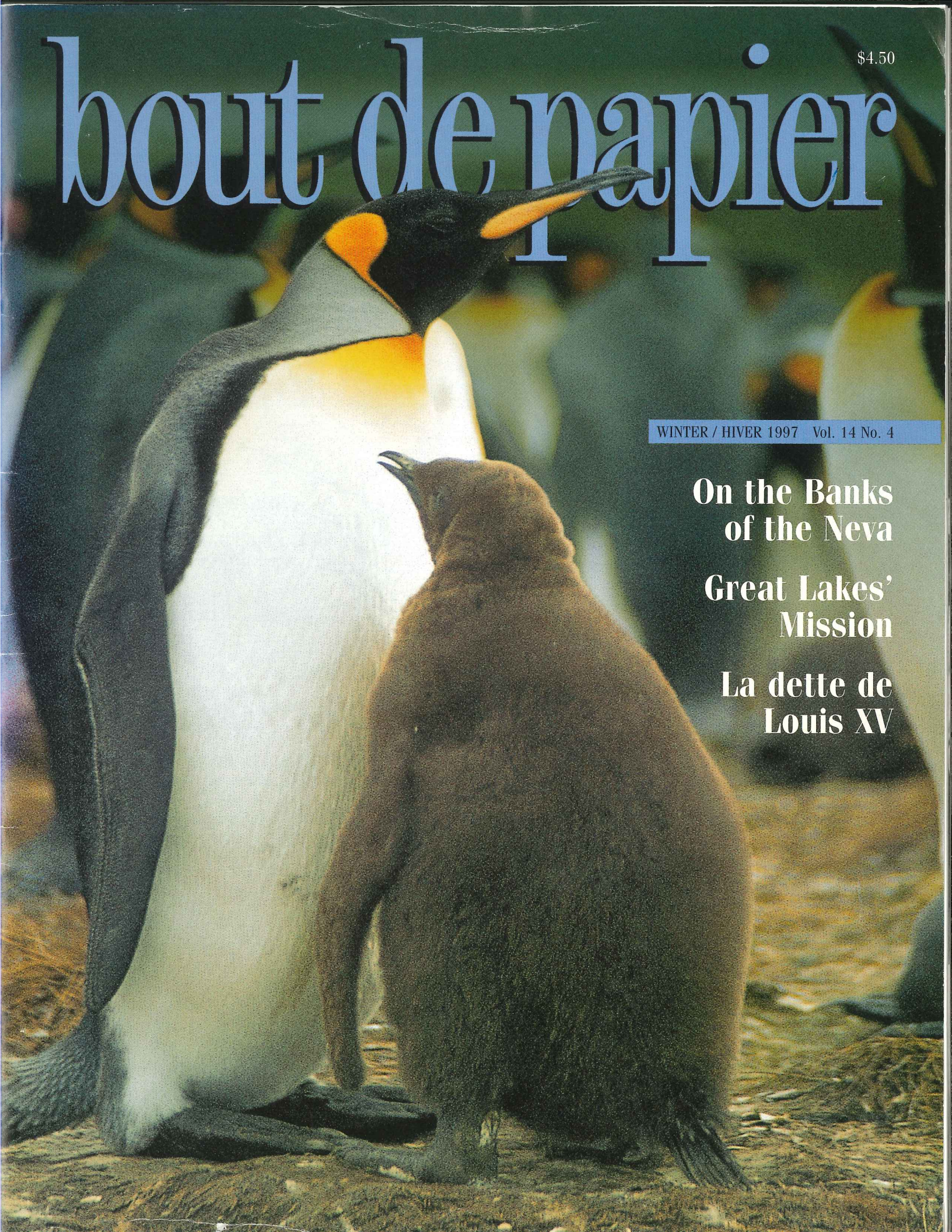


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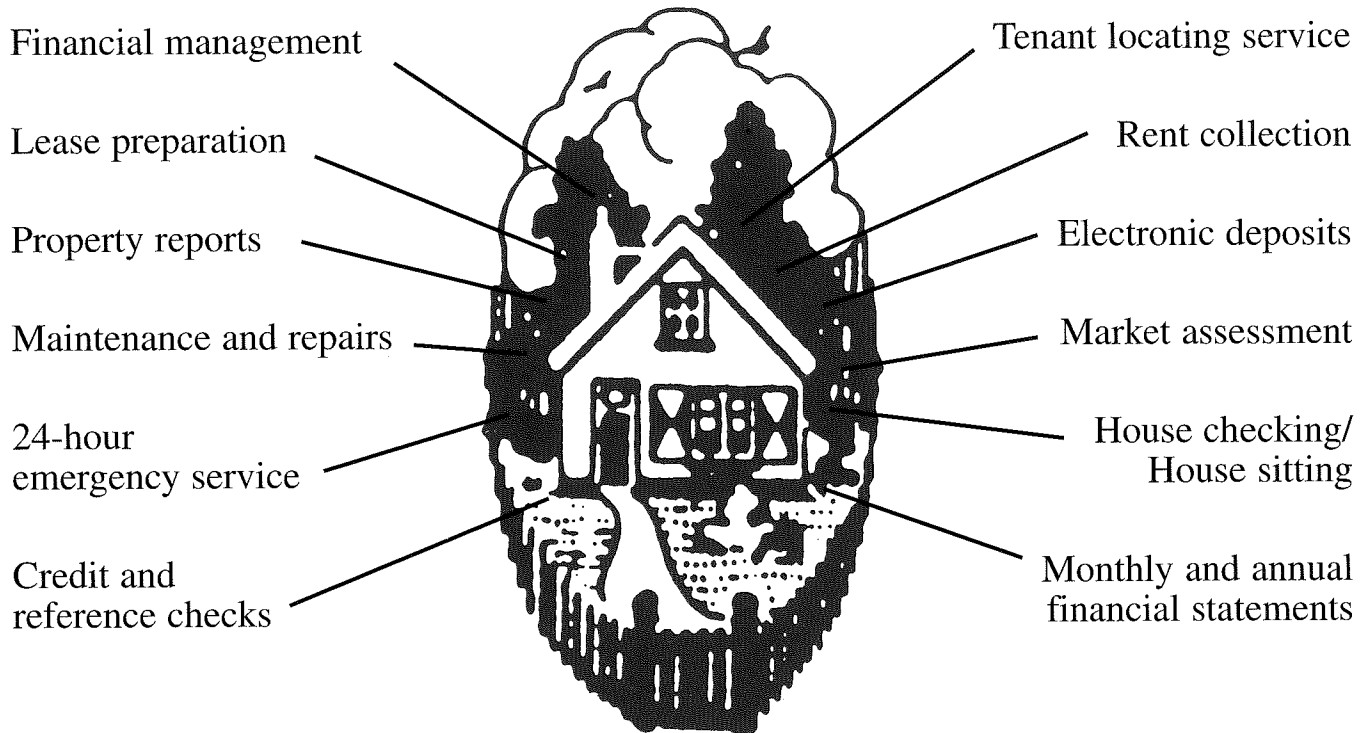
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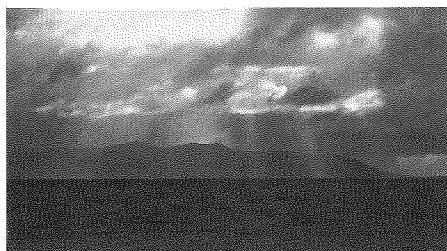
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Far Away and Long Ago... pg 34

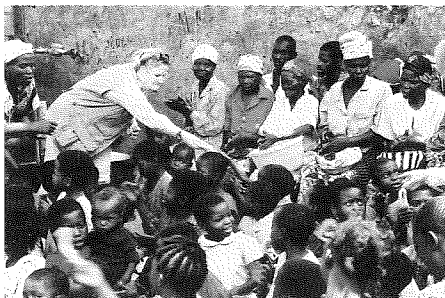


Photo: Nicholas Coghlan

"A small and challenging post"... pg 18

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"Being There" on the Banks of the Neva

Ann Collins looks at life in our micro-mission in St. Petersburg.

Great Lakes' Mission

Raymond Chrétien shares his experiences in shuttle diplomacy, African style.

"A small and challenging post in Africa please"

Helen Horn's posting in Kinshasa during "interesting times"

Wasting Away in Margaritaville

Paul Gibbard opens the doors to Mexico's Foreign Ministry.

Le Canada, le Québec et la dette de Louis XV

Roger Paul Gilbert explique la dernière visite au Canada de Charles de Gaulle.

Showing the Flag — More or less

James A. Gibson recounts a previous flag debate.

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Our cover photo, by Nicholas Coghlan, reflects an intimate maternal moment in the Falklands.

Editor's Notebook / Carnet du rédacteur

This edition of **bout**, the last of volume 14, brings to a conclusion one of our focuses this year: Canada's Year of Asia-Pacific. Indeed, the APEC summit has just been held in Vancouver, amidst protesters and virtual panic about the continuing problems of Asian economies. A steady procession of Asian leaders have made their way through Ottawa following the summit and in advance of the deluge of foreign delegations attending the signing of the International Treaty on Land Mines. Many have been burning the midnight oil in Fort Pearson in preparation for either — or both — events. For those, Paul Gibbard's "Wasting Away in Margaritaville" will strike a familiar chord. For the rest of us whose lives have not been quite so traumatised, it provides an interesting insight into the history and workings of our NAFTA and APEC partner's Foreign Ministry.

We also conclude our look at micro-missions, with Ann Collins' perspective from the banks of the River Neva. Having read all three contributions, it becomes evident that the cost-effectiveness of single-Canadian micro-missions could be enhanced with better information technology and training and enhanced responsibilities for locally-engaged personnel. In all three cases, it is a case of "do everything with less" as our authors are expected (and do, most of the time) to respond to everything asked of them. While coping, of course, with rules and policies designed for full-fledged missions. Life in St. Petersburg is no exception. Senior managers contemplating future micro-missions, or indeed, single-officer programs within larger missions, should keep these articles as compulsory reading.

This issue includes two commentaries reflecting the mood among current — and former — foreign service officers. The first, Phil Calvert's "Letter from the Monkey House", is a satirical response to a news report in early September about staff salaries on Parliament Hill, and gets the point across with some vivid imaging. Our second commentary, reprinted with permission of the author, is Elizabeth Gammell's letter of resignation from the foreign service in favour of a non-rotational career. It, too, speaks for itself but to make everything abundantly clear we have also included current salary information. Those mandarins that bring us La Relève keeping telling us (themselves?) that compensation really isn't the issue in the civil service, and that it is a question of building morale and pride in our work.

I strongly encourage each and every mandarin who may read this magazine to pay particular attention to these contributions. Then show us the money.

Roger Paul Gilbert presents an interesting analysis of the last, and most controversial, visit to Canada by Charles de Gaulle in "Le Canada, Le Québec et la dette de Louis XV". This calm, researched contribution from M. Gilbert provides an historical perspective to an event for which passions are still extreme thirty years after the event.

The world barely noted the passing of Mobutu Sese Seko in the tragic first week of September — and those that did probably did not mourn his death in exile in Morocco. This issue of **bout** presents a pair of contributions about the last years and weeks of Mobutu's Zaire, caught up in the Great Lakes' refugee crisis while the country itself disintegrated in civil strife and turmoil. "A Small & Challenging Post in Africa" by Helen Horn, a British FCO regular reader of **bout**, takes us from the civil war of early 1993 to the Ebola crisis of mid-1995 and two million Rwandan refugees in between. Her account sets the stage for the excerpts of Raymond Chretien's "Great Lakes' Mission — Reflections of a Special Envoy" and his whirlwind tour of the region to resolve the refugee issue just over a year ago. These two contributions take us beyond the headlines and column inches of the media into the eye of a storm which has now virtually faded away as yesterday's news.

On a final note, our article in Summer 1997 **bout**, "Le drapeau autour du monde — Showing the Flag" prompted James A. Gibson's recollections of a previous flag debate over fifty years ago between the Union Jack or the Red Ensign. While the issue itself is documented in archives and journals, the benefits of such a first person account of the discussions and the debates of the day is one of the unique and welcome characteristics of this magazine.

As the end of 1997 approaches, I would also take this opportunity to thank all contributors to **bout** during the past year. You are what makes this magazine. To all of our readers, thank you for your continuing support — may you enjoy peace and prosperity in the new year.



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Articles

Manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, preferably on WP 5.2 3½" diskette, with a short biographical note about the author(s). Features are normally around 2,500 words. **bout de papier** publishes all articles in their original language. Send articles to **bout de papier**, c/o PAFSO (see address above). Manuscripts accepted at double space, de préférence sur WP 5.2, disquette 3,5", accompagnés d'une brève notice biographique sur l'auteur. Les articles comptent habituellement environ 2500 mots. **bout de papier** publie tous les articles dans leur langue d'origine. Envoyer les articles à **bout de papier**, a/s APASE (voir adresse ci-dessus).

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Letter from the Monkey House

by Phil Calvert

If you read September 11's *Ottawa Citizen*, you might have noticed that the Prime Minister's Office has decided to give ministerial staff a 15% salary increase. It seems that the \$65,000 limit placed on annual salaries for ministerial political staff (not including executive assistants, who make more than \$100,000 smackers) was keeping Ministers from hiring staff of truly high quality, leaving them with a corps of young people without much experience. No one of any quality or experience would work for \$65,000: after all, according to one anonymous insider, "If you pay peanuts, you get monkeys."

Lemme see. What is the maximum salary for a senior foreign service officer — not a senior manager — after 10-20 years on the job? \$64,000? What's the basic salary for a junior officer? About \$34,000? What does a junior officer with five years' experience — at home or abroad — make? About the same.

Experience and expertise obviously is meaningless in this line of work. My friend Ken and I were discussing this last week over lunch, as we were looking for grubs outside the Pearson Building. "Doesn't that 15% salary increase bother you?" I asked. "I mean, our salaries were frozen for years, and then most of us only got 4% this year."

"And a snotty letter from Personnel" he reminded me, tilting his head back and dropping a black juicy beetle into his mouth. "That counts for something."

"OK. And a snotty letter from Personnel. The point is, doesn't anyone see the irony?" I scratched my crotch and bared my teeth at the passing cyclists.

We were looking for grubs outside the Pearson Building.

"Maybe they need the extra money. I mean, Clearasil's really expensive now, and look at the price of skateboards, bubblegum...."

"I still don't buy it." I picked a few lice out of Ken's fur and slipped them into my suit jacket for my afternoon snack. "Well, got a Ministerial briefing to do for this afternoon."

"Me too," Ken replied. "And a speech at the UN." We loped off to our offices together, flashing our colourful ID cards at passing females.

Do any of the Non-Monkeys Upstairs have a good answer?

I wonder, what do the Non-Monkeys Upstairs — our bosses — think when they see comments like this? Do they worry about all those posts abroad, and how difficult it must be for the few *homo sapiens* in positions of authority there to keep control over all those apes? Funny, though — somehow, all those sub-humans manage to get things done, even if their frontal lobe development is a little shaky. Teams Canada swoop through our missions abroad with hundreds of starry-eyed business people in tow, and we make it work — for the businesses as well as for the government. Ministerial visits descend, demand, decry and depart: we ensure that they are as prepared as possible to represent our country's interests at the most senior levels. People who want to travel to Canada — to study, promote business, visit relatives or establish a new life — flow through our offices: we have to decide whether they are suitable (sometimes in a very few minutes, sometimes after extensive detective work), and then be prepared to defend this decision not only to interest groups and immigration consultants, but to our own Ministers and MPs. We promote and protect the interests of Canada — political, economic, commercial, ape, non-ape — every day, in hundreds of ways. And somehow, despite all these activities, we monkeys manage to perform with the highest degree of professionalism.

At least, that's what our managers tell us. Amazingly enough, we manage to perform to the same levels at headquarters — when we're not hanging from our tails in the corridors, munching on fruit and nuts, or sitting with typewriters in rooms randomly hitting keys and hoping for the works of Shakespeare to emerge. Imagine if the Ministers, for example, actually realized that their briefing notes and talking points, press lines and clever answers in Parliament were produced by monkeys — like me, for example. It'd make them want to double-check

the spelling, and to ensure there are no hidden heretical references to issues dear to our hearts — like preservation of jungle habitats, or — perish the thought — giving us more peanuts.

Do any of the Non-Monkeys Upstairs have a good answer? Finding a suitable answer is indeed a problem for them. How do they respond? "Yes, we pay our employees peanuts, but they do good work anyway"? Doesn't sound great. "Our employees are not monkeys — we just pay them like monkeys"? "Hmm, well, *some* of the more senior monkeys get human salaries when they represent us abroad"? Man, I'd like to see *that* message from the Deputy Minister.

Come to think of it, I guess it's pretty hard for our bosses to find good press lines on this issue. Better get some of the simians in the Press Office working on it. After hours, of course. As long as they don't ask for overtime. ☺

Phil Calvert has been with DFAIT since 1982. Most places he has served are trying to forget him. He does not have a prehensile tail.

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On Leaving the Foreign Service

*Editor's Note: With the permission of Elizabeth Gammell, **bout** reproduces below her letter dated November 27, 1997 addressed to Sylvia Cesaratto, Assignment Officer, Commercial Trade/Policy Personnel Division (SPF) DFAIT.*

Dear Sylvia:

I have competed for and been offered employment within this Department to do exactly what I have been doing in my FS-1 assignment, but as an IS-5, with the transferable seniority and salary that go with that. I can't afford not to accept this offer, so today I formally give notice that I am leaving the Foreign Service, effective retroactively to October 27, 1997.

I joined as an FS because I thought I could contribute my personal abilities and professional experience, and because I felt the work could be interesting and worthwhile. It often has been — otherwise, I wouldn't have stayed as long as I have at my salary and seniority level. I have given dedicated capable service, worked myself sick, borrowed from my family while on posting to make ends make, and been more than good value for the money.

As a junior FS, I am upset to learn that my senior management apparently signed on to the idea that I and my dispirited, shrinking public service colleagues need "transforming" in order to become professional, highly-skilled and non-partisan. As a junior FS, I am upset to learn that my senior management apparently signed on to the conclusion that "pay is not the main problem, that it is workers who feel disillusioned, frustrated and undervalued" without seeming to make the connection between the two. I'm certainly not hearing any differently from our senior management.

As a junior FS, I am upset to know that my counterparts at OGDs (forget the private sector) are being valued so much more highly than junior FSs. As a junior FS, I am upset when those hired by competition within my own Department for work identical to that of a junior FS (e.g. communications strategist, various desk officer positions) are being valued more highly than junior FSs. As a junior FS, I am upset when I see lateral entries come in at a higher salary and, sometimes, higher seniority. I'm certainly not seeing any changes.

Money may not be my only concern or the only way to be valued in my professional life, but I start to ask myself whether we junior FSs are chumps to have come in through the proper channels and to continue

to deliver the same or higher level of performance at such a lower valuation. If I get paid like a chump, maybe that makes me a chump. I don't like to start thinking of myself as a chump and so I know that it's time for me to make a change.

Yes, the work can be interesting and worthwhile, but not enough to balance the personal demands made, plus the lack of advancement, plus the uncertainty over the terms of postings, plus the erosion to my self-esteem at being so undervalued, plus the risk to my future economic security by remaining at the junior FS salary. I am ready to live with some of these conditions and will continue to do so as a dedicated IS employee of the Department, but not as a junior FS. It's just not worth it anymore.

