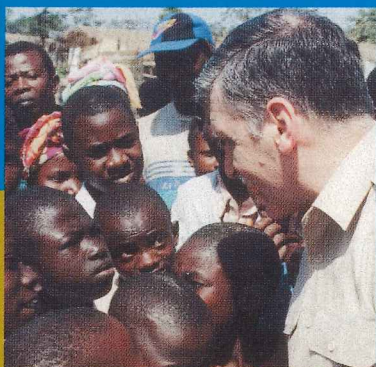


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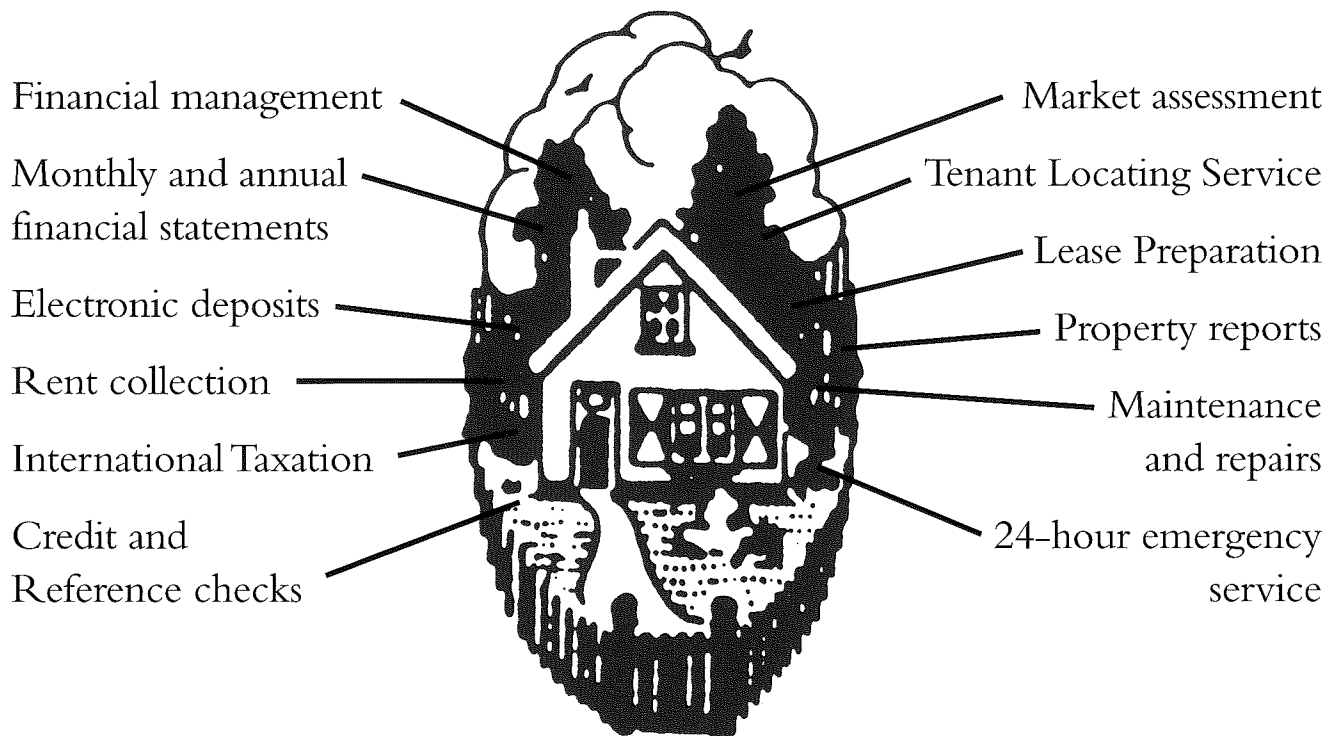


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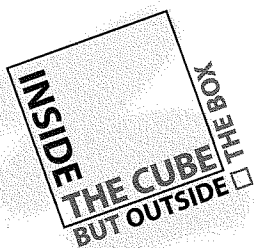
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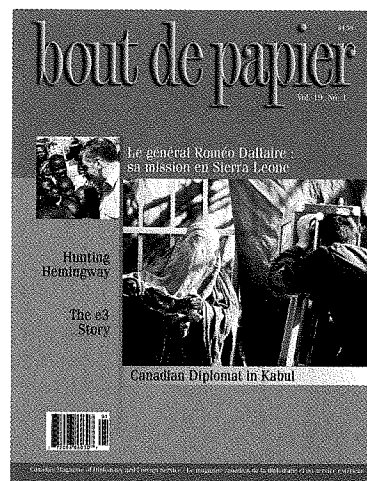
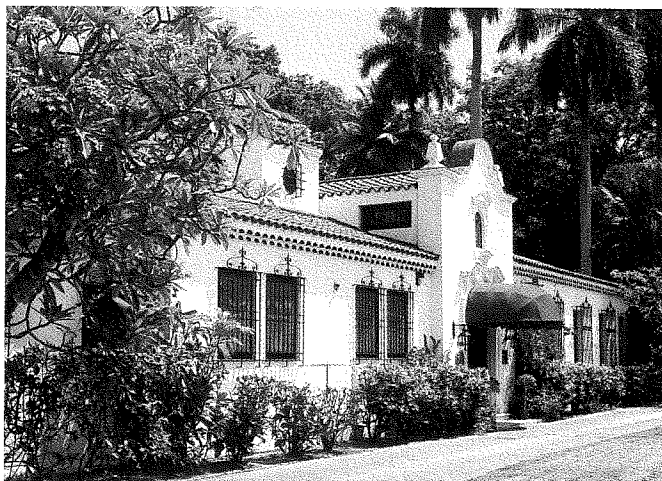
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As this issue of **bout de papier** goes to press, a tentative settlement has been reached in the labour dispute between the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers and Treasury Board. This follows a month of job action by PAFSO members. In the past, the idea of striking diplomats had generally been greeted with slightly perplexed disbelief — *don't you guys spend all of your time at cocktail parties? You guys don't pay taxes or rent or anything, do you? Must be nice living in Geneva* (or London or New York — fill in whatever envy-inspiring post comes to mind).

This is the first time that PAFSO members have actually voted in favour of job action, despite the fact that the deck seems to be stacked against us (our members stationed overseas, and a significant percentage of our headquarters-based members, are "designated" and therefore cannot strike). And yes, we pay taxes and rent, and no, it isn't all — or even significantly — cocktail parties, and many of us go our entire career without being posted in Geneva or London or New York. Turnout for job action (e.g. picket lines at DFAIT headquarters, at Citizenship and Immigration, and at Treasury Board; the uniform 7½ hour work day with an overtime ban) had been remarkably strong. We are not by nature a militant group, but there is an increasing consensus among PAFSO members that we had been pushed far enough.

Boiled down to its essence, PAFSO sought a salary for its members that puts it within commuting distance of the salaries been paid to other groups within the Canadian public service who perform work of similar responsibility and complexity. Independent reports confirm that Foreign Service Officers, relative to their experience and responsibilities, are the most poorly paid professionals in government service.

If Foreign Affairs was a conventional government department, this problem would be more manageable. But Foreign Affairs is not a conventional department — it expects its officers to uproot themselves and their families every few years, to go to places where health care, education, language, climate and professional opportunities for spouses (who are frequently the primary breadwinners in the household) can be problematic. To expect people to make a career of this on a poor salary is audacious, and the Department's current staffing crisis and attrition problems are vivid illustration of the consequences.

Regardless of the advances made in this contract, much remains to be done to address the problems of career development and attrition in the foreign service. As one of my colleagues put it, "Why does Treasury Board view it as an appropriate use of taxpayer's money to turn Foreign Affairs into the training

department of Bombardier?" The proposed settlement appears to be a step in the right direction — a ratification vote will be held about the time this magazine is distributed. Let's hope that it is, indeed, a step, and not a plateau.

Dans ce numéro de **bout**, des articles illustrent l'ingéniosité dont les agents du Ministère font preuve pour défendre les intérêts canadiens à l'étranger. Daryl Copeland fait un survol des efforts de la Direction de l'Asie-Pacifique pour équilibrer les responsabilités professionnelles et personnelles de son personnel grâce à son programme des 3e (« équilibre, efficacité, excellence »). Stephanie Power et Mylène Paradis parlent de quelqu'un qui peut, sans crainte de rougir, être qualifié de héros — le lieutenant-général Roméo Dallaire — et de ses activités pour attirer l'attention sur la nécessité de réintégrer efficacement dans la société les enfants victime de la guerre. Robert Burley donne une idée des défis personnels que sont appelés à relever les agents du service extérieur qu'on jette dans l'extrémité profonde de la piscine de la diplomatie libre-service — dans son cas, à Kaboul, en mars dernier. Dans la même veine, Carlos Ruano enquête sur les effets de la *Loi des conséquences non intentionnelles* sur ceux et celles d'entre nous qui, en mission, conduisent leurs automobiles construites selon les spécifications canadiennes.

We are particularly fortunate to have in this issue three historical pieces of note. Denise Jacques has done some fascinating research into the somewhat racy history of the Official Residence of the Canadian Ambassador in Havana. Roger Lucy's historical cautionary tale deals with the importance of exit plans in military interventions — in this case, the Romans in Illyria. Hector Mackenzie's trophy from the archives is an examination of the cold war balance of power, written in the context of one of our earlier foreign policy reviews.

This broad spectrum of articles illustrates the enthusiasm that those working in Canada's foreign service have for their jobs, and gives an idea of the scope of their intellectual curiosity. Particularly rewarding is that these articles are the product of volunteers displaying the kind of personal initiative characteristic of our foreign service.



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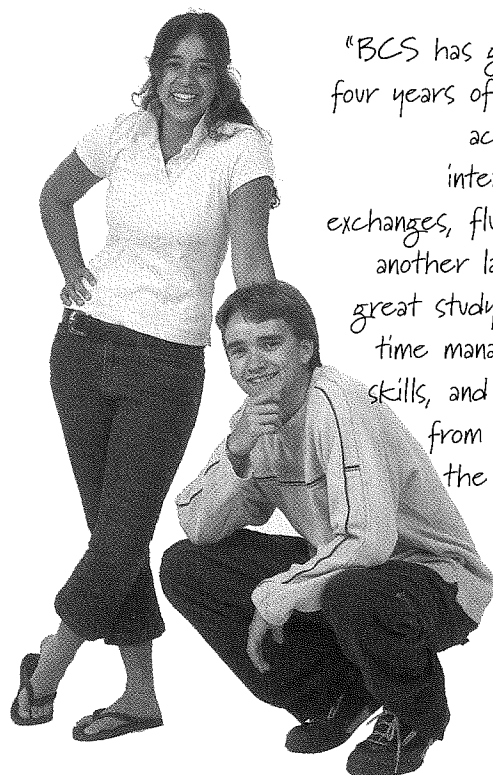
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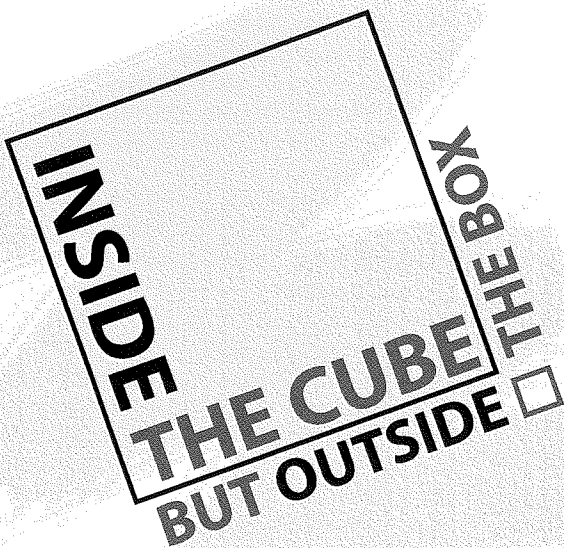
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The e3 Story:

A Personal Perspective on Efforts to Change the Way We Work

by Daryl Copeland

By the dawn of the 21st century, the situation in DFAIT's Asia Pacific Branch, as elsewhere in the Department, had become desperate, perhaps untenable. Over-tasking, under-resourcing, e-mail insanity, deteriorating terms and conditions of employment and ever growing demands of all varieties and from all quarters had led to a disastrous mix of burn-out, rust out, and the reaming out of geographic divisions. The issues extended well beyond the recognized problems associated with retention and recruiting — even the committed were beginning to despair. Faced with a gutting of the very regional and linguistic expertise which is the basis of DFAIT's comparative advantage, the risks of inaction had become critical. It could not go on.

Very early in his tenure as newly appointed ADM for the Asia-Pacific, David Mulroney identified the priority requirement to address these issues. He had been much impressed with the results of the Trade Commissioner Service's *New Approach@Work* and Australia's *Working Smarter* initiative. In late summer 2001, he initiated a review of how Asia Branch approaches these issues, with the assurance that staff and budget would be available to do the job properly. I was asked to spearhead the initiative.

Though the events of September 11 intervened, at a follow-up meeting in mid-September it was agreed that a "soft launch" of the initiative would be appropriate. But first, there was the issue of finding a way to get by all of the dead weight, false starts and dashed hopes that littered the road to incipient ruin.

From PERPA Program Review ...

Back in the early 1990s, in the context of the Corporate Review, John Halstead was brought back into DFAIT on a consulting

contract to audit and evaluate the management of the political/economic cadre. He prepared a thoughtful assessment, suggesting that active management of the group *as a group*, with defined objectives and responsibilities, was lacking, and would in fact be a good idea. He maintained that damage was being sustained and that, if left unaddressed, the problems would worsen and be expressed, *inter alia*, in sinking morale and rising attrition. His report, which now reads like prophecy, was dismissed at the time as "unhelpful," classified as confidential (to prevent its distribution) and quietly shelved.

A similar fate befell George Haynal's *Workforce of the Future* study, a pathfinding and forward looking analysis which was the product of his years as workforce Champion 1998-99. After some fanfare, it seemed to disappear into the bureaucratic ether shortly after publication. So, too, with Paul Chapin's expansive, insightful and carefully researched paper on the Political Officer prepared for the Evaluation Division in late 2000. Its subtle assessment, detailed analysis and fact-filled annexes were received with interest — and put on the back burner.

We would have to begin by reviewing carefully these documents, and, from that substantial base, move forward. To that end, over the summer of 2001 David Mulroney had surveyed a selection of present and past PERPA (Political/Economic Relations and Public Affairs) program managers in the Branch to get a sense of the lay of the land. Removing the names and extracting and aggregating the substantial commentary, he shared the findings.

The results were no great surprise. Respondents were near unanimous in their conclusion that the PERPA program, due to its lack of direction and definition, had evolved into a catch-all for anything that did not obviously fit elsewhere. At missions, the

program served as a kind of auto-default mechanism (some have gone so far as to say "junkyard" or "garbage can") where everything outside of better defined programs inevitably ended up.

At HQ, people were spending less time thinking strategically, analyzing or developing policy through the prism of Canadian interests, values and policies, and more time programming visits and rewriting briefs. Ministerial Letters of Instruction to HOMs — an imperfect instrument but one which had forced some degree of reflection on objectives and priorities — had disappeared, apparently by default rather than design or decision. Mission planning, where it happened at all, was a mixed bag, while business planning at the bureau and branch levels was seen as overly labour and resource intensive and in large part disconnected from activities in the field. The (uneven) results were too often forgotten soon after the toner had dried.

Unlike the Trade Commissioner Service (TCS), PERPA also lacked a dedicated management and resource base at HQ. There was nothing approaching the TCS New Approach. No Chief Political Officer. No Web site. No uniform benchmarks, standards, or agreed list of alternative service providers. No PERPA program support divisions or rapid deployment force. No systematic assessment, in reporting, of what developments in the world might mean for Canada. No time to adequately develop and maintain a network of contacts critical to advancing the mandate of the mission and the goals of the government. No repository for best practices. No software to facilitate position handovers. No real priorities — because everything was seen as important, nothing was. Perhaps most crucially, there was no rationale for just saying no.

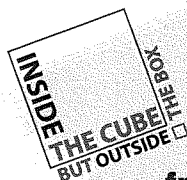
In short, no discipline, no shape, drift.

... to DFAIT transformation ...

When I replied to the PERPA survey, I made the case that Canadian political and economic diplomacy had not sufficiently or effectively entered the information age. The program was formless, with no deliberate focus on public diplomacy or concerted effort at branding Canada as a dynamic, diverse, competitive, cosmopolitan, sophisticated, and innovative partner in bilateral, regional and global affairs. Joint ventures and strategic partnerships with like-minded groups, organizations and corporations, a cornerstone of the public diplomacy/soft power approach, occurred but only episodically.

Officers were spending an inordinate amount of their scarce time servicing host governments, and especially on MFA calls executed in large part for purposes of going through the old-style, Westphalian diplomatic motions rather than for the probable advance of Canadian interests. Attendance at purely ceremonial functions, national day celebrations of non-priority countries, and hospitality events with obscure connections to identifiable clients was common. Officers were arranging cultural programs and organizing artistic tours without a clear sense of how they fit — or did not — into a broader picture. Too much time was being spent responding to requests for information

(usually, though not always, about Canada) when it was available elsewhere — to an increasing extent, on-line. Staff could communicate with anyone, anywhere, anytime, but sifting through endless queues we could no longer distinguish between a formal message and a note from a friend.



