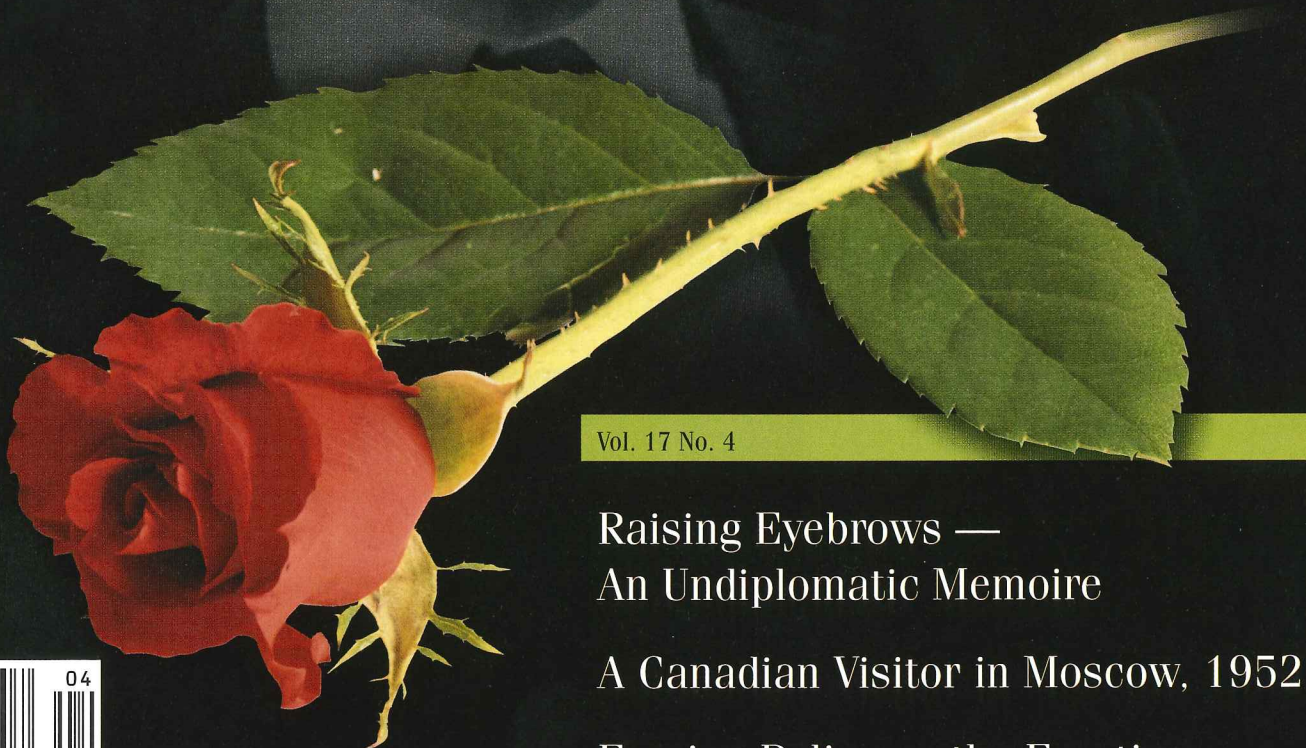


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Raising Eyebrows —
An Undiplomatic Memoire

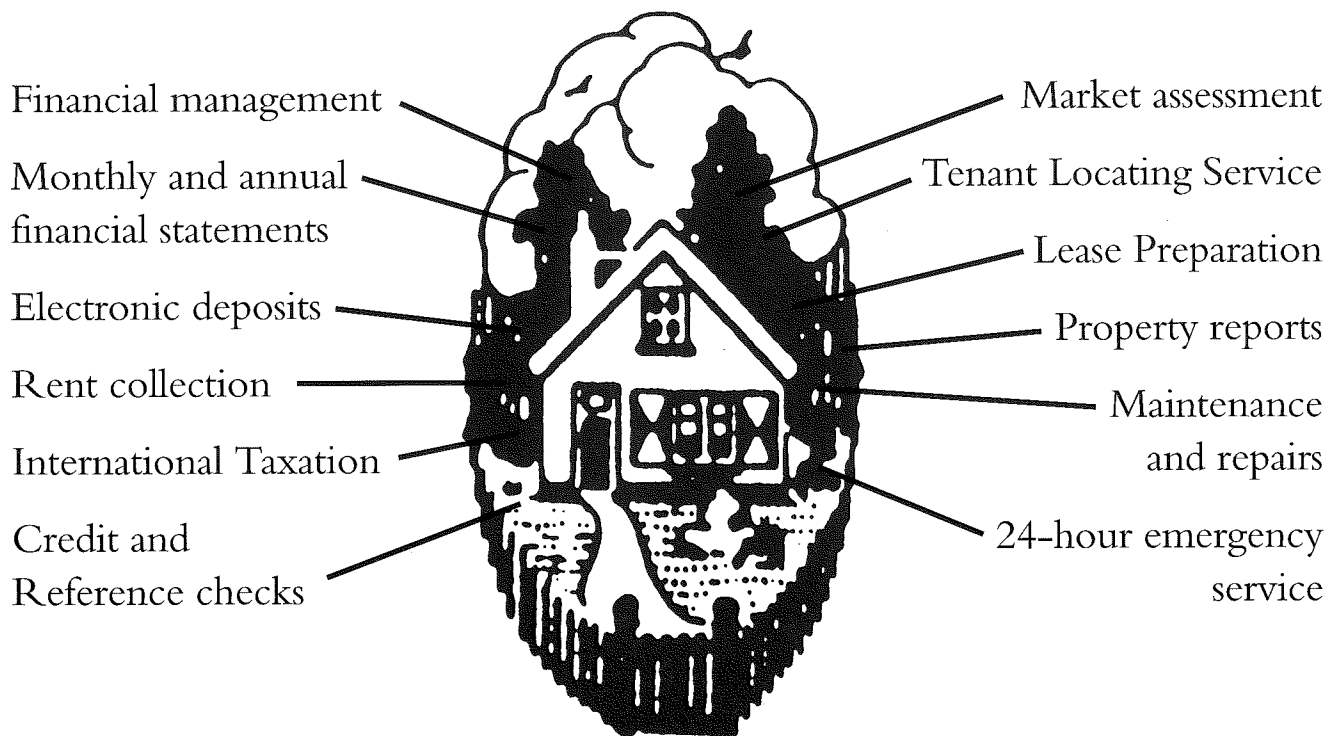
A Canadian Visitor in Moscow, 1952

Foreign Policy on the Frontiers:
Meet Paul Martin Sr.



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Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

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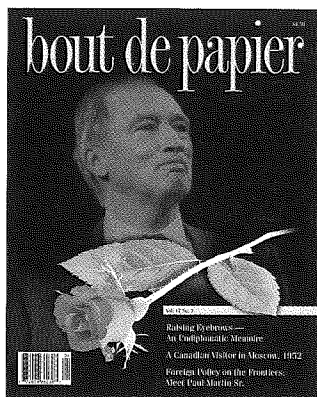
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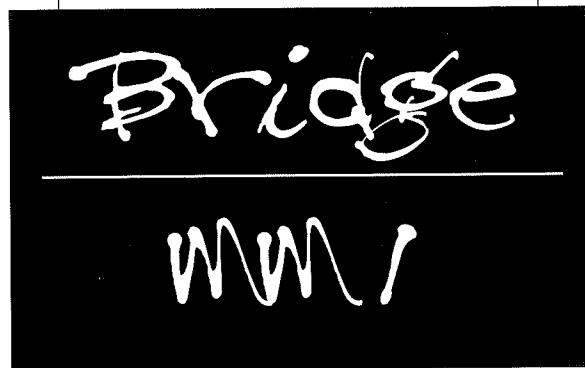
*Froncement de
sourcils — extrait
des mémoires de
Peter Roberts*



The reign of 20th century millennial hype is finally officially over and we are in the blissful period between the beginning of the new century and the start of the next round of early reservations at revolving restaurants for the next centennial new year. The real millennium has finally arrived and we can now begin our journey across that bridge to the 21st century.

So instead of looking ahead, I'd like look back. Not at what was, but at who was. And take a moment to remember our colleagues. For the many who knew Nancy Stiles, Y2K and the new millennium will always carry special meaning. The tributes in this issue to her and Linda Berry are testaments to lives lived and are painful good-byes to wonderful colleagues. And for all the others we have worked with who are no longer with us, let us begin the new century by remembering those who are no longer with us and acknowledge the sacrifices they made and the personal and professional legacies they have left behind.

The beginning of the millennium also touched our community in a profound way as we remember Catherine MacLean, who, among her other extraordinary accomplishments, was a labour lawyer for PAFSO during the 1980s. The first courageous steps in establishing a transparent process to pre-



vent further tragedies have been taken. It is up to all of us to walk the next steps together to re-establish public trust in the institution of diplomacy.

And finally, the new year is a chance to welcome a new team. Since January, we have had a talented group of interns working with us at *bout de papier*. Their prime directive is to create the *bout de papier*

website, which we hope to launch in late spring. Since the market has dashed our IPO dreams, we have resorted to Plan B — to create the site within the current funding envelope we receive from PAFSO. These interns will also contribute the occasional article to *bout*, and I hope you will enjoy their perspective. Their names are listed in our editorial masthead and I know you will join me in thanking them for their contribution to our community. We also have two FSDP colleagues who have joined our team — welcome Richard Martin and Cindy Kleiman. I would also like to welcome Ben Rowswell and Kevin O'Shea (back

to our editorial advisory board. Ben's inaugural contribution to our new column, Notional Unity/L'idée d'unité, is a measured reflection of the notion of identity and our relationship to things like states and countries. Now there's a bridge to the 21st century.

Happy new millennium.

Bernard Etzinger

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Editor:

Having read the rather jingoistic article by Satya Das (The Kinder Gentler Nation, *bout de papier* Vol. 17, No. 2) in which he presented his views on how Canada might be "branded" and "marketed" worldwide, I must offer one or two points of clarification.

Firstly, the Disney World Epcot Center is just part of the Wonderful World of Disney, and the "Canadian" pavilion is based on the distorted impressions of Canada held by Disney's set designers.

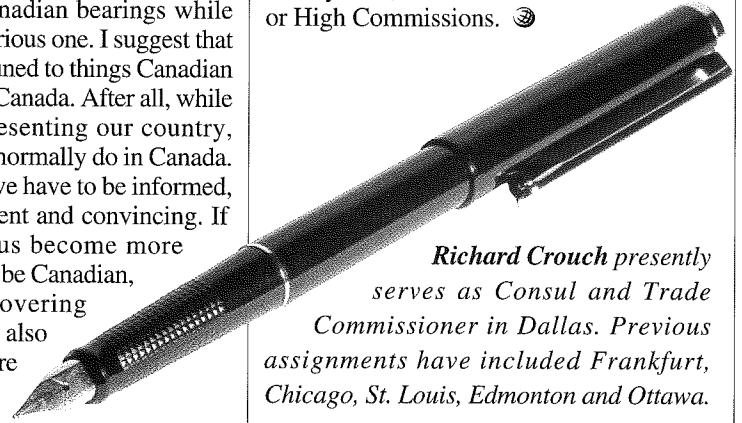
We must remember that Disney Inc. built the Epcot Center in the early 1980s according to its preconceptions of the various countries, however skewed, and then it invited the featured countries to buy or lease, and maintain, the pavilions at their expense. Canada chose not to absorb the significant costs involved in operating this pre-fab fantasy land. Apart from responding to messages from irate citizens and arranging for Kodak to supply its (at the time) superb short film about Canada to Disney, the Government of Canada has tried to distance itself from this apparent aberration. It has been clear that Disney hoped to coerce Canada into footing the bill by making the exhibit so objectionable. They built it; we didn't go.

There are other examples. In Japan alone, there is an Anne of Green Gables theme park and at least one Canada Land, either of which makes the Epcot Center look boorish. It is unrealistic to suggest that our government raze such privately-owned sites to ensure that they are rebuilt to reflect our collective image of Canada, whatever that is. *Le Canada, c'est un pays divisé parmi 30 millions de Canadiens.*

Secondly, the notion that we in the Foreign Service lose our Canadian bearings while we are abroad is a curious one. I suggest that we become more attuned to things Canadian than when we are in Canada. After all, while abroad we are representing our country, something we don't normally do in Canada. To do that properly we have to be informed, authoritative, confident and convincing. If anything, most of us become more aware of what it is to be Canadian, sometimes by discovering what we are not. We also have the relatively rare opportunity to see how others view

our country and its people. It is easy to build on their positive impressions; it is difficult, sometimes impossible, to overcome what we consider to be misconceptions.

The obvious challenge to "branding Canada" is to develop the appropriate images for the various important audiences around the world and to build positively on them. To call for the establishment of "Canada Centres" in our top markets is absurd. They already exist; we call them Embassies or High Commissions. ☺



Richard Crouch presently serves as Consul and Trade Commissioner in Dallas. Previous assignments have included Frankfurt, Chicago, St. Louis, Edmonton and Ottawa.



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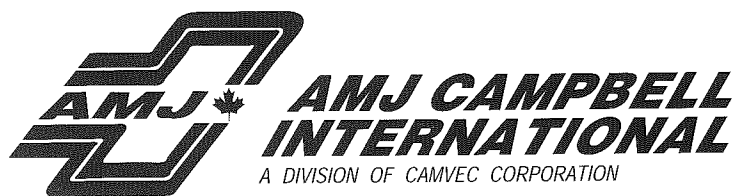
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Témoignage

par Marthe Deschênes

Au mois de décembre 1993 survenait la mort du président de la Côte d'Ivoire, Félix Houphouët-Boigny. Elle a passé inaperçue dans les journaux canadiens, mais mes amies ivoiriennes pleuraient à chaudes larmes lorsqu'elles ont appris la nouvelle. Le philosophe malien Hamadou Hampathé Bâ avait coutume de dire : «En Afrique, quand un vieux meurt, c'est une bibliothèque entière qui disparaît». On m'a dit que beaucoup d'Africains croient que lorsque quelqu'un meurt, quelqu'un d'autre, généralement dans son entourage, a fait quelque chose de mal : plus le décédé est vieux, plus grande la faute commise! J'ai vécu dans ce pays d'Afrique de l'Ouest dans les années 80 et cette nouvelle a fait ressurgir toutes sortes de souvenirs où «Le Vieux» avait une large place.

La Côte d'Ivoire a été constituée en colonie française en 1893. Un siècle plus tard, mourait Félix Houphouët-Boigny, surnommé le «Père de la Patrie» à l'image d'un chef aimé et respecté. De la tribu des Baoulé, il était né à Yamoussoukro devenue la capitale du pays. C'est là que se trouvait le palais présidentiel avec le lac des caïmans où, à certaines heures, l'on pouvait voir les jardiniers nourrir les crocodiles de poulet. Le symbole du Président était le crocodile et sa devise : «Je ne dors que d'un oeil».

Toute une légende l'entoure. Il avait d'abord été médecin, avant de devenir un militant pour l'indépendance de son pays. Grâce à un héritage, il était devenu un grand propriétaire terrien et s'était alors insurgé contre les colonisateurs français qui détenaient tous les privilèges et imposaient de plus en plus de barrières aux planteurs ivoiriens. Il fut à la tête du premier syndicat agricole de son pays, alors qu'il était devenu chef du canton d'Akoué, en 1939.

Houphouët-Boigny avait toutes les qualités pour se faire accepter des siens comme des européens. Il venait d'une famille de chefs traditionnels baoulés, une ethnie qui occupe la partie centrale de la Côte d'Ivoire. Comme il avait reçu une éducation à l'européenne, il discutait d'égal à égal avec ses interlocuteurs étrangers. Lorsqu'il s'est agi d'envoyer un représentant à la première «Assemblée constituante française», le syndicat choisit Félix Houphouët-Boigny. Puis, un mouvement africain d'émancipation à caractère international fut fondé en 1946 :

12 députés élus par 12 pays formèrent le Rassemblement démocratique africain (RDA), d'envergure internationale. Dans chaque pays représenté, un parti fut fondé qui se réclamait de ce mouvement de libération. C'est alors que les leaders devinrent la cible des colonisateurs. En 1949, deux oppresseurs furent assassinés. Suite à une enquête, on emprisonna certains sympathisants du RDA. Le procès fut révisé. A cet époque, Houphouët-Boigny fut élu à l'Assemblée territoriale. Il donna son nom à la loi qui abolit le travail forcé dans les colonies françaises.

Au-delà des difficultés matérielles et d'organisation des institutions, on pouvait sentir en filigrane l'exaspération de toute une génération d'intellectuels brimés dans leur liberté d'expression, puisque le gouvernement ne tolérât pas la critique.

En 1956, Houphouët-Boigny, devenu ministre de la France d'Outre-mer, aida à la création de la loi sur les Territoires d'Outre-mer qui fut votée cette année-là. A partir de ce jour, Houphouët-Boigny jouit d'une réputation internationale. Il avait la considération de son peuple qui l'aida à gravir tous les échelons en l'appuyant de ses votes. En 1959, il devint le Premier ministre du gouvernement de la Côte d'Ivoire et il le resta pendant 34 ans. C'était la période du démembrement des empires coloniaux. La Côte d'Ivoire proclama son indépendance le 7 août 1960 et à partir de ce jour le pays eut comme président celui qui avait été l'artisan de cette indépendance. Il administra son pays de manière démocratique en comparaison aux autres leaders des pays qui l'entouraient.

J'ai vécu en Côte d'Ivoire de 1981 à 1983. Quand je l'ai rencontré, Houphouët-Boigny portait le costume occidental, le 3-pièces. Même s'il était de petite taille, il se dégageait de sa personne un charisme qui en imposait. Dans son pays, il sut implanter un système scolaire : dans les années 80, on estimait que le taux de scolarisation était à 75%. Un centre éducatif télévisuel avait été organisé à Bouaké, qui transmettait des émissions de télévision pédagogiques afin d'aider les enseignants qui étaient pour la plupart des ivoiriens. On y enseignait le français selon une méthode canadienne «Café».

En plus, Abidjan est devenue le siège commercial par excellence, puisqu'elle est située sur le bord de la lagune. Avec le canal Vridi creusé en 1950, elle a l'allure d'une capitale. C'est le siège d'organisations internationales comme la Banque africaine de développement et on y retrouve de nombreuses ambassades et plusieurs consulats. Il y a une université qui, tout en s'inspirant des traditions européennes, est gratuite et ouverte à toute la société ivoirienne. Elle s'occupe d'enseignement dans tous les domaines, de formation d'agronomes comme d'informaticiens. Mais comme à cette époque la société vivait surtout à la campagne et se préoccupait d'agriculture, il y avait plusieurs failles dans la structure même de l'enseignement. Jusqu'aux années '80, Félix Houphouët-Boigny, qui avait su s'entourer de conseillers et d'amis d'un peu partout dans la francophonie, croyait au miracle ivoirien. Malheureusement, la chute des prix du cacao et du café mit un frein au développement de ce pays. Cependant grâce aux ressources pétrolières, son niveau de vie était alors un des plus élevés de cette partie du monde.

Cette ville moderne avec ses gratte-ciel a deux ponts qui traversent la lagune. Dans le quartier de Cocody sont situés les bâtiments de la Radio-télévision ivoirienne ainsi que l'Université. Tout autour, il y a des maisons d'étudiants à deux ou trois niveaux, de brique rose, entourées d'un parc. Il y a aussi des maisons qui sont à l'usage des professeurs dans le quartier de Cocody. Le Plateau est le quartier des fonctionnaires.

