

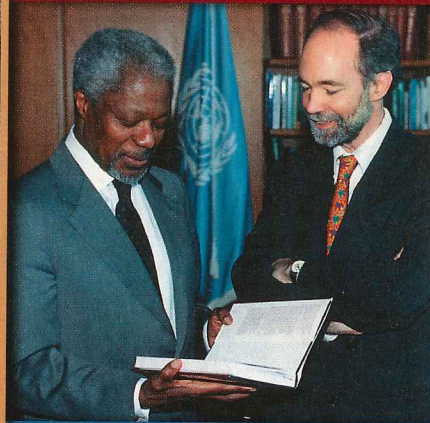
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Career**

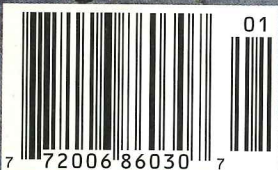


**In Arabia
Felix**

Nicholas Coghlan

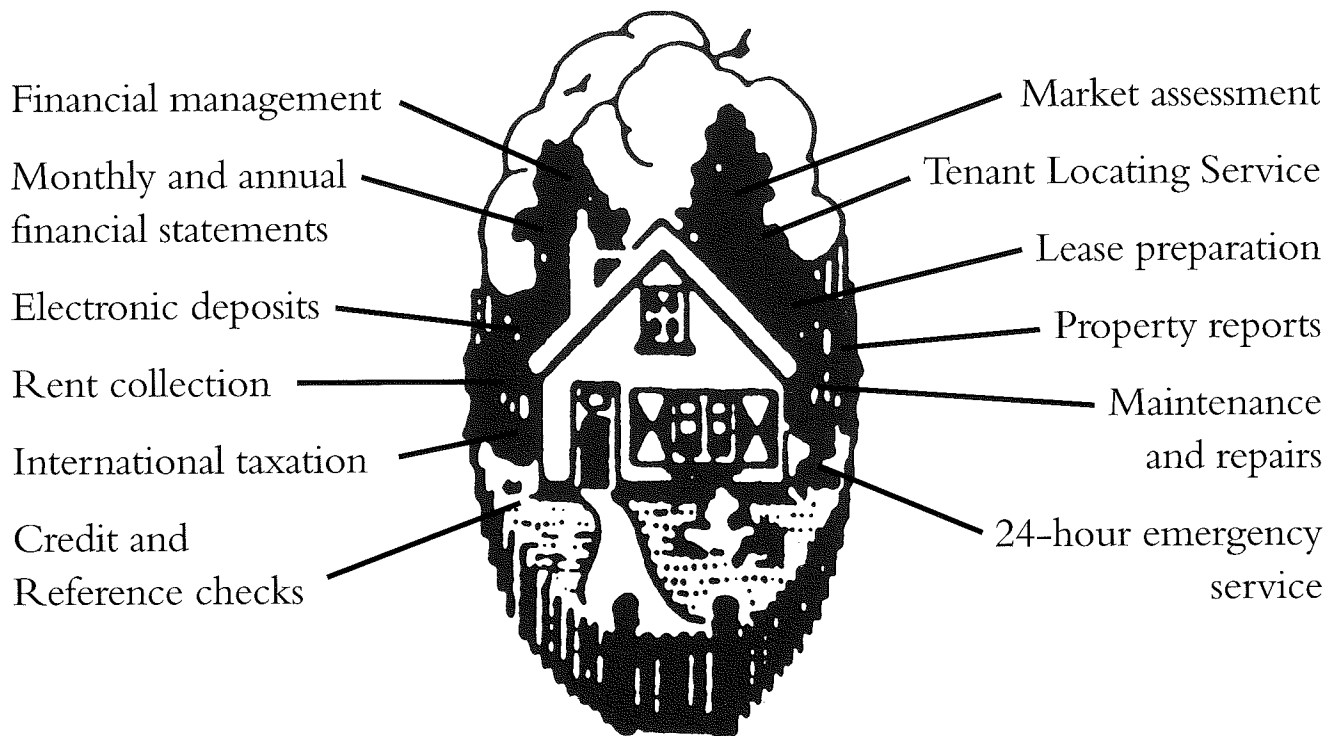
**La saga
des otages**

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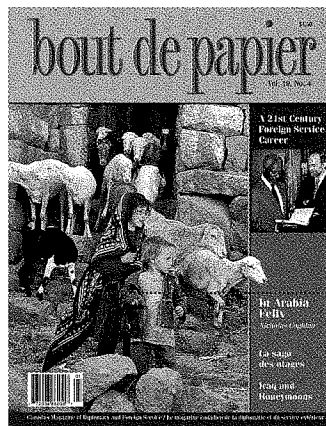
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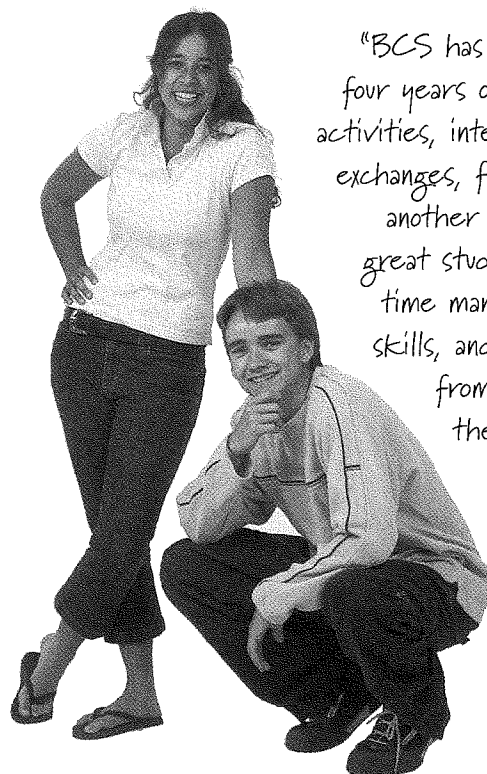
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Two of the major features in this issue are particularly relevant to the day-to-day life of foreign service officers, and are well-deserving of close scrutiny.

Pierre Beaudoin's "La saga des otages" spotlights the delicate, and generally unsung, work of consular officers in Canada's foreign service. Probably one of the most rewarding aspects of foreign service, the provision of assistance to Canadians in distress requires a skillful mix of tact, empathy, judgement and grace under pressure, combined with the kind of time-sensitive hustle one normally associates more with very good hockey players during the playoffs. Because of its nature, much consular work is low-profile and confidential, and as a result doesn't often leap to the minds of Canadians when they consider what it is that their diplomats do to earn their paycheques overseas. It is therefore a particular pleasure to present a detailed case study of this work in action, in the hope that it provides to those with an interest in the functioning of Canadian diplomacy an appreciation of the depth and texture of the work undertaken by those working in Canada's foreign service abroad.

Those of us who are current practitioners of Canadian diplomacy will want to take careful note of David Malone's retrospective on his far-from-completed foreign service career, and its comparisons and contrasts with, as he puts it, "life in the non-profit world" (... not that many of us are making profits here in the civil service ...). His observations on how outsiders view the Canadian foreign service are salutary — we do not often get the opportunity to hear a frank analysis of our work, especially by a practitioner of diplomacy both within and outside the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade. David Malone's remarks deserve close analysis, both in terms of our personal conduct as foreign service officers, and in terms of the corporate direction the Department is taking.

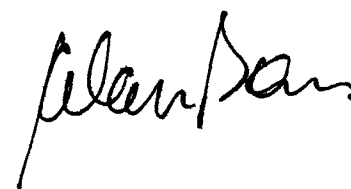
Les ouvrages à l'étude dans le présent numéro portent sur le même thème. La critique que Greg Donaghy livre des mémoires de Mark MacGuigan révèle une perspective

intéressante de la façon dont, selon un ancien ministre des Affaires étrangères, il faut s'y prendre pour établir la politique étrangère. Alan Bowker, pour sa part, parle de « *Why Canadian Unity Matters and Why Americans Care* », œuvre de Charles Doran, professeur de renom, ici encore un point de vue étranger sur ce qui est par tradition considéré comme une question d'ordre national. Enfin, Nancy Fraser se penche sur « *A Moveable Marriage* », de Robin Pascoe, qui examine la délicate dynamique de la permutation comme style de vie sous divers angles.

« *In Arabia Felix* », essai photographique de Nicholas Coghlan, ancien rédacteur en chef de **bout**, contient des images particulièrement évocatrices du Yémen — dont aucune ne semble avoir été prise de la fenêtre de l'omniprésente Peugeot 504. Notre correspondant régulier, Roger Lucy, nous révèle qu'à l'ère des Babyloniens, la diplomatie et le protocole posaient des défis dont de nombreux sont identiques à ceux que nous sommes aujourd'hui appelés à relever.

One section of **bout** from which I continue to derive great satisfaction is the diligent work of departmental historian Hector Mackenzie in ferreting out brilliant vignettes from Foreign Affairs' dusty but not dry history. This issue's contribution, on the struggle for the recognition of Canada's distinct status in the world following World War I, is worthy of a close read.

Senior Editorial Board member George Grande provides a warm and wistful commentary on changes in the scale of problems faced by everyday folks, and A Aalto has been particularly mischievous in this issue's head-scratcher of a puzzle. **bout** continues to invite commentary and discussions on our offerings: we can be reached by e-mail at boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com, or by standard mail at the address listed in our masthead.



La Saga des otages

par Pierre Beaudoin

Le 10 avril 2002, Gilles Prigent, de l'Île Bizard, et Jay Riddell, de Vancouver, quittent le Canada pour la Bolivie. Ils n'arriveront jamais à destination. Ils passeront plutôt 102 jours dans la jungle colombienne.

Note de la rédaction :

Pour des raisons de sécurité, l'identité de certaines personnes dans cet article est préservée par le recours à des initiales.

P.G., citoyen français, actionnaire de la compagnie HéliAmérica basée à Santa Cruz en Bolivie, qui fournit des services de transport aux compagnies pétrolières en Bolivie et au Pérou, pilote d'hélicoptère lui-même, se rend à Calgary, début avril 2002 pour acheter un hélicoptère. P.G. embauche à contrat MM. Prigent (pilote) et Riddell (mécanicien) pour qu'ils emmènent lui et l'appareil Bell-212 en Bolivie, en traversant les États-Unis, le Mexique et l'Amérique centrale.

L'idée est bonne, l'appareil puissant et quasi-neuf, l'équipage expérimenté (Prigent a neuf mille heures de vol) mais il y a un hic de taille : la Colombie. P.G. ne consulte pas les ambassades de France et du Canada ni ne regarde les sites Web des Ministères de Affaires étrangères respectifs. Et pourtant, HéliAmérica a souscrit un contrat d'assurances pour 1 200 000 \$US qui interdit de passer la

nuit en quelque endroit de la Colombie; la proverbiale puce aurait dû lui mordre très fort l'oreille. Nous leur aurions conseillé de mettre l'appareil à bord d'un navire au Panama avec comme destination Buenaventura sur la Côte du Pacifique de la Colombie. Ils auraient pu par la suite longer la côte pour arriver à Esmeraldas en Équateur. Et ainsi éviter les territoires contrôlés par la guérilla, friande d'hélicoptères pour transporter leurs troupes, acheminer de la cocaïne sur la côte et en rapporter armes et vivres. Quel cadeau (en bon état de plus) littéralement tombé du ciel, mais nous prenons de l'avance.

Le 19 avril, l'équipage se pose à Cali pour faire le plein. On décolle vers 3 h 15, direction cette fois Policarpa et le passage du Cañon du Rio Patia. Seconde et non moins grave erreur. Le temps change très rapidement dans cette partie des Andes et le temps se couvre vite, habituellement vers 16 heures de l'après-midi. Le ciel s'obscurcit, les nuages se font menaçants, le plafond est vraiment bas, la visibilité se réduit dangereusement, plus question de faire demi-tour. L'appareil doit se poser au bord du Rio Patia.

Au début, tout va assez bien; l'équipage se repère grâce au GPS, se prépare à passer la nuit (tiens, il y a un *cambuche* sur la rive). Riddell, lui, reste dans l'hélico. Des paysans du coin leur apportent des fruits. L'idée est de repartir tôt le lendemain. Mais trois étrangers, grands, en combinaison orange et surtout un hélico, ça passe pas inaperçu.

Le lendemain matin, 20 avril, réveil à 6 heures. Le trio remarque beaucoup de trafic sur le Rio Patia, inconscients qu'il s'agit là d'une voie de navigation importante des FARC (Forces armées révolutionnaires de Colombie), qui contrôlent pratiquement tout le Département du Nariño. Vite, trop vite, vers 7 h 30, un comité d'accueil s'approche; P.G., Riddell et Prigent sont officiellement fait otages.

Le lundi 22 avril, trois jours après leur passage à Cali, l'Aéronautique civile de Colombie s'inquiète enfin et appelle l'Ambassade de France dont le Consul communique tout de suite avec moi. Nous avisons immédiatement nos Services consulaires à Ottawa qui notifient les familles. Nous rencontrons l'Ambassade de France, communiquons avec Cali et ainsi débutent une série



Préparation de l'hélicoptère à Popayan.

impressionnante de démarches et contacts de notre part.

Pendant qu'Ottawa s'occupe des familles canadiennes, nous persistons sur place. Les rumeurs, comme toujours dans ce genre de cas, abondent. On les a vus ici, on les a vus là. Pourtant, le CICR fait contact direct est fait à deux reprises avec le numéro trois du Front 29 des FARC; on nie catégoriquement être au courant.

Le 2 mai, premier bulletin aux nouvelles de 19 heures. Le Général Tapias, Chef d'État-major, annonce que des communications-radio ont été interceptées qui prouvent que les FARC sont en possession de l'appareil et des trois otages. L'aviation civile, la Police nationale, l'Armée et la compagnie qui a nolisé deux hélicoptères et un avion n'auront pas effectué leurs recherches en vain en un sens; ils étaient bien dans la bonne zone. Cependant, tous ces vols ne donnent rien car il est impossible de voir l'hélicoptère tellement il est bien caché dans une niche dans la jungle. Ce qui ne l'empêche pas de recevoir deux impacts de balles, sur le nez de l'appareil et sur un patin; je crois qu'il s'agit de tirs à l'aveugle, de tirs de défoulement.

Le 28 mai, un message est capté par un avion de la SAM sur un vol régulier ainsi que par un pilote d'hélicoptère travaillant à contrat pour la fumigation des champs de coca dans le sud de la Colombie. Le message dit en résumé que *nous sommes les trois étrangers détenus comme otages par les FARC* et donne les coordonnées précises de leur emplacement. Scepticisme, partout. Je parle au pilote d'hélicoptère. On est convaincus qu'il s'agit d'un piège et même un responsable de l'Armée l'annonce à la télévision. Pourtant, le message est véridique. Ils ont convaincu les FARC de la nécessité de protéger l'appareil contre les effets néfastes de l'humidité de la jungle. Ils sont autorisés à enduire les pièces importantes de l'appareil d'huile WD-40. Prégent en profite, il utilise une commande sur le plancher de l'appareil, pendant que les deux autres font diversion, rapproche le micro de son casque et lance son *Mayday*. On donne même les coordonnées exactes comme signalé plus haut mais qu'aurait-on pu faire? Monter une opération militaire aurait signifié la mort certaine des trois.

Juillet voit la famille G. négocier directement avec les FARC. Le patriarche et co-associé, G.G., se rend en Bolivie mais refuse de venir à Bogota, de peur d'être enlevé. On veut de toute évidence nous tenir loin de toutes négociations. Le samedi 20 juillet, je me vois interpellé par la Croix-Rouge; un contact direct a été fait avec eux. Les choses se précipitent et de nombreux meetings ont lieu car la Croix-Rouge internationale n'est pas non plus enchantée de l'allure que prend le deal; communiqués à être publiés avant la libération pour bien signaler qu'il s'agit d'un geste humanitaire de la part des FARC, présence sur le site de libération de la famille et des Consuls de France et du Canada et reprise de l'appareil en même temps que les otages. L'opération s'effectuera donc le mardi avec deux hélicoptères nolisés et nous nous rendrons dans la jungle les chercher.

Départ collectif le lundi 29 juillet de Bogota pour Popayan; le Consul de France, G.M., G.G., les délégués de la Croix-Rouge incluant un médecin, notre gérant de sécurité et moi-même. Appels à la FARC : ils refusent de donner le point de rendez-vous. On pourrait ne pas



***Le consul Beaudoin
après la libération,
en vol vers Tumaco.***

pouvoir revenir à Popayan ou Pasto, pour cause de mauvais temps. On décide d'aller, peut-être, à Tumaco. On me demande d'appeler Bogota pour demander à la DEA s'ils peuvent nous y trouver du fuel. On appelle la météo; on annonce beau temps, même si on ne sait pas encore tout à fait où l'on doit aller, ça rassure. Re-calculs de combustibles, de rayons d'action, d'autonomie, de poids.

Mardi matin, 30 juillet, tôt, tous à l'aéroport. On colle affiches du CICR sur les hélicos car le deuxième est arrivé de Cali. On attend l'appel des FARC. La presse et la télé se font insistantes. Finalement, l'appel de la guérilla arrive vers 10 heures et les coordonnées sont vérifiées, les derniers calculs faits; il faut aller à Pasto, faire le plein, aller au rendez-vous et se diriger sur Tumaco si tout va bien.

Le Général P, responsable de toute la Zone Sud de la Colombie, arrive dans son avion de l'Armée. On le rencontre sur la piste, sa réputation de faucon l'a précédé, mais on doit le saluer, il nous souhaite bonne chance. L'Armée colombienne a été avisée au plus haut niveau et nous a assuré de son soutien, qui veut dire à toutes fins pratiques que l'armée ne tentera pas d'opérations dans

la zone de sauvetage qui commence à être un peu trop connue à notre goût. On embarque; le Chef de l'opération le délégué M. du CICR, le Consul de France, le délégué du CICR à Cali, J.-P., un québécois sympathique, notre pilote et moi dans le premier hélico. Dans le deuxième, G.M., un pilote pour le Bell-212 car les otages ne seront peut-être pas en état de le faire voler, le pilote bien sûr et 100 gallons de combustible en jerrycans pour le Bell-212. Belle cible, peut-on penser.

On tarde à décoller, car il faut que le CICR à Bogota obtienne les ultimes autorisations et garanties des autorités colombiennes. Une heure de stress, l'opération aura-t-elle lieu? La presse nous filme. Finalement, on décolle.