Thanks for all your help,
Elizabeth Gammell

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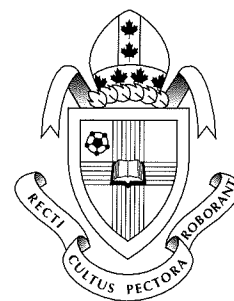


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The Ambassadorial Automobile

by Noble E. Power

I suppose I have been an unrepentant "car buff" for just about as long as I can remember and John Hadwen's article on *The Head of Mission's Most Valued Friend* immediately prompted some treasured memories, not of Ambassadorial drivers, but rather of Ambassadorial motor cars.

One will never forget Charles Ritchie's diaries, which are a must for anyone who has ever served in the Department, in which he confesses not only his attachment to Elizabeth Bowen but also his passion for films and how, every now and then, he would slip away in secret in the afternoon from his office in Canada House in London to take in a favourite film. Well, I must confess that in a lifetime of visits abroad, postings overseas and attending international conferences, I, on occasion, found an opportunity to absent myself from a not altogether important meeting, to take in the Paris Auto Exhibition or perhaps Earls Court in London or the New York Car Show while engaged in work at the United Nations. One such auto-show I remember particularly well featured the unveiling of the Citroën DS Dix-Neuf at the exhibition hall, off the Champs-Élysées. The French, of course, have little doubt that they invented the automobile and they saw the launching of the DS 19 not only as an important step forward in automotive technology but a major cultural event as well. And, who among us, will ever forget, forever after, the image of a French Ambassador being chauffeured to a reception at six-thirty in the evening in his black Citroën with the Tricolour proudly displayed for everyone to admire!

In spite of John Hadwen's observations in the penultimate paragraph of his article, it was not all that unusual in Montreal, in a more elegant era, to see a gentleman being chauffeured off to his office at nine in the morning or for a lady to be accompanied by her driver carrying parcels to her car on Sherbrooke Street after shopping at Holt Renfrew. I have distant memories, perhaps my first memories of the motorcar, of my father's "McLaughlin Buick", which was manoeuvred through the streets of Montreal

by his driver, who had the romantic but unlikely name of Romeo who kept the family car in absolutely immaculate condition at all times. From childhood, and possibly from chats with our chauffeur Romeo, I learned to love all cars and couldn't wait to get behind a steering wheel. As a matter of fact, I started stealing cars rather earlier than most. I remember a particular car of my father's, a "Chrysler Imperial", and when I was about thirteen or fourteen years old, unknown to my father, I would slip behind the wheel while he was at dinner and coast down the hills of Westmount and usually bring the car to a halt in front of the house where my twelve-year-old cousin, Bobby, lived, and he must have been impressed no end. What our neighbours on Forden and Forden Crescent thought of this tiny lad behind the wheel of this enormous vehicle, we will never know!

This story then is about another "Chrysler Imperial", which entered my life some twenty-five years later while I was Head of Mission in Ghana and concurrently accredited as Ambassador to Lomé in Togo and to Cotonou in what is now called Benin. I first visited Ghana in the early sixties, went there often and became attached to the rather unique automobile which transported the Canadian Head of Mission about his daily tasks in that humid, but nonetheless fun-loving, West African capital known as Accra.

Curiously enough, the HOM vehicle was a Sheerline Austin limousine, a most elegant motorcar. I can remember speculating as to how on earth such a vehicle got there in the first place! I discovered later that the Canadian government had bought two such cars for an earlier Royal Visit to Canada and, at the conclusion of the visit, one was assigned to Prime Minister St. Laurent's office and the other to our recently opened



An official automobile of a US ambassador usually carries two flags.

post in Ghana. In spite of frequent breakdowns, and I can personally remember one such breakdown, on the road to the Akosombo Power Station, I greatly envied our mission for owning such a magnificent automobile and I am sure I thought then that, if ever I should rise to the exalted height of High Commissioner, I hoped I would myself have such an automobile to take me about my official duties.

Not that many years later, I found myself in just that post, as Head of Mission in Ghana. Unfortunately, it was not that elegant a car that greeted me on arrival at Accra Airport but rather a more workmanlike vehicle from Oshawa, Ontario. Nonetheless, the Protocol Division of the Ghanaian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which did everything in great style, made up for all of that in a few days time when they sent a magnificent but rather ancient Rolls Royce, together with at least, two, if not four, motorcycle out-riders as an escort, to take me to the Lodge, to present credentials to the Head of State. One never forgets the details of one's first presentation of credentials, and strongest in my memory was the incredible speed of that aged Rolls Royce as we raced up the hills along the coast to the Residence, sirens blaring, determined to be on time for a very colourful ceremony which included an inspection of a Guard of Honour and

champagne and cucumber sandwiches with the President. I remember vividly doing my level best not to spill anything on my new light-weight morning coat, which of all things, was provided for in those days, from a "special allowance for tropical clothing".

Not long after my arrival, the Canadian Government did assign to Accra a new Mercedes Benz, one of the first Mercedes provided to a Canadian diplomatic post abroad. It was indeed a fine car, but like all cars, it had to be sent off to the garage, from time to time, for servicing. While it came back looking good as new, quite often we found out later, that on return some of the moving parts were not necessarily the same as when it left, as a carburetor or distributor might well be replaced during servicing by one somewhat older and not necessarily from a Mercedes. So it too suffered from occasional breakdowns and one such breakdown had all the potential for a diplomatic disaster, particularly for the new and very young Head of Mission.

The occasion was an impending official state visit by the Honourable Lucien Lamoureux, a charming gentleman, who was at that time the Speaker of the House of Commons in Ottawa and later, our Ambassador to Brussels. In Benin, or rather in Dahomey as it was then called, I can

assure you an official state visit was an official state visit! And with three Presidents, one principal President and two co-Presidents, protocol was a challenge in Dahomey to say the least. What's more, I had learned by the grapevine that the government in Cotonou was determined to make this Canadian visit, a visit to end all visits. What complicated it even further was that somehow Mr. Lamoureux's title led to some confusion in the minds of the officials of the Dahomian Foreign Ministry and they preferred to view him, not as "President de la Chambre des Communes" but rather as, Monsieur le President, President de la Nation! It was, of course, my first duty to liberate them from that notion before Mr. Lamoureux's arrival, although I am quite certain he would have taken it on board with the utmost aplomb!

With most of the arrangements well in place, with the exception of the latter, I set off on a Friday afternoon along the West African coast with my skillful driver Emmanuel, a dashing chap from the Volta Region, an Ewe, who knew every lady in Togo. Fortunately for him, but rather unfortunately for me, we only got as far as Lomé, the capital of Togo when one of those replaced engine-parts gave up the ghost. We were faced with a potentially chaotic

situation, with all the garages closed for the weekend, no such thing as a car-rental agency and a major state visit scheduled to commence Sunday evening in Dahomey, the neighbouring country — some one hundred miles away — and the Canadian Ambassador wouldn't even be there! This had all the ingredients of a dreadful nightmare.

In the circumstances, and after some very careful thought, I opted for an early supper at one of Lomé's bistros which were the equal of anything in St. Germain des Prés. Fortified with a Croque Monsieur or something respectably French and a glass of Beaujolais Nouveau, I decided the sensible thing to do would be to consult with my American colleague, Dwight Dickenson, the United States Ambassador to Togo. If anything, he would, at least, sympathize with my predicament! It was precisely seven o'clock on Friday evening and I surmised that, in all probability, he and his wife, Eleanor would be sitting down to a "sundowner" at just about that time.

I quickly found my way to the American Residence. We had barely sat down, when the Ambassador proposed a solution to my problem. Dwight, a New Englander, a career Foreign Service Officer, a former US Naval Officer, and a skillful diplomat who had

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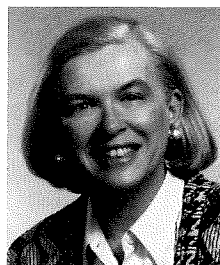
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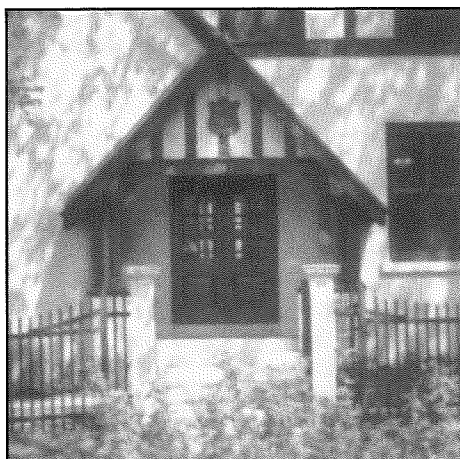
spent a lifetime facing the challenges of the third world, volunteered that he was about to retire from the US Foreign Service in three months time and that he had a fleet of cars available to him in support of various aid projects. Why didn't I simply take his car to Cotonou and, if Washington found out and didn't like it, what could they do about it anyway! Now there was a friend.

We did have to face a few logistical problems, none that insurmountable. Obviously we had to replace the two flags, the Stars and Stripes and the Ambassadorial flag, with one Canadian Maple Leaf. Problem "number two" was that imposing American eagle on the two front doors of the official car. Eli, his delightful wife and Chatelaine of the Embassy in every sense, also a New Englander and an artist to boot, immediately came up with the suggestion that a round piece of jet black fabric from one of her batiks could easily be cut out and placed over the eagle.

With a second sun-downer to send us on our way, I set out with Emmanuel for the Dahomian frontier in that immense "Chrysler Imperial", belonging to the Government of the United States of America, with the Maple Leaf joyously fluttering from the fender, ready to receive one and all, including the "President de la Chambre des Communes". Nobody was ever the wiser, and to this day, I have never told a soul! Now that is the story of the other "Chrysler Imperial" in my life.

As for the "McLaughlin Buick", I have often thought that, after all, General Motors bought the Buick from the McLaughlin Motor Company in Oakville. Would it not be a great Canadian idea for the Federal Government, in collaboration with General Motors of Canada, to revive the McLaughlin, call it the "McLaughlin Buick" as it once was, install a small silver Maple Leaf on the cap on the hood, redesign the roof slightly, and make it into a uniquely Canadian car, an official car, and provide it to all our posts overseas? Now that is something for "car buffs" in government and in the Department to reflect upon! ☺

Noble Power began a career in diplomacy and international development at the United Nations in New York in 1955. He served as High Commissioner to Ghana, Barbados and the Eastern Caribbean and as Ambassador to Togo and Benin. On retirement, he was made a Senior Associate Member of St. Antony's College, Oxford and a Fellow of the University of the West Indies. He now lives in Barbados and is an active Member of the Board of Directors of some six Canadian and multinational corporations.



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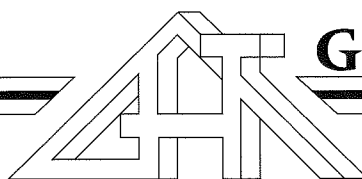
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“Being There” on the Banks of the Neva

by Ann Collins

In search of fertile ground for research on diplomatic mini-missions? Look back five years to the former Soviet Union. Following the creation of fifteen newly independent states, there was a proliferation of one-person foreign offices. Diplomats hung their signs and raised their flags in hotel rooms from Vilnius to Vladivostok, Ukraine to Uzbekistan. Canada was no exception.

Newly established offices in Yerevan Armenia, Tallinn Estonia, Alma Aty Kazakhstan and Riga Latvia were often staffed by one Canadian. In 1993 we opened a one-person Consulate General in St. Petersburg to expand Canada's commercial and cultural relations with North-West Russia. Today there are 26 Consulates General in Russia's second largest city with staffs ranging from one home-based employee, in Canada's case, to about 30 in the cases of Finland, Germany and the United States.

Having spent half of my career in this part of the world, my arrival in St. Petersburg in August 1995 was not my first experience with micro diplomacy. In Kazakhstan, where our office in 1992 consisted of a laptop computer and a satellite telephone terminal, I learned that the cover for the phone could double as an nocturnal alarm system when leaned against the hotel room door while I slept. I also learned the importance of being there on a permanent basis in these emerging markets if we are to open new doors for Canadian businesses. Given the vastness and diversity of the Russian Federation, this includes maintaining a presence in Russia's regions.

As a trade commissioner embarking on the St. Petersburg assignment, I told myself that the mini-missions of the 90s are the descendants of Canada's earliest one-man trade offices in Australia, Russia and Germany whose purpose was to promote trade for Canadian products and become familiar with local market conditions. But in this age of air travel, CNN and the World

Wide Web, what has changed since the days of Canada's first trade commissioners like John Short Lake and Dana Wilgress, are the expectations of our clientele. Service standards have been established for mini-missions. These one-person offices need to be properly equipped and funded if we are to meet them.

After two years in St. Petersburg, I have reached some conclusions: mini-missions yield quantifiable results in those areas where the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade is directly accountable to Canadian taxpayers; and that training and enhanced responsibilities for locally-engaged staff, information technology, and the relationship with the larger “hub” mission are critical to the effective operation of these one-person offices.

In a survey for the November 1996 report to House of Commons on *Canada's Export Promotion Activities*, the Auditor General found that the trade officer's most valuable contribution is as a networker and a broker. It is difficult to introduce our firms to potential buyers, distributors or joint venture partners when Canadian diplomats are not present in a market. Mini-missions offer a way of fulfilling that function.

In the case of Russia, which a recent World Bank report predicts will be one of the “Big Five” economies over the next 25 years, the privatization of state enterprises, the

creation of local businesses and regional distribution networks as well as the decentralization of economic and commercial decision-making mean that trade commissioners cannot sit in Moscow and expect to be effective matchmakers. By having a mini-mission in St. Petersburg covering seven subjects of the vast Russian Federation, we have raised Canada's profile in a regional market of 11 million people. The result has been increased exports and new joint ventures.

While the benefits to Canada are measurable, the mini-mission concept is often poorly understood by diplomatic colleagues and host governments. This became apparent when the Ministry of Foreign Affairs Representation in St. Petersburg published the Consular list and mine was the only name under the Canadian heading. It was a revelation to some that you could operate a mission with one expatriate.

"This is one of Canada's many mini-missions around the world," I explained. My fellow diplomats nodded and walked away no doubt thinking that the term "mini-mission" referred to the height of Canada's representative to Peter the Great's city. I am 5'2". Tsar Peter was 6'7". What a photo that would have made!

My colleagues from other Consulates began to get the picture when they saw that I was the Canadian representative to everything. A typical week could include a meeting with the Governor or the President's Representative, a roundtable with cultural attachés, delivering a speech to the international business association (and writing the speech), responding to faxes from Canadian companies, explaining how to complete a passport application, attending the opening of a museum exhibit, preparing monthly financial reports, and playing outfield for the Canadian baseball team.

But you cannot be everywhere. Being the only representative means that you have to make difficult choices and compromises. You are often left with the feeling that you are letting someone down. On those occasions the merits of having at least two diplomats per mission are not lost on me. Nor is the role played by locally-engaged staff.

In his report, the Auditor General also concluded that locally-engaged commercial officers are an "essential component of Canada's overseas trade service." The percentage of locally-engaged staff (LES), as a proportion of all trade officers abroad,

increased from 50.5% in 1986 to 52 per cent in 1995. Nowhere is their role more essential than at mini-missions.

There is an argument to be made for channelling some of the savings generated by mini-missions into better training for locally-engaged staff. This includes business development training, familiarization trips to Canada, consular training, courses to improve English and French language capabilities and information technology skills. The initiative undertaken to give greater signing authority to LES for routine consular tasks such as document certifications is also a step in the right direction. At it stands, these often essential consular services are not provided when the lone diplomat is away from the office.

The introduction of mini-mission e-mail in the fall of 1995 was the single most important contribution to increasing the productivity of our St. Petersburg office. With limited human resources at our disposal, mini-missions need a quick, reliable and cost effective connection to our colleagues and our clients. Objectives for future generations of e-mail packages could include improved access to the World Wide Web and federal and provincial government materials.

No man, or woman, is an island. Thanks to information technology, Canada's mini-missions are linked to a network of advisors. The productivity of a one-person office depends in great part on the relationship with the "hub" mission. The hub and spoke structure was introduced to reduce the burden on smaller missions by concentrating financial and other administrative responsibilities in our larger Embassies.

Hub and spoke reduces duplication and allows mini-missions to focus more energy on fulfilling Canada's foreign policy objectives. A successful hub and spoke relationship extends beyond administrative matters to include information sharing and coordination on policy issues.

More is not always better. Sometimes it is just more.

While I would agree with the

other contributors to this series that a two-person minimum is ideal, a one-person office equipped with the latest in information technology, with trained locally-engaged staff and a supportive and well-financed hub can go a long way to increasing Canada's exports and expanding all facets of our foreign relations.

Of course it is possible to wave the Canadian flag from time to time in St. Petersburg while living in Moscow. I know because I was the chief flag waver here from 1990-93 before we opened our Consulate General. But my first two years in this assignment have proven to me that you do not achieve the same results by just dropping in.

Ma Bell may offer the next best thing, but in the end there is no substitute for being there. ☺

Ann Collins joined the Department of External Affairs in 1987. Following a previous assignment in Moscow, she was Deputy Director of the Economic Summit Coordination office in Ottawa. She returned to Russia in 1995 as Consul General in St. Petersburg.

Left: Petrodvorets Palace

Below: Rooftop of Hermitage Museum





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Great Lakes' Mission

Reflections of a Special Envoy

In the fall of 1996, a humanitarian crisis loomed in the Great Lakes region of Central Africa. Fighting in eastern Zaire between rebel troops led by Laurent Kabila and troops of the government of Zaire drove refugees, mostly Hutus from Rwanda, from camps in eastern Zaire and cut off their access to food and medical supplies. The fighting threatened to bring in neighbouring countries and set off a regional war. In October then Secretary-General of the United Nations Boutros Boutros-Ghali appointed Raymond Chrétien, Canada's Ambassador to the United States, his Special Envoy to the region. Ambassador Chrétien was familiar with the region from his tenure as Ambassador to Zaire with accreditation to Rwanda, Burundi and the Congo Republic from 1978 to 1981.

Between November 5 and December 5, Ambassador Chrétien and his team of five (Georges Rioux, press counsellor at the Washington Embassy, and three UN aides) logged 55,000 kilometres on their Challenger jet, shuttling between Nice, France, where Zairian President Mobutu was recuperating from cancer treatment, and 12 African capitals to confer with the leaders of the neighbouring countries. As the Ambassador relates, they did not always receive the warmest of welcomes. On November 8, upon the Ambassador's recommendation, the UN Security Council authorized the formation of a multinational force to facilitate the repatriation of the refugees, and several days later Prime Minister Chrétien proposed that Canada lead it. Before the force could be organized, thousands of refugees had returned to Rwanda on their own, the humanitarian crisis was averted and the multinational force was disbanded. Laurent Kabila's forces were ultimately victorious in overthrowing Mobutu's government and he is now President of the Democratic Republic of Congo, formerly Zaire. (Rwanda's Minister of Defence Paul Kagame admitted to The Washington Post in early July '97 that he had orchestrated the move of refugees back to Rwanda in order to thwart the establishment of the multinational force.)

Below, in excerpts from his speech to the PAFSO Professional Committee Breakfast Seminar on December 17, 1996, Ambassador Chrétien describes his short but very intense mission to Africa, what he calls "one hell of a trip."

