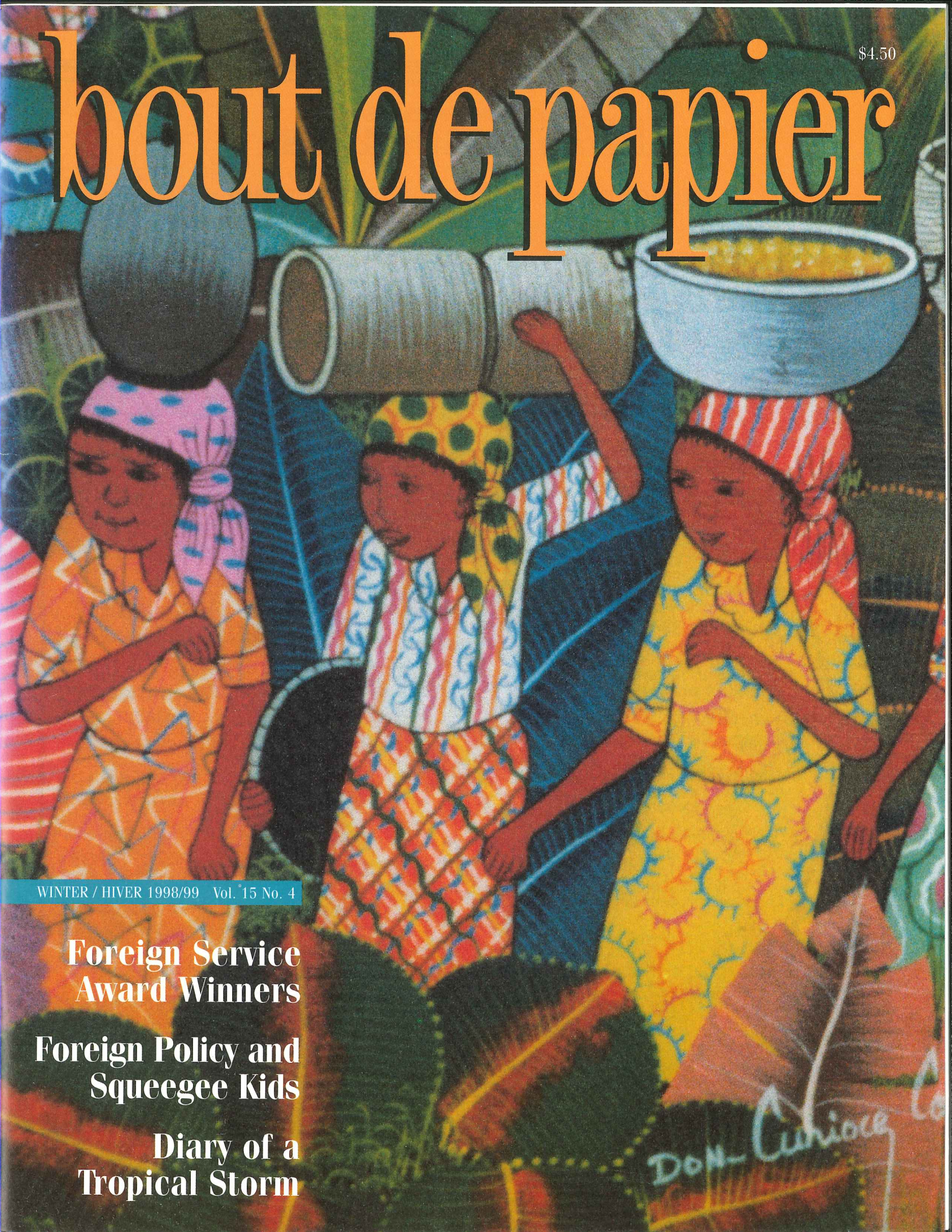


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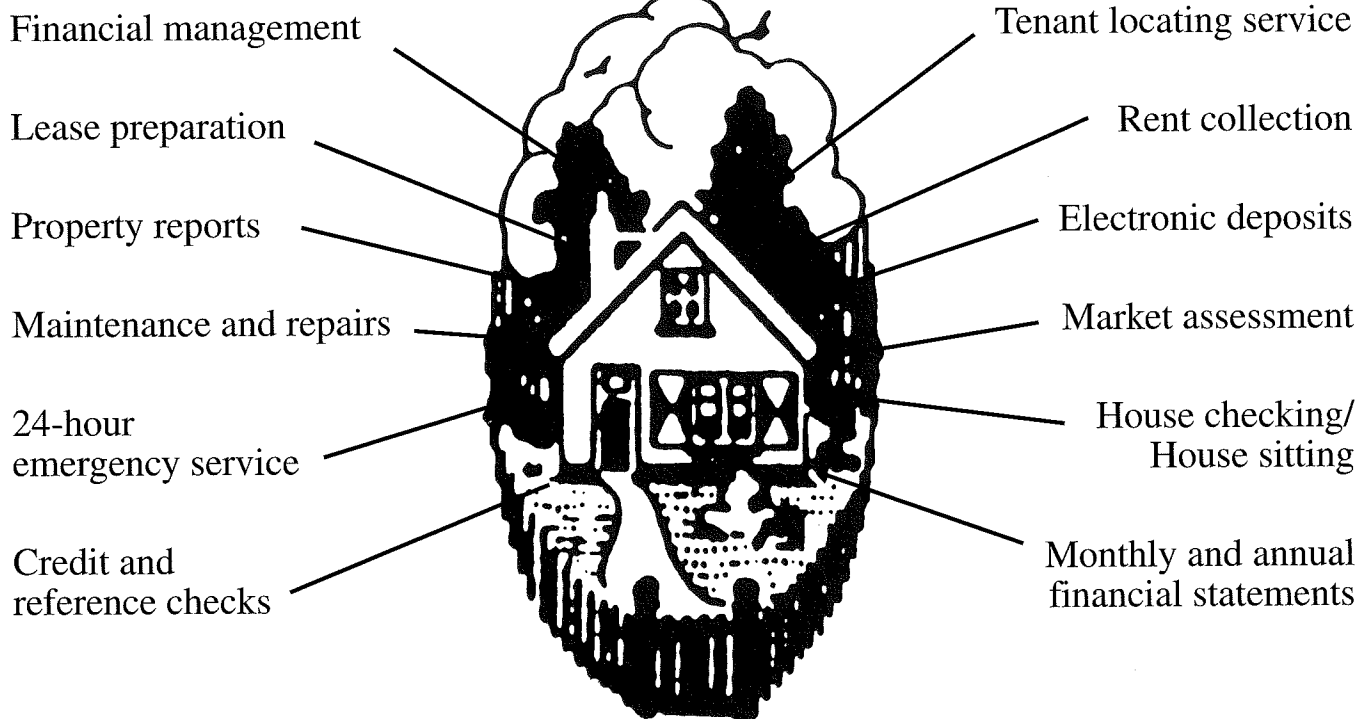
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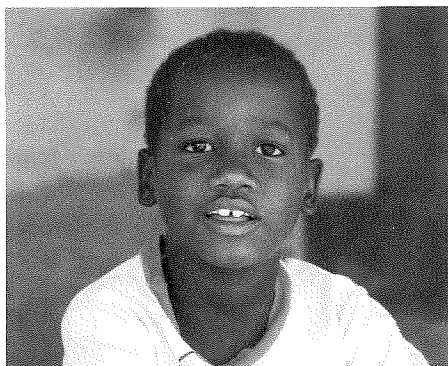
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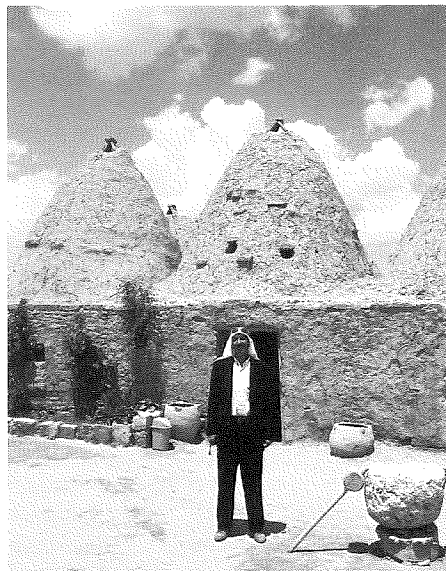
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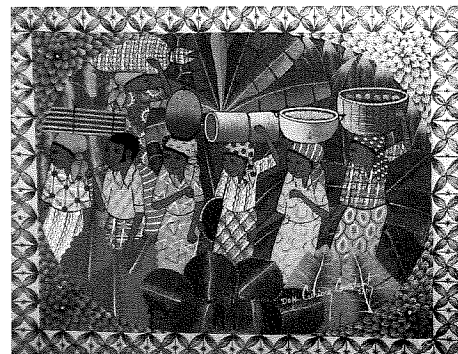
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Our cover photo, taken by Bill Bottomley, is of a market scene by artist Dan-Curiace Constant.

Editor's Notebook / Carnet du rédacteur

This issue of **bout** was being prepared as Canada took its place as president of the UN Security Council early on in our two-year term on the Council. As our political leadership and the Canadian public enjoy the prestige and heightened international profile afforded us by the seat on the Council, I would be remiss not to recognize the contributions of Foreign Service Officers overseas and at HQ, and of some retired FS 'emissaries' as well, in the intense lobbying campaign that led to Canada's winning the seat. Since then, officers at 125 Sussex and at the UN mission have done yeoman service in gearing up for our term on the Council, while over the next two years many officers will put in long and stressful hours, away from family and friends, as Canada seeks to make the world a better and safer place from its perch on the Council. Recognition of outstanding officers is the theme of our first Feature article this issue which reports on the success of last year's sold-out PAFSO awards ceremony where four outstanding FS — Deborah Chatsis, Patricia Fortier, Donald McGillivray and Roman Waschuk — were honoured by their colleagues. We also describe special recognition for two other outstanding FS — James Bartleman and Robert Peck.

Another Feature article, by Renata Wielgosz, provides a poignant, first-hand account of the devastation wrought by Hurricane Mitch on the people of Tegucigalpa, Honduras, written in the hope that Canadians will not soon forget those who perished from Mitch and those who now seek to rebuild the region. We also present first-time **bout** contributor Christopher Brown's reflections on shared moments with former Tanzanian president Julius Nyerere.

Our second "PAFSO Forum/Forum de L'APASE" provides provocative comment by a group of new FS on career prospects and life in the Department from the FS-1 perspective. We have also included excerpts from a panel discussion between new FS and media that took place at the Department's first Open House last November, where our newest recruits talked about their backgrounds and aspirations in the foreign service. The next issue of **bout** will feature excerpts from an Open House panel featuring retired Heads of Mission.

In "Commentary", itinerant notetaker

Sam Hanson looks at how electronic writing tools are affecting diplomatic note-taking, while Daryl Copeland asks whether Canada has the requisite diplomatic strategies and tools to meet the challenges of globalization.

For those who enjoy touring the globe with **bout**, in this issue we explore the historical and architectural heritage of south-eastern Turkey with Michael Grant, while Bill Bottomley takes us to rural Haiti, pot-holes and all.

For "From the Archives", **bout** editorial board member Hector Mackenzie has again dug into the dusty files to come up with excerpts from the Mackenzie King diaries relating to King's participation in the August 1928 signing of the Kellogg-Briand pact. We also offer an excerpt from John Starnes' new memoir, *Closely Guarded: A Life in Canadian Intelligence and Security*, which provides insight into the world of Canadian intelligence in the 1960s and 1970s.

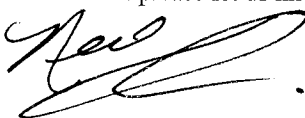
For contributions to "Books in Review" we thank Jean-Pierre Juneau for his review of Henri Froment-Meurice's *Vue du Quai*, and Hector Mackenzie, who examines *We Now Know: Rethinking Cold War History*, the newest release from John Lewis Gaddis. Jane Anido has also contributed a review of Mary Taylor's *If Only I Had Known*.

In a lighter vein, newly-discovered comedy writer Michael Kaduck provides a hilarious account of his first day in the Department, with details and ironies familiar to those who joined last year, or 40 years ago.

"In Memoriam" contains tributes to a number of outstanding former members of the Department, including Marion McPherson, Lucien Lamoureux, Keith MacLellan, and longstanding PAFSO Executive Director Leo Martin.

Finally, A Aalto, recently back from posting and taking advantage of the long Ottawa winters to further refine his art, presents a gastronomic enigma — "Murder by Cuisine".

Material for **bout** keeps coming in and we thank you for it. If you want to write for Canada's magazine of diplomacy and foreign service, or be part of the **bout** editorial team, please let us know.



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Manuscripts are welcome in double-spaced format, preferably in WordPerfect, with a short biographical note about the author(s). Features are normally around 2,500 words. **bout de papier** publishes all articles in their original language. Send articles to **bout de papier**, c/o PAFSO (see address above). Manuscripts accepted à double espace, de préférence dans WordPerfect, 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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Dear Editor:

Re: "Over the Volcano" (**bout**, Summer 1998) and my alternative reality.

Looking back through his queasiness darkly, Nicholas Coghlan recalls that everyone was physically repelled by the prospect of drinking Dave's champagne atop Orizaba. Not so. Champagne did indeed wet my lips.

As I recall, my preoccupation wasn't so much any altitude sickness as the thought I and my knees were going to have to get back down. Plus, with the air pressure at that height and Dave having jounced the bottle at every step from 1 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., most of the champagne erupted into foamy nothingness anyway.

I was perfectly agreeable to a drink at the bottom, though. Alas, Dave had no second surprise to pull out of his pack.

Elizabeth Gammell
Ottawa

P.S. In my alternative version of reality, the bottle also was at least a magnum, if not a jereboam.

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Tools of the Trade: A Review Article

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by Sam Hanson

This profession of ours has existed in one form or another since Biblical times, and we who practice it have spent much of that time taking notes. Wax-covered wooden plaques, clay tablets, papyrus, parchment, 20-pound bond — the materials have changed, but not the function.

When I walked through the big bronze doors nearly a quarter-century ago to join what was then called the Department of External Affairs, the diplomat's tools of choice were what they had always been: pen and notepad. Poole's royal blue fountain pen ink was still supplied on request, although disposable plastic ballpoints had pretty well become standard.

What has happened since then in the field of information technology has had remarkably little effect on the traditional diplomatic function of note-taking. It has not enabled diplomats to discharge their core tasks more efficiently and effectively, so much as it has enabled them to take on additional tasks formerly done by others: secretaries, clerks, communicators, couriers.

As an FS-ID I was looked upon askance for requesting an electric typewriter to use for drafting.

About the time of my first posting, to Canada's NATO delegation in Brussels, the first word processing systems made their appearance.

A couple of years later in Ottawa, I once suggested to someone who is now a very senior official that what the Department needed was a computer system which would hold all our message traffic in a database, accessible to users with connected terminals. He no longer remembers telling me: "Tu rêves en technicolour!" (Well, it was only 1979.)

The Apple made its appearance, then the IBM PC. Then came the clones.

COSICS came. As mainframe systems with dumb terminals go, it was a good system. And, as good systems go, it went.

SIGNET replaced COSICS and, in its various alphabetical incarnations and upgrades, it seems lately to stay a while.

But note-taking has stayed the same, apparently impervious to the electronic age.

More recent innovations, however, promise to change all that.

The first signs of something radically new were pocket digital assistants (PDAs), or palmtops: miniature computers with scheduling, contact list, to-do list and sometimes other applications built in. They had miniature keyboards and were about the size and shape of a pocket diary — the paper artifact they were intended to replace. They weighed more, but could be carried in your pocket — although it would help if your jacket had a steel inter-lining.

Then came PDAs without keyboards. You used a stylus instead. Best known are the Pilot — Palm Pilot — Palm III series. They recognize your handwriting — as long as you write in their proprietary style. More significantly, they synchronize with the Personal Information Manager software on your computer. The information you record on your PDA uploads to the PC; information input to the PC by yourself or a colleague (or your secretary, where such still exist) downloads to the PDA.

Within the last year or so, voice recognition software has appeared that holds out the prospect of being able to give dictation to a PC. (as Orwell's Winston Smith did to Big Brother's "Speakwrite", to cite a non-PC example). But, when we return to the office with a pad full of notes and a requirement to transmit a report for delivery by 0900, we find that SIGNET is incapable of typing those notes up.

The most frustrating thing about the new technology is that until now it has stayed on the desktop, bound to the network by coaxial or fibre-optic cables, or in any case too heavy to put in your pocket and take to a meeting. PDAs are not very good for the task that most of us still spend much of our time doing: taking notes. There is also an evolving etiquette that militates not only against burbling beepers and shrilling cell-phones, but clicking keyboards. Where

the core diplomatic activity of note-taking is concerned, we are still where we were a century or a millennium ago: with pen and notepad.

Until now.

Somewhat masked by the availability of voice recognition software has been a development of at least equal significance: handwriting recognition software.

How does it work? According to the IBM Handwriting Recognition Research Group (www.research.ibm.com/handwriting):

"The main technique used in our unconstrained handwriting recognition engine is that of hidden Markov models. A model is built for each character that we want to recognize — typically all the keyboard symbols, though this varies from language to language. A model is trained by collecting statistics from a large number of examples of such letters contained in our handwriting database. This has been created by collecting samples of handwriting from a large number of people with a wide range of handwriting styles.

Having created the models with these statistics, we recognize new words by comparing them with models for whole words, created by concatenating individual letter models."

Of course. Just so.

This is what is at the core of the latest development: the personal digital notepad, or PDN. Enter the latest offering from A. T. Cross, better known as a maker of exquisite and expensive pens, and more recently of styli for PDAs. The Crosspad went on sale in the USA at the end of March 1998, and is now available at some locations in Canada.

The Crosspad (available in two different sizes) looks much like that most mundane of stationery items, a clipboard holding either an 8 1/2" x 11" or 9" x 6" lined pad. You write on it with a ballpoint pen, just like you always have.

But the clipboard and the pen are more than they seem. The clipboard (the larger model is 24.5 cm x 35 cm and 1.5 cm thick) weighs no less than a kilo. It contains a full-page digitizer tablette, and 1 MB of flash RAM, sufficient to store about fifty pages of handwriting. Below the bottom edge of the paper pad are control buttons and a small display panel. Recessed into the top edge are a serial port (for data transfer), an AC recharger port for an optional rechargeable battery system, and the housing for four AAA batteries.

The stylus looks like, and is, a handsome (and hefty — at 40 grams it weighs as much as a Montblanc 149) Cross ballpoint in matte black with gold trim. A crystal-like

"signet" in the top of the cap is said to contain a holographic insignia designating the pen as "digital" (but try as I might, I could not discern a holographic image of any kind). The interior of the pen is occupied principally by a tiny radio transmitter, and a AAAA battery to power it. This leaves room for a special, and very short (4.5 cm) ballpoint refill sufficient for about fifty pages of writing. (A recess in the edge of the clipboard accommodates a cassette with five spare refills.)

The cardboard backing of a standard paper pad slides easily into a slot near the top of the Crosspad, which holds it steady in relation to the digitizer. You write on the paper in a normal manner, but touching the pen to the paper (a spring-loaded switch can be felt working) activates the radio transmitter. As you write with ink on the paper you record a digital image ("digital ink", as the documentation refers to it) of the page into RAM, where it is stored to be uploaded into a P.C. running IBM's "Ink Manager" software (now in Release 1.5).

The software is really the heart of the system. It installs from a CD-ROM in much the same manner as any other Windows 95 application, with a "Wizard" prompting for information (Do you print, use cursive script, or write in all capitals?) at appropriate points.

It takes about two hours, however, to set the software up fully, so that it can recognize your individual handwriting. This is accomplished by working through an "orientation guide" which is printed on a paper pad and inserted into the Crosspad. As in grade school handwriting exercises, you copy out two dozen pages of pre-set phrases and sentences (including "the quick brown fox..."), which are then uploaded to the P.C. by means of the "Ink Transfer" utility, and processed by the "Ink Manager Trainer" module. (It took my Pentium 133 about 40 minutes to process each set.) Two "basic training" sets are included in the printed orientation guide; a further seven are included in the software as Adobe Acrobat *.PDF files which can be printed out and used to improve the system's sensitivity to your personal handwriting.

Once the basic "training" process is completed, Ink Manager is supposed to be capable of recognizing your handwriting and converting it into computer text, which can be inserted into a word processor to become a memo, an e-mail, a stilted note verbale, or what you will.

Electronic tablettes have been around for some time, but they have been permanently tethered to their host computers. Tiny radio transmitters are not new either, as anyone knows who has attended a technical

security briefing. But a computer program that can be trained in a couple of hours to transcribe notes taken down in haste — we have been waiting for this for some little time.

I found that the system performed more or less as advertised. Once uploaded to the computer, hand-written notes appear as a graphic image in a window on the screen. When the "recognition" utility is activated, a transcription of the notes appears in print in a second window; indecipherable words are flagged with an inverted question mark. Once I had completed the "training" process, Ink Manager was able to recognize and convert the first draft of this article with what I would estimate to be an error rate of less than one character in ten. The error rate increased markedly, however, on the phrase "tu rêves en Technicouleur", which confirmed that Ink Manager works by recognizing not only characters, but words. It failed on all the accented characters, and attempted to convert French words to English ones of the same approximate spelling.

Much like the spell-checker in a word processing application, Ink Manager works with a dictionary of about 30,000 words. In the USA version, this is an English-only dictionary. As in a word processor, there is a utility for adding words, but a French dictionary is obviously essential for Canada.

Once in the system, your notes can be stored in "notebook" files, either as converted text or as graphic images (useful if you want to keep your doodles), indexed according to keywords or dates. They can be copied into word processing or graphics applications and transmitted by P.C. fax or as e-mail attachments.

Until now, the contribution of information technology has been to place on our desktops the capability of performing tasks that were traditionally carried out by others. The PDN provides long-awaited electronic enhancement to the traditional diplomatic task of note-taking — the job that we have always had to do ourselves.

I suspect that this latest innovation will catch on rapidly. Personally, I can no longer imagine doing serious note-taking without a PDN, but I will have one regret. I will miss the crisp, sensuous feeling of a gold nib gliding over good paper with just the right amount of resistance. Ballpoints give me writers' cramp. ☹

Sam Hanson is currently Deputy Director of the Corporate Planning and Resource Management Division. He has taken notes at NATO, Belgrade, Dar-es-Salaam, Windhoek, Zagreb and the UN.

Looking and Seeing: Foreign Policy and Squeegee Kids



Daryl Copeland

by Daryl Copeland

In the early 1980s as a junior political officer I was posted to Bangkok, Thailand. The Southeast Asian wars had ended less than a decade earlier, although the horrors of the Cambodian genocide were still vivid. Cold War geostrategists had imposed a *realpolitik* interpretation of the Vietnamese intervention which required the effective rehabilitation the Khmer Rouge under the veneer of an opposition "democratic" coalition. The historical setting was extraordinary, and rendered my perceptions of the culture, landscapes and people all the more poignant.

I had a few days of overlap with my predecessor, and on the first day after arriving was taken by he and our locally-engaged consular assistant to visit the former capital of Ayuthaya, sacked by Burmese in the 18th century and lying in a splendid state of ruin about 50 km up the Chao Phraya river from Bangkok. En route to the site I was struck by the density of the traffic, the congestion and the air pollution. I recall with particular clarity my amazement and shock to discover that the major intersections in Bangkok had been transformed into places of commerce, with children cleaning windshields for

a few baht and hawking snacks, garlands, and newspapers. In some neighbourhoods, the kids, too, were for sale.

