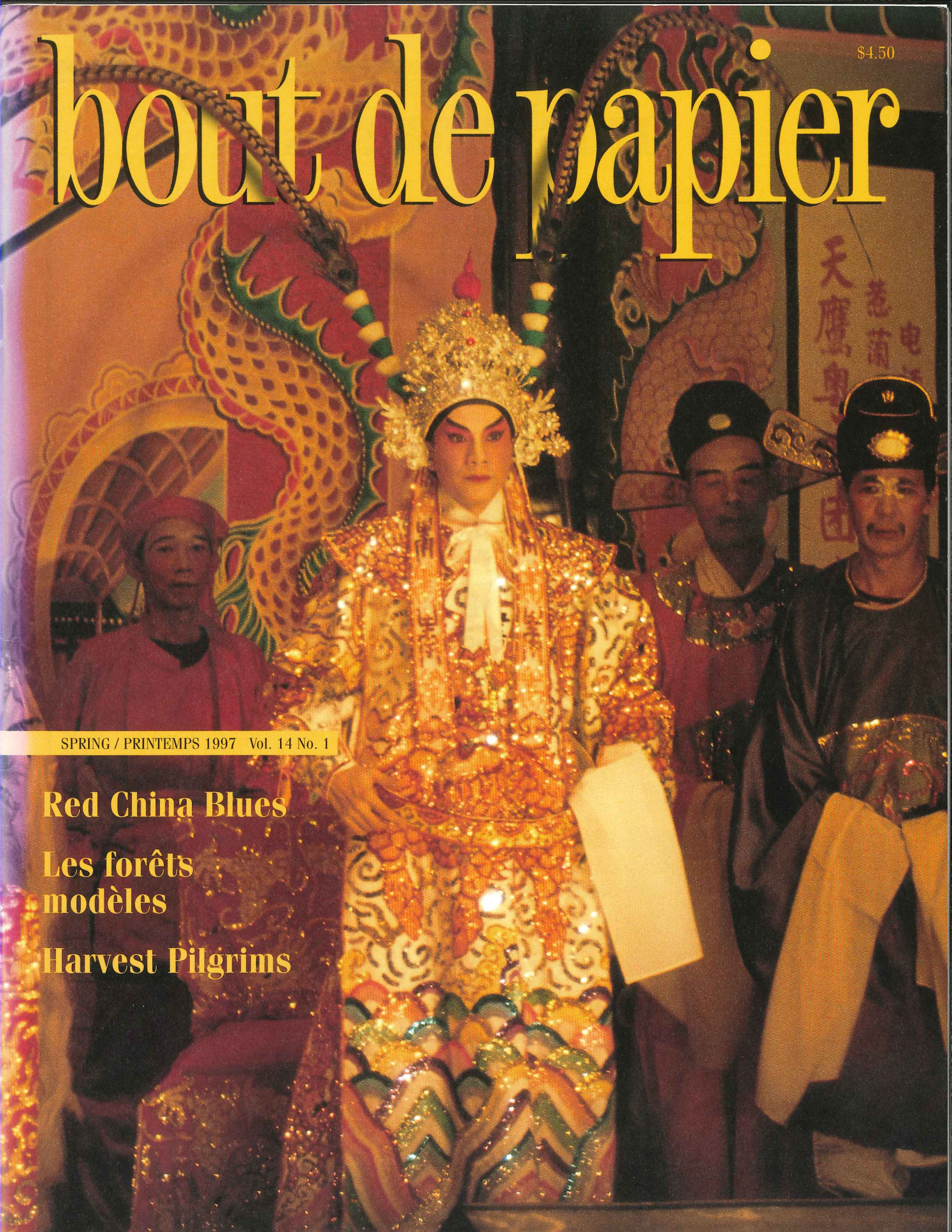




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Red China Blues

**Les forêts
modèles**

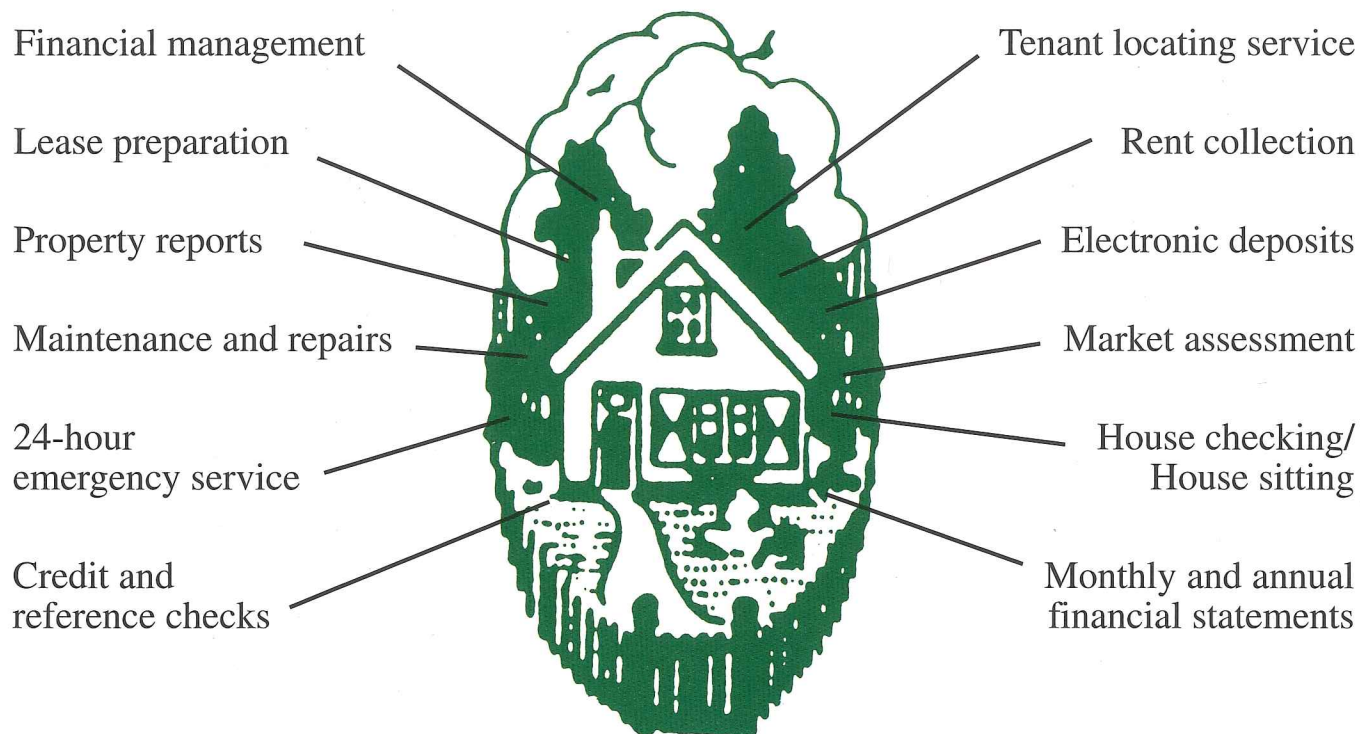
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Courtesy: CMCP
Vincenzo Pietropaolo

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Promoting International Human Rights

Canada's recently retired Human Rights Commissioner, Maxwell Yalden, on the ever-growing international dimension of the Canadian Human Rights Commission's activities.

D'un continent à l'autre : des forêts et des hommes

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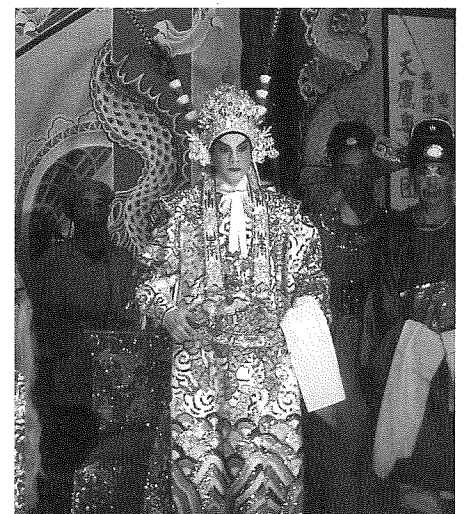
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*A night at the Chinese opera.
Cover photo by Nicholas Coghlan.*

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Editor's Notebook / Carnet du rédacteur

Over the last two decades, many countries of Asia Pacific have sustained growth rates that are among the fastest in the world. With each passing year the region is emerging as the dynamic colossus of the new world economic order. The cumulative effect of annual growth rates from 5% to 10% per annum over the last two decades is increasingly evident. Per capita incomes in Japan, Hong Kong, Brunei and Singapore now exceed Canada's. Cities such as Guangzhou, Beijing, Taipei, Seoul, Bangkok and Jakarta in just a few years have been modernized and transformed beyond recognition. The ideology of the Cold War no longer divides the region and the embrace of the market system and globalization is, at least de facto, almost universally recognized.

The region already includes five of Canada's top ten trading partners. By 2020, seven of the world's largest economies, and 60% of world trade will originate in Asia-Pacific. The region has massive infrastructure requirements which tie in closely to Canadian capabilities. And Canada, in assuming the Chairmanship of APEC, in declaring 1997 as the Year of Asia Pacific and in mounting three high profile Team Canada missions to the region since late 1994, is well poised to enhance its own economic well-being by attaching ourselves to the Asian miracle. At least, that is the current wisdom.

As we approach the "Pacific Century", strengthening Canada's relationships with Asian economies is crucial to our medium and long term economic security. If Canada does not increase its capacity to participate in this booming market, we risk losing out. Yet there are worrying signs this is exactly what is happening.

Our bilateral trade with Asia Pacific is growing, but our market share in recent years has declined, and declined significantly. Constant "resource reduction" exercises over more than a decade have left the Departmental presence in many missions at a skeleton staff level, and far below that of our competitors. Discussions in the Department are not based on where we will expand our resources in the region but where we will cut back and what missions may be closed. There are Embassies in the region staffed by only one Canada-based officer. This seems inimical to much of the official messaging about Canada's commitment and makes no sense. Moreover Asia Pacific is a region that assigns a high value to a strong government leadership

role and in which local presence is vital. High profile Team Canada visits to countries in the region have a great impact, but it is the long term presence and demonstrable commitment that are the keys to market success. And it is here where the gap between rhetoric on the one hand and resource commitments on the other is at its most profound. This at a time when the stakes have never been higher.

The programming and activities associated with Canada's Year of Asia Pacific (CYAP) will present a chance to mobilize new participants in our relationships across the Pacific. Its program orientation is designed to build greater understanding of how to do business in the region and on how Asia Pacific affects our national life. A series of events are scheduled across Canada culminating in the hosting of the APEC Summit meeting in Vancouver in November. By fortuitous circumstances, the summit of la Francophonie will be held in Asia (Vietnam) for the first time in November as well. The key will be to sustain the CYAP feeling, and transform it into a long term partnership that takes us well into the new millennium. Will that happen? *On verra.*

In this and the next two issues, we will be reserving space for articles that highlight this dynamic and exciting region. Articles will be identified on the Contents page with the special CYAP logo (see ghosted behind this editorial). Asia-Pacific related articles in this edition feature Mexico, Vietnam (two articles with a historical flavour) and China (a full-length book review by former Canadian Ambassador Fred Bild). Even Aalto has caught the fever: Tweedie in Love is mystified in Central Asia. Our next edition will feature an interview with John Bell, former High Commissioner to Malaysia and currently Ambassador for Asia Pacific. Further contributions from readers who have a particular knowledge of the region and/or who are stationed there are most welcome.



(Ed note: *David Edwards, a longtime contributor to **bout de papier**, editorial board member and seasoned Asia Hand, contributes a "guest editorial" to this edition.*)

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Un parti unique en Afrique tient son congrès

par Anne Leahy

Après quatorze heures de trajet en véhicule « quatre-quatre » sur des routes de latérite, les premières concessions qui annoncent Berbérati nous sont enfin apparues, en même temps que le soleil de fin d'après-midi.

La seconde ville de ce pays d'Afrique est l'hôte d'un rare événement : le parti unique tient un congrès. Pendant trois jours, la petite bourgade de quelques milliers de paysans et petits commerçants normalement indifférents aux affaires de l'état, sera envahie de visiteurs. Le clou de la fête sera le Défilé. Tous ses habitants et ceux des villages avoisinants, les soi-disant groupes de base du parti, les écoliers, les travailleurs, paraderont devant les élites gouvernementales et les dignes invités de marque.

Pendant trois jours, la petite bourgade de quelques milliers de paysans et petits commerçants sera envahie de visiteurs.

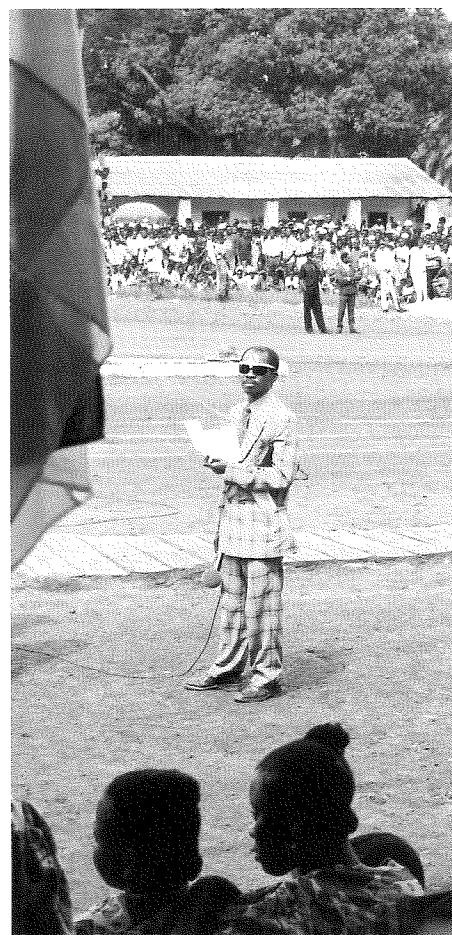
La route de Berbérati est bordée de superbes acacias. Ils émergent de la forêt en nuages de jaune intense sous le ciel lourd de la saison des pluies. Nous roulons sur le grand axe qui traverse une des rares parties intactes de la forêt tropicale vierge d'Afrique centrale et qui mène au port d'exportation ses arbres centenaires aux noms exotiques. Sur notre chemin, des cabris et autres animaux surgissent de temps en temps. Nous rencontrons surtout ces énormes grumiers chargés de trois ou quatre troncs d'arbre larges comme une maison. Ils prennent les virages à toute allure, ignorant les roches, les ornières de boue et les nids de poule sans fond. Il y a en a un qui s'est renversé et qui bloque le passage avec

quelques branches de palmier à même le sol comme seul avertissement du danger à venir.

Le passage à la frontière a eu ses moments. Un no-man's-land d'une dizaine de kilomètres sépare le poste de contrôle de sortie des deux postes de contrôle d'entrée du pays du congrès. La frontière était fermée, bien entendu, pour raison de sécurité puisque le Président devait se déplacer (ce qu'il ne put faire à cause de troubles dans sa capitale). À notre arrivée, nous sommes tombés sur de jeunes voyageurs anglais qui avaient entrepris la grande traversée de l'Afrique. Ils étaient en pourparlers avec les agents. Malgré leur compréhension plutôt limitée du français, ils commençaient à saisir qu'ils s'apprêtaient à passer trois jours dans ce coin perdu puisque l'entrée au pays leur serait interdite pendant la durée du congrès.

Nous avons eu la permission de passer le premier contrôle. Après tout, les autorités étaient sensées avoir fait le nécessaire pour nous, « distingués invités », qui méritions tout de même certains égards. Malheureusement, les agents du deuxième contrôle se sentaient peu concernés. Après avoir constaté qu'ils lisaient nos documents à l'envers et qu'ils étaient sur le point de commettre un impair diplomatique, mon collègue vint au secours de notre chauffeur. À son approche, les pauvres agents, visiblement imbibés de vin de palme depuis le matin, se ressaisirent. D'instinct, il leur apparut que leur interlocuteur n'était pas tellement diplomate que colonel d'armée d'un pays frère. De plus, il avait eu l'heureuse fortune d'avoir fait ses études militaires avec le président du pays dont l'accès nous échappait momentanément. Tout s'arrangea.

Nous n'avons aucune difficulté à trouver le centre de la ville et la villa modeste qui sert d'édifice administratif. Il a des gens, des motos et des voitures partout qui circulent dans tous les sens. Vient enfin le moment de trouver les logements qui nous ont été assignés. Grâce à l'intervention du colonel, nous mettons la main sur la grande villa, celle qui appartient aux intérêts étrangers. Elle est mise à la disposition des autorités pour les invités de marque



Le maître de cérémonies

qui ne souhaitent pas nécessairement loger chez l'habitant.

Nos hôtes, les 'grands' venus de la capitale, sont on ne peut plus hospitaliers. Ce n'est pas de leur faute si la chasse d'eau est reliée à nulle part et si le frigo à pétrole a des fuites. D'ailleurs, l'odeur d'essence se marie assez bien à celle du Phytos, arme chimique de première catégorie, essentielle au confort de l'homme qui veut se mêler au monde des insectes et dont mon colonel fait un usage abondant. La villa est accueillante, les chèvres circulent librement sur la véranda. Les gardiens restent discrets, le sympathique « Alors, ma chérie, ça va? » est lancé avec un sourire. La lumière s'éteint, il est 21 heures. La première nuit se passe bien.

Le lendemain, le grand moment est arrivé

Grâce aux pluies encore fréquentes, les rues de terre battue ne sont pas trop poussiéreuses et c'est heureux car nous sommes aux premières loges. Tous les fauteuils élégants de la ville ont été réquisitionnés pour l'occasion. Nous sommes perchés sur des gradins échafaudés au rond-point central où nous écouterons les discours politiques, verrons défiler toute la ville et ses taxis et participerons même à la remise d'enveloppes bourrées de billets de dix mille aux chefs de régions ayant fait les meilleures récoltes agricoles.

*La villa est
accueillante, les
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la véranda.*

Le maître de cérémonies est sorti tout droit de la meilleure tradition de Hollywood telle qu'on se l'imagine là où la télé américaine n'est pas encore accessible. Il porte le complet à gros carreaux à la jaquette très longue (il n'est pas très grand) et au pantalon à patte d'éléphant (le style n'était pas encore revenu à la mode) et de très gros verres fumés arrondis avec monture en or. Il regarde constamment autour de lui et jongle tant bien que mal avec un énorme micro plus long que son avant-bras.

La première épreuve consiste à subir les discours de circonstances. Le ministre d'État qui représente le Président malencontreusement absent, le chef de la section locale du parti, le maire de la ville y vont de leurs professions de foi politique et font étalage de leurs réalisations pour le peuple, qui ne sont pas forcément évidentes et méritent donc qu'on s'y attarde en détails. Le pays vit une période difficile de son histoire comme d'ailleurs d'autres pays d'Afrique. Celui-ci s'attache toutefois très fermement au parti unique et entend résister au vent d'Est. Après tout, prend soin de rappeler un orateur, «Le pays était au bord du précipice et grâce au parti, il a pu faire un grand bond en avant.» Dans la foulée, les dignes représentants des démocraties occidentales s'entendent dire qu'il n'est pas question de retourner à «l'odieuse et misérable période du multipartisme» et qu'il faut «se méfier des éléments tendancieux de l'étranger».

Après cette entrée en matière, le défilé proprement dit se met en branle. Les premiers groupes à saluer l'estrade sont les bataillons de jeunes, de femmes et autres militants des multiples sections du parti. Ils agitent fièrement des slogans du genre «NON au Multipartisme» et «MERCI à l'autorité restaurée». Ils sont suivis de nuées de militaires, gendarmes et autres gens en uniforme dont la cohérence dans les rangs est aléatoire. Les mieux disciplinés sont les tout petits, entourés de leurs maîtresses d'école, qui balancent bien haut les bras. Les plus grands se dandinent selon leur gré au rythme de la musique des différentes fanfares rangées sur la place.

Toutes aussi intéressées au spectacle sont les jeunes filles qui nous sont attachées pendant notre séjour. Elles sont assises sur les bancs alignés devant l'estrade et leurs têtes superbes ondulent dans tous les sens lorsqu'elles rigolent. Leurs coiffures sont de véritables sculptures. Plusieurs mains ont passé des heures à lisser, tirer et tresser leurs cheveux et créer des motifs très sophistiqués.

Aux écoliers succèdent les membres des coopératives agricoles, les agricultrices et leurs chèvres, des groupes compacts de danseurs pleins d'énergie. Ces derniers, en particulier, soulèvent des nuages de fine poussière de latérite rougeâtre qui gagnent progressivement en opacité. Bientôt, nous ne verrons plus leurs jambes. La foule, massée de l'autre côté de la place, apprécie surtout les comédiens, grimés de blanc et costumés de vêtements bariolés qui se frayent leur propre chemin.

Le haut point du défilé est sans contredit l'apparition des légions de fidèles des églises du pays — plus d'une cinquantaine. Leurs pancartes proclament: «l'église prophétique en Afrique», «l'église apostolique», «l'église baptiste» — leurs adeptes sont de vrais militants, ils portent des fusils de bois sur l'épaule — l'église du christianisme prophétique en Afrique», la «fédération des églises évangéliques des frères», «l'église de la coopération évangélique».

Après cette démonstration impressionnante, viennent encore quelques groupes culturels. L'honneur de clôturer le défilé revient aux vingt-huit taxis de Berbérati, les omniprésentes toyota jaunes du continent. Déjà la place est envahie par les spectateurs qui attendent derrière le service d'ordre que les dignitaires sortent des tribunes. Pour les habitants et les invités étrangers, le moment fort de ce congrès est terminé. ☺

Anne Leahy a retrouvé avec plaisir le chemin de Moscou à l'été 1996 en passant par l'Afrique centrale de 1989 à 1992 et la Pologne en 1993.

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Canada in the New World Disorder

by J.H. (Si) Taylor

While my subject is a bit less difficult than the examination question that asked candidates to describe the universe and give three examples, it has its problems. I shall try to be highly selective, but not, I hope, incoherent. I want to concentrate on two aspects of the new international disorder: the risk of war, and the tension between the growth of the number of sovereign states on the one hand and the growth in the limitations on sovereignty on the other. Then I shall suggest what some of the implications of these two aspects may be for Canada.

First, the risk of war. We survived 40 years of Cold War. What has happened now that the Cold War is over? Go back to the beginning. A lesson of the thirties was that aggression must be stopped early; otherwise little, far-off wars of no apparent relationship to our interests would become big wars involving us directly which we were obliged to fight in unfavourable circumstances. If only we had faced down Japan over Manchuria in 1931, or Italy over Abyssinia in 1936, or Germany over the Rhineland, or the Anschluss or Munich, we would have spared ourselves going to war over Poland, a country we could do nothing to help. It seemed clear from this that little wars could not be ignored, nor the importance of securing an alliance with the United States before a dangerous situation deteriorated into war.

