

bout de papier

Vol. 21, No. 2



Bangkok and Beyond: Portraits and Panoramas

By Liza Linklater

Lies, Damn Lies and Org Charts

By Roger Lucy

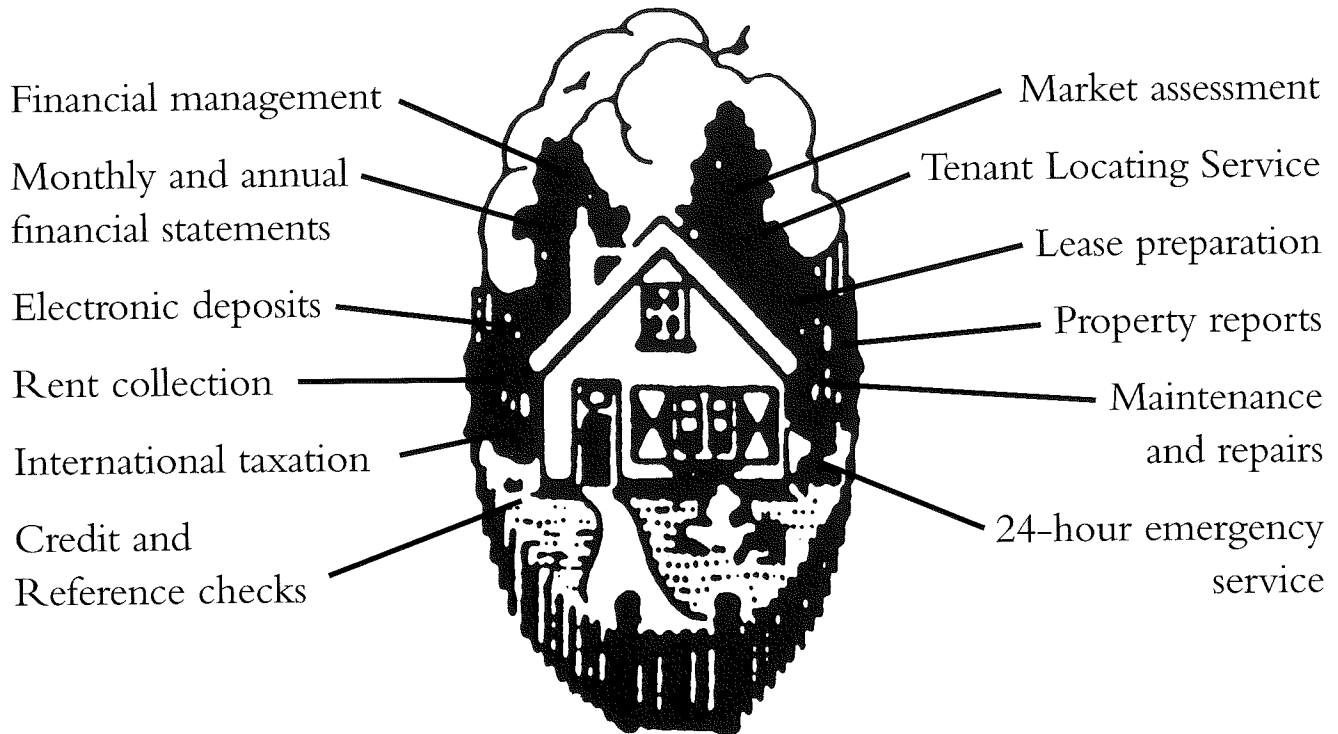
Extract from
James Bartleman's

Rollercoaster



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and Panoramas

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BY LIZA LINKLATER



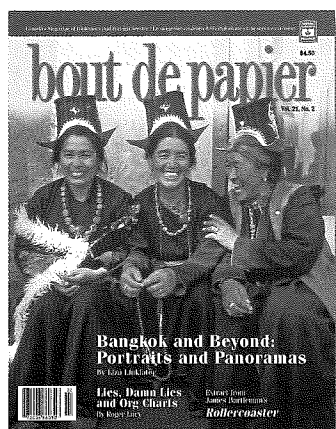
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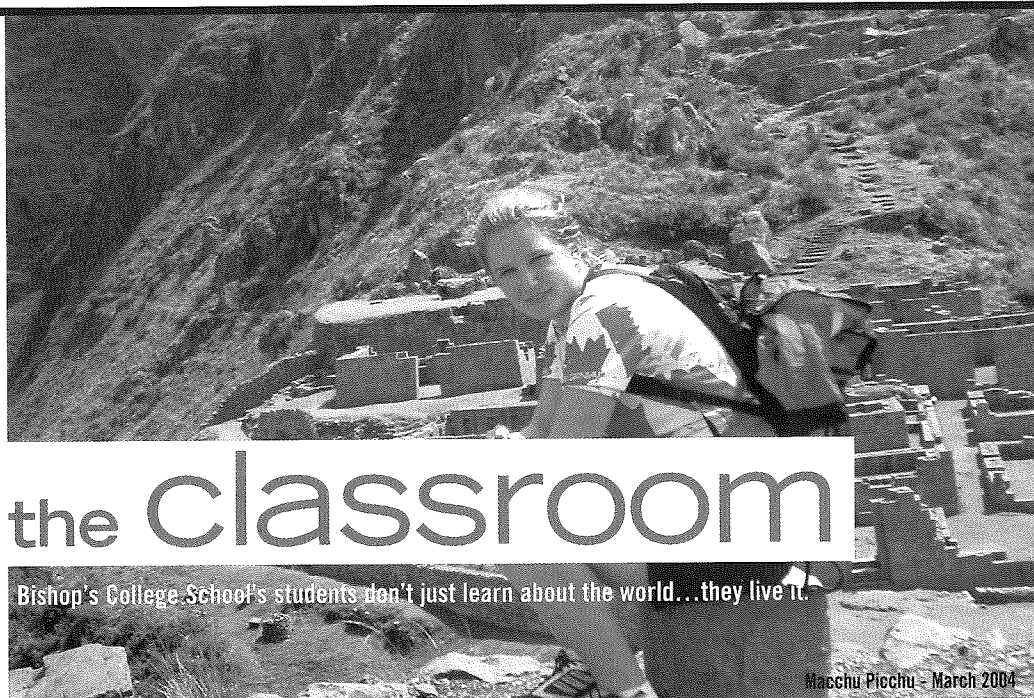
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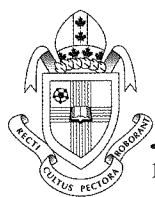
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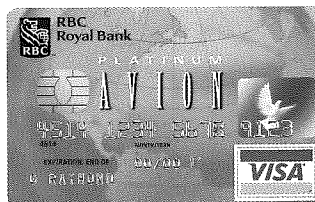
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One of the real pleasures of the foreign service is the opportunity to weave together so many diverse and intriguing social threads into the fabric of our lives. A particularly striking example is featured in this issue of **bout de papier** — a photo essay from southern and southeastern Asia from Liza Linklater, spouse of foreign service officer James Trottier. Liza's luminous photographs seem timeless, but will nonetheless strike a responsive note of recognition among those of us who have lived and worked abroad through their ability to convey the striking and unique in settings that sometime seem quite ordinary.

Le Service extérieur connaît aussi ses moments de dure réalité, comme en témoignent les extraits des archives du ministère de Hector Mackenzie. Pour marquer le 60^e anniversaire de la fin de la Seconde Guerre mondiale, nous présentons le compte rendu de l'ambassadeur (qui deviendrait plus tard le gouverneur général) Georges Vanier de sa visite au camp de concentration de Buchenwald, quelques jours à peine après l'abdication de l'Allemagne, en avril 1945. L'ampleur des crimes de la Seconde Guerre mondiale contre l'humanité reste sans équivalent, mais on ne peut malheureusement que constater que ce genre de crimes continue de se répéter partout dans le monde — la République démocratique du Congo, la Somalie, le nord de l'Ouganda et les Balkans n'en sont que quelques exemples. Tout comme le général Vanier, les générations d'agents du Service extérieur qui l'ont suivi ont été témoins des conséquences effroyables des conflits et de l'intolérance et ont fait preuve de la même bravoure tranquille pour y faire face.

These articles reinforce the necessity of maintaining a motivated, engaged, professional and experienced foreign service — one that is capable not only of interpreting Canada to the world, but also of interpreting the world to Canada (often under difficult circumstances). This is done not only by senior figures, such as General Vanier and other heads of mission, but also, on a day-to-day basis, by the junior and mid-level foreign service officers.

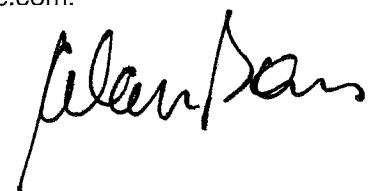
Both at headquarters and abroad, it is these officers that perform a heroic juggling act involving monitoring multiple (and usually complex) issues, serving numerous clients at home and abroad, maintaining networks to gather and disseminate information, and try to have enough hours left in the day to have a life outside the office. Motivation is key to keeping this machine going. The System sets a high level of requirements from foreign service officers. Substantial policy input is derived, and is expected, from all levels of the foreign service, no matter how junior or senior. Foreign policy practitioners deserve recognition and respect from their authorities, which in part could be manifested by a just and credible promotion and salary structure.

Two further articles in this issue illustrate the theoretical and practical sides of the same foreign service coin. One is by **bout** stalwart Roger Lucy on the organization of the Roman civil service, and the other a delightful overview of foreign service experience as extracted from Ontario Lieutenant-Governor James Bartleman's book *Rollercoaster*, on his years as the Prime Minister's Foreign Policy Advisor.

Three books of interest to the foreign service community are reviewed in this issue of **bout** by foreign policy practitioners (past and present) Patricia Marsden-Dole, Ian Ferguson and Kurt Jensen. I am particularly pleased to see that recent issues of **bout** have also generated a lively debate on Herbert Norman, as can be seen in this issue's letters column.

Finally, on a sad note, we pay tribute to three conspicuous members of the foreign service family who have passed on: Charles Woodsworth, Ron MacLean and Benjamin Rodgers.

As always, comment and suggestions are always welcome at **bout**. We can be reached at boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com.



Dear Editor,

I have considerable difficulties with the article entitled "From Nihon to Nasser: Herbert Norman's Diplomacy during the Suez Crisis" that appears in the fall/winter 2004 issue.

The authors, Sameh Kamel and Lawrence Woods, maintain that in his reports on three conversations Herbert Norman had with Nasser — September 3, 1956, December 6, 1956, and March 15, 1957 — the Ambassador revealed in his analysis of these encounters "the language, concepts and analytical perspective" that he had used in his classic study, "Japan's Emergence as a Modern State: Political and Economic Problems of the Meiji Period." My reaction to this observation, which was meant to be startlingly informative, was to ask what was so remarkable about a diplomat drawing upon his knowledge and experience of one country to see if it might have relevance in understanding another? Whether banal or not, did Norman adopt the practice of drawing upon his experience in Japan to understand and report on developments in Egypt?

His dispatch of September 3, 1956, which reports on his conversation with Nasser following his presentation of credentials, according to our authors, sets out Nasser's views at length on a large number of subjects, with Norman, by his own admission, making few comments. On this basis, Kamel and Woods then draw what they see as a string of parallels between Norman's experiences in Japan and what he supposedly saw in Nasser and Egypt. But these are their observations, not his.

The dispatches of December 6, 1956, and March 15, 1957, are devoted exclusively to the Suez crisis and Nasser's objections to the inclusion of Canadian forces — the Queen's Own Rifles — in the United Nations Emergency Force. Our authors claim at the beginning of the article that these reports also recalled how Norman was influenced by his Japanese experiences. However, they seem unable to work in a pertinent reference to Japan — unless, of course, the reader thinks this insightful question qualifies: "Had Norman's abiding supposition in his analysis of Japan that you reap what you sow been proven correct once again, this time of the Egyptian context?"

On the Suez Crisis, Kamel and Woods in three separate places in their article complain that Norman did not receive

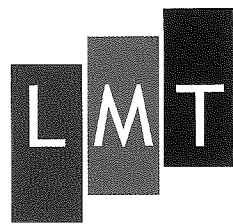
the recognition he deserved for being "largely responsible for securing the 1957 Nobel Peace Prize for his friend and boss Lester B. Pearson." John English, in his *The Life of Lester Pearson 1949–1972*, states that Nasser's objections to the Canadians were "resolved through the intervention of Hammarskjöld, Eisenhower and India." Geoffrey Pearson, in his book *Seize the Day, L.B. Pearson and Crisis Diplomacy*, says his father appealed to Nehru to intervene in Cairo. In his own memoirs, Mr. Pearson says that India approached Nasser twice "in very strong language" and in some detail he recounts Hammarskjöld's pressure on Nehru. Perhaps it was General

E.L.M. Burns, Commander of UNEF, who resolved the issue by pointing out that he needed Canadian specialist units not infantry. The simple fact is that there were too many actors in play in New York, Ottawa, Washington, London, Cairo and other capitals to assign responsibility to one person, save L.B. Pearson himself.

Finally, I do wish they had not stuck in the body of their text that long, awkward reference to the appropriate DEA file — so ugly and so unnecessary.

Yours truly,

A. Douglas Small, Ottawa



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Dear Editor,

I am grateful to Douglas Small for an advance copy of his critique of the imaginative but confused study of Herbert Norman by Professors Kamel and Woods. Having had occasion to review all the Norman files and his English language writings, I agree with Small's comments about the authors' failure to display a significant concurrence between Norman as a world class Japanologist and his performance as a Canadian diplomat in Egypt.

More seriously, but again like Small, I am startled by the authors' repeated claim that Norman largely shared responsibility for Pearson's Nobel Prize. Norman, Small might well simply have noted, had nothing to do with the award. It, of course, was won in the United Nations for Pearson's initiation of the UN Emergency Force (UNEF), the first UN peace force. Certainly UNEF dealt with Suez and Norman was Canadian ambassador in nearby Cairo. Certainly he and other Canadian officials at once engaged in a vigorous struggle to persuade the Egyptians to accept Canadian front line troops in UNEF. Support from Hammarskjöld, Nehru, and others proved of little avail. Even the UNEF Commander, E.L.M. Burns, was of limited help. In the end it was indeed Herbert Norman in person who persuaded Nasser to accept front line Canadian troops. He had been warned

from Ottawa that a "major political storm was brewing" in Canada and instructed to approach Nasser. This he did at once and Canadian troops arrived five days later. Brilliant diplomacy, but hardly conducive to Pearson's Nobel Prize. (Sadly, as noted by Kamel-Woods, the feat was followed by Norman's suicide a fortnight later.)

The Kamel-Woods implication that Pearson failed to do Norman justice is, of course, unfounded. Pearson's bold defence of Norman was in fact his shining hour and cost him dearly in the ugliest foreign policy debate in Canadian history, one led by Howard Green. It also caused vicious attacks in Washington.

bout's belated interest in Norman is welcome. He is indeed a hero of our foreign policy, and a happy link between Canada and Japan, where his writings continue to be published and studied. They are especially cherished for their revelation of democratic traditions in Japan's past.

My own interest in Norman was stimulated by an extraordinary commission in 1989 by the Right Honourable Joe Clark. This was to conduct an independent study of accusations that Norman had been a Soviet agent. These claims had been ardently pressed by an American political scientist, James Barros, who had been teaching at the University of Toronto, without becoming a Canadian citizen, for 20 years. Barros, since deceased, was a notorious spy-chaser and his energetic campaign against Norman was taken

up by two Conservative Members of Parliament from Alberta. I was commissioned to study the charges because, Clark explained to a press conference, I had demonstrated independence by my criticism of his Middle East policy! I was granted access to all the relevant External and RCMP files and interviewed widely. My report, *The Loyalties of E. Herbert Norman*, concluded that Norman, although an ardent Communist as a student, had performed impeccably as a public servant. These findings conformed to those in the government files and in the definitive Norman biography by another American, Roger Bowen, *Innocence is not Enough*. This in turn formed the basis of a superb documentary by the National Film Board, *The Man Who Might Have Been*.

Early on Barros told me that his real target was Lester Pearson! Shortly before his death he reported that the relevant book was finished but it seems not to have appeared. Let us be grateful!

I enjoyed my unique Norman assignment but remain puzzled why Clark considered it necessary. Norman had been dead for three decades and several government studies had cleared his name. There appeared to be little public demand for another study and Barros should not have been taken seriously.

Peyton Lyon

Professor Emeritus, Political Science,
Carleton University, Ottawa

Dear Editor,

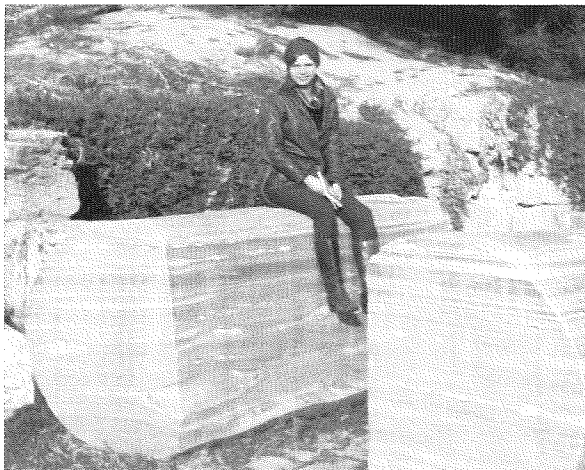
I am tempted to add a note to the excellent article by David Edwards on Libya in **bout** Vol. 21, No. 1.

I was the first Canadian Ambassador accredited to Libya, from Tunis back in 1968. This was at the time of King Idris.