Chaque jour, dans le haut de la première page du quotidien officiel, il y avait la «Pensée du jour» signée Houphouët-Boigny. L'influence française avait imprégné la vie

journalière d'Abidjan. Mais les journaux et la télévision nous ramenaient bien vite en Afrique. À la TV, on voyait souvent des cérémonies religieuses qui s'éternisaient. Ces émissions permettaient de connaître les rites et les coutumes ivoiriennes, au son du tam-tam. C'était pour le gouvernement un moyen de communiquer avec tous ses citoyens, puisque même dans les villages de la brousse, ces images étaient diffusées grâce au dépanneur où les gens se rassemblaient.

Le Président avait l'habitude d'affirmer que l'information était l'instrument du développement du pays, au même titre que l'agriculture et l'éducation : «L'information au service du développement» était la devise que devait adopter chaque journaliste, et mal lui en prenait si la critique n'était pas «constructive». C'était le Président qui en décidait : il se faisait montrer les bulletins de nouvelles avant d'autoriser leur diffusion, et il lui arriva, plus d'une fois, de faire venir un journaliste jusqu'en Suisse, où il passait ses étés, pour lui «passer un savon» au sujet d'un reportage qui ne lui avait pas plu.

L'événement

Ce jour de février 1982 était comme les autres lorsque Eric, un ami de mes enfants me téléphona pour me demander d'aller le chercher à l'école : «C'est la révolution; les étudiants cassent les vitres. Je ne suis pas capa-

ble de rejoindre mes parents!» Les quelques jours qui ont suivi m'ont bien démontré les pouvoirs magiques de la communication.

Ce soir-là, l'heure des nouvelles était appréhendée et tous nous espérions en savoir plus long sur cette «révolution». En effet, il était question de grève générale dans les écoles et à l'université. La grève avait commencé chez les professeurs de l'université et s'était étendue à certains établissements de l'enseignement secondaire. Les étudiants emboîtaient le pas, heureux de participer à des manifestations. Cette fronde s'attaquait à l'État et à ses représentants. Les fonctionnaires qui circulaient dans des voitures appartenant à l'État, reconnaissables à la couleur de leurs plaques, devinrent la cible des manifestants qui leur lançaient des cailloux et des noix de coco. La circulation était devenue dangereuse. Tous se demandaient si le «Vieux», que l'on accusait de tous les maux, même de se rajeunir de vingt ans, prendrait des mesures coercitives. Toutes sortes de rumeurs circulaient à savoir même qu'on avait mis des scellés sur les locaux de l'université et à certaines résidences de fonction.

La vision du Sage

Le Président Houphouët-Boigny invita alors les chefs des villages du pays, les notables,

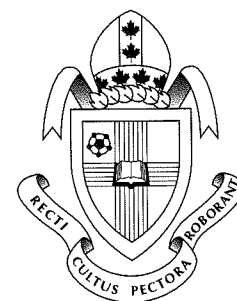
les responsables universitaires et les fonctionnaires du ministère de l'éducation à assister à une grande réunion à Abidjan. Pendant trois jours, les «états généraux du pays» débattirent les revendications des professeurs grévistes, leurs salaires, leurs conditions de travail, le manque de crédit pour les laboratoires, les bibliothèques. Certaines de ces allocutions étaient montrées aux nouvelles du soir. Au-delà des difficultés matérielles et d'organisation des institutions, on pouvait sentir en filigrane l'exaspération de toute une génération d'intellectuels brimés dans leur liberté d'expression, puisque le gouvernement ne tolérait pas la critique. Les enseignants souffraient également du divorce de beaucoup d'Africains qui souvent avaient étudié à l'étranger et qui cherchaient à échapper aux responsabilités imposées par la coutume de partager leur richesse, quelquefois toute relative, avec les parents du village. Il était en effet traditionnel d'aider par le biais de cadeaux, d'aide financière, par l'hébergement et la prise en charge des «frères et sœurs» plus jeunes, comme la génération précédente l'avait souvent fait. Ces responsabilités se trouvaient alourdies par la crise économique généralisée dans laquelle se trouvait le pays et par l'impossibilité pour le gouvernement d'augmenter les salaires ou d'améliorer locaux et installations.

Je me sens très positif depuis que je vais à l'école à BCS. J'aime la vie ici et j'aime mes professeurs. C'est le choix que j'ai fait et c'était le bon j'en suis certain.

— Frédéric D., Grade 7

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— Caroline C., Grade 8



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La faute est à la conjoncture

Après trois jours de discussions qui constituaient en réalité la séance traditionnelle de «palabres» habituellement tenues à l'échelle du village, mais ici magnifiées aux dimensions du pays, le Président fit savoir qu'il prendrait la parole au cours de la soirée. La Côte d'Ivoire devint alors «le village global». Dès les premières phrases, il expliqua que le pays vivait une période spéciale. La récession de 1980 avait fini par toucher son pays. Houphouët demanda donc à son peuple de bien vouloir se serrer la ceinture. Il raconta comment il avait combattu pour que son pays se débarrasse des colonisateurs. Puis il nous expliqua qu'il avait cependant, avec leur collaboration, une fois devenu maître chez lui, mis en place des institutions démocratiques. Il avait dû organiser un système scolaire accessible à tous gratuitement. «C'est moi, dit-il en s'adressant aux professeurs grévistes, qui vous ai sortis du trou». Il avait travaillé à l'édification des mesures qui leur avaient permis de devenir professeurs.

Les professeurs ont reçu leur part du gâteau

De plus, les professeurs avaient un bon salaire (et il donna des exemples), ils étaient logés, éclairés et souvent nourris gratuitement. Il leur reprochait d'être comme des enfants ingrats. Il leur annonça qu'il était impossible d'accorder ce qu'ils désiraient. Pire encore, s'ils ne voulaient pas retourner enseigner, des Canadiens étaient prêts à venir les remplacer. Grâce à la coopération du gouvernement canadien, affirma-t-il, non seulement il y aurait des professeurs, mais on allait construire des écoles et des infrastructures pour les loger.

La réconciliation

Ce message fut transmis automatiquement dans tout le pays grâce à la télévision : souvent les villageois étaient regroupés, comme tous les soirs, autour d'un récepteur de bonnes dimensions sur la place publique ou dans une case assez grande pour y tenir des réunions. Le ton persuasif du Président eut l'effet de la foudre.

Dès le lendemain, la grève se terminait et chacun reprenait le chemin de l'école. Au village, les parents des professeurs qui avaient écouté le Président avaient été des plus choqués. D'abord, leurs fils/filles ne leur avaient jamais dit la somme d'argent incroyable qu'ils recevaient en plus de l'appartement dont ils jouissaient. De plus le manque de respect pour le «père» Houphouët-Boigny, qui leur avait permis d'accéder à ce niveau de l'échelle sociale, leur paraissait une honte pour la famille. Les communications du village à la ville fonctionnèrent pendant les semaines qui suivirent. Certains

professeurs se virent obligés d'aller visiter leurs parents pour leur expliquer leur point de vue. Il semblait que le respect dû à l'âge avait empêché le fils de dire au père la réalité. Il était vrai que nos yeux d'occidentaux voyaient ce problème de façon différente.

Le lendemain du discours sur la «période spéciale», je me suis hasardée au marché où se tenaient surtout des femmes qui venaient vendre les produits qu'elles cultivaient elles-mêmes. J'ai rencontré quelques professeurs que je connaissais. Ils m'ont demandé si les propos tenus au sujet des canadiens étaient véridiques. J'ai répondu que c'étaient là des arguments de persuasion.

Le dialogue à l'africaine

La Côte d'Ivoire a gardé le français comme langue officielle. En Afrique, la langue est un moyen de mobilisation politique et d'unification. C'est aussi le véhicule de la culture. C'est la France qui a colonisé cette partie d'Afrique. Il y a en Côte d'Ivoire une soixantaine de langues vernaculaires qui sont parlées aujourd'hui, mais l'utilisation est restreinte à chaque tribu. La religion officielle de ce pays est le catholicisme, quoiqu'il y ait aussi des musulmans et des protestants. Il y a toujours des adeptes de l'animisme, qui est une religion qui se rapproche du vaudou. Il y a des sorciers et des féticheurs que l'on peut consulter au besoin. La manière de

communiquer dans les villages est encore bien traditionnelle. L'âge d'une personne est important et confère une fonction aux membres du clan qui ont atteint la sagesse. Mais le fils qui est parti en ville est le riche de la famille et il est obligé de partager avec la parenté du village.

Cet épisode m'a fait comprendre qu'avec le médium de la télévision, il avait été possible pour le «vieux» de se comporter en Chef de village traditionnel, et de régler le problème auquel il était confronté en passant par dessus la tête de ceux qui l'entouraient, et d'aller chercher ses appuis dans le pays profond. Est-ce qu'il s'inspirait d'instinct des traditions africaines ou de l'exemple d'Occidentaux illustres comme le Général de Gaulle, qu'il admirait beaucoup, et qui fit la même chose en France dans les grandes crises au cours de sa présidence? Les deux explications sont valables et complémentaires.

Je veux vous dire combien je suis heureuse de partager avec vous ces moments qui me sont chers. Je ne pourrai plus m'en servir comme références puisque cela fait déjà partie de l'autre siècle...il y a des jours où je regrette de n'avoir pas pris la peine de noter les leçons de choses de cette vie en Afrique. ☺

Marthe Deschênes est l'épouse d'un agent du service extérieur. La Côte d'Ivoire était leur quatrième poste.

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Human Security

People only want to live
in peace:
The farmer, just to till his
field unmined;
The tenant, quiet enjoyment
of his lease;
The worker, to be paid in
cash or kind.

Not to wake to pounding at
the door
By ski-masked ethnic
cleansers, gun in hand,
Forcing you to pack and
vacate, or
Be shot in cold blood down,
just where you stand.

Some claim the rights of
States are absolute,
Immune to any challenge
from abroad,
Their own people to abuse,
enslave or shoot,
Without answering to any
under God.

Human security: they say
it's just a fad:
But it's what most human
beings wish they had.

Sam Hanson
Sarajevo, December 3, 2000

Occasional sonneteer **Sam Hanson**
has searched for human security in
Brussels-NATO, Belgrade, Dar-es-
Salaam, Windhoek, Zagreb, the UN
Fifth Committee, and even Ottawa. He
is currently Ambassador in Sarajevo.

Universal Classification Standard (UCS)

What, I hear you asking, is the UCS?

It is a classification standard, a standard to simplify and modernize the 30 year old current classification system with its over 72 occupational groups and over 100 sub groups.

How Can I Help?

I've got a little list

If UCS demands some day that DFAIT cut its staff,
I've got a little list, I've got a little list
of those who scarcely pull their weight, Department's own riffraff,
who never would be missed, they never would be missed.

There's the personnel providers who hold court in Tower B,
who change our staff without our leave, with existential glee,
Divisions who with issues deal, like drunk sommelier,
and then consult late Friday, with a deadline — end of day.
And those who fuss about the style, and on their own insist.
They'd none of them be missed, they'd none of them be missed.

There's the Information Management and Technical sort
that control our cyberspace, I've got them on the list.
For cyberspace's a funny place designed to thwart, abort;
they never would be missed, they never would be missed.
And the colleagues who begin the week requiring Qs and A
for questions that are never asked in Parliament anyway,
And Managers who change a text because "it's not quite right",
but in fact who change the bloody text because they're not too bright,
and the colleague who goes out at lunch and comes back really pissed,
I don't think they'd be missed, I'm sure they'd not be missed.

There's DFAIT's Senior Mandarins, the boffins on floor eight
and all their motley crew. I've got them on my list.
And the people who defer to them and never remonstrate,
they never would be missed, they never would be missed.
Then the Ministers, not one but five, who really are quite "hip"
All five are quite bilingual and show such leadership;
for when a team is chosen by our venerable PM,
his candidates are chosen with a careful stratagem.
Then there's Himself, the PM, whose inclined to reminisce,
I've got him on the list, do you think that he'd be missed?

Terry Jones
With thanks to W. S. Gilbert

Terry Jones is in his 36th year with DFAIT. During that time he enjoyed assignments abroad in Australia, Trinidad & Tobago, Ghana, Denmark, Tanzania, Jamaica, as well as several varied assignments at Headquarters, including his present assignment to the East Africa Bureau.

Hanoi Sojourn: An Opera House Reborn

Photos and story by Bob Paquin

She would not be the first one to admit it, but, perhaps what drew Louise Buhler to the Hanoi Opera House was the unique space it created, which was at once both architecturally charming, yet ghostly and timeless. Like the opera house in Manaus, Brazil, the raising of which was so dramatically described in the Werner Herzog film *Fitzcarraldo*, this structure was meant to be a beacon of civilization in an uncultured, end-of-empire outpost. Originally built in 1911, under French colonial administration, and having undergone little maintenance and suffered much history in the intervening years, the Hanoi Opera House has just been restored to sparkling good health.

Louise, a Canadian aid worker, first came to Hanoi in 1982, and visited regularly on working trips until she took up residence in the city in 1996. Whenever she had the opportunity, she always stopped by the Opera

House, just in case a performance was on. Prior to the pre-perestroika/renovation Communist political liberalization of 1989, Vietnam was, and had been for years, a very closed society. During the mid-80s, the only

foreign artists permitted to enter the country and offer public performances were fifth-rate Russian dance and classical music ensembles, who were usually as poorly off as the members of the Vietnamese audience.



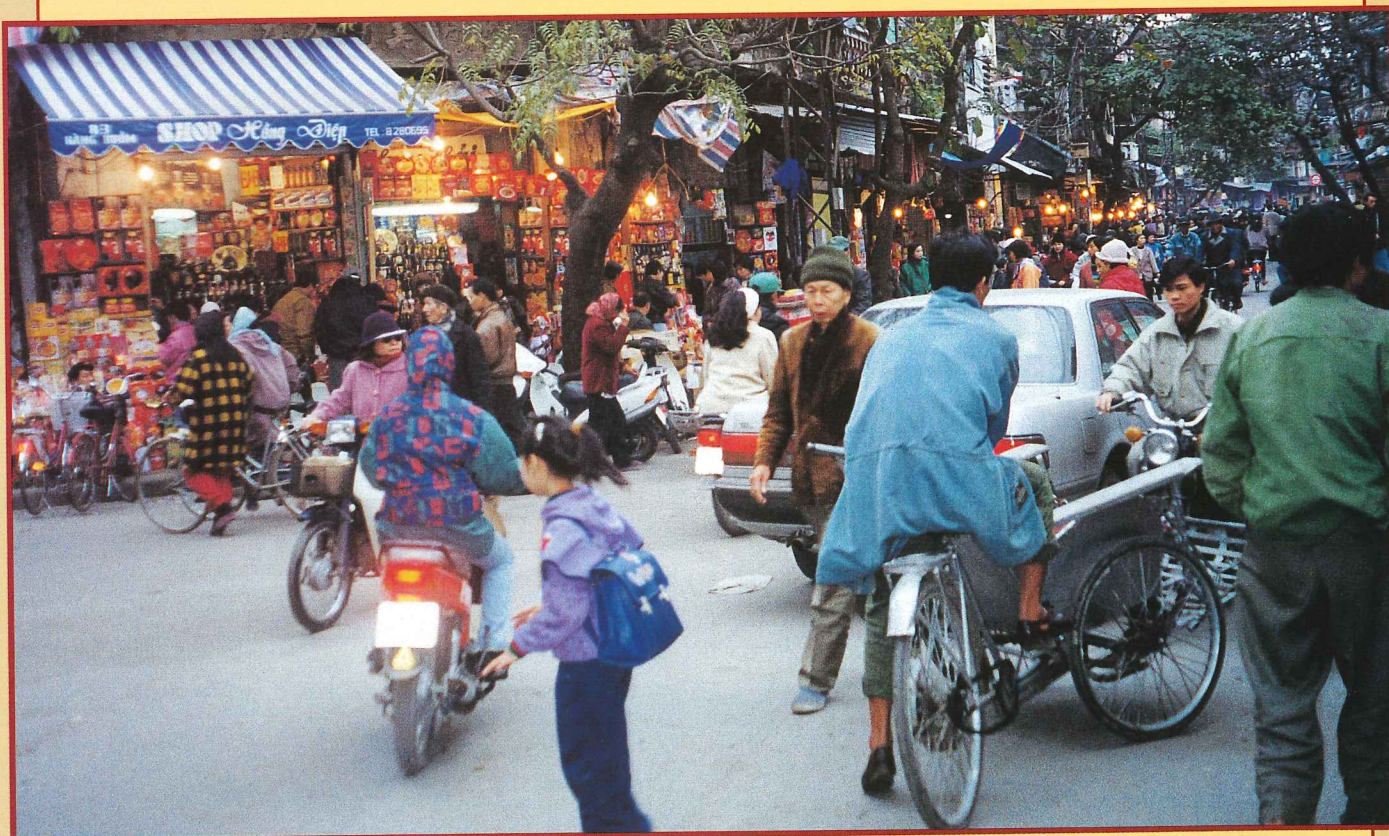
Hanoi's Art Market

Vietnam's growing art industry, which has been the subject of much foreign and domestic interest over the past several years, especially in Southeast Asia, has been suffering somewhat of a decline. The art market is very much tied to the tourist trade, and the decreasing inflow of the past couple of years has been reflected in slow sales among the city's numerous galleries. Several have claimed that the appearance of fakes of the works of well-known artists have damaged the trade, particularly when it became known, as was reported in the *Vietnam News*, that copies of two paintings by Nguyen Sang and Bui Xuan Phai were sold at Sotheby's and Christie's auctions in Singapore. The fact that the Vietnamese currency, the Dong, has not devalued, and that prices, usually quoted in US\$, have not come down from the peak reached in 1997, has also not helped. However, everything is relative, and there are still bargains to be had.

As was previously mentioned, Trang Tien Street is one of two main focal points for shopping and admiring the fruits of the city's many artists. Countless galleries, large and small, are tucked away along the main avenue, and up along narrow side streets. Upscale art, and prices, may be found in the gallery in the Metropole Hotel. The venerable and sprawling Capital Gallery (45 Trang Tien St, Tel: 844-257-040) offers a wide selection of artists' work, spread over several floors.

The largest stretch of galleries runs along the connecting Hang Gai and Hang Bong Streets, in the city's wonderful Old Quarter. Sharing space with dusty antique stalls, traditional embroidery shops, and every other conceivable trade, this long line of galleries is an art lover's paradise. Finest of the lot is the lovely Apricot Gallery (40B Hang Bong St, Tel: 844-288-965), which includes two floors of muted lighting, and highly priced but exquisite products, whereas Thanh Mai Art Gallery (64 Hang Gai St, Tel: 844-251-618) offers an extensive variety of high quality work, but in a more humble setting.

Most galleries exhibit five to ten works of a handful of the more famous younger artists, such as Nguyen Tan Cuong, Dao Hai Phong, and Nguyen Thanh Binh, as well as a selection by lesser-knowns. Gallery managers generally sell their paintings on commission, and negotiations typically reach a stage where the artists, or their families, need to be reached by telephone to agree to a final price. Prices for these younger stars currently range from US\$250-600, but other pieces can be had for much less. But, given the recent state of the art market, and the slump in the currencies of the region, surely a reckoning is close at hand.



