

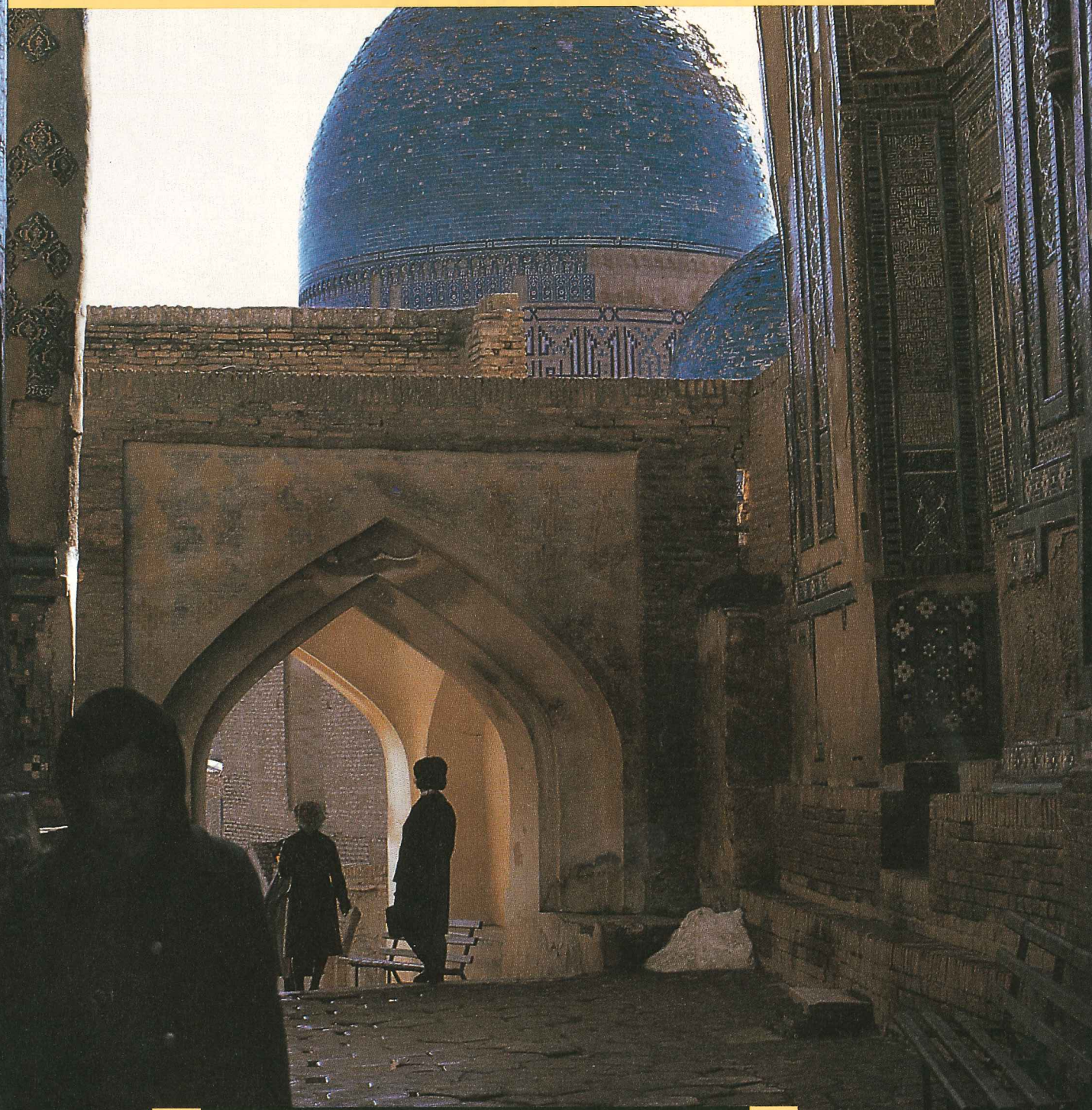
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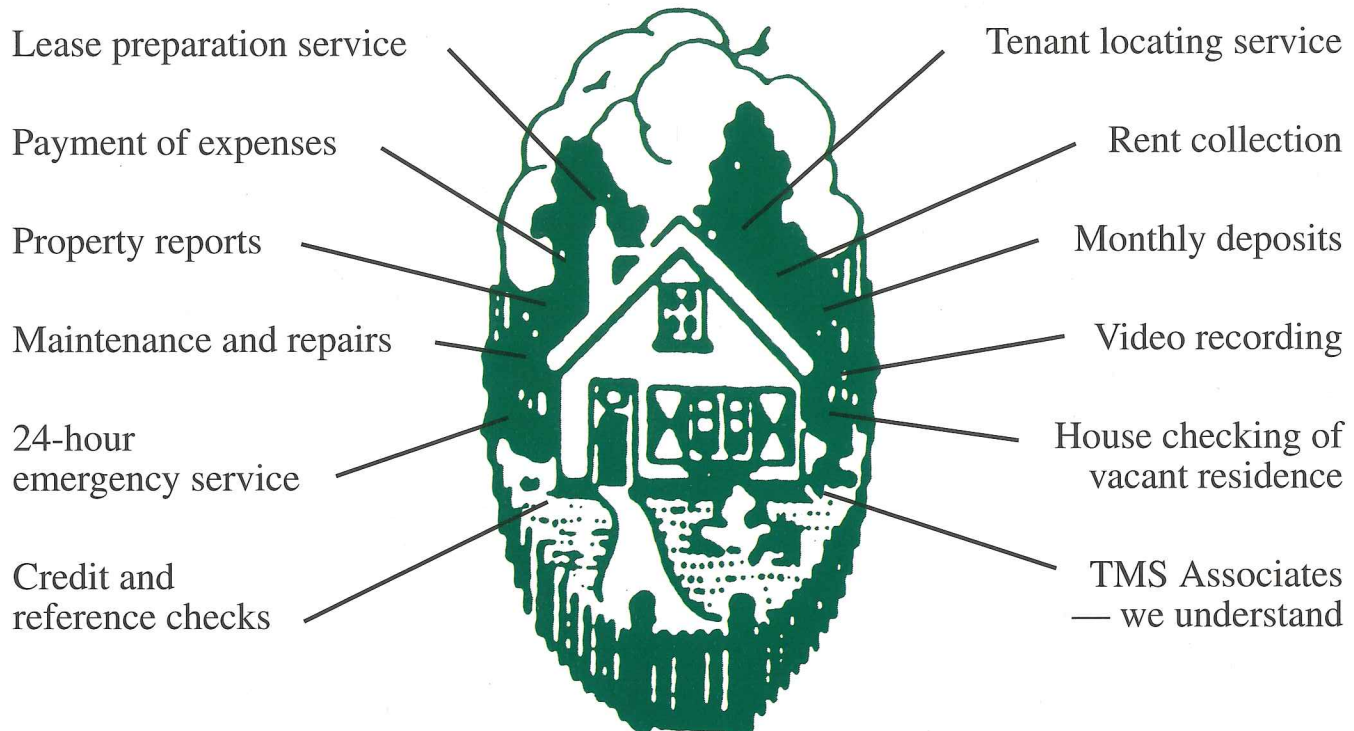
Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
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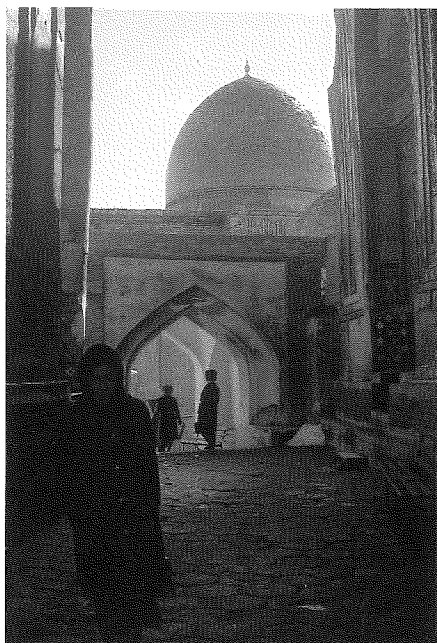
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Cover photo by Carol Hart
15th Century Samarkand, Ouzbekistan, where Ambassadors presented their credentials as early as the 15th century. For an account of Philippe Cousineau's historic visits in the newly independent states in this area, see page 15.



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Editor's Notebook / Carnet du rédacteur

We will remember you always, Charles and Sidney.

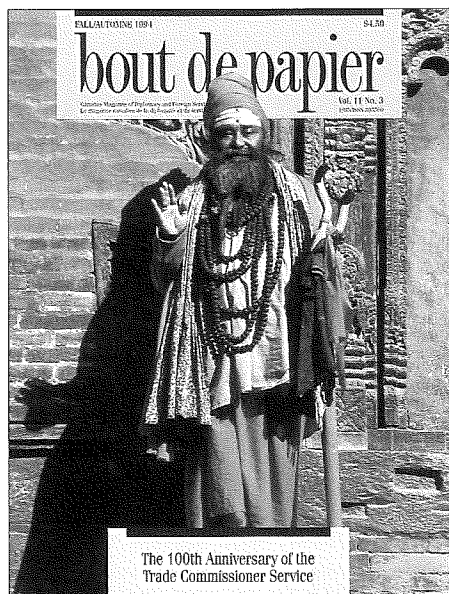
We bring you the Summer edition with our hearts filled with sadness. Two of the most distinguished members of our Senior Editorial Board, Charles Ritchie and Sidney Freifeld, passed away in the weeks preceding the release of this edition. This alas is the last edition of **bout de papier** which will bear proudly their names on our masthead. In the fall edition we intend to pay tribute and homage to the distinguished careers of both these remarkable and wonderful men.

bout de papier will miss the help, advice and writings of Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Freifeld. Both were strong and early supporters of the magazine and contributed not only many articles but also ideas for articles and stories. They attended religiously all Senior Editorial Board meetings and spread the news of the magazine to their wide variety of contacts.

Both also had a personal impact on me. I had never considered a career in the foreign service until I read Charles Ritchie's *The Siren Years*. Until then, I thought the foreign service was inhabited by serious stuffed shirts with no sense of humour who were intent only on dealing with esoteric issues of state and diplomacy, whatever that was. *The Siren Years* revealed a universe of amusing people in the foreign service who knew how to laugh at themselves while working for Canada. Later, Sidney Freifeld's humorous articles on life in the foreign service in the *Globe and Mail* and in this magazine pushed me to write pieces which painted the comic side of our life and work. Like Sidney, I tried to do this without getting fired.

We hope **bout de papier** can be counted as a small but real part of the legacy that these two great Canadians leave behind them. In the same month that we learned about their deaths, we were informed that **bout** had won its ninth magazine award (and fifth consecutive international award for creativity). **bout** won the 1994 Certificate of Distinction from the Art

Direction Magazine of New York for creativity in an association magazine. As a reminder for readers of the winning edition, we have reproduced its cover (Fall 1994, Volume 11 No. 3).



We will miss Charles and Sidney on our Board. We will miss their wit and *joie de vivre*. **bout** will carry on their memory and their legacy and we dedicate our latest award to their memory. *Au revoir*, old friends.

Kevin D. O'Shea

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Articles

Manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, preferably on WP 5.2 3½" 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).

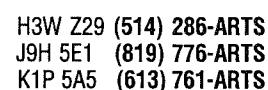
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par Randolph Gherson

Est-ce le besoin d'être «maîtres chez nous», d'affirmer l'identité québécoise/française, de protéger et d'assurer la survie et l'épanouissement de sa langue, sa culture et ses traditions et de recevoir le respect d'autrui comme tels en dedans et en dehors du Canada? Y a-t-il encore des blessures incitrisables ou des griefs si profonds qu'ils rejettent ou excluent toute résolution mutuellement acceptable? Il est pourtant légitime de

les ministres des finances, des affaires internationales, de la Fonction publique et de la Culture ainsi que le Président de la Cour suprême soient autochtones et/ou anglophones? Vu le nombre actuel de ces minorités, ceci ne peut être qu'une hypothèse fantaisiste. Mais peut-être pas tout à fait; après tout, le Québec ne compte que vingt-trois pour cent de la population du Canada mais le pouvoir et poids politique Québécois (French power) à Ottawa depuis plus de trente ans n'a pas été négligeable. Il n'est donc pas *a priori* exclu qu'au fil des années ces minorités pourraient aussi assumer un poids politique important, à moins qu'un Québec indépendant se transforme en société exclusivement «pur sang et pure laine». Les Québécois(es) devraient aller au fond de leur âme et de leur cœur et se demander s'ils pourraient accepter une séparation territoriale autochtone ou anglophone du Québec pour des raisons comparables à



celles qui suscitent le séparatisme du Québec? Et que cette séparation autochtone ou anglophone soit accompagnée par l'affirmation de participer aux Nations Unies, au GATT, à l'ALENA, etc. et de retenir la monnaie québécoise ainsi que le passeport québécois?

D'après le projet de loi sur le référendum le Québec veut légiférer ses propres lois, imposer ses propres impôts, signer ses propres traités et négocier une association économique avec le «Canada». Mais est-ce que le Québec ne légifère pas ses lois et n'impose-t-il pas ses impôts? N'a-t-il pas son propre budget? Il est vrai qu'il ne signe pas tous les traités internationaux. Mais quel serait le poids international de sa signature? Elle refléterait son pouvoir de négociation. Est-ce que ce pouvoir pourrait assurer la protection et l'avancement des intérêts québécois dans le contexte international ou bilatéral mieux que le gouvernement du Canada? Y a-t-il des cas où, dans le contexte international ou bilatéral, les intérêts publics du Québec auraient pu être mieux défendus ou avancés par un gouvernement québécois? Caressons-nous des illusions de grandeur au dépens des réalités pratiques? Et est-ce que le Québec ne jouit pas aujourd'hui d'une association économique au sein de la fédération canadienne? Et comment peut-on

assurer qu'une telle association économique serait possible après la séparation de Québec?

Les conséquences de la destruction de la Confédération canadienne par la séparation du Québec sont incalculables. Elles ne manqueront pas de susciter l'incertitude et l'instabilité constitutionnelle, politique, économique et monétaire en dedans et en dehors du Québec. Elles seront aussi accompagnées de déchirements sociaux et personnels : les ouïs et les nons ne se pardonneront pas. Le chômage, le déficit budgétaire et l'endettement international exigent déjà l'attention prioritaire des gouvernements du Québec et du Canada. Il est donc essentiel que les Québécois(es) s'assurent que tous les coûts d'une séparation, qu'eux et les générations suivantes vont subir, seront moins pénibles que l'appartenance à la Confédération canadienne. Pour avoir confiance dans l'avenir du Québec, l'avenir doit avoir confiance au Québec.

Faut-il se rappeler que le nationalisme n'a pas fait la paix et la prospérité dans l'histoire des états? Depuis la dernière guerre mondiale les pays avancés se sont rendus compte que dans le monde occidental tel qu'il évolue aujourd'hui l'indépendance et la souveraineté nationale ne garantissent plus la survie du pays (voire l'Union Européenne). Par rapport aux démocraties industrialisées

les aspirations nationalistes séparatistes québécoises semblent un anachronisme qui va à l'encontre de l'évolution des pays qui ont participé à la civilisation occidentale, d'où le noble héritage du Québec. L'épanouissement du Canada ne peut s'accomplir sans le Québec. Qu'est-ce qui assure l'épanouissement du Québec hors du Canada?

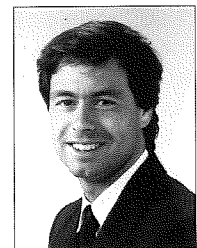
Donc, les Québécois(es) ont le devoir de peser dans leur coeur, leur esprit et leur âme si la réalisation de la séparation du Québec vaut le rejet du Canada, de leur histoire et de leur fierté d'être «les Canadiens» ainsi que Québécois dans le cadre d'une confédération imparfaite mais qui forcément est toujours en pleine évolution? Georges-Étienne Cartier avait dit en son temps : «Nous Franco-Canadiens, nous sommes l'une des branches de la Confédération. À nous de la comprendre et de travailler au bien commun.» Ses paroles ont une résonance particulière aujourd'hui.

Randolph Gherson, ancien Ambassadeur et représentant permanent du Canada auprès de l'OCDE, 1980-83; Directeur-général, Europe de l'Ouest, Affaires extérieures, 1983-86; Négociateur en chef du Canada pour les accords aériens, 1986-91; Ambassadeur du Canada à la conservation des pêches, 1991-94.

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External Affairs: Coming of Age 1946-1968 / L'essor, 1946-1968

Middle Power Diplomacy. The Golden Age of Canadian Foreign Policy. A Fundamental Re-examination.

by John Hilliker and Donald Barry

Lester Pearson, the Department of External Affairs and the Post-War Foreign Policy Agenda

The course of Canada's post-war foreign policy was charted between 1946 and 1948, when Lester Pearson was under-secretary of state for external affairs. The basis of this policy was Canada's role as a middle power. As understood at the end of the war, the term middle power, according to John Holmes, described states that "did not claim great-power status but were far from negligible in military and economic resources, [and] ought to be assured more influential positions in international organizations and a greater share in the ordering of the world than should important smaller states." The Cold War, in the Canadian view, increased the vulnerability of such states, and hence their interest in the United Nations as an instrument of collective security and as a forum for action which they might take to prevent international disputes from escalating into conflicts engaging the super powers. Thus, the expression came to refer not only to a country's size and resources but also to a capacity for mediation, an element of which was detachment from the issues in a way often impossible for larger states.

Pearson believed that Canada's mediatory efforts were most likely to be successful on issues on the periphery of East-West relations, since Canada's firm commitment to the latter deprived it of credibility when East and West were in direct conflict. He did not see nonalignment as an alternative; rather, Canada's effectiveness depended on close relations with its principal allies, the United States and the United Kingdom, combined with a record of shrewdness and autonomy. "They do listen to us in Washington and London," he said in an interview published in *Maclean's* magazine. "Our influence ...

depends to a great extent on our reputation for objective independent judgment, and the frank and friendly expression of it."

Commitment to the West may have limited not only the range of issues on which Canada could be effective as a middle power, but also its freedom to part company when issues were under public discussion, notably at the United Nations. Yet, as Pearson's interview implied, he saw much of the important activity as taking place behind the scenes, a realm in which quality of leadership was very important to effective performance as a middle power. "It is the combination of remarkable men with appropriate national backgrounds and opportune circumstances," said Holmes, "that has made for effective middle powermanship." One of Canada's great strengths was that Pearson was "a pre-eminent example" of the kind of diplomat required.

In carrying out his leadership role, Pearson maintained a warm relationship with his own officials and diplomats from other countries. "Most people after a discussion with him, left his room with a lighter heart and a brighter outlook than when they had entered," commented a British diplomat whom he knew well, Saville (later Lord) Garner (the United Kingdom's deputy high commissioner in Ottawa until the spring of 1948). In a tribute many years later, Holmes remembered that Pearson's "mind was fresh and responsive because he was always open to new ideas, unorthodox propositions. It kept his department lively also, an exciting place to work."

The result was a department with a strong sense of purpose, beginning what some have called its golden age. "Of course," Charles Ritchie has observed, "there never really was a golden age. ... No one wakes up in bed and says here I am in the golden age." Rather, "there was this feeling that we could make this *contribution*. And there was this famous middle power idea that we could address ourselves to tasks that fitted our capacities and concentrate on them. So there seemed to be some shape to policy."

Even so, progress in pursuing international objectives was uneven while Pearson was

under-secretary, because of the reservations sometimes felt by Prime Minister Mackenzie King about the shape that policy was taking. The shape was nonetheless clear and the commitment to it strong, as emphasized by the minister, Louis St. Laurent, in the inaugural Gray Foundation lecture, entitled "The Foundations of Canadian Policy in World Affairs," which he gave at the University of Toronto on January 13, 1947. The speech was drafted by Pearson's close adviser, R.G. (Gerry) Riddell, whom John English, in his biography of Pearson, has described as "an exceptional speechwriter who gave a philosophical cohesion to Canadian foreign policy in a period when the department was actively seeking to shape public opinion." As Kim Richard Nossal has noted, this address "has come to be regarded as the classic statement of postwar Canadian internationalism." Canadian policy, St. Laurent said, was based on five principles: national unity, political liberty, the rule of law, the values of Christian civilization, and, finally but most important, acceptance of international responsibilities. These were the principles that would guide the department as it confronted the international challenges of the next twenty years.

Le réexamen de l'orientation de politiques : la révision de Robertson de 1968

Déjà en 1967, il y avait des critiques publiques persistantes de la politique étrangère canadienne. Elles allaient dans le même sens que le sentiment personnel du premier ministre Lester Pearson sur le besoin de procéder à une réévaluation. Son jugement fut fort influencé par les débats animés que soulevèrent les objectifs

internationaux du Canada au cours d'une série de colloques tenus à Toronto durant l'année universitaire 1966-1967 par la University League for Social Reform. Plusieurs agents du ministère prirent part à ces séminaires, dont le fils du premier ministre Geoffrey Pearson, qui mit son père au courant des délibérations.

Le premier ministre discuta de son projet avec le ministre, Paul Martin, et le sous-secrétaire, Marcel Cadieux, en août 1967. Bien que n'en aimant pas l'idée, ils convinrent avec Pearson que si un réexamen devait avoir lieu, il fallait le confier à l'ancien sous-secrétaire, Norman Robertson, qui après avoir pris sa retraite de la fonction publique à la fin de 1965, était alors le premier directeur du Norman Paterson School of International Affairs à l'Université Carleton. De santé fragile depuis un certain temps, Robertson accepta de s'occuper du projet si on lui adjoignait au moins un agent du ministère. Cadieux lui assigna Geoffrey Murray, qui avait déjà travaillé avec Robertson et qui était sur le point de terminer son affectation comme haut-commissaire adjoint à Londres. Geoffrey Pearson se joignit à eux plus tard, d'abord à temps partiel.

Robertson avait toute liberté dans le choix des sujets et la méthodologie de l'étude. En septembre, il approuva une liste préliminaire des thèmes et les noms du petit groupe d'agents qu'il faudrait consulter. Prévoyant que ce projet susciterait certaines critiques du genre de celles de Martin et de Cadieux, il proposa de le «mettre en place discrètement». La discrétion resta de rigueur quand la méthodologie fut arrêtée en octobre. La révision fut menée de manière à éviter toute discussion prématurée, interne et surtout publique. Les résultats seraient présentés au premier ministre, au ministre et au sous-secrétaire sans être soumis à l'approbation du ministère. Les cadres supérieurs et les spécialistes pourraient être consultés, mais seulement officieusement et sans engagement. Le rapport ne contiendrait pas de recommandations formelles, mais on s'attendait à ce qu'il serve de base aux mesures que prendrait ultérieurement le ministère.

