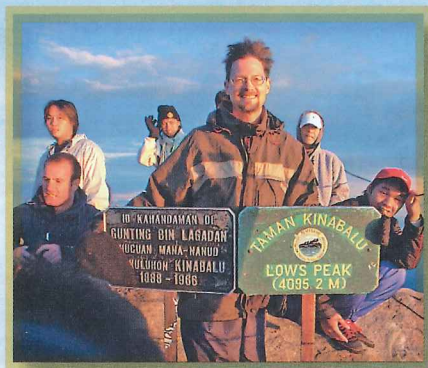


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A Year of Self-Funded Leave

by Paul Gibbard

Left Behind In Nanjing

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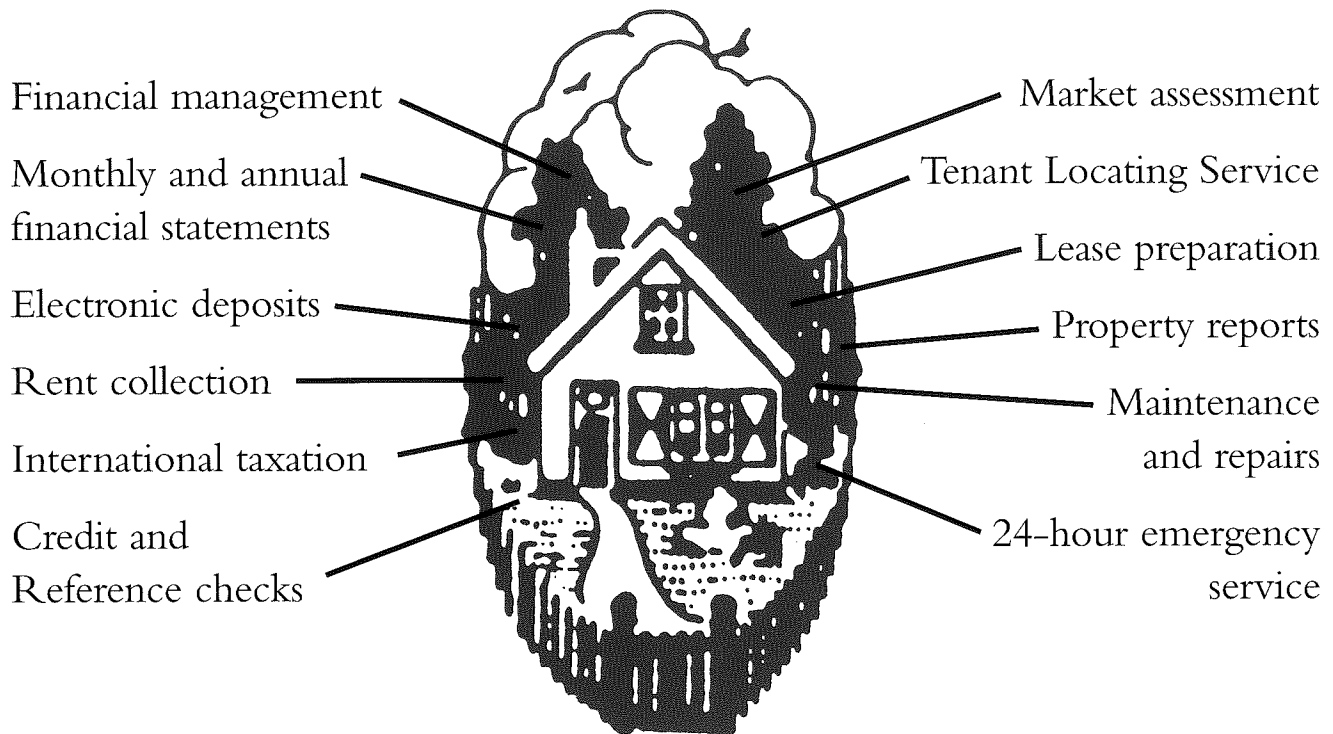


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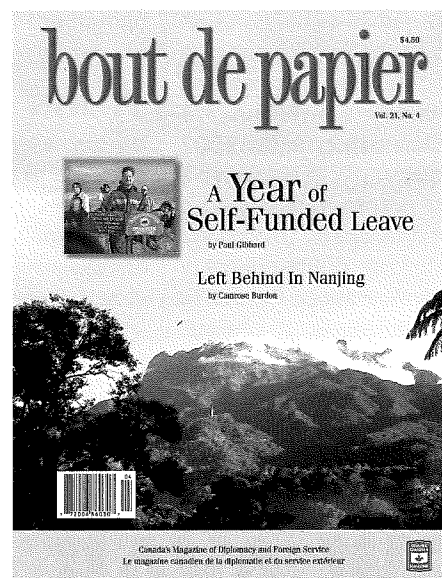
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LETTER / LETTRE

Editor,

I write concerning the September 2005 special issue of *Scientific American*, entitled *Cross Roads for Planet Earth*, which I believe should be required reading for all members of Canada's Foreign Service as well as members of parliament, especially cabinet ministers, particularly those having responsibilities for creating and implementing Canada's foreign policies.

The nine principal articles of the special issue deal with a wide variety of matters affecting the planet's future but which also are very relevant to Canada's foreign policies.

For example, the article *Human Population Grows Up* by Joel E. Cohen, professor of Populations and head of the Laboratory of Populations at the Rockefeller University and Columbia University is a clearly written, fascinating study of global population trends and their relevance to Earth's capacity to sustain human population at existing levels. Certainly if his projected population Increases and Declines in some areas of the world are accurate (more than 20% in Eastern Europe and the Russian Federation) they would have direct relevance to Canada's future foreign policies.

Yours sincerely,

John Starnes
Ottawa, Canada

Editor's Note: The following credits should have been included with the article Chiel's Kaddish: Remembering Zawichöst by Eric Bergbusch which appeared in our last edition:

Drawings by Michal Starzyk are from his book *Moje srozenie ne dzieje Zawichostu*. Photographs by Thomas Bergbusch.

Just as this edition was about to go to print, the tragic news of the death of Glyn Berry, a career foreign service officer serving in Kandahar, Afghanistan, was received. Glyn was an enthusiastic and consummate professional diplomat, serving his country in a most difficult place. As colleagues we mourn his loss and our thoughts and concerns go out to his wife and family. Our concerns also go out to the three Canadian soldiers injured with Glyn and to the families of the innocent Afghans killed in the explosion. The Canadian flag, flying at half mast on this cold winter day in front of the Pearson Building, is a grim reminder to all Canadians of the human cost, borne by the broader foreign service community, of protecting Canada's interests in a unfriendly world.

À titre de nouveau rédacteur en chef, j'ai rapidement constaté que la haute qualité et le grand succès du magazine sont attribuables aux efforts bénévoles d'un grand nombre de personnes. Le comité de rédaction et moi aimerions recevoir des articles en français. C'est avec consternement qu'au moment de la correction d'épreuve du présent numéro, je me suis rendu compte de l'absence de tout article en français. L'un de nos objectifs est de présenter les multiples facettes de la collectivité du service extérieur et, pour ce faire, nous avons besoin de contributions bénévoles.

In this issue of *bout*, we mark the loss of two colleagues. Paul Dunbar will be remembered for his quiet sense of humour and smile. Len Mader — through his respect for all employees, his cheerful helping where he could and his determination to promote Canadian interests wherever he was assigned — contributed to making External, and then DFAIT a better place to work. Among his other achievements, Len served a term as President of PAFSO, illustrating his continuing concern for the greater good of his community.

We have an article by Louise Fréchette from a collection of essays edited by Paul Heinbecker on the future of the UN. These two former members of PAFSO have made great contributions to Canadian and international diplomacy.

Roger Lucy has again provided us with insights into diplomacy, war and relations between states with his article on how the two Mediterranean superpowers of their day, Rome and Carthage, struggled for supremacy two millennium ago through peace treaties and war, until the final chapter in that relationship ended with the

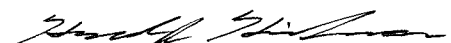
famous Roman sewing of salt over the ruins of Carthage.

The article, *Left Behind In Nanjing* by Camrose Burdon, tells the fascinating life story of Tessie Wong, who many of *bout's* readers would have known from her days working in the library in the Pearson Building. The article reveals the story of her journey from revolutionary China to Ottawa and the dedication and loyalty of Chester Ronning to this remarkable employee of the Canadian government. I am somewhat wistful, in having had a nodding acquaintance with Ms. Wong during her years in the library, that I had no knowledge of her story, her remarkable service to Canada, the privations she suffered and her very deserving and long overdue arrival in Canada.

David Malone has kindly given us permission to run his introduction to a book of a collection of essays in honour of Sylvia Ostry. Ms. Ostry, who left a long legacy in foreign affairs, brought a sharp intellect to many serious economic issues facing Canada and David has given us interesting insights into her work.

L'article de Paul Gibbard est le premier d'une série portant sur les activités auxquelles se livrent des personnes qui prennent un an de congé. Dans les universités, les membres du personnel enseignant peuvent prendre un congé sabbatique, passer beaucoup de temps loin du campus, explorer de nouvelles voies de recherche et d'autoperfectionnement. Jusqu'ici, le personnel du service extérieur disposait de très peu d'options pour refaire le plein, outre les quelques semaines de congé annuel habituelles. Pendant des années, les dirigeants de l'APASE, dans le cadre des négociations collectives, ont cherché à obtenir une occasion de congé autofinancé. À présent, les gens jouissent de divers moyens pour se ressourcer, resserrer les liens familiaux et apprendre à voir le monde sous un nouveau jour.

In the "From the Archives" section, Hector Mackenzie and Fredericka Gregory, the current Ambassador to Denmark, have worked together to bring us the report from John Kearny on his presentation of credentials to the King of Denmark in 1946. The fascinating report covers everything from the price of cabbages to the popularity of kingly brothers and post WWII challenges for the Nordic countries. Last, but not least, we take you back to the future with another puzzle from A Aalto.



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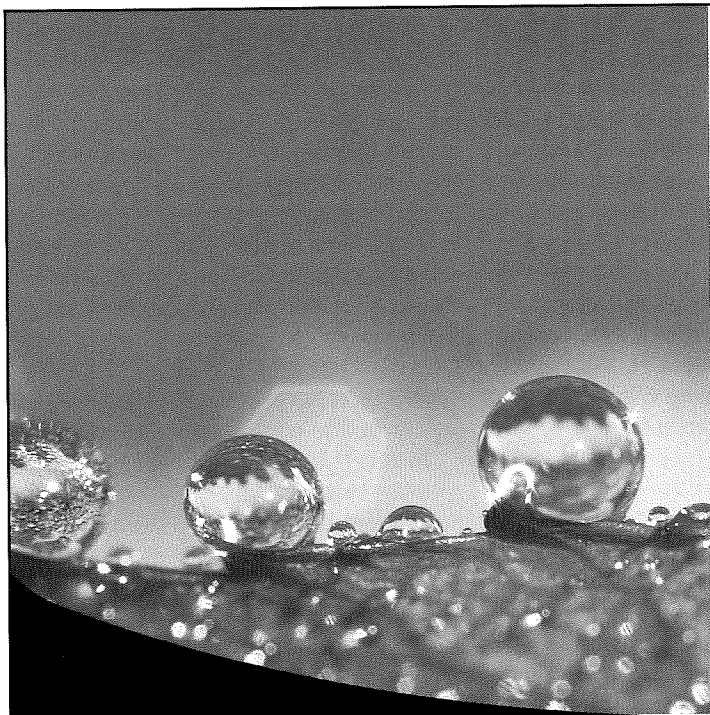
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The Global Staircase, a Handbook for People Relocating Internationally

Reviewed by Patricia Lortie

The Netherlands and the Oil Crisis

Reviewed by Kurt Jensen

THE GLOBAL STAIRCASE, A HANDBOOK FOR PEOPLE RELOCATING INTERNATIONALLY, by Mary MacKinnon, Ketabsara Press, 2005, 181 pp, \$15.00 CAN.

Patricia Lortie, a foreign service officer from 1971 to 2004, is enjoying her "retirement" on a fifth posting in Madrid where her husband Marc is Ambassador.

She has done it. Mary MacKinnon has produced the book on international moves we have all been waiting for. *The Global Staircase* is a lively and engaging handbook on the international relocation process, full of wise advice and smart suggestions. Based on 15 relocations in 30 years of experience as a diplomatic spouse, and 15 years as a international mobility consultant, MacKinnon has written a practical guide designed not only to help avoid the pitfalls and reduce the stresses of the relocation process and but also to extract the most out of a foreign posting.

In the first part of the book MacKinnon identifies the various stages involved in an international move, and provides a series of strategies and tips on ways to avoid or reduce the attendant stresses. MacKinnon's perspective is enthusiastic and up-beat, she identifies problem areas, but proposes positive strategies, reminding us of the enrichment that an experience abroad can bring. In the second part of the book she addresses a series of expatriate issues, including spousal employment, long-distance elder care and a hilarious section on coping with houseguests called "the expatriate innkeeper." Fundamentally MacKinnon believes that moving internationally requires, and in the end produces, a set of skills in adapting to change that is useful in other aspects of our lives.

The staircase of the title represents the image which serves as the basis for her model of the international relocation/change cycle. Inspired by the spiral staircase of a seventh floor walk-up in student days in Paris, where each floor resembled the next, she posits that a foreign posting follows a circular pattern involving the initial uprooting, the culture shock, the gradual adaptation, the comfort zone, and finally the disengagement and eventual

return home. She describes how our ability to deal with each stage in the cycle is related to our stage in life, and the experience, skills and languages we have acquired over the years.

Having set off, not long ago, on a fifth posting I often heard the comment: "you have done it so many times before, it must be easy now." While some aspects are probably easier, there are nevertheless new challenges with each move. MacKinnon identifies three levels or kinds of stress involved in any relocation: the change load, the logistics load (with its "never-ending list") and the timing load. In her view it is the timing load, or "where we are in our lives" that is highly individual, and changes with each relocation.

We set off on that first posting full of youthful enthusiasm and perhaps some idealism, but with few material possessions or family constraints. With the years we accumulate not only books and bibelots, but

more family, community and other responsibilities. Being abroad only exacerbates the challenges that many people, especially women, in our highly mobile society are facing: how to fulfil our obligations to children and aging parents at a distance.

Throughout the book MacKinnon includes a series of "exercises," with lists of questions and points of discussion to help decision making. She has concrete and practical tips on each stage in the relocation cycle, and for example, on the best way to prepare an international resume, to prepare for leaving a post, to evaluate elder care, or even to provide guidelines for houseguests!

The Global Staircase is the distillation of the experiences and insights of a sensitive participant in this peripatetic life we lead. MacKinnon's crisp style and organization, sprinkled with good-humoured references to the experiences of her family make for a lively and entertaining read. The 175 pages

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of this handbook are full of insights and suggestions on how to handle the myriad issues we face as we move around the world. It was written with verve and sensitivity, with an eye to all those in government or business who might find themselves with an international move on the horizon. It will have wide appeal for those contemplating a move, those already on posting, or those envisaging a return home.

THE NETHERLANDS AND THE OIL CRISIS, by Duco Hellema, Cees Wiebes and Toby Witte, Amsterdam: University of Amsterdam, 2004, 320 pp., index. € 49.50. ISBN 90 5356 485 3.

Kurt F. Jensen recently retired from FAC where his most recent assignment was as Deputy Director for Foreign Intelligence. He has previously served overseas in Stockholm, Bonn, Port of Spain and Boston.

This book is worth reading because it provides an excellent case study of non-state actors directly influencing foreign policy outcomes. As such, it serves as a primer on the intervention of non-state centres of influence on political outcomes. This book covers one example of what has and will constitute formidable factors in international relations.

The 1973 Middle East war led to an oil embargo directed primarily at the Netherlands though Denmark was also subjected to the embargo. The book recounts the events from a Dutch perspective and paints a dramatic picture of the efforts by the major oil multinationals to circumvent the oil embargo and, in the process, influence directly the outcome of international events.

The Netherlands and the Oil Crisis tells the story of the October 1973 war between Israel on one side and Egypt and Syria on the other. The Arab states, hoping to regain territory lost in earlier wars with Israel, launched the attack. The Netherlands was decidedly pro-Israel and under conditions of secrecy shipped a vast amount of ammunition and other military supplies to Israel, which was facing significant war-fighting shortfalls. Complicating this fact was the absence of full awareness of the Dutch Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, of direct Dutch involvement in the Middle East crisis.

The immediate impact of Dutch assistance to Israel was an embargo by the Middle East oil-producing countries on petroleum products destined to Holland.

Making the situation more difficult was the role of Rotterdam not only as the home-port of Shell, the Dutch-owned oil company, but also as a transshipment centre for much of the Middle East oil destined to the European Community members. The political and military support of Holland for Israel was cited by Arab states as the reason for the embargo. Whether it was the Arab intent or not, an embargo directed against the Netherlands would have immediate repercussions for the whole European Community.

One additional factor played a role in the embargo and the ultimate outcome of the crisis. An ardent power struggle was underway in the oil community. Radical Arab nations were intent on curbing the power and economic control exercised by the international oil conglomerate. International support for Israel, particularly by the Netherlands, could be cited as a convenient excuse to achieve the broader objective by the Arab oil producers to gain greater control of their raw resource, both for economic reasons and to use as a powerful political weapon.

Although the authors set out to provide a case study of the actions of the Dutch body politic on the nation's Middle East policy, with its decided implications for domestic and European politics, the book, for the international reader, has the broader impact of recounting how the oil multinationals intervened to apportion more or less equal access to oil supplies by all the Western European states, clearly to the chagrin of the Arab oil suppliers.

The Middle East crisis highlighted the absence of a single European view of unfolding events in the relationship between Israel and its neighbours. France was conciliatory towards the Arab perspective and the other EU states were split in their support of the two points of view. While Dutch Cabinet members have made claims that they were unaware that military supplies were shipped to Israel, their political actions and vocal support for Israel at the time suggests, as the book underscores, that the action was neither a surprise nor one which would have been opposed. Indeed, the book suggests that the Dutch intervention could not have been carried out without the tacit knowledge of the Prime Minister and a number of other critical members of the Cabinet. At the back of the Dutch decision was always the presumption of American support and assistance if push came to shove.

The Arab oil producers were not unified in their stance on an embargo. For some, Iraq and possibly Algeria, it was a question of restructuring the power and property relationship in the international oil sector. For others, primarily Saudi Arabia, participation was possibly a means of curbing more radical options while ensuring implementation of price hikes which had been agreed upon by the Arab oil producers.

The oil multinationals, for their own reasons, did not want to isolate the Netherlands and chose to divide equally the oil shortage difficulties among all of Europe. European political efforts to reach agreement on handling the consequences of the oil shortages were unsuccessful in spite of a conference in Copenhagen to seek an accommodation. The efforts by the oil companies to ensure a minimal flow of oil to the European nations, in order to share the burden equally, could have come to naught if the individual nations had used legal means to hold the oil companies to their contracts. That did not happen.

