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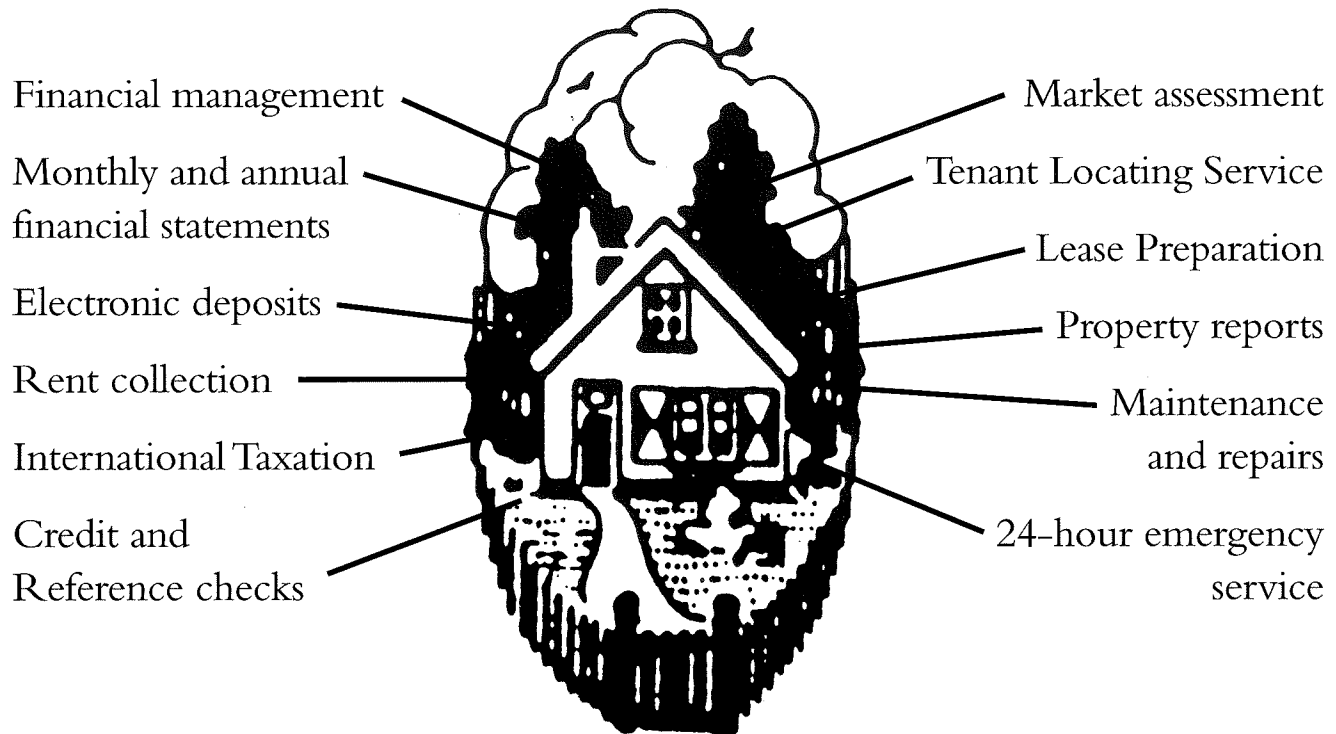
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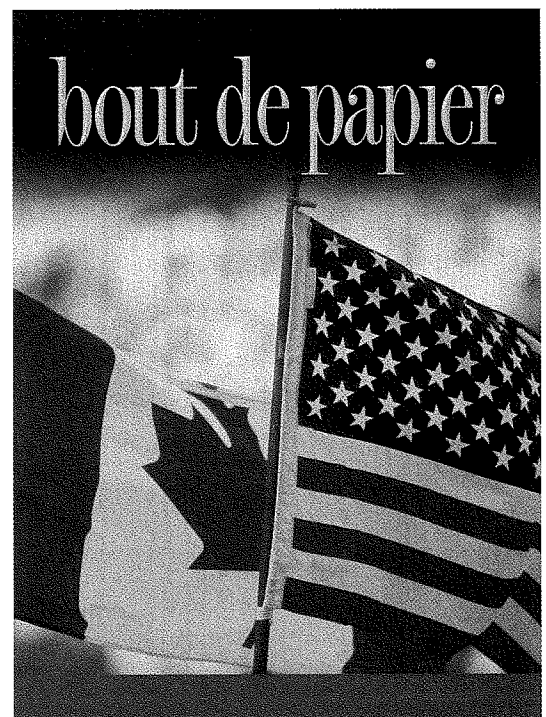
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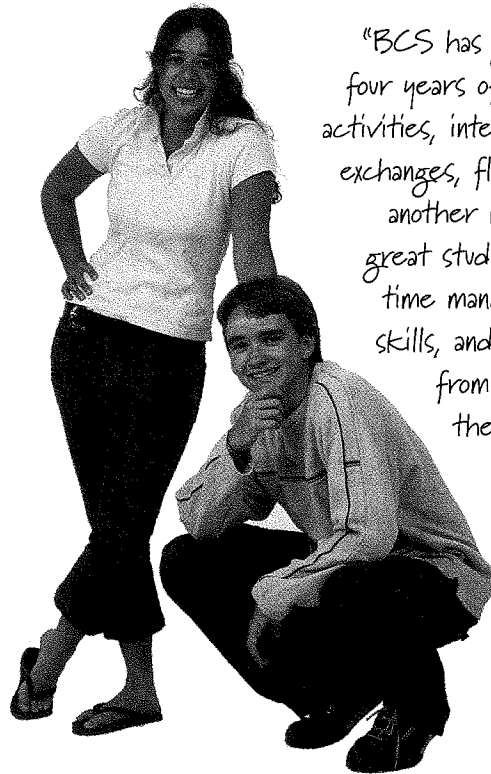
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September 13, 2001

At the time we go to press, the world is in shock and in mourning. Thousands of human beings died in acts of terrorism that will alter our view of the world and our safety in it. In the days and months that will follow, people and the nations they live in will be called on to make difficult choices, Canada included.

It is unclear at the time of writing how many Canadians died in New York on September 11. Our hearts and prayers go to them, their families and friends. Thousands of Canadians have opened their hearts and homes to thousands of others who had found themselves suddenly somewhere they were not expecting to be. For the thousands of others who have died, words seem so inadequate. The sustained effort to defeat terrorism worldwide is the only tribute that can compensate for the loss to humanity of this event and the many others that preceded it. Let us also remember the many, many others whose duty has cost them their life.

New York is the world's city. Nowhere else do so many people from so many places live in such close quarters all on the arrangement that they are living out their chance in a city that gives such sustenance to human existence. Whether you lived there, or visited the place, or have simply soaked in the glorious contribution the city has made to literature, popular culture and every other facet of human existence.

And so, reluctantly, here is the **bout** anecdote issue, conceived of in a time when our ironic detachment from the core meaning of our own society gave

us greater luxuries and license. It is odd that our issue this quarter focuses on the diversions of our craft, at the very moment when diversions are in short supply. Today in New York, we can only hope that there are small joys to punctuate otherwise long and dreary days. With that in mind, I am pleased to acknowledge the effort of Ulric Shannon in bringing this special issue to press. Ulric's idea has brought many excellent submissions and have created an issue worth remembering. Thank you to him and to all the board members for their contribution. Through the extraordinary resumption of very ordinary tasks we prove that we can begin to render ineffective the stranglehold that terror seeks to impose on our freedoms.

This is the last issue for me for **bout**. Bob Peck's sudden departure last fall brought the equally sudden request to me to be **bout** editor. It's been a great experience, and while I underestimated the time that a new baby and a Summit of the Americas would take on my day, I have enjoyed the experience immensely. Debra Hulley, as we all know, fuels this publication. The board's efforts are (usually) appreciated and working with our interns was an excellent reminder of why we join the Canadian foreign service.

I hope to remain involved from out here in California. I urge you, too, to become involved. It's one of the good things to come out of PAFSO membership, and it sure beats reading Treasury Board contract proposals.

See ya ...

Bernard Etzinger

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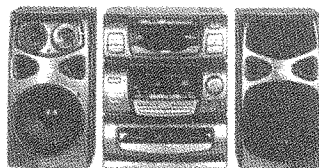
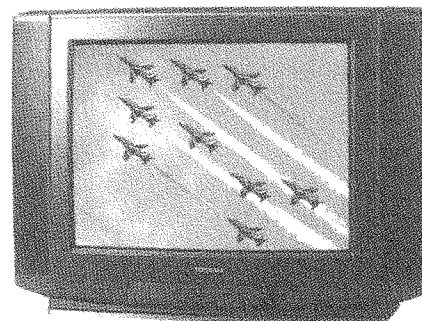
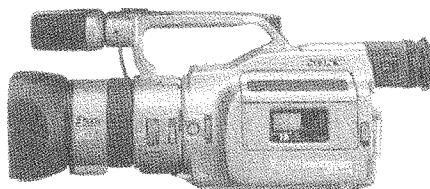
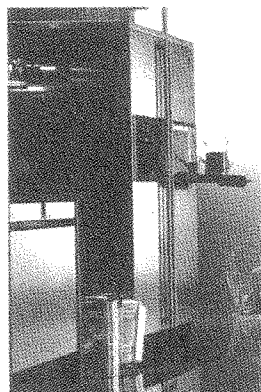
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Competition Policy in the European Union

by Max Krüger

Recently, Bombardier announced its successful purchase of Daimler Chrysler's Adtranz rail division. The Commission of the European Union (EU) scrutinized the acquisition in some detail, expressing concerns that the merged company would not serve to encourage competition within the EU. The Commission's spotlight will shine with increasing intensity on the new entities created by this era of merger mania. Given the global nature of many enterprises, including Canadian-based companies, it's helpful to examine the EU's approach in formulating its competition policy.

The first objective of EU competition policy is antitrust regulation and the maintenance of open markets to ensure that competition remains the driving force of the European economy. The second objective is to contribute to the goal of obtaining and maintaining the single market. The policy is designed to force open and create a common market, free from trade distortions.

This is particularly important because this policy applies to any enterprise, European or otherwise, doing business within the EU, even if it has neither branches nor subsidiaries within the EU. Take the Boeing-McDonnell Douglas merger, which the EU approved only after the terms of the merger were changed to meet the Commission's demands, despite the fact that both companies are based in the US. This is the power of EU competition policy.

The European Economic Community (EEC) was established in 1957, with the signing of the Treaty of Rome. Articles 81 and 82 of the treaty form the foundation of EU competition policy. In 1990, an additional merger regulation was adopted, establishing the European Commission's jurisdiction over mergers and acquisitions with a "community dimension." Regulatory responsibility rests with the Directorate-General for Competition of the European Commission. The Commission has been granted a considerable degree of influence over merger decisions. Over the course of its history, the number of cases that it takes per year has been steadily increasing, at an annual rate of 36 per cent based on the latest figures. In 1998, the number of merger notifications made exceeded 200 for the first time.

The EU's competition policy is effect-based, meaning agreements or undertakings are examined for the impact they will have on competition, rather than the precise nature of the agreement itself. These effects are examined in light of articles 81 and 82 of the EU treaty. Article 81 (formerly art. 85 of the Treaty of Rome), essentially an anti-cartel regulation, prohibits agreements between firms that negatively affect competition. Sections 1 and 2 mention agreements that are illegal, most notably: agreements to fix prices or trading conditions; agreements to fix output, markets, technological development, or investment; and agreements to split markets or sources of supply. Exceptions to these rules are allowed if the firms involved demonstrate to the Commission that they can improve the production or distribution of goods, or promote technical or economic progress. This is contingent on the notion that the consumer will profit from these improvements. The minimum fine under EU law for companies found guilty of operating a cartel is 20 million Euro. Guilty parties can also be fined up to 10 percent of their worldwide turnover; however, it takes quite a large amount of resources for a sanction to be imposed pursuant to article 81. The European Court of Justice has ruled that for sanctions to be imposed, competition must be affected to a noticeable extent.

Article 82 (formerly art. 86 of the Treaty of Rome) regulates the behaviour of firms with dominant market positions. The four essential elements of an infringement are: an agreement between undertakings, a decision by an association of undertakings or a concerted practice; which may affect trade between member states; which must have as its object or effect the prevention, restriction or distortion of competition within the common market; and, which affects competition to a noticeable extent. If the predicted effects of an agreement meet the following criteria, article 82 dictates that the agreement be scrutinized: if the combined worldwide revenues of the firms concerned are greater than 5 billion Euro; the intra-EU revenues of at least two of the firms involved are 325 million Euro each; not all of the firms involved achieved more than two-thirds of their intra-EU revenue in a single member state.

Complementing articles 81 and 82 is the 1990 Merger Control Regulation, which gave the EU jurisdiction over mergers, acquisitions and joint ventures, known in Europe as concentrations. This regulation gives exclusive jurisdiction to the Commission if the situation under review is found to have a community dimension, that is to say, it may affect trade between member states. This occurs when the above criteria are met.

Firms planning to merge are required by EU regulations to inform the Commission of the arrangement, as was the case with the Bombardier merger. The deals are then suspended temporarily until the agreement can be examined. The Commission has up to four months to decide whether the planned merger can proceed. It'll reject agreements that will create or strengthen a company's dominant position, arguing incompatibility with the common market.

The EU stays very true to its founding principles when it hears cases that challenge its competition policy. These include seven criteria: the need to maintain effective competition within the common market; consideration of the market power of firms involved; taking into account available substitutes; examining the barriers to market entry; supply and demand conditions for the goods or services at issue; consideration of the interests of intermediate and ultimate consumers; and the development of technical and economic progress that is to consumers' advantage and doesn't create obstacles to competition.

Member states can also petition the Commission to investigate concentrations not meeting the requirements stated above if the merger would result in the creation of a dominant position particularly harmful to a single member state.

The Commission's powers are broad. Article 81 deals with any agreement that has an effect on trade between member states. Witness the AOL-Time/Warner merger, which was subject to approval by the Commission, despite the fact that both parties involved were based in the US. It's important to note that in the past very few mergers were ever prohibited; however, there are notable cases of EU blockage. Recently the Commission prevented Alcan Aluminium of Canada to merge with

France's Pechiney SA and the Alusuisse Lonza Group of Switzerland. In situations where effects of agreements amongst firms are mainly felt by one member state alone, national authorities retain jurisdiction.

The interpretation of competition policy in Canada and the EU is fairly congruent, based on similar ideological rationale. In Canada, the Competition Bureau and the Competition Tribunal are separate entities. The Bureau does the investigation, and then presents the facts to the tribunal. This system is designed to ensure transparency and to withstand public scrutiny. Conversely, the EU uses an administrative system, where the bureaucratic system investigates, negotiates and rules on business dealings. Some claim that system lacks transparency, and that its dealings are generally kept quiet. This lack of transparency is of concern to some in Canada, as it is difficult to monitor exactly what is going on inside the EU's competition directorate. Partial details are published once decisions have been finalized, in the *Official Journal of the European Communities*.

The Canadian government generally does not have a role to play when Canadian companies are planning mergers or acquisitions in the European Union, as the transactions scrutinized by the EU are private business

dealings. It's up to the companies themselves to monitor their commercial behaviour. The only time the Canadian government would become involved in the EU competition process is when it believes the EU is not respecting its own rules, or when it suspects the EU of favouritism. In such cases, Canada would start asking some questions, generally upon request of the firms involved.

The Commission is increasingly involved in competition issues on a global level, including dialogue with Canada. In 1999, Canada signed an agreement with the EU based on courtesy principles. This is an early warning system between Canada's competition tribunal and that of the EU. The EU is also pressing for the inclusion of competition issues under the scope of the WTO, employing a consensus building technique.

The Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade facilitates communication between its own competition authority and that of the EU, in order to minimize the risk of conflict. Recent trends in Canada have led to an increasing number of cooperation agreements. Many international trade policy negotiations are beginning to include competition provisions, such as in the Free Trade Agreement of the Americas and the Canada-Costa Rica Free Trade Agreement; however,

such international agreements are still far from having enforceable and mutually agreed-upon competitive considerations incorporated into their texts. There is still a need to hammer out a level playing field in this area.

Perhaps the future will see national and regional competition authorities transfer some of their competencies to a global body mandated to monitor global competition rules. Multinationals create an environment where decisions made in one region affect nations around the world. Referring to the example of the Boeing-McDonnell Douglas merger, the EU found that the actions taken by this US-based firm might have repercussions in Europe. While the Commission was successful in protecting its interests, it's conceivable that over time the power of national or even regional competition tribunals to police multinationals will be eroded. In the future, it'll be imperative to create a global monitor with sweeping powers to protect consumers' rights. The challenge will be to create an organization that remains independent and sees its rulings respected by companies around the world.

*Max Krüger is a fourth-year student at Carleton University's School of Business and an intern with **bout de papier**.*

The Future of Canada's Human Security Agenda

by Paul Edwards-Shand

Canada's human security agenda is responding to new global realities. Its goal is to ensure that people can live in freedom from fear. This means building a world where universal humanitarian standards and the rule of law will effectively protect all people, where those who violate those standards and laws will be held accountable, and where global, regional and bilateral institutions will be equipped to defend and enforce those standards. The government is committed to working with like-minded partners, at home and abroad, to build this world.

Human security constitutes a major and necessary shift in international relations and world affairs, which have long emphasized the security of the state. Human security encompasses a spectrum of approaches to the problem of violent conflict, from preventative initiatives and people-centered conflict resolution and peacebuilding

activities to — in extreme cases where other efforts have failed — intervention to protect populations at great risk and peace enforcement. It's also defined as the summation of seven distinct dimensions of security: economic; food; health; environmental; personal; community; and political.

Canada has identified five foreign policy priorities for advancing human security: protection of civilians, including building international will and strengthening norms, as well as developing the capacity to reduce the human costs of armed conflict; peace support operations, to build UN capacities and address the increasingly complex requirements for deployment of skilled personnel; conflict prevention, to strengthen the international community's capacity to prevent or resolve conflict, and to build local indigenous capacity for conflict resolution; governance and accountability, which aims to foster improved accountability of public

and private sector institutions in terms of established norms of democracy and human rights; and public safety, to build international expertise, capacities and instruments to counter the growing threats posed by the rise of transnational organized crime.

Since John Manley took over from Lloyd Axworthy last year as Minister of Foreign Affairs, there has been some speculation as to whether or not human security would be as important a part of Canadian foreign policy as it had previously been. These concerns may be misplaced. The January 30 throne speech dealt with Canada's renewed commitment to human security and the financial commitments to this agenda necessary to ensure its continuance. "Human security is an agenda that now transcends Lloyd Axworthy because it is international in scope," says Deirdre Kent, Deputy Director in DFAIT's Peacebuilding and Human Security Division. Canada's human

security agenda booklet, Freedom from Fear, was launched at the UN General Assembly in September 2000, just in time for the millennium assembly.

The year 2001 is the year of human security, Kent says. A conference on small arms and light weapons was held in New York in July. This included human security dimensions of small arms, as well as conflict and post-conflict prevention. Other new initiatives on the horizon include corporate social responsibility — what Kent calls an emerging area of human security — and the issue of international humanitarian intervention. Kent also points to the Human Security Network, a group of 13 countries that meet at the ministerial level to bring concrete action to the human security agenda and to promote elements of the agenda internationally. Started by Canada and Norway, it has grown to include 13 countries from around the world.

As well, Canada started The International Commission on Intervention and State Sovereignty, which will report to the UN General Assembly. The question of intervention is the area of least consensus internationally. Intervention doesn't just involve the military, but also expert deployment and the use of training exercises, among other things, Kent says. The Commission will study this issue and give feedback as to what the international community's options are and where it's morally obliged to intervene. Axworthy will chair the Commission's advisory board next fall, Kent adds.

She also points to the issue of the so-called conflict diamonds. It was given prominence at the UN when, on January 19, 1999, Canada began chairing the Angola Sanctions Committee — responsible for implementing Security Council-imposed sanctions against Angola's UNITA rebels. Canada is currently working closely with industry, non-governmental organizations, foreign governments and multilateral organizations on this issue. Non-traditional partnerships continue to be important in addressing new issues.

It was this commitment to non-traditional partnerships that helped to bring about the movement to set up the International Criminal Court. Canada has a systematic program of helping those countries that have already signed the Statute of Rome Treaty move through to ratification. This will have a tremendous impact on their local administrations, says Jill Sinclair, former Director General of DFAIT's Global Issues Bureau. "This is the biggest and most important thing that has happened on the international scene. You're creating a new type of moral or political deterrent which means that despots within their own countries will

know that they cannot go out and slaughter their own people and get away with it because finally, there is going to be accountability; finally, there is nowhere to hide.

"Partnership is no longer an option in foreign policy. It is a prerequisite to having an effective foreign policy in two senses: making sure that it is relevant and resonates with the Canadian public; and, if you actually want to have an impact, you have to have civil society there with you. Otherwise it is ineffective. ... The goal here is finding that respectful space within which governments and civil society can operate," Sinclair says.

"I think Canadians understand human security instinctively but they should also understand that it is about bringing security from the esoteric nuclear deterrent level, defending borders, right down to the neighbourhood level. It's what security means for you. Drug problems in Laos are relevant to drug problems in Vancouver, for example," Sinclair argues. Pursuing a human security agenda does not mean Canada has abandoned a so-called serious security agenda because human security is an equally serious issue, she adds.

"I think that our reputation and our influence has been enhanced because of this agenda," Sinclair says. It's a theme that has

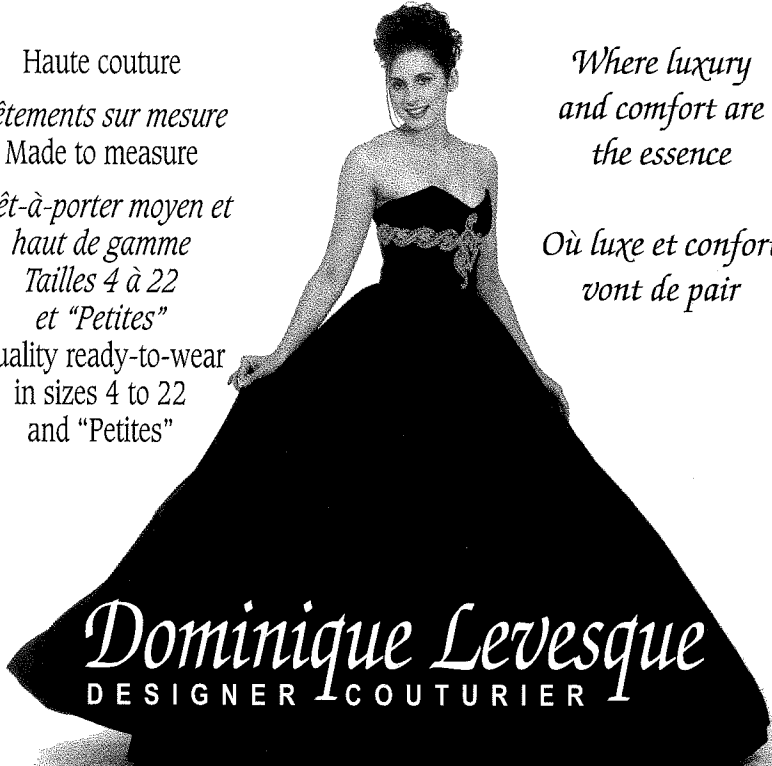
been picked up by the Organization of American States, the Organization of African Unity and the UN. "This is seen as Canada's agenda," she adds.

But is the soft power approach effective? Yes, says Sinclair. "If so-called soft power means that you can mobilize the world to go from nothing to a signed treaty that bans a weapons system [landmines] that has been around for a century, then that is pretty high power in my view. And because Canada has been focusing on human security issues such as conflict prevention, these are now on the G-8 agenda." The protection of civilians in armed conflict has dominated the Security Council's agenda, while non-traditional threats to security like AIDS were added to the Security Council's agenda by the United States. "I do not think that there is any difference between a so-called serious security agenda and the one that Canada has been playing. We have just been more effective than most in getting our agenda to adhere," she adds.

