat solidified our cohesion as a group, and passengers were invariably willing to help each other if there were any difficulties.

walk, someone entered two of the cabins in our carriage. A camera, a walkman and three small backpacks were stolen. In Krasnoyarsk, a Chinese woman was punched and knocked down as a Russian stole her wares. There were at least three railway stops in Siberia where the mob scene was so severe that no passengers were able to descend. In Sverdlovsk we had mace sprayed at us by a man who tried to rush the cabin. On a couple of occasions burly and drunk Russians attempted to board our carriage which we had to physically block. A Dutch person was shot in the hand with a pellet gun as he was helping some of the Chinese traders. There were undoubtedly more incidents of which I was not aware. Recounting this litany of events makes the trip sound rather horrific. To be fair, the major risks were almost all outside the train, and only at some of the stops. Arriving at a station, the train was from three to seven hours late. The people on the platform, often numbering in the hundreds, or even thousands, had from four to twenty minutes to cut their deal with the traders on the train. In Siberia, especially in winter, the economic situation was clearly desperate. The scenes

Since it was mid-December and we were going through Siberia, I was prepared for cold temperatures during the journey. I was slightly less prepared for it to be dark. As we were chasing the sun and shifting over one time zone per day, the days would be slightly longer than six hours followed by an eighteen hour night. At that latitude, in Siberia, the sun never climbs very high over the horizon before slipping back again into the long night. The outside temperatures were coldest at Erenhot, Ulan Bator and central Siberia,

though no more fearsome than a cold snap during an Ottawa winter. I would estimate the coldest temperatures we experienced to be in the range of minus 25 degrees.

It is a cliché, but what made the journey so enjoyable were the fellow passengers. Boredom was never a factor. I brought along two novels and read perhaps fifty pages during the entire trip. Passengers formed instant friendships, learned about each others' lives, shared meals, drinks and tales of travel together. We learned about the lives of some of the Chinese traders, Russian travellers, and others on the train. There was usually a cheerful party atmosphere and people constantly dropped into other cabins to chat, play games, or drink beer or tea. The train became a warm and comforting cocoon, with the passing scenery a backdrop to the often more interesting interactions on the train.

The first day of the train journey was spent in China. The dining car (which was changed in each country) had reasonable and varied fare. As we continued past Datong and then north toward the Mongolian border at Erenhot, Northern China's desiccated landscape looked even more desolate than normal in the grey haze of December and the weather grew colder. North from Datong toward the Mongolian border, the air cleared and blue sky appeared overhead. In the evening we arrived at the border station of Erenhot.

We had a long wait of several hours as the carriage wheels had to be adjusted due to the different railway gauges. We went to the bar for beer; others made last minute purchases of food and drink in the comparative plenty of China before crossing the border in to Mongolia. Pooling the residual Chinese money, we brought twelve cases of Chinese beer on to the train.



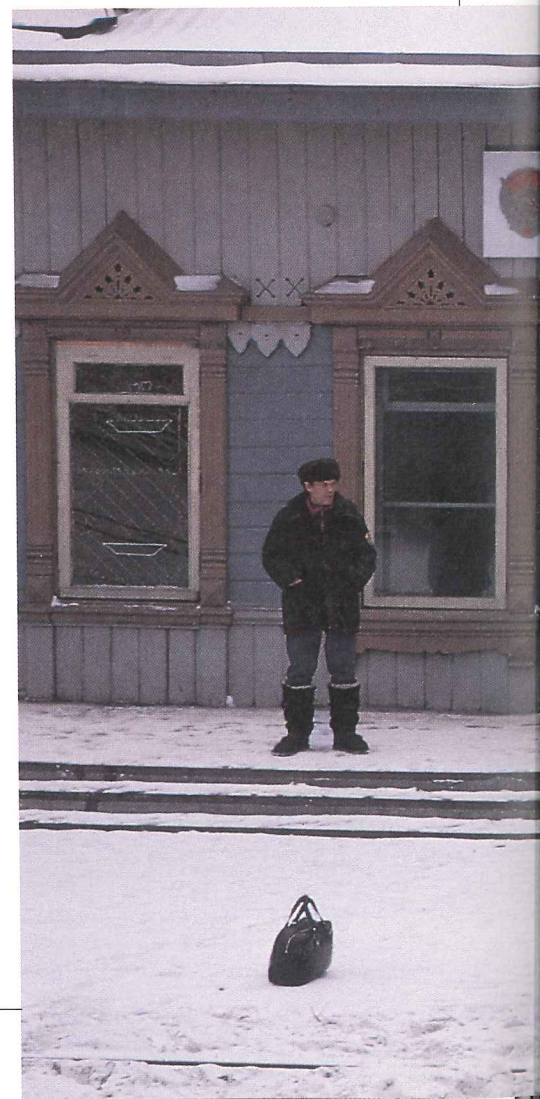
This was to see us most of the way to Moscow.

Erenhot was fiercely cold — perhaps minus 20 degrees with a strong and biting wind. We were at the two borders for about eight hours, far longer than scheduled and from that point to the end of our journey, the train ran several hours late.

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On the second day the train journey went through Mongolia. It was one of the major highlights of the trip. The high treeless plateau was almost unpopulated and the air was very clear and bracing. Occasionally one could see a few lonely yurts or Bactrian camels in the far horizon. A faint dusting of snow over the desert and grasslands gave it a magical appearance. There were a couple of stops where we were able to get out on the platform to the crisp bright air of Mongolia. The few small towns were simple frontier outposts. The dining car was basic — eggs, coffee and soup was all that was available. We entered Ulan Bator railway station late at night. It was the first of the "wild" stops we were to experience. Late that night we reached Mongolia's northern border with Russia. Again, the process of crossing the borders took a few hours.

Once the border was crossed, and the Russian crew came on the train, the wheeling and dealing began in earnest. Virtually all the crew and some of the Russian passengers were changing money, trying to sell military watches and now unwanted Communist memorabilia at fire sale prices and offering to buy anything we wanted to sell. The collapse of the value of



the rouble (it was 400 to the dollar at the beginning of the trip and 450 by the end) made prices in Russia ludicrously cheap. At each of the stops, and even on the train the traders sold items such as gloves, jackets, shoes, sweaters, and tote bags. As we continued into Siberia, Russian ladies would walk up and down the carriages, with one or two male escorts, offering their services to prospective clients.

The Russian menu in the dining car was an impressive sixteen pages with such delicacies as caviar and Baikal sturgeon. Of the perhaps one hundred items on the menu there were only about a dozen with a price tag next to them and only a few that were available — eggs, thin sliced sausage, runny soup and stale bread, potatoes and some tough stroganoff, and limitless quantities of vodka. That was it. Fortunately most of the passengers had also brought some food supplies which we shared together.

