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Vol. 20, No. 3

Canadians Abroad — Bringing Change to Consular Services

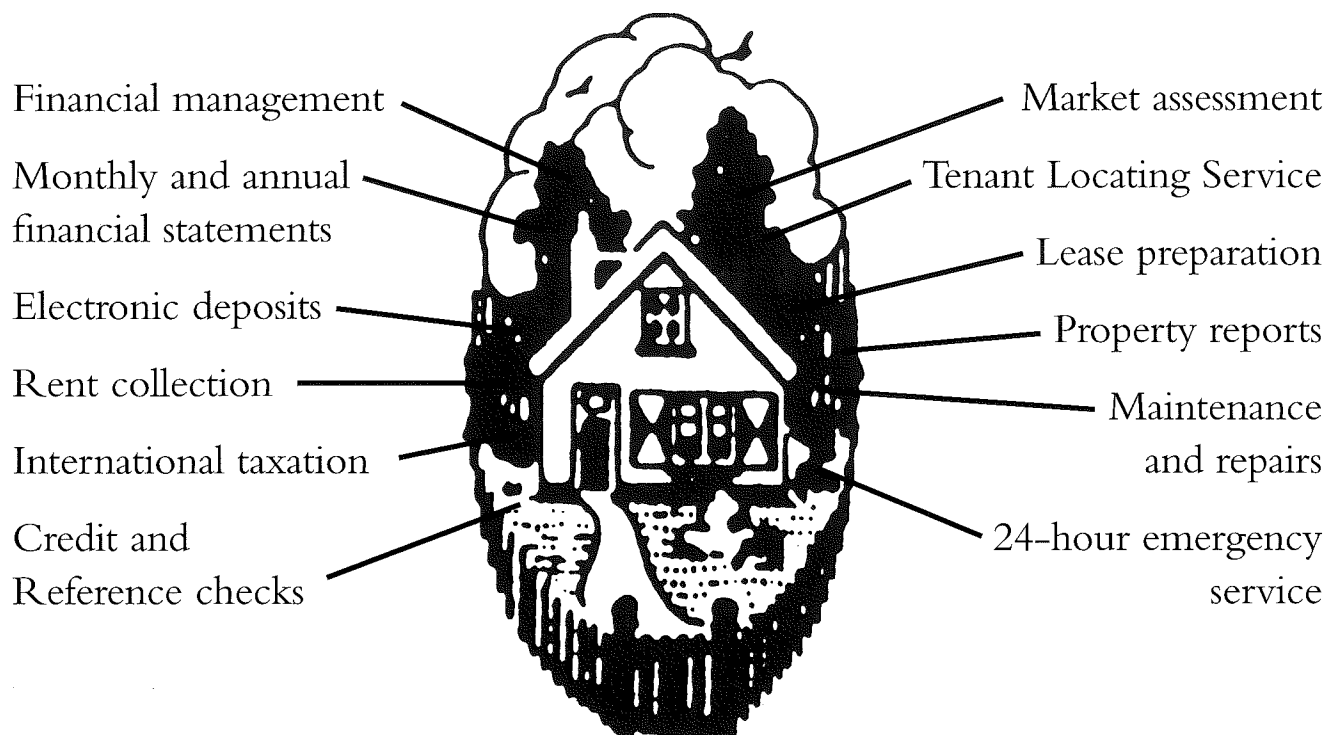
Extracts from James Bartleman's
*On Six Continents: A Life in Canada's
Foreign Service 1966–2002*

Erika Bruce : Mes souvenirs personnels
de l'OTAN



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Dear Editor

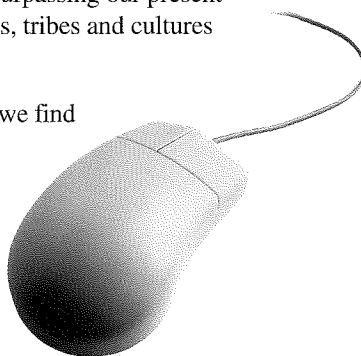
I wonder if an idea or concept can take on the characteristics of a living organism such as a bacterium, an ameba or a virus? For example, the significant concept of relativity conceived by Einstein, or the ancient beliefs expressed in our major religions, such as Christianity, Hinduism, Judaism, Islam and Buddhism.

If concepts of this order can be perceived as having the traits of a living organism then our view of what constitutes life might be quite radically altered with unfathomable consequences, and particularly in terms of our relationships with the universe(s) in which we appear to be placed. In due course we may make direct, meaningful contact with whatever may exist elsewhere in our universe and other even more distant celestial spaces.

The subject matter may appear to have little to do with "foreign affairs." Yet, I believe a case can be made that as the universes in which our planet is placed gradually are revealed, their very existence, as well as the different properties they possess rapidly will become our most important "foreign affairs," surpassing our present preoccupation with the numerous uncongenial races, tribes and cultures we have established on earth.

When that happens one hopes whatever properties we find elsewhere will include a considerable capacity for humour, certainly a necessary attribute for dealing with humankind!

John Starnes
Ottawa



Thank you from a thrilled A Aalto fan!

Ahoy there!

I be awritin' to thankee for the marvelous treasure sent by dipbag — a book o' Pyrates as the prize of the luck of the draw. I devoured it with relish (as I ran out of mustard), and enjoyed each witty page. *Avast!*

With a wannion,

Julia Drew-Watt
Second Secretary (Commercial)
Embassy of Canada, Moscow

Winner of the A Aalto puzzle from Vol. 20, No. 1:

Sousa on 7even

Piracy at the UN, as told by A Aalto



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Two issues of significant concern to the conduct of Canada's presence abroad are highlighted in this issue of **bout**. The first, and perhaps the most controversial, is the recent decision to bifurcate the former Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade into Foreign Affairs Canada, and International Trade Canada. Hector Mackenzie has retrieved from the archives documentation relating to the original merger of the two functions in 1982, including most specifically the rationale behind the move.

Regarded from the perspective of over two decades distance, the reasons for the merger still appear both sound and reasonable. Foreign policy is, at its core, the projection abroad of a nation's interests and values. Though the trend towards globalization appears, for better or worse, to have peaked, it is nonetheless difficult to segregate political and economic interests. And there is a cumulative value-added in bringing together practitioners of both in a streamlined decision-making and priority-setting process. There is leverage to be gained in this kind of policy coherence that events of the last 20 years demonstrate does not endanger the safeguarding of Canadian values in the pursuit of Canadian interests. Having come to the foreign service some years after the merger, I was aware of the teething problems that the merger produced. But I am also aware that in the intervening time, colleagues dealing with the trade programme and those dealing with political relations work collegially, smoothly and with respect for each other's priorities. And, with the advent of the country desk phenomenon, they're often the same person. They frequently are at post.

Those that initiated, and are managing, this change assure us that the changes occasioned by the separation into two ministries will not jeopardize this working relationship: people aren't being moved in or out of buildings; they will remain co-located with their confrères from other programmes, the reporting lines will remain largely untouched except at senior levels. Which all rather makes one wonder why the split was necessary in the first place. In all of the explicative material I've seen on this action, which is hardly cost-free in terms of human or pecuniary resources, what I haven't really seen is an explanation of what problem this change was meant to address.

Sur une note un peu plus réjouissante, nous sommes ravis de présenter dans le présent numéro de **bout** un profil de l'une des fonctions les plus cruciales et les plus sous-estimées du ministère — les services

consulaires. Gar Pardy, ancien directeur général des Affaires consulaires, met en perspective l'évolution du programme consulaire du MAECI... ouf! AEC... au moment où le nouvel environnement de la sécurité des deux dernières années pose des défis de plus en plus complexes.

James Bartleman, éminent diplomate et lieutenant-gouverneur de l'Ontario, a encore une fois généreusement consenti à partager avec nos lecteurs des extraits du second tome de son autobiographie, *On Six Continents*. Ceux et celles qui sont branchés sur le service extérieur sauront reconnaître la « franchise » de l'œuvre de M. Bartleman — un peu comme la note d'information qu'on aimerait écrire plutôt que celle qu'on est obligé de rédiger. Toujours sur le thème des rétrospectives, les souvenirs d'Erika Bruce de l'OTAN à l'ère de la transition mondiale donnent amplement matière à réflexion.

On a somewhat more positive note, we are delighted to feature in this issue of **bout** a profile of one of the Department's most critical, and under-appreciated, functions — consular services. Gar Pardy, the former Director-General of Consular Affairs, brings context to the evolution of FAC's consular programme at a time when the changed security environment of the last couple of years presents ever more complex challenges.

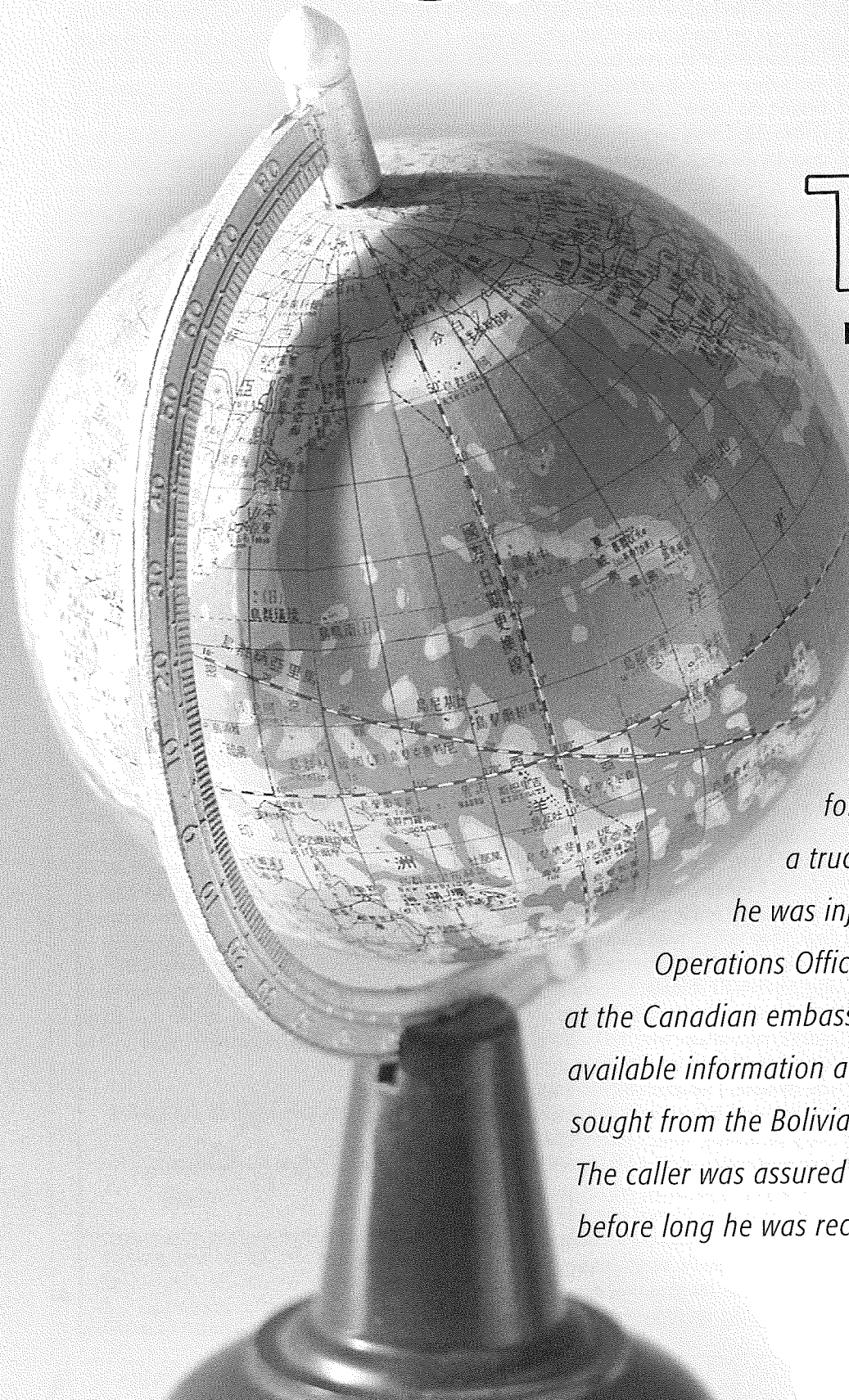
In this issue, we are pleased to present a diverse range of book reviews. Laurent Beaulieu goes back to the time of Kaiser Wilhelm in discussing Giles Macdonogh's "The Last Kaiser;" Ross Francis reviews James Barleman's autobiography noted above, and David Peel has the idyllic duty of reviewing "Stop and Taste the Wine" by Terry Sheehan, describing his life after the foreign service (yes, there appears to be one). And, of course, our two regular contributors, Roger Lucy and A Aalto, continue to entertain and, in A Aalto's case, perplex readers with tales of assassination over the centuries, and character assassination respectively.

In closing, it is with deep regret that we share news of the passing of two truly noteworthy foreign service officers — Yvon Langlois and Rod Johnson — who will be deeply missed.



Comments on **bout** are always welcome — we can be reached at boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com

Canadians



The call came into the
**Operations Centre at
Foreign Affairs late in
the evening.**

*The voice was hesitant
and faint. It was a young
Canadian, touring South
America by motorbike,
saying that he was lying in
a ditch along an isolated
road in northern Bolivia
following a close encounter with
a truck. It was raining and
he was injured. Within minutes the
Operations Officer was in touch with the consul
at the Canadian embassy in La Paz, provided the
available information and instructed that assistance be
sought from the Bolivian authorities.
The caller was assured that help was on the way and
before long he was receiving medical attention.*

Abroad

by Gar Pardy

The call was one of thousands that come into Foreign Affairs' 24-hour Operations Centre each week from the four corners of the world. The system, based on the world's best communications and computer equipment and software, is the envy of most foreign ministries. The software backing the system, called *COSMOS*, was developed in Canada for Canadians. The British and Dutch governments recently purchased it for their own consular services. A first for Canadian government-developed software.

It was not always this way. Consular service has been the handmaiden of the Department of Foreign Affairs' work since its inception. Those who visited the prisons and scenes of accidents, found missing children or negotiated the release of kidnapped Canadians were constantly reminded of the lack of personnel, money and

Historically, consular work was the responsibility of political officers; that changed in 1988 when immigration officers were assigned the responsibility. That changed again in 1992 when immigration officers were de-integrated (in the aftermath of the al-Mashat affair) from the Department. At the time, little thought was given to the fact that the removal of immigration officers from the Department also meant serious disruption of consular services for Canadians.

This lack of thought was evidenced by confusion as to the future home of the consular function among departmental employees. It was departmental employees themselves, in the management group, who recognized the problem and made a proposal to have the consular function become part of their responsibilities. It was not a perfect

Bringing Change to Consular Services

training. John Hilliker, in his book on the Department, *The Early Years, 1909-1946*, reflects on the efforts of early Canadian governments to avoid financial or direct responsibility for Canadians in foreign lands. Regrettably, that policy continued for more years than was understandable.

Also, consular work has never played an important role in the culture of departmental life, either in Ottawa or abroad. Similar attitudes can be found in the foreign ministries of other countries. For most, life in the foreign service was not intended as one providing services to Canadians who were affected and afflicted by acts of others, God, or their own egos. Rather, for most, foreign service was for the "loftier" pursuit of peace and commerce.

Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the chequered history of the bureaucratic location and the identification of officers for consular services. Since the mid 1980s, the management of consular services has floated, independent of outside influence, from a stand-alone bureau, to integration with immigration and passport, to inclusion in legal and environmental matters, and then on to trade and communications. Today, consular is part of a GOB (group of bureaux) that includes financial services, protocol, physical property, information management and technology, inspection services and passports. A common thread is hard to find.

These bureaucratic peregrinations were also accompanied by changes in the departmental officers designated for consular work.

solution, given their already heavy responsibilities, but in the absence of other options it was accepted.

This change, in 1992, provided the stability on which wide-ranging and far-reaching changes could be made to the delivery of consular services. Nevertheless, there are suggestions today that these arrangements are no longer acceptable. As happens far too often in the Department, personal and bureaucratic interests could once again take precedence over the interests of Canadians in difficulty overseas.

Canadians have been well served by the 1992 arrangements. But, as recent events have demonstrated, assistance to Canadians in difficulty overseas is no static matter nor one that can await bureaucratic perfection. The advent of the jet engine and chickens in the pots of many has made foreign travel as common as a trip downtown. Younger and older Canadians are travelling; they are travelling to more distant places; and adventure tourism brings its own special dangers. Wars, civil and not-so-civil ones, terrorism, crime, earthquakes, volcanoes and storms have added immeasurably to the traveller's traditional problems of upset stomachs and sand fleas. In the Caribbean basin sun, sea, sex and Seagrams are part of the background litany of afflicted Canadians.

Not so many years ago, governments and the travel industry worked to replace the archaic patchwork of rules and procedures that continued to dog the international traveller. In 1963, the Vienna

Convention on Consular Relations was negotiated and represented a codification of historical international practise on the treatment of foreigners by nation-states. It remains the world's pre-eminent and, to a large extent, only international agreement that provides the basis for assistance to citizens in other countries.

Further to the Vienna Convention were efforts, largely through ICAO and IATA, for facilitation initiatives to ease the movement of the international traveller and to remove the barriers, many the legacy of the pre-aircraft era, that continued to make international travel an obstacle course. These efforts mirrored, in part, the efforts to facilitate the movement of goods and services, which continue to make progress even in a troubled world. Unfortunately, the efforts to facilitate and support the international movement of people have largely disappeared and, in the absence of world comity, the future of such efforts looks bleak.

In the early 1990s, once the bureaucratic decisions were made, serious attention was given to improving consular services for Canadians. At the same time it was recognized that the future of consular services was dependent on creating a recognized and respectable place for the service in the daily life of Foreign Affairs.

A daunting task. Bureaucratic changes had decimated the group of trained Canadian consular officials and it was largely due to the professionalism and dedication of locally engaged consular officers around the world that Canadians abroad continued to be assisted. Program reviews and other government-wide expenditure reduction exercises added to the bleak landscape. Resources for consular services, just as for other essential programs, were going south and there were no expectations that this would change in the coming years.

In all of this, the objective was to maintain existing service levels and, as well, to improve and add to them. In this we were rebuilding the boat while at the same time sailing it to the far corners of the world. During this period the demand for consular services was constantly outstripping the ability of the system to meet it. More Canadians than ever were travelling; dual nationality problems were emerging as a serious impediment to providing assistance; parental child abductions were increasing; and there was a dramatic increase in the arrest of Canadians in other countries. In 1993, a preliminary inventory of Canadians in foreign prisons listed fewer than seven hundred. Today, there are times when the number exceeds three thousand.

Typical of the period were the calls to parents on Mondays to inform them that their teenaged daughter had been arrested the night before in Jamaica and to be told that was impossible. She was staying with friends down the road!

In bringing change to consular services it was assumed from the beginning that change would have to come from inside. There were no expectations that others would be willing or able to help. At the same time, it was also assumed that there was a need to break with the hoary, historical traditions that so long encased and circumscribed consular services.

An early initiative was to broaden the travel information program. A limited program had been in place for a number of years and was largely centred on the publication *Bon Voyage*, but ... Country travel reports were created and, despite misgivings from lawyers on liability, these have blossomed into a central feature informing Canadians of the problems that will be encountered and what can be done to avoid them. Today there are country travel reports for over 225 destinations. At the same time, country and subject publications were created and today there is a rich mixture covering

topics ranging from dual nationality to working overseas, retirement abroad and the woman traveller.

Early activities also included initiatives to improve the legal environment in which consular services are conducted. A League of Nations treaty which obligated Canada not to provide assistance to Canadians when they were in the country of a second citizenship was denounced, a first for Canada. Negotiations were begun for bilateral treaties with Egypt and Lebanon to assist in resolving parental child abductions. Treaty arrangements for prisoner transfers were concluded with a number of countries. In the United States, where there had been a treaty arrangement with Washington since the late 1970s, efforts were concentrated to improve its working and to increase the number of states active in the treaty. Today there is only one state — Rhode Island — that is not active in these treaty arrangements.

Throughout the period an overriding issue was to provide assured resources for the consular services. The aim was to remove the large element of uncertainty associated with the "lottery-based" allocation system that was and remains characteristic of the governmental process. This was achieved in 1996 when, as part of the budget for that year, a consular service fee of \$25.00 was approved. The fee is collected at the time a Canadian applies for a passport and today, along with other fees, it provides in excess of \$50 million in revenue that is dedicated to consular activities.

