

bout de papier

Vol. 25, No. 4

Students on Ice

by Jeannette Menzies

Eyewitness to Revolution

by Michel de Salaberry

Des yeux verts comme la mer

par Suzanne Beaulieu-Gingras



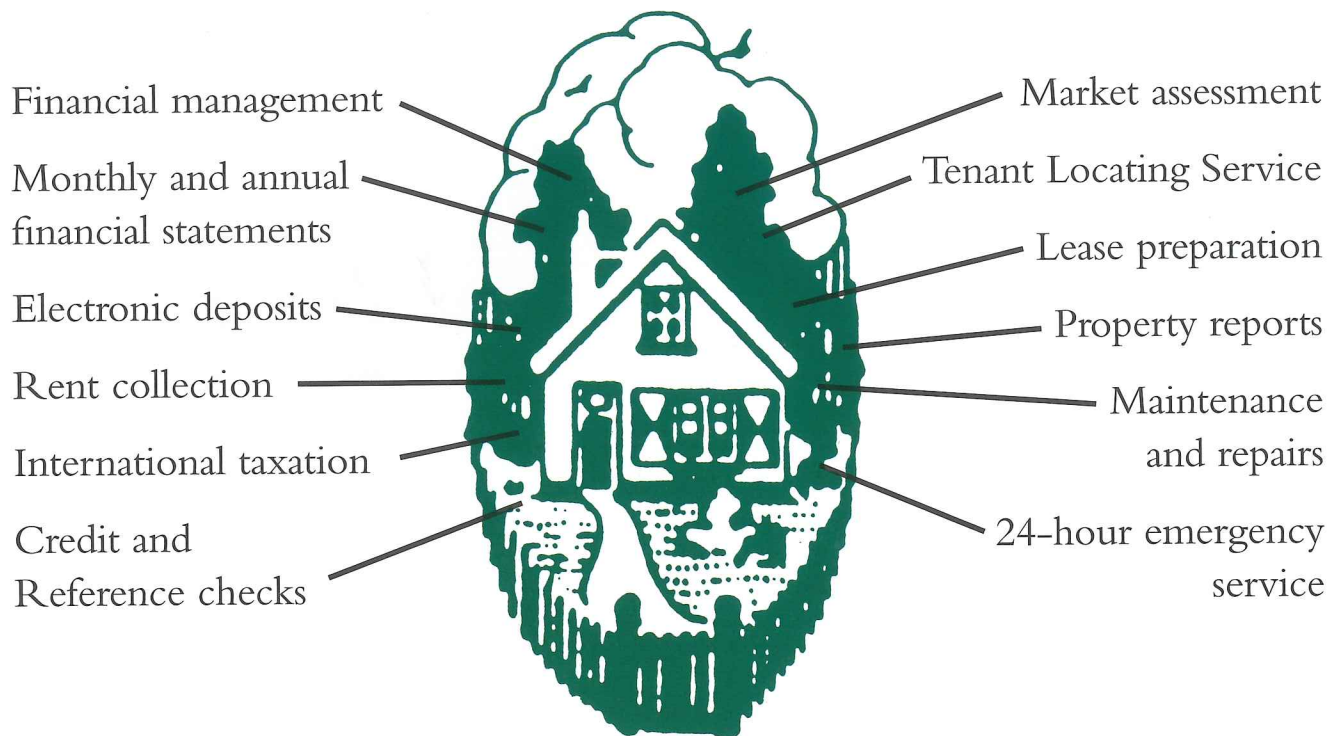
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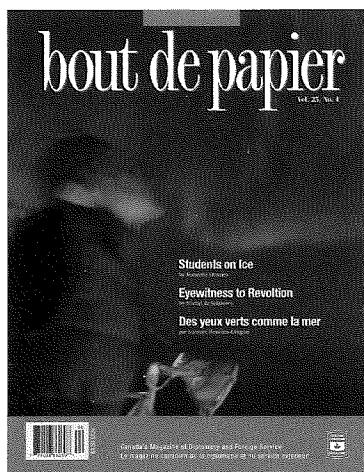
Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

WINTER/SPRING 2011
HIVER/PRINTEMPS 2011

Vol. 25, No. 4

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Prague '68



VIENNA, Sept. 15, 1968 — Canada's first charter flight for Czechoslovak refugees left Vienna today, carrying 203 persons destined for Toronto and other cities in southwestern Ontario. Two additional flights are planned within the next four days.

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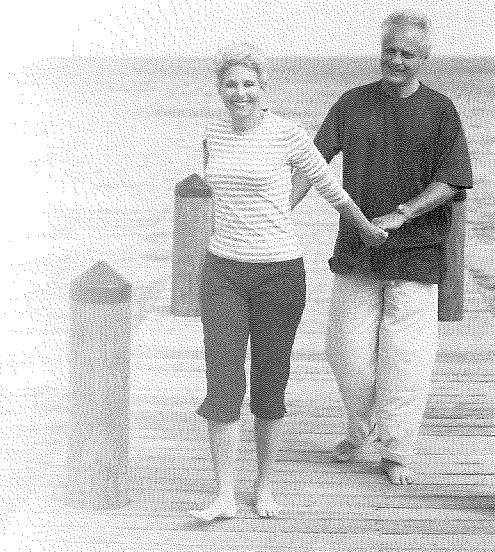
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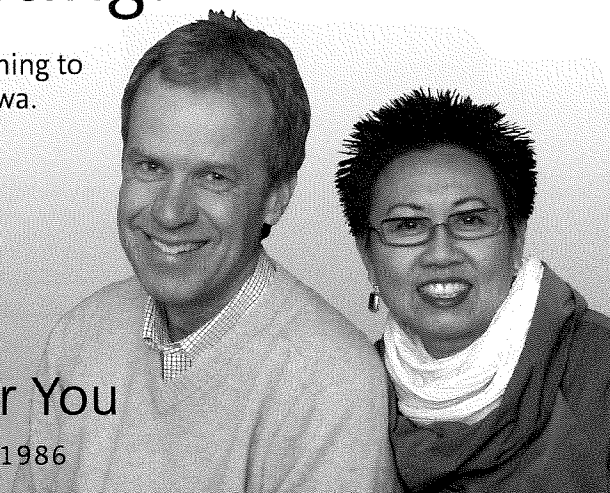


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“Interesting times”, exciting times

“May you live in interesting times” goes the old Chinese curse, but few diplomats who love their profession would want it otherwise! These are very interesting times, and where they lead is uncertain.

In this issue Michel de Salaberry gives us an eyewitness view of the revolution in Egypt. Our former Ambassador there, he would not have predicted such extraordinary developments... and it is not clear that many others could have done so either. Even the organizers of the protests in Cairo did not see the revolution coming, however ardently they may have wished for it.

The revolution stands in stark contrast with attempts at profound political change in the past. Prague 1968 was proof enough of that – the flowering of reformed communism, one with a human face, was soon crushed by Soviet forces. Czechoslovakia and its neighbours returned to a Stalinist deep freeze for almost two decades. A three-part feature in this issue, as well as some sleuthing in the archives, explores that failed revolution and how Canada met such adversity with intelligent compassion.

In recent years other trends have emerged that have changed the underlying geology of our political world. Globalization and the “information revolution” are the obvious ones. Perceptive diplomats should have seen the current paradigm shift coming, perhaps a few did. The biggest hint was the election of President Obama: a mixed-race and centrist politician wins resoundingly at the polls in a country with a difficult race history and sharply

polarized politics. A key reason for his success was his astute use of social media to capture the imagination of disaffected youth and idealists of all ages. He harnessed a new paradigm in politics.

As we now know, that trend was by no means restricted to the U.S. Calgary elected what some Canadians might have seen as the most improbable of mayors – an Ismaili immigrant. Today, the city seems entirely comfortable with its choice. In the Middle East a whole generation has revolted against past abuses and refuses to be treated as subjects of authoritarian and often capricious leaders rather than as citizens with inalienable rights. In Canada, where your vote counts and actually is counted, such transitions seem much less dramatic. However, the process of political change here and there may not be so very different. In both places the political landscape is evolving thanks to the empowerment of a younger generation through new technology, one determined to see social change to match.

Of course, profound changes instill great hopes but also engender fear, notably in the Middle East. Can a revolution begun by reformers be suborned by militants to become even more oppressive than the regimes overthrown? Lenin exploited the Mensheviks to install a government that crushed its people for generations, as well as Russia’s neighbours. Bob Rae, in an interview in this issue, makes it clear that democracy cannot be “exported”, but helping to secure it where it emerges may be

essential to our collective peace and prosperity. Perhaps nowhere is that more important than in the Middle East, Central Asia and South Asia – where Sheila Fruman, again in this issue, offers a solid example of how we can (and have) made a difference.

Is it time we did? Paul Heinbecker’s new book, *Getting Back Into the Game*, reviewed in this issue, calls for Canadians to re-engage internationally. He exhorts Canada to re-invigorate its flagging diplomacy and re-assert its place and temporizing voice in the world. It seems clear that we have everything to gain by helping to secure the democratic reforms of our “interesting times”, and much to lose if we don’t (thereby creating new political space for extremists). Many will argue that our current military support for better government in Libya is a solid step in the right direction. However, even more work may lay ahead in helping construct responsible and democratic civilian governments to replace the despots now being displaced.

The most interesting times for Canadian diplomacy, military and civilian, may be when we roll up our sleeves together to help meet the wide spectrum of challenges rebuilding the Middle East and regions beyond may present. They should also prove to be the most exciting times for diplomats committed to building a better world. ☺

– Stuart Hughes

Erratum: David Malone wishes to alert readers that his article “Canada’s Diplomatic Spouses”, which appeared in the last issue, should have credited Janet Burns-Walker with so successfully re-decorating the Official Residence in New Delhi in the 1990s – apologies to all!

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bout de papier is published quarterly by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers, Suite 412, 47 Clarence Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 613-241-1391, FAX 613-241-5911.

E-mail: boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com

Opinions expressed in **bout de papier** are not necessarily those of PAFSO.

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bout de papier est une publication trimestrielle de l'Association professionnelle des agents du Service extérieur, pièce 412, 47, rue Clarence, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 613-241-1391, Téléc. 613-241-5911. Courrier électronique : boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com Les opinions exprimées dans **bout de papier** ne sont pas nécessairement celles de l'APASE.

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Enjeux, paradoxe et absence

Dans ma dernière chronique de **bout**, j'ai signalé que l'APASE souhaitait promouvoir une discussion sérieuse sur le rôle et l'avenir de notre profession. Paradoxalement, au moment de rédiger le présent texte, nous en sommes en pleine campagne électorale fédérale qui se caractérise par l'absence presque totale d'enjeux en matière de politique étrangère.

C'est particulièrement bizarre, compte tenu du fait que le premier semestre de 2011 s'annonce, de mémoire, comme l'une des plus intéressantes et importantes

il s'agit de : la tenue des sommets du G8 et du G20, le règlement des soulèvements au Moyen-Orient et en Afrique du Nord et la participation à la mission en Afghanistan – il s'agit là de questions de politique étrangère auxquelles les membres de l'APASE ont été intimement liés.

Les membres de l'APASE savent que les enjeux internationaux façonnent notre pays, indépendamment du fait que les Canadiens et les Canadiennes soient concentrés sur eux à l'heure actuelle. Nos membres peuvent jouer un rôle crucial en préconisant une

...2011 s'annonce...comme l'une des plus intéressantes et importantes périodes sur la scène mondiale, ne cédant le pas... qu'à celle qui a suivi la chute du Mur de Berlin en 1989.

périodes sur la scène mondiale, ne cédant le pas – il est permis de le croire – qu'à celle qui a suivi la chute du Mur de Berlin en 1989. Le Canada participe actuellement à deux missions militaires outre-mer. Notre présence à Kandahar tire à sa fin, mais la prochaine phase de notre intervention en Afghanistan est encore en cours d'élaboration. En Libye, nous nous sommes joints à d'autres membres de l'Organisation du Traité de l'Atlantique Nord dans une mission visant à protéger la population civile d'un brutal dictateur. La situation continue d'évoluer, et elle pourrait entraîner de nouvelles exigences et demandes pour le Canada et ses soldats et diplomates. Notre candidature à un siège au Conseil de sécurité de l'ONU pour 2011 n'a malheureusement pas été retenue; nous aurions ainsi eu un plus grand mot à dire dans la gestion de ce genre de conflits par la collectivité internationale.

Il va sans dire que les enjeux nationaux urgents sont loin de manquer. Cependant, il est intéressant de constater que le greffier du Conseil privé, dans son Rapport sur la fonction publique, a souligné plusieurs secteurs de réalisation marquante. Outre la mise en œuvre du Plan d'action économique,

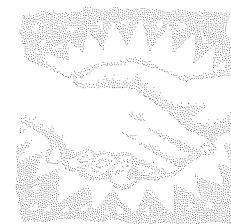
discussion sur le rôle et l'avenir du service extérieur en général. Au moment où vous lirez ces lignes, les plans en vue de notre Semaine de la diplomatie, qui aura lieu du 6 au 10 juin, seront déjà bien avancés. Quel que soit le résultat du vote du 2 mai, je suis convaincue qu'il y aura beaucoup de questions à aborder. ☺



Pamela Isfeld, Deputy Director with the Middle-East Relations Division, DFAIT, was re-elected President of PAFSO in October 2010.

Affectée à Nairobi, Sarajevo, Kaboul et Kandahar, elle est titulaire d'une maîtrise en études politiques de l'Université du Manitoba.

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Retirees on the go – Des retraités actifs

par Jacques Roy

When our Ambassadors, Consuls General and High Commissioners retire from the public service, they usually join the Retired Heads of Mission Association, l'Association des Chefs de Mission à la Retraite. They do so principally because they want to stay in touch with colleagues they have worked with during postings in Ottawa and abroad.

Notre association est jeune. Elle n'a pas encore 25 ans. En effet, ce n'est qu'au début des années 80 que ceux qui ont fondé le ministère des affaires extérieures ont commencé à prendre leur retraite. En 1987, l'un d'entre eux, Jim Nutt, eut la bonne idée de fonder l'association afin de permettre à quelques collègues de se rencontrer pour échanger des vues sur la politique nationale et internationale.

It grew rapidly and now has about 300 members. They are individually very active and contribute enormously to the daily life of our citizens. They give courses at our universities, write articles in our newspapers and magazines, publish books, make speeches, take part in seminars, give advice, supervise elections, comment events on the radio, television and web sites, participate in municipal, provincial and federal elections, negotiate agreements, take part in special missions, are members of law firms and consulting groups, become university chancellors, etc. There is probably no other association of retirees in Canada, coming from one profession, that has so many members individually involved in such diverse and important activities.

L'association elle-même a quelques activités très populaires. Par exemple, elle organise chaque mois un déjeuner avec un conférencier. Pour le choisir, les membres sont invités à suggérer des noms de personnes qui pourraient aborder un sujet qui les intéresse. Habituellement, l'association

réussit à obtenir les personnes désirées. Certaines sont d'anciens diplomates, d'autres sont des experts dans un domaine donné. Leurs présentations sont toujours d'un calibre élevé et la période de questions et réponses est très dynamique. Chaque fois, les participants partent en discutant du sujet abordé par le conférencier.

Grâce à ce renouveau constant
de notre association,
l'avenir est très prometteur.

Our members are particularly interested in our political life. When a government program or decision related to foreign affairs becomes controversial, they have their own views. So much so that in these cases some would like the association to take a public stand reflecting their assessment. This is not possible because most of the time there is no common view and what may please some is rejected by others. The association must therefore remain strictly neutral. Last year for instance, when many wanted a RHOMA petition on a given issue, the governing board agreed to circulate a text in which they had no part, and left it to its members acting individually to sign it or not.

L'association n'a pas d'objectifs philanthropiques car ses ressources financières sont limitées. Mais au cours des dernières années, elle a contribué à deux programmes. Elle a donné sur une base annuelle un montant de 1 000 \$ à la fondation Raoul Dandurand de l'Université Laval pour l'octroi d'une bourse à un étudiant en relations internationales. Le Sénateur Dandurand, un de nos grands diplomates

durant les années 20, fut le Président de la Société des Nations en 1925. Par ailleurs, l'association participe à la formation de la fondation Glyn Berry de l'Université Dalhousie. Cette fondation doit avoir un montant de 300 000 \$ avant de pouvoir donner des bourses. Une campagne sera bientôt lancée pour ramasser les 50 000 \$ qui manquent et dans ce contexte l'association a donné un autre montant de 1 000 \$ à l'université. Enfin, l'association donne depuis plusieurs années un prix de 500 \$ à l'auteur qui, d'après un jury, a écrit le meilleur article dans **bout de papier**.

Every so often, a problem comes up that is of special interest to our members. For instance, about a year and a half ago, Parliament approved unanimously a new citizenship law that has very negative consequences for our diplomats. According to that law, the children born abroad of our children who were born abroad are considered foreigners. To acquire Canadian citizenship, they must go through the process that applies to foreigners. For obvious reasons, our members want to obtain the amendments required to enable our born abroad children to transfer their Canadian citizenship to their children born abroad. Thanks to the good work of some of our members, and the positive attitude of Members of Parliament, the problem should soon be solved.

Plusieurs nouveaux retraités se joignent à l'association chaque année et participent à ses activités. De plus, ils deviennent rapidement actifs dans un domaine de leur choix et contribuent ainsi au développement de notre société. Grâce à ce renouveau constant de notre association, l'avenir est très prometteur. ☺

Jacques Roy est le président de l'ACMAR.

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Fake Lake Follies

by Sanjeev Chowdhury

Editor's Note: PAFSO Canadian Foreign Service Officer Award recipient Sanjeev Chowdhury, now Director General, Summits, spoke to a PAFSO Professional Committee breakfast gathering in October 2010. It was an often humorous take on some serious issues, on staging back-to-back summits successfully, and on dealing with the treacherous waters of Fake Lake. Public diplomacy, it seems, is not for the faint hearted.

When the Prime Minister announced in June 2008 that the 2010 G8 Summit was to be held at Huntsville, Ontario, he noted that the Muskoka region would benefit from the significant economic activity associated with the Summit. He also pointed out that millions of potential travellers would be introduced, through international media coverage, to the many attractions of Ontario's cottage country.

In response to this announcement, an Investment/Branding Advisory Committee (made up of local Chambers of Commerce, tourism associations and federal and provincial representatives) was created with DFAIT as Chair. Its aim was to develop a branding strategy to leverage the media attention afforded by hosting the G8 Summit to showcase Muskoka, Parry Sound, Northern Ontario, and, more broadly, Ontario itself, to international and domestic markets as a premier investment and tourism destination. One idea surfaced immediately: to create a "Muskoka Alley" at the G8 Summit site or in the International Media Centre (IMC) to highlight the best of Muskoka to the delegates and press.

In September 2009, the Prime Minister announced that Canada would also host a G20 Summit during the same June weekend as the G8 Summit, but in Toronto. A site in downtown Toronto was chosen for the IMC to house and feed the more than 3,000 media now expected to cover both Summits. Given the fact that there was not



The Bridge

enough accommodation in Muskoka for both delegates and media, media pools would have to be transported from Toronto to Muskoka daily to cover the G8 Summit and return back that evening to Toronto. The result: the Investment/Branding Advisory Committee decided that if the media could not all stay in Muskoka and see the sights, why not bring the original "Muskoka Alley" idea to the media in Toronto?

Summits Management Office (SMO) Assistant Deputy Minister Peter McGovern (now Canada's Chief Trade Commissioner), together with Danielle Thibault, Director General of the Invest in Canada bureau, saw an even greater opportunity. Based on the government's decision to host back-to-back Summits, they proposed to take the Muskoka Alley idea one step further and promote all of Canada through an innovative investment pavilion. It would be renamed "Experience Canada" to highlight the best of our country to the international media; part of that pavilion, spanning 20,000 square feet, was to be devoted solely to Muskoka, the region that originally inspired the idea.

The SMO managed the project under the direction of Jane Powers (Investment/Branding Manager) and Carmen Altamirano (Marketing Manager). To administer the initiative they worked with the Invest in

Canada division, namely Marcel Gaumond, Director, and Ghislain Robichaud, Deputy Director. Lord Cultural Resources of Toronto was contracted on April 12, 2010, to design, build and operate the Experience Canada Pavilion at the IMC; they are famous for designing and implementing Ontario House at the February 2010 Vancouver Winter Olympics.

Experience Canada's design took shape in three parts using a highly consultative process with the people of Muskoka, the provinces, the Ontario Ministry of Economic Development and Trade, Ontario Tourism and Marketing Promotion Corporation, the city of Toronto, and DFAIT officials. First, a Northern Ontario Oasis was included, with a small reflecting pool and dock with a canoe sculpture wall and a large screen broadcasting high definition images; second, a Cityscape to highlight Canadian investment opportunities and tourism highlights; and, finally a central welcoming bridge featuring Savour Muskoka and Savour Ontario food tastings.

The Investment/Branding Advisory Committee wracked its brains to figure out a way to get the media to visit the pavilion. How could we pull the thousands of media away from their work stations and draw them to the site at the back of the IMC? Little did we know that what would happen next would "solve" that problem for us!



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Three weeks before the Summits, a local tourism official in Muskoka conducted an interview with *The Sun's* Greg Weston – he mentioned that the Northern Ontario oasis would house a “very large water feature” (confusing it with what was really the small reflecting pool). Mr. Weston then wrote a story where he mentioned the cost of the entire pavilion (\$1.9 million) but left the impression that this was the cost for what he termed a “fake lake”. In fact, the cost of the reflecting pool and dock re-creation was only \$57,000 of the \$1.9 million. However, this number was lost in the outrage that erupted after the story broke. The media had a field day with this expenditure, and the story even made it to CNN. The Follies took off: “fake lake” became the brunt of jokes all across the nation and dominated Question Period.

