

bout de papier



Vol. 25, No. 2

**PAFSO Awards /
Les Prix de l'APASE**

**2010 PAFSO
Photo Contest**

**12 janvier 2010 –
16h53 – Haïti**

par Jean-François Hubert-Rouleau



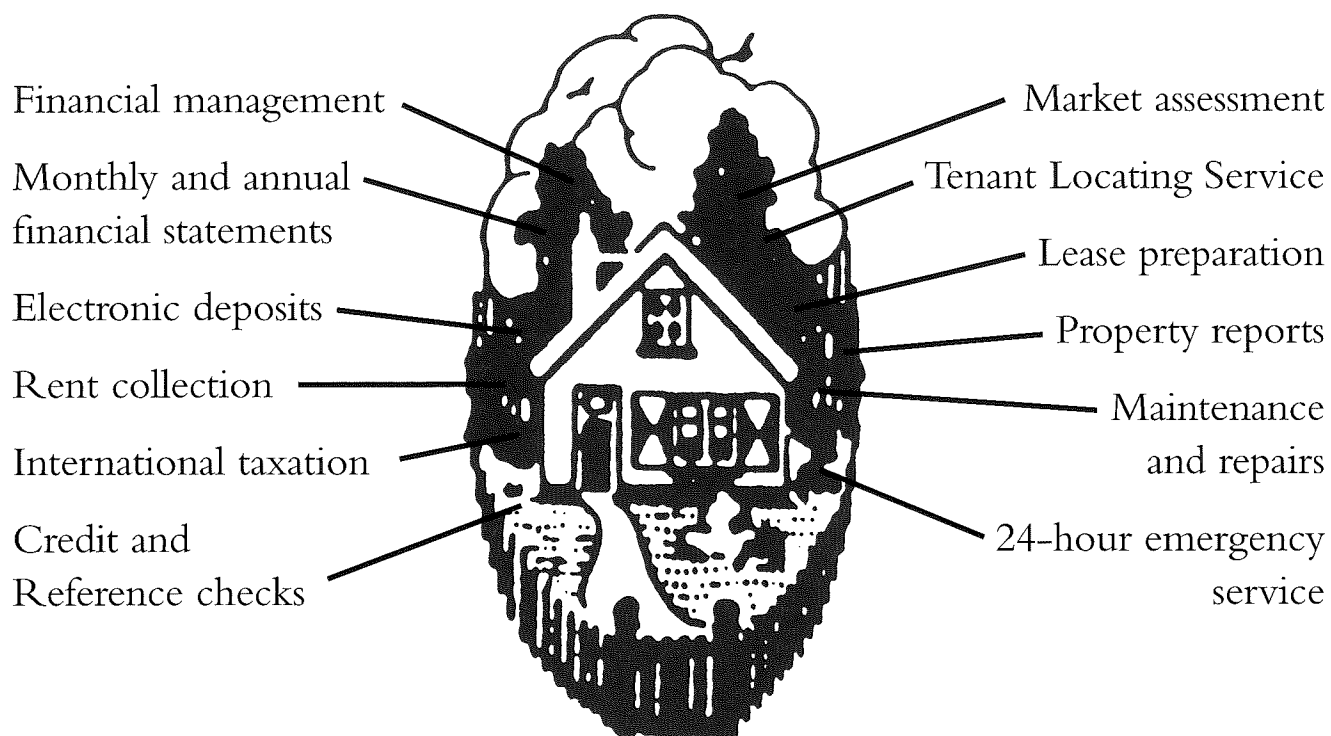
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Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur



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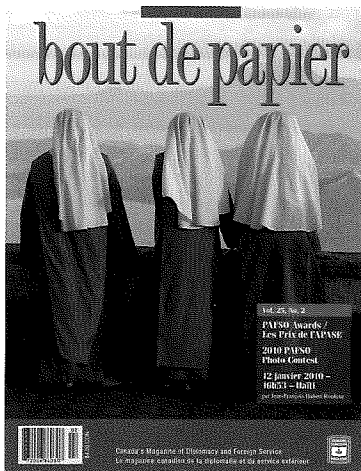
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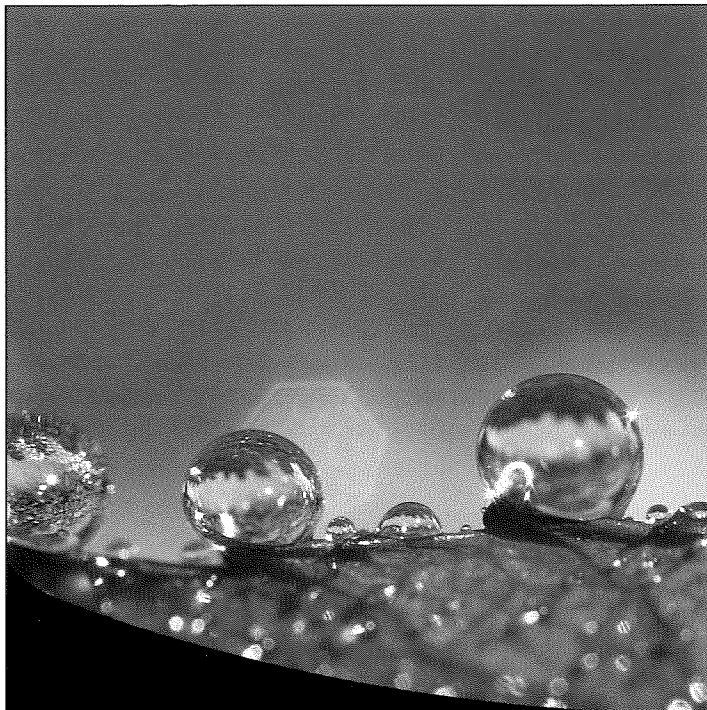
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Lors de l'entracte à un concert de jazz d'envergure, je suis tombé sur un vieil ami, ancien chef de mission aujourd'hui à la retraite. Nous avons parlé de choses et d'autres, notamment de **bout**. « C'est la meilleure chose qui soit issue des Affaires étrangères dernièrement », m'a-t-il déclaré. Je l'ai remercié du compliment au nom de toute l'équipe, mais j'ai constaté qu'il ne souriait pas. Il avait, par inadvertance, saisi l'état d'âme d'une récente réunion du comité supérieur de rédaction, dont il vaut la peine que je partage avec vous les principaux points.

The main message was simple – Canada's role in the world is evolving rapidly (or devolving, if you prefer), and the foreign service with it. To paraphrase, board members said that **bout** needs to keep pace and also develop greater presence in electronic media. It must reflect the spirit of the foreign service and focus on its integrity (institutional, cultural, and professional), which the board sees as under threat. It very much sees the journal as the “human face of Canadian diplomacy.”

As a journal, **bout's**
great weakness is
also its greatest
strength: it is
entirely voluntary.

What do those principles mean in practical terms? As the board saw it, **bout** is not an academic forum for debating international politics or the merits of major actors, nor is it a magazine for nostalgia buffs. They see a real role for preserving institutional memory and for capturing the lived experience of Canadian diplomacy. That's primarily for the benefit of younger officers but also for those who want a little more insight into key events and issues. The journal should meet practical info needs and deal with quality of life issues specific to the foreign service. It needs to reflect the

multicultural and bilingual reality of today's service, reflect all streams, and engage the readers on emerging trends and issues.

As a journal, **bout's** great weakness is also its greatest strength: it is entirely voluntary. The magazine exists because foreign service officers, active and retired, sit on the board and write timely innovative articles, while PAFSO staff volunteer their own time to deal with editorial and production issues. Our printers ensure a quality product and our advertisers top up PAFSO funds to make the whole enterprise viable.

The role of the editorial staff is to translate the Board's vision into reality, offer leadership, and exercise quality control. Ideally, readers already see **bout** evolving. The PAFSO President's column has been reinstated, focusing on today's issues. A series on lesser-known actors in Canadian diplomacy was kicked off with David Malone's piece on the IDRC, followed up in this issue by Colin Robertson on the Canadian International Council, with others slated for future issues. Jean-Philippe Tachdjian wrote on Lycée education in Ottawa and struggles with Revenue Canada, and in this issue we look at money matters and Tradex.

On institutional memory, former under-secretary Si Taylor sums up the Cold War. Hark Kroll (see **bout** Volume 25, No. 1) and Jim Gould have offered two perspectives, looking back and to the future on Yemen as diplomacy's next great challenge. To engage the reader we are reporting on the PAFSO Awards and PAFSO's remarkable photo contest. On the human face of diplomacy, Jean-François Hubert-Rouleau gives us a first hand account of the Haiti earthquake, of strength in adversity.

Pour que **bout** reste « la meilleure chose qui soit issue des Affaires étrangères », nous avons besoin de vos suggestions et de votre apport, ainsi que de vos articles – exprimez-vous! ☺

– Stuart Hughes

Working at DFAIT, it's impossible to avoid talking about "Transformation." In DFAIT parlance, the word promises not just the dictionary definition of "a thorough or dramatic change in form and character," but also real renewal. This has profound implications for the conduct of Canada's foreign affairs and diplomacy. Transformation offers an opportunity to define and shape the future, not just for PAFSO and its members, but for the foreign service writ large.

Pour les optimistes dont je suis, « transformation » est synonyme de réinvention et de rationalisation au moyen de nouvelles technologies, notamment les médias sociaux. Ils accueillent volontiers l'implantation de modèles de gestion qui font appel à une plus grande exploitation d'innovation dans la conduite des affaires étrangères. D'autres considèrent « la transformation » comme un exercice de compression des effectifs à peine déguisé. Ils mettent en doute la viabilité d'une décentralisation des responsabilités de l'administration centrale à des missions déjà surtaxées, et la confusion des rôles et des responsabilités qui pourrait accompagner ce transfert les inquiète. Reste à voir laquelle s'avérera la plus exacte, mais moi, je reste optimiste.

According to DFAIT's website, Transformation's seven principle elements include: alignment with policies and priorities set by the government; providing an international platform for other government agencies; improving consular and other services; improving "policy business" (programme delivery on topics such as peace and security); increasing accountability; and, renewing human resources. On the surface, this vision is less appealing than that of former Under Secretary of State Allan Gotlieb, who insisted that External Affairs had to be a central agency, pivot and piston of Canada's international presence but times have changed and our resources simply have not kept pace.

Alors, est-ce-que ça veut dire que le MAECI est seulement un « fournisseur de services »? En réalité, on a toujours eu ce rôle, et même si des mots comme « leadership » ou même « coordination » ne sont pas visibles sur le site web, les agents et agentes du service extérieur sont

recrutés en fonction de compétences transversales qui vont du leadership à l'analyse en passant par les techniques de négociation, sans oublier la souplesse d'adaptation/flexibilité. Ces qualités ne sont pas omniprésentes et ils restent valables. La création du « FS » visait à acquérir des compétences « diplomatiques » parallèlement à une connaissance approfondie des pays et des enjeux, de manière à se doter d'effectifs professionnels aptes à faire valoir et à défendre les intérêts du Canada à l'échelle mondiale. Nos agents et agentes voient d'un bon œil une hiérarchie aplanie, et leurs talents resteront pertinents pour une organisation transformée.

As DFAIT focuses on its role as platform provider for its many international partners, the skills of the professional diplomat will become more, rather than less central. Networking, reporting, and the knowledge they bring, are key to understanding the international operating environment. As the broader foreign service community continues to expand, and the need for coordination increases, there will be plenty of opportunities for professional diplomats to showcase their talents and their worth. Country-specific knowledge is essential, as is the policy expertise of line departments, but both must be framed by the in-depth knowledge of diplomatic actors and practice that DFAIT brings to the table, hopefully with gavel in hand.

La transformation a d'importantes incidences sur nos carrières. En mai, la Direction générale des ressources humaines a annoncé un projet de mise en commun des employés des groupes EC et CO, qui leur donne l'égalité d'accès aux postes FS à l'AC et à l'étranger. (Les FS auraient accès aux postes EC et CO au Canada.) Ce projet préoccupe l'APASE; il s'agit d'un empiètement sur la description de travail FS et d'une nette perte de débouchés pour ses membres. Si le groupe FS est le seul des trois groupes dont les membres s'engagent à servir à l'étranger tout au cours de leurs carrières, l'employeur doit nous donner l'occasion de faire le travail pour lequel nous avons été engagés.

That discussion raised important questions about the future of the career foreign

service. Now that more and more departments and agencies are working in the international arena and serving abroad, we believe that a discussion on the role and future of the Canadian foreign service as a whole is essential. If our members are to perform at their best, they need to know what it means to be an FS today. Other members of the community would no doubt appreciate similar clarification of their own roles vis-à-vis the newly "transformed" foreign service.

Nos amis internationaux doivent aussi faire face à des questions semblables. Après une période de compressions et réductions, les É.-U., pour leur part, ont décidé que le service extérieur constitue un actif qu'il faut renforcer pour redorer le blason international de l'Amérique. Le Département d'État prend énormément d'expansion avec l'appui de l'Administration et du Congrès. Selon les américains, la diplomatie traditionnelle reste essentielle, tout comme les rapports politiques (sur la base d'une connaissance solide du milieu national et d'une compréhension approfondie du contexte international); toutefois, elle est étayée par la nouvelle diplomatie de programmes à intervention directe en appui au développement démocratique, à la défense des droits de la personne et à la lutte au crime.

PAFSO believes the foreign service community should seize on the opportunity provided by Transformation for a discussion among management, our members, and other stakeholders on our role and future. We need to work together to develop a clear vision and engage the expertise of all our foreign service professionals to help ensure that Team Canada's message is clear and our voice is heard. ☺



Pamela Isfeld, Deputy Director with the Middle-East Relations Division, DFAIT, was elected President of PAFSO in October 2009

and is in the second year of a two-year term on the Executive Committee. Affectée à Nairobi, Sarajevo, Kaboul et Kandahar, elle est titulaire d'une maîtrise en études politiques de l'Université du Manitoba.

TRADEX:

“Your Fund” Hits 50 – Célébrons la cinquantième!

by Al Kilpatrick

Tradex was created 50 years ago this year. Establishing a mutual fund in 1960 was quite innovative as mutual funds were almost unknown at the time. Tom Fletcher was the man whose idea it was and he was the driving force in getting it up and running. Fletcher was the Director General of the Trade Commissioner Service at the time. He made it clear at the outset that it was to be a fund formed by foreign service officers for foreign service officers. It is, he kept saying, “your fund.”

À l’époque, les délégués commerciaux passaient une grande partie de leur temps outre-mer, certains même toute leur carrière. L’exemple le plus frappant en est peut-être Bruce Rankin qui a couronné son illustre carrière à titre d’ambassadeur du Canada au Japon sans jamais avoir servi au Canada! Cependant, faute de la facilité de communication dont nous jouissons à l’heure actuelle, il se révélait difficile, voire impossible, d’investir au Canada. Dans sa lettre établissant Tradex, M. Fletcher a exposé comme suit l’objectif du nouveau fonds : « satisfaire un besoin de longue date pour un moyen par lequel les employés du service extérieur des Affaires extérieures et du Commerce qui servent régulièrement à l’étranger et qui sont, de ce fait, privés de tout contact intime avec le Canada pourraient tout de même mettre en œuvre commodément un programme personnel de placements ».

Establishing Tradex was not without its difficulties. There were concerns that there might be potential conflict of interest in a fund where the shareholders and the Board of Directors alike were government employees. After considerable deliberation, the problem was resolved by ensuring that the fund would be managed by independent professional investment

counsel. Their decisions on what stocks to buy and sell would not be influenced by the Tradex Board. It remains so today. The Board provides guidelines to the investment counsellors and questions their decisions but does not become involved in the selection or sale of investments.

Tradex evolved dramatically. Four years after its inception, it began offering RRSPs, which continue to be a major product. In 1970, a decision was made to broaden eligibility to include all active employees of the government and crown corporations. This was later expanded to include the families of government employees and retirees. In 1981, Tradex moved into its own quarters and, for the first time, had a paid employee. Seven years after that, a key decision was made to create Tradex Management Inc. to expand and strengthen its head office and to put in place a mechanism to establish other companion funds. In 1989 that led to the creation of what is now the Tradex Bond Fund and, in 1993, Tradex Investment Savings, a daily interest-bearing account.

Recognizing the growing importance of international markets, in 1994 an “Emerging Markets Fund” was created which morphed into today’s Global Fund. Tradex now had three proprietary funds to offer as a balanced portfolio to its unit holders. One of the most important and least well known moves took place in 2000 with the creation of “Tradex Plus” where Ontario residents became able to purchase, through Tradex, third party funds, bonds and GICs. Tradex is not resting on its laurels today: we have just begun to offer term life insurance. Tradex has a full-time staff of five who offer excellent financial advice. We also offer a wide range of products from other funds.

“Your fund” today is governed by a 10-member Board of Directors composed of current and retired public servants. Although Tradex has broadened beyond the foreign service, it is still very sensitive to the special needs of foreign service personnel. Three of the current board members are retired foreign service officers and there has never been a board that did not include a significant number of foreign service officers. Today Tradex has almost \$200 million under management, a far cry from the \$120,000 after its first year of operation. Had someone invested \$1,000 in 1960 and left it there, it would be worth over \$99,000 now.

Pour ce qui est de l’avenir, nous savons comme tout le monde que les enjeux sont importants. Comme nous avons pu le constater au cours des deux dernières années, les marchés peuvent devenir radicalement volatiles. Un autre enjeu de taille a trait à la concurrence accrue des grandes banques qui commercialisent avec dynamisme leurs propres produits par l’intermédiaire de leurs réseaux étendus de succursales. Nous devons faire mieux connaître Tradex et ses produits et, à cette fin, nous avons lancé un programme incitatif marquant notre 50^e anniversaire et faisant la promotion de nos services de plus en plus haute gamme. Nous croyons que, grâce à son excellent personnel, à ses solides conseillers en placements et à sa vaste gamme de produits offerts sans but lucratif, Tradex continuera de satisfaire les besoins qu’il s’était fixé comme objectif il y a 50 ans. Il existe très peu de fonds au Canada qui puissent célébrer leur 50^e anniversaire, et c’est tout à l’honneur de « votre fonds » et du service extérieur du Canada. ☺

Al Kilpatrick is a retired foreign service officer.

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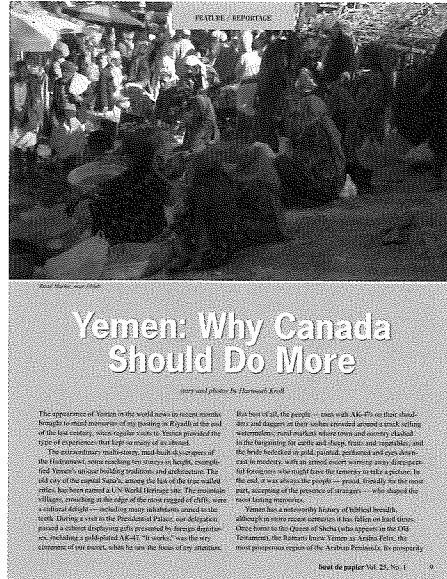
Yemen, the Sequel: What's at Stake?

by Jim Gould

Hark Kroll's piece on Yemen (*bout de papier* Volume 25, No. 1) brought back vivid memories of my own visits to that lovely but troubled country. My first posting was Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. There being two Yemens in the late 70s, the Ambassador assigned me responsibility for the northern one. Rodney Moore, our first secretary, was tasked with the more important South Yemen...where there were socialists, possibly terrorists and even Communists in residence.

As far as I was concerned, it was a wonderful division of labour. Not only was the climate far better in Sana'a (almost 2.5 km high) than in coastal Aden, but the city and its hinterland held the promise of adventure. A few cherished tales will have to wait for another day: fleeing through the UNESCO Heritage *suq* with, if not quite a howling mob, certainly an irate shopkeeper at my heels; or my encounter with a Danish businessman who probably is still convinced that he had dinner with two international contract killers...