On se pose à Pasto. Il est midi. Ballet des machines pour faire le plein. Impressionnant. Mais, appel de la guérilla sur téléphone cellulaire, ils sont nerveux; des avions de l'Armée viennent de survoler précisément la zone à trois reprises. Que faire? Conciliabules. On appelle Bogota. Les deux Consuls insistent, on y va; va-t-on manquer cette chance, si ce n'est pas aujourd'hui, combien de temps vont passer les otages? On a aussi hâte de voir

l'opération se conclure et revenir égoïstement à une vie plus normale. Faut convaincre les FARC. Soudain, que voit-on? L'avion du Général P. se pose sur la piste. Coïncidence? Après une demi-heure de palabres et avec l'assentiment du CICR Bogota et de la guérilla, on décolle vers le superbe Cañon du Rio Patia. Que l'on découvre vite, argenté, serpentant dans la vallée. Nos pilotes sont d'un flegme tout sauf latin.

On atteint le premier point de rendez-vous. On se pose sur la rive. Facile, on a posé une grande croix faite de planches de bois pour nous indiquer le lieu. De plus, on allume une fusée éclairante, quelle organisation. On se pose sur la rive, sur les galets. On doit descendre car il faut procéder à une vérification d'identité des passagers. Des civils nous accueillent : tous les civils de la région, de toute façon, qu'ils le souhaitent ou pas, travaillent pour la guérilla. Ils ont une liste de noms, vérifient, pendant que tout le village nous regarde de ses habitations sans fenêtre, silencieusement. On nous remet les coordonnées du deuxième et vrai point de rendez-vous. On a hâte de voir nos compatriotes; finalement, après plus de trois mois, on a l'impression de les connaître déjà.

On approche du point, une île moitié galets de plage moitié boue, et les seules personnes que l'on voit sont nos trois amis en combinaison orange au bord de la rive. Finalement, ça y est : on les rencontrera. Les hélicos se posent, curieux, pas de comité d'accueil. Soudain, dix guérilleros de la FARC apparaissent pour nous dire de monter à bord de chaloupes motorisées. Une fois sur la rive, on marche jusqu'au point de rencontre : une toile au-dessus de quelques chaises, cachée sous les arbres, près de la rive. On parle, en français, en anglais, en espagnol avec le Commandant C. qui nous souhaite la bienvenue et nous offre des rafraîchissements. Formellement, on nous lit le communiqué officiel qui souligne que l'on a dû procéder à des vérifications (faut-il y lire des négociations?) avant de pouvoir considérer la libération des otages (travaillent-ils pour la DEA?) et de l'appareil, pour des raisons humanitaires. N'oublions pas l'appareil qui représente une manne tombée du ciel pour eux.

Finalement, le délégué québécois, le mécanicien G.M., le pilote équatorien et plusieurs porteurs des jerrycans



de combustible et de tronçonneuses (la jungle croît vite et il faudra abattre des arbres pour libérer l'hélicoptère) se mettent en branle vers l'hélico Bell-212. Il est bien caché, à environ une demi-heure de marche, mais en pente prononcée et dans la jungle épaisse. Riddell doit être de la partie car il a en poche des pièces essentielles de la machine qu'il a retirées pour que les FARC ne se servent pas de l'hélico. P.G. se met en branle aussi car il veut filmer l'opération délicate de récupération du Bell-212. Prégent reste et nous parle des conditions de captivité. Pendant ce temps, qui durera trois heures, on a droit à une exposition de l'idéologie guérilla, à des sandwiches jambon-fromage, à une discussion avec le commandant des FARC sur son éducation et ses loisirs (va-t-il parfois en ville? Au cinéma? Non, jamais, trop dangereux). Le Commandant C., qui est en constant contact radio avec ses supérieurs (les cellulaires ne fonctionnent pas) est d'ailleurs d'une pointure autre que les révolutionnaires locaux et on comprend pourquoi on l'a dépêché de son poste habituel pour mener l'opération. Tout ça est très éducatif mais M., le Responsable de l'opération, met en garde tout le monde : on quitte vers quatre heures ou quatre heures et demie de l'après-midi, hélico Bell-212 ou pas. La guérilla est d'accord : mauvais temps et risque d'intervention de l'Armée.

Nos amis ont été bougés une seule fois, ce qui est contraire aux habitudes et ce qui prouve que la guérilla se sent

Les otages après leur libération, à Tumaco.

confiante et contrôle vraiment ce coin (grand) du pays. Ils habitaient une cabane de bois, avec fenêtre et porte, en pleine jungle. Obscurité quasi permanente d'autant plus qu'il pleut à tous les jours. Chandelles et bougies de rigueur toute la journée. Ils mangent pâtes, riz et poulet, après avoir éliminé les vers. Pas d'alcool, les FARC sont moralement très puritains. Ils perdent du poids, les ravisseurs s'en émeuvent (faut protéger la marchandise, le rapt est une industrie de grande échelle en Colombie) et accèdent à leur demande de cuisiner eux-mêmes leur nourriture. On leur donne un poêle Coleman, grâce auquel ils pourront assainir eau et nourriture. Pas de lecture, de jeux, l'ennui. Par ailleurs, ils ne sont pas bousculés et retrouveront toutes leurs possessions, documents et argent à la libération. On les a dit fûtés. Ils font construire une piste de marche et d'exercice en V, signe international d'appel de secours lorsque vu des airs. Ils ne comprennent pas que leur appel *Mayday* n'ait pas donné lieu à une opération de sauvetage, donc ils planifient leur fuite. Ils percent une porte à l'arrière de la cabane (les FARC ne perquisitionnent jamais leur cambuse), s'échapperont par une nuit de pleine lune, fabriquent un pistolet de bois

soigneusement noirci à la suie de chandelle, porteront des vêtements noirs, prévoient se charbonner

le visage, calculent l'angle de vue de la sentinelle qui les garde, construisent des pagaies car ils comptent voler une embarcation et descendre le Rio Patia. Mais lorsque les éléments du plan semblent se mettre en place, on leur annonce leur libération prochaine.

Le délégué M. s'impatiente à voir 4 heures arriver. Il tente de rejoindre l'hélico mais revient bredouille au bout de quinze minutes, le chemin dans la jungle est trop impénétrable. Soudain, on entend le bruit du Bell-212 qui se pose lentement sur l'île. On se salue, reprend les chaloupes et finalement on décolle, direction Tumaco. Les deux consuls sont avec les trois otages qu'ils ne veulent pas perdre de vue bien sûr. Le ballet des trois hélicoptères qui volent en quasi-formation, impressionnant, le défilé constant des champs de coca, les ex-otages sourient beaucoup, enfin l'Océan Pacifique! On arrive à Tumaco, les otages communiquent tout de suite avec leurs familles par téléphone satellite de la Croix-Rouge, on appelle nos autorités et je cherche du fuel. J'appelle mon contact de la DEA, espérant rencontrer quelqu'un à l'aéroport pour arranger l'approvisionnement mais je comprends au bout de quelques minutes que le contact est à Bogota, que la DEA n'opère plus à Tumaco. Je me sens vraiment bien seul. Mais soudain, un type s'approche, en short, espadrilles, casquette de baseball de la police colombienne, anti-bruits

autour du cou et m'annonce fièrement : *Yo soy el jefe de combustibles*. Je pourrais pleurer. Il me promet d'être là vers 6 heures le mercredi matin et de nous approvisionner. Vive la confiance.

On se dirige vers l'hôtel et je rassure mes deux Canadiens : « Nous serons tranquilles, personne ne sait que nous sommes ici, on nous croit à Popayan. » Erreur. J'arrange la distribution des dix chambres que je paie; autre cauchemar des vérificateurs. Lorsqu'ils feront l'audit de ma réclamation de voyage, ils verront également que j'ai réussi à être à deux hôtels dans deux villes différentes le même soir. On végète dans le lobby pendant que le trio se douche et prend une bonne bière. Les nouvelles de 19 heures : on annonce fièrement que nous venons d'arriver à Tumaco! Le DAS, la Police nationale, et l'Armée viennent nous interviewer. On barricade la rue devant l'hôtel. Mince, on va manger quand même. C'est alors que Riddell nous raconte sa conversation avec le guérillero qui ne savait pas et ne pouvait pas croire qu'un homme était allé sur la Lune; ceci illustre bien le manque d'instruction des hommes de rang (souvent recrutés par la force ou motivés par le seul solde mensuel d'environ 300 \$US) ainsi que leur manque de contact avec le vrai monde; Riddell parle de la station spatiale internationale et le jeune lui demande si elle est faite... de bois.

On ne dort pas, et ce depuis quelques jours. À 5 heures le mercredi 31 juillet, on part vers l'aéroport. Le Jefe des combustibles est là, allelujah, en belle tenue complète et fait le plein de deux hélicoptères. Le Bell-212 restera sur place. Je signe les bons de livraison pour le fuel et nous partons vers Popayan. Il fait beau temps, on est heureux, personne ne nous tire dessus. Le DAS m'interview pour produire un rapport et l'Ambassade à Bogota contacte leur QG également pour faciliter la sortie de Prégent et de Riddell le lendemain; on doit fournir le plan de vol, expliquer pourquoi ils n'ont pas de sceau d'entrée, etc... On s'énerve car on nous montre à la télé la meute de reporters qui nous attendent à l'aéroport Eldorado. Finalement, on s'y pose et je vois le véhicule de l'ambassadeur sur la piste; on file à l'anglaise, laissant les Français se débrouiller avec les médias. La discrétion toute canadienne l'emporte.

À la Résidence officielle, les deux rescapés bouffent, se font examiner par un médecin canadien, se font interroger par des autorités policières, se font expliquer comment gérer leur rencontre avec les médias à leur arrivée au Canada. On vérifie leurs documents, on donne les dernières consignes. Le jeudi 1^{er} août, on les met à bord d'un avion pour Mexico; ils seront au Canada le soir même.

La saga est terminée. Et l'incroyable histoire du blouson de G.M. Il l'a oublié dans une chaloupe et n'a pu le récupérer car on était pressés de déguerpir. Il avait plusieurs milliers de dollars (pour payer le fuel de l'hélicoptère à Tumaco, à Esmeraldas en Équateur, entre autres), son passeport, son permis de mécanicien, et plusieurs autres documents importants. Le 20 août, un colis arrive pour le Consul S. qui contient le blouson de G.M. et tous les documents et argent. Après tout, on est entre gens bien, quoi. ☺

Pierre Beaudoin a eu des affectations à Beyrouth, Abidjan, Niamey, Kinshasa, Paris, Genève et Bogota. Sa prochaine affectation sera à Nairobi.

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A 21ST CENTURY FOREIGN

By David Malone

Ups and Downs

My career in the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade (DFAIT) has been unusual. I joined in 1975 at age 21, having achieved grades so pitiful during my undergraduate years that no scholarships were in reach for further studies (even in those golden days of educational largesse). My first stint away from "External" was a year of Arabic language training in the decorative setting of the American University in Cairo. It proved a happy time, with the Department underwriting extensive travel to allow exposure to various Arabic accents. This instilled in me a sense of confidence that I would never be cut off anywhere Arabic was spoken.

After a subsequent posting in Cairo, with responsibility for the aid program in Sudan and the consular program in Libya thrown in, and then a year on the human rights desk, a stimulating assignment that taught me to be careful about the selection of congenial supervisors, I took my second academic break, enrolling in the mid-career Masters in Public Administration Program at the Kennedy School of Government (KSG) of Harvard University. Its offerings were not everything the KSG hype had made them out to be — the KSG operation turned out in the main to be a vast PR exercise — but there was plenty on offer beyond the KSG within Harvard and at other Boston area universities. One of my best experiences was a negotiations class at Northeastern University in which all other students were ambitious, mostly very impressive local cops. Fatefully, an awakening of hitherto slumbering scholarly instincts seemed to occur as I produced several (for me) in-depth term papers.

During the ensuing years, I worked closely with Sylvia Ostry, then Canada's chief international economic and multilateral trade negotiator.



SERVICE CAREER



Sylvia, a tremendous intellect, if a demanding one, generously introduced me over time to her international network of colleagues and admirers, opening my eyes to worlds well beyond those of classic diplomacy. I absorbed with admiration her capacity to sell many of her ideas in Ottawa by arranging for the Prime Minister and others to read all about them in the *Financial Times* and *Wall Street Journal*, both devoted to her incisive analysis and advocacy. As with all great supervisors, some of her “can do” temperament and self-confidence rubbed off on me. In the trenches, I was anchored for eight years on and off within the Economic Policy Bureau, then experiencing a golden age under the likes of Derek Burney, John Paynter, George Haynal and David Wright. In 1988, at my request, I was appointed a foreign service visitor to the University of Toronto, on the understanding that I would spend much of my time in the economic studies program at the Brookings Institution in Washington, something Derek, by then the PM’s Chief of Staff, had made possible.

Two important things occurred that year. First, having at the last minute stepped into the teaching shoes at the University of Toronto of the recently deceased and greatly mourned John Holmes, I discovered a penchant for teaching that has not left me since and that I have been able to indulge even during foreign assignments. Second, I undertook my first serious effort at academic research at Brookings, on economic integration in South-East Asia. It yielded my first published work, of distinctly dubious quality. Never mind. Working within Brookings, among accomplished actors on the Washington stage, developed in me a healthy respect for top-flight policy research and the impact it can have, particularly when spun expertly through the media.

Kofi Annan (left) and David Malone.



My first experience of the complex interdependencies of media and research communities was also tantalizing.

An assignment to the UN in the final days of Canada's 1989–90 term on the Security Council proved fateful. It allowed me to observe Yves Fortier, our tremendously popular and effective Permanent Representative, at work. Fortier, who was a master of the big picture and possessed acute political antennae — as well as a direct line to his good friend, the Prime Minister — drew heavily on the remarkable skills of his deputy, Philippe Kirsch, a master of detail and tactics (as well as broader strategy, later demonstrated in chairing negotiations on the International Criminal Court). This brief experience shaped my subsequent academic interests.

After a stint in Ottawa working on the 1994–95 foreign policy review, a dismal exercise about which I wrote candidly in a recent issue of the scholarly *International Journal*, I spent two years at Oxford “reading and writing”, as my MacArthur Foundation grant grandly described it. The product was a doctoral thesis on decision-making in the Security Council focused on Haiti's crisis of democracy, 1990–97, later published as a book. My academic supervisor, a titan on the laws of war and much else, Sir Adam Roberts, proved both rigorous and vastly sympathetic. Working on a doctorate so late in life proved a signal luxury, one that honed my research skills and also provided sobering perspective on the fog of negotiations in the Security Council, which often leads to bad decisions.

An Unexpected Development

Returning to Ottawa in 1997, I had expected to remain at Fort Pearson for some years. However, the Chair of the International Peace Academy (IPA), a small but high-powered research institution in New York independent of, but closely linked to, the UN

asked me to consider the IPA's presidency, recently vacated by Olara Otunnu, a charismatic Ugandan politician, scholar and diplomat who had moved on to work with Kofi Annan on humanitarian issues. I was intrigued, and after some months of reflection and consultation, Don Campbell, then Deputy Minister, agreed to grant me leave for an extended term at IPA. Because I had so recently returned to government, this can hardly have been an easy decision for him, so I am doubly grateful for it. DFAIT colleagues were mostly perplexed but supportive. They would not have adopted this course themselves, but they were prepared to give the adventure the benefit of the doubt.

How different is life in the NGO and research worlds from working in DFAIT? Plenty.

One factor that helped shape my decision had to do with personalities already in place at the UN. I had known well Kofi Annan and his chef de Cabinet, Iqbal Riza, when I chaired the negotiations of the UN Peacekeeping Committee and when they were running the UN's new peacekeeping department, 1992–94. We had remained in touch ever since. Louise Fréchette, my impressive Permanent Representative in New York, 1992–94, had recently become the UN's first Deputy Secretary-General. I knew that, to the extent they

could, they would be helpful to me (as they have been, over and over again). Other friends in the diplomatic and academic worlds also offered words of encouragement. Being well connected within the UN has indeed helped hugely.

Life in the Non-Profit World

IPA today has a staff of 32 (the majority women), drawn from 22 nationalities, including eight outstanding Africans. Because of the quality of our scholarly work, we receive many applications for vacancies, and can pick and choose among the cream of the crop. I have never worked with a more talented or dedicated team. It produces exceptional value for money, one reason why our funders like us.

How different is life in the NGO and research worlds from working in DFAIT? Plenty.

First, we raise all of our own money. Specifically, I raise it. My predecessors prized IPA's independence from the UN and worked hard to maintain it. I have sought to do likewise, in part by diversifying our sources of income, adding to our list of foundation and government funders. In the latter category, we have focused particularly on large European countries (UK, Germany, France) that hitherto had not supported IPA financially but now do, the UK more generously so than any other government. Our budget now oscillates between US \$4 and 5 million. We work hard to keep our fixed costs low, so that we can clear as much cash as possible for interesting academic and operational projects and partnerships we want to lead. I have allowed our own modest endowment to grow without drawing on its interest income, contrary to general practice in the US, as one never knows when a rainy day may occur.

To my surprise, I enjoy fund-raising. Success validates our work. Indeed, I have concluded that good work attracts money rather than the other way around. Friends who run universities, other think tanks and foundations confirm this perception.

Second, I report to a Board. It is chaired by Rita Hauser. An accomplished corporate lawyer, she and her husband (a communications magnate) established some time ago a very well-endowed foundation benefiting higher education (huge grants to the Harvard and NYU law schools), the arts (Lincoln Center and its component organizations, such as the New York Philharmonic) and research and policy development on international security (Rand Corporation, International Institute of Strategic Studies and ourselves). A committed Republican, and serious funder of the party, but one of the few progressives still remaining in it, she works closely with Brent Scowcroft, widely considered the voice of George Bush the First in today's Washington. She sits on the President's Foreign Intelligence Board. She has provided me with tremendous support and with immediate, undivided attention whenever I have needed it. She carries with her not only her considerable personal authority, but also the influence derived from running a significant Foundation.

One benefit of working with an excellent board (of which Paul Heinbecker is a dynamic member) has been evolving a view on how non-profit boards — on a few of which I now sit — can work best. Key is avoiding the temptation to micro-manage. Much harder, but vital, is to help shape the strategic direction of the institution. I have developed enormous respect for the US non-profit world (9% of the total economy — more than Canada's total GDP) and how it is managed overall. Coming from Canada, where many non-profit activities do not seem widely prized, I find it striking in what high regard private sector and government leaders hold those leading significant non-profit institutions. We Canadians still have much to learn about philanthropy.

Third, the nature of our work is diverse and complex. On the one hand, we engage in policy research, publishing frequently under

our own house imprint and with leading university presses. Many of us teach, in my own case at the New York University School of Law and at Sciences Po in Paris, where my students keep me on my toes. We also aim to work in depth on multi-year policy-development projects. One of them, started in 1998 as a joint project of DFAIT and the UK's Foreign and Commonwealth Office under Michael Small's energetic lead out of Ottawa, addressed economic factors in contemporary civil wars. The project subsequently devolved to IPA, from whence a strong partnership was forged with the World Bank's development economics research group under Paul Collier, whose work was producing fascinating and controversial findings on this topic. We have built in significant corporate as well as academic and NGO participation. It has influenced policy perceptions broadly, including in the Security Council and the UN secretariat.