*Classical evenings
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violently evicted
in 1954.*

Tickets were freely given, and Hanoians readily occupied the hard wooden seats. Hot in summer, cold in winter, the Opera House gave back as good as it got. Dust rose in clouds as people filled the stalls, mumble and clatter echoing off the peeling paint and dingy finery. But this did not detract, as a certain magic happened which captured Louise's heart. Taking their cue from the grandeur of the setting, however deeply buried beneath its layered grime, the citizens of Hanoi dug out from their trunks and closets, from beneath ancestral beds, the garments deemed appropriate for occasions such as this. Some in top hats, others in dresses with bustles, most in frock coats, the audience invariably entered the venue in a haphazard and patched pageant of mismatched and proudly worn elegance from various bygone eras.

However, the ghosts have been banished, as the Vietnamese government has given the Opera House a thorough, top-to-bottom scrubbing. The place now sparkles "like a rare diamond in this very poor country", as described by Mr. Ho Thieu Tri, the overseas Vietnamese-French architect who directed the \$14 million restoration.

The timing of the project was planned in order to showcase the building during the summit of the Francophonie in November, 1997. But, while the government imported

the appropriate and necessary Italian and French artisans and materials, national pride demanded that it refuse financial assistance from the French. This obstinacy did not go unnoticed, particularly at a time when the pounding received in the southern delta by Hurricane Diane had led to tremendous hardship, homelessness, and loss of life. In fact, the midnight oil had been burning fiercely, and the restoration was only partially complete when a summit-related state function took place therein. A recent tour demonstrated that it is still a work-in-progress, but what a job they've done.

Modelled on L'Odeon de Paris, the Opera House sits amidst a swirl of traffic, with six busy roads radiating away in all directions. Trang Tien Street, the main avenue drawing away from the front steps, is a stately, tree-lined processional road, and leads a few blocks down past the lovely oval of Hoan Kiem Lake (Lake of the Restored Sword is a wonderful legend involving the mid-fifteenth century Emperor Le Loi and a giant golden tortoise with divine powers). Surrounding the Opera House are several upscale restaurants, the charming colonial Metropole Hotel, and a curious variety of chic art galleries, small appliance repair shops, rundown book shops, and other assorted clutter. A huge Hilton Hotel has sprouted up immediately beside the Opera House, but otherwise, the area remains resolutely, and captivately, Vietnamese in its democratic mix of rich and poor land usage.

Most of the administrative and cultural buildings erected by the French were painted with that combination of dusty yellow with white trim that one finds throughout Indochina, and the Opera House sports a fresh exterior coat. Topped by a gray slate roof, the edifice is almost imposing in its square and sturdy, forthright bulk. The columns running up the front speak of imperial strength, but the details and the finishing have a sensuous side which soften and enhance the overall impact, without becoming frivolous. This is not a wedding cake, but viewed in the evening, in the rich cast of professional lighting, one feels a certain lightness in being at the foot of a city's special place.

And what a place it's been. Up until the end of World War II, operas and classical music

were performed within for the colonial crowd and the Vietnamese elite. Nationalist forces took over parts of the north in 1947, and President Ho Chi Minh gathered together his first parliament of the newly created Democratic Republic of Vietnam in the hall. The French counterattacked in December of that year, right up the front steps of the building. They flushed out the rebels from their position on the second floor when they ran out of ammunition, and later executed them. In fact, restoration architect Mr. Tri was at pains to maintain and highlight a couple of French bullet holes in the mirrors of one grand room, in order to tangibly remind visitors of recent stark history.

Classical evenings returned with the French in 1947; however, the Communist Party replaced the opera parties when the colonial government was finally and violently evicted in 1954. Youth meetings, political plays, and Vietnamese music filled the hall for years, along with a few corporate cocktail parties in the early 1990s, until the government closed it for the restoration in 1995.

*Mr. Tran Trong
Hung, Director of the
Opera House, and a
composer in his own
right, has ambitious
plans for his charge.*

Entering by the front stairs, one meets a grand white marble staircase which leads to the foyer, before the actual hall. To one side are a pair of stately, high-ceilinged rooms, graced with long windows, bolts of fine red drapery, and ounce upon ounce of delicately applied gold leaf-trimming. To one side is an exquisite green marble fireplace, and on the floors are stunning tile mosaics.

While many older Opera Houses were small enough to be characterized as intimate, with just over 300 seats this one is positively personal. The hard wooden seats have been



cleaned up and given plush red velvet cushioning, and every one has a perfect view of the stage. The walls are ornate and a joy to behold, but the domed ceiling is a spectacle: a mildly subdued riot of gold leaf, sparkling chandelier, and rendered blue sky soaring like the music from below.

As well as Western classical music, the Opera House also serves as a venue for traditional classical Vietnamese groups, pop, and even karaoke nights.

The original stage has been replaced with one more modern, and sound and lighting systems befitting the 1990s have been

installed. The orchestra pit has been sufficiently enlarged such that full orchestras might perform, and the Royal Swedish Orchestra graced the stage shortly after the Francophonie summit. Orchestras from Australia, Italy, and the US are booked to perform over the next few months.

Mr. Tran Trong Hung, Director of the Opera House, and a composer in his own right, has ambitious plans for his charge. He has high hopes for collaboration with Vietnam's Southeast Asian neighbours, and hopes to be in a position to invite the Singapore Symphony Orchestra to perform in the near future. No "house band" exists as yet, but Mr. Hung also plans to establish a resident orchestra.

As well as Western classical music, the Opera House also serves as a venue for traditional classical Vietnamese groups, pop, and even karaoke nights. To date, most Western classical events have been sponsored by and arranged in conjunction with foreign embassies, where tickets are distributed by invitation only. However, plans are afoot to open up and offer tickets for musical events with a two-tier price breakdown: less for locals, lots for tourists. During

the early years of the economic liberalization in the early 1990s, the product launches and cocktail parties occasionally led to what were considered excesses, such as the huge Coke bottle balloons found floating from the front steps during one memorable product launch. While willing to entertain corporate sponsorship for certain events, as arts venues do the world over, Mr. Hung says: "No more Coke parties".

As with Singapore's Raffles Hotel, the restoration has stirred some controversy, and some are not entirely happy with losing part of the glory that seems to have been entwined with the grime. Choosing not to tamper with her ghostly memories of the Opera House's former dusty self, Louise Buhler has chosen not to visit during its current incarnation. However, she has made a start on a collection of the work of some of the city's finer artists, and so continues to engage with the deeply felt heart of the place. ☺

Bob Paquin is DFAIT Desk Officer for Burma, Malaysia, Singapore and Brunei, formerly based in Singapore with the CIDA Regional Program. Chicago, St. Louis, Edmonton and Ottawa.

HOLDING THE LINE IN TEXAS:

On the Rio Grande with the US Border Patrol

Photos and story by John Morrow

In April of 1999, Canadian Consul John Morrow spent a week walking, flying boating, and driving the border between Texas and Mexico with agents of the US Border Patrol. By night, by day, and even by infrared light, he witnessed first hand the efforts made to control undocumented aliens crossing the border. All statistics quoted in this article were supplied by the Border Patrol in April 1999.

The border between Texas and Mexico stretches for some 1,200 miles and in most places the land is desolate and dry, void of human habitation, visited only by those trying to cross the border unnoticed and the United States Border Patrol. Along the banks of the Rio Grande River, both the hunters and the hunted play a waiting game, guessing and second guessing where the illicit cargos, ranging from drugs

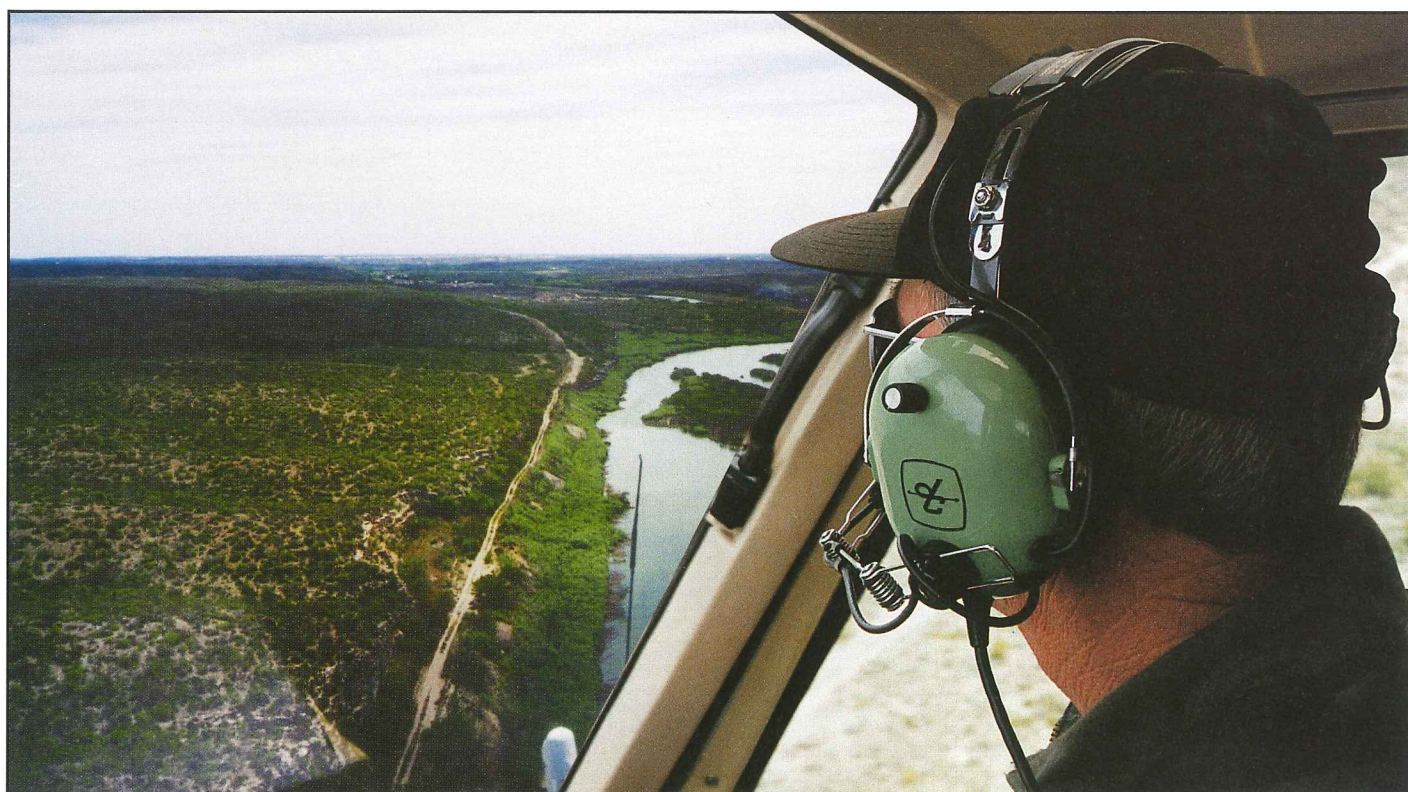
to illegal aliens, will cross once the sun goes down.

Contrary to many people's expectations, the Rio Grande does not form much of a physical barrier. While its waters do claim some lives each year, particularly in the spring when it runs fast and deep, in many places it can be crossed quickly and safely, often simply by wading. The river is, in fact, the least of the worries of those seeking illicit entry into the United States from Mexico.

In many spots the water flows slowly, and the banks are close together and easily accessible. Enterprising smugglers from the Mexican side have cut back the brush in many places and improved the river bank to provide easy access to the water for boats, rafts, horses, and people with inner tubes. From a Border Patrol helicopter, it is easy to see both the narrowness of the river in some places, as well as the relatively undeveloped country around much of the river. By early summer there will be places on the Rio Grande where illegal migrants could simply walk across.

Many of those seeking to cross the border illegally cannot swim, so flotation devices like inner tubes are invaluable to assist in the crossing. Whenever the Border Patrol comes across an inner tube on the northern bank, it is almost certain that a crossing has recently occurred. In order to prevent repeated use of these inner tubes, each one that is found is cut up. The river bank is littered with slashed inner tubes, deflated rafts and the like. In addition to these low tech flotation aids, some smugglers use horses or homemade boats to facilitate the crossing. In the McAllen Sector, along a short stretch of river, the remains of as many as a half-dozen small homemade boats litter the northern bank, destroyed by the Border Patrol during regular sweeps of the river.

Once across the river, the terrain varies from green scrub brush to rocky desert. One thing that never seems to vary, however, is the sheer unfriendliness of the landscape. Every plant seems to sprout long, jagged



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thorns; loose rocks and craggy cliffs make travelling the desolate trails dangerous even in daylight. Heat, lack of water, omnipresent bugs, and the occasional rattlesnake make the trip perilous; dozens of illegals die every year from heatstroke, drowning, and other such misadventures.

The sheer number of aliens crossing the border continues to grow and the Border Patrol has grown as well. In the Del Rio sector, one of five Border Patrol sectors in Texas, 131,058 aliens were apprehended in 1998 (more than 350/day), an increase of 16 percent over the previous year. Of these, only 1,342 were classified as Other Than Mexicans (OTMs), but this represented an 80 percent increase over 1997. El Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras were the primary points of origin of these OTMs.

The Laredo sector, the largest Border Patrol sector in Texas, recorded 103,433 apprehensions in 1998, down from 141,887 in 1997. This decrease was largely explained by a movement away from Laredo, caused by the intense enforcement activity underway in that sector as part of Operation Rio Grande.

The intensity of the enforcement activity taking place around San Diego, El Paso, and now Laredo has forced the smugglers to take their illegal migrants into the Del Rio sector and into Arizona. The high enforcement operations have proven very effective, but also very manpower intensive. The Border Patrol relies heavily on high-tech equipment, including helicopters and "scope" trucks using infrared cameras, but in the end someone has to be there on the ground to take the aliens into custody.

The amount of traffic is easily seen from the air. Given that there are no livestock herds and there is no reason for people to be in this remote area, well-worn trails are clearly being made by large groups of illegal aliens and drug smugglers. During the day the heli-

copter patrols look for such trails and direct ground units to those which look fresh.

The impact of illegal immigration in the southwest, particularly Texas, is tremendous. In 1996, the Immigration and Naturalization Service estimated that 5 million illegal aliens were living in the US, of whom 700,000 were living in Texas, a state with a population of approximately 20 million. Many industries, including the construction, farming, and hospitality industries, depend heavily on illegal workers in order to stay in business. While many people complain about the costs of illegal immigration, few seem willing to put in place employer sanctions to punish those who provide the illegals with jobs.

In addition to illegal aliens, the Border Patrol is finding itself increasingly called upon to combat the flow of drugs into Texas. Seizures of drugs are up, with a dramatic increase in the amount of cocaine being seized. In Del Rio, more than US\$41 million worth of drugs were seized during 1998, a 12 increase over 1997. This included 41,000 pounds of marijuana and almost 900 pounds of cocaine. The Laredo sector recorded some US\$248 million worth of drug seizures in 1998, up from \$239 million the year before. Over 112,000 pounds of marijuana and 4,800 pounds of cocaine were seized.

Border Patrol agents usually patrol alone, through desolate and remote country. While



the majority of the illegal aliens encountered do not resist arrest, the same cannot be said for the increasing numbers of drug smugglers being encountered. In the Del Rio sector in 1998, there were 12 assaults and armed encounters involving 17 violators and 26 agents. Surprisingly, given the increased amount of smuggling, this represented a 48 percent drop in attacks on agents.

Aliens who are caught, usually several hundred a night in each station area, are processed and have their photos and fingerprints digitally recorded in a Border Patrol computer database. Those who are Mexican nationals are generally detained until there are enough to make a busload; then they are taken to a border Point of Entry and released to walk back across the bridge to Mexico. Nationals of countries other than Mexico face a more elaborate process, since their return to their countries of origin is not so simply arranged.

As the US government seeks new ways to stem the flow of illegal migrants from Mexico and Latin America, the resources of the Border Patrol are stretched thin along the border. The official line remains that the goal is to end the influx of illegals, but as long as desperate, poor people can look across a thin ribbon of river and know that there are jobs waiting for them there, it is unlikely that they will stop trying their luck. ☺

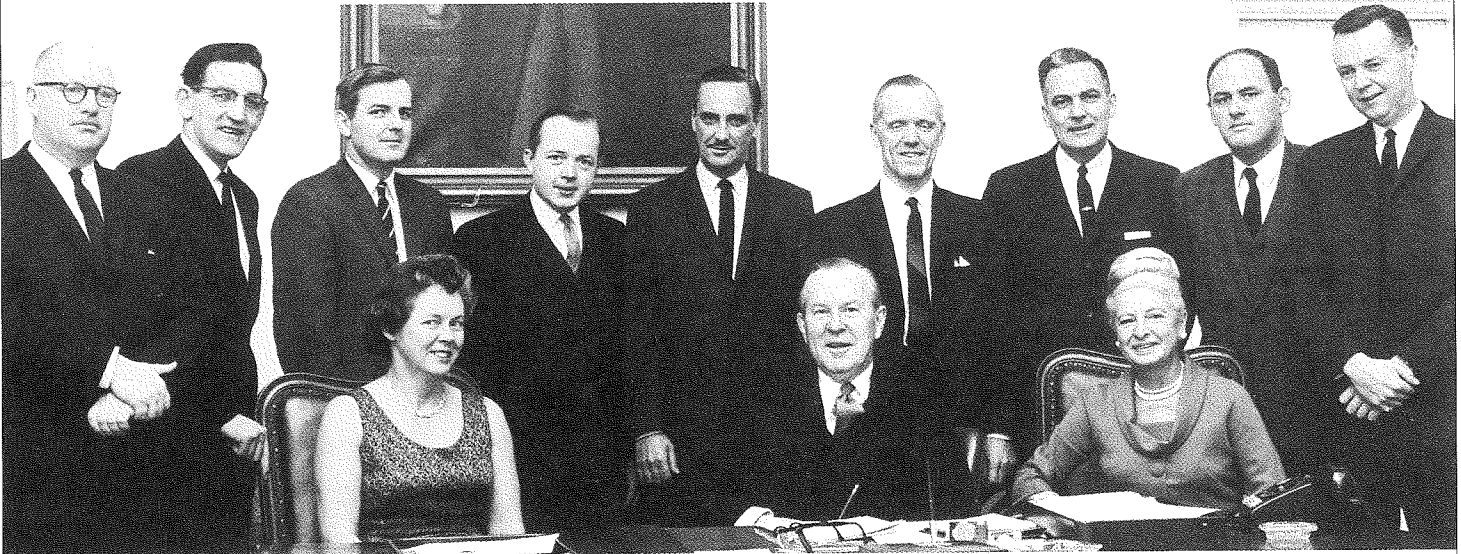
John Morrow is Consul at the Canadian Consulate General in Dallas.



Foreign Policy on the Frontiers: Canada-Burma Relations 1967-71

Meet Paul Martin Sr.

by John Hadwen



PRIME MINISTER'S STAFF — JANUARY 18, 1966 — standing: John G. Hadwen, Robert H. Belanger, Hugh J. Lawford, James A. Coutts, Hal Dornan, John S. Hodgson, Harry B. Stewart, Richard O'Hagen, James L. Wightman. Seated: Mary E. MacDonald, Rt. Hon. L. B. Pearson, Annette Perron.