The intense negative public reaction was linked directly to the news the week before that both Summits would cost \$1 billion. While this elicited a negative reaction country-wide, our “fake lake” was an actual item people could envision and relate to, unlike the large \$1 billion overall price tag for the events. So, the public latched on to the story and wouldn't let go.

The SMO undertook 20 national interviews by phone and radio to try to correct the story. Those officers with public diplomacy experience were called on to handle the media deluge. The controversy raged on for a week. We believed in this project and the SMO and Invest in Canada team didn't waiver. Then, seven days after the story broke, the SMO appeared on CTV's “Question Period” with Craig Oliver to set the record straight about the “fake lake”. The interview, although intense and with an aggressive host, helped dull the impact of the inaccurate story. Nonetheless, “fake lake” continued to dominate headlines, albeit with the corrected costs now included.

On the day of the opening of the IMC, hundreds of reporters literally ran to the pavilion to see the so-called “fake lake” and take photographs. Local mayors from Muskoka were on-site at the opening to tour the facility and were shown live on

national television praising the project. The exhibit was a super hit! When an earthquake happened across Ontario two days before the Summits, media playfully twittered that a tsunami warning had been issued for the “fake lake”. Two Canadian female journalists caused a stir when they appeared in bikinis on the dock. In all, more than 2,570 separate visits to the Northern Ontario Oasis were recorded, many by reporters who came back time and again.

Television stations from around the world broadcast live, daily, from the dock to their viewers back home. Thanks to the “fake lake” controversy, a spillover effect was recorded in the Cityscape, where more than 6,200 separate visits were recorded. And to think we were once worried about attracting the media to the exhibit!

For five full days, the media enjoyed the “fake lake”, dock, bridge, and Cityscape sections of the Experience Canada pavilion. Reporters who once mocked the project now embraced it, including Andrew Coyne and Greg Weston. Mr. Coyne wrote,

“I’ve now had the opportunity to see the fake lake. It’s a total non-story. It is, in short, a perfectly acceptable, if hardly vital, use of public funds, and should never have become a subject of controversy”.

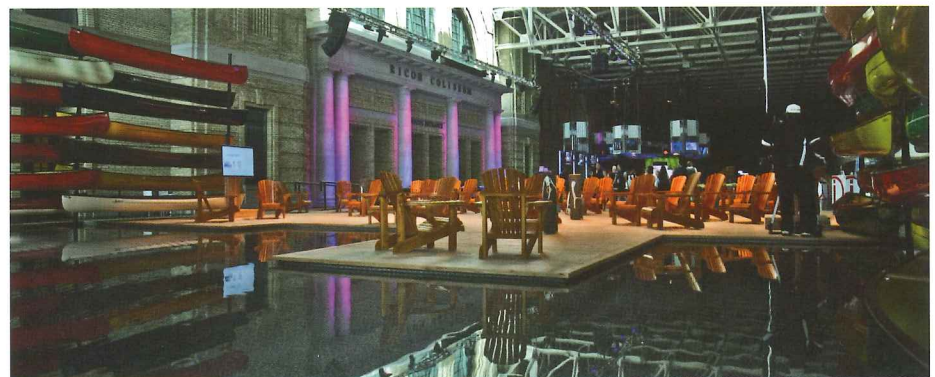
However, the greatest vindication for Investment/Branding Advisory Committee members and Lord Cultural Resources was an unexpected – out of the blue – national editorial in *The Globe and Mail* on June 28, 2010. Entitled “G20/The Fake Lake: Save this faux treasure”, it appeared the day after the Summits ended. To quote: “Despite all the controversy over the so-called fake lake, the Muskoka-inspired display built for the G8-G20 Summits should be preserved...as a playful and successful exhibit that succeeded as few tourism promotion displays ever have. The Experience Canada exhibit is to be entirely dismantled within the next three days, and with it goes the...Northern Ontario Oasis. The fake lake is to be drained, the looping loons silenced, the canoes and Muskoka chairs returned to their lenders, the wood from the faux dock

handed over for reuse. It’s a cruel fate to be wrought upon such an inventive installation, one that lightheartedly uses its very artificiality to celebrate Canada’s natural richness. The fake lake has become iconic. It has been seen by thousands of journalists and served as a backdrop for numerous international media broadcasts...the critics who once hounded the government over its cost and conception, then, should be concerned now to have the fake lake preserved... Preserved, it would become a featured attraction of the Canadian National Exhibition. Canadians should have an opportunity to put a toe in the fake lake.”

Discussions with the Canadian National Exhibition took place, but given that all partners were involved in other projects immediately after the Summits, the “fake lake” sadly could not be recreated there. Regardless, the entire experience from conception to implementation to dismantling, is one which will never be forgotten by those intimately involved in the initiative. ☺



Gord Martineau of City TV broadcasts live from the Northern Ontario Oasis



The Northern Ontario Oasis featuring the “fake lake”



The Cityscape



Photo: Stuart Hughes

Oscar Peterson and friend at the unveiling of Oscar's memorial by Queen Elizabeth, June 2010, Ottawa.

A Future Direction for Canadian Foreign Policy?

Editor's Note: Bob Rae's new book, *Exporting Democracy: The Risks and Rewards of Pursuing a Good Idea*, has been reviewed extensively and well, perhaps most notably by Andrew Preston of Cambridge University in *The Globe and Mail* on November 12, 2010. **bout** readers may wish to delve into the web and read it before proceeding to the two related feature articles that follow: an interview with Bob Rae and a personal narrative by Sheila Fruman on how Canadian political leaders have contributed to democracy and peace-building in Pakistan (with Canadian support and through the good offices of the U.S.-based National Democratic Institute, NDI).

Pursuing Good Ideas: An Interview with Bob Rae

Member for Toronto Centre, Rhodes scholar, former Premier of Ontario and now foreign affairs critic for the Liberal Party, Bob Rae also helped found the International Forum of Federations. His latest book, published by McClelland and Stewart last November, is ambitiously entitled: *Exporting Democracy: The Risks and Rewards of Pursuing a Good Idea*. Writing in *The Globe and Mail*, Andrew Preston of Cambridge University says that Rae has produced a volume that is “erudite, judicious and lively”, advocating the virtues of “tolerant pluralism, patient federalism, and good governance”. All that is predicated on democracy rooted in the “acceptance of the rule of law...on the principles of equality and utility, on a shared humanity, and what will work in practice”. Preston claims the book offers “a future for Canadian foreign policy”; **bout** wanted to know more.

bout: People said you were born in a diplomatic log cabin; what impact did your parents’ remarkable diplomatic life have on your world view and political career?

BR: The joke actually originated with me – “I was born in a log embassy”. I’m delighted if others have now adopted it. Of course my upbringing had a huge impact on me – as I described in “From Protest to Power” – as did my high school experience at the International School in Geneva. Canada’s mission to prevent and reduce conflict and to extend the rule of law were values I ate with my breakfast. In addition to a love of music, jokes, and an ironic view of life I think the other main thing I imbibed at home was a powerful sense of public service.

bout: You cite Edmund Burke to the effect that “There is nothing more dangerous than governing in the name of a theory”. Pol Pot comes to mind, but do you really mean that we must surrender idealism to pragmatism?

BR: Burke believed strongly in values, as I argue in the book. What he fought against were dangerous ideologies, which is a very different thing. Certainly Pol Pot comes to mind as a revolutionary inheritor of the Jacobins. There are tragically too many others. But Burke was no valueless “fixer”.

bout: Canada’s diplomats have promoted “Canadian” values for years, but as public servants in the Westminster model we tend to eschew ideology (of whatever persuasion); where do you draw the line between the two and how should that affect our own “export” of democracy?

BR: We shouldn’t be “exporting” anything – the Bush experience is a good example of how and why that doesn’t work. It’s not about exporting, it’s about sharing experience

as an equal and a partner, which is very different. Democracy can’t be exported off the shelf, nor can it successfully be imposed at the end of a barrel of a gun. Another theme of the book is that the first requirement of a stable state is not democracy, but order.

bout: The U.S. established the National Endowment for Democracy, the National Democratic Institute and others to promote democracy worldwide, should Canada follow their example?

BR: An umbrella agency to help all the many ways we’re promoting human rights, the rule of law, pluralism, federalism, and democracy would be a good idea.

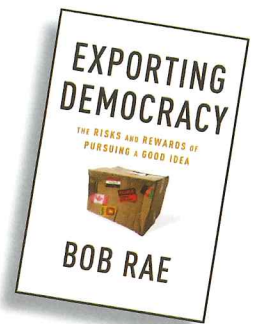
bout: If “democracy” means holding politicians and public servants accountable to citizens they are meant to serve, how central should that be to Canada’s policy toward emerging economic powers like the BRIC (Brazil, Russia, India and China)?

BR: Our engagement with the world, and all the states in it, will always have a rights and good governance component, not in a preachy way, but because it’s part of our international obligation. We can’t walk away from it. That includes big countries as well as small ones.

bout: You cite Daryl Copeland’s call for an activist “guerilla diplomacy”; has our specialized Foreign Service cadre, which came into being in your father’s day, become an anachronism?

BR: The practice of diplomacy will change, but the professionalism that was at the heart of the tiny department my father joined in 1940 is as needed today as it ever was. When my dad went to Algeria in 1942 or in Hanoi for over a year in 1955 as part of the International Control Commission conditions were not easy. His political reports would have been among few pieces of information available. Very different today when we are awash in information. But information is not knowledge, let alone wisdom. There will always be a premium on good judgment, because its supply is sadly limited. Living and working in a more open, and flatter world isn’t easy, but for very different reasons from the challenges of the past. But figuring out what is really happening in the world, and intervening constructively to advance Canada’s interests and values is still a valuable mission.

bout: Thank you. ☺



Strengthening Federalism and Democracy in Pakistan: Canadians Lend a Hand

by Sheila Fruman

Editor's Note: Ms. Fruman is a Canadian and the former Country Director for NDI Pakistan. While Mr. Preston believes that Bob Rae offers policy makers in Ottawa a future for Canadian foreign policy, Ms. Fruman offers a "test case" on how Canadians have helped promote democratic solutions to the seemingly intractable problems of Baluchistan, a province that has seen far more than its share of tragedy and violence. To their credit, the current elected government of Pakistan and Pakistan's military have taken important steps to address the root causes of the conflict in Baluchistan, and Canadians were helpful in facilitating that process. However, the healing has only just begun and the challenges all parties face in Baluchistan remain enormous. If nursing democracy from the bottom up and peace building were to become as central to Canadian diplomacy as some would have them be, Canadian diplomats will be busy as never before.

NDI Pakistan office from 2006–2010. My successor in Islamabad is also Canadian.

I think there are several reasons why Canadians are such a solid contingent in NDI. Our Westminster style parliamentary system, unlike the U.S. system, is close to the political systems of many countries in transition to democracy where NDI works. The Canadian model of political parties, supported by public financing, with relatively strong organizations focused primarily on ideological differences, is more relevant to developing democracies than the U.S. parties which tend to focus on individual candidates and the need to raise big money. Canadians tend to come without colonial baggage and we can relate to the challenges others face in nation building. In short, Canadians have a lot to offer countries in transition and we are warmly welcomed for our experience.

Canadians tend to come without colonial baggage and we can relate to the challenges others face in nation building. In short, Canadians have a lot to offer countries in transition and we are warmly welcomed for our experience.

Bob Rae's *Exporting Democracy* is an important study on the need to nurture democracy. He argues that legitimacy is based on consent, not force, and that long term social and political order ultimately depends deeply on the development of democratic institutions. That view resonates with my own experience as former Country Director for the National Democratic Institute (NDI) for Macedonia and Pakistan.

NDI is a U.S.-based non-government, non-partisan organization with international funding. Founded in 1983, NDI and its local partners have worked to establish and strengthen democratic institutions and practices in approximately 70 countries around the world by helping to build political parties and civic organizations, safeguard elections, and promote citizen participation, openness and accountability in government.

While there is no comparable Institute in Canada one interesting aspect of NDI is the number of Canadians it employs in dozens of countries. In my case, after a lengthy career in provincial politics and government in British Columbia, I was recruited by NDI as Country Director for Macedonia in 2001 and, after serving with the UN in Afghanistan in 2005, I was head of the

We think of ourselves as a new country with a young political system; in fact, we are among the most experienced federalists with over 140 years managing federal dynamics. We survived many a crisis and have learned the need for compromise.

Countries like Pakistan have not been so fortunate. Created some 60 years ago in trying circumstances, its founding father died within months of independence. Institutions that should have guided Pakistan to a bright future did not have a chance to take root as the country's military repeatedly intervened in the political process suppressing democratic institution building. As Bob Rae notes, and Pakistan's history attests, there are no military solutions to political problems.

Today Pakistan faces deadly challenges: religious extremism, no real progress on the Kashmir question, the endless test of wills with India, extending the writ of the state throughout the Tribal Areas, sectarian violence, widespread corruption, and continued intrusion and control of the military over much of the country's political life. With the ongoing challenges of the current transition to democracy, institutions like NDI and Canadian experience can be helpful.



Soon after the attack, the military forcibly displaced some **160,000** Bugti tribesmen from their homes in the gas rich region of Dera Bugti and Kohlu.

Left to right: Lt. General (R) A.Q. Baloch, Member National Assembly (MNA), Pakistan and former Governor of Balochistan; M.K. Achakzai, President Pakhtunkhwa Milli Awami Party, Balochistan and former MNA; Hon. R. Rae, International Forum of Federations; Sheila Fruman, Country Director, National Democratic Institute, Pakistan; H. Khalique, former CEO Strengthening Participatory Organization, columnist; Senator R. Rabbani, Minister of Inter-Provincial Coordination and Minister of Human Rights, Government of Pakistan

One of the most brutal challenges to democratic development and sustainable federalism, I concluded early on, was in the province of Baluchistan. It lies below Kandahar, Afghanistan, and its turmoil has obvious implications for Canada and our allies in Afghanistan. The issues are complex and involve domestic and foreign players. The key source of tension is directly linked to federalism and goes back years to the federal government's refusal to negotiate Baluch demands for political and economic provincial autonomy. These include:

- exploitation of Baluchistan's vast natural resources without giving the province its due share;
- construction of military garrisons to strengthen an extensive network of military bases; and
- centrally driven and controlled economic projects that do not benefit locals but raise fears that the resulting influx of economic migrants could make the Baluch a minority in their own homeland.

The Baluch wanted a restructured relationship transferring powers from what is seen as an exploitative central government to the provinces. Authoritarian military rule deprived them of participatory, representative avenues to articulate demands and to voice grievances. Politically and economically marginalized, many Baluch saw insurgency as a defensive response to the perceived colonization of their province by the Punjabi-dominated military. The failure to accept the legitimacy of grievances lay at the heart of an increasingly intractable conflict, as did Islamabad's reliance on coercion and indiscriminate force to silence dissent.

My first exposure to Baluchistan was in August 2006. The Pakistani military, under President General Pervez Musharraf, escalated tensions enormously when it killed 79-year-old tribal leader and former "Chief Minister" of Baluchistan, Nawab Akbar Bugti, at his mountain hide-out. He led a "nationalist" party demanding more provincial autonomy and greater gas and mineral revenues.

Soon after the attack, the military forcibly displaced some 160,000 Bugti tribesmen from their homes in the gas rich region of Dera Bugti and Kohlu. General Musharraf's government refused to allow humanitarian assistance to the displaced families; hundreds, if not thousands, of women and children died of exposure and hunger that winter as they wandered in an unforgiving terrain.

Islamabad also imposed a media blackout with heavy economic sanctions for organizations reporting any news from the province. Reporters were threatened, harassed and some were killed trying to report on the military operation and its repercussions. It became extremely dangerous for moderate politicians and members of civil society to come together to discuss the critical issues facing the province. Public space for dialogue was simply non-existent.

I arrived in Pakistan as NDI Country Director a few months prior to Bugti's killing. A first contact I made was with the Canadian High Commission (CHC), which proved a valuable and productive connection. By January 2007, NDI was able to launch, with the support of the CHC, and funding from the DFAIT Glynn Berry Fund, a forum on "Federalism and the Conflict in Baluchistan". The aim was to bring together many of the stakeholders for a dialogue on the issues in the dispute.

As a Canadian, I had some sense of Baluchistan's predicament. Canada has struggled with federal-provincial relations since the country's founding. Issues such as federal-provincial relations, resource development and revenue sharing, taxation, language rights and the role of diverse cultures all had a familiar ring.

Over the years Canadians have found workable solutions that I believed could serve to generate ideas and options, modified to conditions in Pakistan, for some of the difficult issues between the province of Baluchistan and the federal government. As an international organization, NDI could provide a relatively "safe space" where stakeholders could come together, along with national-level elected representatives of the opposition and government, to debate the issues in a neutral setting and raise

public awareness about them. It was an opportunity to expose Pakistanis to Canadian federal and provincial politicians who had grappled with similar issues of federal-provincial jurisdiction.

Several high-level Canadian politicians made themselves available to share experience relevant to the federal-provincial Pakistani context. Bob Rae launched the series with a keynote address to a gathering of more than 40 provincial politicians, nationalist political party leadership, media organizations, civil society leaders, national level opposition Senators and Members of Parliament and federal Cabinet Ministers.

The results of such undertakings are often hard to track and take time to emerge. A number of recent major government initiatives in Pakistan, however, have directly addressed the issues raised in the NDI sessions. A “Baluchistan Package” (Aghaz-e-Haqooq) was announced that aims to enhance Baluch participation in state institutions; the National Finance Commission, which met last year for the first time in 10 years, redistributed government revenue in favour of the provinces; the 18th Amendment to the Constitution, passed unanimously by Parliament this past April, undoes the distortions imposed

The inability of the federal government to fully implement these initiatives, and ongoing military operations, have generated a rise in militancy and a growing climate of fear.

It was the first time such a diverse group assembled to focus on the critical issues facing the province. Bob Rae’s experience as founder of the Forum of Federations, Premier of Ontario, Member of Parliament and foreign affairs critic generated much interest. He illustrated, using examples from his extensive experience in Canada and around the world, the fundamental features of a federation and how it could peacefully address challenges like the ones faced by the province of Baluchistan and the federal government.

The launch was followed over the next few months by two more day-long sessions on resources, taxation, language and culture with the participation of former federal Minister of Justice and National Revenue, Martin Cauchon from Quebec and former Minister of Justice, Health, and Deputy Prime Minister Anne McLellan from Alberta. Experience from their key portfolios, along with their very different provincial perspectives, provided a comprehensive overview of Canadian federal-provincial dynamics.

The trio of Canadian politicians generated lively exchanges of information and opinions. The emphasis on dialogue and negotiation, with litigation as a last resort, provided a positive model that yielded practical solutions. The Canadian experience also revealed that numerous challenges and hurdles took considerable time and patience to resolve, an important insight for a relatively new country like Pakistan.

The parallels between Canada and Pakistan were not identical, of course, as Pakistan was then ruled by a General who had seized power in a military coup. Participants were taking risks just by attending the forum. Many were being followed by intelligence agents and some feared for their lives – which conveys the value they placed on the opportunity to attend such an event.

The sessions created a rare opportunity for politicians and stakeholders to meet and share concerns and ideas with each other, as well as with concerned and experienced Canadians. While such opportunities can be taken for granted in a secure democracy like Canada, they were simply not possible in Pakistan then without the assistance and support of an international organization like NDI and the cooperation and support of the CHC and DFAIT.

by successive military rulers, devolves several competencies to the provinces, and enhances provincial autonomy.

Credit is due to the Pakistani parliament and government for these major reforms, but it is fair to say that the NDI sessions helped to build relationships and understanding on these matters at a time when other avenues of communication were extremely limited. The Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee on Constitutional Reform (PCCR), who was also the government’s author of the “Baluchistan Package”, was a panelist at the first NDI forum. The Baluchistan National Party representative on the PCCR attended all the forum sessions as did other members of that committee.

Even though a U.S.-based NGO organized and implemented the activities, Canada’s profile was raised and credit was given for supporting efforts to strengthen democratic institutions. For a small price, much was gained.

Despite these positive measures to strengthen federalism in Pakistan, the situation in Baluchistan remains unresolved. The inability of the federal government to fully implement these initiatives, and ongoing military operations, have generated a rise in militancy and a growing climate of fear.

The Pakistan Institute of Peace Studies reports that Baluchistan had the highest number of militant, insurgent and sectarian attacks of any province in 2010 and killings were up 43 percent since 2009. Multiple forces are tearing Baluchistan apart: separatist groups demanding secession and attacking the state (including security forces, infrastructure, and the governor), sectarian attacks on Shias by Sunni extremist groups, ethnic attacks on Punjabis settled in the province, and crime, including kidnapping for ransom. Foreign players continue to exploit the situation for their own benefit.

