

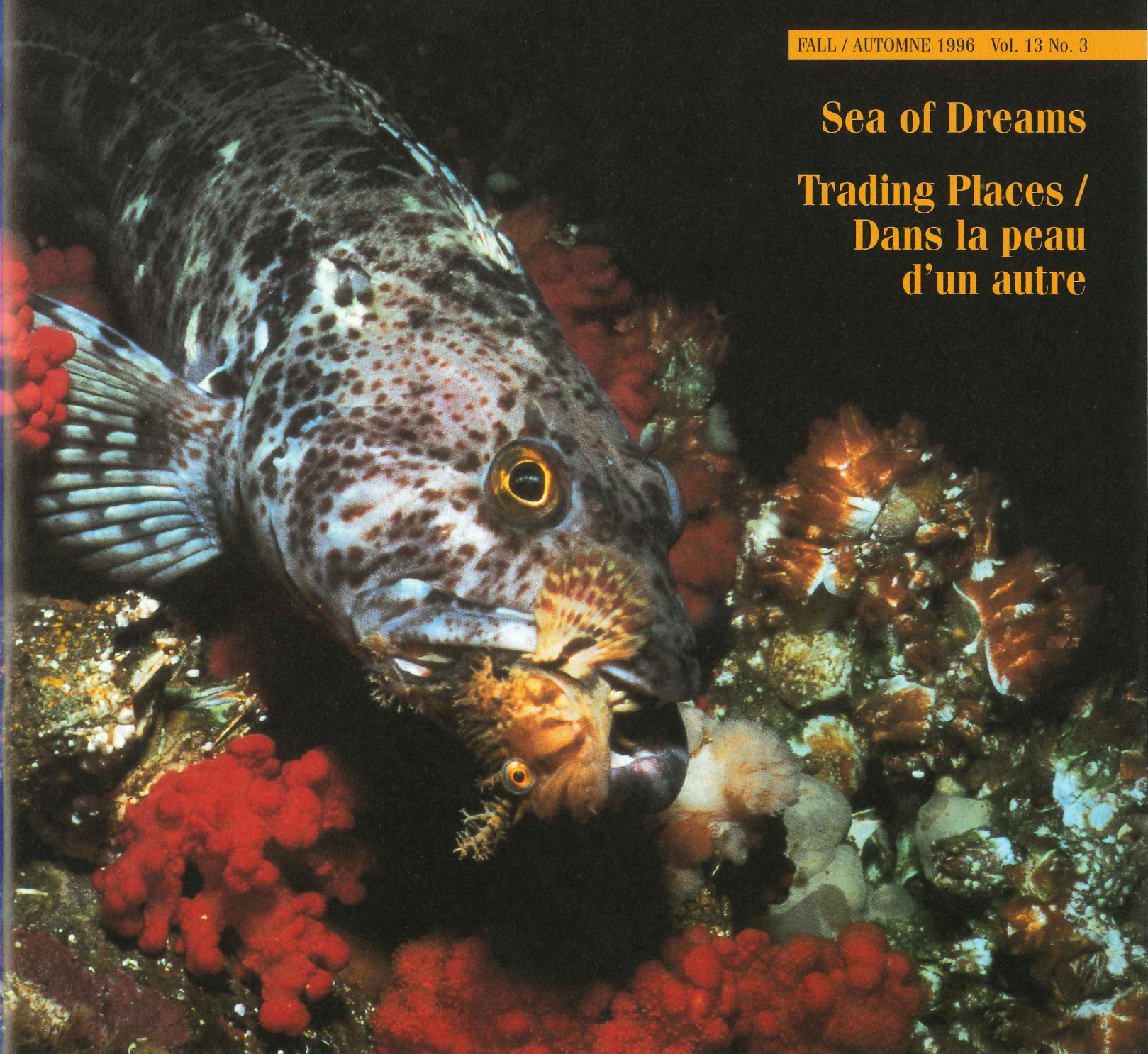
bout de papier

\$4.50

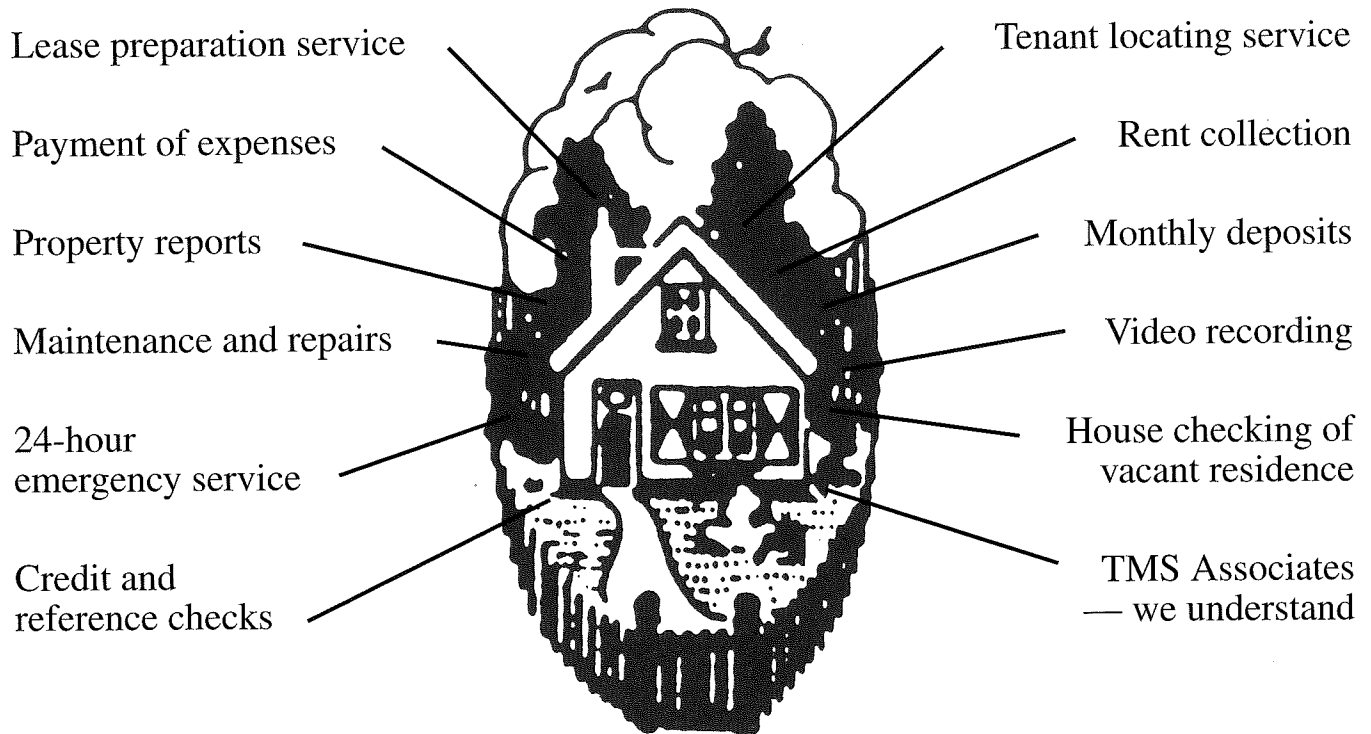
FALL / AUTOMNE 1996 Vol. 13 No. 3

Sea of Dreams

**Trading Places /
Dans la peau
d'un autre**



At TMS Associates, we personally understand the concerns of homeowners while posted.



Our computerized services are tailored to individual needs and are intended to enhance and maintain property values.

Phone or fax today for information or an appointment.

TMS
ASSOCIATES

RESIDENTIAL
PROPERTY
MANAGEMENT

Est. 1985

TMS Associates (EAST) Ltd.
Phone: (613) 834-7213
Fax: (613) 834-6838

TMS Associates (WEST) Ltd.
Phone: (613) 721-7000
Fax: (613) 721-7071

bout de papier

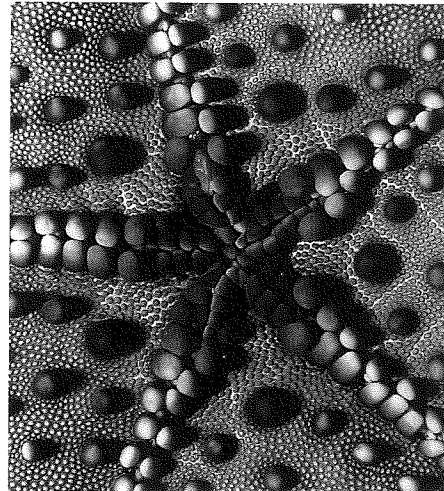
Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

FALL / AUTOMNE 1996

Vol. 13 No. 3



The White Pass Railway, page 15.



*Underside of Gulf Sea Star, Baja California Sur.
Photographer: Pablo Cervantes.*

Features / Reportages

Sea of Dreams

Michael Small turns exhibition curator.

A Voyage to America's Hermit Kingdom

Michael Welsh accompanies Ambassador and Mrs. Chrétien to North America's final frontier.

Reengineering DFAIT

Have we finally got it right? Don Waterfall has some doubts.

Mission to Attila

Roger Lucy on the unenviable mission of Flavius Priscus to the court of Attila the Hun, in AD 448.

Trading Places / Dans la peau d'un autre

Ulrich Grau of the German Foreign Service joins DFAIT's European Division et Alain Hausser passe une année au Auswärtiges Amt.

The Head of Mission's Most Valued Friend

John Hadwen and Russ McKinney pay tribute to generations of Embassy drivers.

Departments / Chroniques

Editor's Notebook /
Carnet du rédacteur.....2

Letters / Correspondance.....3

Commentary / Opinion libre.....4

The Quiet Hours
by Robert E. Lapointe
Move the Truck
by Janet Ruddock

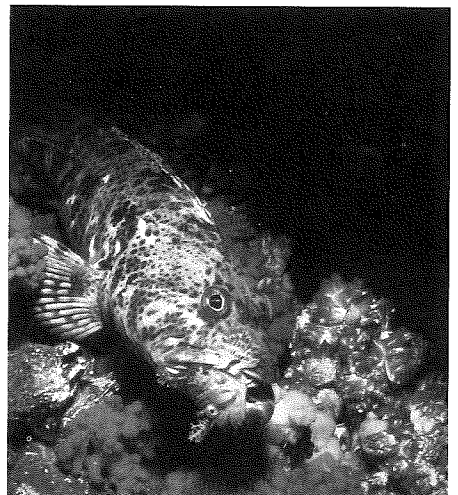
In Memoriam / En mémoire de.....37
Russ Davidson

From the Archives /
Extrait des Archives.....40
Dog Days of Summer at the UN, 1950

Some Very Foreign Affairs /
Des affaires si étrangères.....42
So you thought *your* entry exam
was tough...

Books in Review /
Critiques de livres.....43

Entertainment / Divertissement....47



*Lingcod swallowing Decorated Warbonnet,
Vancouver Island, BC. Photographers:
Marilyn and Maris Kazmers*

Editor's Notebook / Carnet du rédacteur

"The mark of a successful life is
what we protect and support..." (anon)

bout de papier is a strange animal. It has won a roomful of international awards over the years, but its editors have always run the magazine on a volunteer basis with the invaluable support and advice of a largely volunteer managing editor and two separate (also unpaid) editorial boards. Some of its articles are solicited as a result of brainstorming sessions by the editorial boards, but most articles are unsolicited (but extremely welcome). **bout** pays no fees.

Approximately half of our production costs are borne by PAFSO (each of whose members receive a free copy) and the other half are raised through paid subscriptions from non-FSs and advertising. Year by year, the proportion of costs borne by PAFSO has shrunk, although overall costs have risen.

In late 1996 times are tough, financially speaking, in the Foreign Service. Some of our readers wonder whether **bout** is a strict necessity. Certainly, other unions get by without such a product.

It is precisely because times are hard for the Foreign Service that **bout** must continue. As a unique, high-quality and award-winning product it seeks to project beyond the Pearson Building an image of an active, relevant and dynamic Foreign Service at a time when it is more critical than ever that our role be understood by Other Government Departments and by the Canadian public at large. As a professional association, PAFSO is tiny and its voice necessarily small — **bout** can speak eloquently for us, both to Government and to the public.

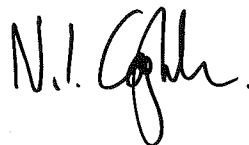
That's all very well, some will say, but in these days of cost recovery, **bout** must stand on its own two feet and pay its own way. The fact is, the potential revenue from advertising is finite, and we already do close to all the editorial work of which untrained volunteers are capable. There is some room for cost-paring and income-creation here and there without sacrificing the quality for which **bout** has become famous, and **bout's** editorial team, working closely with our design consultants, will do all it can to save the dollars of the PAFSO membership. But, in the end, **bout** can never become a self-sustaining *Maclean's* or *Chatelaine*.

In discussing **bout's** future we should of course be looking not just at how much it costs but at the wishes of its readership.

Again, **bout's** boards are at your service. At present, **bout** is — like the UN — very much a product of our membership, i.e. what we publish is in very large part a function of what we receive. Like the UN, we don't please everybody. Some of our readers would like to see more "heavyweight" pieces on Foreign Policy — but does Aunt Tilly, who received a **bout** subscription for Christmas, just want to read about the CTBT or the achievements of NAFTA? Others would like us, in the fashion of *Esprit de Corps*, to expose dirty goings-on at DFAIT and CIC, but how many friends is this going to win for the Foreign Service? (And anyway, who's going to put their name to such exposés?)

bout welcomes commentary and constructive criticism on what it should be trying to do. Write to us, e-mail a board member or (better still) volunteer to serve on the board yourself, and have a direct influence on the shape of your magazine.

A special welcome, in closing, to the Class of 96. You haven't been posted yet, you just can't believe your pay cheque and you're wondering if you've made one huge mistake. **bout** is your magazine too — let's hear from you.



P.S. This edition marks (approximately) ten years since we moved to a new magazine design. To commemorate the occasion and to give ourselves more freedom in using the photographs submitted for **bout** covers, we are modifying our design, without sacrificing the characteristic lower-case masthead. ACART, our longstanding design consultants, have assisted us in this project. But not only are we celebrating with a new design: we have, this issue, what I think readers will agree is a sensational cover photograph. **bout** readers are invited to submit suitable (but non-slandorous...) captions to accompany it; the winning entry will receive a large-format, full colour catalogue of the photographic exhibition "Pacific Currents".

Editorial Board / Équipe de rédaction :

Nicholas Coghlan
Editor / Rédacteur
Debra Hulley
Managing Editor / Advertising
David Anido
Sanjeev Chowdhury
Alison LeClaire Christie
Susan Courville
David Edwards
Hélène Lafortune
Vaughn Lantz
Gilbert Laurin
Liza Linklater
Terence Lonergan
Hector Mackenzie
Carol Markham
Robert McRae
Colin Robertson
Andrew Shore
Michael Small
Colin Stewart
Daniel Tremblay
Carol Turner-Trusca

Senior Editorial Board / Conseil de rédaction senior :

Bill Barton
Yvon Beaulne
Arthur Blanchette
Georges Blouin
Ross Campbell
Randolph Gherson
George Grande
John Hadwen
John Halstead
Jim Langley
Arthur Menzies
Geoffrey Murray
Jim S. Nutt
Alfred Pick
Pauline Sabourin
Douglas Small
John Starnes
Si Taylor
Elmo Thibault

Technical Consultants / Conseillers techniques : Acart Graphic Services Inc.

All contents © PAFSO, 1996 **bout de papier** is published quarterly by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers, Suite 412, 47 Clarence Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 (613) 241-1391, FAX (613) 241-5911. Opinions expressed in **bout de papier** are not necessarily those of PAFSO. **Tout contenu** © APASE, 1996. **bout de papier** est une publication trimestrielle de l'Association professionnelle des agents du Service extérieur, pièce 412, 47 rue Clarence, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 (613) 241-1391, Téléc (613) 241-5911. Les opinions exprimées dans **bout de papier** ne sont pas nécessairement celles de l'APASE.

Articles

Manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, preferably on WP 5.2 3/4" 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 accepted 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).

Subscriptions / Abonnements :

One year \$16; two years, \$30; Overseas add \$6 per year; USA add \$4 per year. Please advise of change of address. Un an, 16 \$; deux ans, 30 \$; outre-mer, ajouter 6 \$ par année; É.-U., ajouter 4 \$ par année. Prière d'avertir de tout changement d'adresse.

ISBN/ISSN 305500

Editor:

I have perused recent issues of the **bout de papier** and in particular, the Fall 1995 edition on Immigration.

As a retired Foreign Service Officer of the Social Affairs Stream, I wish to compliment the Editorial Board and the authors of the articles for their insightful overview of the evolution of immigration. In reading the articles I felt I was looking into a rear view mirror on a not unfamiliar road. Based on my experience, however, I would like to correct an erroneous impression left with the reader concerning the creation of the permanent career Foreign Service and the vicissitudes of those early years.

The active immigration policy of the fifties promoted the selection of individuals suitable in terms of the social, economic and labour conditions of Canada. With it came the realization that a career service was needed to implement policy and deal with the influx of applicants.

In 1957, the Civil Service Commission introduced in its Foreign Service recruitment campaign and its related brochure an invitation to university graduates to apply for "a distinguished career in the foreign service of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration". Selection would be based on "a written test to assess your general knowledge and your ability to write expressively and an interview to determine your personal suitability". The salary ranged from \$3,900 for an FSO 1 to \$9,500 for an FSO 6 with the FSO 2 grade being considered the basic rank. Over thirty applicants were selected that year to undergo a two year training period prior to assignment to one of the 26 centres abroad — all located in Europe excepting New Delhi and Hong Kong. The posting letter included the exhortation: "You are among the first of the new Foreign Service Officers to be assigned abroad. I need not emphasize that the Department has great faith in your ability and the success of this new series will depend, in no small measure, upon the performance of the officers who are paving the way."

Up to that point the Overseas Service had been staffed by Canada-based officers of the Immigration Branch on a one or two tour basis. It is not surprising if there was initial resentment from these persons who were called upon to share their experience through on-the-job training with FSOs designed to replace them in large part. Similarly, FSOs of the other Departments were quick to scrutinize and judge the new arrivals who hazarded to hold their same classification. The annual intake of FSOs continued and in 1961 a further consolidation took place by making all assignments

to the Overseas Service permanent and accessible only through competition.

The salary ranged from \$3,900 for an FSO 1 to \$9,500 for an FSO 6

By 1964 many FSOs who had assumed responsibilities beyond the FSO 2 rank found themselves frozen at this basic level because the FS classification was not accessible to Immigration. Consequently, the creation of the Canadian Immigration Affairs Officers (CIAOs) category provided the career structure and advancement opportunities essential to the, by then, well established immigration service abroad. Two years later, as a result of the Classification Revision program, CIAOs were converted to the Program Administration Series and became known as Program Managers (PMs).

In 1972, after the creation of the Department of Manpower and Immigration, and the assumption of an expanded and officially recognized reporting role, Treasury

Board sanctioned conversion to the Foreign Service Group. With it came diplomatic accreditation for all officers and administrative integration of posts abroad under External Affairs. The Social Affairs Stream evolved from the continuation and final consolidation of the Foreign Services in 1981. Officers recruited for the immigration service in the early years thus found themselves once more in their original category of FSOs. But attrition had been high and many of the pathfinders had dropped out along the way discouraged in part, by the transformations.

Notwithstanding the number of Departments for whom they have worked, the names by which they have been known, and the logic or not behind it all, past and present Officers of the Immigration Foreign Service can remain proud in the knowledge they have served their country with integrity and loyalty as they participated in the process of building Canada's future.

Miss Elsa M. Amadio
Ottawa

P.S. A copy of this letter and of the 1957 Civil Service Commission recruitment brochure is being sent to the Canadian Immigration Historical Society for their archives.

Interested in high-tech and a 30% tax credit? Here's the RRSP for you.

Capital Alliance Ventures is a labour-sponsored venture capital fund that is, with a \$500 minimum investment, RRSP-eligible and gives you both a 15% federal tax credit and a 15% Ontario tax credit on the first \$3,500 of shares purchased each year.

But those may be the worst reasons to invest in this fund.

That's because Capital Alliance Ventures, with its investment focus on knowledge-based companies in Ottawa-Carleton, is a fund that's managed for solid, long-term growth, not for tax credits.

Like any venture capital fund, there is a certain amount of risk involved, which you should make yourself aware of. Yet unlike other funds, ours boasts an outstanding group of business people — in both management and advisory roles — with proven track records in developing knowledge-based companies.



CAPITAL ALLIANCE VENTURES INC.

60 Queen Street, Suite 1202
Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5Y7
TEL: (613) 567-3225 FAX: (613) 567-3979
1-800-304-2330

*This fund is available to Ontario residents only.
Important information is contained in the prospectus,
which should be read carefully before investing. Share
value and investment return will fluctuate.*

The Quiet Hours

A personal tribute to Duty Officers

by Robert E. Lapointe

At most of Canada's Missions abroad a Duty Officer has traditionally been responsible for dealing with emergency business outside the normal working day, on week-ends, and on holidays. Except for at the largest missions every officer save the Head of Mission has been required to stand duty on a rota basis. At the smaller missions support persons may also have been asked to participate. While incidents may have involved nothing more than the passing of messages to other mission personnel or local officials the Duty Officer was also required to respond to protect and assist Canadians in difficulty, traditionally the Consular Mandate. There is in fact no statutory requirement to do so but DFAIT and its missions abroad accept this as a practical obligation and moral responsibility. Persons serving abroad as duty officers do so in addition to their regular duties; they are left in no doubt that it is a serious undertaking, with possibly life or death consequences. The following cases have been drawn from real life; only names have been changed.

Jeannine

Jeannine was an officer on first posting, raising her five-year old who attended nursery school during the day. Before joining DFAIT she was a professional in a dynamic, competitive milieu. She was efficient, energetic, intellectually challenging.

She was half-way through her week as Duty Officer and it had been busy. Just the night before she had had to deal with a number of incidents. Tonight, as she sat hoping to get some home reading done, the phone rang. A young woman, a dual national residing permanently in the host country, had received word earlier in the day that her father in Canada had suffered a coronary and was not expected to live. She wanted to travel to Canada the next day on an early morning flight. She had no passport, of either country. Jeannine asked her a few questions to establish her bona fides as best possible, instructed her to proceed to the Embassy, settled her 5-year old comfortably (a neighbor was available) and left. It was 9 PM.

When the caller arrived at the Embassy she was without proof of citizenship and

photographs, despite having been told of their necessity. She was assisted in filling in the necessary forms, although questioning all the while the need for so much bureaucracy and, when everything was put together (including polaroids taken by the duty officer) the Emergency Passport was prepared and delivered. The client would take off on time. It was after 11 PM.

Several months later a four-page letter addressed to the Ambassador, signed by the client, arrived at the Embassy. In a harsh and accusatory tone Jeannine was charged with being officious, impatient and callous. The writer expressed her disappointment that Canadians were not better served. Although the Department has a well-documented record of superior Consular Service to the public any complaint in this area is thoroughly investigated. Jeannine was interviewed about the incident and asked to write a detailed, factual account of the events, based on her recollections and her notes in the Consular Log.

The conclusion was that she had clearly acted responsibly, effectively and with compassion. The client received a straightforward reply.

A Late Night's Stroll

It was 2 AM on a weekday morning when she received the call. Two Canadians on their way to a train station had been robbed; passports, money, ID. They had to catch a 5 AM train to make it in time for their charter flight to Canada later in the day. This was the end of their holidays.

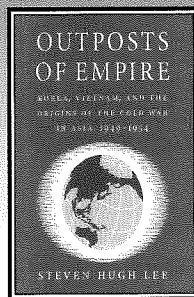
Suzanne's Duty Officer stint had been quiet. A young, bright, cheerful parent of a two-year old she was not only on her first posting but on her first ever D.O. stint as well. Because of this she had received an intensive two-hour briefing by Consular Program staff.

Suzanne quickly decided she would have to deal with the problem on the spot. Getting herself ready, she bundled up her infant, set the child in a stroller, and briskly walked the half-dozen blocks to the Embassy. Later that morning, Consular staff were astonished to discover that two Emergency Passports had been issued by the Duty Officer overnight, and that all procedures had been followed to the letter. When Suzanne was de-briefed on the case her only comment was "hooray for strollers!"