*Editor's Note: John Hadwen is a retired foreign service officer and a member of the editorial board of **bout de papier**. The circumstances of his first appointment as head of post — as High Commissioner to Malaysia and Singapore as well as Ambassador to Burma (now Myanmar) — are described below in an extract from an unpublished manuscript entitled "Foreign Policy on the Frontiers: Canada-Burma Relations 1967-71." Hadwen's long and distinguished career also included service as Ambassador to Afghanistan and Pakistan and as High Commissioner to India and Ambassador to Nepal. However, this extract features Hadwen's work with the Secretary of State for External Affairs, Paul Martin, Sr., and the curious process whereby the latter eventually agreed to send the former abroad.*

Hector Mackenzie

As a career foreign service officer I judged it was time for me to be posted abroad in 1967; however, it was not at all clear that I would be able to go anywhere. I had been working since 1964 in the office of the Secretary of State for External Affairs, the Honourable Paul Martin, with an additional responsibility for

the management of material going to and from Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson. But could I leave my work for the foreign minister, Paul Martin?

We had begun our direct association when I was suddenly summoned early in 1964 from Norway to be interviewed in Paris. My wife and I flew there and were installed in the Plaza Athénée. I was told to report to Mr. Martin at breakfast in a still more exclusive and expensive hotel. I knew there was some kind of new assignment in the air, amongst other reasons, because I had written a memorandum to Ottawa, unrelated to the work I was doing as chargé d'affaires in Oslo, Norway, to the effect that as a department we were neglecting the function of speech writing for the minister. Its central thesis was that when all was said and done it was what the minister said publicly that established our foreign policy. No matter how significant our foreign political analysis might be it didn't matter very much if it was not reflected in what the foreign minister said. I can't recall why I wrote the memo, but it apparently arrived in Ottawa at a moment when there was an urgent requirement for some improvement in the way material was prepared for the minister. Mr. Martin wanted to speak often and on many subjects.

At breakfast Mr. Martin and I had a pleasant chat of no particular direction at the end of which he asked me "Do you want to become a bishop?" This was one of his tactics to use expressions with many meanings to provoke those he was with. My reply was that I was ready for a new challenge although I didn't want or expect to be a cleric. Martin said nothing else and I returned to my wife saying that something, I did not know what, was certainly afoot. A negotiation followed and within two weeks I was back in Ottawa assigned to work on speeches for the minister.

I was not given any specific title or clearly defined responsibility but I was put into an office near the minister and became part of his team. I then embarked on a most complicated process of inserting myself into the speech writing process. After a confused and indeed agonizing period in which I produced many unused texts I became an established member of Mr. Martin's office. It would be possible to write a whole essay on that process alone.

By 1967 I had become something of a friend of Mr. Martin's. He and I got along well together even though he was by any standard a most difficult and demanding person. I traveled with him on almost all his visits to the UN, to NATO and to Commonwealth and other meetings abroad and I managed his office through a long series

of crises from 1964 to 1967. However, by 1967 I realized it was time for me to return to the more normal structure of the foreign ministry and in particular to take an assignment abroad. I mentioned this to Mr. Martin and his immediate response was that there was no possibility of my being released. In fact, he went on to ask me whether I would take charge of his campaign for the leadership of the Liberal party. Throughout my time in his office I had been able to maintain the principle that I was responsible for foreign policy affairs and that others had a domestic political role to play in support of Mr. Martin's objectives. So, I was surprised that he would have begun to look ahead to a different role altogether for me. I resisted Mr. Martin's overtures. When I made my point to the department, their general response was that I would have to work things out with Mr. Martin. This produced an uneasy situation and I found myself very much in a state of flux. Of course, the workload in the Minister's office rolled on with pressure each day to service the Minister's role in the House of Commons and to organize his participation in functions inside and outside Canada.

Then, a strange circumstance began to occupy the Minister. At the post in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, a dispute developed over the need to purchase an official residence. For a number of years we had made do with a relatively small house for our head of mission, which was rented and had a number of disadvantages. The effort had been started to find an alternative when the existing head of mission settled on a site in the centre of town. The property was so large and the house so big that Treasury Board and the other authorities in Ottawa refused to consider it. The head of post eventually then advised that if the department was unable to purchase this property he would offer his resignation. This kind of issue seldom came before Mr. Martin, but there was no alternative when both sides to the dispute stuck to their positions. In fact, the head of post did indeed resign. I was involved in the handling of the communications on the matter but, took no part in the discussions. When the decision was finally taken that the post would become vacant I applied for it. I did so by informing the department that I thought this was a suitable assignment for me and by telling Mr. Martin. He continued to press me to stay with him more or less indefinitely but I held out. Eventually a memorandum came up to Mr. Martin that listed my name opposite Kuala Lumpur, a listing with about 15 other proposed appointments.

The procedure was that once the department had made its recommendations, it was up to Mr. Martin to take the list up to the Prime Minister and obtain his approval. He

was expected to do this personally which involved going with this document 20 yards down the hall between the Foreign Minister's office and the Prime Minister's office in the Centre Block of the House of Commons. Mr. Pearson was, although this is again another story, very careful to respect Mr. Martin's position. He seldom made unilateral changes to Mr. Martin's recommendations and, although there were tensions between the two men, in fact, they got along very well.

In this case Mr. Martin seemed to refuse to approach Mr. Pearson. He used to say that he wasn't going to recommend any of us if it meant that I would leave his office. I doubt he meant that, but that is what he said. The result was that this memorandum rose to the top of his in basket for discussion with Mr. Pearson and then fell to the bottom. I would bring it forward and, in response to the undersecretary's request, urge him to take it to the Prime Minister, but he refused to do so. The situation was beginning to have adverse effects on the plans for the department to service its relations for a number of governments and was also beginning to create some personal problems for the individuals on the list who had been told they were recommended for an assignment abroad but could not, of course, make any plans until the government's deci-

sion was taken. I suggested to the undersecretary, one of the great public servants of my time, Marcel Cadieux, that my name be taken off the list and my position be left to be negotiated later in the hope that this would make it possible for the list as a whole to go forward. I don't know what the undersecretary may have said to Mr. Martin but in the final analysis Mr. Martin summoned me one day and, again, in a typical style said to me: "John, does Malaysia have a common border with Vietnam?" I was taken aback because I had not presumed to do any preparations for the possible posting and frankly I did not really know whether Malaysia had a common border with Vietnam. Vietnam, of course, was one of the major preoccupations of Mr. Martin and of the Canadian Government in this period. We would spend a good part of each day considering what positions Mr. Martin and Mr. Pearson would take on events connected with the war in Vietnam. So, I responded: "No Mr. Martin, Malaysia does not have a common border with Vietnam", and then when I had a quiet moment later I checked the Atlas and found that I was correct. It must have been soon after that Mr. Martin got approval for our list and it became established that I would be leaving his office and going to Kuala Lumpur. ☺



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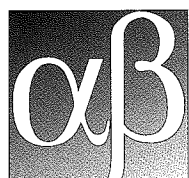
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Good Bye to All of That

by Bill Dymond

A distinguished economist from India once observed that many people in his country believe in the doctrine of reincarnation. Applied to his profession, reincarnation would mean that a good and virtuous economist would be reborn as a moral philosopher while a bad economist would be reborn as a sociologist.

*Yet ideas and beliefs
which owe nothing to
recognized economic
theory still retain
their power to
influence people
and events.*

If only economists practiced bad economics, the situation would be manageable; however, as David Henderson (*Innocence and Design*, Oxford 1986) observes, more than two centuries have passed since the publication of Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations* and trained economists are now well established in government, business and academe. Yet ideas and beliefs which

owe nothing to recognized economic theory still retain their power to influence people and events. He describes the phenomenon as "do it yourself economics" (DIYE).

The free practice of DIYE in the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade (DFAIT) by trade and political officers from all varieties of intellectual discipline clearly points to sociology rather than moral philosophy as the its members' next profession. The following is a brief selection of DIYE howlers encountered over many years, to which I have freely contributed.

Exports Create Jobs

The exports-create-jobs howler is omnipresent in our communications on the benefits of trade and trade agreements. It springs from a persistent mercantilist conception of trade as a zero sum game in which exports are good and imports are bad. Exports then implicitly displace the production and associated employment of other countries not only from export markets but from their domestic markets as well.

There is no theoretical or empirical basis to support this proposition. Trade both creates and destroys employment. Export production draws capital and labour from production destined for the domestic market because the

returns from export markets are more attractive. Imports displace the gaps in domestic production to meet domestic needs, and perform the critical function of determining the most profitable enterprises for the employment of capital and labour. Rising levels of both exports and imports engender structural shifts in employment towards higher value jobs. The result is not more employment but more secure and higher paying jobs because the underlying economic basis is comparative advantage and not protection.

*Accordingly, we argue
that exports increase
employment in
Canada, as Canadian
goods and services
become more compet-
itive in both export
and domestic markets*

The best empirical evidence is found in the economic failure of command and control economies of the former Soviet empire and



China. These economies combined full employment with low exports, steadily declining economic performance and deteriorating standards of living. The strong export performances of many of these countries since the replacement of central planning by market-driven economic policies are associated with rising standards of living and increasing levels of unemployment. Try telling the 17 percent unemployed of Germany's eastern Lander or the hundreds of thousands, if not more, of Chinese workers who are going to get the sack as China adjusts to World Trade Organization (WTO) disciplines, that exports create jobs, then listen for the howls of derision.

Canada's comparative advantage, derived from our human and natural resource endowment, requires economies of scale and specialization, and implies heavy reliance upon imports and exports. Until the Tokyo Round of multilateral trade negotiations, held under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT, 1973-79), Canada pursued a trade policy which eroded growth and employment performance by seeking market access for resource exports while protecting domestic manufacturing from imports to preserve employment. In the aftermath of the Canada-US Free Trade Agreement and the 1995 creation of the WTO, strong Canadian performance has been accompanied not only by rising exports and imports,

but by a rising share of foreign content in Canadian exports. These results are sure signs of the Canadian economy's growing integration into the world economy. They ought to trigger a shift from the exclusive preoccupation with the terms and conditions of Canada's access to export markets to the terms and conditions of Canada's access to imports.

Canada needs foreign investment

The Canada-needs-foreign-investment howler has a long and fallacious pedigree. While none would deny the importance of foreign direct investment (FDI) in Canada, it's important to situate FDI in its overall economic context. In any given year, new net investment in the economy will be primarily financed by corporate and individual domestic savings. Accordingly, increases or decreases in FDI have relatively modest impacts on yearly Canadian economic performance compared to the sizeable economic impact of modest shifts in domestic savings.

The real story is Canada's transformation from an importer to an exporter of FDI.

Historically, the high levels of Canadian tariffs and other trade protection under the Sir John A. Macdonald's national policy provided a major incentive for domestic FDI, especially in manufacturing. Production in Canada was frequently the only way open to foreign producers to achieve access to the Canadian market. This type of investment within a small, highly-protected market produced a fragmented, inefficient, uncompetitive industrial base which persisted well into the 1980s. Successful GATT rounds reduced Canadian protection, thereby steadily eroding the investment incentive for domestic market production. The FTA conveyed the National Policy's tariff component to the dustbin by eliminating tariff incentives to invest in Canada. The inevitable result is that investors no longer need to invest in Canada to sell here. The good old days when Canada, especially Ontario, was dotted with small-scale replicas of European and US plants producing for the domestic market are gone.

The real story is Canada's transformation from an importer to an exporter of FDI. In 1991, FDI imports exceeded exports by \$26 billion; in 1994, the difference was \$11 billion. In 1997, outward foreign investment

exceeded FDI into Canada by \$8 billion. This difference grew to \$22 billion one year later. While, by 1999, inward FDI was greater than outward FDI, the long-term-trend seems unlikely to be reversed. This is a good news story all around — it means that Canadian companies are expanding rapidly into global markets — as demonstrated by the rapidly growing share of exports in gross domestic product. They're following the path blazed by successful European and American companies: mergers, acquisitions, and green-field investment in other countries to acquire the technology, markets, managerial skills and access to critical imports that are the keys to growth. More power to them.

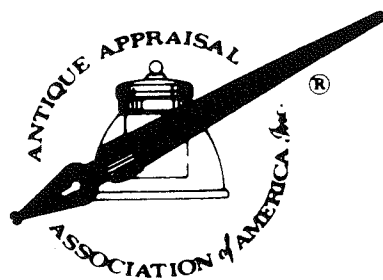
Notwithstanding these significant changes in the "economy" of investment, Canadian official and political attitudes are stuck in a time warp. Our investment policy prism remains resolutely import-blinkered. Whether the public mood is suspicious of FDI, as during the days of the federal Foreign Investment Review Agency, or welcoming as with Investment Canada, the focus is inward investment: how to control it when we are worried about having too much; and how do we get more when we think we're not getting our share. The public debate over the late, unlamented Multilateral Agreement on Investment was all about the depredations foreign investors would visit on Canadian innocence; hence our negotiating posture became almost wholly defensive about the sectors of the economy we would keep safe from foreign investors.

The essential point is that capital exports are, in many respects, the matching twin of imports. The logic of free trade (on which successive Canadian governments have embarked) is the reduction of Canadian import protection to zero to provide Canadian producers access to world-priced inputs and technology. Just as Canadian producers need to achieve economies of scale and specialization to compete domestically and internationally, so too they need the freedom to invest in other countries and obtain access to the markets, technology, distribution and supplier networks that foreign investment brings.

The foreign policy implications of shifting the focus from domestic to global investment would be significant. Attracting foreign investment for DFAIT is principally a matter of promotion and consciousness raising, since the fundamental economic determinants lie elsewhere, e.g., tax policy. Protecting capital exports implies an aggressive negotiating strategy towards many countries, notably less developed countries to obtain treaty-bound investment access and protection commitments (that Canada rejected out of hand as unacceptable constraints on sovereign decision making until the FTA).

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Country export figures matter

This howler is bred into the bones of every officer of the department. No country or region briefing, no ministerial visit, no press release, no ministerial transition brief is complete without an observation on bilateral trade flows. (No brief on the European Union omits the groundless claim that it is Canada's second largest trading partner. So what is Japan?) There are at least three reasons why we should dispense with the notion that bilateral trade statistics are relevant measures of economic realities and, even worse, a tool for the making of trade policy.

Firstly, governments have virtually no power to influence bilateral trade (except the residual ability to reduce or prohibit trade for foreign policy reasons, (e.g., Serbia.) Governments have not only abandoned most of the traditional tools designed to regulate trade but bound themselves to multilateral or regional non-discrimination regimes. Governments operate at the margins of bilateral trade by addressing precise trade barriers (e.g., using the WTO to get the Australians to eliminate their illegal prohibition on Canadian salmon exports) or through modest programs of subsidy and market development. But these can only have an infinitesimally small impact on overall trade. To focus on bilateral trade flows is to suggest that governments can or should do something about the state of bilateral trade. The reality is that whatever bilateral trade flows exist, governments are virtually powerless to make them grow faster or to change their composition.

There are at least three reasons why we should dispense with the notion that bilateral trade statistics are relevant measures of economic realities and, even worse, a tool for the making of trade policy.

Secondly, the most dominant companies in global markets increasingly operate globally-integrated production, marketing and procurement systems. To enquire into the purely Canadian origin of exports is to suggest that such companies operate as a series of related but nationally-integrated units. The reality is quite different. For instance, Nortel is inte-

grated across product lines, not country lines. IBM has two major factories in Canada, which have little to do directly with one another but are part of its global network. The national origin of Bombardier's Global Express business jet could be legitimately claimed by at least ten countries. Even national symbols like Air Canada earn the majority of their revenues from international travel. Airplanes, their most important asset, are procured from foreign providers, and their prosperity depends on their ability to attract foreign-origin traffic.

Thirdly, there is a trap awaiting anyone so incautious as to rely on bilateral trade figures as indicators of the strength of a given bilateral relationship. To accept the proposition that bilateral trade figures are relevant is to accept, at the same time, that no country but the United States matters to Canada. Even if a portion of the 85 percent of total Canadian exports absorbed by the US are transshipments to Latin America or other destinations, the point is still moot. If recorded exports to Costa Rica were 10 times higher, they would remain marginal to Canada's economic performance. As used to be said about American attitudes to exports to Canada, our exports to most other countries in the world amount to production on the last shift on Friday afternoon. For all countries but the US, bilateral trade figures are a sign of weakness in the relationship, not strength.

Trade diversification makes economic sense

The trade diversification howler is by no means a candidate for the endangered species list. Its preferred habitat is found in requests for additional resources to expand trade and in the justification for bilateral trade agreements.

The impact of a decline in the US economy would not only affect Canadian exports to the US but our exports to other markets as well.

The origins of this howler are found in the US share of Canadian trade. The diversification argument — that we rely much too heavily on one market — lacks a basis in economic reality. The American absorptive capacity for Canadian exports is a source of strength, not weakness. The US is the largest, most lucrative and, with a compatible business and legal culture, the most congenial market for

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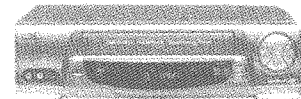
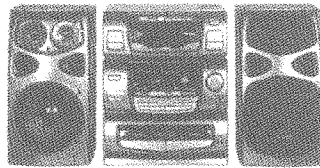
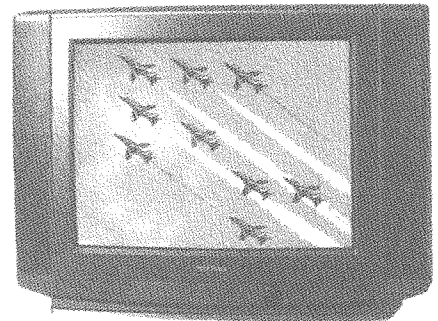
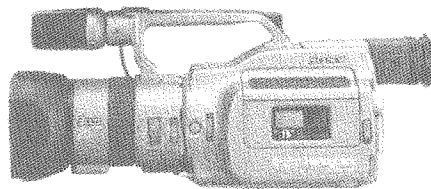
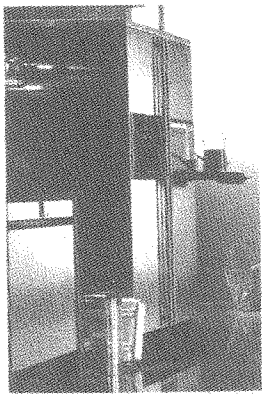
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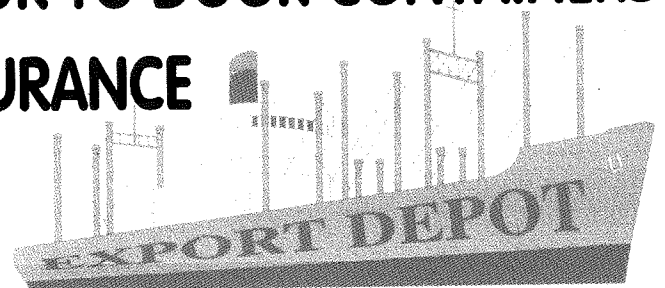
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Canadian traders and investors. Moreover, the concentration of Canadian trade in only

Modest trade diversification might well result, but is not central to the purpose of trade liberalization, which is access to export markets and import sources, wherever they may be found.

a few regions of the US is indicative of the vast, untapped opportunities for growth. To strengthen Canadian economic performance through trade, we should be focusing our efforts on the US and not chasing the chimera of target-market diversification.

Indeed, other countries to which Canadian trade efforts might theoretically be intensified are often highly dependent on the American market. Mexico's trade with the US accounts for 80 percent of its

total merchandise trade. The US is Japan's largest destination for exports and source of imports, accounting for 26 percent of total merchandise trade. Japan's next largest trading partner is China at eight percent. The impact of a decline in the US economy would not only affect Canadian exports to the US but our exports to other markets as well.

