

BORDER/LINES

CULTURES • CONTEXTS • CANADAS

أريال

\$5.00

FALL 1988 #13

Christopher Plant on Indian self-government

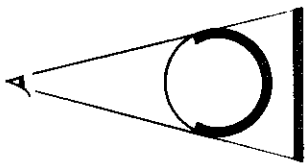
Joyce Nelson debunks John Grierson

Dennis Altman looks at stamps

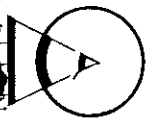
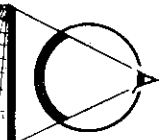
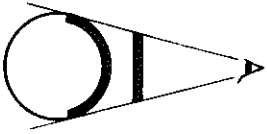
الشارقة
وملاحقاتها

AIR MAIL





To subscribe please use enclosed card.



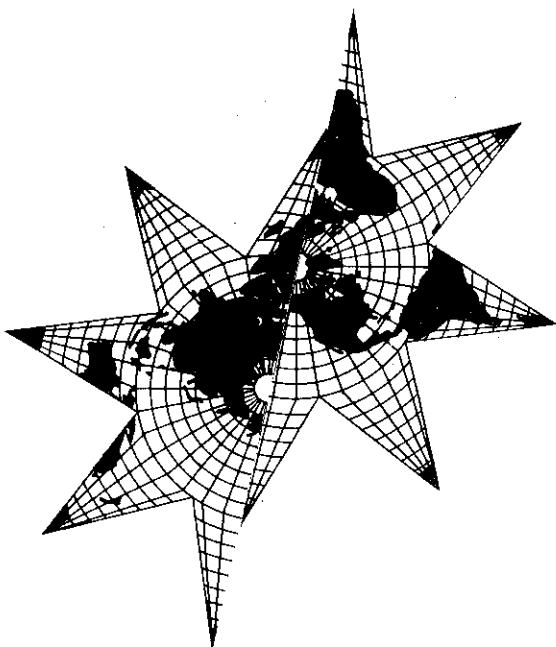
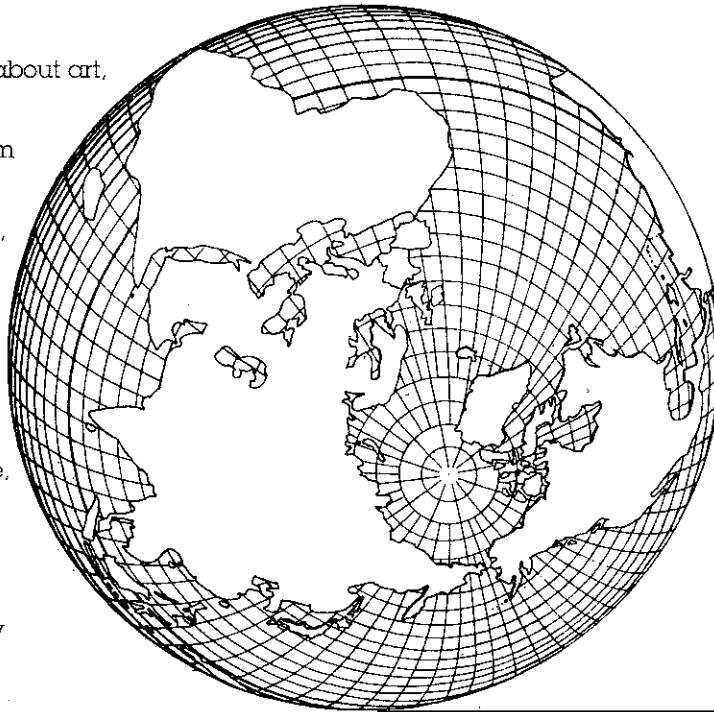
across borders/between lines

BORDER/LINES

Border/Lines is an interdisciplinary magazine about art, culture and social movements. We publish writing from many different positions, and we are open to artists, musicians, filmmakers and readers.

An indispensable companion to contemporary culture in Canada and elsewhere.

Border/Lines is produced in a large format and is published four times a year by a Toronto-based collective.



EDITORIAL ADDRESS:

BORDER/LINES,

31 MADISON AVENUE
TORONTO, ONTARIO
CANADA M5R 2S2
(416) 967-9469

BUSINESS ADDRESS:

BETHUNE COLLEGE, YORK UNIVERSITY,
4700 KEELE STREET
NORTH YORK, ONTARIO
CANADA M3J 1J3

Border/Lines
cultures contexts canadas
Number 13 Fall 1988

Editorial Collective
Kass Bonning
Joan Davies
Rosemary Donegan
Helen Fielding
Peter Fitting
Joe Galbo
Peter Laurie
Saba Rapp
D. L. Simmons
Alexander Wilson

Contributing Editors
Jody Berland (Ottawa)
Chris Creighton-Kelly (Vancouver)
Alan O'Connor (Columbus, Ohio)
Marc Robay (Montreal)
Rosalind Sydie (Edmonton)

Associates
Gail Fouschou
Gary Genesko
Kirsten Gunter
Mimi Mathurin
Paula Paris

Board of Directors
Jody Berland
Joan Davies
Susan Ditta
Rosemary Donegan
Kathleen Kern
Ian MacLachlan
John Meisel
Carol Sorenson
Alexander Wilson
Ivan Varga

Secretary
Evelyn Greenberg

Auditor/Accountant
Nayman/Grabowski

Lawyer/Barrister
Miller, Miller and Hills

Store Distributors
Marginal Distributors
37 Vine Avenue
Toronto, Ontario
M6P 1V6
(416) 767-5168

CPRA
2 Stewart Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5V 1H6
(416) 362-9662

Design
Lisa Naffolin

Typesetting/Page Composition
David Vereschagin, Quadral Communications

Editorial Address
31 Madison Avenue
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M5R 2S2
(416) 967-9469

Business Address
Border/Lines
Bethune College
York University
4700 Keele Street
North York, Ontario
CANADA M3J 1P3

Subscriptions (four issues)
individuals \$16
low income \$14
institutions \$25
Foreign subscriptions for all countries are
mail delivery are available on request.

Border/Lines is published four times a year
by Border/Lines Society, Inc., a charitable organization
and audio educational materials on cultural
social issues.

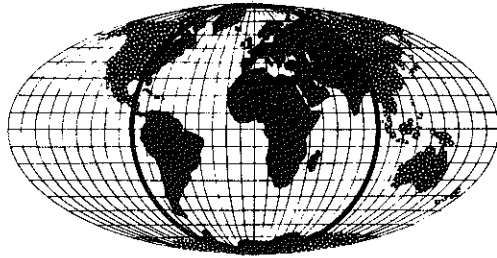
Border/Lines is indexed in America: Histo
The Alternative Press Index.

We would like to thank the Ontario Arts
The Canada Council and York University.

2nd Class Mail Registration No. 6799
Date of Issue October 1988
ISSN 0826-967X

Copyright © 1988, Border/Lines Magazine

Printed and Published in Canada 1988, P



excursions

- Remembering Montreal in the 40s, A Conversation with Mavis Gallant 4
Linda Leith
- Walking the Gatineau, walking the planet 5
Malcolm Reid
- Surviving Thatcher 7
Ioan Davies
- Targeting Canada: Apartheid's Friends on the Offensive 8
David Galbraith

BORDER/LINES

letters 10

articles

- Grierson and Hollywood's Canada 12
Joyce Nelson
- Indian Self-Government: Triumph or Treason? 18
Christopher Plant
- Methods of Thinking and Methods of Working 26
Brian Rusted
- Where the Hell is Ebeye? 31
Kim Eichlin
- Looking at Stamps 35
Dennis Altman

visuals

- Stereo-styles 24
Lorna Simpson, New York Lorna Simpson is a New York based artist who recently exhibited at Mercer Union, Toronto.
Installation photo: Peter MacCallum

reviews

- Socialism and Democracy in Alberta: Essays in Honour of Grant Notley* edited by Larry Pratt 40
Kenneth Munro
- People and Place: Studies of Small Town Life in the Maritimes* edited by Larry McCann 42
Roderick Nicholls
- An Error in Judgement: The Politics of Medical Care in an Indian/White Community* by Dara Culhane Speck 45
Frank Tester
- Wollaston: People Resisting Genocide* by Miles Goldstick 46
Rosalind Morris

scanner

A listing of academic, political, and cultural events 47

cover

From a series of four stamps celebrating Walt Disney characters from *Sharjah and Dependencies*. Sharjah is outside Dubai on the Persian Gulf, the destination of the Iranian Airbus shot down last summer by the U.S. navy.



Border/Lines
cultures contexts canadax
Number 13 Fall 1988

Editorial Collective
Kass Banning
Ioan Davies
Rosemary Donegan
Helen Fielding
Peter Fitting
Joe Galbo
Peter Laurie
Sato Rego
D. L. Simmons
Alexander Wilson

Contributing Editors
Judy Berland (Ottawa)
Chris Creighton-Kelly (Vancouver)
Alan O'Connor (Columbus, Ohio)
Marc Roboy (Montreal)
Rosalind Sydie (Edmonton)

Associates
Gail Fauschou
Gary Genosko
Kirsten Gunter
Mimi Mathurin
Paula Paris

Board of Directors
Judy Berland
Ioan Davies
Susan Ditta
Rosemary Donegan
Kathleen Kern
Ioan MacLachlan
John Meisel
Carol Saranson
Alexander Wilson
Ioan Varga

Secretary
Evelyn Greenberg

Auditor/Accountant
Hayman/Grabowski

Lawyer/Barrister
Miller, Miller and Mills

Store Distributors
Marginal Distributors
37 Vine Avenue
Toronto, Ontario
M5P 1V6
(416) 767-5168

CPA
2 Stewart Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5V 1H6
(416) 362-9662

Design
Leo Natolin

Typesetting/Page Composition
David Vereschagin, Quadrat Communications

Editorial Address
31 Madison Avenue
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M5R 2S2
(416) 967-9469

Business Address
Border/Lines
Bellhune College
York University
4700 Keele Street
North York, Ontario
CANADA M3J 1P3

Subscriptions (four issues)
individuals \$16
low income \$14
institutions \$25
Foreign subscriptions for all countries are payable in US dollars. Rates for air mail delivery are available on request.

Border/Lines is published four times a year by Border/Lines Magazine Society, Inc., a charitable organization engaged in producing written, visual and audio educational materials on culture, the arts and contemporary social issues.

Border/Lines is indexed in America: History and Life, Historical Abstracts and The Alternative Press Index.

We would like to thank the Ontario Arts Council, The Canada Council and York University for their generous support.

2nd Class Mail Registration No. 6799
Date of Issue October 1988
ISSN 0826-967X

Copyright © 1988, Border/Lines Magazine Society, Inc.

Printed and Published in Canada 1988, Border/Lines Magazine Society, Inc.

Remembering Montreal in the 40s A Conversation with Mavis Gallant

Linda Leith

Mavis Gallant is always reluctant to discuss her work, but was enthusiastic at the prospect of talking about Montreal during the 1940s. She had been born in the city in 1922, but she left Montreal when she was 10 years old. In 1941, she returned, and after working for the newly established National Film Board, she was hired as a reporter for the weekly newspaper, *The Standard*. Her career as a newspaperwoman lasted six years, until she moved to Europe in 1950 to devote herself to writing fiction. Her bilingualism, her career as a reporter, and her own curiosity and enthusiasm afforded her an unusually extensive familiarity with the worlds that Montreal was divided into during the 40s. I visited her at her apartment in Paris.

MG: I've been dying for someone to write about the 40s. It was unique.

LL: Well, let's begin there. You said in your letter that it was a wonderful, thrilling time... Perhaps you could tell me what you had in mind when you wrote that.

MG: Well, to me, perhaps because of the work I was doing — I loved being on a newspaper — it was very exciting. Montreal was a city in transition. All the old conservative dead weight was still there, and of course French Canada was still locked, but there were elements breaking out, and that was what was so exciting. I'm thinking of the painters particularly, and in a city that size you tend to all know one another, the bohemia. I wonder if I would have said that of any city, but I don't think so, because you couldn't have said it of Toronto in those days.

LL: I'm interested in your comment that Quebec was in transition already during the 40s. Many people who have written about Quebec date the transition only from 1959 and 1960, and very few talk about what was already beginning to happen before that.

MG: The war brought people into the city from the country, and there was a flow of refugees. I often talk to people who have forgotten this or who weren't aware of it, that the people who came from Central Europe, the anti-Nazi refugees, were the cream of a certain educated bourgeoisie. I learned more from them in just a few months to read and what to listen to and what to... I was fascinated by them.

You could feel the change in the forties, and even though of course there was the business with the Church and the restrictions, people did fuss and argue about it.

LL: So Montreal was thrilling in spite of the restrictions?

MG: In a story I have said that earlier even, in the 30s and 20s, there was a feeling in Montreal like that in Eastern European capitals where people who think alike stick together. I would bring that right up to the 40s, during the Duplessis era. People who were opposed did stick together. Everybody I knew was anti-Duplessis — French, English, anything else — that was the first thing. I don't know anyone who was in

Quebec who wasn't interested in politics — of course there are people who are never interested in anything, but I'm talking about newspaper people, people who tried to write, who lived in a certain world obviously. I'm not talking about people who sell insurance. You talked politics morning, noon and night, and it was local politics, and it just never stopped. I remember one newspaperman who went to England, on a scholarship I think, and when he came back he said, "You don't know how I missed it — just sitting there talking Quebec politics!" and everything that seemed to be happening in the outside world seemed to be mirrored, but in a tiny way.

LL: When did you begin to be interested in politics in Quebec?

MG: I would date this from 1944, when I started work on *The Standard*. But even before then, I was beginning to meet people. When you're young it's easy. I don't quite know how, but it's almost a genetic force that pushes you towards the kind of people that you're going to want to be with.

LL: In a story set in the 20s ["The Doctor"] you talk about the different tribes in Montreal and the different pockets of people. Was that still the same in the 40s?

MG: It was very separate in the newspaper world. How many of us could speak French? Jacqueline Sirois, me... I'm afraid I come to a halt there.

LL: To what extent were you interested in local politics before you begin work on *The Standard*? Do you remember the plebiscite in 1942? Did that interest you?

MG: Oh yes, very much. It was a very important event. It was a very difficult thing, because I could see both points of view. That's always been my trouble with Quebec.

There was a complete lack of interest among French-Canadians in the war. They hated the British. They had nothing to do with the war because it was being fought for the British. I was passionately anti-fascist, but to tell my French-Canadian friends I was anti-fascist... they gave me the same look Mordecai Richler gave me when I said Montreal was a wonderful place!

LL: You've told me that you collected money for the workers during the Dominion Textile strike.

MG: That's right. One of the things that shook me so much was to see strikers who were French-Canadian — and it was against the law for them to strike, it was against the law for them to have unions in Quebec, it was feudal. They were jailed, the union leaders and organizers — and the way they treated them, and the rumours they spread about them... I remember a trial in St. Jérôme. This woman was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary — they were put in the penitentiary, you know, the union leaders. And the judge said "I'm giving you a stiffer sentence than the man because women have been temptresses since Eve." That was Quebec in the 40s. So you can imagine, one was always at the boiling point.

I sound like a terrible aging radical, but even

today I feel the indignation I used to feel when I think of what people went through, and how nobody cared, really, except a few. I never did anything useful? I admire the people who did. And well, I did what I could. I was one of the organizers of the newspaper union.

LL: And was it legal for you to organize a newspaper union?

MG: We couldn't do it unless we had the French too, and the French wouldn't do it without a Catholic union; they wouldn't come into the Guild, which was American, they felt they had to have a Catholic union — they were very different forty years ago. We had many, many meetings, and the way it was broken up was that the newspapers fired unlikely people. They fired one very right-wing company man on *The Gazette*, and people got very scared. They said, well, if they fire *him*... The men were more scared than the women. The men would walk up and down and tell you how they were supporting a mother-in-law.

LL: You were taken off labour reporting, weren't you, for having collected money for the strikers?

MG: I was taken off labour reporting for having collected money. I was taken off film reviewing for having given a bad review to a film, and they pulled their advertising. And they took away my radio column, which was very popular. I had a little radio column called "On the Air," with my picture, wearing a beret! (laughter) this was before T.V., you know, so it was widely read. And that was taken away from me because a fellow from an advertising agency took the managing editor out to lunch and said that I was poking fun at commercial jingles, and that this was their life's blood — and how would he like it if the radio stations started broadcasting things that made fun of newspapers? So the managing editor called me in and said, "Gee, you know what? I'd never thought of that."

LL: I'd like to get back to the comparison between Montreal and some Eastern European capitals that you mentioned earlier. Can you elaborate further on that?

MG: Well, I can't really, because I've used it in fiction, and when you've used something in fiction the original fades from your mind — it's been transposed. But people I know who live in Eastern European capitals like Budapest tell me that they live their political feelings, their music, whatever they're doing, and that people who are like-minded find each other. In a place like Paris you don't have to. You know there are lots of people out there who think as you do, and so what? You don't need them. But if you're living under pressure you do need them. You need the reassurance that you're not a lunatic.

LL: An interview with you recently in *The Canadian Forum* — with Barbara Gabriel. In the interview you talk about the tremendous optimism and confidence there was before the war ended. I know this was an optimism shared by many people elsewhere as well. In Quebec itself do you think it had anything to do with the fact that Duplessis was not in power during the war?

MG: It had nothing whatever to do with Quebec. I thought the world was going to change, that everything was going to change. I was particularly naive about that. I had one or two women friends in particular who were pretty young and we used to talk about it endlessly. We used to sit out on steps, summer nights, under the trees — it was really lovely — and



Mavis Gallant

we'd talk about this that was going to arrive from Czechoslovakia, for that real democracy, great faith in Masaryk.

I think of how "flouée" — I don't know because I'm not bitter, I don't think about what I've lost, a soufflé. Almost all of us were scared to death, terrified.

LL: Why was the optimism so strong?
MG: Because any people were uncorrupted. The unemployment was so much on their minds, living downtown in the cars. They just didn't care.

It broke out on a real alarm. It was a mistake, I even had a concentration camp in Czechoslovakia and then the S.S. got there. It was over the next day.

I called my next door neighbour — it must have been 1945. I was at home — and I had impressions." They were the impressions were first nervously, then all the way down to



Mavis Gallant

dead — there wasn't an ant, there wasn't a fly, there wasn't a mouse in the street. The war wasn't theirs, and it wasn't theirs then, and it wasn't theirs when it was over. *Inglese* culture.

LL: Was it frightening downtown?

MG: It was amazing. And then I called from a drug-store or something, and they said, "Well, the war isn't over. [laughter] We've had a contra-indication." They had ready an extra issue — "War Ends" — and they said it would be tomorrow or the next day. So peace began with a hangover.

LL: By 1955 when you returned to Montreal, it had all changed.

MG: Everything seemed to me to be gone, yes.

LL: How did you notice the change?

MG: Physically it wasn't the same, and that bothered me. The trees were coming down, the city wasn't as attractive, and I remember writing in my journal, "This is a cemetery. I'm in a cemetery."

Things were different. I remember somebody saying to me, "But you don't realize — you left." There was a big housing crisis, everything was at sixes and sevens for a while until things got straightened out. When I went back everyone seemed to be on the rails, with pensions... in sight (laughter). I was living like a bird on a branch, from twig to twig. People were much more settled, and God knows I don't blame them — if everybody lived like me, the world would come to an end.

LL: You stayed in Montreal a long time in 1955, didn't you?

MG: I think I stayed there quite a while, and then I went to New York.

LL: Were you aware of changes on a political level

— of anything that would anticipate what would happen after Duplessis' death in 1959?

MG: No. I remember somebody came over when Drapeau was first elected, and said, "we've got this new mayor, and he's absolutely marvelous, and he's got rid of the Mafia. All the guys with the big cigars are gone. The city's been cleaned up." I believed him. And (laughter) of course when I was in Montreal it was exactly the same. The guys with big cigars were still running things.

LL: The reason I ask that is because "Bernadette," which arose out of your stay in Montreal in '55, seems to anticipate dramatic change in Quebec.

MG: Well, of course, fiction is a different thing. Fiction has its own dynamic. It almost seems to grow out of itself. I can't comment on that.

I was greatly criticized by a woman who taught at Laval. She got very worked up about that story because she felt that I was writing about French-Canadians as a servant class. She said, "Why didn't you make her Ukrainian?" I said, "Because I never saw a Ukrainian maid in Montreal in my life — in the time I'm writing about — never." There were Ukrainians in other parts of Canada — but a Ukrainian maid in Montreal, in the forties and fifties? Really and truly!

Linda Leith, the new editor of Matrix magazine, is writing a book on English fiction in Quebec since 1945.

Linda Leith wishes gratefully to acknowledge the generous assistance of the FCAR in Quebec in supporting her work on the English writers of Quebec.

we'd talk about this new Jerusalem, this great world that was going to arise, and we were all going to go to Czechoslovakia, for some reason, because we thought that real democracy was going to be there, and I had great faith in Masaryk. We were all very naive.

I think of how Simone de Beauvoir says "J'étais flouée" — I don't have the bitterness that she has, because I'm not bitter about my life — but I do sometimes think, if I could be 20 and sitting on a step and thinking about what's going to come with such radiance, optimism...and how quickly it sank, it was like a soufflé. Almost from V-E day, it was over. People were scared to death for their jobs. People were terrified.

LL: Why was the end of the war a terrifying event?

MG: Because any major change is. And I think people were unconsciously terrified of unemployment. The unemployment of the thirties was still very much on their minds. People rioted in the streets. I was living downtown in Montreal. People went up and down Ste. Catherine Street and knocked over street-cars. They just didn't know what to do.

It broke out on the 7th, because we had a false alarm. It was a mistake, and people all over the world celebrated. I even had a friend who was in a concentration camp in Czechoslovakia, and they celebrated, and then the S.S. guards came back — it wasn't over. It was over the next day.

I called my newspaper and asked what I should do — it must have been a Sunday or a Monday because I was at home — and I was told to "go out and get impressions." They were getting out a special issue, and the impressions were just of people swarming around, first nervously, then drunker and drunker. We walked all the way down to the east end, and the east end was

Walking the Gatineau, walking the planet

Malcolm Reid

The man in the baseball cap let a long silence go by.

"I just wanted to listen to us walking," he finally said. "I just wanted to hear our steps again, crunching on the gravel."

He was one of the twenty people seated in a circle in a church basement in Hull, preparing for their walk into Ottawa the following morning. He spoke in French, a slow sort of French that went well with his straw-brown beard.

Each person, in turn, gave a little statement on why she was walking in this march.

"This is my work," said an American woman with white hair. She was crisp, sitting in a studied upright-ness. "I'm a fulltime worker for peace and social justice. That's all. I'm walking because we have to do something to change things."

Another woman, younger, long wispy hair, a furrow between her eyebrows:

"Well, I got involved in this at the University of Montreal. We were studying the Theology of Liberation. It was very good, it was theoretical — and it seemed to me this march might be a way of making it practical. So now, tomorrow, I have to decide if I'm

going to sit down at the Defence Department. And I've got the shakes..."

A lean, olive-skinned young man was curled, almost draped, on a battered couch, his sleeping bag rolled up beside him.

"Every prison-camp guard has said, 'I'm not responsible.' We've all said, 'I'm not responsible. That's why I'm walking.'"

The circle was being filled in, there was something ceremonial about it. Something Indian. In my twenty years around the peace movement I've often found peace people good at this kind of setting of an atmosphere. Marxists are better at evaluating the real chances of an action, NDPers and Péquistes are better at following up their actions with phone and doorbell work. But the peace people have the council-fire in them; the flame of the created moment.

My turn came.

"I'm doing this," I said, knowing I had very small claims in the discussion, arriving this late in the event, "because of three rivers."

The poster that provoked the adventure began appearing on the posts of our neighbourhood in Que-

bec toward the end of summer, 1987.

(The telephone and hydro poles are one of the basic media of communication in Saint-Jean-Baptiste. They always announce at least a dozen events that you probably wouldn't have heard about otherwise... And they're an art scene, too. Some of the finest graphic work in Quebec, both high-quality colour work on slick paper, and quick counterculture xeroxes, is on view on the poles at any given time.)

This poster was fairly simple black-and-white work with a sketch of three women walking along with placards in their hands. "The Long March against War and Misery," it said.

The event was a walk from Quebec City to Ottawa, laid out over a period of a few weeks in the fine autumn air. Red on the hills.

The walkers would talk to people along the way, and though each would bring his own concerns, her own passions, to the stroll for peace, to the hike for humanity, a focus of it all would be the *White Paper on Defence*.

One of the marchers, a sardonic young guy from Montreal, had bought a copy of the *White Paper* from the government store for the sole purpose of filling in the pale-blue skies in which submarines flew, and against which missiles and fighter planes silhouetted, with his diary of the march. And with the comments and poems of people he met as he walked, and asked to write in his book.

I was born and brought up in Ottawa, ten minutes' walk from a beach on the Ottawa River; and I've lived the recent years of my life in Quebec City, in Saint-Jean-Baptiste district, just back of the Plains of Abraham.

So I've made the trip from Quebec to Ottawa, upstream along the Saint Lawrence, along the Ottawa, hundreds of times. Perhaps a thousand.

These two valleys are my region, you could say. The habitat of the animal that I am, the part of the planet that is familiar to me, that is written into my codes.

And yet I've always made the trip by bus! By car! By train! I don't really know these valleys as part of nature; or rather, I know a few, only a few, of the millions of things there might be to know about them.

As soon as I saw the poster, I realized it was asking me to do something I'd always wanted to do, at least since I was fourteen years old. To walk, step by step, my land. To truly qualify as an animal of the Ottawa region.

But of course I was busy.

Of course I put off making definite plans.

I chatted enviously about the coming march with my friend Monique, a native of the Saint Lawrence Valley over toward the Appalachians, who has made her whole life in the past six years into a walking of the Americas in the cause of —

Peace and socialism?

Peace and feminism?

Peace and ecology?

Peace and plenty, let's say; that controversial proposition in 1988. Peace and the things that would enable peace to move in and take up habitat on earth: a better sharing of the earth's resources among its peoples and within its peoples; and a wiser using of oil, metal, air, water...

(These things, of course, are not "things." They are an idea, a utopia, an undefined spirit which



Engraving by Malcolm Reid

Marxists, Moslems and punks all participate in, along with other humans. They are what Bob Marley and the Wailers were wailing for, what the Shouting Signpainters were shouting about, what Isiah prophesied and Almighty Voice voiced. What your next-door neighbour believes in when he's feeling his most neighbourly. Don't you love thy neighbour when he's in that mood?)

In Ottawa, I was brought up to call this spirit by the name *socialism*. So on my walk, I'd think of myself as walking for socialism, walking to the city where I first heard the word "socialism."

Then it was the last weekend of the march!

If I rushed, if I got on board an All-Stop expedition with Gilles and Nathalie of the Amies de la Terre, I could just make it to Gatineau for the evening of the tenth. I could walk the last few miles into Ottawa with the people on the *Longue Marche contre la Guerre et la Misère*. Red on the hills, red on the soil and surge of the Gatineau Hills.

I could help place a wreath on the war memorial reading "To Truly Remember is to Stop all Practices of War." Oh, how dull and sad and at the same time guilt-inspiring those November the Eleventh ceremonies had always seemed on television in the fifties. How pretentious the angel's bronze wings had seemed, how predatory and official.

The civil servant who, through All-Stop, had pro-

vided us with our lift, let us off in Ottawa, not in Gatineau. So we'd arrived too soon. We would have to find our way back to the town of Gatineau, we'd have to slow down to the right pace.

For Gilles and Nathalie this backtracking contained no emotional resonance. They came from elsewhere and had already dipped into this march at several points along its route. They were full of practical movement concerns: Was the march getting enough press? Who'd been at that meeting in Montreal with Vallières and Berrigan? How was morale?

We crossed to Hull and found ourselves in a maze of concrete that was entirely new since my childhood. It is filled and emptied every day, with thousands of workers in government services. We got out of the maze and onto a suburban bus, we headed east to Gatineau (also known, when I was young, as Pointe Gatineau, or Gatineau Mills).

We got off the bus a little early, and entered the town on foot. It was, for Gilles and Nathalie, a strip of gas stations and hot dog restaurants and bathroom-tiling stores exactly like every other Quebec locality they had ever been in.

But I was an animal of the region.

I was getting excited.