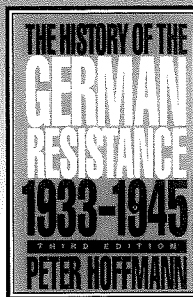
Canada Day

As Canadian Forces Attache, Colin was nearing the end of a long career of active military

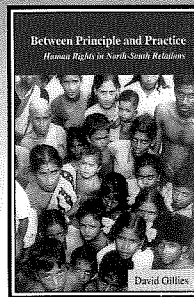
FALL Highlights



New in paperback
OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE
 Korea, Vietnam, and the
 Origins of the Cold War
 in Asia, 1949-1954
 STEVEN HUGH LEE
 Paper 0-7735-1420-1 \$19.95
 Cloth 0-7735-1326-4 \$44.95



Once again in print
**THE HISTORY OF
 THE GERMAN
 RESISTANCE,
 1933-1945**
 Third Edition
 PETER HOFFMANN
 Paper 0-7735-1531-3 \$24.95



New release
**BETWEEN PRINCIPLE
 AND PRACTICE**
 Human Rights in
 North-South Relations
 DAVID GILLIES
 Paper 0-7735-1414-7 \$22.95
 Cloth 0-7735-1413-9 \$55.00

McGILL-QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY PRESS

Ask at your favourite bookstore • Or call toll-free: 1-800-565-9523
 VISA/MasterCard/American Express accepted
 Fax for USA and Canadian orders: 1-800-221-9985

On Friday evening, shortly after getting home, Colin recovered a scratchy message from the Embassy answering machine. A young Canadian man had been acting erratically, the police had been called and had taken the man into custody. Could someone call urgently? Colin did, and pieced together the story. The man, just graduated from a rigorous University degree program, had arrived from Canada for a Sabbatical, a gift from his proud parents. He was apparently undergoing a severe emotional crisis. He had been standing in the midst of a busy traffic circle yelling at drivers and passersby. Before, he had scribbled illegible words and phrases on the walls of his room and of the corridors of the youth hostel at which

With the information available and obtainable Colin was able to ensure contact with the man's family in Canada. The family was given reassurance as to the son's immediate safety but it was stressed that he should be returned to Canada for treatment as soon as possible. The father made immediate arrangements to arrive Sunday morning but, not speaking the local language, requested all possible assistance. Colin reached the Consul and briefed him on the case. They agreed Colin would continue liaising with the hospital, local authorities and the father

Canada Day was warm and sunny. the official reception was well-attended, and successful. The CFA was tired but resplendent in uniform. The Consul phoned in his regrets from the airport. The Ambassador understood. ☺

Robert Lapointe is a retired Foreign Service Officer living in Montreal. He served in Dakar, London, Nairobi, Rome, Mexico and Paris, mostly as Consular Program Manager and, at headquarters, as Consular Policy Officer. He is active as a Facilitator/Consultant in DFAIT's Consular Training Program.

Tél: (819) 775-3306
Fax: (819) 775-3396

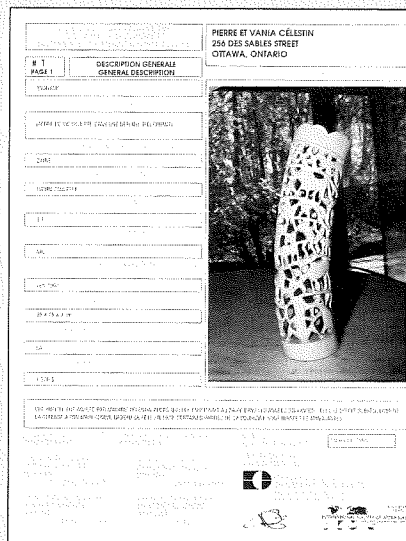


INTERART EVALUATION



PROTECT THE INVESTMENT  **IN YOUR VALUABLES**

NOW !



...AFTER

MONTRÉAL: 214-5115 TRANS-ISLAND
AYLMER: 1404 CHEMIN D'AYLMER
OTTAWA: 112 SPARKS STREET

H3W Z29 (514) 286-ARTS
J9H 5E1 (819) 776-ARTS
K1P 5A5 (613) 761-ARTS

Move the Truck

by Janet Ruddock

Life has its difficult moments. Hailed back to Canada by the sudden and unexpected death of a parent is one of them. Sorting, packing and distributing her seventy-four years of possessions and memories rank right up there too. Shipping said items from my Mother's condominium in Burlington, which was being sold, to our long term storage in Ottawa did not seem to represent a problem. This is life in the Foreign Service. One gets on with it.

Moving companies are not unlike the Mafia. They have connections everywhere. Before I even left our current post in Geneva, I had meetings arranged with movers in Burlington via our storage company in Ottawa. Somebody's brother knew someone's sister's friend. You know the story. They could assess and organize a shipment to Ottawa within hours of my arrival in Burlington.

*Moving companies are
not unlike the Mafia.
They have connections
everywhere.*

Speed was of the greatest essence. Unlike life's special moments, when one lingers to savour each precious memory, life's difficult moments are to be endured and passed through fast. I had given myself ten days — return trip to Geneva included.

Kind words of condolence, understanding and sympathy bring welcome moral support, but when it comes to organizing those boxes — you're on your own. Who else knows when a teapot is a teapot, or a priceless family heirloom brought from England by great, great grandparents? Who else knows why you treasure the inexpensive glass cake stand with the large chip out of the side, but quickly sell off Aunt Louisa's antique bedroom suite to the highest bidder? Who else cares?

It struck me, as I looted and pillaged my Mother's belongings, that I was compelled to make split second decisions I might later regret. However, my biggest regret at this particular time was the thought of not being

ready when the movers arrived. With that innate sense of "deadline" possessed by all members of the Foreign Service, all was ready.

Enter Lou. Technically, Lou is the superintendent of my Mother's condominium. In fact, Lou is God. Goodness knows I did not intend this move to traumatize Lou's life. Nor did I realize that this move must cause the least possible disruption to the rest of the building. Preferably, none at all.

Oblivious to the rules of the game, I had booked the movers without informing Lou. In point of fact, the precise time I had booked the movers was the day the entire wiring system of the building was being given its annual inspection. The bad news was that electricity would be sporadic to non-existent. The worse news was that the one elevator that must, by law, be kept functioning had already been booked by an unexpected move in one of the other condominiums.

Unexpected move? On closer examination, it seemed that the only surprise involved in this other move was the fact that Lou had

completely forgotten about it. I somehow assumed my move might equally qualify as unexpected. Not so.

"We need at least two weeks notice to book a move," Lou said. He added pointedly, "Why didn't you let us know sooner?"

I explained, as calmly as I could, that two weeks ago my Mother had been alive and well. Truly, had I predicted her sudden death, I would most assuredly have booked the elevator in advance.

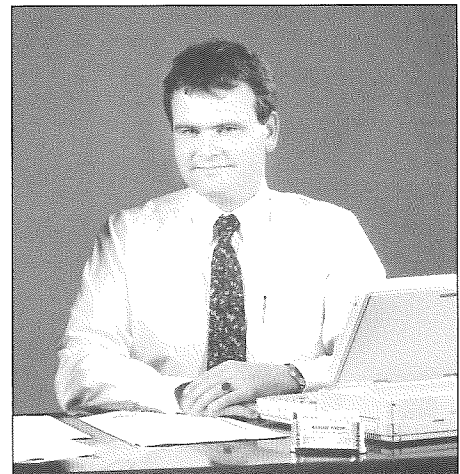
Lou was sympathetic, but determined. Rules were rules. I would have to change the day of the move. Any particular day? I was not taking any chances. Apparently any day was fine, so long as it was Friday. So, Friday it was. The movers were duly rearranged and I sat back awaiting Friday.

Wednesday dawned brightly in Burlington, except throughout the bleak interior of the condominium, now completely without power due to the previously announced wiring check. This clearly had no effect on the front door buzzer, which suddenly started ringing

WHO IS LOOKING AFTER YOUR CONCERNS WHEN YOU'RE ABROAD?

WE OFFER...

- PROPERTY MANAGEMENT
- REAL ESTATE PURCHASE & SALES
- RELOCATION PLANNING



ALL OF OUR SERVICES ARE INDIVIDUALLY TAILORED TO YOUR REQUIREMENTS.

Andre de Loë

302-141 Somerset St. W.
Ottawa, Ontario K2P 2H1
(613) 237-2504 Fax: (613) 237-2507

KENLOE REALTY CORPORATION

away madly. What to my wondering eyes should appear but my moving company, boxes in hand and ready for action.

Taken aback by the total darkness of the hallway and the unexpected appearance of the cancelled movers, I barely recognized the figure of Lou inching his way through the blackness, flashlight in hand.

"You guys own that truck?" he asked suspiciously.

"You bet," answered Steve, the designated boss of this operation.

"You'll have to move the truck," Lou said.

"It's parked at the loading ramp," Steve offered. "Where else are we supposed to put it?"

"Too big for the loading ramp. Against fire regulations. Blocks the back of the building," explained Lou. "You'll have to move the truck."

"Where do you want us to move it to, sir," queried Steve. "Hamilton?"

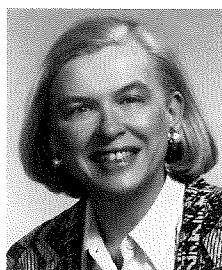
Thus far, words had failed me. Having finally made some sense out of this ridiculous scenario, I plunged in.

"Look, Lou," I explained patiently. "I cancelled the movers as I said I would. Obviously, they didn't get the message. I'm sorry. What can I do? Send them away?"

Steve was exasperated as only a disgruntled mover can be. I did the only natural

Need advice on rolling over your Severance Package or Retirement Allowance?

I can show you how to defer paying taxes
and make your investment grow to provide
you with steady income when you need it.



Call or stop by to discuss
your options.

Member CIPF

Elizabeth McLean

266 Beechwood Avenue, Suite A
Ottawa, Ontario K1L 8A7
613-742-6811

Edward Jones

Serving Individual Investors

CAR RENTALS AT

MYERS

DAILY • WEEKLY • MONTHLY & LONG TERM

*We have . . . Gov't Approved Rates
FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE*

(refer to Car Rental Directory for Gov't Employees)

- All sizes of Cars, Vans, Minibuses
- **FREE** Airport and City Pick-Up
- Courtesy Baby Seats Available
- **VISA • MASTERCARD • AMERICAN EXPRESS • enROUTE**

1200 Baseline at Merivale
Ottawa, Ontario K2C 0A6

Fax # (613) 225-6005 or 225 2231
Direct Line Phone (613) 225-8006

(613) 225-1260

TELEX CABLE ADDRESS:
MEYERSOTT, OTTAWA

**SALLY BRADLEY
MANAGER**

thing and burst into tears. Lou looked distraught, waving his flashlight around, possibly seeking divine intervention.

*I did the only natural
thing and burst into
tears.*

"How long do you guys think this job'll take?" asked Lou.

"Hour, hour and a half at the most, and we're outta here," answered Steve.

"That other people's moving company arrives, you'll have to stop," Lou added emphatically, "and you have to move the truck."

"Look, sir," asked Steve, "where exactly are we supposed to put the truck?"

This was a very good question. I was all ears.

"Down the road some so's you don't block traffic. Don't generally allow big trucks like that in this building. Against regulations."

Happily, there was not a lot to move. Steve and his sidekick good-naturedly carted the few pieces of furniture and assorted boxes down the darkened hall to the elevator,

through the lobby, out the main door of the building, down the winding, curved driveway, through the front gates and halfway down the block to the waiting truck.

I peered over the balcony anxiously awaiting the arrival of the other moving company which, of course, would put an immediate end to our parade. No doubt Lou and his flashlight were out there in the hall, lurking around in the gloom.

Steve returned for the last few cartons. I could not imagine we had actually finished the entire job before the other company had even arrived on the scene. I queried, surely there had to have been some sign of the other people's truck?

"Sure was," replied Steve jovially. "Pulled up in front about an hour ago."

I gaped in astonishment.

"We sent 'em off to lunch and told them to get lost for awhile."

* * *

Life in the Foreign Service has its difficult moments. It's the Steves — and maybe even the Lous — that help get us through them. ☺

Janet Ruddock, a Foreign Service spouse since 1978, has been moving trucks in Kinshasa, Brussels, Geneva, and most recently, back in Ottawa.

Bennet Household Management

Residential Property Management

Maintenance and Renovations

- Full Service Property Management
- Financial Administration
- Income Tax Preparation
- For Information or to Arrange an Appointment Call:

David Bennet
49 Ivy Crescent
Ottawa, Ontario
K1M 1Y1

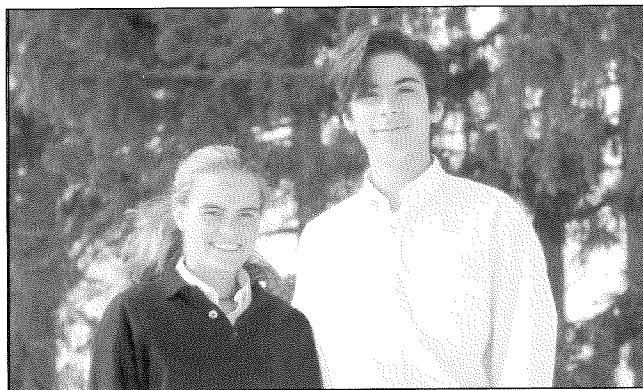
(613) 746-1248

Lakefield

C O L L E G E S C H O O L

Lakefield, Ontario Canada K0L 2H0

Co-ed • Residential • Grades 9 to OAC

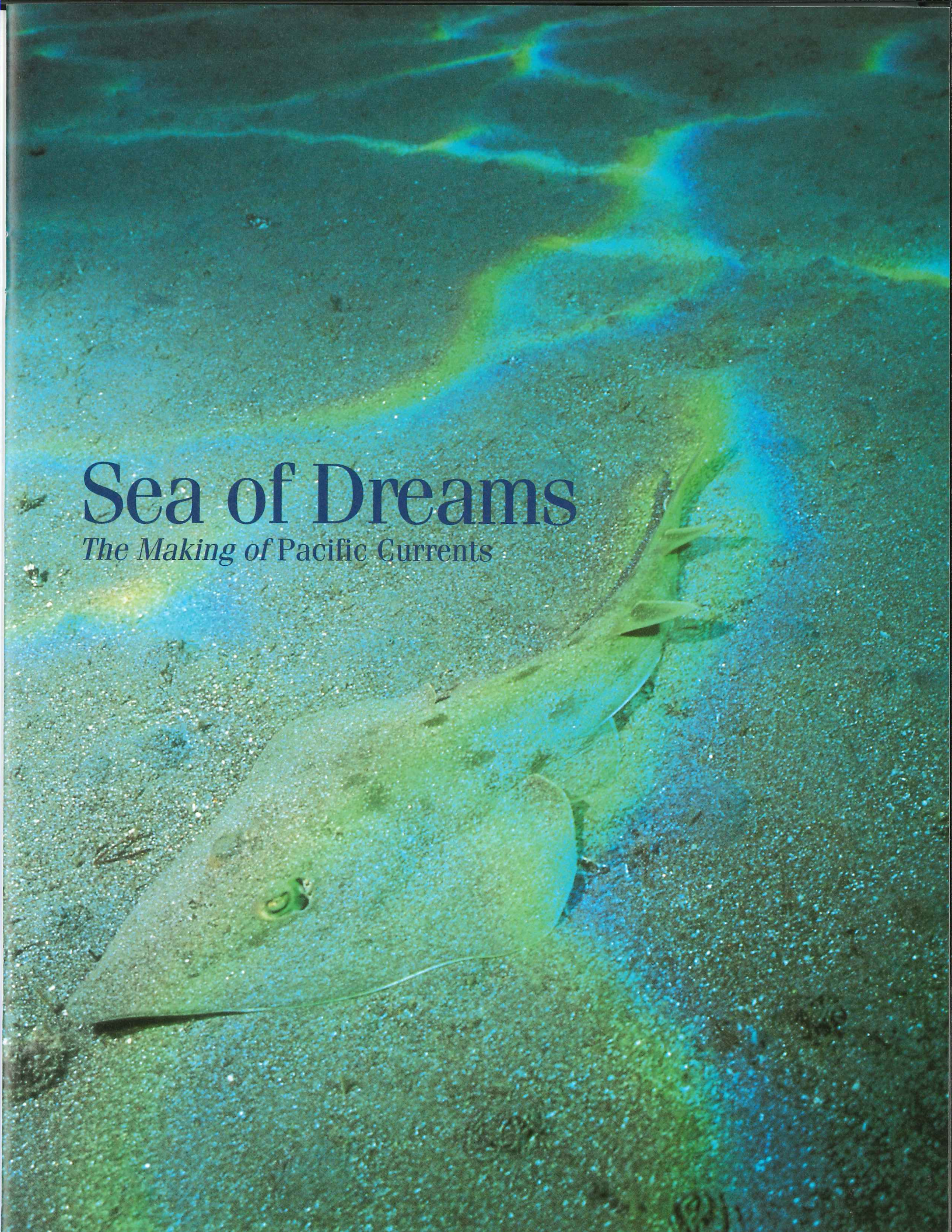


*Daryn Sutherland, Saudi Arabia
Peter McLachlan, Los Angeles*

Foreign Affairs families commonly cite the following reasons for choosing Lakefield:

- High academic standards, including 100% university placement
- Small class sizes
- Full 7 day-a-week residential program
- Each residence houses from 10 to 25 students
- Safe, healthy Canadian environment
- Warm, family atmosphere
- Outstanding music, art, drama and debating programs
- Unique athletic and outdoor experiences

For more information, contact Tam Matthews at (705) 652-3324 FAX: (705) 652-6320
Internet: TMatthews@lakefieldcs.lakefield.on.ca

A full-page photograph of a stingray resting on a sandy ocean floor. The stingray is positioned diagonally, with its head towards the bottom left and its tail towards the top right. It has a mottled pattern of dark spots on its light-colored body. The background is a deep blue-green water with a vibrant, ethereal light pattern of yellow and orange streaks and swirls, resembling a bioluminescent display or a sunset reflection. The overall mood is serene and mysterious.

Sea of Dreams

The Making of Pacific Currents



Previous page: Shovelnose Guitartfish (California, USA)

Photographer: Richard Herrmann

Left: Mosshead Warbonnet (Queen Charlotte Islands, BC)

Photographers: Marilyn and Maris Kazmers

sell individual images through stock agents for calendars, post-cards, science texts and coffee table books. All of them were very receptive to the idea, and willing to waive their normal professional fees up front for use of the photographs. In return, I made a commitment to them that if the project

by Michael Small

Different countries have different national fantasies. After you have served there for a while, you start to entertain those fantasies too. In Brazil, I found myself dreaming up Fitzcarraldo-type schemes to develop the Amazon frontier. In Mexico, which has more than 600 museums and galleries in Mexico City alone, the national fantasy is to become a famous artist, and many otherwise earnest professionals dabble in cultural pursuits. After two years in Mexico, spending much of my time promoting other artists work, I decided it was time to promote something I had created myself.

Since I cannot paint, sculpt, write fiction or poetry or play a musical instrument, my scope for creativity was rather restricted. But I could at least produce clear non-fiction prose; and I knew I could organize events. My mind turned instead to becoming a famous curator of other people's work.

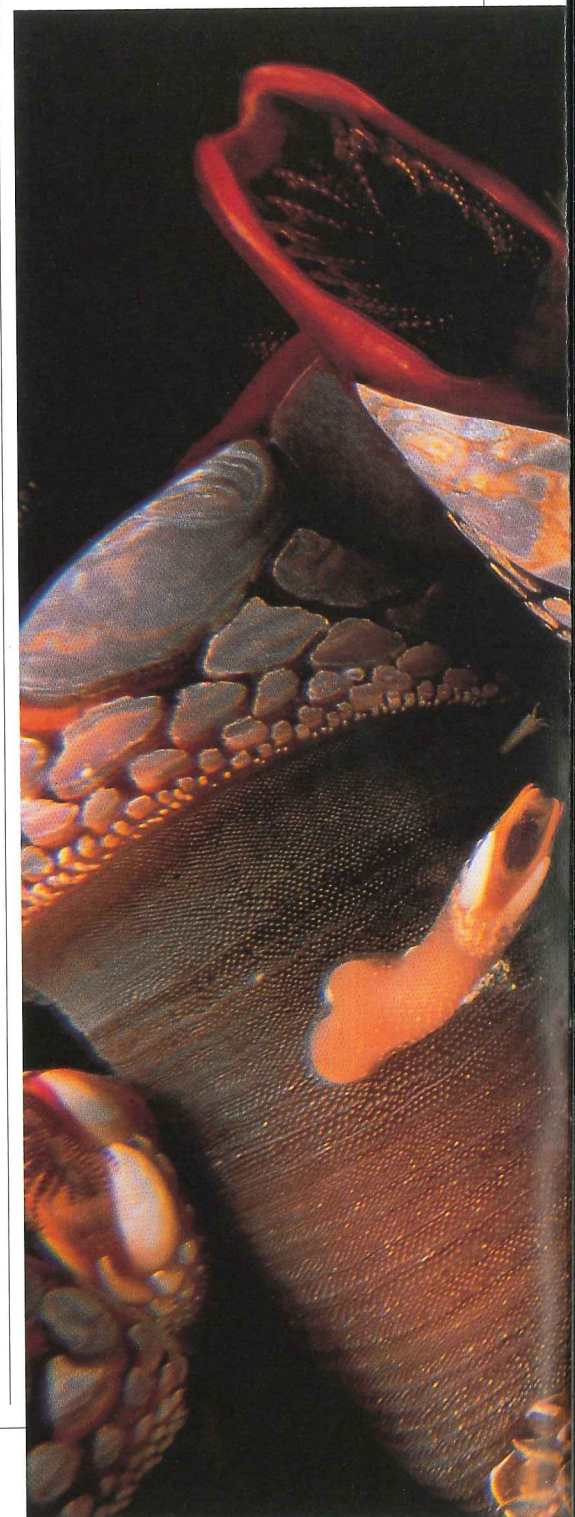
Thus was borne my bright idea of curating a photographic exhibit. The subject I chose was something I knew something about — namely exotic marine life. I have dived for enough years to know that I am never going to take successful underwater photographs; but there are lots of people who try to take underwater pictures, and very few who can write well about them. This would be my artistic niche.

I had spent the entire month of April 1994, sitting on board a long-range diving boat, in the company of five professional underwater photographers and twenty marine scientists. To kill time on board we watched slide shows, and the work of two of the photographers — Richard Herrmann and Maris Kazmers — impressed me a great

deal. Their subject matter was not the exotic tropical inhabitants of coral reefs, but the equally brilliant, usually overlooked marine life of the cooler waters off California and British Columbia. The idea began to form in my mind of curating a tri-national photographic exhibit of marine life along the Pacific coast of North America — from Baja California to British Columbia. Canada's membership in NAFTA is our current calling card in Mexico, and I knew that the Embassy could easily use an exhibit like this, organized along national lines but with completely apolitical content, as part of our public affairs program. Thus began the idea for *Pacific Currents*.

It took a year until I was ready to launch the project. The day *Pacific Currents* became a reality was the day in late April 1995 when our new PIF budget for the year was confirmed. It is a sad testimony to the constraints on creativity in our Department, but I knew if I had to appeal to Ottawa for money for this project, it was dead in the water. Once we had enough funds of our own in the Embassy to at least manufacture the basic exhibit, we were in business.

The first step was to find the right photographers, willing to participate in the exhibit. I started with the two whom I knew — Richard Herrmann and Maris Kazmers. However, both of them are American, and to have a tri-national exhibit, I needed a Canadian and a Mexican as well. Luckily, Maris was able to recommend a Canadian friend from Vancouver, Jason Puddifoot, while an NGO contact put me in touch with an underwater photographer from Mexico City, Pablo Cervantes. None of these photographers had been approached before by anyone who wanted to curate a collection of their work; instead, for the most part, they



generated any revenues, they would be divided equally among them.

The next step was to select the pictures. For the next six weeks my wife had to put up with me waving slides in front of her nose, asking questions like “which do you like better, the squid or the octopus, and why?”. The problem was not finding enough high quality images to include in the show; each of the four photographers had sent me their own selection of their best work from the thousands of pictures they had taken over the past decade. The problem was to find a balance: first between the three regions in the exhibit — the Sea of Cortez,

California and British Columbia; then between the four photographers; and finally between images of animals people would recognize — such as the marine mammals — and images of animals, such as the invertebrates, which most people have never seen.

My solution in the end was to follow a consistent visual sequence in each of the three sections, starting with close-up shots of the weird invertebrates, then middle distance shots underwater of the larger creatures such as turtles and sharks, and finally top-side shots of dolphins and whales. Roughly speaking, as the viewer moves back from the image in terms of perspective, you also move up the

evolutionary ladder. This approach also worked in terms of balancing the four photographers and the three regions.