Yemen has changed dramatically since those early and simpler days. I never felt unsafe there despite sleeping through an attempted coup and the omnipresent personal weaponry – every male over puberty seemed to be wearing a *jambiya* (the traditional Yemeni dagger), often accessorized with an AK-47. Today the situation has changed: in 2000, a suicide attack against the *USS Cole*, a warship refueling in Aden harbour, was claimed by Al-Qaeda. It drew the attention of the world to Yemen. Now the aptly-named “Al-Qaeda in the Arabian Peninsula” is operating there and has carried out attacks against foreigners (our Embassy has instructed staff not to travel to Yemen). Umar Farouk Abdul-Mutallib (the “underwear” bomber)



allegedly was trained in Yemen and sent off from there. An American-born, now radicalized Muslim cleric, Anwar al-Awlaki, lives somewhere in the country. Predator drones patrol the skies, seeking terrorist targets. With its traditional virtue of hospitality and its tribal distrust of centralized authority, Yemen – like Afghanistan and the tribal areas of Pakistan – has become a refuge and a jumping-off point for radical Islamists as they carry out their campaign against conservative Arab regimes and the West writ large.

How did it change? Perhaps Yemen has not changed; perhaps it has just gone farther along a path that should have been evident, if only we had known enough to go looking. Yemen has long been a place of refuge and sanctuary for those seeking shelter from persecution and repression. Even the great Saladin made sure that it was firmly in the grasp of one of his family members before he launched his final great campaign against the Crusaders, allegedly in case he needed a bolt hole.

The geography of the country is dramatic and lends itself to isolation and general separation from external influences. The coastal plain along the Red Sea is hot, humid and almost African in appearance. From the plain the mountains rise into the dramatic, rugged and heavily terraced mountainous core of the country. This is where the bulk of the population has traditionally lived and where most of the main cities are located. Villages seem to hang on the sides of rugged cliffs and transport routes are such that although two villages might be able to see each other, it might be a two-day trek on a donkey to call on your neighbour. Beyond the mountains the desert stretches east into the Rub' al-Khali (the Empty Quarter) – the largest and perhaps the most hostile sand desert in the world.

It is a country of significant internal tensions: traditional tribal structures compete with moderately democratic institutions (both the President and the lower house are elected in what is often described as the most democratic process in the Arabian Peninsula – although the standards are not very high). The population is almost evenly split between Sunnis (52%) and Zaydi Shi'a (46%). While both sides are usually tolerant, it is not unknown for violence to break out. A much smaller group, the Houthis, are Shi'a and bear close watching. They continue their six-year rebellion against the centralized authority of Sana'a. Their 2009 crossing of the border into Saudi Arabia brought the wrath of the latter's military down on them. However, if the Houthi rebellion can be contained, it seems likely that sectarian rivalries in Yemen will not get too badly out of hand.

The situation in Yemen is exacerbated by the state of its economy – it is the most impoverished state in the Arabian Peninsula.

Unemployment is estimated at 35% and over 45% of the population is believed to live below the poverty line. Yemen's natural resources are few. Petroleum was discovered during the late 1970s and at one point was providing some 25% of the country's revenues, but reserves are expected to be depleted by 2017. Significant sources of natural gas may help mitigate the loss of the petroleum revenues, but they are yet to be fully developed. If the economy is further depressed, it can only make the efforts of those trying to counter the extremists that much more difficult.

Other major sources of foreign currency are remittances from expatriate workers. This revenue is not dependable, as was demonstrated in 1990. An estimated 850,000 workers were deported that year from the Gulf states because Yemen, then sitting on the Security Council, refused to vote for the "use of force resolution" against Iraq. Foreign aid, never great and primarily from the Soviet Union and China, was also cut off by neighbouring and European states at the same time.

The past is done. Looking to the future, CIDA notes that:

Yemen ranks 151st out of 177 countries on the Human Development Index (UNDP Human Development Report 2005) and remains one of the poorest countries in the world. Yemen faces considerable challenges, such as low water resources, a lack of arable land, a life expectancy of 60 years, a literacy rate of 49 percent, and one of the widest gender gaps in the world. In recent years, Yemen has been making efforts to improve its performance in governance, human rights, and democracy. In addition, the government of Yemen has recently adopted a poverty reduction strategy.

Yet CIDA also declares:

The Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) does not maintain a significant assistance program in Yemen and has no long-term projects planned for this country.

If Canada won't help, will anyone else? Probably not. The U.S. wants to send military aid and Saudi Arabia would probably help the Sunnis, as long as the Shi'a don't benefit. But the Saudis typically are loath to become directly involved until

their national interests are threatened. Some Europeans will help – they have been there in the past and will be again – but when set against the scale of the problems, their assistance will be a drop in the ocean. In January over 20 foreign ministers, including all the G8 member states, participated in a hastily called two-hour international conference in London on Yemen – a day before a previously planned conference on Afghanistan. No pledges or promises were made, but there were several affirmations of support contingent upon the government of Yemen continuing its process of reform, ending corruption, fighting terrorism, etc.

If the West is true to form, there will be a great deal of hand-wringing until the amount of *jihadi* violence originating in Yemen reaches an unacceptable level – which means it achieves some success against Westerners and their allies. Then watch the aid pour in. Given the track record of such aid programs in the recent past, military assistance will also be offered and this will be difficult for the government of

Yemen to reject. As is often the case in "too little, too late" scenarios, political stability will not improve and the overall situation may well deteriorate further. An environment not unlike that prevailing in the tribal areas of Pakistan could arise and would be as difficult to reform.

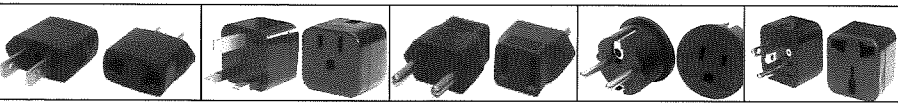
Aid programs must respond to the needs and desires of the people. Development agencies must demonstrate to ordinary Yemenis that the goal of their programs is to help them and that donor governments think strategically and are not just reacting to the extremists. "Old hands" like me know very well that we can't go back in time to fix things before they become crises, but it would be nice to see Western governments start on serious development assistance before *jihadi* efforts are crowned with success. The Yemenis may have invented coffee, but it is up to us to smell it. ☺

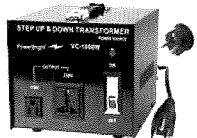
Jim Gould now retired from the foreign service teaches at the University of Ottawa.

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Winner: A perfect life in the desert, province of Fujairah, United Arab Emirates by Cindie-Eve Bourassa Braun

2010 PAFSO PHOTO CONTEST

D'un œil canadien

Some months ago, PAFSO executive board members Kirk Duguid and Cael Husband decided that it was time that PAFSO got its creative juices flowing and had some fun. The result was a photo contest, open to all members and their families, to find the most innovative photographers and compelling images. The theme was as inclusive as it was apt: the Foreign Service experience. The central idea was to expand our horizons on where a career in the Foreign Service could take us.

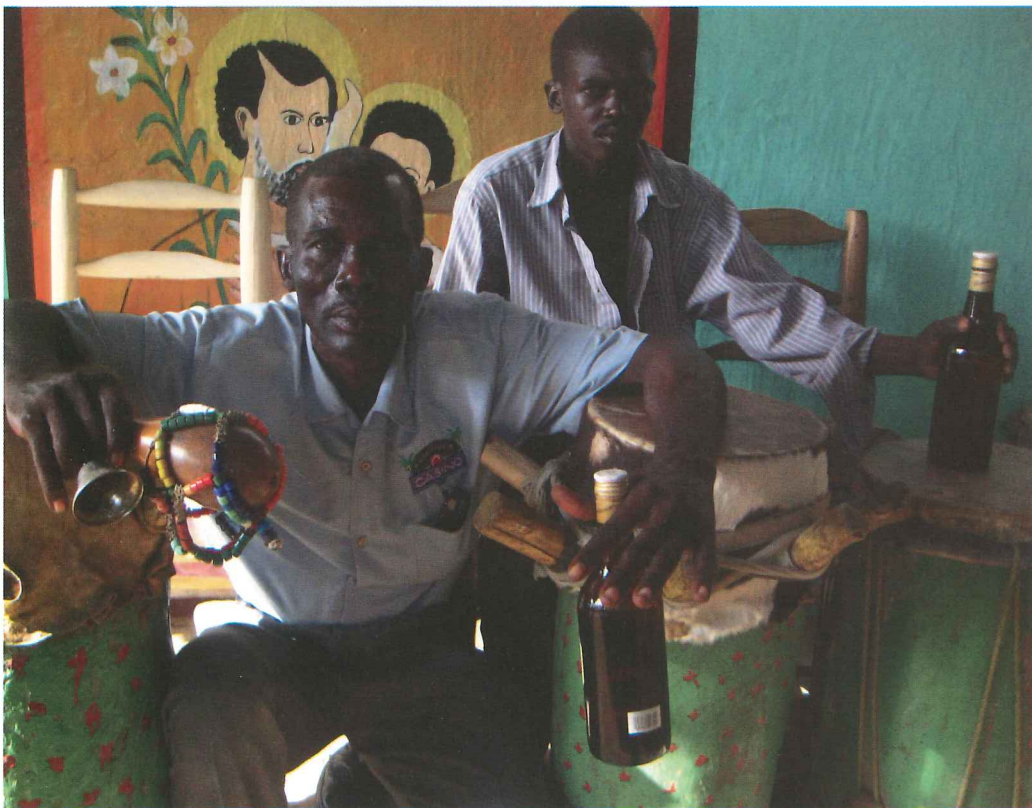
bout signed on immediately, delighted to commit a number of its jealously-guarded “colour pages” to showcase the most talented. Well we might: **bout** had organized a similar contest in the early nineties. Several experienced foreign service photographers were recruited as judges: Bernard Nguyen,

Jennifer MacNeil, and Daniel Marchand (who has several exhibitions to his credit since retiring). Following the contest launch, a rather modest response led the team to suspect that we really had misread members’ interest. We needn’t have worried...in the last days of the contest the flood of entries overwhelmed our local network. Only at PAFSO would crashing computers be something to celebrate!

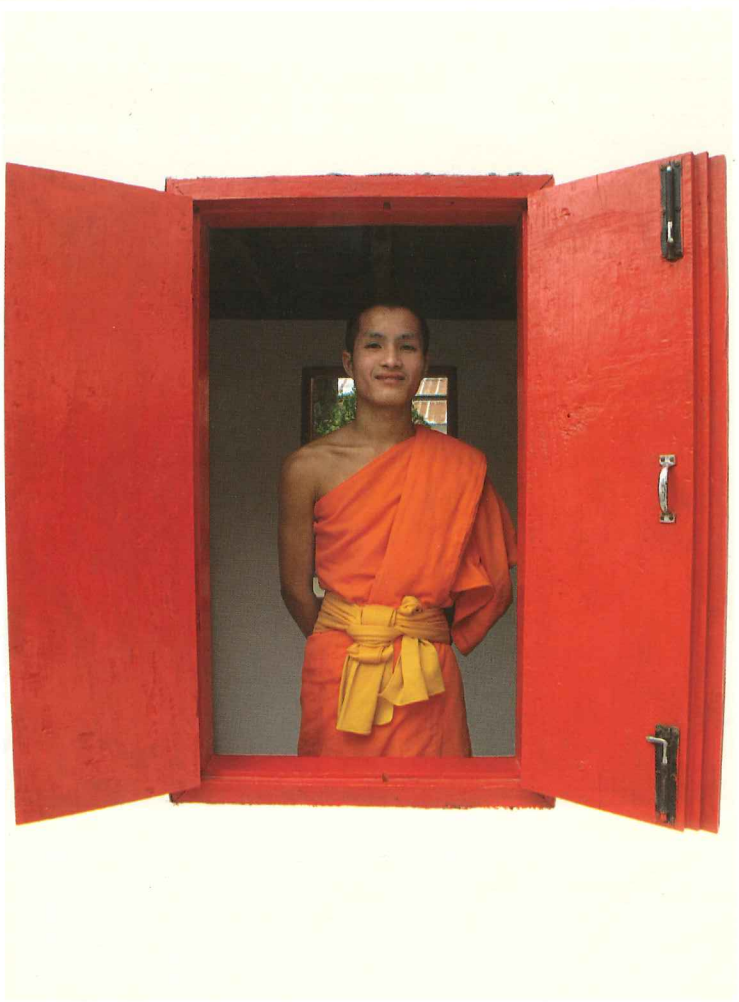
L’essor de talent est extraordinaire, et la spontanéité visuelle de la photo gagnante de Cindie-Eve Bourassa Braun – entre autres – est géniale. Félicitations à tous ceux et celles qui ont participé; un gros merci à Kirk et Cael, et à Debra Hulley et Susan Courville du bureau de l’APASE qui ont contribué si vivement au succès de ce concours. ☺



*Top: Turkish Bath,
Tsarskoe Selo, Russia
by Clint Martin*



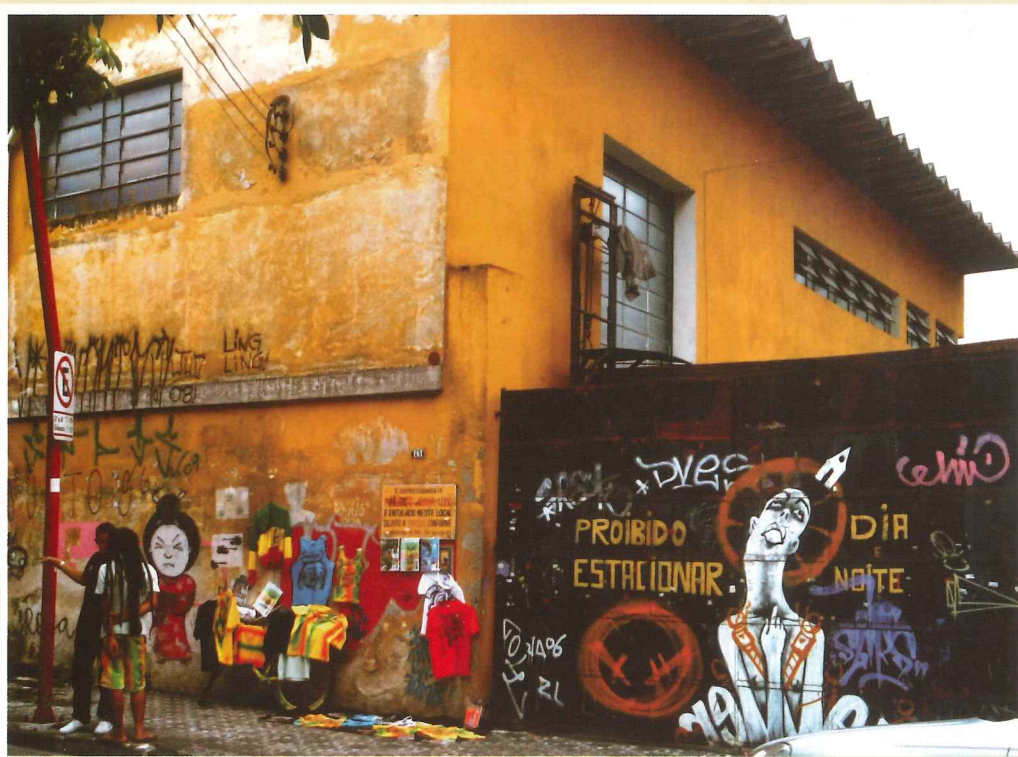
*Left: Temple Vodou,
Haïti by Joel Monfils*



*Top left: Cuba
by Liza Linklater*

*Top right: Laos Monk
by Liza Linklater*

*Bottom left:
Myriam Morin-Dupras*

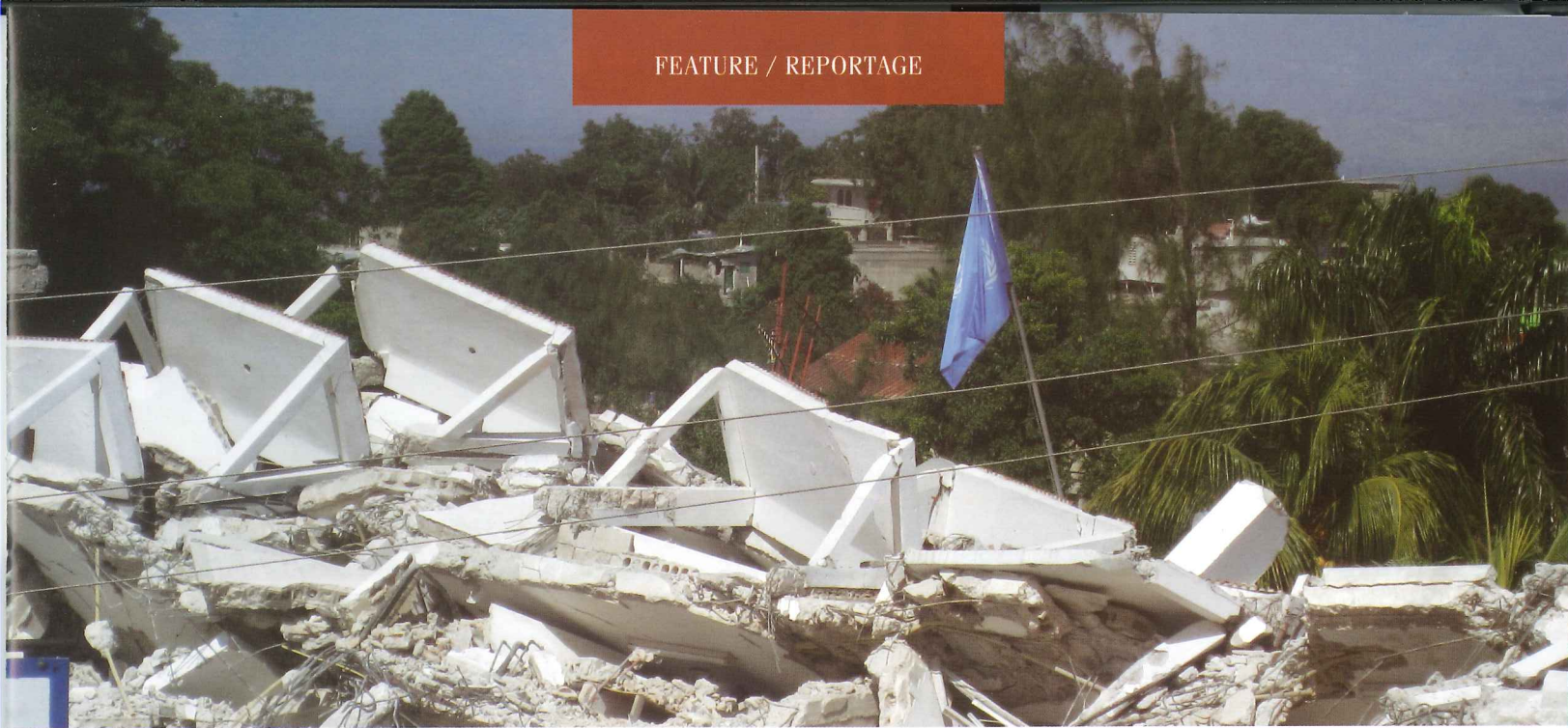


Top left: Liberdade,
São Paulo, Brazil
by Elise Racicot

Bottom left: The British
Museum, London, England
by Tudor Hera

Bottom right:
Souk, Aleppo, Syria
by Stewart Henderson





12 janvier 2010 – 16h53

HAÏTI

par Jean-François Hubert-Rouleau

Je quitte l'ambassade à 15h30 comme à l'habitude. Ce jour là, une employée locale qui m'a souvent vu monter à l'orphelinat de Kenscoff servir un repas chaud aux enfants en compagnie de mes amis de la MINUSTAH, m'offre des surplus de nourriture que l'organisation humanitaire de son mari n'avait pu distribuer aux démunis pour la période des fêtes. Je range les sacs dans le coffre arrière du Jeep et direction le Caribéen, la meilleure épicerie en ville.

J'achète de la dinde fumée, des tomates et mon vin blanc. Je paie avec ma carte de crédit. Le reçu de la transaction indique 16h25. Je place le sac dans l'auto et en route pour la maison.

Arrivé chez moi, je me sers un verre de vin, je prends un livre et je monte à l'étage où se trouve mon fauteuil qui est si confortable pour lire.

Je m'assois, au même moment un petit craquement sourd que je reconnais à l'instant. L'expérience du Pakistan en 2005 me fait comprendre qu'un tremblement de terre de forte puissance est prêt à se déclencher. Aussitôt, je quitte précipitamment le fauteuil où je venais de m'installer et part en courant vers la sortie. J'atteins les marches mais je ne suis plus capable de me tenir

debout. Je dois me tenir aux murs et peut faire seulement que de petits pas. J'atteins enfin la porte qui est, bien sûr, verrouillée. Le temps de trouver la clé et la maison qui vacille. J'arrive à ouvrir, il y a encore l'abri d'auto en béton à franchir. C'est fait. Je me réfugie le plus loin possible de la maison.

