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NO REDEEMING QUALITIES

Reviews of a familiar new age

Jean. O'Grady Weaver

With a foreword by Rolf Knight

Foreword

J.O'Grady Weaver was one of those multifaceted gadflies who so often slip into anonymity in our busy cultural world. On reading these reviews some may feel it is a fate richly deserved. Little is known for certain about Jean O'Grady, not because there are no accounts of her background but because she was so assiduous in muddying the waters about her past. One account is that she grew up touring the Pacific Northwest with her father, a travelling lecturer for Moral Disarmament. This is on par with O'Grady's claim that she was an unacknowledged grandchild of the last leader of the People's Party in America, therefor the self arrogated surname of Weaver.

The facts seem to be that Jean O'Grady grew up in Walla Walla, Washington, and that her parents were eminently respectable citizens, her father a notary public and an Elk, her mother a homemaker who served for two terms on that city's Library and Park Board. Both were registered Republicans.

If anyone approximated O'Grady's account of her background it was her father's older brother who was, it seems, a pitchman for varied enterprises. He never came to terms with the new America as it evolved after 'The war'(i.e. W.W.1) and continued to behave as if the proliferating 'no trespassing' signs did not apply to him. If one can read between the lines it was this uncle, John G. O'Grady, who Jean saw as her philosophical parent, someone who refused to fall into step with the times and who took coup by leading boobs into boobery. A character not unlike the travelling medicine showman Allerdice T. Merriweather in that remarkable life history *Little Big Man*.

At one point John O'Grady is alleged to have said to his still impressionable niece,

"People will believe anything if it's presented in the right way. The more preposterous the better.'Whales speak Esperanto at the bottom of the sea. Yaqui shaman and their proteges flit over Baja California by astral projection. And on the banks of the muddy Fraser there stood a great wooden metropolis before the age of Troy'

All those propositions can be sold. They're even less harmful than most things people believe."

There is a touch of Mark Twain in O'Grady's writing, a persistent thread of sometimes good natured but often acerbic impatience with the willful gullibility of not unintelligent people. An exasperation with public mendacity and with people who allow themselves to be perpetually gulled by public and private conmen.

One of the few reliable pieces of early documentation we have of Jean O'Grady (she had not yet added 'Weaver') is her picture in the 1950 yearbook of the graduating class of Evergreen State College. It lists her interests laconically as "*poker, modern American art and building a better world through education*". "*We know she'll go far,*" say the editors in unexceptional yearbook style.

That 'far' was initially to the other end of the country since O'Grady next appears in Long Island during the later 1950s, married into an American Brahmin family. She was beginning to publish short articles in those important small literary journals read predominantly within a fifty miles radius of New York, writing under the names Tyrone Crichton, Elspeth Hedger and Camelia Wedgewood. There is some evidence that O'Grady was also involved with Jungian art therapy, not as a consumer but as a self-accredited therapist.

It is usually impossible to characterize J.O'Grady's style because she took on different personae to match her various pseudonyms. Naomi O'Grady Gold, Clark Rockwell Kent, Elspeth Hedger, Sylvia Salmon (the Te Waka Thione of children's books) and yet others. In addition was her work as an editor and ghost writer for a major American publishing house. In this latter capacity I strongly suspect that O'Grady was one of those answerable for a series of brash imposters and blatant fabrications published by Warner Brothers Books some twenty-five years ago. At Warner Brothers she was responsible for eliciting (or herself ghost writing) wildly spurious books which included a series of spoofs such as *Headhunters Heritage: From Iban to Yuban and Back* (Tyrone Crichton), *The Search for the Real Dracula* (with Vladisla Farrago), *The Secret History of Columbus* (Dr. Marvel Here), *Nazi Slave Girls of the Upper Amazon* (Farrago again), and *Roy Cohn. America's Forgotten Eagle of Freedom* (Willy Starfire). These culminated in that phenomenally successful 'account' of asexual childhood abuse resulting in a multiple personality, *Cybele. The Sixteen Faces of Sylvania*, supposedly written by one Dr. Flora-Schrieber Frucht in conjunction with the psychoanalyst who allegedly had treated 'Sylvania' over the previous fourteen years. Two decades later, when reporters attempted to track down the figures involved in the *Cybele* story they found that all, from first to last, had conveniently died or had unaccountably disappeared, leaving no trace of their previous existence. This revelation caused hardly a ripple.

None of O'Grady's titles were ever publicly challenged despite the patent farce they entailed. Many of them were modestly successful while *Cybele* became a national best seller and required reading in university psychology courses across the land. This despite the fact that it and most of her other spoofs contain some passage which indicates how the book is to be taken and what it is a satire of. The success of *Cybele* may have been anti-climactic for O'Grady, it was like shooting fish in a barrel. The public *would* believe virtually anything if it was presented in a currently fashionable way. There was no way of encouraging a thoughtful skepticism by publishing utter absurdity no matter how blatant.

The above is an informed guess on my part since there are no notes nor any interviews which Jean O'Grady Weaver gave as an author; her comments invariably were as an editor or a spokesperson for one or another of her personae. During the late 1970s she was involved in a kaleidoscopic range of undertakings, using different names, only a few of which we have been able to substantiate with any degree of certainty. This poseurship was facilitated by the ease with which she managed to learn and slip into widely varying roles but probably was motivated by the excitement of risking exposure. A more fundamental reason may have been her determination to live as many different lives as possible within one lifetime.

By the early 1980s she had left her career in publishing and had become a professional psychotherapist, although hardly to the exclusion of other undertakings. While engaged in a stint of university administration and curriculum development O'Grady helped launch a project to recover 'lost history'

through shamanistic dream travelling. This project was somewhat ahead of its time and, surprisingly, was *not* taken up by the then burgeoning nativist movement. Her review of *Reindeer Roots* seems to stem from this period of her work.

We are here *not* concerned with the entire corpus of O'Grady Weaver's actual and probable writing but only with a selection of reviews appearing under her own name in the now defunct *Chilliwak Globe and Times*. By the time these were written her sense of farce had given way to a certain corrosive exasperation. Some of these pieces are not primarily book reviews but rather commentaries on some body of prevalent misinformation, presented as a review. She retained her quirky audacity however, as instanced in a review of one of her own earlier titles (*Dr. Caligari, I Presume*), remarking on its spurious quality and improbable story line.

It is surprising how few of the books reviewed by J.O'Grady Weaver are to be found in public libraries or are still available in commercial bookstores. This underlines the rapidity with which topics and titles arise, become dated, and then go out of print, often with the public largely unaware of their existence. Occasionally, one suspects, O'Grady created her own imaginary titles to review, books which may not actually exist but which represent some genre of writing which is all too prevalent. One is never certain. For instance, her review of *Armed, Angry and Unafraid* seems bitter farce but on investigation one finds that the book *actually does exist* and is approximately as described in O'Grady's account. Similarly so with certain events she mentions.

I took it as self-evident that the passage from *Babbette* which claims to be a reminiscence of an election rally mounted by a political movement called 'Social Credit' was lunatic comedy. Senior cabinet ministers enter a football stadium on elephants bedecked in party colours to be hailed by a bevy of cheerleaders called the 'Benedictine Girls'. When the account alleges that one minister, 'the outspoken defender of healthful family valuables', was later discovered as having hired call girls *on his Visa credit card*, it is just too much. It sounds too zany for anything other than the Goon Show. But in fact that event did occur and was, if anything, even more grotesque than the author of *Babbette* conveys or O'Grady's review suggests.

Nevertheless she does go too far at times. Farce is farce but reviewers are supposed to review books for those too busy with serious business and administrative work to read the original. After all, why else have book reviews. There is an infectious quality to O'Grady's reviews, not totally unlike the common cold. If one reads too many of them in an unguarded manner one finds oneself slipping into her casually unpolished style. It is as if some preliterate folk memory had been called forth from an unquiet grave.

As to J.O'Grady's relationship with the *Chilliwak Globe and Times*. - what her intent was in contributing reviews to it and how her readers understood them - one can only speculate about. Possibly the work was a delayed reckoning for her Walla Walla youth. The *Chilliwak Globe and Times* has since folded and its former editors and readers, where they remember anything of O'Grady's reviews at all, claim not to have noticed anything unbelievable in them. "At least nothing that you wouldn't expect in book reviews or culture pieces".

These reviews are among the few pieces which bear Jean O'Grady Weaver's own name. Written mainly between the mid 1980s and the late 1990s they are sometimes a rebuttal of but more often a jaundiced

presentation of contemporary currents of thought. The unspoken admonition is, as they say in Brooklyn vernacular, 'An' if yu believe dat, den ah'l tell yu anodah one.'

Jean O'Grady Weaver's reviews ended sometime before the *Chilliwak Globe and Times* ceased publication. She never seems to have lived in Chilliwak although she clearly had acquired some interest in the province in which it is located. However, these reviews were merely asides to other undertakings she was involved in elsewhere. For instance, during this period she appeared under another name as a professor explaining 'Business and the Law' on a public television series in the American Southwest. Shortly after these reviews ended her obituary appeared in the *New York Times* which referred Dr.J.O'Grady Weaver's former psychiatric patients to the American Spiritualist Union for future counselling. Whether this involved a final joke or was merely notification that her activities have shifted to another venue is still uncertain.

As to the format used here; the heading of each review is that which O'Grady provided in her newspaper column while the author(s), title and publisher of the book, movie, or other work reviewed are given immediately below. The title and subtitle of this collection are my own but hopefully suggest how Jean O'Grady intended these reviews. A few errors in typography or citation may have crept into the newspaper copy but I have opted to present them as originally published. Rather than arranging the reviews thematically or chronologically, which might convey a constricting orderliness, I have presented them more or less randomly, much as they might crop up in your own local newspaper. There should be something here to offend almost everyone.

Rolf Knight

Magdalen College, Abbotsford. August, 2000

*Months of the French Revolutionary calendar are used here in lieu of chapter headings to provide some division of the material.

1.Brumaire

- **Our Crowd. Babbette**
- **Supernatural Playgrounds, Inc.**
- **Raise More Fences. No Trespassing**
- **Victims No More. Armed, Angry and Unafraid.**
- **Four Neo-Traditional Children's Tales**
 - Maxine and Morris**
 - Cutting Your Suit to Match Your Cloth**
 - The Fisher and the Magic Salmon**
 - Just So So Stories**

Reviews

Our Crowd

Babbette, Lois Sinclair, 1986, Porkland Pub. Seattle, \$26.95 U.S.

It was bound to happen, all successful work of one era is recycled for use in a later time - where it doesn't belong and isn't wanted. Here the mores of 1920s Zenith City are transposed to the western Canadian town of Pennytackyton, "The jewel of the orchard belt [now mainly cut down] and the heart of the fastest growing resort and retirement region in the Okeefanagon." Babbette (Georgina) Dodds is one of those people who soldier on, donning whatever the fashions of the day are. As a brash farce it cuts pretty close to the bone. At least I *think* it is intended as a farce.

While *Babbette* is cast in the form of a novel there is only the loosest of plots and little structure to the work. It is rather a mock ethnography in which the chapters might well be entitled, 'Becoming a Babbette', 'Child rearing and moral inculcation' or 'Social stratification in Pennytackyton', and so forth. In a chapter which might have been titled 'Mythological charter' Babbette reminisces about her own young womanhood in what is, naturally, described as a "more innocent and simpler era". It revolves around her participation in the 1975 Social Credit campaign for a 'return to normalcy'. Here she tells of the final rally of that campaign held in Vancouver, as seen through the eyes of one of the Benedictine Girls.

"We were thoroughly wholesome with our straw boaters and party ribbons, we really looked great when we did choreographed kicks to accompany cheers for the next premier. Although a few Miss Grundys were miffed there is nothing unwholesome in a little legshow. Today you'd have to approach it differently, of course, so as not to offend the Anti-sex League."

"At that final rally in Empire Stadium, everybody who was anybody in B.C. was there - everyone who counted. You felt you were part of this great movement to take back our province: a 'Return to Normalcy'. All of the chambers of commerce throughout the province had sent delegations. There were youth groups from the colleges and universities while many of the prominent television journalists and hotline radio hosts were in the stands or seated around the podium. There were sports celebrities from B.C. Lions stars to national figures like Karen what's-her-name, who was then touring with Icecapades. 'Our own Nancy', winner of an Olympic gold medal and internationally famous for her Mars Bars commercials, was on the podium. She was an entrepreneur in her own right with a *world class* ski lodge at Whistler Resorts. Nancy gave a ringing endorsement of the party which 'prizes, not punishes, enterprise'. She 'backed Bill Benedict all the way'

The one sour note of the evening came at this point when a heckler who had wormed his way past security guards and onto the front row of seats yelled, 'You can back him all you want, just don't bend down in front of him'. Gross. He was subdued and quickly ejected"

"Then came the high point of the whole rally; the band began to play 'Happy days are here again'. We were on the runway doing our steamroller routine when the side gates to the stadium opened and in came a line of elephants from the Okeefanagon Game Farm, decked out in the red, white and blue party colours. Riding on each of the animals was a Sacred cabinet-minister-to-be, their names and ridings announced over the address system. The crowd went wild cheering, straw boater hats went sailing every which way."

"Behind the elephants came a cohort of men dressed in boiler suits who swept up the dung. The chairman announced that the sweepers were 'members of a certified labour union, in case any reporter

thought that the party was anti-union'. It was the punch line of the night and everybody immediately understood what was meant. Even Mr. Benedict's speech didn't quite bring the same enthusiastic response."

"They were simpler, happier times, we hadn't yet lost our innocence and faith in normalcy. So it was with some shock that we learned, after Mr Benedict's retirement from politics, that one of the cabinet ministers we cheered, the one in charge of delivering healthful family values, had been consorting with a call girl service in Victoria and paying for their services with his visa card. I mean it seemed so gauche after all that wholesomeness." (From Chapter 3, *Wine and Roses*)

As we come to see it, Pennytackyton is an emerging sprawl of conference motels, real estate-investment offices and resort malls. The town and surrounding area now sustains some 37 golf courses as well as a fathomless maze of 'recreational' facilities ranging from model dinosaur parks and environmental interpretation complexes to dirt bike tracks., to say nothing of the monster water slides 'for the kid in each of us.' All this is set in a kitsched-up suburbia of California-Italianate bungalows. "I have seen the twenty-first century", enthuses Aimee Semple McPhilipony, the spokesperson for the Junior Chamber of Commerce, "and we are it."

But as we approach the present, a certain disquietude creeps in, which Babbette never allows herself to fully confront .

"Oh, the 80s - what a time of hope and promise. Everything was happening. Investors were buying development potentials like they were the last tickets to heaven, the resort industry was booming. All those nonconsuming fruit ranchers and other anachronisms in the valley were being displaced in favour of the market active. Upscale boutiques were making their way into our malls and replacing those dowdy hardware stores. We actually still had a feed supply store, right here in town, until we were able to zone them out. Now we have fashionable trattorias where a woman wouldn't be afraid to be seen having a drink - not that I hold with professional women being seen in bars, of course. "

"But today even the better class of people, even our daughters and sons, have to scabble to get what they are entitled to. It's no wonder that there are so many bad-tempered action groups springing up everywhere."(From ch.7 *From Tractors to Trattorias*)

Babbette Dobbs repeats the required faith in her children, as well as a claim to having passed on the tribal mores of her society. But it is mixed with a certain unease. Speaking to a girlhood friend briefly passing through her former home town, Babbette pours out a recapitulation of childrearing - we're not sure if gone wrong or not

"I have faith in the younger generation, I really do. I think that our children will get their own and then some, no matter what it takes. They're just made that way, God bless them. I never underestimate the go-getter element in the younger generation. After all, they *are* our children. They're Canada's future."

"I used to tell Morgana and the boys. 'Look out for number one and let others look out for themselves.' Children have to be a little older before they're ready to understand lessons like that, I've found. When they entered junior high school we'd encourage them, 'Don't associate with losers. Be your own best friend, but don't be snobbish about it'. Their father would tell them, 'Let government commissions and

journalists expatiate on the burning social issues - that's what they're paid to do. You take your winnings whenever the taking is good. Friends come and go but Money is Forever. There is nothing that produces a clear conscience as well as a big bank balance.' Or he'd say, 'Remember, if your in thre right crowd the gravy train is always on track regardless of who is in power.' Gordon used folksy phrases like that. 'No one can collect and disperse monies like a government can, any government. When a New Demagogue party fixer can land a job managing a crown corporation that pays three hundred thousand a year, then its time to realize that the real gold is in *them* thar hills. Support the party of your choice, but make sure to get in on the paying end of it.' I never knew to what extent Morgana took those lessons to heart."(From Ch.11,'*Getting a Ticket on the Gravy Train*')

In the novel's present Morgana Dobbs is a pre-law student at Okeefanagon University College. At twenty she is active on the college's student council and is a member of the Zero Tolerance Network. Reflecting on her mother's role in the Benedictine Girls Morgana says "... it was so sexist, so derivative. It may have been fun for them at the time but you won't get anywhere with those sorts of routines today. This is a new era and we need new ideas to turn the tricks." As one may surmise, Morgana is not yet a polished lawperson and still retains the simple hearted openness of a small town girl.

From Babbette comes the universal plaint, "I'm proud to have raised an independent, get-ahead young woman - but she hardly ever calls anymore. My present husband, her step-father, says 'She's become the kind of person our parents warned us about'. He may be sorry he said that; I recently learned that Morgana has been 'consulting'- that's the current word for it - consulting the prosecutor who handles emotional abuse claims by former young dependants. Frankly. I'm worried."(From Ch.14.*Coming Home to Roost*)

Babbette lampoons the mores of a not so new 'New class', which it portrays as predatory sheep grazing in a happy hunting ground of buffoonery. It is doubtful that contemporary Canadians will find it funny.

Supernatural Playgrounds Inc.

A Brief Guide to the Post-Industrial Museums of British Columbia. Findley Forks (ed.)1990, Provincial Parks, Museums and Heritage Sites Commission 201 pp. Paper, \$24.95

Patrolled Nature Conservancies in British Columbia. A Directory 1991, Provincial Parks, Museums and Heritage Sites Commission. 189 pp. Paper. \$24.95

According to the *Brief Guide* there are some 939 post-industrial museums and historic sites in British Columbia, both publicly and privately owned, operating under the aegis of the P.P.M.H.S.C. They currently employ some eight thousand full and part time conservators, guides, educational coordinators, concessionaires and others and provide desirable income substitution for the extractive and manufacturing industries of the past. There is every prospect of growth with the entry of municipalities, Aboriginal Nations, and cultural heritage businesses into the field.

Forks '*Brief Guide* has an a certain similarity to the recently reissued *W.P.A. Guide to 1930s Oklahoma*. Both mix snippets of local history and tourist information about historic sites, both contain accounts evocative of the processes which led to our post-industrial world. (Compare the account of the route

taken by the 'Flight of the Joads' in *Oklahoma* with reminiscences of the more recent displacement of loggers from the West Coast of Vancouver Island). Much of the industry which recently characterized B.C. is now prime museum material.

B.C.'s post-industrial museums range from former railway stations to superseded industrial districts. The former resource industries are strongly represented by one-time lumber towns now turned into boutique-filled cultural centers 'honouring' the century-long industry that once existed. Some former fish cannery villages have now evolved into upscale shopping and coffee bar locales catering to neighbouring suburbs. They are so much cleaner and more presentable than the originals ever were.

There is no corner of British Columbia which lacks the potential for its own post-industrial museum complex. Wherever one goes in the province one is struck by the anachronistic, environmentally insensitive, industries of the recent past. There are a host of former mine towns awaiting redevelopment. "Let the imagination soar," urges Forks - "A Bridge River Mines meditation complex with associated hang gliding school. The sky's the limit".

A wide range of former industries in British Columbia may consider converting their former workplaces into heritage sites. A coastal shipping museum, with docks and simulated freighters manned by student guides. It may seem improbable that factories once producing industrial equipment could have any future as museums but as Mr. Forks points out such facilities have been resurrected as museums in post-industrial Great Britain. Indeed, there are now more mining museums in the United Kingdom than there are operating mines. In fact, there are now *no* operating coal mines in Wales and the valleys are once again green, catering to the vacation cottages of the financially productive. There is no reason why this cannot be achieved in B.C.'s former mine regions.

Consider what has been accomplished with the former industrial enterprises which once littered False Creek, Vancouver. *Granville Island Inc.* is a successful example of tourist architectural preservation: a mix of wine bars, art galleries, yacht sales docks and specialty food markets have been created in such a way as to preserve the winding factory lanes of this one-time industrial district. Decorative high pressure lines provide an evocative reminder of what such district was like. It is far more pleasing than the original ever was. One should not wax sentimental about the resource and manufacturing industries of the past, it is really no great loss if this dreary work and metal hammering and wood hewing is parcelled off to countries which can afford to do it. Those Canadians who remain in traditional industries will have to expect traditional third world pay scales. It is fanciful to think that any nation can repeal the natural laws of economics. In this new era of global economics everyone must pay their way; not everyone can expect a free lunch.

It is encouraging that museums are now recognized for what they are and that they come under the direction of the B.C. Ministry of Tourism, Small Business and Culture. 'Museology and Tourism' is a program being taught in a number of B.C. universities and colleges, with a growing nucleus of graduates ready to invest their futures in commercial heritage conservation. In the hands of enterprising entrepreneurs post-industrial museums will take their place alongside convention hotels, whale watching, casinos and independent street-corner hospitality services in the new British Columbia.

The *Patrolled Nature Conservancies* directory lists some 1,228 public and private nature facilities in the province ranging from wilderness hunting lodges to octopus protection diving schools, it includes licenced hiking facilities and guided river or coastal cruises of varying degrees of exclusivity. There are summer conservationist picket camps, nature preservation condominiums, and upscale 'wilderness survival' schools throughout the province. Such facilities cater to every nature venture that one can imagine and are within the price range of almost everyone with a decent income.

These nature facilities constitute a combined investment of some 10.8 billion dollars and are the best possible vote of confidence in the long term willingness of provincial governments to assure that British Columbia will remain environmentally supernatural and *accessible* to those who matter. Wilderness recreation and nature conservancy is big business and it is time that we treat it in a businesslike way.

While some Ma and Pa campgrounds operate at the lower end of the scale the typical nature resort in B.C. attracts guests who lay out three to four thousand dollars per couple for a four day nature experience or in catching a few salmon. No amount of mackerel snapping or plywood production can match the cost/benefits ratio of commercial nature appreciation. But it is a competitive market and these guests can just as easily take their enthusiasms and cash to Wild Alaska, to the Argentinian outback, or even to the Free Russian steppes. They will not long patronize a province which allows low class loggers to scar the woods they intend to sail past or disturb Great Spirit Bear sites which tourist safaris come to photograph. Nor will nature tourists patronize a province which permits commercial fishermen (other than First Aboriginal Nationals) to interfere with the whales, seal lions, or the wild salmon. It is that simple.

Nature conservancy will provide jobs only for the hospitality-sensitive. Conservation and jobs go hand in hand. If this be a 'new enclosure movement', with deer parks and bear watching driving out the traditional industrial uses of the land, then so be it.

Without profits there can be no wages, as anyone familiar with elementary economics knows. Profits in ecotourism provide jobs for guides, hosts and hostesses, maintenance crews, as well as the tax levies needed to support an army of wardens and government funded researchers. It is time for governments to stop coddling workers in the 'traditional' industries. Those who claim to have built the economy of this province with their labour must come to realize their skills, their work, their lives are no longer needed. Their contributions can be obtained more cheaply elsewhere in the third world. Most urbane British Columbians now accept these truths.

Maintaining our wild ecosystems will require an expanded force of dedicated professionals - marine biologists, wildlife researchers and ecological evaluation companies etc. to monitor the environmental health of our province and to assure that British Columbians in the remaining industries do not spoil the good work already undertaken. Everyone, from displaced workers to middle-class suburbanites, all will have to make the sacrifices necessary to restore the natural environment to a condition acceptable to paying ecotourists and the standards of the World Wildlife Federation.

Those who lose out in this shift to a conservator province can be expected to whine, or may even attempt to circumvent the protective regulations now being set into place. Fortunately we have a free press and a justice system to deal with them. Should they not suffice government can enroll additional wardens to

deal with unlicensed trespassers on public lands and waters. Canadians just wont stand for anyone breaking the laws.

It is time for a new generation realize that this province *does not* simply belong to those who live here. British Columbia *belongs to the world.*, it belongs to the members of the Sierra Club, to the International Greenpeace Dons and Suki Kabuki foundation, to the World Council of Wilderness Fishing Lodges and to *concerned world opinion*. B.C.'s naturelands belong to all those, everywhere, who care enough about British Columbia to acquire the rights over it. Let no one say that "this is the consequence of electing Quisling governments and caving in to the schemes of a media-savy, country-selling bourgeoisie."

Raise More Fences !

No Trespassing. A Pictorial Survey of Prohibitory Signs. Jackson Straw, 1988, Commonwealth Books. 84 illustrations. Hardcover \$18.95 Can.

Jackson Straw's little-known collection should be perused as an indication of the lingering, anachronistic, sentiments which still confront us. *No Trespassing* is primarily a picture book of publicly posted interdictions in western Canada. The signs are arranged by locale and are accompanied by contextual panoramas which suggest the nature of the prohibited sites. Occasionally Straw provides historical photographs of the locales which are now off limits. In some cases the text informs us about who has been excluded and who is doing the prohibiting, but most of the photographs are allowed to speak for themselves, the captions providing little more than the location and the approximate period when the signs were posted. Straw holds that these 'no trespassing' signs symbolize a *'new enclosure movement'* which indicates the kind of society we have become. 'The woods are full of wardens', he says. It verges upon being ideological.

There is a section of prohibitory signs from industrial waterfronts and another of those which grace provincial parks, beaches and conservancy areas. One section deals with colourful 'No Trespassing' signs on private property while another represents those on allegedly public lands leased from federal and provincial governments. There are threatening warnings posted on private moorages, prohibitions unfurled by Greentourist enterprises, blanket exclusions on lands claimed by sovereign Native Nations. There are prohibitions posted around places of human activity and taboos displayed on 'public lands' in the middle of nowhere.

As to the prohibitions themselves: there are signs forbidding swimming, boating, tobacco smoking or other drug use. Others warn against unleashed dogs and the feeding of birds in public parks. Some forbid the presence of males unaccompanied by children while others ban unlicensed hiking and activities which one probably would not otherwise have thought of. Many threaten legal action against potential violators. There are the prosaic metal plaques raised every two hundred yards along railway right-of-ways in urban areas, stating with an imperial simplicity, "C.P.R. No Trespassing". Others are effusive warnings whose prohibitions cover the whole side of buildings.

Some locales shown are accompanied with historical photographs and brief accounts of what the areas were like, how they were used, who used them etc. before they became 'conserved'. They occasionally include nostalgic accounts by people who remembered when they could gather wood, go fishing or just wander through open lands - before these locales were protected. One suspects that there were comparable sentiments among displaced crofters from the Scottish Highlands during earlier clearances.

For instance: a series of photos of Porteau Beach Provincial campsite, on Howe Sound, about twenty miles north of Vancouver. From 1908 till the late 1930s it was an isolated hamlet connected with a gravel pit operation while between 1958 (when it was reached by a new road) and 1980 it was a log strewn beach which attracted fishermen, sun bathers and occasional campers with no formal restrictions whatsoever.

Straw's contemporary photos show a four acre, fenced-off plot stuffed with forty tenting sites 'Camping off tent sites not permitted.' The park has spacious parking lots and picnic tables for brief visits (only \$3.50 /hr.) The site contains a 'nature-talk' amphitheater, administration buildings, as well as toll booths and other necessary park infrastructure.

There are, says Straw, some 83 prohibitory signs scattered over the four acre site. These range from 'No dogs or pets permitted in park' to signs prohibiting unregistered visitors. A huge marquee gives the rates for this public nature experience (\$25.50 per day per family. Documents proving that campers are members of one family may be required. Check out time 11 a.m. Reservations required between April and October. As a testament to the Provincial Park Service's concern for those who may find this a bit stiff, the sign notes that bone fide seniors may camp there between October 1st and March 31st at half rates.

Why the author chose Porteau Beach park is unclear, when he might have provided more wide ranging photographs from the complex of Provincial park sites which now encompass the entire foreshore of Cultus Lake. This region too remained chaotically undeveloped and untidy until two decades ago and the current prohibitory signs are impressively ubiquitous.

Although Straw's collection does not touch upon Eastern Canada or the U.S. he would have been interested in a series of signs memorable to anyone who ever visited Coney Island, N.Y.C. Along a crowded mile-long beach front were a set of eight-by-ten foot plywood signs, one every hundred yards or so. These were fastened on massive pilings and displayed well above human heads. In the centre of each sign was a single admonition, in letters six feet high, which simply read '*No*'. On either side were a list of prohibitions; 'No - ball playing, running, picnicking, fires, topless sunbathing, swimming outside boundaries, trespassing after dark' etc. Anyone who swam more than a hundred feet from shore was quickly corralled by lifeguards and ordered to leave the beach 'so as not to set an unsafe example to others'.

Rather than being appalled by this we should see it as a necessary accompaniment of modern life. 'Better safe than sorry' is an adage accepted by all Canadians. As urban life becomes more complex we just cannot allow the anarchic freedoms of yesterday to continue.

Unfortunately, people like Straw have not learned that basic lesson. From his former homeground he offers us a walk (illegal) along the south side of Burrard inlet, from North Burnaby to downtown Vancouver. Along this four mile waterfront hike he counted some 293 'no trespassing' and other prohibitory signs unfurled by public agencies, municipal boards, private holders of leases to 'public' foreshore, and by almost every company which has a foot on the waterfront.

He believes that, " They seem to take pleasure in excluding the public on general principal. As late as the early 1970s this was a tract which still had natural beaches and tule marshes, sandy promontories and low cliffs paralleling the shore. It was, despite it's industrial users, a stretch of waterfront which any public agency not directed by a troop of bare-assed baboons would treasure and not allow to be destroyed or fenced off."

One enterprise is taken as representative. "Although Umpire Log Sales sits on Federal foreshore and is [i.e. was] leased from the National Harbours Board, it had no difficulties in bulldozing an existing sand beach and tule ponds to make room for it's new dry-sort log operations. Even those stretches of foreshore not in use are surrounded by a thicket of 'no trespassing' signs warning of dire legal punishment. To further guard against anyone wandering along the shoreline the lessees hired a private security firm which stationed guard dogs on the premises. All this by a penny-ante outfit selling raw logs to offshore buyers. Surely there is some pathological fetishism at work here", says Straw.

While walking along the railway track there Straw was intercepted by an officer of the National Harbours Board Police. The young constable reminded him that 'no one not on official business has any right to be walking along the waterfront here.' He regaled Straw with an account of how, during the previous summer, his unit had participated in a *combined operation* which had involved detachments of the Burnaby R.C.M.P., the Vancouver City Police boat, his own National Harbours Board Police, and members of the C.P.R. Police in order to arrest a group of 'hoboes' who had camped at the juncture of their various jurisdictions. Readers are supposed to be indignant about this, but it is an eminently proper role for police.

Straw complains that Canadians now not only accept but support such all-pervasive restrictions. The most damning thing, in his view, is that neither adults nor youths in the area *want to* discover an industrial waterfront. "They have no desire to walk on log booms or explore docks, hike along rail lines or investigate the brushy margins of industrial areas. They agree that people shouldn't be allowed to wander off the beaten track and feel that public parks and private resorts are the proper place for recreational activities. They willingly settle for the increasingly narrow boundaries in which we are allowed to move - it's part of the New Freedom."

The photographs are sometimes compelling, but all in all, one would be better served by subscribing to *Beautiful B.C. Magazine*

Victims No More.

Angry, Armed and Unafraid. Luraleen Dawn, 1987 New Republican Library, 227 pps, Hardcover \$16.95 .

Luraleen Dawn is the former subscriptions manager of *Offshore Yachting*, the happily married mother of two pre-teen aged children, as well as a community activist in her Lemon county, California, home. The

title of her book might be mistaken as a law and order television series but it isn't. Instead, Dawn's account is a sensible, practical, guide for women arming themselves. It examines which handguns to consider, where to acquire shooting proficiency, and the place of a gun in a family setting. *Armed and Angry* is a guide by a proud new woman.

The book gets off to a somewhat slow start with an account of the author's conversion from a self-limiting passivity in the face of crime, potential rape and insults to her dignity. It was a passivity imposed upon her by an outdated version of 'femininity' which was "... naive, innocent and unprepared for the real world. It is a downright suicidal ethos for women who are determined to venture out into contemporary American society with its dangerous offenders and threatening underclasses." Luraleen describes how she came to join the fifteen million other American women who are now armed and ready to defend their persons, their honour and their homes themselves, if need be.

The chapter 'Ethics of self-defense' persuasively discounts all alleged alternatives to an armed response - mace, karate, psychological techniques etc. The author also discusses the error of relying upon the police for protection. Her argument revolves around a proposition which may seem somewhat remarkable to Canadians. "We must put aside that dreamy, unrealistic belief of our childhood that the police can protect us from threat to our persons and from criminal acts against our property in all realms of our lives. Police forces, however large they may be, cannot be everywhere we might need them. We must accept the responsibilities of protecting our own lives and property. We must take that fundamental right back into our armed hands, guided by a clear mind."

The core of Luraleen Dawn's book deals with the practicalities of hand guns for personal protection. She takes the reader through which weapons one should consider and which to dismiss. You should take an introductory course at a reputable pistol range which allows you rent a variety of handguns to determine which is most suitable for you. It is all eminently practical.

"My personal favorite among the better class of semi automatics is the Glock & Shyster model 911, chambered for .380 ammunition, with a four inch barrel. It has a twelve shot clip, which is about as much as you can get off in any true emergency, but is easily reloaded. At \$1,800 for the basic model it is a bit expensive but when you consider that your handgun is the instrument which may save your own or your children's lives, price considerations should be no object."

A bit more on the gun of your choice.

"Some professional shooters describe the .380 cartridge as underpowered and opt for the new .41 calibre or even the tried and true .45, as used in the Browning automatic - a load guaranteed to stop any violator cold. But these cartridges generally have too much recoil to be easily handled by most women. Don't forget, you'll be firing at least a thousand rounds a year at your local gun range to stay in shape, because your reactions and aim must become instinctual. Your personal handgun has to be a pleasure to fire, not a macho test. For me, the .380 cartridge with a hollow point bullet, is quite acceptable. Its low recoil will allow me to put at least three or four shots into a perpetrator and stop any drug-crazed, sexually-violent, street tough in his tracks."

A point which the author drives home repeatedly is that acquiring a handgun for personal protection commits a woman to a stringent program of practice, both on the shooting range and in a habit of

mental preparedness. "When faced with an unknown intruder even an excellent manstopping weapon in the hands of an inexperienced owner is only marginally better than having no gun at all."

Angry, Armed and Unafraid provides readers with the results of extensive research and experience. The most repeated lesson is that one cannot learn armed self defence from a book or from a friend. It is essential to acquire first class "shootist" training, now available in a growing number of citizens academies around America, and then to practice on your local pistol range regularly. "If you are willing to send 45 minutes a day on exercise and personal hygiene to look and feel well you should be willing to invest the same amount of time in preparing for your personal security.", she writes persuasively. For Canadians still looking back to a more innocent age Luraleen Dawn's account of her journey toward personal security may seem like American paranoia. But it isn't. There are passages in her book which are quite delightful. My own favorite is the account of how she introduces her children to their community handgun range.

"When we felt they were ready for it we took our two children, Gillian (age 10) and Stevie (almost 12) to the Lemon County Community Golf and Gun Club. Jim, my husband, brought along ten head-sized watermelons which he set twenty paces from the firing line. Then he and I, firing alternately, proceeded to place three rounds each into the melons, beginning with standard .22s and ending with our favorite .380 hollow point and .45 wadcutter ammunition - which not merely demolished the last melon heads but turned them into instant, flying pulp."

"'Awesome, Mom' said our son, thoroughly impressed and eager to begin his instruction. While Gillian was more hesitant she evolved into a controlled shootist and became sufficiently enthusiastic to deliver a talk on 'guns and girls' at her junior high school. That engendered so much interest that we now have a program in handgun training for both boys and girls. After some initial opposition it now has the enthusiastic support of both teachers and the community in general," says Luraleen.

Angry, Armed and Unafraid is a practical guide to armed response by a self-reliant woman. Those who perpetually carp about developments in the American Republic will undoubtedly fail to appreciate the take-charge responsibility, the spirit of the pioneer woman, recast in this new mould. All that one can say is "God bless you Luraleen Dawn."

Luraleen Dawn has also contributed articles to such publications as *The Lemon County Sentinel* and *Women's Gun Digest*. She is the author of *Moves My Mother Never Taught Me*.

Four Neo-traditional Children's Books

Double Max

Maxine and Morris. Anna-Flora Frucht, 1988. Planned Parenthood Press, 64 pp \$9.95 U.S.

Maxine and Morris is an early nineteenth century tale updated to provide gender equality in the title characters. The author takes no particular pains to disguise the fact this is a rendering of Wilhelm Busch's classic *Max and Moritz*, a distant ancestor of the Katzenjammer Kids cartoon series.