To this lesson of the thirties was added a lesson of the forties: that violence grows once force is used, so that more and more powerful conventional weapons are employed, and finally the atomic bomb is used. In short, to the idea of horizontal escalation was added that of vertical escalation: not only did little wars spread around the world as they became big wars, but conventional violence grew until it reached nuclear dimensions. Hence the conclusion that "peace is indivisible" — that violence anywhere carried an ultimate risk of the nuclear holocaust.

These were some of the ideas that underlay the Cold War at the outset. But as the Cold War progressed, they became attenuated. The wars in Korea and Vietnam showed that local violence could grow to very high levels and could involve one or more of the nuclear powers, yet show great resistance either to spreading geographically or "going nuclear".

Even in Europe — where it was evident that even minor incidents carried grave risks of escalation — it became increasingly clear with time that nuclear weapons were difficult to use either for military purposes or to support diplomacy. In a sense, the whole history of NATO during the Cold War was a struggle to find effective means within an alliance to share the political control of nuclear weapons. This was true during the earlier years of crisis over Berlin and the abortive Multilateral Force; it was true 20 years on, during the Euromissile crisis of the 1980s. By the time that — had we known it — the Cold War was shortly to end, the NATO Council, at the direction of ministers, was conducting exercises designed to play through the whole scenario of the initial and subsequent use of nuclear weapons in response to a major Soviet attack. Such exercises tended to show how difficult it would be, on any realistic assumptions, to threaten to use nuclear weapons and then actually to use them. The lesson seemed to be that the only sensible reason to have nuclear weapons was to deter their use by the other side.

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This mutual deterrence could be accomplished expensively, at high levels of armament, or more cheaply, at lower levels. The negotiations of the last decade, which began before the Cold War ended, are designed to reduce the level of nuclear weapons held by the United States and Russia dramatically. Theoretical discussion has passed from considering concepts like "minimum deterrence" (the lowest level of weapons capable of deterring effectively) to "virtual deterrence"

(the possibility that, while the knowledge of how to make nuclear weapons cannot be eliminated, deterrence would still be effective even if no weapons, but only the unassembled components of weapons, actually existed).

To sum up this part of the argument, then:

- We began the Cold War with the idea that peace was indivisible, that little wars tended to become big wars and that conventional wars tended to become nuclear wars.
- We ended, even before the Cold War was actually over, believing that peace was highly divisible, that little wars didn't necessarily become big wars, that wars far away didn't necessarily come any nearer, and that conventional wars didn't necessarily become nuclear wars. Then the Cold War ended. One of the Alliances disappeared. The nature of the problem radically altered, and our anxieties about the risk of nuclear war sharply diminished. I shall return to this point to consider some of the implications for Canada later.

The second striking aspect of the new international order is the odd contradiction between the growing number of sovereignties and the growing limits on sovereignty.

Take the limits first. We see on every hand the evidence that national sovereignty means less and less in practice — that for many purposes, the world is better understood by the measure of cultures or economic regions or simply as one world than it is by the measure of national sovereignty. There is the CNN world of instantaneous transmission of TV images of events around the world as they occur; there is the Internet, providing floods of information directly to users across the world instantaneously, in ways that escape the control of governments, flattening all hierarchies and ignoring their pretensions; there are world financial markets, mustering far greater resources swiftly than governments can assemble, and backing their own judgements against governments through massive, instantaneous transfers of funds; there are modern industrial processes, which rely on an increasingly complex exchange of ideas, technology, raw materials and components, so that clearly identifiable national industrial products are less and less characteristic of the world economy; there is the creation of regional trading blocs, bringing rules-based trading systems to vast

areas covering many countries; and finally, there is the World Trade Organization, bringing a rules-based system, and thereby constraining sovereignty, all across the world.

All these powerful developments make nonsense of the pretensions of national sovereignty — so much so that you would expect people to be prepared to scrap the very notion of the sovereign state. Yet they aren't. The opposite is happening. The number of states claiming to be sovereign and recognized as such has risen from 55 to 185 in forty years. Why? Basically, because this was the age of the end of empires and of decolonization. The process began with the First World War, which brought down the German, Austro-Hungarian, Ottoman and Russian empires, and was completed with the aftermath of the Second World War, which saw the disappearance of the British, French, Dutch, Portuguese, Italian, remaining Spanish, and at last, with the end of the Cold War, the Soviet Empire.

Most of the new states in the world are the result of this process. This suggests an important conclusion: while obviously there are links between the trebling of sovereignties and the limitations on sovereignty, they are not causal links; the simultaneous existence of these two contradictory trends is largely a coincidence.

Not only the number of states, but their range and variety has increased: from very small to very large; from authoritarian to free; from institutionally sound and economically viable to institutionally chaotic and economically marginal; from highly centralized to loosely federated. Think, for example, of the difference between the Stalinist carbon copies of the Soviet state imposed on Central and Eastern Europe by the Russians in the late 1940s, and the variety of states now existing in the same area, even where in many instances there have been no changes of frontier.

We have at the back of our minds some notion of an ideal nation-state: it would have clearly defined and recognized frontiers, based on geography and easily defensible; it would have a viable economy; its people would be ethnically uniform rather than diverse, sharing a common history, culture and language. Few states in the past ever approached this ideal. Many strong and successful states departed widely from it. Indeed it is hard to think of states that ever came close to meeting all the qualifications of the ideal: Iceland, maybe. All this is even truer today. Because of artificial frontiers, or weak economies, or ethnic tensions, or constitutional incoherence or administrative incompetence or civic irresponsibility or some combination, departures from the ideal are more marked today than in the past.

So much could be said against the concept of the nation-state. And much could be said against particular states. Yet nation-states are plainly not headed to the garbage can of history; on the contrary. Why? Presumably because, for all their defects, peoples are not yet prepared — even in Europe — to transfer their loyalties to some international structure. In particular, the notion that economic union leads swiftly and inevitably to political union needs to be examined skeptically.

*We are in danger of
losing our perspective
on how far we still
have to go before
we become the
strong, independent
exporting nation we
sometimes imagine
ourselves to be.*

What do these two aspects of international life — the diminished threat of nuclear war and the contradictory tendencies towards greater world economic unity and greater world political diversity mean for Canada? How does our country fit into this kind of world?

On the security point: although many Canadians during the Cold War found it hard to accept, Canada was then, and is even more now, one of the most secure countries in the world. We were, and are, defended by the United States in the act of defending itself, whether we choose to defend ourselves or not. With the end of the Cold War especially, we no longer feel threatened by fears of little wars becoming big wars or conventional wars becoming nuclear wars. Canadians can enjoy an immense sense of security compared to many people in the world. They will not feel that their security interests are inevitably threatened by small, far-off crises.

If nevertheless Canadians decide to involve themselves in small, far-off crises, it will not be because of national security, but for other reasons — disinterested humanitarian reasons, the defence of human rights, the relief of human suffering, or objections of principle to aggression. Canadians have shown they are capable of supporting involvement of this kind. The limits have not been tested. But that there

are limits shows up from time to time, for example in the sense of shame and disgust over the action of a few servicemen in Somalia; the increasing impatience that led to withdrawal from Cyprus; the insistence on improving the UN's security machinery; the frustration when others won't pay their peace-keeping bills; and so on. The limits would show even more clearly if Canadian involvement were ever to lead to heavy casualties. A debate unresolved at the time of the Gulf War, and which continues over Bosnia, divides those who believe that substantial risks, including risk of casualties, must be run to preserve peace, and those who believe peace-keeping Canadian style must be largely risk free. It is by no means clear what Canadians mean when they say they support peace-keeping. At what risk? How far up the scale of enforcement? At the moment we are participating in IFOR, which goes beyond what many would see as the limits of classic peace-keeping. This raises not only issues of principle but practical questions. What kind of forces do we want? How should they be organized, trained and equipped? How much are we prepared to spend on them and on the organizations, the UN and NATO, under which they operate?

What also about Canada's place in the emerging world of the single money market and falling trade barriers across regions and across the world?

On the whole, Canadians are either in favour of falling trade barriers, or at least acquiescent: this seems to sum up attitudes on the transition from GATT to the WTO and the expansion of the Canada-US Free Trade Agreement into NAFTA. These developments have coincided with a period in which Canadian exports have performed better than any other economic indicator. We have had record exports and trade surpluses when consumer confidence and sectors like housing have been weak, interest rates high and the domestic economy sluggish.

Yet there is still a sense of vulnerability underlying our strong export performance. The idea of reducing our vulnerability by reducing our relative dependence on the US market is a recurring theme in trade policy debates. In Mr. Diefenbaker's day, there was the 15% trade switch objective; in Mr. Trudeau's there was the "Third Option". Yet we are no closer than we ever were to reducing our relative dependence on one overwhelmingly important market — the United States; and we have made only modest progress towards moving the balance of our exports up the scale from raw and semi-finished products to the high value-added, knowledge-based exports where Canada's trading future is said to lie.

And at the same time, despite a recent levelling-off in foreign borrowing, we have continued for a generation to increase our vulnerability through increasing our debt to foreign lenders, so that 40% of Canada's long-term debt is now held by foreigners and we have learned to twitch at every sign of displeasure from Standard and Poor or Moody's.

These are manifestations of deep structural features of the Canadian economy, not easy to change quickly. The problem with the Team Canada approach to dealing with such difficulties is not the objective; it is with the risk that all the related publicity may cause us to mistake objectives for accomplishments. We are in danger of losing our perspective on just how far we still have to go before we become the strong, independent exporting nation we sometimes imagine ourselves to be already. As a form of reality check, then, let some of the basic facts of our situation be restated:

- The United States remains overwhelmingly our most important single export market. In our lifetime, it has gone from absorbing two-thirds to three-quarters to four-fifths of our exports (although here also, as with foreign borrowing, there has been a recent levelling-off). Nothing any government has done, nor any turn of the business cycle, has altered the apparently inexorable trend.
- The United States supplies two-thirds of our imports. More of our trade passes within the Canada-USA auto sector alone than with the entire European Union.
- In 1994, two-way trade between Canada and the United States was 15 times the value of two-way trade with Canada's second largest trading partner, which is Japan. And yet Japan, in trade terms, is more important to us than our four largest European trading partners (Germany, Britain, France and Italy) together; and we trade more with Japan than with all the rest of Asia combined. These comparisons shed an interesting light on much that is said and written these days about Asian markets.
- As to the matter of high-tech, high value-added exports, it is interesting to note that Canada's most important export to Japan is coal; that its most important export to Japan in the food and agriculture sector is oil seeds; and that about 60% of Canadian exports to Japan are resource products while only 40% could be classified as value-added — and even that includes many goods that are far from being technically sophisticated industrial products.

Thus when we hear yet more talk about Team Canada successfully selling high-tech

Canadian goods in fast-growing Asian markets, we should keep two things in mind:

- it's all true and we should rejoice in our export successes and build on them;
- but relatively, Canada is still, as a trading nation, heavily dependent on exports of resource materials and, for good or ill, overwhelmingly dependent on the US market.

Finally, what about ethnic nationalism and Canada's relationship to it?

The connection with the national unity debate is obvious; I won't belabour it. But three points can be made:

- International comparisons of states can be illuminating. But nation states come in all shapes and sizes. No two are identical. Each is unique. The range of solutions that have been found in constitutions across the world to the problems of multi-ethnic states is enormous. Both federalists and separatists could find justification for their theses about what is best for Canada by judicious selection of foreign examples. All such example-seeking is tendentious and should be treated with skepticism. The hard truth for both ardent federalists and ardent separatists is that the world offers no particular solution to

Canada's problems of national unity; we have to find our own.

- It is evident that ethnic nationalism has often been perverted and that it can degenerate into violence. Whatever the outcome of our national debate, we have so far avoided violence almost entirely. The civilized course would be to bear this in mind and continue to do so. Respect for the rule of law should be our guide.
- Finally, whatever advantages might be advanced as justification for breaking the existing Canada into two states, an inevitable disadvantage would be that two smaller, economically divided states will carry less weight individually in the international system and have to exert themselves even harder than the existing federation to protect their interests and make themselves heard. ☺

This text is slightly modified from an address delivered to the Rideau Club, Ottawa, in 1996.

*J.H. (Si) Taylor's first posting was Hanoi (see page 39), his last two appointments Undersecretary of State for External Affairs and Canadian Ambassador to Japan. He is the Chancellor of McMaster University and a member of the senior editorial board of **bout de papier**.*

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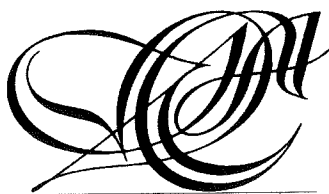
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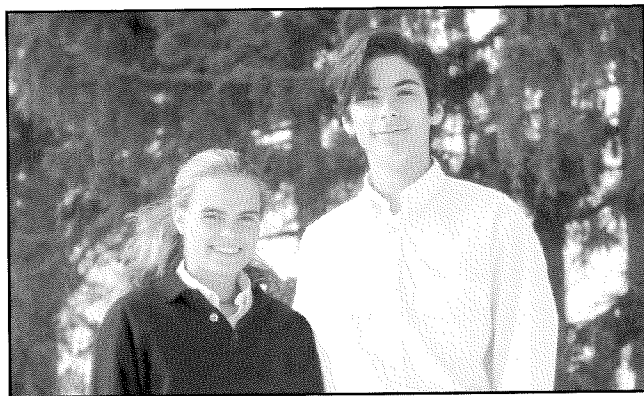
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Paul Edward Barton

1941-1996

On a sparkling bright October afternoon, friends and colleagues gathered in Ottawa to celebrate the eclectic and peripatetic life of Paul Barton, who quietly passed away on a glorious fall afternoon after a lengthy battle with cancer.

Paul originally joined the Foreign Service as an Immigration Officer, having been a teacher for many years in Ontario, and in Zambia, with his wife, Marian. They have 3 children, Kimby, Eric and Timothy.

I believe that the following selection of the many tributes paid to Paul speak more eloquently than I could about our friend and colleague. As someone said, "You only had to be with Paul for five minutes to recognize what a special person he was."

Don Campbell knew Paul longer than most of us and roomed with him in their third year at Waterloo University. Don reminisced how he and Paul, as students "were both intensely interested in the national and international issues of the day and debated, argued, and undoubtedly found solid solutions for most if not all of them and was always impressed and occasionally frustrated by Paul's down to earth, rational approach to these great issues and admired immensely his earthy wit and common sense", and of how delighted he was "that Paul decided ... to join the ranks of the Canadian Foreign Service where he put his ideas, his energy and his talents to the cause of Canada."

"Paul was a trusted, highly professional colleague, whose judgements ... were impeccable, whose reliability and conscientiousness in the face of an impossible workload were exemplary. He was a model to many of us of the best that the Foreign Service can attract, and produce. He served his country well ..." but "Most of all Paul enriched my life, and those of all with whom he came into contact, by his character. His honesty, integrity, humility, perseverance, humour, and pride in what he did radiated from him like a beacon and made the rest of us shine just a little brighter.... All who knew him, personally or professionally, are better people, just because Paul was there. When Paul wasn't there we knew he was off fighting his battle again. But we always knew he would be back. Now he won't and the place will never be quite the same."

Alan Bowker

"Paul to me was a wonderful human being whom I was always happy to see. In the years I knew him, I never walked away from a meeting with him without feeling better, more positive, and more enthusiastic. He reaffirmed the best in all of us and his presence and influence was to help us to do the same. I will miss him and am grateful to have known him."

Patricia Malikail

"Paul's devotion to his family, his courage, his deep eclectic interests, his infectious grin and positively wicked sense of humour, his loyalty to friends and his passionate beliefs in the values which so many Canadians share.... Indeed he touched us all and for that we are immensely thankful."

Herb Fraser

"I will never run another 'Hash' without thinking of Paul. It was through Paul that I became involved with a great group of fun loving runners called the 'Hash House Harriers'. Rain or shine, winter or summer, Paul braved the elements."

Mike Yetman

"I shall miss Paul's quick wit and infectious laugh".

Patricia Lawrie

"I wanted to say how much Paul's courage and unfailing positive spirit helped me as a cancer survivor to meet the challenges constantly faced in both fighting a way against this disease and in maintaining a quality of life that makes the struggle worthwhile. Paul inspired me and my family.... I hope [Paul's family] take strength from the enormous contribution Paul made to many. It was an honour and a privilege to have known him."

Tom Boehm

Sometime in his last few weeks, Paul told me that 'way-back-when' when he first discovered he had cancer, he decided to try to strike a deal with God to let him live long enough to see that his children had a toe-hold on life. I don't know what Paul's end

of the bargain was. Whatever it was, I would say we got the better end of the deal. We had the privilege of knowing and sharing Paul Barton for another fifteen years and we are all better people for having had that experience. Paul was courageous; he did not live his life like every day was his last — he lived as though he had many more to go and that he intended to enjoy every one of them.

Valerie Nabb summed it up when she wrote, "Paul would not want us to cry too much, rather he would want us to think about the good and happy things in our lives and to focus on them. Each day, remember your loved ones, and think of Paul to remind you of all the special, positive things that make life joyful and happy."

Thanks for everything, Paul. Rest in peace. ☺

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Promoting International Human Rights

The Canadian Human Rights Commission Goes International

by Maxwell Yalden

The opening lines of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights assert that "recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world." They are carried forward by a call to "every individual and organ of society ... to promote respect for these rights and freedoms and to secure their universal and effective recognition and observance."

At first blush, then, it seems surprising that human rights as an element in foreign policy has proven to be such a contentious issue over the years. After all, if the dignity of all humans is inherent and their rights inalienable, and if states are required to secure their universal observance, are we not duty bound to include a human rights dimension in our relations with other countries?

The answer should be obvious. But the real question lies elsewhere: it is not *whether* human rights should be a consideration in our bilateral and multilateral activities, but *how* we can most effectively meet our human rights obligations. What I should like to do in this short article is address myself to what the Canadian Human Rights Commission (CHRC) tries to do in a practical way to help ensure that human rights norms are respected throughout the world. But first, a little background.

When the CHRC was created nearly two decades ago, the world was a different place. The two major international human rights covenants — on Civil and Political Rights and on Social, Economic and Cultural Rights — had only recently come into effect. The dramatic changes that have since taken place in Eastern and Central Europe, Africa, Asia and Latin America could scarcely have been anticipated. The ideological polarization of the Cold War made it difficult to deal with international human rights issues outside the context of East-West politics. And only a handful of countries, nearly all of them in the so-called western world, had established national institutions for protecting and promoting the rights of their citizens, such as human rights commissions and ombudsman's offices.

Canada was one of these. Provincial governments had been creating human rights commissions since the late 1960s, in response to concerns about racial, religious and sex discrimination. It was not until 1977, however, that Parliament adopted the Canadian Human Rights Act, aimed at protecting the public from discrimination within federal jurisdiction. The Canadian Human Rights Commission was established to administer the legislation, with a two-pronged mandate: to deal with complaints, and to promote equality rights through education and information programs.

*Are we not
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other countries?*

While the Canadian Human Rights Act clearly draws inspiration from the international instruments, it is largely national in scope. The drafters of the Act could not have known that the Commission created under the Act would ultimately be swept up in the global human rights revolution that would take place in the final decade of the 20th century. Since the early 1990s, the CHRC has actively participated in international meetings, has been represented on international missions and delegations, has been called upon to provide technical assistance to fledgling national human rights institutions, and has developed cooperative arrangements with institutions in such countries as Indonesia, India, Mexico and Cameroon.

It is not surprising that the Commission's international involvement has paralleled a growing interest in the development and strengthening of similar types of agencies in other countries. As more and more

countries have adopted domestic human rights legislation, or enshrined human rights protections in their constitutions, they have recognized the importance of developing mechanisms to translate human rights principles into practice. It has become increasingly obvious that legislation alone cannot guarantee respect for human rights without programmes aimed at informing citizens of their rights, and concrete mechanisms for redressing violations when and where they occur. And it is this understanding that is at the centre of the Commission's international activities: independent national human rights agencies are necessary to ensure that international human rights norms are respected. Canada, whose human rights infrastructure is both well-developed and well-respected, has an obligation to share its expertise and help where it can to ensure that the citizens of all countries of the world enjoy the rights that are theirs as members of the human family. The Commission attempts to do so both multilaterally and bilaterally.

Multilateral initiatives

While the CHRC had always received international visitors who were curious about our work and had traditionally played a role in the activities of UN bodies like the Human Rights Commission, the Commission's more active involvement on the international front began in 1991, with its participation in a UN-sponsored workshop on national human rights institutions in Paris. While the term "national institution" was first used in the human rights context by the Economic and Social Council as early as 1946, the institutions themselves did not come together as a group until the Paris meeting. The main outcome of that meeting was the development of a series of principles underlying effective national human rights institutions: fundamental requirements such as representativity, accessibility and independence from the government of the day. These "Paris principles" have since been endorsed by both the UN Commission and the General Assembly, and are viewed as a standard by which existing or prospective institutions should measure themselves.

Less than two years later, in conjunction with the World Conference on Human Rights in Vienna, some thirty national institutions participated in a parallel meeting, designed to build upon the work that had begun in Paris. A number of national institutions, including Canada's, had worked hard to ensure that national institutions were represented in Vienna. We believed that our presence at the World Conference would help demonstrate to the international community, in particular States that had not yet created them, that national institutions were an important part of the international human rights machinery. This in turn might put some pressure on those countries to move in that direction. We also hoped that bringing national institutions from around the world together to reaffirm their commitment to the Paris Principles would set an international benchmark for institutions that nations could not ignore. Finally, we hoped that through this sort of contact we could, both through the UN system and directly, find ways to support newer or more fragile institutions. To help with all of this, a coordinating committee was created with representatives of each region. Canada took part in the Committee from the beginning and the Canadian Chief Commissioner eventually became its Chairman.

At the Vienna conference itself, the Committee was successful in ensuring that the importance of national institutions was given appropriate recognition in the Vienna Declaration and Programme of Action, building on resolutions that had previously been adopted at the UN Commission on Human Rights, ECOSOC and the General Assembly. This work was continued at further meetings in Tunis in December, 1993 and in Manila in April, 1995.

