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"Dominion Encore"

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4 West Wheelock Street
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Dear Peter,

I have unearthed a plot to save Canada from the shame of shrinking international potency and the indignity of becoming a mere appendage of the United States. So far I am the only one willing to go public; it's still very much a hush-hush affair for those in the know, and I think I know why. You will see what I mean in due course. For the moment, let's keep these unofficial secrets just between you and me. (I can't even share the details of this naked but strangely invisible conspiracy with my wife Alice, as she already thinks I'm daft, and to reveal to her more than the scant traces of my investigations would only serve to confirm her worst suspicions.) I can only hope that some opportune moment will present itself in the near future, and we can jointly seize the opportunity to blow the lid off this thing, scoop the mainstream media, and bask in the regal glory reserved for minor league prophets of our time. Just remember: you heard it here first.

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It came to me one evening, after a tough, rigorous half hour of pondering the difficulties of proper nomenclature for the collected parts of Canada that are not Quebec. I had been gazing out the window at the freighters moored in English Bay, trying to come up with something more accurate and revealing than "English Canada", more specific and respectful of history than "the rest of Canada", and less offensive to national pride than the otherwise wholesome and evocative "Rump Canada". What to call this country after a quarter of its citizens decide to call it quits and opt for independence, as it seems more likely than ever they will do within a few years' time? My bookshelf could have been a godsend at this particular moment (it proved

Stephen Maly is an Institute Fellow studying the ethnic and cultural "nations" of Canada.

Since 1925 the Institute of Current World Affairs (the Crane-Rogers Foundation) has provided long-term fellowships to enable outstanding young adults to live outside the United States and write about international areas and issues. Endowed by the late Charles R. Crane, the Institute is also supported by contributions from like-minded individuals and foundations.

to be just that in the long hours of fact checking and index searching to come), but I chose instead to switch the venue of my meditations to the Elephant & Castle pub, where I ordered a Bass Ale and pored through a clipping file for clues and edifying diversions.

I skimmed a column by Michael Valpy cut from a September issue of the *Globe and Mail* and picked up the scent of yearning for a bygone era. He was wondering why Canadians hadn't heard much of late from Raymon Hnatyshyn (Nah-tish-in), recently appointed by Prime Minister Mulroney as Governor General. (The person who occupies this largely ceremonial post serves as head of state and represents the Queen of England, who also remains Canada's formal sovereign, in spite of the country's political independence.) In the midst of so much public distress and political turmoil regarding the constitutional future of the country, Valpy observed, the highest ranking Crown official was being awfully and perhaps irresponsibly quiet.

Valpy borrowed an academic's description of the Governor Generalship to suggest that Hnatyshyn had yet to measure up: "The office," according to Professor Jacques Monet, "is charged with symbolizing national community and continuity. It is a subtle presence above divisions and differences, affirming community, an acceptance of inherent loyalties and permanent ideals." In Valpy's view, Hnatyshyn had all but gone missing, symbolizing nothing more than a partisan obligation to the man who gave him the job, which comes with a plush residence in Ottawa and lots of paid travel.

The oddity in this was not the Governor General's seeming absence from the scene, but that a Canadian journalist was waxing nostalgic for an assertion of royal authority.

Next item: a brief news story about one Gilles Duceppe, elected in August to represent a Quebec riding in the House of Commons. Duceppe was the first MP elected under the auspices of the newly formed Bloc Quebecois, a party dedicated (like the Parti Quebecois) to Quebec independence but operating (unlike the PQ) at the federal level. The new man on the bloc, as it were, would be joining colleagues who had themselves been elected as Progressive Conservatives but had switched labels and allegiances during the Meech Lake debacle. The unusual aspect of this story was its emphasis on what Duceppe dismissed as "a technicality"--the legal requirement that he swear an oath of fealty to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second upon assuming his seat in the House. This stirred a brief recollection that during the 1960s federal officials in Ottawa considered a move to have done with the monarchy as a way of mollifying nationalist sentiment in Quebec. (They didn't act on their impulse, but I doubt that it matters.)

After these two clippings and several healthy sips from my mug, a pattern was starting to emerge, but just barely. The next few slices of newsprint made a stronger impression.