Smoking was forbidden in the compartments on the train, but since the vast majority of the passengers were either Chinese or Russians, this regulation was, of course, completely ignored. Once inside Russia, vodka was the drink of choice, and

easily affordable at one dollar for a bottle. Some Russians consumed vodka in prodigious and almost unbelievable quantities. It was not unusual to see three Russians in the dining car working on their fourth or even fifth bottle. Their objective seemed to get not merely drunk, but to become totally obliterated until they passed out and had to be dragged back unconscious to their cabin.

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On the third day we reached Ulan Ude junction at which point the Trans-Mongolian joins the Trans-Siberian route from

Khabarovsk. That afternoon we went along the shores of Lake Baikal, a large and beautiful lake with a backdrop of mountains at the far shore, and not yet frozen despite the cold because of its extreme depth. The combination of clear crisp air, a moderate blanket of snow, and the quaint wooden villages and horse drawn carriages gave much of central Siberia the romantic atmosphere reminiscent of Dr. Zhivago.

Urban Siberia was far less romantic. The cities were gray, industrial and drab. In these central Siberian towns, particularly between Krasnoyarsk and Sverdlovsk, that the atmosphere on the platforms was most chaotic. We went out on the platforms in groups aware that we were literally surrounded by thieves, thugs and pickpockets. We would post people to stay inside and guard the cabins as others would get out to stretch and walk around. Fistfights broke out at a couple of stops, and police could occasionally be seen flailing away at people with their batons.

Beyond Baikal and Irkutsk, the major areas of topographical interest were behind us. Yet the almost unchanging scene of Siberia had its own hypnotic charm — an endless expanse of scrub, taiga, birch trees and open fields as the hours and days passed by.

On the fifth day in the early evening we passed the small obelisk at the point in the Ural mountains marking the separation of Asia from Europe. The Urals were nondescript gentle hills rather than mountains in the area that we passed. The severe cold softened as we entered European Russia, and the beautiful coloured domes of the Orthodox churches enlivened the otherwise drab cities. We had been rather hardened by the wild scenes and experiences in Siberia and found the last stops as we neared Moscow reassuring, civilized and tranquil in comparison. The stations were uncrowded and snow fell gently with the temperatures just below freezing.

On the last day a number of us began to wax philosophically about the journey. Surprisingly, no one was particularly anxious to leave. We savoured the last hours on the train, talking about the experience and exchanging addresses. We had gone almost one third of the way around the world when we pulled into Moscow's Yaroslavl railway station at 21h30, almost six hours behind schedule.

David Edwards works in the North Asia Relations Division. He has had postings in Harare, Lusaka and New Delhi. David travels a lot and took self-funded leave in 1992 to travel around the world, including the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

Plains, trains and czars — the story of the Trans-Siberian

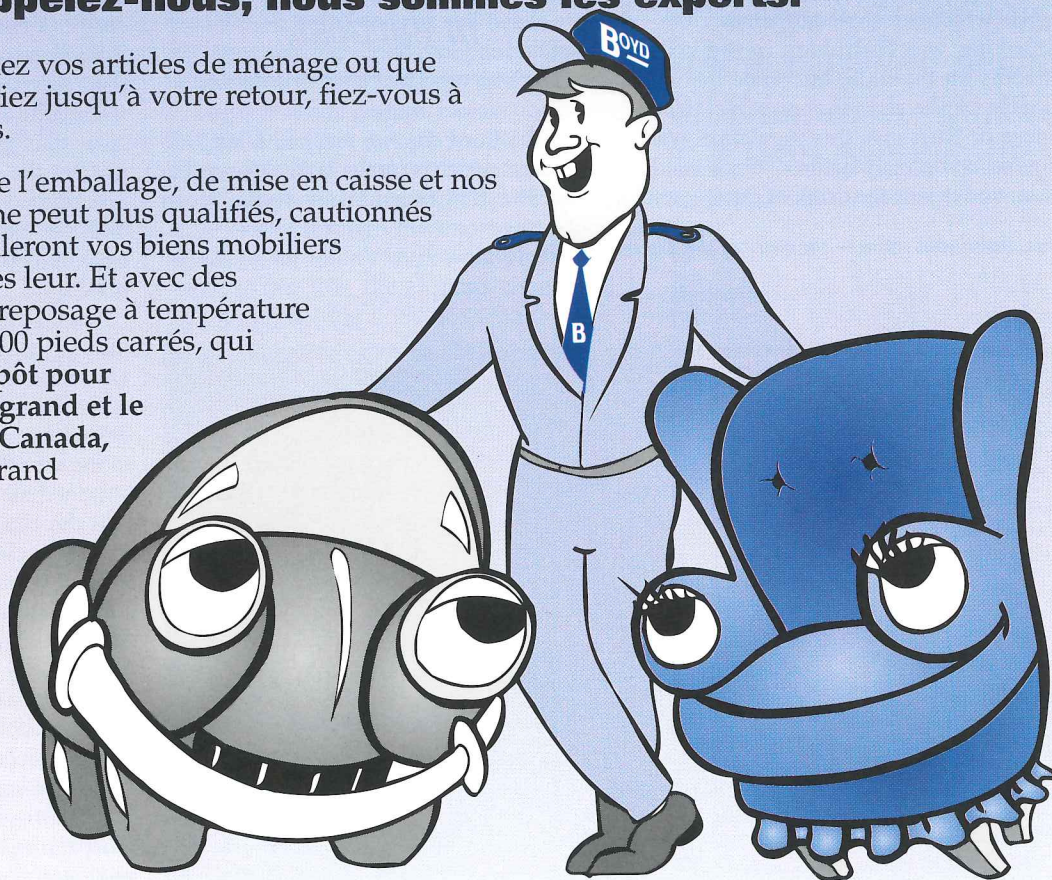


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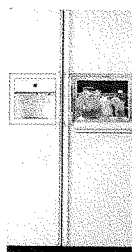


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Some Summer Songs

by Robert McRae

"I've Been Workin' on the Eighth Floor"

(To the tune of "I've been workin' on the Railroad")

Verse 1

I've been workin' on the eighth floor,
All the live long day.
Tryin' to figure out a game plan
Just to pass the time away.
Don't you hear Reid Morden calling,
We meet so early in the morning.
Don't you hear Reid Morden calling.
It's time to blow our horns.

Chorus

Howard won't you blow,
Garrett won't you blow,
David won't you blow your horn
your horn?
Peter won't you blow,
Gaetan won't you blow,
Barry won't you blow your horn!

Verse 2

The centre says there is no money,
Already in the fiscal year.
Let's take development assistance,
The Africans won't hear.
Boris Yeltsin is unstable,
Let's give him all that we are able,
He'll soon be sitting at our table,
The Third World will get no more.