A major subject of discussion at both the Tunis and Manila meetings was the desire of national institutions to be recognized within the United Nations system. This was not an idle desire to achieve status for its own sake: independence is an important attribute of an effective human rights agency, and it is inappropriate for national institutions to speak as part of a state delegation. At the same time, national institutions are not non-governmental organizations and should not be treated as such. Together with ombudsmen they are unique institutions which should have an opportunity to play an active role in the UN effort to advance human rights. For this reason, participants in the Manila workshop adopted a recommendation calling on the UN Commission on Human Rights to recognize the role of national institutions and take appropriate measures to assure that they participate in their own right within the UN organs dealing with human rights issues.

The idea of the UN recognizing a separate status for national institutions has had its critics. Some countries, including a few that are generally supportive of human rights, have worried about phoney human rights institutions appearing to acquire UN endorsement. Others resist for motives that can only be described as less honourable. The position that the Canadian Human Rights Commission has taken is that institutions that more or less meet minimum standards, essentially those set out in the Paris Principles, should be given the opportunity to demonstrate their capacities. Those which are puppets will quickly be seen for what they are. The experience to date has been encouraging. Institutions which were viewed with some scepticism initially have shown themselves to be vigorous and effective in the defence of human rights, much to the surprise of earlier critics, and perhaps as well to the governments that created them in the first place.

The Canadian Human Rights Act deals exclusively with equality rights.

This message seems slowly to be getting across. At its Fifty-Third session, the United Nations Human Rights Commission agreed that the participation of national institutions in UN human rights bodies would be appropriate and asked the Secretary-General to examine how this could be accomplished.

Bilateral initiatives

During my tenure at the Commission and through our work on the coordinating committee, we became better acquainted with national institutions in various countries, and began to develop cooperative relations with them. Over the past two years, for example, agreements were signed with human rights commissions in Indonesia, India, Mexico and Cameroon, committing the Canadian Human Rights Commission to information and technical exchanges. These agreements have resulted in a number of concrete initiatives: in the past year, for example, the Commission co-sponsored a human rights education seminar in New Delhi with the Indian National Commission on Human Rights; exchanged information

with the *Comisión Nacional de Derechos Humanos* of Mexico on the development of a complaints management system, and assisted Cameroon's National Commission on Human Rights and Freedoms in the organization and funding of the First African Conference of National Institutions for the Promotion and Protection of Human Rights, held in February 1996 in Yaoundé.

The Commission also embarked on a major initiative involving *Komnas Ham*, the national human rights commission of Indonesia. Following my visit to Indonesia at *Komnas Ham*'s invitation, three of their commissioners came to Ottawa for a seminar on Canadian human rights mechanisms. In December 1995, a Canadian delegation went on a planning mission to Jakarta to explore first-hand the types of assistance *Komnas Ham* requires. Working with our Canadian partner organizations and CIDA, we developed a comprehensive assistance project aimed at strengthening the capacity of the fledgling Indonesian Commission to carry out its work. Elements of the project include the development of a system for tracking complaints; the establishment of human rights documentation centres at *Komnas Ham* and in two Indonesian universities; and the provision of educational material on human rights.

Further initiatives with the Indian Commission are planned. Together with our partners in this enterprise, the Ontario Human Rights Commission, the Canadian Human Rights Foundation and the Ottawa University Human Rights Research and Education Centre, and in consultation with the Indian Commission and a number of Indian NGOs, a proposal has been developed that includes continuing work in the public education sphere, a regional training program for human rights institutions, and cooperation in efforts to prevent child labour.

While relationships with institutions in Indonesia, India, Mexico and Cameroon make up the core of the CHRC's bilateral programs, they are by no means the only international contacts the CHRC has established. Both our then-Deputy Chief Commissioner, Michelle Falardeau-Ramsay (now Chief Commissioner), and I have visited a number of countries to provide advice and assistance on issues related to equality rights. During the past several years, I personally have met with government and non-governmental representatives in visits to the Baltic States, Russia, Ukraine, Belarus, Moldova, Mexico, Indonesia, China and Poland. The Commission also receives dozens of visitors from other countries each year: government officials, human rights practitioners, representatives of

non-governmental organizations, lawyers and jurists, journalists and others.

In some cases, visits to the Commission have taken the form of internships, which allow a visitor to spend an extended period of time with the CHRC to learn about our work. For example, a member of the human rights commission of Bénin spent three weeks at the CHRC studying our complaint investigation procedures, communications programs and other aspects of our work. In the summer of 1996, we had a week-long visit from a *Komnas Ham* staff person, who also spent a week at the Quebec Human Rights Commission. And in January 1995, we organized a 10-day training session for a lawyer from the Czech Helsinki Committee, whose organization deals with human rights complaints as there is no ombudsman or human rights commission in the Czech Republic.

Over the past few years, the Commission has participated in a number of other programs providing international human rights training, including the Canadian Human Rights Foundation's annual summer course; Radio-Canada's "Journalisme en Démocratie" program, a CIDA-funded initiative aimed at journalists in francophone Africa; the Yeltsin Democracy Fellowship program, the Ukrainian internship program organized by Carleton University's school of public administration, and the journalism fellowship program sponsored by the International Centre for Human Rights and Democratic Development.

Guiding principles

The CHRC's international activities have been guided by a number of fundamental principles. It is recognized that all national human rights institutions are different, and that both their structure and the issues they deal with will depend on the social, cultural, economic and political circumstances in any given country. Foreign visitors to the CHRC are often surprised, for example, that the Canadian Human Rights Act deals exclusively with equality rights, and does not touch on such fundamental matters as freedom of speech, freedom of association and the right to a fair trial. The day-to-day problems the Commission does deal with, such as pay equity, accessibility for the disabled, sexual harassment and hate propaganda, may seem less pressing in countries where violations of fundamental civil liberties are the prime concern.

At the same time, there are a number of issues that are common to virtually all human rights institutions, that allow them to benefit from our experience and we from theirs. Techniques of investigation and documentation of human rights complaints, for

example, are equally applicable regardless of whether the complaint deals with racial discrimination or police corruption. Every institution needs a system for tracking its complaints, so that complainants can be kept informed on the status of their situation and to ensure effective management of the process. And every institution is involved in communications activities aimed at getting human rights information out to the public at large. What struck me when I met, as Commissioner, with my counterparts in other countries was not that we dealt with different issues — that is a given — it was how much our organizations actually have in common.

Canada will be increasingly called upon to share its experience.

Responsibility for the promotion and protection of human rights does not rest on the shoulders of one agency alone. Governments obviously have a role to play in securing the rights set out in the international conventions. National institutions, as I have already said, are also important actors in this field; but so too are other members of any civil society. Our approach in Canada and abroad is to promote cooperation among these sectors, and, in particular, to encourage bonds between national institutions and the NGO and academic community. This is in part because those interested in encouraging social change can achieve more through cooperation than confrontation. In addition, institutions and members of the NGO and academic community must understand each other's roles, and appreciate each other's limitations, if misunderstandings are to be avoided. It is to demonstrate this point, as much as because we require their special expertise, that Canada's Human Rights Commission has chosen to work closely with Canadian human rights activists in pursuing our bilateral objectives.

Finally, I would be remiss if I did not mention that I would be unable to carry out the Commission's international work if it were not for the cooperation of both Foreign Affairs and CIDA. I was gratified by the cooperation and assistance we receive from Foreign Affairs personnel: the Human Rights division, the various geographic desks, and our missions in all the countries

we work with. To those foreign service officers who have worked long and hard with me and my staff to facilitate these projects, I offer my thanks.

As your readers may already be aware, I retired from the Commission — and from forty years in the public service, many of them at External Affairs — in December 1996. While I cannot set priorities for the new Chief Commissioner, I am hopeful that she will take an interest in international human rights and ensure that the CHRC's work in this area is carried forward. As more and more countries work toward improving their human rights machinery, Canada will be increasingly called upon to share its experience. While our activities may take different forms in the future, the CHRC will inevitably be part of that process. ☺

Maxwell Yalden, Chief Commissioner of the Canadian Human Rights Commission from 1987 to 1996, began his career as a foreign service officer in 1956. While with the Department, he was posted to Moscow, Paris and Geneva. After serving as Deputy Minister of Communications and Commissioner of Official Languages, he was Ambassador to Belgium and Luxembourg from 1984 to 1987. In 1996 he was elected a member of the UN Human Rights Committee.

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D'un continent à l'autre : des forêts et des hommes



Le Réseau international des forêts modèles

par Kafui Dansou

Tout dernièrement encore, avait lieu une conférence sur la Biodiversité et son importance pour le Canada et l'économie canadienne, où le maître-mot des diverses présentations était: «il nous faut passer à l'action»; la mobilisation des différents acteurs (gouvernement, industrie, université et le public dans son ensemble) est essentielle pour la mise en pratique des concepts de développement durable, et de gestion durable des ressources forestières.

Le souci de transcrire en action les discussions internationales de ces dernières décennies sur les questions d'aménagement et de conservation des forêts du globe, trouve voix au niveau des différents acteurs politiques, économiques et sociaux. La communauté internationale s'est tout particulièrement penchée sur les questions afférentes à l'occupation du territoire, aux répercussions du déboisement et de la dégradation des forêts, à la durabilité de la production de bois, et à l'établissement de peuplements forestiers par l'homme. La nouvelle charte de politique extérieure du gouvernement canadien réaffirme d'ailleurs, à cet effet, l'engagement du Canada à adopter et promouvoir les accords internationaux en faveur d'une gestion durable des ressources forestières.

Le programme de forêts modèles se trouve justement au coeur de l'action : il offre un terrain propice pour la constitution de partenariats en aménagement forestier durable, ce qui aidera en outre les gouvernements dans leurs décisions de politique forestière.

Le programme du Réseau international des forêts modèles a été lancé à Rio de Janeiro, lors du Sommet de la terre de 1992, lorsque le Canada a invité d'autres nations forestières à s'intégrer au Réseau des forêts modèles. Ce programme a pour but d'améliorer à l'échelle mondiale la compréhension des pratiques sylvicoles permettant d'assurer la durabilité des forêts. La création d'un réseau international de forêts modèles rend possible les échanges d'information et d'expertise, les tests de pratiques sylvicoles durables et encourage la formation de

partenariats novateurs. Une forêt modèle amène l'industrie, les populations autochtones, les groupes de défense de l'environnement, les associations communautaires et les représentants des autres groupes d'intérêt concernés à unir leurs efforts pour gérer les ressources forestières de façon responsable au bénéfice des générations actuelles et futures.

Le programme de forêts modèles se trouve au coeur de l'action.

Le réseau international est né à la suite des succès remportés par le réseau canadien des forêts modèles. Ce dernier a été mis en place dans le cadre du *Plan Vert du Canada pour un environnement sain* lancé en 1990, pour renforcer l'aménagement durable des forêts canadiennes. Au Canada, on compte aujourd'hui dix forêts modèles, qui représentent les principales zones forestières nationales. Le réseau international regroupe les forêts modèles canadiennes, et celles établies au Mexique (au nombre de deux : les forêts modèles de Chihuahua et de Calakmul), et en Russie (la forêt modèle de Gassinski). D'autres sites de forêts modèles sont en développement dans ces deux pays, ainsi qu'aux États-Unis et en Malaisie. En outre, de nombreux autres pays ont exprimé et continuent d'exprimer leur désir de se joindre au Réseau international: c'est le cas de l'Argentine, du Chili, du Japon, du Vietnam, pour n'en citer que quelques uns.

La Forêt Modèle

Le concept de «forêt modèle» repose sur le principe selon lequel les écosystèmes forestiers sont précieux pour la société, et doivent faire l'objet d'une gestion efficace et responsable qui tienne compte non seulement des besoins d'un groupe ou d'un secteur, mais aussi ceux de tous les intervenants. Son

cadre d'analyse ne se restreint pas au futur immédiat, mais s'étend sur le long terme. Grâce au Programme de forêts modèles, les gouvernements encouragent des groupes sectoriels, des organismes et services publics divers, des groupements sociaux à se concerter et à développer une vision commune des avantages socio-économiques, ainsi que les méthodes de conservation qu'ils emploieront pour que ces avantages deviennent réalité. La principale vertu de ces partenariats est de permettre à la planification et aux activités d'avoir lieu au niveau du territoire forestier local.

De par sa nature, chaque forêt modèle du réseau répond aux besoins particuliers du pays ou de la région où elle se situe tout en contribuant, par l'intermédiaire du Réseau international des forêts modèles, à la mise en commun des connaissances, technologies, données scientifiques et expériences. Aussi, de Calakmul à Gassinski, en passant par le Canada, les forêts modèles exposent une variété d'activités calquées sur les besoins, défis et opportunités locaux, et tendent toutes cependant vers la mise en place de pratiques de gestion durable des ressources forestières. La forêt modèle de Calakmul (Mexique), par exemple, tente de diversifier les activités économiques de production sans pour autant menacer l'environnement; celle de Gassinski (Russie), elle, se penche plus sur la question de gestion intégrale avec les populations indigènes pour satisfaire leurs besoins.

Le programme de forêts modèles offre la possibilité à divers pays et acteurs qui s'emploient à trouver et développer des réponses locales et régionales aux problématiques économiques, sociales, et environnementales, de participer et influencer les tendances mondiales en matière d'aménagement forestier. Il est, en ce sens, particulièrement pertinent dans le cadre de la politique étrangère canadienne en matière environnementale qui est axée sur la coopération et la promotion des pratiques forestières durables. Le Canada est un chef de file mondial dans les domaines de la foresterie et de la conservation. Il abrite 10 % des forêts du monde, qui lui

fournissent non seulement des revenus économiques, mais aussi un riche patrimoine naturel et culturel. Le Canada dispose d'un potentiel considérable dans une gamme étendue de techniques modernes de foresterie et de conservation. Il est réputé pour ses efforts dans le sens d'une gestion durable de ses parcs et zones protégées, de la faune, des forêts et des bassins hydrographiques.

A ce titre, le Canada possède des connaissances et expériences indéniables en matière d'aménagement et de gestion saine des ressources forestières; et de nombreux pays, notamment les pays en voie de développement, s'attendent à ce que le Canada collabore au dialogue mondial sur l'avenir des forêts de la planète, les fasse profiter de son savoir-faire en gestion forestière, et les aide à adopter des politiques d'aménagement forestier durables.

Le réseau international participe activement aux dialogues internationaux sur le développement durable, particulièrement sous l'angle de l'environnement forestier, de la biodiversité, et de la protection et régénération des ressources naturelles. Les forêts

Artisanas Tarahumara, forêt modèle de Chihuahua (Mexique).

Photo: Nicholas Coghlan



Photo: Nicholas Coghlan



modèles offrent un cadre pragmatique, un terrain réel, pour tester et exécuter les politiques et pratiques résultant de ces rencontres, tels les critères et indicateurs qui caractériseraient et mesureraient l'aménagement forestier durable. Ainsi, dans le long terme, le réseau sera à la base d'une coopération internationale pour la mise en valeur durable des ressources forestières partout dans le monde. Les forêts modèles participantes, issues d'écosystèmes divers, fourniront les connaissances et les encouragements nécessaires pour que de grands domaines forestiers du globe soient aménagés et conservés selon les méthodes qui assureront des avantages durables pour l'humanité.

Les forêts modèles du réseau sont assistées dans cette entreprise par un secrétariat international. Le Secrétariat du Réseau international de forêts modèles (SRIFM) veille, entre autres, à ce que la vision de la forêt modèle soit maintenue, étendue dans le temps et dans l'espace. Le SRIFM conçoit diverses activités destinées à renforcer le réseau et à étendre son incidence sur l'amélioration de la gestion des forêts du monde dans une optique de durabilité et de respect de l'environnement. Par ailleurs, il est l'organe de coordination

La prochaine forêt modèle? La réserve des papillons Monarque, au Mexique.

quotidienne du réseau. Il assure la mise en commun des renseignements et expériences des forêts membres. Il sert de catalyseur par la diffusion d'idées et de technologies nouvelles, par le recours à la recherche scientifique pour l'amélioration des opérations des forêts modèles, et par la planification et l'organisation d'ateliers, de séminaires et de forums.

Pour répondre de manière adéquate à la diversité des besoins et exigences de ce réseau international, le secrétariat du réseau international a été transféré du Service canadien des forêts au Centre de recherche pour le développement international (CRDI) où il se trouve actuellement logé depuis 1995, comme un secrétariat indépendant. Sous le présent accord, le réseau international est appuyé par le Ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international du Canada, l'Agence canadienne pour le développement international (ACDI), le Service canadien des forêts, et le CRDI.

Kafui Dansou est agente de projet au Secrétariat du Réseau international de forêts modèles, à Ottawa.

Calakmul Model Forest — A Snapshot

Eriberto was kind enough to offer us a bucket of fresh rainwater to wash the mud off our bodies, a hot cup of sweet orange leaf herbal tea, some dry, though ill-fitting clothes, and a hammock to sleep in. It had been a very long day. Hugo (the Model Forest manager) and I had left Zoh Laguna, the administrative centre for the Calakmul Model Forest (CMF) that morning. Two and a half hours and 80 km later, we had to leave our pick-up truck on a dirt path — it could advance no further on the steep and slippery forest track. We walked the last 2 km through the tall tropical forest to Eriberto's *ejido**, population 32, living in a rag-tag collection of a dozen sturdy thatched-roofed, dirt-floor huts 15 km from the conjunction of the Belize, Guatemalan and Mexican borders. Eriberto is one of the most welcoming and enthusiastic campesinos I know in the CMF — the reputation of his village as a friendly place is so well established in the area that it is commonly referred to as "Los Cariñosos" — the dear ones.

Tired of living without a secure land base, his extended family had left the tropical ranching state of Tabasco 17 years earlier in the search for their own lands. They settled

IDRC forestry advisor Richard Baerg (right) explores an unexcavated Mayan ruin with a member of the Xpujil Regional Council. Carefully controlled ecotourism has been identified as a priority activity within the Model Forest.

Photo: Nicholas Coghlan

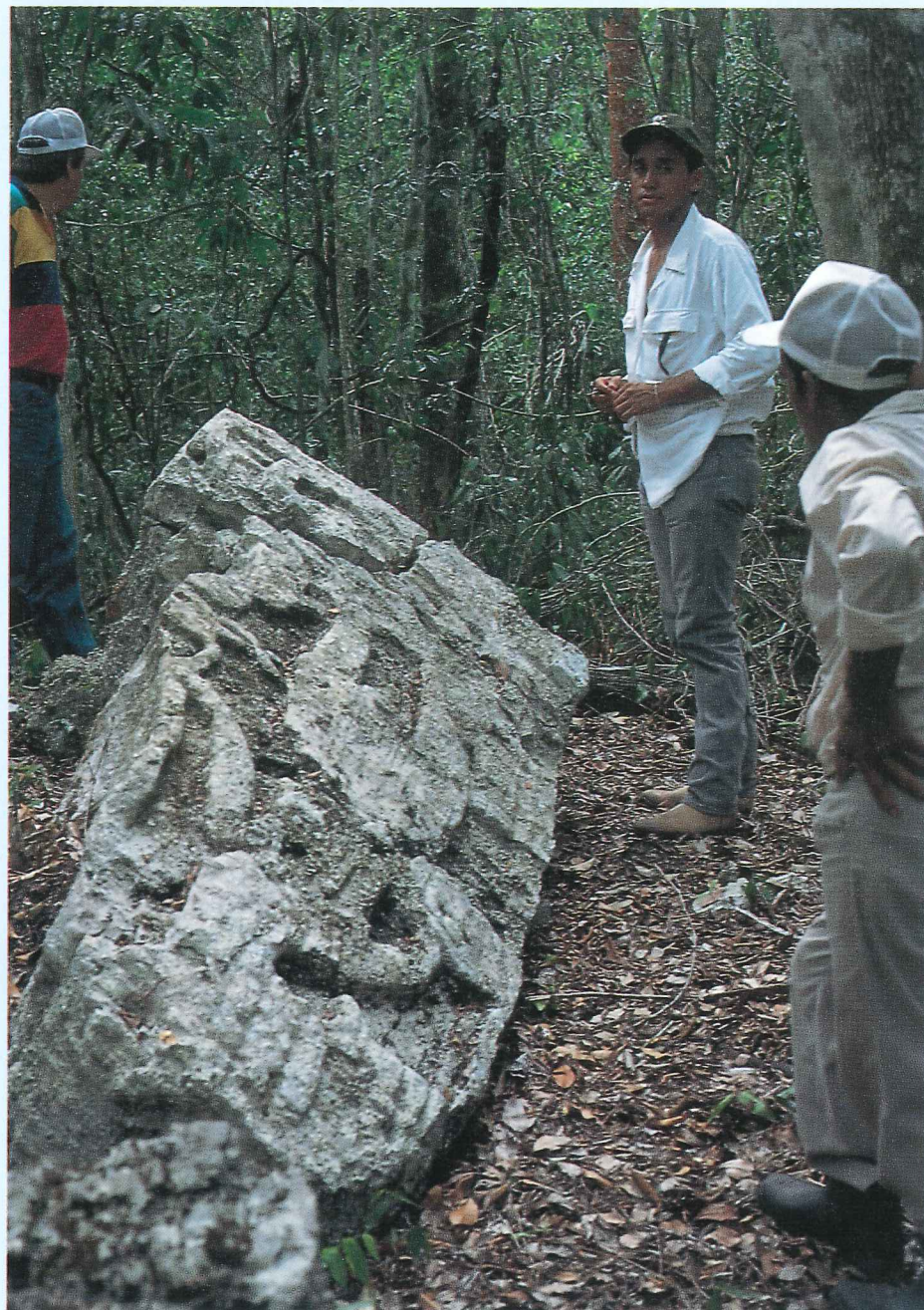


Photo: Nicholas Coghlan

in the Calakmul area, one of the last frontiers in Mexico, covered with relatively untouched tropical forests. They arrived with a tradition of cattle ranching and in the intervening time, they transformed 30% of their lands (450 of 15,009 hectares) into pasture, dense second-growth scrub, and subsistence farm plots. Clearly, in just a few more years, they would soon have cleared the remaining forest, eventually ending up with extensive low quality pasture, no forest resource and little potential to diversify income-producing activities.

Los Cariñosos is representative of the challenge that faces the people of the Calakmul area. They have arrived escaping hardship, landlessness and sometimes violence from other parts of Mexico (mostly

Calakmul Model Forest coordinator Hugo Farfán stands by a fallen Mayan stela. Within the confines of the Calakmul Model Forest are hundreds of unexplored Mayan sites from 700 A.D. and earlier.