A man named Neal Barreca had been summoned for jury duty, reported the *Vancouver Sun*. He was excused by a judge, however,

for having raised allegedly "specious" objections to the official wording of any eventual verdict between the Crown and the accused. Mr. Barreca didn't like the passage referring to "our sovereign lady the Queen." A self-proclaimed Canadian nationalist, he refused to profess any loyalty to a "foreign" monarch. "I don't have anything personal against the Queen," Barreca said, "I'm just not interested in her. I don't even know if she has a last name." (Again, shades of an earlier time, when, as Robert Stamp recalls in *Kings, Queens and Canadians*, University of Toronto students greeted the Queen with a mocking cheer, "Betty Windsor, Rah, Rah, Rah!")

I was definitely on to something. There were threads, connections, nuance--but nothing consistent; it wouldn't surprise me a bit to find a man like Barreca waiting impatiently in his car at the border crossing behind the thousands of other Canadians who routinely queue up for another weekend of shopping revelry at U.S. prices. There are at least two kinds of nationalist in anglophone Canada, I thought, traditional and modern, but which type has the leading edge? Who will end up calling the shots in a disintegrating state of affairs, the upper crust Canadians still beholden to the sovereign in Buckingham Palace, or the more ordinary slaves to the notion of consumer sovereignty, the kind of people who can talk about Britain on radio call-in programs as "that small, self-important island anchored off the coast of France?"

Then I read what someone from Gloucester, Ontario had written to the editor of the *Globe and Mail* in late October. "Elizabeth's symbolic presence in Canada [is] a sop to the ethnic English, to symbolize historic ties. As the largest ethnic group, the English have even been allowed to fancy themselves one of two 'founding races'."

This one grabbed me, because it joined remarks about the monarchy to a somewhat confused terminology I had encountered on previous occasions all over Canada. In this mixture of words about Queen, country, race and history, I surmised, was a foreshadowing of everything to come for the peoples of Canada outside Quebec. In searching for ways to describe themselves as a distinct political and cultural entity, to articulate a certain hierarchy of values somewhat different from that espoused by American elites, Canadians who regard English as their mother tongue and Britain as the Mother Country often slip into a syntax that equates language with ethnicity. Some of them know what they are doing, others do it unconsciously, substituting anglophone for English and race for national origin willy nilly. The habit is almost unavoidable, and once it takes hold, the old Anglo-Saxon grip is very difficult to break.

I got up to pay for my pint with a \$2 bill and a couple of "loonies", the \$1 gold-colored coins embossed on one side with the image of Canadians' favorite wilderness waterfowl, the common loon. Before handing the money over to the barmaid at the till, I paused to look at the visage of the Queen on the paper bill and on the other side of the coins, in the latter instance noticing for the first time this inscription: "Elizabeth II D. G. Regina". (The initials stand for "Dei Gratias", so we have

Elizabeth II by the grace of God, Queen).

It's strange what you don't see when its all around you, I thought, this ubiquitous homage to the throne. Picking up my scattered papers, I spied one last portentous bit of back page text, which is reproduced here for the record.

MONARCHY. Do you feel strongly about its principles? Enjoy living in one? Wish others had the opportunity? The Monarchist League promotes monarchy both at home and abroad. Supports existing, and restoration of, monarchies. Join us now, Write to: THE MONARCHIST LEAGUE

Great Scot! There it was, at the tail end of everything, a veritable invitation to audition for a part in the nascent drama of the Dark Ages II and, as it turned out, the small, obscure aperture of what was to become a cornucopia of corroborations in support of the telling phrase, "British Canada".

Thus began my semi-clandestine inquiry into the wellsprings of character and identity that could ultimately determine the political destiny of the once and future Dominion of Canada. "The game's afoot," I told Alice (being careful to make sure she didn't hear me), "we'll take the 9:30 boat to Victoria!"

