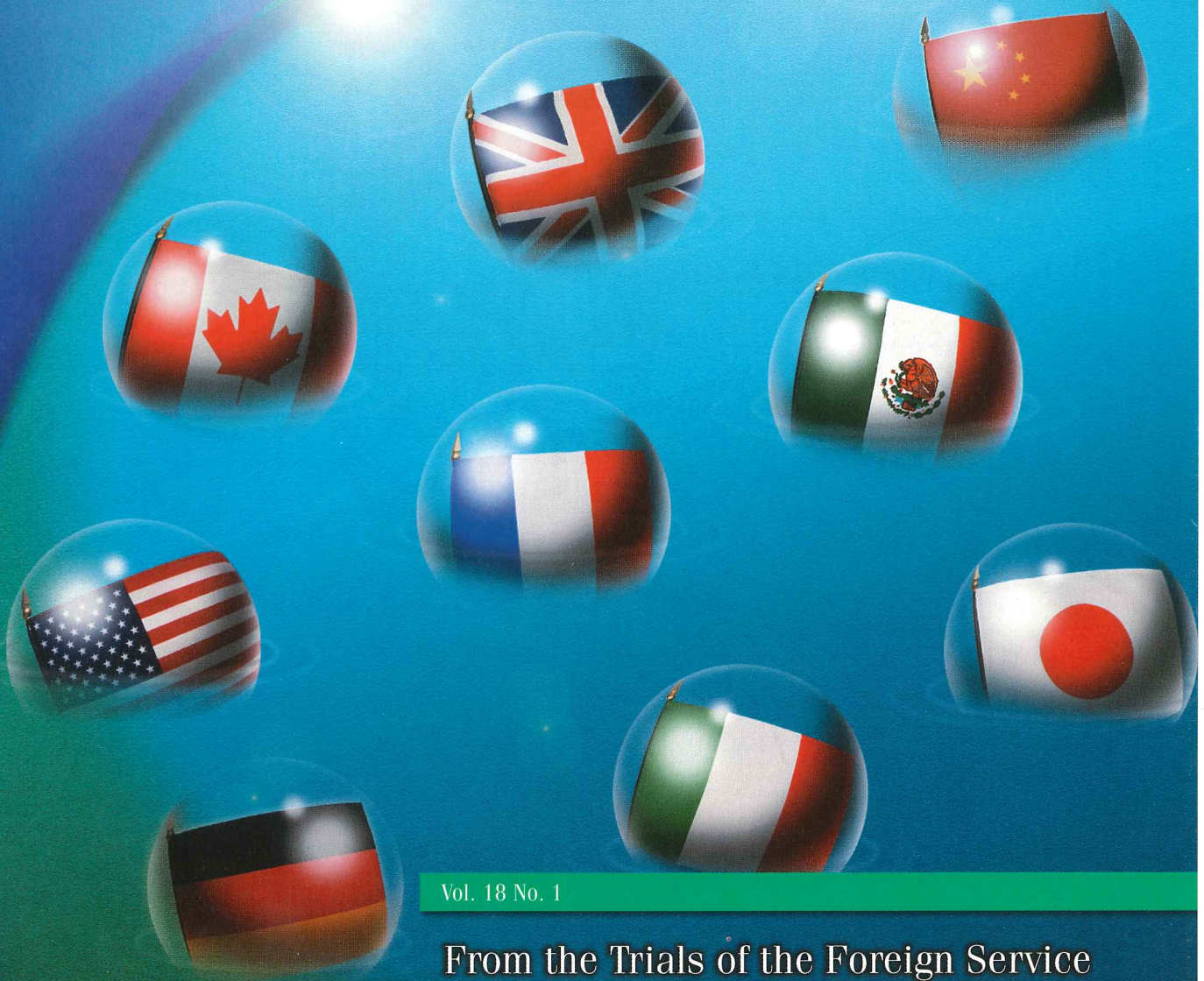


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Vol. 18 No. 1

From the Trials of the Foreign Service
to the Trails of the Rockies

L'Empire désorienté

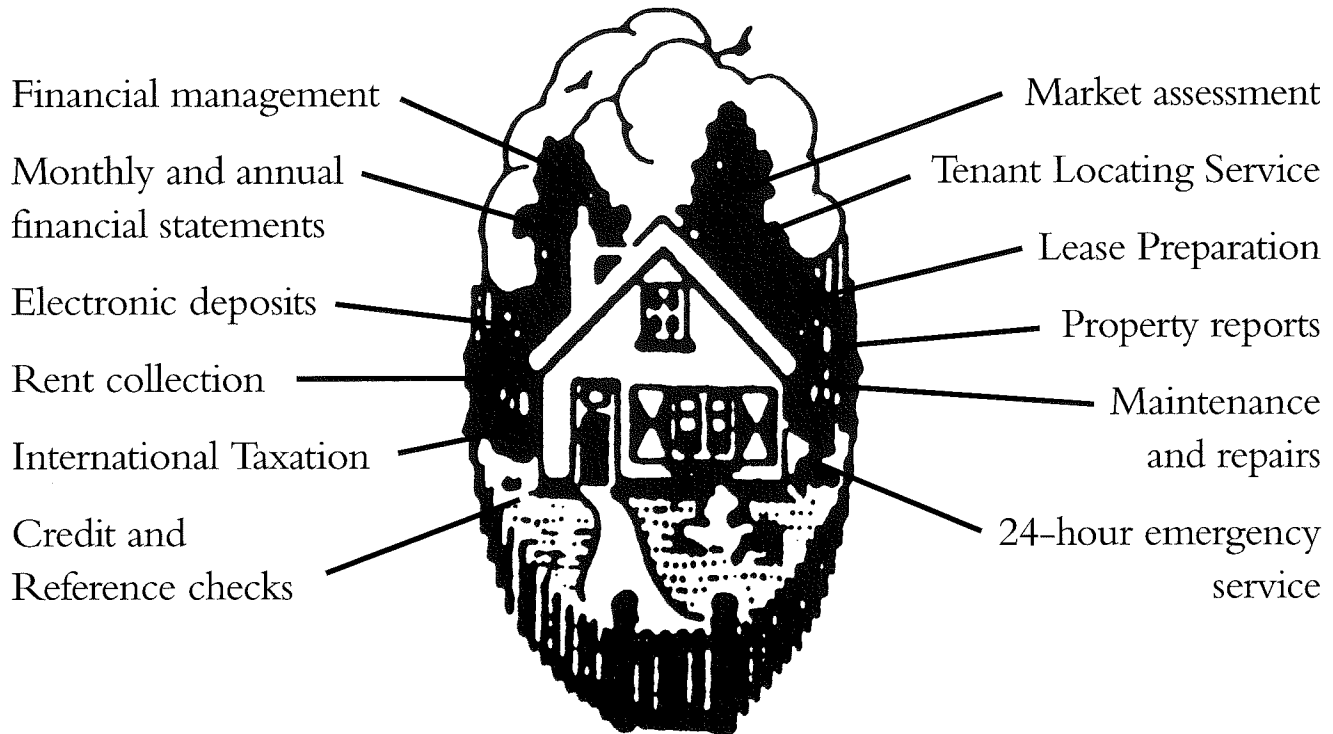
Sovereignty in the Age of Cholera

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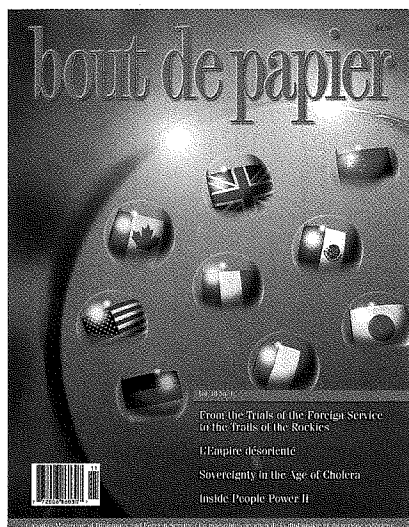
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From Here to the Sun

Hello, faithful readers. Who would have thunk it? Nortel at \$120 after two splits, now costing less than that other great Canadian staple, a case of beer. Pity the poor portfolio managers in their struggle to counsel their clients on how to live through this tech melt-down. While individual investors do their best to figure out what to do next, fibre optics optic has lessons on how we do business, too. Analysts have widely reported that there exists enough fibre in the ground to stretch from here to the sun. The problem is that building 100 million miles and filling 100 million miles with stuff are two entirely different processes. So while everyone was putting this stuff in the ground, the ability of you and me to connect to it lagged far behind as capacity soared. So what's this got to with diplomacy? A lot, in a strange sort of way.

The other night, I was wandering in the Pearson rabbit warren going to deliver a video we had just produced on the Institute for Connectivity in the Americas (yes, this is a shameless plug), one of the major outcomes of the Quebec City Summit. As I was about to turn left off the A tower and venture into Tour B, a colleague and friend stopped to chat. "What's that?" he asked, looking at the sleek, black video case I was carrying. After my explanation, he asked me a tougher question, as he usually does, "so ... what is connectivity?" By that point in the night, my brain was full of the quadrillion transactions that an ordinary day at DFAIT brings, so I mumbled out some answer that sounded more like Internet penny stock's two-year-old business plan than anything coherent and worthy of my friend's central question.

I took a walk later that evening, and as I wandered the streets of Mechanicsville, there was only one answer to his question that made any sense. So here it is, for what it's worth: connectivity is sovereignty.

It's all about sovereignty, always has been and always will be. Not necessarily the sovereignty of states, but the sovereignty of individuals, groups and networks. State sovereignty has created a certain *modus operandi*, one being that state sovereignty is a counterweight to competing forces of authority and global flows of power, that serve to attract or repel those positive forces or flows.

What makes connectivity relevant in judging sovereignty, and ultimately security of the person or the state, is that the competition to state sovereignty is much more severe now than it has ever been before, as the ability to organize a community around consensus interests is easier and more lucrative than ever before.

So connectivity is also a measurement of sovereignty, that is, it is the power of the network, and not just the network itself.

States in general, and Canada in particular, have focused much energy on the generation of sovereignty, that is the creation of instruments, but that generated energy needs to sustain a network, that is how those instruments flow and where they find use.

The dilemma of the fibre optic industry is that it has a state-of-the-art instrument that, for the moment, is relatively empty. The future value of the industry will be determined by good management, but also by what flows through that instrument.

And, like the network, the value of connectivity depends on the ability of each person to connect to our network of Canadian sovereignty as it exists in a morphing world and, by definition therefore, our sovereignty becomes the sum of those who can connect to it.

One purpose of sovereignty is to enable a state to influence its own destiny for the benefit of security and prosperity of Canadians. Those who



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aren't connected represent a net loss for Canadian sovereignty, as sovereignty is the national sum of every citizen's assessment of the intersection between his or her own self-interest and the public good.

That sum is who we are as a country. And there lies the great challenge for us as a foreign service, because the exercise of sovereignty will only continue to blur the lines we have drawn between the domestic and the foreign. Canada is where Canadians are. Our objective as a department should be to use our connectivity to increase our human net worth and, by extension, the strength of our sovereignty. And so, to my colleague, I would say that connectivity is how we use and fill our network so that it attracts capital, ideas and people, so that we can continue to be a force for good in the world.

Sovereignty is like electricity — there is no point in generating it if you can't transmit and use it. This edition of **bout de papier** contains four articles on sovereignty and the control of one's destiny that I hope you will find interesting and worthwhile.

First, there's Kent Vachon's piece on what's happened recently in the Philippines and how popular culture and its sub-themes of global probity, transparency and simplicity are changing how people relate to their governments. Then, there's Cindy Kleiman's piece on state sovereignty and how new global norms affect traditional ways of doing business. One of our interns, Paul Edwards-Shand, takes a close look at our former Minister and at human security. And finally, there's Bill Warden's piece, an elegy to personal sovereignty and finding your way after decades at DFAIT.

That's all, folks. Sorry for the long editorial. See you soon, with pieces from Ben Rowsell behind the wall at the Quebec City Summit and another piece from one of our interns on EU competition policy.

All this and the **bout** summer reading anecdote issue....

... now if I could only remember to deliver that video....

Bernard Etzinger

Editor:

Although all Foreign Service officers are familiar with the term "Summit" to describe meetings of Heads of State-Government, the origin of this usage may not be known.

When reading recently Martin Gilbert's biography of Sir Winston Churchill (Pimlico edition 2000), I came across the following passage on page 889 regarding a speech that the then leader of the opposition gave in Edinburgh on February 14, 1950 during a general election campaign. If of general interest, you may wish to share the passage with your readers:

"... he (Churchill) spoke of his hope that it might be possible to find some 'more exalted and august foundation for peace' than the atom bomb. He could not help 'coming back', he said to the idea of 'another talk with Soviet Russia upon the highest level.' Then, using the word 'summit' for the first time in reference to talks between world leaders, he said: 'The idea

appeals to me of a supreme effort to bridge the gulf between the two worlds, so that each can live their life, if not in friendship, at least without the hatreds of the cold war. You must be careful to mark my words in these matters because I have not always been proved wrong. It is not easy to see how things could be worsened by a parley at the summit, if such a thing were possible."

Churchill's eloquence was not enough on this occasion to secure a victory of his party, but his metaphor has endured in the diplomatic lexicon.

I.C. Ferguson
High Commissioner
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Being Lloyd Axworthy

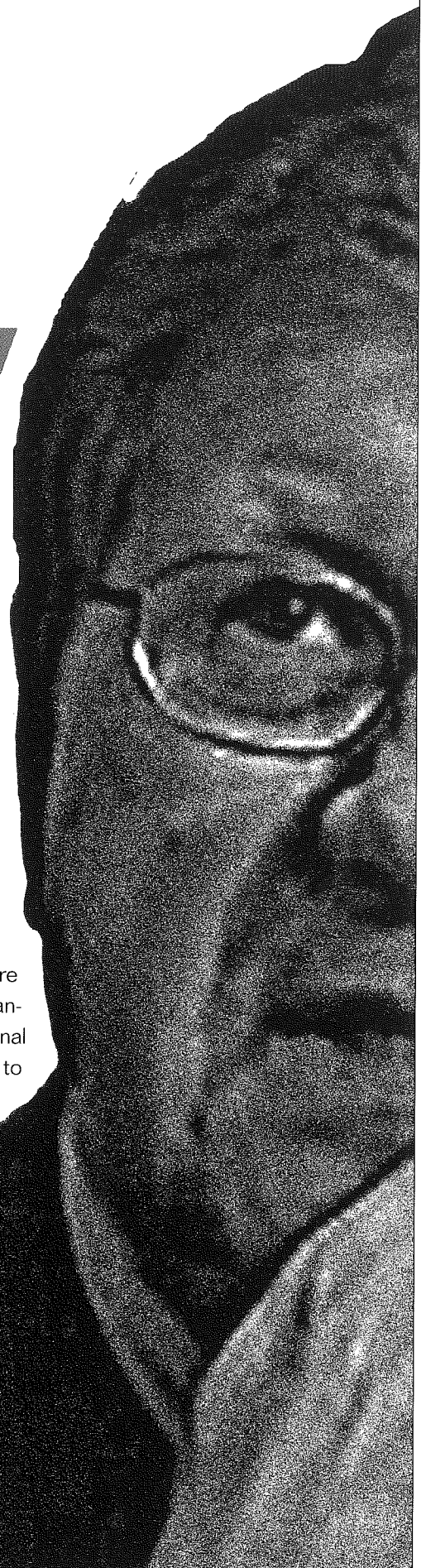
Reflections on a Former Foreign Minister

by Paul Edwards-Shand

Lloyd Axworthy was Canada's Minister of Foreign Affairs from January 1996 to October 2000. One of the most important causes he championed over the years has been that of human security. It's this agenda that Axworthy worked relentlessly

This space will feature articles from time to time by students who volunteer for our magazine. Our interns have provided excellent assistance and advice, and **bout de papier** hopes that you will find their contributions equally excellent.

to promote as the primary focus of Canada's foreign policy in the post-Cold War world. This broad agenda includes everything from human rights, landmine awareness and raising awareness about war-affected children, to the creation of the new International Criminal Court. Axworthy maintains that human security is multifaceted, including an effort to construct a global society where the safety of the individual is at the centre of international priorities and a motivating force for international action. It's an issue where international humanitarian standards and the rule of law are advanced. It's a global issue where those who violate certain standards are, ideally, held fully accountable and where global, regional and bilateral institutions — present and future — are designed to enhance and enforce these standards.



Lloyd Axworthy was born on December 21, 1939, in North Battleford, Saskatchewan. During his first five years, he barely saw his father, who was fighting in the Second World War. In the 1950s, he took a keen interest in the Korean War, the Cold War and the Suez Crisis, issues he went on to debate in school, in model United Nations, and in Manitoba's Youth Parliament. In 1961, he obtained a B.A. in political science from the University of Manitoba. He then went on to complete both an M.A. (1963) and a Ph.D. (1972) in political science from New Jersey's Princeton University. First elected to Parliament in 1979, he held a number of senior posts, including serving as Minister of Employment and Immigration and Minister of Transport. In 1990, Axworthy became the Liberal Party Critic for external affairs and, in 1991, Vice-Chairman of the House of Commons Standing Committee on External Affairs and International Trade. He was both Minister of Human Resources Development and of Western Economic Diversification from 1993 to 1996. He was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1996. His ambition, he once said, was to become prime minister; failing that, he said he wanted to follow in the footsteps of Lester B. Pearson, who, in 1956, gave the world the concept of UN peacekeeping missions.

Axworthy pointed out that religious beliefs are private but "what you believe in is a part of your makeup as a public person."

What led Axworthy to pursue a human security agenda? He tried to explain it in an interview with Anne Petrie of CBC Newsworld's *The Moral Divide*. One factor, he explained, was his religious background. Christianity was not simply a spiritual experience but a form of social activism, a way of expressing faith. It was this belief system which Axworthy said attracted him to politics. "I do not want to make it sound like I was on some sort of a crusade ... but I liked the idea of using the political system to make changes and do things...."

"The one thing that my faith did for me was that it allowed me to take those kinds of policy directions. ... There was a certain standard, a set of values, a certain position

In 1998, he was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. ... In December 2000, Axworthy received the **Senator Patrick Leahy Humanitarian Award** ... for his leadership in "the global effort to outlaw the use of child-soldiers, to bring war criminals to justice and to end the human tragedy of landmines."

that you could draw out of your faith and know that that was the right thing to do."

Axworthy pointed out that religious beliefs are private, but "what you believe in is a part of your makeup as a public person." His own led him to a concern for human security — the idea that the risk to individuals is as important as the risk to nation-states. Canada, he argued, had a special role to play on the international stage in promoting its values and rights.

"It is important that we go through this quite substantial revolution where Canadians have to come to grips with a lot of issues about their role and their responsibilities internationally. Are we responsible for the executions that take place in Rwanda? Should we be prepared to step in and do something, to go into a country, to send our peacekeepers there? Those are tough questions and if you don't have some basis for saying that we are all God's children and that there is a fundamental universal jurisdiction that we all have to honour, if you simply rely on power politics and realpolitik and the competition of national interests, then you are going to get the conservatives or the reactionaries who say 'Don't do that. It is none of our business.' Well, I can't do that as a practicing Christian because it doesn't matter to me if a child is a Tutsi child from Rwanda or a child from a reserve in Manitoba. They still deserve the same respect, and the same care and concern," he explained.

Traditional interests in national security and diplomatic relations have undergone a radical change, Axworthy asserted. "Now, foreign ministers deal with the issues of human security, terrorism, drug-trafficking and public health, among others. I am particularly interested in disarmament, threats of violence to societies, humanitarian intervention in conflict situations and protection

of children." As foreign minister, he campaigned successfully to get Canada another mandate on the UN Security Council (1999-2000), for UN system reforms, and for Security Council resolutions and action that would advance world peace and, above all, try to enhance the protection of women and children in armed conflict.