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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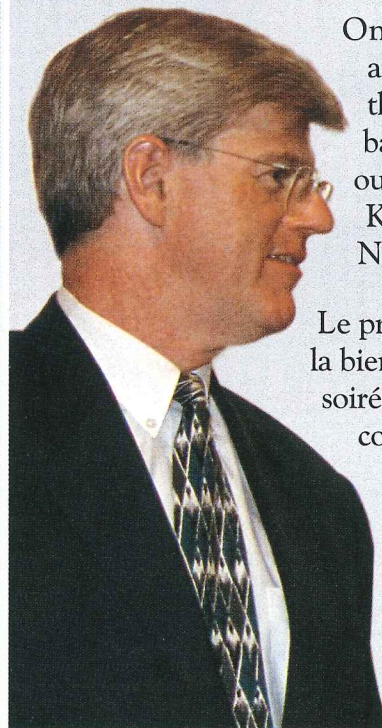
Nous tenons à remercier nos commanditaires *ministres, ambassadeurs et diplomates* qui jouent un rôle important dans le succès constant du programme de prix de l'APASE. Nos remerciements s'adressent plus particulièrement aux commanditaires suivants qui ont offert des prix de présence : Dominique Lévesque Designer-Couturier; Allan Bonner Communications Management; la société Corel; et l'Albert at Bay Suite Hotel. Les délicieux chocolats qui ont fait un malheur à chaque table étaient une gracieuseté des Fonds mutuels Tradex.

We would also like to thank Inniskillin Wines for the special presentation to each of the FS Award winners of a magnum of ice wine, hand-signed by co-founders Donald J.P. Ziraldo and Karl J. Kaiser. Special thanks goes to the following wineries for their contribution of wine for the evening: Inniskillin Wines, Mission Hill Family Estate, Château des Charmes, Henry de Pelham, Strewn, and Pillitteri Estates Winery.



Left to right: Leslie Toope, Douglas Challborn, David Angell and Isabelle Roy.

2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards



On June 7th, 250 colleagues, including guests and media, gathered to celebrate excellence in the Canadian Foreign Service. Ian Gray's bagpipes signaled the start of another outstanding dinner prepared by NAC Chef Kurt Waldele in the Panorama Room of the National Arts Centre.

Le président de l'APASE, Jim Gould, a souhaité la bienvenue à tous et présenté les hôtes de la soirée, Kathryn Aleong et Vicken Koundakjian, co-présidentes du Comité des prix. Une allocution bien sentie du ministre des Affaires étrangères, l'honorable John Manley, a lancé la soirée de célébration de l'excellence dans le service extérieur.

Guest Speaker, the Honourable John Manley, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 **David Angell** Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards



David Angell was presented with an Award by **Scott Mullin**. After a 20-year career with postings as Senior Trade Commissioner in Hong Kong and as Canada's chargé d'affaires in Tehran, Mr. Mullin is Vice President for Government Relations, TD Bank Financial in Toronto.

David Angell, Permanent Mission of Canada to the United Nations, New York, received an award for his exceptional performance since joining the Department, including his role in developing the Irish Peace Process. He is being honoured particularly for his outstanding contribution to the effective implementation of the Angola Sanctions initiative, recognized as having changed the lives of the Angolan people, contributed substantially to placing the conflict diamonds issue on the international agenda and to the creation of a model for sanctions monitoring and management. His efforts have facilitated Canada making a lasting impact on the work and authority of the UN Security Council.

It was a source of enormous satisfaction to me, as a Foreign Service Officer, that this Department, at all levels, was prepared to take real risks so that the credibility of the sanctions instrument could be restored and an end to the Angolan civil war brought closer.

DAVID ANGELL

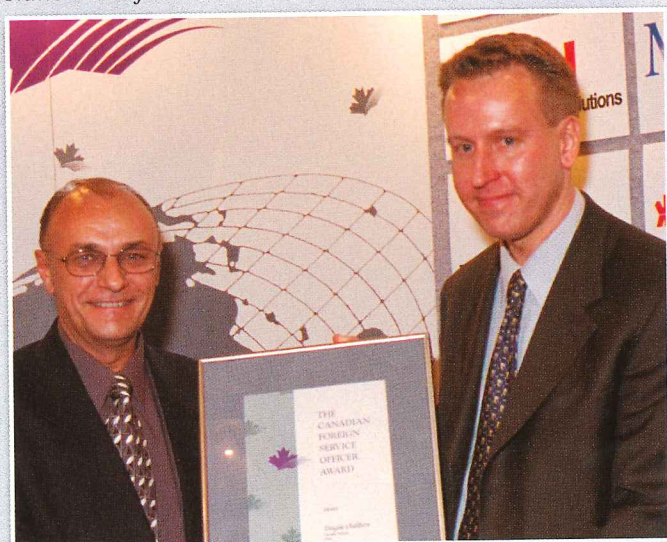
2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards **Douglas Challborn** 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards

If there is anything I am particularly proud of, it was simply that I tried to distinguish the truth from the lies. I tried to communicate that difference as effectively as I could to people who mattered, as well as why it mattered to Canada.

DOUGLAS CHALLBORN

Douglas Challborn, Canadian Embassy, Lima, Peru, received an award for his significant role in Canada's efforts to strengthen democracy in Peru over the past year. He worked tirelessly to promote the Canada/OAS efforts to draw together and broker consensus among key Peruvian political players and civil society representatives, to manage seven OAS High-Level Missions, and to carry out the myriad tasks required for the national dialogue process to succeed in a complex and crisis-laden environment. He is recognized for his skillful mediation, his perceptive analysis and the courageous role he played in assuring the success of Canada's policy objectives and a peaceful democratic solution for Peru.

Douglas Challborn was presented with an Award by **General Raymond Hénault**, Chief of the Defence Staff, Department of National Defence.



2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 **Isabelle Roy** Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards



Isabelle Roy a reçu son prix des mains de Claude Laverdure. M. Laverdure est conseiller de la politique étrangère auprès du Premier ministre au Bureau du conseil privé, Politique étrangère et de la défense.

Isabelle Roy, ambassade du Canada, Paris (France), a mérité un prix pour sa contribution exceptionnelle, depuis quatre ans, à la promotion des intérêts canadiens au sein de l'Organisation internationale de la Francophonie. Elle a été l'artisane du succès de deux grands sommets de la Francophonie — Hanoi (1997) et Moncton (1999) — grâce à la grande crédibilité qu'elle s'est acquise auprès d'un impressionnant réseau de contacts professionnels et à son dévouement dans le cadre de nombreuses conférences et réunions ministérielles. Elle a manifesté un excellent jugement, s'est révélée une analyste pointue et a fait preuve d'un engagement personnel et professionnel exceptionnel dans la défense des intérêts du Canada auprès des institutions de la Francophonie et des représentants de ses 50 autres pays membres.

J'y lis un encouragement à continuer ainsi mon métier de diplomate, d'une façon éloignée des clichés. Je crois qu'on peut concilier la diplomatie avec des convictions profondes, avec un engagement profond, et, pourquoi pas, avec la passion.

ISABELLE ROY

2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 **Leslie Toope** Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards 2001 Foreign Service Officer Awards

I believe that ... immigration foreign service officers do ... meaningful work that protects and enriches the social and cultural fabric of our country ... and is important to the individual[s] who choose to leave behind everything they know and take a chance on a new life in Canada.

LESLIE TOOPE

Leslie Toope, Deputy Director, Training, International Region, CIC, received an award in recognition of her exceptional achievements as manager of the training section of the International Region in CIC. Her dedication has helped make training integral to achieving the Department's objectives and has facilitated the implementation of the Foreign Service Development Programme. Leslie has become known for her exceptional managerial style, combining client service, teamwork, innovation and creativity, all qualities which have led to the development of better officers, who display the kind of knowledge and efficiency which enhances Canada's presence overseas.

Leslie Toope was presented with an Award by Suzanne Pinel. M^{me} Pinel a eu une remarquable carrière en tant qu'infirmière, enseignante, artiste et experte-conseille, consacrant ses talents et énergies aux mieux-être des enfants. Elle a été nommée présidente du conseil arbitral de l'assurance emploi en 1995 et juge de la citoyenneté en 1997.



Each of the winners received a framed certificate and cheque from PAFSO.

The panel of five judges which selected the five winners was composed of people who themselves had achieved distinction in their various fields.

John L. Baker joined the Foreign Service of the Department of Manpower and Immigration in 1967. After serving in London, Belfast, Hong Kong and Singapore, he sat on the committee drafting the 1976 *Immigration Act* and then trained the foreign service in its application. From 1978-1987, he was Immigration Program Manager in Barbados, Nairobi and Bangkok. After three years as Director, Immigration and Refugee Affairs at DEA, he was Immigration Program Manager, New York from 1990-1994 and then Director General, Case Management at Citizenship and Immigration. Since retiring from the public service in December 1995, Mr. Baker has been a private and public sector consultant.

The Hon. **Perrin Beatty** was elected to the House of Commons as a Progressive Conservative in 1972 and in 1979 he was appointed Minister of State (Treasury Board) in the government of Joe Clark. He held six additional portfolios in subsequent Progressive Conservative governments, including National Revenue in 1984, Solicitor General in 1985, National Defence in 1986, Health and Welfare in 1989, Communications in 1991 and Secretary of State for External Affairs in 1993. Following the 1993 federal election, Mr. Beatty joined a number of private sector boards and worked as a consultant in the field of communications. Mr. Beatty was appointed President and CEO of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in 1995 and assumed his current position as President and Chief Executive Officer of the Canadian Manufacturers & Exporters in August 1999.

Donald W. Campbell joined the foreign service in 1964. Over the next 16 years, he acquired experience in four foreign postings — Kenya, the United Kingdom, Jamaica, and the United States — and assignments in Ottawa. A secondment to the International Energy Relations Branch of Energy, Mines and Resources Canada was followed by two year-long assignments at External Affairs. Mr. Campbell was

appointed Ambassador to Korea in 1984 and subsequently returned to External Affairs in 1985 as Assistant Deputy Minister, United States Branch, where he remained for four years. In 1989, he became Senior Assistant Deputy Minister (United States) and Coordinator, Canada-USA Free Trade Agreement and then served until 1993 as Deputy Minister for International Trade and Associate Under-Secretary of State. From 1993 to 1997 he was Ambassador to Japan, returning to Ottawa in 1997 to take up the appointment of Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs. Since August 2000, Mr. Campbell has been Executive Vice-President, Military Simulation and Training, CAE.

Mary Lou Finlay became the host of CBC Radio One's *As It Happens* in the fall of 1997. She gained national television exposure in 1975 when she co-hosted CBC's *Take 30* followed by hosting her own program, *Finlay and Company*, in 1976 and 1977. In 1978, she moved to CTV to co-host and produce the award-winning *Live it Up* and, in 1981, she co-hosted, with Barbara Frum, CBC Television's high-profile current affairs program, *The Journal*. In 1988, she brought her journalistic and interviewing skills to CBC Radio as host of an ambitious current affairs program, *Sunday Morning*. Along the way, she won a prestigious Martin Goodman Nieman Fellowship at Harvard University. Ms. Finlay is one of Canada's most respected broadcast journalists.

Le lieutenant-général **Raymond Hénault** est entré dans les Forces canadiennes en 1968. Après avoir obtenu son brevet de pilote, il a servi deux ans à titre de pilote de CF-101 en poste à Bagotville (Québec), puis d'instructeur de vol à la BFC de Portage La Prairie (Manitoba). Au cours des dix années suivantes, il a tour à tour été pilote, membre de l'état-major de l'aviation et commandant d'escadrille aux BFC d'Edmonton et de Valcartier. Il a ensuite fréquenté le Collège d'état-major de l'Aviation française

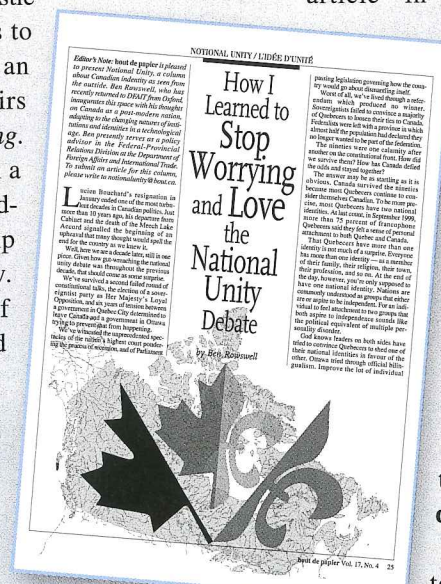
à Paris, avant d'être muté au Quartier général de la Défense nationale à Ottawa, où il a été promu lieutenant-colonel en 1985. Il a ensuite passé deux ans à la BFC de Lahr (Allemagne), à titre de commandant de l'Escadron tactique d'hélicoptères 444(CA), après quoi il est revenu à la BFC de Winnipeg. Il est devenu colonel en 1990 et, en 1992, il a été nommé commandant adjoint du Groupement tactique aérien 10 à la BFC de Montréal. Il a fréquenté le Collège de la Défense nationale en 1993, a été promu au rang de brigadier général en 1994 et, en 1995, il a été nommé chef d'état-major responsable des opérations au quartier général du Commandement aérien. Élevé au rang de major général en 1997, il a servi deux ans à titre de chef d'état-major adjoint de la Force aérienne. En 1998, il a été nommé sous-chef d'état-major de la Défense et, en juin 2001, chef d'état-major de la Défense.

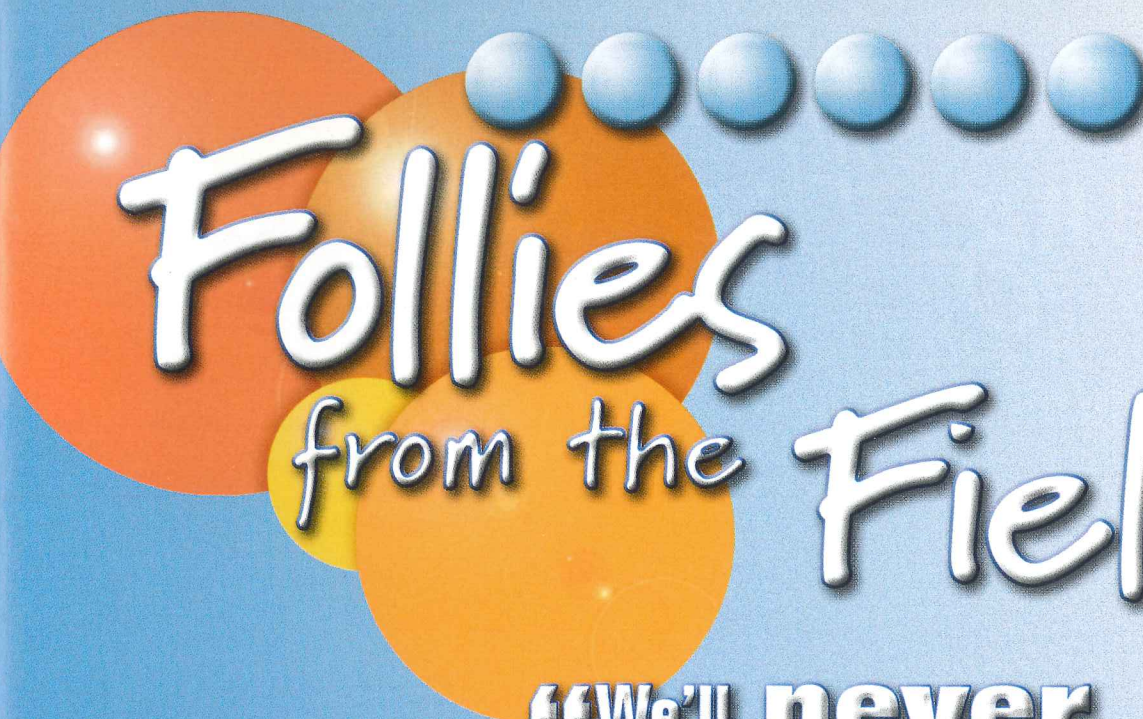
RHOMA Prize

Each year at the Awards Ceremony, the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA) presents an award for "best article" in **bout de papier** by

an FS officer or spouse. The winner receives a framed copy of his/her article along with a cash prize of \$500. The purpose of the award is to encourage the maintenance of a high standard of writing in the foreign service and to provide an additional incentive to contribute to **bout de papier**.

Former Ambassador to Pakistan and New Zealand, and Chairman of the Directing Group of RHOMA, **Douglas Small** presented this year's award to **Ben Rowswell** for his article "How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the National Unity Debate." The Selection Committee was comprised of retired Ambassadors **George Grande**, **Bob Cameron** and **Bob Clark**.





Follies from the Field

**“We’ll never
laugh again.”**

Learning the Ropes

Protocol, and How to Break It

On The Road

Red-Faced in a Dark Suit

Low Politics

“Tails” from the Luggage Hold

Other Duties as Required

A lament for a stunned world, occasioned by the death of John F. Kennedy some 38 years ago and uttered by one of his grieving friends. Words spoken in a moment — keenly familiar to us once again — when it seemed that innocence itself had been torn asunder, and when all struggled to comprehend why the moon had suddenly turned to blood.

The trauma of those dark days abated, of course, and the world did laugh again, as all mourners must eventually. So will it be for us, as we begin to regain our equilibrium following the shocking violence of September 11, 2001.

Laughter in the face of tragedy is like the healthy cry of newborn life: it is the proclamation of one's survival. Our ability to continue drawing amusement from the foibles of the human condition, even in our pain, constitutes a personal insurrection against terror. We should not be ashamed of our fortitude. We should laugh as loudly as we ever have.

It is with all due reverence that *bout de papier* submits to you this chronicle of the lighter side of the Canadian foreign service. We are mindful that this issue was conceived in happier times, but believe that healing will come, among other things, from the nourishment of simple pleasures. A profound thank-you to the contributors, who have made *us* laugh.

A final word, to finish the anecdote: One of Kennedy's friends, overhearing the comment, responded with the following prescient words: “Heavens ... of course we’ll laugh again. It’s just that we’ll never be young again.”

This feeling, too, shall pass. But we will leave that one for another issue.

Ulric Shannon

Learning the Ropes

The Case of the Missing Suitcase

by Debra Scott

It was 1979, and we were being posted to Lagos, Nigeria. The whole family came to the airport to see us off. Upon check-in, to my horror, I realized that one of our suitcases had been left behind in my parents' driveway. It wouldn't have been such a disaster, except that it held all my clothes and our sea shipment wouldn't arrive for months. My father left at breakneck speed to get home, pick up the bag and get back to the airport. The loud speaker kept blaring "last call" and everyone was trying to get us to check in, but I wasn't going to Africa without saying goodbye to my dad. At the last second he arrived, and off we went to Paris where our adventure continued.

From Paris to Lagos, we were flying Air Afrique. Upon check-in we were told that our luggage was overweight (naturally, my suitcase was the culprit), so we would have to pay US\$500.00 to get it to our final destination. Maybe it should just have been left on my parents' driveway, I was thinking by this time. As our dog was also travelling with us and had already been checked in, I was going to do whatever I had to to get on this flight. I pondered this the whole way to Lagos, while my companion flying in the seat beside me carried a 20-inch TV on his lap.

We arrived in Lagos, collected our bags, and had a real learning experience getting through customs. It didn't make matters any easier that the proper paperwork had not been filled out for our dog to enter the country. Officials were walking with whips and guns, and the airport was hot and humid. After much discussion, we were finally able to leave the airport. We went over to collect our bags — and my suitcase was missing. The same suitcase that sat on my parents' driveway, the same suitcase that cost me US\$500.00 to get on the flight to Lagos, *was missing!* I was beaten ... I was tired ... I just wanted out of the airport. We went back to the airport the following day to see if it had turned up. It was gone.

Six months later, Nigeria Airways called at the High Commission to tell us they had our suitcase. I was overjoyed — but what would I find inside? I remembered that I had packed some lovely French cheese and ham so we would have something to eat when we arrived. We flipped a coin to see who would open it up; would something crawl out? In the heat everything had mummified. But at least I had my suitcase back!

Deborah Scott has had a great adventure accompanying her husband to nine posts abroad over a period of 21 years.

Le sac à jouets

par Jean-François Hubert-Rouleau

Je me rappelle un incident plutôt amusant qui nous étaient arrivés lorsque nous étions en poste à La Havane au cours des années 1990-1993. Jeune agent des visas et père de trois jeunes garçons, nous étions bien heureux de partir en ce mois de juillet à destination de Montréal pour profiter de vacances bien méritées. Or qui dit jeunes enfants dit aussi sacs à couches, sacs de vêtements de rechange, sacs de jouets, crayons de couleurs, etc. Tout ce qu'il faut pour survivre à un vol de cinq heures entre La Havane et Mirabel à l'époque.

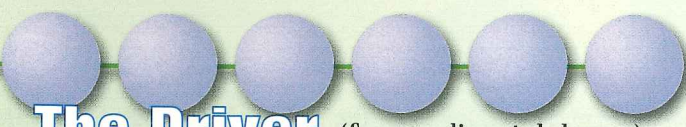
Nous entendons enfin l'appel de notre vol et nous nous dirigeons tant bien que mal surchargés ma conjointe et moi vers l'autobus qui nous conduit à l'appareil. Rendus à bord, nous installons les enfants, sortons le nécessaire avant de prendre place à notre tour. On nous invite à s'asseoir et... moment de panique, le cadet nous fait comprendre que nous avons oublié le sac à jouets dans la salle d'attente. Ceci au moment où la porte de l'appareil se ferme.

Conscient que le sac est perdu, je m'adresse tout de même à l'agent de bord et je lui fait part de la détresse de mon fils. Celle-ci ne fait ni une ni deux, entre la cabine de pilotage, en ressort, et, avec une radio communique à quelqu'un et voilà que l'escalier revient, que la porte s'ouvre.

On interrompt la circulation entre l'avion et l'aérogare et on m'escorte sur le tarmac jusqu'à la salle d'attente, où bien en vue est le sac à jouets. Je prends celui-ci sur mon dos et je repars vers l'avion toujours escorté. À mon arrivée dans la carlingue les passagers m'ont applaudi et nous sommes finalement partis vers Montréal, mon épouse et moi croyant toujours que nous avions rêvés.

Merci pour ce beau souvenir, Cubana de Aviacion.

Jean-François Hubert-Rouleau a commencé à travailler comme agent du service extérieur en 1989. Il a successivement été assigné à Koweït, La Havane, Manille, Damas et maintenant Bogota comme gestionnaire du programme de l'immigration.



The Driver (from a dispatch home)

by Diane Harper

We had a reception last night in honour of Mayor Bourque and his trade delegation from Montreal, organized with the World Trade Centre in Montreal. Toward the end Francisco, the Embassy driver, came in with some messages from the office. As usual, he was faultlessly dressed — better than many of the Canadian guests. As it was well past supper time and he blended in nicely, he got a plate of food and sat down with several colleagues from the office. The next thing we knew, Mayor Bourque had joined him at the table and they were having a splendid chat.

Diane Harper heads the office of the Canadian Embassy in El Salvador. Her previous assignments have included the regional security and peace-keeping division, the E branch, Brasilia and PRMNY.

Chicken Dinner

by Frances R. Delvoie

One funny incident happened to a friend of mine while she was in China. The diplomats all lived in a special compound and she was having a dinner for a number of them. When her servant entered the dining room with the main course, which was chicken, he tripped and fell, throwing the chicken all over the floor. He picked himself up and with some dignity said, "So sorry Madame; I'll get the beef." Other servants came in, cleaned up the floor and, within minutes, the beef arrived on the table. She was somewhat mystified but nonetheless grateful. It was only later that she learned that the dinner party downstairs had been served chicken instead of beef!

Wily Scots

by John Noble

While posted in London in 1975, Secretary of State Alan MacEachen asked me to organise a *caleidh* (a musical evening with lots of liquid refreshment) for him in Edinburgh Castle. When I raised the matter in London with the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, they were flabbergasted. They maintained that no foreigner, not even a Foreign Minister, had ever been granted such a privilege. However, MacEachen knew that the Castle contained a few square feet of Nova Scotia territory, dating from the time that Scottish barons had been offered land to settle there. One of the terms of the grants was that they had to set foot in Nova Scotia once a year. The wily Scots decided to forsake the trans-Atlantic journey and declare a piece of the Castle to be Nova Scotia territory so that they could meet the terms of the grants. Foreign Secretary James Callaghan was more sympathetic than his officials, and agreed with the request. Hence, Alan J. became the only Foreign Minister to have hosted a *caleidh* in Edinburgh Castle.

Honorary Citizenship

by Alan Bones

Mexico City is a surprisingly liveable city, considering that you're surrounded by 22 million of your closest friends. But things can get a little congested if, say, your Deputy Prime Minister is one of more than a dozen state envoys to the inauguration of the Mexican President, who all happen to be staying at the same hotel.

The year was 1994, and the Mexican government had laid on motorcades to get luminaries and their delegations from their hotels to the (heavily guarded) Congress for the inauguration of President Zedillo. The snag was that they had insisted on using dedicated motorcades, instead of a system of 'generic' motorcades where a functionary would insert the appropriate flag into the fender mount of the vehicle in question, and usher the luminary and his/her party into the first available set of vehicles.