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The capital of British Columbia is an oasis of relative order and calm. It is often described as neat, quiet, civilized--the ultimate in Anglophile style and taste. Andrew Scott, writing in the perfumed October issue of West magazine, found Victoria "tidy, picturesque, and manageable; mild weather, nice gardens; not too busy, too big, or too expensive; no skyscrapers. Indeed, the place might serve as a model for the urban virtues encouraged by Prince Charles in A Vision for Britain: an appealing mix of large and small structures, old and new; a human scale, with well-preserved architecture; man-made bits neatly integrated with natural bits."

Aye, it's all that and more. The city and its environs is graced with chummy pubs. We passed what looked to be a popular watering hole on the road from the ferry landing called The Waddling Dog. In the center of town we strolled past The Sticky Wicket, and finally sought shelter from a gentle, steady autumn rain in the Bengal Lounge, an elegant, Raj-style canteen located inside the grand Empress Hotel, famous in Canada for its sumptuous afternoon tea service. Outside, just a few blocks away, the marquee at the Royal Wax Museum read: "Nov. 20--Our Queen wed Prince Philip." At this juncture, surrounded by the emblems of empire, and beginning to feel a growing hunger for scones with clotted cream or something savory like Stilton cheese on a water biscuit with a dollop of mango chutney, the

plot began to thicken.

Fact: Peter C. Newman, celebrated author, historian, nationalist, lives near Victoria. In 1983 he wrote a piece entitled "The Old School Tie" in which he states that Canada's private schools are "essential in instilling Establishment values." Even though they are "only slightly tainted by the snobbishness characteristic of their British equivalents," he says, "they still manage to instil the idea that privilege exists on this side of the Atlantic."

Fact: Newman also says some revealing things in a 1987 article about private clubs in Canada. Most of them were founded in the days "when the worship of all things British heavily influenced British social behaviour--especially among the very rich." These clubs can be found in all of Canada's major cities; you will know them by their elegantly unmarked oak doors and their choice downtown locations. "Even if they have become faintly outdated," Newman claims, "private clubs still matter in Canada."

Fact: Until October, 1982, the July 1 "national" holiday in Canada was known as Dominion Day. Since then, it's been called Canada Day. According to investigative geographer Alan Rayburn, however, Dominion continues to be a part of the country's official title. Writing in the June/July 1990 issue of *Canadian Geographic*, Rayburn reveals some interesting historical data. At one time, for example, Canada had a Dominion Astronomer, a Dominion Statistician and a Dominion Cerealist. Even today, despite Ottawa's attempts to suppress the use of the term by substituting adjectives like federal, national and central, there is still a Dominion Hydrographer, a Dominion Geodesist, and a Dominion Carillonneur. The noun form of the word has fallen out of favor in official circles, but as far of the constitution is concerned, Canada is still a self-governing Dominion.

Ordinarily, I wouldn't think any of this a big deal, but we are living in extraordinary times.

Fact: British accents abound in Victoria, and elsewhere in British Columbia. Come to think of it, the accent is not unusual anywhere in Canada, except Quebec. In the States, British diction attracts attention. Phoney accents sell cars, and life insurance; authentic ones cloud our judgment. When author Christopher Hitchens told a CNN talk show host, for example, that the rumors of Charles' and Diana's (always) impending breakup and the obsession with the monarchy was beginning to bore even the British, she replied: "Mr. Hitchens, how can you sit there with that lovely English accent and say such a thing?"

In Canada, British sounding names and intonations are commonplace; in British Columbia especially they are a regular fixture of the social ambience. Listen to Jonathan Raban, an English author who now resides in Seattle:

I spent a week the last time I tied up
New Frontiers [his boat] to the Vancouver

Rowing Club. I used to go to the bar every evening for the sheer astonishment of listening to the British voices. They'd been in Canada 15 or 20 years. Their accents hadn't changed one whit. They were totally and determinedly British.

Another Fact: Prince Charles, whose voice we are all coming to know almost intimately, is also President of United World Colleges, a network of half a dozen secondary schools in various locations. One such school is Lester B. Pearson College of the Pacific, on Vancouver Island, very near Victoria. In a 1990 essay about Canada's monarchical traditions entitled "Fantasy Kingdom," George Galt describes the school as "an elite academy for a select group of gifted students." He also states that Charles visits the place "as often as possible."