As in the original, the spunky kids are shown engaging in a series of 'social limit testing' pranks, which start with their slaughtering a widow's ducks and continue with their successful scheme to blow up the village shoemaker by loading gunpowder into his pipe. There is a scene reminiscent of a W.C. Fields skit, in which the father admonishes his offspring, "Don't let your sister eat the canary again, Morris".

Maxine and Morris is told in traditional rhyme modified into a sort of rap style. Unexceptional. The illustrations, the crux of any book for younger children, are rather lively, sprawling around the script, mixing close ups with panoramas. There is a smirking self-satisfaction captured on the faces of M. and M. which seems timeless. Some of the episodes also have 'scratch and smell' buttons so that the young reader can free aromas which accompany the text: the fragrance of roast puppy, a whiff of detonated gunpowder and burning school books.

Finally Maxine and Morris are taken in hand when they attempt to burn down a grain mill. A thoroughly unreconstructed miller scoops them into a grain bag and drops them into the grist mill, where they are ground into chicken feed. In the next-to-final set of pictures we see the pullet mash composed of the former Maxine and Morris being gobbled up by ducks, to be shat out in pellets which spell out their names. Their former victims, young and old, share their past sufferings at the hands of the twins and each in his and her own way says 'Good riddance'. The original moral seems to be that while thuggish kiddies could get away with quite a bit against individuals there also existed a community sentiment about their doings which ultimately caught up with them.

This is the unbelievably *monstrous and unspeakably heinous* theme of the original tale. Except as documentation of the horrendous terror once directed at children, the original *Max and Moritz* has been banned for the last thirty years. That is fortunate, because what was once taken as humorous excess might today be taken as a guide for behaviour. We should all be aware of the dangers of resurrecting traditional sentiments in an untraditional world.

In order for this book to be accredited by the National Commission for Childcentric Literature the publishers have seen fit to add a new ending to the story. After the apparent demise of Maxine and Morris we turn the page and the drawing style changes to that of 'For Better or Worse.' The first illustration shows a modern-day dad startling awake in his bed from what has obviously been a nightmare - the whole of the story to date. Dream bubbles burst.

He rushes into the bedrooms of his two children and sees them sleeping peacefully, curled around rag doll versions of Morris Sendak creatures. The final illustrations in this ending show the father sweeping through storage trunks in the attic, fire tongs in hand and with a look of grim determination on his face, searching for any copies of emotionally poisonous children's books from his own childhood. Through the attic window and down in the yard we see a trash barrel, fired and ready to consume whatever offensive books are consigned to it.

Downstairs, the family television set is turned *On..*

Cutting Your Suit to Match Your Cloth.

The Emperor's New Fashions. LeRoi Romanose, 1992.

Schlokin Books, 48 pp. Winnipeg, Man. \$9.95

The New Emperor's Fashions is another in the Schlokin Books series of updated children's tales. In the original version a willfully anti-social boy disrupts the emperor's procession by shouting that the gossamer clothes which a national fashion house have designed for the sovereign, and which his loyal subjects imagine they see, are nonexistent. That the emperor is stark naked.

That anachronistic tale celebrated the proposition that an improperly socialized child may recognize what mature subjects fail to notice - or something to that effect. It is an appeal to anarchic permissiveness and its correction is long overdue. In the current version, when the boy calls out 'the Emperor has no clothes' a shocked silence descends over the multitude. This is followed by a flurry of outraged voices yelling "Contempt of the Court" while others redouble their admiration of the Emperor's fabulous new duds and matching accessories.

Indignant editorials appear calling for the exemplary punishment of those 'disseminating false and scurrilous information.' "We cannot afford to forget the lessons of history; we must always remember where tolerating hateful words leads", snarls Catty Ford, the fearless editor of the *Calgary Stampede Herald*.. Similar demands for zero tolerance of slanderous facts are made by indignant subjects and vigilant watchdog committees. Because of his youth the miscreant is not sent to prison but is instead committed to a boot camp for a thoroughgoing moral reeducation.

On release from the reeducation centre, some years later, the culprit has learned to first discover what others see before adding his cautious agreement. His forensic psychologist, his teachers and his neighborhood block warden rejoice *and everybody lies happily ever after*.

The Emperor's New Fashions comes with a pair of prismatic glasses which when worn allow the young reader to see the intricate patterns and fabric of the emperor's gown, otherwise invisible to the naked eye.

Fishy Tails

The Fisher and the Magic Salmon . Rangifer Dawsoni, 1990
Quicksilver Messenger Press. Mugsborough, B.C., 68 pp 12.95 Can

Once upon a time not so long ago, in a land by the western sea, there lived a poor fisher and his much harried wife. While she was busy from morning to night networking and preparing depositions for Royal Commissions of the day he lazed away his days trolling for salmon, which by then belonged mainly to the Spiritual Original People .

Then, one day, when the S.O.P.Fish Patrol- all two thousand of them - were at a grievance convention, the fisher managed to catch a magic salmon. He knew this immediately because rather than smelling fishy it had the sanctified aroma of a Knowledge Network documentary.

The salmon quickly spoke up, saying, "You have breached the Anderson-Quicksilver accord which protects wild salmon from harassment by White fishers on S.O.P. domains - including all rivers and coastal waters. It's the law of the land. Release me immediately !"

That was the last straw!

"I'm going to bash your brains in with my salmon club and sell you on the poached fish market", snarled the fisher. Disoriented by this totally unreconstructed attitude the magic salmon began to cite chapter and verse of the Supreme Courtly fisheries decision but saw the fisher reaching for his fish club. "Is Anadromism nothing to you?" To no avail.

At the last moment the salmon cried, "Release me and I will grant your fondest wishes, just as if you were a reparations claims lawyer." Very tempting. "Take this silver scale as a talisman and call me when you're ready to make a wish. You get three wishes. No refunds, no exchanges. Now, *please* throw me back".

The fisher, already having second thoughts about evading the Spiritual Fish Protection Act, took the scale and threw the salmon back into the river. No, I don't know if it was a chinook or a sockeye.

Since this is a story from olden times, the magic salmon did keep the promise it made, as a]sacred trust.' Although the consequences may not have been what the recipients expected.

On returning home the fisher mentioned the incident to his wife. "You are a boob and you belong in the booby hatch", said she. "I could have been another Andrea Dworkin or at least a Pretty Penny. But no, I had to hook up with you. Let's have that fish scale: I'll give you a wish !" And with that she snatched the silver scale from the fisher's hands and wailed,

" Magic salmon? Oh God almighty!

I wish you were,

A thousand miles from Blighty"

'Poof', as they say in old tales: the fisher blinked and found himself at the edge of the Caspian Sea. Perplexed at first, after a while he found that he liked his new surroundings so much that he decided to stay .

His wife was outraged at being abandoned. Then, contemplating the silver scale, she repeated a quite unnecessary formula learned from old children's books.

"Silver salmon, glowing bright,

Lighting up the darkest night

I wish I may, I wish I might

(...Fill in blank with wish...)

Be a Commissioner of Human Right"

'Poof, poof' There she was, sitting on the throne of the Ontario Commission of Human Right Thought. The former chairperson had been transferred to investigating sexualist innuendos in beer commercials, a *serious problem* which served as the basis for another commission's mandate.

At first it was like a dream come true. Surrounded by a throng of glowering moralists, snapping lawyers, weazle-footed academics and other minions jostling to be seen 'doing the right thing'. Ah, the power to correct and put people in their place, more pleasurable than sex, more addictive than smack.

The new Commissioner first ordered that all written or electronic materials which contained the monstrously derogatory word "fishwife" be removed from her domain. She then set her minions to determine which views were suitable for the public to contemplate. Following traditional usage they proclaimed that "Those materials which contradict acceptable standards are vile and heinous and therefore must be suppressed. Those which duplicate the correct views are unnecessary and just gather dust, and therefore should also be removed". The new Commissioner added that, "Misguided individuals may object to cleaning the Augean stables under the pretext of 'freedom of thought' They are simply helping to preserve the unacceptable habits of a previous era. *There are no such things as absolute rights. If certain views offend significant others they must be eliminated.* We, the Royal Ontario Commission of Human Right Thought, are offended by views not in conformance with the models laid down. They must be suppressed forthwith. *It's the law.*"

Actually, a similar proclamation had been issued previously by the New Brunswick Human Rights Commission. Now the Ontario New Harmony government put it into practice and a host of committees saw to it that provincial universities and colleges fell into line. The Royal Ontario Museum also sorted through and removed its potentially offensive artifacts. There were many other wonderful proclamations which the new Right Thought Commissioner issued but since this is a bedtime story we will pass on to the conclusion.

Eventually she became jaded by her many responsibilities and her limited domain. "If wishes were horses beggars would ride," she said to herself. This doesn't make much sense but since it is a common nostrum in traditional tales, she said it anyway. Who was going to argue with her?

"What can I become that expands my innermost being?" She thought and thought, considered one position after another. "Well, why don't I try being ... "

"Silver salmon leaping right
Fulfilling now our heart's delight
Wish I may, wish I might
Be Nancy Reagan, this very night"

'Poof, Poof, Poof - Clang ' What was the last noise that sounded like an old fashioned cash register?

"Oh, this is what I always should have been. Now I can rescue whole countries from intolerance and incorrect thought. Tomorrow I'll order Suzie Sunday and Senator D'Tomato to appear before me to provide a list of places to bomb in defence of Freedom and Human Rights"

Despite looking cute as a button in her new Empire-style gown, our heroine was in for a shocking revelation. She had been lax in keeping abreast of certain political affairs.

" What?... Do you mean to say that I can't order Congress to declare *War on Misogyny* ? Even back in the sticks we could do that much. Why, it's outrageous" So, before the night was out she decided to wish herself a brighter prospect.

"Silver salmon, now hear me right
These limitations are a blight
I wish I may, I wish I might
Be Empress of the world, alright."

Unfortunately she had never learned that the silver scale provided only three wishes. This time there was no "Poof", only a recorded message which said, "Your salmon account has been overdrawn. Deposit the outstanding balance or former transactions will be cancelled". Ah those magic silversides are a tricky lot.

The next instant she found herself back on the banks of the Fraser River, standing in front of a closed cannery and being berated by a crowd of unemployed women. "Where is *our* inheritance? Why hasn't any of this been Balkanized in our names? Where are *our* reparations? What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, it's all the fault of those greedy fishers and worthless misogynists" wailed the ex-Chairperson. But the fisherman was on the shores of the Caspian Sea and had no intention of returning to Canada.

"Let a thousand nightshades blossom
Let a hundred castes contend
Let them rage and madly cozen
In the nation they did rend."
And so they did. Forever after !

Just So So Stories

The Just So So Stories as retold by the *Goon Show*. Paddington Station Books, London.
Taped book, two cassettes. £ 7.50/cassette

The Just So So Stories is a Goon Show version of Bloomyard Kripling's children's stories about the exotic customs of the Empire's native peoples, retold as they might appeal to Britons in the 1960s. While these *Stories* are marketed as children's literature I suspect that adults of a certain age are the ones who will really enjoy them. They are just wasted on children !

For those unfamiliar with the Goon Show, it was probably the zaniest radio comedy series ever produced; something like Monty Python's Flying Circus running on speed. The weekly show first appeared on British radio in the late 1950s and by the early 1960s had captured an enthusiastic, if quirky, listenership wherever it was rebroadcast.

The three primary writers (and actors) of the series were Spike Milligan, Harry Secum and Peter Sellars, heading a small but protean cast. Each actor played various roles as well as participation in clashing armies, jeering crowds and stampeding throngs of faddists. Here we have the recurrent complement of the Goon Show in action; Major Bloodknock, Grippepipe Finn, Neddy Seagoon, Little Bluebottle and the Dreaded Lurgie.

The initial story is a retelling of *How the Crocodile Got Its Tears*. It has Neddie Seagoon (the perennial Mr. Fixit) trailing around behind Sir Kripling as he flits about the late British Empire gathering material for his children's tales. In the first ten minutes we get the Golden Stool of the Ashanti War (without tissue paper), Field Marshall Kitchener at the Relief of Mayfucking, as well as Queen Victoria auditioning as a singing weather forecaster on the B.B.C. Kaiser Bill is nefariously plotting to corner the world market for Lydia Pinkham's Pills while Peter Sellars appears as the Mahatmahood Handiji in search of the 'secret escritoire' of Sherlock Holmes. There is a good deal of bumptious jingoism which,

in the 1960s, seemed humorously anachronistic. To contemporary listeners the dialogue may appear criminally insensitive.

Little Bluebottle, the perpetual nincompoop, has been transmogrified by one of Bloodyard Kripling's earlier stories into an Eastern (Wapping) sage working the tourist trade in London and, as usual, reads the stage cues into his lines. A Lilliputian quartet provides a singing commercial urging the audience to invest in a scheme to construct a transatlantic canal. The Fuzzy Wuzzy appear in a final purse-swinging charge from a Chelsea hair salon, which elicits 'great moments' from speeches by Windful Churchill and Ramsey MacBlair. Vicky Regina gets her debut on the B.B.C. and all the characters end with a fractious chorus of *On the Road to Mandalay*
We never do find out how the crocodile got its tears!

Try as one may, there is just no way of conveying the frenetic, surrealist humour of these sketches. Somehow they managed to convey sight gags - on radio. There are three other 'Just So So Stories' in this collection, including *How the Elephant Got It's Trunk (and kept it.)*
I believe they are not yet illegal in Canada.

2.Nivose

- **Healing Waters.Where the Rivers Still Flow Deep.**
- **Becoming Civilized.**
- **Historical Immaterialism and the New Shamanism.**
- **Soap Opera for Junior Space Cadets.**
- **Books for Young Adults**
 - An Upside-Down Jungle Book.**
 - The World Turned Right-Side Up.**
 - The Bird That Feathers Its Nest.**

Reviews

Healing Waters

Where the Rivers Still Flow Deep. A Television review. Screenplay by Lorna Greenback. Presented on C.B.C. Stage '92 .

As we enter this award winning mini-series we find two handsome middle-aged figures, a man and a woman, meeting in a fashionable Toronto restaurant, obviously for the first time in many years. Just as obviously there is some deep rooted past bond which has brought them together. Both are successful First Nations people, one a key player in the healing community and the other a prominent reparations negotiator, as it later turns out. The scene is played with finesse, without the heavy handed moralizing which often mar such themes. So far so good.

As they talk, reminiscences arise through their incomplete allusions. Flashbacks begin to intrude on the present and with that time-honoured C.B.C. dramaturgy begins to flow.

The scene shifts to a tableau set amid mountain folds and parkland valleys, an encampment nestled beside a sparkling stream. We see spacious tents and gaggles of laughing children stuffed to the brim with natural buoyancy and charm. One group is bopping about their happily food-processing mothers while others scamper to where their fathers and brothers, returning by canoe, are bringing home the pemmican. There is so much sweet harmony sloshing about that you'd be in danger if you were a diabetic.

This segment was filmed in the Bow valley, which I remember seeing in a rerun of the film 'classic' *Rosemarie*. I was subconsciously dreading the moment when Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddie make an appearance but, thankfully, we are spared that. There is however a brief fragment of 'The Antelope Dance' which I'd swear my daughter practiced when she was a member of the Campfire Girls of North America some years ago and which my mother-in-law says she learned in her Native American Appreciation class at Camp Kinderland some forty years earlier. It just goes to show, traditions are where you find them.

The camera shifts to focus on a typical ten to twelve year old girl, your everyday, naturally graceful preadolescent, engaged in being spontaneously helpful. (A second woman remarks, not altogether cheerfully, "Somebody else's daughter is listening to stories from our wise elders again, instead of helping *her* mother pound Saskatoon berries.") The girl is carrying on a running word game with a boyish version of the same model. Wus'kayjak. They have got to be, and are, the two lead characters we have already met in later life. To make that perfectly clear they utilize idiosyncratic gestures - brushing back a strand of lustrous raven hair with two fingers, tapping the back of one hand with the thumb of the other. Everyone is attired in freshly dry-cleaned camp wear, in natural suede. There are no black flies or mosquitos.

Comes the night. We learn that Kante Clar Ho is about to begin her first menses, a deeply sacred event of course. She is secluded in a ceremonial lodge where a conclave of grandmothers, the keepers of the mysteries of life, reveal to Kante that this blood is the promise of her role in bearing children and conveying the life values of her people. In this case, blood is not only thicker than water, it is thicker than undiluted maple syrup.

Early morning, a few months later. A black suited official is seen strutting back and forth in highly polished riding boots, wearing an arm band which identifies him as a D.I.A. (ah ha, Department of Indian Affairs) The Black Suit is relentlessly conveying something to a stoic and dignified chief: the message is that an order-in-council has transferred the band to a distant reservation. We learn that their traditional hunting grounds, the sacred graves of their ancestors, their ceremonial sites - the usual kit and caboodle - have been opened for logging, cow ranching and other environmentally destructive activities.

Members of the tribe are informed that they will all be transported to a bald headed prairie site near Medicine Hat. From now on they will all be required to toil in sub-subsistence agriculture under white instructors who, as we see in a later episode, are given to hard smoking, beef eating and gross insensitivity. The episode ends with prairie grasses waving, coyotes howling, campfires glowing and the sun going down in a cleft of the the hills. Darkness descends.

The day of dispossession. The boundaries of the traditional tribal lands are lined with contingents of cattlemen (with cattle), snarly loggers out of a Greenpeace melodrama, stoking up their steam yarders and sharpening their axes, and a ravenous horde of men and women in sheepskin jackets swarming around wagons loaded with barbed wire and squalling kids. An assortment of the unchic and un-Torontonian as ever there was - all getting ready to make a rush for these sacred lands like a scene from *The Cherokee Strip*.

A big ticket item, this scene. Lots of extras. The director plays it to the hilt, panning over the mob of White Savages getting ready to put this paradise to the axe. With addictive detail the camera lingers on close-ups of ranchers oiling their Winchesters, miners (with none too clean shirts) arguing about which streams they should be foul and which fragile sites to dynamite. The loggers are eyeing the sacred groves, trying to decide which to clear cut first. All in all, they are the neo-liberal's image of the low income, unkosher, uncultured *rabble* - foreign and domestic. The director can hardly break away from ogling all this with outraged indignation.

Possibly the C.B.C. can recoup some of the costs of this spectacular by rentals to the Knowledge Network and Canadian public schools programming. They should take to it like water moccasins to water.

Next episode. Flashback to the Pile of Bones residential school

The episode opens in the Toronto restaurant where Kante and Wus'kayjak are just finishing their scampi in white wine sauce. They begin to edge toward the purpose of their present meeting but are drawn back into their past. "I never thought I would ever order any meal with white wine sauce", says he quizzically. "No? Do you think they serve bear paws with Saskatoon preserves here?", answers Kante. "Do you remember?"

The entire tribe has been transported to the Pile of Bones reserve, in cattle cars. This might seem to be an irrational use of rail transport but oppressed peoples are invariably transported in 'cattle cars' in public documentaries. One wonders what kinds of cars were left to ship cattle in. In any case, the children are separated from their families and are herded into a glowering red brick residential school. We know that because our first sight of it is a sign over the doorway saying 'Indian Residential School', in big Gothic letters. We next see the children after they have been stripped of their traditional suede clothes and imprisoned in uniform Victorian smocks or moleskin trousers and jackets. This is a little surprising since the period now reveals itself to be the late 1940s. Historical accuracy is obviously not going to be allowed to interfere with the more fundamental, symbolic, truths.

Caught in the coils of the whiteman's world the native children are seen going through rote schoolroom lessons. Others are being badgered to read blatantly Eurocentric books ranging from *Dick and Jane* to *World Geography*. Clearly, learning to read and write is a sinister means of cultural genocide. The only appropriate education would be specific aboriginal culture, animal lore, and traditional spirituality, provided in the relevant indigenous languages. The purpose behind this schooling is - *deracination*. - a crime which once again dares to speak its name.

The older boys are being taught trades which they are expected to use in wage work after leaving school - carpentry, printing, mechanics, but not lawyering, administrative consulting, or import/export skills. Children of the forests and plains are being degraded into becoming carpenters and greasy mechanics, just as if they were so many white workers. Horrible. It made my flesh crawl .

The teachers at the residential school have their work cut out for them. It's not everyone who can be systematically bigoted all day and every day. It is a full program of demeaning native cultures, humiliating their students and committing unspeakable abuses. Given the nature of schools and the totalitarian powers they had/have, abuses by teachers undoubtedly occurred, they certainly did in white public schools. But comparable things occur on reserves and in home communities as well. It would seem that the director has never gotten over his thrill of reading *Maria Monk* and similar penny dreadfuls.

The plot thickens. The imprisoned native children begin to sicken with *white* diseases and a wasting away of the spirit. They have been weakened by being fed a diet of *Vienna* sausages, *Swiss* steak, *Irish* potatoes, *Scotch* oatmeal porridge, *white* bread, *white* milk and what seems to be a forerunner of MacDonal'd's soyaburgers. Plus a twinkie on Sunday, if they've been good.

After two years of psychological resistance the heroine's inner resources are beginning to crumble and we come to The Crisis. When Kante's best friend attempts to hang herself with a bed sheet, again, it is almost too much to bear. Some viewers may have been so moved that they turned the program off or switched to watch All Star Bowling.

Kante, now somehow sixteen, decides to run away. She intends to go to the Pacific coast to work in one of the fish canneries which then still existed - a fate worse than death we are led to believe. *We just know* that she will have to do degrading tasks there, like filleting fish, and will come into contact with the white cannery workers and other members of the lower orders, apparently the producer's vision of utter degradation.

Final episode.

Enter an insufficiently foreshadowed rescuer in the form of a Toronto lawyer, Rafael Tarantella. Tarantella has been crisscrossing Canada doing legal work in land conveyances and human rights investigations. A fast moving series of flashbacks indicate his innermost emotions. Fleeting flashbacks using archival movie footage remind us of other group deportations which had recently occurred in Canada and Europe. In Canadian drama nothing succeeds like excess

Tarantella is led to his own redemption, we are told, by deciding to *save* one native girl. I'm not sure if he would get away with that ploy today: the Mothers Against Degenerates would surely have something to say about such thoroughly suspicious behaviour .

After considerable internal monologues Tarantella manages to free Kante by the dramaturgically unsatisfying expedient of having her enrolled in a public school near the former Bow River reserve. But Kante refuses to leave without her young cousin, Wus'kayjak. After foiling a last minute counter plot by bigoted dirt farmers on the local school board the two young *survivors* are whisked back to their traditional homeland on the wings of a Beaver, or maybe it was a Norseman. The ingathering has begun.

It so happens that a large swath of the former tribal territory has been acquired by Tarentella's employer, a booze baron with a 'heart of gold'. Tarentella is able to establish an aboriginal school-cum-ashram and then fades into the background.

The time frame shifts back to the present. Wus'kayjak, now a man in his fifties, has parlayed the original ashram into a chain of Spiritual Healing Lodges. He has just signed a multimillion dollar contract with the Federal government to provide healing services for emotionally wounded aboriginal children, starting with those who burn down band administration offices in their home communities. Since no native children have attended residential schools in more than a generation some lingering corrosive effect must be at work. We are told that the earlier generation who attended residential schools returned to their communities *deracinated*, having lost traditional parenting skills, which emotionally scarred the following generations of children who... etc.etc. Those who question this account are guilty of 'school-atrocity denial,' now a heinous crime in Canada.

Kante Clar Ho has become a senior partner of an Aboriginal claims and reparations agency. The message is that these two residential school *survivors* have gone on to broker government deals which

were beyond the wildest dreams of white sod busters, loggers and missionary teachers. It is the quintessential American dream, money alloyed with revenge pursued under cover of moral righteousness.

It is only as coffee is being served that we learn of the specific reason for their meeting. Raphael Tarantella has 'crossed over', 'gone to his reward'. At first I thought this meant he had been appointed to the Senate but it means he's kicked the bucket. As a memorial to Tarantella the two native entrepreneurs propose establishing a Pathway of the Righteous Whiteman in his honour. He would be the first of not too many recipients of this award. If handled with the proper spiritual tone it could offer valuable public relations opportunities and might make good business sense. Apart from the simple morality of it.

Fade out as the airborne camera pans up over the Bow valley, up to the crest of the foothills to catch an eagle soaring in the first rays of the morning sun.
Credits follow.

You can say what you like, but one is always left with a feeling of completion and moral certitude when watching C.B.C. drama. Some debased cynics may misinterpret 'Rivers Still Run Deep' as a satire of the simple-minded excess and the mindless tub thumping all too prevalent in this genre. But we have once again been reminded that the C.B.C. is worth every penny of the 1.5 Billion it receives each year. It still is the soul of this great country of ours.

Becoming Civilized

Becoming Civilized. The Struggle for a Childcentric Canada.

Sandborn W. Morecash and Dr. Sundera T. Ram, 1988. Ontario Institute for Public Reeducation. 190pp. \$39.95

There are currently more than a half million teachers employed in public schools across Canada, not including persons engaged in curriculum development nor others in ancillary roles. There are now more people employed in the educational industry than there are miners, fishermen, and loggers combined. With incomes averaging sixty thousand dollars a year educators constitute a substantial sector of the middle class. Their views call for serious consideration.

Professional educators are not only numerous but also have a well organized lobby. It would be surprising if they had not developed an ideology to advance their interests, that is to say the interests of Canada's children. *Becoming Civilized* is a statement of policy goals for reeducating Canada's youth by two influential educators. It is thankfully free from the jargon which sometimes creeps into such statements: We can summarize Morecash and Ram's major propositions as follows:

- Next to child-bearing itself, educating children is the most fundamental task of any society. All Canadians, whether they have children or not, are obligated to support those rearing and educating children with all the resources educators deem necessary. Now more than ever, reeducating our children demands priority consideration.

- Children are Canada's greatest resource. They deserve whatever schooling and professional support that can benefit their full human development. We must create a climate of zero tolerance toward those adults who hold that they have other priorities than investing in our youth. Purveyors of such childophobic sentiments must be treated as *moral lepers*.

- Teachers, kindergarten supervisors, curriculum developers, educational psychologists and allied professionals *are the experts* in childocentric development. In all too many cases parents are representatives of the anachronistic culture which educators are trying to rescue children from. Provincial school laws convey school-aged children into the hands of the school - that is *not* debatable, it is the law! "Children are too valuable a resource to be left to the well meaning but untrained hands of their parents. Effective education cannot be achieved unless all aspects of a child's development are coordinated. We have come too far to permit a future generation to fall back into the errors in which we found them." ('Introduction.')

- Unfortunately, many parents should themselves be reeducated to coincide with currently acceptable views. "Cognitive dissonance has a disturbing effect on impressionable young minds. A thoroughgoing education requires that adults support the lessons which educators have devised: either we have a congruent system of education or we have nothing." (p.36)

- Parents must come to accept that 'their' children are *not* literally theirs', that children can not to be raised just however the parents see fit. Children have inherent rights to develop freely, guided by childocentric professionals. *There is no such thing as a uneducable child, just a poor home environment.* Parents do *not* have a right to psychologically sabotage lessons provided by their child's teachers.

- The use of force or threats against any child, by anyone for any reason, is not *merely* morally despicable. Punishing a young person *is a criminal act.*, it is flagrant child abuse. There *are* laws and agencies to protect children from verbal, physical, and emotional abuse and anyone who violates such protections must be punished to the full extent of the law. The era when parents could 'spank' (i.e. physically strike) their children has ended. *This is not a matter for debate!*

- A spectre of carping kiddies and violent youth haunts North America today. Childophobes refer to them as 'arrogant young thugs and canting little Lolitas'. This is a monstrous charge. *"The phenomenon of violent youth, where not simply a childophobic fantasy, is really a measure of the extent to which our society has failed its children.* The solution requires greater professional services and more financial resources from every sector of society," (p.107)

Teachers are committed to the full respect for Canada's children. The salutary effects of childocentricism are already visible in the self-confidence and expressiveness one finds among contemporary youth. Further efforts must be made to root out hidden forms of emotional and verbal insensitivity toward young people. Where appeals to parental responsibility fail tougher laws must be instituted which empower professionals to *compel* irresponsible parties to do their duty. *"Those who do not put the needs of Canada's children first are the moral equivalent of child abusers.* " (p148)

Dr. Ram and Mr. Morecash provide a brief checklist of the attitudinal stances which should be striven for by educators and conveyed in the teaching environment:

- Socially adjusted children learn to accept the views of their fellow classmates and teachers. A child who persists in holding unacceptable beliefs is a potential danger both to her/himself and to others. Any child who dislikes school or who rejects lessons presented by educators is already seriously disturbed and may require extended professional intervention.

- "Never be hesitant about repeating simple maxims. Children require a steady diet of gush during their formative years if they are to grow up to be well adjusted adults."

- In this age of electronic information *children often know more about the world than their parents do.* It is time to put the Shirley Temple image behind us. Contemporary school children are ready to participate in deciding fundamental issues and it is up to everyone to listen seriously to what our children have to say."

In support of this proposition the authors note that during the final debates around framing the Constitution of Canada the Spicer Royal Commission invested much time in soliciting the opinions of kindergarten classes and input from primary school children and their teachers. "As the head of the Canadian Broadcast Control Commission Professor Spicer is a paragon of childocentric thinking. Let no one say, 'Out of the mouths of babes - comes childishness.'" (p.99)

The authors also outline certain principles which educators rarely express openly, and which, indeed, some teachers do not adhere to. Some of these principles may be summarized as follows:

- Nothing potentially dangerous to children's' physical or emotional development should be permitted to exist. Inherently dangerous areas such as industrial waterfronts, vacant lots, unpatrolled parks and similar locales where children once played must be made childproof."A fully fenced and well patrolled society is a safer society."

All children should be taught to be alert to signs of potential abuse. Given the current epidemic of pedophilia children must be trained to spot potential sexploiters. *A network of sensitized children, vigilant parents, and symptom-alert teachers is a necessity for a childocentric society.* Children must be encouraged to inform those in authority if their *sanctity* as children is threatened or demeaned in *any* way. "Let no one maliciously misinterpret his as a contemporary witch-finding craze. Every child must learn to recognize the visual, verbal, and psychic indicators of *potential molestation* "

Our children should be encouraged to confront disseminators of improper beliefs within the confines of school, so that these skills are honed for later life. The well run classroom should become the accepted standard of proper behaviour by all Canadians everywhere.

- School children must learn that all (non European) cultures are to be respected and treasured. Misconceptions about practices such as suttee, clitoridectomy, serfdom, tribalism, non-western slavery, caste oppression and so forth should be sternly explained away. Alleged injustices in non-European societies should be treated either as Eurocentric fabrications or as practices which such peoples have an inherent right to maintain. Children must learn that members of certain 'heritage communities' (formerly called 'races') have uniformly been the victims of oppression while Europeans have uniformly been victimizers. Teachers should underscore the right of victimized peoples to express their outrage, which others are morally bound to respect. *Being a true Canadian is always having to say you're sorry.*

•Children of European heritage must be taught that their ancestors were racists, mass murders, perpetrators of cultural genocide, rapers of lands and seas, and colonizers who lived from the toil of non-Europeans. *Painful as it is, the truth must out.* Such lessons are best conveyed by suitably trained Euro-Canadian teachers. Luckily, there is now an abundance of them ready and eager to do their part. There are also extensive instructional materials in print and video format which convey this multiculturally correct view of history.(p130)

In the concluding chapter Ram and Morecash say, "We must openly recognize that certain past traditions *are* challenged by Childocentric education - and we must defend the right of educators to wean youngsters away from unacceptable beliefs. After all, we are the experts which society pays to educate it's children. We don't allow patients to tell their doctors which medications to prescribe, similarly teachers should not permit the public to determine what is taught in school." (Conclusions, p.198) There are many more provocative propositions included in Sandborn Morecash and Dr. Sundera Ram's treatise. Although there are passing allusions to 'information-based economies' and 'computer fluency' the realm of curricula content is left for a future taskforce to consider.

Underlying the claims advanced in *Becoming Civilized* is the fact that roughly a third of all provincial and municipal tax revenues go to educate 'our' children, some 40 billion dollars collected and spent annually in Canada. Educational budgets comprise an important part of the national economy. Since there are many competitors for the swag those who would be successful must promote some special claim for their services.

There is a quality both glib and smug evinced by crusading educators, which may stem from spending too much time with school children. The best thing about children is that most of them grow out of that condition, sooner or later. Teachers however spend year after year with the same childish lot, acting as sages and strawbosses in an institutional setting. It is not surprising that when they deal with others they often behave as if they were addressing a captive audience in their class room. This may partly account for Morecash and Ram's facile moralizing. Educators always have striven to inculcate children in their charge with the reigning maxims of the day; teachers transmitting the chauvinism of the 1940s were just as certain of its morality as the current lot are of their claims.

Becoming Civilized postulates that today's educators are both the experts on what children must learn and also the guides to how society must accommodate itself to them. School children should be taught to cast off 'outdated beliefs' as the artifacts of fools or villains, that past understandings no longer apply. If I still had children in public school I would seriously investigate what kinds of alternative education are available. At least I would try to inculcate in them the understanding that schoolroom lessons are not to be taken on faith any more than the pronouncements of televangelists or the claims of media documentaries..

Historical Immaterialism and the New Shamanism

Reindeer Roots. A spiritual journey. Opal Etuk-Scat, 1988.

Slippery Rock College Press, Ohio. 158 pages, 12 illustrations. \$18.95 U.S.

"An open mind, an empathic imagination and a rejection of all formalistic thinking is the first step toward a truer and more satisfying understanding of the world and our place in it." So opens Opal Etuk-Scat's voyage into new realms of knowledge on ancient wings of discovery. Investigations of the past revealed by shamanistic dream travelling have found a worthy new oracle .

Opal briefly alludes to the now widely shared view that history, anthropology and similar 'disciplines' which attempted to plumb the human past are all the intellectual products of a European, rationalistic, outlook. Their methods of enquiry are materialistic in conception. Since the end of the eighteenth century these forays into the human experience have largely excluded spiritual means of connecting with the past of our own and other societies. Eurocentric rationalism refused to accept visionary methods which delve deep into racial memory. The shamanistic quest for knowledge is the journey which Opal takes us on.

Opal Etuk-Scat is a name surprisingly little known outside the confines of Canadian museology. She is a spiritual kinswoman of Yma Sumac, that brass-throated soprano who appeared mysteriously in the Bronx in 1946 and who was widely reputed to be a descendant of the last Incan princesses. For those too young to remember, Yma Sumac was the recording artiste our mothers all admired and whose voice could smash crystal, chase stray dogs from the yard and roust malingering children out of bed and off to school.

A preternaturally gifted child during her early years, Opal's well-meaning but misguided mother tried to direct her daughter's gift by regimes of natural vitamins, interpretive dance classes and, later, through sessions with Jungian therapists. Some of them obscurely sensed in her what has since become known as I.A.P.- the Incan American Princess complex.

Opal's true self first broke through the outer shell when she was attending Slippery Rock College, Iowa; a little known but highly regarded institution of higher American learning. Although already a graduate student of some repute, she left college and after a period of hospitalization took a sabbatical year which brought her to Prophet River, a small settlement in northern Alberta. It was here, living alone on the outskirts of a northern village, that hidden memories of an ancient past began to enter her consciousness. Memories of the blood began to emerge "like haystacks from the melting snow," she tells us, paraphrasing an early poetess of Saskatchewan.

At about this time a sachem of Canadian Nativistic Studies learned of Opal's quest and recognized her as a fellow pilgrim, drawn from the cauldron of western materialism by the spirituality of the northern lands. Invoking his contacts he directed Opal's initial steps along the right path and introduced her to emancipated minds in Canadian funding agencies. The Prophet River locals, who had initially humored Opal, came to develop a new respect for her, especially after they found that her income was twice that of any family in the village. It was then that a Cree ore truck driver, stranded in Prophet River during the

breakup, recognized her inner being and suggested the name she now proudly bears: Etuk-Scat (Caribou-Traces).

During the following winter, while snowbound and contemplating smoke from a glowing sweet grass ember, Opal made the first of her many voyages. Leaving her body she was transported, first slowly and then with lightening speed, to the camps of a people she only later came to recognize as the ancient Yukaghir hunters of eastern Siberia. As in shamanistic and other mind-out-of-body experiences, Opal could see herself seated with the sweet grass fire at her lips but knew that she was under the charge of a collective ancestral spirit. It led her onward like an *X'Qa'k Zchjarq* (an untranslatable Yukaghir concept).

As a Slippery Rock College graduate Opal quickly realized that this was not merely a matter of personal spiritual fulfillment but an opportunity for pursuing incredible insights into human history. She came to understand that these Yukaghir camps would continue to exist in the mind-spirit continuum regardless of whatever changes occurred in the temporal world. Since spirit travelling was not a one time thing Opal could return time and again to pursue her studies.

Her breathtaking discovery was of an 'Old World' people living in conical skin tents strikingly reminiscent of the tipis observed by early European explorers in northern North America. The Yukaghir sowed nothing nor did they reap, but existed in a perfect natural balance with their environment and took their sustenance from hunting the wild reindeer. They did this with the aid of respected shamans (*and* shawomen) who were able to both locate the deer *and kill them* through dream hunts, always asking the reindeer spirit's permission first. As a spiritual people, the nutritional value of these dream hunts was perfectly sufficient for their needs.