The assured funding direct from Canadians and tied to the demand for passport services provided the foundation for the expansion in the recruitment of new people and expansion of services including new offices overseas. Resources for consular work have always been a small part of the Department's budget, averaging in the single numbers, and the number of people directly involved worldwide fewer than three hundred. These cost recovery initiatives provided a significant increase in personnel resources overseas and in the directing group in Ottawa. One example of this was the growth in honorary consuls, whose numbers have grown from the low forties in 1993 to over one hundred today. These offices in places such as Puerto Vallarta, Luanda and Chang Mai are a low cost and effective way to provide consular help to travelling Canadians.

The assured funding also permitted the development and deployment of *COSMOS* software. *COSMOS* is tied to the Department's own computer and communications system, and provides Canada with the world's only dedicated consular software. It was developed in cooperation with *WorldReach Software*, an Ottawa-based development firm. Since its first deployment in 1993, it has provided consular officials overseas and in Ottawa with a thoroughly modern tool to support their work. In addition to improved case management, *COSMOS* provided the foundation on which the Consular Operations Centre was expanded so that services could be provided 24 hours a day in all corners of the world. Also, there are software modules for the delivery of passport services overseas, registration of Canadians living abroad and contingency planning.

Today the tragic problems of Ms. Kazemi, Mr. Sampson and Mr. Arar demonstrate that consular assistance for Canadians in difficulty overseas will continue to occupy a significant place in public debate. Earlier, the debate concerned assistance for Canadians such as Raoul Léger, Stanley Faulder, Sean Kelly, Christine Lamont, David Spencer, Nguyen Thi Hiep and countless others.

Unfortunately, for some there was no satisfactory conclusion to the earlier debates and as the new cases demonstrate, the current debate is as much characterized by wishful and confused thinking as it is by an understanding of what Canadians can expect when

they venture beyond the borders of Canada. "Respect" for the Canadian passport or the "rights" of Canadians overseas have become the demands of many and "soft diplomacy" has become an all-encompassing accusation against the government.

Canadians overseas, like foreigners in Canada, do not have any special rights, nor can they expect to obtain preferential treatment from foreign governments. The best they can expect is that they are treated no worse than the citizens of the country concerned and in many cases that is cold comfort. Canadian laws and rights end at the Canadian border and the laws and rights of another country begin when a Canadian crosses its frontier. For the vast majority of Canadian travellers this is not a problem. But for the few that encounter difficulty this basic rule is lumpy gruel.

Contrary to popular belief, there are few international rules, and certainly no effective "laws," that control the actions of states in their treatment of foreigners within its boundaries. The Vienna Convention on Consular Relations has more to do with the conduct of consular relations between governments than it has to do with the establishment of standards of conduct in the treatment of foreigners. In the Convention's fifty-seven articles only two establish standards of conduct. These provide limited requirements for notification in the event of arrest and death of a foreign national. The Convention provides no support for the popular view that the Canadian government can "legally" demand standards of conduct on the part of other governments in their treatment of arrested or detained Canadians. The Convention provides no right of private communications with arrested persons, or unlimited access or guarantees of medical or other services or even a safe environment.

Equally troubling is that other international conventions on such matters as torture, the rights of the child, equality or human rights offer little direct benefit to Canadians arrested in foreign countries. There is a wide gap between the largely hortative objectives of such conventions and the need to assist individuals in trouble in foreign countries. In most instances there are no specific mechanisms through which breaches can be determined and remedies enforced. When feet are being beaten and fingernails shortened, threats of disruptions to the bilateral relationship or public embarrassment do nothing to improve the lot of victims. There is more than a risk that their lot would be made worse by such entreaties. When torture, coercion or mistreatment is used in connection with national security or large national interests, as was the case in some of the recent cases involving Canadians, then there is little scope for redress based on national laws, international instruments or the quality of bilateral relations.

Persons and organizations who perpetuate the myth that there is redress through such mechanisms do an enormous disservice. The disservice becomes more disturbing when the ensuing public clamour results in foreign governments refusing to cooperate and puts on hold any expectation of positive action. Christine Lamont and David Spencer probably spent several years more in a Brazilian prison than was necessary as a result of the efforts of their supporters to portray

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them as victims or to demonstrate the unjustness of the Brazilian justice system. Foreign governments rarely read the *Globe and Mail* or listen to the CBC and should they do so, rarely heed their advice.

Canadians in difficulty in foreign lands do have a right to the full support and assistance of their government. In most of the troubles — deaths, accidents, kidnapping, illness and missing persons — most foreign governments are ready to assist. However, it is also common in such matters that the expectations of victims and friends and family are not always met. Persons naturally have high expectations and react badly when they perceive inattention or dismissal of concerns. In foreign lands

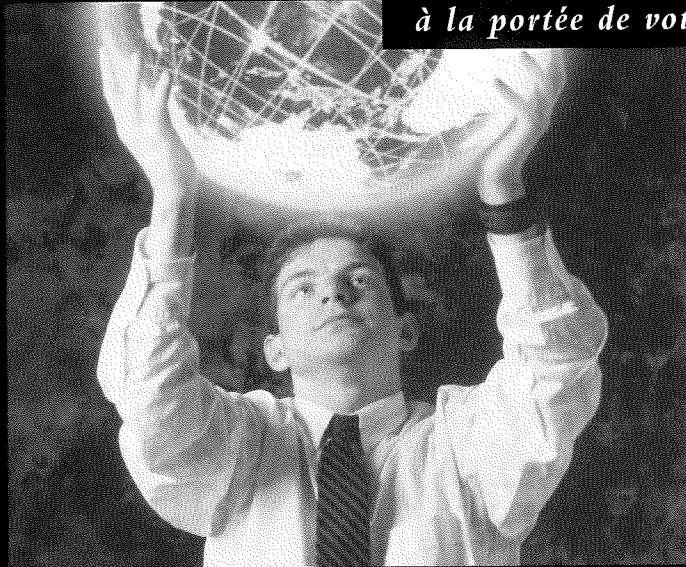
such expectations are affected by language, practise and culture. Unfortunately, wrongful convictions, poor medical treatment, unfound missing persons and parental abductions are as much a part of the Canadian scene as they are of foreign countries and despite the best will in the world there will always be disappointments.

In the area of detentions and arrests the problems are more acute and the demand for action by those jailed or by family and friends in Canada more intense. The unfortunate reality is that some Canadians in foreign countries do pretty much what they do in Canada — they murder, they assault, they traffic in drugs, they organize and carry out large-scale frauds and they rob. In some instances Canadian law enforcement officials provide information to foreign governments that could result in the arrest of Canadians overseas. Also, Canada is one of a few countries that will extradite its citizens to foreign countries to face charges. Generally, Canadian law enforcement or justice officials admit to no obligation to assist in the defence of such persons although there have been instances when they have cooperated with Foreign Affairs in doing so.

For the most part, Canadians in such predicaments abroad are treated much the same as the citizens of the country in question. However, unfamiliar legal processes, lack of bail, barriers of language and custom, prison conditions and lack of direct support from family and friends all contribute to make the life of a Canadian imprisoned abroad one of high anxiety, dangers and illness. Many of the same conditions apply in Canada as well but this does not lessen the obligation for action by Canadian officials.

In this fevered ferment it would be wrong to assume that Canadians have suddenly become the favoured victims of unsavoury regimes or friendly governments that have placed national security ahead of respect for human rights. The citizens of other countries encounter similar problems, some even in Canada. In this new world, the vast majority of travellers will continue to move, and while the movement is slower then we would want, only a very few fall victim to the misplaced or idiosyncratic vigilance of governments. ☺

Gar Party is a son of the "rock." He joined foreign affairs in 1967 and most recently was Director General of Consular Affairs and Ambassador to Costa Rica, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Panama. He retired from the foreign service last August.



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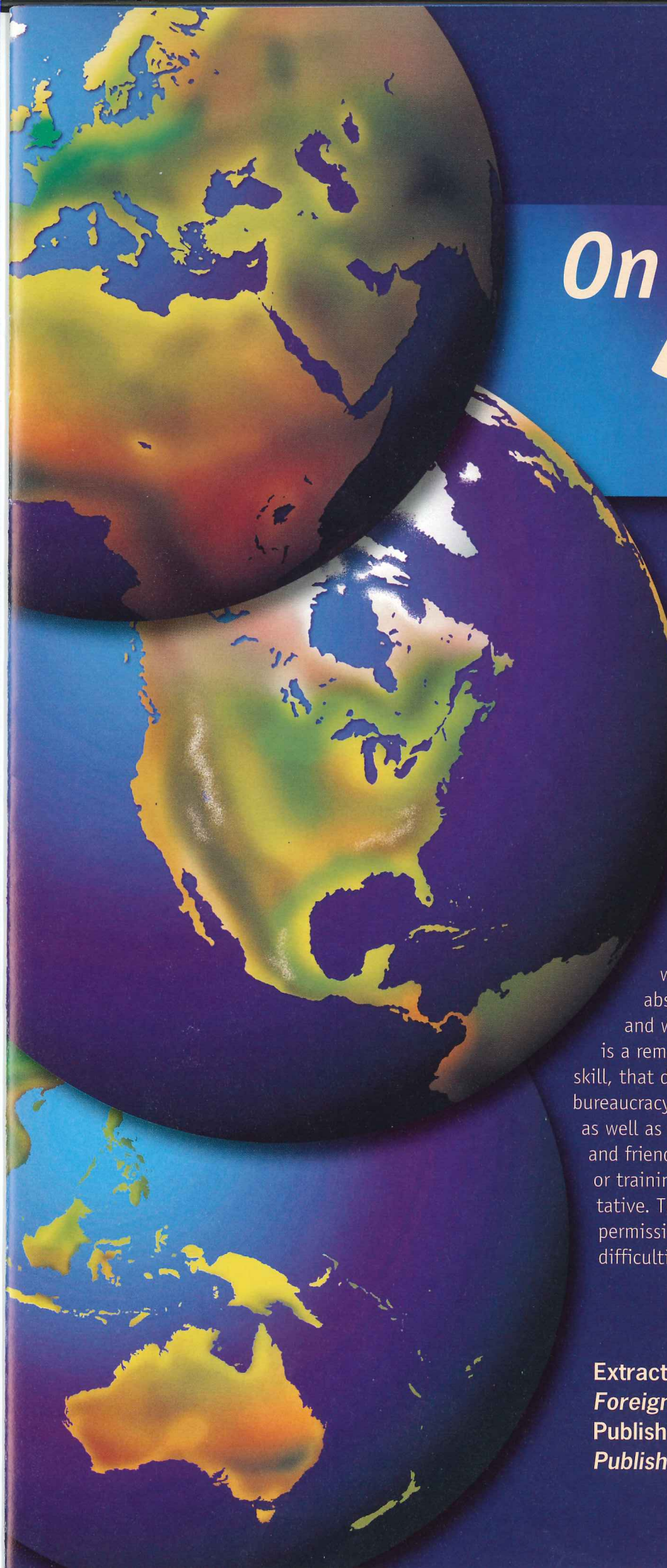
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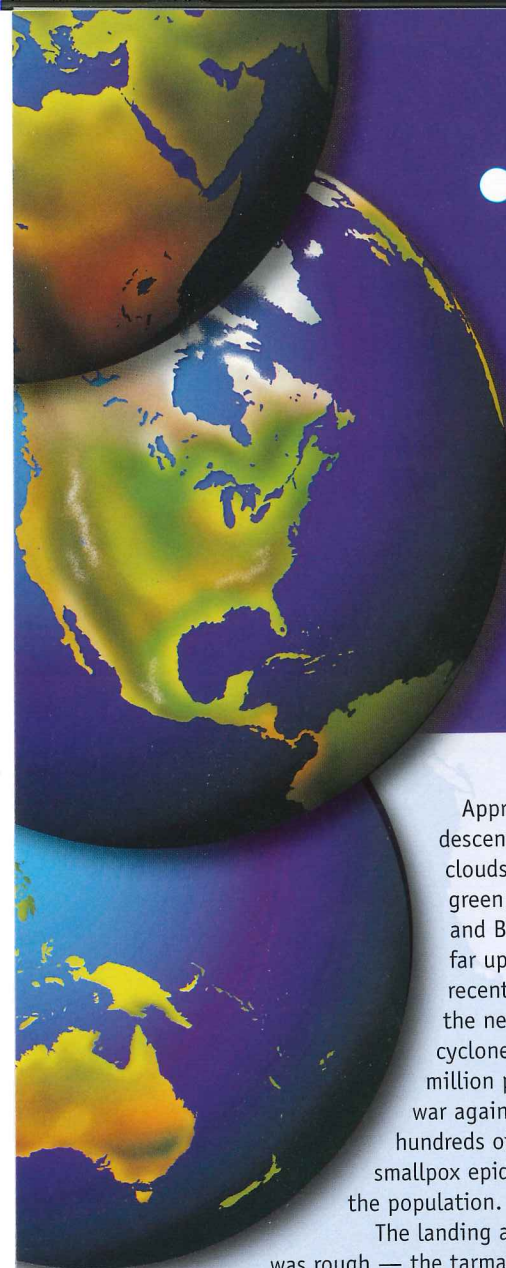


On Six Continents

Readers of *bout de papier* are likely aware by now that James Bartleman, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and formerly a member of the Canadian foreign service, has written a sequel to his extraordinary memoir *Out of Muskoka*. As with his earlier volume, Bartleman's recollections of his peripatetic diplomatic career, with interludes in mysterious but unexotic Ottawa, are characterized by acute observation, empathy and wit, as well as an engaging literary style. Some of those mentioned in the book may not share this positive assessment, notably Eugene Whelan, whose peculiar encounter with our man in Havana, as well as Cuba's president, has already been highlighted in newspapers. Undoubtedly some will examine *On Six Continents* with reference works at hand to identify anonymous others. However, the real attraction of this memoir is the author's willingness to confront not only the occasional (or frequent) absurdities of foreign service life but also his own strengths and weaknesses when dealing with these challenges. The result is a remarkable account, sustained by analytical and anecdotal skill, that demonstrates how effective diplomacy and survival in bureaucracy both require ample doses of patience and adaptability as well as sufficient reserves of humour (and support from family and friends) to cope with situations for which no prior education or training can prepare either a new recruit or a veteran representative. The extracts below, which are reprinted with the kind permission of the publisher, deal with a few of the diverse difficulties confronted by James Bartleman, in Ottawa and abroad.

Hector Mackenzie

Extracts from: *On Six Continents: A Life in Canada's Foreign Service 1966-2002* by James Bartleman. Published by McClelland & Stewart Ltd., the Canadian Publishers. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.



● ● ● Prologue

I first saw Dhaka on a sweltering afternoon in June 1972. The two-hour flight from Bangkok over Burma and the Bay of Bengal gave me time to sit back in air-conditioned comfort and feel that everything was going my way. Here I was, from the wrong side of the tracks in small-town Ontario, setting out at the age of thirty-two to open up the first Canadian diplomatic mission in Bangladesh. Life was good. Around me elegant flight attendants served exotic foods and supplied ice-cold beer in the luxury of Thai International business class.

Approaching landfall, the aircraft descended through black monsoon clouds until we could see the lush green delta of the Meghna, Ganges, and Bramaputra Rivers. From that far up, there were no signs of the recent catastrophes that had hit the new country of Bangladesh: the cyclone of 1970 that killed half a million people; the just-ended civil war against West Pakistan in which hundreds of thousands died; the massive smallpox epidemic that was still ravaging the population.

The landing at Dhaka International Airport was rough — the tarmac was still pockmarked with crudely repaired craters left over from the heavy bombing by the Indian air force the previous December. Workers rolled the airport's only functioning set of stairs up to the aircraft door and the petite attendant smiled as she opened the door to ... another world. A stench of humid, sweet-and-sour air poured in, smothering the sterile air-conditioned comfort of the cabin. A mob of half-clad beggars waited, clamouring piteously for baksheesh, or charity, as I descended the rickety staircase. Some with hands but no feet hobbled on their knees, grabbing at my clothes. Others, with feet but no hands, stuck damp stumps of their festering limbs in my face. Their eyes were wild and their skin pitted with smallpox scars. Within seconds I was drenched in sweat.

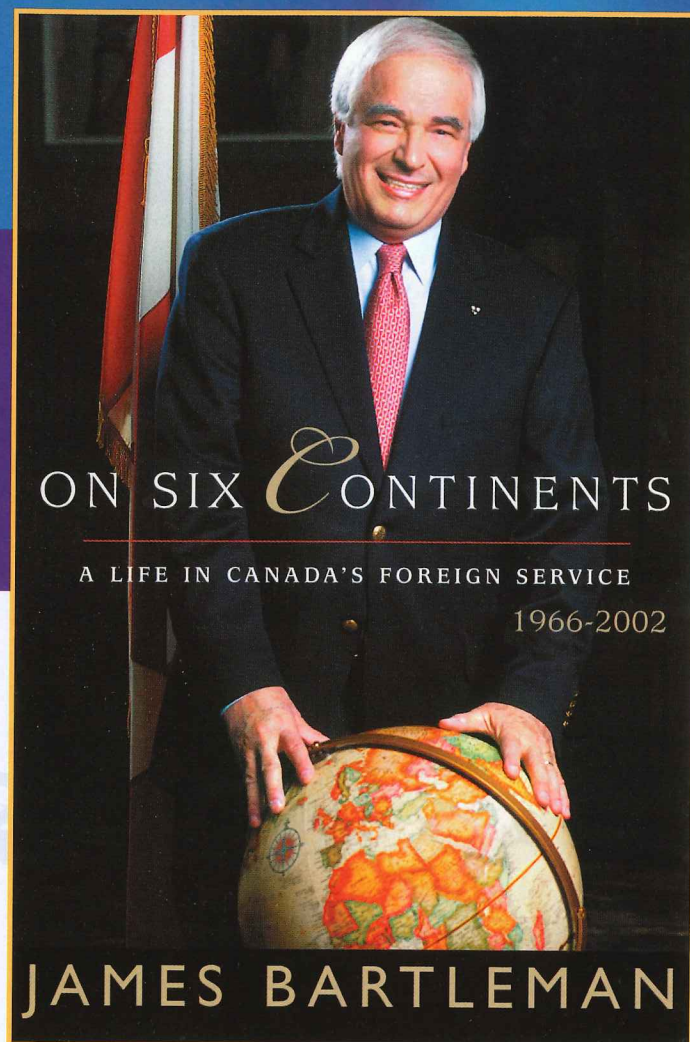
There was no protocol officer to greet me, even though I was Canada's new acting high commissioner. In fact there were no officials of any sort present to keep order as I fought my way through packs of mendicants to the immigration counter and then to the baggage reception area. Once again I was besieged, this time by porters fighting among themselves to carry my one bag. I grabbed it myself and joined a half-dozen other expatriates competing for transport into the city. A solitary taxi waited at the exit. Watching all those old American war movies then paid off. Like Milo Minderbinder of *Catch-22* in wartime Italy, I pulled out a carton of American cigarettes and held it aloft as our safari-suited

band of brothers bore down on the driver. I was the chosen one. The driver flashed me a smile, opened the back door, and, leaving the others behind, drove me to the only modern hotel in the city, the Intercontinental.

Afterwards, curious to learn more about this city that was now my new home, I made my way, fascinated and appalled, through the crowds that choked the roads and sidewalks day and night in Bangladesh's capital. The streets were filled with bicycle rickshaws decorated with hand-painted scenes from the civil war, pushcarts manned by sweating labourers, buses with more passengers on the roof than inside, wandering cattle, and wagons and stagecoaches drawn by skeletal horses. Overhead, tangles of wire cluttered the telephone poles and the sky was black with crows and, yes, vultures. Cloying smoke from the burning dried cow dung used for cooking hung in the air, mixing with the acrid smell of black exhaust fumes spewing from ill-maintained bus, truck, and car motors and the odour of tens of thousands of unwashed bodies.

Women modestly enveloped from head to foot in burkas, black garments with openings for the eyes and nose, and men dressed in hotis, a type of skirt, thronged the thoroughfares. Mentally disabled people, often naked and filthy, competed with stray dogs foraging for food among the garbage heaps. In the absence of sanitary facilities, men and women, their mouths crimson from the juice of betel nuts, squatted in the gutters with as much dignity as they could muster. Others exposed the corpses of their loved ones on the sidewalks, begging for money to accord them a decent burial. In this, my initial encounter with South Asia, the colour, vibrancy, and authenticity of local life that I was later to discover were overwhelmed by poverty and human misery.