Equipped with this wealth of information, in addition to the fruits of the earlier research, we were in a position to hit the ground running.

There were no shortage of issues to be addressed.

To summarize, the PERPA survey made clear that the program was in desperate need of recasting from the ground up to take into account globalization, the need to project a contemporary image of Canada in the world, the creative possibilities associated with the new media, and, above all, the requirement

to focus on the pursuit of Canadian interests. At a time of diminished resources and spiralling demands, the workload had to be reduced and refined, the objectives clarified, the goals — and goal posts — identified and recalibrated.

Equipped with this wealth of information, in addition to the fruits of the earlier research, we were in a position to hit the ground running.

... is a long, hard road

Feeling a combination of anticipation and trepidation, in roughly equal measure, we sought out a variety of associates from across the Department, shopped the idea around and pitched them on participation. There was some inevitable cynicism and understandable skepticism, but by and large the idea was well-received. As a hook, we circulated a document setting out some possible outcomes. Interest grew. The initial party of would-be reformers got together in early October for a preliminary exchange; the Ginger Group developed from this disparate crew.

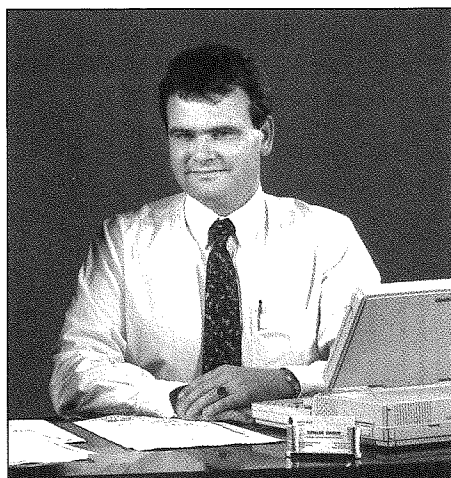
From the start, the Ginger Group was horizontal, democratic, open and organic. It defined its own mandate to oversee the whole and coordinate the work of specialized working groups and subcommittees. While it started small, many have come forward to volunteer their time since, while others have made their particular contribution and moved on. To date, subcommittees have defined core clients and services for the PERPA program, identified alternative service delivery mechanisms, articulated best practices and developed a high-end intranet site and e3 logo. In the Branch, we have worked smarter through this year's Branch plan, and created an e3 support unit (Avril Pigott, Owen Teo, Hillary Thompson) to coordinate the initiative, solve problems and provide advice. They are busy pursuing that brief. A new, relaxed dress code is on offer in the Branch, and a protocol for meetings stipulates that they must be held between 10:00 and 12:00 or 2:00 and 4:00, last no more than one hour, and feature an agenda distributed at least 24 hours in advance. The team is working on guidelines for briefing books, reporting, e-communications and airport meets. Evaluation and performance measurement, templates for visits planning/management and position handovers, and the development of a process model for regional and mission strategic planning are next.

With the help of the Ginger Group, organizational change consultant Norman Ballie-David, the e3 unit and the determined leadership of the ADM, the believers are pressing forward. Under the e3 rubric, stones

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are being turned in a search for ways to restore the work-life balance, identify and focus on priorities, and pursue quality. There have been some early successes, and the consultative loop is being widened through conference calls with mission representatives in the field. More is in train to build on these achievements. Though much remains to be done, the beginning has ended. A huge front-end push has created momentum.

Much of this can be scoped on the e3 Intranet site, which over time will become the central point of reference and a virtual exemplar of the e3 environment. Those who have access to the Department's Intranet site can check out <http://intranet.dfait-maeci.gc.ca/e3> for details.

Getting there ...

Where to now? In order to begin to restore and, more importantly, retain some semblance of balance between personal and professional lives, e3 will need a longer-term strategy. In geographic divisions, for starters, it will be necessary to identify and consult widely on key priorities. These will need to be incorporated into divisional and mission plans, which in turn can be plugged into regional schemes and, ultimately, Branch business plans and a DFAIT priority setting exercise. At that point it may be possible to coherently assess performance — of HOMs, managers, desk officers — against results achieved, to tighten up operationally, and to fend off unreasonable or off-base demands.

In order to begin to restore and, more importantly, retain some semblance of balance between personal and professional lives, e3 will need a longer-term strategy.

Will all of this work? On verra. DFAIT is a conservative institution, hierarchic, top-down and control-oriented, highly resistant to change. It is not difficult to understand, and even to explain, how that kind of culture developed. But in the current environment, change is manifestly preferable to, and demonstrably more appropriate than, resistance. The old ways — of devotion to making your boss look good at the expense of those below you, of kiss-up, kick-down — are giving way gradually to contemporary values and ethics. From opacity to

transparency, from *personalismo* to professionalism, from secrecy to openness, the march — the long, difficult march — is on.

The team has tried to keep the process out of the ditch, to widen its ambit and applicability to all DFAIT employees, to communicate internally and to consult broadly. We have tried to ensure that this venture does not become a parody of itself. It must remain horizontal, participatory and inclusive, a self-selecting collective rather than a management-driven directive. To create something enduring and universal, e3 will have to come up with more than just better ideas. Changing culture means developing new structures and new behaviours, new channels and new mindsets. Transformation of this magnitude takes time, and these are early days yet.

As e3 moves from the Asia Pacific Branch to the wider Department, some of the challenges, such as the creation of a Central Services Unit designed to remove some of the oppressive drudgery from desk officers, will require much more than goodwill. This kind of outfit, which would assist by providing scale economies in the handling of visits logistics, briefing book production, the physical preparation of ministerial and cabinet papers, and related functions, would likely involve significant incremental resources. The pay-out, however, would be tremendous. I think that we need to look carefully as well at developing the *virtual desk*, which would use technology to connect parties drawn from across the country and around the world who share an interest in countries, regions and issues, to create and sustain a network which unites a coalition of the willing. The virtual desk could consist of DFAIT officials, former diplomats, academics, civil society and NGO reps, business people, OGD types, journalists. Different parts of the desk would be engaged at different times and on different issues.

Why not establish, at the most senior level, a new unit headed by a Chief Innovation Officer, whose responsibilities would include the assessment of leading-edge developments in all aspects of governance and public management and who would be accountable for passing the ideas on and tracking implementation? Why not implement upward feedback, from bottom to top, and link it to performance assessment?

The best thing about starting from so far behind is that the field is open for all kinds of new thinking.

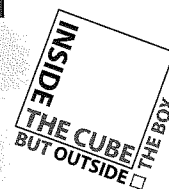
... hopefully

For my part, I can't forget the cautionary tale of General Gordon of Khartoum. He worked smarter. He planned. He innovated.

He redeployed his resources in support of emerging priorities. But he still ended up with his head on the end of a pole, his position in the end overrun by el Mahdi's tribal warriors. Though his needs were ultimately recognized, Kitchener's reinforcements arrived two days too late, in large part because of dithering in London.

Which is just to say that at a certain point, no amount of tactical savvy, strategic brilliance, inspired reallocation or enlightened management is enough to save the day.

The best thing about starting from so far behind is that the field is open for all kinds of new thinking.



To do more, to do better, or even to do less, intelligently, at the end of the day you may well need *more*.

Last word?

The alternative to this kind of enterprise, inaction, is riskier by far than the embrace of change. The status quo is the real source of jeopardy, because the costs associated with the present course cannot be sustained. Implosion is a worst case scenario, but there are a growing number who believe that in DFAIT today the circumstances are sufficiently dire that it cannot be dismissed out of hand. There must be a fundamental change in orientation and direction.

e3 has been a good news story, designed at the outset to be both of and for the many. While no panacea, it certainly merits more than the willing suspension of disbelief. ☺

Daryl Copeland entered the Department in 1981, and has written and spoken frequently on issues of diplomacy, foreign policy and public administration. In 2000, he received the PAFSO Canadian Foreign Service Officer Award in recognition of his advocacy of reform in the management and organization of DFAIT, his work to secure improvements in the terms and conditions of Foreign Service, and his contribution to advancing the interests of the profession. He has served in Thailand, Ethiopia, New Zealand and Malaysia, was seconded to the Canadian Institute of International Affairs in Toronto as National Programme Director in Toronto, and is at present Director for Southeast Asia.

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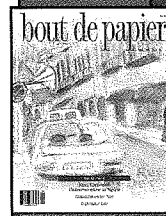
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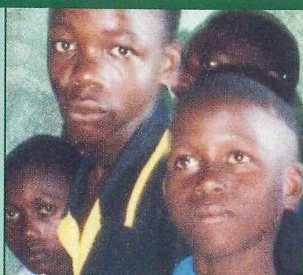
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LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROMÉO DALLAIRE:



Witness and Advocate for War-Affected Children

Article by *Stephanie Power*

Interview by *Mylène Paradis*

Last December, retired Lieutenant General Roméo Dallaire stepped off the plane from Africa with a report. The General had been in Sierra Leone, a country in the midst of reconstruction and stabilization after years of vicious armed conflict.

As Sierra Leone's disarmament and rebuilding efforts unfolded, the now widely recognized Dallaire had been dispatched by the Canadian Government to investigate on-the-ground humanitarian efforts to assist Sierra Leonean children affected by the war.

What had become of the boys and girls, the young men and women who had served as child soldiers and their "bush wives"? Was assistance for children who had been orphaned and displaced by the conflict getting through? And what were the real long-term prospects for children physically and psychologically harmed by conflict atrocities?

Having met with war-affected youth, NGOs, UN agencies and state officials in Sierra Leone, Dallaire returned to describe a number of daunting challenges to effectively assisting young people affected by the conflict.

According to the General, this is not a problem for which there will be a quick-fix solution.

"Currently, due to a lack of resources, these children are given very little time to reintegrate into society," says Dallaire. "In the space of a few short weeks, they are asked to come to terms with everything they've been through. It boggles the mind."

"Remember, many of these children are traumatized, especially the girls. But they're being treated very superficially. There are no psychiatrists or psychologists to help these children deal with the horrors they've been subjected to. And since



Allan Thompson/The Toronto Star

General Dallaire is greeted outside an interim care centre in Sierra Leone.

the transition period is very short, they rejoin society with all of this emotional baggage which will end up overwhelming them some day."

Conseiller spécial pour les enfants touchés par la guerre

Ce n'est pas la première fois que Roméo Dallaire revient d'un pays déchiré par un conflit pour essayer de faire accepter la nécessité d'une intervention humanitaire plus efficace.

Le général, qui a servi 35 ans dans les Forces canadiennes, est bien connu pour le rôle qu'il a joué comme commandant de la Mission des Nations Unies pour l'assistance au Rwanda (MINUAR). Le fait que cette mission n'ait pas pu empêcher le meurtre de plus de 800 000 Rwandais en 1994, malgré les demandes répétées du général Dallaire qui réclamait une intervention internationale plus considérable, est un des exemples les plus souvent cités pour démontrer la nécessité de réformer les opérations internationales de maintien de la paix.

*What had become of
the boys and girls, the young men
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Depuis, le général Dallaire est apparu comme un personnage faisant preuve d'un grand humanisme. Généralement reconnu comme un acteur moral dans le drame du

Rwanda, dont les recommandations sur le terrain n'auraient pas dû être ignorées par des décideurs à des milliers de kilomètres de là, il a aussi affiché publiquement les blessures psychologiques que lui a laissées son expérience. Sa franchise au sujet de son expérience personnelle du syndrome de stress post-traumatique et son action en faveur d'un meilleur soutien mental pour les membres des Forces canadiennes ont fait parler plus ouvertement, chez les militaires et dans le grand public, des effets psychologiques des conflits armés. Figure médiatique et conférencier très en demande, Dallaire présente le profil d'un héros canadien moral et vulnérable, passionné par des défis de sécurité complexes et subissant les effets personnels de son expérience du front.

*Was assistance for children who
had been orphaned and displaced
by the conflict getting through?*

Maintenant, le général devenu le défenseur des militaires met sa renommée au service de la promotion et de la protection des droits des enfants touchés par les conflits armés. À la Conférence internationale de Winnipeg sur les enfants touchés par la guerre, en septembre 2000, la ministre de la Coopération internationale de l'époque, Maria Minna, a nommé le général Dallaire conseiller spécial pour les enfants touchés par la guerre. Depuis, il tient ce rôle en s'adonnant à des activités de représentation politique auprès des organismes internationaux, de communication avec le public et de recherche sur le terrain, sa mission en Sierra Leone étant sa première.

Il parle ouvertement du lien entre son expérience du Rwanda et son travail en faveur des enfants touchés par la guerre.

« Il y a eu tellement d'enfants tués au Rwanda! Des enfants qui ont été tués, souvent, par d'autres enfants », rappelle Dallaire. « C'est ce qui m'a le plus marqué de mon expérience au Rwanda : de voir que de jeunes enfants pouvaient tuer. Imaginez, ici, on est dépassé par l'idée qu'il y a de la violence dans les écoles. »

On estime que 300 000 jeunes, dans le monde, ont servi des groupes belligérants comme combattants, comme esclaves sexuels, et comme porteurs d'eau et de bagages. Ils comptent parmi les millions de filles et de garçons

dans le monde qui ont été touchés par les conflits armés, ces enfants qui ont subi des blessures physiques et psychologiques, qui ont été témoins d'actes violents et qui ont perdu leur famille, leur foyer, leur accès à l'école et aux services de santé.

La promotion et la protection des droits des enfants touchés par la guerre fait partie du programme de sécurité humaine du ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international, et l'Agence canadienne de développement international en fait un sous-élément de la protection des enfants, une de ses quatre priorités pour le développement social. L'expérience vécue et les connaissances du général Dallaire, son prestige auprès du public et sa passion pour la question contribuent de manière substantielle à l'action du gouvernement canadien face à ce défi humanitaire.

On the ground in Sierra Leone

In the field in Sierra Leone, General Dallaire traveled extensively in an attempt to gauge the situation of war-affected children and the effectiveness of aid efforts directed at helping them. Dallaire's travels included protocol visits, tête-à-têtes with NGO project managers and trips to rebel and refugee camps where adolescent girls and boys involved in the conflict are on the cusp of reintegration into post-conflict society.

Dallaire describes how it was here that he encountered the specific difficulties of reintegrating war-affected girls and young women who had been exploited as sex slaves or "bush wives" during the conflict.

"Wartime exploitation of girls is rarely talked about, for cultural reasons. These girls have been raped and mistreated and are viewed as no longer acceptable, even by their own families," says Dallaire. "Later on, many decide to live with rebel groups. After three or four years in the bush, they become so-called bush wives. Living in shame, having been rejected by their families, they prefer to remain with these bands, even though they have been kidnapped and raped by them."

*And what were the real long-term
prospects for children physically
and psychologically harmed by
conflict atrocities?*

"When you manage to track these girls down, they have been so traumatized that it's very hard to get through to them. They remain quiet, subdued, unreachable. They literally hide."





The UN Secretary-General's Expert on the Impact of Armed Conflict on Children Graça Machel and youth participants at the International Conference on War-Affected Children, Winnipeg 2000.

"Bringing girls back into civilian society is a complex task. Often, boys reintegrate more easily by holding traditional jobs. Girls are an entirely different matter, though. And our knowledge in this area is still very limited."

Dallaire also found that leadership structures established in the bush were enduring and would likely impact on both reintegration efforts and longer-term development scenarios.

"In Sierra Leone, I found that child soldiers living in the bush form mini-societies led by universally-recognized clan chiefs. These young chiefs, aged 12, 13 or 14, wield enormous influence over the other youths," says Dallaire. "Within a few years, it is easy to see these band chiefs becoming the leaders of their society."

"That's why they are taken very seriously, even by local NGOs. We need to envision a thorough process of reintegration for these youngsters so that they become positive leaders."

Since his return, General Dallaire has relayed his Sierra Leone experience to domestic and international audiences. His report, which will be made available to the public, has informed DFAIT and CIDA policy and programs with respect

to war-affected children and Sierra Leone, and has helped maintain focus on the country at a point when many argue long-term international commitment is needed to maintain its stability and progress.

Depuis, le général Dallaire est apparu comme un personnage faisant preuve d'un grand humanisme. Généralement reconnu comme un acteur moral dans le drame du Rwanda, dont les recommandations sur le terrain n'auraient pas dû être ignorées par des décideurs à des milliers de kilomètres de là, il a aussi affiché publiquement les blessures psychologiques que lui a laissées son expérience.

Scène internationale : les armes légères et leurs effets sur les enfants

Au niveau politique international, l'expertise et l'autorité de Roméo Dallaire ont joué un rôle clé pour faire progresser l'action du Canada en faveur des jeunes touchés par la guerre, particulièrement sur la question des armes légères et de leurs effets sur les enfants.