With a couple of dozen dedicated motorcades, and a very cramped loading area in front of the hotel, the inevitable, of course, happened. With Deputy Prime Minister Copps, her assistant, the Ambassador and the Mexican Ambassador to Canada waiting, two thirds of the Canadian motorcade fought its way through the chaos and presented itself to the delegation.

The Mexican Ambassador was a take-charge kind of woman. She ushered Ms. Copps into the limo; she then pushed our Ambassador unceremoniously into the other vehicle, hopped in herself, and waved the police car onwards. Off they went, with yours truly and Ms. Copps' assistant staring rather stupidly at the tail lights of our departing demi-motorcade for a moment, before we were pushed out of the way by Spanish Prime Minister Felipe Gonzales and his entourage.

Fortunately, we had a Plan B, in the form of our finest Embassy driver lurking around the other entrance to the hotel, behind the wheel of the most imposing vehicle in the Embassy fleet, guaranteed to command the respect of bystanders for the might and glory of Mexico's other NAFTA partner — a Plymouth Minivan. In we piled, and off we went.

Waving my diplomatic pass through the minivan's windshield, we managed to bluff our way through security and onto streets closed to all but motorcade traffic. Despite the inherently suspicious nature of our motorcade of one, we actually made it to the front gate of Congress. Buff and polished security was out in full, humourless force. We pulled to the curb just before a motorcade bedecked with Costa Rican flags. Hauling Ms. Copps' non-Spanish speaking assistant out of the van, I pointed him at the disembarking Costa Ricans, and told him, "Hold out your invitation, and don't say a word until you're inside. For the next 15 minutes, you are Costa Rican."

It worked. And I still have a job at Foreign Affairs.

Alan Bones has not, to the evident surprise of his colleagues, been declared persona non grata during either of his postings, to Kuala Lumpur and Mexico City. He is now assigned to the Eastern and Southern Africa Division of DFAIT.

Protocol & How to Break It

Afro-Affrontery

by Stephen Woollcombe

My first posting with External Affairs was, I thought at the time, about as remote as they come. Yaoundé: a name that called up images of a somehow romantic life on the African jungle frontier. Maybe it would be even more exciting than those assignments in Indochina that I'd heard other bachelor FSO probationers brag about. As I set off, however, I didn't dream I would be thrust into a new war zone, and indeed a much more vital one for Canada. Or that I might even have my own 15 minutes of glory à la Andy Warhol!

The war was with France, or rather de Gaulle. The theatre was francophone Africa, still largely dependent on France. The *casus belli* was de Gaulle's intent to bring "independence" to another former colony, Quebec. Specifically, he had instructed Gabon to invite Quebec to a francophone education ministers' conference to be held mid-February 1968 in Libreville, and not to inform Ottawa. The Gabonese duly complied and the invitation to Quebec was delivered January 17th. Gabon was one of five neighbouring countries to which we were accredited while resident in Cameroon.

Of course Ottawa soon learned of this impending attack on Canada's sovereignty. So Undersecretary Marcel Cadieux mobilized his front-line troops into defensive action. This included the Yaoundé embassy. Suddenly the spotlight was on us, hitherto blissfully forgotten at our distant outpost. My ambassador had yet to present his credentials in Gabon but was nonetheless instructed to go to Libreville, less than a month before the conference. He was to seek an invitation for Ottawa. There was only one flight a week since almost all air connections between French African points still had to pass through Paris. His efforts were in vain, and on return to Cameroon he was told to go back and try again. He was still unsuccessful. Cadieux ordered him back a third time, but this time officially appointed him Chargé d'affaires and armed him with a direct and strongly worded message to the Gabonese president from Prime Minister Pearson himself.

Two days later, while Ottawa waited and I held the fort in Yaoundé, the phone rang at the Embassy. It was the Ambassador in Libreville. "Hello, Steve. I am sending you a message through our 'friends'," was all he said. Realizing he was unable to

communicate freely over the French-run phone lines, I headed off in my old Citroën (for once it didn't stall) along the dusty road to the US Embassy. The Second Secretary (Political) was waiting, sympathy written on his face, to hand me my ambassador's secret message, just transmitted from their Libreville embassy. What a diplomatic slap in the face! Not the Gabonese president, not the foreign minister, not the senior deputies, no one would receive this formal *démarche* from the very highest level of the Canadian government. Finally, an assistant to the chief of protocol deigned to accept it without comment.

With the adrenalin pumping, I rushed back to the office and went straight into the tiny, lead-encased "secure room." Using our laborious old book-cipher, I transcribed the ambassador's message into code. I then added an explanatory note and sent it off to Mr. Cadieux, signing it "WOOLLCOMBE" (a heady burst of daring for a Third Secretary). Talk about excitement!

As a direct consequence, a few days later, on March 4th, the Prime Minister stood up in the House of Commons to announce that Canada was suspending relations with Gabon.

After 30 years in the foreign service with postings in several continents and languages, Stephen Woollcombe has been dabbling in consulting, teaching (Carleton and in Venezuela), various community service activities and politics (PC candidate in Ottawa-Vanier in last year's elections).

The Bulgarian Ambassador and the Queen of the South Seas

by Ross Francis

In his memoirs, *A Stubble-Jumper in Striped Pants*, Earl Drake recalls his fascination, when he was Ambassador in Jakarta in the mid-1980s, with Indonesians' belief in myth and magic. As one example he cites the explanation he was given for the drowning several years earlier of a Bulgarian Ambassador.

The Ambassador had been swept under by the notoriously treacherous currents while swimming off a beach in the Southern Sea and his body had never been

found. The popular Indonesian story was that this swimming spot was the domain of the Queen of the South Seas. She had once been a human queen who had lived on land but was banished from court after she lost her beauty, due to a magic spell. She had then been invited to become queen of the underwater kingdom of the South Seas. Each year she was allowed to claim a terrestrial man to join her watery court. To many Indonesians it was obvious this Ambassador had been chosen to join the monarch of the water spirits.

The unfortunate Ambassador drowned while I was Chargé d'affaires in Jakarta in 1964. I did not know him well. My strongest recollection of him relates to an Asian film festival. At the official reception he chose to join the paparazzi rather than the rest of the diplomatic corps, and spent a happy time photographing the prettiest starlets from close range. Towards the end of the evening the Soviet Chargé said to me: "You realize he must have run out of film an hour ago."

After the Ambassador drowned, diplomats received a black-edged note from the Bulgarian Embassy inviting us to sign a book of condolences. I put on my darkest suit and tie and had the official driver take me to the Bulgarian Embassy. A sombre official met me at the door and escorted me to a room where there was a table with a black bound book to be signed. And there beside the table, on a bed of ice and surrounded by flowers, was the Bulgarian Ambassador. It was an unforgettable sight.

An Australian colleague told me that when his Ambassador returned from signing the book he assembled all of his staff in his office. He told them that if anything unfortunate should happen to him during his posting, they were on no account to follow that example.

In his memoirs, Drake concludes that Indonesians are not anti-scientific; they simply believe that our Western science reveals only part of the truth, which complements their older belief in the spirits that inhabit most things. In the case of the Indonesians who told him about the Bulgarian Ambassador and the Queen of the South Seas, however, the explanation is a little simpler and perhaps more universal. Do not let inconvenient facts spoil a good story.

Ross Francis served in Indonesia, Laos, South Africa, the United Kingdom, and was High Commissioner to Malaysia and Ambassador to Finland.

On the Road

Entrepreneurial Spirit

by Alan Bones

In the late 1980s, the Malaysian Automobile Association periodically staged road-rallies-cum-treasure-hunts. The goal of the exercise was to decipher cryptic clues en circuitous route from Kuala Lumpur to distant points (in this case, Penang) while participating in a scavenger hunt. An added complication was that you were to reach your destination in minimum time while respecting traffic laws. These rallies are both common and popular in Malaysia, so it probably came as little surprise to passers-by to see a rather posh diplomatic Volvo (well, it would have been posh if it wasn't covered with road rally stickers) lurch to a stop, and four people start rooting in a field in a desperate search for a grasshopper.

One of the other items we had to find, while traversing a fairly lonely stretch of rural Kedah, was a lotus blossom. Given the sizeable ethnic Tamil population in the area, one would have thought that this would not have been a challenge. However, with the clock ticking, we stopped at every Hindu temple, market, and Malaysian equivalent of a *dépanneur* we could find. Without success.

As we were at the leading edge of the pack, a debate ensued as to whether we could afford to take the point penalty and skip the lotus blossom, or go off the route in search of one. In the middle of this debate, I spotted a pond off to the left that, amazingly enough, appeared to be a lotus haven. A quick stop and a reverse down a rutted track brought us to a rural homestead deserted but for three children, ranging in age from about six to 13.

When asked what it would cost us to obtain a lotus blossom, the children were momentarily nonplussed. Unused to a carload of city folk making such unexpected demands, they had no idea how much to hit us up for. "Fifty sen?" ventured one of them, shyly. This was about 20 Canadian cents — a sum we figured we could spring for. The six-year-old enthusiastically leaped into the pond, and returned triumphantly with not one, but two, lotus blossoms. Off we went, though unfortunately not fast enough to avoid being spotted by our arch-competitors, a Pajero full of Germans.

At the rally's closing dinner the next evening, we compared notes with fellow competitors. It appears that within an hour of our passing, the enterprising children had set up an impromptu roadside stall, selling lotus blossoms to rallyists at eight Ringgit a pop (a 16-fold markup) — and doing land office business.

The Case Against Hitchhikers

by Ian McKinley

While on posting in Brandexia, I often welcomed my fellow foreign service officer and friend on posting to Nextdoora when she would come visit for the weekend. This friend often drove and would at times pick up hitchhikers in order to break the tedium of the route.

One Friday evening, my friend arrived on my doorstep in a tizzy. She explained that she had picked up a couple of backpackers on the way. As they continued on their drive, the backpackers had noticed a car ahead and had encouraged her to pass it. Evidently the hitchhikers had a pair of backpacking friends who had caught a ride with the car ahead and my friend's hitchhikers wanted to pay their respects.

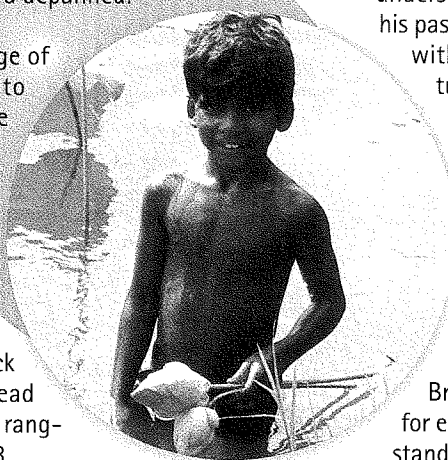
My friend did indeed overtake the other car and was shocked to see her passengers press against her back window and moon the passengers in the rival vehicle. The driver of the other car understandably took offence that someone would insult him and his passengers with such a barbaric display; he sped up, drew even with my friend's car and tried to force her off the road. She, in turn, accelerated and tried to outrun the angry driver. A high-speed chase ensued over the next 150 kilometres that only ended on the outskirts of Capital City when my friend was able to lose her tail. She dumped her hitchhikers at the local youth hostel.

I did not particularly sympathise with my friend (the incident struck me as silly and dangerous) but made her welcome nonetheless. The story took on a different dynamic the following Monday, however, when work resumed. I learned that the Bulgarian ambassador had been called in to the Brandexian Ministry of Foreign Affairs and raked over the coals for engaging in behaviour on the highways that fell far beneath the standards of both diplomatic representation and civilization.

The offended driver had obviously taken note of the diplomatic licence plate number but had not noticed that the plate, though very similar to those issued in Brandexia, actually came from Nextdoora. The country number on my friend's Nextdooran plate, which was assigned to Canada, happened to correspond with the Bulgarian country number in Brandexia.

A final thought: there were only two Bulgarians serving at their embassy in Brandexia. Each one of them probably still knows, with 100 percent certainty, that the other is responsible for dragging their country into disrepute.

Ian McKinley, a former Foreign Service officer, is an international affairs specialist in the Regional Security and Peacekeeping Division. He spends his time bothering workplace colleagues with technological gadgets and grand principles of electronic filing. Despite his obviously limited abilities, he hopes to write novels for a living.



The Bridge of Imminent Death

(and how Archimedes saved me from singlehood)

by Michael Kaduck

In retrospect, it was probably a bad idea. Videotaping my wife's almost-demise, that is. But what's done is done, and that short and shaky sequence now has an uncatalogued place in the family video archives.

The occasion of Leslie's near-transformation to dearly-departed was a trip to the Northern Areas of Pakistan, where we were visiting health care and education projects supported by the Canadian Government. One of our stops was the village of Ahmedabad on the Karakoram Highway that leads to China, to see a school established by the Aga Khan Education Service (after a bone-crunching trip down a steep series of switch-backs to reach a track near the bed of the Hunza River).

I first saw the Bridge of Imminent Death just a few seconds before we drove over it. At the time, I was busy reorganizing my spine, so there was no chance to turn on the camcorder, let alone experience one-ness with the Universe. Our driver and guide were quite unruffled by the bouncy, swaying structure — not so much a bridge as a virtual bridge, put together from a few cables, a few boards and some extra-strong Scotch tape. We rattled across in our 4x4 with the agility of a lobotomized hippo, some twigs and string offering the only visible barrier between us and the chasm below. Leslie gave me that look that wives give husbands when husbands forget to tell wives things that are kind of important, for example things involving chasms.

Our drive up the crumbling road to Ahmedabad was faster than walking and safer than step-dancing on the turnpike, so we were fully relaxed for our visit to the school, perched as it was on a rock promontory a hundred metres above the Bridge.

After tea and the school inspection and tea, we buckled in for the return journey (and tea). A couple of young lads clambered into the back of the truck for a free ride as far as the highway, unperturbed by the prospect of switch-backs, chasms, etc. In a moment of uncharacteristic insight, or perhaps it was undigested mutton, I got out of the truck with my camcorder just before we crossed back over the Bridge of Imminent Death. 'Twould be a fun sequence to show to my mother-in-law.

What ho, thought I, when the truck began to travel *through* rather than over the bridge, with one wheel coming to rest on a bare cable and the other hanging in the air. The wooden planks stacked up nicely in front of the bumper, affording the passengers a bird's eye view of the chasm, unimpeded by the bridge's twigs and string that had given us such comfort the first time we went across. The yawning gorge yawned as only a gorge can, while water the colour of chocolate milk rushed over razor-sharp rocks.

I stopped to ponder the indistinct viewfinder image, which seemed fuzzily to portend impending disaster. For an instant I was struck by the commercial potential of this footage, saleable to the producers of *Lifestyles of the Chubby and Wifeless*.

Clearly our Pakistani colleagues knew all about levers and fulcrums and how to get pick-up trucks unstuck from virtual bridges. One plank resting on two others, plus a rock and some elbow grease might give enough traction to the front wheel that the truck could be reversed off the bridge. A rope was tied to the back of the truck, and I was posted there, alone, to stay out of the way. This part of the plan worked admirably, though it was only my catlike reflexes that saved me from being wedged between the lurching pickup and a non-lurching, Zamboni-sized boulder.

The extraction of our vehicle from the Bridge of Imminent Death took about a half-hour, during which we went entirely without tea. Only the driver was on board when the second attempt was made to drive back across. We made our last trip over the bridge on foot, amid the spray of the rushing waters, occasionally exchanging those looks that wives give husbands and husbands give wives when yawning gorges and near-extinctions are involved.

At least we have a permanent video record of the incident, with striking visual images knitted together by the witty and knowledgeable banter of M. Kaduck, minor official. When the truck went through the bridge, my literate and courageous statement, captured for posterity on the soundtrack of the fateful videotape (available on VHS or DVD), was this:

"Oh."

Brings a tear to your eye, doesn't it?

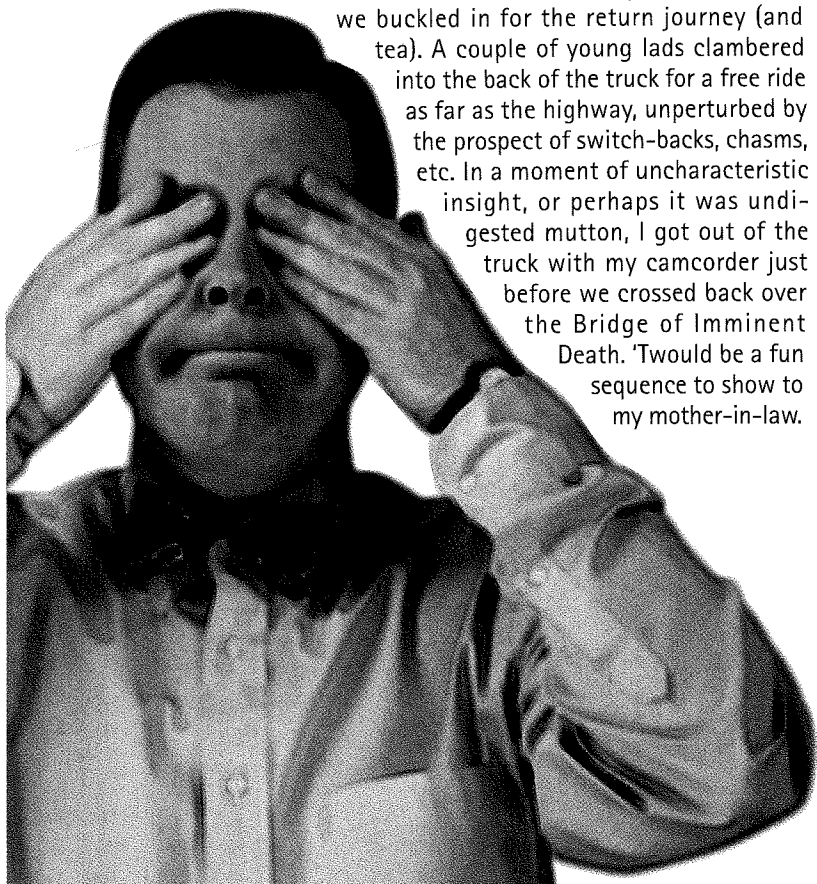
Michael Kaduck is a political officer. He has so far not been nominated for a Genie award.

The Antiques Road Show

by Jim Bartleman

In 1969, during my posting to Colombia, I accepted an invitation from the German cultural attaché to accompany him on a road trip from Bogota to Lima in his little Volkswagen car. His goal was to purchase as many antiques as possible; mine was simply to see more of Latin America.

We departed Bogota in high spirits, descending through the clouds to enter the so-called "hot country" close to sea level near Cali, later to become infamous as a centre of international drug trafficking. From Cali, we proceeded via the beautiful colonial city of Popayan, destroyed several years later in an earthquake, to Pasto, the isolated capital of the Department of Narino. At



Pasto, my colleague took me with him as he visited members of the German community, most of whom had left Germany in a hurry at the end of the Second World War. He was welcomed enthusiastically but I was treated with wariness.

The route from Pasto to Quito was terrible, often one lane only with numerous markers indicating the spots where speeding cars, trucks and buses had plunged over the edge into deep mountain valleys, killing the passengers. In Quito, colleagues at the tiny Canadian Embassy took us in hand to show us the sights and extend hospitality, overjoyed to have visitors at their quiet remote outpost. We then pressed on to Guayaquil, the hot, insalubrious port city of Ecuador, where the road ended.

Undeterred, we took the ferry to the southern bank of the Guayas river and followed back roads and trails to the border of Peru where we found ourselves on the paved coastal highway running through the Atacama desert. Two days later we were in Lima, capital of Peru, still retaining its charm as a small colonial city before the massive movement of the rural poor seeking a better life in the coming decade changed its personality forever.

So far, so good. My colleague had found antiques, in particular wooden carvings of saints which apparently were worth a fortune in Europe, and was satisfied with himself and the trip. Shortly after arriving in Lima, however, he burst into my room to say that a *coup d'état* led by the military was in progress; we had to leave before road blocks were set up around the city or we could find ourselves in the Peruvian capital indefinitely. He pulled out a revolver and said that it was to be used for our protection. The rules of engagement, as he described them, were simple: whoever was not driving (we were taking turns at the wheel), would ride shotgun and shoot anyone who tried to rob us.

We departed for the Ecuadoran border in a hurry, his precious antiques under a blanket in the back and the revolver in the glove compartment with our passports. He didn't appreciate my sceptical attitude. His mood further deteriorated when I forgot that sand drifts on the highway along Peru's coastal desert were not as easy to plow through as snow drifts in Canada. I hit one at 100 kilometres an hour; his car bounced high in the air and nearly overturned. He became downright nasty, however, when I almost drove his car off a railway bridge into a deep gorge after we crossed the border into Ecuador.

About 200 metres in length, it was for trains although limited road traffic was allowed over two narrow planks precariously laid along the tracks. Distracted by my colleague's backseat driving, I allowed the front wheels to leave the planks. The front end of the car plunged downwards but fortunately was caught by a railroad tie. My travelling companion became almost apoplectic with rage. To make matters worse (and I'm not making this up), a train was coming. Fortunately several campesinos had been watching and lifted the car back onto the planks allowing us to escape just in time.

I redeemed myself several miles down the road. We were travelling on a dirt track with poor visibility from dust and burning refuse from banana plantations; my colleague had taken the wheel and was no longer talking to me. Suddenly, out of the haze, a band of about 15 men, who looked like actors from an old Pancho Villa movie, armed with shotguns, pistols, machetes and bandoleers of ammunition wrapped around their shoulders, confronted us. My companion had no choice but to stop the car; I was riding shotgun and had the duty to shoot our way free. I therefore reached into the glove compartment and pulled out our diplomatic passports. I did not know where the safety catch was on his pistol and had no intention of engaging wild-eyed Ecuadoreans in a gunfight.

I think my companion was relieved that I had not taken literally his injunction to use firepower to blast our way out of trouble. The gang could not have cared less for the diplomatic passports and told us to get out of the car with our hands up. My colleague was torn between saving our lives and saving his antiques. The antiques won. He put the car into gear and pushed the crowd aside with the bumper.

We left behind a gang of outlaws so surprised at our stupidity that they did not open fire. When we reported this encounter to the Ecuadorean authorities, they told us that the area was frequented by criminal bands. We were lucky not to have been killed.

We returned to Bogota in silence and didn't make further trips together.

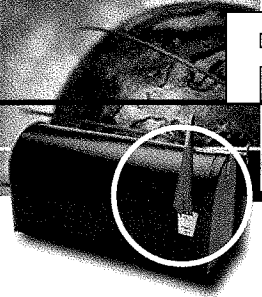
James Bartleman: Wife, three children and dog. Has served on every continent over a 35-year career.

The Case for Hitchhikers

by John Noble

At the 1977 London Economic Summit held in Downing Street, the Americans brought over a bullet-proof stretch Lincoln limousine for President Jimmy Carter. On the opening day of the Summit, as the leaders were coming out of Number 10, Prime Minister Trudeau turned to Prime Minister Jim Callaghan and said, "Let's walk" to Lancaster House for lunch. That put the security forces in a tizzy, but the delegates did walk across Saint James Park to Lancaster House, much to the amusement of onlookers.

Coming out of lunch, I was about to get into a black Daimler with Secretary of State for External Affairs Don Jamieson and his Departmental Assistant, Derek Burney. All of a sudden, somebody yelled out, "Can I all have a ride with you?" Jamieson immediately pushed Burney and I out of the back seat and welcomed President Carter and one very surprised and anxious member of the Secret Service. Carter and Jamieson drove back in the Daimler flying the Canadian flag, with the empty Lincoln in tow!



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Red-Faced in a Dark Suit

Nothing for Me, Please

by Robert Hage

At the end of the 1970s, I acted, for a brief period, as Chargé in our High Commission in Lagos. I had not had much use up until that time for a western-style dress suit since we all wore what were known as "French suits," which consisted of a Mao-type jacket and matching pants, usually made from some sort of impenetrable polyester.

Australian Prime Minister Fraser was coming to town prior to a Commonwealth Heads of Government meeting and I was to represent Canada at the Nigerian government reception in his honour. I dressed for the occasion, putting on my one and only dark grey suit which had been hanging in the closet for the past two years. When I went to put on the pants, however, I discovered to my chagrin that the zipper had rusted in the Lagos humidity.

There was nothing to be done except put them on. My wife then took needle and thread and sewed me into them. I left for the reception with the flag flying on the car and her admonition in my ear: "Whatever you do, don't have anything to drink."