Then came the framing. I rapidly found the local framing stores in Mexico City to be useless for my purposes — their idea of fine art framing is to glue the photo down onto cardboard. Instead, I turned to professional museums for help. The curator of photography at Mexico’s best private art museum volunteered her time to do all

Gooseneck Barnacles (British Columbia)
Photographer: Jason Puddifoot



the mat cutting and mounting — which is critical to the professional look of a travelling exhibit. The staff of the Canadian Museum of Contemporary Photography in Ottawa gave me hours of invaluable free advice on the kinds of durable materials to use in framing the show. In the end, I went for a very simple classic look — pewter

For the next four months, Patricio, his graphic designer Martin Garcia Urtiaga and I designed the catalogue. The most difficult factor proved to be the need to produce the text in all three NAFTA languages — English, French and Spanish. This naturally tripled the length of the text — and hence the cost. Martin's breakthrough idea for dealing with

provided by the Department of Fisheries and Oceans, this is "Le toupet-élégant". So in Spanish we dubbed it "tupé elegante".

The exhibit finally opened on October 12th, 1995 at a meeting of the three North American Ministers of the Environment in the Mexican colonial city of Oaxaca. The meeting took place in a 16th century former convent. We hung the photographs on panels down the echoing stone corridors, with arched windows looking over the roof tops of the city. When we turned on the spotlights at twilight to inaugurate the show, the effect was spectacular.

Since then, *Pacific Currents* has travelled to four more venues around Mexico. In June 1996 our Consul General in Los Angeles, Dennis Browne, inaugurated the show with his Mexican counter-part at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, in La Jolla, California. At Scripps, the photos were hung around the tanks in the Stephen Birch Aquarium, many of which contained the animals from the exhibit — including the now famous "tupé elegante". At present, the show is hanging in La Biosphère in Montreal, the environmental education centre in the former American Pavilion from Expo '67.

Pacific Currents is already booked to tour around North America for at least the next two years. The quality of the photographs, and certainly the catalogue, have helped enormously to place the show. But I have found what attracts museum curators in the first place, from La Jolla to Montreal, is the original concept of a tri-lingual tri-national exhibit, which views North America from a fresh perspective.

Along the way I have learned a few important truths. First, I finally know what museum curators do for a living. I found that creating and managing this project could easily take up 100% of my time; and that "Pacific Currents — The Show" had turned into "Pacific Currents — The Life!". Second, I would never have had the chance to put together this project if I had not had the freedom, backed up by the resources, afforded by working in an Embassy. Finally, if I had been living in the hyper-professionalized atmosphere of Canada or the United States, I would never have attempted to create a professional exhibit from scratch. In Mexico, where occupational boundaries are much more porous, I found professionals far more ready to collaborate with an amateur in this kind of project. But as I noted before, in Mexico everyone harbours in themselves the spirit of an artist. ☺

Michael Small has now returned to the Global Affairs Bureau in Ottawa from his posting as Minister-Counsellor in Mexico.



Blenny in a tube worm casing (Mexico)
Photographer: Pablo Cervantes

tinted aluminum frames and gallery white mat board under U.V. filtering plexi-glass. All of this material had to be imported through special orders from the manufacturers in the United States and Canada.

The last major item of business for the show was the catalogue.

At first, I had ruled this out as far too expensive. Then I met Rachel Vincent, Communications Co-ordinator for the Commission for Environmental Cooperation (CEC) — the NAFTA environment secretariat headquartered in Montreal. Given their North American mandate and environmental focus I thought the CEC would be a natural sponsor for the show. Rachel did too. "Why don't you produce a catalogue" she asked. "Far more people will see the catalogue than will ever see the show." "You give me the money and I'll write a catalogue", I replied. Thirty days later she came up with \$20,000. Suddenly, I had a co-sponsor and a catalogue to produce.

Through a friend of Rachel's, I was introduced to Patricio Robles Gil, Mexico's foremost publisher of natural history books.

this problem was to make the catalogue very large — 40 cms long and 20 cms wide. This enabled us to lay out each section of text on two facing pages, thus reducing the number of text pages to pictures. The elongated shape also allowed us to run maps of each section of Pacific coastline on the left margin of each text section — thus serving as a visual anchor for the text.

The hardest part of the whole project proved to be the translation. The French and Spanish sections were each revised five times, by different colleagues in the Embassy. Sending the text to professional translators proved to be a disaster — they had no understanding of the content or the photos, and the French and Spanish texts came back completely different from each other, and from the English text. In the end, I had to sit down with two Embassy colleagues, Marianick Tremblay and Claudia Vega-Islas and revise all three versions simultaneously, line by line. Along the way, we had a few laughs — especially trying to come up with common names in all three languages for some of the creatures. My favourite case was a goofy looking little fish from British Columbia, "The Mosshead Warbonnet". In French, according to an official translation

Check Here... Cochez ici...

For Improved Coverage and Better Rates.

Our Basic Term Life Insurance plan has been designed to provide a level of coverage which meets the varying needs of our members. The plan provides for high amounts of low cost coverage.

- The Term Life Insurance Plans provide improved levels of coverage combined with competitive rates.
- The Group Auto and Home Insurance plan provides an excellent product with the convenience of monthly payments.

To receive more information about the plans available to you, please complete the coupon below or call us directly.

pour une meilleure couverture et de meilleurs taux.

Notre Régime d'assurance-vie de base a été conçu de manière à offrir un degré de couverture adapté aux besoins propres à nos membres. Il prévoit une couverture étendue avec primes très modiques.

- Les Régimes d'assurance-vie offrent une couverture plus étendue avec primes concurrentielles.
- Le Régime d'assurance-automobile et domiciliaire collective assure une excellente couverture et vous permet de pratiques versements mensuels des primes.

Pour obtenir des renseignements complémentaires au sujet des régimes qui vous sont offerts, il suffit de remplir le bon ci-dessous ou de nous appeler directement.

TO/À: PAFSO Group Insurance Plan/Programme d'assurance collective de l'APASE
412-47 rue Clarence Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 (613) 241-1391

Please send application forms for/prière de me faire parvenir les formulaires suivants:

- ☐ Term Life/Assurance-vie
- ☐ Auto and Home Insurance/Assurance automobile et propriété

Toll Free Hot Line/Ligne directe sans frais d'interurbain: 1-800-268-3336

Name/Nom:

Address/Adresse:

Code/Code postal:



YOU CAN TRUST EXPERIENCE

Since 1947, we have been providing professional relocation services to Foreign Affairs employees. BOYD MOVING & STORAGE is Ottawa's largest moving company with the largest, most modern storage facility for warehousing goods and the largest and best equipped car storage facility in all of Canada.

THE NUMBERS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES!

We have moved over 11,500 families, stored 61.9 million pounds of goods in long term storage, prepared and crated 56.8 million pounds of personal goods for shipping worldwide - by land, sea or air and, since 1981, stored over 3,065 cars, all for members of the Department of Foreign Affairs. *Why bother with anyone else!*

For a personal tour of our outstanding facilities, call:

**Elaine Robertson,
Vice President, Administration
244-4444, ext. 814**

BOYD
MOVING & STORAGE LTD.



Photo: Mme Kay Chrétien

A Voyage to America's Hermit Kingdom

With Ambassador Raymond Chrétien in BC, Alaska and the Yukon

by Michael Welsh

In retrospect, what was most surprising was that it hadn't been done before. No Canadian ambassador had ever made an official visit to the State of Alaska.

"Alaska" — the name conjures up images of fiords, glaciers, huskies and gold. Any visit holds great allure but we had good cause when the 1994 U.S. mid-term elections vaulted the three members of the

Alaskan delegation into leading positions in Congress.

Overnight, issues which have bedeviled Canada-Alaska relations for years, like Pacific salmon and development in the Arctic Refuge, took on greater importance. A diplomatic foray was very much in order.

Bernie Gagosz, Consul General in Seattle, sold the idea of a high profile visit to Ambassador Raymond and Kay Chrétien.

He then put together a voyage which drew more upon the fabled diplomacy of the 19th century than the twentieth.

The first leg was secured through a call to the Commander Pacific Squadron, Royal Canadian Navy. The timing of our trip neatly

Above: Chief Robert Bruce (in buckskin jacket) joins with the Ambassador and village young people for souvenir photos while the fiddler tunes up for another jig.

matched the patrol and port call schedule of the helicopter destroyer, *HMCS Annapolis*.

But a great idea in January caused some anxious moments in July. The mid-summer headlines were full of another Canada-US conflict over salmon.

BC fishermen were livid when Alaska shrugged off its Canada-US Treaty obligations to help rebuild stocks of chinook, "king" salmon. Tempers flared the week before our departure when BC fishers blockaded the Ketchikan-Prince Rupert ferry for three hours. Alaskan affront turned to fury when Brian Tobin quipped to the media that if he had the time off, he would have been out there in his boat too.

Our destination was Juneau, named after the gold-prospecting uncle of one of our own foreign service colleagues.

The Prince Rupert affair caused panic among diplomatic planners. Dare we proceed with the destroyer? Would Alaskan fishers assault the boat? (Is the sky falling?) The department's pathological inclination to fret and second-guess raged around us.

But the Ambassador quickly dispelled the panic. It was ludicrous, he said, to worry about being provocative with our closest military ally...and even sillier to think that the Alaskans would be the slightest bit intimidated. After a few phone calls, the destroyer was back on.

In Esquimalt, Captain Robertson and crew welcomed us aboard the *Annapolis* to begin one of the most memorable voyages in my foreign service career. Far from a cruise ship, especially for anyone over 5'6", the *Annapolis* is still an impressive vessel. The crew had her polished and preening in our honour.

First impressions always stay with you. One was the number of women on board. Maybe it was all those WWII movies that had misled me but today's navy is firmly co-ed, and quite comfortably so, we were told.

Another thing that struck me was the age of the crew. War has always been designed by the old for the young, but to see so many barely out of their teens brought the point home. Whatever one might conclude from a walk through NDHQ, the sharp end of our armed forces is made up largely of kids.

Finally, I was amazed by the work/sleep routines on board, especially for officers. There seemed no pattern to the schedule of my cabin-mate who worked twelve hours, slept two, worked six, slept five, and so on. His schedule had me stumbling around in a pitch-black cabin no matter what time of day.

The three-day voyage took us through spectacular shoreline, cavorting whales, and crystal clear nights. Navigating through the straits conjured up images of Bering, Cook, Vancouver and all the others who explored these waters and made sense of the maze of islands along the North American coast.

Our destination was Juneau, named after the gold-prospecting uncle of one of our own foreign service colleagues. Like Ottawa, Juneau derives most of its energies from government and tourism. It also holds the distinction of being the only North American capital which cannot be reached by road.

The morning of our arrival revealed a small city at the top of a narrow channel, the buildings burrowed deep into the foot of mist-shrouded Mount Juneau. The guide-books suggest that it enjoys a reputation as the San Francisco of the North but that morning Juneau seemed to me more aptly called America's Shangri-la.

As we steamed into the channel, everyone was on deck in full regalia. Whatever our delusions, there were no bands or flag-waving children on the dock. At mid-morning, Juneau seemed ominously deserted.

Right on schedule, the ship manoeuvred toward the fuelling jetty where we were to disembark and then proceed immediately to meet the Governor. But plans for an auspicious arrival went aground when the captain of an Alaskan fishing boat at the dock looked us over and decided to take his sweet time fuelling his boat. We were left to tread water ingloriously in the harbour.

As the time for meeting the Governor approached, the Captain directed the crew to prepare emergency transport to shore. The seamen released a zodiac — a motorized rubber raft — into the water, unfurled a rope ladder over the side and stood back. Our three intrepid diplomats cast nervous glances over the ship's side at the raft rocking twenty feet below.

As the junior officer, I was designated to show how (or if) it could be done. Scrambling warily down a swaying ladder in a suit, groping for footing on slippery three-inch slats, is a test well suited to FS recruitment (or better yet to the PSC tests for prospective EX's).

Fortunately, one by one, we all made it. As our dinghy roared away from the ship, we could see the Alaska media on the dock, telephoto lenses at the ready. I said a silent prayer for having avoided the embarrassment

for ourselves and Canada if any of us had stumbled and fallen into the harbour.

The meetings with the Governor went very well, the destroyer generating several good-natured jokes. On salmon, the Ambassador and Governor agreed to tone down the rhetoric and get our negotiators back to the table.

The press conference afterward will be best remembered as the time the Ambassador, pressed by the Alaskan media on Minister Tobin's description of Alaskans as greedy scofflaws, said "I would not be a good diplomat if I were to comment on the style of my Minister."

The Alaskans made that the highlight of their reportage, causing some teeth-grinding in Ottawa but the Ambassador was philosophical: such are the risks of sparring with an adversarial media.

After a very successful reception on board the *Annapolis*, the crew repaired to the Red Dog Saloon for a ceremonial toast and hoisting onto the wall of one of the ship's life-rings. Look for it when you visit Alaska's modest and delightful capital.

"We have invited so many people to visit Old Crow but no one ever comes. And you came without even being invited!"

The following morning we took a small aircraft up the Lynn Canal to Skagway, staging ground for the historic Yukon Gold Rush. Skagway is one of the key tourist destinations for the 400,000 passengers who take the famous Alaska cruises from Vancouver.

After a rushed lunch with the Mayor, we boarded the famous White Pass and Yukon Railroad. The narrow-gauge track follows the route taken on foot by tens of thousands of stampeder in the winter of 1897-98. It took almost two hours to travel the twenty miles up to White Pass which sits 2,900 feet (885m) above Skagway.

Our trip led past spectacular forests and sheer cliffs on the leese of the mountains; but at the mountain pass/watershed marking the border between Alaska and British Columbia, the land became remarkably barren and wind-scarred. We disembarked in Fraser, BC, and drove the remaining eighty miles to Whitehorse.

Meetings the following morning with the Yukon Government Cabinet helped ground

our understanding of the Arctic Refuge/ Porcupine Caribou Herd issue, one of Canada's major differences with Alaska. Oil development in the Arctic Refuge threatens the caribou upon which 5000 Canadian Gwich'in depend.

We were fortunate once again that Canadian Air Force training requirements enabled us to hitch rides into more remote areas of the Yukon and Alaska. In Dawson, we had excellent meetings with the Porcupine Caribou Herd Management Board which had convened from across the Yukon and NWT for our benefit.

Our next stop was Old Crow, 100 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Accessible for all practical purposes only by air, the town is located beside the Porcupine River

located on a small hillock, stood out as a cold and aloof brick building among the simple wooden bungalows along Old Crow's gravelled main street.

The Gwich'in are called the "Caribou people of the Lakes," their culture and economic life rooted in the lifecycle of the caribou. We arrived in mid-July, shortly after the caribou would have had their young in distant Alaska.

I had already dealt extensively with the Gwich'in and so knew the messages for our delegation. What struck me most, however, was how the Gwich'in dependency on caribou was revealed in more subtle ways.

In private moments, young and old spoke excitedly about the return of the caribou. Everyone said "any time now" the caribou

roasted, dried, and souped. The visit concluded with the Ambassador and Mrs. Chrétien escorted onto the floor to perform and be honoured in a ceremonial dance.

On the way to the airport, Chief Bruce told the Ambassador how much he and the village appreciated the visit. "We have invited so many people to visit Old Crow but no one ever comes. And you came without even being invited!"

Our next stop took us back to Alaska and the town of Barrow. The northernmost town in the US, Barrow was the place where Will Rogers, cowboy-aphorist, died in a plane crash in 1935. An ancient base for Inupiat whale and seal hunts, Barrow is now flourishing thanks to the wealth of Prudhoe Bay.



Photo: M-L Gagosz

which, of course, gave the caribou herd its name.

A small village of about 250, Old Crow is sited on the migratory route of the caribou and exudes the neatness and civic pride of a small-town anywhere in Canada.

Once off the plane, the Ambassador jumped on the back of an ATV and roared off toward the community centre where Chief Robert Bruce and the entire village were waiting. The rest of us were left to walk or jump onto the back of a pick-up.

As I walked into the village, two buildings stuck in my mind. The Anglican missionary chapel from the turn of the century was still in good repair, even beside its much newer and larger successor. The RCMP station,

would appear, tens of thousands of them migrating past or even through their village. But "anytime" could mean tomorrow or in three months. On those terms, time is much more fluid and nature more unpredictable than the precise calculations we southerners build our lives around.

The wait was expressed in terms of hope and fear — a mixture of childlike excitement and an unspoken terror that this year the caribou might not come. That anxiety goes a long way to explain why the Gwich'in feel so strongly about permanent protection for the sacred birthing places of the Arctic Refuge.

The entire village greeted us in the new community centre where they had prepared a feast of caribou: meat-balled, stewed,

Diplomats meet Air Force One (Canadian version) crew on the tarmac at Fairbanks International Airport.

Arriving at midnight, we stepped out into late-afternoon daylight of the Arctic summer. We checked into the "Top of the World Hotel," which proudly claims beachfront property on the Arctic Ocean. Our rooms were outfitted to meet the needs of the typical visitor: heavy duty drapes, industrial heater, and no closet — presumably because occupants were never there long enough to bother changing.

A city of about 2000, Barrow seems caught between its past and present. Homesites are surrounded by every motorized vehicle

known to man, with pride of place going to the four-wheeled ATV. But hanging over these vehicle are racks of meat drying on the northern variation of the household clothes line.

Southern visitors are usually struck by the "junk yards" around northern homes. But we shouldn't be smug, considering these homes have no basements and garages, without which our own homes would look a tad more unkempt.

*It was an
embarrassing
admission of
the slim local
employment benefits
of oil development.*

The following morning we met our hosts with Arctic Power, a "grass-roots" organization lobbying to open the Arctic Refuge to oil and gas exploration. The group was formed to give the development cause a populist veneer to counter anti-development environmental groups.

Arctic Power had us scheduled for the same tour designed to win over allies in Congress for the forthcoming legislative debate in the fall. First stop was Kaktovik, the Inupiat community which lay along the coast of the Arctic Refuge, to hear the pro-development views of village leaders.

We arrived at mid-day. Looking very much like a movie set from "Ice Station Zebra," Kaktovik has a year-round population of about 150. It seemed like a place where people from the south came to make big money and people from the north stayed as long as people from the south paid them to. Over lunch, we asked town councillors how many townspeople worked for the oil industry. After all, Prudhoe had been operating for almost thirty years. The men pondered, hesitated and then remembered that the son of someone who used to live there was now working as an accountant with an oil company in Fairbanks. It was an embarrassing admission of the slim local employment benefits of oil development in the north!

On the way back to Barrow, we flew over the Refuge, hoping to get a glimpse of some caribou. Unfortunately, they had already left the birthing fields and had begun the migration back to the Yukon.

We saw a few stray animals which our hosts from Arctic Power said showed that

man, beast and industry can happily co-exist. It seemed a stretch to extrapolate the contentment of 160,000 on the presence of two, but when billions of dollars are at stake, you can hardly blame them for trying.

While the dedication of our hosts was unquestioned, Arctic Power seemed to have some way to go before they could match the fervour of their ENGO adversaries, but then again, it's hard to get mystical about an oil well.

Our last stop was Anchorage, Alaska's largest city and the economic centre of the state. The city lies at the foot of Cook Inlet, named after the explorer who mistakenly thought the inlet was the mouth of a great river into North America.

We spent the weekend reflecting on what we had learned in both the Yukon and Alaska. The Ambassador re-worked his speech to capture impressions and conclusions from the trip, especially his time with the Gwich'in.

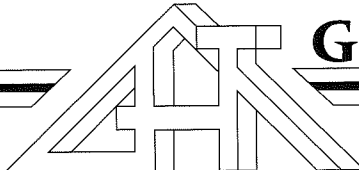
Throughout the visit, we were received with the utmost hospitality. Alaska prides itself in being "America's Last Frontier" and there was a palpable sense of 'anything is possible.' But there was also a strong sense of wonder and respect for the environment; there are as many people in Alaska seeking the wealth of nature as are there to find more traditional fortunes.

I was struck by some common threads linking the Yukon and Alaska. Alaska is facing the decline of Prudhoe Bay oil, the source of 85% of state revenues; the Yukon Government is struggling with declining federal payments which account for two-thirds of territorial revenues. Both are looking for the freedom to develop resources on their own terms.

But each also must balance classical development objectives with the interests of the native communities and the need to protect the fragile northern environment. Finding that balance will be very difficult, especially when southern compatriots look over northern shoulders and insist on being part of the process.

The trip was a priceless way to discover the human dimensions of the policies we are asked to advance and defend at post. It is not often in our profession when the abstract becomes real; but for ten days in the summer of 1995, I had one of those rare opportunities. ☺

Michael Welsh is currently head of the Environment and Fisheries Section of the Canadian Embassy in Washington. His previous postings include Manila, Singapore and Hong Kong.



GHT Associates Inc

**GHT ASSOCIATES HAS BEEN PROVIDING
PROFESSIONAL PROPERTY MANAGEMENT SERVICES
SINCE 1990**

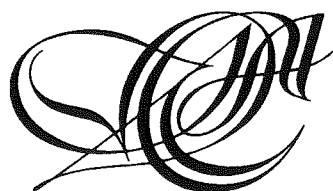
Professional Property Management Packages including:

- Rent your home.
Provide 24 hour emergency service.
Act as your agent for repairs by professional contractors.
Understand that effective property management means attention to detail.
- GHT Associates understand your concerns. Our entire management team have rented their homes while living abroad.
- Custom designed owner information packages and appointments in your home can be arranged at your convenience.

**GHT Assoc Inc has three Ottawa area offices and an E-mail address
to serve you better**
E-mail: GHT West1@aol.com

East 837-4581	Central 731-8874	West 599-8279
-------------------------	----------------------------	-------------------------

*Who is caring for
your elderly family
while you're away?*



LES ASSOCIÉS
ANN COULSON
ELDERCARE
SPECIALISTS

- Social Workers in partnership with families
- For information:
(819) 455-9712
P.O. Box 677
Chelsea, QC J0X 1N0

Pour vos besoins financiers

SI VOUS DÉSIREZ

- ♦ Améliorer vos rendements ♦
- ♦ Diversifier votre portefeuille ♦
- ♦ Des taux garantis supérieurs aux dépôts à terme ♦
- ♦ Des stratégies profitables pour les marchés actuels ♦



LÉVESQUE BEAUBIEN GEOFFRION INC.

Votre partenaire financier

Jacques Fillion

(Ex-délégué commercial 1968-86)

155 Queen, Bureau 306, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 6L1

Bur.: (613) 236-0103 / Téléc.: (613) 236-5916

**REÉR autogérés * Fonds d'investissement * Placements garantis
Actions * Abris fiscaux * Gestion de portefeuilles**

MARSH & MCLENNAN

Personal insurance coverage while abroad.

We at Marsh & McLennan
have a program specifically designed to meet
your overseas personal insurance needs.

At Marsh & McLennan,
we think you're special

Marsh & McLennan Limited
600-1565 Carling Avenue
Ottawa, Ontario K1Z 8R1
Tel.: (613) 725-5050 Fax: (613) 725-1108

REENGINEERING DFAIT

Developing, Reorienting and Rewarding the Foreign Service

by Don Waterfall

Change in DFAIT in the last several years has, to say the obvious, been enormous. Some changes have been small — dickering with the matrix system and with the FSD's, dropping a few traditional functions, revising appraisal forms — though the principles at work have been important. Some changes have been of great moment: immigration's move, computer networking, country desks, combining branches and program review. Many of these have led to real improvements. However, if staff often feel confused and their morale deflated by change, it is because changes can sometimes be blind, inconsistent or ill-considered.

To those leading major change, management and organization theory provides innovative messages, models and ideas that can clarify problems and improve operations. In the short space available, I would like to take a look at some Departmental issues in the light of such theories.

Management and Leadership

In any organization, public or private, good management is indispensable. The ingredients of good management are projection of a powerful vision for the organization (what we want to be), sound corporate policies, clear, practical goals and strategies to achieve them (I commend Peter Drucker's line that "all objectives must degenerate into work."), and, above all, an ability to establish and revise priorities and drop functions that have outlived their usefulness.

All of these concepts are part of the vernacular now because they lie at the core of program review. They also are well reflected in the mandate outlined for the new streamlined senior management group by Phase II. So far so good. Those who have been assigned these tasks have three very big commitments on which to deliver. They need to inspire us with their vision and, sometimes ruthlessly but always persuasively, establish priorities for foreign relations and international trade. They need to keep out of the hair of the directors-general to whom they have delegated the management of organizational units. And they need to keep operations and structures under constant review because we remain a long way from perfection.

Process Improvement

This innocent-looking phrase is charged with meaning. Processes are *business processes* as defined in the quality management and reengineering literature (hence my misleading title), and as mirrored to some extent in the business lines in the management system that Treasury Board has inaugurated. TQM and reengineering are often dismissed as jargon. They are less honoured in our Department than in most (which is to say honoured very little indeed). However, they have much to teach us, much that we have not learned.