L'impact de la prolifération des armes légères et de leur disponibilité sur les enfants a été défini comme une des priorités d'action de la Conférence internationale sur les enfants touchés par la guerre. La question a été abordée pour la première fois en 1996 dans un rapport de l'ONU, *L'impact des conflits armés sur les enfants*, et développée en 2000 dans une étude de suivi, *L'Étude Machel 1996-2000* (commandée par le MAECI et coparrainée par le Canada), deux documents clés sur les enfants touchés par la guerre préparés par l'Expert du Secrétaire général de l'ONU sur les enfants dans des situations de conflit armé, Graça Machel.

Le général Dallaire explique le lien réciproque entre les deux questions : « Généralement, les armes sont légères et facilement maniables par les enfants. Si, en plus, on leur fournit de la drogue et qu'on les supervise de façon étroite, ces enfants deviennent des armes de guerre très efficaces. »

« Mettre volontairement une arme dans les mains des enfants, comme ce fut le cas au Rwanda, donne énormément de puissance à ces enfants. On crée des égos et des positions de force artificielles qui peuvent être manipulés très facilement. »

Le général a été membre de la délégation à la conférence de l'ONU sur le trafic illicite des armes légères, en juillet 2001, où le Canada a lancé une étude traitant de l'impact des armes légères sur les enfants. À la session extraordinaire de l'Assemblée générale de l'ONU consacrée aux enfants, en mai 2002, il a aidé à diriger une session de stratégie parrainée par le Canada sur la question, pour les promoteurs des droits des enfants et du contrôle des armes. Le but de la session, et aussi le grand programme de travail politique sur cette question consistent à combler le fossé entre les promoteurs des droits de l'enfant et du contrôle des armes, les organismes de l'ONU (tels l'UNICEF et le département des affaires de désarmement), les ONG des deux spécialités et les représentants des gouvernements.

Resonating with Canadians

While communicating the relevance of abstract foreign policy issues to the Canadian public can be challenging, the plight of war-affected children is one of the best examples of a security issue that carries an emotional impact that crosses borders. Given

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the interconnection of factors related to the situation of war-affected children — including small arms, gender-based violence, internal displacement, education, malnutrition and HIV/AIDS — engaging the public on this subject can serve as an entry point to a broader discussion.

And because he is recognized by Canadians who know his story, General Roméo Dallaire is uniquely positioned to communicate with the public about these issues. Many Canadians have already connected with Dallaire. We empathize with his suffering, we admire his courage and we are interested in what he has to say. At his November 2001 Vancouver Institute lecture, Dallaire filled four rooms at the University of British Columbia — the largest audience the speakers series has drawn in recent years.

Dallaire says that much of his public outreach work focuses on communicating with young people.

"It's important to tell young Canadians about the life led by people their own age in other countries," he says. "Maybe this greater awareness will lead to cooperation projects. It's something to hope for."

It is also consistent with the purposeful and substantive inclusion of youth as participants in the International Conference on War-Affected Children and the UN General Assembly Special Session on Children.

In these cases of youth participation in domestic and international fora, and in the case of General Dallaire as an advocate and witness for war-affected children, both the medium and the message reflect an evolving understanding of what constitutes a security issue and how best to approach it. The concept of the sovereignty of the human being and the right of the world's people to live free from fear are at the core of the agenda to end the suffering of war-affected children.

Fittingly, the message is coming from a man whose international peacekeeping experience and openly shared personal suffering has strengthened his ability to advance this agenda — in the field, on the international political level and with the public. The value of his efforts to mobilize public attention and political will to effectively address the plight of some of the world's most vulnerable people is part of a critical effort.

Once again, General Dallaire has returned from Africa, warning of the costs of non-intervention, challenging Canadians and the world to respond. ☸

Stephanie Power and Mylène Paradis work with the Peacebuilding and Human Security Division at the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade.

Promoting and Protecting the Rights of War-Affected Children Progress in Sierra Leone

Sierra Leone Truth and Reconciliation Commission

Canada is working with UNICEF to ensure a proper role for children within Sierra Leone's Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC). The DFAIT Human Security Program supported a June 2001 experts workshop to develop operational recommendations for addressing and involving children in the TRC.

Sierra Leone National Commission for War-Affected Children

Through the DFAIT Human Security Program, Canada has supported the National Commission for War-Affected Children, established by the Government of Sierra Leone to ensure that the rights and needs of war-affected children are taken into consideration at all levels of national planning.

UNAMSIL Child Protection Advisers

The mandate for the United Nations Mission in Sierra Leone (UNAMSIL) includes provisions which specifically address the rights of war-affected children. Child protection advisers have helped to ensure that UNAMSIL works actively with UNICEF, NGOs and others to ensure the protection of the rights of war-affected children.

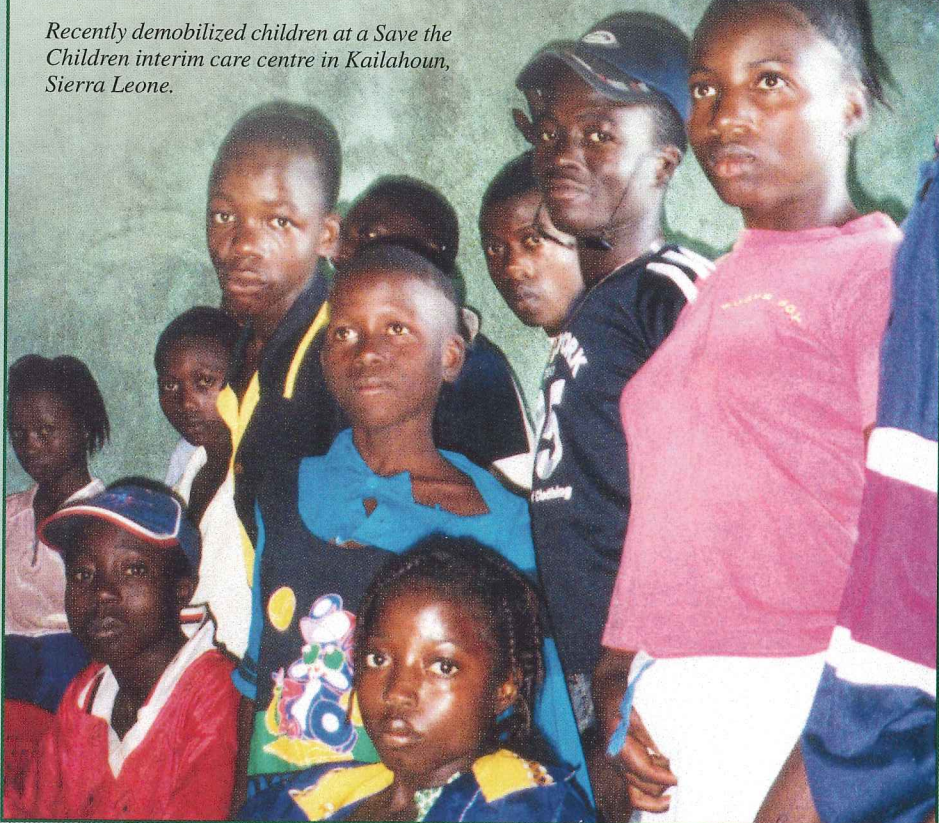
ECOWAS Child Protection Unit

Through the DFAIT Human Security Program, Canada is working in partnership with the Economic Community of West African States (ECOWAS) to establish a Child Protection Unit within the ECOWAS Secretariat. The Unit will act as a focal point dedicated to the protection of war-affected children in West Africa.

Media-based conflict resolution

The DFAIT Human Security Program is supporting Talking Drum Studios, an NGO-led initiative that produces radio programming and performs community outreach in Sierra Leone and Liberia focused on themes of peace, reconciliation and democratization.

Recently demobilized children at a Save the Children interim care centre in Kailahoun, Sierra Leone.



Jennifer Shapiro/CIDA

Canadian Diplomat in Kabul Short-Time

photos and story by Robert Burley

Although our High Commission in Islamabad has long been responsible for Afghan matters, this task has required a far greater commitment since September 11. In September, the High Commission had only one Political Officer — Counsellor Glyn Berry. High Commissioner Konrad Sigurdson has also had his work cut out for him; he arrived at post on September 10. DFAIT has since tried to provide additional support through a rotation of officers, one at a time on temporary duty — a role I was fortunate to fill for six weeks in February and March. Towards the conclusion of my time there, I made a trip to the capital of Afghanistan to represent the High Commission at meetings and to make *démarches* on the Interim Authority. This is the story of my short and surreal time in Kabul.

I left Islamabad only 20 hours after the lethal March 17 grenade attack on a church in the diplomatic enclave. This made me a touch more anxious than I would have been otherwise. Of course I lied about my destination to my parents back in Canada.

The only flights from Pakistan to Kabul were on UN planes. This was exciting enough: early-morning check-in at a house in the Islamabad suburbs and then a drive to the airport in coaster buses with people from various UN agencies, a few other diplomats, and some non-governmental types from organisations like Amnesty International and from aid agencies. The NGOs were quickly identifiable because they were required to pay US\$600 cash for the 40-minute flight (a tad pricey considering there were no snacks or in-flight movies).

The short flight (Islamabad to Kabul is only about 500 km by road) goes west over the historic Khyber Pass. I had been driven up the pass only five weeks earlier with Stephen Doust (an FS who had filled the rotation at the High Commission for the six weeks before me) and the armed soldier in the front required by the local government.

The flight then descends to the Kabul plain, surrounded by impressive 20,000-foot peaks. The winter had been very dry, making it difficult during the descent to distinguish the parched earth from the thousands of square earthen-walled compounds. But the impression on landing was striking: the airport was littered with several dozen bombed-out airplanes, and the landmine detection teams with their dogs were at work (and are expected to be for many months to come). One of the two blue and white Boeing 727s of Afghanistan's own Ariana Airlines sat on the tarmac; regular flights had commenced only a few weeks earlier.

My first task on arrival was transport and shelter. Canada did not yet have any regular means of arranging logistics or meetings in advance; few places had phones and regular cellphones were dead weight. Fortunately, Michael Semple, a UN official on the flight, took me under his wing. He took me to his office, where he was helping to set up the

Loya Jirga Commission that would choose the new government in June, and he had his staff find a car and driver and an interpreter (the cost of which had climbed a bit since the fall of the Taliban: car and driver were US\$100/day, and the interpreter was a bargain at US\$50/day, a month's income for the average Afghani).

Next up: hotel. My first stop was the nearby hotel where Stephen had stayed on his trip to Kabul one month earlier. I had been cautioned about the place by Stephen (he tried to give himself a sense of security each night by having his pointy umbrella at the ready) but stories of hotels without power or water were so common that I anticipated a little hardship. So I checked in. After an hour's contemplation, I went back and checked out. The hotel was so dirty and dingy and dilapidated that it looked as if the war had gone on inside the hotel. And my impression of the sinister hotel staff was that war might erupt again at any moment. I was also not just a little worried that in the middle of the night in my pyjamas I might take a tumble down the third storey toilet hole and end up more than a little dishevelled in the basement. So after a brief argument with the hotel staff who were less than inclined to allow me to evacuate (because I was to pay five times the rate for locals), I was out. I soon found a UN-approved guest house. Although its original one star had long ago lost its glimmer, all the walls were standing and there was a small but reassuring lock on my door and a guard at the gate. Much, much better. I thought my Mom and Dad would be much less worried, if only they knew.

The hotel across the road from my own was the grand Hotel Kabul, which has not yet regained its glory since being bombed, nor since the incident 24 years ago when the American Ambassador was kidnapped in the lobby. The Afghan police stormed the place and killed all the kidnappers. Unfortunately, the Ambassador died in the crossfire.

Car and driver, interpreter and hotel all looked after. Time to investigate the city. Surprisingly, the centre of the city is still standing. I had envisaged craters and shells of buildings, but most of the big buildings are relatively undamaged. It is the rows of Soviet-style walk-up apartment blocks on the outskirts that have taken most of the damage during various civil conflicts or during Russia's tenure. The centre of the city has remained relatively intact.

But Kabul is still a wild west town. The streets are full: thousands of honking yellow taxis from the 1970s, pedestrians everywhere (many with their sheep and donkeys), street vendors and sidewalk photographers with their c. 1920s wooden box cameras, and everything covered with a film of dust and dirt. I had so much dust on my shoes and suit that I started to blend in with the men in the street, many of whom were also wearing a dirty blue blazer. There were still plenty of blue burkhas; 98% of women were still wearing them, although a few dared not to. In the garden of the new Ministry of Women's Affairs, many ladies revealed that underneath their burkhas they were wearing stylish pant suits or dresses or a leather jacket. The Ministry itself was now in a proper building after having spent several months operating out of the Minister's home. Outside the Ministry walls, a split second of uncovered face is allowed for a lady to get her ID photo taken by a street photographer, but otherwise

women are not yet satisfied that they are secure enough to risk appearing uncovered.

Most of my programme was arranged on the fly. That first afternoon I wondered if I would have any meetings at all. The local driver I had hired did not speak any English, and the distinction between various government or UN offices was a steep learning curve for anybody in the rapidly expanding world of civil service and civil society in Kabul. My interpreter was a 20-year-old returning to Kabul for the first time since his family fled as refugees to Pakistan when he was five. He too lacked much knowledge of the city, and he was thrilled just to be along for the ride. We met many people and entered many offices that first day just asking for directions.

But then the meetings started to flow. Venues varied widely, from aboard the UN flight into Kabul, to sitting on a bed in the dingy hotel room of a local dignitary and his friends at eight at night (his friends took turns at their prayers in the corner of the room), to a meeting in the historic fortress-like Palace in the centre of the city. A few of the meetings were pre-arranged, representing the High Commission at donors' meetings. I made a *démarche* on the UN Special Mission to Afghanistan (UN SMA), meeting with Nigel Fisher, Head of UNSMA's humanitarian and development pillar, and who had spent a year on secondment at DFAIT not so long ago. But my goal to make a *démarche* on the Ministry of Foreign Affairs required a little bit of perseverance.

A visit to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (MFA) was fascinating, an insight into the state of the institutions of government in Afghanistan. Government ministries were often impressive and relatively unscathed buildings, but otherwise they were embryonic. The MFA was so fascinating that I visited five times, all to try and arrange two meetings. Making an appointment by phone was out of the question; my satellite phone and I disagreed and the MFA itself had a grand total of three phones for its four floors. The floor that housed the Americas and Europe divisions had no power. On my fifth trip there, I finally found the Director of the Americas. In fact, he was the only person in the Americas division, apart from the nice man who prepared tea. Unfortunately, the Director did not speak English, just Farsi and German (from his posting in Bonn in the early 1990s). Despite these difficulties, he was greatly enthused to receive a Canadian representative.

Following my meetings I threw caution to the wind and went walking by myself into the old city markets. These were pools of humanity amid the dust-hued colours of shoe stalls, hanging meats, dozens of brand-new music video outlets, and venerable tea cafes. I bought very little; my pockets simply weren't big enough to handle the cash. A US dollar then got 35,000 Afghanis, in 10,000 notes, if one was lucky, but usually in 5,000 notes or less. The money changers were easily identifiable in the streets (which was critical because there were no banks operating) by the 30-inch-high pile of cash they carried in their hands. I changed \$2 for souvenir purposes, and then promptly spent half of it on a memorable find. An entrepreneur with a brother in Toronto was selling old Afghanistan stamps; I bought a pair publicizing the 1988 Winter Olympics in Calgary. I was constrained in my touring partly by the fact that the British forces with the ISAF (International Security Assistance Force) enforced a



10 p.m. curfew. In the daytime the ISAF were relatively inconspicuous, much less so than the Afghan militias who were on most street corners and at frequent checkpoints. But by 10 p.m. came the curfew (and complete darkness in the streets), so at 9:30 p.m. after a late dinner at the UN residence compound (with Tammy Hall, on secondment from DFAIT to the UN Mine Action Programme), my driver broke land speed records getting me back to my hotel because he also then had to get himself home by 10 p.m.