Veracruz, Tabasco and Chiapas states). They have brought with them ill-adapted land-use practices that had evolved over generations in other parts of Mexico, where soils and rainfall patterns are different. In the 30 years since the Calakmul area was opened to settlement, over 50% of the original forest cover has been removed, leaving behind extensive areas of less valuable second growth, abandoned pasture lands and subsistence agriculture parcels. Hope lies in the fact that the campesinos themselves have recognized that things will need to

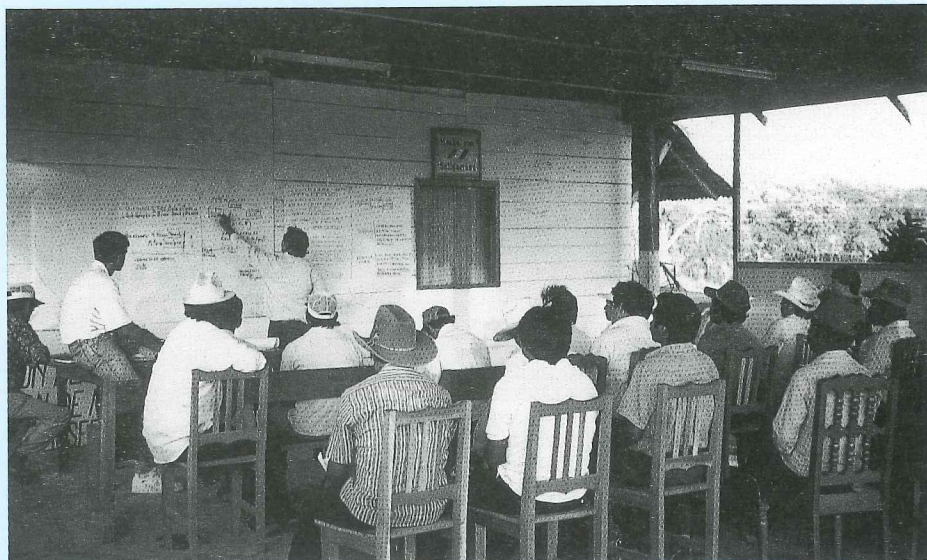


Photo: Marc Patry

Model Forest projects under discussion at a meeting of the Xpujil Regional Council.

change should they wish to guarantee a better future for their children. They have organized themselves into a democratically-run rural development association called the Xpujil Regional Council, with which the Calakmul Model Forest is closely allied — in fact, the CMF directors are the same campesinos who have been selected to direct the Regional Council.

We were visiting Eriberto and his *ejido* that day to hear what they had to say about the proposal to build a technical field station in their *ejido* and to see what progress had been made in developing a forest management plan. Given the *ejido*'s remote location, the CMF technical staff had initially proposed to build a simple station for technicians travelling to the area. With the station, technicians would be able to stay in the area for extended periods, better serving the needs of surrounding communities and saving on time and money in travelling back and forth. Consultation with other CMF and Regional Council people along with visiting scientists resulted in an expanded proposal to build a larger station to be able to accommodate students on field trips, scientists and eco-tourists. We were also visiting to gauge the progress being made in Los Cariñosos in regards to completing a forest inventory for the preparation of a forest management plan. Many small *ejidos* do not have the resources to undertake inventories and receive support from the CMF. Once inventories are completed, management plans for sustainable timber extraction can be developed and approved by the appropriate Mexican authorities, a prerequisite for commercial extraction.



Photo: Marc Patry

Typical campesino dwelling — Calakmul Model Forest.

The community enthusiastically supported the field station, as it would provide them with an important source of employment income. They would sell wood for construction and be employed building it and would be co-owners and managers of the completed station, in charge of the caretaking and providing services for the visitors. They had also completed a forest inventory, with the support and training of CMF and Regional Council technicians. They were eagerly awaiting their approved management plan to begin small-scale commercial extraction and the community decided to set aside 800 hectares of land under permanent forest cover for sustainable forest use. This alone is a

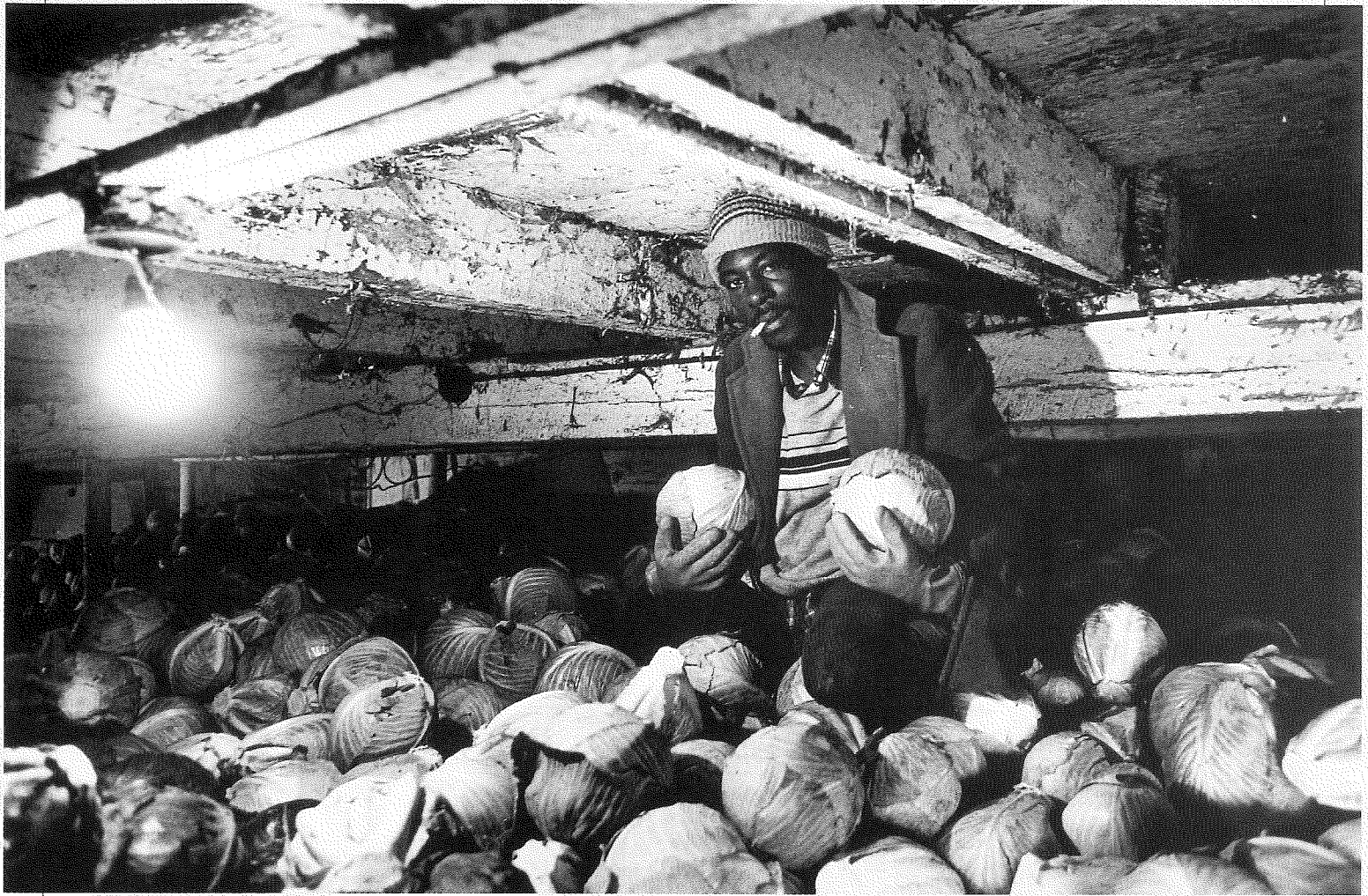
great success — in a traditional cattle ranching community, members had begun to see the value of taking care of their forest resource.

Hugo and I hiked the 2 km back to our truck later that afternoon, got in and, within 100 m, got very stuck in the mud. We extricated ourselves and tried clearing the axles. A tropical thunderstorm broke overhead. In no time, it was very dark, pouring rain, bolts of lightning and thunderclaps were everywhere, we were covered with mud and getting nowhere. We made our way back to the *ejido* where we spent the night. The next day, waking up to the Jurassic cries of howler monkeys in the nearby forest canopy, the villagers accompanied us back to the truck and, after 2 hours of digging, we were finally on our way.

At the end of 1996, Eriberto was elected as one of the 6 members of the board of directors of the Regional Council, making him an automatic director of the Calakmul Model Forest. The field station is now under construction and is using sustainably produced timber from the *ejido* Los Carinosos. ☺

Marc Patry is Twinning Coordinator, Calakmul Productive Ecology Model Forest. He spends his time alternately in the Eastern Ontario Model Forest and Calakmul, Mexico.

* The "ejido" is the fundamental unit of land management in Mexico; born out of the 1910-17 Revolution, the ejido is technically the property of the state but the use of the land is ceded in perpetuity to a given community, to be managed on a communal basis.



Harvest Pilgrims

photos and story by
Vincenzo Pietropaolo

“Is it true that in Canada people throw things away?” I was asked during one of my visits to Monte Prieto, a small rural community for some 400 families near the city of Acambaro in central Mexico.

Harvest Pilgrims was shown at Harbourfront, in Toronto, in 1994 and in the Pinacoteca José Antonio de las Cuevas, in Puebla, Mexico, in 1994. In late 1996, it was exhibited at the Canadian Embassy in Mexico City and in February 1997 at the Scotia Bank in Port of Spain (Trinidad). From March until May 1997, it will be shown at various galleries in Kingston, Jamaica.

I had travelled to Monte Prieto from Toronto to photograph and interview some of the men I had previously photographed in Canada where they work as seasonal farm labourers, part of that great flux of migrant workers the world over who move with the seasons.

That question about the luxury of waste in the North took me back to a cold, wet November day a few years earlier, in an apple orchard near the shores of Canada’s Georgian Bay. I had been photographing Jamaican migrant farmworkers, who were under pressure to work in the rain in order to bring in the harvest before serious frost set in. All morning I had been desperately trying to avoid stepping on luscious McIntosh apples littering the ground, an astonishing sign of abundance.

When Bob Winters, the grower, realized my predicament he smiled wryly and reassured me: “Don’t worry about stepping on them! They’re only ‘grounders’, and I’ll be

ploughing them under in a few days.” His priority, he explained, was to pick the apples still on the trees, a delicate task given to his crew of trusted Jamaican workers. He added that local people simply were not interested in jobs picking apples as it required stooping all day long under cold November skies. He invited me to help myself to as many grounders as I could fit in my car; I happily obliged.

So in Monte Prieto where nothing comes easy, I explained that we don’t just throw away “things” in Canada, sometimes we even throw away good food.

Rich industrialized countries which have retained their agriculture sectors depend on migrant workers to come and do the repetitive, discomfiting farm tasks eschewed by those born in the North. Referred to

Above: Mike Clive, from Jamaica, stacking cabbage in a huge cold cellar, 1987.

John Howsen of Montserrat (British West Indies), has worked for eleven seasons on Paul and Annie Zaluski's farm at Waterford, Ontario. A highly valued worker, he now oversees the other farmworkers. 1986.

by Canadians as off-shore workers, these guest farmworkers are like migratory birds, arriving quietly in the spring, and leaving again in the autumn. Some 12 000 individuals come, on pre-approved arrangements, from Mexico, Jamaica, and the smaller island countries of the Eastern Caribbean, such as Trinidad and Tobago, Barbados, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and the Grenadines, Dominica, Antigua and Barbuda and Montserrat. They work mostly in the farm communities of southern



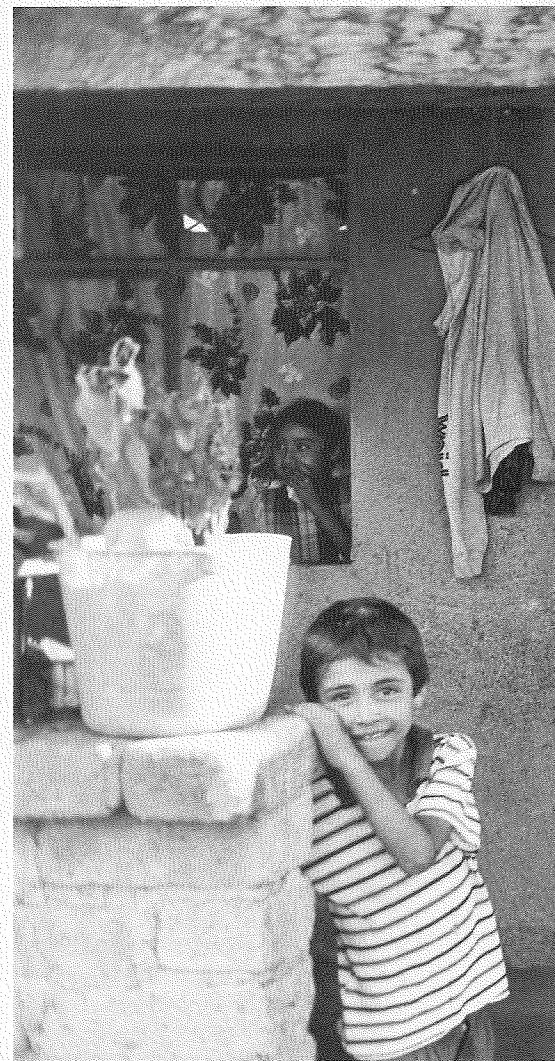
Above: Reginald Cabey, from Montserrat, loading cauliflower near Waterford, Ontario, 1987.

Ontario, known as the fruit and vegetable basket of Canada.

Eager and vulnerable, the workers are carefully selected back home by visiting Canadian officials. Brawn and youth are what is needed. Often they are the strength of the communities they leave behind. On the Canadian farm, they live in virtual isolation from the nearby community, except for the weekly trips to the local shops

Right: Rogelio Gonzalez Martinez with his family in Monte Prieto, Mexico. Rogelio works near London, Ontario for only two months a year, which is hardly enough to make ends meet. He asked me to intervene to get him more work; I was not successful. 1994.

for supplies. They have a contractual obligation to work for a particular farmer, and they are naturally dependent on that farmer for almost everything. As guest workers, they may not travel anywhere without permission from Canadian authorities, and





Mexican farmworkers, on their first morning in Canada, being driven to a local store to buy food and equipment. St. Catharines, Ontario, 1987.

are not free to look for work on any other farm. If an individual is unhappy with his job, he has no choice but to endure it. If he walks away, he becomes an illegal immigrant, is subject to deportation, and forfeits his chances of ever returning to Canada. But very few of central Canada's guest workers walk away, for they feel fortunate to work in Canada. When they return to their villages, it is they who feel in control. They now have money to show, gifts to give, and stories to tell. They quickly attain a new status, improving their houses and filling them with consumer goods purchased in Canada.

But in an ironic twist, they discover that in order to maintain that higher status, they must fly North every year. Having left that first time, migration becomes self-perpetuating. Each time they return home, the migrants find that they belong a little less.

Manuel González, whose farm I visited in Monte Prieto, told me he always brought back to his family in Mexico some of the bosc pears he helps grow and harvest in Canada. His family always marvels at the (chemically induced) size and perfection of the Canadian fruit, with little understanding why the fruit they grow is never as big, never as perfect.

With the remittances the men send home, the family's material life can improve. But being apart from family for months on end is hard for all concerned. Last year as I helped myself to some of those pears, I couldn't help but think of the sad words spoken to me in Mexico by Manuel's sister Beda: "*Cuando los hombres se van para el Norte (USA) o para el Canadá, nosotras tenemos que hacer de hombres y de mujeres.*" (When the men go to the United States or Canada we, the women, have to be both husbands and wives, fathers and mothers.) ☹

Vincenzo Pietropaolo is a Canadian photographer who spent several years photographing migrant workers in Canada. This article is reprinted from CERES. All photos by Vincenzo Pietropaolo, courtesy of Canadian Museum of Contemporary Photography.



And Now a Word from Our Sponsors...

Summitry in the Era of Cost Recovery

by Wendell Sanford

"I'se the bye who builds the boat, and I'se the bye who sails and bails her, and I'se the bye who catches the fish and brings them home to Liza." With apologies to this traditional Newfoundland folk song's original author, it was this refrain which came to mind time and again as the Halifax G-7 Summit Sponsorship Program was created and executed. The challenge was to develop a program while simultaneously implementing it, repairing defects while in operation, and delivering a product which was constantly being redefined, all within an inexorable deadline.

At the beginning of the program in mid-November, 1994 only three things were known: (1) the Summit would have public events for which funding support would be sought; (2) the Summit would solicit as many "in kind" contributions of goods and services as possible in order to reduce government expenditure; (3) the Summit would commence in seven months on 15 June, 1995.

Private sector sponsorship presented a "unique challenge" for the Halifax Summit as no relevant experience existed. Now all experienced foreign service officers know to steer well clear of *unique challenges* as potentially career-limiting activities. However, as a native Haligonian with a burning desire to ensure Halifax was a great choice of venue by the Prime Minister, the author took the plunge.

Precedents did not exist. There was no sponsorship program for the Ottawa Summit (1981). For the Toronto Summit (1988), financial sponsorship (\$1.8m) was organized entirely by the private sector in much more buoyant times. Sponsorship of goods and services in Toronto (\$2m) was accomplished strictly as an adjunct to the purchasing process.

At our first meeting with the Province of Nova Scotia and City of Halifax in late November it was apparent that they were anxious to proceed with large scale sponsorship and had already made preliminary approaches to potential major contributors. A joint sponsorship campaign was the only approach to take. This was particularly important for the federal government as we were last on the scene, had overall responsibility for the Summit, the greatest need

for sponsorship, and the most to lose both locally and internationally should a competition emerge for scarce private sector support. A Sponsorship Committee was formed with one *ex officio* member from each of the three levels of government plus the Chamber of Commerce.

Next came the issue of staffing the program. It was readily apparent that, with little time available and a large commitment to be met, sponsorship's success or failure would be a function of the individuals who participated on the team. All came to the project from other activities and returned to them immediately following completion of the project, making their personal commitment crucial. At the Halifax Summit the federal government team consisted of three elements: (1) departmental staff; (2) Fundraising Counsel; (3) sponsorship private sector chairs.

A small nucleus of departmental staff was required within the Halifax Summit Office staff to assemble and direct the larger government team, recruit the Fundraising Counsel, assist in identifying the private sector chairs, liaise with the summit staff and deliver the program for Len Edwards, the federal Executive Director. In Halifax this nucleus was not established as a full time staffed requirement until January 20, five months before the Summit, when the author was selected as sponsorship coordinator. One staff officer and a secretary were in place by mid-February and officers to manage groups of sponsors added during the final six weeks. Our staff officer, Diana Hudson-Whalen, was a real find. With an MBA from Dalhousie she had the business smarts and local connections we needed, coupled with her knowledge of the Foreign Affairs system where she had worked as a consultant on several postings as the spouse of trade commissioner Michael Whalen. Diana's stellar performance proved once again how much real talent there is "hidden" within the foreign service community. Three "late-arrival" officers, Lucien Proulx (PARIS), Ken Sunquist (PEKIN) and Chris Thornley (BOSTN) helped us over the many humps as we closed the finish line.

The key role of Fundraising Counsel was discharged in Halifax by Mabley and Associates. The Fundraising Counsel brought professional campaign experience to the



Prime Minister Chrétien views the merchandise.

process, including advice on techniques in the industry, lists of pre-screened contacts, and advice on presentation materials and documentation. Most importantly, in Halifax a highly experienced and skilled principal in the firm (Robert Geraghty, a former Nova Scotia Deputy Minister) became a full time in-house member of the team and acted as secretary to the private sector Senior Executive Sponsorship Committee.

Government officials and institutions do not have the credibility or clout to raise funds in the private sector. In order to spearhead the program and give us the maximum opportunity to be successful, a national industrial leader was required to act as Sponsorship Campaign Chair. Purdy Crawford, Chairman of IMASCO, was identified as the ideal candidate, with impeccable national credentials and firm roots in his native Nova Scotia. It was felt of equal importance to ensure that the chairman of the leading Nova Scotian firm involved in the Summit, Ivan Duvar of Maritime Telephone and Telegraph, act as the other co-chair. The success of the fundraising process is largely attributable to the reputation and ability of the chairs to convince their fellow industrial leaders to participate. Messrs Crawford and Duvar were not in place until mid-March, just 55 working days before the Halifax Summit was to begin.

The chairs then established a Senior Advisory Committee on Sponsorship which

Canadian Forces Photograph

consisted of CEOs of major contributing firms: Air Canada — Hollis Harris; Royal Bank — Gordon Feeney; McCains — Harrison McCain; General Motors — Maureen Kempston Darkes; Oxford Foods — John Bragg. Each of these brought to the table their own group of contacts, eg Air Canada for Bombardier, which they undertook to solicit. It was, however, readily apparent that the real key to success lay in the dedication and commitment of the national chair.

Notwithstanding the fact that we were reduced to an 11 week campaign, 206 firms were approached of which 118 agreed to participate in the program. Early success in obtaining support in the order of \$500,000 each from 5 firms (IMASCO, MT&T, Royal Bank, Air Canada and Bombardier) was followed by a steadily growing number of firms (15 in all) who contributed in excess of \$100,000 each. This resulted in an income curve which rose at a dizzying average of \$100,000 **per business day** until the Summit itself intervened to halt the program. A final total of \$5,547,640 (Funds \$3,290,618 and Goods and Services \$2,257,022) was achieved.

In developing our program, the most important planning element without doubt was the decision to approach sponsorship from a business perspective. That is, to offer sponsors recognition, principally advertising, but also use of the Summit logo and attendance at exclusive events in full-value return for their contribution. This required the constant application of a business approach by the sponsorship staff: "What is the bottom-line return to participating companies for sponsorship?". Within the milieu of the Summit Office, the sponsorship team

took on the look of a group which had sold its soul to the devil himself.

Great care had to be taken to ensure that the events we were marketing would be seen by the public and media as appropriate ancillary activities to the Summit. During this process we were constantly faced with two problems: (1) we did not know until very late in the game (3-4 weeks to go) the exact nature of the elements that required funding; and (2) we did not know what forms of recognition we could provide until as little as 10 days remained before the Summit began. This significantly curtailed our ability to market the program. In consequence, once Mr. Crawford had obtained the initial commitment to participate, we used two-man teams who worked the companies' key operational personnel, in a process which most closely resembled smoke and mirrors, but without the benefit of smoke to hide what wasn't in the mirror. Integrity became our main selling point as we endeavoured to find out what the sponsors wanted in the way of recognition and expended every effort imaginable to realize their expectations. An accommodating Prime Ministerial staff, an Executive Director and Director General Patricia Smith — none of whom were risk-averse — allowed us (with an additional dose of good fortune) to develop a very credible set of deliverables.