Leptis Magna, because of its extent, quality and preservation is in my opinion the finest Roman ruin to be found anywhere. I am thinking of Italy, Tunisia and Algeria. I rank it with the Inca ruins of Machu Picchu in Peru. Isolation to this day has saved Leptis from further deterioration. In my time there was no fence and no admission control. There was just no one about.

I was so impressed that I insisted on taking the family,

with the children from Canada on Christmas leave, to visit the site. Indeed, we planned to stay overnight to see the ruins at leisure throughout the day. We stayed in a broken-down building from the Italian colonization. We used some dirty gray blankets, also from the Italian



period. The night was cold; the bathroom had no window glass and the toilet had no seat. The New Year's Eve dinner was terrible. The children pronounced the visit one of the best.

I left Tunis for The Hague in April 1969. Gadhafi took over Libya in a coup shortly after. Things happen when you leave town.

Perhaps the best and most beautiful book is still that of Sir Mortimer Wheeler, *Roman Africa*, published in London (Thames and Hudson) and in France (Arthaud), both in 1966. I understand it is hard to find in either language.

I enclose a family picture taken at Leptis. It shows the scale and the quality of the cipolino (onion) marble.

Alfred Pick, Ottawa

Charles Woodsworth 1909–2005

Charles Woodsworth, journalist and diplomat, died on January 4, 2005 at his home in Puyvert, southern France. The son of J.S. Woodsworth, founder of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, the predecessor of the NDP, Charles had a long and distinguished career in journalism working for the *Vancouver Province*, the *Ottawa Citizen* where he became editor and eventually the *Toronto Daily Star*. As editor of the *Citizen* he was a well-known figure in Ottawa circles, active in the Ottawa Branch of the Canadian Institute for International Affairs, the setting in which many of the retired members of the Department of External Affairs will remember him as an articulate defender of broadly left-of-centre views. Fired in 1955 in a disagreement with the publisher, Robert Southam, over editorial policy, Charles found a happy refuge in the Department of External Affairs where his political sensibilities found a more congenial home. After beginning as a consular and information officer at the Consulate General in New York, he was appointed in 1960 Canadian Commissioner to the International Commission for Supervision and Control, Vietnam. In 1965, he was made Ambassador to South Africa with subsequent concurrent appointments to Lesotho, Botswana and Swaziland. In 1969, he became Ambassador to Ethiopia, Madagascar and Somalia. In retirement he lived in Chelsea for many years before moving to France in 2002. ☺

*Douglas Small is a retired Ambassador and member of the Senior Editorial Board of **bout de papier**.*

Ron MacLean 1928–2004

The following was read by J.H. (Si) Taylor at the service for Ron MacLean.

As a colleague and friend of Ron MacLean for more than forty years, I am honoured to have been asked by his family to speak about his foreign service career.

Ron had a rich and varied professional experience. Rooted in North America by birth, upbringing and education, he served Canada abroad in four other continents: Asia, Africa, South America and Europe. He knew bilateral diplomacy through assignments in India, Japan, Brazil, South Africa and Denmark. Multilateral

diplomacy he knew through service at the OECD and the International Atomic Energy Agency. One of his principal interests was in international economic relations, but he also handled, as ambassador to South Africa, the highly charged political file of relations with the apartheid regime. He was four times a head of mission. He had as well the advantage of a much broader experience of the work of other departments in Ottawa than was usual for foreign service officers; at different times, he worked on loan to CIDA's predecessor, the External Aid Office, the Treasury Board and the Department of Energy Mines and Resources.

In all the important ways Ron was well equipped for his career. By the time he joined the foreign service in 1956, he had already devoted a number of years to studying international relations at one of the most prestigious institutions in the United States. He had also acquired the inestimable advantage of an ideal life-time partner in his wife, Beverley. Their partnership, which would have marked its 50th anniversary this week, was notable for their strong shared commitment to foreign service and the mutual support they gave one another through all the changes of foreign service life. This experience included in time raising a family of three, two sons, Christopher and Thomas, and a daughter Alyson. Eventually the circle widened with the addition of a daughter-in-law, Roswitha, Christopher's wife, and a son-in-law, David, Alyson's husband; and in a new generation, five grandsons. This splendid family was the central focus of Ron's life, sustaining him throughout his years in the foreign service and into retirement. All of us have suffered a sad loss in his death, but it is to Bev, her children, their spouses and the grandchildren that our deepest sympathy extends today.

Beyond these advantages of family and background was Ron's own character. He was a person of perfect integrity. Intellectually curious, he was probably happiest abroad, absorbed in learning about the societies in which he immersed himself. He had a broad and sympathetic understanding of foreign realities. He conveyed without ostentation a sense of identity that made him a convincing representative of his country and its interests. And he had a wry sense of humour that saved him from being frustrated by some of the sillier manifestations of diplomatic life.

These elements of background and education, character and experience, worked together to create Ron's impressive career. From another perspective, his career was a mixture of what he wanted to do and what

other people wanted him to do. Plainly he was a success in the various assignments he undertook in Ottawa outside the Department of External Affairs. But he was not really an Ottawa man. Like many of his colleagues, he joined the foreign service to serve abroad. In this, he had his way. He spent the greater part of his career en poste. It is quite remarkable that, apart from a brief period as a junior officer, he never served in Ottawa in his own department. In the course of a career of some forty years, he spent roughly ten in Ottawa, almost entirely in other departments. No doubt this too was partly the result of personal inclination. But it was doubtless what others wanted as well. Such assignments can be important both for the department that provides an officer and for the department that receives him. Not everybody does such jobs well. It is noteworthy how, time and again, Ron was trusted to represent the foreign service in some other branch of the bureaucracy. People had confidence in him.

Even more was this true of his appointments abroad. Few people are appointed ambassador four times. This is a mark of distinction and of confidence in the person appointed. Ron's appointment to South Africa was an illustration. During the dying years of the apartheid regime, Canada's relations with South Africa were much in the public eye and very difficult. Not only the foreign minister but the prime minister took a close personal interest in these relations. They often intervened personally to direct their course. Our ambassador on the spot in South Africa had to tread warily. He had to maintain workable contacts with the apartheid government as long as it held power, notwithstanding the poor state of Canada-South Africa relations. At the same time, he had to reach out, within the limits of discretion, to the forces then in opposition who were on the threshold of coming to power. In the circumstances there was never a good time to change ambassadors. The man on the spot tended to be nailed to his job. The government was reluctant to be accused of leaving such a key embassy without leadership in the event of a crisis. This created problems for Ron both at the time of his appointment and at the time of his departure. In the end, the MacLeans were to stay five years in South Africa. I do not know what this long and demanding assignment may have cost Ron personally. At least he had the satisfaction of knowing that the government was confident it had the right man for such a challenging job. And in the end, he received with his appointment to Copenhagen, a final assignment of the kind he wanted.

This then was a career full of stimulation, of challenges and responsibility. Ron's was a lifetime of highly professional accomplishment, to be looked back on with quiet pride in the years of retirement and to be reminisced about with old friends. It was just such a reunion my wife and I had been anticipating this past New Year's Eve, when as is our annual custom, we celebrate the New Year with a group of old friends that has always included the MacLeans. To our sorrow, this year's reunion was not to be, but the song those of Scottish heritage love to sing on the occasion still seems appropriate. We can recall the days of Auld Lang Syne, and an auld acquaintance who will not soon be forgot — Ron MacLean. ☺

J.H. Taylor is a retired Ambassador living in Ottawa.

Benjamin Rogers 1911–2004

The following text was read by Mr. Menzies at the Memorial service for Benjamin Rogers at St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, on January 3, 2005.

Benjamin Rogers joined the Department of External Affairs in July 1938. He had a good preparation, graduating from Dalhousie University in 1933 with a BA, and then, on an IODE scholarship, taking an MSc in 1935 in international relations from the London School of Economics in the University of London. He then served as the secretary of a study group of the Royal Institute of International Affairs and was the principal drafter of a report on "The Structure and Problems of the British Empire," published by Oxford University Press in 1937.

Returning to Canada, he was invited by his old Professor R.A. Mackay of Dalhousie University to join him in writing a book commissioned by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs (CIIA) on *Canada Looks Abroad*, published by Oxford University Press in 1938. This was the first general survey of Canadian foreign affairs before World War II. I might add here that Ben was proud of the fact that he had included on page 183 of the book the phrase "it is hardly conceivable that the United States would stand idly by and see Canada invaded." This phrase was used by President Roosevelt on August 18, 1938 when he visited Canada to open the Thousand Islands Bridge and spoke after receiving an honorary degree from

Queen's University in Kingston. He said, "I give to you assurance that the people of the United States will not stand idly by if domination of Canadian soil is threatened."

As Escott Reid was leaving his post as National Secretary of the CIIA to join External Affairs, Ben filled in as Acting National Secretary in 1937–38.

From this background you will see that Ben Rogers had a good solid preparation for the Foreign Service when he joined in 1933.

As the threat of war grew in 1939, Prime Minister Mackenzie King decided to open a diplomatic post in Australia. Ben was posted to Canberra to open the post and serve as Third Secretary under Mr. C.J. Birchall. One of the wisest moves Ben made was to marry, two days before departure, Frances Morrison, a talented soprano from Halifax, whom he had met at Dalhousie and traveled with by ship to England. They were to form a strong team working for Canada during Ben's long and distinguished career.

One of the stories that Ben told about his early months in Canberra concerned instructions he received to register the cable address "DOMINION." When he found out that it had been taken, he proposed the substitute "DOMCAN," and that has been used as the cable address of all Canadian offices abroad.

Succeeding postings took the Rogers to Washington and Rio de Janeiro. They returned to Ottawa for the years 1948–50, and that is when I met them personally. I recall that as Head of Information Division Ben traveled across Canada giving a series of lectures for the CIIA.

From 1950–52 Ben served as *Chargé d'Affaires* in Prague, Czechoslovakia at the beginning of the cold war between NATO and the Soviet Bloc.

He returned to Ottawa again from 1952–55 to be Head of Defence Liaison (1) Division, responsible for political-military relations with NATO, the United States, through the Canada–United States Permanent Joint Board on Defence, dealing with such projects as the Distant Early Warning Line.

He served as Ambassador to Peru from 1955–58. I remember Ben telling about the successful visit of a Canadian naval squadron to Callao, the port of Lima. The admiral of the Peruvian Navy was so pleased with this visit that he invited the Rogers to visit Peruvian naval units on the upper Amazon at Iquitos on the far side of the Andes mountains. David Rogers, who was fourteen then, went on the trip. He tells me that they visited a leper colony on the upper Amazon run by French Canadian

Franciscan missionaries, led by Father Eliezer Macdonald (apparently the descendant of a demobilized Scottish soldier). I wonder if some of you have seen recently the film *The Motorcycle Diaries*? It is the based on the diaries of Che Guevara, the famous young Argentinian doctor who was Second-in-Command to Fidel Castro in the Cuban Revolution of 1959. This recent film portrays Che Guevara and a friend riding across Argentina on a motorcycle, and then up through Chile, Ecuador and Peru. They cross the Andes to the upper Amazon and visit the leper colony that the Rogers visited.

The Rogers went from Peru to Turkey; then Deputy High Commissioner to Britain under the Honourable George Drew. This was a very demanding management assignment. From 1960–64 Ben was Ambassador to Spain at the end of General Franco's regime. He was dually accredited to Morocco.

From 1970–72 Ben was Ambassador to Italy and concurrently High Commissioner to Malta. He supervised a large staff in Rome as Canada has many Italian connections. Many Canadians visit Italy, so there are many consular problems of lost passports and police cases. There is a large community of Italian origin in Canada and strong commercial connections. Canada and Italy are members of NATO. Cultural exchanges are important.

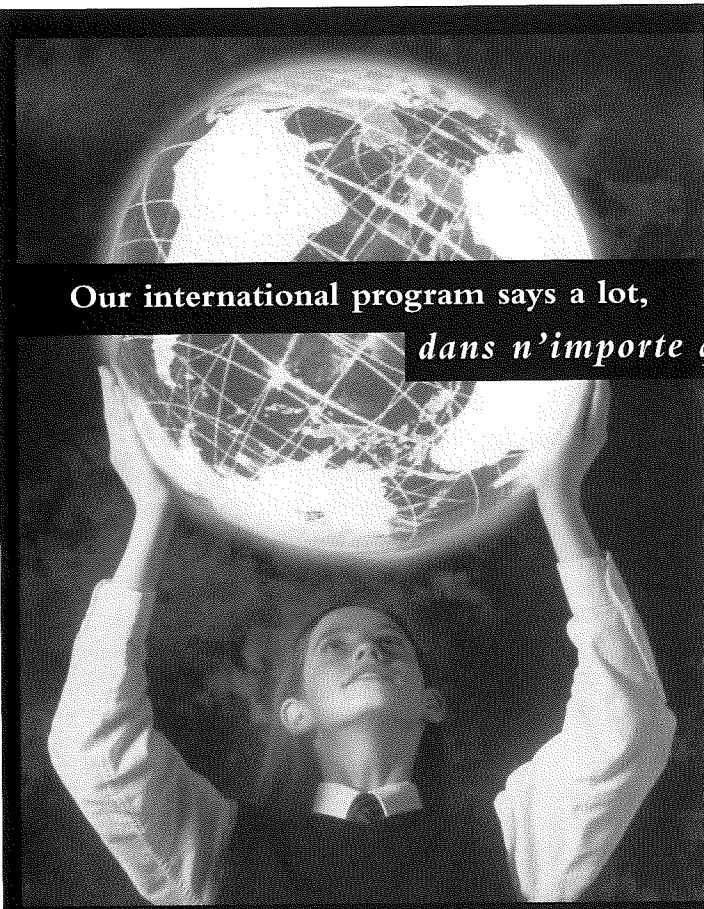
Ben told me that in 1970–71 Canada and Italy were each negotiating with the People's Republic of China on terms for recognition and the establishment of diplomatic relations. He was responsible for exchanging information on the respective negotiations. Eventually the Canadian negotiators found an acceptable formula to cover the case of Taiwan and the Italians followed it.

The Rogers returned to Ottawa, where Ben's last job from 1972–75 was Chief of Protocol, responsible for relations with over 100 diplomatic missions, the presentation of credentials to the Governor General and many ceremonies during the visits of Foreign Ministers and Prime Ministers.

In all this long and varied career, Ben and his charming and competent wife Frances demonstrated skills of management and gracious personal relations that won them many friends abroad and in Canada.

In retirement Ben continued his interest in the CIIA, the Rotary Club and many discussion groups. He was a keen skier and a warm friend. ☺

*Arthur Menzies is a retired Ambassador and member of the Senior Editor Board of **bout de papier**.*



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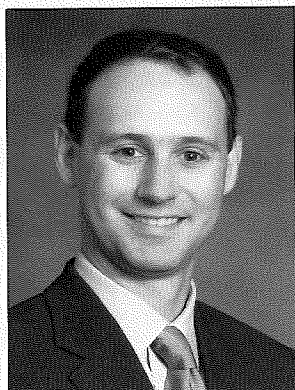
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Bangkok and Beyond Portraits and Panoramas

Photos and text by Liza Linklater



A Flower Offering – Leh, Ladakh, India 2000

One of the most enjoyable photo shoots I've ever had was with these Ladakhi women in the streets in Leh. Ladakh is the predominantly Buddhist part of the state of Jammu/Kashmir. Ringed by snow-capped Himalayan mountains, Leh, Ladakh's capital is situated at a height of 3,500 metres. The people are delightful — and this is how the women dress every day.

**Life is an ever-changing
journey,** and in spite of recent events in our troubled
world we must continue on our way. We have to keep moving,
experiencing new cultures, learning and broadening our horizons.
This is what keeps us alive.

*In a Karen Village
Chiang Rai Province, Thailand
2000*

On this trip with the Canada Fund Coordinator to northern Thailand, we met with a group of Karen women who had received funding for a development project. The Karen people are the largest ethnic group in Thailand after the majority Thais. Karen women are known for their weaving, which is done on a back strap loom. During the meeting, all of us were sitting on the floor except for the two captivating women in this photo.



I was very fortunate to live

in Bangkok, Thailand from 1998 to 2003 (and previously from 1983–85). As an Asiaphile, I have a deep respect and affection for Asian people and their cultures. For this series of portraits taken between 1999–2002 in Thailand, Burma, India, Vietnam and Bhutan, I always asked permission first. These are more than travel

in their environment.