*"All objectives
must degenerate
into work."*

A business line or process is the whole collection of activities that produce a particular product or service, normally for clients. It is oriented toward results and is judged by output, the quality and timeliness of service and effective use of resources. Process theory is critical of box and hierarchical structures of the traditional organization. Processes cut across artificial organizational boundaries, not only within departments but among them. The more radical approaches to reengineering processes break box units down altogether into teams, flexible structures that promote work-flow and adapt readily to changes in priorities. Team approaches work more or less well depending on leadership and other factors, but we do not have to adopt radical models to use process theory to understand and facilitate our businesses.

What are DFAIT's main business processes? We need to distinguish between major and minor and also between core and subsidiary. We have minor processes like consular and passport services. "Minor" is no term of disparagement. They are exceedingly important and have a large body of clients they must serve well. They are minor only because our organization is built around two bigger ones. The core/subsidiary distinction differentiates our main businesses — the conduct of foreign relations and the promotion of international trade — from the

internal processes that are supposed to serve and support them, specialized functions (legal, foreign policy, economic, sectoral) and administrative and technical support.

The trade process has a clearly defined set of clients — exporters — and delivers programs to assist and advise them. The conduct of Canada's relations with other states fits less well into the standard process model. It works toward foreign entities — states, organizations and conferences — not toward a clear set of Canadian clients. "Stakeholders" and lobbyists have an interest in foreign policy, but they are not its clients. The "customers" of foreign policy might be seen as the public as a whole or large chunks of it but seeing the public interest in terms of a client-service model is fraught with difficulty. Still, it is important to recognize that foreign relations activity is a delivery process, a production line, and to apply as much process improvement theory to it as possible in an effort to make it more effective, more measurable and more meaningful to Canadians.

Unless there is invisible testimony of which I am unaware, our corporate policy ignores process theory. Ours is one of the most traditional, hierarchical departmental structures in government. It is a pyramid of stacked boxes that manifest all the disadvantageous characteristics and conduct of such structures — turf battles, poor internal service, unwieldy coordination, lack of common cause, lack of priority for our main businesses, competition with other departments. Organizational units are independent kingdoms with their own interests and priorities that may be inconsistent with corporate priorities or do little to advance core operations.

Phase II, for example, looked at structure in the Department without basing it in any perceptible way on business process analysis. It cut out a level, which is praiseworthy, but, in its preoccupation with balance between geographical and functional organizations it gave us a slightly altered version of the same old chequered garment. The functional/geographic distinction is boringly familiar but vague and ill-conceived. For one thing, the former includes many multilateral activities that are not functional, but involve diplomacy directed toward entities that are not states. Real functional units and geographical

boxes are treated as all of a piece. They all do work without distinction as to the kind of work. But, as Glen Bailey said in an article in *bout* two years ago, the Department often behaves as if programs exist for the sake of policy rather than the reverse. The priority of policy and issues rests on the fact that we have always been good at them. Indeed, there is a real need to get policy right, since businesses are bound to be misdirected unless it is. We are, in Drucker's apt phrase, a knowledge organization *par excellence*. But we fail to see such activities correctly unless we see them in terms of the businesses they exist to serve.

Everyone has experienced peremptory dismissal at the hands of these organizations, has heard that you do not fit into *their* priorities. The slimming of administrative and financial organizations has helped but they remain independent empires in their own right. However, whether you could dismantle functional and support activities and subordinate them to the main trade and political business lines is moot. Specialization may require a critical mass to be useful and professional identity may be an important element of performance. But all functional and support units need to be seen as internal services. Their personnel need to be able to float to where there is an operational need. Although we bureaucrats are adept at avoiding threatening ideas, we should consider seriously the Australian and New Zealand models in which services are "bought" by users. If no one buys them, the product is not needed or not good enough and the organization can wither away. The senior manager's cutting tool is then easy to wield.

Internal Client Service

The most notable example of internal client service established in recent years is the Client Services Bureau. I have no hesitation in commending the open, accessible, "store-front" system or the client service staff who operate it. This is an improvement that deserves to be recognized. Nevertheless, the system is flawed and half-baked. If client service is really the name of the game, it is surprising we do not see more resources and more seniority on the front lines. Managers of retail outlets work on the floor; they do not cower like ours in barricaded offices behind the lines. The authority of client service staff, moreover, is exceedingly limited. Experts, say on the FSDs, continue to sit behind the curtain and pull strings. Of course, this raises a bigger issue, the continuing inflexibility of the FSDs, and other control-driven systems that cost more than they save, despite such modest but sound reforms as the simplification of FSD 50.

Country Desks

The formation of country desks is one of the most imaginative efforts to integrate our main processes ever undertaken. On balance, I am in favour because they (a) solve the "trade policy problem", making it a cooperative rather than a competitive affair, (b) ensure coordination of country-oriented objectives and relations, (c) ensure the primacy of Canadian economic interests, (d) apply a team approach in an innovative way, and (e) use resources efficiently and in an integrated manner. However, there seems to me to have been very little attention given to the differences between the two processes that have been combined. Even integrated into desks, we need to differentiate them conceptually, as this is the only way to ensure the right outcomes and measure effectiveness. We need to avoid confusing programs by blurring their objectives. Finally, it is disconcerting that an initiative designed to make more efficient use of resources has not saved money or bodies. But, then, in independent kingdoms, budgets never shrink.

Human Resources

Last year a much improved appraisal form came into use, ridding us of the inflated and corrupted system of tick marks and focusing more on accountability. Our system of promotion to grade rather than to position, moreover, is a fairer, more flexible one than exists in many government organizations. However, it has many flaws. The promotion system has become a fiasco. Too little room for advancement exists for it to be an incentive to those who are deserving. Given the many who are barely distinguishable in merit, the process, fair as it is in principle, is not capable of being fair in practice (just as it is impossible to have a fair distribution of goods in an impoverished society). Our system is cumbersome; it is designed to serve hierarchy, not effectiveness. We are forced to invent levels — deputy director, section head — to give people "experience in supervising", because that is their only route to success. Finally, our pay system rewards people for what they are rather than for what they do.

There is talk of increasing the number of grades to give people more promotions, and therefore more incentive, and elongating the FS category vertically to reward people for non-managerial merit. However, this is going in the wrong direction. What we need is a radical simplification of the system. A simplified grade structure — three levels, not counting senior managers, is plenty for FS and EX-1 and 2 categories — with a modest base pay (perhaps half current pay levels) based more or less automatically on

experience and qualifications. Bonuses amounting to half or more of total compensation should be based on performance, results. The total cost of the payroll would not be greater than now — it could be less — and it would reward the right people, the performers. "Performance pay", of course, has a bad name. It has always worked to inflate salary costs and there are questions about its fairness and accuracy. However, we have never had a system geared to reward performance. Almost all our resources go into investigating qualifications for promotion. They could be redeployed. Except for a modest nod toward seniority and knowledge, people should be rewarded for what they achieve, not for what they are. Compensation is not an entitlement but a material reward for productivity.

The promotion issue is secondary, however. The real issue is how we use and motivate people. The lack of a credible distinction between many EX's and FS-2's, for instance, suggests that we could be deploying all of them more effectively. This raises far-reaching questions about box structures versus teams, the need for so many EX's, the role of managers and the "empowerment" of talented staff, questions I will leave up in the air except for this parting comment. Our present system commands initiative and leadership from nearly everyone but then often suppresses it in favour of the power of a chosen few.

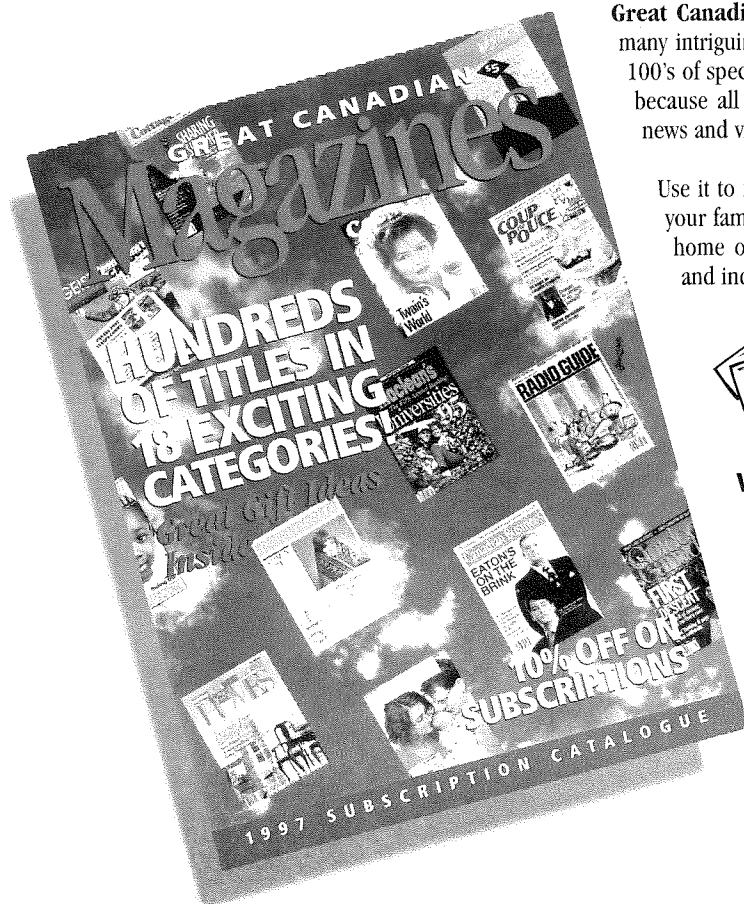
There is nothing easy about running a ministry such as ours. I have not touched on the complexity of foreign operations nor the huge role played by the political level in setting our priorities. I have said little about the role of information technology, which, regardless of its flaws, has transformed the way we do business, created global networks and radically altered our technical work force. I have been too FS-centred and not given enough due to the many other experts and service workers who make our work possible. I have not said enough about our interface with other departments nor about the quality of my colleagues. I do think, however, that there are much better ways to use, develop, reorient and reward them. Creating the organization geared for change is not a matter of inspirational messages from senior management. It requires a more basic overhaul of structures and attitudes than has yet entered mainstream thinking. ☺

Don Waterfall, Canada's Deputy High Commissioner in New Delhi, is also the author of Dismantling Leviathan: Cutting Government Down to Size (Dundurn Press, Toronto, 1995).

Sci-Fi *or* Sports Fishing Politics *or* Parenting Forbidden Fashions *or* Feminist Fiction

**Whatever your interest,
we've got a Canadian Magazine for you!**

Order Great Canadian Magazines today
A subscription catalogue for everyone



Great Canadian Magazines 1997 is here! Nowhere will you find so many intriguing titles on virtually every topic under the sun. There are 100's of special and general interest publications to choose from. And because all these magazines are published here in Canada, you get news and views that are relevant to your life.

Use it to find the perfect gift, one to match the special interests of your family and friends. Or treat yourself to some great reading at home or at work. Great Canadian Magazines 1997 is annotated and indexed, and has a handy address directory too.



To get your new catalogue, fill in the coupon and mail it today with \$5 (including GST, shipping and handling). We are also happy to take VISA or Mastercard orders by fax or phone.

**VISA AND MASTERCARD, PHONE
AND FAX ORDERS ARE WELCOME!**



TEL (416) 504-0274 FAX: (416) 504-0437



CANADIAN MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION
130 Spadina Avenue #202, Toronto, ON M5V 2L4
TEL (416) 504-0274 FAX: (416) 504-0437

**10% off on two or more
subscriptions!**

Great gift ideas!



Yes! Send me Great Canadian Magazines 1997. I enclose my credit card information or cheque for \$5 (GST, postage and handling are covered in this amount).

bdp

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____ Postal _____

☐ Cheque enclosed

☐ Credit Card

Visa

exp. date

Mastercard

exp. date

Signature _____



Rental
Management
for the
Foreign Service
Community

Use the benefits under the FSD's to have
your home managed professionally.

We can't make owning a home worry
free...but we can help.

How can professional management help?

Finding a tenant

- advertising
- tips on showing your home
- advising on rent
- credit checks
- leasing after departure

Closing the deal

- lease preparation
- recording your home's condition

Maintaining your property

- paying expenses
- collecting rent
- reporting
- repairs and maintenance
- regular inspections
- handling emergencies
- problems with tenants

Coming home

- diplomatic clause
- notice to tenants
- repairs

We've been there... we care!

390 Rideau St. E.P.O., P.O. Box 20118
Ottawa, Ontario K1N 9N5
Telephone 1-613-746-2367

bout de papier

Published/Tiré Quarterly

To subscribe simply fill in
the coupon below and
mail to us with your
cheque or money order
payable to **bout de papier**.

Veuillez compléter
le coupon ci-dessous et
le retourner avec votre
paiement au **bout de papier**
si vous désirez vous abonner.

- ☐ 1 year \$16.00/ ☐ 2 years \$30.00/
1 an, 16 \$* 2 ans, 30 \$*
- ☐ New/ ☐ Renewal/
Nouveau Renouvellement
- ☐ Mr./Monsieur ☐ Mrs./Madame
- ☐ Ms ☐ Miss

*International + \$6.00/yr/année *USA + \$4.00/yr/année

Name/Nom: _____

Address/Adresse: _____

City/Ville: _____

Prov.: _____

Code: _____

Mail to: **bout de papier**
412-47 Clarence Street
Ottawa, Ontario K1N 9K1

Adressez à : **bout de papier**
412-47 rue Clarence
Ottawa (Ontario) K1N 9K1

Mission to Attila

Diplomacy in the 5th Century A.D.

by Roger Lucy

If you believe that our Foreign Service is not what it used to be, (and sense positive alarm that anyone should study the role of the Political/Economic officer), I offer as a corrective a report by Flavius Priscus, a Roman diplomat, of a mission to the court of Attila the Hun in AD 448.

Priscus' world, like our own, was undergoing major changes. In AD 395, the Roman Empire was partitioned between the two sons of Theodosius I. The West remained under the political and religious control of Rome, the East was ruled from Constantinople. It is no coincidence that the line of partition between the two halves of the Empire closely corresponds with the present border between Bosnia and Serbia. Constitutionally the Roman Empire remained a single entity. In practice, the richer and more secure Greek-speaking East Roman Empire or "Byzantine Empire" drifted away from the rapidly declining West.

Byzantine diplomacy has a not undeserved reputation for cunning and duplicity. Its practitioners, however, saw their calling as *realpolitik*, making the most effective use of scarce resources. War is an expensive and uncertain business: policy goals can often be achieved more certainly and cheaply by dissimulation, subsidies and subversion. Priscus' mission to Attila is a good illustration of this approach.

An essential difference between late antique and modern diplomacy is that in those days there were no permanent missions. Embassies were just that, a specific mission sent from one ruler to another to convey a message or conduct negotiations. Often this involved a series of missions back and forth. With no fax, no telex and no SIGNET it was not a rapid process, but delay in itself could be an important objective.

In the mid 5th century AD the main threat to Roman security was the Huns, who had appeared on the Empire's borders in 375. A new and fearsome people of uncertain origins — but probably of mixed Turkic and Uralic provenance — they had burst across the Volga, subjugating or driving into Roman territory the Goths and Alans. At first the Huns were more a valued source of mercenaries to the Romans than a threat, but in the mid-430s they became much more

dangerous, when Rugila (and, after his overthrow, the brothers Attila and Bleda) brought all the Hunnish groups and their vassals under one control. In 444, Attila had Bleda killed and was sole ruler until his own sudden death in 453. The seat of Attila's power lay on what is now the Hungarian plain, but his control extended down the Danube and over most of Central Europe and Ukraine.

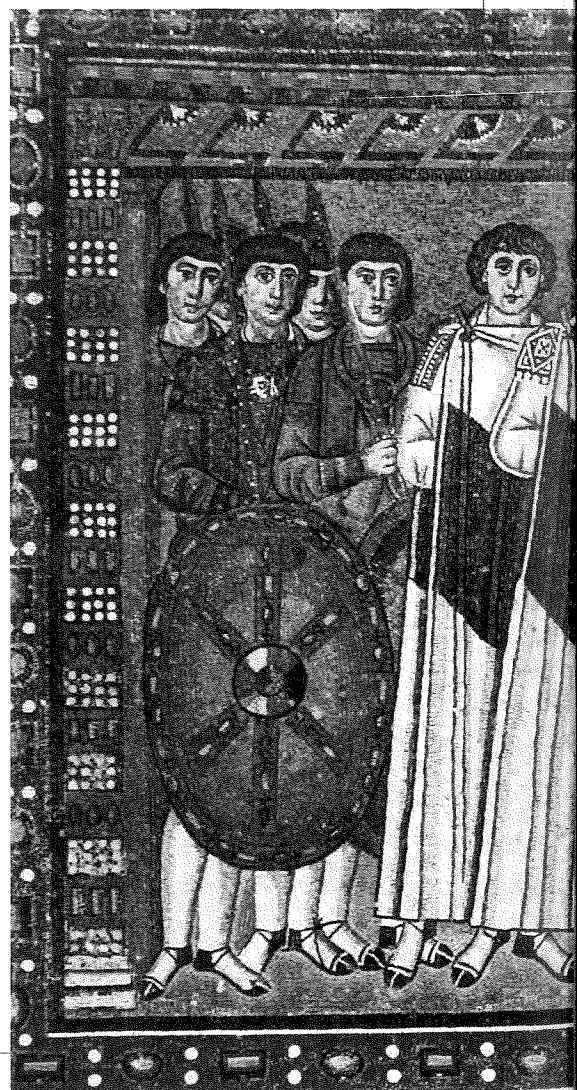
We know surprisingly little about Attila himself; even his real name is unknown. In Gothic, the *lingua franca* of Hunland, Attila means "Little Father", like Russian peasants' nickname for the Czar. Priscus tells us that he was short, broad chested, with a flat nose, swarthy complexion and a sparse, grey-sprinkled beard. Unlike most steppe nobles his dress was clean but austere, without the usual gold ornamentation on his clothes, boots and weapons. He ate off wooden plates while his courtiers dined off gold. Other charismatic dictators such as Napoleon, Hitler and Stalin have dressed more plainly than their senior generals and civil servants. Attila's manner was equally austere. He was aloof from his fellow tribesmen's boisterous amusements, his manner was businesslike and, as circumstances required, he could be gracious or in a ferocious rage. In terms of family life, Attila was a serial polygamist, accumulating wives to cement alliances. He was fond of his numerous children.

Attila's realm was multi-ethnic, an amalgam of Huns, east Germans, such as the Goths, and Alans and Sarmatians who spoke an Iranian dialect. There were not a few Romans: Pannonians from the middle Danube provinces overrun by the Huns; advisors from the Western Empire, who helped run Attila's fledgling civil service and some who found Hunland a welcome tax haven.

Attila's foreign policy objectives were simple: extort the maximum possible protection money from the Romans and ensure they met their payments. Over the course of 10 years Attila's demands increased six-fold from the 350lbs of gold (the annual salary of a Roman general, under which fiction it had been paid to his predecessor) to 2,100 lbs. While a ton of gold per year

seems an immense sum, many Roman senators made as much or more and, besides, its collection was by no means assured. Rome regarded its payments to barbarians as many modern states regard their UN dues — to be paid only when absolutely forced to do so. Attila also insisted that any escaped POWs who reached Roman soil be handed back or have their ransom paid. Justifiably nervous that the Romans might use them to foment trouble at home, he was also insistent that any Hun subject who sought asylum on Roman soil should be handed back.

Priscus' mission stemmed from Attila's claims that the Eastern Empire was not living up to the terms of the Peace Treaty of AD 447. Concluded following a series of devastating Hun attacks on the Balkans, in



The Emperor Justinian with his retinue.

retaliation for the alleged pillage of Hunnish burial mounds by the bishop of Margus, the treaty required the Romans to pay 6,000 lbs in arrears and evacuate a 100 km deep strip along the lower Danube. This Security Zone was intended partially to cripple the Roman frontier defences, partially to deny easy access to Roman territory by fugitive Huns. As well the treaty also required the return of fugitives and escaped POWs.

With the treaty signed and the Huns departed, the Romans promptly began to ignore its terms. In 448, Attila sent a senior courtier, Edecho, along with his Latin Secretary Orestes to demand the Romans send a high-level delegation back to Attila's capital to negotiate a new settlement. The Romans balked at sending the cabinet-level negotiators the Huns sought and instead selected a respected general, Maximinus, who asked Priscus to accompany him as an assistant. Meanwhile, some alternative diplomatic machinery went into action.

While waiting for the Roman delegation to assemble, Attila's messenger Edecho was given a palace tour by Chrysaphius, the Empress' Chamberlain. Edecho was duly impressed by the splendour he was shown.

He professed great interest when Chrysaphius suggested that he too could live in such style, were only the problem of Attila to be resolved. Edecho was an intimate of Attila, and often served as officer in charge of his bodyguard. Edecho asked for 50 lbs of gold up front to subvert Attila's bodyguard. Its delivery would require care and discretion. Attila, concerned about such possible conflicts of interest, always quizzed returning envoys about gifts they had received, and checked their baggage to ensure they told the truth. Chrysaphius' arrangement with Edecho was known only to the official Roman interpreter Vigilas, who was charged with ensuring Edecho got his gold. Maximinus and Priscus set forth with Edecho to Hunland unaware of this plot.

The two delegations travelled together. Relations became somewhat strained by Vigilas' less than diplomatic behaviour. Edecho's wounded feelings were soothed with gifts but Orestes' suspicions were aroused. At Naissus (Nish in Serbia) on the edge of the Security Zone, they met the local Roman commander who handed over 5 of 17 fugitives requested by Attila. Priscus paints a grim picture of Naissus, ravaged by

the Huns the year before. The delegations then proceeded to the Danube to be ferried across in dug-out canoes. The boatmen told them they had recently ferried a large band of Huns to the Roman side allegedly to prepare a hunting party for Attila. The Roman envoys suspected that they were actually part of a Hun military build-up should negotiations fail.

Once over in Hunland, the Romans were told to wait while Edecho went to advise Attila of their arrival. The next day they were taken to Attila's camp where the Hunnish leaders suddenly began to interrogate them about "the real reason" for their mission. Scottas, one of Attila's nobles, demanded that the Romans tell him what their bottom-line position was. The Romans refused, on the grounds that they had been instructed to deal directly with Attila. For the next couple of days, the Huns toyed with the Roman delegation: sending them off, then summoning them back once they had packed up and were on their way, then ordering them off again. Priscus decided it was time that he try to sort things out. With the help of Rusticius, a Roman expatriate who was a sort of resident fixer for visiting delegations, he sought out Scottas. His message was quite simple, Priscus would make it well worth Scottas' while if the Romans could see Attila. This seems to have the desired effect. Soon after, the Romans were summoned to see Attila.

Attila was not in a happy mood. Maximinus and Priscus were still unaware of the plot to kill him, but Attila was all too aware of it, Edecho having decided to forego his gold and tell Attila after all! Attila told the Romans he would not receive any delegations until all Hun fugitives had been returned. When Vigilas protested, Attila became very angry and told him that but for his diplomatic immunity, he would have had him impaled or fed to the birds. Attila then had a list of all unaccounted for fugitives read out. He ordered Vigilas to return to Constantinople with the message that the Romans could either deliver up the fugitives or consider themselves at war with the Huns.

That tirade over, Attila became quite gracious to Maximinus and received his presents and official letters. For the next several weeks, while awaiting Vigilas' return, the Romans followed Attila's entourage as it meandered around the Hungarian plain, eventually arriving at Attila's wooden capital. They were hospitably treated throughout, but they were accredited to a nomadic horde: there were no five star hotels and they had to camp out. Only when they reached Attila's capital were they given anything resembling four walls. In the course of their peregrinations they met up with a



West Roman delegation, come to appease Attila's wrath over the conduct of one of its citizens, an officer who had been on loan to the Huns and who had absconded with some church plate that Attila felt was his rightful booty. The perpetrator was now dead, crucified by the Huns, but he had pawned the gold at a Roman bank and Attila was demanding the extradition of the Bank's manager!

Priscus was meanwhile busily lobbying senior Hun opinion makers, including several of Attila's wives (who were very partial to pepper and silks and other oriental luxuries) and Onegesias, one of Attila's senior marshals. Onegesias got quite huffy when Priscus suggested that he would be well rewarded if he looked favourably at the Roman position in the next round of talks. He did however arrange another audience with Attila, and ensured the Romans were invited to his feasts. The audience made little progress. The Huns had concluded that Maximinus was not empowered to offer more than he had been instructed to. He was told to return to Constantinople, with a Hun delegation, to demand the Romans send a Ministerial level delegation. Several names were suggested; Maximinus objected that so naming them would discredit them in the Emperor's eyes but

Attila insisted. Attila's Latin secretariat prepared letters for the delegations to deliver. Some side business was conducted. The Romans secured the release of some high ranking captives and the Huns requested that a wife of suitable rank and wealth be found for a favoured West Roman exchange officer. The departing Romans were given gifts of furs and horses, the Hun equivalent of a silver tray or Inuit sculpture.