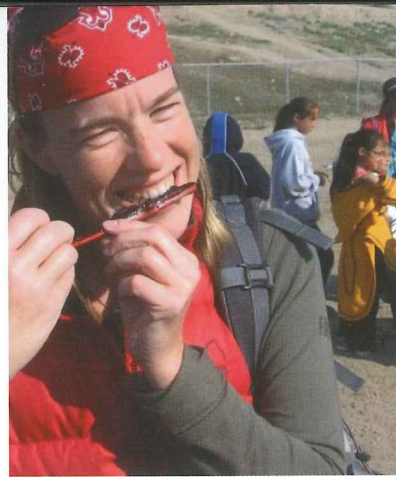
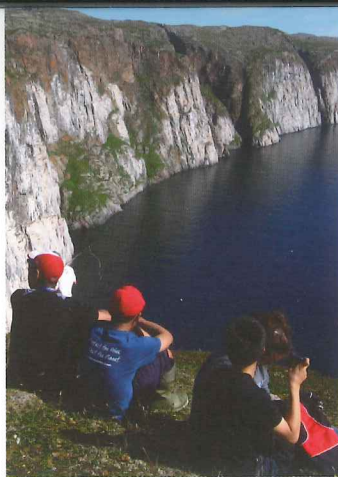
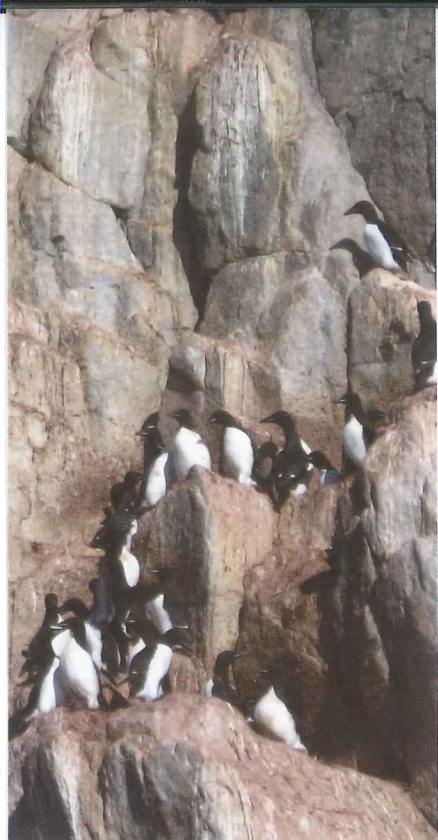
Musharraf may be gone, but much more must be done before the situation in Baluchistan will be “normalized”. Perhaps the key question for Canadians is not whether we are up to the challenge of helping to reduce conflict and improve governance in Baluchistan (and beyond), but how best to meet it. With *Exporting Democracy* we have a thoughtful argument for promoting democracy, and with NDI we have seen ways we can apply it. ☺



Students on Ice: Inspiring Tomorrow's Leaders

story and photos by Jeannette Menzies





The year is 2013. The players are the eight Arctic states and six indigenous permanent participant organizations. Canada has just resumed the Chair of the Arctic Council and has decided to host its first meeting on board Canada's newly minted icebreaker while sailing through the Northeast Passage. The question for debate at this inaugural meeting is – should the Arctic Council be expanded to include new members, namely the European Union?

While this scenario could be true, the year is in fact 2010, the icebreaker is actually a Russian ship (the *M/V Orlova*), and the players – while international in origin, are not your typical delegates in dark suits. They are students ranging in age from 14–18 in jeans and hoodies.

These students are among a group of 78 participating in an educational expedition called “Students on Ice”. They come from across Canada (from Bell Island, Newfoundland to London, Ontario to Pond Inlet, Nunavut to Ulukhaktok, NWT to Nanaimo, B.C. and many stops in between!) as well as from China, France, Monaco, Norway and the United States. They are accompanied by an equally diverse group of scientists, educators and chaperones – including a landscape artist, a wildlife biologist, a performer, an author, a Native elder, an explorer and Peter Mansbridge, news anchor, participating in his role as a dad.

For the past 10 years, Students on Ice has taken more than 1,500 young people on educational expeditions to the polar regions to expose them to the environmental, social and political changes taking place. Without internet, cell phones, televisions or iPods, the expeditions are filled with creative workshops, lectures, hands-on experiments, wildlife sightings, historic hikes as well as daily discussions on emerging issues between students and staff.

My own personal foray into this organization began in 2002 when I was a new recruit working in the Aboriginal

and Circumpolar Affairs Division. I had been tasked with coordinating the department's input into a Ministerial process that would result in the creation of Bill C-32 – the ratification of the Madrid Protocol to the Antarctic Treaty. This was my first Cabinet Memo, and I guess I took the section on “stakeholder engagement” rather seriously. I set out and organized face-to-face meetings with individuals and organizations that would be directly affected by Canadian legislation imposing environmental regulations on activities in the Antarctic. This included primarily scientists and tour operators, including Students on Ice.

At that time, Students on Ice was in its early days. Created in 2000, founder Geoff Green was looking for ways to give youth a heightened understanding and respect for the planet's ecosystem, and the inspiration required to protect it. He decided that taking young people to the poles was the best way to have a lasting impact. To date, he has led 79 expeditions to the Antarctic and 34 expeditions to the Arctic.

Fast-forward to 2010 and again I found myself working on circumpolar affairs – this time working on Arctic issues, one of the Government's priority areas. Although assignments in between included a posting in Ankara and other non-polar pursuits, my holidays were spent basking in the subarctic sun at -50° C in Inuvik and cycling around windy Iceland. Apparently I am drawn to the cold.

My decision to spend my summer holidays with 78 high school students on board an ice-strengthened vessel in the Canadian Arctic was an easy one. I had always wanted to see more of the Canadian North. (Two stints in the circumpolar world had afforded me much travel, but almost all of it international.) I had also become increasingly convinced of the need to expose young people to the work that we do at Foreign Affairs. While I did not have the cool

apparatus of a scientist or the easel of an artist, I did have the skills needed to facilitate a lively discussion on current issues. Diplomats can bring something special to the table; as it turned out, the mock debate was the highlight for at least one student:

As part of his travels, Mr. Powell got to hear from a variety of guest speakers spanning many professions. They included CBC news anchor Peter Mansbridge, former Minister of Fisheries and Aquaculture Trevor Taylor, migratory birds conservation biologist Garry Donaldson, Arctic biologist, historian and documentary filmmaker David Gray, adventure photographer Lee Narraway, and Inuit elder David Serkoak, amongst others.

His favourite speaker was Jeannette Menzies, a foreign service officer with the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade. "They discuss issues within the Arctic Circle," he said, adding interested parties also include Scandinavian countries, Russia, and United States. With Ms. Menzies, he said the students took part in debates as part of a mock-Arctic Council.

— From the Gander Beacon, "Eastport Youth Enjoys Arctic Adventure", Sept. 15, 2010

Another student elaborated on the mock debate in her online journal:

August 10, 2010 (Leaving Walrus Island and Sailing Toward Cape Dorset)

For our mock debate, Olivia and I represented Iceland, the only Arctic country that does not have indigenous peoples. We were representing the only country the ban was not actually affecting, since the seal trade is not part of their culture and is not central to their economy. The publicity of the ban caused most Europeans to form opinions against all seal products, even those exported by the Inuit, as the propaganda tarnished the image and made all seal hunting look like a cruel practice. In fact, it was not the Inuit who practiced inhumane seal hunting, so that is why the ban does not apply to them, but the damage has been done to their image, and therefore their industry, as this differentiation was not made clear to the public. The EU has done nothing to help boost Inuit economy, which they had basically destroyed. I learned that Iceland wanted the EU to be granted observer status, since they are hoping that by siding with the EU they will get financial support to help them through their recession. It was a lot of fun and really interesting to see the debate play out, but in the end we could not reach a consensus, just as the real Arctic Council was unable to do, and no decision was made.

The mock debate was just one of the many workshops that students participated in during the two-week trip. Transported by

Zodiaks, students spent time on shore doing blubber insulation experiments, exploring historic whaling graves, learning about glaciology, climate change, caribou behaviour, photography, navigation and art. Students were exposed to awe-inspiring scenery at every turn, including towering icebergs and some of the most incredible northern lights I have ever seen. Wildlife was also in abundance. We watched over a thousand walrus tripping over each other on Walrus Island, hundreds of thousands of thick-billed murres nesting on the narrow ledges of a 300-metre cliff, and over 20 polar bear sightings in one day.

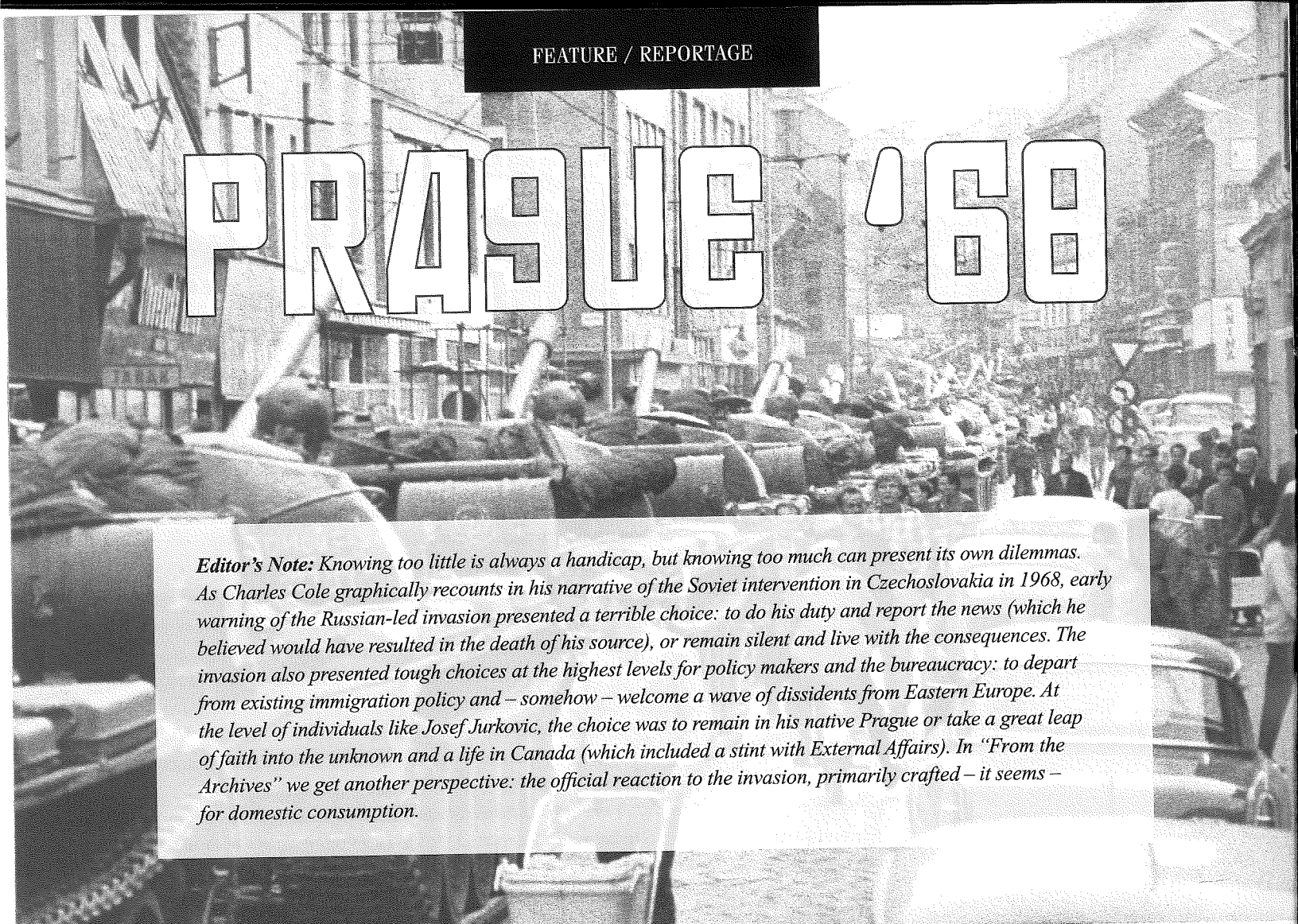
We also visited three communities in the North – Kuujuaq, Cape Dorset and Pangnirtung. These stops were a highlight for me, as we had the opportunity to interact with locals, to watch the students try their hand at Inuit games and to enjoy one of the North's delicacies – seal meat. Our day in Cape Dorset was incredibly warm, so the seal had been lying on a piece of cardboard in the sun for hours before the ritual began. The Students on Ice group watched in awe as an elder cut through the meat and local children, hands covered in blood, pulled pieces directly from the seal. Slowly, some of the students joined in, reaching for a piece and devouring it quickly. My preferred approach was nibbling the seal meat off a rib. Perhaps this was a way to minimize the blood on my hands and to liken it to chicken satay on a stick. The experience was memorable. It was an unplanned workshop, but for many, possibly the most educational.

The last community visit was Pangnirtung. This also happened to be where I departed the ship – to return to my desk in Ottawa to help launch Canada's Arctic Foreign policy. The *Orlova* was continuing for a few more days with its Russian crew and 78 students, so it was with some sadness that I said my farewells to my new-found friends on the ship. I was dropped on the shore with my duffel bag – and sat there for what felt like a long time watching the *Orlova* sail away. It was at that moment that time stood still. My flight did not leave Pangnirtung until the next morning and my BlackBerry continued to have no signal.

Alas, I had an entire evening to reflect.

Every Canadian has the importance of the Arctic drummed into his or her head, but few of us have the opportunity to see it or to understand its history and the dynamics of the region today. My trip to the Arctic taught me many things – I developed a deeper appreciation for those that live in Canada's northern communities, and the challenges associated with such isolation. I developed a greater understanding of the fragility of the North's eco-system. I also recognized the important contribution that young people have to make in the world. The mock debate reassured me that if these are the individuals making tomorrow's decisions, then our Arctic is in good hands. ☺

Jeannette Menzies is Deputy Director with the Humanitarian Affairs and Disaster Response Group. She served in Ankara (also covering the Caucasus) and has done temporary duty in Anchorage and Oslo. Having given workshops in the Arctic and Antarctic, Jeannette claims the right to call herself "bi-polar".



PRAGUE '68

Editor's Note: *Knowing too little is always a handicap, but knowing too much can present its own dilemmas. As Charles Cole graphically recounts in his narrative of the Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia in 1968, early warning of the Russian-led invasion presented a terrible choice: to do his duty and report the news (which he believed would have resulted in the death of his source), or remain silent and live with the consequences. The invasion also presented tough choices at the highest levels for policy makers and the bureaucracy: to depart from existing immigration policy and – somehow – welcome a wave of dissidents from Eastern Europe. At the level of individuals like Josef Jurkovic, the choice was to remain in his native Prague or take a great leap of faith into the unknown and a life in Canada (which included a stint with External Affairs). In "From the Archives" we get another perspective: the official reaction to the invasion, primarily crafted – it seems – for domestic consumption.*

Russian T54 tanks on a street in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia

A Matter of Conscience: Early Warning of Russia's Invasion of Czechoslovakia

by Charles Cole

While attending the Tehran Conference on Human Rights in the spring of 1968, I received a telegram from External Affairs asking if I would be interested in a posting to Czechoslovakia. I consulted my wife Jean and she was thrilled with the prospect so I quickly agreed. I arrived in Prague on July 9 and Jean and my 14-year-old son Frank arrived a few days after the USSR-Czechoslovak summit meeting held in early August in Cierna Nad Tisou.

Prior to my family's arrival, ambassador Mac Bow had left for Ottawa on July 22, appointing me *Chargé d'affaires*. They arrived a few days after my meeting with the Czechoslovak Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, Vaclav Pleskot. I had requested that meeting as I wanted to ascertain from the Czechoslovak authorities their views on the outcome of Cierna. The meeting turned out to be private, with only the Deputy Minister present. At the time, worldwide analyses were divided on the question of an imminent invasion so I wanted to ascertain how the Czechs themselves viewed the outcome.

Canada's Ambassador in Moscow, Robert Ford, concluded that there would be no invasion. My own analysis led me to the opinion that an invasion was probable based on my reading of the agreements reached at Cierna, the subsequent reluctance of reformist Czechoslovak Premier Alexander Dubcek to speak to the ensuing large demonstrations, and the slow movement of Russian tanks leaving Czechoslovakia following the Warsaw Pact manoeuvres.

We were just beginning our discussion when the Deputy Minister suddenly broke into an uncontrollable outburst of tears. I was embarrassed and tried to comfort him as much as I could. However, the tears continued and to my surprise he said: "Mr. Cole, the invasion is coming".

I was certain that should this news become public, it would result in his death sentence imposed by the Russians. At the same time, I admired him for his patriotism and courage, knowing of course, of the questionable suicide of the Czechoslovak foreign minister Jan Masaryk from a foreign ministry window following a Communist Coup in 1948. Considerable doubt has always existed as to whether his death was voluntary. Moreover, there undoubtedly would be severe repercussions not only for Dubcek and his supporters, but also East-West relations.

I can only speculate as to the reasons for his disclosure. One possibility is my attendance at the Tehran Conference; he led the Czechoslovak delegation to that Conference at which I was an adviser to the Canadian delegation. I had drafted a resolution on legal aid which Professor Ronald Macdonald of the University of Toronto Law School (who was a delegate) asked me to introduce to the Third Committee. Presumably Deputy Minister Pleskot would have learned of my name at that meeting.

To report this information to Ottawa, as I was bound to do as a diplomat, was unthinkable in light of the probable consequences. It was the most difficult decision in my life but my conscience persuaded me to remain silent. I told no one, not even my own wife who manned the switchboard at the embassy during the invasion and its aftermath. The weight of that decision has haunted me for over 40 years.

A little more than two weeks after my meeting with Pleskot, on August 21 shortly after 2:00 a.m., I received a telephone call from the Ambassador's chauffeur, Cipra. He was crying as he was telling me "Mr. Cole, Mr. Cole, they are here". I asked who were here and he replied the Russians. I thanked him for letting me know. I asked if he could come and get me without exposing himself to danger (my own car had not arrived from Canada). I telephoned the administrative officer and asked him to telephone Canadian staff and ask them if they could safely come to the Embassy. All of them turned up. I then woke my wife Jean and my son Frank. I told them that I had to go to the Embassy and that they should come with me. I asked them to dress warmly and to wear good walking shoes as we didn't know what we were facing. Frank turned up at the front door with his tennis gear all set to go.

Cipra arrived about a half hour later. We got into the car and drove down the hill to boulevard Leninova. No other cars were visible but every few yards was a tank which formed a column into the horizon. I thought it's just going to take one shell from one of those tanks and the family will be wiped out as well as the driver. As far as the Coles are concerned, we'll all go at the same time. In a way this was a bit comforting.

Ten minutes after our arrival at the Embassy, the street was completely blocked with tanks and troops. My first task was to send a telegram to Ottawa advising that all Canadians were safe and well. Not long afterwards the switchboard was jammed with calls from the 120 Canadian scientists attending the World Geological Congress and the many other Canadians visiting Czechoslovakia. The two communicators worked around the clock sending not only updates concerning the invasion but also information concerning visitors to the country. The floor of the communications centre was completely covered with incoming messages.

Our home was situated across the street from a large park with a stunning view of the city. On the morning of August 21st it was taken over completely by the invading forces. I counted more than 80 tanks and armoured vehicles. On my first visit home the embassy car, driven by Cipra, was stopped by a soldier in a small truck with a machine gun mounted on a tripod. Suddenly Cipra accelerated as though he were going to crash the car into the

truck. The soldier's finger tightened on the trigger. I said several times calmly in a soft voice, "Cipra, it's not worth it". To my relief he eased his foot off the accelerator.

I was particularly concerned that I might be prevented from returning to the embassy during the early stages of the occupation when there was so much to be done. An immediate priority was providing assistance to the many Canadians (including scientists and family members) attending the World Geological Congress in Prague who were stranded by the cancellation of air flights, trains and buses. There was much relief when surface transportation resumed within a few days. We were able to assist the Canadian scientists in leaving the country.

During long days and some nights, I remained at the embassy with a few staff members. Shortly after the occupation an 8:00 p.m. curfew had been announced, which resulted in empty streets and risky travel. Although there were plenty of worries, I was somewhat reassured that Frank was at home with his mother. However, on returning home one evening from the embassy, I noticed someone hiding behind a bush on the lawn about 75 feet from the invaders camp. It turned out to be Frank holding an air rifle which I quickly took away and hid in the house. He said that he was concerned about his mother's safety.

During the early hours of 21st of August, a large number of individuals of various nationalities, but mostly Czechoslovak, sought and were given shelter at the Canadian Embassy in Prague. The hard-pressed Canadian staff was unable to give its full attention to these refugees, other than to isolate them under supervision from the operational part of the Embassy. Their fears were assumed to be genuine, given the overwhelming concentration of foreign armed forces with streets and squares jammed with tanks and troops. The collapse of the Dubcek government made for a period of uncertainty, compounded by the arrest of Czechoslovak leaders and widespread intimidation by the invaders, including sporadic weapons fire and the positioning of numerous tanks and armoured vehicles on the hill near my home. It was an anxious time too for more than 150 Canadian visitors whom the Embassy advised to remain at their hotels until assistance could be given in leaving the country. Within a day or two fears for personal safety diminished and refugees at the Embassy gradually departed.

The situation in Prague presented an expansion of the circumstances envisaged under the usual definition of temporary diplomatic refuge or asylum. Serious concerns were generated not by local political disturbances or riots, but by the invasion of the armed forces of five communist allies which brought about the virtual, if brief, collapse of government authority. While the concept is sufficiently flexible to cover such a situation, difficult questions would undoubtedly arise if the invaders should, in fact, supplant the legitimate government or even effectively control its policies for an extended period of time.

During the first day of the invasion a few Czechs were killed resisting the tanks. Later that day, a Canadian visited the embassy to inform us he had seen a group of soldiers shooting at a group of

civilians but had seen no blood or heard any cries. We reported this to Ottawa.

Tension increased when the Czechs removed street signs and cars were stopped and searched (including diplomatic vehicles). I was concerned about the lack of immunity. I telephoned the Czech Foreign Ministry to seek assistance but they explained that they were unable to do so as they were virtual prisoners. I asked Ottawa for authority to protest to the Russian Ambassador but Ottawa refused. A few days later after the Dutch Ambassador's car had been fired on for not stopping, the Dean of the diplomatic corps called a meeting of heads of mission who protested to the Russian Ambassador.

It was to be expected that serious demonstrations would take place on the first anniversary of the invasion and it was announced that there would be a blackout in Prague. Central areas were declared off limits and would be patrolled by police and the People's Militia. The obvious reason was to demonstrate that Czechoslovakia had accepted the invasion.

I considered it important to have an eyewitness report on the evening's events and after dark drove down to the prohibited area in my small car. Within minutes, as I was descending a hill, my car was spotted by a group of police. As they were approaching I tried to escape by backing up but they caught up and placed machine guns in two open front windows. There was a bad moment until they shone flashlights on my diplomatic plates and let me go.