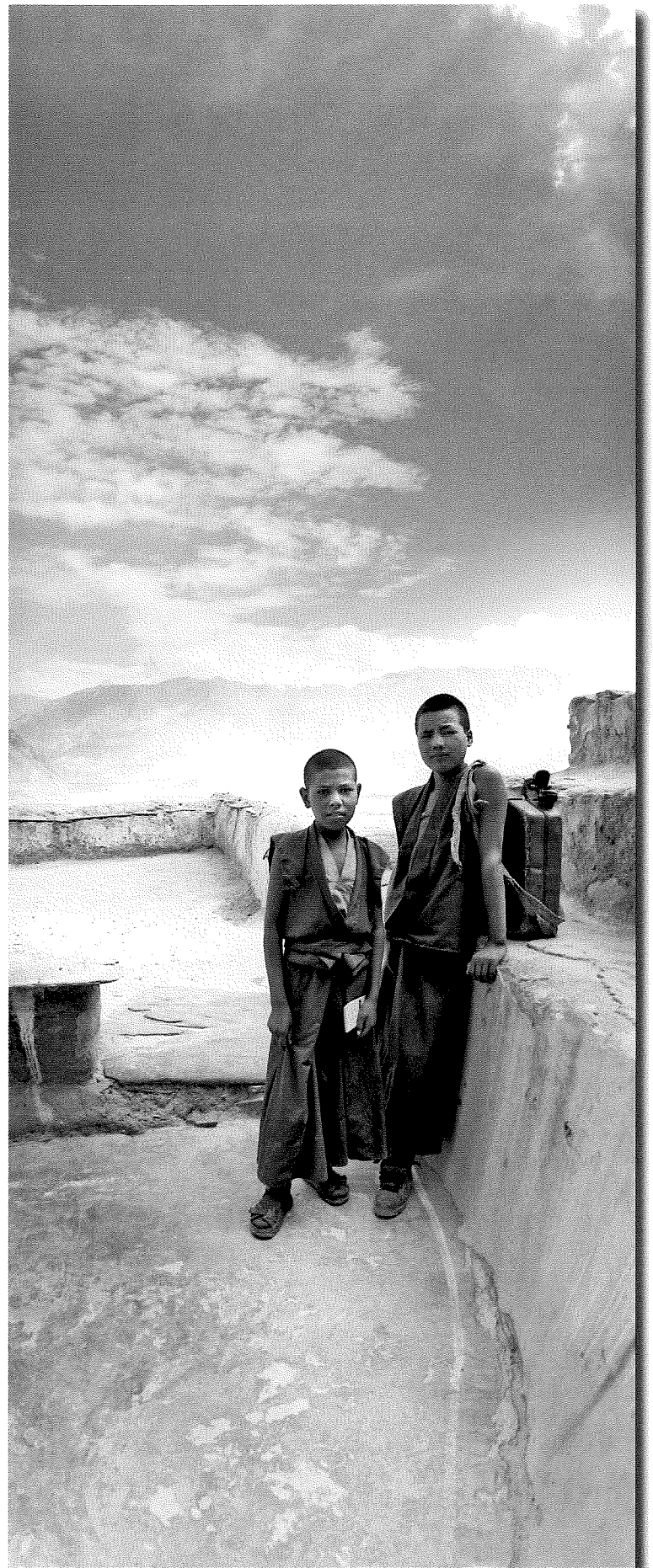
Novice Monks at Diskit Gompa Nubra Valley, Ladakh, India 2000

In order to reach the village of Diskit and its monastery in the Nubra Valley, one must cross the Khardung-la Pass, which at 18,380 feet (5,606 metres) is the highest motorable road in the world. Seventy friendly monks (including several young novice monks) live at the 350-year-old gompa (monastery). It is truly a magical, spiritual place with its stark mountain views.



Mr. "B" at Siam Square Bangkok, Thailand 2000

One Saturday afternoon Mr. "B" was hanging out with his artist friends at Siam Square, a shopping area frequented by young people. They came to CentrepoinTE, a spot where musicians play. He was 19 at the time, unemployed and living with his parents. He said his parents didn't mind when he got his impressive tattoos at 15 years of age.



As an observer of these



*Schoolgirls Waiting For the Bus
Nubra Valley, Ladakh, India 2000*

Seeing scenes like these schoolgirls sitting on rocks in this moonscape made me feel like I had come to another planet. Ladakh is otherworldly and it's definitely one of the last frontiers.

This text was taken from the introduction to Liza's book *Bangkok and Beyond: Portraits and Panoramas* published in 2003 in Bangkok, Thailand.
ISBN: 974-91129-5-4

If you are interested in purchasing a copy of this 64-page photo book please contact Liza Linklater at lizalink@sympatico.ca or lizalink2002@yahoo.com
Cost is C\$20.00 plus postage.

Visit her Web site at www.lizalinklater.com

See some of these photos, plus some Buddha images, at an upcoming exhibition July 8 to 24 at Darshan Gallery, 113 Murray Street, Ottawa.



untouched by

societies, I always want to know more about the people I see and meet.

What I love most about this style of documentary photography is that it allows me to enter the lives of strangers, however briefly. If we share a common language, we always have a pleasant conversation; if we don't, there's always a feeling that we have, at least, spent an intimate few moments with each other.

Some of these journeys have taken me to places that are little known to outsiders (especially Ladakh in northwestern India; Bhutan, a Buddhist kingdom between India and China; and northwestern Vietnam) and it is a privilege to have been allowed to meet with people there. It is also heartening to know that there are still some places left in our globalized world **where people's traditional ways of life are being maintained.**



*Hmong Village
Near Sapa, Vietnam 2001*

These Hmong schoolchildren stand outside their classroom in one of the valleys in northern Vietnam near the Chinese border. Vietnam is home to 54 ethnic groups, of which the Kinh (Viet) account for the majority. Still most of these distinct hill tribe groups have remained relatively untouched by Vietnamese and Western influences.

The Canadian Foreign Service Officer Awards

The Canadian Foreign Service Officer Awards were instituted in 1990 by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers (PAFSO) to provide recognition by one's peers for exceptional achievement by an individual officer.

Les prix des agents du service extérieur canadien

L'Association professionnelle des agents du-service extérieur (L'APASE) a institué les Prix des agents du service extérieur canadien en 1990 comme moyen de souligner la réalisation exceptionnelle d'agents du Service extérieur par leurs pairs.

The winners of the Awards will be honoured at a ceremony in Ottawa on Thursday, June 9, 2005.

La remise de prix aux lauréats aura lieu lors d'une cérémonie à Ottawa, le jeudi 9 juin 2005.

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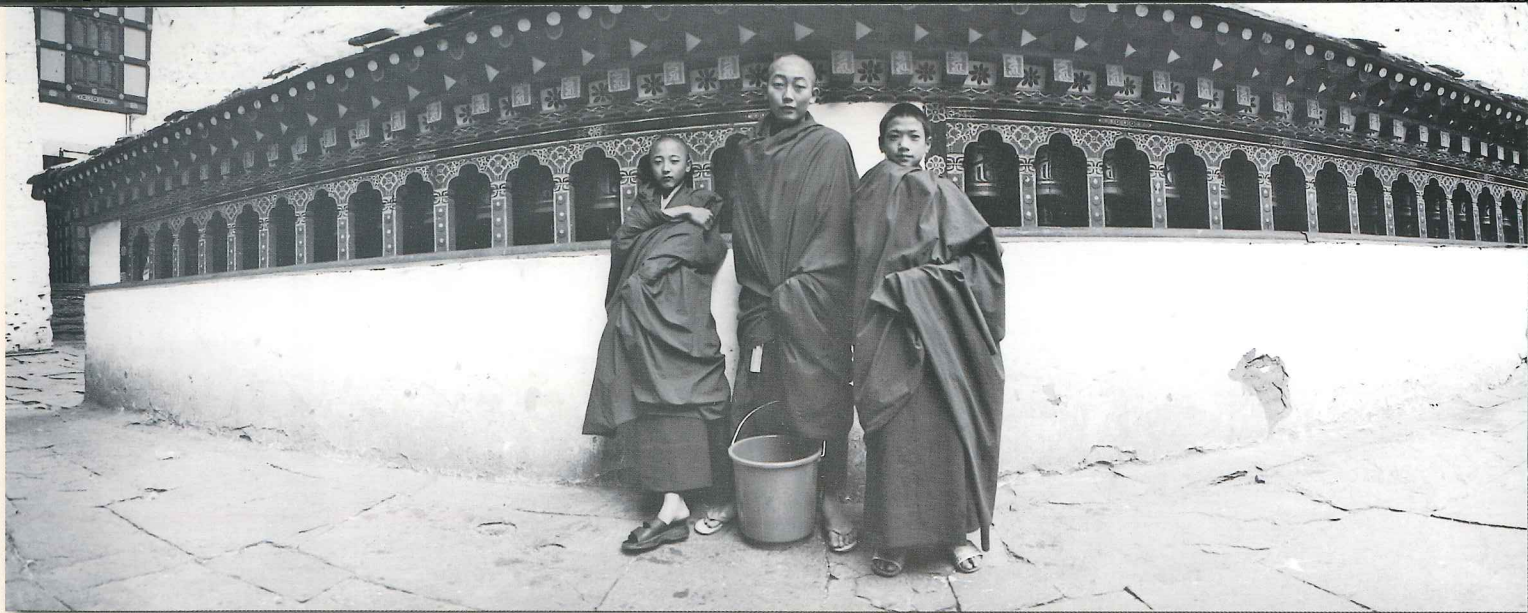
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Monks and Prayer Wheels Paro, Bhutan 2001

At the impressive Paro dzong (monastery), I was watching some young novice monks chanting and memorizing the Buddhist scriptures; but when they saw my unusual panorama camera they stopped. This caused a group of Austrian tourists to come over to enquire about the German-made camera as well. After everyone dispersed, I asked some monks, who were still intrigued, to pose for me in front of the prayer wheels. Luckily, they readily consented to do so.

Liza Linklater is a Canadian photographer/writer who holds degrees in social anthropology/ photography (MA thesis on visual anthropology) and journalism. Her photographs have been exhibited in Canada and in Thailand. Her articles and photographs have been published in North American and Asian magazines and newspapers. For the technically minded, these photos were taken with medium-format cameras — a square-format Bronica and a panoramic Noblex with a fixed-focus, rotating lens.

The experience
of travel brings such joy — visiting,
photographing and learning about other countries
and cultures — and it is definitely **what**
I enjoy most in life.



Watermelon Seller Rangoon, Burma 2002

I was walking near the Strand Hotel in Rangoon and passed three pretty young women — one selling watermelon, another betel nut, and the third, vegetables. They all had various yellow thanakha bark designs on their faces. (Thanakha paste or powder is used as a cosmetic, a sunscreen, a perfume and a conditioner.) When I returned and asked them to pose — they complied with the confidence and poise of fashion models.

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Lies, Damn Lies and Org Charts

The following is an illustration of how what looks good on paper at the Centre may not necessarily reflect the realities on the ground. Any resemblance to institutions living or moribund is purely coincidental.

by Roger Lucy

Time has not been kind to Roman government documents, but there is one glorious survival from the early fifth century which provides a snapshot of the organization of the Roman government and its armed forces as it was circa AD 400. Perhaps more accurately, we should say it shows the organization that the central agencies of government believed existed. The document is the *Notitia Dignitatum*, or to translate the title in full: "The Register of Dignitaries, both Civil and Military, of both halves of the Empire." Essentially what we have is the Roman Government Directory of all EX-equivalent positions in the central government, provincial administrations and the armed forces. From the Master of Offices to the head of the Greek Correspondence Unit; from the Praetorian Prefect of the East to the Governor of Lower Belgium; or from the Master of Soldiers of Both Services to the Prefect of the Tigris Bargemen stationed at Newcastle on Tyne. It lists these posts both by order of precedence and by nominal reporting relationship.

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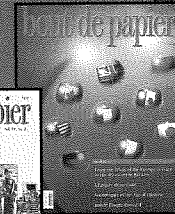
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The central agencies of the Roman government had grown up somewhat haphazardly, some of its components still reflecting the time when it was largely an extension of the Emperor's personal household; others had emerged from seconded military staff — their personnel were nominally enrolled in a military unit, bore military titles, wore military uniforms and shared similar tax and judicial exemptions as members of the armed forces. Since the late third century there had usually been at least two emperors, and consequently all central agencies were duplicated, one set in the East, one in the West. In order of precedence, the central agencies of government were as follows:

- The **Master of the Offices**. This was perhaps the most important ministry in the Roman government. The incumbent was truly a sort of "Minister of Everything". Responsibilities included: the Imperial Guard; the Corps of Domestics and Protectors — the army and Public Service's executive pool; the central government's correspondence bureaus; the ushers who controlled access to the palace (they were also used on confidential missions); a network of state-run armament factories; the Inspectorate of the Public Post; the Inspectorate for the Provinces; the Interpreters for all Peoples (i.e. the Ministry of Foreign Affairs); and last, but far from least, the *Agentes in Rebus*. While technically the *Agentes*' job was to act as postal couriers and inspect postal warrants, in practice the School of *Agentes in Rebus* acted as a sort of Office of the Auditor General cum CSIS. Most government offices had a resident Agent to keep an eye on things, and on retirement, *Agentes* were usually assigned as a Chief of Staff to one of the senior Provincial offices. A number of senior clergy of the period were also ex-*Agentes*.
- The **Quaestor** was, in effect, the Minister of Justice, responsible for drafting legislation and legal opinions. The Quaestor's office had no permanent staff; personnel were seconded, as needed, from other

branches, usually from the Master of Offices' correspondence units.

- The **Count of the Sacred Largess** was Minister of National Revenue. He was responsible for collecting, storing and distributing taxes. These were rendered both in cash and in kind (mostly agricultural produce). Collecting and distributing the latter required an extensive network of store houses and transport services. He was also responsible for the factories which produced clothing for the army and ceremonial garments, and for the mints. Circa 400 the western mints included Trier, Lyon, Arles, Rome, Aquila, and Sisca. By 425 only the mint at Rome was still in operation.
- The **Count of the Private Domains** was responsible for administering a wide network of estates which belonged to the Crown. Much of this property had accrued through confiscations of the property of wealthy citizens condemned for treason.
- The **Chief of the Notaries** was responsible for issuing official documents such as the codicils for *Dignitates* (for which a handsome fee was charged). More than mere clerks, Notaries held — in view the perks they could accrue — a very coveted position and were often employed on sensitive security or diplomatic missions.
- The **Count of the Sacred Bedchamber** was in charge of a sort of combined Government House cum PMO. He and most his staff were usually eunuchs. The

Counts controlled direct access to the Emperor, and, as we saw from *Mission to Attila*,¹ sometimes tried to run their own foreign policy.

- The **Master of Bureaus** was in charge of handling and filing official correspondence and petitions. As with many of the other ministries this involved a certain amount of duplication with some of the functions of the Master of Offices.

There were three levels to the provincial administration. At the top were the four Praetorian Prefectures: the Gauls (actually Britain, France, Spain and Morocco); Italy (Italy, the middle Danube and Algeria and Tunisia); Illyricum (the Balkans); and the Orient (everything east of Constantinople). The Praetorian Prefects had originally been the commanders of the Praetorian Guard, but over the course of time the office had become less a military and more a judicial and administrative one. Each Prefecture comprised a number of Dioceses, headed by a *Vicarius*. For example "the Gauls" comprised Britain, two Gallic dioceses and Spain. The Dioceses were in turn subdivided into provinces, much smaller than they had been in the early Empire. Where Britain had been a single province in 200, it now comprised four or five. The provinces were headed by officials bearing the title *Praeses* or *Consularis*. Their main function was judicial; they had been deprived of the military functions at the end of the third century, while most fiscal matters were handled directly by officers reporting to the Count of the Sacred Largess. Provincial governors also had to



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¹ *bout de papier* Vol. 13, No. 3, Fall, 1996

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ensure that the municipalities within their province — which were responsible for collecting taxes and carrying out public works — were properly run, and that their Municipal Councils were up to strength (no easy task — few wanted to be a Councillor, as they were personally liable for any shortfall in tax collection).

The armed forces were divided into two branches: the mobile Field Army (*Comitatenses*) and the Frontier Army (*Limitani*). The former were meant to be a rapid reaction force, the latter were strung out along the border in fortresses and strong points. Larger Field Army formations were commanded by a Master of Soldiers (*Magister Militum*) who either served “in the presence” of the Emperor, or commanded one of the regional armies (Gaul, Illyricum and the East). Smaller regional forces were commanded by Counts (*Comes*); for example, in Britain there was the Count of the Saxon Shore, in charge of maritime forces, and the Count of Britain, who commanded a number of cavalry and light infantry units. The Border troops were divided into regional sectors and the command of Dukes (*Dux*). Field Army units were better paid and usually had the pick of recruits. Increasingly they drew these from barbarians recruited either from outside the Empire (both volunteers and re-badged PoWs)

or from barbarian communities settled on deserted lands inside the Empire. The border troops were raised either by conscription (with ever harsher penalties being issued against those who mutilated themselves to avoid service) or from the sons of veterans (who were required to follow their father's career).

On paper it all looks like a very well balanced force; the frontiers appear strongly guarded by a balanced mix of infantry, cavalry and, where appropriate, naval units. Many of the names of the legions and auxiliary units are ones well known from 300 to 400 years earlier. Indeed, the majority of the legions that existed in AD200 still

maintained some sort of corporate existence in 400. Many other units were more recent, but this reflected both the massive expansion of the army, which had taken place around 300, and its changing operational requirements. For example, numbers of specialized light cavalry regiments were raised to serve on the Syrian frontier, and specialized scouts to patrol the border with

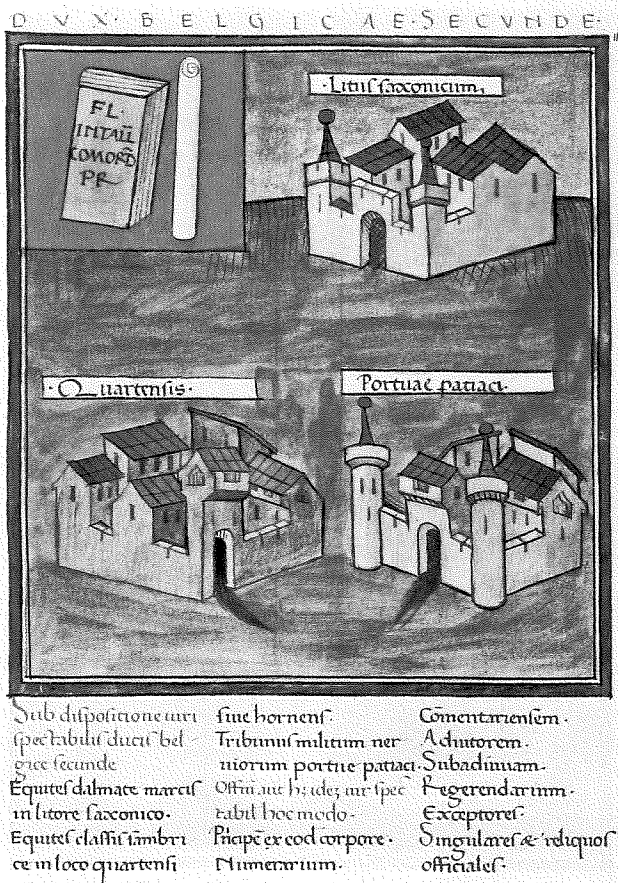
more light infantry. If all these units were up to strength, the Roman Empire must have fielded over 500,000 soldiers, almost 200,000 of them in the Field Army.