Beggars surrounded me just as they had at the airport. About five hundred metres from the hotel, I gave a small coin to a half-blind man crawling along on the sidewalk. Another, more robust, individual snatched it from him and a crowd sprang up clamouring for more. I turned and headed back to the hotel with the wretched of the earth following behind, howling. The wronged recipient of my bounty wobbled after me, crab-like, wailing that he had been robbed and appealing for another handout. I did not want to run — after all, I was Canada's acting high commissioner.



I walked faster. Somehow the beggar kept up. The crowd followed, hoping I would weaken and offer another coin that they could steal. I went faster but the half-blind beggar kept coming. The crowd stopped at the hotel property line but the poor unfortunate continued through. The uniformed doorkeeper opened the heavy glass door to let me in and slammed it in his face. Literally. I looked back — his face and body were squashed against the glass, his tongue hung from his open mouth, and his protruding eyes met mine. I went up to my comfortable room but did not sleep well that night, and not for many more to come. I had not counted on this when I joined Canada's foreign service.

Foreign Affairs in 1966

Despite my expectations, I found that the glory days of Foreign Affairs, now celebrated by nostalgic editorial writers and academics, were over by the time I reported for work. Certainly I had detected no superhuman individuals wandering the halls of the East Block, the Langevin Block, or the five or six other buildings in downtown Ottawa that housed Canada's foreign-service elite until Foreign Affairs moved into its new home, the Pearson Building, in 1973. The three officers most cited for putting Canada on the post-war map, Hume Wrong, Lester Pearson, and Norman Robertson, were gone. Wrong had been dead for more than a decade. Lester Pearson was

still around: he was our prime minister, but seemed to be more respected abroad than in Canada, where his foreign-policy triumphs were a decade old. Norman Robertson was still alive but deathly ill; I would occasionally see him in the Centre Block of Parliament as he carried out special advisory duties for his good friend and erstwhile rival, the prime minister.

○ ○ ○ Cravo Norte was like a Wild West town in a Hollywood movie. There was no electricity and the one road was unpaved. Horses were tethered to hitching posts before the numerous *cantinas*, or bars, from which drifted raucous Colombian cowboy music. Not anxious to spend the night in one of the cutthroat hotels, Brian [Moser] and I called on two missionaries, who agreed to provide accommodation for a small fee and to rent us their motorized canoe for the final leg of our journey.

Venturing out in the evening for some local colour and to escape the kind-hearted but boring missionaries, we strolled into what seemed to be the most respectable *cantina*, where we struck up a conversation with several of the locals. The patrons, however, were heavily armed and suspicious, not welcoming. Two tough characters identified themselves as members of the Colombian secret police and demanded to know what we were doing in Cravo Norte. They thought we might be Cuban agents sent by Havana to foment insurrection. Producing my diplomatic passport, I declared in a self-important way that I was third secretary of the Canadian embassy in Bogotá on an official mission. The secret police were unimpressed, perhaps wondering what official business I was trying to conduct in the *cantina*. The meaner-looking of the two, unshaven and with a scar running diagonally across his face, told me that anyone could falsify a passport. He was, he said, the law in Cravo Norte and did not take orders from anyone in Bogotá. We beat an undignified retreat back to the house of the missionaries.

○ ○ ○ Since Canada was one of the first to establish a diplomatic mission in Bangladesh, we had first pick of available houses and quickly rented seven for the Canadian staff. Unfortunately, we had no furniture. Headquarters tried to be helpful by sending the very best furniture Ottawa stores had to offer, by air at enormous expense. Nothing was too good, they said, for Canada's brave employees in Dhaka. The thought was commendable, the initiative excellent, but the execution faulty. Apparently the only people in Canada unaware that East Pakistan was by then Bangladesh were the Foreign Affairs shipping experts who dispatched our precious cargo to the Pakistani capital of Islamabad, for onward transit. Pakistan and Bangladesh were still in a formal state of war, and links between the two, other than via the Red Cross, were non-existent. We never saw our furniture.

○●○ As had been the case for a generation — and as would be the case seventeen years later when I took my turn as Canada's ambassador at the same table — the permanent representatives of the United States and France, each vying for the security leadership of Europe, could be counted on to clash on all issues, big and small, whatever their merits. Their combat in my initial years at NATO was worthy of the two great nations. Donald Rumsfeld, scion of a wealthy Chicago family, Princeton University graduate, and captain of the wrestling team, an American filter-tip cigarette always in hand, faced off against the Comte de Rose, haughty, brilliant, and Cartesian, and never without a potent Gauloise in his ivory cigarette holder. We all enjoyed the princely combat and felt cheated when Rumsfeld departed to become chief of staff to President Gerald Ford (and was later secretary of defence for the Ford and George W. Bush administrations, and a prominent player during the 2003 war with Iraq). His replacement was the legendary David Bruce, a cultured, wealthy Southerner, who had been European head of the Second World War Office of Strategic Services (precursor to the CIA) but was now a septuagenarian past his prime. The Comte de Rose was victorious in every dispute with Bruce, who had to rely on cue cards in the cut and thrust of council debate.

●○● Our embassy staff was not immune [to violence in Guatemala]. In the coming months, a first secretary had to depart in a hurry after he witnessed an assassination. Returning to work after lunch one day, he brought his car to a halt behind another one waiting at a red light. A man with a pistol got out of the car behind him and walked calmly past him to the car ahead and shot the driver twice in the head. The killer then strolled back to his car after taking a careful look at the Canadian diplomat and his licence-plate number. Later the same day, the Canadian received an orchid — the code indicating that he was next on the hit list. I ordered him to leave the post at once. We later repatriated another staff member who was chased home by an attacker who riddled his car with gunfire but did not hit him.

○●○ The Cuban ambassador called on me in my office to express his outrage. He said President Castro had recently allowed more than one hundred thousand disloyal Cubans to depart the port of Mariel for Florida, overwhelming the capacity of the United States to deal with them. He was instructed to tell me that any repetition of the antics of the night before [at Gander, during a defection] would lead Cuba to unleash thousands of boat people on Canada. I rather undiplomatically asked if he had looked at a map recently: Nova Scotia was somewhat further from Cuba than Florida.

○●○ The president [Fidel Castro of Cuba] became a regular visitor to our residence, coming to dinners and remaining until the small hours of the morning, reminiscing about his days as a student revolutionary in Colombia and elsewhere in Latin America and about his years as a

guerilla leader in the Cuban mountains. For security reasons, his office rarely confirmed his acceptance of invitations before he appeared at our door. It did not take a genius, however, to read his intentions. Ministry of the Interior troops would seal off the neighbourhood, guards would materialize in the garden, the president's personal food taster would take up his position beside the cook in the kitchen, and technicians would hurriedly install new telephone lines. The president would then roll up in his big, black Soviet Ziv limousine, leave his Uzi pistol machine gun on the back seat, and come in to spend the evening with the Bartlemans, wearing, as always, a bulletproof vest under his well-pressed military shirt.

○●○ At one meeting, a rabbi, asked to introduce us to the audience, delivered an impassioned speech about the Bartlemans and their commitment to Israel. Confusing the incident Marie-Jeanne had in 1975 as an employee of Sabena with another incident at roughly the same time in which terrorists had seized a Sabena aircraft en route to Israel and shot crew members, he ended his speech with passionate praise, saying Marie-Jeanne had suffered and almost died for Israel. Breaking down in tears, members of the audience rushed to embrace her. I rose to my feet and tried to explain that the rabbi had confused Marie-Jeanne with someone else. No one paid any heed and Marie-Jeanne's reputation was born.

○●○ The mood in the nation's capital was grim that spring of 1994. The worst recession in years was deepening and tens of thousands of public servants were being given their walking papers in an effort to cut a massive government deficit. The country's foreign-policy agenda was overloaded and the staff in Foreign Affairs were struggling to cope. Their morale was poor for understandable reasons. Record numbers of political appointees had been parachuted into choice jobs as heads-of-mission in the late 1980s and early 1990s, closing off opportunities for advancement for the professionals. Their place of work, the Pearson Building, was overcrowded and showing signs of two decades of wear and tear. Salaries had been frozen for years, junior officers were grossly underpaid, promotions were few, and middle-ranking officers were resigning in droves.

Foreign Affairs remained mired in decades-old jurisdictional disputes with other government departments. No one knew who was in charge at the top. Leadership at the political level was exercised by a confusing triumvirate of ministers responsible for general affairs, trade, and aid, backed up by another layer of ministers. And the real power and often the day-to-day management of foreign-policy issues was shifting from the ministers at Foreign Affairs to the prime minister, increasing an already crushing workload for the officers who had to serve the Privy Council Office as well as their own department.

The rank-and-file foreign service officers who joined in the 1980s and 1990s were keeping the ship afloat. Despite aspersions cast their way by people nostalgic for an era that looked better with the passage of time, they were as good as and sometimes better than those who had come before, including my generation. Often more highly educated than their predecessors on entry, they benefited from training at a foreign-policy institute before starting work. Many had seen the world, some were older and more mature, a number (if not enough) were visible minorities, and a group of outstanding women had assumed positions of senior responsibility. Contrary to assertions that they were narrow technocratic specialists lacking

humanist attributes, there was more than their fair share of authors, philosophers, and original thinkers in their ranks, including Émile Martel for literature, Rob McCrae for philosophy, and Jill Sinclair for outlawing anti-personnel land mines.

I already knew dozens of these excellent colleagues and would extend my circle of contacts even more in the coming years. Some of the issues, for instance those concerning human-security initiatives such as the creation of the International Criminal Court and the banning of child soldiers taken by Foreign Minister Lloyd Axworthy, were ones that would only rarely call for the participation of my team in the Privy Council Office. Others that demanded close attention by the prime minister I was familiar with from previous postings: conflict in the former Yugoslavia, enlargement of NATO, the peace process in the Middle East, political and economic change in Latin America, the evolving role of the United Nations, and relations with many of the countries where I had served over the years.

However, many subjects on the common agenda of the prime minister and his foreign minister would be completely new. The campaign to ban anti-personnel land mines, which would take up so much of the prime minister's time, especially in the critical last six months before the treaty was signed, was only the most visible of the topics on the new foreign-policy agenda. Another one, of greater intrinsic importance since it was central to the economic health of the country, was the prime minister's unprecedented crusade to pull Canada out of recession by export-led growth through free-trade initiatives and Team Canada trade missions. Other new issues included contending with modern globalization, with its emphasis on the pursuit of wealth in a digital world, with the mistaken assumption that the security of Canada and its allies would never again be threatened as it was during the Cold War, with the rise in importance of the Asia-Pacific and Latin American regions, with humanitarian crises in the failed states of Africa, with confrontation over fish with Spain, with reform of the international finance institutions, with global warming and the Kyoto Accord, and with the emergence of the anti-globalization movement.

Much was accomplished in these years, which corresponded to the first half of Prime Minister Chrétien's time in office. By the summer of 1998, the recession was a thing of the past, banished in large measure by a spectacular growth in Canada's exports (aided by a weak dollar as much as by trade promotion). Relations between 24 Sussex Drive and the White House were better balanced than they had been for a generation and were marked by mutual respect between President Clinton and the prime minister; it did not hurt that Anthony Lake, the president's national security advisor, and I had become friends. Canada had made a name for itself by insisting that the G7 nations address the issue of reforming the international financial institutions at the 1995 Halifax summit, even if the organizations proved resistant to change. We had saved the turbot fishery by staring down the Spanish navy in March and April 1995 in a high-risk operation unprecedented outside of wartime in Canada's history. With the vigorous efforts of Canadian diplomacy, NATO relented and accepted Central European states as members at its summit of July 1997. And of course, there was the anti-personnel land mines treaty of December of the same year.

These successes, however, masked an erosion of Canada's place in the world that had been in progress for years, largely outside the control of whatever government was in power. Economically, Canada's relative position was failing as countries with larger populations, such as Mexico, Brazil, and India, caught up. Politically, crucial fundamentals

of our foreign policy that had conveyed prestige and support for our sovereignty in the Cold War era were also changing. Old-fashioned peacekeeping, at which Canada had excelled for more than a generation, was being discredited and buried in the charnel house of Bosnia. Our traditional alliances were shifting. Canada was drifting economically and militarily away from the new Europe. We would seek new partnerships in Latin America and Asia and attempt to maintain our independence as our country was drawn even more closely into the economic orbit of the United States. Our international influence and economic prosperity would henceforth be a function of our special relationship with Washington — for good or ill.

○ ○ ○ The Europeans, for their part, had little time to spare for Canada. With the end of the Cold War and the closure of our last NATO bases in 1992, we were no longer important to them in military and security terms. Our peacekeeping contributions to the Balkans were regarded as “nice” and “useful” but not essential; after all, Bangladesh and the Czech Republic provided as many troops as did Canada. Economically, Canada to Europe was just another mid-size industrial nation, ranking somewhere between Taiwan and Singapore as a trading partner. Canada's image remained that of a supplier of raw materials, even though manufactured goods had long dominated Canadian export sales.

Epilogue

In January 2002, Marie-Jeanne, Alain, and I spent a week in Senegal. It was the first time we had set foot in Africa since our escape from South Africa to Australia following the mugging of 1999. I was anxious to see if I had put those events, irrationally associated with Africa, behind me.

It was a good visit. We saw a different Africa. Senegal may have been one of the world's poorest nations, but its people embodied a rich, confident, coherent fusion of francophone culture and language with indigenous African values. It was also safe — at least in Dakar, where we stayed. I also had the sense that the people had come to terms with the injustices of their colonial past. The South Africans, I realized, were making great strides under Mandela but still had a long way to go.

On a day's outing to Gorée island, a former notorious embarkation point for slaves and now a UNESCO heritage site, we saw Americans with tears in their eyes. Their ancestors had left this region hundreds of years ago in chains and now they, their descendants, were back, trying to come to terms with the harsh reality of their roots. Meanwhile, the locals gossiped, children frolicked in the sea, young men dove for coins tossed by middle-aged European tourists from the docks, hawkers sold crudely carved statuettes of African fertility gods, sunglasses, soft drinks, and colourful shirts, and property developers offered gentrified houses of former slave owners to members of the jet set. Life went on oblivious to the distress of American pilgrims trying to ascribe meaning to a massive historical injustice and to a former Canadian high commissioner brooding on an obscure incident in a Cape Town hotel room. The time was overdue for me, I now knew, to bury the past and move on. ☺

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La fin de l'histoire ou la renaissance?

Mes souvenirs personnels de l'OTAN

par Erika v.C. Bruce

Comme beaucoup d'autres choses, tout a commencé avec la chute du Mur de Berlin. Lors d'une visite à Ottawa, le regretté Brian Watson de la Commission de la Fonction publique, responsable pour le placement des Canadiens auprès des organisations internationales, m'a informée de la vacance imminente du poste de directeur de l'Information à l'OTAN.

En 1989, j'étais en congé sans solde du Conseil de recherche en sciences humaines du Canada, ayant suivi mon mari qui servait comme ambassadeur du Canada au Portugal. Il y a 25 ans, il semblait parfaitement normal qu'une femme subordonne ses propres intérêts professionnels à ceux de son époux qui, évidemment, exerçait des fonctions plus importantes. Ma carrière ne s'est donc pas déroulée de façon uniforme. Elle s'est arrêtée à maintes reprises au fil des années et j'ai dû saisir les occasions quand elles se présentaient. Assise devant une bonne bière avec Brian Watson, une telle occasion s'est présentée cet après-midi.

Bien que mes connaissances de l'OTAN étaient modestes, je me suis rendu compte que l'Alliance faisait face à une multitude de nouveaux défis dont le développement des liens de coopération avec les anciens membres du bloc de Varsovie était de premier ordre. L'article 2 du Traité engage l'Alliance à renforcer les institutions libres et à promouvoir les conditions de stabilité favorisant la collaboration dans le domaine socio-économique. Ayant rejoint des étudiants aux manifestations du *Printemps de Prague* où en mai 1968 ils avaient encouragé leurs confrères à rejeter le régime communiste, la promesse du renouveau en Europe centrale et orientale a été pour moi irrésistible. La chance de pouvoir contribuer aux efforts visant à mettre fin aux divisions qui rongeaient l'Europe depuis 40 ans m'a emballée. Je n'hésitai pas longtemps avant de soumettre ma candidature. Alors a commencé le processus de sélection qui devait durer 10 mois.

Je suis arrivée à l'OTAN en septembre 1990, à un tournant historique extraordinaire : la fin de la guerre froide, de l'ordre bipolaire, l'unification de l'Allemagne, la dissolution du Pacte de Varsovie et du régime soviétique. C'était l'aube d'une nouvelle époque vouée à la construction des institutions et des instruments de la paix, et l'ambiance qui dominait dans les bureaux et les couloirs était marquée d'optimisme et d'enthousiasme pour œuvrer au service de la communauté des nations.

J'ai passé quatre ans au siège social du Secrétariat international de l'OTAN dans la banlieue de Bruxelles dans un immeuble qui devait servir, à l'origine, comme hôpital de maternité. À la fin des années 60, ce dernier a été transformé en bureaux et muni d'un système de sécurité dit impénétrable. L'endroit ressemblait à une petite ville-garnison. Il s'y trouvait restaurants, cafétéria, bar, pub, clubs, coiffeur, parfumerie, banque, bureau de poste, agence de voyage, nettoyage à sec, cordonnier, fitness club, piscine, court de tennis, parcours de jogging, cabinet de médecin, infirmières,

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pharmacie — bref, tous les aménagements de la vie moderne.

En rétrospective, ces quatre ans dans ce bastion masculin ont été fascinants mais non pas sans leurs frustrations et défis particuliers. Depuis la création de l'organisation, il y a toujours eu un bon nombre de Canadiens, civils et militaires; pourtant, au bout de ses 45 ans d'existence, j'ai été en 1990 la première femme à avoir été nommée à un poste de direction et au niveau de chef d'un nouveau bureau indépendant, celui de l'Information et de la presse. Traduit en termes militaires, j'ai occupé le rang de général à deux étoiles. Tous mes prédécesseurs — ainsi que mes successeurs — ont été des hommes.

Cela ne veut pas dire qu'il n'y avait pas de femmes à l'OTAN. On les trouvait dans les délégations permanentes des pays membres et aussi au Secrétariat international, mais ces dernières détenaient surtout des postes subalternes. En 1993, au siège à Bruxelles, l'organisation avait un effectif d'environ 1200 postes. Un quart de ceux-ci étaient des postes de catégorie supérieure, les « A grades ». Cette catégorie comporte 7 grades, de A1 à A7. De mon temps il y avait 34 femmes, soit environ 10 p. cent des cadres A, dont 16 occupaient des postes de A4 et

17 des grades A3 et A2. Une seule femme était titulaire d'un grade A5, ce qui correspond à chef de section, et elle faisait partie de mon équipe. La majorité de ces grades A travaillaient aux postes de procès-verbalistes et d'adjointes administratives. Aujourd'hui, 9 ans après mon départ, une seule autre femme occupe un poste de directeur au niveau A7. Le Canadien le plus haut placé au secrétariat est un cadre A6. Quant aux représentants permanents, il paraît que la première femme à titre de chef de mission accréditée à l'OTAN viendrait de Lituanie quand les 7 nouveaux membres de l'Alliance seront admis lors du Sommet d'Istamboul en mai 2004.

Le seul domaine où les femmes sont en nombre appréciable est celui de la traduction et de l'interprétation. Les services linguistiques de l'OTAN, d'ailleurs d'un très haut niveau, sont classifiés différemment et offrent aux titulaires un vrai système de carrière et un contrat de durée indéterminée, ce qui n'était pas le cas pour les grades A à cette époque.

Il existe plusieurs raisons qui pourraient expliquer cette répartition inégale entre hommes et femmes à l'Alliance, telle que la manière dont les postes vacants sont annoncés par l'organisation ainsi que par les

gouvernements des pays-membres. Hélas, d'une distance de 10 ans, j'hésite à en faire l'examen; je voudrais plutôt rappeler mes souvenirs subjectifs et personnels des personnalités, des grands moments historiques et d'expériences humaines.