As we were embarking on an untested process, establishing cut-off points early in the process proved crucial. With no precedents it was impossible for the committee to know how successful the campaign would be. If it did not realize its full goals then a battle could easily ensue amongst the participants over the receipts to be

disbursed. Accordingly the individual budgets as submitted by the partners were divided into high priority (top 40%), medium priority (middle 40%) and low priority (bottom 20%). It was agreed that the participants would move up the scale together. This proved to be a decisive element when insufficient time to campaign necessitated termination at the 80% level.

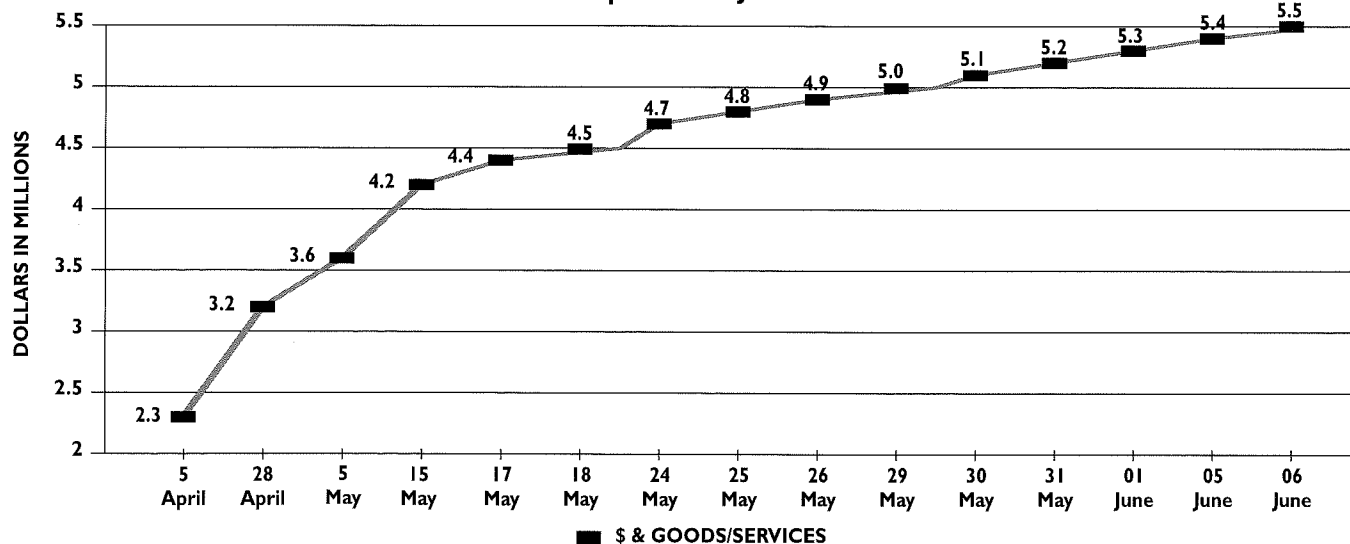
Establishing the level of the "ask" was another key element. Every sponsor requires servicing and it is much easier to work with one \$100,000 contributor than ten \$10,000 firms. The Fundraising Counsel recommended a high threshold for the top level "Official Sponsors" of \$500,000. In the early going this was not an easy sell. However, with the co-chairs' firms both in at that level to provide an example, it was possible to attract another three firms at \$500,000 each; two at \$250,000; and 13 at \$100,000. These provided the core of \$4.2 million in funds, goods and services which the sponsorship program required.

Beneath the major sponsors, a structure was created to allow smaller firms, many of them locally based, to participate in this international event and to supply numerous important components. 98 firms supplied the remaining \$1.3 million, mostly in goods and services. While this group did not have the financial impact of the major players, they made the Halifax Summit a part of the business community throughout the region and provided essential equipment ranging from copiers to security fencing.

Once we had decided to take a business approach, the essential element for each individual sponsor was their recognition package. We discovered that major sponsors wanted two things from the Halifax

SPONSORSHIP

Updated 06 June



Summit Office: exclusive sponsorship of high profile public events; and access to Summit events for their CEOs. At the outset we did not offer exclusivity but rather full sponsorship of all events to the major sponsors. The line we took was that this was in an effort to be seen to be fair to all sponsors as we are the government and they are all taxpayers. In addition, our real inability to identify what we had to offer hampered the process of identifying exclusive events for sponsorship. In the end, our hand was forced by Air Canada and Bombardier who had worked with the Le Cirque du Soleil before and demanded exclusive sponsorship of the Gala before they would participate. In the circumstances this was granted and we began a mad rush to match sponsors to events. Fortunately we were able to give "titled" events to each of our \$500,000 and \$250,000 contributors. In consequence we received the added bonus of being able to go back to the firms which had come in first and offer them an improved package, a truly unheard of set of circumstances for any business dealing with government run events.

Access to Halifax Summit events proved an equally difficult problem. With security considerations and the need for Prime Ministerial approval, we were again faced with initially offering only "an invitation to an event hosted by the Prime Minister (undefined)" to our leading contributors. Fortunately necessity smiled on us once more. The requirement to have the Prime Minister's Gala attendees seated in advance for security, with the leaders on hold nearby, led to creation of a VIP tent adjacent to the Cirque du Soleil where all \$100,000 plus contributors participated in a reception with the leaders. The Finance Minister then added an invitation to Brunch with his counterparts and the structure was in place to attract more than a dozen CEOs of major Canadian firms to participate. Their personal participation, and the impact on them of meeting the leaders, sealed any doubts which their staffs may have had regarding the value of sponsorship of the Halifax Summit. However, our bounty cost us dearly as it necessitated the creation of a whole program for CEOs, including arranging accommodation, tours of the site, harbour cruises and a sail on the famed racing schooner "Bluenose". All of this was achieved during the final 10 days before the Summit. But by this stage no day was complete if we did not pull off at least one miracle.

Each Summit is bound to have a theme and ancillary activities which will seek sponsorship. At the Halifax Summit the theme was "A Green Summit". In response to the environmentalists' goal of seeing the

Summit communiqué on recycled paper, we located a firm willing to supply the specified product on a sponsorship basis. This took several weeks and approaches to a dozen firms to achieve, but the result was worth it. For a biodegradable poster with seeds embedded we identified STORA, a Nova Scotia based pulp and paper firm, as sponsors and a Shoppers Drug Mart, a major drug store chain which is part of IMASCO, as distributors. Fundraising paid for two days of free bus and ferry service which resulted in record ridership. In consequence the environmental audit of the Summit, another first, gave us a hard-earned passing grade.

It was appreciated from the outset that sponsors would want maximum media coverage for their participation. Consequently, levels of publicity were written into the recognition guidelines and sponsors were encouraged to indicate what type of promotion they would appreciate. Our media relations staff saw the value of promoting sponsorship as a communications objective, devoting considerable staff time to working with the sponsorship staff and firms to maximize exposure. Each of the major sponsors had a press conference linked to their sponsored events and every sponsor received name recognition in the form of press releases and signage.

Meanwhile, asking the private sector to pay for a public event was seen as a two-edged sword from the hardcore news perspective. In consequence the press spokesman, Malcolm McKechnie, took a keen interest in sponsorship, became well versed in the details and, along with Executive Director Len Edwards, took the opportunity of interviews to highlight sponsorship as an innovative and cost-effective means of operation. The resulting coverage in the national and local media was universally positive. A highly supportive full-page article in the 8 May issue of *Maclean's* magazine proved to be a timely marketing tool. Of equal significance from a media relations perspective there were no questions in the House of Commons or Nova Scotia Legislative Assembly regarding the sponsorship program.

The result of the efforts of those named plus many others was that our boat was built, bailed and rowed and that it delivered the fish to Liza. ☺

Wendell Sanford, a native and longtime resident of Halifax, has served in Bangkok and Boston. He is currently on exchange with the New Zealand foreign ministry, in Wellington.



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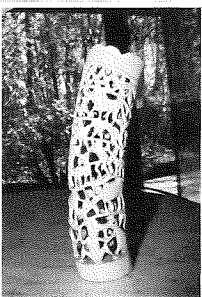
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RED CHINA BLUES

Fred Bild on Jan Wong's Long March

John K. Fairbank, reviewing Edgar Snow's first book, *Journey to the Beginning*, describes him as a reporter who avoids the "oversimplicity of the library researcher ... and of the columnist who has to know what he thinks in the first place." As one reads Jan Wong's engaging account of her attempts to find her place in a China in turmoil, one can't help but conclude that this reporter knows very well what she thinks but takes great pains to find evidence, or at least selected personal incidents, to substantiate her views. This is not to imply that *Red China Blues* is mainly a compilation of anecdotes designed (or created) to buttress foregone conclusions; on the contrary, it is a fairly gripping tale in the style of *Tintin au Pays des Soviets* of a sixties' product of the North American bourgeoisie working out her rebellion against her own social background.

Jan Wong takes her quest quite a bit further than most of her peers. Rejecting her parents' credit cards, though not their high placed contacts, she immerses herself in Mao's China as one of the first Western students to be admitted to Beijing University since the beginning of the Cultural Revolution. Awed and thrilled by the egalitarian poverty surrounding her and the stern discipline to which Chinese students are subjected, she strives to blend in to an extent unprecedented, we are led to believe, in any of her contemporaries coming from the decadent first world. Along with an American colleague of hers equally intent on not missing out on any of the rigours of the world's most hopeful revolution, she

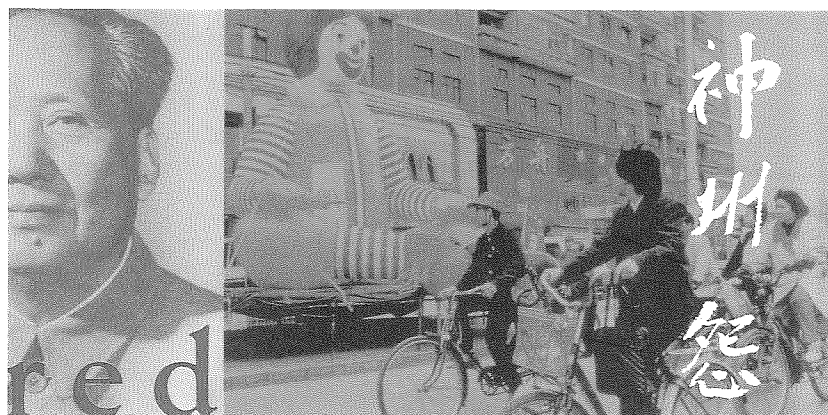
rejects her specially assigned Chinese cook and insists on eating the inedible fare of the students' canteen. Not content with just going to classes, she and her friend pester everyone in sight until they are granted the privilege of doing hard labour in the countryside and in industrial plants. Striving with all their might to win their revolutionary epaulettes, they even go so far as to snitch on a Chinese classmate seeking information on how to get to America.

Despite a somewhat disingenuous tone in much of this *post hoc* self-criticism, the first third of the book makes for fascinating

reading. It is not just the account of an adventure-seeker portraying the courage and stoicism underlying her naivete, it contains a very believable description of a Chinese university setting in the latter half of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Though probably not quite up to the pernickety standards of serious sinologists, it has the richness and colour of a top rate David Cronenberg production and will give the average reader the impression of having witnessed first-hand some juicy vignettes of one of the most dismal chapters of the Mao years. For, underlying the snide comments and flippancy that are the stock in trade of Bright Precious (Wong's literal translation of her given name) is a gift for concise depiction and dramatic imagery that make even fairly bland events seem exciting.

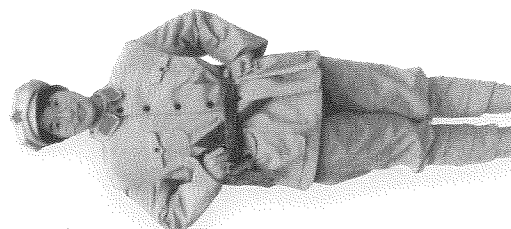
After six years of almost total immersion during which Wong acquired a husband and total fluency in Mandarin, she takes time out in the West to learn jour-

nalism, get her newshound credentials and return to China eight years later as correspondent of the *Globe and Mail*. This is where we reach the book's centrepiece. Her description of the lead-up to the Tian'anmen Square demonstrations encompasses so many personal, social and political factors that the massacre that follows is even more overwhelming read seven years later than it was when it was first broadcast to the world. The shilly-shallying of the octogenarian leadership, the political tensions and intrigue, the mounting euphoria among the students and the populace portend



China

blues



JAN WONG

Former *Globe and Mail* correspondent in Beijing

the tragedy so clearly that we feel trapped in a *danse macabre*.

In one chapter, "Safeguard your lives", Wong takes us step by blood-filled step through that fateful week-end of June 2-4, 1989. I was one of her many thousands of avid readers and listeners during those terrible days. As I sat in Ottawa staring at a blank CBC-TV screen, hearing Jan Wong's gunburst-by-gunburst reports from the Beijing hotel, I was aghast at the images she evoked of the carnage as it progressed. In the years that followed, these images would return to haunt me every time I went anywhere near the Gate of Heavenly Peace Square or the Beijing Hotel. Yet the retelling in *Red China Blues* is even more horrifying. This detailed account, sparsely studded as it is with her own instant reactions of fear, disgust and outrage, leaves one in no doubt about what happened nor about the long-term effects on Wong's own outlook.

After things had returned to "normal" how could she simply pick up where she'd left off? The average Beijing citizen had, of course, little choice. All the forces of social control were exerting their best normative efforts to make everyone fall into line — in our own politico-speak we would say "put matters behind us". Since China's coercive institutions remained largely intact after the massacre, reestablishing order and an apparent nation-wide docility was not too difficult. The work-unit, the neighbourhood committee, military check-points on the lookout for trouble-making students were effective means of ensuring that the "Beijing Spring" quickly left people's lips. By the time I arrived in Beijing, sixteen months later, one would have thought it had all happened a decade before, judging by the casual way in which questions on the subject were brushed aside. How much more distressing for a foreign observer in the summer or fall of '89! Could Bright Precious just resume her official contacts with a cheerful "Apart from those few weeks in the spring, how did you enjoy the rest of the warm season, Comrade Vice-Minister?"

Quite understandably, she wasn't prepared to let matters rest. Nor was she ready to leave major questions unanswered. How many people had actually been killed? How did bereaved family members cope with the young protesters who'd simply disappeared? What was the fate of dissidents or protesters still on the loose? How extensive was the Chinese *gulag* system and what were conditions within it? All these were questions she sought to explore with ingenuity and courage, though one is left to wonder in some cases at what cost to the individuals themselves? Here one comes to the last third

of *Red China Blues* and, unfortunately, the least convincing.

Wong sets out to reveal in as many ways as possible the dark underside of China today. The revival of such medieval practices as the sale of women and children, drug addiction, prostitution, poverty, malnutrition, congenital cretinism, all these are astutely examined in her articles. But this did not, it seems, satisfy Bright Precious' visceral need to "get even" with the butchers of Tian'anmen.

*The current revolution
is changing China
more thoroughly
than any other since
the collapse of
the Qing dynasty.*

Even when reporting on the economic revolution raging in early nineties China, she cannot resist sardonic conclusions or the snide comments that seem to be part of her second nature. To her, henceforth, all aspects of China are morally reprehensible. She maintains that this reflects how thoroughly she has shed her erstwhile rose-coloured glasses. Never again will she be bamboozled by communist propaganda or charismatic revolutionaries. She is at pains throughout the book to demonstrate the careful analysis to which she subjects her past experience and meticulously notes how it affects her present-day reactions. And yet, she seems to be unaware that she has in fact assimilated the most basic premise of the Communist Party of China past and present: to wit, that everything is political. The most humdrum economic act and, indeed, social, artistic, psychological or purely personal motives, have important political consequences. Translated into current Party concerns this means that any positive event is a godsend for reinforcing the regime's badly damaged legitimacy.

Wong seems to have accepted this as axiomatic and is determined not to contribute wittingly, or otherwise, one shred of respectability to the hardline crowd wielding power from inside Zhongnanhai. Why should she? What she obviously fails to realize is that her approach leaves her incapable of reporting meaningfully on the most staggering social transformation the world has ever seen. With all its flaws and pervasive

corruption, the current revolution is changing China more thoroughly than any other since the collapse of the Qing dynasty, some would say since 221 B.C. when the imperial system was first established. But then, she does admit that she belongs to a generation that has "no sense of history" ... albeit one that lost its innocence on that night in June. And, presumably, greater perspective and a more practical outlook.

Not, I fear, better moral acumen. At all times suspicious of other people's motives, she seems remarkably cavalier when it comes to the moral dilemmas she creates for herself. For example, thanks to an invitation from the Canadian Embassy (about a year before I arrived) she is able to accompany CIDA officers to Gansu, one of the poorest provinces, and is thus able to describe the numbing destitution of the population there, their deprivation producing not only endemic diseases but also genetic deformations. She feels utterly depressed, she writes, especially since these conditions might be shared by some 100 million Chinese — the World Bank's estimate of the number of Chinese living below the poverty line. She blames the growing gap between rich and poor for this state of affairs and, of course, the present leadership. Fair enough, but at no point does she bother to mention the "good news", sparse as it is, that Canada has aid activities in these forsaken regions, that its negotiations with the Chinese authorities to set up such poverty alleviation projects have impelled them to direct more attention and resources there and have attracted other aid donors as well.

Self-indulgent moral judgements are never far behind Wong's observations — usually in the context of her previous experience, misdeeds and delusions. Only once does a practical moral urge assail her. In a daring article on bride bartering she manages to interview a loutish, malnourished 25-year old peasant and the hapless wife he had bought seven months earlier. Wong describes in heartbreaking detail this poor woman's plight, her illiteracy, her banishment from her home more than a thousand miles away, her lack of communication with her husband's clan who speak a different dialect, above all, her wish to escape her *de facto* imprisonment.

Quite understandably, Bright Precious felt depressed as she departed, leaving the unfortunate "bride" standing sullen beside her smirking husband. She writes:

"I had the urge to do something useful, like rescuing [her], or paying off her husband [his original investment of \$250] and setting her free, instead of merely jotting down notes and

taking photographs. It was hard for me to stay detached and objective in the face of so much suffering.... I had learned to always take a stack of exercise books and a bag of pencils and a couple of soccer balls along whenever I visited a rural school. But what good would a bit of stationery do? There were so many wretched villages ... so many women trapped ... China's problems seemed vast, daunting, insoluble."

Thus does the reformed Maoist conscience jump through the horns of a dilemma.

Jan Wong obviously has many inner qualms she seeks to address and she tries to do so in a "let-it-all-hang-out" fashion, but it is hard to understand why she keeps invoking her dual cultural and ethnic heritage and her youthful adventures as exculpation. She makes much of her confession at having rattled on people. She keeps harking back to it as if it bestowed on her some sort of badge of maturity. Yet one can't quite shake the suspicion that there is guile behind this constant reiteration. Is it in her mind the crucial "hook" which makes this tale more than just a *post-hoc* account of *The Trials and Tribulations of Bright Precious in the Middle Kingdom* ... ?

If so, why does she berate herself endlessly for having suspended disbelief for so

many years, when throughout the book she implies that all along her critical faculties were fighting back and her natural rebelliousness was asserting itself? Even more perplexing is her litany, towards the end of the book, of the standard type of expatriate complaint about how bloody life abroad can be. After one has lived through China of the 1970s, carping about lead-based paint on the walls of one's flat seems picayune and pointless. Why try to give the impression that one is no more than a "donut-eating Canadian", (as she calls her compatriots) suffering culture shock in a country where one can't buy the right brand of TV dinner?

In a sense, these more trivial aspects demonstrate extremely well the long way China has come in the last twenty years. In spite of her reluctance to admit it, Wong is bewildered by the fact that China is taking a capitalist road before the disappearance of communism. Despite the rampant corruption, new injustices and depraved behaviour such untrammelled espousal of the market system implies, it is producing far-reaching modernization in all aspects of Chinese life. Herein lies the BIG STORY of China today. Almost as an afterthought, Wong devotes the last few pages to this earthshaking phenomenon. Her editors, apparently, had to

twist her arm to get it. I'm glad they did. Her chapter *Middle Class Kingdom* is the most balanced of anything she's written. It's a pity she didn't devote more of the book to it. That is, I suppose, a typical foreign service officer's reaction. After all, what pleasure can the likes of us derive from accounts of *nouveau riche* Ferrari collectors or penis extension clinics?

I may have overstated some of the above reservations. *China Blues* remains a gripping account. Those not familiar with the country will find it fascinating. Old China hands will grit their teeth and admit it casts a spell. Quite fittingly, all will agree that the epilogue is a gem. ☺

Red China Blues, Doubleday, Toronto, 1996. 405 pp. \$32.95

After a thirty-five year career in the Canadian Foreign Service, **Fred Bild** has returned to his home-town of Montreal. His last posting was as Ambassador to the People's Republic of China. He also served as Ambassador to Thailand and Vietnam, as Minister in Paris and, in Ottawa, as Assistant Deputy Minister for International Political Affairs. He is currently teaching Chinese politics and economics at the University of Montreal.

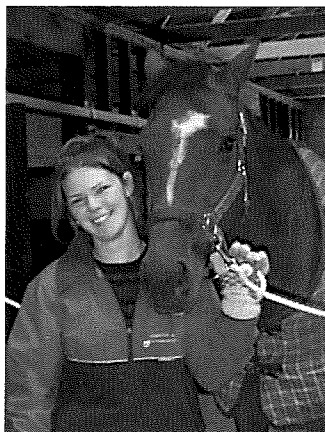
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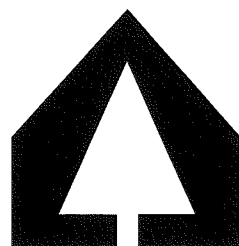
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The Search for F-BELV



A forgotten story of the war in Vietnam

by Gar Pardy

The four-engine Stratoliner was incongruous as it lumbered to the end of the runway at Wattay Airport, Vientiane on Monday, October 18, 1965. Around it were modern machines of war, mostly from the United States, though echoes of France were still to be seen. A helicopter stood out, reflecting the nature of warfare in Laos and throughout Indochina.

The Boeing 307 Stratoliner — F-BELV, its name — was on the last leg of its twice-weekly flights stitching together the offices of the International Commission for Supervision and Control (ICSC) throughout Indochina. Earlier in the day it left Saigon, two hours later than scheduled, touched down briefly at Phnom Penh, came on to Vientiane and was now en route to Hanoi, its final stop for the day. It would retrace the route the next day. Captain Henri Domergue, an experienced pilot with the Paris-based *Compagnie Internationale des Transports Civil Aériens (CITCA)*, was in charge. There were three other crew members — a radio officer, a flight engineer and a steward.