On paper, it looked very nice indeed; but something was seriously wrong with the picture — over the course of the fifth century the Western Roman Empire fell apart.

Much ink has been spilled trying to interpret the *Notitia*, particularly the order of battle. From the allocation of prefectures and provinces it shows, the version of the *Notitia* we have was drawn up after 395, with some haphazard revisions down to about 420. There are curious anomalies. Provinces recently subject to major barbarian incursions (indeed some provinces may still have been occupied) show apparently heavily manned border defences, often with units which had been there for centuries. On the other hand, there was a huge gap where the Roman Army of the Rhine should have been; this could reflect the aftermath of recent civil wars or the catastrophe of 31 December 406, when the Vandals, Swabians and Alans crossed the frozen Rhine and overran first Gaul, then Spain, and finally North Africa.

Another anomaly is the apparent strength of the British Army. In 407, finding the Continent isolated by the barbarian invasions, Britain, for the third time in 100 years, declared its own emperor,

Constantine III. While no doubt leaving some sort of garrison behind to ward off Picts, Scots and Saxons, Constantine gathered what troops he could and marched off to liberate Gaul. He was quite successful in dealing with the barbarians, but the central government, far from welcoming this initiative, concentrated its efforts on fighting him, not the Goths (threatening Rome) or Vandals. Indeed, the central government was happy to encourage even more barbarians to enter Roman territory to help defeat him. By 411, Constantine's head was decorating a gatepost, the army he had led to the continent was dispersed or destroyed and Britain had effectively



modern Scotland. Archaeology seems to paint a similar picture of a strongly held frontier — since the late third century the Empire had undertaken massive work reinforcing border defences from the Tyne to the Tigris.

The order of battle of the Field Army likewise displays a balance of heavy infantry drawn from the old legions, elite light infantry battalions levied from various German and Celtic tribes, specialized field artillery units, and a variety of cavalry units ranging from lightly equipped horse archers to heavy armoured cavalry. Formations in the East tended to have more cavalry, those in mountainous regions such as the Balkans

renounced its allegiance to the Empire. Yet, on paper, the British Army appears alive and well and still at its appointed stations, as do the Vicar and governors for the Diocese and provinces of Britain, and the officers in charge of revenue collection and storage in Britain and the imperial workshops there.

Estimates of Roman troop strengths are calculated by totting up the presumed manning levels of known units. In the early Empire, these tend to be confirmed by the size of the fortresses the units occupied.

However, in the third and fourth centuries most forts were heavily remodeled to harden them against barbarian attack. These new model forts could not hold more than a fraction of the nominal forces they contained, particularly when the *Notitia* shows many fortresses hosting more than one unit, often brigading an infantry battalion and a cavalry regiment together. Moreover, archeology shows that despite a flurry of fortification up to the 370s, by the early fifth century many forts in the West were showing signs of falling into

disuse. Units may have been parceled out to outpost towers along the frontier — many strong points have been discovered which are not in the *Notitia*. Some have suggested that many border units may have become little more than a rural militia, receiving lands for military service and called to arms only when under attack. Corruption may also have eroded many units. If positions were left unfilled, the commander could pocket their pay; in fact such perks were, to a certain extent, recognized and regulated. One early fifth century writer castigates the commander of a unit of horse archers: “He sold off their horses, so now they are simply archers.” Even on paper one thing is clear: the status of Rome’s once famed Legions has fallen markedly. Units tracing their origins back to Augustus or Julius Caesar are now parceled out in small detachments along a stretch of river. On the Danube, many were converted to naval flotillas. Other detachments had been assigned to distant Field Armies, never to be replaced and often losing their identity in the process. Greater status was accorded to relatively new units, often bearing the name of some barbarian people. Some Field Army units were, in fact, little more than renamed barbarian war bands. These lacked the training, ethos and commitment of the units of the old army. One such group, dubbed the *Honoriaci* after the Western Emperor, Honorius, was sent to guard the passes of the Pyrenees to keep the Vandals out of Spain. Instead, they literally “sold the pass” and the Vandals overran Spain, before moving on to seize the richest province in the Western Empire — Africa.

Despite their nominal military status, the civilian bureaucracy, which was responsible for collecting the taxes and supplies needed to maintain Rome’s armies, often had little sympathy for the troops in the field. Their attitude was typified by the famous quip uttered by one Finance Minister, Ursulus. Surveying the ruins of the fortress town of Amida (Dyirbakir) where in 359 several thousand Roman soldiers had fought to the death trying to fend off an Iranian attack — the town fell, but Iranian losses were so high that their king, Shapur II, called off his offensive — Ursulus commented: “Look at the courage of our troops, whose



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pay exhausts the Empire." Ursulus did not survive the next *coup d'état*. The super rich senatorial class, from whom much of the senior bureaucracy came to be drawn, were particularly skilled in delaying their tax payments until the government granted an amnesty. They were also loath to release their tenants for military service. The signs of a decline in the western defences may reflect a growing lack of resources being committed to their upkeep and manning. This was exacerbated by losses suffered in a number of costly civil and foreign wars in the late fourth century.

Civil war may have had another effect, at least in the Western Empire. Between 305 and 407 there were no less than six major attempts by commanders of regional armies to seize the Imperial throne — three mounted from Britain, three from Gaul. Two of these usurpations succeeded and in three other cases the legitimate emperor was killed in the process. Not only did these civil wars erode Rome's military resources, they further deepened the central agencies' distrust of the army. Rather than entrusting the defence of distant frontier provinces to costly and turbulent regular army units, a cheaper solution was to out source it to barbarian warlords, who were assumed to have no imperial ambitions.

Increasingly, therefore, fifth century Roman generals in the West had to rely on barbarian "contract employees" to fight their battles. In exchange for their military support, barbarian bands were settled inside the Empire and allotted land or tax revenues for income to support them. Almost invariably the barbarian leaders would eventually seek to expand their area of control. As more and more territory fell under barbarian control, the Western Empire's ability to raise taxes and support its regular military establishment declined even further. Starved of men and pay, the Roman Army of the West withered away. By 476, the western government controlled little more than Italy, and even there mostly relied on various barbarian bands for its defence. Odovacar, their Commander, himself a barbarian, had a falling out with Orestes, the Master of Offices (and father of the nominal emperor, Romulus) over pay and conditions. Odovacar decided to

end the charade, Orestes was executed, and Romulus packed off to a country estate. His insignia of office was sent to Constantinople with a note stating that there was no further need for a Western Emperor.

Amazingly, even as the Western Empire withered away, a few units of the old Roman Army were still clinging to the upper Danube, in what is now Bavaria and western Austria. The last remnant of the IX Batavian Cohort — which 400 years earlier had helped conquer Britain — remained at its base in Batavis (Passau). This was partly because a holy man, Saint Severinus, had rallied them into staying on. Writing in the early sixth century, Severinus' hagiographer describes the end of the Roman Army in the West:

So long as the Roman dominion lasted, soldiers were maintained in many towns at the public expense to guard the frontier. When this custom ceased, the squadrons of soldiers and the frontier were blotted out together. The troop at Batavis, however, held out. Some soldiers of this troop had gone to Italy to fetch the final pay to their comrades, and no one knew that the

barbarians had slain them on the way. One day, as Saint Severinus was reading in his cell, he suddenly closed the book and began to sigh greatly and to weep. He ordered the bystanders to run out with haste to the river Inn, which he declared was in that hour besprinkled with human blood; and straightway word was brought that the bodies of the soldiers mentioned above had been brought to land by the current of the river.

And so they learnt — the Centre had fallen apart and things no longer could be held. ☹

Roger Lucy recently retired after 33 years with External/Foreign Affairs. As well as postings in Chicago, Tehran, Oslo and Port of Spain, he has survived two secondments and several reorganizations of the various units to which he belonged. Roger was three times awarded a Rhoma prize for his Bout articles on "dark age diplomacy." Roger welcomes your comments, questions and suggestions for future articles — he can be contacted at galea.hortus@sympatico.ca

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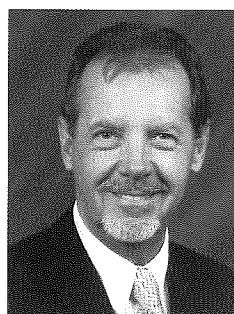
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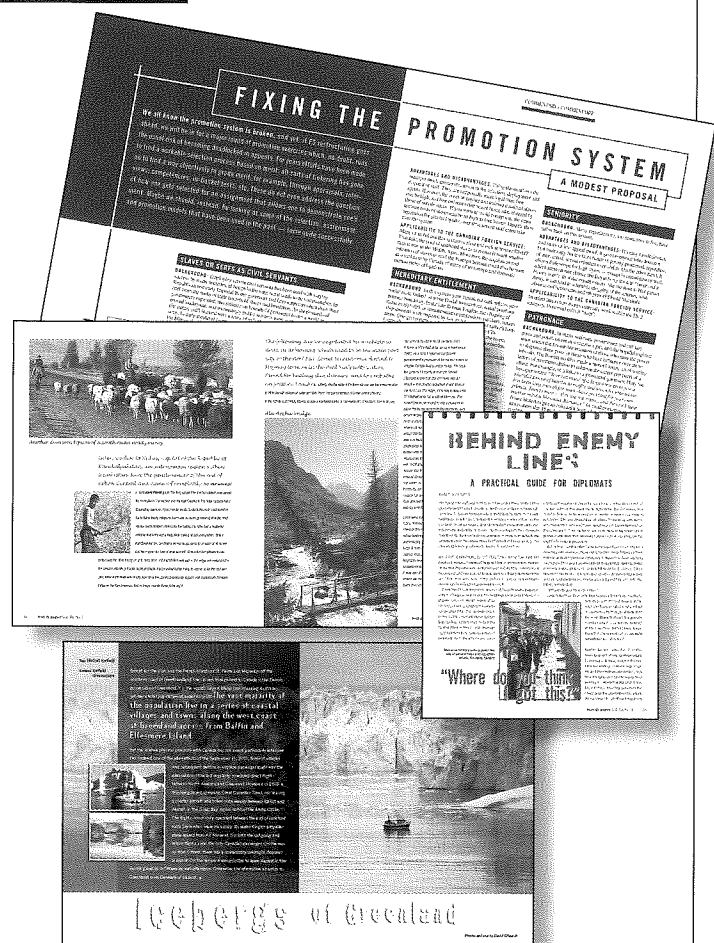
Chaque année, lors de la cérémonie de remise, l'ACMAR décerne un prix pour le « meilleur article » dans **bout de papier** par un agent FS ou son conjoint ou sa conjointe. Le lauréat ou la lauréate reçoit un exemplaire encadré de son article, accompagné d'un prix en espèces de 500 \$. Le prix a pour objet de promouvoir le maintien de l'excellence en rédaction dans le service extérieur et se veut un incitatif supplémentaire aux contributions à **bout de papier**.

Roger Lucy is the winner of the Retired Heads of Mission Association prize for the best article in **bout de papier** in 2004. His winning article, *Fixing The Promotion System — A Modest Proposal*, appeared in Volume 20, No. 4.

Also honoured:

David Edwards — Honourable Mentions for photography — *A visit to the 'Stans* Vol. 20, No. 1, and *Icebergs of Greenland* Vol. 20, No. 2. Nicholas Coghlan — Honourable Mention for *Behind Enemy Lines* Vol. 20, No. 4.

The selection panel was composed of RHOMA members Dwight Fulford, John Graham and Michael Shenstone.



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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

Spy, A Handbook

Reviewed by Kurt Jensen

Tests of Global Governance: Canadian Diplomacy and United Nations World Conferences,

Reviewed by Jan Ferguson

Coming of Age in Arabia

Reviewed by Patricia Marsden-Dole

SPY, A HANDBOOK, by Harry Ferguson, London: Bloomsbury, 2004, 268 pp, index. \$12.99.

Kurt F. Jensen is Deputy Director of Foreign Intelligence. He has recently completed a PhD involving the early history of Canada's foreign intelligence capability. He has served in Stockholm, Bonn, Port of Spain and Boston.

Notwithstanding the name of this book, *Spy* contains insights which may be of interest to those practicing the ancient art of diplomacy. Diplomacy is increasingly about information. Information is power — or, at least, it often provides a strategic advantage. Similarly, when reporting on events in a foreign country a critical objective is often to attain insight about national motivation. An “edge” in discussions/negotiations often comes from an understanding of the other side's goals, limitations and strategy.

In intelligence, as in diplomacy, a key goal is to understand what makes the host country “tick.” This has become of greater importance in the past half century as we are dealing with an increasing number of nations which do not share closely linked socio-cultural perspectives.

This book was prepared as an accompanying text for the BBC television series *Spy*. Although produced as part of the marketing strategy for the series, *Spy* contains a great deal of insightful information into the training of people involved in intelligence work. Some of this training, or at least some considerations to think about, can be of value to diplomats as well.

The book recounts what it takes to be a spy and opens with short but decent descriptions of the requisite skills: resourcefulness, observation

skills, nerve, empathy, and discretion. Nothing radically different, so far, from skills needed for your average diplomat.

One of the strengths of the book, to this reviewer, was the source development segments. Don't be fooled by “spy speak”. Source development can be nothing more complex than the routine work of diplomats, developing contacts who are available to answer questions or provide insights on issues in support of preparing diplomatic reports. When read in this context, the book presents insights

into the motivations of persons who can be helpful. More importantly, the book provides a good description of the psychological considerations used in elicitation (getting contacts to tell you things), where a fine line is maintained between encouragement and passivity, as well as an understanding of body language and its impact on communications. The book, however, falls short by providing insufficient insights into the impact of differing cultures on communications and developing contacts.

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The book is a quick read — many photographs from the TV series increase the number of pages. A quick scan by those practicing the art of diplomacy can open up new approaches to the job. One need not read the book for its intelligence insights but, rather, for what it tells the reader about meeting people and having them tell you things which help you understand a foreign country and a foreign environment.

For those wanting to read the book for insights into the grey and murky world of intelligence, *Spy* provides a snapshot of the sort of training associated with intelligence. Much of this type of information is also available in other publications. What makes this book unique is that it attempts to tie a curriculum for the training of intelligence operatives with the real-life experience of eight persons of both sexes and widely differing ages, who are selected from more than 5,000 persons who answered queries placed innocuously in the media and on business cards placed in pubs. The book records the training of the selected candidates as well as their experiences in carrying out some of the practice modules. Those carrying out the training have the appropriate backgrounds in SIS, CIA, and other organizations and have constructed a sensible curriculum for the mock induction of the eight selected persons into the world of spy tradecraft.

The training program is well conceived and one commiserates with the poor students; they are provided only brief insights into different skill requirements before being sent out to demonstrate to what extent they have mastered the details, as well as to test their ingenuity and native affinity for intelligence-related work. Some of the exercises have comic results as when one student is on a "stake-out" during which he keeps his vehicle's heater running (it's cold) only to deplete the battery and have to telephone the Automobile Association (British CAA) for assistance when required to start the engine and follow the "suspect." Less comic results would have resulted if the student had acted in a similar fashion in more hostile environments.

The book also provides a short summary of intelligence and what its many activities include, such as the types of intelligence which are collected (SIGINT, HUMINT, MASINT, etc.). Anecdotes enliven the text to make a topic which can be dry more easily digestible. The book provides quick snapshots of the skill sets of persons working in intelligence, whether related to security, foreign intelligence or the more technical

trades. For those looking for insight into what might be contained in a training program for prospective "spies" the book is short, informative and quite interesting.

TESTS OF GLOBAL GOVERNANCE: CANADIAN DIPLOMACY AND UNITED NATIONS WORLD CONFERENCES, by Andrew F. Cooper, UN University Press, 2004.

Ian Ferguson is currently Minister and Deputy Permanent Representative at the Canadian Permanent Mission to the UN in Geneva. He has served abroad in Nigeria, South Africa, Syria, Senegal, France, and Brazil.

Andrew Cooper's welcome book fills a gap in Canadian foreign policy literature, linking UN thematic conferences to global governance and "new diplomacy" involving non-state actors. While noting the detachment generally shown for UN summits by Prime Minister Chrétien, in contrast to Prime Minister Mulroney's activism and the often fragile relations with civil society, Cooper gives credit for the industry and skill of Canada's foreign service. Cooper is Professor of Political Science at the University of Waterloo and Associate Director of the Centre for International Governance Innovation.