As distinct from once prevalent evolutionary theories about communally-held resources, each Yukaghir family retained its own private hunting territory, 'leased' (in a sense) from the Great Power Spirit, an inviolate tract which was passed down through the family from time immemorial. Just like Frank Speck described among the hunting peoples of the Canadian north woods, an ancient tradition of freedom. When they were not dream hunting or playing La'hal the ancient Yukaghir busied themselves in propitiating and acquiring Bear Power, as did so many other peoples of the Circum-polar regions. While every family was perfectly self reliant it was a caring, sharing, power-bearing society of awesome traditionalism. And yes, some reflected light of that world does glow forth in the songs of Yma Sumac.

Those who had doubted Opal's voyages of discovery were amazed by the degree to which her documentation paralleled the accounts of East Siberians and Yukaghir provided almost a century earlier by two obscure Russian ethnologists, V.G. Bogoraz and V.I. Jokhelson. These were things which Opal could have known *only* by direct spiritual observation. She came to realize that the ancient Yukaghir were the ancestors of all those peoples who in the immemorial past colonized not only North America but also Manchu China and Japan. They were the ancestors of both the proud Mongol Khans and also of all the Aboriginal peoples of the 'Eastern Hemisphere', including the Incas. They and their descendants were the true owners of all those lands - a claim not yet given the serious attention it deserves, outside of Canada.

Needless to say, Eurocentric experts whose 'expertise' was limited to merely rationalistic knowledge, dismissed Opal's new insights as mere 'pipe dreams'. The more doctrinaire have continued to blindly reject her older, fresher, approach. Consider one all too typical response by a former academic, who shall remain nameless. On hearing that Opal Etuk-Scat and her associates had obtained a 3.8 million dollar contract to provide dream interpretation for exhibits in the Canadian Museum of Spiritual Civilization who raged that,

"Those zonked-out sasquatch fanciers don't have the vaguest conception of the material world people live

in. Even if you could put that lot back into a Siberian hunting camp of a century or more ago they still wouldn't have the fundamental rationality to document what was actually going on around them.

What the hell is happening in Canadian universities and museums? They've become infested with a gaggle of quick talking charlatans peddling snake oil to the Canadian public. The next thing you know they'll be documenting miracle cures by the Virgin of Guadeloupe and expatiating on how to turn sterile

gold into life-enriching shit, or vice versa. What we need is not deconstruction but reconstruction."

While comprehensible as the futile rage of a superseded mode of thought, this attitude is totally unacceptable to current standards of knowledge-seeking. Neither the insensitivity nor the closed-mindedness is permissible. It is offensive to the fresher, keener minds who wish to follow the path broken by Opal Etuk-Scat. When the spirit sings the earthbound had better listen. Materialist science has had its day. A new age of spiritual revelation has begun.

Soap Opera for Junior Space Cadets.

Star Tracks 1990: A television review

This television series was the forerunner of the kiddie-fascist movies which were spawned during the Ronnie Reagan era under the generic title of *Star Wars*. The latter invoked juvenile adventure tales by way of gun boat expeditions into outer space; Tsarist princesses get rescued by neo American space scouts while totalitarian aggressors get nuked with freedom-loving lasers. The lesser species of the galaxy shuffle about in assorted black-face routines while the more tractable become loyal allies of the civilizing power. "Come back to the way things used to be (and will be again)" might have been the genre's watchword.

In the *Star Tracks* television series we find comparable, though less blood thirsty, expeditions carrying high tech Americanism to distant galaxies. As in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, the different castes among the space ship's crew are all neatly designated; commander class, junior officer class, Beta plus technicians, and the seemingly wordless scullion class whose members patter along the corridors of the ship to no apparent purpose. Caste uniforms of color-coded long underwear are *de rigueur*. There is always compliant obedience to the Commander and officer caste, directing the space ship (mini-earth) as it swoops around the universe carrying out rescue missions and engaging in armed exploration. The thousand member crew is normally only mentioned in 'casualty reports' and mere crewpersons never question how their lives are disposed of. It is the age-old dream of every squirearchy on earth - retainers who do the lord's bidding without hesitation and without reservation.

There's nothing too scary in *Star Trek* ; no venom-dripping, squid-like aliens and no extra-terrestrial Mike Harrises to frighten the kiddies. There is also no sex, except of the most ethereal kind. Maimings and deaths are all neatly sanitized, no real blood and gore. As usual, the lead characters are never killed, maimed or significantly injured regardless of how often they are struck with Coprolithic Death Rays or infected by Intergalactic Termanginites. It's family entertainment all the way.

Interestingly, the most appealing character in the second series of *Star Tracks* is a sophisticated robot (or 'android') who is invariably even-tempered yet immensely strong, encyclopaedic in memory and capable of amazing computational feats, yet somehow naive about idiomatic expressions and the appeal of things like baseball. This allows the audience to feel superior to future technology and robots no matter how superior they may be in most areas. What is remarkable is that millions of viewers found this android to be the most likeable member of the cast. One wonders what this indicates about Americans' feelings toward their fellow earthlings.

All the other beings encountered throughout the universe are remarkably like the denizens of earth, give or take a horny carapace or a reptilian feature, here or there. Bilateral, bipedal, two eyed, four limbed and one headed. Even the ancient Egyptians had a more imaginative view of extra terrestrial creatures than this. Furthermore, sixty years of science fiction hasn't been able to come up with clothing more exotic than pseudo-historical costumes and uniforms of coloured tights. Of course these figures are primarily allusions to various earthling societies and their proper place in history. There is even a planet settled by descendants of Native Amerindians, a happy hunting ground in which the Aboriginals are cheerfully chasing Buffalo and raising spiritual corn. Everyone who counts is under the protection of the Federation space fleet and its dreadnought *Free Enterprise* .

Offensive, warlike or simply misguided other beings in the universe appear regularly as foils: much like unAmerican aliens and enemy nations did in an earlier generation of Hollywood science fiction. Fu Manchu meets Flash Gordon. Some of the troublesome species have mannerisms and use dialogue copped from W.W.2 agit-prop. flicks while those with Oxfordian accents or American backgrounds are the defenders of intergalactic civilization. So far, God(s) have not made an appearance in the series, although there is a modest quota of tiresome prophets.

The future which deserving kiddies and space cadets are to look forward to is really not all that wonderful. It is life in a junior high school aboard a flying motel, commanded by a martinet of one sort or another. The officers seem to be composed of computer freaks, gushy psychoanalysts, Irgun security chiefs and assorted maxim pedlars. There is a requisite quota of tests: the Big Game, popular science experiments which go wrong but are solved through some intuitive leap, and reruns of interactive history programs (all from the impoverished roster of 'history' known to American television). There are repeated reminders to the effect that 'the commander knows best' and everyone always stands at his or her appointed place in The Mission, whatever it may be.

That is the ethos which makes the *Free Enterprise* unbeatable; no one gives a two finger salute or sings,
"Kiss me goodnight sergeant major,
Tuck me in me little wooden bed
Kiss me goodnight sergeant major

Sergeant major be a mutha to me"
Which in once contemporary earthling usage meant, 'Bugger Off !'

Books for Young Adults

An Upside-down Jungle Book

Polly Doesn't Want a Cracker. Allison Camp, in Christmas 1988 issue of *Woodlot Management* .

This is a story in which an endangered exotic species, the Lesser Parrot Dungbeetle of the Amazon rainforest, is preserved from extinction by a world-wide conservation campaign led by the Suki Kabuki Foundation. Unfortunately this species is later recognized as being the host of an insidious human plague (pernicious parrot fever), originally confined to the Lesser P. Dungbeetle, which would have been better eradicated. The tale stands the usual maxim about the necessity of universal conservation (ex.'a future cure for cancer found in a rare species from some exotic locale) on its head. Written and illustrated by the author of *The Cod That Failed. Fishermen, Ministers and Fishy Science* . For children of all ages.

The World Turned Right-Side Up.

Moral Realignment. David Frump and Jeff Davis Jr. 1988 New Republican Press, Garden City, N.J.

A timely catechism for young adults in which the corrosive ideology of 'The World Turned Upside Down' is properly rearranged. It provides a useful compendium of current homilies suitable for school, affinity group, and public debate. "Who told you that courts are supposed to be fair?"; "It's time that the aged, disabled and homeless take responsibility for their own condition"; "Education, if it is to make any sense, must meet the needs of our employers"; "True freedom includes the freedom to make profits in any way investors see fit". An uncompromising defence of the powers that would like to be again. Suitable for aspirant young entrepreneurs and readers of *Alberta Report*.

The Bird that Feathers It's Nest

The Scheherazade of Sparks Street' Alexandra McGoogle, 1996. 'Ratz R Us Publications', Ottawa

'The Bird That Feathers Its Nest' (originally a henchman in the court of Sultan Harun Al Rashid in the Sinbad movies of the 1940s) is here brought up to date. In this tale an emigre healer and dealer makes her fortune as a doctor in Canada and goes on to lead a provincial medical association's campaign against state-run medicine, offering instead the 'traditional charity of doctors toward the impecunious'. After winning a seat in the Reformed Liberal government she becomes the minister of Professional Multicultural rights, boldly rejecting 'the drag of the white underclass'. 'They are all racists who for generations profited from the hard work and contributions of people of colour', she tells her supporters. The hairstylist entrepreneurs and reformed Young Liberals of her constituency promptly reelect her.

3.Ventose

- **From the Wendic Lands to the Pictish Isles. .**
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Reviews

Aboriginal Europe.

The Original Europeans. Papers of the Third Congress of Aboriginal European Peoples' Entitlement. Vol.1. Our Heritage .A Land for Wild Aurochs.

Vol. 2 The Pictish Isles; The Lost Land of the Wends.

Vladisla Farrago (ed.) Ho Wanta Yo Press. Langley, Virginia. Hardcover, 188 pp \$18.98 U.S. With 24 land claims maps

Ho Wanta Yo press was originally a small publishing house located in Montreal which took an audacious tact. It played back the demands which European supporters of Aboriginal rights have made on Canada, as if it were once again their colonial domain. In reply to the threats of European boycotts and media campaigns to "save" Canadian forests, caribou and nature peoples etc., *Ho Wanta Yo* recruited (some say 'manufactured') assorted claimants to ancient national rights in Europe and gave them a forum. One of the results was the Congress of Aboriginal European Peoples and a series of position papers about land and reparation claims.

Ho Wanta Yo was not taken seriously initially since its projects on 'behalf of Aboriginal European Peoples' bore too striking a similarity to European campaigns for Aboriginal Nature conservancy in Canada. It's first project was to demand that the Massif Central of France be converted into a free range for wild aurochs - "which are fundamental to the reconstruction of Gaulish society, the true inheritors of those lands". This seemed suspicious since it appeared shortly after the European Green Nature Alliance had launched a campaign boycotting Canadian goods in defense of caribou rights in northern Quebec.

But quizzical or not, the Aboriginal European Peoples' Congress has taken hold and it's supporters are now making claims satisfyingly similar to the Aboriginal Entitlement movement in Canada. The second volume , "The Lost Lands of the Wends" tells us that the Rhine and the Elbe were once among the most prolific salmon-bearing rivers in western Europe, until contaminated by the ruthless environmental degradation of monastic vineyards and by water-powered grist mills. The wetlands (i.e.swamps) of the Wendish Spree once supported an incredible bio-diversity of fish, eels, medicinals and the mushroom resources which made the Wendic way of life possible. Even as late as the 12th

century Wending-speaking peoples predominated in much of what is today eastern Germany, Bohemia and Poland. Their ceremonial rituals and mushroom-based economies served to maintain a "dynamic conservation of the natural biota, something which no agricultural or industrial society has yet managed."

Summing up a litany of long suppressed Wending achievements, Primato Wensaslas says, "The Wending Peoples Entitlement Movement demands that our primordial rights to these resources and territories finally be recognized, both by the currently occupying states and by concerned world opinion. We do not intend to exclude those *newcomers* whose ancestors have lived on our lands for centuries but we do demand our rightful share in them, and that the rents be paid. "

"The forces which destroyed the European world we have lost cannot be allowed to direct our future. The way forward leads back through the past. The Rhine must once again bring forth salmon and not Rhinegold, the call of the wild auroch and the slap of the *Castor Europensis* must be heard once more throughout the land. It is up to the Aboriginal European Peoples, Wends and others, and their friends abroad, to help save Europeans from themselves. To all we send the timeless salutation *Ho Wahn'ta Yo* ('Let everything be, as it was')"

To a North American of European ancestry it may be difficult to appreciate the power of this message. But I once heard Primato Wensaslas speak at Riverside Presbyterian Church, dressed in his natural linen sark and eelskin cape and holding the ancient speaker's axe. It was impressive as all get out.

Somewhat closer to home is the position paper of the Pictish Liberation League. Despite efforts stretching over two millennia by *settler* regimes to deny the continued existence of Pictdom, their presence has always been detectable. Those committed to preserving their Pictish heritage were outrageously dismissed as 'Tinkers' or even as 'Gypsies' Yet wherever sheep were raised, there one found an aboriginal culture alien to the roiling Celtic or grasping AngloSaxon regimes.

By the late eighteenth century a few Englishmen began naming their country homes 'Pict's Retreat', a subconscious recognition of the original owners of those lands. Yet Pictish claims continued to linger in limbo. Then, during the last two decades, a generation of new proud Picts emerged and began to call the Celto-Saxon settler state to account.

A central feature of the Pictish position paper is its standard of who have rights to the lands and resources of the contested island. The order is based on the familiar principle of "Who was here first?" *Newcomers* who have arrived following the Tudor era are simply treated as "guest populations and sojourners". The descendants of the 'Frenchified Vikings' (i.e Normans) are accorded some rights as 'old settlers', as are descendants of the Danes and Norse of the former Danelaw lands. One surmises that the Pictish Liberation League will face a daunting task in convincing the descendants of the Angles and Saxons that their *true* homeland lies across the North Sea and that they should return there if they feel disadvantaged by Pictish claims. Should that ever be accomplished, there will be yet one more task to accomplish - to settle accounts with the Celtic Britons.

As the Grand Chief Pastor of the P.L.L, notes, "Despite endless misrepresentation, the Welsh and Gaels are *not* the first people on these islands. These are lands *stolen* from the aboriginal Picts through long centuries of Eurocentricism and *metal-based militarism*.. As late as the Arthurian era proud

Pictish chiefdoms sustained their traditional pastoral civilization in the healthy uplands of our islands. But the Celtic and Britonic invader ultimately arrogated even the name of our land. These are *not* and never have been *the British Isles*. They are now and forever the *The Pictish Isles !* "

"It is time that the *newcomers* recognize whose land this was. Sovereign homelands, with the resources to sustain them, must be transferred to Pictish hands. The sheep pastures and fishing streams of the Pictish Isles must return to their original owners, once they have been cleansed of the industries which befouled them. The British settler state must finally provide reparations to those it has defrauded for two millennia. Anyone who does not understand the simple justice of these demands is in need of a rigorous moral reeducation".

It is yet to be seen if these proclamations are just a moment of absurdity or whether the Aboriginal European Peoples Entitlement Movement sinks roots into the body of Europe. In the meantime, it's fun to read the same sorts of charges and demands leveled at Europeans as their nature lovers have laid against Canada.

Wasn't It a Lovely War.

How We Won the War. Trevor Waugh-Bergelson (Ed.) 1995 Timeless Books of Canada Hardcover 24.95 Can.

A Pictorial Guide to American War Memorials. U.S. Graves and Memorials Commission, Washington D.C. 1991

I love my local public library. The staff is helpful, there are plenty of tables and chairs for teenagers to carry on their socializing and the library has gotten into educational videos and musical tapes in a big way. Almost a half of the library is still devoted to printed books for adult readers. It's true that about a half of these books are Do it yourself manuals or travelogues but it is a public library and it is there to give people what they want.

The library has a history section which contains some twenty lineal feet of books about Asian, Middle Eastern, African and Latin American nations. These range from Stanley Karnouw's *New York Times* history of the Viet Nam war to Dr. Marvel Here's *Unearthing the Crimes of the Babylonian Captivity*. There are also novelized accounts of the last days of the British Raj in India. Some six hundred lineal feet are devoted to works on British history but unfortunately only eleven titles on continental Europe covering the period between the Roman Empire and Napoleon Bonaparte, and then another gap until we come to the First World War. There is a fair collection of titles dealing with Canadian history and an even larger one of works about Aboriginal Heritage. Unfortunately there is little about the lesser nations of the world and the less popular periods of human history but a public library can't cater to every taste.

What my library *does* have is four hundred and fifty feet of books on the Second World War as well as a large and rapidly growing section on The Holocaust. In addition, the section on German history is exclusively devoted to Hitler, the Nazis and World War Two, works by authoritative British and American authors.

I had feared that Waugh-Bergelson's *How We Won the War* might be a spoof, like that musical satire of British world war one jingoism, *Oh What a Lovely War*. Thankfully it is not! It is a tribute to and a collection of fifty years of Canadian War memoirs; *How We Won the War* marks the ten thousandth book published about Canadian participation in the Second Great War. That title was Alun Tupper's *Freedom's Road*, which details the role of Canadian defense contractors in helping push through the Alaska Highway which created an inland supply route to that territory in case of Japanese invasion, a menace taken quite seriously in the early 1940s.

While Tupper's book lacks some of the drama of frontline war stories there is plenty of that in *How We Won the War*. It contains an extract from the classic *Gauntlet to Overlord*, justifying Canadian sacrifices at Dieppe, as well as a chapter from Farley Mowatt's *The Good Soldier Mowatt*. Irwin Cutlet's *Avenging the Babylonian Captivity*, an account of the brief Iraq campaign, is both patriotic and timely, while magisterial historical lessons are presented in extracts from Professor-major Grenadestone's *The Watch on the Humber* and *Victory at the War Museum*. There are also passages

from personal military memoirs, such as an extract from Raymond Massey's *With Kolchak in Siberia*.. It makes one proud to be a Canadian.

The appendix of *How We Won the War* provides an annotated calendar of Canadian war memorial dates, ranging from the Boer War to the present. It contains thumbnail sketches of events such as the battle of Vimy Ridge and provides the currently appropriate lessons to be drawn from them. The only qualm I have about Waugh-Bergelson's collection is that so few of the accounts celebrate our struggle against the Japanese Empire and none commemorate the sea or land battles against the forces of Vichy France, Italy or any of the other Axis powers. There is still plenty of scope for future volumes. Both *Freedom's Road* and *How We Won the War* have now joined the volumes in the history section of my local library.

A Pictorial Guide to American War Memorials is an entirely different kettle of fish. It is a lavishly produced, richly illustrated volume which combines evocative photographs with unabashedly patriotic text. It is the kind of thing which the Americans do so well.

According to the *Pictorial Guide* there are more than 45,000 public war memorials scattered throughout the length and breadth of the United States. They are dedicated to the American men (and women) who fought in foreign wars to defend freedom - twenty three of them in the twentieth century. I had no idea that there were so many. In addition to the courthouse cenotaphs honoring local W.W.I doughboys and those of the Second Great War there are tributes to veterans of wars which many of us have barely heard of. Social amnesia is a terrible thing.

The memorials are presented in four sections, the first dedicated to American military campaigns before 1900. A surprising few celebrate the War of Independence but their are regional tributes to veterans of the Seminole and other Indian wars, a few to those of the 1812 Canadian campaign and the Mexican war (especially in Texas). The centrepiece of this section are the ubiquitous memorials to the glorious dead of the American civil war - this is material for a book in its own right. Memorials to the soldiers and sailors who died in the Spanish-American War, to liberate Cuba and Puerto Rico and the Philippines, are spotty but in some cases quite elaborate.

The second section deals with military expeditions between 1900 and the First Great War; it includes memorials to American forces involved in the suppression of The Boxer Rebellion and the Relief of Peking (1900), the Philippine Insurrection (1900-1902), the Cuban Insurrection (1912), the Haitian and Dominican Policing Actions (1912 and on), the Nicaraguan Peacekeeping Campaigns(1913-and on), the Mexican Punitive Expedition for Peace (1916-1917). This section ends with the memorials to American servicemen who died in The First Great War (1917-1918), a conflict which stimulated a flowering of public war memorials. They are quite extensive, as befits the emergence of America as a Great Power on the world scene.

Following this is a rather thin section on peacekeeping expeditions during the interwar period: the Russian Expedition (1918-1920), the Dominican, Nicaraguan and Haitian police actions (1920-1936), and a memorial to American sailors and marines killed in civilizing missions and while protecting legitimate trade in China and elsewhere during that period.

The centerpiece of the *Pictorial Guide* is the lavish Second Great War (1941-1945) section, with lavish pictorial treatment of local and national war memorials throughout America. Breathtaking in its scope and appeal, it should be in every school and library.

The final part presents memorials to American peacekeeping around the world since 1945: the Greek anti-Terrorist War (1947-1950), the Philippine Freedom campaign (1949-c.1953), the Korean Police Action War (1950-1953), the Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia Containment war (196?-1975), as well as the Dominican Rescue Mission (1965). Surprisingly, there are already a few memorials to Americans in the the Lebanese Protection Incident (1984), and the Panamanian anti-Druglord war (1989). At the time of publication there was yet no memorial to the participants in the U.S.-Iraq Oil Freedom War or those of the Grenada Rescue Mission. A few misdirected critics have suggested that there be some recognition of the millions of innocent persons killed or maimed by American and Allied forces in these various campaigns: but they can never be a part of our war memorials and might be interpreted as dishonouring our glorious dead. Let the others create their own memorials if they are so inclined.

American men and fighting women have answered the call to defend peace and freedom around the world on an average of one war every four years. Only Great Britain at the height of Empire had as glorious a record . Great or small, they were the conflicts fought around the world to preserve western civilization from modern barbarism. These are the memorials to those American who fell in wars to defend fledgling democracies abroad and to protect the legitimate flow of free commerce.

At present here is only one memorial to the men who fought in America's covert wars Located in Langley, Virginia, it honors all those Americans who perished that freedom might prevail in Chile, Bolivia, Guatemala, El Salvador, Argentina, Colombia, Totalitarian Cuba, Libya, Chad, the Congo, Afghanistan, Indonesia, and elsewhere during the last half century. Neither does the *Pictorial Guide* survey memorials to the three million men and women who serve in public and private police forces throughout America today. They are the forgotten heroes and heroines who stand on guard during labour disturbances, at civil rights riots, and in other social disruptions, today as in the past. The brave men and proud women of state and local police forces are the front line of defence against Anarchy . This is the 'war within' which every society based upon the Rule of Law must forever fight - and win. It is a conflict which cannot simply rely on the courts and prisons. The men and women who serve in that army are surely as worthy of recognition as those who have fought their country's battles around the world.

A Dance to Spring !

We Never Stop Becoming. .Adrianna Gladden,1990 Broadcast on Rogers "Extraordinarily Exceptional Women" series

Never Stop Becoming is a sort of 'Unbildung's Romane'; the central figure enters the story as a relatively mature and moderately sagacious twenty-year old and through extended education, psychotherapy and life experiences gradually evolves into a gushy proponent of whatever burning

social issues are in fashion, as well as an enthusiast of an ever changing roster of psychotherapeutic practices.

She may remind some readers of a character who frequently appeared in Jules Fieffer's cartoons, the suburban bohemian who was a devotee of modern dance but who ultimately sublimated her desires by watching reruns of film noire at the *New Yorker* cinema. While Adrianna does not dedicate 'A dance to spring' she tells us that, "There is no fulfillment like the life of the mind. The satisfaction of coming to understand something (before promptly forgetting it) surpasses all other pleasures". On her bookshelf is a much perused copy of the *Courage to Heal*, that fictional account which popularized 'recovering suppressed memory' and other actionable neuroses.

Adrianna has returned to the costume of her youth, treader pants, black velvet blouses, Chinese slippers- but no longer indulges in cigarettes in long holders or cups of cheap Italian wine because she has acquired a healthful, non-consuming lifestyle. "I don't care what I eat as long as it's simple and pure. Tea is tea and tomatoes and cheese with crackers are lunch. Thinking about clothes or cooking is simply a waste of time. I'd rather spend my time painting or just observing people. When I think back on it I'm disgusted by how much of my life I wasted washing dishes and making beds and cooking meals while Harvey was away at work - cleaning up after my husband and the kids. I was *only* twenty-nine when I got married and instead of becoming a wife and mother I could have taken a degree which would have allowed me to do fulfilling intellectual work. Young women today *know* that they are entitled to having a family *and* a rewarding career and aren't going to be stopped by the sort of psychological and social barriers what we faced. That kind of gender exploitation is finally over."

At fifty something Adrianna has discovered a new purpose in life. She is venturing into video production, beginning with filmed interviews intended to capture the inner selves of acquaintances and strangers. "It's all there, ready to be picked up by a sensitive eye," she tells us. Surprisingly, her camera eye mainly sees popular 'insights' of three and four decades ago.

Next to the threat of a misogynist backlash her current concern is of 'fascism creeping back into respectability', resuscitating an overworked bogeyman to agitate a new generation of Liberal sentiments. The films which Adrianna studies as a guide to her own *oeuvre* are the black and white classics of the 1940s. She is moved by an incommunicable nostalgia when watching reruns of Ingrid Bergman in *Casablanca*. Her husband has similar, though more manly, emotions when viewing Professor Martin Kitchen's version of the *Why We Fight* series on public television. "I wish that once in my life I had had an opportunity to participate in a war that clear cut", he tells us.

One wonders what kind of self-delusion is at work here, leading members of a secure bourgeoisie to gush over old war flicks *They seem to believe that the war propaganda of a half century ago actually portrayed reality*. It is as if the fifty million people who died, mainly civilians killed by virtually every side during that conflict, are simply material for morality tales. Tales in which peoples real history, the multifaceted forces in contention and the near universal horrors they unleashed, are reduced to safe cardboard caricatures. Moreover, to Harvey and Adrianna this refurbished war propaganda seemingly portrays the forces at work in the world today and forever. She is committed to the need for eternal vigilance toward 'threats to human rights *everywhere*.' That 'everywhere' turns out to be wherever the mainstream media happens to locate it.

One is tempted to quote Hugh MacDairmid's, *To Almost Everyone in Europe Today, 1939*

"A war to save civilization, you say
Then what do you have to do with it, pray.
Some attempt to acquire it would show greater love
Than fighting for something you know nothing of."

One of Adrianna's former acquaintances, who is somewhat dumbfounded by the changes in what was once a perceptive young woman, asks, "Who decides on and enforces human rights, anyway?" She replies that "Human Rights should be everyone's concern" and proposes that "concerned individuals everywhere must become involved". The acquaintance comments that "The preservation of freedom and human rights has been a rationale for almost every militarist venture in the last fifty years. They've resulted in tens of millions of deaths, often with consequences not notably different than those fascism was charged with." Adrianna has heard it all before and calmly replies, "That is a rationale which permitted individuals to escape their moral obligations in the past. 'Imperialism', 'the State' and similar such entities always resolve down into the actions or inactions of individuals". What meaningful response can one make to such an outlook, arrived at in the autumn of a life?

Through reminiscences we learn that Adrianna was the child of parents who had been formed and radicalized in the depression era but who later succeeded in making a comfortable living for themselves and their children. "My parents always thought of themselves as part of the working class, but really they weren't. Not by the time I was growing up. In any case, the working class hasn't turned out to be what my parents thought it was. Workers can be racist and retrograde, as I know from my own experience as a social worker. They have failed to support the legitimate demands of emerging communities and many have even abandoned the N.D.P., which made such efforts to bring them into the moral mainstream. We have to recognize that whatever role the working classes may once have played, they are no longer a major factor in the social equation. After all, we all work for a living, in some sense - don't we? "

"Meaningful changes are no longer claimed in the name of class interests. That historical phase is over. The Younger Generation, and I count myself among them, have a more disinterested stance and the only appeals which will mobilize them are fundamental human rights - the rights of Aboriginal Peoples to their own lands and their own governments, the rights of Women of Colour, the rights of plants and animals to an undisturbed existence and, yes, the rights of people like Harvey and myself to enjoy the fruits of our labours. The progressive impetus now comes from 'Educators' in the broadest sense of the word."

"Personally, I'm not in the least conservative. I'm all for change, I'm for the coming generation. We should admit that *our generation* made a mess of it. Our children will have to create a better and multiculturally more sensitive world, one where persuasion takes the place of conflict and self interest.....We are finally getting over dogmatic political rivalries and young people are demanding a more sustainable world. The Women's' Perspective is finally coming into its own. In the future it will be the morality of issues rather than any materialistic interests which will determine what things get done. Thank God"

Adrianna's participation in NASOW comes with a large dollop of self-morification, stemming from having to 'face ourselves as members of the *dominant white society*'. She decries an 'undercover racism' which allegedly was evident in the lack of support for Sundera Thobani, even among self-liberating Canadian women. One is tempted to suggest that emigres who enter Canada and are supported by public funds to pursue university studies, and who then launch into a career of systematic hate mongering, deserve all the loathing they garner. That would undoubtedly verify Adrianna's belief in reemerging racism.

As a result of her commitments Adrianna's has become the moderator of Exceptionally Extraordinary Women, a program on a community cable station. There she chaired a series of discussions on the suppressed history of female healers and holistic herbalism, as well as the 'reclaimed history' being restored by Aboriginal university women. 'Neither history nor the natural sciences are primarily intellectual endeavours', we learn, but instead are 'the variously convoluted ideological facades for white male privilege which have prevailed to date and which must be replaced'.

"Knowledge and education are a continuing process. You can't expect to understand developments if you don't keep up with what the current insights are. It doesn't matter how well informed someone was a decade or more ago, if they don't keep up with the fresher views they can't expect to influence the younger generation. *They* are the experts after all, they are the ones with freshest insights. *We* are the ones who should be learning from *them*.. I'm ready and eager to learn from my daughter and her generation".

One wonders if such sermonizing is merely a transitory fashion among neoliberals looking for some spurious cause or whether it will become a more permanent feature of contemporary obscurantism

Sales of Dope

Sails of Hope. The Secret Mission of Christopher Columbus.

Simon Wiesenthal. Macmillan Co., New York, N.Y. 1973 (1992 edition)

The publisher's blurb on the back cover of the original edition of *Sails of Hope* claims the book to be "... a completely factual, exhaustively researched, radical re-interpretation of the events which led to the discovery of the New World and changed the course of history..... Five years of detective work and painstaking research in Spain, Portugal, the Vatican, and North Africa convinced Simon Wiesenthal, world famous head of the Documentation Center in Vienna, that Columbus was of Jewish origin and that his 1492 voyage was actually a desperate search for a new homeland for the Jews."

" With a rare degree of historical verisimilitude, Simon Wiesenthal unfolds a panorama of turbulent fifteenth-century Spain; the unparalleled religious fanaticism of the Inquisition; the journeys of exploration. He vividly describes the Inquisition's cruel victimization of Spain's Sephardic Jews..... Mr Wiesenthal not only has provided an invaluable body of missing information, documents that were lost, hidden or suppressed - he has also written a historical detective story of immense fascination and importance. His unique vision of Columbus - a shrewd Jewish Ulysses whose obsessive dream of finding refuge for his people led to the discovery of the New World - is both masterful and highly provocative."

Reissued in 1992 for the five hundredth centennial of Columbus's discovery of America, readers of the account were less enthralled by Wiesenthal's claim than they were supposed to be.

Sails of Hope deals only in small part with Cristoforo Colon and his western voyage. We learn that not only did Columbus discover 'the New world and change the course of history' but that other Jews were among the first to 'discover' much of the world, including Europe. We hear that Jewish traders were aboard the first Phoenician ships which put in at Iberian ports when Rome was still a town of sheep herders and that ancient Spanish cities, such as Toledo, were founded by Jewish merchants, whose claims antedate those of people who think of themselves as Spanish.

Wiesenthal takes us on a world tour of Jewish communities a half millennium before Columbus. China was discovered by Jewish traders centuries before Marco Polo and a flourishing community existed there, with well attended synagogues. (p.85, 86) There is 'suggestive evidence' of the relationship between Jewish voyagers and the foundation of the Japanese state.(p 82,83). Similarly, the western coasts of India had been discovered and had vital Jewish communities long before Portuguese arrived on the scene.

The most lengthy case is Wiesenthal's account of the Kingdom of the Khazars during the eighth century. I had thought that the Khazars were merely one of the innumerable tribal confederations which emerged in the lower Volga region and whose transitory history became the stuff of later mythology. But apparently it was much more.

Wiesenthal informs us that in the tenth century the Caliph's court in Moorish Cordoba had ascertained that far to the east there was "... a gloomy mountain range in which two and one-half Jewish tribes dwelt, descendants of Abraham from the tribes of Simeon and Manasseh.[A visiting traveller] ...told of a kingdom whose power was so great that many nations were compelled to pay tribute to it. And this kingdom was Jewish."(p 66) The Khazars were,"A bellicose people, they warred continually with their neighbors and with growing success....The Byzantines trembled in fear of the Khazars and paid tribute to keep them from attacking Constantinople. Many Bulgars and Russians paid homage to Khazars' lords as their vassals; the grand dukes of Kiev also paid them annual tributes. A permanent state of war existed between the Khazars and the neighboring Arabs"(p.67). How marvellous.

As Wiesenthal describes it, the Kingdom of the Khazars sounds like a shtetl philosopher's vision of what a desirable empire might be like."(While Judaism was the Khazar state religion, the King) ... demonstrated exemplary tolerance toward the non-Jewish parts of the population. Many Moslems dwelt in the land under the Khazar rulers: the army consisted principally of Mohammedan mercenaries. No pressure to accept Judaism was exerted on anyone. When the country became Jewish the leadership of the army was placed in Jewish hands. The Khazar military threat led to an alliance between the Slavs in southern Russia and the Byzantine Empire. In the war that followed, the Khazars under a Jewish general named Pessach defeated both enemies and imposed payment of tribute on the Byzantines and Slavs alike. The Slavs, in addition, were forced to accept the obligations of vassalage"(p68) How wonderful.

It may be impolitic to suggest that all of this is the reworked stuff of medieval travellers' tales. It is a story which apparently continued to circulate in Jewish folklore until the late nineteenth century, at

least in the backlands of the Austro-Hungarian empire. But in fact *no one* left any observational account whatsoever about the Khazars. One might put all this down to escapist wish fulfillment, more amenable to psychoanalytic practice than to history. In any case, by the time the courtiers of Moorish Spain heard of the Khazars they had already disappeared into the mists of the past.

What has all this to do with Columbus and the discovery of the Americas? The author suggests that the belief in a powerful Jewish state existing somewhere over the horizon motivated Columbus's exploration. Is there any evidence of this in Columbus's 'diary' or any other writings? No. It would be naive to expect it. As a secret Jew in Catholic-occupied Europe Columbus would have hidden all traces of his genealogy and intent. *Time and again, the absence of any supportive evidence whatsoever for Wiesenthal's claims is taken as confirmation that such evidence was hidden or suppressed.* If any contradictory evidence exists, then it was forged. But Mr. Wiesenthal tells us that he can sniff out forgeries and secrets, even five centuries later.

Sails of Hope barely touches on Columbus's actual voyage of discovery. It doesn't deal with what Columbus did after he had discovered the West Indies. This is understandable - you wouldn't want to have a rescuer of Israel engaged in burning Amerindians at the stake or introducing slavery. No doubt Mr. Wiesenthal could explain those deeds away as the slanders of the envious or the malign acts of those who appropriated Columbus's discovery.

The source which Wiesenthal used for his account of the Big Trip is what he calls 'Columbus's diary'. Actually this is not a log or diary at all, it apparently is Bartholome de Las Casas' precis of what he *claims* he read in Columbus's log (which was lost soon afterward and has never reappeared). We don't know how closely Las Casas followed Columbus's actual account but since Las Casas knew nothing about seafaring and was primarily concerned with making his case for Amerindian peoples his paraphrases from the log of the voyage are probably selective. An expert on Spanish seafaring of this era may be able to pick out some revealing notations but it is largely uninformative in the hands of lay readers - including Mr. Wiesenthal. So much for the prime source of the main event.

What we get instead of evidence is everything from denunciations of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* to a resurrection of the *Leyenda Negra*, denouncing not only the Spanish church and state but also the Spanish people as a whole. It is an example of an all too common practice in this genre of historical fiction, converting historical conditions, in this case those of fifteenth century Spain, into sermons about anti-semitism and the centrality of Jewish suffering, everywhere. "Just as Hitler, centuries later, would hold the Jews responsible for all misfortunes and regard everything Jewish as the quintessence of evil, so the peoples of Europe responded at the end of the fourteenth century, after the outbreak of the plague. Some explanation had to be found for this scourge that was sweeping away people by the thousands - best blame the Jews. In Germany, France, Spain, and wherever else Jews lived in Christian Europe, pogroms of inconceivable proportions began." (p.17) No matter how often repeated, this is mainly Hollywood history, meaningless except as a form of ethnic ideology.

As a background to Columbus's 'mission' we are treated to a glowing picture of Moorish Spain, so wonderfully multicultural when contrasted to the totalitarian Catholic regime which followed. The 15th century Spanish Catholic state is characterized by Wiesenthal as, "...a kind of state

socialism."(32). That is the sort of cant one might expect from a founding member of the conservative People's Party of Austria.

No doubt the Inquisition in Spain was murderous and utterly despicable - but not necessarily more so than processes used by other regimes of the time. The rulers of Tudor England were just as bloodthirsty and repressive but availed themselves more of 'treason' and 'witchcraft' charges and have gotten a better press in Anglo-American history.