Le personnage qui dominait cette ère était le Secrétaire général Manfred Wörner, ancien ministre de la Défense de la République fédérale allemande. Il est mort d'un cancer en août 1994. Homme de vision dans une Europe confrontée à une gamme de risques et de conflits potentiels, M. Wörner s'est voué passionnément à l'immense tâche de transformer l'Alliance Nord-Atlantique en instrument de sécurité et de paix.

M. Wörner était un *leader* à la hauteur du moment historique lorsque la possibilité d'intégrer nos anciens adversaires dans la famille des nations démocratiques est devenue réelle. Il veillait sans cesse à ce que l'itinéraire de la transition de l'Alliance d'une organisation de défense collective de ses membres en organisation de coopération pacifique ne s'écarte pas des principes énoncés dans la Déclaration de Londres de 1990. C'est grâce à ses efforts initiaux que le chemin à l'élargissement s'est déroulé de façon plutôt harmonieuse.

Afin d'apprécier l'ampleur de ses succès, il faut se rappeler que chaque décision prise au sein de l'OTAN doit l'être à l'unanimité — une seule voix dissidente parmi ses membres crée une impasse, bloque toute action. Ce principe de consensus s'applique tant au Conseil qu'aux nombreux comités. Je présidais celui de l'Information et de la presse qui veillait sur la dissémination des renseignements sur l'Alliance. Dans ces premières années d'ouverture à l'Est on marchandait sur chaque groupe de visite (payé par l'OTAN) émanant des anciens pays communistes. Le nombre sanctionné en 1991 n'a compté que onze!

Quant aux moments qui marquent une tournure dans l'histoire européenne — *les moments forts* — je voudrais rappeler deux événements : en août 1991, quand, au milieu de la période estivale, le Secrétaire général a convoqué une réunion extraordinaire du Conseil lors du coup à Moscou. Au cours de la session M. Wörner a quitté la salle pour parler au téléphone avec M. Yeltsine. Ce dernier venait de confronter la foule devant le Kremlin.

Le deuxième événement dont je me rappelle avec clarté a eu lieu après le Sommet de Rome qui a créé le Conseil de coopération nord-atlantique, comprenant les membres de l'OTAN, l'Union soviétique et les huit nouvelles républiques de l'Europe

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centrale et orientale. Pour être précis, c'était le 20 décembre 1991, lors de la réunion inaugurale, que l'ambassadeur de l'URSS a été interrompu au milieu de son discours par un adjoint, et qu'il s'est absenté de la salle. Quand il est revenu cinq minutes plus tard, manifestement bouleversé, il a placé une nouvelle plaque sur la table, a échangé le drapeau dans le stand, et a déclaré, d'une voix tremblante, « Je suis maintenant l'Ambassadeur de Russie. L'Union Soviétique n'existe plus. » On aurait entendu une mouche voler.

Parmi les événements dont je garde un vif souvenir, figure la première conférence entre l'Ouest et l'Est sur la sécurité européenne que j'ai organisée à Prague en avril 1991. Trois chefs de gouvernements et neuf ministres d'affaires étrangères y ont assisté ainsi que le Chancelier d'Autriche, Franz Vranitzky. La conférence se tenait au siège du ministère des Affaires étrangères, le Palais Cernin, grandiose édifice du XVIII^e siècle. Bien que nos collaborateurs tchèques faisaient de leur mieux et que l'ambassadeur canadien, Alan McLaine, nous ait offert tout son appui, le manque de chauffage au palais posait un problème, l'autre étant la paucité de papier de toilette à Prague. Alors, nous avons conduit à Prague, la voiture remplie de rouleaux de papier de toilette, de fleurs, de deux machines à écrire, de cartons de rubans et du ruban *Scotch* — articles insignifiants qui ont contribué au succès de la conférence autant que l'arrivée du printemps. Les machines à écrire, on les a oubliées là-bas.

De temps à autre, j'ai accompagné le Secrétaire général lors de ses visites officielles aux pays ressortissants du bloc soviétique. Une de ces visites m'a menée à Bucarest au mois de juillet, période de grande chaleur. Le Gouvernement roumain nous a logés dans un groupe de villas de l'ère de Ceausescu situé dans une forêt privée. Pour commencer, le chauffeur de ma voiture a été séparé de la motorcade et, en pleine nuit, a eu de la peine à trouver cet endroit secret. Finalement arrivé, les lumières se sont éteintes dans la villa que je devais partager avec deux ambassadeurs. Pas de bougies, pas de personnel pour nous guider. Étant tous des non-fumeurs, personne n'avait ni briquet ni allumettes. Plus tard, le robinet est tombé à sec à un moment très mal commode et l'eau n'est revenue qu'à l'aube avec un bruit de tuyauterie infernale.

Le lendemain j'ai demandé à mon attaché roumain de me montrer un marché public. De ce temps-là, il n'y en avait qu'un seul à Bucarest. En plein été, les produits étaient minables : très peu de légumes, des cerises

à moitié pourries, des noix à des prix tels qu'aucune mère de famille ne pouvait se permettre de les acheter. Ne disposant pas de la monnaie locale, j'ai offert d'échanger cinq dollars pour faire un achat. Au moment du départ de Bucarest, mon adjoint est arrivé à l'aéroport avec un sac contenant 7 à 8 kilos de concombres — ce qu'il y avait de meilleur. Si touchée que j'aie été par la gentillesse de ce monsieur, j'ai été pétrifiée : il n'y avait pas de place pour ce gros sac dans la petite cabine que je partageais avec le chef de cabinet du Secrétaire général.

Je n'ai pas rencontré au cours de mes voyages un grand nombre de femmes dans des postes comparables au mien, mais je garde un excellent souvenir de plusieurs dames rencontrées dans les nouvelles républiques. Le chef de presse du Premier ministre slovaque, par exemple, était une femme qui est retournée à Bratislava après 30 ans de succès à Madison Avenue.

En Roumanie, j'ai fait la connaissance de journalistes d'un courage exceptionnel qui vers la fin du régime communiste utilisaient leurs positions aux chaînes de radio et de télévision afin d'encourager et tenir au courant la population de ce qui se passait dans d'autres pays du bloc de l'Est.

Aux pays Baltes, j'ai rencontré de nombreuses jeunes filles d'origine balte nées aux États-Unis mais désireuses de contribuer à la reconstruction du pays de leurs parents. Ayant échangé le confort de leur maison contre une chambre partagée et non chauffée et une salle de bain communautaire où l'eau chaude ne coulait pas souvent, elles remplissaient des fonctions d'interprète, de secrétaire, de téléphoniste, d'adjointe administrative dans des ministères et des institutions municipales.

En Russie, j'ai rencontré des femmes polyglottes d'une grande culture qui travaillaient comme guides touristiques, interprètes ou traductrices, souvent le seul soutien de leur famille car leurs pères ou maris n'étaient pas capables de s'adapter à la « nouvelle réalité ». Mis à la porte par les nouveaux maîtres ou brisés par le grand mensonge du régime communiste auquel ils avaient consacré leur vie, ils n'avaient pas de place dans la nouvelle société.

La présence des femmes parmi les cadres officiels était moins évidente dans les pays de l'Asie centrale. En mai 1994, en compagnie d'un ambassadeur et d'un général, j'ai embarqué pour une tournée à Turkménistan, Ouzbékistan, Kirghizistan et Kazakhstan. C'était le premier pas dans notre programme d'ouverture envers nos nouveaux partenaires de coopération dans cette

région. A partir d'Ashkabad, capitale de Turkménistan, notre moyen de transport était un avion nolisé du ministère de la Défense de Kirghizistan. Il s'agissait d'un vieil avion-cargo russe avec une banquette dure et quatre sièges autour d'une table. Pas de toilette. L'équipe kirghiz comprenait deux pilotes et un mécanicien, les trois surveillés par un jeune lieutenant russe.

Bien que l'OTAN était le client, c'était l'équipe qui dictait l'horaire de départ, tout en sachant que nous n'avions aucune alternative de transport car Aeroflot, de ce temps-là, ne contrôlait plus le réseau de cette vaste région. De plus, le lendemain de notre arrivée, la monnaie commune, le zloty russe, a cessé d'être en usage au Turkménistan. Seul le dollar américain pouvait nous fournir en essence (représentant le Secrétariat, c'était à moi de régler les comptes).

Le désarroi créé par le départ des cadres russes après la dissolution de l'Union soviétique a été visible partout : à l'aéroport de Tashkent, capitale d'Ouzbékistan, rouillaient 500 hélicoptères parce que l'armée ouzbéke ne savait pas les entretenir. À Samarkand, ancienne ville célèbre pour son architecture musulmane et déclarée un patrimoine de l'humanité par l'UNESCO, les façades de ses mosquées s'écroulaient faute d'entretien. Le désert et le vent réclamaient ses monuments historiques. Il manquait de revenus autrefois apportés par les touristes du Bloc soviétique, nous a expliqué le guide de l'agence Intourist. Dans la banlieue de la ville, à l'académie de transport militaire de l'URSS dirigée par un général russe de Saint-Petersbourg qui récitait Pushkine et Lermontow, le nombre de recrues était tombé en 1994 de 12 000 à 350.

Notre départ pour Bishkek, capitale montagneuse de Kirghizistan, était prévu pour le matin, mais notre équipe avait disparu. Nous avons passé des heures à l'aéroport où la température dépassait 47°C. Enfin j'ai repéré nos pilotes transportant sur leurs épaules des caisses de tomates. C'était un leurre. Les officiers kirghis, de mèche avec le lieutenant russe, étaient en train de remplir l'avion de barriques de kérosène et d'essence de contrebande, tous des articles en grande demande à Bishkek. Suivirent des « négociations » à haute voix entre les Kirghis et les autorités militaires ouzbékes avec le résultat que nous sommes partis sans notre précieux cargo et un peu anxieux.

Dans chaque ville, notre programme était chargé de conférences, de présentations et de discussions sur le fonctionnement, les

objectifs et les instruments de consultations politiques de l'OTAN. Dans mes bagages se trouvaient une vidéo, des transparents et des tableaux sur la structure de l'Alliance.

Ces outils ne m'ont guère servi à la réunion organisée à Bishkek par l'Institut d'études stratégiques. Les introductions faites, l'opposition au gouvernement s'est accaparée du microphone, et les participants se sont acharnés à nous faire comprendre les conflits qui étaient en train de se préparer en Tchétchénie et dans les pays voisins. Ils mettaient leur espoir dans les représentants d'une organisation qu'ils considéraient suffisamment puissante pour intervenir auprès de la Russie afin que la région ne soit pas engouffrée dans la guerre. C'était en mai 1994.

Notre dernière destination était Almaty, capitale de Kazakhstan, pays riche en ressources naturelles et économiquement le plus avancé des quatre républiques en Asie centrale. Malgré le haut pourcentage de russes et d'autres nationalités dans la population — à l'époque staliniste le Kazakhstan servait de poubelle pour les « indésirables » — les Kazakhs ethniques semblaient faire marcher l'affaire. Les anciens cadres du Parti communiste local, par exemple, avaient su se transformer en professeur, en spécialiste

en relations internationales, en chef d'expansion industrielle, en directeur de l'Institut pour la paix.

À Almaty fleurissaient déjà des restaurants privés qui offraient des dîners dansants, complets avec orchestre et chanteuse. Les prix marqués en dollars, les clients de ces restaurants appartenaient à la nouvelle classe d'entrepreneurs; la plupart portaient discrètement des armes. On entendait toutes les langues.

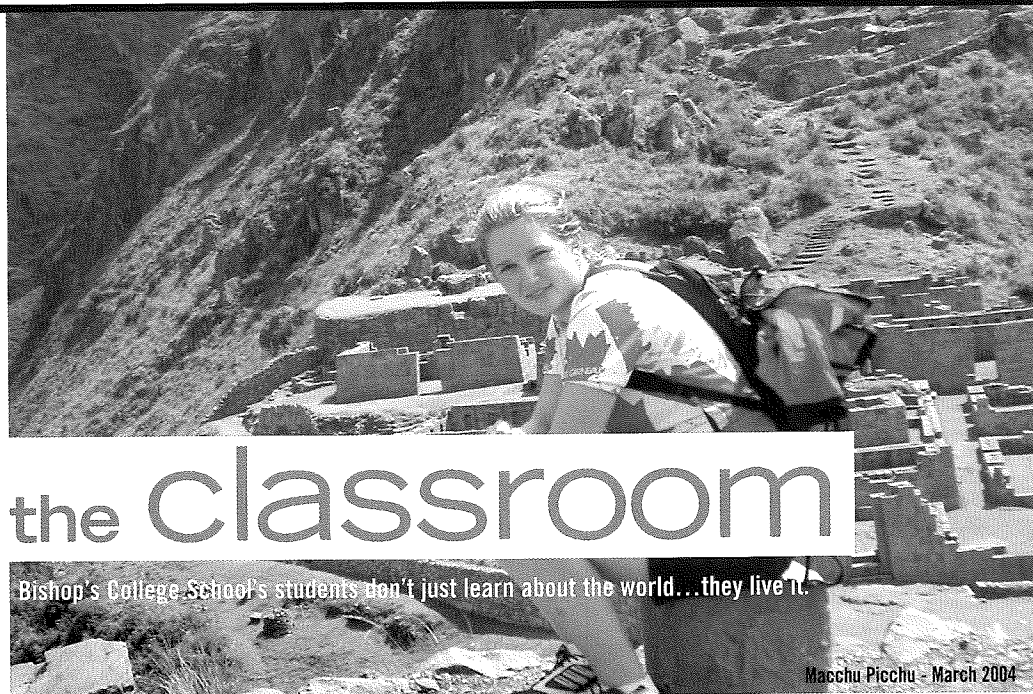
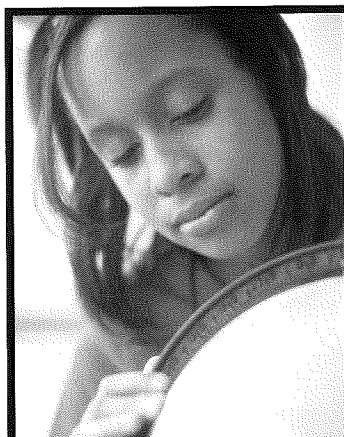
À quoi a servi ce voyage et d'autres du même genre? Il faut se rappeler que les sommets de Londres en 1990, de Rome en 1991 et celui de Bruxelles en 1992 ont mis en marche un processus d'ouverture. Avec la Déclaration de Londres, l'Ouest a tendu la main à ses anciens adversaires, les invitant à coopérer dans la construction d'un nouveau système de sécurité multilatéral — d'où le nom Conseil de coopération nord-atlantique. En 1994 sera lancé le Partenariat pour la paix culminant en accords de coopération formelle avec la Russie et l'Ukraine en 1997.

Au début de la décennie, l'impact de la propagande négative durant la guerre froide étant toujours profond, il fallait commencer par de petits pas, tout simplement par gagner la confiance des gens dans les pays de l'ex-Union soviétique. Notre voyage en Asie

centrale, par exemple, a eu comme résultat un dialogue qui s'est poursuivi dans des échanges à Bruxelles auxquels l'OTAN a invité des politiciens, fonctionnaires, députés, universitaires, journalistes, étudiants — un programme toujours recherché et populaire.

Évidemment nous avons échoué dans notre but d'instaurer un environnement de sécurité et de stabilité à long terme. Les attentes du programme d'information de l'OTAN, conçu et planifié au début des années 90 avec tant d'enthousiasme, ne se sont pas remplies de même que les progrès anticipés dans les nouveaux pays de coopération ne se sont pas tous réalisés. L'optimisme a cédé aux objectifs plus modestes. L'« édifice de sécurité » qui devrait assurer la paix, est inachevé. Et pourtant, malgré la guerre aux Balkans, l'esprit du renouveau paneuropéen qui marquait la dernière décennie du XX^e siècle a affecté tous ceux qui ont eu la chance de travailler au sein de l'OTAN à cette époque. Bien que le passage du temps adoucisse les expériences difficiles, j'encouragerais d'autres femmes à chercher un « détour » au cours de leur carrière. ☺

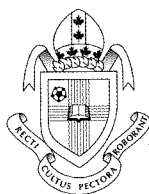
Erika v.C. Bruce est l'épouse de l'ambassadeur du Canada à la retraite, Geoffrey F. Bruce.



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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

On Six Continents: A Life in Canada's Foreign Service, 1966–2002 by James Bartleman

Reviewed by Ross Francis

The Last Kaiser: William the Impetuous, by Giles Macdonogh

Reviewed by Laurent Beaulieu

Stop and Taste the Wine by Terry Sheehan

Reviewed by David Peel

ON SIX CONTINENTS: A LIFE IN CANADA'S FOREIGN SERVICE, 1966–2002 by James Bartleman; McClelland & Stewart Ltd., 2004, pp. 253, \$36.99

Ross Francis was Canadian High Commissioner to Malaysia and Ambassador to Finland.

The review in *bout de papier* last winter of James Bartleman's account of his early life, *Out of Muskoka*, expressed the hope that some day we might be given a full account of his professional life. Now we have it.

Mr. Bartleman had an exceptionally interesting career, with nine postings, including six as Ambassador or High Commissioner, and a series of increasingly responsible Ottawa assignments, culminating in the position of foreign policy advisor to the Prime Minister and assistant secretary to the Cabinet for foreign and defence affairs in the Privy Council Office. His account will be of particular interest to foreign service officers, past, present and future. But it should also be useful to students of Canadian foreign policy and international affairs. Even that mythical creature, the general reader, will find it absorbing.

Mr. Bartleman reports that an early supervisor found him guilty of "an excess of enthusiasm and initiative" in the performance of his duties. The officer was doubtless drawing on Talleyrand's advice: "Surtout, Messieurs, point de zèle." If so, this was a lesson Mr. Bartleman never learned. This was particularly evident when, after a disappointing first posting in Bogota, he was assigned as Acting High Commissioner to open Canada's first mission in Bangladesh. He developed a close relationship with the country's first Prime Minister, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. Working with a team of experienced CIDA officers, he helped put in place a major program of development assistance. He records that the highlight of his thirty-five years in the foreign service was his association with the World Health Organization campaign to eradicate small-

pox in Bangladesh, in which he helped bypass a bureaucrat who accused him of not following proper channels.

By comparison his next assignment, to the NATO delegation, proved quite mundane, especially the work on the frustrating negotiations with Warsaw Treaty Organization members on arms control. Returning years later as Ambassador was a different matter as the Soviet empire was breaking up and Yugoslavia descended into chaos. The account of his successful resistance to the American proposal to use air power against the Serbs in the summer of 1993, putting Canadian peacekeepers in UNPROFOR at risk, could be used as a textbook example of effective diplomacy.

Mr. Bartleman's longest chapter deals with his first ambassadorial assignment, to Cuba. Perhaps because of the Castro-Trudeau relationship, he had exceptional access to Cubans from the President on down. Unfortunately this did not exempt him from attempts to compromise him, with successive phone calls from an admiring woman, a caller seeking help to smuggle gold and a young man claiming to find him handsome. At that point he stopped answering the phone, but always wondered what else might have been on offer. In a nastier incident, two Embassy dogs, including his, were poisoned. More bizarre was a stray cat that became a fixture in the Embassy until a strange whistling sound came from one of its ears. It was only years later, when he read of a CIA attempt to turn cats into eavesdropping devices, that he wondered whether the Cubans had been somewhat more successful than the Americans in this exotic technology. Canadian newspapers have already focused on another kind of punishment inflicted on Mr. Bartleman, this time from a Canadian Cabinet Minister who visited Cuba.

Mr. Bartleman became aware of the difficulties faced by a Canadian Ambassador to Israel even before his departure. A vocal minority of both the Jewish and Arab communities in Canada with whom he met

insisted that it would be his duty to support its side and its side only in the Arab-Israeli dispute, with threats to ruin his career if he did not toe their mutually exclusive lines. The first two years of his posting coincided with a relatively quiet period in Israel's history, but the start of the Intifada in late 1987 marked what he describes as the low point in an emotionally draining posting. His experiences ranged from being stoned by Palestinians to a memorable put-down by Defence Minister Rabin after, on instructions from Ottawa, he had complained about Israeli's tactics.