Pour aussitôt constater que le mur d'enceinte de la maison sur lequel je me suis appuyé oscille vers la gauche et la droite menaçant de s'écrouler. Je mesure une bonne distance entre la maison et le mur et je me tiens coi. Le cœur filant à toute allure.

Finalement, 37 secondes plus tard, la terre cesse de bouger. Au même moment j'entends un grand fracas. L'édifice à logements en construction en face de chez moi s'est écroulé. C'est alors que je remarque que le gardien de la maison est en état de panique totale. Il crie dans une langue qui n'est ni française, ni créole. Il gesticule, il lève les bras. Je veux m'approcher de lui mais il tient son arme d'une telle façon que j'hésite à avancer. Après quelques secondes il baisse le canon de son fusil et je vais le prendre dans mes bras pour le rassurer. Je ne le sais pas mais il est le premier de centaines que j'étreindrai. Je le calme, il ne sait pas ce qui se passe. Je lui explique que c'est un tremblement



À la grille

de terre, qu'il y aura beaucoup d'autres secousses mais qu'elles ne seront pas aussi fortes. Que c'est mieux de rester à l'extérieur pour les heures qui vont suivre, une fois qu'il sera chez lui.

Fort heureusement, c'est l'heure de la relève et l'autre qui arrive est plus calme. J'entreprends aussitôt de faire le tour de la maison avec eux deux. La partie avant de la maison est intacte. On se dirige vers le jardin. Tout est en bon état si ce n'est, oh surprise, que la piscine s'est vidée de près d'un mètre d'eau. On s'aventure à l'intérieur. Nous faisons le tour. Alhamdullilah. Aucune fissure. Tout a bien résisté. Quelques cadres, assiettes, verrerie de cassé. C'est tout.

Les réflexes reviennent. Je dois me rapporter sain et sauf à l'ambassade. Les cellulaires ne fonctionnent plus. Le BlackBerry non plus. Je sais que la radio dans ma chambre à coucher ne fonctionne pas, cela fait trois fois que je demande qu'on la répare. Ma radio portative que je garde toujours avec moi. Malheur la pile est déchargée. Je sais qu'on doit se faire du sang d'encre à mon sujet à la chancellerie mais il n'y a rien d'autre à faire que d'attendre que la pile soit rechargée. Aussi, au grand soulagement de mes collègues, je serai le dernier à me rapporter vivant quelques heures plus tard. Nouvelle qui sera bien sûr rapportée à mes proches apeurés.

Après quelques heures à l'extérieur de la maison, je me risque à y retourner. Les secousses sont constantes mais je me dis que si la maison a su tenir pour la plus forte, je ne cours plus de danger. Mais il y a plus qui m'attire à l'intérieur; j'ai faim...

Très tôt, le lendemain matin je quitte pour l'ambassade. Quand je descends ma montagne je ne remarque rien d'inhabituel. Je m'engage sur la route du cimetière et là je vois plusieurs mausolées éventrés. Des gens par centaines qui se tiennent au milieu de la rue. Je m'engage sur Delmas, j'ai peine à circuler, il y a des dizaines de milliers de gens partout. Et puis voilà; le désastre...

Des édifices effondrés, une station service complètement ensevelie, sous le béton des voitures avec leurs occupants. Le Caribéen où je me trouvais le soir précédent à 16h25 est effondré. Mes premiers morts; une petite fille d'environ huit ans gît sur le trottoir et l'accotement, visage tourné vers la rue, la langue tirée. On ne peut être plus morte. A droite, à gauche, des corps,

tous dans des positions grotesques, macabres. Je suis sous le choc. Les larmes coulent. Il y a tellement de désolation.

J'arrive enfin à l'ambassade. C'est calme. On se rue dans les bras les uns les autres. Ceux qui sont restés à la chancellerie me bombardent de questions; comment c'est dehors? Ils sont fatigués, ils sont demeurés dans leur auto essayant de trouver un sommeil qui ne venait pas.

Le chef de mission vient vers moi et s'écrie : « ...tu nous as foutu une belle trouille toi hier soir – tu ne sais pas comment je suis content de te voir ». Puis comme nous sommes quelques uns il me demande de faire du café avec une collègue.

Réflexe de tout agent d'immigration; je sais que je vais avoir besoin de visas et de vignettes et ils sont dans les coffres à l'intérieur. Je demande au chef de mission de m'accorder cinq minutes pour entrer dans la chancellerie et les récupérer. A ce stade, on ignore les dangers et l'état dans lequel se trouve l'édifice. Je fais valoir mon point et il m'autorise à entrer avec un MP pour aller les chercher. J'entre donc dans la chancellerie, il y a encore des gravats qui tombent. Un petit caillou tombe sur la vitre de ma montre y laissant une petite étoile. Peut-être un signe pour me rappeler ma bonne étoile.

De retour au centre des opérations on s'aperçoit que maintenant des Canadiens arrivent par groupes entiers aux grilles de l'ambassade. Ils ont tout perdu. Ils ont faim. Ils ont soif. Ils sont blessés. Heureusement que l'on a le club canadien où se trouve des réserves de nourriture, de breuvages, je trouverai même une caisse de Corona dans le réfrigérateur. L'ambassadeur me hèle : « Jean-François! Je te nomme en charge de la cuisine. Tu t'occupes de nourrir tous ces gens. »

J'y resterai quatre jours. Avec une petite équipe composée de collègues de l'ambassade et de conjointes je verrai à nourrir mon monde. Après une journée et demie, nous n'avons plus rien. J'en avise l'ambassadeur mais je lui fais part aussi que j'ai dix sacs de dix kilos encore dans mon auto. Aussi ces sacs qui devaient prendre la direction de l'orphelinat viendront nourrir les centaines de personnes que nous hébergeons sur le compound alors que tous les magasins sont fermés. En tout, je servirai 1 400 repas chauds et quelques 800 petits-déjeuners.

Plusieurs des gens sur le compound sont blessés. Certains sérieusement. Je suis celui avec le plus d'expérience dans le nursing ayant exercé cette profession dans une autre vie. Je m'active; réduction de fracture ouverte, pansements, retrait de gravats dans les plaies. J'ai l'assistance de ma collègue de CIC avec qui j'ai suivi le cours de l'ambulance Saint-Jean avant de venir en poste et l'heureux concours d'un policier de la ville de Montréal qui se trouvait miraculeusement sur place. On fait du mieux qu'on peut. Nouvelle sollicitation au chef de mission pour entrer de nouveau dans la chancellerie. Mission : Aller s'approvisionner à l'infirmierie. Nous pouvons maintenant soulager la douleur. Finalement les militaires arriveront et monteront une infirmierie digne de ce nom.

Après quatre jours, je retournerai dans mon poste de gestionnaire de programme de l'immigration, heureux d'avoir pu aider, soulager, compatir.

Les évacuations commencent et une toute nouvelle aventure nous amènera vers des sommets de solidarité avec nos collègues des autres ministères jamais, dans mon cas, connu auparavant.

À tous ceux qui se reconnaissent : Chapeau! Ce fût tout un honneur de travailler avec vous. ☺

Jean-François Hubert-Rouleau a joint le service extérieur en 1989. Il a servi à Koweït, Cuba, les Philippines, en Syrie, en Colombie, au Pakistan, à Trinidad et Tobago et il est maintenant en poste en Haïti.

A Tribute to Guillaume

by Jeannette Menzies

It was with shock and great sadness that I learned of the passing of Guillaume Siemienski in Haiti on January 12. Guillaume was a CIDA employee on leave, working for the UN Stabilization Mission in Haiti. He was Head of Messaging, responsible for writing speeches and situational reports. He was one of the many victims of the shattered UN office which also claimed a CIDA consultant and two Canadian military officers.

A friend and former colleague, Guillaume served as a CIDA Development Officer at our embassies in Moscow, Bratislava and Ankara. From Ankara he moved to Tbilisi, Georgia, to work first with the OSCE mission and then with the UN Observer Mission in Georgia. No one was more surprised than Guillaume when, in summer 2009, this Eastern Europeanist transferred to the UN in Port au Prince, a move he described as "Mr. CIS goes Caribbean."

I first met this jovial man in Ankara in 2004, but it was over the course of many visits to Tbilisi, Georgia where I really saw Guillaume in his element. An evening at a Georgian restaurant with him was always filled with

thoughtful conversation, heartfelt toasts, humour, fine food and endless cups of Georgian wine. Dining with Guillaume was a treat. You could be certain that everyone in the restaurant wished they were at our table.

Not only was Guillaume passionate about his work, but his passion was truly contagious. You could join him in poring over a map of the former Soviet Union for hours, listening as he reminisced of his adventures there, and walk away feeling as though you had traveled those bumpy roads with him. Though he was ready to laugh at the many absurdities life served up in these parts of the world, you knew that he cared deeply about the places where he worked and the people that lived there – and felt a responsibility to help in whatever way he could.

Committed as he was to making a difference, for Guillaume, work and play were inseparably intertwined. Once, as I walked towards the OSCE headquarters in Tbilisi, I caught a glimpse of someone stepping out onto the second floor balcony. And then I heard him singing. Deep, operatic notes billowing over the gardens. I can say with certainty that I have never received such a rapturous welcome in my life.

What Guillaume cared about more than anything was his wife Maka and their two sons Christopher and Martin. The very mention of their names would spark a glow of happiness in his eyes. It was clear that Guillaume felt he was the luckiest man in the world. His luck may have run out in Haiti, but those of us that knew him count ourselves lucky, and thankful, for his positive spirit, gentle personality and all the laughter we shared. He is greatly missed. ☺

Jeannette Menzies is in the Circumpolar Affairs Division at DFAIT.

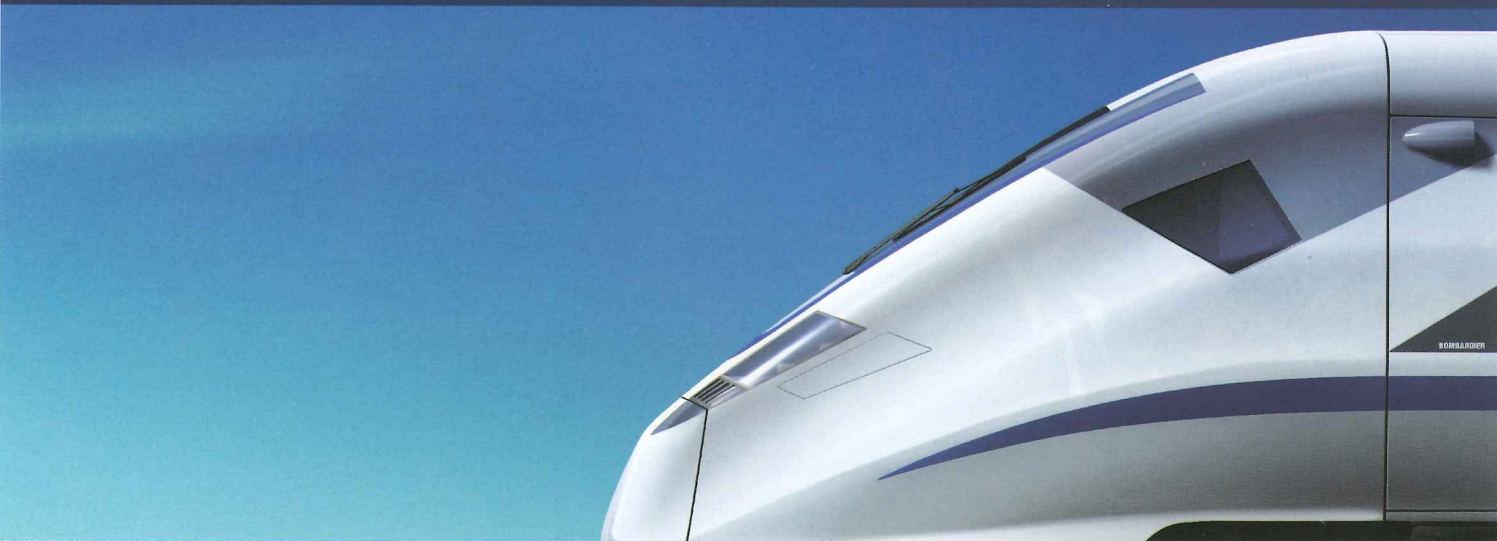


Jeannette Menzies and Guillaume Siemienski



Des avions. Des trains. Une fierté.
Planes. Trains. Canadian spirit.

BOMBARDIER



Too much conviviality in Léopoldville?

Informal encounters with a Soviet diplomat

Michel Gauvin was a decorated veteran who received the Distinguished Service Order for his valour while serving with *Le Régiment de la Chaudière* in Northwestern Europe in the Second World War. While still in the army, he was seconded to the Prime Minister's Office, then joined the Department of External Affairs as a Head Clerk in March 1947 after he had been discharged as a Major. After working again in the PMO, Gauvin served in a series of diplomatic posts, including a year as adviser to the Canadian Commissioners on the International Commissions for Supervision and Control in Indochina. He represented Canada as Acting Consul General and then Chargé d'Affaires a.i. in Léopoldville from February 1961 to July 1963. He later served Canada as its ambassador to Ethiopia (1965–69), Madagascar (1967–69), Somalia (1968–69), Portugal (1969–70), Greece (1970–75), Morocco (1978–80) and China (1980–84).

Not long after Gauvin arrived in the Congo, a departmental circular note requested reports on the activities of Soviet and other East Bloc diplomats. The reports below responded to that request. There is an excellent history of Canada's involvement in the Congo by Kevin Spooner, *Intervention in Africa: Canada, the Congo Crisis, and UN Peacekeeping, 1960–64* (Vancouver: UBC Press, 2009), which makes effective use of Michel Gauvin's reports. Gauvin has recounted his experiences in the Congo in an interview conducted by d'Iberville Fortier and printed in *Special Trust and Confidence: Envoy Essays in Canadian Diplomacy* by David Reece, which was published by Carleton University Press in 1996. With respect to the Soviet representative, according to the memoirs of the CIA's station chief in Léopoldville, Larry Devlin, Leonid Podgornov had "been expelled from Congo when Mobutu declared all Soviets persona non grata in September 1960," then resurfaced as head of a Soviet delegation to a meeting on government of the Belgian Congo under UN auspices at Lovanium University in July 1961.

Eventually, as reported in Numbered letter No. 442 of 2 October 1962 from the Canadian Embassy, Léopoldville, to the Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, Ottawa, Canada, a Soviet Ambassador, Sergei S. Nemtchina, presented his credentials to President Kasa-Vubu on 20 September 1962. There was no mention in that report or in any other on this file of the fate of Leonid Podgornov. The documents reprinted below may be found in the records of the Department of External Affairs (RG25) at Library and Archives Canada, Volume 5226, File 6836-O-40, part 1.

Hector Mackenzie

The Canadian Consulate General, Leopoldville, to the Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, Numbered Letter No. 75, 1 February 1962, Confidential.

1. The French Ambassador, Mr. Charpentier, invited me yesterday to a small stag luncheon attended by the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Podgornov, the Chargé d'Affaires of Dahomey, Mr. Paul Fabo, and another Russian who was introduced as the First Secretary.

2. When I called the French Ambassador today to ask the name of the Russian First Secretary, he said he did not know. As the Russians usually like to come accompanied, Charpentier had suggested to the Soviet Chargé that he bring a colleague of his. Personal cards received at this mission from the Chargé d'Affaires of the USSR to introduce his officers contained those of two second secretaries, Messers. Nicola Zaskov and Youlen Diselnikow, but there was no card for a first secretary. It may be that the

first secretary was one of these two. (Mr. Charpentier was posted to Russia on two occasions, once as a junior officer and later as a counsellor. He speaks a bit of Russian and his wife speaks it fluently, being herself the daughter of a French diplomat who had been in Russia for many years.) By the way, Charpentier is due to leave shortly, at the beginning of March, and told me he expects to be appointed to an Iron Curtain country.

3. All through the lunch, everyone seemed to avoid discussing controversial topics. We, therefore, spoke of everything but politics, except that reference was made to the resignation of Dr. Linner as head of ONUC, and his replacement on a temporary basis by Robert Gardiner. The Russian Chargé commented that Gardiner was an excellent choice, that he knew him very well and that he had had long conversations with him back in 1960 shortly after the Congo's independence. The conversation ranged from the way champagne was made to the popularity of Jules Verne's books in Russia. The atmosphere was cordial all through and, at times, quite amusing.

4. The Russians arrived last and when asked what *appéritif* they would like (we had just been served a glass of *Amer Picon*) they replied whiskey. Since the *Amer Picon* came from an old bottle which had suffered from the tropics, we finally all switched to whiskey, which made the Russian Chargé say: "Russia wins again". During the lunch, the French Ambassador served us champagne as well as red wine, explaining that many people did not like red wine in this country because it was often "bouchonné". This happened to be the case with the red wine he served us and after our experience with the *Amer Picon*, the French Ambassador was teased about the quality of wine in the residence of the French Ambassador. Mr. Charpentier served us, in addition to the white champagne, a red champagne and explained how it was made, to which the Russian Chargé said they were making champagne and cognac as well as other wines. He then told us an anecdote about the visit of a group of Frenchmen to a *kholkoze* in Armenia. They were offered Russian cognac. When the bottle was finished, the Frenchmen produced a larger bottle of French cognac which when tasted brought the Russians to comment: "Darn Frenchmen, not only do they beat us by having larger bottles, but it is of better quality and, this after having stolen the word Cognac from us". The Russian First Secretary joined in to say that the French had also "stolen" the word "bistrot". He said that at the time of the coalition against Napoleon, the Cossacks then in Paris went to the bars for drinks saying: "Bistro, Bistro" meaning "Quick, Quick".

5. The conversation then centered around the achievement of African students and their facility at learning foreign languages. The Chargé d'Affaires of Dahomey

inferred jokingly that this facility was a superiority of the African over the white man. The Russian Chargé was asked how many Africans were at Lumumba University, and replied that there were relatively few, that the Lumumba University was open not only to Africans but to all foreigners.

6. After lunch, we had Armagnac and Cognac with our coffee. The Russian Chargé had two glasses. With the before luncheon drink, the quantity of wine and champagne at the table, he became quite loquacious. However, the First Secretary seemed to be holding his liquor much better. The conversation went on about the relative merits of pre-Revolution Russian writers and their popularity at present in Russia. Dostoevsky was considered too negative by present day readers. On the other hand, Tourguéniev and Pouchkine were considered as acceptable bourgeois writers. This gave an occasion to the Dahomey Chargé d'Affaires to say that Pouchkine was a fellow African, his maternal grandfather being one of eleven children born from the marriage of an Ethiopian princeling, I believe Hannibal, "the Negro of Peter the Great" and a Balto-German gentle woman.

7. Russians appear to have something in common with some Americans in that they never miss a chance to boast about their achievements. They said, for example, that Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, Maupassant and Jules Verne were read by a greater number of people in Russia than they were in France and that the Russian editions of their works were in the millions. This gave another occasion to the Dahomey Chargé d'Affaires to point out that Dumas was another African. By this time the Russian Chargé was on his second cognac and full of sentimental effusion about what French and Russians had in common, in war and peace, their *panache*, their generosity, their sense of grandeur, and the chivalrous conduct of the Normandy squadron in Russia during the war was mentioned as a case in point. The Russian Chargé said that all these qualities applied to me as a French-speaking Canadian who had served during the war. While speaking about the Normandy Squadron, Podgornov told us that he had fought during the war as an officer in the engineer corps in the southern part of Russia.

8. At one point, when speaking of the necessity of physical exercise in tropical climates, Mr. Podgornov mentioned that he swam regularly at the Athénée swimming pool and invited me to join him that afternoon. As I had another appointment, I had to decline. However, if he should suggest it again, I shall take him up on it.

9. The USA Chargé d'Affaires told me that Prime Minister Adoula's Chief of Cabinet, Mr. Kasongo, had had the impression at a recent dinner party given by the Tunisian Embassy that Podgornov was quite

tight. Although Podgornov's friendliness and exuberance during the lunch were helped by alcohol, he was in full command of himself, and may have been putting on an act to encourage the Dahomey Chargé who had a reaction to alcohol common among Africans and who became quite embarrassing at times to the French Ambassador by his too pro-French declarations.

- M. Gauvin
Acting Consul General

**Canadian Consulate General Leopoldville to the
Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs,
Numbered Letter No. 131, 15 March 1962, Confidential.**

1. It is believed here among the diplomatic corps that the Soviet Chargé, Mr. Leonid Gavrilovich Podgornov is in trouble with his government and that is the reason why he left last night.