On the last day of October I received a call from Lloyd Axworthy, asking if I would be prepared to let my name go to the UN into a kind of hat held by Mr. Boutros-Ghali. I hesitated initially because I was already sufficiently occupied in Washington and did not think it would be fair to tackle such a mission in barely a month. Our Minister convinced me to take this assignment by saying that he thought it was "too perfect to pass up" since I knew the region and some of the leaders. In the end I allowed my name to go to the UN expecting never to hear about it again. The next morning I got a call from the Secretary General telling me that I was the lucky candidate.

Essentially he wanted me to do two things: First, to create the conditions on the ground for a ceasefire that would hold for more than a few weeks so that the refugees from eastern Zaire could go back voluntarily to their countries of origin, mostly Rwanda but also Burundi. Secondly,

I was to determine if some kind of political dialogue could be launched to tackle the longer-term issues facing the Great Lakes region.

To be candid, when I left je n'avais pas la moindre idée de la galère dans laquelle je m'embarquais. I did not have a clue that the UN Security Council would pass a resolution on the 15th of November establishing a multinational neutral force to help with the return of the refugees; or that Canada might be prepared to play a role in overcoming the paralysis that seemed then to block developments in New York; or that refugees, from Tanzania as well as from eastern Zaire, would start walking home within a month.

Soon after I met with President Mobutu in Nice, I realized that perhaps something could be done — for the very simple reason that, for a period of about two weeks, the eyes of the world were focussed on Central Africa. I knew that it is usually at the beginning of a crisis, when the pressure begins,

that governments are forced to act. And that is exactly what happened.

In my first round of consultations between Kigali, Rwanda, and Kinshasa, Zaire, I tried to tell the leaders of both countries that we meant business, that I did not intend to run around African capitals for the purpose of writing a report that nobody would read. It took about a week before they began to take us seriously. My meeting with President Mobutu helped a lot in this regard. He had not been seen publicly for the previous three months, and there were all sorts of rumours in Zaire about the state of his health. The pictures taken during my first meeting with Mr. Mobutu had an immediate calming effect in Zaire. Whatever we may think of Mobutu, and he is a controversial man to say the least, even his fondest adversaries give him credit for establishing the unity of his country and the integrity of Zaire.

He took the high road from the start, indicating that he would not prevent the return of the refugees. Actually he wanted all the refugees out of his country, the sooner the better.

From the beginning, my main problem was not with the Zairians. I still knew most of the officials there, including Prime Minister Kengo, from the period when I represented Canada in the late 1970s. Rwanda was the problem. Major changes had occurred since I had presented my credentials in 1978 to President Habyarimana, a French-speaking Hutu. Now, I faced a different kind of leadership, English-speaking and almost entirely Tutsi. First of all, in Rwanda especially but also in Burundi and in Zaire, the UN is not popular — to a large extent, it is blamed for the massacres in Rwanda. I quickly realized that I had to put away my UN hat and say, "I am representing the UN but don't forget, I was here 20 years ago and I'm also very much a Canadian." There was reluctance even to talk with me, and a great deal of skepticism in dealing with yet another UN representative as there was a proliferation of them in Africa. But after a couple of sessions, I think both President Beseeming and Vice President Kagame of Rwanda realized I meant business, that when I told them a resolution would be adopted by the Security Council it had a good chance of happening.

Originally they had welcomed the resolution and the arrival of the multinational force and were saying all the right things until they realized that it was going to happen. And then a major about-face occurred in a matter of days. When they realized that they could not stop the force, they immediately acted to weaken dramatically the logic behind it.

When the Rwandan leadership realized that a multinational force could come into eastern Zaire, a possibility they did not consider to be in their interests, they immediately activated the rebels, whom they controlled to a great extent. They encouraged them; helped them organize; provoked a battle with the ex-FAR (the former Rwandan army), which they won easily, allowing the ex-FAR to go deeper into Zaire and thereby freeing the refugees to come back to Rwanda, which they encouraged. This all happened quickly — the refugees started walking back to Rwanda some four or five hours prior to the approval of the resolution.

This was a rare and interesting case for the UN — just the threat of the deployment of a multinational force had the desired effect.

The return of hundreds of thousands of refugees took care of the first part of my mandate. I also met with the President of Tanzania as I knew there were 700,000 refugees on his territory, about 520,000 from Rwanda, 100,000 from Burundi and another 100,000 from Zaire. He told me that he could make those refugees walk the same day but would wait until he had the green light from the leadership in Kigali, to make sure that the departure happened in an organized, systematic and safe way. Et c'est ce qui est arrivé, ces réfugiés ont commencés à rentrer vers le Rwanda. À la fin de décembre, plus d'un million de réfugiés sur un million deux cents milles ont réintégré leur pays. This was good news and bad news for Rwanda, good news because this is what they wanted from the beginning, bad news because this was a massive inflow of people into a tiny country already under a great deal of stress. They will need the help of the international community to reestablish these refugees in their villages of origin, to feed them, to organize the next crops, to socially reintegrate them into a country they left two years ago. They are facing enormous problems. On the other hand, the return of those refugees should be the beginning of an effort to tackle their longer-term issues, one of which of course, is reconciliation between the Hutus and the Tutsis.

For the second part of my mandate, I explored a number of avenues. I tried to organize a direct meeting between the Rwandans and the Zairians under the auspices of President Museveni of Uganda on

the margins of the FAO summit in Rome, which ultimately didn't work out. I talked and met with President Mandela to see if he would be prepared to take a role. He is a highly respected figure in Africa, and I think that in the future, we will see South Africa and President Mandela playing a larger role in the affairs of their continent. That is a positive development.

One of the messages I received along the way is that African leaders want to deal with their own affairs. They have the Organization of African Unity run by Secretary General Salim-Salim. None of the leaders felt an international conference was possible any time in the near future.

The third recommendation I made to Mr. Boutros-Ghali was to use the momentum created by our mission by appointing a permanent Special Envoy, a facilitator, backed up by strong administrative support. The UN is very good when it comes to diplomatic and political skills but much weaker when it comes to support — getting 10 meetings organized and getting you from point A to point B. Without the support of our embassies in Africa, I simply would not have been able to complete this mission.

What lessons can we learn from this mission? I think UN officials in New York have realized that, faced with shrinking resources, it is not a bad idea to contract out part of their work to countries that have the means to do the job and can support the initiative. This mission is clearly a good example. This is an avenue that they might explore a bit further in the future, one that would provide extraordinary benefits to an institution which is suffering considerable financial problems.

One lesson I learned is that the UN carries a lot of baggage. On the other hand, it is also

an extraordinary entrée to the world. I had not realized before I went to Africa that wearing a neutral hat makes you more acceptable than representing country X, Y or Z.

A lesson for Canada specifically is that when there is a right fit, we should not hesitate to take a leadership role. I think in this case the fit was quite good. Canada is a G-7 country, respected throughout Africa. We have a history of activism on the world stage and we have very good people in various spheres of activities.



Ambassador Chrétien and Nelson Mandela in Johannesburg

Canada's action in breaking the stalemate was not foreseen or planned. It came about very simply. One day, in Kinshasa, I received a phone call from our Prime Minister, who said, "Qu'est-ce qui se passe en Afrique? J'étais supposé aller jouer au golf aujourd'hui mais il pleut à Ottawa. Je suis en train de voir ces images à la télévision et j'aimerais avoir ton sentiment. Qu'est ce que tu en penses?"



Ambassador Chrétien and his mission team during stop-over in Entebbe. Georges Rioux is second from the left.

Then he asked me, "Do you think that Canada could play a role?" I said, "That is another story. I am not prepared to jump to that conclusion right now but let me think about it and we can talk in 24 hours." Then Georges and I, with a few others, prepared a list of the advantages, inconveniences and dangers — pros and cons. The following day, through a bad satellite line in Entebbe, I connected with him and said: "These are the advantages. We have had huge assistance programs in Zaire, Rwanda, and Burundi. We're known and respected there. We are bilingual. Canada is at the heart of the Francophonie, the Commonwealth." It looked to me like it was natural for us. In the end, Cabinet decided it was a good fit, and it was recognized as such throughout Africa, and the world. We were perceived to have broken the impasse at the UN. It was risky, but we were lucky — the refugees came back. Many countries were surprised that Canada was prepared to act, and I think this will prove to have been a positive experience for Canada. Even in Washington, the Americans were pleased to see us unblocking the situation in New York.

For Georges and me, it was a hell of a trip — very intense, fast-moving, difficult, even painful. We were not received very warmly for the first week or so. In fact, it took about a week before I was offered my first glass of water. It was difficult to engage the various leaders, especially those of the three key countries, on issues of life and death. But it was profoundly satisfying.

Question and Answer:

Q: Should the rebels have a role in governing Zaire and did they form part of your mandate?

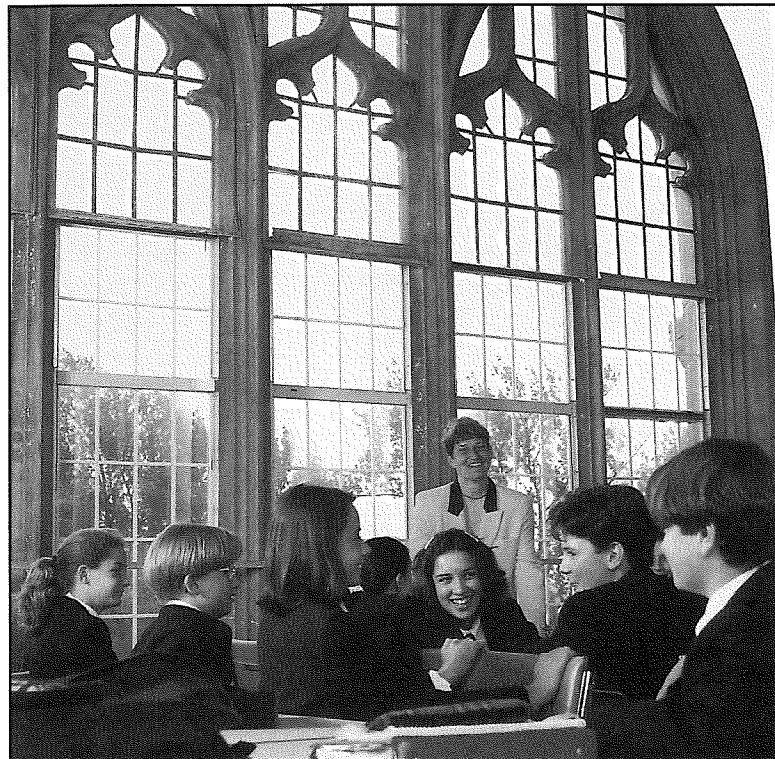
AMB: Those rebels are the Banyamulenge plus other groups that have joined them. Their leader, Laurent Kabila, is not a Banyamulenge, but he is from the same part of Zaire. This is both an internal issue for Zaire and a problem between Zaire and Rwanda. It is an internal matter for Zaire in the sense that the 30,000 or so Banyamulenge — nobody knows for sure how many there are — are Zaireans, although the Mobutu government has taken away their citizenship.

As part of my briefing, I asked to meet the top expert in the world on the Banyamulenge and he happened to be working for the CIA. He came to my office but he didn't have any answers to my questions.

They are also now part of the tension between Zaire and Rwanda, because they are Tutsis — Protestant, not Catholic. They are being helped, financed, used by the leadership in Rwanda for their own purposes. Action vis-à-vis the rebels has to be taken on two levels. Mobutu has to deal with them from Kinshasa, but the Zaireans also have to convince the Rwandans not to use them as surrogates. This was one of the toughest issues I had to deal with in Rwanda. I would praise the leadership there and say, "You are good friends with the rebels." And they would look at me with blank faces and reply, "We have nothing to do with them." That is, until I told them, "I don't believe you and nobody in the world believes you. Let's discuss from that perspective." It was a very touchy issue. ☺

[Ed. note: space limitations prevented publishing all Qs and As.]

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“A small and challenging post in Africa please”

photos and story by Helen Horn

“Chargé departed on leave this morning. I have assumed charge. P.S.: burning barricades across the airport road and demonstrations throughout the day. Help!” And so it all began, six weeks into Kinshasa.... Fortunately rain stopped play — as it often did — and all but a handful of soggy demonstrators went home to contemplate their achievement. This would not depose the government, nor thankfully would it lead to wide-scale arrest. It was December 1992, we could look forward to a tense, but nonetheless quiet Christmas.

“I have a meeting immediately after the EU Ambassadors lunch so I will be back just after four thirty.” Always a daunting affair these lunches with Ambassadors well senior in rank to me. But there was a lot to learn from their experience. Over lunch they patiently brought me up to date on the

worsening political situation. It was 23 January 1993. I was looking forward to a murder mystery party that evening.

I was first to leave lunch, already late for my next appointment, and keen to get on. But I was called back to the Embassy, immediately, quicker if possible. Harriet and Hema, my two colleagues equally new in town, (let’s hear it for the all girl team here) were in their offices on the mobile phone and radio, taking notes. “Thank you very much”, Harriet hung up, looked at me and announced that the five flash points had blown, the military was on the rampage and approaching fast along the main boulevard, members of our British and Commonwealth community had started to call, some offering information, some asking for advice, some screaming “get me out of here”. She was so calm. It started ten of the most exhausting, exciting, stimulating, sometimes fraught and definitely dietary challenged

days of my posting. Ever tried to extract one extra cornflake out of a security guy charged with keeping you fed for an indefinite period? The arrival of a curfew busting, (and let’s say it, Canadian) baker friend with hot croissants and fresh bread halfway through the week received a welcome fit for a king ... until the ration man got hold of the bread! The riot subsided, as they do, confusion followed, as it does, and I left Kinshasa on an old, banana yellow Dakota (at any moment expecting Humphrey Bogart to appear) to hand back responsibility to the permanent Chargé as we passed through Brazzaville airport. It was good to see her. I went on short leave. Follow that ... or so I thought.

Sometime into my posting in Kinshasa, I commented to friends that everything was extreme: extreme good or extreme bad, little in between. I felt as though I had woken up to take my part in a soap opera, never quite

Left: The start of Kahindu camp.

knowing what the next phone call would bring, not certain any more what constituted normal. Even before the January 1993 riots, less than a week after arriving in Kinshasa I had been despatched to Brazzaville to help out with the evacuation of our nationals from Angola. It turned out to be a dry run as a better alternative was found, but not until I had managed to negotiate landing rights for and the refuelling of a Tristar (how much fuel does it take?) — all thanks I add to the boys from Sabena who, thank heavens, took pity on a novice straight out of London and knew 'just the man'. (They also offered the use of the only air-conditioned office at the airport.)

In the Spring of 1993 everything settled into some sort of routine. As one of the smallest Missions in town, we were kept busy, very busy. Every business meeting or function, be it political, security, consular, economic or administration, we were there, speaking and eating for Britain, moving seamlessly from one function to the next: national days, arrival dos, leaving dos, dos for official visitors.

(I still have the extra kilos to show for it.) Meetings, visas, visa fraud — and tricks I could never dream of (how quickly you learn!), staff, training, budgets, politics, the ever ailing economy ... what a job! What a buzz! Never a moment to myself — or so it seemed — and yet, providing I could have my much needed breather visits to less stressful climes, somehow it was addictive.

Brazzaville had its moments too. It is amazing, not to say alarming, how easily one can fall asleep to the sound of small arms fire and the occasional rocket, only really registering it when it is too close and warrants a night on the floor behind the bed. Just two miles

across the river all hell was breaking loose. Trying to keep abreast of developments was not easy, watching tracer fire across the night sky was unreal. It continued during the summer months.

It is amazing how easily one can fall asleep to the sound of small arms fire.

With things calming down a little in Zaire, up country trips became possible again: up country, down country, cross country. And what a beautiful country Zaire is — everything the word Africa conjures up in the imagination of romantics and latter day Livingstones alike, and more. Green and lush, unspoilt, small village communities with welcoming hospitality, amazing voices emanating from mission stations and small chapels, the miracle of hearing and seeing how twins, born very prematurely at a mission hospital in the middle of nowhere with little more than their mother's love and the dedication and faith of the missionary doctors to help them, had doubled their birth weight and were going to make it. Overnight stops on coffee plantations, untouched (or so it seemed) by modern living. This was what I wanted, out there was where I wanted to be. It was tiring on the road, but worth

every minute. It was all too easy to forget the very real security threat and the hardship of everyday Zaireans.

I started too to do some voluntary work with a local orphanage. My local church in England adopted it for their charity and helped raise funds. Friends and I could always be guaranteed a wonderful and exhausting day out when we visited. Cheeky faces and that well known children's anthem "what have you brought us". We even managed to persuade some of the little ones not to be frightened of the doctor because he had special magic potions — vitamin syrup and cough linctus! At the request of the young doctor there, we helped to introduce family health education and AIDS awareness to the older children and some young, single mothers who were barely more than children themselves. Already the risk was high for them.

What do two million refugees look like?

The next Christmas was quiet, New Year 1994 the cause of much celebration with friends. And then the focus shifted rudely. My dearest friend shot in the street somewhere else in Africa and fighting for life. The other side of Africa. The dark side. The things which happen to other people, in other places — things which are not supposed to touch the lives of

those you love, or your own life. It was a dark day ... which turned into dark months ... and I was stuck in Zaire, helpless and ever more aware of the guns: every sound of every bullet seemed to register as I waited for news. It took forever to come. I grew more restless, not sure I even wanted to be there anymore. The friend survived. But he had been in Africa for the last time: he would not watch that magnificent sunset on the river again. By this time it was difficult to imagine what else could happen. It didn't take long. Soon I was en route to Goma to see two million refugees arriving from Rwanda. What do two million refugees look like? It felt as though the world had come to that small town, all the world, all the possessions the

Helen Horn visits orphanage in Kinshasa.



world could carry, and, on the evening Gisenyi fell to opposition forces four kilometres away, it felt that every government soldier, gun and grenade in the world had come to town. I felt a sense of complete helplessness for those around me. And I was scared. Yes, really scared — for the first time since my arrival in Zaire. Shots were being fired everywhere: in the air, over people's heads, at crowds of people. There was nowhere to run to — every inch of space was taken, several times over. Thick, black smoke hung in the air. "Oh God if one of those bullets has to hit me please make sure the wound does not preclude the use of morphine...." I was sad too. On one visit, in the very short time I was there, a small baby in one of the makeshift orphanages died in my arms because I could not get fluids into him fast enough. He didn't have to die. For the sake of salt and water he didn't have to die. The MSF doctor there told me that we had to accept that we couldn't do everything for everyone, she wished we could. At least he died with some human comfort, some arms around him, and had escaped to a better place.... But he was so tiny. And yet no tears came. They couldn't could they, that would help no one. Until I was home that is. I still see those images, and that baby's tiny face.

Time moves fast in Africa. In the last months I again took over the driving seat — but it surely would all be plain sailing so near my departure? I had not counted on Ebola. No one had counted on Ebola, and to the last moment it kept me busy — I left post via South Africa on the same plane as some of the scientists from Wits University in Johannesburg and some of the journalists. Questions, questions. Not until I disappeared into the car park on the arm of a friend at Jan Smuts airport was I really free....