Hey, weren't those the smokestacks of Canadian International Paper? Weren't those the piles of logs? No smell today; but the whole working-class energy

of the place was the off it young men in of downtown Ottawa ever to elect a black

And there —

There was the sided block with a one containing an airman, one containing no known of the next volunteers) — a se

Transport truck

Gilles and Nathalie

let's at least look at the marchers, but...

Then, in the m began to be mostly down over rocks, crashing them. Crash down past a town quietly into a wide with the Ottawa R.

The very point sense of myself — sugared off in "the tives "up in the Gat sense of myself; the a disappeared Ind border of Southern

Later we joined them in the church I walked with Gilles erty streets where I'd always passed

The people in t conscious of being of people by now, world, softened to March." And they and abstract reason the conclusion of

The had, they hind. They were They were Isiah, Goldman. What d were on?

It has occurred the most charac

The space shutt the more reason fo

When the Tam no-longer-imperial dor, and all the Quebec, in Canada

It seems to me clarifying and exte sentence, *The med*

The medium, l buses and comput reservations; and money; and the money (representing above all planes, th through the sky.

That's the meo

And the messa

of the place was there, the shudder of a town shaking off its young men into the taverns and juvenile courts of downtown Ottawa. And also being the first town ever to elect a black man to the Quebec legislature.

And there —

There was the war memorial of Gatineau. A four-sided block with a soldier on one side, a sailor on another, an airman on a third. And on the fourth, the one containing no dates (for the dates aren't yet known of the next war that will call on Gatineau for volunteers) — a servicewoman.

Transport trucks whizzed past.

Gilles and Nathalie were bored. Come on, I said, let's at least look at this town! Maybe we've missed the marchers, but...

Then, in the middle of town where the houses began to be mostly of wood, there came, crashing down over rocks, the Gatineau River. A little river, crashing down from the hills with the red slashed across them. Crashing down under a bridge, crashing down past a town lookout platform, and then going quietly into a widening, into a mixing, into a fusion, with the Ottawa River.

The very point at which my earliest Québécois sense of myself — a kid who went to "the Gatineau," sugared off in "the Gatineau," had friends with relatives "up in the Gatineau" — fused with my Canadian sense of myself; the slow, plain, wide river, named for a disappeared Indian tribe, that formed the upper border of Southern Ontario.

Later we joined up with the marchers, we found them in the church basement. The sun came down and I walked with Gilles and Nathalie in these mild-poverty streets where I'd never been on foot before, which I'd always passed through by car.

The people in this church basement were scarcely conscious of being in Hull. They were a special tribe of people by now, they were toughened towards the world, softened towards each other, they were "the March." And they were entirely caught up in the vast and abstract reasons which were driving them on to the conclusion of their adventure.

The had, they felt, left their regional selves behind. They were philosophers now, and pilgrims. They were Isiah, and Almighty Voice, and Emma Goldman. What did it matter what riverbank they were on?

It has occurred to me that drastic travels are one of the most characteristic actions of the 1980s.

The space shuttle explodes and kills its crew; all the more reason for us to dash frenetically about the one planet we do know how to travel.

When the Tamils of Sri Lanka, the Turks of poor, no-longer-imperial Turkey, the illegals of El Salvador, and all the other drastic-travellers, arrive in Quebec, in Canada...

It seems to me that these human beings are both clarifying and extending the meaning of the famous sentence, *The medium is the message*.

The medium, here, is the world system of ships, buses and computer circuits to certify tickets and reservations; bribery, also, of course, and prostitution and money, and the electronic signals that represent money (representing, thus, a representation) — and above all planes, those pieces of savage bauxite flying through the sky.

That's the medium, all that.

And the message, transmitted along this medium,

is the people themselves. Their lives, their torn lives, their crazy hope of suddenly being in another hemisphere, another economy, another ideology, where things will be okay at last.

Where all will be forgiven, all will be clean, all will be possible. So magnificently possible that every penny and indignity you scrape together is worth it. This jolt is worth it, this trip, this hurtling of oneself along a wire of world communications like an electron of injustice dearly wishing to ground itself in the cool, well-organized soil of North America.

These people are a message from the Third World to us, to the First World. They have communicated themselves to us on a system we created and put in place. We put it in place primarily in the desire to communicate *our* messages to *them*. But first they created the tradition of the immigrant who flies many times back to his left-behind homeland for visits; then they devised, in the 1960s, this still more punctual use of the system. Even the apparently easy-to-get Canadian passport seems to be part of the system; all the easygoing aspects of our not-always-easygoing country.

They place before us, underdevelopment, hunger, shattered cultures and food chains. This is when they are *not* true refugees, but economic exiles. And they place dictatorship, torture, disappearance squads, before us, when they *are* true refugees, true political. They are the *parecidos*, the *ones who appear*.

Much has been written about the reduction of life, vitality, sensuality, to mere imagery on screens in the video age. Here we are in the presence of the opposite phenomenon. An actual society becomes a screen on which unexpected human figures from another society appear suddenly through the relatively instantaneous manipulation of engines, motors, steering wheels.

The message has been picked up very clearly in my part of the society. Quebec, in a rather peevish and xenophobic mood, nevertheless became very attached to the Turks Canada expelled this spring; media coverage created sympathy for this Islamic and little-known group, and people were out to picket their departure. Was there a compensation here, for say, the shooting of a black youth by the Montreal police? Was there something Christian; or something internationalist left over from more revolutionary times in recent Quebec history? An indirect response to Palestine, Chile, Afghanistan, Iran? Or is it simply the *faces*?

Hard to say.

The message, the flesh-and-blood data on the jet circuits and the battered steamers, it seems to me, both terrify and thrill us. We are invaded. But we cannot help but grasp that this is another part of the Long March against War and Misery.

Nathalie, during the march, had invented and sung a song:

*C'est la longue marche
Con-tre la guerre
Et LAAAAAAA misère...*

It was sung to the tune of *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, which if I recall was a song of the American Civil War.

Why not?

But I had my own song going through my head during this time. Mine was an old Quebec tune. It was called *Les Draveurs de la Gatineau*.

Malcolm Reid is a free-lance journalist living in Quebec City. This is the second in a series of regular columns in Border/Lines.

Surviving Thatcher

Ioan Davies

As Canadians debate what will happen to the cultural industries after Free Trade, the British are not so much concerned with the takeover of their industries by foreigners as they are with the enemy within the gates. Thatcher's government has culture all over its agenda, but most of its concerns are actively hostile to the idea that the arts and the media should be critical, independent, innovative and socially conscious. It abolished the Greater London Council largely because the GLC's cultural policies were politically assertive in favour of working class, black, gay, feminist, left activities (see Franco Bianchini's article in *New Formations*, No. 1, 1987). It has established a committee under the chairmanship of a very conservative ex-editor of the *Times* to monitor sex and violence on TV and Radio (apparently Arthur Conan Doyle and the A-Team are on the hit list). It has decided to "open up the air-waves" so the BBC may become a pay-tv network, while Rupert Murdoch will have no less than four regular channels (based mainly on American imports). In its notorious "Spycatcher" trials and their many repercussions it is

attempting to muzzle the press. (In the past year, Index on Censorship has found the Thatcher government more censorious than the USSR). In its policy towards the arts it chooses to reduce funding in spite of a major report published by the Policy Studies Institute on the economic importance of the arts in Britain which shows that in 1985/6 the arts (in terms of spending on supply and services) were as important a part of the economy as automobiles. And in education, not only has it decided to "privitize" a large segment of the schools, but it has so savaged the grants to universities that some of them have established sub-faculties (called "credit-banks") where departments have to demonstrate their marketability in order to survive.

The picture is not a happy one and anyone who returns to Britain is quickly made conscious of the overwhelming greed of the moneyed classes, their eyes bulging with avarice as they grab anything that is marketable and turn it into plastic gold, and talk, quite freely, of the riff-raff who populate the rest of the country. (The most brazen quote that I found was

in *The Spectator* by Auberon Waugh on July 18, 1988, who said that the elite are elite and rich because they are more intelligent than everyone else). But, on the other side, a visit to Liverpool, or Hull or South Wales, or a walk around Depford in South London convincingly shows that there is another country that is both plundered and ignored by the avaricious, that this is the country where the real culture is created. The new bourgeoisie of Thatcher's world are not the producers of culture: they are the consumers, transmitters, policemen. They create nothing but money. What art they dislike, they shut out. There has not been one single opera, novel, collection of stories, film, TV programme, rock group created by this class which has lasted beyond its first run (unless *Evita* and *The Phantom of the Opera* are seen as celebrations of Thatcherdom).

So what is the hope now? Stuart Hall has said repeatedly over the past two or three years that we are in for the long haul. But that presumably means the long haul if we are to win. Win what? The deep pessimism of the British left is based, I think, on the sense that it has worked hard to change governments and that clearly with the Thatcher dominion it has failed. But if Thatcherism has done nothing else, it has torn away the illusions of the left that nationalization represented socialism or that the "masses" reflected a homogeneous and potentially victorious collective. By showing the radical centralizing focus of the right, Thatcher has compelled the left to rethink itself as the decentred politics of "winning" the here and now where politics really matters: in the institutions where we work, in sexuality and gender, in racial encounters, in the practical knowledge of negotiating ourselves through the make-work technologists who would define our daily lives (doctors, lawyers, accountants) and in learning to make sense of the codes that impose themselves from the media, "politics," religion. The over-arching politics is, of course, not with Thatcher, but with the multinationals, nuclear energy, electronics, international migration, the depopulation/deforestation of the countryside and plundering of the sea, the super-importance of the money-market. Pessimism is based on not understanding these processes. The responsible politics is that of Foucault, not a sclerotic Marx, of Victor Serge and Rosa Luxemburg, not Lenin, of (in the British context) Mary Shelley, not Robert Owen. At this point it is not a question of winning, but of struggle.

Thus a few gleanings from a visit around the sites

of what the British left might think of as cultural wreckage, but which I would like to think of as the habitus of a space that we would all like to inhabit. On these the counter-hegemonies are being built. First, but not least, *Marxism Today*, not censored by the Communist Party as I mistakenly predicted in *Border/Lines* 11, a vibrant journal which marks the ultimate dynamic between theory and practice. Second, the cultural life of London, in spite of Thatcher, is assertive, politically creative: the boroughs and the people that provided the basis for the GLC's power are still there, doing the things for which the GLC was created: Battersea, Islington, Camden, Greenwich (the last report of the *Greater London Arts Council Quarterly* is replete with action and counter-action. *Time Out* and *City Limits* will give anyone the information they need: London cultural life is not based on the so-called West-End, which barely exists anymore, having been chewed up by those impresarios who only cater to tourists and the lure of Broadway, Ed Mirvish and the rich cultural morons). Four Black film collectives, a range of feminist and agit-prop theatres, a range of music which includes perhaps the best collection of African music anywhere in the world, and a self-critical awareness in the fine arts which is unrivalled anywhere. Academically, two centres which we thought were threatened, the Birmingham Centre and Ernesto Laclau's graduate work on the study of discourse at Essex, are now fully-fledged University departments. Although *m/f* may have closed, *Feminist Theory*, a host of other feminist journals, *Virago Press* flourish. And there is, of course, the Virago Workshop, *New Left Review* with its Verso publishing house, and a large selection of music magazines some of which display the very essence of cultural opposition.

What Thatcher attempted was to destroy what she thought were the institutional pillars of a socialist tradition. Instead she has provided the opportunity for that tradition to sharpen its stance, becoming more affirmative in new terms. If radical culture in Britain now adopts something of a *samizdat* status, it also shows a dynamism that is shorn of any vestiges of co-optation. Thatcherism has toughened the cultural grounds of opposition.

Ioan Davies is a member of the Border/Lines collective.

Targeting Canada: Apartheid's Friends on the Offensive

David Galbraith

A video tape distributed to all Canadian MPs; a full page ad in a Calgary newspaper during the Olympics; a series of small public meetings in the Maritimes. Each by itself might be merely another in the seemingly endless barrage of apartheid propaganda which opponents of apartheid have been confronting for years. But cumulatively a more sinister pattern can be discerned: we seem to be

in the midst of a much more coherent initiative to influence key sectors of Canadian public opinion by the South African government and its local supporters than we have witnessed for some time.

Journalistic Sleaze from Washington to Worthington

The centrepiece of the new order of apartheid apolo-

gias is the video "The ANC Method: Violence," allegedly written and directed by the well-known right wing press hack and sometime Tory candidate Peter Worthington. Its timing could hardly have been more carefully contrived. The day before Oliver Tambo's long awaited visit to Ottawa, copies of the tape, and an accompanying booklet, were delivered to all federal MPs. Moreover, its release also coincided with a major series of newspaper ads run by the South African embassy, which were explicitly directed against the Tambo visit (see, eg. *Globe and Mail*, Aug. 28, 1987).

Tambo's reception in Ottawa suggests that this campaign was not entirely ineffective. Many observers were caught off-guard by the chilly climate of his discussions with Clark and Mulroney (see *SAR*, III, 2). Mulroney's earlier visit to the front-line states had, after all, led some to expect that Tambo would receive a rather sympathetic hearing. Instead, he was subjected to a series of tired homilies on "violence" and "communism."

That these are precisely the themes of the video is obviously more than coincidental. The video attempts, with single-minded, almost obsessive insistence, to assimilate the ANC to the twin spectres of "international communism," and its correlative, "terrorism." We are warned at the beginning that "[t]he following video contains material which may offend sensitive viewers." And it would be hard to find anyone who could watch without horror the gruesome sequences of "necklace" killings (igniting a tire round someone's neck), with the tape displays a ghoul's fascination. This is, then, the central rhetorical device of the tape: to equate opposition to the Pretoria regime, from the ANC, the UDF, the churches, and the international community, with a defence of the most shocking violence.

But what of the South African state and its violence, its terror, its denial of the most elementary human rights to its citizens? All of this remains literally invisible, if only because, for Worthington and his backers, apartheid itself no longer exists. "Nothing can justify the inhumanities of apartheid, as it existed, before the process of dismantling it began, or in fact justify the few remaining semblances of it in South African society today" the package piously announces. Apartheid, we're repeatedly assured, has been transformed: to continue to demand sanctions or to call for the release of detainees is merely to be duped by a conspiracy to bring an otherwise peaceful and progressive society under the control of "communism."

But it would be overstating the case to argue that the video was, by itself, responsible for the rather frosty tone of Tambo's reception in Ottawa. The ground had been prepared in advance. Michael Valpy commented recently on the relative success of the South African initiative to delegitimize the ANC among some sections of the Canadian public (*Globe and Mail*, March 5, 1988). Although welcome, Valpy's concerns emerged a bit late in the game, particularly in light of the *Globe's* earlier editorial enthusiasm for Gatsha Buthelezi as "the best hope, if not the only hope, for the emergence of a moderate black leadership from the ashes of apartheid" (in a Dec. 11, 1986 editorial headed "For Chief Buthelezi"!"). As for the Tory right wing, to whom Mulroney and Clark were, in no small measure, responding, they had been primed by even less sophisticated appeals to

The ANC
than an

The AN

Since World War II, th
International Departm

- The South African C (SACTU) the ANC Federation of Trade
- The ANC's women's Women (FEDSAW International Demo
- The ANC Youth Le Federation of Demo International Union Czechoslovakia.
- ANC President Oliv based World Peace
- Alfred Nzo, ANC S both the WPC and t Organisation (AAP)
- Denis Sibeko - men
- Ruth Mompati, AN president of the Wo Federation.
- Susan Mnumzana -
- Dan Cindi - mema

"I do not be
believe it is

SOUTH A

CONT

- "The ANC has b the SACP that th synonymous." — Jillian Becker, fo terrorism.
- "No major decis without the conc Central Commit Communist Party were in fact initia — B. Hlapane, sub- US Senate Form 1982.
- The Soviet strate Africa has three of South Africa b movement know the ANC by the the SACP by the — Yusef Dadoo, fo Review, December

A sa
publi
again

visceral anti-comm as the *Toronto Sun* sometimes seemed atop embassy press

Other recent Ca be more directly ti ment. During the C full page ad appear (1988) over the nam in Sport," calling Africa in the Olymp much longer must v remain pawns of

The ANC has more representation in Soviet Front Organisations than any of the other terrorist organisations in the world.

The ANC and the Communist International

Since World War II, the ANC has been closely interlocked with a host of Soviet controlled front organisations, spawned by the International Department of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Some examples include the following . . .

- The South African Congress of the Trade Unions (SACTU) the ANC's labour wing, affiliated to the World Federation of Trade Unions (WFTU) in 1953.
- The ANC's women's wing, the Federation of South African Women (FEDSAW), is an affiliate to the Women's International Democratic Federation (WIDF).
- The ANC Youth League is an affiliate to both the World Federation of Democratic Youth (WFDY) and the International Union of Students based in Prague, Czechoslovakia.
- ANC President Oliver Tambo – member of the Helsinki based World Peace Council (WPC).
- Alfred Nzo, ANC Secretary General – a vice president of both the WPC and the Afro Asian People's Solidarity Organisation (AAPSO).
- Denis Sibeko – member of the WFDY secretariat.
- Ruth Mompati, ANC executive member – a former vice president of the Women's International Democratic Federation.
- Susan Mnumzana – member of the WIDF secretariat.
- Dan Cindi – member of the AAPSO secretariat.

Vietnamese ties

The ANC and the Vietnamese Communist Party have had close ideological ties that go back to the Vietnam War. According to the ANC publication *Sechaba* (January 1987), a high level ANC delegation headed by Oliver Tambo went on a study tour of Vietnam in 1978. In their words, they "wanted to make a detailed examination of the methods that were used by the legendary Vietnamese people in their victorious war against French and later U.S. forces." The ANC had discussions with military leaders including generals Vo Nguen Giap and Van Tien Dung who led the Vietnamese revolution. Summing up the trip the ANC publication *Sechaba* stated that "their (the Vietnamese) experience will forever enrich the living revolutionary tradition of struggle in South Africa. This trip to Vietnam was historic, as subsequent decisions of our national executive was to prove".

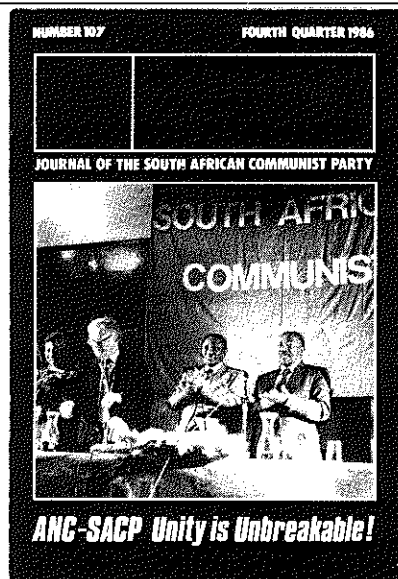
"I do not believe it (The ANC) is a Communist Organization and I do not believe it is an organization controlled by communists."

External Affairs Minister Mr Joe Clark after meeting with Alfred Nzo – ANC Sec. Gen.

SOUTH AFRICAN COMMUNIST PARTY

CONTROL OF THE A.N.C.

- "The ANC has been so thoroughly infiltrated by the SACP that the two are virtually synonymous."
— Jillian Becker, foremost British expert on International terrorism.
- "No major decision could be taken by the ANC without the concurrence and approval of the Central Committee of the South African Communist Party. Most major developments were in fact initiated by the Central Committee".
— B. Hlapane, former SACP member giving evidence to the US Senate Sub-committee on Security and Terrorism in 1982.
- The Soviet strategy "to gain control of South Africa has three basic elements. (1) The conquest of South Africa by the national liberation movement known as the ANC. (2) The control of the ANC by the SACP; and (3) The control of the SACP by the Soviet Union . . .
— Yusef Dadoo, former SACP Chairman (*World Marxist Review*, December 1982).



A sample page from an anti-African National Congress publication. Their message is remarkably simple: the struggle against apartheid is a communist-led plot.

visceral anti-communism from commentators such as the *Toronto Sun's* noxious Bob MacDonald, who sometimes seemed simply to insert his own picture atop embassy press releases.

Other recent Canadian propaganda initiatives can be more directly tied to the South African government. During the Calgary Olympics, for example, a full page ad appeared in the *Calgary Herald* (Feb. 20, 1988) over the name of the London-based "Freedom in Sport," calling for the reinstatement of South Africa in the Olympics, and petulantly whining "How much longer must world class South African athletes remain pawns of politicians?" Gordon Legge, an

enterprising *Herald* journalist, was able to demonstrate that the ad had, in fact, been placed by an employee of the South Africa Press Office, whose claims to be acting on his own initiative were lame, even by the usual standards of arms length deniability (see *Calgary Herald*, Feb. 21 and 23, 1988).

This episode suggests an almost comic level of incompetence. But more sinister, particularly in light of recent events, was the false pamphlet recently mailed to a number of Canadian solidarity groups and subsequently exposed by the Inter-Church Coalition on Africa. This document purports to emanate from the Dependants' Conference of the South African

Council of Churches, and, indeed, closely resembles in appearance legitimate materials issued by that body. However, this forgery endorses violence and "necklace" killings, and goes so far as to suggest that donations to the Conference might provide "pocket money for purchasing petrol bombs, tyres for necklaces, [and] sjamboks for People's Courts."

"They're Back": Pretoria's Maple Leafs

What is new in this campaign is the evident importance which the regime attaches to Canada in its propaganda war. In the past, we had been relatively marginal; the real action was going on in London and in Washington. In both of these capitals, South Africa dealt with governments which it could assume would be relatively sympathetic to its agendas. In addition, it had a well-organized network of lobbyists and friends in place, through its carefully orchestrated contacts with the extreme, but nonetheless influential right. In the heady early years of Reagan and Thatcher, Canada got somewhat lost in the shuffle.

In hindsight, the appointment of Glenn Babb as ambassador underlined the heightened importance of Canada in Pretoria's calculations. Babb adopted an aggressively high profile strategy. In the 1985-early '86 period, this consisted in the main of maudlin appeals to "free speech," in the interests of hearing "all points of view." But with the relative success of the Emergency in removing South Africa from network visibility, greater opportunities became available to contest the political terrain. It was in this context that the themes of "black on black violence," "terrorism" and its corollary, "communism," and the promise of "reform" were pushed into the foreground.

Babb himself became probably the most prominent foreign diplomat in the country, especially around his visit to the Peguis Indian Reserve in Manitoba. Although the Canadian impact of this gesture was blunted by the effective response of the Assembly of First Nations and other native spokespeople, it received massive publicity, both in Canada and in South Africa itself. But within Canada, the embassy was less successful in recruiting local skills of Babb's ability. They were forced to fall back on a series of older contacts, whose marginality from the political mainstream reflected, in no small measure, the absence of a highly organized right wing infrastructure in Canada. True, the *Toronto Sun* could be counted on to rise to the occasion out of genuine ideological enthusiasm, but its political weight is less than that of its American or British counterparts.

Why Us?

But why should the South Africans suddenly be so concerned about Canada? The answer probably lies in the increasingly prominent role which Canada has assumed in recent years in international debate around apartheid. Although the solidarity movement has frequently criticized the limitations and the contradictions in the Canadian government's policies on this issue, it remains nonetheless clear that Pretoria regards even these limited responses with concern, particularly when they are compared to the more friendly winds blowing from London and Washington. While it's unlikely that the South African government believes it possible to reverse completely these measures, it clearly believes that a more aggressive propaganda campaign can both inhibit their further expansion, and undermine any possible Canadian

movement towards support or recognition of the ANC.

In order to achieve these goals, specific constituencies have been targeted for attention. Within the business community, the South Africans will probably attempt to undermine the effect of the sanctions campaign by working in cooperation with such right wing organizations as the Fraser Institute to promote the view that sanctions are both ineffective and harmful, and that they inhibit the already existing "reform" policies of the state.

In the more public spheres of Canadian political life, the regime and its supporters will emphasize its "reform" initiatives, and attempt to link any opposition, be it from the ANC or the churches, to the twin shibboleths of "terrorism" and "communism." Here, for the moment, they are likely to target the Conservative Party itself, and its political constituencies, in order to keep up pressure on Mulroney and Clark. This apparent targeting of opinion leaders in smaller communities with substantial Tory support is the most probable explanation for the recent upsurge in pro-apartheid meetings and submissions to local newspapers in the Maritimes (see *What's the Word*, Feb., 1988). As if to underline the point, Glenn Babb's final speaking engagement in Canada was to have been in Sept Isles, the centre of Mulroney's own

constituency, a ploy blocked only by the vigorous response of local trade unionists. Some aspects of this orientation could well change, however, depending on the outcome of the anticipated federal election campaign.

More recently, the issue of media manipulation was central to the meeting of Commonwealth foreign ministers, held in Toronto at the beginning of August. In an attempt to deflect attention from renewed demands for tougher sanctions, External Affairs hired consultants to organize an anti-apartheid cultural festival, took out full page ads in newspapers, and pushed questions of censorship and propaganda to the head of the agenda in meetings of the ministers. None of this was very successful in its primary purpose — to convey the impression of activity without undertaking new commitments to further isolate Pretoria. But it did prompt a round of ads from the Embassy and a boast from De Klerk, Babb's successor, of his success in influencing the Tory caucus.

In the future, other groups with consistent anti-apartheid records, such as Canadian churches, may well find themselves on the receiving end of propaganda campaigns of varying sophistication, as augured by the forged South African Council of Churches pamphlet. We shouldn't rule out the possibility that apartheid's defenders will strive to ex-

plot already existing divisions within the churches over a wide spectrum of questions concerning social policy to their own advantage.

What should be clear is that the apartheid regime believes that the State of Emergency has opened up a window of opportunity for it to begin to influence the terrain on which discussion takes place and policy is formed. Clearly, it will not simply seek to "defend" apartheid. That option was written off long ago, except in relation to the most marginal constituencies. Instead, it will continually stress its commitment to "reform." How far it will succeed in this object will depend on a series of factors. Although Canadian opponents of apartheid cannot directly influence the course of events within South Africa, which is, of course, ultimately where these questions will be answered, we can, and should be prepared to respond more aggressively and with greater sophistication to what is, in certain respects, a new situation.

David Galbraith is a Toronto-based graduate student and a member of the Southern African Report collective.

An earlier version first published in Southern Africa Report May 1988.

l e t t e r s

Dear Editors:

I'm writing in response to the bold-type preface to Ingrid Mayrhofer's essay on Nicaraguan pre-Revolutionary art (Fall/Winter 87/88). The editor starts off by announcing:

Several authors — for example, Judith Doyle in *Impulse* — have written of art in contemporary Nicaragua as if revolutionary practice emerges out of a timeless present. As this article indicates, the struggle for a people's art — indeed for any art — goes back to the origins of colonialism...

The snipe is signed "I.D." — Ioan Davies, I presume. If Ioan Davies has actually read the "Culture of Nicaragua" issue of *Impulse* which I edited in 1984, he could hardly have failed to notice that it consisted *entirely* of writing and artworks by Nicaraguan authors and artists: poetry, fiction, critical essays, interviews, drawings and photographs. My only contribution to it as a writer was a half-page introduction in which I said that "We are publishing Nicaraguan work rather than second-hand reports to give a more direct view of the new culture in Nicaragua, following the long dictatorship." The issue included many pre-revolutionary texts by, amongst others, Ruben Dario (who died in 1916), a 1929 short story by Augusto Sandino, and a poem by Leonel Rugama, who died during the insurrectional war. I mention only three names cited in Ingrid Mayrhofer's essay. There are

many more. The issue includes detailed biographical notes for each contributor. An essay by Rosarilo Murillo and an interview with Sergio Ramirez provide historical perspectives on Nicaraguan culture.

The issue is not (and never claimed to be) comprehensive, but myself and my co-editors Jorge Lozano and Adriana Angel spent months in both Nicaragua and Canada, finding, compiling, selecting and translating texts which were previously unavailable in English. Art Director Carolyn White won two international awards for her intelligent design, working entirely with Nicaraguan original artworks. It was a unique project for a Toronto art magazine to undertake, conceived to complement essays like Ingrid Mayrhofer's by providing access to artists' production.

I'm particularly irritated by Ioan Davies' misrepresentation of the Nicaragua issue of *Impulse* because it is out of print and it is therefore rather difficult for the readers of *Border/Lines* to judge the matter for themselves. I've enclosed a copy for the Editorial Board to take a look at. I'm sorry I can't do the same for your readers. I think they'd find it of interest.