Was Moorish Spain any better? Were the Jewish and other notables of that world any less allied with oppression than the Spanish Catholic nobility? Moorish Spain was built on conquest and maintained by the sword. At one point there were some fifty Moorish kingdoms (and a lesser number of Christian ones) existing on the Iberian peninsula, most of them waring on or allying with each other, as the opportunity arose. They were *all* societies based on human oppression. The Moorish rulers, whether claimants to 'Omayyad greatness' or not, whether they sustained fabled cultural enterprises or not, *were all dependant on slave labour*. Despite its much touted cultural tolerance Moorish Spain depended to a large extent on slave labour in its agricultural economy. It is surprising that no one ever seems called upon to mention this fact when expatiating about the beauties of the Alhambra and the society which produced it. However slavery and slaves are not of much interest to Wiesenthal or others concerned with past forms of ethnic intolerance and Jewish oppression.

Naturally, only a small proportion of the three hundred thousand Jews in 15th century Spain were wealthy merchants, tax collectors or courtly doctors. Most were artisans or petty traders and probably everything else under the sun. Few of them had the resources to charter vessels to carry themselves and their families to new lives in Amsterdam or to lands across the seas, should these be discovered.

In his attempt to prioritize the anti-Jewish aspects of the Spanish Inquisition Wiesenthal omits mention of any other victims in Christian Spain. But Jews were *not* the main victims of oppression in Spain during this or any other era. Those who bore the brunt of exploitation and oppression, regardless of their ethnicity or religion, were invariably the peasantry and the urban poor. Someone must have tabulated the number of peasant risings which coursed through Spain during the period dealt with. Some historian must have gathered statistics of the never-ending executions for 'crimes' which had nothing to do with ethnic or religious intolerance but with sustaining class rule.

But this is not the sort of thing which concerns Mr. Wiesenthal. To suggest that class oppression was in any way comparable to the sufferings of his people would call forth outraged denunciation. However, Jews were not the primary minority group under attack in Catholic Spain either. There were between 1.5 to 3 million 'Moors and Moriscos' (Iberians of Islamic culture) spread from Zaragoza to Andaluz . One can make a strong case that *they* were the main target of assaults by the Spanish church and state. The Islamic population as a whole was the victim of forced population transfers, mass expropriation, enforced conversion, and endless orders suppressing cultural life, including the systematic break-up of their families. Many rose in revolt in the early 16th century and after bitter resistance were massacred; the last Moriscos in Spain were expelled in the early 17th century. A historian willing to look beyond the bounds of ethnic chauvinism would find many victims other than those currently fashionable..

Sails of Hope involves some amazing standards of evidence. For instance, Wiesenthal's claim that he can detect a definite Jewishness in a portrait of Mr Columbus, painted posthumously, by a Spanish artist who is rumored to have once seen the great navigator while he was alive. There is even a claim that at least some native Indians of the Americas were descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. In the concluding pages of *Sails of Hope* we hear that:

"The possibility [i.e. of an ancient link between the Israelites and the native people of the Americas] continued to tantalize a fair number of scholars over the centuries, but it was not until very recently that two separate discoveries, from two entirely different quarters, seemed to give fresh life to such speculations. In August 1970, Cyrus H. Gordon, Professor of Archeology at Brandeis University, made the startling announcement that he had found an American stone bearing Hebrew inscription. To

be sure, the stone had long been known, having been deposited in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington by a previous archaeologist who had found it back in 1886 in a burial mound at Bar Creek, Tennessee. The inscription had been photographed upside down and identified as Cherokee Indian script. Gordon pronounced this a mistake and declared that the characters were Hebrew. The inscription reads 'For the land of Judah' There are similar inscriptions on ancient Hebrew coins. Gordon argues that the inscription had probably been carved a thousand years before Columbus's voyage."

"The excitement heightens as we trace the story farther. For the place in Tennessee where the stone was

found was the territory of the Indian tribe of Melungeons. These Melungeons were light-skinned and

were said to have the facial features of a Caucasoid race" (p.222)

It is passing strange that the determination of script as Hebrew should await decipherment for a century until a Brandeis University professor turns up. As for the 'Melungeon tribe', they were in fact a dispersed population of subsistence farmers in the mountains of eastern Tennessee, the descendants of white, detribalized Indian and black ancestors. They had no existence before European settlement in the region. Mr. Wiesenthal's second piece of 'new evidence' is Thor Hyerdahl's adventure in sailing a papyrus raft across the Atlantic. This allegedly proves that Jews *could have* reached the Americas in the days of pharaonic Egypt (p.222-223)

Following this approach, a new line of historical scholarship might pursue the proposition that the ancient Israelites stem from lost tribes of the proto-Toltecs. The cultural parallels surely cannot be purely coincidental. Moreover, we have the voyage of one Captain Voss, who at the end of the nineteenth century sailed an authentic Haida dugout canoe half-way around the world, demonstrating that Palestine could have been settled by early American Indians. We only lack an archaeologist to properly reevaluate inscriptions on early Canaanite amulets.

What we have then is this: not only was Columbus Jewish, he was a captain of a 15th century underground railway committed to rescuing the Jews of Spain from proto-Nazi oppression, acting with the support of an underground Jewish Agency. Not only was he looking for a land to be dedicated for Jewish settlement but he actually found it. America !

As documentation the book provides *nothing* other than a string of far-fetched fantasies.

These are only the highlights of Mr. Wiesenthal's account, each chapter is rich with comparable revelations. I now wonder whether standards of evidence like those found in *Sails of Hope* were utilized by Wiesenthal's Vienna Documentation Center during his forty years of hunting down "more than a thousand" Nazi war criminals. Today, the Simon Wiesenthal Documentation Center of Hollywood (a franchise operation) proposes to launch a similar hunt for a host of 'Nazi collaborators' alleged to be hiding in Canada. Should this come to pass we may witness similar forms of evidence and methods of proof evoked in the courts and tribunals of Canada.

Ripping Yarns.

A movie review of *The Ballad of Little Jo*. Fine Line Productions. 1993.

The Ballad of Little Jo opened to appreciative audiences in the Upper East Side of Manhattan last August. [1993] Its theme is the travails of a lone woman among the predatory, racist-sexist males of the American west in the late 19th century. The homesteaders, populists, migrant workers and other white males are portrayed as a body of recreational rapists, bullies and lynch mob enthusiasts - with unacceptable table manners - to say nothing of being financial no-accounts.

Ballad begins with a cultured young woman from an upper class Eastern family who is cast out of her parental home by her father when she bears an illegitimate baby. You may have thought that that scene was restricted to Thurber cartoons but it seemingly still strikes a chord in feminist mythology.

It being the late nineteenth century and the heroine apparently being a believer in newspaper maxims, she decides to make a new start by going out west, well beyond Westchester. On her way to the new land she is accosted by a travelling salesman dabbling in White Slavery (so help me) who after worming his way into her confidence tries to sell her to two soldiers at a western outpost. A seemingly sympathetic miner who discovers Her Secret reveals himself as a sadistic misogynist and tries to rape her. The doggies keep moving right along - patriarchy, gender slavery and rape all in the first twenty minutes.

Coming to a western cow-mining town Josephine decides she must disguise herself as a man in order to survive, so she dons cowboy gear and, after a suitable roster of trials, becomes Lil' Jo. She teaches herself how to swagger, knock back rotgut rye, shoot and in general act the loutish role of all the men around her. Although she still sounds like and looks a like a woman in men's clothes she apparently fools everyone by going around in drag. Shakespeare and early Hollywood flicks had dress-up deception plots as simple-minded as this but I wouldn't have thought that film makers would try to pass it off in story telling today.

Not long after, Lil' Jo has acquired a homestead with a bunch of scraggly cattle and is making a go at it. It's surprising how rapidly a young woman from a Good Family can acquire the skills of wrangling, cattle ranching and professional loutishness. Picking up the limited skills of the lower classes is no sweat apparently. No one guesses that the he is a she. She must have a capacious bladder on those long trail rides.

Along the way Lil' Jo befriends a Russian immigrant family, in sheepskin coats, who are soon murdered by male cattlepersons. And then, as the high point of the *Ballad*, she rescues a Chinese railway worker from imminent lynching. Lynching, shooting up things, raping women and Mother Nature are just the things these western males do as part of their culture. The Chinaperson becomes her cook and housekeeper -well, well - and soon recognizes what none of the others have been able to figure out. The couple become lovers and occasional opium smokers (there being no art films available); it is 'a sensitive and sadly passionate romance', we are led to believe. He continues to do all the chores. The film maker has them 'realize that if they are discovered they will almost certainly be killed by their murderous if dull witted neighbours.' "The idyllic union of Little Jo and Tinman is the movie's most explicit lesson in tolerance and sexual and racial politics", says the glowing *New York Times* review. How sagacious.

Stepping outside the parameters of the film for a moment one might note that at about this time the last campaigns to suppress the Tai Ping Revolt were taking place in southern China, accompanied by mass murder with little historic parallel, and that if one wanted lessons in tolerance the Confucian-Buddhist tradition was not the place to look. On the other hand, the 'lower orders' of Europe and those in locales like Chicago and New York were then beginning to challenge the powers that be as never before, without lessons from newspaper moralists or female members of the bourgeoisie. Moreover, before that century was over many of the western states and territories of America would witness the rise of mass movements such as the Populists, which, within their powers, facilitated the organization of cooperative agencies, made public education generally available, took the initial steps toward providing some social security, and brought in the first women's suffrage on the continent. Of course that's not the sort of stuff to interest vanguard film makers.

As the *New York Times* review notes, all the male characters in the Ol'West are "racist and not too bright", "sadistic misogynists", "dangerous beasts stomping through a rustic paradise", "rapacious pillagers and barbarians". What we have here is the gratuitous malice of contemporary *artistes* putting the boots to the Joads under the guise of feminist reeducation. *Ballad* might be described as a 1990s version of the *Grapes of Wrath* as told by some wretched banker's vile daughter.

The Ballad of Little Jo is an example of the ideological reformulation going on in *fin de siecle* America. It is rife with class slander, it brims with the self-adulation of a new bourgeoisie. The film cloaks its venom as a 'courageous feminist statement' and a 'sensitivity' toward racial minorities. But its appeal rests on the arrogance of those who feel compelled to defame those they have helped to dispossess. It is altogether predictable that the *New York Times* would give it an enthusiastic review.

4.Fructidor

- **The Diary of a Young Afrikaner Girl.**
- **Remembering a Golden Age That Never Was.**
- **Send in the Blue Helmets !**
- **Witch Hunters on File.**
- **We Are a Nation of Laws and Orders**
- **God Bless You Citizen Dracula**

Reviews

Undeserving Victims

Anna Marais. The Diary of a Young Afrikaner Girl.

Anna Marais, 1978 The De Wet Foundation. Amsterdam

Anna Marais is the diary of a young Afrikaner girl from the Transvaal who lived between 1887 and 1901. She died shortly after her fourteenth birthday in a British concentration camp, one of an estimated twenty eight thousand victims, mainly women and children, among the sixty thousand civilian hostages taken by the British during the final phases of the South African war. No quotation marks are necessary for *concentration camp* since it is the term the British military itself coined .

Unfortunately the diary itself lacks a historical context, which might make the events more meaningful to contemporary readers. Briefly; the South African or Boer war was part of the final carving up of the world into the colonial domains by the Great Powers. It should remind us that colonialism had little to do with racism and that imperial powers could be every bit as brutal toward white populations as toward any other.

The two Boer (Afrikaner) republics of the Orange Free State and Transvaal became the target of British imperialism after rich deposits of gold and other precious minerals were discovered in the Rand during the 1880s. After indirect attempts to seize the territories by British settlers were thwarted Great Britain simply invaded the Boer states in 1899, under the time-honored pretext of 'protecting British subjects'. After initial successes by Boer militia forces, a 300,000 strong British army, with volunteers from around the Empire, was sent in and defeated the main Boer forces by late 1900. There remained only some irregular forces in the field and the war was thought to be won, when Boer commandos struck back.

The two British commanders, Generals Frederick.S. Roberts and Lord Horatio Kitchener (both old hands at colonial wars), were outraged by the continuing resistance and decided upon a Carthaginian war strategy. It included the imprisonment of the families of those Boers deemed to be or suspected of being involved in the resistance movement. During early 1901 some 60,000 wives and children of Boer commandos were rounded up by the British. Their farms were burned and their livestock killed while they were placed in *concentration camps* until such time as Boer resistance ended.

These camps were crowded; they lacked housing, clean water and sanitation. The prisoners were kept in a condition of semi-starvation despite the fact that the countryside was bulging with food. The brutality of the camp guards, infected with British jingoism, probably also played a role. The consequence was that within less than a year some twenty-eight thousand of the interned Boer civilians, overwhelmingly women and children, were dead of variously disputed causes.

If the mass murder of Boer civilians was not a consciously intended part of the internment scheme it was something readily observable by those responsible for it. The lessons of Andersonville had made it quite clear what would happen. But as late as the 1980's a historical whitewash (Emanoel Lee. *The Bitter End*) could inform readers that the deaths in the British concentration camps were not due to the conditions of internment but because Boer families were 'immunologically unprepared' for living in crowded conditions. They also were culturally resistant to novel diets and failed to take adequate sanitary measures. The British military cannot be charged with being operating death camps - we are again told.

In addition, the British military imprisoned some 100,000 Black servants and farm workers of the interned Boer families. In the Black internment camps the mortality figures were even higher, with possibly 35-40,000 of the prisoners dying within the course of a little more than a year. A scorched earth policy finally defeated the Boer guerrillas and a surrender was signed in May of 1902.

Although the conditions in the South African concentration camps were reported throughout Europe, the British and American publics of the time adamantly refused to hear about them. Lord Kitchener, the individual most responsible for these war crimes, returned to Britain as a hero, while the colonial volunteers returned to their respective dominions as glorious veterans of the Empire's wars. The Boer Republics were incorporated into the Union of South Africa (a dominion of the British Empire) and the final subjugation of the Black tribal peasantry was completed shortly afterward. The mines were expanded with cheapened Boer and Black labour, which the cosmopolitan investors in South African mines found most civilized. Great Britain put its recent colonial wars behind it and prepared for a Great World War - to preserve civilization. So much for a thumbnail sketch of the background to Anna Marais' diary.

Much of the diary deals with the eight months before Anna Marais and her mother were captured and interned during the early spring of 1901. It was written while they and members of a neighbours' family were hidden in a grist mill in the Transvaal countryside and portrays the normal hopes and distractions of a thirteen year old girl - but also a burgeoning awareness of a broader world. At times the diary demonstrates an unusual preciosity, which may have been generated by the conditions under which Anna lived. Some of the Boer resistance fighters interned in British P.O.W. camps were only two years older than her.

Only the last fifth of the diary deals with events in the Magersfontein concentration camp, in which the Marias family and others rounded up by British and Allied forces, were interned. It covers the last four months of Anna's life, her death already preceded by that of her mother and of many others at Magersfontein camp. We are not certain of the cause of Anna's death, since records were either not kept or were destroyed soon afterward by the British authorities. Nor was any systematic attempt permitted after that war to determine the casualties in the civilian and P.O.W. camps. But from the accounts we

do have Anna Marais probably died from to a combination of chronic malnutrition and dysentery. Possibly from cholera or typhus. It is uncertain in which mass grave her remains lie.

Anna's diary was apparently smuggled out of the camp by an ordinary British soldier, with the intention of preserving it for any surviving member of the Marais family who could be located after the war. It wound but in the possession of a distant cousin. There it remained for four decades until it came to the attention of Afrikaans playwright, Johannes de Wet. He edited the diary into a form which was presented on stage. By 1951 many of the events of the South African war were in the process of being forgotten. To the world at large the Boer war was a Victorian aside of no real consequence.

The original play, *Het Lebesbok van Anna Marais*, did not reach a wide audience. It opened the skeleton-filled closet of a senior partner of the free world which even most South African politicians would rather have left closed. The British were outraged at having their reputation tarnished and other ethnic lobbies abroad bridled at sharing their claims as victims with the Boers. After the more recent bloodlettings newspaper moralists didn't wish to be confused by what had happened to a bunch of unruly Dutch peasants in a corner of the British empire at the beginning of the century.

De Wet may not have been the most suitable person to convey the diary to the public. (His father had been killed when South African troops under command of General Jan Smuts suppressed the revolt of Afrikaner miners' on the Rand in 1919. This event was still a taboo topic among South African leaders.) In 1951 De Wet was under the influence of the 'Living Newspaper' style and in the play he interlaced diary extracts with 'reportage' replicating jingoistic British newspaper accounts of the time. He resurrected the bloodthirstiness of tabloid war hacks and the wolfishness of august statesmen of that not so distant past. The reportage inserted by De Wet was to be read by an aged figure as if leafing through yellowed press clippings. It includes comments by figures such as General Kitchener as well as passages from Baden-Powell and Winston Churchill in full war cry. Other passages convey the smug sanctimony of colonial patriots from elsewhere in the Empire. Some of the jingoism is disgustingly familiar, it could have been penned yesterday, while other passages, I must admit, are simply incomprehensible to me.

De Wet included unacceptable facts which liberal ideologues of the 1950s dismissed as 'Afrikaner Nazism.' There were passages from the memoranda of American presidents McKinley and Theo Roosevelt, coming to an understanding with Her Majesty's representatives to remain silent about any frightfulness towards the Boers. The U.S. was then engaged in a bloody military subjugation of the Philippines and did not wish to decry actions which they themselves might be charged with.

Whatever there was or wasn't, there was no rescue movement to save the Boer women and children in the British concentration camps. Olive Shriener, an elderly South African of English extraction, who persistently tried to tell the world what the British army was doing, towers above the great and famous of the day as a flame amongst a swarm of vampire bats. It is powerful stuff even today.

All of De Wet's 'reportage' has been excised in the current edition of *Anna Marais' Daughter. The diary of a young South African girl*. The diary is presented as it was written, with a few pages of the manuscript reproduced from the original.

After Anna Marais' diary had become better known a memorial committee was established to locate the grist mill in which the Marais family had hidden before being captured by the British. Surprisingly, they found this structure still standing, although modified in the intervening years. It gradually became something of a pilgrimage site for those who had lost kin in that struggle. The memorial committee decided to reconstruct the mill to conform to how it was described in Anna's diary. When reconstruction began, lo and behold, an additional journal by Anna was found hidden away in a niche, unnoticed and untouched during all those years.

This second Journal is mainly in the form of letters to imaginary friends around the world - a great many in America - and is written in the same precocious style of Anna's original diary. Some commentators held that the second *Journal* was a crass forgery. Such a forgery, said the critics, was an act of contempt to the memory of the Afrikaner dead in all the unmarked graves scattered throughout South Africa. These critics were judicially silenced and the second journal was quickly authenticated by the requisite experts. However it is no longer in circulation and one rarely hears it mentioned.

Actually, it is not especially pertinent whether Anna Marais diary and journal are authentic or not. The events they record from a personal viewpoint *did happen*. The British concentration camps entailed more horror than any single account could possibly convey. If a dramatized diary brings such events, and those responsible for them, back into the light of day, that is justification enough. True slander arises only when the victims are used by ethnic chauvinists to justify their own, later, crimes.

Potentially, there are a great many diaries like *Anna Marais'* yet to be 'discovered' throughout the world. In a sense, the victims are always the same - the innocent and the defenceless. There are so many of them. Their murderers are drawn from almost every nation, race, religious and political persuasion under the sun. The only crucial difference between war criminals and those who try them is that the victors get to judge the losers. Those who win wars invariably bury their own crimes - or turn them into historic necessities.

It is time that the crimes of the triumphant be remembered, even if the contemporary public does not wish to know, even if it does not change the past or the present one iota. In that regard, *The Diary of a Young South African Girl* should *not* be read as a bit of Afrikaner martyrology but as a memorial to all 'undeserving' victims of wars in which historians portray the victors as the righteous.

Remembering a Golden Age That Never Was

The League of Nations, the Great Powers, and the Colonial World Miguel Tarrida del Marmol. Siglo Veinte Pub., Barcelona. 1991. 86 Pesetas.

Tarrida del Marol begins by noting that the United Nations was founded with the explicit intent of being something more than the League of Nations which preceded it. Established in conjunction with the Treaty of Versailles, the League was fundamentally an organization which defended the interests of those major European states which had emerged victorious in the First World War, primarily Great Britain and France. Of the four dozen states which were members of the League many were effectively neo-colonies and most had no influence whatsoever on the decisions of that organization. The interests

of certain secondary players, such as Italy, Belgium and Holland, received consideration by the League when these did not conflict with the policies of the dominant powers.

The 'restoration' states which emerged in central Europe invariably had claims against their neighbours to put before the League, but they were all, to variable extents, client states dependant upon British and French capital and military-diplomatic support for their existence. The nations of Hispanic America were League members in name only. The United States never joined the League of Nations while the Soviet Union, Germany, and Japan were outside it at critical moments, and indeed had no influence when they were members. China, to the extent that any government existed, was heard when its position coincided with that of the great powers, otherwise not. All of the peoples of India, Africa, South-east Asia and the Middle East were allegedly represented by their colonial masters. *The League of Nations was fundamentally a league of colonial empires.*

Needless to say, the wishes and sentiments of the people, even those within the major imperial nations, had little or no effect on the diplomatic policies carried out. As is usual, the mass of humanity had little knowledge of what policies were implemented in their names.

During the second world war liberal patriots in America came to belabour the League with charges of vacillation and cowardice in the face of illegitimate aggression. The charge was that the League of Nations had shown itself unwilling to use force to 'deter aggressors' during the inter-war period, thereby allowing German fascism and Japanese imperialism to challenge the natural order of things, thereby necessitating another world war to set things right. This claim became a 'lesson of history' for two generations of adults. Few seem to have asked themselves what the properly ordered world the League was supposed to defend entailed.

A prime symbol of the failure of the League of Nations to halt aggression is that of Eithiopia, with it's 'old testament' king, Haille Sellasie, standing before the League of Nations appealing to its members to sanction *fascist* Italy for it's invasion of his country in 1935. It could almost have been scripted by Hollywood - and in popular history it has been. It had all the appeals to set liberal audiences aflame.

The Ethiopian campaign was a late attempt by Italy to expand its colonial possessions, using methods hardly unfamiliar to the established empires during the recent past. Nothing substantial was done about Eithiopia by the League of Nations and the ragtag levies of the Lion of Judah were simply brushed aside even by the Italian army. The Italian conquest and annexation of Eithiopia has been portrayed in popular history as *not just* another case of imperial expansion but as *fascist aggression*, a threat to democracy around the world. Was the colonialism of fascist Italy significantly different than that of the democratic Great Powers? Not noticeably so, other than the fact that it used military force to acquire its territories a generation or so later than older colonial powers. One might also note that Winston Churchill and his Conservative associates were quite unwilling to oppose fascist Italy since they hoped to utilize it as a counterweight to a reemergent Germany. Fascism, if it didn't threaten their own national interests, was not a primary concern of the Great Powers. The actions of the restoration states conjured up out of central Europe also bears this out.

Popular television history proceeds from a delusion of what the world was really like in 1935 and what the League of Nations was all about. It involves some fundamental dishonesty about what 'detering

aggression' meant in that and in more recent contexts. What the call to 'defend small nations from aggression' meant, in effect, was that the League's member states were supposedly obliged to *maintain the colonial and neocolonial arrangements as they had developed up to that time*. It had about as much to do with defending freedom as supporting General Somoza or the Chiang Kai Chek regime had.

The League of Nations oversaw a world system which allocated colonies, resources, cheap labour, and markets to the Great (and a few not-so-great) powers. Under the League's imprimatur Great Britain and France extended their empires to the widest extent they ever were to reach. It was under the League's aegis that the last bits of the world were brought under colonial domination. That was not an accident or a failure. The League was simply an organization committed to protecting the spoils of past conquests for the victors of World War One.

During the interwar period (1919-1939) roughly three quarters of the nations which today comprise the United Nations were under some form of colonial rule, administered by the four or five European powers; mainly the preserves of France and Great Britain. Certain secondary powers, such as the Netherlands and Belgium, retained colonial territories far larger and more populous than their metropolitan homelands. Most of the Balkan and Central European restoration states quickly became economic dependencies of France and Britain. Germany, which had previously been the major industrial power on the continent, was reduced to a quasi protectorate status under military surveillance by its new neighbours, whose armies had been inflated even more than the territories they had acquired. The restoration states created in Central Europe all had their own roster of suppressed minorities along with active militarism and raucous nationalism. It may be revisionist to note these facts today but they were clear enough at the time.

The Soviet Union, after it had defeated the internal counter-revolutionary forces and the foreign military interventions, was systematically isolated: western statesmen hoped it would soon fall into a condition of terminal dissolution. China, partly through foreign predation but largely through the efforts of its own warlords, had already fallen into such a state. Japan was a rising power which no one knew how to deal with. Between Japan and the banks of the Seine there was no truly independent nation which carried any weight in the League of Nations. That is the properly structured world which political moralists charged the League with not defending with sufficient vigor.

It seems to have escaped the attention of television historians that during the 1920s and 1930s the old democratic empires were still engaged in colonial 'pacification' by military force. In French and Spanish Morocco, in Libya, in Mesopotamia and in the southern Sudan, in Palestine and Java, in Northwest India and in Tonquin China etc.etc. measures were taken by the civilizing colonial authorities which were broadly comparable to those used in Italy's seizure of Ethiopia. The fact that Benito Mussolini and his cohorts wore gaudy uniforms, engaged in excessive mannerism and presided over the first self proclaimed fascist dictatorship in Europe *did not* make the Italian conquest of Eithiopia significantly different than the past and continuing campaigns of the older colonial powers. None of the above justifies Italian (fascist or democratic) aggression but it does indicate a broad vein of hypocrisy in popular history about the interwar period..

In 'documentaries' about the 1930s there is a well worn roster of the crimes of *fascist* aggressors. Italy, Japan and Germany are held up as the evil mirror images of the Western democracies. Certainly there

were crimes enough but what escapes comment is that the established colonial empires continued to be sustained by force. This comparison may elicit the response that 'anyone who can make such comparisons is in need of a thorough moral reeducation'. That is the reply of those who are totally unfit to provide any such education.

Nor are the claimants of colonial martyrdom necessarily suited to provide lessons in morality. Despite the bloodshed which accompanied colonialism there was much in traditional societies which deserved to be swept away. Indigenous forms of slavery and serfdom, ruthless oppression of submerged sections of the population by indigenous ruling classes, tribal warfare: a long catalogue of evils of domestic provenance ranging from lethal superstitions to an inherent incapacity to raise their peoples out of grinding poverty. Many of the regions which fell under European colonial rule had social traditions which deserved to be curtailed and indigenous revolutionary forces, where they later triumphed, swept away such traditions far more fully than colonial rule did.

The liberal supporters of plucky little Eithiopia and its traditional rulers did not want to becloud 'a simple moral issue' with extraneous facts. It was immaterial to them that much of Ethiopia had been added to the Amharic realm by conquests in the previous half century, by wars in which Haille Sellasie had been a leading general. They did not want to know that Ethiopia was itself a primitive empire, one in which many non-Amharic ethnic groups were treated as subjugated peoples. Eithiopia was a land rife with tribal, caste and class violence; an impoverished, backward and oppressive society. During the Italian conquest a considerable part of the Ethiopian population, while they may have hated foreign invaders, refused to lift a finger to defend the Amharic regime. The Lion of Judah and his penumbra of feudal-tribal lords was only reimposed on the country by British military intervention during W.W.2 and later sustained by American strategic interests. For some that constitutes a 'triumph of democracy' .

It hardly needs restating that imperialism is never instituted for the benefit of the colonized, that colonial empires were not primarily concerned with establishing more humane societies. Colonies were acquired to provide resources and markets, to provide profits for the hegemonic metropolitan classes. Considering the condition of the working classes in the homelands of the colonial powers, even at the height of empire, profits extracted from colonies do not seem to have trickled down to the mass of working people - despite current claims to the contrary.

What were conditions like in the colonies of the democratic empires during the 'golden age' between the two world wars? Current accounts may suggest that colonialism was an 'apprenticeship in modernization'. Perhaps the European planters and the colonial administrators were racially insensitive, but surely no one could seriously compare the actions of the British in India or the French in Indo-China with fascist oppression. However, Italy's African conquests were completed by a fascist state but these were a continuation of the colonial policy initiated by 'democratic' Italy in the pre world war one era. The twenty year colonial war (1912-1932) mounted by Italy in Libya, in which between a quarter to a third of the Libyan population perished, never comes up for mention as a 'war of aggression' That conquest was sanctioned by the great powers while Italy was their ally. Wars of aggression, like wars to defend democracy, apparently depend upon rather fluid allegiances.

One difference between aggressive and democratic empires during the interwar period was that the great powers had already acquired their colonies. But during the process of acquiring them some very

bloody wars were fought. Possibly the most important difference between the allegedly benign empires and the evil ones was that the older imperialism normally stuck to colonizing non-European nations. Most of the victims remained unknown and without memorialists abroad to record their fates. Even the administration of a region such as India, the vaunted model of British colonial endeavors, could entail quite horrendous social consequences. This was the case as late as 1942-43 when the Bengal famine claimed more than three million lives, largely avoidable, in the heart of Britain's most important colony. These are the sorts of holocausts which never enter into sermons about the vigilance required to defend human rights.

Tarrida del Marmol's study deals only briefly with social conditions *within* the European Great Powers of the era and he does not exhaustively summarize western colonialism during its final heyday. But his account reminds us that the conditions in most colonies were roughly comparable to those which existed until recently in South Africa under apartheid; except that the white population in most colonies was comparatively small and the revenues were often extracted by indirect means.

What was the attitude of the League of Nations to the colonial peoples during this period.? During the late afternoon of Empire, under the paternal eye of the League, the French army carried out a war of attrition against the Riffian tribes of the Atlas Mountains. With planes and bombs, encirclement and famine they wiped out a significant proportion of the Riff Berber population. That *was not* unacceptable behavior for imperial democrats when dealing with restive native peoples. That conflict did not leave a trace of historical memory. And so too with all the 'police actions' which continued throughout the other great empire, "The empire on which the sun never sets - and the blood never dries", as the old Chartist leader Ernest Jones once quipped about the British raj.

How to put it? The Anglo-American propaganda line which emerged during the second world war was a doxology about the failure of 'the international community' to 'act in concert to halt aggression' and to defend 'peace and stability'. However, the peace and stability which the League of Nations was to enforce was simply the rule of the established domination of the world. Most of the aggression and oppression which occurred between the two world wars had nothing to do with fascism but with the maintenance of the then dominant system of world imperialism. The current historical mythology usually includes 'lessons' about the 'failures' of the League of Nations and the sins of 'isolationism' This mythology has been used to validate almost any sort of aggressive intervention in the affairs of weaker countries and is just the sort of ideology one would expect from the last remaining imperial power and its bum boys.

While this review has overly simplified Tarrida del Marmol's judicious account we are in his debt for restating facts about the real world which existed in the 'interwar' period. What we need now is a compendium of the economic exploitation which passed for freedom, the chauvinism which passed for education, and the multifaceted legal and political repression which counts as democracy within the metropolitan heartlands of the 'Western Democracies' of that era. These are other facets of the golden age which never was.

Send in the Blue Helmets!

Reflections on The United Nations and Peacekeeping . Liam O"Cassidy

1993 , Minute Man Press, Concord. Mass.paper \$8.00

On this, the forty-eight anniversary of the founding of the United Nations, it may be appropriate to review the record of that organization's military interventions during the past near half century. It may be instructive to Canadians, who more than any other single nation, have contributed units of their armed forces to United Nations 'peacekeeping' actions.

What has been the role of the United Nations as an International Peacekeeper? When it was established the United Nations included some fifty-three member states, many of them banana republics or client states of the surviving major powers. Despite the wave of decolonization which was to rearrange the seating of that world body the United Nations was largely a creation of the United States of America, a vehicle to manage developments in the emerging post-colonial world with some semblance of consultation. A minority role was written in for the Communist block while China, after 1949, was long excluded. Germany and Japan were also initially excluded from U.N.membership, as befit their status as conquered nations.

With the exception of a few disputatious years during the 1970s, American 'influence over' the United Nations has continued from its inception until present, even if it recurrently refuses to pay its assessed dues. The Secretary-Generals of the U.N. during most of its existence, from Carlos P. Romulo and Dag Hammerskod to Cuellar Peretz and Boutros-Ghali, underscore American hegemony. Given America's role within the United Nations, its 'peacekeeping' ventures have been normally in concert with American foreign policy. Those nations, like Canada and others, which contribute soldiers to United Nations 'peacekeeping' efforts typically support a thinly disguised imperial policy with their own blood and treasure. It is the time-dishonored role of suppliers of colonial troops - now given the imprimatur of a 'multi-national force'. That is so regardless of whatever good intentions U.N. Peacekeepers may have.

What has been the actual consequences of the major United Nations peacekeeping actions to date? None of the nations of the western Hemisphere, nor those of Europe (until very recently), have had the misfortune of having U.N. armies on their territory. Neither have China or any other nation strong enough to protect itself. U.N. peacekeepers have been exclusively deployed in small or relatively powerless nations outside the orbit of direct imperial control.

According to one accounting, U.N. 'peacekeepers' have been involved in more than one hundred operations during the past forty years. In most cases these forces seem to have acted mainly as observers - although closer inspection may reveal consequences few know of. But let us consider cases in which U.N. Peacekeeping Forces played a major military role.

The first use of the United Nations as a cover for military adventures was in the Korean War - officially known 'The Korean Police Action'.In that war the United States intervened in Korea to support the regime of Syhgman Rhee, which it had imposed on South Korea. It was initially a civil war in which Rhee's regime brutally murdered its real or potential opponents. By one estimate some quarter million *South* Koreans were murdered by the South Korean police and army as subversives during that conflict. Men, women and some children. The regime being supported by the U.N. relied on police death squads, concentration camps and dictatorial control. All this continued under the noses of United States/U.N. peacekeepers - probably with the active support of certain American agencies.

The U.S. military commanders directed all operations allegedly proceeding under United Nations aegis in Korea. The British, French, Turkish, Colombian, Canadian, Australian and other military forces contributed to that conflict were acting as sepoys, volunteered by their governments. Canada sent some 20,000 men at the behest of the United States to help maintain a murderous Asian regime. The consequence of the United Nations 'Korean Police Action' was the deaths of *more than two million Koreans* - the overwhelming majority of them civilians. Many of the Korean casualties were a consequence of the unrestricted air and napalm bombardment by the U.S. air force. Given a rough parity in the then contemporary populations of Korea and Canada, these casualties constitute almost a hundred times the number of casualties sustained by Canadian forces during the Second World War.

It is true that North Korean forces did invade South Korea and equally true that North Korea was also an oppressive dictatorship, whatever its claims to constructing socialism. But the costs of "halting aggression" (of the wrong sort) go far beyond any calculus of political morality, they were comparable to the maxims of American commanders in Viet Nam a decade later who held they 'had to destroy a town in order to save it'. Only the intervention of Chinese forces in Korea halted the U.S./U.N. campaign and drove their forces back to the original boundary line. The results, apart from the mountains of dead and crippled, apart from a country utterly devastated, was the preservation of a U.S.-dependant police state in the south. Syngman Rhee himself was later ousted by internal revolt but military juntas and police rule have continued to control South Korea for most of its modern history. While it has become an 'emerging industrial power' this mainly means that it can produce goods by sweated labour for overseas markets.

All in all, the first major deployment of United Nations forces was a warning of what was to come. The next major mission by United Nations peacekeepers was the military intervention in the former Belgian Congo, during 1961- 62. It was the first time that troops from newly independent nations were deployed by the U.N. and it forcefully brought home to emerging nations what the face of neo-colonialism would be like.

The precipitous independence granted to the Belgian Congo in 1960 resulted in serious internal conflicts - though nothing as devastating as what followed U.N. intervention. The mineral-rich province of Katanga broke away and formed its 'own' government, while the Katanga Gendarmerie proceeded to suppress or murder nationalist elements within the region. Another bloodthirsty tribal regime installed itself in Kasai province. The newly elected government of the Democratic Republic of the Congo struggled to hold the dispersed regions of the country together but with the overnight departure of all Belgian administrators and technicians conditions became chaotic. The newly constituted Congolese 'army' proved to be thoroughly unreliable as well as corrupt. However the national government had won broad electoral support, had the prestige of having achieved independence and was led by the charismatic Prime Minister, Patrice Lumumba, an African Salvador Allende.

Faced with regional separatism, faced with neo-colonial interests fishing in troubled waters, the Lumumba government bowed to 'world wide' demands to get U.N. forces involved in Congo peacekeeping. It formally requested the deployment of such forces in the Congo Republic. Nothing could have been more disastrous. The U.N. forces almost immediately began acting as an occupying power, dismissing the stipulations of the Congo government at will. There was worse to come.

America did not formally participate militarily in that venture - not until later. The U.N. peacekeepers included an Irish contingent, Canada sent a small force, but mainly the U.N. troops were provided by what became known as 'Third World' countries: forces from Egypt, India and Ghana operated under U.N. command. The Ghanaian contingent was still commanded by British officers. Its participation proved to be one of the most disastrous mistakes committed by Kwame Nkrumah, the then prestigious leader of the first African country to gain independence, .