Chorus

CIDA don't you spend, CIDA don't you
spend, CIDA don't you spend no more
no more.
CIDA don't you spend,
CIDA don't you spend,
CIDA don't you spend no more!

"Reid"

(To the tune of Leonard Cohen's "Suzanne")

Verse 1

Reid takes you down,
To a place beside the river.

He feeds you tea and oranges
And tells you of his vision
Of a lean and mean department.

Chorus

Oh you want to travel with him,
And you want to travel blind,
But you know that you'll be C list,
If you touch his perfect body
With your mind.

Verse 2

We have to have more focus,
In the UN and the Summits.
We need coordination,
In the Bank, the Fund, the IFT's.
Let's give them better guidance.

Chorus

And you'll want to travel with us
And we'll pay you back on Tuesday
For a policy review,
That puts our economic interests
Into play. ♣

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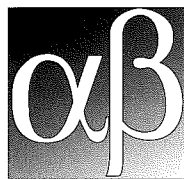
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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

The Generals, the Canadian Army's Senior Commanders in World War II
reviewed by Jack Hyatt

A Different Vision: The English in Quebec in the 1990's reviewed by David Anido

Best-Kept Secrets reviewed by John Starnes

*Pearson and Canada's Role in Nuclear Disarmament and
Arms Control Negotiations, 1945-1957* reviewed by Greg Donaghy

THE GENERALS, THE CANADIAN ARMY'S SENIOR COMMANDERS IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR by J.L. Granatstein, Stoddart, 370 pages, \$35.00.

Reviewed by Jack Hyatt

Jack Hyatt is a military historian and chair of the History Department at the University of Western Ontario. He is a former member of the Historical Section at NDHQ, and has published Sir Arthur Currie: A Military Biography.

This book provides a remarkable group portrait of Canadian army senior leaders during the Second World War.

The first chapter — a brief essay titled "The Old Army" — summarizes Canadian military history during the interwar period, and provides a synopsis of the state of military preparedness in Canada in 1939. Granatstein describes the Permanent Force (PF), a ludicrous army of 446 officers and 4,169 all ranks, and the Non-Permanent Active Militia (NPAM), a force with an actual strength of perhaps 25,000 which soldiered one evening a week. For both, the most important source of officers was The Royal Military College of Canada. The path to success for PF officers was to pass the entrance examination for the British Army Staff College and the Imperial Defence College. In the militia, the keenest officers sought to graduate from the Militia Staff Course. Despite the dedication of these officers, Granatstein shows that both the PF and the NPAM were desperately weak in all respects. Nonetheless, the tiny PF produced "fighting, technical and staff officers" as competent as Crerar, Simonds, Foulkes, Vokes, Murchie, Burns, Stuart, MacQueen, Pope and Spry, a fact which the author describes as "a miracle of biblical proportions." In an "equally miraculous fashion" there emerged from the ranks of the NPAM officer the likes of Hoffmeister, Keefler, Letson, CSL Hertzberger, Walford, Fenwick and Montague.

Granatstein looks carefully at "The Old Brigade," that group of officers in charge

in Canada at the beginning of the war. Many were incompetent and several were relieved as a result of the intervention of General B.L. Montgomery, in Granatstein's words, "the great housecleaner," and known in the British Army as the "nasty little shit." Majors-General Pearkes and Price, Brigadiers Potts and Ganong were only the early selections to be sent home or relieved as a result of Montgomery's interventions. His descriptions of their weakness in private letters

*"Simonds stands
head and shoulders
above every other
Canadian commander
as a general
unafraid to try
new approaches"*

"was unnecessarily (and regrettably, most characteristically) cruel, but he was ordinarily right in his judgements, and his methods and comments were every bit as harsh on British officers." Among old brigade officers from the NPAM Major General Victor Odlum "exemplified the best and worst of Canada's militia system." Odlum had an excellent record in the First World War, but by 1939 he was long out-of-date militarily. What he still possessed was considerable energy and political influence, which resulted in his appointment in April 1940 as commander of the 2nd Canadian Infantry Division. By April of 1941 everyone was looking for a way to ease the still-feisty Odlum to a position with lower potential for damage. Finally he became Canadian High Commissioner to Australia, the beginning of a decade long diplomatic career which took him to China and Turkey. "The tragedy of the Canadian Army at the

beginning of the war" was that senior officers in the militia were so weak that "Odlum was probably as well qualified as any" for a divisional commander's job. Granatstein concludes that "it was fortunate indeed that Odlum, at once impetuous and firmly in a rut, did not have to lead his 2nd Canadian Infantry Division's gallant charge against a German invasion of Britain."

There follows four chapters each mainly devoted to one of the four major Canadian Generals — McNaughton, Crerar, Burns and Simonds. For each of these figures Granatstein's analysis is penetrating, his insight devastating, his judgement perceptive and his conclusions balanced and fair. Andy McNaughton was "a great man, highly intelligent, a compelling personality, one who did well in every single endeavour he took on — except as Commander of the First Canadian Army." McNaughton's successor, Crerar, had "less original genius than McNaughton, he was a far abler field command and national representative in an Allied war effort where Canada was but a junior partner. Humane as he usually was in his dealing with ordinary soldiers and junior officers, his flaws in character and his overweening ambition made Crerar a less attractive human being than the equally ambitious McNaughton." Of the three most important Canadian commanders in the war, Guy Simonds was unquestionably the most militarily brilliant. "Simonds stands head and shoulders above every other Canadian commander as a skilled tactician, as a general unafraid to try new approaches to the horrific battlefields of the Second World War." Yet this master of the battlefield had no human touch. Nor did the equally interesting but less talented Tommy Burns. Surely the only Canadian General to publish articles in H.L. Menken's *American Mercury*, Burns was also suspended from duty and sent back to Canada in July 1941 for security "indiscretions" written to a lady friend in Montreal. Reduced in rank and punished with a strictly administrative position, Burns was given a second chance when he was promoted Major-General in 1943. Granatstein

has probably written the definitive account of Burns promotion to command of the 1st Canadian Corps and the series of crises which led to his dismissal. In Granatstein's view, Burns " 'defects of personality,' his dour manner, his sarcasm, his diffidence, had done him in. He was ... an 'example of a good man in the wrong appointment.' Burns was a staff officer by nature, not a field commander." In the end Burns was replaced by Charles Foulkes, who was Guy Simonds' arch rival. At the end of the war Simonds expected to become Chief of the General Staff in Canada, but the position went to Foulkes. Charlie Foulkes had "a knack of impressing senior officers and politicians; Guy Simonds frightened them." Foulkes as "a Harry Crerar writ small [who] had risen on the basis of his knowledge of men's weaknesses and strengths as much as on his talents as a commander."