Yours sincerely,

Judith Doyle

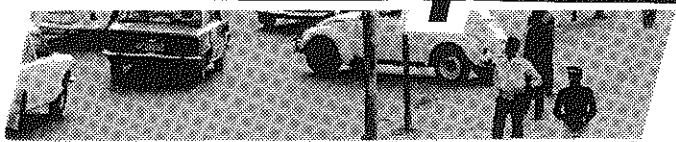
KICK

KICK
BASED
WHICH
AND P
AN AN
ECOLO

Canadian cur
pounds for B



KICK IT OVER



KICK IT OVER IS A TORONTO BASED QUARTERLY MAGAZINE WHICH EXAMINES PERSONAL AND POLITICAL ISSUES FROM AN ANARCHIST, FEMINIST AND ECOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVE.

\$7.50 for 4 issues
 Kick It Over
 P.O. Box 5811
 Station A
 Toronto, Ontario
 Canada M5W 1P2

Canadian currency for Canada/U.S. currency for U.S.A./four pounds for Britain.

Linguistics & Language Behavior Abstracts

LLBA

Now in our 22nd year (125,000 abstracts to date) of service to linguists and language researchers worldwide. LLBA is available in print and also online from BRS and Dialog.

Linguistics & Language Behavior Abstracts

P.O. Box 22206
 San Diego, CA 92122 U.S.A.
 (619) 565-6603

Fast, economical document delivery available.

sociological abstracts

DELIVERS:

- A dependable online and print reference service.
- Time saving access to and comprehensive coverage of 1,600 of the world's serials in sociology and related disciplines.
- IRPS — a complete bibliography of book reviews from the English and non-English language journals **sa** abstracts, as well as detailed book abstracts.
- Social Planning/Policy & Development Abstracts (SOPODA) covering applied sociology and the social problems-oriented literature.
- sociofile — presenting abstracts of the serial literature added to the **sa** database since 1974 and recent dissertation citations, on a CD-ROM with SilverPlatter's user-friendly software.
- An online training program tailored to the needs of sociologists and social science researchers.

sociological abstracts, inc.

P.O. Box 22206
 San Diego, CA 92122 U.S.A.
 (619) 565-6603

VANGUARD



Vanguard, the national magazine of critical writing on art, casts its deictic gaze on the Canadian and international art scene six times a year and delivers a readerly read in an award-winning design. Get out of lock-step and into *Vanguard*.

- 1 YEAR \$24.00
- 2 YEARS \$42.00
- 3 YEARS \$65.00

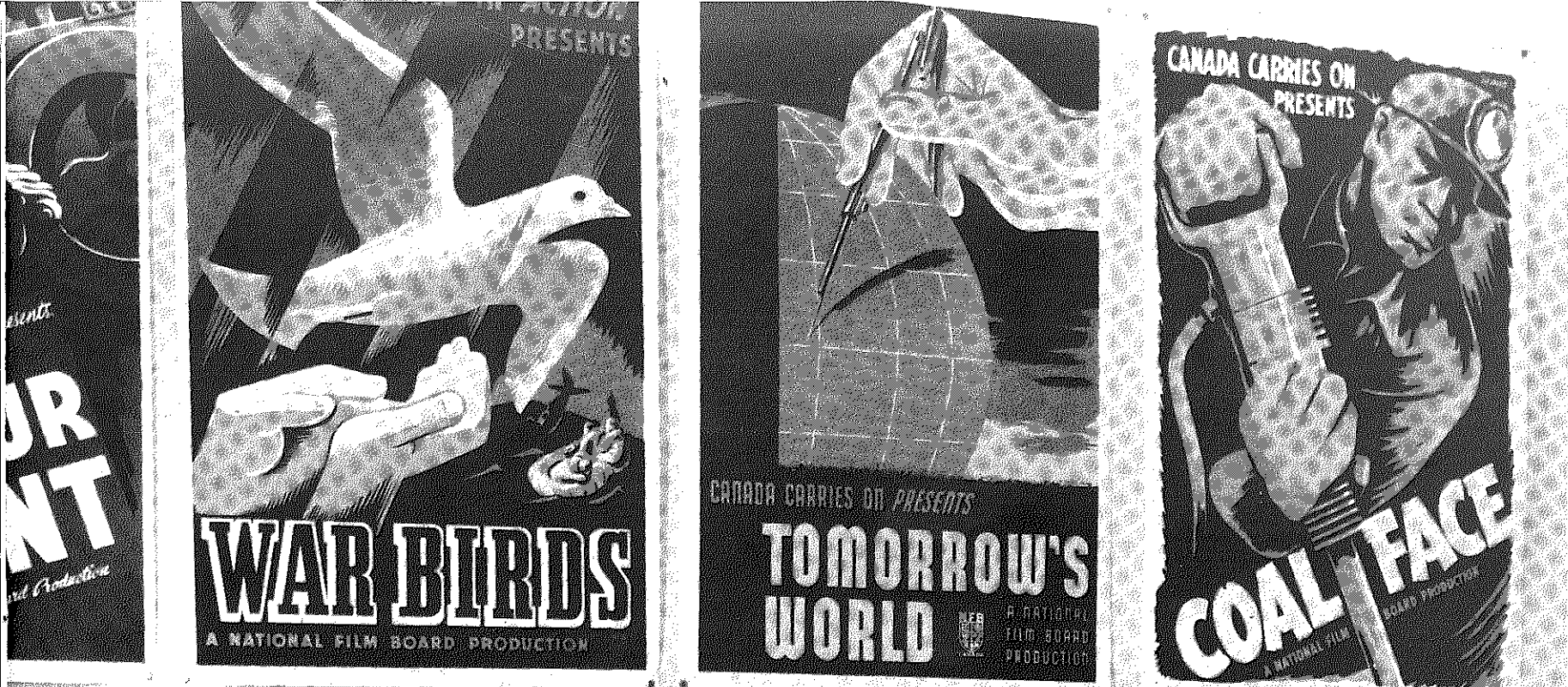
Vanguard
 P.O. Box 549, Stn A
 Vancouver, B.C.
 V6C 2N3

Grierson and Hollywood's Canada

Joyce Nelson

The long-standing legend of John Grierson, founder of the National Film Board in 1939, is beginning to show some deep cracks. Recent film scholarship in a variety of countries in which he worked or provided his expert media advice (England, Australia, Canada, South Africa) has begun to reveal that Grierson was far more politically complex than his legend as a left-wing populist would suggest. One belief that, for nearly fifty years, has been central to the Canadian version of the Grierson legend is the belief that his founding of the NFB was a challenge to Hollywood's hegemony in Canada, that, in his role as Canada's first Film Commissioner (1939-1945), he worked to ensure a viable place for Canada in the competitive postwar film and media scene. This aspect of the legend is undermined by his actions and policies in wartime Canada, where he continually catered to Hollywood interests. Although he was ostensibly hired to improve the film situation in Canada, his so-called "internationalist" perspective lead him to further marginalize the country vis-a-vis private U.S. media interests.





Of course, as a propagandist, Grierson had a more tantalizing way of expressing his intentions. As he wrote in his "Film Policy For Canada":

We have our moods of resolution and also our moods of relaxation. The movies until now have concentrated on the moods of relaxation. ...We have made a big business out of our moods of relaxation; we have not concentrated nearly so much on our moods of resolution. Yet, on the face of it, it is in our moods of resolution that we may be expected to build the future. These moods are worth organizing, just as deliberately as the movies, the newspapers and the show business generally have been organizing our moods of relaxation. (Grierson, p.12)

Viewing cinema from this perspective, as a way of deliberately organizing the "moods" of the public, Grierson was not about to tamper in Canada with that "big business" which had done such an efficient job in the relaxation category. Indeed, during the war years, Hollywood received some very useful assistance from Canada's Film Commissioner, while the NFB focussed on those seeming "moods of resolution."

In later years, wartime NFB filmmaker Evelyn Spice Cherry stated the still predominant rationales: "Because our hands were tied in relation to the feature film industry, we would develop the documentary." ("Workshop", p.12) The point, however, is that Canada's Film Commissioner could have taken steps to untie those hands. Instead he made the knots tighter.

By 1922, the Hollywood studio conglomerates had formed their powerful lobby, the Motion Picture Association of America. One of the first acts of the MPAA in its founding year was to set up a local bureau in Canada, called the Motion Picture Exhibitors and Distributors of Canada. Hollywood's goal of vertical-integration could successfully proceed only if those two aspects of the industry, distribution and exhibition, could become well enough entrenched in Canada to prevent indigenous films from playing on local screens.

But it was also perceived to be a useful tactic, in the post-World War I milieu, for the Hollywood studios to make pictures about Canada. With Hollywood apparently serving the narrative needs of its neighbour, competition on the filmmaking front might be nipped in the bud. As film magnate Lewis Selznick expressed it at the time: "If Canadian stores are worthwhile making into films, American companies will be sent into Canada to make them." (Thompson, p.177) Usually, though, it was cheaper for Hollywood crews to not even bother making the trip. In 1922 and 1923, for example, studio conglomerates made at least sixty-five feature films ostensibly set in Canada, with only a tiny minority actually filmed on location in this country.

Besides being a way of eliminating competition from indigenous small production companies, Hollywood's interest in constructing a screen image of Canada historically coincided with the larger pattern of U.S. branch-plant expansion north of the border during the 1920s. It was important to define "Canada" not only to its inhabitants, but also to a U.S. populace engaged, if unwittingly, in the colonizing of its northern neighbour. The U.S.-made screen image of a Canadian hinterland, loosely populated by lumberjacks, Mounties, and mad Francophone trappers,

conveyed open territory in which U.S. resource extraction and industrial expansion would be unimpeded and perhaps even welcomed.

Throughout the 1920s and 1930s the MPAA clone, the Motion Picture Exhibitors and Distributors of Canada, wielded extensive lobbying power and influence in government and business circles. It became known as the Cooper organization, after its first president, Colonel John Cooper, who administered policies and practices with effective zeal. By 1939, American control of film monopoly proportions and exhibition in Canada was at virtual monopoly proportions, with ninety-five per cent of the box-office, and all first-run theatres, in the hands of the studio conglomerates. Old Colonel Cooper was still fronting for the MPAA in Canada in 1938 when Grierson arrived from Great Britain to survey the film scene and draft the Film Act. The State plan to establish a National Film Board was obviously not something that might slip past Cooper's attention.

Not surprisingly, when the National Film Act was being debated in the House of Commons in the spring of 1939, Trade and Commerce Minister W. D. Euler, who was responsible for the legislation, hastened to assure his colleagues that the proposed National Film Board "would not enter into competition with private business." (Evens, p.55) On the surface, this might look to have been an assurance to the small Canadian film production firms like Associated Screen News of Montreal, Cinecraft Studios of Montreal, General Films Ltd. of Regina, Audio Pictures Ltd. of Toronto, Vancouver Motion Pictures, and Crawley Films of Ottawa. But it was more obviously a reference to the Hollywood studio conglomerates, who would not countenance any infringement on "their" territory. Euler's assurances were signalling the ready cooperation of the State with the existing cinema status quo.

Such assurances were no doubt greatly appreciated in the forth-coming months. The outbreak of World War II had an immediate effect on Hollywood's worldwide market. As Grierson wrote in 1940:

I never saw so great a scurry in my life as in that first week of war in the chambers of Hollywood's magnates. A third of their world market had vanished overnight or become completely uncertain. ...Hollywood was so nervous that it had a new idea every day. The first reaction was to draw in its economic horns, make cheaper pictures, intensify its American market. There was some talk of forgetting its international role and going all American. The result of that policy was seen in more pictures of South America. Hollywood even began, in a sudden burst of light, to remember that Canada was a North American country. (Hardy, ed., p.87)

Obviously, to both Grierson and those Hollywood magnates, "going all American" meant more than the continentalist connotation of the words, with even South America included in Hollywood's "domestic" mandate. Nevertheless, with its world-market either vanished or uncertain, the Canadian box-office bonanza (some \$58 million annually at the time) was suddenly more precious to Hollywood than in the pre-war years. Remembering that Canada "was a North American country," rather than merely a lucrative extension of the U.S. domestic box-office, Hollywood's own foreign policy branch, the MPAA, was no doubt interested in whatever moves Canada's new Film Commissioner might make.

Clearly, Colonel John Cooper had long been an effective lobbyist for MPAA interests by the time he encountered Grierson. If Cooper had anticipated any threat to Hollywood hegemony as a result of the film expert's appointment, it must have become quickly apparent to Cooper that the new Film Commissioner had no intention of altering the status quo in Hollywood's Canada.

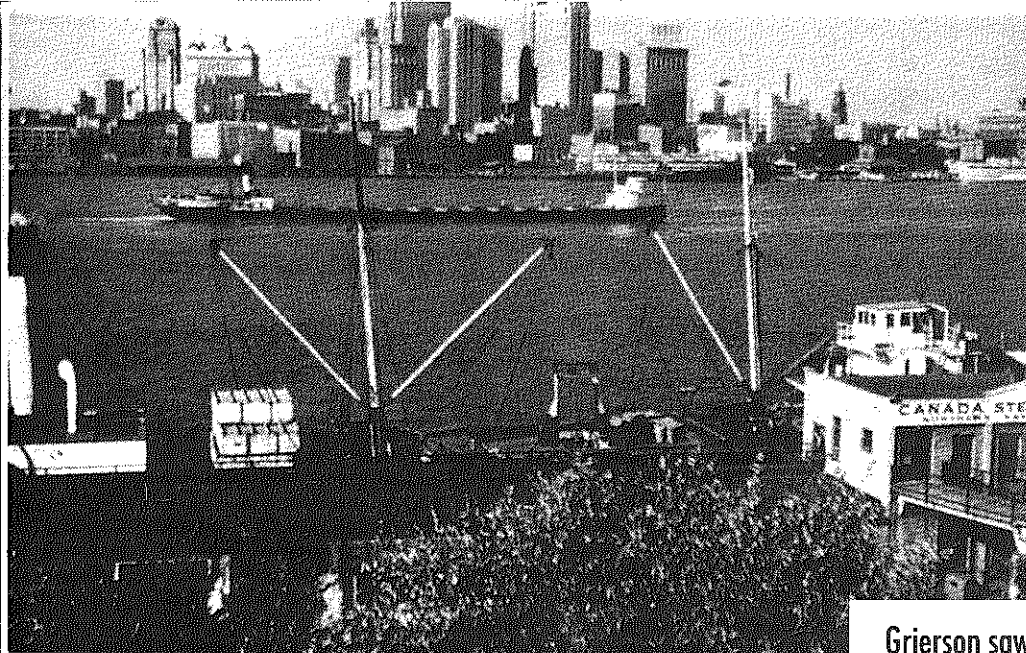
In 1940, Grierson's other, concurrent assignment — as film advisor for Great Britain's Imperial Relations Trust — made it necessary that he travel to Australia, where he was to organize a film propaganda base similar to the Film Board he had just gotten underway in Canada. If Colonel Cooper had any doubts as to Grierson's views on Hollywood's "international role," those doubts were surely put to rest when Grierson recommended to the Canadian government that Cooper be invited to act as Film Commissioner during Grierson's absence. The government readily complied.

Film historian Gary Evans accounts for this recommendation by explaining that "Grierson was counting on Cooper's influence to prevent Famous Players (Paramount) from wrecking the young, fragile National Film Board and to keep commercial distribution of government films from being altered." (Evans, p.73) Grierson had made arrangements for the *Canada Carries On* series to be distributed by Famous Players and Columbia Pictures, thereby gaining access for the series to virtually infiltrate the entire theatre system owned or controlled by the Hollywood conglomerates across Canada. But we might also see Grierson's recommendation of Cooper as interim Film Commissioner, and the government's compliance with that recommendation, as a gesture to the MPAA that neither Grierson, the NFB, nor the State would interfere with Hollywood's cozy and profitable set-up in Canada. In terms of film production, distribution, and exhibition, Hollywood's territory would be left untouched and entirely intact, including that sizeable box-office profit proceeding across the border throughout the way.

Quite early on in his career, during his work for the Rockefeller Foundation and for Famous Players-Lasky (Paramount) in the U.S., Grierson had recognized the significant role that Hollywood was playing in the realm of propaganda and the creation of Public Opinion. In his later work for Stephen Tallent's Empire Marketing Board in Great Britain, he had also studied the vertically-integrated international market that Hollywood maintained in Germany and France, and throughout Europe in general. Since at least 1927 then, Grierson had been thoroughly familiar with Hollywood's economic monopoly in the realm of film, and various countries' attempts to alter that structure. Grierson's opposition to Canadian nationalism and his admiration of Hollywood's efficiency in managing the public's "moods of relaxation" lead him to make important decisions during his wartime tenure beyond even the appointment of the MPAA's man-in-Canada as his interim replacement.

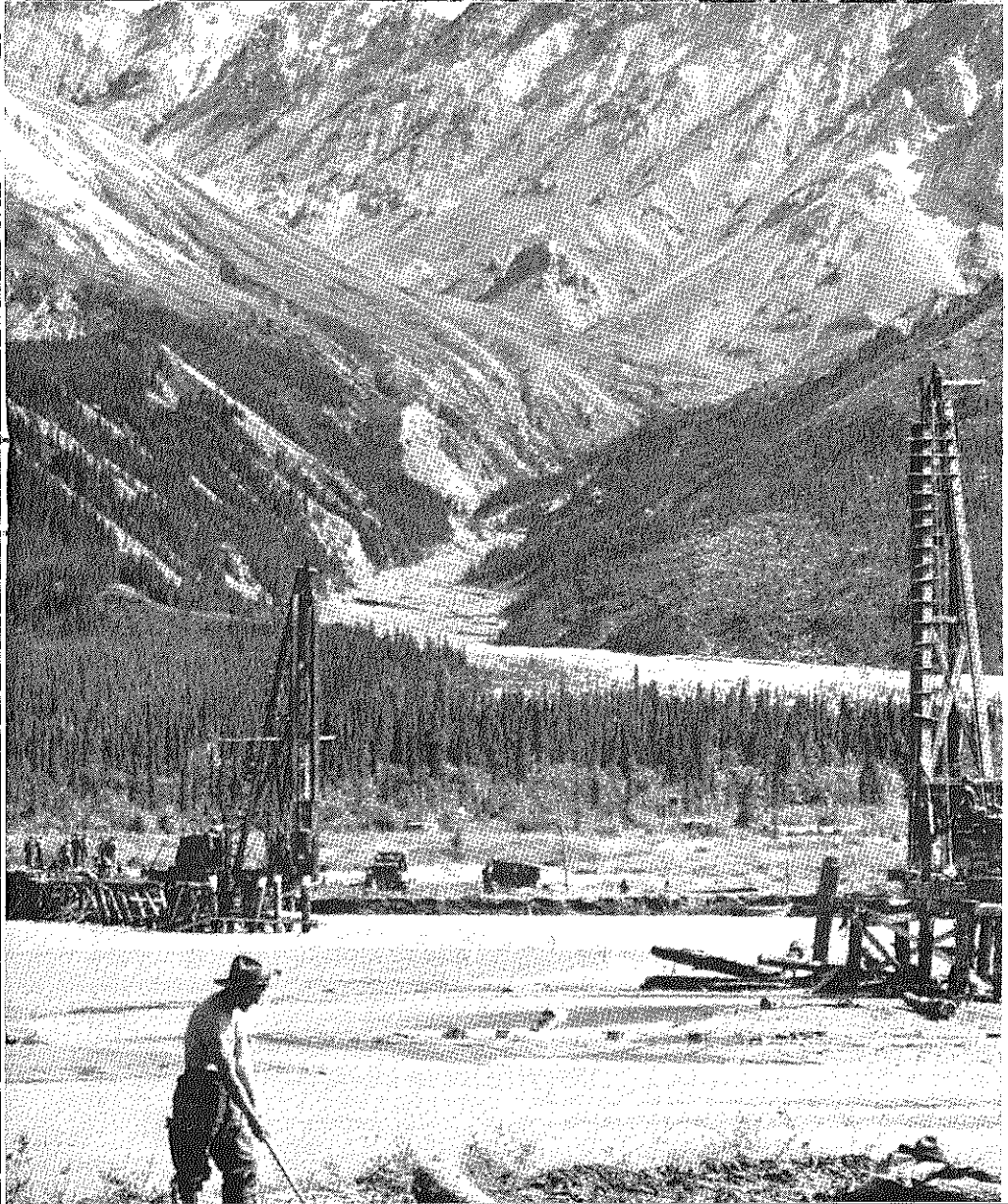
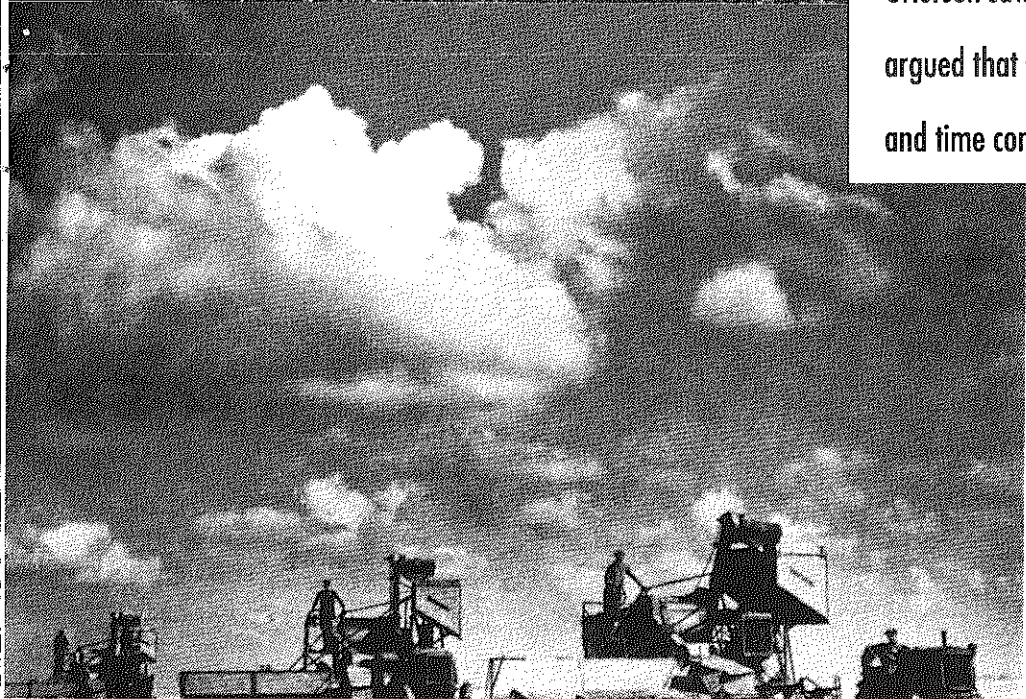
Grierson was not about to infringe on Hollywood's territory in Canada, but he was not above a certain knowledgeable manipulation on the basis of potential nationalistic measures, if that manipulation suited his own interests. For example, in 1941 the NFB released the film *Warclouds in the Pacific* — an installment in the *Canada Carries On* series and an episode which gained distribution in the U.S. by





From three NFB films
directed by James Beveridge:
Great Lakes, 1945
Battle of the Harvests, 1944
Highways North, 1944

Grierson saw no reason for Canada to have its own film industry. He argued that such a goal would be too difficult, costly, counter-productive and time consuming. It was essentially unnecessary.



United Artists. The film, a compilation production like most of the series, contained footage provided to the Board by Louis de Rochemont's *March of Time* production outfit in the U.S., with the understanding that any film incorporating the sequences would be shown only in Canada. When de Rochemont learned that the film was about to be distributed in the American market, he instigated legal action to stop it. In the ensuing confrontation between Grierson and the lawyers for Time-Life Inc., Grierson made what Gary Evans has called "a bald threat":

He claimed to have said, "Gentlemen, I have it from the highest authorities in Canada that if the *March of Time* insists on pressing this suit, Canada will revise the existing laws regarding importation of foreign films to Canada." A moment of silence followed, then one of de Rochemont's attorneys allegedly spoke. "Louis, you started something you can't finish. Drop it." No one was prepared to jeopardize the entire American film industry's open Canadian market over a few feet of film. (Evans, p.166)

In terms of actual Canadian domestic film policy however, Grierson throughout his wartime tenure as Film Commissioner was firmly against any film quota system or any revising of existing laws regarding that open Canadian market. He used his influential role to dissuade those same "highest authorities in Canada" from taking any such legislated protectionist action. His argument seems to have been that any such moves would jeopardize the favoured-nation status that Canada had with the U.S. industry — though that "status" consisted of little more than the dubious honour of handing over the country's screens, industry and box-office profits in exchange for U.S. distribution of Grierson's wartime documentary series. (Morris, p.24)

Obviously, throughout the war, Hollywood was able to count on its Canadian market to remain certain in the midst of uncertainty across the rest of its worldwide domain. But Commissioner Grierson also felt prompted to assist the U.S. studio conglomerates in their wartime production. While Canadian apprentices at the NFB were busy making films out of stock-shots, library footage, and "pirated" film sequences — in line with Grierson's policy that the wartime Board would primarily make compilation films for *Canada Carries On* and the *World in Action* series — Grierson himself was out lining up film production work for U.S. companies in Hollywood. According to Forsyth

Hardy, in 1941 Grierson "flew to Hollywood where Stuart Legg [in charge of NFB production] met him and they lined up a dozen films to be made in co-production." (Hardy, p.11) Peter Morris has discovered that Grierson's NFB was subsidizing the production of short films by Hollywood studios "at a subsidy cost of approximately \$1,000 a picture." (Morris, p.25) These NFB-Hollywood co-productions were apparently meant to fill in gaps that the wartime NFB and Canada's private film companies were unable to meet. That, at least, is the most favourable interpretation of Grierson's arrangements with Hollywood during the war, though Grierson may also have felt that Canadian filmmakers were not skilled enough for such a task. Hardy tells us that "In July 1941 he [Grierson] was on his way to Hollywood to arrange for Walt Disney to produce four films persuading Canadians to hold on to their War Savings Certificates." (Hardy, p.121)

The Disney connection is worth examining a bit more closely. Walt Disney's right-wing proclivities had begun to reveal themselves by at least 1939, when Leni Riefenstahl, the leading propagandist for the Third Reich, visited Hollywood as Disney's guest. (Sontag, pp.80-81) According to Susan Sontag, four of the six films that Riefenstahl directed were documentaries "made for and financed by the Nazi government." When Riefenstahl left Hollywood and returned to Germany in 1939, she accompanied the invading Wehrmacht into Poland as a uniformed army correspondent with her own camera team. Coincidentally, Riefenstahl was also a friend of Grierson, "from whose shoe he is said to have once drunk champagne at a party at the French Club in London." (Hardy, p.261)

By 1940, Disney was adamant about keeping trade unionism out of his sizeable studios. To prevent the Screen Cartoonists Guild from gaining a foothold, he formed a "company union" for his workers, in defiance of the terms of the 1935 Wagner Act in the U.S. The result was that the situation at the Disney Studios became increasingly untenable, and a strike was called on May 29, 1941, led by the Screen Cartoonists Guild. With Disney refusing to negotiate with the union, the strike dragged on until August. (Schickel, p.251) Interestingly, the dates of the strike indicate that Grierson's July 1941 visit to arrange four Disney-NFB co-productions occurred in the middle of the stand-off. Apparently, not only did Grierson feel untroubled about using NFB funding to finance Hollywood co-productions, but he was quite willing to cross a picket-line to do so.