The passengers mirrored the make-up of the Control Commission. On board were five Indians, one Pole and three Canadians. The three Canadians were:

Sergeant James Sylvester Byrne, Royal Canadian Army Service Corp, from Aylmer, Quebec and with the Canadian Delegation in Saigon. He was on the plane as a courier.

Corporal Vernon J. Perkin, Royal Canadian Hussars, of Regina; he was going to Hanoi for the first time to take up guard duties with the Canadian Delegation.

John Douglas Turner, a foreign service officer from Vancouver and Canada's senior representative on the ICSC delegation in Hanoi.

Wattay tower cleared the flight for take-off and it was airborne at 3:05 pm. Fifteen minutes later Captain Domergue radioed Gialam Airport, Hanoi, confirming departure from Vientiane. He reported the flight would cross the border with North Vietnam (Muong Xen) at 3:55 pm and would be over Phu Ly, south of Hanoi, at 4:44 pm. Arrival at Gialam was expected at 4:58 pm. One

minute later, Gialam's air traffic control confirmed receipt of Captain Domergue's message and cleared the flight for arrival as scheduled.

That was the last the world ever heard from F-BELV, its thirteen passengers and crew. When the aircraft did not arrive, Gialam tried to contact it but there was no response. The conflict of the next decade passed the Stratoliner by and it was quietly forgotten. More casualties in a war that was to know many.

Thirty years later

Donald J. Byrne, an Ottawa lawyer writing to the Prime Minister on various aspects of government policy, commented at the end of a letter:

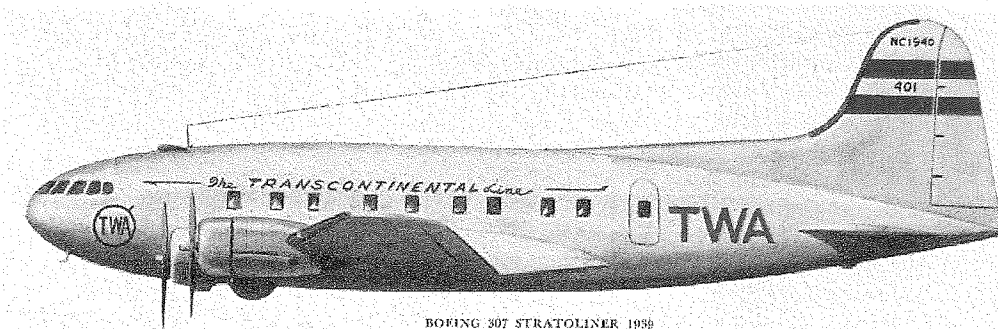
On a personal note, my step-father, James Sylvester Byrne, was listed as missing-in-action in Vietnam in the service of Canada in 1965, when the plane he was

An earlier era

The Vietnam war cut across Canadian foreign policy for over twenty years. Canada, in keeping with its post-war status in the early fifties, was drawn willingly into the efforts to end the war in Vietnam and to manage the decolonization of Indochina. Canada, India and Poland were selected to oversee the disengagement of France and the emergence of Vietnam as a unified state.

The forty years between the creation of the ICSC and the letter from Mr Byrne represent a tumultuous period of Canadian foreign policy. The tracing of information on the fate of F-BELV through the thousands of volumes of files was daunting. The work was hastened by the memories of persons who had served in Indochina with the ICSC and some who were there when F-BELV disappeared.

Tiptoeing across the pages of recent history and, particularly, the minutiae of



BOEING 307 STRATOLINER 1958

travelling on en route to Hanoi on behalf of the International Control Commission failed to arrive on October 18, 1965. As this is the 30th anniversary of his loss, I would welcome any information the Canadian Government may have gathered in recent years from Vietnam with respect to this event.

The letter was sent to the Consular Affairs Bureau in Foreign Affairs. The Bureau manages the daily mayhem that affects some of the millions of Canadians who visit other countries. Deaths, natural and otherwise, problems with the law, missing persons, accidents, illnesses and myriad other problems are dealt with by a small band of officials working closely with others in the 250 Canadian diplomatic and consular offices around the world.

A Boeing 307 — sister to F-BELV.

information exchanged between headquarters and the field is less edifying than the public perception. The government file, long a metaphor for many of the ills in the relationship of the governed with their government, in reality is often nothing but a disjointed pile of the ephemeral looking for a theme.

The search of the records was substantial. Those who labour in the dusty wasteland of departmental records turned up a number of volumes of records containing references to F-BELV. The files, most stored at Tunney's Pasture, before they become historical treasures of the National Archives and National Library, soon became "continuous as the

stars that shine" and "stretch'd in never-ending line". Out of these reliquiae emerged the story of F-BELV.

"An ancient four-engine Boeing 307"

F-BELV began its life in 1939. It was one of ten Stratoliners built by Boeing in the waning days before the aircraft industry dedicated itself to the production of the instruments of war. The 307 was the first four-engine 'pressurized' transport, intended to transform aviation from its "wing and a prayer" image to one of safety and comfort.

Only nine Stratoliners left the Boeing plant — one crashed during a demonstration flight in March 1939. Pan American, then an emerging international airline, purchased three as part of its 'Clipper' fleet. Trans World Airlines, the dream of Howard Hughes, purchased the remaining six. One was to be used by Mr Hughes in an attempt to establish an-around-the-world record. The war ended that idea.

All nine were used as transports for the USAF (designated C-75) throughout the Second World War. By 1965, seven were still flying. Six were in Indochina, forming the backbone of the *Compagnie Internationale des Transports Civil Aériens (CITCA)*, as it sought to maintain a civilian presence in the dangerous skies over Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia.

In late 1995, the last Stratoliner returned, after fifty-one years of flying, to the Boeing plant in Seattle. It is now being refurbished and will soon become part of the American aviation legacy, lovingly kept by the Smithsonian Institution.

The International Commission

The International Commission for Supervision and Control was established in 1954 by the Geneva Conference on Indochina. The purpose of the Conference was to end the hostilities in Indochina, thereby creating the conditions for France to withdraw. The Conference began two weeks after the fall of Dien Bien Phu and ended in late July with the conclusion of the Agreements



Projected flight path of F-BELV, Vientiane to Hanoi, October 18, 1965. Map copyright 1994 MAGELLAN Geographix™.

on the Cessation of Hostilities in Indochina — one each for Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia.

The Agreement for Vietnam provided for a cease fire between the communist Vietminh and the French and the regrouping of the two armies on either side of a demilitarized zone along the 17th parallel. This led to a *de facto* partition of the country that was to end with planned general elections. The Final Declaration of the Conference, which no government signed, and from which the representatives of South Vietnam dissociated themselves, called for the elections to be supervised by the ICSC. The partition and the ambiguity of the Geneva settlement provided the basis for the dominant role the region was to play in global politics for the next thirty years.

The International Commission was made up of delegations from Canada, India and Poland, with India presiding. Parallel structures

were established in all three countries (in Vietnam, there were offices in Saigon and Hanoi). In 1955, the Commission had 160 Canadians, a similar number of Poles and 1086 Indians. These numbers decreased significantly over the years and when the Commission was disbanded in 1973, the total strength was less than 300.

The search for F-BELV
Hanoi authorities assumed, when the plane did not arrive that F-BELV had returned to Vientiane. The Control Commission office in Hanoi radioed Vientiane shortly after 6:00 pm that the plane was "unable to land" at Hanoi but that clearance had been obtained for it to land at 9:00 am the next morning.

ICSC officials back in Vientiane were puzzled by the message; late that evening they prepared a reply questioning the report, noting the aircraft had not returned to Vientiane. Though intended for immediate transmission,

the message was not sent until morning because of ionospheric interference with radio transmissions. Between 5:00 pm on October 18 and mid-morning on the 19th, Hanoi believed the aircraft had returned to Vientiane, while Vientiane believed that it was on the ground in Hanoi.

The next morning ICSC authorities in Vientiane realized their message of the previous evening had not been sent and that there might be a problem. A 'flash' message was sent at 10:35 am reporting that F-BELV had not been heard from and requesting an immediate investigation. By noon, the confusion was over and all parties accepted that F-BELV was missing. Information from all sources was quickly combined and ground and air searches organized.

A Search and Rescue Operations Centre was established at the Canadian Delegation offices in Vientiane with a second office at Wattay Airport to pre- and de-brief air crews involved in the search. Over the next days more than 25 aircraft searched between Vientiane and the Vietnamese border. The

search area was initially five miles either side of F-BELV's track to Muong Xen; it was then expanded to ten nautical miles, with further expansions south towards Paksane and north to the Plain of Jars. Contour searching at minimal altitudes was carried out.

North Vietnamese authorities did not allow ICSC search aircraft to overfly the route of F-BELV in Vietnam. It was ten days before the ICSC was allowed to resume flights to Hanoi. The Vietnamese authorities advised that searches were being carried out by its own forces. Search operations were also limited over Pathet Lao-controlled areas in Laos.

The search continued until November 16. Four sightings were reported, two of which turned out to be false. The remaining two were identified as wreckage of earlier crashes. The Commission established an internal committee which reported the aircraft "met with an accident after it left Vientiane airport at 15.05 hours on 18 October, 1965 and that all the passengers on board F-BELV are dead." The ICSC unanimously accepted the conclusion on January 20, 1966.

The ICSC continued efforts to determine the fate of F-BELV until the Commission was disbanded in 1972. In 1973 Canada's Foreign Minister, Mitchell Sharp, raised the issue during his visit to Hanoi. In late 1974, Canada again requested information. In early 1975, Vietnam replied that no trace of the plane had been found, despite intensive searches. The Vietnamese advised that the investigation was complete and that the aircraft could not have crashed in Vietnam. A similar inquiry was made to Laos without response. Other inquiries were made in late 1977 but no new information emerged.

The flight factors

The six Boeing 307s with CITCA were considered dependable workhorses. CITCA kept three fully operational with a fourth in scheduled maintenance. Following the disappearance, the ICSC thoroughly investigated the air worthiness of the planes and was assured by France that all had valid Airworthiness Certificates from the French civil aviation authorities, validated by the Bureau Veritas, the International Register for the Control of Aircraft.

An Air America captain, familiar with the 307, was quoted in the *Boeing Magazine* in 1968:

307s are a pleasure to our eyes over here. They are being well kept. After discussing the aircraft with the head of the CITCA maintenance department and some of the mechanics, it became obvious that all of the people involved in the work on and flying of the planes are highly impressed

with their old beauties.... [The planes'] appearance ... is spotless, high polished paint work always fresh. Their interiors are clean and neat. The cockpits look like new, all equipment present and accounted for. It is most interesting to see the face of a disbelieving young fighter pilot as the 307s trundle out and take gracefully to the air among supersonic F-4s and new Boeing 707s.

ICSC members who flew in the planes were not as poetic. A 1968 Canadian report noted "considerable concern" regarding the safety of CITCA flights. Though not doubting the airworthiness of the aircraft, the report said that "performance limitations and outdated navigation/communication equipment are such that ... a more modern aircraft and related equipment is most desirable." The same report reflected concerns of flight safety between Vientiane and Hanoi:

Because of the limited speed and altitude capability of the Stratoliner, it is vulnerable to airborne as well as ground based NVN defensive forces.

The air corridor from Vientiane to Hanoi was through a war zone. There was a civil war in Laos with ongoing contestations for control on either side of the track assigned to the CITCA flight. Near the border, control was with North Vietnamese armed forces along the Ho Chi Minh trail, leading south through eastern Laos to South Vietnam.

In the air, while control was with the United States, it was a dangerous place. The *Rolling Thunder* exercise began in March 1965 and while there were pauses, air attacks throughout the region were frequent and massive. On the day F-BELV disappeared, there were numerous sorties and North Vietnamese air defensive forces were on high alert. These forces were significant and capable. Numerous American aircraft were downed and CITCA pilots and passengers reported anti-aircraft fire near the air corridor. The North Vietnamese also alleged that American aircraft used the ICSC air corridor and flew in the radar shadow of CITCA aircraft.

Life Magazine writer Lee Lockwood, on a trip to Hanoi on the CITCA Stratoliner, gave a sense of the time:

At Phnom Penh ... I picked up the International Control Commission plane, which flies every Friday and every other Tuesday to Hanoi.... The ICC plane, piloted by three Frenchmen was an ancient four-engine Boeing 307. We let down en route at Vientiane, Laos. The plane had to leave from here and arrive in Hanoi — exactly on schedule, flying within a 20-mile corridor. Clearance for any deviation in flight plan must be

obtained several days in advance — from the North Vietnamese, the U. S. Air Force, the U. S. Navy, the Royal Laoian military and the commands of the Pathet Lao guerrilla forces, any of which is quite likely to open fire on stray airplanes.

Though written in 1967, this accurately reflects the environment and narrow parameters for the ICSC flights in 1965.

Investigations, theories and speculations

Newton's third law of motion states that an 'object in motion tends to stay in motion until action upon by an outside force'.

The determination of these 'outside forces' is at the centre of a global network of national aircraft accident investigation offices. The offices find international sanction in the Chicago Convention establishing the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO). Annex 13 of the Convention gives the state where the accident occurs primary responsibility to investigate. The state of registration, the manufacturer of the airframe, the builder of engines and the state of nationality of passengers are given appropriate status.

The disappearance of F-BELV pushed the limits of what the framers of Annex 13 envisioned. Complicated and overlapping jurisdictions and responsibilities in Indochina clouded and confused the ability of all interested parties to obtain a clear understanding of what happened.

F-BELV could have disappeared in either Laos or North Vietnam. CITCA was headquartered in South Vietnam which was at war with North Vietnam and was flying for an international commission with a mandate to keep tabs on the actions of the warring parties. The United States was conducting ground and air operations throughout the area. The aircraft was registered in France, manufactured in the United States, with passengers from Canada, India and Poland.

France assumed primary responsibility for the investigation. Its officials, both in Indochina and with the National Committee for Aviation Safety (NCAS) in Paris were involved in the search and the inconclusive efforts to determine the fate of the aircraft. F-BELV was quietly deregistered on September 22, 1971.

Leaving aside *Bermuda Triangle* theories, only a limited number of 'outside forces' can explain the crash of an aircraft. The available information suggests the crash of F-BELV was most likely due to accidental or deliberate anti-aircraft fire from military units in Laos or in Vietnam.

Later

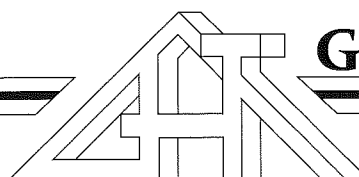
In early 1996, Canada asked the US Department of Defense to review the F-BELV

disappearance in light of its own extensive information on missing aircraft in Indochina. The request went to the Prisoner of War/Missing in Action Office.

In April the Americans replied that its records indicated a plane with characteristics similar to that of F-BELV crashed in the vicinity of 1911N/10411E, a position just west of the Laos-Vietnam border south of Muong Xen. The location was 14.5 nautical miles south of the flight path of F-BELV. It stated that there were also reports from refugees from the area indicating that a four-engine aircraft had crashed in mid October 1965.

This information was given to the government of Laos in June requesting that efforts be made to verify the crash report. It is hoped that a reply will be received shortly. ☺

Gar Parady is an aged foreign service officer who grew up in the shadow of the development of modern-day commercial aviation in Gander, Nfld. His interest and fascination with things aviation has been reflected in his work in Foreign Affairs where he has dealt with several plane crashes involving Canadians. He is currently the Director General of the Consular Affairs Bureau.



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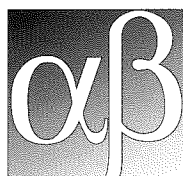
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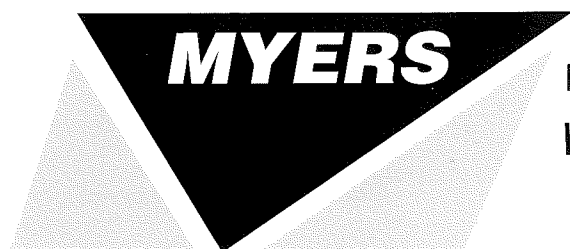
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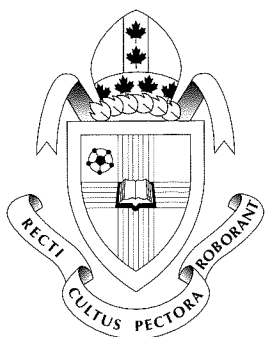
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Romania (and Ceausescu) Revisited

Twelve years on, Peter and Glenna Roberts return to Bucharest

*photos and story by
Peter and Glenna Roberts*

From 1979 to 1983, I served as Canadian Ambassador to Romania. In April 1995, my wife Glenna and I went back. I wanted to do some research on Ceausescu, and I had asked my wonderful host, ambassador Murray Fairweather, to arrange a programme for us.

Revisiting Ceausescu

I had been thinking for some time about doing a book on Romania. The New Romania seemed out of the question: I did not know it well enough. I would be a total amateur at Romanian history before Ceausescu. I didn't like the idea of a travel book, although we had explored the country thoroughly. So I decided to do a book on Ceausescu, partly because I knew him a little, partly because I thought he had been dumped too uncere- moniously into the dust-bin of history. I had and have no intention of making excuses for his awful record. But he did run the country for 25 years, he did start many things — most of which the new govern- ment is pursuing — and he needs, in my view, to be looked at a bit more thoroughly than he has been since his death. There was a tendency, in Canada at least, to say, well, they've shot him and his wife. Good work. Let's forget them both and get on with real business. My idea was to examine the record a little more closely, especially since Canada was so involved in it through the CANDU nuclear project. So, before setting off for Romania, I asked my friend Fairweather, and his senior Romanian staff members Costea and Filipoiu, whether they thought there was the slightest chance of inter- viewing former ministers of the Ceausescu regime, other former senior people, and some artists and intellectuals, to find out what they thought of the old *conducator*. They made some telephone calls, called me back and said that there was a chance. No promises, but a chance. So Glenna and I took the plane for Bucharest.

The upshot was something of a miracle. On my table when I arrived was a program: 9 am Stefan Andrei (former foreign minis- ter); 11 am Cornel Mihulecea (former minister of nuclear energy); Cornel Burtica (former minister of foreign trade); Ilie Verdet (former prime minister); Dan Grigore, the great Romanian pianist. And so on through

five days of non-stop meetings. Only one of the 20 or so on the list did not turn up, and one whom I had hoped to see, George Oprea, also a former prime minister and a bit of friend as far as one had friends in Romania in those days, could not be found. In addition to my private interviews with them, they all came to a splendid reception given by the ambassador, and quite literally poured out their hearts. Maria Groza, former deputy minister of foreign affairs responsible for

Sinaia

Canada and the United States, telephoned from her family home at Deva, in Transyl- vania, and besought us to call her back. We did. She is the daughter of the first communist prime minister of Romania, Petru Groza, installed by Stalin soon after the war. She went to Moscow with her father in 1946, saw Stalin, and main- tains to this day that without her father's



intervention Romania would have been much worse off.

Some of these people had done time in prison after the execution of Ceausescu. Stefan Andrei had done 29 months, he told me. The first six, he said, were the worst. He was phlegmatic. "On fusille le tsar; on met le gouvernement en prison. C'est normal."

The ambassador and his very experienced staff had been apprehensive that these formerly powerful men and women (and some still powerful) would not want to come to the embassy to meet me. Even in the new Romania, foreign embassies were terra incognita, and maybe not entirely safe. His staff conceived the idea of taking a hotel room where I could receive them without the opprobrium of an embassy visit. All this

free, and it's so nice." And that was the essence of my five days of conversation with the former tyrants of Ceausescu's regime.

They did not all say the same things, but there were several common ideas.

All except the artistic people agreed that the Ceausescu record needed to be revisited, both for what was bad in it and what was good. As the Romanian ambassador in Ottawa pointed out, Ceausescu was indeed a very evil man, but it can't all be bad, because we are continuing today with practically everything he started in the economy — except of course the terrifying "systematization" program.

The people from cultural, artistic life, were less sure. Dan Grigore, a marvellous pianist, had suffered severely under

mad — paranoid, intolerant, inaccessible, totally closed to advice. He sent the country into disaster by insisting on repaying every dollar of the foreign debt (there was no domestic one), at the expense of the wretched man and woman in the street. He was obsessed with debt, as he was with his own health. But it had not always been so bad. In his early years as president and head of the party he had made good decisions. He had been prepared to listen — although only in private. He had always been intolerant of advice in meetings. In those years he would put up with being told he was wrong so long as nobody was listening to the criticism. The good things: the decision not to join the Warsaw Pact intervention in Czechoslovakia in 1968, the decision to maintain relations with Israel, Albania and China, when Moscow had ordered all its clients to break them, the decision to buy a Canadian nuclear system when Moscow was forcing its Chernobyl-type reactors down the throats of all its clients — these were his decisions, and they were taken on the basis of advice to which he paid attention. A number of my interlocutors described these decisions as courageous. Tough, dogged, ruthless, cold, distant, impersonal — these were the terms I heard from the people who knew him best.

On one other matter they all agreed. He had no friend in the world except his wife Elena, and she was far more evil than he. (His friendlessness, Burtica told me, became total after the defection to the West of the secret police chief Pacepa, the one subordinate he had trusted absolutely. After that he trusted only Elena.) One woman I talked to pointed out that when the whole world was watching the two of them being condemned to death and shot, on television, he was trying to protect her, physically shield her. But she was, according to them all, unmitigated evil. She had an area of power in which she was absolute dictator, and she used her power ruthlessly and with a total lack of humanity. Romania's demographic policies, resulting in the appalling orphanage scenes which we all saw on television in 1990, were entirely her doing. He knew nothing about them and did not want to. So said his colleagues and collaborators. Is there an element of self-justification in this? Probably.

I saw nothing of Bucharest but Cotroceni and a quick whirl-about in the car. My whole time was spent in rather exhausting interviews, in the ambassador's "petit salon". Most of my conversations I captured on tape, with the willing, indeed enthusiastic agreement of my interlocutors. There were language complexities. With Stefan Andrei everything was in French, as when he was minister and I ambassador, and that was



Amzei Market, central Bucharest

turned out to be wrong. They were delighted to come to the ambassador's house, to be given coffee, cake, or a drink, to walk in and out like free men and women. They were even happy to be recorded. For the Romanian speakers I used an interpreter to make sure I got things right. Some of them, like Stefan Andrei, were very poor and arrived on foot, looking down-at-heel. (Andrei told me that his and his wife's joint income — she a known actress in Bucharest — came to \$85 a month.) Others, who had not been in prison, were better off. One or two, like Burtica, were running highly successful businesses. Verdet was running a political party. For me and my wife, remembering the Bucharest of 1980, the entire effect was staggering, humbling, amazing.