Granatstein examines all sixty-eight officers who held the rank of major-general, and a great many more who were Brigadiers. He explores the absence of francophone generals, and "the utter lack of charisma" among Canadian generals. He never forgets that victory "undoubtedly owed more to the common soldiers than to the generals. It always does." In my judgement, Granatstein presents the best account of military leadership, and the most persuasive case for developing military leadership ever written in Canada.

Because this book tackles a broad and important issue which touches directly or tangentially on all the most important questions associated with Canada's participation in the Second World War, many will insist that the author should have written a differently weighted book — presumably one which deals with the reader's (or reviewer's) particular interest. Some will insist on more battle narrative, others will want greater consideration of political or diplomatic issues. More appropriate attention to the virtues or iniquities of the prewar militia, the permanent force, The Royal Military College, Canadian politicians or common soldiers may all be demanded. However, it is impossible to read this book without mentally wrestling with the author and coming away from the encounter stimulated, better informed, and — it must be said — thoroughly entertained. The research on which the book is based is astonishingly broad. If the book fails to be a finalist for a Governor General's award, either Canada will have enjoyed its greatest year in non-fiction writing or Canadians should seriously look at the nomination and selection process for the prize.



BEST-KEPT SECRET (CANADIAN INTELLIGENCE IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR) by John Bryden, M.P. Lester Publishing. 390 pages, \$28.95.

Reviewed by John Starnes

John Starnes is a former Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs who later became the first civilian Director-General of the RCMP Security Service from 1970 until 1973.

This seems just another book about Canada's secret wartime activities and exploits. It is much more than that. It is a skillfully researched, well-constructed, clearly-presented account of Canada's successful entry in wartime into the highly secret, arcane business of communications intelligence. It is a valuable complement to the numerous books written about British and American efforts in this field and to the few which have sought to deal with similar Canadian activities. It is the first such book I have read which comes even close to disclosing in a comprehensive way some of the facts about the complicated, interesting story of Canada's Second World War contributions to the use of information derived from the interception and deciphering of the military, espionage and diplomatic

communications of our enemies and our friends.

The author skillfully illustrates, through quotations from documentation released under the *Access to Information Act*, and the unpublished version of the Mackenzie King diaries, the extent to which the Department of National Defence, and subsequently the Department of External Affairs, became heavily involved and very proficient in this unusual activity. This book also demonstrates the vital complementary role played by Canadian postal and telegraph censorship in this work.

I suspect the lengthy and deep involvement in this highly secret work of Pearson, Robertson, Pope, Wrong, Heeney, Norman, Stone, Menzies, Glazebrook, Riddell, Crean and Keenleyside, to mention only a few, may come as a surprise to some who made their careers in the foreign service, and perhaps even to the many officers who had occasion to use the end-products of Canada's communications intelligence activities. There were foreign service officers who found the whole business distasteful and a few who, perhaps because of this, sometimes even tended to disbelieve the evidence in the decrypted messages they were shown!

It is unfortunate that a number of biographies and books about Pearson, Robertson

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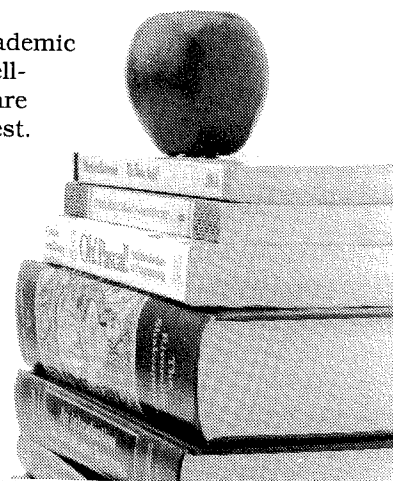
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and some of their contemporaries, not to mention numerous learned books about Canadian wartime and post-war foreign policies, were unable to take more account of the important, sometimes crucial role, which communications intelligence activities played in shaping the careers of these men and the policies they formulated. In part this appears to have been because much of the top secret documentation was still tightly held in Canada and elsewhere, and partly because such documentation as was already public may not have been transparently relevant.

Despite continued restrictions on the release of documentation, much has been made public. For example, in October, 1990 I received under the *Access to Information Act* a slightly expurgated version of the top secret history of the Communications Branch of the National Research Council, written by Kevin O'Neill, a former director (about 900 pages), together with an excellent history of the Examination Unit prepared by G. de B. Robinson in July, 1945, who acted as its director (about 200 pages). Anyone reading these documents could not fail to gain a good idea of the relevance of communications intelligence to the conduct of Canada's foreign relations.

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It required a determined, skilled researcher such as Bryden to pull it all together and to make the important connections between the officials and politicians concerned in National Defence and External Affairs and elsewhere. Indeed, it is extraordinary that Bryden, who knew none of the actors, has

*An interesting
comment concerns
Pearson's career and
his achievements in the
light of his intimate
knowledge of secret
intelligence and the
uses to which it
may have been put.*

successfully understood the texture and the importance of the subtle, often complicated, relationships between them. In doing this he also has demonstrated a remarkable ability to re-create accurately events which took place so many years ago.

Where the classified records released to Bryden in Ottawa, Washington, London and Paris created tantalizing gaps in the story, he sought to fill these by using the very techniques which are the mark of a good cryptographer. He resisted, with a few regrettable exceptions, the temptation to indulge in speculation with the result that he has produced a well-balanced, moderate historical account of a fascinating period in Canada's secret intelligence gathering activities. I am in a good position to judge the accuracy and the value of the book since in 1946 I became Pearson's personal assistant for a year and, in the late 1950's for several years, I was the chairman of the Joint Intelligence Committee, head of Defence Liaison (2) Division in External Affairs and, Director of Communications Security. On page 311, Bryden writes, "... despite the misleading term "security" in the title, [the job] actually involved overall supervision of signals intelligence." Ten years later I became the first civilian director-general of the RCMP security service (1970 to 1973).

Particularly interesting is the light Bryden sheds on the degree to which senior politicians were knowledgeable about Canada's communications intelligence activities, and beneficiaries of the political and other information derived from them. In the

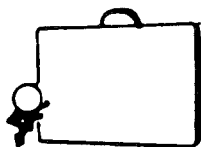
period about which Bryden writes, the most involved prime minister was Pearson, but King, St. Laurent and Diefenbaker also were privy to the secrets involved, as were numerous other cabinet ministers over many years. Some ministers objected to the necessarily strict security precautions, attempting unsuccessfully to argue that as ministers of the crown they should be exempt from the comprehensive oaths of secrecy involved. Alas, the book was published immediately before the new Liberal government abolished the Cabinet Committee on Security and Intelligence which was chaired by the prime minister, thereby rendering out-of-date many of Bryden's observations about government intelligence structures, e.g. the last chapter entitled "Still in the Game."