Do you see what I'm getting at? I admit, the evidence is wholly circumstantial, but it's beginning to pile up. On the trip back to Vancouver, riding the ferry across the Georgia Strait, I had ample time to contemplate my findings over a steaming cup of Earl Gray tea. Alice chose the English Breakfast variety. We shared a plate of fish and chips.

A flood of recent memories filled in the space between my ears, and I was dumbstruck by the sheer weight of it all. I remembered the sizeable throngs gathered at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa two summers ago, waiting to catch a glimpse of the Duchess of York arrive by motorcade for an evening performance of works by Elgar or Purcell or someone like that. I was fortunate enough to see the back of Fergie's head--quite pretty. I recall too the dignified gasps from even larger crowds on Parliament Hill when the Queen Mother pulled up in a horse drawn carriage. Then there were the British flags hoisted for no special reason atop farmhouse flagpoles in the Maritimes, and the many reminders of Newfoundland's reluctance to leave the British fold for membership in the Canadian federation in 1949.

I shall never forget chatting about the meaning of the U.S.-Canada border with the Mayor of Milk River, Alberta. We were in his office. He's the kind of guy who likes to put his feet up, if only to show he wears cowboy boots like everybody else. He was strong on Canada's medical insurance programs, but weak on just about everything else that smacked of nationalism. "There just isn't much difference between you people and us here," he said, and though it rang true at the time, I couldn't help but notice the framed portraits of Elizabeth and Philip adorning the wall behind him. Later that afternoon, on the back porch of the mayor's ranch-style suburban house, his wife regaled us with her remembrance of meeting the Queen and SHAKING HER HAND! at an official function in Calgary. She said it was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to her. I said we don't know this kind of experience in the U.S., and she corrected me (quite rightly) with a single word: "Hollywood!"

My tea was getting cold. Alice was starting to wonder where my mind was, although she herself had been deeply absorbed in a thick novel about the Middle Ages called **In a Dark Wood**

Wandering. She got my attention by reading aloud a passage concerning the epic battle between the English and French at Agincourt. Not only was the scene beautifully rendered, I remember thinking, but it was strangely pertinent to my own cogitations about Canada.

There was just enough time to do a quick survey of the remaining bits in my memory bank: the royal portraits, again, on the wall of the chamber of the Northwest Territories Assembly in Yellowknife (strange adjuncts to the other symbols of tradition and authority on display, including a polar bear skin and a narwhal tusk); the statue of an ever-confident Winston Churchill in front of the Halifax Public Library, the fact that units of the British Army still train in Alberta; the popularity in Canada of Britain's longest-running soap opera, "Coronation Street"; the Marks and Spencers stores in the midst of upscale malls; the frequency with which one encounters Oxford and the London School of Economics in the curriculum vitae of Canadian academics; the disorienting affect of picking up little books on how to make one's home life more environmentally friendly and discovering they are all addressed to the occupants of British (not North American) households. Finally, the words of novelist Malcolm Lowry, who in *Under the Volcano* has a character say this about British Columbia: "everyone fast asleep and when you prick them a Union Jack flows out of the hole."

This brings me back to the here and now, in Vancouver, where I pass an exclusive car dealership featuring Jaguars and Range Rovers on my way downtown, and, once I get there, I walk by a London Drugs outlet, then an office building at 1066 West Hastings with a sign showing the outline of a Norman knight. Shortly thereafter I find myself at the entrance of another tall edifice, the United Kingdom Building, which houses the British Consulate and who knows what sort of subterranean United Empire Loyalist shenanigans. On the east side of town, there's a place called the W.I.S.E. club (Wales-Ireland-Scotland-England) that caters exclusively to adherents of the Celtic roots folk-rock scene. It's all too much to NOT mean anything.

So let's get serious and cut to the chase. Here's the rough outline of the plot that no one, as yet, will acknowledge.