2. You will recall that in paragraph 6 of my letter No. 75 of February 1, 1962, I mentioned that Podgornov liked his liquor. This has since been noticed on several occasions at official receptions but has become more evident in the last week or so. On March 10, at the 11 a.m. Memorial Service at Ndjili airport for the thirteen Italians killed at Kindu, Podgornov's behaviour attracted everyone's attention. He arrived late and instead of standing quietly at his place while mass was being said, he went to the front row and shook hands with all heads of mission, as if going through a receiving line. The USA ambassador thought he was probably suffering from a bad hang over. Others, less charitable, said they believed he was already drunk. In the evening, at a reception given by the Tunisian Chargé, Podgornov was in an advanced state of inebriety. He spoke loudly and to the dismay of all passed disparaging remarks on the Congolese in front of some of them. The Indian Chargé, Mr. Rahman, who saw more of Podgornov than anyone else commented to me: "Poor Podgornov, he has been hitting the bottle heavily these days".

3. The following day at a reception given by the Danish Consul General on the occasion of the King's birthday, I noticed Podgornov's absence. Mr. Vladimir Silkine, the First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy (he is the one who had accompanied Podgornov to the lunch at the French Embassy, reference my letter No. 75 of February 1) told me that Podgornov was not well and was preparing to leave for home. When asked if he were going for good, he said no, that he was simply going on normal home leave after ten months in Africa. Later during the conversation I asked Silkine if they had found a house for the head of mission since Podgornov had told me he had

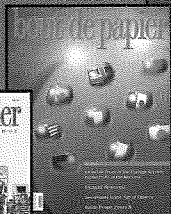
looked for one because he planned to have his family join him. I said I presumed his family would accompany him on his return here. Silkine replied that Podgornov's family would most probably accompany him "if" he came back to the Congo.

4. The consensus is that Podgornov will not return and that he is in disgrace with his government as a result of the turn of events in the Congo which certainly has not been in favour of the Russians. They have suffered a number of setbacks probably due in part to Podgornov's bad advice and overestimation of the nationalists' strength and reliability. When the Soviets came here from Stanleyville, it took more than a month before they were "accepted" by the Central Government. At the time of the flood at Stanleyville the Russians sent a medical and relief mission for propaganda purposes in Orientale province. It turned into a complete flop. Its personnel was not allowed to proceed to Stanleyville, instead they were divided in two groups and sent to isolated spots, Oshwe and Kahemba, in Leopoldville province. Furthermore, the Congolese authorities refused to send the whole of the relief to Stanleyville. Most of it went to the Equateur province and was distributed through UN channels. Podgornov was unsuccessful in preventing the "unprofitable" use to the Soviet cause of their personnel and relief. During his time here he made no headway with Prime Minister Adoula and probably overestimated the latter's dependence on the nationalists; hence the Soviet move to call a Security Council emergency meeting on the Congo which brought a strong protest from Adoula on the grounds that the Soviets had not even had the decency of consulting him. It has recently been announced that the Congo would establish diplomatic missions in Washington, Brussels, Paris, London, Bonn, Belgrade, Tunis, Cairo and Lagos but there has been no mention of opening a mission in Moscow or in any of the Iron curtain countries. Secretary of State Lengema confirmed to me that there is no intention for the time being to open missions in latter countries. As for the Congolese "nationalists", they have proven to be as fickle as the "moderates" with result that the Soviets cannot even rely on them at the very least as a "loyal" and dependable minority to oppose Adoula. The Katanga problem, although still unsolved, has lost much of its usefulness as a means of exploiting differences existing within the Congo.

5. All this is not Podgornov's fault but he may be guilty of having at times painted too rosy a picture which led to unprofitable Soviet initiatives. ☺

- M. Gauvin
Acting Consul General

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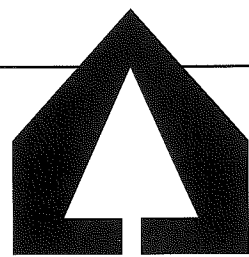
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Looking Ahead with the Canadian International Council (CIC)

Interview with Colin Robertson, President of the National Capital Branch

*Past president of PAFSO and editor of **bout de papier**, Colin Robertson is a retired foreign service officer. He served in New York (UN and Consulate General), Hong Kong, Los Angeles, and Washington. He later served as President of the Historica Foundation, directed a project at Carleton University's Centre for Trade Policy and Law, and is a Senior Fellow at the Norman Paterson School of International Affairs (NPSIA). A senior advisor to a major law firm, he is also a Senior Fellow with the Canadian Defence and Foreign Affairs Institute, and is on the board of the Conference of Defence Associations Institute and Canada World Youth.*

bout: Tell us about the CIC.

CR: As our website (www.canadianinternationalcouncil.org) says, we're a non-partisan, nationwide foreign policy council created to strengthen Canada's foreign policy. We promote research and dialogue on international issues through a national network of 15 branches. The CIC rose phoenix-like from the venerated but cash strapped Canadian Institute of International Affairs. Research In Motion's Jim Balsillie is founder and chair and the vice chairs are two former foreign ministers, Bill Graham and Perrin Beattie. Dr. Jennifer Jeffs, a Latin America scholar, is president.

Balsillie gave me two goals: raise the CIC profile in Ottawa and rejuvenate. We also do more with Parliament Hill. Most of our dinner events are now taped by CPAC for future broadcast, multiplying the number of eyeballs and increasing our reach across the country. We connect with young professionals and graduate students at Carleton and the University of Ottawa through events and speakers relevant to them. We did a career-orientation "speed date" evening at Carleton and planned Pub Nights around the World Cup. We recruit new blood and I hope junior officers will give us a try.

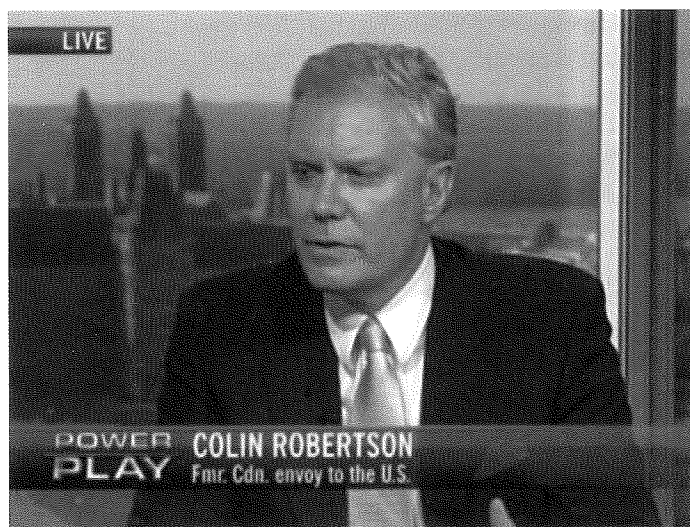
bout: What about the Ottawa branch?

CR: We've over 300 members, including serving and retired foreign service officers – Serge April, Craig MacDonald, Bruce Jutzi and Bernie Etzinger and I are on the volunteer executive. Our anchor events are monthly dinners at the Sheraton. We have autonomous units. Our Foreign Policy Initiative (headed by David Lee, Gerry Wright and Craig Hunter) hosted a two-day public conference, "*The World in 2015: The Implications for Canada*" in January. It drew 300 participants. Three study groups look at the Middle East, Latin America and Africa. This year our speakers included:

- Author David Sanger on Obama's foreign policy inheritance;
- Don Newman on foreign policy coverage throughout his career;
- Andrew Cohen on "Mike" Pearson's legacy (the subject of his short biography);
- Copenhagen Climate Change conference dialogue with British High Commissioner Anthony Cary, David McLaughlin of the National Roundtable on Energy and the Environment, and Carleton's Glen Toner;
- U.S. Ambassador David Jacobson spoke on Canada–U.S. relations.
- Lt. General Andy Leslie on Afghanistan and Canadian Forces;
- Canadian Council of Chief Executives President and former deputy PM John Manley on our foreign policy and on trade and investment; and
- Former sherpas Si Taylor, Peter Harder and Jim Judd for a G8/20 roundtable.

bout: What about like-minded partners?

CR: They are critical to success! Fen Hampson of Carleton's NPSIA gave us an office at the University and we regularly partner with them and Roland Paris at the University of Ottawa's Centre for International Policy Studies (CIPS).



Colin Robertson

The Sanger event was in partnership with NPSIA and the Pearson Peacekeeping Centre, and we recently launched a study, “Reinventing CIDA”, at CIPS in collaboration with the Canadian Defence and Foreign Affairs Institute. That study was written by Gordon Smith and Barry Carin, former foreign service officers now directing the Centre for Global Studies at the University of Victoria. Their talk drew a standing room only audience. We later met with interdepartmental senior executives, hosted at CIDA. A panel on Afghanistan with parliamentarians was done with Germany’s Friedrich Ebert Foundation. We also partner with the Canadian Foundation for the Americas (FOCAL), the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA), and the Conference of Defence Associations Institute.

By exposing policy ideas through the media and debating them in public and private forums we have a positive influence on policy development. We also contribute to public education. Canadians across the country want to learn more about the wider world – getting context and facts from those who served abroad – and make up their own minds. We’ve become a nation of traders as well as a trading nation. We’re peopled by the world. Our livelihood increasingly depends on how we maximize these advantages.

bout: Do research and policy relevance matter?

CR: Absolutely. Take the recent launch in Ottawa of the “Global Positioning Strategy for Canada” – effectively a foreign policy review – led by former *Globe and Mail* editor Ed Greenspon. It involved a cross-section of dynamic leaders from Generation X and it’s lively, provocative and highly readable (www.onlinecic.org/opencanada).

CIC conducts ongoing research that includes an excellent report arguing for a new International Border Commission by

Michael Kergin and Birgit Matthiesen, my former boss and colleague in Washington. The Ottawa branch has contributed to policy research with our work around the 2015 conference including a superb paper on water authored by a group led by Blair Seaborn. We collaborate with the international policy community in government departments and agencies, notably the IDRC. We aim to make our program interesting and policy relevant and their support helps make our conference activities possible. There is a lot of talent and knowledge among our members. We see opportunities for collaboration as federal and provincial governments seek independent perspectives and organizations that can organize arm’s-length conferences.

Retirement frees you to speak your mind. As baby boomers, who share an appetite for policy debate, leave government service, the community of like-minded people grows, benefiting groups like the CIC and RHOMA. The academic community contributes, but many academics don’t always see the importance of policy relevance. This presents an opportunity for those who served in the Foreign Service. We understand government. We have developed networks of contacts, nationally and internationally. We appreciate policy relevance and connect the dots. We learned how to write and present policy options. We make a valuable contribution on issues of public policy – as did a number of our former colleagues last fall on Afghanistan by defending the principle of independent reporting by officers in the field. Nothing is more debilitating for an organization as when the bosses are perceived as looking out for themselves leaving junior officers hanging.

bout: Is the CIC on TV and radio?

CR: The media seek informed perspectives. In a world of a thousand media outlets few have figured out a profitable business model. Just as government has hollowed out its policy development capacity, so the media have hollowed out their research staff, producers and reporters. This opens opportunities for those of us who serve the public interest by sharing our knowledge and experience. Mind you, one has to be comfortable sitting on a high chair in a dark room, speaking into a camera with no one behind it, and listening for your cue through an earpiece to someone who might be thousands of miles away. You find yourself speaking in 10–15 second bites to someone who may have no idea what you are talking about. Then you’ll be hustled out for the next guest. In short: Be Brief, Be Blunt, Be Gone. Briefing ministers was excellent training for that!

bout: Any personal reflections on the Foreign Service?

CR: Diplomacy matters more than ever. In a multi-centric world, geography and demography give Canada unique advantages. Our proximity to the United States, the

“hyperpower” or the “default” power, matters. It wants the kind of intelligence we bring to the table as we belong to so many organizations. Thanks to intelligent immigration policy “we are the world” which includes the Indian and Chinese diaspora. We live pluralism. We have capacity and talent. Now we have to apply it – and that takes resources, vision and direction from management and our political leaders.

When I joined in 1977 we were like the Habs in their heyday. Bill Barton was our ambassador on the Security Council – like Scotty Bowman, his quiet diplomacy had real effect. Our under-secretary was Basil Robinson. Allan Gotlieb would soon follow. Marcel Cadieux and Klaus Goldschlag held forth in the Library where you were encouraged to spend time. Young Turks, like Bob Fowler and Jeremy Kinsman, had panache and ideas that questioned conventional wisdom. We were confident that we mattered and could leverage these ideas making a difference for Canada. Officers were encouraged to write for our respected in-house journal, *International Perspectives*. Consorting with journalists and political staff (I would later marry one with both qualities) was encouraged as they brought intelligence and political *nous* into the equation.

Foreign service is about foreign policy. Ideas matter. Process and accountabilities are means, not ends. Bulking up on bean-counters and coaching staff doesn't win games.

You need new talent every year. Adjustment at the ministerial and political level of “Canada's New Government” accounted for some challenges but senior management also has much to explain. Throwing cultural funding and public diplomacy onto the sacrificial altar was wrong and when it was last attempted (1993) we fought it through PAFSO with the help of RHOMA. The Senate refused legislative passage. Cutting post operational budgets last summer because they couldn't count – it's no way to run an organization.

Proponents of “Transformation” or the “New Way Forward” might recall that “business process re-engineering” and Mao resulted, respectively, in Enron and the Cultural Revolution. Both were brave “new” worlds, but slogans are no substitute for the hard language of priorities, requirements, resources, trade-offs, and *limitations*. Know what you want, know what you are ready to give to make a deal, and then, as Derek Burney famously put it, it's a matter of “getting it done”.

I've spent the last couple of years in university. The new generation is internationalist, green and believes in service. Really smart women and men. Give them ice time abroad to learn how to skate and play as a team and they'll soon put the puck in the net for Canada.

bout: Merci, Colin. ☺

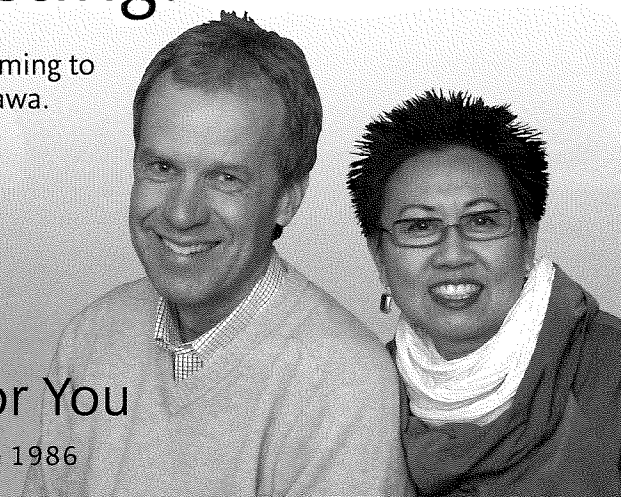
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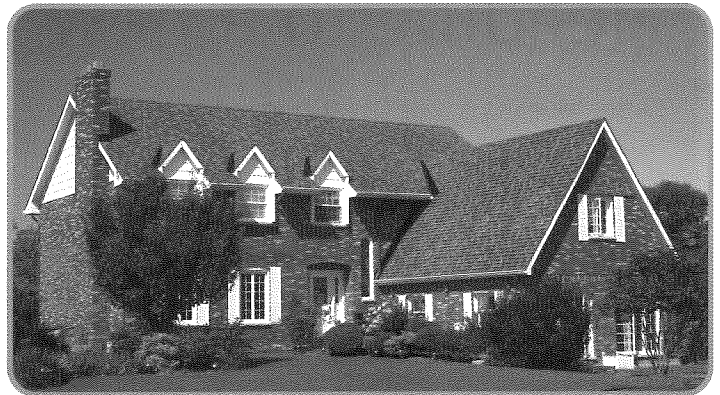
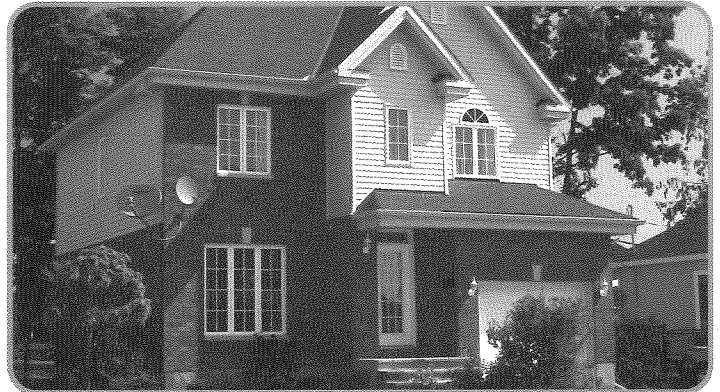
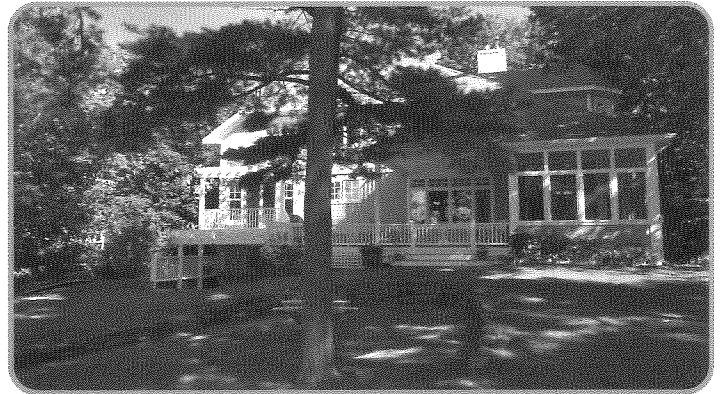
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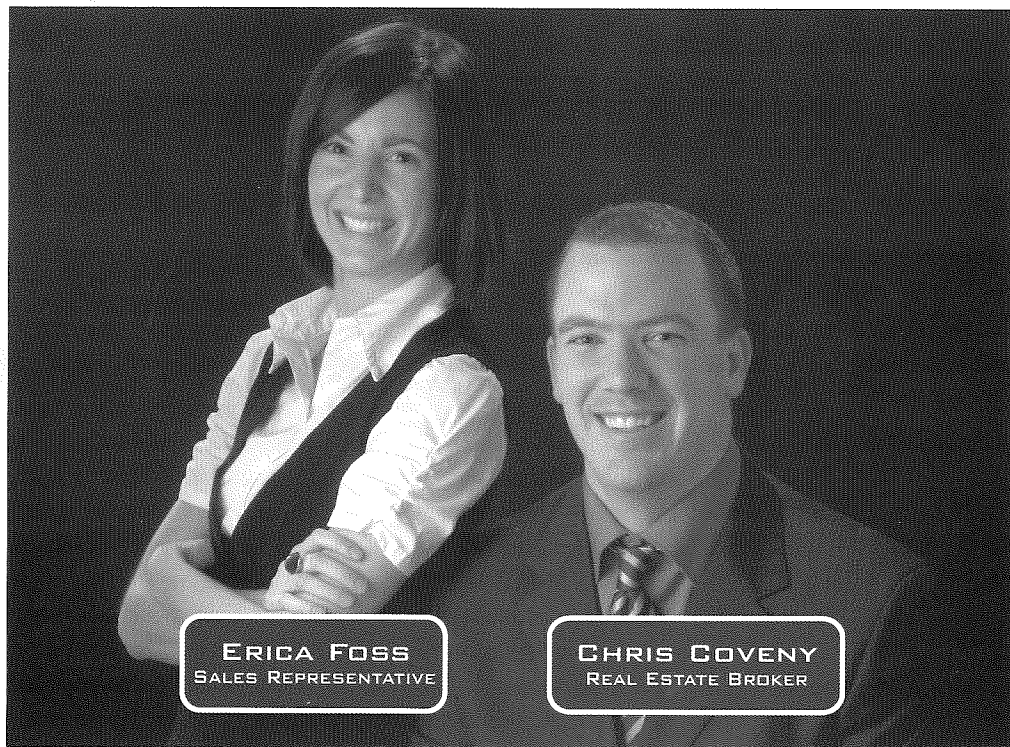
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THE GREAT DOMINION

CHURCHILL AND CANADA, 1900–1954

by David Dilks

PART I



Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill

Note de la rédaction : Vous trouvez qu'on a suffisamment parlé de Winston Churchill? Pas au goût de Randolph Gherson, membre du comité supérieur de rédaction; grâce à ses bons offices, **bout** est heureux de publier une série de deux articles sur Churchill et le « Grand Dominion » par l'historien britannique David Dilks. Professeur émérite de relations internationales à la University of Hull (ne pas confondre avec notre Gatineau!), M. Dilks est ancien boursier à Oxford et Président fondateur du Comité d'études canadiennes à l'Université de Leeds (le premier Centre régional d'études canadiennes en Grande-Bretagne). Il est surtout renommé pour ses biographies de Lord Curzon (vice-roi de l'Inde) et de Neville Chamberlain, ainsi que pour sa remarquable publication de 2005, « The Great Dominion: Winston Churchill in Canada 1900–1954 » (Éditions Thomas Allen, 2005). Pilier de la British Association for Canadian Studies, le prof. Dilks, tout comme Churchill, a beaucoup d'affection pour le Canada; dans son article, il nous parle autant de Churchill que de nous-mêmes en explorant l'affinité particulière que Churchill avait avec le Canada et les Canadiens et Canadiennes. Le prof. Dilks a aussi été membre actif de la délégation du R.-U. au Comité culturel Canada-R.-U., où Randolph Gherson a fait sa connaissance en 1984, noué avec lui des liens d'amitié et en est venu à grandement apprécier son apport aux travaux du comité.