One of his first initiatives promoting peace was the establishment of the Canadian Peacekeeping Fund and the Canadian Peacebuilding Program in 1996. The aim was to contribute to conflict prevention and post-conflict social and economic reconstruction. In 1998, Axworthy was at the head of a group of like-minded states that pushed successfully for the creation of the International Criminal Court. Its purpose is to prosecute individuals accused of genocide, war crimes and crimes against humanity. It will come into existence as soon as 60 states ratify the 1998 Rome Statute creating it. It has been signed by 139 countries and 29, including Canada, have ratified it.

It doesn't matter to me if a child is a Tutsi child from Rwanda or a child from a reserve in Manitoba. They still deserve the same respect, and the same care and concern."

Another achievement was the International Conference on War-Affected Children, which was held in Winnipeg in

September 2000, the first such gathering. The Conference followed several Canadian initiatives at the UN and in other forums, such as the G-8, on behalf of specific goals: better protection for civilians (particularly women and children) in armed conflict; more efficient peacekeeping operations; and the more humane use of sanctions. Axworthy's last endeavor before leaving office was the creation of the International Commission on Intervention and State Sovereignty, which was launched in September 2000 and will report to the UN General Assembly. Next fall, Axworthy will chair an advisory board which will serve as the Commission's reference body.

In 1998, he was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize after the adoption the year before of the Ottawa Convention, which bans the production, use, stockpiling and transfer of anti-personnel mines. With Jody Williams, head of the International Campaign to Ban Landmines, he was the Convention's main advocate. In December 2000, Axworthy received the Senator Patrick Leahy Humanitarian Award from the Vietnam Veterans of America Foundation for his leadership in "the global effort to outlaw the use of child-soldiers, to bring war criminals to justice and to end the human tragedy of landmines."

Axworthy came up with a new idea — partnerships between civil society and progressive governments — that allows Canada to use its potential to best advantage in international affairs, says journalist and political commentator Richard Gwyn. He calls Axworthy Canada's most noteworthy foreign minister since Pearson. And it was the idea of partnerships that helped in the banning of the use of landmines.

help others that I wasn't being as good a husband or father as I should have been."

As of January 1, 2001, Lloyd Axworthy became the new Director and C.E.O. of the Liu Centre for the Study of Global Issues at the University of British Columbia. "I can help develop the ideas further and give them more expression, and also help by doing things directly as a private citizen that I could not do as a minister, i.e., go places and help

"Public service is a much maligned occupation. 'I think probably it's the nature of the job to be criticized. But it's also an incredible opportunity to do things.'"

"Public service is a much maligned occupation," Axworthy recently told *The Toronto Star*. "I think probably it's the nature of the job to be criticized. But it's also an incredible opportunity to do things. Close to three decades of having the chance to do that is pretty special."

His decision to resign was partially based on the demands 28 years of public service and eight elections placed on his family, Axworthy told CBC's Petrie, "I realized that I was making a mistake ... that I was so busy trying to

in a more private way," Axworthy said. "If we can find a meeting place between the world of policy-making, which I come from, and the world of ideas in the university, then we can do something quite meaningful."

Paul Edwards-Shand is a graduate student working towards his M.A. in international affairs at Carleton University's Norman Patterson School of International Affairs. He is also an intern at bout de papier.

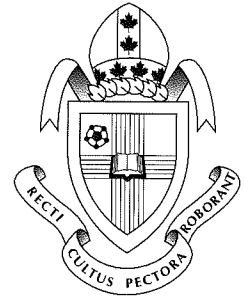


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Fulgence Charpentier (1897-2001)

Le doyen d'âge des chefs de mission du Canada à la retraite n'est plus. L'ami Fulgence s'éteignait après une vie bien remplie à l'âge avancé de cent trois ans, sept mois et douze jours. Deux de ses fils, Georges et Pierre, de regrettée mémoire, et comme lui, anciens ambassadeurs du Canada à l'étranger, l'avaient précédé dans la tombe en 1989.

Il était entré tard dans la carrière, ayant été, après avoir complété ses études de droit à Osgoode Hall, tour à tour journaliste, cour-riériste parlementaire, traducteur de débats à la Chambre des communes et directeur du bureau de la Censure en temps de guerre. C'est à l'ambassade du Canada à Paris qu'il fit ses premières armes dans la diplomatie à titre d'at-taché culturel. Le ministère des Affaires extérieures du temps eut tôt fait de se réclamer à nouveau de ses services pour lui confier, suc-cessivement et à titre de chargé d'affaires, la gérance de nos missions en Uruguay (1953), au Brésil (1956) et à Haiti (1957). Après quelques années de stage au Ministère comme titulaire de la direction des Passeports, notre ami retournait une fois de plus à l'étranger, cette fois-ci comme premier ambassadeur rési-dant du Canada en Afrique francophone. Ses

lettres de créance l'accréditaient alors (1962) auprès des chefs d'état du Cameroun, du Chad, de la République centrafricaine et du Congo (Brazzaville). Il devait y demeurer jusqu'au terme de sa carrière au Ministère en 1965.

Une fois rentré au pays, l'ami Fulgence revenait à ses premiers amours à titre d'édi-torialiste, puis de pigiste, enfin, de chroniqueur au journal *Le Droit*. Il écrivait sa dernière chronique au début de 1999, ayant alors dépassé le cap des 101 ans.

On a souligné de lui la finesse, l'intelli-gence et la bonté. Fêru d'histoire et de littérature, il s'exprimait dans une langue claire, précise et élégante. Fier de ses origines franco-ontariennes (il était né à Sainte-Anne-de-Prescott le 29 juin, 1897), il servit dignement ses compatriotes à la mairie d'Ottawa, d'abord comme échevin, puis comme leur représentant au bureau des Commissaires de la ville.

C'est à tous ces titres que le Canada et la France lui accordaient leur plus haute décoration.

Elmo Thibault, aujourd'hui à la retraite, a été ambassadeur au Cameroun et en Roumanie.

Mehul (Mike) Shah (1964-2001)

Friends and colleagues of Mehul (Mike) Shah will be saddened to learn of his sudden passing on Friday, June 22, 2001. Mike joined the Political/Economic stream of the Department in 1993. He served with distinction in the Oceans, Environ-mental and Economic Law Division, as well as in the Trade Law Division of the Department prior to his assign-ment to the Canadian Mission to the European Union in Brussels. He joined the Information and Technology Trade Policy Division when he returned to Canada in 1999, and was recently appointed Deputy Director for Intellectual Property. Mike Shah was a first-class foreign service officer and an outstanding member of the public service — the kind who makes this government strong. He will be sorely missed by friends and colleagues.



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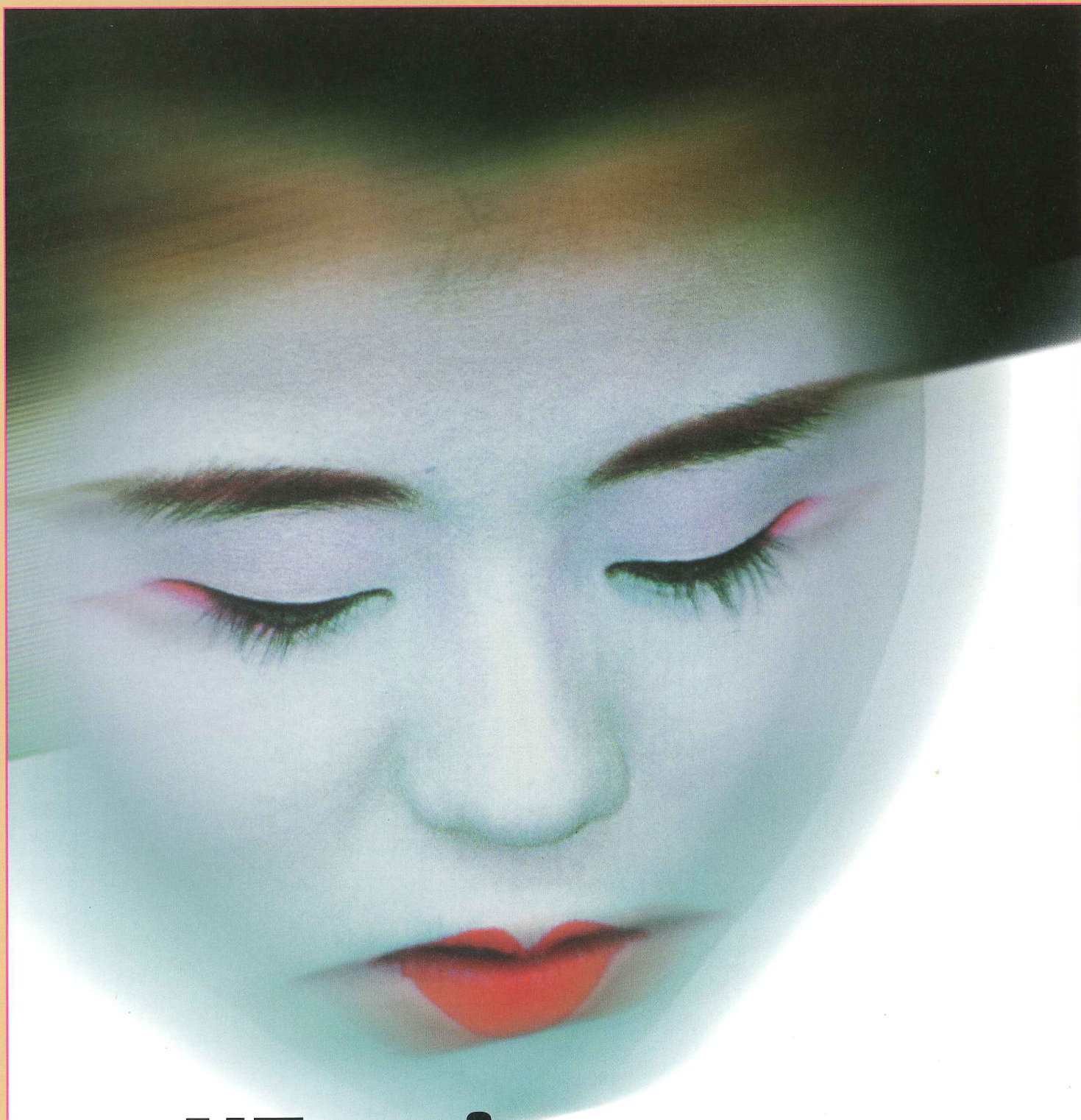
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L'Empire désorienté

Catherine Bergman

L'extrait de *L'Empire désorienté* de Catherine Bergman est reproduit avec l'aimable autorisation de Flammarion Québec (mars 2001, 24,95 \$, 309 p.). De ces récits, il ressort un portrait inédit et fascinant de la société japonaise, une société en grand désarroi qui cherche à s'orienter.

L'affaire des manuels scolaires

Mentionnez l'affaire des manuels scolaires à un Japonais, et vous le verrez sans doute lever les yeux au ciel d'un air exaspéré, et exhaler un petit soupir de profonde frustration.

Ce procès — le plus long de l'histoire juridique japonaise — a défrayé la chronique pendant plus d'une trentaine d'années, causé des manifestations épiques dans les rues de Tokyo, fait tomber des ministres, écourté la carrière d'un juge, déclenché des incidents diplomatiques entre le Japon et ses voisins, mobilisé l'opinion publique et cristallisé les paradoxes de la société japonaise d'après-guerre.

Au centre de cette tourmente, un vieux professeur d'histoire obstiné, Saburo Ienaga, qui voulait obliger les Japonais à regarder leur passé en face, leur faire reconnaître les horreurs commises par l'armée impériale durant la Seconde Guerre mondiale, et éduquer les nouvelles générations pour que l'histoire ne se répète pas.

J'étais nouvellement arrivée au Japon au moment où l'affaire des manuels scolaires, autrement dit le procès intenté par Ienaga, subissait l'un de ses nombreux rebondissements.

J'ai donc assisté, ébahie, à l'une de ces crises douloureuses qui saisissent périodiquement la société japonaise.

Jour après jour, à la une des grands quotidiens, dans les éditoriaux, les commentaires, les débats télévisés, la même question revenait, lancinante : *Que s'est-il vraiment passé pendant la Seconde Guerre mondiale ?*

Je devais réaliser par la suite que, dans la vie japonaise, pas une semaine ne s'écoule sans que les journaux ou la télévision ne publient une nouvelle, un reportage, un témoignage, pour alimenter le même débat : avons-nous été les agresseurs ou les victimes ? Quels sont nos souvenirs ? Qui raconte l'Histoire ? [...]

À la fin de la guerre, l'historien Saburo Ienaga jouissait déjà d'une certaine renommée dans les milieux universitaires pour ses travaux sur l'histoire des idées. Professeur émérite à l'université d'Éducation de Tokyo, il avait obtenu le prix de l'Académie du Japon en 1948. Peu après, il entreprenait de rédiger *La Guerre du Pacifique*, œuvre qui fut publiée en 1950 et qui devait par la suite être traduite en plusieurs langues.

Ienaga n'avait jamais été un ami du régime militaire, mais il fut tout de même stupéfait de tout ce qu'il découvrit, lors de ses recherches, sur les agissements de l'armée japonaise pendant les années de guerre. C'est pourquoi il décida de publier un manuel d'histoire pour les élèves du

secondaire, manuel qui incluait les épisodes les moins savoureux, tels que la colonisation de la Corée, le massacre de Nankin, et l'existence de laboratoires de recherche sur les armes chimiques et bactériologiques en Mandchourie et à Singapour, tragiquement célèbres pour leur utilisation des prisonniers de guerre comme cobayes humains.

Dans un premier temps, le livre d'histoire d'Ienaga connut un succès certain : largement utilisé par les écoles secondaires japonaises, il fut réimprimé quatre années de suite. [...]

Mais, après l'euphorie des premières années, le vent commença à tourner. Avec la fin de l'occupation américaine, la classe des hauts fonctionnaires japonais reprit les rênes du pouvoir, et il ne fallut pas très longtemps avant que les vieilles habitudes resurgissent.

Au ministère de l'Éducation en particulier, on se remit bientôt à parler de « mission sacrée », de « sacrifice » et de « d'abnégation ». Les fonctionnaires retrouvèrent rapidement leur attitude de propriétaire envers le contenu des programmes et des manuels scolaires dans toutes les disciplines, à commencer bien sûr par l'histoire. Désormais, tous les livres de classe devaient être approuvés par les inspecteurs du ministère avant d'être publiés, et il apparut très vite que leur préoccupation prioritaire était de donner aux jeunes Japonais une image positive de leur pays.

Pour Saburo Ienaga, les ennuis ne se firent pas attendre. Le manuscrit de sa cinquième édition lui revint, avec force corrections. Par exemple, quand il parlait de « l'agression japonaise en Chine pendant les années trente », les correcteurs du ministère butaient sur le mot « agression ». « La consonance en est tellement négative ! Pourquoi ne pas utiliser plutôt le terme « avance militaire » ? suggéraient-ils.

Et ils lui expliquaient très ouvertement leur souci : « Pour l'éducation des citoyens de la prochaine génération, il n'est pas souhaitable d'utiliser des termes à connotation éthique négative lorsqu'on décrit les actes de son propre pays. » [...]

Dans un premier temps, Ienaga essaya de jouer le jeu. Il corrigeait ses textes, adoucissait ses phrases, négociait comme un chiffonnier : « Si vous me laissez mentionner le massacre de Nankin, en échange je vous réduis le nombre officiel des victimes civiles. »

Mais c'était beaucoup demander à un historien professionnel, et après neuf ans de ces marchandages, Ienaga se rebella, et décida de se battre devant les tribunaux. C'était en 1965, et ce fut le premier de trois procès qui allaient occuper l'avant-scène de l'actualité japonaise pendant plus de trois décennies.

Ienaga menait deux batailles de front : il voulait que les jeunes Japonais sachent ce qui s'était passé pendant la guerre ; il voulait aussi établir qu'avec l'avènement de la nouvelle constitution le ministère de l'Éducation ne pouvait plus se permettre de dicter le contenu des manuels scolaires. [...]

Sans attendre, Ienaga avait intenté deux autres procès, l'un en 1967, l'autre en 1984. À chaque étape il y avait eu appel, avec le résultat que l'affaire Ienaga avait rebondi pas moins de dix fois au cœur de l'actualité japonaise.

Chaque fois qu'il se présentait devant le tribunal, que les avocats du ministère de l'Éducation prononçaient leur plaidoirie, qu'un témoin célèbre comparaisait, qu'un juge rendait une décision, c'était un nouveau déferlement médiatique. Pendant plusieurs semaines, dans les éditoriaux, les commentaires, les lettres à l'éditeur, les tables rondes, les tribunes téléphoniques et les débats télévisés, il n'était plus question que de tout cela : le massacre de Nankin, combien de morts, combien de viols, y avait-il eu agression, devait-on croire ces survivants qui commençaient à surgir de partout, ces anciens militaires qui, de leur lit de mort, faisaient les confessions les plus effroyables dans l'espoir de sauver leur âme, et ces femmes qui débarquaient d'un peu tous les pays d'Asie pour raconter devant les caméras leurs déboires d'esclaves sexuelles dans l'armée japonaise.

Peu importait ce qui était au programme d'histoire des élèves du secondaire ; chacun, en lisant son journal dans le métro, en écoutant la radio dans sa voiture, apprenait progressivement ce qui s'était passé à Nankin, l'existence de l'unité 731, les tribulations des « femmes du réconfort ». Le vieil Ienaga était en train de faire l'éducation des Japonais malgré eux. Devant les tribunaux, il perdait toutes les batailles, mais dans l'opinion publique, il était en train de gagner sa guerre. [...]

C'est le dernier vendredi du mois d'août 1997. La chaleur est encore caniculaire, mais on sent déjà que c'est la fin de l'été. Pour les milliers de manifestants massés devant le Palais de justice, c'est aussi la fin d'une époque. Dans quelques minutes, la Cour suprême va rendre son jugement sur le troisième et dernier procès intenté par Saburo Ienaga contre le ministère de l'Éducation. Il y a 41 sièges réservés au public. Ils ont été attribués par tirage au sort peu après midi. Les heureux sont entrés dans la salle du tribunal, et les autres ont passé trois heures à défiler tout autour de ce vaste bâtiment de béton aux lignes futuristes, gardé tous les vingt mètres par un policier, en attendant le verdict.

Maintenant que l'heure approche, ils sont tous debout, immobiles et silencieux devant la porte. Ce n'est pas la porte d'entrée officielle du Palais de justice, la porte d'apparat qui fait face aux douves du Palais impérial, mais une petite porte de service située à l'arrière donnant sur une de ces ruelles tortueuses si communes au centre-ville de Tokyo. Règlement municipal oblige, il faut laisser le passage à la circulation, et la foule disciplinée est sagement massée sur les trottoirs, de part et d'autre de la chaussée.

Or, la circulation, cet après-midi-là, se résume à une chose : les sinistres camions gris fer de l'extrême droite, qui roulent au ralenti en faisant le tour du bâtiment, encore et encore, drapeau du Soleil Levant déployé, tandis que leurs haut-parleurs diffusent musique militaire et exhortations nationalistes lancées par des hommes sombres aux visages sévères.

« Vous êtes tous de mauvais Japonais ! » accusent-ils la foule silencieuse.

« Si vous n'aimez pas votre pays, allez donc vivre en Corée du Nord ! »

Et aussi : « Vous êtes tous victimes de la propagande chinoise. »

Une immense banderole tendue en travers de la grande avenue qui mène au Palais impérial proclame : « Il n'y a jamais eu de massacre de Nankin. C'est une invention des ennemis du Japon. »

Et une autre : « Les femmes du réconfort n'étaient pas des esclaves mais des commerçantes. »

La foule des partisans de Ienaga reste impassible devant ces provocations. Tout au plus sent-on passer un bruissement sous les déclarations les plus sanguinaires des camions gris. Mais les gens qui sont là aujourd'hui sont des militants de la première heure. Manifestement, ils en ont vu d'autres. Ils gardent leur calme. Cette foule qui attend, les yeux fixés sur la petite porte, représente les strates successives de la gauche japonaise depuis la fin de la guerre. Le mélange est saugrenu : de vieux intellectuels portant un béret noir à la française comme à la belle époque de Saint-Germain-des-Prés, des soixante-huitards grisonnants aux longs cheveux comme à la belle époque de Haight-Ashbury, de jeunes avocats tout raides dans leur costume bleu marine, et des femmes, beaucoup de femmes, d'apparence inoffensive, petit chapeau de coton blanc tiré sur les oreilles, et toujours ce sourire universellement niais bien plaqué sur le visage, sourire dont j'ai appris qu'il est le plus efficace des masques de protection.