Later I decided to walk through the area. There seemed to be no pedestrians. Suddenly I heard my name called from across the street and recognized the voice of Hannah, the locally employed assistant to our military attaché, Colonel Bayliss. She asked if I were looking for the demonstrations and offered to take me there. A 15 minute walk brought us to the locale which was a disaster. Streetcars were on fire with their windows smashed and the rails torn up. Emergency lighting had been provided. No civilians could be seen. A tank guarded the entrance to the area. Fire engines were present and it was obvious that water canons had been in use.

After taking a closer look we noticed a long line of People's Militia coming in our direction. We tried to hide in a doorway but they spotted us and motioned us to come out to the street. They carried guns and heavy clubs. In spite of Hannah's frantic efforts to explain my diplomatic status it appeared that I was going to be severely beaten. In desperation I took out my diplomatic identity card and showed it to them. It listed me as First Secretary. They snapped to attention, saluted me and let us go. I had become a witness to history.

Charles Cole is a retired foreign service officer.

How I Became Canadian

by Josef Jurkovic

My route to Canada was more indirect than others but my experience in leaving Czechoslovakia would parallel that of many who faced the trauma of those days. I suspect my love for the Canada I came to know probably would resonate with even more.

On the evening of August 20th, 1968, I was having dinner with one of my friends and my father. My father was the head of the Military Medical School and Chief of Staff of the Hospital for Internal Medicine in Hradec Kralove, my home town some 80 km southeast of Prague. He was a highly visible figure in the 1967-68 liberalization movement and a key voice representing the Czechoslovak scientific community. I was a second year law student at the Charles University in Prague.

That night, there was an intense discussion about the possibility of Russian invasion in the coming days and weeks. I remember the arguments and counter-arguments in what was a heated, emotional discussion. My friend was convinced the invasion was imminent. My father and I argued that "1968 was not 1956" and that "the Russians could not afford the wrath of international public opinion and worldwide condemnation" in the event of an invasion.

At midnight, with neither side conceding the argument, my friend left and the two male Jurkovics went to sleep. The female Jurkovics were out of the country. My mother, an interpreter with the Czechoslovak Tourist Agency, was in Hungary with a tour group. My sister, a fourth year medical student, was in East Germany, working in a Dresden hospital.

At 1:15 a.m., the phone rang, the call coming from the town's military command centre, announcing the invasion and requesting my father, the second highest ranking military officer in Hradec, to immediately report to the headquarters. Fifteen minutes later, after we had recovered from the initial shock, I saw my father leave in his colonel's uniform, with a side-arm strapped to his belt. In 19 years, it was only the second time I had seen my father in a uniform and the first time with a gun. Emotions ran very high and we agreed I would join him in the hospital later that morning. The rest of the night was spent listening to radio and TV, and the many voices of friends calling in utter despair – all of us trying to anticipate what would happen next.

The tanks arrived in Hradec at 10:30 a.m. on August 21st. By this time, the TV stations were shut down and only the main national radio station was broadcasting from Prague studios. Part of the broadcasts contained warning of imminent arrests by the KGB of the original signatories of a key Spring 68 article – "2,000 Words" – published and signed by 20 leading Czechoslovak personalities and intellectuals. It called for active participation of the citizens in the liberalization movement. My father was one of the 20 who signed, together with Olympian

Emil Zatopek, novelist Milan Kundera and other Czechoslovaks who were a respected part of the country's psyche.

By noon on the 21st, throughout the town and the country, there was palpable chaos, fear and uncertainty. Phones went dead, media broadcast became more sporadic but there was more...open defiance, desire to resist, to show our anger. Street signs started coming down, phone lines went dead, cartoons and signs appeared in storefronts and windows, mocking the invaders. Thousands in the streets were wearing national tri-colour ribbons, people clustered around the tanks and army trucks, yelling, crying, trying to reason or just quietly staring at the Russian soldiers.

By the time I went to see my father, he had been spirited away and was in hiding. My father came home five days later after it became clear that signatories of the "2,000 Words" article who were arrested in the first two days had been released. In the intervening days, both my mother and sister also arrived and the family made a decision to leave. Not necessarily to immigrate, though this was a possibility, but simply to leave the uncertain, short-term future behind us.

On the morning of the 31st, we piled into our car, with small suitcases, and headed for the Austrian border. It was uncertain that we would be able to cross. As it turned out, and in spite of the many Russian tanks at the border, we were simply waved through by the Czech guards and were soon en route to Vienna. The Austrian border officials were equally magnanimous and, having barely glanced at our passports, waved us on.

In Vienna, we settled in a cheap hotel, found the British Embassy and on September 1st, lined up in a long line of our compatriots to get visas for England – where we had relatives and where we had all holidayed before. On September 4th we arrived in London and moved into an apartment arranged by my father's cousin, not far from Marble Arch.

In the intervening weeks, my sister resumed her medical studies, and I went to study social sciences, both of us at the University of London. My father became a student too, having to pass British Royal Medical Society exams. By November he was once again a Professor of Cardiology, now at the Hammersmith Hospital and University of London Medical School. He was 53 at the time.

I admit that I did not handle the early months of immigration well – I was a fish out of water, missing my friends, the language, the culture, and home. I was afraid that I would snap and go back. This became the primary motivation for my visit to the Canadian High Commission, where I requested immigration to Canada.

Why Canada? Several reasons. First, as an avid reader and student of history, I was always fascinated with the exploration of the North; my father, a passionate Francophile, and I also had many discussions about the exciting young Québécois intellectuals now in power in Canada – Pierre Elliott Trudeau and Robert Bourassa. I applied in mid-November, was quickly processed as a political refugee, and on January 13, I flew to Edmonton.

It was minus 44 when I arrived, without a winter coat. In less than 24 hours, the astonishingly kind and helpful local immigration officials had provided me with a parka, a warm hat and gloves, long underwear and boots, as well as a job and

accommodation. My first job, for four months, at \$1.55/hour, was sorting bottles in a 7-Up bottling company, starting at 7:00 a.m. each morning, walking some 2.5 km to work.

Eventually, I made my way to Waterloo which became my first home and where I fell in love with Canada. My first degree was from Waterloo Lutheran University, in History and Political Science. Among my professors was Max Saltzman, a member of Parliament and NDP Finance Critic. Fuelled by his and my love of 19th century European literature, we quickly became friends. This led to a part-time job as his research assistant, spending one week a month in Ottawa. I did my Masters at the University of Waterloo in Canadian Studies and, in part because of Max, I went to Carleton University to do my PhD in International Relations.

By noon on the 21st, throughout the town and the country, there was palpable chaos, fear and uncertainty.

In 1975, a year into the program, I was hired by External Affairs where I spent four and half years in the Public Affairs Bureau before going on a posting to Bonn in 1980 as the cultural attaché. Strangely enough, by this time, both my parents and my sister had been in Germany for many years and for the next four, the Jurkovics lived in the same country again.

In 1984, upon return from Bonn, I was asked by Derek Burney, then ADM of the U.S. Branch, to become the Deputy Director of Public Affairs for the Branch (in the old URR). Soon after, Brian Mulroney became the Prime Minister and the focus of much foreign policy turned south of the border and everyone in the U.S. Branch embarked on an exciting whirlwind of activities, including the negotiation of the Free Trade Agreement and the Clean Air Agreement.

By the fall of 1988, after much soul-searching, I made my decision to leave DFAIT and in 1989 I hung-up my first shingle as a public affairs and communications consultant, under the name of Paradigm Communications. The company quickly grew into full service consultancy, focusing on work with the federal government, including many projects with DFAIT, CIDA and other departments involved in international affairs.

Over the years my team developed a good number of training sessions in communications and marketing. By 1998, this became a major preoccupation. A year later, with two partners, I co-founded the Centre for Excellence in Communications (CEC), focusing on public sector training. The CEC now regularly delivers close to 70 different sessions across every area of communications, marketing and media relations, taught by 30 different instructors. In the last five years the CEC has trained 6,500 public servants from over 150 organizations in federal, provincial and municipal governments across Canada. Four such sessions recently were delivered at DFAIT with a focus on "Risk, Issues and Crisis Communications"...so to paraphrase an old adage,

"you can take a boy out of DFAIT but you cannot take DFAIT out of the boy".

I sometimes wonder what would have become of me if the Soviets had not invaded or if I had not been able to make that leap to Edmonton back then. What I know for certain is that the speed with which my application as a political refugee was processed and the welcome I got on arrival in Canada set the scene for what has been a very rewarding life – with more to come!

Josef Jurkovic fled Czechoslovakia in 1968 settling in Canada. At Waterloo and Carleton universities he specialized in Canadian Studies and International Relations, joining External Affairs in 1975. In 1989 he became a consultant. A founding Director of the Centre for Excellence in Communications, he served on the Ottawa boards of the Canadian Public Relations Society and Canadian Society for Training and Development. He is married and a proud father of four.

The Czechoslovak Refugee Movement: How Canada met the Challenge

*From personal recollections by John Zawisza, Joe Bissett, Maria Beaulne, Joyce Cavanagh-Woods, David Bullock, Mike Molloy, Doug Dunnington, Charles Morrow and Daryl Mesheau recorded in the "Bulletin" of the Canadian Immigration Historical Society, July 2005, and adapted for **bout** by Gerry Maffre.*

Following the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia on August 21st, 1968, refugees poured into Austria. Many of those headed straight for the Canadian Immigration Office in Vienna. Canada was to gain much from the skills and talent of those refugees. The successful management of the movement, spear-headed by a young Manpower and Immigration department, reflected well on us. It demonstrated to our allies and to the United Nations that we could be counted on to play our role in contributing to the solution of international refugee problems.

In hindsight it was a challenge well met, but – as the adage goes – hindsight is always 20–20. What did it take? Leadership, team building, a great sense of common cause, good luck, and trust at every level both at the several visa offices involved and at Headquarters. This was Canadian diplomacy pulling together, a taste of crisis management 1968. Readers experienced in other special Canadian immigration programs (Central Americans, South-east Asians, Kosovars) and immigration responses to disasters in places like Italy and Haiti will note common issues, challenges and satisfactions in helping those in need to re-establish themselves in a new land.

By late August the Officer-in-Charge of the Vienna Office, John Zawisza, was telexing Immigration Foreign Branch in Ottawa to advise them of the exponentially growing queue outside the office and of the urgent need for instructions and reinforcements to implement whatever action Canada decided to take.

At the time, the office numbered just an Officer-In-Charge, one Visa Officer (VO), a Medical Doctor, an RCMP Security Officer, six local support staff, two interpreters and a visiting trainee.

In Ottawa, a watching brief moved into high gear over the Labour Day weekend. A small group of Manpower and Immigration and External Affairs officials gathered in the East Block to discuss an immigration response to the situation. With minimal debate and with no Cabinet authority, the officials – including Joe Bissett who would manage the movement at the Ottawa end, drafted a press release for the Secretary of State for External Affairs, the Honourable Mitchell Sharp, to announce Canada's response. This release was distributed on the Tuesday after Labour Day.

Before staff arrived in Vienna to put the program into action though, journalists and Canadians began calling to find out what Canada would be doing. With nothing to tell them at that point, Zawisza soon got confirmation from Immigration's regional HQ in Geneva that instructions were forthcoming and Temporary Duty (TD) staff was being mobilized.

The processing instructions arrived the first week of September and made it clear that HQ expected Vienna to solve any problems with regard to processing, staff needs and travel to Canada. It was also clear that the office was to "proceed judiciously" and not give anyone grounds to criticize the recently formed Department of Manpower and Immigration.

On September 4 – 15 days after the Invasion, the first TD officers arrived. They were a mix of experienced VOs and trainees from Paris, Cologne, Rome, Kingston, The Hague, and Ottawa. In total, there was a team of 15. Forewarned, the Administrative Section of the Embassy quickly provided the new arrivals with the support they needed. As with many aspects of these early arrangements, Treasury Board authorities for the expenditures were still pending. Without these authorities, trust and collaboration were key in Ottawa and in Vienna for the interdepartmental work afoot.

To manage the avalanche of Czech applications, Vienna implemented a "Case Processing Plan". Two critical considerations were space and communication with a clientele that largely spoke only Czech. The office challenge was solved by doubling up in offices and converting other areas into work stations. In total, 15 extra Visa Officers could be accommodated!

As for communication, Vienna eased that challenge by translating into Czech all the key processing documents – the immigration application form and the medical and "Stage B" (security) questionnaires. They also produced a Czech outline of the Case Processing Plan that each applicant would follow – in most cases to immigrant visa issuance. This described the nature of the various interviews, listed documents that could be presented, gave directions on getting to interviews and outlined what would happen up to notification of a successful application and departure for Canada.

The processing plan provided for a preliminary screening of the paper applications by two VOs and selection interviews by six VOs, supported by three interpreters, and a fluent

ex-Czech VO. Two VO trainees worked full time to issue immigrant visas (from the broom closet) and one VO dispensed application kits from a table in the office entrance. A daily counselling session on life in Canada was offered to the Czechs for many of whom Canada was Toronto and nothing more.

The refugee selection decisions were based on the 1976 Immigration Act which, ironically, had no legal provision for refugees. However, the Act's Regulations provided officers with discretionary authority to make such decisions. And they did in huge numbers as the months flew past.

This enterprise was managed from Zawisza's office where he was supported by a VO responsible for the smooth running of the daily processing flow, including trouble-shooting case problems. Another VO controlled supplies and coordinated with airport services, charter flight embarkation, queue control by the police and volunteer groups. As TD staff arrived, Zawisza also had to regularly re-negotiate with hotel managers only too eager to put out the Canadian VOs in favour of others demanding rooms in an over-crowded city.

For the first two weeks of the application surge under the special measures, there were just two Canada-based staff in the visa office and they did not stop! One VO continued with regular business while preparing the information material being urgently translated into Czech by two very capable and experienced interpreters. Zawisza stayed in touch with American, Australian, and South African embassies to determine those governments' approaches to the Czech Refugee Movement. He regularly visited the Border Police and the Driekirchen Refugee Facility and kept in touch with voluntary groups and Air Canada's Representative for Eastern Europe, Mr. Hucl, an ex-Czech Canadian.

The Hucl connection proved invaluable with transportation of accepted applicants looming as a crucial issue. As processing moved into high gear, the office would be filling imaginary seats on non-existing aircraft. Before long, the office would choke on its own production and not be able to quickly move the accepted refugees to Canada despite the initial resettlement flights provided by DND aircraft.

Hucl solved the problem! Air Canada was "ferrying" empty passenger aircraft from Europe to Canada each week that could be re-routed to Vienna to pick up the refugees. The tickets would be much less expensive than regular or charter fares. The problem was that Vienna had to tentatively reserve flights immediately or risk losing them. Zawisza got assurance from Hucl that he would be able to back out if Ottawa refused to support him. Hucl was confident that Zawisza wouldn't be held responsible and drafted a contract that Zawisza signed, hoping that he had not made the "mistake of his life". In Ottawa too, Bissett was facing these same expenditure and commitment dilemmas in the absence of Treasury Board decisions.

In the end, this transport arrangement worked superbly and Vienna filled a minimum of one aircraft per day working with Air Canada staff somehow squeezed in the visa office. One day, with the departure list set, the visa office successfully scrambled to find 40 extra migrants when a stretch DC-8 unexpectedly arrived! The

staff and Air Canada were even able to ensure one refugee family's beloved dog was "wink-wink, nudge-nudge", a stowaway to Canada. On another flight, the crew served champagne to all aboard as soon as the wheels were up – the right way to greet people heading to Canada for a new life!

Over and above the challenges of visa processing, Vienna had to contend with various interest groups seeking a role in facilitating the migration of individuals or groups of interest to them. Each group was the subject of a separate telex from Ottawa, providing minimum background and the groups' often hazy objectives.

The most helpful of these groups was the Canadian Jewish Congress through its Jewish Immigrant Aid Services (JIAS). JIAS – definitely the most pragmatic and best organized group – guaranteed the transport to and initial integration in Canada of all Jewish refugees. At one point, they were conducting 48 interviews on their weekly interview day.

Vienna also had to respond to Canadian journalists who were extensively covering the movement and the office was asked to give them every assistance. However, the reporters tended to overlook the majority of the relatively well-off Czechs who did not fit the stereotype of a refugee. They wanted to concentrate on those who would dramatize the refugee experience and provide human interest stories that highlighted the deficiencies of life in Czechoslovakia and the sadness of parting from relatives and friends. As well, Vienna received colleagues from Ottawa and Canadian employers who were able to recruit Czech refugees.

During these three months, the Canadian officers found time to socialize – including at a Thanksgiving Buffet and learning about Austrian cuisine. At the end of November, and to mark the close of the special movement, the Canadian Ambassador to Austria hosted a farewell buffet that was attended by the Canadian and locally engaged staff.

The Czech applicants were mainly experienced, well-trained skilled workers and technicians with formal training and the acceptance rate was high. Even though they were involuntary migrants with few choices about where to go, the decision to leave was still difficult. But ultimately, the 12,000 or so who migrated to Canada were largely successful. Some joined friends and relatives especially in Toronto, while those with no personal connections were routed to smaller centres where community support was stronger. In fact, two of the involved VOs were most pleased to meet, not that much later in Canada, Czechs they had visaed and who were well employed in their original professions – TV news cameraman and concert violinist.

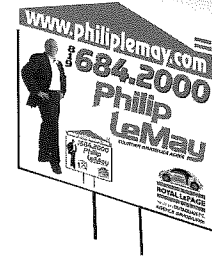
The Czechs' success was in some part due to lessons learned in the 1956 Hungarian special Canadian movement and applied in 1968. This meant that the Czechs received settlement assistance and language training that started soon after arrival. Also, they were set up in typical Canadian accommodation rather than in refugee hostels – all to expedite their integration into Canadian society. What had been one of the darkest days for Czechoslovakia brought out some of the best in Canadians – it would be fair to say that our solidarity in adversity back then strengthens our unity in diversity today. ☺

Aylmer ■ Hull ■ Chelsea ■ Gatineau

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Philip
LeMay
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GROUP

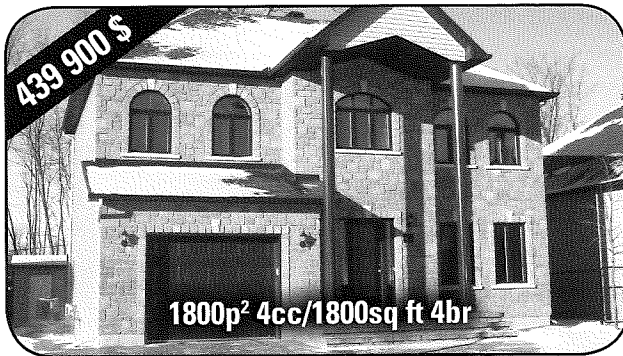
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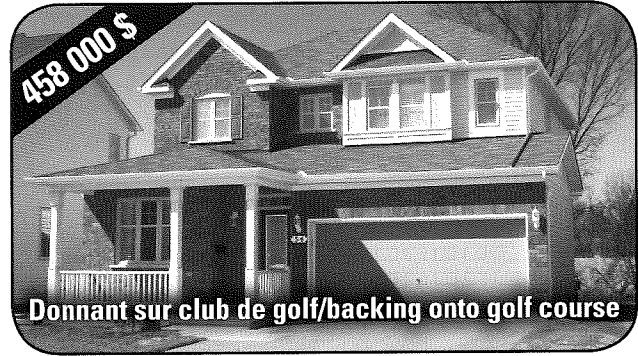


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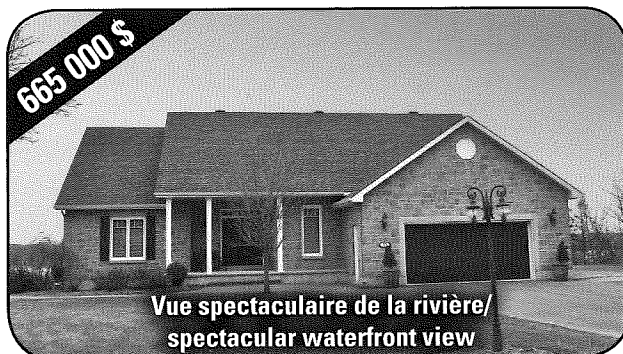
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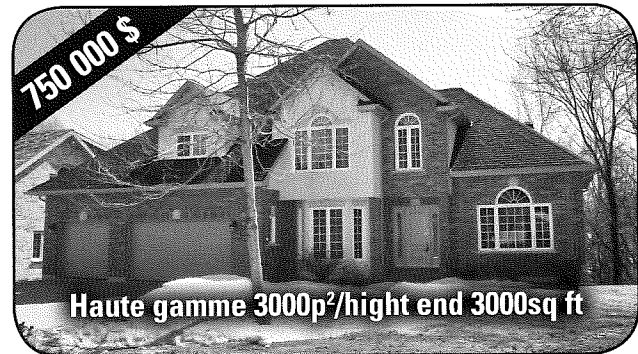
1800p² 4cc/1800sq ft 4br



Donnant sur club de golf/backing onto golf course

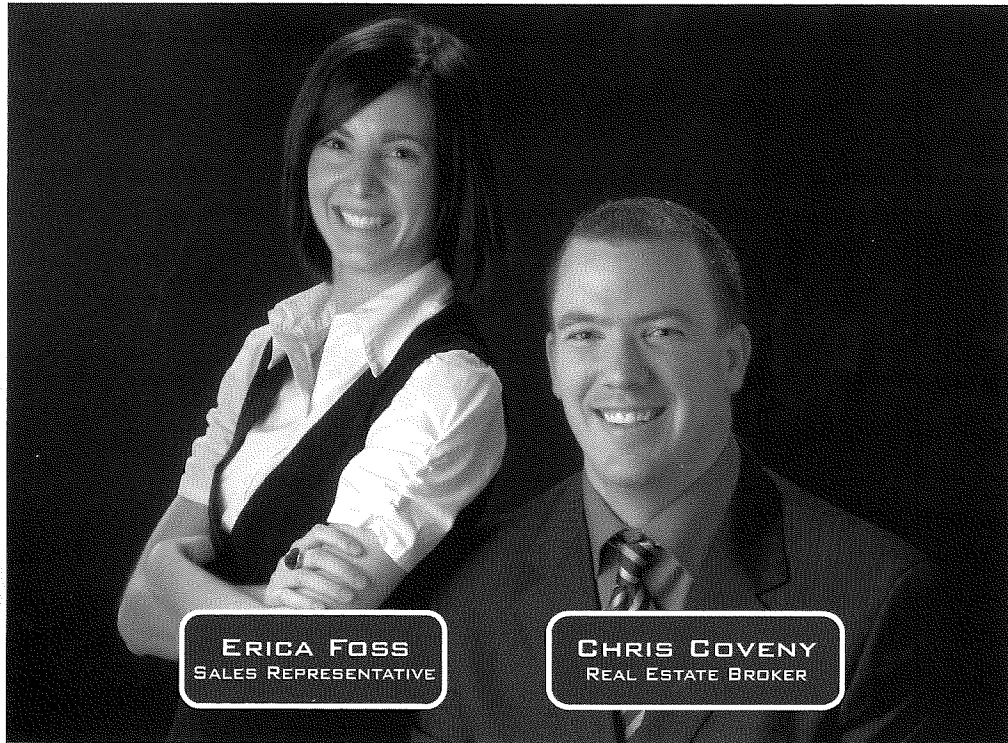


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Unofficially Dull But Officially Sharp

In this selection of documents, we depart from our usual practice of reprinting unpublished material from files at Library and Archives Canada. Instead, to complement the material elsewhere in this issue about Canada's response to the invasion of Czechoslovakia in August 1968 by the Red Army and forces from other Warsaw Pact nations, the items below first appeared in official publications of the Department of External Affairs. These convey the false impression that the Canadian government – and specifically the Secretary of State for External Affairs, Mitchell Sharp – reacted immediately and forthrightly to condemn the invasion. The speech goes so far as to suggest that the official statement to the press was issued on the day of the invasion rather than the next day. In fact, Sharp's first reaction, as recorded by journalists who sought his immediate response to the events, was evidently un-briefed and distinctly un-bold. George Ignatieff, who was then Canada's representative on the Security Council of the United Nations, later described Sharp's comments then as "incredibly mild". Sharp initially described the invasion and occupation of Czechoslovakia as "very disappointing...a great setback to the growing confidence in Europe and progress toward an East-West detente". The official statement issued on the following day, after a transatlantic telephone conversation with Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who was vacationing in Spain, and with greater awareness of developments in Czechoslovakia certainly conveyed a very different tone and aligned the government with the worldwide condemnation of what had taken place.