One of Bryden's more interesting comments concerns Pearson's career and his achievements in the light of his intimate knowledge of secret intelligence and the uses to which it may have been put. He writes, "... [Pearson] gained great respect for Canada — and the 1957 Nobel Peace Prize — by urging the intervention of Canadian-led United Nations troops during the Suez Crisis. How different his diplomacy seems, however, when it is assessed against the fact that Defence Liaison Two (sic) was then feeding him decrypts from

Syria, Saudi Arabia, and other Arab states. The risks are somewhat lessened when, as Colonel Murray [one of the founders of Canada's military communications intelligence effort] had observed more than a decade earlier, 'you have a short, straight road into the opponent's mind'."

The book deals with Canada's relations with Vichy France and the Free French and the role Canada's efforts to read Free French communications traffic may have played in decisions taken at the time by the Canadian, British and United States governments.

Bryden makes a perceptive comment on page 330 dealing with the continuing requirements in Canada for overt and covert intelligence-gathering and counter-espionage. He writes, "... Sophisticated intelligence-gathering is the province of larger, wealthy nations, not small ones. An independent Quebec would be the inevitable victim of the vast resources of its English-speaking neighbors rather than, as now, their beneficiary. It is something to think about." I wonder whether the present leaders of the PQ or the BQ are sufficiently aware of these resources or, even if they are, to have considered them important enough to worry about in political and other terms?



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A DIFFERENT VISION: THE ENGLISH IN QUEBEC IN THE 1990's by Reed Scowen, Maxwell Macmillan Canada, 1991, 000 pages, \$00.00.

Reviewed by David Anido

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.

Quebec's position as part of Canada continues to undergo change consistent with four hundred years of French-Canadian cultural self-awareness. Language, geographic integrity, and gallic ebullience have made Quebecers feel culturally distinct — which has prompted the question whether political independence is the next natural step.

In 1994 an independent Quebec would pose no strategic threat to a North America once confronted by international communism. On the contrary, an independent, businesslike Quebec would be a culturally distinct partner facing the same political and economic challenges as all North Americans. The Bloc Québécois exists in the federal Parliament to achieve Quebec independence. Canada would be remembered as the essential chrysalis that later gave wing to the provincial butterfly.

If independence took place, and, under the present continental challenges of free trade and a comfortable affinity with Americans, could English Canada remain distinct from the United States without Quebec as an elegant spouse? In turn, would an independent Quebec gradually become a blueberry republic on the fringe of a burgeoning North American economy and plural culture?

Reed Scowen's *A Different Vision*, published in 1991, presumes that, whatever happens, there will be a French majority in Quebec living with an English minority. He has also stated in a speech as Quebec's Agent General in New York that "we are all Americans".

This is a handbook for English Quebecers to live in Quebec with a constructive attitude towards themselves and the surrounding French majority. The book's political and personal exegesis is to stimulate further reflection on the future of the English as a Quebec community.

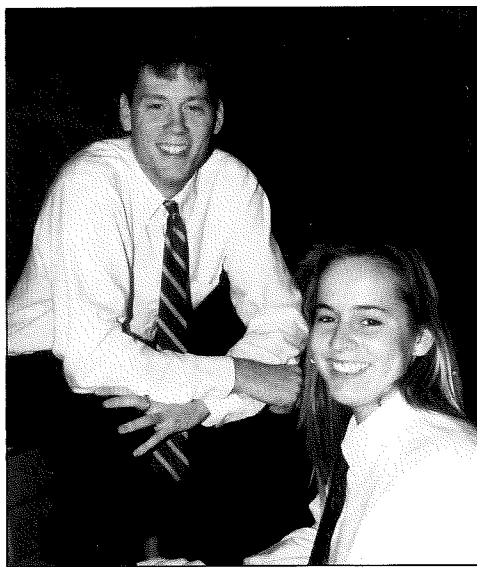
The book is designed to boost the confidence of a minority living within a majority. Most English Quebecers only see themselves as a minority in linguistic terms when confronted by the chauvinistic machinations of Quebec's language laws and bureaucracy. These same people, most of the time,

see themselves as an integral part of the much larger and open culture of the rest of Canada.

*This is a handbook
for English Quebecers
to live in Quebec
with a constructive
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themselves and the
French majority.*

Reed Scowen is one of Quebec's best known bilingual English citizens (he rejects the word "anglophone"). The harmonious "different vision" English Quebecers have to accept, says Scowen, is the recognition of their own history in Quebec as a minority. To be a minority is no insult or weakness — it is instead an opportunity for assertiveness and cooperation.

English Quebecers must recognize and respect the anxiety of French-speaking



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Quebecers whose culture and language face dilution and even extinction from overwhelming Anglo-Saxon forces outside Quebec. Add to this the influence of new immigrants coming to Quebec whose French-language culture is Haitian, Vietnamese, or Lebanese, and who know or care little about *les pays d'en haut*, *les voyageurs*, or the conscription crises of the two world wars.

As a member of the Liberal Party of Quebec, and a former MNA for Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, the author's writing often reflects the policy of the Bourassa government. This policy has been to tread a cautious line between respecting English rights and institutions while reinforcing the Frenchness of Quebec.

In a chapter entitled "The English of Quebec" the author presents a personal, non-partisan narrative which underlines his suitability for timely and prophetic advice on the future based on his pastoral upbringing in a different age.

"I grew up in Quebec — or, to be more precise, in the Eastern Townships — and I grew up in English. What was important for me then was my family; my home town, East Angus; and the nearby villages of my grandparents. We had a farm. We made hay there, picked chokecherries, swam, cut wood, shovelled snow."

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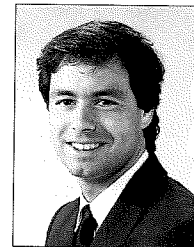
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VAN LINES AGENT

Reed Scowen, a privileged inheritor of the comfortable twilight of British culture in Canada, proves that "my credentials as a native Quebecer are as authentic as those of any of my contemporaries who grew up in French..." Like so many of his generation he saw, by living as a member of a minority, that change was both fair and inevitable. Anachronisms would vanish, but not without nostalgia.

*There is also the
issue of the growing
unrest among
Native Canadians
in Quebec.*

His political and diplomatic credentials point also to the depth of his "Quebecness", and the underlying demand that the minority status of the English in the province is no disenfranchisement. Like lawyer Alex Patterson; businessman Peter Blaikie; and Quebec public servant Peter Dunn, Reed Scowen displays both a recognition of, and support for, the culturally assertive evolution of Quebec since Maurice Duplessis without disparaging his English (cf. Irish, Scottish, Welsh, or Jewish) roots.

Affirmation of status for these English roots is the author's encouraging stance. "The English community should begin to think in terms of its territorial base within Quebec ... A territorial approach brings important psychological benefits. It will allow the English to see themselves as exercising some real influence in at least a part of the province. It permits and encourages all kinds of local initiatives, a strengthening of local institutions, and political action."