Similar projects have been developed to address security (and civil society's participation therein) in Africa, conflict prevention, terrorism, transitional international administrations, sanctions, and the tangled relationship between the UN and European security organizations. On the latter, it was touching to see my splendid Indian, Iranian and Singaporean colleagues during a recent conference in Paris crowding around George Robertson of NATO, whom they had gotten to know in the course of our association with his institution, the European Union, and the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe. I wonder how often George is lionized by a group of young Asians.

***I have been tempted every now
and then, but as the time for my
return to the public service in
Ottawa approaches,
I find I am looking forward to it.***

Fourth, my colleagues are different in outlook from many in DFAIT, although the two groups share a commitment to high professional standards. Other than a small management team and an excellent military adviser on loan from the Finnish government, it is a very young group drawn from some of the world's foremost universities at doctoral and (more rarely) masters level. The mix of nationalities and backgrounds is extraordinarily stimulating. We practice variable architecture within our projects, working in flexible teams to achieve immediate and long-term objectives. We partner extensively with other academic and research institutions, a steep learning curve for all concerned much of the time. When they leave us, generally after 2–5 years, my colleagues move up quite distinctly in their chosen academic or policy fields. Such are the rewards of outstanding work on the international employment market.

Fifth, as I learned at Brookings, research institutions (as opposed to academic ones preoccupied with theory) live and die to a certain degree on the strength of their media profile. IPA is fortunate to have a large press corps available nearby at the UN. However, most correspondents on the UN beat take a fairly limited view of their responsibilities, so achieving coverage requires flair and work. For us, it results over time from: a) having something to say; b) saying it clearly (especially on TV or radio); and c) being perceived as media players ourselves. Largely for this reason, I publish every

three weeks or so in the *Globe and Mail* and in the *International Herald Tribune*, often writing with a partner. Beyond the buzz of seeing one's name in lights, media exposure yields real pay-offs at funding-raising time.

Sixth, while IPA's influence is hard to pin down, what our funders like best about us is our ability to create human interaction on a range of research dilemmas and policy challenges. Generating frank discussion is doubly valuable given that few of us have time to read all we should. Even the busiest individuals need a break for lunch and if a free sandwich (sometimes something better) and some stimulating talk is on offer, they will often come. Conferences, as one learns in DFAIT, also require foolproof logistics, comfort and an interesting agenda. We organize a lot of them, in New York and elsewhere, mostly with great success. I have forced myself to develop an impresario persona, which I can now access on automatic pilot, much as any diplomat would need to at times.

What are some of the rewards of my time here? One is being able to participate, when invited, in UN Under-Secretary-General level task forces without any actual responsibilities at the UN. Working at the UN is tough: it's hierarchical (much more than DFAIT), quite inflexible administratively, poor at personnel management, and no good at all at setting priorities in relation to resource allocation. It demands micro-accountability without being able to delegate much responsibility. Louise Fréchette is trying to convince member states to inject modern management principles into the workings of the organization. This is a long-haul undertaking. Meanwhile, a heroic minority among the staff keep the institution afloat through sheer force of personality and intellect.

Another bonus is our close relationship with most Security Council delegations, including the P-5. The Council works exceptionally hard, often in improvisational mode. It is not particularly introspective or self-critical. Nevertheless, there is agreement that widely recognized mistakes should not be repeated and that new approaches need to be explored. Because they trust us, Council delegations occasionally turn to IPA to help them think through nagging problems or to convene informal, discreet discussions of Council members away from the UN on sensitive topics. As a result, and not for the first time, I found myself chairing an informal but brutally frank retreat of Council ambassadors in early December on problems ranging from the Congo and Ivory Coast to sub-par UN field appointees. The Council's excessively process-oriented approach to terrorism also came up. In these relaxed settings with no formal standing, new ideas are welcomed and occasionally result in change.

Our independence from the UN means that I do not fit into any particular hierarchy. This makes dealing in a rather egalitarian way with ministers, diplomats and other members of the UN community at all levels a relaxed experience. We can readily tell politicians things that officials might be reluctant to articulate and officials generally encourage us to do so. I am struck when visiting Washington every now and then that its hierarchy is (at least in its own mind, and often in reality) based more on perceived personal merit than on job descriptions, rank and administrative grades. I have occasionally been included in closed-door discussions there with surprisingly senior people simply in the hope that I might have something substantive to contribute. Being a Canadian is a key asset: no other nationality opens doors quite the same way with Americans, the superiority (in both senses of the word) of many Europeans, including the Brits, often rubbing Washington types the wrong way.

What of the future? In this line of work, one occasionally gets job offers, usually at quite the wrong time, generally from the academic world. Deans and senior professors can make princely salaries in the US, exciting both ego and greed. I have been tempted every now and then, but as the time for my return to the public service in

Ottawa approaches, I find I am looking forward to it. It remains to be seen whether the public service, its protestations of interest in managers of diverse backgrounds notwithstanding, will feel sufficiently comfortable with an unconventional career profile to trust me with serious responsibilities when I return in 2004. There are grounds for greater optimism on this score than would have been the case 20 years ago, although, from the outside looking in, the Canadian public service continues to seem hide-bound and hermetic. After a number of years back in government possibly including an assignment abroad, I would like to retire early to engage in some years of full-time teaching, which several colleagues have found possible.

Some Reflections on DFAIT

How does DFAIT look from here? First and foremost, it remains (in spite of its chronically despondent morale) a well-trained and sophisticated corps, with a high concentration of brain power and entrepreneurial drive relative to most foreign services. That said, exceptional talent stands out exceptionally, as David Angell's much admired performance in the Security Council, 1999–2000, alongside Bob Fowler and Paul Heinbecker, demonstrates. Because Canada does not matter particularly in a UN where the Permanent Five dominate, it needs to work hard to accomplish anything. Here, ideas are critical, as well as the energy to pursue them and overcome the resistance to the new that characterizes the UN even more than most large bureaucracies. On this front, Canada does very well, as Paul demonstrated with Canada's compromise proposal on Iraq in February. Diplomats at the UN enjoy tremendous autonomy and a high degree of delegation of authority from headquarters, so it is a very good testing ground for initiative and resourcefulness, but not every colleague seizes the opportunity.

How does DFAIT look from here? First and foremost, it remains ... a well-trained and sophisticated corps, with a high concentration of brain power and entrepreneurial drive relative to most foreign services.

DFAIT officers individually are highly regarded by those Canadian media types who encounter them abroad, but our Department as a whole continues to enjoy a poor media image. We need to ponder this, rather than whining. Likewise, many Canadian academics admire the work of DFAIT units with which they interact, including the academic relations and historical units, while thinking poorly of us overall. Clearly, we are failing in our efforts to interact well with the academic world. We pay a very high price for this as our poor relations with the Canadian academic community are refracted through the media back to our more powerful government sister Departments and to political elites. The Foreign Service Visitor program that I so greatly benefited from fifteen years ago needs a hard look. Can we leave it as mainly a personnel management tool allowing DFAIT to place some of its more senior officers in a holding pattern, often leading straight to retirement, or should we use it as

an opportunity for those at the peaks of their careers to impress the academic community?

DFAIT's most positive contributions are nearly always seen by outsiders to derive from the field, where we provide consular, trade and other services to Canadians and where we can demonstrate our policy expertise and our fleetness of foot. And yet, in recent years, we have been concentrating resources at headquarters, largely to save money. Penny-wise, pound foolish? The United Nations

meritorious lateral transfers and to reinvent ourselves as a confident cadre willing and able to compete both within DFAIT and elsewhere in our society. The strongest DFAIT bureau in which I served in recent years, Global Issues, was then staffed mainly by "outsiders" from government, the academic world and NGOs. This suggests advantages to opening up other DFAIT policy bureaux radically and, meanwhile to developing ourselves professionally through career diversification elsewhere in the government and beyond.



IPA hosts a meeting of defence ministers on rapid deployment. From left to right: Malone, Polish Defence Minister Janusz Onyszkiewicz, Annan and Danish Defence Minister Haekkamp. Then-Canadian Defence Minister Eggleton also attended.

Development Programme has, over the past two years, decisively reversed a similar trend, forcing (often reluctant) staff back into the field and cutting back massively on headquarters. This is undoubtedly a good decision, although it would be an expensive one for us.

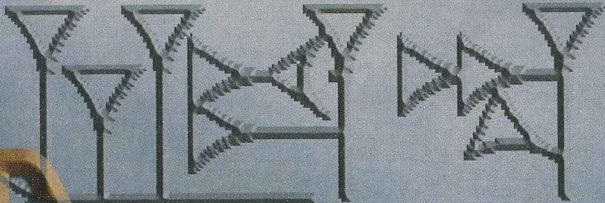
As a funder of research and NGO activity, DFAIT is quick off the mark and flexible, which goes some way towards making up for its very limited "walking around" money. In particular, the Global Issues Bureau's Human Security Fund has been managed with agility and skill. Overall, we do best when we leverage our resources with larger contributions from CIDA and IDRC. (DND, sadly, is simply not a factor in international research and policy work, unlike the Pentagon and leading European Defence Ministries.) This makes turf fights with these Ottawa actors highly counterproductive for DFAIT, although differences of view are inevitable.

Pearson Building types often inadvertently present an unfortunate public face of DFAIT. A culture of entitlement (as if the Foreign Service exam were a highly reliable measure of talent) and of victimization (however objectively true it is that remuneration and other more professional rewards for FSOs have declined in real terms over the years relative to other professional groups) is highly unattractive to outsiders. Now that some of our professional grievances are being addressed, it would seem wise to welcome

DFAIT professionals should systematically consider assignments in the NGO and research worlds. Our young colleague Ben Rowsell, much admired at PCO for his current work there on Canada-US relations, at his own initiative will take up a Pritzker International Fellowship this summer in Washington's highly regarded Center for Strategic and International Studies, during which time he will doubtless learn more about what makes Washington tick than he could in any alternative assignment over a similar period of time. Other postings of a non-traditional sort will also become increasingly important for DFAIT and rewarding personally. One example: Patrick Wittmann, a young member of the leadership team of the UN's successful mission in Mozambique in the mid-1990s, who expertly anchored in Ottawa Canada's Security Council term, 1999-2000, has been nominated to take up the job of Canadian political advisor to the commanders of NORAD in Colorado Springs.

My experience here has been exhilarating. I am confident it will make me a more acute, results-oriented and entrepreneurial public servant on my return to Ottawa. I look forward to it. ☺

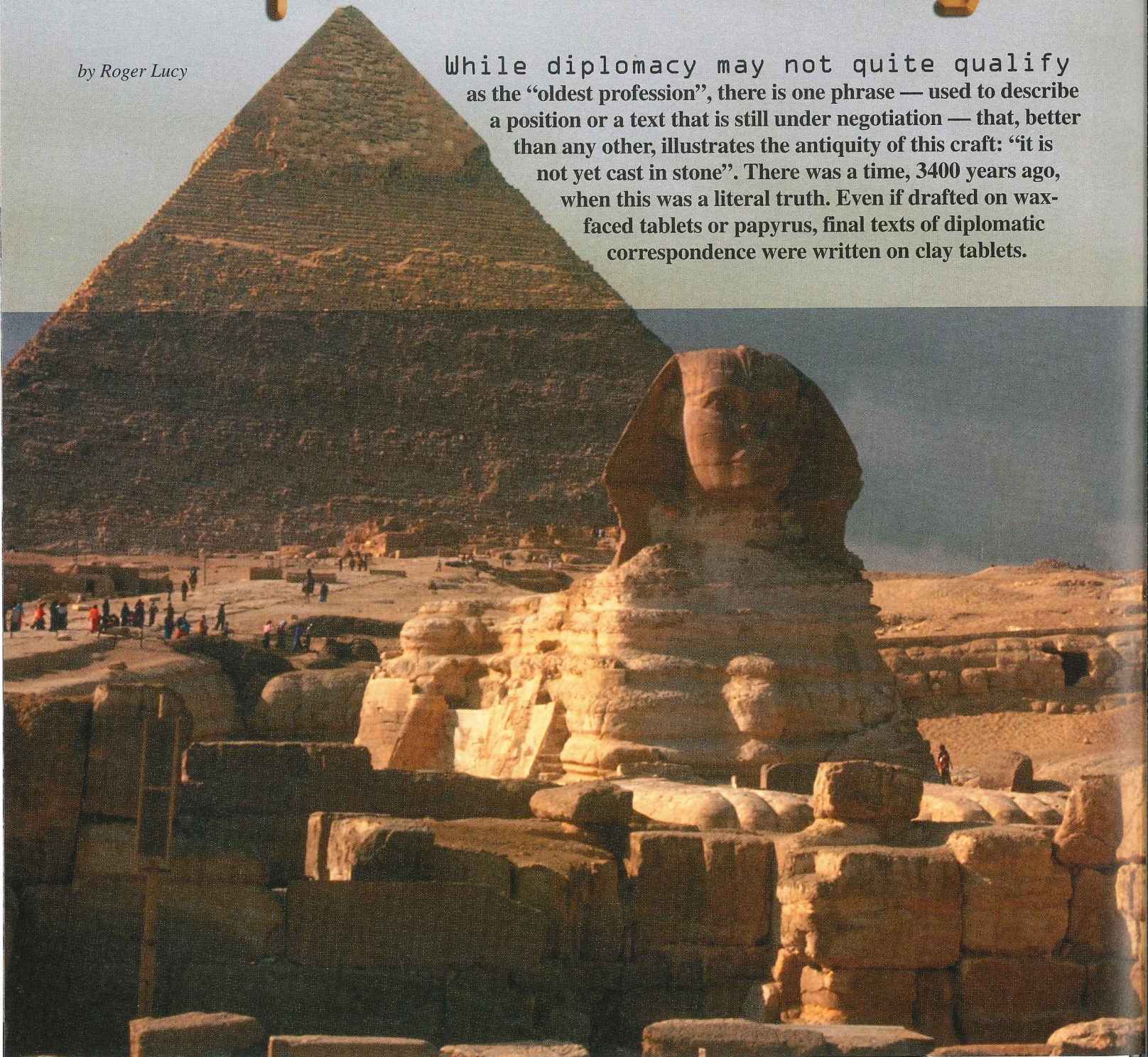
David Malone, a former Ambassador and Deputy Permanent Representative at the UN and former Director General of the Policy, International Organizations and Global Issues Bureau, is on leave from the Public Service until late 2004.



The Dawn of Diplomacy

by Roger Lucy

While diplomacy may not quite qualify as the “oldest profession”, there is one phrase — used to describe a position or a text that is still under negotiation — that, better than any other, illustrates the antiquity of this craft: “it is not yet cast in stone”. There was a time, 3400 years ago, when this was a literal truth. Even if drafted on wax-faced tablets or papyrus, final texts of diplomatic correspondence were written on clay tablets.



In modern times when the going gets tough, diplomatic archives may be consigned to the flames or the shredder to avoid their falling into unfriendly hands (I have had some personal experience with this). That would have been distinctly counterproductive in the ancient Near East. Indeed, nothing delights an Assyriologist more than to unearth a sacked city, with a burnt out library, because the flames that consumed the archive, baked the tablets it housed, rendering them virtually indestructible.

In 1877 some Egyptian peasants rooting about in the ruins of Al-Amarna on east bank of the Nile found troves of clay tablets inscribed in Babylonian cuneiform. Eventually over 300 were recovered and made their way to western museums to be translated and collated. The tablets date back to the fourteenth century B.C., the last decades of Egypt's glorious eighteenth dynasty. The earliest tablets show New Kingdom Egypt at the height of its powers under Amenophis III, followed by the strange reign of his son Akhenaten, the so-called "heretic king", and ending with Tutankhamen's short and unhappy reign. To the historian, however, the find was more valuable than all of King Tut's gold, because the tablets formed part of an Egyptian diplomatic archive. They described a turbulent time. Akhenaten was more interested in religion than in peace, order and good government. Foreign affairs were ignored, and in Egypt itself the administration crumbled and corruption became rampant.

The tablets were written in cuneiform, the name given to the wedge-shaped signs, each representing a syllable, impressed on the clay tablets. Ancient Egyptians did not normally write on clay tablets, nor in cuneiform, but no one else used their hieroglyphics, and Akkadian, a now extinct Semitic language, spoken in what used to be Iraq, was the international *lingua franca* of the day. The Pharaoh's chancery would have drafted its diplomatic correspondence in Egyptian, but then translated it into Akkadian. Most of the archive is, in fact, incoming correspondence (often annotated as to its origin); the Egyptian originals for the outgoing messages, usually written on papyrus, have largely perished.

When Amenophis III died in 1377 there were essentially three great powers: Egypt, whose control stretched up through what's now Israel, the Palestinian territories and Lebanon; the Kingdom of the Mittani, located on the upper Tigris and Euphrates, in the region that today would like to be Kurdistan; and the Hittite Empire in central Anatolia. There were also lesser states in Cyprus, and Babylon (near Baghdad), whose kings deemed themselves important enough to address the Pharaoh as "my brother" rather than "my Lord". Amenophis and the Mittani

King Tushratta were closely allied, reinforced by generous Egyptian subsidies to the Mitanni and by several marriage alliances (unilateral, as Amenophis never allowed the marriage of an Egyptian princess to a foreigner). Together Egypt and the Mitanni held the Hittites in check behind the Taurus mountains. With Amenophis' death and also the accession of a new Hittite King Suppiluliumas I, things began to unravel.

The new Pharaoh Amenophis IV was preoccupied with promoting his new cult of the sun god Aten. He changed his name to Akhenaten and began building a new capital cum cult-centre at Amarna (then styled Akhetaten). He did nothing when, a few years after his secession, the Hittite king Suppiluliumas I launched a major offensive against Tushratta and broke the Mitanni kingdom. Much of the archive reflects Akhenaten's indifference as the old world order disintegrated about him, and despite ever more desperate appeals from the Mittani and from his own Levantine and former Mittani vassals for help against the Hittites or various north Syrian dynasts and nomads taking advantage of the chaos. His father, Amenophis III had taken a hands-on approach to foreign affairs and defence; he read the incoming dispatches and sometimes even drafted the replies, which usually went out promptly. If a slight were delivered, or a messenger too long detained, it was meant deliberately. Normally, presents were punctiliously exchanged, and the vassals in the northern marches were kept firmly in hand; if not, Amenophis sent an expeditionary force. None of this interested Akhenaten, and his closest advisors ensured that bad news from home or abroad never reached his ears. Without central direction, his chancery had no guidance on how to respond, so often they didn't. Foreign envoys cooled their heels for years, and presents, when exchanged, fell considerably short of expectations.