L'équipe se mit au travail en octobre. Murray et Pearson se partagèrent la rédaction des dix chapitres suivants, à partir d'esquisses préparées par Murray : 1) Le contexte international des années 1960, 2) Les intérêts nationaux du Canada, 3) Le rôle du Canada dans les affaires internationales, 4) La critique de la politique étrangère canadienne, 5) Le Canada, le Commonwealth et la Francophonie, 6) Le Canada et les Nations Unies, 7) L'OTAN et l'Europe, 8) Le Canada et les États-Unis, 9) L'aide internationale et 10) Le Canada et l'Amérique latine. Murray et Pearson commentèrent leurs ébauches respectives, qui furent ensuite

révisées en consultation avec Robertson. Pour assurer la confidentialité du processus, les consultations se limitèrent aux échelons supérieurs et la correspondance réduite au strict minimum. Le sous-secrétaire suppléant, Basil Robinson, tenait Cadieux et ses adjoints informés de l'évolution du travail.

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Lester Pearson sur
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Lorsque le premier ministre annonça en décembre 1967 son intention de quitter la politique, Robertson, après en avoir discuté avec ses collègues, décida que l'étude ne devrait pas devenir un sujet de disputes entre les candidats à la succession. Le rapport fut terminé à la mi-février, mais Robertson dut être admis à l'Hôpital général de Toronto avant d'avoir pu en approuver la version finale. Murray lui apporta le texte à l'hôpital le 27 mars. «Du jour au lendemain, se rappellera Murray, avec sa rigueur habituelle, M. Robertson lut le rapport au complet, posant des questions à l'occasion et corrigeant le texte ici et là en l'annotant. Son verdict étant que le rapport était «très bon», il l'approuva pour présentation aux ministres.» Le document fut soumis à Cadieux le 5 avril, la veille même de l'élection du nouveau chef du parti. La semaine suivante, il fut envoyé à Pearson et Martin, qui en firent parvenir des copies au successeur de Pearson, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, et au nouveau secrétaire d'État aux Affaires extérieures, Mitchell Sharp.

Les auteurs du rapport ne cherchaient pas à imposer au gouvernement des objectifs de politique étrangère. Mais il faisait observer que de sa préparation se dégageait l'«impression persistante»

«que pendant la dernière décennie, la politique canadienne a été de plus en

plus réactive plutôt que créative — réactions aux événements mondiaux, aux politiques d'autres États, aux développements dans les organisations internationales, aux pressions du Parlement et à l'opinion publique au Canada. L'évolution récente de la situation internationale [...] rend inévitable une politique extérieure en bonne partie réactive, et vraisemblablement appelée à le demeurer dans une large mesure. Mais, compte tenu des critiques actuelles, et pour assurer un leadership au pays même sinon à l'étranger, il est évident que le gouvernement devra faire preuve de créativité à long terme dans sa politique étrangère — pas nécessairement sous forme d'initiatives spécifiques, mais de par sa philosophie et ses objectifs généraux. Le problème tient peut-être en partie à la présentation [...] mais il semble qu'il y ait un besoin plus fondamental de redéfinition et peut-être de réorientation de la politique extérieure du Canada, de façon à l'aligner sur l'évolution prévisible de la situation aujourd'hui et demain, au pays et à l'étranger.»

Les auteurs présentaient le rapport comme le fondement d'un examen plus poussé des objectifs de la politique étrangère canadienne qui, suggéraient-ils, «devrait être un processus continu pour le ministère». Ils recommandaient à cette fin, «d'établir des procédures de planification qui permettraient non seulement de répondre à nos besoins à long terme mais aussi de coordonner l'évolution courante de la politique».

Le rapport fut la dernière contribution importante de Robertson à l'œuvre du ministère, car il mourut le 16 juillet 1968. «Nous en étions arrivés à compter énormément sur lui», dit John Holmes, faisant écho aux paroles de Robertson lui-même sur O.D. Skelton, «et voilà que ce flambeau s'est éteint.» Le souvenir de ses réalisations restait toutefois très présent. Selon le *Times* de Londres, «il fut, plus que tout autre, l'homme qui a fait du Service diplomatique canadien l'un des meilleurs au monde pendant les années de la Seconde Guerre mondiale et toutes les suivantes, qui ont vu l'édification de la paix, la guerre froide et la coexistence». Pearson, le considérait d'abord et avant tout comme l'un des bâtisseurs du ministère et du Service extérieur.

«Il a été avec Skelton et [Hume] Wrong, un digne membre de ce trio qui dans les années vingt et trente a établi solidement les fondations du nouveau ministère et du nouveau service diplomatique pour qu'elles puissent supporter la pleine charge des responsabilités

qui incombèrent au Canada quand il est devenu un État indépendant, avec sa propre politique étrangère et sa propre contribution à la collectivité internationale.»

Les objectifs auxquels Robertson avait apporté un concours si important et les méthodes qu'il avait conçues pour les réaliser, continuèrent à guider largement le ministère mais, à certains égards, il devenait plus difficile de suivre son exemple. «Il était alerte et sensible à tout ce qu'on disait de la politique extérieure du pays, fit observer Holmes, et ouvert à la critique, mais il n'a probablement jamais pu réconcilier dans son esprit de façon tout à fait satisfaisante le dilemme qui se pose à un gouvernement qui se veut à la fois ouvert et efficace.»

L'accueil réservé au rapport Robertson fut également influencé par l'évolution de la conjoncture. Son ton indirect, qui convenait peut-être à l'objectif qui lui avait été fixé, ne répondait pas aux besoins du gouvernement Trudeau, qui voulait donner sa propre orientation à la politique étrangère du Canada. Le 29 mai 1968, le nouveau premier ministre, dans une déclaration rédigée au ministère par Murray et approuvée par les conseillers de Trudeau, déclara que son gouvernement procéderait à sa propre révision globale des relations extérieures

du Canada en vue de définir pour le pays «un nouveau rôle et une nouvelle politique étrangère, reposant sur une vision neuve de ce monde en mutation rapide et une évaluation réaliste du potentiel du Canada». L'approche gradualiste répondant aux pressions en faveur de changements en politique étrangère, qui avait largement caractérisé le gouvernement Pearson, se trouvait reflétée dans le rapport Robertson. Elle allait être sérieusement remise en question par la nouvelle génération de dirigeants.

John Hilliker is head of the Historical Section in the Department's Corporate Communications Division. Donald Barry is Associate Professor of Political Science at the University of Calgary. They are co-authors of the second volume of the Department's official history, Canada's Department of External Affairs: Coming of Age, 1946-1968/Le ministère des Affaires extérieures du Canada: L'essor, 1946-1968 (McGill-Queen's University Press/Les Presses de l'Université Laval, 1995), from which these articles are adapted. La traduction française du livre a été faite sous les auspices du Service de traduction du ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international, et la révision par M.T. Allegret Fortier et D'Iberville Fortier.

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Encumbrance, Wife, Accompanying Spouse: Partners to the Ends of the Earth

*The recent special edition of **bout de papier** featured an intimate look at foreign service life. A number of spouses responded to the call for articles. Rather than shorten them in order to include them in the special issue, several of them were held over to run as a feature in this issue.*

Old foreign service documents refer to wives and families as encumbrances; more recent ones call them dependents or accompanying spouses. Less politely, married foreign service couples refer to themselves as "two-fers" — a reflection of the department's regard for spouses as free labour when needed, expensive luxuries when not. The struggle of an accompanying spouse to support the employee and carry a full load of representational responsibilities while maintaining some measure of personal life continues unabated is reflected in these stories.

A PEACEFUL DAY IN DHAKA

by Carolyn Scott

Dawn. Casey's old, wet black nose and furry muzzle pushes into my neck and wakes me up. My alarm clock has gone off early! Probable cause: missing "master". Since Jon's departure, Casey has been sticking to me like glue.

With just one person to care for during the next couple of weeks, the staff have an easy schedule. We consult briefly about the cook's forthcoming, much-deserved leave. He assures me that he'll come back rested and ready to oversee the Canada Day reception. This year it will be a Red and White big-top production, requiring four cooks and twelve waiters.

Thursday morning's *Daily Star*, one of several English language dailies, is always enjoyable because of its Woman's Page which often tackles delicate subjects — and this morning's offerings include a very scholarly piece entitled "Women: Colonialism and Postmodernism." Another thought-provoker suggests that women in development may be DIS-advantaged by "unequal benefits due to gender disparities". Hmmm. Yet another article deals with women's reproductive rights, lashing out with

"In Bangladesh, the female-headed household not only forms nearly 19 per cent of all families, it is a rare polygamous household where both or all wives and children are supported by the found patriarch, whose ability to breed children is matched only by his disinclination to take responsibility for them."

and

"To the question 'Have you any children?', a man can blithely respond with an insouciant 'not to my knowledge'. No woman could ever make such a rejoinder ... maternity is a fact, paternity is an opinion."!!!!

Before the heat becomes too unbearable, I decide to run a few errands. The overnight accumulation of grime still clings to my windshield — so a quick wash is needed. Quick? The hosepipe supply comes directly from the street source. Those who *do* have access to a public water pipe must wait a very long time indeed for delivery of a supply which must be shared amongst many! Too often they become impatient and take their water from the shrinking, pre-monsoon lake a few streets away which serves as water supply, fishing ground and sewer for thousands.

Which makes me think of another blessing — and one which Canada supports — the work of the ICDDR,B (International Centre for Diarrhoeal Disease Research Centre, Bangladesh). While the word "cholera" is not used here to describe the disease which claims too many lives each year, the work of the ICDDR,B has

made it possible to treat and rehabilitate victims of this relatively new strain, identified first in 1993. The clinic here in Dhaka, which during one bad period last year admitted over six hundred new cases every day, and the centre down-river at Matlab return most patients who arrive comatose and close to death to their homes within three days, after IV and oral rehydration therapy, antibiotic treatment plus instruction on self-rehydration in case of repeat infection. Amazing!

*Bangladesh is, in fact,
a rural, agrarian
country. Somehow,
rural poverty doesn't
seem as heartless and
grinding as the awful
urban slum life one
sees most frequently.*

Out on the street, it seems to me there is increasing competition in recent weeks for the green spaces on the narrow dividing strip of Gulshan Avenue, the main thoroughfare in front of our house. Herds of goats and cows help the local council with weed and grass control but this area is also home to a couple of women with their children. Very large and luxurious homes are under construction nearby (for whom one wonders?) around which are the makeshift squatters' huts of the construction workers. Piles of brick rubble are being made by women who break bricks all day long while supervising their children who play in the roadside. Men also do this work, but usually with the benefit of an umbrella to protect them from the intense sun and without the encumbrance of children.

Local shopping is always an adventure. At the market, the car is surrounded by



a dozen children, all trying to direct me to a parking space and earn a few *Talus* — either for “guarding” the car or carrying my shopping. This is totally unnecessary as my old heap has already lost much of her beauty. Most of us develop a policy on beggars. An Australian friend hires only blind people to guard her car. I choose only girls and usually they reward me with a broad grin in exchange for the equivalent of 10 cents, but occasionally one will whine that five minutes of her time should earn her at least twice that amount. I’m told these 8- to-12-year-old girls are frequently involved in sex transactions. This is very disturbing to contemplate but I’m encouraged to know of local organizations which try to help the street children of this city. Begging is a long-established and accepted practice in this part of the world.

Later in the afternoon, a few phone calls are necessary to set up my next field-trip. Travel is very difficult and complicated in this country but visiting some of the projects supported by Canada brings its own special rewards with views of life outside the city of Dhaka which tends to overpower one’s sense of this place. Bangladesh is, in fact, a rural, agrarian country. Somehow, rural poverty doesn’t seem as heartless and grinding as the awful urban slum life one sees most frequently. Of course, this is an illusion, but I still have a happier feeling about the villages I’ve visited where the setting appears more idyllic, where children, just as undernourished as their city cousins perhaps, are nevertheless playing far away from speeding trucks, blaring horns, heaps of rotting garbage and over-crowded surroundings. Even a cremation I happened upon recently seemed very natural, dignified and appropriate, at a quiet ‘ghat’ or landing

stage overlooking a peaceful stretch of river.

My Bengali teacher arrives. Progress is slow but it’s so wonderful now to be able to read signs and billboards. Conversations are still very halting but my few expressions seem to delight Bangladeshi acquaintances.

With my husband away, there are no official functions to attend, or to organize, and the prospect of a quiet dinner followed by some televised tennis from Paris is very appealing. ♣

Since 1963, Carolyn Scott has served with her husband Jon, in Tunis, Caracas, Bonn, Jakarta and Canberra.

STREET WEDDING IN DELHI

by Sharon McKeane-Peryer

This month marks the beginning of my ninth month in New Delhi and I still spend a portion of each day trying to get a grip on this strange, fascinating, wonderful, frustrating, beautiful, and thoroughly confusing country and its people. Today is no different.

As the wife of an Immigration Officer who has been leading the nomadic life for nearly thirty years, and one who is not gainfully employed, I am aware that I am probably part of a dying breed. A number of us still exist and our days are, naturally, quite different from those who are employed or for those who hold the foreign service position in their own right.

It is a month before the cooling monsoon rain will come, today’s temperature is forecast to be 44 degrees Celsius. It is not much different from yesterday, nor will it be much different from tomorrow. Many foreigners and Indian nationals will choose to remain house bound. Those with air conditioners will feel blessed and just a little guilty. Others will rely on fans, either ceiling or portable, to gain a little relief. The street people will try to find a bit of the limited shade and will snooze on their *charpoy*s (string beds) or the ground itself. The markets will be less crowded during the daytime hours and will spring to life after the sun goes down.

There is water today. Not so every day. Water shortage is acute. The High Commission has its own water tankers. A telephone call to the HC puts one on the list for an emergency supply. One learns to ask, “Where do I stand on the list? How many hours before you can make delivery?” The demand is great and long waits are inevitable. Today we also have electricity from the mains. This means we can run all the air conditioners. By Indian standards, we are quite spoiled. By North American standards, the frustrations are real.

I have agreed to act as temporary Community Coordinator so I accompany my husband to the High Commission for a morning’s training session. I learn that during the next few days there will be three new families arriving in New Delhi. I take the training seriously. It will be my responsibility to see that the new arrivals are met at the airport, installed in their hotel (or directly into their assigned quarters), introduced to the people and places with whom they will need initial contact. I believe the first few days in post to be of utmost importance and my own priority will be the new arrivals. I will give them my best.

Training completed, I summon my driver. Servants are cheap and necessary in New Delhi, and help the economy. Each salary feeds and houses an extended family in a land where social services are virtually non-existent. We have more than we need: a cook, a bearer, a mali (gardener), and a driver. The cost per month is about \$270 and we may be sustaining as many as forty people — wives, babies, cousins, aunts and grandmothers.

I return to the comfort of my air conditioned house. The servants take their leave for lunch and siesta and I settle down to enjoy the break in a now servantless house. I become engrossed in Gitanjali Kolanad’s *Culture Shock, India*. I have lived here long enough to be able to nod, “Ah, yes” and short enough to discover, “I didn’t know that”. The quiet time quickly passes.

Soon my husband will return from work. We eat early and then begin an attack on the accounts for the Canadian Club of which said husband is treasurer. The accounting is interrupted at nine-thirty by the sound of drums and other street sounds. We suspect a wedding and venture outside to investigate. It is still hot. But for the street people there is remarkable relief from the day time temperature and the street is full of life. Suspicions confirmed about a neighbourhood wedding, we join the *chowkidars* (night guards) and street people to enjoy the spectacle. We have no embarrassment about sitting on lawn chairs outside our front gate to get the best view. Nothing is really private in this land of shoulder-to-shoulder people.

We have no embarrassment about sitting on lawn chairs outside our front gate to get the best view. Nothing is really private in this land of shoulder-to-shoulder people.

The wedding confirms today as an auspicious one (or at least these hours of this day). We watch the motley band escort the groom on his white stallion towards his waiting bride. The bride is never seen unless one is actually an invited guest to the wedding. She waits in seclusion. The marriage is undoubtedly an arranged one. Most are. The process of the groom's arrival is a lengthy one. We settle in. Hand held electric "chandeliers" powered by a noisy generator housed in a smelly truck provide the illuminations. Street people, invited guests, and eunuchs eager for the "baksheesh" to be gained by their presence (or departure) all dance before the groom who is seated on his horse looking decidedly unhappy about the whole procedure. The group stops every twenty feet or so along the street for more dancing before it arrives at its destination, a large tent erected for the celebration. An invited guest asks us to dance. He suggests that we join the wedding. Again polite refusals, although had we felt so inclined we would have been made welcome. The "show" just about over, we bid the people "goodnight"

and return to the neglected accounts. It is getting late. We pack it in and head for bed.

Sharon McKeane-Peryer, a foreign service spouse of 30 years, has served at eight foreign missions.

DAWN TO DINNER IN HONG KONG

by Michèle Allard Higginbotham

Five-thirty on a pre-dawn Hong Kong morning. My regular waking time. This is the quiet uninterrupted time that I devote daily to skimming the three English Hong Kong newspapers. Next I complete some school essay corrections. My seventeen 22-year-old Chinese students, at the Canadian English Language College where I teach, have begun to write well and copiously. I'm very proud of their writing progress and I must keep up with their output.

It's dawn. I rush out to check the sky where ominous rain clouds are lurking. This does not bode well for tonight's dinner party on the patio for forty leaders of the Hong Kong Canadian Community. The awning will offer some protection but not if there is wind and rain, typhoon-style. I confirm the formal layout of the dining room table and double-check the spelling of place card names against the official guest list.

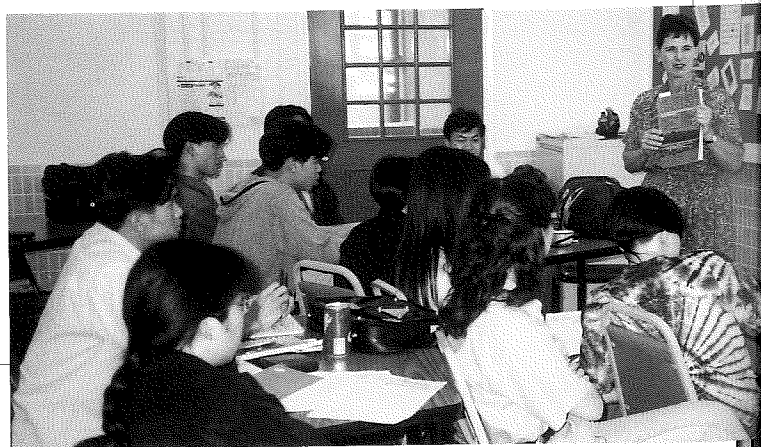
Time is speeding up. I rush upstairs to wake up Ian, our 16-year-old son. During our stay in HK, he has grown from a boy into a tall, sprawling teenager. In three weeks, he will be leaving HK for summer camp and residence at Ashbury College next year. I'll miss him. This life abroad isn't easy when tough decisions have to be made about leaving children in boarding school and university far away in Canada. No time for self-pity, I must make sandwiches for Ian's lunch and mine. I type up a quick fax to send off to Matthew, our 19-year-old son at McGill, to wish him good luck on his psychology test today. Distance from one's children and aging parents is a constant and difficult aspect of life in the Canadian Foreign Service.

Eight-thirty. On the way to school, I correct papers and review the day's lesson plan. After three years of

supporting John in his role as Head of Mission, hosting official functions at home and attending meetings, ceremonies, lunches, receptions, and dinners in the community, as well as studying Cantonese, I decided to return to my own career. Over the past twenty years, I have been lucky in both being an active representational spouse and in pursuing my career, in teaching English as a Second Language or development, or studying languages, when abroad and in Canada. Since HK is hardly a developing country, I looked for a job in teaching. It is unfortunate that all the work of a foreign service spouse — her language skills, organization skills, interpersonal skills, and knowledge of the world — are not easily translated into a CV, nor easily marketable when trying to find a job on return to Canada.

The morning flies by. The Canadian English Language College in Kowloon is a joint venture between the Vancouver Community College and the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals, a respected private body which runs hospitals, homes for the elderly, and fifty schools of which ours is one. The Commission has strongly supported Canadian education in HK, including this new school, which was opened by Lt. Governor of B.C., David Lam, in 1992. We teach intensive English as a Second Language (ESL) courses to prepare HK Chinese students for their further studies in colleges and universities overseas. At the end of every 13-week term, at least half of the students in our classes will be bound for Canada, the USA, Australia or England. The students are therefore strongly motivated to learn. Their progress in these intense courses is rapid which is very rewarding for the teachers.

The teaching is particularly demanding when I have to go out two or three nights in a row to official events but adds a personal dimension to my Hong Kong experience. Because we are a small school, staff and students are all very close. We've gone through a lot together. Today, at the end of class, we took a class photo for a souvenir. The students all become very close to each other, and to their teacher, during these terms and we often keep in touch afterwards.



After school, I head off for the flower market in deepest Kowloon. This market, the cheapest in town, is one city block of flower shops with the freshest and most beautiful arriving every morning from China, Singapore, Thailand and Holland. I need to pick up one more bunch for a floral display for the roof patio where we will serve refreshments when our guests arrive.

I arrive home at five o'clock. All preparations for tonight are proceeding well. I count my blessings once again for having such a reliable and good-natured staff.

By eight o'clock the guests are starting to arrive. It is gratifying to be at a stage where I know so many of the people personally. They are from many fields—government, business, education, and the media—all have a connection with Canada. This event was to recognize officially once again their community spirit and to thank them for their work on behalf of the Canadian community all year. What a difference between this and our arrival where I probably met some 3000 new faces in the first three months and was expected to know all their names on second meeting! The weather tonight has cooperated and a light breeze relieves us of the tropical heat. We are on the roof patio and it's sunset. We see the outline of nearby hills and some of the lights of Hong Kong city.

They are delighted with the candlelit tables in the small patio-garden. This is a novelty in a place where 97% of people live in apartments. Many admire the totem pole from British Columbia in the patio which was carved by native Canadians for our Canadian Festival in Hong Kong in 1991.

Eleven o'clock, the party's over. The guests go home. I slip off my heels and sink into an armchair for a few quiet moments. But no! An emergency has arisen. Unknown to us during the party, Ian's toe, which he injured by unwisely boogie-boarding in the polluted waters of Deep Wave Bay, has become seriously infected. John tells me we must take him to the Emergency of the Adventist Hospital. Ian has been given a shot of antibiotics and now has pills; the infected wound has been treated; the prognosis for healing is good. I'm relieved.

