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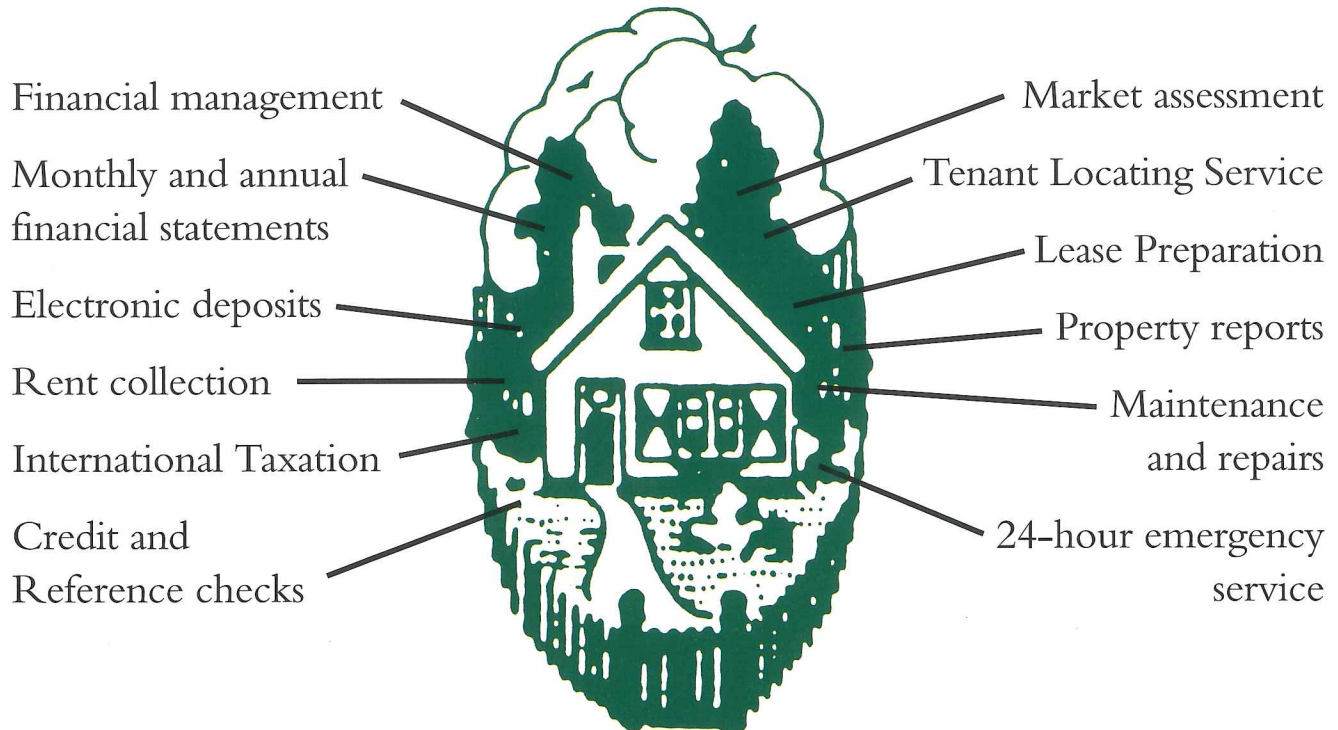
**Canada Honours
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Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

FALL / AUTOMNE 1999

Vol. 16 No. 3



A Gift to Shandong University... page 29



Michaelena McLaughlin receives Order of Canada from former Governor General Roméo LeBlanc... page 17

Photo Credit: Christian Coulombe

Features / Reportages

Other Related Duties

Canada's Consul in Dallas, John Morrow, takes us behind the scenes in the final days of Canadian death-row inmate Stanley Faulder, whose plight generated front-page headlines across Canada and raised serious questions about justice in the State of Texas. In this consular vignette, Morrow tells his personal story of his final hours on the Faulder case, which ended at death's door.

Lights, Camera Action on the Yellow River

Jim Bonthron gives new meaning to spousal employment opportunities as he goes in front of the cameras as an actor in a Chinese mini-series.

Canada Honours a Secretarial Legend

As one of his last official acts, Governor General Roméo LeBlanc awards the Order of Canada to fellow New Brunswicker, Michaelena McLaughlin, a Foreign Service secretary whose enthusiasm for Foreign Service life made new friends for Canada the world over.

Not so Long Ago

As the department implements its new Human Resources Strategy, Arthur Blanchette recalls a time when "stenos" trained new foreign service recruits, ministers met with officers of all ranks, marriage meant rotational women employees had to resign, and carbon paper was the only means of copying.

A Gift to Shandong University

A Canadian missionary's work is returned to China to symbolize long-standing people to people ties between Canada and the People's Republic of China as it celebrates its 50th anniversary.

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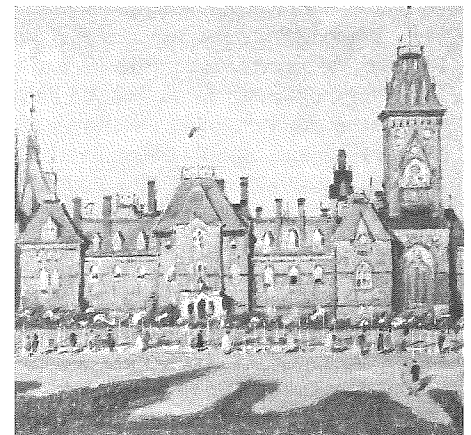
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Editor's Notebook / Carnet du rédacteur

I have returned to **bout de papier** as Editor after several years' absence just in time to write the last editorial of the century for the magazine. Few editors are given such a rare privilege! The occasion did cause me to reflect on the many past achievements of **bout**, and the contributions of those who have made the magazine an enduring part of the Canadian Foreign Service.

bout exists only because of the tireless efforts of volunteers, and the many contributors here and abroad who give freely of their time. As I take on the editorship, I would like to acknowledge the professionalism of my immediate predecessor Neil Reeder, past editors and editorial boards and the production team at ACART Communications, in particular, Al Albania and Nancy Bolland, whose creativity and passion for the magazine results time and again in a magazine pleasing to the eye. But there simply would not be **bout de papier** as we know it without the steady hand of Managing Editor, Debra Hulley to keep the magazine's production schedule and finances on an even keel.

As the new editor, I would like to see **bout** take on a larger role as a forum for discussion and debate on issues facing the Foreign Service. The task facing senior management is daunting, as a new Human Resources Strategy is launched at Foreign Affairs, and Assistant Deputy Minister for Human Resources, Suzanne Laporte, joins the Executive Committee. I know the challenges are equally great at Citizenship and Immigration.

It is my hope that "PAFSO Forum/Forum de L'APASE" will become, once again, a column where PAFSO members and others can raise concerns about major issues before the FS community.

Appropriately, before we leave this century behind, former Ambassador Arthur Blanchette takes a look back at the post-war Foreign Service, and the days when ministers met all officers going on posting abroad, regardless of rank. Times have certainly changed!

bout salutes in this issue a secretarial legend, Michaelena McLaughlin, who was awarded the Order of Canada earlier this year by then Governor General Roméo LeBlanc. This recognition underscores the tremendous contribution made by members of the department's support personnel. They are indispensable and valued partners, whose contributions are all-too-often forgotten. It is a tribute to the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA) that

McLaughlin's nomination was put forward, based on the contributions of no less than ten senior officers.

Nothing generates headlines at home more readily than a consular case with a human interest dimension. Canada's Consul in Dallas, John Morrow, poignantly describes his personal journey with Stan Faulder, an Albertan condemned to die by lethal injection in a Texas prison. Morrow's account underscores the sensitive and complex nature of consular work.

On a lighter note, retired Foreign Service officer Jim Bonthron describes his new vocation as an actor in a Chinese mini-series filmed to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China (PRC). In keeping with the Chinese theme, Foreign Service officer J. Ian Burchett reports on Canada-Shandong-Qingdao Week. A highlight of the week's activities drew attention to the people-to-people links between the two countries and the missionary work in the early 1900s of Dr. James Menzies, father of former Canadian Ambassador to the PRC, Arthur Menzies.

In this issue, Hector Mackenzie delves into his bottomless treasure trove to bring us an account of Mackenzie King's Italian holidays and his impressions of fascist Italy.

"In Memoriam" features pieces written by former Ambassadors David C. Reece and Angus W.J. Robertson paying tribute to the legendary Escott Reid and Yvon Beaulne. The Foreign Service also mourns the untimely death of Anthony Vincent, Canada's Ambassador to Spain, who passed away last November just as **bout** was going to press.

For "Books in Review" we thank John Kneale for his reviews of two reference works on diplomacy. Geoff White tackles works by four Canadian journalists who offer their own individual take on the direction of their profession and John Starnes reviews Ian Adams' latest book "Agent of Influence: A True Story." Finally, A Aalto is back with a puzzle guaranteed to test the skill of readers.

We look forward to receiving your story ideas particularly from colleagues at Citizenship and Immigration whose work is rarely described within the covers of this magazine. Feel free to call or e-mail with your comments and suggestions to the Editorial Board (boutdepapier@pafso.com). Here's wishing you Happy Holidays and the team at **bout** extends to you all a millennium toast!



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Articles

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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Other Related Duties

My Journey with Stanley Faulder

by John Morrow

They say that when you gaze into the Abyss, the Abyss gazes back. As I looked through the wired glass of the busiest Death Row in the western world for the first time on July 10th, 1998, I had no way of knowing where that meeting would take me. My Consular Officer, Agnes Black, and I had made the long drive to the Ellis I Unit, which houses Death Row. On the other side of the glass from me, his gray hair cropped short, was Joseph Stanley Faulder. To be honest, based on what I knew of the case, I expected to find a monster.

As the three of us sat and he talked with Agnes about the latest news from his family and the state of his case, I was struck by the fact that unlike almost every other prisoner I have visited, he had not one complaint or concern about himself. He worried about his family, and he displayed a wry sense of humour that was surprising in such a place. By the time we were set to leave, I found myself grudgingly admitting that I liked him. As I stood to go, I put my hand on the glass and he pressed his to the other side — the standard greeting on Death Row, where physical contact with inmates is never allowed — and I looked into his eyes as he had into mine. I told him that I would do everything I could for him. He held my gaze and nodded, and we left to return to Dallas.

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based on what
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I expected
to find a monster.*

When I met with Stan that first time, he did not have an execution date set. Shortly after that visit, on September 16th, 1998, the Court of Criminal Appeals vacated the stay of execution and set a new date — December 10th, 1998. During the next few months I visited Stan several times. He did not open up to people easily, but I think he

saw that I honestly wanted to help him, and, more importantly to him, to help his family, and we became friends.

Like many Foreign Service officers, my work has often called me to deal with death in the abstract. When I worked as an intelligence analyst I became quite used to writing factual, emotionless briefs on the casualties in the latest bus bombing or refugee camp shelling. Now, this professional detachment was slowly wearing away, and each time I sat across the glass from Stan Faulder, the harder it was not to see and begin to empathize with another human being, however imperfect he might have been.

My role over these months, in addition to occasional visits to the prison, was primarily one of liaison with the State of Texas. I had developed good relationships with many senior members of the Governor's office and other agencies through my other political and economic policy work, and I worked these contacts quite hard in order to ensure that Stan's case got the full attention of the Texas justice system. I met with the Chairman of the Board of Pardons and Paroles as well as with Governor Bush's legal advisors. Although many of these individuals expressed misgivings about some aspects of the prosecution or punishment, there was little that most of them could do under the laws and procedures governing the death penalty in Texas.

I forget exactly when the question of my attending the execution as a witness was raised. Stan had very clearly forbidden any family members to attend, and at one point did not want even his lawyer to be there. However, Sandra Babcock is as determined and dedicated a person as I have ever met, and there was no way that she was going to let Stan go alone. Stan often spoke to me about being worried about Sandra's being there by herself, and at some point in response to that I asked if he wanted me to accompany her. He was very grateful that she would not be alone, and although he never said it in so many words, I think he was relieved that he would not be alone either. I understand that when the issue was raised with senior management, in the context of "would this be

appropriate", it was decided that it would indeed be appropriate but that the final decision would be mine. I must confess though that I agreed to attend less out of a sense of duty to the Department than from a sense of duty to Stan's family, to Sandra, and to Stan himself.

By the time December 10th arrived, the Faulder case had ceased to be a quiet, diplomatic effort and had burst upon the pages of Canadian and U.S. newspapers and onto the airwaves of television and radio. We provided press releases and background information to news organizations from both countries, and we considered it quite a coup when several large Texas papers, most notably the *Dallas Morning News*, published editorials calling for Stan's death sentence to be commuted to life imprisonment, based largely on the various irregularities that they saw in the legal process in his case.

*The fact is, however,
that Texas virtually
never grants
clemency in death
penalty cases.*

I had continued my frequent visits and calls to Austin, making our case to anyone who would listen in the state capital, but I was not surprised when the Board of Pardons and Paroles denied clemency. I always made sure in my dealings with Texas officials that they understood that our concerns were based on humanitarian grounds and were not an attack on the justice system in Texas. That being said, I was still disappointed, because I felt, and still feel, that there were numerous factors in the Faulder case that did in fact make a compelling argument for clemency. The fact is, however, that Texas virtually never grants clemency in death penalty cases.

On the morning of the scheduled execution we were all reasonably optimistic. Stan's lawyer had gotten a stay of execution, though it was not expected to outlive

a morning appeal, and she was quite confident that the U.S. Supreme Court would also rule in Stan's favour later in the day. When I saw Stan that morning, he was visiting with his niece and a family friend, and though the mood was tense, we all felt some optimism about the final outcome. I warned him though that the day would proceed as though the execution was a go. Texas prison officials wanted to be in a position to proceed at 18:00 if the stay was lifted and other appeals failed. This meant that they would be coming to get him from Death Row at approximately noon and he would be transported to "The Walls", the oldest prison in Texas and home of the Death House. Stan would then be kept in a holding cell near the execution chamber. Later in the afternoon, he would have a last visit with his spiritual advisor and then with his lawyer.

Not wanting to intrude too long on his time with family, I stayed about 40 minutes and then got up to leave. The last thing I said to Stan Faulder was "I'll see you in the morning", to which he replied with a grin and a "thumbs up". I drove back to Huntsville feeling reasonably cheerful. Stan's own apparent ease with events made me feel better about his situation.

Later that day, the stay was lifted and the execution became a real possibility. At 15:00

I had to go to the "Hospitality House". This was a house set aside for the families of inmates scheduled to be executed, where I was required to attend a briefing on the execution process. The prison chaplain explained in horrific detail the carefully scripted way in which the procedure would be carried out. He warned me about the way in which the condemned could be expected to "convulse" and/or "groan" as the second of the three chemicals took effect. He assured me that this was all a subconscious reaction because the first chemical would put the inmate to sleep and he wouldn't feel anything. I wondered briefly how he knew that. He told me that Stan would be able to see us in the witness room. "It's okay to wave," he said. The whole experience was just a little surreal.

At 16:00 I met Sandra just before she went into the prison to see Stan, possibly for the last time. We were both very tense but she was adamant that the Supreme Court would stay the execution. It was considering an appeal based upon various aspects of alleged prosecutorial misconduct, such as the withholding of evidence, the nature of the "private" prosecution, and so forth, as well as on a brief from the Canadian government regarding the clear violation of the Vienna Convention.

I wanted to share her conviction, but as the clocked ticked ever closer to 18:00, I began to wonder.

While Sandra was inside with Stan, I waited for her across the street in the local Dairy Queen, staring out at the dozens of reporters gathered near the prison. The gaudy "Merry Christmas" banners on the prison wall and the radio playing "I'll be home for Christmas" left me feeling like a visitor from another planet. When Sandra returned we made our way to the prison administration building where all witnesses had to report by 17:00. We were waiting in a holding area while the prison officials awaited word from the Supreme Court. The execution could not go ahead until they received word that the final petition had either been granted or declined.

*I cannot begin
to fathom the
terror that he
must have felt,
sitting there alone,
waiting.*

We waited for the call, a sense of desperation tainting our now-forced optimism. Then, at around 17:45, in a scene straight out of a Hollywood film, the phone on the wall rang and the guard captain answered it. The Supreme Court had granted a stay of execution to consider Stan's appeal. Just like that, it was all over.

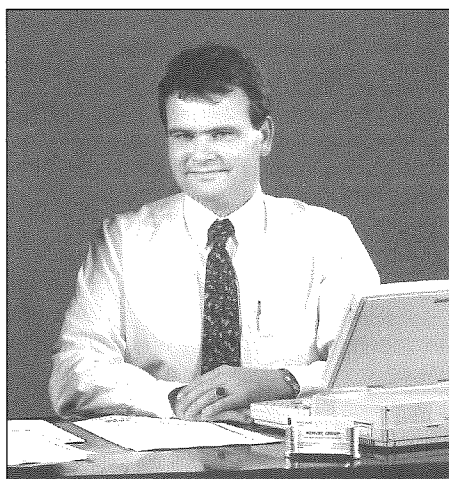
When we left the prison I think we all felt that when the Supreme Court looked in more depth at Stan's case, they would have to recognize the serious problems that existed in the way the case had been handled. At that moment, we all believed that Stan Faulder would get a new trial, or at the very least have his sentence re-examined and reduced to one of life imprisonment.

When I saw Stan the next morning, he was emotionally and physically drained. He looked worse than I had ever seen him. For the ninth time, he had faced execution and this time had literally been sitting a few feet from the death chamber, within minutes of his scheduled time, when the reprieve had come through. Whatever one might think of the death penalty, I firmly believe that the torture Stan Faulder went through that night is something no one should ever have to face. I cannot begin to fathom the terror that he must have felt, sitting there alone, waiting.

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Stan had always joked with me about visiting him in a business suit and tie. I always told him that his prison had a uniform and so did mine, and we had something of a tradition of laughing about it. On this day, to celebrate his still being alive, I arrived to see him in blue jeans and a brown leather jacket, and as soon as he saw me he burst out laughing, much to the displeasure of the guards. We talked at some length, and then his niece and friend arrived to see him, so I quietly said my goodbyes and headed back to Dallas. Mission accomplished, or so I thought.

My optimism lasted until January 25th, 1999, when we learned that the U.S. Supreme Court had decided not to grant Stan's petition and had lifted the stay of execution. They did so without commenting on the merits of the case, and I found it odd that a man's execution could be halted and then rescheduled without the least comment on why either action was taken. A new execution date, June 17th, 1999, was set.

At this point, I became convinced that this time Stan Faulder was going to die. The appeal that had failed at the Supreme Court had been, in my opinion, fairly strong, with plenty of solid issues that might have been worthy of review and redress. I was not confident that whatever remaining issues his lawyer could find would be as strong or as compelling as those the court had already rejected.

However, Sandra Babcock is one of the most tenacious and innovative lawyers I have ever met, and she poked and prodded and delved into areas of the law that had never before been raised in a capital case. She was a whirlwind of lawsuit filing and her devotion to the case was untiring and unbending. Whenever I was feeling discouraged, I'd call her and some of her boundless enthusiasm would rub off on me.

I was busy as well, returning to the state capital, meeting officials, lawyers, law enforcement officers, and anyone else who might have the slightest interest in the case. It was a challenging task to deliver the message diplomatically to the Governor that Canada was not happy with the treatment of one of its citizens, while at the same time preserving an important bilateral relationship. As I dealt repeatedly with the Texas officials who would be key to the case, I think they came to respect the efforts that we were making. One senior official went so far as to say that he was impressed by the Canadian government's resolve and that he hoped the U.S. government would do as much for an American citizen. None of this, of course, meant that they were any less determined to see Stan Faulder executed.