Cooper considers Canada as both a representative and unique case. He argues that our relative decline as a global security broker was compensated by a quick adjustment of Canadian diplomacy to enhance our role as "a good international citizen and status-seeker." As a comfortable "UN insider," Canada often showed flexibility and creativity in striking partnerships with NGOs. His main contention is that UN conferences have played a role in bending the rules of and patterns of diplomatic interaction. He argues that Canada's international negotiating techniques and tolerance for debate offer a model for how foreign policy should be structured.

Cooper reminds us that the development of thematic UN world conferences is a relatively recent trend. Few were held during the early Cold War period. Those held in the 1970s and 1980s suffered from the intrusion of East-West and Middle East political issues and played lesser roles in developing progressive international standards. The role of civil society was restricted.

UN conferences rose to the top of the international policy agenda during the post-Cold War transition with the 1990 New

York World Summit for Children, the 1993 Vienna Conference on Human Rights, the 1992 Rio Conference on Environment and Development, the 1994 Cairo Conference on Population and Development, the 1995 Copenhagen Summit on Social Development, the 1995 Beijing Women's Conference and the 2001 Durban World Conference Against Racism. As Cooper notes, a great deal of thematic continuity can be traced through these events though each had its own mix of issues and personalities.

The growing role of NGOs is well tracked and assessed against each event. Last-minute and pro-forma Canadian domestic consultations grew over the 70s and 80s as documented by Cooper. He also provides an interesting chapter comparing Foreign Affairs' management of conferences, drawing comparisons between the sustainable development and human rights sectors, looking at rivalries with other departments, and comparing the composition and success of the different NGO caucuses and the growing interaction between NGOs and governments. The three main environmental conferences: Stockholm (1972), Rio (1992) and Johannesburg (2002) each created successive new benchmarks in terms of NGO involvement. Human rights, disarmament, and women's NGOs were not far behind in securing space and legitimacy. These changes paralleled domestic and international trends towards more transparent decision-making as well as legal developments (e.g. adoption of *Canadian Charter of Rights*). As any diplomat posted to a multilateral organization can attest, the role of NGOs remains sensitive and is frequently tested.

Cooper devotes an interesting chapter to the respective leaderships of Prime Minister Mulroney and Prime Minister Chrétien, suggesting Mr. Mulroney was more of an activist (e.g. Summit for Children, Rio Summit for Sustainable Development) and more willing to seize opportunities and commit resources. He postulates that Mr. Chrétien was more selective in his engagement, preferring smaller summits focussed on specific issues where he could engage one-on-one (G8, APEC, NATO, Summit of the Americas) and noting that he did not attend the 1995 World Summit on Social Development, which attracted 117 leaders.

Another chapter assesses the theme of sharing sovereignty in light of the role of Canadian indigenous peoples in the lead-up to the 1993 Vienna Conference on Human

Rights. Cooper does not give high marks to our diplomatic performance. Reading today, it is striking how far Canada and the UN have come in terms of engaging with indigenous groups and how defensive our positions were little more than a decade ago. The Chapter on the Cairo Population Conference demolishes Huntington's thesis about a clash of civilisations by pointing out the many cross-cultural alliances which in fact put moderate Islamic women players (e.g. Pakistan's Benazir Butto and UNFPA's Nafis Sadik) on opposite sides of issues with the Vatican and USA. The Beijing Women's Conference receives the most thorough and interesting assessment in terms of the increasingly massive and active role of women's NGOs as well as the cross-cutting, cross-regional and shifting alliances, the role of the Chinese Government, the teamwork of Canadian "femocrats" (Cooper's term) from Foreign Affairs, Status of Women Canada, and CIDA.

The final section deals with the Durban Conference on Racism (2001) and its sad proceedings. His analysis of the domestic Canadian process and of the divisions among NGOs and personalities appears sound. But Cooper does not bring out the behind-the-scenes roles played at Durban by High Commissioner for Human Rights Mary Robinson and the European Union Presidency (Belgium) in reaching the final, and ultimately unsatisfactory, outcome for Canada.

Cooper's book might have benefited from more interviews with practitioners involved in UN conferences: diplomats, NGOs, secretariat officials. (While some material may be based on interviews, none are cited in the notes or bibliography.) He does not address the impact of the Internet in facilitating networking by NGOs, nor their growing skills and reputations as credible spokespersons. He does not focus at all on the growing role of the European Union in such conferences. With a few exceptions, he does not assess the extent to which these conferences acted as catalysts for domestic policy change. My experience has been that they do indeed oblige Canadian authorities to address difficult issues with departments and provinces in order to get our international act together. Such exercises can lead to lasting changes or, for example, early ratification of new international instruments, domestic legal changes, additional resource commitments, and improved consultative machinery. These themes would be other fertile areas for

academic research and would, I believe, confirm the value of such UN gatherings. Admittedly one book cannot address all issues and Cooper has already surveyed an enormous subject.

COMING OF AGE IN ARABIA — A MEMOIR OF ADEN BEFORE THE TERROR, by Tom Henighan, Ottawa, Canada, Penumbra Press, 2004.

Patricia Marsden-Dole retired from DFAIT in 2003 and is now having fun working on a second Master's degree, electoral reform, corporate consulting, editorial work, etc etc.

A must-read for all foreign service officers whose first overseas assignment at a tender age included consular and political work. Tom Henighan, Professor Emeritus of English at Carleton University, begins his story "Who at age twenty-two, in good health and full of curiosity about the world would want to be at home?" In his story he describes himself as one of the first 'commoners' in the officer corps of the US State Department of the late 1950s. His first posting is captured within these bookends, an innocent maturing abroad within the confines of an elitist institution in transition.

Tom's first big consular case came early — a dead body to be identified by family and then buried in Aden. Tom was left with the decision to force the body into a poorly estimated local coffin by breaking the legs! His first murder involved an American military transport ship whose atmosphere of terror had been neatly spelled out in the Captain's telegram to the consulate. His consular investigation of the crew carried out under an army guard initially met all of Tom's expectations of childhood mystery stories but proved at its conclusion to be a step into maturity as he came to understand that fear, ambiguity, and desire coexist in real stories.

An unexpected exotic political adventure came his way with the order to report on the condition of three imprisoned Arab nationalist leaders biding their time in a distant island prison off the horn of Africa. This was the image Tom harboured of life in the foreign service — escape from everyday office routine and a dreary social life — this was more like living! The prime object of his lengthy journey was found grinning in a dust blown barbed wire enclosure while having his hair cut, a ritual which captured for Tom the complete absurdity of the British Imperial style with its mixture of jocular and ruthlessness. The return

air trip confirmed his impressions shared as it was with the local sultan and the official executioner of the Sultanate.

The last days of Empire are recalled in his amusing memory of an informal dinner with the British Resident Adviser in Mukalla — Alastair McIntosh — '... looking like a fat pink groundhog on its hind legs ...' who might have inspired Monty Python skits with his daily dose of gin and mid-meeting naps.

The serious reader looking for some hint of the Yemen of today's war on terror will find scattered throughout the book several good recollections of the slow nationalist project under way since the late fifties. By that time the British were already looking for a middle way between Arab aspirations for self rule and their continuing Imperial presence while the Chinese and Russians were also looking out for their future interests in the region. The US Consulate in Aden soon found itself acting as a transshipment post for materials destined to the establishment of a permanent US presence in Yemen to counteract these intrusive new interests.

At this juncture Tom's boss passed on to Tom his more senior responsibility as signing officer for the transshipments. That should have been a signal to Tom of trouble ahead in their relationship! Tom, who had earlier dismissed some wise and very clear advice from a friendly local program administrator that he salaam his boss more often, was now working his way into the damning appraisal that would lead to his decision to resign from the US State Department and later seek his fortune further north among us. The secretive appraisal system of the 1950s makes good historical reading for all those who saw our own system change to the quasi-negotiated performance appraisal system of the twenty-first century. Many readers will know Tom personally for his work in Canadian Studies and will therefore be familiar with his cheerful and amusing presence, a presence which everyone can now enjoy vicariously as you share your memories with those of his short career in our shoes.

Coming of Age in Arabia has just been released by Penumbra Press in Manotick, the publishers also of James Bartleman's *Out of Muskoka* and Senator Landon Pearson's *Letters from Moscow*, both released in 2004. Tom Henigan's and the other books are available at independent book sellers in the National Capital Region; e.g. Nicholas Hoare, Place Bell Books. ☺

Confronting Evil:

Georges Vanier's Visit to Buchenwald

Sixty years ago, Canada's Ambassador to France, General Georges P. Vanier, joined an American congressional group which was travelling to the liberated concentration camp at Buchenwald, near Weimar, Germany. Vanier's initial purpose had been to determine the fate of three Canadians who had been sent there during the war. What he witnessed at Buchenwald so horrified Vanier that he not only reported back to the government in a despatch but he also broadcast to the Canadian people in order to counteract the impression among some people in Canada that stories of the horrors inflicted by Nazi Germany on the people of Europe, especially its Jewish population, had been exaggerated by wartime propaganda. For Vanier, a devout Christian as well as a veteran, it was essential to bear witness for others to the evil that he had seen, which he knew was only one part of a larger and more gruesome picture. The Director of the CBC, Gladstone Murray, wrote to Vanier that the speech was "superbly drafted, perfectly delivered. A very deep impression was made on public opinion here." Unfortunately, surveys of popular views in Canada after the war suggest that sympathy for the victims of Nazi Germany was not sustained, in spite of Vanier's eloquence.

As scholars have noted, the overall response of Canadians and their government to the plight of Jewish

refugees and then to the horrors of the Holocaust was lamentably characterized by indifference and inaction, even when more became known about the fate of the Jews and, as Vanier notes, that of other victims of Nazi rule. In that context, Vanier is a noble and notable exception, first as an advocate for refugees early in the war, then as an exceptional proponent of a more open door to the survivors of the Holocaust in its aftermath. When considering the estimates of deaths by Vanier, readers should recall that Buchenwald was originally constructed as a concentration camp rather than an extermination camp. At Auschwitz-Birkenau, by contrast, it is estimated that over two million Jews and nearly two million non-Jews (including Soviet prisoners-of-war) were murdered.

In recognition of the sixtieth anniversary of the end of one of the darkest chapters in world history, *bout de papier* reproduces below the despatch and the text of the broadcast by Georges Vanier. Although there are some duplications of content and language, these accounts convey different aspects of Vanier's reaction and his effort to put into words what he had seen. The original documents are on file 1426-P-40, part 1, in the records of the Department of External Affairs (RG25) at the Library and Archives of Canada. Minor corrections or clarifications appear within square brackets.

Hector Mackenzie

**Canadian Ambassador, Paris,
to Secretary of State for External Affairs, Ottawa,
No. 548, 27th April, 1945.**

Sir,

Will you please refer to my telegram No. 299, dated 24th April, which relates to my visit to Buchenwald camp.

2. In company with eight members of the United States Congress, I left London for Weimar on Sunday morning, the 22nd April. The names of the Congressmen, and of the States for which they sit, follow:

Marion T. BENNETT, Springfield, Illinois
Gordon CANFIELD, Paterson, New Jersey
Henry M. JACKSON, Everett, Washington
Carter MANASCO, Jasper, Alabama
Albert RAINS, 5th District Alabama, Gadsden, Alabama
Francis E. WALTER, Easton, Pennsylvania
Earl WILSON, Huron, Indiana
Eugene WORLEY, Shannock, Texas

Half were Democrats, the others Republicans, but whatever their political differences may have been, they were of one mind and one will after the visit, about the

necessity for taking any measures, however drastic, which might be required to prevent a recurrence of crimes against humanity.

3. My reasons for going to the camp were to enquire into and to obtain all available information on Canadians who had been interned there, and to make sure also that there were no others among the remaining 20,000 ex-prisoners.

4. We had luncheon in the plane and on arrival at Weimar drove direct to the camp where we spent some hours and were shown over by the American officers in charge. The camp of Buchenwald is situated near a former zoological garden, some five miles from Weimar, where Goethe and Schiller lived and died. The approach is by a road flanked on either side by beautiful trees — pines and chestnuts. It is an idyllic drive which makes the horrible contrast at the end of the journey all the more revolting. The camp was built in 1937 by political prisoners to accommodate themselves. In the first place it was designed to hold 8,000 but when liberation came on the 11th April there were almost 60,000 inhabitants.

5. The official figure given in the camp register of deaths during the months of January, February,

March and the first ten days of April of this year, was 18,485. The condition of the internees was such that an average of 60 deaths occurred daily for a week or more following liberation. The number who died at Buchenwald altogether will never be established — well over 50,000, it may be 100,000.

6. We visited the death chambers and saw the quadruple electric lifts on which bodies were raised to the ovens of the crematorium above. In the ovens, the blackened forms of bodies still lay. We saw also the noise-making machine which drowned the screams of the unfortunate victims. We were told that the death quota for the camp was 80 a day. Facilities existed for the easy, continuous cremation of that many. This quota was often exceeded, however, which accounted apparently for the naked bodies, piled like so much cord wood, and on which lime was thrown. We saw some of these emaciated, bruised and blood-stained bodies.

7. In the improvised hospitals were hundreds of men, some with running sores, their bodies so devoid of flesh that they could not lie for long in one position. Some who were able to stand were little more than skin and bone. One marvelled how the knee and ankle joints held together.

8. We saw several hundred children, most of them Polish Jews; some had been in prison camps for years. Those of ten and over worked as slave labourers on munitions. Not one, so far as I know, had any idea of where his parents were; in view of the barbarous treatment inflicted on Poles and Jews by the Germans, it is probable that all have been done to death.

9. A lampshade was found — and this I saw — made from tattooed human skin.

10. There is a famous oak tree at Buchenwald, beneath which Goethe wrote some of his poems. The German gaolers found nothing better than to make of it a gibbet for hanging men by the armpits with their hands tied behind their backs.

11. Shortly after liberation a memorial service was held to honour the dead. This, in part, is the declaration made by the living: "We are assembled here to honour our dead comrades — shot, hanged, trampled down, slain, choked, starved, drowned, poisoned, tortured. The thought that kept us alive, as we saw with helpless rage our comrades fall, was that the day of vengeance would come." Yes, indeed, the seeds of hate sown by the Germans throughout the world, and more especially in Europe, are such that generations must pass before the grim harvest of revenge will be checked.

12. One is forced to the conviction that those who did these horrible things saw nothing wrong in them; perhaps they were actually proud of their efficiency in producing death. These Germans are not as other humans, they are Satanic. Though they have a veneer of Christianity, deep down they must still be barbarians — in saying this one is unfair to the barbarian because there is a scientific refinement about these horrors which barbarians, uncouth and wild, living in a primitive state, could not invent.

13. After visiting the camp with the Congressmen I went to the Records Office to obtain whatever information I could with regard to the Canadians who were reported as having been executed at the camp in September of last year. I was shown a list of French, British and Canadian nationals, upon which were the following names and information:-

9636 JOHN MACALISTER.

Date of birth 9-7-1924 Guelph (Advocat)

8738 GUY SABOURIN.

Date of birth 1-1-1923 Montreal (Officer)

9992 FRANK PICKERSGILL.

Date of birth 28-5-1915 Winnipeg.

The list purported to be a record of the arrivals on the 27th August, 1944. The names were of men who had been doing special work, for example, the transmission of clandestine messages after having been parachuted, etc. They were known as the Robert Benoist group. I did not find any list which indicated that these men had been executed but I was told that the "X" opposite each of the above three names afforded proof of such execution. As a matter of fact the records are most incomplete, many of them were either taken away or destroyed before the camp was liberated. I was assured, however, by a Captain Simms, sent by S.O.E. to investigate, that there could be no doubt that these men had been executed. There were a few names (but not of Canadians) on the list, opposite which no "X" appeared and about which there is some doubt.

14. I found an ex-prisoner who was able to give me some information. His name is Richard Rendl, an Austrian, whose permanent address is Sobieskigasse 9, Vienna IX: present address — Buchenwald Camp. He saw the three Canadians arrive at the camp. They were hand-cuffed and in civilian clothes. They were given other civilian clothes later but not the usual gray striped clothes of other prisoners. Rendl was quite sure that the three had been executed. He did not remember the exact date. They had been in Block No. 17 which was called the Quarantine Block. It was

normal for them to be housed there because they were new arrivals and all newcomers were taken there. He saw them quite often up to and including the evening before they were executed. They were always in good humour, apparently not suspecting for a moment that they would be killed.

Rendl reported that allied bombs fell in the camp towards the end of August (there was a factory nearby in which some of the prisoners worked). A few days later he heard Frank Pickersgill joking and wishing to wager a thousand pounds that they would all be home by Christmas.

Rendl said that the following, who knew the Canadians, might possibly be able to give further information:

Christopher Burney and Major Southgate, who had already left for the United Kingdom. (I have asked S.O.E. representatives in Paris to let me have their addresses so that I may write to them);

Lieutenant Alfred Norman and Mr. Henry Norman (brothers), Box 574, Wimpole Street Post Office, London, or The Esquire Club, 214, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Later I visited the French prisoners and deportees who were still in the camp. There were about 1,600 of them. Gilbert Schwartz, a Militant Communist, and Mademoiselle Anne de Lassus St. Geniès, a French Assistante Sociale, accompanied me. I gave them a message of sympathy and affection in their suffering from the people of Canada, and of admiration for the courage with which they bore the agony of imprisonment. Both Schwartz and Mademoiselle de Lassus St. Geniès asked me to transmit messages to M. Frenay, Minister for Prisoners and Deportees. These I delivered on my return to Paris.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Georges P. Vanier
Canadian Ambassador

BUCHENWALD CONCENTRATION CAMP

Broadcast by the Honourable Major General Georges P. Vanier, Canadian Ambassador to France, over the Trans-Canada Network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation May 1st, 1945, rebroadcast May 2nd, 1945

I have been to Germany — to the camp of Buchenwald, one of the many Nazi prisons for political deportees. You know this camp already from the accounts and the photographs you have seen in the press, but perhaps you

could not bring yourself to believe what you read and saw. To many of you listening in Canada I am known. May I ask you to take my word that these things, however, ghastly, are true. My reason for going was to enquire into and to obtain all available information on any Canadians who had been interned in the camp and to make sure also that none remained among the 20,000 ex-prisoners who were still there. I had the privilege of accompanying a party of American Congressmen. They were a real cross-section of their country — they came from the States of Washington, Alabama, Texas, Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; half were Democrats, the others Republicans. Whatever their political differences may have been, they were of one mind and one will about the necessity for taking any and all measures, however drastic, which might be required to prevent a recurrence of such crimes against humanity.