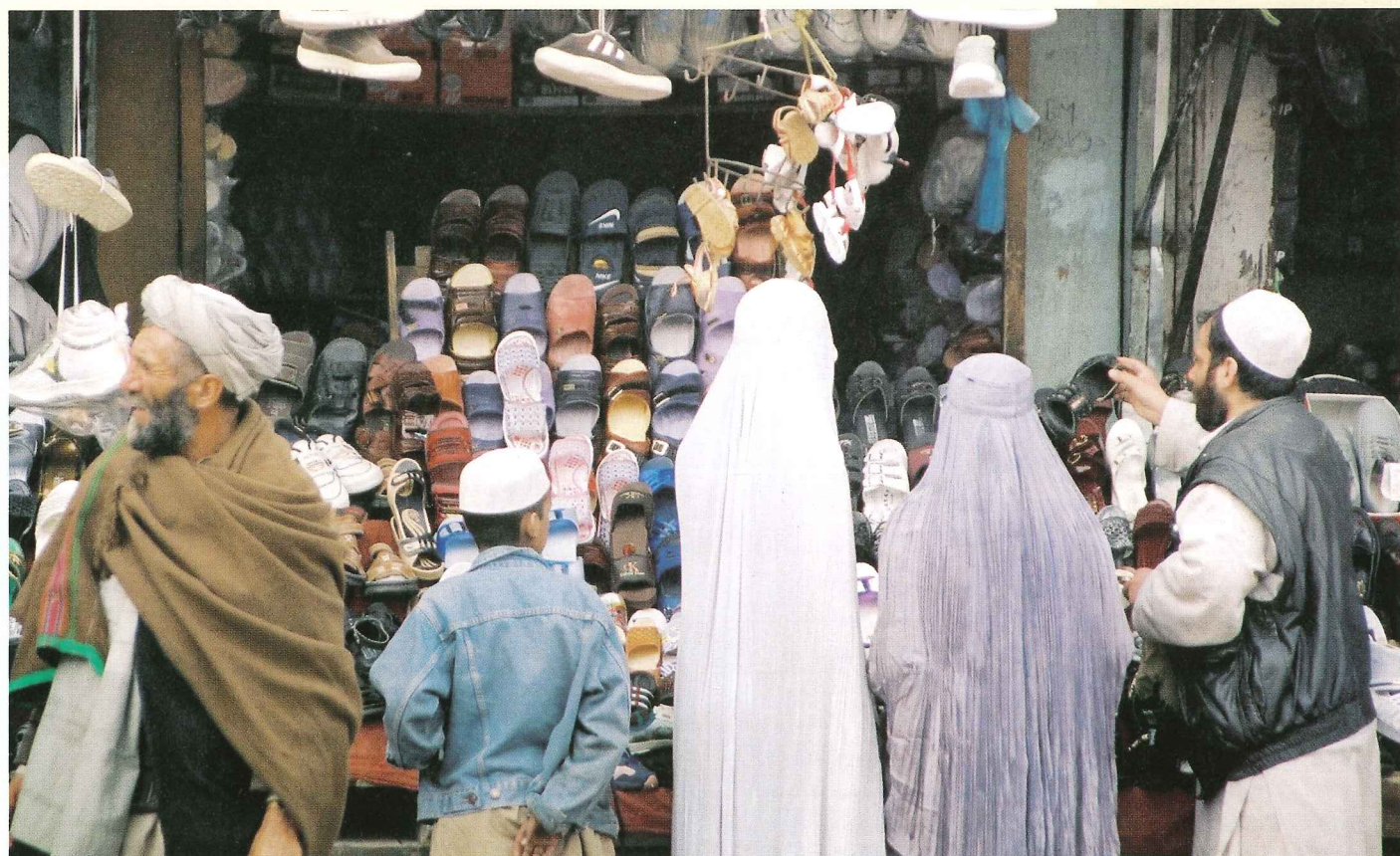
There were signs of progress in the Kabul streets. Street billboards depicted happy children who would be attending the first day of school that very week, and a convoy of 25 German-donated police vans came in from the airport to provide the fledgling Afghan constabulary with wheels. And each night, back in my room (bare but for the bed and the huge colourful Afghan carpets that were used everywhere), I was serenaded to sleep by the sound of one of the hotel guards out on the sidewalk playing a piccolo, illegal music only six months earlier.

And that was it. I had had most of the meetings that I wanted, and I had almost run out of money. Well, that was almost it. I was detained by Afghan immigration officials at the airport for a little while. They insisted that because my visa to enter Afghanistan said "entry" only, and because I was a diplomat, I needed a new visa that said "exit."

I should note that the officials had to go outside the airport terminal to read the visa, because the sole 60W lightbulb in the entire terminal was not quite enough to distinguish between my passport and a ham sandwich. Obtaining an "exit" visa would, of course, have necessitated a trip back to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Well, the next plane out was in three days, after the New Year's celebrations of Nau Rauz (the first since before the Taliban), and I had only \$60 left. I soon abandoned my arguments and prostrated myself before the officials and pleaded ignorance. Eventually, they tired of me and I was allowed to leave aboard UN Air.

My visit to Kabul was too short and so fully occupied that it did not seem real. For the short-time visitor, the burkhas and Afghan militias in the streets quickly become less remarkable, blending into the background almost as well as the soldiers of the ISAF. The crowded markets and streets full of traffic speak of a normalcy that has not yet fully arrived. But the burkhas and Afghan militias and non-functioning Ministry of Foreign Affairs indicate long-term issues that will have to be successfully resolved long after the security blanket of the ISAF departs. ☺

Robert Burley is Second Secretary, Political and Economic Affairs, at the Canadian Embassy in Manila.



NO EXIT PLAN

ROMAN INTERVENTION IN ILLYRIA

by Roger Lucy

This is a tale of mission creep. We will trace Rome's Illyrian experience through its several phases. It began with the first engagement, a limited objectives punitive expedition, against a predatory barbarian tribe in the western Balkans. This did not achieve lasting results, but follow-up missions became embroiled in great power confrontation. Despite every effort to avoid it, Rome ended up in permanent occupation of the region. In due course, we see a process of "Illyrianization." Disengagement was a drawn out process, but termination of the mission finally occurred — 1500 years after it all began.



phase I

First Engagement

By the middle of the 3rd century BC the Romans were masters of Italy and Sicily and the surrounding seas. Rome's main foreign policy concerns were the Gauls in modern day France and northern Italy; and Carthage, a merchant republic centred in modern day Tunisia and Algeria. Rome therefore paid little attention to events across the Adriatic, although it was the key maritime trade route linking central Europe with the Mediterranean. Several merchant cities, some under Roman control, drew their wealth from the Adriatic trade; so did the Illyrian pirates. The Illyrians were an Indo-European people who inhabited modern day Former Yugoslavia and Albania — the Albanians of today are their descendants. With its mountainous landscape and deeply indented coast, Illyria bred a hardy and warlike people renowned both as mountaineers and seafolk. The coastal tribes developed a class of light nimble galleys, which could easily overpower a merchant vessel but outrun most warships. The hill tribes fielded formidable raiding forces of light infantry and cavalry.

Influenced by their more civilized neighbours, including several Greek colonies established along the coast, Illyrian culture had by the mid 3rd century BC reached the proto-urban stage, with several tribes

coalescing into feudal kingdoms. As the Illyrians began to adopt the more sophisticated organization and tactics of their neighbours, they became less of a nuisance and more of a threat. In particular, they menaced Macedonia and Epirus, states with similar populations, but whose rulers had Hellenistic pretensions. That said, the civilized veneer they presented wore very thin as one moved up country and down the social scale.

In 234 BC, the monarchy of Epirus was overthrown and a republic set up in its place. Its outlying regions began to secede, and the Aetolian League, a group of rustic, but warlike, Greek states located north of the Gulf of Corinth, moved in to pick up the pieces. Aetolia's traditional foe, Macedonia, could not permit this to happen, but was preoccupied elsewhere. The Macedonian king invited the Illyrian Ardiaean tribe (centred along the coast and islands between what is now Split and Dubrovnik), to sort the Aetolians out, hoping to neutralise two enemies at once. The Ardiaeans' success surpassed everyone's expectations. The Aetolians suffered stunning defeats by land and sea and Ardiaean ships flooded into the Ionian and Aegean seas. Several Ionian island and mainland cities were overrun and it looked as if the Illyrians might expand into Greece proper. Italian cities, and their shipping, were among the victims of these raids, and complained to Rome. The Roman Senate had hitherto been fairly complacent about the odd act of piracy against their south Italian allies, but could not tolerate the closing of the Adriatic. A senatorial fact-finding mission was dispatched to the region and met the Ardiaean ruler, Queen Teuta. The senators were not particularly tactful and Teuta's disclaimer of responsibility for the actions of individual pirate bands was not terribly convincing. Discussions became somewhat too free and frank, and, in rather obscure circumstances, a senator lost his life. Teuta continued her offensive, attacking Corfu.

Rome reacted, swiftly and with massive force, sending, in 229, a punitive force of 200 warships, 2,000 cavalry and 20,000 infantry. If the Illyrians' success against

Aetolia had come as a surprise, the speed, force and ferocity of the Roman response should have alerted the Hellenistic world of the nascent power that lay across the Adriatic. Illyrian resistance quickly crumbled. After relieving or recapturing the Greek and Epirot cities under Illyrian threat, and ensuring submission of the tribes in what is now the interior of Albania, the Roman fleet swept north. The Illyrian fleet was engaged and destroyed. Teuta and her remaining supporters fled inland. The following spring, she sued for peace. The Romans exacted a hefty war reparation and a requirement for annual tribute. Substantial chunks of Ardiaean territory were ceded to Demetrius of Pharos, a local Greek dynast. Illyrian ships were forbidden from sailing south of the Dvar river (approximately the present Albanian/ Montenegrin border). While Teuta was not overthrown, she soon fell victim to a palace coup. The Romans withdrew, no garrisons were left behind, nor was any serious effort made to collect further instalments of the tribute levied on the Illyrians. Their mission seemed to be accomplished.



phase II

Great Power Confrontation

It took less than a decade for the lesson to wear off. The instigator this time was Demetrius of Pharos. Demetrius married one of Teuta's daughters, and gained control of much of the Ardiaean territory. He was encouraged by King Phillip V of Macedonia, who welcomed a potential ally on the Adriatic and employed Demetrius on various missions to support his Adriatic ambitions. Soon Demetrius was flexing his seaborne muscle on his own, venturing, with his Illyrian in-law Scerdiliadas, into the Aegean, ignoring the Roman no-sail zone.

Following their defeat of Teuta, the Romans had mostly been engaged in subduing the Gallic tribes of the Po valley. As Roman control expanded into the head of the Adriatic, their sea lines of communication came under attack from another Illyrian

pirate tribe, the Istrians. Two major campaigns in 221 and 220 brought the Istrians to heel, but brought Roman interests directly into confrontation with Demetrius of Pharos' ambitions. In 219, the Romans decided it was time to eliminate Demetrius. In a short, swift and massive campaign, he was swept away. Scerdiliadas quickly changed sides, paid the Romans his tribute arrears and received, in return, much of Demetrius' former territory. The Romans withdrew, and Demetrius (formerly) of Pharos found a new vocation as foreign policy advisor to Phillip V of Macedonia.

In 218 Rome went to war with Carthage, beginning a struggle to control the western Mediterranean that was to last 16 years. Rome was victorious, but only after enduring several defeats on Italian soil at the hands of the great Carthaginian general Hannibal. With the Romans seemingly preoccupied, Demetrius began to encourage Phillip to seek an outlet to the Adriatic. This would allow him to outflank the inland Illyrian tribes which threatened his borders and open a new front against the Aetolians. Phillip's first attempt, an expedition to expel Demetrius' former ally and now rival, Scerdiliadas, was quickly thwarted. Scerdiliadas appealed to the Romans who, despite their preoccupations, sent a squadron of warships. Phillip immediately retreated.

In 215 following the Romans' massive defeat at Cannae, Demetrius persuaded Phillip to sign an alliance with Carthage. Promised Rome's sphere of interest in Illyria should Carthage win, Phillip built a fleet of 120 light galleys, which he sent into the Adriatic. With southern Italy threatening to defect to Carthage, the Romans could not ignore this. Their fears seemed confirmed when they captured a ship carrying a Carthaginian delegation with a draft of the treaty with Phillip. The Romans mobilized 50 heavy warships and sent a force across the Adriatic to garrison key points along the coast. Phillip, besieging Appolonia (modern Vlores), took fright, burned his fleet and retreated across the mountains. The war dragged on until 205 with Macedonia gradually subduing the inland tribes, and Romans waging a *guerre de course* around the Adriatic, in league with Macedonia's Aetolian enemies. The war ended in 205 when the Aetolians concluded a separate peace with Phillip and the Romans withdrew their naval assets to invade Africa. The peace seemed mutually advantageous, the Roman protectorate over the coastal towns and tribes of Illyria was reaffirmed, while Macedonian encroachments on the inland tribes greatly strengthened Phillip's western frontier.

The peace did not last. With Carthage defeated, war broke out again between Rome and Macedonia in 200 and ended with a decisive Roman victory at Cynoscephalae in 197. Scerdiliadas' son Pleuratus maintained the alliance with Rome and, while he contributed little to the war effort beyond some harassing raids along the frontier, was nonetheless rewarded with some strategically important Macedonian territory. Pleuratus also helped harass the Aetolians when they fell out with Rome in 187. His successor, Genthius, was less enthusiastic about his father's and grandfather's patrons. Roman delegations investigating pirate attacks were rebuffed. The Romans' response, however, was confined to impounding a number of Illyrian ships caught red-handed, and conducting further operations against the Istrians; they took no other action to curb Genthius.

In 170 with yet another war between Rome and Macedonia imminent, both parties applied pressure to induce Genthius to join them. Genthius held aloof, until it seemed that the Macedonians were gaining the upper hand. A Macedonian promise of nine tons of silver — reneged on once the Illyrians were irrevocably on the Macedonian side — secured his

allegiance. Unfortunately for Genthius, the Macedonian army was shortly after destroyed at Pydna, and Macedonia was broken up into four republics. Facing the Romans alone, Genthius was quickly crushed. Those Illyrians who could change sides; the rest were plundered and enslaved. Out of the ruins the Romans created three new states, but once again withdrew, leaving the Illyrians to their own devices. Only after the fourth and final Macedonian War, which ended in 146 BC after an abortive attempt to reestablish the kingdom, did the Romans permanently occupy Macedonia, along with an enclave around Appolonia and Dyrrachium (modern Dures). A strategic road, the *via Egnatia*, was built to link Thessalonika on the Aegean coast of Macedonia with the Adriatic.



phase III Permanent Occupation

As the Balkans were no longer a focus of great power rivalry, the Romans paid little attention to Illyria for the next century. Their permanent outposts on the coast of what is now Albania, and the settlers it attracted, needed protection and sporadic piracy remained a problem. Punitive expeditions were required every decade or so — when the piracy got out of hand, or Illyrian rulers showed disrespect to Roman delegations or simply when a Roman general needed a quick triumph. Roman success was assured, when overwhelming force was applied, but things did not always go their way. Several expeditions, including one led by one of Julius Caesar's generals came to grief, as did one senator's ill-fated (and unsanctioned) attempt to march his army overland from Italy to Macedonia.

In 36 BC, Octavian (the future Emperor Augustus), began to prepare for his final showdown with Mark Anthony. Octavian's military reputation was shaky; his troops were unseasoned compared to Anthony's veterans; and he wanted to secure his Adriatic flank (Macedonia and its Adriatic bridgehead fell under Anthony's sphere of influence). Octavian launched a major invasion to occupy what is now Croatia. After his victory in 31 BC over Anthony and Cleopatra, Octavian continued the offensive towards the Danube, pursuing the poet Virgil's vision of Rome's right to *Imperium sine fines* (Imperialism without borders). The final culmination of his grand design would have had Roman armies advancing south up the Elbe and north from the Danube to occupy what is now Bohemia. This was thwarted by a massive revolt by the Illyrians in 6 AD. So serious was the revolt that there was panic in the streets of Rome and recruiting was opened to slaves. It took three years and ten legions to reconquer Illyria in what was virtually a war of extermination. Virgil saw Rome's civilizing mission as one that "spared the vanquished and curbed the proud." The historian Tacitus more accurately summed up the Roman approach to counter-insurgency: "They made a desert and called it peace." It took two centuries for Illyria to recover; when it did, Rome's relationship with the region had taken on a very new complexion.



phase IV "Illyrianization"

From the late 2nd Century AD, Rome's most sensitive frontier was the middle Danube, the region from which barbarian invaders could most easily threaten Italy. The army of the Danube became the strongest and most experienced in the Roman order of battle, and as with the armies on other frontiers, was increasingly recruited

locally. In addition, units of Illyrian troops were posted to virtually every frontier. The importance of the Danube army was reinforced in 196, when its commanding general, Septimus Severus, used his troops to become emperor. Romans were not amused by the uncouth *Illyricani* who now filled the ranks of the Praetorian Guard, but issued coins to glorify the "Army of Illyricum." The Illyrians quickly discovered their power to decide who should rule the empire, changing emperors more frequently than their shirts. Needless to say they preferred to choose from their own, and from 268 to 602, the majority of Roman emperors had their origins on the Danube frontier. Horace's famous epigram holds that "captive Greece took her savage captor, captive." Three centuries later, the savage Illyrians had taken Rome herself captive.