The days leading up to the execution passed in a blur, and on June 15th I returned to Huntsville. The media was out in full force and the decision had been taken in Ottawa that I should give interviews to anyone who wanted one, in an effort to portray a little of the human side of the issue. Since I was one of the only people who would be seeing and speaking to Stan over the next few days, and there was a tremendous amount of interest in his state of mind, I ended up fielding most of those questions. I must say that the reporters I dealt with were very professional and I was treated very well by all of them.

On the morning of the 16th, I went into the prison to see Stan, along with Linden McIntyre from the CBC, who had become quite a close friend of Stan's following a story the Fifth Estate did on the case. Our conversation was surprisingly lighthearted, with none of us really wanting to dwell on the next day. We talked about the Stanley Cup playoffs, and Stan talked about his past a little and his concerns about how his execution would affect his family. In many ways, I was more nervous than he was. I couldn't stay long, as I had a number of interviews scheduled, so after about an hour I said my goodbyes, promising to return the next morning.

I spent the rest of the day either on the phone or in front of a microphone. Most of the interviewers wanted to know how Stan was feeling and how it felt to talk to someone so close to death. I did not have good answers to either of those questions, and when I see tapes of those interviews now, I wish I could have more eloquently conveyed both the surreal nature of my visits to the Row, and my frank admiration for the way in which Stan was handling the situation. The quiet dignity with which he was facing death was remarkable, and though I'm certain he was terrified of what might happen, he kept it to himself.

After I had spent a restless night, the morning of the scheduled execution arrived and I tried to prepare myself for whatever might come. I arrived at the prison at approximately 09:00, and again Linden McIntyre and I visited with Stan. Stan had asked us to finish up by about 10:30 because he wanted a chance to return to his "house" and take care of some final arrangements before the guards came to take him to The Walls. This visit was unlike any other I had ever had with Stan. He knew that all but his very last appeal had been denied and while he clearly did not want to die, and was in fact very afraid, he was also calm and at peace like no one I have ever known.

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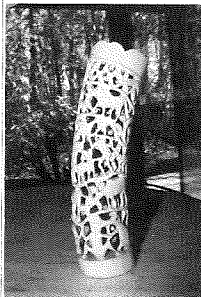


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The ninety minutes I spent on the Row that day were among the most genuine moments of my life. Every time another Death Row inmate walked by on his way to his own visitor, he would knock on the cage and wish Stan good luck. We spoke very intimately, and I feel compelled to respect the privacy that Stan always sought with regard to most of our conversation, but there was one moment that moved me almost to tears. Towards the end of the visit, an elderly man, a volunteer chaplain, approached Stan from our side of the glass. They knew each other well and after a few moments of lighthearted greetings Stan told the chaplain that he might "be going home today". As they pressed their hands to the glass, the chaplain thanked Stan, whom he had known for many years, for being "a blessing in my life". The unconditional love and compassion that flowed between these two men, in so terrible a place, was almost a physical force.

Shortly after that, the time came for us to take our leave. I really didn't know what to say as we got up to go. What could you possibly say to someone who is eight hours away from dying? He asked me to look after Sandra when it came time for the execution and I told him again, as I had in December, that I would see him in the morning. He laughed again, but not like he had in December. This time, it was a resigned laugh, and clearly neither of us believed it.

*The cold realization
that this time
there would be no
euphoric reprieve
sank in.*

I spent most of the rest of the day with the media, talking about my visit and the prospects for another last minute reprieve. It was clear that unless the Supreme Court stepped in once more, the execution would go ahead at 18:00. Again I waited across the street from the prison, in the same Dairy Queen as before, this time with a small group of Stan's supporters, until Sandra returned from her last visit just after 16:30 and told us she had just heard that the last appeal was denied. The execution would proceed.

The cold realization that this time there would be no euphoric reprieve sank in. In just over ninety minutes, Stan Faulder would

die. We all made some calls, Sandra to her husband and I to the Consular office in Ottawa to alert them that the execution would definitely proceed. In no time it was 17:00 and Sandra and I walked across to the administration building, from where we would be led to the Death House. We spent the next hour in quiet contemplation, neither of us having much to say. When the guards came at 18:00, I took a deep breath.

*The Faulder
case speaks
volumes of the
moral character
of Canada and
Canadians.*

We walked across the street, past the assembled media, and we were buzzed through the gates of The Walls. We joined the media witnesses in a holding area, while the guards escorted the witnesses from the victim's family into the Death House. Everything ran like a well-oiled machine, with great pains being taken to ensure that the witnesses from both families never encountered each other. The walk to the Death House felt like it was about 100 miles, and I just set one foot in front of the other, trying not to think too much.

There are two metal doors on the outside of the House, and inside one of them the victim's family were already gathered. The other door was unlocked and we stepped into our own viewing area, a very small room not much bigger than a closet with a large glass window at one end. Through that window, strapped onto a gurney with his arms outstretched, lay Stan Faulder. He had been looking at our window, as though waiting for us, and as soon as he saw us he nodded once in our direction and then looked up at the ceiling. The warden asked if he had a final statement, and he indicated that he did not. Sandra and I stood together, our hands pressed to the glass.

The next few minutes will never fade from my memory. Suffice to say that it was even worse than I had imagined. Stan Faulder was officially declared dead at 18:18. We returned to the Administration building and then went out to make our formal statements to the media. I am still amazed that I managed to stand before all of those cameras and people and more or less calmly say my piece. I was pretty much on autopilot at that point.

I knew Stan Faulder for less than a year. During that time I went from wondering what kind of monster he might be to being deeply moved by the humanity of the man. I have never made any excuses for Stan, and he never made any to me. I have never been able to adequately explain what there was about the man that allowed me to look beyond the brutal facts of his case. I was impressed by his concern for his family, for other inmates, and for those of us working on his case, by his deep spiritual beliefs, his honest and self-critical sense of humour, and by a profound remorse that convinced me that he was punishing himself far beyond what Texas could do to him.

A few days after the execution, I sent a message to those in DFAIT who had worked so long and so hard on the case. In it I said:

Though some in Canada might disagree, I feel that our involvement in this case, from Minister Axworthy's personal interventions on down to the most mundane of our tasks, was not only appropriate but indeed was imperative. If one can judge the social justness of a society by the way in which it treats or supports its least fortunate or least sympathetic citizens, then I think the Faulder case speaks volumes of the moral character of Canada and Canadians. When we start to pick and choose whose rights we will defend, I believe we start down a dark path from which there is no certain exit.

Stan Faulder was deeply moved by the renewed closeness he found with his family, something he thought he had lost forever, and by the concern of countless people in Canada and the U.S., something he never expected. Whatever else he may have been, the quiet dignity with which he repeatedly faced a horrible death proved to me that Stan Faulder was the bravest soul I've ever known. He was convicted of a terrible crime, and I never forgot that, but after walking with Stan through the last year of his life, right up to death's door itself, I cannot find anything but compassion for him in my heart. I tried to conduct myself as professionally as possible, and to represent the government and the country as well as I knew how, through a unique and unimaginable process. I am not ashamed to have called Stan Faulder my friend and I hope that I made his final days and minutes just a little easier. ☺

John Morrow is Consul at the Canadian Consulate General in Dallas.

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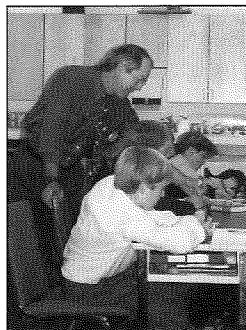
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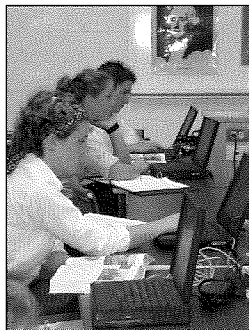
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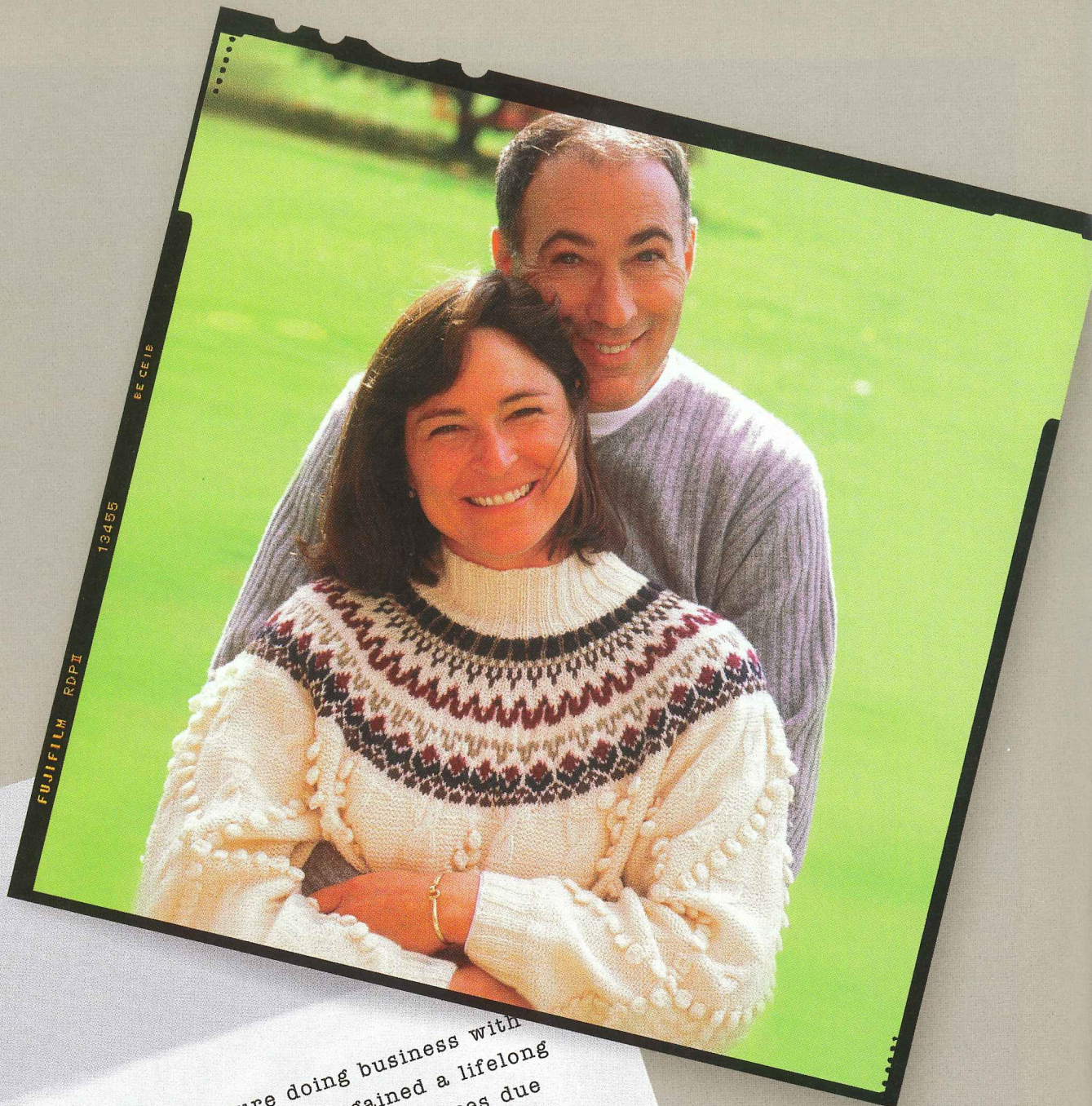
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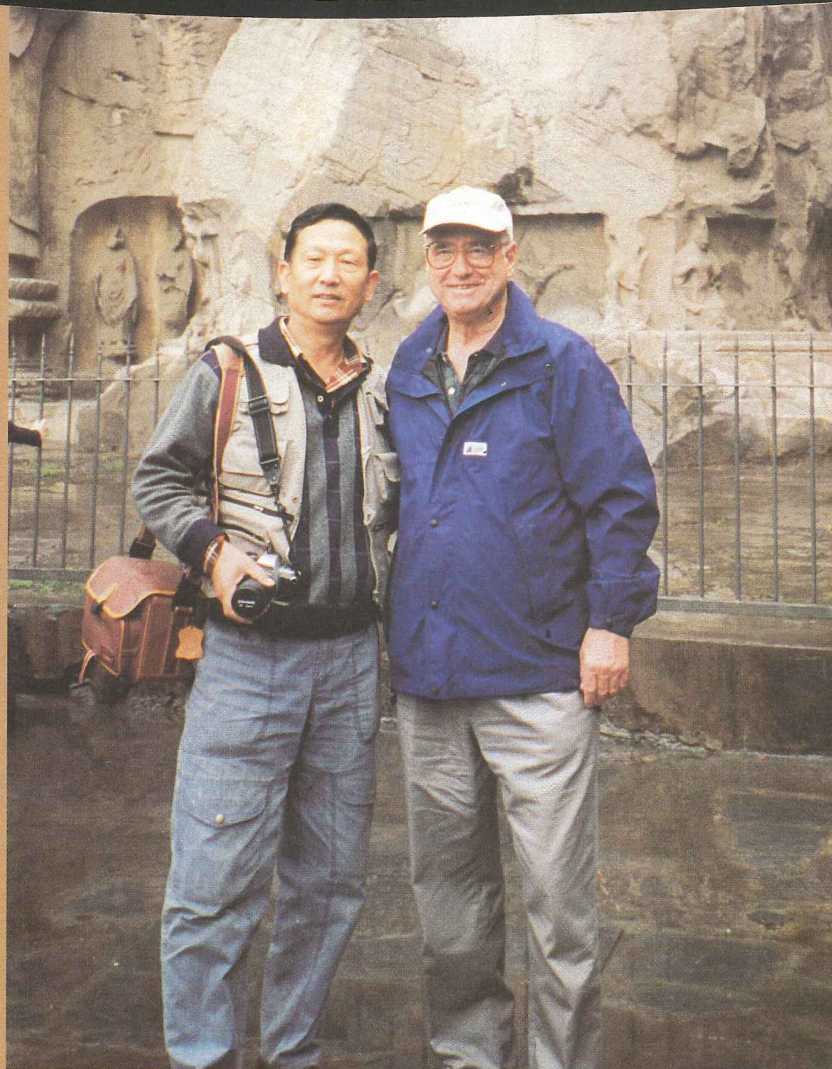


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Lights, Camera, Action on the Yellow River



The Chinese are always looking for foreigners to play the part of — guess what? — foreigners, in various TV and film productions. Over the years a number of Canadian Embassy staff members and their families have been swept up by the Chinese film industry. My lucky moment came one fine day when I was visiting a TV studio with my wife, Gilliane Lapointe, who is Counsellor for Public Affairs at the Embassy in Beijing. I found I was being stalked by a lady with a clip-board; she turned out to be the casting director for another TV project and thought I looked like a German engineer in his fifties. The next thing you know I was signed up for an eight-part Chinese TV series, which is going to bring me fame and fortune as a matinee idol (well ... maybe in Inner Mongolia) and have the teeny-boppers screaming for my autograph.

And so I found myself with a team of some 60 people on site at Xiao Lang Di (XLD), a gorge on the Yellow River near Luoyang, about 700 kilometres southwest of Beijing, where the biggest dam to date in China is being built. Because of all the fuss and controversy over the Three Gorges, not that many people are aware of XLD, which is not nearly as potentially damaging to the environment, nor causing the dislocation of so many people (200 thousand vs 3 million plus). The series is a project of Henan TV to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic on October 1st, 1949; it is to be shown on national television in October, in prime time for eight days running.

The director, Li(Lee) Li Hong, whom I immediately nicknamed "Spike", is a former actor and the top director in Henan Province. Six of China's top TV actors and actresses are in the cast, so this is serious stuff. There are three other foreigners in the group: Anjana Gadgil, a student from London University, Joerg Brodersen, a young German lawyer, both studying Chinese, and Atze Schmidt, a German journalist working for the Foreign Language Press in Beijing. How, one might well ask, did we four amateurs end up on this team? We were all hired on the basis of appearance and an interview.

As it happens, I have had some background in the theatre. There was, for example, my thrilling stage debut at the age of 12 as a fairy in "Iolanthe" and my dazzling appearance the following year as a Floradora Girl. These transvestite beginnings were to be corrected later in various high school drama club productions and

even some minor roles with the English Comedy Club in Brussels and the Ottawa Little Theatre. Years later in Baghdad, my gripping portrayal of "Tas", a Tasmanian thug in the classic Australian mining drama "The Last of the Knucklemen", almost brought down the house — literally — in the beer-fuelled donnybrook which climaxed the play amidst flying fists and furniture. Our antipodean soulmates have always been great thespians. (That Baghdad play-reading group, incidentally, was founded by Agatha Christie when she was out in Iraq on a dig with her archeologist husband in 1922. It never missed a bi-weekly meeting until it was finally shut down by Desert Storm.) In any case, stage experience, although helpful, turned out to be not that much of a qualification, the camera being a very different beast from a live audience. One big plus about this film, though, was that instead of just dubbing the foreigners into Chinese, which is what they usually do, they were using our real voices and subtitling.

Monty Python would call it a "Ripping Tale".

First, the dam. This multi-purpose project is so big it had to be partly financed by the World Bank, which meant opening it up to international bidding, the first time this has happened in post-1949 China. Consortia led by the Italian company Impregilo, the German company Zueblin and the French company Dumez were awarded respectively Lot I (dam construction), Lot II (tunnels and spillway), and Lot III (the hydro-electric power generating station). The dam, which is going to stand 154 metres (505 feet) high, will provide, in addition to power generation, flood control, sediment reduction, ice protection and irrigation. Preliminary work was started in 1991, the contracts for the three Lots were signed in 1994, and construction got underway that same year. Completion is scheduled for 2001.

There was Canadian involvement in this project from the beginning, particularly in the design work. A group is still on site, a joint venture called Canadian International Project Managers, made up of people from Acres International, Monenco and

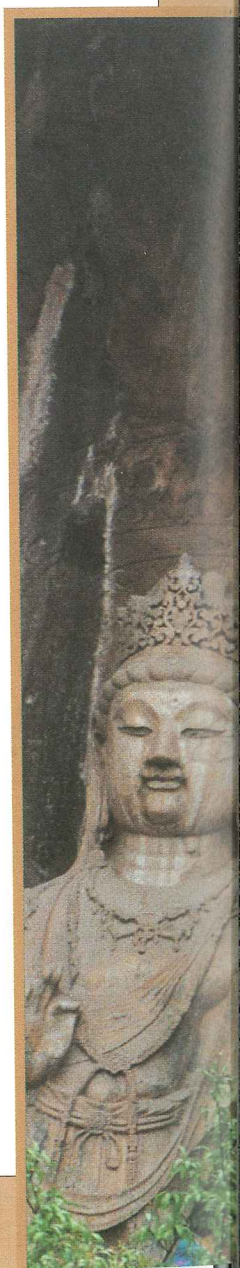
SNC-Lavalin. Two Canadians, Zoltan Solymar and John Anderson, have won "Foreign Expert Awards" for their contributions to the project's development.

Second, the play. The playwright spent a year on site, the director with him for six months, building a drama around the tunnel construction, problems the Germans encountered, claim and counterclaim, labour problems, culture gap, danger and near disaster, complex relationships including some messy love affairs (sorry folks, no torrid love scenes — this is China), and of course in the end, success through heroism and cooperation. Monty Python would call it a "Ripping Tale".