Robert Hage joined the Legal Bureau of the Department in 1972 and has had directorial assignments in the Legal, Economic and European Bureaux and postings to Washington, Paris, Brussels (BREEC) and, most memorably, Lagos, Nigeria.

The Full Monty (Part I)

by Diane Harper

After the January 2001 earthquake in El Salvador, my family was very nervous about going indoors for more than a few minutes at a time. There were hundreds of aftershocks, so we moved the TV and kids' video collection to the terrace, and camped out for several days. We even slept in our clothes in case we needed to evacuate the house. Eventually though, we needed to bathe.

My husband was the first to test his courage. No sooner had he gotten into the shower when a major aftershock hit (estimated 5.7 on the Richter scale). The bathroom is built on metal pillars over the garage, so moves even more than the rest of the house. He set a land speed record from the bathroom to the back yard with wet feet over bouncing tiles, wearing nothing but shampoo. Luckily, there was no damage and he was able to retrieve his clothes, if not his dignity.

Trudeau and the Security Guard

by Arthur Blanchette

The year was 1977. US President Jimmy Carter had invited all American Heads of State and Government to the ceremonies held at the Organization of American States in Washington, D.C., to mark the signing of a Treaty transferring full ownership of the Panama Canal to Panama in the year 2000.

Prime Minister Trudeau decided to attend. I was of course present at the airport to greet him and I accompanied him in the official limousine to the Mayflower Hotel — his favourite in the US capital.

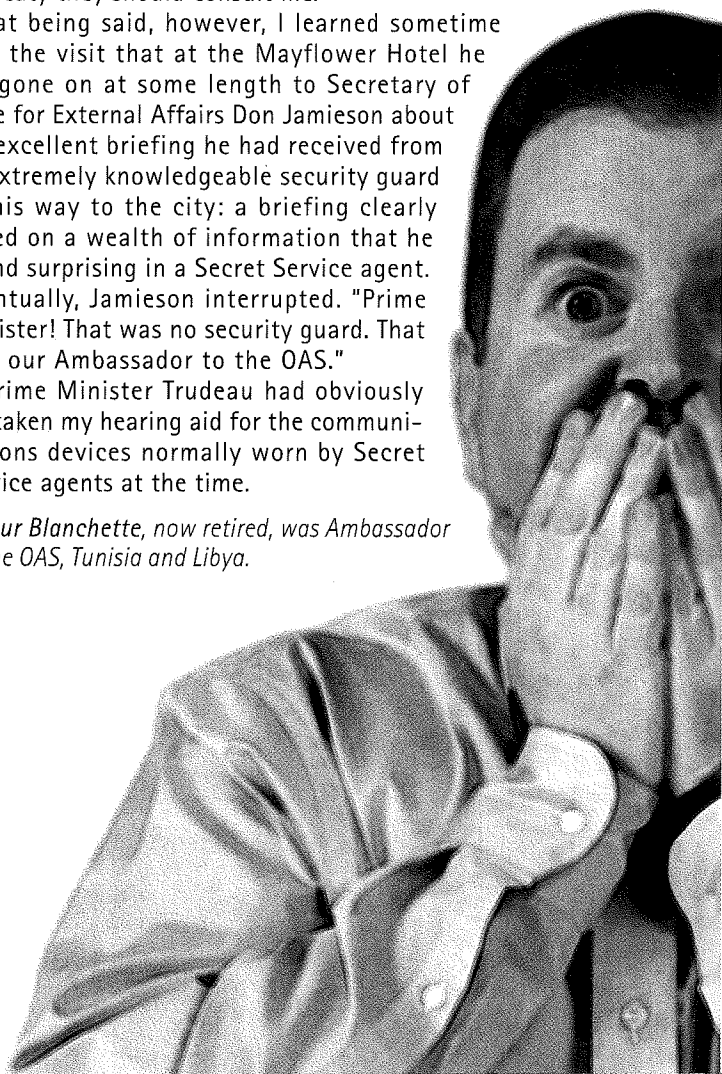
Since everything had been set up fairly quickly for the signing ceremonies, I thought I should take advantage of the ride into the city to tell him what the Treaty was all about. He took it all in very seriously, asked good questions, and at the hotel thanked me for an excellent briefing.

I was, of course, quite pleased. Even more so the following day when during a press conference he told those present that if they wanted to know anything about the Panama Canal and the Treaty they should consult me.

That being said, however, I learned sometime after the visit that at the Mayflower Hotel he had gone on at some length to Secretary of State for External Affairs Don Jamieson about the excellent briefing he had received from an extremely knowledgeable security guard on his way to the city: a briefing clearly based on a wealth of information that he found surprising in a Secret Service agent. Eventually, Jamieson interrupted. "Prime Minister! That was no security guard. That was our Ambassador to the OAS."

Prime Minister Trudeau had obviously mistaken my hearing aid for the communications devices normally worn by Secret Service agents at the time.

Arthur Blanchette, now retired, was Ambassador to the OAS, Tunisia and Libya.



What's Behind Door Number 3?

by Dawn Jones

I recently had my first experience of sitting-in to take notes at a meeting between Minister Manley and an important guest. The meeting went very well, and concluded on a very congenial note. We all stood to leave the Minister's office. As I was the nearest to the door, it seemed logical to open it and leave. However, there were three doors! I chose the most likely and began to open it, when the Minister said: "Don't go in there. That's the fridge!"

Dawn Jones and her husband Terry, a former Foreign Service officer, have now retired in Victoria, BC.

My Comeuppance in Peking

by Kenneth G. Ramsay

In the old days — this would be the late 1970s — when meetings with Chinese authorities took place, they were never in the office of the Chinese official concerned. Rather, the visitor was shown to a rather sparsely furnished room, there to await the arrival of the "Chinese side." This may still be the custom today. I had been summoned to the Ministry of Textiles to discuss Canadian textile import restrictions. In this case, 'discuss,' I knew, meant I would receive a 'telling off' because the People's Republic of China objected to Canadian textile import restrictions.

Aware of the protocol involved in meetings, newly arrived in Peking and anxious to demonstrate my competence and understanding, I greeted the old lady in the meeting room, who was busying herself with the teapot (gallons of tea, before, during and after all meetings, are a ritual), in my recently acquired, and very broken, Mandarin. Complete with sweeping, demonstrative hand gestures, I offered the Chinese equivalent of: "Me come from biiig land faar, faar away across wide ocean called Jaa-naa-daa! Much happy be here speak with foreign friends. Have you heard, Comrade, of my biiig country which provides much wheat for Chinese people?"

I was happy to see, by what, I hoped, was a smile of understanding, that my ten arduous months of language training had proved useful. She asked me (in Chinese) if I would like a cup of tea. Proud, and not a little relieved that I, in turn, had understood her question, I graciously accepted, my obsequious body language ensuring that she appreciated that this illustrious foreign diplomat was treating her like an equal, like a true comrade. Firmly, I said to myself, "No lofty foreign airs by this white man." She poured my tea and padded quietly out of the room.

About ten minutes later, with much ceremony, a delegation of ten Ministry officials filed into the room, each being introduced by the interpreter and identified by title. My tea lady, at the end of the line, had a twinkle in her eye as I heard her identified as the leader of the delegation. As the meeting started, the interpreter asked me, courteously but firmly, to speak English for the duration of the meeting. This was pretty standard practice as it allowed the Chinese side, most of whom understood English much better than the foreigner understood Chinese, to consider everything twice before having to reply.

In the subsequent negotiations, she demonstrated a depth of knowledge of Canada, its textile producers, their manufacturing costs, their rates of pay, union affiliation and the names of Canadian government officials, that was impressive. Had I been set up? There were grounds to suspect so because, in negotiations with the Chinese, putting adversaries on the defensive or shaking their self-confidence (although both sides play this game) is a standard ploy. However, in this case, I doubt if I was set up; but I certainly felt a little humbled.

During the rest of my two years in Peking I met the 'tea lady' frequently. From the twinkle in her eyes that belied her always solemn face, I suspected she remembered our first meeting and was well aware of how it had influenced all my subsequent dealings with the Chinese.

Kenneth G. Ramsay has had postings to Stockholm, Brussels, Lima, Port-of-Spain, San Francisco and Beijing.

Spit and Polish

by Michael Wondergem

It was fortunate indeed that my dentist could find time to insert a new crown over my broken front tooth on the day of the Dutch National Day reception. As a formal Dutch national, I wanted to be presentable for this event. The Ambassador, whom I had met before, enjoyed bragging that some former Dutchmen had managed to infiltrate DFAIT. On this occasion, he also was going to introduce his new wife to the diplomatic corps and to his countrymen.

The sun was shining and the residency garden in Rockcliffe was appropriately decked out in many tulips in full bloom. As the queue slowly wound its way through the main entrance I had the opportunity to observe the attractive and well-endowed new wife of the Ambassador. The moment he saw me, he grabbed my elbow and introduced me to his wife as "one of those fellows I told you about." As I stuttered my "How do you do," my new tooth flew out of my mouth, teetered on the brink of madam's ample bosom and slowly rolled from there onto the ground.

Having paid a lot for this tooth I took a dive, crawled on the floor at the head of the queue and felt around between the feet of madam, where I managed to retrieve it from just behind her heels.

Red-faced, I stormed to a bathroom, on the way to which a kind colleague offered me a piece of chewing gum to try and glue the tooth back. Unbeknownst to me, the gum was green and amply bordered the new tooth in addition to holding it in. Only diplomats could have contained their laughter as I flashed them my handsome smile.

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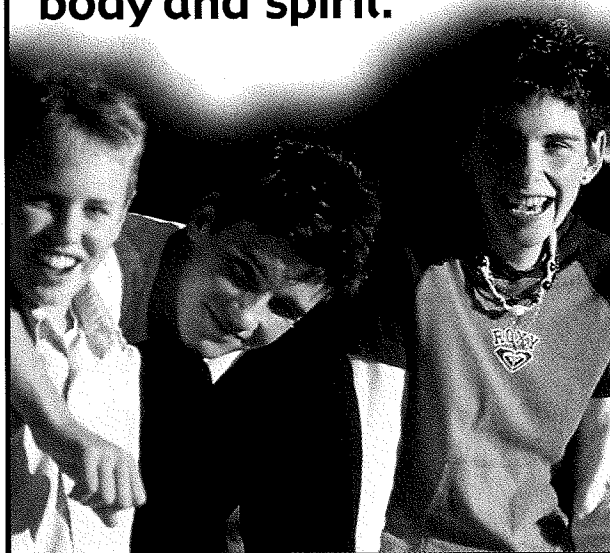
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Christchurch on My Mind

(Or, the Full Monty, Part II)

by Stephan Hesse

Towards the end of our posting in India, my family got the well-known urge to get away from all things Indian and seek relief in a place that featured wide-open spaces and practically no people. Our choice fell upon New Zealand, and those who had gone there before congratulated us on our choice and told us of the varied wonders of flora and fauna that could be found there.

Having previously travelled through other Third World regions, we had developed a routine of sitting on kids, luggage, and photographic equipment (not necessarily in that order) to prevent things from being lost or stolen along the way. Thus, we happily arrived in Auckland to commence our much planned and talked-about trip through the North and South Islands. It was wonderful to drive up to food stalls and acquire a variety of fruits and vegetables that could be eaten after washing them in water rather than dousing them in iodine or other chemical solutions. In short, we were on our way to having one of the most pleasant and memorable family holidays in a long time.

After crossing the Cook Strait from Wellington to Picton, our family leisurely drifted towards Christchurch, our last stop before leaving New Zealand. We decided to spend our last few days in a motel along the Avon River and explore the city on foot. At day's end, we parked our rental car directly in front of our motel room and settled in for the night. In the early hours of the morning, I was awoken by Michelle's loud scream: "Get out of here!" Only afterwards did I realize that this piercing exhortation was not the aftermath of some remaining domestic unrest of the evening before but rather had been directed at a cat burglar who, close to my side of the double bed, had undertaken to search our luggage for valuables.

Once disturbed, the burglar fled fleet-footed through the front door of the bungalow. He had apparently opened the front door slightly to provide himself with a quick escape route, for just the eventuality he now encountered. After I had recovered from what at first seemed a rather untoward way of shouting at one's husband in the middle of the night, I went

in hot pursuit of the burglar, out through the front door, straight across the motel grounds, and out onto a major thoroughfare in the city, which at that time of the night was mercifully unpopulated. All the while running after the break-in artist I kept yelling and shouting, hurling rather uncouth bits and pieces of the English language at the intruder.

As an additional preparation for his quick getaway, the burglar had arrived on a ten-speed bike which he quickly abandoned as it did not give him the desired speed in the initial stage of my pursuit. Eventually, I had to abandon the chase and return to the motel. On the way back, I picked up the bike now lying in the road and marched it back to the scene of the break-in.

Now, it has to be said that I have not made use of pyjamas since times immemorial. My loud ravings had awakened the entire population of the otherwise peaceful motel. When I returned to the motel grounds with my newly acquired ten-speed bike, all guests had dutifully assembled outside their rooms and cottages to see about the commotion. My explanations regarding the just experienced break-in to our motel room could not overshadow the fact that I had returned

to the motel stark naked, with ten-speed bike in hand.

Subsequently, the police came, took fingerprints off door and window frames, and spoke to us at great length about the dastardly deed. Somehow, in the criminal investigation, the fact that I had turned up naked seemed to be a lesser concern, not worthy of further mention. Michelle and I have since had a number of conversations about the merits of wearing pyjamas at night, but I am a firm believer that such unusual moments do not happen more than once in anyone's lifetime.

Stephan Hesse joined the then Department of External Affairs in 1982 and has served in Delhi, Warsaw, Santiago, Bonn, and Bucharest.



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When Plans Go Astray

by Bill Cockburn

Visits by Ministers and other VIPs can be the bane of a diplomat's existence at an overseas post — so many things to go awry, so little appreciation when things go right. Murphy's Law usually takes over. One incident, forever etched in my memory, occurred on my first posting, to our embassy in Bonn. It involved a visit by a Very Senior Official for high-level discussions on scientific cooperation. He told us by telex that he wished to make the visit on a certain date. I warned him with some urgency that this date presented major problems, since huge environmental demonstrations were expected to coincide. Thirty-five special trains and fleets of chartered buses would be bringing close to 300,000 demonstrators from other parts of Germany, doubling the city's population. Our VIP thanked me for the warning but insisted this was the date he had planned on and any change to his schedule would be very inconvenient.

The day turned out hot and sunny. All the embassy cars being otherwise occupied, I had to use my own car to meet our senior boffin at the airport, across the river and about 25 kilometres from Bonn. He arrived on time, complete with his luggage. So far, so good!

However, just as we left the airport road, my muffler developed a catastrophic leak. Nothing daunted, we set out — noisily — on the road to Bonn and immediately encountered scattered groups of protesters wending their way on foot towards the city. They blocked the entire carriageway and showed no inclination to allow us to pass. We crawled along behind them for about a kilometre, then were stopped completely. I realized resolute action was needed. Unfortunately, there were no turn-offs nearby, only an on-ramp some 200 metres behind us. Showing the steely-nerved initiative for which the Canadian foreign service is rightly renowned, I reversed rapidly to the junction and started to back cautiously up the ramp. A mistake! Almost immediately, a police car materialized from nowhere.

The nice policeman proceeded to deliver a cutting explanation of German traffic laws, threatened to confiscate my licence and finally sent us ignominiously back to the autobahn to crawl along to the next legal exit. Did I mention that it was hot and that my car was not equipped with air conditioning? We finally managed to get off the main highway with its impenetrable

crowds of demonstrators, drove up the east side of the Rhine past Bonn and crossed the river by ferry some considerable distance south of the city, then doubled back towards the city centre. The 20-minute trip took us three-and-a-half hours altogether.

When we got to within two blocks of the hotel, we were stopped again by the police and told we could take the car no further, nor was I permitted to park there. So my distinguished visitor got out of the car, perhaps thankfully, grabbed his two heavy suitcases and finished the journey on foot. To give him his due, he turned round as he left me and said ruefully, "Well, you told me not to come!"

Would that all distinguished visitors were so understanding. Would that more of them stayed home!

Trudeaumania

by Bill Warden

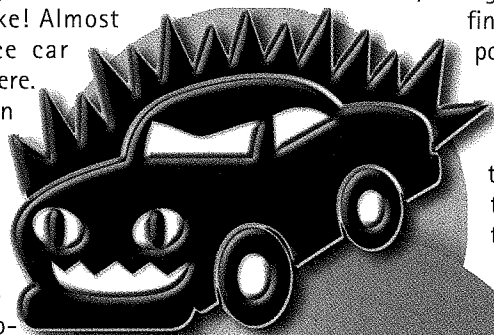
By the 1980s, even if Trudeaumania had largely evaporated in Canada, its traces lingered on abroad.

In October of 1983, Mr. Trudeau arrived in New Delhi for the Commonwealth Heads of Government meeting. The conference happened to coincide with one of the Prime Minister's major peace initiatives and his plan was to stop for a few hours in Delhi, meet with Mrs. Gandhi, and then carry on to China for two days before returning to India.

I met Mr. Trudeau at the airport and accompanied him and his two sons to the government-owned Ashoka Hotel. In the lobby, the Indian Protocol Department had assembled some 20 lovely young ladies whose job it was to act as hostesses during the meeting. As we entered, the young ladies spotted Mr. Trudeau and there was something of an unholy rush as they charged into the centre of the lobby, asking for a photograph with him. Mr. Trudeau, of course, complied with alacrity.

After depositing his bags in the suite and holding a brief meeting with Mrs. Gandhi, Mr. Trudeau then suggested to me that we find a 'folksy' restaurant for dinner prior to returning to the airport and departing for China. I asked him how folksy, and he said, "Very!" "Well," I replied, "in that case, there is always the Moti Mahal." The Moti Mahal in Old Delhi specialised in all kinds of chicken and was about as folksy as you can get. This appealed to him and so I sought out the Indian security people and informed them of his plans. They were absolutely aghast. He can't go there, they said. No security. Dutifully, I reported back to the Prime Minister whose response was, "Well, I'm going anyway!"

Off we headed to Moti Mahal. By the time we arrived, all the usual patrons had been hurriedly removed and replaced with rather obvious male and female security officers affecting familial bliss while enjoying a good meal at government expense. Towards the end of the meal, one of the PM's aides came up and whispered to him: "Those girls you had your picture taken with ... they've all been fired." Off we went to the airport. Just



Low Politics

as he was going up the steps to the aircraft, Mr. Trudeau said to me: "I'd like you to get those girls reinstated!"

Bridging the Gap

by Sheila Coutts

By around three in the morning, I managed to find a protocol officer and explain the situation. He was quite adamant. They broke the rules and they had to suffer the consequences. I appealed to his sense of pride. "Look," I said, "the only better greeting you could have provided for him would have been to have 50 beautiful women ask for his photo instead of 20!" "Besides," I said, "the first thing he is going to ask me when he gets off the plane on return is, 'What happened to those girls?'" The gentleman held out little hope but promised to get back to me the following day. The next day the Chief of Protocol called to say that, as a special favour to Mr. Trudeau, the women had been rehired.

Right on cue, Mr. Trudeau on debarking the aircraft two days later asked, "What happened to those girls?" He was delighted when I told him that they had all been reinstated. We returned to the Ashoka. The same young women were all lined up in the lobby. This time, however, they didn't so much as budge or flicker an eyelash. Mr. Trudeau stopped for a moment and surveyed the scene as if he had just walked into Madame Tussaud's. Then, with a mischievous twinkle in the eye, he sidled up to one of the ladies and whispered, "How did the photo turn out?"

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. Mr. Warden retired in 1998.

It was one of those interminable multilateral meetings. Two texts were on the table; somehow, during the course of that night, a single unified text that everyone could live with had to be forged out of the differing language of the two. Two wordings which, to the uninitiated eye, seemed deceptively similar, but which in their contorted phrasing hid vast differences of intent. Discussion grew stale, circular; no breakthroughs seemed likely. We were in for a very long night.

A Western European ambassador, 60 or so, bluff, no-nonsense, stubborn, scowling, rose to his feet to exhort the rest of us to greater efforts. "The language," he said, "is really not so far apart. Think. Think back over the last few months. Think of all the excellent ideas you've had, that you've written down on bits of paper, mulled over, then perhaps put away in a drawer and forgotten. One of those ideas might be the solution to the dilemma that faces us tonight. Think back to those ideas, those phrases. One will be enough to bridge the gap between us. It's not such a big gap. All it needs is some goodwill, to remember those good ideas now lying forgotten in drawers. Why," he said, drawing himself up to his full height and thumping his chest, "I'm sure I've got something hidden in *my* drawers that could bridge any gap!"

A stunned silence fell. The junior Canadian delegate, among several others, was then suddenly overcome by a terrible coughing fit and had to flee the room.

Sheila Coutts is a Foreign Service Officer currently on leave. She has served at the Embassy in Paris and on the Delegation to the OSCE in Vienna.

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The Story of the Silver Tray

by Patricia Fortier

We are diplomats, but we are not born understanding all the nuances of the trade. We learn them, or, if we are lucky, some experienced dip, wise in its ways, tells us something that illuminates the hidden corners. So let me tell you one of the classic diplomatic stories which I offer as a cautionary tale, or even a parable, but is nonetheless true. ...

It was a dark and stormy night and our dip hero was in his slippers reading when the call came through. The protagonist is a fellow named Stan, who rose to the heights of the Service and now is happy golfing. But before all the glory and the golf, Stan was just a Foreign Service Officer on his first posting as an ambassador. Not only was he anxious to fulfill all the arcane requirements of a plenipotentiary but he was also acutely aware of the regional wars and the fragile hopes for peace, since it was the mid-1980s and he was accredited to most Central American countries. So when, shortly after his arrival in Costa Rica, an evening call came from the Head of the Diplomatic Corps for a special emergency meeting, Stan shed his slippers, leaped into his formal togs, and sped through the lightning-slashed darkness to the forbidding castle that is the Residence of the Papal Nuncio and the seat of the Diplomatic Corps.

Stan entered the Residence dripping and late, shed his coat into the hands of a silent nun, hurried into the hall where he found a seat in the last row, sat, and surveyed the assembled ambassadors. They were all wearing suits and serious expressions.

The Head of the Diplomatic Corps, the Papal Nuncio, rose from his place and began to speak with all the authority of the Church and State. He had called together this gathering to deal with a sensitive and important issue. A Latin American Ambassador had been recalled to his native country early to deal with a government crisis. This in itself was a deeply felt loss for the Corps, but it also raised a critical policy issue. The Ambassador had served only one year and ten months as ambassador to Costa Rica.

However, as everyone is aware, according to the rules, only ambassadors who have served two years or more are eligible to receive their farewell silver tray from the Corps. Therefore, given the Ambassador's high standing in the diplomatic community, the fact that he had served almost two years, and the involuntary nature of his departure, the urgent question which we had to answer tonight was: Should we give him a silver tray anyway?

Much buzzing and weighty nods of heads while thunder rumbled (it was, after all, the rainy season). There were a few legalistic points raised but the matter went to a quick and secret vote while Stan was still absorbing its impact. The vote was counted equally quickly and the result announced: there was a slim margin in opposition to giving the Ambassador the silver tray.

No sooner had the tally passed the Nuncio's lips when there were hands in the air and polite but insistent requests to speak. Then, one after another, the Ambassador's Latin American colleagues stood up to call for a second vote. They expressed their appreciation of this vital issue, their admiration for the Ambassador, and their whole-hearted support for giving him the silver tray. Several of these ambassadors gave very affecting speeches where they talked about the possible trauma the Ambassador might suffer if he didn't receive his remembrance tray — "There they will be, all the trays from his many ambassadorships, in sequence, but in the middle ... an empty space ... where the tray from Costa Rica should be."

At the end of this long discussion, during which almost every representative spoke and Stan sat quiet and a little stunned by it all, the Ambassador in question stood up and gave a graceful speech of thanks for all the kind words. He sat down to prolonged applause and an almost palpable wave of warm feeling. It was decided; on to the second round. Stan, of course, didn't know the departing Ambassador but, wishing to align himself with the sentiments so clearly expressed by all around him, he voted again to give the Ambassador the tray.

The secret vote took place once more and the result of this second round was announced. It was overwhelming. Every ambassador in the room, with the exception of Stan and one anonymous other, had voted against giving the Ambassador his farewell tray.

The meeting broke up soon after with amicable leave-takings and absolutely no discussion of what had just occurred. Stan rode home in the dark with a lot to think about and just a little wiser in the ways of diplomacy, and he told me this story just before we went out on our first ambassadorial posting.