Now I can sleep. 5:30 a.m. is going to come very quickly. ✍

Michèle Allard Higginbotham has two sons, speaks French and Mandarin, and has long experience as a teacher of English as a Second Language (ESL). She has just won a Vincent Massey Scholarship to complete her M.A. in TOESL at the American University in Washington, D.C.

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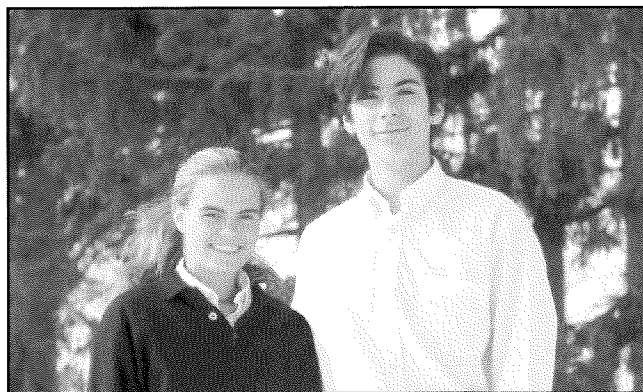
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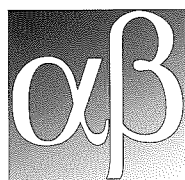


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Lever de soleil sur la steppe

Comment le Canada a découvert l'Asie centrale



Contrée mythique située sur la route de la soie, isolée par la Sibérie, les déserts de Chine, l'Himalaya et la grande steppe, l'Asie centrale était pratiquement inaccessible, à l'exception de quelques sites touristiques, jusqu'à ce que l'URSS commence à s'effondrer. Lors de mon affectation à Moscou de 1991 à 1993, j'ai pu suivre de près ce processus d'ouverture et la réaction du Canada.

Novembre 1991 — Qu'est-ce que l'indépendance? Je débarque avec un collègue à Alma-Ata, Kazakhstan, à sept heures du matin après une trop courte nuit dans un avion d'Aeroflot. Nous sommes à la recherche d'information sur les réactions des Républiques au démantèlement anticipé de l'Union. Nous n'avons ni interprète, ni rendez-vous confirmés, ni hôtel, ni moyen de transport : c'est la diplomatie sans artifices. Négociations ardues pour acheter un petit déjeuner frugal dans une minuscule salle cachée au sixième étage d'un hôtel; un téléphone public extérieur à peine fonctionnel sous le vrombissement des vieux autobus qui peinent à grimper les côtes de la capitale du Kazakhstan; un attaché de presse présidentiel, un récepteur téléphonique dans chaque main et trois visiteurs dans son antichambre mais d'une rare efficacité nous obtient trois rendez-vous en quelques minutes et nous sommes en affaires. À noter, il n'y a à cette date aucun représentant diplomatique étranger à Alma-Ata.

Deux jours plus tard, après une nuit inoubliable dans la salle d'attente de l'aéroport Vnukovo, mon collègue Art Katona, étendu sur le plancher sur son vieux manteau, moi essayant de dormir assis sur une table à café, nous arrivons en Ouzbekistan avec 14 heures de retard. Le pays a beau avoir proclamé son indépendance quelques semaines plus tôt, il n'y a aucun signe que nous avons quitté l'URSS. Au Kazakhstan, on s'accroche encore à l'idée que l'Union va

survivre. L'indépendance? «Nous ne considérons même pas cette possibilité», nous dit un officiel. En Ouzbekistan, la population est sceptique. «Les choses allaient mieux à l'époque de Tamerlan» nous explique un passant. Un mois plus tard, le Kazakhstan sera la quatorzième et dernière des Républiques soviétiques à déclarer son indépendance de Moscou (la Russie n'aura jamais à le faire, le sort de l'URSS étant alors scellé).

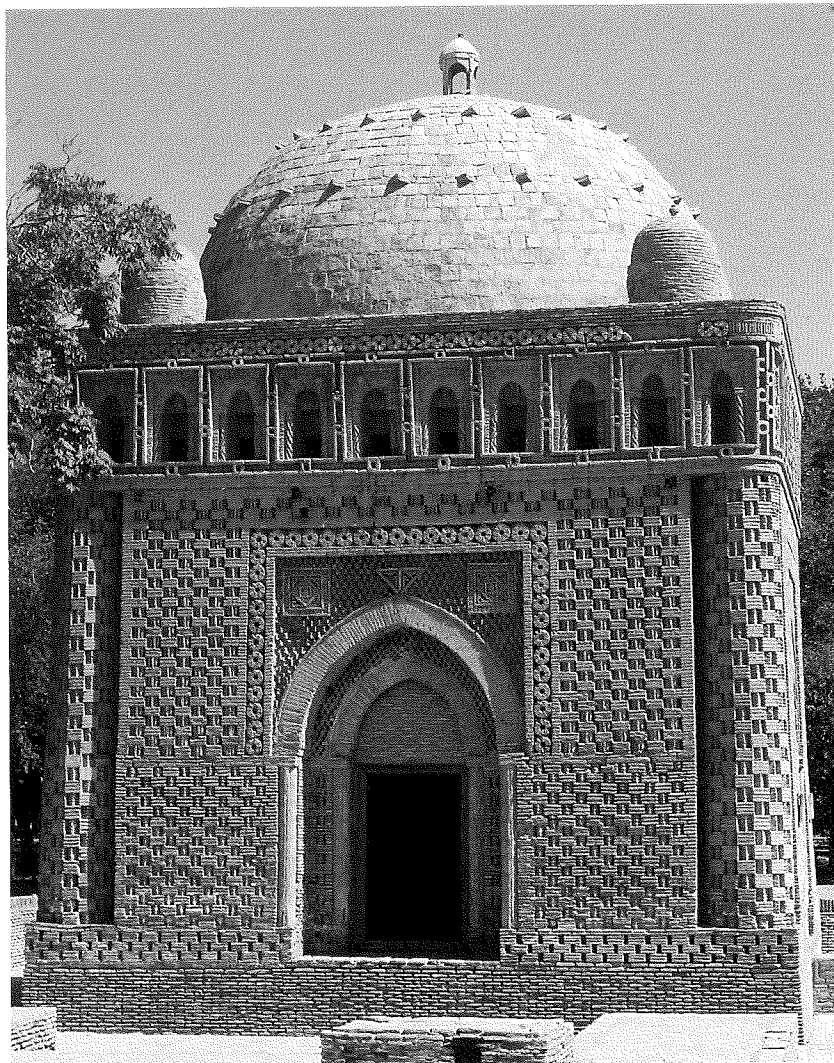
Février 1992 — La ruée vers l'or commence. Visite d'une délégation de l'Ambassade à Bishkek; la capitale du

ramasserons en Suisse en route vers Toronto», nous dit un conseiller présidentiel.

Le Président veut suivre une politique de neutralité, encourager la démocratie, adopter des réformes économiques libérales et créer la première école de gens d'affaires de la région. Il appelle son pays la Suisse de l'Asie centrale. Les deux pays ont des sommets enneigés et des sites enchanteurs, mais le Kirgizstan a encore du chemin à faire avant de devenir un paradis fiscal.

Mars 1992 — Le castor a atterri. Le Canada réagit à l'apparition de tous les nouveaux pays issus de l'URSS en y établissant

deux antennes, une à Alma-Ata et une à Erevan en Arménie. Cette fois, la diplomatie légère atteint son paroxysme. Que faut-il pour établir une ambassade? : un ordinateur portable, une imprimante, un télécopieur, une chambre d'hôtel, un FS-1 et un téléphone-satellite. Trimballant tant bien que mal tout cet équipement, Fawad Quraishi et moi débarquons à Alma-Ata un samedi soir pour nous installer à l'hôtel Kazakhstan, un genre Holiday Inn gonflé aux stéroïdes et surmonté d'une espèce de couronne de mariée dorée, un fleuron de l'architecture locale. La minuscule chambre 913, la seule où le satané «satphone» veut bien fonctionner une fois de temps en temps, devient la «Représentation du Gouvernement du Canada à Alma-Ata». Quand la technologie moderne flanche, nous devons nous rabattre sur le téléphone local, une contraption de plastique orange ressemblant à un



Kirgizstan vient de changer de nom. L'Ambassadeur Bell remet au Président Akayev une lettre du Premier Ministre offrant d'établir des relations diplomatiques entre nos deux pays. Le Président est sur le point de partir pour le Canada où il veut encourager l'investissement dans le secteur minier. Déjà, plusieurs entreprises étrangères voient miroiter la possibilité de mettre la main sur les gisements d'or et de métaux rares des montagnes du Kirgizstan. Le pays a-t-il un drapeau? «Pas encore, mais nous le

jouet d'enfant et qui donne l'impression que l'on parle à la Lune quand on rejoint la chambre d'à-côté. Le Gouvernement kazakh reconnaît-il notre présence ou pas? La question restera ouverte plusieurs mois.

Simplement rencontrer le Ministère des affaires étrangères demandera plusieurs journées d'efforts. La ville est alors complètement envahie par les délégations étrangères — turques, allemandes, chinoises, coréennes, américaines et autres, alors, deux jeunes canadiens qui pratiquent

la diplomatie sur le pouce ne pèsent pas lourd dans l'engrenage. Autre défi et non le moindre : trouver un restaurant correct. Nous faisons l'expérience de plusieurs désastres culinaires.

Avril 1992 — Le chameau à la stroghanoff. Fawad accomplit des progrès importants dans l'établissement de la présence canadienne en Asie centrale. La Représentation a maintenant un chauffeur, German Ivanovitch, un ancien officier tankiste qui a déjà servi comme coopérant militaire en Iraq. J'accompagne Fawad dans son premier voyage hors de la capitale, à Tchimkent, au coeur de la steppe kazakh, là où aucun arbre ne vient entraver le parcours des caravanes. Malheureusement, la ville est surtout caractérisée aujourd'hui par des usines métallurgiques qui déchargent une fumée épaisse dans l'air ambiant et par un hôtel particulièrement immonde. Mais la population est accueillante et généreuse, les Occidentaux y sont encore une curiosité bienvenue. Dans les environs, un restaurant nous sert ce qui s'avère être du chameau à la stroghanoff. On peut être assuré de sa fraîcheur, des troupeaux de ces bêtes paissent paisiblement le long de la route.

Juillet 1992 — Un piédestal sans statue. Il fait une chaleur abominable à Tashkent où aucun édifice n'est climatisé. Michel de Salaberry visite cette partie méconnue du monde islamique avant d'assumer son

poste de directeur des relations avec le Moyen-Orient; je l'accompagne et lui sers d'interprète. «Comment était l'eau de la piscine, Michel? — Je me sens comme si je venais de sucer des vieilles pièces de une cent.» Les Américains semblent convaincus que l'Ouzbekistan est sur le point de tomber sous la coupe des intégristes. Nous visitons le vieux quartier délabré de Tashkent et entrons dans une madrasa en réparation. On nous invite à partager la soupe qui est préparée à ciel ouvert dans un coin de la cour intérieure. Le maître des lieux, un jeune ecclésiastique barbu bâti comme un second de ligne, est convaincu qu'il peut convertir Michel à l'Islam. Plus réel est le danger de l'autoritarisme. Ce n'est qu'après une longue et pénible séance de négociations ponctuée de menaces d'expulsion que nous réussissons à faire corriger une anomalie sur le visa de Michel. Devant la grande place de cérémonie, l'immense piédestal où devait autrefois trôner une gigantesque statue de Lénine est maintenant vide. À quand son remplacement par celle d'un *Big Brother* local?

À Samarcande et Boukhara, la splendeur des monuments cache une grande nervosité : les touristes ne sont plus qu'une poignée, chassés par la difficulté d'obtenir un visa, les lois restrictives sur l'échange des devises, la dissolution presque consommée d'Intourist et la guerre civile au Tadjikistan voisin. On craint des heurts entre Ouzbeks et

Tadjiks, qui n'auront finalement pas lieu; la population russe et ukrainienne quitte le pays si elle en a la possibilité. Le manque d'information aggrave les craintes. Il circule des rumeurs non fondées de troubles à Tashkent que quelqu'un nous demande de confirmer, puisque nous en venons; s'il y en avait vraiment, la télévision les tairait probablement.

Après une journée de train à travers le désert du Karakoum, nous arrivons à Ashgabat au Turkmenistan, où cette crainte latente a disparu. La ville est envahie par les Iraniens qui traversent la frontière voisine pour chercher ici de l'alcool et du bon temps. La frontière vient tout juste d'être ouverte et Michel sera un des premiers Occidentaux à la franchir, à travers les montagnes dans un mini-bus avec une demi-douzaine d'Iraniens à son bord.

Octobre 1992 — Un autre Qatar. L'Ambassadeur Bell vient présenter ses lettres de créances à Ashgabat. La ville est toujours calme et propre, mais la ruée iranienne y est moins visible. Le Turkmenistan est maintenant considéré l'État le plus prospère de l'ex-URSS grâce à ses immenses réserves de gaz naturel. Le Président Niyazov peut subventionner les produits de base grâce aux devises gazifères, ce qui aide à sa popularité, à un point tel qu'un véritable culte de la personnalité est en train de se développer. «Autrefois, le Turkmenistan était le dernier chameau de la caravane, à la traîne



des autres Républiques; aujourd'hui, la caravane s'est retournée».

Janvier 1993 — La cité que le charbon a bâti. Retour à Alma-Ata après sept mois d'absence. Le corps diplomatique a beaucoup grandi, plusieurs pays ont déjà une véritable ambassade mais la Représentation canadienne reflète toujours un souci presque maladif de saine gestion des fonds. Nous avons tout de même engagés deux autres employés très dévoués, qui assurent au moins une présence continue en l'absence d'un agent canadien sur place. L'un d'eux, Jalil, m'accompagne à Karaganda, la deuxième ville du Kazakhstan. Il n'y a que deux choses qui comptent ici, le charbon et l'acier. C'est la compagnie minière qui est le vrai maître en ville, mais elle titube au bord de la faillite. Les aciéries se sont ouvertes aux technologies et marchés étrangers et elles respirent un peu mieux. Toutefois, le pessimisme est de mise : les employés des instituts de recherche qui faisaient jadis la fierté de la ville ne sont plus payés que sur une base intermittente. Alma-Ata semble avoir oublié l'existence de la région. Il est vrai que dans la capitale, on me prend pour un illuminé quand je dis vouloir visiter Karaganda. «Et avec ce manteau? vous allez geler, c'est comme la Sibérie là-bas.» Il y

a peut-être du vent par vingt sous zéro, mais au moins il fait soleil, c'est mieux qu'à Moscou.

Avril 1993 — Cette fois, nous restons. Mon huitième et dernier voyage à Alma-Ata a pour objectif la préparation d'un rapport sur la démarche à suivre pour ouvrir une véritable ambassade. Le gouvernement a finalement décidé de faire le plongeon et de transformer cet étrange bureau temporaire en une mission permanente. Les ambassades sont toujours plus nombreuses, les restaurants et kiosques de marchandises ont poussé comme des champignons, et la criminalité a emboîté le pas. Un ami ne se promène la nuit qu'avec une matraque dissimulée dans ses vêtements. L'inflation est hors de contrôle, plusieurs Russes songent à quitter le pays. «Pour l'avenir de nos enfants», disent-ils. Tanya, notre traductrice, garde précieusement tout son salaire, ridiculement bas mais payé comptant en dollars américains, et survit sur le stricte minimum. Elle rêve pouvoir acheter un appartement à Saint-Petersbourg.

De là je prend la route avec German Ivanovitch et Jalil pour le Kirgizstan. L'économie y est complètement chamboulée. Le marché regorge de produits allant du poulet écartelé et rôti aux cannettes de

bière américaine aux noms étranges (une «Milwaukee's Best», vous avez déjà bu ça?); les vallées agricoles donnent une impression de prospérité qu'on ne rencontre jamais dans la campagne russe, mais est-ce grâce à la culture des stupéfiants, comme le veut la rumeur? Les commerces officiels, eux, périssent : le plus grand restaurant de Bishkek, avec au moins 300 places, ne compte que deux tables occupées. L'inflation a fait des ravages et plus personne ne peut s'y payer un repas. Le pays s'apprête à introduire sa propre monnaie et ses voisins voient ce geste avec méfiance. Personne ne sait ce qui adviendra des roubles que détiennent les gens. Après une année et demie d'indépendance, la frontière n'est toujours pas indiquée sur la route qui relie Bishkek à Alma-Ata.

Ma dernière vision d'Asie centrale sera de chevaux sauvages, gambadant libres à flanc de montagne, dans un parc national à trente kilomètres de Bishkek. Les questions quant à l'avenir de l'Asie centrale ne sont pas résolues, mais la région demeure l'une des plus fascinantes au monde. 

Philippe Cousineau est entré à AECl en 1987. Il a été affecté à Ankara et Moscou. Il travaille dans la Direction des relations avec les Antilles et l'Amérique centrale.

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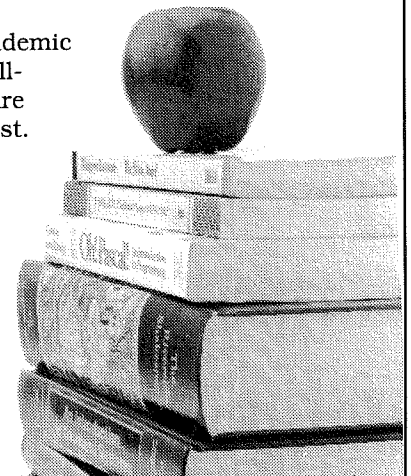
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HAITI: The Diplomacy of Failure and The Victory of Arms

story and photos by Tim Morson

"Pa kouri! Sé démokrasi!" That was the message intoned over the loud-speakers of US Forces *Apache* buzzing Port-au-Prince on the morning of September 19th, 1994. "Don't be afraid! It's democracy!"

After a long and hot summer, the Americans had finally landed, bearing arms and the hope of democracy. All over the city, people watched from their rooftops as the low-flying helicopters delivered their optimistic advice to help calm an apprehensive population that had half-expected the Americans to blood and bombs. It was a day when a bit of hope was restored to a people who had lived in fear and despair for three awful years. This bloodless invasion to remove Haiti's military dictatorship was seen as the triumph of international efforts to bring back exiled President Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

It was inevitable that a determined international community would get its way with a few weak soldiers who lorded it over the poorest inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere. Today, everyone is comfortably felicitous about the outcome of the crisis. The bad guys have been given the boot. But the international community was not always so determined. In a strange and paradoxical

way that could be said to characterize much of the 1991-1994 Haitian crisis, President Aristide owes his restoration to the failure of the international community to dislodge the Haitian dictatorship by political and economic means.

Back in June 1994, many in the foreign media, lodged at the Hotel Montana overlooking Port-au-Prince, waited impatiently for the coming confrontation between the forces of good and the forces of bad. The UN and the US had turned up the pressure on Haiti's stubborn dictatorship and its supporters by cutting off all remaining trade and closing down the airport. Foreign nationals were evacuated, and many diplomatic missions were cut back to the bare bone. Since October 1993, when the USS *Harlan County* beat a fast retreat rather than face a dozen or so armed thugs at the city port, dooming the first efforts to establish UNMIH in Haiti, a renewed embargo was seen as the only safe way to put pressure on the dictatorship. By July 1994 the international community coupled the threat of force to its Haitian strategy, reluctantly admitting in the process that the embargo was not enough. Instead of weakening the army, the embargo had strengthened it. The Haitian generals, encouraged by their experiences of American political ambivalence since the *coup d'état* in September 1991,

did not believe there would ever be an invasion, and countered with the expulsion of the UN/OAS human rights observers, the blocking of what little humanitarian aid was coming in, and more terror. The army's simple hope was to hide the human rights abuses, discredit the embargo, and eliminate the last vestiges of political opposition.

To foster the impression that serious resistance awaited any foreign invader, Champs-de-Mars became the staging ground for a militia force of mostly poor, hungry men. Training exercises were choreographed for the foreign media, particularly television which needed dramatic visuals to portray the sense of crisis. The absurdity of the four masked men known as the Ninjas dressed in black tights and brandishing Kalashnikovs was lost on a media that wittingly or unwittingly joined in the dangerous comedy of overweight thugs playing commando. These images served to fuel US domestic political opposition to an American military adventure in Haiti.

Throughout the summer, and despite growing threats to resolve the crisis with force, diplomats and foreign journalists moved about rather freely. The rhetoric on both sides created psychological pressures and the embargo made for some inconveniences. But anyone with money was able to get by. Members of Haiti's political opposition and



September 30th, 1994, violent anniversary of the 1991 coup d'état: Moments after the cold-blooded killing of a street merchant, a photographer shows a Haitian policeman the gunman's escape route.

the poor suffered most. As the generals dragged the country down with them, the well-off who opposed Aristide continued to argue matter-of-factly against his return, blaming Haiti's ills on the overpowering strength of the international community and the exiled president's excesses.

Many businessmen who had not been blacklisted by the US had left for Florida in June where they waited out the crisis. Most major factories were closed, so that poor and now unemployed workers and their families joined the bread lines, if any were left to join.

For anyone in Haiti in mid-August, it looked as if the generals were right: the Americans had no desire nor will to invade Haiti. The stakes were simply not high enough, and everyone knew it. The despair was palpable.

At his home in the walled-compound of the Holy Ghost Fathers in the slum-community of Sans-Fil, Père Antoine Adrien described the situation in Haiti as intolerable, but said that was not a reason for the US to act. "*Haiti ne représente pas un pays stratégique pour les États-Unis.*" Père Adrien, a close adviser of President Aristide, was chairman of the *Commission présidentielle* that represented him in Haiti after the coup d'état. "*Nous sommes confrontés par là dans la perpétuelle hésitation de la communauté internationale: quand leurs intérêts ne sont pas en cause — c'est caduc!*"

The on-again, off-again international economic embargo, that was then on-again (in a way that it was never before), was far from

cowing the military or its backers in the upper class. "*Ne pensez pas que les sanctions pourront avoir un effet sur les militaires,*" Père Adrien warned. "*Eux, ils ne s'intéressent pas au niveau de vie en Haïti.*"

The embargo was a blunt instrument that could not distinguish between those who bore political and moral responsibility for the coup d'état and those who did not. It had a pernicious effect on the poor who were left without jobs. Street kids became a barometer of the hard times: there were more of them, and they were more aggressive. Inside the slums, it was worse: filth, disease, malnourishment, lack of health care — chronic problems that had always existed — now took a greater toll of victims.