As we cleared the sprawling suburbs, I remember thinking about the hazards of trying to make a meagre living among the careening cars, trucks, busses and, especially, the noxious fumes. Wasn't it fortunate, I mused, that standards of public health and social service in Canada were such that I would never see Canadian children working the streets. This could never happen to us.

In about an hour we arrived at the first stop, a magnificent temple featuring a giant reclining Buddha. To my surprise, our Thai colleague stopped

at a vendor's stall along the path and came back with a small bird in a bamboo cage. She walked to the riverbank, opened the gate of the cage and freed the bird. I thought this curious, enquired, and was provided a brief explanation of the significance in Buddhist religious practice of making merit.

A few moments later a tall, slightly scruffy looking male visitor, perhaps German or Dutch, who had been watching the proceedings from a distance approached the vendor and also bought a caged bird. An obvious novice, slightly awkward, he seemed to want to be accepted, and to do the right thing. But after a few tries, he was still fumbling, somewhat clumsily, with the clasp, beginning to draw a crowd, trying hard but never quite managing to get the cage open. The episode was beginning to take on the qualities of a minor spectacle.

Losing patience, in embarrassed desperation he tried to force the latch, but instead of opening the door, the entire edifice burst apart, and was in a moment transformed into a splinter cloud of bamboo shards. I noticed, with some relief, that the bird had escaped. But to my astonishment, it circled in a wide arc and then flew back to the vendor. It was promptly returned to the larger cage for resale.

And the hapless foreign visitor was charged extra for breakage.

Hmmm...

On that sun-drenched, frangipani-scented, saffron-tinged morning, the importance of symbols, gestures, context and dimensions of experience came into slightly sharper relief. I began to realize that I was in a very different, and, in all respects, very distant place, where everything was not as it seemed, and where much occurred at levels other than the obvious. It was dawning on me that there was going to be a distinction between living somewhere and just passing through. Whatever fragments of insight I had picked up in several years of backpack travel, not to mention anything I may have absorbed while pursuing international studies, I could conclude only that I was not yet equipped, personally or professionally, to function effectively.

In the intervening 15 years I have had many occasions to reflect back on that day. Not long ago, in a speech dealing with Canada's attempts to promote civil society in the Asia Pacific, I tried to use the story about freeing the bird as a parable. I still don't know if it works. Among the several possible messages, it occurs to me that the act of interpretation is just as much a creative as an analytic process, and that the search for meaning, real or symbolic, is not only difficult, and tortuous, but unending.

But not all issues are quite so amorphous. Let's take the young Thai street merchants, for example. For me, that image resonates deeply, especially in face of the subsequent fraying of the social fabric of this country. In the decade and a half which have elapsed, Canadians have borne witness to changes which have brought third world lifestyles not only to our doorstep, but right into the house.

In fairness, it might be a bit of a stretch to suggest a parallel between the appearance of "squeegee kids" at intersections in cities across this country and the children working intersections all over the economic south. But the similarity is close enough to be chilling. And I think that these kinds of developments are even more telling if situated in a larger, and in many ways grimmer picture.

It is difficult to avoid drawing a causal link between Canada's burgeoning population of street people — on the roads, huddled over hot air gratings, under bridges and in abandoned buildings — and the programme-cutting drive to international competitiveness which has lately so dominated the economic and political landscape. Broken windows and peeling paint in public schools, line-ups in hospital emergency wards, the receding scope and level of public services, the deepening poverty and inequity amid plenty, these are in my view the expressions of globalization's domestic toll.

Another manifestation of this phenomenon was the politically expedient decision, initiated about ten years ago, to declare war on the public service. The suspension of collective bargaining, freezing of wages, rolling back of benefits, and massive layoffs made little contribution to reducing the deficit, but had disastrous consequences for the quality of public administration, once a pillar of Canadian nationality. No amount of La Releve PR, and certainly not insulting tokens like bureaucrat appreciation week can compensate for the damage done. The public service is still reeling, and consequences for Canadians of the entire ill-conceived and mismanaged episode, not to mention the impact of government withdrawal from many of its traditional functions and responsibilities, will be felt for generations.

Meanwhile, in the press and electronic media the language of received wisdom dominates. Earnest calls for a "level economic playing field", cheerleading for "competitiveness" and "policy reform", odes to "deregulation" and "adjustment" and glowing tributes to the inevitability of "policy harmonization" are inescapable. What strikes me about them all is the extent to which, when pushed just a little, each reduces to code for the lowest common denominator. Talk of incorporating minimum social, labour and environmental standards into international trade agreements notwithstanding, in the global economy of the late 20th century there is no floor. As the costs of interdependence skyrocket — melting markets, freefalling currencies, financial and institutional collapse — the bloom is off.

All macro indicators suggest that the Canadian economy continues to outperform much of the rest of the G7, and the UNDP has repeatedly found our quality of life, as expressed in the human development index, unsurpassed. Be this as it may, what I see are more rich, many more poor, a very stretched middle, and an increasingly stressed environment. The latest ranking was based on

figures for 1995, the year of the federal budget which changed everything but didn't really start to bite until the following year. Some key indicators have already reversed direction; I fully expect that the coveted first place ranking will be lost.

How much slippage might be anticipated? Given that polarization is growing both within and between states, I wonder if it is an unreasonable question whether or not this country's place in the higher range of the new international division of labour is really so secure. Is the recent decision, in the face of a challenge under the terms of the NAFTA, to drop the ban on a potentially hazardous fuel additive, MMT, a portent of what is in store for national health and social policy? What is to be made of the large scale retreat from environmental regulation? As any Argentine, or Burmese, or Sri Lankan will attest, even in the once most favoured places things can and do go terribly wrong.

For diplomats, the nub of the issue is just what, if anything, Canadian foreign policy might do to avert that kind of fate. Are the present objectives, strategies and tools of Canadian foreign policy appropriate to the global challenge? Do *soft power* and *niche diplomacy* suit our national capacities and interests? What kind of contribution con-

stitutes the real value added of the foreign service? Might a continuing and rigorous study of the best practices and worst pitfalls of comparative public policy, rather than conventional diplomacy, better serve Canadian requirements?

To return to the problem of ascribing meaning and the anecdote about the caged bird, perhaps the best, and maybe the only derivative lesson is that analysis is difficult. But getting a better handle on some of the more consequential political and economic implications of Canada's changing place in the world — a handle which won't break off during heavy lifting — is nonetheless essential.

bout's contributors and readership represent a considerable reservoir of expertise and experience. Ideas, anyone? ☺

Daryl Copeland is a Foreign Service officer who has served abroad in Thailand, Ethiopia, New Zealand and Malaysia. He is a member of the Executive Committee of PAFSO. Seconded to the Canadian Institute of International Affairs in November 1995, he works as National Programme Director and Editor of Behind the Headlines, Canada's international affairs magazine. The views expressed in this article are his alone.



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Six personnes ayant joint le ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international comme agents du service extérieur en 1997, dont moi-même, se sont réunies récemment pour échanger sur notre perspective et tenter d'esquisser nos préoccupations. Dans les lignes qui suivent, nous partageons brièvement avec vous le fruit un peu âpre de notre conversation.

L'uniformisation des normes de classification des postes (NGC), les possibilités de promotions, l'obtention d'une affectation, le nouveau programme de formation des recrues, la rétribution du temps supplémentaire sont autant de sujets qui embrouillent notre boule de cristal lorsque nous tentons de voir où nous serons dans cinq ans. Il se dégage de nos préoccupations un sentiment d'impuissance face à des variables dont le contrôle nous échappe et dont les règles nous semblent dictées par un concept nébuleux exprimé par le vocable «exigences opérationnelles». À chaque jour, sont prises au sein de

ce Ministère des décisions qui ont un impact prédominant sur notre qualité de vie, sur notre degré de satisfaction et,

parfois même, sur notre relation avec les autres membres de notre famille. Sommes-nous considérés comme des êtres humains avec des besoins, des forces et des faiblesses, ou seulement comme des modules interchangeables au gré des besoins et de l'humeur des gestionnaires? Voici quelques exemples qui motivent notre questionnement:

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La grande majorité d'entre nous avons joint le service extérieur pour combler notre désir de servir notre pays à l'étranger. Si nous nous réjouissons de la vitesse avec laquelle la plupart des agents de la filière commerciale sont déployés (plusieurs de nos collègues de la cuvée 1997 sont déjà à l'étranger), nous déplorons que les agents de la filière politique voient disparaître des ouvertures, alors que des postes sont subitement fermés ou transformés. Cette année, ce sont une quarantaine de candidats qui ont vu la liste des destinations passer de 18 à 8 ouvertures. Nous constatons avec amertume que nous devons demeurer trois, quatre, peut-être même cinq ans à Ottawa avant notre première affectation. Cette situation engendre une vive concurrence (néanmoins amicale) entre les agents dans un contexte nous donnant parfois l'impression que les règles d'attribution sont édictées à posteriori pour épouser le profil de la candidature retenue en fonction, bien sûr, des exigences opérationnelles.

Ne vous demandez pas ce que le MAECI peut faire pour vous, mais ce que vous pouvez faire pour lui!

On pourrait croire que les crises sévissent en permanence dans ce Ministère, si l'on se fie aux nombres de personnes qui travaillent au-delà des heures normales. Pourtant, il n'y a qu'une seule crise permanente, celle du manque criant de ressources humaines. Pour ne pas rater nos échéances, ne pas compromettre la qualité de notre travail ou notre carrière, nous besognons souvent huit ou dix heures par jour. Imaginez lorsqu'il y a véritablement une crise!

Dès les premières séances d'information auxquelles nous avons assisté, nos représentants syndicaux nous ont rappelé de réclamer les heures de travail supplémentaires effectuées. Nous y avons droit, surtout au salaire que nous recevons. En principe, il y va du simple bon sens, mais dans les faits, les règles varient selon les exigences

opérationnelles de chaque direction/directeur, et selon la provision du poste budgétaire concerné. C'est vrai que nous sommes souvent coupables de vouloir plaire et nous attirer les bonnes grâces de notre entourage, mais il y a péché par omission lorsque la haute direction néglige de rappeler tout le monde à l'ordre. Dans certaines directions, on suggère même aux agents qui se portent volontaires pour des projets spéciaux d'y voir un privilège compensant largement les heures de travail effectuées. Si la haute direction exprimait clairement à quelle enseigne elle loge concernant le temps supplémentaire, nous cesserions d'être soumis aux coutumes locales. Heureusement pour les agents de la filière commerciale (les chanceux), il semble qu'un leadership vigoureux en la matière soit en passe d'éradiquer cette tare qui rogne nos revenus au grand bonheur du Conseil du Trésor et à la grande reconnaissance des contribuables Canadiens.

FS-02 : Oui je le veux?

En vertu de la nouvelle convention collective, nous devrions être promus au niveau FS-02 après 5 années de service, sous réserve de rencontrer certains critères. Or nul participant à cette discussion n'aurait su dire quels seront ces critères et quelle est la note de passage. La confiance que nous éprouvons envers ce Ministère n'est d'aucun réconfort face à notre ignorance. À plus long terme, nous nous interrogeons sur nos chances de promotion à des postes de gestion par rapport à celles de nos collègues recrutés après 1997 et ayant suivi une formation en gestion reconnue à l'échelle de la fonction publique fédérale. Nous comparissons avec nos collègues FS-02 dont la carrière semble avoir atteint le cul du sac. Nous ne sommes pas assez naïfs pour ne pas croire que pareil sort nous guette aussi. De plus, l'uniformisation des normes de classification des postes (NGC), sans mentionner le recours aux employés à terme et à de la main-d'oeuvre contractuelle, s'ajoute aux facteurs qui nous laissent songeurs. Nous sommes enclins à croire qu'elle vise davantage à répondre aux exigences opérationnelles qu'à améliorer notre avenir au sein du Ministère, notamment en élargissant l'accès aux postes de FS à toute la fonction publique. Avons-nous franchi avec tant d'efforts et de fierté la porte principale du Ministère pour nous rendre compte que les portes secondaires sont grandes ouvertes?

Y a-t-il péril en la demeure?

Il n'y a bien sûr rien de nouveau dans cette liste non exhaustive des préoccupations qui

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édulcorent l'enthousiasme de nos premiers pas au Ministère, sinon qu'elle perdure. Cet automne, des quotidiens ont publié des articles décrivant l'empressement d'un certain nombre de nos collègues à divorcer avec la carrière diplomatique pour aller empocher des salaires alléchants dans le secteur privé. Si la plupart d'entre nous n'entrevoions pas encore la rupture de notre relation avec le Ministère, c'est parce que nous aimons notre travail. Mais d'aucuns ne sauraient y voir une pérennité s'apparentant au lien du mariage.

Serait-ce que la nouvelle génération d'agents du service extérieur ne porte plus en elle le sens de la vocation qui motivait nos prédécesseurs à se consacrer entièrement à la diplomatie canadienne? La question s'appuie sur une prémisse qui reste à démontrer, et la réponse n'apportera aucune solution, puisque celle-ci ne se trouve pas tant dans un changement d'attitude des employés du Ministère, que dans la façon dont les ressources humaines sont gérées. Un peu moins d'exigences opérationnelles s'il-vous-plaît. ☺

Rédigé par Yves Duval avec la collaboration de Simon Cridland, Ann Flanagan, Marie-Louise Hannan, Chris Hull et Johanne Lemay.

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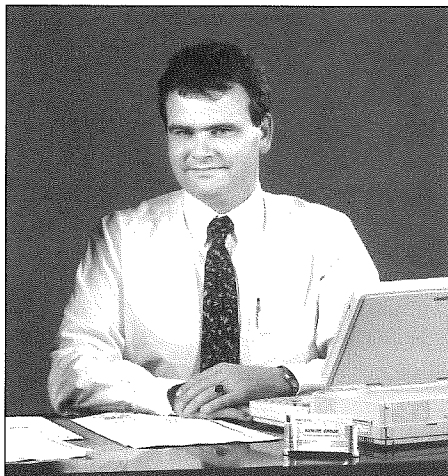
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In Pursuit of Excellence:

Foreign Service Officers Honoured

PAFSO 1998 Award Recipients

It was a sell-out days before it happened. This happy fact provided an up-beat mood for PAFSO's dinner and presentation of the 1998 Foreign Service Officer awards on June 11 at the National Arts Centre. The evening proceedings got under way with a bag-piper coaxing relaxed and cheerful guests to their tables in the Panorama Room and continued throughout in a light-hearted vein under the deft ministrations of master-of-ceremonies Alan Kessel.

The first to receive an Award was **Deborah Chatsis**, an officer in the United Nations Criminal and Treaty Law Division of the Legal Affairs Bureau. She was honoured for her outstanding work in removing obstacles blocking progress on three issues of great importance to Canada: the UN Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples, the International Criminal Tribunal at The Hague, and the Anti-Personnel Land Mines Convention.

One of Deborah's supporters summed up her achievement with these words: "She has had a decisive role in making happen things that are genuinely important to Canada and to the international community. She has succeeded where others would not have. She has managed to do so by bringing to her work an exceptional level of dedication, imagination and energy and by inspiring others to emulate her".

Scott Mullin, formerly a Foreign Service officer and now an executive with the

Canadian Bankers Association presented Deborah with her Award.

Patricia Fortier, Deputy Director of the Regional Security and Peacekeeping Division was recognized with an award for her remarkable leadership in inspiring her fellow officers and associates and in securing the unstinting co-operation and sustained support from other agencies such as DND, RCMP and CIDA to manage successfully four major peacekeeping operations in Bosnia, Guatemala, Haiti and Zaire over a two-year period.

Patricia's five fellow officers who nominated her had this to say about her abilities: "Her reputation as a Canadian representative in multilateral fora is enviable. She is known to be totally in command of her brief and a strong exponent of Canadian views. Patricia is highly respected by her counterparts in other countries who look to her for leadership in setting the international agenda on new issues. Her grasp of difficult problems and her thoughtful interventions frequently result in the Canadian position which she was instrumental in developing becoming accepted wisdom which is then repeated by other countries".

Lawrence Dickenson, Executive Director of the Millennium Fund of Canada and most recently Ambassador to Indonesia, gave Patricia her award.

Donald McGillivray, Immigration Programme Manager at the Canadian Embassy in Havana, received an award for his outstanding performance in moving a group of political prisoners and their dependents from Cuba to Canada in early 1998 within a very tight time frame and under politically sensitive circumstances.

"Don's challenge", wrote one senior officer, "was to handle the details of a highly sensitive Cuban offer to hand over to Canada a significant number of political prisoners. Timing was critical as the Cuban Government wanted the prisoners out of the country immediately but we wanted the certainty of thorough immigration processing. Difficult too was the question of dependents. We wanted all family members processed and out of Cuba at the same time as the prisoners".

Claudette Deschênes of Citizenship and Immigration Canada, and a 1997 Award recipient herself, was delighted to present to Don, a colleague and friend, his Award.

Roman Waschuk was, at the time of the awards, Counsellor at the Canadian Embassy, Kyiv, Ukraine. Ambassador Christopher Westdal spelled out in these words the reasons why Roman was given an Award: "I nominate him for four years of



Photo Credit: Gordon King

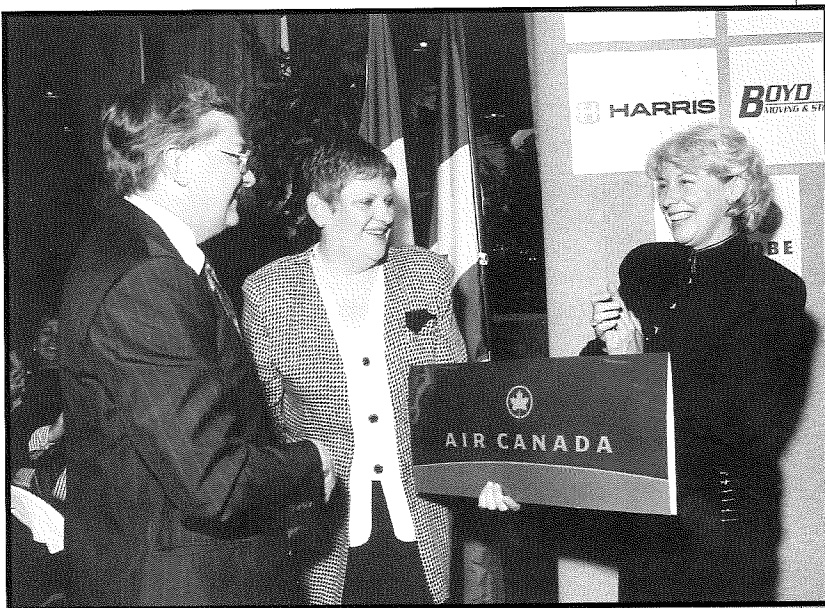


Photo Credit: Gordon King

Left: Scott Mullin presenting FS Award to Deborah Chatsis. Above: Lawrence Dickenson presenting FS Award to Patricia Fortier.



Photo Credit: Gordon King



Above Left: Joe Clark presenting FS Award to Roman Waschuk. Above: Mary Lou Finlay and PAFSO President Carol Turner-Trusca (centre) presenting Air Canada prize to Ted Johnston. Below left: Claudette Deschênes presenting FS Award to Don McGillivray.

Photo Credit: Gordon King



extraordinary service that he has rendered in Kyiv in promoting Canada's interest in the security and success of Ukrainian freedom; for his vital contributions to the Canada-Ukraine Special Partnership; and for the conception, negotiation and early life of Ukraine's Distinctive Partnership with NATO particularly during Canada's tenure as NATO's contact mission in Kyiv".

The Right Honourable Joe Clark was the presenter of an Award to Roman.

The panel of five judges which selected the four winners was composed of people who themselves had achieved distinction in their various fields. The panel included former HOMs **James (Joe) Bissett**, **Allan Kilpatrick** and **Leonard Legault**, CBC Radio broadcaster **Mary Lou Finlay**, and **Ian Glen**, Deputy Minister of Environment Canada.

Each year the **Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA)** gives a prize for the best article in **bout de papier** by a Foreign Service officer at the FS1 or FS2 level. Each

Photo Credit: Greek Embassy

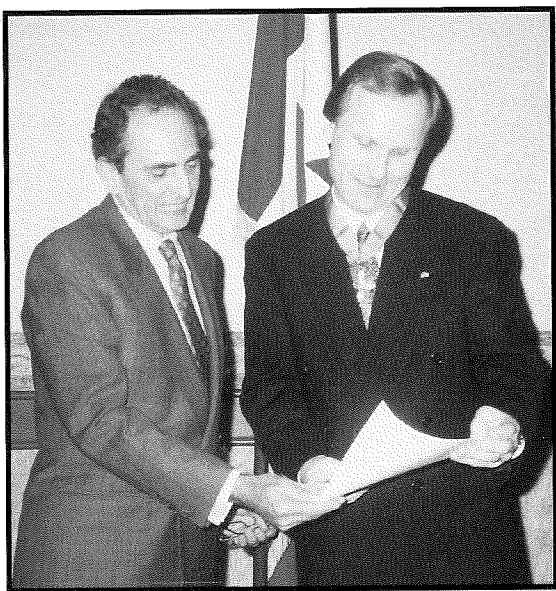


Photo Credit: PMO/M. Carisse



Left: Greek Ambassador John-Alexander Thornolglou and Robert Peck at presentation ceremony. Below: L to R: Prime Minister Chrétien, Mrs. Bartleman, Mrs. Chrétien and Mr. Bartleman

winner receives a framed copy of his/her article along with a cash prize. The purpose is to encourage the maintenance of a high standard of writing in the Foreign Service and to provide an additional incentive to contribute to **bout de papier**.

For the year 1997 two prizes were given. **Philip Calvert** won for his piece "Letter from the Monkey House" a wonderfully snide attack on the woefully inadequate pay of Foreign Service officers constructed in the thesis that if you pay peanuts you get monkeys. **Nicholas Coghlan** won for his graphic picture of the Falkland Islands shortly before the "bloody and bizarre war" between Great Britain and Argentina over their ownership. Both pieces appeared in the winter issue, volume 14, number 4. RHOMA's selection committee was composed of **Joe Bissett**, **Paul Lapointe** and **Michael Shenstone**.

Prime Minister Pays Tribute to Jim Bartleman

The Prime Minister and Madame Aline Chrétien paid a signal tribute to Jim Bartleman, 32-year veteran of the Canadian Foreign Service as a dinner at 24 Sussex on June 11, 1998.

Attending were several now-retired members of the Foreign Service: Arthur Menzies, Michael and Susan Shenstone, Gordon and Jessica Riddell, members of Jim's family: his wife Marie-Jeanne, Jim's mother and his sister and brother and their spouses from Bracebridge, and Jim's son Laurent, who had just graduated in biology from Queen's University. Other guests included the then-Clerk of the Privy Council, Ms. Jocelyn Bourgon, the Chief of Staff of the Prime Minister's Office, M. Jean Pelletier, the Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs and Mrs. Donald Campbell, as well as the Director of Communications in the PMO and Mrs. Peter Donolo.

After dinner the Prime Minister spoke warmly about the Foreign Service and Jim's contribution. In his response Jim paid tribute to the retired members of the Foreign Service who were present saying that he had been fortunate to have had mentors of such quality over the years.

Robert Peck Recognized by Greek Government

On October 21, 1998, the Embassy of Greece in Ottawa honoured Robert Peck, former Counsellor at the Canadian Embassy in Athens, with the "Grand Commander of the Order of the Phoenix". The decoration, named after the mythological Phoenix bird,

was instituted in 1926 and may be conferred on Greeks and foreigners who have distinguished themselves in the public service or other fields.