« Moi je ne suis qu'une femme au foyer, s'est excusée l'une d'entre elles, mais je suis contre la guerre. Contre toutes les guerres. » Il s'avère qu'elle milite depuis trente ans contre le réarmement du Japon et la présence

des bases militaires américaines sur le territoire japonais. Je la pousse un peu dans ses retranchements :

« Même pour sauver la démocratie ? Même pour protéger votre pays ? » « Il n'y a aucune cause au monde qui justifie de tuer des hommes, civils ou militaires, me répond-elle sans l'ombre d'une hésitation. »

Son amie s'est approchée et ajoute :

« En 1945, le Japon a pris l'engagement de devenir un pays pacifiste. Nous devons respecter notre engagement. »

Une institutrice intervient :

« Pendant la guerre du Golfe, le Japon a envoyé des détecteurs de mines. Rien d'autre. Mais ça a suffi à mettre les pays d'Asie sur le qui-vive. Ils ont tous peur qu'on redevienne militaristes. »

On entend souvent dire que les Japonais sont timides, qu'ils n'osent pas prendre la parole en public, intervenir dans un débat. Mais aujourd'hui une petite grappe — des femmes surtout — se forme spontanément autour de moi. Elles ont toutes envie de me parler, comme s'il était de la plus grande urgence de faire savoir à l'Étranger qu'il y a plus au Japon que des politiciens peureux et des mandarins anonymes.

Elles ont le pacifisme féroce. Ici, je n'entendrai pas les lamentations habituelles sur Hiroshima et Nagasaki. Pour ce groupe de militantes, ce serait de l'anecdote facile. Leur raisonnement est d'une simplicité limpide : la guerre est un fléau. Tout le monde le sait. Elle entraîne la souffrance, partout et à toutes les époques. Et pourtant, à chaque génération, il y a une nouvelle raison, une nouvelle injustice, une nouvelle cause à défendre, et les gens recommencent à se battre. C'est un cercle vicieux duquel il faut sortir. Qui, mieux que le Japon, peut montrer l'exemple ? Nous avons été à la fois les pires des agresseurs et les pires des victimes. Nous avons perpétré les plus infâmes horreurs et nous avons subi les plus incommensurables souffrances. Nous savons ce qu'est la guerre, nous l'avons vécue, nous n'en voulons plus, jamais, sous aucun prétexte.

Voilà en gros ce que me disent ces femmes. J'ai devant moi le noyau dur du mouvement pacifiste japonais, ce bloc absolument solide de l'électorat qui, au grand dam des Américains, a pris pour argent comptant le fameux article 9 de la constitution, imposé à la fin de la guerre par les mêmes Américains :

« ... le peuple japonais renonce à jamais à la guerre en tant que droit souverain de la nation, ou à la menace, ou à l'usage de la force comme moyen de règlement des conflits internationaux. »

Cet article fait du Japon le premier pays objecteur de conscience de l'histoire. Pour beaucoup de Japonais, et pas seulement pour

les groupes pacifistes militants, c'est là une source de fierté, une responsabilité, la mission mondiale que s'est donnée leur pays.

Ils sont intraitables sur ce point, et les politiciens le savent : que le Japon se lance dans quelque aventure armée que ce soit, et la défaite du gouvernement en place est garantie aux prochaines élections.

L'image d'un soldat japonais sous les drapeaux est inacceptable, quel que soit le drapeau en question. Celui des casques bleus des Nations unies ne fait pas exception.

En 1996, un policier japonais était tué accidentellement au Cambodge dans le cadre d'une opération de surveillance des élections dans ce pays. C'était la première fois depuis la Seconde Guerre mondiale qu'un Japonais en uniforme perdait la vie.

La réaction de l'opinion publique fut celle d'un gigantesque haut-le-corps collectif. L'image était inacceptable, intolérable, impensable. Le scandaleux de la mort, l'angoisse, le tourment, tous les traumatismes de la guerre revenaient à la surface avec une violence insoutenable. C'était comme si chaque famille japonaise venait, encore une fois, de perdre un fils.

À l'époque, j'avais été surprise et intriguée par l'ampleur et l'intensité de la réaction générale. Aujourd'hui, entourée de ces femmes d'acier dans leurs chemisiers fleuris, je comprends mieux. Leur pacifisme n'a rien de passager. Cela fait plus de trente ans qu'elles se battent, et la décision de la Cour suprême qui sera rendue dans quelques instants représente l'aboutissement de leur longue croisade.

Un homme au sourire engageant s'approche du groupe et murmure quelque chose que je ne saisis pas.

Et, soudain, le feu prend aux poudres.

Une grosse institutrice se met à lui hurler des injures, lui crachant presque à la figure ; l'homme hurle en retour, toujours le sourire aux lèvres, — les éclats de voix sont d'autant plus surprenants que jusqu'à il y a un instant tout le monde parlait à voix basse —, ils échangent encore quelques insultes, l'homme sourit toujours, la femme fait mine de se jeter sur lui...

Et puis soudain ils s'écartent l'un de l'autre en secouant un peu la tête d'un air confus, et le calme revient aussi soudainement qu'il a été brisé. Les autres femmes parlent doucement à leur collègue, comme on parle à un animal nerveux pour le calmer, en lui caressant les épaules. Elle grommelle en essayant de contrôler sa fureur, les yeux fixés sur le bout de ses chaussures.

L'homme a disparu dans la foule.

« Agent provocateur », laisse tomber quelqu'un en guise d'explication.

Qu'a-t-il bien pu dire, cet homme apparu de nulle part, pour susciter une telle flambée ?

Les mots incendiaires, les voici : « Le Japon doit être fier. N'a-t-on pas le droit d'être fier de son pays? »

Voilà. Avec cette petite phrase, on peut faire sortir de ses gonds même une pacifiste chevronnée, déclencher une bataille de rue, ou créer une émeute.

Je jette un regard autour de moi : le policier en faction à quelques pas n'a pas bronché. Légèrement raidi, peut-être. ... Dans la foule, les gens sont toujours aussi silencieux, immobiles, impassibles, regardant droit devant eux avec des visages de pierre, comme s'il ne s'était rien passé. Pourtant, tout le monde a entendu, chacun a été témoin de cette altercation aussi vive que courte.

Je comprends subitement que le calme environnant est le fait d'un effort de contrôle et de discipline de tous les instants, je réalise l'intensité du feu qui couve au cœur de cette foule qui monte la garde devant le Palais de justice.

Finalement, ce sera un jour de victoire pour Ienaga et ses partisans, mais une victoire bien pâlotte. La Cour suprême se prononcera à trois contre deux pour reconnaître que les inspecteurs du ministère n'auraient pas dû empêcher Ienaga de mentionner le sinistre Centre de recherches biologiques de Mandchourie.

Piètre victoire : l'affaire a traîné pendant si longtemps que, dans l'intervalle, l'existence de ce centre a été confirmée par nombre d'experts, elle n'est plus mise en cause par personne, tout le monde est au courant, et certains auteurs ont commencé à le mentionner impunément dans les manuels d'histoire les plus récents.

Piètre victoire aussi car, dans le même jugement, la Cour donne raison au ministère d'avoir supprimé sept autres passages revendiqués par Ienaga, dont les détails du massacre de Nankin et ceux de la bataille d'Okinawa.

Piètre victoire enfin car nulle part la Cour ne déclare qu'il est illégal, tout simplement illégal, de censurer les livres d'école. Sans ironie aucune, les juges recommandent seulement au ministère « de censurer aussi peu que possible ».

Le ministre répondra d'ailleurs gravement dans les jours qui suivront qu'il « prend ce jugement très au sérieux et qu'il continuera à s'assurer que le contenu des manuels scolaires est approprié ».

Autrement dit, rien n'est changé, et je sais qu'au fond de leur cœur, les avocats d'Ienaga se sentent battus.

Pourtant, tout autour, ses partisans célèbrent. Car c'est la première fois que la Cour suprême reconnaît qu'il existe une limite au pouvoir de censure du ministère de l'Éducation.

Pour moi, Occidentale élevée dans la logique carrée du cartésianisme, il est impossible d'être à la fois dans la légalité et dans l'illégalité. Si la censure est illégale, comment les juges peuvent-ils dire aux censeurs : « N'en faites quand même pas trop »? La contradiction est flagrante, évidente, glorieusement scandaleuse.

Mais ici on s'accommode de cette formidable ambiguïté. Ce n'est pas une contradiction. C'est simplement un contretemps. Les victoires se gagnent petit pas à petit pas, et on célèbre à chaque modeste étape ce qu'on est en mesure de célébrer.

Dans une grande salle publique encombrée de câbles et de caméras, Saburo Ienaga donne une dernière conférence de presse, qui ressemble surtout à un dernier appel aux armes. Il remercie l'auditoire de l'avoir appuyé pendant toutes ces années, s'excuse très japonaisement de cette victoire mitigée, demande pardon aux gens d'Okinawa de ce que leur version de l'histoire ne fait décidément guère d'adeptes à Tokyo.

Il salue profondément, jouit une dernière fois des ovations de la foule, salue encore, descend précautionneusement les deux marches de l'estrade. Ce sont ses derniers instants de vie publique. Il a l'air très vieux et très fragile tandis qu'il se dirige lentement vers le fond de la salle et vers sa nouvelle vie — une vie où, pour la première fois depuis trente-deux ans, il n'aura plus besoin de se battre.

Chacun le suit des yeux, les applaudissements l'accompagnent, il passe la porte et entre dans l'Histoire.

J'aimerais pouvoir conclure ce chapitre en disant que Saburo Ienaga aura été un héros de l'histoire moderne japonaise qui a fait plus que nul autre pour remettre son pays dans le droit fil de l'histoire.

J'aimerais pouvoir conclure également que, si sa lutte a été tellement épique et a duré si longtemps, c'est simplement parce que les lendemains sont durs pour un pays vaincu; il fallait qu'une génération passe; l'héroïsme d'Ienaga a été de tenir le fort en attendant la relève.

Mais il n'y a que dans les contes de fées que les choses finissent aussi bien. Pendant les dernières années de l'affaire des manuels scolaires, alors même que l'actualité rattrapait l'histoire, que les journaux venaient confirmer chaque jour la véracité de ce qu'Ienaga avait écrit trois décennies plus tôt et que les vieilles controverses fondaient les unes après les autres devant l'évidence, surgissait une nouvelle génération d'historiens.

Jeunes et brillants, bardés de diplômes des meilleures universités... et prêts à réécrire l'histoire, encore une fois!

Une histoire qui ne serait pas « masochiste » et qui donnerait aux enfants une image plus « positive » de leur pays.

« Depuis la fin de la Seconde Guerre mondiale, nous nous faisons dire que nous avons été les méchants. C'est pour cela que nous avons perdu la capacité de décider par nous-mêmes », déclarait Nobukatsu Fujioka un an avant la décision finale de la Cour suprême sur l'affaire des manuels scolaires.

Professeur à l'université de Tokyo, Fujioka a rédigé un nouveau manuel scolaire, dans lequel il décrit les mythes japonais, la création du monde, la déesse du soleil. ... « Il faut que les Japonais connaissent leurs légendes, explique-t-il. Ce n'est pas parce qu'elles ont été utilisées par le régime des militaires qu'il faut les effacer à tout jamais de notre mémoire collective. » L'universitaire plaide auprès des autorités pour faire supprimer des nouveaux manuels scolaires les incidents les plus controversés de l'histoire récente.

« Il faut que les petits Japonais soient fiers de leur pays. »

Les hauts fonctionnaires proches de la retraite ne peuvent pas rester indifférents à ce message : ils y retrouvent un écho de ce qu'ils apprenaient à l'école quand ils étaient tout petits. De nouveaux groupes de pression se créent pour promouvoir la fierté nationale dans les livres scolaires. Et les malheureux éditeurs, tout occupés qu'ils étaient à intégrer les nouveaux passages autorisés par la censure dans leurs manuels, se trouvent pris dans un laminage entre une vieille gauche qui a mis plus de trente ans à conscientiser le pays et cette nouvelle droite séduisante et provocatrice, surgie d'on ne sait où comme un sombre phénix.



Mme Bergman, journaliste pendant près de vingt ans au Téléjournal de Radio-Canada, a passé plusieurs années au Japon où elle accompagnait son mari, alors ambassadeur du Canada. Durant son séjour, elle a publié plusieurs articles et réalisé des documentaires télévisés pour le public canadien.

FROM THE TRIALS OF THE FOREIGN SERVICE TO THE TRAILS OF THE ROCKIES

by Bill Warden

It is now some 15 years since I left Foreign Affairs. The years in the Service were good years, even better than I realized at the time. Far too much time was spent on trivia, but that is not what I remember now. My memories run to Islamabad and the far peaks of the Himalayas, to the surreal beauty of Varadero in the '60s when we had the place to ourselves, to dark bone-chilling hikes along the Neva in January, to sailing heavy seas off Hong Kong and tramping across Calcutta's Howrah Bridge in searing summer heat. Occasionally, I relive the crises of the Cold War. Much of the rest of it is pretty fuzzy now, buried under layers of dust in the brain's archives.

We all had our reasons for joining the Service. Mine was to see the world and get some excitement. I satisfied both aims in spades. The Ottawa administration was always like a cold hand, its fingers reaching out to choke off the fun. However, if you could manage to ignore it or elude its grasp, life in the Service could be a marvelous experience. The Pearson Building claimed only eight years of my 27-year career, and for that I considered myself eminently fortunate.

Do retired Foreign Service Officers simply fade away? The past decade and a half I have spent in the shadow of the Rockies. They have been good years. There is something invigorating, after years of living in teeming capital cities, about waking up in the morning and watching the sun rise over the broad expanse of the prairies, and in the evening seeing it slowly set in all its glory behind the snow-capped mountains.

I suppose that I could have gotten just as much out of being an airline pilot or a truck driver instead of a diplomat. What was important to me was moving along, and the new experiences that this brings with it. The

THE TERM 'RETIREMENT' IS, I THINK, A TOTAL MISNOMER. PEOPLE DON'T WITHDRAW. THEY SIMPLY MOVE FROM ONE STAGE OF LIFE INTO ANOTHER.



Foreign Service was, I think, as much as anything else a tool to help me to see new places and meet new people.

The closest I came to the ideal job was during my university studies when I drove buses to pay the costs. For years after, I looked back on the days behind the wheel, driving the highways and byways from Niagara to Buffalo to Queenston and Niagara-on-the-Lake, through rose-colored glasses. They were carefree times when I felt in harmony with myself and the world around. The seasons changed from spring to summer to fall. The peach and cherry orchards ripened and yielded their fruit. The maples turned from green to crimson. The traffic ebbed and flowed along the River, and I moved with it. If gridlock took over, we simply stopped and waited. After all, we were being paid regardless.

Leaving Foreign Affairs three decades later produced a feeling akin to liberation. It was like being able to fill one's lungs with sweet fresh air after having been underwater longer than is comfortable. Not that diplomacy was unrewarding. On the contrary, it provided a series of unparalleled vistas and rewards. My only complaint was that those three decades passed in a frenzy of activity. Very occasionally, we would pause for an instant to take in the peaks towering above or the seascape around. Then, it was back into the maelstrom of directives and telexes and petty conflict, pride and ambition.

The term 'retirement' is, I think, a total misnomer. People don't withdraw. They simply move from one stage of life into another. What does occur is that one is suddenly faced with all sorts of fresh options. This is an exhilarating crossroads when finally one can seriously contemplate those things one always wanted to do but was never able to.

One of my first acts on moving to the Rockies was to buy a motorcycle, a big cruiser. With that cruiser, I rode the prairies and the mountains, taking several weeks each year to follow my whims. It might be Highway 3 from Lethbridge to the Crow's Nest, or 16 out of Jasper and west to Rupert, or the Klondike north to Dawson City. There was something about the open road and the smell of pines, the twists and turns, the sight of moose and even the odd black bear or grizzly. One was so close to Nature as to be part of it. Sometimes Nature's wrath would remind me of my own fragility, with lightning, thunder and driving rain bouncing off the pavement and my visor. Once I hit a slick patch and went down, sliding in the blanket of mud my protective angels had laid down.

Occasionally, I would venture from the mountains. One summer, I rode east on sec-

ondary roads, resolved to carry on as long as the weather held. That time, I turned back only after standing on top of Signal Hill and determining that there was no way ahead. Another time, I returned to my Niagara haunts, camping my way along Superior's

Mother Nature reveal themselves and where skills meet their toughest challenge. It might be a driving blizzard as you climb up through the avalanche tunnels to Rogers Pass and descend the other side to Revelstoke. Or treacherous road surfaces as you wind down

THE FOREIGN SERVICE WAS, I THINK, AS MUCH AS ANYTHING ELSE A TOOL TO HELP ME TO SEE NEW PLACES AND MEET NEW PEOPLE.

magnificent coast, across Manitoulin and down through Ontario's lovely villages and towns.

Since coming to the West, we have hiked the back country along the Continental Divide. We have seen wolves far from any highway and listened to them howl in the middle of the moonlit night. We have seen the grizzly with cubs in her own terrain and mountain goats summering high in their hidden cirques. We have also traveled by canoe along the Yukon so rich with reminders of the past.

One day two summers ago, I decided on a whim that I wanted to drive big trucks. I took the course, passed the test, and for a short while ran the long stretch from Calgary to Edmonton in the middle of the night. Then, someone asked me if I was interested in buses. Without so much as a second thought as to what this might do to my already tarnished ambassadorial aura, I rose to the bait. By the end of the year, the wheel had come full circle and I was driving buses again.

I have been driving for more than a year now. Usually I take to the road once or twice a week, sometimes for longer periods. I have driven hockey teams to Rocky Mountain House, Mormons to their temple at Cardston, German tourists to Jasper, British infantrymen to Suffield. Other journeys have taken me to Victoria and Vancouver. As with anything else, there are the good and the bad. The best are the unfailingly polite and appreciative Japanese. The worst are the Friday night office groups heading out for the weekend. They board the bus as reserved, well-mannered white-collar workers, and debark in a drunken stupor. We call them the animal runs and curse as we mop up the beer and clear away empty cans and sub wrappers.

My favorite run is in the dead of winter, heading west on the Trans-Canada. Every Saturday in fair weather and foul, we leave at 5 in the morning with groups of heliskiers, destination various points in the high Rockies. This is where all the faces of

the narrow switchbacks from Field to Golden. On other occasions, you revel at the glorious sight of forest and mountain, dazzling in the winter sunlight.

Why do I do it? I'm not really sure. Actually I love it as long as I don't have to do it, and as long as I can pick and choose my times. I get a thrill out of driving the big new luxury machines and satisfaction out of double-clutching up and down the mountains through multiple gears. I like interaction with passengers, although sometimes I have to bite my tongue. Once, a talkative Texan said to me: "Don't y'all wish y'all had some education so's y'all didn't have to be a bus driver and put up with people like us?" Perhaps it is the rejuvenation that comes with getting into a job at this stage where age works neither for nor against you. There is also something refreshing, after so many years in a career where relationships were determined by rank and privilege, about being "just another bus driver" and having people accept you for what you are.

So this is yet another story of what happens to Foreign Service Officers after they 'retire.' If I had to single out the one feature that appealed to me most about the career, it was that I never at any time felt myself caught in a rut. And indeed, life after the Service continues, if anything, to be even richer and more variegated. Yes, I mix the more mundane pleasures with being a sometime professor and observing elections in foreign lands. But once the task is over, I always come back to sit quietly with my memories, sip wine and watch the sun set over the Rockies.