In his earlier book, Mr. Bartleman dealt with his posting in South Africa, when a brutal, near fatal mugging exacerbated the clinical depression from which he was already beginning to suffer. In an attempt to put this behind him, he agreed to a change of scene, as High Commissioner to Australia. This posting in turn was cut short when the opportunity arose to return to Brussels, his wife's home city, this time as Ambassador to the European Union.

As the title of his book suggests, most of it deals with his assignments abroad. Perhaps understandably he does not describe his assignments in Intelligence in detail. He does note that in the first of these he unexpectedly found himself to be the departmental expert on terrorism during the 1970 FLQ crisis and demonstrated that this was not part of an international conspiracy. His later period as Director-General helped provide him with the background he needed for his period as NATO Ambassador. He does provide an excellent account of his period dealing with the Commonwealth Caribbean and Central America. As an example of the initiative which that early rating officer so deplored, he instructed the security service to block the Gander airport runway with vehicles to prevent a Cuban aircraft from taking off after a woman who had attempted to defect had been forced back on board. As he says, he had no idea whether he had authority to issue such an order, but it sure felt good, and the woman



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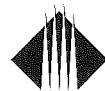
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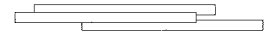


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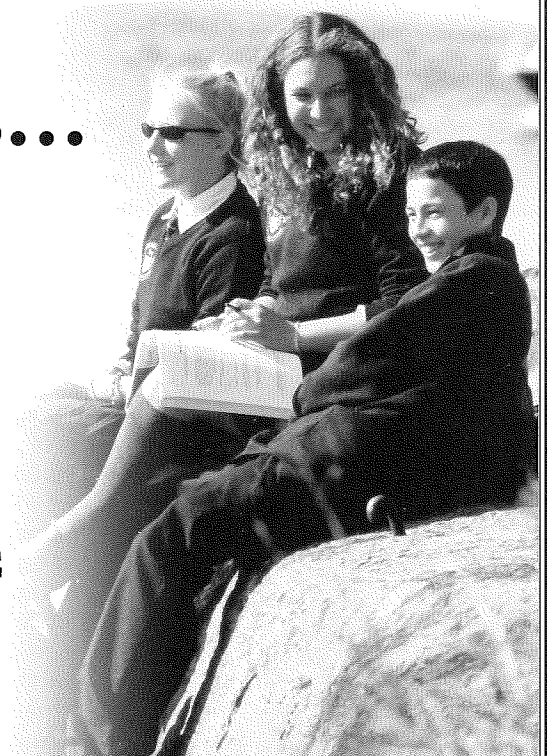


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was allowed to stay. The only disappointment with the book is that he skips so quickly over his work as the Prime Minister's foreign policy advisor. Can we hope for a third volume, perhaps after his retirement when political sensitivities may be less acute?

At the Prime Minister's request Mr. Bartleman left the Foreign Service after 35 years to become Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. After years as a diplomat he reports that he welcomed the extraordinary chance to return home to work for causes he believed in, including fighting racism, encouraging young aboriginal Canadians to stay in school and joining the battle against the stigma associated with those suffering from mental illness.

Mr. Bartleman has dedicated his book "For the members of Canada's Foreign Service and their long-suffering families." He agrees with those commentators who consider that there has been an erosion over the years of Canada's place in the world, which he considers was largely outside the control of whatever government was in power. However he is full of praise for the current generation of officers: "Despite aspersions cast their way by people nostalgic for an era that looked better with the passage of time, they were as good as and

sometimes better than those who had come before, including my generation."

THE LAST KAISER: WILLIAM THE IMPETUOUS, by Giles Macdonogh, Published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 2001. pp. 480.

Laurent Beaulieu is currently an analyst at the Europe Desk, Citizenship and Immigration Canada. His last posting was to Poland, a country whose modern boundaries were once in Prussia.

A biography is often read with the hope of discovering some untold truth or a dirty little secret. A new biography can often help change our view of an historical figure and shed light on an entrenched reputation leading us to a better understanding of what made the subject tick. In this new biography of Wilhelm II, the last Kaiser of Germany, Giles Macdonogh presents the complex life of a man not well liked nor remembered by many, who nonetheless is enjoying somewhat of a rehabilitation in Germany, 60 years after his death.

The popular historical picture of Wilhelm is not a pretty one — the often-caricatured scowling face behind the up-turned Prussian moustache leading the world into the ugliness

of the The Great War. It is also a picture of a man who lost his throne, was exiled and said to have doomed his country to unhappiness, economic failure and the horrors of the Nazi Dictatorship. Was he the horrible figure of the newsreels and propaganda posters, or was he the caring grandson in whose arms his beloved grandmother Queen Victoria died? This book succeeds in presenting a very different picture of Wilhelm II, the man, the Kaiser, his world and the events of the time.

Macdonogh through careful and detailed research describes Wilhelm's stormy and often tense family life, his relationships with men and women around him, the politics of a new unified German state, the events which marked his time but also ours in the XXth century. Macdonogh also connects Germany to England, a link which started with the Hanoverian Princes and continues to this day. We are given many personal details on Wilhelm and his family, their personalities and motivations. The reader feels like a close family confidant, you are drawn into the secret, you want to know more. Many family photos are included in this book which makes the telling of Wilhelm's story more compelling.

The book starts with Wilhelm's birth. His mother was Queen Victoria's eldest daughter. It was a difficult birth which left him with a useless, deformed left arm and permanent neck injuries which affected his sense of balance and prevented him from enjoying horse riding in an age when the monarch was often called to parade on horseback. It continues with the intrigue at Court, a world whose concept of discipline and duty belonged to another age. His childhood influenced by his grandfather, the first German Kaiser, an affable old man who did not want to become Kaiser of a unified German state, and the dark presence of the un-democratic Iron Chancellor, Bismarck. Macdonogh leaves nothing out of the story. He tells you of Wilhelm's difficult relationship with his parents often ridiculed at Court for being anglophiles and liberal, the acrimonious relationship with the cousins in England, wedding plots, the constant jockeying for position.

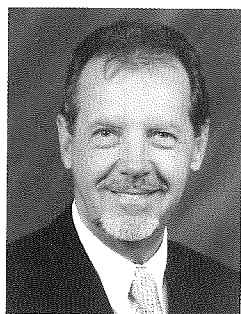
Macdonogh presents Wilhelm not in isolation but surrounded by the political and social events around him using correspondence and well-researched texts to help the reader see the German side of the story. This book is a rich and complete portrait of Wilhelm the man and the Kaiser. He was a man in love with great uniforms and decorations; a bon vivant — somewhat lazy, but at the same time open to intellectual pursuits — who loved archaeology and ethnology. The impetuosity of Wilhelm returns time and again in the book,

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his embarrassing public speeches contradicting government policy, his inability to understand his role in a changing society, his boredom with Cabinet meetings and all matters involving actual work, yet at his attempts to emulate his great uncle, the King of Prussia, Frederick II (the Great).

Macdonogh does not simply end the story with the fall of the Empire in 1918. Instead, he continues with the later life in comfortable exile in Holland, his second marriage to Hermine of Reuss, the rise of Nazism in Germany, his dislike of Hitler and his belief in his continuing role as Kaiser, and, finally, his death at Doorn in 1942, a virtual prisoner of the SS in occupied Holland.

Throughout this biography Macdonogh never forgets that he is telling us about the life of a very real person, a man who could be caring, impetuous, thoughtless, a dreamer; unable to understand that the age of Princes had passed, too quick to believe flatterers and unable to reconcile himself with the emerging idea of democracy in Germany and change in the world. A very good read!

STOP AND TASTE THE WINE by Terry Sheehan, 2003, is available for \$15 at Nicholas Hoare Books on Sussex Drive in Ottawa and from the author, pp. 167.

David Peel, now retired, entered External Affairs in 1959 and had postings in Ankara, Madrid, Prague, Moscow and as Ambassador in Prague and in Vienna at arms control negotiations and to CSCE. He was Inspector General of CSIS from 1994-98.

Can you think of a better way to retire, after more than thirty years in the foreign service, than to become a wine writer and, what's more, buy a vineyard? That's what Terry Sheehan did and his new book tells readers about all three activities. It wasn't all fun and games, especially the hard work of the *vigneron*, but as a memoir of diplomatic life and a long love affair with wine, *Stop and Taste the Wine* is both entertaining and informative.

Entertaining about diplomacy, informative about wine. While Sheehan writes about all his postings, he has chosen to present his thoughts and passions about the grape in the context of his life abroad rather than to focus on such ephemera as international affairs and the development of foreign policy. The anecdotes he relates about diplomatic life are more often about wine and food than anything else. As the title tells us, this is really a book about wine, though he has stopped and tasted it in some interesting places.

Sheehan became enchanted by wine on his first postings, in Germany in the early

1960s. Like many of us of the same generation, I suppose, he started with *liebfraumilch* but soon went on to better things. He began to acquire serious expertise a few years later in London when he provoked Paul Martin, the High Commissioner, into appointing him wine adviser to the staff duty-free shop. He took this position very seriously and after wine-tasting visits in London and in France, spent two weeks as a wine harvest worker in Beaujolais. After that, he was completely hooked, on wine and on France. The most delightful parts of the book relate his wine adventures in Burgundy over the years. Though he writes of others — Spanish, Swiss, Italian, Greek — it is clearly France and its great wines that captured his heart. He is not the first in this field, but his enthusiasm for the people, places and wines he encounters is infectious. He says he is not an expert and quotes an English wine writer who was once asked if he had ever over his long career mistaken a Burgundy for a Bordeaux; not, he replied, since yesterday at lunch-time.

Returning to Ottawa after three years as ambassador to Turkey, Sheehan left government service in 1992, bought a

vineyard in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia and became, as he still is, wine columnist for the seniors' newspaper *Forever Young*. Part of his reason for writing this book, he tells us, was to collect some of his better columns into more permanent form and the book is rich with his previously published opinions and experiences, well integrated into the text (though heavier editing could have removed the occasional duplication). His

tales of clearing, planting, harvesting and wine-making in Virginia are fascinating; a reader will learn much about the work of producing what goes into the wineglass on the dinner table. The Virginia commute turned out to be rather too long and the vineyard was sold, but Sheehan is now developing one in Ontario's Prince Edward county. Perhaps we can look forward to its story — and more wine columns — in his next book. ☺



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P.M.R. (Rod) Johnson 1947–2003

The following is from a tribute to Rod Johnson at his funeral service on 30 October, 2003.

I was deeply saddened when I was informed of Rod Johnson's passing. We had a long chat early in the summer when I heard he was ill. He was in good spirits and hopeful of possible recovery. We reminisced and talked of old times. We had looked forward to lunch together later in the summer. But unfortunately it was not to be, much to my great regret. He bore his illness with courage and dignity, supported by his loving family.

I was very honored and humbled by Dorothy Johnson's invitation to say a few words in celebration of Rod's life and to honour his memory. I first met Rod in September, 1986, following my assignment to Air Services Negotiations. I knew very little about air services agreements, air law or the background to air negotiations. So in came two chaps, Rod Johnson and Dan Morin who were the resident experts in External Affairs. Here was Rod, a burly figure, a bear of a man with an impressive presence, with a sparkle in his eyes and an engaging smile, he advised me that the British had denounced our air agreement which put at risk not only our air services to the UK but also the Toronto-London-Bombay-Singapore service, the jewel in Air Canada's crown, and that we were under pressure from the airlines to talk to the British as soon as possible, and then to India and Singapore. That was a baptism of fire. It was at their feet that I learnt my job. It was Rod who was a constant source of encouragement and support during that challenging period, for which I was always grateful. His seemingly easygoing manner masked an almost encyclopedic knowledge of the objectives of Canadian Air Policy, the strategy and tactics to be employed, complemented by an astute perception of the positions and players of our and opposite airlines. Rod had what I would call "Air Smarts". It was a very special gift. He had an unshaken sense of pragmatism and solid common sense. When he thought we were getting too theoretical or speculative in our planning discussions, Rod, who had been listening carefully, interjected with a witty remark followed by a simple but carefully worded approach, that brought us back to reality. Rod often acted as Secretary of Delegation, whose task it was to draft the report at the end of our negotiations. And his were excellent. As a colleague he showed unflinching loyalty. By no means a Yes-Man. He gave candid advice when

most needed and it was always valued. On our negotiations abroad, his deep love and pride in his dear wife Dorothy and his children, Steve and Laura, were uppermost in his heart and mind. They can all be justly proud of Rod as husband, father, father-in-law and granddad. He was a man of great integrity and accomplishment. Indeed one of the finest foreign service officers of his generation. I was particularly proud and happy for Rod when the Crown of Canada recognized his important and special contribution to Canada's Air Services when he was honored by the Governor General with the award of the Centennial Medal, which commemorated Canada's 125th anniversary.

On a lighter note, I should perhaps recall a defining moment when I saw the real Rod. It was in Dublin. It was a particularly heart-breaking negotiation. Both sides wanted to reach agreement but our positions were irreconcilable. To drown our sorrows we went to a pub for a drink. The place was crowded but we got seated at a table with two Irish girls. Given Rod's insatiable curiosity about the life and mores of people in other countries, he asked one of the girls whether she had a good day. Yes, she said. She had just come from Cork and had landed a job as teller in a bank. She was staying with her friend at the YWCA. How did she find it, asked Rod. It was OK, but they imposed a curfew at midnight, when the doors were closed. And that happens if one arrives later, asked Rod. Oh! She said, the possibilities are endless! Oh! Said Rod, really, you don't say. Oh! Yes, she said, you only know what's possible when you try. At that moment I found that girl's comment had unknowingly defined Rod's lodestar. Among his many gifts, Rod was an irrepressible mimic with an uncanny accuracy and nuance of idiom and accent. I was not spared.

Rod, we shall miss you, but your contribution is an integral part of our Air Services Agreements and they represent a living memorial to all your fine work. It is sad that you are leaving us when you still had so much to offer. Those of us who were fortunate to work with you and to be privileged by your friendship will treasure fond memories of our shared experiences. You were a sensitive soul with a noble spirit and generous heart, kind, warm and full of good fun. We shall always remember your inimitable laugh to lift our spirits. As you depart on your "Seventh Freedom" to heaven, we salute you not only as a grand Canadian who served his country at home and abroad with dedication and distinction but also as a lovable fellow we admired and loved.

Randolph Gherson was Chief Air Negotiator for Canada, 1986–91.

En mémoire de Yvon Langlois 1928–2000

Ceux d'entre nous qui l'ont connu ne diront jamais : « Yvon Langlois n'est plus ». Pour nous sa présence demeurera. Comment en effet pourrait-on oublier l'intensité et la sincérité de son action, l'humour parfois cinglant de ses remarques, la chaleur de son amitié et de son affection. Comment pourrait-on oublier son œuvre écrite, une vingtaine d'ouvrages dont plusieurs traduits en anglais et en espagnol.

Aujourd'hui, j'aimerais rappeler son souvenir à partir de ses écrits qui retracent non seulement les grandes étapes de son parcours, mais nous font connaître diverses facettes de sa personnalité, tout en témoignant de sa vaste culture autant que de son plaisir à manier la plume.

Nous évoquerons Yvon Langlois tour à tour pigeon voyageur, homme aux racines profondes, homme de plume et profond croyant.

Yvon Langlois — pigeon voyageur :

Né à Amqui, dans la belle vallée de la Matapédia, Yvon a toujours beaucoup voyagé. À cet égard, il aimait citer un poète libanais :

« Celui qui reste assis est une pierre; celui qui va est un oiseau ».

En début de carrière il a enseigné en Afrique : au Cameroun et en Haute-Volta, le Burkina Faso d'aujourd'hui, où j'ai eu le plaisir de le rencontrer pour la première fois. Il a aussi enseigné à l'Université d'Alger. Il n'est donc pas surprenant d'apprendre que pour sa maîtrise ès arts, obtenue à l'Université Laval en 1958, son mémoire s'intitulait : *Littérature blanche en Afrique noire*.

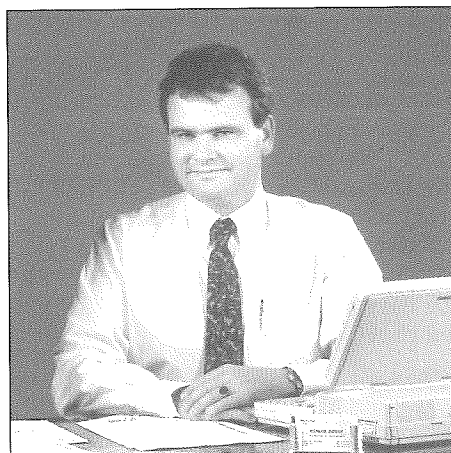
Dans son ouvrage *Ces apatrides aux semelles de vent* il relate son expérience de coopérant de l'ACDI en Algérie. Cet essai nous permet de comprendre les réalités de la coopération internationale et les difficultés de la communication interculturelle.

Représentant tour à tour l'Agence canadienne de développement internationale (ACDI) ou le ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international, il œuvre également dans plusieurs pays en Amérique latine et en Asie. Après quelques années de travail de coopération au Bangladesh, son dévouement et son attachement au pays lui valurent d'y être proclamé citoyen d'honneur.

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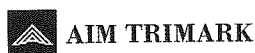
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Dans un de ses derniers carnets de voyage, *Escales, Intermittences du cœur*, il nous offre des souvenirs de quelques-uns de ses voyages autour du monde, entre autres sa visite à Oslo, en 1999.

Il fut aussi guide auprès de groupes de touristes pour des voyages au Proche-Orient, en Inde et au Mexique, notamment, ce qui l'a amené à écrire *Jérusalem au sommet de ma joie*, récit de voyage en Terre sainte.

Au total il aura vécu 21 années à l'étranger. « Vivre ailleurs, écrit-il, vous oblige à vous interroger sans cesse sur votre identité, à voir les différences obligatoires de percevoir les choses, à vous enrichir de nouvelles valeurs sans pour autant négliger les vôtres, bref à vivre en questionnement constant, ce qui vous amène à être authentique. »

Comme il le notait dans *Peut-être que je suis d'ailleurs*, « je n'ai jamais eu le sentiment d'appartenir complètement à aucun lieu. Je suis chez moi partout et nulle part... un vrai pigeon voyageur vous ai-je dit. »

Yvon Langlois — homme aux racines profondes :

À son entourage et à ses amis, il parlait souvent de sa famille : de sa mère Valentine, de son père, de ses frères et sœurs, de ses neveux et nièces, et de ses amis. Dans la préface de son ouvrage *Je me souviens d'eux*, il souligne précisément l'importance de nos racines. Je le cite : « Vous le savez, disait-il, les racines, c'est important. La crise moderne que nous traversons et le nombre effarant de suicides, surtout chez les jeunes, n'est-il pas un indice que nous avons perdu le sens de nos racines ou de quelque chose à quoi nous accrocher ? ... Oublier ses ancêtres, c'est un arbre sans racines, un ruisseau sans source, dit un proverbe chinois. Après tout, ne reçoit-on pas son âme des mains des autres. »

Je me souviens d'eux lui aura permis de parler des gens qu'il admirait, qu'il affectionnait ou qui l'avaient influencé ... une façon de leur rendre hommage tout en rappelant le souvenir de personnalités civiles et religieuses qui ont marqué l'histoire du Québec. Certaines de ces personnes depuis longtemps décédées étaient toujours bien vivantes pour lui. Et maintenant c'est lui, qui à son tour j'espère, demeurera bien vivant à notre souvenir.

Yvon Langlois — homme de plume :

« Jamais je ne m'ennuie quand j'écris, » aimait-il répéter. Il avait pris une retraite anticipée pour se consacrer uniquement à l'écriture.

Au nombre de ses premiers écrits, il faut citer trois pièces de théâtre publiées à Paris, au début des années 1970, soit : *Les Plantons*, *Les Pâquerettes pourpres* et *Les Goélands rouges*. Ce qui est moins connu, c'est que pour l'obtention de son doctorat de l'Université Laval, en 1969, il avait présenté une thèse sur l'humour dans le théâtre d'Ionesco.

Plus récemment, il avait pris beaucoup de plaisir à rédiger *De la plume au plumage*, un ouvrage où il a imaginé une série de fables. Il s'est servi de diverses espèces d'oiseaux, pour entraîner le lecteur dans des mondes magiques où la gent ailée nous porte à réfléchir sur la condition humaine, quelques fois triste, et quelques fois pleine d'humour.