At the presentation ceremony the Ambassador of Greece, H.E. John-Alexander Thornolglou, presented Mr. Peck with his award, speaking highly of his imaginative and tireless efforts to bring Greeks and Canadians closer together. He said Peck played a leading role in bringing about Canada's participation in the 1997 Cultural

Capital of Europe year-long events in Thessaloniki. In cooperation with the Embassy of Greece, Peck also initiated successful negotiations for an audio-visual co-production treaty, a mutual legal assistance treaty and a memorandum of understanding in education cooperation between Canada and Greece.

Mr. Peck joined Foreign Affairs in 1982 and is currently in the Personnel Division at DFAIT. ☺

Excerpt from Words of Thanks from FS Award Winner Roman Waschuk at June 11th dinner.

...This is also an overdue recognition of messy-desk people; it is on their behalf that I accept it. I only hope that I or any one of our file-by-pile number, will still be able to find it in a few months' time.

I accept it also on behalf of messy-country people. By this, I don't mean countries that are necessarily in a terrible mess, but ones that cannot be tidily categorized and do not easily match Canadian pre-conceptions or expectations.

I'll admit it: being despatched to Kyiv was not my first choice; it was a case of the Department empowering its employee to accept its inevitable decision. On the other hand, 11 years of dealing with the former Soviet Union and its predecessor, the Not Quite Yet Former Soviet Union, gave the lie to those of my friends who, in 1987, predicted that the Department would take one look at my CEE language and academic background and pack me off to South-East Asia.

Ukraine is a country capable of stirring both cultural empathy and civilizational dissonance. It is a feeling not unique to cultural baggage-toting Canadians in Kyiv. Many of us, brought up on Canadianized version of an overseas culture can feel a bit out of sorts upon encountering that heritage on its home turf. In the Ukrainian case, that has meant dealing with a society in prolonged and painful transition, profoundly ambivalent about its pace and direction.

Fortunately, one thing Ukrainians are not ambivalent about is Canada: it's their favourite foreign country bar none. The challenge has been to channel these pervasive warm and fuzzy feelings and our own cult-empathy into actual accomplishments, or in the dry yet fearsome language of visit planning, deliverables. That takes understanding and teamwork. My friends and colleagues at the Kyiv Embassy — and those two groups really are one and the same thing — share these qualities, and should share in this award.

A particular tribute is due to a member of the Kyiv team who is no longer with us: Roman Lishchynski. Roman took me under his all too colourful wing upon my arrival in Kyiv, and was always generous with career advice, mostly, as he cheerfully admitted, on how not to get ahead. Yet if one rises above the sordid business of promotion boards to look at promotion of Canadian values, OSCE principles and NATO partnership, then Roman Lishchynski's signal contribution to our profession will indeed stand out.

Even teamwork fails if it is not sustained by leadership. For someone wandering the hallways of a Department that is always fretting about falling behind the most recent management fads, I have been fortunate in having had a succession of managers, first of whom Vern Turner (Never Assume Anything), who did not shrink from being the pinball bumpers and flippers of a career that might otherwise have been completely directionless.

At the risk of falling into mutual admiration mode, I must admit to finding Chris Westdal one of our top pinball wizards, combining energetic thrust and precise targeting with a willingness to let officers rebound along their own trajectories. For this, much thanks.

Diary Of A Tropical Storm

story by Renata E. Wielgosz
photos by David Duinker

The October 24-25 weekend:

The Canadian delegation to the XXIV Meeting of the Inter-American Drug Abuse Control Commission (CICAD) and the Third Meeting of the Intergovernmental Working Group on the Multilateral Evaluation Mechanism (MEM) arrives in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. There are four of us: David Duinker from DFAIT, Michel (aka Mitch) Perron from the Office of the Solicitor General, Diane Jacovella from Health Canada, and myself from the Canadian Mission to the Organization of American States (OAS). Deputy Solicitor General Jean Fournier, who was to head our delegation, is required to stay in Canada at the last moment, and the role passes to me. We have a delegation meeting to finalize preparations for the week ahead.

Business out of the way, we avail ourselves of the generous offer extended by Neil Mussell, the CIDA officer who runs the Office of the Canadian Embassy in Tegucigalpa, to see the city and some of the nearby countryside. Neil's tour is accompanied by a detailed briefing on Honduras. Diane notes that the local vegetation is not as verdant as one would expect for a tropical country. There are few flowers. We learn that Tegucigalpa, high in the mountains, gets little rain. Indeed, the afternoon shower that ends our tour brings welcome freshness to the dry terrain. We are told that in contrast, San Pedro Sula, the country's business hub located

near the coast and the original site proposed for our meetings, is lush with greenery.

Monday, October 26:

Our Honduran hosts, including the staff of the Hotel Maya, have overlooked no detail in ensuring that we have excellent working conditions for our meetings. Their efforts, the preparatory work of the OAS Secretariat and the shared goals of the attending delegations in fighting the drug problem in the hemisphere — all lead to rapid progress in the meetings. On two evenings, the Honduran authorities provide hospitality events. The first is a reception on Monday at the historic city hall hosted by the Mayor of Tegucigalpa, Cesar Castellanos. A large man with an equally large presence, he is widely pointed out to us by Hondurans and by members of the media and the local diplomatic community as the man who is expected to become the next President of Honduras. We listen to his speech. We mill about, exchanging ideas with other delegations, networking, trying to concoct solutions to some of the more difficult items coming up on the agenda. There is a sense of movement on an issue which for many years had seen little progress. It is raining as we return to the hotel.

Tuesday, October 27 —

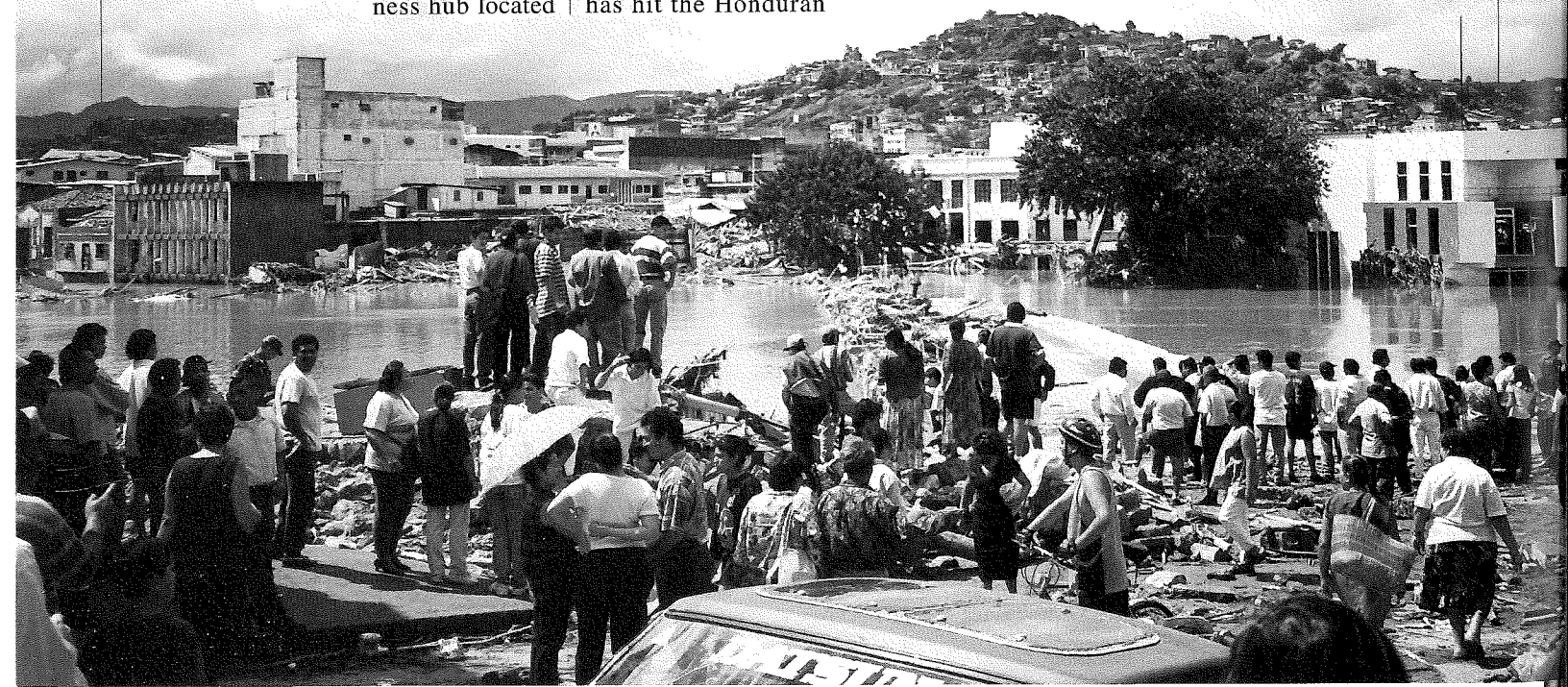
Thursday, October 29:

It now rains on and off every day. Dampness permeates the air. There are news reports that Hurricane Mitch, the fourth most powerful hurricane ever recorded, has hit the Honduran

coast. After our meetings, we all watch local television coverage of island resorts that are wiped out. Our attention is riveted by a news photo depicting a farmer walking in brackish water up to his neck, clutching a live chicken over his head. Nothing else remains of his possessions or livelihood. San Pedro Sula is under water. On the margins of our meetings, there are expressions of relief that the CICAD and MEM meetings had been moved to Tegucigalpa. This was pure chance. The active business community had long pre-booked all available conference and hotel facilities in San Pedro Sula. We are cocooned. We are sheltered from Hurricane Mitch by our inland position and the high mountains that surround Tegucigalpa. Secure in our fortress, life goes on. By late Thursday, we complete all of our work, eliminating the need for holding the closing session on Friday morning as had originally been planned.

At the accelerated closing session on Thursday, our Honduran hosts thank the delegations for their expressions of empathy over the tragedy that has hit the Honduran coast and ask that we convey to our capitals the growing need for assistance. Neil Mussell is not at this session where he had hoped to join us. He is coordinating with other local missions and with CIDA. We reaffirm to our hosts that Canada is already considering how it might assist most effectively.

A handful of delegates pick up the few remaining seats on earlier flights out of Tegucigalpa. They disappear into



the rain. Within our delegation, we discuss reporting and follow-up. We prepare to leave midday on Friday. With all of the rain that keeps falling, David cannot shake off his premonition of an impending disaster. He draws parallels to last January's ice storm in Canada, recalling his similar sense of a situation going wrong in slow motion. As the heavens continue to open up and spill out their contents, he grows increasingly pessimistic, stating categorically that Mother Nature is once again refusing to cooperate.

Friday, October 30:

The steady showers have become a thick downpour. Clouds descend, obscuring the peaks that surround Tegucigalpa. Flying, into or out of what is already one of the most geographically difficult airports in Central America, is now impossible.

There are gunshots close to the hotel. We are warned to be careful when crossing the street to the American Airlines office to re-book our tickets for Saturday. Some prisoners were being moved from the nearby penitentiary which was flooded by the rains and they had escaped. We focus on the gunshots. The word "flooded" is peripheral to our concerns.

Late in the evening, there is word that Hurricane Mitch, which has been downgraded to a tropical storm, has begun to move inland after days of hovering near the coast. The storm's centre is expected to come within 70 kilometres of Tegucigalpa. Hotel staff systematically secure the windows in all the rooms. We are told to stay in the hotel. Having been cooped up all week, we don't listen and walk around the corner to have supper in another hotel, just for a change of scenery. Mitch Perron endures the growing number of jokes related to the name he shares with the storm. Over dinner, the wind and the rain increase. We run back to our hotel, arriving drenched despite the plastic garbage bags that some of us are wearing over our clothes. The night brings restlessness. There is pounding rain. Electrical power dies and the hotel's generators kick in.

Saturday, October 31:

Daylight brings a continuing downpour and a massive cloud that remains firmly nestled among the mountains surrounding Tegucigalpa. Again, flights are cancelled. Colleagues talk of missing Halloween with their children. These are the final moments in our surreal existence, disconnected from the tragedy that we are not yet aware is all around us.

Left: Washed out Honduran Government Ministry Buildings

Across the street, all the airline offices are closed. Staff has not turned up. The streets have become streams. Hotel staff, too, is missing. Public transportation on which many depend has ceased. David, whose room overlooks a small stream running through parkland is among the first aware of the magnitude of the damage. The stream has turned into a raging river of mud, flooding the park and the adjacent housing, and crashing against the wall that stands between it and our hotel.

Unable to re-book our flights, David and I phone Neil. He agrees to bring us into his office so that we can try to sort out our travel arrangements. We drive off into the rain with him. On the way to the office, we join him as he surveys the damage in preparation for an afternoon meeting of assistance coordinators. The view of the Choluteca River astounds us. It is no longer a pretty ribbon of water meandering under picturesque bridges. It is an angry torrent of mud that has swollen up and swallowed large chunks of the city which had stood on both its banks. We stop and watch. All but one of the many bridges is gone — only one which will still connect our side of the city with the airport. Large pieces of debris are floating downstream at breakneck speed. One piece can still be identified as a washing machine. We continue but we cannot go very far. Each road out of Tegucigalpa is destroyed by muddy landslides.

Bit by bit, the story of the horror of the previous night emerges. Expecting some flooding in this city that had never experienced any, officials had evacuated one block along either side of the river. Between 1:00 and 4:00 in the morning, as people slept, landslides blocked the river causing it to rise rapidly as much as four to six blocks on either side. Homes with entire families suddenly vanished into the swirling water.

Early estimates on Saturday are that about 1000 people have died in Tegucigalpa alone. The city is cut off from surrounding towns and villages and there is no way of knowing how those fared. We drive by the stadium where now thousands of homeless survivors are finding shelter from the rain that continues to pour relentlessly. We stand among the throngs of Tegucigalpans who have lined up along the river to stare at it in shock and helpless silence.

Tropical storm Mitch stops moving, planting itself firmly over the city. Estimates on the news are that Tegucigalpa received a meter of rain on Friday. Another meter of rain empties over the city on Saturday. The lobby of a nearby hotel is flooded. We chat with members of the now skeletal staff in the two hotels where delegations and OAS Secretariat members are staying. Most staff

are relieved that their families are safe although some of their homes have suffered damage. They are the lucky ones on higher ground who had escaped the landslides that dot the city. One maid is less fortunate. Unable to find transportation at the end of her shift on Friday, she has spent the night at the hotel. In the morning, she learns that her home and most of her family, including three young children, have disappeared. Her own escape from death does not console her.

The mayor who had hosted us just a few days earlier emerges as a hero. Local media coverage shows him tirelessly urging calm, organizing relief efforts, offering hope that the city will not long remain isolated from much-needed outside help. By the end of the day, we stare in disbelief at the television sets carrying the local news. Mayor Cesar Castellanos is dead. The helicopter he had taken out to survey the worst-hit areas has crashed. The city, already in mourning, is stunned.

Sunday, November 1:

The sun is out. Michel and Diane leave on the early morning TACA flight after paying \$1000 each for new tickets. The flight is full, we are told. About sixty of us, including members of various delegations and OAS Secretariat staff are left behind. American Airlines and Continental Airlines refuse to fly or to let us transfer our tickets to another airline. We don't understand. There isn't a cloud in the sky. They should be flying in emergency supplies and relief workers. We are told that they will fly on Monday. Back at the hotel, we flip through CNN and other US channels. There is nothing about Tegucigalpa. Again, we don't understand.

Once more, we clean up our own rooms, make our own beds, have the limited breakfast service offered by the hotel which is both rationing its food and short on staff. Daniel, the Maya Hotel's coordinator who from the start ensures that we receive full information on the unfolding situation and how it might affect us, issues a strong warning in writing. Roving gangs are roaming the city, plundering shops and offices, stealing the last valuables held by homeless survivors, and attacking passersby who look as if they might be carrying money or jewelry.

In the lobby, I meet David as he returns to the hotel. He was part of a group that had walked to the river and looked at the growing damage as the water receded. He grimly describes his experience, including his walk through the remains of the jail whose walls had collapsed under the pressure of the water. His shoes are caked with muck.

I join him and some American delegates for another walk in the afternoon. I take

nothing with me — no jewelry, no purse, no wallet, not even the inexpensive waterproof watch bought to weather the monsoons on a posting many years ago. Who would want this, I ask myself. I feel ridiculous taking such extreme precautions. Later, I see one of the women from the OAS Secretariat with a gash on her skin left when a gang of thieves had torn her necklace from her.

In the bright sunlight in which we walk, no detail escapes us. Rubbish is strewn everywhere, deposited by receding water. Electrical poles and wires lie dead in the streets. Much of the city is without electricity. The stench of raw sewage is overwhelming. People everywhere are working, cleaning up, their clothes slimy with mud. Others sit exhausted on wet mattresses in the street, despondency in their eyes. Pumps are pouring streams of water out from houses on slightly higher ground. Below, homes, office buildings, stores and car dealerships are still under water. Fifty years worth of infrastructure has vanished. We stand at the remaining end of a former bridge. The river current is still much too fast. Heading into a nearby street, we are passed by three running soldiers with raised machine guns. One touches my arm lightly to get my attention. "Cuidado", he pleads, Spanish for be careful. As he runs ahead, I suggest to my companions that we turn back. I barely finish speaking when we hear shooting.

Back at the hotel, some of us decide to head out to the American Embassy School where early relief efforts are being organized. David and I make boxes there for a while. These will be filled with food prepared by volunteers in our hotel kitchen. Bottles of potable water, clothing and blankets and will be delivered to shelters set up around the city



Left: Damaged houses and buildings in Tegucigalpa

Below: Swollen Choluteca River — downtown Tegucigalpa

and at the stadium. By the time we return to the hotel, it is raining again.

Our situation is becoming precarious. All security guards at the hotel, in abundance during our meetings, are gone. They have joined the relief effort. Our own security is no longer guaranteed. There is shooting again just outside the door of the lobby. As night falls, the sound of gunfire reaches our hotel with growing frequency.

The approximately sixty of us that remain have become a burden to the beleaguered Honduran authorities who keep apologizing for the crisis that surrounds us and making every effort to extend ever-gracious hospitality to us. We are embarrassed by our helplessness. We learn that American Airlines and Continental Airlines have now cancelled all flights until Thursday. Except for the local Honduran news stations, Tegucigalpa continues to be non-existent on any of the cable stations. We are convinced that the world does not care. We are enraged. We promise each other to make every effort if and when we finally do get out to tell the world about the human tragedy here and to persuade a seemingly uncaring world to help.

We feel guilty for using up diminishing resources. Safe water at the hotel cannot be guaranteed for more than another 24-48 hours. We had just witnessed thousands outside the hotel who



already had none. We eat sparingly, knowing that the city is running out of food and wondering which meal might be our last. Gasoline is rationed for relief efforts. An Exxon representative whom David and I meet confirms that the city will run out of gasoline altogether within the next day or two. With all roads into Tegucigalpa destroyed by massive landslides, there is no hope of gasoline or other supplies coming into the city by land. Our prospects for transportation to the airport thus grow dimmer as time goes by. The late evening news reports that three soldiers were killed in a shootout with a gang of looters on the airport road.

The local news further reports that the morgue has been flooded and that holding retrieved bodies for identification has become a health hazard. We recall the stench of raw sewage encountered on our walk that afternoon and know full well that it is only a matter of days before disease adds to the city's misery.

It is late, very late, when we learn that we are leaving the next morning. David Beall, Executive Secretary of CICAD, and Carlos Sosa Coello, a senior Honduran official who has been one of the key organizers of the meetings in Tegucigalpa, gather together our group to announce the arrangements they have successfully won for us. TACA Airlines will be sending two special planes for us in the morning from El Salvador. American Airlines and Continental Airlines, under substantial pressure, conceded that we could transfer our existing tickets to TACA. We are touched. Mitch has affected so many Central American countries and yet it is precisely those countries, at a time when they themselves need help, that come to our rescue through The Airline of Central America (TACA).

Monday, November 2:

It is 5:00 a.m. and still dark when we head for the airport in a small convoy that we hope will afford us security from ever-roving gangs. By the time we have our boarding passes in our hand, the sun is shining in a perfectly clear blue sky. Rumours abound that airlines other than TACA had left us stranded because they were too cheap to fly into Tegucigalpa without incoming passengers.

Our last moments in Tegucigalpa again bring home never-failing Honduran hospitality. Knowing that our early departure from the hotel left us without breakfast, Daniel brings pastries and thermoses of coffee and juice from the hotel to the waiting lounge. We are sorry to leave him behind.

The flight is quiet. We are painfully aware that we are the fortunate outsiders who can

leave. The images of the Hondurans who remain behind do not fade, even when we close our eyes to sleep.

Tuesday, November 3:

Ambassador Lionel Hurst of Antigua and Barbuda, as the senior-most diplomat from an OAS mission who had been part of our group in Tegucigalpa until the very end, delivers an impassioned speech at the OAS Committee on Hemispheric Security. This is the first OAS meeting upon our return and, as agreed, he speaks for all of us in drawing attention to conditions in Tegucigalpa. The OAS Office of Public Information is mobilized into action. The Ambassador of Honduras, touched by expressions of concern over her country, delivers a plea for assistance. The voices grow louder. The news begins to spread.

In Ottawa, David Duinker arrives just in time for a meeting on coordinating Canadian assistance. Neil Russell's reports have hit a responsive chord. David delivers a briefing that helps focus that response further.

Aftermath:

Upon my return to Washington, I contact **bout de papier** as part of the promise all of us had made to broadcast the plight of

Honduras. However, within a few days, the world is finally seeing television images of what we had witnessed firsthand. The magnitude of the disaster in Central America, including in Tegucigalpa, becomes known. Relief begins to pour in — but these efforts are now part of other people's stories.

I wonder about the continuing usefulness of writing an article. Then, on November 19, the postcard I had sent home from Tegucigalpa arrives. I am touched by the fact that its arrival signals the obvious effort of Hondurans to return to the normal routine of daily life after the devastation of Mitch. I am also stung by a sharp awareness that much of what is pictured in the postcard is no more. I write this article no longer to get a story out, but rather so that months from now, when it appears in print, it may in some small way keep us from forgetting those whose valiant struggle to rebuild after Mitch will go on for a long, long time. ☹

Renata E. Wielgosz joined DFAIT in 1982. Her previous postings include New Delhi and Prague. She is currently Counsellor and Alternate Representative at the Permanent Mission of Canada to the Organization of American States (OAS), Washington, DC.

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CAPITAL ALLIANCE
VENTURES INC.

Mwalimu and Me

by Christopher Brown

In August 1998 Julius Nyerere came to town. The former President of the United Republic of Tanzania has lost none of his lustre although his socialist policies have not stood the test of time. As a statesman, his charisma and integrity have allowed him to fill a leadership role on the world stage, particularly regarding the African peace process.

I first met Mwalimu ("teacher" as he is known) following a posting in Dar-es-Salaam. He stopped in Ottawa in August 1977 to see his esteemed Commonwealth colleague Pierre Trudeau, while en route to Washington, D.C. to meet with Jimmy Carter. He was Tanzania's founding President and endured much longer than both his fellow East African leaders Jomo Kenyatta and Milton Obote.