On their return journey, the Romans were shown some examples of Hun justice at work. A spy, apprehended near the Danube was impaled. Two slaves who had killed a Hun were crucified. The accompanying Hun delegation became increasingly surly and once back in Roman territory took back their gift-horses. They met Vigilas coming the other way, back from Constantinople, but missed the denouement at Attila's court.

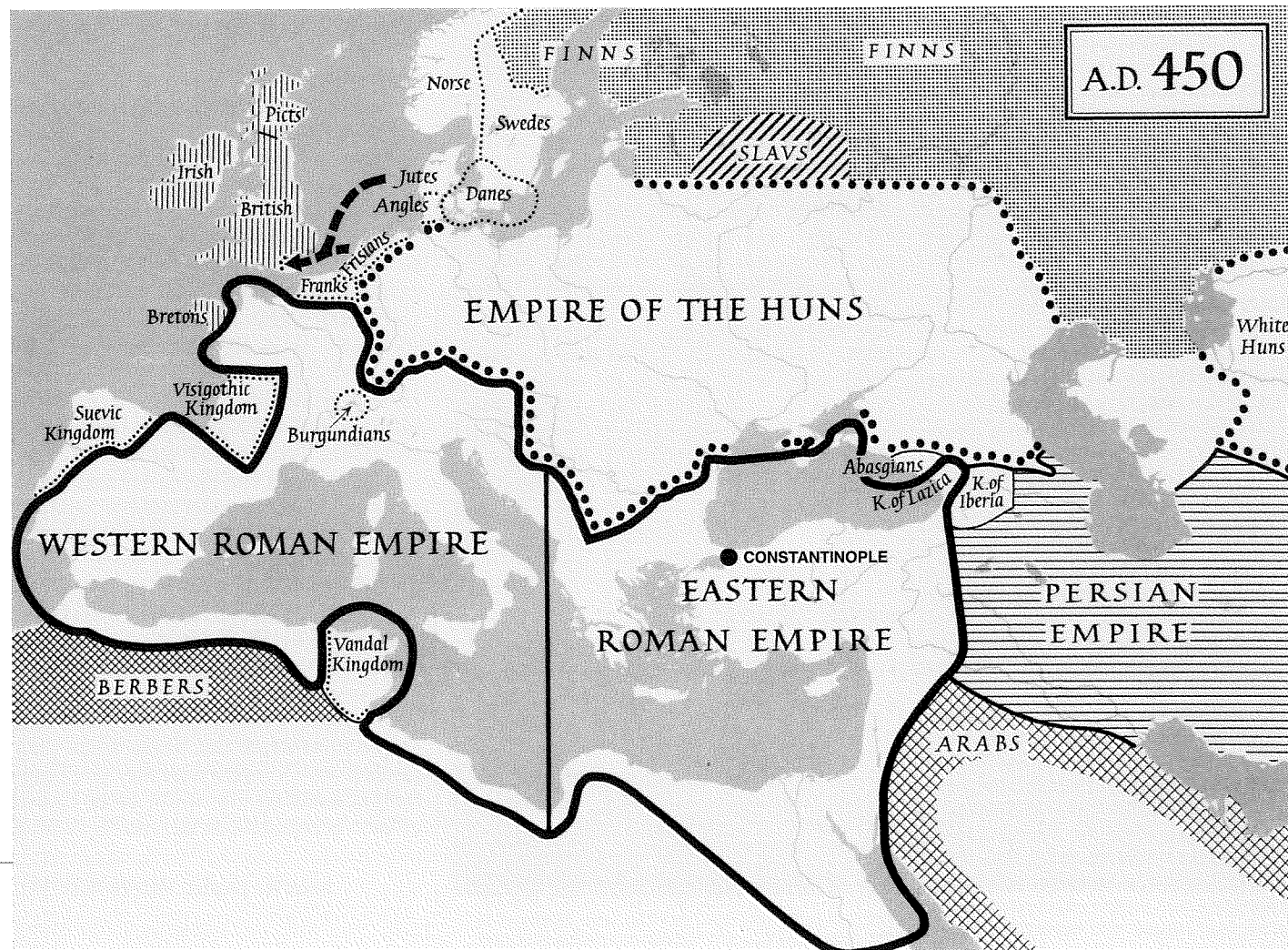
Vigilas, unaware that Edecho had welched on their deal, not only had his 50 lbs of gold for Edecho, but had brought his son as well. Once in Attila's capital he tried to dispense his gold to Attila's bodyguard, but immediately fell afoul of an order from Attila that Roman delegations must confine their expenditures to basic necessities. The KGB could not have done it better. Compromised, Vigilas was confronted by Attila, who threatened to kill his son unless he revealed all. Vigilas

did, putting the blame on Chrysaphius. Attila now wanted Chrysaphius' head. He agreed to spare Vigilas' life, but demanded an extra 50 lbs of gold from him.

In the end Chrysaphius' life was spared. The Romans agreed to send the two senior negotiators Attila had requested. They succeeded in mollifying his demands, and even secured the return of the Security Zone to Roman control, on the understanding that no more Hun fugitives would be granted asylum. These terms seem very mild, but Attila's attention was turning to the West.

The quarrel over the absconded church plate escalated into full scale war. For the next few years the Huns were preoccupied with futile attacks on the Western Empire. The year after that Attila was dead, carried off by a stroke on yet another of his marriage beds. His many sons fell to quarrelling over their inheritance, the Huns' German subjects rebelled and the Hunnish realm collapsed. The Romans re fortified the Danube line and returned to their tried and true ways of playing off one barbarian tribe against another.

At first sight Priscus' mission does not seem to be a resounding success, but its main objective was damage control, stalling for time. The endless shuttling back and forth put off the day the Romans would



actually have to meet Attila's demands in full. By sending an insufficiently senior envoy, the Romans injected several more months of delay into the process. In all, while in itself it accomplished little, the mission was a success.

Priscus himself showed superior **initiative, perseverance and performance under pressure**. He demonstrated good **advocacy** skills, used his hospitality allowance well and showed a high degree of **cross-cultural sensitivity**. His **reporting**, if long winded, shows he was a sensitive observer with good **analytical skills**. Vigilas' appraisal would have been less than fully satisfactory. He showed major weaknesses in **judgement, discretion and interpersonal relations**. While he showed considerable **initiative**, it was the wrong kind. The lack of serious retribution for the plot to assassinate Attila seems surprising, perhaps it was so amateurish that Attila never took it seriously. ☺

Roger Lucy is a Political/Economic officer who has served in Chicago, Tehran, Oslo and Trinidad. Until recently, he was working at CIDA on nuclear safety assistance programmes in the former Soviet Union — Priscus' "in partibus barbarorum" — but has now returned to DFAIT, where he works in the Export Controls Division.

IAN H. WARREN Barrister & Solicitor

•
Personal Service
at a Fair Price

•
Real Estate
Wills & Estates
Business Law

•
Suite 2000-150 Metcalfe St.
Ottawa, Ontario
K2P 1P1

(613) 565-3813

Open up a new world of opportunity for your son or daughter



The world is not what it used to be and today, more than ever, a well-rounded education is essential.

Since 1916, Shawnigan Lake School has provided generations of young people with the necessary tools for self-realization as well as professional and business success.

Located 40 km north of Victoria on Vancouver Island, the School offers an idyllic environment in which boys and girls in Grades 8-12 can discover and develop their self-confidence through our wide-ranging academic, athletic and fine arts programs.

For further information, please call Judith Detchon, Director of Admissions.

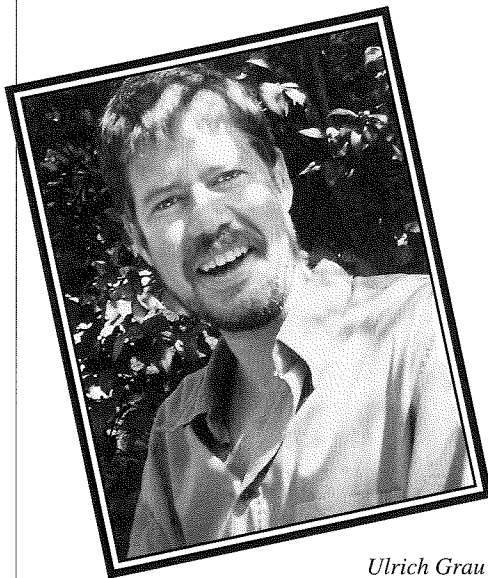


SHAWNIGAN LAKE SCHOOL

Shawnigan Lake, British Columbia V0R 2W0

Telephone: 205-743-6207

Trading Places / Dans la peau d'un autre



Ulrich Grau

Formal agreements exist between the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade and its counterpart ministries in Germany, the UK, Australia, New Zealand and Mexico to exchange foreign service officers on a regular basis. For the year 1995-96, Ulrich Grau of the German foreign service worked as a political officer in DFAIT's European Union Division, while DFAIT's own Alain Hausser travelled to Bonn to work at the Auswärtiges Amt. Here are their respective impressions.

Il existe entre le ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international et ses homologues de l'Allemagne, du R.-U., de l'Australie, de la Nouvelle-Zélande et du Mexique des ententes officielles d'échange d'agents du service extérieur sur une base régulière. Pour l'année 1995-1996, Ulrich Grau, du service étranger de l'Allemagne, a travaillé à titre d'agent politique à la Direction de l'Union européenne d'AÉCI, tandis qu'Alain Hausser, d'AÉCI, s'est rendu à Bonn pour travailler à l'Auswärtiges Amt. Voici leurs impressions respectives.

From My Cubicle

by Ulrich Grau

It is a rewarding perspective to see one's own microcosm — in my case the German foreign ministry — from a different angle. From outer space, Foreign Services might indeed look like a world of bureaucrats who work to exactly the same tune everywhere, churning out briefing books and talking points on late Friday afternoons, wondering how much difference it makes. Seeing Bonn from Ottawa, however, gives you some ideas about differences in very similar systems. A few months with the Canadian Foreign Service (ten of a twelve months exchange programme so far, spent in the European Union Division) certainly do not provide complete insight into the complex relations that exist in a mechanism like a Foreign Service, but they provide some standard of comparison. I will try to return a small part of this benefit by describing some features of the German Foreign Service. If nothing else, they might offer some consolation, where applicable, regarding the lot people in the foreign service share. These are, of course, my personal views.

Our Daily Bread: Briefing Books

German staff meet with the minister twice a year (and we have the right to insist that he shows up in person). After some introductory remarks, the meeting typically turns into a veritable "scrum", and sometimes dialogue — valuable for both sides, the political staff as well as the bureaucrats. The Minister gets first hand knowledge of grievances and may commit himself to making changes. In some cases, this can clear the air immediately. In many cases, considerable pressure is brought upon the management to look for improvement. At one meeting with the Minister, staff members complained over briefing books. "What briefing books?", was the Minister's reply. In fact, he had a vague notion of strange



Alain Hausser

binders being carried around by his entourage. But he had certainly no idea about the tiresome manufacturing process that many of his staff are busy with too much of the time. The standards were simplified after that meeting; individual perfectionism and exaggerated demands suffered a temporary setback.

Coping with Change

Speaking of Minister-staff relations: I was in Bonn at the time Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, who had ruled the ministry for so many years, left office and Minister Klaus Kinkel took over. The Foreign Ministry at that time was working perfectly to its master's tune — even after he had left. Although there was some bickering at the top echelon of the Liberal Party, it was a smooth transition, given, inter alia, Minister Kinkel's experience as head of Mr. Genscher's office in the Foreign Ministry earlier in his career. Continuity was one of the trademarks of the Genscher years and still prevails in the German Foreign Service. When the politician at the top and the administrative level are closely meshed after working together for many years, time and energy are saved that go into building a working relationship with every new minister, especially when they bring in many new people from outside foreign affairs or when they belong to a different political party. A fresh perspective, on the other hand, can break up crusts and unhealthy personal obligations that may develop over time, especially when mixed

with party politics. At Lester B. Pearson, administrative structures and party politics certainly appear to be a complex dynamic.

Some other features of continuity: it is an often followed rule at the Auswärtiges Amt in Bonn to change only as much as is absolutely necessary when you take up a new position (during the Genscher reign "language" was built over years and the change of a comma might have indicated a shift in policy). Continuity is also secured by a very institutionalized system. One example: for every officer there is a deputy as a back-up, clearly identified in the ministry's directory, who is supposed to have the same knowledge of the files. And there is a strict rule that both may not be absent at the same time. Organisational structures, too, are changed as rarely as possible. It seems that the reverse is true at Lester B. Pearson: ideas float freely and change is in the air daily; it is the competence of a person that counts rather than his or her detailed knowledge of a file or his or her position in the hierarchy — which I find good in many respects. However, a very personalized system with little institutionalized back-up can easily become a source of stress and anguish.

*At Lester B. Pearson,
administrative
structures and party
politics certainly
appear to be a
complex dynamic.*

Time for Reforms: The German Foreign Service Act

In times of budget cuts, reforms are of special importance. I enjoyed the retreat of the Europe branch in April and the strong belief in reviewing and reorganizing. The fact itself that everyone in a branch, the whole team, participates in an endeavour to improve their work and their own working conditions must be recommended as an example. This is time well spent, especially if there is good follow-up.

I glanced through the report of the Royal Commission on Conditions of Foreign Service submitted in 1980, advising against a Foreign Service Act. Back in 1968, then Foreign Minister Willy Brandt set up a commission of parliamentarians and bureaucrats to look into the issue of reform of the German foreign service. They presented

their report in 1971 and suggested a Foreign Service Act which today is the basis of our service (well, the Act came into effect in 1991 — it sometimes takes a while). Given the intensive competition to recruit young and qualified staff and a generally increasing reluctance to serve abroad and be exposed to health risks and other dangers, the Foreign Service had to be kept an attractive profession; the Act served this purpose. (It is certainly true, as was stated in an e-mail the other day, that many want our jobs. But the applicants are not necessarily those the Canadian or German Foreign Service would want to hire in order to serve best the country's interests in the world.)

The Act takes due account of the special circumstances of the Foreign Service by making provision for factors specifically related to service abroad. For instance, the special duties of foreign service officials, notably the obligation throughout one's career to accept all postings, call for an equal concern on the part of the employer for the welfare and protection of officers. At posts abroad, heads of mission assume this responsibility. Some examples:

- Provided that an illness or the consequences thereof can be ascribed to conditions injurious to health or otherwise substantially different from those prevailing in Germany, officials and their families may be granted accident compensation on the same basis as in the case of accidents incurred in the course of official duties. Similar rules apply to material damages.
- Explicit recognition is given to the part played by spouses in carrying out official duties. Spouses who assist officials or the mission in the performance of their functions are entitled to support in this connection. In addition, spouses get an allowance of 5% of the official's salary abroad as compensation for not being able to take up a job or, for example, pay into a pension fund.

It is important to note that the Act transfers competence in certain areas to the Federal Foreign Office, for instance to regulate leave for officials on foreign postings, with only a participating role for the Ministry of the Interior and the Ministry for Finance.

Do We Enjoy our Job?

Do we enjoy coming to the office in the morning (to the extent possible) or just hope that the day goes by — an important question asked by the ADM-Europe Branch at the retreat of the branch in April. Crossing the street in Bonn while on holidays a short while ago, I met a colleague who had joined

the German Foreign Service the same year I did, in 1987. I learnt that he had left the Foreign Service the day before, to join the secretariat of one of the many organizations that have their offices in Bonn. "My wife has a good job, my kids a good school, we have a nice house near Bonn and the organisation I am now with will not move their offices to Berlin. So why stay with Foreign Affairs?"

*For every officer
there is a deputy
as a back-up who is
supposed to have the
same knowledge
of the files.*

Many, though, do stay, despite the fact that postings around the world get worse (Edmonton was closed, Saratov opened), promotions are extremely rare due to budget cuts (plus, too many of the remaining promotion positions go to the people around the minister) and frustration prevails that competences are being whisked away by the chancellery (i.e. PMO/PCO), which is shaping German foreign policy to an ever greater degree. Some might simply regard the Foreign Ministry as the safest bet in difficult times: civil servants cannot be laid off or forced into early retirement (the only way to cut is to reduce new entrances to a minimum, which we already do). For many, however, it is as fascinating as it is important to take part, to the best of one's possibilities, in our common efforts for peace, prosperity and friendship among nations and to help manage the fundamental changes the international system is undergoing today.

Popcorn

I enjoyed the open doors and the open atmosphere at Lester B. Pearson, in every respect. Floors in Bonn look deserted and depressingly quiet because most people still sit behind closed doors. In too many cases, hierarchical attitudes prevent efficient teamwork. And I cannot think of any microwave in the Auswärtiges Amt serving as the warming centerpiece of a division, with the smell of freshly prepared popcorn around noon. At Lester B. Pearson, I felt integrated (also with regard to briefing book "specials" on late Fridays) and treated equally (including the window-less cubicle for newcomers). I was most impressed by

the way a comparatively small number of people handle Canada's unbelievable variety of memberships in all the important political clubs on earth (UN, G-7, NATO, OSCE, GATT, NAFTA, OAS, APEC, Commonwealth, Francophonie — to mention just a few). It is with great respect — and many thanks — that I will leave the Canadian foreign service in September.

*I cannot think of any
microwave in the
Auswärtiges Amt
serving as the
warming centerpiece
of a division.*

A European Experience

Working in the European Union Division, I should not conclude without some promotion of the European cause. Again, the experience of seeing something from the outside that I was used to knowing from the inside is rewarding (and good preparation for my future job at the German embassy in Ottawa). The European Union will more and more be Canada's partner in Europe, in the economic and the political field. The Union is still defining its political shape, but however community and intergovernmental elements mix over the years and decades to come, whether it be a multi-speed Europe with a flexibility clause and "opting out", or an ever closer Union of 15 and more, a Community built on the principle of subsidiarity is the only way to preserve peace and prosperity for all our societies. Most Europeans think that way when they really have to make up their minds. For me, this certainly is the lesson from history and the guideline to follow. ☺

Ein Kanadier in Bonn

by Alain Hausser

La proposition de travailler pendant une année pour le ministère allemand des Affaires étrangères avait quelque chose d'exaltant. Il s'agit en quelque sorte de changer de peau et de jouer, si j'ose dire, au fonctionnaire allemand le temps de quelques mois, et de se plonger tête baissée

dans la culture allemande. Or l'Allemagne est tout, sauf un poids plume. Découvrir de l'intérieur les rouages de l'administration d'une des grandes nations d'Europe ne pouvait qu'être des plus enrichissants, au plan personnel comme professionnel.

Se frotter à l'histoire et à la culture d'un peuple est une bonne préparation au décodage des mouvements politiques et sociaux d'un pays. Fréquenter le milieu diplomatique allemand offre aussi l'occasion de rencontrer ces deux Allemagnes, celle des traditions et celle de la modernité. Le «Bureau extérieur» (*Auswärtiges Amt*) existe depuis 1870, cultive un certain sens des traditions et se targue, comme bien d'autres de ses vis-à-vis européens, de représenter une certaine idée cosmopolite, moderne et plutôt élitiste du pays qu'il représente. Le *Auswärtiges Amt* n'est peut-être pas pour rien dirigé depuis des décennies par des ministres issus du petit parti libéral (F.D.P.), qui a toujours été le parti d'une grande bourgeoisie «libérale», plutôt dédaigneuse des grands partis «populaires» chrétien-démocrate et socio-démocrate. Le ministère change, mais il donne toujours l'impression d'être un club plutôt homogène, essentiellement d'hommes de vieille souche allemande ayant fait leur droit. Le vouvoiement est de rigueur, sauf entre camarades de promotion ou alors après avoir cassé la glace, après quelques déjeuners pris en commun à la cafétéria. Les rapports hiérarchiques sont plus stricts que chez nous, ce qui n'est pas incompatible avec la scrupuleuse célébration de chaque anniversaire, départ et arrivée à la direction, avec vin mousseux, café, gâteaux, poignées de main et un soupçon de courbette.

Ce côté traditionnel se reflète aussi dans une certaine indifférence ou méfiance pour toute nouvelle technologie. Il ne faut pas se moquer trop vite de ce trait connu du caractère allemand, qui me donna l'impression, en passant du *Auswärtiges Amt* à notre ambassade, de quitter l'après-guerre pour une nouvelle ère post-industrielle; je n'ai obtenu mon ordinateur, courrier électronique inclus, qu'après sept mois de démarches et les boîtes vocales ou même répondeurs resteront peut-être encore longtemps chose inconnue au *Auswärtiges Amt*, mais il y avait quelque chose de terriblement plaisant à passer de longues heures de travail, crayon à la main, en sachant qu'une secrétaire compétente s'occuperait d'à peu près tout le reste une fois mon texte terminé. Et puis les Allemands me semblent avoir atteint une qualité de vie si élevée, que je les comprends un peu de se méfier à priori de tout changement. Bref, là où le visiteur percevra à l'immeuble Pearson un bourdonnement comparable souvent à celui d'une salle de

rédaction, il se croira, à parcourir les longs couloirs silencieux et voire monastiques du *Auswärtiges Amt*, dans quelque collège classique de province. Les couloirs sont un peu sombres puisqu'il y a des fenêtres s'ouvrent et se ferment sur chacun des bureaux et pièces occupés: il n'y a pas de climatisation et c'est souvent chaud et bruyant, mais personne à Bonn ne travaille dans un trou...

*Le Auswärtiges Amt
est un endroit idéal
pour chercher
à comprendre et
réconcilier le passé
et le présent*

Cela étant dit, le *Auswärtiges Amt* est un endroit idéal pour chercher à comprendre et réconcilier le passé et le présent, puisqu'il est constitué d'un corps d'hommes et de femmes cultivés et souvent polyglottes (l'anglais et le français sont obligatoires) parfaitement conscients de l'image toujours trouble, chez bien des étrangers, de l'Allemagne, à la fois marquée par son histoire et son poids démographique et économique au cœur de l'Europe (78% des Britanniques interrogés avouaient récemment toujours associer l'Allemagne avec Hitler et la guerre). Toute la diplomatie allemande n'a eu de cesse, depuis cinquante années et plus encore aux lendemains de la réunification et du regain d'inquiétude que cela suscite chez ses voisins, de réitérer ses engagements en faveur de la construction européenne et du lien atlantique, OTAN et dialogue transatlantique compris. Durant mon séjour au sein du secteur de l'Europe, j'ai été frappé par l'importance accordée par la diplomatie allemande à son étroite collaboration avec la France. Bonn reste conscient des sensibilités étrangères et sait avoir besoin de la caution française pour bâtir l'Union européenne sans se faire accuser de volonté d'hégémonie. Bonn sait aussi que le pays ne pourra sortir d'un certain esprit de prostration qu'à travers la réappropriation d'un patriotisme de bon aloi, c'est à dire d'un sentiment national fortement ancré dans le cadre européen. Depuis qu'elles sont accompagnées de la bannière étoilée bleu et or de l'Union européenne, les couleurs allemandes s'affichent avec moins de complexité.

Pour convaincre l'opinion européenne et mondiale de sa bonne foi, l'Allemagne

investit énormément dans la diffusion de sa politique mais aussi de sa culture et de sa langue afin de faire simplement connaître ce qu'elle est et les valeurs qu'elle défend aujourd'hui. Les instituts Goethe et son réseau d'écoles et collèges sont connus à travers le monde, tandis que le Bureau de presse publie un nombre incroyable de brochures sur à peu près tous les sujets pouvant concerner le fonctionnement de l'État et de ses institutions. Le Président de la République fédérale, sans détenir beaucoup de pouvoir, se révèle pourtant par ses nombreux discours et interventions un personnage clé de la vie publique, un peu à la manière d'un bon pasteur de village ou autorité morale supérieure de la nation. Le Chancelier, le ministre des Affaires étrangères mais aussi la Présidente du Bundestag n'ont de cesse eux aussi de prononcer des discours édifiants réitérant les idéaux démocratiques et humanistes de l'Allemagne contemporaine. Les médias assument leur part de responsabilité et diffusent avec application une ligne modérée afin d'éviter de favoriser, dans un pays où vivent sept millions d'étrangers, l'éclosion de mouvements xénophobes comparables à ceux fortement installés en Autriche ou France, toutes proches.

Si le Canada s'avance doucement et compte augmenter le nombre de ses programmes d'échanges, il s'agit d'une pratique importante et systématique de la part des Allemands.

