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HANDS OF THE TYRANTS

by

Micheal Laverty

A Creative Writing Project  
Submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies  
through the Department of English Language, Literature, and Creative Writing  
in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements  
for the Degree of Master of Arts at the  
University of Windsor

Windsor, Ontario, Canada

2011

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*Hands of the Tyrants*

by

Micheal Laverty

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April 26, 2010

## Author's Declaration of Originality

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## Abstract

*Hands of the Tyrants* is a satirical novella featuring a protagonist (a CSIS agent named Lucas Young) who infiltrates a collective of performance and conceptual artists known as Apollo's Army. Placed firmly in the literary tradition of Menippean satire, this novella offers the reader a mixture of prose and verse, extended dialogues and debates, multiple genres, absurd situations, and a journey—all of which equally satirize artists and the institutions they rely upon. Lucas' initiation into the art world is a 21<sup>st</sup> century transposition of the adventures of his fictional ancestors: Alice, Candide, and Gulliver.

In *Hands of the Tyrants*, a cross-country tour of Canada is told through two first-person narrators (Young and another agent, Dr. Pangloss) in the form of surveillance reports. The contrast between these characters and their reports becomes heightened as Lucas fails to distinguish the line between his assumed and actual identities. The object of satiric attack in this novella is the ironic relationship between avant-garde artists and a government which funds their artistic dissent. Although *Hands of the Tyrants* is set in Canada during the summer of 2010, it transcends this specific time and place by satirizing the universal vices of decadence, hypocrisy, and vanity.

## Dedication

This novella is dedicated to Natalie and our beautiful son Isaac.

Natalie,

From talking me out of making this project hopelessly complicated before a single page was written to editing the final draft, you've blessed me with your patience, insight, and love.

Isaac,

Your limitless energy and happiness are the reason this work exists. Also, your performance art character, Tweets Paterson, has been especially inspiring for my creative process.

## Acknowledgements

I'm grateful for the guidance and encouragement I received from the following people:

Karl Jirgens, my advisor, for being ruthless when presented with mediocrity, offering me an insider's view of the Canadian arts scene (one informed by a healthy mixture of cynicism and reverence), and always urging me to take my humour to the next level.

Richard Douglass-Chin and Lionel Walsh, my reading committee members, for reading initial drafts of my work.

All my colleagues in the English Department, but especially Brianne O'Grady, Brian Jansen, Vic Kulinski, and Jeff Pardy, for their thorough edits and feedback.

Susan Holbrook, my creative writing professor, for taking my head out of the cumulous clouds and planting my size 11 feet onto Sunset Avenue...also, for telling me to use more specific details.

The 2010-11 Writer-in-Residence at the University of Windsor, Rosemary Nixon, for her encouraging words and critique during the final weeks of this project.

My brother Matthew, for his inexcusable desire to institute a Canadian Monarchy, and never backing down in an argument...ever.

My father, for being a gifted storyteller with impeccable taste in music.

My mother, for raising a dreamer and being damned proud of that.

And finally,

My grandmother, for praising and publishing my plagiarised version of *The Hungry Caterpillar*.

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***Preface:***

My ten years as director of the Freedom of Conscience Group provides me with the authority to identify this book as fully representing the mission of our organization, perhaps even our country: to perpetually fight for universal autonomy and equality within the boundaries defined by the *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms*.

A brief explanation in regards to the provenance of our sources is necessary for two reasons: to insulate ourselves against scrutiny and provide the reader with an entrance into this aberrant world. The following documents were delivered to our offices inside a large costume trunk (which also contained a megaphone, fragments of a broken guitar, protest placards bearing cryptic messages, and the casing from a spent bullet, among other debris). A typed message, taped to the inside of the lid, offered specific instructions on how to release this information to the public. This document is signed by a CSIS intelligence officer, Dr. Pangloss. We chose to ignore most of these stipulations as they required us to violate Canadian law and assemble the various reports through “Aleatoric Composition”—or random chance. Instead, we simply arranged the reports chronologically (to the best of our knowledge), but we were unwilling to release such highly confidential material. Fortunately, recent amendments to the Security of Information Act (SOIA) have allowed us to legally publish these once top-secret documents.

Lucas Young, the primary author of these surveillance reports, is still missing after being discharged from CSIS over five years ago. Although the other reports (which describe Young and other members of Apollo’s Army) are attributed to Dr. Pangloss,

CSIS denies the existence of anyone operating under this code name. Critics of our organization (clearly biased given their connections to the federal government) have speculated that Young wrote everything found below; a computer analysis, however, reveals this to be improbable at best.

After numerous inquiries into the events of 2010, both official and unofficial, many questions remain unanswered. The actions of Apollo's Army still forge a division between the citizens of this country. After considerable expense to our financial resources, a lengthy legal battle, and years of patient preparation, we are finally ready to expose this information for public scrutiny. The manner in which our history books remember these artists is irrelevant; the final decision lies with the reader's discretion.

Gratefully Yours,

Marcel Rheume

The Freedom of Conscience Group

Surveillance Report 17417XH

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Ottawa, ON. CSIS Headquarters, Interrogation Room 303.*

*Date / Time: 19 May 2010. 2:41pm.*

As the first and only intelligence officer with direct access to Apollo's Army (essentially as a low-ranking roadie), I'm conducting my initial evaluation of Lucas Young's training; his reaction to being chosen for such a significant operation is of special interest. Also, being chairperson of the Sub-Committee on Covert Investigations obliges me to thoroughly investigate this intelligence officer's ability to maintain secrecy and decorum.

I'm watching a live recording of Lucas, featuring audio and visual streams, captured through our CCTV system. As the security camera pans the silent corridor from an isometric perspective, Lucas sits motionless on the edge of a black metal chair—waiting for his briefing to begin. He studies the posters on the wall; many of them were part of his initial training. Each one depicts a category of “creative dissident” found in the general population. Lucas pays particular attention to a life-size photo of a man wearing a black bandanna over his face. As a potential candidate for a covert operation, Lucas received constant warnings from his superiors about the dangers of being seduced by the romantic notion of becoming an artist, or buying into their treacherous philosophies: *They're just like the protestors who throw bricks through windows; lots of energy and*

*ambition but nothing to say.* I can already tell that Lucas thinks he's different. We all certainly hope this is true as he must see through everyone's ideology, especially his own.

I've often been bothered that we can't come up with more reliable definitions of these so-called artists. Our mandatory cultural education course, which consists of memorizing clichés and stereotypes, fails me each time I go into the field to draft a sketch of an activist—they always disrupt the model. Perhaps Lucas' investigation will yield a more accurate depiction of artistic subversion. My personal mission is to create a more nuanced understanding of what the enemy is trying to achieve.

Lucas' name is called from the open door of the interrogation room; I switch to another camera, this one providing a clear shot of the interviewee. A senior intelligence officer points to a chair as Lucas walks in. She enters information into a large computer that obscures most of her face given the camera's perspective.

“Do you have any previous experience as an artist?” she asks. Lucas, apparently expecting some kind of formal greeting or introduction, sits down awkwardly. She stops typing and looks up at Lucas across the desk, his shoulders arched forward slightly.

“Outside of doodling during lectures, no,” Lucas answers. “I've never really done anything like that. But let me think though...”

“That's fine, go on.”

Lucas stares at the clock. It's standard issue, same as the one hanging above his desk. His lack of an immediate response suggests that he's withholding information, or hesitating to reveal a personal detail. We've chosen Lucas from a select pool of intelligence officers, ones that display an indifference to the arts but also exhibit the potential for creativity.

“My ex-girlfriend made me help out with her plays sometimes. I did a brief stint as a stage hand during a fringe festival.”

“What did you do exactly?”

“Mostly sit through agonizing rehearsals for convoluted scenes.”

“That’s a start. We need to know about every creative act you’ve done in your past,” the officer says. “Have you ever taken an active interest in literature, music, drama, or any of the visual arts?”

“Well, yeah, I wrote poetry in high school, and some song lyrics I guess.” Lucas adjusts his posture and tugs at his watch band. He shouldn’t appear too eager when answering these questions but acting disinterested will make him look suspicious.

“Do you know any artists?”

“Not really, just the ones on my mom’s side of the family. Her dad was a composer and my aunt wrote a few screenplays. I still remember their intense conversations from Christmas dinners and birthday parties. My father really hated their ideas; they always fought over politics. They’re both dead now.”

“We know.” She begins flipping through a stack of Lucas’ files.

Lucas’ resume is a state-sanctioned record of achievement from the past twenty-three years. According to his personal statement, he’s studied the heroes and important movements of his country and moulded himself in his organization’s image since birth, as if every motion, thought, and conversation prepared him for this contract. However, his awkward posture and blank stare convey otherwise.

“Your predecessor was initially working on gathering intelligence on activist groups engaged in disrupting the Olympic Games in Vancouver.” She hands Lucas a slim

report. “She encountered a newly formed group known, shamelessly, as ‘Apollo’s Army.’ You should already be aware of all this, of course, but I need to make sure you understand what you’re up against.”

Lucas glances at the first few lines. This may be the first time he’s been informed that the threat level of this group is a source of controversy among the higher ranking members of CSIS. “We did an excellent job at the Games,” he says, “—aside from the incident of course.”

“Yes, the active officers suppressed most of the disturbances. There wasn’t much they could do about that final protest.”

Lucas shouldn’t be commenting on any activities outside his limited assignments. As an inexperienced and naive entrant in the war against subversive art he is expected to be aware of many of the ongoing operations, but mentioning these campaigns angers certain officers.

“I see you had a minor role in that campaign.”

“Yes, I observed an intelligence officer as he interviewed suspicious subjects in an apartment complex in North Vancouver.”

“Looks like nothing came of that, however. It never does. That’s why they’ve decided to send you in. Guess we’re willing to try anything at this point.”

The officer asks Lucas to sign a series of documents and stands up from her desk. “Just imagine that you’re a reporter going undercover, on assignment,” she says. “If you’re chosen for this operation, you’ll be preparing surveillance reports, of course. Think back to your training modules. Find one member of the group to attach yourself to,

the first one that isn't turned off by your personality. Then we'll inform you of what to do next."

"Sounds great." Lucas grins like a teenage boy being sent out to buy cigarettes for his mother.

"Listen, I'm not even sure why they've selected you, but someone thinks you're the right person for this job. So far you've done nothing to prove that to me." The officer runs her fingers over the contents of a large metal bookshelf that dominates the small office. "Here," she hands him a slim book with a chimpanzee, picking apart the innards of an exposed nuclear bomb, printed on the cover. Lucas cracks the spine.

"Take this book home tonight and memorize every single word."

π

*Surveillance Report 17418XH*

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Victoria, B.C. 565 Cloverdale Avenue. Riverview Manor, Suite 14.*

*Date / Time: 26 May 2010. 9:22pm.*

A security camera, mounted inside a ceiling fan, provides a continuous feed from Lucas' mostly unfurnished apartment, paid for by CSIS. He's been living here for three days; I'm reviewing the footage of the previous evening to analyze his response to opening correspondence from the head office.