I headed CIDA planning for Tanzania when the East African Community broke up in the mid seventies. Responsibility for the community railways system headquartered

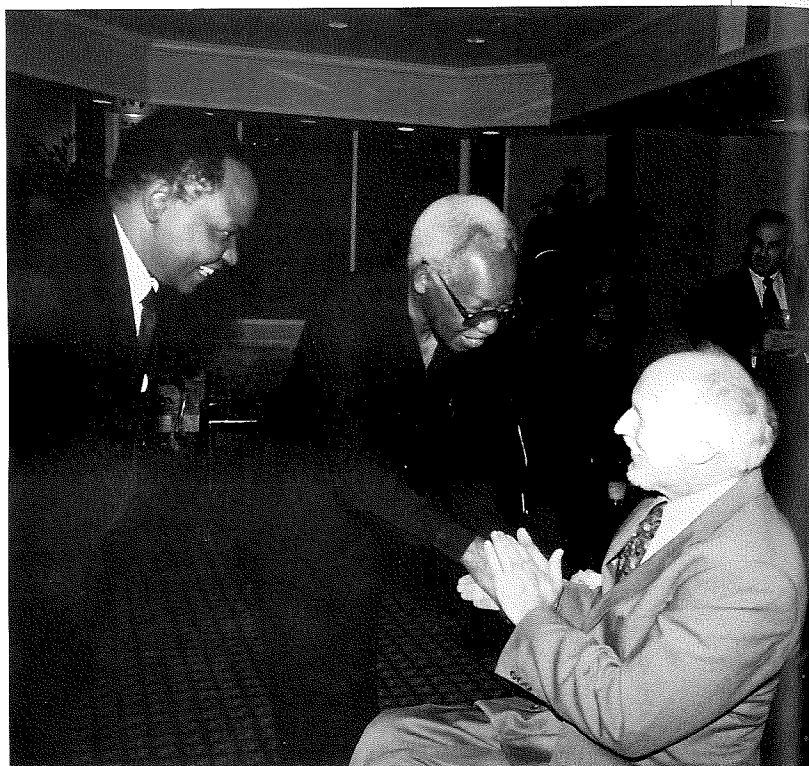
in Nairobi devolved to the small regional railway office in Dar-es-Salaam. Canada responded promptly to Tanzania's call for assistance with a CIDA mission to look at the railways in April 1977. This mission resulted in an approval of \$60 million three months later. At the time, along with my director Keith Bezanson, I briefed Nyerere on the CIDA railways programme at 7 Rideau Gate.

CIDA's sustained commitment for over two decades has trebled in grants to Tanzania's railways for projects that are due to be completed in two years. Canada stepped in as lead donor at a critical time. No other country nor the World Bank moved quickly to support this project and Canadian assistance has been greatly appreciated by Tanzania. Nyerere was always interested in the potential benefits of rail links and spearheaded the TAZARA link to Kaunda's isolated Zambia built by the Chinese following Rhodesia's unilateral declaration of independence.

Many years later in mid-August 1998, Mwalimu visited Ottawa to receive an Honorary Doctorate at the University of Ottawa and to participate as the facilitator of the regional peace talks on Burundi in the round table of prospective donors, which Diane Marleau chaired. Nyerere's presence brought a special flavour to the meeting. His status as founding President, still revered at home and respected abroad, place him in a very exclusive category.

The Tanzanian High Commissioner, Fadhil Mbaga, hosted a reception in his honour at the Westin Hotel. A grand affair, to which I was pleased to be invited, if only to greet Mwalimu most briefly. I mentioned our previous "rencontre" on the railways two decades ago.

Now Mwalimu is agile but perhaps it was not surprising that having met so many people, he would ask to be seated. But to



President Nyerere and Christopher Brown meet at High Commissioner Fadhil Mbaga's (far left) reception in August 1998.

my enormous delight, instead of being led away to a seat amongst the other dignitaries, he asked that a chair be brought alongside mine. High Commissioner Mbaga made welcoming remarks to the assembly, extolling the career of Nyerere and the stable democracy Tanzania represents. Meanwhile, Nyerere put his head close to mine to talk about "the spur line to Musoma" he had always wanted to see built.

This man is unique amongst his peers as one of few African state leaders — Mandela will likely be next — to gracefully retire from politics with a smooth democratic succession yet remain a prominent figure in pan-African issues. It was a gesture of Nyerere's appreciation of Canada's contribution that Mwalimu still had the time and interest to discuss railway links with a one-time CIDA hand.

If that had been my last day in the Department, it would have been one of my best. Would that all my colleagues have a similar experience.

Now I wonder, what about that Musoma spur? ☺

Christopher Brown joined CIDA in 1971 and was posted in Dar-es-Salaam 1972-75 and Harare 1980-83. He chose the political stream when the development assistance stream of the Foreign Service was discontinued in 1991 and has worked in the Eastern and Southern Africa Division 1993-98.

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It is clear that there are many misconceptions about Haiti. Admittedly, it is not without its difficulties, fully deserving its rating as a hardship post.

It can take about six months to be comfortable (or as comfortable as possible) with the money. The official currency of Haiti is the gourde but almost all prices are quoted in Haitian dollars, one of which is the equivalent to 5 gourdes. The main problem is that the Haitian dollar does not exist, and never has. This phenomenon goes back to a period (from the US occupation — 1915 to 1934 — until a short time before the fall of Jean-Claude Duvalier in 1986) when the exchange rate on the gourde was pegged to 5 gourdes to the US dollar. Thus, a 5-gourde note became known as a dollar, a 10-gourde as two dollars, etc. For the first while after our arrival, every time we went to the supermarket, we had to ask “How the **** many gourdes are in \$72.30?”

One has to make do with reduced quantities of life's luxuries. There is electricity about 8 hours per day (which could have been more tolerable if the outages were at consistent, predictable times). I can remember asking a departing colleague how she kept the beer cold. When she said she put it into the freezer, I asked if it didn't freeze. She said “No problem. There isn't enough hydro to make ice cubes, let alone put the beer at risk”. This, of course, did not mean one would not get a hydro bill (known locally as *fiches blackout*).

As well, telephones work rather sporadically, often cutting out when it rains. One of the important objectives of everyday life in Haiti is to cultivate a “friend” in Teleco who could actually get your phone repaired in less than six to eight weeks. The Canadians at the Embassy have to rely on VHF radios as the prime means of communication, as did most people in Haiti. Where in Canada you see so many people walking around with cellular phones, in Port-au-Prince one goes everywhere with one's radio. I still feel sort of naked without mine on my belt. There is one side benefit to this in that one has on-going soap operas since one is able to listen in to everything going on in one's colleagues' lives.

Getting anywhere is a trial, at all times. The roads are in deplorable condition — sort of like off-roading in Canada, but not as smooth. Traveling to a place like Les Cayes in the southwest, a distance less than that between Ottawa and Montreal, takes five hours. Traffic is extremely chaotic, due to a complete lack of discipline on the part of



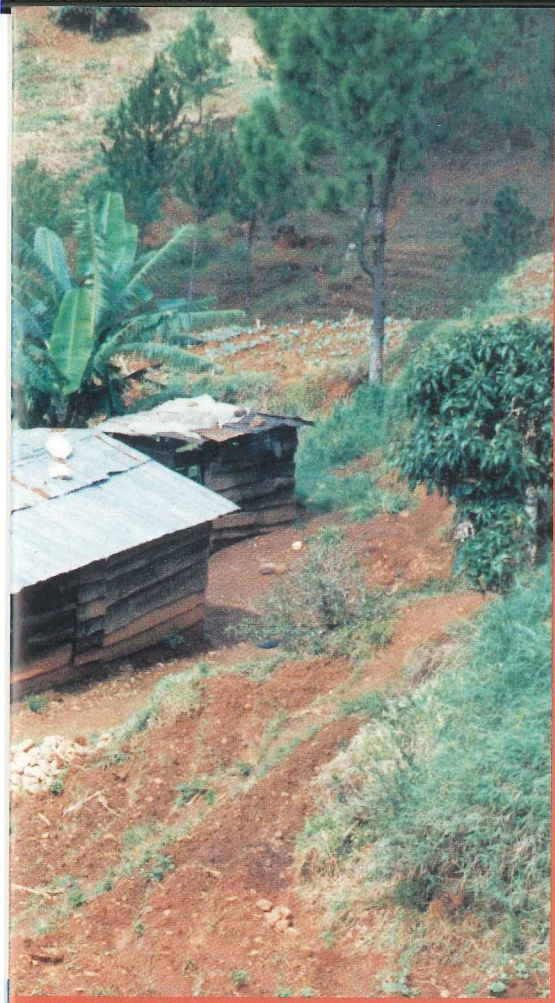
Recollections From A HAITI POSTING

motorists and to the condition of the vehicles. Cars are constantly breaking down in the middle of the road because of a lack of maintenance (it is important to remember that if the vehicle stops due to a mechanical breakdown or a flat tire (*panne caoutchou*), it must be in a position to cause maximum traffic tie-up; if it isn't, one has to push it into such a position). Most vehicles belch black smoke out the back, some so badly that one cannot see the vehicle in front of one, at times forcing one to stop since one cannot see the pedestrians either. Among the worst maintained are the trucks. This can be a little dicey considering that Port-au-Prince is built on a mountain. I recall arriving on the scene of one accident where a dump truck's brakes had failed at the top of Delmas. It only stopped, about three kilometers further down when it hit another dump truck and overturned. He had bashed about ten vehicles on the way — miraculously there were no major injuries. (Radio Metropole was thrilled since the

accident occurred right in front of their building and they were able to give on-the-spot coverage for hours) No-one gives way as it is better to be stuck for half an hour in traffic than to let someone in, an act which might prevent congestion. One can, of course, understand this reticence to let another vehicle pass or turn in front of one, since if one lets another in, one has to wait while at least 15 others go as well and one has trouble getting under way again.

The highways outside the cities are particularly challenging. There are many vehicles which are in such bad state that they cannot go faster than 40 to 50 kph, which can be a little frightening when one comes up behind them on a curve. On the other hand, intercity buses, especially the ones running between the North and the capital, only know one speed — pedal to the metal. I can recall warning the driver of a colleague from Santo Domingo about this. He didn't believe me until the first one passed. After that, he practically hit the ditch every time





Left: Rural home in mountains above Kenscoff
Below: The Citadel near Cap-Haïtien

car doors locked while driving around. One Sunday, on the way out of town, two colleagues had a car door opened by kids waiting for vehicles to stop in the traffic jam and had some of their things stolen.

One must, however, temper one's fears of the security situation. While I don't have any hard statistics, I believe that the crime situation is not really worse than in Canada. A large part of it is that in Haiti, a lot of the people know each other. Therefore, everyone has family/friend/acquaintance who was a victim. The consequence of this is that crime tends to become much more personal, as opposed to mere statistics as it is in Canada, and can appear even worse than it is.

A great deal of the crime is clearly caused by the incredible poverty which pervades the entire country. Despite three years of restored democracy, one could give up hope of ever seeing an advancement. However, there are several communities which are doing a great deal to improve their lots. One such is the rural commune of Vallue, between Grand Goâve and Petit Goâve in the south. The *Association de Paysans de Vallue* was started by a former CIDA scholar who decided to return to Haiti after his studies in order to do something about the situation in his home area. He has managed to drum up a large number of projects from different sources and implement them with a long-term view. When I attended their tenth anniversary celebrations in January 1997, I was left speechless by their accomplishments. They had disbursed some 3 million Haitian dollars (approx. 1.5 million CDN), of which 500,000 was their own money. Contrary to many, they are obviously prepared to invest in their community. They have been so successful that the rural sections of the two Goâves have joined

them (rather than the opposite where larger communities absorb smaller ones).

Despite all the difficulties, Haiti is a marvelous country. The landscape is diverse. One cannot be anywhere in the country without seeing mountains, albeit the majority are denuded of trees. It is almost completely surrounded by the blue sea. (As a side comment, I found it interesting to note that, despite all this water, the vast majority of Haitians cannot swim, explaining why many of my friends liked using my pool with its large shallow end). In the centre and the north, like between Saint-Marc and Gonaïves, or the area between the capital and the Dominican border, the countryside is essentially a desert with only cactus and the like growing. In the south, it is extremely lush and green.

While they are difficult to reach because of the condition of the roads, some of the cities outside the capital are quite beautiful, though somewhat seedy due to the lack of funds for repairs. My favourite is Jacmel, in the south, with its multitude of gingerbread structures and its relative cleanliness. In Petit Goâve, about two hours south of Port-au-Prince, there is a hotel, le Relais de l'Empereur, which was once the residence of Emperor Faustin 1^{er} (1860's) and was frequented up till some 15 years ago by jet-setters like Elizabeth Taylor (guests loved its 3-km long private beach which is accessible only by boat). L'Arc-à-Haïe, a half-hour north of the Capital, is a pretty little town which is known as the site where the Haitian flag was designed after independence in 1804. (According to legend, Jean-Jacques Dessalines tore the white strip out of the French Tricolor and had the blue and red stripes sewn back together). One can also see that Cap-Haïtien, the old capital in the north, was very attractive at one time, though it is in very poor shape now due to neglect. The Citadel, built by King Henri



he saw one approaching (not necessarily a bad thing since frequently the ditches were in better shape than the roads).

Security is also a problem, although somewhat less for foreigners (*"blancs"*) than for Haitians. Headquarters questioned from time to time the necessity of the 24-hour armed guards at our residences, but we felt they were important. There was an incident at the home of our Head Military Security Officer, when armed bandits tried to steal his Jeep (with shots being fired on both sides — it was kind of like the Wild West). Several of our local staff were robbed at gunpoint. One always has to have one's



Christophe near Cap-Haïtien, is breathtaking and, in my opinion, rightly referred to as one of the wonders of the world. Unlike Sans Souci palace below it, the Citadel has been fairly well restored and, since it is at about 3,000 feet high, the view is spectacular. Of course, getting there is something of an adventure, partly because of the aforementioned roads but also because a portion of the trip has to be made on foot or on the back of a donkey.

Culturally, Haiti may be the most interesting country in the Caribbean.

Only an hour or so north of Port-au-Prince, one can find very nice beaches on the Côte des Arcadins. All, except the new public beach, are hotel-restaurants where one is not permitted to bring one's own meal (i.e. no picnics). A half hour longer on Route Nationale #1 brings you to the Club Med, the best beach in this area and where the meals



are absolutely great, though expensive. In the North, just outside Cap-Haïtien, Cormier Plage is one of the most beautiful beaches in the country (along with Labadie next to it). It is highly recommended as a place to spend a quiet weekend, though one must allow at least three full days since it takes 5 to 6 hours to get there, again because of the roads.

Culturally, Haiti may be the most interesting country in the Caribbean. Prior to going there, I thought of Haitian painting as being only the primitive, brightly-coloured "*art naïf*", as exemplified by Alexandre Grégoire, Etienne Chavannes and Pierre-Joseph Valcin. However, there are many others as well, such as the Cap-Haïtien school which is best exemplified by the likes of Philomè Obin and his famous family, the icon-like style of Saincilus Ismaël or Don-Curiace Constant and the more moderns like Tiga or Denise Mangones. As well, there are several different types of sculptures, from the Croix-des-Bouquets school practiced by Gabriel Bien-Aimé and Serge Jolimond, to works by artists such as the wood sculptures of Sanon to the metal masks of Jean-Gérard Merveille, and painted tole works. The art is so captivating that one must be

careful to avoid doing what we did, that is, buy enough of it that we now have to build an annex on the house to accommodate it.

Music also forms an important part of Haitian culture. Any weekend, one can go to various clubs in Pétienville and see well-known groups perform. The most popular form is *kompas*, with its beat to which it is impossible not to dance. A lot of groups, like Sweet Mickey (Michel Martelly) and Koudjay are into this form. I personally don't care for *kompas* as I find that, like Dominican merengue, many of the songs sound alike. I admit, however, that I could not sit still when it was playing, especially Martelly's "*Pa manye fenm na kon sa*". My favourite music was "*rasin*" ("*racine*" in French) with its heavy beats going back to slavery and its African roots (and with its incredible accompanying visual show). It is best exemplified by groups such as *Boukman Eksperians* and *Alovi Yawe*. The thing to do on Thursday nights is to go to the Oloffson Hotel to see RAM (a *rasin* group — though they have strayed into *kompas* lately — who have a cut on the soundtrack of the movie *Philadelphia*). However, when I left, they had stiff competition since Sweet Mickey had started playing on Thursdays at Mango's in the El Rancho Hotel (the latter is arguably the more popular of the two groups). If one is lucky, one gets to hear some great shows if Beethova Obas or Emmeline Michel is in the country (though they were born in Haiti, they both live in the US) and, of course, the biggest phenomenon of 1997 was the appearance of the Fugees in Haiti.

Mizik rasin is very much influenced by the most pervasive element of Haitian culture, *vaudou* (we know it as voodoo), which has nothing to do with our common misconceptions of black magic and pins in dolls. I got a chance to witness several ceremonies (not of the tourist variety) thanks to a close friend of mine who is very highly placed in the *vaudou* religion. There are many parallels with Christianity. The *loas*, or spirits, in most instances have an equivalent saint and many festivals (*fèt champèt*) are sort of joint *vaudou*/Christian celebrations. For instance, at the July festival in Sceau d'Eau (in the centre of the country, near Mirebalais), the same people who climb the hill to the waterfall and become possessed by one *loa* or another, are the next day to be found at the Catholic church celebrating the feast of Notre Dame du Mont Carmel. Many of the *vaudou* rites begin with Christian prayers, such as the rosary.

The work in the Immigration Program brought out a whole bunch of interesting

phenomena. Legal documents (birth, death, marriage certificates, etc.) are very easy to obtain, through late declarations of one kind or another. We had one case where a supposed widower had remarried and was being sponsored by his new wife for permanent residence in Canada. In order to confirm that he was eligible to remarry, we asked for the death certificate (admittedly we were not specific that it was his late wife's we wanted). He brought in his own. These documents were so useless for establishing identity and family relationships, that we had to rely more and more on DNA testing. Despite the criticism we received for imposing the test on the "poor people of Haiti", the fact is that we had the highest failure rate in the world. At one point, 39% of applicants actually taking the test were found not to be related.

My favourite music was "rasin" with its heavy beats going back to slavery and its African roots.

Shortly after he arrived, a colleague came out of an interview with a perplexed look on his face. When I asked what the problem was, he said his client had left him confused. According to her, she had last seen her husband (the sponsor) in 1989. She had a baby in 1994 and swore it was her husband's. He had just been exposed to the concept of being '*en perdition*', wherein a pregnancy is suspended for some time and then resumed, a concept in which many people in Haiti really believe. I don't know if my colleague understands yet.

Despite the hardships and frustrations, Haiti is a country to which I would return anytime. There must be something to the place since most people posted there tend to extend and many have returned for a second posting. ☺

Bill Bottomley joined the Social Affairs Stream in 1992, after many years in Personnel including two years as Director of the Development Assistance Stream. Following two years at Headquarters, he was Immigration Program Manager in Port-au-Prince for 3 years. He is currently in Operational Coordination, International Region, CIC.

Excerpt from *Closely Guarded: A Life in Canadian Security and Intelligence* by John Starnes

*With the permission of University of Toronto Press, we publish below an excerpt from John Starnes's recently published memoir. He joined the Canadian foreign service in 1944. From 1962 to 1966, John Starnes was Ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany. He later served as Ambassador to the United Arab Republic and to Sudan before concluding his returning to Ottawa as Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs. The extract which follows focuses on his subsequent work as Director General of the RCMP. A member of the editorial board of *bout de papier*, John Starnes is the author of five works of fiction.*

University of Toronto Press, 1998, 258 p. \$35.

When I first entered public service, the concepts of national interest and national security were largely unarticulated. Without exception, threats to the internal security of Canada were externally based or driven. The RCMP — the agency responsible for internal security — investigated such threats according to policies and procedures that remained little changed from the period of the First World War. The force carried out those responsibilities in a tough-minded way, with virtually no direct involvement from the government, well beyond the end of the Second World War. Essentially these were

the same operational approaches and the same investigative policies and procedures on which the RCMP found itself relying in dealing with outbreaks of politically inspired violence in Quebec in the 1960s and 1970s.

During the time I was the first civilian director-general of the RCMP Security Service, there were many politically motivated acts of violence. The violence that took place was criminal and wrong. Use of the unselective instruments of

containment then available to the RCMP also was wrong. The whole point of the McDonald Commission that followed was not that effective internal security arrangements were unnecessary, but quite the opposite.

The commission said two very important things. First, it was wrong to have used the unchanged and unacceptable procedure then in place. And second, Canada needed new procedures, within an agreed legal framework, to be able to tackle the potential for politically motivated violence not just in Quebec, but also in the other provinces and regions of Canada and as problems endemic to one area or segment of the population might arise.

As I see it, there is, in security and intelligence terms, no 'Quebec problem' but rather a 'Canada problem.' In the context of the societal and constitutional framework to which I have referred above, I do not believe that there is a 'root source' for subversion in Canada. Rather the multicultural and multiracial, 'mosaic' approach to nation-building creates the potential for tensions (domestic as well as imported), which require modern arrangements for internal security. Such arrangements we now have in the Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS) and the act on which it is based.

The legacy of the McDonald Commission was the creation of new legislation defining for citizens and governments the extent of tolerance for political expression and of intervention by the state. The CSIS act gives the solicitor-general the power in extreme and well-defined situations to authorize use of the most intrusive investigative methods available to the CSIS — in effect, to suspend the constitutional protections and

guarantees otherwise provided for in the Constitution Act and other statutes. That is quite an improvement over the arrangements in place at the time of the so-called October Crisis of 1970.

It is clear to me that Canadian history as it relates to the events that occurred in the 1970s would have been quite different had the current internal security laws been in place at that time. I wish that they had been, but they were not, and as Canadians we can be reassured by the fact that we face the future with these new arrangements in place.

There are additional points I would like to make about the historical legacy of the internal security crises in Canada in the 1960s and thereafter. I was personally affected by some aspects of the McDonald Commission's deliberations and by the conclusions that some observers reached on what, it now is quite clear, was an incomplete public record. I regard it not as a matter of ascribing blame, but simply as a statement of fact, that all those who needed to know of what were in effect insensitive, inappropriate, and in some cases unlawful investigative practices and procedures *did in fact know*. No one took comfort from these facts, but Canadians can be confident in the knowledge that those who did know subsequently designed and built a modern, effective, contemporary, internal security system.

Last, but not least, recognition and credit must be given to the democratic nature of the process by which Canada developed its modern internal security infrastructure, with its careful checks and balances, including the involvement of the Federal Court. The process was intensely debated in public. To my knowledge, only one other country, Australia, has followed a similar process. We should understand just how unique our experience is in this regard. To have defined 'threats to the security of Canada' for statutory purposes also has been to define the extent of political tolerance, and the limits on deviance, in Canadian society. In the never-ending attempt to define and redefine ourselves, such statutory definitions are bound to fail in the absence of a complementary, fully accountable process of wise and sensitive interpretation. I believe that this is in fact happening and that the Canadian Security Intelligence Service has been supporting, and is being required to support to the fullest extent possible, the levels of political tolerance envisaged in the constitution, even as the service carries on its duty to ensure Canada's internal security in the future. ☺

A man in a dark suit and tie is smiling and holding a check in front of him. The check is from "John Doe" to "Jane Doe" for the amount of \$10,000.00. The check number is 592. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green.

Si, l' assegno é stato inviato per posta.

Translation... The check is in the mail!

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OPEN HOUSE

On November 2, DFAIT held its first Open House to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Lester B. Pearson Building. This event was meant to increase public awareness of the work and accomplishments of DFAIT and to make the Department more open and accessible to the public. As part of the Open House, a roundtable discussion for media was organized featuring newly-recruited FS and former Heads of Mission, who had the opportunity to discuss their experiences with DFAIT.