Patricia Fortier is OAS Special Advisor, Peru. She was Director of Regional Security and Peacekeeping, DFAIT (1995-2000), and has been the spouse of the Canadian Ambassador to Costa Rica (1992-95). She found this story instructive in all roles.

Don't Everyone Talk at Once

by Michel Perrault

The scene is a Conference Hall in Seoul, South Korea, in the late 1990s. An impressive array of personalities from government and academic circles from around the Pacific and Asia are gathered for an important international symposium. A competent team of simultaneous interpreters and translators is on hand and ready to 'face the music.'

As people take their seats and put on their audio 'earmuffs' to follow the speeches and presentations, everyone turns to the large screen ahead to find out which channel is carrying the proceedings in his or her language. Here is what they read:

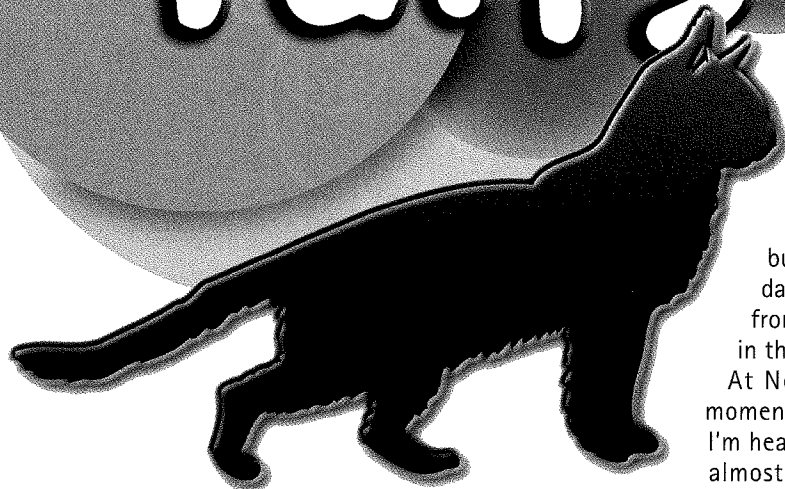
"Channel 1: Korean

Channel 2: English

Channel 3: All Others..."

Michel Perrault joined the Trade Commissioner Service in 1970 and, until 1990, served in Europe and Latin America in a number of challenging jobs. Then came the adaptability test with HOM positions in Algiers, Seoul and currently Yaoundé. Married with three grown-ups.

"Tails" from the Luggage Hold



Hi there!
My name's B and
I'm a Canadian

by 'Binky' Coghlan

Now I grew up on the wrong side of the tracks in Ottawa. I used to hang around late at night near the market, cruising for guys — I was barely out of my teens but I'd already had three or four brats. Then one day I got picked up by this little old lady, says she's from the Good Shepherd's or some place like that. Next thing I know, I'm in a cage in a pet shop in the Rideau Centre, with a dumb sign around my neck saying "Help! I need a new home!"

So along comes this dame — the do-gooder type, you know. She pokes her finger in and tries to scratch my nose (God, I hate that!); she fills in these forms to adopt me and — get this — she's turned down! Turns out that she's married to some guy in the Foreign Service, and the folks here don't think that's the right kind of lifestyle for a cat like me, that what I need is 'stability' (whatever that means). What a joke!

She must have paid them off or something, 'cos soon enough I'm being carted off to their place in New Edinburgh anyway. Everything's fine for a couple of years. I get to eat President's Choice No-Name and, when they decide they can trust me, they let me out onto Ivy Crescent. I get to know all the other guys and gals in the neighbourhood, even a few FS cats — Clive, Sam, Lucy, and that fat old tabby at Number 29. Only thing is, I don't seem to get the same oldurges I used to; Sam reckons it was probably something they did to me when they grabbed me and put me under, that day in the market.

Then one day I figure something's up. There's this big truck, carting away all their furniture. Then we go and spend a couple of days at Les Suites. I make a break for it, but the maid's too fast for me; I gotta work on my escape plans. Next morning, first thing, they prise open my jaws — the indignity of it! They force a pill

down me and I'm in the cage again in the back of a Blue Line taxi. It's out to the airport — I'm feeling pretty groggy by now — and into the hold of a plane. I'm a Frequently Flying Feline now, of course, but I can tell you that first flight to Newark was pretty darn scary — it's dark, cold, noisy as hell, I was feeling sick from the dope and there's this poodle whimpering away in the corner, saying we've all gone to hell.

At Newark they're dumb enough to let me out for a moment. This time I make it half way across the lounge and I'm heading hell bent for leather for gate 16 when Mistress almost flattens me with a rugby tackle; back in the cage. This time it's seven hours, to Bogota. What a place! I'm still feeling dizzy from spending half an hour going around on the carousel and really feeling the altitude when this guy in military fatigues starts peering into my cage and pokes me in the ribs with an Uzi: what have I come to? And over in the corner I can see her paying off the vet, looking furtive — seems there's some papers I need but haven't got. ... Welcome to Latin America.

Mistress tells me it's rough on the streets of Bogota and she may be right: there's a few things I see from our 19th-floor living-room window that would make the fur on your back rise. And when Master had a reception one night and shut me up in the kitchen all night (said they couldn't trust me in posh company — what nerve!), all the bodyguards for the ministers were in there, with their radios and their guns, drinking beer from Master's fridge. They certainly had a few stories to tell! I peed on the shoes of one of them and he almost put me down the garbage chute — they've got their own word in Spanish for this, it's called 'disappearing' you.

So, three years in a luxury high-rise prison, and I figure I'm finally going to get back to Ottawa, with a few tales to tell Sam and Lucy. But no! He accepts another posting, this time in a place I've never even heard of (and where it turns out we don't even have an Embassy, just some bogus thing called an Office; no status whatsoever). Ten hours on the plane, this time, but I get to travel in the cabin. We're just getting settled and it turns out the guy in the window seat is allergic to cats ... ha, ha! They move him on, but I notice that the woman in the aisle seat is dressed all in black — I'm moulting by now, and she's not going to be too happy in a few minutes! Finally the film comes on. This time I'm ready. I make my move. I flex my forelegs and it's out of the cat carrier and onto the cabin floor. I head for First Class — where else? — and I make it up to row 28 before they snag me. Foiled again.

Into a hotel in Frankfurt for the night, then it's another eight hours on to this dump called Khartoum. I can't believe how hot it is! We're in the Hilton for a month and I daren't even leave the room — it's like opening an oven door every time they go out. And they're all Muslim here, spending half the time fasting; how can a cat be expected to not

eat for 12 hours at a time! Finally, we move to the SO. Sure, it's spacious, and they do let me out (on a leash — they reckon the dogs round here are a bit rough) but I end up absolutely flat on my belly, panting.

The Foreign Service? Let me tell you. It may be a dog's life — that's what Mistress keeps saying, anyway — but sure as hell it's not a cat's life.

Binky Coghlan, seven years old, is a grey and white tabby currently serving as the sole Canadian cat in Khartoum, Sudan. Her supplies of President's Choice are currently running perilously low and she is appealing to DFAIT for extra parcel privileges.

The Persian Cat Exfiltration

by Roger Lucy

This is a tale we heard from the station manager of a western airline, in the aftermath of the Iranian Revolution of February 1979.

Despite the best efforts of the diplomatic community to evacuate their nationals before the Revolution, and despite its disruptions to life, business, not to mention fears that the fall of the Persian Empire would culminate in a bloodbath of foreigners, there were still many westerners left in Iran after Khomeini took power. Nonetheless, the Revolutionary *Komiteh* (Committee) decreed that all non-diplomatic foreigners were to leave.

Extra flights were laid on to supplement the scheduled flights now resuming service into Mehrabad airport. The embassies' skeleton staffs of essential (read: expendable) personnel worked flat out to shepherd their remaining nationals out of the country.

One nameless evacuee was a cat fancier and, of course, Persia is renowned for its cats. While in Iran, he had acquired a pure-bred Persian cat, a beast of ancient and exquisite pedigree, whose bloodlines could reputedly be traced all the way back to the time of Cyrus the Great. The cat's owner was desperate to take his cat with him, but to do that required, of course, all sorts of paperwork. Despite their desire to see the *ferengis'* speedy departure, and the general collapse of most bureaucratic institutions, what passed for the competent authorities in the former Empire were still insistent that all exit documentation and customs paperwork be meticulously in order. To require is one thing, to obtain another. With the media full of the daily toll of executed politicians, soldiers, and officials, few were willing to put their signature to any document that might imply they had been in any way helpful to a westerner.

By whatever means it took, our intrepid cat fancier obtained every document, stamp and signature he required. Documents, baggage and cat carrier in hand, he repaired to his country's embassy compound to spend his last night in Iran, awaiting the convoy of buses that were to take him and his compatriots to Mehrabad Airport. The night was an unquiet one. Virtually the entire arsenal of the Iranian army had been looted and an emancipated population, used to long

nights of rioting, now spent them trying out their liberated assault rifles with repeated *feux de joie*, interspersed with their customary chants of *allah akbar*, *marg bar Shah*, *marg bar Amrika* (God is great, death to the Shah, death to America).

In the cold grey smog of dawn, the buses came and took the evacuees to Mehrabad airport, past the chanting trigger-happy mobs, through the check points of all the local *komitehs* which had sprung up along the route, and at last disgorged them in front of the departure lounge. This was the fiefdom of yet another *komiteh*, one with the self-appointed task of ensuring that those leaving Iran were not taking anything with them that anyone might conceivably deem an irreplaceable national treasure, or worst still, try to smuggle out Iranian rials, a currency so debased by revolution that, as my East German colleague observed, people were even willing to exchange them for *Ostmarks*.

Through all this our cat-man forged undaunted, until he finally reached the check-in counter, handing baggage and cat cage into the care of the airline. Unencumbered at last, he proceeded through several more passport, customs and security checks, knowing that the hardest part was over. The station manager was a good friend of his and would ensure that his prize moggie would smoothly make all its connections so that they would soon be reunited in a land where peace, order and good government still meant something.

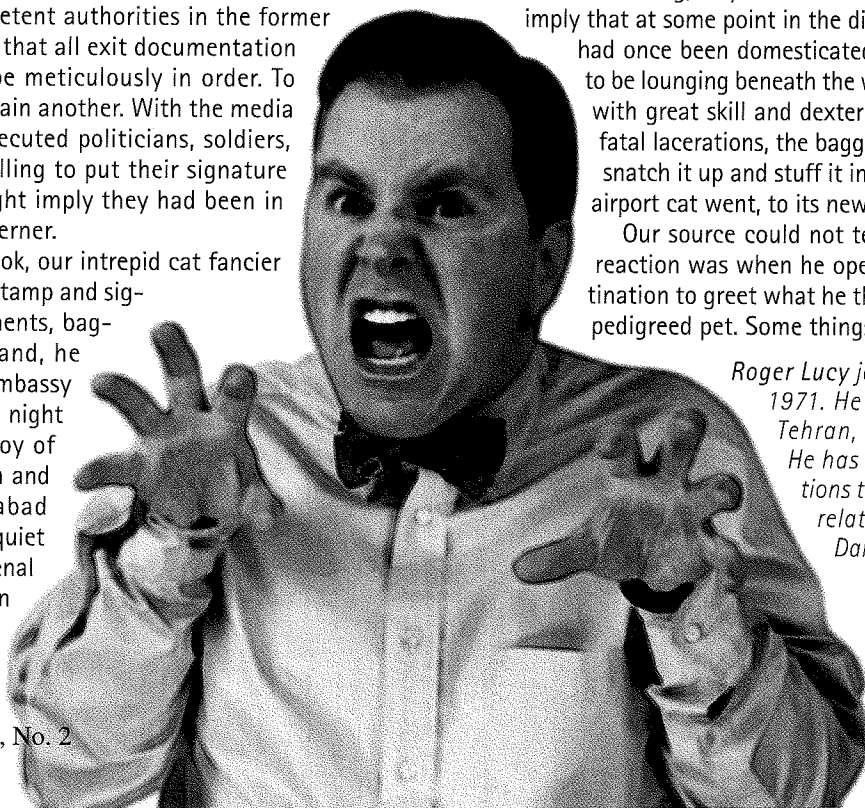
Well, man proposeth and airline baggage handlers disposeth. The cat was in its cage, atop a baggage cart wending its way to the aircraft. The cart hit a pothole, the cage bounced off, hit the ground and sprung open. The cat shot from its cage and vanished as cats are wont to do when cat cages are around. A couple of baggage handlers saw this and were devastated. At heart, Persians are a generous people and, if ignorant of the preceding saga, they did know that some cat lover would be very disappointed if all that appeared at the other end was an empty cage. Of the cat nothing could be seen, and her subsequent fate is unknown, but it was not a good time in Iran for those of Imperial heritage be they human or feline.

Fortunately, there is no shortage of cats in Mehrabad airport; in fact, the place is famous for them. They infest the place, scavenging rodents, food scraps and the odd unwary passenger. They bear little resemblance to those simpering long-haired Persian cats you see in toilet paper ads.

These beasts are big, they are verminous, to call them feral would imply that at some point in the distant past their ancestors had once been domesticated. One of them happened to be lounging beneath the wing of an Iran Air jet, and with great skill and dexterity, and without suffering fatal lacerations, the baggage handlers were able to snatch it up and stuff it in the cat cage. And off the airport cat went, to its new life in the west.

Our source could not tell what the cat fancier's reaction was when he opened the cage at his destination to greet what he thought was his cherished pedigreed pet. Some things are best left unknown.

*Roger Lucy joined External Affairs in 1971. He has served in Chicago, Tehran, Oslo and Port of Spain. He has made several contributions to *bout de papier* mostly relating to diplomacy in the Dark Ages.*



Other Duties as Required

Stockholm: Taxing the Ladies of the Night

by Kurt F. Jensen

First postings in the Canadian Foreign Service are always special. So it was for my wife and me when we were first assigned to Stockholm in the early 1970s. At that time, I was a newly-minted Immigration Officer and spent much of my time interviewing prospective immigrants and writing reports on Sweden. In those years we were required to prepare a Monthly Narrative Report (MNR), a politico-socio-economic report running to ten pages or more on the essential developments in Sweden. Written in a terse style, these narratives were dull. To liven the reports, I tended to conclude with something a bit lighter.

Sweden's then-Social Democratic government was obsessed with taxing the general populace as part of social engineering. Prostitution in Sweden was legal and it was inevitable that taxes and prostitutes would eventually meet. So it came to pass that a debate ensued in late 1974 about defining prostitution as a "professional occupation for gain," and as such highly taxable under paragraph 27 of the Communal Tax Law. A decision to tax prostitution was upheld by the Stockholm County Tax Board and successfully met a challenge in the Fiscal Court of Appeal, mounted by members of the profession.

As the Fiscal Court of Appeal case involved earnings in excess of \$250,000 over four years, we assumed that the skill digit for this occupation must be quite high (the salary was on a par with that of an Ambassador!). Without initiating field testing, we also surmised that the demand would be quite high for the services offered. As Immigration Officers, we were perplexed by how we would view this new career sector should any of these professionals seek to ply their trade in Canada. Would they be an economic threat to the existing Canadian service sector? Our bewilderment seemed a perfect issue to raise in the MNR.

Assuming that the then-*Canadian Immigration Act* would be changed to permit entry of what Sweden obviously viewed as an honourable (i.e., taxable) and venerable (i.e., oldest profession, etc.) occupation, we carefully checked the CCDO, a Canadian dictionary of occupational titles, but found no entries for 'prostitutes,' 'hookers' or similar descriptives. Being consummate professionals, we proposed to headquarters in an MNR that immigration applications from professionals in this category might best be handled as auxiliary occupations to 'Stripper-Layer' (CCDO 9515.138), 'Recreation-Equipment Erector' (CCDO 8793.142), or 'Thrill Performer' (CCDO 3339.199).

The response from headquarters was not immediate.

About a month later, the regional Social Democratic party congress made a motion for the establishment of brothels in all of Sweden's hospitals. Doctors would issue 'prescriptions' for those people who were 'needy.' The cost for the patient

would be about \$3 per 'cure,' the same cost as a visit to a doctor (cost recovery was in vogue even then!). 'Attendants' would be both male and female and, this being Sweden, would be eligible for the National Supplementary Pensions Scheme, in addition to their salary. It was unclear whether the 'attendants' would be self-employed or state employees.

About a month later, we received a response from headquarters (I won't cite the author!). Amid general praise for our efforts to keep up with the times, there was the observation that, "If hospitals here, for example, were to include the kind of services mentioned in your report for January 1975, I could envisage complete disappearance of the problem most of us have with respect to accumulated sick leave credits!"

Kurt F. Jensen went on to serve in a number of other capitals where he did not encounter challenges of quite the progressive nature as found in Sweden during the 1970s. He is Deputy Director, Foreign Intelligence Division.

Consular Tales

by David Bickford

Consular tales are always the best! My first posting was to the consular section in Mexico. I completed my rigorous training course in Ottawa (one day in Consular Division: "Sit down, young man, and read the Consular Manual. Treat this as your bible for the next two years." I dutifully read and whiled away the hours, itching to be off.) Eventually I arrived in my big (by Ottawa standards) office in Mexico — a real Vice Consul, hot dog and expert.

The phone rang. It was the receptionist. "There is a call for you, Sir," (wow, I'm a Sir!), "long distance from Veracruz." Confidently, I waited.

"I'm bleeding," bleeped out of the phone. Visions of a poor man stabbed in the back, crawling to the nearest phone, plopping in a peso and calling his Embassy while bleeding to death.

Confidence deserted me, and the best I could do was blurt out: "Where are you now, Sir?"

He responded: "I'm in my hotel room. I got drunk last night and my haemorrhoids are killing me."

Well. Five years have passed and I have arrived in Brasilia. Sleeker, well-rounded, a man of the world, I've seen it all. The phone rang. It was the receptionist. "There is a call for you, Sir, long distance from Rio." No longer thrilled by being called 'Sir,' confidently I waited.

The caller offered the Embassy the gift of a full-grown African lion. "Why?" I asked. Well, it appeared that the lion was eating several kilos of meat per day (expensive in Rio at the time), and the neighbours (he lived in an apartment building) were

becoming concerned about the roars and grunts all night. I, delicately, did not enquire about toilet facilities.

For a moment I pondered. The refrain from "Born Free" began to course and swell through my mind; wouldn't the gardener move a bit more quickly about his work with the beast stalking him? There wouldn't be any security problems. ... Common sense got the better of me. I responded, "Why don't you call the British Embassy? The lion is one of their national symbols. Although, if you come up with a beaver, please keep us in mind."

David Bickford currently manages the Congressional Relations and Public Affairs programme in Mexico. He has spent his career in Latin America, with postings to Brazil, Venezuela, Chile and Peru — with a second dose of Mexico.

Une partie de hockey à Moscou

par Reine Fournier

C'était en 1985 à Moscou.

Une équipe de hockey canadienne, composée de jeunes joueurs prometteurs à qui on voulait donner de l'expérience internationale, participait à la Coupe Izvestia et disputait un match contre l'équipe de l'Armée rouge. Naturellement, tout le personnel de l'Ambassade était là.

À notre arrivée à l'aréna, nous découvrons qu'une section complète avait été réservée pour l'Ambassade, alors que nous n'en remplissions à peine le quart, et les deux sections voisines, à droite comme à gauche, étaient complètement vides alors que toutes les autres sections affichaient complet. Et, tout au milieu de notre section, certainement par coïncidence, un spectateur russe, qui tenait une Pravda à la main.

La partie commence et les amateurs de hockey russes réagissent à une partie de hockey comme les amateurs de tennis. Ils suivent le jeu, en applaudissant les bons coups, mais dans un silence quasi complet, alors que le personnel de l'Ambassade était muni de cloches, de drapeaux, et ne ménageait pas les encouragements bruyants.

Toutefois, il s'est vite avéré que l'équipe canadienne n'était pas de taille à affronter l'équipe russe. Le personnel de l'Ambassade continuait à crier ses encouragements aux joueurs canadiens mais à voix plus basse, passait des remarques désobligeantes sur la piètre qualité du jeu de nos athlètes. Genre, à voix basse, « *ma grand-mère patine mieux que lui!* » et, à voix haute, « *vas-y, t'es capable!* ».

Notre spectateur russe ne ratait pas un mot, pas une farce, et se cachait la figure dans sa Pravda pour rire. Et plus il riait, plus nous trouvions cela drôle.

À la fin de la deuxième période, l'équipe russe menait par environ 10 à 2. Un spectateur de notre groupe déclara alors que nous ne gagnerions jamais cette partie avec nos joueurs sur la glace et qu'il valait mieux la terminer pendant qu'ils étaient hors de la patinoire. Un autre Canadien se mit alors à décrire une partie fictive où les Canadiens compaient à tout coup. Les cloches sonnaient, les drapeaux s'agitaient, les bravos retentissaient et personne dans l'aréna ne comprenait ce qui se passait. Les spectateurs tournaient la tête dans tous les sens pour essayer de découvrir ce que nous applaudissions. Excepté, naturellement, notre ami russe qui, à ce point, riait tellement qu'il ne pensait plus à se cacher derrière sa Pravda. Sa figure était toute rouge, les larmes coulaient sur ses joues. Et sur les nôtres aussi. Il y avait peut-être 25 000 spectateurs et donc 25 000 spectacles aussi drôles les uns que les autres.

Le fou rire nous reprenait à tout moment au cours de la troisième période et à la fin de la partie, notre ami russe sortit d'un côté et nous de

l'autre. Il riait encore et il nous adressa un signe de la main, comme pour nous laisser savoir qu'il n'avait jamais passé une soirée aussi réjouissante. Puis, il est sans doute aller faire son rapport. Après tout, il était le seul Russe à savoir que nous avions gagné la partie.

Sunken Hopes

by Stephen Woolcombe

From the annals of Canada's legendary export promotion endeavours, this is a little publicized (and quickly covered up) tale of unconsummated glory.

The scene was Indonesia in 1978. It was the height of the post-Vietnam Cold War. Suharto and his vast straddling archipelago was a stable and committed ally of the west. Best of all, he had money and resources. Big western companies, banks, governments and arms salesmen were falling over themselves trying to do business there. Positioning ourselves as usual on the side of the peace angels, Canada earnestly eschewed too much peddling of offensive weapons. We watched others make deals that we sadly but proudly shunned.

All of a sudden, however, like manna from heaven, a big prospect emerged. In February, we in the Embassy heard that Indonesia wanted to re-equip its huge army with armoured personnel carriers. This was right up our alley, since not only could these vehicles in good conscience be classified as logistic and "fire support" equipment, but General Motors Canada just happened to specialize in manufacturing the most modern, effective model available, the famous MOWAG "Grizzly." Not least of the Grizzly's virtues, as we impressed upon the Indonesian army procurement officers, was its amphibiousness. What could be more ideal for Indonesia's peculiar island geography?

With stars in our eyes we figured we might sell them as many as 270 vehicles, worth upwards of \$170 million and jobs for hundreds of Canadian workers! Over the next few months our marketing pitch developed, the drama heightened, the rival French started wooing Indonesian generals in their turn, the Export Development Corporation approved a potential big loan, and the Minister formally granted the necessary export approval.

The crucial point of the process was to be a live demonstration. By Tuesday, June 27, all was in readiness for the big event: the Grizzly was to perform an amphibious landing after a two-kilometre 'swim' in Jakarta harbour. The Army brass was assembled. The Indonesian minister and the Ambassador were there. The proud Canadian government and GM reps were looking on. The TV cameras were at the ready. Finally the landing ship tank (LST) chugged into sight, a special ship carrying the star of the show. Slowly the LST lowered the ramp in its hull to the water surface. Then, with all eyes fixed — was a band playing? I don't recall — the Grizzly, driven by a Canadian Forces NCO, rolled out onto the ramp to begin its swim.

Alas, fate was cruel. As the great and glorious vehicle touched the surface, it simply put its nose down, filled instantly with sea water and sank nine meters to the bottom of Jakarta harbour! The hapless driver was quickly rescued from the filthy water and the next day a soothing press line was concocted and the pathetic foundered Grizzly was salvaged by an Indonesian floating crane and marine divers.

Only then was it discovered that all eight drain plugs in the floor of the vehicle had been removed for cleaning and forgotten about.

Needless to say, we did not make the sale.

La jolie blonde et le consul

par Arthur Blanchette

C'était au début de 1949. Les armées de Mao Tsé-tung s'approchaient de Shanghai quand mon téléphone à l'Ambassade du Canada au Mexique sonna.