In fact, subsequent deeds (other than the welcoming of Czechoslovak refugees) also did not necessarily match the strong words. Although the statement and speech both refer to consultation with NATO allies, the government later scaled back Canada's commitment to NATO, especially in Western Europe. Trudeau and Sharp apparently seemed more concerned about the maintenance of good relations with the Soviet Union and with continuation of détente than with the fate of Czechoslovakia and its people. Less than a year after Sharp's speech in Winnipeg, Soviet foreign minister Andrei Gromyko visited Ottawa. A planned visit by Trudeau to the Soviet Union in the autumn of 1970, which would have been the first by a western leader since the invasion, was postponed to May 1971 because of the October Crisis, not concern about how it would be seen in Europe. In January 1971, Canada signed an industrial and scientific cooperation agreement with the USSR. As Jack Granatstein and Bob Bothwell observe in their study of Trudeau's foreign policy, "it was business as usual once more".

Thus, the documents below represent how the Canadian government, and particularly its foreign minister, wanted to be seen by others, especially the Canadian public. As such, they are excellent examples of the craft of the Information Division of the Department of External Affairs. Historians and other commentators may be forgiven for looking beyond these texts to assess Canadian policies.

– Hector Mackenzie

Secretary of State for External Affairs [Mitchell Sharp], Press Statement, 21 August 1968

[as quoted in **External Affairs**, XX, 10 (October 1968), p. 398]

The Canadian Government views the invasion of Czechoslovakia with shock and dismay. We condemn this use of force. All Canadians feel the deepest concern for the courageous people of Czechoslovakia in this hour of trial.

The invasion and occupation of Czechoslovakia constitutes a flagrant breach of the principle of non-intervention to which the Soviet Union itself professes to subscribe. It is also a tragedy for all peoples

who prize human freedom and national independence and I am confident that its significance will not be lost on the people of Eastern Europe and even the Soviet Union.

We are engaged in consultations on the developing situation with other interested governments in the respective capitals, at the United Nations, and in the North Atlantic Council. As far as the Atlantic alliance is concerned, I am sure that all of us will be anxious to keep in

mind our ultimate goal of seeking a durable East-West accommodation, but no one can doubt that the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia constitutes a serious setback to a rational dialogue.

We are in continuing touch with our Embassy in Prague and are taking such measures as are available to us to ensure the safety of all Canadian citizens there.

Canada Assesses the Invasion of Czechoslovakia. Speech by the Secretary of State for External Affairs, the Honourable Mitchell Sharp, to the Ukrainian Canadian Congress, Winnipeg, October 13, 1968.

Department of External Affairs, Information Division, **Statements and Speeches**, No. 68/16 [extract].

Europe has changed enormously in the last few years, and so has Canada. For this reason, when the present Government assumed office we immediately put in train a thoroughgoing review of several of the principal areas of Canadian foreign policy, including our relations with Europe. We want to determine for ourselves whether Canadian policies accord with contemporary conditions in Canada and the world, and whether we are using the most effective means of carrying those policies out.

As you know, these reviews have not yet been completed, and I am not, therefore, in a position to present any conclusions to you tonight. But when they are ready we shall be presenting our conclusions to Parliament and to the people for the fullest and frankest discussion.

In the meantime, however, let me assure you that, as our review proceeds, it necessarily takes account of events as they unfold. The invasion of Czechoslovakia, for example, has the greatest relevance both to our review of defence policy and our study of Canadian relations with Europe. Nor is our examination of this subject limited to the Canadian scene. We are considering with our allies in NATO the ramifications of the continuing Soviet military occupation of Czechoslovakia.

The invasion and occupation of Czechoslovakia by the Soviet Union and its allies was a harsh and chilling reminder that we must still live with the legacies of the past – that the peaceful evolution of Europe toward détente, out of which entente might in due course emerge, is seen as intolerable by those to whom

freedom is a threat and any change a counter-revolution. Yet, if any real and enduring understanding between East and West is to be achieved, there must be a transformation of attitudes. Unless that takes place there is little hope for the development of mutual understanding.

What sort of transformation is possible? We do not expect the abandonment of their social system by the Communist states. We have no intention of abandoning ours. Given these basic positions, we can hope for progress only through the slow development of confidence, based on genuine respect for differences. No Western country had any part in the course of reform which Czechoslovakia took at the beginning of this year. Knowing the risks they ran, and respecting the

choices they would make, it would have been irresponsible and wrong to have sought to influence the Czechoslovak people in their course. We responded with friendship to their friendship freely offered. We never questioned their right or intention to retain their ties with the rest of Eastern Europe. We could only hope, as the Czechoslovaks did, that the Soviet Union would not find freedom and friendship intolerably inconsistent with the principles by which its own policies are governed.

Our hopes, and the hopes, as I have said, of all on both sides who believe that genuine East-West confidence and co-operation is possible, have been callously

or attempted threats against the personality of the state or against its political, economic and cultural elements, are condemned”.

But such principles, the Soviet Government itself now tells us, are of no importance when the U.S.S.R. decides that its own political interests are better served without them. “Nobody,” we are told, “will be allowed to wrest a single link from the socialist chain.” The metaphor is unfortunately all too apt.

I told the United Nations General Assembly that, for our part, Canada cannot and will not accept the claim that some alleged community of interest, be it political or cultural or economic, can ever under any

condemnation. We and like-minded fellow-members of the Security Council also requested that the Council be called into emergency session. On the following day, August 22, Canada and six other co-sponsors introduced a resolution which affirmed the sovereignty, political independence and territorial integrity of Czechoslovakia; condemned the interference of the U.S.S.R. and other members of the Warsaw Pact in the internal affairs of Czechoslovakia and called upon them to withdraw forthwith; and called upon members of the United Nations to exercise their diplomatic influence on the invading countries to bring about prompt implementation of the resolution.

When this resolution was vetoed by the U.S.S.R., Canada introduced a further resolution requesting the despatch of a special United Nations representative to Prague to seek the release and ensure the personal safety of the Czechoslovak leaders then under Soviet arrest. Happily, by the next day, we learned that the intentions of this initiative had been achieved, largely through the courage of the Czechoslovak leaders themselves.

The harsh reality remains, however, that hundreds of thousands of foreign troops, with their armour and aircraft, remain on Czechoslovak soil. In many ways the situation now is more complex and difficult than it was in the immediate aftermath of the invasion. We have no right, any more than has the Soviet Union, to interfere in the internal affairs of Czechoslovakia. It would certainly be no service to the Czechoslovak Government or people for us to behave in such a way as to lend substance to the empty Soviet claims that Czechoslovakia was acting as a tool of Western interests. Nor, indeed, would it be in the interests of the West or of Czechoslovakia to ignore another reality, which is that, ultimately,

States have every right to their legitimate security interests, but not at the expense of the sovereignty and independence of others. States have every right to protect their own social and political and economic systems, but not at the expense of others whose choice is different from theirs.

crushed. Thinking people must now ask themselves whether peaceful co-operation is really possible, when the Soviet Union, without the least justification and ignoring the basic principles of international law and of the United Nations Charter – the sovereign equality of states and their obligation to refrain from the use of force against the territorial integrity or political independence of others – is openly coercing Czechoslovakia by military occupation. In addressing the General Assembly of the United Nations last week, I reminded delegates that, less than two years ago, as a result of an initiative by the U.S.S.R. itself, the Assembly had declared, with no dissenting voice, that: “No state has the right to intervene, directly or indirectly, for any reason whatever, in the internal affairs of any other state. Consequently, armed intervention and all other forms of interference

circumstances entitle one country to interfere in the internal affairs of another. We recognize no “spheres of influence”. States have every right to their legitimate security interests, but not at the expense of the sovereignty and independence of others. States have every right to protect their own social and political and economic systems, but not at the expense of others whose choice is different from theirs. The principle of non-intervention is absolutely fundamental to international relations. If it is not observed, there can be no confidence between states and therefore no relations which can go beyond fear and mistrust.

When the invasion of Czechoslovakia occurred, Canada condemned it unequivocally. On the day of the invasion, I summoned the representatives of the invading powers and informed them clearly and in strong terms of our

only the Czechoslovak people can work out their own destiny. I am confident, nevertheless, that their ordeal will end in their triumph.

What then can we do? Certainly we cannot behave as if nothing has happened. Certainly the realities I have mentioned demand a policy designed to meet them.

The first steps were obviously to provide on an emergency basis for

visits by individuals and delegations, and in the exchange of information in various technical and scientific fields. Where these exchanges have had political content, it is clearly inopportune that they should continue at this time. Nor would it be consistent with our policy to embark on new projects for the present. Similarly, since the Canadian people's attitude towards

co-operation instead of confrontation between East and West is our best hope – and perhaps our only hope – of eliminating violence from international relations.

I spoke at the beginning of the new dynamism in European affairs and the possibilities it seemed to open up. I have spoken further of the blow which the U.S.S.R. has dealt to international confidence, without which East-West dialogue can lead nowhere and we shall remain trapped in the blind alleys of the past. The deep sense of insecurity which Moscow has revealed by its action does not bode well for any progress toward even minor East-West understandings in Europe in the foreseeable future. We know that what we have been able to do and can do in future will be of little direct help to the Czechoslovaks. We welcome those who choose to come here in the bitter knowledge that those who stay in Czechoslovakia must find their way largely alone. Our policy must not make their task more difficult.

But we have a task which is also difficult and which, in the long run, is of vital importance for human survival. Five years and more of patient work seem for the moment to have been wasted. The prospects for the future seem dim. But history does not end with the arrival of the Red Army, and we should be wrong to conclude that all is lost. Our task is to find a way back to rational and constructive dialogue, without sacrifice of our principles. We have no choice but to live with the world as it is, but we shall have no real hope if we do not persist in the search for ways to change it peacefully. After what has occurred, it remains to be seen whether the Soviet leaders are capable of seeing far enough beyond their own immediate fears to grasp this fundamental fact. ☉

The deep sense of insecurity which Moscow has revealed by its action does not bode well for any progress toward even minor East-West understandings in Europe in the foreseeable future.

those refugees from Czechoslovakia who sought to come to Canada. Circumstances so far have been different from those in Hungary in 1956, so that comparably large numbers of refugees have not left Czechoslovakia. Nevertheless, we took measures promptly as soon as it became clear that even a relatively small flow was about to begin, in accordance with the Government's declared policy that all those Czechoslovak refugees who want to come to Canada will be welcome.

We had also to consider how best to demonstrate in concrete form the condemnation we had expressed of the invasion of Czechoslovakia. The representatives of the invading countries have sought to maintain that their action should have no effect on their relations with Canada and that, in effect, their aggression was nobody's business but their own. I have made it clear to them that this is far from our view, that our relations have inevitably been severely strained and that they cannot be restored, at least until the occupying forces are withdrawn from Czechoslovakia.

Much of the substance of those relations has been in exchange of

the U.S.S.R. and its allies has been shaken by the aggression against Czechoslovakia, a number of visits and exchanges arranged privately have been postponed or cancelled on the initiative of the Canadian organizations concerned or on the advice of the Government.

This has not meant that all normal dealings with the Warsaw Pact countries have been brought to a halt. In the long run, it is in no one's interest to eliminate contact with the people of those countries. Where private organizations or individuals decide that, for various reasons, they wish to continue existing arrangements, it is not the Government's policy to put obstacles in their way. Many such arrangements, such as academic exchanges between universities or cultural events, are of long standing and could be re-established only with difficulty if they were now interrupted. The same is true of certain of the purely technical and scientific programmes of a long-term nature in which certain official agencies take part.

In a far broader sense, we must also bear in mind that the evolution of recent years toward

John M. Fraser

1935–2010

John MacLeod Fraser was born in Montreal in 1935 – in the depths of the Depression. In 1944, at the end of the school year, the family moved to Ottawa to follow our father, Blair, who had gone to work for *Maclean's*. In 1952, John went to McGill, where he was editor of the *McGill Daily*, and in 1955 he won a Rhodes Scholarship and went to Oxford, and worked summers for *The Observer*. John returned in 1958 and, despite offers of jobs in journalism, joined External Affairs. He was fascinated by the shades and nuances of diplomacy.

His first posting was to Belgrade, where his interest in the Balkans and socialism took root, and where he learned Serbo-Croat. This was followed by a posting to Hong Kong where he was the designated China-watcher, and then to Warsaw. John's dispatches shone; it was a source of great pride to my father, who thought John was the best writer in the family, that External Affairs officials would tell him how John's cables were passed around in admiration.

In 1968, our father died, and when John came back for the funeral, he was assigned to prepare for negotiations with China on recognition.

In the fall of 1969, I was a reporter for *The Toronto Star* at Toronto City Hall, and received a phone call from John. "Graham, what I am about to tell you is absolutely off the record. Do not repeat it to anyone." "O.K." "I am going to Stockholm for a few weeks, but will be back for Christmas."

A year later, John was in Peking setting up the Canadian Embassy as Chargé d'affaires and Barbara and I were in Florence, when we got a postcard from him. It read something like this: "Dear Graham and Barbara: If discussions do not progress, the Canadian Ambassador and staff will spend four years living in a hotel. This would be completely unacceptable! Hope you are enjoying Florence, love John." As he said later, at that point he was sending a message to Chinese authorities every way he could think of.

Not long afterwards, he reconnected with Deborah Hartley, whom he had first met in Belgrade, and they fell deeply in love. They were married in 1974, and their love for each other never faltered.

John's career involved a series of dramatic incidents. He was in China for the re-opening of Canada's relations; he was in Washington during the Watergate crisis. Back in Ottawa, he was head of Middle Eastern Division when the government decided – and then decided not – to move the embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem.

In 1980, John became Ambassador to Poland and arrived in Warsaw in the midst of the tensions between Solidarnosc and the Polish government. It was there that John's observational skills and writing ability became more widely known and admired in the department.

The central insight, I think, that John drew from his observation was that the widespread Western denunciation of the imposition of Martial Law by General Jaruzelski was short-sighted. John was convinced that Jaruzelski had little choice; if he not taken action, he believed, the Russians would have invaded. He was impatient with simple-minded, black-and-white views of events and regimes. "The Polish government will not act at our behest in ways they consider suicidal," he wrote later.

From Warsaw, John went to Belgrade – and was able to present his credentials in Serbo-Croat. He had great affection for the former Yugoslavia, its spiky independence from the countries of the Iron Curtain, and the paradoxes and contradictions of Yugoslav federalism which meant that Yugoslav officials understood Canada better than most.

When Bernard Landry was coming to Belgrade, there was some concern that he might refuse to allow John to accompany him on his official visits. This turned out not to be the case, but when John raised the issue with his Yugoslav counterpart, he was told "Well, if you can't be part of Mr. Landry's delegation, you can be part of ours."

John's interest in the Balkans led him to teach on the subject at Carleton as a diplomatic visitor and, after his retirement in 1994, he continued to teach a course on the Balkans and worked as an intelligence analyst on the Balkans for the Privy Council Office until 2009.

John had a strong and independent intellect. Just as he rejected what he felt was simplistic moralizing in the denunciation of martial law in Poland, he felt that the Serbs had been unfairly demonized as the only villains in the conflicts in the former Yugoslavia. He was exasperated by international posturing (he called it "gunboat diplomacy without the gunboats") and he was angered by the decision to bomb Belgrade, feeling that peace talks had been abandoned too quickly. "If you think Bosnia is bad, wait for Kosovo," he once remarked.

John could be extremely stubborn. He hated exercise, and had little patience for bureaucracy; he loved cats, martinis and wines from Eastern Europe. He was a connoisseur of crime and espionage fiction. One of his few regrets – aside from his disappointment that he did not get one last posting to Eastern Europe – was that his own international thrillers were never published.

In general, he felt that management was, as he put it, "part of the background noise"; that his real job was reporting on the state of the country he was paid to understand. John was horizontally ambitious: he was shrewd and strategic about doing interesting work – which did not include rising in the hierarchy of Foreign Affairs, which had what he called a "decades-long obsession with management".

I can't help thinking that he died the way he had hoped he would: gently, quietly, at home – with the woman he loved nearby.

Graham Fraser is John Fraser's brother and Commissioner of Official Languages. This is a shortened version of his remarks at the funeral service on January 6, 2011 at St. Bartholomew's in Ottawa.

William Arthur Dymond

1943–2010

Bill Dymond, a veteran of Canadian trade and other negotiations, and a mainstay of Carleton's Centre for Trade Policy and Law over the past 10 years, passed away November 24, after a brief but brave struggle with cancer. He was 67.

Bill was in many ways the Rumpole of Canadian trade policy. What you saw and heard was what you got. A bit rumbled and sometimes gruff, easygoing about clothes, entertainment, and cars, but demanding in wine and food, he had a penetrating intellect and a prodigious knowledge of history, literature, and, of course, trade and economic policy. He adored a succession of dogs and was a regular walking the current incumbent, Willie, along the river in New Edinburgh. Ironically, for a man who chose diplomacy as a career, he did not much like small talk nor the idle chatter that marks diplomatic receptions. For him, diplomacy was a matter of policy and negotiations, not relationships and cocktail parties.

He came to Ottawa in 1967 and joined the then-department of External Affairs. Armed with a brand new MA in economics he was, uncharacteristically, assigned to the economic division. There he found his métier and developed an outstanding grasp of the intricacies of trade policy. For the next 33 years, he was involved in a wide range of trade negotiations, from GATT and UNCTAD to bilateral air agreements and a multilateral investment accord. Part of his career was spent at Industry, Trade and Commerce, but most of it at External Affairs and its successors. Even after retirement, Indian Affairs asked him to take on native land claims. He worked with two groups in the interior of British Columbia, the Yale Nation and the In-SHUCK-ch Nation, and was able to sign off on both negotiations.

The pinnacle of his professional career was achieved as a key member of the team that negotiated the Canada-United States Free Trade Agreement. It proved a terrific but all-consuming assignment, and defined who he was for the rest of his life. Bill captured well the special bond among those

of us who worked on the negotiations from beginning to end by reminding us of the St. Crispin's Day speech in Shakespeare's Henry the Vth:

*From this day to the
ending of the world,
but we in it shall be remembered –
we few, we happy few,
we band of brothers*

After retiring in 2000, Bill moved to Carleton to become director of its Centre for Trade Policy and Law and, later, its senior executive fellow, a perch that allowed him to train a new generation of trade negotiators, to work with other governments on such matters as accession to the WTO, and, most importantly, to write. Bill loved to write and he was good at it, both as a matter of craft and of intellectual rigour. Some pieces took more work and spirited debate than others. We did a lot together, from *Decision at Midnight*, our memoir of the Free Trade Negotiations, to *Commentaries* for the CD Howe Institute, but some he did alone, such as his reviews of military history, or in collaboration with others, particularly Derek Burney.

The two most important preoccupations of the last few years were grandchildren and golf. Both involved weighty competition with his friends. Bill is survived not only by his wife Patricia and two sons, Michael and Christian and their wives Rebecca and Ann, but also by three grandchildren: Abigail, Sabena, and James. He loved visiting them and sharing their accomplishments. Because the grandchildren were not in Ottawa, he extended his grandfatherly instincts to the two little girls next door, squiring them to ballet practice and on other errands.