Alors que les chancelleries et ministères des Affaires étrangères étaient traditionnellement les bastions types du secret, le Auswärtiges Amt cultive une politique d'ouverture et de transparence vis-à-vis de ses interlocuteurs. J'ai été frappé dès mon arrivée par le peu de sécurité prévalent au ministère. Après un bref coup d'oeil sur mon passeport, un soldat me laissa entrer dans l'immeuble sans autre formalité. Après m'avoir fait signer quelques papiers, mon contact à la direction du personnel me laissa me diriger seul à travers le labyrinthe ministériel; je ne m'étonnai bientôt plus de voir

passer sur les étages des tas d'inconnus et étrangers (dont ceux de ma propre ambassade !), sans même le moindre badge sécuritaire. Nous étions peu à posséder un coffre et rares étaient les collègues qui songeaient à fermer leur porte à clé, à moins qu'ils n'aient voulu protéger leur portefeuille ou quelque souvenir accroché au mur. Tout cela a un côté sympathique, mais je me demande parfois si cela n'explique pas, en partie, les succès d'antan de bien des espions est-européens à Bonn...

Cette politique de la porte ouverte se manifeste aussi dans les documents, rarement classifiés, dans la tenue de nombreuses réunions et, surtout, la présence de plusieurs diplomates étrangers en détachement comme moi au Auswärtiges Amt. Si le Canada s'avance doucement dans cette direction, et compte augmenter le nombre de ses programmes d'échanges, il s'agit d'une pratique importante et systématique de la part des Allemands, surtout au sein du secteur de l'Europe. La France, qui reste comme je l'ai dit un partenaire privilégié, a en moyenne trois de ses fonctionnaires délégués au Auswärtiges Amt. Le Royaume-Uni, l'Italie, la Suisse, les Pays-Bas, d'autres États ouest-européens et les États-Unis envoient, pour des périodes de temps de quelques semaines à trois années, des fonctionnaires, de préférence en préparation pour une affectation dans l'ambassade locale. A ces représentants de pays traditionnellement alliés s'ajoutent, pour des périodes de temps plus limitées, de nombreux diplomates d'Europe centrale et de l'est, Russie ou Albanie inclus. Inutile de préciser que la fréquentation de ces étrangers se révéla riche de renseignements sur leur perception de la construction européenne, vaste sujet s'il en est...

Le bénéfice essentiel de ces quelques mois passés à Bonn aura donc été la fréquentation de collègues, surtout allemands, différents et proches à la fois de ce que nous pouvons être ou vivre au Canada. Je visite souvent, cette fois comme diplomate canadien, le bâtiment du Auswärtiges Amt. Je continuerai à croiser mes collègues (quelquefois amis) allemands au cours de séances de «briefing», réceptions, ou même durant ces très sympathiques déjeuners mensuels entre jeunes diplomates étrangers et fonctionnaires allemands. Mais ce sentiment particulier de familiarité que je peux ressentir à croiser (et s'il vous plaît toujours saluer) ces visages plus ou moins connus me semble donner une couleur, une densité particulière à ma vision de ce pays. Je peux bien l'avouer : si l'intention de ce programme était de jeter de nouveaux ponts et réitérer l'amitié entre nos deux pays, je suis plus que jamais prêt à me prêter au jeu. ☺

Ouseley Hanvey Clipsham Deep

*Chartered Accountants
Comptables Agréés*

- ♦ Income Tax
- ♦ Financial Planning
- ♦ Audit and Accounting
- ♦ Accounting Systems Implementation
- ♦ Bookkeeping

(613) 562-2013
47 Clarence St., Suite 410
Ottawa, Ontario, K1N 9K1

ROYAL LePAGE

**Margaret
Forward**

Award-winning sales representative



***Experienced, professional
real estate service in the
National Capital area***

**Please write or fax me for
up-to-date information
on market trends**

Royal LePage Real Estate Services
200-1335 Carling Avenue
Ottawa, Ontario K1Z 8N8
Business (613) 725-1171
Residence (613) 761-9955
Fax (613) 725-3323

The Head of Mission's Most Valued Friend

or TIPS FOR AMBASSADORS PLANNING TO DRIVE THE KHYBER PASS

by John G. Hadwen

When the Right Honourable Roland Michener was about to go to India as High Commissioner he asked me, because he temporarily occupied an office next to mine, for advice on how to conduct himself as a Head of Mission (HOM) at a Canadian foreign service post. In retrospect I believe I neglected to give him one of the most important pieces of advice that anyone can receive going to this kind of assignment, namely, to make a friend of and to depend on your driver. By all accounts he did so anyway.

The driver will meet the Head of Mission within minutes of arrival at the post, will also be at the Residence home each day and take him or her to and from the office, will be with the HOM on official calls and local travels, and will be the last person seen as the HOM leaves the post years later. For most Heads of Mission the working day is not over until sometimes three or four official functions are attended in the evening. So there will be a series of long and arduous days for the Head of Mission and for the driver. It is not surprising therefore that over the months and years an HOM may spend in constant contact with his or her driver, they should get to know each other very well indeed.

The driver comes under many pressures. Anyone who has driven a North American car in a country which drives on the other side of the road will realize the difficulties this creates. But imagine having to do this month after month and year after year, in crowded Third World urban and rural conditions. The roads in a Third World country, or in an old world capital, are congested, often narrow, and full of dangers. To undertake a difficult mountain journey in Asia without being able to naturally and easily see round the corners is to say the least a major handicap. There is the added problem of spare parts and maintenance. For many years efforts were made to use Canadian-built cars in countries where there were no spare parts available anywhere nor any



experienced service facilities. Somehow the drivers the Canadian missions managed to recruit, learned how to carry with them the tools and equipment which helped them to deal with at least some mechanical problems in a completely hostile environment. They became skilled at preventive maintenance and experts in finding and obtaining help no matter where they were.

Most HOM's drivers develop a fine tuned antenna for the likelihood of difficulty. Often they are able to see the signs of disquiet in a community and anticipate which roads in which districts will be safe. These problems are of course compounded when

An Ambassador's dream?

an HOM is required to travel outside the capital city or even to visit countries of double accreditation.

In recent years there has continued to be danger for many Canadian HOMs abroad. A disgruntled employee who has been fired may become unbalanced. There could be grievances directed against the Ambassador as a representative of Canadian policy. There have been instances of planned attacks, whether of terrorist or other origins, directed at the Canadian HOM. When these conditions

arise, and sometimes they continue for long periods and are completely unpredictable, a major burden falls on the HOM driver. From time to time, specially protected vehicles are needed and armed guards and a protective convoy provided. HOM drivers cope with these challenges.

There is also the fact that in most Third World and most First World countries the HOM is often required to be on the roads at time of very heavy traffic. By definition there are many cases involving hasty trips to the airport or attendance at major functions involving huge crowds and complicated arrangements. The drivers with whom I have had experience developed techniques for dealing with such conditions.

To have a driver is a strange thing for a Canadian.

In Karachi in the early 50s I was once, in an emergency, driving myself to the airport when an elderly tribesman walked from a hidden entrance directly into the side of my car. I stopped at once to help him and a large crowd gathered and there was a general discussion about what to do with the injured man. A guide was found and I drove him with this guide to the nearest hospital. Throughout this particular episode I gave no thought to any potential difficulty for myself or the car and communication worked very well in spite of my limited knowledge of the local language. There are, however, circumstances in which foreign drivers are advised not to stop if there is an accident, but to drive on and report as soon as possible to some official authority (if they can find one). This is perhaps one of the main reasons why a Canadian HOM does not generally drive himself or herself in most of the countries of the Third World. You do not know whether the herd of goats on the road ahead will get off the road at the sound of your horn. You do not know how quickly the bullock driver will bring his cart to the side of the road to enable you to get past him in conditions of relative safety. You do not know whether people will get out of the way when your car approaches them.

The drivers of course have to have a considerable degree of language skills. They often work for HOMs who do not have skills in the foreign languages required by their several countries of accreditation. Quite

often they are loaned to a visiting Canadian minister and will have to deal with people completely unfamiliar with the local scene. There will be a running series of requests for information of a tourist nature which the driver will be obliged to fulfill, and sometimes the visitors will require help in carrying out their own personal programme. When one of our drivers retired recently, it was noted that he had driven for five Canadian Prime Ministers.

To have a driver is a strange thing for a Canadian. I doubt if anyone, except the occasional wealthy appointee from outside the service or a Minister, ever had his own driver in Canada. The fact is that in most Third World countries an HOM could not function without professional driving assistance. It would simply occupy too much of his day to deal with the maintenance of his official vehicle, to plan attendance at official functions, and to cope with the daily wear and tear and long hours required to meet the demands of the job. The difficulties of parking alone can severely restrict an HOM's ability to cover the ground he should cover in the performance of his duties. I have never served as HOM at large Western European capitals or in Washington, but I did observe very closely the function of the HOM driver at the Permanent Mission to the UN in New York from 1956-60. The difficulties of operating a vehicle in Manhattan are directly comparable to those faced in Malaysia, Pakistan and India.

Over the years, in the course of their work, the HOM drivers have become members of the official Canadian family. From the HOM down, there is now concern with assisting the locally-engaged employees with their health, financial or family problems. In return, drivers are typically quick to recognize when their reaction and abilities are affected by age or illness and when they can no longer function under the pressures applicable to a HOM driver's position.

Drivers I have known

Reidar Granerod — Oslo

An official letter, sent in support of Reidar's application for housing in 1946 soon after he joined the Canadian Embassy, reads:

...Prior to the Canadian Minister's acquisition of his present residence, Granerod slept on the floor of a friend's room. He has now been forced to exchange this for the doubtful improvement of accommodation on the floor

of the Canadian Minister's basement room ... this is an untenable situation for both the chauffeur and the Canadian Minister

A recollection of Reidar's background has been provided by a former Canadian Ambassador who writes in 1994 as follows:

I believe Reidar came from Sandefjord, the former whaling port. In any event, as a young man he went to sea with the whaling fleet, mostly to Antarctic waters. When the Germans invaded Norway in 1940 Reidar was in England, having been put ashore to recover from an accident at sea. With the arrival of the Norwegian Royal Family, Reidar was employed as a driver for Prince Olav in a 1942 Packard. When I was in Oslo (1981-84) this same car was still used to fetch newly arrived Ambassadors for the presentation of credentials at the Palace where Olav was then King. Somewhere I have a slide showing him at our residence standing proudly beside the car he used to pilot around wartime London.

Reidar exceeded the rigorous Nordic standards of punctuality and with a fine sense of traffic and weather always instructed one when to be ready to depart for a public function, and was invariably alert to bring up the car for a quick or timely getaway, regardless of how many others had the same thought. Over time I gained the impression that Reidar seemed to have acquired the status of Dean of the Diplomatic Corps Drivers.

There will be many others who could testify to Reidar's service over the years. He looked after, and was a friend of all the HOMs he served including R.A. MacKay, Louis Couillard and myself as a Chargé.

Abdul Hamid bin Ali — Kuala Lumpur

My first long-term involvement with an HOM driver was in Kuala Lumpur from 1967-71. I was accredited to Malaysia as well as to Singapore and to Burma. Malaysia involved a good deal of travel outside the national capital because there was a requirement, if time permitted, to visit the sultans of the Malay States. It was also necessary very frequently to take the official vehicle from Kuala Lumpur to Singapore, since there was only one vehicle in Singapore and it was more than fully occupied supporting a small but active mission. Thus we drove sometimes once or twice a month from Kuala Lumpur to Singapore. Hamid was required to have as good a knowledge of conditions in Singapore as he had in respect of his home country.

Don Guillermo — A Valued Friend in Mexico

by Russ McKinney

When Guillermo Pérez retired last November he had been in the service of the Embassy in Mexico for fifty years and forty seven days, chauffeur and friend to a dozen ambassadors, local guide to countless Canadian visitors.

I knew Guillermo for only three of those fifty years plus, which encourages a certain modesty in writing about him. Others and their families, whose lives he touched, would have their own stories to tell and their own slant on his remarkable career and memorable qualities. But all Heads of Mission who passed through his hands would share, I think, my image of him as a constant and reassuring presence in the complex and sometimes chaotic environment of modern Mexico. Whether at the end of a tiring day, or after a late social function, or perhaps in some unfamiliar provincial town, the sight of Guillermo's trim and stocky figure waiting with the car was usually worth a ten on the contentment scale. One was not so much driven around by Guillermo as committed to his care.

Elsewhere in this issue John Hadwen has written about the special relationship between Heads of Mission and their drivers and the professional and personal qualities which so many of them exhibit (the drivers, that is!). Guillermo was cast squarely in this mould. He relished any opportunity to give good service. In the face of a problem, he would be untiring until it had been solved. Above all, he was intensely proud of being a member of the Canadian Embassy.

He had been hired in 1945 at eighteen. Hugh Keenleyside was the ambassador then, and Guillermo's father was his driver. For the next few years until he succeeded his father in 1949, he functioned as the Embassy's office boy and odd job man. One such odd job in those early years was to travel up to Oshawa to collect a truck which Canada was donating to the Mexican Red Cross — a considerable responsibility, one would imagine, for a lad still in his teens.

Guillermo was — and is — a cultured man, deeply interested in his Aztec heritage. When Jim Langley was the ambassador, and coming under the spell of Mesoamerican archaeology, Guillermo would sacrifice the occasional weekend to accompany him on digs at Teotihuacan. With the reserved demeanour and the white gloves that betrayed both his origins and contemporary sensibilities, he excavated among the relics of his ancestors.

He spoke serviceable English but reserved it for visitors; he insisted — to their benefit — on using Spanish with his ambassadors. During the long hours of waiting which are the lot of a Head of Mission driver, he read widely and voraciously. Once when he knew that Gabriel García Márquez, who was then living in Mexico, would be coming to a reception, he brought along one of his books and was pleased when my wife was able to have it autographed for him.

In 1989, after 40 years behind the wheel, he moved to an indoor job as supervisor of the younger drivers, a post he retained until his retirement. By then the honorific "Don" had been conferred on him by his Embassy colleagues as a mark of their respect. Five of his six children had completed university degrees. His retirement party was attended by the entire Embassy and his fifty-year service certificate was signed by the Prime Minister.

Don Guillermo used to keep a notebook in the car in which he wrote things down in a neat hand. It never seemed seemly to ask what he was recording. But if now, in well earned retirement, he is working on "Ambassadors I Have Known: From Keenleyside to Chrétien and Beyond", **bout** will have no choice about reviewing it. ☺

Now retired, Russ McKinney was Ambassador to Mexico from 1982 to 1985.



Guillermo Pérez (left) and Amb. Winfield

We got to know Hamid and his family, and while he was a collaborator in the full sense of the word, he was also a reserved and private person. He made very great efforts, which we were able to help, to ensure that his children got the best possible education. Sometime after we had left the post his health required major and urgent treatment. One of my successors' wives recognized the problem and made certain that Hamid was properly cared for.

At the time of Hamid's retirement after thirty-five years of service, it was said of him:

Hamid's engaging smile and the fact that he was easy to be seen in a crowd by his windmill-like motions with his arms, made it easy to spot him and get away early from major functions.

There will be a great many people who will remember Hamid and his service with affection. He died in September 1995.

Mohammad Said — Karachi

When I went as a green Third Secretary succeeding Geoffrey Murray in Karachi in 1952, Said was already employed at the post as an HOM driver. We all recognized his skills and his friendly cooperation with many members of the post. As the wheels of the Canadian Foreign Service turned, I came back to Pakistan in 1972 as Ambassador (after Pakistan left the Commonwealth). Said was one of the most experienced and most admired members of the Canadian mission's staff in Islamabad. He retired in 1985 and has remained active, living with his son who is an employee of the Pakistan National Assembly in Islamabad.

Possibly the most difficult of the assignments he undertook on our behalf was to drive us on frequent official visits to Afghanistan. Between 1972-74 that country was going through one of the comparatively tranquil periods of its history, and as a result we were able to visit possible projects and support Canadian interests through the country. Air services to Kabul were complicated; we frequently had to drive through the Khyber Pass and then make our way to Kabul and elsewhere. Said came from the frontier and had sufficient Pushtu to be able to assist us when we, as was often the case, got into difficulties of one kind or another in the countryside.

Perhaps Said's main qualities were calmness and steadiness under pressure. Hour after hour we would drive the tortuous bends of the road up to Kabul; he proved steady and capable in unusual and trying conditions on very bad road in Afghanistan and in remote parts of Pakistan. He was invariably good company. One of the problems for a western official in Pakistan was how

to find some form of rest stop particularly when there were ladies in the party. In South Asia everyone suffers from dysentery from mild to serious in one form or another, almost all the time, but Said seemed able to negotiate rest stop facilities for us with out-of-the-way official Pakistani houses.

Sunny Jacob — New Delhi

Sunny Jacob was first employed privately by one of the High Commission officers and then joined the Canadian High Commission in New Delhi in 1955. He drove a great variety of vehicles and assisted a large number of Canadians who served at the mission. When I arrived in India in 1979 Sunny Jacob had been the HOM driver for three years.

Sunny lived up to his name: his disposition was agreeable no matter what the difficulties

On one monsoon assignment between Bombay and Indore, the Deputy Head of the Canadian High Commission in New Delhi wrote that Sunny:

... never once lost his patience or his "cool" although we were driving through the flooded areas of Madhya Pradesh which meant crossing at least twenty causeways that were under several feet of water; and driving in the mud for about five hours one night trying to find a way of crossing a flooded river.

Sunny lived up to his name: his disposition was agreeable no matter what the difficulties. He was also an effective planner when it came to High Commissioner's travels. We made so many trips with distinguished visitors to Agra that Sunny developed a system for stopping at rest houses on the way there and back. It was amazing how he was able to master the intricacies of Indian cities which he could only have visited once or twice before.

Sunny Jacob suffered one of the most ironic of accidents. After many years of driving in the conditions of Delhi and Northern India, he took his family and himself for a holiday in Nepal. He rented a vehicle and driver and on the journey out of Katmandu in June 1988 there was a collision with a bus; the vehicle he was in went over the side of a cliff. Sunny's wife was killed and

his daughter and himself injured. Sunny recovered but was not able to continue as an HOM driver and finally retired from the service on February 10, 1993. Sunny's friends in the Canadian Foreign Service were grieved at his loss and many of us contributed when he received his 35 year long service medalion and was feted on his retirement.

There are many who could write about drivers at Canadian missions around the world but all of them would I think join me in expressing gratitude for the service of those who look after us so well. The official responsibilities abroad continue and cannot be discharged without the help and friendship of the locally-engaged drivers. We have come to depend more and more on locally engaged staff as the number of Canadians serving in the Foreign Service overseas is reduced. There will be many histories like those I have recalled involving devoted employees on consular, immigration, commercial administrative and other tasks at Canadian Missions. They work hard and long for the Canadian government. In turn, they will want to be reassured about the strength and vitality of Canadian society. ☺

John Hadwen is a former Foreign Service Officer — 1950-1987.

BENTONS FASHIONS

Quality Men's Clothing

Affordable Prices

Expert Tailoring

Simon R. Smith — Prop.
240 Sparks
Ottawa, Ontario
K1P 6C9
(613) 235-6155

INTERESTED IN JOINING THE FOREIGN SERVICE?

Enrol in this proven program to prepare yourself for the Foreign Service exam and interview

2-DAY SEMINAR

Saves study time and provides coaching on every aspect of the entry process:

- Sample **Foreign Service Test** questions with in-class drill and analysis on essential issues
- Instruction and techniques to score better on the **Written Communication Test**
- Practice, reference sources and advice to excel on the **General Competency Test**
- Strategies for the **Personal Interview** and **Group Simulation exercise**
- Self-assessment guidance with tips on completing the Foreign Service **Application** to your advantage
- Comprehensive, time-saving **Study Kit** on key geopolitical, economic, trade, immigration, development, and cultural topics, plus sample tests

Seminars annually at selected universities across Canada. Kit available for shipment throughout Canada and abroad.

OUTSTANDING SUCCESS RATE SINCE 1984

**Foreign Service Exam
Counselling Inc.**
104-404 Laurier Avenue East
Ottawa K1N 6R2
Telephone: (613) 567-9229
Facsimile: (613) 567-9098



Clements & Company was insuring automobiles overseas when this car was brand new!

With over 40 years of experience, Clements & Company is the insurance agency to rely on for your automobile insurance needs. At last, a company which provides all three areas of automobile insurance overseas!

Automobile Physical Damage

We developed the first "all-risk" physical damage auto policy, which provides uninterrupted, worldwide protection. The coverage includes comprehensive, collision, marine transit, rental reimbursement and towing disablement. There is no other policy that provides such an array of coverages, all under one "package", for a very reasonable cost.

Automobile Primary Liability

We represent local insurance companies worldwide. Our policies provide a much higher limit of coverage than previously available, as well as very competitive pricing.

Automobile Excess Liability

This policy extends the inadequate limits of coverage found in many countries. It is an outstanding and competitively priced policy.



1660 L Street, NW, 9th Floor, Washington, DC 20036
TELEPHONE (202) 872-0060 or (800) 872-0067
FACSIMILE (202) 466-9064 INTERNET info@clements.com

CLEMENTS & COMPANY
Insurance Worldwide.

Russ Davidson

Stanley Gooch provided the following eulogy at a memorial service for Russ Davidson on Sunday, July 21, 1996. Russ died in Ottawa on July 16, 1996.

Russ Davidson joined the Department of External Affairs — now Foreign Affairs and International Trade — in 1966 and a few weeks ago completed 30 years of dedicated service in a career which included many varied assignments in Ottawa, as well as postings as Ambassador in Caracas, Venezuela and in Manila, Philippines and earlier postings in Mexico, in Beijing, in Tel Aviv and in Dar-es-Salaam. This wide range of assignments in Ottawa and abroad spanning most regions of the globe, together with his outstanding personal qualities, made Russ an officer of unusual versatility, capable of serving with great distinction in senior positions responsible for Asia, or Latin America, or the Middle East and Africa as well as for personnel and departmental management issues. Russ was one of the early Presidents of PAFSO — the

Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers. The department and the foreign service community will greatly miss a highly-valued and experienced officer; but more importantly, we his colleagues who were his closest friends will cherish our memories of Russ as a most faithful, loyal and dear friend, a man who had great personal integrity and an engaging sense of humour.

Russ and I were among 67 young foreign service officers who joined External in 1966 and, in departmental tradition, became collectively known as the "class of 66". From the beginning, Russ was considered among the "best and brightest" and enjoyed a rapid rate of promotion. He was given some of the most challenging assignments. In his early career, I think particularly of his postings to Tel Aviv and Beijing and his assignments to the Middle East desk, at the time these positions were genuine "hot spots" and at the top of the department's priorities. Tom Boehm tells me that it was during the period just after the 1973 Arab-Israeli war that

Russ developed the Canadian policy toward the Palestinians that serves well to this day.

Although I knew Russ as one of the stars of our class of 66, I cannot claim to have known him particularly well on a personal level during the time we went through our training assignments in 1966 and 1967, and were then shipped off to the postings we were eager for, first he — before he and Jennifer were married — to Dar-es-Salaam and then I (and Nancy) to Buenos Aires. But our careers subsequently intersected on two occasions when we each were posted to headquarters in Ottawa. It was during these occasions, particularly the latter one, that I got to know Russ well, came to admire him greatly and grew very fond of him.

The first occasion our careers intersected in Ottawa was in 1976 when I was sent to replace Russ at "PDMI". For those not familiar with the department's acronyms of twenty years ago — and who but a very few would be — PDMI meant that Russ, and subsequently I, was the Under Secretary's advisor on coordinating and consolidating the various foreign services and operations that then existed in a number of government departments. By the time I took over from Russ he has already been the lead player in a group that had laid the foundation for the integrated foreign service we know today. In his briefings, and in following up on his work, I came to appreciate the far-sightedness of his analysis, his pragmatism and his ability to build trust amongst individuals and organizations that had been longstanding rivals.

The second occasion our careers intersected in Ottawa was when he and I returned from postings in 1989 and were asked to be Directors General for Louise Fréchette in the Latin America and Caribbean Branch which had been given a mandate to transform Canada's passive acquaintanceship with Latin America into a full partnership. At the end of 1990, Louise was moved to other important tasks, leaving Russ and I to lead a very good team that included Paul Durand and others here today.

Russ played a key role in the major initiatives that began in 1989 and included full Canadian membership in the Organization of American States, the negotiation of NAFTA, the establishment of personal links between Canadian and Latin leaders and significant increases in Canadian trade and investment with the region.

These were challenging and exciting times. While working to develop relations with Latin America in itself is a relatively straight-forward task, unpredictable and often undesirable events inevitably occur which greatly complicate any pre-set foreign

GESTION P&W MANAGEMENT INC.