Not surprisingly, it is all based on fact, some would say too closely. I play the part of a German engineer, Peter Bauer, who comes out to solve problems. These problems are very much like the ones the Lot II people ran into in real life, which saw both the German Supervising Engineer and his Number Two pulled off the project and a Canadian consultant called in to advise the Chinese employer on how to deal with a massive German claim for damages. My role is inspired partly by the new German Supervising Engineer, Dr. Krause, universally liked and respected, and by the Canadian consultant, John Anderson, mentioned above.

The site is a beautiful valley surrounded by terraced hills. When we arrived in late March, the winter wheat was a foot high and the leaves were starting to bud. Only about half the shooting took place underground, so there was some opportunity to enjoy the sunshine and fresh air. During my down-time I hiked in the hills and took the little puppy in the "Supermarket" for walks. The supermarket looked like a convenience store, and was surrounded by: Small Bar, Happy Bar, Flower Bar, Fashion Bar, Star Bar, Fiesta Club, Hard Rock, the Red Forest [sic]

Previous page: The author with the film's producer, Zhang Shi Fa at the Long Men Caves. Right: Buddha statues at the Long Men Caves. Right above: "Peter Bauer" and fellow negotiators.



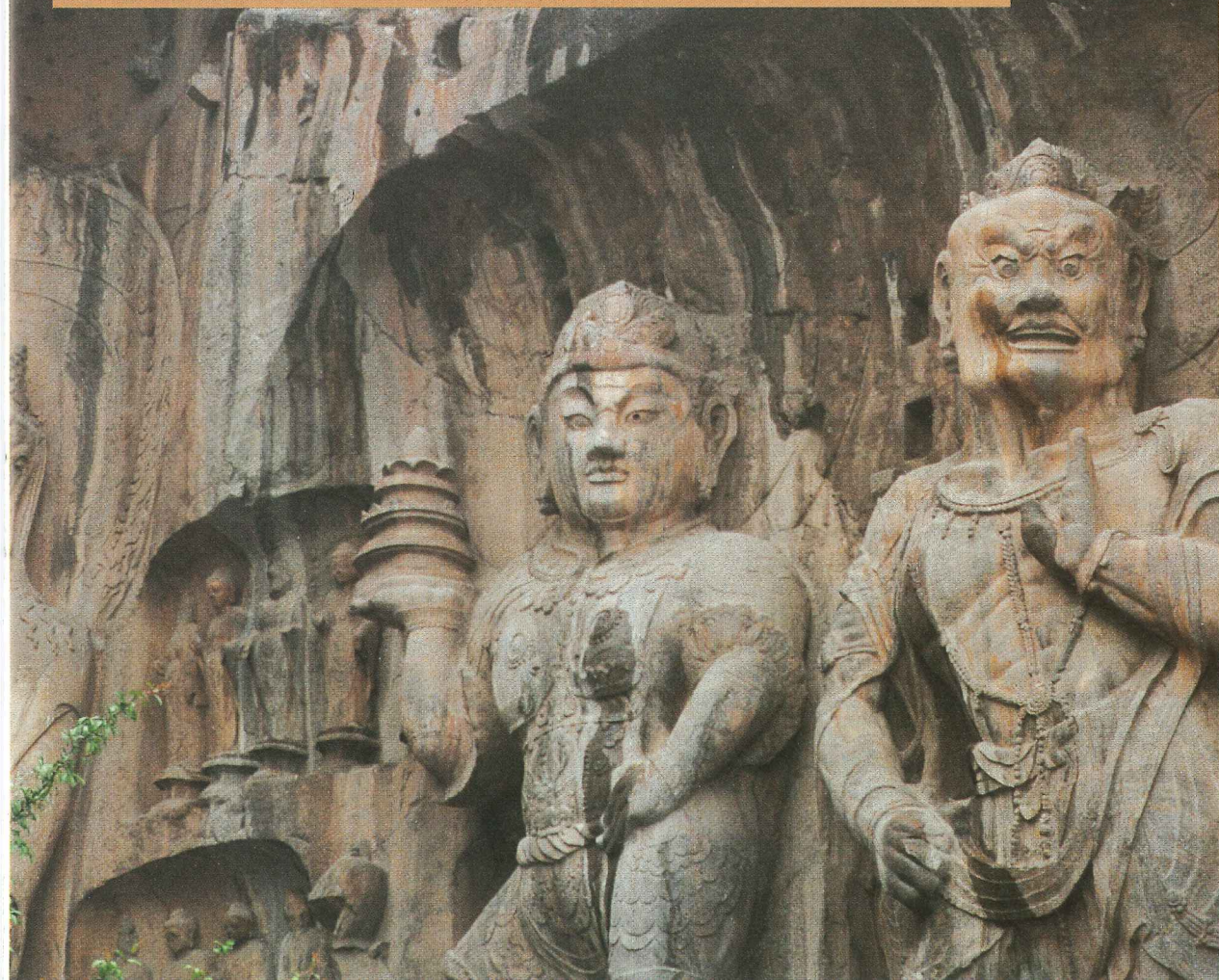
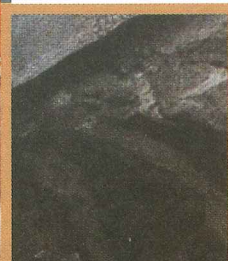
Club and, last but not least, the Lucky Whole Saling Shop. Took me a while to work "wholesale" out of that one, especially with the "N" backwards. The puppy's name was "Lang Lang" as in Xiao Lang Di.

In addition to acting and rehearsing, Anjana and I spent a fair bit of time with the interpreter, Zhang Yuan (English name Joy), re-writing the terrible "Chinglish" in the script into something recognizable. (The Germans, being foreigners, naturally speak English, the Chinese speak Chinese, and of course we all understand one another. This

is a Chinese convention which seems to be accepted by audiences.) We spoke English, that is, until Spike found out that Anjana, who played my engineer daughter Marlene, had High School German and I had my college German, beefed up with two weeks in Heidelberg 14 years ago. We got our heads together, the four of us foreigners, and translated all the scenes in Episode One, much of which took place in Germany, into German. We performed it too, and our German colleagues didn't crack up watching the rushes, so we felt pretty proud of ourselves.

Inevitably there were problems. We had a crisis one day when we were about to shoot a scene of the negotiations about compensation for the tunnel collapse and had hoped to get some of the Canadians to play cameo roles as part of the German negotiating team. Of course in real life the Canadians were working for the Employer, in effect the Chinese government. Said Employer was holding real, and difficult, negotiations with the Zueblin people on that very subject, and many of the Chinese staff were unhappy and nervous. They forbade the Canadians to have anything to do with us, and then went a step further and said we had to change the film, avoid any reference to a German company, Xiao Lang Di or even the Yellow River. That was a bombshell, with at least a third of the film already in the can. It was finally straightened out at the Vice-Minister level of the central government; the VM was fortunately on the site with a big delegation, and we were able to get back on track in a hurry.

We had another crisis when we were about to shoot a scene presided over by Atze Schmidt, who played the Chairman of the German company. Seven-thirty at night and they had everything ready to go when it developed that they hadn't lined up the people who were supposed to play some of the other directors. I was dispatched with Joy to go up to the club in the Italian compound, where I just happened to know the Canadian consultants had gone to have pizza, and persuade them to come and get in the movie when they had finished. They had by then been cleared by the Chinese authorities to participate, but no one had thought to tell them they were actually going to be needed. They happily showed up to get their 15 minutes of fame. Among them was a visiting Canadian journalist, Roger Clavet,



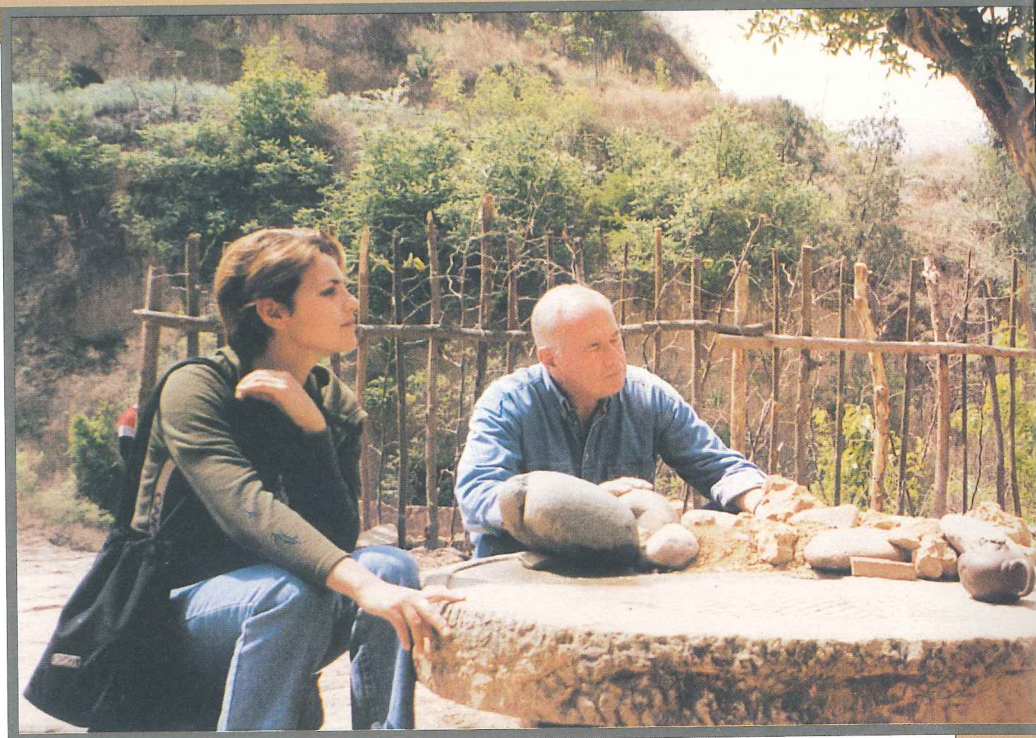
who had some acting experience and volunteered to join in. I persuaded the producer that, because “Lei Mai” (Ledermaier), the German company in the film, was supposed to be operating all over the world, it would be logical for them to have a director from Quebec, where people knew all about building big dams. And so it was that we worked some French into a Chinese film about a German company; Roger was terrific.

In mid-April we foreigners, perhaps in part to dispel our feelings of increasing self-importance and impending stardom, were given a five-day furlough. Anjana went to write her mid-term exams at Beijing Normal University, Joerg went off apartment hunting with his fiancée in Xian and I went to get laryngitis from the Beijing pollution. Atze, who was only able to get five working days off from his Chinese employers and consequently had the smallest part, was having his scenes compressed into two short stints.

I came back to a full weekend’s shooting, the only time we could get the board room. These were the heavy-duty negotiations which had been postponed because of Chinese sensitivity about their being too close to reality. Joy said my sore throat was great because it sounded as if I had been shouting at my Chinese adversaries.

We got through the negotiations in great shape, with another set of Canadians backing me up on the German side of the table. Later, one of them took me aside and asked me to fill him in a bit on the plot of the TV series, because some of the stuff he had been hearing sounded awfully familiar. His reaction was interesting: “I hope the Chinese don’t pull the plug on your story.” Always a possibility, I suppose, but this was a 50th anniversary project and the story-line had already been approved at the highest level.

One morning early, in welcome relief from the tunnel, we all boarded a little cruise boat and went up the river to a remote village to film some scenes in a cave dwelling. (This is where a former engineer and fellow student of Engineer Peter Bauer has retreated after being caught up in the Cultural Revolution; his in-depth knowledge of the local geology is key to solving our tunnelling problems. As I said, we have everything in this story.) During the course of the day, when I was not in the eye of the camera, I wandered around the area and struck up a sign language conversation with a local peasant. Using only an axe, he was building a wooden frame for a threshing stone. He would later spread out his cut wheat on the hard ground and pull the cylindrical stone around on it, using his three-wheel tractor/pick-up truck. This is a



“Marlene” and “Peter Bauer” learn the secrets of Xiao Lang Di from the old hermit.

common piece of gear in rural China: front half motor-cycle with a two-stroke engine, rear half a six-by-four foot truck bed. He said his grandfather’s grandfather had farmed this land and it was good; he would bring in two tonnes of wheat. At the same time, he said he was ready to accept the fact he would have to move when the land was flooded. (By this time I had been joined by the assistant cameraman, who had a few words of English.)

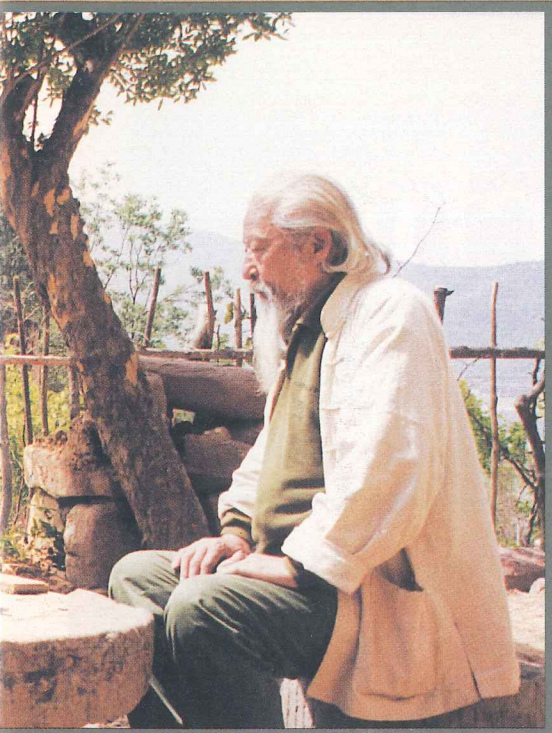
It was a warm, sunny day, and the scene of the green mountains falling into the river was beautiful. It is sobering to think that some Chinese farmer was looking at these terraced hills five thousand years ago, when most of our ancestors were running around wearing bits of fur and hadn’t yet worked out that one could make stuff grow on purpose. On the other hand, a lot of people here still live in caves. With whitewashed walls and electricity, they are a lot nicer than many of the cramped and dirty apartments I have seen in Beijing and furthermore are warm in winter and cool in summer.

While I was gone in Beijing, they got a lot of shooting done in the tunnel, but the best was still to come: the disasters. The props and construction guys were terrific. Starting with a smooth-walled tunnel, they had stuck rough-hewn styrofoam to the walls to make it look as if it were still under construction. They had led hidden plastic piping up to the roof for the flooding scenes, got hold of a demolitions expert for the fatal explosions scene, and rigged up a collapsing platform loaded with styrofoam rocks for the tunnel collapse. They had also

dragged a huge drilling machine in there, which, apart from adding realism, was the power source for the jackhammers and hand-drills. When they blew the thing up, and the heroic Chinese foreman, Qin Dachuan, died saving the life of his doltish German counterpart, there wasn’t a dry eye in the house. Actually, this was because the place was full of dust and cordite and we all had to go outside for half an hour until it cleared and we could resume shooting. When they edit this thing and add the music and doctor the sound effects, it’s going to be a humdinger.

The hard-hats here, when they are not made out of wicker, look pretty much like the old US Army helmet liners. We were watching the rushes one night, when on the screen there appeared a close-up of me looking grimly at the rock-fall. Suddenly the Director, Spike, started bouncing up and down in his seat, shouting “Bah Toon”, “Bah Toon”, and everyone in the room was loudly agreeing with him. It turned out what he meant was that I looked like George C. Scott in “Patton”. When I told them that this was only natural because my sister was married to General Patton’s grandson, they went completely round-eyed.

We had almost as much fun doing the flooding scene as we had blowing up Qin later on. Water was pouring out of the ceiling and the director was choreographing total confusion: Qin was doing his foreman bit and yelling at everyone, his workers were yelling back, the Assistant Director was slapping people on the shoulder when they were supposed to run across in front of



the camera, other people carrying hand drills would come tearing out from behind the giant drilling machine, the lights showing all this up in just the right way. Just as acting without lines is hardest — (“We are now going to film Peter Bauer’s expression when Marlene tells him she has found the old hermit; you are surprised, nostalgic, curious, relieved and enthusiastic. Don’t move, because this is a close-up: just show it all in your eyes.” Yeah, right.) — chaos is very difficult to organize. I reckoned this was a good time to teach Joy the expression “Chinese fire drill”, which cracked her up. Joy’s English is excellent; she had particularly liked her last teacher at university, a lady from Prince Edward Island. She is going to work for an import-export company and hopes to travel abroad. She should do very well.

Suddenly we were almost finished, and well ahead of schedule. We went out to Luoyang airport, where Mr. Zhang the Producer had managed to organize us onto an arriving aircraft. We rehearsed, moved mikes around, the plane landed, we went up the ramp and into the cabin, waited for fifteen or so passengers to get off and then Peter Bauer and his daughter Marlene came down the ramp together. The arriving passengers were so stunned to find themselves in a movie they forgot to stare at the camera, so it all worked.

Zhengzhou, the capital of Henan province, was the venue for the rest of the Frankfurt scenes. Zhengzhou is overcast a lot of the time and is apt to be polluted, so it can pass very nicely for northern Europe. Joy and I had been sent ahead — on ten minutes notice — with two of the props

people, to organize shooting at a local hotel and the borrowing of a number of things from the hotel’s owner. These included a large clock in excruciatingly bad taste, half-naked nymphs on a pedestal holding the gaudy, ornate clock which was itself a swinging pendulum. I told Atze, who had returned from Beijing for the shoot, that no Managing Director in Germany would be caught dead with such a thing in his office, to which he replied “even in Germany”. But, the ghastly thing dramatically marked the passage of time and off it went to the World Trade Centre. Filming in “his” office 37 floors up at the WTC and looking out over leafy Zhengzhou, we almost could imagine ourselves in Frankfurt. Pointing out the window at some workmen on a scaffold next door, I said, “Look, Chinese Gastarbeiter”.

Then it was out to Zhengzhou airport for the last two scenes we shot, this time actually on the aircraft. One of the scenes was without lines and involved Anjana (Marlene) flying back to Germany after the initial tunnel collapse. Spike decided to get as many as possible of the non-acting staff members into the shooting, to make it look as if there were really people on the empty plane. Anjana’s boyfriend Tom had shown up to see the end of the filming and found himself in the movie as a miscellaneous passenger sitting next to her. Nice touch.

Being with this group of people was fabulous. They were friendly, professional — with the occasional lapse which could be written off to artistic temperament — and very welcoming to us amateur, barbarian foreigners. There was great team spirit. When I first read the Chinglish script, I thought, “Oh brother, where are we going with this one?”, but of course the Chinese script was something else altogether and the story turned out to be a real grabber. Everyone really believed in it, and we had a lot of fun.

I also had a welcome chance to learn something of Chinese history and culture. From Luoyang I was able to see the famous Buddhist statues at the Long Men caves. On a day excursion from Zhengzhou I visited the Shao Lin monastery where the monks invented martial arts, the Zhong Hue temple, one of the earliest Taoist temples in China, and the Song Yang Academy, one of the four ancient academies of learning. In the garden there they have a cypress tree 4000 years old, and said that “even in the time of Jesus Christ, this had been officially classified as an old tree”.

Luoyang was the capital of China for nine Dynasties in ancient times, and the Yellow River valley in Henan is regarded as the cradle of Chinese civilization. It

was here that Fu Xi, half God, half Man, and mythical founder of the Han Chinese nation, saw the Dragon Horse in the Yellow River and took the star-shaped patterns on the beast’s body to design the “Ba Gua”. The Ba Gua is the Yin-Yang surrounded by eight sets of three-line groups; the design on the Korean flag is taken from it. Anyway, a modern version of the Long Ma Fu Tu temple is being built, and the legend and the temple have been worked into the script. (Long means dragon, Ma horse, Ba eight and Gua design: the Eight Designs from the Dragon Horse).