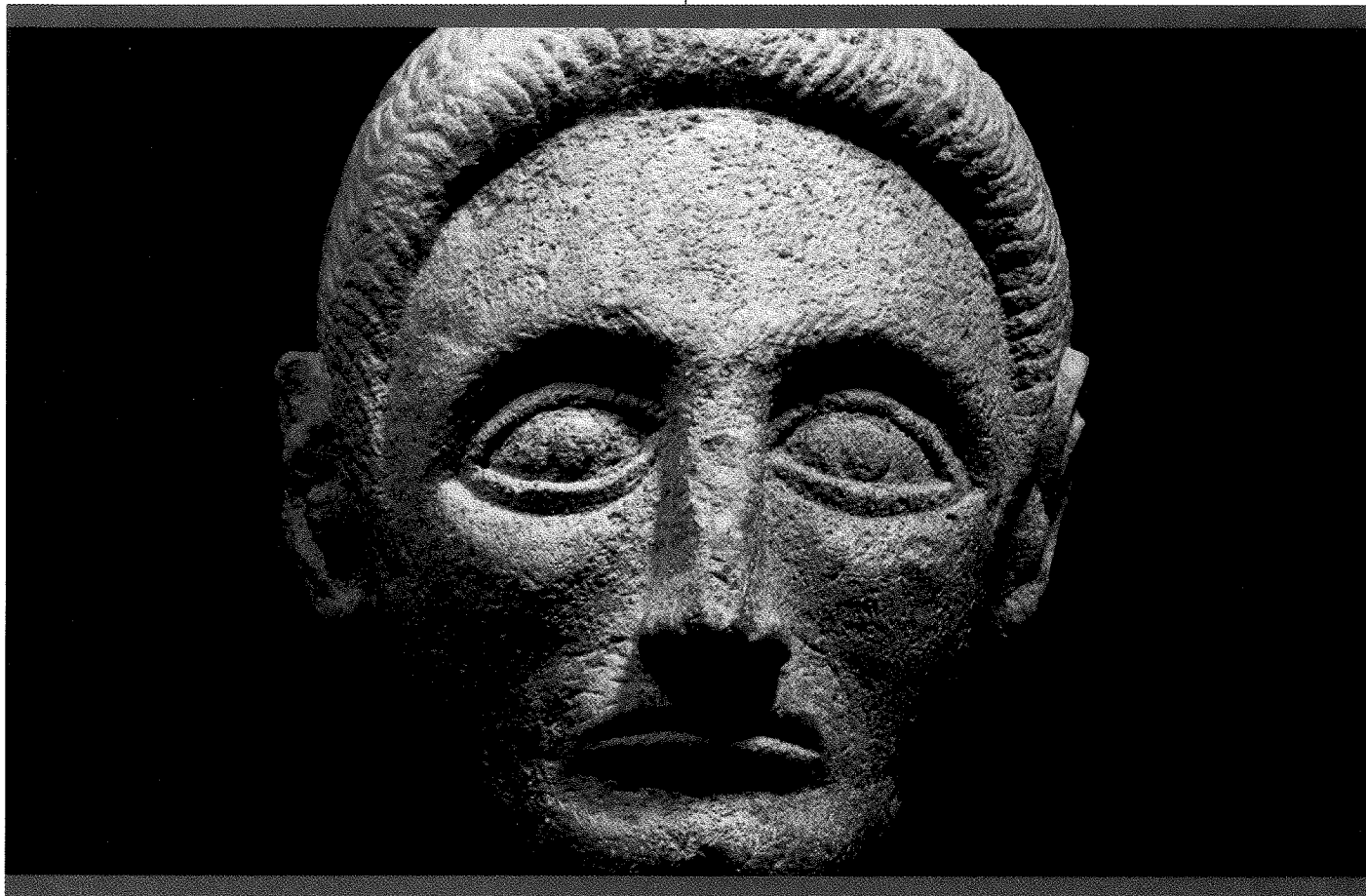
Albanians and Romanians, maintained a nomadic existence in the mountains, but the old Illyria was gone forever, and the armies were now mostly recruited in Anatolia.



phase VI

Termination of the Mission

From the late 11th century, several of the states emerging in Italy began to look across the Adriatic, anxious to secure their sea lanes. The Romans, with much of their power now centred in what had once been Macedonia, found themselves contesting their holdings along



phase V

Disengagement

Its frontier position, which made Illyria the cradle of the army and of emperors, was also its downfall. Continued barbarian attacks, not to mention frequent civil wars, drained its economic and demographic resources. Invaders, particularly the Slavic ancestors of the Bulgarians, Slovenians and Serbo-Croats, seeped in to settle vacant regions. In the 7th century, the Danube frontier finally collapsed. Roman rule and civilized life vanished from all but a few coastal and island enclaves along the Adriatic. It took the Romans (or, as we now call them, Byzantines) four centuries to move out of their coastal enclaves, reconquer the interior and restore the Danube frontier. Pockets of indigenous and Romanized inhabitants, ancestors the

the Adriatic with these Italians, and their inland frontiers with the Serbs and Albanians. The situation was a curious mirror image of the 2nd century BC. Byzantine power, however, was waning. The fourth Crusade in 1204 divided and fatally weakened the Empire. Anatolia was finally lost to the Turks in the early 14th century, and civil war sapped what little strength was left. The Serbian King, Stefan Dushan, exploited the vacuum and, between 1343 and 1347, overran most of what is now Albania. The last Roman garrisons in the region were lost, and the mission that had begun in 230 BC was finally wound down. Forty years later, the Serbs and Ottomans clashed at Kosovo and the stage was set for the next round of Balkan wars. ☉

*Roger Lucy joined External Affairs in 1971. He has served in Chicago, Tehran, Oslo and Port of Spain. He has made several contributions to **bout de papier**, mostly in the area of diplomacy in the Dark Ages.*

“Your lights were on. I thought you were going to pull something on us,” said the man with a hard stare and, without a hint of apology or nervousness, moved the safety of the .45 gun back to its locked status. The black suburban with totally darkened windows sped off and, to this day, I know not who was inside nor what it was about my car headlights that worried them so much on that sunny afternoon at a busy intersection in Guatemala City.

Then again, this hasn't been the only time my headlights have been at the centre of a near-death experience. Daytime Running Lights [DRL for short] were introduced in Canada in 1990 and are now a regular sight on our roads. Canadian standards can also have quite an impact on our lives in the foreign service. By the way, the events herein described are completely real except for some names which have been altered to protect the embarrassed.

Chiapas, Mexico, 1998

In the aftermath of two volcanic ash storms, a mid-sized earthquake, and the brutal drought and vast jungle fires which preceded the devastation caused by Hurricane Mitch, a lot of damage had been sustained by both roads and bridges between Guatemala and Central Mexico. Against this backdrop, the typical bureaucratic wrangling which seems to precede every doctoral dissertation defence was about to claim yet another victim. Having gotten the final date for my defence confirmed, I realized it was too late to get an airplane reservation coming out of Guatemala, other than an enormously expensive last-minute seat. Though only partially aware of the dangers ahead, I decided to take our small Mazda 323 and drive across North America to get to my defence in Toronto. In late October, I embraced my wife in front of our embassy in Guatemala City. It would be two weeks before I was able to hear her voice again.

The border guards in Mexico were friendly and surprised to see a Canadian in a car with Guatemalan Diplo plates. After the car was doused with chemicals — for pest control, they claimed — came the turn of the Drug Police, known by different nicknames depending on whom you talk to. Armed to the teeth and dressed fully in military-style black fatigues, they approached me from both sides:

“What’s wrong with your lights?”

“Nothing, but can you tell me how the road is ahead?”

“What road? You mean the one washed out by the floods?”

After thoroughly searching the vehicle, they ask to see my passport: “Excuse us, sir, we didn’t know you are a diplomat.”

“No problem. I just hope what you told me about the road isn’t as bad as it sounds.”

“You’ll see, sir. Que Dios lo acompañe.”

Barely 50 kilometres from the border crossing, I began to realize that his good wishes had not been a mere polite ritual, like many words uttered throughout Latin America by way of farewell or greeting. Bridge after bridge along the toll highway had been snapped like matches by the force of the rivers of mud and rock underneath. I remember thinking that nobody could believe this devastation unless they saw it. So, I told myself, I should stop the car to get a quick picture with my camera. Forced by the flood tide to drive in long convoys down hastily built detours that ran more or less parallel to the destroyed main highway, most of us did not realize that the rivers had kept on swelling and had eaten away what little soil we had to drive on. A few steps away from the car, I was knee-deep in the strong current. Deciding that a snapshot of the disaster was not worth my own epitaph, I quickly turned around and headed for what was left of the improvised road. Suddenly, my car seemed beyond reach. The water kept on rising very rapidly all around me.

It was waist-high by the time I managed to get to the car. Behind me, a truck driver and his friend gravely said hello. “We were flipping a coin,” they informed me, “to see which one of us would drive your car the rest of the way. We didn’t think you’d make it out of there.” Gasping for air, I could see their stone-faced expressions neither demanding nor expecting an answer. In those parts, dead people are usually not required to explain their own demise.

After my first 18-hour day of driving, having moved about a quarter of the distance I was supposed to, the math of my destination caught up with me. At this pace, I’d never make it in time for the defence. The driving was further slowed down by the numerous roadblocks set up by a panoply of groups: Drug Police, Federal Road Police, the feared Policia Judicial, and of course the Army, all asking similar questions and all looking in disbelief at my small car and my plates and my passport. It was clear I was getting nowhere and taking a long time to do so. Looking at the road map as if I was looking for hidden treasure, I found a way out. I asked a Policia Federal de Caminos agent what he thought about my plan. Facing me the way a physician confronts the relative of a seriously ill patient, he pronounced his verdict. “It’s a 400-kilometre detour through lonely mountain passes and down to the Gulf of Mexico jungle. Only big trucks travel that way. Sometimes, things happen. Drivers often claim they see things ... Perhaps it’s the booze.” Of course, this was Zapatista

Light

country and I started to think this cop was trying to warn me about going further into this disputed area.

Two days later, I sit at a small restaurant off the road. The ultra-modern Villahermosa-Veracruz multi-lane toll road is less than two kilometres away. The waitress cannot believe her ears. “You came from where? Either you’re crazy or very brave. Perhaps both,” she declares as if to pronounce my case closed. As I listen to myself recount my journey, the cop’s parting words are quite fresh in my memory:

“You know, we say in Mexico that real men always die with their boots on. In your country, I guess people die with their lights on.”

Lima, Peru, 1994

In 1994, Lima was a survivors’ town: lots of explosions, courtesy of waning rebel group activity; a profound restructuring of the economy that brought increasing hardship to large segments of the population; and, for good measure, the chronic water shortages the area is well known for. At the time, it was possible to drive past a brand new luxury vehicle one moment, only to face a 30-year-old museum piece next. This bewildering array of automotive make, longevity and noise or smoke level had only one common thread: the minimal driving skills of their owners. The driving experience in Lima is something closer to a Nintendo police-chase game than real-life commuting.

Another consequence of the difficult situation was the lack of spare parts. Not surprisingly, black markets and theft of all manner of equipment took on epidemic proportions. In this environment, my bright headlights made my vehicle stand out like a big neon sign at night in a cemetery. During the day, inevitably, every driver took it as his/her patriotic duty to inform me that “sus luces están encendidas” [your lights are on]. Most persistent of all were drivers of those vintage-from-hell types of machines. A great many of them had no

Stories

by Carlos Ruano

headlights or any kind of lights for that matter — at night time, these pieces of moving scrap metal could only be detected by their plumes of exhaust. After a few tries, I gave up on trying to explain the reason for having my lights on all the time. Doubtless, my exotic headlights saved my car from obliteration or worse at busy intersections where everyone wants to go first. In some parts of Latin America, the driver who flashes his lights first has right of way at intersections regardless of who got there first. Since mine were always “flashing” people felt obliged to give me a certain measure of preferential treatment.

After delivering the car for an oil change, I decided to go out for a walk rather than wait for the deed to be done. A few minutes later, someone dressed in overalls and with an obviously worried and fatigued look on his face approached me.

“Señor, your car has a little something.” In Latin America, the softer the tone of the speech the worse one has to be prepared for.

“What do you mean ‘a little something’?”

“Well,” said the young man in overalls with his eyes totally glued to the asphalt beneath his feet by then and with the reluctance of a firing squad about to carry out its orders, “it’s your headlights, Señor. I can’t find a way to turn them off. I’m afraid you might need to replace them.”

He started to mutter that not all was lost and that I could get a good deal at some neighbourhood outfit specializing in cannibalizing stolen vehicles. “It’s alright,” I said reassuringly, “the lights are fine. This isn’t the first time someone has mistaken Day Time Running Lights for a...” From the body shop, out comes another figure in overalls. Clearly, some type of supervisor — other workers at the body shop defer to his commands. Middle-aged and paramilitary looking, his clean-shaven face doubles as a mask for a brutal demeanor. After staring menacingly at the young mechanic, he feigns contrition in his obfuscated Spanish:

“Have no worries, Sir. For your concerns are ours. *These people*,” he proclaims, as if referring to some discarded oil bin, “have no knowledge of imported cars. We ought to educate them.”

Continuing to profess admiration for “American standards,” he asks if I’d be interested in disabling my DRL switch. “You know,” he said with his eyes half-closed, “people can be envious of *illuminated cars* such as yours.” Still, I declined his offer.

About a week later, while doing some errands, I noticed my fellow Limeño drivers were not issuing their friendly though persistent warning about my lights. Even more interesting, the junkyards-on-wheels type of machines did not seem particularly concerned with the fate of my *illuminated car*. A full day of NOT being noticed for the things I was usually noticed for was too much to bear. I needn’t have worried: Giving me her usual hug, my wife declared matter-of-factly: “Your lights are gone.” I jumped out of the car as if the thing was on fire only to realize that true enough, where the headlights used to be, there were now just a few dangling wires. Sometimes, illumination has its price.

Atlanta, Georgia, 1992

In a far away corner of the Republic, the trial of the white police officers charged in the beating of Rodney King, a black motorist, was over. The amateur video which caught the officers in the act was broadcast around the world over and over again. To most observers, the video was clear evidence of police mishandling of an arrest or — at worst — outright racially based brutality. For lots of people in Los Angeles, something — anything — had to be done to show that, although Mr. King might have been wrong in evading capture, so were the officers who took such drastic actions upon his arrest. Few people thought that the officers would walk out of the courtroom as if nothing had been videotaped, but that was exactly what happened.

Late that night, the L.A. Riots, as they became known, started to spread throughout the mostly poor areas of town. The self-destructive fury of those who feel cheated out of their place in society was in full swing: stores, gas stations, homes — all burned down by the people who most needed them. Twenty-four hours later, Atlanta was also seeing rioting of its own, although on a smaller scale than Los Angeles. The familiar scenes of police confronting rioters were also seen around the world — Atlanta is CNN’s headquarters, after all.

Early on, some people were saying it was best not to drive anywhere, just in case things got out of hand. But in a city like

Atlanta, driving is a fact of life, especially if your staff quarter [SQ in Foreign Service lingo] is located 30-40 kilometres away from the office, as was the case with all Crown-owned SQs at the time. Sometime after lunch, I called my wife and told her the situation was getting really tense in some areas. Sitting right in the middle of downtown, with a large police station directly underneath, our Mission was NOT the place to be should confrontations break out. Belatedly, the Consulate was closed as rumours of demonstrations and clashes became confirmed news. Downtown became totally deserted. On my way to the Consulate to get my wife, I remember seeing a truly massive police presence. By then the city had become a ghost town. At some point, we received instructions not to go into certain areas as the expressways were the scene of confrontations. These instructions came a little too late for spouses who were already on the road. Remember, these events took place *before* cellphones were widely available.

A colleague was going home in her car, which — as you must suspect by now — was properly equipped with Daytime Running Lights. As she drove through different sections of the city she couldn’t help noticing people cheering or looking in disbelief at her car. Some were even yelling and hurling insults at her. Worried, though not necessarily scared, she kept on driving at a relatively safe distance from the many flashpoints scattered about her busy afternoon route. Unbeknownst to her, some radio announcer was encouraging drivers to *turn their lights on in support of the riots*. The following day, over a cup of coffee, we reflected on the previous day’s events. “I bet you I was the only white person in this city to support the riots unflinchingly throughout the day,” she quipped. “Funny how one can be totally in the middle of the crossfire and not get seriously hurt,” she added, her hands suddenly becoming tight fists as if she were still behind the steering wheel trying to avoid objects being thrown at her car. For once, I was happy to have bought American: our car did not have Daytime Running Lights. ☺

Carlos Ruano has been serving at DFAIT for over ten years now, including posts in the USA, Peru, Guatemala and Colombia. Like many an income-deprived foreign service spouse, he has developed a taste for education: degrees from Canadian and American universities including a PhD in Educational Policy and Administration from the University of Toronto hang somewhere at home.

David Bryce Wilson

1922-2002

David Wilson and I joined the Department of External Affairs in 1947. We first met that summer in the then Political III Division (later American and Far Eastern). Thus began a friendship that lasted for more than 50 years and came to an end only with his death on April 18.

With a degree in Commerce from the University of Toronto, he was on the economic side of the United States Desk in the Division, while I dealt with Latin America. Incidentally, we were six officers all told at the time, including the Head of Division, handling Canadian relations with more than half the world.

David had had a brilliant wartime career. When he left the Navy in 1946 at the age of 23, he was a Lt. Commander, perhaps the youngest officer of that rank at the time. He had been in motor torpedo boats patrolling the English Channel, a dangerous assignment if ever there was one.

He was one of the two truly fearless men I have known. The other one was also in motor torpedo boats!