*Following is a summary of the discussions at the roundtable featuring newly-recruited FS. Panelists included Nadia Burger (CPP), Claude Demers (BCM), Pratima Rao (JLOA) and Mark Scullion (TSME). The moderator was Neil Reeder, Director of BCM and **bout de papier** editor. In our next issue, we will feature a summary of the discussions among the former Heads of Mission.*

Moderator: Let me first ask each FS panelist to introduce themselves before we take questions.

Nadia Burger: Bonjour, mon nom est Nadia Burger. J'ai intégré le Service extérieur depuis juin et je travaille présentement à la direction de la planification des politiques. Mon intérêt et ma passion envers les affaires internationales remontent à mes premières années à l'université. J'ai fait un BAC en science politique à l'Université McGill et une maîtrise en relations internationales à l'Institut des hautes études internationales à Genève. Ensuite, j'ai mis la théorie en pratique en travaillant à contrat dans la section des affaires publiques de l'Ambassade du Canada à Hanoi de 1995 à 1997. J'ai tellement aimé mon travail que je suis revenue au Canada et j'ai continué au ministère dans la direction des stratégies de communication, toujours à contrat, de 1997 à 1998. A ce moment, j'étais convaincue de vouloir faire une carrière dans le service extérieur du Canada. Et me voilà!

Mark Scullion: I was a so-called "young entrepreneur" before coming to the

Department. Along with my business partners, my parents, I co-founded and managed a country inn in the Upper Pontiac region of the Outaouais. Prior to that, I completed an MBA in International Business at McGill with a semester spent studying International Marketing at Thamassat University in Bangkok. In the early '90s, I acted as the Coordinator of International Relations for the City of Itabashi, Tokyo. My undergraduate degree is in International Relations and Japanese Studies from Trinity College, Toronto. I am now working in the Export Services for Small and Medium-sized Enterprises Division, working to promote the international trade efforts of SMEs. I'm working specifically with young entrepreneurs, helping them to gain a "leg up" in the world of international business.

Pratima Rao: My name is Pratima Rao, and I work in the Legal Division. I have a B.A (in economics), and a law degree from the University of Alberta — where I also started a Masters in international relations, which I am completing here at Carleton University.

In terms of work with Foreign Affairs I have had one temporary posting — last year in New York at the United Nations during the General Assembly. Previously I worked in what was formerly the Energy and Nuclear Affairs Division. Before going to the UN I did French training with the Department. I also had the opportunity to go on a cross-Canada tour as part of our professional training.

Before I started in Foreign Affairs I was a researcher and writer in the Faculty of Law at the University of Alberta, and prior to that I was a social planner with the Edmonton Social Planning Council. Previously I had worked in bond trading and commodities trading at a large brokerage firm in Vancouver.

So I have a rather mixed background: economics, sociology, law, and political science — and I think Foreign Affairs is a place where all of those educational as well as employment experiences potentially can be brought together.

Claude Demers: Bonjour, mon nom est Claude Demers. Je suis originaire de Trois-Rivières. Après avoir complété des études en droit civil et en common law à l'université McGill, j'ai pratiqué le droit

commercial et corporatif à Montréal pendant quelques années. Suite à cette expérience j'ai décidé de réorienter ma carrière. J'ai donc complété une maîtrise en relations internationales à l'Université Columbia à New York, après quoi je me suis joint au service extérieur, au mois d'août dernier. Je travaille présentement au Service des relations avec les médias. C'est un domaine tout nouveau pour moi et je m'y plais beaucoup.

Moderator: I will now ask the panel to comment briefly on their experiences in the FS selection process — the whole examination process — which is quite unique to the Foreign Service, and then they might touch upon their interests in terms of their first postings and what kind of career aspirations they have.

Nadia Burger: Oui, merci. Je pense que le processus de sélection pour le service extérieur n'est pas un processus facile en termes de temps et d'énergie. On doit beaucoup s'impliquer à plusieurs niveaux.

Il faut passer un examen de connaissances générales, ensuite une entrevue, des examens médicaux, et obtenir une cote de sécurité. Mais c'est un processus qui en vaut la peine à comparer à ce qu'on peut en retirer comme carrière. Je conseillerais fortement à tous les gens qui ont un intérêt envers les affaires étrangères de aussi tenter leur chance.

En termes d'aspirations, il m'est difficile d'être précise à ce stade. Je viens d'intégrer le service extérieur depuis juin et j'ai plusieurs intérêts, peut-être même trop. Quant à ma première affectation officielle à l'étranger, je crois que je serai plus en mesure de vous donner des détails dans quelques mois, après avoir réfléchi plus longuement à cette question.

Mark Scullion: Oui, comme Nadia dit, c'est un processus assez long et assez dur. I wrote the Foreign Service exam at the Canadian Consulate in Boston. I happened to be there one weekend to attend a Career Forum for Japanese companies looking to hire Japanese-speaking North American graduates. It was a much smaller environment at the Consulate in which to write the exam — maybe that had something to do with my success. We were put through an extensive series of written exams,

interviews, medical checks, language tests, and security clearances over the better part of a year. There isn't a lot of feedback from the Department throughout this exercise, so often you're left wondering whether or not to look a bit closer at the private sector.

I learned about the scope and nature of the job.

In terms of future aspirations, I mentioned that I was at the UN last year, I think I would someday like to work at another multilateral post. I think that if I go on a posting next year, Canada will still

Q. Mr. Scullion, what was the other job that you were looking for in Boston?

Mark Scullion: I interviewed with companies such as Goldman Sachs Japan, Ernst & Young, and Anderson Consulting. I suppose, though, that my heart was set on a career with the Foreign Service.

Q. Was this a second choice?

Mark Scullion: Oh there was no second choice, there was no question in my mind where I wanted to go. Et voilà, here I am. I consider myself very fortunate that things worked out as I had hoped they would.

Q. Has it become a requirement to work overseas and try to get in the Foreign Service that way?

Moderator: No, I would say not, but that kind of experience is obviously an asset. The cutoff point remains the ability to get through the examination process and also to have the basic requirements which are now, I understand, a hard language, masters level degree and such.

In the old days for people like myself or our colleagues from the previous panel, the benchmarks were a little different than they are now.

You will notice if you look at the diplomatic appointments over the last five or ten years, often you will have heads of mission who have BAs for example.

Nowadays the entry level qualification is the masters level. Obviously the experience overseas helps, but primarily the recruitment process is driven by benchmarks such as the exam, the interviews and that sort of thing.

Nadia Burger: Seeking experience overseas is also a good way to find out if you would really enjoy a career in the Foreign Service. It helps you identify if you want to live abroad, if you enjoy being in an environment where living conditions are more difficult than what you are used to, and so on. So it is very useful in that sense.

Q. Can I pose the question that was put the earlier panel about morale? Do you find the morale low? Do you find there are problems there? There has been quite a lot in the Ottawa Citizen about Ms Galtieri and the case that she has brought. That doesn't concern you so much as expenses abroad and things like that but I mean it gives a general image outside that things are rather, you know, faltering here. Do you find that?



FS Panel: Claude Demers, Pratima Rao, Neil Reeder, Nadia Burger, Mark Scullion

In terms of my opportunities within the Department, I am quite happy being involved with the trade efforts of SMEs. It is a relatively new division and receives a good deal of attention from the Minister. We're a team of six in the division and work very well together. It's rather satisfying helping small businesses acquire the necessary direction in terms of exporting their products or services abroad.

My expertise, however, is really within the sphere of Japan. My ability to speak Japanese quite fluently no doubt helped my attempts at becoming a Foreign Service officer. I hope to eventually be posted to Japan, to work either at the Embassy or one of the Consulates promoting trade to that country.

Pratima Rao: I agree with the other two when they say the process was long and hard, but I think that I knew at the time. I wrote the FS exam twice in fact. The first time I wrote it, I wasn't really sure what it would entail. Coming from the West, you're not really sure of what foreign affairs really does. After having done okay on the exam the first time, but not having had an interview, I wrote it again, and I was successful. I had the seeds planted in my head that this is what I wanted to do after

be part of the Security Council and it would be a very interesting time to be at the UN.

Currently, I am articling with the Department too, so there are opportunities to work in international law and get called to the bar in Ontario — something which I hadn't done before.

Claude Demers: Well, the selection process was pretty much the same for me. I wrote the exam in New York, and I spent quite a bit of time preparing for it. It is a protracted process and it is highly selective so you are very nervous at times because there are not that many outlets for people to work as diplomats. You basically have to work for Foreign Affairs, so if that is what you are really gunning for it makes you very nervous to have to wait this long.

As for any future plans, mon intérêt premier est pour l'Europe, ma maîtrise ayant porté sur la politique européenne. Je m'intéresse également aux grands dossiers de commerce international. J'aimerais éventuellement pouvoir combiner ma formation et mon expérience en droit avec mon intérêt pour les relations internationales et le commerce international — ça pourrait se faire, par exemple, dans le cadre de négociations de traités commerciaux.

Claude Demers: Well morale among the recruits is still very high, but we are aware of the various reports in the press and amongst older colleagues about the situation and the rate of attrition.

All I can say is that as far as I am concerned, this is what I was really aiming for. I may find some aspects of the job less pleasurable than others, but you have to look at the whole package; there are no other jobs today, very few other jobs today, that offer the chance to represent your country abroad and live in foreign countries and participate in international politics.

Q. One of the complaints that I had heard was because of budget cuts there had been downsizing in clerical jobs and that Foreign Service officers were doing more of this work than they used to do. Is that a matter of concern or not?

Mark Scullion: Well, of course, we didn't have Microsoft office and JetForm, you know 10, 15 years ago so it is much easier I think today for those of us to get certain jobs done with fewer human resources. I mean there is that to be considered. I don't know that any of us are overly burdened with tasks that we might otherwise have someone else do.

That is just part of the new reality of the workplace.

Moderator: I think e-mail, for example, has greatly facilitated the work that we do. It has just eliminated paper and drudgery and that kind of work is just done electronically. It has basically become an e-mail culture in the Department and that saves a lot of time and energy. We can communicate with Kinshasa in the space of three or four seconds without the telegram that used to be typed up manually: our colleagues will recall those days. We are far beyond that now and it has made transmission of information, our stock in trade, much easier.

Q. I guess to follow the question is whether the officers who were typing did that themselves or did somebody else do it?

A. We do our own.

Q. My question is you all have other opportunities in terms of financial remuneration. So you have no qualms coming into the Department at the salary that you are coming with, contrary to the reports.

Nadia Burger: As Claude has mentioned before, I think doing a job we have a passion for is the best salary we can have. Of course, we need to earn money to be able

to function these days, but we are very lucky to do a job that we enjoy. In my opinion, that is a great consideration when it comes to making life and career choices.

Claude Demers: I mean let's not pretend that we wouldn't like to make more money. I think we would all like to make more money. But I think that we are looking at more than just the money. As far as I am concerned this was a career move and I could be somewhere else. It was definitely something that I wanted as a job, and as for the rest, well there are things that I have to live with and I gladly do so because I am allowed to do something I like.

Moderator: I might just add that there is now an accelerated management trainee program which will allow mobility for the new recruits. Within five years they will go to the second grade in the Foreign Service automatically.

That has been one way through the human resources policy of the Department that we allow for a faster transition to better pay and broader pay scales, which the new recruits will now benefit from. It is something that will address some of those concerns.

Q. I have a question for Miss Rao — not to pick on you, but the taxpayers may argue with your articling position here. They are going to teach you another language also from what I gathered. What guarantee is there that you are not going to move on?

Pratima Rao: There is no guarantee that I won't move on in the future, but since I have been here, the experience has been one where I have learned a language, have had the opportunity to work with amazing people at the UN, and have had the chance to work on interesting international legal issues. The whole experience has been very value-added for me and I have been enriched by it. I don't see that changing since I believe I can learn and grow with foreign affairs. Until such time as I don't find myself being enriched by the process, I don't think I could comment on whether it is a temporary or permanent career.

Moderator: You see we want the best people we can get, but also make them even better and part of that is second language training, French language training for people who work overseas, and if we can provide opportunities for lawyers in this department all the better.

Our previous panel (former HOMs) had several lawyers. Obviously the nuts and

bolts of international relations come down to things like the international criminal court, Law of the Sea, those kinds of issues we deal with which are vital. So obviously a legal fraternity in foreign affairs is very important to the bigger picture.

Q. In your process of going through recruitment, were there mentors? Was there anyone to turn to? Was there anything? Would you have preferred to have a certain mentor to help you along the system?

Claude Demers: There is a wealth of information out there that is available for applicants to consult and learn about and then prepare for the exams. It is highly selective, so you have to do it on your own and put in the hours and prepare for it. As for a mentor, there were people that we could speak to to know what stage of the process we were at.

Yes, there were people we could call and find out about where we were, and how things stood, more or less and that is to be expected, I guess, from the Department.

Unidentified speaker: I could add one thing. I think in the exam process, I mean you can improve by having maybe written the exam once and then doing it again. But really, I think what distinguishes the people that get hired or not is the interview process, and it is really hard to gauge to know what they are looking for other than being polite, being responsive, flexible, showing adaptability, these sorts of generic, general qualifications and characteristics of a person, but I think there are some people that have written and done the exam and maybe been interviewed three or four times and they haven't been hired because maybe there is something fundamentally that they haven't achieved or obtained in their interview process.

I mean other people can go through the first time. So it's really hard to tell what they are looking for in the interviewing panel.

Moderator: I should say it is a sign of the times that we still had 5,000 people write the Foreign Service exam this year to recruit 60. And another sign of the times is that there are companies where you can be trained and primed and prompted for the exam process — firms that give seminars before the exam is written to help people prepare, a bit like the LSAT for the law school entrance process. It is quite interesting to see how there is an industry being set up to get people ready to write the Foreign Service exam. ☺

Keith William MacLellan 1920-1998

Born in Aylmer, Quebec on November 30, 1920, Keith grew up in Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, Montreal. He left McGill without a degree to join the Royal Montreal Regiment in 1942, and in 1944-45 served in Britain's famous "1st Special Air Service Regiment" (SAS), where he took part in daring operations far behind the German lines, including freeing Bergen-Belsen from its SS guards, and racing to the Baltic to head off the advancing Russians. In 1946, while based in Antwerp, he married Marie Antoinette, daughter of Count Adelin de Grelle, and after his discharge as a Lieutenant, went on to New College, Oxford for his BA. After a brief spell with Imperial Oil, he joined External Affairs in 1952 as one of the last World War II veterans to do so.

Keith's departmental career was both distinguished and diverse. Postings to Berne, Los Angeles, Rome, London, Brussels and Vientiane (where he was ICSC Commissioner), were interspersed with the usual Personnel-decreed potpourri of Ottawa jobs, and followed by assignments as Ambassador to Pakistan (1974-77), Yugoslavia (1977-79) and Jordan (1982-85). He was a professional in the best sense, working with dedicated competence and skill in the face of all the weird and wonderful tasks that the Foreign Service throws at its practitioners, but ever ready to puncture with his gentle humour the pompousness that can affect people in this as in other métiers.

Regardless of possible personal and career consequences, he ran valiantly, if unsuccessfully, as a Conservative candidate in two Montreal ridings, in 1979 and 1988, knowing in advance that the odds were heavily against him, but believing it was his duty to put himself on the line for the Canada he believed in. After his retirement from External, he devoted much time and effort to the St. Andrew's Societies of Montreal and Ottawa, and to broadening awareness of the important Scottish contribution to Quebec. The sad skirl of the Cameron Highlanders' bagpipes at his funeral in Aylmer provided an eloquent reminder of this, as did the gentle words of the "Gaelic Blessing" which concluded the ceremony.

Keith was a deeply modest man, who could rarely be persuaded to talk about his own wartime exploits. He did claim Foreign Service heroism, however, when

he challenged an Indian ICSC delegate in Laos to a contest in drinking hot sauces, and won — probably his closest brush with death in External, he would say. Old-fashioned, in the best sense, in his courtesy and consideration for others, he was surprisingly modern in other, unexpected ways: in his early days, he rode around on an Indian motorcycle, à la Trudeau; he loved Pogo; he saw to it that his new Embassy in Amman was one of the first Canadian missions to be computer-equipped, despite a predictable lack of helpful guidance and expertise from Ottawa. And he was always warmly hospitable — even to worrying about getting a drink (Scotch, of course) for visitors during his last difficult days in hospital, where he died on September 29. His widow, his mother, his four children and his nine grandchildren survive him.

Keith's colleagues and friends are happy to have had the privilege of knowing him. He leaves us with the memory of a truly kind, upright, intelligent character, indeed a man, one might say, of quiet nobility. ☺

Michael Shenstone

Lucien Lamoureux 1920-1998

The little church in Aylmer, Quebec, in which Lucien Lamoureux was baptized in 1920, recently held a memorial service for its most distinguished member.

Lucien graduated from the University of Ottawa and was admitted to the bar of Ontario after attending Osgoode Hall law school. For some time he served as executive assistant to the Honorable Lionel Chevrier where he became familiar with the procedures of parliament. In 1954 he left to join Chevrier's law practice in Cornwall and was elected as a Liberal member of the House of Commons in the general election of 1962 for Stormont-Dundas.

To those who knew him, it came as no surprise that Lucien was made Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons in 1963 and Speaker in 1966. He served as Speaker for 3010 days, the longest period for any Speaker since Confederation.

Presiding over the House calls for a rare combination of knowledge, patience, dignity, and tact, together with a sense of when to be firm. By general acknowledgment, he was the best in many decades. Never once did he name a Member for unparliamentary conduct, but an offender could feel his wrath. Lucien would simply not see him or

her, for purposes of asking questions of Ministers, making a speech or statement, or for that matter, any other House activity, until an apology was offered.

A Speaker is obliged to be politically neutral, but in our Canadian tradition must seek re-election on a party label. In the British House of Commons, a Speaker is traditionally not opposed by Opposition Parties. In 1968, the Conservative Party under Robert Stanfield did not run a candidate in Stormont-Dundas and Lucien, running as an Independent, easily defeated his NDP opponent. In 1972, however, the Conservatives did name a candidate, but Lucien was able to get re-elected running as an Independent with Liberal support in a close race. Lucien did his best to establish the political independence of the Speaker, but none of his successors has followed his precedent of running as an Independent.

In 1969 Lucien Lamoureux hosted the first Conference of Commonwealth Speakers and Presiding Officers in Ottawa. Subsequent conferences have been held usually every two years. I have attended two of them and was pleasantly surprised to learn how much in common the Parliaments have, each modeled after the Mother of Parliaments in Westminster.

In 1974 Lucien Lamoureux was named Canadian Ambassador to Belgium, a position he occupied until 1980. That busy post, involving as it did a number of European conferences held in Brussels, was well suited to his talents. Without any doubt, he was one of the most polished and eloquent spokesmen in Canada's two official languages that I have ever known and his genial composure never left him.

In 1981, he was named as Canada's Ambassador to Portugal, where he remained until his retirement in the fall of 1984. I was fortunate to succeed him in Lisbon and to learn of the respect that many of his friends had for him.

Canada has lost an outstanding Parliamentarian, an accomplished diplomat and a proud citizen of our country. ☺

Lloyd Francis

Marion Macpherson 1924-1998

Following is the text of the eulogy delivered by Vernon Turner at the memorial service for Marion Macpherson.

Many of us here today are veterans of the Canadian foreign service. For us the

departure from this world of Marion Macpherson, a fellow Foreign Service officer, has a special resonance. Thanks to the nature of Foreign Service life, the frequent changes of scene and personnel, the sometimes exhausting travel, the stimulation of engaging in both intellectual and trivial pursuits, the frustrations of bureaucracy, and the enlargement of our cultural horizons, we find it especially poignant to say goodbye to a colleague and a good friend whose experience was so much like our own. Marion was one of us.

Pride, as we know, is not a virtue. I believe, however, that to be proud in some circumstances is a source of strength and much to be commended. Marion was proud of her Scottish heritage and quick to rise to the defence of all things Scottish. Her love of the bagpipes was unqualified and could even lead her to play a record or spin a compact disc exclusively devoted to bagpipe music. Marion was equally proud of her Saskatchewan roots and upbringing. These endowed her with a feisty spirit, a clarity of purpose and a determination to excel. There must be something special in the air or the water out there, particularly in Moosomin. That of course is where Marion grew up, with her sister Joanne and her late brother, Bill.

Marion made no great claims for herself but she was proud to have been the first woman to enter the Foreign Service directly through the competitive examination process. Having done so, she never sought special treatment as a woman; nor did she evade the more onerous burdens that a demanding Department might place upon her. Early in her career she served in Hanoi, a post in those days characterized by heat, humidity, isolation and poor food. Her reward for that sterling service was a cross-posting to Accra, a step up in terms of living conditions but not an easy place either. Still, it was an exciting time to be in Ghana, a newly independent African state led by the somewhat messianic Kwame Nkrumah. Marion greatly enjoyed Accra and related well to Africans of all kinds.

This talent served her well in the 60's at our Permanent Mission to the United Nations in New York. There, as the mission officer responsible for colonial questions in the Fourth Committee, Marion was deeply engaged with African issues — apartheid in South Africa, the illegal regime in Rhodesia, and the future of South West Africa. This involved frequent and close contacts with all African delegates as well as with key Western representatives. During Canada's stint on the Security Council in 1967-68, it was Marion who wrote speeches, helped negotiate resolutions

and lobbied, on behalf of Canada, in support of our Permanent Representative and in pursuit of our policy objectives in the area for which she was responsible. I served with Marion during that period, saw her in action, and developed a deep appreciation for her diplomatic skills, particularly her dedication, sense of humour and astute appraisal of the motivations of others.

There is no doubt that those two years on the Security Council in 1967-68 provided plenty of work and excitement for all of us in New York. When the African issues were accompanied by events in the Middle East, Cyprus and Czechoslovakia, we knew that in the Security Council we were on the diplomatic front lines. One result of this activity was, inevitably, a high level of tension within the Mission and sometimes between the Mission and Headquarters. In that context an official in Ottawa became concerned and told me that I was being relied on as the rock of the mission — the rock! When Marion heard this, she screamed with laughter because, in her view, under my ostensibly cool demeanour lay a volcano waiting to erupt. In brief, I may have fooled others but I never fooled Marion Macpherson.

One of the less attractive features of diplomacy, particularly at the United Nations, is that the time and effort expended on particular issues or objectives can be totally disproportionate to the results achieved. Marion knew this as well as anyone, but her enthusiasm never flagged. Thus she had to take great satisfaction from what ultimately occurred during her lifetime — the end of apartheid, the resolution of the Rhodesian crisis with the emergence of Zimbabwe, and the independence of Namibia.

I have dwelt on the UN experience because Marion and I worked so closely together there, and many details of that association remain firmly impressed on my memory. It is clear to me that Marion brought the same sure touch and clear-headed perspective to bear on her many other assignments at home and abroad, notably as High Commissioner to Sri Lanka, Ambassador to Denmark and High Commissioner to Zambia and Malawi. And her selection for the position of Inspector General of the Foreign Service constituted, in my view, an exceptional testament to her sound judgement, reliability and common sense.

On her retirement, Marion led a relatively quiet life but it was not uneventful. She continued her piano lessons and not only played but composed, something of which she could also be justifiably proud. Crossword puzzles, mystery stories and the Sunday

New York Times kept her sharp as a tack while meetings with old friends of the Retired Heads of Mission Association were a special treat.