Lucas holds an unopened brown envelope in one hand and a cold beer in the other. A symbol in blue ink, printed in the right-hand corner, officially marks him as an insider. The contents will confirm what he's presumably already found out—that he's been chosen among hundreds of his peers to gather critical information, to become a deceiver. Three years of his life have been spent in preparation for this honour: entrance into the Special Operational Services. He opens the folder and reads the title page: *Characteristics of Dissident Type C-36 (Poet Activist)*. We've already given him documents similar to these ones before, but this time he'll become a target instead of searching for one. "We aren't asking you to simply gather information," I overheard one of the senior, covert-operations experts telling Lucas on the day he left Ottawa. The first paragraph (the same one that I drafted) describes his dual responsibilities of both gathering data and creating information as a "meaning maker," defined by section 1.32 of Operation Imitationalism's protocols.

He opens his training package to find an assortment of used paperback novels and poetry collections, some t-shirts, scarves and a toque, a worn notebook, and a black binder. He also finds posters of Hunter S. Thompson, Yoko Ono, Che Guevara, Julia Kristeva, replicas of agitprop promotions, a Salvador Dali print, and a black and white photo of Al Purdy to satisfy the required Canadian content regulations. The arrangement of these items is subject to scrutiny by our aesthetic analysts. He's also been provided with explanations and talking points related to these "cultural artefacts." The second page of his manual consists of a character sketch drafted by a committee of artists:

*You're an avant-garde poet who has recently self-published your first collection, Improvised Enlightenment Device—a hermeneutic text which, if deciphered correctly by*



*its users, becomes a manual for cultural transformation using found settings. Your work is difficult to define and you hate being associated with any formal school or movement. However, in true artistic fashion, you contradict yourself by listening to the Weakerthans and telling everyone that the lead singer is among the best poets in the country, even though he sold out by leaving Propagandhi. You hate commercial radio and only listen to a few programs from your local indie station. Currently, you are in the initial stages of your experimental project, a work which signals a departure into your “poetry as performance art” stage.*

*An artist needs influences and you’ll have to be able to recite who you like and, more importantly, who you dislike. Take Margaret Atwood and Alice Munro for example, these are too obvious for a revolutionary. You idolize bpNichol, Erin Mouré, and Ezra Pound, and loved the latest novel by some recent Canadian literary sensation (please refer to the Globe and Mail) but you absolutely can’t stand reading some of the classics, and have all kinds of justification for this. According to your indiscriminate taste, post-modernism has produced a few gems hidden among a pile of narcissistic bullshit. Your work invites the reader or viewer to create their art...*

The document continues on for another ten pages with an extended biography, step-by-step instructions on criticizing the federal government, dress codes for disaffected youth, and recommended conversation starters. Lucas places the stack of pages next to his case of Labatt Blue and opens another beer. He’s apparently decided to read the rest after the second period. This is, after all, the Conference finals of the Stanley Cup Playoffs.

λ

Surveillance Report 29365BZ

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Victoria, B.C. Zen Bistro, 233 Fillmore Street.*

*Date / Time: 29 May 2010. 7:35PM.*

This venue has a misleading name, as its owners seem content on gathering all the misfits, hooligans, and malcontents of this city in one place. I was instructed to arrive early and watch those coming in from a parked car. It's been difficult to smoke the cigarettes assigned as part of my character as the few that I had inside of the 1994 Ford Escort nearly made me hysterical (I must point out that this vehicle may help to persuade any sceptic that I am indeed a starving artist but its loose steering column might end this assignment prematurely). I filled one page of my notebook but found it impossible to determine much from these initial observations. After a sufficient amount of time passed, twelve minutes and thirty-five seconds, I decided to head inside.

The cover charge of \$5, according to the man who took my money, went towards a local charity. This initiative was further detailed in one of the posters near the cash register. The Victoria Homeless Mission claims to be collecting funds to continue their operations, even though our intelligence indicates every penny will fund the upcoming tour for Apollo's Army. I asked the doorman for more information on this questionable fundraising. He pointed to a stack of pamphlets; some of the more offensive pieces of propaganda, "Feeding the Hungry with Art," and "Hardcore for the Homeless," are included with this report.

I arrived early at 7pm (the first entertainer wasn't scheduled until 8pm), and attempted to introduce myself to some spectators gathered around the bar. Even though I wore the outfit mailed to me, some of the people made fun of my appearance. The tightness of my jeans in particular made it difficult to look natural. The Beach Combers t-shirt I wore received a favourable reaction from a few people, however. Someone asked if I was 'Relic's grandson.' I sat beside two men, each drinking a pint, and asked them if they'd recommend something to drink. The one with the goatee turned away but the other, possibly an Elvis Costello impersonator, decided to engage me in conversation.

"We're both primary share holders in the Patterson Brewery," he said, pointing to one of the draught handles. "I suggest you get yourself a glass of blonde ale."

The bartender, a man who looked more like a timid math teacher than anything else, overheard this last comment. "I'll take one," I told him. While waiting for the stein to fill up I noticed the two patrons flipping through the evening's programme.

"I'm glad to see that dressing up as Pablo Picasso and trashing old computers with a sledge hammer hasn't lost its classic appeal," said the other man.

The first one turned the page back. "That's true, I'll never forget the first time I saw that little communist break apart a Macintosh 512K." He finished his drink. "But I truly think it's the possibility that we'll see some really experimental or ground-breaking performance, like the Prime Minister singing 'A Little Help from My Friends,' that keeps us coming back for more."

"I actually came here to check out the 'Wise Horses,'" I told them.

"What?" they asked, almost simultaneously.

"Their latest collection is groundbreaking."

“Really?” he asked. “I’ve never really liked them. And they’re kind of pretentious since they got interviewed on CBC, don’t you think?”

“I love their new stuff; it affirms the place of revolutionary discourse in art and challenges the cynicism of the post-modern age.”

“So, are you their public relations person or something?” asked the one who had seemingly been ignoring me.

“No,” I said. “I’m just a huge fan of their work.”

“I didn’t know retired English professors had groupies.” They laughed and turned towards the bar, signalling the bartender for another round.

Sensing the end of a possibly valuable conversation I tried another tactic. “This really is a good beer. I can see why you’d want a part of this company, how’d you get to be shareholders anyways?”

“We just drink a lot of fucking beer buddy.”

That conversation didn’t turn out to be useful in terms of gathering information. I deemed these two of having little value and decided not to ask for their names. As per my instructions, I took many pictures, including a shot of these inconsequential critics mocking the entertainers.

The first act listed on the bill was a one-man show called ‘The Billy Bishop Experience.’ He walked on stage wearing leather flight goggles, a flak jacket, and a pair of Converse sneakers. After staring at the crowd for about a minute he ran frantically around the stage, recording a few seconds of several instruments (dijurido, tambourine, shamisen, and clarinet to name only a few) and replaying them through the PA system.

Along with my photographs I've included a brief video of this man apparently having a seizure while strumming a banjo.

At several points he stopped the music and posed strange questions to the audience. A few examples should suffice:

Why are there always more windows than doors?

What is the taste of becoming older?

When did you first make the decision that free will doesn't exist?

What is the exact pitch of your orgasm?

Who knows more about death, a corpse or a mortician?

How do you know when you've seen enough stars in the sky?

Where is the border between insanity and a lime?

Would it be wiser to spend my grant money paying off my mortgage?"

After a long stream of these inquiries, perhaps close to fifty, he lay on his back, recording the sound of his breathing. A young woman behind me remarked to her companion that these deep breaths were "the answers to all questions." Then we heard about a minute of silence, followed by a request to clap out a rhythm that he could record and play back through the PA speakers. "That's right," he kept saying. "You're the pilot now."

In what seemed to be the climax of his act, Billy Bishop sat cross-legged in front of a large projector playing archival footage of both World Wars while gripping a steering wheel with the column still attached. Repeated images of the atom bomb exploding over Hiroshima were juxtaposed with his violent gear shifting—which gave the illusion that these actions altered the images on the screen. It all built into an

incomprehensible crescendo and ended with sporadic applause. Bishop saluted the crowd before falling into a contorted heap. Even after someone hit the house lights he remained motionless.

When the stage hands, men and women dressed as surgeons, began clearing the set (including the limp body) for the next act, I decided to make my rounds through the crowd. I noticed that many people were wearing shirts which read: R.I.P Cody Calmwaters. Since this was the first I'd heard about this man, I decided to question someone wearing one of these shirts. A young woman (perhaps twenty years old) walked past and gave me an abrupt answer in a thick Quebecois accent.

“You haven't heard of Cody?” She stopped completely, put her drink down and told her friends she'd catch up to them later. “He's a Canadian legend, a myth really.”

“I'll have to look into him,” I told her.

“Imagine if Louis Riel could play like Stevie Ray Vaughn but the government told him he had to sing in English and trade his guitar for a violin. If you can understand that you know Cody Calmwaters.”

As she spoke, I noticed that her words almost created a melody and matched the tempo of the instrumental music playing on the sound system.

“Too bad he passed away,” I said, while rereading the small white text printed on the bulging fabric covering her breasts: “Died in battle: November 16<sup>th</sup>, 2010.”

She moved a bit closer and lowered her voice. “Do you want to know a secret? He faked his death. Cody's going on a resurrection tour this summer and I'm going to be at every show.”

“Is he playing tonight?”

“He’s spending a few weeks in purgatory, you know, to get some new song ideas. Once he burns off a few sins he’ll be back on the road.”

I knew I shouldn’t be wasting time on anyone that may not be a member of Apollo’s Army, or even connected with them at all, but something about her demeanour told me to persist. I needed to get her contact information at the very least.

“Let me buy you a drink,” I said. “Then you can tell me more.”

“You need to ask the man yourself.”

She pulled a business card (Gilded Sun Theatre) out of her purse and scrawled what I thought was her phone number on the back. Then she winked and joined her friends on the patio. I flipped the card over. She’d written “Luke 13:34” in slanting cursive. Afterwards, I found that this passage reads: *O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, you who kill the prophets and stone those who are sent to you, how often I have longed to gather your children together, as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings, but you were not willing!* She may be looking for new recruits. But to which faith, I can’t tell.

I need to check our databases or have someone else do further research on Cody Calmwaters. There’s certainly some significance to this man given that so many of the people at the Zen Bistro were wearing his t-shirt. No one would tell me where they got their shirts until one man told me that a homeless person had stolen them and was now selling them in the back lane behind the venue. He said I needed to get out there quick before they all sold out.

The next performance piece consisted of four actors dressed in black suits holding television sets over their heads. Each screen delivered lines from famous speeches or interviews in order to create an absurd and convoluted conversation about democracy. I

need to do more research on this particular artistic activity because the significance of this piece is not immediately apparent to me. Although I recognized most of the faces (Gorbachev, Kim Jong-il, Margaret Thatcher, Rex Murphy among other political figures), the crowd reacted most enthusiastically to figures unknown to me.