Canadian missionaries who had lived in Haiti thirty years and more testified they had never seen anything as bad, even under the Duvaliers. Meanwhile, the embargo allowed a small group of soldiers and businessmen to grow very rich on the black market.

"*L'embargo n'a jamais marché, nulle part,*" Frantz Voltaire said on the eve of the

US invasion. Mr. Voltaire was the Chief of Cabinet to Prime Minister Robert Malval, the only constitutionally-appointed Prime Minister during the coup d'état.

The embargo was provoked by the coup d'état and for that the Haitian military was responsible. For those opposed to President Aristide, all of Haiti's problems could suddenly be blamed on the sanctions. Many well-to-do Haitians shamelessly exonerated themselves of any responsibility for the country's ruin. For the rest of the world, obliged to act or be seen to act, the embargo was an easy strategy. How could a coup d'état against a democratically elected government (in an internationally-supervised election) go unanswered. Nothing back then could possibly have justified the use of force to resolve the crisis. In the context of the democratization of the Western Hemisphere, the coup d'état was a serious political affront that risked jeopardizing political and economic advances elsewhere in the region. But despite these important foreign policy objectives, little else was at risk to the immediate interests of the regional powers. The embargo was a simple but short-term and short-sighted political expedient.

From his safe-house at the height of the terror in early September, Evens Paul, the Mayor of Port-au-Prince, who remained in Haiti throughout the crisis at considerable personal risk, described the international community's diplomatic efforts as a failure.

"*Je ne dis pas que la communauté internationale est responsable pour la crise,*" he said. "*Mais son implication a aidé à renforcer les militaires. Le pays est de plus en plus déstabilisé. La répression a augmenté. C'est une situation de catastrophe.*"

US Forces Commander, General Hugh Shelton, welcomes President Jean-Bertrand Aristide back to Haiti, October 15th, 1994. Minister of Foreign Affairs André Ouellet and Canada's Ambassador to the OAS, Brian Dickson, look on.



It is hard today, looking at the impressive deployment of foreign troops and the promises of international aid, to fault the international community. Its goodwill could not be in greater evidence. But in the summer of 1994, it seemed as if the US and its allies were being led deeper into the Haitian crisis by their own political reticence rather than any positive resolve on their part. President Clinton's May 1994 executive order granting a refugee-hearing to all Haitian boat people picked up by the US Coast Guard helped unleash an almost uncontrollable flood of Haitian refugees. The hope had been that the new policy would help placate President Clinton's own liberal constituency and show him honouring an old campaign pledge. But it also served to unmask the terrible tragedy that had been dragging on for three years, and caused a torrent of political activity on the US domestic scene to finally bring the crisis to an end. For Mr. Paul, too much bad faith had prolonged the crisis. Nothing put this in better relief, Mr. Paul said, than the public statements of former President George Bush, as a private citizen, warning the Clinton Administration against any military involvement in Haiti. It was President Bush who had welcomed President Aristide to the White House after the *coup d'état* and who had publicly declared that the US would do

everything to restore him to power. Now he could be honest and say President Aristide was not worth restoring to power. "*Comment peut-il (Président Bush) dire ce qu'il dit maintenant? Le mensonge,*" Mr. Paul said, visibly agitated. "*Ce manque de moralité politique peut engendrer d'autres crises.*"

Indeed, the lack of morality had probably dragged things out. As many came to recognize, no amount of moral indignation and no diplomatic threats would force the military in Haiti to quit power.

"*La seule menace pour les militaires était la force,*" Mr. Voltaire said. "*Alors jusqu'à l'heure où la force était une vraie menace, ça ne voulait rien dire.*"

The hope had been that UN Security Council Resolution 941, giving member states the green light to "use all necessary means" to resolve the crisis, and US military manoeuvres would be enough to bring the Haitian dictatorship into line. It wasn't. In the end, it was not the threat of force but the use of force that made the difference.

"*La communauté internationale s'est fait prendre à son propre piège,*" Mr. Paul said ruefully. Today, Haiti is, in the words of President Aristide, a "dormant volcano". Its economy is a mess, exacerbated by the embargo that was supposed to have helped the country shake the dictatorship. And the

people are expecting economic miracles that will never come. Politically, the country is badly divided. The Haitian government is



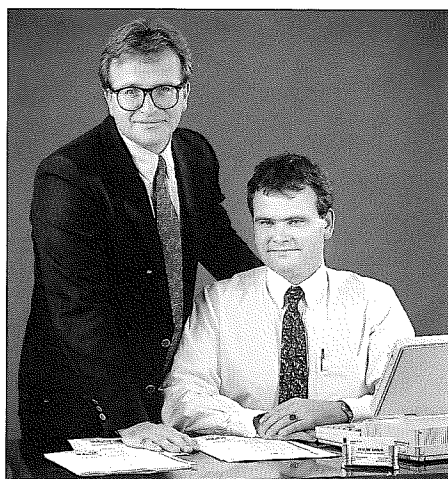
in a vice grip controlled by powerful international, regional and local economic interests. The poor majority is hankering for changes that may be considered too much. Lasting political-economic reforms will be difficult to achieve. If there is any consolation, it is that Haiti's fragile democracy holds out more hope than anything that went before it. 

Tim Morson is head of the Immigration programme at Port-au-Prince. His previous postings have included Cleveland and Athens.

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SOMALIA:

Moving Around in a Country of Nomads

Your choice of transport: Machine-gun "technicals", the romantic road warrior machine? C-130 Hercules? Rubber inflatable boats? Or Russian twin-rotor helicopter? Come for the ride.

by Chris Cooter and Chris Liebich

On the eve of the final evacuation of UN peacekeeping troops from Somalia in late February this year, there was a report that the UN was driving bulldozers over its own 4-wheel drive vehicles to prevent them from falling into the hands of the militia who radically customize them, turning them into machine-gun mounted "technicals" to continue their wars.

That news came as no particular surprise. In the times we visited Somalia, we came to expect the bizarre and felt disappointed if each expedition didn't exceed the last for the unexpected — pleasant and sometimes not-so-pleasant.

Still, the story about the UN crushing its own trucks is perhaps more than just another strange anecdote. There is something fundamental about transport in a country dominated by nomads. It is not coincidental that "technicals" are the weapon of choice here; in fact, it seems that the Somalis invented them, although who came up with the name no one seems certain. The most credible theory is that imaginative aid agencies having to account to headquarters for a line item in the form of heavily armed pick-ups, came up with this term "technical" services. There is certainly nothing technical about the firepower they pack, especially when backed up by seven or eight teenagers sitting around the mounted machine-gun — often an anti-aircraft weapon — carrying AK-47s, grenades and a couple of grenade launchers. Altogether, a *technical* is a nasty, and, at least to a lot of otherwise unoccupied Somali boys, a romantic "road warrior" machine.

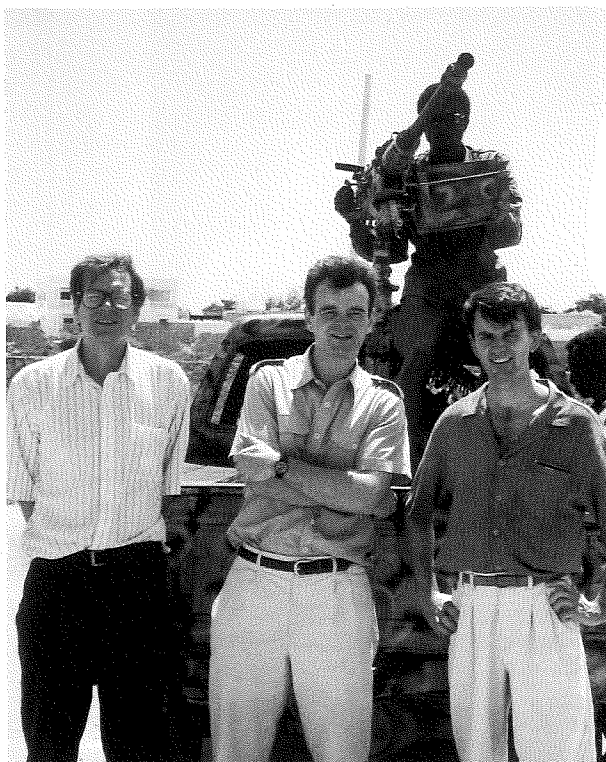
Landing in Baidoa in August 1992 — then the epicentre of the famine situated in central Somalia

— being greeted by veritable honour guard of these *technicals*, kicking up huge clouds of dust as they raced alongside the small aircraft bouncing down on the dirt strip. To what did we, humble Second Secretaries, owe such an exalted reception?

As it turned out, UNICEF, which had chartered the plane, had taken considerable liberties in trying to secure landing rights from the local warlord. First, UNICEF had informed him that they were sending in "Canadian diplomats", then we became "leading Canadian diplomats", then "very senior Canadian diplomats." It was flattering and also intimidating to be step off the plane and be greeted by the commander of these *technicals*, demanding to know "Where's the Canadian ambassador?" We're still trying to claim acting pay.

Less benign was landing in Hargeysa in Somaliland, the north-west. This time the welcoming committee at the "airport" wanted cash not rank — privatization, Somali-style. These self-styled customs officials took great umbrage when one member of our party (actually a consultant) questioned their integrity (he point blank called them "thieves"), and invoked diplomatic immunity to avoid this airport tax. He was promptly whisked off, onlookers shaking their heads and muttering darkly about the fate suffered by a similar recalcitrant the week before. The Vienna Convention was tossed to the wind, the \$15 head tax immediately anted up, and the release of our principled but foolish colleague successfully negotiated — but not before some tense moments.

Then there was landing on board a Canadian C-130 *Hercules* in November 1992. The flight was part of an air-bridge supplying food during the first UN operation, UNOSOM I. The airstrip, known as K-50 because of its location 50 kilometres south of the centre of Mogadishu, was built by some warlord or other to bring in the local narcotic, *quat*, from Kenya, where it is (legally) grown on the slopes of Mount Kenya. We had just taken a very low approach over the sand dunes on the coast near the fundamentalist stronghold of Merka and were congratulating ourselves on having avoided any anti-aircraft weapons the fundamentalists might have felt like using, when we noticed the *technicals* starting to gather around the airstrip. Already, another *Hercules*, a Belgian aircraft, was parked beside the field. Unhappily for it and its



Would you buy a used technical from these guys — Tim Martin, Chris Liebich, and Chris Cooter.

crew, the plane had broken down. Not too far away were the skeletal remains of a light aircraft which had failed to survive either its landing or the reception committee.

The *technicals*, as it turned out, were not interested in us: we were carrying only food. They were waiting for the next *quat* flight and, while it was still rolling in at high speed, making its landing on the field, the *technicals*, like huge wasps, were already chasing after it to ensure that its cargo was divided according to whatever law prevailed in the jungle that morning. At this point, we greenhorns faced a dilemma: on an airstrip in the desert where the highest cover is some 10 centimetre high thornbush, and where going near the *Hercules*, (whose four huge propellers were still turning so that it could make a getaway asap) was the equivalent of walking into a 170 degree hurricane, where to go to relieve the pressure of the early morning, pre-flight coffee? Just what sort of exposure provokes a 12-year old with a machine gun and an attitude anyway, we wondered?

Happily, the *technicals* and their crews were much too engrossed by the *quat* delivery and their drug-chewing to notice a gaggle of nervous diplomats in a particularly vulnerable position. The relatively orderly conduct of the Somali warriors reminded us of the intelligence of our pilots' policy decision to deliver food and medicine as early as possible in the morning, before the *quat* started to loosen trigger-fingers.

On the rest of that trip, we were invariably escorted by a *technical* fore and aft our own truck. When they're "your" *technicals* (in this case, provided through the courtesy of one of the non-governmental organizations who helped us get around), you start to take an interest in how well armed and alert-looking your guardians are. In particular, you pay close attention to the two or three guards who sit in your own vehicle. Have they put the safety on their automatic weapons you wonder as your driver careens down and on and off the rutted and debris-strewn roads (this, it turned out, was not altogether paranoid fantasizing: a Western journalist was shot, not badly fortunately, when one of her guards was caught unprepared by a sudden pothole).

The Toyota Landcruiser is the vehicle of choice for *technical*-builders. Luckily for the Somali militia, it is also the vehicle preferred by UN agencies and ngo's, which gives car thieves plenty of selection (no point getting them angry, after all). Not every Landcruiser was stripped to become a *technical*, however. One we rode in on a marathon trip down the Chinese and Italian-built highway traversing Northeast Somalia over the hundred of miles from Galcaio to Bosaso,

was left in a more or less intact state, except for the brakes, a gap we discovered when we were supposed to be slowing down at a road-block. Luckily, the militiamen manning it were away having tea and we sailed through the rocks and bricks and metal of the barrier with only minor damage, eventually halting through inertia near the tea-house.

These ubiquitous shacks from which Somali women appear bearing huge kettles of wonderfully fragrant and sugary tea, are the Somali equivalent of McDonald's, fast and cheap. At night, they come close to being romantic-looking, with their small kerosene lamps flickering the only light in the no-longer electrified towns. On that particular trip, we stopped at several of these

case a RIB (rubber inflatable boat), a kind of zodiac inflatable driven by a sailor with a sadistic glint in his eye.

The water off Mogadishu was then full of two things: large vessels from the various countries helping the UNITAF operation; and almost as large, man-eating and oddly named Zambezi River sharks. The beasts had converged on Mogadishu because the Soviets had bombed out the natural barrier formed by the coral reef, combined with the very bad practice in the neighbourhood of dumping camel offal from a beachfront slaughterhouse. In addition, as part of the general looting that went on in Somalia, fishermen had taken the shark nets that once protected the beaches. Unfortunately for a



to recharge our energies, also consuming snack-food — sweet and tender barbecued goat and camel meat — with the other truck drivers still confident enough to venture into the Somali night.

There were other rollicking advantages of this kind at sea and in the air. A Canadian VIP, visiting Mogadishu during the height of the American-led UNITAF operation, managed to make it from the enormous US embassy compound (a city within a city really) to HMCS *Preserver*, then a few kilometres offshore. He had gone on what was apparently the very last leg of an aged *Sea King* helicopter's life, attaining the ship's deck. The plebs, however, who were to accompany him to the ship, were of necessity required to use aquatic transport, in this

Defense conversion Somali-style: anti-aircraft turret converted into merry-go-round in orphanage in Mogadishu.

number of expats posted to Mogadishu, no one had posted a "Beware of the Sharks" sign. It was this sort of reverie that went through our sun-burned head as we headed out from the port into open water.

The pilot seemed to be asking either "did we want to die" or "fly"; it was unclear over the sound of the crashing three metre waves and the scream of the over-revved engine. In any case, intentionally or not, we did seem to be flying, passing from the crest of one wave to the sickening heights of the next, until, at last, we arrived at the ship. For those landlubbers who have never scaled

up a rope ladder on the sheer, dark and, from its bottom, apparently limitless side of a warship, in what probably wasn't, but seemed like, a howling gale, it is not recommended that this be done on a full stomach. Trust in Allah comes quickly as you make that little, but so important, leap from the tiny, bobbing RIB to the here-again, gone-again rope ladder.

Most of the transport that was intentionally aeronautic was "brilliant", as the Australians running the UN's traffic control would say. It was the waiting on the ground, sometimes for days, for an available flight that was usually the complaint. A few incidents were interesting. On one small plane flying from Belet Huen to Mogadishu, we were making a pass by the sea to avoid flying directly over the capital which was then still caught up in the war between Aideed and the Americans. While admiring the seaside view of a city that still has beauty, we peered down to the coral reefs and choked: an immense black shadow, the mother of all Zambezi River sharks, was directly below and — although it's a difficult call for non-ichthyologists — seemed to be looking skyward while licking its ghastly great chops.

While trying to leave Mogadishu on one occasion, we learned that the only available flight was on a *Hercules* run by Southern

Air Transport, the once mysterious outfit that worked for the CIA when there was a Cold War. Post-Cold War, SAT was carrying on its daredevil tradition by doing such things as flying food into mine-strewn Angola and, on this day, flying in and out of Mogadishu airport, a zone nominally under UN control but hotly contested by city warlords. This was just another job to (we tell no lie) "Bubba", one of the pilots who led us to the airplane. Inside the *Hercules*, not normally the most luxurious of craft, the usual wall-attached flip-down seats had been taken out to give more room for cargo. Where should we sit, we asked. On the floor, but hold the cargo chains when taking off and landing, was the reply. Relative to conditions in Mogadishu at the time, this was still a welcome answer. Incredibly, when the engines roared into life, and we were holding onto our chains with all the strength we could muster, Bubba came back to tell us that he was sorry, we would have to get off the plane. It seemed that a couple of engines weren't working — this wouldn't stop the plane from leaving of course — but SAT's insurance (INSURANCE on SAT!) wouldn't be sufficient to let us go along in these circumstances.

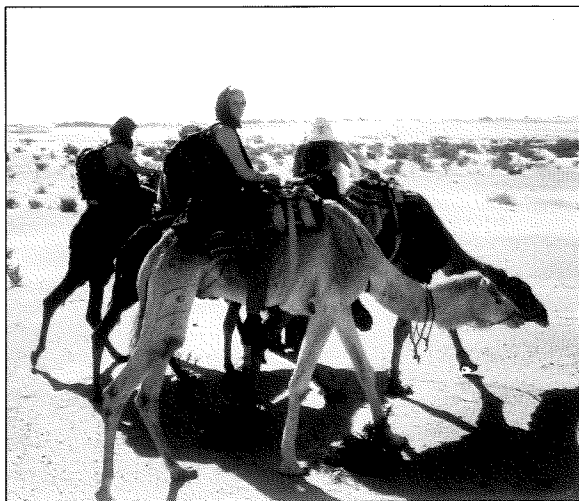
The most inspired ride of all was one taken with our head of mission, Lucie Edwards,

on a huge Russian twin-rotor helicopter. Taking off from Kismayo, and accompanied by a platoon of Indian infantry for safe-keeping, we swung south along the coast towards a group of islands where a Canadian-funded project was underway. En route, we came across flocks of flamingoes. Over the jack-hammer loud sound of the rotors, the pilot looked at us and gestured towards the birds with his thumb. And then we flew over to join them — environmentally incorrect probably — but an incredible sight and sensation, for us as much as the flamingoes in all probability.

Whether viewed from the air, water or land, Somalia remains a vibrant yet haunting memory. Especially of the people in their many settings that our diverse forms of transport enabled us to see and meet.

Chris Cooter joined DFAIT in 1990. He served as Third and Second Secretary in the Canadian High Commission in Nairobi before returning to Ottawa in late 1994.

Chris Liebich joined CIDA in 1984. He is currently on secondment to DFAIT. Chris has served in Nairobi and this year begins a posting in Islamabad.



Bonding with camels in the Sahara Desert

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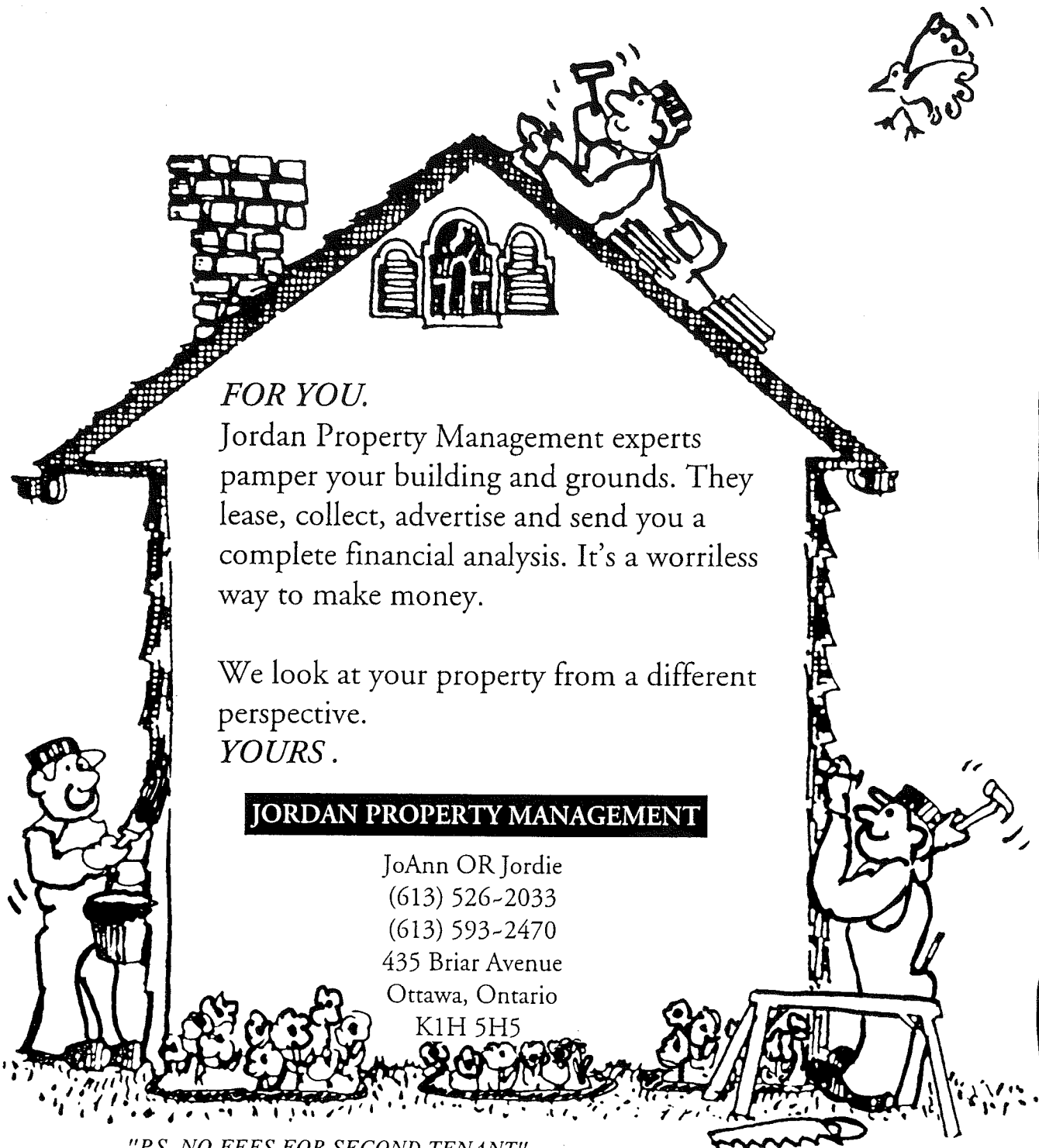
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RWANDA :

gestion d'une crise

La destruction de l'avion du Président a déclenché une des pires tragédies de notre époque. Cette article fait voir comment cette crise a été vécue au Ministère.

par Yvon Saint-Hilaire

La destruction de l'avion du Président Juvénal Habyarimana le 6 avril 1994 a déclenché une des pires tragédies de notre époque. Plusieurs mois plus tard, les Nations Unies ont qualifié les massacres de génocide planifié, mais personne ne pouvait appréhender l'ampleur des événements. Certains ont tenté de réécrire l'histoire par la suite en prétendant que tout le monde savait qu'un génocide se préparait, mais ces mêmes personnages n'avaient rien révélé de la sorte à l'époque où les gens étaient censés tout savoir. Le bilan provisoire de la crise rwandaise s'élève à environ 500 000 tués, pouvant atteindre le million, deux millions de réfugiés dans les pays voisins, et autant de personnes déplacées à l'intérieur du pays. Plus qu'un conflit inter-ethnique entre Hutus et Tutsis, comme on l'a souvent présentée, la crise rwandaise reflétait davantage une lutte pour le pouvoir entre Hutus radicaux d'une part, et Hutus modérés

et Tutsis de l'autre, sur fond de rivalité ethnique.