La réceptionniste m'appelle. « Il y a une très, très jolie jeune blonde dans la salle de réception. Elle semble inquiète et veut absolument voir le consul. Peux-tu la recevoir? » J'accepte et j'ai vite constaté que la réceptionniste avait raison : une très, très jolie blonde.

Et, de fait, elle semblait inquiète. Elle m'explique que sa mère et son frère se trouvaient à Shanghai. Il s'agissait d'une famille de Russes Blancs, établie en Chine depuis bon nombre d'années. Elle voulait les en faire sortir le plus vite possible et elle entre en matière immédiatement.

Elle m'offre \$20,000 (US) pour deux passeports canadiens pour sa mère et son frère et

« tout autre service d'ordre plus personnel dont le consul aimerait jouir ». Compte tenu du fait que mon salaire annuel à l'époque se chiffrait dans les environs de \$3,000 (Cdn), j'avoue que j'ai subi un moment de tentation.

Quoi qu'il en soit, je lui ai expliqué que cela m'était vraiment impossible. Le contrôle des passeports était très serré. De plus, j'étais au début de ma carrière et je ne voulais pas y nuire inconsidérément. Quant à son autre offre : dommage, j'étais tout récemment et heureusement marié.

Nonobstant, j'ai mon petit côté romantique. Comment faire avancer cette bonne cause? Je lui ai alors fait la suggestion suivante : « Je vais vous donner le nom, l'adresse, et le téléphone d'un haut fonctionnaire du Ministère mexicain de l'Intérieur. Si vous lui faites les mêmes offres que vous venez de me faire, je suis persuadé qu'il saura vous aider. » Elle est partie en me remerciant.

Plusieurs mois passent, quand un bon matin mon téléphone sonne. La réceptionniste m'interpelle. « Tu te souviens de la jolie blonde qui est passée à l'ambassade il y a quelque temps? Elle veut encore voir le consul. »

Je me rends donc à la réception et de fait elle s'y trouvait, mais cette fois accompagnée de sa mère et de son frère. Beaucoup d'émotion chaleureuse. Moutlt remerciements. Les

deux jouissaient de passeports témoignant du fait qu'ils étaient bel et bien citoyens mexicains, tous deux heureusement nés dans l'Etat de Chihuahua au nord du Mexique. Ma suggestion avait donc porté de bons fruits. Mais dans les circonstances je n'ai pas osé lui demander de quelle façon elle s'était prise pour obtenir une si belle réussite!

The Protest

by Harold Hickman

As official spokesperson for the Canadian Consulate General in San Francisco in 1984, I dealt with numerous protests from groups such as Greenpeace and the Abalone Alliance. They were practising protest tactics for that summer's Democratic National Convention. So it was no surprise when, during the Convention, the receptionist called and said there were protestors in the lobby. It was a small demonstration — only two people — so I went out to speak with them.

As I approached, I noticed one had a microphone and a tape recorder with the markings of the largest all-news radio station in Northern California. The other was a young woman wearing a tight top and short skirt. She introduced herself as the head of COYOTE, the female sex-workers union. She noted that COYOTE was in town for their own Convention, as well as the DNC. She wanted to protest Vancouver police harassing streetwalkers so they would move from a residential neighbourhood to an industrial area.

After she presented her case, and very conscious of the microphone and tape recorder, I gave an extremely boring response noting the Canadian constitutional split between federal lawmaking powers and provincial enforcement. This would ensure that the story would not get past the tape editor's desk. As they were leaving, the reporter asked for my business card. As I gave him one, the head of COYOTE also asked for one. I hesitated for a second, worried that my card would now be in a very interesting Rolodex, but the reporter gave a look which suggested that this might be his hook for a story, so I gave the young lady my card.

Seeing the great potential for misunderstanding, I then immediately wrote a memo to the Consul-General, explaining that if my business card was ever found by the police in the Rolodex of a professional sex-worker, it was for my professional reasons, not hers!

Harold Hickman has avoided jet lag by serving abroad in Lima, San Francisco, Bogota and the Organization of American States in Washington. He has served in numerous headquarters divisions, most recently in Mexico Division and just joined the Middle East Division (to learn about jet lag).

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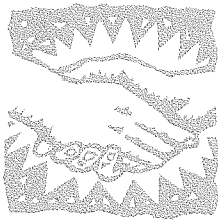


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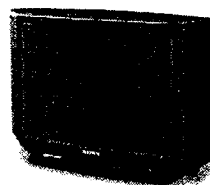
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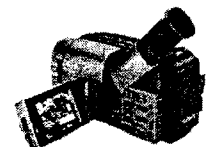
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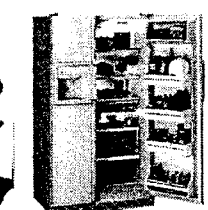
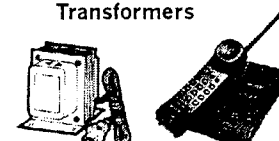
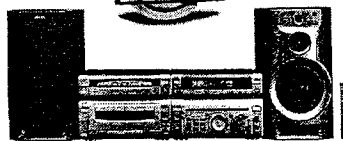
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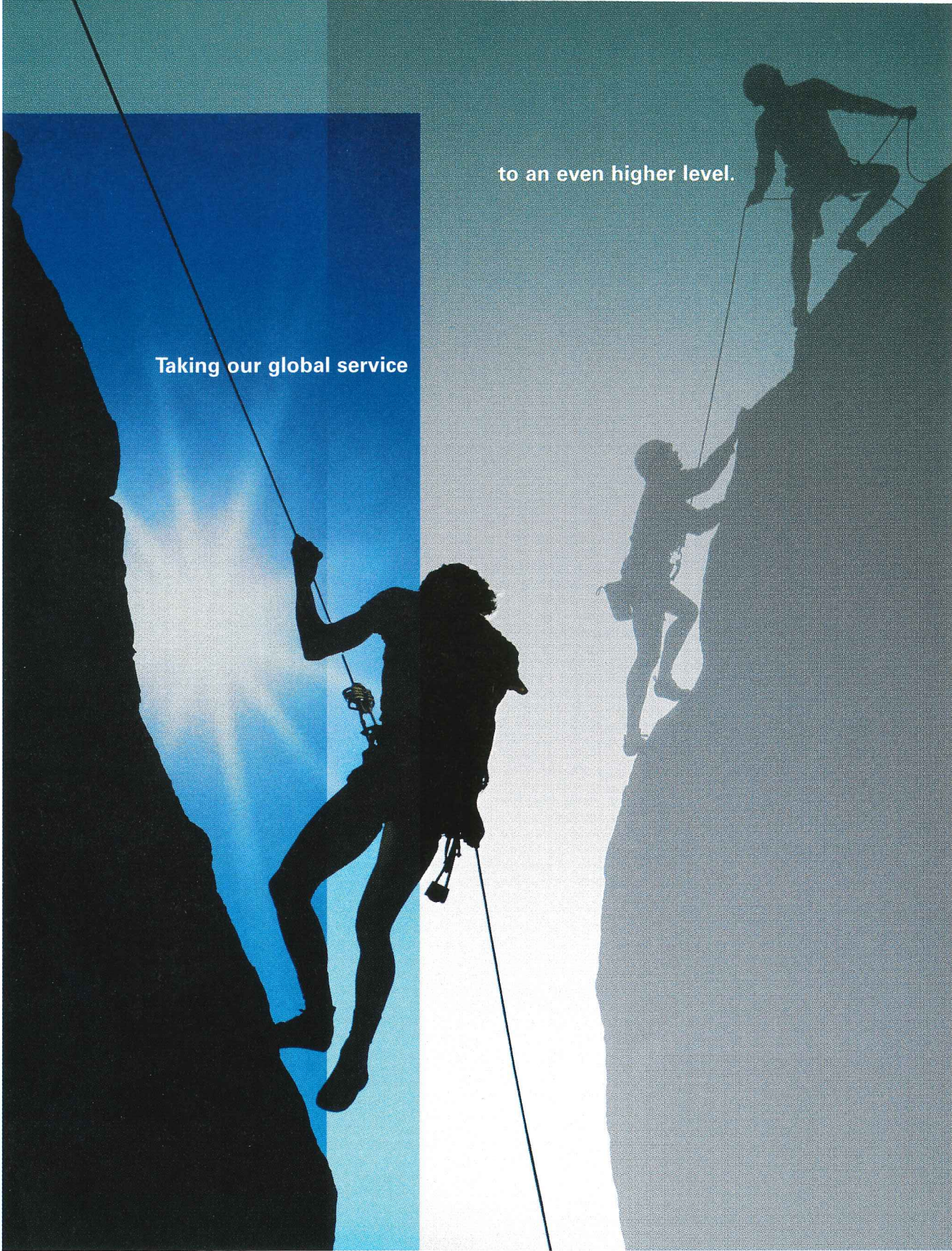
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Middle Power and Super Power at Mid-Century

In a recent issue of *bout de papier*, we reprinted correspondence from Lester B. Pearson about the response to a speech that he delivered in April 1951. In that talk, Pearson had predicted that "the days of relatively easy and automatic relations with our neighbour are, I think, over." That this was not simply a glib aside is evident in the files of the Department of External Affairs, which include numerous appraisals of a series of specific irritants in bilateral relations that were prepared as background for the minister's address.

At this time of reviews and/or updates, *bout* readers will be interested to learn that there was also underway at mid-century a more comprehensive "Re-Examination of

Canadian Foreign Policy" at the request of the minister and under the direction of the brilliant and indefatigable deputy under-secretary of state for external affairs, Escott Reid. Before he left on posting to New Delhi in the autumn of 1952, Reid had initiated 14 "policy papers" by departmental authors and these studies were in varying states of completion (or not) by then. Associated with this undertaking was a "history of Canadian foreign policy over the past six years" by F.H. Soward. Neither project was finished. After surveying the bulky files, George Glazebrook, then head of both Historical Division and Commonwealth Division, advised Reid on July 30, 1959, "that, given

the appalling scarcity of officers in Ottawa, it is not likely that any further large exercise along these lines can be undertaken."

The third paper in this projected series was an assessment of Canadian-American relations by J.F. Grandy, who had also surveyed "recent and current questions in the relations between Canada and the United States." Grandy completed a draft before he was posted to Canada House in the summer of 1951. Though some other papers were distributed to posts as "circular documents" at that stage in the process, the document reproduced below was not.

Hector Mackenzie

[Department of External Affairs, Policy Paper # 3] [J.F. Grandy] "A Survey of Relations Between Canada and the United States," Top Secret, June 20, 1951.

1. To analyse the nature of current problems in the relations between Canada and the United States is largely to study their underlying causes. This is an attempt to do so and to consider how improvements might be made in our relations.
2. Since this paper is mainly concerned with difficulties it does not give a true impression of the general nature of the relations between Canada and the United States. Taken by itself it gives an exaggerated impression of the area of difficulty and understates the degree of agreement and firm friendship that exists. The very brightness of the background of friendly relations causes some of these topics to appear as shadows. On the whole, the objectives of both countries in international affairs are substantially similar, and on the great issues we stand together.
3. But the cordial friendship that still exists between the two countries is, as Mr. Wrong pointed out in Baltimore, "the product of hard work, mutual understanding, and tolerant respect for national feelings and national prejudices. It is not to be taken for granted". The examination, from time to time, of our outstanding difficulties is a necessary step in the continuing process of nurturing the friendship and understanding that have been built up over many years.
4. Until the Second World War most problems in Canada-United States relations were of a kind that would arise between any two countries with a long common boundary whatever their relative power. There were numerous disputes for example about the location of the boundary, the use of boundary waters, fisheries, smuggling and tariffs. Since 1939 however and particularly since 1945 the range and depth of affairs involved in our official relations have increased enormously. The chief reasons for this are:
 - A. the repudiation by the United States of the policy of withdrawal and aloofness from world affairs and the consequent assumption by the United States of a position of leadership commensurate with its strength;
 - B. the emergence of a new series of problems of the highest importance since 1946 when it became apparent that the hope of peaceful cooperation with the Soviet Union was unfounded;
 - C. the operations of the United Nations, which require the governments of both countries to interest themselves in, and take public positions on, many matters in which hitherto their international responsibilities had only been indirectly involved, if at all;
 - D. the increasing area and complexity of the operations of both governments, which make necessary intergovernmental contact on many matters previously left to private enterprise — a factor of special importance at the present time because of the necessity of building up the defences of the free world; and
 - E. the danger to the security of North America, which has made it necessary for the two governments to collaborate in the wholly new field of continental defence.
5. The result of this is that the problems that arise between the two countries today are naturally more numerous than before the war, but are often different in character too. Problems which derive from the disparity in the relative power of the two countries or from the nature of United States leadership of the free world cannot necessarily be dealt with in the same way as border questions.

PROBLEMS RELATED TO THE LEADING ROLE AND SUPERIOR POWER OF THE UNITED STATES

6. The United States has been a powerful country for many years, but it is only recently that the growth in its power has been accompanied by the shouldering of responsibility for the leadership of the Western world. This affects Canada in two ways — first, because of Canada's geographical proximity to the United States, and secondly, because Canada is one of the countries which must look to the United States for leadership in world affairs.

Geographical Considerations

7. Canada's geographical position is such that if we were to permit it to become a power vacuum, so that the United States could be attacked across Canadian territory, we could expect it sooner or later in effect to be occupied by the United States for its own defence; unless of course, there was a general feeling of security and peace. Moreover, since Canada is geographically an air corridor between continental United States and Alaska and between the United States and the whole Eurasian land mass, we could scarcely refuse the United States the use of facilities in Canada, or overflight of Canadian territory, in the event of a major war, and possibly could not avoid commitments in advance of a major war. This raises for us the extremely delicate problem of maintaining our autonomy, which involves a series of intractable problems: e.g., the status of the United States defence installations and personnel in Canada; whether the United States should be permitted to take offensive action from its bases in Canada without the concurrence of the Canadian Government; the problem of command for defence of Canadian territory, especially the Newfoundland area; how far we should be prepared to participate abroad while at the same time permitting United States forces to be stationed in Canada, etc.
8. Since Canada and the United States are a geographical unit, our economy has always been dependent to a significant degree upon certain supplies from the United States. The most notable of these is steel. Inevitably, in this period of industrial mobilization, there has been some concern in Canada lest the supply of scarce materials from the United States be restricted. While there have been some minor difficulties in this respect, Canada has on the whole been

very well treated. Our economic relations have remained particularly good, especially where conducted directly with the United States rather than through such international organizations as the International Monetary Fund.

Aspects of United States Leadership

9. The nature of United States leadership of the Western world (which has been largely undertaken through the UN and NATO) has given rise to a number of problems between the United States and its much less powerful associates and allies, including Canada. Many of these problems result from the not unnatural desire of the United States to obtain the support of other countries for its policies, and from a lack of sophistication in the methods employed. This in itself would not be too serious if Canada and other countries could always be convinced of the soundness of the policies proposed (and very often imposed) by the United States. If there had been no fundamental divergence of views on such issues as the support of Nationalist China or the attempt to negotiate with the Chinese Communists, the methods which seem to us at times to be rather crude and which have been adopted by the United States to bring its allies and associates into line would have been avoided.
10. Our difficulties of this kind in the UN and NATO have been shared with other allied or friendly nations. Our views on the Formosan issue, on the attempt to negotiate a settlement of the Korean war, and on the danger of strengthening the association between the Chinese Communists and the Soviet Union have been more or less the same as the views of virtually all Commonwealth and NATO countries, with the exception of the United States. When our doubts about United States policies are shared by other important nations they can sometimes be more effectively impressed upon our powerful neighbour. We have found that in the UN we can assume a leading position in a group including Commonwealth countries, Western Europeans and sometimes Southeast Asians, if we wish to do so. We and our associates can, if necessary, hold over the head of the United States delegation the ultimate possibility of voting against them on an important issue, leaving them with little support outside Latin America. Even if we chose never to do this, the mere possibility may carry some weight with the United

States representatives. But this is a dangerous game. If it becomes apparent that it is an empty threat its force will disappear. Sometimes we can get better results in private negotiations with the United States, even on issues that concern a number of countries.

11. The fact that the leadership of such a group may occasionally fall to Canada is likely to put an unfortunate strain on Canada-US relations, a greater strain than if another country led and Canada followed. Canada tends to be pushed into the forefront of this group partly because of our traditionally close and friendly relationship with the United States, and partly because we do not need Marshall Aid or Military Defence Assistance.
12. The United States has a more dominant position in NATO than in the UN. The differences that have arisen within NATO between the North Atlantic Allies have chiefly been those of tactics and timing. When and how should Germany be re-armed? Should Spain or Turkey or Greece be associated with the Alliance? Should the question of Spanish association be mentioned at all at this stage? Strains on the Alliance are not caused solely by problems that arise within its organization; the greatest strain has probably resulted from the Far Eastern crisis (because of the danger that a general war in Asia would leave Western Europe defenceless). One of the intentions of those who framed the United States constitution was to discourage "entangling alliances". Today the accommodations that are required by alliances are very difficult for the United States to make. Concessions to the views of allied countries are not easy for a country which was able to isolate itself so successfully for 150 years.
13. There is not sufficient understanding in the United States of the problems which now confront it as the leader of the free world. The United States needs to see its immediate problems in the perspective of its own history and of the history of other countries which have been similarly situated in the past. Many Americans do not realize that the problems the United States faces as the leader in the North Atlantic Alliance are problems which have arisen in every alliance in the past. The leader of the free world has always felt over-burdened and misunderstood. This was certainly the feeling of the United Kingdom in the nineteenth century: "The weary Titan ... staggering on to her goal, bearing on

shoulders immense, Atlantean, the load, well-nigh not to be borne, of the too vast orb of her fate."

14. Mr. Kennan, in the introduction to *The United States in World Affairs 1949*, has pointed out how unprepared the American people were for their novel role:

They were unaccustomed to the sense of national insecurity. They were unprepared for the ordeal of sparring indefinitely and inconclusively with a force committed to the destruction not only of their own national power but also of the only sort of international context in which their ideals could be realized. Finally, they were reluctant to believe that there could be major international problems to which there would not be incisive and final solutions, if their policy-makers could only find them — problems, in other words, which had to be lived with instead of solved. It fell to these American people to acquire suddenly the art of being patient and conciliatory without showing weakness, and conversely of maintaining strength, and using it, without being rash or provocative.

This brings us to what is really the fundamental problem in the current relations between Canada and the United States. This is our underlying fear that the Americans will not be patient enough, especially as their military strength increases; that they are more inclined than we to believe that war is inevitable or almost inevitable; that for this reason they may be too willing to run risks. We and the United States Administration agree on the need to build up our collective military power in order to be in a position to bargain as well as to defend ourselves if war should come. Our differences are largely of emphasis and of timing, but these can be very important.

BORDER PROBLEMS

15. The most numerous border problems have been boundary waters questions. The Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909 made a notable and important contribution to the future good relations between the two countries. The International Joint Commission which it set up has dealt with a great many issues and has prevented them from becoming disputes. It is probably true to say that in the settlement of these

questions the United States has not often by reason of its superior power obtained better bargains than Canada.

16. Recently there has been an element of strain in our relations in IJC matters. In the first place, the United States has not been unwilling to make use of the IJC for reasons of local domestic politics. The Passamaquoddy Reference and the proposed Lake of the Woods Reference are examples of this. Secondly, we have had to resist a proposed reference on a Yukon River power project. In the third place, the Commission has had to deal with the Waterton-Belly Reference, perhaps the most contentious in its history.
17. Other border problems have arisen from time to time in the economic and consular fields, although the United States has always dealt generously with Canada in these matters. At the moment, one problem in which the United States considers itself the aggrieved party is the sale across the border of highly speculative securities by Toronto brokers, many of whom are United States citizens enjoying immunity from extradition.
18. The St. Lawrence Waterway represents another form of border problem — one in which our "dispute" is not with the United States Government but with certain sectional interests in the United States who have been able to hold up Congressional approval.

AGGRAVATING FACTORS

19. While most problems in Canada-United States relations are aspects of our geographical position or of relative power, or both, they are often aggravated by differences in the form of government of the two countries and differences in national character and temperament.

Differences in Form of Government

20. The form of government of the United States differs markedly from that of other important Western powers. Its nature is a perpetual source of difficulty in foreign relations. The separation of power between the Administration and two Houses of Congress, the lack of Cabinet responsibility and the lack of party discipline make it very difficult to pursue, particularly in the short run, consistent and informed policies. The recurrence every two years of elections, preceded by lengthy political manoeuvring, casts a shadow of uncertainty over the scene. The unrepresentative composition of the powerful Senate often frustrates the aims of the Administration. In general, the

system puts a premium of irresponsibility among the legislators; their votes are too often based upon sectional rather than national (not to speak of world) interests. These tendencies are mitigated (and complicated) to some extent by the idealism, imaginative outlook and generosity of the American people. They can also be partially overcome by a very strong Administration.

21. Some of the defects of United States Far Eastern policies can be traced to the pressure of certain elements in Congress. The attempt to bolster Chiang's position in Formosa is largely a result of Congressional charges that the State Department gave China away to the Communists. In this and in other matters the Administration has adopted some of its critics' proposals in order to prove itself free from Communist influence. This expedient of rolling with the punches can be carried too far.
22. One serious result of the United States form of government is that American policy in the United Nations tends to be inconsistent and sometimes unpredictable. There is often lack of agreement among United States Government spokesmen. This can be traced to the separation of powers, the lack of collective Cabinet responsibility, the very size of the governmental machine and the employment of personnel from the opposition party. We have often accepted the views of the State Department, which frequently are close to ours, only to find that the President or the Military or General MacArthur was pursuing a different policy. Last summer we were more than once embarrassed by overtures by the United States Ambassador in Ottawa at a time when consultation on the same subjects was already under way in New York or Washington. The United States Mission in New York, which is under the direction of a Republican Senator, not infrequently gets its own way in the end, and its way is by no means always the way of the State Department.
23. The disproportionate influence of local political considerations often leads the Administration to put forward proposals in which it does not itself believe. (This is a device not restricted to Washington.) There have been several examples of misuse of the International Joint Commission in this way. The proposal for a British Columbia-Alaska Railway illustrates the same point.
24. The difficulty of getting legislation passed to carry out the Administration's

policies is too well known to need emphasis here. Certain of our problems are directly due to this. The St. Lawrence Deep Waterway is an example; so is the failure to implement some provisions of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. The failure effectively to control inflation with the United States is due in part to the unwillingness of Congress, faced with the pressure of special interests, to vote high enough taxes. Some of our military procurement difficulties result from certain provisions in Acts of Congress which it would be difficult to alter.

25. The constitutional separation of powers between President and Congress, however, not only involves the familiar and frequent contrast between executive aims and legislative endorsement, but also influences the whole process of the formulation of policy from the mental attitude of the party precinct leader to the vital decisions of the President. The influence of the separation of powers is a much more subtle and far-reaching thing than can be summed up in any phrase such as that the President proposes and the Congress disposes.
26. One aspect of the Canadian form of government — the division of powers between the Federal and Provincial Governments — is partly responsible for two border problems between Canada and the United States: the sale of speculative securities across the border, and the question of trucking in bond across Western Ontario.

National Characteristics

27. It is easy to talk nonsense about national characteristics; it is particularly easy for a Canadian to do so when speaking of the Americans whom he so closely resembles. Nevertheless there are differences which are general enough to have significant effects on problems in Canada-United States relations. How these differences have arisen is perhaps not strictly relevant; what matters is that they exist. It is worth mentioning however that national character is conditioned by the form of government among other things, and that the United States' political system has a very pervasive influence in this respect.
28. Many Americans take a more impulsive and sometimes a more emotional approach than Canadians to questions of foreign policy. This is another cause of the inconsistencies in United States policy which were remarked above. There is — this has been particularly

true in recent years — some consistency in the long-range pattern of United States policy, but their tactics shift dizzily. They not infrequently turn upside down in a matter of a week and make the position of their friends more difficult by the self-righteous enthusiasm with which they defend each position they occupy. This was particularly evident in the closing days of the United Nations Assembly last autumn when Mr. Dulles denounced an attempt by the Soviet representative to postpone discussion for a few days of the item dealing with alleged United States aggression in Manchuria. Within a couple of days the United States delegation was insisting that this item give way to another item on the agenda. Almost every day for a fortnight there was some new American decision on the line to be pursued. The United States' attitudes toward Formosa and Korea have undergone radical change. The Administration made it clear to the world that neither country was within the United States' defensive perimeter. After the attack on the Republic of Korea this position was reversed with regard to both countries. Had the United States indicated earlier that it would act in defence of the Republic of Korea the aggression against that country might not have taken place.