In between sets DJ Frantic Child, a man suspended above the crowd in a giant birdcage, played recordings of academic discussions, philosophic musings, and other obscure messages mixed with Motown records. I overheard a conversation, presumably about Apollo's Army, during a duet between Noam Chomsky and James Brown.

Two women in white dresses swayed to the hypnotic rhythms while providing a review of the evening:

"If I wanted to watch television I'd go visit my parents in Sudbury. I seriously am considering asking for my five dollars back."

"They've probably spent our money on another ugly set already."

"And couldn't they have picked a more Canadian title for their group?"

"I know, Apollo's Army just repeats and reaffirms the grip of Eurocentric oppression on our culture. It's time for something else."

"Right, we've got plenty of home-grown tyranny to inflict on the people."

They each took turns sipping from apple martinis, glowing like water from Lake Ontario under the fluorescent track lighting.

"Do you think we could do better than this?"

"Maybe. Hey, when are the drink specials back on?"

Perhaps I've embraced my new identity too much, but I heard questions circulating through my mind while observing the crowd. *What does it mean to be a*



*spectator at these functions? What does it mean to be on the stage?* I've noticed that many people at these events play both roles. They take their time to hone an act and then they move about the crowd as if they've never been up there, as if it were someone else, putting on the mask, as they say.

Unfortunately, 'The Wise Horses' did not turn out for their scheduled performance. According to our files, these poets would be the most receptive to my artistic vision of anyone in Apollo's Army. Given what I've heard and seen tonight, speculations concerning their departure from the organization may turn out to be true. Apollo's Army may still be interested in capitalizing on their recent success and publicity as they'd made an effort to promote their work through a large exhibit rigged up in one corner: a foam obelisk with a few words printed across the base. I had to get down on one knee to read the inscription.

*You'll crawl on your belly before you reach heaven*

*Searching for the star that hides behind*

*The streetlight above the 7-11*

At the moment I'm unsure about the danger that Apollo's Army poses to national security. From what I can tell, the Army is merely an insular group that only looks after its own trivial and elitist concerns. They aren't representative of my country; they are representative of bored intellectuals with nothing to say but all the means to say it. In spite of this, I've yet to encounter evidence suggesting that even a minority of this group wants to take this project in a violent direction. No one in attendance mentioned doing anything destructive or committing acts of subterfuge or counter-intelligence as mentioned in my predecessor's reports. But if they do exist, these more subversive

members need to be isolated and removed. I've been given a mandate and will maintain our mission.

The purpose of my visit was to introduce myself to as many members of Apollo's Army as possible. This task proved to be more difficult than I imagined. I must also mention that my preparation for this event was inadequate. The "Descriptions and Expectations of Artist Gatherings" document needs an update. No one was serving wine and I couldn't find a complimentary food tray. The people at this particular function seemed intent on disrupting the conventions of an artistic gathering, at least the one described in the documents I've been provided with. I did, however, have success with one member of the group.

I felt someone poking my arm while scrawling a few observations in my notebook. This act of transcription, by the way, drew less suspicious looks from the people around me than I'd anticipated. With everyone continually checking their cell phones my identity as a rebel poet was apparent to anyone who cared to pay attention—even though none of them were. I looked up to see a tall, gray haired man in a dark blue pin striped suit, beaming at me.

"Let me start by saying it's refreshing to see someone actually using a pen and pad these days!" He extended his hand. I hastily shoved my notebook in my pocket. His jolting handshake, one determined thrust downwards, nearly pulled me into his chest.

I regained my composure and studied the strange buttons on his chest. "I was just working on some poetry."

"Oh," he said. "That's perfectly understandable. No need to apologize."

I told him my name. He introduced himself as Adelaide Stanley and told me to give some thought to voting for him in the next election. This doesn't strike me as the best name for a politician and I'm unaware of any upcoming election—municipal, provincial, or federal. His plans are to run as the only representative for the NGO party. This is what he refers to as the National Guerrilla Ontologists. Adelaide's plan is to build momentum for his party by promoting a platform that seeks (among many other outlandish goals) to claim portions of the Milky Way Galaxy for Canada in order to dominate the current space race.

"I envision a future in which nations on this Earth seek to control portions of our galaxy, so we'd better get out there and claim a few solar systems before they're all gone. Where do you stand on this issue?"

"This is the first I've heard of any of this."

"And that's part of the problem. The Liberals and Conservatives will have you believe that getting a piece of Mars will be enough. The NDP and Green Party are limiting themselves to global concerns. The Bloc, meanwhile, is wasting time searching the galaxy for signs of intelligent Francophone life."

Unable to formulate an intelligent response to this discussion I decided to change the subject. "Are you performing tonight?"

"I'm here to lead the troops," he pointed to a camouflage badge with the words Apollo's Army printed in stencil. "That's what a good general does."

He said he enjoys meeting all new prospective members and developing strategies to deal with opponents to the group. When I asked him who these antagonizing forces were he refused to answer. Instead, he waved his arm and panned it across the room.

“Look around,” he said. “There’s an enemy in each corner of this room, watching us, waiting for us to make a mistake.”

All I could see were hipsters trying to impress each other with staged performances at each table. No one there was concerned about anyone or anything outside their tiny circle of acquaintances. “Are you sure it’s really like that?”

“Of course it is. We have rights and they’re being trampled on more and more each day. If a man wants to sing the praises of his recycling bin, to make an altar from tin cans and discarded political pamphlets who are they to say it’s not art? If a senior citizen decides, on her eightieth birthday, to exalt the gods of other planets who are we to say she’s insane?”

“If there’s an answer to any of these questions we aren’t going to find them here.”

“That’s the most intelligent thing I’ve heard all night.”

He’s convinced I’d make an excellent member of Apollo’s Army. The basis for this hasty assessment is a gut feeling that’s never been wrong and a sense that I look official and trustworthy. Adelaide may have been testing me through this conversation, to see if I’m one of the people he fears. Either way, according to my instructions, my goal has been to isolate the first member of the group who receives me warmly and use mirroring techniques to gain entrance—which means I will need a crash course in politics, hyperbole, and irrationality. He didn’t seem interested at all in my poetry collection, *Improvised Enlightenment Device*, but that may have worked to my advantage as I don’t understand what it’s about yet.

Having only successfully met one member of the group the entire evening, my assessment of their objectives is incomplete. I’m also not sure if anything Adelaide told

me is true or if I only met his alter ego. One thing is certain, he's aware that the government may be attempting to gain information on his organization and he intends on sending out conflicting signals. He referred to this as "jamming the system" and offered several general ideas on how to accomplish this feat including fake press releases, promotional campaigns, and staged public events.

"You see, they think they know what to expect from us, but they don't." I didn't have to prod him on for more information, this man continued to talk without any leading. "I've been working on a few strategies myself lately."

Our conversation, however brief, was quite useful and I did learn, in spite of his obtuse dialogue, that their secret AGM is planned for next week. This event requires an invitation from a member; Adelaide agreed to invite me to this "extremely important and private event" under one condition—I must prove myself to be a skilled orator. He didn't have time to explain this proposal as someone, possibly his campaign manager or drug dealer, whispered something into his ear and pulled him away.

I'm almost certain that Adelaide fits the description of a high ranking member of the Apollo's Army. Although he didn't explicitly say that he's the public relations specialist, his functions are consistent with their communications person. I say this with the knowledge that several of our intelligence reports are of questionable value. I will refer to them but at times they've already misled or disrupted my investigation.

Adelaide may not be the most reliable person to establish connection or contact with the group but he's the only member of the group willing to mingle with the crowd. He has an intimate understanding of the group and claims to be one of the founding members. As indicated in the intelligence reports completed by my predecessor, the

leader of this organization has yet to be determined. It may be that several members share this responsibility or there simply is no leader. This man's delusions of grandeur are apparent in the excerpt provided below, of a speech he gave towards the end of the evening:

“I hope you all realize the magnitude of this evening. Decades from now they'll write about this night in the history books—that is, they will if we're not successful. If we achieve our mission then there won't be any need to write history books. Come to think of it there may not be any books at all, only the raving wisdom of the heart screaming at every street corner. Some of you may have noticed that the sun usually sets in the West, somewhere past the island we call home. With your help, we'll halt the course of the planet at midnight and reverse our path through the cosmos. That simple act will only be a prelude to our true ambition. We will stop at nothing short of compelling the sun to set in East.

“As your unofficial minister of truth it's my duty to commence the initial campaign of Apollo's Army. Many of you have already seen some of our work around the city and even encouraged us to storm the world outside this city, this province, this country, and maybe one day...this solar system. But this march must begin somewhere, so we take up arms right here in this barracks. Our battlefield is the universe. Our weapons are crafted by the desperate gods of that other, unspoken universe. I'd also like to mention that the revolution will be televised. We'll be filming everything; including tonight's exaltation of the arts! It's time for our voice to be heard and time to oppose the fascist state that masquerades as a government!”

The crowd predictably cheered at this bit of provocation. He walked halfway offstage, and then returned to the microphone. “Don’t forget there’s an election coming up!” He threw buttons and pamphlets into the crowd and pumped his fist into the air, shouting: “Adelaide Stanley for Prime Minister, Adelaide Stanley for Prime Minister!”

As far as a hype man or provocateur this man is quite gifted. The crowd was energized at once and everyone seemed to put down their cell phones and beers for a few minutes to focus their attention exclusively on the stage. It did incite his followers and afterwards, I couldn’t get through to Adelaide as several people wanted to talk with him. Even though his open subversion of the government can’t be ignored, it felt like an empty gesture—a theatrical stunt more than a call to action. After noticing the film crew, I began to think of the whole venue as a movie set. They wore black suits, possibly the same actors from the stage, and pressed themselves against the walls to remain hidden.

From overheard conversations and Adelaide’s remarks, I’ve confirmed that Apollo’s Army has been funded mostly through grants and scholarships. Their mandate is to challenge not only the institutionalization of art, but the forces which validate those institutions. They are bound to achieve this goal while attempting to control their darker urges. If I can recall correctly from my training, our directive is to help them maintain the illusion of dissent but to ultimately crush them if their example inspires others to join in. Yes, this is Canada; our artists are free to criticize their government, but only if they follow the clearly defined conventions we’ve provided for them.

One of my instructions was to make my presence known to Apollo’s Army. I did not anticipate finding myself on stage with the performers. Yet, this is exactly what happened to me on this night. Near the end of the evening, the lead singer of a surf band,

‘The Automatics,’ asked the audience if someone wanted to come up on stage and “converse with the ghost notes” during one of their instrumental songs. They were asking for anything to entertain them, open to everything that might be said. When no one volunteered, the singer entered the crowd, looking for someone to strike up the band. He shone a flashlight in my face and suddenly many people began pushing me forward. Perhaps my effort to look inconspicuous (I stared solemnly at the floor, as per the guidelines in my training package) inadvertently drew further attention. I climbed onto the stage and for a few terrifying minutes led the evening’s entertainment.