*How quickly the
difficult bits, the
danger and all the
frustrations are
removed from memory*

And one year on? I miss it. It was tough, I was tough. I was tired, I was ready to change, and yet would I have missed it? No. Not for one moment. A year on I realise it changed me, opened my eyes, made me appreciate what really matters. How quickly

the difficult bits, the danger and all the frustrations are removed from memory — and there were plenty of those, as friends still there remind me. But I remind them of the good days. A community so close, that although sometimes claustrophobic, we all looked out for each other. The power of its support was clear. Without it I'd have been sunk. And hopefully somewhere along the way I played my part to help someone else too. It was the sort of place where someone was always there with the right dose of common sense, or kindness or whatever else was the order of the day. Just like the guy with the croissants in the middle of a riot.

One year on, I'm still searching for a real definition of normal. ☺

Helen Horn joined the British Foreign and Commonwealth Office in 1981. Postings have taken her to Poland, Dubai, Switzerland and Bangladesh, and special project work to the G7 Summit in London and the UN Conference on the Environment and Development in Rio. In 1992, she was posted as Deputy Head of Mission to Kinshasa. Following a posting in Vienna, she is now in Johannesburg, South Africa. She was awarded an MBE in 1994.

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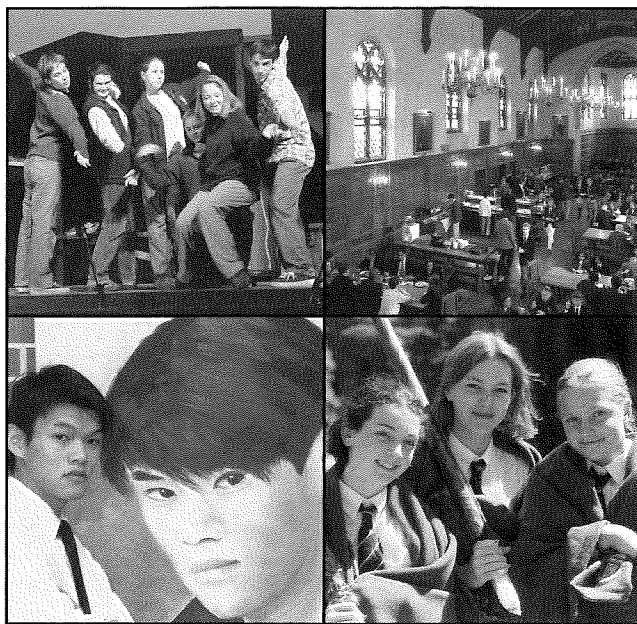
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by Paul Gibbard

As I write, I am nearing the end of a one year assignment with the Mexican Foreign Ministry. Just last year, Foreign Affairs and International Trade Canada and the Secretaría de Relaciones

Exteriores — México (SRE) agreed to begin an exchange of diplomats. This is Canada's first with a developing country and Mexico's first with any country. It's been a fascinating experience.

The Mexican Foreign Ministry is divided into four major areas: Bilateral Affairs,

Multilateral Affairs, International Cooperation, and General Administration. I work for Andrés Valencia, Director in Chief for Bilateral Affairs, more or less our equivalent of an Assistant Deputy Minister. A small group of advisors in his office cover the different geographic areas of the world. My area of responsibility is the Western Hemisphere south of the United States. My job consists in keeping the Director in Chief abreast of important developments in the region, serving as liaison with the geographic desks, and reviewing briefing material for the Foreign Secretary and the President. It should be noted that international trade is handled by a quite separate ministry, known by the acronym SECOFI;

Wasting Away *in* Margaritaville

A Year in Mexico's Foreign Ministry



there is cooperation between SRE and SECOFI but the degree of separation is considerable and extends to Mexico's overseas posts, where SECOFI officers function almost independently of the main Embassy.

Assigning me the Latin American file was no accident. Canada has a growing interest in Latin America and DFAIT hoped to gain a better insight into Mexico's perspective on the region. While I've certainly learned a lot about Latin America, I think that I learned even more about Mexico. Hopefully, the following paragraphs will be of some use, and consolation, to those who are sometimes baffled or frustrated by Mexican positions in international fora and elsewhere.

The Mantra: Sovereignty and Non-intervention

Respect for sovereignty and the principle of non-intervention are fundamental to Mexican foreign policy. It's not too hard to understand why. Time and time again during the century following independence, Mexico suffered at the hands of foreign powers. It lost over half of its territory to the USA, following the 1846 invasion. During another intervention, the French installed a member of the Hapsburg family as emperor for three years from 1864-67. In stark contrast, Canada hasn't had to defend itself from serious foreign attack since the War of 1812. Not only was the USA unsuccessful in its plans to occupy Canada, but Washington DC was raided and the White House burned down.

Out of its historical experience, Mexico developed a defensive foreign policy that stressed strict adherence to a set of principles, the most important being non-interventionism. Revolutionary leader Carranza was the first to articulate the fundamentals of Mexican foreign policy. He also proved the value of negotiating from a position of principles. Despite intense pressure from the USA, determined to influence the outcome of the Mexican Revolution, he refused to yield. Of course, it helped that the USA was being drawn into World War I and had other things to worry about.

Over the years, new principles have been added and finally enshrined in the Constitution. They now include: non-intervention, self determination, pacific resolution of conflict, proscription of the threat of use of force, equality of states, and international cooperation. Mexican diplomats have worked hard to gain at least formal acceptance in the UN of the principle of non-intervention. They have been less successful in the Organization of American States, dominated as it has traditionally been by the USA. As a result, Mexico continues to

view the OAS with some suspicion. Mexico is also proud of its "peace" accomplishments, most notably the negotiation of the Treaty of Tlatelolco, prohibiting nuclear weapons in Latin America and the Caribbean.

A "doctrinal" foreign policy has its weaknesses. First of all, it limits your scope of action. Mexico has avoided seeking membership on the UN Security Council. Being a Security Council member would force it to take a stand on a number of issues that clash with its traditional commitment to non-interventionism.

Second, foreign policy principles are not carved in stone and need to be re-evaluated in the light of changing environment. This is hard to do as principles become assumed truths. Certainly the time seems ripe to reconsider concepts like sovereignty and self determination in the light of globalization. One way out of this dilemma is to treat foreign policy principles more like guidelines. This is what former President Carlos Salinas was doing when he approved the negotiation of the NAFTA.

New Policies for the Nineties?

The decision to negotiate a free trade agreement with the USA and then Canada was revolutionary in Mexican foreign policy. However, Salinas was determined to go ahead for much the same reasons as Canada in the FTA: there was a recognition of the increasingly limited ability of governments to dictate patterns of trade and development, a desire to secure access to the USA market and limit its propensity for unilateral trade actions, and a guarantee was sought against the possible failure of the Uruguay Round of trade negotiations. At the same time, Salinas sought to reassure Mexicans by stressing that he was acting in "strict accordance" with Mexican foreign policy.

The end of Salinas' term in office (1994) was a heady time in Mexican foreign policy. There was a sense that Mexico was setting the example to the world of how to make the transition from the Third to First World. However, events proved otherwise. The December 1994 economic crisis exacerbated a situation already fragile due to the Zapatista uprising in Chiapas, the assassination of presidential candidate Luis Donaldo Colosio and PRI Secretary General Ruiz Massieu. The ensuing devaluation and capital flight plunged Mexico into crisis and wiped out many of the gains under Salinas.

Mexico was forced to turn to the USA for financial guarantees but this in turn heightened Mexican concerns about their vulnerability. The relationship with the USA, always prone to tension, was made worse by the increasingly controversial certification of

Mexico's war on drugs and new USA legislation cracking down on undocumented migration. Mexican foreign policy retreated to its more traditional, defensive emphasis on sovereignty and non-intervention.



Mexico is now making a renewed effort to diversify its international and commercial relations. First, it is seeking to negotiate a comprehensive agreement, but particularly a free trade agreement, with the European Union. Mexico is also trying to regain the influence that it had in Latin America before the NAFTA. Relations with Latin America have become a new priority: both the Rio Group and the Iberoamerican Summit dynamic were the result of initiatives by Mexico, and Mexico has cemented trade relations with South America through a number of free trade agreements, most notably with Chile and with Colombia and Venezuela (G-3).

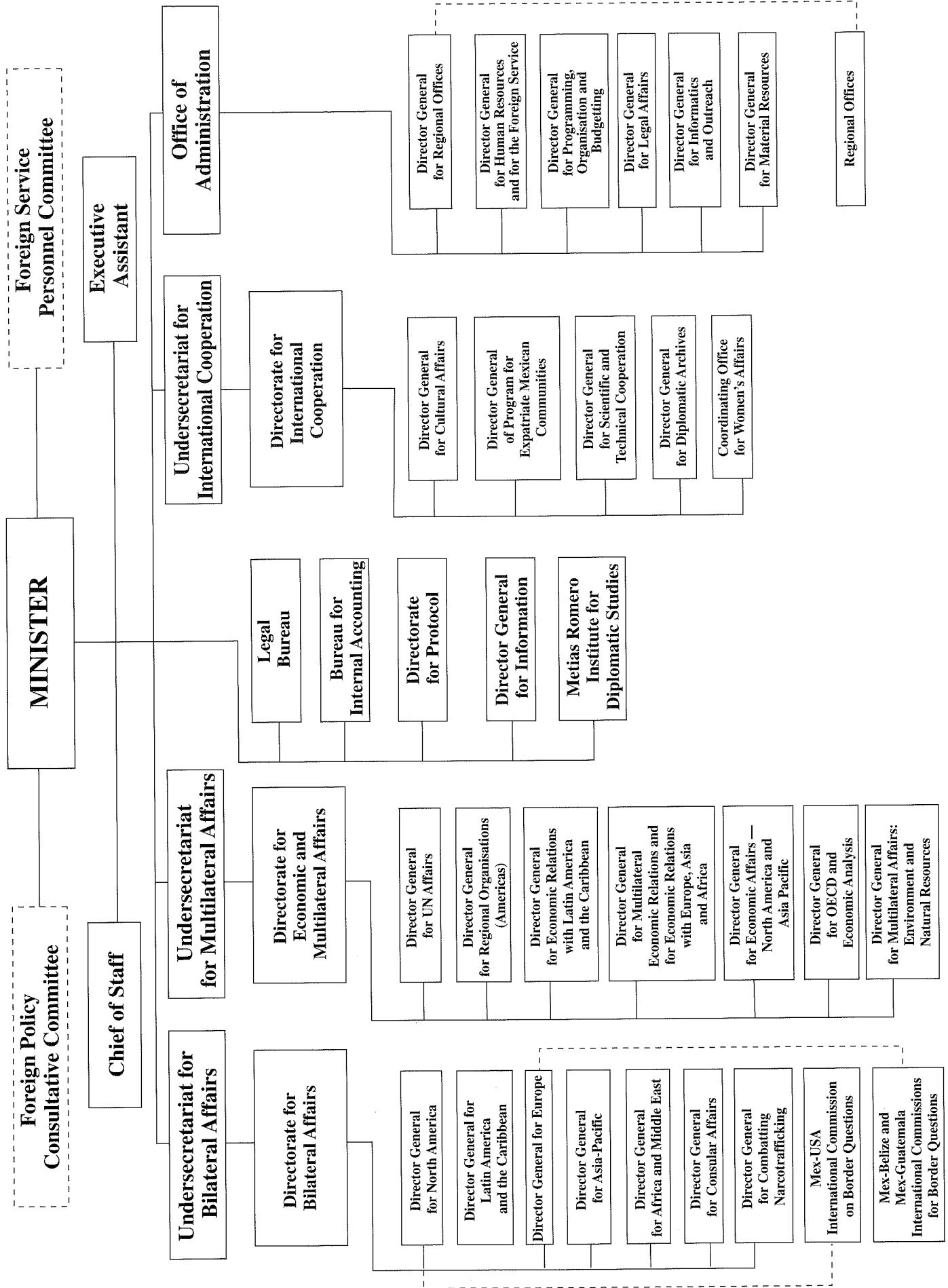
However, the intense NAFTA negotiations necessarily absorbed much of Mexico's attention from 1991 to 1994 and created some confusion and resentment in the rest of Latin America. In the interim, Brazil consolidated its influence in the Mercosur, and increasingly in other parts of South America. As a result, the relationship between Mexico and Brazil is somewhat uneasy. Argentina, another regional power, is viewed with some mistrust, due to its willingness to support what are seen as USA initiatives in areas such as peacekeeping.

Before turning to other topics, a comment on non-interventionism is in order. It's easy to criticize the Mexican position as being out of step with the times. However, perhaps Mexico has some grounds for its deep distrust of the "new" rationales for outside interventions — as far back as the early 1900s, the USA was justifying its actions in Mexico in terms of restoring democracy. As Canada continues to be drawn into situations like Haiti, Bosnia and Rwanda, it behooves us to be very clear about what we hope to accomplish and how.

Move Up or Move Out

Back to the SRE. Without counting locally engaged staff, both DFAIT and SRE employ about 4,000 staff, of whom between 1,300-1,600 are foreign service officers. One major difference is that the SRE includes its Administrative-Consular officers within this group of foreign service officers. This reflects the particular importance that Mexico gives to consular activities. Mexico's network of consular offices in the US — over 50 if honorary consuls are included — is the most extensive anywhere, of any foreign service.

MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS (MEXICO)



One thing that initially surprised me was the number of desk officers that are not members of the foreign service. Many are contracted for their expertise in a particular area while others are doing their "social service", a kind of practicum prior to finishing their degrees. "Social service" provides the SRE with basically free labour, gives the participants an insight into foreign policy, and allows both parties some time to decide whether to make the relationship more permanent. However, unless you become a foreign service officer, or have political connections, your prospects for advancement are limited.

The selection of foreign service officers is similar to ours in Canada. For budgetary reasons, this is the first year since 1994 that the foreign service exam has been held. The exam takes place in Mexico City. Candidates need to be Mexicans by birth, have completed a university degree, be fluent in Spanish and one other language, and be able to translate a third. About 500 candidates sat the exam this year, of which 60 continued to the essay and interview stage. The selection committee is dominated by academics, perhaps to reduce complaints of favouritism. Only twenty candidates will actually be hired.

Perhaps more interesting is that fact that, by law, Foreign Service officers are required to either "move up or move out." Officers have seven years to gain a promotion or risk being fired. Promotions are based on seniority, work evaluations, academic output, and the result of a promotion essay and interview. However, the requirement to move up within seven years is not currently being enforced, since the money has not been available for the promotion exercise. Personally, I think we could learn something from this promotion system. While it is still very subjective, it is based on a *number* of criteria and not solely on the quality of a work evaluation.

Who Calls the Shots?

Something that has really struck me is the difference in decision-making between our two foreign ministries. Decision-making at the SRE is very centralized. Senior management deals with an enormous variety of issues, including, of course, the most crucial, but also many that are mundane. The personal relationship between the key decision-makers is essential to the smooth functioning of the system and there is frequent contact by telephone or face to face. In fact, there are two internal phone networks (with separate phones) offering increasingly privileged access.

This system has the advantage of responding quickly and with precision to

the demands of the Secretary and his closest colleagues. For example, I've generally been impressed by the conciseness and clear focus of briefing material prepared for the Secretary and the President (a welcome contrast from the briefing books that I remember from the Pearson building that rivalled the telephone book in size in an effort to include every topic imaginable....). In addition, senior management at SRE appears to have an incredibly detailed knowledge of everything going on within their respective spheres of responsibility.

On the down side, top officials — and personnel in their offices — work extremely long hours (right now my average work day starts at 9:30 am and ends at 9:30 pm.) Since there is no overtime pay, there is little incentive to make better use of officers and support staff. During the week-end before the May 1997 visit of President Clinton, half of the Foreign Ministry seemed to be on call or at work.

Information sometimes stays at the senior levels and doesn't trickle down to the desk officers or directors at the working level. The scope for responsibility and initiative for many officers is limited; a lot of time may be spent waiting for instructions to come down or for the inevitable crises.

While the centralization of decision-making may vary from one administration

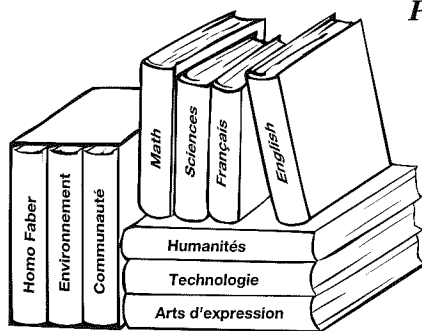
or Secretary to another, one thing remains constant: the importance of personal relations. One way that this manifests itself is in greetings. I must have become thoroughly acculturated because now I feel an uncontrollable urge to shake hands whenever I see someone (the folks at our own Embassy look at me a bit strangely when I stop by). I've also learned to enjoy two-hour lunches. Not only does it beat choking down a sandwich in your office in 20 minutes while you finish reading the circ pack but it plays a crucial role in establishing and maintaining your working relationships (this is one reason why I doubt that the SRE will move to a 9-5 workday any time soon.)

My best memories of the SRE will be the warmth and graciousness of the people I had the pleasure of working with. In my experience, Mexicans have a wonderful capacity for making people feel important. They can also respond to even difficult situations with great tact and humour. Corny as it sounds, I feel honoured to be here. ☺

Paul (aka Pablo) Gibbard, following a posting in San José (Costa Rica) and his one-year assignment in Mexico City, returned in the summer of 1997 to the Mexico Desk (LMR) at DFAIT.

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Le Canada, le Québec et la dette de Louis XV

par Roger Paul Gilbert

Est-il possible, trente ans après sa visite de 1967, d'exprimer sans passion le sens de la démarche de Charles de Gaulle envers le Canada et le Québec? Cet homme âgé de soixante-dix-sept ans, engagé dans un deuxième et dernier mandat présidentiel, a-t-il voulu «corriger l'histoire»? C'est du moins ce que révèlent des témoins de son époque, deux siècles après que furent bradés, non sans indifférence, la Nouvelle-France et ses soixante mille sujets français, une «trahison» aux yeux de Charles de Gaulle.

Comment expliquer autrement, comme l'écrit Jean Lacouture, «l'éléphant de Gaulle (qui) piétine avec une sorte de férocité jubilante la forêt canadienne»? (V. *De Gaulle, tome 3 Le souverain*, Éd. Seuil 1986, chap. 19.) Au retour de sa visite au Québec de juillet 1967, de Gaulle dira à ses proches : «ce que j'ai fait, vous m'entendez bien, je devais le faire». Jean-Daniel Jurgensen, directeur d'Amérique au Quai d'Orsay, proposera rassurant : «Mon Général, vous avez payé la dette de Louis XV!».

De Gaulle, ancien professeur d'histoire à l'école militaire de Saint-Cyr, perçoit le monde sous le prisme des équilibres de puissance, du rang, et surtout de «l'idée qu'il se fait de la France», idée qu'il entend soutenir depuis sa fuite à Londres en 1940, regroupant autour de sa personne le mouvement des «Français libres». Il percevra à la faveur de sa mission libératrice et au cours de ces années un scepticisme profond à l'égard de ceux qu'il appelle «les Anglo-Saxons».