Perhaps most importantly, it's difficult to reconcile the goal of trade diversification with that of market liberalization. Trade liberalization is desirable for several reasons: it facilitates productivity gains to be had from specialization and the exploitation of comparative advantage; it allows enterprises to achieve economies of scale by broadening the market beyond the domestic sphere; and it increases competition in the domestic market, forcing domestic industries to be more efficient. Trade diversification as a policy goal confuses trade facilitation with trade policy and is a potential distortion of the broader policy objective of market liberalization. Bilateral and multilateral efforts to break down specific access barriers to Canadian goods and services are necessary for Canadian exporters. These efforts should be seen as an obvious correlative to trade promotion. Modest trade diversification might well result, but is not central to the purpose of trade liberalization, which is access to

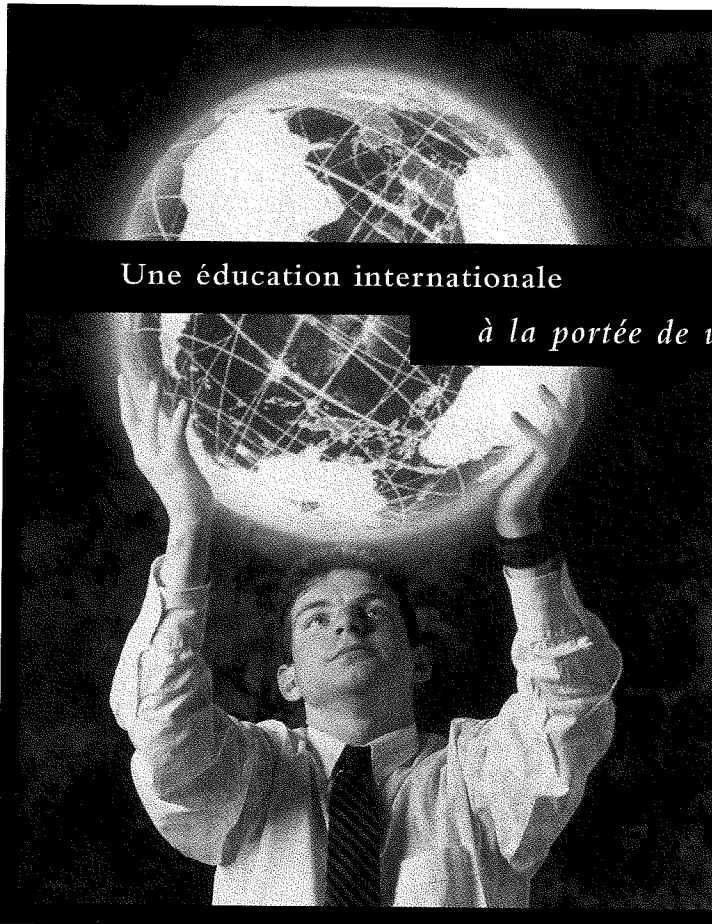
export markets and import sources, wherever they may be found.

The need for plain talk

The admixture of economic myth and reality is an occupational hazard for trade policy practitioners and calls for constant vigilance. Separating spin from reality is no less important. The risk is that spin will inform policy, feed protectionist and mercantilist myths, and weaken Canadians' overwhelming support (shown in polls) for trade liberalization and trade agreements. This is effectively what we do when we argue that trade creates jobs or that Canada is dependent on foreign investment. It is time to strike a new course and argue that the economic future of Canada lies in its continued rapid integration into the global economy.

Look for me to do my part. ☺

Bill Dymond has retired from a long career in the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, in which his last position was as Director General of the Policy Planning Secretariat. He is currently doing his part as the Executive Director of the Centre for Trade Policy and Law at Carleton University/University of Ottawa.



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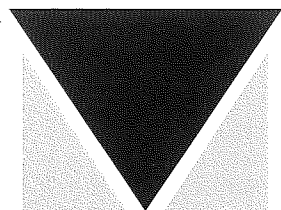
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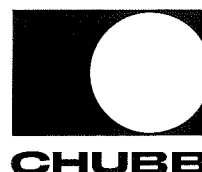
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Editor's Note: *bout de papier* is pleased to present *Notional Unity*, a column about Canadian identity as seen from the outside. Ben Rowswell, who has recently returned to DFAIT from Oxford, inaugurates this space with his thoughts on Canada as a post-modern nation, adapting to the changing natures of institutions and identities in a technological age. Ben presently serves as a policy advisor in the Federal-Provincial Relations Division at the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade. To submit an article for this column, please write to notionalunity@bout.ca.

Lucien Bouchard's resignation in January ended one of the most turbulent decades in Canadian politics. Just more than 10 years ago, his departure from Cabinet and the death of the Meech Lake Accord signalled the beginning of an upheaval that many thought would spell the end for the country as we knew it.

Well, here we are a decade later, still in one piece. Given how gut-wrenching the national unity debate was throughout the previous decade, that should come as some surprise.

We've survived a second failed round of constitutional talks, the election of a sovereigntist party as Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, and six years of tension between a government in Quebec City determined to leave Canada and a government in Ottawa trying to prevent that from happening.

We've witnessed the unprecedented spectacles of the nation's highest court pondering the process of secession, and of Parliament

How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the National Unity Debate

by Ben Rowswell

passing legislation governing how the country would go about dismantling itself.

Worst of all, we've lived through a referendum which produced no winner. Sovereigntists failed to convince a majority of Quebecers to loosen their ties to Canada. Federalists were left with a province in which almost half the population had declared they no longer wanted to be part of the federation.

The nineties were one calamity after another on the constitutional front. How did we survive them? How has Canada defied the odds and stayed together?

The answer may be as startling as it is obvious. Canada survived the nineties because most Quebecers continue to consider themselves Canadian. To be more precise, most Quebecers have two national identities. At last count, in September 1999, more than 75 percent of francophone Quebecers said they felt a sense of personal attachment to both Quebec and Canada.

That Quebecers have more than one identity is not much of a surprise. Everyone has more than one identity — as a member of their family, their religion, their town, their profession, and so on. At the end of the day, however, you're only supposed to have one national identity. Nations are commonly understood as groups that either are or aspire to be independent. For an individual to feel attachment to two groups that both aspire to independence sounds like the political equivalent of multiple personality disorder.

God knows leaders on both sides have tried to convince Quebecers to shed one of their national identities in favour of the other. Ottawa tried through official bilingualism. Improve the lot of individual

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Quebecers within Canada and they would no longer feel compelled to press their collective demands as Quebecers. Or allow them to press their collective demands, as multiculturalism would have it, but only in the cultural field, so that the only legitimate collective political goals are those of Canadians as a whole.

Quebec City tried to do the same by dwelling on the precarious state of the only French-speaking jurisdiction in North America, and by suggesting the only way to protect it was to jettison Canadian identity.

Both strategies failed to induce Quebecers to adopt a single national identity.

These twin failures bookended the last decade. Meech Lake may have been the last chance to forge a single conception of what Canada stands for in the minds of all of its citizens. Bouchard's resignation was an open admission that the most charismatic leader in Quebec politics couldn't foster a solitary Quebec identity. As he explained during his resignation speech, "Je me résous à ouvrir aux membres du Parti québécois la possibilité de se donner un chef qui saura mieux que moi... intensifier le sens identitaire du peuple québécois..." If the most charismatic leader in a generation could not convince Quebecers to abandon their Canadian identity, it's hard to imagine who can.

The efforts to reduce the identity of Quebecers to a single attachment to either Quebec or to Canada flowed from the assumption that to have one national identity is to betray the other. This fear arises from accepting the central tenet of nationalism, that each nation is entitled to a state.

Suspend that assumption — something that is far easier to do in an age marked by the declining relevance of states — and it's possible to understand how individuals can belong to more than one nation. If what nations aspire to is not necessarily independence but the right to pursue their own collective political goals, then to have more than one national identity is to aspire to the goals of different groups.

This is perfectly feasible as long as collective goals do not contradict one another. Let's say, for argument's sake, that the primary collective aspiration of Quebecers is to preserve the use of the French language in their public life, and that the primary collective aspiration of Canadians is the co-existence of many different cultural and linguistic groups within an harmonious whole. One goal need not contradict the other.

If there is a lesson to all the constitutional pain we lived through in the 1990s, it's that plural national identities are here to stay.

Fortunately for us, that doesn't seem to be the end of the story.

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Unable to make Quebecers choose a single national identity, leaders on both sides are slowly being forced to take the other identity into account. Faced with lack of support for independence, Quebec's gov-

ernment is obliged to find ways of protecting the French language within the context of confederation. Faced with a population in Quebec that identifies strongly with Quebec City, the federal government is obliged to allow considerable leeway to provincial governments as it pursues goals sought by all Canadians.

As leaders adjust to the reality of plural national identities, they are pushing Canada's longstanding experiment in group co-existence one step further.

First, with the Quebec Act of 1774 and the British North America Act of 1867, we learned how to tolerate different group identities. Then, with the advent of bilingualism and multiculturalism, we learned how to celebrate them as long as a single national identity prevailed. When it became clear that no single national identity was emerging, we had to go beyond multiculturalism to learn how to reconcile the collective political demands of different nations within the state.

It is the constitutional stalemate of the nineties that has forced this learning process on us. In passing the Clarity Act, Parliament implicitly accepted that the collective demands of Canadians do not necessarily trump the collective demands of Quebecers, if a clear majority choose (in a

referendum based on a clear question) to leave Canada.

Likewise, as the goal of independence recedes sovereignists are forced to accept that Quebecers continue to express collective political demands not only as Quebecers but as Canadians as well.

In surviving the nineties, Canada has somehow found a way to have two national identities co-exist in the same political system. We cannot ignore the national goals of Quebecers because they are an important part of what Canada is. And Quebec cannot ignore the national goals of Canadians because Canada is an important part of who they are.

All this is little comfort to Canadians weary of the struggle of the past decade. It is nevertheless of increasing interest to outsiders facing similar challenges. This is unfamiliar territory for us Canadians. Others interested in our political problems?

Yet countries writing new constitutions are seeking out Canadian constitutional lawyers to tap into our experience in reconciling group demands. Others are poring over the 1998 Supreme Court ruling. Federal governments have taken to the Canadian-sponsored Forum of Federations to share their experiences with similar problems.

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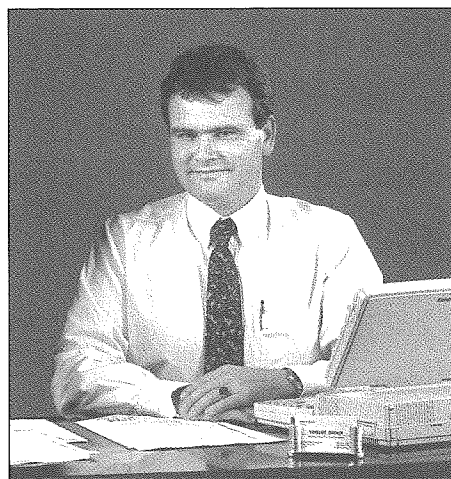


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Canada, after all, is not alone in seeking to preserve its existence as a nation as other nations within make competing demands on individual identities. Many nations are under threat from below as secessionist movements proliferate. Nations in Europe are under threat from above as European Union integration generates a new, continental identity. And everyone worries that the global spread of American culture will homogenize identities the world over.

In the age of globalization, countries search for ways their national identities can co-exist with other demands on individual loyalties. Having survived an advanced case of plural national identity, Canada is a test case for the political dynamics of globalization.

What is it that has allowed Canada to maintain a single political system with at least two national identities? Granting each national group its own government with substantial powers to protect identity? A mutual commitment to avoid violence and the polarization it causes? A common language of democratic rights? A cultural predisposition to group co-existence, that element that Quebec historian Jocelyn Létourneau calls "canadianité?"

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The jury is out, but one thing is clear: the lesson of the past decade's constitutional crisis is that plural national identities are here to stay. That Canada has survived suggests that it is possible for one political system to accommodate them.

The reference to Dr. Strangelove in the title may be facetious. There is not much to love in the national unity debate, but at least something useful may come from all the worrying. ☺

Ben Rowsell joined the Canadian Foreign Service in 1993. He has recently completed two years at Oxford University, where he earned a Master's degree for his research on Quebec's international relations and the implications for Canadian sovereignty.

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RAISING EYEBROWS: AN UNDIPLOMATIC MEMOIR

by Peter Roberts

The following extract is reproduced with the permission of The Golden Dog Press, Ottawa. Raising Eyebrows: An Undiplomatic Memoir by Peter Roberts is presented as a series of remembered highlights from Mr. Roberts' remarkable career. Posted to some of the most historically significant, interesting and turbulent locations of the last half of the 20th century, Peter Roberts "operated" in China and Viet Nam, was with Canada's mission to NATO in Brussels, and enjoyed the distinction of ambassadorial rank in Moscow and Bucharest.



Peter with some of his grandchildren

A Party for Trudeau

In February 1984 Prime Minister Trudeau came to Moscow for the funeral of Yuri Andropov, General Secretary of the Communist Party of the USSR. I was the Canadian ambassador. Unlike the funeral which followed it (that of Chernyenko, the last GenSec before Gorbachev, that one attended by our new PM, Mulroney), this was no ordinary funeral. Andropov had a twisted history. He was Soviet ambassador in Hungary at the time of the Soviet suppression of the Hungarian revolution in 1956, with many deaths, including those of the two heroic Hungarian revolutionary leaders, Nagy and Maletier. He was widely held to blame for it. What nonsense! As though ambassadors had that kind of power. The whole thing was orga-

nized by the KGB and executed (the right word) by the glorious Red Army.

Andropov returned from his duties in Hungary and after doing several other jobs, was made chairman of the KGB. I had some direct information about him while he was at that post. He showed a Russian colleague of mine the hand of friendship, something for which previous heads of the KGB, the NKVD, the OGPU and the CHEKA had not been remarkable. Then, following the death of Leonid Brezhnev, the Central Committee "elected" him General Secretary of the party. (At that time there were no such thing as real elections in the Soviet Union, not even in the Central Committee. Everything was rigged in advance by the power-holders.) Thus Andropov came to the pinnacle of Soviet power.

The first foreigner to meet him in that office was Chancellor Kohl of the Federal Republic of Germany. Kohl was impressed. This, he said, is a civilized man, one you can talk to. Much the same kind of remark that Mrs. Thatcher made about Gorbachev when she first met him in London. A new generation of Soviet leader.

And indeed, it is now widely accepted that Gorbachev was a friend and protégé of Andropov, although Andropov was a good 20 years older.

Then, before he had time really to pick up the reins of power, Andropov disappeared. He still signed documents, still had articles in the press (written for him, of course). His name was still everywhere. He had clearly not been overthrown or shot. So he was obviously ill, very ill. Too ill to appear on TV or speak on radio. We in Moscow speculated that he had kidney disease, was "hooked up" to dialysis. In the winter of 1984 we heard on Moscow radio the "solemn music" which means that the maximum leader has either died or is about to. Then the announcement of his death.

Pierre Trudeau, then Prime Minister, came for the funeral. It was a gesture of *politesse* to the Russians as a whole, and in particular to his old friend, Aleksandr Yakovlev, 11 years Soviet ambassador in Canada, a liberal by Soviet standards, and a close friend of Trudeau who, to the intense annoyance of the Department of External Affairs (as it then was), received Yakovlev privately, just

the two of them at dinner. External Affairs did not know what had gone on between them. That did not bother Trudeau one bit.

I went with Trudeau to the funeral in Red Square. It was grand, with the stands packed. Not necessarily this time with factory workers trucked in. People had a feeling, already, that the times were changing, and that Andropov's death was a loss. We had speeches from the Lenin Mausoleum, the Chopin funeral march played as only Russian military bands can play it, and then the end. Trudeau left in a hurry with his staff. I lingered. I wanted to see it through. Presently everyone was gone. Only Peter sitting in the stands, and one solitary soul walking desolately in circles in the centre of Red Square. I looked closely and recognized Georgy Arkadevich Arbatov, Director of the Institute of USA and Canada Affairs of the Academy of Sciences. I went fairly often to his office. We always had a little vodka and a little whitefish from Iceland (all courtesy of the Central Committee privilege store) and then talked about the state of the world. Arbatov knew a lot about missiles, then a hot subject, and instructed me. Although he lived in Starokonyushenny Pereulok, directly across that narrow lane from our embassy, and came dozens of times to our house, I never set foot in his. I could go to his office for vodka and whitefish, but visits to private apartments were strictly forbidden.

There we were in Red Square. Just the two of us. Everyone else had vanished from this vast space. It was late afternoon, yet I saw the tears rolling down Arbatov's cheeks. He was embarrassed at his display of emotion. "This is a terrible loss for Russia," he said, and turned away. I made my way home on foot, a 10-minute walk. I had the feeling that there was about to be a sea-change, although the aged and ailing Chernyenko was not the one to bring it about. It had to await the arrival of Gorbachev, a year later, after Chernyenko's death. Gorbachev stood the world on its head.

That night the unbelievable happened. I had by this time altogether spent three years in Moscow, and had been only twice to a private home, both times during my first posting: once in the cramped space of one of our embassy drivers, once in the dacha of the aunt of a geography student who had

Raising Eyebrows

An Undiplomatic Memoir

Peter Roberts

spent time in Canada. The driver, the student and the aunt were all nervous, and were glad to see the last of us. We had more or less forced ourselves on them.

But the night of the Andropov funeral I had a phone call from Yakovlev, formerly ambassador in Canada and now risen to the

grand heights of Director of the Institute of Politics and World Economy, where new economic ideas were being hammered out. "Ambassador," he said, "I want you and the Prime Minister to come to my apartment tomorrow night for a private family dinner. No wives." Trudeau by this time had no wife, but I had one, who sighed in resignation but was not surprised. "Don't come in your embassy car," continued Yakovlev, "I'll send a car for you at six."

At six the next evening, we were on our way in what I took to be a KGB car. There could be no doubt that the KGB had approved this adventure. I tracked where we were as far as the Tchaikovsky Hall. Then we plunged into a labyrinth of little streets north-west of the Hall. Soon we stopped (but I could never find the place again). Yakovlev was at the door to greet us, took us up to a fifth- or sixth-floor apartment. It was large by any standard, but by Soviet standards. There was a great number of people, all Yakovlev's family, from babushka (granny) down to the most newly arrived grandchild. Enthusiastic greetings for Trudeau, and even for me. The table was laden with every imaginable Russian food, and much non-Russian. There was vodka, wine and beer.

I have mentioned before that Trudeau never drank the strong stuff, like vodka. But Yakovlev poured a large one for him,

one for me, one for himself. He proposed a toast. I can't remember now to what, but probably not to those tired warriors *mir i druzhba* (peace and friendship) but more likely to something harking back to their relationship in Ottawa. Trudeau seized his glass and downed it to the bottom, like a man. "Do dna," they say in Russian, "to the bottom." Then, to my utter astonishment, he had a second. After that, he walked up to the dining room window, which looked out on a blank concrete wall. "What a beautiful view," he said, dreamily. We all turned to the magnificent feast on the table, and made pigs of ourselves. Trudeau has always been a hearty eater, and stood on no ceremony. Although he was not a practised drinker, he showed no sign of being affected by his two large vodkas, talked animatedly with granny, several aunts and uncles, all the children and grandchildren. He loved every minute of it. At midnight or so we got back in our KGB car, and made our way home.