A number of factors influenced the success of the oil multinationals in playing a significant role in the crisis. Oil supplies in Europe were high in anticipation of winter and an expected rise in prices. The export of processed oil products from Europe was reduced. Oil product consumption in Europe was reduced and the winter was milder than anticipated. The intervention of the oil companies ensured that supplies moved well and re-supplies arrived. There is evidence that the embargo was not being effectively enforced by the Arab oil exporters. Finally, earlier price increases had resulted in more flexible production limits before the crisis ran its full course.

Although the Dutch government did not have a full picture of the oil supply situation at the height of the crisis it was not for want of access to the information. The Dutch Foreign and Military Intelligence Services, through SIGINT, were regularly reading the encrypted supply reports of both Shell and Mobil, although the resultant analysis did not reach the Dutch Cabinet.

The Arab oil embargo against the Netherlands did not succeed. It failed because the oil companies united to spread the oil scarcity among the Western European recipients. By controlling the shipments of oil, it is possible that oil reached Rotterdam from embargoing nations thanks to the intervention of the oil companies. By intervening in this manner, the oil companies directly influenced the outcome of the oil crisis in Europe. ☺

Leonard Mader 1948–2005

*"The measure of a man's life is the well
spending of it, and not the length."*

Plutarch

Len Mader's sudden death on March 5, 2005 at the age of 57 was a tragedy for his family and a shocking loss for his many friends in Canada and around the world. It was especially poignant because Len had recently retired and was having the time of his life. His days were filled with the joy of doing the things that he most wanted to do in life — studying, teaching, spending time with the people he loved and admired. It was those last eight months of Len's life that provide the key to understanding the whole man.

Len was born and raised in Calgary. After graduating from the University of Calgary and University of Western Ontario, he joined External Affairs — as it was then called — in 1974. He had postings in New York (as a stagiaire at the United Nations, with a full term at the Consulate-General), Dublin and London. With his communications skills and

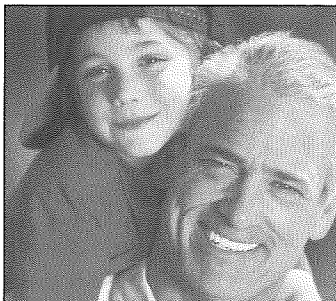
astute sensitivity on issues of messaging and methodologies, Len became one of the principal architects of departmental communications strategies in a series of headquarters and overseas jobs.

By the end of the 1990s, after serving in personnel, quietly untangling problems, dissecting conflicting policies and working his way quietly towards consensus solutions, he was ready for new challenges. It was a considerable leap of experience and background when Len became director of the Security Operations Division, but his calming style of management and careful ways in managing people made him an ideal candidate. Len brought to the job his typical blend of rational assessment and subtle wit, even while attending to the most difficult and wrenching problems of foreign service life in an increasingly insecure world. In the post 9/11 environment, when his Division became a lightning rod for so many issues, reasoned or not, Len worked his way through the intense pressures without ever losing his cool. The motto he coined for his Division — "keeping careless people alive in exotic locations" — lives on, a tribute to Len's dedication, professionalism and good humour which were at the core of his 30 years in the foreign service.

For those who worked with Len, probably the first word that comes to mind when thinking of him is "balance." Len was always even-tempered and calm, though he held strong views on many subjects. When others around him were flapping, he would simply bear down and get the work done.

For those who knew Len outside the office, balance is also a term they would use, but balance in a much wider sense. Balance as a sense of proportion, as an understanding of how to value the things that matter most to a person and assign them their relative weights in a life lived honourably and well. Balance as a passionate commitment to doing right by the people he loved and cared about.

Family was paramount. Len met his wife Robin while posted in New York, and with their two sons, Daniel and David, they formed a close-knit foreign service family which was the cornerstone of Len's life. He was immensely proud of his family, in the quiet, unassuming way which was his manner. Those who heard the eloquence of Daniel and David at Len's funeral as they spoke of their father's passing were struck by their strength of character and the family that had nurtured it.



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There were other passions as well, particularly his growing commitment over the years to Judaism, not only as a matter of faith but also as a way of life. Len had always been impressed by the deep traditions in Judaism. He talked often of the lines of Jewish learning and inquiry that could be traced back unbroken for thousands of years. Perhaps most important, however, was the sense of community and continuity that he found in Judaism. When he retired, Len had the time to pursue these interests with enthusiasm and delight. He met and prayed regularly with a group of Jewish scholars. He volunteered as a teacher at an Ottawa Jewish school. In retirement, Len had the time to give back to the community he loved, and he did so passionately.

There is, in the Jewish tradition, a simple moral principle passed down from parent to child: "Be a *mensch*." Be a human being. It is not a matter of high philosophy but of ordinary decency. Take your responsibilities towards others seriously, be the kind of person that other people can trust and count on. At Len's funeral, the room was packed with many hundreds of people who had assembled within hours of his death to pay tribute to him. It was a remarkably diverse group, and many people looking around the room were struck by how many lives

have been touched by Len and his family. It brought home to everyone just how lovely a man he was. Len was a real *mensch*, and we miss him very much. ☺

Daniel Livermore and Gary Soroka are both long-standing members of PAFSO in Foreign Affairs Canada.

Paul Dunbar 1944–2005

Paul Dunbar died suddenly on July 1, 2005, doing what he loved best — walking in the great outdoors. He was 61 at the time of his death and had been with the government since 1974, after first working in a family business in Hamilton. His early career was with the Canadian International Development Agency before moving to DFAIT/FAC in 1989.

Much of his career at DFAIT was spent as a foreign intelligence analyst in the Office of Current Intelligence (ISO/ISIO) after which he moved on to an assignment at CIC, also as an intelligence analyst. At the time of his death he was with the Aboriginal and Circumpolar Affairs Division.

Paul brought a passionate intensity to his work as an intelligence analyst and

always demonstrated a deep commitment to identifying and defending Canadian interests. His colleagues in Foreign Intelligence remember him as one who loved the secrecy of the intelligence world. He was totally dedicated to his work and showed an independence of mind together with an ability to look behind what we actually knew and to anticipate how the truth would develop within its own boundaries. These are among the most valuable gifts of an intelligence analyst, and Paul was one of the finest — although his penchant for keeping secrets sometimes made it a challenge to have him divulge all his knowledge.

Paul enjoyed nothing so much as an intelligence assessment which told a good story. Several of his editors recall a struggle with his need for precision and accuracy in argument which was commendable but often clashed with the Department's other requirement of succinctness in the finished product. His determination, hard work and long hours (first to arrive, often the last to leave) underscored his determination to learn as much as he could as fast as he could about his areas of responsibility — and it often paid dividends.

Paul enjoyed the great outdoors. His office decoration was spartan, but there was always on display a nice photograph of his son paddling a canoe somewhere in the Canadian wilderness. Paul walked everywhere and must have put on a great deal of "mileage" annually. He did this not only because of his enjoyment of the outdoors but also because his precious antique British sports car, his only vehicle, was only permitted on the roads during the summer months.

Over the years he had managed to warrant a corner office with windows on both sides. He saw this, correctly, as recognition of his seniority as an intelligence analyst and would sit there reading his papers with one of the best views in the Department, looking over towards the Gatineau hills. Those of us visiting him on a hot and sunny summer afternoon, with the sun beaming in, would try not to comment on his office also being one of the warmest in the building.

Paul was a quiet, unassuming man who prided himself on his professionalism and doing the best job that he could. His family was important to him and he took great pride in his son and grandson. Paul Dunbar will be missed. ☺

Kurt F. Jensen retired earlier this year from FAC to pursue other interests. These memories of Paul Dunbar were completed with the assistance of several of Paul's old colleagues in Foreign Intelligence.

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Left Behind In Nanjing

As Chester Ronning closed the doors of the Canadian Embassy in China in 1951, police arrested innocent locally-engaged employee Tessie Wong

by Camrose Burdon

On a January day in 1951 Tessie Wong, a locally engaged Chinese receptionist/typist at the Canadian Embassy, was en route by rail from Nanjing to Shanghai, on instructions from Chargé d'Affaires Chester Ronning. Both knew it was a risky mission, to deliver a message to Canadian Consul-General George Patterson, but hand delivery was the only dependable means of communication available.

Without accreditation to the People's Republic of China, Ronning's position was precarious. In 1949 and early 1950 it had seemed almost certain that Ottawa would recognize China, although the US was very opposed. Arthur Menzies, who was Head of the American and Far Eastern Division at External Affairs, was deeply involved in the deliberations. Despite reluctance in some quarters, Menzies had fully expected that Ronning would go to Beijing as chargé d'affaires. In January 1950 Ronning had already rented the building in Beijing where the new Canadian Embassy would be established — but the Korean Conflict began in June 1950 and Canada fought on behalf of the United Nations. As soon as "Chinese volunteers" crossed the Yalu River in support of North Korea in late October, Canada and China were effectively at war, and overtures toward Canadian recognition of China were ended abruptly. Ronning was ordered to close the Embassy in January 1951, and he was now considered an enemy alien, despite his personal friendship with some leading members of the Communist Party whom he had met in Chongqing and his life-long friendship with the Chinese people, among whom he had grown up.

Ronning was preparing to wind down the affairs of the Canadian Embassy with the assistance of the remaining staff of three — Canadian administrator John Staines, locally engaged translator Mr. Chen, and Tessie — all now working in the "former embassy." Canadian Deputy Consul-General in Shanghai Bruce Rankin had exited China with no money, no papers, nothing but the clothes he was wearing. His wife, Mona Rankin, recalls, "It was a terrible time. When any foreigner had to leave they had to advertise in advance that they were leaving. In many cases servants would come forward and complain of mistreatment — whether or not it was true. Bruce managed to smuggle out one American who had got in trouble."

If Ronning's position was insecure, Tessie Wong's was perilous. Mona Rankin says, "There was a tremendous amount of retaliation toward those who worked for foreigners who had no accreditation." Bruce Rankin had reportedly refused to depart until the eleventh hour, having held out for permission from Ottawa to evacuate his loyal native Chinese staff. "To have left them behind," Rankin believed, "would have been signing their death warrants." Nevitt Maybee, who had accompanied her diplomat husband Jack Maybee to Nanjing, recounts sadly, "Anybody who worked for foreigners was suspect. We sent money to our old amah [nanny] after we left, but after a while she asked us not to write or send money anymore; she said they thought she was a spy. We never heard from her again."

Although without diplomatic status, Ronning was well known and respected as a diplomat and friend to China, and his



c. 1946: Canadian First Secretary Chester Ronning (later Ambassador) with Tessie (left) and Katharine Wong.

government ensured his safe return to Ottawa. Tessie's connections, on the other hand, were in all the wrong places.

Wong Yaoying (she was given the name "Tessie" by an Italian sister at St. Mary's School in Hangzhou) was born to upper class parents of Cantonese origin in Beijing in 1921. Her father, Wong Dilian, had studied in Canton, and in Beijing at Qinghua University. His wife, Liu Shuzhen, had influential family connections through which Wong had become a government official and later Secretary of the Treasury in the northern government. Tessie and her younger sister Weiyang (Katharine) enjoyed a privileged upbringing. They lived in a fine Beijing house with wide red gates flanked by lions, through which the family's horse-drawn carriage would take Tessie to kindergarten to learn paper folding and singing.

The Wongs' only son died in infancy, and the Wongs treated Tessie in some ways as a substitute for their son, even dressing her like a boy when she was a small child. Tessie's father doted on her and treated her well, imparting a sense of self-confidence and the expectation that life was full of opportunities for enjoyment and fulfilment. As she grew older Tessie would come to prize the freedom she had taken for granted as a child.

The Wong household was a traditional one, but China was changing rapidly, and both parents were affected by modern western influences. Liu Shuzhen's feet had been bound, according to traditional practice, and to ensure her marriageability. Shuzhen loved partying, and especially loved dancing in high heels, despite the pain it caused her broken feet. She refused to have Tessie's feet bound. Shuzhen was a strong, capable woman, who in Tessie's estimation might have been successful in business or as a cabinet minister, had it been acceptable for women to pursue a career. She was a force to be reckoned with in the Wong household.

When Dilian chose a concubine, Shuzhen refused to accept the situation. Having failed to provide Dilian with a surviving heir, she was painfully aware that a concubine might bear him a son; if that happened she would lose her favoured family status and the security that went with it. Forbidden to express the depth of her anger at Dilian, she directed it at Tessie, beating her with a duster.

As Tessie and Katharine grew up during the 1920s and 1930s, Shuzhen moved the family around war-torn China, seeking to shelter them from continual waves of civil conflict and Japanese encroachment.

Shuzhen's strategy of frequent moves also served to reduce Dilian's rank, which in turn made him less attractive to prospective concubines.

During these years the girls were educated in the best private schools in Canton, Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Hangzhou. Tessie enjoyed the sociable environment of school, where she and the other girls learned foreign languages, wrestled with the complexities of the Chinese language, and entertained each other with jokes behind the teacher's back. "I was very naughty," Tessie admitted later with a satisfied grin. The latter years of her schooling were focused on the acquisition of social graces: feminine posture and carriage, the proper way to close a door, how to cut an orange. The traditional curriculum for an upper class woman reminded Tessie that the education of Chinese women was designed strictly to prepare them for marriage. "When I think about it," she said, "it was terrible."

Attractive, intelligent and vivacious, Tessie enjoyed the freedom

afforded by her background, and put off the day when she would be obliged to accept the confinement of marriage. After completing her basic education, she went to a business school in Hong Kong to learn typing and shorthand. Unlike her sister, who had an academic bent, Tessie was driven by a desire for friendship and social adventure. Every day after class, she and her classmates went to tea dances from five until seven o'clock, where they enjoyed music and made new friends in fashionable society. Meanwhile, Shuzhen was busily outfitting her daughters with beautiful dresses and reminding them to be delicate and pour tea nicely. She warned Tessie, "If you don't marry before you are 25 you will be an old maid." Shuzhen must have also thought that, since she did not have a son, she would have to rely on a daughter and son-in-law to take care of her in old age.

Eventually Tessie met someone to her mother's, but not her father's, liking. Then, in Shanghai, a banker introduced her to another suitor: a tall, handsome, older man, a quiet and gifted scholar named Un-Lin Chang. Chang had studied chemistry at M.I.T., but his mother had summoned him home before finishing his thesis. Tessie's parents thought Chang a good catch, especially since his uncle was Wang Jingwei, president of the government in occupied China at Nanjing.

Tessie knew her mother would soon insist on making a match for her, and she decided to marry Chang. They had a big traditional wedding ceremony in 1942, when she was 21 years old. Tessie began to have



misgivings even before the ceremony was over. She later recalled with disgust, "I had to kowtow to my husband's father." Because of her desire to carry on her own family name in the absence of a brother, she did not change her surname. Tessie soon realized that she had little in common with her sincere, kind, but inelegant husband, and his quiet way of life. She thought of herself as a social butterfly, mismatched with a scholar.

Un-Lin and Tessie had a daughter, Sau Wai, in 1943. The next year Wang Jingwei died. When Chiang Kai-shek denounced him as a traitor and collaborator with the Japanese occupiers, public outrage forced Wang's extended family to flee. At this critical juncture, Chang decided to move to Hong Kong, where he became a college professor.

Tessie, however, parted from her husband, and in December 1945 went to work at the newly-established Canadian Embassy in Chongqing, where her university-educated sister was already on staff. Sau Wai was taken to Canton with Shuzhen. Within a few years this fateful decision would lead to more misery than Tessie could have imagined.

As a receptionist at the Embassy Tessie was in her element, and was popular with everyone on staff. Her only complaint was that the typing assignments given her by the severe ambassador, Major General Victor Odum, were lengthy and boring. Odum needlessly rationed the charcoal used in the office heater, and issued knitting gloves to the secretaries so they could continue typing in the frigid office. The living quarters were frosty, too, and only one blanket per person was allowed. Tessie and the other office staff took pity on First Secretary Chester Ronning, who suffered from asthma and was particularly sensitive to cold, and managed secretly to provide him with an extra blanket. Odum forbade the women to go out in the Embassy Jeep, but Chester would take them for picnics, warning them to crouch down on the floor as they passed the ambassador. Despite Odum's unpleasantness, Tessie diplomatically honoured



him by bestowing the name "Victoria" on her daughter Sau Wai, during one of her periodic visits.

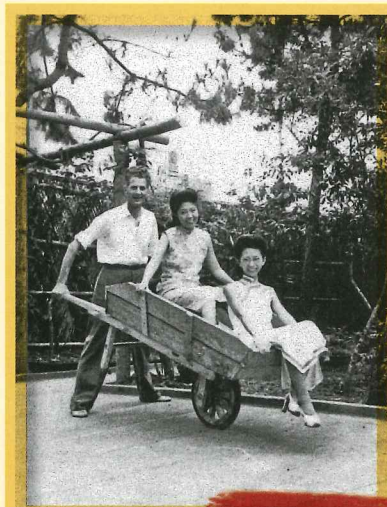
When the Embassy moved to Nanjing in May 1946, Tessie moved with it. In October the new ambassador, Thomas Clayton Davis, arrived and created a much more agreeable office atmosphere. Tessie continued to revel in the camaraderie of the staff and families, and in the social life of the Embassy, with its lively parties, dancing, and opportunities to make new friends from the diplomatic community. Well-liked by everyone, she had become particularly close to Chester Ronning, and she befriended his wife and children when they arrived in 1947. Her friend Nevitt Maybee says, "Chester was very loving and outgoing. He treated Tessie like his daughter. Tessie was part of the Embassy family." Another close friend

was secretary Alice Mullins, whose marriage to Canadian Military Attaché Col. Frederick Clifford she attended as bridesmaid on April 10, 1948. Jack Maybee was one of the ushers.

Through her friendships at the Embassy, Tessie developed a great admiration for Canadians and Canada, and a desire to visit and study there. In 1947 Tessie's sister had gone to join her husband, who had already emigrated to the United States, and she had spent a period of study at the University of Toronto. With her mother and daughter still in China, Tessie chose to stay with the Embassy. Around March 13, 1949, *HMCS Crescent*

arrived in Nanjing with responsibility for the safety of 27 western embassies whose non-Chinese staffs would embark on her if they had to evacuate. Peter Birch-Jones, who was sub-lieutenant on *HMCS Crescent* at the time, later recalled Tessie as "an outgoing, pretty girl who spoke very good English and loved everything Canadian. She was so proud that a Canadian ship was in harbour, took delight in everything Canadian, and wanted so much to come to Canada."