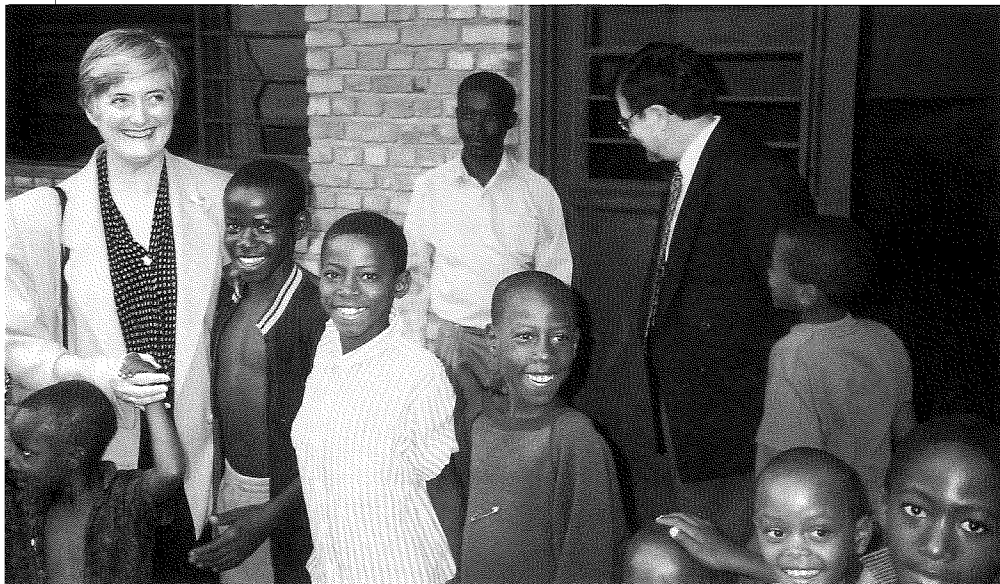
Le présent article n'a pas pour but de faire l'analyse des causes du génocide, mais plutôt de faire voir comment cette crise qui a tenu en haleine la haute gestion et nos autorités politiques a été vécue au jour le jour. On peut se demander quelle importance revêt pour le Canada la gestion efficace d'une crise dans un petit pays aussi éloigné, mais quand on constate qu'un pays comme la Somalie avec lequel nous n'avions pratiquement pas de relations nous a coûté au-delà d'un milliard \$, on comprend vite notre intérêt à instaurer la stabilité dans la région.

La cellule de crise

Dès le début de la crise, tout le monde veut savoir ce qui se passe au Rwanda et le Ministère est en alerte. Les demandes fusent de toute part et le sort des Canadiens sur place devient notre première priorité. Mais en même temps, le bureau du Ministre a besoin d'information pour les questions

anticipées en Chambre; le Conseil Privé a régulièrement recours à notre expertise pour se renseigner; l'Agence canadienne de développement international (ACDI) se préoccupe pour son personnel et les implications de la crise pour l'aide humanitaire; le ministère de la Défense décide de dépêcher 10 officiers pour aider le général Dallaire à gérer la MINUAR mais n'a pas encore établi son système d'information; la direction consulaire a besoin d'informations sur la situation des Canadiens pour mettre au point ses plans d'évacuation; le bureau de presse a besoin de matériel pour répondre aux demandes des journalistes, et le public canadien veut des informations sur le sort de ses proches au Rwanda.

La direction géographique, la Direction des Relations avec l'Afrique occidentale, centrale et avec le Maghreb (GAF), coordonne l'expertise du Ministère concernant le Rwanda. Dans un premier temps, on a l'impression que les collègues des autres directions ne peuvent rien faire sans l'aide substantielle de GAF qui devient vite submergée par les nombreuses demandes tous azimuts. Le téléphone ne dérouge pas et chacun pense que sa démarche est prioritaire (c'est pour le Ministre, pour le Premier ministre...), sans se rendre compte que le responsable du Rwanda est assailli de toutes parts et tous côtés en même temps. Le directeur a beau lui venir en aide, les demandes dépassent le cadre de la direction. Heureusement qu'elle en a vu d'autres! Fort de son expérience de crises précédentes au Burundi, Rwanda et Zaïre, sans mentionner les autres comme en Algérie et au Nigéria qui ne requerraient pas nécessairement d'évacuation consulaire, GAF a aussitôt réuni une cellule de crise au centre d'opérations, présidée selon les circonstances par le SMA, le directeur général ou le directeur. Elle a ensuite produit une mise à jour quotidienne de la situation pour le bénéfice de la haute gestion et des autres ministères. Les différents intervenants



Christine Stewart, secrétaire d'Etat, rencontre les enfants rwandais.

ont ainsi eu un accès rapide à toute l'information disponible sur l'évolution de la situation, ce qui leur a permis d'assumer leurs responsabilités respectives.

L'évacuation consulaire

La direction des opérations consulaires, assistée du centre d'opérations, a joué un rôle de premier plan dès le début de l'évacuation, au prix de plusieurs nuits blanches. Grâce au réseau d'îlotiers (wardens) qu'il avait mis sur place, notre bureau à Kigali pouvait communiquer avec la plupart des Canadiens pour leur dire de se tenir prêts à évacuer. Devant l'ampleur des massacres, le Front Patriotique du Rwanda est vite passé à l'offensive et la sécurité des expatriées est devenue très sérieusement menacée. L'assassinat de 10 Casques bleus et 6 civils belges a fait craindre le pire, car une propagande haineuse de la part de la radio des Milles Collines les accusait d'avoir abattu l'avion présidentiel.

À ce moment, la situation est devenue extrêmement tendue et dangereuse. Les Français qui entretenaient de très bonnes relations avec le régime Habyarimana ont pu facilement prendre le contrôle de l'aéroport pour l'évacuation de leurs ressortissants. Ils sont partis rapidement en laissant le contrôle de l'aéroport aux Belges pour l'évacuation des leurs. Les Américains étaient partis plus tôt par convoi terrestre en direction du Burundi. Dès le début, le Canada préparait l'évacuation des siens en étroite coordination avec ses principaux partenaires.

Le chef du bureau à Kigali a accompagné un premier groupe de Canadiens qui s'est joint au convoi américain, et la responsable de l'administration qui était coincée dans sa maison en a accompagné d'autres à l'aéroport, sous la protection de la MINUAR. Heureusement qu'elle bénéficiait d'un bon système de communication, car le téléphone avait cessé de fonctionner. La première secrétaire qui se trouvait dans le sud a pu facilement gagner le Burundi avant que les troubles n'atteignent cette région. Un avion militaire canadien s'est vite rendu au Burundi, pour transporter nos ressortissants en lieu plus sûr à Nairobi, avant de les ramener au pays. Mais grâce à la coopération avec d'autres pays, ils ont pu effectuer ce trajet plus tôt avec un autre avion qui venait d'un aéroport plus proche. En échange, l'avion du Canada a transporté des ressortissants d'autres pays. L'évacuation sans bavures de quelque cent Canadiens a été un franc succès et le Premier ministre lui-même n'a pas hésité à en remercier les responsables.

Des mises à jours quotidiennes

Au cours des premières semaines de crise, la tension était infernale. L'agent responsable

du Rwanda devait se rendre très tôt au bureau pour absorber les dernières informations disponibles au cours de la nuit afin d'en informer la haute gestion avant sa réunion quotidienne. Il devait parcourir les fils de presse, lire les télégrammes et très souvent, contacter Nairobi (mission de tutelle) et Kigali pour être au courant des toutes dernières nouvelles. À l'époque, le Rwanda monopolisait l'attention des médias. Ces informations étaient aussi transmises à la cellule de crise et servaient à la rédaction des mises à jour quotidiennes et des questions et réponses pour la Chambre. La préparation des «Questions et Réponses» ajoutait un fardeau considérable à la charge de travail, mais elle était indispensable pour le ministre qui doit répondre à toute question susceptible d'être posée en Chambre. De plus, chaque fois que le Premier ministre ou le Ministre se déplaçait ou recevait ses homologues, il fallait préparer des briefings. Par le biais de nos nombreuses recommandations, nous avions réellement l'impression de contribuer substantiellement à la formulation de la politique étrangère, certainement plus que nos collègues responsables de pays plus puissants, où les acteurs clés sont beaucoup plus nombreux et diversifiés.

L'intervention de l'armée canadienne

La Défense nationale a joué un rôle crucial dans le dénouement de cette crise. Elle a d'abord mis un appareil *Hercules* à la disposition de l'ONU pour transporter matériel, personnes et vivres à Kigali à partir des pays voisins. Alors que les tarifs privés d'assurance étaient devenus prohibitifs, notre avion (il y en a eu plus d'un par moments) est devenu le seul cordon ombilical entre Kigali et le monde extérieur. Cette mission était très dangereuse et il est arrivé à notre appareil de décoller en catastrophe après avoir essuyé des coups de feu. En réponse à une demande de l'ONU, la Défense nationale a fourni une unité de communication de 360 spécialistes, une équipe pour réhabiliter l'aéroport de Kigali afin de permettre l'acheminement de l'aide humanitaire le plus vite possible, une unité pour la purification de l'eau et un hôpital de campagne installé à l'intérieur du Rwanda pour encourager le retour des réfugiés. Alors que les ONG internationales qui ont joué un rôle indispensable avaient tendance à s'installer dans les camps et contribuer indirectement à leur permanence, le Canada a été un des premiers pays à prendre des mesures pour faciliter le retour des réfugiés.

L'aide humanitaire

Le ministère des Affaires étrangères a continué à coordonner l'ensemble des opérations du gouvernement canadien au Rwanda

et les différents intervenants ont pris une importance particulière selon leur degré d'implication. Au fur et à mesure que les besoins se manifestaient, l'ACDI a répondu généreusement aux demandes d'aide humanitaire. Au total, elle a versé au moins 25 millions \$ seulement à ce chapitre. Avec trois agents sur place, l'ACDI est intervenue activement dans le dossier dès le début de la crise et continue de jouer un rôle de premier plan dans la stratégie de reconstruction du pays.

Si nous avons pu gérer la crise à la grande satisfaction de nos autorités politiques, c'est grâce au travail d'équipe et à l'apport positif d'un grand nombre d'intervenants. L'intervention du Canada dans cette crise a été très active. En août dernier, le ministre Ouellet a approuvé une stratégie pour favoriser la normalisation de la situation au Rwanda, et il vient d'en approuver une mise à jour qui comporte une contribution appréciable pour la reconstruction du pays. Cependant il reste presque 2 millions de réfugiés dans les camps et le dossier est loin d'être clos.

Yvon Saint-Hilaire est entré à AECE en 1967. Il a été affecté à Addis Ababa, Buenos Aires, Paris, Bruxelles, et Rabat. Il travaille présentement à la Direction des Relations avec l'Afrique Francophone.

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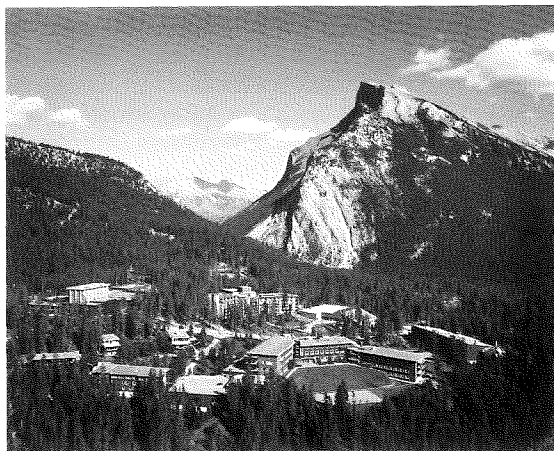
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Discovering Poland by / par Witold Weynerowski

O Bordo A Bordo by / par Richard Kohler

Discovering Poland

story and photos by Witold Weynerowski

My first visit to Poland in September 1991, after my departure as an infant fifty-two years earlier, brought me indelible memories. Though everything I saw there was new to me, much appeared oddly comforting, even familiar. During this and subsequent visits I discovered a country and a people emerging, gradually and cautiously, from a half century of oppression, isolation and sterility.

The central point of my visit was Bydgoszcz, where I was born. There stands the house where my parents spent ten happy years, the factory and offices where three generations of my family had built a flourishing enterprise, and my grandfather's estate, now split up into a city park, a municipal zoo, hundreds of tiny vegetable plots, a riding club and a farm. Only a third of the city's pre-war population survived the Nazi and Stalinist periods. While its physical character survived largely intact, several buildings were destroyed, notably the magnificent municipal theatre and the imposing synagogue.

My favourite host in Poland, my father's look-alike, is the son of a long-deceased great-uncle. A student at an agricultural academy at the time of the Nazi invasion and now seventy-five years old, he incarnates the sturdy characteristics of the pre-war land-owner and managerial class of north-western Poland. In accordance with Polish custom, I call him *vuyek*, or uncle. Down to earth, courteous and disciplined, he remains wary of the authorities, a reflex from the years of persecution and harassment meted out by national and local governments to those discreet heroes of the Polish Resistance who survived the Nazi occupation, while answering to the Government-in-Exile in London.

Among Polish institutions, the family remains the cornerstone of daily life. During the preceding era, when physical or economic survival, in a climate of deprivation and terror, had hung on a thread, the support of one's family was a clear necessity. On

the collective level, the Church played the leading role in the struggle for national cultural survival and dignity, and the preservation of the Faith.

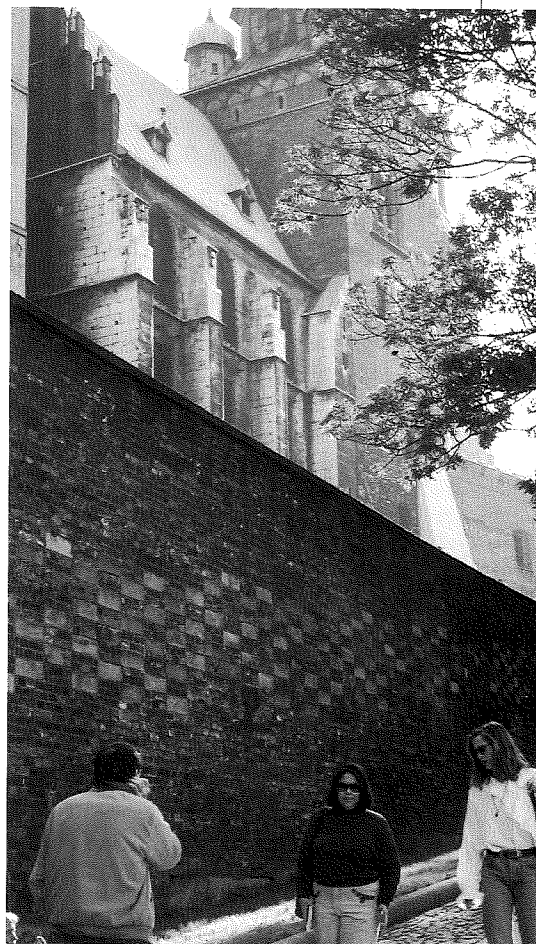
Living in a cheerless present and facing a similarly dispiriting future, Poles turned to their past for comfort. War-bombed old towns were lovingly rebuilt, a poignant example of the role of architecture in the preservation of a people's collective memory and cultural patrimony. A martyred nation paid silent homage to its legendary warrior kings and *Hetmen*, or field marshalls, who had led their men to victory in some of history's most fateful battles. These included the rout of the Teutonic Order at Grunwald in 1410, the relief of Vienna from the Ottoman siege of 1683, the destruction of Lenin's surging Red Army at the outskirts of Warsaw in August 1920 and the over-running of Wehrmacht positions, supposedly impregnable, atop Monte Cassino, in May 1944. The heroes of the Warsaw Uprising and the Solidarity movement also occupied their rightful place in Polish hearts.

An enduring aspect of Polish life is the place accorded, or perhaps not accorded, to women. The gender difference is prominently underlined in the Polish language itself and reverberates through the people's conscious and subconscious mindset in a way rarely, if ever, encountered in other Western cultures. The hand-kiss is a standard *politesse* that illustrates a formality in manners more pronounced in Poland than elsewhere in the region. Fashion is taken seriously by the young and not only by the most prosperous.

More and more Polish women, however, reject their traditional, male-designated place as house-bound mothers and objects of decoration and adoration. They are beginning to perceive themselves as a group that must, for the country's sake, intervene more assertively at the political level in order to invest the current reform process with greater purpose and integrity.

Polish men, for their part, seem less concerned with their outward appearance. Expensive leather jackets and coats appear to be their only sartorial weakness. Frequently lacking the pragmatism of their budget-conscious mothers, sisters and

wives, Polish men enjoy with a passion the newest mechanical and electronic gadgets of Western consumerism. They seem more vulnerable than the women to the attractions of privilege and perquisites afforded by public office and the manipulation of political power. Petty crime has risen, as had activity at the lottery which is the



Returning from an afternoon's visit to Wawel Castle in Cracow.

Warsaw stock exchange. Lacking funds for travel, it is through the programming, banned until 1991, of American television series and Hollywood films that many Poles vicariously indulge their craving for luxuries and life styles undreamt of during the years of deprivation.



The author in front of the family house in Bydgoszcz built by his parents in the early 1930s.

The scramble for power and economic advantage has slowed a reform process that should advance more quickly if urgent social needs are to be met within an acceptable time frame. Part of the problem, a legacy of the previous era, seems to be an inward-looking or ideologically premised suspicion of Western ways that contradicts the established habits of pre-reform days. As Poles prefer their protein-laden national cuisine to all others, they also often resist any but homegrown solutions to problems that surpass their current capabilities. Too many much-needed projects, carefully negotiated with Western development banks represented in Warsaw, have been suddenly rejected by the authorities in favour of domestic alternatives ultimately much more costly in terms of financing, completion time and expected performance. There is, nevertheless, sound reason for hope that the collective economic energy pulsating from the millions of Poles currently engaged in some kind of personal business venture will eventually propel the country toward national prosperity.

The implementation of the democratisation process, while mostly successful, has encountered certain difficulties. Old habits die hard and the two governing parties, a coalition of former communists and small farmers who prospered under communism, have not always been prepared to apply the spirit as well as the letter of reform. Privatisation of state-owned firms continues while the re-privatisation of land and

property confiscated under Stalinist rule remains stalled in the Parliament. This latter question is one of several that serve as a gauge of the central government's commitment to reform, its direction and the pace of its implementation. It is this which concentrates the minds of many Poles, not least those of my *vuyek* and other dispossessed property owners, as they tensely watch the nightly television news broadcasts.

The Polish constitution, whatever may be its imperfections, has helped to keep reform alive. Although the new government elected in September, 1993 may have been of a mind to remove from her post the brilliant and reform-minded Governor of the Central Bank, the constitution ensured that she should remain to serve out her mandate. The high degree of independence constitutionally invested in the Central Bank prevented the jettisoning of economic reform measures clearly at odds with the election platforms of the two victorious coalition parties. Unable to implement their costly election promises, these parties have lost some domestic credibility but have upgraded their image with Poland's major economic partners and creditors.

Poles pay attention to the aesthetic as well as the spiritual needs of the soul. All artists, not merely the commercially successful, are given respect and encouragement. The visual arts are not considered a frivolous or superfluous feature of the educational system. Music, both classical and modern, enjoys a huge following. Choirs and chamber orchestras abound through Poland. The legacy of Chopin and Paderewski, the pianist Prime Minister, continues in the

burgeoning activity of musical academies, musicians and composers, many of whom, such as Lutoslawski, Pederecki and Gorecki, are familiar to Western audiences. Polish film directors are highly acclaimed in the West as the careers of Wajda, Polanski, Kieslowski and others attest. In their films, as Krzysztof Kieslowski's recent trilogy *Bleu, Blanc, and Rouge* has perhaps demonstrated most clearly, the subtlety of the characters and moods, all profoundly European in spirit, are reminiscent of Western Europe in the late 1940's when, as Poland today, the great French and Italian film directors portrayed war-battered societies and people emerging from a period of intense suffering.

No one will deny Poles their quiet, deeply felt attachment to their country. It is an engaging, though occasionally self-absorptive trait of a proud and civilized people. Patriotism is taken completely for granted in Poland, meriting no special recognition or applause. More than that of most countries, perhaps more than any, Poland's history has been etched in blood, the blood of the innocent and the blood of the battlefield. The names of the valorous who died in defense of home and hearth or of some far-flung noble cause, such as the American War of Independence, would fill the pages of a very thick book. The shockingly long list of historically important battles engaging Polish forces can be seen, carved in black granite, at Warsaw's monument for the Unknown Soldier.

The Polish personality has been marked by history. An indomitable or stubborn trait, one that may on occasion find expression in a blustering or quixotic posture, is part of the spectrum of qualities one encounters among many Poles. Their survival as a nation, against more powerful neighbours bent on the annihilation of Polish culture and nationhood, was made possible by a patriotic sentiment and a combative spirit. These remained strong, even during the one hundred and twenty-one years following the Third Partition, after which Poland officially no longer existed until, in 1918, it was recreated at the Treaty of Versailles.