He had been brought up in Brazil, where his father, a world-renowned authority on malaria, was a research doctor for the Rockefeller Foundation. David's Portuguese was outstanding and it is not surprising that his first assignment abroad should be Rio de Janeiro. He was later posted to Lisbon, Paris (OECD and UNESCO), as well as Rome. In the Department, he served mostly in the economic and consular sectors.

His linguistic talents were built on a formidable memory. Apart from Portuguese, he spoke fluent French, decent Italian, and also some German. In fact, he was a walking encyclopedia and whenever I was in doubt about some fact, figure, theory, or event, I could always count on him for an accurate answer.

He had a passion for words. Indeed he was a wordsmith. He delighted in using in his drafts and correspondence the most esoteric words he could find but which, although rare, were at the same time entirely correct and pertinent.

The word "orrrery" in one of the circular documents he drafted became legendary in his generation. Indeed a classic! It sent me to my dictionaries at the time and I am pretty certain that most readers of *bout de papier* will have to do likewise today.

And so, dear friend, may I wish you well in your new incarnation, where I trust — in terms of the word "orrrery" — you will find yourself running "the apparatus that shows the relative positions and motions of bodies in the solar system by the rotation and revolution of balls moved by wheelwork." ☺

Arthur Blanchette was Canadian Ambassador to the OAS, Tunisia and Libya.

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Books in Review / Critiques de livres

Cocaine Train — Tracing my Bloodline Through Colombia

Reviewed by Nicholas Coghlan

COCAINE TRAIN — TRACING MY BLOODLINE THROUGH COLOMBIA by Stephen Smith; Published Abacus (1999), \$17.99

Reviewed by Nicholas Coghlan

Nicholas Coghlan is a Canadian at work (and not allowed to strike...) at the Office of the Canadian Embassy in Khartoum, Sudan. His previous postings have been Bogota and Mexico City.

Anyone in the Canadian Foreign Service who has worked for any length of time in the Latin America Bureau or at one of our missions in the Americas region will tell you how frustrating it is when people who should know better — and who often include our professional colleagues — cannot spell correctly the name of one of the largest and most newsworthy countries in Latin America, the capital of which is Bogota.

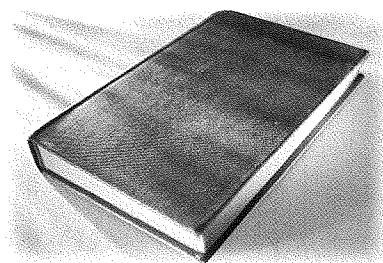
Thus my heart sank when, even before opening this book, I read the gushing blurb on the back cover, describing how “journalist Stephen Smith finds himself boarding the Cocaine Train out of Cali, home of Columbia’s [sic] infamous drug cartel.” ... It sank further when I realised, as the book proceeded, that the eponymous train from Cali was to play no significant role in the story Smith has to tell; I could conclude only that his editors had liked the rhyme of Cocaine Train and thought (perhaps correctly) that this would also appeal to western stereotypes of Colombia. And things got still worse with every section of mangled and accent-less Spanish quoted by Smith as, in a failed attempt at verisimilitude, he recounted conversations in bars in that language. If he couldn’t be bothered to find a decent editor, I found myself thinking, then why should I be bothered to read this?

But I carp. Smith’s account of a 1998 visit to Colombia is constructed in the manner perfected (and never since surpassed) by Bruce Chatwin in his *In Patagonia*, the travelogue-camouflaged-as-search-for-long-lost-relative.

The relative in this case is Smith’s grandfather, one Leslie Frost, railway engineer, faithless husband and Man of Mystery. Frost

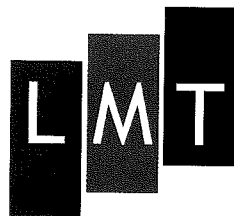
was clearly a not uninteresting person and had been involved in the construction of the unique aerial long-distance Manizales-to-Mariquita cableway (which probably merits a book in itself). And Smith’s search for his roots takes him to some relatively out-of-the-way places such as Puerto Berrio and Barrancabermeja, redoubts respectively of the Paramilitary movement and of the rebel ELN.

But the problem is that not much happens to the author. Fine — we wouldn’t actually have wanted to have been murdered by the Paras or kidnapped by the FARC or ELN. But one would at least have hoped, in these circumstances, for a thoughtful examination of Colombia’s so-called culture of violence and of the paradox by which one can venture into places the mention of which makes even Bogotanos shudder, and emerge unscathed. No; instead, Smith merely recycles all the old statistics on violence, kidnapping and drug production and you are left simply not knowing whether he felt himself lucky to have escaped, or — on the other hand — whether he felt it was all exaggerated. There is no serious analysis of the drug phenomenon, nor of Colombia’s civil war. About the most exciting section is when Smith recounts the televised Colombia-England game in the 1998 World Cup, which he watched in a Medellin bar (and on which I won USD \$40 in a Canadian Embassy sweepstake...); he is disappointed when nobody riots.



As for Leslie Frost, well unfortunately the documentary evidence that Smith is able to unearth is scant, and while Smith does track down an illegitimate son of Frost’s, his interest fades inexplicably. The final chapter of the book is a confused account of a visit to the tourist-trap Cathedral of Salt near Bogota, which itself concludes pretentiously: “*You thought of the goodness of Christ, submerged in this blessed, unholy country, going on in the darkness.*” Hmmm.

Colombia is the most beautiful, the most challenging and the most maddening country in Latin America today, and it is a place about which few good accounts have been written in English; an exception is the now rather dated *The Fruit Palace*, by Charles Nicholls (or, of course, you could read an English translation of *100 Years of Solitude*, which is probably now more relevant to Colombia than it was at the time of its publication 30 years ago). Unfortunately, *Cocaine Train* does little or nothing to fill the gap: it is strictly for Colombia-addicts (of which I confess myself to be one). ☹



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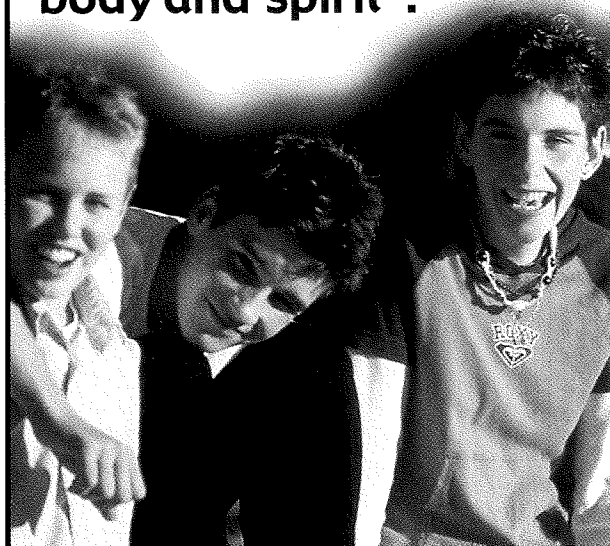
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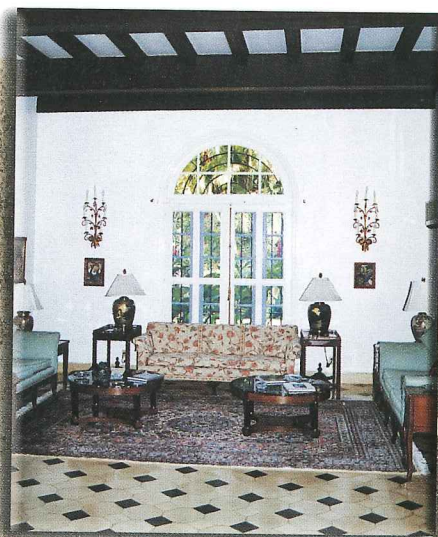


Hunting Hemingway

by Denise Jacques

Houses are like people — they have stories.

For years rumors have circulated that the early history of the Canadian official residence in Havana was scandalous. A lover, an outraged husband, the third floor studio and *flagrante delicto* all figured in the house's pre-Canadian history. Certainly visitors often remarked that the official residence called Jaimanitas had a charming, but compelling atmosphere. I certainly felt this dynamic of undiscovered secrets when I first arrived under its roof. But then I had been briefed in Ottawa earlier by the Cuban ambassador to Canada on these tales of love and adultery. **After all, everyone likes a good story.**





My pursuit of the undiscovered secrets quickly led me to a truly banal source of information: *Vanity Fair* magazine.

To set the scene, we were serving up Christmas dinner to the embassy staff. The meal largely consisted of turkey — of gigantic *Tyrannosaurus rex* proportions — provided by Cuba's President in his yearly Christmas or, in the President's case, New Year's gift basket. During the course of the meal I met the husband of one of our local staff members. A long-time Hemingway scholar, he mentioned the strong association that our house had with Ernest Hemingway and the couple who built the house, Jane and Grant Mason.

As soon as I had heard the main outlines of the story, I remembered where I had read about this connection before. When I was sitting at my hairdresser's on Dalhousie Street, in Ottawa, I had skimmed a long article in *Vanity Fair* on Jane Mason's relationship with Ernest Hemingway. A mansion in Havana was the backdrop for the story. For detective story aficionados and social historians, there is almost an auditory "pop" sound in your mind when a number of clues fit satisfyingly into place. So the lover was none other than Papa Hemingway.

By some miracle we got the sulky Cuban internet provider to work a short time later. While checking Hemingway sites and using Google, additional elements of the story started to emerge. Jane was the inspiration for one of Hemingway's greatest stories, "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." The Margot character of this story was one



of the most bitchy fictional femmes fatales of all time. At the story's end, she shoots her husband, allegedly to save him from a charging African buffalo. It is interesting to note that on Hemingway's Cuban farm, he chose to decorate his study with a woolly head of the same species of African buffalo as he used in the Macomber story.

Grant, Jane's husband, was more complex than the compliant cupboard cuckold

that Hemingway painted in his prose and in his letters. An heir to a railway megafortune, he was one of the founders of Pan American Airways. After he had been bought out by Juan Trippe in the late 1920s, he negotiated the position of Latin American General Manager, stationed in Havana. This is when he built his mansion, with access to a golf club and to the ocean, where he could dock his large cabin cruiser

for marlin fishing. Later, he was named to the Civil Aeronautics Board by Roosevelt and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel during the war. Strangest of all, after divorcing Jane, Grant actually considered re-marrying her, when they were both between spousal entanglements.



In my detective work the real breakthrough occurred when I wrote to the author of the *Vanity Fair* article. Alane Salierno Mason was Jane's granddaughter. An accomplished young editor and writer, her work is notable for its thoughtful gravitas. Even the glossy *Vanity Fair* article, which might have centred on the lurid lives of the rich and famous of the 1930s, is a sensitive attempt to interpret the complexities in the Ernest-Jane Grant relationship. I sent Alane a fax, care of her employer, the publishing house Nortons, explaining that I had the good fortune to live in her grandparents' former home and was seeking photos and information. I never expected a reply. There was a return e-mail in 24 hours. Alane had already spoken to her father, who was very excited about the prospect of visiting his boyhood home. At some point in the 1950s, Antony Mason had stood outside the official residence, too intimidated by the flag and the brass plate on the door to knock and ask to see his parents' former house.

From here, the story unfolded easily. I exchanged photos with the Mason family. I visited them in New York. Provided with an inventory of the house contents and photos from the 1930s, I have identified more than 40 items of Jaimanitas' present

furnishings as original to the house, purchased by the Government of Canada — complete with some furniture — in 1949. Currently, I am researching the possibility that one of the residence's fountains was designed by the Japanese-American sculptor, Noguchi. The Noguchi Museum has turned up a photo of a beautiful ebony Noguchi sculpture of Jane.

To satisfy myself, I still wanted to have evidence of a link between Hemingway and Jaimanitas. Alane Mason gave me the clue. Apparently there was a description of the Mason house in the manuscript version of *To Have and Have Not*. Hemingway later expunged this portion when warned that the Masons might sue. Naively, I asked the Hemingway librarian at the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library for a photocopy of these pages. I was indignantly told this was impossible, owing to copyright protection.

Fortunately, the Canadian Foreign Service provides one with a network of contacts. In a wonderful act of kindness, Graeme Clark, currently on leave in Boston, agreed to brave the fierce librarian and, armed only with a pencil, found the original four Hemingway paragraphs in the Kennedy Library. In this text, Jaimanitas is described reasonably accurately but with some hilarious detail. Hemingway depicts the centrepiece of one fountain — not the possible Noguchi fountain — as being a “peeing goose,” Luckily, in point of fact, there is no “peeing goose,” just spitting frogs.

Jane Mason is frequently on my mind. How could she not be? My dresses now hang in her cedar closet. Every night, I turn off the bedroom lamp that has illuminated the same room for 70 years. Jane, like my own eccentric mother, had a strong interest in spiritualism. Wherever Jane's restless spirit wanders, I think she approves of my hunt for the real story. I promise we will look after the house, eradicate the termites and not put in those aluminum windows. ☺

Denise Jacques is the spouse of Michael Small. She took up housekeeping at the Canadian Official Residence, Havana, Cuba, in October 2000. This article is addressed to those who have wondered what she could possibly do with her time, short of watching the soaps while eating bonbons.



Whither Forecast: A Canadian Predicts the Balance of Power in the Cold War

In earlier issues of *bout de papier*, we reprinted two papers from the early 1950s which were parts of a comprehensive "Re-Examination of Canadian Foreign Policy" that was guided by the Deputy Under-secretary of State for External Affairs, Escott Reid, at the request of the minister, Lester B. Pearson. Some of the proposed studies were never completed before the project was abandoned. Others were relatively straightforward reviews of past and current policy in specific domains that were circulated within headquarters and to posts for comment. Yet another category of memorandum prompted more debate and consequently underwent multiple revisions. By the time some of these latter papers were shelved, the original authors had assumed other duties, as had Reid.

Arguably the most Sisyphean task was that assigned to George Glazebrook of Defence Liaison (2) Division. Glazebrook, a wartime recruit from academe to the Department of External Affairs, who had recently directed the Joint Intelligence Bureau at the Department of National Defence, was asked to evaluate not only the current balance

of power but also to predict changes in that equilibrium. Glazebrook's first draft looked 25 years into the future. By the second draft, the projection had been limited to 15 years. A third draft — completed within two months of the first — reduced the forward gaze to five years and doubled the length of the text. Yet another version, which went to the minister, restored the time line to 15 years, taking it up to Canada's centenary (by which time Pearson would be Prime Minister), but it was promptly overtaken by the death of Joseph Stalin. Before the project was formally abandoned, Reid had moved on to the post of High Commissioner to India, from whence his reports went to the Commonwealth Division, headed by Glazebrook. In addition to those duties, Glazebrook was also head of DEA's Historical Division, whose archival holdings soon included the various studies. As with other records of the Department of External Affairs, these papers can now be found in Record Group 25 at the National Archives of Canada.

Hector Mackenzie

G[eorge]. [Parkin] de T[wenebroke]. Glazebrook [Defence Liaison (2) Division], "The Balance of Power, Present and Future," First Draft, Secret, October 25, 1951.

Introduction

The purpose of this paper is to analyse the probable balance of power in the world during the next quarter-century. It is obvious that the trend cannot be forecast with any hope of accuracy or finality. The object is simply, in the light of existing evidence in respect of the present situation and the best estimates available of the future position, to examine in general terms the most likely developments.

Certain arbitrary assumptions are made:

- i. that in the period under review there will be no major war and no effective relaxation in the existing international tension;
- ii. that the USSR will continue to be a Communist State, whereas the USA, the UK, and France will continue to be anti-Communist;

- iii. that nationalism will continue to be a significant factor, influencing, inter alia, the Middle and Far East;
- iv. that Latin America will remain relatively detached toward the balance of power;
- v. that no secret weapon will be invented, which would allow an individual in Helsinki or Capetown to blow up the world by pressing a button.

Given the above assumptions there will be two competing groups of powers, the one dominated by the USSR and the other by the USA. In all probability the States now actively supporting one side or the other will continue to do so. The balance, however, can be modified by the accession to an active group of States at present wholly or partly neutral. Of the possible ones those in Latin America have been ruled out in the assumptions. Of the European neutrals Switzerland may also reasonably be expected to remain neutral. Sweden and Spain, because of their strategic positions, would add more to the Russian than the American group. In the Middle East, Egypt would be of great strategic value to either side, while Iran's positive contribution would be to the American group. The most difficult States to assess are those of the Far East in respect of either

their internal strength or their diplomatic positions. In particular, while the future of Japan and Pakistan may be forecast with some reasonable degree of assurance, China and India are bristling with question marks.

There is, therefore, an impressive array of factors which cannot be readily controlled by a strait-jacket made of even the most arbitrary assumptions. In the main an estimate of the future balance of power must concentrate on the effective strength of the core of each alliance, recognizing the likelihood of modifications created by the positions of the marginal states.