Quebec's secession will be a serious blow to Canadian aspirations and pretensions of greatness; everyone agrees on this. There is no point in regarding dismemberment as a mortal wound, however, so long as people in Atlantic Canada, Ontario, the prairie provinces and British Columbia find common filaments of history and culture to cling to, and avoid falling prey to the Grand Assumption that without Quebec the only future left is in some form of union with the United States. Canadians' sordid consumer behavior belies the fact that most of them would jolly well prefer to remain apart from what the chatting classes (that's Canadianese for intellectuals and media personalities) sometimes refer to as The Republic of Junk.

Enter British Heritage in all its time-worn but still relevant manifestations: the monarchy, the Westminster model of government, membership in the Commonwealth, a variety of

"ethnic" attachments to the British Isles, an affinity for glossy, oversized (overpriced!) color photo magazines called **Royalty, Majesty, Brittannia**. These are the things that can still bind the Canadas together, even after the Fall from Grace that Quebec independence will symbolize. I am not talking about milquetoast nostalgia, or the fantasies of antediluvian imperialists, or the chit-chat of geriatric whist players. No, this is the real thing--a recapitulation of Canada's special place as the Mother Dominion in a reconstituted Pax Brittanica.

Canadians have motive, opportunity, and the means to form a mutually beneficial reunion with the United Kingdom. There is no underestimating the importance of British political traditions. As a powerful and resilient living icon of national unity, the monarchy is an immovable force. Consider the fact that even now, nearly a decade after patriation of the Constitution, it would take an affirmative resolution in both Houses of Parliament (Commons and Senate) as well as in all 10 provincial legislatures (9 if we omit Quebec) to dump the Queen. As George Galt put it, "the Crown remains an eloquent symbol of the historical differences between Canada and the United States: their rebellious individualism against our more conservative dependence on quiet civility, unbreachable authority, and safety in numbers."

Did you know that when Prince Charles visited Canada in 1985 he was deliberately sent on boat trips on rivers and seas which Ottawa claims but the U.S. Navy wants for its own? (This little bombshell of testimony comes from Linda Colley, writing in the July '85 issue of *History Today*.) Someone was thinking ahead. Charles is an important link in this secretive Canadian strategy to stay afloat. He gets along well with Indians--there are numerous photos of him enjoying a pow-wow with some elders of the Blackfeet tribe. Queen Victoria was respected by Natives as the Great Grandmother across the ocean, as you may recall, and the British Crown has long had a dignified, respect-laden relationship with Canada's aboriginal peoples. You know how important this could be in the years ahead.

Besides their obvious devotion to the parliamentary form of government, Canadians by and large are also appreciative of the tolerance for socialist ideas they inherited from their British forebears, many of whom were either active in or enamored with the British Labor Party. They are proud that the Canadian political system accommodates left-wing dissent in the form of a legitimate party, the New Democrats, especially since the American system does not.

We must not ignore Canada's extensive economic ties to Britain. The United Kingdom is the second-ranked source of foreign direct investment in Canada, at just under 10 percent of the total, and totalling about \$8 billion. The Canadian stock of direct investment in the U.K. is somewhat less: 7.5 percent and \$4 billion respectively. Both countries have highly industrialized economies, of course, and compete internationally, but they are also complementary in certain significant ways. Canada's major exports to Britain include softwood lumber, wood pulp, newsprint, nickel and iron ore, precious metals, while the U.K.

exports a good deal of crude oil (from the North Sea), automobiles, tractors, chemicals, aircraft engines and steel alloys to Canada. Whether measured in volume, value or variety all of this pales in comparison to Canada's trade and investment links with the United States, but the British connection is nonetheless a sturdy one, especially for outlying provinces like Newfoundland and British Columbia.

Canada needs immigrants, and has demonstrated an historical preference for the Anglo-Saxon variety. Even in times of emergency, the old school ties and "racial" sentiments have won out over more noble considerations, as when the Canadian government refused to receive boatloads of European Jews but sanctioned the import of thousands of English "Guest Children" in the early phase of the Second World War. I have written to you before about the growing resentment against the swelling "tide" of Third World immigrants to Canada, and no doubt you are familiar with the more intense feelings of Britons with the same fearful outlook. Perhaps like-minded officials will see opportunity in the demographics of a Canada-U.K. partnership, wherein the 20-odd million British Canadians would welcome to their empty spaces a goodly number of the 57 million Anglos on the overcrowded British Isles. (Diabolically handy, isn't it?)