The territorial reality of the English in Quebec, as Scowen notes, is proximity to the Ontario and United States borders. This is natural given the history of the United Empire Loyalists, and the concessions to British (particularly Scottish) officers for services rendered in Imperial wars.

The Anglo "belt" runs from the Aylmer-Buckingham area of the Outaouais along the Ottawa river, through western and central Montreal, and into the Eastern Townships. There are also scattered communities along the St. Lawrence river and elsewhere in the province.

There are still some English Quebecers who cannot speak French and hold tight to old traditions with some antipathy for the

French, but they are a diminishing minority. Younger Anglos often speak as good a French as so many Québécois speak impeccable English. Necessity and courtesy are the guiding forces for their bilingualism.

The book's conclusion is a hope that harmony will prevail as a generous French majority recognizes the proud English minority in Quebec. There is also the issue of the growing unrest among Native Canadians in Quebec — particularly in light of the Oka incident — who prefer to speak English without being identified in any way as pseudo-Anglo. This subject is not elaborated.

English is now accepted as the lingua franca of world affairs, but millions of the people who speak it for livelihood have no cultural relationship with the original settlers of Harrington Harbour, Huntingville, or Hull. Native Canadians in Quebec would write very differently of their vision; distinct from both French and English, but particularly wary of the philosophies of French nationalists. Quebec, officially unilingual, is probably less capable to be a plural society than any other Canadian province.

Reed Scowen has, implicitly in this book, and explicitly in a speech, shed light on a vital issue of the day for Canada. The future of the English in Quebec is a metaphor for

the future of Canada in North America. The draw of continentalism is powerful — particularly if the levee of Canadian culture (or other distinctness) cannot stand the pressure of the cultural and economic American flood.

In a white-hot competitive world, economic pressures for continental prosperity will threaten to override the most powerful instincts to remain Canadian — unless we are assured of who we are as such, and why we must remain distinct. Such blasphemy is simple admonition that too many Canadians, and our governments, have ignored on the federal scale what Reed Scowen deals with on the provincial scale in his book.

It is to be hoped that the author will soon follow the theme of this book to a bigger picture — the future of Canada in North America.

Meanwhile, Quebec's nationalists, with rigid self-knowledge, and the cuirass of a distinct language and culture, may be the only stalwarts ready to put their deepest popular instincts before the grail of economic prosperity. They will surely not count on the Anglos of Quebec to do the same when the latter are wheeling and dealing, in English, with their American cousins.



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PEARSON AND CANADA'S ROLE IN NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT AND ARMS CONTROL NEGOTIATIONS, 1945-1957 by Joseph Levitt, McGill-Queen's University Press, 1993, 336 pp., \$39.95 Cdn.

Reviewed by Greg Donaghy

Greg Donaghy is a historian with the Historical Section, Foreign Affairs and International Trade.

Commentators on postwar Canadian diplomacy have frequently explored their subject through interpretative syntheses that cut broad swaths through the events of the late 1940s and the 1950s. Designed as contributions to the perpetual national debate on Canada's place in the international system and Ottawa's ability to pursue an independent foreign policy, such studies have put the cart before the horse. Too often they substitute generalizations about Canada the responsible middle power — or Canada, the American satellite — for the kind of detailed historical research that is the vital foundation of true synthesis. Joseph Levitt's most recent work, *Pearson and Canada's Role in Nuclear Disarmament and Arms Control Negotiations, 1945-1957*, represents the kind of exacting case study that Canadian diplomatic history urgently needs.

Diving into the tangled mass of files on the first decade of cold war disarmament negotiations, Levitt has emerged with a well-organized and comprehensible text. While capturing enough detail to convey the complex and convoluted course of these recurring talks, Levitt refuses to become bogged down in minutiae and deftly illuminates the central issues defining each succeeding round of negotiations. The result is a work that responds to the needs of both the interested generalist and the specialist. General readers in particular will welcome Levitt's two opening chapters: helpfully, he begins with a brief overview of the strategic considerations that governed the positions of the two Cold War superpowers and that had so great an impact on the negotiations. In a second introductory chapter, Levitt provides the reader with a thumbnail sketch of Lester B. Pearson, who played a pivotal role in determining Canadian policy, first as Under-Secretary and then as Secretary of State for External Affairs.

Pearson's importance as the architect of Canadian policy is clearly demonstrated in Levitt's discussion of the first round of the interminable negotiations that begin, as far as the western powers were concerned, in the fall of 1945. During the 1945 Anglo-American-Canadian talks in Washington,

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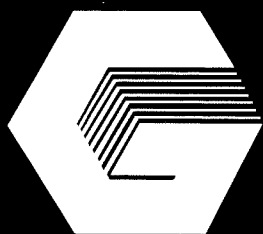
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he argues, the Canadian Under-Secretary of State was instrumental in promoting the view that atomic energy should be subject to international control. Pearson's success, which Levitt might have usefully documented more fully through research in Washington and London, was short-lived. In the charged atmosphere of the burgeoning Cold War, serious negotiations in the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission quickly gave way to an unrelenting struggle by each side to secure the support of world opinion. During the following three years, Canada assumed a prominent role in the western effort to win this important battle.

Ottawa's recurring desire to score points at Moscow's expense conflicted with its more reasoned belief in the necessity and desirability of maintaining a dialogue with the Soviet Union. Levitt avoids wrestling with the implications of the resulting ambiguity. Instead, eager to move the story along, he focuses on the more sharply defined, and perhaps more positive, aspects of Canadian policy. Thus, Canada's helpful efforts to have the General Assembly establish the Disarmament Commission in the fall of 1951 as a forum for real negotiation provide Levitt with the opportunity to illuminate a second characteristic of Canadian

policy: a determination to encourage the United States and the Soviet Union to continue their talks. Despite Ottawa's desire to promote this east-west exchange, the large and unwieldy Disarmament Commission proved an inhospitable environment and the talks quickly degenerated into empty posturing.

During the course of 1953, with the inauguration of President Eisenhower and the death of Stalin, the cold war thawed slightly and progress seemed again possible. In response, the Disarmament Commission established a more private and restricted sub-committee — United Kingdom, France, USA, USSR and Canada — to explore the prospects for progress. In this new arena, contends Levitt, Canada assumed two new roles. As Washington began to abandon its unrealistic plans for "complete and general disarmament" in favour of more limited arms control measures, the United States found itself separated from its French and British allies, who preferred to seek a more complete ban on nuclear weapons. Increasingly, Canada used its technical competence and diplomatic skills to draw its North Atlantic partners together. Similarly, Canada sought to bridge the growing gap between the Western allies and the growing non-aligned world, where exposure to the harmful effects

of radiation fall-out from testing piqued interest in nuclear disarmament. Canada was particularly quick to respond to Afro-Asian concerns with a proposal to limit nuclear testing, a Canadian preoccupation whose origins in 1956 are documented by Levitt.