On May 8, the evening we had our farewell banquet, there was a dramatic indication of how much of a family our team had become. Just before dinner, the news of the attack on the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade came out. Everyone knew that Anjana and I were from two countries which were taking a leading part in the bombing campaign in Serbia; we had even discussed it. The Chinese were obviously shocked and upset (as were we foreigners), but there was not a flicker of adverse reaction to us or our countries. We had become their friends and colleagues, and that was all that counted.

Making this movie was one of the most fun things I’ve ever done. What really amazed me was that, even though I speak very little Chinese, I managed to make a whole bunch of friends, although with Joy around the language barrier was largely eliminated. I have since been told I am now on the network and likely to get drafted when they need foreign actors for other ventures. Maybe next time I’ll get to be a “capitalist roader, imperialist running dog” oppressing the poor Chinese (Gilliane’s great fear). With any luck I’ll get to see some other interesting place outside Beijing. Leaving Xiao Lang Di was tough. The last morning I went up into the hills at 5:30 and watched the sun come up over the Yellow River Valley. The wheat had grown three feet high and was turning gold; everything else was green, the breeze was warm and I thought how much I going to miss taking little Lang Lang for his walks.

Beijing, August 21, 1999. ☺

Jim Bonthron is a 30-year veteran of the Department, having served abroad in Europe, Africa, the Middle East and the USA, and in Ottawa at HQ, CIDA and DND. He now accompanies his wife, Gilliane Lapointe, on her postings, to Costa Rica and China so far; and works as a teacher of English and freelance writer and journalist.

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Michaelena McLaughlin

by Gary Harman

Miss M. Michaelena McLaughlin, who retired from the Foreign Service in 1989 was named on the July 1999 list of new members of the Order of Canada. Born and educated in Saint John, N.B., Michaelena joined the Department of External Affairs in October, 1953 and, in addition to periodic assignments of divisions in Ottawa, served tours of duty in Tokyo, Prague, Tel Aviv, Boston, Moscow, Dar es Salaam, Addis Ababa, Beirut, Kuala Lumpur, Lagos and Islamabad. Her work performance was of high quality and earned her promotions through the secretarial ranks.

Readers will be interested to learn that Miss McLaughlin was nominated for this award by the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA). There was a discussion in early 1996 in RHOMA's Directing Group which noted that while a number of former Heads of Mission had been named to the Order, a long time seemed to have passed since the last one. Moreover, the awards had gone only to well-known senior officers; there had been no recognition of the "collective" of members of the Foreign Service working at home and abroad on behalf of the Government and People of Canada. The discussion concluded that RHOMA should nominate a rotational Canada-based staff member. Consultations were pursued within the Directing Group and it was decided to nominate Michaelena McLaughlin, a retired senior secretary. We quickly became aware that the Order of Canada wanted everything kept carefully confidential, but decided to

ask heads of mission with or for whom Michaelena had worked abroad for their impressions and recollections, out of which we hoped to be able to produce a convincing nomination.

The results proved "fully satisfactory". The first reply received began, "Aside from the fact she made the Mission a better workplace with her indefatigable optimism and enthusiasm, I believe I have never met a more generous, kind-hearted person". Another commented, "her deep personal interest in local culture and society was an inspiration to us all", and another, "Michaelena's apartment was like a drop-in centre for volunteer workers, Canadian or not. Canada's name in distant parts of Nigeria was enhanced by this devoted and sincere woman". The nomination was crafted from the contributions of ten senior officers including the late Robert Ford, himself a Companion of the Order of Canada, and submitted by RHOMA Chairman Jim Nutt to the Awards Committee in August 1996.

The decision to name Michaelena McLaughlin as a member of the Order of Canada is above all a tribute to the lady herself, for the way she showed the best side of our nation to the wide range of peoples she met and worked with during her service abroad. It may also be seen, we believe, as a recognition of the many others in the Foreign Service, especially among the support staff, who have also tried in their work and contacts abroad to show what Canada and Canadians are all about.

We asked Michaelena to share with us a few of her favourite memories. They follow in her own words. ☺

Gary Harman was an officer of the Department of External Affairs from 1953 until he retired in 1991. He served in various positions at Headquarters, including Director General of Personnel, and abroad in New York, Prague, Washington, Moscow and Cairo; then as Ambassador in Havana, Amman and Damascus.

Michaelena McLaughlin Remembers

Once in Nigeria we visited a CUSO couple in the small village where they had been teaching for the past two years. We travelled from Lagos in the embassy's 4-wheel drive vehicle, which seemed to be the only vehicle in sight. Our CUSO friends were leaving Nigeria soon and they were making courtesy calls to say farewell to some local tribal chiefs; we were invited to go along — a rare opportunity for us to see the inside of the chiefs' family compounds. Some time later, when our CUSO friends stopped over at my apartment in Lagos en route home to Canada, they told me "Chief O. is letting it be known in the village that he will marry you — provided the vehicle comes with you."! Best proposal I had in Nigeria.

In Prague, back in the late 1950s, the days of the Iron Curtain, Canadian embassy personnel imported nearly all their daily needs from Weiden, just over the border in Germany. Fruits, vegetables, dry-cleaning, dog food, nylons — whatever, the office station wagon went every three weeks to pick up supplies. Contact with the local people in Czechoslovakia was limited — but possible to some extent, and most of us had one or two local friends. Across the street from our apartment, an old man used to sit in the window all day, just looking out. Spying on us — the only foreigners in the neighborhood? No. Our part-time cleaning lady found out for us that he was almost blind, had formerly run a laundry in the vicinity, and was now retired on a minuscule pension — so little that he could afford to turn on the lights in his room only long enough to have his supper. It was so sad — but as foreigners we could not visit him, or even greet him in any obvious way. But Jrinka could — so each time our supplies arrived from Germany, she would find her way into his building, with a package of cigarettes, a banana, an orange. And the next time we walked out of our building, we would get an almost imperceptible nod, and a smile. No, we never did meet him.

In Ethiopia, a Canadian engineer friend was driving north to the area where he was involved in building simple bridges, which would enable the local people to get to market even when the river beds were in flood — during most of the year, the river beds were dry, and they served as a local “road” system for getting around the area — on foot, of course.

I was dropped off at a small Catholic mission station, where three Sisters, two of them Canadian, were doing social work. They also offered simple home remedies for all kinds of ills and ailments — the people preferred the Sisters’ ministrations to the government clinic because “... your hands are blessed”.

When I asked the Sisters what I could do to help, they introduced me to a small boy who had come in with a nasty wound in his leg, showed me how to clean it with antiseptic and apply ointment — we sat on a bit of garden wall for this operation. The youngster came back next day and we repeated the process — by now the wound was much better. On the third day, just before I was leaving, he came again for one last treatment — and presented me with five small eggs, payment for services rendered. I was delighted.

Being in the Holy Land was a special privilege. At the time, Jerusalem was a divided city — we needed a permit to cross over to the Jordan side, to visit the Old City, and Bethlehem. But Nazareth was on the Israeli side. So, on my first Christmas in Tel Aviv, my friends and I decided to go to Nazareth for Midnight Mass — maybe we could find overnight accommodation and, if not, well, it was only a two-hour drive to get home. Arriving in the late afternoon, we were lucky to meet two of the Sisters from the hospital. Yes, the old maternity wing was vacant just now — we could have rooms there. Seemed appropriate for Christmas Eve.

We were four — Canadian, Australian, British, plus one small cat (the cat-sitting arrangements had fallen through at the last minute). It was too cold to leave Simon in the car overnight, so we bundled him up in a sweater and took him in with us — hoping not to meet the Sisters. On the way in, we met a young French couple, also staying overnight in the maternity ward, and suggested they join us for a drink of sherry — we drank it from medicine glasses, the only thing we could find. And then we discovered that they had smuggled in a small dog. I suspect Simon’s “mother” slept the rest of the night with one ear open for any meows — and hoping for no barks from next door. If the Sisters knew what was going on, they were too polite to mention it when we thanked them next day as we took our departure, back to Tel Aviv for Christmas turkey and all the trimmings.

me out of the hotel and drove me off to the parish house. It seems his one electricity generator had been turned over to the hundreds of Sukumu tribespeople who were encamped around the church, while Father made do with candles or kerosene lanterns. Some of his Priest friends were coming from other missions for the festivities, so I was not only welcome, I was essential — he needed somebody to cook. Did you ever try to prepare a meal in a primitive kitchen with almost no light and no real idea of what pots and pans, or even what vegetables are available? Adaptability is a very useful quality in the Foreign Service.

In the Soviet Union, too, it was not allowed that the local people socialize with foreigners. But there are ways. For instance, we took many week-end trips out of Moscow. Usually on the Saturday night, we would have a very good dinner at the best restaurant in the town — where many of the local people would also be dining or dancing. Suddenly, a bottle of champagne would appear on our table — no comment, but a smile from those at a nearby table. Then another bottle — smiles from a different direction. Russian champagne is quite good — and it was not expensive, not then anyway. And the champagne said “Welcome” from people with whom we would have loved to be friends.

In Tanzania, at Mwanza on Lake Victoria, there was for a number of years a famous music festival, organized by Father Clemente, a Canadian White Father from Trois Rivières. This event lasted for several days and all night. But, Father Clemente explained, “... no music before mid-afternoon; once the drums start, there will be no more work done that day.” When Father C. discovered that I had checked into the local hotel, he immediately checked

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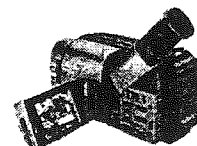
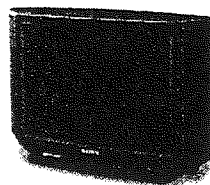
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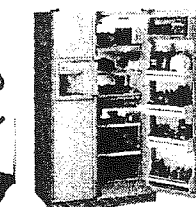
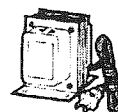
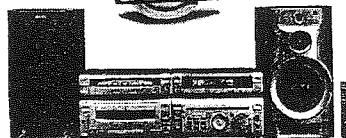
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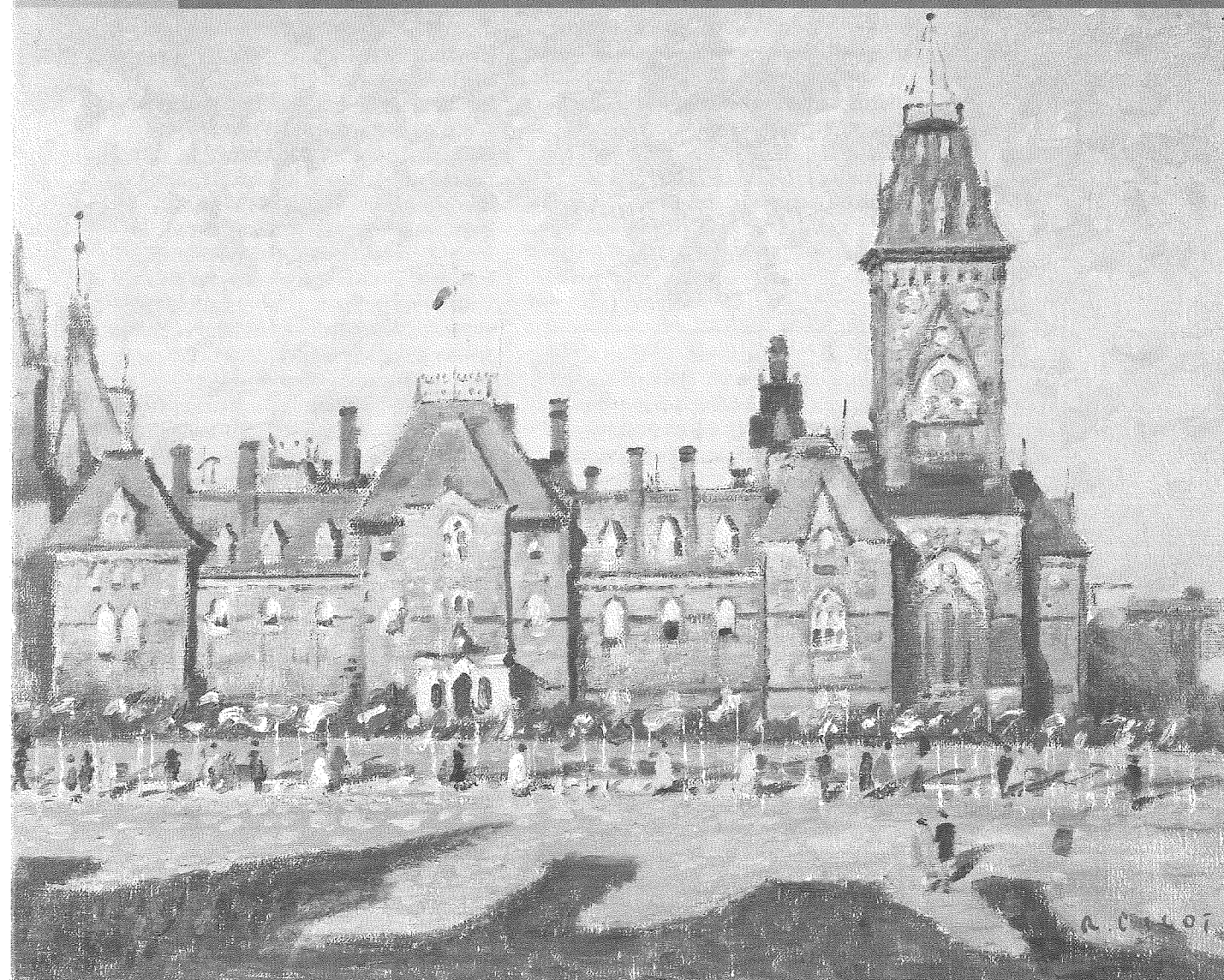


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by Arthur Blanchette

The Department of External Affairs (DEA), as our foreign ministry was called not so long ago, was a small but rapidly expanding unit as Canada emerged from the Second World War.

DEA was not an easy department to join, even though the academic qualification for recruitment was lower then than now. The minimum requirement was simply a bachelor's degree

from a recognized university; most of us did not have more than that. But the subsequent hurdles were high. The first obstacle confronting the applicant was a lengthy (two days) and difficult written examination with essays on general knowledge and Canadian history as well as international political and economic affairs. In 1949, for instance, the first day of the written examination began with an essay in which candidates were given three hours "to discuss in not more than 2,000 words" the proposition that the "necessary balance between the need for revolution and the rights of the human person ... can only be found in a Christian

philosophy of life". No limitation was imposed on the "point of view" employed in the answer, as the purpose of the question was "to test your capacity to analyze a theoretical problem with lucidity". The 2,000 word limit, by the way, was crucial. Fewer words were acceptable. Many more were not. Those who made it past the written ordeal then were summoned to an oral examination conducted by a board of senior officers that generally lasted several hours. Provided that one passed these examinations successfully and survived the probationary year — some did not — a career was launched.

Indeed, the notion of a life-long career was prevalent at all levels of the Civil Service, as it was then known. Such a commitment was certainly fundamental to our outlook and it gave rise to strong feelings of loyalty and *esprit de corps*. Some of us did move to other departments, either on secondment, promotion, or otherwise, but always with the expectation of a career in public service. Departures for the private sector were very rare. This notion of career — linked with the rapid growth of the post-war Foreign Service — was basic to the Foreign Service's promotion structure and outlook. That structure was based on a pyramid concept: ten officer ranks narrowing upward from FSO (Foreign Service Officer) 1 to FSO 10. For an FSO 1, the annual salary range was \$2,400 to \$3,000.

In their career, FSOs could anticipate fairly regular promotions until retirement at 65. A few reached the highest echelons as deputy ministers or heads of government agencies or crown corporations. More rose to the senior ranks (FSO 9/10), but most could expect to end their careers at the FSO 7 or 8 levels, roughly equivalent now to EX2 to EX4. Promotion boards consisting of senior officers met quarterly to review ratings. The appraisal system was certainly not transparent. Officers were not allowed

to see their reports. Although superiors were encouraged to discuss their annual ratings with their subordinates, many did not. Thus, we could often be left in the dark for quite a long time about how we were viewed in DEA. Promotion appeal procedures were nonexistent. These flaws persisted until well into the 1960s.

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In fact, the most reliable gauge of appraisals for an officer was the pace of advancement, with the most outstanding FSOs rising rapidly, some with promotions every two years or so. However, most of us tended to go up every three or four years until we peaked, usually in our mid 50s, at which level we stayed until we retired. What was important — psychologically and

otherwise — was the concept of regular progress through the ranks, a factor which seems to have disappeared. Today, junior officers seem to be squeezing through a narrow gap rather than ascending a pyramid, which cannot help morale.

Of course, DEA was a much smaller place then than now, with something of a family approach to its personnel, particularly its new recruits. Most senior officers went out of their way to help newcomers to settle in. There were the seminars of the so-called University of the East Block for a basic introduction, but senior officers also guided neophytes through the intricacies of the government bureaucracy as well as Canada's increasingly vigorous approach to foreign affairs. Clearly, they saw themselves as our mentors, with some going beyond strictly professional guidance to invite us to their homes for tea, a drink or a meal, to meet their families and friends.

Both pre-war senior officers and postwar veteran/recruits believed that Canada had to change its hesitant, isolationist outlook on international affairs of the past and actively help to make the world a better, safer place in which to live. Most new officers, particularly those who had served in the armed forces during the war, considered that they had a personal and valuable contribution to make in this regard. In their view, promotion through the ranks would help to ensure that Canada would remain on that path.

Other than the war, the experience that had shaped the views and moulded the concerns of most post-war recruits was that of growing up during the Depression. While the scions of some of Canada's most eminent families were recruited after the Second World War, most new recruits did not have such privileged backgrounds. In many instances, our fathers were railwaymen, miners, primary and secondary school teachers, government translators or clerks, newspaper reporters, and so on.

With Prime Minister King as its minister, DEA had had considerable clout during the war and its immediate aftermath. When he became Secretary of State for External Affairs, Louis St. Laurent lived quite close to the East Block and he would regularly walk to work. The minister would recognize us, also walking to work, and start chatting with us on the way, asking how things were going with us, how our work was coming along, and so on. The influence of DEA persisted when St. Laurent became Prime Minister, as he gave his full support to his successor, L.B. Pearson. DEA took the lead in the formulation and conduct of all aspects of Canada's foreign policy. Thus, even as junior officers attending

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inter-departmental meetings where most participants were older or more senior than us, we were heard and heeded. Prime Minister Diefenbaker certainly had his views about what he would sometimes call the "Pearsonalities." But his second minister for external affairs, Howard Green, was a powerful figure in the cabinet. Green protected DEA's overall position, including its control over foreign affairs. Incidentally, when in Ottawa, Green met all officers on posting abroad regardless of rank. During Prime Minister Pearson's years in office, relations between officials and politicians were close and steady.

For a significant period after the Second World War, we found ourselves working in an atmosphere of generally cordial and trusting relations on both sides of the divide between the politicians and the civil servants and in a department with considerable influence in government circles. One consequence of this was that DEA acquired a reputation for being rather elitist and somewhat aloof. DEA's pre-eminence and the stature of its officers, as well as its relationship with the political leadership, was called seriously into question with the advent of Pierre Trudeau.

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External's relations with the politicians began to be marked more by wariness than by intimacy and the role of the Prime Minister's Office and the Privy Council Office in the formulation and conduct of Canadian foreign policy grew steadily at DEA's expense. Junior officers now found themselves with little or no exposure to the political level.

At least one change was, however, more positive: the improvement in the status of women in the Foreign Service. Before the war, women were ineligible for the Foreign Service. The vast majority of women in DEA were stenographers, as secretaries were then known. The basic pay of a

Stenographer 1, by the way, was about \$660 per year. A few women, with qualifications equivalent to male colleagues, were hired during the war to work as desk officers, but they had been classified as clerks (even that level in government had been predominantly male in the past). After the war, some of these women eventually became FSOs.