Unfortunately the messages that passed back and forth between the Great Kings do not always give the flavour of these exciting times. One of the problems may be the time depth. The past, they say, is a foreign country, and this is a very foreign country indeed. While Roman diplomatic reports and correspondence or treaty texts have a not unfamiliar ring to them, these letters do not. There are also linguistic problems. Many the letters are drafted in very bad Akkadian and a few are in other languages such as Hurrian (the language of the Mitanni) or Hittite, and if this made their interpretation difficult for Egyptian officials, they can be positively baffling to modern scholars. The letters tend to be repetitious and very formalistic. We are not entirely free of this, as

we still begin third person notes with *The Department of Foreign Affairs presents its compliments to the Embassy of X* and end ... *has the honour to renew to the Embassy of X the assurances of its highest consideration*. The fourteenth century B.C. equivalent was *Say to N, king of Z, my brother, thus M, king of Y, your brother, for me and my country all goes very well, for you, for your wives, for your sons, for your nobles, for your chariots, for your horses, for your country may all go very well*. Messages from vassal kings and "mayors" (rulers of small Lebanese or Canaanite city states such as Tyre or Jerusalem) begin on a humbler note *Say to the King, my sun, my god, message of X your servant, the dirt under your feet, the mire you tread in, your footstool. I fall at the feet of my King, my Lord. my sun, seven times and seven times both on my stomach and my back. Try that the next time we want Washington's attention!*

Many of the messages were what we would call networking, an exchange of pleasantries. These were deemed important and omissions were noted. In one rather grumpy message to Akhenaten, the King of Babylon complains that, although he has been quite ill for some time, *Has my brother not heard I am ill, why has he shown me no concern ... ask your messenger if my country is so far away that my brother did not hear the news ...* He continues in this vein for several more tablets. Another important element in diplomacy of this period was the exchange of "greeting gifts" often carefully enumerated in the message. The Egyptians usually sent gold; the Babylonians lapis lazuli, and chariot teams; the Mitanni clothing and precious stones; the Hittites, wood products and scented oils; and the Cypriots copper. In exchange reciprocal gifts were expected, sometimes for a particular purpose such as furnishing a new temple or palace: *May my brother send me much gold, at our national feast day may my brother honour me. In my brother's country gold is as plentiful as dirt. May my brother with gold and many goods honour me. May my brother do more than his father did. May my messengers bring back to me much gold.*

The Egyptians were somewhat lax about the quality of their gifts. Tushratta sent several peevish letters to Akhenaten, because two "gold" statues, promised by his late father, were found on arrival to be gold-plated wood. He even complained about them to the Queen-mother: *I will not forget my love for Amenophis, your husband. More than ever before, I show ten times much, much more love to your son ... I had asked your husband for statues of solid cast gold ... Now your son has sent plated statues of wood ... with gold being as dirt in your son's country*

why has he been the cause of such distress as to send these to me?

The king of Babylon also complained of receiving substandard gold — on one occasion he got 30 lbs of gold that looked like silver. *The gold was melted down in the presence of Kasi, your messenger and he was a witness — at another time When I put the 40 lbs of gold in the kiln there appeared not even 10, I swear ... what did appear on cooling off, looked like ashes.*

While many of these exchanges of “greeting gifts” were the ancient equivalent of silver trays and Eskimo sculptures, some involved much more substantial exchanges, and were more in the nature of commercial arrangements. Egypt in particular, needed good timber, and it lacked copper. In one letter, the King of Cyprus sends 500 talents (15 tons) of copper, apologizing for not sending more, but pestilence has carried off most of his metal workers. In exchange he asks for some vases of scented oil, some soothsayers and above all for *very great quantities of silver*. He reminds Akhenaten that he still owes for a shipment of Cypriot timber.

Many letters involve requests for, or negotiations about, royal brides (normally a protracted process). Brides normally came with a large trousseau (itself an object of negotiations) and these were carefully enumerated. In addition, the receiving state was expected to send an impressive escort to bring the bride to her new home. Negotiations could drag on for months or years about such details. As polygamy was the norm, several generations could be involved. One Babylonian monarch was asked by Amenophis III for a daughter, although his father had already bestowed one of his sisters. He tells Amenophis, *Indeed, you want my daughter in marriage, but my sister whom my father gave you ... no one has seen her recently, or knows whether she is alive or dead. You told my messengers with your wives standing before you “There is your mistress before your eyes” But they did not recognize her.* Amenophis’ reply to this high level consular enquiry was scathing: *Did you ever send a dignitary of yours who knows your sister, who could speak with her and identify her? The men you sent here were nobodies, one was [illegible] the other an ass herder from [illegible] ... If your sister were dead, what reason would there be for concealing her death or our presenting someone else?*

Among the few signs of the troubled times, aside from a warning from the King of Cyprus — *do not make an alliance with the Hittites* — was a Babylonian king’s complaint that a party of his merchants (essentially employees of a crown corporation) had been killed in Canaan, a region under (nominal) Egyptian control. *Canaan is your*

country and its kings are your servants. In your country I have been despoiled. Bring them to account, and make compensation ... put to death the men who put my servants to death.

Letters from client kings in the region are more revealing of the times. The Hittite eruption greatly disturbed Egypt’s tributaries in northern Lebanon, who feared that they might be invaded. One expresses alarm as the Hittites advance through northern Syria *He sends the land up in flames. Rib-Hadda King of Byblos, a longtime Egyptian vassal state which extended south to Beirut, sent no less than 40 letters calling for help, often describing himself like a bird in a trap ... why have you neglected your country.* Not only was he concerned that *The Hittite king has seized all the lands that were vassals to the king of Mitanni ... send archers.* He was also under attack from the ‘Apiru’, a nomadic people from the interior, who also troubled other kings and mayors including Abdi-Heba, the mayor of Jerusalem, who pleads *I am situated like a ship in the midst of the sea ... The ‘Apiru’ have taken the very cities of the king, not a single mayor remains to the king, all are lost.* He too, vainly asks Akhenaten to send him archers.

The enemies were not only external. Some of Akhenaten’s nominal tributaries were less than loyal. The worst was Aziru of Amurru (in Northern Syria), who took over or destroyed several other vassal cities, including, in the end, Byblos. When the people of Byblos went over to Aziru, Rib-Hadda fell back to Beirut, where he once more vainly appealed to Akhenaten for troops. His last recorded words were *Why has my lord neglected me?* Rib-Hadda was killed and Akhenaten was finally moved to write to Aziru *If you plot evil treacherous things then you and your entire family will die by the axe of the king.* He concludes *You know the king is hale like the sun in the sky. For his troops and his chariots are multitudinous.* Aziru loudly protested his loyalty and

shrugged off Akhenaten’s admonitions: *I do not deviate from the orders of my king, my Lord, my God and my Sun ... You are like Ba’al ... how could your servants lie to my Lord ... the mayors are all traitors to my Lord, do not trust them!* But Aziru continued his encroachments.

Akhenaten was finally bestirred to concrete action, when Aziru began to plot with the Hittites. He was arrested and escorted back to Egypt to stand trial. He was detained there for some time, but eventually was released. On his return, Aziru finally threw off all pretense of being an Egyptian vassal and gave his allegiance to the Hittites. Suppiluliumas was less trusting than Akhenaten. He exacted from Aziru an annual tribute of 50 lbs of silver and forbade him any independent dealings with the Egyptians or other Great Kings.

In 1359 Akhenaten died, apparently of natural causes. The next few years saw the fleeting passage of the last scions of the eighteenth dynasty. Tutankhamen, the best known of these, even mounted an expedition, allied with the emergent state of Assyria, against the Hittites, but then lost his nerve and retreated. In the end the military staged a coup, a general named Horemheb seized the throne and moved the government back to Thebes. Amarna/Akhetaten was abandoned, its useable stone work was recycled, and the rest was consigned to the flames. The immolation which consigned Akhenaten’s memory to oblivion, however, preserved his archives to give us a glimpse of how foreign policy was conducted 3400 years ago. ☺

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(Also in) Paris 1919

*Margaret MacMillan, the Provost of Trinity College and Professor of History at the University of Toronto, has earned international acclaim for her elegant, witty and remarkably comprehensive account of the Paris Peace Conference, which was published first in the United Kingdom as *The Peacemakers* and more recently in New York as *Paris 1919: Six Months that Changed the World*. As MacMillan has noted in her book and in this year's O.D. Skelton Memorial Lecture, there was an extraordinary assembly of leaders, followers, advisers and observers in Paris for deliberations and negotiations that were intended not only to conclude peace treaties with Germany and other vanquished enemies but also to chart a different course for the post-war world. The range of obsessions, motivations and interests thus assembled in Paris was nearly as diverse and contradictory as the personalities of the participants. Before too long, however, it was obvious to insiders and outsiders that the critical decisions were effectively taken by a few — notably Woodrow Wilson, David Lloyd George and Georges Clemenceau — while many others worked on the details or simply attempted to influence those who mattered.*

One of the bit players in this large cast was the brilliant Legal Adviser of Canada's Department of External Affairs and Secretary to the War Committee of the Cabinet, Loring C. Christie. He had been recruited personally by a fellow Nova Scotian, the Prime Minister (and Secretary of State for External Affairs), Sir Robert Borden. Christie was effectively the leading expert on international affairs in the government of Canada.

As Robert Bothwell has noted, Christie's views on Canadian participation in imperial and world affairs shifted considerably, largely as a result of his experience during the First World War and afterward at the Paris Peace Conference.

While others wrangled over how best (or most advantageously) to dismember former foes, to extract compensation for damages or to construct new nations, Canada's representatives were preoccupied with something more mundane, though arguably essential for Canadian political and constitutional development — recognition of Canada's distinct status in world affairs. As Christie's own summary makes clear, that was not a foregone conclusion, as other nations suspected a nefarious imperial plot to gain extra seats for the British Empire, with self-governing colonies (whether labelled "Dominions" or not) masquerading as autonomous states. Consequently, his report on the outcome of the negotiations (including the establishment of the League of Nations and the International Labour Organization) highlights issues which had little or no impact on the substance of the proceedings which culminated in the Treaty of Versailles and associated accords.

The memorandum reprinted below was earlier published in External Affairs, Vol. XVI, No. 4 (April 1964), 163-72. The formatting has been simplified by the omission of sub-headings and the annexes to which reference is made in the text have been omitted.

Hector Mackenzie

Loring C. Christie, "Notes on the Development at the Peace Conference of the Status of Canada as an International Person," July 1919.

1. The object of these notes is to outline the development at the Paris Peace Conference of the status of Canada as an international person or entity. The main points in the sketch will be the character of the representation secured by Canada at the Conference, her position as a Signatory of the Treaties concluded there, and her status as a Member of the League of Nations and of the International Labour Organization.
2. In the early stages of the war it had been announced in the various Parliaments of the Empire that the Dominions would be fully consulted concerning the terms of peace. (See United Kingdom Parliament, April 14, 1915, 71 H.C.Deb., 5s.,

col. 16-18; Canadian Parliament, January 31, 1917, Debates, House of Commons, Official Report, Session of 1917, vol. 1, page 300). The sessions of the Imperial War Cabinet, held in the spring of 1917 and the summer of 1918, afforded so far as they went the means for carrying out this understanding. During the negotiations leading up to the armistice there naturally presented itself the specific question of Dominion representation at the Conference of belligerent Powers which it was certain would be held to conclude the terms of peace. This question was first officially raised from Ottawa by telegraphic correspondence between the Prime Minister of Canada and the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom (see Annex A); thereafter it was taken up immediately on the arrival of the Canadian Ministers in London in November, 1918, and the discussion continued there until their departure for Paris early in January, 1919.

- (a) The discussion took place in the Imperial War Cabinet and in less formal meetings between English and Dominion Ministers. At the outset the assumption was that only five places could be secured for the British Empire at the peace table (*see* I[mperial].W[ar].C[abinet] 37, Minute 6). On this assumption various methods of meeting the case of the Dominions were canvassed, consisting mostly of variations on what was known as the panel system, under which the representation of the British Empire in the Peace Conference discussions would be selected from day to day, according to the subject, from a panel made up of representatives of the United Kingdom and the Dominions. But on consideration it became apparent that this method would not of itself be sufficient in practice to take care of the various political elements in Great Britain that were entitled to or had been promised representation and at the same time to meet the legitimate claims and aspirations of the Dominions in view of the decisive force they had exerted in the actual determination of the issues of the war. Accordingly in the end the Prime Minister of Canada proposed that we should press, not only for a British Empire representation of five involving the panel system, but also for distinctive representation for each Dominion similar to that accorded to the smaller Allied Powers; and this proposal was accepted by the Imperial War Cabinet.
 - (b) During the first week of December preliminary conversations on the making of peace took place in London between representatives of the British Empire, France and Italy, and the proposal of the Prime Minister of Canada was put forward and accepted in principle. (*See* I[nter-Allied].C[onversations]. 98 (a), Clause 4 (c); I.W.C. 41; I.C. 100, Clause 5; I.W.C. 48, Minute 5.)
 - (c) Conversations with President Wilson took place in London during the last week of December, but this question was not considered, since at that time the President was opposed to the holding of a formal Inter-Allied Conference. (*See* I.W.C. 47, Minute 1, Page 5.)
3. The Preliminary Peace Conference began at Paris on January 12, 1919, and the question of procedure, including that of representation, was taken up at the outset in the Council of First Delegates or Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers, commonly known as the Council of Ten. The United States delegates at once objected to the proposal for distinctive representation for the British Dominions, President Wilson saying that it would not be understood by his people. Mr. Lansing, United States Secretary of State, proposed that there might be five technical delegates of the Dominions, and questioned the title of the Dominions to take part in the discussion of European arrangements (*see* I.C. 104, Minute 1). But after full discussion in the British Empire Delegation, and a strong protest from the Prime Minister of Canada, the United States delegates receded at the next meeting of the Council of Ten and the proposal was carried; so that the larger Dominions were each of them accorded a representation equal to that of the more important small Powers (*see* B[ritish].E[mpire].D[elegation] 1, Minute 1; I.C. 106, Minute 1; B.E.D. 3, Minute 10).
 4. The Council of Ten, after reaching this agreement as to Dominion representation, gave additional representation to Belgium and Serbia (*see* I.C. 111, Minute 1). The Canadian Ministers immediately submitted a Memorandum protesting against this decision (*see* Annex B; W[ar].C[abinet].P[aper]. 24); though it was recognized that it was too late to change it.
 5. Accordingly the Rules of the Conference as adopted at the Plenary Session of January 18, 1919, provided for a British Empire representation of five Plenipotentiary Delegates (including Dominion representatives under the panel system), and in addition for two Plenipotentiary Delegates each for Canada, Australia, South Africa and India, and one for New Zealand. Their status was made the same as that of the smaller Powers, or "belligerent Powers with special interests," as the more important of these were officially described. In addition they were entitled to bring Technical Delegates (*see* Annex C; Rules of the Conference, Annex II to Protocol No. 1 of the Preliminary Peace Conference).
- As explained elsewhere, the form which the organization and proceedings of the Peace Conference actually took did not entirely accord with the scheme of the Rules adopted at this Plenary Session (*see* Annex D; Memorandum on the Organization and Proceedings of the Paris Peace Conference).
6. In the result, through this combination of the panel system for the British Empire Delegation with their own distinctive representation, the Dominions secured a peculiarly effective position.
 - (a) At the Plenary Sessions there were sometimes three Canadian Plenipotentiary Delegates — two representing Canada and one representing the British Empire.
 - (b) At all times throughout the Conference, the Dominion Delegates were at the heart of the machine and had access to all the papers recording the proceedings of the Conference. This enabled them effectively to watch and check the proceedings in the interest of their respective Dominions, and placed them in a position distinctly more advantageous than that of the small Powers, who did not receive the confidential papers of the Conference such as the minutes of the Council of Ten and the Council of Five.
 - (c) Dominion Ministers were nominated to and acted for the British Empire on the principal Inter-Allied Commissions of the Peace Conference, which were appointed by the Conference from time to time to consider and report upon special aspects of the conditions of peace (*see* Annex D). The Canadian Ministers acted as the principal British Empire representatives on these Commissions as follows:

Commission on Greek Questions —
Sir Robert Borden (Vice-President).

Commission on the International Control of Ports,
Waterways and Railways — Hon. A.L. Sifton
(Vice-President).

Economic Commission —
Sir George Foster (Vice-President).

Sub-Commission on Pre War Contracts —
Hon. C.J. Doherty (Chairman).

Sir George Foster (with Mr. Sifton and Mr. Doherty
as alternates) was also on the panel from which the
British Empire representation on the Supreme
Economic Council was chosen from time to time.

- (d) All the Dominion Prime Ministers took part in the Council of Ten when the disposition of the German Colonies was being discussed and decided.
 - (e) The Prime Minister of Canada on several occasions attended as the British Empire representative on the Council of Five (*see* Annex D). He also attended the Council of Four (*see* Annex D) on several occasions to put forward the British Empire case in respect of the clauses on economic questions, on the international control of ports, waterways and railways, and on submarine cables.
 - (f) It is especially significant of the new status that during his last month in Paris, the Prime Minister of Canada regularly acted as chairman of the meetings of the British Empire Delegation (which was but the Imperial War Cabinet under another name), whenever the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom was unable to attend.
7. A further development concerns the signature of the various treaties concluded at the Conference. Hitherto the practice in respect of a political treaty has been to insert an article or reservation providing for the adhesion of the Dominions sometime after its signature and ratification by the Government of the United Kingdom. It was thought that this method would be inappropriate on this occasion in view of the new position that had been secured and of the part played by Dominion representatives at the peace table. Accordingly, the Prime Minister of Canada proposed that the assent of the King as High Contracting Party to the various treaties should in respect of the Dominions be signified by the signature of Dominion plenipotentiaries, and that the preamble and other formal parts of the treaties should be drafted accordingly. This proposal was adopted, in the form of a Memorandum, by all the Dominion Prime Ministers at a meeting summoned by the Prime Minister of Canada, and was put forward on their behalf (*see* Annex E; W.C.P. 242). The proposal was accepted by the British Empire Delegation and the Conference substantially as made; and the various treaties have been drawn up accordingly; so that the Dominions appear as Signatories, and their concurrence in the treaties, subject to ratification, is thus given in the same manner as that of all the other Powers.