Lors de la publication de cet ouvrage, un critique a écrit qu'il s'agissait de « dix-huit nouvelles qui nous font traverser la planète, de Calcutta à la Rivière Rouge de Gabrielle Roy, dans lesquelles nous sommes transportés par la très belle qualité de langue de cet écrivain. »

Lors de la cérémonie au cours de laquelle il a reçu le prix Nobel de littérature, l'écrivain chinois Gao Xingjian, disait « l'écrivain est un homme ordinaire, peut-être est-il seulement plus sensible, et les hommes trop sensibles sont toujours plus fragiles ». Il me semble que cela s'applique à Yvon, homme de plume très sincère.

Yvon Langlois — profond croyant :

Un grand nombre des publications d'Yvon Langlois sont d'intérêt religieux. Pensons aux nombreuses vies de saints et de saintes qu'il a publiées : *Jeanne LeBer, blanche orchidée*, *Rosalie Cadron-Jetté, sage-femme*, *La petite Thérèse de Montréal*, *Une lanterne dans la nuit*, *Rosalie, sage-femme* et *Catherine de Saint-Augustin*. Le dernier manuscrit sur lequel il travaillait au Mexique s'intitulera : *Mère Teresa de Veracruz*... personnalité que les Mexicains souhaiteraient voir béatifiée.

Dans ses voyages, chaque escale était pour lui l'occasion de se rappeler que nous sommes tous en transit sur cette terre. Il aimait citer l'auteur de la lettre aux Hébreux, « nous n'avons pas ici-bas de demeure stable; nous sommes tous à la recherche d'une patrie » (He 11, 13).

Lorsqu'il a été aumônier des sœurs de la Congrégation Notre-Dame à Montréal, pendant trois ans, il s'était donné comme tâche de préparer une homélie quotidienne. Son ouvrage *L'aujourd'hui de ta Parole* est un recueil de ces homélies et des textes liturgiques qui les ont inspirées. Laissez-moi vous lire quelques extraits de ses réflexions sur la parabole du bon Samaritain. Ce texte

est intitulé « Qui est mon prochain ? » (Luc, X, 29-38).

« *L'amour est universel*. C'est un inconnu que le Samaritain rencontre sur son chemin. Pas un parent ni un ami. Même pas un compatriote. Mais c'est un homme. Et parce qu'il s'est approché de lui, il a aboli la distance qui le séparait de l'autre, il se l'est rendu proche... »

Pour Dieu, tous les êtres humains sont égaux devant lui. Et justement, le modèle que le Seigneur nous propose n'est ni un lévite, ni un prêtre, mais un Samaritain, i.e. un étranger, un type mal vu des Juifs d'alors.

L'amour fait aussi l'unité. L'évangéliste note qu'à sa vue, le Samaritain fut « ému de compassion » parce qu'il y a entre les humains quelque chose de plus profond que l'appartenance à une race, à une famille, c'est le signe d'un absolu qui fonde la justice et commande le respect, reflet de l'amour...

L'amour est par le fait même ouverture. Le cœur humain n'a pas de frontière car il est à l'image de Dieu qui est ABSOLU. Bien sûr, il y a ordre dans la charité mais il y a aussi ouverture aux autres. Le Samaritain oublie qu'il a affaire à un Juif.

L'amour est aussi service. Le Samaritain ne s'est pas contenté de bonnes paroles de douceur. Il a agi. Sa charité s'est exprimée par des gestes concrets, elle s'est incarnée dans un service. Aimer sans servir n'est pas aimer.

L'amour est enfin magnifique. L'évangéliste souligne que le Samaritain s'est montré magnifique. Il a payé motel, repas, prescription. Il a donné de son temps et de son argent. C'est ce qui nous le rend si attachant. La manière de donner vaut souvent mieux que ce que l'on donne et donner de bon cœur, c'est donner deux fois... »

Ceux qui ont côtoyé Yvon Langlois savent qu'il était lui-même un bon Samaritain qui épousait spontanément la cause des petites gens.

Nous serons nombreux, j'espère, à honorer le souvenir d'Yvon Langlois, pèlerin à la recherche de la vérité et témoin de Dieu dans tous les pays où il a séjourné.

Les paroles s'envolent mais les écrits restent. Puisse la lecture de son œuvre nous aider à vivre sans lui.

Merci cher Yvon, de nous avoir laissé un si riche et précieux héritage. Espérons que nous en serons dignes! ☺

Gilles Gingras a été en poste à Abidjan, Paris, Washington et à Oslo avant d'être chargé de cours en organisations internationales au département d'histoire et de science politique de l'Université de Sherbrooke.

we are those who ride faster than fate



by Roger Lucy

Suicide terrorists are not new to this world; indeed, before the invention of firearms and explosives, few terrorists had any hope of escaping alive after an attack. With the exception of Samson, who reportedly killed 3,000 Philistines when he brought down the temple of Gaza, or (if Roman accusations to that effect are true) the Christian incendiaries who contributed to the great fire in Rome in AD 64, most ancient terrorist attacks were highly targeted affairs. The group most enshrined in legend are the Assassins, who gave their very name to the craft. The name, in fact, comes from the Arabic Hashishiyyin — the hashish users. They were an Ismaili (“Sevener”) Shi’a cult, founded in Iran in the late eleventh century, later spreading into

northern Syria. They flourished in their mountain hideouts for about 150 years. Their mastery of disguise was legendary. Assassin *fedayeen* could infiltrate the most closely guarded palace, disguised (as circumstances required) as Moslem scholars, Christian monks, or as members of their intended victim’s bodyguard, to strike their victims down with their daggers — they used no other method. The terror of their name spread far beyond the Middle East; they were even reputed to have struck down important victims as far afield as Germany, Italy and Mongolia.

The Grand Master of the Order, “the Old Man of the Mountain,” instilled such loyalty in his *fedayeen* that they would go to their deaths at his command, be it to kill an enemy or (according to some crusader accounts) jumping off cliffs to impress the Grand

Master’s guests. Death was the usual outcome of a mission. Assassin *fedayeen* rarely made any effort to escape capture, and never expected, nor received, rescue. Martyrs’ names and deeds were recorded in a book of remembrance kept at the Order’s impregnable headquarters, the castle of Alamut (“the eagle’s nest”) high in the Elborz mountains in north-west Iran. At Alamut and in the Order’s Syrian daughter houses, there were reputedly gardens which replicated the Koranic descriptions of Paradise. There, recruits to the Order — selected from pious youths with a taste for warfare — were, after basic training, drugged with hashish and introduced to the garden, to experience all the delights which the Koran promises to martyrs. Needless to say they were very sorry to leave, but were promised that so long as

they carried out the Grand Master's orders to the letter and to their death, they would return to this paradise, on the wings of angels. As with today's suicide bombers, the parents of fallen *fedayeen* took pride in their fate. One mother, who had rejoiced in the news of her son's death on a mission, blackened her face on learning he had escaped alive.

The Assassins' origins lie in the great split between Sunni and Shi'a, which arose early in Islam's history. The *Shi'at Ali* (the Party of Ali — the Prophet's son-in-law) were those who believed in a hereditary line of succession. The first Caliphs were proven leaders; under them the forces of Islam stormed out of Arabia, to destroy the Persian Empire and overrun Roman Syria, Egypt and North Africa. Ali eventually did become Caliph in 656, but was assassinated in Najaf soon thereafter. An attempt by his son (and thus the Prophet's grandson) Husayn to rise against his father's slayers, the Umayyid Caliphs, led to his martyrdom at Karbala in Iraq in 680. As recent events have shown, Shi'ites still flock to the site to commemorate his death with acts of penitence and lamentation. For several generations, the line of Ali and Husayn continued, their descendants keeping a low profile in Mecca or Medina, away from the Umayyid centre of power in Damascus. They attracted adherents from Moslems who believed the Umayyids had fallen into worldly ways or that the benefits that should accrue to the faithful were not being fairly shared out. In particular the Shi'a movement was popular among newly converted non-Arab peoples on the fringes of the Islamic world, in North Africa and Iran.

Over time however the line of Ali began to split and branches died out. The belief grew in the *Mahdi*, a hidden Imam, who would return at the appointed time to restore Islam to how it should have been in the time of Ali. This discontent was exploited by the Abbasids, who mobilized the Shi'a of eastern Iran to overthrow the Umayyids in 750 and re-establish the Caliphate in a new city they founded in Iraq, Baghdad. The Abbasids soon found it expedient to repudiate their Shi'ite roots, as their newly won empire had a Sunni majority. This drove Shi'ites back

underground to practice *taqiyya*, dissimulation, hiding their actual beliefs, while awaiting the coming of the *Mahdi*. In such isolation, the Shi'a movement split into sub-sects of "Seveners," and "Twelvers," depending on how many descendants of Ali there had been before the true line had gone into occlusion. Off-shoot sects adopted mystical practices and elements of other religions. Many believed that the martyrdom of Ali and Husayn cried out for vengeance. It was a religious duty to slay those they deemed to be unrighteous.

The Assassins arose from the Sevens or Ismaili sect. The line of Ali split at the death of the sixth Imam, Jafar, in 765. His son Ismail was disinherited, and the majority accepted his son Musa as Imam. This branch — the Twelvers — are now the official religion of Iran. A rump group remained loyal to Ismail's claims, and as a sect within a sect became even more secretive and prone to occult beliefs. Central to their faith was a belief in the infallibility of and absolute obedience to their Imam and to his spokesmen or *da'is*. A well-organized secret society, the Ismailis attracted both the disadvantaged, seeking hope of overthrowing the established order, and discontented intellectuals who found little in mainstream religion.

In 908, Ismaili missionaries from Syria, having won many converts from the Berbers of Tunisia, were able to establish a state there. Their leader proclaimed himself *Mahdi*. In 969 this Ismaili group, who called themselves the Fatimids, after the Prophet's daughter, conquered Egypt, where they founded Cairo and proclaimed a rival caliphate to that in Baghdad. For a time they even took over much of Arabia, while infiltrating cells into Abbasid territory in hope of overthrowing their rivals. The situation in the region was fluid and the Byzantines were resurgent, their armies moving down into northern Syria and even as far as Lebanon and Galilee. Then, as the Roman reconquista ran out of steam, the Seljuk Turks appeared out of Central Asia, overrunning Iran, Iraq, Syria and Asia Minor. Recently, and zealously, converted to Sunni Islam the Seljuks were a threat to Christians and Shi'as alike. In the West, Pope Urban

answered Byzantine pleas for mercenaries, and reports of Seljuk depredations against Christian pilgrims, by proclaiming what became the First Crusade. By 1099 Antioch and Jerusalem had fallen to the Crusaders. Their feudal principalities along the Levantine coast survived for the next two centuries.

In Persia, one response to the Turks was the rise of the Assassins. The founder of the order, Hassan-e-Sabbah, son of a Twelver religious scholar, was born sometime in the middle of the eleventh century in Qom, Iran, then as now a key spiritual centre. If terrorist profiling had existed at the time, Hassan's origins would have set off a few alarm bells. His father came originally from southern Iraq, and the family had Yemeni roots. While he was still a child, Hassan's family moved to Rayy, now a suburb of Tehran, where he pursued a religious education. There he met and was converted by some Ismaili *da'is*, and quickly rose in their ranks. This attracted the unfavorable attention of the Turkish governor. Hassan fled to Egypt, but fell afoul of a succession dispute that was to split the Ismaili movement from its Fatimid sponsors. Having backed the wrong faction, Hassan fled back to Iran, to resume his work organizing Ismaili cells among the remote and war-like peoples of the Caspian coast. Hassan's great break-through came in 1090, when his agents took the castle of Alamut by stealth. In 1092, Hassan dealt his first blow against the Sultanate, the assassination of the Seljuk grand Vizier (in effect Prime Minister) Nizam-e-Mulk. Riding to his harem tent, Nizam was approached by an Assassin disguised as a religious scholar, pretending to deliver a petition, and was stabbed to death. Hassan exulted: *The killing of the devil is the beginning of bliss*. From then until his death in 1124, Hassan's *fedayeen* carried out some 50 carefully targeted assassinations against Seljuk officials and the Sunni religious establishment.

Seljuk efforts to defeat this terrorist threat were a failure. Hassan's influence among the warlike Elburz tribes was very strong and Alamut was virtually impregnable. When the Seljuk Sultanate began to disintegrate in the twelfth century, the Assassins exploited the

the rise and fall of the assassins

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confused political situation, helped by the fear they inspired, the existence of many sympathizers, even within the establishment, and just plain venality, which allowed them to bribe their way into the most closely guarded strongholds. From his base in the Elburz, Hassan extended his control throughout the Caspian region and into the remote deserts on the borders of Afghanistan. Efforts to build Ismaili cells in the major cities, however, never flourished. Both Sunni and Twelver Shi'ite townfolk resented the presence of heretics, and urban Ismaili communities were frequently massacred. In 1132, after several failed attempts, the Assassins finally won a permanent *pied à terre* in Syria in the mountainous no man's land between the Crusaders and Moslems.

In 1094, the split between the Fatimid Caliph and the Ismailis became complete and final, and the Fatimids too became targets. In 1121 a troop of ten Assassins from Aleppo struck down the Fatimid commander-in-chief, and in 1130 the Caliph himself was slain. The Fatimid response was a series of stringent security and surveillance measures. This included a "smart borders" initiative. Merchants were only allowed to cross at the border post of Ascalon if their identities and those of their camel drivers could be confirmed. Caravans were held at the border until the authorities in Cairo had received a list of the names of the merchants and their entourage and a list of their merchandise. These were checked again once they arrived on the Egyptian side of Sinai. (The officials at the border were, however, enjoined to show the merchants every honour and not to vex them unnecessarily.) In Cairo, the names and particulars of every inhabitant were recorded, no one could move house without official permission and government agents checked out anyone who harboured strangers. A mass round-up yielded many Assassin agents, including the tutor of the Caliph's children. The Fatimids boasted that an Assassin could not leave Alamut without his every movement being tracked. Nonetheless, throughout the latter half of the twelfth century, the Syrian branch of the Assassins, under Rashid ad-din Sinan, an Iraqi from Basra, kept up the fight against both the Fatimids in Cairo and the Turkish emirate in Mosul. In the end he met his match (and vice versa) in Saladin. Sinan's *fedayeen* were unable to penetrate Saladin's security, but allegedly came close enough — leaving a poisoned dagger on his pillow — to persuade the great Kurdish leader of the folly of trying to capture Sinan's strongholds.

After Hassan-e-Sabbah's death in 1124 the steam gradually ran out of the movement. The number of Assassin attacks declined precipitously, although in 1139 they achieved a major coup with the

assassination of the Caliph of Baghdad. Over time, the Order took on the look and feel of a small territorial state, albeit a rather heterodox one; however, the authority of Hassan's successors as Grand Master remained absolute. The Assassins blindly followed in 1162, when Grand Master Hassan II proclaimed himself to be the hidden Imam and released his followers from the constraints of Islamic law. Almost forty years later, his grandson Mohammed II reversed the *fatwa* and restored Islamic observances, and his followers again accepted this without question. By the thirteenth century Assassin attacks seemed more focused on preserving their territorial integrity and revenues than on propagating the cause. Some operations were little more than contract killings or efforts to extort protection payments.

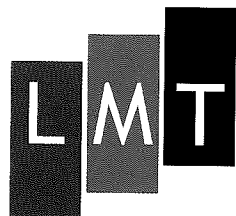
Rarely were the centres of Sunni power now targeted; indeed, to attain local political objectives, the Assassins sometimes allied themselves with Sunni leaders, and in Syria, even with the Crusaders. The Syrian chapter actually found itself forced to pay tribute to (and on occasion carry out missions for) their Christian counterparts, the Orders of the Templars and Hospitallers. Unlike temporal rulers, the Masters of these Orders had no fear of the Assassins, because, if struck down, they were easily replaced. When Syrian Assassins tried to extort protection money from the crusading French king Louis IX, the Masters of the Christian Orders forced them to relent. Only rarely did the Assassins target the Crusaders, and when they did it was for political or financial, not religious, reasons. The assassination, in 1192, of Conrad of Monferrat, King of Jerusalem, by *fedayeen* disguised as monks, was variously described as a revenge killing for his plundering of Assassin property or instigated by either Saladin or Richard the Lionhearted. Both stood to gain by his death, and one of Conrad's attackers survived long enough to claim the killing was done at Richard's behest. *Fedayeen* , however, were

often given such cover stories to sow dissension among their foes.

By now the Order's days were numbered. Since the early part of the thirteenth century Ghengis Khan's Mongols had been extending their power over Central Asia. In the 1240s his grandson Hülegü moved against the prevailing power in Iran and the "Stans," the Khwarismian Turks. They were soon swept aside and the cities of Central Asia laid waste. In 1256 the shock and awe of the Mongols descended on Iraq. Baghdad fell on February 20, 1258; the city was razed to the ground, and the last Abbasid Caliph and all his family were hunted down, wrapped in carpets, and trampled to death (the Mongols did not like to shed royal blood). The Assassin's Grand Master, Rukn ad-Din, tried to come to terms with the new super-power. Hülegü would tolerate no independant power bases, and Rukh ad-Din was persuaded to surrender his fortresses. The commander of Alamut was tempted to hold out, but, after a few days' siege, lost his nerve and surrendered. His fortresses gone, Rukn ad-Din was put to death.

In Syria, the Order lasted a little longer. In the 1270s, the Mameluk Sultanate of Egypt systematically overran the Crusader states. The Assassins too fell under its control. Their castles were taken over and their operations subordinated to Mameluk objectives. By the turn of the fourteenth century the *fedayeen* and the Old Man of the Mountain were no more. Pockets of Ismailis remained in Iran, Syria and India. Today they follow a spiritual leader who claims descent from the last ill-fated Rukn ad-Din. Now however their leader — the Aga Khan — is best known for his wealth and his good works. ☺

Roger Lucy is a Deputy Director in Export Controls Division in FAC and has served in Chicago, Tehran, Oslo and Port of Spain. He has contributed several previous articles on "Dark Age Diplomacy" two of which have been awarded prizes by the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA).



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Back to the Future?

In light of recently announced changes in the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, many of whose implications are still uncertain, there has been renewed interest in an earlier initiative whose avowed purpose was to raise the profile of foreign trade on Canada's agenda in international relations. When responsibility for international commerce was added to the mandate of the Department of External Affairs twenty-two years ago, that involved the intersection of at least two processes which had been mooted and anticipated for some time. Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau had long argued that Canadian foreign policy should pay greater heed to Canada's national interests (notably its economic self-interest) in the formulation and conduct of the country's external relations. There had also been increased attention over the years to the possible consolidation of the Canadian foreign service within one government department, a notion most recently advocated in the report of the *Royal Commission on Conditions of Foreign Service* headed by Pamela McDougall. However, it is worth recalling that there

was a greater emphasis in the prime minister's announcement on the other reorganization that took place at the same time, the establishment of the Department of Regional Industrial Expansion and associated measures to foster economic development in Western Canada and the Atlantic provinces.

The statement reproduced below comes from the files of the Jules Léger Library of the now presumably former Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, many of whose elements remain housed in the Lester B. Pearson Building. Those awash in nostalgia may also visit the library to read copies of the newsletter that was circulated to employees (disgruntled and otherwise — perhaps grunted?) of the gradually consolidated Department of External Affairs, later known as External Affairs and International Trade Canada and still later (but not finally) renamed the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade.

Hector Mackenzie

Office of the Prime Minister,
Release Date: January 12, 1982
For release: EMBARGOED UNTIL
 2:30 p.m. EST

REORGANIZATION FOR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau today announced measures to increase the Government's capacity to assist Canadians in every region of the country to better exploit major economic and employment opportunities.

Economic departments and the Cabinet decision-making process are being reorganized to provide a Government-wide focus on regional economic development and to help exporters to successfully confront tough trade competition abroad.

This marks the first major step toward implementation of the strategies outlined in the document "Economic Development for Canada in the 1980s" which was released in

conjunction with the November 12 Budget. It will ensure effective action in support of the Government's priorities in the areas of **regional and industrial development** and **trade and export promotion**.

Every economy-related department within Government will be more sensitive and responsive to opportunities. New and major regional economic opportunities now make it imperative that the regional perspective be brought to bear on the work of all economic development departments and in all economic decision-making by the Cabinet.

"It is no longer enough that one department alone is primarily responsible for regional economic development. I have instructed all ministers in the economic development field to strengthen their departmental organizations and programs in the regions. All economic departments are to play a more direct and active role in regional economic development. Government is being structured to ensure this major objective is attained."