No discovery of Poland is complete without an acquaintance with its attractive countryside and its rich, diversified wildlife. It is a country fortunate, in particular, to be inhabited by magnificent birds. The gliding storks and their huge, rooftop nests are an arresting feature of the towns, villages and farm houses. The falcon, less visible until, out of nowhere, it swoops down — as happened to me — to snatch the partridge I thought I had just bagged for myself, is another ornithological marvel. It seems appropriate, however, that it should be the rare, all-white eagle, which is native to Poland, that

serves as the national emblem, one invariably portrayed as gazing resolutely westward.

My own, rather close encounter with an eagle occurred when, at high speed, I drove my rented car towards a rapidly growing speck astride the median line of a motorway in central Poland. Within seconds I was bearing down on a large bird. There was no time to veer to one side as I passed within inches of what now appeared as a *very* large bird, pecking at the carcass of a small animal. In my rear window I recognized a golden eagle, one evidently oblivious to danger, refusing to flinch, and determined to carry on with its meal. How characteristic, I reflected, of the Polish temper and of this dynamic and fearless nation.

I am confident that their determination and courage will in the end bring the Polish people to see the reform process through, in all its ramifications. But the tangible benefits of reform will arrive too late, I fear, for my *vuyek* and his generation.

Postscript: The above impressions were written just over two years ago. After much additional exposure to Polish Society and politics during the intervening months, I would wish to add several further comments.

Notwithstanding the all but irresistible urge, especially for young Poles, to embrace the amenities and material luxuries of the West, the country remains today mired in its Communist past. Not only have Poles elected ex-Communists to power, they are expected to do so again at the next opportunity. Not only do many Poles continue, as a result of long conditioning, to act, react and reflect in the manner of the previous era, they tend to dismiss suggestions that their outlook, both in its practical and philosophical dimensions, has been everywhere discredited and now needs to be fundamentally altered if the country is to enjoy effective progress. Poles need national leadership willing to explain to the general population the justification for policy reform. Without the emergence of such leadership the road towards prosperity and renewal promises to be even longer and accompanied by more hardship than will in any event await this stoic and long-suffering nation. 

Witold Weynerowski fled Poland with his family shortly before his second birthday and two months after the German invasion of September 1, 1939. The remainder of the war was spent in Holland. The family emigrated to Canada in 1949. The author joined the Department of External Affairs in 1966 and took his retirement in 1993. He served in various senior capacities including that of Canadian Ambassador to Iraq, from 1980 to 1983, and to Tunisia and Libya, from 1983 to 1986.

O Bordo A Bordo

by Richard Kohler

As the jet rose into the hot Brazilian sky I could see the vestiges of the Minister's visit through the haze already burning off in the noon-day sun; a great, long, four-metre tree-trunk, gathered at the base by an enormous bag of roots wrapped in cellophane, lay prone on the tarmac.

"What do we do with the bag of roots he's left behind?" I asked the Consul General, suspecting all the while that I shouldn't have asked. Don Jamieson, our Secretary of State for External Affairs at the time had just completed a boisterous romp through the Brazilian landscape. After the death-defying swoop down São Paulo's concrete canyons in a military chopper; toasts before the Chamber; and the ribbon-cutting at the new Consulate we were awed by the verity of those who had warned of boundless energy. That [then] Agriculture Minister Whelan had promised the peoples of Southern Brazil a tree to commemorate the Canadian fathers of their Hereford bulls, was not in itself reason, we thought, to cause us to face this syrupy challenge.

"Yes, my boy, I want you to take this maple tree to the people of Bagé and present it to them on behalf of Eugene Whelan," retorted my boss. I began yet another episode of personal growth in Canada's foreign service.

As I boarded the Varig jet headed for Brazil's southern state of *Rio Grande do Sul*, the steward handed me a map, with my *Caipirinha*, and pointed to a little dot, Bagé, not far from the Uruguayan border. I would be switching down to more modest modes of travel at *Porto Alegre*.

Canadian exports to Brazil were modest in these mid-1970's and agricultural livestock was one of the promising lines (along with urban transport and hydro-electric generating technology). The great Western happening that attracted so many foreigners each year was the agricultural fair Expoiner in *Porto Alegre* — here, Canadian cowboys mingled with their gaucho counterparts, sipping matte-tea in what looked like leatherbound pipes (but were really mugs with a silver stem). We showed our best bulls, finest semen and embryo transplanters of progeny from Charolais, Chianina, Hereford, and Angus stock (and, at times, Holstein-Friesian dairy cattle). The real prize would have been, of course, Canadian swine, especially western Canadian Duroc, if it hadn't been for the presence of African Swine Fever in Brazil. A year earlier, the green-topped Whelan had been down-right delighted to have met with the breeding and

cattle fraternity of the southern town of Bagé (not but two hours from *Porto Alegre*) at the Expoiner and was so impressed with their enthusiastic bonding with Canadian livestock that he offered to decorate their streets with a real live Canadian maple tree — and thus did his Newfoundland co-Minister bring down our cigar-like gift.

At *Porto Alegre*, I settled down behind a Churrasco sandwich, caffeine sugar-fix (Brazilian coffee) and *Herald Tribune*. With only five months in Brazil under my belt, the old Portuguese was fairly rudimentary but was still "hauling" as they said at the time. Presently, I heard through the din on the PA system "Would the Canadian consul going to Bagé please present himself at the VASP air-counter". As there couldn't have been too many others like me around at the time, I assumed this was my call.

"Yes, my boy, I want you to take this maple tree to the people of Bagé and present it to them on behalf of Eugene Whelan."

"Consul, we regret, but we cannot put your tree on board the airplane to Bagé. It is too big and the plane is too small!" invoked the rather pleasant but firm official. I bristled. This was going to be dicey. The Consulate's PR whiz, Ricardo, had lined up the Mayor, the alderpeople, the local cattle association, the print and electronic media to meet the Canadian Consul at the airport to mark the celebrated arrival of the "*bordo*" (Portuguese for maple).

"If we don't get this thing on board, there will be an international incident," I menaced sweetly. "The mayor and the TV will be awaiting our arrival. The delivery of that tree will be of the gravest necessity". The official was adamant. Although the small Bandeirante aircraft (Brazilian STOL vessel equipped, I proudly noted, with Canadian Pratt-Whitney PT-6 engines) was an excellent craft, its hold could never accommodate four metres of tree-trunk, plus root-bag. I persevered and we eventually ended up with the airline's airport Director. He listened to his official, then to my impassioned plea that invoked, in plebian Portuguese, my mother, Brazil-Canada ties, Canadian investments in electricity generation since the

turn of the century, the Canadian Jesuit school (Santa Cruz) in São Paulo, Canadian cattle improving Brazilian breeding stock, our imports of coffee and OJ and the clincher: the success of Brazilian soap-operas in Quebec. A steely resolve descended upon his visage and he growled at the official, "This is a case of *force majeure*! Get the Consul's tree on board, somehow, anyhow, Manuel!". That was that.

*"Consul, we regret,
but we cannot put
your tree on board
the airplane to Bagé.
It is too big and the
plane is too small!"*

I returned to my coffee and waited to take off. Sugar-plum fairies danced in my head. I looked out at the ominous skyline where storm clouds were gathering to the west (Bagé was west). I gritted my teeth when the boarding announcement was made and pulled myself together for the trek across the tarmac to the Bandeirante. As we approached the sleek little machine, I could see passengers bunching up at the top of the short flight of steps. They seemed to be struggling with an impediment at their feet. When it came my turn at the top of the stairs, I found myself confronted with an enormous but familiar-looking plastic bag of vegetal tuber! The enterprising ground-crew had indeed found a solution to meet this challenge of *force majeure*. There, nestled under the entire configuration of passenger seating, was our maple. Instead of stowing their hand baggage under the seats forward, passengers were obliged to head for the overhead racks for beneath each seat, engorging the narrow passage down one side of the plane, was our bashful *bordo*.

I clambered aboard, hoping that no-one would realize that I was responsible for the flora between their feet, and sat down for the two hour flight to Bagé. As we drew westward, the little plane started to buffet around, diving relentlessly into darker and darker cloud. Thunder cracked and the knock of significant turbulence reminded us that we were indisputably in tropical Brazilian climes. Below, as we descended, we could see nothing but torrent and mist until, as if by miracle, the Bandeirante

ground into the porous landing-strip with a bang. We taxied to a stop whereupon I could see movement beneath a cluster of black umbrellas under the fuselage. The passenger door erupted forth and I heard over the loudspeaker that the Canadian Consul was to come to the rear of the plane at the request of Bagé's Mayor. I clambered forward and stuck out my hand to greet this beaming, dripping city official with the ubiquitous bag of roots separating our clasped hands. I was beckoned forward to join the welcoming committee of wet well-wishers and in the confusion caught my left foot in the maple's purse of entrails, managing to pirouette on my right toe at the second step and plumped down, splat, in front of a gaggle of cameras, both still and moving. Flashes popped and microphones protruded. My halting Portuguese answered questions in its best vernacular. I shook the hands, smiled the smiles, chatted to the "Avenida do Canada" Committee (where they would be planting our maple the following day), and was finally deposited briefly at my hotel for a change — time for a little whiskey I thought and possibly a deep drag or two of Benson and Hedges *Special Filter*. Later that night, as I prepared to put to rest the preceding festivities, I turned on the television to catch the news and saw to my alarm an

up-beat reporting of a callow Canadian Consul whirling down a gangplank and babbling courageously of Canado-Brazilian ties before a happy throng of townspersons.

Morning brought breakfast and the Bagé Daily Bugle. The front page headline beamed in generous letters: "*O Consul Collocou O Bordo A Bordo*": Portuguese word-play for: "The Consul jammed the maple aboard". There beneath was a story of the saga that brought a tree from Canada to São Paulo to Bagé. "*No Brasil apenas cinco meses, o consul ja esta falando bem o portuguese...*" it marveled, as if to say that my banter wasn't bad for someone so recently arrived. I felt good about my mission and was spoiled and regaled for two exciting days among the hospitable natives of *Rio Grande do Sul* before returning to the urban matrix of smoggy São Paulo.

As the taxi home rounded the final corner before entering the suburb of *Pacaembu*, I wondered, almost aloud, if the zoo in Bagé had any beavers.

Richard Kohler, currently Director General of DFAIT's Information Systems Bureau, has served in Sydney, Los Angeles, Paris, Sao Paulo, Bucharest, Bangkok and Paris. He is unduly modest about his Portuguese — which he speaks fluently.

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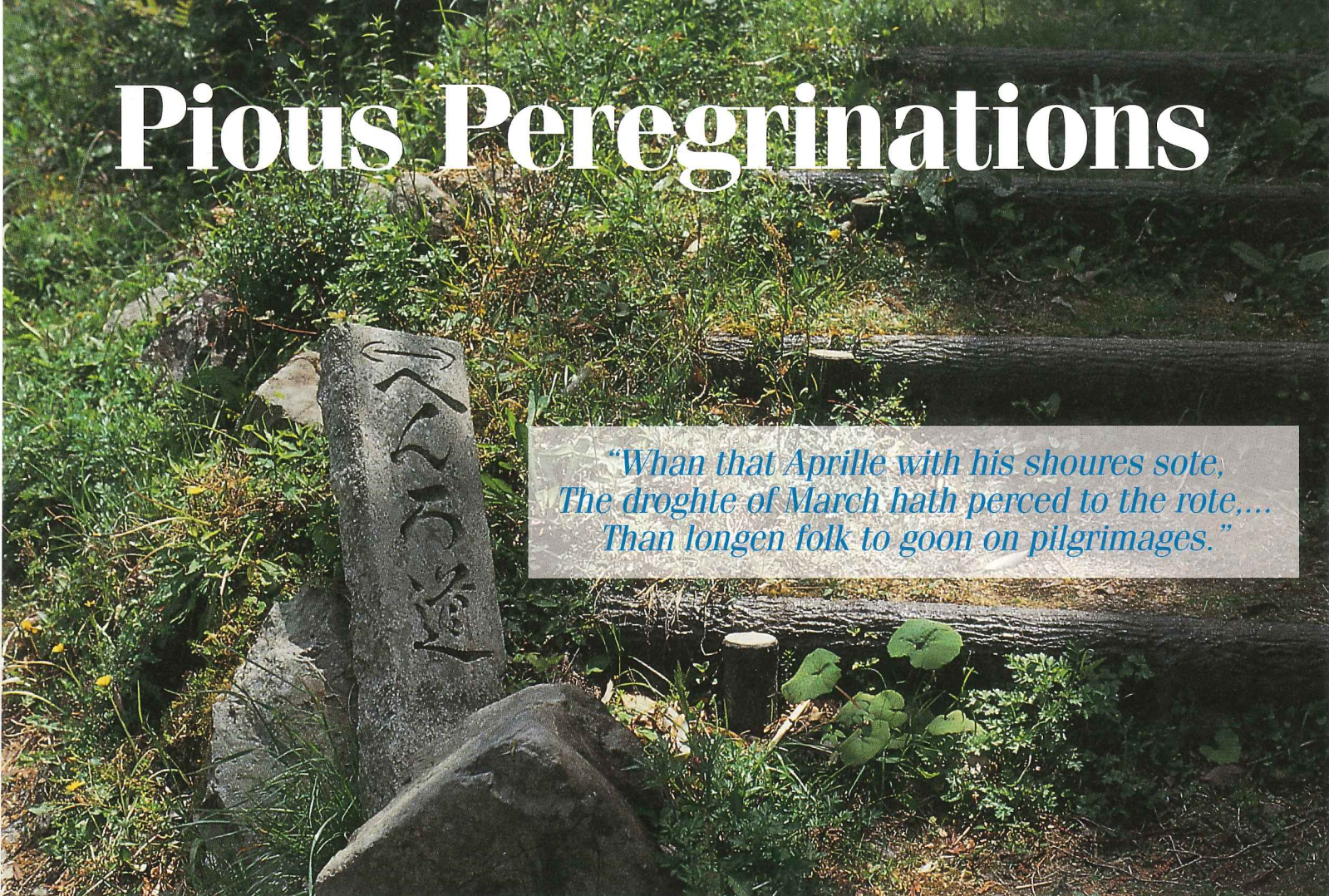
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Pious Peregrinations



*"Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote,
The droghte of March hath perced to the rote...
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages."*

story and photos by Terry Greenberg

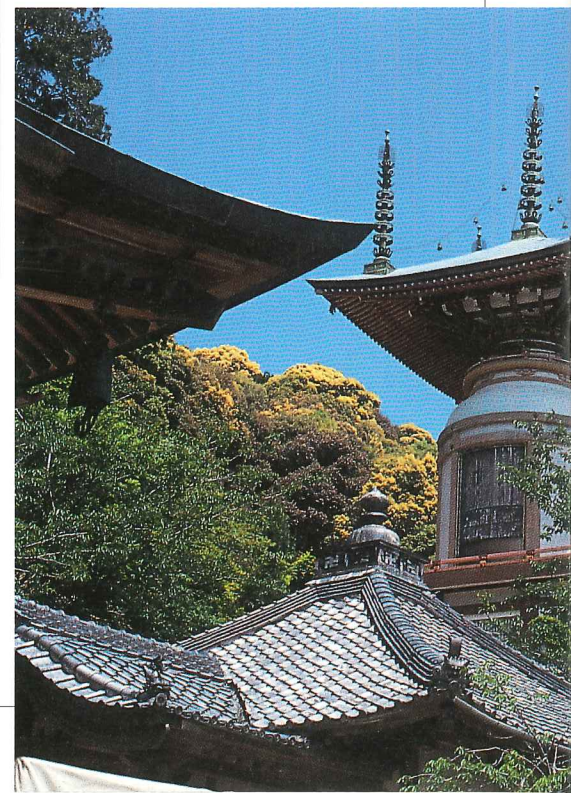
At the same time that Chaucer's merry pilgrims were setting off for Canterbury in England 800 years ago, on the opposite side of the Eurasian land mass, Japanese pilgrims were answering the same call on the road to Shikoku. The most ancient, holiest, and best preserved Buddhist pilgrimage in Japan is the Shikoku 88 Temple Circuit. Although its origins date back to the 9th Century, the Shikoku pilgrimage still attracts tens of thousands of worshippers every year, and in our first year in Japan, my wife and I became two of them. Our Japanese language teachers wanted us to get out of the classroom, and practise our language skills with real people. Our experience told us that nowhere are barriers between people more readily broken down than between fellow travellers sharing the "camaraderie of the road". If the tales on the road to Canterbury could be taken as an indication, we could expect to exercise both our Japanese and our muscles while we marched along the trails and by-ways of rural Shikoku.

The smallest of Japan's four main islands, Shikoku is also one of the least developed parts of the country, but it was here in the

8th century that Kobo Daishi, the founder of the Shikoku pilgrimage, was born, educated and achieved his Buddhist enlightenment. Kobo Daishi (a posthumous name which means "Great Teacher Spreading Buddhism") was probably the greatest figure in the history of Japanese Buddhism, and he is generally credited with having enabled the religion, which previously had been confined to the elite, to spread to the masses. The Shikoku pilgrimage is essentially a circuit of 88 Buddhist temples spread like a big circle around the whole island, and each temple is itself a holy place associated with the life of Kobo Daishi. There are temples near his birthplace; others where he studied as a youth; others where he practised asceticism on mountain tops; and most importantly, on the beautiful southernmost peninsula of Muroto, the place where he achieved Buddhist enlightenment. The total distance linking all these sites is about 1,300 kilometres, and walking the entire circuit takes about two months.

Pilgrim guidebooks for the Shikoku pilgrimage exist in several editions, and some dating back to the 16th century are still extant. My wife and I purchased our modern versions, and quickly learned that, contrary to expectations, one does not begin the Shikoku

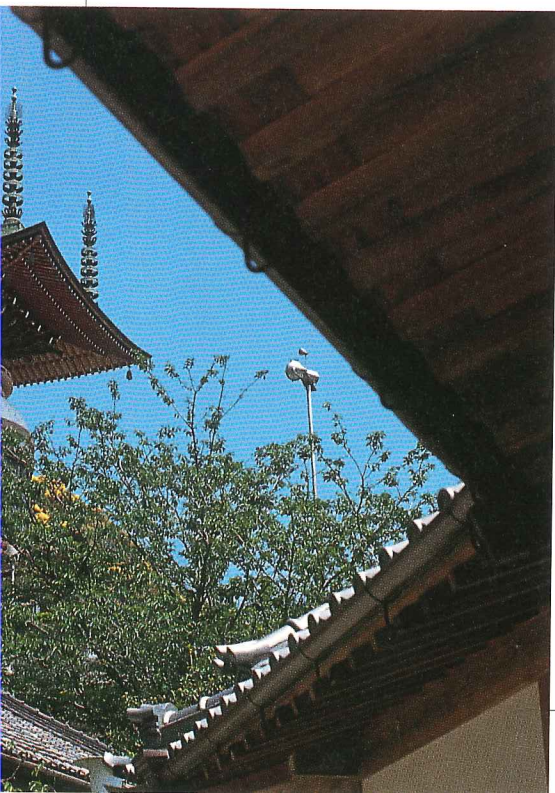
pilgrimage in Shikoku, but at Mount Koya in Wakayama Prefecture, just south of Osaka on the main Japanese island of Honshu. Amongst his many accomplishments, Kobo Daishi founded Japan's major Buddhist study centre at Koya, and it is here that his



Right: Kobo Daishi, the founder of the Shikoku Pilgrimage, in his pilgrim's outfit.

body is kept. Tradition has it that he did not die, and that to this day, he is still in deep meditation within a special shrine in the most sacred Okuno-in Temple. All Shikoku pilgrims are expected to travel first to this temple, and in front of Kobo Daishi's resting place, formally seek his protection, and accompaniment on their pilgrimage. Tradition holds that those doing the Shikoku pilgrimage will be accompanied in spirit by Kobo Daishi, and every pilgrim has written on his hat, cloak and walking staff, the words "*Doogyo ninin*" (literally, two people on the same journey). Indeed, every pilgrim carries a walking staff, which is always treated with special respect, and according to the tradition, it is here that the spirit of Kobo Daishi resides.

After paying our respects at Koya, my wife and I caught a ferry over to the island of Shikoku, and made our way by bus to the start of our marathon walk at Temple One. Here it was necessary to completely outfit ourselves as pilgrims. The main articles of apparel are the white cloak and pants. White is the colour of death and mourning, and in the case of the pilgrimage it is meant to symbolise the pilgrim's temporary death, by parting from the every day world into a higher, more sacred plane. The staff mentioned earlier is also essential, as is a large straw hat. Purists might be tempted to obtain the traditional straw sandals, but at this we drew the line, and chose to stick with hiking boots. An essential non-apparel element of the pilgrim's outfit is the stamp-book, with





changed by the action of man, and for the first two days we found our trail mostly along paved country roads, crossing paddy fields and through small towns and villages. On the third day however, our route entered the mountains and we spent the next several days negotiating mountain trails, seldom encountering other people, except at the widely-spaced temples. Later we descended from the mountains and found ourselves walking directly through the city of Tokushima, one of Shikoku's largest, with a population of over a million. While they were probably quite used to seeing pilgrims, two foreign pilgrims were a novelty and we attracted a lot of attention.

*The most ancient,
holiest, and best
preserved Buddhist
pilgrimage in Japan
is the Shikoku
88 Temple Circuit.*

In the countryside as well, being different gave us frequent opportunities to chat with farmers and villagers who were quite eager to ask us questions. Foreigners of any kind are a rarity in the Shikoku backcountry, and we were exposed to a side of Japan that we could never have seen in the cities. When we told one group of farmers that we were Canadians currently living in Japan, they jumped to the conclusion that we were refugees from the hard life in this unknown place called Canada. In their view of the world, one would only leave home and settle in a far off land if under extreme duress. They went on to welcome us to Japan, and expressed their pleasure that their country could offer us refuge. After living most of my adult life in Asian countries (Sri Lanka, India, China, and Southeast Asia) where Canada was viewed as a kind of promised land, this was certainly a novel perspective. Hospitality to pilgrims was not just for us however. In the Buddhist tradition, support given to the holy acts of others, including alms for monks, is meritorious for the giver, and as pilgrims have temporarily forsaken the temporal world, they also qualify for support. All along our route we were constantly approached by local people offering us "*settai*" (gifts to pilgrims). At times people came running after us down the road asking us to stop and receive their gifts. On a few occasions housewives came from their

a blank page for each of the 88 temples. These are to be filled in by the priests of each temple, and once completed, this book becomes a holy heirloom which is cherished by the pilgrim's family, sometimes for generations.