8. This development involved the issuance by the King, as High Contracting Party, of Full Powers to the various Dominion Plenipotentiary Delegates; and in order that the Full Powers issued to the Canadian Plenipotentiaries might be based upon formal action of the Canadian Government an Order in Council was passed on April 10, 1919 (P.C. 800), granting the necessary authority (*see* Annex F). At the same time the Prime Minister of Canada addressed a communication to the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom requesting that some appropriate step should be taken to establish the connection between this Order in Council and the issuance of the Full Powers, so that it might formally appear of record that they were issued on the responsibility of the Government of Canada (*see* Annex G). It happens that under British practice the Letters Patent constituting a Full Power are signed by the King as Head of the State without any counter-signature; so that the formal connection between the action of the Canadian Government and the issuance of these full powers by the King can be established without anomaly.
9. The new status of the Dominions is manifested again in the constitution of the League of Nations. Having enjoyed a status at the Peace Conference like that of the "Powers with special interests," the Dominions took the ground that they should be similarly accepted in the future international relationship contemplated by the League. The League of Nations Commission, while inclined to accept this position in principle, did not at the outset accept all its implications. The first draft of the Covenant of the League made provision for Dominion membership, but it was obscure as to the character of Dominion representation. (*See* Annex H; Preamble and Articles 1, 2, 3 and 7 of the draft Covenant presented to the Plenary Session of February 14, 1919, by the Commission on the League of Nations.) But the document was professedly tentative; the Dominion case was pressed; and in its final form as amended and incorporated in the Treaty of Peace with Germany, the status of the Dominions as to membership and representation in the Assembly and Council was recognized as being in all respects the same as that of other Members of the League. They are to become Members as Signatories of the Treaty; and the words of the document make no distinction between them and other Signatory Members. (*See* Annex J; Preamble and Articles 1, 2, 3 and 4 and Annex of Covenant as incorporated in the Treaty of Peace.) With especial reference to Article 4, the Prime Minister of Canada obtained from President Wilson and Messrs Clemenceau and Lloyd George a signed declaration "that upon the true construction of the first and second paragraphs of that Article, representatives of the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire may be selected or named as members of the Council." (*See* Annex K.)
10. The constitution of the International Labour Organization affords a still further manifestation of the development. Questions arose here similar to those involved in the constitution of the League of Nations; for the Labour Organization is analogous to that of the League. Corresponding to the Council of the League there is a Labour Governing Body, consisting of Delegates nominated by a limited number of governments, in addition to employers' and employees' Delegates; while corresponding to the Assembly of the League there is the General Labour Conference. The draft

Convention presented by the Commission on International Labour Legislation to the Plenary Session of April 11, 1919, while contemplating that Dominion Government Delegates might be sent to the General Conference, definitely excluded them from the Governing Body; for in defining that body it declared that "No High Contracting Party, together with its Dominions and Colonies, whether self-governing or not, shall be entitled to nominate more than one member" (*see* Annex L; Article 7, Protocol to Article 7, and Article 35 of the draft Convention presented to the Plenary Session of April 11, 1919, by the Commission on International Labour Legislation). A resolution having been moved in the same Plenary Session that the Peace Conference approve this draft Convention, the Prime Minister of Canada immediately moved that the resolution be amended by adding the following:

"The Conference authorizes the Drafting Committee to make such amendments as may be necessary to have the Convention conform to the Covenant of the League of Nations in the character of its membership and in the method of adherence."

This amendment carried, and as a consequence the Labour Convention was finally amended so that the Dominions were placed on the same footing as other Members of the International Labour Organization, becoming eligible for selection like others to nominate Government Delegates to the Governing Body; though it was only at the last minute, and after the Prime Minister of Canada had carried the matter up to the Council of Four, that the Drafting Committee struck out the objectionable clause quoted above. (*See* Annex M; Articles 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 35 of the Labour Convention as incorporated in the Treaty of Peace with Germany.)

11. The Treaty of Peace was largely drafted in the first instance by Commissions of the Peace Conference; though many Articles were drafted by the Drafting Committee on instructions from the Council of Ten, the Council of Five or the Council of Four. (*See* Annex D.) In the case of the League of Nations Covenant and the Labour Convention and General Principles there were special Plenary Sessions to consider and adopt the proposals. For the rest, however, the participation of the Powers other than the five Principal Powers was more formal than substantial, except of course in respect of the Articles affecting them specially. It is true that the Conditions of Peace were submitted to and adopted by the secret Plenary Session of May 6th before their presentation to the Germans; but it was a highly formal proceeding.

The Dominions, however, were much better placed. As already seen the Dominions were prominently represented on the various Commissions of the Peace Conference, and at times the Prime Ministers attended the Council of Ten, while in addition the Prime Minister of Canada on a number of occasions took part in the work of the Council of Four and the Council of Five. More than that, every Commission Report, every aspect, every section of the Conditions of Peace was first considered in meetings of the British Empire Delegation (whose personnel was the same as that of the Imperial War Cabinet) before the assent of the British Empire was given. The Dominions' participation in the making of peace has been substantial indeed.

12. In recalling the successive stages of the advance in status attained by the Dominions at the Peace Conference it is to be noted that in every instance the initiative was taken by Canada; and whether or not the other Dominions at all times joined in pressing these steps, nevertheless each one in the final result received the full benefit of the advance.

For a good many years Canada has been in a position, should the occasion warrant it or should she so desire, to affirm herself definitely as an international person or entity. The occasion arose at Paris. We had not in fact been entirely lacking in direct international relationships, but they were of an economic character and their political or constitutional implications had not been expressly defined. The settlement of the results of the war provided the first occasion on which Canada became conscious that she was directly and vitally concerned in a world political conference. The occasion was met and Canada through her representatives has definitely declared herself as in some degree an international person. Representatives of the Canadian Government sat at the peace table with those of other countries; they presented their Full Powers and they signed in the same way; Canada became a member of the League of Nations and the International Labour Organization on the same footing as others. In all this the Dominion has appeared directly, in person, not through another; in everything that met the eye, in the method in which they appeared and entered into relationships, contractual or otherwise, in fact in all their functioning, the Canadian representatives were practically indistinguishable from the other national representatives present. All this is unmistakable evidence of a new position in the world definitely assumed.

What this will ultimately mean in its relation to the British Commonwealth lies in the realm of speculation. But as it stands at present the British Commonwealth has clearly become before the world something different from what it was. For our own purposes we had regarded ourselves as made up of distinct political units; but we had not made that clear in our relations with others. Now we have done so; the Dominions have asserted a sovereign status of some sort and have for some purposes entered the Family of Nations. There were at Paris, and will be, anomalies; but the history of international law and custom is itself full of anomalies; it is also not without material guidance in considering what may be done with such an International Person, or combination of International Persons, however unprecedented, as the British Commonwealth has now definitely resolved itself into. (*See* Annex N; Notes on International Personality and the Right of Legation in Relation to Canada, March 16, 1918.) The development has proceeded in the direction contemplated by the Resolution on the Constitution of the Empire agreed to by the Imperial War Conference, 1917 (*see* Annex O); it remains for the special Imperial Conference contemplated therein to deal with whatever further readjustments of the constitutional relationships of the Empire are necessary, and to suggest "effective arrangements for continuous consultation in all important matters of common Imperial concern, and for such necessary concerted action, founded on consultation, as the several Governments may determine." ☉

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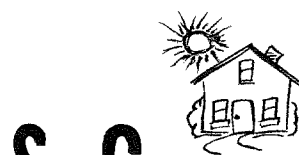
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"If democratic pluralism fails in North America, where else can this grand experiment prevail? In the new millennium, the people of Canada can leave no greater gift to

humanity than the knowledge, based on a history of shared political culture, that democratic pluralism works." So writes Charles Doran, Andrew Mellon Professor of International Relations in the Nitze School of Advanced International Studies in Washington DC. It is not often that Canadians are told (particularly by Americans) that Canada matters. Even more rarely are we told that what matters about us is not our geography, our resources, or our "role" in the world, but who we are as a people, what we have achieved together, and how well we respond to the challenge of pluralism — in

which Canada finds itself on the front lines of the democratic world.

Doran argues that while liberal democracy has reached new heights of sophistication in the industrialized world, "the larger national identity is under siege from a resurgence of cultural consciousness and a deepening of solidarity at the communal level. Liberal democracy, rightfully celebrating its protection of individual and minority rights, must suddenly accommodate long-standing or group concerns, understandable and legitimate, about preservation of culture, language, and tradition from diverse



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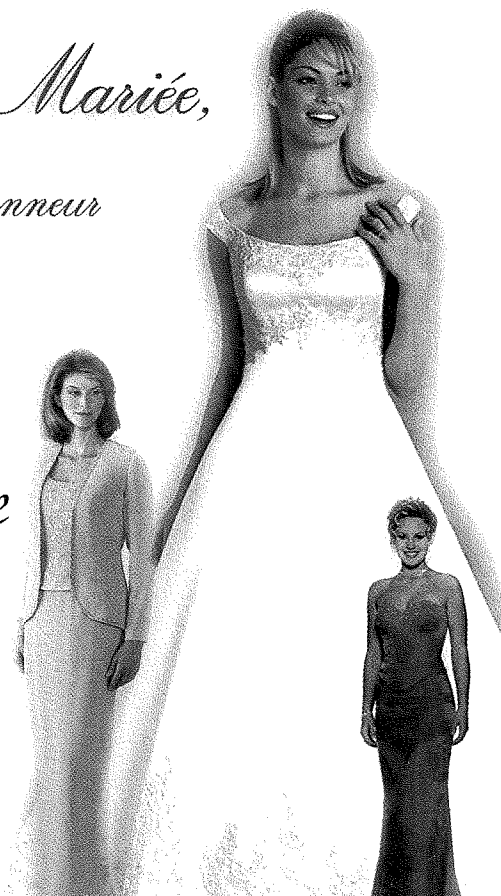
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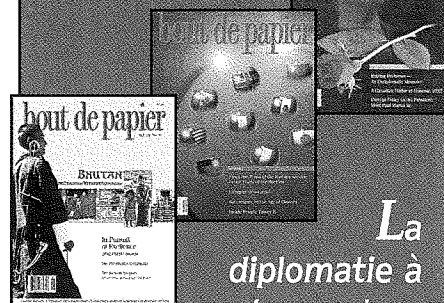
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communities within the society. In democracies and non-democracies alike, the disparate interests within society are pulling the nation apart, claiming the right of self-determination and actively seeking autonomy or secession." The only solution to this dilemma is democratic pluralism, which argues that "diverse communities in a liberal democracy can live in harmony with each other inside a single state, and, what is more, that in this condition of social and political interdependence the members of these communities can thrive spiritually, economically, linguistically, and intellectually." Separation along ethno-linguistic lines is a statement that democratic pluralism has failed. "The state that breaks up according to cultural-linguistic difference will not only mortgage the capacity to protect the individual ... but will also give rise to cultural-linguistic difference as the new standard upon which to base democratic decision. Democratic pluralism and government conducted solely by cultural-linguistic norm are, ultimately, incompatible."

The stakes in this struggle for democratic pluralism are highest for North America, where Canada and the United States have been a "city on the hill", an inspiration of freedom, prosperity, diversity, and tolerance for the world. Because Canada is more aggressively diverse than the United States, the threat to pluralism is also more acute in Canada. Thus Canada's fate is crucial for Americans, not only in the obvious impact of a divided Canada on American prosperity and security, but in terms of its global interests as well. "If democratic pluralism continues to flourish in North America, Canada and the United States will remain truly a model for other countries to follow. But if secession occurs, democratic pluralism worldwide will suffer, for the model itself will have failed and democratic pluralism will be regarded as a 'damaged good' not worthy of consideration. Homogenization of culture within increasingly fragmented and increasingly isolated populations will become the norm for state organization."

The centre of the book is the "Quebec question". "English" Canada needs Quebec to fulfill Canada's authenticity; Quebec needs "English" Canada to bring out its richest traditions and preserve it from inwardness. But feelings of historical subordination, loss of collective identity, anxiety over cultural survival, all fuel Quebec nationalism — though not necessarily separatism. Indeed, Doran argues, Quebec nationalism appears to be strongest when Quebec culture is least threatened; Quebec nationalists do not fear economic integration within North America; and there is a lively debate about whether Quebec nationalism is ethnic or civic (or both). There

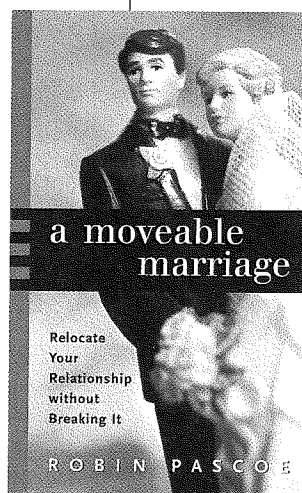
is plenty of scope for accommodation if moderation prevails on both sides, but this is made more difficult by the lack of any bottom line to Quebec nationalist demands, coupled with an increasing unwillingness of "English" Canada to make any concessions at all. If Quebec separated it would be economically weaker than as part of Canada, and the rest of Canada would unravel politically. Aboriginal peoples would have a greater challenge in reconciling their own issues of self-government with individual freedom and membership in a state. But the pieces would still have to live together, since Doran dismisses the prospect that the United States would absorb any of the remnants of a divided Canada. Thus, he argues, "[t]here will always be a Canada. The question is, what kind of Canada will it be?" A united Canada will only survive and prosper if it retains the qualities and governance that have ranked it as one of the most attractive countries in the world. Doran says the United States should make its preference for Canadian unity clear but it should take no part in the debate. It should show sympathetic patience, recognizing the stresses and strains this debate places on Canada, and it should be ready to deal with whatever results from the process.

From a Canadian point of view there are flaws in this book. Although it was published late in 2001, the discussion of the possibility of Quebec secession and its impact on English Canada seems anchored in the post-referendum period and does not appear to take sufficient account of the Supreme Court reference, the Clarity Act, and the decline in public support for sovereignty in Quebec. Thus, while the basic issues remain, the specific discussion seems dated. Doran refers, often with considerable insight, to the complexity of the rest of Canada, and he devotes some pages to analysing the centrifugal forces there, including federal-provincial strains and "western alienation". But he is less strong on such issues as Aboriginal self-government, multiculturalism, the Charter of Rights, and the many other elements of the witches' brew of constitutional negotiations in Canada. His assertion that both Canada and the United States have seen themselves as "cities on the hill" would be challenged by many Canadian historians. The book is somewhat repetitious and sometimes over-thorough.

These flaws do not detract from the importance of this book as a sympathetic, informed and objective look at Canada, not only

through the prism of American values, but in the context of America's interest in the survival of democratic institutions worldwide. It is a welcome offset to what Canadians often see as the one-way mirror of our relations with the United States. It is also an antidote to the tendency of some American commentators to prescribe what "Canada" ought to do, as though Canada were a monolith. In fact, we are also a complex country, product of a long evolution to democracy, balancing regional, communal, and political interests and needs, finding our way through the thickets and minefields of difficult choices, always against the background of shared values and long friendship with the United States. Canada, like any other country, needs informed outsiders to question, challenge, and, hopefully, to validate our vision of ourselves. We need to know that who we are, as well as what we do, has significance for the world. And other countries need informed interpreters of Canada who portray us in three dimensions and not as a political or geographic abstraction. This is a serious book which deserves a wide audience in both countries, and elsewhere.

A MOVEABLE MARRIAGE: RELOCATE YOUR MARRIAGE WITHOUT BREAKING IT, by Robin Pascoe, 2003, \$16.95 Pages 206



Nancy Fraser is the spouse of a retired foreign service officer; they have recently moved to Chester, Nova Scotia, a fresh cross-cultural challenge. Between 1967 and 2002, during six overseas postings and the periods in between, she was active in the Foreign Service Community Association and consulted on the concerns of internationally mobile families for transnational companies and Canadian missions.

A Moveable Marriage: Relocate Your Marriage Without Breaking It is a wise and courageous treatment of sensitive issues that are frequently ignored. Without doubt, it should allow women to stop beating up both on themselves AND on their husbands. Robin Pascoe logically reasons that if it's a move abroad "87% of international transferees are men, and 70% of them are married ... Those numbers help explain why, first and foremost, this is a book for women. (Although it won't kill a man if he reads it too.)"

If you were a wife with four postings in Asia under your belt, a journalist and writer of three books on family issues around rotationality with an international reputation as a witty, wise and funny speaker and leader of workshops, and you were considering where to start writing a book on successful international marriages, where would you begin? If you considered your own mobile marriage to be a happy one, the easiest method might be to compile a recipe book, a list of how-to instructions based solely on your success. That is not Robin Pascoe's method, however, and that is but one of the reasons readers of *A Mobile Marriage* will be deeply grateful. She started the process by designing a thoughtful questionnaire to be circulated to the expanding network of women who are members of her Web site <expatexpert.com> and to other groups and individuals interested in international mobility. She incorporated the subject into the workshops and speeches she delivered in Europe, Asia, Canada and the USA. Then she identified and researched the academic and popular writings available on marriage, and she interviewed experts and investigators on their findings. And again, she consulted women who had "talked the talk" as well as "walked the walk" of major relocations. Finally she personalized the

experience by unashamedly examining her behaviour and emotions and those of her husband during their moves.

No matter how connected to each other a rotational couple is, the tensions that arise over and around the transitions and re-negotiations in an international relocation bring stresses bubbling to the surface. Take those pre-existing stresses, and subtract the spouse's professional identity. Add the lists that are necessary to prepare the household for the move. Carve away the support provided by her friends and colleagues. Insert the responsibility for the children who are confused and emotionally needy at having their lives up-ended. Then eliminate her income-earning capacity (and the independence that brings) for a short or extended period. Add the employee's excitement at fresh challenges on the job and a well-defined professional identity. Pile on top of all these the husband's profound confusion at living with a woman who has been a full and reasonable partner and is now by turns furious, needy, weepy, giddy and confrontational. This totals an accumulation of pressures that is all too familiar to every peripatetic family. Pascoe approaches these concerns by examining the reasons behind them, their effects, and the responsibility each partner must accept in order to solve them.

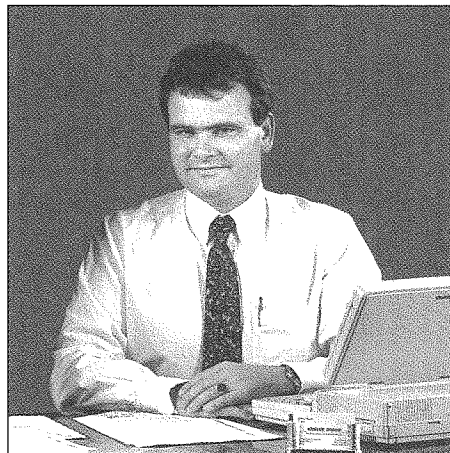
This book is written from the vantage point of the author's happy marriage, but Pascoe's treatment of the effects of mobility on couples ventures much farther and far deeper. The self-indulgent behaviour she sometimes exhibited and now examines may feel ruefully familiar to other spouses whose reaction to being posted was (1) decidedly mixed, and (2) not always supportive.