"The long-standing priority of assisting the disadvantaged regions of Canada is as high as before. The groundwork laid by the Department of Regional Economic Expansion will be substantially augmented by a government-wide focus on regional economic development," the Prime Minister said.

A second set of initiatives will increase the Federal Government's capacity to aggressively pursue international export markets for the goods produced by every region of the country, be they resource products, manufactured goods or services. Much greater weight will be attached to economic factors in the design of foreign policy and the conduct of our foreign relations, to ensure they serve Canadian trade objectives. Trade matters are becoming a more significant political issue in relations between governments. Canada must therefore speak with a strong, unified voice abroad.

"The Government is taking action to promote economic development and generate employment in the medium and long term in every region in Canada. This reorganization is a necessary response to changing regional and industrial circumstances and a more competitive and complex trading world," the Prime Minister said.

In capsule form, the following will occur:

- A new central agency which provides support to Cabinet, the **Ministry of State for Economic and Regional Development**, will be created by the addition of the regional policy and coordination functions to those of the existing Ministry of State for Economic Development. This agency will ensure that regional concerns are elevated to a priority position in all economic decision-making by Cabinet.
- This Ministry will serve a new **Cabinet Committee on Economic and Regional Development**, which replaces the existing Cabinet Committee on Economic Development. The new Committee will have responsibility for the economic development spending envelope of \$6.8 billion and the energy spending envelope of \$2.6 billion. The Committee will also administer a new **Regional Fund**.
- The Ministry will operate in a highly decentralized way with senior executives located in each province to provide direct and convenient access to the Federal Government, to ensure coordination of federal departments on the ground, and to give Cabinet direct and immediate access to information on regional needs and opportunities. Cabinet will appoint project directors to cut red tape on Mega-Projects

and avoid undue delay in project planning, approval and completion.

- A new **Department of Regional Industrial Expansion** will be established through the amalgamation of the regional programmes of DREE with the industry, small business and tourism components of the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce. The administration of regional programs will be enhanced and the capacity of the Government to pursue balanced industrial growth on a national basis will be improved.
- The new Department will focus the Government's industrial policies and programs in support of regional development strategies. The Government is determined to ensure that the benefits of industrial activity are widely shared across the country.
- These three new institutions will work in concert, and together will create a powerful Government-wide focus on regional and industrial development.
- The **Department of External Affairs** will be radically restructured to aggressively pursue international export markets and give greater priority to economic matters in the development of foreign policy.
- Other Government measures will see the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs take over the Metric Commission and the Standards Council of Canada.

The reorganization will be achieved without increasing the size of Government or the cost of operations. While no absolute guarantee of job security can be given, ministers and deputy ministers concerned, as well as the Treasury Board Secretariat and the Public Service Commission will ensure that the reorganization proceeds in such a way that present indeterminate employees of those departments directly affected will not, as a direct result of the reorganization, be laid off, reduced in classification level, or, as far as possible, be subjected to unacceptable geographic relocation.

THE REGIONAL INITIATIVES

A number of factors have combined to make necessary the regional development changes.

The traditional Canadian economic balance between have and have-not provinces is shifting, largely under the impetus of present and forecast resource developments in the West and offshore of the Atlantic provinces. For the first time

in our history, every region of the country, and not just those that traditionally have been well-off, is faced with major opportunities for development.

The Government, in line with its economic development strategy, is broadening its regional development focus to include all regions. This policy will help maintain the manufacturing and industrial strength of Ontario and Quebec while aiding the decentralized growth that has long been a cherished objective of Western Canada and the Atlantic Provinces.

Cabinet Committee on Economic and Regional Development (CCERD)/Regional Fund

The existing Cabinet Committee on Economic Development, which sets policy for and allocates money to every department involved in the economy from the economic and energy envelopes of \$9.4 billion, becomes, effective immediately, the Cabinet Committee on Economic and Regional Development. The Committee will review all existing and new national economic development programs to determine if they can be further directed towards regional economic objectives.

Existing General Development Agreements and Subsidiary Agreements with the provinces will continue until their expiry date, ensuring that provincial budget plans are not disrupted. New and simpler sets of agreements with the provinces, involving a wider range of federal departments, will subsequently be developed.

Money freed up as the existing GDAs expire will be used by the Committee to create a **Regional Fund** to support special regional economic development efforts. The fund should reach \$200 million by 1984-85.

Ministry of State for Economic and Regional Development (MSERD)

As the new MSERD is a central agency with direct input to the Cabinet Committee and the budgetary process, it will be able to ensure that the regional perspective is brought to the work of all economic development departments.

MSERD will open a **Regional Office** in each province, headed by a Federal Economic Development Coordinator of senior rank. The Offices will feed regional considerations into the ministerial decision-making process of the Cabinet Committee, and help transmit Government policy back to the regions. The Offices will develop regional economic policies and coordinate the activities of other Government departments, making it possible

to identify and eliminate duplication or gaps in departmental activity.

The new Ministry is also tasked with providing the Cabinet Committee with the information and support it needs to ensure the regional dimension is built into all economic decision-making, so that programs can be directed towards achieving specific economic development objectives in the regions.

Last year's report of the Major Projects Task Force identified \$440 billion in developments, each costing \$100 million or more, under consideration for investment between now and the year 2000. It is clearly in the national interest that these projects, such as Hibernia, Cold Lake, or the building of the Trans-Quebec and Maritimes Pipeline, proceed as smoothly as possible.

Cabinet may name **Project Directors**, who will be attached to MSERD, to coordinate federal involvement in certain Mega-Project developments.

These appointments would be made in the case of complex projects requiring close coordination at the local and regional level among several departments and agencies, as well as with other governments and the private sector. The Director would work closely with provincial governments and the private sector to ensure rapid and effective federal responses to any emerging difficulties and bottlenecks. The Director's role could vary from one of coordination to one of direct authority over other departments in the region. Effectiveness of the Director would be ensured by direct access to Deputy Ministers in Ottawa, and to Cabinet Committees through MSERD.

Department of Regional Industrial Expansion (DRIE)

This new department will be created through the amalgamation of most of DREE's program functions with the existing domestic responsibilities for industry of the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce.

The integration of industrial sector and regional expertise will provide a strong basis for the development of regionally responsive industrial policies and programs. It will allow the Government to more effectively deliver programs to assist industry in all regions of the country. Businesses in all regions of Canada will find it easier to access federal industrial development programs.

A top DRIE priority will be to concentrate the Federal Government's efforts to derive industrial benefits from major projects. The **Office of Industrial and Regional Benefits**, established in August, will be strengthened. The Office's role is that of seeking to ensure

that the Mega-Projects make maximum possible use of Canadian planning skills, project development ability, machinery and material supply capability, and capacity for further processing of resources. The Office will work closely with MSERD Project Directors.

The DRIE will engage in dialogues with large Canadian industrial corporations to exchange information about government and corporate plans which will be helpful to the two parties in promoting the best interests of Canada's development. These exchanges will focus on the development opportunities of the 1980s to ensure that Canada realizes the greatest possible industrial and regional benefits.

The Minister of Regional Industrial Expansion will be responsible for the newly-created **Industrial Opportunities Program Board**. The Board will coordinate the present array of programs that provide \$275 million in annual direct support of industrial innovation and development. Through the IOP, the Federal Government's resources to support innovation and development will be carefully targeted to the most promising areas of Canadian industrial strength and excellence.

Industrial adjustment will also be a demanding challenge in the 1980s. Canadian firms in some sectors will find they just can't compete any more. Prompt and effective action to help some firms to modernize or diversify into other sectors will be required.

To provide this help, an **Office of Industrial Adjustment** will be established. This office will become the focal point in the Federal Government for establishing and implementing programs to deal quickly with specific industrial adjustment problems. The experience gained in designing and operating the recently-established Canadian Industrial Renewal Board will serve as one model for these efforts. The CIRB is pooling the talents of businessmen, labour and the public service to provide \$250 million over five years in adjustment aid to textile, clothing and footwear industries, and the communities which depend on them.

TRADE AND EXPORT PROMOTION

Canada is one of the most trade-dependent nations in the world, as exports represent more than 25 percent of the value of all our goods and services, compared to an 18 percent average for other major traders.

The Government is reorganizing to launch a major national effort to aggressively pursue international export markets for resource products, manufactured goods, and services that are produced in every region of the country.

This is a necessary response to changing conditions in international trade. Export marketing and financing is becoming more competitive and complex; low-wage countries are broadening their range of exports; highly industrialized countries such as Japan are providing fierce competition in manufacturing and high-technology areas; world trade is being further liberalized; and state-to-state trading is growing in importance.

The Government is transferring responsibility for all aspects of trade to a radically restructured Department of External Affairs. Trade and economic matters will be a primary focus of the new department. This will result in a greater priority on trade objectives in the conduct of our international relations, give greater emphasis to the international marketing of resources and services, and strengthen Canada's ability to adapt to changing world economic conditions.

The new DEA will be headed by three ministers. The Secretary of State for External Affairs will be supported by a Minister for International Trade and a Minister for External Relations.

The trade side of the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce will be transferred to the new Department of External Affairs, completing the consolidation which has already begun. The existing trade commissioner service will retain its cohesiveness within the DEA. The trade branch will have its own Minister and its own Deputy Minister.

In addition, other reorganization measures will significantly enhance the economic capacity of the Department of External Affairs, creating a department that is very different from what now exists. Canada's representatives abroad will give higher priority to promotion of our trade and economic interests.

The reorganization of the DEA will allow it to act abroad with a better appreciation of strategic opportunities over the full range of Canadian interests. At the same time it will integrate the department more effectively into the broader economic policy process in Ottawa.

To ensure the DEA is kept in close touch with Canadian economic concerns there will be an extensive program of secondments to and from domestic departments. Trade policy units within the DEA will work closely with the MSERD and the relevant departments in developing the trade aspects of domestic economic and regional policies. The MSERD regional offices and those of other departments will play an active role in transmitting business feedback from across the country.

In addition to the trade side of IT&C, the transfer brings to the External Affairs portfolio the Export Development Corporation and the Canadian Commercial Corporation. The latter has an increasingly important role in state-to-state trading. Ministerial responsibility for these corporations will be delegated to the Minister for International Trade.

"The measures I've outlined here today don't involve the outlay of any new money, or the hiring of more personnel. What they do represent is a significant effort to allocate financial and human resources to more effectively serve the needs of Canadians by facilitating appropriate economic development in all regions, and marketing the product of these developments in a tough and competitive world trade environment," the Prime Minister said.

- 30 -

For further information: R. Rabinovitch

EMBARGOED UNTIL 2:30 p.m. EST
January 12, 1982
Background Paper

Reorganization for Economic Development [Ed. Note: Extracts]

This paper provides more detailed information on the reorganization within the Federal Government required to give effect to the Government's economic strategy. The major elements of this reorganization will be the following:

1. A Ministry of State for Economic and Regional Development, with a focus on regional economic development issues and the related development of a "single window" major project management capability.
2. A Department of Regional Industrial Expansion, providing a regionally balanced and national focus to the Federal Government's industrial development policies and programs.
3. A restructured Department of External Affairs, giving new priority to the expansion of international trade and economic issues.

Detailed information on these organizational changes, and implications for Ministerial portfolio's [sic] and Deputy Minister's assignments is provided.

1. Ministry of State for Economic and Regional Development
2. Regional Activities of Other Central Agencies
3. Department of Regional Industrial Expansion (DRIE)
4. Department of External Affairs

Because of the domestic industrial focus of the new DRIE and the need to give increased priority to trade objectives in the conduct of our international relations, the trade function will be set apart from the Department of Regional Industrial Expansion. The need to underline economic development priorities and concerns across the entire range of foreign service activity argues for the transfer of the trade function to External Affairs. This transfer will enable External Affairs to act abroad with a better appreciation of Canada's strategic economic interests and will serve to integrate the department more effectively into the broader economic policy process in Ottawa.

A. Responsibilities

To its existing mandate, External Affairs will add responsibility for trade policy and export promotion, now held by ITC. This includes the conduct of bilateral trade negotiations, administration of export and import controls and substantial involvement with Finance in tariff issues. In addition to the trade side of ITC, the transfer brings to the External Affairs portfolio the Export Development Corporation (EDC) and the Canadian Commercial Corporation (CCC) which increasingly is becoming involved in state to state trading.

B. Portfolio Considerations

To free the Secretary of State for External Affairs to manage the broad mandate of the new department, he will be supported by two other Ministers in the External Affairs portfolio. A **Minister for International Trade** will lead the international trade and export promotion activities of the new Department. He will also be delegated responsibility for the EDC and CCC. A **Minister for External Relations** will support the Secretary of State for External Affairs in the areas of international social, cultural and humanitarian affairs, relations with francophone Africa, the Agence de Coopération Culturelle et Technique and such other assignments and representational duties as the Secretary of State for External Affairs may, from time to time, ask him to undertake. In order to maintain the cohesion of the External Affairs portfolio, the three Ministers will work closely as a team.

Pending the passage of a new Department of External Affairs Act, which creates the portfolios of Minister for International Trade and Minister for External Relations, the incumbents will initially be appointed as Minister of State (International Trade) and Minister of State (External Relations).

C. Organization — Senior Management

The current management structure below the Under Secretary, of an Associate Under Secretary and five Deputy Secretaries will be replaced by:

- **A Deputy Minister (Foreign Policy)**, with responsibility for the political geographic bureaux, international cultural matters, defence, arms control, multilateral institutions and security and intelligence.
- **A Deputy Minister (International Trade) and Coordinator, International Economic Relations**, with trade responsibilities transferred from ITC, the functional policy concerns of the present Deputy Under Secretary (Economic) and special responsibility to support the Minister for International Trade. It is anticipated that the Deputy Minister, International Trade and Coordinator, International Economic Relations will have two distinct, although inter-related, roles. As Deputy Minister he will exercise delegated authority parallel to that of the Minister for International Trade in the areas of international trade and export promotion, and will support that Minister accordingly. As Coordinator, International Relations he will, under the direction of the Secretary of State for External Affairs and the Under Secretary, have line authority over the department's economic activities generally and be responsible for the integration of their trade and non-trade aspects.

The senior management of the Department will also include three Assistant Deputy Ministers reporting to the Under Secretary, responsible for the Department's management and program activities, planning and personnel.

A key feature of the new departmental structure is a management committee providing collective direction to parallel that of the Ministerial team. This committee will consist of the Under Secretary and the two Deputy Ministers, with the three Assistant Deputy Ministers attending most meetings.

D. Envelope Structure

Resources for the Trade Commissioner Service and trade policy administration will be transferred to the External

Affairs and Aid envelope. Funds for the Export Development Corporation and the Canadian Commercial Corporation will remain in the Economic and Regional Development envelope. The Department of External Affairs, through the Minister for International Trade, will become a full member of the Economic and Regional Development Cabinet Committee.

E. Linking the Domestic and the International

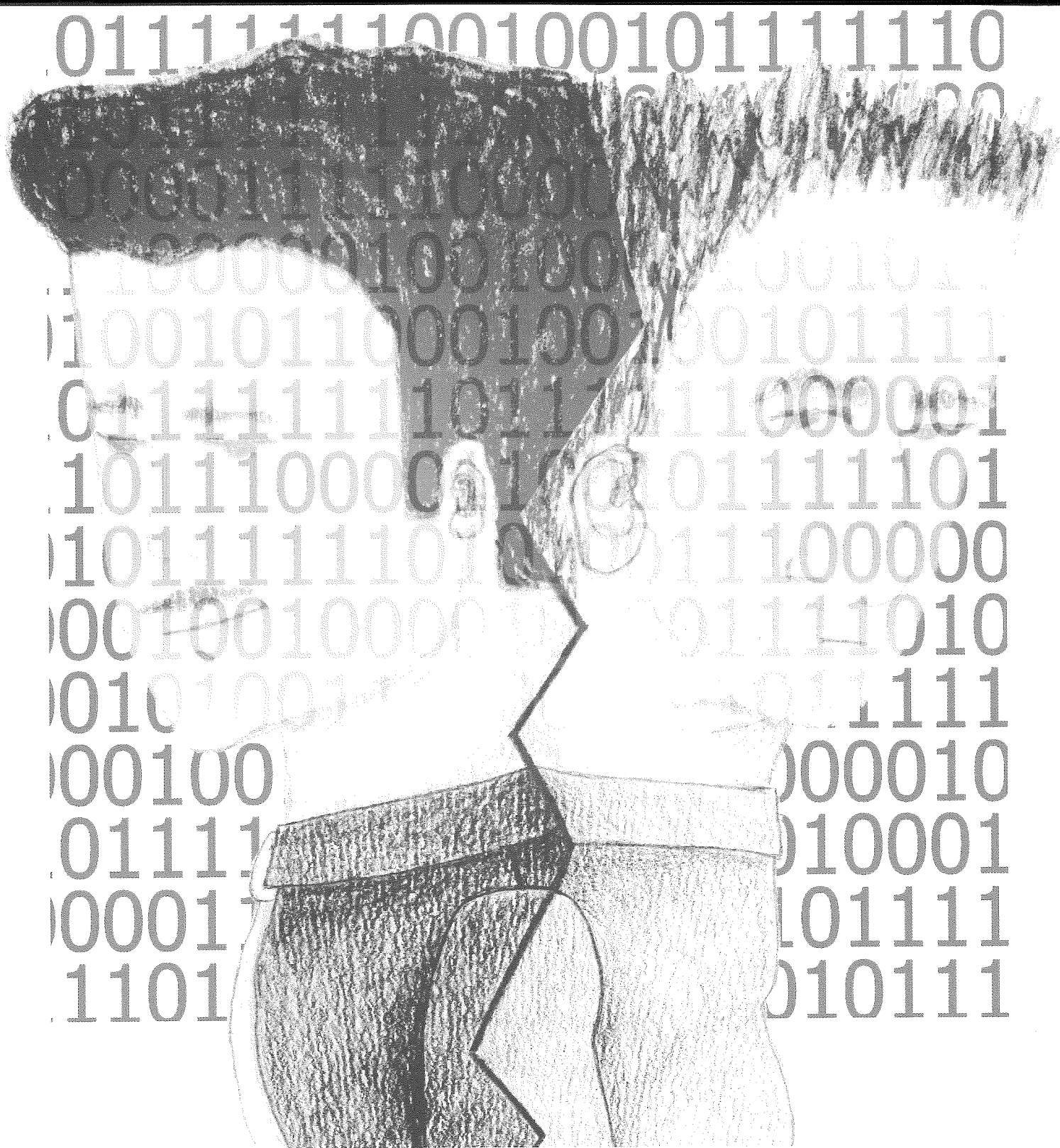
The transfer of trade will bring all of the foreign service under a single department and all of foreign operations into a single envelope. Canadian government operations abroad will now reflect the full range of domestic interests. One concrete expression of this will be an extensive programme of secondments with domestic departments, especially on the trade side where up to 20% of the staff should be from other departments. An interdepartmental task force will also be asked to look at the feasibility of extending the 20% target to all Canada-based program officers.

1. Other Changes — Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs

2. Personnel Issues

While the reorganization will not result in an increase in the size of government, there will be a redistribution of employees within the Public Service. For many affected employees, there may be revised work functions as well as improved career opportunities. Although no absolute guarantee of job security can be given, the Prime Minister has directed the Ministers and Deputy Ministers concerned, as well as the responsible Central Agencies, to ensure that the reorganization proceeds in such a way that present indeterminate employees of those departments will not, as a direct result of the reorganization, be laid off, reduced in classification level, or, as far as possible, be subjected to unacceptable geographic relocation.

The Public Service Commission and the Treasury Board Secretariat will provide special teams to expedite the anticipated influx of classification and staffing requests. Both Agencies will also provide the necessary advice and assistance to ensure that the reorganization is completed in the shortest time possible with a minimum of disruption, while maintaining an appropriate balance between the rights of employees and the interests of the employer. The Public Service Alliance and other Bargaining Agents have been and will continue to be consulted. ☺



Pre-emptive biometrics and the jelly doughnut

Puzzling times in the new Berlin
with A Aalto

Elegant in a new Armani suit, hair coiffed and manner suave, Hamish MacBannock adjusted the microphone.