Grierson's catering to Hollywood interests found its ultimate expression in his 1944 policy recommendation to the Canadian government regarding the post-war film future in this country. Simply put, he saw no reason for Canada to have its own film industry or to engage in feature film production. He argued that such a goal would be too difficult, costly, counter-productive, time-consuming and essentially unnecessary. The Canadian desire to make Canadian feature films was, for Grierson, a sign of "old-fashioned nationalistic nonsense." Instead, the Film Commissioner outlined for the Canadian government his "internationalist" alternative:

Are there not other possibilities for the development of Canadian film production? I think there are, and far more practical and possible than this dream of a Canadian Hollywood. One way is for



Canada to make its feature films in New York or Hollywood. We might build up in either centre a company for the making of Canadian films with an associate producership in one of the big international companies. ...Simpler still is the notion that the United States must increasingly appreciate its international obligations and give a quid pro quo for the benefits it receives abroad. ...What can be asked of Hollywood, and is increasingly being asked, is that it should, as a matter of policy, spread its net wider for its themes. ...I myself expect that before very long the big American companies trading in Canada will see to it that one or two films are devoted to Canada. ...The next step, I expect, will be for Paramount to set aside a production unit in Hollywood for the production of Canadian feature films. (Grierson, pp.9-10)

Peter Morris has convincingly argued, in his landmark article published in 1986, that such a policy recommendation actually anticipated, and was the basis for, the infamous Canadian Cooperation Project of 1948, in which Hollywood agreed to insert dialogue-references to Canada in U.S. feature films, in ex-

change for the Canadian government's agreement not to impose a quota system or tax on the domestic box-office. (Morris, p.31) Grierson's 1944 "Film Policy For Canada" was circulated in Hollywood where it probably inspired the MPAA, which hatched the nearly decade-long Canadian Cooperation Project. As Pierre Berton has noted, the Project "prevented a quota system and thwarted any wistful hopes there might have been for a home-grown motion picture industry" in Canada. (Berton, p.172)

It probably shouldn't surprise us to learn that when Grierson left the NFB and Canada in autumn of 1945, one of the organizations which approached him for the possible employment of his services was the MPAA lobby, whose U.S. president, Eric Johnston, "was impressed by what he had achieved in Canada." (Hardy, pp.150 & 159)

Peter Morris states that "John Grierson was a key architect of Canada's marginalization in the film world, and events and policies since his time simply part of a self-fulfilling prophecy." (Morris, p.31) However, Morris suggests that Grierson's "faith" in Hollywood and its international role was "derived

While apprentices shots and library

from his often sim-
generally," that in-
was "an innocent
nately, it's more co-

Throughout the
Centre in London
engaged in the pro-
corporate industry
tary News Letter,
cally throughout the
he remained. (Suss-
in Great Britain wa-
rounding American
industry, the role o-
ers vis-a-vis the fil-
tion by Rank — ov-
with links to 20th
Universal Pictures
negotiate a share o-
ing links with the
using control of the
counter. (Dickinson
News Letter in 194-
among British film-
that the issues keep
agreed that we need
need equally a shar-
methods of achievi-
conflict. The dang-
interests is clear er-

The dispute had
ment policy. Variou-
paign for governm-
sector. One of the
British documentar-
"radical measures"
Among those mem-
in Great Britain for-
glomerates was Joh-
ing behind the sc-
requested by the P-
1945, Grierson and
Rotha outlined a p-
Government Film
many powers, woul-
ties of private com-
other words, at virt-
was advising the C-
vene in terms of I-
Canada, and *not* to
industry, he was ac-

While apprentices at the NFB were busy making documentaries out of stock shots and library footage, Grierson was financing Hollywood productions.

from his often simplistic views on internationalism generally," that in relation to Hollywood, Grierson was "an innocent abroad." (Morris, p.23) Unfortunately, it's more complicated than that.

Throughout the war, Grierson's independent Film Centre in London continued to be a viable concern, engaged in the production of public-relations films for corporate industry and in bringing out the *Documentary News Letter*, for which Grierson wrote sporadically throughout the war and on whose editorial board he remained. (Sussex, p.120) By 1944, the film scene in Great Britain was embroiled in a controversy surrounding American domination of the British film industry, the role of independent British film producers vis-a-vis the film combines, and a recommendation by Rank — owner of General Film Distributors, with links to 20th Century Fox, United Artists, and Universal Pictures — that British producers should negotiate a share of the American market by exploiting links with the major American film companies, using control of the British market as a bargaining counter. (Dickinson, p.75) An article in *Documentary News Letter* in 1944 summarized the mood of the time among British filmmakers: "The trouble is of course that the issues keep on getting confused. Everyone is agreed that we need a truly national film industry, and need equally a share in the world's screen time. The methods of achieving this, however, are the source of conflict. The danger of domination by United States interests is clear enough." (Dickinson, p.79)

The dispute had obvious implications for government policy. Various pressure groups formed to campaign for government intervention in the British film sector. One of the most active lobby groups was the British documentary movement, which canvassed for "radical measures" to be taken by the government. Among those members advocating tougher measures in Great Britain for dealing with the Hollywood conglomerates was John Grierson, who was quietly working behind the scenes. In a private memorandum requested by the President of the Board of Trade in 1945, Grierson and his documentary colleague Paul Rotha outlined a plan for Great Britain to form a Government Film Corporation, which, among its many powers, would be enabled "to regulate the activities of private companies." (Dickinson, pp.82-83) In other words, at virtually the same time that Grierson was advising the Canadian government *not* to intervene in terms of Hollywood's screen monopoly in Canada, and *not* to foster a postwar Canadian film industry, he was actively (if surreptitiously) engaged

in the struggle in England for "a truly national film industry" through government regulation of Hollywood's private distributors' exhibitors.

Such discrepancies in his position obviously throw a monkey-wrench into the notion that Grierson in Canada was "an innocent abroad" with respect to Hollywood, but they also further confuse, in retrospect, any clear understanding of his wartime politics and allegiances. Adding to the confusion is the fact that Grierson, throughout the war, had also be advising the U.S. State Department on its film policy and postwar propaganda needs. (Cox, pp.16-18) By April of 1945, leaks to the media revealed that Grierson was being considered to head up a Film Unit in the U.S. State Department, overseeing its media needs. Central to those needs was the planned expansion of American mass media world-wide, as officially announced in 1946 in the U.S. *Department of State Bulletin*:

The State Department plans to do everything within its power along political or diplomatic lines to help break down the artificial barriers to the expansion of private American news agencies, magazines, motion pictures, and other media of communications throughout the world. ...Freedom of the press — and freedom of exchange of information generally — is an integral part of our foreign policy. (Bulletin, p.160)

Hollywood and the MPAA lobby had long led the way, and provided the operative model, for such expansion. If the way had provided a temporary setback to this planetary goal, the postwar milieu would more than make up for the delay in plans. Grierson's rhetoric to Canadian policy-makers about a "world of loyalty, faith and pride in which national barriers do not mean a thing" (Grierson, p.6) — the very rhetoric by which he convincingly persuaded the government against fostering an indigenous postwar film industry — was thus fully in line with the U.S. State Department's (and the private American mass media) plans for the postwar future: plans which Grierson himself had apparently helped to formulate.

Since Grierson had a poker in every media fire going at the time, it's challenging to make sense of (in the vernacular) where he as coming from. One clue is provided in his confidential report to the Canadian government in 1944, where he expressed the view that "International business becomes progressively an *international cooperative business*. ...The American film business has been one of the last of the great international concerns to learn this." (Morris, p.22) Whether in these terms Grierson was "an innocent

abroad" remains to be seen.

Nevertheless, nearly fifty years after the fact, Canadian film and broadcasting policy-makers remain committed to the path Grierson advised for Canada, handing over ninety-seven per cent of movie theatre screen-time, ninety-five per cent of TV drama air-time, and ninety-five per cent of the movie box-office gate to U.S. MPAA members' product. That's not "internationalism." It's colonization.

Joyce Nelson taught in the Department of Film Studies, Queen's University, for five years before becoming a full-time freelance writer in 1976. Her book The Colonized Eye: Re-Thinking the Grierson Legend will be published in October by Between The Lines Press, Toronto. She is also the author of The Perfect Machine: TV in the Nuclear Age, published by BTL Press in 1987.

Sources

Berton, Pierre. *Hollywood's Canada: The Americanization of Our National Image* (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1975).

Cox, Kirwan. "The Grierson Files," *Cinema Canada* (June/July, 1979).

Department of State Bulletin, #14 (Feb. 3, 1946).

Dickinson, Margaret. "The State and the Consolidation of Monopoly," in James Curran and Vincent Porter, eds., *British Cinema History* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1983).

Evans, Gary. *John Grierson and the National Film Board: The Politics of Wartime Propaganda* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1984).

Grierson, John. "A Film Policy For Canada," *Canadian Affairs* (June 15, 1944).

"The Grierson Workshop," *Pot Pourri* (Summer, 1975).

Hardy, Forsyth. *John Grierson: A Documentary Biography* (London: Faber and Faber, 1979).

Hardy, Forsyth, ed. *Grierson On Documentary* (London: Faber and Faber, Revised edition, 1966).

Morris, Peter. "Backwards to the Future: John Grierson's Film Policy For Canada," in Gene Walz, ed., *Flashback: People and Institutions in Canadian Film History* (Montreal: Mediatext Publications, 1986).

Schickel, Richard. *The Disney Version: The Life, Times, Art and Commerce of Walk Disney* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1968).

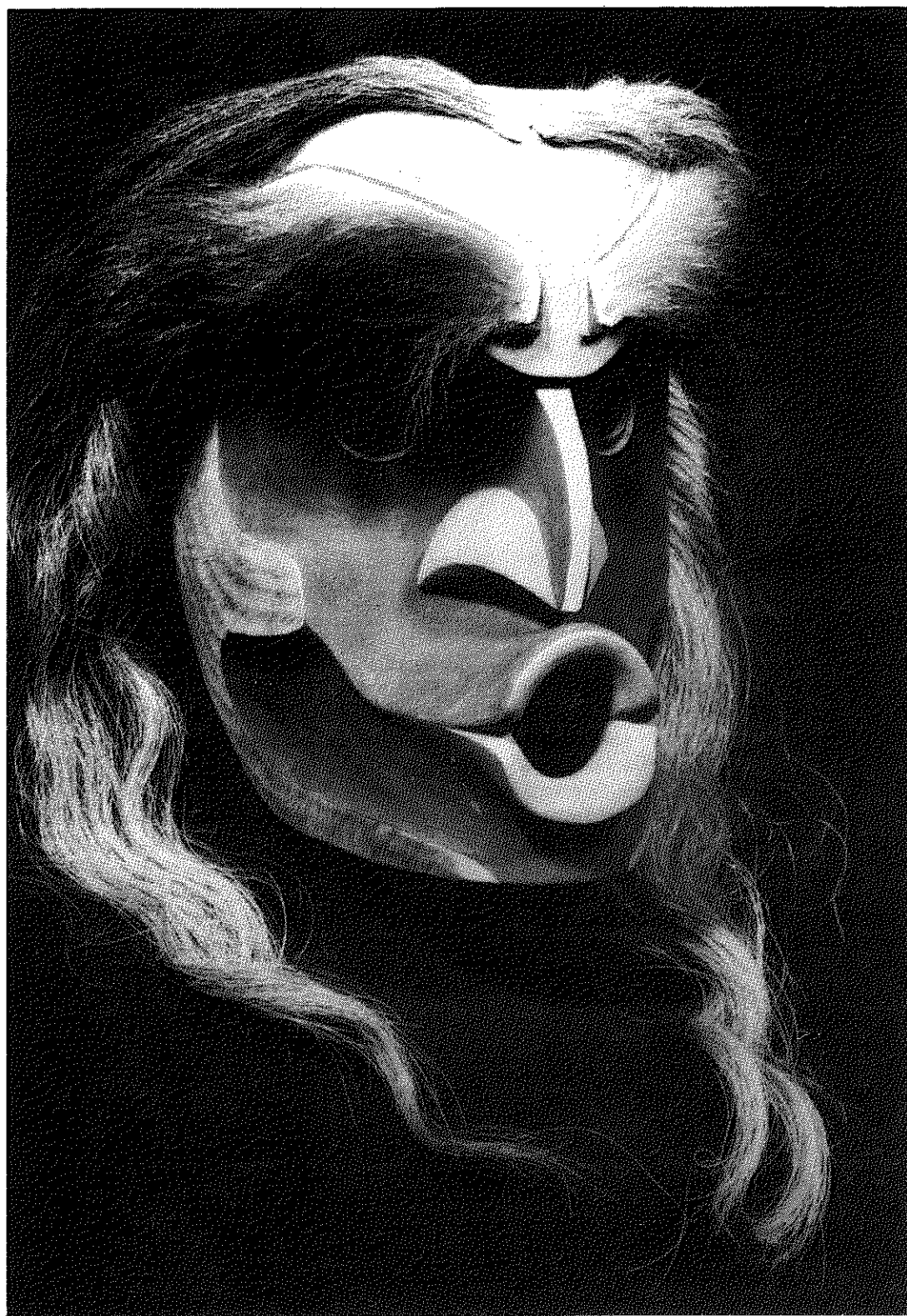
Sontag, Susan. *Under the Sign of Saturn* (New York: Vintage Books, 1981).

Sussex, Elizabeth. *The Rise and Fall of British Documentary: The Story of the Film Movement Founded by John Grierson* (Berkeley/Los Angeles/London: University of California Press, 1975).

Thompson, John Herd, with Allen Seager. *Canada 1922-1939: Decades of Discord* (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1986).

Indian Self-Government: Triumph or Treason

Christopher Plant



18

To many
events
confusi
this co
Indian
have c
except
decade
exclusi
article
perspe
facing
of Can

or Treason?

To many non-native people, Indian events and issues are clouded with confusion and controversy. Although this confusion is shared by some Indian communities too, Indian people have come to express their views with exceptional clarity over the last decade or so. Drawing almost exclusively from native sources, this article attempts to summarize their perspective on the key political issues facing Indian nations — and the rest of Canadian society — today.

On October 9, 1986, Chief Stan Dixon of the Sechelt Indian band from the coast just north of Vancouver celebrated his people's attainment of self-government by holding aloft a tee-shirt emblazoned with the words: "You can kiss my ass, because we got Self-Government at last." Clearly jubilant at the passage of Bill C-93, which provides for the transfer to the community of title to band lands and for a band constitution, Dixon was accompanied by Bill McKnight, Minister of Indian Affairs, who stated the federal government's commitment "to developing a new relationship with Indian people." "Self-government," he continued, "is at the heart of this relationship."

Little over a month later, a meeting between the Minister and native leaders, scheduled to take place in Kamloops, was cancelled because word got out that Indian people planned a demonstration at the event. A leaflet, produced by the organizers of the protest — the Confederation of Shuswap/Okanagan Action Committee — stated boldly "Self-Government is Treason." It continued, "B.C. Indians must say No to the Constitution process, No to land claims settlement negotiations process, and No to Indian Self-Government!"

Faced with such diametrically opposed views, it is understandable if both native and non-native alike are confused. Self-government *sounds* like a positive achievement for native people, as do land claims and the process of defining native rights in the Constitution. But how do they *really* relate to the aspirations of Indian nations for cultural independence and the recognition of their aboriginal rights and title?

THE TWO-ROW WAMPUM

In recent years a great deal of detailed research has been done by numerous Indian organizations on the history of their relations with non-natives in Canada. Indian people themselves insist that an adequate understanding of their present position can only come from examining their past and appreciating the philosophical basis of Indian cultures, so different from the dominant European culture.

They point out, first, that "Indians" is a general

"The relationship between the land, people and our creator is inseparable. This relationship is the basis of our position of sovereignty and 'Aboriginal Title' today."



term which does not do justice to the great variety of distinct nations which have existed for many thousands of years on "The Great Island" — North America — each with their own languages, governing systems, traditions, social order and relations with other nations. Despite this diversity, these tribes and nations share a common underlying philosophy that they were placed in their territories by the Creator to care for and control the land. In return, as the Union of B.C. Indian Chiefs (UBCIC) says, the land would provide for all their needs:

"This relationship between the land, people and our Creator is inseparable. Our responsibility to care for and control the land is seen as an obligation to our Creator and each generation must consider seven generations into the future. The land belongs to the Creator, we belong to the land. This relationship is the basis of our position of sovereignty and 'Aboriginal Title' today."

Living in harmony with nature and with other nations ranked high among Indian values, and 'international' relations were built upon the principles of respect, friendship and peace.

Europeans arrived on the east coast beginning in the mid-1500s. Malnourished, sick with scurvy, these "new human beings" were welcomed and cared for in friendship. The basis upon which native peoples developed relations with Europeans — mostly English and French in this case — is best expressed by the Haudenosaunee Confederacy (the Six Nations Confederacy). Observing the great cultural differences of the two peoples, they defined an "Original Compact" in the following terms:

"We call it Gus-Wen-Tah, or the Two-row Wampum Belt. It is on a bed of white wampum, which symbolizes the purity of the agreement. There are two rows of purple, and those two rows have the spirit of our ancestors. Those two rows never come together in that belt, and it is easy to see what that means. It means that we have two different paths, two different people.

"The agreement was made that your road will have your vessel, your people, your politics, your government, your way of life, your religion, your beliefs. The same goes for ours. ...We will be the same, the same height. Your Nation, your Government is over here. Our Nations and our Government is over here. Never do they cross anywhere, meaning that... you will not make laws for our people and we will not make laws for your people. It is simple."

Generous enough to share their lands with the newcomers, the native nations were clear in never surrendering title nor ownership of their lands — something that was, philosophically speaking, impossible anyway.

For the next hundred years or so, Indian nations continued to be a major influence in the European settlement of the Great Island. In the Seven Years War between England and France which began in 1752, it was the Indian nations who tipped the balance in favour of England, according to UBCIC research, since the English had been able to make more Indian allies by promising to protect their land. Following the war, the English were asked to remove their forts. When they refused to do so, Chief Pontiac and a Confederacy of many nations proceeded to burn them to the ground, until the British agreed to negotiate. Faced with the impossible prospect of subduing the Indian nations by military means, England adopted peaceful settlements as the only viable alternative.

Subsequently, King George III's Royal Proclamation of 1763 confirms Indian sovereignty and sets down in law the terms under which Indian nations were prepared to negotiate settlement by the English. These terms include the fact that title to Indian land would only be extinguished by consent (not conquest); that title would only be ceded through a fair and open process whose obligations would bind the parties forever; and that the Royal Majesty would continue to treat the Indian Nations as protected people — amounting, in modern terms, to a recognition of the right to self-determination. In the international context of the times, European powers asserted their claims to "newly-discovered" territories either by visible conquest, or by the consent of the people concerned. Seeing how expensive it was to conquer the Indian peoples by force in what is now the United States, and lacking the financial and military resources to be able to subdue the Indian nations, England clearly chose to demonstrate effective occupation of territory by consent and expressed this many times to other European nations.

Eighty treaties were then concluded in the east and west of what is now called Canada, including 14 on Vancouver Island. But at no time in the treaty-making process did Native nations agree to extinguishing title to their land. With the treaties, settlement occurred and colonies formed. By 1867 the colonies had decided to confederate and this was passed into law by

the English Parliament as the British North America Act, creating Canada as a nation. Under the terms of the BNA Act, the federal government took over administering England's obligations to the Indian nations — an arrangement that was made without the knowledge of the native peoples. This essentially created a legal trust on Canada's part to protect the interests of the Indian nations against outside interests (including the provinces). And under international law, the obligation of the trustee is to lead the people to whom a trust is owed to self-determination and independence. In the Indian view, this trust relationship with the colonizing power provides the basis of their present claim to aboriginal title.

TRUST BETRAYED

The Indian Act of 1868, otherwise known as an "Act for the gradual civilization of Indian Peoples," marked the beginning of a gradual but deliberate policy of betraying this trust. Through assimilation — the killing of a people's spirit — the lands and resources of the Indian peoples would be obtained without the expense of direct conquest.

To this end, "reserves" were created — a tiny fraction of traditional tribal territories — and "band councils" formed to replace the traditional tribal governments and undermine their authority. All decisions of band councils are, to this day, subject to approval by the Department of Indian Affairs.

What has been termed a "conspiracy of legislation" by Chief Joe Mathias then followed: a concerted attempt to destroy the very basis of Indian cultures. Native religions and customs were attacked by the churches of Europe, and in 1880 the potlatch and Tamanawas dance were outlawed. Education was made compulsory for Indian children, who were separated from their parents and prohibited from speaking their languages. Colonial and provincial legislation opened up Indian lands to non-Indians and, anticipating protest, the Indian Act of 1927 made it illegal for native peoples to retain a lawyer to advance their rights, or even raise money to do so! In addition, alcohol and disease — smallpox, the flu and tuberculosis — decimated whole populations. Denied the right to vote until 1952, Indian people were told that

In the Seven Years War
had been able to make

their salvation lay in
Indian gained a univer
a priest or a minister
says, "if we gave up
our lands, our culture
participate in the la

WOLF IN SHEEP'S

The modern era in
repeal of the laws o
venting Indians fro
dian people subseq
recognition of title.

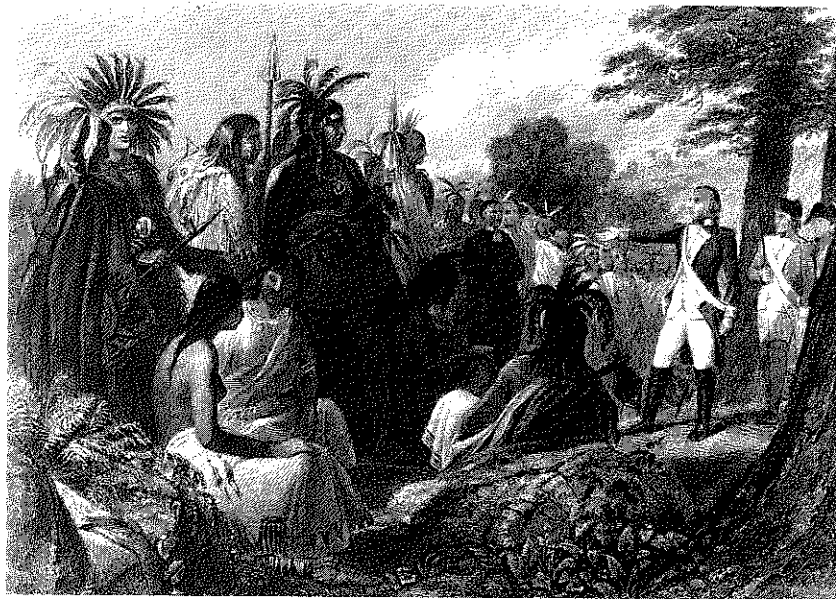
With the rise to
the pressure was on
lem" once, and for a
Chrétien, then India
ironically-named V
was to complete th
people by placing
provinces. They pr
and amending the
ences to Indian pe
disappear along wit
once they became

However, the
people across the co
Union of B.C. India
young organization
hood. Under inten
policy and launch
Indian people.

Soon after this,
Nass Valley in north
case to the Supreme
ruling in favour of
essentially abstaini
den, Trudeau's ass
as Aboriginal Title

Realizing that
might rule in favo
announced a land
negotiations for res
the surface, that the

In the Seven Years War between England and France (1752-1759), it was the Indian nations who tipped the balance in favour of England, since the English had been able to make more Indian allies by promising to protect their land.



their salvation lay in enfranchisement obtainable if an Indian gained a university degree or became a lawyer, a priest or a minister. In other words, as Joe Mathias says, "if we gave up being Indians, gave up claims to our lands, our culture and our heritage, then we could participate in the larger society."

WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

The modern era in this saga begins in 1951 with the repeal of the laws outlawing Indian religion and preventing Indians from pursuing their land claims. Indian people subsequently began organizing for the recognition of title.

With the rise to power of Pierre Trudeau in 1968, the pressure was on to settle the Indian lands "problem" once, and for all. Accordingly, Trudeau and Jean Chrétien, then Indian Affairs Minister, concocted the ironically-named White Paper policy. Its objective was to complete the job of assimilating the Indian people by placing them under the jurisdiction of the provinces. They proposed repealing the Indian Act and amending the constitution to eliminate all references to Indian people. Reserves would eventually disappear along with the Indian peoples' special status once they became ordinary citizens.

However, the White Paper galvanized Indian people across the country, stimulating groups like the Union of B.C. Indian Chiefs to form and strengthening young organizations like the National Indian Brotherhood. Under intense pressure, Trudeau shelved the policy and launched a process of consultation with the Indian people.

Soon after this, in 1973, the Nisga'a — from the Nass Valley in northern B.C. — took their land claims case to the Supreme Court of Canada, whose judgement was split on the issue, three of the seven judges ruling in favour of the Nisga'a, three against, and one essentially abstaining on a technicality. All of a sudden, Trudeau's assertion that there was no such thing as Aboriginal Title was up for question.

Realizing that if it were left up to the courts, they might rule in favour of the Indian people, Trudeau announced a land claims policy and a process of negotiations for resolving land issues. It seemed, on the surface, that the tide had turned. But key to the land

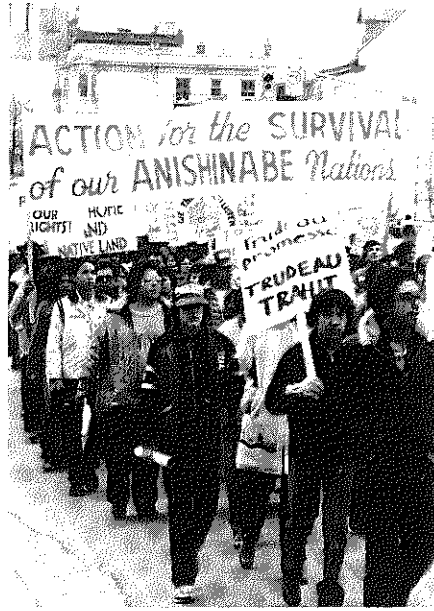
claims process was the condition that native people would have to accept extinguishment of their title in return for monetary compensation and other negotiated programmes. Unknown to the native people at the time, Trudeau and Chrétien had agreed to maintain the same objectives of the White Paper policy, disguised as a liberal negotiation process. This strategy was revealed in a letter of April 30, 1971 from Chrétien to Trudeau. It outlines the goals of the process clearly as extinguishment of title and the shifting of jurisdiction over Indians to the provinces. Priority, the letter said, was to be given to those areas where major resource development is to occur, and duress provided by imposing rigid time limits on negotiations, enforced with threats of legislated settlements. Because the land claims process would satisfy international standards for obtaining title by consent, Indian people have seen it, in retrospect, as a particularly dangerous path for Indian nations to follow.

PATRIATING THE CONSTITUTION

Not satisfied with land claims negotiations as a secure enough means of doing away with aboriginal title, Trudeau also turned to the Constitution again. Because the federal and provincial governments had been unable to agree on an amending formula for changing the constitution, it had remained in England since the passing of the BNA Act. Frustrated with making no progress, Trudeau decided in 1980 to patriate the BNA Act unilaterally, including in the resolution to be put before parliament a Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Part of the charter recognised and affirmed the Aboriginal Treaty Rights and aboriginal peoples of Canada.

Fearing that once Canada could amend the constitution, all reference to aboriginal rights would be removed, and fearing also the consequence of breaking the political link between the Indian nations and the English Crown, native peoples across the country opposed the move. When, following federal-provincial negotiation in 1981, all reference to aboriginal rights was dropped completely, Indian opposition became solidly united. At home and in Europe, Indian protest severely embarrassed the Canadian government. Subsequently, aboriginal and Treaty

Fearing that once Canada could amend the constitution, all references to aboriginal rights would be removed and fearing also the consequence of breaking the political link between Indian nations and the English Crown, native people across the country opposed the move.



rights were put back in the resolution but qualified as "existing" rights. An additional section called for a First Ministers Conference to be convened after patriation which would identify and define aboriginal rights; representatives of the aboriginal people would be invited. The date for this conference was set for March 1983.

Native people now faced not only the federal government, but also 12 provincial/territorial governments, and had no vote and no veto. They agreed to push for a continuing process, with aboriginal title and the sovereignty of the treaties as a basic position. Four conferences were agreed to over a five year period. But the Indian nations were not united on a common strategy. Some who believe in their status as nations did not want to sit at the table with the provinces and territories, since the latter are known to be hostile to their aspirations — especially in the case of B.C. They believed, instead, that pressure should be exerted through international forums such as the United Nations Committee on Decolonization. Others believed that, if they did not attend, the governments would simply go ahead and make the decisions for the native peoples anyway.

Under such "no-win" conditions, it was never clear what the constitutional process could formally accomplish for Indian peoples. In part a desperate rear-guard action to prevent their existing gains from being entirely swept away, it was also seen as an important forum for swaying national and international public opinion to recognize the Indian claim that a trust obligation does, indeed, exist.

The last constitutional conference on the topic of aboriginal rights was held in the spring of 1987. It ended abortively and with no surprises. The federal and provincial governments were unwilling to sanction a constitutional amendment to include aboriginal rights, claiming that it would give Canadian courts too large a role in defining the jurisdictional status of native communities. The constitutional process had got nowhere.

Worse yet, barely a month later, the Meech Lake Accord ironically cleared the way for greater powers of self-government being handed over to the provinces, including what amounts to a provincial veto on native demands for self-government. Under section 41, any experimentation with alternative forms of jurisdiction — without unanimity among the provinces — is impossible. This leaves the Northwest

Territories and the Yukon, for example, in a jurisdictional never-never-land, never being able to become full participating provinces of Canada. As George Erasmus, of the Dene nation, said, "The rest of the provinces do not have the right to determine our future."