So far as I know, this was the first time a member of the Central Committee, director of a major institute, had invited a foreign head of government and a foreign ambassador to a family dinner. It was the beginning of the end of Soviet Russia. ☺

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A Canadian Visitor in Moscow, 1952

The death of Pierre Elliott Trudeau — and subsequent recollections of his life and times — reminds us that he was a bold and inquisitive traveller long before his tenure as a national and international statesman. Some veterans of the foreign service may recall that Trudeau's blunt questioning of diplomats and their roles had been attributed to a brief stay in a Belgrade jail in 1948, when his plight had apparently been ignored by the Canadian Embassy. It may be of interest to readers of *bout de papier* to learn that Trudeau was not always ignored by our missions abroad when he travelled.

Not long after he left a job at the Privy Council Office as an adviser on federal-provincial relations, Trudeau met Pierre Lebrun, the French organizer of an international economic forum in Moscow, ostensibly devoted to the promotion of East-West trade. The conference was one of several "peace" overtures by the Soviet Union that were designed to convince western public opinion of its benign intentions and to undermine popular support for anti-Soviet policies at the height of the cold war, most notably the rearmament of western Germany

and its closer association with the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Lebrun extended a personal invitation to Trudeau to attend the gathering in April 1952.

Western observers regarded the conference simply as a propaganda exercise. Most of the half dozen Canadians who attended the conference as delegates were regarded by their own government as communists or "fellow travellers." One delegate who did not fit the mould, however, attracted the attention of the Canadian embassy in Moscow — Pierre Elliott Trudeau. Though Trudeau was no longer a public servant, there was concern that he might do or say something during his trip that might embarrass Canada.

At the time, Robert Ford was serving as chargé d'affaires a.i. Ford would later represent Canada for 16 years as ambassador to the Soviet Union (including more than a decade while Trudeau was prime minister). As the report below indicates, their earlier encounters enabled Ford to form an impression of Trudeau's attitude towards both superpowers at the height of the cold war, as well as to observe an impish streak that was not always appreciated by

American interlocutors. A later despatch from Ford mentions a last visit from Trudeau after a trip to Tbilisi. "Six days in a Soviet hard-class coach," Ford reported, "together with the fact that on his return to Moscow he was treated cavalierly and left in little doubt that his hosts wished to be rid of him seemed to have changed his views somewhat as to the genuineness of the Conference." Seven articles by Trudeau appeared in *Le Devoir* from Saturday, June 14th, to Saturday, June 21st.

Ford refers briefly to Trudeau's visit in his memoirs, *Our Man in Moscow*. That account includes a passing reference to "Easter mass in the impromptu chapel of the American embassy," though not to the Canadian traveller's remarks to his American hostess on that occasion.

The despatch comes from the papers of the Department of External Affairs at the National Archives of Canada (Record Group 25, Volume 6487, File 7802-C-40, pt. 2.1), where it was found by Christopher Cook, an Ottawa-based historical researcher. ☺

Christopher Cook
(with *Hector Mackenzie*)



**Despatch, Chargé d'Affaires a.i.,
Canadian Embassy, Moscow, to
Secretary of State for External Affairs,
No. 341, April 17, 1952. Confidential.**

Reference: My despatch No. 304 dated
April 3, 1952.

Subject: Mr. P.E. Trudeau, Canadian
Delegate at the International
Economic Conference.

In separate despatches in today's bag, I am writing about the results of the International Economic Conference in Moscow and the share the Canadian delegation played in it. In this despatch, I should like to talk about Mr. Pierre Trudeau, since in many ways he is the most interesting of the Canadian delegates.

2. Mr. Trudeau has been the only Canadian delegate who, apart from the initial checking in, returned to the Embassy for advice and also to inform us of what was going on. He has been fairly useful to us in giving us information about the Conference, including copies of the daily proceedings. He is, however, a puzzling character and I have been trying to estimate from my conversations with him what his real attitude to this country is.
3. Mr. Trudeau has undoubtedly been greatly impressed by the show put on for the Conference delegates by the Russians. He was prepared to believe all he had been told concerning economic conditions, prices, the supply of consumer goods, the position of labour, and even freedom of association between Russians and foreigners. He had spent an evening talking with three Russian economists from the Academy of Sciences and assumed from this that it was possible to establish contact with the Russians. I think, however, that he has been somewhat shaken by his conversations with us.
4. I understand Trudeau, sometime before coming to Russia, had been

associated with a periodical called "Cité Libre" which ran an article against participation in the Korean war. He claims his position is that of a neutralist-idealist and that it is possible for men of good will to try to act as a centre group which will gradually widen and prevent the two extremes from clashing. I am willing to believe that his feelings on this subject are genuinely idealistic but I am afraid that he fails to realize that being neutral in the present struggle seems inevitably to involve leaning over backward to justify Russian actions on the one hand, and to criticize the western position, and particularly the United States on the other. It never seems to occur to these people, incidentally, that the neutralists inevitably have to be drawn from the western ranks and that such a thing as a neutralist or idealist from the Soviet bloc is a contradiction in terms.

5. Together with this idealist strain in Trudeau, there seems to be a kind of infantile desire to shock, which may in its place not do any harm but which, when exercised here, may do a lot of damage. For example, Mr. Trudeau was taken to Easter Saturday midnight mass at the United States Embassy. He was introduced to Mrs. Cumming, the wife of the Chargé d'Affaires, and proceeded to tell her that he was a Communist, though at the same time a Catholic, after which he proceeded to heap praises on the U.S.S.R. and attack the United States.
6. I think he did this out of desire to shock. Nevertheless, the next day at luncheon Mr. [Hugh S.] Cumming [Jr.], who knew all about Trudeau's Privy Council background, said to me, "I thought you said Trudeau was not a Red?" When I said I didn't think he was, Mr. Cumming then told me what he had said to his wife. I pointed out that if Trudeau were really a

Communist he would hardly be speaking like this to Mrs.

Cumming. Nevertheless, I could see what was passing through Mr. Cumming's mind, and I am sure a report will go back to the State Department that a man who only six months ago was employed in a confidential job in the Privy Council is now in Moscow for the International Economic Conference and has openly stated that he is a Communist. This may have some effect on United States estimates of our security.

7. Mr. Trudeau, along with the head of the United States delegation and a number of other western delegates, has been invited by the Chinese to visit Peking. He asked for my advice on the matter and I told him that he would have to decide for himself but that for his own personal good I thought that he would be wise not to go. If he were genuinely objective, however, I suppose there might be some interest in visiting the Chinese capital. Trudeau obviously has a very strong sense of adventure and he was clearly tempted by the prospect.
8. As I mentioned in my previous despatch, Trudeau is a correspondent of *Le Devoir*, which I believe has been toying with neutralist ideas. It will be interesting to see what kind of articles he publishes in this newspaper when he returns. I should be grateful if you could let us have copies of his reports to *Le Devoir*. I think it also might be useful if someone in the Department could invite him on his return to Canada to give his impressions about the Conference and try to set him right on some of the erroneous ideas he has concerning the U.S.S.R. and international trade. It might be a little easier to talk to him after he has cooled off a little bit from his present enthusiasm.

R.A. Ford, Chargé d'Affaires a.i.

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Nancy Stiles 1950-2001

Nancy Stiles was buried in Ottawa on Wednesday, January 24th before her friends, family and colleagues. She had lived only fifty years but all of us had memories of her to last us much longer.

I attended the funeral service and was not surprised to see the chapel filled with senior management of Foreign Affairs and CIDA, people who had worked with Nancy when she was Ambassador to Brazil and High Commissioner to Sri Lanka, young people who were brought into the department to help her tackle the difficult jobs at the Bureau of Assistance to Central and Eastern Europe and as the Foreign Service Advisor on Y2K, and others who had worked with Nancy on Central America in CIDA and in London.

What surprised me, and in retrospect should not have, was the similarity of sentiments felt by all who were at the funeral. I had worked with Nancy on the Bureau of Assistance to Central and Eastern Europe (RZD) from 1992-1995 or "Club Z" as we would later call it. And my experience with her there seemed to parallel others' memories of her.

The Nancy we knew and respected at Club Z was a proud civil servant with a high sense of integrity, a strong manager who loved to take decisions, and above all, she was great fun.

Nancy was a model of a public servant long deemed to have been a disappearing species. She represented and upheld old fashioned public service ethics and values of integrity and honesty.

Nancy was often in jobs where she was under tremendous political pressure to fudge this and that, and do this or that for a political friend. Nancy took her responsibilities very seriously to the Canadian taxpayer and often she stood alone amongst her peers in



these efforts. That the current day leadership of the public service preaches ethics and values, much would be learned by looking at the career of Nancy.

And Nancy was a great manager. She loved to take decisions and for the most part she always took the right ones. She had an innate ability to cut through the underbrush. Her common sense made the most difficult decisions seem simple. And she had a saying for achieving one thing and moving on to the next. "Be a closer," she would exhort her staff.

Looking at her record reveals how much she achieved in her career. She developed an aid program to Central America at the time Minister Clark wanted more attention paid to human rights and community development. She was our High Commissioner in Sri Lanka at a time of near civil war and

she travelled within the rebel areas. She took on the task of putting together

Canada's cooperation program to Russia and Ukraine and Central Europe, when our program went from \$27 million a year to over \$127 million in one year.

She served as Ambassador to Brazil and welcomed a Team Canada mission there. And starting from a phone in the office, she put together Foreign Affairs' Y2K team. Many of these tasks were herculean and I have often told friends that I believed Nancy had saved the Department's bacon more than once.

But above all, Nancy was fun. Almost everyone recalls her magnificent and hearty laughter that cannonaded through the halls of Pearson or for that matter through the New Edinburgh Pub.

And it did not take much to set her off. I remember one March 31, when we were waiting anxiously to see if Prime Minister Mulroney would sign off on an Agreement to set up the Yeltsin Democracy Fellowship Fund. We would either lapse \$25 million or achieve our objective of setting up the Fund at the University of Saskatchewan. I mentioned to Nancy that "I was strangely optimistic."

Nancy looked at me, "you're what...strangely optimistic?" and then she exploded in laughter.

We often used that phrase when we ran into each other in subsequent years. And when I heard Nancy had cancer, I was strangely optimistic that she would recover.

That was not to be. So let us remember Nancy as a proud Canadian, who loved to travel the north by canoe and represent her country. ☺

*Kevin O'Shea's overseas assignments have included postings in New York, Paris and Accra. He is currently the Director of the United States Relations division, Foreign Affairs and International Trade. He is a former editor of *bout de papier*.*

Harry Carter

1918-2001

The following is from the eulogy by Blair Seaborn at the service for Harry Carter on January 13, 2001.

I first met Harry Carter when he and Pam arrived in The Hague in the autumn of 1954, where my wife Carol and I were just completing our first posting. Harry was to take over as number two in the mission under Ambassador Tommy Stone. He came with what were for me formidable credentials: a BA in Political Science and Economics and a Masters in Public Administration from the University of Toronto where he had been enrolled at Trinity College, as I would be later. He had fought "a good war" between 1940 and 1944, serving in the United Kingdom and Northwest Europe as an artillery officer. Whisked into the Department of External Affairs straight out of the Army, he always regretted that he had been unable to complete the European campaign. He had already served a full posting at the Permanent Mission to the UN in New York, where he had the great good fortune to persuade Pam Price, then a member of the UN Secretariat, to marry him. He came with a reputation for intelligence, impatience, bluntness of speech, strong convictions and little tolerance for fools. In our brief time together in The Hague, he lived up to that reputation.

Harry's directness of speech had landed him in some trouble during a brief assignment in the consular section of the Embassy in Washington, prior to New York. I am reliably informed that an incident there had led a very senior member of the Department to say to him: "If you see any other work prospects in the want ads, don't let us stand in your way." Mike Pearson was more understanding of the young officer trying to adjust to civilian life, and Harry, fortunately, chose to ignore that rather frosty suggestion.

Our lives did not cross again directly as long as I was in External Affairs, but I followed with interest his progress from Counsellor in The Hague, to Counsellor in New Delhi, and then to his first Ambassadorial appointment, to Finland in 1964, where he spent five years.

After Finland, Harry was posted directly to Pretoria/Cape Town in 1969 as Ambassador to South Africa, a period he wrote about most forthrightly in a chapter of David Reece's book, *Special Trust and Confidence*. Harry held strong anti-apartheid

views and did not want to take the posting. Once there, however, he made his views abundantly clear in reporting to Ottawa and advising on what Canada's policy should be. He was equally clear in expressing to South Africans, up to and including the Prime Minister, how misguided and unethical he found apartheid to be. The official views of the Canadian Government and the personal views of its representative were in complete consonance in this respect.

After South Africa, Harry returned to Ottawa in 1972 to become Director of the Anglophone Africa Division for six years, and then Director of the Historical Division until his retirement in 1983.

In the years just prior to and after his retirement I got to know Harry again and to appreciate his many qualities and wide interests. He had a keen and inquiring mind, which was with him until his death. He thoroughly disliked large social events, as he was essentially quite shy, but he enjoyed more intimate gatherings and the lively conversation which went with them. He expressed his views forcefully, but did not mind apologizing when he recognized that he was in the wrong. He was a good raconteur with a delightful and rather wicked sense of humour, and lots of irreverence.

Harry maintained throughout his life a keen interest in church affairs and was for many years a lay reader in the Anglican Church, in which capacity he sometimes read service and preached the sermon in the absence of the rector. He had an outspoken preference for the Book of Common Prayer over the Book of Alternative Services on liturgical, literary and historical grounds.

He also taught American history for a few years to the boys of Ashbury College, not all of whom appreciated his erudition, and wrote a good history of St. Alban's Church in Sandy Hill.

A scholar at heart, Harry joined an art study group at the National Gallery and between 1991 and 2000 produced for it no less than nine very thorough and well-researched papers on artists ranging from Reynolds to Gainsborough to Velasquez to Van Gogh to Tom Thomson.

Several people here today recall with delight men's doubles tennis games with Harry at the Rockcliffe Lawn Tennis Club, which were always lively and enthusiastic, and sometimes a little boisterous. When his

knees began to fail him, and there was no way he could get to a ball heading more or less in his direction, he would shout to his partner "Yours!" — regardless of whether there was any chance of his partner getting it back. Since then, the phrase "a Harry Carter Yours!" has become part of our tennis language.

At least from the time he joined the Canadian Army in 1940, Harry Carter proved himself a deep humanitarian, a democrat, and an egalitarian. Often he seemed a little blunt for a professional diplomat, and even friends could get the rough edge of his tongue when he felt strongly about the matter under discussion. But he was always a warm-hearted as well as a principled man, one in whom intellect and passion combined to make a strong personality. He will be missed not only by his family, but by all of us. ☺

Blair Seaborn was Canadian Commissioner to Vietnam, 1964-65.

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Linda Berry

1940-2000

Linda Berry combined with flair and a great sense of fun two careers, one in journalism and the other in diplomacy. She began her writing career as a reporter and drama critic for the Montreal Gazette. She filed stories for Southam News Services and wrote a regular column about life "Down Under" while serving with her diplomat husband, Michael, in such capitals as London, Paris, Singapore and Canberra. In Singapore, she wrote "Singapore's River, A living Legacy" which won the gold medal at the Singapore Book Fair in 1982. Linda died at her home in Qualicum Beach, British Columbia on August 25, 2000. The following article, written by Linda, was first published in the Canberra Times.

You can go home again, if only in heart and mind

There is a popular notion that, as the title of Thomas Wolfe's book says, you can't go home again. If that were so I would be in a permanent state of pessimism, since as a diplomat's wife, I have frequently departed and returned to my home town of Ottawa; also lived in places that I have come to think of as home, only to leave, longing to return someday.

The settling-in process doesn't get any easier as the years roll by, but being a passionate reader and a writer by profession has always eased the transition. Reading and writing make it possible for me to hold my various worlds in my heart and mind, allowing me to revisit the past, enjoy the present and relish the future; that is, have access to all my homes whenever the spirit moves me.

Reading not only enables me to keep my Canadian home with me while I am abroad, but particularly helps me to prepare for a move to a new location. Our first posting was to Berlin in the late 1960's. Before leaving and on that journey I familiarized myself with Germany by reading German authors like Gunther Grass (*The Tin Drum*) and Heinrich Boll (*Billiards at Half Past Nine*).

During our time in that country I found that looking after two small children seemed to shrink my attention span to just about zero, an affliction that lasted for some years. How fortunate for me that this period coincided with the blossoming of Canadian short-story writers and poets who are still dear to my

heart. The poems of Margaret Atwood and the stories of Alice Munro saved a very frazzled and homesick young mother on many a grey Berlin day.

Whenever I reread a story from Munro's *Dance of the Happy Shades* or an Atwood poem from *The Circle Game* I am transported back to my living room in Berlin; its French doors leading to a garden shaded by pine trees through which, on bleak autumn days, the famous *Berliner luft* used to blow. Odd that, since, at the time, reading Atwood and Munro was an effort to recapture the sights, sounds and feelings of small town Ontario for which I so yearned. Of course when we returned to Ottawa I was then homesick for Berlin and would dip into something like John Le Carre's *A Small Town in Germany* to give me a hit of another home. The short stories of H.E. Bates and the novels of Margaret Drabble, particularly *Jerusalem the Golden*, were my preparation for our second posting, to London. But it was my writing this time that really helped me to understand the British and to begin to feel a part of the London scene.

Writing about life in London for a Canadian news service, my assignments took me into the dressing rooms of the Palladium (to interview Ronnie Corbett while he was performing in the Cinderella panto). Westminster Abbey, (to cover Princess Ann's wedding), the local wine bar (the venue for Mark Phillip's stag party) and to the Albert Hall, where I took part in and wrote about the first all-comers performance of *The Messiah*. By the time we left that fascinating city I could sing *I love London* town like a native. I no longer needed Ms Drabble and Mr. Bates to show me the ropes. But I turned to them once again back in Ottawa when the homesick pangs for the British capital started up right on cue.

Four years back in Ottawa were spent trying to catch up with books, and authors who had emerged during our stint in London. I no sooner felt on top of that situation than we were posted to Singapore. Here my guides were Noel Barber, Joseph Conrad and Somerset Maugham, expatriates like myself. To better understand the locals, I wrote a history of the Singapore River. The hub of Singapore's entrepot trade, this waterway figures prominently in the story of Singapore itself. The many hours spent in the National Library, and many more hours

walking the river quays, talking to people, and photographing the early dawn and late dusk light, brought an understanding of, and a closeness to the people of Singapore that no amount of reading ever could have done.