Women in the Foreign Service faced a particularly unpleasant situation if they were rotational and wished to marry. They could not be both at the same time. If married, they were forced to resign from the service when they were posted. Thus, those very few who stayed on remained unmarried, unless non-rotational. There was no question of a woman officer or secretary being posted abroad with her husband as a dependent. However preposterous that may sound today, that prohibition was strictly applied until well into the 1960s.

Those married women who served abroad did so without pay in a conventional family setting. Such was the paternalism of the public service generally that all FSOs had to seek the permission of the department if they wished to marry. Moreover, a male officer's wife did not go unscrutinized in the annual rating process. Entertainment abroad was done primarily at home in those days, with the burden falling heavily on the spouse, for whose work there was, of course, no remuneration. Rating reports carried an item about the wife's effective contribution to her husband's representational duties, and those of the post generally. This wife-rating feature disappeared only a couple of decades later.

Our secretaries, or "stenos", as we called them, were of great help to new recruits. Many of them had far more experience in DEA than we did and they were thus able to guide us along some of its more arcane and obscure pathways. The ratio then was roughly one stenographer for every two officers whether at home or abroad. Divisions had a divisional secretary with some administrative duties to perform as well. Work for the stenographers was long and hard, as they typed our memos in multiple copies, without photo-copying facilities until the late 1950s. Officers were not expected to know how to type and very few could.

Once typed by our stenos, our work went on its way up with far fewer hierarchical hurdles to be overcome than now — two at times or three at the most, e.g., from division through an assistant under-secretary and/or the under-secretary depending on the subject, up to the Minister. Sometimes urgent work went from the division directly to the Minister; on occasion even from desk officer straight to the Minister's office. Thus, though there were no computers or other

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features of high technology, things tended to move up quite fast.

Even shortly after we arrived in DEA, we found ourselves doing quite substantive work. For example, we might — under direction of course — be preparing the first drafts of studies or preliminary recommendations regarding elements of the UN system then being developed or doing initial work on certain formative aspects of NATO. As the Cold War intensified, the agenda in international affairs was crowded, so that there were exceptional opportunities for new recruits to turn their attention to major issues: the East-West confrontation in Berlin grew, war broke out in Korea, in the wake of the break-up of Palestine, Arab-Israeli relations necessitated early peace-keeping operations in the Middle East, the Colombo Plan took off and the Indochina Commissions came into being. With GATT and the UN economic system developing, as well as the implementation of the Marshall Plan in Europe, there was no absence of creative and challenging work to be done. That the international community was paying a good deal of attention to Canadian views gave encouragement and stimulus to our work.

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In those days, drafting was almost entirely done in English and meetings invariably conducted in that language. This could be a considerable handicap for recruits whose first language was French. In fact, bilingual officers and staff at the time were almost exclusively francophones. It was only during the mid-1960s that French came into increasing use.

As for the means of communication, telegrams were initially rare, unless unclassified. That was simply because encyphering and decyphering messages was a slow and tedious process involving complex calculations and procedures requiring dictionaries and "one-time" pads. So long

as those methods and procedures were in place, despatches and memoranda were the norm: memos within the department, despatches to and from the posts. In the 1930s, despatches of 25, 30, or more pages from posts abroad had not been unusual, with the pace of government then evidently rather unhurried. Prime Minister King, our minister, had time enough to read and carefully annotate those long reports, with their elevated and archaic formality of address. That leisurely pace was another casualty of the war.

The shorter version of the despatch continued to be a basic form of communication throughout the 1950s and well into the 1960s, though automatic cyphers eliminated the tedium of classified messages. Telegrams became the norm during the 1960s as a result of improvements in the department's communications and encyphering facilities, adapted from those in the Department of National Defence. While the use of telegrams increased the speed of departmental communications to and from the posts, it was certainly at the expense of style and often lucidity!

DEA was certainly a smaller place at mid-century. To give but one example, the American and Far Eastern Division then had only six or seven officers all told to deal

with relations with the United States, Latin America, post-war Japan, hostilities in Korea and problems with China, mounting difficulties in Indochina. Not surprisingly, we were very busy. Hours were long and weekend work normal, with no provision whatsoever for overtime pay. Virtually the only fringe benefit available then was the sturdy brown leather briefcase with "Government of Canada" stamped on it in gold letters that recruits received. I still have mine.

In such a setting, structures and procedures could get quite informal. For instance, my first political assignment was to what was then the Political III Division (later the American and Far Eastern Division). Though a neophyte, I was put in charge of the Latin America Desk where — all alone with a stenographer shared with another new recruit — I was responsible, on a routine basis, for Canada's political relations with the entire continent south of the Rio Grande. If a problem arose concerning Antarctica, I had to look after that continent as well, since, as my head of division put it when he asked me to do so, "it was so close to Latin America." Mercifully, relations with Latin America were good and there were only seven posts there, all relatively small compared to most of those there now, but

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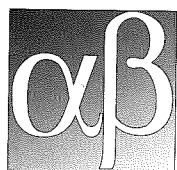
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the flow of resulting activity was sufficient to keep me busy.

Security then was relatively lax. During the early postwar period classified documents were often left on desks overnight. Security abroad was perhaps even laxer. For instance, one ambassador at a post behind the Iron Curtain had the habit of leaving classified bag material in his residence for further study. When it was pointed out to him that this was very risky, he replied that there was no risk at all. He fully trusted the servants; what is more, the documents were safely hidden under his pillow in his bedroom! The intensifying Cold War changed that.

Transfers among assignments or additions to mandates were common, indeed deemed to be normal. We were expected to be flexible and versatile and, for our part, we viewed this as making our work more interesting and more challenging. The idea behind this was that just about all of us had been recruited as *generalists*. As such, we were supposed, in theory at least, to be able to handle almost any problem that might arise. Only those with economic or legal backgrounds might receive assignments more in keeping with their qualifications or training. However, as energy problems (especially with the United States), questions

*The rapid expansion
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related to fisheries and oceans, complications from rising air travel, development assistance under the Colombo Plan, among other subjects, became an increasing part of the mandate, the path of the generalist became narrower. When Canadian representation expanded in regions such as the Middle East, with languages and cultures unusual or not commonly found in Canada, or when international scientific or nuclear questions arose, specialists became necessary, with obvious consequences for recruitment and training.

While there were a few very large posts such as London, Paris, Washington, most

missions were smaller than now. The Embassy in Mexico City, for example, had five officers, including the Head of Post, from 1944 when it was founded until the late 1950s. Two were from the Trade Commissioner Service (TCS). This staffing pattern was not unusual. Most missions in Europe and elsewhere in Latin America were that size or smaller. Canada was represented in only two African countries, Egypt and South Africa, where the same officer staffing pattern prevailed, as it did in Asia, where posts particularly those in South and Southeast Asia tended to focus on Colombo Plan activities then beginning to take off. The rapid expansion of Canada's representation abroad after the war could at times place a good deal of responsibility on junior officers. For example, most of us received no special training in how to set up a post. We just arrived, usually with a secretary and an administrative officer or clerk. We did our best to find suitable quarters for the post, as well as our families, to hire good local staff, and generally prepare things for the incoming head of mission, frequently doing so in unfamiliar languages. Not an easy task. As a result of posting circumstances, some FSOs and 2s might find themselves alone as *chargé d'affaires* of some of the smaller more distant posts for lengthy periods.

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*Postings have always
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by what — for want
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might be called the
career hazards of the
Foreign Service.*

Professional life abroad was fairly straightforward. Missions dealt primarily with political and consular affairs: in some countries almost exclusively so. Depending on the country, trade would be included in the post's mandate in cooperation with the TCS, which in some countries had older and separate posts. The growing number of consulates in the United States dealt primarily with trade, information, tourism and, of course, consular problems. In some Western European and Latin American countries, as well as the United States, information and cultural affairs were also a part of the mandate. Immigrants to Canada were arriving almost exclusively from Southern and Western Europe at the time.

Immigration services abroad — some quite large — were administratively distinct from the mission itself although under the overall jurisdiction of the head of post. Some immigration offices antedated External's and were housed separately. Canadian tourism abroad was light, but growing. There were no drug problems to cope with, but a small percentage of visiting Canadians could usually be counted on to get into trouble of some kind.

As the Foreign Service expanded in the mid-to-late 1940s, it became necessary to radically alter the posting system. The few prewar missions were all in healthy, developed, countries with lengthy postings abroad. After the war, this pattern was shifted towards assignments involving greater rotationality as is prevalent today. Postings have always been accompanied by what — for want of a better term — might be called the career hazards of the Foreign Service. Traditionally, these have been related to alcohol, money and/or sex, with drugs as a more recent addition. DEA has reacted to these hazards with varying degrees of severity. For instance, the outlook on excessive drinking, facilitated by access to duty-free spirits, has on the whole been more lenient over the years than towards sex or money difficulties. The problem has generally been viewed less as a transgression than as an illness, with management willing to help to find a remedy. Depending on how much drinking impeded work, careers could be sidetracked or stalled, with postings stopped while it lasted, but generally that did not prompt dismissal from the service. Irregularities involving money, on the other hand, were viewed extremely dimly and still are. Most often, these have been connected with foreign exchange transactions, particularly profiting from differences between official and unofficial currency rates, the sale of visas and travel documents and fraudulent travel claims. Such transgressions have usually been quite severely punished: by outright dismissal at times, demotions, blocked promotions and postings, fines, and lesser penalties depending on the nature and extent of the abuse. The departmental outlook on sex has varied a good deal over the years. Divorce, for example, was viewed very severely during the 1940s and 1950s; certain FSOs contemplating a second divorce were warned about possible dismissal from the service. Some wartime and early postwar recruits, including a few brilliant ones, were homosexuals. As the Cold War intensified, they were deemed to be security risks — an attitude consistent with the perception of homosexuality then — and forced to leave the service. Such strictures

eased as the state left the bedrooms of the nation and the outlook on sexual orientation broadened.

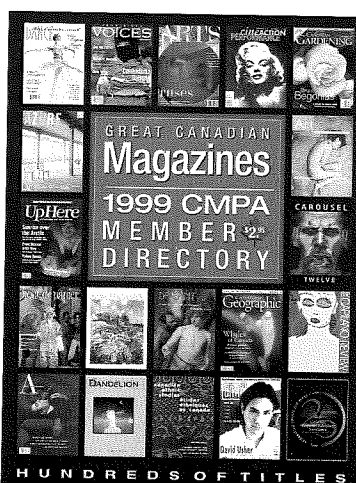
One feature of External's life has not changed that much over the years: political appointments to heads of post.

However, one feature of External's life has not changed that much over the years: political appointments to heads of post. Depending on the Prime Minister of the day, their numbers have varied a good deal, though no Prime Minister has resisted the temptation to reward the party faithful. Though the numbers may vary, the quality or lack of it among such appointees has not changed that much. Some were absolutely outstanding. Others were virtual nonentities. And some turned out to be the worst kind of martinet or prima donna. I write with authority as I served under four of them.

Whatever else one may say, for good or ill, about the department and the Foreign Service, whether or not DFAIT is as congenial a place in which to work as was DEA, they are certainly different institutions. Perhaps one might add that one change, arguably the most positive one, remains incomplete. Though the relative position of women in DFAIT may be better than in years gone by, it still lags behind other departments and the appointment of a woman as deputy minister of foreign affairs (or deputy minister for international trade) is long overdue.

Who knows what changes the next fifty years may bring to the Foreign Service and to the foreign ministry? Perhaps other readers and contributors to **bout de papier** will turn their thoughts (and keyboards) to that notion as the millennium (whenever it is dated) advances. ☺

Arthur Blanchette's last two diplomatic postings were as Canadian Ambassador to the Organization of American States and Ambassador to Tunisia and Libya. He also served earlier as Canadian Commissioner to the International Control Commission in Cambodia. Carleton University Press has published three of his books documenting Canadian Foreign Policy since the 1950s. He is currently working on a fourth.



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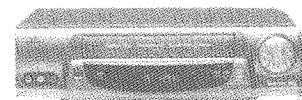
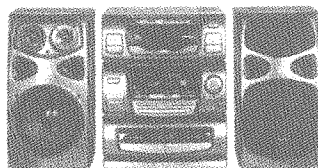
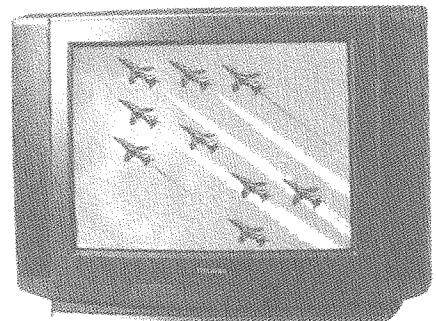
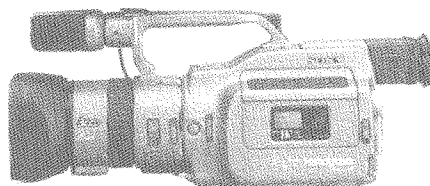
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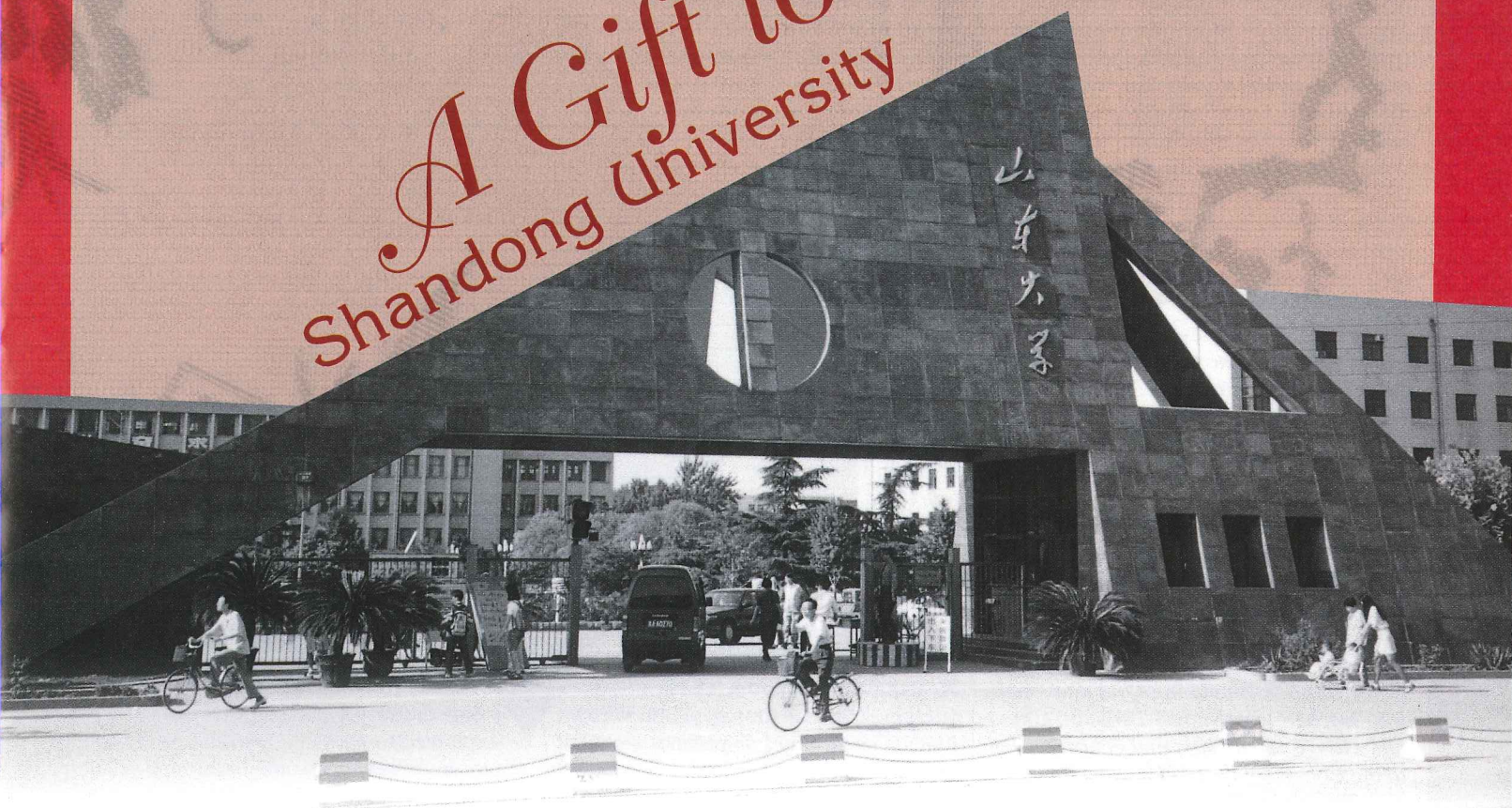


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A Gift to Shandong University



by J. Ian Burchett

Canadian missions abroad are always looking for innovative ways to expand their trade and public affairs programs. In June 1999, our Embassy in Beijing, in close cooperation with our Consulates General in Hong Kong, Shanghai and Guangzhou and the Consulate in Chongqing, initiated yet another comprehensive outreach program in a major Chinese city, this time in Qingdao.

With support from the China and Mongolia Division at headquarters, the Embassy's Trade and Public Affairs Divisions organized the Canada-Shandong-Qingdao Week, June 7-12, 1999. Through an impressive series of business, cultural and educational events, Canada's profile was significantly raised in this coastal province of more than 87 million people, as well as in Qingdao, one of China's most opened, developed and dynamic cities with seven million people. With Bell Canada International's major investment in Shandong and the Power Corporation, Bombardier and Sifang joint venture in Qingdao, both Shandong

and Qingdao are increasingly important to Canadian interests.

Led by our Ambassador Howard Balloch, and Mr. André Desmarais, Chairman of the Canada China Business Council (CCBC), the 59 member delegation including more than 40 business people representing 34 companies was hosted by provincial and municipal top leadership, including Governor Li Chunting, Vice Governor Du Shicheng, Mayor Wang Jiarui and Vice Mayor Zhou Jiabin. Built around a comprehensive business networking program, the Canada-Shandong-Qingdao Week benefitted from extensive and sustained local media coverage.

One particular event during the week that illustrates the significant personal ties that individual Canadians have with China involved our former Ambassador, Mr. Arthur Menzies. As many in the Canadian Foreign Service community will know, Mr. Menzies was born in China, where his father was a missionary. During his time there, his father, Dr. James M. Menzies became personally interested in oracle bones and undertook significant research of these ancient pieces

which the local farmers were uncovering in their fields.

Some months before the June event in Qingdao a conversation between some of our department's "old China hands" took place in Ottawa, which included Mr. Menzies. At that time, he proposed that it would be most appropriate that his father's research work returned to China. And so through the generous sponsorship of Canadian Airlines, which flew two large trunks of research papers to China, Dr. Menzies papers were presented to Shandong University in June during the Canada-Shandong-Qingdao Week. Though Mr. Menzies could not attend, the China and Mongolia Division in Ottawa arranged for him to send a personal video message. His text and the translation of the "Certificate of thanks" follows this introduction.

Each year the Canada and China relationship becomes more comprehensive as was so appropriately highlighted during the Canada-Shandong-Qingdao Week. But the China experiences of Canadians like Dr. Menzies and his son, Mr. Arthur Menzies speak so much more about the

diversity and importance of the personal ties between our two peoples. These friendships and family histories are critical to further strengthening Canadian and Chinese cooperation and friendship. We honour Dr. Menzies' legacy and the generosity of his family to share these important writings with the new generation of students that will pass through Shandong University. Through one Canadian's research, Chinese students can now learn a little more about their fascinating past. ☺

Post script: Since this event in June, Canada has selected Qingdao to be part of Canada's sustainable cities initiative, through which we will share more of our environment technology and services expertise with China. Clearly, Qingdao is a place where we can send first-time exporters and our efforts have established some considerable goodwill towards Canadians.