Thankfully, the poems found in *Improvised Explosive Device* are instructions on how to use settings and my body to create spontaneous performances. I listened to the music (the reverb drenched guitars played a repeating melody while the rhythm section drummer held a steady backbeat) and scanned the room for my “source material: setting, audience, and found text.” I took the microphone and rehearsed the opening stanza of my poem ‘Changeling’:

*You’ve invited me to the party*

*To recite my vows*

*And compose this poetry*

*I’ve stood here many times*

*Before this vacant theatre*

*Entangled in the crimson curtain*

*There is no exit sign*

*Or fire escape door*

*I’m desperate to begin*



*My transformation*

*From sight to flight*

The applause I received at the end of my recital may have been concurrent with the drink specials that preceded my appearance on stage.

Afterwards, Adelaide shook my hand again. “We could really use someone like you on the frontlines.” He asked to see my notebook. When I hesitated he started to laugh. “Don’t worry, this is strictly confidential.”

He placed a torn fragment of a city map in between my sketch of the front entrance and a page of memorable dialogue. A city block had been circled and a specific time and address were printed in elegant cursive.

The rest of the evening degenerated into an amateur night. The scattered people who remained behind were too drunk or high to provide any relevant information. A young man, quite intoxicated, approached me and asked if I had a book for sale. I ended up trying to sell him a copy out of the trunk of my car. Thankfully he didn’t ask me any questions as I’ve only had the chance to read half of my book. He looked somewhat disappointed as he flipped through the pages, much too quickly to read anything other than titles.

“Is it in here?”

“What are you looking for exactly?” I asked him.

He almost spoke, then reconsidered his words and went back to staring at one of the poems. After silently mouthing a few lines he shrugged his shoulders and pulled out his wallet.

“How much?”

“Five bucks.”

He handed me a crumpled twenty, slightly damp from his palms. I gave him his change and watched him move among the smokers before disappearing into the back lane with a young kid sporting a neon pink mohawk. I stretched the bill apart and noticed, for the first time, a quote from Gabrielle Roy printed in the corner (it had been circled in black ink): “Could we ever know each other in the slightest without the arts?”

In retrospect, my assignment to infiltrate Apollo’s Army progressed significantly. There are several people that hang out with the main group on the periphery and try and gain admittance. But the only steadfast rule of admittance into the group seems to be that someone must vouch for a member before they are admitted, or allowed access. I’ve been told to infiltrate and determine what this group is attempting to do, but so far there is no central focus or shared vision at all. What I can see is a group of artists fighting for exposure and funding under the guise of achieving something significant to a public that derives their aesthetic principles from mind altering substances. I feel confused, and even violated to some degree. Hopefully I can be briefed in time for their AGM, an event which will surely prove to be even more of a circus than this evening.

Surveillance Report 17422XH

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Victoria, B.C. 1137 Empress Street.*

*Date / Time: 3 June 2010. 6:44pm.*

I take a photograph of Lucas standing in front of what he thinks is the headquarters of Apollo's Army: a condemned Vietnamese restaurant. He glances at the crumpled map in his hands, then up at the public health code violation posters plastered over the front windows. Apparently, the place hasn't been open for six years. He runs his fingers over a piece of cardboard wedged between the intertwined padlocks and chains. It reads: "IF YOU WANT A MORE FILLING MEAL TRY THE PLACE NEXT DOOR" in thick red ink. He double checks the address. The lot to the left is an empty field and the only thing other building on the block is a stark structure in even worse disrepair. This building's address, ¾ Hell, has been painted in elaborate graffiti style over faded, orange bricks. Lucas crosses over the mucky grounds on wooden planks, knocks on a hollow metal door. After a few minutes he adjusts his sunglasses, takes a drink from his hip flask, and steps inside. I'm assuming he's attempting to overcome his nerves, but this slip is duly noted. I get out of my car to follow him inside. Lucas notices me crossing the street but chooses to ignore my presence.

The interior could pass for a horror movie set created by college students. Upon entering the building, the only thing visible is a large, buzzing electrical panel illuminated by a flickering light in a narrow hallway. I turn on my digital recorder and catch the

sound of a string quartet accompanied by the crackle of fuses. Lucas passes these exhibits with careful steps; he looks more self-conscious of his clandestine role with each creak of the floorboards. He enters an open room with a concrete floor and studio lighting. Several people, many of them wearing unseasonal toques and scarves, are gathered in the far corner of the room. They nod and motion for me to join them for a drink. Although they still see me as nothing more than a roadie, I've finally been welcomed to their private events.

I move along the back wall, staying within earshot of Lucas. A tall man in dreadlocks, wearing a Clash t-shirt, approaches him. "Hey, are you here to fix the toilet?" he asks. Lucas shakes his head; he's still holding the map in his hands.

"No," he says. "I'm here for the meeting."

"Anybody know who this guy is?" He looks for help from the cadre of officers. They reply with a chorus of shrugs and suspicious glances.

"Oh, yes," Adelaide says, turning his back on a table full of wine bottles, whiskey, and Styrofoam cups. "He's with me."

He throws an arm around Lucas' shoulder and leads him away from the main group into a separate room, a darkened expanse, around the corner. They don't notice me watching through the doorway. Adelaide turns on the lights by pulling a metal switch. This also powers a series of conveyor belts carrying shrunken heads, potted plants, and plastic hands. There are several sewing machines and jackhammers suspended from the rafters by thick electrical cords. On the floor, a row of silk screening presses, the torsos of four mannequins glued to the bottom of an overturned canoe, and cracked vitrines placed within larger vitrines. Against the back wall, a collage of *Maclean's* magazine

covers, spelling the words 'CULTural Corruption,' frames a stuffed wolverine in a pink bathtub.

Adelaide raps his knuckle three times against a statue of Vishnu nailed to the wall. "Lucas, I'm really glad you could join us today. Don't worry about the others, some of them are a little bit protective of their secret club, understand?"

"Sure, of course." Lucas examines the erratic piles of empty frames and canvases strewn around the room. "I had a hard time finding the place, but I'm here now."

"This building used to be a toy factory." Adelaide takes the map from Lucas' hands and points at the location he'd circled the other night. "Right," he says, "I forgot all about this. I thought you'd done some detective work to find us, but I guess not." He takes a long draw from his pipe and studies the map. "I'm just looking for some kind of meaningful sign among these grids, these streets I've walked my life." He gives the map back to Lucas. "No, nothing there. That's alright though. The map is not the territory and this is not a pipe."

"I hope I'm not too late."

"You're a practical son of a bitch aren't you?" Adelaide stuffs the map back inside Lucas' jacket. "I've been saying for weeks that we need people like you, people that can get things done."

Adelaide picks up a can of paint and launches it across the room. A chaotic splatter of cadmium red explodes against the meeting of two concrete walls. "I'm a little out of practice. Let's see what you can do."

Lucas flings another can, this one ultramarine blue, erratically towards the ceiling fan. The swinging blade catches the edge, launching the can directly onto a blank canvas. I attribute Lucas' lack of hesitation to his eagerness to impress this man.

“Hmm, slightly derivative of my own technique. It's quite traditional in approach, but I think it works. I'd say that's a fine start.”

Lucas reaches for his notebook, as if he wants to begin transcribing these moments immediately before forgetting them in the rush of excitement. He instead focuses on the cherry inside Adelaide's pipe, glowing intently in the dim room. “This is all new to me.”

“That's fine.” Adelaide says, ushering Lucas back into the main room. “Now find a place to sit near the back,” he points to a group of chairs. “You don't want to stand out anymore than you already do now.”

I anticipate their exit and keep out of sight by helping myself to a drink. Adelaide directs Lucas over to the table for introductions. There's only enough time for Lucas to shake a few hands before the meeting begins.

“I'd like to call our inaugural AGM to order.” Oriana commands the room from the centre of the boardroom table. Some members of the group refer to this as the war room while others, the more poetic ones, have dubbed it the storage room. As the unofficial meeting place of several activists and an underground art gallery, the room is lined with the work of artists such as Kid Zulu: a local painter and officer in Apollo's Army. His painting of a ghoulish RCMP officer, *Lieutenant Zombie* shares space with a cubist depiction of the Parliament buildings and a series of abstract paintings only an art critic could love.

“Don’t you love the smell of acrylic paints, tobacco, and varnish?” asks Adelaide.

“It’s unbecoming of an aspiring politician to smoke,” says Oriana, “you know that right?”

“No,” he blows out a smoke ring. “I wasn’t aware of that. Have you included that as an item on the agenda for today’s meeting?”

“Yes, it’s included as part of your public relations report.”

Oriana shuffles her stack of papers and eyes the others gathered around the table. Ten people I recognize as full-fledged officers are in attendance, anticipating their orders. They wait for her next words, well most of them. Some are preoccupied with digging dirt from the soles of their battered shoes—spending their energy on useless gestures in typical artist fashion.

Lucas is erratically scrawling notes. I can’t help but critique this amateur conduct from a supposedly fully trained intelligence officer. We’ll need to instil a respect for proper conduct such as working with discreet audio devices instead of banging away on a keyboard; or worse yet, scribbling onto a yellow pad.

“The final draft of our manifesto is complete. You’ll find a copy on the first page of the minutes.” Oriana says. “We’ll open this AGM with a presentation from Adelaide, who has agreed to do the honour of an inaugural reading.”

Adelaide walks to the front of the table, puts down his pipe, and adjusts his tie before listing off the following proclamations: “I believe creation is an eternal performance that must be enshrined and exulted through mandated documents such as these.” Adelaide takes a deliberately long draw from his pipe and exhales over Oriana’s

head. His voice is overly dramatic, “Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the manifesto of Apollo’s Army:

- 1. We are the revolution within the revolution; our own cells continually erupt and dissolve the unnecessary bodies of art, fiction, and dance.*
- 2. We still see the gallery, the page, and the theatre as sacred spaces; it’s only their location that needs redefinition: the mind.*
- 3. We see the difference between entertainment and art. Our new god, instant gratification, has become a terrifying source of pleasure. The paradise complex has infected the post-industrial world.*
- 4. We are screaming at the moon each night, asking it come down and join us for an evening of decadence.*
- 5. We will push against a brick wall for a thousand years in the hopes that our hands will one day push through. In that second, everything will disappear.*

*“Armed with an atavistic spirit, we channelled our namesakes, Apollo and Guillaume Apollinaire, among other historical players. During the first minutes of a technological dawn, the cosmic morning, we found these words written on our palms. We raided the storehouses for any remaining supplies, ammunition, or armour before uniting ourselves under one flag. Our victory is to one day create a nation of philosophers (a dominion of poets) only to usurp our own system. Instead of a formal request to every rational woman, child, man, and animal in our vast kingdom, we are bringing the war to the urban frontier, the placid suburbs, and the forgotten rural communities. As members of an elite unit, our responsibilities are to devour inner secrets, contemplate the virtues of*



*the universe, and scream these primal truths in the streets. We are targeting the civilian population.*

*“Our other unwilling audience, the ministers, leaders, chieftains, despots, and other officials, will be forced to question their own free will and the ability of any human consciousness to produce meaningful thoughts independent from exterior agents. Eventually we’ll begin to recruit from the confused masses; their fluency in the language of machines will be used to expedite our progress. All will be required to witness the beautiful demons that haunt our landscapes and report back with veracious accuracy. We have no need to display our capacity for reason before trained professionals, submit our resumes along with references from spiritual or government authorities to qualify our existence. We are nothing more than motion.”*

In response to silence, Oriana encourages the officers to applaud these words, ones they wrote together weeks earlier. “Thank you, Adelaide,” she says. “We still need to think about distribution, but that’s going to come up later in the meeting. Now, you’ll notice that early in the agenda we’ll be discussing the possible addition of a new member.” This bit of information perks up a few heads. I’m not surprised by this as I’m aware that their ranks have been stabilized for several months.