Military Power

Military power is, in effect, a complex of elements. It requires a stable political régime under which a government (regardless of its form) commands the support of the population. It needs a healthy people, which in turn presupposes a standard of living sufficient to maintain health. The economic structure must be strong enough not only to support an adequate standard of living for individuals but also be sufficiently diversified and elastic to produce the matériel of modern mechanized warfare. Scientific inventions and technical development may decide the issue in war. Finally, the fighting power of the individual, the training and organization of a country's services, and the ability of its strategists may likewise decide the results. Some of these factors will be examined in the following paragraphs.

Population and National Income

Developing the argument indicated above, the military significance of population is derived not only from its size but also from what may be described as its output. The following tables are designed to show the relationship; and, while such projections are subject to a wide margin of error, they may be taken as reasonable estimates of the comparative positions.

It will be noted that the relative position is not expected to change materially in the course of the next fifteen years. Such change as is shown indicates a relative decline of the national output of Western Europe and the Far East, and gains by North America and the USSR. As warfare becomes increasingly mechanized the capacity of the individual to produce and utilize the weapons of war (as well as to maintain the domestic economy) must correspondingly be significant. There is, of course, the consideration that, because of climate, tradition, or other reasons, one people can live on a lower standard of living than another. While this may modify the stark gap between the North Americans and the Russians, or between the inhabitants of Western Europe and the inhabitants of the Far East, it still leaves a great advantage to the country with a greater per capita output.

COMPARISON BY ECONOMIC STRENGTH

Examining again the economic strength of countries, in relation to each other and to the present and future positions, it becomes apparent that the present disparity will, in general, be maintained.

The United States and Canada, together, in terms of economic strength, tower above all other areas of the world. The labour force has a high standard of living, is productive, and is capable of expansion because of a large reserve and short hours (between 1939 and 1944 the United States increased its employed labour force by 40%). In production of food the area maintains a surplus. In natural resources required by industry the area is well supplied. The high industrial capacity derives from the labour force, available materials, improved methods of production, and a large domestic market for standardized products. The transportation system is well developed.

In 1950 US industrial production was 75% higher, steel production 65% higher, petroleum production 50% higher, and electric power production 120% higher than in 1940. In consideration of this development, and published estimates, it is probable that the growth of national production will be about 20% in the next five years. If something of the same speed were maintained, the gross national production in 1966 would be 50% higher than in 1951. *Western Europe* (including the United Kingdom) is only partially self-sufficient in food. This situation varies in degree from one area to another, as do the availability of raw materials and the productivity of the labour force. If the present tendency toward economic integration were continued this lack of balance would be modified. The traditional industrial capacity of Western Europe still exists. In the immediate post-war years Western Europe was in a very difficult position, but with the help of American aid industrial production has now risen by about 40% above the level of pre-war years. Total production has risen by about 15%.

While the area cannot be expected to return to the industrial supremacy which it once held, it may be estimated that the total output of goods and services in 1966 will be about 50% higher than in 1951.

USSR and European Satellites. In the economic, as in the political sphere, the area is largely directed from Moscow, so that some of the Russian shortages have been offset by the satellites. Within the Soviet Union the system of collective farming has kept the output of the individual still low, perhaps four times lower than in the United States. While industrial training has increased, the output per person is lower in this field also.

The grain crop of 1950, while producing a surplus, was only slightly higher than that of 1940, and the number of livestock was lower. In forest products, and in fuel and power resources, the USSR is well endowed. The same, with some exceptions, is true of non-ferrous metals and non-metallic minerals. Steel production in the area increased by one-half between 1940 and 1950, but is still below that of Western Europe. In industry the emphasis has been on basic industries such as coal, oil, electricity, iron, and steel. Transport, while weak in comparison with North America or Western Europe, is not so much so as to cause any major problem.

All the ingredients for an expanding economy exist: a rapidly-growing population, substantial undeveloped natural resources, adequate transportation, and a well-developed industrial base. It may be estimated that by 1966 the output of goods and services in the area will increase by 75% over 1950 levels.

The three areas which have been briefly examined are those which will play the major and the most clearly-defined part in the balance of power. It will have been seen, too, that all three are expected to increase materially in economic strength. There remain two areas — the Middle East and the Far East — the strategic position of which is of great importance, but which have futures which are politically not clear and economic ones which are also cloudy. *The Middle East* is, generally speaking, a country of peasants whose standard of living is low. While 75% of the population depends on agriculture, only 6% of the whole area is available for cultivation. Although methods of farming are backward and wasteful, the area is self-sufficient in cereals, oils, and fats.

The prerequisites for an industrial base — raw materials and power — are sparse. There is, with the exception of oil, a deficiency in basic materials. With the exception of Turkey the possibility of heavy industry does not exist. In addition to raw materials and power, skilled labour and domestic markets are absent as applied to industrial development generally. Rail transport, too, is inadequate.

It is not probable, then, that economically the Middle East will be of significance in the world balance by 1966, even if some progress is made on the bargaining power of oil. The output

COMPARISON OF POPULATION AND NATIONAL INCOME, 1951

Area	Estimated Population 1951 (millions)	Percentage of World Population	Estimated National Income 1951 (\$US 1950 millions)	Percentage of World's National Income	Per capita National Income (\$US)
North America	167	7.0	255	39.8	1,527
Latin America	158	6.6	35	5.5	220
Western Europe	305	12.7	150	23.4	490
USSR and European Satellites	300	12.5	100	15.6	330
Middle East	80	3.3	10	1.6	125
Far East	1,200	50.0	65	10.2	55
Africa (Ex. Egypt)	180	7.5	15	2.3	85
Australia and New Zealand	10	0.4	10	1.6	1,000
World - Total	2,400	100.0	640	100.0	267

COMPARISON OF ESTIMATED POPULATION AND OUTPUT, 1966

Area	Estimated Population 1966 (millions)	Percentage of World Total	Estimated Output of Goods and Services 1966 (\$US 1950 billions)	Percentage of World's Output	Estimated Output per Capita (\$US 1950 billions)
North America	187	6.8	530	41.9	2,835
Latin America	200	7.2	60	4.7	300
Western Europe	330	12.0	275	21.7	830
USSR and European Satellites	360	13.1	225	17.6	625
Middle East	100	3.6	20	1.6	200
Far East	1,350 *	49.2	110	8.7	81
Africa (Ex. Egypt)	210	7.6	30	2.4	143
Australia and New Zealand	13	0.5	18	1.4	1,385
World - Total	2,750	100.0	1,268	100.0	460

* This estimate may be low by as much as 50,000,000 persons depending upon the growth of medical facilities in the Far East.

of goods and services by 1966 may, perhaps, amount to \$20 billion US.

The Far East is the most incalculable area considered. A vast population (now 1½ billion, which is more than half the population of the world) live on ¼ of the land area of the world. With problems arising out of scarcity of land and industrial capital, the productivity of labour and the standard of living are low. Only Japan (with diminished resources) is likely to play any major part in industry. It is improbable that India will develop any significant economic strength in the next fifteen years. China is harder to evaluate, but is short in known resources, transportation, and trained personnel.

Even assuming a rapid development of political stability, the Far East as a whole has too many problems to overcome rapidly the long lead established by Western Europe and North America. Economic strength may be expected to expand slowly as great industrialization develops in Japan, North China, and India; but output per capita is not likely to increase materially. The general output of goods and services in the area is unlikely to exceed US \$110 billion by 1966.

The Nature of Warfare

Predictions in this field are especially subject to error; but, because of the importance of this aspect of power, must be made for what they may be worth.

At the end of fifteen years A bombs are expected to be in supply sufficient for tactical as well as strategic use, and H bombs will probably have been developed. Moreover, while guided missiles will make the present heavy bomber obsolete, the long-range missile capable of carrying an atom bomb is well advanced in development. Defence against atomic attack — other than dispersion and the fear of retaliation — is likely to be sketchy.

There is a difference of opinion as to the use and effectiveness of biological warfare. It is probable that in fifteen years BW agents will be mass-produced. They might, too, be applied by destroying the food supply, e.g., by introducing foot-and-mouth disease amongst cattle. On the other hand, BW attack is affected by variables, such as wind, temperature, and humidity.

Similarly chemical warfare can readily be developed to the point of using highly lethal weapons, but is less effective in the sense that defence can be prepared in advance.

In sea warfare the main development is likely to be the decline of sea-transport. Surface craft will become more vulnerable as submarines are developed, atomic-powered and capable of long periods of

immersion. Added to the threat is likely to be another from air-to-sea guided missiles.

In land warfare it may be expected that armoured fighting vehicles may lose their relative value with the increased effectiveness of anti-tank weapons. Land mines may well become more important, in view of the difficulty of detecting non-metallic cases. Perhaps the largest change would result from tactical A-bombing, which would make large concentrations of troops impracticable.

Air warfare is likely to see strategic bombing conducted by long-range rockets and various types of uninhabited aircraft. Guided missiles will similarly replace fighter aircraft. Before long it is expected that a surface-to-air missile, effective against present aircraft up to 60,000 feet will be available.

In such ways — and in others that are even more speculative — it is apparent that warfare will go through radical changes. For the purposes of the present paper, the significance of the factor is the extent to which it can aid one group or another and so affect the balance of power.

In all probability it may be assumed that scientific developments will, in the main, be centred in the United States and United Kingdom on the one hand and in the Soviet Union on the other. The difficulty in assessing the relative progress of the two arises out of the small amount known about the latter. The USSR is undoubtedly encouraging scientists by every possible means. They are given high salaries and many privileges, including comparative immunity from the sanctions against minor political heterodoxy. A number of German scientists have been employed in the USSR, and thus, and by other means the Russian authorities secured a good deal of information on German inventions. Some important information in the scientific field has been gained through espionage and from defectors. It must be assumed, therefore, that the USSR is and will increasingly be well equipped for scientific invention and development.

At the present time the UK and US have a long lead and certain advantages both in development and production of new weapons. It is perhaps safe to estimate that this lead will continue, but it is not clear whether the present relative advantage will be maintained. While, therefore, there is little doubt that the nature of warfare will change — perhaps radically — it would be little more than guessing to suggest how this would affect the balance of power.

MILITARY FORCES

The present rearmament of the West is designed to produce a situation in which the present preponderance of the Soviet

group in personnel and conventional weapons can be reduced by 1954 to a point at which it ceases to offer to the Soviet Union a quick and successful war. During the intervening period, of course, the relative Russian superiority is expected to be reduced by steps. The advantages derived from this process by the West, however, are not calculated on an assumed static position in the Soviet group. In terms of numbers the latter would have no difficulty in increasing greatly its present large forces, and to a degree that would not be nearly matched by the West. The Russian economy is not on a wartime basis, and could be modified not only to release large numbers of men for the armed forces but also to convert production for direct requirements of operations.

While the Soviet Union suffers at present from some handicaps for waging even conventional war, it has already very large forces having high morale and good training. The deficiencies in its surface fleet (military and civil) are expected to be reduced in fifteen years and are partly compensated by the advantages of position and comparative self-sufficiency. Its air force is developing new types of aircraft, some of which are known to be of high standard, and others about which little is yet known. The army is already very large and can be further expanded without great difficulty. It is considered to be efficient and have high morale. So far as is known, none of the Soviet forces are reduced in efficiency by political control. The satellite forces have been growing in size and effectiveness; appear to be coming increasingly under Russian control; and to be receiving modern Russian equipment.

CONCLUSIONS

An attempt should now be made to assess the probable balance of power, in spite of the many uncertain factors.

- (1) The main elements in the balance will continue to be:
 - a. The USSR and its European satellites. This group will, in fifteen or twenty years, remain powerful in numbers, morale, and material. It will be least effective in a war of attrition. It will have the advantage of centralized authority. It may make greater strides in scientific development.
 - b. The USA, UK, France, the other NATO powers, Australia and New Zealand. This group will certainly increase in power and probably at a faster rate than that above. It will be more able to sustain a war of attrition.

The scattered nature of its component parts produces problems of transportation, but the lack of centralized authority will be largely met by NATO. Its lead in development and production may well be expected to continue.

- (2) The weight of other areas in the balance cannot be estimated with any accuracy:
 - a. Latin America has been ruled out by original assumption.
 - b. Japan will, with little doubt, be an increasingly important military power; and can be expected to remain in the Western camp.
 - c. China is something more than a Russian satellite and something less than an ally. If the Communist régime continues to rule, China will probably remain in the Russian camp.
 - d. The rest of the Far East has little significance as a major contributor to world power. Neither India nor Pakistan can, in fifteen years, sufficiently overcome domestic problems as to play an independent role of any significance nor even to tell [sic: tilt] the balance of power. Unless all the Far Eastern countries joined one side or the other this influence cannot be decisive.
 - e. The Middle East is a strategic area, with force found only in Turkey. But the Suez Canal, oil, and Mediterranean communications make it an area which, if denied to the West, would seriously affect the balance.

- (3) Theoretically the balance of power could be controlled by ideological conquest, one way or the other, but such an event is so unlikely that it must be ruled out.
- (4) Barring such unexpected and incalculable developments as unforeseen weapons or ideological revolution, there can be anticipated a period of fifteen or twenty years during which the balance of power will not be decided in favour of the Americas or the Soviet groups. In all probability the balance will become more even, by the increased strength of the former, but not be tilted to such a degree that the Soviet groups are not capable of threatening the West.

In other words, there can be anticipated a balance of power which cannot be changed quickly by the exertions of the participants, or arbitrarily by the intervention of a non-participant. ☺

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Who Killed Lloyd Thursday?

Another dark
malteaser

by A Aalto

The fat man smiled. "Do you have any idea, Mr. Dikk, of the fabulous wealth possessed by the Ancient and Loyal Order of Off-key Flugelers?" Another armchair collapsed under his bulk. He snapped his fingers. His stooge, one Nathan Des Moines, pulled up my big ottoman and got his boss upright again. "Can't say that I do, Don Gordo," I said, surveying the ruins of my office. "But while you're telling me, could you make your goat stop eating my plants?" "Don't be cruel to Wilmer, Shamus," my secretary Effie butted in, "he's only a kid".

Don Gordo pulled a kipper from his vest pocket. He gnashed a large bite and threw the rest over his shoulder, where it cold-cocked the goat. "ALOOF has been the world's richest religious foundation since the Crusades, when it protected pilgrims by deafening the Saracens and ran a profitable sideline in earplugs for the faithful. In modern times, it has survived by various musical variations on the protection racket. A few years ago, after an unfortunate sonata caused an avalanche at the Olympics and allowed Botswana to win the giant slalom, the Order needed a new home base. As a fortuitously tone deaf man with occasional enemies, I offered ALOOF land in my country, at an annual rent of one piece of agricultural produce. The choice was theirs — I'm not sure why they chose to send me an avocado." "Because it's an ugly bulbous fruit with oily flesh and a warty green skin?" suggested Effie.

Don Gordo went on. "All went well until this year, when the rent did not arrive. Moderate as always, I took a heavy infantry brigade and wiped out only half the Order before asking why it had failed to deliver. The commander said a very special avocado had been prepared — skilled craftsmen from Valletta created a jade replica covered in gold and jewels, as an

expression of the Order's gratitude and renewed prosperity. At the core was the fabled Pearson's Pit, which guarantees the country holding it the benefits of peace, order and good government — or which, more to the point, can be ground up and used to make a remarkable fruit schnapps. The Order had handed this Maltese Avocado over to a man who presented what seemed to be my credentials. He was in fact an imposter named Lloyd Thursday."

"I have been tracking the avocado and its thief ever since. I almost got my hands on it in Liechtenstein, but Mr. Des Moines got into a fight with agents from Washington, desperate to ensure that the Pit and its influence could never be brought to their homeland. In the confusion, Thursday escaped. The next we knew, it was in Istanbul, in the hands of a used foreign policy salesman named Gorbachev, who won it in a Parcheesi game. By the time I got to the Golden Horn, Thursday had stolen it back and was on his way to Asia. It surfaced in Singapore, when it was nearly confiscated by airport security officials as a weapon of terror, until they realised it was not an unusually ripe Limburger. We now know that it will arrive here today by sea from Hong Kong — but we don't know who is carrying it or on what ship."

"And I have almost no freedom of movement — the Americans are still after me, and so is the remaining 50% of ALOOF, some demented woman who wants to sell me pyjamas, and an enforcer from the Boca Grande Catholic School Board, who wants words with me about my recent speeches. That's why I've come to you for help."

I gave his problem the once-over. "The key is this Lloyd Thursday. He'll either be on the ship or waiting on the dock. Any idea where we can find him?" Don Gordo shrugged. "I suggest the City Morgue. Mr. Des Moines spotted him by accident on the street and followed him to his hotel. Before he could arrange a private conversation, Thursday disappeared into his room, where he was shot minutes later by someone who had been waiting for him. All that Nathan was able to recover was this puzzle."