Fellow members of the Secret Intelligence and Security Services International Executive Secretariat, I am proud to be in Berlin with you, to present a new vision of counter-revolutionary and counter-terrorist solidarity. For years we have been ready to smite the forces of anarchy and chaos. Ready to uplift the forces of order and stability. All we have needed is an excuse, a justification for suppressing dissent and other messy trappings of democracy, a way to bring about a brave new world order. He took a sip of water as the crowd applauded.

Liebnitz turned to the Centre's Berlin station chief, Rudi von Stulpnagel, and asked, "What's happened to Hamish? Usually, he has the dress sense of a warthog. The last time he made a speech, he read the Ouagadougou want ads by mistake. No-one understood a word, but they swore he made more sense than usual. Three months in the field, I come back and he's Billy Graham."

MacBannock lifted a hand and the crowd stilled. "Let me share my vision. First, we wait for a large-scale and tragic act of terror. Then we brainwash a world leader whose grasp of democracy is as strong as his electoral mandate. Behind this figurehead, we whip up global hysteria and use it to justify massive curtailment of civil liberties. We start small — confiscating sewing needles at airports. Then we escalate. We raid a journalist's home to uncover her sources. We let citizens be deported to places where they will be tortured. We jail entire ethnic groups without access to lawyers or free trial."

"Bah!" muttered the ace logician to his deputy, Attila McGee, "He's dreaming in zeotrope. Nobody could get away with that kind of thing in a democracy."

The speaker leaned forward, his voice a compelling whisper. "In a climate of fear, the rest of the population will never complain — and by the time we knock on their doors, it will be too late. Every year brings a few acts of terror, so we'll use them as proof that control must be tightened further. If there are no big incidents, we claim that our measures prevented them — but stress that the terrorists new plans must be neutralised by draconian extra measures. We win either way."

"I'm stunned," murmured Attila. "This man gets lost in his own closet so regularly, it has to be stocked with emergency rations. Now he makes Machiavelli sound like Fibber Magee. There's something wrong with this picture."

Giant view-screens superimposed images of computer chips and laughing children. "Once the citizens are sufficiently cowed, we introduce the ultimate control — biometrics. We start with ID cards bearing chips with data on fingerprints, retinal scans and other somatic identifiers. Then we move to biochips implanted in every man, woman, child and newborn baby. Chips that allow us to identify and keep track of everyone, no matter where they are and what they're doing. You say that I'm a dreamer — well, we're already putting chips like that in dogs and cats — what makes humans any different?"

We start with ID cards bearing chips with data on fingerprints, retinal scans and other somatic identifiers. Then we move to biochips implanted in every man, woman, child and newborn baby.

Von Stulpnagel turned to the others. "I hear that everyone in the Centre has been fitted with these chips." Attila nodded. "Except me and Liebnitz. I was on paternity leave when MacBannock replaced the head of personnel security with Papa Jack Paridy." Liebnitz winced and affirmed, "A man who can't decide if he's Zydeco's answer to Al Capone or villainy's answer to Clifton Chenier." Von Stulpnagel said, "Either way, if Papa Jack is the answer, I don't want to know the question."

MacBannock continued. "Individuals are impossible to control, to understand, to file away. But a biochip reduces them to binary numbers. Biochips will be the new reality,

people the approximation. And with the new chips being worked on in my labs, we can go further. They can be programmed to compel people's behaviour, their emotions, their opinions. We can take away the citizens' identities and give them new ones — it is all just ones and zeros, after all. For those with the right connections, special chips can even mould how others see us. We can do anything! That is the new reality!"

"This is Papa Jack's doing, all right," said Attila sotto voce. "Never trust a man who brings his accordion to staff meetings."

Smiling broadly, the orator swung into his wind-up. "Are you ready to grasp tomorrow, my friends? Years from now, will you be able to say you stood beside me, heard these words, shared this vision? Those who join me here in this great city will form a new elite bound under the password, 'Ich bin ein Berliner!'" MacBannock raised his fist in a victory salute as the audience erupted in catcalls, wild applause and fist fights.

"What I will never understand," grumbled von Stulpnagel, "is why English-speaking orators insist on using that phrase. If you mean to say 'I am a Berliner', then the phrase is 'Ich bin Berliner.' 'Ich bin ein Berliner' means 'I am a jelly doughnut'. Even with a biochip, that would seem a difficult act to pull off."

MacBannock strode back to his delegation, basking in the kudos. A tall man in a dark suit and buzz cut came up to him

wielded garden trowel. "Hamish," she said sternly, "Why didn't you tell me you were speaking today. Where did you get that claptrap? Why didn't you show up at the flower show to help me? And why in God's name didn't you shave more carefully this morning? Pencil-thin moustaches went out with Boston Blackie!"

Liebnitz and Attila looked at MacBannock more closely. "Mrs. MacBannock," said the logician, "You're right. This isn't your husband — it's Rialto Sleazewagon in holographic disguise." The figure before them sneered. "Maybe so, but my biochip says I'm Hamish MacBannock and that's all that counts. Especially since the real one has vanished. Meanwhile, I have control of the Centre and I know where I'm taking it. For those with a master-chip like mine, reality is just a matter of self-expression."

"Never mind that," said Hilda. "What have you done with Hamish?" The faux MacBannock sneered, "His biochip seems to have malfunctioned. Now he has the body and mind of a stranger — doesn't even know who he is. Oh, he's around Berlin and he'll surface eventually — but not in time and not in any shape to get in my way. If the effect isn't reversed by sunset, it becomes permanent. That's about, oh, twenty-three minutes from now." Moving out the door, he paused before entering a limousine. "If you found him and reversed the effect, of course, it would switch me back, too — and that

Individuals are impossible to control, to understand, to file away. But a biochip reduces them to binary numbers. Biochips will be the new reality, people the approximation.

and shouted, "Once we get your chips into everyone's head, we can eliminate all those stupid jokes about our intelligence." "Don't be absurd," said Liebnitz. "No regime can outlaw jokes." MacBannock smiled. "I don't know, Liebnitz. Have you read Section 13 of the *Security of Information Act* lately?"

A tall woman with the presence of a Valkyrie and the scowl of a bear-trap pushed her way through behind a fiercely

would be..... inconvenient. So I won't wish you luck. That would be really insincere, even for me." His departing limo splattered the others with slush.

Brushing themselves off, they hurried back inside. "So, Liebnitz," said Hilda. "How do we find Hamish by sunset?" His reply was forestalled by a loud yodel from across the grand hall. A muscular man swung off a high balcony. Flashing through startled delegates, he knocked over a trio

of Tyrolean tuba players massacring "Secret Agent Man", demolished a kiosk selling chic neo-Gothic cipher machines, and slammed spread-eagled into ten feet of the old Berlin Wall mounted in the middle of the foyer. Releasing his grip on the rope, he toppling backwards to the floor, bounced up and dusted off his uniform — a pageboy's red jacket, black pants and round black hat. Liebnitz

enquired, "Tarzan of the Apes makes a call for Philip Morris?" The man saluted and replied, "Manitoba Jones, sir, just trying to blend in. I have a report from Jimmy the Turk." He pulled out a silver tray. On it was a page of encoded text.

Liebnitz took it. "Jimmy did leave a message saying he'd spotted something odd. We can only hope it's the Chief. Did he add a verbal, Jones?" The courier nodded, "About this report, he said that the Chief is in the one place that's no longer there. He also said that Mrs. MacBannock could help you with the recognition signal — it was the repeated answer." Hilda reached into her bag and pulled out a soiled sheet of paper. "That must refer to this quiz that a grubby little man handed me as I left the flower show. I was wondering what it was." Jones saluted and skulked off ostentatiously.

Liebnitz said, The report is ciphered with a simple letter-for-letter substitution. Since some letters are more common than others normally E, T and A at the top followed by I, O, N, S, H and R in one order or another a letter count of the cipher text should put us on the right path, then a focus on shorter words. The others attacked the quiz, using a nearby Internet connection when stumped. Quickly getting what they needed, they dashed to the parking lot, only to find that their car had been stolen. Attila pulled out his lock-picks and walked purposefully toward a nearby New Age encampment.

Minutes later, elsewhere in Berlin, an aging paisley-patterned minivan lurched to a stop. An angry-looking man with a short grey beard stepped out and asked a passerby in a

loden coat, "Did you hear about the freak accident on the autobahn? Three freaks in a van ran into two freaks riding a dachshund." — then jumped back into the van and roared away. Soon thereafter, an equally ramshackle VW pulled up. The four from the Centre got out and began urgently scanning the area. Attila focussed on a Swabian sausage seller

About this report, he said that the Chief is in the one place that s no longer there. He also said that Mrs. MacBannock could help you with the recognition signal - it was the repeated answer.

down the street. "I think that's him. He looks all wrong, but he's got the recognition signal. And he keeps serving up hotdogs with jalapeños and marmalade." "That would explain the people racing off with a hand over their mouths," replied Liebnitz. "Still, it clears the way." They moved to cross the street.

But a shouting mass rushed between them and their quarry — two mimes doing the glass wall shtick, chased by a throng of angry rustics waving pitchforks and torches. "In the middle of modern Berlin?" asked Liebnitz. Then the air shimmered. The crowd all turned into sausage sellers and started milling around. "Ach du lieber," said von Stulpnagel. "They're all the same. It's like trying to find one special cuckoo in a Swiss clock shop." "Sleazewagon is clearly not as confident as he made out," said Liebnitz, "but that will be little comfort if we can't find the Chief in the next three minutes."

Hilda reached into her handbag and pulled out a megaphone. Taking a deep breath, she began, "Hamish, I know you can hear me, despite anything that cur has done to you. I just want you to know that, though you often try me beyond endurance, you are still my husband and a good man." The silence in the square was heavy. Everyone was watching her. "There are only seconds left. I can't find you among all these phantoms, so you'll have to reach down and pull yourself out." Her voice caught, but she straightened her back. "Please, Hamish, try. It wouldn't be worth it without you."

JIMMY THE TURK's REPORT

Vfb ojwgqkyxmv Mckgk rjv jhh vfb
vgkxq kv Djvmpks Mvkvxjq k hbu
sxqwvbm khvbg vfgbb xq vfb
sjgqxqg, ujab k vkix pgxtbg kqp
ukm vkabq vj vfb Kpyjq, ufbgb
kyy vfb Gwmmxkq ojwgqkyxmvm
kqp vgkpb pbybrkvxjqm mvklbp.
Vfb Fjvby, swmvl kqp zgbkal kqp
mdybqpxpyl zjshjgvkeyb, ukm jq
Dkgxmbg Dykvc kv vfb hjjv jh vfb
rgkqpxjmb ktbqwb Wqvbq pbq
Yxqpbq.

Xq hgjqv jh vfb eykzabqbp
Gbxzfmvkr jq k hxbyv vfb mxcb
jh k hjjvekyy dxvzf, km skql km k
vfjwmkqp dbjdyb ubgb mvkqpxqr
kejwv xq yxvvyb aqjvm jh
zjqmdxgkzl, fjypxqr ufkv vfbl fkp
zjsb vj mbyy xq hgjqv jh vfbs yxab
dkmmdjgvm kv k ewml hgjqvxbg:
dkzabvm jh mkzzfkgxqb,
zxrkgbvmb, mbuxqr-skzfxqb
qbbpybm, zjhbb, gkvxjq zjwdjqm
(sjmvyl hjgrbp), zfjzykvb kqp
zjqpjsm.

Mykssxqr vfb zkg xqvj hxgmv rbkg,
fb pgjtb hkmv kzgjmm vfb uxp
gjkp. Rykqzxqr vj fxm ybhv, fb ukm

kmvjqxmfbp vj ryxspmb vfb dywsd
mxyfjwbvbb jh vfb Egkqpbqewgr
Rkvb vfgbb fwqpgbp lkgpm kukl,
kqp vfb mxqxmvgb rgjwdxqr jh
sxyxvkgk tbfxybm kv vfb hjjv jh xv.

Vfbgb ukm dybqvl jh kzvxtxvl kv
Zfbzadjxqv Zfkgyxb. Dfjvj-hykmfbm
myxzbp xqmvkqvm hgjs bvbqgxl.
Vfb dktbsbqv mfjqb uxvf ukvbg
kqp pbvbgqbv wqpbq vfb
dgbmmsbq'm hbbv. Ukl pjuq vjukgp
Fkyxmxzfbm Vjg W-ekfq, k WM
Sxyxvkgk ksewykqzb mdbp vjukgp vfb
bsbgrbqzl ukgp kqp ukm kyy mbv vj
zfkqr bpxgbzvxjq vj vfb sjgrwb.

Ufbq Tykpj kqp Vjskm Dbvgjumax
sjwqvbp ekzafjbm Sjqpkl sjgqxqr vj
pxr xqvj vfb swza jh Djvmpksbg
Dykvc, vfbl aqbu vfbgb ukm kyuklm
k zfkqzb vfbl ujwyp wqbkgvf mjsb
fxmvjgl. Ykmv ubba xv fkp ebbq kq
Ksbgxzkq ejse, km yjqr kqp hkv km
k rxkqv egkvuwgm. Hxtb sjgb
hkvkyxvxbm hjg vfb zkmwkyvl
yxmvm jh Ujgyp Ukg XX, zjwgvbml
jh k E-17 vfkv fkpq'v

HILDA's FLOWER SHOW QUIZ

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| (1) Anthem of the Lone Star State | (3) Since 1961, the top European television prize. | (5) Symbol of his opponents |
| (2) Nana Mouskouri hit song | (4) Symbol of Richard III's supporters | (6) Woody Allen film, 1985 |
| | | (7) Soviet air ace Lilya Litvyak |

The bells in a nearby tower began to toll slowly as the last rays of the sun receded from the asphalt. A sigh swept over the crowd. Finally, at the back, behind a pickelhaube kiosk, an indistinct figure cried out, "Hilda!" and staggered onto the street, the features of Chief MacBannock coalescing over him. One step later, he was swept aside as the rest of the crowd also reverted. The two mimes were chased swiftly away by the throng of angry rustics waving pitchforks, torches and Swabian sausages.

Reality is not just a matter of self-expression, Mr. Liebnitz. Real is real. And Hamish is my Hamish. Now, if you'll excuse me, I must go down and give him a hand. He seems to be having trouble finding his way out of that phone booth. The three men watched, speechless, as she strode off. The passerby in the loden coat walked up to them and asked, Why a dachshund, please? So they took him

into a nearby bar and bought him schnapps and a jelly doughnut.

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat by working out (a) the site where they found the real MacBannock and (b) the recognition signal? **Bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by June 30, 2004. The winner will receive a subscription to WALRUS magazine. Not necessary for solving the puzzle, but can you also decipher the full text of the Turk's report and provide all seven answers to the Flower Show Quiz? And can anybody tell us how even a Tyrolean tuba trio could make "Secret Agent Man" any worse? ☺

A Aalto remembers finding himself one night wearing a trench coat on the Unter den Linden in the fog at three in the morning. Thanks to George Carlin for the hippy-dippy accident report. Some of the stuff in Sleazewagon's rant is imaginary (or at least premature), but some is not — and the reference to Section 13 of the Security of Information Act is real. This puzzle is dedicated to all the Hildas, on behalf of the men who are lucky enough to be theirs.

Who Squelched Wackford Syzygy? Answers from Vol. 20, No. 2

The murderer was Bodo Estval, the only leader not being blackmailed by Syzygy.

His motive was revenge for the suicide of the troupe's choreographer after a bad review by Syzygy — Krk is an island in the Northern Adriatic. (Coiba, Bangka, Disko and Bioko are also islands, each in a different region.) John Cage actually did write a piece of music in which the orchestra plays 19 minutes of - nothing at all. "Last Train to Clarksville" was of course recorded by the Monkees.

Floor	2	3	4	5	6
Group	LAREDO	Ne Win Situation	Bee Gees	Krk of Dawn	Rumba Lumumba
Home	Coiba	Bangka	Disko	Krk	Bioko
Leader	Don Gordo	Kiishi Yamamoto	Dr. Voodoo	Bodo Estval	Joseph Mkimya
Dance Type	Tango Sumo	Kecak rock	Punk gavotte	Ballet interruptus	Minimalist drum dance
Music	Astor Piazzolla	"Last Train to Clarksville"	D Street Band plays Mozart	PDQ Bach and Strauss	John Cage
Secret	Charity donations	Invented bunny hop	Rialto Sleazewagon	None	Stock Swindle



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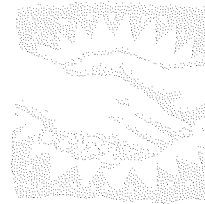
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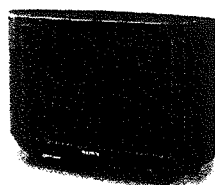
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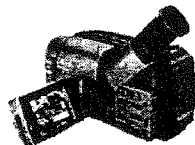
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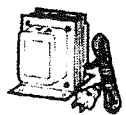
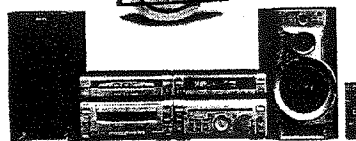
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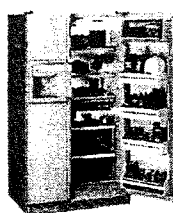
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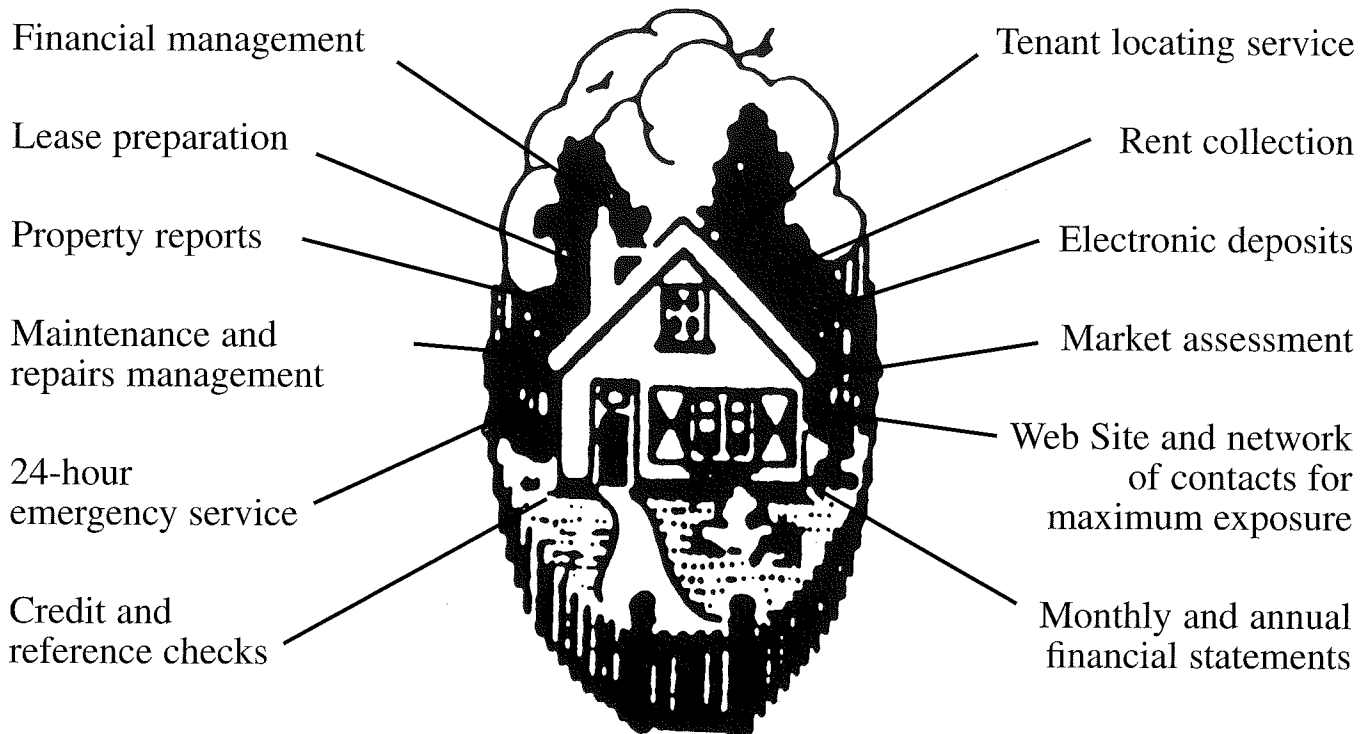
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