Trois visites au Canada

Pendant la Deuxième guerre mondiale, le gouvernement de MacKenzie King, soucieux de ne pas exacerber les rapports entre orangistes ontariens et catholiques québécois, ménage l'opinion québécoise rangée plutôt du côté du gouvernement du maréchal Pétain installé à Vichy. Ce n'est qu'en novembre 1942 qu'il se résigne à rompre ses relations avec ce dernier. En 1943, lorsque le gouvernement canadien adresse un appel du pied à Washington afin qu'on reconnaisse le Comité français de la libération nationale formé à Alger, Mackenzie King

veut rappeler oralement que des considérations d'ordre domestique, notamment l'opinion de la population francophone du Québec, militent en faveur de cette reconnaissance.

Ainsi, lorsque en 1944, Charles de Gaulle visite le Canada à la suite de son voyage aux États-Unis, l'accueil des Montréalais et des Québécois est débordant. Il écrira plus tard dans ses *Mémoires de Guerre* (tome II, p. 241) qu'il se sentit alors «comme submergé par une vague de fierté française, bientôt recouverte par celle d'une douleur inconsolée, toutes les deux venues du lointain de l'Histoire».

Cette visite sera plus formelle (accueil à Rideau Hall, dîner d'État, discours aux deux chambres réunies) que celle non moins triomphale qui viendra un an plus tard après l'accueil délirant du peuple américain au héros de la France libre. De Gaulle voit en Mackenzie King un franc nationaliste vis-à-vis le puissant voisin du sud, homme soucieux de l'indépendance de son pays, qui par ses échanges francs et généreux avec lui «prouve que la France eut mille fois raison de venir ici jadis et d'y semer la civilisation» (v. tome III, p. 216).

En 1960, Charles de Gaulle fera une visite d'État après avoir reçu brièvement le premier ministre John Diefenbaker en 1958 alors que ce dernier effectuait une tournée mondiale axée principalement sur le Commonwealth. Il ressort de cette dernière visite des échanges francs et directs au sujet d'un éventuel directoire à trois que de Gaulle proposait «aux Anglo-Saxons», la Grande-Bretagne et les États-Unis.

On a cru un moment que de Gaulle n'accepterait pas l'invitation officielle de Diefenbaker, en raison de la franche opposition de ce dernier à l'idée de décisions prises sans consultation préalable au sein de l'OTAN; ou encore de son vote portant sur une résolution de l'Assemblée générale des Nations Unies visant à censurer la France pour ses essais nucléaires au Sahara. Simple rumeur ou pressions de l'ambassade de France à Ottawa? Rien de tel ne semblera effleurer la pensée du général et la visite de 1960 sera un grand succès.

Le Canada est-il demandeur?

Diefenbaker a-t-il demandé à de Gaulle, comme le prétendent les auteurs français

Pierre et Marie Rouanet (V. *Les trois derniers chagrins du général de Gaulle*, Ed. Grasset, Paris 1980) le concours de la France, «pour contenir la pénétration économique, technique et financière des États-Unis»? Tout en s'affirmant l'allié des États-Unis, de Gaulle répond que «la France serait disposée à se rapprocher beaucoup du Canada, mais pour qu'elle le fasse de grand cœur, et d'ailleurs, pour que l'ensemble canadien ait le ressort et le poids voulu, il faudrait qu'il veuille et sache résoudre le problème posé par ses deux peuples dont l'un est un peuple français qui doit, comme tout autre, pouvoir disposer de lui-même» (V. *Mémoires d'Espoir*, Éd. Plon, Paris, 1970, tome I, p. 253).

«Surimpression historique?», se demande Lacouture. Diefenbaker n'a pas dû pousser la chose très loin. Son conseiller des affaires étrangères à l'époque, l'ancien Sous-secrétaire Basil Robinson, attire l'attention du premier ministre sur la remarque écrite plus tard par de Gaulle. Diefenbaker répond qu'il n'a pas tellement touché ces questions dans ses entretiens privés avec de Gaulle, lequel, dit-il, s'intéressait davantage aux grands thèmes internationaux (V. *Diefenbaker's World*, Éd. University of Toronto Press, 1989).

Diefenbaker s'y manifeste pourtant rempli d'admiration pour de Gaulle, tout comme Lester B. Pearson, alors leader de l'Opposition à la Chambre des communes. Tous deux ne tarissent pas d'éloges du «towering and great man» de Gaulle. La presse anglophone se fait l'écho de ces élans d'admiration. La France offre cinquante bourses d'étude aux Canadiens. Le Conseil des arts du Canada en offre cinq aux Français.

Lester B. Pearson, devenu premier ministre, recevra à Paris en janvier 1964 l'accueil généreux et compréhensif du général. Là aussi, la méfiance à l'égard des «Anglo-Saxons» passera dans les échanges, notion que Pearson tentera de réfuter. Ce dernier se montrera toutefois sympathique à la suggestion du général à l'effet d'une coopération étroite avec la France afin de résister davantage à l'envahissement économique du Canada par les États-Unis, proposition qui aura peu de suite. Le discours de présentation des lettres de créance du nouvel ambassadeur Jules Léger compliquera

la situation quelques mois plus tard. S'adressant au président français, il dira :

... Notre évolution a pris un rythme très accéléré. Ces développements ne peuvent se faire contre la France. Il s'agit de savoir s'ils auront lieu sans la France ou avec la France. Le Canada peut trouver ailleurs ce qu'il lui faut pour son confort matériel. Cette voie de facilité ne nous suffit pas. Elle ne répond pas à nos aspirations profondes....

De Gaulle n'apprécie pas les reproches voilés du Canada dans ce discours. Il émet le même jour un communiqué révélateur de ce mécontentement :

Les préoccupations de l'Ambassadeur rejoignent celles que le Premier ministre du Canada avait lui-même exprimées au général de Gaulle il y a quelques mois. En réalité, sans la France, un certain équilibre serait à tous égards difficile à maintenir pour le Canada.... La France tient beaucoup à ce que cet équilibre soit maintenu.... Quoi qu'il en soit, la France est présente au Canada, non seulement par ses représentants, mais aussi parce que de nombreux Canadiens sont de sang français, de langue française, d'esprit français, bref, ils sont Français sauf en ce qui concerne le domaine de la souveraineté.

Épicentrisme québécois

L'effervescence règne au Québec sous l'effet de la Révolution tranquille. Jean Lesage, ancien ministre fédéral, devenu premier ministre libéral du Québec, lance son slogan de «maîtres chez nous». Paul Gérin-Lajoie, ministre de l'Éducation, un futur président de l'ACDI, affirme devant le corps consulaire de Montréal que le Québec a le droit d'étendre au niveau international ses compétences exclusives en matière d'éducation et de culture. Lesage effectue, dès 1962, plusieurs visites en France, accompagné de Gérin-Lajoie et d'autres ministres, il inaugure la maison du Québec à Paris, prélude de la future Délégation générale à laquelle de Gaulle accordera les privilèges diplomatiques. Ottawa prend à partie les ministres français de la coopération, de la culture, de l'éducation nationale du fait qu'ils traitent directement avec leurs collègues québécois, non sans arrière-pensée il est vrai, les dossiers que Québec jugeait de sa compétence.

La proposition française de faire inviter le Québec à une conférence des ministres de l'éducation francophones au Gabon, soulève d'abord l'étonnement d'Ottawa, puis des démarches diplomatiques et finalement la

rupture des relations entre le Canada et ce pays africain éloigné. Ainsi se poursuivra le chassé-croisé Paris-Ottawa-Québec.

Le glas de la discorde sonnera avec un accord culturel Québec-Paris sur l'éducation en février 1965, sans qu'Ottawa n'ait eu le temps d'accorder son *nihil obstat* fédéral. Un échange de notes entre Ottawa et Paris coiffera celui-ci à posteriori, ainsi que d'autres accords, dont celui sur la culture en novembre 1965, désormais baptisés par Ottawa «ententes» entre Québec et ses partenaires culturels.

Tiraillements protocolaires

De Gaulle était devenu sceptique à l'égard de l'avenir du Québec au sein de la fédération canadienne. Fort de sa polémique avec Ottawa, Daniel Johnson (père), élu en 1966, assoit sa politique sur un titre accrocheur *Égalité ou Indépendance*. Il ira à Paris convaincre le général réticent et l'inviter au Québec à l'occasion de l'Expo 67 : «Le peuple québécois a besoin de vous, mon général; c'est maintenant ou jamais. Notre peuple vous recevra avec tous les honneurs et l'affection dus à votre rang et à votre personne». Le général viendra donc au Québec sur le croiseur Colbert, au risque de refouler les plates-bandes protocolaires fédérales, de froisser le Canada anglophone et même une certaine bourgeoisie québécoise. Si pour la presse anglophone *De Gaulle descended from statesmanship to mischief-making* (De Gaulle est descendu du niveau d'homme d'État à celui de pêcheur en eau trouble), pour Johnson, au contraire, c'était «l'accueil spontané de tout un peuple»....

*Diefenbaker
s'y manifeste pourtant
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pour de Gaulle,
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Lester B. Pearson.*

La dramaturgie de la visite connut une rapide escalade : Ottawa s'est trouvé en porte-à-faux avec Québec sur l'opportunité des propos, les campagnes de presse s'élevant à un niveau de passion jamais vu chez nous. Tout cela demeure quelque peu mystérieux au fur et à mesure de la progression des discours le long du Chemin du Roy. Le général semble porté par la vague humaine et se voit dans les réjouissances comme au lendemain de la Libération. Voulait-il prôner l'indépendance du Québec ou à tout le moins apporter un formidable soutien aux tenants

de l'autonomie provinciale? Le gouvernement Johnson ne semblait pas en exiger autant. Les communiqués firent le reste pour dissuader le général de se rendre à Ottawa.

La Francophonie, une institution naturelle pour le Québec?

Le Québec sera traité en partenaire privilégié par la France, cependant que les rapports du Canada fédéral avec Paris redeviendront à peu près normaux sous les présidents Pompidou et Giscard d'Estaing. L'idée d'un organisme de la francophonie, la future *Agence de coopération culturelle et technique entre pays francophones*, fera son chemin, mais Ottawa s'opposera à toute tentative visant à court-circuiter le gouvernement fédéral dans la composition du conseil de l'Agence. Le compromis auquel on parviendra à la suite de deux conférences de Niamey (Niger) sera d'y reconnaître le Québec à titre de «gouvernement participant» (1970); Ottawa y fera admettre, sur un pied d'égalité avec le Québec, le Nouveau-Brunswick....

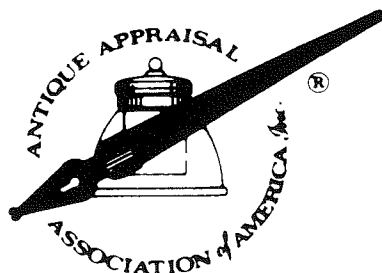
Le même débat suivra pour la convocation des pays francophones à une réunion au sommet de 1985 qui mit nombre d'années à se régler en raison du gouvernement Trudeau qui ne voulait pas de délégation québécoise séparée, tout au plus une présence québécoise au sein d'une délégation canadienne. Québec y sera finalement admis, grâce à la souplesse du premier ministre Mulroney et à la formule de «gouvernement participant». Observateur au niveau politique, il pourra, avec l'accord d'Ottawa, intervenir dans les matières économiques, mais librement dans celles de sa compétence culturelle.

Comment s'étonner que le Québec veuille s'approprier quelques canaux de coopération à l'échelle internationale dans un contexte mondial devenu aussi poreux? À l'ère de l'Internet et de la mondialisation de l'économie, on se rend compte que la souveraineté de l'État-nation ne signifie plus grand-chose. Comble d'ironie, la Belgique décidait, il y a quelques années, de modifier sa Constitution dans le but d'accorder aux gouvernements régionaux, flamand et wallon, le pouvoir de conclure des accords internationaux dans leurs champs respectifs de compétence. ☺

Roger Paul Gilbert a fait carrière au MAECI de 1957 à 1989. Il a exercé diverses fonctions dans les affaires d'Europe et d'Amérique latine, ainsi qu'au Protocole et à l'Inspection générale du ministère. Il a été en poste à Lima, Prague, Nicosie, Port-au-Prince, Paris, Bordeaux, La Havane, Alger. Traducteur et écrivain, il est aussi vice-président du Centre québécois du PEN international. Il habite à Montréal.

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Showing the Flag — More or Less

by James A. Gibson

The colourful montage “Showing the Flag” (Summer 1997) brought back memories of several passages-at-arms during 1945 on the subject of a distinctive Canadian flag.

At one stage of hostilities (I think in 1943) the Prime Minister (W.L. Mackenzie King) remarked, in my hearing, that on the day fighting ceased he intended that the Canadian red ensign (with the arms of Canada in the fly) should be hoisted on the Peace Tower in Ottawa. This had been the legal flag of Canada since 1924 when worn abroad; it had been the banner carried by Canadian forces going into action from 1940 onward.

At the Quebec conferences of 1943 and 1944 the red ensign had been worn in company with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. In 1943 an engineer officer of the Military District and a work party toiled through one night to erect the required third flagpole.

In San Francisco I gently reminded Mr. King of this intention. He went into action by telephoning to Ottawa to direct that the Canadian ensign should fly from the Peace Tower from May 8 (VE Day) until sundown on the following Sunday (observed as a national Day of Prayer and Thanksgiving). His diary indicates that he felt “annoyed” that I, on instruction, drafting a paragraph about these arrangements, had used the phrase “the Canadian flag”.

He must have known (the Diary records) that we have no Canadian

flag; that is the whole source of the controversy. It would be putting the Prime Minister in an appalling position to raise an issue of the kind at this moment.... Having the Canadian Red Ensign fly in this way for an entire week, there is little doubt that once the soldiers begin returning with that flag, it will be accepted as the flag of Canada.

What I had written was “the flag of Canada”. And having reproved Jack Pickersgill for counseling that the Prime Minister would “not think of taking down the flag once it had been put up” — Norman Robertson had raised the same point, rather more gently, earlier in the day — Mr. King rationalized that “I cannot imagine anything that would provoke more bitter controversy and feeling at this time than an endeavour to seize this occasion to force a flag on the Canadian people”. [Pickersgill & Forster, *The Mackenzie King Record* (Toronto 1968) II, 380-381].

In the event the authority to wear the Canadian ensign expired at sundown on the following Sunday; the Department of Public Works reverted to “standing orders” and hoisted the Union Jack.

The Prime Minister elaborated still further after talking to Ottawa ... “no objection can be taken to flying our own flag at this time ... this step will lead to the Red Ensign becoming the national flag of the Dominion”. He added that during the forthcoming general election campaign he would advocate “having a national flag of our own”.

Leaving Prince Albert on May 23 after four days of campaigning in his own constituency — where he had not been for four years — the Prime Minister was thoroughly depressed. Over dinner with Jack Pickersgill and me he said he would lose his seat; we tried to rally him and Jack suggested that in his Winnipeg speech on the following

day he might mention a distinctive Canadian flag. He drafted a paragraph which Mr. King used in his speech. My contribution to the discussion was a paragraph on “the confused and anomalous state of the law touching nationality”. The sequel was the Citizenship Act of 1946. [cf Pickersgill, *ibid*, 391]. The Prime Minister also brought in the Union Jack, and later wrote in his diary that he was “not altogether surprised” that his reference to a distinctive Canadian flag “did not meet with too ready a response”. (He might not have grasped that the combination of Victoria Day and an audience largely of members of the Canadian Legion may have created an adversarial atmosphere.) He was frank enough to admit that P[ickersgill, G[ibson], T[urnbull] and H[andy] “have all been pressing so strongly ... that I felt this was the time [to make a statement advocating “a distinctive Canadian flag”].

There was a sequel five months later when General de Gaulle made a second visit to Ottawa. Mr. King told the General that “the Canadian flag” flying that day at Laurier House represented the first time it had been worn there during the years he had been Prime Minister. The Red Ensign was also flying that day from the Peace Tower in honour of the General’s visit. [One of the most curious of all my “public service” errands was on that day to climb as far as one could climb in the Peace Tower where the Dominion Carillonneur was busily at work, to ask, at the Prime Minister’s direction whether he could play *La Marseillaise*. He said he had no music for it: would *Vive La Canadienne* do? It rang out loud and clear, but I’m not sure the General noticed.]

The flag was discussed in Cabinet on July 4 (1945); Mr. King “urged strongly that we should press on and get a decision by Parliament”. He had no doubt that a Committee [of the House of Commons] would recommend the “Ensign with a gold maple leaf”; and he gave the Chairman (Walter Harris) a painted maple leaf (which he brought from Canada House in London) as a symbol of what he favoured. All but one member approved of a report from a sub-committee. The sequel was a suggestion from Mr. St. Laurent that an order-in-council validating the resolution of the Committee

would obviate the need for a debate in the House.

But no-order-in-council followed; the subject, at least from the published parts of the Prime Minister's diary, disappeared from comment. [Pickersgill & Forster, III, 274-276.]

On February 15, 1965, I presided as President of Brock University at a ceremony in the courtyard of the interim precinct (a converted factory). The Red Ensign was hauled down by the senior ex-combatant of the faculty (former officer RNVR) and handed to the University Archivist. The crisp new flag with the red maple leaf was hoisted by the senior reservist of the support staff (a Chief Petty Officer, Engineering Branch, RCN). I then read out the Queen's Proclamation. The "flag of Canada" has been worn at the University on every "active" day since. ☺

Dr. James A. Gibson joined External Affairs in 1938, and served on secondment to the Prime Minister's Office until 1947, latterly as External Affairs Liaison Office. Retired as President Emeritus of Brock University, he now lives in Welland, Ontario.

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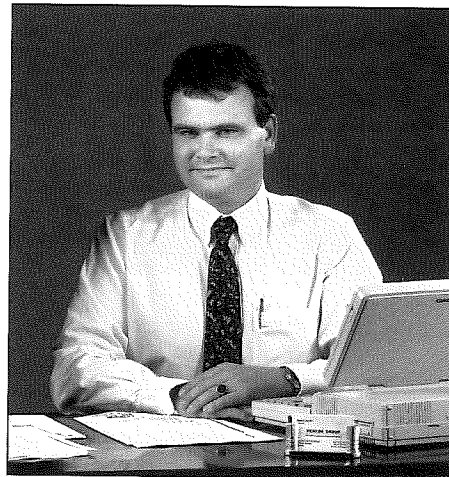
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Colleen Cupples

On Saturday, September 13th, the Canadian Foreign Service lost one of its pioneering women. Colleen Cupples died at the age of 51, after a short stay at the Great West Memorial Hospital in Perth. As I listened to her friend Sara speak at the memorial held on Saturday, September 20th at Colleen's cottage overlooking Christie Lake, it struck me how much Colleen had always been the person I came to know in the early 1990s.

I first met Colleen back in 1982 when as a young officer on my first posting in Mexico, we hosted an Immigration Program Manager's meeting and she was our manager in Buenos Aires. I remember being struck by Colleen's style, poise and intelligence. It was also clear that she had a keen interest in the impact of migration on foreign policy, a relationship that is now clearly coming of age!

As I worked my way in Immigration it became obvious that Colleen was someone everyone knew or thought they knew — even if they had never worked with her nor even met her. Someone who, by the force of her personality and intellect, cut a large

swath in the Canadian Foreign Service. As the first Social Affairs woman to be named Ambassador, she will always be considered a pioneer. For many women in the Foreign Service, she will be seen as having played a role in ensuring that those coming after are given opportunities to excel.