Bill Warden joined the Department of External Affairs in 1961. He served as Commissioner to Hong Kong, Ambassador to Pakistan and High Commissioner to India. From 1986-1998 he was Executive Director of the international centre at the University of Calgary. Mr. Warden retired in 1998.



“WE ALWAYS ASKED OURSELVES NOT ONLY ‘WHAT KIND OF A CANADA DO WE WANT?’ BUT ‘WHAT KIND OF A WORLD DO WE WANT?’”

Lester B. Pearson

PASSAGE TO PEACE

by James Bayer

Few could have predicted the longevity of the peacekeeper when Canadian politician Lester B. Pearson conceived of the role — perhaps not even Pearson himself. Then secretary of state for external affairs and, as such, Canada’s representative to the United Nations, he had a goal that was more immediate in nature: to create a UN Emergency Force to maintain peace while diplomatic efforts were made to resolve the Suez Crisis of 1956.

Pearson went on to win the 1957 Nobel peace prize for his efforts; and, having entered public life as a diplomat, he subsequently became Canada’s prime minister from 1963 to 1968. The home-grown product of his vision — the Canadian peacekeeper — has similarly gone from strength to strength. Since 1956, close to 100,000 Canadian soldiers have participated in UN peacekeeping missions around the world. In the words of journalist Peter C. Newman, they have earned in the process “a well-deserved reputation as no-nonsense but fair intermediaries.”

Through the intervening years, however, the nature of conflict in the international arena has undergone significant change, most notably in the years following the end of the Cold War. Where *interstate* conflicts once dominated the international political agenda (and, often, public concern), in recent years *intrastate* conflicts have taken precedence. Examples of the trend are not hard to find — one need only look to Sierra Leone, Kosovo and East Timor for dramatic cases in point. As a result of the changing patterns in conflict, the roles of both peacekeeper and diplomat have changed as well.

Where the traditional mandate of the peacekeeper was to maintain security and defense objectives (with periodic assistance to civilian organizations), new requirements often place him or her within the sphere of humanitarian assistance. Indeed, one might even say that military peacekeeping forces have become quasi-humanitarian organizations in their own right. While such a statement stirs controversy, the reality is that peacekeepers now find themselves

serving in a variety of nontraditional roles. Their responsibilities can range from managing the flow of hundreds of thousands of refugees, to organizing transportation, food and shelter, to carrying out myriad other tasks — all the while attempting to fulfil the traditional role of separating combatants and monitoring borders.

So, too, have foreign service practitioners increasingly found themselves in roles that, at first glance, appear to be somewhat removed from those of representing and defending the interests of their home country. Lloyd Axworthy, Canada’s most recent minister of foreign affairs, served as a vocal advocate of what has come to be known as “human security,” a phrase (first articulated in the 1994 UNDP Human Development Report) that has come to encompass a framework of human rights, humanitarian and refugee law.

“The concept of human security,” notes a policy statement issued in April 1999 by Canada’s Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, “has increasingly centered on the human costs of violent conflict.”

The paper goes on to describe how such a concept might best be understood from a foreign policy perspective:

It is an alternative way of seeing the world, taking people as its point of reference, rather than focusing exclusively on the security of territory or governments. Like other security concepts — national security, economic security, food security — it is about protection. Human security entails taking preventive measures to reduce vulnerability and minimize risk, and taking remedial action where prevention fails.

Under Axworthy's leadership, the Department of Foreign Affairs made it a priority to focus diplomatic energies on "the human costs of violent conflict." This resulted in efforts such as the Ottawa Convention on Anti-personnel Landmines and the Rome Treaty creating an International Criminal Court. More recently, during the June 2000 meeting of the Organization of American States in Windsor, Ontario, Canada authored a resolution ordering an investigative mission to Peru, following the tainted elections in May which saw Alberto Fujimori re-elected as president.

Since then, political uncertainty has forced Fujimori himself to flee the country. Although the official has taken refuge in Japan, he insists that he will seek office again in Peru in the not-too-distant future. Of course, conflict has a way of erupting in places where democracy and human security are threatened or fragile, and this is not the first time (nor is it likely to be the last) that Peru has required "remedial action" from the diplomatic community. In fact, it was in Peru that a student of mine first saw such action at work.

press spokesperson, she traveled extensively throughout much of the country, reporting to her superiors on human rights abuses, guerilla activities and the drug cartels. During one such foray into the Putumayo area around the Amazon River,

to the point where communication itself began to seem under siege. First, there was the International Red Cross (designated as the agreed-upon intermediary between rebels and officials immediately following the hostage-taking). Then, in mid-January, there

AND THAT'S APPROXIMATELY WHEN JULIA GROSSMAN HERSELF ENTERS THIS SCENARIO. "BY EARLY MARCH, NEGOTIATIONS WERE STARTING TO BREAK DOWN, AND THE GUARANTOR COMMISSION MEMBERS EFFECTIVELY BECAME THE GO-BETWEENS."

she witnessed a "multi-sectoral" meeting in which anonymous representatives from all of those groups met to discuss yet another threat to human security in the region — that of paramilitary violence.

But on December 17, 1996, Grossman and her colleagues found their attention directed to an even more immediate concern. That evening, members of the Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA) disguised themselves as waiters and seized the Japanese ambassador's residence in Lima, Peru, while a holiday-season cocktail party was in progress. Hundreds of hostages were taken from the foreign service community in attendance (including Canadian ambassador Anthony Vincent), and the rebels threatened to kill their captives unless the Peruvian government released their jailed comrades. As a demonstration of their desire to enter into negotiations,

came the rebels' agreement to participate in talks with the Peruvian government — provided Ambassador Vincent, along with representatives of the Roman Catholic church and the Red Cross, sat in on discussions as a three-member "guarantor commission." On February 1, Fujimori agreed to talks with the rebels at a summit in Toronto with Japanese Prime Minister Ryutaro Hashimoto. Finally, on February 11, MRTA leader Nestor Cerpa and the government's official negotiator, Domingo Palermo, began their discussions. Then, on March 3, Fujimori made a surprise trip to Cuba to secure Fidel Castro's offer of asylum for the rebels if such an option became necessary to end the standoff.

And that's approximately when Julia Grossman herself enters this scenario. "By early March, negotiations were starting to break down, and the guarantor commission members effectively became the go-betweens," she recalls. "I was asked to go to Lima to assist the Canadian delegation. My job was to begin interviewing the jailed members of the MRTA and Shining Path in order to learn more about their prison conditions."

Grossman, along with fellow representatives appointed by the commission, worked quickly to prepare a report on the prisoners' welfare. "We actually went right into the cells and talked to them," she adds. "All but the top member of the MRTA, who was being held in a naval prison under what were assumed to be difficult circumstances." Stalked by a media starved for news concerning the hostages, the team did its best to keep the work confidential, managing to visit scores of prisoners before finalizing the report (which was presented while negotiations were still under way).

THROUGH THE INTERVENING YEARS, HOWEVER, THE NATURE OF CONFLICT IN THE INTERNATIONAL ARENA HAS UNDERGONE SIGNIFICANT CHANGE, MOST NOTABLY IN THE YEARS FOLLOWING THE END OF THE COLD WAR.

Now a graduate student enrolled in the Conflict Analysis and Management master's program at Royal Roads University (of which I am dean), in 1996 Julia Grossman was a Canadian foreign service officer posted to Bogota, Colombia. In addition to her duties as the embassy

however, the rebels soon released a number of hostages, one of whom was Vincent.

Attempts to initiate negotiations soon became mired in the complicated machinery of national and international policy and protocol. Three weeks into the crisis, in early 1997, the number of players had expanded

THE ROYAL ROADS STORY



Royal Roads University sits on a 565-acre campus overlooking the Pacific Ocean, where it occupies the grounds of Hatley Park, the former estate of James Dunsmuir, an early British Columbia coal and railway baron (and later Lieutenant Governor of the province). From 1940 to 1995, Royal Roads was operated by the federal government as an officer/cadet training establishment, later known as Royal Roads Military College. The college was closed in 1995, only to reopen later in the year as the newly formed Royal Roads University. Created on June 21, 1995, by the *Royal Roads University Act* by the Government of British Columbia, the institution's mandate is to be a special-purpose university offering market-driven, applied and professional programs developed in partnership with industry/workplace advisory boards.

This year (2000-2001), the university expects to accommodate the equivalent of nearly 1,200 full-time students enrolled in a variety of undergraduate and graduate programs, including master's degrees in (1) environment and management; (2) leadership and training; (3) business administration; (4) conflict analysis and management; and (5) distributed learning. It plans to grow to more than 3,000 students by 2004-2005, and continues to develop new programs to meet the demands of the marketplace. Graduate programs at the university have been designed for mid-career professionals, many of whom undertake their degree requirements while remaining in the workforce. Courses are delivered by Internet-based distance learning, with one or more on-campus residency periods. Master's programs typically entail six academic semesters delivered over two years of study.

In addition to the partnership already outlined between Royal Roads University and the Pearson Peacekeeping Center, the university's Conflict Analysis and Management Program also has a visiting scholar arrangement with the Cooperative Monitoring Center at Sandia National Laboratory in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The objective of this arrangement is to stimulate multidisciplinary research on the application of technology to cooperative security in traditional and non-traditional settings. Research topics will be contemporary rather than historical in nature; and will be related to traditional security areas, such as arms control and peacekeeping, or to nontraditional security areas, such as trade, the environment or natural resource management.

But on April 22, amid gunfire and explosions, a very different sort of resolution ended the 126-day crisis. On that day, Peruvian commando forces stormed the ambassador's residence, rescuing the hostages and killing all 14 rebels in the process.

Soon after, Grossman returned to Bogota, where she remained posted for a total of three years. But her time in Peru stayed with her — so much so that it eventually played a role in her decision to return to university to study conflict management. The hostage crisis, she says, gave her one of those “aha!” moments that in some way forever change a person's perspective. “It was while I was in a meeting at the Canadian embassy in Lima — a strategy session — and we were talking about the negotiating process,” she remembers. “I thought, ‘This is just like one of those case studies we had during our training program in Ottawa.’ And then it hit me. ‘This is not a case study, this is real life, and these negotiations will affect people's lives.’”

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Today, Grossman is pursuing her interest in conflict analysis and management from a very different corner of the world, but her desire to apply her knowledge and experience to real-life situations remains. “Conflict doesn't just mean people shooting each other,” she adds. “It's important to understand the areas of potential differences that might arise from cultural frameworks.” As an example, she returns to the MRTA prisoners she interviewed in Peru. “Their view of right and wrong was so different,” she says. “A better theoretical underpinning would have been helpful to us as we conducted those interviews and put things into context.”

The short sojourn in Peru also drove home another realization concerning the nature of conflict. "Cross-cultural communications can be fraught with misunderstanding, even among groups that appear to share the same objective," notes Grossman. "In some cases, resolution must remain an impossibility. That's where the 'management' aspect takes over. In diplomacy, you don't always get a clear-cut solution."

Grossman's decision to study at Royal Roads University (RRU) in Victoria, British Columbia, is fortuitous in at least one respect — that of timing. Until a few short years ago, conflict analysis and management was an area of study more or less restricted to the legal profession: investigations typically focused on issues such as dispute resolution, labour negotiations, global business dealings and bilateral and multilateral trade agreements. As it has become a recognized field for academic research, however, conflict analysis has also broadened its scope to encompass the spheres of diplomacy and peacekeeping.

The master's program at RRU emphasizes the international as well as the domestic dimensions of alternative dispute management, enabling professionals to develop and apply innovative, multi-party solutions to various group conflict settings. Last year also marked the start of a new agreement designed to bring conflict studies under the peacekeeping umbrella — an appropriate debut, given that the UN chose the year 2000 to celebrate the culture of peace. A partnership between RRU and the Lester B. Pearson Canadian International Peacekeeping Training Center (PPC), based in Cornwallis Park in Clementsport, Nova Scotia, now enables students enrolled in RRU's master's program to complete an optional four-week "Issues in Modern Peacekeeping" course as part of the new concentration.

Established by the Government of Canada in 1994 to provide research, education and training in peacekeeping in all its aspects, and to serve as a uniquely Canadian point of contact for such information, the PPC offers national and international participants the opportunity to update their knowledge of the latest peacekeeping practices. Participants come from all over the world: since 1995, approximately 125 countries have sent individuals to the center, and graduates of the PPC are actively involved in every peacekeeping mission currently in operation.

Alex Morrison, president of the Pearson center, characterizes the evolving coalition of players engaged in peacekeeping endeavors as "the new peacekeeping partnership."

The term, he says, can be applied to those organizations and individuals that work together to improve the effectiveness of modern peacekeeping operations, and it includes the military, civil police, government and non-government agencies dealing with human rights and humanitarian assistance, diplomats, the media, and organizations sponsoring development and democratization programs.

This range of partners is reflected in the diversity of participants attending courses at the PPC, where the academic setting is designed for both civilians and military — a format not yet matched by any other organization in the world. At the PPC, participants attend classes, seminars and workshops covering topics such as negotiation and mediation, and modern issues in peacekeeping. Case studies are often used to support analysis and students are expected to participate in role-playing exercises and other simulations.

As Morrison points out, the structure is designed to ensure that participants stay focused when they encounter conflict in real-life peacekeeping missions. "In any dispute, diplomats help restore peace agreements and other settlements, and help to reestablish civil and political systems," he adds. "But the truth is, while various parties may all be dedicated to the restoration of peace,

they may not necessarily share the same vision of how to achieve that goal. That's why more research is needed, especially in areas concerning negotiation and mediation and how to use disparate resources in the theatre."

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PEACEKEEPING.**

The peacekeeping concentration, offered for the first time in October 2000, is to the best of my knowledge the only program of

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its kind in the world. The benefits attached to it can be expected to be profound and immediate. First-year courses (taken through RRU) examine all elements of conflict, including early detection, strategic management, avoidance, resolution and reconciliation. Before learners embark on the peacekeeping component of their studies, they gain a sound theoretical understanding, together with a range of practical skills for dealing with conflict in a variety of organizational and group settings. A holistic, cross-cultural approach to conflict analysis and management in the domestic and international arenas is one of the guiding principles of the program.

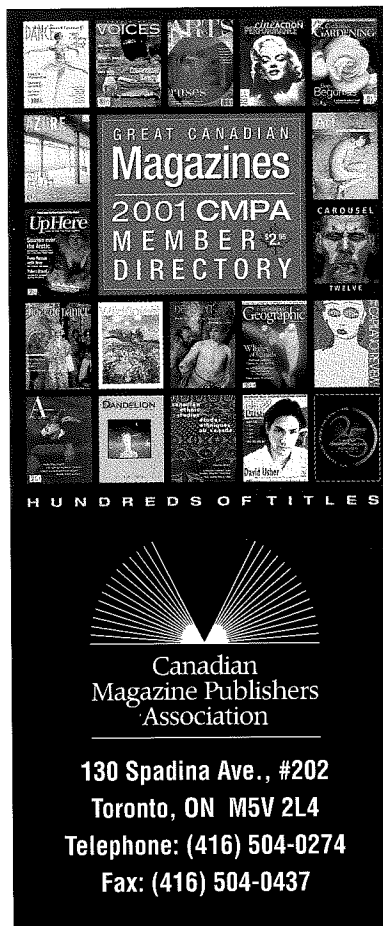
Whether students select the peacekeeping concentration or choose to investigate other avenues offered in the master's program at Royal Roads, they must complete a major project involving applied, action-oriented research. Julia Grossman has not yet determined the focus of her major paper — that will come in her second year. She has, however, completed a thought-provoking assignment concerning the lack of peace in Colombia. In her paper, she applied various theorists' perspectives on conflict to the diverse stakeholders involved in (or committed to demolishing) efforts to restore some level of human security in that country.

It seems clear to me that having students like Grossman, who bring their rich and varied professional experiences to the field of conflict analysis and management, can only benefit the realms of foreign policy and peacekeeping in the future. Indeed, as Canada and other countries now begin to redirect their focus from peacekeeping toward peacebuilding (based on the concept of human security and its relevance in the international arena), the value of such research can only become more apparent with each passing year. Lester B. Pearson would approve, I think — perhaps even applaud.

James Bayer, Ph.D., is the Dean of Peace and Conflict Studies at Royal Roads University in Victoria, B.C.

Royal Roads can be found on-line at <http://www.royalroads.ca>

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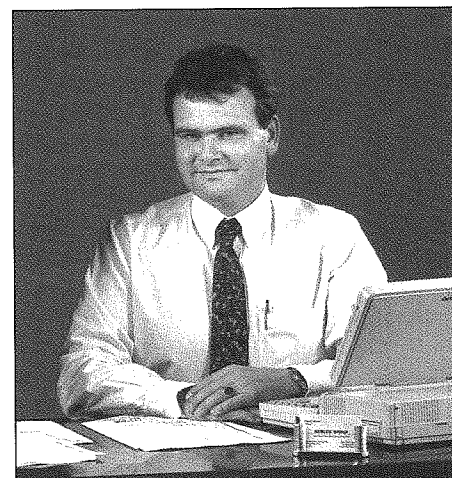
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The Art of the Possible

by T. A. Keenleyside

One of the rewards of traveling and living abroad is being able afterwards to picture far-off places and events. It gives them relevance wherever one is and whatever the time. When I see a TV image of peasants in loin-cloths gathered around a village pump on a sun-baked desert, I have a vague idea what they are feeling. On the hard, dusty plains of Uttar Pradesh, my family and I once consumed a case of coke, hurtling between Delhi and Agra in 120 degree heat. When I listen to an Italian opera on our stereo, I can see a vast, enraptured crowd at the Baths of Caracalla, transfixed by the Grand March from Aida, as I was when I first heard it there as a teenager, and my appreciation of the music I am listening to now is immeasurably enhanced as a result.

I felt that way recently visiting the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria. My enjoyment was augmented by my connection with some of its works in a different place many years before. The gallery houses a large and important collection of Chinese artifacts, a number of them, incidentally, gifts of Canada's former ambassador to China, Arthur Menzies, and his family in memory of the Rev. James M. Menzies, Arthur's father, a Presbyterian missionary in China from the 1910s to the 1930s. The first substantial donation, however, was the Chen King Foh Family Collection. It was critical in launching the gallery on the development of what is today "one of the most distinguished Far Eastern art collections in Canada." Acquired by the Chens over a period of more than 100 years, it includes ceramics and textiles dating from around 200 BC to 1790. Browsing through the gallery's Chinese collection, I was disappointed to discover that none of these particular items was currently on display, for I felt very close to them, almost as if they were mine. That is because I had seen a number of them back in 1970, when they were stored in crates at a Catholic orphanage in Jakarta. Indeed, in one of my less noble acts as a Canadian diplomat, I was the one who devised the means by which over 300 pieces in the collection were spirited away to Canada.

Diplomacy, like politics, is, as Otto von Bismarck remarked, "the art of the possible." Grab what you can, to put it bluntly, when you have a chance. Don't expect too much, but be alert to every opportunity.

One day, not long after I was posted to Jakarta, a Canadian woman of Chinese origin

who was a former citizen of Indonesia visited me in my office. She was short, stocky, and middle-aged, a no-nonsense matriarch accustomed to running both her private and business affairs. She had in her hand a cheque for several thousand dollars made out to the embassy, and she wanted our assistance in arranging for a large proportion of her family's art collection to be shipped to her home in Canada. There, by prior arrangement, it was to be placed on extended loan in the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria.

"Can't do it," I told Mrs. King Foh Chen. "Not for a private collection. We can't just tell the Indonesian government it's a bunch of old embassy furniture we're shipping back to Canada. Some other countries might do that, but not us."

Not used to encountering obstacles, she looked displeased and we sat there silently while I mulled the matter over. I started thinking about the Trudeau government's foreign policy review, published just that year. One of its six principal themes was more esoteric than the others, visionary in a way, an echo of Camelot. It was the notion of enhancing reciprocally the well-being of Canadians and other peoples through such things as cultural, educational, scientific and industrial exchanges. The quality of life theme. As I saw it, I had a responsibility to breathe what air I could into this rather deflated aspect of the review. Bringing the remainder of the Chen King Foh Collection to Canada would qualify.