Within six months the U.N. forces (Indian troops, in the case of Katanga) had disarmed or expelled the Katanga Gendarmerie but had left that separatist regime in place - in a sense protecting it. The authority of the legitimate Congo national government does not to have been facilitated anywhere where U.N. forces were deployed. Then, within months of their arrival, *U.N. troops arrested Prime Minister Lumumba and members of his government, and through a series of quick shuffles, turned him over to his mortal enemies*. After shuffling him around from one barrack to another over a few months his captors murdered him.

Does that sound incredible ? It is perfectly true. United Nations peacekeeping forces deployed in the Congo to halt internal conflicts seized the legitimately elected leader of that nation, overturned the national government and handed the Prime minister over to his killers. In the months that Lumumba was still alive U.N. Peacekeeping forces couldn't find the 'authority' to intervene to save him. This sparked outrage among African nations and the withdrawal of the Ghanaian contingent, whose troops had been used to seize Lumumba, without the knowledge of the Ghanaian government. But to no avail. Lumumba was murdered in a Katanga military barracks with the connivance of external organizations whose role is still debated but which are generally believed to have been agents of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. What is *not* debatable is that the U.N. peacekeeping forces were materially responsible for delivering Lumumba - and the Congo - to their destruction.

Congolese tribal separatists and death squad chieftains such as Moise Tsombe and Godfroid Mongongo were then quickly convinced to collaborate with a rump 'National' government or were expeditiously removed. The U.N. peacekeepers were gradually withdrawn. But forces still loyal to the previous national government and opposed to the rag-tag Quisling regime which had been imposed began to rally and regained parts of the country. This was when a stream of mercenary troops, recruited from South Africa and other democracies, were let loose on the people of the Congo.

Two years later, American interests installed a sometime journalist cum army officer, Sese Seko Mobutu, to head a 'national reconciliation government' Foreign governments then provided cash for the Mobutu regime to pay its army and hire foreign mercenaries to extirpate those forces in the country still loyal to the former government. This process of 'stabilization' entailed a savagery which since has become all too familiar in neo colonial regimes.

By the late 1960s the Democratic Republic of the Congo, rechristened Zaire, was reopened to resource exploitation on the most free enterprising terms. Three decades later, Baba Mobutu remains [remained until 1997 *ed.*] as the model of a national ruler as kleptomaniac while the former Congo has become possibly the most misruled and impoverished territory on the African continent. So ended the second major venture of United Nations peacekeeping.

While this international peacekeeping was taking place the Algerian war of independence came to fruition. Does anyone remember the murderous bestiality involved in the attempt to keep Algeria French? Depending upon who is counting between a half million to one million of the ten million Algerians died in that decade long struggle. Proportionally, far more Algerians were killed in that colonial war than French losses during the Second World War, both in the fighting and in the occupation which followed. Klaus Barbie had a host of French imitators in Algeria, now all pardoned, reinstated or forgotten.

Will some one tell me what the United Nations did by way of defending human rights in Algeria ? Ah yes, there were occasional denunciations by delegations in the Assembly Chamber.

A decade later, a contumacious Cypriot government was overturned when Cyprus was invaded by Turkish troops (in all probably with the blessing and certainly with the foreknowledge of the then U.S. Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger) After the Turkish army occupied some 40% of the island in the name of the Turkish minority the Great Powers called on the good offices of the U.N. Once again, supporters of international law sent troops to man the boundary lines between Cypriot and Turkish forces. The Cyprus operation was hailed, especially in Canada which supplied a substantial portion of the U.N.'s peacekeepers, as an incontestable example of United Nations even-handedness and success. No one seemed to be concerned about the fact that a small nation had been invaded and divided by an external power, albeit a staunch N.A.T.O. ally, and that the U.N. peacekeepers were actually helping to consolidate and legitimate this dismemberment.

In a somewhat different process, U.N. peacekeepers were deployed on the Lebanon-Israel border from the mid 1970s and throughout the 1982 invasion of Lebanon. It was even more of a bitter joke. The Swedish, Yugoslav, Fijian, Nepalese and other Third World forces which constituted the bulk of the U.N.'s Middle East Peacekeeping force were bombarded by charges of anti-semitism whenever they tried to carry out their protective role too exactly. Despite the best efforts of some U.N. commanders they were never able to protect anyone and Israeli forces brushed them aside whenever they decided to shell or launch a military raid against Lebanese villagers. Even years after the bloody pogroms committed against Palestinian refugees in Beirut, Israelis proved they could shell and massacre Lebanese civilians huddled around a U.N. Peacekeeping camp for protection. And get away with it with the merest slap on the wrist. Any regime which can depend upon the support of the United States can treat U.N. resolutions as so much waste paper, it seems.

In Cambodia during the mid 1970s to mid 1980s, the rhetoric about 'foreign aggression' was even more cynical. The Viet Nameese and Cambodian forces which finally liberated that country from the murderous grip of Pol Pot and the Khymer Rouge were treated as the aggressors by the U.S./U.N. and the Pol Pot delegation to the United Nations long retained its credentials (Despite previous, legitimate, denunciations of the Khymer Rouge regime's crimes). The United States and its minions even rustled up sufficient support to allow Khymer Rouge forces to reestablish themselves on the Cambodian border to continue a further decade of war. There are diplomats accredited to the U.N. who might well be tried for crimes against humanity. But of course never will be.

By the time of the U.S.-Iraq Oil war the role of U.N. peacekeeping missions was understood by everyone except the boobs. After that war even the boobs understood what the U.N. was about.

Some twenty odd 'Allied Coalition' nations contributed sepoy to what was essentially a modern colonial war. Canada, Fiji, Bangladesh, Egypt, Great Britain, France, Italy and other 'allies', great and small, played their role. Commander Bush declared that it was "not a war against the Iraqi people", and then proceed to kill possibly one hundred thousand of them in operations which American pilots disparagingly termed a 'turkey shoot'. Once again, the American people rose (almost) as one to the appeal of bombing some other nation back to the stone age. Water pumping plants, hydro-electric plants, bridges, health facilities, basic infrastructure of all sorts - systematically destroyed. Following that a trade embargo and further bombing which have continued ever since, with a mounting toll, certainly of hundreds of thousands of Iraqi civilians who have died from a combination of malnutrition, economic collapse, and deaths attributable to the destruction of medical services. All this under the aegis, sheltering under the flag, of the United Nations. Let no government humanitarian say that the role of the United Nations has not been paraded for all to see.

So today we have *Nato* peacekeepers swirling through the former Yugoslavia, helping to determine how that country is to be carved up among assorted ethnic nationalist gangs. All in the name of defending human rights and democracy. This is a more critical departure in international affairs than it may seem. It entails a legitimation of the U.N./Nato's right to participate in the dissolution of states through the determination of external parties. We have returned to the powers invoked in the Treaty of Versailles.

The *Nato* intervention in support of the mini-succession states of the former Yugoslavia bodes ill for the future. Should India or Canada or any number of multi-ethnic states begin to fracture along whatever fault lines the precedent is there for U.S./U.N. intervention to formalize such divisions. It is fortunate for the United States of America that the British Empire didn't have something comparable to the U.N. available to them in the mid 19th century. A military-humanitarian mission analogous to Bosnian Peacekeepers might have been mounted to preserve the sovereign rights of the Confederate States from aggression by the Northern Union.

Whenever one hears of a U.N./U.S. campaign being touted as a mission to 'defend human rights' abroad one can presume that some imperial bloodletting is in the works. Whenever one hears the *New York Times* or the Conrad Black tabloids baying for 'more forceful U.N. action' one can guess that the marching orders are about to be signed. The United Nations has become worse than what the League of Nations ever was. It actively intervenes to advance the interests of the Great Power(s) and it recruits sepoy from its member states to carry out such ventures.

As one who once placed some hope in the United Nations I am now forced to the conclusion that it is a politically bankrupt organization. It is sobering to contemplate that views about U.N. operations which once seemed to be obtuse political reaction may have been the most sensible response to that body. To date, only Switzerland has resisted formal entry into the United Nations. But it may yet be that nations wishing to preserve their independence will at some point leave that body. This would at least stop providing that organization with its aura of universality.

What can we conclude from the typical military interventions by U.N. forces? What have been the major parameters for deployment of U.N. troops into conflicts?

1.No country which is militarily strong enough to defend itself from external intervention has ever been a target for the deployment of U.N troops. With the self-destruction of eastern European states these may become candidates for U.N. peacekeeping at some future time. Such military assaults would seem to be a strong argument for states capable of developing nuclear weapons doing so.

2.No state which is an ally of the hegemonic power has ever been a candidate for U.N. military intervention. To date, the United States has preferred to intervene independently within its own hemisphere of influence but it is not inconceivable that at some future time internal conflicts in Latin America may result in military intervention under auspices of the U.N. It is possible to imagine the olive-branched flag of the U.N. flying over Democratic Ukrainian, Senegalese, Canadian and other U.N. peacekeepers landed on the shores of Peru or Colombia to restore order. With the dissolution of states formerly strong enough to protect themselves, the targets of U.N. peacekeeping may expand and United Nations peacekeepers may settle into being a force of sepoys used to further the ventures of the sole surviving imperial power.

3.The U.N. has never imposed significant sanctions in what were essentially colonial wars. Wars of independence were excluded from the purview of U.N. action under the pretext of not interfering in the internal affairs of member nations. Some of these colonial wars, within our own time, were very bloody indeed. Neither the French colonial wars in Algeria or Indo-China, nor those of Great Britain elsewhere were ever inconvenienced by U.N. sanctions. Even backward Portugal was permitted to carry on a bloody twelve year-long war in an attempt to hang on to Angola and Mozambique. The candidates for U.N. peacekeeping have been quite select.

4.One advantage of U.N. Peacekeeping ventures around the world is that much of the cost is born by the contributing member states, even if the U.S. may reimburse some governments which supply soldiers. Nations such as Canada do pay the full shot themselves. Moreover, U.N. peacekeepers are suited to operations which call for a *professional* army and not reservists or conscripts - a fact appreciated by previous colonial powers.

It is surprising that the U.N. peacekeeping campaigns can still be presented as humanitarian acts.. Its multi-national forces could have been matched in an Imperial march-past by Great Britain or France in their prime: Bengal Lancers and Sikh sepoys, Gurkhas from Nepal, Malayan Scouts, assorted Askaris from Kenya and Nigeria, not to mention Black Watch kilties, Royal Australian Light Infantry, Princess Patricia's Own Canucks and others from the lands of the Raj. The French had their own line up. They were as 'international' a force as any the U.N. blue helmets now provide. And the uniforms were more colorful too.

Mr. O'Cassidy's study offers a polemical view of a process which has too often been shrouded in sanctity, particularly in those nations wishing to participate in maintaining established international order as it exists. One hopes his book will receive a hearing.

Witch Hunters on File.

Witch Hunters in Your Neighborhood: A Guide to the Computer Directories. Editorial Staff, 1998, Witchhunter Watch , P.O. Box 999, Bellingham, Wash.. Paper \$28 U.S.

Witch Hunters is *not* a directory intended for parish moralists, pedofile hunters, anti-abortion activists and others engaged in tracking down and harassing contemporary witches. Instead, it puts the shoe on the other foot. *Witch Hunters in Your Neighborhood* is a guide to the electronic directories which provide the names of individuals and organizations, past activities and associations, current addresses and sometimes the photographs of known witch hunters in Canada and America.

Witch hunting now permeates the entire political spectrum. Whatever the activists' particular enthusiasms they typically dismiss the real problems of our time to pursue scapegoats. Witch hunters find these undertakings more cathartic than tackling such problems as persistent poverty or the dissolution of governmental capacity provide basic social services. Many are variously neurotic individuals who, under an aura of abused victims, cannot get enough of bullying others.

Documenting who the current witch hunters are and what they are engaged in is a task for which computer networks and electronic data bases are of immense value. It would be impossible for any individual to collect and publish a comparable body of files, let alone keep them updated. The directories already include the names of scores of thousands of active witch hunters and the equivalent of tens of thousands of pages of information on them and their organizations. This body of data can be expanded by whoever has pertinent cases to contribute. Witch hunters can no longer expect to operate in anonymity in between their stints of spreading venom.

At the simplest level, the directories provide the names and deeds of individuals who have been active in previous witch hunting campaigns. It is surprising how much material is publicly available about their organizational connections and public statements. Professional witnesses may be surprized to find that the 'evidence' they have provided in past campaigns are preserved in these files.

There is a mass of material drawn from in-house publications, in which witch hunters discuss their aims, allies and tactics among themselves. While nominally open, these documents are rarely known to the public at large. By simply extracting and compiling the statements made by these organizations (reported in more than three hundred journals and bulletins and indexing them by topic and spokesperson, the directories add considerably to what is already know about their undertakings. Pulling together disparate statements made over time can provide a more coherent profile of who and what is involved.

With shared information the computerized directories can not only inform potential victims of the witch hunters in their own 'neighbourhoods' but can also outline many of the charges and techniques such groups have used in the past. Even without recourse to privately gathered information a great deal is becoming known about the major witch and heresy hunting organizations through statements made in their own bulletins and in court depositions. Digital scanning devices do much of the work of converting published material and court transcripts into the electronic data bases; such material is then made available at various web sites. It can be retrieved by anyone with a need or desire to know. Until recently such resources were available only to major lobby groups so one may expect to hear them expatiate about 'a sinister invasion of privacy' when others take up such means in their own defense.

The sheer volume of the material available in the evolving directories is difficult to appreciate by anyone attuned to print technology. For instance, one might wish to know what statements about 'pornography and impermissible sexuality' have been made by spokespersons of the Canadian Mothers Anti-Sex League between 1990 and 1996. You simply type in the key words to call up any of some 300 relevant items. Or you may wish to know more about hate mongering campaigns of the Defamation League and their charges proffered by 'expert witnesses' given in investigations carried out by U.S. Department of Justice (some 2,540 files). Since many of the items are cross indexed it is often possible to follow patterns of complicity. For example, I was surprised to find that the B'nai Brith, with a reputation as a defender of human rights, has been engaged since the 1950s in systematically spying for the F.B.I. and informing on members of its own ethnic group who they determined were 'potentially subversive'.

One should realize that the *Witch Hunters in Your Neighbourhood* directory does not *itself* survey the contents in the data bases listed. What it does do is to give those marginally familiar with computerized information retrieval the basic directions of where to look for the information they are seeking. They can then do so from the relative safety of any interactive public computer terminal, without having to spend the overwhelming amount of time required to comb through in-house publications and distant archives. Some files even provide the transcripts of court records of the more prominent witchcraft trials. The directories combine the contributions of many diverse people dedicated to the proposition that witch hunters should not have it all their own way.

The material provided varies from the public statements of influential heresy hunters to information on the grass roots activities of witch finding organizations, as well as their allies in the press and the civil service. The files often provide the key names and the political connections of the professionals deployed in legal cases launched by both private and public persecutors.

Statements made in open court are obtainable from the court records, costly as these may be. Other disclosures may thread a more shadowy region. But it surely is of interest when individuals prominent in prosecutorial campaigns are found to have contributed transparently dishonest articles and given inflammatory talks to organized zealots. It is important to be able to pull such information from the directory files when these individuals give testimony to crown prosecutors or become members of Royal Commissions.

One hopes that these directories will be of use to those who find themselves under attack by one or another gang of witch hunters. With this background material it may prove easier to confront them. Certain private lobbies in the United States have long maintained 'information gathering' programs on their potential victims. They have done this for their own purposes and sometimes in conjunction with state agencies. If projects like *Witch Hunters in Your Neighbourhood* directory are not declared illegal the tables may yet be turned.

Effectively using these files sometimes requires a fuller facility with computers than this reviewer has. The system of cross referencing could also stand some refinement. But the *Witch hunters* directory and the information contained in the collected files promises to be a valuable tool: it is as if a thousand I.F. Stones had begun issuing their minority reports.

We Are a Nation of Laws and Orders

Law and the Public Interest, J.S. Swift (ed.) *Journal of Comparative Law and Society*, Special issue No. 57. 1984 Boston, Mass. \$55 U.S. per annum.

During the mid to late 1970s a panel of senior Canadian judges, trial lawyers and law professors met in conclave as the Canadian Royal Commission on Law Reform. Their task was to determine the range and operation of laws which currently exist in (or which can be conjured forth from) the Canadian legal system. They then were to suggest how this body of laws might be pruned into some more manageable entity. It seemed a reasonable undertaking.

Swift highlights the conclusions of this Commission on law reform, as presented in its three volume interim report. The findings may be dumbfounding for those who believe that there is a coherent body of law which regulates the permissible freedoms in society. Instead, the Law Reform commission pointed to a vast and ever-growing body of court decisions and government regulations which effectively have usurped the legislative process. These extra-legislative processes constitute the great bulk of effective law. Canadian law flows from (a) enactments of federal and provincial legislation, from (b) past judicial rulings on legal cases and from (c) English common law dating back to before the Tudor era. As well, there are (d) administrative regulations stemming from an extraordinary range government agencies, all of which have the force of law.

To make this Byzantine system even worse legislatures increasingly enact omnibus laws, legislation including hundreds of clauses, open to the most variable interpretation and written to cast the broadest possible net over any topic of concern. The all-inclusiveness and fluidity of much legislation is breathtaking. Canadian legislators seem to have missed a perfectly obvious tact. It would be far more efficient if they passed an omnibus law making all actions and statements *illegal* unless *specifically permitted*. This would make understanding the law so much easier.

Although the Royal Commission on Law Reform does not state its conclusion in so many words, it is clear that Canada has created a fathomless web of laws, judicial decisions and governmental regulations which are all-pervasive in scope. The unavoidable conclusion is that Canadians *have no inalienable legal rights whatsoever*. It is yet to be seen whether the recent Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms significantly modifies this condition.

A compelling fact is that the Royal Commission on Law Reform, with its combined legal and judicial experience, with the services of a small army of researchers, and despite its years of work, failed to clear the first hurdle. The Commission had to report that despite its efforts it could not determine how many laws or law-like regulations were operative in Canada. An estimate ventured that there were then some *forty to fifty thousand* legislatively enacted laws, judicial decisions, and purely administrative rulings - all of which have the force of law.

Dozens of new laws as well as many additional governmental edicts are added during each parliamentary session. Each provincial legislature contributes additional laws every year. Laws

which can impose extended imprisonment for a bewildering range of charges often get little more than a day of discussion before enactment. It is doubtful whether most legislators have any full understanding of the consequences of the bills they vote into law. *All of this is cumulative.* Legislation is only rarely stricken from the books - a baleful situation made worse by the retention of English common law, some of it reaching back to the twelfth century. Such law was resurrected in one recent case to facilitate charges brought by a heresy hunting organization. Add to that the almost limitless powers conveyed to judges to impose their personal decisions on almost every matter under the sun and you have a sure fire recipe for injustice.

Writing from self-imposed exile in Mexico, Paul St.Pierre, a once prominent Canadian writer and former Liberal Member of Parliament for Cariboo-Chilcotin, had this to say about the Canadian Law Reform Commission report:

"Think of this going on year after year, as it has, and you get a pretty decent addition to the 40,000 or so laws and regulations punishable by imprisonment which our great democracy has produced to date."

....."I served in the twenty-eight Parliament of this country and in those four years we approved, I am sure, our sad quota of a couple of thousand new laws and regulations. In that time we found only one law to abolish. It was the witchcraft law. But that was all. At a rough calculation, the number of laws and restrictions passed outnumbered the number from which Canadians were freed by more than 100 to 1" (St. Pierre, p.65)

"It's a pity it takes so many police officers and jails to make the system work. 'The more laws, the more the offenders.' was the proverb quoted in the Law Reform Commission of Canada report of 1976, when we ran 10,000 or so short of the number of laws we have today....It's also a pity that there are practically no societies in today's world and not one in history, where citizens needed as many lawyers to explain their 'rights' to them as do Canadians today" (St. Pierre, p. 67)

In effect, Canada *does not* have a system of law in the commonly accepted meaning of the term. It *does not* have a delimited set of rights and prohibitions, equitable or not, which are known and are observable. Instead, what it has is *a system of judges, prosecutors, lawyers and commissions* operating within a highly malleable body of regulations. That Canadians find the difference between the two inconsequential is testimony to how slight a regard they have for their own freedoms. Whenever it comes to a choice between the rights of individuals to be protected from the powers of the state (and increasingly from the rulings of special commissions) and the claims of authorities acting in the name of 'law and order' there is little doubt on which side Canadian opinion will fall.

Since the Law Reform commissioners could not determine how many laws were currently operative in Canada they could say little about the actual application of existing laws. Nor could they determine which of them are mutually contradictory. Was anyone concerned about this? Canadian parliamentarians failed to even raise their allegorical eyebrows at these findings despite the fact that they raise fundamental questions about 'a society based on law', a nostrum as commonly repeated in Canada as in America.

Swift holds that: "By the logic of its own research, the Commission's findings imply that no person or body or persons in Canada, be they magistrates or counselors [i.e. lawyers], and certainly not the

general public, knows or can possibly know what the operative law is."(Swift 1984:121)... "The application of 'the law' is only determined after the fact - after potentially relevant statutes have been considered by crown prosecutors, after charges have been laid, after the case is contested in the court(s). Which laws, which previous judicial decisions, which governmental regulations apply or take priority in a particular case is often highly debatable. Members of the Law Reform Commission were left with the nagging suspicion that similar cases could result in quite different judicial decisions. Randomness and pliability to external influences is not a feature which the law is supposed to have". (Swift 1984: 107)

All this makes nonsense of the schoolroom maxims, which continue to constitute the public conception of how the law operates. Those who repeat that " Ignorance of the law is no excuse for contravening it" do not know what they are talking about. The simple fact is that *no one* knows what the law is, in its totality, nor how it might be applied in any instance. Law enforcement and trial are highly political processes.

Although the Law Reform Commission's report does not spell it out, the conclusion is unavoidable - given an endless array of laws and past decisions to work with, given the extraordinary latitude offered to magistrates, virtually anything which Canadians do or say can be held as being in violation of one law or another. Critics of the Canadian justice system have long held that whether someone is charged or convicted depends, at least in part, upon a host of supposedly extraneous factors; the reigning hysteria of the day, the political commitments of different Attorney-Generals and prosecutors, the attitude of a particular magistrates - all these play a part. Much depends upon the skills of defense attorneys and the financial resources on which the defendant can draw.

The very act of being charged and tried for a crime is a terrifying ordeal for most ordinary citizens, regardless of the final court decision. Those charged will have their private lives publicly pruned into, typically in conjunction with venomous imputations. Prosecutors are inherently protected from any charges of malicious defamation. The alleged 'presumption of innocence of the accused' provides little comfort. Those familiar with how courts actually operate will have a legitimate fear of how a decision is reached. Anyone who has experienced juries at work may feel that no one's fate should depend upon the decisions of twelve jury members - that "the decisions of juries have more to do with small group pathology than they do with ascertaining truth or justice".

The cost of legal defense can itself be a dire punishment of those charged, regardless of the final outcome. If a case seems to be of public interest journalists may expatiate on their own versions of the evidence and broadcast their own judgement in what passes as 'reportage'. All this public malfeasance is multiplied when charges are laid under the inquisitional standards of commissions empowered to supervise public morality.

Swift wishes to shock us with the findings of the Canadian Law Reform Commission. "Some of us [i.e. American lawyers] have warned that our own legal system is heading down that same road. Here is confirmation of our worst fears: if Americans concerned about the preservation of individual liberties do not begin to act now we may soon be faced with the politicized trials and judicial autocracy which Canadians have imposed upon themselves." (Swift, 1984:147)

This rallying call may strike Canadians as specious, given the long history of politicized courts and judicial corruption in America. A more balanced conclusion might be as follows: while the founders of the United States of America clearly saw the oligarchic dangers lurking in the British system of law, and attempted to avoid these through constitutionally protected rights and by reliance mainly upon written legislative law, the evolution of these two judicial systems has had its own way. After two hundred years, two systems of justice - initially based on different principles about the rights of individuals - have evolved into comparable systems of legal autocracy.

God Bless You Citizen Dracula.

Infectious Bloodlust. A Common Sense Approach. Watson Paine, M.D. 1999. Ptarmigan Books. New Bedford. Mass. \$ 12.95 paper.

This provocative little book proposes that the assorted theories purporting to explain the deepening political reaction and bloodlust evident in the new world order are obscurantist and unnecessarily complicated. These developments do not require arcane sociological explanations nor biblical exegesis. Instead, the author, a practicing epidemiologist, offers the straightforward proposition that a mutant strain of vampirism emerged some two generations ago and has been spreading ever since.

This vampire syndrome *does not* require its host to shun sunlight, avoid garlic or crosses or hexagrams and to lie each night on a bed of his or her native earth, the new strain is just as viable on sunny beaches as at late night strategy sessions, it is carried by wholesome-looking young adults as well as Don Boudria look-alikes. It does not require the vampires to *literally* drink the blood of their victims, instead they can feed upon the lives of others regardless of whether they have succumbed to humanitarian bombing campaigns or have been bled white by more peaceful processes. As in the past, victims are normally sucked dry before being discarded.

Among the more prominent figures who revealed themselves as being carriers of *anthropophagia vampirensis C* during the recent Balkan wars are many leaders of former Social Democratic parties in the New Europe. For instance, the Honourable Tony B, the New Labour prime minister of Great Britain and three of his henchmen, Jamie Shea his Nato batman, Robin Cook, head of the Ministry of Truth, and George Robertson, Minister of Wars. "I don't believe I've ever heard a more bloodthirsty government official in my life, Lady Thatcher must be green with envy", writes Paine. Other prominent vampires who emerged from the closet were Gerhart Schroeder, leader of the German Social Democratic party and Javier Solana, the then presiding chairman of Nato. Solana and Shea's television appearances during the bombing campaign came with a semi-audible refrain of the Condor Legion song, largely unknown to current listeners.

"We flew toward the border with bombs loaded for the enemy.
High over S[panish]erbian land together with the fliers of Italy.
We are [Deutsche]Nato legionnaires, the bombardiers of the Legion.
We're fighting for the freedom of the world, fliers of all nations.
Forward Legionnaires, forward into battle for we are not alone.
For freedom is the goal of our battle. Forward Legionnaires."

Wonderful. Who says you can't teach a new dog to old tricks? Now, if we could only get an undated version of *Giovinezza* for the leaders of the Italian Olive Oil coalition to accompany their contributions to the Nato crusade. Somehow the Allied French military failed to get headline billing, though they were in on the kill. One has such stirring memories of *Les Para* marching out of Babel Oued singing Edith Piaff's *Non, Je No Regrette Rien* .

Assorted Nato military commanders enthused about surgical strikes and the use of helicopter gunships in missions of mercy. Their civilian boosters lauded the pin point accuracy involved in bombing passenger trains, refugee columns, bridges, infrastructure and cities. No one ever doubted what enthuses militarists. But to everyone's amazement one of the very few notables who tried to counter the empire-wide war hysteria was a Canadian general, Lewis MacKenzie, who had formerly headed Canadian peacekeeping troops in Bosnia. It appears that at least a few individuals are immune to the new vampire strain.

Back on this side of the ocean the democratic President invoked the spirit of American foreign policy regardless of who occupied the front office - crusades for Europe, wars to defend free enterprise civilization, bombing campaigns to protect human rights and humanitarian oil etc. Appearing with the President Bill were William Cohn, the Republicrat Minister of War, who got in his two bites worth about the ever-present dangers of Appeasement and the threat of a New Holocaust™ if American might should fail to prevail. State Secretary Maudlin Allright (looking in need of a quick blood transfusion) excoriated Serbia for its barbaric refusal to submit to its own dismemberment. She promised that a newly hatched 'International Tribunal for War Crimes in the Former Yugoslavia' would (selectively) pursue perpetrators of 'serious human rights abuses.' Nobody inquired how this entity came into existence and who it represented, other than the mythical 'sentiment of world opinion'. Despite a half century of wars and mass murder around the world no one has ever indicted any member of U.S. forces, military or civilian, for crimes against humanity. As we know, only those who lose wars are subject to war crimes trials.

Kenny Bacon, a U.S. Pentagon spokesperson, and Jamie Rubin, a death squad democrat in Allright's Department of State, succeeded in matching Nato flacks in righteous bloodlust. The Time-Warner-CNN 'News' network, with its multinational crew of experts and its Oxfordian newsreaders, took some kind of prize for resurrecting old war propaganda. The C.B.C. and CTV quickly provided a chorus of vociferous yeah saying. The only thing missing was Kate Smith singing *Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer* or *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition (and We'll l All be Free.)*

In the midst of all this some reporter managed to slip in a brief comment by an anonymous elderly woman caught in the Kosovo bombing who said, "As a child I experienced the German bombing of Belgrade during the last war, but also the English and American bombing of the German cities later. And I know this - no matter what the reasons given, it is always the innocent who are killed." No media moralizing approached this comment for simple truth and humanity. That newsclip was never rerun.

In Canada, Mr. Cretin's Reformed Liberal government leapt to support the Nato bombing campaign and contributed a squadron of peacekeeping fighter-bombers as well as a detachment of soldiers, without even a vote in parliament. This followed shortly after the collapse of the genocidal Indonesian regime of General Suharto, which both the Tory and Liberal governments had backed to the hilt throughout its bestial thirty year reign. The Canadian minister of Foreign Affairs, Floyd Worthy, once touted as the last

liberal in the Liberal party, strutted the new humanitarian militarism unperturbed by a Lizzie Borden ditty which ran,

"Minister Worthy took an axe, and gave the poor forty whacks.
When he saw what he had done, he gave the demons forty one."

Prime Minister Cretin followed up his foreign policy actions with the promotion of one Madame Louise Arbour to high office. A former prosecutor and judge in an Ontario court, she had been seconded to an International Tribunal for War Crimes in the former Yugoslavia to act as chief investigator- prosecutrix. In the midst of indicting suitable war criminals Arbour was appointed to the Supreme court of Canada. It may be inadvisable to repeat Paine's comments on how, and which, mortals acquire the 'divine right of magistrates' in Canada.

"One can only guess which small country will next be discovered to harbor unacceptable regimes, requiring the intervention of Allied-Coalition military forces.", writes Dr. Paine. To paraphrase his conclusion, 'The new vampires have made a clean sweep of it and all those authorities engaged in public moralizing will have to practice mouthing, 'God bless you, citizen Dracula'.'

This is a tainted analysis, grossly monocausal and profoundly simplistic. As a kind of black satire it may tickle the fancy of unregenerate complainers and Paine may get away with it under the guise of epidemiology in New England. But it is not the sort of thing which Canadians find permissible. It is simply in bad taste.

5.Germinal

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Reviews

Dr. Caligari, I Presume?

Caligari's Cabinet.. Elspeth Hedger,1994. Albert Kopf Pub. N.Y.C. paper \$16.95

The author of *Caligari's Cabinet* is a New York writer and a successful psychotherapist; although no privacies are divulged it is evident that her clientele include a fair selection of those prominent in American cultural life. Her book combines the fascination of an expose, an insight into the fast and loose standards of intellectual commerce, and a documentation of the public's inability to distinguish packaged hokum from reality. Hedger's account is less about psychotherapy than the practice of merchandizing disinformation. She presents some popular intellectual fabrications and suggest that the general public, after a steady diet of gratuitous lies, has little appetite for more prosaic facts.

What the title has to do with the theme of the book is a little uncertain. Presumably it refers to the 1920 German expressionist film, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, once a source of endless pontificating among New York establishment intellectuals. In the original *Dr. Caligari* the doctor is a travelling medicine showman who tours a Ruritanian country exhibiting a somnambulist giant who is periodically sent out to do Caligari's bidding, kidnapping sleeping maidens or recking revenge for some perceived slight - the usual stuff. It is the old golem tale given a surrealist twist. In the film the story is told by a young man who, near the end of the narrative, is revealed to be a patient in a mental asylum whose director turns out to be the Dr.Caligari of his tale. According to one's philosophical bent one could interpret the film to be a B grade horror story told by a loony or that, symbolically, society (i.e.the mental asylum) is being run by the chief madman. Naturally, this latter interpretation was the one which appealed to New York intellects during the 1940s and 1950s. Basically it is a silly film even if immortalized in film history. Thankfully, Hedger does not burden us by rehashing it.

Instead she begins her account with a young woman during the early 1950s who begins to realize that she can get away with concocting the most extraordinary lies if they are made plausible to the loose measures of reality reigning in her Long Island hometown. It amazes her what the adult members of an upper-middle class community will accept as 'reasonable'. She might have become one of those raptorial

lawyers which a later age spawned but as a girl in a more restrictive era Hedger kept her talents to herself as she practiced stretching and then entirely fabricating 'reality'.

She soon became the teenaged author (under a pseudonym) of a fictitious memoir. *My Thirteen Lives* claimed to be the 'true confessions' of a man addicted to impersonating others who had successfully passed himself off as a theologian, a medical doctor, a prison warden and in yet other roles. It still retains something of the gush of a fifteen-year old girl playing to an adult audience. *The Confessions of Felix Krull* it's not.

At first only her publisher and editor knew the true nature of the story. Not even her family psychiatrist guessed that his teenaged patient had managed to bamboozle the reading public. There is a fascinating, all too brief, account of how a fifteen year old (even if one with a 160 I.Q.) manages to acquire a literary agent to approach a publisher. Although now quite forgotten *My Thirteen Lives* was once a part of campus arcana and the topic of some sociology classes, whose instructors were themselves taken in by the hoax. Despite editorial polishing the writing still carried an aura of juvenile excess and it is remarkable that it was never recognized for what it was.

After that and another title dealing with the fabricated adventures on an anthropologist among the the Yuban headhunters of Borneo, Hedger began to question the reliability of almost all 'common knowledge'. That is usually a healthy response but in her case it initiated a process of obsessive fabrication, she began to launch ever more audacious hoaxes to snare different audiences. "This was *not* with the subconscious hope that I would be unmasked.", she says in retrospect, "It was rather with the pleasure of gulling allegedly educated readers and getting well paid for it in the bargain."

After a quick passage through Radcliffe she made her way into a major publishing house, where she created or 'edited' a series of books about 'remarkable people and events'. These were farces cut from whole cloth, even the cloth they were cut from was spurious.

During almost two decades of what one might think would be a full time job Hedger managed to ramble around the highways and byways of America, trying out roles as a graduate research student, a journalist, an import/export broker, a psychotherapist and much else. All the while her titles continued to emerge from Warner Brothers Press. For a while she collaborated with Vladisla Farrago, who had been a script writer with the War Information Office during the Great Patriotic War. He had manufactured front-line dispatches and fictitious interviews with captured enemy submarine crews from absolutely nothing, without ever leaving his desk. Incredibly, some of Farrago's fabrications later became sources for television history. Together with Farrago Hedger wrote *The True History of Dracula*, a bit of fabricated Rumanian folklore which still occasionally reappears in television documentaries some twenty years later. In addition she produced a novel which mocked the genre of 'immigrant family sagas' and at least one spoof of the mentality which dominates an alleged New York *College of Criminal Justice* .

A typical feature of Hedger's books is that all the main characters, male and female, old and young, in a wide variety of roles, could all be taken as different facets of a single personality. In addition, all her spoofs include at least one slightly camouflaged admission that the work is farce, and why it is so. Most readers seemingly read right past those notices.

Undoubtedly her greatest success was a book which set out to satirize the soap opera psychology and the self-fascination which accompanied the Women's movement in the early 1970s. *Cybele* (or *The Sixteen Faces of Sylvania*) was a 'psychoanalytic' account a young woman whose consciousness leapt into one or another of sixteen distinct personalities whenever she encountered stress of any sort. This might seem to be a useful gift to have but involuntarily shifting from being a receptionist to becoming a professional art critic does present some problems in everyday life. The bases of these alleged psychological problems only become evident after a sensitive psychotherapist encounters and begins to integrate the feuding personalities. We discover that the root cause of the squabbles going on in Cybele's head is a history of childhood *asexual* abuse, in this case committed by the heroine's mother. These revelations are long drawn out and are accompanied by a staid romantic plot which humorously parallels those once found in *Harlequin Romances*. One jaded reader privately remarked that "*Cybele*, as compared to the *Three Faces of Eve*, more than quintuples our understanding of multiplied personalities. But five times zero still equals zero."

The true comedy of *Cybele* was that no one recognized it as a fairly obvious farce. More than 1.4 million copies were sold in twenty printings and for a number of years extracts from it appeared in articles about women 'remaking themselves from the inside out' It was a glut on the college bookstore market and was assigned as required reading in university psychology courses across the land, given by instructors who apparently did not twig to the fact that it was a spoof.

Multi-persona individuals are not especially rare in the publishing world, where authors frequently have various pen names under which they produce different types of work. A Michael Crichton might produce medical science-fiction under his own name but also write titles in other genres under a variety of different pen names, including 'Clark Kent'. Earlier in the century the writer who churned out westerns under the name of Max Brand also wrote many of the Hardy Boys books, titles in the Dr. Kildaire series and detective stories under different names, as well as pursuing his own love of epic Latin poetry which understandably no one wanted to publish. Such literary proliferation is not particularly unusual.

There is also a genre of writing which is intended as a joke played upon the readers or the publishers. James Branch Cabell, a now forgotten but once prominent American writer, once crafted a book based on alleged discussions with eminent Southerners, prominent figures and cultural doyens of the 1920s - quizzical and somewhat derisive portraits which were discovered to be faked only after they were published. For a while Cabell became a persona non grata in the *serious* American literary world.