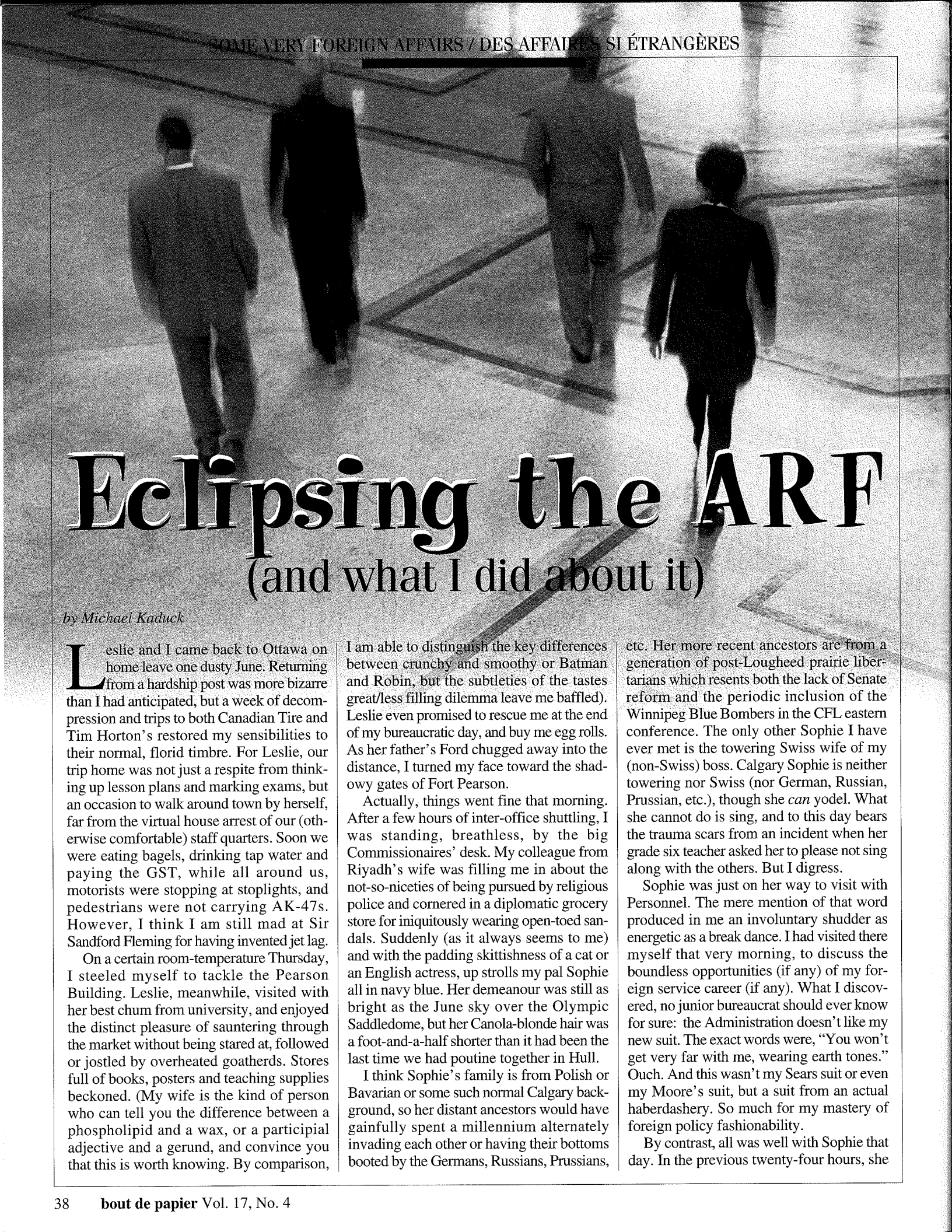
We were living in Paris when we learned that our next home would be Canberra. And so I started a familiar process once again.

On a cold wet winter day I took the metro to the working-class suburb of St. Denis, where there was, of all things, an Australian bookshop with the quirky name of Cannibal Pierce. This hole-in-the-wall on a dingy residential street half a world away from Australia, provided a treasure trove of literary road maps of the Land of Oz; short-story collections, novels, political commentaries, as well as the usual travel guides. On the metro ride home, reading Steven Wright's *Canberra Tales*. I was already climbing to the top of Mt. Ainslie viewing the valleys and hills of the Australian capital.

Writing a column about life in Australia, this time for the *Ottawa Citizen*, quickly widened my knowledge of the land and its people. Subjects ranged widely: The glories of Australian wineries, Aboriginal cave paintings in Kakadu, the Canadians transported to the penal colonies in Sydney and Hobart the colourful bird life in Canberra, and the sex industry in the ACT (not as shocking to me as to some others, since in Paris our local tart plied her wares from a smart little black Fiat — the Midnight Special — in front of our Avenue Foch apartment).

I have kept green the memories of Paris and Parisians by writing a novel set in the City of Light. From time to time, too, I pick up my worn copy of Emile Zola's *L'oeuvre*, his novel based on the life of the French painter Edouard Manet. Then, like magic, I am once again walking across the passerelle des Arts, that delicate footbridge across the Seine which joins the beaux arts to the Louvre. It might not be quite the same as being there, but it's pretty close second.

When it comes time to say goodbye to Australia I have bookshelves stuffed with titles by such Aussie writers as Rodney Hall, Peter Carey, Elizabeth Jolley and Marion Halligan. It is comforting to know that on a snowy winter day in Ottawa it will be so easy to return to the sunny climes of Australia. And I wouldn't be surprised if that novel set in Paris doesn't end up somewhat seasoned with a little flavour of Oz. ☺



Eclipsing the ARF

(and what I did about it)

by Michael Kaduck

Leslie and I came back to Ottawa on home leave one dusty June. Returning from a hardship post was more bizarre than I had anticipated, but a week of decompression and trips to both Canadian Tire and Tim Horton's restored my sensibilities to their normal, florid timbre. For Leslie, our trip home was not just a respite from thinking up lesson plans and marking exams, but an occasion to walk around town by herself, far from the virtual house arrest of our (otherwise comfortable) staff quarters. Soon we were eating bagels, drinking tap water and paying the GST, while all around us, motorists were stopping at stoplights, and pedestrians were not carrying AK-47s. However, I think I am still mad at Sir Sandford Fleming for having invented jet lag.

On a certain room-temperature Thursday, I steelled myself to tackle the Pearson Building. Leslie, meanwhile, visited with her best chum from university, and enjoyed the distinct pleasure of sauntering through the market without being stared at, followed or jostled by overheated goatherds. Stores full of books, posters and teaching supplies beckoned. (My wife is the kind of person who can tell you the difference between a phospholipid and a wax, or a participial adjective and a gerund, and convince you that this is worth knowing. By comparison,

I am able to distinguish the key differences between crunchy and smoothy or Batman and Robin, but the subtleties of the tastes great/less filling dilemma leave me baffled). Leslie even promised to rescue me at the end of my bureaucratic day, and buy me egg rolls. As her father's Ford chugged away into the distance, I turned my face toward the shadowy gates of Fort Pearson.

Actually, things went fine that morning. After a few hours of inter-office shuttling, I was standing, breathless, by the big Commissionaires' desk. My colleague from Riyadh's wife was filling me in about the not-so-niceties of being pursued by religious police and cornered in a diplomatic grocery store for iniquitously wearing open-toed sandals. Suddenly (as it always seems to me) and with the padding skittishness of a cat or an English actress, up strolls my pal Sophie all in navy blue. Her demeanour was still as bright as the June sky over the Olympic Saddledome, but her Canola-blond hair was a foot-and-a-half shorter than it had been the last time we had poutine together in Hull.

I think Sophie's family is from Polish or Bavarian or some such normal Calgary background, so her distant ancestors would have gainfully spent a millennium alternately invading each other or having their bottoms booted by the Germans, Russians, Prussians,

etc. Her more recent ancestors are from a generation of post-Lougheed prairie libertarians which resents both the lack of Senate reform and the periodic inclusion of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers in the CFL eastern conference. The only other Sophie I have ever met is the towering Swiss wife of my (non-Swiss) boss. Calgary Sophie is neither towering nor Swiss (nor German, Russian, Prussian, etc.), though she *can* yodel. What she cannot do is sing, and to this day bears the trauma scars from an incident when her grade six teacher asked her to please not sing along with the others. But I digress.

Sophie was just on her way to visit with Personnel. The mere mention of that word produced in me an involuntary shudder as energetic as a break dance. I had visited there myself that very morning, to discuss the boundless opportunities (if any) of my foreign service career (if any). What I discovered, no junior bureaucrat should ever know for sure: the Administration doesn't like my new suit. The exact words were, "You won't get very far with me, wearing earth tones." Ouch. And this wasn't my Sears suit or even my Moore's suit, but a suit from an actual haberdashery. So much for my mastery of foreign policy fashionability.

By contrast, all was well with Sophie that day. In the previous twenty-four hours, she

had completed her Master's degree and passed her "C" level in French. And then she got to have lunch with me (another staggering achievement). While Sophie communed with Personnel, I collected one other person, and together the three of us walked over to City Hall cafeteria.

My favourite person at headquarters was a floor-length farm girl named Doris. She was also Sophie's elder sister, and the resemblance is obvious (especially the Mycenaean nose). Doris worked on the same floor of the A-Tower as Sophie, Sophie's boyfriend, and the guy who runs the hockey pool. I like Doris. I am never quite sure what she thinks of me, but she is always kind, and invariably greets me with a toothy grin eerily similar to both her getting-her-picture-taken smile and her it's-a-shame-you-are-such-a-goof smile. It was Doris who explained to me that "Sodexho" is neither a curse nor an onomatopoeic Yiddish word for a suppressed sneeze.

When she gets to talking business, Doris is usually about as flippant as Stalin during a gloomy period. Mercifully, we had precious little business to transact that lunchtime, especially not in the potential presence of municipal employees, Russians, Prussians, etc. Doris was as engaging as ever, managing to fend off both Sophie's incisive questions and my blithering.

As tray-carrying, shell-shocked bureaucrats shuffled past, Doris amused us with tales of a recent series of journeys she had made around the Pacific Basin, preparing for summits and confabulations among various high muckety-mucks. She is a young woman who represents her country overseas, so Doris still has to face an awkward delay in dealing with many foreign (male) diplomats and officials. Before she can start projecting Canadian interests abroad, she must first establish that she is not the extramarital "niece" of whatever man she happens to be sitting next to. I am a white male inept but earnest Second-or-Third Secretary, so I usually have the luxury of demonstrating that I should be ignored *on my own merits*, not because of prejudice.

"Hey," said Doris, "I have a question for you."

Uh-oh. Questions from Doris are risky. I certainly had no desire to have her plumb the depths of my ignorance any deeper than is routinely necessary (I have had some departmental bathyscaphes down there before). And the last time Doris asked me a question, I had ended up working in a Chancery building that has water buffalo on the front lawn.

"Uh-oh," I said manfully. Here it came.

"Is Pakistan in the Seeka?"

My mind raced. I calculated and deduced at the throttling speed of Eddie Shack with

a charley horse. One synapse fired, then two, then a dozen. Soon my grey matter was generating enough raw intellectual power to light a lava lamp. That very concept emerged in my consciousness. Memories seeped in of an evening two decades previously when, after a game of road hockey, a sneaked cigarette and an episode of "Get Smart", I had burned my elbow on my Uncle Mike's lava lamp. Of course, Uncle Mike is now a biker who does ductwork and knows Dan Aykroyd, whereas I am an FS-1 who does paperwork and was once bitten in the bus line by a guy named Gerry. Which only goes to show.

There was a pause. Doris waited patiently for my expected fatuous reply. The only contribution from our table to the clattering-nattering din of the cafeteria was the mild squishiness of Sophie inhaling an outsize plate of pasta. (Sophie is frustrating for those of us working towards the physical prowess of the average 60-year-old Swede. She eats like a lumberjack and looks like a fashion model, owing to her having the metabolism of a stick insect). I scrunched my somewhat glutenous City Hall sandwich and tried to remember what the question was.

"I'm sorry," scrunch, scrunch, "I didn't quite catch that."

"Is Pakistan in the Seeka?"

That's what I thought she said. Now, if "in the Seeka" was like "in the soup", the answer was clear. But what if it was like "in the loop" or "in the know" or "in the money"? Was the Seeka a place, like the Maghreb, or a condition, like insolvency? A few more neurons clicked over. I tried the lava lamp memory again, but this was no help.

Subtly, and trying not to disturb her consumption of epoxy Alfredo, I bent close to Sophie's ear.

"What," dear Sophie, "on earth," I asked, "is the Seeka?"

Sophie looked at me like Fay Wray looking at a five-storey simian, two takes before she got the scream right. She even stopped chewing, which was a bad sign. This was serious. Most of my understanding of the foreign affairs universe was predicated on Sophie being able to tell me what is going on. I felt like I was in the Seeka myself.

Neither of my usual dodges would work here. Doris had previously witnessed (and not fallen for) the feigned coughing fit, and my ever-popular "maybe you should ask Leslie" would be diminished in value by the non-presence of my wife. I glanced at Doris again, and her truth-serum eyes demanded a reply.

Another tack, that's what I needed. A little zig, a little zag. Activate the media training, and dazzle her with my Principal Overarching Information Goal (POING).

But what was my poing? fiscal responsibility? staying the course? doing more with less?

"The real question," I poinged, offering a statement and not a question, "is that the Calgary Flames should never have traded Gary Suter."

Undiverted by my doncherryish tangent, Doris explained that the Seeka was the CICA. This provided such blinding clarity that I spilled iced tea on my lapel.

"The Seeka," she elucidated, enunciating carefully the way one does with preschoolers or New York City taxi drivers, "is a Kazakh initiative."

Well, no wonder.

"Last week," Doris continued, "we were asked about the probability of the Seeka eclipsing the ARF"

ARF. Arf. We needed to know if the Seeka was eclipsing the Arf.

The last time I had to deal with a question of such fulsome geostrategic importance, I buck-passed it to my boss (the one with the towering Swiss wife). His rejoinder to Ottawa had constituted a milestone in his 24-year Foreign Service career: he was able in a classified telex to employ the phrase, "while having sex with a donkey." I may be in trouble for quoting that, but the source of the information was as public as the alleged animal boyfriend about which he was reporting. May I please emphasize that no cabinet ministers, living or dead, were involved in the incident.

As it turns out, Doris and a team of bloodhounds were eventually able to locate the one person at DFAIT who had ever heard of the Seeka. This unlikely deskfiller opined that the Seeka would not soon eclipse the ARF or anything that looks like or rhymes with the ARF. And let me tell you, a whole lot of ARF-supporters are sleeping more soundly. Another victory for Canadian foreign policy.

All this serves to illustrate the extent to which I am beyond my ken in the world of glamorous acronymia. Doris told me I should work in a busy functional bureau when I came back from my posting. Sound advice, but perhaps I am not cut out for the perpetual briefing book esoterics, connecting flights and ministrations to the under informed that are hallmarks of *her* current assignment. And I understand Veterans' Affairs is looking for a few good men...

Either way, these lunches with the Calgarians are just too stressful. Next time, I think I'll order a pizza. ☺

Michael Kaduck is a political officer. He is off the medication, and resting comfortably.

Books in Review / Critiques de livres

Whose World Is It Anyway? Civil Society: The United Nations and the Multilateral Future
Bread Not Bombs: A Political Agenda for Social Justice

U.N. Jigsaw: An Easy Reader About Life and Work at the United Nations

Reviewed by Clyde Sanger

Building a Partnership: The Canada-United States Free Trade Agreement

Reviewed by John Tennant

WHOSE WORLD IS IT ANYWAY? CIVIL SOCIETY: THE UNITED NATIONS AND THE MULTILATERAL FUTURE. Edited by John W. Foster with Anita Anand. United Nations Association in Canada: 1999. 560 pp., \$32.00

BREAD NOT BOMBS: A POLITICAL AGENDA FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE. By Douglas Roche. University of Alberta Press: 1999. 184 pp., \$19.95

U.N. JIGSAW: AN EASY READER ABOUT LIFE AND WORK AT THE UNITED NATIONS, by Wilfrid Grey. Vantage Press, New York: 2000. 365 pp., US\$13.95

Reviewed by Clyde Sanger

Clyde Sanger is an Ottawa-based journalist and author of books on international affairs, including Canadians and the United Nations.

It seems that a particular chapter closed in Canada's close relationship with the United Nations this December. We finished a lively two-year stint on the Security Council. Robert Fowler, Canada's ambassador at the United Nations for most of that period and the chair of an unprecedented panel investigating the diamond smuggling from Angola, has moved on to a post in Rome. Lloyd Axworthy, an activist as Foreign Affairs Minister, left office for (he no doubt hopes) a quieter time pursuing his international concerns at the University of British Columbia. What these two men left behind with the United Nations Security Council was noteworthy and, one hopes, enduring: a broadening of attitudes about

"security," focusing primarily on human security and the improvement of life for the most vulnerable, the poorest and the victims of conflict.

These three books fit well into the atmosphere that Fowler and Axworthy worked to create. The large volume on the increasing role of civil society was aimed at the World Conference on Civil Society held in Montreal in December 1999, and at the following millennium events at the United Nations in 2000. Published in English and French, it was a massive undertaking for the United Nations Association in Canada and, while it is a daunting size for busy internationalists and somewhat confusing in its split-page layout, it is well worth the determined study. It has overcome the dangers of duplication (or contradiction) which, having eight authors contribute chapters, might present; and it gains from having the perspectives of writers from India, England and Latin America, as well as Canadians of the stature of Professor Michael Oliver and John Foster, former head of Oxfam Canada and professor of human rights in Saskatchewan.

The book builds logically from a survey of the world scene in which civil society has flowered to a summary of world conferences and their aims and perceived achievements. Today's world has not been particularly welcoming soil for its growth, dotted with landmines and strewn with civilian dead. Nevertheless, some amazing figures are cited for the numbers of non-governmental organizations (NGOs), even in unlikely places: 22,000 NGOs in Nepal and 2 million in the United States. Civil society is the "most elastic of concepts," the main authors admit.

Nor is the book any sort of uncritical puff for the United Nations. Rather, it is sparing in claims of results from the series of world conferences in the 1990s. The Copenhagen

summit on social development "focused attention on the negative side of economic globalization" and "integrated the decisions of other conferences into a comprehensive plan for meeting basic human needs" — this sounds tentative and procedural. But the opinions embedded in the text are strong. The 1997 military budgets of the United States and its NATO allies were, in total, four times the size of those of all potential enemies. "If one is addressing the military side of building peace, it seems relatively clear where attention, energy and political pressure should be directed." Later, in an astringent section on the World Trade Organization, Foster writes of the link between trade growth and the erosion of prospects for low-skilled workers, and points out that in seven years the government's unemployment insurance coverage dropped in Canada from 87 percent to 42 percent of the jobless.

Senator Roche's punchy book — the 16th this journalist-politician has written — is also full of statistics that will, or should, disturb the comfortable westerner. One-quarter of the single parents in his hometown of Edmonton, he writes, are living in absolute poverty. Western countries together spend 10 times as much on defence as they offer in development aid to poorer countries. Meanwhile, India ranks 142nd in the world in per capita income and first in the importing of arms. The world doesn't have to behave this way, and war is not inevitable, he argues, as he usefully summarizes the Hague Appeal for Peace and lists the 16 principles of the Earth Charter that sprang from the Rio Summit and the Brundtland Commission.

Finally, Wilfrid Grey's most readable book justifies the claim of its subtitle to be "an easy reader." It is aimed at students in high schools and colleges, but there is an

amount in it which diplomats (including those who have served in the Canadian mission in New York) will find extremely interesting. Grey, an Englishman much involved in decolonization in Africa, knows the United Nations in New York inside out as an NGO observer. Over the years he has gathered interviews from ambassadors representing all sizes of countries, from China to Andorra.

For the newcomer, he is a tour guide to its art collection, library and even its post office in sections titled "Walkabout." For the presuming expert he has, for example, 23 short sections dealing with human rights, ranging widely and giving Mexican and Japanese views, and detailing human rights abuses in Mauritania. While we all have read about Rigoberto Menchu, where else would you learn that Panama's Esmeralda Brown has played a central role in the UN's work to help the world's 300 million indigenous peoples?