"You know, there is one way we could help you," I said at last. "If you're willing to make your collection a gift to Canada, then we would be in a position to approach the Indonesian government for an export permit. We would be asking, in effect, for permission to ship to Canada property of our own government. The Indonesians might find it hard to refuse. ... Think it over. Discuss it with your lawyer."

Mrs. Chen called me back a few days later to confirm she was agreeable to the plan. A deed of gift was duly drafted and signed, donating the Chen King Foh collection to Canada on the understanding that the works would be housed permanently in the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria. Then, I prepared a formal note to the Indonesian foreign ministry, requesting an export permit for the collection — for these valuable works of art now owned by the government of Canada.

Not much later, I was summoned to the cultural affairs branch of the foreign ministry, where I had tea with a kindly civil servant nearing retirement age. He looked at me with a wry, knowing smile and then shook his head. "You Canadians make things very difficult. Why didn't you deal with these artifacts the way the French would?" He meant, of course, why didn't we just say we had old embassy furniture we wanted to ship home. "There may be important works of art in this collection that should never leave Indonesia. We can't let it go without an inspection."

"That would be difficult," I responded. "Everything is already stored in crates at an orphanage, ready for shipment. It would be very expensive to have to unpack and repack everything."

"I'm sorry, we must do an examination." "Suppose," I responded, "you do just a spot check of a few crates. We'll also give you a complete inventory you can go over."

Again, he flashed a grin that seemed to say, "Your approach is different. Ingenuous. Superficially honourable perhaps. But at heart you're no different than the rest." But then, to my surprise, he nodded his assent, and we arranged a date and time to meet for the inspection.

Wandering through the cheery Art Gallery of Greater Victoria discussing the Chen King Foh Collection with Barry Till, the gallery's curator of Asian art, I felt I was back again in the bleak courtyard of that orphanage in Jakarta. I could see Mrs. Chen, the foreign ministry official, several people from the department of cultural affairs and myself all clustered around a huge pile of heavy crates, fastened with thick, bamboo straps. Randomly, the government officials chose cartons to be opened and, with much sweat and exertion, the bindings were cut away, the tops of the crates pried loose and the packing paper removed. Out poured delicate figurines, vases, bowls, cups and saucers from the Han to the Ch'ing dynasty. Then, from the largest of the containers, they carefully removed long, elegant black screens — room dividers made of ebony with chunks of polished jade liberally embedded in the panels.

I studied the men from cultural affairs closely as they ran their hands over some items and carried others for a closer inspection into a shaft of light that streaked across the flagstone courtyard. Mrs. Chen was

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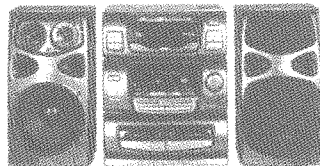
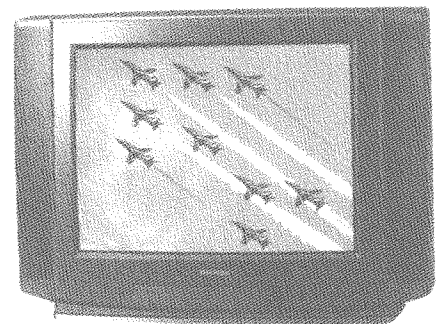
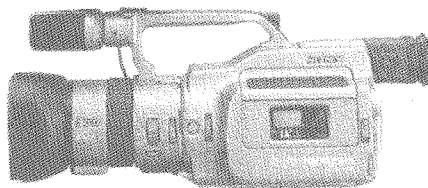
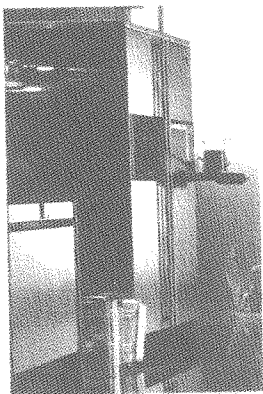
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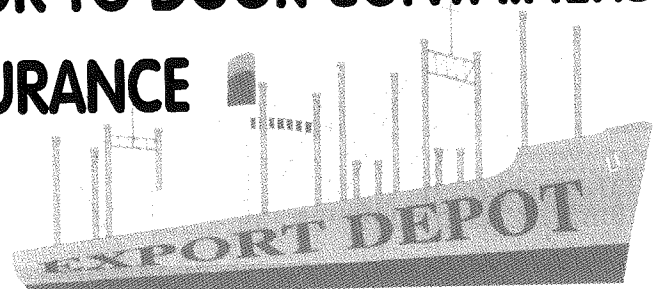
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impassive, but tense. It seemed like more than an hour went by on each crate, but I suppose it was only minutes. Then, at last, miraculously, the foreign ministry official snorted. "There's nothing here of interest to us!"

Mrs. Chen and I relaxed. The game of Russian roulette, it seemed, had worked. But then the officer rummaged in his pocket for his copy of the full inventory. "There are, however, two stone Buddha heads listed here that we would like to see. They may be very rare."

I shook my head. "We can't do that without opening all the crates. We don't know what is in each one."

"We do need to examine them," he said gently, but insistently.

Trouble, I thought. It wasn't so much the time and expense of opening everything as it was the risk of exposing valuable works the Indonesians would not let us have. But my diplomatic training had made me persistent and resourceful. "Suppose you let the collection go," I said. "Once it's unpacked in Victoria, we'll have the stone Buddha heads photographed and the prints sent to you. Then, if you decide you want those pieces back, by all means, they'll be sent. We can draft a written understanding."

Once more the understanding smile. "I'll let you know," the ministry official responded, and we all left the orphanage.

Several days later, my friend at the foreign ministry phoned to say he had secured agreement to let the collection go on condition the stone Buddha heads were returned if requested. There was, however, one remaining hurdle before an export permit could be issued: a security clearance had to be conducted on Mrs. Chen.

"A security clearance?" I was momentarily surprised. How could that in any way be germane? But this was Indonesia. And it was only five years since the country had been wrenched by an abortive communist coup in which thousands of Indonesians of Chinese descent were massacred and the left-leaning, anti-western government of President Sukarno was toppled by General Suharto and his supporters. Suspicion of the Chinese community was still endemic. Besides, I knew that Mrs. Chen's late husband had been a friend of Sukarno. If there were to be a security check, the situation was hopeless, I thought. We would never get the export permit now.

Throughout this affair, we had been keeping Ottawa informed of our progress with the Chen King Foh Collection. Only now, with this news of a sudden snag, did there come any response. Someone — frustrated ambassadors always envisage a lowly, probationary desk officer with time on his hands — had suddenly remembered the

quality of life theme of the Trudeau review. It was supposed to be reciprocal. Of course! What we needed to do was sweeten the Indonesians' disposition by offering them a collection of Canadian art in return. By telex we were instructed to advise the foreign ministry that, in exchange for the precious Chen King Foh Collection, Indonesia was to receive the following donation of Canadian art: some two dozen Inuit soap stone carvings and a contemporary replica of a British Columbia totem pole. Total estimated value, \$3,000! The art of the parsimonious.

Much to our amazement, before we even had an opportunity to advise the Indonesian government of Canada's munificence, a formal note arrived from the foreign ministry authorizing export of the Chen King Foh Collection to Canada. Somehow, Mrs. Chen had managed to sail through the security check.

Duty bound, we telexed the good news to Ottawa.

I still can't believe it. But it is true. Almost immediately, we received back a telex advising us that, if we had not yet notified the Indonesian authorities of the gift from Canada, then we should "NOT REPEAT NOT" do so! The government, we were told, had very limited funds available for artistic exchanges.

I left the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria with considerable reluctance. It had trans-

ported me back in time and the memories gave added meaning to the art I had much admired. But it was after 2.00 p.m. and the rest of my family was hungry.

We went for lunch in the city's pristine Chinese quarter. It smells of the sea rather than garlic and rotting vegetables, as if created by an edict of Lee Kuan Yew. "So what happened?" my son-in-law, Tad, asked me, sucking back the noodles in his soup. "Did the Indonesians get our stuff?"

"Yes," I said. "We never told Ottawa we hadn't yet informed them about the gift when the telex came withdrawing the offer."

"Good."

"Still, I've always wondered where our pieces ended up. The public galleries were in terrible shape and lacked space as it was. The last thing the Indonesians needed was some Canadian art, especially a fake totem pole."

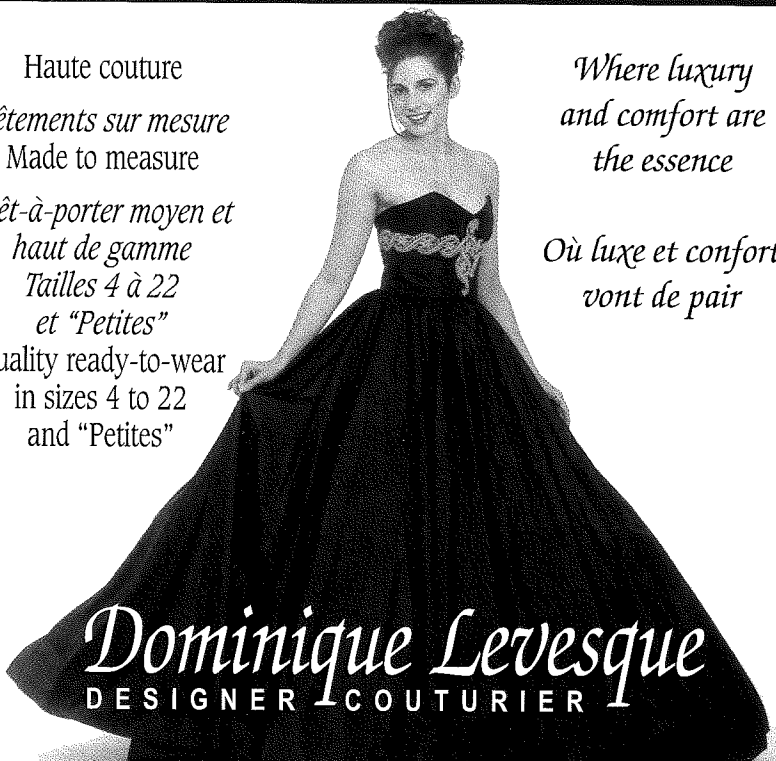
"Who knows? Maybe it's in a rice paddy somewhere," Tad joked as he raided my daughter's noodles. "I'll bet it's enhanced some farmer's quality of life!"

"That's possible," I laughed. "Possible."

T. A. Keenleyside was a foreign service officer from 1966 to 1971, with postings in Thailand and Indonesia. From 1971 to 1996, he was a professor of political science at the University of Windsor.

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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

Yankee Go Home? Canadians and Anti-Americanism

Reviewed by Alan Bowker

Blazes Along A Diplomatic Trail: A Memoir Of Four Posts In The Canadian Foreign Service

Review by James Langley

MI6: Inside the Covert World of Her Majesty's Secret Intelligence Service

Reviewed by Kurt F. Jensen

Roosevelt and Churchill: Men of Secrets

Reviewed by John Starnes

YANKEE GO HOME? CANADIANS AND ANTI-AMERICANISM by J.L. Granatstein, Harper Collins Publishers Ltd., 1996, 317 pp., \$28.00

Reviewed by Alan Bowker

Alan Bowker is a foreign service officer with a PhD in Canadian history. He is at present Director of the International Academic Relations Division, Foreign Affairs and International Trade.

Professor Granatstein tells us this is not the book he intended to write. "As a devout anti-American for as long as I can remember," he says he anticipated producing a "justification that would be a rationale for what I believed and knew to be true: the United States was and remained a threat to Canada's independence, and anti-Americanism is a rational defence against the takeover of Canada by American money, ideas, and culture." He was "surprised" that the research and writing of the book "began to alter my views." Instead, he discovered that anti-Americanism has been "a tool by Canadian political and economic elites bent on preserving or enhancing their power." So blinding has been the light on the road to Damascus that he is now positively and at times gratuitously hostile toward some of those with whom he would have been expected to be sympathetic if not supportive.

This is a good book, which combines erudition, passion, and wit. It is packed with information, insight and new interpretation, which synthesizes a generation of scholar-

ship, much of which is his own. Granatstein effectively reveals the excesses and skewers the fallacies of anti-American outbursts that have appeared at various times in our history. He justly concludes that "Anti-Americanism never was and never could become the basis for any rational national identity."

In the opening chapter, Granatstein defines Canadian anti-Americanism as "distaste for and a fear of American military, political, cultural, and economic activities that, while widespread in the population, is usually benign unless and until it is exploited by business, political, or cultural groups for their own ends. Added to this is a snippet — and sometimes more — of envy at the greatness, wealth, and power of the Republic and its citizens, and a dash of discomfort at the excesses that mar American life." This definition acknowledges that most of the time Canadian anti-American attitudes have merely reflected the desire to differentiate themselves from an otherwise all-enveloping neighbour. Isolated from Europe and sharing a continent with an energetic, self-righteous, confident giant whose values and traditions they by and large shared, having no other standard of comparison, yet taking pride in their own experience and identity, Canadians have naturally tended to emphasize those peculiar virtues, values, and ideals that differentiated them from (yes, and made them superior to) the colossus to the south.

This "benign" anti-Americanism is not systematically analysed — its evolution over time, variations by region, language, or historical antecedent, the role of myth,

symbol, legend, religion, historical roots, and common but unspoken assumptions. Nor is there any assessment of the pro-American impulses that usually coexisted with anti-Americanism within the minds of most Canadians, or the balancing theme of pro-Americanism in Canadian history. Instead, the book is a series of well-crafted historical narratives of various manifestations of extreme anti-Americanism from loyalism to the present. Most of the emphasis is on the post-WWI period, including Diefenbaker, Robin Matthews, literary and cultural figures, George Grant, draft dodgers and anti-Vietnam protesters, Norman Endicott, Walter Gordon, opponents of the FTA, etc., etc. The only thread that unites these disparate people appears to be their common hostility to some aspect of American policy, if not to the United States itself. Each such manifestation, whatever its nature or cause, is treated as an example of "anti-Americanism" which implies the conclusion that "hatred, bias, and deliberately contrived fearmongering," and not the more benign form of anti-Americanism, has been for most Canadians during most of our past, the Canadian way of being different.

Only in a few instances is there explicit demonstration of the thesis that anti-Americanism was merely a tool used by political, cultural, and business elites for their own ends. It is suggested that cultural nationalism protected a Canadian industry and that anti-Americanism kept some academics in work. Undeniably, anti-Americanism has been at certain times in history a useful political weapon. Business elites at first manipulated anti-American

and pro-British feeling to keep Canada a *chasse-gardée*, but by the 1940s "gave up the ghost of economic independence with scarcely a whimper, trading in their pounds sterling and British ideals for American dollars and acceptance on Wall Street"; this *virage* made the FTA possible in spite of public opposition as determined as that mounted against Reciprocity in 1911. But these specific examples, even if buttressed by stronger evidence, would not be sufficient to support such a strongly stated conclusion.

Perhaps some of his vehemence against anti-Americanism stems from Granatstein's realization that although free trade is the right path, Canada now faces the challenge (as does much of the rest of the world) of maintaining its identity against the homogenizing forces of globalization. In his concluding chapter he states that Canadians can no longer afford the luxury of defining themselves by their Britishness, their Frenchness, their Catholicism, their anti-Americanism, or whatever, nor of regional squabbling. We must know ourselves and seek a positive definition of our identity. "Canadians are fortunate enough to live in God's country, the best of all possible places on earth, a land graced with North America's bounty and free of the United States' worst problems. ... There are Canadian virtues — grit, tolerance, opportunity, civility, compassion and equality — and they should be part of any definition of national character. So should our love of the land, our shared history, our forms of governance, our common love of hockey, and those policies that bind us together like medicare and equalization. ... Only when Canadians begin to understand their land and their origins, when they can assess their national history of truly great achievements without a search for politically correct victims, and when they become confident of their own worth and their limitless future, only then will the Canadian identity become truly defined without resort to glib, mindless prejudice."

This is true enough. Anti-Americanism may no longer be (if it ever really was) the "vehicle of choice" to maintain our identity. But after attacking its manifestations throughout the book, Granatstein acknowledges in his conclusion that a more mild and hopefully constructive form of anti-Americanism will be with us for some time to come. Whether the threat to national identities is globalization or Americanization, for Canada the difference will in practice be minimal. Defining Canadian qualities, virtues, advantages, and values, encountering our historical experience, and celebrating

our successes, our uniqueness, our role in the world, are worthy and valid in and of themselves. But it is inevitable that they will usually be expressed in a way that differentiates Canada from its southern neighbour. One needs only examine the passage cited above to recognize this.

In short, despite the many good qualities of this provocative and informative book, the definitive study of anti-Americanism in Canadian life remains to be written. 

BLAZES ALONG A DIPLOMATIC TRAIL: A MEMOIR OF FOUR POSTS IN THE CANADIAN FOREIGN SERVICE
by J.C. Gordon Brown, Trafford Publishing, Victoria, B.C., 319 pp., \$24.95

Reviewed by James Langley

*James Langley is a retired Ambassador who was head of post in OECD, Brussels, the EEC and Mexico. He is currently living in Ottawa and is a member of the Editorial Board of *bout de papier*.*

One of the most persistent and disagreeable of the myths relating to the foreign service has it that "diplomats" spend most of their time in various forms of fancy dress at vacuous parties and pointless ceremonies. That the myth is based on more than spite emerged rather clearly during the experiments in budgeting and management by objectives of the 1960s. It was easy enough to describe and quantify the functions of officers such as consuls and foreign trade officers but it proved singularly difficult to define the work and objectives of the "non-specialist" (traditionally considered the quintessential foreign service officer). What did they really do and how did this relate to the interests of the nation? Gordon Brown's refreshing memoir provides one answer to this question and a healthy antidote to the myth.

This book falls into four parts of unequal length, each dealing with one of the posts at which Brown served between 1958 and 1969. At the first two, in the Union of South Africa and the Soviet Union, he was the second in command at the mission, serving for a time as *chargé d'affaires*. Subsequently, in the Congo (Zaire) and Cyprus, he served as Head of Mission. At all these posts, he was in a position to appreciate the totality of Canadian interests involved and to exercise some influence over the way in which they were served. Indeed, one of the most

interesting implications of the book is the variability in the extent of that influence and the way it was exercised.

One's reactions to the memoir will necessarily be subjective. I found the first and longest section the most eloquent and gripping. Brown, arriving in South Africa with a typically Canadian antipathy for apartheid, found himself working with a Head of Mission, a most amiable gentleman, who was, however, by temperament and social contact strongly biased towards the ruling group. This hurdle was initially compounded by the need, a familiar one for newcomers at a foreign post, to establish that network of contacts, mainly in the international community and political opposition, on which the success of his work would largely depend. He succeeded admirably in doing so and the mission seems to have an enviable record of accurate political reporting and prediction — a tribute to his gift for friendship and the remarkable energy and tenacity he deployed in the pursuit of understanding of local political developments and trends. Thus, with him we follow the intricate interplay of forces as South Africa slides progressively into the bog of apartheid, through the Sharpeville crisis, the establishment of the Republic and its departure from the Commonwealth.

The South African memoir can be read as a good yarn with its quota of striking anecdotes such as the account of the stormy confrontation between the High Commissioner and the South African Foreign Minister over the detention of the Canadian journalist Norman Phillips (page 47). The book also has archival value in that many episodes are recounted in fine detail (drawn from Brown's daily diary) and will serve the ends of future research. Interwoven with this narrative are accounts and comments of a more personal nature. Inevitably the disruptions and pleasures of the diplomatic life are mentioned: the enormous difficulties of providing some stability in the education of two young daughters as the mission shifts seasonally between Cape Town and Pretoria, the effort put into the social activities on which the contact network so importantly depends, the joys of friendship and travel. Some readers may find this personal element distracting, but it is so intrinsically a part of foreign service that to omit it would have turned the memoir into a treatise.