“Lucas Young, a poet, has been selected by Adelaide as a prospective private in Apollo’s Army.” I can see Lucas move his pen even faster, trying to look nonchalant and uninvolved. As everyone turns around to look at him, he frantically moves his hand in an arc. Lucas appears to be retracing the top of a circle in an attempt to look the part of the artist. He glances up to see twenty-two eyes staring at him. Oriana leans back in her chair, seemingly inviting Lucas to speak with an exaggerated nod.

Lucas drops his pen, puts his feet on the ground. “Let me start by saying I’ve been dreaming about joining this group since the Games.”

“You and everybody else,” says Helen, a woman with blonde bangs and jet black hair.

“And we’re glad to have you here, Lucas, but we’ll get to you later,” Oriana cuts in. “First we need to discuss finances. I’m concerned about the budget.”

Oriana hands a pile of stapled packages to her colleagues with the efficiency of a bureaucrat distributing walking papers. Lucas remains in a position halfway between sitting and standing. The others begin flipping through the financial statements with an unexpected urgency.

“Keep in mind that we also need to discuss the stages of this tour. I know that certain members of the group want to leave it up to chance and take what comes our way, but it has to be more organized than that.”

“This isn’t the touring of the Queen,” Helen says. “Are we really going to draft up an official itinerary? We’re trying to mess with people’s heads not affirm their safety. If we go about things predictably we won’t even achieve that glib goal.”

“Alright, Helen, you know I don’t want to sidetrack this meeting. But does anyone have any new ideas they want to put on the table before we get into this?”

After a long pause, filled only by the cracking of a beer and Adelaide snapping his lighter shut, Kid Zulu clears his throat. “Has anyone noticed that this meeting kind of looks like the last supper?” he asks.

Adelaide makes a jabbing motion towards Oriana. He then holds up the front page of the meeting notes and points to their letterhead. “Has anyone noticed that our new logo looks like Alcoholics Anonymous?”

“I guess that’s not too far off the mark,” adds Helen.

“Forget it,” says Oriana. “I just want to have an idea, a rough outline of where we’re taking this thing.”

For over twenty-minutes they debate the best way to use their remaining grant money. Funds are getting drained and they need to keep their upcoming tour alive and relevant, or at least according to the standards outlined in the pamphlets that are being printed.

“We really need to bring in some more cash. Helen, what’s the status on that festival grant you’ve been working on?”

“It looked hopeful at first. But the thing is we don’t technically count as a festival *per se*.”

“What do we, *per se*, count as?”

“You see, that’s just the thing. What the hell are we doing?” Helen’s voice rises on the last word. “I really think we need to put that on the table. Just what is Apollo’s Army?”

“Brian Mulroney!” says Oriana. “We’ve been over this a million times.”

“I really wish you wouldn’t take the lord’s name in vain,” says Adelaide. “That being said, I’ll be the first to admit that our plan is a little ambiguous. Although, according to some of us, that’s not necessarily a drawback.”

I can see that Lucas is still struggling to write everything down. This urge to record every word, gesture, and suggestion must pull against his disinterested posturing. I understand this feeling. Every word he hears from that table could be construed as a scripted dialogue meant to test the resolve of the intruder. As if there's an unspoken question hidden just beneath each comment: *How long can he hold out for?* Lucas doesn't yet appreciate the artistry of a secret identity, something his targets embrace with every calculated sentence and glance around the room. His body language doesn't suggest he's an imposter or an authentic prospect though, more like an audience member.

"So why should we let you join us?" asks Oriana. Lucas appears to have been dreaming. He tries to look as though he's paying attention to something very important, an even more convincing look of disdain for the modern world perhaps. "That's right; you're the next item on the agenda, Lucas. We need to make a decision on something. I think it should be you."

"Well, for one thing you've lost your poets. I'm replacing an essential part of the Army."

"We didn't need them in the first place; they were a destructive element of the group that everyone is glad to be rid of." This assessment is unjustified according to our research.

A few people around the table cock their heads. Lucas, supported by their disapproval, holds strong by repeating a line from his training package. "I can engage the public."

"What does that even mean, Lucas? You should know there's a huge difference between what we write on final reports and what actually happens in our day-to-day

operations.” She sweeps her arm around the table. “Everyone in this room can engage the public, start a dialogue, invert hierarchies, and subvert dominant ideologies—all that bullshit. What can you do for us?”

“For the past few years I’ve been questioning the validity of poetry in this country. I’ve developed a performance art piece which allows the entire nation to compose a poem simultaneously. It’s what I call *The Liquid Sound Experiment*.”

“Lucas,” says Oriana. “Look around this room. We’re all working on something that we think will take the world by storm.”

“Let’s hear this one out though,” says Helen. “It’s been a long time since we’ve heard a good pitch from someone else.”

“I ask people for their favourite word,” says Lucas. “Then I digitally compile these words and allow a computer to compose the final poem, the last composition of humanity. Then I recite it to a thousand people in a public setting.”

“I mean, we’re all about collaboration too but you can’t just let anyone write poetry,” says Oriana. “Also, your idea sounds great for everyone else. I’m sure they’re going to love being part of your radical experiment. But what’s that going to do for us?” asks Oriana.

“I’ve been selected as a candidate for the Canadian Artist Legacy Fund.”

“Well, now that *is* something isn’t it?” She leans back in her chair. Everyone around the table nods their heads in agreement. “As we all know, the selection process is quite rigorous. You’re willing to contribute that funding to the tour?”

“Of course,” answers Lucas. “That’s why I’m here.”

“I see,” says Oriana, “you just wanted to create a little bit of a show then? Try and stir up these boring meetings a little bit? I really hope I don’t have another jester on my hands, lord knows we’ve got enough of those.” She passes a sheet to Helen, whispers a few words, and stares at Lucas.

Helen scans a few pages on her laptop. “Looks like he’s telling the truth. He’s slated to get \$10,000 in a few weeks and then he’ll get the rest after his project is complete.”

Oriana and Adelaide exchange whispered sentences while passing a notepad with jotted phrases, which unfortunately, I could not see from my vantage point.

“We’ll take you along for a few weeks, on a probationary basis,” says Oriana. “Once you’ve shown some acumen for this kind of thing we’ll consider full membership.”

“Fucking hell,” says the man in the dreadlocks. “Welcome to the club!”

λ

*Surveillance Report 29367BZ*

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): TransCanada Highway, approximately 35 km west of Banff, AB.*

*Date / Time: 7 June 2010. 9:35PM.*

I’m writing this entry in an old Canada Post truck—it still has the original colours but they’ve painted over the logo with a black maple leaf. Earlier today, we passed

through Vancouver, stopping at the site of the 2010 Games in order to relive some of the proceedings. However, once we arrived, many in the group said that doing something after the fact wasn't meaningful, especially at 4am with no one around to see us. Oriana and about four others took turns reading parts of their manifesto to honour the place where the group formed: the free speech zone.

They secured a sculpture, a chain link fence made of coloured Olympic rings, into the parking lot with a welding gun. Kid Zulu and an older man, whom I haven't met yet, knelt at opposite corners of the installation. Blue sparks bounced off their helmets while Oriana delivered a speech. I didn't capture most of her words, but I remember her closing with this sentiment: "The removal of the original chain link fence was a temporary erasure of our collective memories. With this sculpture, we exalt the legacy of Canada's inevitable transformation into a police-state."

Oriana passed a laminated card to Kid Zulu; he affixed this to the sculpture by welding it directly onto the upper rungs. After everyone made their way back to the fleet, I copied the text of this document into my notebook. It reads as follows:

**Artists' Statement for *Rings of Fire*:**

*This sculpture isn't timeless. Eons, spans of incomprehensible time, are meaningless to a species which exalts the present moment. Even the passing of a decade remains an abstract concept less tangible than death. Only the immediate sensation of life, the tactile intoxication of touching cold metal, can truly be understood. Desiring then desired, what happens in between? Only when that liminality is confronted can the experience of a second become an entire lifetime—or an era with the right setting. You*

*are an observer, alone among the fractured souls exchanging lines and weaving costumes underneath the limitless proscenium. You are fortunate to touch such a miraculous creation.*

*Rings of Fire  
May 29<sup>th</sup>, 2010  
chain link fence and spray paint  
40 cm x 40 cm x 40 cm  
Collection of Apollo's Army*

I'm riding with three other members of the group, taking up the back end of our convoy which also consists of an old Greyhound bus, a taxi cab, a Norton Commando, and Adelaide's El Camino. The bus once served as a home for a colony of tree planters in Northern Ontario, and then it lay dormant in an automotive graveyard for ten years before Apollo's Army claimed it as their own. The company's original artwork was immediately decommissioned and replaced with a flat white coat of paint and black letters stencilled on either side that read: Ministry of Culture – Department of Performance and Conceptual Art.

Our driver at the moment is Zane, a Haitian man who always wears a black denim jacket covered with patches. He's been playing the same record all night, *Morrison Hotel*. I must admit that "Roadhouse Blues" is the perfect song for highway driving but after the third spin I simply wished he would listen to the lyrics and keep his hand upon the wheel, he certainly isn't keeping his eyes on the road. Mireille and Madeleine, two young women from Quebec City, have been rehearsing for a play or what they call "le theatre politique." Most of what they say is in French; they laugh when I try to speak their language.



Even still, they've asked me to participate in one of their latest performances. This is a story about two conjoined twins who want to undergo a separation. One is named Francois and the other is named Frank. I play the mother who wants them to stay together.

When confronted with presentations such as this, I find it difficult to determine whether or not Apollo's Army are in fact terrorists or subversives, it seems unlikely at this point. Some members have no ambition at all, but most are driven by vanity. They share their desire for mass appeal every chance they get. I can only see them as some lesser threat to our national security—if they're a danger to anything at all.

Throughout the drive I've been consulting the documents (being discreet isn't necessary, as no one is paying much attention to me at the moment) provided to me to help create a public persona: "On the Proper Conduct of Poets," "The Anatomy of a Rhetorical Device," and "Cynicism and Irony: Two Words Every Artist Hates." However, I'm still unsure of what to do in the presence of the other artists—especially since the protocols given in these manuals are contradictory. For example, section 1.c) of my main source ("On the Proper Conduct of Poets") states that I must "cultivate a reverence for the masters and their techniques" but at the same time I'm being told to "disrupt the aesthetic heritage handed down to all artists through a range of subversive ploys meant to disavow any loyalty to language."