A few authors have even come to believe their own inventions. *The Story of Opal* appeared in 1920, the alleged autobiography of a girl (Opal Whitely) from a western American mining town who gradually discovers that she is *really* a lost daughter of French nobility - a story which outdid comparable tales in what might have been an uproarious send up. The book had a considerable print run and the publisher and many readers took the convoluted story as actual fact, as did the rather flaky author, who came to believe her own fiction despite the fact that her parents, kin and former friends were alive and ready to provide a pedestrian account of her actual life.

Somewhat more in line with Hedger's ventures was a ploy by Doris Lessing, already an internationally established author in the early 1980s when she circulated a manuscript to British publishers, including her own, under an unknown name and had the manuscript uniformly rejected. None of the editors recognized her style until the work was resubmitted under Lessing's name and successfully released. (Followed by Lessing's gleeful tail-twisting and the embarrassed harumping by the publishing crowd.). Similarly, an unknown Canadian writer named Crad Kilodney entered seven short stories by Franz Kafka, Luigi Pirandello, Maxim Gorky, Sherwood Anderson and others to a C.B.C. competition under his own name. The stories were neither recognized nor thought worthy of broadcast. They were all rejected as amateurish by the selection committee, which was only modestly discomfited when Kilodney made public whose work they had dismissed.

My favourite literary hoax comes from Australia where an autobiography by an Aboriginal woman, *My Own Sweet Time*, won the 1995 national literary award as 'Best first work' and the acclaim of Australia's cultural establishment. "It demonstrates a uniquely Aboriginal and woman's perspective of Australian society", gushed a leading literarian. However the author was always conveniently unavailable whenever she/he was to appear publicly. Two years later the autobiography's sequel, *Door to Door*, was tendered but remained unpublished until the publisher could actually meet the author. Acclaim quickly turned to indignation when it was discovered that the author was one Leon Carmen, a forty-seven year old white man living in Sydney. Lydia Miller, the head of the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Arts Board, who had previously enthused about *My Own Sweet Time*, grumped that "As we now discover, it is a *pack of lies* because it is actually a fiction and not autobiographical, which I think immediately devalues its literary merit." What could be funnier than a response like that?

Carmen held that his hoax underlined the gullibility and bias of those determining what gets published and what gets read in Australia. Any thinking person knows that but it requires real flair to demonstrate it so convincingly. But I digress - we were discussing the author of *Caligari's Cabinet*.

Some twenty years after the phenomenal success of *Cybele*, after it had entered into the realm of common knowledge, an enterprising reporter and story-starved newspaper editor began to research 'whatever happened to' *Cybele*'s main characters. In all the years that the book was being read no one had bothered to enquire what, if anything, it was based upon and who had really written it. By this time Hedger was established as a psychotherapist (among other things) and had far outdone her character in *My Thirteen Lives*. The threat of being exposed as a prodigious con artist didn't worry her one bit. Avoiding exposure was simply an interesting challenge.

In fairly short order the reporter 'discovered' that the subject of *Cybele* had allegedly died some seven or eight years previously, while still in her forties, but with her personality disorder 'gratifyingly on the mend.' This sounds suspiciously like a dig at psychotherapy's never-ending cures. Flora R. Schrieber, who allegedly had worked with *Cybele*'s therapist to write a popularly accessible book about the case, had also died. More than that, there were *no records or any trace of her* whatsoever at any of the colleges or the other institutes where she had allegedly worked. No one could remember ever having met or seen her !

After following up various dead ends the reporter managed to get the publisher to divulge the 'real name' of *Cybele*'s psychoanalyst. Guess what? No, she hadn't died but she had retired from practice some years

previously and no one knew where she was now living or how she could be reached. A chance lead brought the reporter to Columbia Presbyterian Hospital where a resident psychiatrist believed he had treated 'the real Cybele' for some years but he dismissed the account of multiple personality, which he held was not evident in her case.

By this time the reporter and his editor were becoming convinced that *Cybele* had been a fabulous hoax. The final straw was when an alleged former colleague of Flora Schrieber 'discovered' the original draft for *Cybele* in the bottom drawer of his desk, where it had remained for twenty years, forgotten. Due to a busy schedule he had failed to provide a critical commentary on it but, in retrospect, the work underlined the dangers of 'recovering repressed memory', a theme he might now pursue in a book of his own. The boundaries between professional pandering and outright hoax had become impossibly blurred. The resulting feature article in the *Sunday Times* did not explicitly state the reporter's conclusions but from the evidence presented, and its quizzical treatment, it is clear that he had determined the nature of the story. While the suspicions of a few people were confirmed, the matter was of little interest to Times readers, who were then engaged with more current intellectual fads.

What Hedger's autobiography seems to tell us is that we should question the validity of much common knowledge and amazing new insight. Fabricated documents, forged archives, scripted eye witness testimony, doctored-up photos and film records, spurious interpretations conjured up and repeated by hired experts - all these and more are touched upon in this breezy record of intellectual fabrications merchandized and consumed on a national scale. She claims that her books were, in part, intended to make the public more skeptical about what they were being told. But to have that effect her spoofs should have been disclosed at some point and their spuriousness brought home to readers. I suspect that the appeal of hiding behind assorted personalities and laughing at those who believed her fanciful tales was a major factor in these undertakings. However, no one was actually harmed by any of Hedger's fabrications. In contradistinction, many campaigns fronting as educational endeavors churn out works no less fantastic than Hedger's and these often *do* have particular interests in mind, to the detriment of millions. The purveyors of such propaganda campaigns can only be reassured by observing how a single individual, without institutional support, has been able to bamboozle the public in so many areas without ever being uncovered.

Homage to Forgotten Ancestors.

Forgotten Ancestors. Bruno Lett 1976 City Nights Reprints, San Francisco. Translated by Max Peshkoff, paper. \$ 8. 95 U.S.

Forgotten Ancestors is one of those long dead titles which were reissued in great profusion during the 1970s by a host of evanescent small presses. It was originally published in 1896 by *Suomi Landet*, one of the New York ethnic presses, and was the work of a Latvian Narodnik who had fled from Tsarist Russia some years earlier. *Ancestors* is, in part, a memorial to those peoples of old Europe who resisted the spread of Christianity and the autocracy which accompanied it. It is an anti-religious tract which, strangely, pays tribute to European 'Paganism', a term the author intends to imbue with honor. He holds that despite the serious failings of traditional European religions they once offered far greater freedom and human dignity than what he terms "that Middle Eastern death cult" (i.e.Christianity).

Although Lett's bible punching has long since been anathema to American radicals it has an appealing ring to it. Few progressives foresaw the tenacious hold which organized religion, everywhere in the world, would have on humanity. Even fewer would have predicted the recrudescence of religion's dark powers, both at home and abroad, at the end of the twentieth century. During the last two to three generations the struggle to cast off supernatural chains has been largely lost by default. North American progressives became so attuned to building alliances and so concerned about social respectability that they suppressed their own historical understandings in order to not offend entrenched supernatural beliefs. Today it is not thought remarkable to find leaders of a social democratic party castigate any of its members who reject claims that governmental legitimacy proceeds under some divine authority. 'Spirituality' of whatever kind and derivation is apparently beyond the pale of criticism. This subservience to religious claims is antithetical to earlier radical, or simply secular, convictions.

As a thoroughgoing atheist Lett had no interest in replacing adherence to Christianity with some pre-Christian folk religion. Despite his defence of European paganism his purpose has little in common with contemporary attempts to resurrect Stonehenge rites or sugary versions of Native American spirituality. Although he did not foresee it, it is fairly certain how Lett would have responded to the appeal of Asian mysticism and fundamentalist Old Testament cults in America during our own time. Like most socialists of his time he was *not* indifferent to or quizzically tolerant of religion but saw it as a deadly plague.

Forgotten Ancestors gives short shrift to 'functionalist apologetics' and is quite cavalier in discounting the alleged benefits provided by religion(s) in various contexts. Nor does it demonstrate any esteem for folk magic or spirituality in general, phenomena which have become sacrosanct to many liberals today. It is most refreshing to see such gushy obscurantism dismissed for what it is. It is a wonderfully old fashioned polemic.

"Looking back over eighteen centuries, one comes to the unalterable conclusion that Christianity was the greatest disaster to ever befall the peoples of Europe. Nothing has been as long lasting nor has had such repugnant consequences as this oppressive ideology. Not the Black plague, not the conquests of Rome, not even the incursions of the Mongols were ultimately as destructive as the regimes established by Christian churches and rulers. The other plagues came and went or were dealt with in some way, but the yoke of Christianity remains to this very day" (Lett 1976: 10)

More than that; "The Christian bible, allegedly transmitted from a Jewish storm god, is mainly a compendium of tribal chauvinism and bred in the bone ignorance, of holy justifications for annihilation of those defeated by that god's adherents. Despite many competitors the bible, especially the Old Testament, remains the most bloody and evil-promoting book in the entire western tradition. If indeed a god existed and the bible were his instructions to his adherents then it would be a moral imperative for decent humans to oppose such a god and to reject his brutal demands" (Lett 1976: 11)

Forgotten Ancestors is not *merely* anti-Christian but is opposed to all organized religions; it proffers no preference between those on offer, other than the pragmatic one that the weaker a church or sect is the less oppressive it usually can be. As a nineteenth century European Lett concerned himself primarily with the 'powers of darkness' which he knew first hand. But he did not accept the apologetics of other 'world religions' simply because they were exotic. Other peoples "...enmeshed in the coils of Islam or

Judaism or the dominant religions of eastern Asia have a right and a duty to reject their own priests and gods".(Lett,1976:24.) It was requisite in this tradition to always write 'God' in lower case letters.

Lett begins by noting that Christianity was simply one of many cults which circulated in the sect-ridden backlands of the Middle-east during the Roman occupation. It emerged from a population of detribalized sheep-herders who were so culturally backward that they hadn't even discovered the mechanism of where rain came from. This is a unpromising basis for a philosophy which claims to explain the world and humanity's place in it. Christianity probably began as a reform movement intended solely for its Jewish followers but we do not truly know what the doctrines of this sect were since everything we are told about its god/prophet's teachings were contrived or thoroughly reedited generations or even centuries after his death. However innocuous the teachings of this Galilean prophet originally may have been, their later evolution proved to be brutally totalitarian. When Christianity acquired political power it became the sorcerer's apprentice in the defense of the decaying Roman-Byzantine empire.

"The intellectual foundations of the civilized Mediterranean world, which the Christians set out to destroy, were far more sophisticated than that farrago of desert fanaticism and Byzantine sophistry which Christianity soon became. Despite incorporating aspects of competing cults and of older religious beliefs Christianity has always retained its fanatically anti-human and absolutist core. Not even Tsarism at its worst ever attempted to control the universe of human thought and endeavor as completely as Christianity did. In distinction to the viewpoints of the civilized Mediterranean world Christianity committed its followers to mindless dogma, as interpreted by one or another church hierarchy. For no good reason it prides itself on being a monotheistic religion, with a god who seems to insist that the world and all in it should be one vast prison, in which the prime role of mankind is to glorify him. What kind of people is it who create and then venerate a megalomaniac jailer as their god? "(Lett,1976: 54)

The book goes on to note that tales of how the oppressed flocked to Christianity in search of spiritual liberation are simply fables. There is no evidence that the early Christians in the Roman Empire were from the oppressed strata and by the time Christianity became the state religion, in the fourth century A.D., its ranks were filled by shopkeepers and petty state bureaucrats. Adherence to Christianity was voluntary only as long as the church did not have the power to impose it. Whenever the church had the means to do so Christianity was *imposed upon* all peoples within its reach. It was committed to the suppression of every other system of belief that it encountered and, to the world's loss, it largely succeeded in doing just that.

At some junctures *Ancestors* detours into topics which only tangentially deal with the main theme but which illuminate the populist radicalism associated with Lett's secularism. For instance, he comments on the collapse of the western Roman Empire (which by the fifth century A.D. was already officially Christian) and how it is portrayed in 'school book history'..

"Apologists of Christianity claim that it kept alive the light of civilization after the Roman empire was destroyed by barbarians. But what was Roman civilization to most of its subject peoples? It was comprised of military roads built by conscripted labor, of people enslaved to work Roman estates, of exactions by voracious tax collectors and the ravages of a Roman *soldadeska*.. Roman civilization was a system built on the subjugation and extortion of most peoples within the empire; that is the civilization which the church prides itself on helping to preserve"

"British squireens and their minions still [i.e.1896] point to the glories of the Roman Empire, which they see themselves as embodying in a new form. Schoolmasters and allied philosophers bewail the fate of empires when 'soft living and cheap bread' corrupts the masses. This refrain may be accompanied by a scene of Goths breaking down the defenses and drunkenly carousing on the Capitoline hill, urinating on the marble columns of the Roman Forum. Equally horrific is their picture of the Visigoth chieftain Alaric (410 A.D.) stabling his war horses in the chamber where Roman senators once held forth. 'The barbarians at the gate' ploy is always used to justify thinner beer, longer hours of work, and untrammelled powers by the lords of everything. It is a refrain which has spread even to the Republic of these United States of America, where it is unthinkingly repeated by some whose parents or grandparents fled here to escape the demands of imperial rulers. For them, let me suggest another view about barbarian horses and Roman senators."

"The first horse to enter the Roman Senate was Emperor Caligula's steed Incitatus, whom he raised to senatorial rank and had led into that august hall. The patrician senators received this addition to their ranks with offended but fawning acceptance. But whatever legislative limitations Incitatus may have had *he did not eat people*, which is more than one can say for the slave-owning Roman senators. As for Alaric stabling his horses in the Senate Chamber, it seems to me that they were better occupants of that hall than most Roman senators ever were. At least the horses didn't initiate wars of conquest, they didn't enslave conquered peoples and they didn't exact extortionate tribute from the empire's subjects. Many peoples suffering under the Roman yoke must have felt similarly."

"As for those barbarians committing brutal acts in the august precincts of Rome - rapine and looting usually figure in this scenario - yes, no doubt. But what do the schoolmasters think the Roman legions did in the regions they conquered.? Those pillars in the Roman Forum on which the allegorical Goths urinated were not *truly* made of marble but from the lives of subjugated peoples. Rome was a city whose palaces and forums were built from the lives of subject peoples, foreign and domestic. Furthermore, Rome and most of the Italian cities continued to stand after the barbarian conquests. This is more than one can say for the fate of many cities and their inhabitants which had fallen to the Roman legions. No doubt many innocent Roman plebeians suffered for the crimes of their masters. It is the same in wars today, regardless of the rationales offered. But to bewail the fact that some Roman autocrats, their bailiffs and their catamites, got a taste of what they had imposed on the world for so long is a 'tragedy' only in school books."

"There were countless risings by the oppressed throughout the Roman Empire which were summarily defeated. But what those revolts couldn't achieve the barbarian invasions did. Slavery was overthrown within the confines of Italy only by the final defeat of Rome in the fifth century. The barbarian invaders not only destroyed the political infrastructure necessary to maintain slavery but also rejected it as repugnant to their barbarian ways." (Lett, 1976: 101,102)*

*[Translator Max Peshkov notes that on this theme Lett followed the emerging historical consensus of the late nineteenth century, which held an overly simplified view of the peoples who defeated Rome. In fact most of the 'barbarian' nations of Europe contained people in a serf-like status, although they were never as numerous or central as Roman slaves. Their conquests were sufficiently bloody not to warrant any apologetics *Ed.*]

"Tragically, after the barbarian leaders became sufficiently strong to override tribal checks on their powers they determined to make themselves into 'real kings'. They then seized on the political advantages conferred by converting to Christianity and their subjects were normally compelled to do likewise. Sunday school stories portray the dissemination of Christianity as borne forward by evangels of hope which supplanted the fearful superstitions of pagan Europe. In reality, Christianity was spread mainly by fire and sword, by compulsion, regardless of any apostolic doctrines to the contrary. The Frankish king Charlemagne, a major culture hero of the early church and the first Holy Roman Emperor, consolidated his rule by imposing Christianity on his subjects and by exterminating those Saxons, men, women and children, who refused to reject their traditional beliefs. That is what 'spreading Christian civilization throughout heathen Europe' meant."

"The claim that the Christian church played the primary role in preserving western civilization during the dark ages is nonsense. Little that was of value in the previous Romano-European civilization was saved. Christianity did not stand outside of the dark ages but was inextricably a part of them. The church made a sustained effort to defend feudalism, slavery and serfdom, as well as a panoply of ignorance and deadly superstitions in Europe as long as it could. During its long history Christianity supported almost every form of brutality and degradation known to man. If there is any miracle involved in this history it is the miracle that the pursuit of human liberation and the quest for secular knowledge ultimately emerged from that theological swamp." (Lett 1976:112)

Lett discusses those crusades which between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries were *not* mounted against Islamic competitors or for Holy middle eastern trade routes but were rather church-sanctioned military campaigns launched against rebellious peasants and schismatic groups in Europe. The crusades against Albigensians and Waldensians, the holy war against the Hussites of Bohemia and Moravia and the three-century long crusade to conquer the Pagan societies bordering the Baltic, to mention but a few. It probably is not coincidental that Lett's homeland was one of the last regions in which nations sustained their traditional European beliefs in the face of Christian crusaders. It was only in the mid fifteenth century that the Latvians and Lithuanians 'accepted Christianity' as an alternative to destruction. While Lett alludes to the folklore of the final century of Baltic resistance he is enough of a materialist to recognize that what was at issue was *not merely* a struggle between a traditional European and an alien religious ideology but rather *a struggle of frontier peoples against the system of feudalism and serfdom, which Christianity then represented*.. Ultimately, the deepening class and caste divisions within those frontier societies created the conditions for acceptance of the 'landlords god' by kings and thanes everywhere, even on the Baltic littoral.

Moving as these denunciations are, one should note that societies retaining 'traditional' supernatural beliefs are not strangers to witch hunting, to brutal wars and to lethal superstitions. Despite our contemporary appreciation of the primitive, such arrangements should have no claim on our sympathies. Few of their modern admirers would choose to actually live in such societies if they had a choice.

In order to keep this review to an acceptable length I must pass over much of Lett's polemic. His account of developments up until the sixteenth century were in many ways paralleled by revisionist historians of his time, who however viewed the emergence of Protestantism as the critical break with the previous history of the church and the basis from which modern and democratic society emerged (especially in Anglo-America). *Ancestors* instead treats Protestantism as largely another struggle over who should

control the political and material resources of a church, national or international power holders. Flowing from that was the involvement of kings and princes in fostering Protestantism, variants of their own choosing in their own realms. It was hardly the liberating force which many 19th century historians claimed it to be. Lett cites the case of Martin Luther who, after he had become the theologian of the northern German princes, delivered a ferociously bloodthirsty damnation of peasant rebels and Anabaptists during the German Peasant War, encouraging all good Christians to destroy them all. He wrote that "They should be knocked to pieces, strangled and stabbed, secretly and openly, by everyone who can do it, just as one must kill a mad dog." It is a position which Luther and his followers never disowned. Both Lett and other early socialist writers demonstrate a grudging admiration for the Anabaptists and similar victims of state churches since they seemed to have been a target for all oppressive forces in the field. But since Anabaptists nowhere came to power we cannot know what their rule might have entailed. The Christian fundamentalist churches of contemporary America basically emerged from the Anabaptist tradition but no one would seriously suggest that they are unduly tainted with a concern for human freedom and decency.

The established protestant churches were far from permitting any freedom in general. The Reformation and the Counter Reformation witnessed an upsurge of witch hunts and heresy trials, which had first emerged earlier and which accompanied the drawn out dissolution of feudalism. Witch trials may have killed fifty to sixty thousand women, men and children in Europe each year during the 17th century; individuals were tortured and put to death in the most sadistic ways that could be devised under both Catholic and Protestant rule. Six or seven million victims of religious zeal done to death over the course of six centuries may not seem excessive by current standards. It was far less than the toll of the Black Plague and also less than deaths claimed by other epidemics prevalent in Europe. But the witch hunts and heresy trials were part of a system of organized terror which helped to sustain the fearful ignorance and endemic brutality which prevailed in premodern Europe. The author concludes that this supernaturally rooted sadism must be viewed as an inherent part of the Judeo-Christian tradition. He suggests that while the majority of those who considered themselves to be Christian or believers of comparable sects may have been normally decent individuals when they had the opportunity to be so but holds that their decency existed *despite* not *because of* their supernatural beliefs.

The concluding chapters touch on events which overlapped with Lett's own lifetime. Like other 19th century inheritors of the French Revolution he notes the role of the Catholic church in the post-Napoleonic era: how it instigated a reign of terror against all who had supported the overthrow of the *regime ancien*.. In Spain the church oversaw a rebirth of the Inquisition and a final round of bloody deeds against liberals and dissenters of all stripes. In Italy it steadfastly rejected a spectrum of institutions which even current conservatives might feel uncomfortable in opposing; opposition to public education, to the primacy of secular law, to democracy and popularly elected governments of any sort, and to the right of science to pursue knowledge without clerical overview and a host of other reactionary strictures.

The doings of the Russian Orthodox church are by no means excluded, instance the account of a sort of 'encyclical' issued by the Metropolitan of the Russian Orthodox church in 1858, denying the legitimacy of small pox vaccination and denouncing it as 'an attempt by the ungodly to challenge the will of God'. This is not as forceful an illustration as it may have seemed to Lett because it is what one expects from a church allied with a backward despotism. But there are other examples of comparable know-

nothingism issuing from Protestant divines in locales ranging from the hills of Wurttemberg to the industrial midlands of England. Had he experienced the Prohibition era in America Lett probably would have populated his account with many more contemporary examples.

"It has become fashionable among historians [i.e those of the late 19th century *Ed.*] to hold that human institutions and actions must be evaluated in the context of their times. However, the endless popular revolts against authorities, secular and clerical, speaks loudly for the fact that many people rejected the standards which were imposed upon them 'by their times'. It is quite proper to evaluate past deeds *by our own standards* even when we take the rationales of the past into account. When an institution perpetrates crimes of the most bestial sort, for eighteen centuries, let no one claim that those acts are comprehensible only on its own terms. We should not accept the specious apologetics of organized religion nor accept its claim to have reformed after a long life of crime." (Lett, 1976: 159)

Lett's book ends with a prophetic collage of church leaders and comparable divines in various European nations (of 1896) as they bless the canons, warships and armies even then being readied to war on each other. It reminded me of images picturing this very process taking place, some twenty years later, in a powerful photographic collection of the 1930s entitled *The World War. A pictorial history*.

Lett was writing for a quite literate and rebellious section of the working class which then existed even in parts of America. One should understand that his polemics were then *not* beyond the pale of intellectual debate. When he published *Ancestors* many scholars were undertaking a fundamental reconsideration of European history, including its religious ideology, and secular or materialist views of the past were in general circulation. Lett could get a hearing among those disenchanted with prevailing orthodoxy and he did not have to face oversight by any Commission of Human Right Thought investigating viewpoints at odds with received orthodoxy.

Some books leap across the ages while others make one wonder what readers originally saw in them. For instance, at about the time *Forgotten Ancestors* appeared, Ethel Voynich, the Irish wife of an exiled Polish narodnik, published *The Gadfly* (1897). Set in Italy during the time of Italian unification, the novel deals with the radicalization of an illegitimate son of an Italian bishop. Its open anti-clericalism made it too subversive to publish in Great Britain and it too was first released in New York. Today it reads like a wooden historical romance yet by all accounts it once had an extraordinary appeal to a generation of socialist readers. Even if we no longer find some books convincing it behooves us to consider what it was that once gave such accounts their power.

I have been unable to check the original edition of *Ancestors* since it was published only in Latvian. I suspect that Max Peshkoff, the current translator, has taken certain liberties in conveying the text into contemporary American usage. This makes the book more readable but it may obscure some of Lett's allusions. A fuller footnoting for some of the topics would have been appreciated.

Forgotten Ancestors was the first of what were intended to be a number of titles 'demysticizing' Judaism, Islam and other world religions in their historical contexts. These might have been a radical version of what the sociologist Max Weber attempted somewhat later. None of those books ever seem to have been written. It comes as something of a shock to realize that Bruno Lett, this 'old Narodnik', was barely forty years of age when he wrote *Forgotten Ancestors*. We do not know what finally became

of him in America. Like so many others he seems to have been swallowed up without leaving a trace and has become one of our own forgotten ancestors.

Americanism and Nativism.

Americanism and Nativism..The Conservative Vision of North American Native Societies. Kate.O'Hare,1996. Wicklow University Press, Garden City. N.J. \$28.60

Just when you thought that Native American history was something which all right-thinking persons could agree upon along comes a book which suggests that much of the popular imagery about Native American Indians is a construct of conservative ideologues pining for a society in which social classes and class conflict were overridden by custom and spirituality. In that view native Indian societies were/are environmental conservators, spiritual conservatives, and loyal followers of their hereditary chiefs, untouched by any subversive and alien ideologies. This is a big load for peoples who only comprise some one to two percent of the total population to carry but O'Hare points out that as mythic symbols neither reality nor numbers are crucial.

She does present some interesting notes on the backgrounds of once influential purveyors of the mythical Indian; for instance John Fenimore Cooper, whose family's fortune had been made from the sale of Indian lands formerly held in trust by the English crown and whose *Last of the Mohicans* was set exactly in that locale. More recent examples include the old money and high Tory visions of Oliver La Farge and the anti-urban fears of Robert Redfield. They and like-minded intellects propagated a view that American Indians were members of inherently 'natural' and conflict free societies, in general obscuring the real world they were a part of.

John Collier, the grandson of a slave-owning and prominent southern family, began as a settlement house ideologist of 'natural communities' among immigrant working people in early 20th century America and finally emerged as the leading bureaucrat of the Bureau of Indian Affairs (under coloration of New Deal liberalism but with sometimes quite illiberal procedures). Collier has been the topic of fulsome biographies and O'Hare provides only a glimpse of the ever-shifting lobby groups working behind the scenes of American Indian politics. Collier's policies evoked both vilification and flagrant myth mongering in their time and it is useful to reconsider them in the light of a later day. Much of his ideology has since become enshrined in the public media.

To question beliefs about the inherent communality of Native American societies O'Hare provides some examples of the economic exploitation of others pursued by leaders of 'sovereign' Indian Nations during the late nineteenth century in what became the state of Oklahoma. Normally we only hear of the despoliation imposed upon these native groups, perpetual victims of the Trail of Tears, so it is provoking to see another side of the picture.

One of the more fascinating asides deals with Charles Curtis (1860-1936), who was a corporate lawyer defending western railway interests and a successful Republican politician throughout most of his adult life. He was born in Kansas, became a member of the U.S. House of Representatives in 1893, sponsoring an amendment to the Dawes Act in 1898 which made it incumbent upon the 'Indian Nations'

of Oklahoma to accept private allotment of their reserve lands. As a veteran Republican senator Curtis had first opposed but then joined Herbert Hoover's campaign for the presidency and himself became the vice president of the United States in 1929. With the onset of the Great Depression Curtis retreated into the honorary role of his office and rediscovered his Native Indian heritage. One of his mother's grandmothers had been Kansaw and as a young boy he had allegedly lived for a few months on an Indian reservation. He regaled visitors from his home state with this collection of Indian art and philosophized about the loyalty which held the First Americans to their leaders, their rejection of radical and alien ideologies of all sorts, and their history of looking after their own without government handouts. It was a model which non natives in depression struck America would be well advised to follow, he suggested. At the time this line didn't wash, not even in Kansas.

In a similar vein, O'Hare presents the case of Arthur Parker, a once prominent Native Indian publicist and a collateral kinsman of civil war General Ely Parker, the first head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Arthur Parker grew up in a missionary-railway family on an upstate New York reserve; his father was a regional manager of the N.Y. Central railroad and the family had recurrently intermarried with New England missionaries. While Parker invoked Indian nativism in the service of xenophobic American patriotism during World War One, this and similar cases do not demonstrate that enthusiasm for Native Indian culture was the preserve of political reactionaries. The author notes a few anthropologists of the time who fell in line with Parker's nativism but finds that the great majority did not.

Although O'Hare discusses cases like Parker and Curtis this in itself does not prove that their outlook was central to enthusiasm for 'Indian culture' in America. She would have been on firmer ground to claim that conservative visions were one element in the picture but that proponents of a wide range of outlooks have appealed to real or alleged Native Indian practices to validate their own predilections. Moreover it seems evident that what counts as 'progressive' or 'reactionary' can be highly changeable, one decade's reactionaries becoming the next decade's progressives, and vice versa.

The study also touches on nativistic processes in Canada, where significant Native Indian populations continue to exist, whose demands have become an important element in contemporary Canadian political life. Historically, nativism in Canada seems to have had much in common with that which existed in America, although demonstrating a more narrowly Anglophile allegiance. The author cites some of the less savoury political moralizing of that archetypal English imposter, Grey Owl, and comments on why some adult readers found his rather childish accounts so appealing. In a more contemporary mode, O'Hare mentions the work of an Oxfordian emigre who has helped to legitimate Native Indian nationalism in Canada during the past quarter century. Hugh Brody's reputation as a crusading defender of native rights, on closer inspection, reveals both Grey Owl-like fantasies and vehement anti-modernist and anti-working class prejudices. While none of this is particularly surprising in itself when the accounts are taken together they do seem to indicate a persistent political ideology.

Although it may be unfair to criticize *Americanism and Nativism* for what it does not discuss it is somewhat disappointing to find so little treatment of the Native claims process (and its ideology), which have convulsed Canada during the past two decades. Developments there might serve as a prime example of how what was once 'progressive' becomes seen as its exact opposite. It also might be a demonstration of how an entire nation, leaders and led, can be stampeded into arrangements which, on sober afterthought, few really wanted and which in the longer run may be quite unworkable.

O'Hare discusses some recent writing such as *Stolen Continents*, a best selling 'history' of Native North and South America by an English travel tour entrepreneur. She suggests that it enunciates what a section of the liberal bourgeoisie, especially those who enjoy and can afford to take tours of 'ancient cultures', want to hear - it allows them to demonstrate a safe solidarity with distant and exotic peoples, well removed from their own material interests. *Stolen Continents* is an example of a genre which portrays the fundamental conflicts in North and Latin America as essentially between racial/cultural castes rather than a struggle between those who employ and those who work for a living. That view is now so deeply entrenched that it is unlikely to be changed by even the most salient critique.

More satisfying is O'Hare's overview of *Indigenismo* - the approbation of indigenous culture, past and present - as it developed in Hispanic America or, better said, how such developments were perceived by American scholars. There is a fascinating overview of the long running debate between anthropologists Robert Redfield and Oscar Lewis on the nature of Indian peasant society in Mexico and elsewhere, a debate essentially between ethnic romanticism and historical realism. Although Lewis' detailed accounts, indicating often deep involvement by Indian peasants in the political conflicts of their times, more or less won the day among anthropologists, Redfield's visions have arisen from the grave and can now be found in a host of popular accounts. It seems to be a validation of the maxim that popular fictions are never really dead and can always be resurrected whenever some lobby has need of them.

O'Hare concludes with an overview of the mythological history claimed for Native Americans, which she brashly treats as 'Erroneous Theses.' Once the stage props are stripped away it becomes evident how fallacious, or least questionable, some of these claims are. While the evidence may not fully prove O'Hare's major thesis her work does open up a vista on Native Indian studies which has long been taboo. I predict that her book will remain unread but widely maligned by professionals and enthusiasts in America and Canada.

Kate O'Hare is the previous author of *Frank Speck and the Great Algonkian Land Hoax*. She is unrelated to the long ago editor of *The Appeal to Reason*.

• Pocket Reviews

Divide. Do Not Multiply!

The Fractional Personality Syndrome

Dr. Warner Bothers, 1990. University of the Bronx Press, N.Y.C. \$18.50 U.S.

Following the rediscovery of multiple personalities during the 1970s comes striking evidence of an even more wide-spread phenomenon, the Fractional Personality Syndrome, individuals with one third, one sixth and even lower fractions of a whole personality. One of the characteristics of this personality disorder is that the individual can effortlessly shift from one fashion to another and casually dismiss, indeed forget, all previously held beliefs and knowledge. Dr. Bothers presents a book-length case study of a patient whose condition arose from a drearily untraumatic childhood. As distinct from the

clamorous warnings usual with such discoveries the author suggests that the fractional personality is an eminently useful quality in contemporary society.

Road Belong to Cargo

From Potluck to Potlatch: Cargo cults at home and abroad.
Dan Lovelick, 1996. Newest Directions Press, Victoria. B.C..

This is a popular look at cargo cults ranging from the Massinga Rule and Airplane cults of post-war Melanesia to the Dare to Be Great pyramid schemes of post modern America, their essential quality being the belief that by simply preparing to receive 'cargo' such largesse will magically be delivered. In the Canadian case, as opposed to all others, the magic actually works; the First Rights Nations and their vociferous supporters launch an endless series of reparations demands while Federal and Provincial governments scurry to send the cargo. Great spirits, soap opera cultural traumas, legal prestidigitation, colourful revivals and racial memory make a comeback as scholar-advocates expatiate on the inherently just demands of First Rights Nations and the insidious racism of any who oppose them. Lovelick holds that some magical trances do actually work, under the right conditions and when addressed to the right audience. But he suggests that the recipients should get their cargo contracts signed as soon as possible, while the magical spell still holds.

J' Accuse !

I Accuse.

Giardano Bjornsen 1995. www.bonfirebooks.com

Bjornsen has taken the title of his report from Emile Zola's 1898 *J' accuse*, which proffered charges against the French courts, the state prosecutors and the upper echelons of the French military during the Dreyfus Affair, in which a Jewish army officer was convicted and sent of Devil's Island on trumped up treason charges. Zola not only charged the relevant authorities as being anti-semitic but with utilizing the courts to carry out their own capricious decisions regardless of the guilt or innocence of those tried. It was a long, drawn-out, and bitter affair which split France along conservative-liberal lines and forced Zola, charged with libel and defamation of state authorities, to seek temporary asylum in England."The anti-Dreyfusards, by dint of patriotic forgeries and pious perjuries, prevailed at first." says the Columbia Viking Encyclopedia. The irony of it was that although Dreyfus ultimately was exonerated he basically held the same views as the military which had persecuted him. None of those complicit in that frame-up were ever tried for their crimes.

The present report outlines the case of a highly respected psychiatrist who during forty years had been engaged in making psychiatry take account of the everyday world but who, in old age, was charged with deeds of demonic sexual abuse by a cabal of feminist witch hunters acting through like-minded crown prosecutors operating in the shadow of a subservient N.D.P. Attorney-General. The case against Dr. James Tyhurst emerged as a close parallel to the witchcraft accusations made

by juvenile girls in Salem Mass. some 300 years earlier. The current charges were based on information given by an observably mad woman who had made it her crusade to punish her former therapist, or possibly psychiatrists in general, who have become satanic figures in contemporary feminist demonology. Her fantasies were taken up by the crown prosecutors who then solicited local feminist organizations to provide additional complainants to corroborate the charges. Not surprisingly, these action groups finally 'discovered' another witness to Tyhurst's demonic practices. He was charged with using mind control in order to sexually manipulate the plaintiff: the details involved ongoing sessions, continuing over years, in which the patient was allegedly required to act out a role of slave-like submission, occasionally while being fondled or whipped. This allegedly occurred in the doctor's office and sometimes in a medieval dungeon supposedly located in the basement of the his home, all trace of which had conveniently disappeared. The particulars smacked of the *Hammer of the Witches*, with demonic psychiatric possession spiced up with the Gothic horror tales which feminist fantasies have produced over the previous generation. These charges were enthusiastically wholesaled by the Vancouver gutter-press.

Despite the transparent fantasy of the charges, despite Tyhurst's history of working to create a more socially relevant psychiatry while head of the UBC Department of Psychiatry, Tyhurst was actually convicted in the initial jury trial, on no evidence other than the claims of his loony former patient and the venomous showmanship of the crown prosecutors. At age seventy one he was sentenced to four years in prison on two counts of indecent and sexual assault. He was committed to prison where he was required to undergo 'behavior modification' punishment by penal 'psychologists'. While such procedures appeal to demonologists these prison 'professionals' should be held fully accountable for their misdeeds.

It was only after two years of trial and punishment that Tyhurst was given a new trial, based on the fact that the original judge had misdirected the jury on what constitutes evidence and guilt in such matters. In that second trial a jury of six women and six men, on reviewing the charges and evidence presented by the prosecution, realized that it was a tissue of hysterical fantasies. This should have been evident in the initial trial and the charges should have been quashed by the presiding magistrate. By the time of the second trial the campaign of character assassination and punishment had already done its work.

Taken aback by this unexpected incursion of sanity into the case, seeing their prominent victim escape their grasp, the crown prosecutors - funded and empowered by governmental authority - *promised to return with further charges* and "to get" Dr. Tyhurst in future trials. On hearing the acquittal the plaintiff unleashed a hysterical stream of abuse at the jury, the judge and anyone who discounted her charges. In the following days a series of indignation rallies were mounted by feminist action groups in Vancouver who raged that the acquittal "underwrote the rights of powerful men to sexually abuse powerless women". The crown persecutors immediately canvassed the B.C. Court of Appeal to set aside the acquittal while their plaintiff vowed that "I will testify at a fourth and fifth trial if necessary. I will testify until that son of a bitch is in jail. I will testify until that man is in jail or dead from old age." All this public witch hunting, this high level maleficence, took place under a New 'Democrat' Attorney -General.