J. Ian Burchett, with special thanks to Robert Collette and Francis Normandin, who were two of the principle organizers of the Canada-Shandong-Qingdao Week. Ian Burchett was Deputy Director, China and Mongolia Division and is now posted to the Consulate General in New York City with his dogs Sidney and Nestor.

Above: Professor Zeng Fanren, President of Shandong University, opening the donation
Below: Left to right, Ms. Gilliane Lapointe, Mr. Wang Jiarui (Mayor of Qingdao), Ambassador Howard Balloch, Mr. André Desmarais, Prof. Zeng Fanren and Dr. Fang Hui

REMARKS BY ARTHUR MENZIES FOR PRESENTATION IN QINGDAO — JUNE 10, 1999

Honourable Governor of Shandong Province, Respected Mayor of Qingdao, Canadian Ambassador Howard Balloch, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am pleased to use this video to send you my greetings from Ottawa, the capital of Canada, where I am now living in retirement.

I was born in 1916 in Anyang in Henan Province, about 500 kilometers south of Beijing. My father, James M. Menzies (Ming Yi Shi), was a Canadian missionary working in Anyang county from 1912, after studying Chinese for two years. When I was a small boy I sometimes went for walks with my father in the countryside. He liked to walk by the Huan River and the village of Xiao Tun. He had noticed that when the farmers plowed their fields before planting grain or cotton they would throw to the sides of their fields old pieces of pottery and sometimes small pieces of bone with ancient characters cut into them.

Xiao Tun was near the site of the last capital of the Shang Dynasty from about 1300-1000 B.C. This place was called the Waste of Yin (Yin Xu). Inscribed bones, known as Dragon Bones (Lung Gu) had been sent to medicine shops in Beijing from Anyang.

In 1898 a Chinese scholar recognized the chiseled symbols as an early form of Chinese characters.

As a missionary my father could not afford to buy big pieces of inscribed bones, but he could buy little pieces from the children of Xiao Tun for a few cash. So, he made a collection of over 30,000 pieces which have been preserved in museums.

I remember my father sitting in his study room under a bright light studying the tiny characters on bones. He explained to me that these characters cut into the bones, and some on bronze ritual vessels, were the earliest form of Chinese writing yet found.

In 1932 my father was invited to become the first professor of archaeology at Chilu University in Jinan. At that time I was attending a Canadian boarding school in Kobe, Japan. During school holidays I

returned from Kobe (Shen Hu) to Qingdao by ship and then traveled by train to Jinan. I enjoyed playing soccer and walking in the hills behind the Chilu University campus. I also climbed Taishan and visited Chufu, the old home of Confucius family. In July 1935 I revisited Anyang with my father. The first excavations of the Shang Royal Tombs had been undertaken the previous winter by Academia Sinica and we visited the site near Xiao Tun village.

I returned to Canada in August of 1935 to attend the University of Toronto and do post-graduate work in Far Eastern History at



Harvard University. I had my career in the Canadian Foreign Service and from 1976-80 was privileged to serve as Ambassador of Canada to the People's Republic of China at the time that Deng Xiaoping opened China to the world. I visited Qingdao and Jinan several times, and, at the age of 60 climbed Taishan again. Of course I should not speak of this as an achievement because Deng Xiaoping climbed Huangshan when he was over 70.

Professor Song Jiaheng of the History Department of Shandong University was a visiting scholar at the University of Regina from 1980-82 and began teaching Canadian History on her return. She wrote books about Canada and about China's relations with Canada. She became the Director of the Canadian Studies Centre in Shandong University. She has made a big contribution

to understanding and friendship between our two countries.

Dr. Fang Hui of the Archaeology Department of Shandong University, who lectures on the Shang and Zhou Dynasties, visited Canada briefly in 1994 and came to visit me. He came for a longer period in 1998 to study the Chinese historical materials at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. He again visited my home for several days to study the research materials and books left by my father. Dr. Fang Hui had already written some articles about my father's work in Chinese archaeology, and in 1996 he published my father's 1933 teaching notes in Chinese under the title of *Jia Gu Yan Jiu* (Oracle Bones Research).

Dr. Fang suggested to me that my father's research materials and books on Chinese

archaeology would make a valuable contribution to the research work at Shandong University. So, after consulting my elder sister, I decided to send three trunks of research notes and books as a gift to Shandong University, which is carrying on in a modern way the advanced learning about China's rich history and culture which my father greatly admired.

I am grateful to Canadian Airlines for transporting these three heavy trunks by air to China, in their well-established tradition of public service.

I hope that this gift will contribute to strengthening the relations between Canadian and Chinese scholars. That would certainly have been the wish of my father.

CERTIFICATE OF THANKS TO AMBASSADOR ARTHUR MENZIES FOR THE DONATION OF DR. JAMES M. MENZIES' ARCHAEOLOGY RESEARCH MATERIALS

On June 3, 1999, Shandong University with a history of more than 100 years gratefully accepted from Ambassador Arthur Menzies the generous donation of three trunks of materials and books on Chinese archaeology bequeathed by the late Dr. James M. Menzies. This will greatly assist Shandong University scholars in their archaeological research work and it will enable Shandong University to continue Dr.

James M. Menzies' research work in archaeology and advance his historical research. The materials are mainly composed of rubbings of oracle bones, philological studies of bronze vessels, manuscripts, as well as documents, diaries and letters. These materials are extremely valuable, absolutely unique, and unavailable anywhere else. By donating these

Above: Prof. Zeng Fanren and Prof. Su Weizhi inspecting the donation

Below: Left to right, Professor Su Weizhi, Dr. Fang Hui, Professor Zeng Fanren, Professor Lu Weijun and Zheng Qian

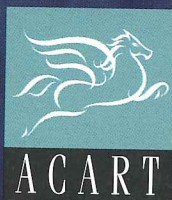


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Mackenzie King's Italian Holidays

As we celebrate the 125th anniversary of the birth of the most successful politician in Canadian history (and, according to Norman Hillmer and Jack Granatstein, Canada's greatest prime minister), it seems appropriate to shed additional light on the illustrious career of W.L. Mackenzie King. Many readers will be aware that King met Adolf Hitler in 1937. That peculiar encounter in Berlin has been the subject of academic attention and unkind words, effectively reinforced by quotations from King's voluminous diary. Less has been written about King's meeting with another eventual member of the Axis pact, Benito Mussolini, long before Il Duce embarked on his idiosyncratic path of conquest.

For King, his trip to Europe in 1928 was an eventful journey. On the official itinerary of the prime minister and secretary of state for external affairs were signing the Kellogg-Briand Pact in Paris, formally opening Canada's legation there (our second diplomatic mission) and attending the meetings of the Council and General Assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva. In breaks from that schedule, King managed two brief jaunts to Italy as a tourist. On the second of these, he travelled to Venice and Rome, two cities where he had stayed in 1900. King's diary entries recall that first visit, when he had supposedly decided to pursue a career in the Canadian public service that ultimately led to the office of prime minister. In fact, King characteristically had hedged his bets when he received the fateful telegram in Rome in late June, eventually accepting the government's offer a week later in London.

King recorded a tourist's impressions of Italy's sights, as well as the impact (and the ubiquitous photographs) of its dictator, Mussolini. What impressed King, and others who came to Italy in the 1920s, was the order, stability and prosperity of the country under the fascist regime. Though he refers to Mussolini as a "young man," King was only nine years older than the Italian leader. Mussolini had been named premier on 29 October 1922, less than a year after King had been sworn in as prime minister. Though both had initially led minority governments, Mussolini's approach to overcoming that difficulty was considerably more vigorous than King's careful and persistent wooing of the Progressives in the House of Commons. By the time they met, Mussolini's grip on power was firm, while King too was more secure than before, as he demonstrated those skills which served him so well in Canadian politics. Mercifully, neither his career nor the fate of the world depended on King's assessment of foreign dictators. To be fair to him, those with more influence in international affairs and greater experience as statesmen made similar misjudgments. As a reminder, if one is necessary for Foreign Service officers, that even bullies can make a positive impression, we reprint the following extracts from the King Diary, which is part of the of W.L. Mackenzie King Papers at the National Archives of Canada.

Hector Mackenzie

Tuesday, 25 September 1928. Rome

We [presumably King and his "confidential messenger," J.S. Nicol] went to call on M. Mussolini. I confess I had no intention of so doing at the outset, but I have become enthused at the manner in which this country has been bro[ugh]t together & is going ahead, the order of it all, the fine discipline, the evident regard for authority & for M[ussolini] himself. It is government by a young man & young men. As we approached the offices we were held up by police, not allowed to make headway anywhere till full explanations given. I saw what government by dictatorship meant, but when one hears how he came with his blackshirts to the King, offered his services to clean up the gov[ernmen]t & House of representatives filled with Communists, banished them all to an island, cleaned the streets of beggars, & the houses of harlots one becomes filled with admiration. It is something I have never seen before and one feels it, in one's bones. I had a very pleasant talk with his private secretary, M. Moneli [?], who said he thought M[ussolini] w[oul]d wish to see me & might arrange after Council of Ministers which lasts till 7. I feel the deepest sympathy for the man. I know what his work is. [The diary then refers to lunch at his hotel followed by a drive to the Palatine Hill and the Colosseum.]

There we spent some hours amid the ruins of the bye-gone years. My father [John King, who had died 30 August 1916] was very very near to me. What I owe to my parents. We are only what they have made us. It was on the Palatine Hill that 28 years ago I debated going to Ottawa & from here I turned my steps homeward — to Ottawa — to the Premiership of Canada.

Wednesday, 26 September 1928. Rome

I called on Mussolini at 10:30 as arranged. There were too many secret police, secretaries and messengers to pass. When I was shewn into his office he came forward from his desk where he had been writing, & with a smile & hand out-stretched greeted me in

a friendly way & shewed me to a seat beside his desk. He took a chair in a corresponding position just opposite the light falling on my face & his being between me & the windows (much as King George at Buckingham Palace). I mentioned being in Italy & wishing to call & pay my respects while in the country, he thanked me then said How are your relations with England — He was interested in our self government. When I explained we were as free as Italy or any country it seemed to surprise him. I spoke of the last imperial conference, after he asked me if I had been at imperial conferences. Then he asked about the League of Nations & our having separate representation there & explained how Lord Cushendon [Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Acting Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the United Kingdom] and I had both had seats on the Council. Next he inquired of our relations with the U.S. I explained the friendly relations & the undefended frontier. He asked the size of Canada's population. I said about 10 million, he inquired "mostly French" I explained about 1/3 French & that other nationalities. I explained then about Legations in U.S. that seemed a surprise, I

said we were opening a legation in France & Japan — which seemed to surprise him still more. I explained it was the logical development of self government in external as well as domestic affairs. This seemed to interest him greatly. He told me that in Italy they were mostly concerned at present with "streets and agriculture". I spoke of the fine appearance of the country, its evident progressiveness under his regime. Then got up to go, he asked me how long I would be in Rome & smiled when I spoke of being there only for the day. As I was leaving for the door I told him of Guastalla having made my mother's portrait bust & of having seen it at his studio the day before, also of my visit to the Palatine Hill 28 years ago & consideration there of return to Canada to start with the Government to organize a department of Labour. I wished him well & the necessary strength to carry on his work.

The impression he made upon [me] was a very real & very vivid one. He was more sparse in appearance — very dark — eyes very dark — with large white shewing — a head the shape of "Charlie Harriss". Indeed he is quite like him in appearance. There were evidences of sadness &

tenderness as well as great decision in his countenance. His hand was much softer than I expected to find it. It seemed like a hand mostly given to office work. The head is a Napoleonic one in shape — a Roman through & through I should say. I would not have missed this conference for anything.

[King notes later that he is reading "a thrilling book," M. Salfatti's *The Life of Benito Mussolini*.]

Thursday, 27 September 1928 [en route to Paris — reached there 2:30 p.m.]

All morning and afternoon on the train continued reading Mussolini's life — a fascinating story. He has won his way deservedly to his present position, a truly remarkable man of force of genius, fine purpose, a great patriot [?]. It seems to me the people are truly governing themselves under his direction. The people not the classes have come into their own. It is interesting throughout Europe to see how Socialism has been the path to power in the assemblies [?] of Italy, France, Germany & also in Great Britain. Those who have had at heart the well being of the people....



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Yvon Beaulne (1919-1999)

Our colleague Yvon Beaulne passed away last June 8 in his 81st year, from complications related to the diabetes which he had borne lightly, but from which he had suffered for a long while.

In another memorial, earlier this year, it was noted that for all of us RHOMANS the loss of a colleague, a fellow Foreign Service officer, always has a special resonance. Because in our work we are so often cut off from the more normal neighbourly contacts that life at home in Canada provides, we find it especially poignant to lose any one of our partially expatriate collegium, especially someone like Yvon, who was not only one of us but also, to many of our older members, a helpful colleague and a good friend.

His funeral service, a choral Eucharist, was held on Saturday, June 12, in St. Joseph's Church in Hull. It was a perfect early summer day, and the interior of the church, a modern structure, was bright and uncluttered. Looking around the capacity gathering of family, friends, colleagues and dignitaries, I could not but reflect that Yvon had been a very fortunate and lucky man. Yvon was blessed by being born into a close and caring family, and by having had a long and happy marriage to his wife and companion, Thérèse Pratte, the girlfriend of his youth, whom he married after his return from overseas. He was blessed by children of whom he could be proud and by a truly exceptional and personally fulfilling career. He was also fortunate to have survived WW II, during which he fought in the Italian campaign.

Yvon was a very committed, highly dedicated diplomat. As one of us noted in the obituary that appeared in the Citizen, "He had a great sense of style and elegance in everything he did." Both in his personal and professional life he was at all times a particularly courteous and considerate colleague. This did not mean, however, that he was not also a fighter for those causes and principles that he so actively and proudly defended. Nor did it mean that he was not both practical and down to earth. Another of our colleagues recalls that many years ago, when he was about to leave on a posting to a somewhat insalubrious place, Yvon had advised him to acquire and pack a hand gun in case of need.

Yvon was proud to be a Franco-Ontarian. From 1912 to 1927, Regulation 17 forbade the use of French in Ontario Schools; as a child in Ottawa, Yvon had thus experienced discrimination firsthand, being unable to attend elementary school in French. In an

article written later in his life he commented that his own experience was one of the reasons he was so passionate about and concerned with the defense and advancement of human rights everywhere.

Yvon was also proud to represent Canada. He made no great claims personally but his life and career speak for themselves.

It was during the Italian campaign in WW II that Yvon made his first international mark. In 1943, as a young lieutenant caught up in the siege of Florence, he found himself among a group of allied troops searching for Germans in a nearby castle. Instead, they discovered a considerable number of partially crated works of art. Only Yvon recognized among them Botticelli's "Primavera". He contacted the appropriate liberated Italian authorities and thus the paintings were able to be salvaged. Some forty years later, in 1982, when the refurbished "Primavera" was to be officially unveiled, the Italians contacted Ottawa to invite the soldier concerned to the ceremony. They were informed that Yvon was already in Italy, as Canada's ambassador to the Vatican! Thus the decorated WW II veteran was able to revisit Florence, where he received the thanks of the mayor. By coincidence, he and Yvon had first met during the liberation of the city, where the mayor had been a resistance leader!

Before going overseas, Yvon had graduated in philosophy from the University of Ottawa. After his return to Canada and marriage to Thérèse, he worked for a time in the House of Commons as a translator; Yvon eventually spoke at least five languages well. There, by another coincidence, he caught the eye of the then Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Louis St. Laurent, who suggested Yvon join External Affairs. He did so.

In the late 1950s, already an expert on Latin America and able to speak Spanish as well as French and English, Yvon was asked to accompany Prime Minister Diefenbaker on a mission to Latin America. During the 1960s, with the usual home postings in between, he served successively as our ambassador to Venezuela and the Dominican Republic (1961-1964), to Brazil (1967-1969) and then to the UN (1969-1972).

On a personal note, during Canada's stint on the Security Council in 1967-68, I was with our UN Mission as a sort of Security Council Legal Advisor. The only time I actually served under Yvon was briefly during this period, toward the end of 1969; it was quite a contrast to working under his predecessor George Ignatieff! Later, however, I was lucky enough to be able to work closely with Yvon in the UN and UNESCO, and in the field of Human Rights.

Following his years at the UN, Yvon returned to Ottawa, where he worked in Secretary of State, setting up new Canadian human rights machinery and institutions. This work and the earlier reputation he had gained as a champion of human rights while at the UN led in 1976 to Yvon's being named Canada's ambassador to the UN Commission for Human Rights, on which he served for nine years at a crucial time in the evolution of its powers. He was eventually to become the only Canadian ever to serve as Chairman of that body and is widely regarded as one of the most influential members ever to have served on it.

At the same time, Yvon was also appointed as our ambassador to UNESCO, where he served for three years (1976-1979). For me, in addition to the outstanding work he was doing in the general field of human rights, the highlight of his UNESCO period was the month and a half we spent together in Nairobi during a biennial UNESCO conference. In those days Nairobi was still one of the great, civilized, safe cities in Africa. We all worked very hard, but we played hard too, spending almost every weekend on Safari in one or another of the game parks throughout Kenya. Yvon and his wife presided over a large, potentially fractious delegation, comprised of numerous departments as well as NGOs, with skill, kindness and aplomb.

Yvon's final posting was to the Holy See, from 1979 to 1984. There he was able to continue with his Commission for Human Rights activities. There too, as noted above, the wheel of his career came full circle and the senior diplomat finally reaped the thanks which the young soldier had earned so many years before.

Yvon, who retired in 1984, was made a member of the Order of Canada in 1992.

Towards the end, Yvon's quality of life was somewhat diminished by his illness. Nonetheless, even though he had increasing difficulty walking, and relied more and more on a cane and eventually a chair, he was a regular attendant at the monthly RHOMA lunches. He was always cheerful when with his colleagues and never complained. We shall all miss him greatly. He was a diplomat of the old school and there aren't many like him around today. ☹

Angus W.J. (Ron) Robertson

Note: See Clyde Sanger's Canadians and the United Nations, the chapter entitled: "Yvon Beaulne — A Passion for Human Rights" (page 167). This is Yvon's own apologia and is well worth reading if one wishes to gain a fuller understanding of his work and interests in this field.

Escott Reid (1905-1999)

Escott Reid was a man whose life was of much value to his country and the world community. His high intelligence and courage were great assets in his work. His humour and consideration for others were shared by his charming wife Ruth, lovely daughter Morna and his two talented sons, Patrick and Timothy.

Escott's career was of great length, quality and variety. He had a brilliant academic record in Canada and at Oxford, where he was a Rhodes scholar and had the good fortune to meet Ruth. After gaining a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship, he spent two years studying Canadian political parties. He had a fruitful period as National Secretary of the Canadian Institute for International Affairs. He then worked for the Embassy in Washington and External Affairs in Ottawa from 1939 to 1952 with conference periods elsewhere. He has been given credit for important roles in the birth of the United Nations, the International Civil Aviation Organization and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, tasks obviously of great value. He made the first public suggestion for an international collective security organization. At a relatively youthful age and after limited experience he was appointed to the senior position of assistant under-secretary in External Affairs in 1947 and deputy under-secretary in 1949, a result and reelection of his ability and achievements.