Meanwhile, a further Supreme Court decision — this time in the case of the Musqueam Band, in 1984 — strongly reinforces the argument that Canada is obligated to the native peoples by a trust agreement. Indian Affairs leased Musqueam Band land to the Shaughnessy Golf Course in Vancouver without following the band's instructions and without the band's full knowledge of the details. The band subsequently took Indian Affairs to court for breach of trust. The case went to the Supreme Court which ruled in favour of the Musqueam Band, saying that the federal government had not only a legal trust obligation, but a *fiduciary* obligation—meaning that it must carry out this trust with the highest standards of professionalism and integrity. The Court awarded \$10 million in compensation to the band and reprimanded the government for the way in which it had handled the case. Clearly this ruling strengthens the Indian position in the international arena.

INDIAN GOVERNMENT OR SELF-GOVERNMENT?

Throughout this complex history, one thing at least has remained clear and simple: that the government, in the figure of the Department of Indian Affairs, has had too much control over Indian peoples. Calls for greater local control — Indian government — were made as early as 1976. Public hearings on Indian Self-Government were held, and the result — the Penner Report — was released in 1983. It recommended that Indian Affairs be phased out over five years, and that a process for resolving land claims be redefined through Parliament, with extinguishment of title no longer a pre-condition for negotiation. In late 1985, a further report of a task force which reviewed Comprehensive Claims policy, and which was chaired by Murray Coolican, not only recommended sweeping changes to the government's way of dealing with land claims, but also came out strongly in favour of recognizing

and affirming aboriginal title and self-government.

While all First Nations heartily endorsed the Coolican report, the federal government rejected its key recommendation that aboriginal title be preserved, instead offering a compromise which the Assembly of First Nations called "an insult." In the words of the UBCIC, "the federal/provincial version of self-government is as far away from the Indian interpretation as Pluto is from the Sun and is an unacceptable model to the Indian bands of Canada." Instead of bestowing a distinct order of government on the Indian nations, the Sechelt version of self-government — the one promoted officially — is merely a municipal form of government; a third order under the jurisdiction of the province. Furthermore, title to the land is transferred to the band in fee simple, meaning it is subject to taxation and can be bought and sold like other land. Worse yet, the fear is that the Sechelt people have surrendered their aboriginal title to the land *with consent*, a process that has removed the band from the trust obligation of the federal government.

By contrast, many other Indian people want *Indian* government. At base they want full title to the land, meaning full jurisdiction over and management of their traditional territories and resources, including sub-surface rights. They want full legislative and policy-making powers on all matters affecting Indian people, including social and cultural development, revenue-raising, economic development, and justice and law enforcement. And they want this distinct order of government — Indian First Nation governments — to be explicitly recognized and entrenched in the constitution.

In other words, with the Sechelt model of self-government, some Indian nations believe that the legitimate demands of native peoples for autonomy and control of their own affairs have been turned into yet another government ploy to lure Indian nations into renouncing their aboriginal rights.

TO THE COURTS AGAIN

Acutely aware of government intransigence in any of the official processes, the Gitksan Wet'suwet'en Tribal Council initiated a Supreme Court land title action against the province of B.C. in October 1984,

George Erasmus of
determine our future

seeking a declaration of jurisdiction over the land, passing 57,000 sq. km. successfully brought the government as a plaintiff. It began in Smithers, B.C., testimony being given by

Following a settlement, the case moved to Vancouver. The case was and expensive for the province and others give to the province. "test case" funding was provided. Initially thought to be a case that the case will not be heard. Clearly both levels of government are to thwart the native people's justice.

Inside the courtroom, maintaining that if aboriginal title have long since been extinguished by native acceptance of the Canadian way, that the Gitksan-Wet'suwet'en have a distinct way of life, a wage economy, a social system, and so on. In other words, precisely that any native society is a dominant white society. The world — is precisely that since been assimilated. Wet'suwet'en are a distinct society. What the basis of their institutions of justice are that they are distinct.

But as the case proceeded, Gitksan-Wet'suwet'en stepped up in an organized manner. Sources possible, tradition, reactivated, and used to prevent the further

BESIEGED ON

While to "outside" the case have been won by

George Erasmus of the Dene nation: "The rest of the provinces do not have the right to determine our future."



seeking a declaration of continued ownership and jurisdiction over their traditional territories encompassing 57,000 square kilometres. The province successfully brought forth a motion to add the federal government as a co-defendant, and the court case began in Smithers, B.C., in May 1987, with extensive testimony being given by native elders.

Following a summer recess, the trial venue was moved to Vancouver, making it extremely difficult and expensive for the Tribal Council to have elders and others give testimony. Soon afterwards, federal "test case" funding was withdrawn with no warning. Initially thought to last a matter of months, it appears that the case will now extend beyond the end of 1988. Clearly both levels of government are actively trying to thwart the native peoples' attempts at securing justice.

Inside the courtroom, the governments are maintaining that if aboriginal rights *did* once exist, they have long since been extinguished by previous laws or by native acceptance of Indian reserves. Or, alternatively, that the Gitksan-Wet'suwet'en no longer have a distinct way of life: that it has been replaced by the wage economy, Christianity, public education, cars, and so on. In other words, the governments are arguing precisely that any and all "acquiescence" to the dominant white society — seen as "progress" by the rest of the world — is proof that the native people have long since been assimilated. Consequently, the Gitksan-Wet'suwet'en are in court to explain who they are; what the basis of their land ownership is; how their institutions of jurisdiction operate — in short, the fact that they are distinct peoples.

But as the court drones on, the plundering of Gitksan-Wet'suwet'en traditional lands has been stepped up in an apparent attempt to remove all resources possible before the case is settled. Consequently, traditional fishing sites have been illegally reactivated, and blockades protesting logging practices have been set up by tribal council members trying to prevent the further destruction of their lands.

BESIEGED ON ALL FRONTS

While to "outsiders" it might appear that great gains have been won by Indian peoples in recent years, to

many Indian nations the situation is almost the reverse. They feel, instead, besieged on all fronts: they have faced a full-frontal legislative attack over the constitution, and now have the Meech Lake Accord to contend with; they are increasingly having to fight battles over lands and resources in the courts; and, by pursuing negotiations with the government over land claims and self-government, they must tread ever-warily for fear of falling into the trap of signing away the very rights they have for so long sought. As at least one Indian leader has recently pointed out, the Indian people and the Canadian governments are further from agreement over these issues than they were in 1973.

And if the military metaphor appears melodramatic to white sensibilities, it is not to Canadian Indians who remember that only a quirk of European history prevented their being wiped out by conquest, as Indian people were in the U.S. In both nations, the same end has been pursued by the European powers, no matter what words were said or written; only, in Canada, the battle is not yet over.

Today, with governments anxious to finally resolve the "Indian problem," many Indian people believe that an armada of sophisticated weapons — ranging from sweet-sounding agreements, through large cash settlements, individual political prestige, and simply by-passing the issue in a tangle of new constitutional arrangements — is being used against their interests. It is no wonder, in this context, that triumph for one Indian nation might well be another's treason.

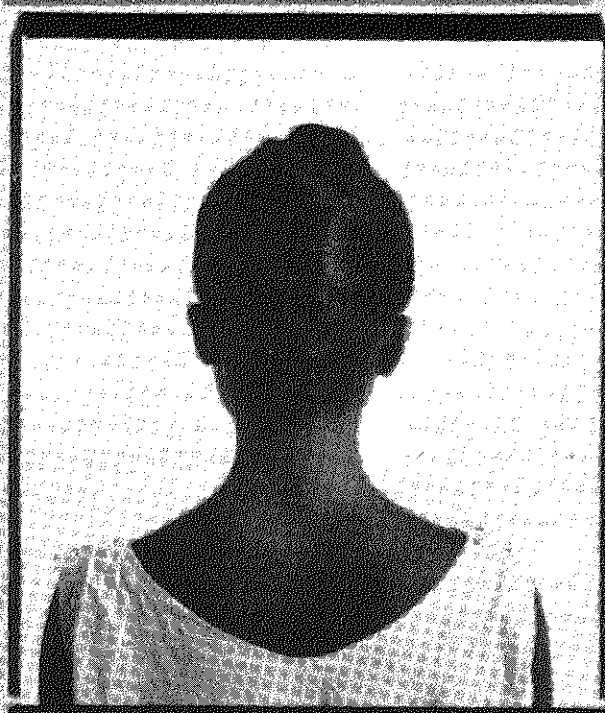
The major source for this article was *The Indian Nations Story — A Summary*, by the Union of B.C. Indian Chiefs, June 1986; also, *Conspiracy of Legislation*, by Joe Mathias, January 21, 1986; and *Self Government is Treason*, by the Confederation of Shuswap/Okanagan Action Committee, Chase, B.C.

Reprinted, with revisions, from *The New Catalyst Quarterly*, Issue No.6, Winter 1986/87; subscriptions \$12.00 from P.O. Box 99, Lillooet, B.C. V0K 1V0.

Christopher Plant is one of the Editorial Collective of *The New Catalyst* magazine.

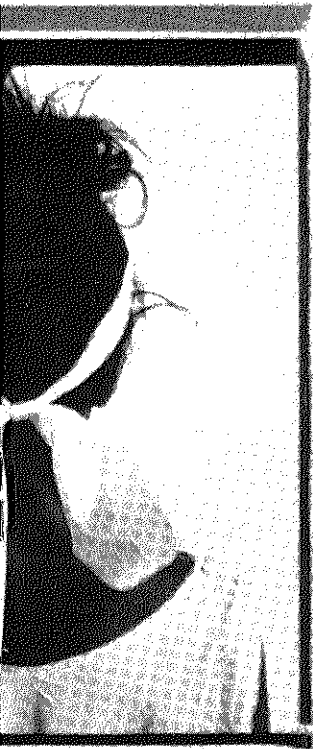


Daring Sensible Severe Long & Silky Boyish Ageless





Ageless Silly Magnetic Country Fresh Sweet



Lorna Simpson

Methods of Thinking and Methods of Working

I. A Story About

The poets are g
counts and poe
they attempted

*The following was performed as part of
The Ides Manifesto during One Yellow
Rabbit's High Performance Rodeo,
March 15, 1988 in Calgary, Alberta.*



Brian Rusted

They began sm
ence in the ce
praised the jac
poems over t
connected. W
insects, anima
into existence
across the coun
it were not tha

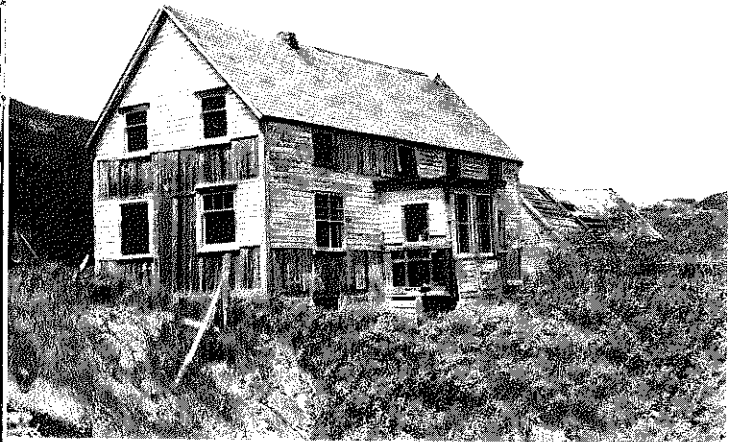
This version o
came and push
critical, dogs s
They did not u
covering their
wallpaper, wh
passages, at ni

The poem that
of it, lining kit



I. A Story About Poetry

The poets are gone. No need for them now. Interpretation is what counts and poets get in the way. I did hear that before they left, they attempted to write this country into a poem.



They began small. Unambitiously. Each working from experience in the celebration of what they called home. The poets praised the jackpines and alders outside their doors. They placed poems over the trees, making certain the pages held and connected. Whole regions were written, the movements of insects, animal dreams and the schemes of people. All written into existence they thought. You could find your own way across the country, read it from side to side like a book. Parts of it were not that interesting but on the whole it was okay.

This version of the country did not last, of course. Chinooks came and pushed one region's poem onto another's. Cattle were critical, dogs snapped at the edges and people became confused. They did not understand it all. They burned some, just the bit covering their garden, or their car. Others used pieces for wallpaper, while a few sensitive ones puzzled over favourite passages, at night after the hockey game, or *The National*.

The poem that covered us is gone now. You can still find pieces of it, lining kitchen cupboards, in magpie nests, or by looking

closely at ants: they carry fragments five times their size. But the poets are gone. Their houses are empty.

II. Stories About Poetry

That is just a story, not literary history. It did not happen, though it could. We have imagined words absolute. Poets do leave us with fragments that are opportunities for interpretation. If we tire of them, we make up new interpretations, new stories.

This is another story about poetry. I must tell it to you in case you do not have one of your own, in case you have grown tired of the one you have. And I must tell it so I can keep going. We do that: tell ourselves stories to keep going. This story about poetry is one. The poets are gone. Their houses are empty. We have only stories about them.

III. Dwelling on the Edge

In the morning I leave my house and walk down the path to the sea. There is a shack perched on the end of a wharf. The door is open. Harold and Evelyn are inside cutting up mackerel and slipping the chunks of dark flesh onto hooks. They catch codfish with these and later they will return and clean their catch.

"How's the fishing?" I ask them. "Not much good," they say. They are Newfoundlanders. "How's the writing?" they ask. "Not much good," I tell them. I am also a Newfoundlander.

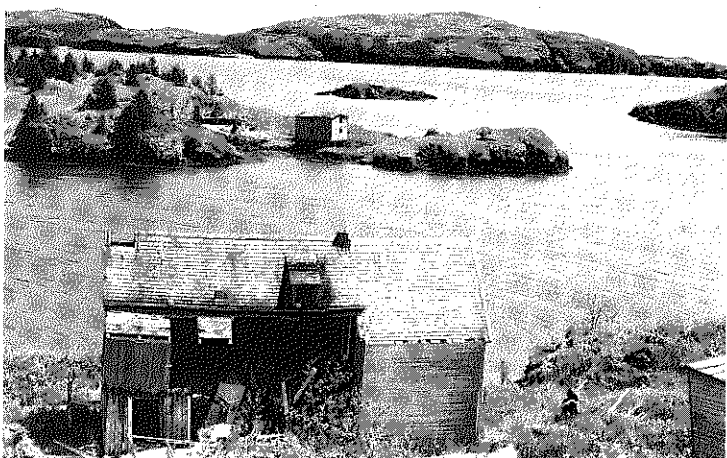
We lie about our work rather than have others envy our lack of complaints. I watch them load the baited trawls into their boat and then I walk back along the path to my house. Here, pushed to the edge of this country, we all make a living near deep water, but it is not much good.

In the evening, I walk back down the path to the shack on the

wharf. Harold and Evelyn are not there. In the evening, kids take it over. Monica, Philip, Wayne and Pauline. Ronnie and Todd, Vanessa, Jeremy, and Cathy. They are drinking cherry cokes and eating chips. They smoke cigarettes, talk about Corey Hart, and wait to see if something might happen.

Ronnie says, "Brian, look at this." He stands in the doorway of the shack. Harold and Evelyn think it is their shack and lock the door every evening after they have cleaned their fish. When they leave the kids come and break the lock, swing wide the door. In the cave of Morpheus there were no doors, *nulla domo tota est*, and the creaking of hinges did not disturb the manufacture of dreams. I guess in the classical world too there must have been kids drinking cokes, smoking Export A's, and breaking into places.

Ronnie says, "Brian, over here." He is inside the shack now and I follow. The door is open. "Can you see this?" he asks. "Here,



look over here." There is a faint glow on the table where Harold and Evelyn cleaned their fish. The glow moves. "See?" says Ronnie. I do, but do not know what. "It's phosphorus," he says, but that does not help. "The fish eat it, and it gets in their blood." What Ronnie waves and smears across the dark is the heart of a fish.

"Look," Ronnie says. He takes the heart deeper into the shack and presses it to the wall. He begins to write. Letters appear in

the dark. Ronnie is rubbing the heart against the wall of the shack. Words float before me and stand out from the dark. I think, we did lie, the fishing was good.

The poets have been pushed to the margins of the great poem they wrote. Only margins are left of it, margins and the stories we tell now that keep them dwelling at the edge.

IV. The Thing of Things

Poetry has been made a fetish. Like the relics of saints or high-heeled shoes, we believe the story that says these peculiar fragments of poetry are magic and truth. Unable to take the experience of poetry whole, we substitute, perversely, our strange manipulations of texts. We substitute them for the pleasure and surprise of sharing visions of real, possible or improbable worlds.

If we believe this, we submit to all the grade school teachers that accused us of not speaking proper English. And we exonerate those who dress moral visions in the selections of publishers, the readings of university courses, and the editorial policies of journals. They dress in good taste and leave us to unlace their perversity and rediscover the voices that have been silenced. The wish of history is to be in good taste and the fetish for documents laces it with objectivity. We think this is the way things are and do not ask, whose taste?

Those who make poetry a fetish struggle to have it absolute and encompass all. And yet we remain witness to the spectacular failures of Pound, and the seasonal attempts of Hallmark. Those who make poetry a fetish struggle with the remorse and nostalgia that it was once absolute yet is no longer. And they struggle because this loss of privilege pushes them to the margins. Oracles and seers become outlaws, cranks and hermits. It is not a pretty sight.

If we believe th
enough and ma
important. Poe
ignorance" and
a fetish and co
the poem will
expunged: rhy
yield to chang
more system
encourages th
centre, and fra
quotidian part
critics "don't k
talk like neuro



If we believe that poems are things, then we also believe we have enough and making more is at the expense of something really important. Poems invite us to wallow “in the rubbish of departed ignorance” and cannot advance knowledge. Some make poetry a fetish and cobble an answer with faith in progress. They say the poem will again match reality when all conventions are expunged: rhyme, archaic diction, and structures that do not yield to change in the world. This vernacular redemption is one more system of rules and artful manipulations. And it too encourages those with power to spin the poets out from the centre, and fragment audiences by geography and custom. Our quotidian particulars feed their fetish yet do not sustain us. And critics “don’t know how much farther” we can progress and they talk like neurologists saying, vernacular shows traces of brain

damage, which always means a “reduction to the emotional and the concrete.”

There is another story about poetry. In this it is a field of action, not a thing or thing of things. It is alive to the possibilities for change, alternative visions. It is “built upon the local” from “the mouths of the living” but is not itself a thing. It resists appropriation for it is “the body itself speaking.”

I have heard how whites terrorized and scattered native inhabitants to the margins of Newfoundland. And I have also heard how these native people were forced to paddle birch canoes across open sea to small islands at night, hidden by fog, so they might forage unseen for the eggs of nesting birds. I tell you this



because these people could navigate by pressing their bodies against the sides of their canoes. They could find their way by sensing the current's direction, and by trailing their hands in the dark, salt water and tasting it for the freshness of land.

These are poems of action and resistance. Here the body speaks with the particulars of the world, the hand trails in the salt, and the tongue finds another way home. This is not a world of things or direct experience. It is of representations. Worlds of representations. At the edge, these people learned a fierce new story about things. We did not listen and they left behind things only. Our stories about those things compete idly and will never become those people who left no representations. The poets are gone, you see. They left us things and their houses are empty.

V. The Renovation of Experience

In the morning I see Gertie walking down the path from the seniors' home. She clutches a small transistor radio to her ear, listens to voices from another world. She shouts at me. No matter what I am doing, she shouts at me. This morning I am helping pile old tires, broken fences and other junk for a bonfire on the beach. Gertie still shouts.

In the evening, the junk burns tall and wild, pushing back night's margins. Rotten boats, furniture, bits of old houses, and fragments of the poem, all in a necklace of tires keep the fire bright. At its edge I can see the shack on the wharf. The lock on the door has been broken again. Ronnie's words are still there, things now at the edge of the light.

Do not mistake me. There is a craft in selecting words and ordering them on a page. By such things our thought takes shape. We may be naive about words and things, we may pretend that neither are representations. That is a story and the poem as action reminds us of our complicity. It reminds us that we need

unofficial versions, and as action it reminds us that standards are still afoot and that this is not merely a game of literacy. The poem as action resists becoming a thing in someone else's story.

I tell you this because I was complicitous in finding relics to feed the fire. Poems are made from relics "and fragments of second-hand observation." Poems do not preserve though some might want to pull antiques from the fire and call them heritage. Antiques are just things and in the end it is the voice of representation we miss.

And I tell you this because Gertie still shouts at me. She stood in the glow and listened to the voices from another world. She is not out of touch. She listens to the voices and shouts at me. "Get to work!" Gertie shouts, "Get to work!"

And I tell you this because there are other shacks where locks are placed on doors, people are unable to write with their hearts, and things are preserved as true yet give no light or representation. There are fires like this all along the shore, and across the mainland.

I tell you this story about working our way back from the edge because you must continue the story. "On est chez soi et l'on a le temps."

You see, we have done it now, made a poem. In the firelight, I could still see the words inside the shack. There are fires like this all along the shore, and across the mainland. I think "replace the door when you leave." The poets are gone, their house is just a shack but I have some manners still. I saw those words glowing and can pass them to you just as Ronnie passed the small heart of the fish to me after he wrote, "we here."

Brian Rusted is a writer and researcher with a PhD in Communication Studies. He works in Calgary where he's been involved with a poetry collective, and with video.

Kim Eichlin

Where the Hell is Ebeye?



The day I met Hope, she was burying her third child.

We were gathered in a two-room plywood shack that was home to twenty-four people. They slept in shifts. The child, Matthew, was laid out on a white cloth on the floor, fragrant with flowers. In the coral yard outside, Hope's brothers were getting drunk.

Matthew was just past his first birthday — naming day — when he developed diarrhea. Hope was out playing bingo. In less than thirty-six hours he was dead of dehydration.

Four men carried the child's coffin to the graveyard on ocean-side. Sun-bleached gravestones, one tight against the next, cut white silhouettes against the grey shacks and Pacific sky. Small children crowded curiously over the box, fanning flies from the tiny still face with scraps of white cloth. Matthew's grandmother, a bent old woman missing her right big toe, leaned against a headstone. Her granddaughter brought her a pair of plastic thongs to wear for the ceremony. Women drifted into the coral graveyard.

The men leaned on a fence outside the death circle. One of them wore a green baseball hat that said: *Where the hell is Ebeye*. A pastor stepped forward. In seven days time they would gather again when the cat rose out of the ocean to take the child into the sea.

The pastor prayed.

Ebeye is on the Kwajalein lagoon in the Marshall Islands between Hawaii and Japan. Military people call the lagoon the "catcher's mitt of the Pacific." It bristles with the most sophisticated radar tracking equipment in the world. The tracking system is called KREM: Kieran Re-entry Measurement Site and is located on the island of Roi Namur at the north end of the atoll. KREM tracks MX missiles launched from Vandenburg, California.

In earlier travels, I had sailed in the Marshalls and heard the traditional stories of the outer islands. I heard too about testing the first hydrogen bombs at Bikini. Back at home again, I began to read about Kwajalein and Ebeye. I read that the people were living a kind of living death on this lagoon. They called Ebeye the "Calcutta of the Pacific." I didn't believe it. So I went to see.

When you arrive on Kwajalein they line you up against a wall and a military man barks out the rules of the island. Drooling dogs sniff your bags. You try to find your balance in the exotic, disorienting heat of the equator. Even your toes are hot. On Kwajalein, a small group of American military personnel supervises

3,000 civilian workers — top technicians, scientists and maintenance staff and their families. The base has been developed by the United States since World War II to fulfil a dream best expressed by Senator Barry Goldwater: "We want to be able to drop a nuke into the men's room at the Kremlin." The week before I arrived, one of the missiles from California hit Kwajalein's own electrical generator. The official army statement: "The missile was right on target."

Across the lagoon, twenty minutes away, is Ebeye — 78 acres in size, home to 10,000 people. Some people have been moved to Ebeye from other islands around the lagoon for security purposes. Many have moved there from the outer islands to try to get work. Here the days are as long as the nights. Ebeye is one of the few places in the world you can see the Southern Cross and the Big Dipper in the sky at the same time. At noon children nap in any narrow band of shade, under any scrap of cardboard or corrugated metal. There are no trees. There is no space. Yet people continue to come and the birth rate is 1.5 per day. About 9% of Ebeye's population gets on the barge each day to commute over to the base at Kwajalein where they work as labourers and maids.

There are Americans who have lived on Kwajalein lagoon for twenty years and never set foot on Ebeye. Those who go to Ebeye — mostly young men — go there to drink and find women, to forget a loneliness that stings worse than salt. That's how Hope got pregnant.

They nailed the coffin

shut dark over the sweet hibiscus flowers and the child's face too innocent to bury. Tears rolled down Hope's cheeks as she stared into the unforgiving coral.

The child's father had never seen the boy. He was a Filipino worker stationed on Kwajalein. Some strange intuition had made him send a message to Hope that very morning — his first in a year. He wanted to see her. He wanted to see his son.

After the funeral Hope walked down to the barge. "What am I going to say to him? I'll say I buried the child this morning... What if he blames me? ...but one thing sure, I won't get pregnant again this time..."

The dissonance of mourning twisted her smile, "But if I do, well that happens, that's life too mum."

We stood together looking across the lagoon to Kwajalein. The flat coral skyline was broken by white satellite dishes and sleek high-tech towers. They cut the endless Pacific blues of sea and sky with the same salt-white gleam as the white gravestones on the other side of Ebeye.

ALMOST HEAVEN: KWAJALEIN

When I arrived on the lagoon I spent the first few days on the American base before going to stay on Ebeye. A tour of an American military testing facility is a study in public relations. Double talk here is the *lingua franca*, necessary or not.

Kwajalein is a community designed to be a middle American utopia.

Walden III. There are no private cares -- everyone rides bicycles or takes a shuttle service. People play tennis, softball, golf. On weekends, they sail, swim, sun. The higher per capita density of scuba divers in the world is on Kwajalein. Healthy young people live out their adolescence in this invented island paradise. There is almost no crime. The television diet is CNN and the movies are Hollywood. People wear t-shirts that say: *Kwajalein: Almost Heaven*.

But utopias are built on dreams of conformity. They hide whatever threatens their perfection.

A few years ago Kwajalein was suffering morale problems. Ebeye workers were striking. Greenpeace got on the island and strung up anti-nuclear signs. A group of Marshallese landowners staged "sail-ins" to draw attention to their concerns over land payments and living conditions on Ebeye. Maids were forbidden on the island. A new colonel was brought in to straighten things out.

Everyone says that life is better under Colonel Chapman. Marshallese domestics are back on the base. The curfew for Marshallese on Kwajalein has been eased and Marshallese are allowed once again into the snack bar. One hundred Marshallese a day can visit Kwajalein. They line up for passes. Friday is the best day to go because that's lawn sale day. Marshallese aren't allowed into the department store but they can go to lawn sales.

During my visit, I was assigned a public relations officer and permitted access to the base. I sat in the Yokwe Club. I sat in the outdoor bachelor's club. I listened. The two biggest problems: isolation and boredom. I met a young man from Texas who had arrived eighteen months ago. He was so lonely you could feel it in his breath.

"It's good to talk to someone new. Out here there's hardly any women and after you talk to the guys a while you know just about what they're gonna say. What do

I do? Watch videos, work out in the weight room.

"No I've never been to Ebeye. It gets pretty wild over there I heard. A lot of drinking, people fighting over women. One guy who lives there got beat up pretty good with a two-by-four I heard. Guess I don't need that. Those people are just lazy. Why don't they clean the place up?"

I visited the protestant captain and learned that it was his first time in the Pacific too. The young man ushered me into his small office littered with books and papers. He described his mission in a mid-western drawl.

"I was hired principally because I can do counselling," he said. "The problems I deal with... marriage counselling, isolation... a lot of the young men here are away from home for the first time.

"As far as the Marshallese go, well, we want to share with them, we have a policy of *cultural exchange*." He lingered over the new words issued direct from Colonel Chapman.

"What can the Marshallese share?"

There was a long pause in the room. The clock ticked. He blushed in the cold blast of air-conditioning.

"Well... they can share their singing."

"When you go to Ebeye do you participate in their services?"

"I don't go to Ebeye. I'm hired by Global... that's the contractor that takes care of all the day-to-day concerns of the island... our restaurants, supplies, the department store, recreation, the church. My responsibility is to the people here... that's what I was hired for."

The young man shifted in his seat. Man of god. Hired by Global.

The chaplain's attitude was consistent with each culture's different notion of story-telling -- oral and written. The Americans feel there is no reason to be curious about the Marshallese people or language or history because the Marshallese themselves have never recorded their history. It is the classic tale of technological cultures consuming non-technological cultures. Americans would say casually, "They're losing their culture" as if it were a small coin dropped into the ocean. They always perceived the Marshallese as most satisfactory when they appeared to share the aspirations and manners of middle-class Americans.