CLUES:

1. Doyle's consulting detective:

1 8 18 2 24 25

2. Tom Selleck as a TV Hawaiian:

2 16 21 26 10 2

3. Rex Stout's stout hero:

3 8 18 5 24

4. Raymond Burr as a paralysed former policeman:

4 9 8 26 25 4 7 24

5. Top writer of thoroughbred mysteries:

5 9 16 26 20 4 25

6. He had a gun and travelled:

6 16 18 16 7 4 26

7. Perry Mason's detective sidekick:

7 9 16 23 24

8. Poirot's titular express:

8 9 4 24 26 12

9. James Garner did the filing:

9 8 20 23 5 8 9 7

10. Zimbalist's or Costner's prohibition squad:

10 26 12 8 10 20 1 16

19 18 24 25

11. Locale for Laurence Gough's Willows and Parker:

11 16 26 20 8 10 11 24 9

12. William Powell and Myrna Loy vehicle (1934):

12 1 4 26 2 16 26

13. Chester Himes' Coffin Ed:

13 8 1 26 25 8 26

14. Animal in Ross Macdonald title:

14 24 19 9 16

15. Ellery the editor, author and hero:

15 10 24 24 26

16. Victim in Agatha Christie title:

16 20 23 9 8 17 7

17. Eye colour in John D MacDonald's title:

17 24 18 18 8 3

18. Jonathan Gash's antiques-mad cad:

18 8 11 24 13 8 17

19. Chesterton's priestly Father:

19 9 8 3 26

20. Howard Engel's Benny of Grantham, Ontario:

20 8 8 6 24 9 2 16 26

21. Kinsey Millhone's maker:

21 9 16 5 12 8 26

22. Fox and Mulder detect the occult:

22 5 4 18 24 25

23. Well-combed wannabe at 77 Sunset Strip:

23 8 8 23 4 24

24. Locale for Ian Rankin's Rebus:

24 7 4 26 19 10 9 21 1

25. Debuted Mike Hammer in I, The Jury:

25 6 4 18 18 16 26 24

26. Played PI Jake Gittes in Chinatown:

26 4 20 1 8 18 25 8 26

CIPHERTEXT:

25 16 2 24

16 25

4 26

1 16 2 2 24 12 12' 25

5 16 18 20 8 26:

8 10 9

2 16 26

4 26

12 9 4 6 8 18 4,

16 19 8 16 9 7

12 1 24

25 6 16 26 4 25 1

7 8 11 24.

Identify the answers to the clues in the chart relating to detective fiction. Each answer starts with a different letter of the alphabet — but not in alphabetical order. The answers correspond letter for letter with the number strings that follow them. The same number corresponds to the same letter throughout the puzzle. Use this fact to decipher the numerical text at the end.

Des Moines added, "I do not lay eyes on the killer and I am not hanging around to shoot the breeze with the cops. But before I blow the joint, I see the stiff has an ice cube in his mouth — and there's no ice bucket in the room."

I studied the paper. "Liebnitz is on vacation. We'll have to solve this one on our own. It shouldn't be tough. Letters from one answer slot into others." With help from Des Moines, who knew all the guys and dolls on Broadway, I soon cracked Thursday's last message.

Two hours later, we were all in the captain's cabin on a tramp steamer, moored at a remote river pier. The bells of the Peace Tower echoed through the fog. The haunting tune was almost familiar...

"Nearer, my dog, to thee?" Don Gordo snarled, turning from the porthole. "That carillon player is clearly in the pay of subversives, from either the dyslectics association or the SPCA. But we can deal with him later. Now, Captain, where is the Maltese Avocado?"

The Captain was a short, blond hunchback. He started to answer, but a tall, clean-cut man in a dark suit and narrow tie waltzed in and started waving around a Browning 45. "Did someone say 'subversives'? I can deal with them. Special Agent John W Pilgrim at your service. No, Mr. Chicago, I wouldn't reach up my sleeve like that. And Don Gordo, please put down that goat. But about the perfidious avocado, Captain?"

The Captain cleared his throat. But he was interrupted again, by a tall, classy brunette with another gat. "Nobody moves and nobody gets hurt," she said. "The pyjama lady!" squeaked Don Gordo. "Yes and no," I replied. "The dame's name is Bertha de Kuhl. She does own a pyjama factory, but it's a cover for her real line of work — racketeering, murder for hire, day-glo ties, the usual. I'd guess she's working for the Order, hunting down you and the avocado both." "Smart call, Shamus," she said. "I left the flugelmen right outside. Enough chat, though. Let's let the Captain say his piece."

But he'd given up. He silently shed his overcoat, unstrapped the hump, pulled out a bulky object wrapped in Turkish newsprint and threw it onto the table. Four voices shouted, "I'll take that!". Suddenly, the lights went out and guns went off. I got my hands on the parcel but was blindsided by a kick from someone who had practised. The parcel flew out of my hands and smashed into a metal wall. When the lights came on, everyone but me was tangled up on the floor like tag team night at a mud wrestling bar. In one corner, Wilmer was eating the avocado. Don Gordo heaved himself up and dashed over. "What?" he trumpeted. "It's a fake! This is a real avocado!" "Make up your mind," said Effie from somewhere under Nathan Des Moines.

Don Gordo turned to his henchman. "Gorbachev must have switched them on Thursday. Quickly, Nathan, get away while Ms. de Kuhl is still unconscious and book us passage back to Istanbul. Perhaps we can interest Special Agent Pilgrim in joining forces — I can assure you, sir, that my only interest in the Pit is in making an apertif."

The American holstered his gun. "No, I don't think we can do business along those lines. I have to get over to the museum and check out the Viking exhibit. National security, Eric the Red — need I say more? Oh, and when we got here, we found a woman in a wimple prowling the dock looking for you. On my way out, I'll get my men to release her." He left the cabin, followed by Nathan and Wilmer.

I faced Don Gordo over Bertha's prone form. Then her automatic was in his hand. "Alas, now you know too much, Mr. Dikk.

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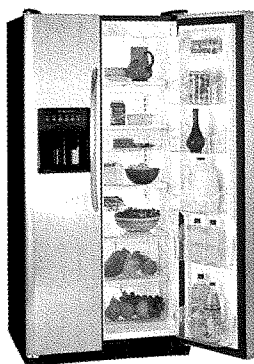
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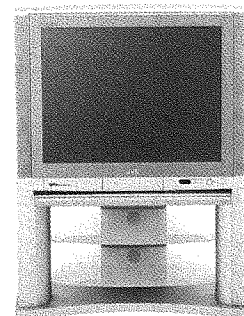
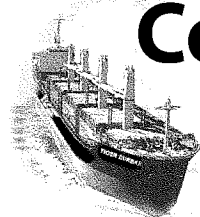
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Much as I have enjoyed our partnership, I think it will be neater if you are found shot with Ms. de Kuhl's gun, and if it is found on her body, floating in the harbour. A murder followed by an accidental drowning. Fewer questions that way." His finger tightened on the trigger. Just when it looked like I would never see Aylmer again, Bertha's foot flashed up and kicked the gun over my shoulder. It cold-cocked the Captain, who had been hiding in his bunk.

Don Gordo dashed to the door. There he stopped, his face a mask of fear and indecision. To the right was the remains of the Order, de-tuning their flugelhorn and giving him the steely eye. To the left was an old woman in religious habit, holding a grammar book in one hand and a sharp-edged ruler in the other. "Sister Ignatius de Constructa," Don Gordo gasped and ran toward the band. "Well," said Effie, "I guess half ALOOF is better than nun".

I turned to Bertha, "Thanks for the assist. I haven't seen a kick like that since the Rockettes left the CFL. So now there's only one problem left. Who killed Lloyd Thursday? I was hoping it was someone else — Special Agent Pilgrim or Nathan Chicago, Wilmer, anyone. But it was you, wasn't it? The ice cube was the clincher — cooler than Kuhl." She hung her head. "His death was an accident. And lots of people in my line leave calling cards. I just leave one that melts by the time the cops arrive."

I turned away and watched the fog lifting. "I owe you too much to take you in. But I have to tell the police the score. You'll have to skip town. There's a boat leaving for Arnprior at sunset — be on it!" She shuddered. "You're sending me up the river? Well, I guess it could be worse. Here's a tape of Gangsta music to remember me by." I just looked at her. "Sorry, sweetheart. I take the rap for no-one."

Can you duplicate Shamus's feat by identifying (a) the name of the ship bringing the avocado into the country and (b) the name of its captain? Not necessary for entering the contest, but can you also provide the answers to the clues and decipher the encrypted passage? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by September 30, 2002. The winner will receive a book signed by A Aalto. ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto expresses gratitude and apology in appropriate measure to Dashiell Hammett (for obvious reasons), Raymond Chandler (for his advice on moving the plot along), Damon Runyan (for present progressive dialogue and Nathan Detroit) and the late Floyd Thursby.

MANY ARE COOLED BUT FEW ARE FROZEN

Answers to Vol. 18, No. 3

	Photo #1	Photo #2	Photo #3	Photo #4	Photo #5
ALIAS	Davis	Winding	Lewis	Roach	Mulligan
ETHNICITY	Nuer	Shona	Ovambo	Dogon	Boer
COUNTRY	Sudan	Zimbabwe	Namibia	Argentina	South Africa
PHOTO DATE	November 22	November 7	November 15	November 8	November 29
MEANS of ESCAPE	Balloon	Dog Sled	Unicycle	Zodiac	Pogo Stick
ESCAPE from	Batoche	Arnprior	Flin Flon	Tuktoyaktuk	Joe Batt's Arm

The boss is WINDING, who plans to escape from ARNPRIOR by DOG SLED. The URL takes you to a site that lists a number of songs (with their lyrics). One of them is Under African Skies by Paul Simon, sung as a duet with Linda Ronstadt on Simon's album Graceland (1986). The first verse of that song is:

*Joseph's face was black as night
The pale yellow moon shone in his eyes
His path was marked by the stars in the southern hemisphere
And he walked his days under African skies.*

Hence the leader, Joe, is black and therefore not the Boer, MULLIGAN. His photo was taken while there was a moon out, and hence not on November 15 — the day of the new moon if the first and 29th were full moons — thus he is not LEWIS. He is a man from the southern hemisphere and thus not DAVIS from Sudan. And he is from Africa, which eliminates ROACH from Argentina. Thus, by elimination, Joe is WINDING.

"Hernando's Hideaway" is an Adler-Ross song from the '50s musical, The Pajama Game. The secret routine, to get into the Hideaway, as explained in the song, is: (a) knock three times; (b) whisper that Joe sent you; and (c) light a match. Aalto knows of no way to keep tuba lessons secret. Or even bearable.

my lack of education hasn't hurt me none

Answers to Vol. 18, No. 4

And the winner is: Michael H. Lubetsky, Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

The key words are MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN.

The cover name of the double agent is SHADRACH.

The route from the entrance to exit rooms is as follows:

C14 — C24 — B24 — B14 — A14 — A13 — B13 — B12 — C12 — C13 — C23 — C33 — C32 — C31 — C21 — C11 — B11 — B21 — A21 — A31 — A32 — A22 — A12 — A11.

The names of these rooms follow the sequence of books in the Biblical Old Testament, from Ezra to Haggai. Using the tiles in the order of either of these sequences produces the key words. The two dead end passages also follow sequences of Biblical books, but from the New Testament.

The room with the defaced plaque comes between Ezekiel and Hosea, where the book of Daniel should be. Daniel, chapter one verse seven (as indicated on the paper in the corner of that room), identifies Shadrach's real name as Hananiah.

MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN is the original "writing on the wall". Literally, it means something like "counted, counted, weighed and divided". The fuller interpretation offered by Daniel can be found in the same book, chapter five, verses 25-8.

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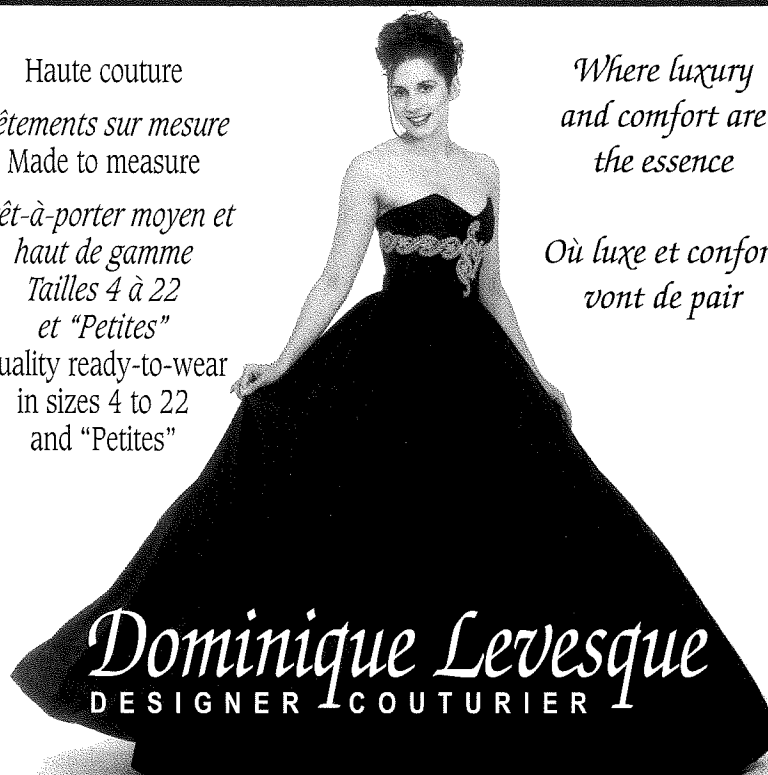
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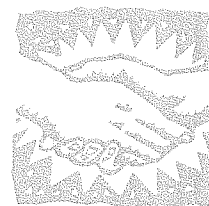
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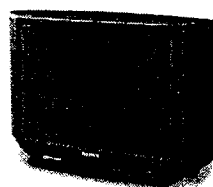
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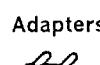


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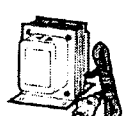
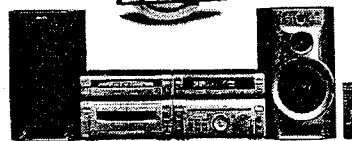


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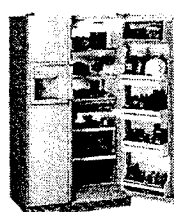
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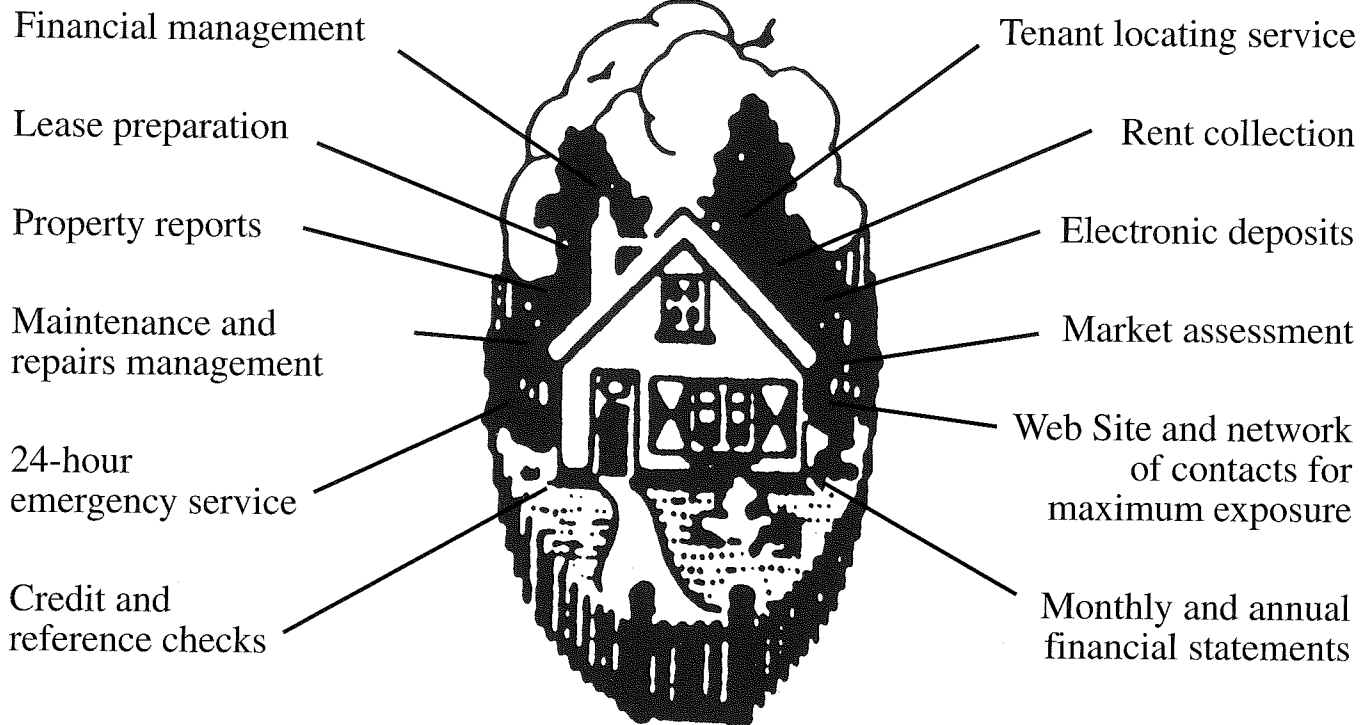
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