Then there is the Hong Kong connection. Did you know that Toronto and Vancouver are the destinations of choice for rich emigrants hedging their bets on the outcome of China's takeover of the British Crown Colony in 1997? There's lots more to tell about this backdoor hustling, but it will have to wait--it's the Atlantic front that bears watching now.

British trade officials are hard at work to entice Canadian capitalists to perceive the U.K. as the gateway to a federated, single-market Europe. Here's an excerpt from a Europe 1992: the facts, a government publication I picked up from the British Consulate:

Britain...offers tariff-free access to the largest and most affluent market in the world--the EC and EFTA have a population of over 350 million, with a combined GDP of over US \$5,500 billion...In addition, Britain offers direct access to world-wide markets that can be reached through its long-established, global trade links.

This is the much sought after counterweight to Canada's rank dependence on the United States. Even if the hyped-up effort to unify fails, even if, as I would lay odds, 1992 will mark instead the year of German hegemony and British intransigence (and the scuttling of the Chunnel to boot), British Canada cannot lose by hitching itself closer to the Main.

But hold on--we may be onto something bigger than I first imagined. I read in the June edition of *Royalty Monthly* that Queen Elizabeth is the most senior monarch in Europe. Writer Peter McKay sets up an intriguing scenario in an article entitled "Crowning Blow for European Union?" If the much-

heralded United States of Europe does come about, he muses, and this new ship of state does not drag in its wake the forsaken crowns of Europe's 6 constitutional monarchies (U.K., Belgium, Spain, Denmark, the Netherlands, Luxembourg), "can the Queen's seniority provide a new, larger role for our Royal Family in Europe?"

What's he on about? I'm not sure, but I'll tell you this much: while a student at Cambridge, Prince Charles once remarked that one of his greatest ambitions in life was to be King of Europe. He was jesting, surely... This much is certain: Canadians are setting themselves up for a wrenching political experience in the near future, and I see plenty of reasons why their leaders would rally 'round Regina rather than slip into a warp of America's Manifest Destiny.

Britain and Canada are like estranged first cousins in search of a lasting, familial tie. Notwithstanding recurrent schizophrenia regarding Canadian identity, latent ambivalence toward the Crown and all it stands for, and occasional alienation from Britain in the Commonwealth (e.g. over sanctions against South Africa, which Mulroney supported when Thatcher did not), the time for an Anglo-Canadian reunion is fast approaching. With the ratcheting down of the Cold War, there is no longer a need for the U.K. to serve as an American battleship. With the exploding likelihood of a Middle East war, Canadians are especially touchy about being considered an energy resource colony and military go-boy of the United States.

I am reminded of yet another piece of exotic evidence that could help us ascertain the direction this convoluted plot might take. Richard Rohmer is a former Royal Canadian Air Force officer who writes slim, pot-boiler novels that are also thinly-veiled vehicles for his nationalist credo. *Exodus/UK* was a No.1 Bestseller in 1975. I found a paperback edition molding on the makeshift shelves at Valu-Village, a used goods store in Vancouver.

The basic scenario in the book is this: Arabs decide to cut off all investments in the United Kingdom and to withdraw all their money deposited in the British banking system. This Saudi-led action is taken at an emergency summit of the OPEC countries, and occasioned by the discovery of a secret sale of British Rapier ground-to-air missiles to Israel. Arab retribution causes a collapse of the British economy and, in the face of massive unemployment and mounting food shortages, the Prime Minister devises a plan to hasten (and subsidize) the departure of 10 percent of the population, about 6 million people, 2 million of which will go to Canada, the same number to the U.S., and the rest to other countries of the Commonwealth.

The success of this rapid emigration scheme hinges, of course, on the willingness of the Canadian Prime Minister and the American President to accommodate such a huge influx of foreigners. For Canada, the proposal is problematic--remember, this is 1975, not tomorrow--because Quebec members of the government insist that it will precipitate an immediate decision to separate.