I Accuse! indicts the then serving Attorney-General, the crown prosecutors and their staff, the crazed plaintiff and the feminist crusaders (both female and male) involved in the trial, as well as the original magistrate and the media reporters who were an intimate part of this witch hunt. Members of the original convicting jury are not named, unfortunately, although they too deserve to be put on trial. Of course none of this lot will ever be charged and under Canadian law it is illegal even to name most of them. But Bjornsen notes what crimes *they* could be charged with and presents the evidence against them. He does not accept the claim that the Attorney General is debarred from interfering with prosecutions, even when witch hunters have taken over the prosecutors' office. Bjornsen then delivers his own considered judgement. Guilty of suborning false evidence, guilty of malicious prosecution, guilty of premeditated defamation, guilty of gross negligence and maleficence in high office, guilty of false imprisonment, and guilty of suborning the courts to carry out a witch hunt for ideological purposes. Public officials high and low, as well as the reporters and editors involved in disseminating what were crazed and venomous charges, are here judged. While judges and prosecutors can never be actually tried for their deeds and can only be placed before the bar of history for disposition, they and the action groups which launched this assault deserve some more meaningful punishment, preferably imprisonment. The plaintiff herself is probably 'innocent' by reason of insanity, although this does not make her or her backers any less dangerous to the public.

During the late nineteenth and early twentieth century most British colonies had laws which made it a crime to *charge* anyone with practicing witchcraft, on the grounds that such charges were *morally repugnant to humanity*. These were laws used to suppress often lethal hysteria regardless of whether indigenous cultural beliefs were offended or not. It seems clear that we require a similar law in contemporary Canada, although it is more likely that we will see further laws facilitating witch trials for a broader variety of causes.

The Tyhurst case is one of those events which arise each generation which cry out for a thorough analysis because they incorporate so much of the hysteria and fanaticism which mark an era. Unfortunately Bjornsen is not a Zola and the lessons of the Tyhurst trial have already been dissipated by the usual social amnesia. The case deserves a fuller and more prominent treatment. All those responsible for such witch trials deserve to be remembered with the deepest odium.

6. Thermidor

More Neo-Traditional Children's Tales

The Girl Who Cried Wolf

The Pied Piper of Hamilton

A Modern Children's Crusade

The Little Match Girl and Sweeping Booty

Action Bible Stories

No Monkeyshines

Book Reviews

- **When The Ship Doesn't Come In.**
- **Support Your Democratic Police State.**
- **Keeping the Home Fires Burning.**
- **End of the Road.**

More Neo-Traditional Children's Tales.

The Girl Who Cried Wolf

Writers Coop, New Kids Press, Vancouver \$ 5.95

A 1990s Snafu University version of the Aesop fable. An entrepreneurial young woman constantly sounds the alarm about wolfish sexual predators until one day she encounters a real wolf, who eats her but is fatally poisoned in the process. Townspeople erect a monument to the wolf in aftermath. "A tragically moving modern fable", writes the Canadian Wolf Preservation Society.

The Pied Piper of Hamilton

Paris Green, Catnip Press, Toronto. \$5.95

The Pied Piper of Hamilton becomes ensnarled in a contract dispute with her hometown clientele and transforms their children into rats until the parents pay a suitable tribute. The newly transformed rats refuse to be turned back into kiddies and instead take over the Reformed Liberal party, which they convert into the most reactionary Canadian government in living memory. Minister Martin, the millionaire flag-of-convenience shipping magnate, and assorted other creatures triumphantly set the clock back and make the previously despised Mulroneys government seem relatively benign in comparison. The piper becomes minister of Rodent Heritage and launches the 'Ratz R Us' cultural program.

A Modern Children's Crusade

Rexella V. Wimpy, Moral Rearmament Readers, Surrey. B.C. \$ 7.65

The Mad Mothers Against Drink lobby the Vancouver Parks Board to convert city parks into male-free zones for the moral protection of their kiddies. The crusaders revile hesitant commissioners as being insufficiently childcentric and as appeasers of nicotine addicts while the leader of the West Vancouver party and the head of the Reformed Democrats vie to gain the support of the Mad Moms. The perpetually outraged proclaim the necessity of zero tolerance (for everything) while proponents of legislation to create child-free zones are charged with disseminating hate literature by the B.C. Commissioner of Human Right Thought. "A wonderful lesson for young readers of Canadian democracy in action," writes the editor of the *Abbotsford News Guardian* .

The Little Match Girl and Sweeping Booty

Ann McClelland, New Kids Press, Ottawa. \$ 5.95

This book contains two stories for contemporary young readers: *Little Match Girl* is Hans Christian Anderson's story retold for America of the 1990s, it focuses on the spirit of enterprise and economic self-reliance which was obscured in the original account. The match girl develops a phosphorus-yellow complexion but instead of dying lands a job in the California Department of Human Resources, Workhouse office, where she proves her mettle by reducing the welfare rolls some 78 percent. The second story, *Sweeping Booty*, is set in neo-conservative Ontario following the fall of the gush king Booby Ray. As the bewitched princess falls into a somnolent state the neo-conservatives sweep the cupboards bare and call in the Toronto Cossacks to club down any objecting protestors. 'Booty is in the eyes of the beholder' intones Headmaster Harris.

Action Bible Stories

Dr. Marvel Here (ed.) Golus-Globus Features. San Verdugo, Cal. \$9 mm /cassette.

A set of three videocassettes in which Charlton Heston narrates an action packed mini-series with blow-by-blow old testament accounts ranging from Moses to the Marines, Bathsheba to Pasha Gordon and through the well-travelled paths of the Hollywood Holyland. A Sunday school spectacular and borscht belt classic in technicolour. The three cassettes are accompanied by a set of Bible Action comics and a personal invitation to join the gun club of your own persuasion. Caution: due to the pervasive violence of the subject matter viewers' discretion is advised.

No Monkeyshines.

Lilith Stokes,1990. Green Creationist Press, Calgary, Alberta.

The eviction from the Garden of Eden told as a parable about the transformation of primordial hunting and gathering societies; their leisured life as gatherers and how consuming the forbidden fruit of carnal knowledge results in population growth and their eating themselves out of Nature's garden. Thereafter they must earn their bread and curds by the sweat of their brow. A middle-eastern pastoralist's view of Eden with a creator God who is the stern master of cultural evolution. Suitable for grade school classes in Creationist Science.

Book Reviews

When The Ship Doesn't Come In.

Corporal Tom. Lewis D. Dumont, 1991 Prairie Fire Press, Edmonton \$18.00

The anti-hero of Lewis Dumont's novella is a thirtyish Albertan who works at a provincial service facility, the nature of which we are never clear about. 'The corporal' is the nickname by which Tom Williams is known at work because of his recurrent reminiscences of his brief stint in the peacetime Canadian army. His life revolves around going to work at an undemanding job and 'raising his family'. Even for middle-town Canada it seems to be a stultifying existence which Tom counters by reading spy thrillers and war stories.

In some ways, *Corporal Tom* reminds one of James T Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* novels. Both attempt to plumb the waters of working class reaction although in the end we are still left wondering why this turn of consequences rather than some other. Twenty years ago a remarkable British television series entitled *When The Ship Comes In* attempted to get at the forces which went into the making of working class reaction in northern England in the post W.W. 1 era. It dealt with the rise to political power of a wartime sergeant, someone tough, brave and cunning, who was intimately knowledgeable about the Jarrow working class of his birth. Someone eager to play his card of demagoguery for the highest bidder. In England this process proceeded without any ideology other than defending traditional caste rights and an xenophobic British patriotism.

Corporal Tom is unlike that Jarrow-set account because *none* of the characters obtain any material advantage through their allegiances and also because the account takes place in the comparatively somnolent Canadian prairies during the late 1970s and the 1980s. Nevertheless it touches on the subsoil of sentiments which lie, not quite dormant, only awaiting those with the means to mine them. Like the Athabasca tar sands.

Dumont pencils in a prospective claimant for the role of an Albertan Ian Paisley in the figure of a radio talk show host who became the mayor of Calgary. Mayor Little emerged on the broader political scene when, during a national oil crisis, he rejected a national Canadian energy policy and regaled Albertans with comments such as 'Let those Eastern bastards freeze in the dark'. Albertans think of their province as an oil rich bonanza region nefariously plundered by outsiders, such as the Federal government. Mayor Little later followed up his remarks with the opinion that Alberta's finances were in trouble because of 'all the freeloaders and bums from the rest of Canada who emigrate here to live on welfare.' Although Dumont does not suggest that this particular demagogue could achieve power, even in Alberta, his account has been overtaken by events which have since witnessed Mayor Little's emergence as premier of the province and as a champion of the far right throughout Canada. Alberta has become a region where political crusades look to Texas and Oklahoma for inspiration. It is like watching a Sibylline prophecy come true.

Corporal Tom avoids many of the usual stereotypes; Tom Williams has a quite adequate education and a greater than average intelligence, he is quick to learn complicated skills, facile in picking out the lines of an argument but also quick to dismiss any ideas or facts not to his liking. He cannot be instructed in anything not in conformance with what he wants to believe.

He was one of those farm children who were expected to do the work of a man at an early age. What we hear of his youth, in the reminiscences of others, is of a precocious teenager, his early maturity allied with an explosive anger. Most of the family farms in the area where Tom grew up, not so long ago, have since been consolidated into far fewer hands. An entire generation of men and women from farm backgrounds have been pushed - or have gratefully leaped - into what passes for urban life, where the once vaunted independence of farm life finds little opportunity of expression. Distant economic forces determine the lives of almost everyone in the province (as they always did) in a way which is both highly visible and unpredictable.

The author does not invoke such psychological shams as 'the authoritarian personality.' Tom smokes pot on his occasional outings with his brother Hank, who as a youth was involved in his personal job creation role as candy man for fellow teenagers. Now a solid family-values man, Hank has become a laid-back supporter of Mayor Little. It is as if Bob Dylan had signed on with the Ronald Reagan reelection campaign.

Both brothers 'work hard for their pay' and pride themselves on 'never having been on welfare'. They view anyone earning a decent salary in government employment as 'freeloading' but admire those in private business who are able to amass fortunes. "People go around bad mouthing Peter Pocklington just because he's smart enough to earn millions when all they've been able to get are jobs paying six dollars an hour. Hey, If that's what he's able to make then that's what he's worth. More power to him, I say. Isn't that what free enterprise is supposed to be about ?"

We gradually come to realize what the real focus of the sketch is - Tom Williams is primarily a personification of the audience to which mainstream 'news' and media 'documentaries' are geared. Born in the 1950s, his ideological world, thanks to the miracles of television, is largely made up of world war two and cold war mythology. The resulting amalgam is amenable to media updates of who the current 'new Hitler and threat to western civilization' is and who the current 'allies' are. Tom's interest in current world affairs is constrained by the view that all such events are a repeated set of happenings with variations mainly in the landscape, local dress and the names of those involved. The events are largely interchangeable since the forces in contention are basically always the same - the struggle between Anglo-American democracy and dictatorial alien competitors for world power.

Some passages remind me of an episode of *Ossie and Harriet*, an American radio sit-com of the early 1950s. Ossie was the supposed archetypal all-American father and in one episode he is dragooned into giving a talk about the Peloponnesian War (i.e between Imperial Athens and its restive colonies during the fifth century B.C.) to a P.T.A. group at his son's highschool. He knows nothing about classical Greece and even less about that war, other than that Athens was allegedly the home of democracy and therefor the forerunner of Americanism. So he delivers a talk with the Athenians as patriotic Hoosiers and their opponents as Spartan totalitarians bent on extirpating

Greek (slave-based) democracy. The school authorities are thrilled at his wonderfully contemporary version of the Peloponnesian war, which history books had made 'dry as dust'. The real lesson is that history counts for nothing if it does not serve current mythology.

Like Ossie's audience, Tom's interests do not stem from any real desire to understand what is going on in the world, past or present. His enthusiasm for spy novels and war documentaries never serve to broaden his knowledge of the conflicts involved nor lead to any fuller understanding of their background and consequences. Instead, such accounts mainly provide a vehicle for patriotic self-congratulation. He consumes popular history in *exactly the way intended* by its creators. It involves him vicariously in 'historic struggles' taking place in the world, past and present. The genre invokes his presence on the side of those who have won, psychologically 'are winning', the perpetual war against - who?

'Against whom?' is a crucial question. Because here, at the consumer level, disingenuous disclaimers made by media producers (ex. 'This is not a war directed against the Iraqi people etc.') are easily stripped away. Tom flawlessly translates ongoing propaganda into their underlying messages. It is a script which legitimates an Anglo-American world empire and whatever means are necessary to sustain it; it incorporates a clearly enunciated social Darwinism, an outlook which I once assumed was simply a liberal bogeyman. The view is of a global capitalism dominated by an Anglo-American order as the natural ruler of the world. Its qualifications for that role are its current success and the 'unnaturalness' of all who have opposed it.

Pulp magazines of some fifty years ago often carried advertisements for a Charles Atlas body building course. In the accompanying cartoon strip a '90 lb. weakling' is shamed in front of his girlfriend by a beach bully who kicks sand in his face. The victim returns after having taken the Charles Atlas course and knocks the bully down with one blow, to the applause of bystanders and the admiration of his girl. This scenario must have struck a responsive chord among readers of pulp fiction because the Charles Atlas company ran the same ad for decades. Making adjustments for the current outlook the cartoon would have the bystanders applaud the beach bully who would be portrayed as the aggrieved party.

Hank doesn't follow the Empire news in its usual format but acquires fundamentally the same lessons from watching the changing cast of villains and heroes of All Star Wrestling. He fully realizes that it is all showmanship - whether in the television wrestling ring or in eyewitness accounts from the Sands of Kuwait etc. He knows that both the Good guys and the Bad are scripted for the viewers. 'It's a gas if you've got nothing better to do on a Saturday night'. Despite knowing this he has incorporated the same lessons from All Star Wrestling which media 'world news' transmits. The 'information' disseminated merely serves as a peg on which to hang the same limited range of stories and justifications.

Like Tom and Hank, many people have become so conditioned that most are unwilling to learn or unlearn anything, they resort to documentaries and news coverage mainly to have their favourite fairy tales retold in slightly novel contexts. That is what Dumont's novella is really about. One can only hope that he will have another go at the theme sometime in the future.

Support Your Democratic Police State.

The Iron Heel on Prime Time. Selling police power in America.

Joseph Hillstrom, 1997. Media Match, Babylon, N.Y. \$18.80 U.S.

Some ninety years ago Jack London, then an internationally known American writer, produced a book entitled *The Iron Heel*, dealing with the fictional establishment of a fascist state in America by an oligarchy determined to suppress the then burgeoning socialist and labour movements. It was written in the form of a diary by a member of an underground resistance organization which had been discovered four centuries later, when the oligarchy had finally been overthrown. There is a dash of grim humour in the 'explanatory notes' which the 25th century editor includes to make conditions of the early 20th century comprehensible to later readers. Ironically, London later broke with his socialist beliefs to back Woodrow Wilson, whose drive to take America into the European great war ushered in one of the most repressive periods in American history.

While London's style makes *The Iron Heel* read like a dated caricature his blood-stained vision of reaction in power does sometimes approximate conditions as they developed in Fascist Europe, Indonesia, Latin America and in other protectorates of the new world empire, if not exactly those in America itself. To say this may be to forget the way in which police forces, the courts and the National Guard have been used in America during times of trouble.

Selling Police Power deals mainly with how contemporary police forces portray themselves and how they are depicted on American television. The author holds that the depictions constitutes the ideology of a police state with an unparalleled propaganda network at its disposal. Some of these epics are cunningly scripted and well acted; they have raised soap opera to a new level. But why take television programming seriously; is there any relationship between crime dramas and police power? Hillstrom writes that,

"These programs justify almost any procedures which police forces and prosecutors may wish to use. They convey the illegitimacy of any refusal to obey police directives, of any sort. The late night assaults on suspects' homes, the commando raids by SWAT teams to arrest presumed 'perpetrators', the mace and tear gas responses to any conceivable protest, the police helicopters mounted with search lights and used to patrol 'unsecured' urban neighborhoods. The guns and clubs and uniforms. Fifty years ago similar images were used to invoke the totalitarian powers abroad in Nazi-occupied Europe, conditions which every true American should find loathsome and worthy of waging war over. Later, when opponents of the Viet Nam war suggested that such practices would yet become routine in America they were dismissed as paranoid. Today the sanctification of unbridled force is used to rally the respectable classes in support of 'their' police. Objections are portrayed as the carping of fools or the whining of 'losers', that all-embracing term of dismissive contempt. Television producers are as nimble as fashions demand and are ever ready to introduce novel demons who allegedly require suppression."

Consider just a few of the television programs surveyed by Hillstrom, a handful of the forty-seven major police and prosecution serials broadcast nationally during the 1990s, accounting for circa 30 percent of prime time and late night programming. Some of these programs are so pervasive that it may seem banal

to describe them, however a later generation may reflect upon what American television viewers watched at the end of the 20th century.

Law and Order is set in New York and revolves around attorneys of the Manhattan prosecutors office, who invariably know (or decide) who is guilty of some crime at the start and then blithely turn the law upside down to get the suspects convicted. The show makes no bones about the American prison system and indeed savors prosecutors' threats to commit the uncooperative to these criminal-controlled concentration camps in order to solicit 'evidence' from key 'witnesses'. This chilling view of the justice system apparently does not disturb the viewers since it proved to be one the most watched television programs of the decade. Characters purporting to be former liberals direct the prosecutions while colourful police minions gather up whatever evidence is needed, characters who allegedly once opposed police thuggery now utilize every piece of odious legislation since the Alien and Sedition Act. A universal feature in all the police and prosecutor dramas is their appeal to the viewer's vicarious participation in state repression. It is a fascinating if repugnant portrait of a judicial system in a state of utter degeneracy.

N.Y.P.D Blues is a police-centred analogue of *Law and Order* which conveys the proposition that any limitation on police practices is ignorant foolishness or sinister demagoguery. One of the central figures in this series is a thuggish Jewish detective whose 'humanly flawed' qualities we are supposed to sympathize with. This character initially appeared in an earlier police drama series as a psychopathically violent cop, one who seemingly struck a responsive cord among the viewing public. In *N.Y.D.P* ordinary New Yorkers are either suitable victims, inconsequential dolts, or members of the seemingly all-pervasive 'underclass'. Once again, the cops, and the audience, invariably know who is guilty from the start and this supposedly justifies the use of threats, beatings, entrapment and fabrications to gain convictions. The police are stymied only by oily defence lawyers and petty fogging judges who require relatively untainted evidence.

Homicide: Life on the Streets is a Baltimore-set police saga dealing exclusively with murder cases. It features African Americans as senior police officials who seem to be intended as role models, indispensable because of their unique racial-ethnic insights and their capacities to deal with 'perpetrators'. Blacks, Hispanics and women increasingly appear in these police dramas in positions of authority, allegedly indicating the progressive nature of the program's message. I don't think it is intended to imply that members of previously excluded 'communities' can be as thoroughly repressive as their antecedents when they get the chance.

L.A.P.D. is formatted somewhat differently; it is a docudrama in which Los Angeles police officers are ostensibly filmed while on duty keeping the restive elements of Californian society in line. The Los Angeles police department was itself involved in filming the episodes so it cannot claim that the scenes have been invented by scriptwriters. This series came on stream shortly after the assault by Los Angeles police officers on Rodney King became a national scandal. Despite the program's concern to portray Los Angeles police as committed to providing public security many of the episodes detail police helicopters paroling sections of the city with search lights or mass arrests and street searches of juveniles suspected of having illegal drugs or anti-social attitudes. It pictures a force which resorts to armed response on the mere suspicion of illegal activity. Although it evokes the aura of an occupation army in action those Los Angelinos who count are apparently unembarrassed by the actions of their watch dogs.

Tales of the Highway Patrol is also a docudrama, in this case memorializing the everyday heroism of State Police officers. The reenactments are provided by Highway Police forces from throughout America and the segments do *not* revel excessively in violent action. However, observing a Utah State trooper randomly stop an out-of-state car and finally arrest the young woman driving it because she possesses a prescription drug without the medical prescription confirms my prejudice never to go near that crazed state. The series has not yet featured tales from the Pennsylvania Coal and Iron Police nor alluded to occasions when State Troopers were sent in to act as company goons during labour disputes.

To Serve and Protect is yet another docudrama series dealing with municipal police forces throughout the land. It too is produced in cooperation with local police departments and revolves around their daily war on crime, ranging from domestic disputes, to prostitution to violent crimes. This series is enthralled with demonstrating the cornucopia of technology at the disposal of local police forces; it enthusiastically portrays police raids on the lairs of suspected offenders, which require commando-like assaults. Whatever the event the message is always the same: (a) the police are your first and last defence against the army of criminals devouring the land and (b) abject servility is the only proper attitude when dealing with your community's police force. On reflection, possibly Jack London's characterization of the 'mercenary caste' in *The Iron Heel* was not so far fetched after all.

US Marshals. The real story is a more recent entry into a crowded field. It memorializes the U.S. Federal police force which protects judges and witnesses, runs Federal jails, transports prisoners and serves in other special capacities. It seems that U.S. Marshals were a part of the Janet Reno taskforce which overwhelmed the Branch Davidian compound near Waco, Texas, in order to save their children from a fate worse than death. They were only one of a multi-sourced police presence and it wasn't even their police tanks which led the assault but they are apparently still smarting from the bad press that Federal police forces endured. Therefore it is somewhat surprising to see this lot fitted out in battle gear, totting machine rifles and acting out war drills even in their own promotions. As usual, the message is that 'they stand on guard to protect law abiding Americans from criminal threat and terrorist menace'. Utilizing this format one could produce a series memorializing the actions of the Salvadorean Treasury Police, the Okrana of Tsarist Russia or the Vichy Milice.

Final Justice was a series savouring particularly heinous crimes whose perpetrators had been caught, convicted and sentenced to death. The program revelled in detailing the ways the convicted were or would be executed and the conditions they faced in jail while awaiting execution. Surprisingly, this series did not catch on. But there was a stream of comparable programming to take its place.

The Television Courts

By the mid 1990s there also were nationally syndicated television programs featuring actual judges who 'tried' personal claims cases before the camera in television studios. One of the first of these was called, without a trace of cynicism, 'The People's Court'. Others soon came on stream to offer courts run by such eminences as Judge Judy (a real judge, incredibly) and Judge Koch, the former political boss of New York. Their entertainment value presumably resides in tapping the accumulated indignation of their audience and catering to a demand for 'quick justice'. Cases are hurried through at two or three an hour and are not bogged down by the presence of lawyers or citation of law. The defendants and appellants sometimes appear to have been given routines to work into their act. While the financial restitution

levied in these 'courts' is paid by the television producers the rulings arrived at allegedly have the power of judicial decision. All the fatuous hectoring, the know-nothing moralizing of petty potentates, which one fears in the decisions of unregulated magistrates, are here played to the hilt. But late night audiences apparently adored it and the networks raced to provide suitable judges tailored to the race, ethnicity and gender preferences of the viewers. *It is hard to imagine anything which could engender more contempt for the American courts.*

What is the factual social basis of all these police and prosecutor dramas? Are they as unreal as the old cowboy movies were or do they represent some social reality in contemporary America?

Fundamentally, there now exists an army of police and a population of prisoners in America for which there is no past parallel. As of 1996 there were some 1.5 million public police officers in America, ranging from members of big city police departments to the sheriffs and deputies of small towns. In some of the largest cities the core police forces comprise what in other situations would be a fair-sized army of occupation; they contain specialized assault teams, they have armored vehicles and police helicopters at their disposal. Although American police forces do not as yet have much in the way of heavy weapons they can be, and occasionally are, supplemented with forces drawn from the National Guard.

Take the case of the New York Police Department(s), which oversees the lives of almost seven million citizens in the five boroughs. Today, on average, there are some 40,000 police officers in the N.Y.P.D. itself, with an additional 10-12,000 officers each in the separate Housing and Transit police forces. This does not include the prison guards of the city jails nor the Federal marshals and sheriffs attached to courts, nor members of other Federal police agencies operating in the city. Nor does the figure include the private police and security guards employed by a host of companies and institutions. If national figures apply, these private security forces are as numerous as the public police. A conservative estimate is that there are some 70 thousand policemen/women overseeing the security of New Yorkers. A force somewhat larger than the entire Canadian military apparatus. This is *not* the concomitant of a rather chaotic metropolis but is in line with the police averages for America as a whole.

Today there are some 1.5 million public police officers and some 1.4+ million members of private police forces and security guards in America. Given a population of circa 260 million this means one police officer or security guard for every 85 Americans - men, women and children included. Or one cop for every 45-50 persons aged from fifteen to sixty. This does not even include the members of auxiliary police, uniformed volunteers who can be called upon when needed to release regulars for more violent duties. Few nations have this kind of police presence and one might at least expect that America is a relatively safe society. But of course it is not.

Each year some 22 thousand Americans die in shootings and through other violent acts, casualties in the order of a not so low-grade war. It is unclear how many are killed by the police. When deaths related to drug use are included the *annual* toll doubles and comes to approximate the number of Americans killed during the *entire* Viet Nam war. Clearly, crime and violence is something which pervades American consciousness. The expansion of police forces and the ideology forged to legitimate them have become integral to America. However, police repression gives little evidence of having a salutary effect and may only add police crimes to the acts of criminals.

Between 1972 and 1996 the prison population of the United States rose from about 380,000 to some 1.8 million - *one million, eight hundred thousand people in prison in the U.S. at any given time*. And the number is constantly rising. Very few countries in the world ever matched these figures, and those which did are usually considered to be dictatorships. Within a twenty year period some 12 million Americans are arrested, convicted and imprisoned. Some of these are repeat offenders but the numbers of men (and some women) who are incarcerated within a generation are phenomenal. In addition to the prison population, there are some 4+ million persons at any given time who have served part of their sentence and are now, not free, but on parole. Being on parole entails having to fulfill whatever proscriptions assorted parole boards require. Parolees remain outside of prison only as long as they satisfy the varied judgements of their parole officers. One can guess what sorts of people become such officers and how their broad ranging powers can be utilized.

American prisons vary in terms of their population and the regimen in force but they generally seem to be overcrowded hellholes. They typically are very dangerous places for inmates, regardless of what crime (if any) they may have committed, since in most prisons gangs and criminal hierarchies control the daily lives of prisoners. This is freely admitted by prison officials when giving evidence in court. All variety of persons are thrown together in prisons, from heinous thugs to those whom reasonable people might hold have committed no real crime whatsoever. While I do not have current demographic data the mortality rates of prison inmates it probably is a multiple of that which applies to a comparable population outside. This seems just fine to many tough-minded citizens who would be indignant to hear the American prison system compared to concentration camps.

However they are constituted, prisons are also costly to operate. The average cost of retaining a prisoner in American jails today [1996] is some \$35-40 thousand dollars per year: multiplied by 1.8 million. Such costs were a primary reason for instituting 'boot camps' for convicted juvenile offenders and also for a return of prison labour on chain gangs in some states. Forced convict labour may seem uneconomic and purely punitive but earlier in this century most of the Texas sugar cane industry was worked by convicts, a situation which proponents of privately owned and operated prisons surely have not forgotten. No modern society in the world, other than the U.S, has turned to privately owned prisons, in which the life and labour of prisoners are conveyed to profit-oriented prison operators. It is really not far removed from a system of publicly supported slavery: Jefferson Davis and the reemergent Confederacy seems to be winning the Civil war after all.

Some years ago, following the collapse of the Soviet Union and the nasty peace scare which seemed to threaten the defense industry certain commentators suggested that the police and prison industry might prove to be a domestic replacement for military spending. After all, American politicians are always proclaiming wars on drugs, wars of poverty, wars on terrorism and unAmericanism etc. But such a replacement policy does not seem to underlie current expansion of police forces and prisons. The rapidly growing prison population is due, in part, to popular legislation which now makes prison terms mandatory for many offenses and long term incarceration likely for certain classes of offenders, almost regardless of the crime they have committed. The American justice system has created a Gulag archipelago to warehouse the ever growing number of inmates which now approximate the numbers once incarcerated in Mr. Dugashveli's prison camps.

So, are current conditions anything like what Jack London portrayed in the *Iron Heel* ? Not exactly, the increasingly bitter class war which London prophesied has not emerged within America itself; his novel was not particularly insightful about the flexibility of the American ruling class. The oligarchy has learned to tack when necessary and has managed to thrive in conditions where everyone is turned against each other. The deeds of certain really existing criminals have persuaded most Americans that the extensive powers of the police are necessary and they don't care much about who gets mangled in the process. Neither London's novel nor Hillstrom's study will cause any significant reflection; most citizens will only rethink the matter if they themselves become the objects of police/prosecutorial action.

Fortunately we Canadians remain unaffected by American police propaganda and Canadian television's attempt to mount such serials have generally proven to be flops. Canadian police forces would never (or hardly ever) resort to dirty tricks and the fabrication of evidence nor would they utilize agent-provocateurs to blow up installations to create a climate of fear. Certainly no Canadian police force would engage in unbridled thuggery or in clubbing and gassing political demonstrators. One cannot imagine Canadian policemen massed to act as an occupation army to suppress opposition to some government undertaking or another. Our police forces do not maintain policies by which officers can literally get away with murder if the deed is carried out while on the job. Thankfully we live in a law abiding country where the police, the judiciary and the prisons require no propaganda to retain the full support of the public.

Keeping the Home Fires Burning

A Little Golden Treasury of Witch Hunting. A practical guide for Canadians

Prof. Cutlet Grenadestone (Professor Major rtd.) 1994, Congress Commentary Pub. Montreal. Paper. 155 pages. \$15.95

This handy little book is a 'Do it yourself' manual about witch hunts, both spiritual and secular, with practical suggestions intended to aid novices in their endeavors. Some readers may mistake the book for bitter satire but Professor Grenadestone is well versed in the practicalities of current processes and neatly outlines the tried and true procedures in such enterprises. Despite the prevalent national mythology Canada is a fertile field for witch hunting and everyone involved in such undertakings would be well advised to read this useful guide.

The initial chapter, 'Witch hunting: A social imperative', outlines the rationale of witch hunts, where such campaigns mobilize the population during times of crises and direct their fears against marginal individuals or powerless groups. The chapter provides the justifications for crusades against demonic forces and suggests how to make it morally unacceptable to oppose *legitimate* witch hunting. In a comparative vein, the chapter entitled 'Freedom from Subversion' provides a brief overview of American witch hunting prior to the 1950s including campaigns against the Tramp menace, the Yellow Peril, the Anarchist threat to society, the Crusade against German barbarism, the Red-Alien menace, and assorted moral threats posed by Liquor, the White Slave Trade and the Menace of the Unemployed

during the 1930s. Chapter 4 highlights the ideological mobilization generated for the Second World War for Democracy, the imagery of which still underlies much popular moralizing. "No established demonology ever goes fully out of fashion, it can always be recycled for later use and it is the stuff on which novice witch finding campaigns should be based.," writes Grenadestone. And he should know.

There is a surprisingly short chapter on the procedures perfected in the Great Anti-Communist Crusade of the 1950s. Considering that Professor Grenadestone was actively involved in attempts to revitalize that crusade and to retry some of these heretics twenty years later, it is a rather thin chapter. However he does provide a provocative discussion of replacing the 'International-Communist-Conspiracy-to-Enslave-Humanity' with something equally diabolical, such as the 'Terrorist Rouge States' Treat to Democratic Enterprise' or the 'Neo-Nazi Drug and Child Pornography Conspiracy'.

The central discussion revolves around the 'Dynamics of Practical Witch Hunting', which includes an outline of diverse ways in which effective slander, righteous defamation, calculated misrepresentation and justified lies can be directed against the intended targets without the source initially becoming known - the instigators enter later as 'concerned observers' who demand that the targeted subjects publicly prove their innocence. This procedure delineates the selected witch or heretic and serves to establish the sanctity of the witch hunters in their defence of established morality. A typical procedure in both state and privately initiated witch hunts is to resurrect some demonic evil, which may or may not actually exist, and which supporters can safely emote about, something which places them on the side of the angels. You can observe this procedure on television talk shows whenever some new marching orders have been given. All the performers agree upon the evil which must be combatted but worry the edges of 'debate' with trivia. The dissenting players demonstrate that the fundamental issues are universally agreed upon and that any other views are beyond the pale. This mind set was spoofed by Sean O'Casey's in *I Knock at the Door*. as "Verily, I say unto you, There is nothing revealed that cannot yet be hidden away." It still works as well as ever"

The new practitioner should approach moral crusades realistically. Given the success of witch hunts in North America during the last two generations it may *seem* that virtually anyone can be prosecuted for Satanic crimes and beliefs, from eminent individuals to entire nations. But the spectacular witchcraft trials directed by senior organizations must be understood as demonstrations of their established power; they are a heady inducement but an incorrect strategy for an organization just entering the witch finding arena. Great witch trials require extensive resources, funds and reliable media connections, supporters in positions of power, lawyers and suborned civil servants and a stock of political debts, which novice campaigners rarely have.

A later chapter deals with the recruitment of 'Allies New and Old' and offers a provocative discussion of 'holy truths and demonic blasphemers', suggesting how to portray any contending views as odiously revisionist and hateful thought crimes. While new crusades should initially stick with the tried and true demons they can investigate novel niche markets and previously untapped adherents. Potential supporters who have sometimes been overlooked in the past include former libertarians who are often amenable to participating in heresy trials if allowed to vaunt their past opposition to demonic forces. Also victims of previous witch hunts, or their children, who may be eager to demonstrate their loyalty to the reigning order by denouncing current demons. They may even add a patina of 'liberality' to a crusade. Aspirant careerists in a growing range of fields may be eager to participate in inquisitions

which offer them press coverage. There is nothing improper about careerism in witch hunting organizations, campaigns can not be sustained merely by the emotions of the perpetually enraged. An established organization should build bridges to those professionals able and willing to contribute their specialized expertise to witch hunting.

According to Grenadestone there is a place for creative archivists, document fabrication specialists, expert history advocates, reliable journalists and free lance writers as well as established editors willing to put their offices to good use. There is a role for curriculum developers in public schools, for stage-struck social scientists and moral philosophers as well as for police officers knowledgeable about satanic 'hate-crimes'. There should always be room for enthused participants on local school boards. Psychologists are often useful in providing malefic profiles of the current witches and in explaining the seeming irrationality of the charges against them. There should always be seats on the bandwagon for script writers, producers of docudramas, acting coaches and all those ready to serve as public watchdogs or block wardens in some capacity or another. Depending on the crusade there may be roles for directors of pilgrimage sites, for advocate museologists and for sales agents of goods ranging from holy relics to video cassettes dramatizing the sinister nature of the current demons. It is astounding how varied the interests involved in servicing a fully developed witch hunt campaign can be. Commercial interests may seem out of keeping with the high moral tone of a crusade but they are often the basis for converting transient campaigns into more permanent undertakings.

The final chapter, 'The Necessary Follow up', deals with some basic considerations for contemporary crusades. Indignant repetitions of charges made in past witch trials are a normal part of any crusade. It is immaterial whether such charges have ever been proven or not; a simple restatement is usually sufficient to establish guilt. This process is comparable to the adjudication of 'relapsed heretics' by the Holy Office, in which little time was wasted in considering evidence. Resurrected charges of demonic deeds or beliefs will normally be taken as established fact by the public and over time may even enter into popular history. Your organization should always be ready to provide such 'historical truths' to journalists, lest they forget. Under certain conditions a particular witch or heretic may be tried repeatedly, particularly in Canada. However even the most loyal moralists and the most addicted public must be fed new witches and heretical outrages from time to time to keep them engaged.

Grenadestone urges new practitioners to remember that *witch hunting campaigns are never fully finished, they never truly end*. Once you have created an organization and have introduced a set of witches, after you have refurbished punitive laws and have prepared the courts, when you have built up a core of enthusiasts - *they must be supplied with new witches on an ongoing basis*. *You must always have a stock of witches, heretics and devils incarnate on hand* ready to be brought before the inquisition when the current stock of scapegoats has been used up. *A witch hunting organization which intends to have a lasting influence must be able to produce an on-going supply of witches, and exemplary moral fiends*, tailored to the demands of the day. No heresy hunting crusade can afford to be caught without satanic heretics to pursue.

The Little Golden Treasury provides a historical appendix dealing with procedures established by Inquisitor-General Torquemada at the end of the fifteenth century; admittedly a somewhat touchy topic. But a dispassionate reading will reveal that many of the Inquisition's processes, with certain modifications, can still be utilized today. Grenadestone wisely by-passes the methods of interrogation

used by the earlier inquisition, a topic which once engrossed puritan critics. But he notes that quite similar methods continue to be used to glean information from subversives and potential terrorists by police forces around the free world and that it is morally simplistic to denigrate a campaign merely on the grounds that it utilizes torture. Nevertheless, such means of obtaining confessions and soliciting denunciations are normally unavailable to crusaders in contemporary Canada.