The camp at Buchenwald is situated near a former zoological garden, some five miles from Weimar where Goethe and Schiller lived and died. The approach is by road flanked on either side by beautiful trees — pines and chestnuts. It is an idyllic drive which makes the horrible contrast at the end of the journey all the more revolting. The camp was built in 1937 by political prisoners to accommodate themselves. How deaf we were then to the stories of cruelty and the cries of pain which came to our ears, grim forerunners of the mass torture and murder which were to follow. In the first place the camp was designed to hold 8,000, but when liberation came on the 11th April there were almost 60,000 inhabitants. On arrival my first impression was "This is Babel — the place of many tongues". The beaten, the sick, the half living, the dying of many lands were gathered together here, a living testimonial to the shame of Germany. They bore witness, these men of all Europe, against the German nation whose sins cry to heaven. Shortly after liberation a memorial service was held to honour the dead. This, in part, is the declaration made by the living — "We are assembled here to honour our dead comrades, shot, hanged, trampled down, slain, choked, starved, drowned, poisoned, tortured. The thought that kept us alive as we saw with helpless rage our comrades fall was that the day of vengeance would come". Yes, indeed, the seeds of hate sown by the Germans throughout the world and more especially in Europe are such that generations must pass before the grim harvest of revenge will be checked.

I shall let facts speak for themselves. Here are some. The official figure given in the camp register of deaths during the months of January, February, March and the first ten days of April of this year was 18,485. Deaths, mark you! The equivalent of a town wiped out in three

months, ten days. The condition of the internees was such that an average of 60 deaths occurred daily for a week or more following the liberation. The number who died at Buchenwald altogether will never be established — well over 50,000 — it may be 100,000. We visited the death chamber and saw the quadruple electric lifts on which bodies were raised to the ovens of the crematorium above. In the ovens blackened forms of bodies still lay. We saw also the noise-making machine which drowned the screams of the unfortunate victims when they were being done to death prior to cremation. How considerate were the executioners! We were told that the death quota for the camp was 80 a day. Facilities existed for the easy continuous cremation of that many. This quota was often exceeded which accounted for the naked bodies piled like so much cord wood and sprinkled with lime which were found when the liberating troops arrived. We saw some of the emaciated, bruised and blood-stained bodies. In the improvised hospitals were hundreds of men, some with running sores, their bodies so devoid of flesh that they could not lie for long in one position. Some who were able to stand were little more than skin and bone. One marvelled how the knee and ankle joints held together. We saw several hundred children, most of them Polish Jews. Some had been in prison camps for years. Those of ten and over worked as slave labourers on munitions. Not one, so far as I know, had any idea of where his parents were; in view of the barbarous treatment inflicted on Poles and Jews by the Germans, it is probable that all are dead. A lampshade was found — and this I saw — made from tattooed human's skin for the sadistic pleasure of a Nazi Commandant's wife.

There is a famous oak tree at Buchenwald beneath which Goethe wrote some of his poems. The German jailers found nothing better than to make of the tree a gibbet for hanging men by the armpits with their hands tied behind their backs. In the city of Weimar, one was struck by the apparent indifference or apathy of the German inhabitants. The impression created was that army methods, however inhuman, were no concern of theirs; they simply formed part of the war's general pattern. Our world of today which has had an opportunity of hearing this atrocity against mankind must pause and take account. In this camp of Buchenwald [is] written a record of infamy which time can neither atone nor efface. One is forced to the conviction that those who did these horrible things saw nothing wrong in them. Perhaps they were actually proud of their efficiency in producing death. They are not as other human beings — they are Satanic. They have a veneer of civilization. Deep down they must still be barbarians and, in saying this, one is unfair to

the barbarians, because there is a scientific refinement about these horrors which barbarians, uncouth and wild, living in a primitive state, could not invent. Since the very beginning many have considered that this war was really a Crusade, that it was a struggle between Christendom and Satandom, that the Nazi cross was erected against Christ's Cross and that Christ Himself was being defied — but many did not believe it, and now they must believe. Our fighting men know, as they never knew before, why they are fighting, why some of their comrades have been killed and why others bear wounds. They realize that every sacrifice is worthwhile if at the end this spirit of evil is crushed.

During my visit I took the opportunity of visiting and speaking to the French political deportees, some 1600 of them. I gave them, from the people of Canada, a message of sympathy and affection in their suffering and of admiration for the courage with which they bore the agony of imprisonment. These are sad days indeed for France. It is true that the stream of prisoners and political deportees flows westward and that many happy reunions are taking place, but tens of thousands are not returning. Relatives and friends in France are only now beginning to learn the awful truth. The hopes which formerly sustained them are in many cases being shattered. To quote one example. A friend of ours whose parents and two brothers were deported to Germany by the Gestapo has just heard that her Mother died last October and her Father this February, and she has no news yet of her brothers. At the airport and the railway stations each returning prisoner has a tale of sorrow to tell. A few days ago my wife spoke to a political deportee whose wife and children had been put through a gas chamber in Germany. He said in a listless sort of way "I suppose I should consider myself lucky to be alive, I am only a Jew." What an indictment of a nation which calls itself Christian!

What conclusions can we draw. As I gazed on the scenes of degradation and shame which I have described, I felt that people who could commit such crimes held a fundamentally different conception of human life. We believe in the infinite worth of each individual soul and that Christ came on earth to save each one of us by name. "He, Son of God, became man". No more glorious consecration could He have given us, but to them who treat human beings with less respect than the beasts, there can be nothing God-like in man. They cannot believe in the Soul. And this is the essence of the problem — therein lies the danger; far greater than the danger engendered by ambition for political power and territorial aggrandizement. Unless and until Germany shapes her national life on the principles of the Gospel, she cannot be trusted. ☸

Rollercoaster

***Extracts from James Bartleman's Account of His Years
as the Prime Minister's Foreign Policy Advisor***

*Readers of **bout de papier** need no introduction to James Bartleman, currently the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and formerly a member of the Canadian foreign service, as well as an advisor for four years to Prime Minister Jean Chrétien on Canada's international relations. The passages reprinted below are taken from Mr. Bartleman's most recent book, *Rollercoaster: My Hectic Years as Jean Chrétien's Diplomatic Advisor, 1994–1998*. As with his earlier memoirs, *Out of Muskoka* and *On Six Continents*, this account is distinguished by elegant prose, frank observations, critical judgment and humour (often at the author's expense). For reasons of space, it was only possible to provide a few examples from many possible of what readers may expect from this volume. Unfortunately, that meant that we were unable to include the farcical visit of Li Peng to Canada nor to reproduce at length the advisor's unique*

*perspective on the Great Lakes Crisis of 1996. Saddest of all, it was not possible to offer more than a brief excerpt from the remarkable story of the prime ministerial visit to Cuba and the peculiar role in that tragicomedy assigned to the author by Fidel Castro. As the extracts and the rest of the book eloquently attest, the boundary between the professional and the personal in such work may not always be as clear as one would wish — whatever challenges that may have posed for the author, it certainly adds to the enjoyment for the reader. *Rollercoaster: My Hectic Years as Jean Chrétien's Diplomatic Advisor, 1994–1998* by James K. Bartleman is published by McClelland & Stewart Ltd., The Canadian Publishers, with whose kind permission the following extracts are reproduced.*

Hector Mackenzie

... ***Called on the Carpet***

Before we left Mexico an unhappy Jean Pelletier gave me some less than fatherly advice. The advisor, and no one else, not even the local ambassador, was responsible for ensuring that the prime minister was properly briefed each morning during trips abroad! The advisor, and no one else, must prepare the prime minister for each of the meetings he would have in the course of an official visit, remaining close to him at all times to be of assistance during discussions! The advisor, and no one else, was to provide the substance for press releases on foreign-policy developments! The advisor, and no one else, furnished definitive government positions on foreign-policy matters to the press! The PMO, he said, was composed of a limited number of officers, each with major domestic responsibilities. Not one of them had my foreign-policy background; all had been instructed not to meddle in foreign affairs, which was my exclusive sphere of authority. No one had intervened to help me since it was up to me to take charge. Everyone on the prime minister's team, and that included Jim Bartleman, had to produce or get out!

At least I knew where I stood. There would be no breaking-in period for me.

I returned to my lonely house in Ottawa, my tail between my legs, regretting that this wisdom had not been given to me at the beginning rather than at the end of the trip to Mexico — perhaps I would have stayed at home. The reality I now had to face, however, was that after only a few days on the job, I was already in trouble. The senior ranks of the bureaucracy in Foreign Affairs and the PCO, not having had a hand in my selection, were suspicious of — and in some cases actually hostile to — my appointment. The people in the PMO did not know me and could not be counted on for support until I had earned their confidence.

... ***An Irate Ambassador***

Spanish ambassador Enrique Costa José Luis Pardos did not take the news well. He had arrived at my Blackburn Building office on Sparks Street on short notice on Friday, March 3, 1995, to warn the Canadian government not to apply the provisions of the *Coastal Fisheries Protection*

Act to Spanish fishing boats operating beyond the two-hundred-mile limit on the continental shelf on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. I could not provide the assurances he sought. In fact, I was aware that as we were meeting, a PCO official was walking from one minister's office to another seeking the requisite four signatures on an Order-in-Council document to amend the Act. Before the end of the day, Spanish (and Portuguese) fishing vessels would be barred from what until then had been international waters off Canada's east coast. I therefore reiterated Canada's well-known position: Spanish fishermen were destroying the last commercially available groundfish off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Canada had negotiated an international agreement to conserve the stock, which Spain and the European Union were ignoring. We intended to arrest fishing vessels if need be.

Pardos stared at me for a long, silent minute. He then carefully put down his cup of coffee, rose to his feet, hitched up his trousers, clenched his hands into fists, and approached. Fierce and distraught, he towered over me; in my imagination, he was trying to decide whether to throttle me or to smack me. I braced myself and held tightly to my coffee mug. Fortunately, he picked a non-violent but very surprising option. Dropping to one knee, he thrust out his jaw, pounded his chest with his right fist, and told me "as a Spaniard" that his country would never accept the jurisdiction of Canada on the high seas. If Canada's "gunboats" tried to arrest Spain's fishing vessels, "Canada would bear the consequences." He then rose to his feet and stalked out the door, muttering that I harboured a personal anti-Spanish bias and was doing everything possible to punish his country for innocently fishing off Canada's east coast.

Thus began the endgame in Canada's dispute with the European Union, acting on behalf of Spain, over fishing rights in the Northwest Atlantic. For the first time in its peacetime history, Canada would resort to force to impose its will rather than use diplomacy to settle a dispute. Latecomers to Bismarckian tactics, we learned the dark arts quickly, and progressively raised the stakes until some of us did not know when to stop, coming within hours of conflict with Spain on the high seas after Madrid had conceded victory. Lester Pearson must have turned over in his grave.

• • •

[Fisheries Minister Brian] Tobin sat in on a discussion I had with the prime minister. Foreign Minister [André] Ouellet, who favoured going the extra mile to obtain a negotiated settlement, perhaps frustrated by the hard-line atmosphere that pervaded Ottawa, had by that time largely abandoned the field. What was my opinion, asked the prime minister. I reviewed the options and concluded by saying that at the end of the day, the government would have to be satisfied that the national interest would be served by using force and risking the lives of young Canadians and Spaniards. Tobin had already raked over the coals other senior public servants, notably Ambassador [to the European Union Jacques] Roy, and Foreign Affairs Undersecretary Gordon Smith for signs of independent thinking. It was now my turn. His eyes blazing, he said nothing to me while the prime minister was present. But he telephoned me in a rage soon afterwards to administer a vicious tongue-lashing at high volume. Before I could open my mouth, he began shouting that he wanted no voices counselling restraint with the prime minister. He called me a "gutless do-nothing, know-nothing Central Canadian who never had to fish for a living and wouldn't know one end of a fish from the other even if it was laid out before your eyes." After warning me never to cross him again, he slammed the telephone down without hearing me out as I tried to tell him that Central Canadians were not so bad. Some were even fishermen, including my father and my grandfather.

I said nothing to the prime minister about this attempt to muzzle me, but continued to provide advice as before.

• • •

Prime Minister and President

The two leaders had hit it off when they first met at the November 1993 Seattle APEC summit, shortly after the prime minister's election victory. Chrétien put his cards on the table at that time, explaining that one of his campaign planks had been to promote a close but not chummy relationship between the leaders of Canada and the United States. [Bill] Clinton welcomed this straight talk and found he had much in common with Canada's new leader — although perhaps not as much as he believed. Both were small-town boys, populist champions of the common people who, against the odds, had risen to the highest offices of their countries. The president, however, was from a dysfunctional family and the prime minister from a closely-knit, high-achieving one. Clinton was a ladies' man and a charmer, in contrast to the prime minister, who was devoted to his wife and an upholder of family values. The American president was a policy wonk, perhaps the brightest leader I saw in action in over thirty-five years in the foreign service, able, at the drop of a hat, to discuss authoritatively the most arcane detail of international monetary policy, the origins of the Balkan crisis, and obscure labour market problems in Mexico, although he hid his intellectual dominance over his peers under an "Aw shucks, I'm just a country boy" demeanour. The prime minister was more pragmatic than blue sky, and possessed more common sense than his American partner.

• • •

The Quebec Referendum

Even if personal relations between the leaders of Canada and the United States are excellent, it is a rare occasion indeed when an American president has the authority and is willing to step in to help his Canadian counterpart with a difficult file. President Clinton did so, however, in the run-up to the referendum of October 30, 1995, perhaps saving Canada as we know it in the process. At first the president did not need to intervene. Bolstered by opinion polls that showed that a majority of Quebecers continued to oppose sovereignty, even after the victory of the Parti Québécois in the provincial elections of September 1994, the prime minister remained confident throughout 1994 and most of 1995 that the sovereignty option would be rejected.

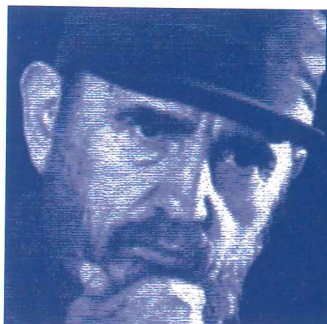
I am in no position to comment on the policies he adopted to counter the separatists at home. Internationally, however, I was a witness to his actions to ensure that they gained no international support for their cause. He first of all reminded Foreign Affairs, which had grown lax over the years in allowing Quebec and other provinces more scope to deal directly with foreign governments, that the federal government had the exclusive authority to represent Canada abroad. In all countries, with the exception of France, where Ottawa had conceded to Quebec the right some years earlier to have direct contacts, Canadian embassy officials would henceforth make all appointments for and accompany all travelling provincial ministers and premiers on their official calls; in this way, separatist lobbying for international support would be curtailed. He also told dozens of world leaders that international law allowed breakaway regions or provinces to become independent states only in conditions of repressive colonialism. Canada, however, was a democracy and Quebec was not a colony. And francophones, including the then governor general, the prime minister, and the head of the public

service, were represented at the highest levels of Canada's power structure. The implied message was that Canada would consider the recognition by any country of a unilateral declaration of independence by Quebec to constitute an unfriendly act. His appeal was received sympathetically. Many of the leaders governed countries with minorities or regions which would have been tempted to follow the example of Quebec should it succeed in its bid for independence. The result, they all agreed, would be international chaos.

The president was then dragged into the debate. Lucien Bouchard, leader of the official Opposition Bloc Québécois managed to wangle a

were drawn into the fighting on the side of the new government against Rwanda. They appear destined to roam Africa in a state of self-imposed exile indefinitely, as punishment for their horrific crimes in the spring and summer of 1994, afraid to go home, but unwanted except as soldiers in their places of refuge.

There was, however, an even greater tragedy than the flight into exile and death of the Hutu refugees and their Interhamwe protectors in November and December 1996. For when the rescue force did not deploy, the Tutsi army was left free to occupy eastern Zaire, to assemble a motley collection of anti-Mobutu Zairean fighters and to march on Kinshasa.



*"I hope you are satisfied, Bartleman!"
He hissed out the words in Spanish, his voice cold,
high pitched yet low enough not to attract the
attention of Prime Minister Chrétien.*

meeting with President Clinton during his February 1995 visit to Ottawa, arguing that it was his right as leader of Her Majesty's official Opposition to make courtesy calls on official visitors to Canada. The prime minister agreed, but insisted that Canada's ambassador to Washington sit in on the discussion. The president listened politely to the separatist leader's case for a sovereign Quebec, and then left to deliver a speech to Parliament endorsing Canadian national unity. In October 1995, the president spoke out again in favour of Canadian unity, just when the momentum for separation seemed to be unstoppable. No one will ever know to what extent Clinton's efforts influenced the referendum outcome. He was, however, personally popular and respected in Quebec. And in a virtually deadlocked situation where the sovereigntist option was rejected by a bare majority, his support for a united Canada may well have made the difference.