The tone of my private conversations with them was set not so much by the former grand persons, but by Lydia, the ambassador's butler, originally the upstairs maid whom we had promoted in 1980. As we arrived and embraced, she rejoiced: "We are

Ceausescu. I suggested a parallel with Shostakovich under Stalin, but on reflection I think Grigore's lot was worse. Stalin at least took an interest in what Shostakovich was doing, even if he tried to order him how and what to compose, and threatened him with prison or death if he did not conform. Grigore, who refused consistently to give any sign of public support for Ceausescu, was denied permission to travel and perform abroad — professional death for a pianist of his stature — and was hounded and persecuted at home, deprived of even the basic decencies of life. I recall his coming to our house in the early 80s, fearfully and surreptitiously, to ask us to help obtain formula for his baby. No nomenclatura privileges for him. The two other men from the cultural world whom I interviewed, a painter and an archaeologist, had much the same view: Ceausescu is dead, and the sooner we forget about him, the better.

The political figures, those who had known him personally (which of course the artists had not), had more to say. They all agreed that at the end of his life he was quite

easy. One or two others were competent in English. But most of my friends (if I may so speak of them, and some were real friends) bellowed at me in Romanian through an interpreter, and quite fried my brains, as we used to say when I was young.

The point I am making is that I cannot report much about Bucharest — not even about the Amzei market, where Glenna and I were married in 1980. I failed to see it. Glenna however did. I hand the computer to her, and she will tell you all.

Revisiting Bucharest

(Glenna continues) *Two things Peter forgets he saw in Bucharest: the patriarch's church on Sunday morning with singing as good as ever; and a restaurant called the Golden Apple where the ambassador, Elena Filipoiu, Peter and I were the only guests, serenaded by the wonderful Radu Simion and his three musicians, as in days of old when they came to the embassy for diplomatic dancing. We danced again. It seemed like old times, but the populace obviously preferred the "peep show" which started later in the evening. In New Romania, folk art is out and jeans and jazz are in.*

What else is in and new? Bananas, grapefruit, oranges, kiwi, avocados, all at the market, but, being imported, much more expensive than local radishes, green onions and nettles (for soup to clear the blood in spring). No lineups for anything — perhaps because the cost is high for the average Romanian — except for a short wait to get into the Canadian Embassy for a visa. Other outward and visible differences: advertisements for every western product you can think of; a metro system that covers the city but was on strike three days of our week there; stands selling necessities and un-necessaries; gypsies with flowers: not local daffodils, thank you, but imported roses, orchids. Kiosks everywhere to change valuta for lei, but most didn't want Canadian bucks. Western cars so common (on sale in show rooms on Magheru) that no-one notices our official Mercedes. But on the road before you get to Otopeni airport there are still horse-drawn wagons with loads of corn stalks and people. The city is as dusty and polluted as ever, but the plots of land still fruitful, literally: plums, cherries, apples, peaches in full blossom. We were told that people have reclaimed and rebuilt on their village plots which were razed in Ceausescu's crazy "systematization" campaign.

I had a glimpse of the care being given children with AIDS when I attended a celebration of the 5th anniversary of the programme at the Colontia Hospital with Nancy Fraser, whose husband was the political officer at the embassy. About 40 cheerful

and blossoming kids sang and danced for a small audience, thanks to the efforts of two music teachers who had been visiting regularly. Interspersed in the audience, however, were a number of very weak little people, and even more tragically, a number of parents who clearly knew that their children would not be among the survivors. Nuns from Ireland and Scotland were the nurses who had been trying to train Romanians in nursing tasks. Nursing is not a profession in Romania, which helps account for the fact that new cases of AIDS continue to appear. Injections of blood plasma are still considered a good thing for weak children — a quaint substitute for food and medicine — and although they no longer re-use needles, they think it is all right to re-use the syringe. Hence one dose of infected blood goes a long way.

Back to the Embassy. The added staff mean that the embassy buildings are very crowded, but the Moosehead Club is still opening its doors on Friday nights, to the delight of the international community. The Club is not as necessary as it was in our day, because there are many new restaurants, bars and clubs, not to mention a Pizza Hut and, of course, a soon-to-be McDonald's. One could even stay home and watch TV with four or five channels, including CNN.

For the most part the programming is subtitled English- and French-language films, which should help the many Romanians eager to practise their language skills. The foreign language classes which were being cut in the schools in the 80s have been reinstated. Or one can read one of the twelve or so newspapers which were being published. The ambassador suggested that a little censorship might be a good idea; some of these papers would qualify as hate literature in Canada.

What is certainly the greatest change since we lived here is that people talk to foreigners without fear. Whereas things were bad and getting worse while we were there, in 1995 things are better and getting better. People feel they are still "paying for" the new liberty, but they are basically optimistic. They wonder why Romania is being ignored by the West, why, despite all their efforts, tourism is not bringing in people and bucks as hoped for. Hotel conditions may have improved — we had good meals at modest costs in Sinaia — but there was no water in the morning because of a frozen pipe. Plus ça change. Street sweeping and park maintenance seem still to be a job for troops of gypsy women. There are beggars on every corner. Coming out of the airport is like running a gauntlet, with men snatching

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Is there hope?

(Peter returns to the keyboard) Romania remains, despite the wounds and scars inflicted by war and, even more, by the dictator himself, one of Europe's loveliest countries. There is nothing anywhere to compare with a dreaming Transylvanian mountain village: thatched roofs, blue-painted eaves, abundant gardens, flocks in pasture, stooks of grain in the shape of humans, a warm and cheerful welcome for the foreigner, even though it was forbidden.

The *conducator* is dead and gone — gone with the permission of Gorbachev and the Russians, who kept him and his predecessor there through 45 dreadful years, the last ten the worst. Although there is profound confusion in the economy and in political life, there is some reason to hope. As in Russia, much modern talent has emerged, a great deal of it from the old communist apparatus. Ceausescu's former *chef de cabinet* is, for example, running a highly successful large-scale computer business, in collaboration with a French firm. He is young, and full of ideas about Romania's future, and about the future of the region.

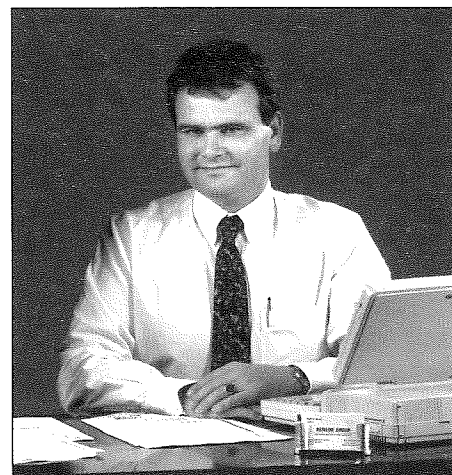
Solzhenitsyn has said about Russia, "We have gone downhill for 75 years. How long will it take us to get back where we started?" The same could be said of Romania. No other east-European country, not even the former GDR, lived through anything quite so dreadful. In the other eastern countries the grip of tyranny was already loosening some years before the explosion of 1989-90. Not so in Romania, where it was getting worse right to the bitter end. Recovery will be slow, and a hard path, uphill all the way. But the Romanians, most of them, are optimistic. We too might permit ourselves a measure of hope. ☺

Peter Roberts was Canadian Ambassador to Romania from 1979 to 1983. He was then Ambassador to the Soviet Union. He and **Glenna Woolley**, former principal of the Ottawa Montessori Schools, married in Bucharest in 1980. They returned there in 1990, and again in 1995. After retiring as Director of the Canada Council in 1989, Peter Roberts published *George Costakis: A Russian Life in Art*. (See article in *bout* Vol. 7 No. 4.)

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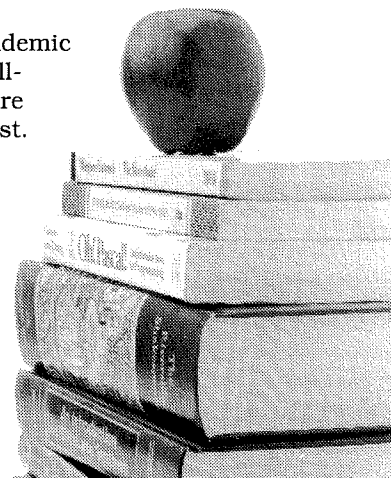
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Ho Ho Ho in Hanoi



Throughout his career, John Holmes advocated informal and informative dialogue within the Department of External Affairs and between the department and interested Canadians. Before the expression "corporate outreach" was coined, Holmes practised it. One manifestation of this attitude was his encouragement of junior officers to share their experiences and impressions at posting with those in headquarters. The letter reprinted below was prompted by Holmes, then Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs.

Though Canada reluctantly accepted its nomination to the international control commissions for Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos, Holmes has written that Canada's "role in Indochina was the classic case of middlepowermanship ... The Indochina experience of the fifties confirmed the view of many Canadians and of our friends that this was our special destiny and our best contribution to international order." It was also, for those who served there, a unique opportunity when Canada was under-represented in Asia. For recent recruits to the foreign service, the assignment provided as well exceptional training in the craft and the frustrations of international diplomacy in the cold war.

*When he wrote this letter, Si Taylor had been with the Department of External Affairs for barely more than two years and in Hanoi for about six months. Readers of **bout de papier** will know that this missive did not blight his career, which culminated in successive stints as Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs and Ambassador to Japan. Mr. Taylor is the Chancellor of McMaster University and a member of the Senior Editorial Board of **bout de papier**.*

*The original of this letter may be found in the John Holmes Papers at the Canadian Institute of International Affairs in Toronto. John Hilliker, Head of the Historical Section of the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, provided **bout de papier** with a copy.*

Hector Mackenzie
Senior Departmental Historian

Hanoi. December 22 [1955]

Dear Mr. [John W.] Holmes,

Your card, which is certainly one of the most welcome I have received, arrived in yesterday's bag. I had not forgotten that I had promised you a report on Hanoi, and thought that a sort of report-cum-Christmas card would interest you.

For all its well-known limitations, of which you are aware because of your visit here [in June 1955], I am by no means disappointed with my first posting. Compared with Latin America, I suppose we could say we were not represented sufficiently in this part of the world before we were asked to serve on the Commissions in Indochina. As a young (and presumably irresponsible) bachelor, I could not have gone to an Iron Curtain post, and at my level, there are still really only three jobs available in Asia — in Delhi, Karachi and Djakarta. But in Hanoi, we manage to combine a number of advantages, by living in a Communist state, by living in Southeast Asia, and by doing business with the Communists and the Indians every day. The work has in itself been interesting, and since I have been handling Article 14(c)[which enjoined

the parties to "guarantee" the "democratic liberties" of former "partisans" or "resistance workers"], it has been quite heavy ever since I arrived here.

Personally, I have found it difficult to know just what balance we should strike in the present situation. So long as the regrouping of forces was still going on, and freedom of movement was a major problem, it was easy to square an entirely impartial attitude with a defence of the interests of the South Vietnamese. Since July 20 [when riots took place in Saigon and elsewhere, with mobs likely organized by associates of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem attacking the Polish and Indian quarters and personnel], of course this has been much more difficult, because of the conflict between behaving as impartial international civil servants and at the same time behaving in a sense as lawyers for a client who refuses to have anything to do with the Geneva Agreement [for Vietnam] in its present form. I have never known which attitude should be given priority. Sometimes I wonder what the Poles must think of us. For them, of course, there is no problem; they defend the North in all situations and are never embarrassed no matter how blatantly cynical their manoeuvres become. I was interested to read recently

your reports from the Geneva Conference [on Indochina, 8 May to 21 July 1954] which I had never seen before. It seemed evident from [USSR Foreign Minister] Mr. [Vyacheslav Mikhailovich] Molotov's attitude then that his idea of a neutral commission was one with representatives of the east, the west, and the uncommitted nations. The eastern and western representatives would not be expected as individuals to be impartial, but because of the balance between them, the total effect for the whole commission would be one of impartiality.

Of course, we have never behaved according to this theory. Mr. [David] Johnson [Canadian Commissioner, International Commission for Supervision and Control for Vietnam] told me once that his instructions were that he himself was to be impartial. While at the top, the Poles make efforts to appear unbiased, in the committees where the hatchet work is done, it is quite plain that they are not impartial themselves and furthermore, that they do not expect us to be. They appear to assume that, as they defend the North with every trick they can think of, so we defend the South. The idea that we ever make any attempt whatsoever to appear impartial never seems to occur to them.

In this situation, and considering that we really don't get much help from the French or the South, there is a very real temptation to "play Pole" ourselves, although to go too far in this direction means losing whatever credit we may have built up with the Indians. At this point, I have sometimes become a bit discouraged. Personally, we manage very well indeed with the political officers on the Indian Delegation, and of course we all had the greatest respect for Mr. [M.J.] Desai [Ambassador of India to the ICSC for Vietnam]. But it is disheartening from time to time, when we have tried to play the game honestly in the hope of persuading the Indians of our good faith, and the bad faith of the D[emocratic] R[epublic of Vietnam], to hear them talk as if there is absolutely nothing to choose between North and South. One of the Indians, for example, has mentioned in conversation his "great sympathy" for the DR's cause. I heard another one compare the crowds of young people who attended a recent meeting of the World Federation of Democratic Youth here to the crowds at the World Series games in New York, when one of our officers commented mildly on the manufactured enthusiasm of all political

manifestations here. A third told one of our people that he saw nothing particularly significant in the fact that large posters showing [Marshal Nikolai Alexandrovich] Bulganin [Chairman of the Soviet Council of Ministers] and Mao [Tse-tung, Chairman of the People's Republic of China] appear everywhere along with posters of Ho Chi Minh [President of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam]. He maintained this point of view even when the Canadian pointed out that there were no posters of [US President Dwight D.] Eisenhower and [US Secretary of State John Foster] Dulles displayed in Saigon. Of course, not all the Indians are forever seeking to point to a flaw in Diem's rule [on 26 October 1955, Diem deposed Emperor Bao Dai and proclaimed himself President of the Republic of Vietnam] whenever a flaw in the Communist system is pointed out. Privately, I imagine that some of them have been scared by what they have seen of Communist power here, and disturbed at the way in which this brand of Communism anyway kills all freedom. One of the Indians was pointing out to me yesterday the obvious fact that their interest in Indochina is much more direct than ours, and that Laos and Cambodia, and perhaps Malaya and Thailand, would be dangerously exposed if all Vietnam became Communist. He sounded almost like a S[outh]E[ast]A[sia]T[reaty]O[rganization] strategist talking. Another once said privately that a great number of Indians here had been disillusioned by what they had seen. On the whole, however, I have had the impression that at the working level at least, Canadians have had an uphill battle against what seems to us to be unwarranted complacency on the part of the Indians.

Happily, this has not prevented personal friendships from being built up.

Of course, you have probably not detected — at least I hope you have not been able to detect — any signs of these unresolved conflicts in our reports. Among the junior officers, of course, the debate goes on endlessly: how can we implement the Geneva Agreement, save South Vietnam, and still have the Indians love us, all at the same time? These things are sorted by the higherups, and in them, I think we have been very lucky. My second stint working for Mr. [Saul F.] Rae [Alternate Delegate, ICSC for Vietnam; Adviser to the Canadian Commissioners, ICSC for Indochina] has been as pleasant as the first, and of course few bosses are as generous as Mr. Johnson. In a different way, I have found the military officers for whom I have worked equally easy to get on with. I know this has not been everyone's experience, but if you talk with Harry Jay [Adviser to the

Canadian Commissioners, ICSC for Indochina, from February to December 1955] on his return to Ottawa, I think you will find that he would agree that difficulties between Army and External here is a subject more talked about than worth talking about.

I regret to say that the rather pleasant social life you saw here is fast disappearing. The Cercle Sportif is still open to tennis players, but I doubt if there will be any swimming next summer. The Delaverne's, who managed the hotel, left Hanoi several months ago. Mickey Dicquemare and her father also have gone. The American Consul, Tom Corcoran, and Vice-Consul, Bob Wenzel finally left about ten days ago. The Sainteny Mission [an attempt by the Government of France to reach an accommodation with the DRVN] remains, of course, and its staff still includes a number of charming people. However [Jean] Sainteny [Delegate General of France to the DRVN] himself never came back to Indochina, and it does not seem probable that he will. His staff have found bargaining with the regime a pretty unrewarding business, I believe, and their morale is always a little shaky because of their rather anomalous position.

However, we are still trying to strive for a brighter Hanoi, and the Canadian Mess remains unchallenged as the social heart of

North Vietnam. The French, the British unfailingly, the Indians usually, and even the Poles occasionally attend our parties. We still have the incomparable talents of S.F. Rae to entertain us, and the golden trumpet of Vern "Lukewarm Lips" Turner [Adviser to the Canadian Commissioners, ICSC for Indochina] to brighten our evenings. Christmas is upon us, and we have all the preparations well in hand. I'm afraid that most of us disposed of our four-bottle ration of Labatt's ale instead of saving it, and the Canadian cigarettes ("compliments of [Premier] Leslie Frost and the people of the Province of Ontario") have been smoked up pretty quickly. We have saved the records the Recreational Association sent us, and they are not to be played until our New Year's Dance, because otherwise they would be worn out. The hotel has been carefully instructed in how to cook canned turkey, the carol singers are in good voice, the PAVN [People's Army of Vietnam] Liaison Mission is sending us three Christmas trees. I think we are going to have a very good Christmas, and — who knows? — we may even mellow to the point of thinking kindly thoughts about Uncle Ho.

With best wishes for the New Year,
[J.H.] Si Taylor ☺

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Three Piece

by John Graham

It was about 9 a.m. and already hot outside. Strong Guyanese coffee had not yet stoked my metabolism when the telephone rang. It was Baltasar, the short, urbane Ambassador from a neighbouring country.

"John," he said, "my country has been insulted by one of your banks", his voice rose, "and I have been personally irrespected."

"You have been what?"

"Listen to me. You know Lennox Mortimer, the Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia?"

"Yes, of course. You mean Three Piece," I said, unsuccessfully trying to lighten the conversation.

"Mortimer, Three Piece, whatever — sheet! He should be chopped into pieces!"

"Good God! What has he done?"

"He has been attempting deliberately to destroy the decorum of my Embassy ... To prevent us from working and to detract our dignity. You know, the Embassy is up against the wall of the bank. One week ago he placed loudspeakers by this wall — the wall of my office — and turned on his disgusting music. Yesterday afternoon, he pushed them to the top."

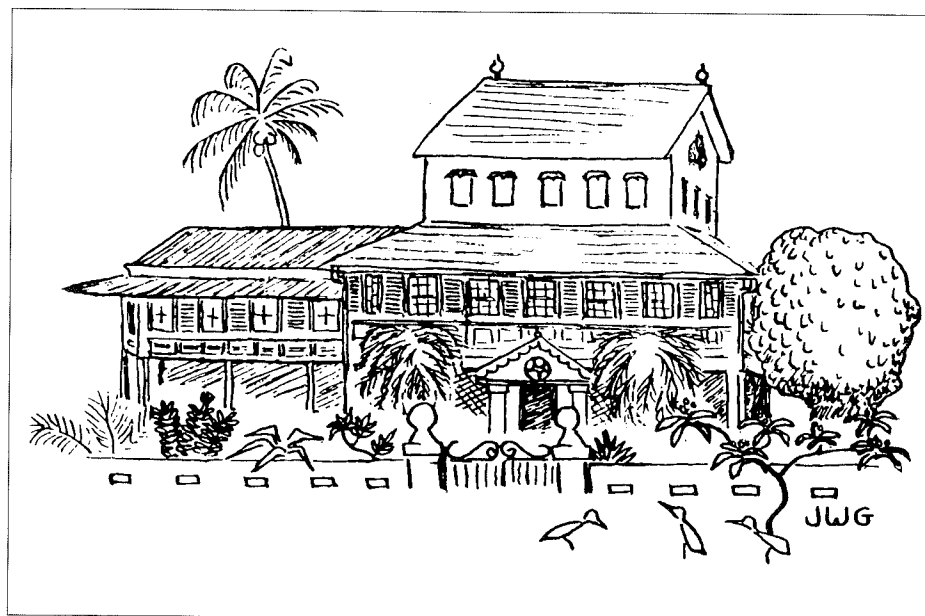
"You mean, full volume?"

"Yes, full volume. It was terrible, unspeakable. It was ... it was uprageous! Of course I went immediately to the Bank and insisted on speaking to Mortimer.

"Did Mortimer not apologize?"

"Apologize! I was received rudely and told to leave. As Canadian High Commissioner, you must speak to Mortimer."

On the surface there appeared to be a dichotomy between the conservative appearance of Mortimer, or Three Piece, and his behaviour. Three Piece almost invariably wore a three piece suit. For a senior bank manager this would have been unremarkable. In Guyana, he was unique. Not even Vladimir, the Soviet Ambassador, who liked to parade his Brooks Bros. suits, would wear a vest in Guyana's Turkish bath climate. Apart from Three Piece and the Soviet Ambassador, almost no-one wore a jacket. Apart from these two and George, the American Ambassador, almost no-one wore a tie. The custom which Three Piece regularly defied had been set by President Burnham and was one of the few sound policies imposed by this leader on a much abused and increasingly impoverished nation.



As Baltasar and his entire Embassy had learned, Three Piece was a jazz and reggae fanatic. He had been a musician in his native St. Lucia. His corpuscles were syncopated with jazz and West Indian rhythms. Three Piece was also our neighbour in Bel Air Gardens — separated from us only by Mr. and Mrs. Greathead and Laura, their 35-year old parrot. When his wife was away, he gave parties. They were the liveliest parties on our side of town. The outdoor amplifiers outboomed the tree frogs until about 4 a.m. and antagonized all of us who weren't invited.

*"My country has been
insulted by one of
your banks, and I have
been personally
irrespected."*

Before I could collect my thoughts and call Three Piece, the phone rang again. It was Three Piece calling me.

"John, how well do you know Baltasar, the Ambassador?"

"Pretty well. Why?"

"Man, you will not believe this..." and he paused.

"Believe what?"

"The meatball is a bloody maniac!"

"What do you mean?"

"You know — well, you wouldn't know.

To perk up the staff I set up a recreation room in one of the empty offices upstairs. We use my tapes. Yesterday, after work, about six of us were relaxing and listening to music, when the fellow burst in. You know we share a wall with the Embassy."

"Yes, I know."