I've been instructed to develop my own back story as much as possible. My assumed identity, Lucas Young, was created by CSIS with the assistance of our newly formed Ministry of Culture, but really it's only a sketch. My ex-girlfriend once asked me to read lines from her community theatre group, and even those grade school productions

had more nuanced and developed characters. I know it's my responsibility to create him "in my own image"—as put comically by one of our directors—but this task has proven to be challenging in these initial weeks. I'm a poet that is beginning to experiment with improv theatre and other innovative methods for attacking the government through the language of dissent. That much was made clear to me.

Each member of the group is pursuing their own explorations of "art" as they see fit. The hardest part of this job is convincing them that I can keep up with their repartee. Sometimes they don't understand my straightforward dialogue. This uncertainty aside, the role I'm going to be playing as a member of this group is even more obscure but is ultimately unavoidable as the planning for our first staged performance is underway.

We've decided to attend, or "disrupt" as our official mandate states, a book launch in Banff. Apparently, I must prove my mettle by waging verbal war with an unsuspecting poet, Neil Richardson. My task is to provoke what Oriana calls "an intervention." Adelaide has written most of my script. According to his plan, I must accuse Richardson of plagiarising my work. Through a public disruption I'll claim that his latest collection, *The Metastatic Era*, contains passages lifted from my work, *Improvised Enlightenment Device*. Since the poems in my book are essentially instructions for public performances, Adelaide suggested I use the technique that allows any poem to be unwritten through live alteration—to be proved as a plagiarised work in front of an audience. When I raised the issue of people comparing our two works, he reassured me that no one will notice the difference as "no one reads poetry anymore; they simply tell their friends they do, attend readings to assure themselves they're not

completely lacking in culture, and then revert back to quoting lines they've heard in movies.”

The latest review called Richardson's book “a post-colonial masterpiece, a *tour de force* that resituates the centre of Canadian history through an imaginative retelling of the master narratives of nationalism and multiculturalism, our alliance with native tribes such as the Iroquois, and even challenges the history of the planet through a penetrating gaze backwards into the Mesozoic era—an innovative curiosa of fact, fiction, and surrealist capitalism.” Adelaide says that this kind of praise can be viewed as an art form in itself because it's an elaborate trick that turns critics into car salesmen.

According to Helen, Richardson's also benefited from exploiting the suffering of aboriginal people to make money. I find this statement curious given that Apollo's Army actively sought out an aboriginal member to increase their chances of acquiring grant money to fund their operations.

I learned, from a brief round of reconnaissance, that several authors and poets attending the Banff writer's workshop should be there with their notebooks out and a copy for the author to sign afterwards. Even though there is a question period arranged for after the reading, my instructions are to interrupt Richardson's reading of a long poem entitled “Carbon Dating the Depression.” They have cued my performance to begin when this line is read: *I foreclosed on my own ethical mortgage, the house my mother built.*

This is certainly not an act of terrorism and their only intent is to harm the ego of the poet in question or make those in attendance question their morals or at the very least their decision to listen to poetry instead of going to the multiplex to see the latest feature film. This is only one aspect of our tour. We've picked several destinations and venues to

perform in each town or city across the country. I'll be forwarding all details as they come to me.

Interestingly enough, there doesn't seem to be an official schedule and each member is continuously fighting over what to do next. The general strategy is to wage a wide spread attack in each city or town through many venues, some of them simultaneously. We are using the tactics of guerrilla ontology as laid out by Adelaide in his magnum opus: *The 23<sup>rd</sup> Century Belongs to Canada* (and pilfered from Robert Anton Wilson—a protégé of Timothy Leary). The goal is to make the people wonder what hit them before we sneak out of town at dusk, planning our next endeavour under the cover of moonlight. Or at least that's the romantic appeal of it that no one in the group would ever openly admit to.

As a sort of warm-up to our first official public performance, we built a roadside installation. The cargo compartment of Apollo's Army's bus is loaded with "found objects" that can be assembled to create impromptu conceptual art. A brief glance revealed discarded appliances, stolen road signs, a barbeque, crates full of electrical components, a car's bumper, and hunting decoys. After conducting this roadside exhibit, Oriana asked me to write a poetic description of this event. I've included my first contribution to Apollo's Army with this surveillance report:

*The moon is shimmering above the mountains, casting its light on the vacant highway. It's certainly not full, but close enough. The commerce engines are not present, at the moment. For the time being the asphalt is a narrow strip that fails to conquer the wilderness that extends for kilometres in either direction. The only other sign of human inhabitation are the flickering warning lights of a bus and the erratic flashlights held by*

*culture's warriors. After a series of calculated, orchestrated movements these artists begin to assemble their 21<sup>st</sup> century totem pole—a testament to ingenuity.*

*A deformed and twisted Inuksuk, created from old mufflers, air conditioners, computer monitors, and topped with the skull of a deer is placed on the roadside, waiting for the first unsuspecting passersby. They've placed a series of floodlights around the figure. Draping power cords, from the humming generators, become limp marionette strings. A series of overlapping shadows create an image that is even more sinister and monstrous.*

*While they wait, a prayer, an invocation springs from their collective hearts.*

*Inevitably the silence is broken by the sound of an approaching semi-truck. Headlights, the eyes of an angry machine, illuminate the stage. Eighteen wheels lock together at once. A terrific screeching is followed by the purposeful slam of the driver side door.*

*“Alright, what the fuck is this supposed to be?”*

*“The voice of a dead people spoken through useless artefacts.”*

*“A collection of disparate limbs, resurrected from capitalism's graveyard.”*

*“If I'm not in Calgary by 7am I'm out of a job.”*

*“Your job is responsible for the destruction of our planet.”*

*“This truck carries the weapons of mass production.”*

*“Well, the way I see it, you could have damaged my truck with this pile of trash. As far as I'm concerned I've got every right to turn you all into road kill.”*

*Our driver exits the stage. The frantic sparks igniting across the blackened highway and the tumultuous thunder of metal crushing metal become a spectacle that far*

*exceeds the artists' expectations. The sound of a microwave bouncing on the asphalt is drowned out by the rolling machine's higher gears.*

λ

*Surveillance Report 29368BZ*

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Banff, AB. Mountain Avenue.*

*Date / Time: 9 June 2010. 2:35PM.*

When we arrived in the most popular tourist destination in the country, Oriana immediately isolated me from the others. During this initial private meeting, she told me that Banff is a microcosm of what's wrong with our nation and its perception of art. I tried to focus on her words but couldn't help but marvel at the mountains. The landscape of this place is breathtaking; she didn't see any of that though as her gaze was set on the passing tourists.

Oriana pointed at the families in colour coordinated outfits. "Look, when people come to this place, most of them wealthy visitors from Asian countries, they obsessively take pictures of everything. We somehow see this as a source of pride, the nationalism of the people comes out in full force."

It's this kind of thinking that baffles me. What is wrong with showing the positive side of our country to visitors? Why would we want to show them the negative side of our society and history? If they want to find out more about Canada we'll tell them.

As Oriana led me along the main street, looking into candy shops and native gift shops, she continually found problems everywhere. “You’d think these people would at least visit the Banff Centre for the Arts. They’re too busy getting fat off ribs at The Keg or trying to kill mountain goats by feeding them leftovers!”

It has become apparent to me that Oriana is the de facto leader of this organization. After witnessing the board meeting it became obvious to me that she is calling the shots. In spite of her appearance (she has dyed deep red hair, almost burgundy, and is about 5’3”), her organizational and leadership skills are unchallenged. She is also the one responsible for obtaining most of the group’s funding. According to Zane, she is so preoccupied with writing grants to the government that her own work suffers. Many years ago she thrived as a performance artist in Ottawa by staging elaborate public demonstrations that baffled the critics. Her more controversial performances include numerous instances of hanging herself from streetlights and her failed attempt to extinguish the Centennial Flame with a bucket of her own urine. The papers were unsure on how to categorize her work. Was she an entertainer, a political activist, or a provocateur? Could she possibly be all of these?

From the intelligence I’ve gathered, Oriana’s main ambition is to undertake something significant in Ottawa during Canada Day. Each event needs to be meaningful but they are viewed as dress rehearsals for the revolution, “a spectacle produced through techniques and performance sharpened on the dull edge of the unsuspecting public,” according to Oriana. She views the Western half of our tour as a practice run as detailed through one of her recent blog entries on the Apollo’s Army website. Fortunately, I’ve reproduced this latest instalment as she’s recently removed it:

*So far this summer's activities are following the regulations defined by our mandate. The first stages of our project are underway and undeniable progress is being made every day. Every act and event we execute from now on will be in preparation for our final push into the capital. Contrary to what some may expect, we are the ideal Canadian citizens, confederated souls against the injustice of our time. Apollo's Army has emerged from the great rainforest as a force that Ottawa can no longer ignore. We'll move through the prairies, the vast boreal forest of the Canadian Shield, towards the Atlantic, to the place where Viking ships and Jacques Cartier pulled up to shore. Our life has become a continual performance, a rain dance which traces the expansion of our nation backwards through time. We are the golden horde unleashed from the steppes to raid the villages, towns, and cities of this nation. I've already begun drafting details for our final report to ensure we have a sustainable source of funding.*

Oriana is uneasy in my presence and rarely speaks to me, let alone trust me with any vital information. I've only read about her through these online diaries and our reports; in many ways she is almost like a fictional character. I feel as though my time spent with this group will be in vain if I fail to discover what their true intentions are before these events happen. I must find a weak link in the chain of command. Someone must have a vulnerability or limitation that I can exploit. There is one potential option. I've identified an older man who primarily moves equipment around. He appears to be a respected elder that perhaps doesn't want to impose his vision on the group.

I will discover and expose whatever they are up to. These reports should reveal their final intentions. They may be planning to sabotage the Canada Day celebrations that



are scheduled to take place outside the Parliament buildings this summer, but that may only be a distraction.

π

Surveillance Report 17421XH

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Banff, AB. Banff Cultural Centre for the Arts.*

*Date / Time: 10 June 2011, 8:44PM.*

I'm studying a table full of Richardson's books while watching members of Apollo's Army mingle with the audience. They weren't officially invited and clearly stand out from the others, but that isn't a problem as not many people attended this reading anyway. Oriana, Helen, and Zane distribute pamphlets, and other promotional material, as representatives from the Phoenix Foundation—a group that “funds the work of older artists to suppress the careers of their younger, emerging competitors.”

Lucas is sitting in one of the back rows, holding a crumpled piece of paper and mouthing the words of his poem repeatedly. The music playing on the house system, alternating between Celtic folk music, Spanish flamenco, and indie rock, appears to be making him more nervous. Lucas is still transitioning from conducting remote surveillance to completely embracing an assumed identity; this event presents his first true challenge.