Escott's concern for humanity was fully engaged in his vigorous opposition in 1942 to the federal government's security policy of moving immigrants and Canadian born Japanese inland from British Columbia coastal areas. At the same he opposed Canadian policy of refusing immigration to Jewish people planning to move on to the United States. Six trees have been planted in the Toronto Community Forest at Yahir, Israel in Escott's memory by the Jewish National Fund of Canada.

In 1952 he began five years as High Commissioner to India after turning down two other senior diplomatic appointments. He spent much time there working successfully to increase and improve our aid program. He established very happy relations with the outstanding Prime Minister of India, Pandit Nehru, and became a warm friend of the Indian foreign ministry. These relations were of great effectiveness during the concurrent Suez war and Soviet suppression

of Hungary in 1956. It seems clear that Escott's efforts helped considerably to stimulate Indian statements critical of the Russians despite the Delhi government's strong dislike of the British and French invasion of Suez which meant that those governments had no effective influence on India concerning Hungary. Escott's work in this field was largely but not fully supported by Ottawa.

Delhi was my first post and a fortunate one. Escott and Ruth treated me and other young members of the mission as junior family members whose health and welfare were important to the Reids. Escott gave me a rotating series of jobs in the High Commission plus a number of assignments requiring trips to different parts of India. I couldn't help learning much about India but also about useful diplomacy on my lucky first posting.

After Delhi Escott spent four years as Ambassador in Germany, 1958-62. It was a politically turbulent time concerning East Germany and Berlin and the Soviet Union. Escott spurred Canada's work to preserve and increase peace in Europe. My family and I spent only five months on posting in Bonn at that time since I sought successfully a transfer to London, England where my mother was dying of cancer. Escott played a helpful role in this compassionate posting.

Escott then spent three years, 1962-65, working as a senior official in the World Bank where he encouraged the efforts of the Bank and International Development Agency to increase aid to developing countries. Escott's next and equally productive

role was back in Canada. He became Principal of Glendon College, a new institution which was part of York University in Toronto. One aim and feature of the college, which Escott vigorously promoted, was bilingualism which made some progress in his time. His flexible views and liberal outlook were great assets during his four-year term of office ending in 1969. Students in Glendon at that time have described his inspiring and creative role.

Escott did not, of course, settle down then to retirement. He has written several books of great variety and competence about his experiences in Canada and overseas and the international institutions whose work he furthered. His contributions to foreign affairs have rightly been recognized. He was made a Companion of the Order of Canada in 1971 and he received the Pearson Peace Medal in 1993. Geoffrey Pearson, who was on the committee which chose Escott for that prize, noted that he "had idealism wedded to intellect. And he had the courage to say the things he thought. Some government would fire you for that."

For several years Escott and Ruth were warm hosts for friends in their country home, a converted barn in 80 acres of attractive countryside in the Gatineau north of Ottawa. Characteristically Escott had my wife and me there for lunch on the day of my retirement after 38 years in the Foreign Service. Many others have spent happy and interesting times there with a friend who was an outstanding Canadian and his wife a delightful hostess. ☺

David C. Reece



Photo Credit: Bryce Flynn, The Ottawa Citizen

Books in Review / Critiques de livres

MODERN DIPLOMACY by R. P. Barston, Addison Wesley Longman Limited, London and New York, Second Edition 1997, 308 pp., \$43.95

THE DIPLOMAT'S DICTIONARY by Charles W. Freeman, Jr., United States Institute of Peace Press, Washington, D.C., Revised Edition 1997, 451 pp., \$23.10

Reviewed by John Kneale

John Kneale is currently Canadian Ambassador to Ecuador. He is the author of Foreign Service published in 1993.

These two excellent reference works are a useful addition to every divisional and mission library. The first of them in fact should be required reading, while the second may serve as a guide to reflection as well as a source of wonderful quotations.

The work we do as diplomats is increasingly being studied — and taught — as a sub-discipline of the social sciences. Specialists in the diplomatic arts, many of them former practitioners, give courses on international relations, international law, international economics and foreign policy analysis. Their students include lawyers, bankers, journalists and politicians in addition to diplomats and other public servants. Prestigious institutions such as the London School of Economics are leaders in this field, but numerous universities in Britain, France and the United States have made diplomacy a regular part of their curriculum. Our own Canadian Foreign Service Institute was set up, in part, to fill a need for more systematic training in the principles and practice of foreign relations.

Professors need texts, and a corpus of books has appeared to assist them; Feltham's *Diplomatic Handbook* and Gore-Booth's *Satow's Guide to Diplomatic Practice* are popular texts. *Modern Diplomacy*, now in its second edition, is an outstanding example of the genre and will be of use to diplomats everywhere. Its author, Professor R. P. Barston, teaches at the University of Cardiff, Wales. A former diplomat, Barston has previously taught at LSE as well as at other British universities.

With this book, Barston aims to show how diplomatic practice has continued to evolve to take account of changing actors and new issues in the international arena. He suggests that diplomacy may have changed more since 1960 than at any other time in history, though the new techniques are in

most cases merely modern adaptations of time-honoured methods. He notes the enhanced role of "personal diplomacy" by heads of state and government, and the proliferation of non-state actors. The growth of post-war multilateral diplomacy, observes Barston, has also seen the involvement of a wider range of domestic ministries with an interest in external relations. "The task for the foreign ministry is to establish in effect a lead position or otherwise coordinate both the formulation and implementation of international agreements. This is particularly important in technical agreements, where choice of presentation, drafting of instructions and follow-up post-conferences are especially important."

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Barston has included in his purview the whole expanded field of modern diplomacy: international financial relations (with very useful descriptions of the IFIs), trade policy, new definitions of security, and environmental diplomacy to name some of the major ones. But he goes beyond a study of substantive topics to explore as well the context in which diplomats work and the tools they use. His book includes chapters on negotiation and diplomatic styles; on official correspondence and the extraordinary variety of formats for agreement; he even compares the organizational structures of different foreign ministries. His approach throughout is to catalogue, define and analyze, so that the work, while intended principally as a textbook, is also a valuable desk drawer companion for practitioners.

Of particular interest to Canadian readers are the case studies on the fate of the Montreal Guidelines for the Protection of the Marine Environment from Land-based Pollution (1994), and the negotiation of the U.N. agreement on Straddling and Highly Migratory Fish Stocks (1995). The first case, says Barston, illustrates "how the agenda

and purposes of an international conference can be fundamentally altered and taken over by lead delegations. Conversely the case illustrates how an international organization and host government can lose control as stakeholders." With respect to the second case, according to Barston, "a relatively unusual feature of the conference was that in contrast to the desertification or land-based pollution negotiations, it did not generally sub-divide on a collegiate basis into sub-working committees but throughout most of its main sessions met in informal consultations involving the chair or hosted by lead players". These and other case studies offer solid, practical guidance to anyone setting out to negotiate an international agreement.

In contrast to Barston's academic approach, Charles Freeman's book is light reading, but a valuable companion nevertheless. His dictionary definitions are in fact nearly all quotations. They range from the purely descriptive to the wry and humorous. A few examples:

Uti possidetis: "What is currently held (possessed) by participants in a dispute or conflict";

Sphere of influence: "A geopolitical zone within which the interests and influence of a major power are acknowledged by others to be paramount and worthy of deference";

On the authority of ambassadors: "If you are to stand up for your Government you must be able to stand up to your Government", Harold Caccia;

On the infirmities of the U.N.: "The United Nations perfectly embodies in institutional form the tragic paradox of our age; it has become indispensable before it has become effective...", Herbert Nicholas;

On Foreign Policy: "Diplomacy without strength behind it...may be merely an aimless exercise", Lester Pearson;

"Diplomacy is the art of saying 'Nice doggie' till you can find a rock", Wynn Catlin.

Freeman, who now works in the private sector, had a distinguished diplomatic career. He was U.S. Ambassador to Saudi Arabia during the Gulf War and subsequently Assistant Secretary of Defence for International Security Affairs. In his Preface he notes that "at their best, diplomats, like the clergy, doctors, lawyers and the military, constitute a learned profession". *The Diplomat's Dictionary* is meant to be a concise compilation

of the lore of statecraft and diplomacy; like Barston's book, however, it is also a valuable reference for all those, inside and outside government, who study or practice the arts of representation and negotiation.



BREAKING NEWS by Robert MacNeil, Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 1998, 371 pp., \$34.95

YESTERDAY'S NEWS: WHY CANADA'S DAILY NEWSPAPERS ARE FAILING US by John Miller, Fernwood Publishing, Halifax, 1998, 272 pp., \$24.95

TRIVIA PURSUIT: HOW SHOWBIZ VALUES ARE CORRUPTING THE NEWS by Knowlton Nash, McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1998, 240 pp., \$26.99

SINCE YOU ASKED by Pamela Wallin, Random House of Canada, 1998, 295 pp., \$3.95

Reviewed by Geoff White

Geoff White is deputy director of communications planning at the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade. He was for 17 years a reporter and columnist for western Canadian newspapers before joining the Department in 1990.

News is today undergoing a radical transformation. How its transmitted and received, who makes and defines it, even what it is — all of these are in rapid flux as we are borne collectively toward 2000 and beyond. Television audiences are spread across the multi-channel market. The Internet is an increasingly common source of information. Newspapers face an uncertain future, struggling to compete with electronic media while pondering how to become part of it.

This is the background against which four respected Canadian journalists offer their own individual takes on the direction of their profession today and the implications for modern society. If there is a common theme in the work of these four authors, it is that, faced by the proliferation of media and the barrage of information that people receive today, the work of the qualified journalist in ordering and interpreting "the news" is more important than ever.

One can dismiss this conclusion as self-interested — professionals seeking the perpetuation of their own caste. Do citizens need journalist intermediaries when they have more direct access to a wider variety of information than ever before, especially

via the Internet? Aren't people better equipped today to gather and interpret directly their own responses to the events that interest them? Good questions. And I think ones to which these authors give good answers, though a distinctly "whistling-past-the-graveyard" quality troubles them all.

The latter is most obvious in Robert MacNeil's novel *Breaking News*, a novel by Robert MacNeil, the co-host until 1995 of PBS's MacNeil-Lehrer report. His protagonist, respected network anchorman, Grant Munro, is worried about the future of the nightly news broadcast when he retires, which, despite management denials, he appears to be under pressure to do. It looks as though the program will be morphed into a "magazine" of personality-dominated pieces, ideally about crime and sex, played for melodrama and anchored by a host who is more entertainer than news person. The adaptation would have the purpose of improving the "show's" ratings and attracting advertisers. Despite Munro's success in fending off the network re-fit by book's end, his victory appears temporary and the switch from news to magazine seems ultimately inevitable.

MacNeil's book reads like an elegy to news, which it is, but only to news of a certain type — the nightly newscast. One of the reasons his hero is so beleaguered is that the availability of news at all times in modern media means that audiences need no longer sit down in front of the television at a given time each day to see and hear "the way it is," as Walter Cronkite would say in his nightly sign-off. The common, even unifying, moment of the nightly TV broadcast is fast disappearing. But the passing of the revered anchorman does not equate to the loss of quality journalism as we know it. And MacNeil understands that. In fact, his novel is certainly as much about a somewhat bewildered, aging man adjusting to change as it is about journalism.

If such prominent broadcasters as MacNeil are worried about the future of TV news, what angst must beset the newspaper journalist. Newspaper circulation has been falling steadily for two decades, people tell pollsters that TV is their primary news source and — most galling of all — they say TV has greater credibility. Yet John Miller, former Toronto Star editor and ex-head of the journalism program at Ryerson Polytechnic, is convinced that newspapers will survive and prosper provided they re-connect themselves to their readers. In *Yesterday's News: Why Canada's Daily Newspapers are Failing Us*, Miller argues that Canada's biggest dailies have lost touch with their readership and fail to provide the information citizens need to be

conscientious and active participants in a democracy. Newspapers are too solicitous of the opinions of major institutions and too little interested in the concerns of their readers. Much newspaper writing displays an imperious, know-it-all attitude, he argues, that condescends to readers and smothers a genuinely open expression of views.

Interestingly, Miller finds some of the remedy for newspapers' ills in what has traditionally been the object of scorn for most journalists — the smalltown weekly. In fact, the second half of Miller's book describes his experiences after volunteering his services to the Shawville, Québec *Equity*, which offer, when accepted, immediately doubles the paper's reporting staff. The weekly, much more accessible to comment and criticism from its readership, is more deeply a part of the community than most dailies. And rather than mock weeklies' obsession with getting names in the news and pictures of cheque presentation ceremonies, dailies, if not imitating these practices, should recognize the community connectedness that they represent.

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Miller praises the efforts of some bigger dailies to reach out to their communities, such as the establishment of neighbourhood sections and the erstwhile invitation to members of the community by the *Ottawa Citizen* to take one-month internships on the editorial board. Yet one wonders whether Miller's idealism can win the day, especially when the biggest development in the Canadian newspaper business in the last year, the launch of Conrad Black's *National Post*, has produced the sort of imperious, voice-from-on-high paper that Miller rails against. At the same time, the paper's conservatism, resonating well with a broad spectrum of Canadian readers and its superior writing seem to bode well for its success.

Surprisingly more keen-sighted on the economic future of newspapers is the former anchor of CBC's *The National*, Knowlton Nash. Nash, in *Trivia Pursuit*:

How Showbiz Values are Corrupting the News, has identified perhaps the greatest single threat to the survival of the local, daily newspaper, the flight of classified advertising to the Internet. Nash points out that classified ads generate revenues of about \$650 million for Canadian dailies, about a third of all advertising revenue. But non-newspaper classified advertising is now proliferating on the Internet, and its truly international reach offers a much larger readership than any print newspaper can even hope for. Loss of half their classified advertising would render the majority of today's newspapers insolvent, Nash points out. Is it any wonder then, that daily newspaper now give pride of place to classified ads on their web sites even when many of them contain only a small portion of their news content?

***Technology is
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Nash is convinced that the Internet will supplant other media on news delivery, effectively absorbing television and newspapers when what the experts call full convergence is achieved. He's not worried about this. He is more concerned, as the title of his books states, with the subordination of news to entertainment and with a boundless proliferation of information that is often false and unreliable. And this is where Nash makes his pitch for the journalism profession. The torrent of news that citizens will have to contend with from the wired world requires processing. It will need journalists to take it, question it, assess it, and re-work it in a form that is usable, reliable and credible. What will be most valuable in the world of Internet journalism will be trustworthy brand names — whether a reputed title like *The New York Times* or some Internet *arriviste* who has built its own reputation. Readers/viewers will choose the sites that they find provide them with the most accurate information, carefully edited and analysed. So if the medium is different, the role of the professional journalist will still be indispensable.

This process is already underway. The Lewinsky scandal, details of which were

first broached by web-site tattlers such as Matt Drudge, first became a significant news story when it was recounted by *Newsweek*. Some of course would argue that rather than dignifying the story, the telling of it soiled *Newsweek's* reputation as it stooped to the standards of the cash check-out tabloids. This is another concern of Nash's, but he remains convinced that the future will still hold a market for serious journalism.

Pam Wallin, who at a mere 46 has held many of the biggest on-air jobs in Canadian television, is a staunch defender, in her autobiography *Since You Asked*, of the need for well-rounded generalists in journalism. She says she tells aspiring journalists to get their journalism degrees but also not to forego a broader education. "I can never stress strongly enough the importance of the lectures in political science or economics or history. As a journalist you report on how the world works. You need to know the rules by which the game is played. And those psychology classes are just as important, because fundamentally those who make the rules or break them are human beings. Journalism is about divining human nature to find out not just what people do but why people do what they do."

Interesting advice in this technology-obsessed age. But advice that comes with considerable experience. She has witnessed stunning technological change in her short career. The transistor radio — portable and run on batteries — was cutting edge when she received hers in the late '50s. The primary piece of technology at CBC's *As It Happens*, where Wallin worked in the mid '70s, was the telephone — maybe a black desk-set with dial. The *Toronto Star's* reporters were apparently filing their typed reports from Ottawa by some kind of early fax technology, not computers, when she worked there in the late '70s. No one had established live TV hook-ups to remote locations when she started at CTV's *Canada AM* in the early '80s. The widespread adoption of Internet research and e-mail roughly corresponded with her arrival at CBC's *Prime Time News* in 1992.

So what was important for her was not technological proficiency, but the energy, endurance, flexibility and resilience. And those attributes come through strongly in her book. Wallin never let the left-leaning feminism of her early career as a social worker get in the way of good journalism. Beyond working harder than nearly anyone else in the profession, surviving on a bare minimum of sleep, her openness to emerging ideas and her understanding of the ebb and flow of political power have helped her persevere as one of the best, and

invariably impartial, observers of the Canadian scene.

"My hope," Wallin writes, "is that despite the increasingly isolated and individualistic approach to consuming news that technology affords, there will still be a role for the journalist to keep sifting and seeking truth ... Perhaps we will come to see the modern journalist as a live search engine who will continue to help sort through and determine what is most important to know out of all we might know."

Yes, technology is changing journalism. But despite Marshall McLuhan's assertion the medium cannot utterly subjugate the message. Good minds are still needed to help people understand the passing scene. Newsrooms may look different in the future. But good journalists will still be in demand. That is at least what all four of these writers hope, and they make a good case, despite their fears.



AGENT OF INFLUENCE: A TRUE STORY by Ian Adams, Stoddart Publishing Co. Limited, Toronto, 1999, 233 pp. \$29.95

Reviewed by John Starnes

John Starnes is a former Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs who later became the first civilian Director-General of the RCMP Security Service from 1970 until 1973. He has published five works of fiction. In 1998 his memoir Closely Guarded: A Life in Canadian Security and Intelligence was published by University of Toronto Press.

What Ian Adams has written is anything but a true story, non-fiction wrapped in a gossamer-thin veil of fiction. The author spins what some might think an entertaining tale of espionage. However, even if the novel were entertaining (which it is not) this does not excuse Adams for having created such an ugly, flawed 'true story' concerning the circumstances surrounding the tragic death in Montreal in 1964 of former Canadian ambassador John Watkins.

The book is an intellectual conceit which fails miserably in its apparent purposes, to sell the book and to convince readers that Watkins' unfortunate death in Montreal during the process of being questioned by the RCMP Security Service was engineered by James Jesus Angleton of the CIA in an effort to discredit Pearson and to overthrow his government. In my memoirs, *Closely Guarded: A Life in Canadian Security and Intelligence*, published in 1998 by the University of Toronto Press, I refer to an

occasion when Angleton trotted out the ridiculous idea that Pearson was a KGB agent of influence, an idea I immediately and vigorously rejected. However, I know of nothing whatsoever to support Adams' claim that Angleton somehow was involved in Watkins' death. Adams seems incapable of abandoning his role as a latter-day conspiracy theorist.

I do not know what, if any, are the ethics in the publishing industry concerning the deliberate use by an author of a work of fiction to create a work of non-fiction and especially, as in this case, when the result is damaging to John Watkins, former members of the RCMP Security Service and, in a specific manner, to me.

What Adams wrote about me is so carelessly inaccurate I was led to wonder if other parts of the book are not also similarly inaccurate. I am glad, therefore, that I have been asked to review the book for **bout de papier**.

In his ten page 'author's note' at the end of the book Adams claims that in my capacity as director general of the RCMP Security Service I attempted to cover-up Watkin's unfortunate death in 1964. This is utter nonsense. During the period in question, when I am supposed to have been a member of the RCMP, I was serving in Bonn as Canadian Ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany (1962-66). Several years later, after serving as Canadian Ambassador to the United Arab Republic and Sudan (1966-67) and subsequently as an assistant deputy minister (administration) in external affairs (1967-70), on January 1, 1970, I was appointed the first civilian director general of the RCMP Security Service, holding the post until April 1973 when I resigned from public service.