A question raised by Brown's account of the mission's activities is the influence that its evidently exemplary reporting had on the development of the Canadian position as expressed by PM Diefenbaker at the 1961

Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers. Unfortunately, there is scant reference to the relations between the mission and headquarters, and it may be that the mission was in effect preaching to the converted. This would appear to be the implication of the possibly abashed comment, on the eve of the Commonwealth Conference, that the mission was not surprised so seldom to be pressed for reports by Ottawa. There is, however, one contrary hint of oversight in Ottawa in the interview between Brown and the Under-Secretary reported on page 67.

The other three sections of the memoir differ significantly in style and content. They are, however, complementary in the sense that they show the author living and working under the very different conditions of his next three posts. The Soviet Union was a closed society in which the diplomatic corps lived in relative isolation and where the incumbent Canadian Ambassador enjoyed an unchallenged reputation as a Soviet expert. Under these conditions, Brown's narrative leans rather heavily towards the challenges of life and security under the surveillance of the KGB, the deposition of Khrushchev and the first visit to the USSR of a Canadian Parliamentary delegation, both of which occurred while he was chargé d'affaires, and accounts of

several trips he was able to make during the relatively short time before his appointment as Canada's first Ambassador to the Congo (Zaire).

In Leopoldville, Brown, by his own account, reacted with vigour to the challenges of charting a course for Canada's first diplomatic mission. The situation, both in the Congo and in neighboring countries, was volatile and Canadian interests, while clear in general terms, needed to be translated into specific objectives and projects. He gives a brief account of the history of the newly independent and troubled country and then devotes himself to the ways in which the new mission attempted over the next three years to put substance into the bilateral relationship. He recounts the effort to pin down an evasive Congolese government on participation in Expo 67, nurture of the aid programme, cooperation with Air Congo, controversies relating to la francophonie and, more mundanely, the problems of local administration and security. One is left with the impression of a great deal of constructive activity, undertaken with enthusiasm, to which full justice is perhaps not done in this account.

The memoir ends on a somewhat melancholy note with Brown's closure of the Canadian High Commission in Cyprus at

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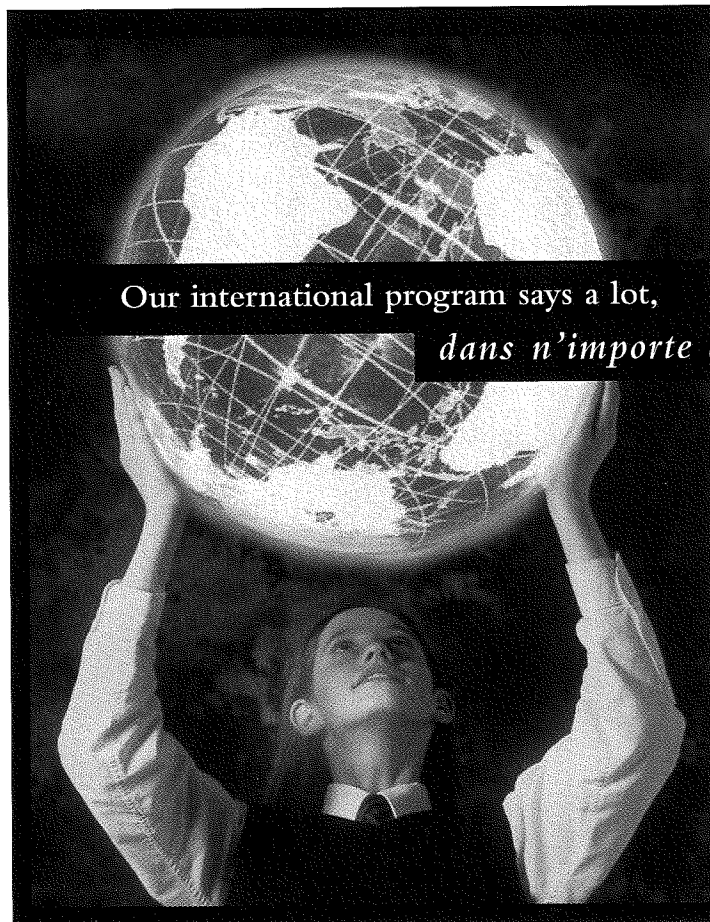
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the end of 1969 some 12 months after his posting there as High Commissioner. In three chapters, he discusses his representational work and support for the Canadian contingent of the UN Force in Cyprus and concludes with an acerbic account of the events surrounding the closure of the mission which, at least in the manner of its execution, appears to merit his censure.

It is a pleasure to commend this perceptive but unpretentious account of the contributions of a mid-career foreign service officer to the good name and material interests of his country. 

MI6: INSIDE THE COVERT WORLD OF HER MAJESTY'S SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, by Stephen Dorril, New York: The Free Press, 2000, 907 pp., index. US \$40.00, CDN \$59.00

Reviewed by Kurt F. Jensen

Kurt F. Jensen is a deputy director in the Foreign Intelligence Division of the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade. He is working towards a PhD in history at Carleton University in Ottawa.

At 800 pages of text, this is a heavy tome. However, well-written, interesting and thought-provoking, this is a book which almost 'reads' itself. Too informative and serious to be called a page-turner it, nevertheless, makes for an enjoyable, albeit long, read.

MI6 tells the story of the British Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) after the Second World War. The book begins with background on SIS: its founding in 1909 and its rather dismal performance during World War II — except for the Ultra coup engineered by Stewart Menzies, the wartime 'C' and the exceptional ability of Britain's Government Code and Cipher School to decrypt messages from Germany's Enigma code machines.

For SIS, the author sees the war as an unfortunate interlude which drew attention and resources away from the primary goal of battling Bolshevism. And this is the thrust of the book. Accordingly, the Cold War was largely a continuation of a struggle which had begun in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1917. In that sense, the battle with the Bolsheviks was traditional, having been the focus of most of the SIS efforts before and after the Second World War. This struggle

with Communism was the paramount mandate of SIS.

Dorril, the author of this well-constructed story, asserts that many of the MI6-linked personages were to be found in the British establishment's appeasement circles on the eve of war. This, he believes, accounts for the poor efforts against Nazi Germany and the failings of SIS on the European continent during much of the war. The Nazis were not a target and may not have been perceived as a serious threat by some elements of the SIS establishment.

Except for the later colonial struggle, the efforts of SIS were directed against combating Communism; that effort was often personal, as many SIS officers had a Russian connection, possibly having lived in Russia as the children of expatriate British business parents or having been posted there during their careers. The author suggests that recruiting into SIS favoured those whose anti-communism "would sustain, not imperil, the old fabric" of the pre-war anti-Communist crusade.

Although immensely useful, and very well written, the book can be uneven at times. For example, it seems that there is an inordinate amount of material presented on Bandera, the Ukrainian nationalist, his struggle against the Russians, and his links with Western intelligence organizations. Having drawn the ties between Bandera and Western intelligence, Dorril provides a great deal of extraneous material on Bandera's struggle, much of which appears tangential to the main thrust of the book.

Dorril captures the cynicism which made Western nations take advantage of Nazi resources at the end of the Second World War to use in a potential postwar struggle with the Soviet Union. A wide range of traitors, Nazis, and assorted war criminals were used by SIS in the early postwar confrontation with the Soviet Union. Their anti-communism, not their criminality, morals or support for democratic ideals, was the critical factor in making them acceptable to the SIS. But here, the author skirts too quickly over the very real fear (whether correct or not does not matter here) of war with the USSR during the late 1940s by the mandarins in power. Desperate times cause men to take desperate measures. More might have been made of this to capture the contextual environment rather than to leave it to some readers to conclude that some Western leaders had few scruples and some had no morals.

The author does a fine job of capturing the many failings of intelligence. None are more evident than the inability of the West to obtain credible intelligence on the Soviet

Union and its satellites in the early postwar years. Effort after effort was made to send infiltrators to the East. Not all of these came from the extreme right-wing flotsam thrown up by lost causes of the Second World War; many were honourable nationalists seeking independence for their homelands. The details of these efforts as directed to Albania and the Baltic states illustrate well the seeming failings of the initiatives. Very few of the infiltrators lasted very long before capture. Few had any impact which materially contributed to an understanding by the West of developments in the East. Dorril paints a sad picture of idealists, adventurers, nationalists, and the incredibly naive who often went to their deaths uncertain of what their activities were all about.

The second theme which dominates the last half of the book is the protection of empire. Much of the focus is on the Middle East and unsuccessful efforts to halt the passage of time. Tremendous resources were directed at protecting the remnants of empire. SIS was not out of step with Britain, but Britain was out of step with the world. Most bizarre was the obsession which Harold Macmillan, the British Prime Minister, had with the removal of Egypt's Nasser, who was the subject of several British assassination plots and was often seen as the villain behind all that vexed British aspirations in the Middle East. One by one, Britain was expelled from influence in the colonies or client states.

The last hundred pages of the book provide a snapshot of more recent events, with particular focus on the relationship with the United States, a relationship always in transition as Britain strove to retain its fading power. There is also a summation of how SIS viewed the KGB. Dorril contends that SIS always overestimated the KGB and its power. He quotes Oleg Gordievsky on how the SIS did not grasp the notion that the KGB was subservient to the Party in the Soviet Union and that SIS was obsessed with fighting the opposing intelligence service. In a sense, the goal was no longer to secure information; the struggle between the SIS and the KGB had become personal.

The failing of the book rests with what it does not say. The SIS-KGB struggle *may* have become personal, SIS *may* have focused on the Communist threat to the exclusion of all else, the early postwar infiltrations into the East Bloc *may* have mostly been failures. One does not really know. The difficulty in writing about intelligence matters, and this is not a criticism of the author, is that secret services do not advertise. Their most successful endeavours are not presented to the public through press releases.

It is a fact of life that many or most successful intelligence operations will never become known to the public. This can be frustrating for the persons involved and it happens that some of them make public their knowledge — albeit in drips and drabs and sometimes with an ulterior motive. But for the most part secret operations tend to remain secret *unless* they fail. This book recounts many of the failures but only some of the successes.

While this book is excellent for what it does do, which is to tell a good story, it should not be seen as the final word on the SIS during the period covered. Future disclosures or even opening of the archives may change details. But Dorril's book will remain useful, full of details, insightful for the perspective he presents, and very entertaining for those who enjoy the genre. 

ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL: MEN OF SECRETS by David Stafford, The Overlook Press (2000), Peter Mayor Publishers, Inc., Woodstock & New York, 359 pp., US \$35.00

Reviewed by John Starnes

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

David Stafford has written a well-researched, captivating book about Roosevelt and Churchill and their deep personal interest and involvement in the conduct of the multifarious secret intelligence activities of the British, the Americans and their allies, which contributed so much to the eventual defeat of the Axis powers in World War II. Unfortunately, it also led to serious differences between Britain and the United States. The book is an important companion piece to an earlier, equally interesting book by Stafford, *Camp X: Canada's School for Secret Agents, 1941-45*, published in 1986 by Lester & Orpen Dennys Ltd., Toronto, which I also reviewed for **bout de papier** (Vol. 5, No. 1).

The book is well written and particularly interesting because of the detail it provides concerning the unusual relationship which developed between Churchill and Roosevelt,

revealing much about the characters, strengths and failings of the two leaders.

Apart from what the book demonstrates about the manner in which, at the highest political levels, Britain and the United States conducted the war against Germany and Japan, it makes clear the extent to which Roosevelt and Churchill became personally involved in the various secret intelligence activities carried out by both countries and their allies, including Canada. Canada's considerable military contributions have been well recorded. Unfortunately, despite excellent published studies such as those by Professor Wesley Wark (*Cryptographic Innocence: The Origins of Signals Intelligence in the Second World War*) and Canadian Member of Parliament John Bryden (*Best-Kept Secret, Canadian Secret Intelligence in the Second World War*), the extent of Canada's valuable secret intelligence operations (in wartime and thereafter) remains largely unknown and certainly unheralded.

I have in mind particularly our development of cryptography. As G. de B. Robinson expressed it in his top secret *History of the Examination Unit 1941-1945*, written in July 1945 when he was Acting Director; "Many have shared in the work, and it is not too much to say that the results achieved have been remarkable. From practically

nothing in 1941, Ottawa grew in three years to the stature of London and Washington in those fields (French and Japanese) on which we have worked. We have pulled our own weight in these fields and made many worthwhile contributions to the common pool of knowledge, while at the same time feeding a continuous stream of intelligence to the department of External Affairs and to the Directors of Intelligence [Military]."

Stafford enlivens the story with references to the lifestyles of Churchill and Roosevelt. For example, concerning Roosevelt; "That summer [1944] he asked his daughter Anna, now his constant companion, to invite his mistress of thirty years before, Lucy Mercer, to dinners at the White House when Eleanor was away. The affair [had] almost destroyed his marriage and he had promised never to see her again. Yet he had, secretly, from time to time since the war began, and he glowed in her presence." In a later reference, Stafford added: "After returning from Hyde Park Roosevelt travelled (sic) to Warm Springs, Georgia, for a two-week rest. Eleanor stayed behind and after a few days Lucy Mercer joint (sic) him. ... [On] 12 April 1945, as he sat with Lucy and the butler was preparing lunch, Roosevelt suffered a severe cerebral haemorrhage and died two hours later." The extramarital affair was extensively written

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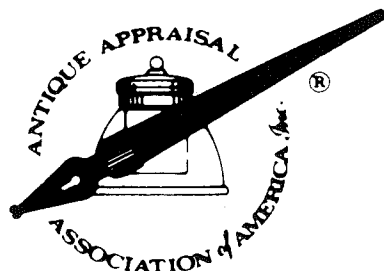
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about by Doris Kerns Goodwin in her book *No Ordinary Time*, published in 1994.

Among the more intriguing aspects of Stafford's book are his perceptive comments about the internecine warfare between the British and the Americans over intelligence operations during World War II, and immediately thereafter, when the Soviet Union and its allies became our principal enemies. In my experience, and particularly later, when I was Director General of the RCMP Security Service from 1970-73, these squabbles seemed never-ending and, given what we now know about the extent of KGB successes, they must have been well-known to the Russians. These unremitting, often bitter fights over territory, post-war intelligence strategies and political objectives in Europe, the Far East and elsewhere made Canada's role as a partner to the Americans and the British in intelligence gathering activities difficult to maintain, without our interests becoming adversely affected. This became particularly so in areas where, for valid security reasons, the activities had to be shrouded in the greatest secrecy. I have in mind cryptography, but more especially Canada's involvement in CAZAB (a top secret counter-espionage organization set up in the late 1960s and maintained by Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Britain and

America in an attempt to counter increasing worldwide espionage activities by the Russians and their allies). For example, when influential protagonists such as CIA's head of counter-espionage James Jesus Angleton and the head of Britain's M.I. 5 joined battle, the fur flew with results which were often destructive and long-lasting. Because of the great secrecy surrounding these discussions, such adverse effects as they produced remained largely unknown outside the intelligence and security agencies involved and, in Canada's case, because the Prime Minister in authorizing our participation had ruled that neither his ministers nor their officials should be made aware of CAZAB, the problems thus created were exacerbated. Ironically, these activities and the disagreements they engendered appear to have been well-known to the Russians, and their significance clearly understood and exploited by them.

I think the book is a good read and the author is to be complimented for having given the latter chapters the particular themes he pursues so skillfully. The book adds useful, intriguing aspects to the still-unfolding story of British-American intelligence cooperation in World War II and its significance in terms of the eventual outcome of the war. 

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Estrada and La Strada

Inside People Power II

by Kent Vachon



The people's verdict: "Guilty!"

It was part EDSA (Epifanio de los Santos Avenue) 1986, part Woodstock. Most of the hundreds of thousands at the EDSA Shrine were too young to have taken part in the toppling of Marcos, but they knew its songs. None of them had been at Max Yasgur's farm, but they were determined to sing and dance their way to a new system.

This was Friday at 9 p.m., 70 hours into a vigil that had begun spontaneously when Estrada and his cohorts subverted the impeachment trial that had gripped the nation. All hope of rendering justice through the constitutional process had been cynically squashed, and the people were not prepared to take it. In 1986, the colour of People Power was Cory Aquino's yellow. This time all were dressed in black, including our locally engaged, who had to be in the office. The nation was in mourning "for the death of truth and justice."

Crowds on the overpasses

That afternoon, the military and police had withdrawn support from Estrada. Much of his Cabinet was already gone. While his downfall was apparent to all, he was holding on as long as he could. Some in the crowd said it was to buy time to ship his millions out of Malacanang Palace; others speculated that he was waiting for a green light from the USA on asylum. An announcement let us know that Estrada — known as “Erap” — was seeking another five to seven days in Malacanang. The crowd’s response: “Resign NOW!”

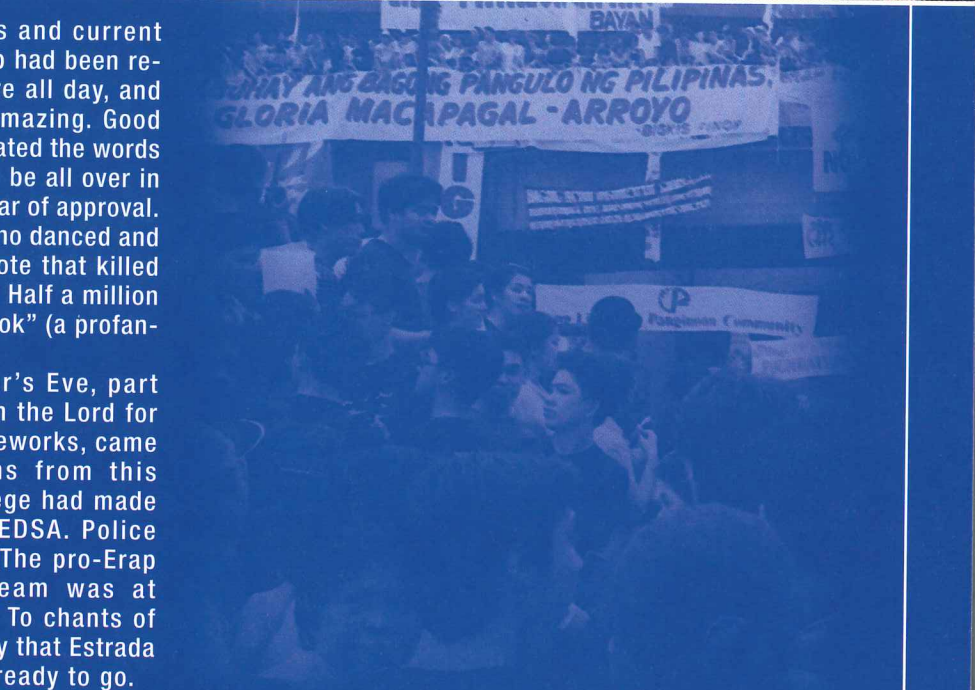
Politicians and civil society leaders took turns with popular entertainers. Songs of EDSA '86 mixed with other patriotic songs and current favourites. Lyrics from Beatles classics to rap had been rewritten to protest Erap. Many had been there all day, and some overnight, but the energy level was amazing. Good humour mixed with serious intent. An MC repeated the words of Estrada’s spokesperson: “These rallies will be all over in five days,” and then added “He’s right!” to a roar of approval. In honour of Tessie Oreta, the senator-judge who danced and punched the air in triumph after the 11-10 vote that killed the trial, a group performed “Dancing Queen.” Half a million danced with them, then chanted “Oreta pok-pok” (a profanity denouncing her “political prostitution”).

People Power II was also part New Year’s Eve, part evangelical prayer rally. Preachers called on the Lord for guidance and help. At midnight, after the fireworks, came a series of announcements. Delegations from this municipality, that diocese, or the other college had made their way by bus, plane or ferry to be on EDSA. Police estimated 1.8 million people in the crowd. The pro-Erap rally at Mendiola was dissipating. A team was at Malacanang negotiating Erap’s resignation. To chants of “Resign Now,” the speaker continued on to say that Estrada would get a call each hour to see if he was ready to go.