Towards the end, Marion's quality of life was greatly diminished but she remained remarkably stoic through it all. I admired that. Mary Macdonald, Marion's longtime friend, loyal supporter and regular visitor during her many weeks in hospital, has remarked to me that Marion managed to greet us with her wonderful smile even when she was extremely ill. Yes, she did. Marion's smile was wonderful and I shall always think of it when I remember her. I am sure that she would wish all of you to do the same. ☺

Vernon Turner

Leo P. Martin PAFSO Executive Director 1975-83

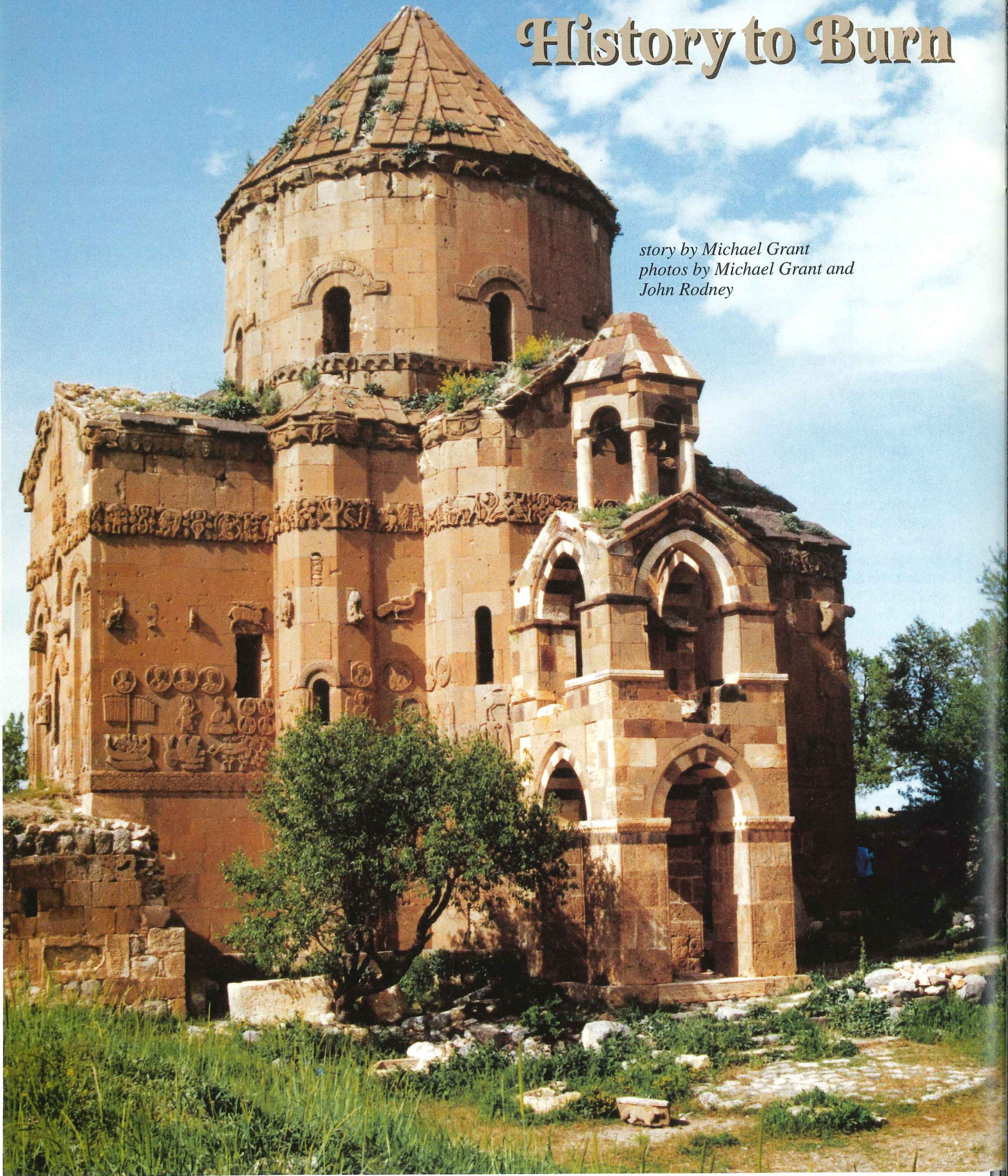
Leo Martin died peacefully Thursday, December 3, 1998 at age 79. Leo devoted his working life in service of Canada, from his tour of duty with the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps (R.C.A.S.C.), during WWII, through to his retirement from the federal Public Service in 1973 as Chief of Staff Relations, Department of Industry Trade and Commerce. During his career in the Foreign Service he served in London, Paris, New York and Geneva.

Leo joined PAFSO in 1975 as Executive Director. He served the Association's membership with great distinction and dedication, where his strong labour skills and understanding and commitment to the Foreign Service were always very much in evidence and helped strengthen the Association. After retiring from PAFSO in 1983, Leo continued his labour negotiations work for clients such as the Veterans' Hospital in Ste-Anne de Belleville, Quebec. Many of his colleagues in the public service benefited from his expertise and guidance. All who knew him were profoundly touched by his humanity.

Widower of Eileen, Leo will be sadly missed by his children and their families: Vaughan (Audrey Schreyer), Merv (Laraine), Claire (Derek Hudson), Linda (Ian Gadbois) and Louise (Mazen Khoury), grandchildren, great-grandchildren and many friends. ☺

South-Eastern Turkey — History to Burn

*story by Michael Grant
photos by Michael Grant and
John Rodney*



Those who have had the pleasure to be posted to Ankara know very well the gem that Turkey is. From a professional point of view, the internal politics combined with the complex mixture of Turkey's relations with the EU, Greece, Former Soviet Union and Middle East is enough to keep one very active and content. But besides that, there is the bonus of travelling in Turkey. Take your pick from any coast — Mediterranean, Aegean or Black Seas — not to mention Istanbul or the Anatolia plateau, and any history buff or beach bum could be kept busy for years.

A further bonus for some has been the opportunity to travel to areas not regularly visited, namely the south-east triangle between the borders with Iran, Iraq and Syria. Heaped with as much history as Istanbul, this former Silk Road intersection offers an incredible array of ancient civilizations and empires: Babylonian, Hurrite, Hittite, Hurrian, Uartian, Hamdanid, Buweyhid, Ayyubid, Assyrian, Cimmerian, Persian, Turkoman, Macedonian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Seljuk Turkish, Ottoman, Armenian, Kurdish . . .

Ask most "Western" Turks in Ankara or Istanbul about travelling in south-eastern Turkey and your likely to get reactions ranging from blank stares to warnings of terrorist attacks. When you then tell them about enjoying night-time walks through the streets of Diyarbakir, they question your sanity.

In 1984, the Kurdistan Worker's Party (PKK) began a campaign of terror in the south-east that has raged at times into all-out war. The government's response — massive amounts of troops and martial law — has been questioned as to its effectiveness and its impact on civilians. For the people of the south-east the past 15 years has been one of attacks and counterattacks, village evacuations, migration and rampant poverty. It is estimated that nearly 30,000 terrorists, soldiers and civilians have been killed.

Although the region remains extremely tense and somewhat dangerous, the situation has begun to change slightly over the past three to four years. The military claim that they have won the war — although attacks by the PKK terrorists and large military operations continue. Only six provinces of the original ten remain under Emergency Rule and an

economic turnaround, long predicted by the designers of the massive hydro electricity and irrigation Southeastern Anatolia Project (GAP), has begun to show hints of an impact. Most observers would say that a long-term solution to the "Kurdish question" depends on government recognition of the language and cultural identity of the mainly Kurdish inhabitants of the region. But nonetheless, the region is changing and visits to most areas are possible. Making my second trip in two years, in May 1998, I was excited to revisit Diyarbakir and see for the first time Van, Bitlis, Şanlıurfa and the famous Nemrut Dağ (Mount Nemrut) with its incredible tumulus and statues.

Part official visit and part exploring, I was looking forward to, on one hand discussing the effects of massive migration on ill-equipped cities, while rumbling through ruins and walking the streets that now cover the ancient paths of the Silk Road.

We began the journey in Turkey's eastern most city, Van, 80 km from the Iranian border. Noted for the lake of the same name, Van was once the capital of the Uartian kingdom, at that time called Tushpa. After the fall of the Uartians, Van was occupied by Armenians, but they were never its master. Controlled by one dynasty after another, the Armenians of Van were passed from Romans to Arabs to Persians to Byzantines and finally to Turks. During WWI, the Armenians rose up against the Ottomans and fought alongside the Russians, who occupied Van for close to three years. When the war ended, so did the history of the Armenians in Van.

The City's castle, or Rock of Van, sits in between the lake and the present day city. The unique, cuneiform writing on its walls was borrowed by the Uartians from the Assyrians, although they were bitter enemies at the time. Looking down from the castle, you see a maze of lumps in the fields that were the remnants of the Uartian city and until WWI, the homes of the Armenian community.

A short distance south of Van you come to the dock of the small ferry that takes you to Akdamar, an island a few km from shore on Lake Van. In 921, Gagik Vartazn, King of Vaspakan, built a church and palace here. Today, nothing much is left of the palace, but the Armenian-style church is in terrific

condition. The view of the lake from the island is also spectacular.

Besides the armoured personnel carrier escort, the trip from Van to Bitlis was a great drive through incredibly mountainous terrain. There were numerous checkpoints, but no problems were encountered. In Bitlis, the Deputy Mayor took me on a whirl wind tour of no



less than five mosques all over 800 years old. The past significance of this small trading town was revealed when we then visited the ruins of two caravansaries, the ancient resting and meeting places of the Silk Road travellers.

Near the end of the Ottoman empire, Bitlis was the capital of a semi-autonomous Kurdish region. During the fighting of recent times, Bitlis had its share of problems, but in 1997 it was removed from those provinces under Emergency Rule and, according to the Deputy Mayor, is now quite safe for residents and tourists alike.

Modern day Diyarbakir is known mostly for being the centre of the Kurdish separatist activities. For most of the late eighties and early nineties its streets were not safe at night, having been essentially taken over



Title page: Akdamar Killsesi (Church of the Holy Cross), built in 921 by Gagik Artzruni, King of Vaspurakan, on an island in Lake Van. Below: The decapitated statues on Nemrut Dağı. Right: Basic transportation in rural south-eastern Turkey.

by the PKK. While much safer today, the continuing security presence is one reminder of the fact that the 15-year struggle against terrorism is not over. The other reminder is the overflowing population caused by migration from evacuated villages and a birthrate of 3.5%. Diyarbakir has swollen to three times its size in 15 years, to more than 1 million, according to its mayor.

Even under its current strain, Diyarbakir offers some fantastic historical sites not least being the six kilometre walls that surround the city. Claimed to be the second longest outside of China, these black basalt walls offer fine views of the city and of the Tigris river.

Another favourite spot is the ancient caravansary, another stopping point on the Silk Road and now a functioning hotel. Its thick stone walls provide some comfort from the heat and the inner court yard is again a place for travellers to share stories of the east.

The most impressive mosque in Diyarbakir is the *Ulu Cami*, built in 1091 by

Malih Şah, a Seljuk sultan. Clearly Arabic in style from its rectangular shape, Ulu Mosque looks across to yet another ancient caravansary which now houses shops offering quality carpets, kilims and bags from all over eastern Turkey, northern Iraq and Iran.

Besides the many mosques, Diyarbakir still has functioning churches of the Syrian Orthodox and Syrian Catholic faiths. Until early this century, Diyarbakir was also home to Armenian and Greek communities. The ruins of their churches are still there, abandoned yet still with much of their grandeur intact, waiting for restoration.

Looking at the fields as you drive from Diyarbakir to Şanlıurfa you notice two things: the amazing number of boulders that are the remnants of a 10,000 year-old exploded volcano and the way the fields become greener as you get closer to the waters of the GAP. This is one area where you will occasionally see nomad families tending to their flocks.

The hot dusty city of Şanlıurfa is most famous for the legend of Abraham, a prophet to Muslims as well as Jews and Christians. It is said that the Assyrian King Nimrod didn't appreciate Abraham's prophecies and threw him into a giant fire at the top of the fortress in Urfa (the Sanli, or *glorious*, was added in 1980). God intervened, turning the fire to water and the wood to fish. Today the *pools of the sacred carp* are the centre piece of Şanlıurfa. A further legend says that if anyone should catch a carp and eat it, they would go blind. By the size of the fish in the pools, it seems that most Şanlıurfans believe the legend. There was an old guard however that told us privately he had *heard of someone* eating a fish and nothing had happened.

Şanlıurfa has always been an agricultural centre. Today, with the waters from GAP starting to turn desert to fertile soil, it stands to become one of many centres of economic activity in the south-east. The Mayor boasted that envoys from many countries have visited Şanlıurfa in recent times looking for investment opportunities.



The sprawling industrial parks on the outskirts of town testify to the growth that is taking place.

As soon as you arrive, children will run to you and crowd around, demanding coins, sweets, cigarettes, empty water bottles and ballpoint pens. — the Lonely Planet, Turkey 1996

The Lonely Planet didn't go quite far enough. When we arrived at the site of the ruins in Haran, John Rodney was literally mugged by a band of Arabic speaking youngsters. He escaped only after turning over the chocolate bar in his pocket they had apparently sniffed out as we were driving up.

The ancient city of Haran comes out of the desert as you move south from Şanlıurfa towards Syria. Besides being the home of Abraham for a number of years, Haran was once the centre of the worship of Sin, the god of the moon. Its ruins — a caravansary, mosque and supposedly the first university the world had ever seen — are impressive even in their rough condition.

The most unique features of Haran are the beehive houses which bubble up throughout the still-inhabited village. In one area, a villager had been given permission to build new beehive dwellings to make available for tourists to get an impression of living in the mostly mud homes. The short stop for a çay was a welcomed escape from the May heat which easily got over 30C by noon.

Nemrut Dağ (Mount Nemrut), part of the anti-Taurus range, rises to 2150 metres between Malatya and Kahta. Not unlike most of the other mountains in the area, it is famous for the remains of the massive statues and tumulus that rest on its summit. Nemrut's peak was razed and rebuilt in self-praise by Antiochus (64-38 BC), King of Commagene, an independent Seleucid "empire" built on playing both sides of the Roman, Parthian fence. Antiochus saw himself on equal footing to the great king-gods of the Roman, Parthian and Persian empires and thus elevated himself to god status. Some believe that the crushed rock mound which now stands in place of the natural peak is actually the tomb of the self-labelled ruler.

Making your way up the 500 metre path from the car park to the peak at 05:00 on a May day, you freeze. The partially overcast sky was black with just a faint glow in the east. By the time we, and 50 or so others, made it to the top, the glow had spread across the horizon and gained a hint of yellow. The next forty-five minutes were an incredible show of colour and light. The feeling of being on



top of world — an ancient world — came to mind. The sun turned the decapitated statues and scattered heads a glowing yellow to dull orange with long, long shadows until finally the entire mountain was engulfed in light and the details of these 2000 year-old carvings came to life. Besides the impressive mountain range, Nemrut provides a spectacular view of the waters of the GAP, spreading like fingers into the valleys. As the cold sunk in and a drizzle began we had just enough time for a quick trip around the tumulus, three rolls of film and a çay with the mountain keeper.

On a short trip from Şanlıurfa to Gaziantep we encountered the horrors of modern-day Turkey — driving. Very believable urban myths persist that it is the highest cause of death in the country. In the 150 km we witnessed no less than five, what seemed like major, accidents mostly involving large tanker trucks. This small stretch of Turkish highway is at times the busiest in the country. It showed and it was scary.

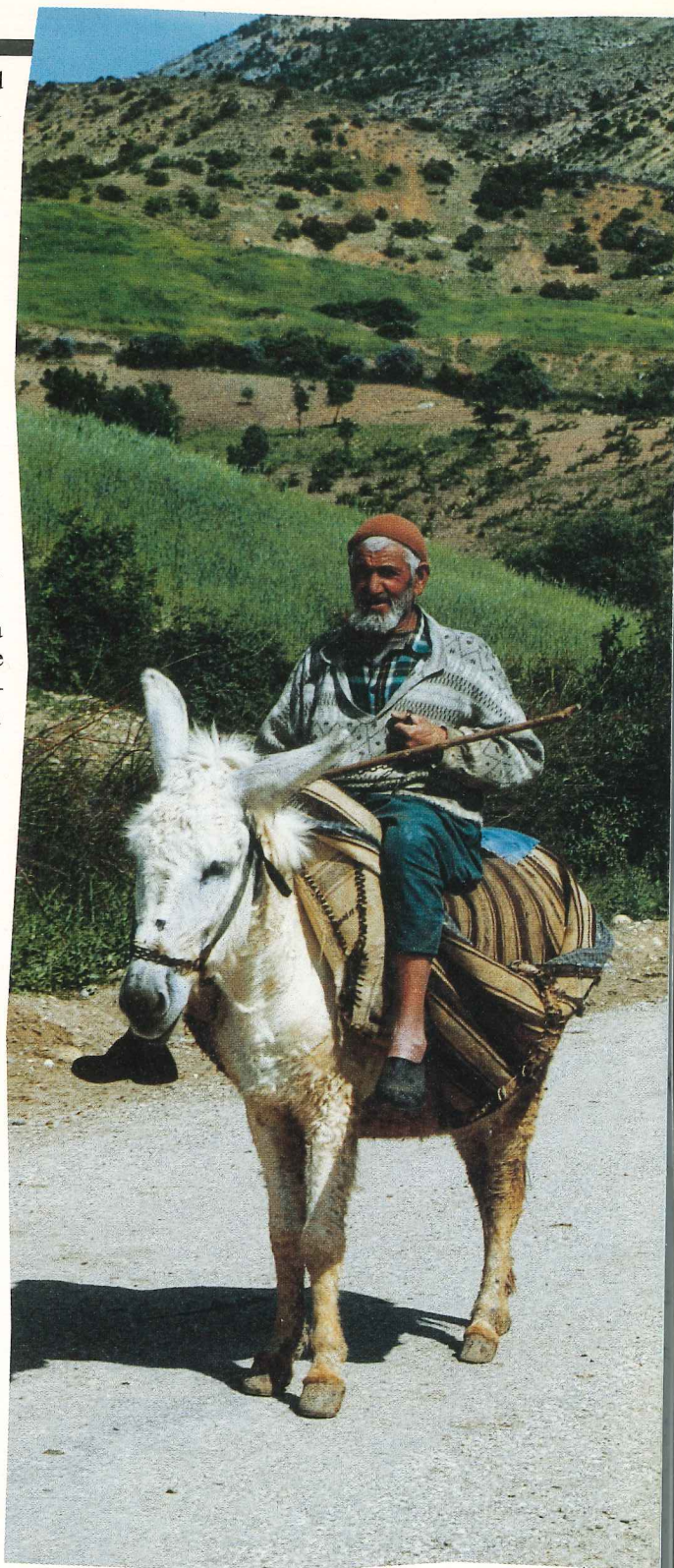
About 2 hours north of Diyarbakir is a small town called Lice. At one time Lice was a prosperous bustling town of Armenian and Kurdish tradesmen. In the late sixties, a devastating earthquake hit Lice killing a sizeable percentage of its population. Because of its strategic geographic location, Lice's importance grew once again when the troubles began in 1984. In 1993 fighting was frequent and much of Lice's population migrated westward.

In June 1997 I visited Lice. Its houses showed both the scares of the 14 year old struggle against the PKK and the earthquake. The villagers were curious of the little motorcade as we bounced through its small streets. After a quick run down main street we came to our destination: a school built by the Development Foundation of Turkey with assistance from CIDA in 1988. The school was designed for young women that normally would not have the opportunity for education. It also taught them home economics and skills development, mostly carpet weaving. In this little troubled corner of Turkey, a piece

of Canada was having a positive impact on many young lives.

Unfortunately, in May 1998, I couldn't visit Lice. Just before the trip to the region, a major operation against the PKK had begun that made Lice off-limits. ☹

Michael Grant served in Ankara from 1996 to 1998. He currently is posted as house husband to Buenos Aires with his wife, Heidi Kutz.



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qu'en anglais. Toutefois la trousse d'information est
disponible dans les deux langues.*

Words Not Deeds

Nearly a decade after the "war to end all wars" statesmen gathered in Paris to sign the General Treaty for the Renunciation of War, more commonly known as the Kellogg-Briand Pact in honour of its principal sponsors, American Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg and French Foreign Minister Aristide Briand. At a simple but impressive ceremony in the Salle d'Horloge of the Quai d'Orsay, foreign ministers or other plenipotentiaries committed 15 countries to renounce "war as an instrument of national policy" so that "the peaceful and friendly relations now existing between their peoples may be perpetuated." By 1936, only five countries had not adhered to the treaty (Argentina, Bolivia, El Salvador, Uruguay and Yemen). Five years later, all save one (the Irish Free State) of the original signatories, but none of the non-signatories, were at war or had been conquered. Understandably, the Kellogg-Briand Pact has entered the lexicon not as a symbol of triumph for humanity but as a synonym for diplomatic futility and empty pledges. When it was signed, however, there was hope that its pious sentiments would inhibit the formation of alliances and possibly make it easier for the international community to isolate an aggressor.

Among the plenipotentiaries in Paris was the Prime Minister and Secretary of State for External Affairs, William Lyon Mackenzie King, who signed "for the Dominion of Canada" immediately below the British delegate and within the space reserved for the various representatives of "His Majesty the King of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, Emperor of India." Canadian speakers at the League of Nations had tended to remind their European colleagues that Canada was relatively safe from international conflict and to invoke Canadian-American relations as an example for others less favoured by circumstance and geography. Not surprisingly then, King regarded the treaty as the application to the rest of the world of principles that had already been adopted in North America. For King, the commitment was another manifestation of Canada's autonomy in international affairs. His itinerary in Europe included two other such symbols — Canada participating as an elected non-permanent member of the Council of the League of Nations and the formal opening of the Canadian Legation in Paris. Perhaps with those advances in status overshadowing the noble purpose of the gathering at the Quai d'Orsay, the entry in King's remarkable diary for that momentous day is itself rather unremarkable.

The King Diary is part of the W.L.M. King Papers at the National Archives of Canada. The extract below was taken from the typescript version. With the exception of the query about what Kellogg said (and King recorded in his notoriously bad handwriting), parenthetical remarks have been added.

Hector Mackenzie

Monday, August 27, 1928 Paris — Signature Peace Treaty

Spent this forenoon in my rooms at the [Hôtel] Crillon. Was much perplexed not being able to get [O.D.] Skelton [Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs], [Harry] Baldwin [Secretary to the Prime Minister and Secretary of State for External Affairs] or [Victor] Lemire [a secretary] or

[J.S.] Nicol [confidential messenger] for awhile, when I had the worry of last night's interview [an acrimonious discussion with Lord Cushendun, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Acting Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs for Great Britain and Northern Ireland, about the opening of the Canadian Legation in Paris as a breach of the diplomatic unity of the British Empire] on my mind. Finally I got hold of all four,

answered some letters & telegrams and drafted a letter to Lord Cushendun which I gave to him in the clock room of the Foreign Office this afternoon. It seemed to me wisest not to press the point raised last night, but to have our difficulty registered, and write a letter which would hold matters over for the present & get Mr. [Phillippe] Roy's letters of credence [as Canada's Minister to France] at once. Both [Senator Raoul] Dandurand & Roy & finally Skelton agreed to this.