Levitt's central conclusions are safe and predictable. Canada, he demonstrates convincingly, enjoyed considerable success in fulfilling a variety of unessential but useful roles that encouraged the western powers to advance together towards serious negotiations. Distressed by the arid results of the talks and disappointed that Canada played so small a role in promoting the disarmament cause, Levitt allows his impatience with the slow and repetitive nature of these negotiations to creep into his prose. The conflict between Levitt's heartfelt desire to have Canada assume the prophet's mantle and his reasoned recognition of the limits placed on Ottawa's policy options adds a sense of ambiguity to *Pearson and Canada's Role in Nuclear Disarmament*. Levitt's failure to resolve this ambiguity, and to impart to his task a sharper sense of direction, is perhaps this work's most serious problem.



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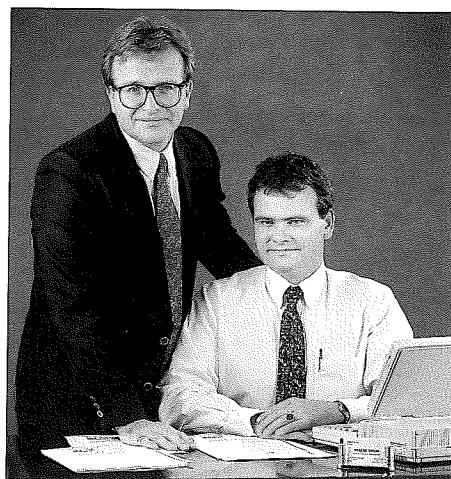
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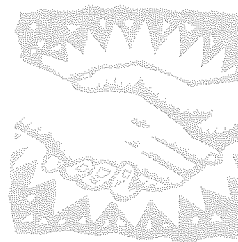
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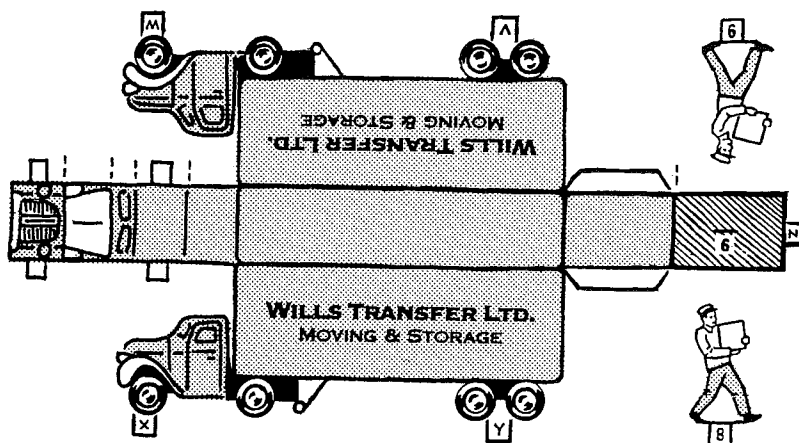


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Murders with Character

Another Death-Defying Puzzle by A Aalto

Chief Inspector de Toombs slumped heavily on Liebnitz's office couch, his face buried deeply in melancholy and a double Scotch. "Of all the foolish cases I've ever been part of, this one takes the cake. In fact, it takes the whole bakery. Someone has been murdered, and I know the murderers to be two among a group of twelve people. But the Feds have stolen the body and spirited off my suspects. All I have are some fragmentary statements and the computer records of the alarm systems. Unless I can provide an air-tight case against some very specific people, the Feds aren't even going to admit that they know what I'm talking about."

Replied the ace logician, "Well, I haven't the foggiest notion what you're talking about either. Why don't you start from the top?"

The policeman thought a minute and then asked "Have you ever heard of the Witnesses to Extra-temporal Literary Crime Harboring program? No? I thought not. WELCH is pretty hush-hush. It's a witness protection program associated with the investigation of murders perpetrated in novels, poems and plays. Even I didn't know that they had a

unit over at the University — called the Institute for Creative Lassitude. Six of the protected witnesses had offices there, in a self-contained unit that also housed the office of the Director (a Fed, not a witness) plus a waiting room. Here's a sketch map that may help."

"Last Wednesday at six o'clock, a security guard checked the unit on his regular rounds," he continued. "The Director and the fellows were all alive and in their offices, and there were six people in the waiting room. The door from the waiting room to the inner corridor was locked and could only be opened from the corridor side. After leaving the waiting room, the guard stopped for a cigarette in the outer corridor. He was still there a few minutes later when the lights went out. No-one else entered or left the waiting room while he was outside the door, and the only other way in, the emergency exit from the Director's office to the parking lot, cannot be opened without setting off an alarm."

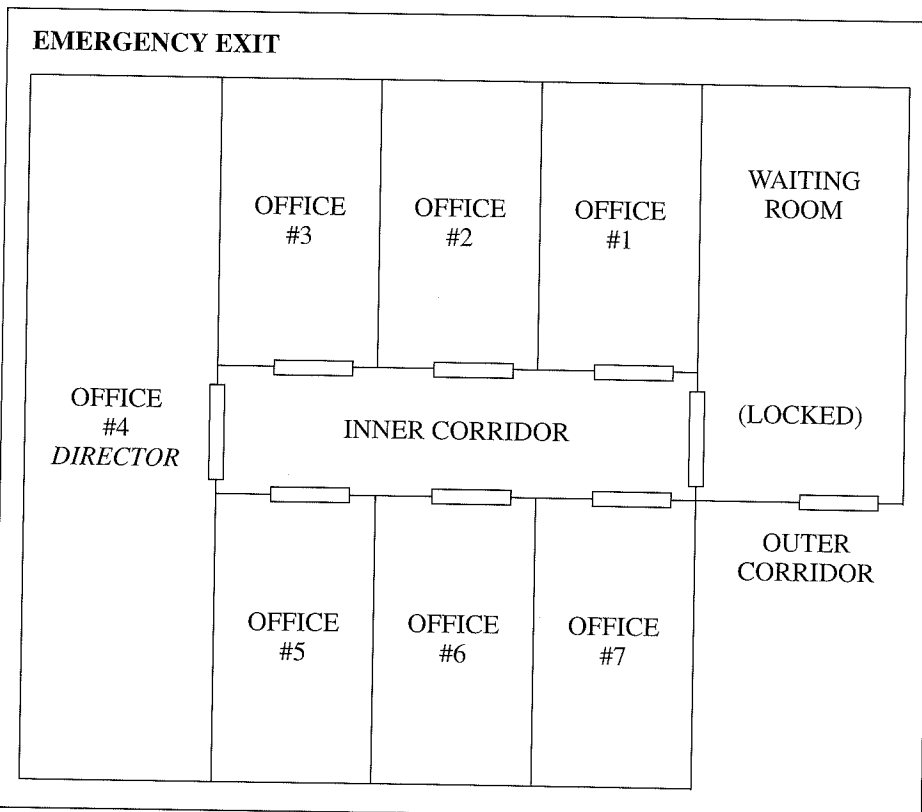
"We've worked out that the fuse covering all the lights in the unit must have been

blown by one of the fellows short-circuiting a wall outlet. Without light, the security cameras were useless, but the motion detectors in the inner corridor indicated that one person came out of one of the offices (we can't tell which one) and let in someone from the waiting room. The two went into the Director's office. A few minutes later a shot was heard by the guard, and the alarm went off. He rushed into the waiting room, but was knocked down and out by people fleeing the other way."