... *Not True*

Thus, the story that Canada tried to punch above its weight in eastern Zaire in November 1996 is simply not true; we were acting in close collaboration with the most powerful country on the planet. Canada reacted responsibly to back-channel requests from the White House and the State Department to help the United States find an acceptable way of committing its military forces to a potentially perilous operation in Africa. We were, however, left holding the bag and bore the blame for allegedly forsaking hundreds of thousands of Hutu refugees. It is not fair, however, to say that refugees were abandoned. The terms of reference of the rescue mission did not include forcing refugees to return to Rwanda. By precipitating the Rwandan government attack on the camps before the mission could be deployed, however, it led to a return to Rwanda of all refugees who wanted to go back. Those who feared judgement in their homeland for genocide and other crimes fled into the jungles escorted by their Interhamwe escorts. Some fifty thousand refugees crossed the Congo River to add to the Republic of the Congo's turbulent tribal mix. Others are reported to have made it to the Central African Republic. An unknown number were later massacred by Rwandan soldiers on their way to Kinshasa to overthrow [President Sese Seke] Mobutu. Later on, Interhamwe forces

The Tutsis then installed Laurent Kabila, an obscure Zairean rebel, as president of Zaire. Kabila, whose chief claim to fame up to then had been an unsatisfactory collaboration with the famous Che Guevara in a failed rebellion decades earlier, renamed the country the Democratic Republic of the Congo and turned against his Tutsi friends. In the ensuing turmoil, "the widest interstate war in modern African history," in the words of Amnesty International, broke out. The armed forces of Rwanda, Namibia, Chad, Angola, Zimbabwe, and Uganda allied themselves with competing Congolese factions and joined the bloody fight for diamonds, precious metals, and spheres of influence. More than a million would die, towns and cities would be destroyed, entire regions would be depopulated, the vestiges of civilization would disappear in vast areas, children and youth would be turned into hired killers, and even cannibalism would reappear in the eastern part of the country. The Western press would largely ignore the story, even though the number killed would exceed by far those massacred in the Rwandan genocide of 1994.

And finally, it is worth reflecting on the response that more than a dozen heads of state and government gave to Canada on the weekend of November 11, 1996. With no prior notification, they committed troops and financing solely on the word of Canada's leader that help was needed. President Fernando Henrique Cardoso of Brazil, who could have been speaking for others, told Canada's prime minister: "Just tell me where to send our peacekeepers and they will be on their way." His answer was an eloquent testimony to the credibility that Canada had earned internationally in the latter half of the twentieth century. I hope, however, that we remember November and December 1996 the next time our American friends make us an offer too good to be true.

... *The Prime Minister in Havana*

Thus began the first official visit to Cuba by a Canadian prime minister since that of Pierre Trudeau in 1976. From the start, it was a clash of two different personalities with diametrically opposing visions of the future. The jousting started at the airport arrival ceremony, broadcast on all Cuban radio and television

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channels. [Cuban President Fidel] Castro, radiating new-found vigour, welcomed the Canadian prime minister by delivering a vicious anti-American diatribe during which he pledged fidelity to the principles of the revolution. On the flight down from Ottawa, I had prepared the prime minister for a tough propagandistic statement from Castro, telling him the press would be watching him closely to see if his body language conveyed sympathy for Castro's message. It would be best, I said, to look enigmatic. Castro's speech was so violent, however, that there was no need for the prime minister to restrain his enthusiasm. Everyone, the prime minister, his advisor, and media on the Canadian side were surprised that Castro would exploit the arrival ceremony for such blatant propaganda purposes.

The prime minister then delivered a calm, measured speech containing the messages he would convey to Castro repeatedly over the next thirty hours: "The winds of change are blowing through our hemisphere ... And we must all adapt. ... This is an expression of confidence ... to a more dynamic, more democratic, more prosperous hemisphere ... that is becoming a family ... with shared goals, shared values, shared hopes and dreams. ... And we are committed to working to achieve greater social, economic and political justice throughout the region."

The two leaders then got into Castro's big Soviet-era limousine and led the way to the newly restored National, a beautiful pre-revolutionary hotel overlooking the sea on Havana's famous Malecon drive. The official talks began later in the morning, with the prime minister and me on one side of the table and Castro and [Vice President Carlos] Lage on the other. The winds of history, great ideas, and the principles of the Cuban revolution were the themes of Castro's opening remarks. He assumed that the prime minister would be overwhelmed with the brilliance of his analyses and allow him to dominate the discussion. The prime minister, however, stopped the president in full rhetorical flight. I want, the prime minister said, to discuss the Fourteen Point Declaration. Could the Civilian Complaints commission be empowered to investigate human-rights complaints? Could foreign non-governmental organizations be granted greater freedom of action? Would Cuba sign the United Nations Covenant on Social and Economic Rights? He then passed over a list of four high-profile dissidents languishing in a Cuban jail for the past year without being charged and asked Castro to release them.

Castro's face betrayed all manner of emotion, passing from astonishment to anger and then to bitterness.

He said nothing for some time, picking up and throwing down distractedly the cue card with the names of the four dissidents scrawled in my barely legible handwriting. "I have never been so humiliated," he said in a barely audible voice. He would have walked out the door, I believe, had he not been in his own office. The dialogue never recovered, although the leaders remained at the table for two hours and fifteen minutes. The president had been prepared to release three low-level prisoners as a sort of human gift but the prime minister had just raised the stakes. It was at this point that Castro probably decided that the policy of constructive engagement with Canada had reached the limits of its usefulness. The Canadians were taking human rights far too seriously.

Although other bilateral and international issues were then discussed, there was no meeting of minds. The prime minister mentioned that Canada had been happy to resume our aid program. And to commemorate his visit to Havana, CIDA intended to announce that it would provide funding to allow Cuba to provide new textbooks and scribbles for its schoolchildren for a year. Castro and Lage sat silent and tight-lipped. They were not about to say thanks to a visitor who had not listened to

Castro's thoughts on the future of humanity. Eventually, after stroking his beard attentively, always a sign that he was thinking hard, Castro turned to Haiti and proposed that Canada fund a program to pay Cuban doctors to administer to the desperately poor in that country. While not rejecting Castro's suggestion, the prime minister made one of his own. Why should Canada and Cuba not collaborate in clearing anti-personnel mines in Angola and Mozambique? Cuban forces had operated there for over a decade. Canada could fund a program and Cuban soldiers could remove the mines.

Castro looked devastated. He would later tell a national Cuban television audience that he had rarely heard a more imperialist proposal. Imagine! Canada suggesting that Cubans do the dirty work in the mine-fields, while the Canadians sat off to one side gathering all the credit!

Castro glanced at me angrily from time to time as the ill-fated talks progressed, as if I were to blame for his game plan going wrong. Finally, the meeting dragged to a conclusion and the prime minister and I got up to leave. Prime Minister Chrétien proceeded out the door and I prepared to follow when I felt the hands of the president on my shoulders from behind, squeezing hard and shaking me.

"I hope you are satisfied, Bartleman!" He hissed out the words in Spanish, his voice cold, high pitched yet low enough not to attract the attention of Prime Minister Chrétien who was already striding rapidly ahead to meet the assembled Canadian press contingent. I had no idea why Castro was so mad at me. Perhaps he felt I had not conveyed his message to the prime minister not to ask Cuba to do anything during his visit that could damage it. Whatever the reason, the rage in his eyes made me glad I was a Canadian able to depart with the prime minister rather than a Cuban who would have felt the full wrath of an unhappy leader in a police state! I also thought his sentiments were a touch unkind to someone who had spent a night with him so recently.

After the press conference, we all moved on to an official lunch hosted by the prime minister and Mrs. [Aline] Chrétien for Cardinal Jaime Lucas Ortega y Alamino, fully covered by the press, the first time Castro had ever allowed the media to report on such an event. Michael Kergin [Assistant Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Americas] and I then met with Cuba's leading dissidents not in jail, demonstrating to them that they were not alone in their struggle for political justice. I had enormous respect for their courage, appreciating that they risked many years of prison just for talking to us. That evening over dinner, Castro had calmed down but the contest between the two leaders continued. Discussing issues as diverse as the Euro, the reform of the Bretton Woods institutions, and the future of the European Union, Castro as usual threw out a myriad of statistics and facts. The prime minister matched him, statistic for statistic.

Castro resorted to revolutionary rhetoric, describing his vision of the future where the disinherited would triumph through all-or-nothing revolutionary action. The prime minister said that he shared the same goal but proclaimed his faith in solving problems pragmatically one at a time. Castro was pessimistic regarding the future; Chrétien believed greater wealth was being created now through capitalism than at any time in world history. On globalization, Chrétien argued that countries had to adapt or their populations would suffer. Castro, using arguments which presaged those that anti-globalization crusaders would adopt at the Seattle WTO meeting a year later, retorted that the wealth being generated through globalization was not being shared with the poor. The so-called democracy that had appeared in Latin America was just a cover, he said, for monopolizing wealth by selfish neo-liberals. Chrétien said Castro was being simplistic;

there were at least three types of liberals in the world including the centralist Canadian variety. Mrs. Chrétien weighed in from time to time in Spanish, ensuring that the mood remained friendly.

An ebullient Castro bade farewell to Prime Minister and Mrs. Chrétien at the airport late the next morning. As I said goodbye, the president drew me toward him, grinning. "Your prime minister and I had a good discussion in my car on the way to airport. And do you know why?"

I said that I had no idea and smiled expectantly, hoping that he had overcome his fit of pique at me of the day before. But I had no such luck.

"Because you weren't there, Bartleman, that's why!"

I decided that I would drop Cuba from my list of vacation destinations for the foreseeable future.

••• *Epilogue*

As I put these words to paper, less than a year has passed since Jean Chrétien stepped down as prime minister. At this early stage, some critics consider the 1990s to be a black hole in terms of Canadian foreign-policy achievement and hold Canada's leader responsible for this alleged sorry state of affairs. This school blames him (fairly) for depriving Canada's military and diplomats of the resources they needed to do their jobs, and (unfairly) for presiding over a decline in Canada's place among the nations that had actually been ongoing for decades. Critics, perhaps nostalgic for the Trudeau era, allege that Chrétien lacked charisma, claim that his decision making was whimsical, avow that he was intuitive rather than intellectual, and assert that his leadership on the great issues of the day was handicapped by an inability to articulate great ideas in his public speeches. One commentator, Andrew Cohen, author of the best-seller *While Canada Slept: How We Lost Our Place in the World*, has even said that Mr. Chrétien was the most parochial prime minister since Mackenzie King.

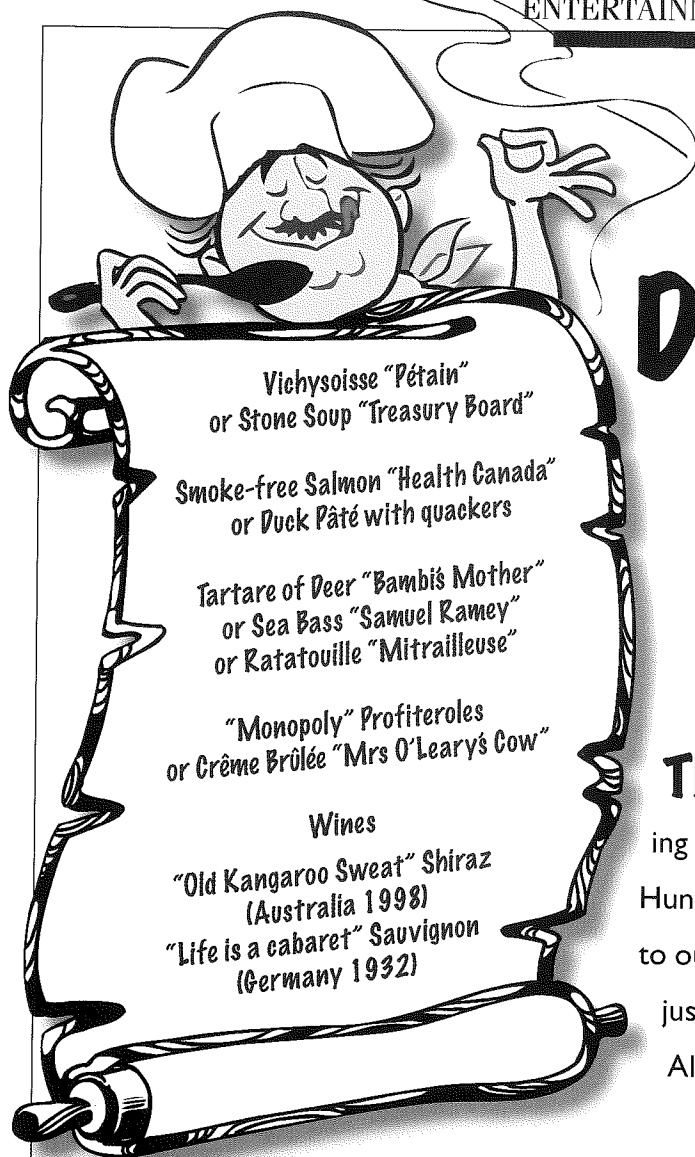
On the other side are those who point to the strengths he brought to the conduct of foreign policy — his sense of humour, his avoidance of cant and pretence in public utterances, his ability to take tough decisions and live with the consequences, and his exceptional and sustained personal popularity that made him the envy of leaders around the world. Joel Sokolsky, Dean of Arts at the Royal Military College, has said that the Chrétien era was one of the most active in recent decades. I am on the side of Sokolsky but am not by definition an objective observer since I was there. I was also Mr. Chrétien's advisor for less than half of his time in office and cannot comment as an insider on the big foreign-policy challenges that came up in his remaining years in office, in particular the Kosovo and Afghanistan military campaigns, his management of relations with George W. Bush, his response to the September 11, 2001 tragedy, his opening to Africa, and his refusal to commit troops in Iraq. In my opinion, however, his early foreign-policy initiatives were key in setting the course for what would come later. And Chrétien's record for these years speaks for itself.

There were, of course, failures and miscues, described throughout my account. The most serious of these was in not doing more for Rwanda during the three horrible months of genocide in the spring of 1994. The positive side of the ledger, however, overwhelmingly outweighs the negative. In a famous analogy, the British philosopher Isaiah Berlin, quoting the Greek poet Archilochus, said that great men could be foxes "who knew many things" or hedgehogs "who knew one big thing." In my opinion, contemporaries of Jean Chrétien such as

Tony Blair, Bill Clinton, and François Mitterrand were foxes — as much at home among foreign ministers and the foreign-policy elite as among the rank and file in their countries, but with their energies dissipated by trying to juggle too many policy balls at the same time. Canada's leader, however, like Helmut Kohl, Jacques Chirac, and Boris Yeltsin were hedgehogs — political animals who derived their strength from being close to the pulse of their peoples and who communicated emotionally as well as intellectually with the crowd. Chrétien was a natural member of the latter group, a man of deep convictions, seizing on one or two big ideas and doggedly pursuing them to a conclusion. And in terms of ideas, the greatest for Chrétien was his love for Canada. When he took office, he had, to paraphrase de Gaulle, "une certaine idée du Canada." For Chrétien, Canada would not be Canada without being a successful multicultural exception among the racially divided nation states of the 1990s, and a leader among the middle powers. And Jean Chrétien was as passionate about Canada as Charles de Gaulle was about France. He could not stand the thought that his beloved country, crushed by debt and unemployment as it was when he came to power, might tumble down into the ranks of the Third World. He thus pursued integrated foreign- and domestic- policy goals from the outset to lead Canada out of the recession of the early 1990s by export-led growth. This contributed to the decade of prosperity, social peace, relative political harmony at home, and credibility abroad that will, I suspect, be seen by future historians as his greatest contribution to his country.

Other ideas that he pursued tenaciously were his efforts to embrace globalization, rather than trying to hide from it. He was one of the first to recognize that Canada's growing population of Chinese, Indian, Filipino, and Latin American citizens gave us a natural advantage in establishing links of privilege with their countries of origin, and that these links in turn made these new Canadians more comfortable in their adopted homeland. The highly popular campaign against anti-personnel mines would not have come to a successful conclusion were it not for the priority he attached to the initiative over a three-year period. His role in encouraging NATO enlargement to take in the countries of Central and Eastern Europe, and correct a historical wrong, will eventually be recognized as one of his leading successes. And no leader could have done more to encourage Canadians to embrace their Pacific and Latin American destinies, in particular with China, even if only time will tell whether the seeds he planted will take root.

Looking back, I feel immensely lucky I arrived in Ottawa to be part of the action in early 1994 just after one political generation had run out of steam and had given way to another, still filled with optimism and excitement. I was in on the ground floor when Team Canada was created and participated in its missions when it was blasting Canada's way into new markets, and was gone before it ran out of worlds to conquer. I was present during the honeymoon period of federal relations with all provinces except Quebec, and was privileged to come to know Canada's premiers as a result of travelling each year with them on lengthy trips to Asia and Latin America. I was at Chrétien's side when shrewd investments of prime-ministerial time brought disproportionate returns in new links with the Asia-Pacific and Latin American regions. There were occasions when I helped steer him away from the edge of precipitous foreign-policy cliffs, but that was part of my job. I did not turn out to be a Henry Kissinger, but Jean Chrétien functioned quite well without a foreign-policy giant alongside him. ☺



The Minister Dines with Death

Shamus Dikk investigates
an edible enigma

by A Aalto

The call came just in time. We were playing strip Parcheesi with Regis Philbin, Madonna and Attila the Hun. They still had all their clothes, but Effie and I were down to our unmentionables (and in one case our untouchables). I had just rolled another 2 when the phone woke me. I lit a candle to Alexander Graham Bell and picked up.