The refrain then became “Mendiola.” Mendiola is the nearest large open area to the Palace, and has historic significance as the stage for frequent clashes between demonstrators and Marcos’s constabulary. A charismatic governor belonging to the United Opposition took the microphone to remind all to remain peaceful, and succeeded in getting the impatient crowd to join in a round of “Disiplina.”

At 2 a.m., it was time to lighten up and the Ousters Band took the stage. This mix of musicians had come together during the Senate Blue Ribbon hearings into corruption allegations against the President. It produced an album that leapt to the top of the charts and is still there, months later. Sold at cost and marked “duplication highly encouraged” on the cover, it quickly became the soundtrack of the revolution. It’s first track — “Huling Huli” (You’ve been caught) to the tune of Woolly Bully by Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs — set the crowd back to dancing. They knew all the words, and also those of “Contra-Vida Loco” (Crazy Villain) which are far better than Ricky Martin’s version.

About 2:30, while my fiancée-cum-interpreter and I were resting our weary legs, a tremendous roar went up. We were on our feet in a flash, thinking the moment had finally come. It was instead a rapper much in vogue with the — by this stage — young crowd. Like the music, the mood started becoming a bit uglier as patience with the plundering pres-



ident frayed. The chant shifted from “Erap Resign” to “Sumuko ka na”: Surrender!

The radical groups had warned the previous evening that they were marching to Mendiola at 6 a.m., and there were just over three hours left. Fearful of violence, Cardinal Sin issued an appeal to the protesters to stay on EDSA. Gina and I figured this was a good time to call it a morning. Not that the return home meant sleep: from 3:30 to 4:30 was spent on the phone reporting and advising PSE on how to prepare for an inevitable transition of power.

A brief two hours later, I was checking the Philippine all-news channel and coordinating with my ambassador and junior political officer. Ambassador Collette was consulting other ambassadors and was poised for the new inauguration at a yet to be determined time. Robert Burley was heading to the embassy to review draft talking points and notes for PCO. He would be the quarterback, maintaining the flow of information and advice to HQ.

About 40,000 mostly left-wing NGO members and students had ignored Cardinal Sin and left on time for Mendiola, so Gina and I headed straight to their destination.

We were thus on hand to see the final 200 pro-Erap supporters, many of them paid thugs. It was they who were responsible for the only violence. The only shot fired through this whole four-day period was a police warning shot in the air to end rock throwing, directed at an isolated group of

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Drawing of Estrada



anti-Erap students who had made their own way to Mendiola via a route not blocked by police. The main march had stopped at police request about a kilometre short.

When we got to the impromptu rally site, it was like EDSA on a smaller scale. More hoarse denunciations of corruption and, of course, more dancing to Huling Huli. There were veterans of martial law years who did not know how to react when a formation of helicopters buzzed the crowd. In '86, such overpasses were designed to sow fear. This time, the first thought was that it was Estrada fleeing in the face of the marchers, and a roar went up. But then the helicopters came back, lower this time, with doors open and pilots waving to the crowd. The people responded with cheers and the thumbs down sign, signalling the popular verdict on Estrada: Guilty!

At 10, the march resumed, following more invocations to peaceful means and discipline, and another dance to Huling Huli. It took a long way around, to skirt police barricades and to give the pro-Erap nucleus a last chance to disperse.

It stopped within sight of Mendiola, behind a final police barricade. The police had not moved away the last counter-demonstrators. Instead of taunting the vanquished, the marchers called out "We love you. Join us. We are poor too." With the way clear, the marchers raised their fists as they sang a moving rendition of the national anthem. They linked arms and advanced in disciplined fashion

to reclaim their traditional protest spot near the gates of the Palace. More speeches, more songs, and then elation as news spread that Estrada had resigned.

A quick cellphone conversation with the Ambassador and we were both racing to the inauguration at EDSA Shrine, he in Canada 1000 and me in a taxi that had seen better decades. He made it in time to congratulate new President Gloria Macapagal-Arroyo, while Gina and I made it in time to see the celebrations. And what a party it was! Huling huli is still playing in my ears.



Kent Vachon is now serving as the head of the political section in Manila. He has been chargé d'affaires in Phnom Penh and has covered Security Council affairs at the Permanent Mission to the United Nations, New York.

OF GENERAL INTEREST — FOR A CHANGE

A perpetual lament of Canadians — and especially of our diplomats — is that Americans (and sometimes their government) tend either to ignore us or to take us for granted. For the most part, observations by Canadian statesmen and others about Canadian-American relations pass unnoticed south of the border, unless something truly remarkable is uttered, whether deliberately or not. Careers have been devoted to the often futile pursuit of attention for Canada in the American press — a quest for a memorable phrase only slightly more successful than the search for the Holy Grail.

*Given that daunting challenge, it may come as a surprise to readers of **bout de papier** to learn that there was one occasion when a speech by Canada's foreign minister received widespread coverage in American newspapers. The secretary of state for external affairs, Lester B. Pearson, spoke about "Canadian Foreign Policy in a Two-Power World" to the Empire and Canadian Clubs of Toronto on April 10, 1951 [Statements and Speeches, No. 51/14].*

Pearson had intended to elaborate on an earlier expression of regret about American sensitivity to "constructive

criticism" from friends and allies, and to underline the need for consultation to ensure co-operation. For some time, he had been concerned about the "problems" in Canada's relations with the United States, which were the subject of a series of memoranda that served as background for the speech as well as for a confidential departmental analysis of Canadian-American relations written by J.F. Grandy.

Near the end of his speech, Pearson observed that "the days of relatively easy and automatic political relations with our neighbour are, I think, over." Most readers failed to notice the benign passages dealing with the United Nations and collective security that preceded this sentence, or the appeal for Canadians to pay more heed to international affairs that followed it. Instead the address was interpreted — particularly by Americans — as a rebuke, one that prompted much editorial comment in the United States and many angry personal letters from American citizens. For his part, the recipient of the messages reprinted below, Hume Wrong, did not share Pearson's perspective on Canadian-American relations, as John English has perceptively observed (The Worldly Years: the Life of

Lester Pearson, Volume II: 1949-1972, pp. 59-62). As Pearson noted, however, the reception to his remarks likely had more to do with the timing than with the content or phraseology of the speech. At one in the morning in Washington — mere hours after Pearson spoke — the White House announced that President Harry S. Truman had fired General Douglas MacArthur for insubordination. Pearson had delivered an earlier speech with thinly veiled criticism of MacArthur, so that his more recent address became linked in some commentaries with the controversial and unpopular dismissal of the American general. Particularly as the "old soldier" did not immediately "fade away," Pearson avoided any further references that might be misinterpreted.

As the messages below, from volume 2 of file 1415-40 of the Department of External Affairs (now held at the National Archives of Canada in RG 25), indicate, Pearson was anxious as well that American officials did not misunderstand what he had said. The lamentation about American inattention ceased, at least for a while.

Hector Mackenzie

**L.B. Pearson, Secretary of State
for External Affairs,
to H.H. Wrong, Canadian
Ambassador to the United
States, Personal and Secret,
Ottawa, April 16, 1951.**

Dear Hume,

I hope that by now Jack Hickerson [Assistant Secretary of State for United Nations Affairs, Department of State of

United States] and my other friends in Washington, having read the full text of my speech of last Tuesday [Canadian Foreign Policy in a Two-Power World, Empire and Canadian Clubs, Toronto, April 10, 1951], have decided that a declaration of war is not necessary — on either side.

I have been surprised at the extent of the reaction to my speech in the United States. This, however, serves to confirm my thesis that we never get much attention down there unless we say some-

thing critical, and then the attention becomes surprised, pained and irritated. As a matter of fact, this speech in Toronto was, primarily, for Canadian consumption, and it is unfortunate that one part of it should have been taken out and used so widely across the line. There is no use complaining about that, because I know it can't be avoided. Newspapermen look for the headlines, and they found them in one or two paragraphs of the speech. It was unfortunate also that its delivery in Toronto coincided with General [Douglas]

MacArthur's discharge. If I had known that this was going to happen at this time, I would not have used those particular paragraphs until a later occasion.

It is, I think, important that our friends in Washington, and elsewhere in the United States, understand the anxiety and hesitation with which the majority of people in Canada watch the development of United States policy, especially in regard to the Far East. There is no use deceiving ourselves about this or deceiving them. The deep-seated, though often unconsciously felt, origin of this is, I suppose, our feeling of dependence on the United States and frustration over the fact that we can't escape this no matter how hard we might try. The immediate cause, however, is found in recent United States attitudes and policies, which seem to many Canadians to be based on the acceptance of inevitable war; not so much against an aggressor as against communism itself.

You know, as well as I do, that we have a fundamentally friendly feeling towards Americans, and that we really are anxious, on the official and other levels, to support them in the leadership which they are giving to the struggle against Russian Communist imperialism. I have not made any statements in the last six months without emphasizing that fact; indeed, I have gone further and said, both in the House of Commons and outside, that there will be times when, in the interests of the unity which is so necessary, we may have to abandon our own views in favour of those held by the United States. But we feel that Americans also should modify some of their own partisan views in the interest of their national unity in foreign policy, which is just as important as a united front internationally. The MacArthur outburst is an example of what I mean. Our worries are, in fact, not so much over the actual policies that are being followed in Washington, though in their Far Eastern manifestations they have roused considerable anxiety up here, as in the atmosphere of excitement, controversy, instability and emotion in which policy is formulated, attacked and altered, and formulated again. What so many of us fear is that public opinion in the United States, and especially in Congress (the focus of so many of our fears) will make any consistent and stable line impossible, and that there will be times in the future when we will have to do what we avoided doing in recent months, namely, take our own line even at the risk of weakening that unity, which it is our first objective to preserve. It is because I feel that this may, at times, be unavoidable in the months ahead that I thought our own people should be given some indication of its possibility. I do not think that anyone is serving the cause of Canadian-American relations at this time by continuing the pleasant platitudes which are normally so agreeable, and conveying, thereby, the impression that everything is going to be easy and smooth when this may not prove to be the case.

At the time I made my Toronto statement, I was filled with anxiety that at any moment General MacArthur might authorize some action in the Far East, such as an air bombardment of Chinese cities, which would have required us to dissociate ourselves formally from the decision taken. Telegram 876 of April 3rd from London shows that we had a real reason for such fears. If, for instance, the Formosan operation, mentioned in that telegram, had been carried out and a Canadian ship had been asked to participate, that would have faced us with a very difficult problem. Either we would have had to remove the ship from the operation and precipitate a political crisis, or we would have had to allow the ship to participate in carrying out a policy which we would not have approved.

The immediate difficulty of MacArthur has been removed, or has it? The general feeling in Parliament at this news was one of relief, coupled with dismay at the outburst of unbridled controversy — exploited for political purposes — which has followed it. The events of the next two or three weeks will show whether moderate, wise and healthy influences on American opinion will prevail over hysteria, prejudice and immaturity. I think the President [Harry S Truman] is going to win out on this issue, but if he doesn't, and if the forces which are backing MacArthur prevail, there will be stronger expressions used up here about American policy than have been even contemplated previously. The President's broadcast the other night was good, I thought. It put the problem of both MacArthur and his policy and the dangers from both in the proper perspective. It represented the kind of thing that we can really back, and I hope effectively. If that policy wins out, there won't be much to fear. If the other policy wins out, then we really will be up against some difficult decisions in our relations with Washington.

You may be interested to know that I have received a lot of correspondence from the States in the last couple of weeks, practically all of it hostile, and some of it quite abusive. There is nothing very significant in this. More significant is that I have been receiving some very friendly letters and messages from all over Canada. In this episode, I am more worried about extravagant praise from Canada than abusive criticism from Americans, because it shows how easy it would be to work up a strong anti-American feeling in this country at this time. The danger of that is obvious, and that is one reason why, having now said my piece, I will lapse back into the traditional Canadian-American speech pattern, unless specific events and developments make that impossible, when I shall do my best to say nothing — in public! I hope that you agree with this, and I would be very glad to get your own views on all these matters.

We are now, as you know, making an exhaustive study of outstanding Canadian-American problems, of which there are many. These problems, some of them difficult enough to solve, and which are far more important to us, naturally, than they are to the Americans, make it all the more important that the general atmosphere and general relationship between the two countries should be good. I shall be very interested to receive your comments on these memoranda. It mightn't be a bad idea to show them, in their final form, personally and confidentially to one or two of our friends in the State Department. They give in very impressive form the background of concrete problems against which Canadian-United States relations will develop in the months ahead.

The Embassy here cannot play any important part in all these matters. Stanley Woodward, as you know, is an amiable person, but not very useful in such things. The Embassy in Washington has played a big part, but can, however, play a bigger one, if we could give you more help. Thinking out loud, what about the idea of a very senior person indeed as a sort of chief public relations man. [Paul] Malone [First Secretary, Information, Canadian Embassy, Washington] is a good and competent person, but not, I should think, of the seniority or experience or quality required. When Don Matthews [Minister, Canadian Embassy] leaves Washington, or even possibly before he leaves Washington, would it not be a good thing to appoint someone of ministerial rank (even if we had to bring him in from outside) with special qualifications for public relations, keeping in touch with congressmen, etc., etc. I should think that kind of an appointment would be a very considerable help to you, if we were ever able to make it.

Yours sincerely,

Mike

(L.B. Pearson)

**Telegram, Secretary of State for External Affairs to Canadian Ambassador,
Washington, April 19, 1951. Confidential.**

Following for Wrong from Pearson, begins:

Mr. [Stanley] Woodward [Ambassador of the United States to Canada] called to see me yesterday afternoon and brought up, among other things, the question of my Toronto speech. He said that some of the senior officials of the State Department had been studying the speech and had been particularly interested in references to the fact that not enough attention was paid in the United States to what we said or

did up here. He added that they were surprised at the publicity the speech received in the United States and I replied that they were not as surprised as we were especially as I and others had been making statements along these lines for many years without creating any excitement. I asked Mr. Woodward if they had been unduly disturbed in the State Department by my talk which, while frank, was not, I thought, unfriendly or ungenerous, if the whole speech were read. He said that they were not upset; that he himself had read my speech before it had been delivered and that it did not seem very startling to him. However, he indicated, and I suspect that this was the main reason for his visit, that in other departments of government concerned with defence and trade they were surprised and hurt that we should complain of lack of recognition, and felt that if we wished to be treated like other countries we would lose by that treatment. I made the obvious reply that just as we were given special consideration in certain supply matters, so we gave the United States such consideration in reverse; also that such special consideration did not always apply, as we had reason to know, at the present time. Woodward agreed.

I mentioned the worry we had over Far Eastern policy which made us uneasy up here about United States policy, but added that if I had known that General MacArthur was going to be dismissed and the President exercise his authority in the way he had, I would have saved my American paragraphs for another time. Nevertheless, I added that opinion in Canada was still very uneasy, as it was, indeed, in other countries, including the United States, in respect of the immediate future in the Far East. I said that my speech was produced primarily for home consumption and that I had two main purposes in mind: first, to tell our own people not to be too touchy and sensitive about criticism of Canada in the United States, and, secondly, to prepare them for the fact that we were bound to have differences of opinion with the United States in the months ahead. The early part, of course, got all the publicity! I told Mr. Woodward if we uttered merely platitudes at the present time, and if later there was, unfortunately, open disagreement between us on certain policies at the United Nations, that disagreement would be a far greater shock to opinion than to face frankly the fact that there might be differences and to emphasize that we must do our best to remove their causes. I suggested to the United States Ambassador that those in the State Department who were concerned might desire to discuss the speech and its implications with you and some of your colleagues at the Embassy.

ENDS.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS.

Sovereignty in the Age of Cholera

by Cindy Kleinman

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) bombing of Yugoslavia and Kosovo have long since ceased. But the concerns about the legality and morality of attacking a sovereign state which, when the attacks were launched, wasn't threatening its neighbors, remain. But what is sovereignty and when, if ever, can it be violated?

Both the meaning and value of sovereignty are still debated topics, among scholars, non-governmental organizations (NGOs), diplomats and governments. But despite being a much bantered about term, there is no universal consensus on what exactly it is and where it resides.

State sovereignty has been a main feature of the international system since the 1648 Treaty of Westphalia, which gave states a monopoly of coercion within their own territory and declared there was no source of authority above the state. Today, sovereignty generally means states don't have to answer to any higher authority about matters that occur entirely within their territory, so long as they involve only their own nationals. Non-intervention is the correlative duty to sovereignty — a state must not intervene in matters that fall within the domestic territorial jurisdiction of another state. This has given non-intervention the status of an international norm. But, as Professor Jack Donnelly of the University of Denver argues, much of international relations involves powerful states using coercive economic, political and military means to shape the policies of less powerful states. And the post-Cold War era finds the world in a state of transition, caught between what Bobby R. Inman, Joseph S. Nye, Jr., William J. Perry and Roger K. Smith of the Aspen Strategy Group term "the old Westphalian system and an undetermined successor."

Of course, the basic structure of the international system continues to be anarchic, despite a wide variety of institutions and conventions aimed at bringing order to the chaos. States fend for themselves, with or without the cooperation of others, and strive to maintain their position in the system, writes Kenneth Waltz, professor emeritus at the University of California at Berkeley. With the end of the Cold War, states which had become lesser players and proxies to the two superpowers now have greater opportunities to assert themselves.

The United Nations Charter is somewhat contradictory on the matter of sovereignty, seeming to support both the traditional, Westphalian view (Chapter I, Article 2) and the contradictory view (Chapter VII, Article 39) that the Security Council has the right to determine what constitutes a threat to international peace and security, and how to deal with it. Chapter VII, Article 41 allows the Security Council to authorize diplomatic and economic measures to end such threats, while Article 42 allows it to authorize action, including military action, by air, sea or land. Nonetheless, conflicts between human rights abuses and the UN Charter have more often been decided in favour of non-intervention. What changed that was UN Security Council Resolution 688 of April 5, 1991, which allowed the Allied intervention in northern Iraq. It placed a higher priority on human rights than on national sovereignty and the attendant concept of non-intervention.

Humanitarian conventions (such as the establishment of the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC), the first Geneva Conventions of 1864, the Hague Convention and Rules of 1899 and 1907, and the four Geneva Conventions of 1949 and two additional protocols of 1977) respect national sovereignty in that they are only legally binding if signed by states, argues Guy Hermet of Doctors Without Borders. For the implementation of such agreements, it matters little whether sovereignty is exercised wisely or with astounding cruelty. On the other hand, states give up a measure of sovereignty by signing such agreements. More recently, restrictions have been imposed on the concept of sovereignty in the name of respect for individuals, nature or the environment. It appears the tide is turning toward humanitarian concerns at the expense of claims of sovereignty.

But where to draw the line? The arguments for altering the traditional, Westphalian view of sovereignty are compelling, if not always clear-cut. They all include the belief that states' rights are waning. For instance, while recognizing the continuing importance of the state as the primary unit of international affairs, former UN Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali nonetheless argues that the time of absolute and exclusive state sovereignty has passed, if it ever existed. It's not a new idea.

Natural law theorist Hugo Grotius (1583-1645) argued that exclusive domestic jurisdiction stops when outrage upon humanity begins. The problem is, we are often selective about our outrages. Turkey, an American ally, oppresses its Kurdish population and we do nothing; the Serbian regime in Yugoslavia, a Russian ally, oppresses its ethnic Albanian population and we spring, albeit in slow motion, into action.

Both the meaning and value of sovereignty are still debated topics, among scholars, non-governmental organizations (NGOs), diplomats and governments. But despite being a much bantered about term, there is no universal consensus on what exactly it is and where it resides.

Some NGOs argue that victims' rights, enshrined in ICRC practice and the UN Charter, transcend the concepts of sovereignty and non-interference in domestic affairs. When states ratified the UN Charter, they agreed to abide by the Security Council's own interpretation of its functions, argues Thomas G. Weiss of Brown University. This means that claims of national sovereignty become irrelevant once the Security Council decides to intervene. The UN was set up this way in order to be different from its predecessor, the League of Nations, through its ability to intervene economically and militarily to enforce international decisions. Of course, there is rarely unanimity and geopolitics predominate,

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leading to unauthorized actions, like the NATO strikes on Serb targets.