No illusions are allowed — every minute in a mobile relationship is NOT golden, and above all this is an examination of realities. Sweetness and light are frequently in very short supply, and the situation facing each partner is clearly defined. However, the author's sense of humour is irrepressible. On the same page that a family crisis is being examined, she reports on the irony and lack of logic that are also present — the reader may find herself either laughing out loud or snorting in recognition. Pascoe does not allow wives to define themselves as "victims" in successful rotational marriages, although those who are abused are urged to contact professional help immediately. The difficulties of repeated moves are examined in chapters with titles such as *The Role of the Company*, which doesn't let employers off easily, *Isolation and Dependence*, wherein the wife's disorientation is given due weight and her possibly extreme behaviour

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is administered a swift kick, and the important *Money, Sex and Intimacy* in which the mainstays of marriage are taken out of the closet where they have been stashed while the "more important" issues of the move are planned, to be renegotiated in the context of the inevitable confusion and exhaustion. Research findings and quotations from experts are used only when they illustrate mobile marriages. At least as important are the brutally honest contributions from wives whose experiences, positive and negative, brilliantly clarify the subjects under examination.

If you are even considering an international assignment as a couple, be it your first or your fifteenth, scurry or run but do not walk to your nearest bookseller or Web source immediately for your own copy of *A Moveable Marriage*. It is helpful, it is realistic, and it is ruefully funny. If you still need to be convinced, consult Pascoe's Web site at <expatexpert.com> to enjoy additional examples of her style, her wit and her generous wisdom as well as links to other sites and resources that support those who live the peripatetic life.

AN INSIDE LOOK AT EXTERNAL AFFAIRS DURING THE TRUDEAU YEARS: THE MEMOIRS OF MARK MACGUIGAN, P. Whitney Lackenbauer (ed.), Calgary, University of Calgary Press, 2002, pp. 208, \$34.95

Greg Donaghy is a historian with the Historical Section, Outreach Programs and E-Communications Division.

Mark MacGuigan's posthumously published memoirs about his two and a half years as Secretary of State for External Affairs are a frank and affectionate look at the old Department of External Affairs from a 10th floor perspective. Whitney Lackenbauer has done a fine job of distilling the lengthy manuscript that MacGuigan left at the time of his death in 1998 into a compact and easily accessible text. In clear and direct prose, MacGuigan combines anecdote and recollection with thoughtful reflection to explore the domestic and international constraints on ministerial policy-making. The result is an engaging and humane work.

It should surprise no one that throughout the book MacGuigan reflects constantly on his relationship with his prime minister, Pierre Trudeau. His critical portrait of the Liberal leader is refreshingly candid. While he acknowledges Trudeau's "overpowering intellect", he is quick to condemn his facile anti-Americanism and his abrasive political style. Both were complicating factors in

shaping Canadian foreign policy. "Trudeau's style," MacGuigan writes, "was ... dangerous. His instinct, it always seemed to me, was not just to establish objectively that he was right, by demolishing his opponents' arguments, but also to destroy their self-respect, to hurt them in the deepest recesses he could reach with his words ... to demean them, to rub their noses in their deficiencies." MacGuigan has a good eye for character and his surprisingly sympathetic portrait of US President Ronald Reagan, and his sharp sketches of other world leaders of the early 1980s, Margaret Thatcher and Helmut Schmidt, for example, are also well worth reading.

These memoirs are also a book — appropriately enough for a former law professor — that seeks to teach its readers, quietly and unobtrusively, how foreign policy should be made. Like his prime minister, MacGuigan was a cool and self-reflective rationalist, who came to office in March 1980 convinced that a country's foreign policy ought to be dictated primarily by its national interest. Neither international law nor morality, he thought, provides much of a basis for a country's foreign policy. And in this short study, he sets out to explain how his diplomacy — in virtually every corner of the globe and across a host of issue areas — served and

advanced Canada's national interest. It is a persuasive case.

MacGuigan's tenure as Secretary of State for External Affairs was brief and his opportunity to decisively shape Canada's foreign policy, limited. He acknowledges this frankly but, as these memoirs make clear, he still accomplished much during his time in office. He is proud of his judicious handling of relations with the United States during an exceptionally difficult period in the North American relationship. Bilaterally, the Republican administration of President Ronald Reagan challenged the Trudeau government's determination to assert greater control over the Canadian environment and economy. MacGuigan vigorously pressed the Canadian case, and with the help of Allan Gotlieb, who served first as his under-secretary of state for external affairs and later as his ambassador in Washington, pioneered a new and more high-profile diplomatic style in the American capital. This was never easy, the job made more difficult by the prime minister's poor relationship with Reagan and his tendency to thumb his nose at the Americans.

Equally important, Canadians and Americans found themselves divided over a host of international issues in the early 1980s. MacGuigan arrived in office just as a decade



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of détente ended and the Cold War turned hot again following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December 1979. There was no question where MacGuigan stood: the source of tension, he recalls, was the Soviet Union and its totalitarian allies in Vietnam, Cuba, North Korea and Poland and he never forgot that "our profound" differences were with the Soviets and not the Americans. Still, the hardline American response, particularly under Reagan, who tended to see a complex world in simple bipolar terms, often disturbed MacGuigan, who saw the world — in the words of the Irish poet Louis MacNiece — as "incorrigibly plural". Conscious of operating in the tradition of L.B. Pearson and Paul Martin Sr., MacGuigan embraced Quiet Diplomacy, and when he opposed American Cold War strategy — as he did over South Africa and Central America, for example — he did so as constructively and as diplomatically as possible.

MacGuigan was also proud of his role in helping Trudeau, and the minister of justice, Jean Chrétien, guide the government's constitutional resolution patriating the amending formula and a charter of rights through the British parliament. Again this was no easy diplomatic task, as Ottawa confronted recurring British doubts about the legality of Trudeau's initiative. It was an issue that struck at the heart of Canada's nationhood, and in MacGuigan's view there could be no question of retreat. MacGuigan tells his side of this complicated story clearly and with humour. And as a strong supporter of individual liberty and human rights, he celebrates Canada's Charter of Rights as "the leading edge of a new belief in the strength of shared values and opportunities".

Throughout this book of memoirs, there is much evidence of MacGuigan's close and warm relationship with the officers who served him. Indeed, MacGuigan dedicates the book to the "men and women of the Department of External Affairs". It comes as no surprise then to learn that he considered Gottlieb "as the ablest public servant I had the opportunity to associate with during my sixteen years in Parliament". But, and the memoirs make this clear in a provocative discussion of Flora MacDonald's experiences in the same portfolio, MacGuigan was never a captive of his bureaucracy. He enjoyed challenging the carefully considered opinions of his officials and shaping policy according to his own views. As parliamentarian and minister, MacGuigan only sought for himself what he sought for all Canadians: "a world of creative freedom". ☺

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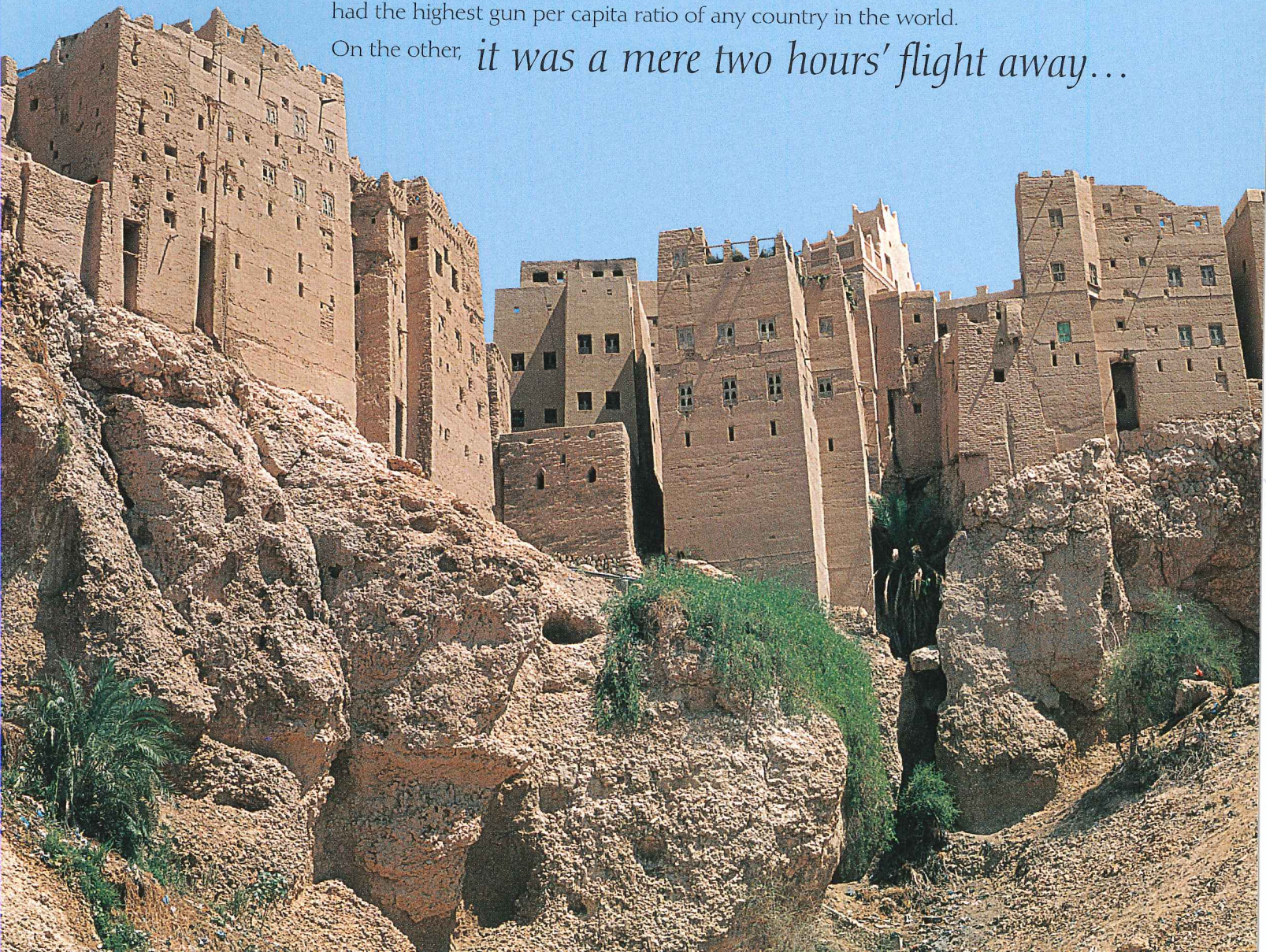
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STORY AND PHOTOS
BY NICHOLAS COGHLAN

On the one hand, it was generally agreed to be a member of President Bush's Junior Axis of Evil; it had been on the wrong side in the last Gulf War; it was the ancestral home of the bin Laden family and half of the 9/11 hijackers; a group of four British tourists had recently been kidnapped, then killed in a botched rescue attempt there; and it had the highest gun per capita ratio of any country in the world. On the other, *it was a mere two hours' flight away...*



*Previous page: Scenes in Wadi
Diwan, Hadramawt*

*Below: Ismaili children in the
mountains, near Manakha*

I could easily swing a visa from the local embassy; it was reported to have some of the most spectacular mountain scenery in the world, scattered with mediaeval villages that could have been used as sets for Lord of the Rings. And, the clincher, when the next Gulf War started the place would surely close down again.

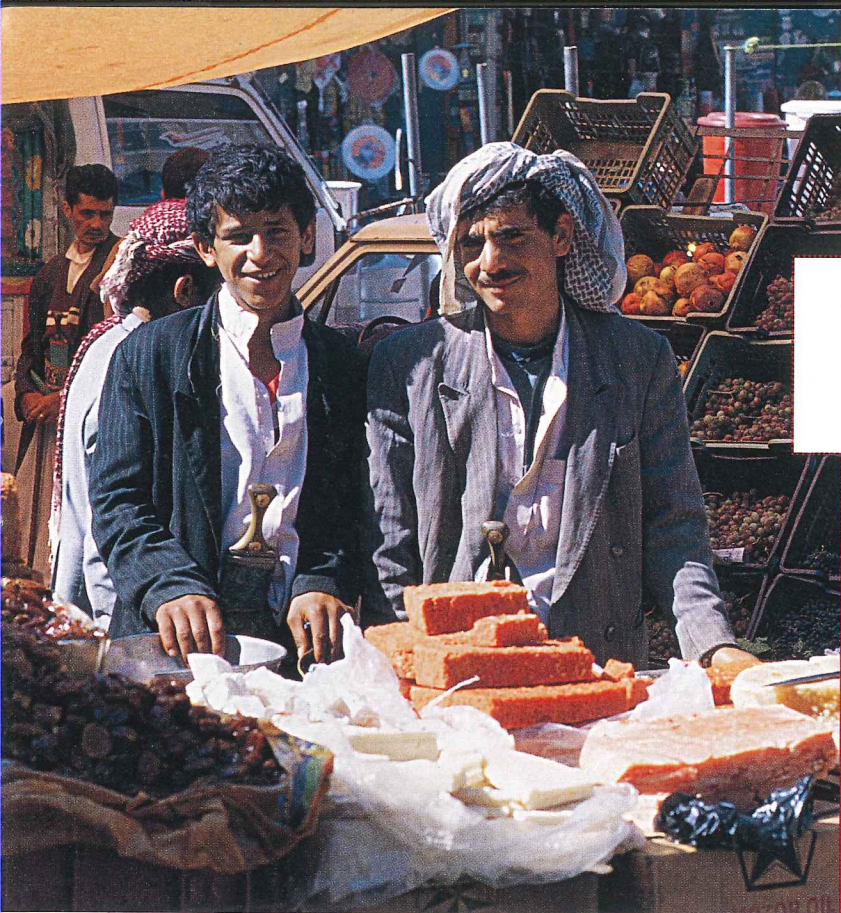
All in all Yemen shaped up to be an interesting if not entirely relaxing break from our posting in Khartoum.

Sana'a, the ancestral home of the Queen of Sheba, was tranquil enough and, though alcohol-free, seemed positively first-world after the dusty and rundown Sudanese capital. We were the only guests in the seven-storey thirteenth-century Palace Hotel in the old city; we slept on thin mattresses on the floor; there was a mosque with a peculiarly powerful loudspeaker next door and, rather strangely, the hotel reception seemed to be functioning as a registration station for upcoming elections; it was consequently guarded 24 hours a day by swarthy but friendly police with automatic weapons.

Someone had told me that the women of Yemen were the most beautiful in the Arab world, but after a couple

ALL IN ALL YEMEN SHAPED UP TO BE AN INTERESTING IF NOT
ENTIRELY RELAXING BREAK FROM OUR POSTING IN KHARTOUM.





The corner patisserie, At-Tawila

of days here I found myself asking: "How could anyone tell?". They all wore black chadors with full veils and it was only by looking at their feet that you could even tell which way they were facing.

We headed to the hills, to the West of Sana'a, dodging the awkward official requirement to have an armed guard with us at all times by squeezing into already-full Peugeot 504 route taxis whose passengers, most of them armed themselves, would breezily brush aside worried officials at road blocks, assuring them we were in good hands and calmly ordering our qat-chewing driver to drive on.

An early stop was the town of Shibam. Who could resist a town that was actually featured in *The Thousand and One Nights*? In the story in question, a man wrecks his own wedding ceremony by emitting a stupendous fart at the climactic moment; utterly shamed, he flees to India and only when he is an old man does he decide to venture back to the village of his birth. On the outskirts of the village, he dismounts from his horse and happens to overhear a conversation through an open window. A middle-aged woman is asking her ancient mother about the day she was born. The mother replies "It was on the day of Hussein's great fart."; the man flees and rides away from Shibam, this time forever.

Then on to the mountain eyrie of Kawkaban, perched on a high volcanic plug and accessible only through the narrowest and darkest of gullies. From here we walked nearly forty kilometres across the plain, past the great abandoned fortress of Bukkur to At-Tawila, where in the marketplace they sold gold,

WHO COULD RESIST A TOWN THAT WAS ACTUALLY
FEATURED IN *THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS*?



*Desirable cliffside residence
near Sana'a; not wheelchair
accessible.*

Sheep being let out to graze

frankincense and myrrh. At Bukkur, a horde of a hundred children or more plagued us with calls of "*Gollum! Gollum!*": disappointingly, they were not actually warning us of a monster speaking in riddles on some dark lakeshore ahead, but asking for ballpoint pens.

At Manakha, our Arabic was sorely tested by a complex negotiation for the services of a guide, for a more ambitious four-day walk in the mountains. Just when we thought we had lined up a pleasant and apparently knowledgeable young man, we were taken to one side in the souq by one of his rivals, Gaga, who told us that our man was a bad man, whom on no account should we trust; if in doubt, we had only to check with the village policeman. Although it was now eleven o'clock at night, this we did; the policeman, who was resting a broken ankle on a blue velvet cushion in the opulence of his top-floor mafraj, told us that, indeed, our man had "*behaved badly*" with a female Japanese tourist (his hand gestures left us in no doubt as to what he meant) and that instead we should take Gaga — in fact he ordered us to go with Gaga.