A short bearded man, wearing a beige turtleneck, clears his throat and adjusts the microphone. "I'd like to thank you all for coming out for the first reading in our annual Interrogation Blues Poetry Cafe." The audience, composed of a much different demographic than the people I've seen gathered in the downtown core, politely applauded their master of ceremonies. "Our guest tonight is an award winning poet, novelist, and occasional skier. Actually, Neil and I hit the slopes here last March. Even though it was his first time, Neil didn't embarrass himself too much."

He pauses, apparently waiting for laughter. To my left, a row of what I suspect to be aspiring poets seem to be transcribing this introductory speech; they are eagerly anticipating his next words.

"Anyways, Neil's love for words is only matched by his love for this country. While it can be a bitter love-hate relationship, I think anyone that reads his latest collection can agree that it ultimately serves as an ode to our nation."

The poet approaches the podium and is beckoned towards the waiting microphone.

"Please, let the interrogation begin," says the MC.

I'm sitting beside Zane. He's whispering to himself, mimicking the voice of an announcer for a hockey game: "*Richardson, a man who could easily be a linebacker for the Eskimos, turns his penetrating eyes upon the audience. He takes hold of the microphone like a frustrated snake charmer, turning the venomous head upwards. The momentary feedback is quickly controlled, the hissing creature subdued. It's game time.*"

Without an introduction, Richardson recites, “Voice of the Elders,” the first poem found in *The Metastolic Era*. A few people follow along with their recently purchased chapbooks.

Lucas is also reading along, his fingers trace each line until Richardson reads the final word. The poet receives an enthusiastic round of applause and immediately begins another poem:

*“He wasn’t looking to make a deal this time*

*The Dark Lord of metaphysical real estate*

*Owens every block of decaying, urban twilight*

*I foreclosed on my own ethical mortgage, the house my mother built.”*

Lucas shouts across the carpeted room. “Do you even understand what those cryptic words even mean? Or, more importantly, are you at least willing to admit that you stole them?”

The stunned audience turns away from the podium and stares at Lucas, who is now slowly walking towards Richardson. Lucas steps fully into the lights.

The moderator moves to intercept Lucas. “Sir, there will be a chance to speak with the poet after the reading.”

“I realize that, but there’s never an opportunity for any of us to truly challenge him during his oration though, is there?” I can see the rage on Lucas’ face. I’m wondering if this is part of his act or if he’s channelling anger from some other source. “We have to sit here idly and take in this rehearsed sideshow!” Lucas turns to the crowd of fifteen people, pointing towards his perceived enemy, their object of adoration.

Richardson takes a drink of water and closes the book over his thumb. “Hold on a minute,” he says. “I’m willing to hear you out but I’m confused. What is it you want to hear?”

“You’ve already said it with your false modesty. This hollow wooden stand is your pulpit.” Lucas steps forward and kicks the oak stand; it doesn’t move. “Why do we have to accept your words without questioning them? Are we so passive that we can’t do anything but sit here patiently listening to this doggerel before asking self-serving questions?”

“No one is asking you to do any of that,” says Richardson. “I certainly expect everyone in the audience to be critical of my words.”

“Alright, here’s my analysis of your ostentatious poetry,” says Lucas. “Judging from your previous collections, you’re a slave to aesthetic ideology. Now, you’re suffering from the anxiety of influence. *The Metastolic Era* isn’t so much plagiarism, as it is a bowdlerized version of my poetry. Don’t you see that nothing can resurrect your dead metaphors; your free verse is trapped in the ivory tower!”

“Young man, all I heard was a grab-bag of literary buzzwords. Did someone put you up to this?”

Lucas holds up a copy of Richardson’s book. “You think this is *avant-garde*? How can someone collecting a pension be considered one of our innovative poets? You’re nothing but a second-rate curator!”

Lucas looks up for help from his comrades. Adelaide and Helen are filling up their plates with sushi and samosas, glasses of red wine tucked in between their suit

jackets. Oriana is leafing through a collection of the poet's works, shaking her head disdainfully, while the bartender stares at the clock.

"Alright, since you aren't going to back up your outrageous accusation I'd like to hear more about myself," says Richardson.

"Your poems are nothing more than intellectual exercises designed to affirm the values of the political-military complex!" Lucas turns to the audience again. "Doesn't anyone else see the irony of this man writing ecological poetry in a mansion which produces more pollution than the oil sands in Alberta?"

This comment strikes Richardson. He looks at one of the coordinators and makes a gesture as if to hurry the proceeding up, to get this distraction out of his way. "We really don't have time for this right now," says Richardson. "Won't you allow me to finish?"

"I want an explanation for this!" Lucas holds up a copy of the poet's work. "Can you read from 'The Hidden Truth of Invertebrates'?"

The coordinator tugs on Lucas' elbow. Richardson shrugs his shoulders and smiles. "Alright, let him be. So you didn't like my poem about the trilobites?"

The crowd laughs, nodding in approval. I'm not sure if Lucas even took the time to research Richardson's poetry. His rhetoric is based upon passages from his training material and what I'm assuming is invective composed by Apollo's Army.

"We can read this one together. How does that sound?" asks Richardson. "Who do you want to be, the eternal biologist or the watch maker?"

Lucas doesn't answer; instead he grips his copy of the *Metastolic Era*. His thumbs crinkle the open pages as if he wants to rip the edges. Richardson flips towards the

middle of his book. His voice lingers on the opening syllable before launching into a staccato assault:

*“Our latest studies indicate  
Through counting tree rings of maple trees  
That the last 80 years don’t exist  
Posing questions to the wind farms  
We know that decay is constant, we measure endlessly  
In time, in space, and ask for answers:  
Who ruled this country when it all came undone?  
How great was the depression?  
Marching on to Ottawa  
The packed box-cars are screaming  
Pack up the prairies, our deal is scheming.”*

Lucas begins to speak, but then pauses to look up at his audience. He takes out *Improvised Enlightenment Device* from his inside jacket pocket, flips to a dog eared page, clears his throat and starts reading aloud. “You’ve all heard his work. Now listen to the source:

*When the sound can no longer be heard  
Above the screaming of machines  
We’ll shut it down for good  
Exist within the rings  
Hide among the darkest forest  
Waiting for the cutters*

*Waiting for the eclipse*

*An ellipse of fractured time...*

Richardson places his bookmark back in place, closes his fingers over the front page. “What the hell are you reading from?”

“Ah, but that’s just it!” screams Lucas. “This hell is your original manuscript. I have become the volta. I’ve come here to destroy the world you’ve created through these words. You’re a man profiting from writing about poverty, selling the ruins to prospective buyers!”

“I’ve been accused of many things in my life young man, but being a plagiarist is not one of them.” He motions for the MC to deal with Lucas. “Even my worst ideas would be unusable by you. At the age of ten, I knew more about poetry than you ever will.”

“I see you are all hanging off Richardson’s erect modifier,” says Lucas. “But he can’t eradicate his past. I’ve found the evidence, it’s all here.” Lucas takes hold of the microphone. “For recompense, I should claim any income you make from the sale of this book and send my complaint directly to the Minister of Finance!”

The MC motions for Lucas to exit the building. I follow the group outside; everyone leaves with Lucas to give the impression of a silent revolt against this censorship. Once the entire group assembles in the parking lot, Zane lifts the postal van’s cargo door open, inviting Lucas to come over. He opens a cardboard box and hands Lucas a copy of *Improvised Explosive Device*. “That was good, Lucas. But to really drive your point across, I think you should nail one of your books to their door.” Kid Zulu, upon hearing these words, opens one of the cargo doors of the bus.

“You don’t think we’ve done enough already?” asks Lucas. “They were laughing when I stopped talking. The sad thing is they’ll never see that Richardson is 20 years out of date with his so called innovative poetics!”

“No, no, just think about it! This makes total sense to me know,” Adelaide says. “Your poetry was brutally awful on purpose right?”

“Is that right, Lucas?” asks Zane. “I thought the same thing.”

Helen joins the group, her face flushed from consuming nearly half a bottle of wine, the amount that I personally observed her drink. “We signed the guest book. You should have read all the crazy things we put in there!”

“Did you get the artist statement on the wall?” asks Adelaide.

“It’s hung in between a portrait of Sir John A. MacDonald and an Arthur Lismer. Also, we’ve got one on every car in this parking lot.”

I watch Kid Zulu hand a large nail and a rubber mallet to Lucas. They cheer as Lucas drives the nail through the title page of *Improvised Enlightenment Device*, leaving the other pages dangling. He sprints back to join the others gathered under a lamppost. The excitement of being tossed out of their first event is amplified and leads to a debate on where to take the show. A general consensus, to cruise the main street, is finally met.

“I thought Oriana wanted us to report back to her for a debriefing?” asks Lucas.

“We’ll be a little bit late. According to my sources there’s an underground arts scene hiding somewhere in this fantastic village.” Adelaide flicks a piece of fluff from the epaulets of Lucas’ military jacket. “I won’t settle for anything short of actors riding polar bears in an experimental play featuring colours in place of words. At the very least,



maybe I could do a little campaigning on the side. The drunken tourist demographic is not as valued as it once was, but we're bringing them back into the fold."

I join the group as they question people on the street or drive along the busier streets shouting obscure phrases to throngs of tourists smoking cigarettes. They finally decide to stay at a country and western bar. Despite their efforts to attract attention, Apollo's Army can't counter the volume of the music or a massive disco ball synchronized to the rhythmic bass lines.

λ

*Surveillance Report 29370BZ*

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Strathmore, AB.*

*Date / Time: 11 June 2010. 10:07AM.*

This morning, as we left Banff, I asked Mireille and Madeleine what they thought of our first official intervention. They'd taken the gondola ride at Lake Louise in the afternoon and couldn't make the poetry reading because they found a special on bottles of Banff Ice. Madeleine offered me a shot glass full of vodka (emblazoned with a maple leaf covered in black nail polish) and Mireille showed me some photos of their excursion up the mountain. Their latest routine consists of playing two sisters from France visiting Canada for the first time. The purpose of this exercise lies in expressing politically incorrect phrases to test the reactions of the citizens. "*The Rockies are a cheap imitation*

*of the French Alps,” “it’s too bad France didn’t claim the whole territory or stick around for the long haul,” “the lack of good verbs in the English language is the cause of all Canada’s problems.”* I’m sure these two will eventually offer me some insights into the ongoing mission of Apollo’s Army. Their personality is irresistible.

After we each drank another shot our cell phones went off simultaneously. A symphony of ring tones bounced off the thin metal walls of the former postal truck. Oriana sent a text message to everyone, saying to pull over at the next Tim Hortons for an impromptu meeting. I’ve begun to realize this is the only way the group operates. No plans are distributed or discussed until we reach a destination. Either that or the group doesn’t trust me with vital information yet, and the others are pretending not to know (this is quite possible as I am travelling with two professional trained actresses and a stand-up comedian). We received this update about 20 kilometres outside the city limits; the city skyline had just become visible on the horizon.