Most Americans on Kwajalein are afraid to visit Ebeye. They make frequent comparisons to Tijuana. Their idea of cultural exchange is to observe quaint customs and sell handicrafts in the airport store. They see Ebeye as an unsolvable problem which has little to do with them. They blame the Marshallese for lacking initiative and for being dirty. They prefer cliched and comfortable notions of poverty learned from their ghettos back home. They are afraid to step across the lagoon to see their own leased island from another point of view.

ACROSS THE LAGOON

People on Ebeye call one end of the island Rocktown

and the other end The Dump. You can walk from Rocktown to The Dump in about 15 minutes. Tucked into the shadows of shanty housing are pinball machines. Through doorways blue kung-fu videos flicker on tv screens. Budweiser consumption is high, but there is no social drinking. You drink to get drunk. You drink to forget.

Young people hang around the corners of the rows of houses, all day, all night. Over 50 percent of the population is under 15 years old and there is no public highschool.

Teen suicide is the highest in the world.

Boys and young m
Sharks, The Leska
OKK stands for O
Kicko (hustling gi

Dribo Dribo is
studied social work
roaches skitter acro
his office in the pol
Slowly.

"What are the
glary. Vandalism. h
restaurant. They ha

"The girls have
Jeite (runaways). C
girl who ran away
grandmother called
want to take her b
raped her. In your
we'd charge the ol
talked to her parent



Boys and young men join gangs: The Octopus, The Sharks, The Leskan (Spear-mouths), and The OKK. OKK stands for Olim (no money), Konta (begging), Kicko (hustling girls).

Dribo Dribo is the Ebeye probation officer. He studied social work at Washington State. Giant cockroaches skitter across the concrete walls and floor of his office in the police station. He wants to talk. Softly. Slowly.

"What are the charges? Assault and battery. Burglary. Vandalism. They want money to go to the restaurant. They have no way to get money.

"The girls have groups too — Jinlij (T-shirts) and Jeite (runaways). One of my cases was a 14-year-old girl who ran away and started living with a boy. Her grandmother called me to find the girl but she didn't want to take her back. She told me her grandfather raped her. In your country I would tell authorities and we'd charge the old man, but I couldn't do it here. I talked to her parents. I got them to take her back. I told

the old man to find some way to tell his wife the girl wasn't coming back. I couldn't break the old lady's heart."

Everyone knows everyone on a small island. People are related to each other. Dribo Dribo's training in Washington doesn't work here. He says, "I have to work between the law and the traditional way."

Dribo Dribo shares with every other Marshallese a political matrix which is bound to the centuries old law of the *irooj* — the traditional leader. The *irooj* divides up of goods and responsibilities in the community. His word is law. But the new written law of the Marshalls, the 1986 constitution formed under a Compact of Free Association with the United States, contradicts tradition. The new written law was created by American lawyers. It is based on the American traditions of the nuclear family, individual liberties, competition and free enterprise.

To spend time on Ebeye is to acquire a fluency in contradiction

— the body
uncomfortably trying

to scratch its own

bones. Dribo Dribo, raised in Marshall custom, trained in American ways, looks uncomfortably over his shoulder at the long shadow of the *irooj*.

POOREST OF THE POOR

Outsiders often see Ebeye as a nightmare romance of the tropics, a Heart of Darkness, a place in which any outrage can be tolerated and a place no one would choose to live. But to believe this is to miss Ebeye.

Plenty of people have *chosen* Ebeye as home. There is Ben Barry, a black American from Texas. He chose Ebeye twenty years ago. He escaped marriage and kids and a living death in a factory in southern Texas. He was hooked on heroin in the Korean war. He kicked it and became a sailor. He worked a stint on the

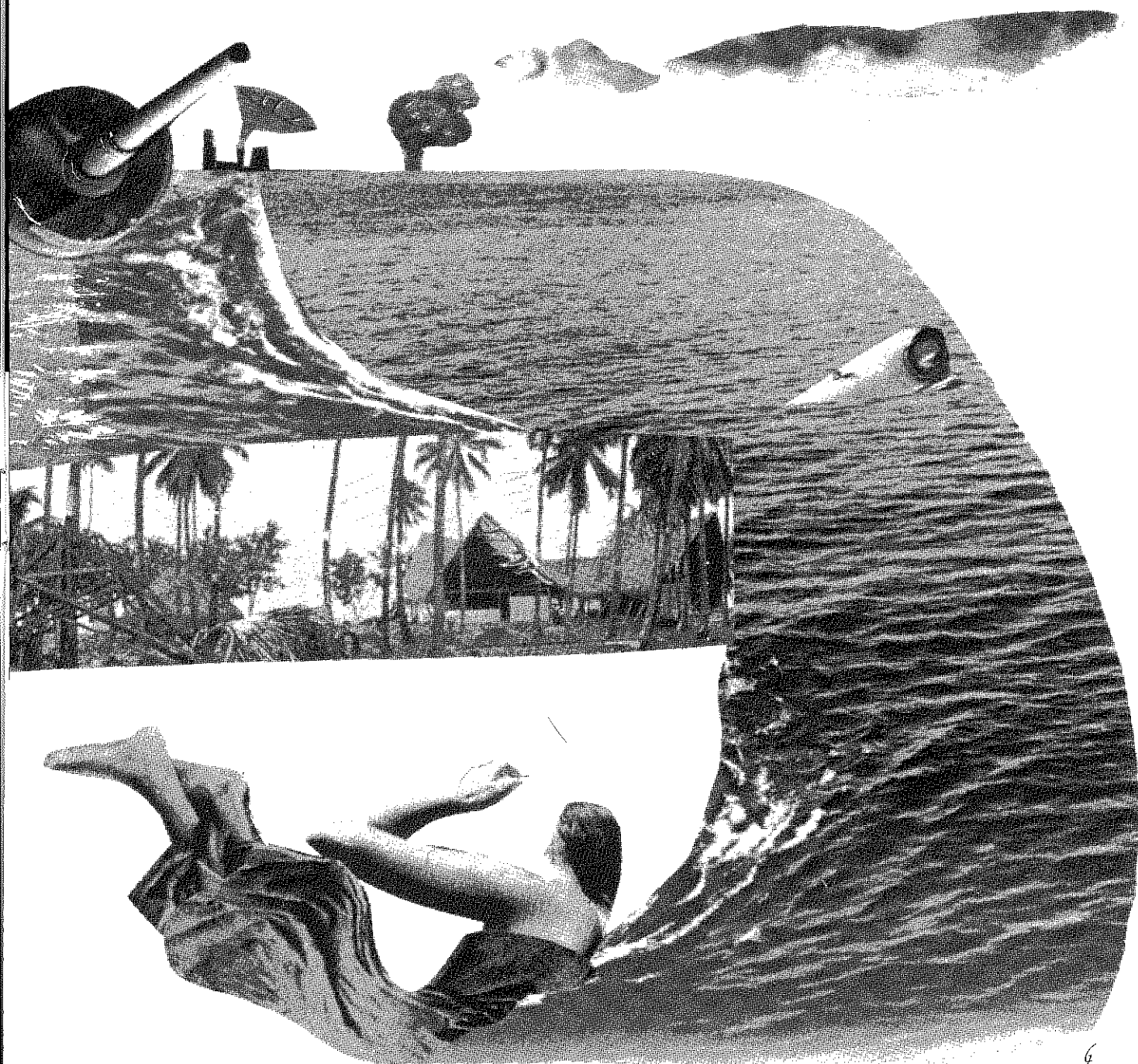


illustration by Gail Geltner

Kwajalein base then moved to Ebeye. Today he deals pokai in the back of Mike's place. The Kabuas take care of him. His story is still punctuated with trying to comprehend the incomprehensible — the racism he suffered at home. "How come I stay here on Ebeye?" says Ben, "I been a lot of places and this is the first place on earth ever took me just the way I am."

There is Father Hacker. Father Hacker is a Jesuit from Buffalo, New York. He was a World War II prisoner in a Japanese camp. After that he came to the Marshalls. He's built two churches and two different congregations — one on Majuro, one on Ebeye. He preaches in Marshallese each Sunday to a crowded church. He worked closely with the Marshallese Bible translation project. He has a boys' marching band and he runs a small school. When I asked him if he thought the Ebeye children were growing up in two worlds he spluttered impatiently, "Of course they don't live in two worlds, they make it one world."

There is Bobby, the Filipino who will sell you anything. Bobby is one of those outsiders who imagines Ebeye as a kind of colonial opportunity to be tapped. Bobby commutes to his job on Kwajalein each day but on Ebeye he also runs a *jeepnee*, a garishly painted Filipino bus. He was importing power boats from Denver while I was there and opening a restaurant and toying with the idea of a water taxi service to and from Kwajalein. Bobby was on the make. Ebeye was the place he chose to make it.

Ebeye has its liminal groups too. A few Vietnam vets who scratch out a living and hang around bars with the mile long stare. Marshallese from the outer islands who come and live off their relatives and ride around and around in taxis. The people who live in The Shelter.

The Shelter is a large echoing concrete building that used to be a recreation area for the public school. There was a fire in 1982 that swept over The Dump end of the island and threatened to raze the whole place. People ran out of their shacks and watched as the flames leapt from one house to another in seconds. Only the ocean itself could stop the flames. Small buckets flew from hand to hand. A few men started ploughing down the tiny rooms of birth and life and death with construction tractors. In this way they stopped the fire.

Half The Dump got destroyed in that fire. Some people never rebuilt. Maybe the sight of the fire burned away their desire. They huddled in corners and stayed in The Shelter. They marked out space with large mats. They ran a long cord in through the door and plugged in their televisions. They played bingo. Children began again to be born. Infant mortality here is the highest on Ebeye. The poor who survive are neither from The Dump nor Rock-Town. They are from The Shelter. They are malnourished. They don't go to school. On Ebeye,

**they are the poorest
of the poor.**

SCHOOL DAYS

There is one small private high school on Ebeye — run by the Seventh Day Adventist Church. Facilities, teachers, space are all inadequate.

The principal's wife told me this story. One day a

boy came to her and asked to be admitted. They were overcrowded and she couldn't allow him in. Each year they turn away students. When the boy went home his father beat him. That night the boy hung himself.

TELL ME A STORY

There is a precise point at which the Americans on Kwajalein and the Marshallese on Ebeye fail to connect. It is in their sense of story-telling. For Americans, raised on television serials and Aristotle, each story must have a beginning, middle and end. But for the Marshallese, raised on oral narrative, stories are constantly shifting and adapting, told, retold, modified, only the most sacred details remain fixed. The law of the ocean is eternal and moving. If the Marshallese people don't believe that the effects of nuclear testing will never end, it is because their sense of history has taught them to believe that time has no terminal point. Western myth tells of holocausts and revelations that play out the end. But Marshallese myth depicts history as a continuum of human stories, of gods and tides and wave patterns forever interconnected. And the ongoing, unanticipated effects of western nuclear weapons on Marshallese bodies and culture substantiate *their* view of history. There is no end.

Marshallese people talk, incomprehensibly to the Americans, of a time when the Americans will leave their lagoon. The Germans have come and gone. The Japanese have come and gone. Why not the Americans?

The Americans, on the other hand, know that a conclusion must be reached — the denouement played out. Fixed as Americans are on the narrative of the melting pot, they do not understand that assimilation is not even considered by most Ebeyans. Nor do many Americans understand that their presence in the lagoon is still at the deepest level construed by Ebeyans as a temporary condition, a political option shaped by continuing compensation payments and leases for the land and lagoon.

The latest twist in the plot is to assimilate a limited number of Marshallese children into the American school system on Kwajalein.

In 1987, five Marshallese children were chosen to use the educational facilities of Kwajalein. They leave Ebeye on the morning barge with their teacher, Atota, and spend half a day in the kindergarten and half a day in the nursery school. Next year they will go on to first grade and a new group of five will enter the system. If the program continues there will be seventy-five Ebeye children in the American school system on Kwajalein by the time the first group reaches twelfth grade. But when they go home to Ebeye each night, they return to an island with no public highschool, where most of the population has nothing to do but wait.

Kathy is the nursery school teacher on Kwajalein. She is an enthusiastic observer of the children's progress.

"It's a great opportunity for them. Of course there are cultural differences at first. You saw this morning with our reading books. They had trouble identifying the pictures of the elevator, of the banjo. But they'll adapt.

"What improvements would I like to see? Well,

there is one thing. I'd like to forbid them absolutely to speak Marshallese on the island. When they have a problem they always go to Atota, the teacher's aide, and speak Marshallese. We don't know what's going on, they don't learn how to cope."

The American melting pot. Get them young. Forget their language. Like most people on Kwajalein, Kathy has never taken the free twenty-minute barge to the island across the lagoon. She has never been to Ebeye.

UGLY RIBALLE-GO BACK TO KWAJALEIN

Riballe means "clothes-wearer" and is used for whites. It survives from early mission days. I met one young Marshallese man who was mistaken for a *riballe*. His name was Qew.

Qew was visiting the island as a translator for a documentary film maker. He had been away studying in California for five years. He dressed and talked like a Californian. Lots of people didn't recognize him as Marshallese when he was with Americans. One day we walked by a group of shouting children and he laughed.

"Know what they just said to me — they said, 'Ugly *riballe*, go back to Kwajalein!'"

Qew was worried about what to do when he finished school. As we sat eating sashimi in his uncle's restaurant, he paused and looked around the room — six small tables and Pacific pop music rattling out of the speakers held by a nail to the wall. "All I know is I'd like to come back but I don't know what I could do here now. My friends all drink too much. I could do the stupidest and the smartest. They've brought the best and worst. Now, what can we do with it?"

The most peaceful time of day on Ebeye is twilight. Small children hush their crying. The long struggle of each day to get to evening is finally over. The fears of the night have not yet set in.

I liked to go down to the wharf at twilight. Men and boys fished each night. They shared bait and lines and gazed out on the waters. They watched the evening barge come in. Workers came home carrying coolers of ice. Small boys ran around the wharf and little girls tipped their chins forward and twirled their braids in a circle around the heads. Handstands were the latest fad among the children. They clustered in small groups flipping upside down.

The West has created a myth of the idyllic Pacific paradise. The West loves *Robinson Crusoe*. It buys Gauguin's paintings of thick women with flowers in their hair. It produces *South Pacific* for Broadway and takes the middle classes to Pacific Club Meds. It is ironic that the West has never met the people of the Pacific.

When I left Ebeye, Qew saw me off at the barge. I stood on deck looking back at the island until it disappeared into the dusk of the blue lagoon. The island where I'd heard a thousand stories jumbled together like shanty housing. The island where I'd seen a thousand faces waiting. The barge bumped against the dock and I felt the dull thud of Kwajalein. I felt the dull thud of turning away and already I was half-way home.

Kim Eichlin is a researcher at CBC News in Toronto.

Looking at Stamps



Dennis Altman



For most people stamps are objects which are bought after queuing at the Post Office, used, and discarded. Other than stamp collectors, few people really look closely at them, even though almost everyone who is literate makes frequent use of stamps.

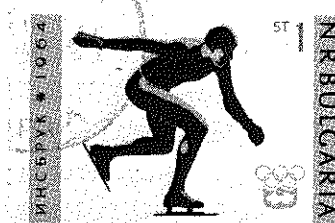
But consider the following sample of recent stamps. Stamps are issued to mark special occasions, from Fidel Castro's appearance at the United Nations to the birth of royal princes; to celebrate science and invention, as in Britain's commemoration of Charles Darwin (1) and Zimbabwe's homage to the discoverer of the tubercule bacillus(2); to honour traditional culture, as in these stamps from Lebanon, Trinidad, and Greece (3); to celebrate sport — Bulgaria and Sweden (4); and to display popular culture, as in Monaco's illustrations of stories by Jules Verne (5) and Hans Christian Anderson, or the popularity of Disney characters, or this Japanese stamp displaying a popular myth (6).

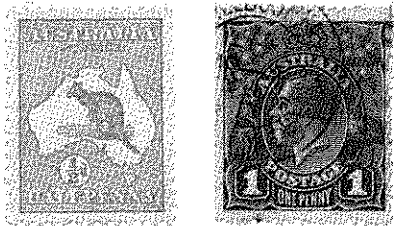
Stamps may be seen both as works of art and as propaganda, probably the most ubiquitous and varied sets of images produced by governments today. Unlike post cards, posters or match-books, stamps remain almost entirely the monopoly of governments, and are therefore invaluable as a reflection of the official culture promoted by different states.

In his novel, *A Bend in the River*, V.S. Naipaul wrote:

Small things can start us off in new ways of thinking, and I was started off by the postage stamps of our area. The British administration gave us beautiful stamps. These stamps depicted local scenes and local things; there was one called "Arab Dhow." (7) It was as though, in these stamps, a foreigner had said, "This is what is most striking about this place." Without that stamp of the dhow I might have taken the dhows for granted. As it was, I learned to look at them. Whenever I saw them tied up at the waterfront I thought of them as something peculiar to our region, quaint, something the foreigner would remark on, something not quite modern and certainly nothing like the liners and cargo ships that berthed in our own modern docks. (p22)

Even if you have never collected stamps, to start looking at them is, like Naipaul, to start seeing things anew. What appears on stamps is a message, for those often ignored pieces of coloured paper on the corner of an envelope are part of the picture of the world and of the national identity which





8

9

10

governments seek to create.

National Identity

Stamps are often very revealing of the problems of national self-definition; it is almost a cliché to observe that governments put on stamps that which they consider most symbolic of the nation, whether it be the Queen's head in the case of Britain, the various female heads representing France, or the shells of the Pacific Islands. The search for a national symbol is a constant theme for some countries such as Australia. The first federal issue in 1913 — stamps from the six colonies were in use for the first twelve years of federation — showed a kangaroo superimposed on a map of Australia.(8) These were quickly followed by a series bearing the portrait of George V (9), and this ambivalence between national and imperial themes has persisted until the present. In 1978 the first of an annual issue for Australia day appeared (10) to be followed by the inauguration of an annual issue for the Queen's birthday two years later (11). One may trace a similar ambivalence in the history of Canadian stamps, from the first stamp which depicted a beaver to the many issues which depict the Queen.

"Settler societies" — those countries like Canada and Australia which were settled as part of the great expansion of Europe into the rest of the world during the past few centuries — pose particular problems for stamp designers in that the great events and victories of European settlement also mark the defeat and often partial genocide of the original inhabitants. Solutions to this dilemma range from that of New Zealand, which has recognized Maori culture and history on its stamps from early days (12), through Canada with its first recognition in the 1950s: "Indians drying Skins" (13) and an "Eskimo" in 1955 (14), to South Africa which has yet to show a non-white on its stamps. The Soviet Union, while prone to issue stamps showing the extent of the country (15) rarely acknowledges non-Russian cultures, while the United States has been only slightly better in acknowledging its Indian heritage (16).

Most interesting in this respect are those countries of Central and South America with a strong Indian heritage which has rarely made it onto their stamps. Peru, for example, barely acknowledged this past for the first hundred years of postal issues, preferring to honour Pizarro (17), Simon Bolívar (18) and other aspects of its European heritage, with only a few exceptions such as a stamp showing "the Inca" in 1934 (19). Following a change in regime in the beginning of the 1970s, however, Peruvian authorities started producing stamps showing various aspects of the Inca heritage. Of Latin American countries, Mexico has probably been the most consistently willing to show its Indian past (20); Bolivia has been more typical in its reluctance to acknowledge its pre-Hispanic history, with only a couple of philatelic references, such as stamps issued in 1960 for "tourist publicity."

Israel is perhaps a special case, in that almost all of its stamps explicitly assert a Jewish identity, both political and spiritual. Thus Israeli stamps cover the gamut of Jewish history, from Biblical references to Noah's ark (21) and the Flight from Egypt through the history of the Diaspora, as in stamps showing old synagogues and Jewish culture, the Holocaust, the foundation of Israel, and the various subsequent wars and disputes over territory (22). The non-Jewish population of Israel is never acknowledged, and the only non-Jews to appear on its stamps so far have been Eleanor Roosevelt, Lord Balfour, President Truman and Raoul Wallenberg, all of whom have obvious connections with Israel.

Where conflict over language reflects larger conflicts over national iden-



Australia 22c

11



12

13



14



16



15



18



17



20



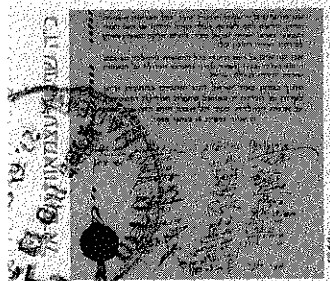
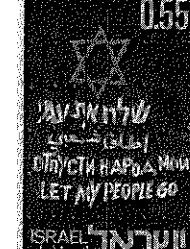
19



21



22



NACIONALIZACION DEL COBRE LEY N° 10.930 1971



25



28

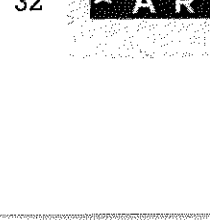
29



24



23



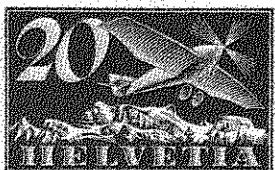
26



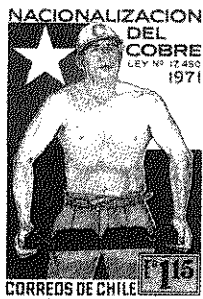
27



23



24



25



26



27



28

29

30



31



32

tity, this immediately poses the question of what language to use on stamps. Canada, South Africa and Belgium carefully balance their two official languages. For a time South Africa issued an English and Afrikaans version of each stamp (23), India uses both English and Hindi on its stamps and Norway — which recognizes two versions of its language — alternates between “norge” and “Noreg” to identify its stamps. The Swiss use the Latin name “Helvetia” to avoid the whole problem (24).

Stamps and the Commemoration of History

One of the clearest political implications of stamps is as markers of a given country. Indeed, it is curious how rarely historians have looked at stamps as an insight into shifts in official culture and state ideology. Examples of this can be found every time a country undergoes a revolution, civil war or even dramatic change in regime; under Allende Chile issued stamps commemorating the takeover of the copper mines (25), under Pinochet it honoured the military takeover.

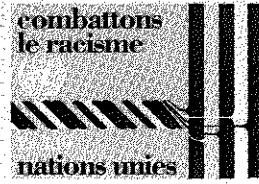
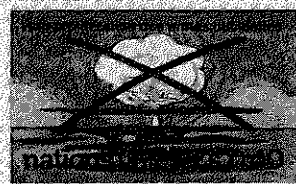
Perhaps the best example is the shift that occurred in Spain during the Civil War (1937-38): while the last issues of the Republican government showed militia defending their territory (there was even a special overprint to mark the defence of Madrid), Franco's nationalists, who began issuing stamps for areas under their control two years before their final victory, appealed to religious symbols, such as Isabella the Catholic (26) and the Holy Year of Campostelle. One can see similar shifts in Italy after Mussolini's accession to power, or in the Soviet Union, Cuba or China. The history of Chinese stamps is enormously complicated, because of the situation of the Japanese occupation and the control by the Communists of various local areas prior to their final takeover; in that year — 1949 — there were stamps being issued by the Nationalists, numerous local communists (“North East” and “East Province”), and the first general issues of the victorious government (27).

In March 1985, as part of the US government's campaign against Nicaragua, Vice President Bush brandished several Nicaraguan stamps bearing portraits of Karl Marx to “prove” that the Sandanista government had become truly Marxist. He neglected to point out that the Sandanista government had also honored George Washington and Pope John Paul II on their stamps.

The use of stamps to “prove” a case against Nicaragua is not limited to the present. In 1901, during the Senate debate on whether to cut a canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific through Nicaragua or Panama, Senator Mark Hanna mailed a Nicaraguan stamp to all Senators. It showed the Motombo volcano “in glorious eruption,” (28) thus reinforcing Hanna's argument against the Nicaraguan site. In 1937, a stamp depicting a map of Nicaragua with an incorrect boundary line almost provoked a war with Honduras.

Examples of claims to disputed territory through maps and slogans on stamps abound; one famous example is the stamps produced by Paraguay in its war (1929-35) with Bolivia over the Gran Chaco territory (29), to which Bolivia replied with stamps showing the disputed territory on its own map (30). Paraguay, the more successful in the contest, marked the final peace conference and treaty in 1939 with a series of stamps. Similarly, Germany's takeover of various parts of “the homeland” were the basis for several stamp issues during the Nazi regime, as in these stamps from Austria and Poland (31).

Argentina has asserted its claims to disputed territory on its domestic postage stamps, declaring its control over part of the Antarctic (32) as well as its claim to the Malvinas (Falklands) as far back as 1936 (an issue which was



32

withdrawn under British pressure).

An Internationalist Political Culture

One of the clichés about stamp collecting has long been that it promotes international understanding and harmony; the Secretary General of the United Nations, Perez de Cuellar, claimed that "Stamps carry a message of their own and lead to world understanding." The stamps issued by the United Nations are the closest to a guide to the current language of the international equivalents to motherhood and apple pie: recent issues have espoused such issues as conservation, human rights and opposition to racism (32). Other issues are somewhat more contentious, such as stamps proclaiming the new international economic order or the rights of the Palestinians. Themes such as these are taken up by a number of countries: the Soviets, for example, are particularly assiduous in promoting peace on stamps (33).

The new internationalist language is often promoted through international years and common stamp issues. Each year the countries of Western Europe produce stamps to mark their dedication to the idea of European community, often with common designs (34).

Global Themes

There are, too, many themes and events that are commemorated by a number of countries which on first sight have little to do with political ideals. A good example is the Olympics, which has become an almost mandatory subject for a plethora of stamp issues every four years. One doubts whether Maldives took part in the 1976 Winter Olympics, for which they produced stamps (35), and the United States had already produced their issues for the 1980 Moscow Olympics when they decided to boycott them (36).

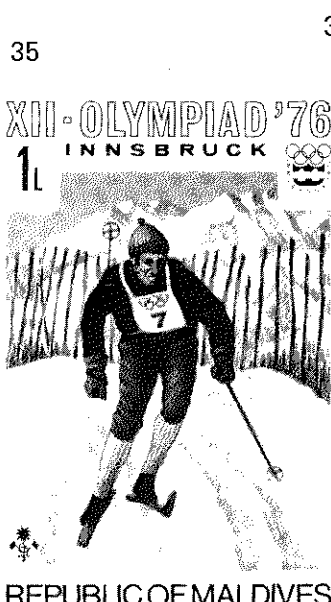
Over the past twenty years growing numbers of countries have issued Christmas stamps, and their proliferation is an interesting index of the diffusion of western imagery, as in the use of classical European religious art on the stamps of Malawi or Togo (37).

Perhaps the most fascinating instance of the growth of an international culture is the growth of stamps related to the British Royal Family. The existence of Empire meant that the British sovereign was a feature of stamp design from the earliest days, and the Commonwealth countries preceded Britain in depicting non-reigning members of the Royal Family (the pictures of the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret on stamps of Canada and New Zealand) (38). As more countries became independent and gave up the Queen as head of state one might have expected fewer royal stamps. In fact, as the Queen has disappeared from definitive issues, those commemorating royal events have increased.