Golf was another matter. He had regained his form in Brazil, and worked away at it over the past 15 years, whittling his score down to a respectable low 90s, with occasional forays into the 80s.

A year ago this September, Pat and Bill celebrated 40 years of marriage by renewing their vows in their garden and embarking on a second honeymoon, completing an

important milestone on Bill's bucket list: following the steps of the last few stages of the famous medieval pilgrimage to the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostella in northern Spain. It requires a 140-kilometre walk over the course of six days through the foothills of the Pyrenees. Bill and Pat completed the journey, sore feet and all, and could proudly wear the cockleshell emblem.

On November 30, at a moving memorial service at St. Bartholomew's Anglican Church in New Edinburgh, nearly 300 friends and family joined in celebrating Bill's life. He had lived a good life and a productive one. He was loved by many and will be missed by more.

Michael Hart worked with Bill Dymond for the past 35 years in both government and at Carleton and was his frequent golf and writing partner.

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FOND MEMORIES OF A DEAR FRIEND

Bill Dymond was a tremendous colleague, a happy trade warrior who shared with me the rigours of initiating, negotiating and then implementing the Free Trade Agreement with the U.S. With a fine mind and a keen wit, Bill had a unique flair for lightening and leavening debates that were at times acrimonious, including those within the Canadian team! It was a defining moment in the careers of many of us.

Bill's passion for history and literature was exceptional – particularly for a charter member of the trade mafia – and gave him a special flair for incisive debate and stylish writing. He was a gifted wordsmith, deftly using a stiletto, never the broadsword, to cut through bureaucratic bombast or political rhetoric and get to the point. Whether on trade, on investment, on energy or on economics writ large, Bill was always “on point” and ready to deliver. A wonderful and dear friend who leaves many fond memories along with a significant record of personal achievement.

*Bill Dymond worked for **Derek Burney** in the U.S. Branch at DFAIT and the Canadian Embassy in Washington. They taught together at Carleton University.*

Derek Arnould

1929–2010

Derek was born in 1929 at Beuthen, Upper Silesia, then part of Germany, now of Poland. His father, Ivan Arnould, was a British diplomat and his mother, Irene de Grodska, was of Polish nobility. His parents separated early and Derek and his mother moved to Berlin. He took his primary schooling at Welbury, Hertfordshire, England while his mother continued to live in Germany. In 1938 she moved to England and in 1940 they came to Canada and settled in Ottawa. His secondary schooling was taken at Ashbury College and Lisgar Collegiate, Ottawa.

Following graduation from Queen's University in 1949, Derek joined the Canadian Navy reaching the rank of Lieutenant by 1955. In that year he joined the Department of External Affairs. His first posting was to the United Nations mission, New York, in 1956 followed by the Embassy in Prague, the High Commission in Accra, and the Delegation to NATO, Brussels. In 1974 he went to the Embassy

in Peking as deputy head of mission, then to the Commonwealth Secretariat, and the Royal College of Defence Studies, London. From 1978 to 1981 he was with the NATO Secretariat. In 1984 he was appointed High Commissioner to Tanzania with accreditation to Mauritius, the Seychelles and Madagascar. Derek's last posting was as Senior Deputy Commandant of the NATO Defence College, Rome.

He retired in July 1991 and settled in Brussels with his second wife Irene van Lynden who died in 1999. He remained in Brussels until February 2010 when he returned to Canada. He was living in a retirement residence in Burnaby, B.C. when he died on November 21, 2010. Derek is survived by two sons and a daughter from his first marriage to Pamela Wickett and two grandsons. ☺

***Douglas Small** is a retired Canadian Ambassador.*

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Des yeux verts comme la mer

par Suzanne Beaulieu-Gingras

Des pages blanches par centaines, titrées chacune d'un seul mot : le nom d'un artiste, d'une ville, d'une fleur, le titre d'un livre. J'entretiens depuis toujours ce répertoire virtuel des ignorances que j'aspire à combler. La page marquée « Alexandrie » est aujourd'hui grande ouverte.

Nous venons de débarquer dans la capitale d'Alexandre le Grand, la célèbre cité de l'Antiquité. Toutes antennes déployées, je me demande quel sera le fruit de ma cueillette. Mes sens sont à l'affût de beauté inconnue, de dépaysement, désireuse que je suis de me laisser étonner et apprivoiser. Dans un pays où l'histoire s'est écrite à coup de pharaons et de pyramides, je souhaite connaître et comprendre cette métropole qui s'est distinguée par d'autres héritages et par son ouverture sur le monde.

Concentré sur son volant, Bulo notre chauffeur, impeccable dans sa chemise bleu poudre, joue du klaxon à tout instant. Au dernier moment, miraculeusement, un piéton s'écarte, une voiture se range, libérant le chemin. Face au grouillement humain qui m'assaille en gros plans, je me sens désemparée. Tout cabossé qu'il soit, notre carrosse me sert d'armure pour affronter ce déferlement tout en m'offrant une place de première loge pour l'observer.

Je suis sensible à l'assurance et à la chaleur de Bulo, ne sachant pas encore qu'il incarnera dorénavant pour moi le fier peuple égyptien. Sur le port, tout à l'heure, lui seul est venu à notre rencontre pour nous offrir ses services tandis que ses collègues palabraient entre eux en attendant d'éventuels clients. Avec conviction, il m'a promis que nous ferons une belle visite, que je ne serai pas déçue.

Maintenant assise à ses côtés sur le siège avant, mon mari Gilles et deux amis sur la banquette arrière, j'essaie de m'orienter en cherchant le nom des rues à défaut d'autres repères. Puis, j'aperçois le fil de fer qui attache deux parties du tableau de bord et note une poignée manquante à la portière. Aurions-nous dû inspecter sa voiture avant de monter à bord? Trop d'images sollicitent mon attention pour que je m'arrête à ces détails. Le temps presse. Nous n'avons que quelques heures devant nous. Je fais de mon mieux pour ignorer la boîte de vitesses délinquante que

Bulo, habile, arrive à faire fonctionner. Le moteur ronronne, le klaxon klaxonne. Pourquoi m'inquiéter?

L'esprit ballotté entre le passé et le présent, je suis assaillie de pensées disparates en approchant du Fort construit au 15^e siècle par le sultan Quaitbey. Avec sa pierre de couleur claire et ses murs crénelés, l'impressionnante citadelle serait digne d'un conte de fées. Aux abords de ce site, en ce samedi matin nuageux de la fin octobre, peu de visiteurs étrangers se mêlent à la foule colorée des jeunes garçons et filles qui vont et viennent et rigolent entre eux.

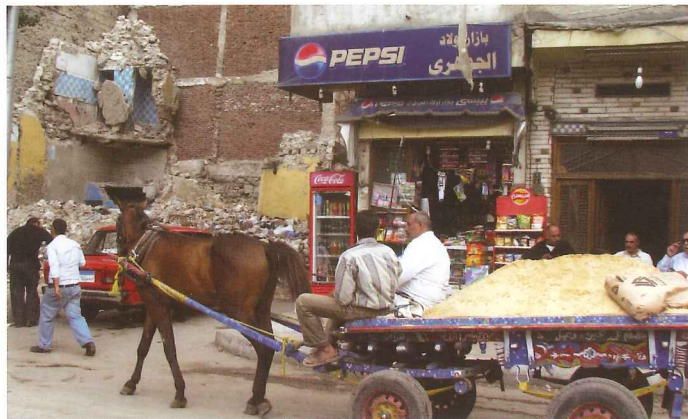
Une jeune fille menue et tout sourire s'est détachée de son groupe d'amies. « Where do you come from? », me lance-t-elle, hésitante, en articulant chaque syllabe. « Canada », lui dis-je spontanément. Elle rit, heureuse que je l'ai comprise. S'engage un dialogue où mon interlocutrice met en pratique ses connaissances rudimentaires de l'anglais. Je me laisse prendre au jeu. Deux ou trois de ses amies se joignent à nous et reprennent la même question. Je répète ma réponse et leur parle du froid et de la neige. L'une d'elles à qui je demande son âge me répond qu'elle a 11 ans. Elles s'enhardissent et, avec leurs téléphones intelligents, veulent se faire photographier à mes côtés. L'attroupement grossit à vue d'œil. Bientôt je suis entourée d'une nuée piaillante d'adolescentes qui trompent la grisaille de leur jour de congé en parlant avec une étrangère.

Leurs yeux rieurs et mines réjouies trahissent leur plaisir et me font oublier que toutes sont voilées. Leurs foulards détonnent avec les pantalons ou jeans porté par la plupart, une tenue pour moi révélatrice de leur appartenance simultanée à l'Islam et à l'Occident. Deux mondes qui les réclament. Le premier leur est imposé, elles ne peuvent résister au second. Mon écoute leur prouvera, j'espère, qu'elles peuvent avoir accès à celui qui les fait rêver.

Le tableau idyllique du Fort Quaitbey se profilant, isolé, sur fond de mer turquoise à une extrémité du port, maintenant a disparu de l'horizon. Nous naviguons dans le populeux quartier Karmous au sud-ouest de la ville. Un choc culturel imprévu nous y attend. Le long de la chaussée éventrée, des détritiques accumulés forment un chapelet sans fin qui rétrécit encore davantage le passage. Des boutiques en tout genre se succèdent

en arrière plan. Des hommes, femmes et enfants, circulent, stoïques, dans une cohue pour nous agressive. Subitement, Buló donne un coup de volant pour ne pas écraser les moutons allongés paisiblement en bordure du trottoir, les chiches-kébabs de demain, dit-il en plaisantant.

Dans le brouhaha des rues les visages sont blêmes, les sourires rares. Certains lèvent la tête en nous apercevant. Je devine une lueur d'envie dans leur regard, condamnés qu'ils sont à vivre, plutôt à survivre, dans la saleté et la poussière qui emplissent l'air. La richesse et l'essor économique apportés au XIX^e siècle par Mohammed Ali, le Père de l'Égypte moderne dont nous venons de voir la statue équestre, semblent effacés depuis longtemps.



Une scène de rue (charette attelée à un poney)

Il y a une heure à peine, nous prenions nos aises sur notre bateau de croisière, oasis de calme et de confort où je déambule d'un pont à l'autre. Partout des fauteuils moelleux m'invitent au farniente. Les longs couloirs qui mènent à notre « stateroom » sont toujours silencieux si ce n'est des rires amusés d'autres passagers que je croise au hasard, ou des salutations courtoises lancées par les membres d'équipage : « Good morning, madam! ». Nos dîners copieux et délicieux sont suivis d'une marche de santé sur le pont Promenade. Après quoi je me réfugie dans le cocon douillet de notre cabine. Par la fenêtre panoramique, je contemple la Grande Bleue avec l'impression d'être seule sur le mastodonte flottant.

Me voici replongée dans le tiers-monde africain. J'en avais oublié le malaise qu'il a toujours provoqué en moi. Naïvement, vu son histoire illustre, je croyais l'Égypte à l'abri de telles difficultés. Les statistiques me confirmeront la pénible condition de sa population. Quarante pour cent sont analphabètes et leur revenu quotidien moyen est de moins de deux dollars. Où puisent-ils leur espoir? Ils ne peuvent même pas se saouler pour oublier. Pour la plupart, leur religion interdit la consommation d'alcool.

Je me faisais une fête de notre escale tout en sachant qu'aucun chef d'œuvre n'a survécu, même en ruines, de la période faste qui a vu l'érection de la célèbre bibliothèque et du phare, une des sept merveilles du monde d'alors. Mais où se cache la métropole qui attirait une élite de lettrés et commerçants étrangers au siècle dernier? La révolution et le nationalisme des

années mille neuf cent cinquante amenés par Nasser ont-ils tout emporté? Je m'attendais à retrouver une trace de la gloire d'autrefois. Que, riche de son passé, cette agglomération de quatre millions d'habitants se présente comme une vieille dame ridée dont on peut deviner la beauté disparue dans son port de tête qui ne dément pas, dans sa façon de sourire en se penchant vers vous. Je découvre un fantôme dénudé et sans âme.

Sous nos yeux, chacun vaque à son affaire dans le quartier Karmous. Empiler des galettes de pain dans un plateau déposé à même le sol. Fumer le narghilé à la devanture d'un café. Souder des pièces de métal. Vendre des fruits et légumes à un étal. Pour la plupart, les acteurs de cette tranche de réalité sont calmes et silencieux. Chacun occupe son espace. Même les figurants, assis sur des chaises de bois fatiguées posées à même le trottoir, immobiles, le regard perdu dans un autre ailleurs.

Nous empruntons des ruelles où le commerce des pièces d'automobile semble l'activité principale. Des ailerons ternes et poussiéreux rangés les uns derrière les autres, des pneus, des calandres rouillées, puis l'avant complet d'une Mercedes et sa grille distinctive. Le choix de carrosseries se renouvelle dans un amoncellement de formes et de couleurs, entrecoupé par des ateliers de réparation où s'affairent des mécaniciens aux mains noires de cambouis.

D'instinct je voudrais capter le tout avec mon appareil photo. D'instinct je m'y refuse. Chacun pour soi, nous gravons mentalement ces scènes plus vraies que la vie. Nous enfilons les rues les unes après les autres. Des artères plus larges se révèlent tout aussi congestionnées, les façades aussi délabrées. L'indigence s'affiche partout.

La foule bigarrée s'infiltré entre les véhicules, les étals des petits marchands, les tas de pierres et de madriers de constructions en cours. Cette marée humaine proprement vêtue ne compte ni écolopés ni mendiants. Les femmes, et même les très jeunes filles, portent toutes le foulard, une coiffure souvent complétée par un maquillage accentué et un jeans ajusté. Je me demande quelle est la part de croyance religieuse et celle du diktat des autorités dans leur tenue. Aucune d'entre elles ne semble échapper à l'une ou l'autre influence. Les Frères musulmans y seraient-ils pour quelque chose, eux qui favorisent l'intégrisme musulman et dont Alexandrie est le bastion? Dans un pays qui vit sous la règle de l'état d'urgence depuis l'arrivée au pouvoir de l'actuel



Le Cecil Hotel

président, en 1981, il vaut mieux rentrer dans le rang. Tout en profitant de ce qui est toléré.

Bulo, toujours souriant et empressé, nous amène visiter le site des catacombes, puis un théâtre romain, et la colonne dite de Pompée. Ces vestiges intéressants ne parviennent pas à me faire oublier la saleté et la pauvreté qui les enveloppent. Bulo, lui, en est-il conscient ou, résigné, il ne les voit plus? Que cache-t-il derrière sa bonne humeur? L'accablement que je ressens est tel que, la gorge sèche, j'oublie qu'il y a une bouteille d'eau dans notre sac de voyage. Le soleil timide qui a fait son apparition depuis un moment nous ménage une température bienveillante. En saison chaude, nous serions ici dans une fournaise ardente.

Quel soulagement lorsque notre taxi débouche sur la Corniche en bordure de mer. Enfin de l'espace et de la lumière. Ici au moins, nous pourrions respirer en retrouvant cette élégante avenue dont mes amis, Égyptiens francophiles qui ont quitté Alexandrie il y a plus de 40 ans, m'ont souvent parlé avec nostalgie.

En forme de croissant, la Corniche majestueuse aligne immeubles résidentiels et hôtels de prestige pour se refermer sur les eaux du port à chacune de ses extrémités. Là s'arrête l'image reçue. Ce qu'il en reste est un pâle reflet d'un temps révolu. La silhouette gracieuse des édifices est défigurée par des marques de négligence et autres cicatrices gênantes. Les couleurs du stuc sont salies et affadies. Tout est décrépit, comme un décor de théâtre laissé à l'abandon. Je repense à mes amis. Dans ce pèlerinage au lieu de leurs racines, c'est avec leurs yeux que j'enregistre l'atmosphère étouffante, l'enchevêtrement de bus, de voitures et de piétons qui se disputent le passage dans une escalade de décibels. Bien à contrecœur, je devrai leur avouer que l'Alexandrie de leurs souvenirs n'existe plus.

Sur l'esplanade de la Bibliotheca Alexandrina, à l'est de la Corniche, nous franchissons une frontière invisible au-delà de laquelle nous accédons à un monde sophistiqué et savant. Inaugurée en 2002, après des travaux de 17 ans, l'imposante construction nous surprend par son architecture évocatrice du disque solaire se levant sur la Méditerranée. Les lettres, pictogrammes et hiéroglyphes gravés dans les blocs de sa façade proclament sa mission de phare de la connaissance universelle, à l'image de son ancêtre. Alexandrie renoue ici magnifiquement avec son illustre passé. Les vastes salles de lecture bien achalandées baignent dans la lumière du jour. Ce temple pourra stocker huit millions d'ouvrages dans toutes les langues en plus de milliers de manuscrits précieux, sans parler des musées d'art et d'antiquités qui y sont logés, un centre culturel et un cinéma IMAX. Est-ce l'étincelle qui entraînera une renaissance, le retour du foisonnement des idées de jadis? Je le souhaite ardemment tout en pensant que Bulo n'y mettra probablement jamais les pieds. Mais, ses enfants?

Cette visite met un baume sur mes attentes déçues. Peut-être y a-t-il d'autres merveilles à découvrir? Le Musée gréco-romain est fermé depuis longtemps déjà pour cause de travaux. Tant pis. Nous irons prendre le thé au Cecil Hotel où se rassemblait l'élite intellectuelle avant la révolution des années cinquante. Inspiré par le poète Cavafy, son contemporain, Lawrence Durrell y a

cadré des personnages de son roman *Le quatuor d'Alexandrie*. Là au moins, nous échapperons à la foule dans un décor sans doute évocateur des personnages hauts en couleur qui y ont abrité leurs conversations enfiévrées.

Le mythique hôtel se dresse toujours fièrement à la même adresse. L'un des rares immeubles bien entretenus de la Corniche, sa masse blanche se détache dans le paysage environnant. Mais, nous déchantons rapidement. Le salon de l'entrée se révèle tristounet avec ses hauts plafonds et son sol dallé de marbre. Assis sur de banales chaises droites en bois verni, nous y prenons le thé, servis gentiment mais sans aucun décorum. Où sont les fastes d'antan? J'ai l'impression de me retrouver dans un hall de gare désert.



Bulo avec Gilles Gingras

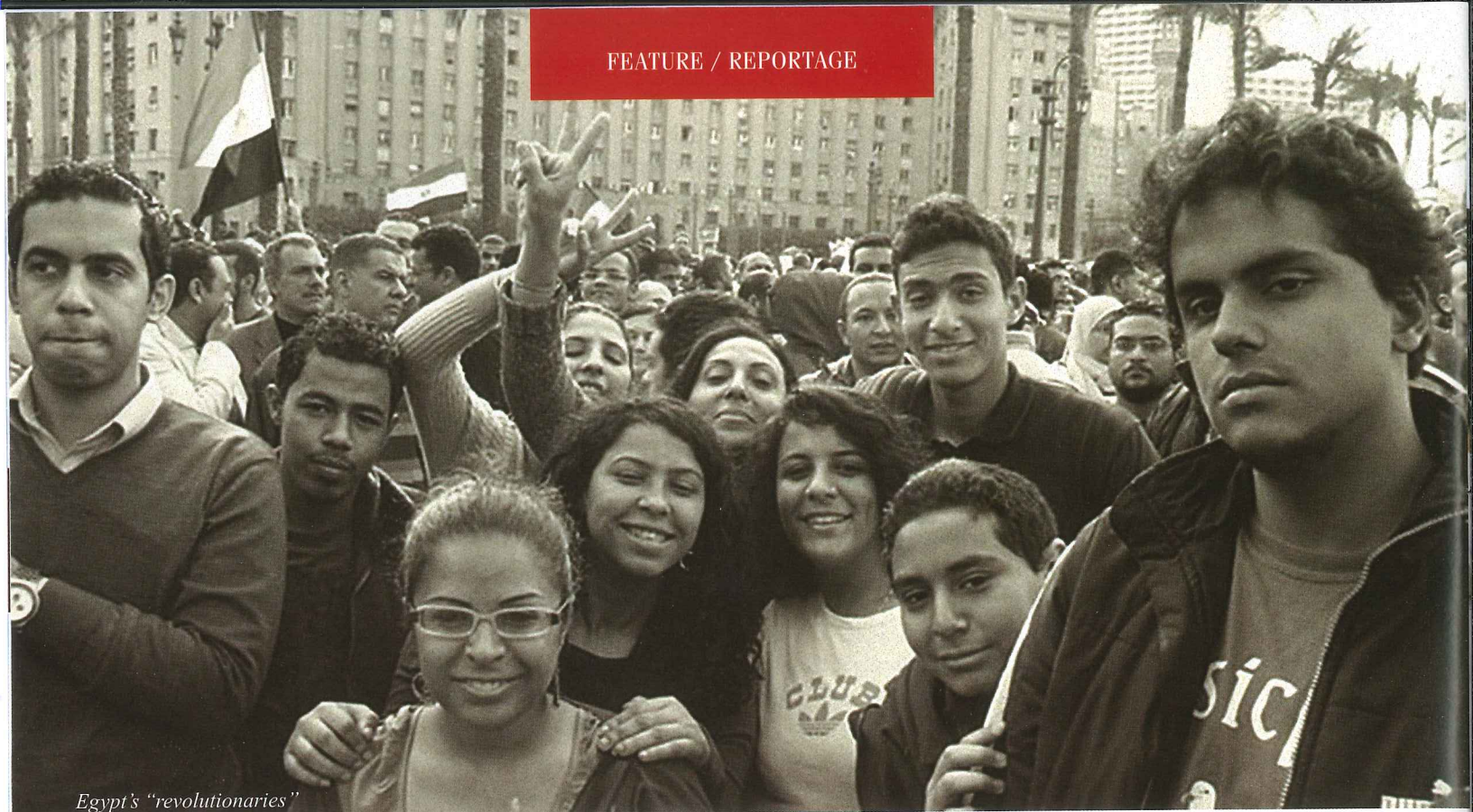
En fin d'après-midi, gavés d'émotions et d'images, nous prenons congé de Bulo. Il a amplement mérité le bakchich espéré. Je me demande avec combien de personnes il devra partager sa rétribution. Et demain, que gagnera-t-il?