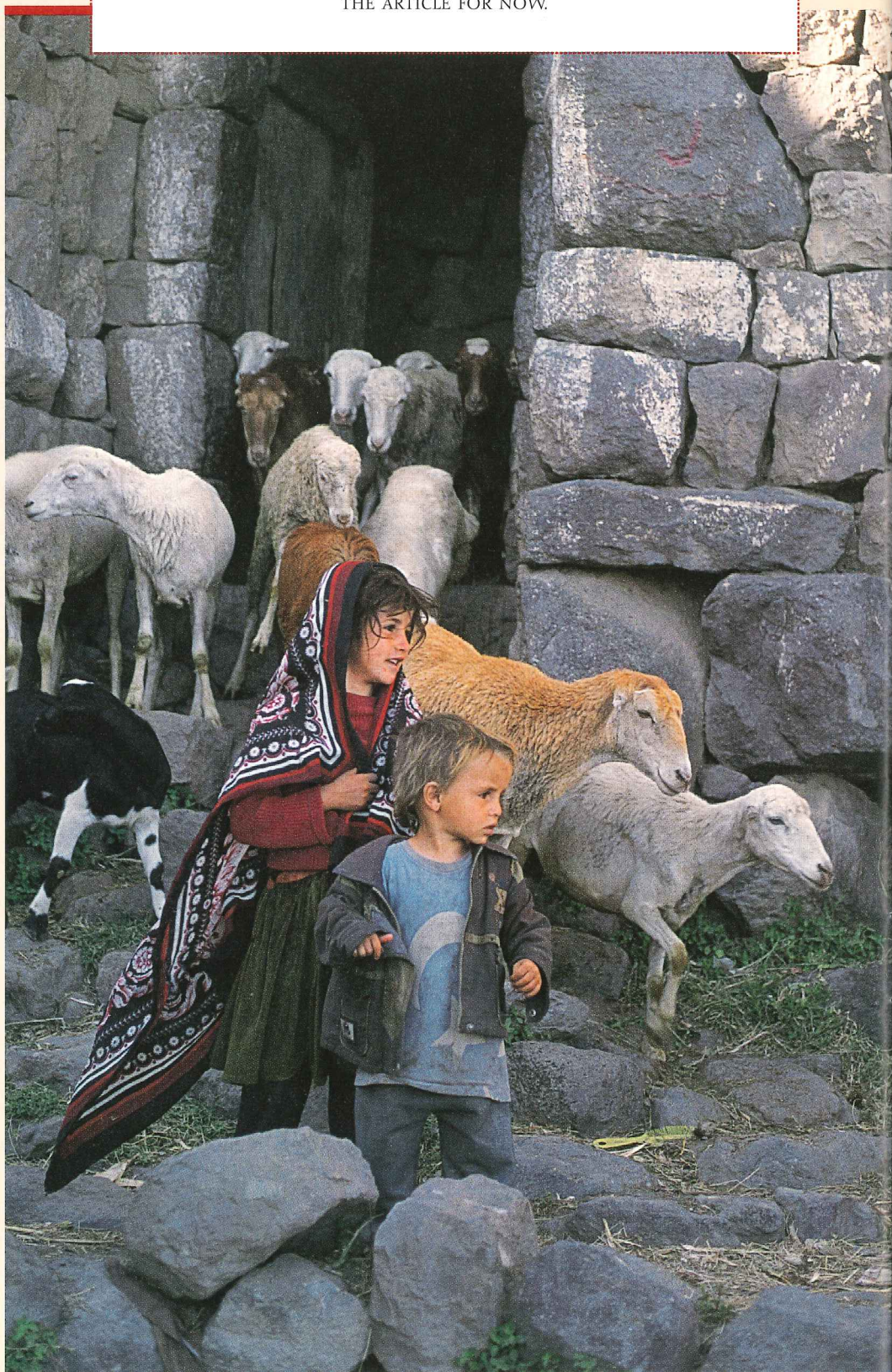
Gaga was fine, and led us up and down precipitous paths to tiny fortified villages where at night they took in all the animals and closed the gates with a great bang. As we wandered along man-wide alleys that never caught the sun, occasionally we would glimpse a veiled face peering out, then flitting away; I was reminded of the movie "*Don't Look Now*". At night we occasionally heard gunfire, but Gaga was blasé: "*Just high spirits*," he said.

I SAW A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE IN ENGLISH THAT BLARED

"IT WAS TERRORISM!",

BUT DECIDED IT WAS BEST NOT TO READ

THE ARTICLE FOR NOW.

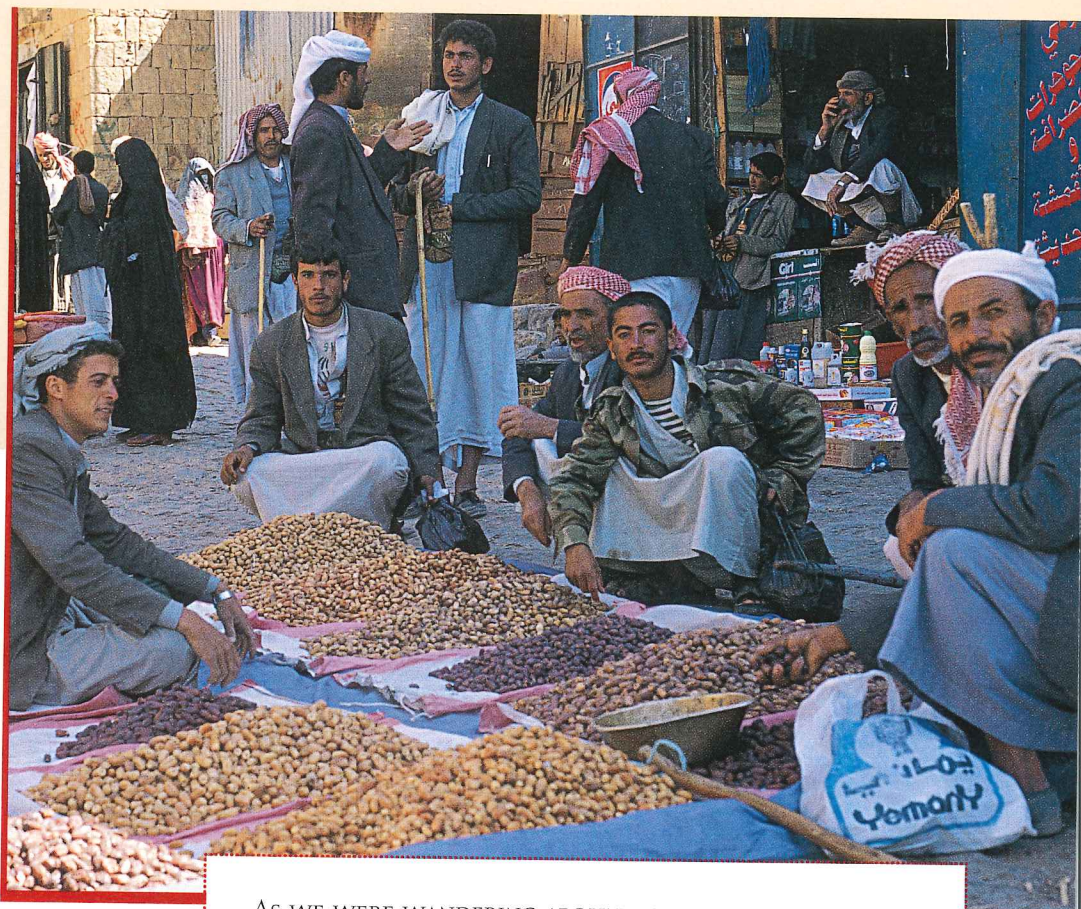


We passed back through Sana'a on our way to Wadi Hadramawt, in the desert East of Yemen; I saw a newspaper headline in English that blared "*It was terrorism!*", but decided it was best not to read the article for now (a French tanker had just been the subject of a suicide bombing off the Yemeni coast).

In another Peugeot 504 in Wadi Hadramawt, a man who looked like a candidate for Hijacker Number Twenty pressed himself up close to my wife and suggested in a whisper that Osama bin-Laden was "*a beautiful man*". We declined to be drawn into a lengthy debate on this matter and were glad when we reached our hotel.

The Qasr al-Qubba in Tarim was described in an old guide book as "*in the Neo-Javan Baroque style*", and indeed it was redolent of the East: Wadi Hadramawt has long had historical connections with Indonesia and India. Again, we were the only guests, and thus had the luxury of one of the two 1920s era swimming pools for each of us; but at night things were rather too quiet, and I found myself thinking of Paul Scott's Bibighar Gardens and the mysterious things that had occurred there. Freya Stark and Harry St John Philby (Kim's father) stayed here, and it looked as though the place had not been renovated since.

One day we rented a taxi (a 504, of course) and rattled off to the remote Wadi Diwan. As we were wandering around one apparently ruined and abandoned mediaeval village on foot, a man suddenly leapt out from the shadows, one hand on the ornate curved jambiya or dagger that is part of the national dress. We recoiled, but he only wanted us to visit his "museum", a dusty upstairs room full of junk that had obviously been purloined from collapsing old houses. After we had feigned interest for fifteen minutes and were politely edging our way out, he disarmingly informed us that all exhibits were for sale; he asked about ten dollars for a brass pot of dubious antiquity, and accepted with alacrity when I offered fifty cents.

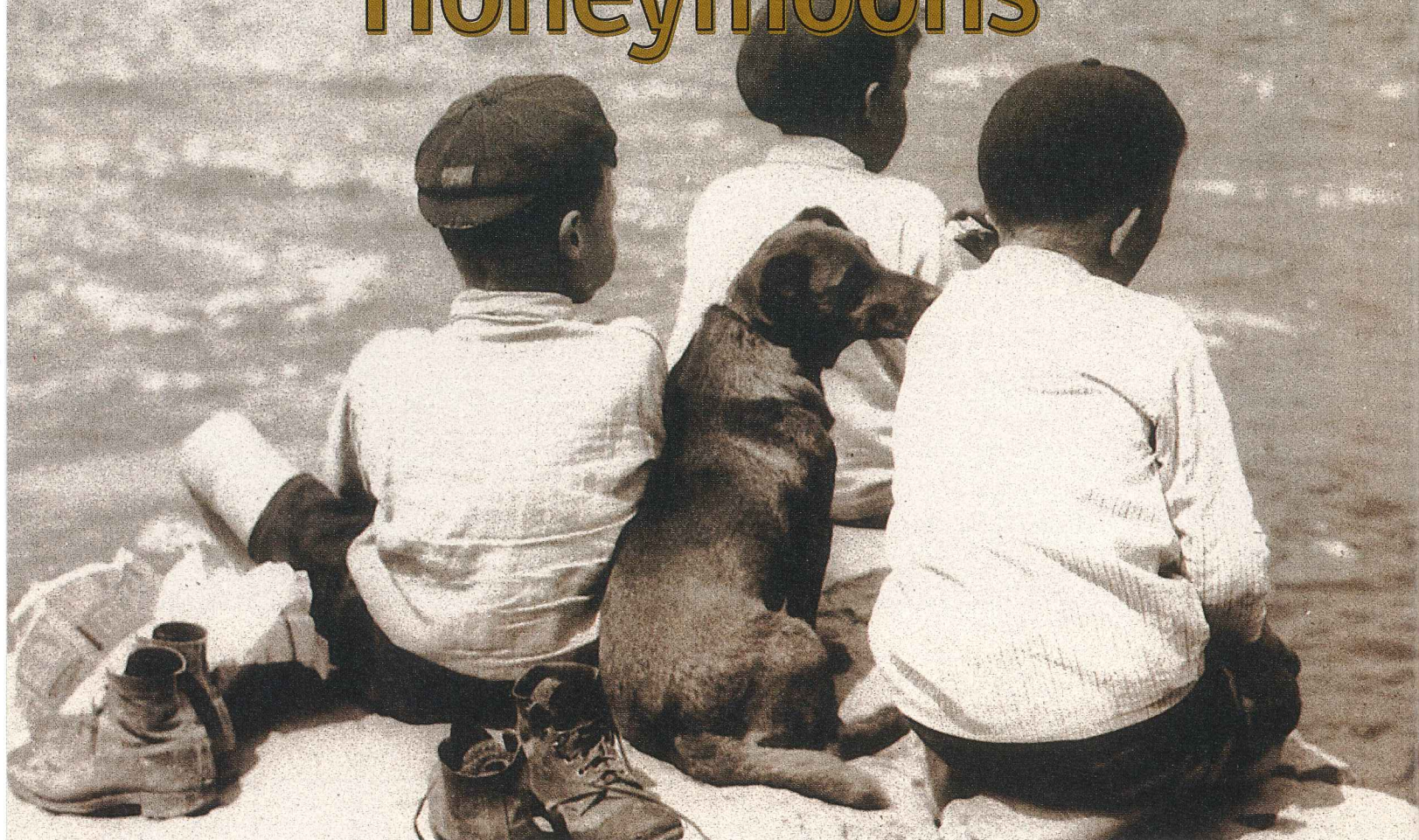


AS WE WERE WANDERING AROUND ONE APPARENTLY RUINED
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IS PART OF THE NATIONAL DRESS.

Back in Khartoum, the news was all of the French tanker and of the astounding missile attack in the Yemeni desert on what was what purportedly a car full of Al-Quaeda leaders, launched from a pilotless drone controlled by remote control from Djibouti; I was not surprised to find that the car in question was a Peugeot 504. ☺

Nicholas Coghlan has vainly been awaiting relief in Khartoum (Sudan) for three years, but is now determined to seek a cross-posting lest he befall the same fate as Gordon of Khartoum at the hands of the Mahdi.

Iraq and Honeymoons



George K. Grande, a former Canadian Ambassador and Journalist, is currently a member of the board of RHOMA (The Retired Heads of Mission Association) and Secretary of the PAFSO Awards Committee. He wrote this back in 1990 when doing freelance work in Brussels.

The outbreak of the Gulf War suddenly provoked this attack of nostalgia, and more. The current Iraq war did it again. In both cases, the result was the same — “Iraq and Honeymoons”. Honeymoons were (are?) an oval-shaped, chocolate-covered treat every Montreal kid of the 1920s bought and savoured whenever he/she had a penny (two for a cent!).

by George K. Grande

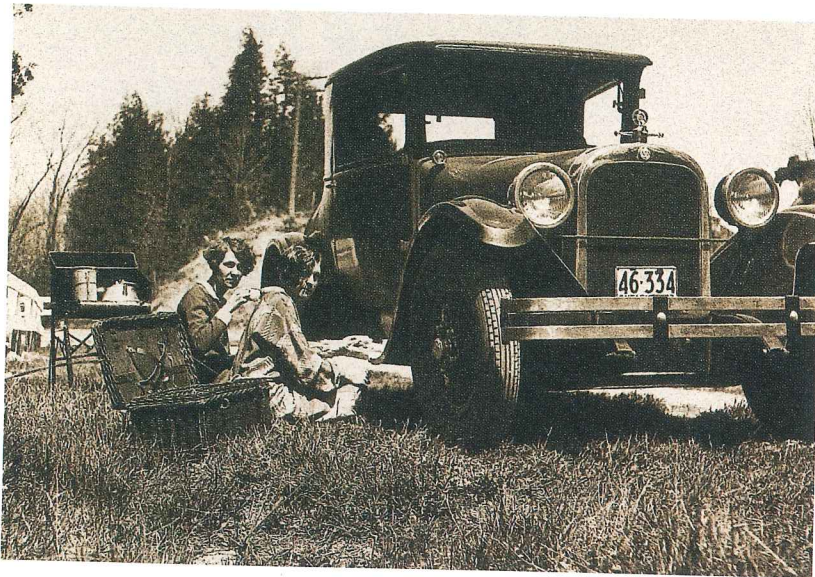
Where is the one-cent candy we used to buy in Montreal when I was a kid? What happened to Orange Crush, Ginger Beer in pressured stone bottles, steamed hot dogs, German doughnuts, Amos and Andy, the Jello radio show with Jack Benny?

Tell me how computers have made my life better. Since when does watching TV compare with going for a picnic in the Van Horne woods or pinching crab apples from Joyce Park or winning at smokies or having the king chestnut on the block?

I'm going through a terrible spell of something as I listen to today's news. I find myself longing for the pleasures of my childhood that, I am sure, are not equalled or even approached by anything that today has to offer our youngsters.

How do I know that? Easy. I was there when my Mom and Dad agreed to buy me my first bike — it belonged to a Mr. Francis and was a size 16. That made it grown-up and nearly as good as the pony I never did get.

Being picked up at school in front of my classmates by Aunt Ethel and her McLaughlin Buick touring car (with Mom there, too, of course) was a thrill I shall never forget. A ride in a real car in those days was rare. An expected ride to the country at St. Rose visiting



I loved hockey played in clear nights on hard ice beneath the stars on the corner rink. Or just plain skating up and down and round and round forever. Boy, that made you feel good all over. And when I got home I probably walked on my skates across our wooden floors — or so my sister tells me now. For some reason, she thinks I was spoiled.

How about pea-shooters? Do they still exist? Dangerous they could be, without a doubt. But they sure gave one confidence to face the neighbourhood bullies. Sling-shots weren't a bad substitute either.

I could go on and on as I take a trip down memory lane and think about the simple things as they were before life became so complicated by technology, bigger GNPs and larger deficits, both personal and national. No credit cards then. Only coppers, nickels, dimes and, once in a while, a quarter.

As I hear news flashes today about Iraq and Liberia, I wonder what went wrong? As I lift my sore arm to punch this out, I ponder why my arm wasn't sore then after I pitched nine innings or more? And as I take an aspirin to ward off a headache, why isn't my head still as clear as a bell like it used to be? After all, I haven't done anything today except watch the news.

Maybe that's the trouble. If people could keep as busy as kids did in my day, there wouldn't be time to get sick or bored or worse. If nations could do the same, I wonder whether there would be any more Iraqs, Liberias and Trinidads?

It may be a cliché to say we should get back to the simple things of life. But I for one much prefer thinking about them than about a world gone mad with ambition, the search for power and conquest.

Back then, we weren't ambitious. We like our peace and ordinary pleasures. We didn't have time to worry about what was happening on the either side of town, let alone in other parts of the world.



Our main problem was how to digest a licorice whip, two honey-moons and a chocolate malted before going home for supper. If Iraqi, Kuwaiti and Saudi children had only that same problem today, then American troops wouldn't be landing near the Gulf and President Bush could be enjoying his New England vacation instead of worrying about peace and oil and all that grown-up stuff. ☺

George K. Grande was High Commissioner to Ceylon (1964–66), Ambassador to the Mutual and Balanced Force Reduction Conference (1973–76) and Ambassador to South Africa (1976–79).

the Muir's in their cottage there was something else again. Nowadays, I suppose, a transatlantic flight for a child might be comparable if you stretch things a bit.

Where these days can a youngster taste my grandmother's Chinese Chews or her buttered scones? And have you tried climbing on the back of an icewagon and sucking pieces of ice on a hot summer's day?

And what about lolling on the couch of friends on a Saturday night, drinking ginger ale, eating chocolate cake and reading the funnies with the voices of Mom and Dad, Uncle Bill and Aunt Flossie drifting in from the dining-room where, as always on the weekend, they were playing bridge for pennies and solving all the problems of their world.

What were our troubles back in the 20s and early 30s? I worried a bit, I guess, about being bullied by Ralph Buddo on the way home from school — but that didn't last as I became a football player of some note. I was more worried about the weather raining out our baseball game, or about Sandy's old man threatening to tear down our homemade shack which we had built behind his house with such loving care and patience.

Do kids still build their own shacks nowadays? I sure hope so. And no girls allowed, right?

Have today's pre-teenagers ever heard of corkwork? That was the one "sport" where boys and girls did mix. All you needed was an empty thread spool, four little nails and lots of wool. Out the other end eventually came an endless stream of rope-like braided stuff that really looked professional. No matter that we never did anything with what we produced. It was the concentrated effort needed that really counted.

I suppose there are still snowball fights? But I wonder if they still go on all weekend? They were topped only by sleigh rides that, in turn, were only topped by the sweet brown bread and baked beans waiting for us at the end of the evening's ride across the fields.

Putting on a play in a neighbour's basement used to be lots of fun. Once again, here the sexes met. And that was dangerous 'cause it could lead to Spin the Bottle or some other such stupid game that girls always dream up.