By October 1948, with the Communist capture of Nanjing imminent and travel increasingly



Chester Ronning, Tessie and Katharine.

dangerous, Ottawa ordered the Canadian women and children at the Embassy to leave. Ambassador and Mrs. Davis left early in 1949. Tessie must have realized then that she had no choice but to stay with the Embassy. Given the attitude of the Communists toward those associated with foreigners, and those from upper-class families, her prospects of employment elsewhere in China would have been virtually nil. For the same reason, a study visit to Canada with a return to a hostile China would have been out of the question. Re-settlement in Canada was impossible; until 1962 Canada restricted the immigration of people of Asian origin to the wives or unmarried children of Canadian citizens. It was too late to make her way safely out of the country or re-join her widowed mother and her daughter in Canton. It seems she had faith, as Ronning did, that things would settle down, the Embassy would be re-established, and that she would then go to Canada. Nevitt Maybee believes there was another reason for staying, however. "She stayed out of loyalty," says Nevitt. "It was her job." Tessie's loyalty would soon be tested severely.

On that January day in 1951, ready as always to help Ronning, Tessie boarded the train for Shanghai. Shortly after her departure, the local police visited Ronning and told him it had been announced that morning that permits had to be obtained prior to departing from Nanjing; neither he nor Tessie had been aware of the new requirement. On her return Tessie was confined to the Embassy compound to answer police charges and was placed under house arrest.

Suspected of espionage, Tessie was taken daily to the police station and questioned over and over, always maintaining that she knew nothing. Meanwhile, Ronning and Jim Staines had



B. Gen. Bostock, Ethel Wong from Vancouver, Alice, Tessie and secretary Inge Anderson.

to make a hasty retreat from China, leaving Tessie, age 30, alone under house arrest in the compound.

The Canadian government gave temporary special permission to accept Tessie unconditionally as an immigrant to Canada as soon as she got an exit permit. However, nothing was heard from her for some time.

When George Patterson returned to Canada he told Ronning what he had learned about Tessie during a final inspection visit he was allowed to make to the Nanjing compound. She had continued to be subjected to frequent questioning for months on end. She was asked repeatedly to condemn the past activities of the Canadian staff at the Embassy, and was promised immunity from punishment if she would agree to make a condemnatory statement about Canadian diplomats in the press. She refused. Finally she was threatened with a possible death sentence and given a week to reconsider her position of support for Canada.

She consulted Mr. Chen, who lived nearby and had been engaged as custodian of the compound. He agreed with her that she should return to the police immediately and re-state the facts as she had already told them. The police then seemed to be convinced; nevertheless her request for an exit permit was denied and she was forced to remain in the Nanjing compound for seven years. Cut off from family and friends, often with little to eat, harassed by authorities, Tessie became very ill. "I was very upset and depressed. I thought I was going to die," Tessie admitted later. Only the care and encouragement of Mr. and Mrs. Chen kept her going. Mrs. Chen would remind her, "Life is like being on a stage. One day you play a part; the next day you play a different part."



Tessie, Ambassador Davis and Alice.

In 1958 the Embassy property was sold by the People's Republic of China government, and Tessie was allowed to move to Canton to care for her ailing mother, a year before famine in southern China was to kill millions. Tessie scrounged for food and work and took care of her mother. She was offered employment at several foreign embassies in Beijing, but was refused the requisite employment permit. In a letter to Personnel Division in April 1960, Ronning reported to his colleagues that an officer of the Swiss Legation in Beijing had visited Tessie and had told him "she is facing her difficulties bravely."

"Everybody was very distressed about Tessie's situation," says Mona Rankin. Chester Ronning was particularly distressed, and took every opportunity to press the Chinese government to allow her to leave, and his own government to allow her to immigrate to Canada. If she were able to leave, she would still face hurdles before Canada would open its doors to her; the temporary permission granted in 1951 had long expired, and a medical examination would be required in Hong Kong. Chester urged officials to consider what would happen to Tessie if, once in Hong Kong, she failed the medical. He was also worried by a May 4, 1960, telex from Personnel Division concerning a *Time* correspondent who had got wind of "the Tessie Wong affair." On June 2, 1960, he sent a priority telex to headquarters from his office in Delhi:

Immigration apparently does not realize that to save a life from Communist clutches during a revolution, unconditional permission is vital. Communist agents in Hong Kong would report [her] call upon Canadian office. Investigation and punishment would follow upon return to Canton if medical exam is failed. Trip to Hong Kong would result in even greater danger than now and possible publication of story now in hands of reporter would certainly mean death sentence. Can Minister of Citizenship and Immigration be approached to make special ruling in these dangerous circumstances. . . . I accept responsibility for payment for any medical treatment Immigration doctors find necessary in Hong Kong before departure or after arrival in Canada.

The magazine publisher was persuaded to back off, and within days Immigration gave temporary unconditional permission for Tessie and her daughter to be given permanent entry visas, in hopes that Tessie would be able to escape to Hong Kong. However, it was not until October 1960, when Chester personally delivered the message to a trusted contact

in Hong Kong, that Tessie received the news and applied for permission to visit Hong Kong. In Hong Kong, Chester called on Victoria, a student there, and learned that letters from Tessie and Shuzhen indicated they were unable to visit her, and that they were short of food. Aware that Tessie might have to wait a long time to be released, Chester asked the Department to persuade Immigration authorities not to cancel the permission for admission to Canada. As Tessie continued to seek an exit permit without success, the Canton police resumed interrogation about her work at the Embassy, and also made an oblique offer to employ her as an informer.

Tessie politely declined. Again, her application for an exit permit was denied. "I almost killed myself," she admitted to friends later. "Lots of people killed themselves. Luckily I didn't. I stayed in bed for three months. My cousin, a doctor, said, 'You must go to the park.' I thought, 'I can't move, my heart is aching,' but I went to the park. I learned to do taiqi.

"My taiqi teacher was good to me. Things were very bad, but he would say, 'Nothing that important — let's go and eat.' He would go to the black market outside of town and bring back a chicken or fish. He would close the door and then cook it. They watched us — everyone, every move. They watched me. But I'm just like a turtle. When I know it's bad I put my head down. That's why I didn't die." When her husband died in 1965 Tessie was not allowed to attend his funeral in Hong Kong.

"I suffered a lot during the Cultural Revolution," Tessie recounted later. "In 1966 my apartment was ransacked by the Red Guards. They destroyed most of my photographs, but I had sent some out before. I had also sent some clothes out, including my embroidered wedding outfit."

Finally Canada established diplomatic relations with the People's Republic and in 1971 Chester accepted an invitation from his old friend Premier Zhou Enlai to visit China. Chester spoke to the premier about Tessie's case and received a positive response. "The local street authorities, however, ran their affairs in their own way," he explains in a letter to the Honourable Flora MacDonald, Secretary of State for External Affairs, dated July 31, 1979. In his letters to Flora MacDonald and to Allan Gotlieb, he recounts that on a second visit, in 1973, he reported the case again to the premier and to the

Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs, Qiao Guanhua, who assured him there would be no problem in Tessie's leaving China. On that trip, accompanied by his daughters Meme and Audrey, he visited Tessie at her home in Canton for several hours. Still she was unable to get an exit permit. In 1975 Zhou Enlai introduced Chester to Deng Xiaoping. "Being a native of Canton," Chester



Tessie, Alice, Arthur Menzies and Freddy.

wrote to Gotlieb, "he apparently pressured the local authorities who were in charge of issuing exit permits." Chester went on to say it was only when Deng was reinstated as deputy premier in 1977, that the local authorities gave her a passport in November. She was given four days to leave.

After 27 years Tessie was finally free. "When I came out I cried and cried," she said. Clifton Shaw was in his office at the Canadian Consulate in Hong Kong on a cold, rainy, December day when the receptionist announced the arrival of "a Mrs. Wong," adding, "She says she knows Chester Ronning." As Program Manager for the Immigration and Refugee Program, Clifton knew her file inside out; Chester had seen to that. Still, he was not prepared for the bedraggled appearance of the woman who had come to see him. "She looked destroyed," he says, "like a little waif — no glamour, not like the person we knew later and knew she had been before. Her hair was gray and cut in a Mao cut, straight across the bottom. She was wearing a padded jacket and Mao pants. Since she was most anxious to distance herself from China, arrangements for her immigration were dealt with expeditiously and she left for Canada early in 1978."

On arrival in Canada Tessie spent several happy months with Chester, now 84 years old, and his daughters, in their home town of Camrose, Alberta. She re-connected with Victoria, who had lived with her father in Hong Kong during her teenage years and was by now a geneticist settled in the United States. At the age of 57 Tessie then went about obtaining longer-term employment and citizenship. Her old friends Alice and Freddie Clifford welcomed her as a house guest in Ottawa. She applied for special consideration to expedite her citizenship application in June 1978, so she would qualify for employment, but the response was slow.

In July, 1979 she wrote to the new Secretary of State for External Affairs, Flora MacDonald, to solicit her support. On August 22, 1979, Allan Gotlieb, forwarding Tessie's letter and Chester's plea to him, urged his minister to appeal to the Secretary of State of Canada, David MacDonald, regarding "the peculiar plight of Mrs. Tessie Wong." He pointed out that Tessie was "clearly in a Catch-22 situation; without a guarantee of employment, the Registrar will not recommend her application for citizenship, and even with citizenship, prospects for sustaining employment are far from clear. These technicalities tend to obscure the overwhelming degree of suffering that service to the Canadian

Government resulted in for Mrs. Wong. In no way can this Department rectify the loss of twenty-seven years of her life but we strongly believe that on humanitarian grounds, it should be possible to contribute to her dignity through granting her citizenship and assisting her when possible to obtain employment."

The Minister agreed and wrote to David MacDonald, "I am acutely conscious of the need on the part of the Canadian Government to extend special recognition to Mrs. Wong and to seek to remedy the calamitous consequences she suffered by her unquestioning allegiance and dedication to duty at a time of great political strife and uncertainty... to manifest its concern and appreciation of the tragic effects upon Mrs. Wong's life wrought by her service to the Canadian Government and to alleviate the continuing indignity she has been exposed to since her arrival in Canada. ..." Tessie received her treasured Canadian citizenship at the Citizenship Court held in Ottawa on January 24, 1980.

Ruth Thompson, Director of Library Services at External Affairs, had taken a strong interest in Tessie's case and now she was able to hire Tessie as a clerk, and to assist officers in reading Chinese newspapers. Tessie presented herself to her new supervisor (the author of this article)



Tessie and her co-workers.

to begin work, auspiciously on the latter's birthday, April 28, 1980. Doubly auspicious, Tessie noted, was her supervisor's name, which was the same as the name of Chester's home town, Camrose. She quickly endeared herself to the library staff, who appreciated her kindness, her interest in them, her sense of fun, and her willingness to try anything. Bea Mascaro, a retired library manager, says, "I just remember how hard she worked — running, not walking, about her tasks, and always with a smile. She was a very generous and kind-hearted lady." Her colleague Pat Bélanger recalls that while filing cards in the catalogue she would practise the steps she had learned at her latest dance class.

Another retired library manager, Alice Adams, hosted Tessie in Victoria when she went there for an *HMCS Crescent* reunion. The *Crescent* veterans remembered with delight her entertaining them in Nanjing in 1949.

Tessie seldom spoke about the hardships she had endured. She would say, "Just think about good things now. Let's go out to eat!" When she retired after ten years, she continued



to work in the International Documents section of the library as a volunteer for a few years. Then she enjoyed several years of travel before illness confined her to Ottawa. She loved reminiscing about the library. Her years there were clearly among the best, if not the best, in her life.

Her ten years of service in the library were recognized in an official retirement letter signed by Prime Minister Mulroney. For her years of loyal service and ensuing hardship in China, there has been no public acknowledgement, a fact that Arthur Menzies laments. Chester Ronning once gave her a copy of his memoirs, inscribed:

To Tessie Wong in admiration for the manner in which she conducted herself during extremely tough times in China from 1951 to 1958. She became a citizen of Canada in 1980 and now works in the Library of External Affairs in Ottawa. Good luck, Tessie.

Tessie passed away in Ottawa on

Mothers' Day, May 8, 2005, surrounded by her daughter, other family members, and friends. ☺

Author's Note: This article is based on conversations with Tessie Wong and interviews with those who knew her, as well as photographs, Canadian government documents, and other sources. I am grateful to Arthur Menzies, who explained the historical context for the story and provided wise guidance throughout the writing project, and to Tessie's daughter Sau Wai Cheung and son-in-law Ming Wong for their research contributions and sustained enthusiasm.

Nevitt Maybee, Mona Rankin, Clifton Shaw, Ruth Thompson, Marion Fournier, Audrey Ronning Topping and Tessie's sister, Katharine Hsiao, provided many useful details and insights. I would like to acknowledge their generosity and that of the following individuals who contributed to the project: Michael Egan, for editorial guidance and revision; Scott Wade, who provided helpful comments on the text and who, together with Jean Duval, supplied the appropriate standard spelling of Chinese names (Un-Lin Chang, the legal name of Tessie's husband, is an exception); Eber Rice, for suggesting **bout de papier** as publisher; Hector Mackenzie, who took up the suggestion and helped verify facts from Departmental historical sources; Gilbert Hsiao for documenting and making available his mother Katharine's recollections; Debra Hulley of **bout de papier** for her cheerful and efficient cooperation; Cletus Peters for his encouragement and for his comments on the text; and Jane Kurys and the Department of Foreign Affairs Library staff for communicating their memories of Tessie, and for maintaining and/or making accessible pertinent information resources.

Any errors are my responsibility.



Camrose Burdon
October 2005

Editor's Note: The original submission included references which were eliminated for editorial reasons.

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Towards the “Carthaginian Peace”

by Roger Lucy

The term “Carthaginian Peace” is often used to describe a peace treaty whose terms are so onerous that the next war becomes almost inevitable. A classic example often cited is the 1920 Treaty of Versailles (at least that’s how the Germans and John Maynard Keynes perceived it). The term actually takes its name from the treaty of 201 BC which ended the Second Punic War (P.W. II) between Rome and Carthage. The sixteen-year war had cost the lives hundreds of thousands of Roman citizens and allies and brought the Roman Republic seemingly to the verge of extinction. Like the victorious allies in Paris in 1919, the Romans wished to ensure that their defeated opponent would never again pose a threat. Carthage was stripped of its possessions in Spain; its navy was dismantled; its war elephants surrendered; and a seemingly crushing war indemnity of 300 tonnes of silver was imposed. Moreover, Carthage was forbidden to wage war, even defensively, without Roman permission.

This treaty was the culmination of a series of agreements concluded between the two emerging powers which illustrates the shifting balance of power between Carthage and Rome over the previous 300 years. Up until 264 BC, Rome and Carthage had been, more often than not, allies. Their spheres of interest did not intrude on one another and they were united in their desire to check the advance of Greek colonies and commerce into the western Mediterranean. As long as there was hostile space between Rome and Carthage, they could cooperate; however, this ended with the final defeat of King Pyrrhus of Epirus at Beneventum in 275, leaving Rome in control of Italy and most of Sicily subject to Carthage. Hostilities soon broke out (P.W. I) and lasted from 264 to 242. It was followed by P.W. II from 218 to 201 and the final struggle — P.W. III, where Rome’s aim, the total elimination of Carthage was achieved — from 149 to 146.

According to the Roman historian Livy, five treaties were concluded between Rome and Carthage, prior to 264. Three of them

were summarized by Polybius who, in the run-up to the third war, was given access to the Aediles treasury at temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline hill. This housed the Roman treaty registry. The texts were inscribed, in Latin, on bronze tablets.

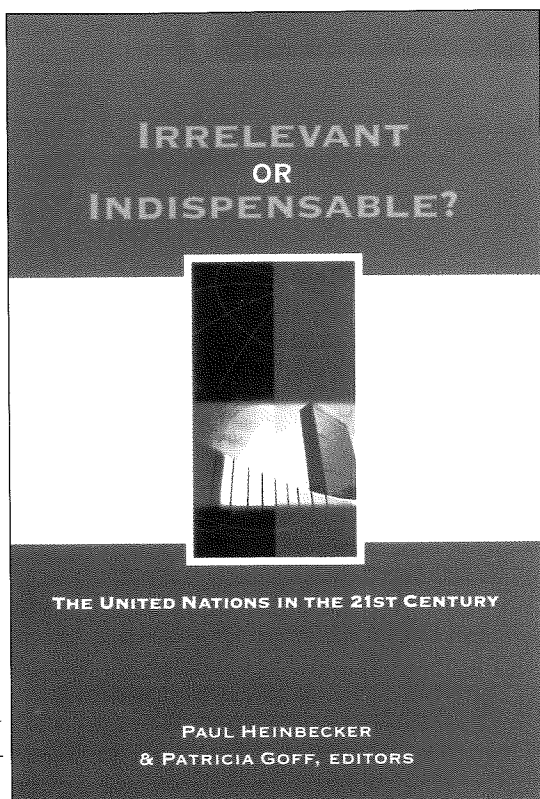
The first treaty was dated to 508 BC — the very year in which the Roman Republic was founded, after the expulsion of the Etruscan Tarquin dynasty. Polybius paraphrases its terms with the caveat that it is written in very archaic Latin and even the archivists had trouble getting the exact meaning. Its terms were as follows:

- Rome and its allies and Carthage and its allies will be friends.
- Roman ships will not land beyond “the Fair Promontory” (believed to be one of the capes on the Tunisian coast, northwest of Carthage), but if they are forced to do so, due to storms or enemy action, they will not buy or receive articles except those required to repair their ship or to make sacrifices. They must depart in five days.
- Roman merchants may trade in other ports of Carthaginian-controlled Africa and in Sardinia, but only in the presence of either the town clerk or herald. The Carthaginian state will ensure they get a fair price for their goods.
- Roman merchants trading in Sicilian ports controlled by Carthage will receive equal rights with other traders.
- Carthage will not injure any people from cities subject to Rome (a list of Latin towns stretching south to Terracina was included), nor any Latins allied to Rome. Carthage also agrees to avoid attacks on those Latin states which were not Roman allies, but if they do capture one of these towns, it will be handed over to Rome — intact. The Carthaginians will build no forts in Latium and if they

land under arms, they will not spend the night there.

It’s clear that most of the treaty’s text was largely Carthaginian supplied boiler plate, something like the draft text of our Air Agreements or Double Taxation Agreements. The only blanks to be filled in by the negotiators would have been the areas Rome deemed to be under its control or within its sphere of influence. The newly established Roman Republic must have been pleased to obtain such recognition from a major power in the region; the Carthaginians would have been equally anxious to ensure the Romans respected their commercial monopoly over the shipping lanes west of Carthage. It may well be that the 508 treaty, in fact, replicated an earlier treaty between Carthage and the now deposed Roman monarchy. According to Aristotle, the Carthaginians were wont to conclude such treaties of friendship and commerce (*symbola*) with Etruscan city states — Rome would have been regarded as one of these. Italy, Spain and North Africa were important sources of minerals and other raw materials for the eastern Mediterranean. Carthage, a colony of the Phoenician city of Tyre, had made its fortune trading such western raw materials for eastern goods and luxuries. Carthage and its Etruscan allies had also succeeded in defeating Greek efforts to establish colonies in Corsica and points west. Above all Carthage wished to preserve its monopoly on trade beyond the straits of Gibraltar.