BILINGUAL SERVICES/SERVICES BILINGUES

WE OFFER/NOUS OFFRONS



PROPERTY MANAGEMENT (ONTARIO/QUEBEC)

rental/lease
maintenance/renovation
updating your house

(QUÉBEC/ONTARIO) GESTION COMPLÈTE

location/bail
entretien/renovation
remise en état

RELOCATION PLANNING

finding a new house

PLANIFICATION RETOUR

recherche résidence

9 Mark Ave.
Vanier, Ont K1L 6A6
Tel: 613-745-3229
Fax: 613-745-3441
E-Mail: PauletteRainville@easynet.ca

policy agenda. In this case, the most complicating event was the coup in Haiti against President Aristide and clear and firm instructions from Canadian political leaders for Canada — meaning us — to take the lead in restoring democracy in Haiti.

I am not planning to provide an account of any of these events but rather to mention the crises and the challenges that bring out the best in good people such as Russ and draw colleagues very close to each other.

Russ was a man of unusually high integrity and dedication to Canada. He had a clear view that his role was to serve to the best of his ability. He was never prepared to sacrifice truth for convenience, nor the long-term interest of Canada for the sake of some short-term gain.

His personal integrity was such that throughout his career, Russ never did anything solely for the sake of appearance or to impress anyone. Even in small things. For example, he never stayed fashionably late at his desk to look industrious or to appear engaged. But in times of real crises, he was always on the job, regardless of the hour or day or night of the week. In the endless meetings that plague the department and government, Russ resisted any urge to speak first on every issue or to make *the* definitive

point. He spoke only to make a new point or when he felt a wrong course of action might be taken. Unlike most, he took few notes at meetings; nevertheless weeks later he could provide a full account of the major points of discussion as well as who had taken what position and why. Russ saw himself, and his role, clearly and was comfortable with what he saw.

Russ was a man of great personal courage and excellent judgement. He was sent to Haiti for lengthy periods to represent Canada in difficult negotiations and to lead a very isolated mission. This happened on three different occasions — two after he had already arrived to take up his posting in Venezuela — at a time when the military leaders were directly threatening Canadian representatives. I well remember the then Under Secretary Reid Morden paying Russ a great compliment by asking whether I could possibly identify someone else “like Russ Davidson with ‘rock solid’ judgement and real commitment to the service” to send to another hot-spot. Russ, at that time, was already engaged in one of his lengthy stints in Haiti.

Russ was a man of great humanity — dedicated to his family and genuinely concerned about his colleagues, especially his subordinates. In deciding whether to accept

a posting either to Venezuela or to several alternatives, Russ made his choice based, not on what would be best for his career, but on what appeared best for Kendra’s schooling, for maintaining close contact with Tim and Emily who were being left behind in Canada for the first time and, of course, which alternative Jennifer would prefer. In his own quiet and effective style, Russ listened to the ideas and concerns of his staff, involving them and assisting them in every way possible.

Russ will be well remembered by the department for his outstanding qualities as a foreign service officer, his exceptional versatility and for his very significant contributions to Canadian foreign policy over his fully thirty-year career.

However, I and his other close friends who were also his colleagues will cherish most our memories of Russ as a dear, loyal and engaging friend. I will always remember our lengthy chats — swapping golf stories sometimes — and more often stories about the humorous or ironical side of our day-to-day work. These were the occasions when Russ’s excellent sense of humour came to the fore, which revealed much about his intelligence, his balance and his priorities for a lifetime that can be much too unpredictable and short. ☺



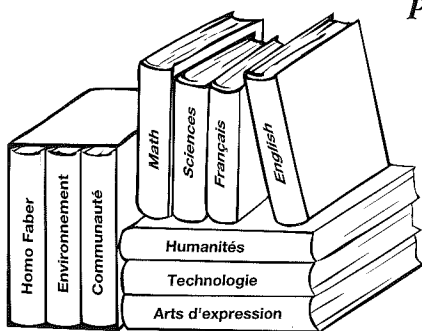
Call your **HomEnergy Centre**
for personalized service.

We sell and install:
High Efficiency Oil Furnaces
Air Conditioning Equipment
Electronic Air Cleaners
Humidifiers
HomEnergy



67 Jamie Avenue, Nepean, Ont.
727-5200 Fax: 225-6350

L'ODYSSÉE COLLÈGE ✨ INTERNATIONAL



*Pour une éducation de qualité,
une option de choix*

- ✓ Programme d'études international
- ✓ Approche holistique à l'éducation
- ✓ Pédagogie adaptée à l'élève
- ✓ Environnement stimulant
- ✓ Ratio professeur élève de 1 à 10
- ✓ Activités expérientielles uniques

L'ODYSSÉE est un collège privé qui est voué à l'excellence académique. Les activités expérientielles sont de nature sociales, culturelles et sportives et visent à développer le leadership et la confiance en soi. L'ODYSSÉE offre le programme d'études international complet de la maternelle trois ans au Baccalauréat International.

L'ODYSSÉE COLLÈGE INTERNATIONAL

C.P. 372, Ottawa, Ontario, K1C 1S8

Tél.: (613) 860-2659





FIEZ-VOUS À L'EXPÉRIENCE

Nous fournissons des services de déménagement professionnels aux employés des Affaires étrangères depuis 1947. BOYD MOVING & STORAGE est la plus grande entreprise de déménagement à Ottawa. Notre entrepôt est le plus vaste et le plus moderne et notre installation d'entreposage de véhicules, la mieux équipée au Canada.

LES CHIFFRES SONT ÉLOQUENTS !

Nous avons assuré le déménagement de 11 500 familles, entreposé 61,9 millions de livres de marchandises et emballé 56,8 millions de livres d'effets personnels pour expédition dans le monde entier (par la route, par bateau ou par avion) et, depuis 1981, nous avons entreposé plus de 3 065 véhicules pour le personnel du ministère des Affaires étrangères. Pourquoi chercher ailleurs ?

Pour visiter nos remarquables installations, appelez

Elaine Robertson,
Vice-présidente, Administration

244-4444, poste 814

DÉMÉNAGEMENT & ENTREPOSAGE

BOYD
LTÉE

Dog Days of Summer at the UN, 1950

At the beginning of June 1950, Robert Gerald ("Gerry") Riddell succeeded John Wendell Holmes as Acting Permanent Delegate of Canada to the United Nations in New York. Before the end of the month, Riddell was engaged in the diplomacy arising from the invasion of South Korea by North Korea. That story is well told elsewhere.

*Readers of **bout de papier** may be interested in another problem which beset Riddell soon after he arrived in New York, one which for some reason has escaped the attention of political scientists and historians. In the columns which follow, we offer you a scoop by this magazine, only 46 years after this remarkable episode. For this exceptional opportunity to add to the published record, we are grateful to Gayle Fraser of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, who located these documents in the John Holmes Papers at the CIIA, and to John Hilliker, Head of the Historical Section, who transcribed the handwritten memorandum and minutes with some assistance from Gayle Fraser.*

When he wrote this letter, Riddell had recently been confirmed as the first career diplomat to serve as Permanent Delegate (sadly, he died less than a year later). Upon his return to Ottawa, Holmes had resumed his duties as Head of the United Nations Division. The bit players in this drama included: the Chief of Protocol, Howard Measures (who left the Department of External Affairs one year later for the Department of Secretary of State, apparently with this question unresolved) and/or Arthur Menzies, Head of American and Far Eastern Division, as well as three members of the United Nations Division (George K. Grande, H. Basil Robinson and Robert A.D. Ford) whose distinguished careers were seemingly not blighted by association with this sorry tale (or tail?). There is no evidence in the files of a happy ending for the dog.

Canadian Delegation to the United Nations
New York, 22 August 1950.

Dear John [Holmes]:

I am, of course, deeply indebted for the many admirable arrangements you made in order that our arrival in New York should be as pleasant and convenient as possible. As far as I can see you have overlooked only one detail. You have not let me know how I should go about explaining the difference between 58 and 60 to a Doberman Pinscher.

Perhaps you do not recall the Doberman Pinscher. He was lying in the entrance way at 58 Nassau Drive during the short visit that you paid there with us in early July. I think that he was directly underneath a carved mahogany ape (Pung 17th Century) and his hind quarters were somewhat obscured by a large cloisonné vase (dragon pattern in scarlet on azure background). During part of the time we were there he may also have retired behind a black lacquer and tortoise shell screen (very rare), or taken refuge in the corner beside a white ivory Buddhist monk (very early period — showing signs of age). I particularly noted his presence on that occasion because it occurred to me that if the owners did not object to the presence of so large and active a beast, they would probably not be disturbed if he were succeeded by the small and retiring animal which we possess.

Amongst the many problems which the former owners had to solve when they gave up housekeeping, the Doberman Pinscher seems to have been left to the last. They then took an easy way out. They gave him to their neighbours (who are now our neighbours) at 60 Nassau Drive. The neighbours have subsequently explained to us that they did not know quite how to refuse this bequest, and in any event they had become rather used to the animal. The difficulty is to know how to explain to a Doberman Pinscher that on Monday, the 14th of August, he should stop living at 58 Nassau Drive and move to 60 Nassau Drive. So far no one has succeeded in conveying this information to him. The result is that whenever we open

any of the numerous doors at 58 Nassau Drive, we are immediately confronted by a large, bewildered, unhappy and frustrated dog who cannot comprehend what has happened to the secure world in which he lived, and who, though obviously anxious to adjust himself as best he can to the new situation, is determined to do so in the old environment.

*You have not let
me know how
I should go about
explaining the
difference between
58 and 60 to
a Doberman Pinscher*

Happily the misfortune which has befallen him has not made him either irritable or disagreeable, but even this favourable circumstance presents its problems. We have a natural instinct to be friendly with a new acquaintance, and indeed it is the duty of a foreign service officer when abroad to do so. We cannot forbear therefore to speak kindly to a former occupant of our house whom we have dispossessed. In his present disturbed emotional state, any sign of friendliness moves him deeply, and I can tell you that the enthusiastic appreciation of a large and powerful dog is almost as hard to handle as his anger, especially for a child about one-third his weight. There is the additional problem of knowing what to do about him at night. The Doberman Pinscher has taken up a 24-hour vigil. During the long hours of darkness he finds the exclusion even more intolerable than during daytime, and he then expresses his feeling by persistent and penetrating baying, which we have identified as being pitched at G below middle C. On a day of rain the circumstances become even more disturbing. He stands outside the glass door of the living room surveying dolefully

the happy family scene within, and scratches piteously and destructively for admission.

The greatest sufferer from these circumstances, of course, is our own dog. She is, as you will remember, of somewhat indiscriminate origin, and was once described by my boy, who was hard put to it for an adequate answer to a question about her breeding, as being "mostly dog". It is not surprising, therefore, that in the presence of one hundred and fifty pounds of unmistakable aristocracy, displaying in every twitch of its emotional ears the generations of breeding which have produced it, she should feel herself at a psychological disadvantage. Added to this is her obvious concern at the determined efforts of the visitor to join a family circle of which she has been for some time the undisputed center. There is no doubt also present in her mind a reasonably precise awareness of the enormous ratio which exists in all the physical measurements of the two dogs. A great deal of her time therefore has been spent in a space, inaccessible to all but small dogs, underneath a teakwood chest (15th Century, heavily carved with antique Chinese figures), or crouching in the seclusion of a relatively impregnable corner behind a heavy bronze flowerpot (height: 3 feet, embossed dragons, probably Mongolian).

Perhaps after all this is a problem too serious for any one Delegation to resolve with its own resources. We could put it on the agenda of the Security Council, were it not for the fact that matters affecting a Doberman Pinscher are almost certainly a part of the peace settlement for Germany, and therefore would be regarded by the Russians as no fit subject for the Security Council agenda. I would not in the least mind a long procedural dispute on this subject, provided the Secretariat would take charge of the problem in the meantime. Perhaps on the whole the easiest thing would be to turn the matter over to the newly re-organized authorities charged with the problem of displaced persons, and try in the meanwhile to establish the fact that the origins of this particular animal are volks-deutsche so long absent from Germany that no question can arise of German citizenship.

Meanwhile I am wondering whether or not you left any cans (or barrels) of dogfood in your apartment when you left New York.

Yours sincerely,
(sgd.) "Gerry"
R.G. Riddell

Memorandum to all members of the U.N. Division

It is the primary duty of members of the U.N. Division to advise the Permanent Representative on all matters. I should like your urgent attention to the problem Mr. Riddell raises herewith.

It occurs to me that Mr. [George] Grande might investigate the establishment of UNIDEF for the purpose. Perhaps there may be an international agency called B.O.W. or at least W.O.W. Mr. [Basil] Robinson should consider that aspect which concerns the recognition by dogs of Chinese China.

Mr. Menzures [sic] must also be consulted.

J.W. H[olmes].

[Minutes on above:]

— obviously diversionary tactics on the part of the Russians to distract the Perm. Rep.'s attention from the problem of the veto. R[obert] F[ord]

I am much too busy looking after the rights of 3rd Secretaries to worry about dogs — besides, dogs (and all other animals except 3rd Secretaries) now have a Charter of their own.

G.K. Grande ☺

Discover why PAFSO considers MKI to be the experts for postings, family reunions and all other FSD travel from Canada or abroad

Manager: Erika Keller
234 Laurier Avenue W., Ottawa, Ontario
Fax: (613) 233-7813 Tel: (613) 234-1225

Directrice: Erika Keller
234, av. Laurier ouest, Ottawa (Ontario)
Télécopie: (613) 233-7813 Tél: (613) 234-1225

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



BDO

Financial Planners

BDO Dunwoody
Chartered Accountants

Financial Planning for Your Future

- sell or rent your home?
- RRSP or pay down mortgage?
- debt or equity investments?
- borrow or save to invest?

For unbiased advice and guidance on a fee only basis, talk to us before you make your next important financial decision.

For further information please contact:

M.A. (Peggy) Cameron, CFP, RFP
Manager
Financial Planning Services

1136 Church Street, Box 291
Manotick, Ontario K4M 1A3
Telephone: 613-692-2553
Fax: 613-692-2995

Ottawa appointments available.
Services aussi disponible en français.

So you thought your entry exam was tough...

*In the never-ending quest for the perfect Foreign Service Officer, Personnel has — it is thought — been working on a new, re-vamped Foreign Service entry examination. **bout de papier's** mole in the "S" Branch (rumoured now to be our Ambassador in Stockholm) leaked to us the following first draft of the 1996 FS Entry Examination.*

Foreign Service Officer Exam (Revised)

INSTRUCTIONS

Swallow question paper before reading or suffer security infraction. Answer all questions. Time limit: 4 hours. Begin immediately. Deliver to RCMP or fail security clearance.

A) Formal Education

1. History

Describe the history of the papacy from its origins to the present day, concentrating especially but not exclusively, on its social, political, economic, religious, and philosophical impact on Europe, Asia, America and Africa. Be brief, concise, and specific.

2. Political Science

There is a red telephone on the desk beside you. Start World War III. Report at length on its socio-political effects, if any.

3. Economics

Develop a realistic plan for refinancing the national debt. Trace the possible effects of your plan in the following areas: Cubism, the Donatist controversy, the wave theory of light. Outline a method for preventing these effects. Critique this method from all possible angles. Point out the deficiencies in your thesis as demonstrated in your answer to the last question.

4. Culture

Write a piano concerto. Orchestrate and perform it with flute and drum. You will find a piano under your seat.

5. Communications

Take a position for or against truth. Prove the validity of your position.

6. Philosophy

Sketch the development of human thought; estimate its significance. Compare with the development of any other kind of thought.

7. General Knowledge

Discuss. Be objective and specific.

B) Abilities

1. Resourcefulness

You have been provided with a razor blade, a piece of gauze, and a bottle of Canadian Club. Remove your appendix. Do not suture until your work has been inspected. You have fifteen minutes.

2. Innovativeness

Estimate the sociological problems which might accompany the end of the world. Construct an experiment to test your theory.

3. Initiative

The disassembled parts of a high-powered rifle have been placed on your desk. You will also find an instruction manual, printed in Swahili. In ten minutes a crazed Sikh militant will be admitted to the room. Take whatever action you feel appropriate. Be prepared to justify your decision.

4. Creativity

Create life. Estimate the differences in subsequent human culture if this form of life had developed 500 million years earlier, with special reference to its probable effect on the Canadian parliamentary system. Prove your thesis.

5. Interpersonal Relations

2500 rioting invisible minorities are storming your Embassy. Calm them. You may use any ancient language except Latin and Greek.

6. Analytical Skills

Based on your knowledge of their works, evaluate the emotional stability, degree of adjustment, and repressed frustrations of each of the following: Alexander the Great, Ramses II, Attila the Hun, and Lucretia Borgia. Support your evaluation with quotations from each person's work, making appropriate references. It is not necessary to translate.

7. Potential for Advancement

You've prepared a report for your superior. The success of your presentation means promotion or a posting to Burkino Faso. In the middle of your proposal your superior leans over and spits into your coffee. You...

- Explain that you prefer your coffee black
- Ask him if he has any communicable diseases
- Pee in his outbasket. ☹

Books in Review / Critiques de livres

A Moscow Literary Memoir: Among the Great Artists of Russia from 1946 to 1980
reviewed by Landon Pearson

Rogue Tory: The Life and Legend of John G. Diefenbaker
reviewed by John Hilliker

A MOSCOW LITERARY MEMOIR: AMONG THE GREAT ARTISTS OF RUSSIA FROM 1946 TO 1980 by Robert A.D. Ford (1995). Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 307 p. \$00.00.

Reviewed by Landon Pearson

Senator Landon Pearson has lived in France, Mexico, India and the Soviet Union. She was a founding member of the Canadian Coalition for the Rights of Children and Chairperson until her appointment to the Senate. She is the author of numerous books on child development and a book on children in the former Soviet Union, Children of Glasnost.

Robert Ford is a distinguished poet and a Russian scholar. He is also a legend in the foreign service, in part because he spent so many years in the Soviet Union, the last

sixteen of them as Ambassador. When my husband, Geoffrey, was named to succeed him in 1980 and we set off to Moscow to replace the long-established Fords we anticipated a difficult personal transition. When we arrived there, however, we discovered an elegant residence in perfect condition, a well-trained but extremely nervous young Russian butler and, socially, a solid reputation for Canada among Russian writers and artists.

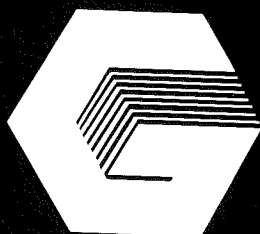
In *A Moscow Literary Memoir* Robert Ford documents how this reputation came about. Using diaries that he kept at the time, he reconstructs the encounters that he and his wife, Thereza, enjoyed with some of the most creative Russians of the Cold War period. And into their stories he weaves a fascinating personal account of the cultural climate of those difficult years. Always a careful observer he would return from a long liquid lunch with Andrei Voznesensky

and friends at the poet's dacha in Peredelkino or from a lively evening with Bella Akhmadulina or Evgeny Yevtushenko at the Moscow home of Ed and Nina Stevens and record what he had heard and seen. The use of these notes lends immediacy to his writing. We can almost hear Thereza's witty, acerbic voice. His own voice, while occasionally cutting, is more muted.

The Fords' encounters with the Russian cultural élite took place over a very long time and the author has organized his book more or less chronologically to cover the variety of the historical interactions that he witnessed between Soviet politics and Russian art. The book begins with Ford's arrival in Leningrad, in 1946, with Thereza, his Brazilian bride of three months, en route to take up the post of first secretary at the Canadian Embassy in Moscow. It ends in 1980 with the Fords sailing away from

REED MATHER INSURANCE GROUP

Underwritten by
Traders General Insurance Co.
(available only in Canada)



PAFSO Personal Insurance Programme

- Competitive Premiums
- Convenient Payment Plans
- Excellent & Expedient Claims Services
- Coverage on Rental Dwelling
- Automobile, Homeowners, Boats
- Cottages, Condominiums, Apartments

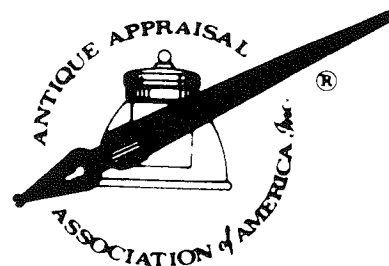
Call today for your personalized
insurance overview. Speak with
Reed Mather PAFSO Specialist,
Gord Young.

Tel.: (416) 441-7000
Fax: (416) 441-7010

Toll Free: 1-800-268-3336 Canada wide

Elizabeth Antiques Appraisal Service

FINE ARTS & ANTIQUES



Elizabeth Mayhew

68 Pine Glen Crescent
Nepean, Ontario
K2G 0G8

(613) 226-5915

Leningrad to Helsinki, and Robert summing up his experience with a quote from the Russian poet Sergei Yesenin:

*Much in silence I have thought
Many songs myself bequeathed
And in this grim world I'm glad
That I have lived and breathed...*

The Fords did not spend all these years in the Soviet Union; they left occasionally for other postings. But they always came back and together were observers of virtually the whole of the Cold War era, from the last years of Stalin through Khrushchev's thaw to renewed repression and eventually the suffocation of the stagnation period under the ailing Brezhnev. Brezhnev was still alive when we arrived and we too experienced the strange cultural conditions the author evokes. It was only under Gorbachev that the situation changed and by that time we had also left Moscow. Because I tasted some of what the Fords had known and because I have a long-standing and deep interest in Russian life and culture I found much resonance in this book.

The Cold War era is an extraordinary period in the history of Russian literature. Every name that Robert Ford cites evokes a response. He writes about the many poets and novelists, musicians, dancers, actors and directors, painters and sculptors he knew or knew of and through the stories he tells about them (stories that are often intertwined) we learn about the unusual conditions of the arts under the Soviet regime. Each chapter is separated from the next by a poem; either by one of the poets who is featured (in a translation by Ford) or by one of his own poems about Russia. These remarkable poems are one of the gifts of this book, although I would have appreciated a little more context for them or, at the very least, the date of the original poem as well as the date of the translation.

Not surprisingly for a poet, the chapters on writers and on literature in general are among the strongest in the book. With respect to the other arts, especially the visual arts, I found him less sure. Fortunately, for the story of the visual arts in Soviet times we have a fine book by another former ambassador to the USSR, Peter Roberts. *George Costakis: A Life in Art* uses the story of that eccentric and discerning art collector who worked at the Canadian Embassy for years (and to whom, as Roberts has pointed out in a recently published letter, Ford is less than fair in this book) to discuss the wider issues of painters and sculptors in Soviet times. I agree, however, with Ford's general comment that of all the arts, painting and sculpture were the ones most starved by Soviet cultural policy. After all, music can pass through the air and literature

can cross borders in pages that can be copied. But to fully experience the genius of a painting or a sculpture one has to be in its physical presence. And this was forbidden.

I enjoyed reading this book. I had come to know the people Ford writes about through reading their texts and through critical and historical studies. And I had the opportunity to meet a number of them at various embassies, especially at Spaso House, the residence of the American Ambassador, Arthur Hartman and his wife, Donna, to which, after the Fords left, the Russian cultural élite flocked. So I was much interested by the Fords' personal experiences. But, for me, the greatest value of the book lies in the degree to which Ford has captured the curious hot-house climate in which the Moscow-based Russian intelligentsia survived during the Cold War. The system repressed, censored and constrained; many individuals suffered a great deal. Yet at the same time the system protected the people Ford writes about from the cold winds of the free market and somehow created conditions that enabled them to have their own warmth reflected back to them from abroad. This symbiotic interaction between creative Russians and the West, including the representatives of western countries in Moscow, was an unusual and intriguing phenomenon and I hope that one

day it will be analysed in depth. I recognize that a memoir is not designed for such a task.

In the brief epilogue to his book, Ford tells us what he knows about the current circumstances of some of his old friends and makes some hopeful comments about the survival of Russian culture. In today's Russia, however, it is difficult to know what role, if any, the cultural élite can or indeed would want to play. According to a recent British report the young Russian writers are "shaking off the unbearable" and the ironic and subtle language of Ford's friends and acquaintances has given way to prose that is tough, cruel and coarse. My own Russian friends continue to admire the great poets and writers who meant so much to them in difficult times; Tsvetayeva and Akhmatova, Pasternak and Bulgagin and others that feature in Ford's book. As a consequence they express discomfort and dismay at what the new writers are producing. Yet the talent is there and I am sure that writers and artists will eventually respond to the new conditions of Russian life in ways that are as universally accessible as in the past. It is unlikely, however, that there will ever be another Canadian poet as talented as Robert Ford living in our Moscow Embassy observing them.