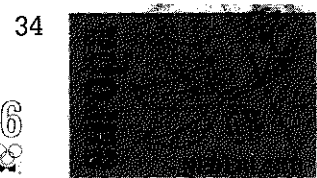
The wedding of Prince Charles and Princess Diana in 1981 unleashed an orgy of commemoratives, and not only from the Commonwealth; the wedding was marked by stamps from Bhutan, Ivory Coast, Liberia, Niger, Paraguay and, most amazing of all, North Korea, all aimed, obviously, at stamp collectors (39). Many of these countries then followed up with commemoratives for the birth of Prince William and the twenty first birthday of Princess Diana — not, one would have thought, a great moment for most countries. The 85th birthday of the Queen Mother in 1985 and the 60th birthday of the Queen in 1986 produced a complex series of commemoratives from a large number of dominions and colonies, between them telling the life story of the Queen. However, there are limits to the philatelic selling of "the royals": Buckingham Palace vetoed a move in 1985 by the British Virgin Islands to use the Queen's



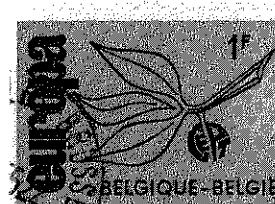
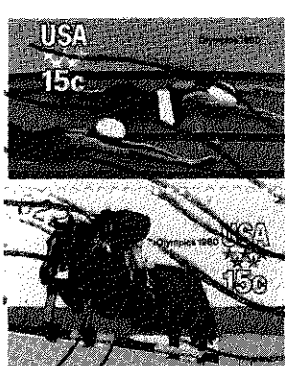
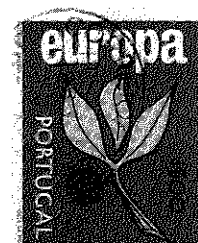
33



35



34



36



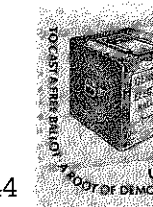
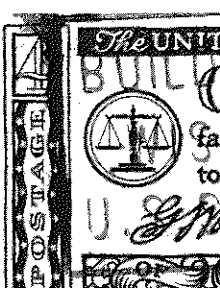
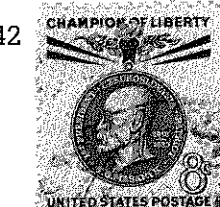
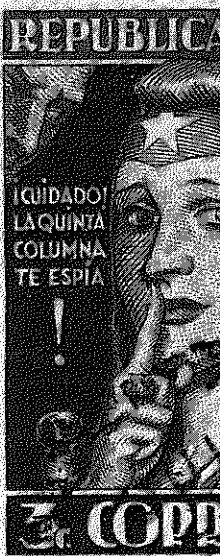
38



37



39



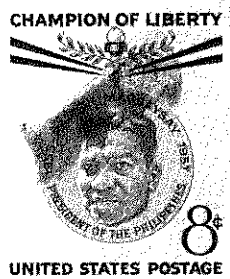
44



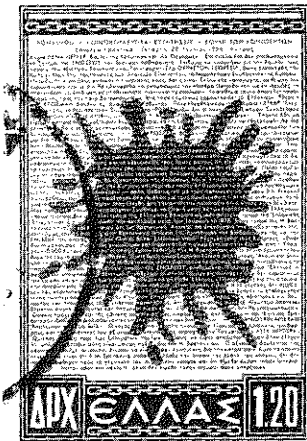


40

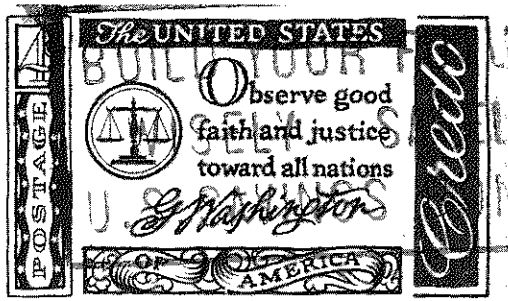
41



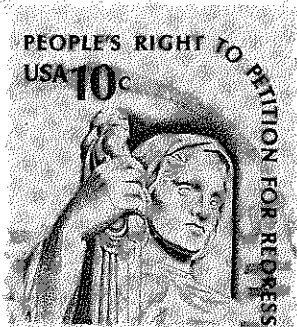
42



43



44



45

head on a stamp bearing a portrait of Michael Jackson.

Stamps as Propaganda

In a sense all stamps have a propaganda purpose. Nonetheless there is clearly a difference between a stamp proclaiming "smash Japanese imperialism" and one showing dogs and flowers. Stamps with explicitly political messages are less rare than one might expect, or indeed than the intensely conservative stamp collecting world likes to recognize. Many stamps serve as political posters in miniature, conveying an unambiguous message about the political programme of the issuing government.

In 1943 Cuba issued a series of stamps warning against Fifth column activities with captions such as "The Fifth Column is like the serpent — destroy it" and "Fulfill your patriotic duty by destroying the Fifth Column" (40). In 1954 Greece asserted its support for union with Cyprus in a series of stamps showing an ink blot on the pages of the British Hansard (41). Most Islamic countries in recent years have issued stamps in support of the Palestinians.

The United States and China have both issued a considerable number of stamps that are intended to convey official ideology. In the late 1950s the United States issued a series of stamps commemorating "champions of liberty" — these included President Magsaysay of the Philippines, Mayor Ernst Reuter of West Berlin and Thomas Massaryk of Czechoslovakia (42), all of whom were staunch anti-communists. These were closely followed by six stamps proclaiming "the American creed" — patriotic sentiments from the Founding Fathers (43) — and in the 1970s a series of definitives proclaimed, among other slogans, that "to cast a free ballot is the root of democracy" and "the people's right to petition for redress" (44).

Such ideological issues were more than balanced by China under Mao, including several series in strident red and gold bearing the text of his "anti-American declaration" and some of his poems. Recent Chinese stamps have been noticeably less overtly political in their message. Soviet stamps have tended to be preoccupied with the glories of the Revolution and the achievements of the Soviet state, and the USSR has produced literally hundreds of stamps honouring Lenin (45).

It is ironic that as stamp issues proliferate, fewer and fewer are being used for postal purposes. Various forms of electronic mail and courier services are cutting away at postal services while stamps are bigger, gaudier and more frequent. By the end of the century it is likely that the majority of countries will have joined those — San Marino, the Arab Emirates, the various mini-states of the West Indies and the Pacific — whose stamps go straight from the printing presses of London and Hong Kong to collectors, and are not even available in the countries that allegedly issue them. As this happens the designs of stamps will become more and more interchangeable, and the dominance of Euro-centric designs, aimed at First World collectors, more significant. To date, however, there are enough stamps which represent both the conscious and unconscious political agendas of their governments to make them worth exploring for hints of how they see the world.

Dennis Altman is a writer now teaching in the Department of Politics at La Trobe University in Bundoora, Australia. His many books include: The Homosexualization of America, the Americanization of the Homosexual; Coming Out in the 70s; Rehearsals for Change. He is presently at work on a book on stamps.

Socialism and Democracy in Alberta: Essays in Honour of Grant Notley

ed. Larry Pratt
Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1986,
237 pp.

Socialism and Democracy in Alberta is a most thought provoking collection of essays in honour of the late Grant Notley. Larry Pratt, the editor of this tribute to the former New Democratic Party leader, must be congratulated for welding the views of the ten diverse contributions into a coherent analysis of Notley's leadership of the party (1968-1984). Importantly, the book also provides a forum in which the future of the NDP is vigorously examined. Overall, the essayists agree that Notley saw the NDP as a party in the traditional sense, one that sought power. Their conclusions are instructive, however, in that they suggest that to achieve this, fundamental changes must be effected; the party must turn from Notley's espousal of traditional and rural Albertan values to the concerns and needs of urban society within a transformed provincial political culture.

Indeed the first four essays in this book touch upon this dilemma which all social democrats, including Grant Notley, must confront; that is whether or not the NDP should act like a traditional political party or a political movement. In *The Anatomy of a Party: The National CCF 1932-61*, Walter D. Young explains how members of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) were torn between those on the one hand who also desired power in order to bring about change by a CCF government and those on the other hand who also desired political reform by whatever party forming the government. Larry Pratt, Olenka Melnyk and Allan Tupper agree that Notley followed the former path. Pratt claims that the former NDP leader was a pragmatist who stressed organization as opposed to ideology and doctrine. He wanted a strong party machine so that even in opposition, the NDP would have "political clout." Notley's efforts in helping to transform the CCF into the NDP and later his work as a national party organizer in Alberta where he attempted to keep communists at bay while attracting the "liberal-minded" to the fold, must be viewed within that pragmatic content.

Olenka Melnyk agrees with Pratt's characterization of Notley, but laments the failure of the old doctrinaire CCF to lead the party to greater political success. For Melnyk, the two stars of this failed wing of the party were Nellie

Peterson and William Irvine. Yet, this essay about the inability of ideology to bring about the "New Jerusalem" vindicates Notley's approach to politics. The Alberta CCF alarmed voters with its demand for public ownership. By contrast, in Saskatchewan, the CCF emphasized social reform in education, welfare, farm security and labour legislation and was rewarded by success at the polls. Even throughout the rampant anti-communist campaigns in Canada following the Second World War, Peterson and Irvine failed to dampen their fiery ideological fervor. Consequently, they were labelled "Red" and CCF hopes for gaining ground in Alberta were lost. Not surprisingly, these doctrinaires were antithetical to Notley and his efforts at transforming the CCF into a more moderate NDP in 1961. Although a supporter of the radicals, Melnyk offers no examples of how ideological purity helped to improve society in Alberta. Indeed, Notley's approach to politics is supported through the example of the CCF in Saskatchewan.

In contrast to Melnyk and Pratt, Robin Hunter argues that Notley saw the NDP as a party committed to social change. The argument is forced and not convincing. Hunter admits that Notley's friends in the CCF and later NDP were not from the radical left. A few examples of "sops" to the doctrinaire traditionalists such as his support of the nuclear disarmament movement does not prove that Notley embraced the ideologically pure wing of the party. As Hunter pointed out, Notley warned that "debate and education which are not tied into practical and political tasks can become substitutes for them, and become ends in themselves." The political wilderness is the destination of any party caught in that web. Indeed, Hunter explains that Notley's "sops" to the radical left were only complementary to his "parliamentary struggles," that is, his struggle for power and political clout.

Allan Tupper's article sides with those who saw Notley opting for power over idealism. Tupper blames Notley's political failure on his moderation which prevented him from distinguishing the NDP from the Tories under Peter Lougheed. Tupper concludes that the NDP must move to the left of the political spectrum to find success. By frequently intervening in the economy, the "strong-state" Tories forced the NDP to the defensive. Tupper argues that Notley believed Alberta should follow the moderate agrarian socialism of Tommy Douglas and Allan Blakeney of Saskatchewan. Notley thought the modern state could promote social justice and economic progress through planning.

He advocated nationalization of private power utilities, public development of the Athabasca tar sands and the creation of an integrated oil company. Yet, Tupper claims, by failing to formulate a coherent position on how to administer corporations in a mixed economy and by resting its public ownership policy on pragmatic "market failure" grounds, the NDP failed to differentiate itself from the Tory government. As a centralist in federal-provincial matters, Notley rejected the opinion of the majority in Alberta by deferring to the national interest during the National Energy Policy crisis in the early 1980s. Alone amongst Alberta legislators, he opposed the retaliatory measures of the Lougheed Tories. Through his moderate approach, Notley faced further problems because the Tories implemented many traditional NDP policies such as increased resource royalties, expanded public intervention in the oil and gas industry and a plan for economic diversification. To overcome this Notley legacy of failing to distinguish between the NDP and the Tories, Tupper urges the NDP to return to its socialist tradition.

Allan Tupper's article offers an appropriate hinge between those essays focusing on Grant Notley and his personal political approach and those contributions attempting to map a path for the NDP to follow in the future. As if answering Tupper's call for the NDP to differentiate itself from the dominant Tory party in Alberta, Ed Schaffer and Ron Chalmers provide guidance. For Ed Schaffer, Grant Notley's emphasis on planning would provide a desirable basis for an economic policy for the NDP. Arguing for diversification of the Alberta economy, Schaffer claims that Tories failed in that task in the 1970s because they believed that it could only occur through private enterprise. According to Schaffer, Notley understood that diversification would result only from government actions. To diversify, the government had to maximize its economic rents and then make a rational use of them through planning. Tied to private enterprise which is determined to maximize profits, the Tories could not accept a planning agency which wished to maximize the development of the province. Notley understood that need and called for the use of monies from the Alberta Heritage Trust Fund for that purpose and the establishment of a planning agency to undertake the task. Schaffer highlights Notley's lead in this economic sphere in the hope that the NDP of the present will follow the same path.

Through a diatribe against the anti-democratic policies and ideas of Peter Lougheed and the Tories, Ron Chalmers

encourages the NDP to be rigorously democratic. In his plea for the NDP to embrace proper procedure in the democratic process, the former executive assistant to a Social Credit leader places Notley and Chalmers' former boss, Robert Clark, on the same pedestal as championing of Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund, Chalmers blasts the Tories for their rejection of Opposition pleas to allow public hearings to help determine the structure, control and use of the fund. In the case of Syncrude and the Alberta Energy Corporation, the Tories have allowed private investors to make decisions that Notley believed elected legislators should make. Grant Notley's attempt to have a legislative committee study the issue of conflict of interest guidelines was rejected and his subsequent private members bill on the subject was defeated by the Tory majority. Chalmers wants the NDP to strengthen its ideological commitment to democracy and reject the tendency towards executive privilege. He advocates the NDP undertake an educational role in developing a desire within the electorate for more democracy. Chalmers' article is flawed in that he fails to define exactly what he means by "democracy" although he infers that "democracy" means open and free discussion by legislators of government activities with access to all relevant documentation.

While Chalmers wants more "democracy" within the legislature, Tom Pocklington calls for more intraparty democracy. Pocklington argues that it is important to strengthen the reality of intraparty democracy rather than the rhetoric and that the NDP in Alberta is well placed to take steps necessary to attain that goal. Intraparty democracy helps to mitigate the strong inducement for representatives of social democratic and labour parties to sell out to the haves and to forget the have-nots. Pocklington notes that there are limits, however. In effect, he wishes to see the rank-and-file have more control over party leaders without undermining the discretionary authority required by the latter. He suggests that intra-party democracy can be strengthened in the NDP by reminding leaders of party policy as a prerequisite to re-election. Delegates to conventions should be subsidized so that more than the wealthy can attend. Policy resolutions should be made as clear as possible because leaders vary from them in direct proportion to their vagueness. Finally, conventions should list priorities in policy. Through intraparty democracy, the party's leaders, whether in or out of government, remain responsive to the wishes of its members.

Turning away from process in the

political arena, the discuss the voters th to ensure political s premise for this fina that the monolithic Alberta is disinteg fertile political soil the urban centres looking back at Not claims he failed to groups in Alberta, petite bourgeoisie middle class. Look urges the NDP to white collar govern workers. Engelm Macpherson's theo least until 1947, w independent com Cherishing their were hostile toward tied interests such

political arena, the final three essays discuss the voters the NDP should target to ensure political success. The essential premise for this final group of articles is that the monolithic political culture of Alberta is disintegrating and that the fertile political soil for the NDP lies in the urban centres of the province. In looking back at Notley, Fred Engelmann claims he failed to capture two crucial groups in Alberta, the remnants of the petite bourgeoisie and the rising new middle class. Looking to the future, he urges the NDP to concentrate on the white collar government and services workers. Engelmann accepts C.B. Macpherson's theory that Alberta, at least until 1947, was a society of small independent community producers. Cherishing their own property, they were hostile towards the Eastern propertied interests such as the banks and

railways. This absence of class and dependence on the East meant that opposition in Alberta was unnecessary and as a result, elections became plebiscites. In the post-Leduc Alberta period, Engelmann follows the analysis of Alberta development proposed by Richards and Pratt in *Prairie Capitalism*. They claim that oil brought the rise of a new middle class divorced from populism. Yet, with nothing to stimulate opposition, one party dominance remained. The Tories under Peter Lougheed represented this new middle class and thus came to dominate the provincial political scene. Engelmann explains that Notley emerged from independent commodity producer stock, a group out of step with the new Alberta by the time he became leader. He failed to represent the dominant group of the quasi-party system in the seventies. Not

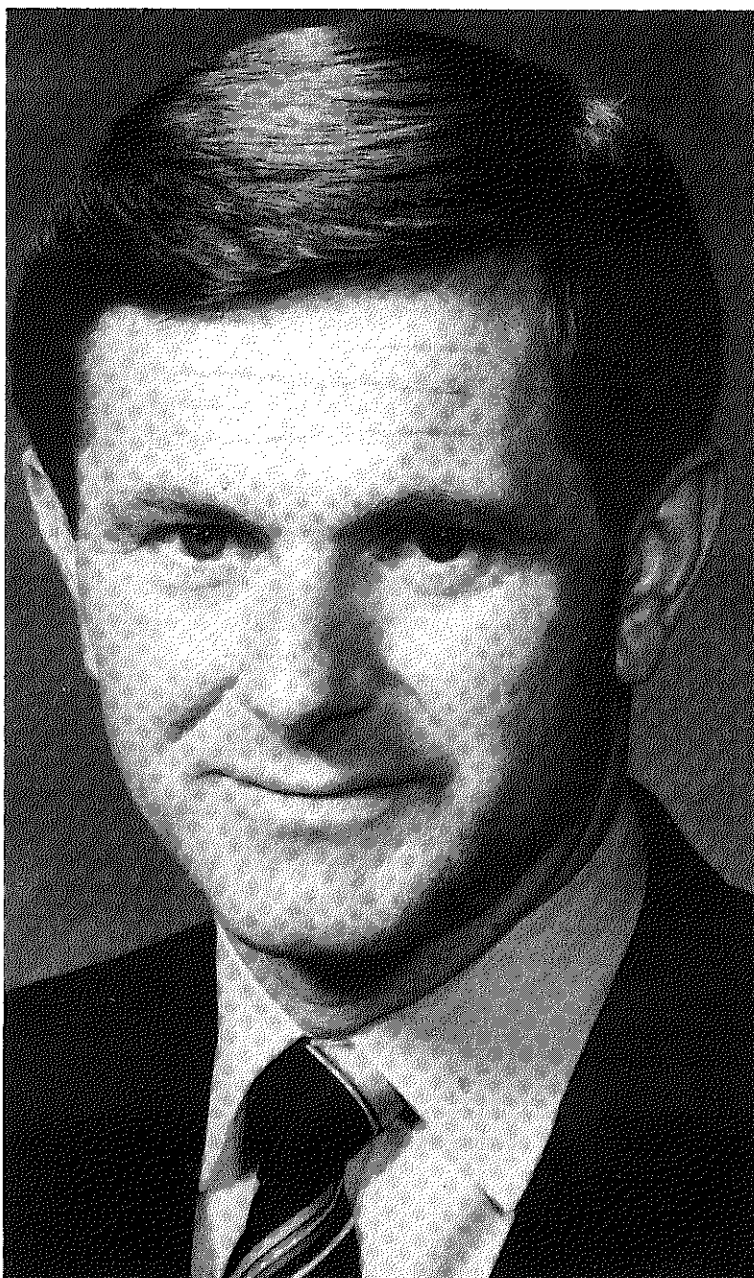
surprisingly, Notley failed in his election bids in Edmonton and sought a rural northern seat. As Alberta becomes more stable and settled, Engelmann argues that a true party system might emerge which would benefit the NDP if the party follows his suggestion.

In following Engelmann, Gurston Dacks argues that in Alberta the political consensus is breaking up and is being replaced by the politics of fragmentation and fear of economic decline. Thus, over the long run, this change will improve the competitive position of the NDP. In the short run, it will impose a more marginal existence on the party. Dacks points out that class, while important, has not been the crucial political dimension in terms of which Albertans have been divided. Rather, there has been a dominant commodity interest which underlines the political consen-

sus that is directed against those outside Alberta. In Alberta, the political struggle is with the East. Dacks says that the "conjunction of this perceived community of interest with the alienation Albertans have felt against central Canada has produced decades of single party dominance in Alberta. This consensus is breaking down because of the loss of confidence in one or two commodities which have traditionally integrated Alberta society, like agriculture and oil and gas." Dacks encourages the NDP to address the problems of the various interest groups in the province from single parents and Natives, to public servants and farmers, to jar them from the political consensus. He notes that the alienation against Ottawa and central Canada will endure but it cannot hold the Alberta consensus itself. Thus, Dacks offers hope that the Alberta wilderness can be escaped if social democrats are active in responding to the specific and tangible grievances felt increasingly by Albertans.

In a final essay, Garth Stevenson encourages the NDP to look to the working class and "middle class" as the party's natural constituents in the future. He criticizes the NDP under Notley for having left aside the cities in order to pursue a populist mirage. The legacy of agrarian populism has weighed heavily as seen in the virtual "beatification" of William Irvine, whose name is carried by the provincial headquarters and whose portrait hangs in the NDP legislative offices. Stevenson regrets that the party has failed to adapt to the rapidly changing society of Alberta. He argues that the NDP should meet the future by viewing itself primarily as a party of the working class, meaning the party that includes construction workers, transportation workers, oilfield workers, miners, clerical sales workers and service workers. If properly defined, he points out that the working class outnumbered farmers ten to one. In addition, there is support for the party among some elements of the middle class who have always favoured the NDP such as those involved in the social sciences, religion, the teaching profession and the arts. Indeed, one reason for the move towards the NDP from the CCF was to attract more middle class voters. In English-speaking Canada, support has come from the educated, salary-earning new middle class, particularly those working outside the profit-oriented sector of the economy. Even the small businessperson is looked upon as a possible supporter. Stevenson feels that the NDP has difficulty relating to the working class in Alberta because that class has little sense of solidarity. He feels, however, that by providing an alterna-

Grant Notley photo courtesy of Alberta NDP



tive for the working class, the NDP will succeed electorally.

Attempting to develop a blueprint for the future electoral success of the NDP, this book provides an excellent analysis of Grant Notley's leadership and of the political culture of Alberta. The contributors, however, fail to resolve the struggle between those in the party who favour ideology and those who seek power; yet the majority clearly want the NDP to act more like a traditional party in the Canadian context. As a result, this book is more concerned with how to obtain power than with any vision the NDP might have of Alberta in the future. Nevertheless, this collection of essays is essential reading for anyone interested in Alberta politics and for any party seeking to govern the province.

Kenneth Munro is an associate professor in the Department of History at the University of Alberta and a specialist in French Canadian history.

People and Place — Studies of Small Town Life in the Maritimes

Edited by Larry McCann
Fredericton, N.B.: Acadiensis Press, 1987, 263 pp.

People and Place is a collection of essays written by faculty members of Mount Allison University in Sackville, New Brunswick as part of a project on small town life, sponsored by the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council. The editor, Larry McCann, writes that the project was the faculty's "opportunity to learn about ourselves." The book can be seen as the attempt of a group of thoughtful people to reveal the deeper meaning of the place in which their lives and work are rooted. If taken as such, the book has an immediate appeal for anyone interested in the Maritimes' "regional identity."

This exercise in self-knowledge gets off to a bad start with William Godfrey's essay on "James Glenie and the Politics of Sunbury County." Loyalist themes are undeveloped and remain a mere setting for a parochial political thesis which is interesting only for specialists.

Perhaps the collection should have started closer to home; this is suggested by the more satisfying quality of Dean Jobb's essay, "Sackville Promotes a Railway: The Politics of the New Brunswick and P.E.I. Railway, 1872-1866." A photograph by Thaddeus Holownia shows one of Sackville's foundries built

near the main track while a map on the next page illustrates the story: the rivalry between Sackville and Amherst to become the centre of an economic corridor between Prince Edward Island and the major port of Saint John. If you are unfamiliar with the history of the region, this essay is worth reading if only for the way Jobb portrays the diverse resource-based economy of Sackville as it took on a new manufacturing base under the direction of an energetic group of well-established local entrepreneurs. The purpose of building a railway to P.E.I. was to promote economic growth and the whole town was delighted by the shrewd political manoeuvring which successfully brought it to completion.

As a historical slice of regional life this essay is fascinating, but the reader is left startled by this image of a booming economic life which is a stark contrast to the ghost town Sackville is today. At least part of the meaning of the Maritimes — part of the mystery of the region as a whole — is focused by what happened in Sackville.

The very next essay by McCann and Burnett takes us further down what became the Inter-Colonial Railroad to New Glasgow, Nova Scotia which, during the same period, was transforming itself into a major industrial area. Another Holownia photo shows the steel plant in Trenton (along with New Glasgow, Stellarton, and Westville, these Pictou County "towns" constitute the industrial core of northern Nova Scotia) and a few pages later there are a couple of panoramic maps of New Glasgow. These maps are less informative than the map in Jobb's essay. Nevertheless, we get a visual sense of how steel and coal changed the character of the communities. The authors provide a scholarly argument that the North American rags-to-riches stories of this age were the exception to the rule in New Glasgow where a closed, traditional social hierarchy kept "things" the same even as the economy was quickly changing. However, we never get a broader politico-economic perspective on why New Glasgow never fulfilled its potential of the late nineteenth century.

Perhaps I should be satisfied with these two competent, sometimes lively accounts of Sackville and New Glasgow life, and not take seriously the editor's claim to some degree of self-knowledge. After all, as the editor writes, the authors are a "truly multidisciplinary lot" and a synthetic historical perspective is very hard to achieve. Still, I was struck by the way the collection as a whole managed to evade the phenomenon which could be the most obvious unifying theme — Confederation. This is the event ingrained in the conscious-

ness of many Maritimers and it explains a great deal about the place and the people who live here.

Maritimers are haunted by memories of the "Golden Age," which they believe characterized life in the region immediately before Confederation. According to the myth, Confederation was something we were manipulated into; it destroyed a whole way of life and the economy based on that life, and led the region into the doom and gloom of the twentieth century. (Perhaps the most accessible way for other Canadians to understand this belief is to view the National Film Board's evocative video, *Empty Harbours, Empty Dreams*.) No doubt the authors in this book cannot swallow this myth whole. Still, they cannot start to "learn about ourselves" without confronting the basic truth conveyed by the myth and its influence on the region's consciousness.

This evasion reveals the ambiguity of the book's apparent leading theme. The opening sentence of the editor's preface reiterates its subtitle — "the Maritimes is a region of small towns." The authors are supposed to have "recognized the significance of this fact," but either as an assumption or a leading theme "this fact" is nonsense. Rhyme off some of the major station stops on the railway — Moncton, Sackville, Amherst, Truro, New Glasgow and Sydney. Only Sackville can really be considered a small town, and in Jobb's essay we see that town struggling to become a large manufacturing centre; in the twentieth century it lapsed back, forever, into being a small town. In general, these railway stops signified one basic fact: the Maritime economy was changing in the late nineteenth century from the traditional fishing (or "land and sea" which captures the interaction focused in the shipping industry) to the newer industrial and manufacturing bases. This meant a shift from small town to urban life. McCann writes that "the essays group themselves quite naturally into three major themes: casting the pattern; the temporary of traditional society; and contemporary small town life." Yet the 1870s and 1880s around which the first group of essays generally revolve was the time when the traditional pattern was being broken; this time was really the "passing of traditional society."

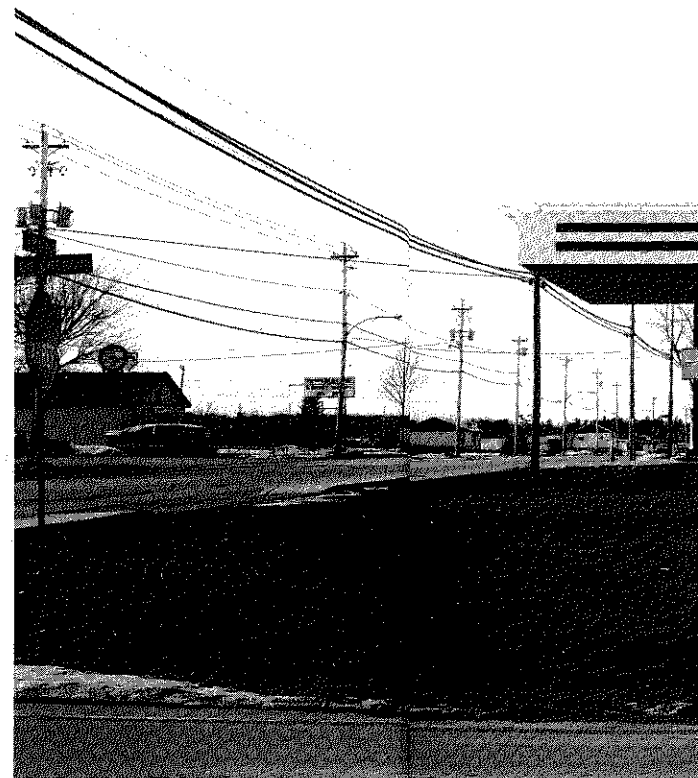
In sum, the politico-economic themes raised in the Sackville and New Glasgow essays are not developed or complemented by the others even though economists DeBenedetti and Price write about contemporary economic trends in the Maritimes. In an atrociously jargon-ridden and mathematically obscure text, which is com-

plemented by nine statistical tables, the authors seem to want to prove all the horrible things ever said about the "dismal science." They draw the breathtaking conclusion "that towns moderately dependent on the service sector grew, and that towns highly dependent on the 'smokestack' and primary industries suffered decline." The social scientists who dominate the third section do as good a job of stifling any sign of life as decades of bureaucratically inspired mega-projects in the Maritimes have done.