I had a short talk with Dandurand & Roy & also had a photograph taken in my rooms. Lunched in the apartment and at 2.30 left for the Foreign Office across the Seine, just opposite this hotel. It was a beautiful bright day, the city looking its best in the sunlight, wide open spaces of river & boulevards.

At the Foreign Office I was shewn into Mr. Briand's room. Mr. Kellogg, Lord Cushendun, Senator [Alexander John] McLachlan [Member of the Executive Federal Council of the Commonwealth of Australia], Sir [Christopher] James Parr [High Commissioner for New Zealand in Great Britain] were already present. Later other Secretaries of State and Ministers came in. It was an interesting moment when Stressman [sic: Dr. Gustav Stresemann, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Germany] arrived. [Raymond] Poincaré [Prime Minister of France] was talking with Briand, the latter shook his hand warmly & shewed him the seat immediately opposite both. They talked a little together. I talked with Mr. Kellogg awhile, gave Lord Cushendun the letter, he was somewhat apologetic about last night. He wanted to see me anyway. I had told him the letter wd serve the purpose of an interview.

At 3 all were assembled & we walked into the Clock room. The seating at head table was Briand in centre with Kellogg on his left, Stressman & [likely Paul Hymans, Minister for Foreign Affairs of Belgium] on his right, Lord Cushendun on Kellogg's left & I sat at corner with Lord Cushendun. Mr. Briand read his speech which was next translated, then each signed the treaty in turn at a small table. Kellogg's hand shook terribly, he found it hard to write. On way back to his seat he said to me in passing putting his hand on my shoulder "That is a terrible pain [pen?]." When I went to sign, I was surprised first to see my own seal in the wax opposite the space for my name. Then when I wrote as I came to

'Mackenzie' — dear Mother's spirit seemed to come between me & the paper, to almost illumine it. I thought only of her as I wrote, then in signing King I felt much the same about father but not so strongly. As Briand read — 'the flags of all Nations' over the f[o]r[e]ign office today, I thought of what Mrs. [L.] Bleaney [a fortune-teller in Kingston whom King had consulted during the election campaign in 1925] told me she saw two years ago 'the flags of all nations, that I w[oul]d be taking part in etc. — It came to me strongly on the moment. Then tonight the verses in the little book — what God had begun in one he will fulfil — then to endure to end & inviolable peace. It is all too wonderful. God's universe with God in it all.

After the signing we returned to M. Briand's office — I had a short talk with Mr. Stressman who was very pleasant. He spoke of having been in Berlin Ont. — of the paper Tageblatt there, Berlin being changed to Kitchener, but now back again. He seems to be genuinely appreciated by the French Ministers. It is the first time in 65 (?) years a German minister has been received in Paris. ☺

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Day One

(and how I started my outrageously successful career)

by Michael Kaduck

Day One for me was August 30, 1993, and I joined the Department as a vision of sartorial safety; a bureaucratic fashion plate for the '90s. My steel blue, round-around-the-middle Sears suit ensured I would blend into my surroundings, as if I were a part of the Treasury Board-approved vinyl furniture. My sister-in-law, alarmed by my panoply of solid-colour neckties, gave me a snazzy new tie with which to express my individuality in the only corporately-acceptable manner. Besocked by Zellers and besotted with sentimental patriotism, I was ready for anything.

Eight of us started that day. We all arrived early and shuffled our feet for a while in the expansive marble foyer of the Lester B. Pearson Building. Right on time, we were greeted by the Assignment Officer: a svelte Calgarian with a broad smile and an understated prairie charm. She welcomed us, warned us about cafeteria coffee and explained in detail why we should give up hope of ever getting our own parking spaces. The filling out of forms began at that moment, and continues to this day.

A good looking bunch, were my fellow first-dayers, with backgrounds in law or political science, journalism or even botany. In comparison, I am somewhat less endowed with what human resources enthusiasts like to call 'skills' or 'ability', but I still made it into the Foreign Service (owing to a clerical error and the fact that my Aunt Sophie used to make borscht for Barbara MacDougall).

Those who had previously worked on DFAIT contracts were much better prepared for the job. For example, they were aware that the statue in the foyer was not Howie Meeker as I had suggested, and they knew better than to expect solid information on anything further into the future than Thursday lunchtime. I had never set foot in

the Pearson building before, and just tried not to look like a dazed trainee (I fooled nobody). One 1993 recruit told me all his first impressions of people were wrong. I think all mine were right.

A contemporary of mine once told me that the Foreign Service was the only job he thought he would ever do, and that he

promoted before the Mayan calendar ends in the year 2011).

Most humiliating of all the hoops through which brand spankin' new FS bozos must leap on Day One is that ceremonial mortification known politely as *The Rounds*. Having no money for boot camp or hazing videos, the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade has devised a uniquely effective manner by which to demonstrate to juniors the extent of their junioriness.

Picture this: you have a sheet of legal paper with eighteen acronyms corresponding to eighteen divisions of the Department. You spend several hours going from division to division, tower to tower of the Pearson Building, collecting an egg-cupful of facts and wisdom, along with the initials of eighteen divisional secretaries. I recall thinking of how barbarian kings were paraded through the streets of Rome as a demonstration of Imperial authority. Okay, so we weren't exactly bound up in chains and pelted with produce. But still, the horror, the horror...

Mercifully this intramural scavenger hunt ended without fatalities, and our legal sheets were as packed with secretaries' initials as our frontal lobes were with sage advice. Not many of the people we encountered on our rounds seemed to treat the exercise with greater than lunar gravity, except one individual we are sure had appeared in several of the *Planet of the Apes* movies. We did *not* receive a lurid briefing on seductive Soviet secret agents (which was a big disappointment, Cold War over or no); neither did we get a licence to kill or a three-colour CSIS decoder ring. We did, however, receive a \$2 coupon for breakfast at the *International House of Pancakes*.

On the afternoon of Day One, each of us had an interview with our Assignment Officer. I recall having the queasy feeling I once associated with going to the Principal's



Caroline Haider

was the only person of his acquaintance that he felt was suitable for the job. He fits the service, he said, like a hand into a glove. Another new FS worried about how his friends would treat him, some having told him "you're better than the Foreign Service." I should add that these same friends used to call him "Slick Lizard," and their mothers dress them funny.

As Day One wore on, we junior-most of flunkies pledged our loyalty, checked ourselves for security leaks, and had our Monday morning grimaces immortalized in our building pass photos. We attended sedulously a wrinkle-inducing series of welcomes and dress codes and dos and don'ts from various high muckety-mucks. I would describe most of these presentations as soporific if I had a thesaurus handy (and no desire to be

office. There was some solace in the fact that my Assignment Officer's surname looked central European, so I thought I might break the ice with my grandparents-from-the-old-country gambit. Or maybe she would be so swept up in the enthusiasm generated by my Sears suit and sister-in-law necktie that she would offer me a posting in Paris and insist I be given a parking space. It didn't, she didn't, and I wasn't.

What she did do, is come to the point:

"Tell me what sort of jobs might interest you."

"Excuse me?"

"What are your interests?"

"Well, hockey mostly. Also Star Trek."

"No, what are your *professional* interests?" (pause)

"Should I have some of those?"

"Couldn't hurt."

"Let me see. Well, I'd have to say foreign policy."

"That's a good start. Anything more specific?"

"I don't know if I am really looking for a specific job. With my background, perhaps I would be best suited for something not quite so...specific."

"You would like a *vague* job?"

"Exactly!"

"Fortunately, we have plenty of those."

She opened a big, scary file folder, doubtless crammed with nebulous entry level positions, and hummed for a moment.

"What do you think of Africa?"

"That's the one with the zebras, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, as far as I'm concerned it's... south of Europe."

What was I supposed to say? My nearly limitless knowledge of African affairs consisted of three things:

- i) 'Daktari' is an African word;
- ii) Africa is hot; and
- iii) There are a lot of sand dunes in the top part.

On Day Two, I started work, vaguely, in the Africa bureau.

A few years later, I can see that Day One was a compressed version of Year One (or Year Five), because it contained all the main elements of life in the Lester B. Pearson Building: paperwork, meetings and ritual humiliation. Plus coffee. And an incomprehensible meeting with Personnel.

Mind you, I still don't know what the secret handshake is. ☺

Michael Kaduck is a political officer. He's the one in the blue suit.

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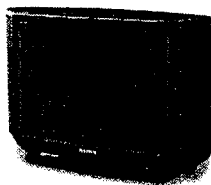
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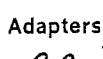
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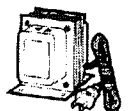
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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

Vu Du Quai
Mémoires 1945-1983

revu par Jean-Pierre Juneau

We Now Know: Rethinking Cold War History
reviewed by Hector Mackenzie

If Only I Had Known
reviewed by Jane Anido

VU DU QUAI MÉMOIRES 1945-1983 par
Henri Froment-Meurice, publié chez
Fayard, 1998, 689 p. 59,95 \$

par Jean-Pierre Juneau

*Jean-Pierre Juneau est présentement
Ambassadeur auprès de l'Union euro-
péenne à Bruxelles; il a été affecté à Paris
de 1976 à 1980, et de 1985 à 1988.*

Ceux que la politique étrangère de la France intéresse auront quelques bonnes heures de lecture devant eux, s'ils s'avisent de lire les mémoires que ce diplomate français vient de publier. Cet ouvrage est à la fois informatif, anecdotique et enrichissant, parce qu'il analyse et décortique les motivations et les objectifs de la politique étrangère française, dans la perspective de l'un des principaux responsables de sa mise en oeuvre, sinon de son élaboration; parce qu'il porte sur une période cruciale de l'histoire politique de la France qui va du redressement de l'après-guerre, suivi de la décolonisation, de l'amorce et du développement du processus de construction européenne, de la guerre froide, des initiatives françaises relatives au dialogue nord-sud et à la réunion des Sommets du G-7, jusqu'à l'accession au pouvoir de la coalition socialo-communiste en 1981, et l'arrivée d'Helmut Kohl à la chancellerie de la RFA; parce que l'auteur a une excellente plume, des convictions personnelles bien ancrées, un sens critique aiguisé, ainsi qu'une capacité d'analyse des caractères, des situations et des personnalités, plutôt inusitée; et parce que HFM fut sans doute un diplomate brillant, l'un des meilleurs de sa classe, comme l'on dit, récipiendaire du titre honorifique d'Ambassadeur de France, qui aimait profondément sa profession et son pays. Ces mémoires nous présentent en fin de compte le récit d'une vie professionnelle bien remplie et réussie, mais teintée néanmoins d'une certaine amertume.

Sa profession l'amena entre autre, en Algérie, en Indochine, en Egypte; il fut affecté à trois reprises à Moscou, dont la dernière fois en tant qu'ambassadeur de 1979 à 1981 avant de terminer sa carrière à Bonn en 1983. A l'administration centrale,

il fut successivement directeur d'Asie-Océanie (1969-1975) avant de prendre la direction des affaires économiques et financières de 1975 à 1979.

La trame générale de ces mémoires s'articule autour des relations trans-atlantiques, de la construction européenne, des relations franco-soviétiques ainsi que des relations est-ouest à la lumière des rapports privilégiés et pour le moins complexes que la France a développés avec la RFA, en particulier depuis le traité de l'Elysée de 1963.

«Atlantiste, je l'ai toujours été, pour la raison exposée dans ce texte. Mais aujourd'hui, comme hier, mon atlantisme s'accompagnait d'un très fort engagement en faveur de l'intégration européenne» (p.247). Mal à l'aise avec l'attitude anti-américaine qui fut l'une des caractéristiques de la politique étrangère de la France, sous la V^{ème} République, il suggère que son pays aurait mieux fait de concentrer davantage ses énergies dans ce domaine au développement du processus d'intégration européenne, et à la définition et à la mise en oeuvre d'une stratégie franco-allemande à cette fin. Il revient tout le long de ses mémoires sur la méfiance des hommes politiques français à l'égard de l'Allemagne, de Mendès France jusqu'à Mitterrand, du rejet de la communauté européenne de défense (CED) jusqu'à la réunification de l'Allemagne. Il rappelle que le rejet de la CED aura eu pour effet de consolider la place de la RFA dans l'OTAN, et par voie de conséquence de retarder de quelques décennies le processus d'intégration européenne dans ce domaine, un objectif qui incidemment est en train d'être ré-activé avec la première réunion informelle des ministres de la défense des quinze états membres de l'Union européenne qui se sont réunis à Vienne, au début du mois de novembre dernier, pour discuter de la dimension sécurité du deuxième pilier de l'UE (politique étrangère et de sécurité commune).

Tout en reconnaissant les développements considérables que connurent les relations franco-allemandes d'après-guerre, il déplore que l'attitude plutôt nationaliste du personnel politique français, en général, ait

empêché d'avancer plus rapidement dans la voie de la construction européenne telle qu'imaginée par Schuman et Monnet, et d'associer plus fermement cet objectif sur un système de partenariat plus élaboré et sans arrière-pensées avec les dirigeants allemands. Ce livre est truffé de références à l'égard de l'Allemagne et des multiples hésitations de la politique étrangère de la France à l'égard de ce pays, politique qui ne faisait que refléter, semble-t-il, l'état d'esprit des principaux décideurs politiques de cette génération, de Pierre Mendès France, en passant par Maurice Couve de Murville, Michel Debré, Georges Pompidou et Charles de Gaulle. C'est finalement Valéry Giscard d'Estaing et le chancelier Schmidt qui s'engageront dans une véritable politique d'intégration européenne avec le développement de l'Union économique et monétaire dont l'arrivée de l'EURO, le 1^{er} janvier 1999, marquera l'une des dernières étapes dans la réalisation de cet objectif.

HFM consacre les meilleures pages de ses mémoires aux relations est-ouest et à son expérience soviétique. Il analyse bien le caractère historique et particulier des relations franco-russes. Il regrette l'attitude complaisante des socialistes français à l'égard de l'URSS, au sortir de la guerre, et la fascination presque générale des leaders politiques et intellectuels français à l'égard de ce pays, s'imaginant disposer ainsi d'un levier à l'égard de l'Allemagne, et acquérir une marge de manoeuvre par rapport aux Etats-Unis et ses alliés anglosaxons. L'auteur nous réserve à cet égard des commentaires personnels sur la politique publique de de Gaulle à l'égard de ces derniers pays, au cours de la fameuse année 1967 (discours anti-américain de Phnom-Penh — politique à l'égard d'Israël et du Canada) qui l'amena à songer sérieusement à démissionner.

C'est cette politique d'équilibre de la France entre les deux hégémonies (américaine et soviétique) qui expliquera en fin de compte selon HFM l'Ostpolitik de Willy Brandt. Cette politique devint par la suite la priorité de la politique étrangère de la RFA en dépit d'événements tels que l'invasion

de la Tchécoslovaquie (1968). La RFA devint également dans ces circonstances le principal allié des Etats-Unis sur le continent européen.

HFM est parfois humoristique; il donne de lui l'image d'un esprit rationnel, fin analyste, dans un monde politique et diplomatique malheureusement marqué trop souvent au sceau du nationalisme, de l'anti-américanisme et d'une attitude naïve à l'égard de l'URSS : «Le coq gaulois, avec un micro-ordinateur dans le gosier, hurle "cocorico" plus que jamais, à la grande joie d'un public hélas trop nombreux (en Russie) et ravi de cette démonstration» (p. 639).

Il a parfois la plume acerbe et dure comme c'est le cas avec ses impressions relatives à Monsieur Pompidou comme suite à sa première rencontre avec le futur Président de la République : «L'homme m'avait paru secret, capable d'hypocrisie et beaucoup de cynisme à revendre. Il avait en outre un profond mépris pour les diplomates» (p. 234).

Diverses réflexions de HFM à l'égard de son métier de diplomate peuvent également servir d'inspiration aux plus jeunes générations d'agents du service extérieur : «J'ai toujours estimé qu'un serviteur de l'Etat digne de ce nom se devait, dans le secret du cabinet ou de la correspondance, de faire

valoir ses arguments» (p. 246). «Je n'étais pas de ceux pour lesquels le métier diplomatique ne s'exerce qu'à Paris...» (p. 303). «Quand on n'a pas de politique, il arrive toujours un moment où l'on s'en aperçoit, mais trop tard» (p. 596). «...mais être Ambassadeur, c'est rapporter aussi ce que l'autre pense de vous» (p. 650).

L'auteur relate par ailleurs, avec une belle vigueur intellectuelle, et sur la base de ses affectations en Algérie et en Indochine, les circonstances et les difficiles péripéties qui ont précipité la fin de la IV^{ème} République, préparant ainsi la voie à l'accession au pouvoir d'un leader politique fort, et à une réforme des institutions de la V^{ème} République devant mener au renforcement de l'exécutif et des pouvoirs du Président de la République. Il rappelle que les premiers pas de la construction européenne, amorcée sous la IV^{ème} République, connurent un nouvel élan avec l'arrivée au pouvoir du Général de Gaulle, et avec le développement d'un partenariat privilégié avec la RFA d'Adenauer, ce qui fut confirmé à l'occasion de la signature du traité de l'Elysée, le 22 janvier 1963.

Le récit de HFM contient également des renseignements insolites. Lorsqu'il fut affecté au Caire, en tant que chargé d'affaires, pour renouer les relations diplomatiques entre la

France et l'Egypte après la crise de Suez, il dû se faire accompagner par deux spécialistes du déminage pour désarmer un engin explosif conservé à l'Ambassade de France, une bombe destinée au leader algérien Ben Bella.

L'ouvrage contient diverses références au Canada, dont l'une au rôle constructif du Ministre MacEachen dans la tentative de mise en place d'un dialogue nord-sud, dans les années 70.

Par contre, l'auteur semble minimiser l'importance que l'on a généralement accordée au développement de la francophonie qui ne constituait pas, il faut bien le reconnaître sa «tasse de thé». Il ne semble pas non plus toujours apprécier à sa juste valeur l'importance des relations culturelles, académiques, scientifiques et technologiques dans le développement des relations internationales. Il consacre toutefois plusieurs paragraphes à ses rencontres avec des artistes et des intellectuels soviétiques, mentionnant au passage un concert que le pianiste canadien Glen Gould donna à Moscou et auquel il assista.

La carrière diplomatique de l'auteur prit fin soudainement en 1983, soit deux ans après le début de son affectation comme Ambassadeur à Bonn. Le Président-Sphinx-Séducteur, François Mitterrand

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était au pouvoir depuis le printemps 1981, et la coalition socialo-communiste au gouvernement, à l'époque, appliquait avec ardeur le programme commun de la gauche, avec son train de nationalisations. HFM eût sans doute beaucoup de difficultés à composer avec cette nouvelle donne, et sans avoir à l'accepter, il nous donne l'impression, dans la dernière partie de ses mémoires, d'avoir été très mal à l'aise pour l'expliquer. D'autres Ambassadeurs auront peut-être mieux réussi à composer avec la nouvelle situation politique française. Ce fut par exemple, le cas de Jacques Leprette, Ambassadeur de France et ancien représentant permanent de ce pays auprès des Communautés européennes à Bruxelles, et qui fut chargé par le Président Mitterrand d'être son représentant personnel pour l'organisation du 1er Sommet francophone qui eut lieu à Paris, en 1986, et qui collabora d'ailleurs étroitement avec nous pour assurer le succès de cette conférence.

Mais avec le temps, les choses ont évolué; le monde politique français s'est recentré; le Président Mitterrand est devenu un partisan de la rigueur économique et avec le chancelier Kohl un ardent promoteur de la construction européenne, permettant ainsi aux relations franco-allemandes d'atteindre un nouveau degré de maturité. Le temps aura donc donné ainsi raison à HFM, et les grands objectifs de politique étrangère auxquels il croyait profondément, auront aussi été poursuivis avec une vigueur renouvelée, durant la Présidence Mitterrand.

Ce qui ressort finalement de ces mémoires, ce sont les efforts incessants que déploieront la France et son service diplomatique pour retrouver après 1945, et maintenir par la suite son rang de grand acteur au niveau international, pour manifester avec ingéniosité sa différence presque en tout temps, pour apporter une contribution nationale au processus de construction de l'Union européenne, et placer ainsi la France «autant que faire se pouvait au rang des nations qui gouvernent le monde» (p. 484).



WE NOW KNOW: RETHINKING COLD WAR HISTORY by John Lewis Gaddis;
Oxford University Press, 1997, 425 p. \$45.95

Reviewed by Hector Mackenzie

*Hector Mackenzie is the Senior Departmental Historian of the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade and a member of the editorial board of **bout de papier**. Among other subjects, he has written about Canada's international relations in the early years of the Cold War.*

Two years ago, John Lewis Gaddis spoke about the impact of the release of Russian and East European records on our understanding of the Cold War in a seminar at the Lester B. Pearson Building which was arranged in collaboration with the University of Ottawa. Since then, his inquiry and the pathbreaking work of others have provided the basis for an outstanding study which simply adds to the deserved reputation of Professor Gaddis as the leading interpreter of the history of the Cold War. *We Now Know* raises vital questions, not only for historians and other scholars but also for those policy-makers whose grasp of history and its "lessons" may go beyond self-justifying anecdotes from the past or glib (mis)quotations from dead heroes or villains. In this examination of evidence from a wide range of published and unpublished sources, Gaddis demonstrates as well the essential link between historical research and any attempt to derive "lessons from the past." As he points out on numerous occasions, the "lessons learned" from even the most thoroughly examined episodes, such as the Cuban Missile Crisis, were often skewed by the sources of information or the perspectives of those interpreting it. The specific theme may be the superpower confrontation which shaped the Cold War, but

the questions posed are relevant as well to any attempt to understand and to explain the behaviour and policies of an adversary from limited and/or misunderstood intelligence. For members of the foreign service and other analysts of international relations, this is an insightful and provocative assessment of a significant subject.

At first glance, some readers may be intimidated by a volume which includes 90 pages of annotation and 27 pages of bibliography, but these are quarantined at the back of the book, where they serve their intended scholarly purpose. As for the text, it is witty and well-written. Though organized as chapters, the narrative in this volume essentially consists of a series of inter-linked essays. These in turn are subdivided thematically or episodically, with the result that Gaddis neither burdens nor bores his audience. There are delightful asides, as when Gaddis twice chides an unnamed historian for mistakenly but unequivocally proclaiming, without access to Soviet records, an American victory in the Cuban Missile Crisis — the end-notes reveal the foolhardy triumphalist as John Lewis Gaddis. Other reputations for insight and profundity suffer as well, including that of Henry Kissinger, while George Kennan perhaps predictably emerges as both right and wrong.

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But this is much more than an exercise in historiographic second-guessing or debunking of diplomatic and political reputations. Gaddis interweaves the archival revelations with a sophisticated argument about how the past has been interpreted. Curiously, the result is not an appeal for more elaborate frameworks of analysis (with attendant jargon) but instead a reminder that memoirists and scholars alike often miss the most obvious values and interests while searching for more subtle and complex explanations. That point is effectively illustrated in the discussion of the revolutionary romanticism that eventually attracted Joseph Stalin to Mao Zedong's China and Nikita Krushchev to Fidel Castro's Cuba. Both relationships underline the importance of personality and ideology to an understanding of the development of the Cold War. Indeed, Gaddis concludes that, whatever the intellectual arguments about relative responsibility for the bi-polar division of the world, the Cold War would not have taken place without Stalin as the Soviet leader. Though the interplay of the characters of Krushchev and Kennedy has been the subject of considerable commentary for 35 years, Gaddis notes that less attention has been paid in the West to the unintended consequences of Krushchev's "Potemkinism" for the Soviet Union's relations with Cuba and China.