I worked for Colleen when she was Director of Latin America and the Caribbean Programs Division in DFAIT. Working for her was a superlative experience for it gave me a chance to learn from a master. It is true that sometimes one learned by deciding not to do what Colleen did but most of the knowledge I acquired was from seeing a professional in action.

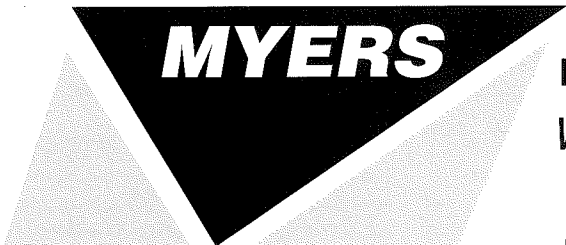
Colleen cared deeply about the programme and its people. She always wanted what was best for Canada and was not afraid to defend an unpopular opinion when she believed it to be right. Colleen was a great motivator of people, an excellent identifier of potential and not afraid to push for opportunities for officers who might not have been on the fast track. More importantly, one did not have to be an officer for her to encourage new goals and achievements.

Colleen played a leadership role as the Immigration stream prepared for its journey "across the river". She recognized that this was not a journey back because many of her younger colleagues had never worked for CEIC. She organised a number of meetings at the grassroot level and encouraged our participation which in the end proved to be very therapeutic for many of us. During this very period, Colleen found out that one of our colleagues was seriously ill and I remember the wonderful white roses she had delivered to Gerry Schroh. Colleen had a knack for the grandiose but "juste a point" gesture.

Colleen I will miss you as a colleague, a mentor and a friend. You packed more life into 51 years than most of us will ever know. Your leaving us so soon has left all of us with a sense of loss. That loss is mixed with the frustration we all feel, that you made it so hard for us to give back to you a small measure of what you gave to us. ☹

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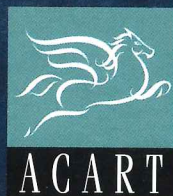


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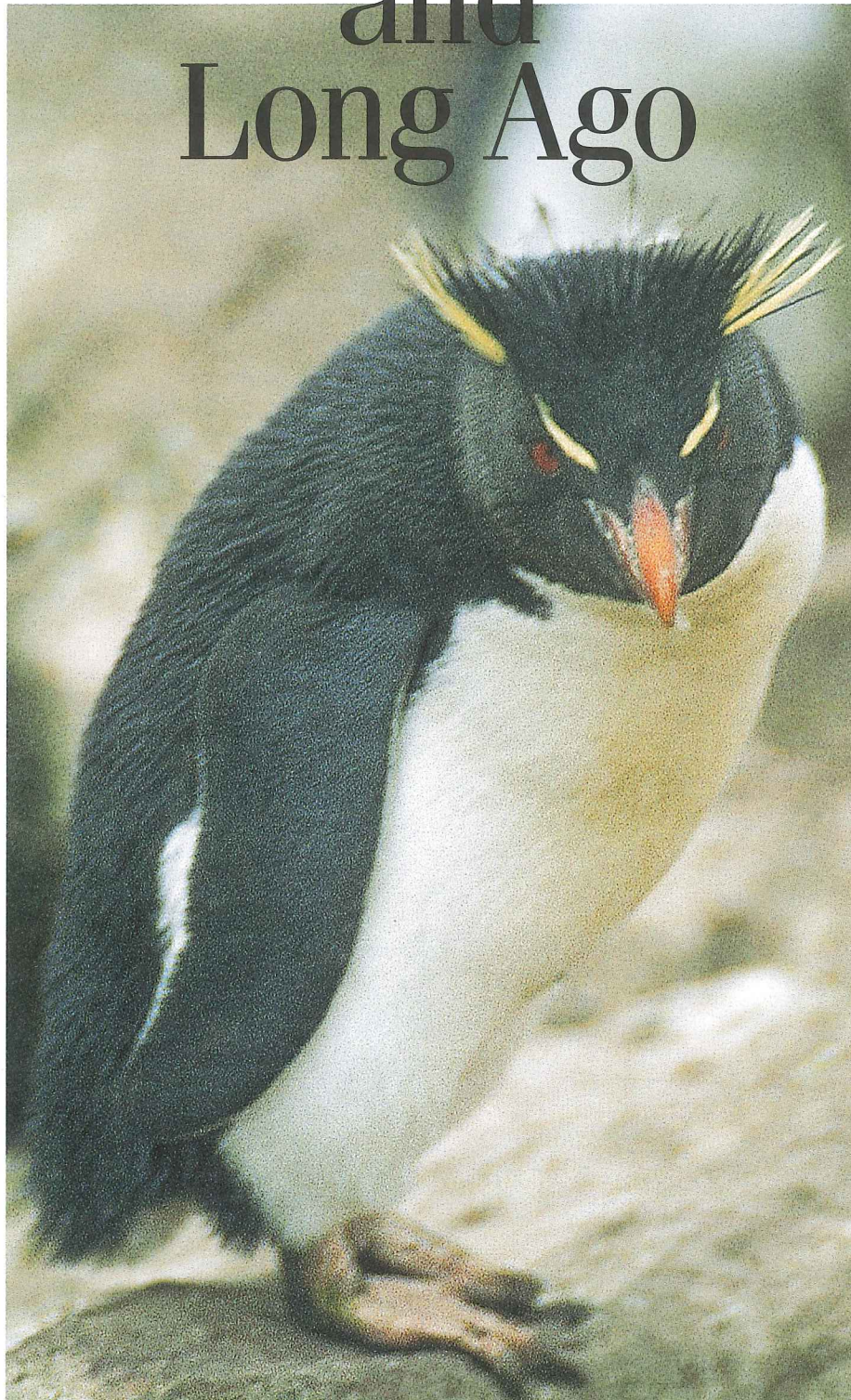
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Far Away and Long Ago

photos and story by
Nicholas Coghlan

Everyone who has travelled to any extent has favourite places. All mine are difficult of access — that's part of what makes them special — but one stands out: a group of windswept islands in the South Atlantic that have always been thousands of miles from anywhere and that, only months after I left their shores, hit the headlines in a bizarre, bloody war.

In those days — the late seventies and early eighties — you could get to the Falklands on the occasional mail ship from Montevideo. Or there was the even more occasional ship that would come from an Argentine port. My first glimpse of the low, brightly-coloured tin rooves of Port Stanley was a most welcome sight from the deck of an Argentine naval vessel that had been supplying bases on the Antarctic peninsula. It was welcome because the passage across the Drake Strait, passing close by Cape Horn, had been two days of Force Ten winds and cold, mountainous seas that had driven all but the most hardy to their bunks, feeling wretched.



There was an airport, too, served on a regular basis by LADE, Argentina's military airline. Shortly after landing, and in clear sight of a Union Jack usually

London taxi). An uneasy standoff ensued, but one of the passengers — who happened to be Argentina's heavyweight boxing champion and who spoke English — served

snapping in the stiff breeze, the pilot would welcome the passengers to "The Argentine Territory of Las Malvinas", and proudly note that the runway had been donated by the people of Argentina.

This was not strictly true. Several years previously, a LADE plane had been hijacked over Patagonia by a group of Argentine ultranationalists, who ordered the pilot to fly to the Malvinas. As the DC-3 arrived over Stanley, the entire population of the town (about 600) turned out to gape in awe — there being no airfield, few in the Falklands had ever seen a plane bigger than the rugged Canadian-built Beaver floatplanes that served the remote out-island communities. The desperate pilot, out of fuel, was eventually forced to crash-land on the peat race-course behind town. The Governor was summoned and rolled up in full regalia, wearing his ceremonial plumed hat in the back of his official car (a plum-coloured

as a mediator and convinced the hijackers to give up, there being no prospect of the DC-3 ever taking off laden again. Months later, after the hijackers and passengers had been shipped back to Buenos Aires, the Argentine government kindly offered to put in place a pre-fabricated metal airstrip. It blew away in one of the gales for which the Falklands are famous, and the UK government stepped in and built a proper strip.

The Falklands are home to the most spectacular range of wildlife outside the Galapagos.

Imagine a small Hebridean village on a windy Sunday afternoon in autumn, and you have Port Stanley — on any day of the week. One or two features jar: for example, the huge arch outside the Church, made of sperm-whale jawbones or, scattered around the harbour, the hulks of 19th-century clippers that, anywhere else, would be the centrepiece of a maritime museum. But the Land-Rovers drive on the left. As you walk past Jubilee Villas (1878), a lace-curtain twitches. At Emma's Bed & Breakfast, Emma sternly warns you that the front door will be locked at 9 pm sharp; you notice that it's colder in the house than out. At 6 pm Emma turns the radio on and guests must listen solemnly as the chimes of Big Ben ring out. A rubber hot water bottle is meagre consolation

when you climb between the clammy sheets, under your turquoise candlewick bedspread. Welcome to Britain.

The Stanley I got to know was quaint or, less charitably, plain bleak. If you didn't like it, the best plan in those days was to avail yourself of FIGAS and head straight for the "camp" — as anywhere outside Stanley is known.

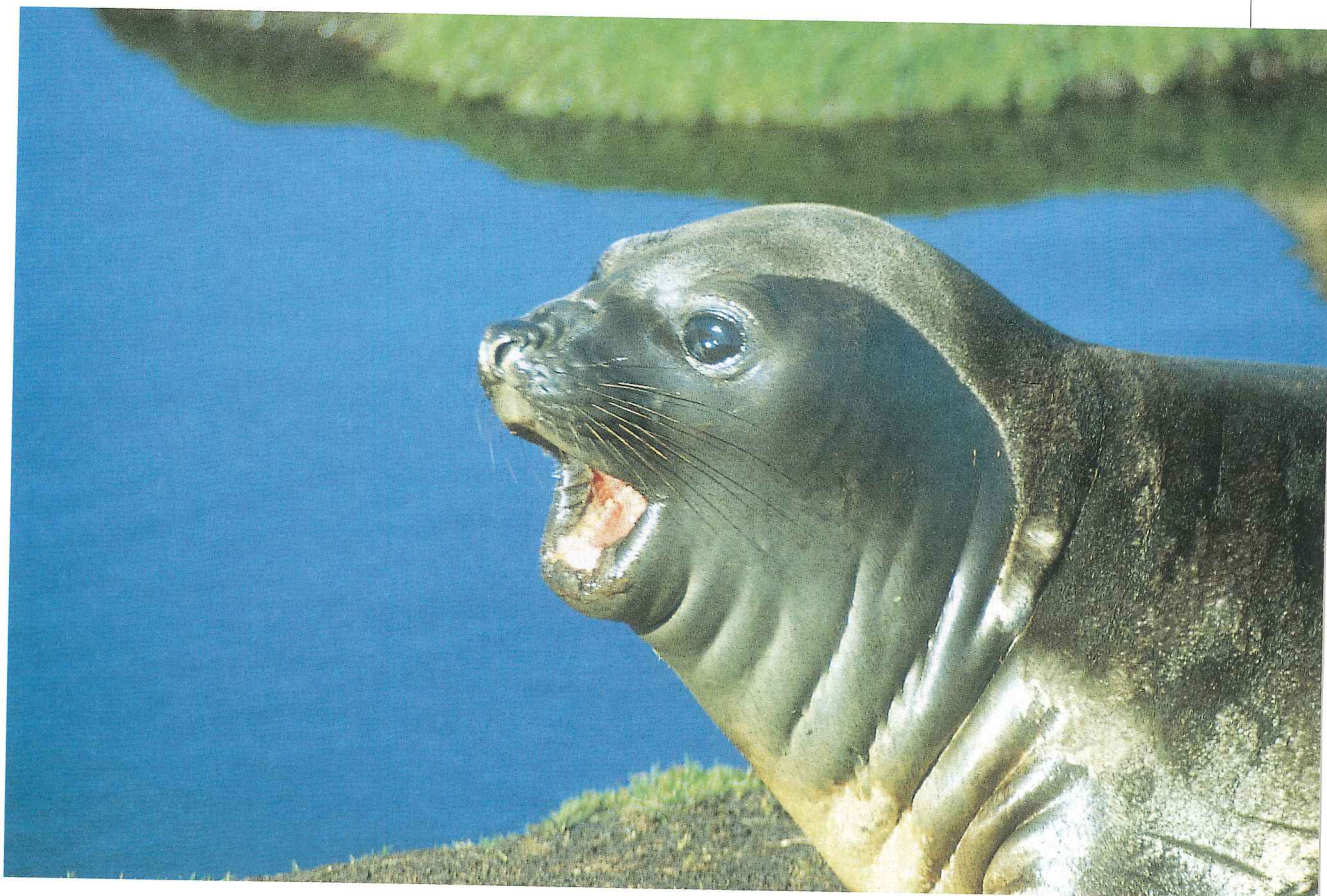
FIGAS (Falkland Islands Government Air Service) may have been at that time the most user friendly airline in the world: their faithful red Beavers would fly you wherever you want to go, and would advise you (and the entire population of the Islands) of your own personal departure time over Falkland Islands radio. But the service had its limits: if it was especially windy, you had to be prepared to jump off the starboard float into waist-high seawater and wade fifty metres to the beach, or even hold the joystick as the pilot opened his door and threw out the mail from an altitude of 200 feet.

I passed a large part of two unforgettable summers in the Falklands, camping or staying with the hospitable families of children I taught in Buenos Aires. On sunny days in January and February, I would spend long days walking over spectacular, dappled moorland on West Falkland where the only sounds are mournful curlews and the ever-present wind in the tussock grass.

But the highlight is the shoreline. The Falklands are home to the most spectacular range of wildlife outside the Galapagos: raucous, chattering penguins by the million, lumbering and grunting elephant seals, nesting black-browed albatrosses or "Mollymawks".

The chicks are less stately: big cuddly balls of brown fur, nicknamed "oakum boys" by the sailors.

Most spectacular of all are the King penguins — their 60-strong colony at Volunteer Point is the largest outside Antarctica. Up to a metre high, they live up to their name, looking down disdainfully on the cheeky Rockhoppers and the braying hole-dwelling Jackasses with whom they share their territory. Kings are dedicated but liberated parents. While one of the pair fishes, the other incubates the



couple's large egg on top of his or her hind feet, covered by a roll of fat. When the mate returns, it will carefully position itself beak-to-beak with the egg-minder; with infinite care, the egg is rolled from one set of feet to the other. The chicks are less stately: big cuddly balls of brown fur, nicknamed "oakum boys" by the sailors on the clipper ships.

There are also sheep, 300 of them, to be precise, for each of the islands' 2000 or so inhabitants. They make for a rather monotonous diet. In fact, there's really not much point in asking your host what's for dinner. It's sure to be mutton.

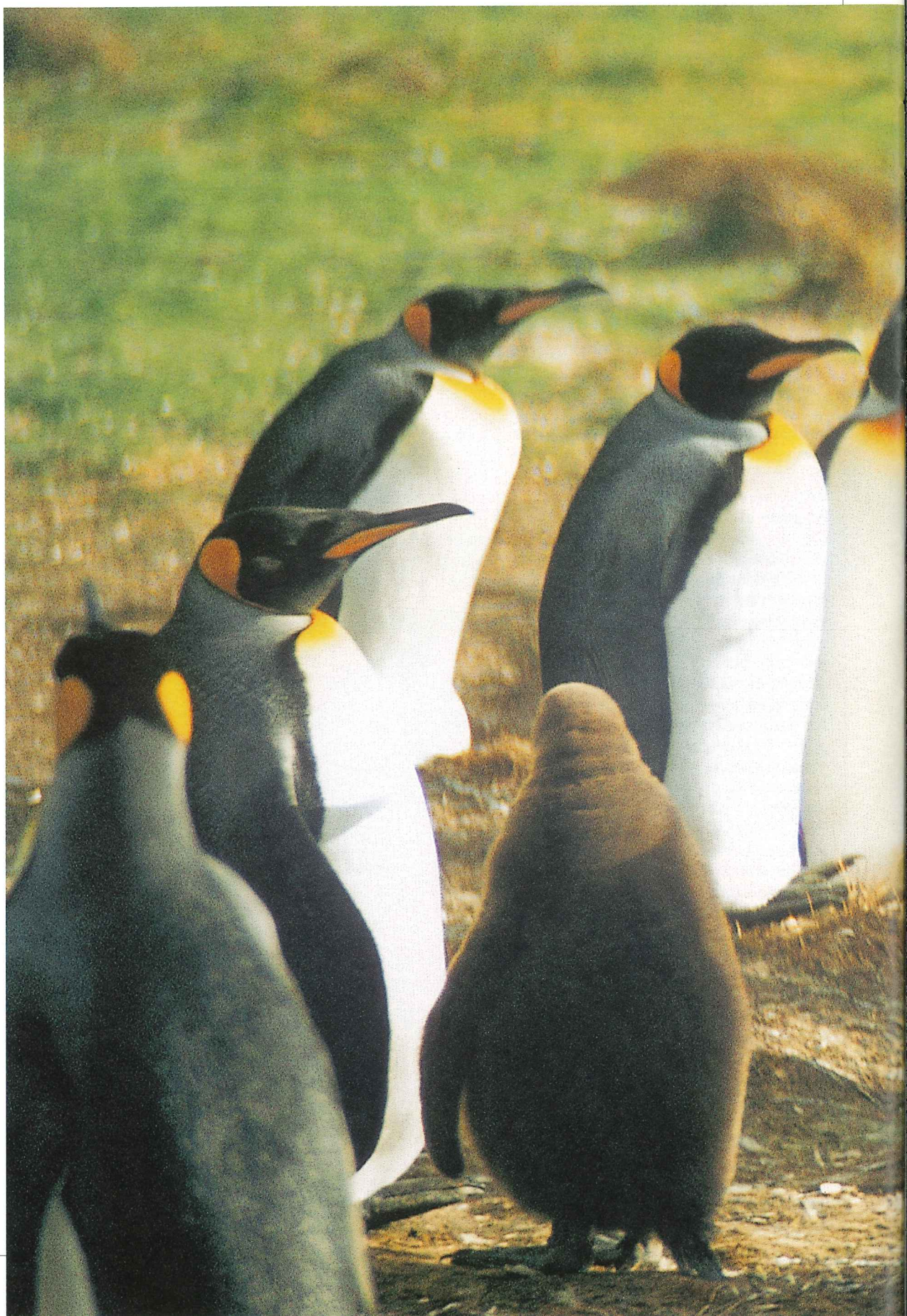
One afternoon on West Falkland stands out. I had clambered to a hilltop close to Port Howard, and watched a spectacular effect as the sun, obscured by black scudding rainclouds, suddenly caught the surface of the sea, way across the sound. I thought this was the most beautiful place on Earth. Later, looking at the map, I put my finger on San Carlos Water.

A year later, in the southern winter of 1982, San Carlos Water had an altogether different name: Bomb Alley. Here, as the British Fleet, with only sporadic air cover from its few Harriers, established a foothold on East Falkland, Argentine A-4 fighter-bombers launched suicide attacks from a hundred feet above the water. Suicide not just because of anti-aircraft fire and the jump-jets but because,

flying at the extreme limit of their range from the Patagonian mainland, pilots knew they might well have to ditch before they made it back. The brave Argentine

pilots knew San Carlos as the Valley of Death.