The same sort of puerile "objectivity" is behind the essay "Obligations for Care in Small Towns" by Storm, Storm and Strike-Schurman who conclude, for example, that "the consensus appears to

be that children should have their needs of their elderly parents met. This is the idea of the enlightened self-interest provide. Patrick ... "Weekly Newspaper ... least readable, but ... imaginative, eclectic ... Maritime journalism ...

A welcome change ... Ross' story of "The Pictou Island." In a manner Ross traces ... from the arrival of a ... that of the Highland ... his essay resides in ... and ability to synthesize ... fully in a clear narrative ... easily sizes up the ...



be that children should be aware of the needs of their elderly parents and organize assistance." This statement gives an idea of the enlightenment the essay will provide. Patrick Baker's essay on "Weekly Newspaper Reporting" is at least readable, but fails to discuss the imaginative, eclectic and distinctively Maritime journalism that does exist.

A welcome change of pace is Eric Ross' story of "The Rise and Fall of Pictou Island." In a warm informative manner Ross traces life on the island from the arrival of a few Irish families to that of the Highland Scots. The power of his essay resides in his perceptive eye and ability to synthesize detail insightfully in a clear narrative line. The reader easily sizes up the interaction between

school relocation, television and unemployment insurance. Further in this piece, the story of the hippies arriving in the 1970s and managing to integrate their new, communal life-style into the old ways gives a cheering edge to that typical Maritime feeling of loss for what once was (whatever it was).

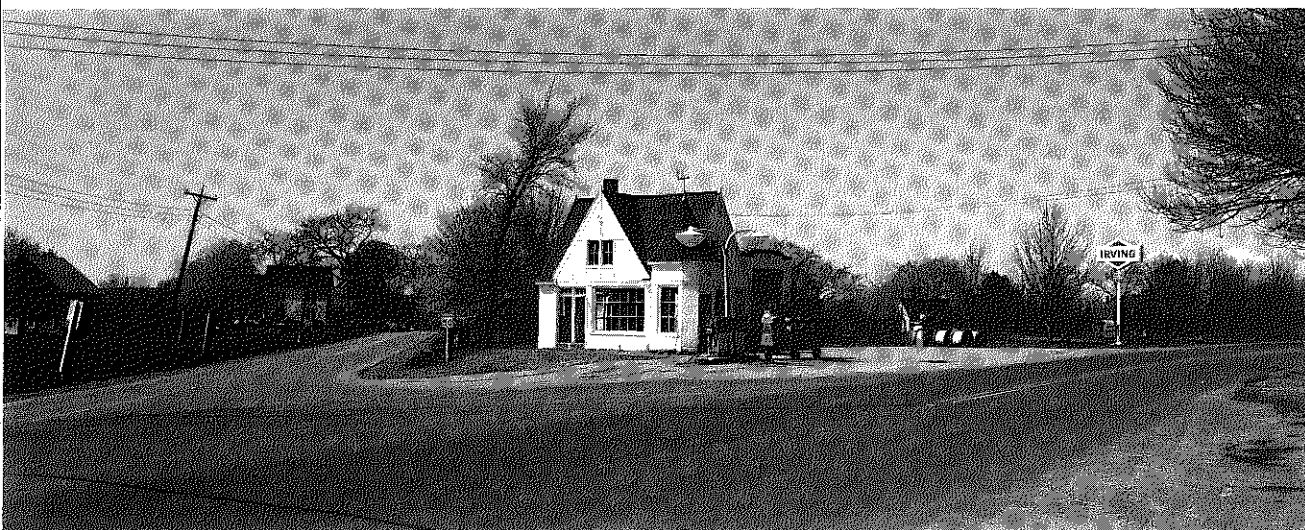
Richard Knowles' essay on "The Mulgrave Road Co-op Theatre Company" focuses that feeling in what is undoubtedly the most inspiring essay in the book. It describes a small town "occupying the rugged northeast corner of mainland Nova Scotia" coming alive in theatre and enacting its present identity by telling stories of its past. As Knowles goes through the company's various productions we meet all the

flesh and blood Maritime characters so often missing from some other essays — the fisherman most pointedly.

The inspirational quality of the essay derives from the cooperative nature of the company: townspeople become actors whose art reflects the material conditions of their lives. By this process, a historically recognized loss is turned into a gain. Still, the very fact of incorporating material conditions into one's art can turn back on itself. The whole concept is so bound up with community life that the logical artistic step of going "big-time" seems strange if not contradictory. Is always being on the road any different from going down the road?

One wonders whether the questions raised by Knowles are bound up with the

theatre only, and not with the more solitary pursuit of writing literature, for example. This collection does have two essays by Carrie MacMillan and Gwen Davies on the Maritime novel (1880s-1920s) and Maritime poetry (in the 1920s and 1930s) respectively. As the Maritimes became a more urban society its novelists and poets realized the danger of people losing their sense of place; yet it is only out of the "seaward vision," as Carrie MacMillan puts it, that a distinctively Maritime imaginative literature can be sustained. MacMillan and Davies frequently imply that the value of Maritime literature lies in this inherent tension because there is no avoiding the fact that it is not good enough, not tough enough to let the place speak for



photographs by Thaddeus Holownia
reprinted from *People and Place*

itself. Rather, love of place often intrudes in a gushing fashion in the description of natural phenomena, and the sense of loss for a passing way of life invariably becomes nostalgia.

This is a pity because the best Maritime art does possess that toughness which can juxtapose historical loss with some promise not of "a future" but of what is here now. The paintings of Alex Colville and novels of David Adam Richards come to mind. However confining the small town mentality may be, some primal identification between people and place remains. And this makes the obsessive dream of Toronto to become a "world-class city" seem parochial indeed. The photography of Thaddeus Holownia often captures this sense brilliantly (in his marshland work, for example), but the photographs reproduced in this book fail to do justice to his vision. Perhaps the theme of "Gas Station" is just not to my taste; but the failure of the photographic images undoubtedly has something to do with a straightforwardly inappropriate context. *People and Place* itself, in fact, is a highly uneven collection of essays looking for an appropriate context.

Roderick Nicholls is a Philosophy professor at the University College of Cape Breton.



photograph by Thaddeus Holownia, reprinted from *People and Place*

Still circulating, slowly working their way in from the periphery, the Native margins in this country: stories, rumours, half-truths, lies, myths. Stories about pipelines, about hydro-electric projects, about the sporadic explosions of violence, about mercury poisoning. Stories that are the by-product of, or the sub-plots in a larger pattern of the systematic, continuing oppression of the aboriginal inhabitants of Canada. Somewhere in these sub-plots – as in the case of the two stories you will read about here, the story of a doctor or the story of a uranium mine – we perhaps catch a glimpse of these historical processes in their everyday disguise, as experiences. And, more rarely, a glimpse of how the historical process of dispossessing Native people is resisted on a day-to-day level, of the struggle that life has become in these margins, of the ways Native people find to fight against the Canadian State and international capital.

The two stories reviewed below illustrate, in part, that this struggle spills over the boundary of political economy as we narrowly conceive it, and even over the boundary of culture as that concept is exchanged in Native Studies. The struggle has come to inform every aspect of life, however we might choose to analytically slice it up. So, in one case we hear a story of how medical care in a small Native community is a highly charged, political issue. In the other, of how a large uranium mining project changes (threatens?) the way of life of another community by destroying the environmental basis of traditional Native pursuits. Some of these stories are told well, others badly; but I think we must read them all carefully and learn what we can, piece together what we can, because in some way or another we have a role to play. What we know helps to determine that oldest of political questions, whose side we're on.

Peter Kulchyski teaches Native Studies at the University of Saskatchewan.

An Error in Judgment: The Politics of Medical Care in an Indian/White Community
by Dara Culhane Speck
Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1987,
281 pp.

Alert Bay, the setting for Dara Culhane Speck's *An Error in Judgment: The Politics of Medical Care in an Indian/White Community*, is located on Cormorant Island off the northern tip of Vancouver Island. I read this book the week I returned home to Denman Island, also offshore, midway up the eastern coast of the Island. Like the weather, Speck's book was grey, dark and disturbing.

Renee Smith, an eleven-year-old member of the Nimpkish Indian Band, died in an Alert Bay hospital of a ruptured appendix on January 22nd, 1979. The author, a Band member by marriage, details the death and the events

which followed. The far more than a mere These include: the inquest, a provincial by the Band; the College of Physicians revoke the licence of the sician found responsible for the death of an over woman from an over arrival in Alert Bay physician; his subsequent suicide; and, finally, into health care in Alert Bay is a carefully crafted how, exactly, the "p The author interspersed with background ch and Native communities the history of the c on Kwakwaka'wakw organization and health care in Canada B.C. in particular.

The result is a s tion, not only to our myriad of issues wh Nations in this coun methodology, resear ing.

Stories about D focuses on Dr. Pick ism, negligence a serve as a vehicle to historical and polit which the administrat fairs and Indian hea The book is an am sive portrayal of so diction, conflict a small community c dian and White res vincingly exposes th colonial attitudes o Alert Bay. Her anal and supremacy i searched. Using a scriptive analysis of stration in the co from local papers around the contro death and transcrip inquiries, Speck put colonial, assimilatio tudes are merely p torical past.

Her treatment of nity is open, honest does not gloss over conflicts and destr her own adopted pe haps best illustrat comes of the boyc quiry. Noting the administration of th hospital, the Provin mends the appoint Eric Powell, an A

which followed. The book, however, is far more than a mere narrative of events. These include: the death; a coroner's inquest, a provincial inquiry boycotted by the Band; the refusal of the B.C. College of Physicians and Surgeons to revoke the licence of the alcoholic physician found responsible by the inquest; the death of another young Indian woman from an overdose of pills; the arrival in Alert Bay of a man posing as a physician; his subsequent arrest and suicide; and, finally, a federal inquiry into health care in Alert Bay. The book is a carefully crafted demonstration of how, exactly, the "personal is political." The author intersperses her narrative with background chapters on the White and Native communities in Alert Bay, the history of the community, insights on Kwakwaka'wakw culture, and the organization and politics of Indian health care in Canada in general and B.C. in particular.

The result is a significant contribution, not only to our understanding of a myriad of issues which confront Indian Nations in this country, but to feminist methodology, research and critical writing.

Stories about Dr. Jack Pickup are legendary along the B.C. coast. Speck focuses on Dr. Pickup, whose alcoholism, negligence and racist attitudes serve as a vehicle to illustrate the larger historical and political context within which the administration of Indian Affairs and Indian health care are located. The book is an amazingly comprehensive portrayal of social struggle, contradiction, conflict and resistance in a small community divided between Indian and White residents. Speck convincingly exposes the individualism and colonial attitudes of the White elite of Alert Bay. Her analysis of White power and supremacy is thoroughly researched. Using a statistical and descriptive analysis of health care administration in the community, material from local papers, letters generated around the controversy over Smith's death and transcripts from subsequent inquiries, Speck puts to rest any idea that colonial, assimilationist and racist attitudes are merely part of Canada's historical past.

Her treatment of the Indian community is open, honest and refreshing. She does not gloss over the contradictions, conflicts and destructive behaviour of her own adopted people. These are perhaps best illustrated by one of the outcomes of the boycotted Provincial Inquiry. Noting the inadequacies in the administration of the local community hospital, the Provincial Inquiry recommends the appointment of Reverend Eric Powell, an Anglican missionary

who had spent a lot of time in the Kwakwaka'wakw area. Speck carefully documents the response of the Nimpkish Band. In doing so, she reveals the impact of missionaries on Indian Nations and the difficulty faced by the Band in responding to this apparently benevolent but obviously inadequate response to their demands. The paternalism of this move is made obvious as is the internal problem of the Band in resisting the appointment. Here, Speck ties together contemporary political difficulties with historically-constituted problems, noting that many older Band residents were loyal to their priest and that elders are typically respected in Indian communities, thus complicating Band opposition.

There is one event portrayed by the author which perhaps more than any other in the book best captures the sensibilities of the Nimpkish Nation in their struggle for control over health care. Many Canadians will remember the case of Roberto Enrique Trujillo (alias Dr. Robert Rifleman). Trujillo had made a career out of posing in the States and Mexico as a child psychologist, physician and lecturer. Using documents stolen from a Dr. Robert Rifleman, Trujillo presented himself to the community in September of 1979 as a physician. He quickly established himself as a well-liked alternative to Dr. Jack Pickup, the town's long-standing alcoholic physician.

However, Trujillo is discovered and while in custody, commits suicide. When no one claims the body and the Anglican church refuses to bury him because of his suicide, the Indian community buries him as Dr. Robert Rifleman in the Band cemetery. The eulogy says it all:

He may not have been a real doctor but at least he has shown us the kind of treatment we have a right to expect. He came and helped us in our distress. We don't condemn this man. He was our friend.

This will not be an easy book to read, especially for those who have no previous experience with Indian Nations, their history, and struggle for self-government. It is essential reading for those concerned with Native/Canadian relations, Indian health care and community development. The lessons it contains are many, no less among them the author's conclusion that not only is the personal political, the political can be very personal.

Frank Tester is Professor of Environmental Studies, York University and Visiting Professor of Social Work, Micmac Social Work Programme, Dalhousie University. He has taught and worked with Indian Nations for

nearly 20 years and makes his home on Denman Island, British Columbia.

Wollaston: People Resisting Genocide

by Miles Goldstick

Montreal: Black Rose Books, 1987, 315 pp.

Since 1984, Canada has been the largest single producer and exporter of uranium in the Western world. This extraordinary position in the international nuclear economy is made possible by the presence of large high-grade deposits in north central Canada, particularly Saskatchewan. Uranium City, Rabbit Lake, Key Lake, Collin's Bay, Wollaston Lake. These fragments of the landscape are also the names of uranium mines. More importantly, they are also home to a Native population whose economic base has traditionally been oriented around fishing and trapping. These tiny communities are Canada's front line in the battle against nuclear technology. *Wollaston: People Resisting Genocide* chronicles their struggle against the uranium mining industry, a struggle against environmental destruction, against economic injustice and the international power politics associated with nuclear armaments.

Because most of the uranium deposits are located on or near Native lands, the responsibility for opposing the mining industry in northern Saskatchewan has fallen to the area's Chipewyan and Metis population. Claims to land title, which have been a central concern for Native communities throughout Canada, have even greater urgency here. In one of many transcribed statements from a blockade held in June of 1985, Jake Badger of Mistawasis summarizes the situation as follows:

The Land belongs to all people and when there is something threatening the land, like the way it is being raped up here, it should be a concern to all because it concerns all, not only the people from around here; because all over the world the uranium is affecting the land.

The nuclear war begins on Native land.

In many ways Badger's statement represents the core of Miles Goldstick's book. In *Wollaston*, Goldstick seeks to sketch the structural relationships between multinational activities in several different sectors and to explicate the political processes which form the context for uranium mining. At the same time, he tries to bear witness to the personal dimension of a political

struggle between the relatively powerless indigenous citizens and their opponents, the representatives of multinational industry.

This bi-polarity of the book, this oscillation between various levels of abstraction, is expressed in a narrative which moves from technical discussion of the process of uranium refinement, to descriptions of public meetings and journals of a blockade. A large proportion of the text is made up of direct quotations or transcribed interviews with local residents. Indeed, *Wollaston* is a veritable pastiche of selected voices. Some of these are extremely elegant, some poignant, some frighteningly naive. There is both optimism and despair here, juxtaposed one against the other according to a logic that Goldstick has failed to convey if, indeed, such a logic informs their arrangement at all.

In a text which is so self-conscious in its efforts to achieve representativeness, which refuses to speak on behalf of anyone, but which gives space and voice to a formerly silent people, the question of authorship demands to be asked. Roland Barthes comes to mind: "Who Speaks? Who writes? For Whom?" Goldstick's endeavour to achieve textual multivocality, and to thereby enact a democratic textual politics that would correspond with his commitment to a broader participatory democracy, falls far short of its goal. Editorial sloppiness and the repetition of excerpted statements contribute to the book's amateurish quality. These weaknesses are further compounded by a failure to adequately confront the contradictions between the various voices, including those between Goldstick and members of the Lac La Hache Band of Wollaston.

Who Speaks? Native people, impoverished and victimized by misinformation and neglect. Environmental activists concerned with the effects of radiation on the food chain and those concerned with the impact of a possible war. We are reminded that plutonium, the basis of nuclear arms, is produced in every nuclear reactor, regardless of its function. However, this fact is not foremost in the statements made by Native and Metis people who inhabit the area around Wollaston. Their concerns focus on poverty, on the need for employment, the broken promises of Eldorado Nuclear Ltd (the main operating company in the area), on the sense of powerlessness that comes from being forced onto reserve land and then having no control over the kinds of pollutants which are injected into the environment. Frequently, Goldstick cites people who express fear of and for the future, fear that is poignant in both its honesty and its naivete:

We mothers have a lot of young children. The greatest concern of the mothers today is what the children are going to live on if the water, land and animals are destroyed.

Who Writes? This question is unanswerable without considering Barthes' last question, "For Whom?" Miles Goldstick's commitment to the struggle against uranium mining in northern Saskatchewan, and his passionate devotion to the rights of Wollaston people cannot be doubted. But neither commitment nor passion can suffice as the basis for a good book. It is difficult to imagine the audience which Goldstick envisioned when writing *Wollaston*. There are passages in this book which assume that the reader retains memories of undergraduate chemistry classes in which one memorized the periodic table and at least feigned a familiarity with basic nuclear physics. There are others in which the philosophy of Ghandian civil disobedience is debated. These are interspersed with reproductions of posters, newspaper editorial columns, letters from members of the provincial legislature, and bad photographs.

I cannot imagine that *Wollaston: People Resisting Genocide* will find a broad readership among the Native Canadians who feature in it. Nor can I imagine that it would be palatable to

politicians with power to effect policy changes at the provincial or federal level. Mining executives will undoubtedly shrug it off as more hysterical propaganda which is poorly documented and filled with ambiguous statistics. A few die-hard activists and aspiring environmentalists may read it as a testimonial to popular protest which, although ultimately ineffective in blocking mining activities in northern Saskatchewan, gives strength through example. While it is perhaps true that the substantive content of a book should not be censored by a consideration of audience, I think it is also true that writing is responsive to an imagined readership, in addition to being responsive to the people about whom one writes. And this is particularly the case with a book such as *Wollaston*, which seeks to learn from mistakes, to analyze the failings of popular resistance in Canada, and to make recommendations for the future.

However, it is in his attempt to offer concrete policy options and safety guidelines that Goldstick's failures are most conspicuous. After devoting much of the text to a debunking of the popular belief that dilution is the solution to pollution, Goldstick can only suggest avoidance of nuclear wastes and careful monitoring of radioactivity levels in

areas where uranium mining is taking place. Quite simple, radioactivity cannot be avoided as can other wastes. Its most sinister aspect is its ability to invade the ecosystem, to accumulate in the food chain and to penetrate living systems silently and, at first, imperceptibly. This fact is horribly apparent in statistics about increased miscarriage rates, food contamination, cancer and birth defects in human and animal populations.

It is therefore somewhat surprising to read Goldstick's suggested precautions in a sub-section of "Chapter 2 — The Mines," titled "Remedial Action." Here, he advocates such measures as fencing to keep animals from feeding in contaminated areas, posting warning signs, regular and systematic monitoring in the vicinity of uranium mines, and better removal equipment. These actions might form the most basic initiatives in environmental protection, but they are far from adequate to deal with the problem at hand. And that problem, while it is both immediate and acute in Canada, is global in nature. We cannot simply run and hide from uranium; nor can we pack up our radioactive wastes and take them to Native lands or other parts of the world for dumping, although this has been standard practice for several decades now. The resulting destruc-

tion of marine ecologies in the North Sea, the contamination of people and their environs in third world countries where most are ignorant of radiation hazards, are the result of short-term policies which are regional in character and which deny the fundamental interconnectedness of all ecosystems on earth.

Goldstick's failures are critical ones. Upon finishing *Wollaston: People Resisting Genocide*, I felt, with a certain disappointment, as though the banality of evil, to borrow from Hannah Arendt, may well be surpassed by the banality of our response to it. And this is a grave pity, because the issues of uranium mining, of the oppression and silencing of Native people, and of our (white Anglo-Canadian) complicity with both, deserve immediate attention. The virtue of Goldstick's book is that it points out the relationship between the various structures of power and between processes which appear, at first glance, to be independent of each other. These are important issues, and in raising them Goldstick does us a service. Unfortunately, I do not feel the book fulfills its role or its promise.

Rosalind Morris is a graduate student in Social Anthropology at York University.

Conferences

Canadian Graduate Conference in Philosophy
November 4,5,6, 1989
Halton (CGSCP Section of Philosophy, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario,

Representing Aids: Criticism

November 11-13, 1989
Western Ontario, London, Ontario
The conference will examine representations of AIDS in philosophy, theology, visual arts, and the media. The conference will focus on the diversity of humanities and critical perspectives and national backgrounds. The prevailing emphasis will be the impact of the cultural and intellectual information contact. Contact: Miller, Dept. of English, Western Ontario, L

National Forum on Un/Underemployment in the Humanities and of New Professionals

Ottawa, November 1989
Sponsored by: Canadian Humanities, 151 St. Lawrence, Canada K1P 5Z6

Conference on Latin American Popular Culture

April 13-15, 1989, Kingston, Ontario
Organized by: J.D. American Studies, State University, 48823

Calls For Papers

Strategies of Critique
Annual Graduate

Cultural Software

658 Queen Street West
Toronto, Ontario M6J 1E5
416-863-6081

A software publisher for the creative artist.

CREATE

Complete Macintosh systems and support from Cultural Software.
Challenge your imagination.

Public Access

Counter Talk: The Body
\$2.99 Discourse

P R E S E N T S	
September 20	Jane Gallop
September 27	Lola Lemire Tostevin
October 4	Charles Levin
October 11	Nicole Brossard
October 18	Mira Schor
October 25	John O'Neill
November 1	Phillip Monk
November 8	Abigail Solomon-Godeau
November 15	Simon Watney
November 22	Arthur Kroker
November 29	Judith Barry

A lecture series exploring the interdisciplinary aspects of discourses on the body.

Tuesday evenings at 8:00 p.m. at **A.R.C.**
658 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ontario

Single lecture \$2.99
Series ticket \$24.00
Available from Pages Bookstore, Public Access, and A.R.C.
For more information call 860-0701
Public Access
24 Ryerson Ave, suite 310, Toronto, Ont. M5T 2P3

Design: Linzi Bartolini. Production: Greg Van Alstyne. Tools: Apple Macintosh, Adobe Illustrator 86, Abaton C-Scan, Quark X-Press. Output to paper on a Linetronic L300.
Apple, the Apple logo, and Macintosh are registered trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc.

compiled by Gail Faurschou.

Information to be published in future quarterly issues of *Border/Lines*

should be sent to us care of: Scanner, 31 Madison Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5R 2S2.

Conferences

Canadian Graduate Students Conference in Philosophy

November 4,5,6, 1988. Contact Kevin Halion (CGSCP Secretary), Department of Philosophy, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, L8S 4K1

Representing Aids: Crisis and Criticism

November 11-13, 1988 University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario. The conference will examine current representations of AIDS in literature, philosophy, theology, visual and performing arts, and the media. Speakers invited to the conference will represent a diversity of humanities perspectives, theoretical perspectives, political agendas, and national backgrounds, but the prevailing emphasis at the conference will be the impact of the epidemic on the cultural and intellectual life of Canada. For information contact Professor James Miller, Dept. of English, University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario

National Forum on the Underemployment of Graduates in the Humanities and the Development of New Professional Opportunities

Ottawa, November 3-6, 1988. Information from: Canadian Federation for the Humanities, 151 Slater, Suite 407, Ottawa, Canada K1P 5H3

Conference on Latin American Popular Culture

April 13-15, 1989, East Lansing, Michigan. Write to: J.D. Straubhaar, Latin American Studies Center, Michigan State University, East Lansing, MI, 48823

Calls For Papers

Strategies of Critique III

Annual Graduate Symposium, York

University, Toronto, April 28-29, 1989. This international symposium brings together graduate students from across the disciplines, and encourages emerging interventions in traditional discourses; interaction between different critical approaches; research in social, political, and cultural theory. Themes in past years included: Popular Culture and Politics, Feminist Theory, Colonialism and Discourse, Decoding the Body, Aesthetics and Modernity, Environmental Politics, Intellectuals and Practice. 1-2 page proposals for 20 min. presentations should be submitted by January 15, 1989, to: Strategies of Critique, c/o Graduate Programme in Social and Political Thought, York University, 4700 Keele St., North York, Ont., M3J 1P1

Making Connections: 7th Annual Conference on Workers and Their Communities

May 26-28, 1989 York University. A weekend of panel discussions, workshops, videos, music, gossip, picnics for making connections between teachers, trade unionists, community activists, researchers, homemakers, the unemployed and retired. The conference is about the diverse connections between the many communities workers build and protect. Interwoven with communities of work (incl. volunteer and domestic work) there exist workers' communities of parenting, of political practice, of culture, of interest. Special themes this year: Time, Space, Culture. Proposals for panels, papers, films, videos, music should arrive no later than Sept. 30, 1988. Write to Workers and Communities Conference, c/o Labour Studies Program, Division of Social Science, York University, 4700 Keele Street, North York, Ont., M3J 1P3

Kierkegaard Conference: Unconcluding Septucentennial Postscript

University of San Diego, Feb. 9 - 11. The conference is designed to explore and scrutinize various facets of

Kierkegaard's authorship. Papers dealing with any aspect (philosophical, theological, historical, political, literary, etc.) of Kierkegaard's writings are eligible for consideration. Send proposals by Nov. 1, 1988 to Prof. J. Donnelly, Dept. of Philosophy, University of San Diego, Alcalá Park, San Diego, CA 92110

International Conference on The Origins, Development, and Characteristics of Neoplatonic Thought

University of San Diego, June 20-24, 1989. Correspondence and Submissions to: Micheal Wagner, Dept. of Philosophy, The University of San Diego, San Diego, CA 92110

Literature, Revolution, and War

July 6,7,8, 1989. The Dept. of Romance Languages at the University of Auckland, New Zealand is organizing, to coincide with the bicentenary of the French Revolution and the 50th anniversary of both the beginning of World War II and the end of the Spanish Civil War, an international conference on the theme of "Literature, Revolution, War." Proposals for papers on this topic -- as manifested in literatures expressed in French, Italian, or Spanish -- are invited as well as papers of a theoretical or comparative nature. Reply by Oct. 15, 1988 to Conference Organizing Committee, Dept. of Romance Languages, University of Auckland, Auckland, New Zealand

Disciplinary: Formations, Rhetorics, Histories

7th Annual Meeting of Grip (Group for Research into the Institutionalization and Professionalization of Literary Studies) University of Minnesota, April 20-23, 1989. Topics include: Disciplinary Rhetorics, Disciplinary Histories, The Social Production of Knowledge, The Professionalization of Knowledge. Submit proposals by Oct. 15, 1988 to David Shumway, Dept. of English, Carnegie-Mellon University, Pitts-

burgh, PA 15213

Visiting Canadian Artists Lectures

Toronto, Ontario: November 1, 1988, Chick Rice at Toronto Photographers Workshop, 80 Spadina, Suite 310, 8 PM. November 30, 1988, Eleanor Bond at YYZ, 1087 Queen St. W. 8 PM

Calls For Submissions

Spleen, a publication devoted to experimental and alternative cinema, seeks similarly imaginative writing and visuals, criticism, storyboards, stills, interviews, diatribes, etc. Deadline: December 1, 1988. Write: *Spleen*, c/o Innis Film Society, 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto, M5S 1A1

Submissions wanted for a book about being YOUNG WOMEN. A group of young feminist women from diverse cultural backgrounds are compiling a book by, for, and about young women. We welcome all submissions that reflect different ideas, experiences, and concerns of young women across Canada. The book will be a place to define and validate ourselves. Women of all ages are invited to share their experiences as young women. Send: art, poetry, prose, essays, photography, plays, multi-media work, letters, erotica, cartoons before February 15, 1989 to: The New School of Dawson College, c/o The Young Women's Committee, 3040 Sherbrooke West, Montreal, Quebec, H3Z 1A4

Border/Lines is an interdisciplinary magazine about art, culture and social movements. We publish writing from many different positions, and we are open to artists, musicians, filmmakers and readers. If you would like to submit articles or book reviews to *Border/Lines*, please send an abstract to: *Border/Lines*, 31 Madison Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5R 2S2.

1 RL

across borders/between lines