Suited up, and with our books duly stamped by the priests of Temple One we set off, with guidebook in hand, to begin our pilgrimage. The route was relatively easy to follow, as there were frequent special milestones and markers with the words "*henro doo*" (pilgrim's road). Also, because of the holiness of the route, it has inspired

local people to set up mini-shrines of all kinds, all along the way. Some are just small statues of Buddha or Kobo Daishi, or "*jizo*" (the guardian deity of children), while many are, in fact, reliquaries and tombstones, as people buried beside the pilgrim's road were thought to benefit from its sacredness. Even on the lonely and isolated mountainous parts of the route, we constantly passed these marker stones, statues, and impromptu gravesites. While the actual route of the Shikoku pilgrimage has remained the same for centuries, the landscape has been regularly

homes with moist face cloths for us, but usually the *settai* were in the form of food or drink. One farmer insisted we take about 10 kilograms of persimmons, which by tradition, we could not refuse, even though it considerably increased the weight of our backpacks.

We spent our evenings in “*shukubo*”, dormitories usually attached to key temples, and meant for the pilgrims. These provided an excellent opportunity to meet and chat at leisure with other pilgrims, and we got to see a side of the Japanese character which is well-hidden in the frenzy of big city life. People of all kinds performed the Shikoku pilgrimage, both young and old, and for a tremendous variety of reasons. Commonly the pilgrimage was done to keep a promise for favours granted by earlier prayers, but equally often, it was done to provide an escape from the pressures of everyday life; to allow time to think and rejuvenate oneself before re-entering the fray. In one temple we met a dentist from Yokohama, who told us he was a Catholic by religion, but was walking in the path of Kobo Daishi “to clear his mind and heart”. Pilgrims are enjoined to act as if they were Buddhist monks during the time of their travels. They are to eat only

vegetarian dishes (although the *shukubo* frequently served *sashimi* — raw fish), refrain from sexual relations, and most importantly, remove all negative thoughts from their minds, particularly those of greed, jealousy, and anger.

The Shikoku pilgrimage is essentially a circuit of 88 Buddhist temples spread like a big circle around the whole island. Each temple is itself a holy place.

My wife and I walked the Shikoku Pilgrimage for a total of 11 days, and reached Temple 24, probably the holiest one of all. It was

here, in southern Shikoku overlooking Muroto Cape, that Kobo Daishi achieved Buddhist enlightenment. We would have loved to continue our walk, with the remaining 64 temples beckoning, but we had to return to the real world, our children and jobs. While the ideal is to do the pilgrimage continuously from beginning to end, tradition allows for the journey to be broken, and continued later. The only strict rule is that one should travel in the same direction, and eventually close the circle by travelling to all 88 temples and then returning from Temple 88 back to Temple One. We gained tremendously, in this life, by our 11 days on the road in rural Shikoku, with experiences that helped form our understanding and appreciation of Japan. As for the next life, we should have stacked up a nice collection of brownie points with our 11 days of ascetic pilgrimaging. However you can probably never have too many, and some day, when we have more time and fewer responsibilities, we will return to Shikoku and finish what we have started. 

Terry Greenberg currently works in Shanghai. He has had previous assignments in Bangkok, Beijing, Yokohama and Osaka.





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André Laurendeau: French-Canadian Nationalist 1912-1968
reviewed by David Anido

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors
A Search for Who We Are
reviewed by Gabriel-M. Lessard

LONG WALK TO FREEDOM — THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NELSON MANDELA by Nelson Mandela, MacDonald Purnell (PTY) Ltd., 1994, 617 pages, \$32.00.

Review by Ian C. Ferguson

Ian Ferguson is Minister-Counsellor at the Canadian High Commission in South Africa. He has also served in Brasilia, Paris, Dakar and Damascus.

It is highly unusual for a Head of State to publish his memoirs while still in office, but President Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela is not your typical leader. Nor is *Long Walk to Freedom* like your typical Canadian political autobiography in which an ageing politician tries to influence the historical record and settle a few scores.

In December 1994, I attended the launch of the book at an event which could only have occurred in the new South Africa, and which says something about the anything-goes mood of this country's elite. The launch of *Long Walk to Freedom* (Macdonald Purnell) was held at one of the largest private homes in Johannesburg's posh northern suburbs. (The house has since been put on the market for the equivalent of \$14.5 million.) Hundreds of publishing types, former freedom fighters, socialites, businessmen, diplomats, and friends and acquaintances from Mandela's life swarmed in an atmosphere of heady excitement. Old friends from the struggle recognized one another — or tried to — in a sort of African *matinée de Guermentes*. In fine form, Mandela recounted anecdotes, off-the-cuff, for more than an hour, gently teasing those in the audience whom he recognized including his first employer at a legal firm, and even one of his former guards from Robben Island.

The book has since gone on to become South Africa's all-time best-seller. It is also

a runaway hit in Britain. Profits are directed to a charity.

The book was written in prison after 1975, and smuggled out, chapter by chapter. It weighs in at a hefty 600-plus pages, but is an easy read, thanks in part to good editing and short chapters. Why it is so interesting and readable is not easily explained. The account of his life is straightforward. However, Mandela's singular destiny gradually takes on epic proportions and captures the reader's attention.

*The ANC leadership
has forgiven much,
and Long Walk to
Freedom has been
described by some
critics as a great
work of forgiveness.*

The most interesting chapters cover Mandela's early life and struggles. The foster son of a Xhosa chief in the Eastern Cape, Mandela had a traditional upbringing until he was sent to a mission school. Like other youths, he tended livestock and participated in tribal rites of circumcision. His political awakenings were gradual, beginning in his late teens, and continuing at Fort Hare University, which was then a nursery for African nationalism. Mandela's political commitment was confirmed after he fled to Johannesburg to escape an arranged marriage, during subsequent years' study while living in miserable conditions, and in the

period he practised as one of South Africa's first black lawyers.

We are reminded of many salient facts from this book. It is clear that "non-racialism" was not strong in the ANC's early days. Mandela himself was long on the side of those who favoured an ANC for non-whites only. We also learn that the ANC has had some mediocre leaders in its long history. (It was founded in 1912 and presented a brief to the Versailles Peace Conference!) As long as the colonial system prevailed in the rest of Africa, the ANC got little international sympathy. The book reminds us as well that the struggle for equality in South Africa pre-dated by many years the imposition of apartheid in 1948.

Mandela recalls some incidents of blatant racism, but never loses his sense of humour or perspective. He was an early and strong backer of the "armed struggle", finally adopted in 1961, and he has no regrets about the tactics adopted.

The section dealing with the 27 years in prison is also highly interesting. Treatment of political prisoners improved gradually over the years, but in the early days there was considerable brutality, needless harassment, and even theft of food destined for the prisoners. The ANC leadership has forgiven much, and *Long Walk to Freedom* has been described by some critics as a great work of forgiveness. I have spoken to other former prisoners who are less magnanimous. The close relations among ex-prisoners explains some of the more controversial appointments which Mandela has sanctioned, e.g. among those selected as his advisors and for certain cabinet posts and premierships.

Although some readers will be disappointed, Mandela is very discreet about his personal life. It is clear that he harbours lingering regrets about his inability to be more supportive of his mother in her old age and poverty. There are also his first wife and

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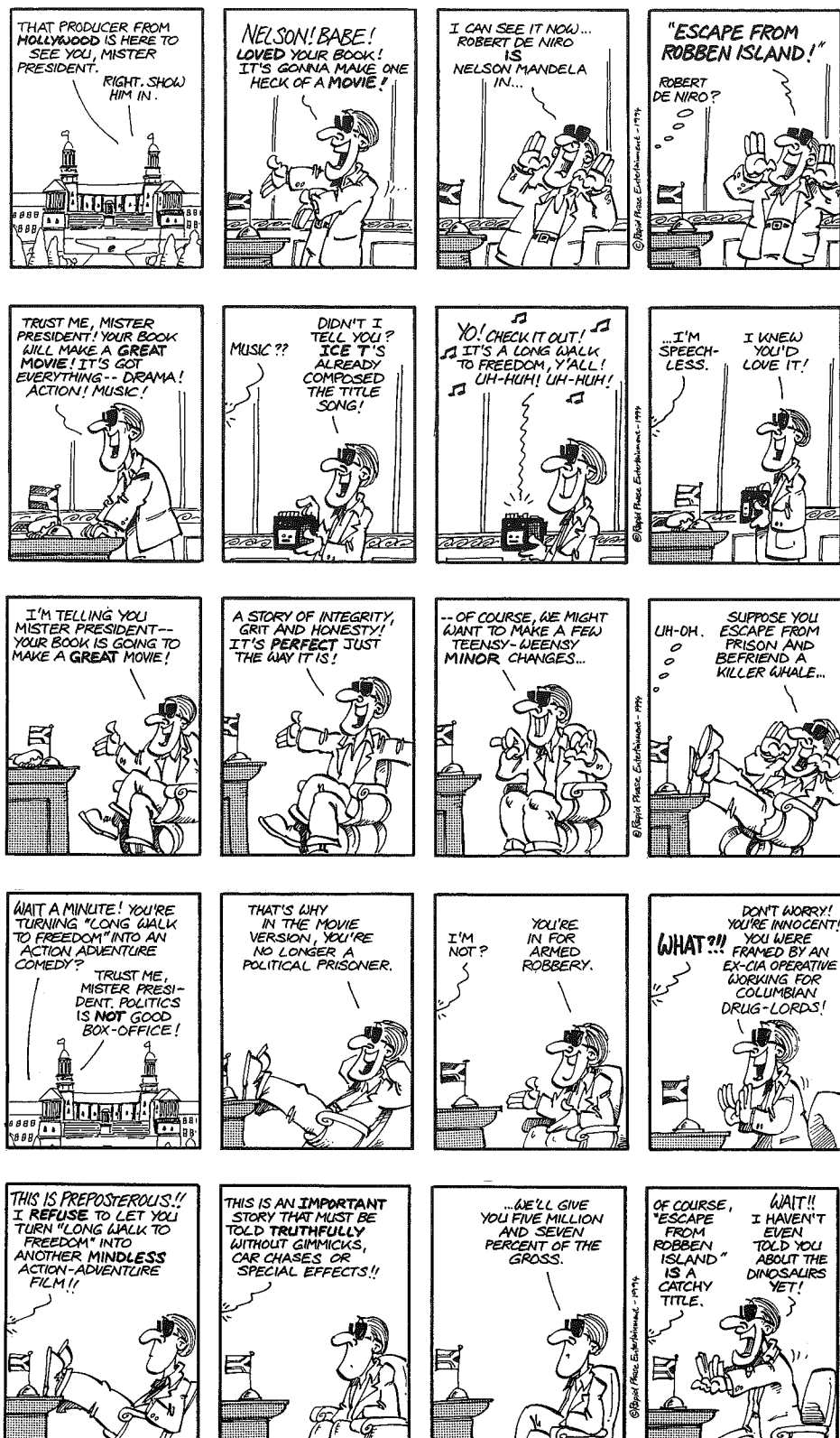
children with whom he appears to have had little ongoing contact. He is mostly silent about the reasons for the estrangement from his second wife, Winnie. His shortcomings as a father and husband are described by Mandela as the inevitable lot of any political figure devoted to the struggle for the general welfare. As Anton Harber, editor at the *Weekly Mail and Guardian*, noted in a local review, "...that is why the most revered, most popular, most admired man in the world of the 1990s is also essentially a lonely man, constantly weighing up the cost of his dedication and commitment..."

The book will help readers understand why South Africa has achieved a miraculous political transition. Mandela says that he never lost faith that he would be free, even in the worst of the 10,000-odd days he spent in prison. His faith in the generosity of which human hearts are capable shines through the pages. His faith in humanity was reinforced by the help and respect shown by some of the warders. He also believes that if hatred can be taught (and always is), then men can learn to love. He is unfailingly gracious about those who made even greater sacrifices than his own, such as those who gave their lives, or whites who had to break all links with their own community. He muses that perhaps it requires depths of oppression to create heights of character. The remark could apply to his own case. Throughout the book, his optimism, sincerity, stoicism and self-effacement are manifest. I have met Mandela on three occasions in the course of a posting to South Africa, and each occasion was one to remember as a special event in one's life. Other Canadians have recounted the same uplifting experience.

What of Canada and our supposed leading international role? I am sorry to report that there is not much to report. Mandela confirms that the 1986 visits to him in prison by the Eminent Persons Group, including Canada's Archbishop Scott, were important milestones in preparing the way for negotiations. Mandela's 1990 trip to Canada is cited as coming after the USA. In fact, it came before. The Canadian stop-over in "a remote place north of the Arctic Circle (sic) called Goose Bay" where he met some "Innuits (sic)" rates a couple of paragraphs. The visit to Ottawa gets one sentence.

The last 100 or so pages following Mandela's release from prison in February 1990 are more impersonal and far less interesting. This period of the South African transition has been covered better by writers such as Allister Sparks.

The book's runaway success has also sparked humorous comment. The popular



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local comic strip, "Madam and Eve", by S. Francis, H. Dugmore and Rico, has portrayed Hollywood producers clamouring for the film rights. Their version of Mandela's life would be retitled "Escape from Robben Island". Wesley Snipes is cast to play the young Mandela. The publicity would blare out, "No Jail Could Hold Him; No Women

Could Tame Him; No Bullet Could Stop Him." In another variation, Mandela is not a political prisoner but an armed robber who goes on to befriend an injured killer whale.

Don't wait for the movie. Read the book instead.



PHILBY BURGESS MACLEAN BLUNT
CAIRNCROSS: MY FIVE CAMBRIDGE
FRIENDS by Yuri Modin, Alfred A. Knopf
Canada, 281 pages, \$29.95

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.

Not only has Yuri Ivanovich Modin written a valuable book but one which perhaps is unique in spy literature. It provides an unusual view of the inner workings of the KGB by the professional intelligence officer who directly controlled Burgess, Blunt and Cairncross. It also complements in interesting ways the seminal work about the KGB, first published in 1990, written by Christopher Andrew and Oleg Gordievsky (the senior KGB officer who also worked as a British spy).

Modin tells his story with verve, a delightful sense of humour and good prose (the translation by Anthony Roberts is brilliant). The introduction by David Leitch, the co-author with Phillip Knightley and Bruce Page of *Philby, the Spy Who Betrayed a Generation* (with a preface by John Le Carré), is interesting, informative and apposite.

It is fortunate that Leitch and Modin collaborated in producing the book. The reader benefits from the good match between the two men; Modin, the long-time professional KGB officer and Leitch, the journalist and author who was able to counsel the Russian in the subtleties of English society and in how to interpret its many eccentricities.

During World War II Modin became the desk officer in KGB headquarters in Moscow eventually responsible for overseeing the activities of all five Russian spies and, after 1948, while he was a member of the KGB *rezidentz* in London, directly controlled Cairncross, Blunt and Burgess. He is in an extraordinary position to provide unique insights into the minds and characters of the Cambridge Five and of senior officials and politicians in the Soviet government. He comes up with some surprises which do much to dispel some of the myths about the members of what probably was the most successful and influential spy ring of its kind. For example, I found it surprising that Modin considers Burgess and not Philby the real leader of the group. "(Burgess) held the group together, infused it with his energy and led it into battle.... He was the moral leader of the group."

No less interesting is Modin's assessment that Cairncross was responsible for the most

significant intelligence coup when, at a very early stage in World War II, he informed the Russians "that the Americans and British had been working since late 1940 on the joint manufacture of an atomic bomb." Cairncross revealed that the Allies were capable of producing a nuclear device based on uranium 235.

In 1939 Cairncross became secretary to Lord Hankey, chairman of the British Scientific Consultative Committee. As such Cairncross became privy to all manner of secret documents and copied literally thousands of these for transmission to Moscow.

Modin makes no revelations of obvious connections between the espionage activities of the Cambridge Five and Canada but the information given the Russians by Cairncross about the American-British decision to jointly manufacture an atomic bomb would have been verified by the spying activities of Klaus Fuchs, Allan Nunn May and Pontecorvo, all of whom had Canadian connections. Canada, of course, was actively participating in the project to manufacture an atomic weapon through its membership in the Combined Development Trust and the Combined Policy Committee and by supplying uranium ore.

Modin also refers to the *Venona* project. *Venona* being the codename given to a discovery by an American cryptanalyst, Meredith Gardner, of a serious mistake made in 1942 by a Soviet coding clerk at the Soviet Embassy in Washington in sending a message to Moscow. Burgess told Modin about the American deciphering project who immediately reported it to Moscow. This was a serious development for the KGB since it meant that it could lead to the unmasking of a number of secret agents throughout the world, including some or all of the Cambridge spies. Providentially for the KGB, Philby, who was the British Secret Intelligence Service representative in Washington at the time, made the acquaintance of Meredith Gardner, gained his confidence and subsequently was able to follow the progress being made in deciphering the *Venona* traffic. He reported his findings to Moscow on a regular basis.

Chapter 7, "The End Game" provides the clearest description of *Venona* and its importance which I have seen. *Venona* was one of the reasons why Prime Minister Pearson gave his approval to the secret participation of the RCMP Security Service in CAZAB, a concerted effort by the security and intelligence services of the USA, Britain, Australia, Canada and New Zealand regularly to consult and to exchange information concerning espionage activities carried out against their respective countries (mainly by the KGB/GRU and their east European allies).

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DÉCOUVREZ POURQUOI L'APASE NOUS
CONSIDÈRE COMME LES EXPERTS EN AFFECTATIONS,
RÉUNIONS DE FAMILLE ET TOUS AUTRES VOYAGES D'ASE
AU CANADA OU À L'ÉTRANGER

By design or unintentionally, Modin portrays a fascinating picture of himself. Superficially, he comes across as a self-effacing, middle-rank member of the KGB trying to further the best interests of his country despite the stupidities of his peers and superiors and the eccentricities of his charges. His relationships with other members of the KGB often appear to have been difficult and, given the length of his service, it is extraordinary that he survived at all let alone as a 73 year-old living in retirement in Moscow.

His ability to "bond" with his agents, his sensitivity, intelligence, extraordinary memory and intuitive skills marked him as an outstanding "controller". He appears to be "square" in his attitudes to social behaviour diverging from the normal but this did not prevent him from forming friendships with Burgess, Blunt, Philby, Cairncross and Maclean and of writing with genuine affection about all of them. Clearly, Modin was a most valuable Russian asset.

It is understandable that he has attempted to extol the moral virtues of the Cambridge Five and to portray them as brave patriots (albeit Russian) who refused to accept financial gain from their espionage activities (something which the KGB and the few politburo members in the know viewed with great suspicion). However, I cannot see how the Cambridge Five, and all the many others who spied for the Soviet Union, whatever their motives, were anything but traitors to their country. By any definition and especially in the precise terms by which Modin describes their espionage activities, these men were traitors. No matter how beguiling their espionage exploits, nor how stupid their various opponents are made to appear, these five men do not deserve accolades from those they betrayed. The book should help correct the view of some Canadian academics, politicians, public servants, journalists and others that espionage activities directed against Canada are not, and never have been, a serious threat and should be treated accordingly.



ANDRÉ LAURENDEAU: FRENCH-CANADIAN NATIONALIST 1912-1968 by Donald J. Horton, Oxford University Press, 261 pages, \$29.95

Reviewed by David Anido

David Anido was raised in Québec Labrador, and lived in the province's Eastern Townships during the Quiet Revolution. He has written often on Québec literature and politics.

Canada has achieved 127 years of democratic life as a Confederation. People settled

the geography that is now Canada roughly 25,000 years ago, but it was the agreement between French and English speaking Canadians that created in the 19th century the nation state of Canada — "the collection of communities".

Many new Canadians, who are not native speakers of English or French, accept the infrastructure of Confederation as a workable system for what could be the world's most progressive democracy. Former UN Secretary-General Javier Pères de Cuéllar describes Canada as "a microcosm of what the world must become". And Canada's autochthonous peoples contribute a cultural and social depth of field to an ancient precambrian land with new ideas.

So, with all this promise, why must Canada face, on a regular basis, the prospect of the separation of Québec?

So, with all this promise, why must Canada face, on a regular basis, the prospect of the separation of Québec? Why does Québec always seem to be champing at the bit to leave the Confederation? Why does "English Canada", now so un-English and increasingly "American", react with anger or sorrow to Québec's aspirations without knowing how to reconcile them?

The answers to these fundamental questions are approached in Donald J. Horton's excellent book, *André Laurendeau: French-Canadian Nationalist 1912-1968*, published in English by Oxford University Press. Professor Horton of the University of Waterloo has written a scrupulously researched and eminently readable study of one of Québec's finest intellectuals. It is in the life of André Laurendeau, and all the spiritual and intellectual contradictions he faced, that Canadians can see the tensions and possibilities of our Confederation.

Hugh MacLennan, the clairvoyant writer who coined the phrase "two solitudes", wrote that André Laurendeau died early because of the internal tensions he felt in trying to reconcile Québec nationalism with Confederation. "The strain of it is surely what caused the premature death of André Laurendeau." (Foreword to Solange Chaput-Rolland's *Reflections: Quebec Year One*).

Professor Horton's chronological portrayal of Laurendeau's life leads to the same conclusion.

André Laurendeau was born on March 21, 1912 and was raised in Montréal's Outremont district when that city was the unrivalled urban centre of Canada. The musical interests of his parents; the intellectual acuity of his Jesuit teachers; and the history of four hundred years of French settlement in Canada gave Laurendeau a sense of belonging to his nation and culture — "the active presence of the past among the living".

Laurendeau's nationalism was never a tribal protectionism. His upbringing in the French language he loved gave him the personal security to meet the real world beyond his culture. Professor Horton quotes the key passage from "Why I am not a separatist anymore":

"I became a separatist as a young man, when I became conscious of this fact: the nation to which I belonged, whose history I read and loved, whose future is linked with mine, this nation was, inside Canada, in a state of inferiority."

Confederation was a pact "which had never been fulfilled". But Laurendeau saw what Hugh MacLennan describes as "the great reservoir of clumsy goodwill which exists in English Canada" for its confederate partner. He recognized also that Québec was moving from a crypto-feudal theocracy to a modern democracy where borders of the mind would slowly disappear.

The Catholic church has passed on the legacy of language and culture that hatched Laurendeau's philosophy and ideas. But, with the Quiet Revolution, the chicken had to leave the egg or suffocate the life inside.

As editor of *Le Devoir* from 1947-1954, and known for his profound respect for clerical mentors such as Canon (Abbé) Lionel Groulx ("*notre maître, le passé*"), Laurendeau encouraged a radical cleric, Jean-Paul Desbiens, to circumvent condemnation by the Catholic hierarchy by writing under the pseudonym Brother Anonymous (Frère Untel). "*Les Insolences de Frère Untel*" was a seminal work in modern Québec literature for which Laurendeau experienced the wrath of Cardinal Léger, Archbishop of Montréal.