29. The impulsive methods of the United States sometimes show up in a willingness to apply a long-term solution to a short-term problem. The Americans were prepared last September, during the preparation of the United Action for Peace resolutions, to alter a good deal of the structure of the United Nations because of the exigencies of the moment. Americans are inclined to disregard historical precedents when dealing with subjects in which they have no long tradition. Their approach to a problem is often based upon a rather rigid formula or set of principles, but their choice between formulae and therefore between different ways of approaching a problem tends to be pragmatic. This sometimes makes it very difficult for friendly countries to avoid unnecessary differences of opinion with the United States.
30. Another characteristic of many Americans is a certain degree of intolerance. In 1835 de Tocqueville spoke of the "tyranny of the herd" and wrote, "I know no country where there is so little true independence of mind and freedom of discussion as in America". This was surely an exaggeration even in those days; yet it contains

an unpleasant element of truth. There is a regrettable tendency on the part of many Americans and sections of the press to be intolerant of those who hold unpopular ideas. Internally this often results in pressure on the Administration to follow an incautious or ill-considered policy in foreign affairs; externally it often seems to take the form of a reluctance to give serious consideration to ideas put forward by friendly countries which do not coincide with those of the United States Government.

31. The mass information media are more powerful, more influential and noisier in the United States than elsewhere. This leaves its mark on the foreign relations of that country. It contributes, of course, to the characteristics of United States policy that have just been described — impulsiveness, inconsistency and intolerance. It makes possible the inexcusable policy of conducting internal conflicts over policy in the newspapers, through planted articles, leaks and counter-leaks. It makes it difficult for secrets to be kept within the United States Government; this often results in the premature airing of half-formulated plans. The early negotiations in NATO on German re-armament for example were fully reported in the press at the time when publication could do nothing but harm. The United States proposal that Greece and Turkey should enter the North Atlantic Treaty was similarly made public prematurely.
32. Certain Canadian characteristics also make for difficulty in our relations with the United States. The most important is probably our very cautious nature. We prefer not to make commitments we are not reasonably certain we can carry out. For this reason we frequently have no definitive policy on a question until almost the last minute. This makes it difficult for our representatives to engage in discussion with the Americans before American policy has become too firm to be altered. It means too that we often do not get credit for the contributions we make because we cannot announce them early enough. We did not promise troops for Korea until we knew what we could make available. As a result, there is less awareness in the United States of our contribution than of the much smaller Australian contribution.
33. Despite what we have done and are planning to do in North Atlantic defence and in Korea, many Canadians have a somewhat unconscious feeling that we may not be doing our full share. This puts us

on the defensive in our dealings with Washington and leads us to adopt what may be an unduly sensitive attitude.

CAN INDIVIDUAL PROBLEMS BE TREATED SEPARATELY?

34. To what extent are problems in Canada-US relations interrelated? It is clear enough that major issues of policy cannot usually be kept isolated from each other. It is not so clear whether difficulties in this field have adverse effects on the settlement of minor issues such as border problems. It is logical to suppose that they do, although evidence of this would naturally not be easy to find. The United States' decision not to contract for aluminum from the new Kitimat plant in Canada appears to have influenced the Canadian attitude towards the Yukon River power and aluminum project. Presumably there are similar interrelations on the United States side.
35. One reason for doubting that issues of one kind can be kept from influencing those of the other kind is that the same people must often deal with both kinds of problem. We have some evidence that some State Department representatives in foreign countries are strongly resentful of Canadian policies on the Korean affair. It is impossible to say how widespread this feeling has become. If it were to become extensive within the State Department, the approach to the discussion of questions of any kind would be likely to be influenced by it in some degree.
36. On the other hand, both countries stand to lose or gain more or less equally on border issues taken as a whole. The United States is hardly likely to use its superior power as a lever to obtain an unduly favourable settlement of border questions unless the more important relations between the two countries deteriorate very considerably.

POSSIBLE FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS

37. How are Canada-US relations likely to change in the future? Differences on major issues of foreign policy need not necessarily increase in number or in severity. The events of the past year must have taught both sides something of how to deal with these issues more smoothly. There is, however, one danger that we must anticipate. As the United States builds up its military power it may become even more willing than at present to run the risk of a major war. This danger is heightened by the fact that a

bitter presidential election campaign will take place next year. For the first time in many years foreign policy will probably be the major issue. Each party is likely to try to outdo the other in the firmness of its attitude to the USSR and China, and in such circumstances "firmness" may easily be transformed into provocativeness.

38. In the field of joint defence we may anticipate, in the years ahead, serious difficulties as a result of United States requests and large joint undertakings on Canadian soil.
39. Border issues will probably not change much in number or in character if our general relations continue to be good.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF OUR RELATIONS

40. What are the best ways for us to try to influence United States policies? How, at the same time, can controversy and friction between Canada and the United States be kept to a minimum?
41. Consultation will, no doubt, continue to be the most useful means of influencing United States policy. The time to influence it, after all, is when it is in a formative stage; later it becomes too rigid to be changed without strain. The risk of becoming committed through the process of consultation must be countered by a frank explanation that Canada will not consider itself committed to the United States plan unless any Canadian objections are properly met. Nevertheless, we cannot expect to enjoy the benefits of consultation without paying any price, nor without giving anything in return. If we expect to be consulted we will have to give up some of our freedom to act independently at least as long as consultations are continuing. Perhaps as the United States gains more experience in giving leadership to a coalition of friends it will learn, as the United Kingdom learned long ago, to consult its friends without considering them rigidly committed thereby.
42. We must try to develop our views earlier than we do, and provide expressions of opinion and counter-appreciations, even if they are only tentative, to the Embassy in Washington for their use in discussion with the Americans. Opportunities for consultation need to be developed and a pattern of frequent and early consultation needs to be established. Much of this should be done at the so-called working level and on a purely informal basis. One thing to be explored is the

possibility of establishing liaison with the lower levels of the Pentagon. This would require on our side an able military officer with good political sense and experience in political work.

43. We should not refrain from pressing our views merely because we are told there is no chance of the United States' position being modified. In the Truman-Attlee talks, the United States insisted that any negotiations which might take place with Communist China could not include such items as Formosa and Chinese representation in the United Nations. A month later, under pressure from their allies, they reversed their stand. Now they show a tendency to reverse it again!
44. Sometimes what occurs is that the faction in Washington which agrees with the allies is strengthened enough by allied pressure to prevail in the end. This points to another lesson. We should watch the relative strengths of those in Washington who support opposite approaches to a problem and try to press our views at the most opportune moment. (This is another reason for entering into discussions at an early stage.)
45. Pressure can also weaken the faction that agrees with us. Whether it does so will usually depend upon the state of public opinion in the United States and upon whether our point of view is pressed privately or in public. It is not always desirable to announce our views in public when we are trying to bring about a change in United States policy, if our position is likely to be unpopular with the American public. Representations in public often have the opposite effect on the American people to that intended. (The left wing of the British Labour Party must have made it much more difficult for Mr. Truman to dismiss General MacArthur!)
46. It is important that we take care not to nag Washington unnecessarily. If we are to be effective on the issues that really matter we should hold our fire until it is most needed.
47. Our voice is sometimes stronger in the UN and in NATO than when we face the United States alone on some problem. This suggests that we should do whatever we can to ensure that these bodies continue to work as successfully as possible. This is not to say that these bodies should always be used. We can sometimes make more progress in bilateral discussion with the United States. The best approach to each problem has to be judged on its own merits.

48. For similar reasons it is worth considering whether we should try to foster a strengthening of the Commonwealth association. The efforts made by the Commonwealth Prime Ministers to bring about a cease-fire in Korea during their last meeting in London was an instance of joint action by all members of the Commonwealth on an important question of policy. We cannot assume, however, that most members will normally be as substantially agreed as they were on that issue.
49. To what extent should we try to get together with other countries and present a united front to the United States? There does not appear to be any simple answer to this question. It would probably always be desirable to sound out other countries and find out what area of general agreement existed. It is likely to be harmful, however, to give the appearance of "ganging up". No doubt this is a tactic that should be reserved for issues of the greatest importance if it is to be used at all.
50. Canada-US relations during the past nine months would have been much better if there had been more able and influential United States representation in Ottawa. We have now learned to make some allowance for the clumsiness of the United States Embassy, but if the quality of its reporting to Washington is no better than the quality of its approaches to us, Washington must receive very poor appraisals of the state of opinion in government circles in Canada and among the Canadian public. Good United States representation in Canada could help the United States just as good United Kingdom representation in Washington helps that country. One of the most striking examples of what can be done was the very effective telegram Sir Oliver Franks sent to London last July explaining the reasons why the American public would feel deserted and let down if the British did not send land forces to Korea. The appointment of Mr. Mason Wade as Public Affairs Officer at the United States Embassy in Ottawa is an encouraging sign that the United States Government may be trying now to increase the quality of its representation here.
51. The Canadian Embassy in Washington may need a larger staff if the amount of discussion with United States officials is to be increased. One possibility we might examine is that of having one officer devote most of his time to liaison with Congress.
52. It would be helpful if government officials and the public in each country could become better informed about the state of opinion and the special difficulties facing the government in the other country. The surprise occasioned in the United States by the Minister's Toronto speech would not have been nearly so great if there had been adequate reporting in leading American newspapers of the state of opinion in Canada. *The New York Times* and other United States newspapers ought to have more competent representation here.
53. There are problems which will face any Canadian government in dealing with the United States which need to be appreciated by Americans. There is first of all a latent anti-American feeling in Canada which means on the one hand that a Canadian administration is subject to the temptation to pull the Eagle's feathers in order to get more support in Canada, and which means on the other hand that the freedom of action of a Canadian government in dealing with the United States is limited by the fact that if it goes too far in deferring to the United States, it would lose a substantial measure of support in Canada. (This is a bargaining counter which we can usefully use from time to time in negotiations with the United States, just as the United States, in bargaining with us, often argues that it would be glad to do what we ask but that there would be no point in acceding to our wishes since any resulting international instrument would not be supported in Congress.) There is also in Canada an ever-present envy of the higher standard of living in the United States. This means that the Canadian public is often tempted to feel that it is not unfair that a disproportionate burden of the common defence effort should be borne by the United States. Similarly, there is the still present feeling that since the United States had lesser sacrifices in the First World War and entered the Second World War two years after we did, it is only just that they should be in the van in the present emergency.
54. The repercussions in the United States to Mr. Pearson's speech in Toronto in April demonstrate that a considerable section of the American people still believe that, when Canada differs from the United States on a major issue of foreign policy, it does so because it is a United Kingdom satellite. This view was also held during the Far Eastern crisis last November, December and January by Mr. Bliss, the United States Minister at the Embassy here. This may be partially dispelled if at some time we should find ourselves compelled to disagree in public with both the United States and the United Kingdom on an important issue.
55. It hardly needs to be said that there is a similar lack of understanding of United States problems and aims on the part of the Canadian public, although because of the much greater cultural influence of the United States upon Canada our ignorance of American problems is much less extensive.
56. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wade's appointment means that the United States Government is considering how its relations with Canada and other countries may be improved. Perhaps the following extracts from Mr. Paul Hoffman's book, *Peace Can Be Won*, may be taken as an indication of the attention that some thoughtful public men are giving to this question in the United States:
- If we are to lead effectively we must work with the rest of the free world on a basis of partnership and unity, founded on respect for views and interests other than our own. This is a matter of elementary psychology — an operating principle just as valid for heads of state as for the men in the street. The men who determine the policies of the other free nations are, without exception, eager to work with us; almost without exception they would resent dictation from us. I learned this well during my time as ECA Administrator.
- More often than we realize we engage in maligning other free nations or spreading propaganda about them. When we do, we give emphatic aid to Soviet attempts to turn us against each other.
57. The fundamental problems in international relations today cannot be solved on the purely governmental level alone. Public opinion is the most important determinant of foreign policy. The greatest need is to ensure that it is informed opinion and not mere emotion. In this field the organized pressure groups such as the trade unions, the churches, chambers of commerce and similar bodies could do much more than they are doing.

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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

L'Empire désorienté

Reviewed by Joseph Caron

The Science of War

Reviewed by Deborah Lindsay

L'EMPIRE DÉSORIENTÉ, par Catherine Bergman, Québec : Flammarion Québec, 2001, 309 pp.

Reviewed by Joseph Caron

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Pourquoi le Japon est-il un pays qui, toujours, surprend? Comment explique-t-on que le site Web de la FNAC offre 395 volumes sur le Japon, tandis qu'à peine 25 livres apparaissent à son répertoire à propos, par exemple, de la Bulgarie? Pourquoi cette fascination à l'égard du Japon aux États-Unis, où les deux derniers Pulitzer de l'histoire ont été décernés à des livres sur le Japon?

Certes, dans cette réalité fantasmagorique qu'est la vie d'aujourd'hui, peu de sujets sont sans amateur. Il va de soi que dans l'édition, le public a droit à tout. Dans la variété mirobolante des librairies réelles et virtuelles d'aujourd'hui, le Japon — qu'il s'agisse de son côté historique, contemporain, artistique ou encore économique — a son auditoire.

Pour qu'il y ait des livres, il doit aussi y avoir des écrivains. Et sur le Japon, cela n'a jamais manqué. Depuis l'arrivée des Européens sur les îles japonaises au 16^{ème} siècle, un nombre surprenant de visiteurs s'est évertué à expliquer ces îles lointaines, bien au-delà de la Chine. Qu'il s'agisse des rapports des Jésuites à leur arrivée en terre nipponne, des explorateurs sociaux au 19^{ème}, des historiens d'avant-guerre, tous découvraient au Japon un pays fort différent de ceux qu'ils connaissaient en Europe, un pays aux mœurs fondées non sur la religion ou la philosophie mais sur des principes d'éthique, avec une histoire isolée du reste du continent asiatique, doté d'une esthétique originale et raffinée. C'était le Japon de la différence, le Japon éternel et unique.

C'est la défaite de 1945 qui a transformé le Japon. Le Japon choisit alors de changer d'orientation, de passer sans difficulté existentielle apparente d'un fascisme nationaliste à une démocratie à l'américaine, et vers une stabilité sociale fondée sur le développement économique et le commerce international.

Sa réussite a retenti aux quatre coins de la planète. Le Japon d'antan, le Japon impérial, le Japon des petits temples charmants, des jardins zen et des geishas s'était soudainement revêtu d'un nouveau costume. Propulsé avec grand bruit par un plan d'accroissement industriel et commercial qui allait désormais doubler ses revenus à tous les dix ans, le Japon s'est transformé, en moins de 25 ans, en colosse économique. Dès 1962, lorsque la revue britannique *The Economist* a publié son étude on ne plus percutante intitulée « Consider Japan », le *Wall Street Journal* et la presse internationale ont choisi de juger le Japon selon les critères occidentaux, du moins ceux associés au succès commercial et ceux des marchés. Les consommateurs étrangers n'avaient aucune peine à le reconnaître : les autos, les chaînes stéréo, les appareils électroménagers que produisait le Japon emplissaient nos garages et nos salons. Vraisemblablement, les Japonais se réinventaient, se transformaient en citoyens du monde. Ils exportaient non seulement des produits manufacturés : ils s'exportaient eux-mêmes. Les avions atterris à Paris, Londres, New York, Vancouver ou Hawaï déversaient des dizaines de millions de Japonais. Mitsui et Mitsubishi atteignaient une renommée internationale. On pouvait magasiner chez Mitsukoshi ou Seibu ou Hankyu aussi bien à Rome qu'à Singapour. Le sushi passait d'un menu réservé au gourmet à celui populaire du « take out ».

Vraisemblablement, les Japonais avaient réussi leur pari de transformation, et cela selon des critères occidentaux. Déjà participant aux G-7 et G-8, on proposait leur admission au Conseil de sécurité des Nations Unies.

À cet amalgame de culture américano-mondial dans lequel beigne une part de plus en plus importante du monde économiquement développé de la planète, il ne restait plus que d'accorder formellement au Japon la citoyenneté!

Une bonne part des écrivains et rapporteurs s'intéressant au Japon n'ont pas ignoré cette transformation. La presse économique et commerciale surtout, et cela pendant les décennies de succès économique les plus marqués, à savoir de 1965 à 1995, s'évertuait

à rapprocher le Japon de l'Occident, à l'intégrer sur le plan conceptuel, pour faire correspondre les manifestations du succès japonais — surtout sa richesse matérielle — à son « occidentalisation ». Ils s'attendaient à ce que les Japonais, repus de McDonald, de rock'n'roll, de chauffage en hiver et de matérialisme déchaîné, aillent, en pleine connaissance de cause, plonger dans l'homogénéisation culturelle mondiale et perdre progressivement leur originalité humaine et ethnique. Ils ont pensé que l'équilibre entre matérialisme et valeur traditionnelle que pourraient tenter certains Japonais serait sans issue. Ils ont cru inévitable l'arrivée du Godot de l'occidentalisation.

Peine perdue, selon d'autres. Les Japonais se vêtent visiblement à l'occidentale, bourrent leur maison et appartement de télé et autres gadgets, et cherchent à s'intégrer à une soit-disant communauté internationale, mais au-delà des apparences, ils restent indubitablement les fils de leurs ancêtres. L'école académique soit-disant « révisionniste » aux États-Unis a tenté de démontrer que le Japon reste fort différent, pour ne pas dire impénétrable, « inscrutable » pour employé l'expression américaine, mot jadis réservé pour décrire le peuple chinois!

Comment faire de l'ordre parmi ces tendances diverses? Où trouver le véritable Japon d'aujourd'hui et surtout, celui de demain? Est-ce que le Japon d'antan est en voie de disparition, absorbé par une occidentalisation sans borne, ou bien est-ce qu'une nouvelle dialectique hégélienne va créer un Japon inspiré autant par le penseur Ogyu Sorai et les lettrés Tokugawa que l'économiste Omae Kenichi et les apôtres de la mondialisation?

Tenter une réponse cohérente est une tâche que s'est imposée Catherine Bergman, journaliste, écrivain, et pendant cinq années, résidente au Japon. L'originalité de son œuvre tient du fait qu'elle a reconnu que si d'une part, l'avenir du Japon sera tracé et par les forces libéralisantes d'une économie mondiale et par les valeurs individualistes d'un monde « Webisé », il le sera aussi et autant par l'adaptation et l'imagination de ce qu'on pourrait décrire comme les forces de préservation et de conservation de la société japonaise.

Il n'est pas question d'une transformation à l'américaine, laisse entendre Bergman, mais il ne s'agira pas non plus d'un Japon immobile. C'est une analyse rafraîchissante qu'elle nous offre, et en cela, son livre doit intéresser non seulement les nipponophiles, mais aussi tous ceux qui s'intéressent aux questions d'évolution sociale au moment même où l'impact « de l'autre », de l'étranger est sans précédent dans la force de sa persuasion.

Madame Bergman décortique toute cette problématique de façon géniale dans l'introduction et dans le dernier chapitre de son volume.

Au début, elle nous parle de ces fameux « clous qui dépassent », ces personnages qu'on retrouve tout le long de l'histoire du Japon, les rebelles, les originaux, les marginaux, ceux qui ont remis en question les fondements sociaux, politiques et religieux du Japon. « Le clou qui dépasse », poursuit le plus célèbre des dictons japonais, « se fait taper dessus ». Et c'est effectivement ce que la société réservait et prévoit toujours pour ces malencontreux : on leur tape dessus, mais aussi on les enrichit, on les rend célèbres, vedette de la télé et des magazines hebdomadaires. Parmi les 24 chapitres du bouquin, plusieurs décrivent des personnages — tous fort bien connus — qui ont tout sacrifié pour un principe qui leur semblait important. Il y a la « O.L. » — Office Lady — Kikuchi Kiyomi, une des premières femmes à tenter une poursuite judiciaire contre un patron pour lequel le harcèlement sexuel faisait tout bonnement partie des bénéfices habituels du boulot. Il y a le célèbre historien Ienaga Saburo qui, depuis 40 ans, combat les « partisans de l'oubli » au ministère de l'Éducation, ceux qui cherchent à obscurcir les actes et responsabilités des forces militaires et civiles japonaises durant la Deuxième Guerre. Il y a Yamanaka Akiko et Kato Shizue, deux femmes qui se sont dévouées éperdument pour démocratiser le monde politique, de tendance féodale même dans ses meilleurs jours. Il y a même un étranger, Philippe Troussier, le Sorcier blanc, qui fut embauché par les Japonais pour moderniser le monde du soccer.

Mais il vaut la peine de passer directement au dernier chapitre, celui qui explique le principe de « keredomo », l'expression de tous les jours qui dénote l'ambiguïté, l'incertitude, qui laisse la place à maintes interprétations. Car c'est ce « keredomo » — entre autres — qui mitige les plus nobles efforts des réformateurs.

Car Bergman nous présente également les porteurs de valeurs traditionnelles : l'Empereur, il va de soi, le shintoïsme, les geishas, le système judiciaire comme bras droit de l'administration de l'État, la télévi-

sion des samourais. Bien sûr, Sa Majesté parle bien anglais, les shintoïstes font leurs courses en Mercedes, les geishas étudient à l'aide des DVDs. La société japonaise n'est pas statique, loin de là. Les « porteurs de tradition » eux aussi se modernisent. Mais comme dit le Grand Guji, « Archevêque » sinon Pape du shintoïsme contemporain : « Pas de doctrine : tout est dans les rites ». Et voilà où nous trouverons le secret de l'énorme flexibilité de la société, voire même du psychisme japonais. Car l'important, c'est d'accepter en temps et lieu de modifier « les rites », les formules acceptées. C'est la doctrine qu'il faut préserver. Le grand mystère pour l'étranger, c'est de cerner cette doctrine, ce « Nihonjin Ron », car elle consiste ni plus ni moins en la croyance de l'originalité d'être Japonais!

Madame Bergman nous présente toute cette problématique en 24 chapitres fort brillants par leur perspicacité, leur recherche et leur humour, et qui recèlent en plus de véritables bijoux de découvertes : les « Japan Hands » autant que les amateurs de passage y trouveront une richesse de perspective et de nuances rare dans un livre destiné au grand public.

Car Bergman reconnaît d'emblée que la tâche pour les Japonais, c'est de faire la part des choses, la part des influences, tout en préservant leur équilibre psychologique, social et politique. Les Japonais, s'étant fixé l'objectif de soutenir un standard de vie occidental, ne peuvent faire autrement que de s'intégrer dans l'économie de marché, un système qui définit les valeurs en termes monétaires et, dans sa forme extrême, élimine ce qui n'est pas rentable. Pour les Japonais, cette forme de capitalisme sans borne est inacceptable. Ils cherchent à trouver les formules qui leur permettront de préserver l'essentiel de la société, la façon de faire, d'être Japonais — la doctrine quoi — tout en acceptant l'inévitable : ajuster les formes et les rites extérieurs nécessaires à la vie moderne.

Madame Bergman évite donc le piège de bien d'autres écrivains sur le Japon : elle n'attend pas ce Godot Américain qui va tout transformer. Si critique il y a à faire, c'est de nous laisser un peu sur notre faim, car cette « Japonaiseté », cette essence d'être Japonais, reste obscure. Madame Bergman pourrait répliquer, et avec raison, que tout cela reste à définir, et que c'est une tâche non pour les observateurs étrangers, mais bien pour les Japonais eux-mêmes.

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THE SCIENCE OF WAR: CANADIAN SCIENTISTS AND ALLIED MILITARY TECHNOLOGY DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR, Donald H. Avery, Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1998. 406 pp.

Reviewed by Deborah Lindsay

Debra Lindsay is a member of the Department of History and Politics, University of New Brunswick in Saint John. Her interests are transnational science, primarily Smithsonian field work in Canada, and gender, specifically science and family.

Few scientists begin their careers intending to facilitate death and destruction. Their interests are generally life-affirming and yet, as Donald Avery shows so ably, when called upon, Canadian scientists turned their energy and creative talents to the instruments of war. That most of their efforts were directed towards the creation of defensive weaponry makes their activities more palatable; that some of their contributions were less clearly defensive is another matter. In the latter phases of the war, Canadian scientists joined their American and British allies in the production of weapons of mass destruction. Indeed, it is through this collaboration that Canadian science was transformed. There is a certain ambivalence inherent in this story: unimaginable advances occurred in some areas and careers were made by wartime contributions — but at what cost? Warfare is a dirty business; to his credit, Avery neither condemns nor glorifies these scientists. Moral assessments are left to the reader.