On December 23, 1900, the overnight train from Boston arrived at Windsor station in Montreal. From one of the sleeping cars stepped a passenger of athletic build, with sloping shoulders and sandy hair. His daughter, exercising more than a century later that freedom permissible or even salutary within families, described him as “very much a young man in a hurry – and on the make...”. Of all the young men in the world he was perhaps the most celebrated, after his escape from the Boer authorities in Pretoria, his colourful and exciting despatches, his books. To sustain a new life as a Member of Parliament, he needed to find some money; and how better to do it than by lecturing with his lantern-slides, at first all round the British Isles and then in the New World? In Boston, it transpired, there dwelt many ill-disposed people who did not relish Mr. Winston Churchill's robust defence of Britain's conduct in South Africa. The exchanges became refreshingly

emphatic. Hence his first words on the platform at Montreal, more fervent than accurate:

**“THANK GOD, WE ARE ONCE
MORE ON BRITISH SOIL.”**

Fifty-four years later, Sir Winston alighted in Canada for the ninth and last time. “I love coming to Canada”, he said. “Canada is the masterlink in Anglo-American unity, apart from all her other glories.” During that same visit, he remarked – and in French at that – that he dared to think of Canada as being almost his own country. How astonishing it seems to a later generation, identifying Churchill with the British Empire, to realize that Canada was the sole country of the Commonwealth which he knew closely. He did not return to India after 1899, though at a grave moment in 1942 he announced a desire to fly to New Delhi

in an effort to resolve the constitutional crisis, and was prevented only by the fall of Singapore. He did not revisit the landscapes and battlefields of South Africa; he never set foot in Australia, New Zealand, or any of the British territories in the Pacific; he did not see Malaya or Singapore or Burma. Most of the vast expanses which the British administered in Africa were unknown to him at first hand. But Canada lay six or seven days away by comfortable travel in a liner, and conveniently adjacent to the United States. Although we think of him as quintessentially British, we should never forget that Churchill was half-American and devoted to his mother. That said, he did not conceive of "the Great Dominion" as an appendix to the United States. Nor did he regard Canadians as decaffeinated Americans.

In the summer of 1929, visiting the city of Quebec for the first time and beginning an odyssey of five weeks which carried him across the continent to Vancouver Island, he reflected upon the fate of General Wolfe, born at Westerham close by Churchill's own home at Chartwell. During the span of nearly 30 years separating his first sojourn in Canada from his second, Churchill had entered the Cabinet while still in his 30s, held the offices of President of the Board of Trade, Home Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, Minister of Munitions, Secretary of State for War, Secretary of State for Air, Secretary of State for the Colonies and, most recently, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Musing, as former Chancellors will, how agreeable it was to be free of any responsibility for England's tiresome financial affairs, he arranged for a re-enactment of the battle of the Heights of Abraham and distributed the parts among his travelling party. Rather surprisingly, he assigned to himself the role of General Montcalm and to his young son Randolph the more heroic part of Wolfe. The point soon became apparent; the stage Wolfe had to scramble in perilous style up the Heights, while the latter-day Montcalm viewed the scene with some detachment from aloft.

During that visit, Churchill spoke in almost all the great cities of Canada, from Montreal to Ottawa and Toronto, Regina to Winnipeg and Edmonton, Calgary to Vancouver and Victoria. In the Rockies he painted the landscapes now to be seen at Chartwell and until recently thought to represent the Dolomites. In Vancouver harbour he caught a fine salmon in no more than 20 minutes. He loved Canada for the grandeur of its scenery, the sturdiness of its people, the almost unlimited space, the abundant resources. When he first found himself at Winnipeg, in January, 1901, he observed that there seemed to be a large field adjoining. Enquiring about its dimensions, he received the startling reply "Nine hundred and eighty miles long and two hundred and thirty miles broad." "We must make the prairies Great Britain's Breadshop," he said to his wildly enthusiastic audience that night.

In sum, Canada had everything that Britain did not, and does not, have: the capacity to grow all its own food and a great deal more, immense reserves of minerals, room for a huge increase of population. He felt a strong affinity with the people, many of whom had emigrated from Britain. Thus in a moment of agony during the Second World War he could cry to the Canadian Parliament, "We" – not "You" – "have not journeyed all this

way across the centuries, across the oceans, across the mountains, across the prairies, because we are made of sugar candy."

By the turn of the century, when Churchill made his way to North America without even waiting to take his seat in Parliament, he had already learned how to earn a handsome living by his pen. Mastery of the written word was one thing; of the spoken, something different. His skills as a speaker, to which he owed more than any other Prime Minister in our modern history, developed from a process by no means instinctive. The *Ottawa Evening Journal* remarked of his address there at Christmas, 1900, "He evidently does not make any pretensions to oratory." It was then that he met another talented young man, just recruited to the public service and fresh from a sojourn at Harvard, W.L. Mackenzie King, prim, conscientious, patient, faintly scandalized to find the visitor from Britain drinking champagne in mid-morning. Canada had already sprung to the defence of the Empire during the Boer War and during that first lecture at Ottawa, which King attended, Churchill expressed admiration of her conduct.

At Winnipeg he learned of Queen Victoria's death. Anxious to convey a lively impression of Canada's size, her son pointed out to Lady Randolph Churchill that this city far away among the snows lay 1,400 miles from any British town of importance. He had found the people "furiously British" and his visit to them "most exhilarating." Well he might. "Fancy," he wrote to her, "20 years ago there were only a few mud huts – tents: and last night a magnificent audience of men in evening dress and ladies half out of it, filled a fine opera house and we took \$1,150 at the doors. £230: more that is to say than in cities like Newcastle. Winnipeg has a wonderful future before it."

Starting with no capital, Churchill had by his own estimate made £10,000 in less than two years. He confessed himself very proud of the fact that not one person in a million could have accomplished such a feat at his age. Regaining England in the middle of February 1901; he sent to his improvident mother a cheque for £300, accompanied by a note which reveals as much of the recipient as of the writer:

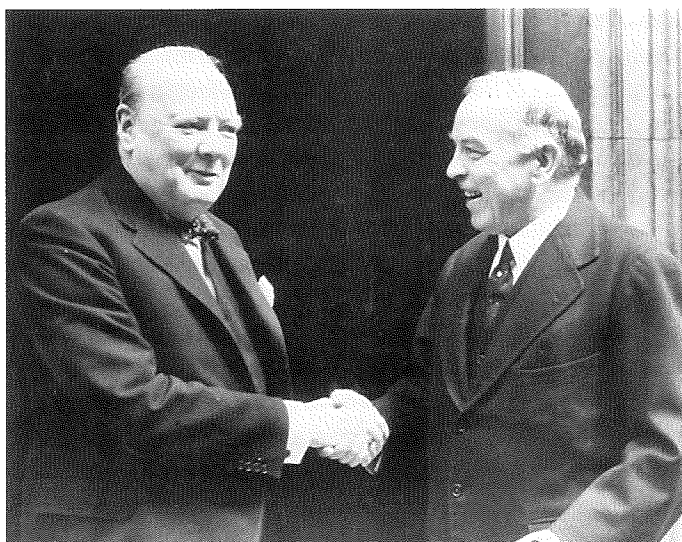
**"IN A CERTAIN SENSE IT
BELONGS TO YOU; FOR I COULD
NEVER HAVE EARNED IT HAD
YOU NOT TRANSMITTED TO ME
THE WIT AND ENERGY WHICH
ARE NECESSARY."**

Canada's heroic record during the First World War commanded the enthusiastic approval of Churchill, as of almost every politician and citizen in this country. That the same response would follow if Europe launched itself into a renewed orgy of destruction was by no means a foregone conclusion, for Canada now stood wholly independent in her foreign policy. Having long since abandoned

the civil service for politics, Mackenzie King became a species of perpetual Prime Minister. Whereas we read nowadays of Permanent Under-Secretaries whose permanence seems to extend to three or four years at most, King served as Premier with only one major interval from 1921 until 1948, and as Minister for External Affairs until 1946. His capacity to win elections did not escape the favourable notice of Churchill, whose own record in that respect proved a good deal more variable. Only after Members of Parliament had been summoned to Ottawa from every part of the vast Dominion did Canada go to war in 1939, a week after other constituent countries of the Commonwealth and Empire. To his credit, Mackenzie King pointed out to Churchill in August 1941 that Canada's ability to act with a united Cabinet resulted from the Munich agreement and the policy which Chamberlain had pursued towards Germany; only when it was clear that there was no alternative, that genuine efforts had been made to meet German grievances, was it possible for Canada to enter the fray unfractured. He had not doubted that in such circumstances Canada must fight and could have formed a government at an earlier stage by taking in members of the Opposition parties; but only at the price of losing many of his Liberal colleagues and of a profound division between the English and the French-speaking parts of Canada.

"GIVE ALL THOU CANST; HIGH HEAVEN REJECTS THE LORE OF NICELY-CALCULATED LESS OR MORE".

No such calculation determined Canada's decision in September 1939, or for that matter the actions of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. If it had been a matter merely of measuring advantage, Canada might well have followed the example of the United States and remained neutral. After all, the geography, politics and strategy of the world were broadly speaking the same for both countries. Churchill and Mackenzie King had differing mental habits, assumptions, reactions; we can almost catch the sniff of disapproval when King said to him one night, "The great thing in politics is to avoid mistakes." Where the one was ebullient, exuberant and often unrestrained in his language, liked to drink deep, sit up all hours, did not scruple to call Hitler a bloodthirsty guttersnipe and Mussolini a jackal, the other was careful to a degree, reserved and prosaic in conversation, had resolved not to touch alcohol for the duration of the war, imagined slights where none was intended. Nonetheless, a growing warmth developed between them. King responded to Churchill's charm, the more persuasive because ungushing and unforced. We may aver with confidence that none but Churchill could have induced the Prime Minister of Canada to dance with him in the great hall at Chequers. That no artist was at hand to record in a few strokes the spectacle of those two chubby figures in close embrace is a loss to history and King's diary remarks



Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill welcoming Rt. Hon. W.L. Mackenzie King to London.

Credit: National Film Board of Canada. Photothèque / Library and Archives Canada / C-047565

candidly that "All present were almost in hysterics with laughter." Only Mrs. Churchill could have persuaded him to take a glass of champagne by way of marking the successful conclusion of the conference at Quebec in the autumn of 1944.

Before the first Christmas of the war, battalions of Canadian soldiers had reached Britain. These were people who were surrendering their careers, their businesses, their homes, their families, to set off into the unknown. Every man-jack was a volunteer. Many did not go back, or returned wounded. Some were away from Canada for five or six years.

Even now, it is hard to grasp the scale and speed of the transformation. In the spring of 1939, the armed forces of Canada amounted to scarcely more than 10,000 men all told. By the summer of 1945, well over one million had served. Canadian troops were lost at Hong Kong at Christmas 1941; indeed, their brave commanding officer was killed there. It was the Canadian forces which suffered most severely at Dieppe, which enterprise had at least the merit of demonstrating, to anyone with eyes to see, that an opposed landing across the Channel would require long planning and an overwhelming preponderance of sea and air power. Canadian divisions fought valiantly in Sicily, through Italy, France, the Low Countries and into Germany. The Royal Canadian Navy had by the middle of the war some 500 ships in service. The Commonwealth Air Training Scheme, the main effort of which was based in Canada, rendered a service beyond price. It provided more than 125,000 aircrew, without whom the war could not have been won in 1945.

Of rather less than 500 squadrons under the command of the Royal Air Force in 1944, no fewer than 100 came from the Dominions, which figure takes no account of individual citizens of those countries who had enlisted in the RAF. If we look at a microcosm, the 20 Typhoon squadrons of the Second Tactical Air Force had about 450 pilots. In the summer of 1944, with a scale of loss as great as that in the Battle of Britain, one-third of

the pilots were killed and nearly another one-third crash landed or baled out. Of the 151 who lost their lives, 78 were British and 41 Canadian. Without the food imported from Canada and other parts of the Commonwealth, notably Australia and New Zealand, this country would have starved. It is right to place on the other side of the ledger a fact often neglected, what might be called a supreme act of lend-lease: without the use of the British Isles for the air campaign, the training of the armies, the launching of the armadas, no invasion of western Europe would have been possible in 1944 or at any other date.

This is by no means the extent of Canada's service to the Allied cause; for example, the country produced armaments on a vast scale. Among her many other contributions, Canada twice provided in little more than a year the place where the war machines of the United States on the one side and the Commonwealth on the other, coordinated by the Combined Chiefs of Staff, could meet and after painful passages resolve their differences. President Roosevelt, despite occasional half-promises, always found reasons for not coming to Britain. (The same, incidentally, was true of his successor Truman. No American President in office set foot in this country, save when Woodrow Wilson passed through on his way to Paris in 1918, until President Eisenhower came at the end of the 1950s). This wounding fact, seldom mentioned even in private, had to be accepted. After all, Roosevelt's physical disabilities did not prevent him from appearing in all manner of unlikely places from Casablanca to Cairo, Tehran to Yalta. Churchill might be pardoned for regarding such an attitude as humiliating, given the United States' long neutrality and the sheer scale of the Commonwealth's war-effort. In fact, he accommodated himself to this situation with an equanimity not always shown in other contexts; as he used to say with a twinkle, no lover ever studied

the whims of his mistress with the care which he had devoted to the President.

The older man, Churchill made repeated visits to the U.S. He had with some delicacy kept the Prime Minister of Canada, who in all these matters behaved towards us with extraordinary tact and goodwill, at arm's length for his first meeting with Roosevelt off the coast of Newfoundland in 1941. Churchill and his entourage travelled thither in *Prince of Wales*, the Royal Navy's newest capital ship, escorted in the later stages of the voyage by Canadian destroyers. The meeting produced the Atlantic Charter and some decidedly un-neutral decisions by the Americans. In his schoolboyish way, Churchill broke away one afternoon and insisted on going ashore in a small boat. Landing on a shingle-strewn beach, he scrambled up a little cliff and pleased himself by rolling boulders down it, as if he were General Montcalm again. Before the year was out, *Prince of Wales* had been sunk by the Japanese off the coast of Malaya.

When the hinge of fate had begun unmistakably to turn, and the conference was about to convene at Quebec in 1943, it became apparent that President Roosevelt would not allow any Canadian representatives to take part. That was embarrassing to Churchill. He had assumed the opposite and already said so to Mackenzie King, who accepted the awkward position with good grace. The point being put to him again, Roosevelt refused to entertain any suggestion that the Canadian Chiefs of Staff might take part in the plenary meetings with their American and British counterparts. He replied that sooner than permit anything of the kind, he would prefer not to come to Canada but to hold the conference elsewhere, perhaps in Bermuda. In the outcome, it was soon acknowledged on all sides that no more suitable place than Quebec could have been found for this momentous meeting.

Once the Allied invasion of France had taken place in the following year, and victory was in sight, another conference at the highest level was urgently needed. The impending Presidential election conveniently ruled out any question of a gathering in London. Quebec therefore suggested itself again. Once more the Canadian Prime Minister and Chiefs of Staff behaved with self-abnegation and understanding, Mackenzie King remarking afterwards that he had played a role at the two Quebec conferences somewhat akin to that of the General Manager of the Château Frontenac. Let us recall with gratitude that the Canadian government insisted on paying for everything, every last thing: the special trains, the hurriedly-constructed ramps for the President's wheelchair, fleets of cars available day and night, all the communications and the princely hospitality, even down to the oranges specially flown from Florida. They disappeared from the menu at the Château Frontenac the moment the delegates dispersed. ☺

David Dilks is former Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, Professor of International History, member of Canada-UK Cultural Relations Committee.



Churchill's Visit. Prime Minister St. Laurent and Mr. L.B. Pearson pose with Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden on their arrival at Rockcliffe Airport, Ottawa, on June 29, 1954.

Credit: National Film Board of Canada. Photothèque collection/Library and Archives Canada/C-004047

Looking Back on the Cold War

by James H. Taylor

I look back from time to time on my working life and ask myself what it was all about. I was in the foreign service for 40 years from 1953–93. Much of what I did in those years had something to do with one or the other of two great themes: the Cold War and decolonization. Perhaps there was really only one theme, “the end of empire,” because the end of the Cold War ended the Russian empire.

By 1989, we had become used to the Cold War. We were pretty sure by then it was not going to turn hot. It hadn’t always been this way. The first 15 years, up to the Cuban missile crisis in 1962, had been a nervous time. The original imitation Stalinist regimes imposed on the satellite states of Central and Eastern Europe by the Russians were hardly reassuring. Western Europe then was still weak and disarmed. There were large communist parties in France and Italy. The communist takeover in Czechoslovakia in 1948, and Soviet encouragement of aggression by North Korea in 1950 seemed to pose a world-wide threat. These events had provoked first the creation of NATO and then the rearmament of the Western alliance. There was endless tension around Berlin. In the summer of 1948, at the time of one crisis over Berlin, I was told at the School of Infantry, “You’ll be in the trenches by September.” Stalin died in 1953, but Khrushchev, who denounced him, seemed in some ways even worse. Whereas Stalin had been a steady menace, Khrushchev was dangerously erratic. With him came further rounds of pressure in Berlin (provoking contingency planning in NATO which involved envisaging the use of nuclear weapons) and finally the Cuban missile crisis in 1962. In the end even the Russians had had enough. Khrushchev was thrown out and succeeded by a troika, from which Leonid Brezhnev was emerging as the principal figure when I went to Moscow in 1967.

Brezhnev’s era (roughly the late 1960s to the early 1980s) had its record of crises – for example over the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, the imposition of martial law in Poland in 1980–81, and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. But it was also a period of growing stability and certainty in East-West relations. Internally in the USSR, the period came to be known by the Russians themselves as “the era of stagnation.” The Soviet Union, far from being the dynamic leader of the Soviet bloc, was in economic decline, plagued by grave social problems, and dragging the countries of Eastern Europe backwards with it as the West

prospered. For a long time, Western publics, and even Western governments, were bemused by the Soviet Union’s military power, and tended to exaggerate the Soviet Union’s economic strength. The one thing the Russians were really good at was producing excellent cheap weapons. The ubiquitous Kalashnikov is the classic example. But most other Soviet industrial products were junk, unsaleable in Western markets. It was only gradually that Western opinion came to realize that the Soviet Union, in economic terms, was “Upper Volta with missiles.” Maybe this was one reason why the events of 1989 took the world by surprise: how could a supposed superpower fall apart so quickly?

With the passage of time, it became clearer every year from the mid-1960s onwards, that the Soviet Union and its empire were held together in the last analysis by force or the threat of force. That was evident from the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and the Polish crisis of 1980–81. In the West, we could have concluded that, if ever a leadership came to power in Moscow that ruled out using or threatening to use force, what remained of the ties between the countries of Central and Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union would not be enough to counter the attractions of the increasingly prosperous West. The whole Soviet empire, including parts of the Soviet Union itself, would split apart.