Moreover, as Gaddis effectively demonstrates, the superpower confrontation was often exacerbated by the truculence of supposed "puppet states" such as East Germany. That reinforces the fundamental observation that the "alliance" forged under the authoritarian direction of the Soviet Union was considerably less effective than that developed under the North Atlantic Treaty. In other words, what is emerging from formerly closed archives — including some revelations from the Central Intelligence Agency — is a more nuanced and complicated picture, which will change as more research is conducted in the vast array of documentary sources.

In the final chapter, Gaddis puts forward a series of hypotheses — some original and others familiar but reassessed — derived from this overview of current evidence and analyses, appropriately ending with the proposition that "'new' Cold War historians should retain the capacity to be surprised." As Gaddis notes, the propositions he advances are "first impressions" or points of departure, not definitive conclusions. Though the Cold War may be over, many of the factors or influences which affected its course were part of world affairs before and remain with us today. Even so, personal experience and the wisdom of hindsight shape our perceptions of relatively recent

events, often misleading us into the presumption that what took place was inevitable or natural. There are numerous instances recounted in this book when circumstances appeared to imply a very different outcome from what actually happened or when irrational and unpredictable forces distorted policy-making or the assessment of an opponent's capacity and intentions. These themes are not unique to the Cold War and it is one of the strengths of this interpretation that the author does not exaggerate the significance of this peculiar conflict, while still heeding the dangers which it posed to humanity. This is an excellent book and it deserves to be widely and carefully read.

"History does not end," Gaddis reminds his readers before concluding his text, "but historians sooner or later must." So too must reviewers.



IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN, by Mary Taylor, Oberon Press, 1998, 174 p. \$34.95

Reviewed by Jane Anido

Jane Anido is the Producer of "CBO Morning" on CBC Radio in Ottawa.

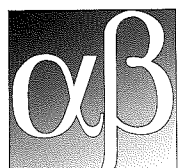
Foreigners living in Japan have a saying: "After you have lived here for two weeks you can write a book about it; after two years, an article; but after five years you cannot seem to put pen to paper." Mary Taylor has defied the odds and written a book on Japan after her five year posting in Tokyo with her husband, Canadian Ambassador Si Taylor.

Mary Taylor went to Japan during exciting times for Canada's diplomatic presence there. She lived in the official residence on Aoyama Dori, a Westmount style mansion built by Sir Herbert Marler, Canada's first legate to Japan. During her posting the Canadian government decided to build a brand new Embassy in Tokyo to celebrate the bilateral relationship and recognize the scale of relations.

Mary was a consummate host and revealed to her myriad guests her passionate interest in cracking the Japanese cultural code. Her guests in turn, from imperial royalty, to business executives, to intellectuals and cultural contacts, invited the Taylors to their palaces, homes, and festive occasions not often seen by most foreigners. In addition to her experiences across Japan, Mary was a copious reader, an acute observer, and always curious.

In 1989 noted journalist Karel van Wolferen wrote *The Enigma of Japanese*

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Power, "a revealing portrait of a society where ritual and hierarchy prevail as antidotes to conflict." The book was written on the basis of van Wolferen's twenty five-year residence in Japan as a journalist who spoke fluent Japanese and was regarded as dean of the press corps. It was an unflattering book detailing the problems of an isolated society in an elusive state, servile, submissive, ritual-ridden, and intimidating. It was a picture Canada's Hong Kong veterans would understand in a shot.

Mary Taylor is the diplomat to van Wolferen's journalist. She focusses on the good and positive, allowing the critical to enter her thesis as an occasional and modified counterbalance. The title of the book places the burden of proof on her — "if only I had known" implies that "no one told me so I had to find out".

The author takes responsibility for her own research and utterance. She then proceeds to illustrate how individual Japanese friends and contacts showed her kindness, and vivid intellectual stimulation, amid the bizarre rituals that layer the enigma of Japanese culture.

The Japanese people she met responded to Mary Taylor's honest interest in their habits. They cultivated her to share ideas and stories in an environment when "koksai" (globalization) was the buzzword of the day. Whether or not they understood the complexity of their interest, this Canadian of Scottish ancestry took them seriously with great empathy.

The style of writing presumes that some readers know little of Japan. There are the axioms — "Japan is different from the West simply because it is, after all, an Asian country..." And there are the crucial observations that make this book a valuable addition to Japanophilia — "they are set apart not just by the enormous importance they attach to aesthetic considerations but also by the criteria which they apply." The result is the potential for a wide-ranging audience, indifferent to assertive conclusions, and interested in the reports, personal observations and storied pictures.

Mary Taylor is an admirably observant author with a strong sense of history gleaned from her life as a British and, through marriage, a Canadian diplomat — "it is the first time since the days of the Ottoman Empire that a country which is neither Western or Christian has achieved such prominence."

The book is part tourist guide, part cultural expose, and part diary. The author does not just see Japan from the back seat of a diplomatic limousine. She drove all over Tokyo, and further afield, in a small compact car, took the subway, and explored nooks and crannies of cities, towns and

villages on foot. She had access through her station to the highest authorities of the land, but she mixes easily and thoughtfully with ordinary people whom she observes with affection and critical insight.

She visits the pachinko parlours, that "hint at sin", to watch the pinball machines and the frozen faces of the gamblers. She walks her old family dog, Selkirk, through the Aoyama Bochi cemetery where Buddhists, Christians and Jews are buried alongside under the sakura cherry trees, around which joggers exercise.

For those who have lived in Japan, Mary Taylor's book is a colourful reminder of what for most in diplomacy, broadcasting, academe and business, was a privileged experience. We were well housed, well fed, and paid sufficiently to accommodate the enormous expenses of daily life. The Taylors nurtured a team spirit in the Canadian Embassy because they were engaged in studying Japan.

The Japanese contacts who spoke our languages, particularly English, were helpful and generous. The dark sides of Japan required more profound insight, and the deeper you went the more confused the inference. We were in Japan to build personal and business ties — not to compare bushido, the art of the samurai, with the Geneva Convention.

If Only I Had Known fits into that body of readable literature on Japan that adds personal insights to the array of opinions and observations on and of contemporary Japan that shape consciousness and judgments. Mary Taylor liked the Japanese she met and wished their country well. She is fully aware of the negatives while she illuminates the positives — "Japan is not a country that can be easily ignored or dismissed."

Some pundits have audaciously, and naively, tried to "demystify Japan" for western minds. Such grandiose claims frequently confuse more than they illuminate, and descend into cliché and myth. Robert Fulford correctly describes this book as "shrewd and witty". It paints pictures as the tales unravel.

Mary Taylor is clearly fascinated by the aesthetic quality of Japanese life. She has given us a work that instructs the newcomer, helpfully, and sympathetically. Her work also reminds the frequent visitor, or former resident, of the fascinating, enigmatic, and unforgettable attraction of Japan. It is worth taking on the next trip there, or reading to see whether Japan is worth the visit.



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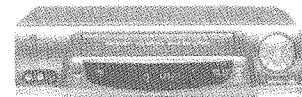
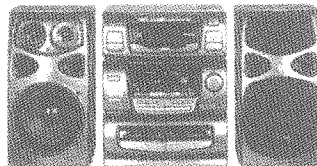
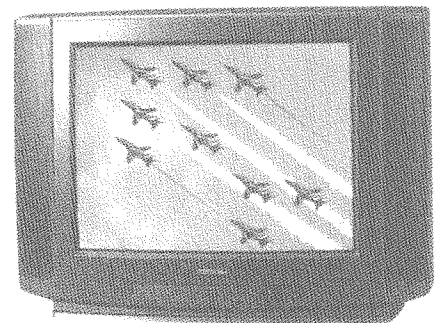
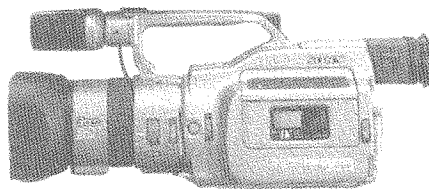
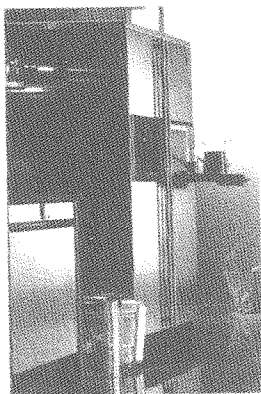
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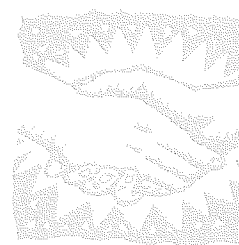
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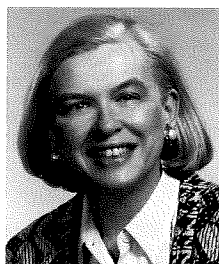
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Murder by Cuisine

A gastronomic enigma from A Aalto

In the last year of the millennium, diplomats awoke to the existence of a vast plot against them. Years of dire personal experience and high-profile disaster — the Pineapple and Fungus Soup or Second Xian Incident (1982), the Chocolate-covered Chitlins Affair (Little Rock, 1989), the “Edible Granite” Pandemic of 1995/6 — should have set off warning bells. But the penny didn’t drop until the Foreign Minister of a certain G-8 power toppled lifeless into his bowl of *comidamuerte* (Iguana Soufflé with Puréed Raw Sea Urchin) at a local cultures festival while visiting a supposedly friendly country. Then it became clear that diplomats worldwide were being targeted for death through forced ingestion (how could one refuse without displaying either abject cowardice or total lack of *savoir faire*) of so-called regional specialties — “food” so absurdly concocted and insidiously destructive as to leave the local citizenry gasping at the thought that visiting dignitaries could believe anyone ate that stuff, and visiting dignitaries gasping at the fact that they had just done so.

In sheer self-protection, foreign ministries mandated their arms controllers to down tools on such distinctly secondary areas as nuclear, biological and chemical weapons and sit down with assembled *chefs de protocol* to conclude an international ban on this new threat to global security. So was born the conference on Simultaneous Trans-Regional Abolition of Terminally Egregious and Gratuitously Inedible Cuisine. The Centre was chosen to provide security for this STRATEGIC conference, under the on-site control of Felix Africa and Inspector Wa. But their best efforts could not prevent regional cuisine from claiming another victim before the conference concluded. Given the baffling nature of the crime, LDC Liebnitz was called to the scene.

Felix conducted the ace logician to a small private dining room off the main conference hall. “It was an unusual meal,” he eagerly explained. “Negotiators have been deadlocked for a week over three technical definitions: ‘ghastly’, ‘odious’ and ‘stomach-churning’. The main obstacle was an NGO delegate, Sergei O’Tomsk of the

Brotherhood for Organic Warfare and Extemporaneous Lawlessness, a movement closely associated with regional cuisine. This working dinner, hosted by O’Tomsk for six progressive delegates, was to resolve the situation. O’Tomsk insisted that the meal be entirely regional cuisine. Knowing that the Brotherhood specialized in assassination through enhanced food toxins, the guests insisted on giving themselves a sporting chance through access to antidotes. The usual saw-off took place.”

“The table was set with seven dishes of food, each containing two helpings only. On a sideboard were 14 unmarked glasses, two doses of each of seven powerful antidotes. The meal progressed as follows. At exactly 7:00pm, each diner (including O’Tomsk) bolted down one helping chosen from each of two different dishes out of the seven. At 7:05pm, the waiter served each of the diners one of the glasses and at 7:10pm, the waiter served a second glass to each diner. The list of toxins and antidotes was known, but only the waiter knew which toxin was in which dish and which

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antidote was in which glasses. In any event, by 7:20pm, O'Tomsk was dead."

Felix concluded by presenting Liebnitz with two charts (Tables I and II) which provided details of the toxins, antidotes and respective side-effects. Inspector Wa then urgently took up the tale. "As part of the arrangements for dinner, security cameras were set up. Given Program Review, there was only enough money for 5-second clips every three minutes starting 30 seconds after initial ingestion. By agreement, the images were distorted to obscure identities, but

side-effects of the toxins and antidotes were clear and are all noted." So saying, he handed Liebnitz this summary:

#1 (starts at 7:03:30): two figures with blue skin, five normal.

#2 (7:06:30): one figure with blue skin, one figure with purple spots, two figures with orange skin (including a Tiny Tim impersonator), one Elvis impersonator, two normal

#3 (7:09:30): two giant spiders (one doing an Elvis impersonation), one figure with

blue skin, one figure with purple spots and clear lockjaw, one Tiny Tim impersonator with orange skin, one figure with orange skin and purple spots, one normal

#4 (7:12:30): one Elvis-impersonating spider and one Tiny Tim impersonator with orange skin (in a duet of "Tip-toe Through the Tulips in My Blue Suede Shoes"), one spider swinging from the chandelier, three figures with green spots (including one with blue skin and one with orange skin), one figure with purple spots and clear lockjaw

#5 (7:15:30): one Elvis-impersonating spider (singing "Hound Dog"), three figures with green spots (including two with orange skin), one figure (sprawled motionless across the table) with purple spots and the rictus of advanced lockjaw, two normals.

After a few minutes, the Inspector pressed on. "What O'Tomsk didn't know was that each of the guests had lost a close friend or relative to one of BOWEL's infamous slime-mould pirogues. The six were Mr Crispin Hallows-Barking (UK), Mrs Roberta McKenzie (Canada), Sr Habañero Picante (Argentina), Mr C. Oscar Yee (China), Mr Max-Johann Gödel (South Africa) and Ms Mariko Mitsuhamma (Japan). The waiter, Igor, admits he was hired by one of the guests to kill O'Tomsk with his own regional cuisine, but refuses to say which guest or just how the murder was done. The guests have all provided hints as to which one hired Igor, but the hints are contradictory, as you can see from the following compendium of testimony." With that, Wa gleefully scaled another sheet onto the growing pile in front of Liebnitz:

McKenzie: (1) I did not hire the killer. (2) The hirer is a man. (3) The hirer is from a Eurasian state. (4) I am the orange-skinned Tiny Tim impersonator in video 2.

Mitsuhamma: (1) I didn't hire the killer. (2) The hirer is from an Asian state. (3) The hirer is from an APEC state. (4) I'm the one with green-spotted orange skin in video 4.

Gödel: (1) I did not hire the killer. (2) The hirer is a woman. (3) The hirer is from a state in the Americas. (4) I am the non-singing spider in video 4.

Picante: (1) I did not hire the killer. (2) The hirer is from an African state. (3) The hirer is from a G-8 state. (4) I am the only normal person in video 3.

Hallows-Barking: (1) I didn't hire the killer. (2) The hirer is from a Southern Hemisphere state. (3) The hirer is not from a Commonwealth state. (4) I'm the spider Elvis in video 3.

TABLE I: REGIONAL SPECIALTIES AND INSERTED TOXINS

For each toxin, death occurs at minute 15 after ingestion unless a general or specific antidote is swallowed first. Unless counteracted, side effects persist for 20 minutes.

TOXIN	SERVED IN	SIDE EFFECTS AND ONSET TIME	COMMENTS
A	Limburger and anchovy pie	Square green spots all over the skin at minute 8	Breath violates Geneva Convention
B	Cod lips in sour cherry gravy	Compulsive Elvis imitations at minute 4	Off-key, unfortunately
C	Fugu and polar bear liver paté	Complete lockjaw at minute 11	Cannot eat or drink after onset of side effect
D	Jellied ducks feet with candied eels	Complete blue skin coloration at minute 3	Doesn't kill men (side effects still appear)
E	Haggis (no details necessary)	Changes into giant spider at minute 9	Victim retains human head/face
F	Durian and natto mousse	Square purple spots all over the skin at minute 7	Cannot be carried on air liners under ICAO rules
G	Jalapeno and cobra flavoured poi	Complete orange skin coloration at minute 6	Doesn't kill women (side effects still appear)

TABLE II: ANTIDOTES AND THEIR SIDE EFFECTS

Antidotes immediately cancel the deathly effects of the specified toxin (s). Side effects may or may not be affected (as indicated).

ANTIDOTE	CANCELS FATAL EFFECT OF	SIDE EFFECTS
ANTI-A	TOXIN A	Delays appearance of toxin side-effects by doubling time left to onset. (Eg if there are 2 minutes left to the regular onset of a side effect, taking Anti-A will double this to 4 minutes.)
ANTI-B	TOXIN B	If the victim has the blue skin side effect when Anti-B is taken, skin turns orange 5 minutes later.
ANTI-C	TOXIN C	If the victim already has the coloured spot side effect when Anti-C is taken, green spots will immediately change to purple and vice versa.
ANTI-D	TOXIN D	Immediately cancels any toxin side effects that have already appeared. No effect on death prognosis.
ANTI-E	TOXIN E	Accelerates appearance of toxin side-effects by halving remaining time to onset. (Eg if there are 4 minutes left to the regular onset of a side effect, taking Anti-E will cut this to 2 minutes.)
ANTI-F	TOXIN F	If the victim is already doing Elvis imitations, taking Anti-F converts this immediately to Tiny Tim.
ANTI-G	ALL TOXINS (UNIVERSAL)	Cancels any toxin side effects that have already appeared; this takes effect 3 minutes after Anti-G is taken.

Yee: (1) I did not hire the killer. (2) The hirer is from a Northern Hemisphere state. (3) The hirer is from a European state. (4) I am the blue-faced person in video 2.

Igor: (1) O'Tomsk told me ahead of time what he would eat. (2) He also said that he had a dose of universal antidote in his suit, which he would slip into his 7:10 round. (3) One guest paid me to kill O'Tomsk, so I used the antidotes in the glasses to do so. (4) In the 7:05 round, I gave the same antidote to O'Tomsk as to the Englishman.

"Using our new voice-stress veracity evaluator," Africa interjected, "we analyzed the original recordings of the 28 statements on the compendium and found that no guest was completely truthful. There were exactly six lies in the testimony, the rest being true statements. But the evaluator doesn't tell us which are which."

Finally, the two expositors ran out of breath simultaneously. Taking advantage of the pause, Liebnitz smiled. "I'm glad to see you have done so much work on the case, but I also see your problem — you have too much information in too many formats. Still, I think we can sort it out. We need answers to two questions. First, who hired the loyal Igor to kill O'Tomsk? That can be worked out from the testimony and from the results of the veracity evaluator. The second question — how O'Tomsk was killed — is a bit more complicated, but not impossible. Using the two tables, we can work out the sequence of dishes and antidotes necessary to produce the results on the videos — including the fact that everyone but the host survived. Then we'll use the statements from the testimony to link the figures on the videos to specific diners. From that we should be able to determine just what killed O'Tomsk."

Good as his word, Liebnitz was soon able to provide answers to the two questions. Although the hirer was covered by diplomatic immunity (to say nothing of a general approval of Sergei's death by regional cuisine), the STRATEGIC conference was able to move forward. As the security team passed the door to the conference hall, they heard a Slavic delegate formally registering the ingredients of another ghastly delicacy, a pemmican composed of pounded insects, currants and tree bark: "Weevil berry yew!" Felix wondered briefly why the portly, balding delegate was pounding the podium with a shoe as he

spoke, but shrugged and put it down to diplomatic tradition.

Can you duplicate the ace logician's feat by naming the hirer and the means by which O'Tomsk was killed? **bout de papier** will present a book prize to two winners, one for the answer to each question (so part-answers have a chance). Winners will be decided by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by April 30, 1999.

Belated season's greetings from one and all. Liebnitz was visited on Christmas Eve by Marley's ghost, who offered him a hit of

ganja and views on the future of reggae. The Rajah and Raneef of Suwani (aka Dryan Tweedie and Mabel Stanley) held a vast New Years' party to announce both the birth of their first child and plans for bringing New Wave Rock to the sultanate. Felix and Inspector Wa set up housekeeping together. Chief MacBannoch spent a week lost in the highland village of Dramboggle (which has a population of five but three distilleries). Rialto Sleazewagon and Papa Jack Paridy schemed on. And freelance prestidigitator A Aalto put his feet up with Mrs Aalto and shared warmth against the icy winds.

A Tale Told By an Idiot: Answers

The cypher table is constructed as shown. The two enciphered messages read: (a) THE HIND THAT WOULD BE MATED BY THE LION MUST DIE; and (b) GIVE ME THE DAGGERS; THE SLEEPING AND THE DEAD ARE BUT AS PICTURES. From the first message, it can be concluded that the intended victim is Jane DEERE (a hind being a female deer) who is the lover of LEO Labouche, so the motive must be opposition to their plans for political union. From the second message, it can be deduced that the plan is to stab her in her sleep (as in Macbeth).

The twelve quotes are from the following plays:

- (1) "Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once." JULIUS CAESAR
- (2) "When he shall die, take him and cut him out in little stars." ROMEO AND JULIET
- (3) "He that dies pays all debts." THE TEMPEST

- (4) "Murder most foul." HAMLET
- (5) "I am dying, Egypt, dying. Only I here importune death awhile." ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
- (6) "Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures." MACBETH
- (7) "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings." THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD II
- (8) "I kissed thee ere I killed thee. No way but this — killing myself, to die upon a kiss." OTHELLO
- (9) "If you poison us, do we not die?" THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
- (10) "Glamis hath murdered sleep and therefore Cawdor will sleep no more." MACBETH
- (11) "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods. They kill us for their sport." KING LEAR
- (12) "The hind that would be mated by the lion must die." ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT: ANSWERS

SEAT #	A	B	C
1: PREMIER	CASSOWARIA	JULIUS CAESAR	NARTHEX
2: PREMIER	ZUGZWANG	ROMEO+JULIET	YGGDRASIL
3: PREMIER	PORPENTINE	TEMPEST	DEERE
4: PREMIER	BARCAROLE	HAMLET	GARNISH
5: PREMIER	XHOSA NOVA	ANTONY + CLEOPATRA	EISWEIN
6: CONFERENCE SECRETARY	N/A	N/A	N/A
7: PREMIER	VILAYET	RICHARD II	KYBOSCH
8: PREMIER	FLORIBUNDA	OTHELLO	OHARA
9: PREMIER	SYZYGY	MERCHANT OF VENICE	LABOUCHE
10: PREMIER	WINNEBAGO	MACBETH	INTAGLIO
11: PREMIER	QUANGO	KING LEAR	UMBRIDGE
12: CONFERENCE CHAIR	N/A	N/A	N/A

Winners: Daniel Kochli and Anna Russell, New Westminster, B.C.

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† Le taux d'intérêt annuel actuel sur les avances de fonds par chèque et les transferts de solde est de 5,9 % jusqu'à la date de clôture du cinquième relevé, à compter du mois suivant l'ouverture du compte. Par la suite, le taux d'intérêt annuel s'appliquant aux nouveaux soldes, de même qu'aux soldes impayés (soit les avances de fonds par chèque ou les opérations de transferts de solde) sera de 16,9 %. Le taux d'intérêt annuel s'appliquant aux achats et autres avances de fonds est de 16,9 %. À un taux d'intérêt annuel de 5,9 %, un solde de 100 \$ entraînerait des frais d'intérêt mensuels de 0,50 \$. À un taux de 16,9 %, les frais d'intérêt mensuels s'élèveraient à 1,44 \$. Des frais de transaction peuvent s'appliquer. MBNA Canada peut imputer vos paiements aux soldes (y compris les nouvelles transactions) faisant l'objet de faibles taux d'intérêt annuels avant de les imputer aux soldes à taux d'intérêt annuels élevés.

* Certaines restrictions s'appliquent à ces avantages ainsi qu'à tout autre bénéfice, tels que décrits dans les dépliants envoyés après l'ouverture de votre compte. Les avantages associés aux autres cartes peuvent différer.

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