Avery's view of Canada's place in the Allied triumvirate is more judgmental. His Canadians are a hard-working honest crew, oftentimes manipulated by Americans and Britons alike. The British are depicted as arrogant and short-sighted; the Americans are depicted as having both know-how and ability. There are several examples of how this unequal relationship manifested itself within the Canadian scientific environment which was part of the broader Allied defense effort, but the emergence of the Montreal Lab and the Chalk River nuclear plant as part of the Allied nuclear research program is perhaps most symptomatic of the three-way arrangements characterized by bullying and cajolery, as well as by mutual respect and cooperation. During the 1940s, the Canadians were important, but nonetheless expendable, participants.

Although there are several books on the British, the Manhattan Project, and the creation of the atomic bomb, Avery shows how Canadian scientists factored into this World War II episode. Until 1942, the British

believed that their work in nuclear physics was superior to that of the United States and that they were entitled to take charge in this area. In 1941, Churchill brusquely rebuffed Roosevelt's offer to collaborate; the Americans responded in kind. When it became clear to the British that only the Americans had both the financial means and the technological ability to build the bomb, they had to find a way to gain access to American research. This was going to be difficult since the Americans had decided to strike out on their own; to this end \$400 million was allocated for the Manhattan Project (which eventually cost x\$2 billion). The British belatedly recognized their error, but only a circuitous route would allow them to participate in atomic research. They could establish a presence in Canada and facilities such as the Montreal Lab (1942) and the Chalk River nuclear plant (1945) consequently emerged. Canadians were thus caught up in the Anglo-American dispute because Canada was seen by the British as providing access to US research while the Americans saw Canadian collaboration as key to their ability to produce uranium oxide. Equally important from the US perspective was the fact that Canadian research facilities would provide a diplomatic solution to their desire to keep Britons out of their labs.

The Canadian focus of Avery's book is refreshing, and a number of home-grown figures loom large. None is more prominent than C.J. Mackenzie, the director of the National Research Council. A scientist with political savvy, Mackenzie was aware that the Americans and the British were "prepared to use Canada as a pawn in their scientific chess game" (186), and he and other Canadian scientists attempted to use that fact for their own purposes. As a result, they were willing participants in this game. Men such as Frederick Banting, whose death in 1941 cut short his participation in the war effort but who nonetheless provided inspiration and direction to others; Otto Maass, a chemist from McGill University who directed biological and chemical research undertaken at the Experimental Station at Suffield, Alberta, and at the War Disease Control Station at Grosse Île, Quebec; and George Wright, a chemist at the forefront of explosives research, are just a few of the most prominent Canadian participants. Mindful of the international context of this story, Avery devotes considerable attention to others as well. For example, Vannevar Bush, director of US defense science; James Conant, second in command to Bush at the Office of Scientific Research and Development; and Henry Tizard, British representative and scientific advisor, figure

prominently. What is even more astounding are Avery's revelations about the extent to which the scientific community rallied behind the war effort: "By 1943, the National Research Council alone had a scientific staff of 1,300, with hundreds of other university scientists carrying on war related research." (25) This group also included graduate students who were specifically seconded to military science in order to keep them off the front lines in Europe. (132) The rationale was that their abilities could be put to better use in the lab than in battle, and that their expertise would be needed when life returned to normal after the war. Both graduate and post-graduate scientists worked on biological and chemical weaponry, on radar and radio communications, as well as on non-nuclear explosives and ballistics. Undoubtedly all of these men were compelled by a sense of duty, and although most beavered away in anonymity, the war nonetheless offered unanticipated career opportunities. Indeed, several scientists were transformed: once obscurely engaged in esoteric research in university or government labs, practical achievements in military science catapulted some to stardom.

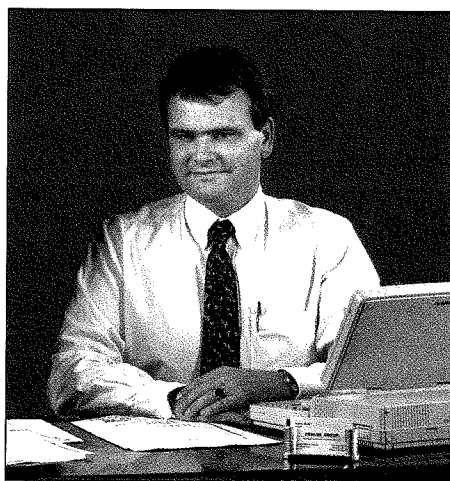
Despite the transformation which occurred in Canadian science, it would be misleading to assume that the Canadian scientific efforts were on par with the other Allies. The subordinate and supporting role played by Canada was in part due to Anglo-American competitiveness and, ironically, this competitiveness probably saved countless Canadian scientists from the worst excesses of paranoia over security. Towards the end of the war anti-Soviet sentiments were common, but it appears that relatively few Canadian scientists were prosecuted under the *War Measures Act* (for violating the *Official Secrets Act*) because both the US and Britain were loath to risk sharing top secret information with them. The Canadians were just too casual about security. For example, in February 1944, a scientist from Suffield, en route to meetings on chemical warfare, lost top-secret documents in a Chicago railway station. (210) In addition to being rather cavalier about security, many scientists/academics were oblivious to the implications of working in a secure environment. Neither training nor disposition prepared them for such work. It was only after the RCMP raids and "spy trials" of 1946 and 1947 that many recognized the gravity of their situation.

In the last two chapters of *Science of War* Avery examines the issue of science and security — always an interesting topic. Revelations and analyses of breaches of security are commonplace in military history, but the topic is interesting because military science is fundamentally different from science in a non-military context. Civilian science is based on

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There is much new and fascinating information; the emphasis on Canada is also a welcome approach. Brief biographical entries on many of the scientists are contained in an Appendix, as is a chronology of the "major military, political, and scientific events." There are copious notes and an impressive bibliography both of which highlight what is perhaps the greatest strength of the book — the comparative approach. It is refreshing to read a book which takes the reader beyond national boundaries. So appropriate to a study of science, itself an avenue of enquiry which revels in its internationalism.



bdo



Cubismo

A rompecabeza* by A Aalto

Michel Petit nudged the Embassy's vintage Bricklin around a line of heat-crazed *lambada* dancers, gyrating frantically in the July sunshine, and through the gates of the Presidential Palace. "Now remember, Liebnitz," he cautioned, "Don't raise the subject of the OAS Summit. The President thinks he had to bribe me to make sure he didn't get an invitation. No one dared tell him that he wasn't invited in the first place. I used the money to bring in the latest hot Kanata salsa combo, the Alta Vista Social Club, under our new 'branding' program, *CanCult: In Your Face Like a Wet Tortilla*."

Moments later, Petit was introducing the logician and his aide, Attila McGee, to *El Commandante*. "I am grateful for your help in this matter, Ambassador," said the bearded leader. "Lately, these incidents have been piling up. I hardly know where it's safe to sit down." Liebnitz stepped in. "We know about the earlier attempts on your life — the rocket-propelled armchair, the two-ton coconut pie in the swimming pool, the exploding *chorizo*, the booby-trapped iguana. Have there been others?"

El Commandante gestured with his trademark cigar. "Three days ago, I received a mysterious warning by carrier dodo," he said. "But dodos have been extinct since 1681," protested McGee. "That's what made it so mysterious," continued the President. "Later the same day, someone re-arranged the tiles on my bathroom floor. The guards saw him fleeing, but he made it over the seawall and into a umiak before they could collar him. A passing cubist, Pablo Braque, made a sketch of the man. Based on it, the police arrested the last nun in town, the mayor's Edsel, the Michelin man, the Eiffel Tower and Key Largo. Unfortunately, they all had alibis. All we know is that the vandal was wearing a T-shirt with the slogan, 'Very funny, Scotty. Now beam down my clothes.'"

Liebnitz coughed in transparent embarrassment. "Well, we can clear up that little incident for you, sir. More urgently, the Centre did some research on the earlier events. We think that the would-be assassin was originally part of the invasion of 1961, but was so short-sighted that he misread his

map and landed at the Bay of Figs by mistake. After waiting in a beach cabana until late '67 for back-up, he got to the capital and made a life for himself there under an assumed name. We don't know what has set him off again, but have no reason to believe that the Congress of Inept Alsations has anything to do with it." *El Commandante* snorted. "Those running dogs! So who is this man?"

The ace logician said, "We've narrowed it down to five possibilities: refrigerator salesman Jack London, country road-builder

John Denver, your spokesman Edgar Bergen, police chief Joel Cairo and tin-pan magnate Irving Berlin. All of them are in Cuba. One of them plans another attempt on your life — a poisoning — at the benefit concert tomorrow night. We suggest smoking him out there, if you are prepared to take the risk." *El Commandante* intoned, "*Machismo* demands it, however ludicrous."

Liebnitz continued, "I have to admit that the man in your bathroom was one of our agents, Jimmy the Turk. Do you have a diagram of the new arrangement of tiles?"

R	O	N	A	T	R	A	C	M	M	A	C	B	U	C
N	A	I	N	A	N	C	A	E	E	I	O	A	L	I
R	M	N	A	B	A	C	H	T	N	L	S	E	R	B
U	H	V	C	L	O	G	A	E	U	A	I	A	N	M
O	A	R	A	A	R	R	O	S	M	N	R	A	C	O
O	B	M	U	T	I	I	G	S	B	T	E	D	A	M
R	B	A	T	S	C	N	H	N	A	U	A	N	G	O
I	T	A	I	G	H	I	M	A	U	C	S	B	O	R
E	N	E	R	A	C	L	O	E	J	C	A	G	N	T
A	N	A	N	A	H	L	M	S	N	O	A	A	O	B
N	C	R	M	A	L	A	R	T	A	C	E	L	C	A
R	O	E	S	O	A	N	A	M	S	E	L	R	A	C
T	H	V	A	N	T	N	A	S	N	A	I	D	T	I
E	S	A	G	U	G	A	N	U	R	S	I	R	G	N
A	N	R	A	M	R	C	E	G	A	A	A	C	O	A
M	V	I	E	L	O	Y	C	A	S	E	M	E	S	C
I	I	A	E	V	A	H	A	T	E	O	L	A	O	J
R	B	G	N	W	M	E	R	N	C	E	R	R	A	V
A	B	N	O	G	N	I	E	O	R	C	O	G	U	E
C	E	A	H	A	B	A	N	M	I	S	T	E	H	C

* *Rompecabeza* is Spanish for "conundrum" (literally "head-breaker," parallel to the French "casse-tête").

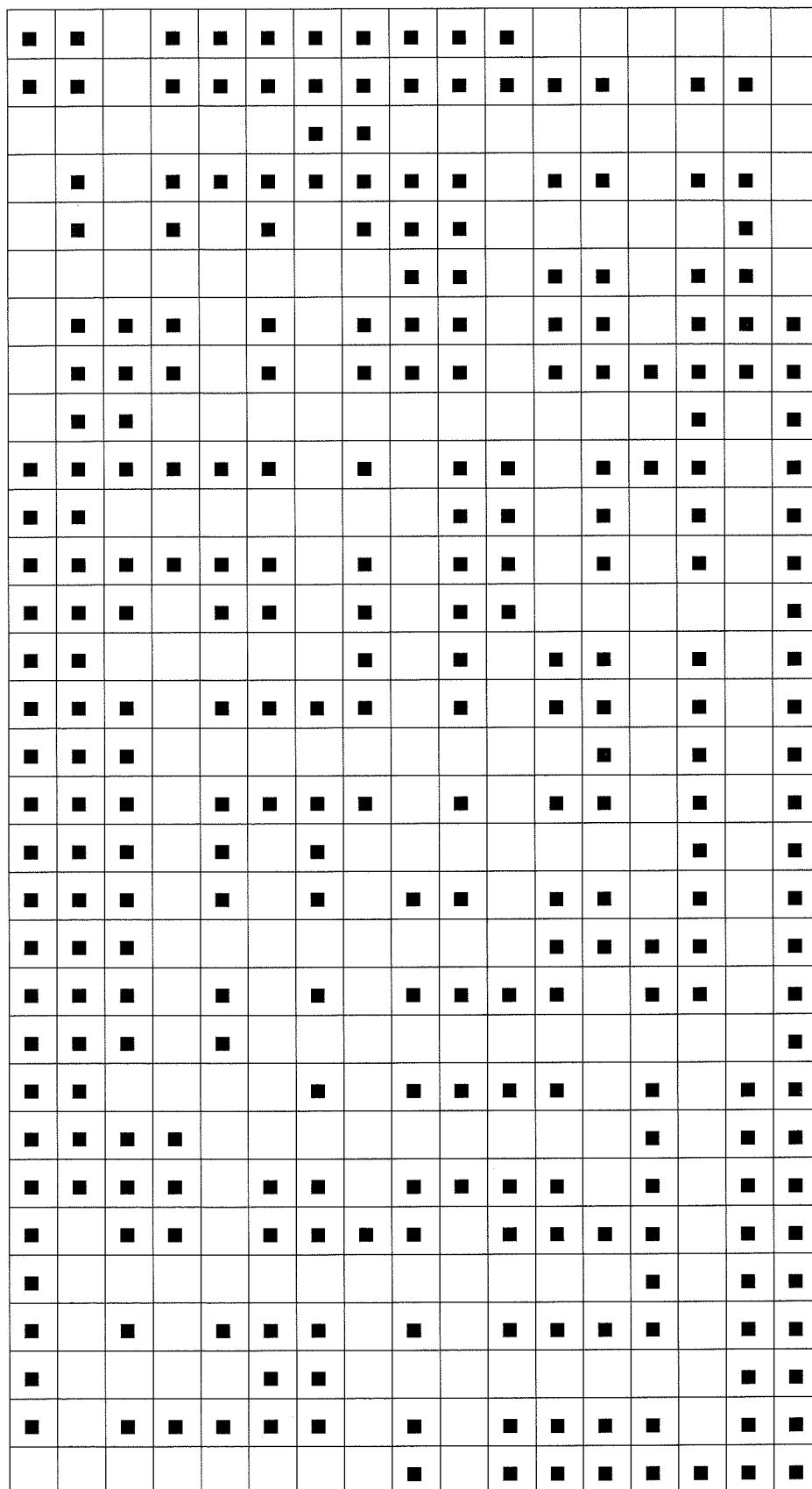
Raising an eyebrow, the president took a piece of paper from his desk and passed it to his visitor. The logician examined it and said "Yes, this is the missing piece. The chart shows what appears to be a random arrangement of black and white tiles. The white ones in fact form a skeleton crossword puzzle, with the arrow pointing upward. The report that Jimmy sent to the Centre provides the clues to the words that fit into the skeleton, and also a second chart of a different kind as back-up. With this, we should be able to pinpoint the assassin and where he will put the poison. When he shows his hand tomorrow, we'll nail him."

The following 39 clues, mainly relating to Cuba, refer to words or phrases (which come out in alphabetical order) that can be used to fill in the skeleton crossword puzzle. The skeleton has no numbers — you will have to deduce the placement of letters based on word length, etc. Each word or phrase can also be found in the block puzzle as a string of letters linked horizontally, vertically or diagonally. The letters are in the right order and although the string is not necessarily a straight line, it crosses neither itself nor other strings. Each letter is used only once. Be careful — some word strings may be found in more than one place in the block, but only one placement works with the rest of the strings. Two words in the skeleton puzzle and the same two words in the block puzzle are not linked to any of the clues; one is a man's name and the other a type of liquor.

(1) Star's first name in 33. (2) A friend indeed. (3) Big name in rum. (4) Previous president Fulgencio. (5) What they cut with 24. (6) Sea to the south. (7) Well-known product of 3. (8) Dominican friar Bartoleme de las - - - -. (9) Two-thirds of a dance craze. (10) Argentine medical student, head of the National Bank, died in Bolivia. (11) Discoverer of Cuba. (12) Another dance craze. (13) Hispano-African culture. (14) Rum, cola and lime juice. (15) Young Gonzalez of recent fame. (16) Province, yacht and newspaper. (17) Foreigners (means "gibberish"). (18) The US pays \$4085 a year for it, but Havana won't cash the cheque. (19) A capital woman or her fiery dance. (20) He wrote Nobel prize novels in room 511 of the Hotel Ambos Mundos. (21) First mayor of Santiago and conqueror of Mexico. (22) Poet and revolutionary after whom Havana airport is named. (23) Popular musical group founded in 1969. (24) They are used to cut 5. (25) The Sierra where things started again in 1956. (26) It blew up in 1898 and started the Spanish-American War. (27) Swamp tree. (28) Boat-lift port or daughter of 20. (29) The barracks where things got

off to a bad start in 1953. (30) Premium cigar and Dumas hero. (31) A 17th century English pirate who plundered Cuba. (32) Eastern province. (33) Movie made from

Greene novel. (34) Rum in Cuba. (35) Yet another dance craze. (36) Where Teddy is said to have charged. (37) Cult from Africa, the Regla de Ocha Ifa. (38) Top export made



from 5. (39) An important crop of the potato family, Latin name *Nicotania*.

The next evening, all was formal dress (camouflage fatigues with diamond studs) at the gala benefit concert in the grand ballroom of the national cultural centre. Every government department was to provide entertainment of some kind for the circulating guests. As they listened with (heavily modified) rapture to the Ministry of Propaganda's orchestral rendition of the "Pronunciamento in C-minor," few in the room remarked on the large number of sinister-looking black-garbed military guards along the walls. It was simply not "done" (or particularly safe) to remark on such

things. Fewer yet noticed the furtive figure creeping toward the bar with a small skull-emblazoned flask in his hand.

But when the same figure stepped up to *El Commandante* a few minutes later and handed him a glass, watchers sprang into action. Liebnitz snatched the glass from bearded lips. McGee moved to apprehend the would-be assassin, but slipped on a squid and prune *hors d'œuvre* that someone had (understandably) ditched. The furtive figure dashed across the room towards the doors. The entire revolutionary leadership shouted at the guards to head him off, but they seemed frozen, as if awaiting a cue. Struggling out of a pot-

ted palm, McGee quickly surveyed the scene, glanced at the evening's printed programme and turned to the now-silent orchestra beside him.

Seconds later, the guards were on the move. To the strains of "YMCA," the gorgeously-uniformed crew marched, counter-marched and pirouetted in perfect unison, incidentally blocking all egress for the running man, who was swept up into a line of exultantly sashaying guardsmen and out of the room, frantically exclaiming, "No, no, you fools. Stop dancing. Stop dancing NOW ..."

As he thanked the Canadians, the President remarked, "Catchy tune, that. The

DOUBLE TAKE: ANSWERS from Vol. 18, No. 1.

Sadie McKeester's codename was Helena Cordon and she was flying between Manhattan (or New York) and Berlin.

(a)	(12)	Take IT SERIOUSLY	(n)	(2)	Take NO PRISONERS
(b)	(20)	Take CARE OF YOURSELF	(o)	(16)	Take ME TO YOUR LEADER
(c)	(4)	Take A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE	(p)	(19)	Take IT OR LEAVE IT
(d)	(11)	Take A CLOSE LOOK	(q)	(Blank #4)	WE TAKE MANHATTAN
(e)	(Blank #1)	HELENA CONDOR	(r)	(9)	Take ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME
(f)	(6)	Take IT ON THE ROAD	(s)	(8)	Take IT PERSONALLY
(g)	(Blank #2)	MONTANA CAPITAL	(t)	(10)	Take THE A TRAIN
(h)	(3)	Take ME HOME COUNTRY ROADS	(u)	()	Take BACK THE NIGHT
(i)	(7)	Take ME TO THE MARDI GRAS	(v)	(15)	Take MY WORD FOR IT
(j)	(14)	Take A CHANCE ON ME	(w)	(18)	Take THE LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE
(k)	(Blank #3)	GUARDED LINE	(x)	#5)	WE TAKE BERLIN
(l)	(1)	It takes TWO TO TANGO	(y)	(13)	Take A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET
(m)	(17)	It takes ONE TO KNOW ONE			

The anagrams (with associated clue numbers) are as follows:

With the five blanks filled in, the message reads: [HELENA CORDON]: first name [MONTANA CAPITAL] family name [GUARDED LINE]. "First [WE TAKE MANHATTAN], then [WE TAKE BERLIN]." As it happens, HENCE ORLANDO is an anagram not just for HELENA CORDON, but also for LEONARD COHEN, who wrote "First We Take Manhattan, Then We Take Berlin."

Village People, you say? But of course. Once again, the *campesinos* in the forefront of the proletarian revolution in culture." Petit opened his mouth to reply, but thought better of it. That was why he was Ambassador.

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat by determining the two extra words in the puzzles: the name of the would-be assassin and the drink in which he placed the poison? Not necessary as a solution to the puzzle, but can you also fill out the skeleton? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by February 18, 2002. The winner will receive a CD and a book prize autographed by A Aalto.

Freelance prestidigitator A Aalto asserts that any resemblance between El Commandante and his country on the one hand, and any existing leader and his country, are purely coincidental. Right. Aalto also wishes to dedicate this puzzle to CEL for constant inspiration, to DH for patience, to MS for years of friendship and to Constante Ribalagua of "El Floridita" in Havana for the invention of the daiquiri.

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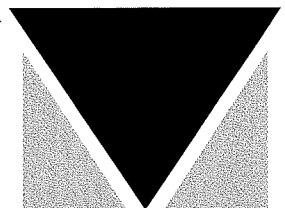
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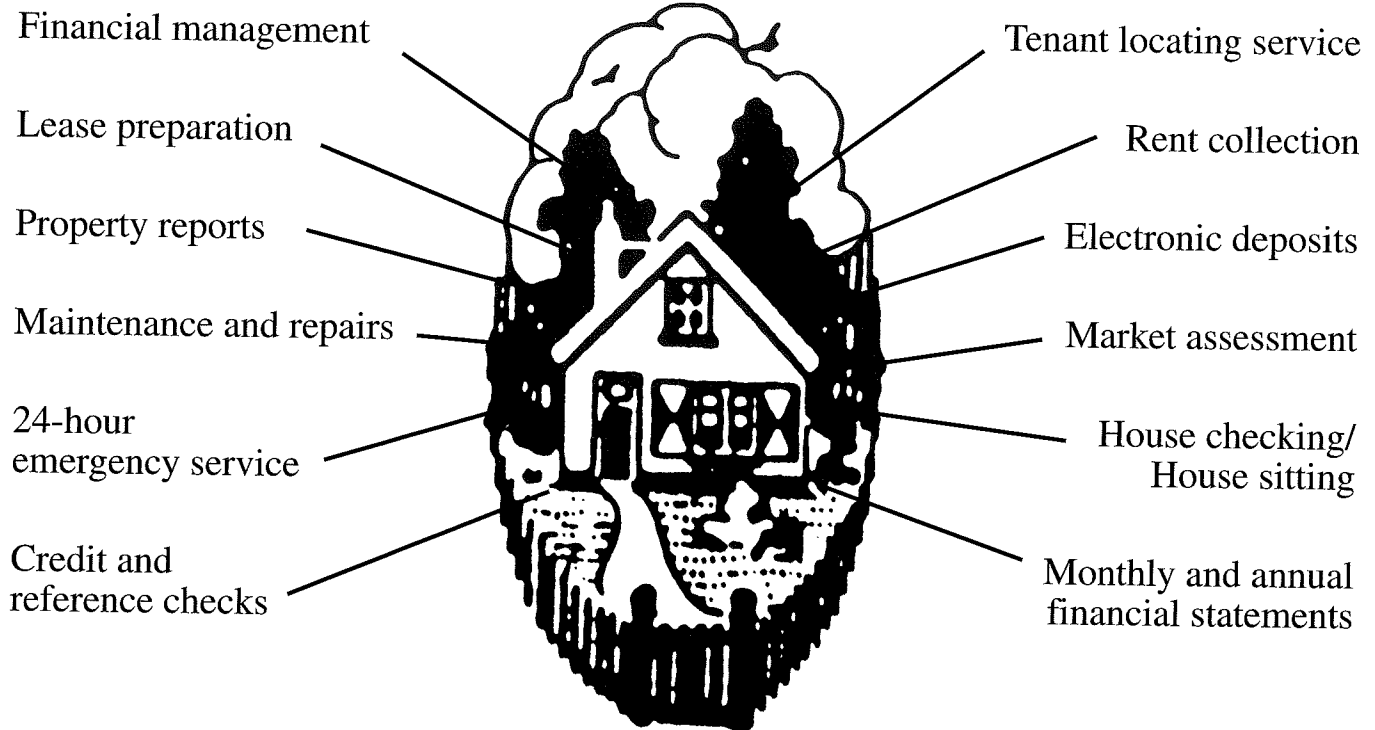
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