Nos échanges limités à l'essentiel ne m'ont pas permis de savoir ce qu'il connaît de l'histoire d'Alexandrie, du brassage culturel qui s'y est vécu. Mesure-t-il la richesse de son patrimoine autrement que par le nombre de touristes qui se pressent d'un site à l'autre? S'est-il jamais aventuré à visiter les catacombes? Serait-il aussi impressionné que nous par le raccourci historique des chambres funéraires où, entre autres éléments, des colonnes grecques, une porte de facture pharaonique et des sarcophages décorés à la romaine se voient dans un collage singulier? S'arrêterait-il à l'idée que les nations, autant que les individus, ne sont pas immortelles? Quelle question! Le temps lui manque. Chaque jour, il doit d'abord s'inquiéter du lendemain. Mais pourquoi lui, et pas moi?

Ma dernière photo à Alexandrie. Bulo prend la pose aux côtés de mes trois compagnons. Puis, nous échangeons des poignées de mains, des « shokran » bien sentis. Encore un signe amical et je lui tourne le dos, confuse de le laisser là, planté à côté de son taxi déglingué, troublée par l'ampleur des mondes qui nous séparent.

Tandis que je rédige ces notes, le visage de Bulo s'impose. Me restent en mémoire, son sourire édenté, ses joues rondes, ses yeux verts comme la mer derrière ses lunettes fumées. Sa chaleur. Sa gentillesse. Sa dignité. ☺

Suzanne Beaulieu-Gingras a occupé des postes de cadre supérieur au Bureau du Vérificateur général du Canada et au Centre de recherches pour le développement international (CRDI), à Ottawa. À Paris, elle a œuvré à l'ACCT, dorénavant l'Organisation internationale de la Francophonie. Elle fut un membre actif de l'Association de la communauté du Service extérieur et a accompagné son mari, Gilles Gingras, à Abidjan, Paris, Washington et Oslo.



Egypt's "revolutionaries"

Eyewitness to Revolution:

Egypt's Secular NGO Movement Leads the Way

story by Michel de Salaberry, photos by Ali Abou el Ela

Editor's Note: Our former Ambassador to Egypt (Iran and Jordan), Michel de Salaberry, was an eyewitness to Egypt's "revolution". Now working with a modest NGO in Cairo, he long ago sensed the rising frustration of ordinary Egyptians alienated by a succession of authoritarian governments that treated them as subjects, not citizens. The thirst for democracy was palpable, but he didn't think he would see fundamental change so soon. On February 2 he wrote his impressions as if he were once again at his desk preparing another notable diplomatic report. On February 6 he added a Prologue and a Postscript putting rapidly evolving events in context. **bout** is very pleased to bring you Michel's perspective, written from the edge of Tahrir Square itself.

February 6, 2011

Prologue

What was I doing in Cairo amidst the turmoil? Like others, I have spent most of my professional life observing, mixing with and indeed trying to assist (on Canada's behalf), those who strive to bring some justice and peace to the fascinating, beautiful, and frustrating Middle East. Before retiring in 2004 I concluded that there would be no broad political solution to the various dramatic issues dividing it. Others would take up that policy challenge,

and God's grace be with them. Nonetheless, I wanted to remain involved with the people and cultures I love. I decided to focus on the micro, on individuals and help with situations like those of working kids and of students in neglected government schools, or at least a handful of them.

After a last posting in Cairo it was easy to blend into life there for a few months every year (except in 2009 which I spent in Tehran). My pretext was to re-join a small NGO that had received modest funding from the Embassy's local initiatives fund in 2002 and to which I had devoted a lot of free time. My Egyptian stays happen to coincide with Ottawa winters.

Friends loaned me the use of a nice small apartment on top of what had been the tallest building in Egypt. It was built by Mussolini, right downtown, to house Italian Consulate services when "Mare Nostrum" was at the centre Italian foreign policy. The common areas are almost derelict but the elevator to the eighth floor normally functions, and there are only two other floors to walk up. From that perch, there is a bedroom view of the faraway Citadel in the East. Through a kitchen window and recently erected billboards to the West lies a view of the Nile. Stepping onto the roof there is a partial view of Tahrir square 350 metres away (the heart of the Arab world), and of the October 6th bridge (where the key battles of the January 25 uprising would take place).

Twice a week I enjoy the liveliness of subway and microbus trips to reach the NGO on outskirts of the city. Opening an Arab language textbook inevitably launches a conversation with the passenger in the next seat. And for years now, on another evening of week, closer to the city centre, I attend discussions with 15–30 youngsters. They want to know what's going on and what one can do about it (in Arabic with the help of a volunteer interpreter).

I have had a privileged seat to witness and participate in the developing movement of Egyptian youth and their voluntary organizations. The movement does not have a political agenda, only ideals, shared objectives and determination in pursuing them. Organizationally, it is a step behind the non-religious political parties that have a convoluted history of agendas despite their weakness. It is much smaller and weaker than the Muslim Brotherhood, especially in scattered provincial cities. It is a third force.

Almost everyone I know was engaged in the conquest of Tahrir square on January 25. Outside my building state security forces and demonstrators took and lost ground, erected and dismantled barriers, and suffered as teargas wafted up to the roof. Before the media reported it, I heard the thunderous cheer of the hundreds below greeting and surrounding the first military vehicle to appear on the scene. The diplomat who never expected to see real change watched as demonstrators stood their ground and took control of Tahrir Square.

Cairo, February 2, 2011

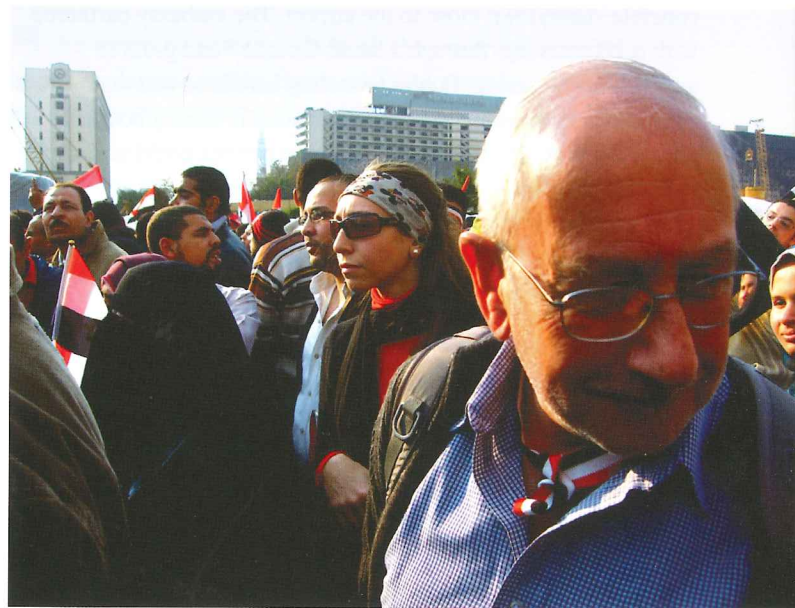
Just back from a stroll on the Square. These are moments that only occur once or twice in a lifetime. I have been privileged to see another resurrection of a people believed dead, the first was in witnessing the huge demonstrations in Tehran a year and a half ago. It seems the outcome here will be different, but Tehran may not yet be over...

What is the mood, what do we see?

✌ It's a moment of grace, the memory of which will need to last through the tough challenges ahead. The vicious street battles are apparently over, confidence is now pervasive, but there is still enough tension and uncertainty to keep the huge crowds together.

✌ The moment is to be savoured: in the square there were all varieties of veiled women and bare-headed ones, from 7–77 years old; bearded brotherhood types with prayer marks on the foreheads and official, state-employed imams with their red and white tarboushes; probably no more youths than in the country as a whole at this stage of the movement; and probably more of the really poor than in the modest middle-class make up of demonstrations last Friday. There were the pervasive smells of the unwashed, but some elegantly, casually dressed people too. Many carried small hand-written signs ("Mubarak f..off", "We are Egyptians, not politicians"), often in mostly poor English, French, even German. Many had national colours painted on their faces, or carried flags... there was a tangible sense of community, of oneness.

✌ It is organized: convivially, as the crowds moved in, there were the good natured twin identity checks of soldiers first, often smiling, and then of the organizers. The latter patted one down for weapons. Seeing a foreigner, they said "welcome". The square is much cleaner than the surrounding streets; organizers were picking up rubbish and carrying bags of it outside. In the evenings they provided tents to ward off the cold. Secular NGO contacts seemed to have registered in their cell phones the numbers of key vigilantes protecting many city neighbourhoods from the pillaging thugs of security police and criminal origin; these vigilante committees emerged only hours after the initial looting, area by area. In the several areas I went through (from the city centre to Heliopolis) they are of secular, not religious appearance. They had the same appearance in Nasser City; maybe not in poorer areas.



Michel at Tahrir Square

It's about dignity

✌ A student said it best as he stood with me on the roof of our building. We watched the nervous assembly on the square below, it was curfew time on Saturday afternoon. Half in Arabic and in English he said: "there is only one Egypt now, not the powerful and the weak, not the rich and the poor, not the religious and the non-religious: we are all one now". He lives in one of those modest constructions on top of city-centre buildings. He is not blind to inequality. This is not about economic or social grievances, it is about citizenship. And this is why, for now, the hundred thousand people in the square are together, as Egyptians not politicians, as the sign said.

✌ He also articulated what seems to be a shared understanding of the more secular sections of the population. "When we are free, we will become richer and we will build our country".

✌ And this is today's generation's single chance at citizenship.



Greeting a new day

A long, tenacious education on rights via NGOs and the internet takes to the streets

✌ The NGO I know best is the Shehab Community Centre, in a concrete shantytown close to the airport. The embassy partnered with it 10 years ago through a small Canada Fund grant to support kids' learning. Public schooling here is so bad that private tuition expenses are the single biggest item in family budgets; the Centre attempted to help out kids whose parents could not afford it. It was then made up of half a dozen volunteers.

✌ Through the shoals of government control and the versatility of foreign donors' funding, it managed to stay on course with assistance and development based on rights. On women's issues it has gone from income-providing embroidery (belly dancers' costumes, a lucrative product!) to a rights campaign that now enrolls 600 char ladies from the community who work in richer Nasser City next door and who are at considerable risk of abuse. It has a staff of 59 people involved in everything from the right to water and garbage removal and other government services, to the struggle to obtain birth certificates for women who were never registered. In education, it now has a partnership with the only local government school and reaches out to the teachers, parents and some 4,000 students. The theme of rights runs through all programmes.

✌ Shehab is one of tens of similar organizations that gradually linked up for mutual support and reinforcement. Twenty or more NGOs regularly come to the Centre when its turn comes to host seminars. The energy and creativity are Egyptian, but a substantial share of resources come from foreign donors. Canada can take a bow.

✌ The Centre is the only secular NGO in a township of at least 150,000 where all others cater to their respective Muslim and Christian clienteles. It carefully stays away from overtly political stands but was originally rooted in the tiny Tagamo (Labour) Party.

✌ Shehab also hosts a discussion group where 20–30 young NGO workers from across Cairo look at topical issues that they select. A striking feature is the level of internet literacy of these young Egyptians, stimulated by the scarcity of alternative resources and the heaviness of social and governmental controls. They know what is happening abroad and they have mastered the communication skills required to access and share information.

Recently some of the women have chosen to take off their veils; at the same time the view that the country has overinvested in religion is no longer scandalous. Discussions and opinions once closeted in NGOs and the internet are now moving to the street.

Secular networks seize the day and set the agenda – thus far

✌ The secular networks emerging from the NGO movement in the last six days are significant, though not on a scale that could compare with the Muslim Brotherhood. I saw parts of phone banks in operation in Tahrir Square to keep a minimal presence during the night, draw a maximum in the afternoon and ration resources. An organizer who came for a break was in telephone contact with the activists on the street below.

✌ More than once this network put together welcoming crowds of several hundreds or thousands for the Nobel Peace Prize winning head of the International Atomic Energy Agency, Mohamed El Baradei. He came home to spearhead a campaign for constitutional reform. Egyptians were proud of him. It was thought his international status would make him safe from the lightning destruction of previous significant challengers. Though he is about as charismatic as Stéphane Dion speaking in English or Robert Stanfield in French, he got opposition political forces to cooperate, perhaps because he wasn't a threat to any. Something in the present state of Egyptian culture drew more than respectable turnouts wherever Baradei appeared throughout the country, for Friday prayers at mosques and among the diaspora abroad.

✌ The 2005 parliamentary elections had two features: the fraud perpetrated against the Brotherhood in later tranches of constituency contests, and the recruitment by a consortium of NGOs of some 5,000 young observers covering close to the whole of the country. One felt their rage back then at what they were witnessing.

✌ Two self-evident observations can be made about the state of human rights in Egypt since then: that we continued to see no real progress throughout the political system as a whole (and perhaps even some regression as the government contemplated a new more restrictive law on NGOs), and that computer literate youth were increasingly restless and looking for something different. Youth involved in the secular NGO movement were not that interested in partisan politics, especially not the traditional issues of pan-Arab nationalism (though they shared deep shame over Egyptian cooperation in the Gaza blockade) and were increasingly disappointed by the lack of return on the investment in religion. They were outraged by acts of terrorism against the Copts, around Christmas 2010, as well as last month. On many of their Facebook pages this year a cross and a crescent appeared instead of a photograph.

✌ The most significant opening of recent years has been the emergence of free dailies, themselves a kind of outgrowth of the NGO movement. The first, the brilliantly successful *Al Masri Al Yom*, achieved the largest circulation of any in the country.

It was created by the co-president of the Egyptian Organization for Human Rights, Hisham Kassem. It was financed by the Coptic Sawiris family, anchoring its interest in the rights of minorities. It was joined by the almost as successful Al Dustour. In tandem with the denizens of the internet, their readers were learning a new secular rights oriented language.

✌ Tunisia proved to be the determining factor. The internet call on January 25 to go down to the street met with much more success than NGO contacts themselves expected. They were prepared to call it a success if they mobilized a few hundred more than they had been able to rally on similar occasions; in hindsight the chemistry was ready for real reaction.

✌ It seems the internet call very successfully tapped into the memberships of the city's two largest sports clubs, Ahli and Zamalek.

✌ Precisely because the initial turnout was beyond NGO expectations, the ability to seize the opportunity once it presented itself was proof of their organizational growth.

The secular and religious factions in the opposition, and what we may expect of them

✌ Despite one or two strong figures such as Ayman Noor or the morally authoritative Osama Ghazali Harb, the leaders of traditional secular political parties, new and old, failed to impress Egypt's citizenry. It was partly because citizens have lost confidence in the system. It is also because the middle-class secular audience (their most likely initial target) is fundamentally ambivalent: they turn back to the comfort of authoritarianism whenever the Islamists seemed to be gaining control.

✌ By far the largest and best-organized Islamist group is the Muslim Brotherhood (MB). It is now nested in most labour and professional unions. It has a network of medical doctors and welfare centres attending the needy. Although devoted to a somewhat rigid and unsophisticated practice of popular Islam, the MB is not a monolithic ideological block. It has its modernizers and its traditionalists; many seem interested in democratic competition and cooperation, and many others seem to live in a largely separate world. On the religious right the MB has to compete against the more recent, small but growing attraction of Salafism which advocates exclusive dedication to Islam and rejects the appeal of social or political involvement. To its left, the MB faces growing boredom with religious commitment that, after having won over most social institutions, no longer excites or offers anything new to many Egyptians.

✌ Not so much as a considered political judgment but rather as a way of relating to society, the younger NGO constellation seems vaccinated against the attraction of the traditional secular or Islamist camps. If they considered voting in the past, they might support one of them but the formal rigidity of a political framework and a hierarchy repels them. In this, their values are not unlike

those held by youth in the West: they value association and action as long as they are free to choose their specific form of commitment, from helping street children to advocating privacy rights.

✌ Baradei is attempting to federate three social and political universes – secular, Islamist and post-traditional. They came together with impressive effectiveness during the last week but are unlikely to be amenable to permanent fusion. The traditional parties are factional and demographically light; the MB is big but heavy to move; the NGO movement has broad but shifting appeal among youth in this nation with its very young population. Their common success is a down payment on future cooperation, although they seem temperamentally unsuited to maintaining such cooperation for very long. It will be critical that they remain convinced of their achievement and they have taken ownership of their freedom, not as some temporary concession from a Pharaoh or his army.

✌ The great achievement of the NGO constellation is that it has defined the agenda, to which the traditional political parties and the MB have rallied. It will have difficulty maintaining its lead over the more traditional secular and religious parties, but then these others had pretty well exhausted their own creativity.

February 6, 2011

Postscript

Three friends of friends were killed last Wednesday night (among the 25–30 deaths and 5,000 wounded around Tahrir) as armed regime thugs attempted a massacre. Exhausted secularists had been succeeded or replaced to a great extent by the MB, who had been late in joining. Because of the heavy MB presence at this decisive moment, the high price the Brotherhood paid in deaths and casualties, and its contribution to the critical maintenance of the square in democrats' control, secular friends now speak of the Brothers as heroes.

Am I as confident as I was, and hopeful for the secular NGO movement? Was what I saw an Egyptian political Woodstock? NO! But my political studies master John Meisel would say that political parties are essential and perhaps it is inevitable that they will come to occupy the political space opened by the NGOs if the NGOs don't occupy the space themselves. Secular friends respond that only their being scattered allowed them to escape repression, that the clarity of their demands and their determination insure some kind of supervision of the coming process, and that they never intended to "become politicians".

It is too early to tell how this revolution will turn out, but it is very clear that without the NGO movement the regime would still be in place and the revolution would not have had and will not have the vigour and vitality that will determine its success.

I also watch my beloved Iran, where the contest will not be peaceful. ☹

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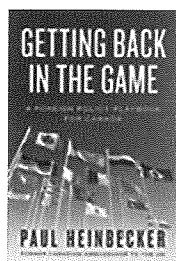
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Getting Back in the Game: A Foreign Policy Playbook for Canada

Reviewed by Paul Meyer

GETTING BACK IN THE GAME: A FOREIGN POLICY PLAYBOOK FOR CANADA, by Paul Heinbecker, Key Porter Books, 2010, 312 pp, \$34.95.

Paul Meyer retired last year from DFAIT after a 35-year career in Canada's Foreign Service. He is currently a Fellow in International Security at Simon Fraser University's Centre for Dialogue and a Senior Fellow at the Simons Foundation in Vancouver.



It is said that a diplomat is a professional optimist. If there is one salient characteristic in Paul Heinbecker's refreshing assessment of Canada's foreign policy past and present, it is optimism.

His analysis radiates an essential optimism about the capacity of Canada and Canadians and about the potential of this country to make a positive difference on the international scene. Not for Heinbecker, the "pinched vision and curtailed ambition" that has prevented this country from engaging abroad in a manner commensurate with its assets and traditions. Nor is he interested in seeing a foreign policy of pandering to domestic groups which does not consider the implications for Canada's reputation and its dealing with real world problems. Heinbecker's book is a call to foreign policy action that should inspire both students and practitioners of Canadian diplomacy.

As a distinguished Canadian diplomat who has served under Prime Ministers from Pearson to Martin and who was foreign policy adviser to Brian Mulroney from 1989–92, Heinbecker brings vast experience and well-balanced judgment to bear in evaluating the foreign policy strengths and weaknesses of successive governments. He clearly approves of those Canadian leaders who had a belief in this country's role as a force for good in the world and an instinctive recognition that

international engagement promoted both our values and our interests. He is particularly insightful in dissecting our complex relationship with the United States and the need for Canada to sustain an independent foreign policy even as it navigates around the treacherous shoals of American exceptionalism. His chapter on "American National Security: the Quest for Invulnerability" is a perceptive account of how the exploitation of a mood of insecurity in the wake of 9/11 led to military adventures and the distortion of core American values at great cost to U.S. authority and reputation internationally. He views the advent of the Obama Administration as effecting a crucial correction to American foreign policy, but stresses the need for Canada and other friends "to support his (Obama's) efforts to return to the law-abiding, treaty respecting, international law-developing America of old".

Heinbecker has little time for those critics of Canadian foreign relations who equate occasional policy disagreements with anti-Americanism, noting that "what is labelled in Canada as anti-Americanism is sometimes, in reality, pro-Canadianism". He suggests a potent symbiotic relationship between Canadian activism in the world and garnering respect in Washington. We gain stature and influence by doing, not by whining about our limitations on the sidelines. "A purposeful, independent foreign policy is a virtuous circle", Heinbecker concludes. Regardless of the political complexion of the administration of the day in Washington, this is sound guidance for Canada to follow in steering a true course in the swift currents of the bilateral relationship.

An independent foreign policy however cannot be had for nothing, or by free-loading off others. In reviewing some of the major foreign policy challenges for Canada of the last half century, Heinbecker stresses the importance of possessing a correct understanding of the global landscape and devising our own diplomatic strategies. In a globalized world, the well-being of Canadians

is increasingly a function of our capacity to accurately interpret international events and effectively intervene to influence outcomes. Heinbecker cites the bitter lessons of the Iraq war and the dishonest marketing campaign launched to sell it, to underscore the need for Canada to maintain its own assessment capability and not just rely on Washington or London to do our thinking for us.

The current management of Canada's foreign policy is clearly found wanting in Heinbecker's judgment. A government that appoints Foreign Ministers on an annual basis, that views foreign policy through a narrow and partisan domestic focus and seems "to equate 'declaring' with doing" is not likely to get Canada back "into the game" or restore our damaged reputation in the international arena. Although his book was written prior to last fall's rejection by the UN of Canada's bid for a seat on the Security Council, this outcome was prefigured in Heinbecker's critique of recent departures from well-founded Canadian foreign policy positions and the negative implications of these deviations for our image in UN circles. Relevant to this concern with our fading international standing, Heinbecker laments the demise of DFAIT's public diplomacy, a realm in which the U.S. outspends us by a ratio of 28:1. He decries the chronic underfunding of DFAIT and the current trend to "outsource" our functional diplomacy to domestic "line" departments. In his view, these tendencies undermine DFAIT's capacity to properly manage external relationships to the detriment of foreign policy coherence and effectiveness.