Other chapters cover disarmament, peace-keeping, economic issues and environment in digestible sections (one has Brian Tobin and Emma Bonino squaring off about straddling fish stocks). But it also ventures into rarely trodden areas such as a balanced discussion of the media coverage and freedom of religion. Lastly, it has what too many books lack: an excellent index.

BUILDING A PARTNERSHIP: THE CANADA — UNITED STATES FREE TRADE AGREEMENT edited by Mordechai Kreinin, Michigan State University Press and University of Calgary Press, p. xix, p. 194, \$24.95

Reviewed by John Tennant

John Tennant is Canadian Consul General in Detroit

A written summation of an exceptional retrospective on the negotiation of the Canada — US Free Trade Agreement (FTA) is finally in print, based on a Michigan State University conference in September, 1998, to mark the 10th anniversary of the conclusion of the FTA negotiations.

The centrepiece of the book is a marvelously moderated panel which reunited many of the original negotiators — Simon Reisman, Michael Wilson, Derek Burney, Konrad von Finckenstein, Michael Hart for

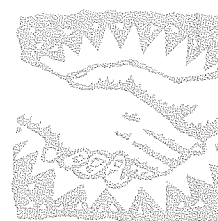
Canada and Clayton Yeutter, Bill Merkin, Peter McPherson, Alan Holmer, Jean Anderson and "Chip" Roh from the United States. These key negotiators were artfully taken through the FTA process again — from conception to conclusion — by Roger Porter of Harvard. What a session. Together again 10 years later, they seemed to welcome the opportunity to open up and relive old times. As Jeffrey Simpson of *The Globe and Mail* put it, "... as they reminisced about the negotiations, some of the old tensions emerged." Here is Simon Reisman still taking jabs at his American colleagues at the outset of the reprise: "I ultimately had a staff of 110 people of which there may have been 40 professionals. The best in the land... On the US side they didn't know what they were up against. Their team consisted of only a dozen people. They did not take this very seriously, the way we did." To quote Simpson again, Simon Reisman "hectoring, lectured and interrupted the Americans at the conference, just as he did during the negotiations".

The reunion of the negotiators provides tantalizing insights that should be of profound interest to people studying trade policy, Canada — US relations and the process of negotiation itself. Of special interest too are the thoughtful and revealing opening addresses by former Treasury Secretary James Baker III and by Derek Burney. Baker is frank: "This agreement very nearly didn't happen." Mike Smith, former Senior Deputy United States Trade Representative, also contributes his account of how Derek Burney made the first overtures about the FTA, on a windy day in the Chesapeake Bay.

Other worthwhile contributions are a condensation of former US Ambassador Jim Blanchard's assessment of Canadian — American differences (in which he praises Canada but cites us as world champion nit-pickers and uncharacteristic purveyors of violence — on ice.) along with scholarly pieces by Paul Wonnacott, Sylvia Ostry, Bill Dymond, Geza Feketekuty, Gary Hufbauer, David Schweikhardt and Mustafa Mohatarem.

The catalyst for the event was Peter McPherson, President of MSU, who was USA Deputy Secretary of the Treasury during the negotiation of the FTA. He has since constituted a high-level bilateral non-governmental group to consider the prospects for another bold phase in the Canada — US relationship. Stay tuned. ☺

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On the Sidewalks of New York

A puzzle a cappella from A Aalto

Bugbyte O'Nanotek, a lanky vision in black, paced purposefully up Central Park West. The e-mail message on the heads-up display in her cyber-shades had said to expect contact but gave no detail. Then an immense figure, whooping like a ruptured hippo, careened out of the park ahead of her, caroming sharply off a woman in furs walking a Chihuahua, and made a swan dive onto the hood of a parked BMW, leaving a dent the size of a bathtub. The Chihuahua landed in New Jersey, where he became spokesdog for a combined Mexican food franchise and phone store.

Bugbyte knew the man. Unfortunately. "Don Gordo Beluga de Puerco y Frijoles, I presume." He blanched. "Shhh! I'm here incognito. If they found out I was moonlighting with the Centre, my reputation as a tinpot dictator would never recover." (His version of "incognito" was a 300-pound man wearing a top hat, lime green Spandex jumpsuit, rollerblades and one of those plastic items combining false nose, moustache and Buddy Holly glasses. Still, this was New York. So far, no-one had spared him a glance.)

Helping him to his feet, Bugbyte confirmed his assignment as her partner on the Lincoln Centre case, the homicide of a Canadian tenor appearing at the Met. "He couldn't sing a note, but he pleased the audience as much as his famous namesake," she told Don Gordo as they huddled in a nearby patisserie. "Tell me his name wasn't Placebo Domingo," he begged, but she was forced to do so. "And they accuse *me* of sadism," he sneered.

"The Centre's new offshore artificial intelligence (AI) computer has provided some clues to the killing," Bugbyte went on, "a crime that has baffled the NYPD. The victim was shot on the main stage and the gun found near the body, but it was not suicide. No witnesses, but the murder took place in the middle of the night, when only seven people were in the building. They all had reason to hate him and none had an alibi, but there is no evidence that any specific one is the killer. In fact, they have all passed a lie detector test saying they didn't murder him."

"Liebnitz and I were assigned the case, but the AI said we needed extra support, and I guess you're it," she explained, trying to keep a doubtful note from her voice. The inside of her shades lit up with "YOU WERE EXPECTING MAX HEADROOM?" But Don Gordo was oblivious to subtlety. "What are the clues and when do we start?" he asked, swallowing two eclairs and a pastry fork in a single mouthful.

She replied, "Well, the AI faxed us a picture of the victim with the following on the back:

16-22-10-22-5-17-22-19-22 21-15 19-E-17-D-21'-20

"5-1-E 18-O-17-16-E O-18 D-E-20-5-21-15-12"

"In addition," she continued, "he sent us this Table of Suspects, plus confirmation that each suspect has a different name, a different signature role in the opera world, a different day job, a different motive (or lack of motive) and a different hangout near Central Park. We know that the guilty party is hiding in one of those hangouts, but not necessarily his or her normal one. You and I have to troll our contacts to see what we can find about the suspects. The AI also sent Liebnitz a puzzle that tells us how the murderer is disguised — and by logical extension where he is hiding. Ludwig is working on that puzzle now — we're to meet him here at 3:00."

"Right, let's hit the road," said Don Gordo in a whisper they heard at the far end of Long Island. Bugbyte watched as he lurched off toward Broadway, pausing only to make a loud-suited businessman eat his cellphone and to stuff a street mime down an invisible man-hole. She shook her head. TRUST ME, advised her shades.

The three agents rendezvoused as planned. Bugbyte and Don Gordo related the following data about the seven suspects ("between", "beside", "above" and "place" refer to position on the Table of Suspects):

- (a) Jefferson, whose signature role is DON GIOVANNI, is the house-husband of a senator, while the man who plays CANIO is a tenor with politics as his motive.
- (b) O'Rourke is the only female, a working soprano who hangs out at the Café des Artistes.
- (c) Brady is a soldier who hangs out at the Guggenheim Museum.
- (d) The man who plays RENATO is directly between two tenors, one of them the monk.
- (e) The man who hangs out at the Plaza Hotel is at one end of the Table, beside the professional hitman, whose motive is his contract.
- (f) Thaw, who has no motive, is between the Ambassador to Finland and the suspect with self-defence as a motive.
- (g) The baritone whose motive is fear of exposure is five places away from the other baritone, who hangs out at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
- (h) Lombino, an actor-manager who hangs out at the Central Park zoo, is beside the man who plays SPARAFUCILE and hangs out at Columbus Circle.
- (i) Konigsberg is the only basso.
- (j) Tilley is between the man who plays DON JOSE and the man who hangs out at the Natural History Museum.
- (k) The suspect who plays TOSCA is beside the one who plays DON ALVARO.
- (l) The suspect whose motive is jealousy is directly above the one whose motive is inheritance.

"Excellent," said Liebnitz, "there's enough information here to tell us the name and role of the guilty suspect — let's call him or her Ecks." The ace logician made short work of that problem.

Then he showed them a puzzle entitled ELITE EMPORIA. "Each clue refers to the name of a high-fashion store on Fifth Avenue within the first dozen blocks south of the Park — but a second linked reference had been blended into each answer, as you can see from the example at the top. When you replace the numbers with letters in the answers, a given number always represents the same letter (so E for example might always be 23). Our AI friend has helpfully inserted all the Ds, Es, Gs, and Os — which leads me to suspect he's GEODE, our silicon-based friend in SuWaNi." THERE'S HOPE FOR YOU PEOPLE YET, flashed Bugbyte's shades.

"Anyway, counting the frequencies of the numbers in the puzzle and the photo caption — they use the same cipher — I compared the result with a standard tables of letter frequencies. Four of the five commonest letters (not counting E and O) are A, N, S and T, for example. This gave me enough help to get all the answers

TABLE OF SUSPECTS

Name	Role	Motive	Hangout	Day Job	Range
WC Jefferson					
Allen S Konigsberg					
Salvatore Lombino					
M O'Rourke					
Harry K Thaw					
Eustace Tilley					
JB Brady					

and in turn to verify the compete cipher. Then I could read the photo caption — which explains the death and links it to Ecks — and the keyword at the bottom of the puzzle — which tells us indirectly where Ecks is hiding. On caption and keyword, I verified my guesses with a Web search. Anyway, we should go and get Ecks before the place closes.”

They set off and soon reached the indicated locale. There they surrounded the lumbering Ecks, only to provoke a sudden dash for freedom. The three agents piled on, desperate to restrain the fleeing figure. First Liebnitz was thrown off, then Bugbyte. But they had delayed Ecks for long enough to let Don Gordo take a stand between two stout trees. The enraged Ecks charged, shoulders down. The vast bulk of the doughty dictator swayed but held. Ecks dug in and pushed forward. Hard-pressed, Don Gordo looped the wrist-cuffs of his jumpsuit over a stout tree-branch on either side. Too little, too late — his rollerblades gave him no purchase

ELITE EMPORIA

EXAMPLE: Xenon and radon at the bookstore: BARNES AND NOBLE GASES

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>(1) One tough cowboy in fine jewelry.
10-E-E 19-22-15 16-10-E-E-18
22-15-D 22-17-8-E-10-20</p> <p>(2) Bacon and eggs with Truman and Audrey.
6-17-E-22-9-18-22-20-5 22-5 5-
21-18-18-22-15-12'-20</p> <p>(3) All's Well that Ends Well locale for high-fashion cosmetics.
E-10-21-4-22-6-E-5-1 18-O-17-E-
20-5 O-18 22-17-D-E-15</p> <p>(4) Wall Street investment house meets women's apparel.
G-O-10-D-3-22-15 20-22-9-20 18-
21-18-5-1 22-19-E-15-13-E</p> <p>(5) World's strongest toy store.
18 22 O 20-16-1-14-22-17-4-E-
15-E-G-G-E-17</p> | <p>(6) Fine jewelry meets Karsh's bulldog.
1-22-17-17-12 14-21-15-20-5-O-15
16-1-13-17-16-1-21-10-10</p> <p>(7) Men's apparel meets Tammany Hall.
1-13-G-O 6-O-20-20 5-14-E-E-D</p> <p>(8) A hot trumpet meets good luggage.
10-O-13-21-20 22-17-3-20-5-17-O-
15-G 19-13-21-5-5-O-15</p> <p>(9) Women's apparel meets a swinging clarinet.
6-E-17-G-11-O-17-18 22-15-D 6-
E-15-15-12 G-O-O-D-3-22-15</p> <p>(10) Good suits for Blazing Saddles.
3-E-10 6-17-O-O-9-20 6-17-O-5-1-
E-17-20</p> |
|--|---|

KEYWORD: 17. 13-15-21-16-O-17-15-
21-20

BOXED IN AGAIN: ANSWERS

The seven gems in anagram are (in order): RUBIES, MOTHER OF PEARL, CORAL, STAR SAPPHIRE, AMBER, GARNETS and MOSS AGATE. The characteristics of the seven boxes are as follows:

VOLUME	DIMENSIONS	COLOUR	SOURCE	ANAGRAM
8	2x2x2	slime green	Transylvania	BRUISE
18	2x3x3	white	Osaka	FEAR HOTEL ROMP
27	3x3x3	indigo	Nepal	CAROL
36	3x3x4	tangerine + violet	London	TARPAPER HISS
60	3x4x5	gold	Cuzco	BREAM
64	4x4x4	black + blue	New Zealand	STRANGE
99	3x3x11	rust red	Zanzibar	STEAM SAGO

CLASHER SKEDNIC is an anagram for CHARLES DICKENS, who wrote The Old Curiosity Shop. Nelly Trent ("Little Nell") and Daniel Quilp (a diminutive villain who wound up in the Thames) are characters in that story.

WINNER

Michael H. Lubetsky, Ottawa

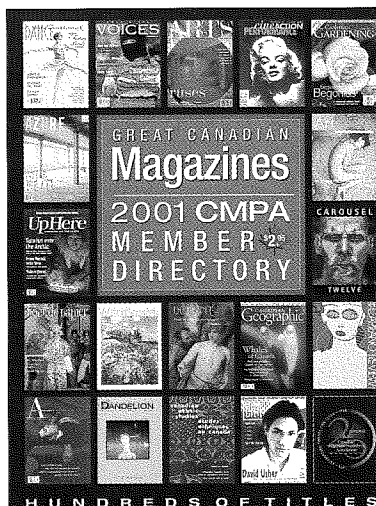
and he was propelled sharply backward onto the sidewalk. Ecks roared in triumph.

But he had forgotten the Spandex. Although Don Gordo slipped, the jumpsuit held. Stretched to its limits, it snapped back, flinging Ecks and a suddenly naked dictator back the way they came. Sweeping up Liebnitz and Bugbyte as they struggled to their feet, the duo (now a quartet) sped like a tornado across the open spaces of the park and into the crowded shopping streets beyond. Flashing rapidly and destructively through the park stables, a molasses factory, a down pillow store and a fish market, they finally crashed to a halt, trashing an upmarket ice cream parlour.

It was just an unfortunate coincidence that a vacationing Chief MacBannock should stroll in moments later, to find a strangely-disguised figure in handcuffs and two of his top agents in tar and feathers, entwined with a huge naked man covered in gelato and sashimi, maraschino cherries over his eyes, a licorice whip in his hand and a saddle on his back. A pair of expensive-looking sunglasses lay in a corner, flashing OH WOW! TILT! Surveying the entanglement, MacBannock frowned, opened his mouth and then closed it, muttering, "It's better not to know." As he turned on his heel to leave, however, he was heard to express doubt that pistachio eel ripple would ever be a popular flavour.

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat — the puzzles, not the finale — by providing (a) the keyword at the bottom of the ELITE EMPORIA puzzle and the words on the back of the victim's photo; (b) the real name and signature role of Ecks; and (c) the place and disguise in which Ecks was hiding? Not necessary for winning, but can you also supply the answers to the ELITE EMPORIA clues? Can you fill in the rest of the Table of Suspects? Can you explain how the victim died? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by July 1, 2001. The winner will receive more great Tuvan throat-singing: the CD from *Genghis Blues*. ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator and part-time opera critic A Aalto was born in pre-revolutionary Tannu Tuva and raised by Patagonian missionaries on the Zambezi. Please note that neither "taco" nor "bell" appear at the end of the first paragraph in this article. As a piece of total (but irresistible) trivia, at the end of the original version of Verdi's Un ballo in maschera, the signature character played by one of the suspects really is appointed Ambassador to Finland by the King (Gustav III of Sweden) whom he has just mortally wounded. There's a message there somewhere.....



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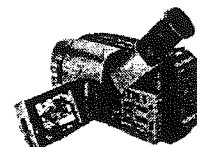
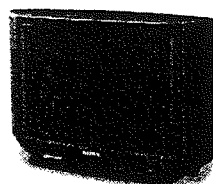
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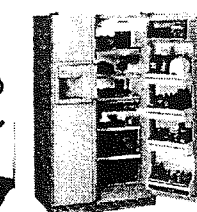
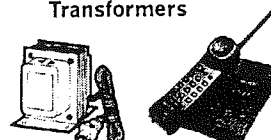
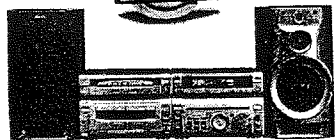
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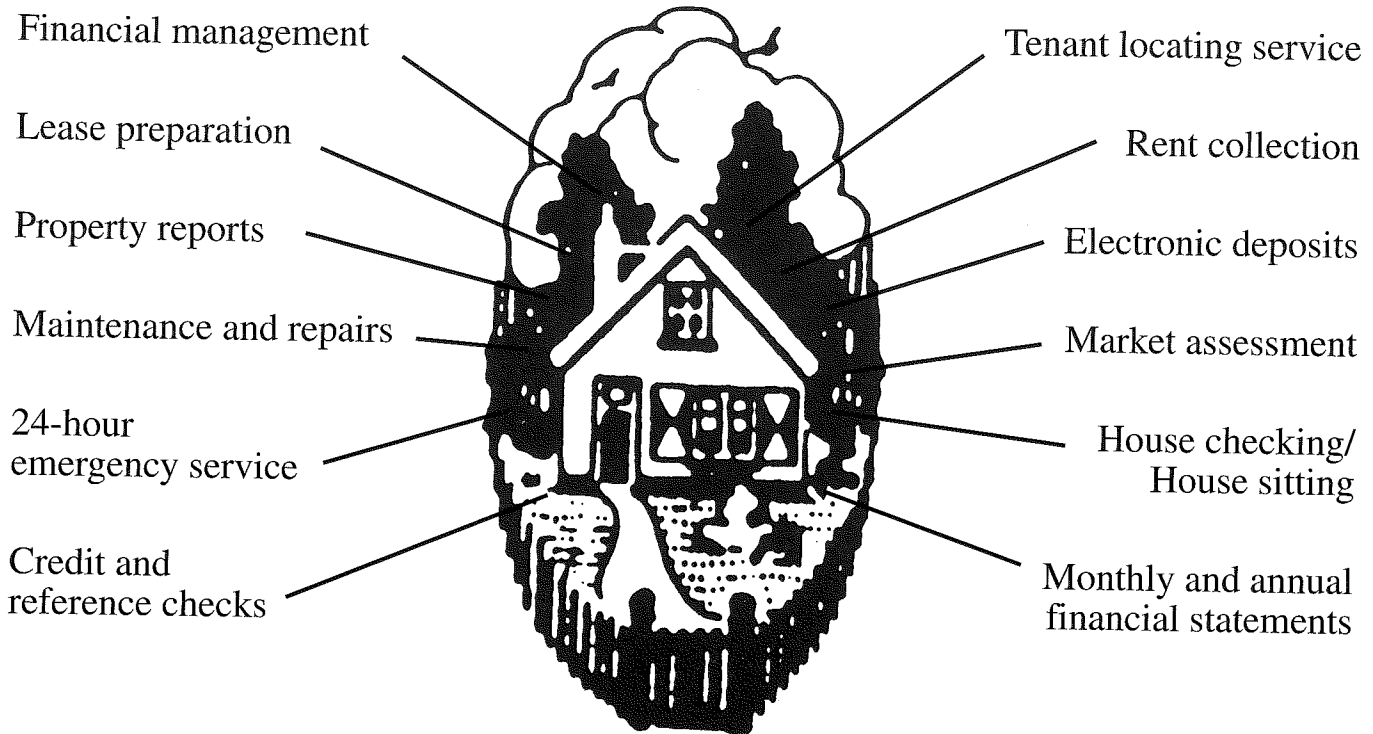
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