Throughout the Brezhnev years, however, such an outcome seemed inconceivable. We appeared in the 1970s and early 1980s to be headed for something different: a slow evolution of a Europe that would remain divided in two camps, even if it became relatively stable and peaceful. It was hard to imagine that any Soviet government would ever give up the chief prize of its victory in the Second World War, the permanent division of its principal enemy’s territory, and control of all the intervening land between Germany and Russia across the historic invasion routes from the West. True, this meant for the Russians not only keeping the German people permanently divided, but also finding a successful formula for dealing with the unending national rebellions of East Germans, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians and Romanians – in the end every one of the Soviet Union’s putative allies in central and Eastern Europe but the Bulgarians.

Yet it seemed at the time that the Russians were succeeding at this interminable task. The Hungarian formula for revolt suppression of 1956, with Soviet tanks firing on crowds in the streets of



Richard Nixon meets Leonid Brezhnev June 19, 1973 during the Soviet Leader's visit to the U.S.

Credit: Robert L. Knudsen

Budapest, could not safely be repeated, especially in the television age. But suppression in Czechoslovakia in 1968, while it did not give the Politburo everything the Russians wanted, brought the Czechs and Slovaks back into line after the excursion of Prague spring, and furthermore was accomplished without bloodshed. Putting the Poles in their place in 1980–81 seemed an even more successful iteration, in that the Russians pressed the Poles into suppressing themselves, and such bloodshed as there was, which was in any event minor, was on General Jaruzelski's hands rather than on Brezhnev's. An East German counterpart in the early 1980s predicted to me that the Berlin Wall would become over time like the Great Wall of China: a monument to an age long past, that would remain in place but cease to be a barrier to exchanges between peoples.

Thus it was natural to conclude at the time a new Soviet leader came to power in March 1985, that Gorbachev was not running any unreasonable risks, from the Soviet point of view, in undertaking a programme of fundamental economic and political reforms. He obviously could not have imagined, in doing so, and in refusing to intervene with force to get other communist regimes out of trouble when they refused to reform, that he was triggering the disappearance not only of the Soviet empire, but of the Soviet Union itself. He did not appreciate, any more than anyone else, just how fragile the whole structure was, or he would presumably have gone about his programme more cautiously.

In any event, it was clear that, whatever happened, the West was not going to intervene. While all the previous crises in Central and Eastern Europe had to be blamed by the Soviet authorities on American imperialists and West German revanchists – because the real source of the problem, which was the Russians themselves, obviously could not be admitted – there had never been any serious destabilizing moves from the West to exploit these periodic crises in Eastern Europe. The NATO countries wanted stability. They believed that diplomatic processes like the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE) and Mutual Balanced Force Reduction (MBFR) would eventually lead to ever more civilized relations between the two opposing alliances.

The CSCE negotiations, culminating in the Helsinki Final Act of 1975, provided that, as the West saw it, borders could still be changed in Europe, but only peacefully; so far as the Soviet Union was concerned, it meant that the borders that had emerged from the war were permanent. CSCE also gave not only the Western parties to the Final Act, but the peoples of Eastern Europe themselves a basis for calling repressive governments to account for their human rights records. Meanwhile, the complementary MBFR process was intended to reduce conventional forces in the two alliances without risk of destabilizing imbalances. And so far as the nuclear risk was concerned, the high point of tensions in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 was followed by a generation of growing conviction that the nuclear threat was extremely difficult to deploy usefully in support of diplomacy; that the actual use of nuclear weapons in war would be disastrous; that their only useful purpose was as a deterrent, to keep the other side from using them; and that for this purpose there was no need for such a huge

accumulation of nuclear weapons. A series of arms control and disarmament negotiations acted to confirm all this.

So Europe by the late 1980s was, from the Western point of view, moving slowly in the right direction. The slow pace seemed to many to be the part of wisdom. It gave stability and certainty, time for adjustment. No boats were rocked. That seemed to be in everyone's interest. In this scenario, German reunification was a dream never to be abandoned, but it was something for our grandchildren. Leaders like Margaret Thatcher, as Brian Mulroney reminded us on the twentieth anniversary of German reunification, would have been happy never to see it in her lifetime. She was bitterly opposed when the prospect had immediately and unexpectedly to be faced. That was what was thrilling but almost frightening about 1989 and its consequences: the unravelling of the Soviet empire went so far and so fast that people feared it would end in some kind of disastrous accident.

Retrospectively, for all the differences between the Warsaw Pact countries, a broadly similar pattern emerged. At the outset, the peoples of Central and Eastern Europe did not know what the limits were when they began to push their rulers and the Russians in the direction of reform. But gradually, they all learned how to organize peaceful mass movements that progressively escaped the control of orthodox communist governments – like Solidarnosc in Poland and the Civic Forum in Czechoslovakia. Eventually reformers obtained the right to organize unions, to constrain the police state, to obtain first half-free and then free elections – all the while carefully avoiding confrontations and violence. Meanwhile, from 1985 onwards, a regime had come to power in the Soviet Union which was not prepared to use force to rescue reactionary leaders like Honecker in East Germany. Progressively, the reactionary communist leaderships were driven from power. The example of one country inspired the others, while the example of Eastern Europe in turn infected the Soviet Union itself; the Baltic states, for example, obtained their independence by adopting tactics that imitated what was happening in neighbouring countries.

The pressure of superpower competition with the United States and the example of Western Europe's economic success undeniably weakened the Soviet grip. But we in the West were largely bystanders. The notion that the West somehow "won the Cold War" involves a distortion of history. It ignores the decisive roles played on the one hand by the peoples of Central and Eastern Europe themselves, and on the other, by a Soviet leader committed to reform and totally opposed to preserving the status quo, either in the Warsaw Pact countries or in the Soviet Union, through the use of force. And unintended consequences played an important part. Gorbachev certainly did not set out to destroy the Warsaw Pact, let alone the Soviet Union, nor did the East German leaders who opened the wall in response to public pressure on November 10, 1989, think that in doing so, they were bringing down the Wall and themselves with it. ☺

James H. Taylor is a retired foreign service officer who served as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Ambassador to Japan and NATO.

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PAFSO Awards – Celebrating Excellence Les Prix de l'APASE – Reconnaissance de l'excellence

On Thursday, June 10, 2010, 280 colleagues and guests gathered to celebrate excellence in the Canadian Foreign Service at the PAFSO Dinner and Awards presentations held in the Panorama Room of the National Arts Centre in Ottawa. The Pipe Major of the Sons of Scotland, Ms. Bethany Bisailion, piped in guests signalling the start of another outstanding evening.

The President of PAFSO, Pamela Isfeld, welcomed all to the 21st PAFSO Awards Dinner.

"We're now entering the third decade of PAFSO awards and the world has changed a lot. Some have argued that we need 'new diplomacy' to deal with all these shifting circumstances, but I would argue that we also need even more of the traditional skills that diplomats can bring to bear. It's even more important that we make sense of ongoing political, economic and social developments and give our best possible advice to the government of the day. The Canadian values that we defend and promote abroad are just as essential now as they were 21 years ago."

PAFSO is a relatively small association as these things go, with only 1200 members. Yet for such a small professional group, there are a huge number of ways that we serve Canada and Canadians. For instance, our members are working alongside

their military colleagues under extremely harsh and dangerous conditions in Kandahar. Others are working hard to protect Canadian companies in foreign markets from counterfeit goods and to promote Canadian culture abroad. Many of our immigration colleagues are working to help people seeking new lives here in Canada, while at the same time keeping our borders safe from war criminals and human traffickers.

Our judges have an extremely difficult task each year, since they can pick only four recipients at a time. But by honouring exceptional individual accomplishment, we're also showcasing the contribution of Canada's Foreign Service as a whole."

M. Denis Comeau a agi en qualité de maître de cérémonie. M. Comeau a joint les rangs du ministère en 1973. Au cours de ses 36 ans de carrière, il a occupé toute une gamme de postes comportant de plus en plus de responsabilités tant à l'administration centrale qu'à l'étranger. Il a été nommé ambassadeur en République de Corée en 2001, puis au Royaume de Thaïlande en 2004. Après son affectation en Thaïlande, il est rentré à Ottawa en 2007 pour y occuper le poste d'inspecteur général jusqu'au moment de sa retraite en 2009. En mars 2008, M. Comeau a reçu le Prix pour services insignes de la fonction publique du Canada lors d'une cérémonie à Rideau Hall.

(Above, left to right) Bushra Saeed, Jean-Philippe Tachdjian, Jordan Reeves, Patrice Nectoux

Présentation des Prix de l'APASE

Patrice Nectoux

Patrice Nectoux, gestionnaire, Section du soutien des réseaux internationaux, ASFC, se voit décerner un prix de l'APASE pour ses réalisations exceptionnelles en qualité de gestionnaire inspirant et de constructeur de réseaux extraordinaire, chargé d'identifier et d'interdire l'accès aux migrants illégaux, aux criminels et aux menaces pour la sécurité. Depuis que Patrice a pris les commandes du réseau d'agents d'intégrité des mouvements migratoires de l'ASFC en 2007, il en a fait une première ligne de défense nationale très efficace. Il a apporté de prodigieuses améliorations aux plans de la dotation, de la formation, du matériel et de la présentation de renseignements électroniques. Ses facultés créatrices de résolution de problèmes lui permettent de voir des occasions, non pas des obstacles.

He skillfully deployed his network in response to international disasters and led the development of threat detection approaches during the Vancouver Olympics, models of excellence being emulated by the UK for the London Olympics. Colleagues attest to his leadership capabilities, communications skills and negotiating prowess. As a result of Patrice's vision, managerial and leadership skills and the cooperation he has elicited from the airline industry and a broad spectrum of international partners, Canada now has a better defence against those who seek to abuse our immigration programs or harm our national security.

« Cette récompense représente beaucoup pour moi. Tout d'abord parce qu'elle vient de mes collègues avec lesquels j'ai travaillé. C'est une marque d'appréciation de leur part qui me va droit au cœur...J'ai eu la chance tout au long de ma carrière de travailler avec des gens dédiés, d'une compétence exceptionnelle qui sont responsable de ma présence ce soir... Being a foreign service officer can be challenging for families. But I had the chance of receiving unconditional support from all, and in particular from my wife who despite having a career of her own always put my interests first. »



Patrice Nectoux, Arianne Reza et Geoff Leckey

“...My family and I have been incredibly enriched by our time in China. It’s part of the great privilege of working in the foreign service. I brought with me a photo to give to my Mom and Dad. It’s a picture of a very special person who means a lot to me. On the left is the Prime Minister but he’s not the important one. My wife and I adopted a baby girl when we were in Taiwan. She’s six years old now and very cute. Last December, when we were with the PM, his photographer saw Gemma and said, ‘Prime Minister, take a knee.’...This photo is the result. It reminds me of the great opportunity we have in the foreign service to serve our country. But it also reminds me of how much this job has meant to our family, how much we have received from the people we meet, the places we go, and the colleagues we work with.”



Jordan Reeves, Consul and Senior Trade Commissioner, Consulate General of Canada in Shanghai, is receiving the PAFSO Award for his exceptional achievements in Taiwan, Beijing and Shanghai. Fluent in Mandarin and with a deep understanding of Chinese culture, he repeatedly persuaded ultra cautious, risk-averse bureaucrats and vested interests to open markets for Canadian products including softwood lumber, pork, beef and even the lowly pea. Humour and creative problem solving have been hallmarks of his success. Jordan’s tremendous talent for managing complex issues and events made critical contributions to the success of a steady stream of high-level missions to China.

Il s’est chargé des travaux préparatoires à l’établissement de deux nouveaux bureaux commerciaux en Chine. Il fait constamment preuve d’une rare et précieuse combinaison de compréhension technique, de réflexion stratégique, de discernement et d’habileté supérieure en communications interpersonnelles, doublée d’une attitude positive et d’aptitudes transculturelles efficaces. Les compétences de Jordan sont un atout pour le Canada. Comme en témoigne un haut fonctionnaire du BCP, « Jordan Reeves établit la norme et se veut un modèle pour le Service des délégués commerciaux ».



Jordan Reeves and Ken Sunquist

Jordan Reeves

"I have been humbled to have been chosen for this award, since as you all know I was not able to finish my posting and only completed a fraction of the work that our colleagues in Afghanistan have been able to achieve in the last few years, who spent much more time in Afghanistan than I did. I've also been in the department for only a few years and am sure there are many other dedicated officers who have worked much harder and for a much longer time than I. So I would like to take this opportunity to recognize those who have been dedicated to their work, spent months away from their loved ones, or worked long hours in Ottawa and various other places around the world for a cause they believed in."

Bushra Saeed is a winner of the PAFSO Award for furthering Canada's objectives in both Pakistan and Afghanistan as an analyst, communicator and inspiring colleague. As a new officer assigned to some of the most sensitive issues facing DFAIT, her performance surpassed expectations. In her third year with DFAIT Bushra volunteered to serve in Afghanistan where her energy, enthusiasm and policy skills made her an ideal team member. She made a tremendous contribution in just two months with her language skills, deep cultural and historical knowledge and understanding of the politics of the region.

Elle s'est consacrée à son travail avec compétence, énergie et enthousiasme – une « dynamo humaine » – sans compter les heures pour en arriver à une prodigieuse liste de réalisations, notamment la production de rapports bien accueillis concernant les incidences complexes des élections présidentielles, la stabilisation à Kandahar, la communauté chiïte, des allégations de fraude et des problèmes de répression de la contrebande de stupéfiants. Malgré de graves blessures subies lors de l'explosion d'un engin explosif artisanal, son engagement n'en a pas été ébranlé et elle reste en contact avec ses collègues à Kandahar, les encourageant à poursuivre leur importante mission.



Bushra Saeed and Len Edwards

BUSHRA SAEED

Why not start thinking about or preparing now for nominations for the 2011 PAFSO Awards. While the deadline for submissions is April 5, 2011, nominations or indications of forthcoming nominations can be received at any time at awards@pafso-apase.com or by mail to: Secretary, FS Awards Committee, 412–47 Clarence Street, Ottawa, ON K1N 9K1.

Pourquoi ne pas envisager dès maintenant de présenter une ou des candidatures aux Prix de l'APASE de 2011? La date limite de réception des candidatures est fixée au 5 avril 2011, mais il est possible en tout temps d'envoyer une candidature ou un avis de candidature, soit par courriel à prix@pafso-apase.com, soit par la poste à : Secrétaire, Comité des Prix FS, 412–47 rue Clarence, Ottawa (Ontario) K1N 9K1.

2011

JEAN-PHILIPPE TACHDJIAN

« Vous connaissez l'expression anglaise, *"Behind every successful man, there is a woman"*. Dans mon cas, sans exagération, il n'y a pas une femme mais dix! La première, c'est bien sûr mon épouse Aline, ma partenaire depuis 13 ans, qui a sacrifiée sa carrière et a acceptée de s'éloigner de sa famille à Montréal pour me suivre à Ottawa et lors de nos affectations à l'étranger. Elle accepte aussi mes absences en voyages d'affaires et mes soirées passées au bureau. Mais c'est surtout pour son appui indéfectible à cette carrière que NOUS avons choisi que je la remercie... Les autres femmes dans ma vie sont mes collègues de travail qui ont laissé l'équipe de PREP pour passer à d'autres défi. ...Le prix de l'APASE a mon nom dessus mais, pour moi, c'est toute l'équipe Édu-Canada qui reçoit cet honneur. Et je suis fier qu'elle soit à mes côtés ce soir. »



Louis Lévesque et Jean-Philippe Tachdjian

Jean-Philippe Tachdjian, directeur adjoint et délégué commercial à la Direction de la promotion internationale de l'éducation d'Édu-Canada au MAECI, mérite un prix de l'APASE pour avoir été l'artisan d'importants changements à la promotion internationale de l'éducation canadienne. Après avoir réussi à obtenir l'engagement des ministres provinciaux de l'Éducation et du Bureau canadien de l'éducation internationale à une importante conférence américaine sur l'éducation internationale (NAFSA), Jean-Philippe a lancé une initiative visant à établir l'image de marque de l'éducation canadienne. Par sa détermination, sa vision et sa transparence, dosées d'un style de négociation ferme mais sensible, il est parvenu à un consensus entre les provinces et les territoires et les nombreux intervenants en éducation postsecondaire – tout un exploit pour un fonctionnaire fédéral dans un secteur de compétence provinciale.

The launch of the new education brand for Canada transformed Canada's education marketing strategy and provided a focus on this \$6.5 billion dollar contribution to Canada's economy. As a result of Jean Philippe's creativity, stewardship, management and communication skills, the promotion of Canada as a quality education destination is now a government priority, the education sector has a clear promotion plan and there is a recognizable Canadian education brand.

2010 Panel of Judges / Jury de selection 2010

The panel which selected this year's Award recipients was composed of people who themselves have achieved distinction in their various fields.

Mr. Don Newman (Chair of the Panel of Judges), recently retired as Senior Parliamentary Editor for CBC News and the host of CBC Newsworld's daily program "Politics". He anchors live coverage and is a regular commentator on public policy debates and legislation, budgets and elections and other national events.

Mr. Brian Davis, a former Foreign Service Officer, was Ambassador of Canada to the Syrian Arab Republic from 2003 to 2006 and has held senior positions in the Departments of Citizenship and Immigration and Foreign Affairs and International Trade. Since leaving the federal government in 2006, Mr. Davis has been a freelance policy consultant, with a particular emphasis on the Middle East.

General (ret'd) John de Chastelain is a former Ambassador of Canada to the United States and Head of the International Commission on Decommissioning in Northern Ireland. He was twice Canada's Chief of the Defence Staff.

Mr. John Ivison is a political columnist for the *National Post*. He has been a journalist for 20 years and prior to his arrival in Ottawa in 2003, he covered Ontario politics at Queen's Park and was managing editor of the *Financial Post*.

M. Claude Laverdure, également ancien agent du service extérieur, a été ambassadeur en Haïti, au Zaïre, en Belgique et, de 2003 à 2007, en France. Il a travaillé au Bureau du Conseil privé à titre de conseiller en politique étrangère auprès du Premier ministre et, en 2002 et 2003, il a été représentant personnel du Premier ministre au Sommet du G8.

M^{me} Louise Terrillon-Mackay est une ancienne agente du service extérieur et ancienne présidente du chapitre de la Capitale nationale de l'Institut canadien des affaires internationales. Elle est actuellement présidente du conseil d'administration de l'Institut canadien d'études méditerranéennes. ☺



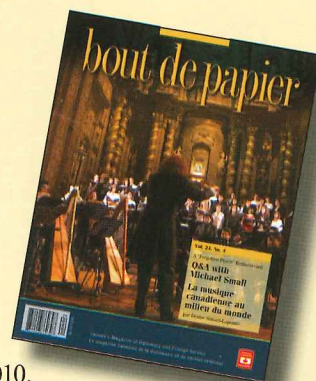
Jacques Roy et Denis Comeau

Prix de l'ACMAR pour le meilleur article dans *bout de papier*

Outre les quatre prix de l'APASE, un autre prix a été décerné lors du dîner de l'APASE, le 10 juin 2010.

M^{me} Denise Simard-Lapointe est la lauréate du prix parrainé par l'Association des chefs de mission à la retraite (l'ACMAR) pour le meilleur article paru dans le magazine *bout de papier*. Son article intitulé « *La musique canadienne au milieu du monde* » a été publié dans le volume 24, n° 4. Elle a reçu une plaque et un chèque.

At the request of M^{me} Simard-Lapointe, M. Jacques Roy, President of RHOMA, read her acceptance remarks and accepted the prize on her behalf.