The essential facts are a matter of public record which Mr. Adams, his publisher and his various editors could and should have ascertained before publishing the book. Not to have done so was misleading and carelessly unprofessional.

As I expressed it in chapter six of my memoirs, entitled *Robertson, Pearson, St. Laurent*, (pages 67-68): "I was as surprised and shocked at the unwelcome news as any of John's friends. He showed great courage and fortitude in facing the ordeal created by the Soviet machinations. Both the experienced RCMP investigators, Harry Brandes and Jim Bennett, reported that there was no evidence to suggest that Watkins had been a traitor."

The publisher describes the book as, 'an account of the interrogation and death of Ambassador John Watkins. Based on true events, declassified documents, and investigative reporting. Some of the characters in this book are wholly fictional; some are

fictionalized composites of two or more real people. None of the characters represents a single real individual.' This last sentence is quite untrue. John Watkins, and Lester Pearson although dead, nevertheless were 'real individuals' who play central roles in the story. No attempt is made to quote from or even to identify the source material referred to.

In the *author's note* Adams writes, 'To tell this story, I have at times drawn heavily upon Ambassador John Watkins' official dispatches from his years of service in Moscow. To fold these dispatches into the style and structure I have created for this novel, I have had to change tenses, work in my own characters, and refigure time and place. But I did this only where necessary ... Watkins was a fine writer with a good eye for detail, and in those places in the novel where I set him up to speak in a stream of consciousness, I did it because I felt I really had to know the man. I tried not to tamper with his views of the people he wrote about'. What presumptuous claptrap.

Many of the phrases and words the author puts into Watkins' mouth make clear that Adams never did 'know the man'. His lack of understanding of John Watkins, his ethos and the world in which he lived is very obvious. Clearly, moreover, Adams knows nothing about security and intelligence and hasn't a clue as to how Watkins, thought, spoke and acted. Some of the pompous statements he puts in John's mouth are ludicrous. And the way he has Watkins behaving in the weird scenes where he is being interrogated by the RCMP is loathsome and quite incredible.

Adams' carelessness in writing about me is reflected elsewhere in the book. He repeatedly refers to the 'RCMP security services' when even a casual look at the McDonald Commission's published reports would have made clear this title is inaccurate. In several places he even has Watkins making the same mistake.

On the dust cover of the book Watkins is described as 'a close friend of Prime Minister Lester Pearson'. There are similar references elsewhere throughout the book. Since John Watkins and I entered the fledgling department of external affairs about the same time, at the end of World War II, I came to know Watkins quite well. I would not describe him as one of Pearson's close friends. Certainly Pearson admired Watkins and his work and particularly as Canadian Ambassador in Moscow but I would hardly describe the relationship between them as 'close'. It was not comparable, for example, to the relationships which Pearson established with a number of others then in the Canadian foreign service such as, John

Holmes, Gerry Riddell, Hume Wrong or Norman Robertson. Presumably Adams introduced the idea in an effort to bolster his improbable conspiracy theories.

Towards the end of the book Adams has Watkins in a most unlikely conversation with a fictitious, lesbian RCMP inspector who interrogates him in a suite in the Ritz Carlton hotel in Montreal. In response to her question, 'When you were in Moscow whose orders did you follow? Mr Pearson's?' Adams has Watkins replying; 'Ultimately, yes. The difference is that there is a policy — an entire strategy on how we should approach and deal with the Soviet government. We had a series of long-term positions with goals that were worked out by the minister, advisers, and policy analysts, with considerable input from me'. Such a pompous, self-serving, immodest statement by John Watkins would be completely out of character. It simply lacks any credibility. Unfortunately, that flaw afflicts much of this book, which is neither a true story nor a well-crafted novel.



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The Chips are Down

Another card-carrying conundrum by A Aalto

Pausing on the porch, Ace logician Ludwig Liebnitz looked up at the gaudy Buck Rogers radiator fins surmounting the towers at each corner of the brushed-aluminum bungalow. Why had he agreed to be a guinea pig for the province's new experiment in electronic living — especially in a house that would have embarrassed the Jetsons? Still, Chief MacBannock had been desperate for a volunteer and Liebnitz had been in a soft mood (ie drunk as a loon). Now it was coming up midnight December 31, when the electronic lock would accept his key-card and allow him to take possession.

And that card! Unable under the Charter to enact a compulsory provincial ID system, Premier Sleazewagon had made the card (theoretically) voluntary but mounted a major propaganda campaign to back it. The new Universal Sleaze (US) Card was to replace all the bulky plastic in everyone's pocket with a single embedded-chip master-card. In addition to storing your driver's licence, health plan and social insurance numbers, and records going back decades, the US Card also held such useful data as: (a) your financial assets; (b) your social/class standing; (c) your voting record; (d) donations to the Sleazewagon retirement fund; and (e) relations in the provincial Cabinet. It replaced your ATM and credit cards with a single system of financial transfer, voluntary (eg purchases) and involuntary (see (d) above). It replaced the keys to your house, office and car, checking with a central computer to see if you were where you were supposed to be. And it certified your vote, after electronic validation that you were worthy to cast a ballot.

They said the new card enhanced the security of all right-thinking people by allowing any civil servant or police officer to verify your identity and to access all your personal data with a single swipe. It also permitted benign authorities to monitor your every step, for your own good. Who but a free-thinking, pinko-weirdo anarchist could refuse? As the system's Supreme Coordinator, Dr PJ Paridy, intoned from his offices at 1984 Orwell Way, "If you're not part of US, you're one of THEM (That Hated Egalitarian Minority)."

To its fans, the US Card was convenient. It was nifty. It was patriotic. It was not, however, Y2K compliant — as Liebnitz was about to find out.

* * * * *

As the New Years bells rang out, Liebnitz inserted the card into the slot beside the doorknob. His briefer, a pony-tailed young SysAdmin by the name of Bugbyte O'Nanotek, had explained that the house was fully computerized, with housekeeping and other services controlled by an artificial intelligence program. The ace logician was still startled, however, when a voice piped up, "Welcome home, sir. Everything's ready. But I see you have mud on your shoes. Can't have that on the new carpets! Let me help you."

Suddenly, the mat on which Liebnitz had been standing dropped away, precipitating him violently down a long polished chute into the basement. Halting with a bounce in a laundry cart, he found himself gliding rapidly toward the open maw of a giant washer-dryer. Attempting to stand, he was

picked off by a giant robotic arm, as the voice tut-tutted, "And those clothes! I mean, really, no-one — but no-one — is still wearing spats with bell-bottom trousers...." Liebnitz lost the rest of the anguished commentary as the arm stuffed his clothes into the sudsy opening. With him still in them.

An hour later, a bleached-out figure staggered up the stairs, clothes immaculate, spats gone, hair standing up stiffly and shorts clearly chafing. As he entered the living room, the television came on and the smiling image of Rialto Sleazewagon filled the screen. It was the kind of smile that makes you want to wash your eyes after seeing it. But it spoke with the voice that had greeted him at the door. "Good evening, Citizen Liebnitz. I am the program in charge of this house. You can call me AL. I see that you have already spent time in the basement. By reading your vital signs, I see you are upset, so I assume we used too much starch. This will be corrected. Meanwhile, let me show you some of our other fine features. First, the house-keeping program. The rugs, for example, are hooked into a cleaning system within the walls."

UP THE CREEQUE: ANSWERS

The wedding was held at **12:30** on a **Monday** in **Detroit**. Sleazewagon was disguised as the **preacher** and the codeword was "**nighty-night**".

The basic lyrics used in the maze were from *Creeque Alley* by the Mamas and the Papas. The five chains of CAPITALIZED words were as follows:

M (Michelle) - FOLK MUSIC - TUNEFUL - SEA

D (Denny) - PENNY - ZOL TALKS - NIGHT OWL - HAT - LOVE BUMPS - MUGWUMPS - TUNEFUL

S (Sebastian) - COFFEE HOUSE - HAT - NIGHT OWL - HAT - MUGWUMPS - SPOONFUL

C (Cass) - FATTER - FATTER - SOPHOMORE - TURNPIKE - LOVE BUMPS - MUGWUMPS - FATTER - NO FATTER - CAN'T MAKE IT

M+M (McGuinn and McGuire) - HIGHER - STILL HIGHER - NO HIGHER - ON FIRE

The five clues picked up along the way, and the lines to which they refer, are as follows:

(a) young girls steeple clock (from the song *Young Girls are Coming to the Canyon*, the lines "Outside my window was a steeple/ With a clock that always said **twelve-thirty**")

(b) this morning couldn't guarantee (from the song *Monday Monday*, the lines "But Monday mornin' **Monday** mornin' couldn't guarantee")

(c) don't forget to dance here (from the song *Dancing in the Street*, the line "Don't forget the Motor City", ie **Detroit**)

(d) he liked the cold (from the song *California Dreamin'*, the line "You know the **preacher** liked the cold")

(e) say this and kiss me (from *Dream a Little Dream of Me*, the line "Say **nighty-night** and kiss me")

The website address to which Liebnitz was directed contains a section on the Mamas and the Papas, with the lyrics of all six songs used in the labyrinth.

Suddenly the wall-to-wall beneath Liebnitz began to move swiftly toward the far end of the room, as if on a roller belt. With a shrill cry, he was swept off his feet and through a large hatch. Minutes later, a second hatch opened across the room. A giant dust-ball emerged and lay bleated piteously on the floor, only to be set upon by a horde of tiny electric-blue robotic mice. They lifted the grime-coated Liebnitz inches off the ground and carted him off to the kitchen, where they were only dissuaded from stuffing him into a garbage can by some active work with a fortuitously-placed frying pan.

As the ace logician slumped breathlessly into a chair, a monitor came on over the refrigerator and AL reappeared. "Ah, I do like a man who's at home in the kitchen. Let me show you a few of the exciting features here." And before Liebnitz could protest, the room exploded into a frenzy of activity. A bowl-mounted electric mixer started up, spraying sticky batter in all directions. The electric ice-maker began enthusiastically to fill its hopper, eventually overflowing onto the floor. Meanwhile, from over the sink, a giant mechanical spider plucked dishes from the soapy water, dried them with great care and tossed them with pin-point accuracy at just the right shelves across the room. A pity the shelf doors were still locked shut. Liebnitz was just gathering his wits under this new assault when AL's shining face returned, topped by a chef's hat. "And do try this new cream pie I've baked!" he crowed. Liebnitz, who had seen every slapstick comedy ever made, ducked quickly as the oven door dropped open and a pie whizzed by overhead, but was nevertheless caught full in the face by the next one when he straightened up. "Lemon meringue, perhaps?" asked AL brightly. Then a pair of ballistic waffles, launched from the pop-up toaster, struck the ace logician smartly on the ear.

Skidding wildly out of the room on a film of ice, batter and broken crockery, Liebnitz dashed to the front door. There, he frantically swiped the US Card through the lock mechanism, but to no avail. AL, ever calm, interjected, "Sorry, Citizen, you have been denied egress for financial reasons. According to our records, you have not paid taxes on this house since the year 1900. With accumulated interest and adjustment for inflation, that comes to a lot of money. We have cleaned out your checking and saving accounts, but there is still a balance owing of just over \$3 million. Until you pay up, we're going to have to keep you here."

"Meanwhile, since you're going to be around for a while, let me show you more fine features." "Spare me," pleaded Liebnitz, edging back. But the program was not to

be denied. "If you want to re-arrange the furniture, Citizen, we can help!" A large mechanical arm came down from a recess in the ceiling, delicately picked up a heavy chrome and leather sofa and pitched it through the picture window. "Perhaps a bit too enthusiastic there," chuckled the face in the TV set, "but I'm sure you get the picture." A crash resounded from the kitchen and the refrigerator shot through the doorway, across the hall and down the stairs to the basement, from which a jet of suds returned. AL looked perturbed for the first time, glancing off-screen and saying, "It's all right, you can stop now." Then the mechanical arm picked up the television and used it as a bowling ball to take down an entire set of dining-room chairs. Suddenly, from all over the house came the 1812 Overture at 120 decibels.

Furniture flying about him, Liebnitz broke and ran, frantically seeking refuge. Moments later, barricaded in the electrical closet, with Tchaikovsky fortissimo and the occasional crash of a crushed credenza to remind him of the chaos outside, Liebnitz pondered his chances of escape and the computer screen before him.

After his formal briefing, Bugbyte O'Nanotek had flashed him a glimpse of a forbidden Sleazewagon Free Zone button and informed the ace logician that the house could be shut down if you obtained root access to its computer system and issued the right command. Bugbyte, a great fan of Star Trek's Seven of Nine, also indicated that access to the root directory was governed by a Root ID and Password relating to that character. Furthermore, on the (entirely valid) assumption that Liebnitz would forget the crucial codes, Bugbyte had worked a reminder into the system in the form of a puzzle, based on the number seven. Hurriedly, the ace logician logged on, entered the command for root access and was faced with the following screen:

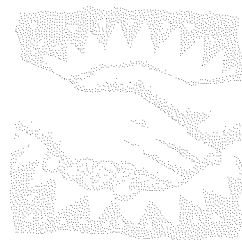
ROOT ID:

Fill in the following table, one letter per box, with words relating to the original members of an association of Canadian painters founded in 1920. For each numbered row of boxes, use the clue with the same number below. One word per row except as indicated. The ROOT ID can be read down the indicated column.

<INSERT A>

(1) He quit in 1926. (2) Name of the association: 3 words. (3) Youngest member of the group. (4) One of three UK-born members. (5) The one who inherited wealth. (6) The last name alphabetically. (7) The one who died last. (8) Oldest member of the group.

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ROOT PASSWORD:

Fill in the following table, one letter per box, with words drawn from the seven deadly sins, the seven cardinal virtues or the original seven wonders of the world. For each numbered row of boxes, unscramble the anagram with the same number below (ignore spaces and hyphens). One word per row except as indicated. The ROOT PASSWORD can be read down the indicated column.

<INSERT B>

(9) CAVIARE. (10) CEMENT PEAR.
(11) SLUT. (12) NAG-NIGH//DANGERS:
2 words, separate anagrams. (13) SOLO
CUSS. (14) GHOUL HEIST. (15) THYR-
IAC. (16) RANGE. (17) SUECTI.
(18) VYNE. (19) RE-DIP. (20) A SUMO
MULE. (21) HAFTI. (22) DUNCREEP.
(23) LOSHT. (24) SPRY MAID.
(25) NUTTY LOG. (26) PEOH.

Liebnitz worked his way through the twin screen and entered the resulting codes, being rewarded with the legend "ROOT ACCESS GRANTED". He then typed in "SHUT-DOWN SEQUENCE" and was presented with the following screen:

SHUT-DOWN COMMAND:

Fill in the following table, one letter per box, with words from film titles containing the word "Seven". For each numbered row of boxes, use the clue with the same number below. In each case, the answers will include the word "seven" or a variant plus up to two adjacent words from the title. The SHUT-DOWN COMMAND can be read down the indicated column.

<INSERT C>

(27) Toshiro Mifune and Akira Kurosawa, 1954. (28) Bob Hope and Jimmy Cagney, 1955. (29) Nicol Williamson and Alan Arkin, 1976. (30) Yul Brynner and Steve McQueen, 1960. (31) Walt Disney and the Brothers Grimm, 1937. (32) Max von Sydow and Ingmar Bergman, 1957. (33) Marilyn Monroe and Billy Wilder, 1955. (34) Brad Pitt and Morgan Freeman, 1995. (35) Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster, 1964.

"Interesting," he said when he had filled in the last table. "This last one doesn't relate to Star Trek, but it does come from a movie and it is certainly appropriate to the situation." So saying, he typed the answer into the computer. The impact was startling. Suddenly, all was silence, save for a faint whistling howl like the breath of a dying giant.

Cautiously opening the door, he found himself in a building lot completely empty except for the four blank walls of the electrical closet behind him, a cold wind keening about it. The rest of the house had simply

vanished. Taking a deep breath, he tip-toed down the cement walk to the street. Then he took out US Card and used an old Zippo to light it, before throwing it to the sidewalk and grinding it underfoot.

At once the silence was broken by a voice from the loudspeaker on the nearby light standard saying, "Sensors on your US Card indicate combustion, Citizen. I have therefore called the fire department." Sure enough, Liebnitz could hear the sirens approaching. The voice continued, "Meanwhile, I see that your shoes are ablaze. Let me help you." And before the ace logician could say more than "Not again!", the square of pavement beneath his feet dropped away and he plunged into an all-encompassing blackness....

Returning to consciousness in his own bed with the morning light streaming in the window, he felt overcome by the happy realization that it had only been a dream. "No more anchovy and kumquat pizza right before sleeping," he vowed. Gently kissing the still-sleeping Mrs Liebnitz, he slipped quietly from between the sheets, went down the hall to the study, booted up

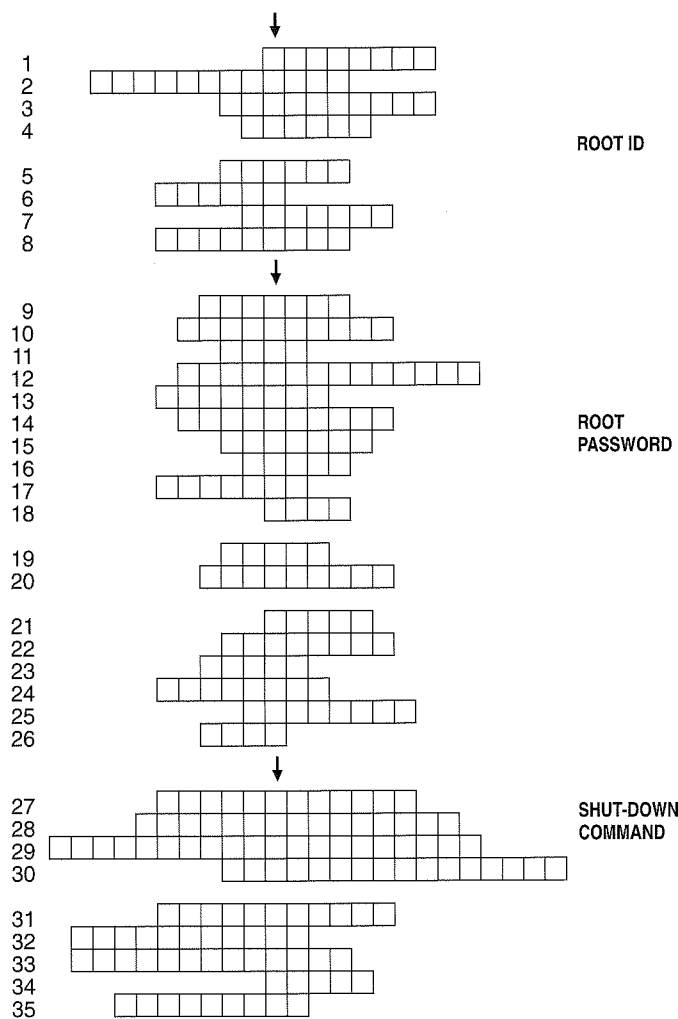
his computer and logged onto the news server. Only to see the face of Rialto Sleazewagon appear on the screen with an oily, "Good morning, Citizen."

Liebnitz stared calmly at the screen, then reached over and interrupted the Premier's spiel by shutting down the browser. "No," he murmured firmly, "I refuse to be assimilated." With that, he went back to bed.

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's dream-feat by giving the ROOT ID, the ROOT PASSWORD, and the SHUT-DOWN COMMAND? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by January 31, 2000. The winner will receive a book prize autographed by A Aalto.

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto is proud to be a "free-thinking, pinko-weirdo anarchist". This puzzle is dedicated to the memory of his father, for inspiration on a house gone mad.

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