The treaty was not renewed until 348 BC. There had been a number of major developments in the intervening 150 years. For a time, Republican Rome had not been able to retain all the Latin territories listed in the 508 treaty, and had also undergone considerable political and social turmoil. While it had made some gains by the early fourth century BC — capturing the Etruscan city of Veii — it had also suffered severely at the hands of the Gauls in the 380s. By 348, however, Rome was recovering its position as the paramount power in central Italy, but still was a



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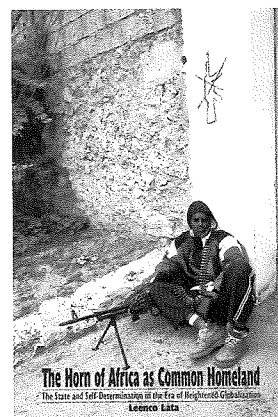
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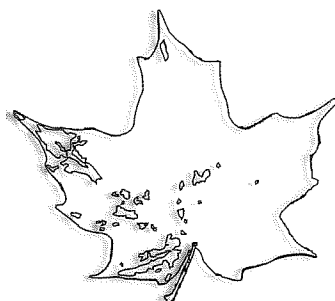


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long way from dominating the entire peninsula — let alone the known world. Carthage — while making progress during the fifth century in securing its commercial hegemony over Spain — had been less successful in trying to limit Greek expansion in Sicily. In 480 — legend says on the same day as the battle of Salamis — a major Carthaginian attack on Syracuse had been defeated, and much of Carthaginian Sicily had been lost. By the middle of the fourth century BC, Carthage's position was, like Rome's, recovering, although its Sicilian possessions were again under threat.

Under the terms of the 348 treaty:

- Rome and its allies and Carthage — including its mother-city Tyre and also Utica (to the north-west of Carthage) — and its allies will be friends.
- The no-sail zone, forbidden to the Romans, now extended from the Fair Promontory to Tarsea on the east coast of Spain near Cartagena (New Carthage). The Romans are forbidden to raid, trade or found settlements beyond these points.
- If the Carthaginians capture a city of Latium not allied to Rome, they may now retain any booty or slaves they take, but must hand the city itself over to the Romans. Should they capture any persons from a city which has a treaty of peace with Rome, but not allied to Rome (this seems to refer to some Etruscan cities such as Caere and Tusculum which had recently concluded such treaties), they may not bring them into a Roman harbour (presumably to sell as slaves) — if they do so, any captives shall be freed. A reciprocal provision applies to the Romans.

- If Roman or Carthaginian ships obtain provisions or water from a port under the other party's authority, they shall not use these provisions to attack any person with which the other party has a treaty of peace or friendship.
- The Romans are now forbidden to trade or found cities in Sardinia, or on any part of the African coast. However in Carthage itself, or any part of Sicily ruled by Carthage, Romans may trade or do anything allowed a Carthaginian citizen.

It would seem, from the terms of this new treaty, that Carthage had become relatively stronger than Rome. However, clearly the treaty recognized the possibility that Rome might now be in a position to carry out piratical raids or found overseas colonies (as it had recently tried to do in Corsica — an area recognized as a no mans land between Carthage and the Etruscans). Of interest, however, are the reciprocal obligations on each party to respect peace treaties concluded by the other. The inclusion of Tyre, as well as Utica (nominally independent, but *de facto* part of a Carthaginian commonwealth extending from Tripolitania to the Atlantic) is also of interest, and confirms Livy's dating of the treaty. Tyre had been a dependency of the Persians since the late sixth century. In 351 a Persian attack on Egypt had been bloodily repulsed and the cities of Phoenicia (modern Lebanon) had revolted. Independence was brief; by 345 Persian control was reimposed. Carthage, now far richer and more powerful than its mother city, had taken Tyre under its wing, including it as a party in *symbola* with the city states of Italy concluded during that time frame.

While Livy mentions a treaty in 306, Polybius seemed unaware of it. By 306 Rome was on its way to dominating the entire Italian peninsula, while Carthage

had brought most of Sicily under its control. However, both faced challenges. The Romans were locked in a struggle with the Samnites, a powerful confederation of hill tribes in southern Italy and the war was not necessarily going in Rome's favour. Carthage's Sicilian enemies had engaged the services of a Spartan general, Timoleon, who was preparing to invade Africa. It is clear that one of the objectives of the 306 treaty was to ensure that neither party profited from any reverses that might be suffered by the other. Philinus — a Greek historian who presented the Carthaginian perspective (alas his work has not survived) and presumably had access to the Carthaginian archives — claimed there was a mutual commitment that Rome would not interfere in Sicily and Carthage would not interfere in Italy. Polybius denied seeing any such undertaking in the treaty series he examined. This has led to speculation that Rome's "access to information" withheld the 306 treaty from him — because it contained this embarrassing clause. Rome's intervention in Sicily in 364, which sparked the three Punic Wars, would have placed it in material breach of the 306 treaty. At the time Polybius was doing his research, the hawks in the Roman Senate, led by Cato the Elder (famous for demonstrating with a bunch of fresh figs that Carthage was only three days sail from Rome), were agitating for the final war to eliminate Carthage once and for all. Cato ended every speech in the Curia with *delenda est Carthago* — "Carthage must be destroyed." Needless to say, the Romans needed all the moral high ground they could get.

That this mutual non-intervention clause existed seems to be confirmed by the next treaty quoted by Polybius. This was concluded in 278 when both Rome and Carthage were facing attack from Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. Pyrrhus had crossed the Adriatic to respond to pleas for assistance from the Greek colonies in southern Italy (threatened by Rome) and those in Sicily (threatened by Carthage). While Pyrrhus won a string of "pyrrhic victories" against both Rome and Carthage, he was unable to make substantial strategic headway as long as he had to fight on two fronts. The 278 treaty renewed all the terms of the previous treaty. However, to forestall Pyrrhus trying to defeat Rome and Carthage individually, the two states added a clause to the effect that they would only conclude a separate peace with Pyrrhus if it contained a clause allowing "...each to enter the territory of the other to render military assistance if it is required." This



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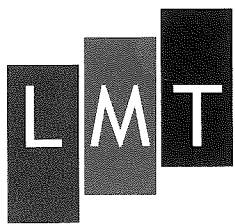
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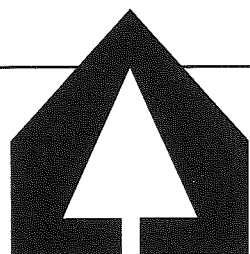
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allowed a specific exception to the mutual non-intervention clause, in the treaty of 306, cited by Philinus.

Rome and Carthage also agreed that should such mutual assistance be provided, each party would pay for its own ground troops, but that Carthage would supply the ships for the outward and return journeys and that, if required, Carthage would supply naval support to the Romans. Carthaginian sailors, however, would be exempt from engaging in land combat. While this clause would seem to lay an additional obligation on Carthaginians, they had no wish to encourage the Romans to develop a navy (and history would prove their concerns justified).

The refusal of Rome and Carthage to sign a separate peace with Pyrrhus led to his final defeat by the Romans. His prophesy on leaving Sicily, that he was leaving it to be fought over by the Romans and Carthaginians, was soon fulfilled. In 264 Rome was drawn into conflict with Carthage by a group of renegade Italian mercenaries and, after 23 years of warfare and the loss of 700 ships, emerged victorious. With the last Carthaginian fleet defeated in 241, the Carthaginian commander on Sicily, Hamilcar Barca, and his Roman counterpart, Catulus, agreed on the following terms:

- The Carthaginians and Romans shall be friends on these conditions, pending ratification by the Roman people.
- The Carthaginians will withdraw from all Sicily, and shall not make war on Hiero (the ruler of the Greek state of Syracuse) or attack the Syracusians or their allies.
- The allies of either party shall be safe from attack by the other.
- The Carthaginians shall return to the Romans all prisoners of war without ransom.
- Neither party shall levy any contribution, erect any public buildings or enlist mercenaries in the territories of the other, or receive the allies of the other into friendship.
- Carthage had to pay an indemnity of 2200 talents [30 tonnes of silver] within twenty years.

The Roman Assembly did not immediately ratify these terms, sending out a ten-man commission which added the

additional conditions (which Carthage accepted) having the payment period of the indemnity, levying an additional payment of 1000 talents — to be paid immediately and requiring Carthage to evacuate all islands between Italy and Sicily.

Four years later, the Romans, taking advantage of a revolt by Carthage's unpaid mercenaries, accepted an invitation from mercenaries stationed there to seize Sardinia. When the Carthaginians made preparations to retake Sardinia, Rome declared war. Carthage, unwilling to pursue hostilities, agreed to cede Sardinia and to pay an additional 1200 talents to Rome.

With Sicily and Sardinia lost, Carthage began to concentrate its efforts on expanding its control over southern Spain, a region rich in agricultural produce and minerals. The Romans made it clear they would not tolerate any Carthaginian expansion north of the Ebro river. In actual fact their line in the sand was at Saguntum, a town well south of the Ebro, which had concluded a treaty of alliance with Rome. In 219, Hannibal, the Carthaginian commander in Spain, besieged Saguntum. The Saguntines appealed to Rome for help. The Romans sent a delegation to Hannibal and told him to desist. He refused and took the city. A Roman delegation was then sent to Carthage issuing an ultimatum — either disgorge Saguntum and hand Hannibal and his staff over to the Romans or consider themselves at war. The Roman side cited the clause in the 241 treaty whereby each party's allies were safe from attack from the other. The Carthaginians argued that this only applied to those who were allies at the time the treaty was concluded, the Romans argued it did not matter when they became allies. War ensued. Hannibal led his army and elephants over the Alps to inflict a series of crushing defeats on the Romans, but in the end Rome prevailed. Defeated on its home soil, Carthage had to capitulate under the terms of the "Carthaginian Peace" of 201.

Thus a series of treaties, originally designed to ensure Rome and Carthage would not intrude within each other's areas of interest, had ultimately led to two long and debilitating wars. Carthage, now confined to the North African coast, retreated from any foreign ambitions and fell back on the agricultural wealth of its hinterland. The war indemnity was paid off in record time. In the end that did not satisfy the Romans. In 149 — on the pretext that defensive Carthaginian actions against incursions by Rome's Numidian allies violated the 201 treaty — the Romans demanded that Carthage disarm completely. When Carthage complied, the

Romans ordered that Carthage be razed and the population resettled far inland. At this point the Carthaginians concluded that they had no choice but to rearm as best they could (the women of Carthage sacrificed their hair to make catapult springs) and resist. Remarkably they held out for three years. In the end the Romans breached the walls of Carthage. Fighting raged from house to house through the blazing high rise blocks of the inner city. When the last pockets of resistance were quelled, the Romans razed what remained, sowing salt over the ruins, to symbolize that Carthage would never rise again. The site is now a suburb of Tunis, favoured by the diplomatic community. Perhaps deep under some Staff Quarter rest tablets with the Punic versions of the treaties Polybius cited. ☺

*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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The United Nations:

Adapting to the 21st Century

by Lousie Fréchette

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I joined the United Nations on a wave of reform — indeed, the position that I occupy, that of Deputy Secretary General, was part of Kofi Annan's first reform package in 1997. The reforms put in place at that time did much to restore confidence in the organization — confidence that had been badly eroded, above all, by the UN's failures in Bosnia and Rwanda. Those reforms continued throughout the 1990s, and we introduced a second wave of reforms in 2002.

Thanks in part to these changes, the organization emerged from a prolonged funding crisis with the United States. I vividly remember the day when Senators Helms and Biden visited UN Headquarters with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and how that led to the implementation of the *Helms-Biden Act*, under which the US eventually paid off most of its arrears due to the UN in 2001.

I also recall the palpable optimism of the moment in September 2000 when member states adopted the Millennium Declaration — a remarkable document which showed widespread confidence that humanity could make measurable progress towards peace, security, disarmament, human rights, democracy, and good governance. And I think all of us who serve the United Nations were proud when, a year later, the Security Council responded swiftly and decisively to the terrorist attacks of 11 September 2001.

Today, however, it is difficult not to feel that we have, in some respects at least, slid back down the greasy pole to somewhere near the place where we started eight years ago. The organization has been deeply scarred by the divisions over the war in Iraq. Many who supported the war saw the Security Council's failure to authorize action as symptomatic of the UN's inability

to provide a muscular response to today's threats. Many who opposed the war were disillusioned that the UN appeared helpless to prevent what they saw as a premature and dangerous war, fought on uncertain grounds. As a result — and notwithstanding the deployment by the Security Council of a host of new peacekeeping missions to stabilize other troublespots — at the very time where they were divided over the Iraq issue, people on all sides experienced a crisis of confidence in the United Nations. The controversies surrounding the Oil-for-Food Program only added fuel to the fire, as did other failings in the conduct of staff and peacekeepers. Today the calls for reform are stronger than ever.

Once again, the Secretary General is leading the charge. In September 2003, he warned that the international community stood at a fork in the road, and then set up the High-level Panel (HLP) to put forward a new vision of collective security that could command the confidence of all states. It was also he who set up the Millennium Project, to give both rich and poor nations a plan of action to meet the Millennium Development Goals (MDGs).

Those two bodies produced their reports this winter, and two weeks ago, the Secretary General published his own report entitled, *In Larger Freedom*. That report offers member states a package of decisions which, taken together, could forge an effective multilateral response to the great challenges of our time, and make the United Nations itself an effective instrument of that response.

For some of our harshest critics, this is a futile exercise. They view the United Nations as a worn-out relic of a bygone era, inefficient and ineffective, corrupt and morally bankrupt — in short, next to useless. But if

that is true, why do States entrust so many vitally important tasks to the United Nations? Why have they turned to it to spearhead an unprecedented global response to the Asian tsunami, and to the more recent earthquake in the region? Why did they call on the UN to help with the creation of an interim government in Iraq, and to provide technical assistance during the recent elections? Indeed, why do member states put more than 70,000 of their troops at the disposal of the United Nations to deploy in peacekeeping missions in four continents — which, I feel compelled to add, the UN does on the impressively small budget of around \$4 billion a year.

I could, in fact, spend my entire speech listing all the things that the UN does, day in and day out, to save lives and help stabilize societies. But I won't. I could expound at length on how a UN framework brings legitimacy to international action and helps maximize global cooperation in pursuit of common goals. Again, I will spare you.

But I *will* take a minute to sing the praises of UN staff, because I cannot remain silent when I see their reputation being tarnished by the misbehaviour of a few of their colleagues, or by the shortcomings, real or imagined, of their leaders, mine included. The vast majority of UN staff are very talented, highly skilled, and deeply devoted to the organization, and many pursue that devotion at great personal cost. Some have even paid with their lives. Many more pay every day by accepting the disruption of their family life, and constant shuttling from war zone to war zone. I am proud to work with them, and I do not for one minute accept the caricature of the Secretariat which nowadays masquerades as fact.

But I fully agree that reforms — bold and far-reaching policy reform and insti-

tutional reforms — are both urgent and necessary. The Secretary General's report contains recommendations on the changes that he believes must be made if the organization is to provide an effective collective response to all the threats we face — from deadly weapons and catastrophic terrorism to killer diseases and life-threatening poverty — if we are to advance development, security and human rights with equal determination. Reform is necessary on four sets of issues — in basic policy, in the instruments at our disposal, in intergovernmental institutions, and in the management of the Secretariat.

Let me take policy first. There, reform is urgent and necessary because our member states remain deeply divided on key issues — divisions which paralyze collective action and cripple multilateral institutions. They have been divided on what the most important threats are to international peace and security; on how to fight terrorism effectively; on the need to save civilians from massive atrocities inside sovereign states; whether or when it is right to use force in the face of non-imminent threats.

If we are to overcome these divisions, the starting point must be a broad vision of collective security — one which accepts that all threats that cause death on a large scale or undermine states as the basic unit of the international system are common threats, requiring a collective response from humanity as a whole. The Report of the Secretary General offers important policy recommendations for consideration by member states to give effect to that vision, including:

- A strategy for fighting terrorism that includes a place for coercive measures, of course, but goes far beyond them. At its centre would be a comprehensive anti-terrorism convention based on an agreed definition. Last week's agreement on a convention against nuclear terrorism is an important step in this direction.
- The report also recommends adoption and application by the Security Council of principles which would guide decisions on the use of force.
- An endorsement of the norm of the "responsibility to protect," which Canada, of course, has done so much to promote, as a basis for collective action against genocide, ethnic cleansing, or crimes against humanity, when governments themselves are either unwilling or unable to protect their citizens.

I must stress that mere agreement on these basic policy changes is no panacea. There would still be plenty of hard-fought negotiations, and plenty of issues on which

member states would find it difficult to agree. But agreement on the Secretary General's proposals would give us vital tools to promote consensus, and a much better chance of reaching decisions that command wide respect.

Second, let me turn to the instruments at our disposal. Reform is urgent and necessary because some of them have not kept pace with changing times.

The dangers of nuclear proliferation are a clear example. While the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT) has prevented far more states from acquiring nuclear weapons than was ever expected, the spread of nuclear technology has exacerbated a long-standing tension arising from the fact that the technology required for civilian nuclear fuel can also be used to develop nuclear weapons. To address this tension, the Secretary General's report recommends strengthening the verification authority of the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) through universal adoption of the Model Additional Protocol (MAP).

Tougher inspections, however, are not enough. Unless we want to live in a far more dangerous world, we must also create viable incentives for states to voluntarily forego the development of sensitive aspects of the fuel cycle. All of this should occur in the context of a revitalized regime in which our commitments to both non-proliferation and disarmament transcend old fault lines, and are expressed not just in word but in deed. Swift negotiation of a fissile material cut-off treaty should be a top priority. So too should be a sustained commitment to the moratorium on nuclear testing and the entry into force of the Comprehensive Test-Ban Treaty (CTBT).

Another example of an instrument that needs updating is UN peacekeeping. The reforms undertaken following the Brahimi report have given us clearer doctrine and better peacekeeping capability. But we still lack adequate standby arrangements to enable quick deployment, with the necessary strategic reserve. And we must develop an interlocking system of peacekeeping capacities that will enable the United Nations to work with relevant regional organizations in predictable and reliable partnerships.

The third set of issues relates to our intergovernmental institutions. There, reform is urgent and necessary because a number of our decision-making bodies are insufficiently representative, or unfocused, or ill-suited to dealing with new challenges.

Let me start with the Security Council. A more broadly representative Security Council, one that better reflects the geopolitical realities of today, would be more

authoritative, and therefore more effective. This view is widely shared among the membership. But as is well known, disagreement on the details of enlargement of the Council has stymied progress towards a resolution. The Secretary General believes that member states should, for the sake of the institution, take a decision on this issue before September. Of course, consensus on such a vital matter would be preferable. But the best must not become the enemy of the good.

In the last decade and a half, the role of the United Nations in peacebuilding has become one of its most important contributions to collective security. Peacebuilding draws in many actors, both within the UN system and outside it, and needs to work to strengthen security, rule of law, human rights and development. But there is a gaping hole in the United Nations institutional machinery — no part of the intergovernmental system draws these strands together to effectively address the challenges of helping countries with the transition from war to lasting peace.