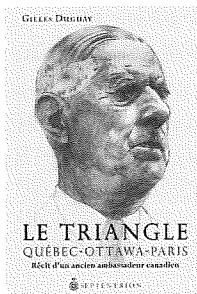
Ever the conscientious public servant, Heinbecker provides practical policy advice to overcome the challenges he identifies, from Afghanistan to global governance, arms control to climate change, he proposes the "plays" to get us back into the game. We can only hope that eventually the coach of Team Canada will heed his good counsel.

Le Triangle Québec-Ottawa-Paris

par Gilles Gingras

LE TRIANGLE QUÉBEC-OTTAWA-PARIS, par Gilles Duguay, Les éditions du Septentrion, 2010, 640 pp, 39.95 \$.

Gilles Gingras a œuvré à New York, Abidjan, Paris, Washington et Oslo. Chargé de cours en Organisations internationales à l'École de Politique appliquée de l'Université de Sherbrooke, il est aussi vice-président de l'Association canadienne pour les Nations Unies-Grand Montréal.



Gilles Duguay, diplomate de carrière, livre un ouvrage remarquable, peut-être inspiré par Churchill qui affirmait : « Plus vous saurez regarder loin dans le passé, plus vous verrez loin dans l'avenir ». Dans une savante fresque des événements importants de l'histoire de la diplomatie canadienne, il nous fait voyager de 1763 à aujourd'hui, en présence des acteurs qui occupent maintenant le « Triangle » : Charest, Harper, Sarkozy.

Par son récit rédigé d'une plume alerte, Duguay, à la fois fédéraliste convaincu et profondément Québécois, répond à trois questions identitaires d'actualité : d'où venons-nous, qui sommes-nous et où allons-nous?

D'où venons-nous? Il rappelle notamment que le Canada, après la Conquête, a accueilli durant la Révolution française des prêtres français exilés en Angleterre, tous monarchistes, donc favorables au gouvernement britannique. Aussi, lors des lois laïques (1880-1902), des religieux se sont réfugiés au Québec, déçus de ce qui se passait en France. La vision de ce clergé à la tête de nos institutions a laissé le champ libre aux Anglais pour « faire des affaires ». Il raconte aussi le rôle majeur joué, lors des retrouvailles franco-québécoises, au XIX^e siècle, par deux journalistes et diplomates en poste à Paris : le commissaire Hector Fabre initie le premier « Triangle » et l'occupe pendant

28 ans. Le commissaire Philippe Roy lui succède et y travaille pendant 20 ans.

Duguay s'intéresse beaucoup à Louis-Joseph Papineau, chef des patriotes de 1837, qu'il décrit comme : « une sorte de Prométhée canadien, captif d'une volonté de puissance conjuguée à une vie d'impuissance ». Il cite le Rapport Durham (1838) qui traite d'un peuple « sans histoire et sans littérature »; il rappelle l'opposition farouche de ce même peuple à l'Acte d'Union (1840); puis, conséquemment, de sa peur de disparaître, comme le souligne François-Xavier Garneau dans *L'Histoire du Canada* (1846).

Qui sommes-nous? Duguay couvre ensuite la période contemporaine. Il décrit

plus particulièrement l'émergence internationale du Québec « qui s'est réalisée sans pour autant mettre en cause l'unité canadienne ». Il décrit l'évolution du prolongement des compétences intérieures du Québec comme étant « l'une des plus grandes réussites de la Révolution tranquille ».

De nombreuses pages sont ainsi consacrées à la francophonie, aux étapes qui ont mené à la création de l'Agence de coopération culturelle et technique, et à l'existence de l'actuelle Organisation internationale de la francophonie (OIF). À son avis, l'OIF est devenue « une voie royale de développement et de solidarité, pour un très grand nombre de pays ». Son récit tend à donner raison au

Les « flammèches » de Gilles Duguay

Avocat, boursier Rhodes, Gilles Duguay a débuté sa carrière comme professeur au Zaïre et au Rwanda. Entré aux Affaires extérieures en 1967, il est nommé à Dakar, en Turquie, puis revient au Sénégal comme conseiller régional itinérant auprès de vingt-deux chefs d'État d'Afrique francophone. Il est ensuite adjoint administratif d'Allan E. Gotlieb, sous-ministre aux Affaires extérieures. Successivement ambassadeur au Cameroun, au Maroc, et en Roumanie, il a aussi été en poste à trois reprises à Paris, notamment sous Lucien Bouchard. Sa carrière s'est terminée à l'OACI où il a réussi la délicate mission de renégocier l'Accord de siège de 1945.

Dans *Le Triangle Québec-Ottawa-Paris* Duguay rend public certains incidents restés secrets jusqu'à ce jour, en particulier lorsque le Canada avait été exclu, en 1984, des préparatifs de la commémoration du 40^e anniversaire du débarquement allié du 6 juin 1944. Duguay rend aussi public un message de Mitterrand, en date du 20 septembre 1985, concernant la tenue du premier sommet de la francophonie à Versailles en 1986 : « Arrangez-vous d'abord pour que je puisse convoquer ce sommet, que ni de Gaulle, ni Pompidou, ni Giscard d'Estaing n'ont pu présider ». Ce sommet restera un moment clé dans l'histoire du « Triangle ».

Dans son ouvrage : *À visage découvert* (éditeur Boréal-1992), Lucien Bouchard attribue à Duguay la « brillante » idée du « Grand Prix de la Francophonie » ou « Nobel de la littérature française », administré par l'Académie française depuis sa création en 1986. Pour lancer ce prix, Duguay et Benoît Bouchard, ministre du Secrétariat d'État, avaient réussi à rassembler la rondelette somme de 400 000 \$, sans compter une somme importante obtenue du secteur privé. Alors détaché auprès du Secrétariat d'État, je fus personnellement témoin et complice de ces faits, non sans remarquer les « flammèches », émises par le ministère des Affaires extérieures court-circuité dans l'opération. Habituellement, les « flammèches », selon le mot de Lucien Bouchard au sujet de Duguay (op.cit), venaient de notre collègue lui-même qui n'en a jamais été à une initiative près.

mot de Pompidou : « la France a inventé la Francophonie pour le Québec ».

Entré aux Affaires extérieures en 1967, il connaît la plupart des récents acteurs du « Triangle ». En bon mémorialiste, il dresse le portrait de nombreux diplomates et fonctionnaires des dernières décennies. Pour le gouvernement canadien : Georges Vanier, Jean Désy, Jules Léger, Léo Cadieux, Michel de Goumois, Gérard Pelletier, Dupuy (père et fils), Bouchard (Benoît et Lucien), Raymond Chrétien et Claude Laverdure. Pour le gouvernement québécois : Jean Chapdelaine, Jean-Marc Léger, Claude Morin, Yves Michaud, Claude Roquet, Jean-Louis Roy, Wilfrid-Guy Licari et Louise Beaudoin. À son avis, Lucien Bouchard est l'« un des meilleurs ambassadeurs qu'Ottawa ait jamais nommé à Paris ». Il salue la détermination de Jean Charest « d'aller plus loin » que la doctrine Gérin-Lajoie pour tracer de nouvelles voies de « progrès dans l'engagement international du Québec ».

Où allons-nous? Tout en décrivant les nombreux affrontements du Québec avec Ottawa, Duguay demande : « l'unité nationale du Canada permet-elle à la nation québécoise de s'exprimer, dans le champ de ses compétences, sur la scène internationale »? Il répond en partie en affirmant que Jean Charest est « celui qui a le plus fait pour avancer la cause du Québec hors de ses frontières », en permettant à la « nation » québécoise de s'exprimer dans les champs de ses compétences, notamment en ayant « un diplomate québécois à l'ambassade du Canada à l'UNESCO », en invoquant le traité de l'UNESCO pour la protection de la diversité culturelle ainsi que l'accord de libre-échange avec l'Europe et la France. Il conclut que « le Québec et Ottawa peuvent travailler ensemble à la promotion internationale de leurs intérêts respectifs ».

Peu de diplomates canadiens de langue française se sont attaqués à remettre en perspective les événements politiques et historiques auxquels ils ont été associés. Duguay a vaillamment relevé ce défi.

P.S. Cet ouvrage est disponible en version numérique à www.septentrion.qc.ca et permet une recherche libre de mots. Partez à la découverte de l'ouvrage de cette façon, vous ne serez pas déçus. ☺

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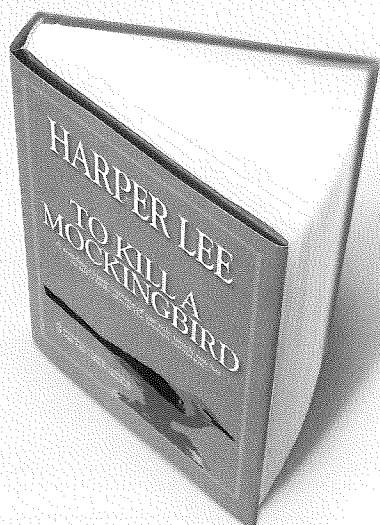
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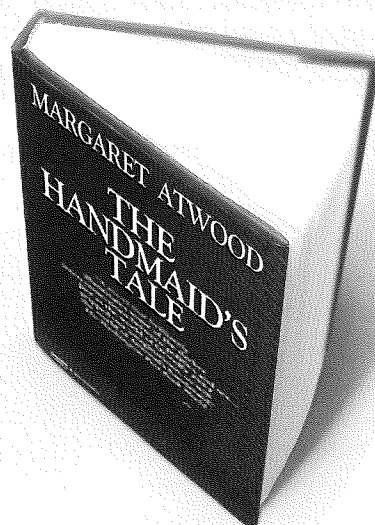


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Death and taxis

The inevitable Shamus Dikk investigation from A Aalto

Tuesday, ten in the morning. Our clients were late. Effie was looking for the weather forecast on our Markoni Mudcaster floor model, the one with the speaker grill like a pre-war Studebaker. Still a good radio, even if it does channel Mackenzie King. Effie wasn't having much luck – all he could find was talk shows and conspiracy rants. He spun the dial, skipping through the static from one station to another. It was like listening to a three-bottle tequila bender.

"I just want you to look at this picture of Elvis Presley, doing the Watusi with... >>>*BRZZAP*<<<...John Diefenbaker, at that time Opposition Leader and a man on the very edge of...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...an Icelandic volcano, where a man in full Mountie regalia was arrested today for failing to pronounce the mountain's name. He was released after identifying himself as...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...a krummhorn belonging to corpulent ex-dictator Don Gordo Beluga, last seen...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...performing a trapeze act high above the chorus line at the Folies Bergère in Paris. The act was inexplicably followed by an Al Jolson clone in blackface singing...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<..."I Am a Material Girl", dedicated to...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...Prime Minister Steffi de Lyre, who called on the Governor General last night to dissolve Parliament and immediately left the nation's capital for...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...Las Vegas,

where his mob has just taken over every casino in town, shouting "If I gotta roll the dice, it might as well be for money." He was joined there by...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...a Papuan aborigine carrying a large bag of shrunken heads, which were later confiscated by the police and forwarded to...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...Pope Benedict XVI. The Holy Father sent the thank-offering to the Vatican kitchens with instructions to prepare it with a Béchamel sauce and...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...mail it to Silvio Berlusconi, under investigation by Italian prosecutors for alleged improper relations with...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...the starting line-up of Real Madrid. Based on the results of recent games, Coach Mourinho announced, the team's owners were considering a switch to...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...synchronized boxing. The inaugural display in Mar del Plata, Argentina, was however interrupted by a woman dressed as a peacock, who announced in fractured Spanish that...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...the Bay is holding a giant sale on all discontinued musical items, including "Greatest Yodels of...">>>*BRZZAP*<<<...George W. Bush, a man to whom is sometimes attributed the phrase, "to the victor belong the...">>>*BRZZAP*<<<...towels. Also on sale is the extra-large size of Canada's top laundry detergent, which will turn your daintiest linens into...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...The Untouchables. Sean Connery is

superb as always and Kevin Costner provides a heartfelt performance as...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...80 kilos of spicy garlic sausage. The Agriculture Department yesterday gazetted a regulation that all such contraband would either be incinerated or fed to...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...a paisley armadillo. A biker with just such a mask was sighted on a Harley near El Guapo, Mexico, wearing a red motorcycle jacket with "Born to Pun" cut into the back. In other news, Interpol announced that escaped mega-villain Rialto Sleazewagon had been recaptured in Dhaka while...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...presenting first prize in the annual "World's least sincere moustache" competition to...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...a man in SCUBA gear juggling tropical fish in an Amazonian-themed water park in Sarasota, Florida. Led away by concerned ichthyologists, four piranhas clamped to his backside, the man turned out to be...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...UN Secretary General Ban Ki-Moon, who convened an emergency General Assembly session this morning to announce that...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...the weather is likely to stay sunny through Thursday, with a probability of thick fog in low-lying...>>>*BRZZAP*<<<...philosophy departments obsessed with deconstructionist semantics."

"Well," said Effie, "at least the UN came through with the weather. I think."

My brain was still on spin cycle. I heard a cough. D Essex Mackinaw, the world's dustiest lawyer, was standing by the window, peering intently at the park across the street. An ornamental pond suddenly dried up. Frogs croaked. He tapped a few more keys on his iPrune and said, "I believe that all the necessary persons are now present."

I sat down at the head of the table. "You know why we're here. A killer is loose and the agency was hired by the victim's lawyers to investigate. We've been working on pieces of the puzzle, but I'm going to ask Lieutenant Tennant to make sure we all see the picture on the lid." I nodded to Lou, who said, "Normally, the force wouldn't cooperate with a shamus, but the suspects are all fruitbats – and you guys have a specialized reputation..."

"Anyway, what we had was Waxby Chillbone, as close to death's door as you can get without tripping over the mat. Everyone knew he was going to die soon. He was worth billions, all his heirs had to do was wait. But one of them got greedy. And impatient. And killed the old man just before midnight on New Year's Eve last year. Walked into his room and pulled out the tubes that were keeping him alive. But left in the brain monitor, which recorded the time of death."

Hairy Harry January piped up. "So someone is afraid the old geezer changes his will at the last second?" "No," said Mackinaw. "He was too far gone for that, barely conscious most of the time. No judge would have considered him of sound mind. The problem was something else. Under the laws in effect for calendar 2010, inheritance tax in this province was zero, a one-year fluke in the system left over from the previous administration. From January 1, it has gone back to the usual 55%."

The radio in the next room spoke up in a prim, fussy voice, "The promises of yesterday are the taxes of today." I shrugged and said, "Great, Mr. King." The radio replied, "My greatest service is in the many unwise steps I prevent."

Lou raised an eyebrow. "So the five heirs had a chunky reason to hope the old man didn't live to sing 'Auld Lang Syne' again. Each one was in the house at the time and

there is no hard evidence, no weapon and no inconsistent DNA or prints. Plus all of them vanished that same night. I'm betting on a conspiracy involving the whole bunch, chaos to camouflage the actual killer. But I'm damned if I know where to look."

He looked to me. I said, "We hit the streets hard, Lou. Five taxis came to the Chillbone house for pick-ups between midnight and one. Here is a black-and-white from a security camera across the street, showing the cabs lined up east to west in front of the mansion. Except for one car, the numbers don't show up, but we found out two more of them. Harry, Easy, Effie, fill us in."

Hairy Harry started off. "I find cab #1845, the checker model at the west end in the photo, in a rundown part of Hackenbush, engine gone. New Age types already fill it with dirt and plant some funny-looking weeds – of the oregano family, you know what I mean? But I also find three large, half-burnt corks in the glove compartment, which I am thinking is some kind of clue."

Easy Lee Suede tipped a leather hat and adjusted his denim jacket. "The taxi I was chasin' turned up at some freakin' gallery in Pocahontas Falls. The artist dude told me his girlfriend, name of Carmen Obligatta, brought him the cab late that night and told him to get it wrecked, but instead he got wrecked himself and decided to turn it into a statue. Using, like, sledgehammers and a flame-thrower. All I can tell you, man, is the car was originally black. And the dude picked up some scraps of red leather from the back seat before he got down to work. Oh yeah. And I was casing a bar near the Chillbone place when I met this midnight rambler, y'know, a guy that takes walks after dark. And he, like, swears the cabs at both ends of the row had odd numbers, but he can't remember which ones."

Effie chimed in, "I ID'ed the woman getting into the silver cab at the east end of the row in the picture. Her name is Terpsichore Friml. And I tracked down the driver of one of the other taxis. In hospital with heavy bruises and a fractured memory. He says he was driving a yellow cab numbered 7764 and he knew the guy who got into the cab west of his as Trash Tempura, the retro-metal anime-rock star.

He also says that the first cab to his east had a number that was the exact average of the numbers of the cars on either side of that cab, one of which was red. But the driver in hospital, twenty minutes after he dropped his fare at the airport, he was taking a leak at an all-night garage when the cab blew up. That's all he knows."

Hairy Harry spoke up. "As a tip, that is not so generous. But I have more to say. After I find the checker, I go back to the pawn shop. Some kid brings in a DVD of a movie called *Rose-Marie*, an oldie about this singer who falls for a cop. I am not so interested, until he mentions he finds it in a deserted cab in Ptomaine Row. So I hop in my Stutz and we floor it. No big surprise, it being that kind of neighbourhood, the cab is by now somewhat missing. I am leaning on the kid just a little to make sure he does not just make the story up when I am suddenly surrounded on all sides by his gang, not one over four-foot-high or seven years old. Anyway, we make peace and they back the kid's play. One shows me a calling card the passenger drops when he gets out of the cab. Name of McIgor Suitlace."

Lou Tennant grunted, "What kind of dope drops a calling card while fleeing a murder scene?" Mackinaw replied, "Oh, any of the five are quite capable of such an error. Waxby was a very clever man himself, but no judge of others. The four names you have unearthed are indeed four of our suspects – the fifth is Rudolph Regenshirm, a bit of a drip."

The lieutenant continued, "I have some information to offer too, from our tipsters. A pair of taxis were seen leaving the scene at about the right time, with numbers 5540 and 9817. We figure they were the last two cabs on the east end. The other tip is from a couple of winos, who dosed in the same taxis, which they found behind a rutabaga factory in Outer Innertz. The cars were gone the next day, but the winos had souvenirs – iridescent blue-green feathers smelling of a woman's perfume from one and blank PADI and NAUI cards from the other."

No-one had anything to add. I said, "Well, if Effie will read back his notes, I think we can probably work out who was in which car and left what clues." Effie looked down in panic at the scrawl in front of him,

TAXIS IN PHOTO	WEST END				EAST END
CAB #					
COLOUR					
PASSENGER					
SITE FOUND					
CLUE					

but pulled himself together. In minutes, he had drawn up a chart that put the facts in order. We stared at it. My brain told me I was missing something, maybe a whole lot of somethings. Somethings from that mixed-up morning news. But what?

The radio came on again. "If some countries have too much history, ours has too much geography. Speaking of geography, a killer subject, let me spell it out: E-Y-J-A-F-J-A-L-L-A-J-O-K-U-L-L." Effie began twitching. Everyone else looked confused. Then I saw the link between the clues and the news. A quick confirmation on the Internet and we had our murderer.

"Boy," said Effie later. "When Mr. King jumped in with that last weird clue, I nearly had a fit." The radio piped up, "Connipion if necessary but not necessarily connipion. Has anyone seen Mother, by the way?"

Can you duplicate Shamus and Effie's feat by naming the killer and the country where he or she is hiding? To choose a winner, **bout de papier** will draw from a hat containing the names of everyone submitting a correct answer by the deadline of July 12. The prize will be a book autographed by A Aalto. Not necessary to win, but can you also fill in the chart? And can

you say what news items the other four clues relate to?

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto continues to pose as a HOM near the Tropic of Cancer, but is likely to change jobs this summer, mere steps ahead of the local authorities. The tax situation on which this puzzle is based actually pertained in the U.S. in 2010. Most of the radio's lines are real quotes from Mackenzie King, some slightly warped (hey, it's an old radio). Thanks to Graham Harrop for synchronized boxing.



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Liebnitz at the Doors of Perception

Answers to Vol. 25, No. 3

JULIA DREW-WATT

Due to a technical error in the last issue's puzzle, the skeleton cross chart was incorrectly reproduced, making it impossible to fill in correctly. A Aalto apologizes profusely to readers who tried in vain, and congratulates our winner who managed to get the right answer anyway.

The inscriptions on the fireplace are "FIRST DOORS SINGLE" and "SECOND ALICE BOOK".

The musical reference is *Break on Through (to the Other Side)*. This was not only The Doors' first single, but also the first cut on their first album. The literary reference is *Through the Looking Glass (and What Alice Found There)*. The poem *Jabberwocky* is found in that book as well. Putting them together, the instruction is to break through the mirror panel to find Leo.

The cipher is as follows: ★ F, ● D, ■ B, ⊗ G, ☼ S, ⊛ R, □ T, ✱ I, ✕ A, ⊕ L, > O, ◆ K, ▼ N, † C and ⊙ E.

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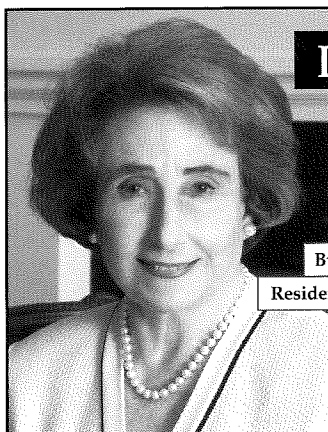
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