I found this an eminently plausible if not likely sequence of events. I will leave off this topic with a passage from a 1758 London Chronicle editorial, the same one Rohmer selected as the frontispiece for his book.

The continent of North America, if properly cultivated, will prove an inexhaustible fund of wealth and strength to Great Britain; and perhaps it may become the last asylum of British liberty, when the nation is enslaved by domestic despotism or foreign dominion; when her substance is wasted, her spirit broke, and the laws and constitution of England are no more: Then those colonies, sent off by our fathers, may receive and entertain their sons as hapless exiles and ruined refugees.

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There could be an ironic twist to this tale. We must not forget the historic "Special Relationship" between Britain and the United States. In a fascinating and detailed analysis of the related phenomena of "Anglophilia, Anglophobia, Anglo-Americanism, and Anglo-Saxondom," entitled *Blood, Class, and Nationalism*, Christopher Hitchens reveals that the monarchy and Churchillism have been the two most commanding elements of the postwar British influence on America. Did you know that a publication called *Burke's Presidential Families of the United States* traces the bloodline of every new American president as it relates to the English monarchy? George Herbert Walker Bush is a distant relation to the Queen.

In a chapter called "The Churchill Cult," Hitchens cites a content survey of leading U.S. newspapers in a randomly selected period between April and December of 1984. The result: 1,200 printed allusions to Winston Churchill. In Hitchens' view, "Churchill is the resort of choice for a politician who is on the ropes." The use of his name and utterances is "totemic" and is supposed to elicit "a reverent and attentive response." (The author lists plenty of examples of well-known Americans who have publicly employed their Winnie as talisman: G. Gordon Liddy, Richard Nixon, George Shultz, Robert McFarlane, Senator John Tower, Dan Quayle.)

Hitchens also remarks on the patronizing, often condescending attitude of the British towards Americans, succinctly encapsulated in another chapter title "Greece to Their Rome." What I found quite surprising is the paucity of anything concerning Canada in the book. In a text numbering 371 pages, there are only 5 references to Canada in the index. And yet, in the introductory paragraph below, what Hitchens says about the British-American relationship comes very close to what is often said about the U.S.-Canadian relationship, especially when American diplomats are buttering up their Canadian counterparts by ignoring the glaring asymmetries.

Contact between Britons and Americans has always been easy at every level--military, diplomatic, political and personal. They have been able to establish intimate ties, to understand the other's attitudes, to develop complex relationships without recourse to dictionaries or interpreters. In literature and learning, in films and television, in science, technology and industry, they have affected each other more closely than any other countries in modern history.

Lord Balfour believed Britain and America had a common, civilizing mission to perform in the world; Winston Churchill even proposed at one time an official union between the United Kingdom and the United States. How funny it would be--and a bad joke indeed to some die-hard Yankeeophobic Canadians--if in the fullness of time a tripartite, transoceanic union were to come about. It is not difficult to conjure up a vision of a resuscitated Atlantic Triangle, jointly owned and controlled by the British Aristocracy, the Canadian Establishment, and all the various Kings and Queens (and Pretenders to the Throne) of Hollywood. JFK and Marilyn Monroe did their part to build and betray the American version of Camelot. Ronald Reagan (the Man Who Would Have Been a Better King than President), if he continues to live forever, could serve as America's first emissary to a New Round Table of Atlanticists. Michael Caine could be his understudy!

Oh, this is a deeply rooted conspiracy, so obvious and widespread that hardly anyone realizes what is happening. Everything appears to be proceeding as it should, the way it was conceived--planned is too definite a word here--many years ago. The architects of the United Nations demonstrated a now discernable prescience in selecting six official working languages: English, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese and, most recently (1973), Arabic. These are the culture zones of the modern era. (Never mind German; the Germans can speak English.) In the new world order, language is a more important boundary than a borderline; it is a more useful force than weaponry, and a more cherished root value than any particular mode of governance. Nearly everyone, even the class-conscious monarchists and the bloody-minded communists, is compelled by circumstance to be a practicing democrat. Britons and Canadians and Americans, in league with their co-linguals in India, Australia, New Zealand, the other Commonwealth countries, and--this is very important--the business and scientific communities around the world, will continue to flourish in an Empire of English.