That is why the Secretary General has embraced the High-level Panel's recommendation to create a Peacebuilding Commission, which he believes would improve planning and coordination, and help sustain political will and financial support for long-term peacebuilding efforts. The Commission's membership should include a sub-set of member states of both the Security Council and the Economic and Social Council, and draw in troop contributors, major donors, relevant regional actors, international financial institutions, as well as countries concerned.

Equally far-reaching is the Secretary General's proposal to create a Human Rights Council to sit alongside the Security Council and the Economic and Social Council. While the Commission on Human Rights does important work, states have too often sought membership not to strengthen human rights but to protect themselves against criticism or to criticize others. The Commission meets for six weeks a year, pursuing an agenda that is extremely selective and politicized, using methods that are extremely adversarial. A Human Rights Council would consecrate human rights as a central pillar of the UN, on a par with security and development. The Council could sit throughout the year, and periodically review and promote, in a more systematic and objective way, respect for *all* human rights in *all* countries. Its ultimate form and function is, of course, a matter for discussion and decision among member states — but I believe they must tackle this important institutional reform without delay.

Finally, let me turn to management of the Secretariat. Reform is urgent and necessary because the UN's internal management clearly lacks sufficient transparency, accountability and integrity, despite major reforms since 1997 — including the overhaul of a number of departments, better budget and management systems, and, more recently, a complete transformation of our staff security system.

The challenges of managing a large and complex international organization are manifold. The UN system is hybrid in nature — part foreign service, part conference-servicer, part operational agency, part research institute. It has fragmented institutional oversight, and member states exert heavy political pressure, often seeking to co-manage the organization alongside the Secretary General as Chief Administrative Officer. And the organization is probably the most multicultural employer in the world — which makes it an exciting place to work, but also brings with it its own set of management challenges.

Some of our problems stem from these unique challenges — but none of them can excuse systemic poor management or ethical lapses among staff. We are gravely concerned at the failures brought to light

in the Oil-for-Food Program, and appalled at the allegations of sexual abuse by UN staff and peacekeepers in the Democratic Republic of the Congo and elsewhere.

When problems come to light, you must act aggressively to fix them — and that's what we're doing. The Secretary General is moving swiftly on issues within his own purview — for instance, new protections for whistleblowers, wider access to information, higher standards to avoid conflicts of interest or corruption by senior officials, and action to hold managers to account.

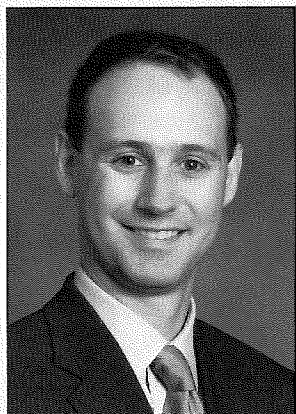
In his report, the Secretary General asks the member states to do their part to help reform the Secretariat, including by reviewing all mandates more than five years old and all the rules governing the deployment of both budgetary and human resources, and by authorizing a one-time staff buy-out. Without this kind of rationalization and reorientation, the Secretariat will not be able to meet the range of demands placed on it by member states.

Of course, agreement on reforms of any kind is useless if they simply amount to promises that are not put into practice. There is no clearer or more urgent example of this than the development agenda, where we have plenty of consensus but too little implementation.

Three years ago, at Monterrey, developed and developing countries struck a bargain. If we are to meet the Millennium Development Goals (MDGs) by 2015, we must make sure that this bargain is kept. From developing countries, we need real commitments to good governance, and comprehensive national strategies to meet the MDGs by 2015. From developed countries, we need the leadership to achieve a break-through in the Doha round of trade negotiations, and an immediate beefing up of resources for development, coupled with the establishment of timetables to meet the target of providing 0.7 percent of gross national income in development assistance by 2015.

With this kind of action, the MDGs *are* achievable — indeed, many countries are on track to achieve some of these goals. But many others, particularly in Africa, are falling behind, and need a combination of domestic reform and international assistance. Five years after the MDGs were pronounced, and ten years away from the target date, 2005 is the year when all States must begin to meet their commitments to save people from destitution, starvation, and killer diseases.

As you know, the Secretary General has asked member states to view these proposals as a package — not a take-it-or-leave-it



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package, but a package which has some basic planks which need to be preserved. The challenges our world faces cannot neatly be separated into little boxes, one reading "threats to the rich world," and another reading "dangers for the poor." When threats are inter-linked, responses must be too. We will not enjoy development without security, we will not enjoy security without development, and we will not enjoy either without respect for human rights. All must be the subject of far-reaching decisions in September.

I have no illusions that achieving reforms on this scale is a simple proposition. Some big issues are on the table — some have been around for many years, others are before member states for the first time. A lot of political will is required if the September summit is to bear fruit.

But I firmly believe that success is possible, for two reasons. First, because the United Nations has, in fact, been able to change enormously over its sixty-year history. The founders of the organization could hardly have imagined that there would be a High Commissioner for Human Rights, for instance, that we would be fully engaged with a broad cross-section of civil society, that we would have troops keeping the peace in over a dozen sovereign States, or, indeed, that the UN would

have obliged one of its members to accept weapons inspectors on its territory. All of these developments point to the organization's ability to adapt itself, and to look beneath the surface of states and nations to the peoples in whose name the Charter was adopted. The UN may be a leopard that doesn't easily change its spots. But even though it looks the same, it has, in fact, become a very different animal.

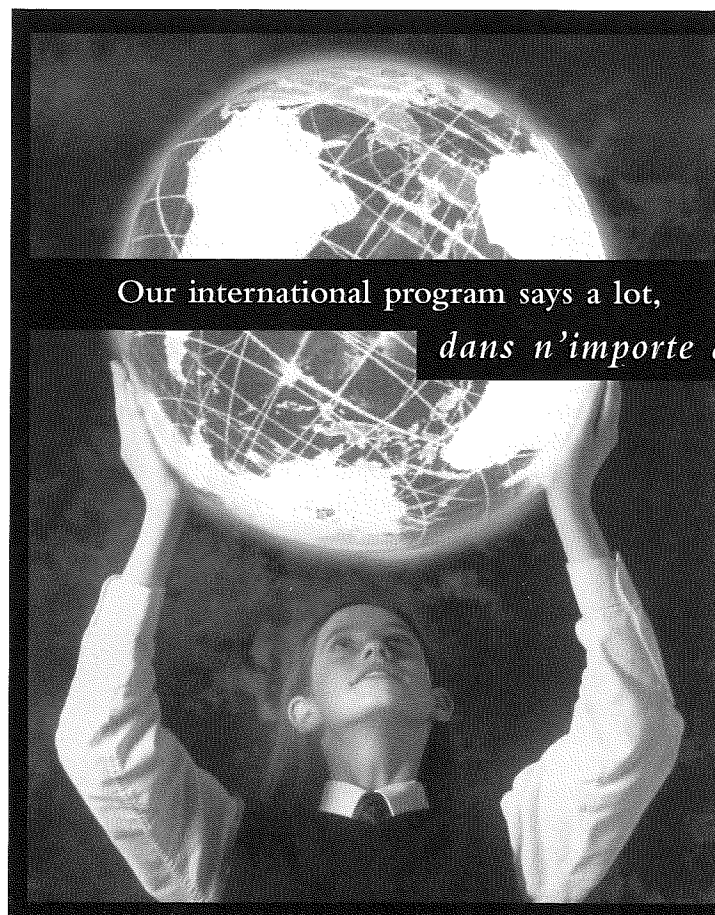
Second, I believe that there is, at this time, widespread understanding of the implications of not acting — coupled with a welcome effort, on the part of key member states, to rebuild bridges of understanding that were pretty badly damaged in recent years. There is a real sense that faith and confidence in the multilateral route will only endure if people see that the system can actually deliver. Member states are, I believe, seized of the necessity for reform, as are we in the Secretariat. The reform agenda has now gone beyond diplomatic cocktail party chatter in New York, and has begun to register in world capitals and among the general public. The Secretary General intends, among other things, to dispatch high-level envoys to capitals in the coming period to build on that momentum.

All this is well and good — but let me conclude with the most important point of

all. The success or failure of this effort will not depend on the Secretary General alone, and this reform is not about him. Its fate will depend, ultimately, on the decisions of member states, and its purpose is to set the organization on a more effective and hopeful course. September's summit is the chance for world leaders to take decisions that can help halve global poverty in the next ten years, reduce the threat of war, terrorism and deadly weapons of mass destruction, advance human dignity in every land, and reform the United Nations with a speed and boldness not seen in its sixty-year history. They must use it, or lose it.

I am confident that leaders will use this opportunity, and that people everywhere will reap the benefits. Member states now have before them a set of practical proposals for pragmatic decisions. From such beginnings could emerge a visionary change of direction for our world. ☺

Louise Fréchette is the Deputy Secretary General of the United Nations. She was Canadian Deputy Minister of National Defence from 1995 to 1998 and Associate Deputy Minister in the Department of Finance. She served as Permanent Representative of Canada to the United Nations from 1992 to 1995.



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Sylvia Ostry's Life, Method and Thought on the International Stage

by David M. Malone

This article has been adapted from the author's introduction to a collection of essays in honour of Sylvia Ostry. Annotation and references to other contributions to the book have been omitted and the text has been edited for length. This version appears in *bout de papier* with the kind permission of the author, to whom we express our thanks.

Impact in the policy world derives from many sources, of which intelligence is only one. Personality, energy, a sense of history and timing, a network of relationships, all of these contribute to allowing creative and new ideas to take root in a busy world in which quick policy hits are the norm and lasting influence the exception. All of these qualities have had a bearing on Sylvia Ostry's legacy and continuing output, as I hope to demonstrate in these comments. That she is still a vital force in the world of ideas suggests there is much more to come.

Sylvia, as she is universally known in the higher reaches of policy circles, having conducted *con brio* successful careers in academia and in the Canadian public service, burst onto the international stage as the head of the Economics and Statistics Department of the OECD, 1979–83. There, she brought her rapier intellect and a sense of pizzazz to bear on the previously staid if highly regarded business of OECD economic analysis and forecasting. If the forecasts strayed off target, Sylvia could always explain after the fact why this had proved so and why it mattered. I never once saw her in a defensive mode over past misjudgments. She made economics exciting, not just for the media but also for policy makers. Her allegiances were to the discipline and to better policy.

In 1983, at the request of Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, she initiated the penultimate phase in her career (before returning to academia) as the most senior adviser on international economic relations and trade matters to several Canadian prime ministers (assuming a variety of titles between 1983 and 1989). It was at this point that I was fortunate to be assigned

to work for her, initially as a bureaucratic drone within the foreign service and, later, as our mutual confidence grew, as her "Boy Friday" on international institutional matters, particularly those relating to the G-7. It is hard to describe the sense of excitement she created about her on such ostensibly dry matters. She reveled both in clear thinking and in creative chaos. She objected to being described in a major international paper as a leader among "counter-culture" economists because, of course, she was a very serious economist. But her style was subversive of bureaucratic logic, and she was adored by the international media who would, at press conferences, serenade her with her past policy pronouncements (Policy Overshoot! they would chant, quoting her — with reference to the G-7's all-too-successful attempts in the mid-1980s to manipulate exchange rates).



Sylvia was a product of her time and place: the inter-war years and Winnipeg. Before the First World War, her parents, originally from Odessa and Danzig, had joined so many others in Winnipeg's fabled Jewish community, carrying with them a fierce attachment to education and a strong interest in the arts. Though the Depression largely wiped out her father financially, there was never any question that her brother and she would be deprived of a university education. In those years, Winnipeg's outlook was intensely international. The *Winnipeg Free Press* published much more world news than its Toronto rivals. Why? The cosmopolitan immigrant community for one, perhaps, though the grain trade probably had more to do with it.

Sylvia was minded to study medicine as it was then the most demanding university course. She sailed through pre-med, but in medical school itself was taken aback to find the curriculum intellectually tedious. Visiting her brother at Queen's University in Kingston, she realized there was another world, other possibilities, including Ph.D. studies. Her fond parents allowed her to drop out of med school, while its head saluted her departure by asserting that she was "the best example of why we don't want women in medical school." She chose economics at McGill as "something to do." From McGill, she traveled to Cambridge for her Ph.D. on a Commonwealth scholarship, joining Girton College (the first women's college there and a seed-bed of many distinguished careers, although, as Sylvia notes, sited on the fringes of the University, so as to avoid contamination of Cambridge by women!). She leapt into the emerging field of development economics, writing her thesis on the first Indian five-year plan, comparing it with Soviet planning and finding it distressingly similar. She then thought of working for the UN on development issues, but was told in New York that women were not readily accepted as professionals in developing countries. *Faute de mieux*, but not for long, she became a professor at McGill.

Joining the public service at a senior level, she helped generate and benefited from the Trudeau-era insurgency against staid Ottawa thinking and methods. Her stint as head of Statistics Canada (then recognized as the foremost statistical agency in the world) allowed her to reflect on the relationship between information and policy, and engage in a number of quasi-academic exercises rooted in her agency's unrivalled data. Her

period as Deputy Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs introduced her to the intersection of micro-economics and law, in fact the basis of a market economy. And her years as head of the Economic Council of Canada gave full sway to her various research interests.

But it was her years as head of the large and admired Economics and Statistics Department of the OECD that transformed her into an international actor. She recalls being on the verge of turning down this opportunity when, as so often in her life, her husband, Bernard, himself an eminent and intelligent public servant, intervened to insist that she give it a shot. And what a shot she gave it, capitalizing on the leeway provided to her by then-longtime OECD Secretary-General Emile van Lennep, increasingly a curmudgeon, but a smart one with a strong sense of what the OECD could do best. At the OECD, she became increasingly interested in micro-economic factors (at a time when Keynesian macro-economic perspectives were all the rage) and the supply-side (which was not yet known as such). Indeed, she focused increasingly on structural rigidities well before they became topical.

On return to Ottawa nearly four years later, she was offered various senior public service jobs but chose the apparently more junior one of Deputy Minister of International Trade having become convinced of the systemic importance of international trade and investment issues for prosperity in Canada and beyond, thus launching the last phase of her public service career, one that was to achieve significant results at the international level.



The debate in the mid-1980s over the forms and scope of international economic policy cooperation among the major powers was an intense one. Characteristically, Sylvia was deeply involved, with strong views. She believed that, in spite of the laws of unintended consequences and of overshoots in performance due to affirmative mutually-reinforcing policies, "coordination" of economic policy among the G-7 (and some other major nations), of the sort embodied in the 1985 Plaza Accord on exchange rate and other imbalances was desirable. But she was unsentimental about the challenges:

There are significant advantages to be derived from policy coordination ... If more ... potential benefits are to be realized, progress will be required in several areas: government policy-making needs to be modified in ways which will ensure a better harmonization of domestic and international issues; regular interaction

among ministers and officials ... should be strengthened; and the international monetary and trade institutions should be reinforced and adapted to the new realities of global interdependence. The basic problem is one of timing. There are two clocks ticking: the clock of rapidly accelerating economic linkage and interrelationship and the clock of domestic multilateral decision-making. It would be foolish to anticipate early synchronization, but perhaps not unduly sanguine to hope for some diminution in difference between them.

Twenty years after she and Michael Artis expressed these views, and at a time of significant international current account and other imbalances, they remain completely apposite.

Sylvia's understanding of the interlinkages between fiscal, macro-economic, micro-economic and competition policy informed her concern that Canada (a habitually complacent nation with respect to its economic advantages and performance, made comfortable by its access to the vast US market) should invest more in innovation:

Access to markets and competition are necessary but not sufficient conditions to maintain and improve Canadian competitiveness ... Trade policy must be accompanied by appropriate macro-economic policy, the chief determinant of the cost of capital. So fiscal policy is also a key part of international policy. But, in addition ... so are a range of other government policies which impact on innovation. In domestic terms, ... the single most important determinant of competitiveness is intangible investment in R&D and human capital. In this respect, there are many disquieting signs that Canada is slipping badly in the international race. ... Since a major new form of technology transfer is international networking among firms and a basic condition for joining a network is significant in-house R&D, there is a clear and present danger of Canada slipping further in international competition. We must get our own house in order if we are to continue to play our traditional international role.

Sylvia's interest in game theory came together with many of the research projects she conducted during her years as a senior official and thereafter. She draws on gaming to illuminate one of her most recent vectors of policy inquiry, transparency in international trade policy.

The policy process of trade is usefully conceived as a game played on two levels, involving negotiations among interest groups, or stakeholders, at

the national level and negotiations among country representatives at the international level. In trade policy, for the United States and the European Union, one could plausibly argue that the negotiating strategies are largely determined by domestic constituents. Yet there has been almost no empirical research on the subject of the national process and its inter-relationship with the process at WTO headquarters in Geneva. ... The profound transformation of the multilateral trading system and other definitive changes in the political economy of trade policy since then makes the concept of a two-level game today far more complex than it was at the end of the 1980s. Indeed, given the spread of regional trade agreements the game often involves three levels, further increasing the complexity of the process.

The policy implications of such analysis have interested Sylvia even more than the conceptual and theoretical aspects.

Sylvia's capacity for synthesis across disciplines often narrowly stove-piped in the academic world continued to influence policy long after she left official office. As I noted some years ago, her contribution to the review of Canada's Foreign Policy in 1994-95 vastly exceeded in acuity and relevance virtually all of the Parliamentary and Government boilerplate on international economic and trade policy — remaining today a more useful historical reference than anything produced on these issues by official sources, not least because of its concision and its affirmation of how Canada could and should do better.



The six years I spent working with Sylvia, on and off, were the most formative of my professional life. From her, I learned that total commitment to one's ideas could shift policy not just domestically but also internationally. She taught me that there is more than one way to advise senior politicians: while they may be loath to read briefing books, most are addicted to the media, scouring it for references to themselves. In this way, Prime Ministers and other leaders not infrequently encountered and adopted ideas of Sylvia's that they had been unwilling to absorb through more bureaucratic means.

Her professional integrity occasionally brought her into conflict, sometimes lively conflict, with political staffs, although only rarely with politicians themselves (a number of them quailed at the prospect of a substantive duel with her). She always gave her best advice, no matter how

inconvenient politically – and sometimes it was inconvenient, particularly on matters of domestic trade protection. The conventional wisdom was that she was not a “team player” and she acknowledges today that she found sorting through her loyalty on the one hand to her ideas and on the other to government solidarity “very difficult.”