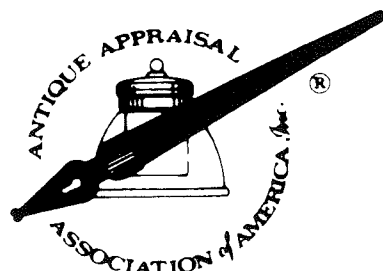
"We were playing Bob Marley, when he came in. Man, he got red in the face and started to shout. I turned the machine off and told him that if he was going to insult me in front of my staff, he could get the hell out. The little squirt gets more red in the face, reaches into his pocket, takes out his bloody great pistol, and points it at me — in my own bank!"

Two days later, Baltasar and Three Piece met in my office. Three Piece said he would move the recreation room and Baltasar apologized. Soon after, Three Piece invited Judy and me to his next party. ☺

John Graham is a former Foreign Service Officer whose postings included Havana, Guyana, Santo Domingo, London and Caracas. In 1992, he took up a position as the first Head of the Unit for the Promotion of Democracy at the Organisation of American States (OAS). He is now Senior Advisor (Americas) to the International Foundation for Electoral Systems (IFES).

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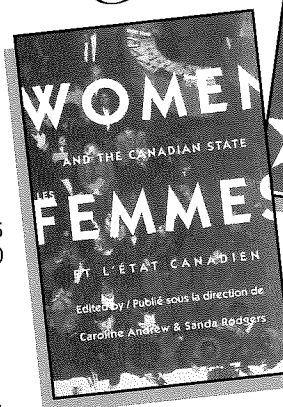
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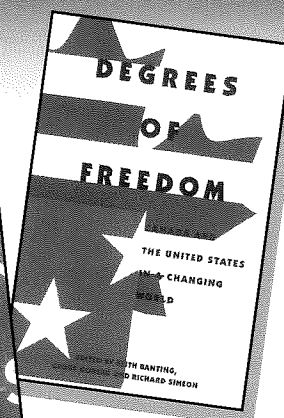
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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

*TakeDown — The Pursuit and Capture of Kevin Mitnick,
America's Most Wanted Computer Outlaw — by the Man Who Did It*
reviewed by Richard Kohler

TAKEDOWN — THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF KEVIN MITNICK, AMERICA'S MOST WANTED COMPUTER OUTLAW — BY THE MAN WHO DID IT, by Tsutomu Shimomura with John Markoff, Hyperion, New York, 1996, 324 pp. \$24.95.

Reviewed by Richard Kohler

Richard Kohler, currently Director-General of DFAIT's Information Systems Bureau, has served in Sydney, Los Angeles, Paris, Sao Paulo, Bucharest and Bangkok.

TakeDown is a dogged pursuit thriller in the genre of Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* — and the comparison is not meant to be literary. It is difficult to get terribly worked up about the nature of the crime even if the catching of the *perp*, a computer phreak of some genius, demonstrates the awesome power of the digital universe.

Tsutomu Shimomura, a senior fellow at the San Diego Supercomputer Centre, spirals into cyber shock when he discovers someone has been rifling through his treasured hard-disk memorabilia, e-mail and other personal software. The evil arch-enemy of Batman-Joker proportions is a magneto-charged *magus* named, oxymoronically, Kevin Mitnick. And the beginning-middle-end sequence captures all the creative tension of a radio broadcast of a ping pong match.

Briefly, Tsutomu goes skiing at Lake Tahoe; his system nanny calls to tell him his computer system has been penetrated; he analyzes the data on the break-in; tracks his missing files down to a secret cranny in the San Francisco *Well* web-site; sniffs out a trail of *bits and bytes* that leads to a traffic grouping around Netcom; correlates data with a Sprint Cellular engineer in North Carolina; and, obstructed by the inevitable delays in warrant-issuance, finally captures the Mitnick with the help of the trusty FBI, in Raleigh.

But are these 324 pages of rigorous pursuit worth it? What is the nobility-level of Mitnick in big-time crime? We know Kevin was a seductee of the dark side of the computer world. The product of a broken, lower-middle-class environment lacking in adventure, he was an underachiever until he realized the power he could exert over

telephone networks. Not only could naughty Kevin negotiate free calls (one wonders of this loner "to whom...?") but peer into the lives of people, eavesdrop on the social elite or irritate his own rivals.

Mitnick fell in with a crowd that met at a Hollywood pizza parlour. Gang members did *bad* things like taking over directory assistance and answering operator calls by saying "Yes, that number is eight-seven-five-zero and a half. Do you know how to dial the half, ma'am" or changing the class of service on someone's home phone to pay-phone status, so that whenever the receiver was picked up a recorded voice asked for a deposit of twenty cents. Or, *horror*, programming outdoor speakers of fast-food restaurants so that the speakers could tell the customers bad words.

After three arrests and minimal time spent institutionally self-redeeming, Kevin hunted for bigger game. And this time he crossed techno-swords with Tsutomu Shimomura, a leading expert in areas as diverse as computational physics and computer security. Starting as a research scientist at UCSD in 1989, Tsutomu worked with Nobel Laureate Richard Feynman at the California Institute of Technology; and later with Thinking Machines Corporation, the Cambridge, Mass.-based massively parallel computer start-up company to design a disk system to support the rapid movement of vast databases. At the Los Alamos National Laboratory he architected advanced parallel computing; and with Brosl Hasslacher, one of the leading researchers in computational physics, developed a radical approach to simulating the flow of fluids based on a new model of computation, known as *lattice gas automata*. *Japboy*, as Kevin called Tsutomu in his e-mail exchanges with other shady baddies, is also an active inline skater and cross country skier. We would also infer from the story-line that Tsutomu is involved in what appears to be one of the world's least passionate love-affairs, almost *virtual* in dimension.

Frankly these last three elements: skating, skiing and the Tsutomu-Julia-John love triangle are really **red** herrings in a story that should essentially stick to a focused line-of-attack. The reader doesn't feel an affinity with nor cares much about

roller-blading around while chatting on a cell-phone or the quality of this year's cross-country wax buzz. And as for Julia, John and Tsutomu, **get a life!** — what a nasal, proletarian thread of mediocre craving; the sterile relationships are portrayed as if in a vacuum of vitality.

But the pursuit itself seems leveraged against personal insult more than *consequence*. Tsutomu resents the intrusion into his e-mail:

"These guys were using other people's electronic mail the way most people use the library"

and vows to track him down. The process uncovers one of the new-age crime phenomena: *social engineering*:

"...a tactic used by people in the computer underground to access a computer by talking unsuspecting computer system administrators and telephone company employees out of valuable information. They rely on people wanting to be helpful. When someone calls as if they are a new employee in a company, who has misplaced a password, the socially-engineered's natural inclination is to give out the information."

As John Markoff says in a review of his own co-authored book:

"The technical sophistication of the pursued and his pursuer ... was remarkable. But underneath the technological paraphernalia — the tracking software and the radio homing devices carried by the pursuer, the baffling telephone switching manipulations used by the pursued to cover his tracks — there is the interplay of two opposing personalities, who had little in common besides their considerable skills. Their meeting was a collision of two dramatically different minds that happen to share a fascination for cyberspace."

The extent to which digital sleuthing, or the uncovering of IP Spoofing — a masquerading technique for gaining unwanted access to others' data bases — is described in *TakeDown* does, in itself, justify the read if one is in the market to get acquainted with how fragile our networked world really is. In the absence of good *firewalling* —

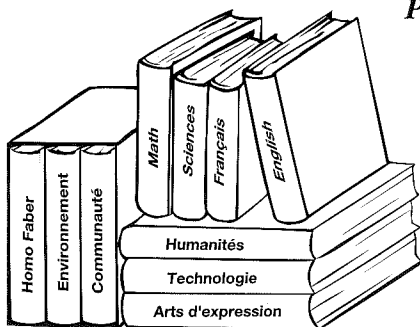
and even **with** it — the vulnerability of information's integrity is truly frightening. Kevin and Tsutomu, in exchanging technoid-taunts, outline a world of perverse electronic corruption that lays open neural fibre for anyone to see. In the hot pursuit of Kevin, Tsutomu and his specialist *posse* of phone *phreaks* and counter-hackers are able to log into distant computers and read what is being typed, as it plays! This form of energized *voyeurism* is clearly symptomatic of the erosion of privacy that is directly linked, in exponential proportion, to the information revolution that envelops us like a storm gathering round an eye.

Is *TakeDown* great literature? No. But the casual reader is not looking for a George Eliot-like dissection of today's version of the late 19th century *invasion of the telegraph*; and with that perspective in mind — only that perspective, nevermind the social relevance of inline skating, cross country skiing and techno-love-story — Tsutomu Shimomura and John Markoff have fashioned a chilling glimpse into the naked realities of the information highway and our privacy. For those who thirst for *TakeDown* trivia you may wish to track down Tsutomu's own web-site <http://www.takedown.com>.



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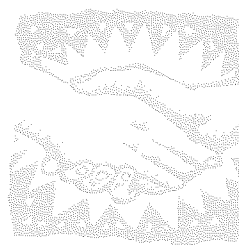
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On the Steppes of Central Asia

A puzzle that Genghis Khan (but not Immanuel Kant) could solve

"Ah, might I have a word with you, Liebnitz?" came the hesitant voice of Dryan Tweedie, the Centre's archivist. He stood in the doorway of the office where ace logician LDC Liebnitz was staring morosely at a table on which were placed two dried herring, a can of pipe tobacco ("Old Warthog" by the smell), a live mouse, the *Categorical Imperative* reproduced in bitter chocolate and what appeared to be a ruby-encrusted kumquat.

"I'd be delighted," replied Liebnitz. "So far, I can't even figure out whether this is Jimmy the Turk's latest report or my new diet from that hack, Dr Quackenbush. Distraction would be most welcome. And I've been meaning to talk to you anyway. Are you all right these days? You seem pale and wan — even for a librarian — and you are increasingly prone to staring at sunsets and flowers with a goofy smile on your face, consuming Rod McKuen's poetry as if it actually meant something, and listening to Mozart's soprier sonatas. Mozart, by God!! I'm beginning to worry about you, Tweedie."

The archivist blushed and stammered something inaudible, then sat down on the corner of the table, buried his head in his hands and finally looked up at Liebnitz with desperation on his face. "Liebnitz, I think I'm in love," he said. "Well, that would certainly explain the symptoms. Who's the, ah, fortunate person?" asked his friend, taking a healthy slug of tea from a mug on his desk.

"Mabel Stanley," Tweedie said. "What?" cried Liebnitz, spluttering tea in all directions. "All right, Tweedie, she's young, she's beautiful, she's smart — so far so good — but she's also the lead singer for a grunge rock group named Edible Granite, the only band to be declared a health hazard by the United Nations, a musical disaster area so egregious that it makes most of its money by accepting payments from major cities to perform in other time zones (and if possible on other continents)."

"Yes," replied the archivist in the same dreamy voice, "and she has invited me to come to her next concert." He suddenly sat up straighter and frowned. "Which is why I am here, Liebnitz. I have written to tell her of my love, but she has chosen to test me. Instead of telling me where the concert is being held, she has said only that it is somewhere in the Central Asian Republics, and sent me this puzzle by way of elaboration. I am no good at these things. You must help me." He held out two pieces of paper smelling faintly of mint and chili pepper.

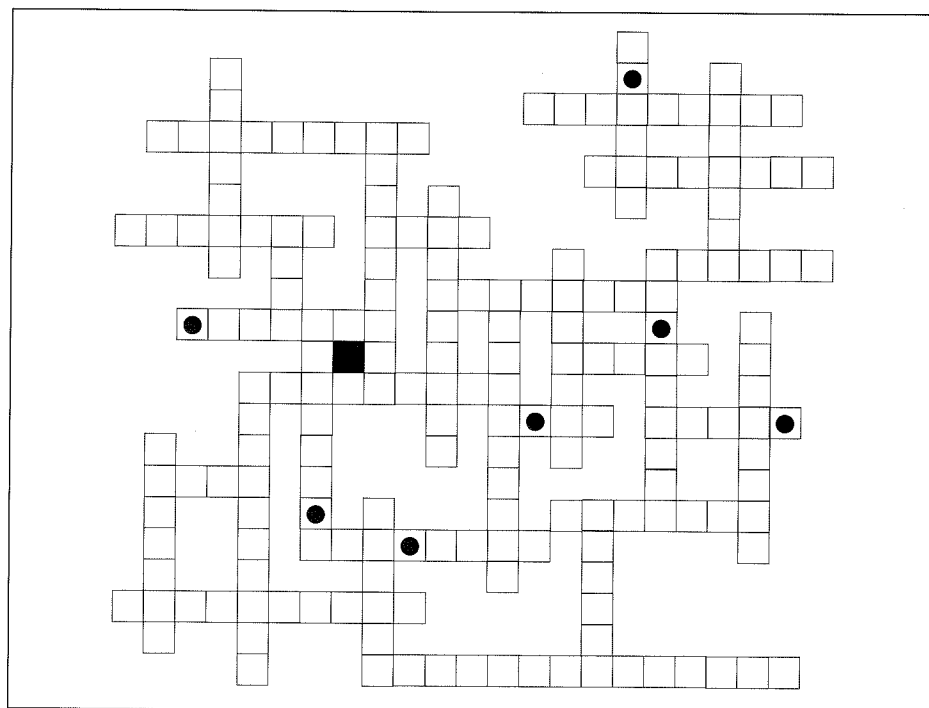
One was a puzzle skeleton, empty except for seven small marks; the other had the following message:

Reading from left to right, the marked squares in the skeleton reveal the seven letters of the town where our next gig is happening — at least they will do so when the skeleton is filled in. The words for the skeleton are defined by the following thirty-two DEFINITIONS or clues, linked directly or indirectly to Central Asia. Sometimes the answer to a clue is two words, but they are written as one. It is not a crossword: you aren't told where to put each word — but it is possible to deduce. Three hints. First, the number after each clue is the number of letters in the word. Secondly, if you work out the clues correctly, the words come out in alphabetical order. Finally, the same thirty-two words are also given as ANAGRAMS, organized by number of letters. Hope to see you at the concert!

DEFINITIONS

(1) Macedonian conqueror: nine letters. (2) Language group to which Turkish and Mongolian belong (close to the name of a major mountain range on the Mongolia/Siberia border): six. (3) The longest river in Central Asia, known in antiquity as the Oxus, flowing northwest from the Afghan border: eight. (4) The large inland sea on

the border of two Central Asian states: four. (5) City of the *Thousand and One Nights* and a major stop on the Silk Road, sacked by the Mongols in 1258, now a MidEast capital: seven. (6) Long narrow lake north of Alma Ata: eight. (7) Russian composer of "On the Steppes of Central Asia": seven. (8) The largest inland sea, into which the Volga empties: seven. (9) Old European name for China: six. (10) What it isn't, now it's Istanbul, one end of the Silk Road: fourteen. (11) Another Silk Road centre and current MidEast capital, said to be the oldest major city in the world, famed for swords: eight. (12) Oasis town and ancient caravan centre in China's western Xinjiang province: seven. (13) Largest of the Central Asian Republics: ten. (14) Turkish, Tartar or Mongol supreme leader: four. (15) Islamic religious college (or Indian city plus "a"): seven. (16) Medieval Venetian merchant-explorer and Asian travelogue writer: nine. (17) Muslim place of worship: six. (18) A Persian Christian sect with many converts in Mongolia before the arrival of Islam, also in China: nine. (19) The east, or to find one's direction: six. (20) Turkish governor, military commander or other high official: five. (21) "Golden" fruit for which the oases of Central Asia were famous: five. (22) Ancient Central Asian city of high culture and luxury, destroyed by Genghis Khan in 1220 and restored by the lame conqueror as his capital in the 14th century:



nine. (23) Persian monarch: four. (24) Ancient trading route from China through Central Asia to the Mediterranean: eight. (25) Sandy desert in western China filling most of the Tarim Basin, the name means "They go in but they don't come out": ten. (26) The lame conqueror of Central Asia and beyond, famous for piles of skulls: nine. (27) Old European name for Central Asia (or fish sauce plus "y"): seven. (28) The largest city in the then Soviet Central Asia: eight. (29) The old collective name for Central Asia and adjacent areas of China (or one of the new Central Asian Republics minus "m", "n" and "i"): nine. (30) The majority Turkic people of Xinjiang province, with their cousins to the west: seven. (31) One of the new Central Asian republics: ten. (32) Modern name of the old Chinese city of Chang'an, at one end of the Silk Road: four.

ANAGRAMS:

Four letters: LARA, NAXI, ANKH, HASH

Five letters: CHEAP, ASAPH

Six letters: QUOMES, CALITA, TORINE, AYACHT

Seven letters: RAMADAS, GADDBAH, DROOBNI, TRATYRA, PSICANA, SHIGURU, GRAKHA

Eight letters: KILSODAR, YUMARADA, SHABLA KH, MADCAUSS, TENTHASK

Nine letters: RUNKSTATE, ALTERMANE, RENOSAINT, LAXEDRANE, MASADRANK, POORCALMO

Ten letters: SHANKZAKAT, TANKAMALKA, KUNZIBEAST

Fourteen letters: PLASTICNONTONE

"Ah, playing hard to get, is she?" asked Liebnitz. "Well, she must be interested in you, or she wouldn't go to all this trouble. So let's work it out..." So saying, with the help of the Oxford Concise, the Britannica and a good atlas from his bookshelves, the ace logician polished off the puzzle in short order. "Well, some of her entries are a bit obscure, but she's given you a break — the skeleton letters that form the name of the concert site are found among the easier words. So, Tweedie, no time to lose — let's get our plane tickets booked."

"Our tickets?" stammered the archivist, rising from his seat on the table. "But I thought you hated her music." Replied his friend, "And so I do. But in your state, I can hardly let you traipse off to foreign parts without a chaperon. And do take time to change your clothes. For the past half hour, you've been sitting on my herring."

So it was, some days later, that the two friends found themselves front row centre at another unforgettable (God knows people have tried) Edible Granite concert. Tweedie listened raptly as Mabel belted out the group's latest hit, "Deconstruction Fungus (Don't You Eat My Shoes)" from the Toxic Derrida album. Liebnitz hoped that the archivist's vacant expression was just the result of being brained by one of the iron butterflies the band was scattering to the audience (which had been tied into its seats by the promoters). The logician himself was distracted by the persistent mutterings of the man on his right, a freelance Tuvan prestidigitator who had been booked to open the show but had been pulled at the last minute. "No chance," he said to Liebnitz. "I can do all the usual vanishes — coins, cards, rabbits, glasses of wine, even the occasional elephant — but these people can make an entire hall of people disappear."

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat — solving the puzzle, not surviving the concert — by naming the city in which Mabel was performing? (Providing the completed skeleton would be a bonus, but is not necessary for the solution.) **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by June 1st 1997. The winner will receive

a CD of Tuvan throat singing (the national music of Aalto's homeland) and a book on modern Asia.

A Aalto is indeed on tour in Asia as part of Canada's Year of Asia Pacific. Later issues of **bout de papier** this year will recount more CYAP tales of Dryan Tweedie, Mabel Stanley, Edible Granite\ and (gasp!) the return of Rialto Sleazewagon.

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA — ANSWERS

Lines/Anagrams: (a) Gary COOPER, The VIRGINIAN; (b) Edward G ROBINSON, Little CAESAR; (c) Bela LUGOSI, DRACULA; (d) Marlene DIETRICH, SHANGHAI Express; (e) Clark GABLE, Gone with the WIND; (f) Marlene DIETRICH, DESTROY Rides Again; (g) Orson WELLES, CITIZEN Kane; (h) Humphrey BOGART, The Maltese FALCON; (i) Claude RAINS, CASABLANCA; (j) Jimmy CAGNEY, WHITE Heat; (k) Marlon BRANDO, On the WATERFRONT.

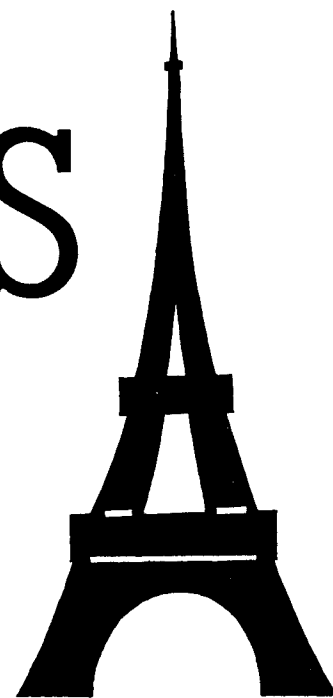
Hidden quote: "YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' YET" — from The Jazz Singer, 1927. Assassin's disguise — Al Jolson (star of that movie).

Winner of Un Ballo in Maschera:
Alan Bones
(wins a CD of Tuvan throat singing)

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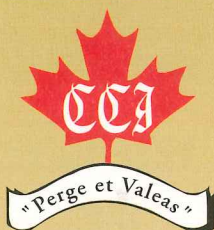
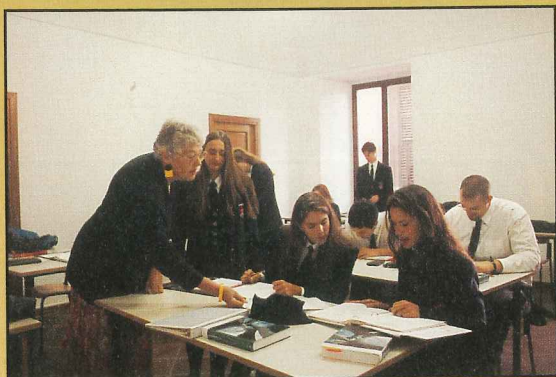
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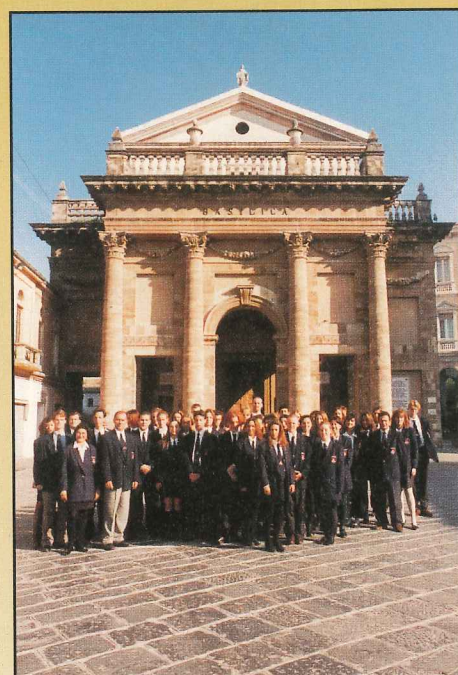
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