This is the 1990s. Anything can happen. And you can see now why my wife thinks I've gone 'round the bend.

God Save the Queen/My Country, tis of thee!

Cheerio, *Stephen Maly*

Received in Hanover 2/27/91

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There could be an ironic twist to this tale. We must not forget the historic "Special Relationship" between Britain and the United States. In a fascinating and detailed analysis of the related phenomena of "Anglophilia, Anglophobia, Anglo-Americanism, and Anglo-Saxondom," entitled *Blood, Class, and Nationalism*, Christopher Hitchens reveals that the monarchy and Churchillism have been the two most commanding elements of the postwar British influence on America. Did you know that a publication called *Burke's Presidential Families of the United States* traces the bloodline of every new American president as it relates to the English monarchy? George Herbert Walker Bush is a distant relation to the Queen.

In a chapter called "The Churchill Cult," Hitchens cites a content survey of leading U.S. newspapers in a randomly selected period between April and December of 1984. The result: 1,200 printed allusions to Winston Churchill. In Hitchens' view, "Churchill is the resort of choice for a politician who is on the ropes." The use of his name and utterances is "totemic" and is supposed to elicit "a reverent and attentive response." (The author lists plenty of examples of well-known Americans who have publicly employed their Winnie as talisman: G. Gordon Liddy, Richard Nixon, George Shultz, Robert McFarlane, Senator John Tower, Dan Quayle.)

Hitchens also remarks on the patronizing, often condescending attitude of the British towards Americans, succinctly encapsulated in another chapter title "Greece to Their Rome." What I found quite surprising is the paucity of anything concerning Canada in the book. In a text numbering 371 pages, there are only 5 references to Canada in the index. And yet, in the introductory paragraph below, what Hitchens says about the British-American relationship comes very close to what is often said about the U.S.-Canadian relationship, especially when American diplomats are buttering up their Canadian counterparts by ignoring the glaring asymmetries.

Contact between Britons and Americans has always been easy at every level--military, diplomatic, political and personal. They have been able to establish intimate ties, to understand the other's attitudes, to develop complex relationships without recourse to dictionaries or interpreters. In literature and learning, in films and television, in science, technology and industry, they have affected each other more closely than any other countries in modern history.

Lord Balfour believed Britain and America had a common, civilizing mission to perform in the world; Winston Churchill even proposed at one time an official union between the United Kingdom and the United States. How funny it would be--and a bad joke indeed to some die-hard Yankeeophobic Canadians--if in the fullness of time a tripartite, transoceanic union were to come about. It is not difficult to conjure up a vision of a resuscitated Atlantic Triangle, jointly owned and controlled by the British Aristocracy, the Canadian Establishment, and all the various Kings and Queens (and Pretenders to the Throne) of Hollywood. JFK and Marilyn Monroe did their part to build and betray the American version of Camelot. Ronald Reagan (the Man Who Would Have Been a Better King than President), if he continues to live forever, could serve as America's first emissary to a New Round Table of Atlanticists. Michael Caine could be his understudy!

Oh, this is a deeply rooted conspiracy, so obvious and widespread that hardly anyone realizes what is happening. Everything appears to be proceeding as it should, the way it was conceived--planned is too definite a word here--many years ago. The architects of the United Nations demonstrated a now discernable prescience in selecting six official working languages: English, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese and, most recently (1973), Arabic. These are the culture zones of the modern era. (Never mind German; the Germans can speak English.) In the new world order, language is a more important boundary than a borderline; it is a more useful force than weaponry, and a more cherished root value than any particular mode of governance. Nearly everyone, even the class-conscious monarchists and the bloody-minded communists, is compelled by circumstance to be a practicing democrat. Britons and Canadians and Americans, in league with their co-linguals in India, Australia, New Zealand, the other Commonwealth countries, and--this is very important--the business and scientific communities around the world, will continue to flourish in an Empire of English.

This is the 1990s. Anything can happen. And you can see now why my wife thinks I've gone 'round the bend.

God Save the Queen/My Country, tis of thee!

Cheerio, *Stephen Maly*

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