I had a friend from University who served on HMS Antrim and lived with a



200 pound bomb in his engine room for three months; another friend — a cheerful young man to whom I had once vainly attempted to teach English on hot

Buenos Aires afternoons — was a Super Etendard pilot flying for Argentina. I wonder if Juancho ever had the Antrim in his sights.

Fifteen years on, millions of pounds have been poured in to the Falklands; there is a heated swimming pool in Stanley, the old airstrip has been replaced by one that can

take DC-10s from London; there's even TV. Emma's, I hear, is now a hotel, and there are half-a-dozen bars to cater to the troops. There is talk of offshore oil (although there always was) and of some sort of accommodation with Argentina (again, there always was...).

Much of the coast remains off-limits, because of mines. One of the saddest stories my Navy friend Mark told me was of the Antrim's helicopter pilots trying to scare off elephant seals, in the months after the landings, from the beaches to which they and their ancestors had been returning since time immemorial, to breed in the short southern summer. Even warning bursts of machine-gun fire from the air would do no good — the seals steadfastly lumbered ashore, to be blown to pieces by landmines.

They say you should never go back, and perhaps I never will. Somehow, though, I suspect that Emma's sheets are as clammy as ever, and that the lace curtains still twitch when strangers stroll through Stanley. ☺

Prior to joining DFAIT, Nicholas Coghlan taught at St. George's College, Buenos Aires. He has been posted in Mexico and is currently serving in Bogotá.



Books in Review / Critiques de livres

Lord Strathcona. A Biography of Donald Alexander Smith
reviewed by D.M.L. Farr

Shame and Humiliation: Presidential Decision Making on Vietnam
reviewed by Greg Donaghy

*Desert Queen — The Extraordinary Life of Gertrude Bell:
Adventurer, Adviser to Kings, Ally of Lawrence of Arabia*
reviewed by Jim Gould

*Les propos d'un «pur coton» : Essai sur le problème canadienne/
The Canadian Condition*
reviewed by Dr. David Anido

LORD STRATHCONA. A BIOGRAPHY OF DONALD ALEXANDER SMITH by Donna McDonald, Dundurn Press, Toronto, 1996, 600 p. \$34.99

Reviewed by D.M.L. Farr

D.M.L. Farr is Professor Emeritus of History at Carleton University. Among other publications, he is the author of The Colonial Office and Canada, 1867-1887. Professor Farr has also served as chair of the editorial board for the history of the Department of External Affairs.

"Is it not positively amazing what the Scot can grow to imagine, undertake and accomplish?" So said Andrew Carnegie of Donald Smith, Lord Strathcona, in 1906. Of course he might also have said it of himself. Strathcona's life is the ultimate Horatio Alger story in Canadian history. A poor boy from the east coast of Scotland, he came to Canada at age eighteen as an apprentice-clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company. Beginning his fur trading career in the unpromising setting of Labrador, he rose through the ranks to become chief commissioner of the fur trade in Canada, land commissioner and eventually governor, a post he was still holding when he died in 1914. Along the way he made a colossal fortune in railroading and banking. He started with the little St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway and expanded his interests to encompass management and investment roles in the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways. He was a principal shareholder of the Bank of Montreal and later its president. Beside this eminently successful business career existed another range of accomplishments: intermediary between the Macdonald government and Louis Riel in the Red River troubles and agent in bringing Manitoba into Confederation;

a Member of Parliament from Manitoba and later Montreal; the man whose vote brought down the Macdonald government in the Pacific Scandal; High Commissioner of Canada in London for almost twenty years; the best-known representative of the British overseas empire in the metropolis of the empire. Finally there is Strathcona the philanthropist, giving away seven and a half million dollars and over a million pounds in his lifetime, a sum for which the current value would be at least fourteen times greater. Surely Donald Smith's was a career of Olympian proportions.

In her new biography Donna McDonald has meticulously recounted all these aspects of Strathcona's life and more. Her book is as prodigious as the man: 500 pages of text, thirty pages of notes, ten pages of bibliography. In addition it contains a list of Strathcona's donations and bequests, a list of his shares and investments and six pages of genealogical charts outlining Donald Smith's extended family. The detail provided is so overwhelming that the reader fears from time to time that he is lost in an impenetrable forest. But long biographies are presently much in vogue, a fashion that gives a contemporary sanction to McDonald's extended treatment of her subject.

To this reader, however, the biography would have profited from more rigorous editing. There are a few historical slips, some minor, some of more consequence. McDonald, a Canadian writer and arts administrator living in London, is very good in describing Smith's personal life, especially his long attachment to Bella, the wife of his early fur trading days. She is less sure in assessing Strathcona the public figure. Strathcona has not been fortunate in his early biographers. One was too laudatory, another too tightly supervised. One was venomously unfair. W.L. Morton, who knew

Manitoba and the fur trade better than anyone else, died before he could bring order to the Strathcona story. McDonald's is far and away the best treatment but an editor's blue pencil would have made it a more focussed account and spared the reader some tedious detail.

Readers of *bout de papier* will be especially interested in the four chapters that describe Lord Strathcona the high commissioner in London. Appointed by Mackenzie Bowell in 1896, he served under three prime ministers — Tupper, Laurier and Borden — before he died, still in office, in January 1914. He was not the politician/high commissioner his predecessor, Sir Charles Tupper, had been. Some writers have claimed that Tupper was a member of Macdonald's cabinet the whole time he was in London. This is manifestly untrue but there is no question that Macdonald saw Tupper as a close colleague who happened to be residing in London rather than in Ottawa. He called him back to serve as minister of finance for a year when he needed him and consulted him frequently. Strathcona did not have this relationship with Laurier and then Borden. His views were sought where appropriate but he never tendered political advice. He was respected for his vast experience, his shrewd common sense, his useful contacts with British business and political figures. Both Laurier and Borden pressed him to stay on in his post, even though, in his nineties, his strength and abilities were failing.

Whereas Tupper had devoted himself to furthering Canada's trade relations with Britain and the Continent through commercial diplomacy, Strathcona saw immigration and investment as his priorities. His first task, he believed, was to make Canada better known in the United Kingdom, not an easy assignment at the high point of

empire when British colonies all over the globe were clamouring for attention in the metropolis. Although a plodding speaker, Strathcona was indefatigable in publicizing Canada through talks and lectures, exhibitions and newspaper coverage. His preferred medium was entertaining and this he carried out on a lavish scale. A garden party at his country estate would involve 8000 invitations; his Canada Day receptions in town at least 1000 guests. Contrary to what some writers have said, he drew his salary as high commissioner but used his private means to augment his allowances for office expenses and entertaining.

Strathcona was convinced that Canada's future lay in attracting more immigration from Britain and northern Europe and more capital. He tried to win control over the emigration agents in Great Britain from Sir Clifford Sifton and the department of the interior but was successful only in a nominal sense. He sought immigrants in Germany and Austria even though their governments had made it illegal to promote emigration. He worked to improve transportation lines within the British Empire. Penny postage was one means, the Pacific cable another. Then there was the "All Red Route," steamships and the trans-continental railway linking Europe and the Orient through Canada. The CPR was instrumental here; private business and public purpose constructively combining. Strathcona kept clear of the debates taking place in Britain at the end of the Victorian period on the future structure of the empire. He favoured a distinctive Canadian identity in the empire (a national flag would help) but he distrusted schemes for closer political ties. He thought an imperial council would be useful but he was vague about its powers. In the Boer War his views on Canada's participation were very close to Laurier's although he had more sympathy for Major General Hutton, the insubordinate commander of the Canadian militia, who had to be relieved of his post. The motto on his first coat of arms was "Perseverance" and pragmatism was always Strathcona's watchword. In spite of his wide experience gained over many years, he was never a leader but one who excelled in putting into practice the ideas of others.

About Strathcona the man McDonald has much of interest to say. For example, his title, which sounds so authentically Scottish, was his own creation. "Strath" is Gaelic for "broad valley" but "cone" he added because he liked its sound as an ending. His immense wealth did not come from the CPR and the Bank of Montreal but from the United States railway shares which he owned, mainly in the Great Northern and

the Northern Pacific. He was helped, throughout his business career, by the interlocking network of Scots in North America. George Stephen, his closest business partner, was a cousin and uncles and cousins were to be found throughout the fur trade. Scottish connections were not responsible for his success but they offered opportunities. Then there is the intriguing matter of Strathcona's marriage to Isabella (Belle) Hardisty in Labrador in 1853. Bella's first marriage, also contracted in the wilderness, was irregular; the standing of her son from that marriage was questionable; her marriage to Donald Smith was without benefit of clergy; their only child, a daughter, was a mature woman before her parents underwent a marriage in New York on the 43rd anniversary of their original co-habitation. Strathcona eventually secured two peerages, the second designed to allow him to pass on the barony to his daughter, Margaret Howard. Like Agnes Macdonald after John A's death, she became a baroness in her own right; unlike Agnes Macdonald, she possessed the means to maintain the dignity of the title.

Strathcona's life is a part of the transition of a frontier Canada to a modern industrialized state, a unit in a global financial economy. At a number of crucial moments in our history he was a key figure. Although

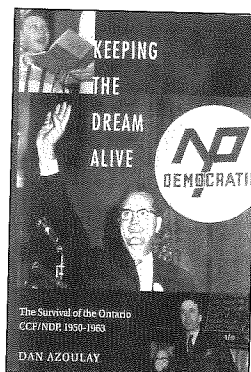
not in the first rank of Canadians who made a difference in the life of their country, he is squarely and prominently in the second rank. A quiet, private man, he was once described as "pawky." The dictionary defines this Scottish expression as "shrewd, cunning, artful." Strathcona was this, but more. He was always the Scot living abroad, as was Macdonald. But, like John A., he became, by his own terms, an authentic Canadian. Donna McDonald has done us a service in so richly chronicling the life of this remarkable man.



SHAME AND HUMILIATION: PRESIDENTIAL DECISION MAKING ON VIETNAM by Blema S. Steinberg, Montreal and Kingston, McGill-Queen's University Press, 1995, p. ix, 397, \$45.00

Reviewed by Greg Donaghy

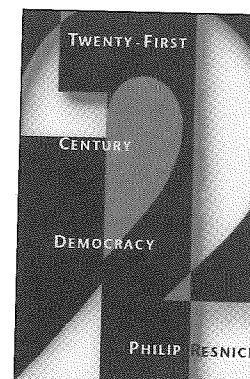
Greg Donaghy is a historian with the Historical Section, Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade. In addition to editing several volumes in the Department's series, Documents on Canadian External Relations, he has written on Canada, the United States and the Vietnam conflict.



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Several years ago, Paul Martin Sr., who spent a lifetime observing Canadian politics as a minister in the cabinets of Mackenzie King, St. Laurent, Pearson and Trudeau, dismissed personality as a substantial influence in political decision-making. What really mattered over the long-term, he insisted, were ideas, interests and institutions. On the other hand, a rookie Member of Parliament recently exclaimed to me that in Ottawa "personality was everything." These two views reflect one of the most enduring problems in modern historiography — the influence of the individual psyche in decisions of state. A new study by the McGill political scientist and Montreal psychoanalyst Blema S. Steinberg, *Shame and Humiliation: Presidential Decision Making on Vietnam*, can be located at the core of this debate.

Steinberg adopts a neo-Freudian perspective to explore the personalities of Dwight Eisenhower, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, and their role in three crucial decisions about American policy in Southeast Asia. Naturally, the childhood experiences of all three future presidents figure prominently in Steinberg's analysis. As infants, Johnson and Nixon were "singled out as special" by their mothers, accomplished women trapped in emotionally and materially unsatisfying marriages. As their mothers sought their own fulfillment through the success of their sons, both

Johnson and Nixon learned that maternal "love was contingent on performance."

Johnson and Nixon developed strategies to cope with the fragile and vulnerable personalities that grew in their mothers' shadows. Johnson, whose self-esteem was further eroded by the presence of competitive siblings, his father's taunting and his mother's anger at his lack of academic success, created a private "grandiose and omnipotent self that [was] immune to feelings of shame or humiliation." In order to maintain this self-image, he sought throughout his career the constant approval of those around him — voters, political cronies and advisors. When faced with the humiliating prospect of South Vietnam's collapse in 1965, Johnson sought reassurance in the sophisticated and experienced group of foreign policy advisors that Kennedy had assembled. Despite his own doubts about the wisdom of sending American troops to help Saigon, Johnson accepted the "hawkish" advice offered by advisors like the secretary of defence, Robert McNamara, and the national security advisor, McGeorge Bundy. He did so, argues Steinberg, essentially because "his self-esteem was dependent on maintaining his advisors' respect."

Nixon addressed the problems created by his mother's conditional love through hard work at school and in his early professional life. To achieve the kind of autonomy

and independence that his mother wished him to develop, Nixon was forced to control his needs and emotions. The feelings of envy and impotent rage which he experienced when humiliated and shamed by personal or professional failure were projected onto outsiders, who were increasingly seen as "harmful and dangerous" and likely to attack his "vulnerable personality." Distrustful and reserved, Nixon's mature character was "infused with paranoia."

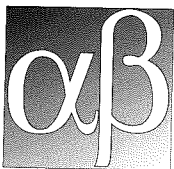
Nixon interpreted opposition to his presidential policies — both at home and abroad — as attempts to humiliate him personally, and he reacted with rage. In his first few months in office, there were plenty of targets for the president's fury. A North Vietnamese offensive in February 1969, the Senate's efforts to limit his capacity to wage war and domestic resistance to the war worked Nixon into a passion. In March 1969, he decided to bomb North Vietnamese bases in Cambodia as a prelude to invading the small Southeast Asian country. "Cambodia," concludes Steinberg, "became the convenient displacement-object for Nixon's anger, rage, and frustration."

Eisenhower stands in striking contrast to Johnson and Nixon. (Steinberg adopts a curiously ahistorical arrangement which treats Eisenhower last.) The general's childhood, as reconstructed by Steinberg on the basis on published memoirs, was normal and comparatively happy. The third of six boys, Eisenhower was loved by his parents for himself, and in growing up, was made aware that sibling rivalry and competition were normal aspects of family life. The successes and failures that Eisenhower experienced as a child were easily integrated into his personality, and he developed a healthy and stable sense of his own worth and capabilities.

Unlike Johnson, Eisenhower was able to avoid grandiose ideas; unlike Nixon, he could tolerate humiliation. Consequently, when France faced defeat at Dien Bien Phu in 1954 and requested American military assistance, Eisenhower did not overvalue the opinions of his "hawkish advisors" or react personally to the North Vietnamese threat. Instead, he conducted a careful cost-benefit analysis and decided to oppose American intervention in Vietnam.

Steinberg's effort to reveal the psychological considerations which may have affected presidential decision making on Vietnam is credible and sensibly presented. Her evidence, which has been garnered from a wide variety of sources, is carefully marshalled. Her argument is clearly stated and easily followed. However, there are a number of interpretative and methodological problems in this study. First, the theoretical chapter underpinning her approach treats

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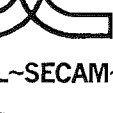
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But though we cannot (and should not) return to the naive confidence of our

Gertrude Bell herself comes across as a fascinating individual. Born in 1868 to a life of wealth and great privilege, she was



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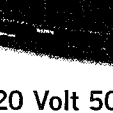




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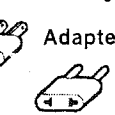
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educated at home, in a private school for ladies and finally at Oxford. There, with the support of her father who continued to play a key role in much of her life, she was the first woman to receive a First in Modern History.

Gertrude Bell was a proto-feminist who never accepted the barriers set before her by the society of her day, neither in Britain nor in the Middle East. She disregarded the best of advice to travel alone deep into Arabia (if alone can be the term when accompanied by a cook, a guide, several men to handle the animals, and often an armed escort) meeting tribal leaders and urban notables who later became her trusted sources of information and influence. She felt no hesitation in thrusting herself, properly dressed and topped with a hat full of flowers and lace, into the imperial councils that ruled the Middle East. Yet she decried the suffragette movement as shocking and she served as honorary secretary of the Women's Anti-Suffrage League.

When, in 1916, she was attached to the Political staff of India Expeditionary Force 'D' in Basra, Gertrude Bell became the only female Political officer in the British Forces. She later, in Baghdad, became the Oriental Secretary (a title that should be restored to the realm of diplomacy) to the British High

Commissioner under the mandate. She can lay claim to being the founder of modern Iraq; drawing the borders of the country, she reflected upon the complexity of a society made up of Sunni and Shiite Arabs, Kurds, Jews and Christians. She ran an intelligence service based upon the contacts she had made during her early travels through the deserts and, if her own accounts are to be believed, developed a remarkable understanding of the dynamics of desert and urban life as the region moved from Turkish occupation via British mandate to independent statehood.

Yet her attitude toward the prospect of the Arabs governing themselves was initially overtly patronizing. She believed that the only logical solution was a British High Commissioner in charge, with British advisors to an array of Arab Ministers. "The Oriental is like a very old child" she wrote and believed; later the example of Arabs governing in Syria caused her to become a partisan of the Arab nationalists. She came to believe that the more the British helped the Arabs achieve self-rule, the longer they would retain their economic and political influence.

With the establishment of the kingdom in Iraq, Gertrude Bell became an increasingly less necessary advisor to King Faisal

and devoted more of her time to her duties as Iraq's first Director of Antiquities. Even though not acknowledged by the present regime, the Museum of Antiquities in Baghdad, with its marvellous collection of Mesopotamian artifacts is her creation.

The author seems to have had some difficulty in getting close to the person inside Gertrude Bell. She never married despite what seems to have been several close and deeply felt relationships. But running throughout her life was a quest to be recognized as a "person" and what pleasure she seems to have felt when she realized that she had the respect she sought; either at the 1919 Paris Peace Conference or at the 1921 Cairo Conference where the fate of Mesopotamia, TransJordan and Palestine was determined.

But Gertrude Bell's greatest achievement was the place she gained for herself as the *khatun* — the lady of Baghdad. The force of her intellect, her character and her personal courage brought her honours and respect, but also personal sorrows that in the end claimed her. Her great creation, the constitutional monarchy of Iraq only lasted 17 years.



LES PROPOS D'UN «PUR COTON»: ESSAI SUR LE PROBLÉMATIQUE CANADIENNE/ THE CANADIAN CONDITION by Henry Mintzberg, Éditions Québec Amérique Inc., Montréal, (1995), 95 p. 12,95 \$

Reviewed by Dr. David Anido

Dr. David Anido is Chair of the Canadian Institute for Mediterranean Studies at the University of Toronto.

Professor Henry Mintzberg of McGill University is internationally renowned for his teaching and writing in the fields of management and organization. He is also titular professor at the Business School INSEAD in Fontainebleau, France.

In 1992 Professor Mintzberg was invited to Queen's University to help celebrate Queen's 150th anniversary. He was meant to speak about management, but, "because of the political climate of the day", he decided to speak about "a breath of fresh air for Canada". He did so because his ideas on "the Canadian condition" had been germinating "all my life". *Les Propos d'un «pur coton»* is the result.

The lecture is recorded as an essay (published by Stoddart Publishing Co, in English, as *The Canadian Condition*), and is best read in the lively French translation of Jean André Straehl. It is this version that sovereigntists will read as a strong federalist argument against their ideology.