She worries that the space that existed in the 1970s and 1980s for public servants to provide fearlessly their best advice may no longer exist in a public service where expediency has become the rule of the game. Indeed, she pays tribute to the Cabinet Secretaries (and heads of the public service) of that era, Gordon Robertson and Michael Pitfield, for backing her up and encouraging genuine debate over key policy issues. She was clear on the potential breakdown of the multilateral trading system under the onslaught of regional arrangements aggravated by the perverse effects of globalization (not least, the emergence of the anti-globalization campaign). This made her views unpopular with those who saw bilateral trade deals as the answer to Canada's economic vulnerabilities. She accepted the defensive need for bilateral agreements but nonetheless worried greatly about their impact on the integrity of an open global trading system (that we all claimed to support). Her seniority and professional eminence provided some protection, but ultimately it was her intellect, energy and commitment that generally won the day (or sustained her when she went down fighting!). Her cosmopolitan outlook, reinforced by her years at the OECD, never squared with the world-view of many in Ottawa but greatly enriched the advice available to Canadian prime ministers and helped shape their own world view and influence.

One of Sylvia's most unsettling characteristics, from the perspective of officialdom, was her egalitarian spirit. She treated and spoke to prime ministers exactly as she did to her driver, in the sense that she respected both and was interested in their views. That said, she thought prime ministers were worth improving to the extent they were willing. Some of their acolytes thought this approach lacked appropriate respect, but it always seemed to me the reverse: she was always busy learning and growing intellectually herself and she assumed that all others, particularly the powerful, would wish to do likewise.

That said, she inspired a degree of terror within Canadian officialdom. Many fled from the prospect of sitting through an erudite disquisition on micro-economic theory or another abstruse Ostry enthusiasm of the moment. Others were perplexed over her limited interest in management and in some of the “low” policy issues

(fish, anyone?) that are so vital to Canada's domestic constituencies. Most feared of all was her magisterial indifference when confronted with lesser necessities of bureaucratic life in Ottawa (for example, fighting for staff or resources). That she wrote most of her important texts herself from start to finish without requiring the input of many levels of officialdom was seen as slighting by some, daunting by others and humiliating by a few. In brief, very much a *rara avis* in Ottawa, a town devoted in large measure to the cult of conformity. That she continued to smoke unchallenged in all settings long after the government had banned the practice in its work-sites (thus creating non-governmental zones wherever she moved!), only reinforced her redoubtable reputation for most and her fabulousness for some.

Fortunately, Sylvia has a huge sense of fun and very catholic interests beyond the office: opera, musicals, films (always films), reading (elite, and if that was not available, popular journalism, the latest novels and much non-fiction), clothes (generally on the cutting edge). I once saw her and Margaret Thatcher in deep discussion on the margins of a reception. As I approached (shamefully, to eavesdrop), I realized that they were comparing notes on a ripe television serialization they had both taken in recently with obvious pleasure. Sylvia's involvement in the world beyond economic and trade policy was critical to the perspective she brought to bear on these topics, even as it confounded more humourless devotees of these disciplines. As well, her joy in family life and her pride in her two sons humanized this daunting intellect.

In a perceptive and generous appreciation of Sylvia published recently, former Canadian foreign minister Barbara McDougall touched on Sylvia's reputation for government infighting. In truth, she was not particularly good at Ottawa power games. She used to form her positions on trade and international economic relations on the basis of ideas and a sense of what was good for the world (not necessarily for Canada in isolation). She was thus not well equipped on all occasions to defend her corner against those whose agendas were Ottawa-centered and turf-oriented. But she is prominently remembered while many of her former antagonists are forgotten. In order to “deliver” on their issues, she and other idea-driven servants of the state have to endure the small-mindedness and futility of much of the manoeuvring that characterizes bureaucracies in political capitals, and they understand this. Not surprisingly, she prevailed much more often than not because of the strength

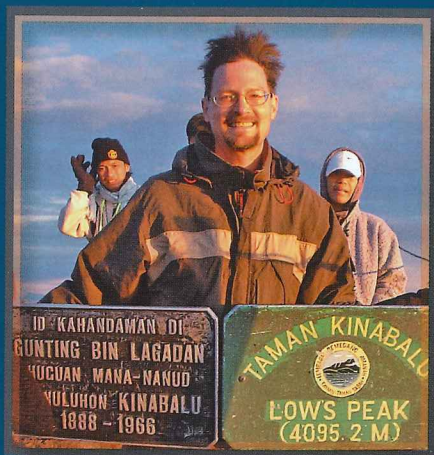
of both her ideas and her commitment to them.

Over time, Sylvia has grown more concerned over the inequities inherent in international relations that often seem amplified within multilateral institutions. While the principle of a level playing field receives endorsement at every turn, rich countries have not hesitated to undermine the prosperity of poorer ones (sometimes the very poorest) through their own, often predatory, subsidy schemes, particularly in relation to agriculture. She understood before most others that the anti-globalization movements would tap into a wellspring of sympathy for such avoidable gross injustices. It is such insights she carried with her into meetings of the Group of Thirty, a select gathering of leading economists, at their quarterly meetings.

A glance at her recent publications says much about the searching nature of her mind, constantly in quest of connections that may have been missed by conventional wisdom. In the 1990s, she became interested in and led a stimulating Council on Foreign Relations working group on the links between technological innovation, productivity and trade, thus investigating an important nexus in international economic relations well ahead of its time. She continues to break new ground in discussion of these issues. Her in-depth knowledge of the evolving nature and role of multinational firms has benefitted many expert publications and is also available to the general public, building on the work of such MNC study pioneers as Raymond Vernon. The issue perhaps most closely associated with her, and on which she has published the most in recent years, relates to the institutional architecture of international economic and trade relations, on which both her expertise and personal experience is nearly unrivaled. Having started her research life in the labour economics field, she has moved far and wide since, straddling the disciplines of economics, law and international relations. The breadth of her intellectual quest and the relevance of her findings to so many disciplines reward a renaissance sensitivity and a first class mind.

For all of these qualities, we are all in her debt. *Floreat Sylvia!* ☺

David Malone is the Assistant Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs for Global Issues. He was President of the International Peace Academy in New York from 1998 to 2004. Among other publications, he is the author of Decision-Making in the UN Security Council: the Case of Haiti, 1990–1997, which was based on his doctoral dissertation at Oxford University.



Travelling as a family over an extended period raises some interesting issues of how to combine varying interests, how to keep up with schoolwork, and even how to avoid too much of a good thing (quality time together). In our case, we decided to focus on a limited number of countries, with each family member choosing two or three. We alternated two or three weeks of travel with two weeks resting/recuperating in one spot and catching up on homework. There are amazingly portable resources available to homeschoolers these days. The Ontario primary and secondary curriculums are now available on-line. The Encarta encyclopedia, complete with videos, maps, virtual tours and much more, is available on a single DVD. We were able to access the Internet on our laptop in all but the most remote locations.

The real stroke of genius, in our humble opinion, was getting someone else to coordinate the travelling portion of our trip. We signed up with an adventure tour company to take us across Japan, China, Thailand, Malaysia, Sabah, Rajasthan, Egypt, and Turkey. This avoided the hassles of trying to coordinate transportation and accommodation, no easy feat. More importantly, it provided all of us — but especially our kids — with an instant group of friends who spoke our same language and with whom we could share our experiences. After two-week blocks of intensive home schooling, this was important! Paul Gibbard is a foreign service officer. He has had postings in San Jose, Mexico City and Havana.

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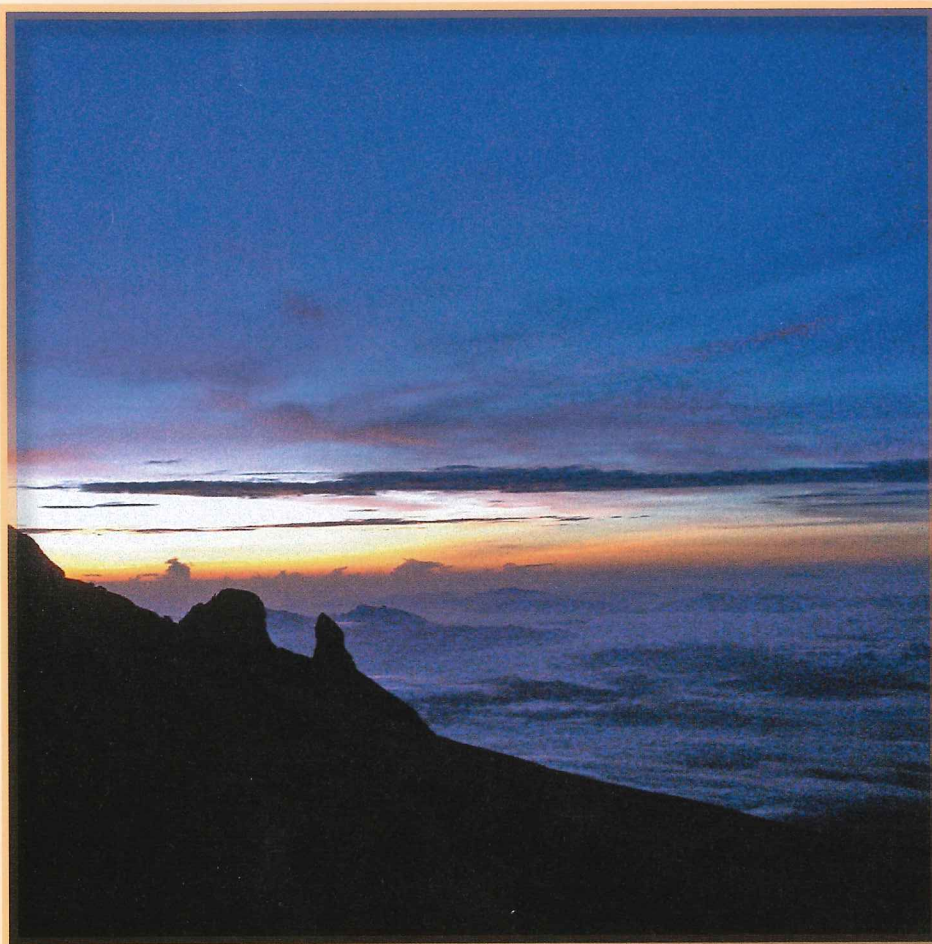
A Year of Self-Funded Leave

Story and photos by Paul Gibbard

Picture this. You are in remote Borneo, climbing Southeast Asia's highest mountain and enjoying some of the greatest biological diversity on the planet. You start out early in the morning with a spring in your step and frequent stops to soak in the sights. But several hours later, you're soaked to the skin from torrential rains and bent over with stomach cramps, making painful headway up the mountain. And you're not alone — you're climbing with your 12-year-old daughter. After five hours, there's no end in sight and you are both cold, wet and exhausted. You're not sure you're having fun any more!

Looking up from the base of Mt. Kinabalu.





Sunrise on Mt. Kinabalu.

Two highlights for me were climbing Mt. Kinabalu in Malaysian Borneo and filming a television commercial in India. Of course, having fun can also pose some challenges along the way!

How many people have toyed with the idea of taking a year off to take a break, re-evaluate priorities, have some fun? The self-funded leave program for public servants provides an opportunity to do just that and still have a job to come back to. My spouse Debbie and I, an employee couple, both signed up for the program prior to our departure for a three-year posting in Cuba. During that time, a third of each paycheck was banked with CS COOP in anticipation of our year off following the posting.

That raised the question of what we were going to do. In our case, Debbie and I decided to spend seven months travelling the world with our 14-year-old son

Robyn and 12-year-old daughter Piaf. It was a great opportunity to re-connect with each other — and to have some wonderful experiences.

Two highlights for me were climbing Mt. Kinabalu in Malaysian Borneo and filming a television commercial in India. Of course, having fun can also pose some challenges along the way!

Last December, Piaf and I had the “bonding experience” of our lives climbing Mt. Kinabalu. Kinabalu is the tallest in Southeast Asia at 4,095 metres. The family had had two days to acclimatize to altitude, the first staying in a local indigenous Dusun community and the second at park headquarters. It was spectac-

ular scenery — when visible! Generally, we’d planned well and managed to visit countries during winter dry periods but planning had gone awry in Sabah and we arrived smack in the middle of monsoon season. Fortunately, early mornings generally were clear.

The four of us had very different experiences during the climb. Debbie made the sensible decision to take the direct route up from Park Headquarters to the Laban Rata Resthouse, the jumping-off point for the final push to the summit. She set off at 9:30 a.m. and made it to the Resthouse by 1:30 p.m. The rest of us decided to take the more “scenic” route starting from Mesilou Nature Resort. On the way, we had the bizarre experience of driving through a golf course carved out of the mountain.

In hindsight, I wish we had paid more attention to the description of this alternate route in Anthea Phillips’ excellent guide to Kinabalu Park: “This route is used mainly by scientists and researchers as it takes longer ... and many parts are steep and slippery, particularly in wet weather ... [It] has been advertised in the past as an alternative route to the first part of the summit climb, but it is much longer and more arduous than the standard trail.”

Robyn set off with a Swiss member of our group and they made great time. Despite the difficulty of the climb, they arrived at the Resthouse only 30 minutes behind Debbie. Meanwhile, Piaf and I were moving at a slower pace. We took our time over the first hour and a half, much of it downhill. The scenery was spectacular and we saw plenty of the biological diversity that makes Kinabalu famous, including carnivorous pitcher plants. However, a morning mist became torrential rain as we started uphill. The trail turned into a mountain culvert. We found ourselves struggling upwards against a gushing stream, taking twenty steps and then stopping to gasp for breath. Enormous earthworms — longer than a foot — were driven above ground. However, we were too preoccupied to focus on much more than climbing. To make matters worse, we’d both come down with a mild case of food poisoning and the stomach cramps were made worse by the altitude.

We finally met the main trail and took a break to get some warm, dry clothes on Piaf. We arrived at the Resthouse at 5:00 p.m., as darkness approached. Piaf and I couldn’t stomach much more than a tea and bowl of consommé but were very happy to have made it.

Robyn and I were up by 2:00 a.m. the next morning to begin the final ascent. Deb and Piaf had decided to stay behind while Robyn and I took the remaining dry warm clothes. We started as part of a larger group but then spread out along the trail. We had had it drummed into us to stay on the trail, since a young woman on a previous tour had died of exposure when she had wandered off and gotten lost. Almost immediately, Robyn started having severe stomach cramps, a combination of food poisoning and altitude sickness. Altitude sickness gets worse the higher you go; we turned around and headed back to base camp when the cramps became too much to bear. However, we had only returned about 100 metres when we met a guide who led Robyn back down so that I could continue on.

The next three hours involved labouriously lifting one foot after another while gasping for breath. It's amazing how the world can narrow down to that simple action. Parts of the trail led up over steep rocky outcroppings — in the dark, there was the sensation of being on the edge of an abyss. Fortunately there were guide ropes to cling to and to pull yourself up. What keeps you going is the promise of the summit — and the dawn. And, indeed, it was spectacular, even if, or perhaps because, it was shared with 60 other people who had made the same trek that morning.

The next three hours involved labouriously lifting one foot after another while gasping for breath. It's amazing how the world can narrow down to that simple action.



The world above the clouds.

Don't look down!



It was on a trek of an entirely different type that we embarked on another adventure. We were in Chennai/Madras for two weeks in early January. We had come so that Debbie could take a yoga course and spend some time at the Theosophical Society, while the kids and I did some serious home schooling. But we jiggled our schedule to spend several days volunteering with the tsunami relief effort and seeing the sights. Like "Bollywood," Chennai is the centre of a huge film industry. On Deb's birthday, we trekked out to AVM Studios, even being invited into a jail house set to watch a scene being filmed from behind the cameras. As we were leaving, a woman driving up stopped and asked if we wanted to be in a television commercial. We looked at each other, shrugged and said yes.

We were sent off for a screen test, which consisted of having our pictures taken and chatting with Narmada, the talent coordinator. By this time, we were very curious about what we might be selling. It turned out that it would be Mirinda, Pepsi's answer to Coke's Orange Fanta. Here's one of the beauties of being on self-funded leave and travelling anonymously around

It was on a trek of an entirely different type that we embarked on another adventure.

the world. If we had been posted to India, we might have worried about upholding the proper image of a diplomat. We might even have questioned what we were doing promoting a product that we never drink. Instead we chortled about having an opportunity for adventure fall into our laps.

Initially, though, it seemed like just a bit too much of an adventure. Back at our hotel, we received a garbled message about someone coming to pick us up to take us to a night shoot. Getting ready involved several shopping expeditions in order to be properly attired in semi-formal western clothes. On the appointed evening, we were all dressed up and slightly nervous about what we were getting ourselves into. After a thirty-minute wait, our driver showed up. We drove further and further south until we had left the city of Chennai behind. Just as paranoia was setting in (visions of Mexico City and kidnappings were running through our heads), we started passing some film studios. Finally, we pulled into "Mayajaal — India's Largest Multiplex Theatre," a SilverCity-type movie complex where the commercial was to be filmed.

Over two nights of filming, the storyline emerged. A "Miss World" beauty pageant is being hosted in southern India. The action opens with couples in western attire walking up the staircase to the auditorium. Two men dressed in traditional "vesti" (like a sarong) try to gain admittance and are turned away by security. One of them (Vivek, a Tamil comedian/movie star) threatens revenge. He returns with a truck, complete with cow horns and painted eyes, loaded with Mirinda and blaring south Indian music. The beauty contestants rush off the stage, trampling security, in their zeal to get to the Mirinda. They exchange their gowns for saris and lead the celebration with one of those dance numbers that Indian films are famous for, while the assembled multitudes cheer them on, waving bottles of Mirinda in the air.

Well, maybe not terribly politically correct but what a riot! And quite a clever way to turn a fizzy drink produced by a transnational company into some kind of defiant cultural statement.

Setting up for filming took several hours the first night. The sweeping entrance to the theatre complex was festooned with lights across the stairs, on the

banisters and along the roof. Towers for lighting were put up, electrical wires run everywhere and the actors and extras marshalled. Filming started around 11:30 p.m. and lasted until 4:45 a.m.

Like a movie, there was a definite hierarchy among the performers. The star was, understandably, well looked after (I admit to being envious of his deck chair). However, even he had to be patient between takes throughout the night. Other key performers included the head of security, the star's companion in trying to break the clothing barrier, and the beauty contestants. The head of security, tall and handsome with his black hair pulled back into a ponytail, was our favourite. He had a classical training in theatre and it showed as he remained consistently in character throughout the two nights, projecting a commanding presence with a dry sense of humour (a bit like Patrick Stewart, aka "Jean-Luc Picard" in *Star Trek*, with hair). The star's fellow rebel against the clothing barrier turned out to be a local film director whose friends had been urging him to see what it was like on the other side of the camera. The beauty contestants were lead by a model/dancer from Texas!

The extras, like us, were divided into two groups: the multitudinous crowd outside the auditorium and those lucky few of us with tickets to the beauty pageant. Those of us in the latter group walked up the sweeping outside staircase over and over and over again as sparkling confetti rained over us and the assistant director roared, cajoled and swore at the camera and lighting crews and everyone else. Deb got special attention, walking up the stairs directly in front of the star. She was told that it was her bare shoulders (ah, those decadent westerners) that gave her the edge.