The waning power of the Church in Québec's modern urban society was a sea-change. The power would shift from anointed clerics to elected representatives and business leaders. But the culture would remain as ever, solid and evolving.

Professor Horton divides his book into useful chapters which illustrate André Laurendeau's personal voyage through Canada's development from colony to nation. The first chapter, "The Notable Tradition,

1912-1931", gives background to the home and environment in which young André grew. At the time of his birth in 1912 Laurendeau was destined by his parents to inherit "a fine future as a vigorous, patriotic and Catholic man...". And in this "triumvirate of virtues", Catholicism was the most important.

The second chapter, "Nationalism and Separatism, 1932-1935", deals with his education under nationalist teachers such as Abbé Groulx. The First World War, and its conscription problems, was over when Laurendeau was only six, but his sense of history bred in him a "consciousness of the English-Canadian threat". Later on, during the Second World War, the shooting to death in 1944 of conscript Georges Guénette by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was symbolic of this "threat". Laurendeau wrote:

"Our nationalism springs from the desire that our French-Canadian — or Laurentian — nation should fulfil its own truth completely, and embrace its own natural vocation, thus preparing itself for its supernatural mission."
(*Notre nationalisme*, 1935)

In these words Laurendeau reveals his vision that his nationalism was a foundation for broader "supernatural missions", including the factor of Québec as part of the Canadian Confederation.

The next three chapters follow Laurendeau's progress as pilgrim for his cause — the fulfilment of his nation's desire. The sixth chapter, "The Bloc Populaire, 1942-1947", has particular relevance to the situation in Canada today where another federal "Bloc" party, le Bloc Québécois, sits in Ottawa to bring the voice of Québec nationalism to the federal parliament.

This particularly interesting chapter allows for the inference that Bloc Québécois leader Lucien Bouchard is no equivalent to the intellectually sophisticated, politically adept, and internationally oriented André Laurendeau. Bouchard's vacillation from acceptance of Canada's ambassadorship in Paris to leader of a party bent on Québec separatism shows lack of vision, even the integrity, to contemplate a "supernatural mission".

Laurendeau, in another context, had experienced the vacillating nationalism of Camillien Houde, the Mayor of Montréal interned at Petawawa for opposing conscription. He described Houde's flamboyant action as "logical and even heroic" but "also futile". Bouchard, and fellow traveller Jacques Parizeau, may act as both "logical and even heroic", but both fail to grasp the dimension of the futility of their cause if related to the "supernatural mission" that Laurendeau had conceived.

The leap of faith required for the acceptance of a "distinct" Québec, within an evolving and dynamic Canadian Confederation, still eludes too many voters and leaders across Canada. It is the Achilles heel on both sides of the argument.

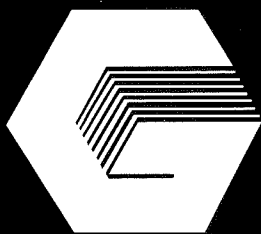
The chapters on Laurendeau's editorship of *Le Devoir*, "The War Against Duplessis, 1955-1959," and "The Quiet Revolution, 1960-1968," are enlightening as contemporary scholarship on great moments in Québec's recent history. When seen through the prism of Laurendeau's life they are poignant contributions to Canadian history not often available to unilingual English-speaking readers.

The tenth chapter, "Bilingualism and Biculturalism, 1963-1968," captures the essence of Laurendeau's lifelong quest, and the tormenting issues of a brilliant Québécois' search for his Canadian identity:

"I remain a French-Canadian nationalist who doesn't believe in separatism and who wonders how two nations can live together, in what kind of federation — two nations of which one dominates, and the other no longer wants to be dominated ... I believe in a biculturalism which grows out of two productive nationalisms ... that aim to modify the balance of power." (1964)

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The idea of Confederation as a partnership between nations was accepted by the Lester B. Pearson government as a "dualistic Canadian identity". The surge of Canadian nationalism, as experienced during Expo '67 in Montréal, struck Laurendeau as familiar and acceptable. If his own soul was French, he fully empathised with an extended soul that was Canadian — such was the essence of partnership among differences.

Laurendeau accepted co-chair of the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, with Davidson Dunton, because it was to be "the grand inquest into relations between Canada's two main language groups". But he would not dilute his "defence of provincial autonomy". As editor of *Le Devoir* Laurendeau had minced no words when criticizing politicians and bureaucrats. Also,

"he knew the Liberal Party was notorious for its tactic of absorbing rather than defeating its critics by offering them federal positions and taking only those of their ideas it deemed politically expedient."

Laurendeau, according to Professor Horton, saw the Commission as an opportunity because it "offered an opportunity ... whereby French Canadians could achieve linguistic and cultural equality in Canada". Many of his former nationalist friends were shocked at his

decision, but Laurendeau believed "there were only five years remaining to stem the tide of separatism".

Laurendeau perhaps underestimated the perfunctory manner in which English Canada considered things cultural. His worst fears of English Canada's cultural "fuzziness" would have been realized had he lived through the 1980s and early 1990s — a dark age in Canadian cultural life which saw constitutional stalemate and which has helped lead today to the most serious showdown with separatist forces in Canadian history.

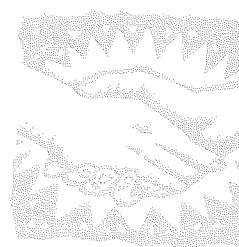
The difference in attitude towards "culture" between French and English Canadians is a cause behind the two solitudes.

"In fact, the whole idea of a cultural solution to Canada's internal problems was now beginning to decline in relation to the more traditional emphasis on political and constitutional negotiations between governments."

As René Levesque had warned him in Québec City before he accepted the Chair, Laurendeau would have to suppress his nationalist instincts to find a cultural solution to cooperative federalism.

Professor Horton concludes that André Laurendeau "lived his whole life between contending ideas, trying to reckon the value of each while finding ways to incorporate

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their best elements into his own point of view". On June 1, 1968 André Laurendeau died in Ottawa of a brain aneurism.

The Laurendeau story is timely. Canada is more plural today than it was in the days of the Quiet Revolution. But the strains on the original confederate partnership are stronger than ever. Donald Horton's book is a valuable contribution in the bibliography of Canadian history, and the best work so far in English on "the perfect example of (a) contemporary humanist", André Laurendeau.



**SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS
A SEARCH FOR WHO WE ARE** de Carl Sagan et Ann Druyan, Random House, New York, 1992, 510 pages.

Notes de lectures de Gabriel-M. Lessard

Gabriel-M. Lessard est Directeur, Direction des relations avec l'Afrique occidentale, centrale et avec le Maghreb. Il a eu des affectations à Berne, à Adidjan, à Dakar et à Saïgon.

Dans le livre qu'il publiait en 1989, *Les vrais penseurs de notre temps*, Guy Sorman qui plaçait Carl Sagan au nombre des 28 personnalités qui méritaient cette appellation, se demandait si la célébrité médiatique de Sagan lui laissait encore le temps de penser; Sorman craignait qu'il n'ait été phagocyté par son succès. Or, Sagan n'avait pas encore publié en collaboration avec son épouse Ann Druyan un livre qui s'avère l'une des réflexions les plus sérieuses sur l'histoire de la vie et sa bifurcation vers l'hominidé. Car la vie, c'est finalement une molécule hélicoidale arrangée de façons différentes: comme les auteurs le souligneront en fin de cette somme des connaissances, les chimpanzés partagent 99,6 % de gènes de l'espèce humaine qui elle-même a 99,9 % des séquences d'ADN en commun. Est-il alors étonnant que le cerveau d'un fœtus de cinq mois ressemble à s'y méprendre à celui d'un macaque et qu'à 8 mois il ressemble à celui d'un chimpanzé?

Pour bien situer le débat, Sagan et sa compagne comparent l'humanité à un nouveau-né qui a été abandonné sur un perron sans note explicative et qui arrive avec un bagage héréditaire doté de qualités et de déficiences. Il nous faut donc retracer le dossier de l'orphelin «humanité» (p.5). Après avoir dressé un savant tableau de l'histoire du cosmos, ou du moins ce que nous croyons en savoir, nos chercheurs en arrivent à la terre et à la vie qui se caractérise par des mesures et des contre-mesures pour l'adaptation. La cellule a une incroyable

mémoire génétique qui vise essentiellement la survie. C'est la course aux armements entre le prédateur et sa victimes. Le mâle, peu sûr de l'hérédité qu'il laisse en partage, opte pour la diversité des partenaires et utilise, à l'exemple de ce type de vipères qui pose un bouchon vaginal pour être certain qu'un concurrent ne viendra pas le détrôner, toutes les stratégies pour assurer sa pérennité; en contrepartie, la femelle qui n'a souvent qu'un oeuf choisit le mâle. Ainsi, l'instinct sexuel devient l'option optimale qui permet la régénération de l'ADN. Dans ce contexte, seul un tout petit nombre des immenses possibilités de la vie se réalise. S'en suivent toute une série de réflexions philosophiques.

La vie animale

Les animaux sont-ils des automates? Peut-on, par exemple, attribuer le qualificatif d'intelligente à l'abeille qui revient à la ruche et danse pour expliquer où se trouve le nouveau champ de fleurs?

L'araignée qui construit sa toile près d'une ampoule électrique, une invention récente, agit-elle par instinct ou par une forme supérieure de perspicacité qui n'est qu'une autre dénomination pour identifier la faculté d'appréhension. Ce ne sont là que deux des nombreux exemples avancés par Sagan et son épouse pour démontrer que le monde animal est doué de formes de perception bien supérieures à celles de l'homme.

L'agressivité

Quel est le rôle de l'agressivité dans le comportement? Les animaux ne sont pas agressifs parce qu'ils sont sauvages ou bestiaux ou mauvais — de toute façon, ces mots ont peu de pouvoir explicatif — mais parce que ce comportement permet d'acquérir la nourriture, de se défendre contre les prédateurs, de créer l'espace, parce qu'en un mot, l'agressivité a une fonction adaptative. À côté de cela existe aussi chez les primates, la compassion, l'héroïsme, la tendresse, l'amour sacrifice pour le rejeton. Tous ces comportements se confondent toutefois dans la notion de stratégie de la survie. Ainsi, pour les auteurs: «Eliminating aggression would be a foolish as well as an unachievable goal — it's built too deeply into us. The evolutionary process has worked to achieve the right level of aggression — not too much, not too little — and right inhibitors and disinhibitors. We emerge out of a turbulent mix of contradictory inclinations. It should be no surprise that in our psychology and our politics a similar tension of opposites should prevail.» (pp. 199-200).

L'homme

Que l'on soit rassuré, Sagan et Druyan n'en profitent pas pour justifier tous les

comportements; bien au contraire, les humains ne sont ni hamsters ni babouins. Pour nos auteurs, l'un des résultats les plus positifs de notre temps est d'avoir développé des consensus globaux à l'effet d'abandonner certains comportements vestiges de nos origines. Plusieurs tendances se combattent en nous mais l'humanité se montre heureusement capable d'abandonner des comportements qui ne servent plus ses meilleurs intérêts et d'en cultiver d'autres qui correspondent davantage à l'esprit de notre temps. Cependant, il faut bien reconnaître que la dominance du mâle alpha sur ses congénères oméga demeure une réalité quotidienne. Ainsi, nos cerveaux contiennent toujours des réminiscences de notre passé infra-humain qui transgressent souvent le seuil de notre comportement rationnel.

L'homme moderne a d'ailleurs abandonné le mythe de la victoire de la raison pure (le siècle des lumières). Les philosophes et les scientifiques ont constamment identifié des caractéristiques uniquement humaines qui plaçaient l'homme au pinacle de la vie, le faisant aristocrate des êtres vivants sur terre. Ce que nous apprenons sur nos cousins simiesques recule constamment ces prétentions. Nous ne nous comportons d'ailleurs pas comme des aristocrates de la vie mais plutôt comme des nouveaux-riches mal adaptés à notre rôle de nouveaux conquérants, hésitant et mettant le plus de distance possible entre nous et nos modestes origines. Peut-être, après tout, ne sommes-nous qu'un singe «de luxe». Ainsi, ce qui nous en sépare est davantage une question de degré que de nature.

Conclusion

Ramenées au comportement social, les réflexions de Sagan et Druyan nous incitent à plus de tolérance mais aussi à plus d'humilité. Nous savons en effet bien peu de notre hérédité en tant qu'espèce. Le pire et le mieux se côtoient sans pouvoir espérer dans l'immédiat des changements majeurs qui puissent nous faire croire à une évolution linéaire de l'humanité. Tant que nous saurons si peu sur nous-mêmes, nous en serons réduits à devoir conclure à une évolution cyclique de l'histoire. La mémoire humaine et historique semble dangereusement courte: la dernière guerre n'est pourtant pas si loin que déjà les sirènes de la xénophobie et du racisme se font entendre et que les syndromes d'un nouveau génocide sont apparus dans l'actualité rwandaise. Reste alors la mémoire génétique qui nous ramène à nos origines, encore si proches à l'échelle du cosmos.



Masque of the Red Death (Revisited)

Another Scarlet Ruse by A Aalto

DeToombs called from the west coast at 3:00 a.m. Liebnitz fell out of bed, groped in the dark for the phone, managed to put the cat to his ear (with predictable results) and eventually connected with the Chief Inspector. Mrs. Liebnitz, convinced by a long series of previous such late-night alarms that her husband's colleagues were either too dense to keep track of time zones or too insensitive to care, pulled a pillow over her head and plotted revenge.

Several hours later, the ace logician stepped from a helicopter onto the windswept foreshore of Farago Island. Waiting for him near the massive granite lodge that made up the only habitation on the tiny isle was the grim-faced DeToombs. "A real puzzler, Liebnitz," he said. "Let me just show you what we have, and you tell me what it means."

So saying, he led Liebnitz inside the chilly mansion. "Last night about midnight," the Chief Inspector told him as they climbed the baronial staircase, "we got an anonymous tip about murder on this island. When we arrived, the place was deserted, except for the late gentry upstairs. Step in — the forensics people have already done their work, and the coroner still hasn't got here."

He took Liebnitz into three bedrooms ranged with many others along the upper hallway. In each of the three was a corpse, stabbed through the heart with a ruby-handled stiletto that had been left in the body. "They're letter openers," said DeToombs, "and there's one just the same in every bedroom. Death in each case was instantaneous."

The first corpse was that of a handsome young man in a crimson dressing gown, who lay on the floor with a small red blossom by his outstretched hand. "*Anagallis arvensis*, according to our expert," said the Chief Inspector, "which does us a fat lot of

good." The second corpse was that of a beautiful woman in a scarlet nightgown, who lay in bed with a small red carving on the pillow by her head. "A chess piece," said Liebnitz, "the most powerful on the board — but they usually come in black and white...."

The final corpse was that of a gray-haired middle-aged man, sitting in an armchair by an elaborate wooden desk. In his hand was a paintbrush charged with bright green paint — and painted in bold green letters on separate pieces of paper on top of the desk were the inscriptions: "SHELMO", "EVA TURNED", "RED RITE" and "OR A COLUMN" respectively. "Anagrams, perhaps?" mused Liebnitz. Outside the door from this room, near the top of the stairs, was a pair of blood-smeared cotton gloves of common pattern. "Doubtless the murderer's," said DeToombs, "since the only fingerprints we found on each stiletto were those of the person it had killed. And the doors of all three rooms were closed when we arrived."

The Chief Inspector then led Liebnitz downstairs again into the red-draped dining room, where the table was littered with the remains of an elegant dinner. "Pinned to the middle of the table with another of the stilettos, we found this letter," DeToombs explained. "No fingerprints, of course. Go ahead and read it."

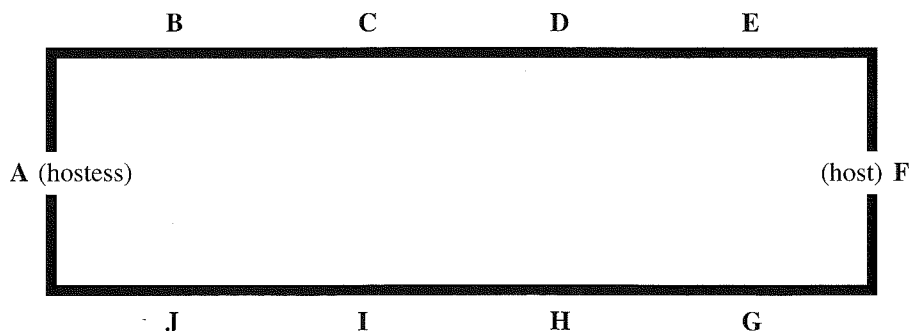
Farago Island
7 June 1995

The prospect of death concentrates the mind wonderfully, to paraphrase Samuel Johnson. The doctors give me only a few months to live, and I have become strongly aware of the many people whose death would enrich the world far more than my own. As a detective, I have known such people, some well. And I thought, why not throw them a little farewell party?

So I arranged a fancy dinner, a costume party on a blood-red theme. Given the nature of my own death warrant — complications from scarlet fever — it seemed an appropriate choice. I brought my targets here, by promises of money or threats of exposure. Around this table, earlier, sat ten people, including tonight's killer and his or her prey. All evening, I needed them on the evils some had perpetrated on the others, while they seethed in fear and anger. I was sure that bringing together such a mass of greed and betrayal would result in at least one murder. And so it has.

Now some of them lie dead in their chambers and the others have all fled in panic. Soon I will take my leave as well. Enigmas will remain, of course — and given my profession, I admit that my sense of justice is stronger than my taste for mystery. So I am giving you a chance, in the clues upstairs and in the following points.

- (a) Each of the ten of us was assigned a different "persona" of his or her own gender — either the author or the protagonist of a story or a leading actor/actress in a movie. The title of nine of these stories or movies contained the word "Red" or one of its synonyms or translations, while the tenth referred to colour without mentioning one. In the clues below, personae will be placed in quotation marks.
- (b) Each place at the table had two cards in front of it, linked to the persona seated there. One card gave the year the story was published or the movie released. The other gave the name of the movie's protagonist, the story's author (if the persona was the protagonist) or the story's protagonist (if the persona was the author). No two cards were the same.
- (c) A seating chart of the table is attached. I as host sat at place F, while Mrs. Liddell sat at place A. The other two women in the group sat directly opposite each other, but neither sat next to my wife. The two movie personae sat next to each other. The three author personae sat next to each other. There were three pairs of guests with marriage or parental ties; in no case were the members of such a pair seated next to one another.
- (d) Samuel Converse, a wealthy retired stockbroker, swindled both Edgar Winter's brother and the husband of "Dorothy Sayers", leading in both cases to their bankruptcy and suicide. He had the Stephen Crane card at his place, while the man clockwise from him had the Arthur Conan Doyle card.



- (e) "John Steinbeck" was the persona of James Tuffnell, who sat in seat G. Although he got off on a technicality, he was the hit-and-run driver who killed the infant son of Richard Lowe, the man with the Pao Yu card.
- (f) Frank Ray, a bachelor, had seduced each of the three women in the room; he was still having an affair with one of them and the other two were passionately jealous. He was sitting at one corner of the table, with the 1905 card at his place and "Jose Ferrer" on one side of him.
- (g) "Sir Percy Blakeney" was seated beside Martin Coyne. Martin's mother Alice Coyne had the 1931 card at her place. Alice Winters (Edgar's daughter) had the 1934 card at her place, while my wife (also named Alice) had the Nathaniel Hawthorne card.
- (h) "Josiah Amberly" had "Henry Fleming" on his right and the man with the Jody Tiflin card on his left.
- (i) The people with the earliest date cards — 1791/1830/1850 — were seated next to each other in that order clockwise.
- (j) The man with the Stendhal card was seated to the right of "Hester Prynne" and across from the man with the Baroness Orczy card.
- (k) "Ts'ao Chan" sat beside "Julian Sorel" and across from the man with the 1952 card, who sat beside the woman with the Catherine the Great card.
- (l) "Marlene Dietrich" was seated across from the place with the Peter Wimsey card. She was blackmailing the man with the Toulouse Lautrec card (a crusading politician with a criminal past), who in turn was extorting money from the man with the 1895 card.
- (m) The man on my left had the 1938 card, while the man on his right had the 1926 card.

Not a very edifying group, I think you'll agree. But then that was the point, after all. Good Hunting.

Hart Liddell

"So whose are the bodies?" asked Liebnitz when he finished reading. "That's our big problem," replied DeToombs. "No-one saw any of these people. All the arrangements for renting this place were done by mail, the renters insisted that no-one be on the island to greet them, no servants were hired and everyone came and went on their own boats. We don't even know where the Liddells came from, much less any of the guests. And

there is nothing in any of the rooms — those with bodies or those without — to indicate whose was whose. So we're stumped."

"Oh, I wouldn't go that far," replied the ace logician. "The letter and the other clues give us a place to start.... Is there a decent library in this place, by any chance?" Some time later, his face sombre, he rejoined the Chief Inspector. "I can identify the victims for you, and the killer — assuming that Liddell was playing square and that the simplest explanation is the true one. Ingenious really, but a sad story nonetheless."

Liebnitz was later proved right. Can you duplicate his feat by: (a) assigning the name, the persona and the two related cards to each place at the table; (b) naming the story or movie linked to each place; and (c) identifying the victims, the killer and the motive? (For a little extra challenge, but not necessary for the puzzle, try solving (a) without making use of your knowledge of literature or the cinema.)

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto is on retreat in the Ryukus. "The Masque of the Red Death" was originally a creepy short story (Poe, 1842) and later a creepier movie (Vincent Price, 1964). "A Scarlet Ruse" is by John A. MacDonald (Travis McGee, 1973).

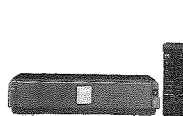


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1. Andichari, female, political specialist, cultural back-up, Mars
2. Barents, male, economic specialist, immigration back-up, Ganymede
3. Chan, male, customs specialist, defence back-up, Luna
4. Iglesias, female, trade specialist, aid back-up, Triton
5. Eagleclaw, female, aid specialist, consular back-up, L5 colony.
6. Fujii, male, immigration specialist, customs back-up, Asteroid Belt
7. Gwanda, female, defence specialist, political back-up, Luna
8. Hamidi, female, consular specialist, trade back-up, Earth
9. Douglas, male, cultural specialist, administration back-up, Mercury (or Mercury Coldside).
10. Jellicoe, male, administration specialist, economic back-up, Oort Cloud Station.

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