For those unfamiliar with the Holy Office, the Inquisition was concerned primarily with heresy but also with witchcraft after witches came to be viewed as deriving their powers from Satan. (Witchcraft was a civil crime punished by all secular governments in Europe but until the seventeenth century. It was initially dismissed by the Catholic church as a pre-Christian delusion, a view it changed diametrically during the twelfth century.) What constituted heresy was quite variable, changing with the priorities of church authorities and ultimately being whatever the Inquisition at a particular time and place said it was. 'Heresy' came to include a wide range of cultural beliefs and practices largely unrelated to Christianity, practices which the church wished to stamp out. Heretical offenses were suspected among those who had atypical tastes in food, clothing or sexual practices. Other indications of demonic allegiances were seen in subscribing to knowledge not generally known or to sustaining beliefs and practices other than those officially sanctioned by the church. This is really quite comparable to the standards of heretical allegiance applied by current moralists in North America.

When a tribunal of the original Inquisition entered a town it publicly posted and had read out an *Edict of Faith*, a lengthy roster of beliefs and practices to which the church subscribed. This was followed by an *Edict of Grace*, a period during which those who had contravened any of the official standards were to come forth, confess and throw themselves on the mercy of the inquisitors. At the same time an *Edict of Silence* was proclaimed which commanded the faithful to inform the inquisition of any statements, beliefs or deeds (or lack thereof) which might indicate heresy among those known to them. Anyone failing to forward such information about suspected heretics might themselves be charged with *contumacious vacillation*, the crime of being a moral *collaborator* with heretics and therefore punishable to the same degree. *Familiars*, a body of informers scattered through most towns, reported suspected heretics among their neighbours to the Inquisitional tribunal and received a portion of the property confiscated from those convicted - the vast majority charged. *Denunciation boxes* posted in public places gathered anonymous denunciations of other individuals, which were sufficient for the Inquisition to proceed against those named. For those who believe that such procedures are unacceptable in contemporary Canadian society Grenadestone quips, "Put out an officially sponsored denunciation box and you'll be surprised at how many people today will anonymously denounce their neighbours and colleagues as being in league with demonic forces. Those who believe that the procedures of the Holy Office are universally abhorrent in contemporary Canada are simply unaware of the world around them."

A Garland of the Unacceptable.

Stop Arbocide Now! A Quackquit Sound Diary. Candice Kitchens, Bulletin of Contemporary Social Fashions. Vol 12, Summer Issue 1995.

When Mother Nature Calls, Don't Answer! Jimson Weed, 1994. Newest Directions Press, Regina, Sask.

The Quackquit Treepeace campaign of 1993 showcased much of the prohibitionist arrogance inherent in the environmental-conservationist movement. Some jaded observers suggested that the environmental crusades directed at economic activities on crown lands mainly serve as a front for those eager to privatize public resources. They view the participants in Treepeace and similar crusades as loquacious but goofy foot soldiers whose efforts will ultimately result in governments conveying crown resources into private hands. That is *not* how the major forest companies in British Columbia view the treepeace crusades, having already obtained cutting rights on crown lands. But these campaigns may serve other entrepreneurial interests in saving Mother Nature for themselves.

Environmental activism is today sustained by members of a university educated bourgeoisie engaged in forwarding a new enclosure movement - a collaboration of all those who wish to install deer parks and protected bear domains on a grand scale. It is amazing how many doctors, professors and new professionals subscribe to removing lands and resources from the public domain by imposing wide ranging environmental restrictions. They feel justified, noble indeed, in determining what lands, what resources, what rights people outside their own hallowed circle should be permitted to use. Many environmentalists *do* have a clear understanding of who are to be dispossessed by the conservationist ethic - logging and loggers, fishermen, miners, ranchers and most others engaged in the resource industries, for a start.

"Sheep eat people", as commentators on an early enclosure movement in Great Britain once put it. The sheep herds which replaced English peasants and Highland crofters often were themselves later replaced by deer parks, by shooting lodges and rural retreats of the financially endowed gentry. It may not be so different in British Columbia once the smoke clears. Chains of environmental appreciation lodges, ecological research stations and highly restricted 'parklands' may acquire exclusive control over inlets, forests and entire regions. This will be played out in conjunction with Aboriginal claims to large parts of the province which today are still, just barely, within the public domain.

Most environmental activists may not have direct material interests to advance through their campaigns - they seemingly are not engaged in simple pocket politics. But environmental campaigns for control over public resources *are* a species of class politics. The proposed environmental restrictions are never equitable, they never effect all sections of the population to the same degree. There are people whose material interests *are* being seriously effected, people who are being displaced by these campaigns. All those remaining in the B.C. resource industries and all those who once made some use of public lands. When one listens carefully to the sentiments of Treepeace supporters and similar environmental campaigns it is clear that they have no concern whatsoever for those working people effected, whom they *do* hold in contempt.

In addition to public lands one notes the initial campaigns to subsume coastal waters, foreshore, rivers and oceans under the restrictions which are coming to apply on land. David Anderson, the archetypal Reformed Liberal Minister of Fisheries and the Environment, has repeatedly boasted that his primary concern is to protect the *fish* in his domain and that the concerns of fishermen or other mere humans (other than aboriginals) must come second to fish protection. Federally funded

marine biologists may yet come to outnumber fishermen in the way fish farms have come to supersede the catch of wild fish taken. Anderson's conservationist proclamations are fulsomely praised by well heeled environmental organizations in full page newspaper advertisements, usually appending a further list of restrictions which they demand be imposed in the interests of fish, sea mammals and marine invertebrate etc.

Who and what will be the next targets? Users of hydroelectric energy generated in northern Quebec? Anyone living outside the confines of suburban North America or anyone engaged in any industry which actually produces some material goods? Provincial and national governments which don't come to heel quickly enough are to feel the wrath of the righteous, with their economic blacklists and their internationally organized boycotts.?

Stop Arbocide Now! A Quackquit Sound Crusade.

Along with the Treepeacers' athletic daring-do in scaling and perching on the branches of endangered trees, observers are treated to fulminations by movement moralists and prophetesses. Some of them seem to be straight from some Arkansas camp meeting, reviling a sinful government and the worldly tree murderers. Keening chants by some proclaimed that 'The Earth is our mother'. I can well believe it.

The nonleadership of the Treepeace picketers spontaneously decided to ban meat eating as well as other aspects of faunal exploitation, such as wearing leather jackets and leather shoes, from their midst. These were artefacts of blatant faunal genocide. What could be more barbaric than raising and killing animals en masse in order to *eat* their body parts and *wear* their dried skins. Horrible.

The prohibition of tobacco and ardent spirits didn't have to be discussed; they were practices so far beyond the pale that no Treepeace camper would ever allow them in her or his presence. As distinct from an earlier era of back-to-nature gatherings, no mind-altering pharmaceuticals were permitted, partly because the treepeacers refused to provide their enemies an opportunity to blacken their cause, but more fundamentally because the new environmentalists are Puritans at heart. Anything smacking of sex was taboo. Although this lot may sometimes look like survivals from Woodstock their spiritual home is closer to Salem, Mass.

While vans and automobiles were grudgingly permitted to deliver protestors to the picket site the tiresomely repeated maxim was that the '*infernal* combustion engine is a part of the problem.'*The Problem* apparently is the existence of an industrial economy, both here and around the world. The crusaders' longer term goal apparently is to markedly reduce the use of fossil fuels, thereby undercutting energy-consuming industries like those which slaughter living trees and others which cater to consumerist addictions. Despite the necessity of getting supporters to the protest site from around the continent, travel by airline, bus and car was a *moral question* which would have to be dealt with in the future. For the moment, however, their campaign was to stop all logging in the Quackquit Sound region.

To distinguish current environmental activists from disreputable images of footloose 'hippies', representatives of the 'family oriented' made recurrent appearances on the picket line. For instance, a medical doctor and his kids who were determined to get themselves arrested while blocking a logging access road. They then appeared on regional television denouncing this police outrage to

their persons. Even if they don't wear the caste mark of the twice born it is evident that many environmentalists believe they are the Brahmins of the New Age.

Spokespersons for the Quackquit anti-logging campaign proclaimed that, "The B.C. government is allowing loggers to slash and maim a thousand year old forest which has sheltered spotted owls and native peoples from time immemorial, for the price of a few thousand jobs. It must *all* stop now and *we* intend to stop it."

"Save the Old Growth Rain Forest and it may save you !" It is not merely benighted loggers we should be tackling but the soft underbelly of the consumerist society. Everyone must be made to understand that '*using wood products kills trees*'. Those who use lumber and wood by-products are co-conspirators in *mass arbocide*. The time is past when it was acceptable to build houses from the dismembered bodies of once-living trees. Wooden houses, wood furniture, paper and all other wood by-products must go. It must become as unacceptable to use the by-products of a murdered tree as it is to wear a leather jacket ".

"Human habitations constructed from the bodies of murdered trees are an obscene anachronism. How can any decent person live in a house made from the dismembered skeletons of once living beings? It is unspeakable! Energy conserving mud/concrete huts and tipis made from the fibres of plants which have died naturally must become the habitations of choice, and if not of 'choice' then of last resort by the environmentally insensitive."

"Single family houses *are a luxury* which a conservator society *can no longer afford.*, for a host of reasons. Living in private houses is a form of anti-social behaviour and must be recognized as such. High density tenement housing facilitates public transport while construction using concrete and other sustainable materials greatly reduces pressure on our living forests. Tenements (managed by environmentally conscientious committees) must replace the wasteful and energy-consuming private house as the predominant form of housing. Fortunately, private house ownership is continually decreasing within Canada, a situation achieved in less than a generation. With suitably increased municipal taxes and new levies we can reduce house ownership to an irreducible minimum. Brick tenements in street car suburbs are an urban form whose time has come again."

The slogans of the day are;

"Trees have rights too. Stop the chainsaw massacre."

"There is a higher law than the law of profits. Save the rainforest and its natural spirituality may save
you. "

"Paper comes from slaughtered forests. If you truly care, boycott newspapers and all paper products."

"Books consume trees. A living tree is far finer than a dead book. Guttenberg and his press are the product of Eurocentric rapacity. Just say 'No' to books."

"Toilet paper is the tissue of murdered trees. Think about it !"

" Respect *all* life. Stop Arbocide Now! "

There also were tiresomely repeated allusions to zoos and aquariums as "animal abusement parks". These witticisms presumably are intended to make listeners reflect but they mainly raise the hackles of those fed up with junior highschool glibness. Where do these quick-talking Little

Orphan Annies all spring from? Is there a psychiatric program somewhere funnelling their patients into these prohibitionist movements? Could we encourage them to depart and save the Guyana rainforests? Not likely.

The Moral Outrage Tours Make Their Appearance

Messages supporting the Quackquit Treepeace crusade arrived from the Californian Biospherians Inc., who though they live in glass houses are always throwing stones at others. Surprisingly no Hare Krishnas made an appearance on the environmental picket lines. But the Aussie-American rock band *Night Soil* turns up in Tofino and it's lead singer, fresh off the plane, damns BC loggers and their families as "red necks" who are comparable to supporters of apartheid in South Africa. What? The previous year *Night Soil* had made a successful world tour against apartheid so their spokesperson just threw that slander in for good measure. For the coming year the band has scheduled a European tour dedicated to Halting Genocide in Bosnia. As everyone knows pop artistes have no shame whatsoever. Once a bandwagon is rolling you never know who'll leap aboard; pop showmanship is now involved in peddling virtually everything. No one tells the *Night Soilers* to fuck off and go save the dingos or preserve the fabulously spiritual Aussie Witchity grub ceremonials.

The *Night Soilers* are followed by a flying visit from Tom Hayden, the long-ago spokesleader of Students for American Democracy. S.A.D. has long since disbanded while Hayden has had a fling at being Jane Fonda's husband and has pronounced his total support for beleaguered little Israel while making a run at becoming a Democratic senator from California. He now is looking for new vistas of democratic concern to work. Hayden descends from the heavens (by helicopter) in support of the Quackquit Treepeace campaign, throwing in general-purpose maxims about 'the plight of the Native peoples'. A dollop of aggrieved indignation about Native American lands, fish, trees and culture stolen by rapacious white settlers is standard operating procedure for Hollywood liberals, normally without the slightest knowledge of the issues involved. Well what the hell, it's not intended to play to the locals but for the folks back in California, who are always ready to turn someone else's backyard into a nature conservancy and ecotourist preserve.

Hayden doesn't have more than a couple of days to 'familiarize himself with local conditions' but the Treepeace campaigners, however much they appreciate favorable publicity, resent Hayden horning in on their act and ask him some sharp questions about how he intends to support their demands. 'By mobilizing concerned public opinion where it counts, among the environmentally sensitive public of the U.S.A' he replies. Never mind, Hayden does get in a dawn wedding on *supernatural* Long Beach for the American photo-mags. The ecotourist inn owners in the area can hear the future guineas clink and provide appropriately supportive responses.

An equally brief appearance is made by a Robert Kennedy Jr., 'son of 'the martyred attorney-general' as the press has it. He is *also* a conservationist working for a new environmental world order. Well fancy that ! In this instance the press inquires into what Bobbie K Jr. is working to conserve. It emerges that the Public Resources Defense Fund which he is working with is mainly an agency of the American lumber industry. While American companies already hold a large share of the timber cutting rights in B.C, the US based firms are eager to see competing Canadian lumber production reduced one way or another. In any case Kennedy is for preserving Canadian old

growth forests. He takes a couple of Nootkan spokespersons back to Washington to address U.S. government officials on how logging in B.C. is decimating the indigenous fish, spotty owls and sacred ceremonial sites on which Native cultural survival depends. Washington power brokers can be as gullible as anyone when it doesn't touch their own interests, as Mathew Coon-Come of the Cree has clearly learned .

Back in the Quackquit camp.

Near the end of the summer environmental picket season a busload of Victoria businesspersons, adventure tour guides, operators of ecotourist enterprises, fishing lodge conservationists and some morally outraged journalists set out for the battle lines. They intend to demonstrate that the Treepeace campers have the support of authentic businesses. Keeping Supernatural BC natural just makes good business sense to them, apart from the simple morality of it.

The press, normally hot on defending laws and orders, have managed to forget that the N.D.P. government's decision to allow logging on a portion of these forest lands was reached after four years of community and industry negotiations. The media dismisses the fact that there are interests other than those of whale watching tours and sport fishing spas. They have disremembered that the business caravan is going to join a blockade in defiance of a court order permitting logging. Certainly there is *nothing* sacred about judicial orders but the media is invariably outraged whenever workers disobey court injunctions in order to protect their livelihood. This is obviously another kettle of fish.

Some miles short of their destination the conservationist caravan is stopped by a picket line of loggers, their wives and children. Taunts and bitter words are thrown at the members of the caravan, rather mild ones if the television coverage is any gauge. The expedition returns to Victoria and the trekkers unleash a barrage of high decibel outrage. "It was a case of blatant terrorism with the police just standing by and refusing to arrest those who physically stopped us. Threats have no place in a democratic society like ours", says one of the caravan's spokespersons. "We thought we were in a scene from *Mississippi Burning* ", writes Stevie Humus, a syndicate moralist for the *Vancouver Sun*. (alluding to an utterly dishonest Hollywood film then making the rounds about those involved in the murder of abolitionists in Mississippi during the mid 1960s)

A column by Humus, published a year later, has by then converted the caravan trek into a scene of trembling moral outrage. 'Pickax armed goons, night riders descending on the camps of young idealistic defenders of the *virgin* forest. You say it can't happen here. *It already has.*' He offers a picture of timber beasts savagely blockading respectable environmentalists while arbocide is allowed to continue for the base self-interest of loggers' jobs. Like other newspaper crusaders Stevie is not only an instant expert on everything but is always eager to vilify any individual or group currently under attack. *Victims of past slanders should bear that in mind whenever they read of others being vilified by the press.*

Other journalists scratching for some angle to work horn in on the anti-logging crusade. Their columns are spiced up with images lifted from late night Hollywood reruns, allusions to the tramp of jack(Munroe) boots and barbaric despoliation by the underclasses. Betty Boop, the television anchoress for the Chamber of Commerce News, also traipses into the act, in high dudgeon about

the losses being inflicted on B.C. tourism by tree-ravaging loggers. 'Loggers just don't have *any* support in my neighbourhood' (in Upper West Vancouver) she says. It is a confirmation of the old adage, 'Beauty is only skin deep but rottenness is in the bones.'

While the environmental activists are mainly unpaid performers, one can broadly discern some of the implications of their demands. The resource and allied processing industries are to be wound down, the workers in them thrown to the wolves (which are to be protected and given increase). Where resource industries are allowed to survive unionized workers will be replaced by contractors hiring local nonunionized people. This will be portrayed as a triumph for local control, utilizing selective harvesting and a commitment to native rights to resources. As with logging so too with fishing and any other industry utilizing what until now have been public resources. 'Conservation' and 'environmental protection' will be the code words facilitating the privatization of crown lands and resources. What America completed a hundred years ago is now to be achieved in Canada - the privatization of publicly held lands and resources. A final enclosure movement.

Aboriginal Nations and their backers now demand first rights to crown lands and veto powers over how former public resources are utilized. If what has happened to fish resources during the last decade is any guide we will be faced with a plethora of Aboriginal Commissions wielding control over much of what remains of 'public' resources. Non-native fishermen, woods workers, ranchers and anyone else who utilizes public resources will have to make do with whatever scraps are left them. The major resource corporations however will find ways to work with sovereign native suppliers, probably more cheaply than at present, with fewer benefits and fewer restrictions than currently required when dealing with provincial governments and unionized workers. Popular magazines and scholarly journals will moralize about how much more democratic such arrangements have become with the expulsion of white resource workers.

A new viciousness has emerged from a bourgeoisie which is loath to see working people retain any of the remunerative jobs or dignity they had acquired. They are eager to forbid past liberties almost on principle. And the response of Canadians as a whole? What can one expect from a people which allows itself to be dictated to by roving medicine showmen, venal government commissions and a country-selling bourgeoisie? Have Canadians become so servile that they will accept the fulminations of demagogues and the demands of an arrogant new class looking for further lands and peoples to debase? The answer, apparently, is 'Yes' - we have become such a people'

Kitchens does not cover the ultimate denouement of the Clayoquot Sound crusade; which was that most logging in the area was closed by government decision until some new arrangements could be hammered out. Unemployed loggers had to leave the area while the environmentalists went on to new areas to protect and close down (such as a 'Great Spirit Bear' park they intended to establish over a huge area of the central coast). Then, in the summer of 1998, the N.D.P. government announced that a new arrangement had been found; in the intervening years a regional commission to oversee logging in the area had been established which gave Nootkan stakeholders a veto on all decisions made. A Nootkan owned logging company started operating in the area to which it claimed aboriginal rights, a non-union operation of course. There, on almost the same site which had witnessed environmental picketing five years previously, concerned groups such as the Sierra

Club and the Western Canada Wilderness Committee turned out to applaud the environmentally sensitive operations by the 'local' loggers of a Nootkan logging company. They blessed the land and periodically asked the Great Spirit for permission to cut down the trees.

When Mother Nature Calls, Don't Answer ! Jimson Weed, 1994. Newest Directions Press, Saskatchewan.

Jimson Weed's little book is largely an exasperated collection of the slogans disseminated by environmental crusaders over the past half dozen years. These are presented with only occasional, sardonic, commentary. It is questionable if readers from a later period will believe that these watchwords were actually proclaimed by allegedly sane individuals. All of these appeals are made in support of 'Mother nature' and in the name of a more natural life, in which the industrial world will be superseded. As he notes, these protests recapture the fervor of earlier movements in support of Prohibition. Only the traditional religious affiliations are missing.

Kitchens begins by noting that dietary laws cannot be far off when you hear environmentalists sermonize about the cruelty of human carnivores and the catastrophe which meat eating will bring in its wake. Such homilies are accompanied by denunciations of the materialistic despoilers of nature and a strident evocation of the sacred cows prohibitionists currently cherish. At present North American environmentalists *do not* view real cows as sacred animals but as a direct threat to a sustainable world environment. Cows produce cowshit, cowshit emits methane and methane *pollutes* the atmosphere, it degrades the ozone layer and ultimately will result in an environmental apocalypse. The breakdown of the ozone layer will permit the penetration of ultra violet rays into the lower atmosphere resulting in continental-sized regions becoming deserts and coastal margins becoming steaming, fever-ridden, jungles. And you thought that bullshit was simply bullshit.

During a recent environmentalist boycott of MacDonald's hamburger joints picketers reminded patrons that MacDonald's purchases living animals which are 'slaughtered like cattle'; it turns them into hamburgers for human consumption. Worse still, the hamburger trust buys some of its beef from Brazil where male ranchers slash and burn the Natural Tropical Rain Forest, driving out the indigenous people and decimating an incomparable natural ecosystem in order to raise cattle for transnational beefburger chains.

So, if you eat a MacDonald's hamburger you are helping to sustain a process of environmental destruction and genocide. In addition, burning the tropical rain forests to turn them into pastureland destroys the trees that fix carbon dioxide and release oxygen, which will result in world-wide oxygen depletion. We are told that 'The tropical rain forests are the lungs of the world'. The spread of Eurocentric agriculture also destroys the immense treasure trove of indigenous jungle biota, some of which will undoubtedly be of critical value in the fight against yet undiscovered plagues. Eating hamburgers is a form of dietary addiction which will lead to an environmental catastrophe, possibly beginning as early as the first decade of the twenty-first century. You can check the predictions of the Suki Kabuki Foundation if you find these claims to be breathtaking.

Dietary prohibitions extend more widely than cow murder and beef eating, as indicated in an exchange overheard at the Quackquit Treepeace camp. One of the new Brahmins is overheard admonishing an insufficiently sensitive picketer:

"Don't you dare bring that tin casket of murdered sardines in here. It's revolting ! Don't you think sardines have a right to live? Do you think that humans have a right to murder little baby herring?"

How would you like to be drowned in a net and then stuffed and boiled in a tin can for fish to eat?"

"What? Don't use that callous ploy about what cod and salmon eat. We are humans and have been given moral intelligence. The time when humans felt they could exploit the living creatures of the earth and sea, plants and animals, is over. You can pollute your own body by eating dead carcasses

but don't pollute us by doing it around here."

More fundamental than mere human interests is the moral principle that animals have inherent rights, and preservationists demand that humans honor them. (It is as yet uncertain how animal predators can be gotten to comply with prohibitions on eating meat and fish and switch to a diet of tofu and granola) Consuming the flesh and utilizing by-products derived from animal exploitation must be made totally unacceptable. This will require a determined struggle given the long history of human carnivorism. For a start, the wearing of leather jackets and leather shoes must be suppressed. Activists in some locales have already mobilized to place wearers of furs on notice through organized shaming and red ink throwing. In the future it may be possible to utilize the law to control those who do not care enough about the earth to dispense with their own barbaric habits.

The roster of animals which to be protected and given increase is virtually endless. Save the whales. Save the seals and sea lions and sea otters. Save the majestic moose and the spotted mongoose. So too the wolves, cougars and coyotes, and of course 'spirit' bears. Where people once kept dangerous animals at a distance by occasionally shooting them preservationists now rush to the defence of animals which attack humans with the maxim that "We are intruding on their living space and it is up to us to see that these wild creatures are not harassed or tempted by our presence." That from a wildlife biologist commenting on a grizzly bear attack on some hikers in a national park.

Slogans raising the environmental costs of everything.

'Canada's magnificent ecosystems and breathtaking vistas are too valuable to be left to overpaid resource extractors. Canada's natural heritage must be preserved for those who deserve it - Aboriginal peoples, environmental professionals, and others able and willing to pay for the privilege of appreciating our living ecosystems. The frontier persons of tomorrow will be all those charged with the task of protecting our Great Natural Heritage from misuse by squatters and dirt farmers'.

'Resource exploiters and others who have decimated the natural environment have no place in our post-industrial, service-oriented nation. The future of Canada's wild regions demands nothing less than total protection. Loggers, fishermen, miners and farmers made this country what it is - *they*

will never be able to pay for the damage they have done. But a start can be made by turning the land and resources over to those who know how to treasure it. Endangered environments must be saved regardless of the cost. 'Everyone' must learn to do with less. (In practice this maxim turns out to mean 'everyone else') Conserve, recycle and cutback'. The conservationist imperative demonstrates that whatever Canadians once held to be legitimate expectations can now be portrayed as 'anti-social', 'wasteful', 'environmentally insupportable'. You must take less and expect less to achieve an environmentally sustainable society. It sounds like the priesthood of an earlier era haranguing its parishioners about worldly desires.

"Electricity is *not* a free gift of nature. It flows from environmentally destructive hydroelectric installations or from death-dealing coal and nuclear powered plants. In the future all such facilities must be dismantled. Wind, sun and dung-powered home generators may be acceptable but hydro generated electricity is not. 'Every kilowatt of hydropower means another acre of irreplaceable natural habitat put under water.' It is a crime against nature, an act of biocide against our wild brethren. Save the Labrador caribou from hydro flooding. The North belongs to the caribou and the musk-ox and those who have spiritually hunted them from time immemorial. Let all things be as they were.

Electricity hogs must be reeducated and taxed into conservation. Electricity must be used sparingly or rationed to those who can demonstrate a legitimate need for it. No dwelling truly needs more than two 60 Watt bulbs. When it gets dark go to bed, if you are cold wear more sweaters. Invest in solar energy and biospherian luminescence.

'Water is *not* a free gift of nature Stop being a water hog!' Take sponge baths instead of wasteful showers. Don't use flush toilets. Compost and recycle. Replace lawns with astroturf. Furthermore, 'Pure air is *not* a free gift'. Domestic fires, carbon emissions from motor vehicles, industrial emissions of *man--made* products and all the gaseous by-products of western industrial society are unpaid costs against the natural economy of fresh air. It is only when such costs are included in the final price that industrial activities can be reduced and brought under control.

'The oceans, the rivers, the air and all living things are not free gifts but inheritances which must be protected and conserved for their own sake' There is not such thing as a free lunch. There is a higher law than the law of profits -the law of prophets. Environmental Protection is *not* a protection racket! You can't fool Mother Nature ! (But you sure can fool fools)

'Save Meares Island and the Stein Valley and their Sacred Ceremonial Sights.' Return them to their Aboriginal owners and provide reparations payments for a century of tree theft. Respect *all* life! Let the mosquito and black fly be.! Outlaw insecticides. 'All living things everywhere have a right to survive undisturbed in their own natural habitat!' 'Let the rivers be, let the salmon run free.'

The ox-drawn plough, the barley field and the sheep cot sustained our ancestors for thousands of years. We must return to them before it is too late. Our addiction to ecologically unaffordable foods must be broken. There is no reason why North Americans and Europeans should have cane sugar, coffee, bananas and other exotic items available to them as everyday foods. Food consumerism is a part of Western ecological imperialism and we intend to see that it is made unacceptable.

On Demon Rum and the Devil's Weed

Consumption of ardent spirits is a measure of the abuser's irresponsibility toward social duties. Alcohol use is a form of drug use and must be curbed by laws and through stiffer taxation. It is time that an Abstainers Rights League be created which can match the successes of the Non-Smokers Rights lobby. It must become just as unacceptable to drink a bottle of beer as it is to smoke a cigarette.

Consumption of ardent spirits is an indication of the abuser's disregard for social obligations: alcohol use is a form of drug use and as such it must be curbed. Wife and child abuse, costly accidents and sloppy workmanship, capricious sexuality and a host of other social ills are wholly or partly attributable to the consumption of ardent spirits, beginning with beer. *Beer, like caffeine, is an entry level drug.* Beer parlours must be removed from those they cater to. The power to tax is the power to selectively forbid. Let's use it ! Working together with righteously guided governments we can tax alcohol consumption, automobile dependance and ownership of private houses into oblivion. If users persist in catering to their addictions then let them pay for it.

Ecological wastrels and practitioners of unacceptable behaviour must be reeducated or isolated from acceptable society. If they continue to abuse their bodies by smoking tobacco or drinking coffee or using other stimulants their rights to health care and other publicly funded services should be revoked. Abusers must be put on the straight and narrow path, regardless of what spurious rights they claim. Users of tobacco and other pernicious substances must be made aware that their rights to health care will be revoked if they continue to abuse their bodies. Why should the healthful be expected to subsidize the medical bills of those who abuse their own bodies.?

Smoking is both anti-social and deleterious to the health of non smokers. Passive smoke kills ! Smoking tobacco is akin to murder as well as suicide and it must be made not merely socially unacceptable but a felony. Dedicated non-smokers can detect the residue of tobacco smoke issuing from enclosed rooms and even in public spaces weeks after smoking has defiled such locales. In a health conscious society smoking is a form of criminal pollution. Let's see to it that it gets treated as such in the courts. Any government which cannot or will not suppress its nicotine addicts does not have the right to govern. Tobacco addiction is the most prevalent form of drug dependency in the world and as such must be eradicated. The war against drugs begins with the suppression of tobacco. There must be a policy of zero tolerance toward tobacco use. Everyone has a role to play in enforcing conformity to a healthier society. After all, if we don't want our own kiddies to smoke we shouldn't tolerate anyone doing so. It only makes sense. Let us resurrect that old maxim which promised that 'Lips which have touched tobacco shall never touch mine.'

*

Weed closes by noting that the New Democratic Party government of B.C, still in power when his little book was written, was blindly supportive of the sorts of environmental demands alluded to here. It is yet to be seen where the rightwing Liberal government now in power will proceed in these matters. It is hard to conceive of any policy they might devise which could be more intrusive and more oppressive than that of the N.D.P.'s. However given the sort of people they represent they may well find some way to out do their predecessors.

End of the Road

Journey's End. Al Baker. 1996. Draegerman Books, Vancouver. \$ 19.00

Baker's novel aims to be a Western Canada version of John Nichols' *The Magic Journey*. It deals with the social forces which convert a province in which most lands and resources were held within the public domain into a patchwork of licensed resort areas, sovereign tribal territories, ecological no go zones and wilderness parks administered by an army of researchers and wardens. It portrays the ascendancy of a multifaceted enclosure movement supported by a newly urbanized population totally at odds with the rights and expectations which had previously prevailed. Occasionally Baker manages to inject some Brechtian fire into the account but *Journey's End* generally lacks the surrealist fantasy which allowed Nichols to use a string of twenty-eight adjectives to characterize the fearful odium in which Taos businessdom held the unmonied elements intruding on its recently acquired, income-generating, 'supernatural' resort region.

Journey's End is presented largely, though not exclusively, from the viewpoint of those who were part of an earlier and for many a more 'open' province. The characters mainly serve to vivify the theme, the shift of a resource-based region into one where the restrictions of a sprawling suburbia have come to prevail - everywhere. Their reminiscences allude to the changes which have occurred within a mere half lifetime and convey the sense of amazement, betrayal and expropriation which those attuned to the earlier conditions feel. All that seemed fixed dissolves and flows away, reasonable expectations and once accepted freedoms become maligned or forbidden excesses. Everything from burning wood as stove fuel to smoking tobacco to fishing for fish become intolerable practices to a newly ascendant class and those who cater to their demands.

It is not simply the replacement of historic by contemporary standards which is at work but rather the imposition of a prohibitionist ethos by a new bourgeoisie which knows nothing of and has only contempt for the people and the industries which created the province. This new class is eager to dismantle the resource industries under the pretext of 'new realities', negating the lives of those involved for the pure joy of it. Baker hints that the vindictive spleen of the triumphant new class is fueled by their subconscious resentment at being viewed as an 'inconsequential excrescence', but he is not very serious about psychological explanations.

In Baker's account some of the most vociferous class arrogance stems from an emigre bourgeoisie, indignant that Canadian working people should have rights markedly superior to those which servants and tenants had in their former homelands. Those rights still enjoyed by mere workers are antithetical to these emigres "cherished cultural values", as their spokespersons tell us in extracts seemingly drawn from actual newspaper columns. Baker provides an all too brief passage in which these new claimants to past injustices expatiate on how 'their people' built up the province but were prevented from achieving their rightful place in the middle class by racial intolerance. There is a scene in which the sons and daughters of former fishermen and mill workers are fed a 'social studies' program using the 'History infomercials' prepared by the Charles Bronfman Foundation. One of these indicts the anti-sineticism which prevailed in western Canada and reveals that Chinese immigrants built the railways which facilitated European settlement. It portrays Chinese workers being sent to blast rail tunnels by sneering white overseers, supposedly the only Caucasians on the construction projects."There was one dead

Chinese person for each mile of railway built.", says an aged but financially successful Chinese survivor to his contemporary grandchildren. Another school 'infommercial' from the same source depicts white miners during the Cariboo gold rush as xenophobic, drunken riff raff. I'm not sure that the cynical ethnic chauvinism entailed in such lessons will be grasped by current readers, juvenile or adult.

This derogatory historical fiction is in keeping with the views of the new managers, drawn from all corners of Canada, who have arisen in the new paper economy. Governments claiming to be 'progressive' issue an endless stream of prohibitions and recruit more wardens to enforce them. Offended human righteousness, caste claims, prohibitionist laws, feminist cant, anti-working class stereotypes etc.etc. all emerge in new and old forms. The sense of betrayal is made deeper by the actions of a social democratic party now in the hands of the new bourgeoisie and eager to demonstrate its mainstream respectability. There is no shortage of moralizing toadies, prison matron bureaucrats and media-hip intellectuals among those arraigned in *Journey's End*.

Sadly even many of the children of those expropriated by economic displacement come to accept the enclosure movement and the claims of the new administrative class. The sweep of 'social restructuring' touches everyone and the forces of reaction seem omnipresent. The phrase 'Byzantine intricacy and Jesuitical sophistry' comes to mind. As in Nichols' *The Magic Journey* and *Nirvana Blues* both the main protagonists in the novel and we the readers are ultimately left with a feeling of unrecoverable loss in the face of a man-made fate.

There are always difficulties in trying to convey a didactic message in fictional format. Fiction here becomes entangled with reality to the detriment of both. The conditions which made Western Canada somewhat unique during three or four generations are now ending and *Journey's End* deals with a compelling theme. Baker is occasionally able to wring some bitter satire from all this but he has a lot to learn as a novelist. However I wonder if later historians will be able to capture the developments any more saliently. It is somehow fitting that this work was issued by Draegerman Books: 'Draegerman' was a term once common in Canadian mining communities and denoted a member of the rescue teams which went underground to bring up the living and dead after mine disasters.

Reply to a venomous "review" of *Voyage Through The Past Century*, by John Berlshaw in 'Beastly B.C.Studies', SUMMER 2015

I really mean this Johnny Belshaw! So you find my *Voyage Through the Past Century* to be innane, childish and unprofessional. So much the better you twit, since if you'd have liked it it would mean I'd written it very wrongly. Raised in a proper middle class, middle Canadian, middle brow household in New Westminster and risen to intellectual status by teaching in a large number of splendid institutions like Thompson River College's adult education (Simon Fraser Outreach program) and author of various books on retailored popular history, you are clearly a proper review voice for 'Beastly BC' magazine. And with a degree from an authentic British college too. By 2012, after only a decade of boosterizing you were already the associate dean of Social Sciences and Business Management at Langara College (Surrey campus), a Professor/Vice President of North Island College, Campbell River as well as a prolific blog author. (That doesn't include having been an Associate Professor of History, Philosophy

and Politics at Cariboo College in Kamloops as well as teaching stints elsewhere. Oh me. With a full MA in history from SFU. How cosmopolitan! Wowser . Just the thing to gain scholarly status in Wonderous BC today.

He forgot to mention that my twelve books, released by the National Museum of Canada, the Department of Anthropology at Columbia University, *Raincoast Chronicles* and New Star Books are racist, sexist, homophobic, insufficiently childocentric, unGodly, subversively ungroveling and, worst of all, unprofitable. Damnable.

Belshaw manages to boil my errors, failings, ignorance etc. down to eight or nine points which he presumably attributes to having been raised in a working class family in East Vancouver, that I'm a psuedo-proletarian, that I don't grovel before the learning I recieved from some of my professors, that I'm "agressive-submissive" (one of those meaningless psuedo-psychiatric terms thrown out when some critics have nothing better to complsin about), and possibly that I worked for many years in various work camps in B.C. Also that I supported those who were fired from SFU in 1969-70 and have demeaning things to say about those who fired them. That's absolutely correct. I do

Among the list of failings which Belshaw notes in my account is a memory of Diamond Jenness who I sat with at a large shipboard table as 'monumentaly boring', a no no since he is a bone fide Canadian historical figure today. The same goes for calling Dave Barrett "the beggar king of Port Coquitlam" (see *The Three Penny Opera*). More incorrectly presented truths include "SFU archaeologists, namely Roy Carlson, thrive under President Pauline Jewitt, having developed an unsuspected talent for media hype and grant getting--a talent which became the hallmark of scholarship there.." "Faculty hires are a luxurious crop of tin horn gurus, shell game philosophe and slush hunters sniffing out whatever fashions were marketable." Those comments. on reflection. all basically correct, and rather well said it seems to me, however sharp they may seem. Possibly Belshaw is angered because it seems to include him. Also a comment about my early school days, "It is to our great discredit that we put up with all this prison mentality, this parish pump authoritarianism which pervaded school life, and did little more than grumble about it amongst ourselves." This latter is alleged to be taken from reminiscences of one Holden Caulfield, whoever he might be.

These and similar accounts are deened to be examples of an agressive-submissive personality, one of those simple minded characterizations drawn from psuedo psychiatric commentators which mean absolutely nothing at all. Is this a sample of what is being taught in the many heavily enrolled colleges in BC today? Apart from the shear lies, what a total waste of resources. It might be better to invest them in neon-lit statues of WAC Bennet scattered around the province.

End.