Former French Foreign Minister Roland Dumas has argued that the international community has the right to intervene in humanitarian crises (including repression, civil disorder, interstate conflict or natural disasters), even if that means violating national boundaries. Of course, one wonders what France would say if an Islamic state used that rationale to argue for the right to intervene in France to alleviate the discrimination and police brutality that French Muslims reportedly suffer.

Some argue that disregarding sovereignty is a means for powerful states to dominate the weak. But, as Andrew S. Natsios, former vice president of World Vision and former President Bush's special coordinator of Somali relief, points out, many developing countries, those most often politically sensitive to issues of sovereignty, voted for intervention in support of the operations in Somalia and northern Iraq. Inaction means intangible but vital social values can be destroyed in a few vicious years but the psychological scars remain long after the fighting stops. Furthermore, anarchy can spill across borders, potentially endangering regional stability and international peace.

"There is a strong body of international law regulating the conduct of armed conflicts between or among states, but a far weaker body governing the conduct of internal wars and domestic violence," Brown University's Weiss writes.

Internal conflicts constitute many of today's wars. "There is a strong body of international law regulating the conduct of armed conflicts between or among states, but a far weaker body governing the conduct of internal wars and domestic violence," Brown University's Weiss writes. Intervention was never illegal, he argues, but was considered a logical extension of

the concept of territorial sovereignty, and the basis of interstate relations and the UN Charter. But with the end of the Cold War, the world is moving away from the idea that state sovereignty justifies anything in the name of state interest. "Sovereignty is no longer a safe diplomatic sanctuary when abuse of civilians occurs," Weiss adds.

Caroline Thomas maintains that state sovereignty acts as a form of equality between all states, a vital component in a world where power tends to prevail.

University of Frankfurt political scientist Ernst-Otto Czempiel argues that society is the agent of sovereignty and the political system is its representative; therefore, foreign intervention doesn't violate the sovereignty of the state but aims to re-establish the sovereignty of society. But what if the society backs a murderous regime? Is there then no basis for intervention, as society's sovereignty is intact?

"Individuals have inalienable rights that must be observed and protected by all governments," argues Barry M. Blechman, co-founder of Washington's Henry L. Stimson Center. If this is the case, then all governments can be held to certain standards of behaviour involving democracy and basic human rights. Furthermore, when a country collapses into chaos, the international community has not only the right but the obligation to intervene on behalf of oppressed peoples and innocent bystanders.

Not so, argues American political scientist Caroline Thomas; there are no globally accepted human rights. She maintains that state sovereignty acts as a form of equality between all states, a vital component in a world where power tends to prevail. But it is also a theory that allowed states to turn a blind eye, for instance, to the genocidal brutality of the Khmer Rouge. Must we ignore atrocities so long as they don't cross international borders? We see ourselves as moral beings; images of extreme suffering cause people to pressure governments to act. Furthermore, old notions of sovereignty may be inadequate in a world where states are no longer the only players in global rela-

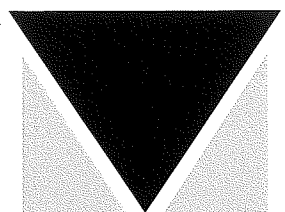
tions, York University professor Robert W. Cox writes.

For some, it is the ways in which sovereignty is being eroded that is most disturbing. The industrialized, northern states have agreed to what Hermet of Doctors Without Borders calls voluntary, sovereign concessions to enhance regional ties "or as a result of the kind of 'private sovereignty' exercised by London or Wall Street foreign exchange dealers when they bring western currencies to their knees." It's a different case in the south, where states have lost sovereignty involuntarily through what some see as the manipulation of the UN by northern states to legitimize their interference on the premise that the target state either no longer exists and so there is nothing to claim sovereignty over (as in Somalia) or is using its sovereignty in a criminal way (as in Iraq or Yugoslavia). In order to avoid public criticism, such interference is always publicly cloaked in the desire to protect human rights. Of course, having motives that are less than pure doesn't discount the possibility of intervenors doing some good. For instance, Hermet argues that in the last century, when Britain, then the world's foremost naval power, decided to stop and search foreign ships on the pretext of combating the slave trade, its real intent was to consolidate its world supremacy. The result nonetheless was the death of slave-trading and eventually of slavery.

"Individuals have inalienable rights that must be observed and protected by all governments," argues Barry M. Blechman.

In the end, there are no clear-cut solutions. Professor Michael Walzer of Princeton University urges us to remain skeptical. He offers this guideline by which to judge supposedly humanitarian interventions: "Intervening states must demonstrate that their own case is radically different from what we take to be the general run of cases, where the liberty or prospective liberty of citizens is best served if foreigners offer them only moral support."

Cindy Kleinman is a new member of the foreign service and is presently in the FSDP program.



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An anagrammatic enigma (or enigmatic anagram)

by A Aalto

As Liebnitz disappeared under the credenza, Chief MacBannock asked, "What are you doing, Ludwig?" The ace logician replied indistinctly, "Looking for my jaw. After it dropped, it rolled off here somewhere." "Don't be so melodramatic," said the Chief. "It's not the first time a former employee has come back to ask the Centre's help in a delicate matter." "No, but this is the first time it's Rialto Sleazewagon," replied Liebnitz, glaring at the man in the wing-back chair with a pencil-thin moustache. "I find it equally humiliating to be here," interjected the current provincial premier and former assistant managing editor of the Centre's publication, *Aide Mémoire*. "But by the way, how do you grow a pencil-thin moustache on a wing-back chair? Rather fetching, actually."

The three got down to business. A month before, Sleazewagon had announced a major conference of world business leaders and anti-globalization protesters, a "Gold-Green Summit" to set a new international economic agenda. To ensure the "necessary level of security," a three-metre high fence of concrete and chicken wire had been erected around the centre of the provincial capital, York, and the perimeter manned with Papa Jack Paridy's (really bad) rock band and recruits from the local street theatre scene.

The reason for the fence was clear the day the Summit opened, when a large delegation of global governmental leaders, led by the Prime Minister, showed up in cavalcade. They were turned back with the message that they: (a) had not been invited; (b) were irrelevant to the agenda; (c) represented organizations historically prepared to use violent force to gain their ends; and (d) were doubtless about to create an anarchistic disturbance, thus justifying the barriers. A charge by the assembled limousines was turned back by volley after volley of rhubarb meringue pies, ear-splitting heavy metal music and a phalanx of mimes doing the "invisible wall" thing. Visibly panicked, the leaders dispersed. The PM later issued a press release saying, "Just because they have all that economic power and public support — who do these people think they are?"

An uncoordinated fifth column of Rosedale liberals rose in rebellion within the enclave, but was quickly besieged in national TV headquarters and surrendered when their cappuccino ran out. Just when everything seemed to be going Sleazewagon's way, however, his fortunes reversed. Visiting a hospital outside the perimeter to announce his new "historic" two-tier health system (21st century care for the rich, 14th century for the rest), he knew nothing of the coup that overthrew him until he was barred at the fence. Cut off from his base, his only hope was to gain the help of the Centre.

"And just why should we help this man?" demanded Liebnitz. "Anyone who doesn't think that he has his own agenda for the Summit is a few hookahs short of a pipedream." The Chief nodded gravely,

struggled to light his pipe and managed to ignite the tip of his walrus moustache instead. Attila McGee rushed in with a seltzer bottle and doused the flames before they could spread. MacBannock continued unperturbed, "Actually, Liebnitz, it's that agenda which poses the problem. It seems our former colleague here had all the delegates locked up in a hockey rink, where he fed them only maple syrup, American beer and whale blubber, while showing them nothing but old national campaign ads. Many of his captives demanded sensory deprivation instead, but he refused to comply until they agreed to turn over all their profits and votes to his organization in perpetuity."

The premier chimed in: "But that was simply greed for unbridled power, wealth and the ability to grind the lower orders into

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the dust — you know, the kind of thing that has made the name Sleazewagon what it is today.” “A synonym for slime?” asked Attila tentatively. The premier continued. “The man who took over from me has far more evil ideas. He wants to create a new city-state, changing York’s name to ‘Toronto the Goof’ (although that may be a typo). It will be run entirely by MBAs, based on business school case studies.” As they all shuddered, the ace logician cried out, “Who is this man?” Replied the Premier, “We aren’t sure, but folks call him Slade McKeester.” “To his face?” exclaimed the Chief.

“How can he be stopped?” asked Liebnitz. According to the Premier, the only data on McKeester had been gained by an opposition leader, who had penetrated York disguised as a pizza delivery boy. “Great cover!” said MacBannock. “Cover, nothing,” snorted Liebnitz. “Given the man’s polling numbers, he was probably in training. What did he find out?” Sleazewagon said, “We can’t take direct action because of the hostages and McKeester has a fanatical hold on his followers. The only one who will stand up to him is his mother, Sadie, an old prairie populist — but she has been sent off incommunicado on a contrived international mission, just so she can’t talk him out of this madness.” The chief added, “She is getting on a plane tonight to fly from one major city to another, Liebnitz. If we only know which two they were, and what name she was using, we could pick her up, bring her back and close this affair. I sent Jimmy the Turk out to find her. The last anyone heard, he was still looking for his luggage at Heathrow.”

“Aha!” exclaimed the ace logician, “that explains the curious message I just received from the Oxford police — in Morse code. A strolling artichoke salesman just handed in this puzzle, which should provide us with the cities and alias we need.” The logician placed a piece of paper on the Chief’s desk and the three men examined it carefully.

Below are 20 clues and 25 anagrams. The clues relate to phrases that include the word “take” or “takes.” The anagrams are scrambled versions of the words in each phrase that come after “take” or “takes.” The number at the end of each anagram is the number of words involved. The clues and anagrams are not, of course, in the same order.

“I know this puzzle type,” continued Liebnitz. “There are more anagrams than clues. Once you work out which 20 anagrams relate to the clues, cross them out of the list. The five that are left have to be unscrambled without any clues — there may or may not be any ‘taking’ involved. Then they are fitted, in the order they appear in

CLUES:

- (1) You can’t dance alone
- (2) Show no mercy
- (3) Denver song title
- (4) Spend time unconventionally
- (5) Make the place safe again after hours
- (6) What to do after you’ve got it together
- (7) Simon request in New Orleans
- (8) Be insulted
- (9) 1949 Kelly/Sinatra sports movie or 1890s song
- (10) Go to Harlem underground
- (11) Examine with care
- (12) Don’t treat this lightly
- (13) Make yourself comfortable
- (14) Abba song title
- (15) Trust me on this one
- (16) Traditional alien request
- (17) Only the similar are familiar with each other
- (18) Monkees railroad order
- (19) Make up your mind on this offer
- (20) Stay healthy, you hear?

ANAGRAMS:

- (a) SIR LOUIS YET — 2
- (b) SAUCY ROLE OFFER — 3
- (c) HAWK TALON LEWIS DIED — 6
- (d) LOOSE CLOAK — 3 a
- (e) HENCE ORLANDO — 2
- (f) IDAHO ROTTEN — 4
- (g) TACOMA PLANTAIN — 2
- (h) STRAND YOUR ECHO MEMO — 4
- (i) GATHER MEDIA STORM — 5
- (j) EACH MAN ONCE — 4
- (k) IDEAL GERUND — 2
- (l) TATTOO GOWN — 3
- (m) WOKE ONTO NEON — 4
- (n) REIN SPONSOR — 2
- (o) ROME ROUTE DELAY — 4
- (p) IRATE VIOLET — 4
- (q) THAT MEANT AWAKEN — 3
- (r) MUTE OMEGA LATHE BOLT — 6
- (s) ORNATELY LISP — 2
- (t) NEAR HIATT — 3
- (u) HIGH BENT TACK — 3
- (v) TRIM WRY FOOD — 4
- (w) LIST CLOVE KILLS NEAR THAT RAT — 5
- (x) TINKLE BEWARE — 3
- (y) FORAY ALOUD TOFFEE — 5

the list, into this message, written in invisible ink on the back of the puzzle:

[]: first name [] family name []. "First [], then []."

"The first unscrambled anagram is the code name Mrs. McKeester is using. The second and third are clues to the two parts of that code name. The separate phrase using the fourth and fifth is another song title, mentioning the two cities." With that, he set to work and soon solved the puzzle. Sadie McKeester was located and brought to

Sleazewagon's capital, where she was last seen beating her son about the head and ears with a copy of Tommy Douglas's biography. In the ensuing confusion, the Centre's forces managed to release the captives and return the city to normal (or as normal as that city gets).

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat by giving the name under which Sadie McKeester was travelling and the two cities between which she was flying? Not necessary to solve the puzzle, but can you also solve the 25 anagrams (a to y)? **Bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box

containing all correct entries received by September 15, 2001. The winner will receive a CD of some fine Tuvan throat singing.

*Freelance prestidigitator A Aalto stresses that there is no connection between **bout de papier** and Aide Mémoire. He is grateful to Wayne & Shuster for Slade McKeester, among many other things. This puzzle is dedicated to the memory of his mother, who said she couldn't solve them but always liked the stories.*

On the Sidewalks of New York (Vol. 17, No. 4)

Winner: Jennifer Daubeney, Ottawa

Answers:

KEYWORD: R. Unicornis

CAPTION: Calatrava in Verdi's
"The Force of Destiny"

ECKS' REAL NAME: Harry K. Thaw

ECKS' SIGNATURE ROLE: Don Alvaro

HIDING PLACE: Central Park Zoo

DISGUISE: Rhinoceros

EXPLANATION:

In "The Force of Destiny" (or *La Forza del Destino*), the Marquis of Calatrava is killed when Don Alvaro's gun goes off accidentally (as one reviewer noted, probably the only accidental death in opera). This is by extension what happened between Thaw and Placebo Domingo — the fact that it was an accident explains why Thaw could pass a lie detector test when asked only about murder. Unsure that his story would be believed, however, he panicked and went to ground.

R. Unicornis is the formal scientific name for the Greater Indian Rhinoceros, making the zoo the most logical place for Thaw to be hiding.

All seven of the names are well-known in New York history: "Diamond Jim" Brady, the financier and gourmand; the film-maker Allen Konigsberg (or Woody Allen); Salvatore Lombino (who *inter alia* writes New York police procedurals under the name Ed McBain); Mamie O'Rourke, who appears in the song "East Side West Side"; Harry Thaw, the only actual murderer in the list, who killed architect Stanford White in a fit of jealousy; and Eustace Tilley, the effete mascot of *New Yorker* magazine. W.C. Jefferson is left as an exercise for the reader.

Similarly, all seven of the signature roles are killers: in addition to Don Alvaro, Don Jose kills Carmen in Bizet's *Carmen*; Don Giovanni (aka Don Juan) kills the Commendatore in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*; Sparafucile kills Gilda in Verdi's *Rigoletto*; Canio kills Nedda and Silvio in

Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*; Tosca kills Scarpio in Puccini's *Tosca*; and Renato (or Anckarstroem) kills Riccardo (or Gustav) in Verdi's *Un ballo in maschera*.

ELITE EMPORIA:

- (1) LEE VAN CLEEF AND ARPELS
- (2) BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S
- (3) ELIZABETH FOREST OF ARDEN
- (4) GOLDMAN SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
- (5) F A O SCHWARZENEGGER
- (6) HARRY WINSTON CHURCHILL
- (7) HUGO BOSS TWEED
- (8) LOUIS ARMSTRONG VUITTON
- (9) BERGDORF AND BENNY GOODMAN
- (10) MEL BROOKS BROTHERS

TABLE OF SUSPECTS:

NAME	ROLE	MOTIVE	HANGOUT	DAY JOB	RANGE
W. C. Jefferson	DON GIOVANNI	fear of exposure	Plaza Hotel	house-husband	baritone
Allen S. Konigsberg	SPARAFU- CILE	contract	Columbus Circle	hitman	basso
Salvatore Lombino	CANIO	politics	Central Park Zoo	actor/manager	tenor
M. O'Rourke	TOSCA	self-defence	Café des Artistes	diva	soprano
Harry K. Thaw	DON ALVARO	none	Museum of Natural History	monk	tenor
Eustace Tilley	RENATO	jealousy	Metropolitan Art Museum	diplomat	baritone
J. B. Brady	DON JOSE	inheritance	Guggenheim Museum	soldier	tenor

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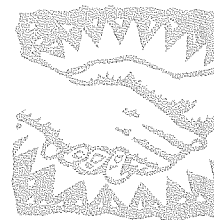
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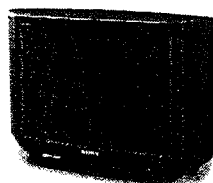
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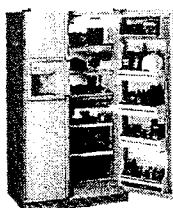
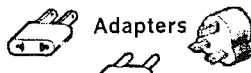
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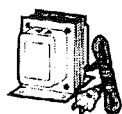
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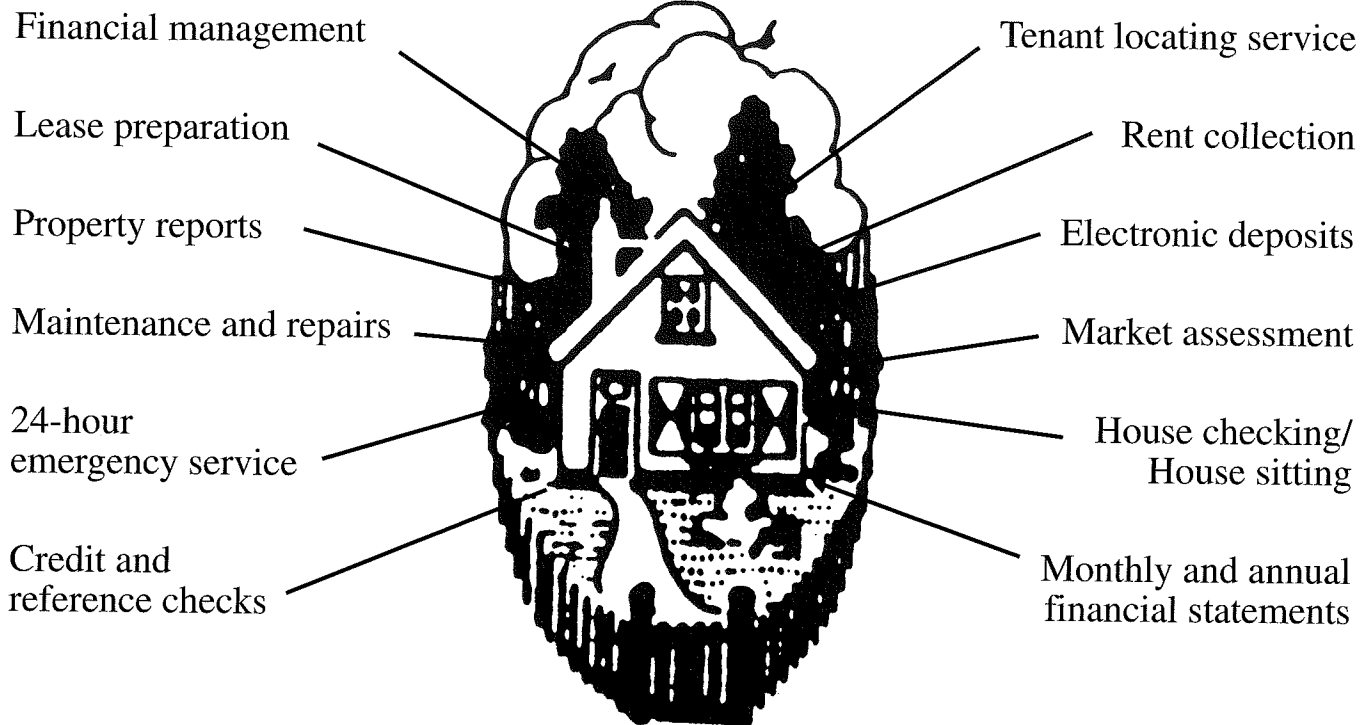
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