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Professor Mintzberg goes to the core of national issues that have preoccupied Canadians to the point of frustration and anger. Mintzberg is persuasive and level-headed. He illustrates the advantages of Canadian unity, "le tissu canadien", and states at the outset that "Quebec is a political unity, not a distinct society". On the personal level, as a Jew, "I belong to a minority which has for a long time feared for its survival". He is "fier d'être montréalais, québécois et canadien", and is deeply aware of the pressures involved in trying to defend an endangered culture amidst powerful surrounding cultures. The "tissu canadien" is a multi-faceted, multi-dimensional sense of identity and belonging. Canadian culture is a binding of "tissues" into a whole.

Mintzberg's exegesis is that Canada is both a concept and a reality. He quotes the quip of fellow Montrealer, Josh Freed, that "Canada works in practice, if not in theory". The "tissu canadien" is made up of three historic societies. First are the native First Canadians who are "pur poil". The second are French Canadians (across Canada, not just in Quebec), and these are "pure laine". The third is the society to which Professor Mintzberg belongs, and these are "pur coton"; mainly English speaking, but a Commonwealth mixture of Celts, Jews,

Asians, Arabs, Afro-Caribbeans, and many other human roots as well as English. Separatists are pure polyester.

There are three main threats to the "tissu canadien". The Anglos are threatened by the Americans; the French by the English; and the First Canadians by everyone. But these threats are only serious if the checks and balances of Confederation are forgotten or abused. Canada's distinction is tolerance. Canadians, says the author, are "less aggressive than the Americans; less hierarchical than the British; and less arrogant than the French. I think that the fear of Anglo-Canadians to be Americanized helped to protect French culture". Tolerance is sensible as well as contractual.

A particularly interesting observation in Professor Mintzberg's essay reflects what might be called "the breadth of the Canadian mind". He notes that the Deans of the world's top business schools, Stanford, Harvard and London, are all Canadians. Apart from the quality of intellect of these three Canadians they are also graduates of a Canadian university system that nurtures tolerance and human dignity, and is less hierarchical, politicized, and pressured than other systems.

The discipline of management involves both philosophy and application, and Professor Mintzberg's viewpoint expresses

a businesslike perspective. He decries the notion of "the rest of Canada" because no province has the right to define the limits of nine other provinces, lump them together, and then negotiate with them through threats. The separatists must stop "playing chicken" with Canadian tolerance.

Another example of harmony in reality is the alliance of Montreal's four universities, McGill, Montréal, Concordia, and l'Université du Québec, in a joint Management Doctorate programme. The Latins and the Anglos combine the best of "la joie de vivre" and "le fair play". The alliance works because it is an applied plan: "a dream is not a plan", though plans are often built on dreams. Montreal is the crucial Canadian city in the unity debate because "pur poil", "pure laine", and "pur coton" all congregate in this urban setting of business, culture, and many customs.

The most telling paragraphs of the essay reveal Professor Mintzberg's vision of the world and his reasons for advocating a "renewed federalism" for Canada. As someone who has studied organizations and their processes he warns of the imbalance where hierarchy and bureaucracy endanger collective culture and individual liberty. The danger arises when the open human spirit (e.g., Canadian tolerance) is impoverished by simplistic categorization or oxymoron

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(e.g., "the rest of Canada" or "the independence of Quebec"). What appears to be harmless when the spirit is confined by categorization can grow into lethal proportions when "frontiers are limited". Organizations, like cultures, must have identity and lines of demarcation, but the Canadian way is "d'opérer une véritable décentralisation ... dans notre état d'esprit".

The main argument against Quebec separatism in this essay derives from Canadian history. Canada is not Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia. Its cultural "tissue" is based on covenants relating to our autochthonous co-citizens ("pur poil"); to the agreement at Confederation between French ("pur laine") and English ("pur coton") Canadians; and to those new citizens who arrive here to become Canadians, and who continue the process of immigration that has gone on in this territory for millennia.

The continuous human flow of our past and present through immigration has created unparalleled diversity, a plural culture, and Canadian laws and institutions that have harmonized this diversity into the tissue of tolerance. Separatism, therefore, is unnatural, recidivist, and retrograde in the Canadian context, even if seemingly comparable national aspirations have found acceptance elsewhere. The primacy of French in Québec, the Napoleonic civil code of law, and other recognitions of the French fact in Canada already give Quebec a specific personality. For Mintzberg, Canada can find no equivalent model in the world whereby its dismemberment can be based on natural political evolution or comparison with an international historic precedent.

At the end of the essay Professor Mintzberg presents his draft of a constitution for Canada. Built on a foundation of tolerance, Canadians thrive on cultural diversity and "la souplesse des institutions". Tolerance is based on human dignity and personal freedoms. Institutions are important as support for these fundamental rights. There are three distinct societies: pur poil, pure laine, and pur coton. Canada is a mosaic of communities, and political power is divided among three orders of government: federal, provincial, and local. Canada is "une seule nation". The Quebec government has a "rôle special, mais non exclusif" to protect French culture, and there are native and other people within its aegis whose rights are fully Canadian.

The unity of Canada is an ongoing process, living and creating. It is not a static quantity enforced by ideology and bureaucracy. The essence of Mintzberg's argument is that the spirit of being Canadian is the fundamental strength behind all our

institutions, laws, and history. Tolerance in cultural diversity is the basis of the Canadian spirit, and the crux of this "Essai sur la problématique canadienne".

Professor Mintzberg has used his formidable reputation to express deeply held personal views on what Canada can and should be. Canada relies more and more on individual citizens who are willing to take philosophical and practical initiatives to protect the future of the country. It is refreshing to hear wise advice from a teacher and scholar whose field of study is the practical and applied disciplines of management, business, and organization.

This essay goes beyond wishful thinking to an argument that will challenge the logic and ethics of the hardest separatist. It is a rallying point for citizens who stand on guard for Canada, and an excellent contribution to the reconciliation that, with leadership and popular support, will be the grail of Canada's "renewed federalism".



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Another Tale of Two Cities (Part II)



Bungle in the Jungle by A Aalto

Following the kidnapped Dryan Tweedie from Japan to Brunei, LDC Liebnitz and Mabel Stanley found that Rialto Sleazewagon and Papa Jack Paridy had decamped with the archivist, and were last seen heading for the remote mountain kingdom of Su Wa Ni, deep in the Indolaysian jungle. The two logicians phoned the Centre's contacts there and booked the next flight out.

Now they gripped their armrests tightly as the plane winged over the small runway of Su Wa Ni airport. They had been only mildly unnerved by the antique appearance of the aircraft — there hadn't been many triplanes better than the 1917 Fokker, although Liebnitz had seen few with a log cabin for passengers nailed to the fuselage behind the machine-guns. The outside toilet was a surprise, but the food served on the flight was inedible anyway. And the knife fight that broke out between the pilot and co-pilot when they locked themselves out of the cockpit provided a welcome diversion from the fires that kept breaking out in the galley.

Eventually, the plane landed and taxied to the terminal. Staggering from the aircraft and edging carefully around the many passengers kissing the ground, Liebnitz and Mabel made their way to the terminal, where they were collected by their contact, Inspector Wa Diddi. As they rushed off in the Inspector's unmarked jitney, he hurried to explain the situation. "We've been trying to locate Sleazewagon and your friend Tweedie, but with little luck. The place is in total chaos anyway, with the White Rajah about to die and no heir apparent. About all we do know is that Sleazewagon is

somewhere in the Werzwaldo historical district by the river."

They pulled up at their hotel. As Liebnitz stepped from the car, something suddenly shot through the air directly at his head. Standing behind the ace logician, Mabel could only glimpse the shaft of the missile standing out from his face as he turned toward her. Her relief was great when she saw the suction-cupped mylar arrow stuck to his forehead. "Very funny, Sleazewagon," muttered Liebnitz as he unrolled the message taped to the arrow. He turned to Mabel and said, "It says to wait beside the statue of the Unknown Tourist in Werzwaldo, if we ever want to see Dryan alive again. And he explicitly forbids us to bring anyone else along. Since we have to get there in 10 minutes, I don't see that we have many options. Do you agree, Inspector?"

The Inspector thought a moment. "We can't jeopardize Mr Tweedie's life by ignoring the message. And I can't get a surveillance team organized in 10 minutes. But I can give you this little device." So saying, he handed Mabel a small brass pipe in a fragrant pouch. "When the pipe is empty like this, it sends out a signal telling us where you are. When you've actually found Tweedie, just toke up with this dried frangipani root and we'll know to storm the place." Mabel raised an eyebrow, but took the pouch.

Ten minutes later, beside the bewildered-looking statue, Liebnitz and Mabel were greeted by Papa Jack Paridy, cleverly disguised in a hockey uniform and mukluks. Smiling avuncularly, he urged them into the enclosed back of a passing rickshaw, where

they promptly passed out from the gas he pumped in. When they came to, they were in a large bare room with locked doors and no windows.

"Welcome," Sleazewagon sneered from a television set in one corner of the room. "Liebnitz, you've given me far too much trouble, and I'm delighted to have the opportunity to settle scores. Mabel, I'm overjoyed that you've come to me at last, after all these years. I'm told that you have someone else just now, but I'm sure we can handle that little problem." The camera pulled back to reveal Dryan Tweedie bound and gagged over a roiling pool, while liquid dripped fuming from a glass bottle onto the rope holding him up.

"Standard procedure, you'll note — I've always been a traditionalist," Sleazewagon continued. "Piranhas in the pool, acid eating away the rope — by my calculation, he has about 23 minutes to dinnertime. Now that he has served my purpose by bringing you here, it's ta-ta Tweedie." Enraged, Mabel launched herself at the TV, but Liebnitz stopped her, whispering "He's about to tell us how to save him. These crackpots can never resist."

"I'm a fair man, so I will give you a chance to save him," said Sleazewagon right on cue. "If you look on the wall behind Tweedie, you'll see a grid like a chess board, eight squares by eight. Each row of squares has a word beside it. Each column has a number above it. If someone presses the right square before it's too late, then Tweedie goes free. To choose the right square, you need the right word and the right number. How do you get them? Through the green door by the TV is the way to this room. Between us are a series of clues to the word and the number. If you think you've got them right, you can come in and take one try at the board."

Papa Jack appeared at his side, leering through his moustache. "By the way, don't expect to come in with guns blazing. Mr Paridy here removed yours while you slept. He also took this little drug kit of yours, my dear. You'll learn in time that I keep a drug-free environment. Well, see you in a few minutes. Perhaps."

With that, the TV screen went blank and the green door's electronic lock buzzed open. Liebnitz and Mabel went cautiously through and found themselves in a raised area at one

1102	1251	1397	1515	1643	1779	1837	1967	
								JAMBALAYA
								COUSCOUS
								XIAO MAI
								RISOTTO
								SUSHI
								TOURTIERE
								PAELLA
								TANDOORI

end of a long, wide room. Just inside the door was a modern-looking table. Examining it closely, they found a brass plaque with the inscription "D.I. Mendeleyev, 1869". Liebnitz frowned. The two whispered together, then nodded their heads and moved down the stairs to the main room.

Two rows of objects reached from where they stood to the double doors at the far end of the room. In front of each row was a small sign on a stand. Mabel took the first row, whose sign said ONE SYMBOL AFTER ANOTHER. The six groups of objects in this row were ordered and lettered as follows:

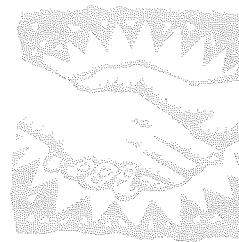
- (a) A toy action figure of the Lone Ranger on horseback, with his faithful Indian companion Tonto.
- (b) A sepia picture of a man and a woman in turn-of-the-century European attire, seated next to a table with two Nobel prizes. Written on the back of the picture is the number 1898.
- (c) A picture of a uniformed policeman.
- (d) A first aid kit with a small bottle and bandages on top.
- (e) A beaker of microchips and a beaker of sand.
- (f) A night scene of Times Square, brilliantly illuminated.

Liebnitz took the second row. The sign said NUMBERS and below that $(G \times H) - (3 \times I) + J - K + (3 \times L)$. The six groups of objects in this row were ordered and lettered as follows:

- (g) A book by Guenther Grass, a can of beans and a photo of Jack Haley.
- (h) A piece of antique needlepoint and a photo of Cary Grant with Edward Everett Horton.
- (i) A woolly yellow sheepskin, a picture of William Jennings Bryan and a fairy-tale book opened to the story "Rumplestiltskin".
- (j) A montage photo of Bismarck and Margaret Thatcher shaking hands, with a German medal on top.
- (k) A comic book cover of Superman flying off into space with an exploding planet behind him.
- (l) A model of an American spacecraft with "Freedom 7" painted on the side, and a CD by Queen.

Having reached the end of the room, the two logicians consulted and then pushed open the double doors. Before their eyes, Tweedie swung gently and eyed them desperately. Sleazewagon glowered beside him at the edge of the pool, while Papa Jack

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lounge and smoked something fragrant in the far corner of the room. Ignoring everything but Tweedie's plight, Liebnitz and Mabel started toward the grid of squares. But Sleazewagon drew a gun and moved to cut them off. "Finished so quickly?" he said in oily tones. "I'm sorry to see that. And Tweedie still has three minutes. Why don't we discuss this a little further. I would *really* be upset if he continued to come between us, Mabel."

"There's nothing to come between," she replied. "I wouldn't have you if you were the last man on earth." "I can give that a shot, if you'd like," replied Sleazewagon. Mabel persevered. "You said we could have a try at the board if we worked out the clues," she said. "So I lied," snarled Sleazewagon. "At this point, I'm not prepared to take chances."

He glanced down at his watch. Mabel pulled a slim dagger from her boot, where Papa Jack had missed it, and hurled it with all her strength. Alarmed, Sleazewagon lurched aside and brought up his gun. Just as his finger tightened, a small bright object struck him in the nose. Expecting the worst, he looked down to see a suction-tipped mylar arrow tumble into the pool and be savaged by a myopic piranha. "Funny, eh?" asked Liebnitz proudly.

Mabel's dagger meanwhile flew truly to its target, one of the squares on the board.

With a grinding sound, the boom holding Tweedie's hanging figure swung away from the pool. On the way, it swayed erratically and nudged Sleazewagon in passing. Already off balance from Liebnitz' dart, he teetered and fell noisily into the pool, as the rope finally parted and dropped Tweedie onto the floor and into Mabel's arms. Ungagged, his first words were, "Touché, Sleazewagon." When he then tried to explain to Mabel why he was wearing a dress, she shut him up quickly in the best possible way.

Meanwhile, Papa Jack managed to stagger upright. He came over to Liebnitz, brandished what he had been smoking and said, "Boy, that's really great frangipani she was carrying, and I like the pipe too." It was just then that the wall blew out and the rajah's bodyguard came storming in, led by a jubilant Inspector Wa.

Wrapping things up over dinner with the Inspector and his brother Tsun, Liebnitz admitted he was not sure Sleazewagon was gone. "The piranhas may have refused to eat him — professional courtesy, you know." Tweedie had been recognized (by the usual aged nurse) as the heir to the throne of the White Rajah. He married Mabel and was last seen on a ceremonial barge heading up the Su Wa Ni River, she threatening him with mayhem if the Al Jolsen imitation did not stop NOW. No-one

knew what had happened to Papa Jack, although it was rumoured that he flew out of the country without a plane.

As the party broke up, the Inspector's brother asked Liebnitz what the key to the puzzle had been. Replied the logician, "Elementary, my dear Wa Tsun."

Can you duplicate Mabel's and Liebnitz's feat by marking the square of Sleazewagon's board (or identifying it by a word and a number) that was the key to releasing Tweedie? It is not necessary to duplicate their feat by actually rescuing him. The first correct answer drawn by **bout de papier** from those received by February 27, 1998 will win two books on Southeast Asia, including the story of the real White Rajah.

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DG/Sigint	Paco	Rallentando	Bok Choy	Alta	59	407	26	2
DG/Humint	Elijah	Oldesoto	Artichoke	BC	59	209	30	3
DG/Ops	McCarthy	Nosewinkle	Cauliflower	Ont	53	110	38	4
DG/Admin	Pavlova	Purlieu	Yam	Man	53	319	27	5
D/Dev	Aloysius	Marimba	Daikon	Que	31	434	7	6
D/Int	Ulysses	Flashworthy	Asparagus	NS	43	420	10	7
D/Ana(I)	Desdemona	DeCadence	Endive	BC	29	406	6	8
D/Rec	Zeitgeist	O'Hagen	Beans	Alta	37	245	8	9
D/Main	Serafina	Syzygy	Eggplant	Sask	41	210	13	10
D/Ana(II)	Mencius	Tattersall	Rhubarb	Que	29	203	6	11
D/Per	Ramona	Roskenkranz	Chives	Ont	47	105	5	12
D/Pen	Felix	Africa	Shallot	PEI	23	231	14	13
D/SO	Ishmael	Irrawaddy	Leek	Nfld	37	140	3	14
D/Tec	Moses	Arroses	Okra	Ont	31	217	12	15
D/Com	Hypatia	MacHinery	Squash	NB	43	301	4	16
D/Fin	Beauregard	Souffle	Garbanzo	Que	47	329	9	17
D/HK	Hyperbole	McGeek	Watercress	NS	41	315	11	18

The mole's surname: PURLIEU.
Tweedie's friend: TATTERSALL.
The APEC capital where Tweedie is held: BANDAR SERI BEGAWAN (Brunei).



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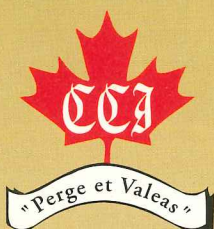
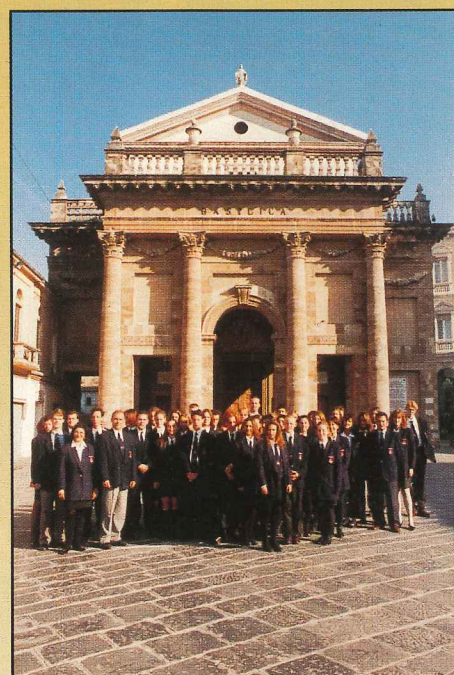
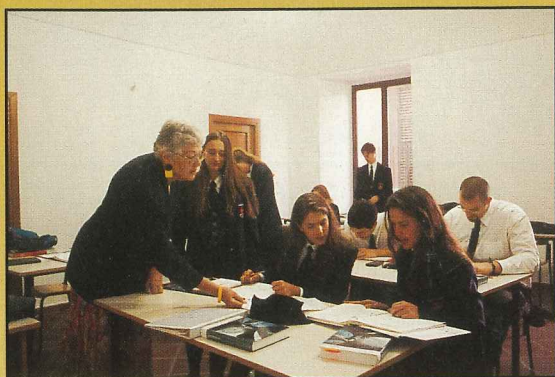
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