June 10, 2010
Dinner / dîner
le 10 juin 2010

RECEPTION / RÉCEPTION

CANAPÉS

Cryo watermelon with feta
 and dried black olives
 NAC marinated raw vegetarian roll,
 ponzu dip
 Indonesian vegetarian spring rolls
 with chili plum sauce
 Peruvian eggplant and marinated
 artichoke miniature pizza

*Pastèque, fêta et olives noires
 à la moléculaire*
*Rouleaux de légumes crus marinés
 du CNA avec ponzu*
*Rouleaux de printemps végétariens
 à l'indonésienne, sauce aux prunes
 et au chili*
*Minipizzas à l'aubergine du Pérou
 et aux artichauts marinés*

STARTER / ENTRÉE

Six Leafs Plus Crisp Root Vegetables,
 Bartlett Pear, Candied Walnuts,
 B.C. Castle Blue, Lime Balm

*Six verdures plus légumes-racines croquants,
 poire Bartlett, noix confites, fromage
 Castle Blue de la C.-B., baume à la limette*

MAIN COURSE / PLAT DE RÉSISTANCE

5 oz. Supreme of Chicken, Panko and
 Fine Herb Crust, Chipotle Grained Mustard
 Reduction, Scarlet Purple Chinese Eggplant,
 Sunflower and Yukon Gold Potato Hash

*Suprême de poulet de 5 oz, en croûte de
 panko aux fines herbes, réduction aux
 chipotles et à la moutarde à l'ancienne,
 aubergine amère et purée rustique de
 pommes de terre Yukon Gold au tournesol*

DESSERT / DESSERT

Lemon Curd Tartlet, Blueberry Sorbet
Tartelette au citron, sorbet aux bleuets

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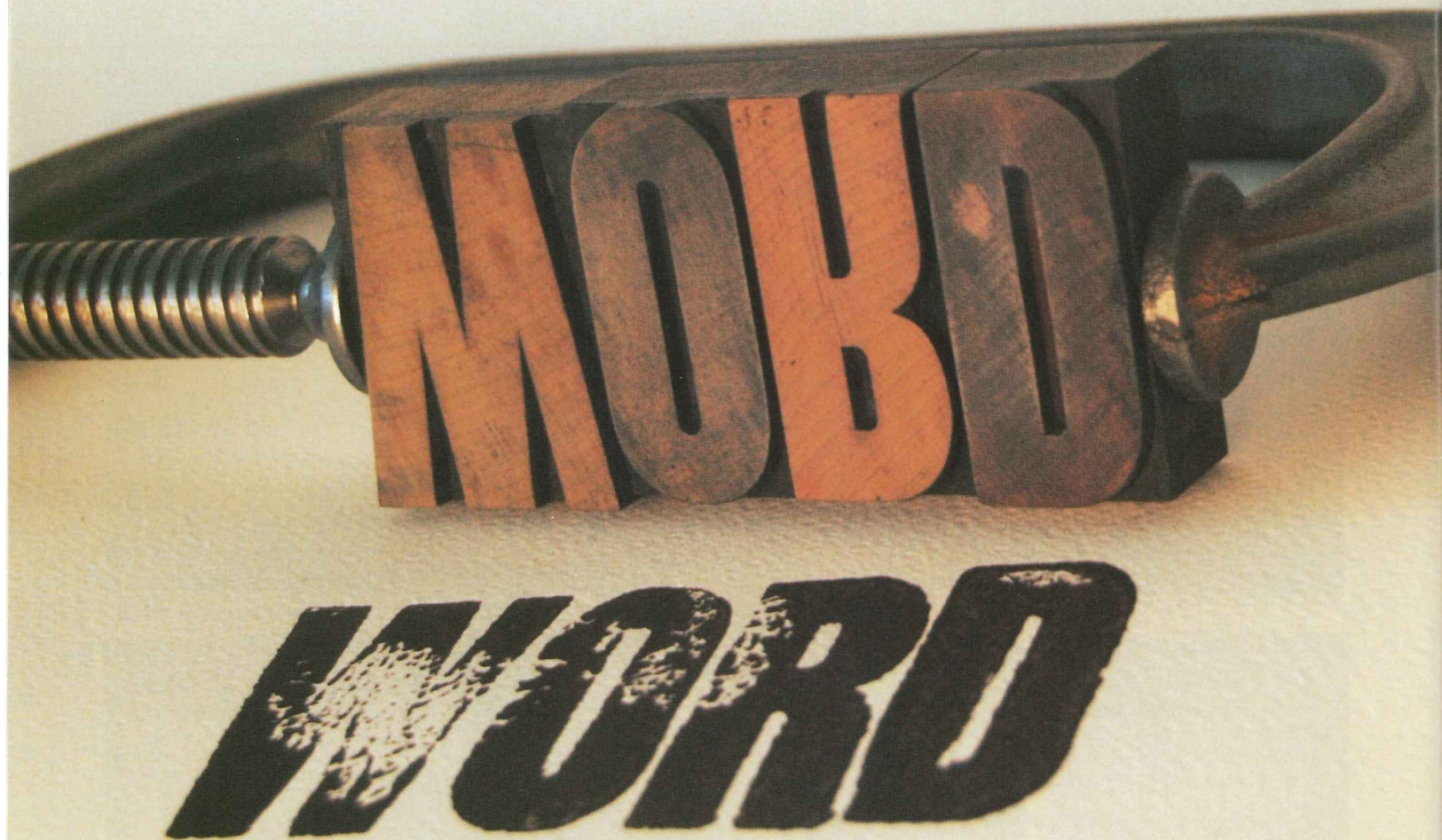
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The Constant Diplomat: Robert Ford in Moscow

Reviewed by Greg Donaghy

THE CONSTANT DIPLOMAT: ROBERT FORD IN MOSCOW, by Charles A. Ruud. Montreal and Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2009, pp xix, 304, index and bibliography, \$39.95.

Greg Donaghy is head of the Historical Section at DFAIT.

Robert Ford joined Canada's foreign ministry – then the Department of External Affairs – in July 1940, when being a diplomat, especially a Canadian diplomat, still mattered. It was a simpler time, or so it sometimes seems in retrospect, when diplomacy was a vocation not a job, and young diplomats were sent abroad with a vague promise, as Ford was, that “you will get instructions from time to time.” Tucked away in obscure corners of the globe, Canada's representatives beavered away on a steady stream of despatches and telegrams that were eagerly awaited in Ottawa, and were said to shape the views of under-secretaries and ministers, and even, for the lucky or the wise, prime ministers. Ford's career, as historian Charles Ruud describes it in his new biography, *The Constant Diplomat*, largely conformed to this happy stereotype.

Ruud begins his study by rooting Ford's success as a diplomat and as a leading Western observer of the Soviet Union during the Cold War to his historical training and poetic sensibilities. Educated at Cornell University under American historian Carl Becker, Ford embraced his mentor's “rationalism” and his views on the long-lasting impact of historical “currents of opinion” on contemporary developments. Just as important, continued Ruud, Ford's poetic voice, which emerged strongly in the 1950s to win him a Governor General's award, sharpened his political perceptions. Through history and poetry, *The Constant Diplomat* contends, Ford and his diplomatic reports focused on “words as keys to the psychology of the speaker and to the climate of opinion that had influenced it.”

There was one other vital influence that defined Ford's life and career: Thereza, the volcanic Brazilian diplomat whom he married in 1946. Permanently weakened by the nervous illness that afflicted him as a young man, Ford relied on his wife to push him out into Soviet society. According to

Ruud, Thereza “urged him on” and “enlarged Ford's capacity to serve.” Indeed, the author hints that the diplomat's wife played an even more fundamental, and ambiguous role. Comparing Thereza's diary notes with Ford's despatches, Ruud argues convincingly that Ford presented “copious” amounts of her work as his own, noting that “the essential observations of Thereza became the observations of the ambassador.”

With the influence of Thereza, as well as history and poetry as its points of reference, *The Constant Diplomat* tracks Ford's professional and intellectual progress through the ranks of External Affairs. From an initial wartime posting in Windsor, where he helped oversee cross-border traffic, Ford moved to Brazil (1940–44) and then on to Moscow, where he eventually served as chargé d'affaires from 1951–54. Ford's timing was impeccable, and when he returned to headquarters in the fall of 1954 to become Head of European Division, he was exceptionally well-equipped to meet the demand in Ottawa for a comprehensive analysis of the changes stirring the Soviet Union in the wake of Stalin's recent death.

That long memorandum cemented Ford's reputation as one of the Department's foremost Soviet experts for the rest of his career. It, and the many other writings that Ford produced over the next quarter century, explored a troika of related themes. First, and perhaps most strikingly original in the intolerant Cold War context in which he first wrote, Ford insisted on the continuing influence of Russian history and the country's longstanding geo-political preoccupations on Soviet behaviour. Second, he underlined the debilitating economic and political limitations of the Soviet system of totalitarian communism, which depended on force for its very survival and sapped the country's vitality. Third, the Canadian diplomat was fascinated by the psychological constraints on the Soviet leadership, poor in quality and notoriously self-interested.

Ruud races through Ford's stints as ambassador to Colombia (1957–58), Yugoslavia (1959–61), and Egypt (1961–63) to focus on Ford's role as Canada's representative to the USSR from 1964 until 1980. This is the heart of Ruud's biography, and he uses Ford's despatches to follow the evolution of Canadian-Soviet relations through an era of

evolving détente and then renewed Cold War. His principal argument is one made by Ford himself in his own memoirs: that dynamic Canadian diplomacy in the 1960s, culminating in Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's visit to Moscow in May 1971, cleared the way for more fruitful U.S.-USSR exchanges under United States President Richard Nixon and his national security advisor, Henry Kissinger. Ford himself was left bitter at seeing Canada's stature in Moscow (and his own) reduced by the Soviet-American rapprochement and he resented Trudeau's failure to exploit Canada's early successes with the Soviet Union.

Ruud, who has worked long and hard on this biography, clearly admires Ford. Unfortunately, this study, which fails to exploit fully the richness of Ford's life and career, does not do complete justice to its subject. Despite the expectations he has created, the author makes insufficient efforts to explore Ford's poetry, or to relate his poetic sensibilities to his diplomatic work, beyond asserting that it eased Ford's access into Soviet intellectual life. Perhaps it did, but that case is still unproven, and the relationship between Ford's verse and his diplomacy remains obscure.

Ford's value and significance as a diplomat is also largely hidden in this study. In part, this is because *The Constant Diplomat* relies heavily on Ford's own papers and Ruud's interviews with the subject for much of its material. Ruud seems to have had only very limited contacts with Ford's Russian and Canadian colleagues, who might easily have provided the frank assessments that Ford merited (even though he may not always have welcomed them!). The diplomat's impact is obscured too because Ruud unaccountably fails to follow Ford's despatches and telegrams into the Canadian archives to see exactly how and where they contributed to the evolution of Canadian policy. This failure to calibrate Ford's contribution carefully against final policy outcomes leaves the reader struggling with too much Ford and not enough context.

Finally, and perhaps most important, *The Constant Diplomat* ducks the toughest issues. Robert and Thereza Ford were imperious managers of Canada's missions abroad, and they enjoyed a complex relationship with their staff. This was especially true of their relations with George Costakis, the Moscow embassy's long-serving fixer who “helped” the Fords assemble their legendary collection of modern art. Astoundingly, both this unique and valuable collection and Costakis are studiously ignored in this biography, leaving one of Ford's principal legacies unexplained and undefended. ☹

Arthur Menzies 1916–2010

Remarks by Mr. Jacques Roy, President of the Retired Heads of Mission Association, at the funeral service for Arthur Menzies on March 12, 2010.

Last week on the third of March, Mr. Menzies called me to report that his good friend, Alfred Pick, had just died and he asked me to inform all the retired Heads of Mission. I called him back the following day to tell him I had done so. His voice was strong, he was in a good mood and we chatted for a while. A few hours later, he was taken to the hospital where he died of a heart attack.

I mention that to emphasize that until his very last moments, Mr. Menzies wanted to help. This was in the nature of the man, always prepared to assist, always happy to contribute.

Je suis très honoré de vous adresser la parole aujourd'hui. Arthur Menzies a été mon ambassadeur durant trois ans à notre délégation auprès de l'OTAN. C'est là qu'une amitié profonde a pris racine entre nous deux.

Dear friends, in preparing for today, I read Mr. Menzies' biography many times. What a full and interesting life he had. Born of missionary parents in China, he attended primary school in that country, secondary school in Japan and came to North America to obtain an honours degree at the University of Toronto and to study for a Ph.D. at Harvard.

These studies were rather demanding, but he found the time to court, in his own words, a highly intelligent young lady with long blond hair, Sheila Skelton. He married her in 1943 and worshipped her all his life.

After joining the Department in 1940, he progressively became the architect of our policies for the Asia-Pacific region. In 1950 he accompanied Mr. Pearson to the first meeting of Commonwealth Foreign Ministers in Colombo and soon afterwards, he was appointed Head of the Canadian Liaison Mission in Japan accredited to General Douglas MacArthur.

In 1958, he became High Commissioner to Malaysia, and in successive years High

Commissioner to Australia, Ambassador to NATO, Ambassador to China and Ambassador for Disarmament.

These postings are very different and require a great ability to adapt. In Malaysia and in Australia, he spent all his time visiting the various regions, meeting our exporters, accompanying our ministers, making speeches which he sprinkled with jokes. At a meeting of the Breeders of British sheep in Australia, for example, he told his audience he was one of those people who think that you feed iron pills to sheep in order to get steel wool.

His posting to NATO between 1972 and 1976 could not have come at a better time. Two main sets of negotiations were taking place: the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe and the Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions. Daily meetings were required to monitor their progress.

Mr. Menzies became the wise man of the Council. When there was a problem, he was there to solve it. The more complex it was, the more imaginative he became. Once, Prime Minister Trudeau came to attend a summit meeting. At the time, his government wanted to reduce Canada's contribution by not replacing the tanks of our forces in Germany. This was creating serious concerns within the Alliance.

When he arrived in Brussels, Mr. Trudeau told Mr. Menzies this was his position. But when he left, he said he was thinking of changing it. I asked Mr. Menzies what had happened.

Jacques, he said, it was very simple. I scheduled a meeting between Prime Minister Trudeau and Chancellor Schmidt of Germany where the Chancellor explained that if the Alliance started reducing its forces unilaterally without concessions, the Soviets would take advantage of the situation and become more aggressive. The Allies might then need more tanks instead of less.

These arguments had been made before, but Mr. Menzies had sensed that only the Chancellor, with Russian tanks facing his eastern border, could make them convincingly to Mr. Trudeau.

In 1976, Mr. Menzies obtained the posting he had always secretly wanted, that of Ambassador to China, the country of his birth and early education and where his father enjoyed enormous respect for his work as archeologist and his collection of oracle bones. With his knowledge of Chinese affairs and his ability to connect with Chinese officials, Mr. Menzies was able to increase significantly Canada's presence and influence in China.

In 2001, he received the Order of Canada from the then Governor General, Adrienne Clarkson, whom he had greeted upon her arrival in New York when still a baby, and that he had held in his arms.

After two years as Ambassador for disarmament, Mr. Menzies retired from public life but remained very active. His book on Australia and the South Pacific gave him the chance to read and read again the letters Sheila had written during their postings. This gave him the opportunity to reminisce about the love she had given him and their children and this made him very happy.

Over the years, Mr. Menzies practiced many sports, including tennis. Like the famous Australian player, Rod Laver, he knew all the shots and could use them, sometimes, with intuitive accuracy. It was the same in his professional career. Mr. Menzies mastered all the secrets of successful diplomacy, and chose each move with amazing shrewdness. In fact, Mr. Menzies was the Rod Laver of Canadian diplomacy.

On behalf of the Retired Heads of Mission Association, I would like to offer to all members of his family and especially Kenneth and Norah, our deeply felt condolences. Arthur Menzies was a truly remarkable human being. And finally, dear friends, I have a message for you: if you want a good place in heaven, mention it to Mr. Menzies in your prayers, he will be glad to assist and get you one even if he has to implore his main contacts.

Alfred Pick 1915–2010

Alfred Pick had a long and wide-ranging diplomatic career, joining the Department of External Affairs in 1940, holding six ambassadorial appointments in Latin America, Europe, North Africa and the United States before retiring in 1976.

His first assignment abroad, shortly after joining, took him to Newfoundland where he represented Canada's war-time interests in the British colony. He was serving as Acting High Commissioner in South Africa in 1947 when he was assigned to New Delhi to help set up the mission that would be required when India gained its independence that year. He interceded with Nehru successfully to obtain a much-sought-after building for the Chancery. He was Counselor of the Embassy in Rome from 1952–55. In 1958 he was appointed Ambassador to Peru and in 1961 the first Canadian Ambassador to Libya (non-resident). From 1969–72 he was Ambassador to the Netherlands. He was appointed the first Canadian Ambassador to the Organization of American States 1972–75.

During periods of service at home he became "the man to see" on Latin American affairs.

At Alfred Pick's funeral service on March 6, 2010 Michael Shenstone spoke of him as a long-time neighbour and friend. ☺

A. Douglas Small is a retired Canadian Ambassador.

Remarks by Michael Shenstone

Unfortunately I didn't know Alfred well during our long period of overlap in External Affairs – our paths hardly crossed professionally – but for more than the past 30 years he has been our close neighbour – in fact living right across the street from us in our little two-house enclave.

And a wonderful neighbour he was, indeed, as was his beloved Patsy while she lived.

Alfred was the kind of neighbour that few people have: always helpful, always friendly, always tolerant of our personal foibles, always generous.

He bore without complaint, and even with a certain happy acceptance, that members of our family so often chose the roadway right in front of his house as the place to paint and repair their boats, so that in spring and fall, it was as cluttered as a busy yacht shipyard.

He always kept a spare key to our house, so that on the frequent occasions when one or other of us Shenstones (more often my wife than I, according to me) had locked ourselves out, he was there, ready to let us in.

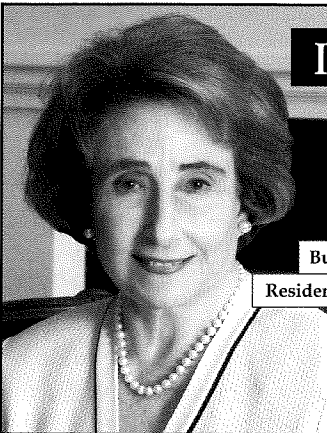
Every spring we would watch admiringly while this 80 or 90-year-old, in his plaid bush jacket, jeans and enormous rubber boots, tramped through the late winter snow to patiently bore small holes into the five or six huge maples across from us in his front yard, and then string little buckets on each one to tap them. And a few weeks later, he would be at our door with a jar of his freshly made *Ellesmere Place Maple Syrup*. He frankly admitted that it was probably the most expensive syrup ever made, because of the vast cost of the electricity he used in boiling it all down on his kitchen stove. But it was one of the most delicious.

Whenever we went away on a trip, he was our very own private "neighbourhood watch," keeping a protective eye on our house, and on our return, greeting us warmly and with the latest local news and gossip.

As they say, Alfred was "there for us" as he was "there" for his own family and his many friends. Not the least of these was Arthur Menzies, his colleague in External from 1939, who has sadly followed him by only a few days.

Alfred, we'll all miss you – miss you very, very much. A wonderful man. Truly, "they don't make them like that any more." ☺

Michael Shenstone is a retired Canadian Ambassador.



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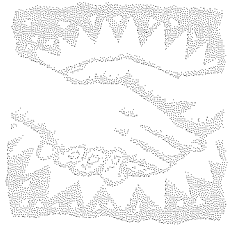
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Shamus Dikk and the fallen star

Another puzzling asterism
by A Aalto

Leaning out the office window, I watched the park gates. A seven-foot gorilla was grinding a barrel organ while a little man in a bellboy's rig turned somersaults. "It's strange when the normal gets distorted," I mused to Effie, "like seeing your own father in a zoot suit." Effie replied, "My father almost invented the zoot suit. Mom says he was that close when he had one of his attacks – Projectile Hyper-Acute Rylean Category Error – and got a pork chop sandwich with a drape shape and a reet pleat."

I never know what to say.

A bald man in orange robes stepped out of a taxi and walked into our building. "Must be the new client," said Effie. When I looked back, the organ grinder was gone.

The Buddhist monk soon sat cross-legged on the footrest. "My name is Yi Xing and I have a small flaw in my biography. I was born in China in the year 683 and died in 727. Despite that, I am here at the request of the August Personage of Jade. We have misplaced something and you are good at finding the lost."

It was clearly going to be one of those days. But we needed the money.

"So, Mr. Yi," I said, "what's lost?" "A star," he replied. "Specifically, one of

the seven in the constellation you call the Big Dipper. We believe it's here." I said carefully, "I think the astronomy boys would have noticed it was gone. And the mayor sure as hell would have complained if a flaming ball of gas a million miles across had shown up on Main Street." The mayor is a flaming gasbag himself, but no star.

"I am not expressing myself well," apologized the monk. "Being dead for that long... you know how it is." I nodded like I had any idea what this fruitcake was talking about. "Let me start again. Stars have an ultimate reality. They project their images, like Platonic shadows on the cave walls, and people see the images rather than the real stars. The image-stars are even given different names by different cultures."

"Enter a certain el-Amr Fuad, Wahabbit hunter and Zoroastrian sorcerer of ill repute. Some centuries ago, he ran afoul of the Jade Emperor and was punished. The punishment spell made it impossible for him to communicate in any language but his own, Parsi. This may seem mild, but was not, for most spells are spoken in exotic or vanished tongues. So his powers were greatly limited. Until recently, when advanced computerization made instant

electronic interpretation possible and partially restored his strength, allowing him a certain number of spells."