"When he came to, both the waiting room and the offices were empty, but there was a smell of gunpowder in the Director's office. Pushing open the emergency exit, he spotted a cabin cruiser up on a trailer, burning fiercely near a large pond outside the adjacent cement factory. Inside was the body of the Director. The words "Alice May" were scrawled in chalk on the boat. The guard rushed to the nearest phone to call the fire department. By the time he got back, someone had put the fire out, erased the chalk marks, removed the body and vanished. I can add that we've polygraphed the guard eight ways from Sunday, and we're convinced he's straight."

"Now, because of the WELCH connection, the Feds are refusing to cooperate. We know they have the corpse, the members of the Institute and the people in the waiting room. But they refuse to admit it or give us the least iota of help. We do know that each of the six protected witnesses had a different real name and a different cover name. They each had a different profession, as did the victims in the cases they were tied into. Each had in his or her office a different object associated with the case. Other than that, it's all scraps, gathered from examination of the Institute unit and the fragmentary recollection of bystanders." So saying, he handed Liebnitz a piece of paper with the following points:

- (1) The Director was a Scrabble fanatic and always kept a box of tiles in a desk drawer. We found on his desk 15 tiles spelling out the words DELIVERIES KNOCK, covered with blood.
- (2) The miner in room 7 has the cover name TOULOUSE-LAUTREC.
- (3) The real name of the witness in the case of the murder-disappearance of



a detective combines the name of the evangelist with the eagle and the last name of a co-discoverer of DNA.

- (4) The private investigator with the dark avian statue has the cover name of MARLOWE; the witness in the only adjacent office is a capitalist whose real first name means "stone of help" in Hebrew and whose last name is the first name of a cartoon bird.
- (5) The Director's office is between that of the monk with the wedding ring and that of the doctor with the cover name "HASTINGS."
- (6) The dancer with the sack of gold dust is directly across the hall from the witness (cover name ROGER DE COVERLY) in the case of the death of a financier.
- (7) The Director and a witnesses in a non-adjacent office both have as (real) first names the title of the 10th book of the Bible; the witness's last name is something found in gardens and card games, while the Director's is that of an Irish-Canadian Father of Confederation.
- (8) The witness in the shooting death of an American gangster, the man with the ledger and the man with the cover-name TUCK occupy three consecutively-numbered offices.
- (9) One of the witnesses has a single real name, that of a knighted British portrayer of Hamlet, plus a title that sounds like a kind of chicken. Two more, in offices adjacent to each other, have real names given only as "Doc" (in an odd-numbered office) and "Lou".
- (10) The witness in the shooting of the gambler has the cover name TERPSICHORE; her office number is twice that of the witness in the suspected murder of the medieval debutante.
- (11) The man with the apple is a witness in the poisoning of a princess; his office number is two higher than that of the man with the calabash.
- (12) There was one person in the waiting room linked to each of the six protected witnesses, but we don't know who links with whom. They included a bad-tempered dwarf, a piano-player called the Ragtime Kid, somebody's nephew Fred, the Count de Paris, a slim swarthy character whose last

name is a Middle Eastern capital (the witness can't remember which), and a British widow named Hudson.

"Well, well," said Liebnitz. "Almost too many clues, but we should be able to sort everyone into their offices." A pause for some pencil-work. "Right — so where do we go from there? Let's start by assuming that the Director was killed because he found out something that implicated one of the protected witnesses with the murders to which they were supposed to be innocent witnesses. Maybe one of the people in the waiting room was the actual killer! So which one? You could make a reasonable case for almost any of them. Maybe the Scrabble tiles are a clue.... Yes, I see. Two anagrams, one a place, the other an author's name. Highly suggestive, especially taken with the treatment of his body — that was pretty reckless, almost as if the murderers were taunting us. Well, de Toombs, why don't you try these names on the Feds, and give them this line of reasoning?"

Liebnitz turned out to be right. Can you duplicate his feat by giving: (a) the office

number, real name, cover name and profession of each WELCH witness; (b) the profession of the victim and the object associated with each witness; (c) the name of the person in the waiting room linked with each witness; (d) the name of the Director; (e) the anagrams found in the Scrabble tiles; and (f) the identity of the two murderers. In addition, but *NOT* necessary for the solution of the puzzle, can you give the actual name of the victim in each of the WELCH cases and the literary works in which they are found?

*Mail or fax your answers to **bout de papier**. The winner will be announced in the September issue. Don't delay — the deadline for entries is August 22!*

*A Aalto has joined the Tannu Tuva Liberation Front and was last seen riding yak-back over a grassy Mongolian verge (or by some accounts a gassy Mongolian verger). This puzzle arrived at **bout de papier** (late as usual) by carrier zucchini.*

Jimmy the Turk and the Old Man of the Mountain: ANSWER

If you follow the puzzle correctly from START to END, you will "pick up" the following references (note that they read in the direction of the path, which means some go from right to left):

REFERENCE	TEXT REFERRED
Bard (Shakespeare) Richard Second III:ii:54-5	Richard II, Act III, Scene ii, lines 54-5 "Not all the water in the rough rude sea/Can wash the balm from off an anointed king..."
Bible Jeremiah 8:22	Book of Jeremiah, chapter 8, verse 22 "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"
Genesis 37:25	Book of Genesis, chapter 37, verse 25 "... a company of Ishmeelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt."
Keaths The Fall of Hyperion I:201	The Fall of Hyperion, chapter I, line 201 "The one pours out a balm upon the world"

The weapon is thus a bomb ("balm"), the target is the King of Sachs-au-fohn (the Shakespeare reference), the assassin is Doctor Theone (the phoney gynecologist implied in Jeremiah and "The one" in the Keats reference), the weapon is currently in Jordan (the modern site of Gilead in the Jeremiah reference) and it is going to be used against the king at the Regatta in Egypt (the Shakespeare maritime reference and the Genesis mention).

A. Aalto Puzzle Winner,
Vol. 11, No. 1
Gina Smith

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