The key scenes, such as the star's altercation with the security manager, were overseen by the director, Jayenda Panchapakesan. Jayenda runs Real Image, "India's foremost technology provider for the film, video and audio markets." His wife, Sudha, is originally from Ottawa, of all places, and took us under her wing the first night of shooting. In contrast to his assistant, Jayenda is soft spoken; he comes across as a genuinely nice person. For several years now, a portion of the company profits have been invested in development projects through an NGO he founded

Lights! Camera! ACTION!



called Bhoomika Trust. What with work on the commercial and the tsunami relief efforts, he and Sudha were getting by on very little sleep.

Working through the night can be a challenge. There are long stretches as lights and props are being assembled. After sinking into a state of near stupor, suddenly you're supposed to be full of vim and vigour and be able to avoid tripping over your own feet. This is harder than it sounds. By 4:45 a.m., we were told we could go home, either because enough progress had been made or everyone was too tired. But we were all back again the next night to film the security manager being stampeded by the pageant contestants desperate to get to the Mirinda truck and the contestants (now in saris) doing their dance number while the rest of us waved Mirinda bottles wildly in the air and howled our approval. Robyn got a front row view of the dance stage as the director called out, "will Harry Potter please move forward." Filming ended around 5:00 a.m. with our star mugging for the camera, surrounded by the beauty contestants.

We now look at commercials with a very different eye. We have an appreciation for the hard work that can go into making that frenetic 30-second clip. Hopefully, most of them aren't shot during the night! We made some new friends and can even say that the experience helped to make the world a better place. In order to ensure that we didn't run afoul of India's labour laws (it sure helps to have a consular officer in the family), we asked that a donation be made to Chennai's tsunami victims, in lieu of remuneration.

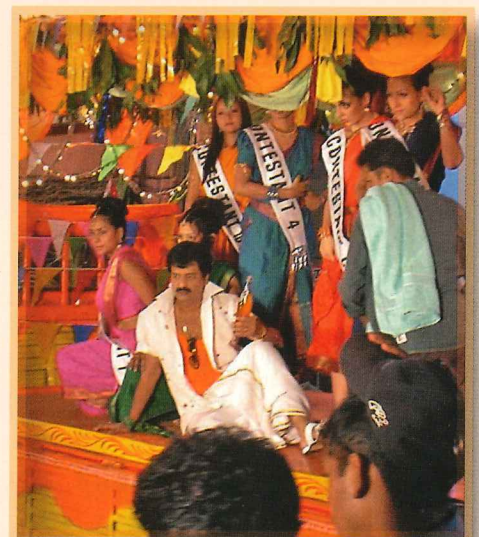
By the end of the trip, we had enough memories to last a lifetime

— volunteering as assistant panda keepers in the mountains of Wolong, racing camels in the Rajasthan desert, drifting down the Nile for two days in a felucca ... except, now we're trying to figure out how we can do it again in another ten years. It's said that soon people regularly will be living to the

age of 140 — regular mental health breaks are important! Think about it. ... ☺



Deb (in blue dress) followed by the star in traditional dress.



The star surrounded by admiring beauty contestants — politically correct we're not!

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Reply from Ottawa: What about shoes... and sealing wax?

When John Kearney composed his first despatch after the presentation of his credentials as Canada's first minister to Denmark, he evidently took the admonition from the Walrus, at least according to Lewis Carroll, to heart. In a wide-ranging account of his travels and impressions sent after his return to the legation in Oslo, Kearney indeed wrote "of many things," including the price of cabbages and the "high esteem" of kings (Christian X of Denmark and Haakon VII of Norway). Comparisons within Scandinavia came naturally to Kearney, not least because he was already serving as Canadian minister to Norway. Moreover, as

his report indicated, the recent experience of war had highlighted not only similarities but also differences.

*On the sixtieth anniversary of the formal beginning of Canadian diplomatic representation (albeit non-resident) in Copenhagen, **bout de papier** reprints Kearney's first despatch. We would like to thank Canada's current ambassador to Denmark and former member of the editorial board, Fredericka Gregory, for initiating the search for this document, which can be found in the files of the Department of External Affairs (Record Group 25, volume 3788, file 8191-40) at the Library and Archives of Canada.*

Hector Mackenzie

CANADIAN LEGATION

AIRMAIL. SECRET.

NO.1 DENMARK Oslo, April 16th, 1946.

Sir,

1. In accordance with my cable No. 23 of April 4th, I have the honour to report that on that date I presented my credentials to King Christian X of Denmark, whence I have just returned.
2. In relating a few of my impressions of the places and people with whom I came in contact in Denmark, I shall endeavour to compare and contrast them with those I experienced in Norway, in the hope that by doing so I shall convey a composite idea of conditions in the two countries to which I am accredited. Perforce my observations will not be profound, but impressionistic, and by design they will attempt to be of an intimate and speculative character rather than of a formal and statistical nature. I shall speak of the "cabbages" as well as of the "Kings".
3. Some matters of specific interest which I think require detailed consideration are dealt with in separate reports.
4. In order to recall my experiences in chronological order, I shall begin by a digression, namely, a few paragraphs on Sweden.
5. In making the journey by car from Oslo to Copenhagen, (which is approximately the same distance as from Montreal to New York — 400 miles), I passed through the south-western portion of Sweden along the seacoast. The manner in which fertile fields have been won from a mountainous countryside is indicative of much long and hard labour. The districts through which I passed were adequately wooded and well provided with lakes. The farm houses looked comfortable, the horses fat, and new farm implements and trucks could be seen in abundance. Everything was well cared for, and the farming class looked more prosperous than any similar class I have ever seen. One was equally impressed with the sense of well being which was noticeable in the towns.
6. The only sizeable city we passed through was Gothenburg. I was amazed at the quantities and varieties of goods on display. One could purchase almost anything, including American, English and even some Canadian goods, and on the way back a huge consignment had just arrived from the Argentine. As instances of prevailing prices, Swedish-made eight tube radios (Phillips), of the most recent design, are procurable at \$125.00; cabbages sell at 5 cents per head; imports such as French perfumes are available at half the prevailing price in the United States of America and Canada; a package of Edgeworth tobacco is \$1.00; and grapefruit are 15 cents a piece. There appeared to be plenty of buying power. The stores were well filled with customers and exceedingly well staffed. New York and Montreal shops would appear denuded in Sweden, where an air of opulence prevails, which, I am told, exceeds that of prewar days. Shortages of rubber and coal were notable exceptions. Automobile tires are at a huge premium.
7. The feelings between Denmark and Sweden, at least from the Danish view, are not as friendly as prior to the war, but a coolness is much more marked in the Norwegian attitude towards the Swedes. This is particularly true among the Norwegians who took part in the resistance movement. They are resentful that Sweden allowed German troops to traverse their country into Norway, and not infrequently recall that as late as 1943, the Swedish High Command exchanged decorations with Goering. Among the minority and less belligerent type, there is recognition of the difficult position which Sweden occupied, as well as the haven which it constituted for

- Danish and Norwegian escapees. The business class are inclined to take the view that on the whole it has been a very good thing for Norway and Denmark that Sweden was neutral, and a few even go so far as to say that, after all, Sweden merely succeeded in maintaining a policy which the other two countries had endeavoured to follow but had failed in the attempt.
8. Incidentally, in speaking to Danes and Norwegians who had been absent from their country during the war, one is struck by the fact that in both cases there is an air of disappointment at what they find on their return.
 9. In the case particularly of Norwegians who have spent some training time in Canada, I notice that they speak of the wonderful opportunities which Canada provides compared with those of their own country. They seem irked by what they regard as backwardness and insularism. For instance, they criticize the disposition of the Norwegian working day (labourers 8-4, government offices 9-3, with a snack but no time off in between, followed by a main meal at about 4:30, and a light supper at 9). Why, they ask, can not Norwegians eat and work like the rest of the world?
 10. Those returning to Denmark (some from abroad, and some from asylum in Sweden) find their countrymen less gay, less inclined to work, and less frank with each other. The last state of affairs is attributed to the thirty thousand odd Quislings who are being brought to justice in Denmark. The existence of a Quisling in a family has, naturally enough, served to cause dissension and, in many cases, shame and resentment.
 11. As time passes, there should be a revival of the spirit of industry. An improvement in this regard is already noticeable in Norway. When our Trade Secretary, Mr. Shirley G. MacDonald, was in Oslo in July, 1945, every day, he observed, was a holiday, and the great masses simply refused to do any work. Today people are back to work, but during the occupation they became so accustomed to slowdown methods that it may take some considerable time before they realize the necessity for an honest day's work.
 12. In Denmark, the labour troubles are mainly confined to rural districts, but they have far-reaching consequences because agriculture is the backbone of the country. During the German occupation farmers were given high prices for their products and farm hands benefited accordingly. It was easy for the Germans to be generous towards agriculture. They were paying Danish farmers and farm hands from the coffers of the Danish National Bank. This has had a very undesirable aftermath. The farm hands, having become accustomed to high wages, now refuse to work on the farm for less, and desert country life for the city.
 13. The situation is even more serious than meets the eye. Prior to the war, by keeping costs of production down, and by scientific methods securing high yields, and by co-operative methods of marketing, Denmark was able to sell such products as bacon, poultry, and butter to Great Britain at profitable prices, against world competition. Some of the more thoughtful Danish people with whom I spoke were greatly perturbed at what they regard as the present precarious economy of their country. They fear that because of the necessity of paying high wages, importing feeding stuffs and fertilizers at high prices, and because of increased competition from abroad, they may either lose out in the British market or be compelled to sell at a loss.
 14. Because of the necessity for a policy of belt-tightening in the form of reduction of wages among farm hands, and the incapability of the present government to put through measures (which I shall have occasion to refer to again) which would be, of course, controversial, I fear times in Denmark may become worse before they become better. What may save the Danish situation is that new markets for food products may and should, one would think, be readily found in an underfed world, but, unfortunately, those whose need is great have little money.
 15. I was glad of the opportunity I had while in Montreal, in January last, of entertaining the Danish Editors, Messrs. Hansen, Nielson, Hirtgelt and Westfall, when they were on a visit to Canada, because on my arrival in Copenhagen I was no stranger to the Press, and they were anxious to be of assistance to me. If the Danish Government can be said to have an official organ, it is the Berlingske Tidende, of which Mr. Westfall is the editor. His representative, Miss Edyth Ryssel, who is a very able reporter, interviewed me.
 16. Like most of her countrymen, Miss Ryssel seemed to be conscious that on April 9th, 1940, when the Germans marched in, the number of Danes who died in defence of their country was few. They seem to imagine that the rest of the world is critical of them for an insufficient display of spirit in the early days of the war. However true this may be, I feel the Danes are over-sensitive on the subject, particularly in view of the later growth of their resistance movement. I think it could be said that King Christian X gave the signal which roused the spirit of the Danes, when, in September 1942, he sent a telegram to Hitler in answer to the latter's dispatch of congratulations, in terms so curt that Wilhelmstrasse took it as an insult, recalled the German Minister from Copenhagen, at the same time pointing out to the Danish Minister in Berlin that his presence was no longer wanted. From that day on, the Danish underground grew rapidly and, apart from rendering effective aid to Norwegians by surreptitiously providing them with food, they saved the lives of many Jews and others who had incurred the disfavour of the Germans, by smuggling them into Sweden. They performed many acts of daring sabotage and, as a consequence, one hundred and thirteen of them were executed, four hundred and fifty died in concentration camps, and eight hundred were killed in counter-sabotage, and over fifteen thousand were interned.

17. King Haakon VII of Norway was loud in his praises of the performance of the Danes in a country which is flat, and affords neither protection nor seclusion. Norwegians are almost unanimous in saying that, but for the food supplies received from the Danes, many of them would have died. The Danes, on their part, admire the heroic fight and suffering of the Norwegians (both in men executed and interned, the figures are many times greater than the Danish ones), and their contribution, particularly in ships and men, to the allied cause, which they admit far exceeded their own.
18. Due to the foregoing, and happily for me, the relationship between the Danes and the Norwegians was never so cordial as at present. It is literally true to say that tears start from their eyes when they meet. The Norwegians have gone out of their way to offer to the Danes all the hospitality of which their limited resources will permit. In the mountain country back of Oslo, Norwegians by the score have placed their chalets and huts at the disposal of visiting Danes for the skiing season.
19. In matters of trade, one could easily observe that in Copenhagen there is a great deal of activity at present, among the Americans and the British, with regard to the Danish market. The United States, I understand, are anxious to interest the Danes in a large loan. I endeavoured to seize the opportunity, before such a loan may be effected, to try to impress upon those in key positions in the Danish Government the advisability of looking at what Canada had to offer in the way of financial assistance, and also what she can display in her shop window, before making commitments elsewhere.
20. Put negatively, Denmark is in need of everything, with the exception of dairy products, diesel engines, ships and cement.
21. One cannot help but feel concerned lest our American cousins unwittingly perhaps may cause a stagnation in trade similar to that which resulted in the debacle of 1929 and the early '30s, when by raising tariffs and securing control of most of the gold, at the same time being the largest creditor nation in the world, they thereby precipitated a widespread depression. Although professing, apparently, to realize the folly of this policy, the United States of America, by attempting to monopolize an export market, which means relatively little to her because of her huge home consumption but is the life stream of small nations restricted as to resources and dependent on imports, such as Norway and Denmark, may very well bring about an undesirable dislocation in world markets.
22. As an evidence of what appears on the part of the United States of America as immaturity and short-sightedness in dealing with international trade, one might cite the example of the terms which were proposed to Norway in connection with a loan. The United States of America reasonably enough required that the proceeds of the loan be spent by the Norwegian Government in the acquisition of American products, but a rider was added whereby the United States of America might require that all goods be transported to Norway in American bottoms. Norway's principal source of export (invisible, if you will) is shipping. As a result the loan is still pending.
23. Norway and Denmark are alike in that their mainspring of exports, and hence their power to pay for their imports, is based to a very large extent simply on their skill. As I see it, the secret of the Danes' success up to the present in their tiny agricultural country (16,500 square miles) has been their ability to take so much out of so little so often.
24. Norway, although possessing some natural resources such as hydro-electric power and timber, which are not possessed by Denmark, is dependent mainly on the skill possessed by her seamen. But for the Norwegian merchant navy, fishing and whaling, it would be impossible for Norway to pay her way.
25. The Norwegian Government is contemplating the export of power to Sweden and to Denmark via Sweden and, if the plans of Finance Minister Brofoss carry, Norwegians will be asked during the next five years to concentrate on building up export credits, while accepting a 30% reduction in their prewar standard of living, in order to be able to curtail imports. The Labour Party now in power in Norway is capable due to its overall majority, slight though it be, of putting through, without fear, measures which might be the subject of controversy, whereas in Denmark the Farmers' Party, which is in power, is only the second largest party in their Rigstad.
26. In the elections of last October, the Socialist party, which has enjoyed a long run of power in Denmark, ceased to command an overall majority, whereupon it refused to form a government, and Mr. Kristensen, the leader of the Farmers' Party (which is really the non-extreme liberal party) was called upon to name a cabinet. It is chosen from the ranks of the party and the government is, therefore, not a coalition government in that sense, but it is to the extent that the party in power carries on with the unpredictable support of the Social Democrats, a situation which makes for weak government. How dependent the Farmers' Party is on outside support is apparent, because it commands only thirty-eight seats out of one hundred forty-eight.
27. I considered myself rather unfortunate in arriving in Denmark almost at the same time as the new agreement between Great Britain and Canada, relative to bacon, was announced. The Danes, however, took a surprisingly cheerful view of a threat to a market which they heretofore regarded as their own. They took solace out of the fact that Canada was able to secure an initial 10% increase over previous prices, which were to scale up during the life of the agreement. The Danish agreement with Great Britain will to all intents and purposes expire in October of this year and the Danes consider that, because of Canada's agreement, they will

automatically secure an increased price from Great Britain for their own products.

28. I now propose to deal with a totally different topic, namely, the high esteem in which their Majesties, the Kings of Denmark and Norway, are held by their subjects and which, particularly in the case of King Christian X, amounts to almost hero worship.
29. King Christian X of Denmark and King Haakon VII of Norway are, as you know, brother Danes, and two more popular monarchs it would be hard to imagine. King Christian X is seventy-six years (two years older than his brother) and is, unfortunately, crippled due to a fall from his horse which occurred a few years ago during the German occupation, while riding in the street. He is, justly I think, regarded as the world's most beloved and democratic king. He is a keen horseman and during all his life has been accustomed to ride in the streets of Copenhagen unaccompanied. He needs no escort because, as he said himself, "Everyone of my subjects is my bodyguard".
30. I saw a performance of the Royal Danish Ballet when the King was present. As usual with him, except on special occasions, he likes to be, and is, treated as an ordinary civilian. He was not in the Royal Box when the curtains rose, but after the first act he was seen to be sitting there alone. Except for the occasional discreet and kindly glances which everybody cast in his direction, no other notice was taken of his presence.
31. His reputation among his own people has been enhanced by his conduct during the war, which was both dignified and brave. I was told on good authority of an instance when the Germans hoisted the German flag over the city after lowering the Danish one. King Christian sent for the German Reich commissar responsible and requested him to take down the German flag. The request was refused, whereupon the King said that he would send a soldier to lower it. The German answered that the soldier would be shot.

The King replied, "Very well, I will be the soldier." The flag was removed.

32. Strange to relate, Queen Alexandrina, his wife, is exceedingly popular despite the fact that before her marriage she was Princess Mechlenburg of Germany. She is credited with having told her German sister-in-law, who paid her a visit during the German occupation, that Princess Mechlenburg's carriage was awaiting when the latter said to the Queen, "We Germans must stick together."
33. I was received by the King and Queen at the same audience. As you know, my wife has not yet arrived in Scandinavia, and the King noticing I was alone when I entered, laughingly greeted me by saying, "What, you have no wife?" After this introduction, which set one at one's ease, the conversation with both the King and Queen was affable and informal.
34. On being asked by King Christian regarding the state of his brother's health, I took occasion to describe for him the ovation which was given to King Haakon VII at the Holmenkollen Ski Championship, which was held in March, this year, for the first time since 1938, and viewed by over 100,000 Norwegians. The Germans during their occupation had endeavoured to force the Norwegians to hold the Ski Championships as usual. This the Norwegians refused to do, and punishment ensued. The ovation which was given King Haakon VII, when he stepped on the royal platform situated high up near the jump take-off, was dramatic and touching. King Haakon's attitude towards the Germans was so well known during his sojourn in England that it requires no comment.
35. The Diplomatic Corps in Copenhagen and in Oslo are of comparable size. The topic of conversation especially among the new ministers, is identical in both cities: "Are you still living in the hotel?"
36. The American Missions in Norway and Denmark are decidedly impressive. They have a staff of one hundred and twenty in Oslo, and over one hundred and fifty in Copenhagen. The British realize they

have a prestige to maintain, if not to restore. Their Embassy in Oslo and Legation in Copenhagen are impressive both as buildings and personnel. They have a staff in each place of approximately sixty persons.