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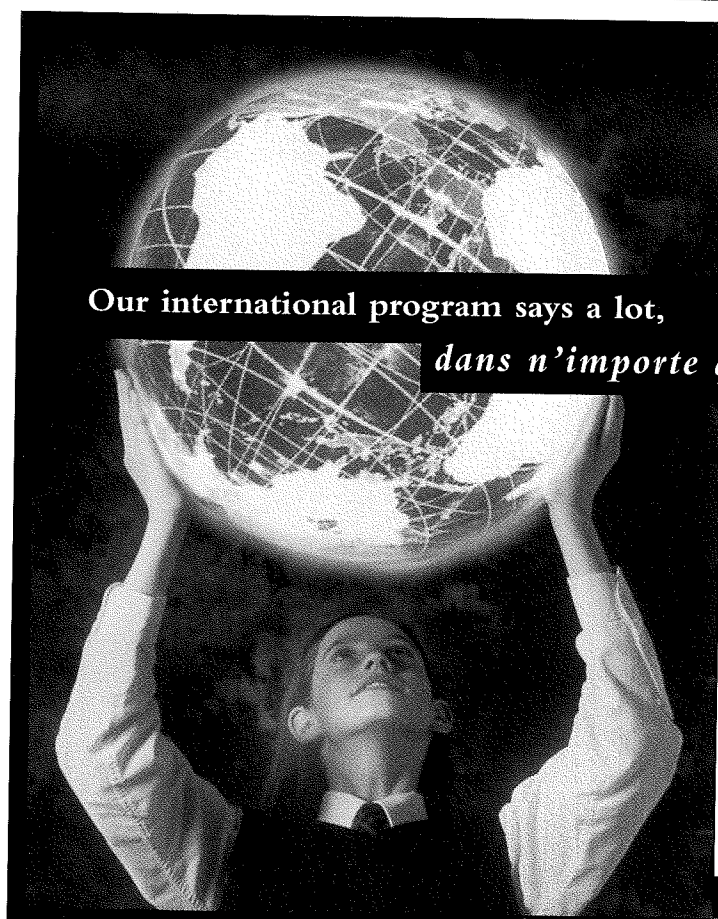
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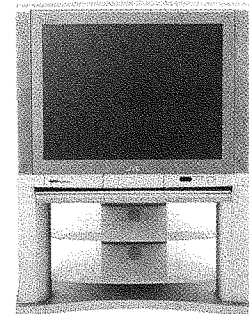
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Noble Power 1931-2002

Noble Power, of whom a past CIDA President once remarked "You meet his name before you meet the man," died on October 16, 2002, in Barbados, West Indies, and was laid to rest at the Barbados Military Cemetery on October 21. He is lovingly remembered and deeply missed by his wife, Jan Bradshaw, and children, Christopher Noble, Susannah Morgan, and Alexandra Kay and their families and by his friends and colleagues around the world.

Born Noble Edward Charles Power in Montreal on September 17, 1931, the son of Richard Michael Hugh Power, M.D. and K.M. Phelan, he held degrees from the University of Montreal (B.A. 1953) and Columbia University in New York (M.I.A. 1955) and did graduate studies at the Universidad de Mexico and the Sorbonne. From 1950 to 1954, he served with the Second Battalion (Militia) Black Watch (RHC) of Canada, attaining the rank of lieutenant.

Noble began his career in diplomacy and international development as a United Nations intern in New York in 1955. He was on the staff of the Minister of National

Defence in Ottawa from 1956 to 1962 and then joined the External Aid Office. In 1966, he was appointed Director of the Commonwealth Africa Program in the newly created Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA).

After serving on temporary duty as the Canadian High Commissioner to Nigeria in 1970 and on the Interdepartmental Committee on External Relations (ICER) Task Force in 1970-71, Noble was named High Commissioner to Ghana and Ambassador to Togo and Benin. He returned from Africa to CIDA in 1974 as the Director-General of the Asia Program and was appointed Vice-President, Bilateral Programs, in 1977. In 1983, he was named High Commissioner to Barbados and the Eastern Caribbean. From 1987 until his retirement in 1991, he was CIDA's Vice-President of Multilateral Programs.

Over the course of a public service career spanning more than three and a half decades, Noble was engaged in a broad spectrum of international activities and several seminal events. He was a member of the initial small group of senior officials

tasked with the organizational transition of Canada's international development program from the External Aid Office to the Canadian International Development Agency. He served as a delegate to the Colombo Plan Conferences in Singapore (1974), Washington (1977), and Tokyo (1982) and as head of various Canadian delegations to the International Monetary Fund (IMF), World Bank and Arab/OPEC Conferences and was personally instrumental in securing pledges of Arab oil money to fund development assistance. He headed CIDA's first aid mission to China and, as Head of Mission, experienced several coup attempts in Africa and the American intervention in Grenada, which occurred only a few short weeks after he had taken up his post in the Eastern Caribbean.

In his personal life, Noble was a very active participant in the Ottawa community. He was a Member of the Board of Directors of Elmwood School, President of the Ottawa Valley Hunt Club and a member of the Rideau Tennis and Rockcliffe Lawn Tennis Clubs.

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Following Noble's retirement from the Public Service of Canada, he and Jan settled permanently in St. Joseph, Barbados, at their unique and beautiful home, "Middle Earth", spending the summer months in the United Kingdom, where Noble led seminars at Oxford. He served as a member of the board of directors of several Canadian and international corporations and was named a Senior Member of St. Anthony's College at Oxford, a Fellow of the University of the West Indies, and Special Envoy for the CARICOM Region World Exposition 2005. He was also Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Codrington School and a Member of the Board of Trustees of The Future Centre Trust and the Council of the Royal Commonwealth Society.

He also continued his life-long love affair with tennis, playing daily. Sadly, his death immediately followed a brilliantly well-played match. Happily, he left us at the top of his game. The diplomatic tennis tournament in Barbados of which he was the founder has recently been renamed in his memory.

Noble is remembered by his colleagues first for his wit, style, and grace. He was an exceptionally articulate communicator in both English and French, and his irreverent humour always made him a delight to listen

to, whether he was delivering a formal intervention at an Executive Committee meeting (during which he frequently switched back and forth between his "reading" glasses and his "speaking" glasses with great flourish), or sharing a slightly scandalous personal anecdote. Noble reminded us never to take ourselves too seriously. He loved to laugh, even at his own expense. When he took his CIDA management team on a retreat to his vacation house in the Laurentians, no one was more amused than he when his inability to find the way resulted in an unscheduled 40-minute tour of the region. One can only speculate as to why he was nicknamed "Doodles" within his family.

As a diplomat, Noble cast a long and lasting shadow. For many years following his posting in Accra, he was kindly remembered by Ghanaians for the development assistance he brought to their country at a very difficult time. He was also most certainly a presence at the grass roots level of Ghanaian society as evidenced by a mammy wagon named "Noble Power" which plied its trade in the streets of Accra long after Noble's departure.

As a manager, Noble highly valued the opinions and insights of his subordinates. He was known for attracting and maintaining staff who were intelligent, astute, and

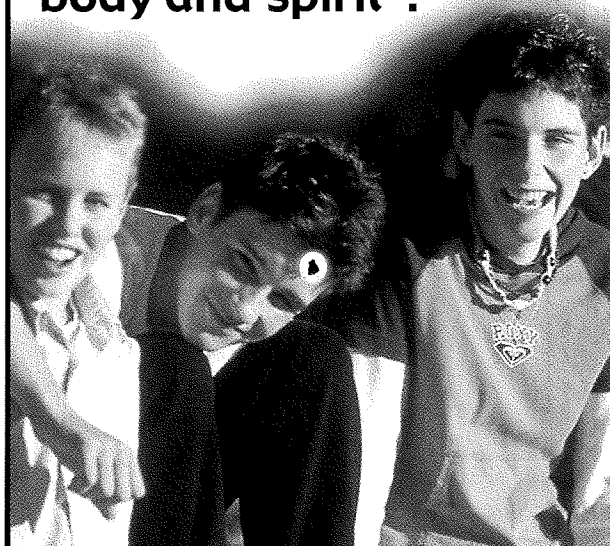
ambitious and who dared to "push the envelope". He took great pride in leading teams of individuals who were creative risk-takers prepared to challenge the conventional and venture into the untested in order to make the world a better place for others.

Noble not only revered humanity in the abstract but also took real pleasure in people. Whether officially or in his personal life, he loved to entertain and to be entertained. He was an elegant and generous host and a charming and engaging guest. It was never dull at Noble's end of the table.

Noble made special efforts to maintain contact with the legions of individuals he had met around the globe over the years. A day on which one heard from him was always a sunnier day. We shall miss his cards, letters and visits, but take solace in having been a part of a life so positively and enthusiastically lived. ☺

Janet Zukowsky served as the High Commissioner to Barbados and the Eastern Caribbean from 1990 to 1994 and as Special Envoy to the Eastern Caribbean in 1998 in regard to Canada's bid for membership on the U.N. Security Council. She was CIDA's Vice-President, Canadian Partnership, when she retired from the Public Service in 2002.

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Liebnitz at the CHICXULUB CLUB



Getting to the bottom of things *with A Aalto*

THE ROOM WAS AWASH with more lasers and open flame than the invasion of Iraq, more smoke and mirrors than the press briefings afterward. The music was so loud, carved figures on the Mayan temples outside were stuffing small lizards in their ears. Tourists lolled in expensively casual versions of local dress — the sort that put real locals into convulsions. Liebnitz wore a puce and magenta striped serape over scarlet trousers, topped by a two metre wide sombrero that had so far knocked over a potted palm, two potted tourists, a head-high stack of guacamole bowls and a passing mariachi

band (earning him extended applause). Chief MacBannock wore lime green Bermuda shorts and a chartreuse Hawaiian shirt covered with dodos. Suspiciously, he sipped what he sincerely

hoped was not a Scotch and tonic with a paper umbrella in it. Between them, Bugbyte O'Nanotek looked cool in black shantung and shades. She also looked as if she wanted separate tables. Preferably on separate planets.

The Chief pulled out a cellphone and dialled a complicated sequence. Liebnitz's hat began to ring, but stopped when he pulled it over his face as if taking a siesta. Bugbyte

flipped down a mouthpiece from the temple of her sunglasses. "I called this briefing at the Chicxulub Club," began MacBannock, "because it is our target zone, because time is short and because no-one here expects us." "Where's the Spanish Inquisition when you really need it?" murmured Bugbyte. "Or the Cone of Silence," agreed Liebnitz.

THE CHIEF went on, "The Club was just built on the spot where an asteroid landed 65 million years ago, wiping out the dinosaurs. That set off our pattern detectors — that and the owner's name: Möbius Fong, aka Fong the Endlessly Twisted." Bugbyte nodded. "I saw his band on stage. The Deathbunnies. But why give space to the world's other loudest heavy metal groups? He hates competition. Both Edible Granite and the Gothic Zydeco Band can deliver. All three bands have played here for weeks."

"It's cover," replied Liebnitz. "Fong has been drilling in the basement to get to the core of the asteroid, half a kilometre down. To cover the noise, he had a battle of the bands, then awarded long gigs as prizes. Edible Granite won fair and square as part of their revival tour ("Still Indigestible") and ex-agent Mabel Stanley — now Rani of SuWaNee — rejoined them and has been digging around for us. She says Fong will reach the core tonight. Gothic Zydeco got in by ensuring that the competition was permanently misplaced. Its leader, Papa Jack Paridy has been snooping too, and there have been sightings of Rialto Sleazewagon." "Well summarised, Ludwig," the Chief broke in, "even if you are talking through your hat."

"But why is everyone so interested in this rock?" asked Bugbyte. "It's a religious fight," said the ace logician. "Fong belongs to the Temple of the Vengeful Apostrophe, a devil cult with a cosmological belief in cold dark matter, the missing mass of the universe, a belief that transcends recourse to mere fact." "Doesn't all cosmology?" asked Bugbyte. "Yes, of course," said the Chief, "but the cult believes that the asteroid core is an actual chunk of cold dark matter,

one that will put the Higgs boson in its place, win millions of converts and get Fong what he craves most — a spot on reality TV."

"What about Sleazewagon and Paridy?" Bugbyte continued, "They're not religious." "But they are for hire," said Liebnitz, "In this case, by Don Gordo Beluga, who believes the core is a leftover from the banquet of the gods, a piece of celestial fruitcake." "Don Gordo would certainly know," agreed MacBannock, "and not just because he owns the biggest collection of fruitcakes outside the Beltway." Liebnitz went on: "Our computer ally, GEODE, tells us that the core is probably a chunk of antimatter — suspended in a natural magnetic field. Damn good thing, or the blast when it touched normal matter — the kind of blast that will follow if Fong or Sleazewagon release the core — would make the original impact look like a slap on the butt."

"WE ALL KNOW that the core can be released by touching it with a magical metal flower, but nobody yet knows which metal or which flower. We're all waiting for word from our researchers." MacBannock raised his eyebrows. "A magical metal flower, Ludwig?" Liebnitz coughed and looked embarrassed. "Yeah, well. The idea is irrationally in tune with the superstitious fantasies of the other two teams. For us, it's simply the scientific consequence of the sub-atomic structure and topological conformation necessary to achieve a safe implosion. I hope."

Just then, a rotund figure bounced into the hall, dressed as a Spanish courtier in robin's egg blue and salmon pink. ("My God," cried MacBannock, "the very colours of the 1938 Ontario licence plate. I didn't think anyone could wear that combination and live — even Don Gordo." "Explains why my solar-grays just went opaque, though," said Bugbyte.) Faking nonchalance badly, the figure minced toward Gothic Zydeco's bandstand. Mere metres short of it, he tripped over a limbo dancer, staggered off-balance and flattened the mariachi

band (which was just tuning up again), skidded on a life-size statue of Carmen Miranda carved from the world's largest banana and toppled heavily into Papa Jack's upright Steinway, from which a player piano roll unwound. "At last," cried the musician, as he tore off the paper and scurried down a nearby flight of stairs, followed by a Klieg light with a pencil-thin moustache, the rest of the band and Don Gordo.

Meanwhile, Möbius Fong was approached by a skinny man riding a bicycle, who handed him two white bags and stood with his hand out. "That's outrageous!" Fong screamed as he read the bill. "Three hundred pesos for stir-fried iguana and bat with lobster sauce! I won't pay!" The Deathbunnies had meanwhile found the fortune cookies and were cracking them open, yanking out the small strips inside and frantically fitting them together like a jigsaw puzzle. Just as they finished and raced after Gothic Zydeco, a giant duck with a wide painted mustache and glasses descended on wires from the ceiling over MacBannock's table and announced: "Say the secret woid and winna hun'ed dallahs." MacBannock looked startled. "But I didn't say anything." "Fine," sighed the duck, "so the secret woid was 'silence'. Just take the envelope, OK?" Bugbyte did so and soon she and Ludwig were poring over the following puzzle.

THE BLANK SQUARES in the chart make up 19 horizontal words, one for each numbered clue. The only vertical words are the two (one after the other) that make up the one blank column reaching from the top to the bottom of the chart. There are no clues for these two words. All 21 of the words in the chart have something in common. Once the words are all filled in, collect together all the letters that have a **1** in their square, all the letters that have a **2** and all the letters that have a **3**. Each of the three sets makes up an anagram; the three anagrams together with the number 1958 form the clue to a two-word phrase with much the same common element as the words in the chart.

- Their descent broken by an immense pile of under-baked tortillas, they entered a vast cave lit by the eerie phosphorescence of hundreds of crystal stalactites. Before them, the other teams stood in silent awe around a wide bowl of darkly gleaming iron. Above its centre whirled a presence at once cold and burning,

Jolted aware by the newcomers, Fong lunged for a nearby rack of drawers, opened one to reveal a gleaming object and dashed back holding it up. "A golden peony," he said in triumph. "No closer to the core," warned Don Gordo, as Sleazewagon levelling a flintlock pistol at the club-owner. "For I have the real key." Flipping open a pomander, he pulled out a lead magnolia, but stopped in her tracks as Fong drew down on him. Liebnitz said: "Not so fast, gentlemen — I've got the genuine article." He swept off his sombrero, reached inside and pulled out a jaguar's snarling head, then hurriedly pushed it back. "Must

MEXICAN STANDOFF. Then the silence was broken by the strident sound of *La Cucaracha*, as the bruised but still stubbornly strumming mariachi band swept down the glassy chute, overshot the tortillas and mowed down Fong, Don Gordo and MacBannock. Acting fast, Bugbyte tossed her flower to Mabel, who leaned over and touched it to the surface of the dark sphere. With a deep tolling, the core began to pulse, slowly at first and then faster. With each pulse, it got smaller, the sound higher and louder. "It's forming a black hole," shouted Liebnitz, "but it's antimatter, so it will squeeze itself out of existence in minutes. As long as we don't get any closer, we'll be fine." ➡

Wild with frustration, Fong and Don Gordo picked up the mariachi players and began tossing them into core. Still they refused to stop playing, even as they were squeezed smaller and smaller by the intense short-range gravitational field. "That's awful, Ludwig" said Mabel, "They'll be crushed." "Maybe not," he replied. "The last stage of implosion is a wormhole — they could be cast across space and time and still come out OK — smaller, in a new form, but alive and still as irritating as ever." As the music vanished with the last wisps of the core, Liebnitz wrestled with the awful suspicion that somewhere, somewhen, a mouse named Topo Gigio was being born.

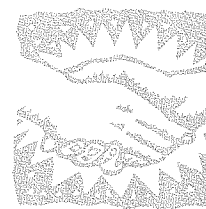
CAN YOU DUPLICATE Liebnitz' and Bugbyte's feat by naming the metal and the flower (Latin and common name) that imploded the core? **Not necessary to enter the contest**, but can you also provide words to match the 19 clues, and indicate the two-word name indicated by the three-part anagram?

Bout de papier will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by July 15, 2003. The winner will receive a book autographed by A Aalto. ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto hopes to visit the Yucatan, but only if not forced to eat bat with lobster sauce. In his view, cold dark matter is as mythical as the quetzal-coatl, but fruitcake is probably dense enough to make up the 90% of the universe's mass that cosmologists claim is "missing". (Or maybe Sleazewagon just stole it ...) August Möbius was a mathematician best-known for the Möbius strip, a narrow length of paper that is twisted once before the ends are glued together to form a loop with only one side. For memories of 1938, Aalto's thanks to AB (who notes that his tolerance for mariachi bands ran out less than two weeks after his arrival in Mexico). And as always, his thanks to Mrs Aalto — for "separate planets", on which he would never hope to be, and for eternal inspiration on so many things.

The solution and winner to last issue's Who Killed Fats Lebreton will be unveiled in the next issue of bout.

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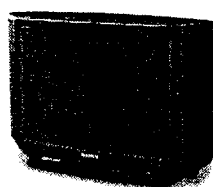
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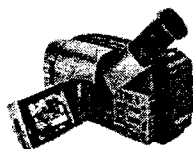
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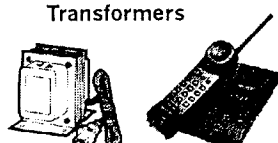


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