It was my old partner, Elwood B Fedora. We split up years ago over his obsession with Dan Ackroyd and his inability to accept Effie's fashion sense. But we kept in touch. "Help me, Shamus," he rasped. "I'm at CFSI. Weird things are happening. I'm not sure I'll make it." A moan and the line went dead. I ran to the back room to get Effie. He was trying to speed up the Arctic birds that we use as carrier pigeons (better in the Ottawa winter) by feeding them recreational pharmaceuticals. He said he was leaving no tern unstoned. I didn't strangle him, but only because I needed his help.

We soon pulled up at the Centre de formation du service international (CFSI), where the Minister was hosting a high-tone event. Chaos ruled in the dining room. In one corner, six young waiters were belting out "Show me the way to the next whiskey bar". At the main table, a well-coiffed man was face-down in his crème brûlée. A chair held a three-foot rutabaga in pink chiffon. A well-known politician was loudly imitating her boss ("The trouble with the French, Tony, is that they have no word for entrepreneur," in a voice like a Texas chipmunk). A man laughed heartily at nothing and another was naked, revealing a body covered with square green spots. "Just another diplomatic dinner," Effie yawned. But then we saw Elwood's crumpled body. He wasn't breathing.

A fussy little man gesticulated wildly. A hammerlock calmed him down. He claimed to be Dryan Tweedie, Sultan of SuWaNee. A guest lecturer on obscure poisons, he had been passing by when he heard the hubbub. "I poked my head in and saw several of my students, moonlighting as waiters," he said. "I also noticed that the diners were in bad shape, in ways I recognized from my course. They had clearly been poisoned with my two-part compounds — chemicals with lethal or incapacitating effects, but only if two different ones are ingested at the same time. One compound has either a lesser effect or none, and three compounds taken together always cancel each other out." He gave me a chart that described the effects. He pointed to Elwood and said, "That man was killed by a combination of compound D and either compound A or compound B."

Having no reason not to, we phoned the police. A freak storm had dumped 3 metres of snow since we arrived and they would be delayed, so for now it was up to us. I sent Effie to settle accounts with the waiters and Tweedie to grill the kitchen staff, while I sat down to read Elwood's notebook. As I expected, it described the diners.

The guest of honour, Sympathy Maze, was the State Secretary of a large neighbouring country. A conservative, she had boosted her standing among neo-cons by pushing a pre-emptive invasion

of Tibet, claiming that the Dalai Lama had weapons of mass destruction. Despite a total lack of evidence on that score, plus the fact that Tibet had no oil, that it belonged to China and that the Lama didn't live there anymore, Operation "Hello Dalai" was a go. But the Secretary had been threatened by a radical faction of the International Congress of Logicians, desperate to re-establish the rule (or even the suggestion) of cause-and-effect in the foreign policy of her country.

Deputy Minister Travis Fonebone was the power behind the controversial project for inter-departmental divorce (and not necessarily as a result of foreign affairs). He wanted to break up a marriage of institutions rather than the institution of marriage, but his strong stand made him enemies among confused clerics. His life had in fact been threatened by a religious fringe group known as Opera Dei (Motto: "Fear, surprise and a fanatical devotion to Verdi"). But many suspected that the real threat came from the anti-religious Freedixons (Motto: "I think I lost a finger in that last secret handshake") who wanted to frame the killing on their rivals in the Opera.

Faucille Soeur-Tordue was the government's chief negotiator with its unions. She was also the creator of "distance bargaining," where the parties to a contract dispute were relocated to reflect how close they were to settlement. During recent talks, one union had started in Gatineau and Soeur-Tordue in Ottawa. Soon the two sides were in Spuzzum and Come-by-Chance, later in Vladivostok and Soweto. Finally, she was in a Kabul caravanserai and the union was somewhere in the Oort Cloud, communicating by super-gluing message capsules to inbound comets. Soeur-Tordue had apparently also invented time-travel, regularly turning down union proposals before they were tabled. She took the frequent threats to her life as a compliment to her success.

John Ralston Purina ("the philosopher consort") was there to mark the 1000th version of the Intentionally Political Statement, which he had just been hired to draft. The latest press leaks were optimistic. The PM was said to be ready to accept any IPS that supported the L-20 and didn't mention BMD. The Minister had also come on board after a promise

from head drafter Rufus Hornswoggle that the 10th floor would never again be briefed on it (two Ministerial aides and an aspidistra were still recovering from the 997th version). Purina's life had been threatened by anxiety-ridden policy planners, desperate to see the IPS completed some time before the heat death of the universe.

Fedora was there as a body double for Hannibal McAlpine, who forced the unification of the Montgomery and Horror enquiries by showing that security agencies had actually planned to deport ex-Minister Adolphus Gabriola and sidekick Duck Guitar, along with seventeen crates of exploding signature golf-balls, to an unnamed Middle East country. Wires clearly got crossed, but the agencies still denied error, on grounds that it was better to be seen as fanatic than incompetent. From fear that McAlpine would be killed (either by extreme elements in the agencies or by tabloids enraged at seeing two great stories fold into one), Fedora was hired to replace McAlpine in public appearances.

The impersonation included dressing in Scottish costume. Effie joined me at this point and said, "Now I know why you're driven to get to the bottom of things. When a man's partner gets a kilt, he's supposed to do something." Effie's own report confirmed that there were six waiters, three male (Allen, Carlos and Edouard) and three female (Beverly, Daphne and Fu-ling). Each served only one diner. The diners were seated, equally spaced, at a round table. To help the novice waiters, the seats were discreetly numbered 1 to 6, clockwise. Effie handed me a menu, but said that the diner's choices were known well in advance. Each guest had one soup, ate one appetizer, one entree and one dessert, and drank one of the wines. Effie had also extracted the following disjointed information from the clearly hammered waiters:

1. Purina was one of the four diners who chose the stone soup, one of the two who chose the sea bass and one of the four who drank the shiraz.
2. Beverly and Allen both served deer to their diners.

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3. One of the men who ate profiteroles sat between two women who ate crème brûlée.
4. Fonebone, the only diner served by a waiter of the same gender, was one of the three diners who ate the duck pâté, one of the three who ate deer and one of the three who ordered profiteroles.
5. Fedora, the dead man in seat 6, was served shiraz and ate profiteroles.
6. The man across from Maze had the Vichysoise, the vegetarian entrée (the only one to do so) and the crème brûlée.
7. Soeur-Tordue, who had turned into a rutabaga, sat across from the diner served by Edouard; both of these diners ate the stone soup and drank the sauvignon.
8. The Minister (seat 1) was served by Daphne and fell asleep in his dessert.
9. Carlos served his diner the stone soup, the salmon, the sea bass and the shiraz.
10. The woman performing compulsive imitations had the man served by Fu-ling on her right and the man who had broken out in square green spots on her left.
11. The man who couldn't stop laughing had eaten the pâté, as had the only man who sat between two others.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Name						
Server						
Soup						
Appetizer						
Entrée						
Dessert						
Wine						
Affliction						
Compounds						

Combined with:	Compound A	Compound B	Compound C	Compound D	Compound E
Compound A	no effect	sleep	square green spots	death	hysterical laughter
Compound B	sleep	no effect	compulsive imitations	death	rutabaga
Compound C	square green spots	compulsive imitations	gross inebriation	hysterical laughter	sleep
Compound D	death	death	hysterical laughter	no effect	square green spots
Compound E	hysterical laughter	rutabaga	sleep	square green spots	spoils red wine

Dryan Tweedie came up to us and said. "What a farrago! I've analyzed the food and there's poison in almost half the choices. The chef admitted that a stranger bribed him to put Compound B in one of the appetisers. The same person bribed the pastry cook to put Compound D in one of the desserts. Separately, the vintner behind the sauvignon blanc bribed the sommelier to put Compound E in the shiraz — acting alone, it just makes red wine taste bad. None of the three men

balked, since the compounds aren't lethal on their own. Then a waiter, in a career-limiting move of epic proportions, spiked one of the entrees with Compound C, which makes people very drunk, and also shared the compound with the other waiters. And the sous-chef added Compound A to one of the soups as a flavour-enhancer; it's available in stores and normally harmless.

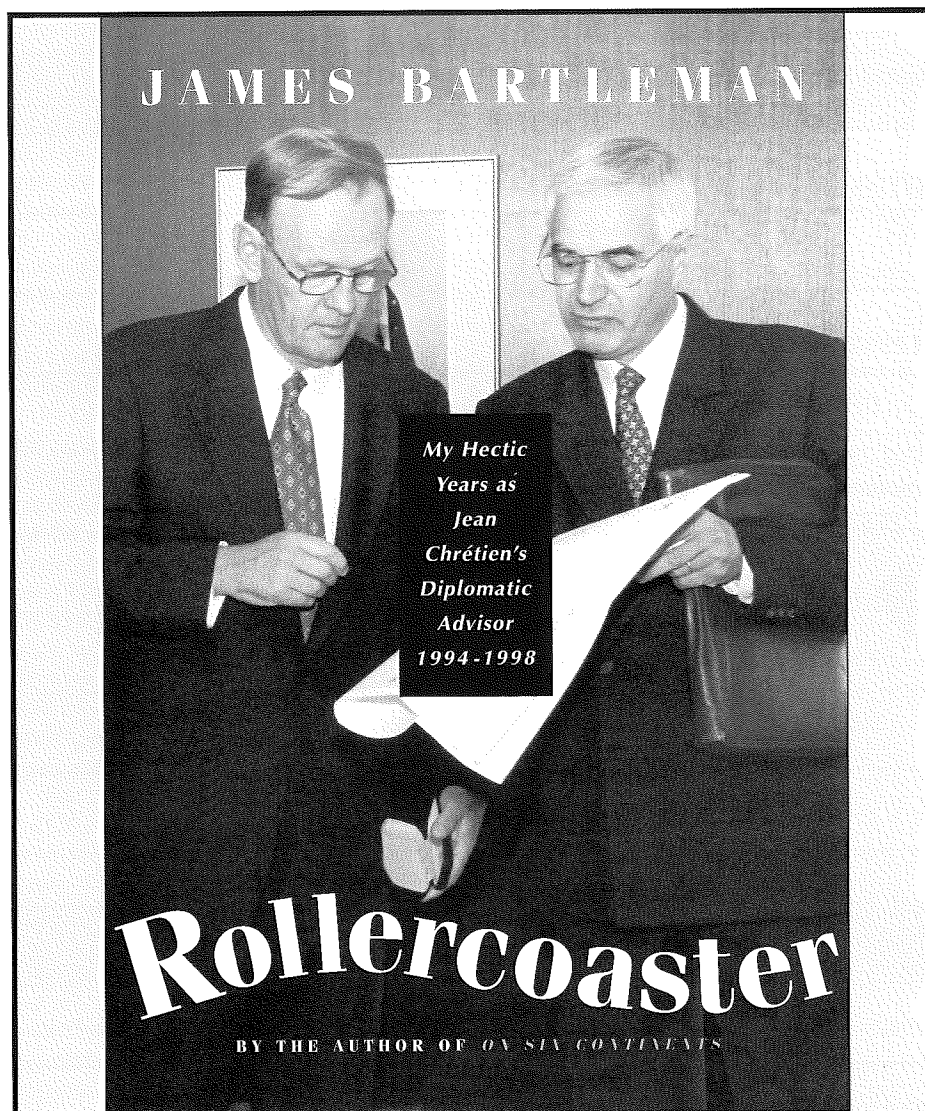
"The man who bribed the cooks was the murderer. If no other compounds had

been added to the dinner, only one diner would have died, since no-one else got both B and D. Even adding A, C and E, the same diner would have been killed and no-one else affected, since the others would get either no compounds or three. BUT it gets more complicated. The sommelier imbibed too much from his own cellar and put compound E in the sauvignon instead of the shiraz. (E has no effect on white wine, so no-one noticed.) At the same time, the appetizers chosen by the diners in seats 2 and 5 were accidentally switched (the only such error), but the diners in question ate what they were given. The result was that the wrong guest died. At the same time, each of the other diners got exactly two compounds in their food, with the results you saw."

Effie and I stared at him, stunned. I hadn't been that confused since Bertha de Kuhl put LSD in my sinus medicine (I kept blowing my nose and my mind at the same time). Effie cleared his throat and asked Tweedie which soup, appetizer, entrée and dessert each compounds had been placed in. The sultan shrugged. "Actually, I forgot to ask. But it should be simple to deduce." He smiled innocently as I did a slow burn.

We pulled it off anyway. Effie and I first worked out the diner's name and affliction, the waiter's name and the list of food served at each place around the table. Tweedie's chart told us the two compounds each diner must have taken, and therefore which dishes must have been spiked. Finally, by reversing the two slip-ups, we could work out the real intended victim. When Sergeant Tennant arrived, we told him where to look for the murderer.

Two months later, Effie and I visited Elwood's grave. We wore black Armani and shades. By then, the murderer had been caught, agreement reached on the union contract and the IPS released. But too late for Elwood. Ironically, after a life full of danger, he had been killed by mistake. Pouring three shots of the office rye, I toasted his memory with the words he had lived by: "It's 106 miles to Chicago. We've got a full tank of gas, half a pack of cigarettes, it's dark and we're wearing sunglasses." Effie replied, "We're on a mission from God" and smashed the third glass on the tombstone as we tossed off



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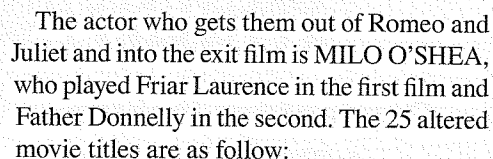


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Freelance prestidigitator A Aalto once worked for the Honus T Wagner Baseball Card and Life Insurance Company. Contrary to Effie's claims, he is not responsible for the slogan, "Honus T is the best policy." Mrs Aalto wants to know if he intends to keep Fu-ling around.



- | | | | |
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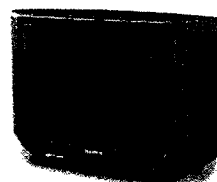
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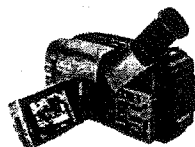
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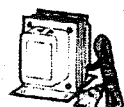
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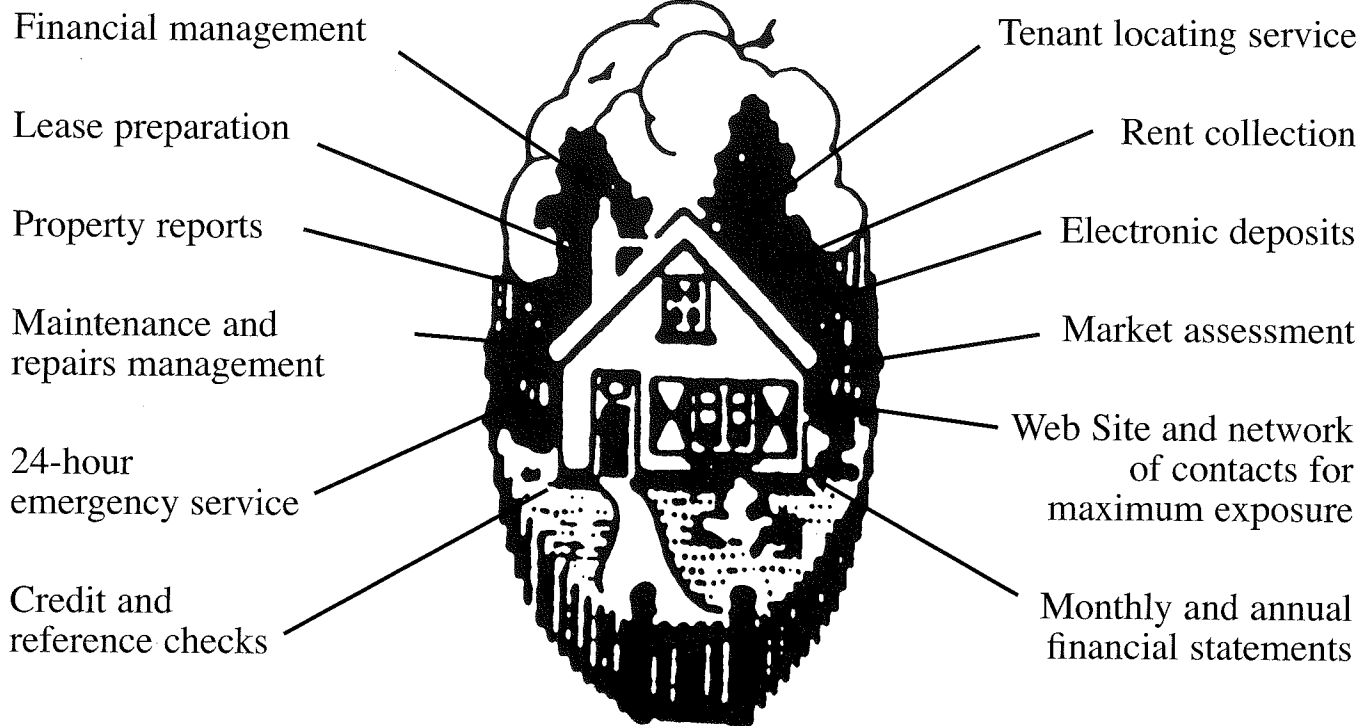
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