37. I will not go into particulars with regard to my visits with my colleagues in the Diplomatic Corps, but will conclude this despatch with a comment on two distinguished visitors who came to Copenhagen during my stay.
38. One was General Jakuschoff, Commander of the Russian Army in Bornholm, and his party, who came at the invitation of the Danish Government, who wished to honour them before their departure from Bornholm. As Bornholm is more contiguous to Sweden than to Denmark, the relief on the Russians vacating the Island was even more heartfelt in Sweden than in Denmark. The Danes openly, and rather naively I thought, declared they were delighted to give a party for the Russians because they were so pleased to see them go.
39. The other distinguished visitor was Princess Juliana of Holland. Her visit was in order to express the appreciation of the Dutch people for the help which they received from Denmark, particularly since the liberation. Princess Juliana brought with her the famous Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra, who played before a large and distinguished gathering. The Diplomatic Corps was present at the invitation of Jonkheer van Lennep, the Netherlands' Minister. Princess Juliana's visit was enthusiastically publicized in the Danish Press and all of Denmark seemed to rejoice at the mutual respect and warmth of good feeling which exists between the Dutch and Danish people.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

[signed] J. D. Kearney, M.C., K.C.
Minister for Canada in Denmark

Carbon copies sent to Canadian Missions in: London, the Hague, Brussels, Dublin. ☺

Liebnitz and the Pan-Galactic Fondue

Back to the future again with A Aalto

The year 2055 was proving to be interesting — in the Chinese sense, unfortunately.

In Washington, the Red States' First Citizen and Patriarch, Jethro Clampett Bush II, signed an executive order declaring both Einstein and Darwin anathema and retroactively concurring with the Vatican's verdict of 1633 on Galileo. At the same ceremony, he canonized St. Karl of Guantanamo, beatified John Bolton's moustache and declared a *jihad* ("sorry, make that a crusade") against recently oil-rich Vanuatu as the latest "gear-shift of evil." Bill Clinton's toupee was removed from the Smithsonian and burned in Effigy (a small town near Dayton, Ohio).

The Sino-Japanese condominium continued its decade-long nuclear Go match against the Sub-Himalayan Raj, with Tibet as a playing-board. Their original dispute concerned competing claims to the Spratley Islands, which had long since been colonized by warthogs left behind after the infamous all-genders *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit shoot of 2053 (don't ask). North Korea declared that it had produced enough radioactive kimchi to wipe out Walla Walla, but no one believed them.

In corporate news, Bill Gates celebrated his 100th birthday by buying Jerusalem and donating it to the Dalai Lama, creating a unified

position among Christian, Jewish and Muslim fundamentalists for the first time in decades on any issue. The Buddhist leader immediately tried to give it back. UN mediators then got Israeli and Palestinian militants to agree to a coin-toss for the rest of the holy land, "tails" to receive Northern Ireland, but the accord fell apart over which coin to use.

Meanwhile, Disney-Krupp Post-moderna acquired the entire Balkan peninsula in partnership with Revenant Count Vlad, part of a hostile takeover from his asthmatic uncle, Prince Vlad the Inhaler. The projected Goth theme park and population control centre was expected to open in 2057, sometime after sunset.

In The Hague, the Milosevic-Mladic war crimes trials continued with the entire court on life support. Proceedings were complicated by the fact that raised sea levels and harsh storms induced by global warming had repeatedly breached the dikes and the city was under three metres of water. The Netherlands government provided full Scuba apparatus for trial participants, while geneticists worked three shifts a day to engineer little Dutch boys with gills and bigger fingers.

Elsewhere, the 17th straight new EU constitution failed to gain the necessary unanimous consent of existing members, voted down by Andorra and San Marino. The Falkland Islands invaded Gibraltar to force reduction of EU import duties on soggy sheep. France surrendered

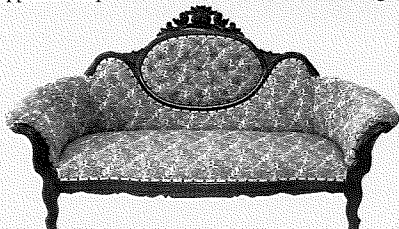
and the Union counter-offered membership. The invading forces retreated in dismay.

Violence also broke out on the hipness front, with global youth taking sides between a reverse/retro-50s style (crewcuts, white shirts over chinos, horn-rimmed glasses and pipes for the girls; bobby socks, penny loafers and frou-frou for the boys) and the "classic Harley" (silk brocade tights and full powdered wigs astride ormolu-encrusted rococo motorcycles with boom-boxes playing "The Marriage of Figaro"). Certain experts noted the inevitability of youth rebellion and argued that the only way to put a halt to either craze was for the mainstream to welcome them. These experts were rounded up and shot by an unusual alliance of Free Youth International ("If we'd wanted your approval, we'd have asked for it.") and the League for Good Taste ("Surely you jest!").

Canada, tired of being the world's Boy Scout, was about to vote in a referendum to pull out of the human race. Not to be outdone, Quebec and two other provinces had scheduled referenda to separate from Canada, Montréal was to vote on secession from *la belle province*, Westmount was polling itself on whether to establish an independent city-state under a Trudeau dukedom and Mme Nicole Hurtebise of 125 Boulevard des Têtes Carrées had organized a *sondage* of her extended family on whether to divorce her husband Gaston (this procedure was

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not strictly necessary, but Nicole always liked to go with the flow and Gaston was such a loser).

Before all this voting could be carried out, however, Canada became ground zero for the year's most momentous event, when a delegation of vacationing aliens landed near Barrie and were astounded to find that hominids had never discovered space travel. Smirking, they confirmed that wormholes linking far distant parts of the universe could be generated, not just by black holes as Stephen Hawking and others had predicted, but far more safely by creating a specific topography of tunnels through a range of lactic substances. In fact, Earth already produced such a substance in the form of Swiss cheese. There was enough of this raw material around to transport (say) all of downtown Toronto to the stars, and the aliens said they would be happy to carry out the necessary internal reconfiguration of the Alpine foodstuff (an offer not perhaps unconnected with the fact that they had morphed as large rodents). In turn, millions of Canadians were entranced by the thought of dropping a 400-megatonne cheese wheel onto Toronto from low earth orbit.

But there was one hitch. To release the cheese and propel the city into the wormhole, *a code had to be entered on a small console in the aliens' possession.* This control had *three columns of buttons, one each in red, yellow and blue.* In turn, it had *seven rows of these coloured buttons, numbered in order from one to seven.* The aliens indicated that *five of the buttons had to be pressed in the right order* to inaugurate the voyage. They also indicated that they were forbidden by inter-galactic law to tell anyone not already from a space-faring race what the code was. They could however provide hints, in the form of a puzzle for would-be operators.

And so we find prospective starship captain Banish MacHammock, brow wrinkled, confronting a delegation of four-foot rats. His forebearers had long been managers, so expertise and analytical capacity were not part of his genetic makeup, nor of his training. But he was unrivalled at knowing

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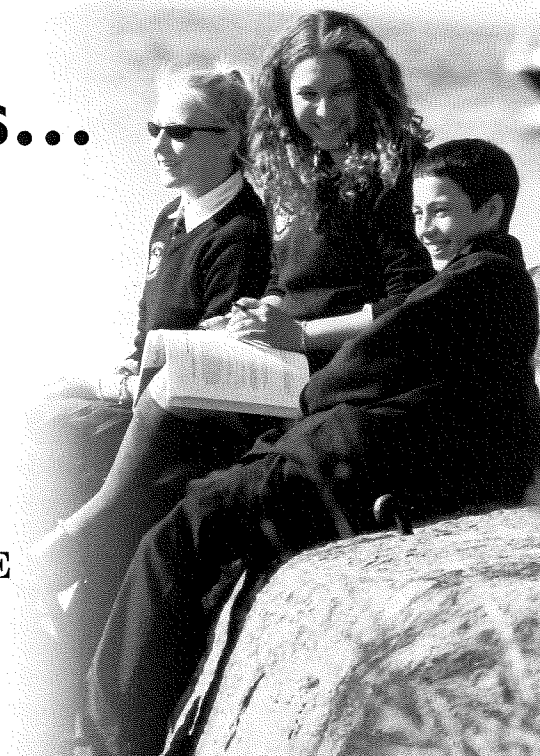


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when to call someone who actually knew the score. As soon as the aliens said "puzzle," he reached into the safe behind his desk and pulled out a cube of shimmering crystal, its interior filled with faint shifting shapes, hard to bring into focus. "The Liebnitz Gestalt," he said. "The brainscan of my ancestors' most valued expert. I assume you have no trouble with my making use of such assistance?" The aliens assented and MacHammock whispered a short command to the cube, which cleared to show an irritated-looking bearded individual who snapped, "Not you again!" and hastily wrapped a bathrobe around his steaming form. The Gestalt was however fascinated by the challenge MacHammock explained, so the aliens activated the 3D projector with a flourish.

After some confusion, when it was discovered the memory pod installed in the projector was from the aliens' last visit to the pleasure planet Veezl Bugr, the right pod was inserted and a full-scale image of *a pentagonal table with five beings seated around it* appeared at one end of MacHammock's office. *Each being had a shirt with one of the letters A to E on them, appearing in alphabetic order clockwise around the table. In front of each being was a small upright panel set so that everyone else could see what was on its front, but the person behind it could not.* The five panels all appeared blank to MacHammock and Liebnitz.

"That's the point of the puzzle," confirmed the alien chief. *"Each of the beings can see four panels, on each of which is a single coloured number duplicating one of the buttons on the control console. The beings are told that no colour is found more than three times on the panels and that no number is used more than once.* Their job is to figure out the colour and number on the panel in front of them. *Each being makes one statement, which must be true — the first two must concern colours and then three on numbers.* By the end of the session, everyone will know their number and colour. You have to use what you hear to work out the same information, without seeing any of the panels, which are blocked from your sight in the projection. You are however told that *no two adjacent panels around the table have the same colour.* The five coloured numbers form the launch code you are looking for."

The beings in the image began to look intently at each others' panels. There was a long pause, then *the man with A on his shirt said, "Your silence tells me that my number is red."* The woman labelled *B said, "And I know mine is not yellow."* Being *C, a seven-foot daisy with teeth, said sibilantly, "The four numbers I can see add up to 21."* The next figure, a wraithlike fog-creature whose *D* could barely be seen, *whispered, "Before me, I see two pairs of persons in adjacent seats. In each case, their numbers differ by 3."* The final creature kept shifting shape but somehow managed to keep an *E* in place. In a dry voice out of a London drawing room, he/she/it *said, "The four panels that I can see all show prime numbers."*

The Liebnitz Gestalt murmured its appreciation. *"The number part of the puzzle is straightforward. There are only so many combinations and the clues limit the possibilities to one. The part about the colours is more subtle. At first there doesn't seem to be enough information, but you have to take into account the initial silence as well as the later words."* With that, he gave MacHammock the required five code keys, each made up of a coloured number. Once the aliens left, the code was entered on the console, the cheese descended and Toronto vanished along with most of Canada's citizenry. Initially depopulated, the country was soon replenished with radioactive Tibetans, Transylvanian vegans, fed-up Middle Eastern atheists, damp Falkland and Vanuatu Islanders, sea-sick Dutch lawyers and strudel-waving bikers — all in all, another average morning at Portage and Main.

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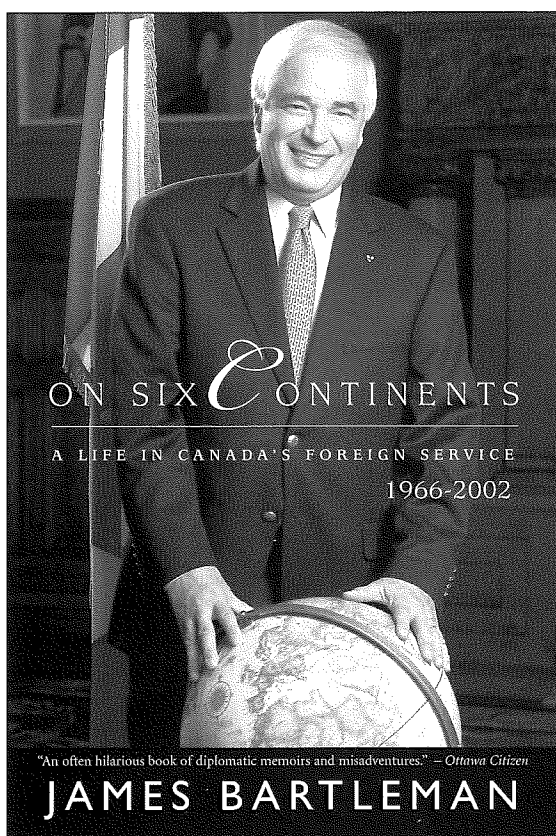
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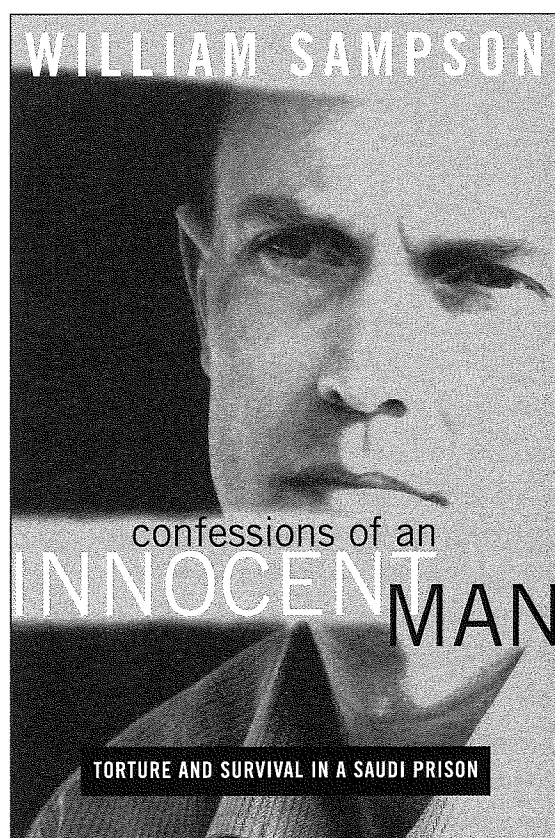
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The aliens travelled on to other parts of the world. Unfortunately for posterity, they attended the Greenwich village Hallowe'en parade, which in 2055 featured "extreme body-piercing" involving human-machine hybrids such as the walking stove (bringing new meaning to the boast, "I do my own cooking"), visited the Kremlin (where "privatization with Russian characteristics" had just reached its apogee with sale of the Duma to the country's second-biggest gas producer) and watched the virtual-reality premiere of stone-ground rocker Jagger-Stewart's

new biopic, "I was a teen-age geriatric" (which sent over 300 people, including two of the aliens, to the psycho ward). After liberating their comrades, the aliens departed the planet, leaving behind an orbital quarantine notice with the inscription, "No intelligent life down there."

*Can you duplicate the Liebnitz Gestalt's feat by identifying the five code keys (coloured numbers like "Yellow 1" or "Blue 2") needed to launch the cheese, in order from A to E? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from*

a box containing all correct entries received by February 28, 2006. The winner will receive a book prize autographed by A Aalto. ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto has been assigned overseas, where he seeks to evade arrest for impersonating an Ambassador. This puzzle is dedicated to the late Douglas Adams, in hopes that it is better than Vagon poetry. Although the answer is not 42, any inconvenience is regretted. Meanwhile, in the words of another extra-terrestrial voyageur, "Very funny, Scottie. Now beam down my clothes."



Liebnitz and the fairy-tale ending Answers from Vol. 21, No. 3

WINNER: Margo Schwartz, London, England

The three sites are HANS Island (between Greenland and Ellesmere), CHRISTIAN Island (in Georgian Bay) and ST LAWRENCE Island (briefly named ANDERSON Island, in the Bering Strait).

The missing letters add up to HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (who was indeed born two hundred years ago in Fyn) or ANDERSON.

The first message deciphers: THREE ISLANDS: ONE UNDER DISPUTE (DANISH? CANADIAN?); ONE WHERE LIGHTFOOT ANCHORED HIS BOAT (QUIXOTE ALBUM); ONE WHERE CAPTAIN COOK BURIED HIS SURGEON (3 AUGUST 1778).

The second message deciphers: FOR THIRD SITE, GO TO WWW.EXPLORENORTH.COM AND SEARCH "CAPTAIN COOK" + "AUGUST 3."

The three islands are therefore HANS (the disputed one), CHRISTIAN ("Christian Island" is a song from Gordon Lightfoot's 1972 album "Don Quixote") and ST LAWRENCE (formerly ANDERSON, named by Captain Cook after his friend and expeditionary doctor but then reverting to Vitus Bering's original name)

Snow White is a story collected by the Grimm brothers (although the dwarfs were named by Disney). Anderson's stories include *The Snow Queen*, *The Hardy Tin Soldier*, *The Emperor's New Clothes*, *The Ugly Duckling*, *The Little Mermaid*, *The Little Match Girl* and *The Princess on the Pea*, each referred somewhere in the puzzle. They remind us that the original fairy tales written or gathered from oral sources were usually tougher-minded, more terrifying and more sophisticated than the sentimental versions to which we now get exposed as children. Not all "fairy-tale endings" are happy.

1 Shakespeare's gloomy prince: HAMLET

2 Any of the people on this list or a dog: GREAT DANE

3 National Ballet of Canada artistic director 1983–86: ERIK BRUHN

4 Philosopher, founded existentialism: SOREN KIERKEGAARD

5 Astronomer, 16th century: TYCHO BRAHE

6 Wagnerian tenor: LAURITZ MELCHIOR

7 Brand of beer: TUBORG

8 Played Aragorn in the Rings: VIGGO MORTENSEN

9 Pastry with dried plums: PRUNE DANISH

10 Main peninsula: JUTLAND

11 Northern explorer: VITUS BERING

12 Artist who lived in Copenhagen before leaving for Tahiti: PAUL GAUGUIN

13 King who could not turn back the waves: CANUTE

14 High-design audio system: BANG AND OLUFSEN

15 Edward VII's queen: ALEXANDRA

16 Baroque composer: DIETRICH BUXTEHUDE

17 Fairy-tale monarch who keeps children on ice: THE SNOW QUEEN

18 Comic pianist, invented spoken punctuation: VICTOR BORGE

19 Nobel physicist who modelled the atom: NIELS BOHR

20 Famous toy company: LEGO

21 She had a farm in Africa: ISAK DINESEN

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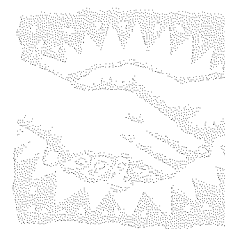
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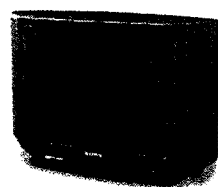
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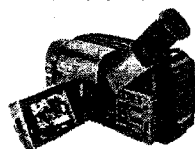
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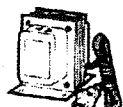


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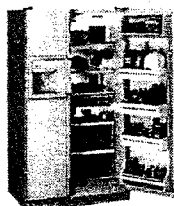
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