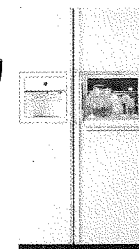
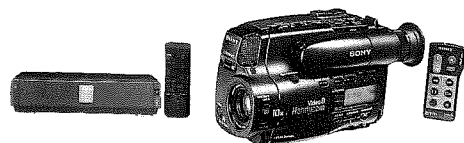


OVERSEAS ELECTRONICS

110-220 Volts 50-60 Hz

WORLD WIDE COMPATIBILITY

STEREO • TV • VCR • PORTABLES • APPLIANCES



PAL • SECAM • NTSC

We do Foreign Digital Video Transfers

**584 GLADSTONE AVENUE, OTTAWA, ONTARIO K1R 5P3
FAX (613) 235-2485 TEL (613) 235-4414**

LONDON

We cater to the diplomatic community whether your next posting is in London or, anywhere else in the world.



AMJ CAMPBELL

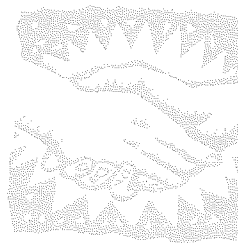
INTERNATIONAL MOVERS

(613) 737-0000

OTTAWA, ONTARIO



**Support
our advertisers**

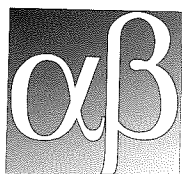


**Appuyez
nos annonceurs**

List of Advertisers

Alpha-Beta Group	p. 45
AMJ Campbell	p. 45
Les Associés Ann Coulson	p. 19
BDO Dunwoody	p. 41
Bennet Household Management ..	p. 8
Bentons Fashions	p. 35
bout de papier subscription	p. 23
Boyd Moving & Storage Ltd.	p. 14
Canada Direct Calling	IBC
Canadian College Italy	OBC
Capital Alliance Ventures	p. 3
Clements & Company	p. 36
CMPA	p. 22
Déménagement & Entreposage	
Boyd Ltée.	p. 39
Edward Jones	p. 7
Elizabeth Antiques	
Appraisal Service	p. 43
Foreign Service Exam	p. 35
Gestion P&W	
Management Inc.	p. 37
GHT Associates Inc.	p. 18
Greentree & Company	p. 23
Interart Evaluation	p. 5
Kenloe Group	p. 6
Lakefield College	p. 8
Lecours + Lemire + Morin	p. 5
Lévesque Beaubien	
Geoffrion Inc.	p. 19
L'Odyssée Collège	
International	p. 38
Marsh & McLennan	p. 19
McGill-Queen's	
University Press	p. 4
MKI Travel & Conference	
Management	p. 41
Myers Chev-Olds	p. 7
Ouseley Harvey Clipsham	
Deep	p. 31
Overseas Electronics	p. 44
PAFSO Insurance Plan	p. 13
Reed Mather Insurance Group ..	p. 43
Royal Lepage	p. 31
Shawnigan Lake School	p. 27
TMS Associates	IFC
United Fuels	p. 38
Ian Warren, Barr. & Sol.	p. 27

protect your home and investment with the



Alpha - Beta Group

945 Pinewood Crescent
Ottawa, Ontario K2B 5Y3

Residential Property Management

- lease\rent your property
- vacation control & house sitting
- pet & plant care
- property maintenance
- security checks

An active, professional approach to property management. We know residential construction, landlord & tenant law and municipal zoning regulations. We can draw up an agreement to meet your specific needs.

For more information call 596-5880 or 596-4116

ROGUE TORY: THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF JOHN G. DIEFENBAKER by Denis Smith. Macfarlane Walter & Ross, Toronto. 1995. \$39.95.

Reviewed by John Hilliker

John Hilliker, co-author with Donald Barry of 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)*, is head of the Historical Section in the Department's Corporate Communications Division.

John Diefenbaker was briefly a legend in his own time and, as Denis Smith tells us in this fine biography, for much longer in his own mind. The legend was that of the humble outsider who rose, on the basis of his own merits and against heavy odds, to the highest office in the land, there to wrestle with a vaguely defined, self-interested establishment on behalf of the vast majority of Canadians who were people like himself. Brought down by that establishment and its international supporters, he remained in public life to the end of his days as the champion of ordinary Canadians. This legend, vigorously promoted by Diefenbaker in his memoirs and in numerous other ways, has been subject to challenge for a long time, and Smith continues the process.

While the future prime minister, born in 1895, did indeed come from a modest background, there was a certain amount of good fortune along the way, some of it produced by an ambitious mother who ensured that growing up in rural Saskatchewan in pioneering days would not prevent him from getting a good education. Thus he qualified for the bar, which provided the financial resources and the local fame that staked his early political career.

That career took a long time to get off the ground, for Diefenbaker did not secure elective office until 1940, when he entered the House of Commons as a Conservative. His political philosophy meanwhile had been taking shape. Essential elements from the first were loyalty to the British connection, admiration for the institution of Parliament, concern for the interests of Western Canada, and (apart from a brief lapse as a candidate in the Saskatchewan election of 1929), commitment to equal treatment for Canadians of all ethnic backgrounds. In 1935, he discovered the attractions of populism from the example Senator Huey Long of Louisiana, to whom he wrote an admiring letter. At the same time, he supported R.B. Bennett in his emulation of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal, and in 1942, contending unsuccessfully for his party's leadership, he presented himself as an

advocate of every citizen's right to employment and to the protection of the state in times of misfortune. After the Second World War, he established his credentials as a civil libertarian in parliamentary debate over the government's handling of the Gouzenko affair. Surprisingly for one who as prime minister was to get into major trouble over deficit financing, Diefenbaker in opposition was "a fiscal conservative unaffected by any scent of Keynesian economics," advocating tax cuts and reduced government outlays (pp. 164-65).

Smith notes that Diefenbaker during his early years in parliament was most definitely not a team player, and blames his unpredictability rather than any dark conspiracy for his difficulty in persuading the Conservative establishment that he was leadership material. Once he achieved the leadership in 1956, however, Diefenbaker proved to be a brilliant campaigner on the national scale, and Smith gives much of the credit for the Conservatives' successes in the elections of 1957 and 1958 to his rapport with the average voter. Also at this time, Diefenbaker rounded out his political philosophy with a vision of northern development as a successor to the National Policy of Sir John A. Macdonald.

In Smith's account, Diefenbaker's campaign skills were not much help when it came to governing and his political philosophy was too shallow to provide a blueprint for policy. As well, he was undermined by weaknesses of which his critics were already aware, notably indecisiveness and lack of managerial skills. The result in Smith's view was a record that was generally undistinguished and at times disastrous, as in his troubles over deficit financing. Many of his problems involved Canada's foreign relations, to which Smith gives substantial attention. Readers of Basil Robinson's *Diefenbaker's World*, which is one of Smith's main sources here, may not find too much that is new, and that book remains an indispensable rendering of these events. It is good, however, to have them placed within the context of Diefenbaker's entire career.

Diefenbaker's distrust of public servants is well known, but growing familiarity made him more at ease with them. Smith's description of Robinson, on loan from the Department of External Affairs to the prime minister's office from 1957 to 1962, as a "normally skeptical" observer (p. 383) may seem odd to readers who find *Diefenbaker's World* more sympathetic to its subject than *Rogue Tory*. Robinson's perspective was that of a staff member responsible for enabling his chief to perform as effectively as possible, not always certain that he would take the advice that would be of most help to him, and relieved when things went well. His

tone, particularly when recounting moments of difficulty that turned out all right in the end, might be explained by paraphrasing Maryon Pearson, to the effect that behind every successful politician there stands an occasionally very surprised public servant.

Another official of great importance to Diefenbaker was the clerk of the privy council, Robert Bryce. Smith cites a number of memoranda that suggest that Bryce advanced his own views much more forthrightly than previous holders of the office had done. It would be very interesting to know, by comparison with practice in the St. Laurent and Pearson governments, whether this was part of a longer-term trend. There are also some subjects, such as Diefenbaker's rivalry with Lester Pearson, on which Smith offers tantalizing insights that one might wish had been pushed deeper. I would gladly have sacrificed some long quotations from readily available published sources to make room for these matters.

These are minor criticisms, for *Rogue Tory* adds a great deal to our knowledge of Diefenbaker's life and his years in office. It is particularly good on the circumstances of the government's fall in 1963, making use for the first time of the prime minister's own memoranda on the events. In dealing with the years following his loss of the party leadership in 1967, it shows his career coming full circle, as he reverted to the role of unpredictable loner in parliament that he had occupied before 1956. In death, the one indestructible part of his legend, his appeal to the common people, was made manifest once again, as they paid tribute as the train passed bearing his remains from Ottawa to Saskatoon for burial.

Rogue Tory will be essential reading for anyone wishing to know about Diefenbaker, and a logical starting place for those new to the literature. It is not, however, the last word. Like most studies of Diefenbaker's career, it focuses on character more than on circumstance. It should not be overlooked, however, that the period itself, in marked contrast to the first post-war decade, was one of instability. Signs of this were in evidence before Diefenbaker took office, and they continued after his defeat: in the five elections between 1957 and 1968, only two produced majority governments. Such times may have been exceptionally difficult for someone of Diefenbaker's temperament, but an explanation of what happened must be sought in those times as well as in the man himself. Looked at in this way, it might be said that his failures were predictable, and his successes were achieved against the odds.



Sweeney Guards the Gate

Another hearty mystery from A Aalto

When Liebnitz entered the conference room, he was greeted by the Head of the Service, MacBannock, and by Chief Inspector de Toombs. Said MacBannock, "The security office has asked for our help on a tricky international case, Liebnitz, and one that's right up your alley." De Toombs nodded and smiled. "It's a referral from the police in Nuevo Tango, the capital of Piazzola. They're had an unusual murder-theft." "So fill me in," replied Liebnitz.

De Toombs began without ceremony: "The stolen object is a cubical gold reliquary, about 20 cm on a side, containing a preserved human heart. The reliquary is quite modern and is plain except for the name TAILOR AZELEAS-WONG engraved on the side. It was stolen a few weeks ago from the Convent of the Maculate Giraffe in Nuevo Tango. The abbess won it in a poker game in Toronto about twenty years ago, and the police believe that the one who arranged the theft is the Canadian from whom she won it — a man whose first and last names are acronyms of the two words inscribed on the reliquary. So they contacted us."

"The Nuevo Tango police have also established that the reliquary was stolen between 3:00 pm and 4:00 pm precisely," he went on, "and that entry was gained through the Cafe Norton, which backs onto the convent building. The connection between the cafe and the convent is through an abandoned sewer that runs under both the cafe storeroom (where there is a trap-door) and a vestry near the chapel where the reliquary is held. The police say that it would take about 20 minutes to get from the cafe to the convent and back."

De Toombs passed Liebnitz a piece of paper. "This gives a sketch of the cafe and the surrounding streets. On it are marked the

storeroom, which is between the two washrooms down a short corridor in the back. The two washroom doors are marked with the usual astrological symbols, while the storeroom door has a saxophone. The map also shows the seating places for the seven people who were there over the period in question, marked A to G. Position G is where a poet called J Alfred Stearns was sitting until just after 3:00 pm. He isn't a suspect for either the theft or the murder, since he was out of the cafe and back in his hotel by 3:15 pm. He doesn't remember much of the place, but he did make some notes."

The inspector continued: "The murder victim himself was a private eye named Sweeney, who was sitting at position F. This means he could see the back corridor and the door to the storeroom — and that he was the only one there who could always do so. He'd been sitting at that table for almost a week from the time the cafe opened to the time it closed. Apparently, he got wind of the planned theft and was hoping to cash in by finding out who was behind it. So the murder and theft might be connected."

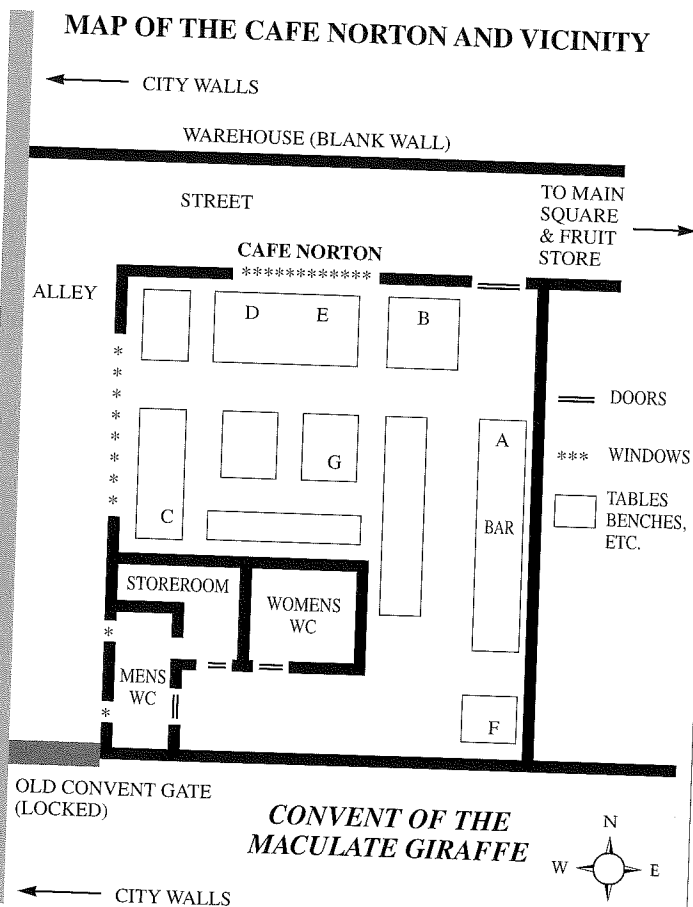
"What killed him was poison, one that would first make him groggy and then kill him suddenly, all in 20 minutes. He fell out of his chair dead at 4:00 pm. We know that he must have taken the poison in a cup of coffee, since there was nothing else but that and the poison in his stomach and he took no medication. There was no poison in the coffee cup in front of him when he died, in the coffee spilled on the table or in the espresso machine. Sweeney did leave one possible clue doodled on the table: a little circle with an arrow sticking out one side, followed by a question mark."

"The murderer must be one of the five people in the room with Sweeney," de Toombs concluded. "So must the thief — either the same person or another. There is no way that anyone else could have entered the cafe without being noticed: there is no back door; the window in the front is in constant view by the staff and customers; the windows on the side of the main room are heavily shuttered; the windows in the washroom might be just big enough to admit a child but the dust is not disturbed on the sills; and the old sewers don't connect with anything but the cafe and the convent. With one exception, all the suspects were still in the cafe at 4:00 pm when both the murder and the theft became known. The police did a thorough search of both the cafe and the four who were still there, and found nothing — they are sure the reliquary is not there. Yet they are also sure, from the grapevine, that one of the five still has it and is only waiting for the hue and cry to die down before smuggling it out of the country."

He then passed the ace logician another piece of paper. "These are Stearns' notes, made while Sweeney was still alive. The people described are Sweeney and the five suspects: Stearns did not describe himself. Stearns also tells us that the attributes he gives (like "dressed in brown" or "eats grapes") are unique to that person, a sort of memory trick he uses. Where it is clear, I have added notes giving the map positions of the places he mentions. All of his statements are accurate." Amid the absinthe stains, the notes read as follows:

(a) The man behind the bar [position A] is surnamed Cazador Tétrico. (b) Two of the people are surnamed Rossignol, being in-laws of the same gender. (c) The Mexican dressed in brown and the singer are the two sitting nearest the west wall. (d) The Argentine watches Raquel as she eats grapes. (e) The waiter, who sits near the espresso machine [position B] is Juan, surnamed Sirio. (f) The Peruvian woman, Esmeralda, sits at the same table as the French

MAP OF THE CAFE NORTON AND VICINITY



dancer. (g) From where they each sit, Sr Parca y Cuervo and Eduardo the ape-necked Chilean cannot see each other. (h) Diego the painter watches the woman wearing the Spanish cape. (i) The Spaniard has heavy eyes; Julio reads Eliot. (j) Sweeney the detective sits against the back wall [position F].

"The other thing we have," continues de Toombs when Liebnitz looks up, "is a list of five statements made by each of the suspects. Recordings of these statements were analyzed by the Nuevo Tango forensics people, and we know that each suspect made exactly one statement containing a lie; the statements that do not contain lies are completely accurate. You will note that Piazzolans are fanatics about accurate time. Unfortunately, the fax from Piazzola cuts off just where it is about to specify the lies, and the annual pisco festival has put the entire country out of order for at least a week." So saying he handed the ace logician a final sheet of paper with the following notes:

JUAN: (1) I went to Sweeney's table only three time during that hour, each time to bring him coffee: once right at 3:00, once at 3:25 and once at 3:50. He paid me separately each time — didn't want to run a tab. (2) Diego went over to Sweeney's table at 3:20, sat down for five minutes and tried to talk to him, but Sweeney brushed him off and Diego went back to his table just after I brought Sweeney's second coffee. After that they ignored each other. (3) The woman in the Spanish cape went over to talk to Sweeney

at 3:30. She tried to sit on his lap, knocked over his coffee cup and fell on the floor. (4) At the same time I served Sweeney's third cup, I also took coffee to the man in brown at his table, just as Raquel came out of the back corridor. (5) I never left the room except once to go to the bathroom.

ESMERALDA: (1) I never went down the back corridor at all. (2) The dancer went to the bathroom at 3:30 and was back by 3:35. (3) A few weeks ago, the painter and Sweeney had a fight over taking me to a lambada party. I went with Sweeney. (4) The Spaniard went down the back corridor at 3:40. (5) Neither Raquel nor the Argentine went up to Sweeney's table while I was in the room.

DIEGO: (1) I never met Sweeney before today and had no reason to kill him. (2) I only left my seat twice during that hour — once to try and talk to Sweeney and once (at 3:40) to go to the bathroom. (3) I got back from the bathroom at 3:45, just as the singer swept out the front door. She didn't come back. She wasn't carrying anything like the reliquary you describe, and with an outfit that tight, she wasn't hiding it either. (4) As the singer went by the front window a few seconds later, I looked around for the dancer, but she wasn't in the room. (5) Just then, as I was on my way back to my table, I heard Sweeney order a fresh cup of coffee. He sounded wasted.

JULIO: (1) I never touched or saw the reliquary you describe, or any package that could hold it. (2) Sr Sirio was out of the cafe from 3:10 to 3:20 buying fruit. (3) I never left my position except for a trip to the bathroom, from 3:15 to 3:20. (4) Between 3:25 and 3:30, Esmeralda and the dancer had a big screaming match over something. (5) When Sweeney's coffee got spilled, Juan was busy with other customers, so Esmeralda got Sweeney a fresh cup from the espresso machine.

RAQUEL: (1) I left the room only the once. That was just when Esmeralda went over to talk to Sweeney. (2) Julio went down the back corridor at 3:15 for maybe five minutes, and I saw him step outside for a few minutes just at 3:50 to talk to someone — I couldn't see who. (3) No-one else went out after that. (4) The Mexican went down the back corridor at 3:40 and got back at 4:00, just as Sweeney fell over dead. (5) I never went near the barkeeper or the bar, the whole time.

De Toombs concluded gloomily, "As you can see, it's a complicated mess. I'd really like to help my colleagues in Nuevo Tango, but what can we do, Ludwig?" Replied the ace logician, "Well, from Stearns' notes I can tell you where Sweeney and the five suspects sat. Using that information and a bit of logic, we should be able to work out which statements are lies. The statements that are true should then tell us who could have stolen the reliquary and murdered Sweeney (I will assume that it wasn't suicide or some sort of grizzly accident). I can even make a good guess as to which of the suspects has the heart now."

Which Liebnitz proceeded to do, to MacBannock's amazement and de Toombs' satisfaction. Can you duplicate his feat by (a) describing the six people in the room: seating locations, first and surnames, nationalities, professions and attributes; (b) indicating which statements are lies; (c) naming the murderer, the thief and the one most likely to have the reliquary now? As a bonus (but not necessary for a solution), can you also name the one who arranged the theft to get the heart back, based on the anagram?

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto, as is well known, was brought up by Patagonian missionaries, hence his long-time interest in South American religious objects. Any resemblance between this puzzle and TS Eliot's "Sweeney Among the Nightingales" is too much to hope for. We note, however, that the Cafe was later the target of arson, only to be rebuilt and re-opened as the "Burnt Norton".

WHO STOLE SCHRÖDINGER'S CAT?? — ANSWERS

Top Block

B
OB
BOG
BEG
LEG
LOGE
OGLES
GLOBES
GOBBLES
WOBBLES
BOW BELLS
BOSWELL
ELBOWS

Left Point

R
RA
ARS
SERA
SERB
BREST

Left Column

BOLES
BOXES
BORES
SORBET
BRETONS
TENORS

Bottom Block

SENATOR
LONE STAR
LAST ONE
TALONS
SLANT
STAN
ANTES
SANE
HANSE
ASHE
HAS
HA
H

Right Column

BOWLERS
LOWERS
TOWERS
STORE
STONE
ATONES

Right Point

SOWER
EROS
ROE
ROI
IO
O

The anagram clue: COPENHAGEN INTERPRETATION (the standard expression of the majority view on quantum reality, expressed by Niels Bohr from 1927).

The cat-napper: NIELS BOHR (from Denmark).

The other physicists: ENRICO FERMI (Italy), PAUL DIRAC (England), WOLFGANG PAULI (Switzerland) and ALBERT EINSTEIN (Germany). Einstein, who disagreed with the Copenhagen interpretation, was the one who rescued the cat.

Winner of Who Stole Schrödinger's Cat??:
B. Baajo, Baja California, Mexico

OPENING YOUR FOREIGN TELEPHONE BILL?

MAKING LOTS OF CALLS TO CANADA?

ARE YOU SITTING DOWN?



TRY CANADA WORLD™ CALLING SERVICE

- Low Canadian rates
- Friendly, reliable Canadian service
- No sign-up fees or monthly minimum

To receive your application form, phone us collect at
(613) 781-8080 or send us a fax at (613) 236-7111
– and then put your feet up and relax!

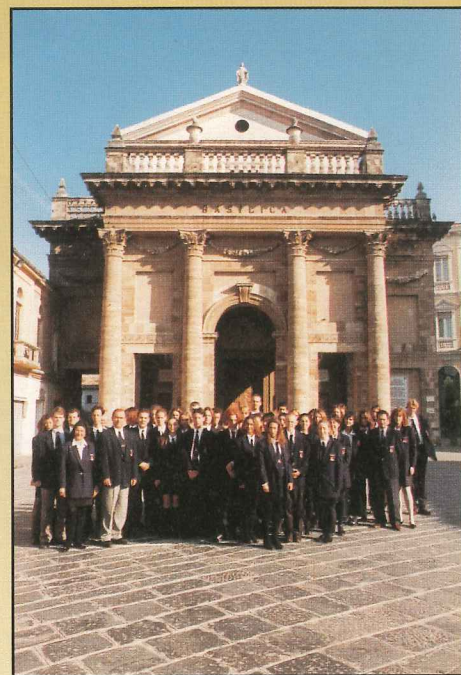


AGT
BC TEL
Bell Canada
Island Tel, PEI
Manitoba Telephone System
Maritime Tel & Tel
NBTEL
Newfoundland Telephone
Northwestel
Québec-Téléphone
SaskTel



and Canada Direct are trademarks of Telelobe Canada Inc. The Stentor telephone companies are licensed users.
Canada World is a trademark of Stentor Resource Centre Inc.

STENTOR 
The Power of Telecommunications



Canadian College Italy

Canadian College Italy is a coeducational Canadian high school situated in the medieval town of Lanciano, Italy. It offers an academically rich Canadian curriculum for grades 10, 11, 12 and Ontario Academic Credits (13th year), leading to admission in North America's finest Universities and many European Jurisdictions. All courses are taught in English and follow the Ontario Ministry of Education requirements, as well as fulfilling the requirements of other educational jurisdictions internationally. Advanced Placements (AP) courses will be offered in the Fall of 1996 and students will also have the possibility of writing SAT examinations. CCI teachers are highly qualified, experienced Ontario certified teachers.

CCI's most important link is its liaison with the "Mario Negri", Italy's largest bio-medical research centre. CCI has its own state-of-the-art laboratory within the centre and the research team at the Mario Negri give lectures to our students as an enrichment segment to their regular course of study. Students board within our College residences and all meals take place at our Inn. Students will also have the opportunity to compliment their classroom work with extensive travel throughout Europe.

CCI, a unique educational experience that lasts a lifetime!

**For further
information
please contact:**

Canadian College Italy

59 Macamo Court,
Maple, Ontario, Canada L6A 1G1
Tel: (905) 508-7108 Fax: (905) 508-5480
E-mail: marisa.cci@sympatico.ca
<http://web.idirect.com/~cci/>



Name: _____

Address: _____

Country: _____ Telephone: _____

Fax: _____