"But Fuad wanted it all. So he stole one of the real stars from the Dipper, sending the Emperor a ransom note pinned to a comet. Li Gao was tied up, so the Emperor called on me, an astronomer in past life. Fortunately, it takes a while before change in a real star affects its images, which is why no-one here has noticed yet. Now a real star is not really a giant flaming ball of gas. In fact, it has no material essence at all, and can be disguised as anything. Using the I Ching, we found that Fuad took the star, which the Chinese know as Yao Guang and you call *Ursa major* ξ, disguised it as a human being, suppressed its memories, and hid it in plain sight in this city. Can you help us find him? We have about 24 hours."

I didn't know where to start. "This burg has three million citizens. The star could be anywhere. What you're asking can't be done." "We do have one clue. This star has a weakness for games of chance. The best way to keep it quiet would be to distract it with gambling. As for the odds, evil spells all have an inherent

condition – there has to be a way to thwart them. How do you think so many heroes, not widely known for brains, manage to kill the dragons, thread the maze and rescue the girl in the middle of a lava hailstorm while riding a unicycle along a silk thread stretched over the Three Gorges? Because there must always be a loophole if you look hard enough.”

I had to get this philosophy lecture back on track. “How do you plan to pay? Tang dynasty scrip isn’t worth much these days.” The monk held up a finger and vanished. I stared at the footrest. He popped back, holding a small carving. “Will this do?” Effie was on it in a flash, fixing a loupe in his eye. “A white jade dragon, probably nephrite from the Khotan mines, played out centuries ago. Priceless.” That would keep me in rye for a month or so. And the disappearing act made his story more credible. A bit. So I took the plunge. “Hmm. You think there’s a tie-in to gambling? That’s illegal inside city limits. And we’re talking a star, so its probably a swanky, high-stakes operation. Well, if anyone knows a place like that...”

An hour later, we were in a pawnshop near the waterfront, across the counter from the best fence in town, Hairy Harry January. “So you ask me about a joint with lots of money changing hands, maybe not too straight up, strange things happening, too many questions can maybe get your face re-arranged. And yet you do not speak of City Council. Well, after the unlamented Moses Moribundo passes on, one of his casinos – the Ochre Ocarina, I am thinking – goes on the block to a new guy with the moniker Dr. Rictus. He renames it the Café Acheron, paints the walls red with flames and makes all the staff dress up weird. Lots of gambling – you can bet your life, though I never hear anyone does. It’s over to the East Side, across from the old Public Library. Now before you go, maybe you need a war-surplus chocolate grenade, only used once? No? Priced to clear!”

The Café Acheron was everything Harry warned us. Waiters dressed as demons out of Aladdin, and a bunch of heavies even Scarface wouldn’t hire. Effie and I went to the bar, while the monk studied some murals of a really unpleasant afterlife. A

familiar face appeared around my navel. It was the little man I last saw doing acrobatics for a gorilla. He grabbed Effie’s hand and pulled us into a booth in the shadows. “Effie,” he whispered, “it’s me, your father.” “Don’t be ridiculous,” Effie replied, “Dad is six foot five and would never wear brown shoes with a blue check suit.” The little man replied, “But who else would wear a pork chop sandwich? I had a PHARCE attack a few days ago, right after I told some mooch that I was a bit short this week. It’ll wear off, but right now it’s great for sussing the lowlife.”

“What are you doing here?” asked Effie. His father replied, “Doc Rictus hired me to keep an eye out for this holy man he was expecting. I spotted him entering your building this morning but had to go on break – the gorilla has a very strict union – and you’d blown by the time we got back. So what did he want?” “What did who want?” asked Yi Xing, coming up silently behind us. The little guy whirled, his jaw dropping, and pulled a shiv. I jumped in before someone got perforated. “Your Holiness, we were just talking about you. This gentleman is – what name are you using these days?”

“Steppin’ Razor – don’t you watch my size,” said a mechanical voice from the wall beside me, as a fiery panel slid back to reveal a wiry gent with tanned skin, long dark braided hair and a wireless headset clamped over his face. He said, “Mr. Dikk, please call me Ric. Yi Xing, how good to see you again, I was hoping you’d drop in.” The monk bowed in courteous fashion and murmured, “the pleasure is all yours, Fuad.” Just what the plot needed, I thought, a Persian techno-magus reggae freak with an alias jones. Of all the djinn joints in all the towns in all the world, I had to walk into his.

It was strange. When el-Amr spoke, the way his lips moved did not match what we heard. “I expect you’re here to rescue the wandering star, so the Jade Emperor won’t have to pay up. Well, you’ve come to the right place, but you’ll never succeed.” In the pause that followed, I said, “Aren’t you supposed to go ‘Bwah ha ha’ at this point?” “Trite! Passé! Besides, this stupid headset really mangles the subtle stuff. But since

you’ve taken the trouble to find me, why don’t you let me show you the set-up.”

We passed through a dim archway and down a long flight of stairs. At the bottom, Fuad used a skeleton key to open a black door, revealing a large room carved into bedrock and crossed halfway down its length by a dark steaming river. I wouldn’t have stuck so much as a toe in that water if Veronica Lake, naked, had asked me to join her. “A branch of the real Acheron, the river at the border of Hades,” said Fuad, “Can’t cross it without paying the boatman his fare.” He gestured at an ebony gondola on the far side, a hooded figure standing in its stern. “Unfortunately for you, all the available oboloi are already in the pot.”

At the far end of the room stood a large green baize table with six figures seated around it, frozen in front of a layout for five-card stud poker. Big piles of chips looking oddly metallic and tarnished. “All cards dealt,” Effie’s father said, “just before the showdown.”

“Now here’s the real deal, boys,” said el-Amr. “One of those players is your missing star, coked to the gills. The other five are zombies. In about, oh, half an hour, the floor tips up and anyone still in that part of the room slides into the river. Ouch, painful. Terminal, in fact. Even stars can go nova. And the world finds out a star is missing. Mass panic and madness among astrologers. Unless the Jade Emperor folds, in which case your friend returns to heaven. I regain the power to conquer the world. And I get to laugh insanely as often as I want, without having this device turn it into a demand for a liver donut.”

“Oh, theoretically, you might find the loophole. You’d need to know the name the star is using as a player. And you’d need the release code – a combination of eight letters and numbers – that will break the paralysis spell. Any of the players can pick up an obol and pay the boatman, if you speak the right release sequence and call their name, but it works only once, so you’d better be sure you call the right one.”

“Just one thing,” said Yi Xing quietly. “What is this picture on the wall?” Fuad looked impatient. “That’s just a souvenir of the weirdest deal they ever saw here –

four five-card hands, all red cards plus a joker. Meaningless, I assure you.” “Ah,” replied the monk as he wrote down the sequence:

3♦ 4♦ 5♦ 6♦ 7♦
 A♥ 8♦ 6♥ A♦ Joker
 2♥ 3♥ 5♥ Q♥ K♥
 2♥ J♥ 10♥ 7♥ A♥

As I watched him, I saw a dim light. “That’s the only decoration in this huge room, it’s completely out of place. So it must be part of the loophole. But what does it mean?” The little man scratched his head. “I’m sure you’ll get it, Dikk. It’s in the cards.” Something sounded like a silent gong and Effie looked up, startled. “Dad, that’s the PHARCE signal. What did you do?” “He reinforced the loophole,” snarled Fuad.

Effie mused, “When I was a kid in my first Laura Ashleys, I had this friend named Liebnitz, who was always playing with ciphers. I remember one used a deck of cards. Cards come in two colours, red and black, and 13 values, 2 through 10 plus jack, queen, king and ace. That’s 26 combinations of colour and value – black queen, red four and so on. And there are 26 letters in the alphabet. So a natural cipher, a one-to-one correspondence. I’ll bet that the cards in the painting will spell out one of the clues we need.”

I said, “You’re right. And I’ll bet that the other clue is spelled out by the hands on the table. But how can we read them – they’re too far away. And how do we figure out the cipher? Since the messages are spelled out in poker hands, the letters are broken up into blocks of five regardless of word length.”

Effie turned to his father, “Dad, remember when we lived in Baraboo, you taught me acrobatics? Especially the back-flip? That river is too wide to jump, but with you this size, I bet I could flip you over there. You could come back on the boat. What do you think?” The little man looked uneasy. “Don’t know, son. That could put me in real hot water. What if you slip the flip?” El-Amr just couldn’t resist. “Steppin’ Razor not so dangerous now, eh?” Effie’s father glared, squared his shoulders, turned to his son and said, “Ready when you are, boy.”

Back to the river, Effie cupped his hands and bent over. The little man ran frantically at him, while Fuad snickered. At the last moment, Effie caught his father’s raised foot, straightened up and threw him hard over his head. Not beautiful, but it did the job. Effie then tripped over his Balmain skirt. Fuad cursed and started weaving a spell. Just as it released, Effie staggered into him and, instead of the major demons probably planned, the little man found himself plagued by a dozen blue pixies about three inches tall. Evading them, he scurried around the table and hollered out his findings. I took the best notes I could:

- 1) The table is round, with six players spaced evenly around it, numbers and nameplates in front of each. Position #1 is the dealer and then clockwise around to #6.
- 2) The play is with two full decks and two jokers.
- 3) Soren “Kattegat Fats” Kierkegaard in seat #2 had the best hand, a flush.
- 4) The man in #6 drew the six of spades and the ace of diamonds, in that order, as his last two cards; his first and third cards were both red sixes.
- 5) The man across from the dealer was Max (“the Mechanic”) Mikonos; the seven of spades and the three of clubs were his first and last cards, respectively.
- 6) The only woman player and the man on her left hand were both dealt jokers as their last card.
- 7) One of the men is bluffing with a bust hand: his second through fifth cards are the nine of clubs, the eight of hearts, a red jack and the ten of diamonds in that order, but his first card is an ace.
- 8) The man in seat 5 has Donald Corleone beside him on one side and a man with a pair of black jacks (his second and fourth cards) on the other.
- 9) WAC Bennett Nash has two pairs – nines of spades as his second and fifth cards, the queen of diamonds as his third and the queen of clubs as his fourth; the first four cards of the man immediately on his right hand are the six, seven, ace and jack of diamonds, in that order.

10) Heather Duprix and Riordan O’Riley (who is two seats counter-clockwise of her) both drew an ace of hearts (her fourth card and his first) and a jack of hearts (her second card and his fourth).

11) One player has a four of diamonds and a two of diamonds as first and third cards respectively; a second player with a seat # three times that of the first one’s drew the five of spades as his first card.

12) Two men with even-numbered seats both drew a jack of clubs as their second card and the six of hearts as their third.

Meanwhile, Yi Xing casually strolled around the room, circling the sorcerer. Eventually he retreated to the corner and started writing. When the little man finished, he picked up an obol from the poker table and skipped into the boat, which a reluctant Charon poled back to our side. Fuad took the boat back and started building magical defences around the table.

The monk and I exchanged notes while Effie and his father hugged. Yi Xing said, “With el-Amr distracted, I picked up enough from his brainwaves to get this information on the cipher pattern:

- 1) The joker is always N, but N can also be a black nine.
- 2) All other letters have a unique one-to-one cipher link.
- 3) All vowels (including Y) are red, except I.
- 4) CLINK is all black, while RHYTHM is all red.
- 5) C/D/F/H/K/Q/R/Z are all cards with prime numbers, four in each colour.
- 6) I/M/O/P/U/W are all face cards, three in each colour.
- 7) A/N/X/Y are all cards with perfect square numbers, two in each colour.
- 8) E is a red ace, while J is a black one.
- 9) Q/Z/X are black cards with consecutive ascending numbers, in that order.
- 10) B is a red ten, while V is the ten of clubs.
- 11) G and S are cards with the same cubic number, one in each colour.

- 12) D and F are red cards with consecutive ascending numbers, in that order.
- 13) So are H/S/Y.
- 14) O and W are female.
- 15) C and H have the same number.
- 16) U and I have the same face card value.
- 17) M is the king of hearts.

We set to work. Neither puzzle was all that hard to solve. Using the cipher links that I worked out, we read off the six hands on the table (#1 to 6, first card to fifth) that Yi Xing had reconstructed and then the four hands in the picture. But in neither case were the name or the release code obvious.

"I assume that the five-letter word at the beginning of one of the phrases, and the five-letter word at the end of the other, mean something to somebody. But not to me," I said. "Time for a little dharma," replied the monk, pulling out a BlackBerry. "I didn't

know Tang Dynasty Buddhists used computers," I told him. "Who do you think developed Lotus software?" he replied. With the help of the Internet, we soon had answers. "I told you earlier that stars had several names," recalled the monk. We read out the revealed name and alphameric string. One of players stood up, shook as if to clear the cobwebs and looked at us over the river. "You again, Yi Xing. I should have known." A smile so bright I had to slip on my shades. Then the star turned to face the sorcerer, eyes flaring red.

El-Amr Fuad blanched, bleated and levitated destructively through the ceiling. Classy exit in its way. Effie and I chose the more conventional route up the stairs and chased him across the street into the library. It took me a while to talk our way in. Around the vast building were maybe 20 staffers re-shelving books. Yi Xing had told me el-Amr was a master of disguise, so he could be any of them.

We split up. I had no luck. After a while, though, I heard a familiar cursing and turned to see Effie hauling the Persian in by his ear, a smiling monk trailing behind. "So, Yi Xian, you tracked him down." "Not at all, I merely helped contain him. Your man had already found him." "Yeah," said Effie proudly. "I spotted this guy shelving the *Discourse on Method* just to the left of the *Ars Poetica*. I mean, no real librarian would put Descartes before Horace."

We marched Fuad out of the building and into a quiet alley, where we were joined by the star. "Time to face the music of the spheres, sorcerer," said the monk, ripping off el-Amr's headset. "Don't worry if this makes it harder to communicate," he added, looking over at Ric's. "We'll always have Parsi."

The star lifted a manhole cover out of the pavement as if weighed no more than a pizza box, then stretched and folded it into an origami crane big enough for the three

	Red ♥ ♦													Black ♣ ♠												
	A	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	J	Q	K	A	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	J	Q	K
A																										
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magical visitors. "Good work, Mr. Dikk," the monk said in farewell. "Don't be in too big a hurry to cash in the jade – you never know when a snow dragon might be useful." Soon they were only a bright patch in the twilight sky.

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat by providing the name of the player who turned out to be the missing star, plus the release code? As a hint, while the answers to the two parts of the puzzle (reflected in the two clue-lists) will eventually connect, it will probably be easier to solve them separately. For those not familiar with poker, the winning hands in ascending order are a pair, two pairs, three of a kind, a straight (five numbers/faces in a row, mixed suits), a flush (five cards from the same suit), a full house (a pair plus three of a kind), four of a kind, and a straight flush (a flush with all cards in the same suit). If there are jokers, they can represent

any card. The face cards are the jack, queen and king.

bout de papier will choose the winner by drawing one entry from all those with correct answers submitted by October 29, 2010. The prize will be a book autographed by A Aalto. Not necessary to solve the puzzle, but can you also provide the actual readouts from the painting and from the six hands on the table? In addition, can you nail down the "reality status" of the following: Yi Xing, Li Gao, el-Amr Fuad, category error, Baraboo, asterisms and Steppin' Razor? ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto is among the worst poker players in the world but grooves on things Chinese. He and Mrs. Aalto share their house with a flame-point Himalayan cat named the August Personage of Jade, or more familiarly Gus-Gus.

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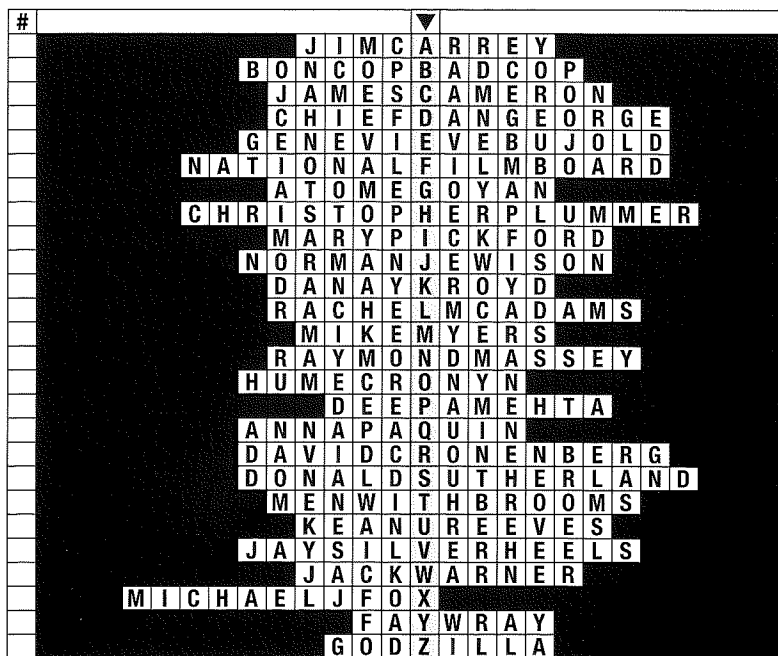
Bugbyte and the cool between the stars

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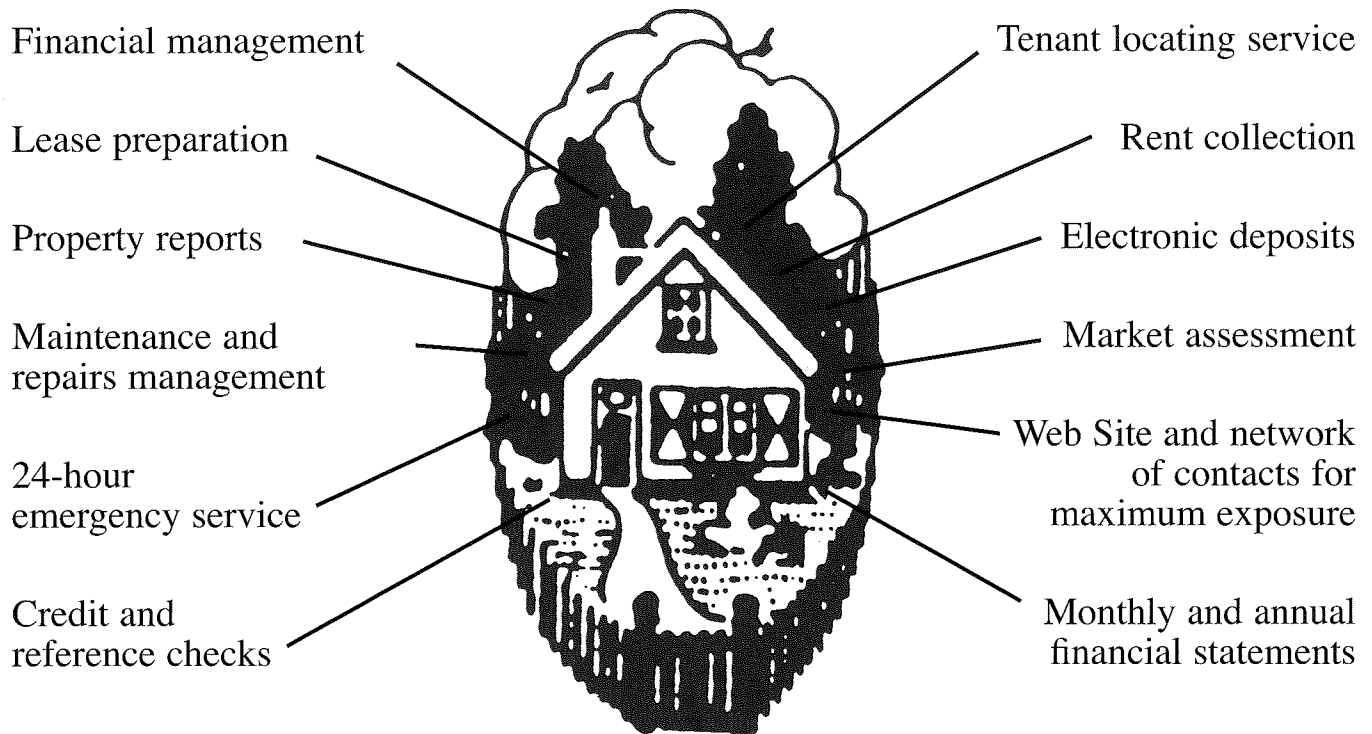
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