Zane manoeuvred the truck next to the bus, nearly scraping against the bumper of Adelaide’s El Camino. I’ve been informed that the Norton Commando in our fleet belongs to Cody Calmwaters. Although his motorcycle was parked beside the bus, he wasn’t around to explain his apparent resurrection or entertain my questions. An idling cruiser (Calgary Police Service) occupied the parking space closest to the front entrance. Oriana had been riding shotgun with Adelaide. She tugged at the creases of her plaid shirt and immediately walked inside without saying anything. It’s quite possible that she expected everyone to follow her but the smokers in the group had other plans. I wanted to take a photo of Adelaide leaning against the bumper, filling up his bowl with cherry tobacco, but he waved me over before I could even find my camera.

“How’s riding with the twins been?” he asked.

“You mean Mireille and Madeleine?”

“That’s right. They may not look the part but they’re twins alright.” I noticed the perfect symmetry of the hood; then watched Adelaide inhale a thick cloud of pungent smoke into his nostrils. “I recruited them myself after catching their guerrilla street theatre in Quebec City.”

“They’ve been showing me some of their new material.”

“Are you prepared for that kind of corruption? Maybe I need to keep a closer eye on you. Have you ever watched a woman chew razor blades and spit blood?”

“No.”

“Well, neither have I. But I wouldn’t underestimate those two.”

Most of the group were already inside. A few people, Zane, Helen, and the man with dreadlocks sat on a rotting picnic table. Adelaide looked like he hadn’t slept since the previous night. He smiled at me in between careful draws and pulled at the thin strands of dyed grey hair. The man resembles an aging captain in a war movie.

“Where do you think we’re taking this thing, Lucas?”

“Calgary.” I pointed towards the highway. “I thought our next stop is Calgary.”

“Sometimes you’re too practical. I like that but you should try and think more like your character, the poet. In five days where are we going to *be*?”

I knew this question required a cryptic response and thankfully I’d been taking notes. “A little closer to the sun and a little farther from sanity, I hope.”

“You’re not a pagan are you?”

“Roman Catholic,” I pulled out the golden crucifix from under my collar, the one I’ve worn every day since confirmation. Although he appeared to be insulted, this slip may prove to be useful.

“That’s unfortunate. I’ll make a devout pagan out of you though, Lucas. Have you ever read your gospel?”

“My dad loved Matthew’s version, that’s what he always said. But the only time I ever heard it was at church.”

Oriana opened the front entrance and whistled.

“Looks like it’s time for communion.”

Lance, a tall bearded man, blocked our way. He rarely speaks to anyone and refused to come inside to take part in the meeting. Instead, he found it necessary to arrange the cigarette butts outside into chalk outlines. He was often prone to bouts of conceptual art. Although he had difficulty explaining what this piece meant (given that his favoured method of communication is writing obscure phrases on a large sketching book in place of speaking), beyond the obvious implications of death, we all agreed afterwards that it looked pretty cool.

“This is not a public service advertisement,” he wrote in jagged letters.

Adelaide took the Sharpie from his hands and scrawled ‘yet’ underneath Lance’s words.

The sight of a dozen strung out artists staggering into the crowded restaurant brought us some unwanted attention, though I guess every location can be “a site for interrogation” according to our official rhetoric. A few city police officers were in line

ahead of us. One of them turned around and laughed, right after he paid for his multi-grain muffin and steeped tea.

“Alright, so what country are you all supposed to be from?”

“We’re more Canadian than a double-double, sir,” Zane told them through an exaggerated Caribbean accent.

“Or an American owned company parading as a symbol of national pride,” said Adelaide, holding up a tin of decaffeinated coffee.

They shrugged at this last comment. The other cop gave Adelaide a pat on the shoulder. He said they’d be watching for us tomorrow.

Oriana, attempting to recreate the officious nature of the board room table, occupied the corner position above a poster for the Special Olympics. She handed out photocopies of an article featured in last week’s *Globe and Mail*. Apparently, the municipal officials were through with being known as the nation’s capital of “cowboys, conservatives, and corruption.” The municipal government’s solution: A multi-cultural parade scheduled to begin in China Town and progress towards city hall. On the surface, it seemed like the perfect target for Apollo’s Army.

For some reason I imagined the tents depicted in *Lawrence of Arabia* replacing the restaurant walls. I envisioned our table transforming into a map of the battlefield, the napkin dispenser standing in for an office building dwarfing the citizens, represented by biscuit crumbs. The setting of this meeting inspired me to draw upon my lectures from a Canadian History course; I envisaged our table as the Plains of Abraham. Oriana thought that after our brief and ultimately ineffectual stint in Banff, intervening on the first annual Calgary Diversity Festival would be our best option. She pointed out the hypocrisies

inherent in this farce, this sideshow meant to distract the general population from real issues.

Oriana held up the newspaper. “We’re going to be in this paper next week. That’s of course, only if we can pull this off.”

“How are we going to fuck with the cultural engineers this time?” asked Helen.

“Apollo’s Army is going to expose how *diverse* this country really is.” Oriana took a sip of her coffee. I looked across the room, first at the throngs of Korean people speaking in their rapid, incomprehensible language, then at an elderly Pakistani couple sharing a cherry Danish.

“This place looks pretty multicultural to me, Oriana.” I told her.

“You think those Sri Lankan women are pouring coffee and dishing up apple fritters to those pigs because they want to? I bet they’re still paying off the guy who snuck them into this country five years from now.”

This last comment caught the attention of the chubby kid working the drive-thru window, though he could have been reacting to someone screaming through his headpiece. Oriana held up a portfolio of strange fashion sketches. Futuristic shirts, dresses, like something out of a science-fiction movie. Without expounding upon her idea, she let us all stare at the black uniforms, decked out with planets, harps, abstract patterns, and other indecipherable symbols.

“I’ve made contact with a couple old friends,” she told us. “They’ve agreed to let us use their space as our temporary headquarters until tomorrow. We’re entering the show as people from the country of Laputa. Apollo’s Army for one day will become

exiled Laputian citizens. Adelaide is the ambassador, I'm the head of a failed rebellion against their King, and everyone else can be former officials."

"I understand now why you keep these plans from us," said Helen. "What's the point of dressing up like the cast of some Star Trek inspired cabaret?"

"Why? Because national identity is a fiction," replied Oriana, "this whole country is a story!"

One of the Korean women walked over to our table. "Madam, could you please keep your voice down. We're trying to enjoy a quiet breakfast."

Oriana stared at the women for a few seconds. I thought I heard the sound of teeth grinding. She apologized.

"*Gulliver's Travels*, that's not too bad, Oriana," said Adelaide. "You see Helen; it's not science fiction at all. We can make this work."

We spent ten minutes going over the plan, our "intervention strategy." The Canadian flag would be the last in a long procession of nationalities on display. Oriana believed this decision placed too much emphasis on the "dominant culture" of our country. At one point during the ceremony the flag would be transferred from the hands of a local bureaucrat to a young woman who'd survived a civil war to study in Calgary.

"Let's simply call this one 'Capture the Flag.' I also think we need to create a flag of our own," said Oriana. "Things are going to get weird out there but we should come off as legitimate refugees."

I realize this information would've been more useful before the event took place but I couldn't get a transmission out due to the rushed nature of the proceedings.

“Where do you get these ideas from, Oriana?” asked the dread-locked man (I really need to find out his name).

“This all came to me last night. I realized that we could use my extensive contacts in the underground theatre scene. We need to make a scene with this one. This is our chance to get some media exposure.”

“Can we improvise our roles?” asked Madeleine. She pointed to one of the women depicted in the sketchbook. “This one looks like me, what’s her story?”

“That’s one of the King’s daughters.”

Mireille pointed to her retinue, depicted on the page. “I’ll be one of her handmaidens—the one who helped her escape from the castle.”

I’ve consulted the Wikipedia page on *Gulliver’s Travels* to make sure I understand this concept. As the poet of the group I lied and said I’d read the book in high school. Hopefully, I can glean something useful from the summaries. A failed theatre company (Gilded Sun Theatre) was planning on staging a reworking of Swift’s play. They received a government grant to design costumes, create the imaginary languages, and even create a few sets. The reason they couldn’t complete this project is unknown. Our first stop in the city brought us to an abandoned theatre where we picked up three costume trunks and various props.

It’s been difficult lately to compose my intelligence reports without anyone noticing. Oriana demands that communication with others outside the group needs to be kept to a minimum, and only if it directly relates to the operations of the tour. Whenever I get the chance though, I type my thoughts and transmit them.



λ

Surveillance Report 29372BZ

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Calgary, AB. Pinnacle Theatre.*

*Date / Time: 12 June 2010. 5:12PM.*

The flags of all nations, strung together around a papier-mâché globe floating on a moving platform, move swiftly through the downtown core. The rising sun of Japan shines alongside the Union Jack. The Filipino flag is brilliant in the afternoon brightness; its luminosity supersedes that of the provincial flag. Among the revellers, there are many draped in Canadian flags, maple leaves painted on both cheeks. This intense display of patriotism, this army of red and white is bolstered by numerous Flames and Stampeders jerseys against the foreground of those simply wearing jeans and a t-shirt. All of them are eager to embrace the world by embarking on the journey of understanding or the adventure of acceptance.

A throng of men and women, dressed in flowing black robes with solar systems and symphonies embroidered on the fabric, join the procession from the doors of a pub, to storm the streets of Calgary. Adelaide leads the group through the streets with a megaphone blaring. Oriana is throwing plastic roses at the crowd, each one with an artists' statement wrapped around the stem. The other members of the group carry instruments. They are a chaotic marching band calling forth a cacophonous stew of tuba swells, drum machines, and banjos to announce their presence among a congregation of other countries.

Although our cabal attracts the attention of the media, they are not the only ones watching. Everything is being captured on the closed circuit security cameras strategically placed in the downtown streets, the manufactured set. This revolution will be televised. One of the local news networks is looking for a unique angle. The men and women staring at the starless sky and measuring the quadrants of the sidewalk present interesting and worthwhile subjects.

“Look, this will all be edited later for continuity. I want to ask you some questions but first, just tell us who you are,” asks the reporter.

“My name is Prince Binomial,” says Adelaide. He points towards me with a flourish of his black robe. “This is one of my servants.”

“And what country are you from? I don’t recognize your flag.”

Adelaide turns towards the camera. “We’re refugees from the People’s Republic of Laputa. Although we’re not from Canada, we’ve come as emissaries from a failed nation to join your great country.”

“Laputa? I’ve never heard of that one. Where is it?”

“It’s near Japan.” Adelaide draws a map of the world in the air with his fingers. “You won’t find our country on the ‘official’ maps of the world or hear us mentioned in geography lessons.” He faces the camera directly. “But we exist and our struggle is true.”

“Right, and I hope you win.” He shrugs to his crew as if to say, *we might as well work with this*. “Can you tell us about your country and why you’ve decided to come to Canada?” asks the reporter.

“Sure, we’ve been watching the skies lately and noticing that the planets are aligning. Also, our King’s floating island has been oppressing us, literally, for far too

long. We also barely avoided being smashed out completely by a comet this time last year.”

“Alright, so would you say that your country excels in astronomy?”

I watch as Adelaide wields the art of his nation. A set of callipers and a measuring tape with irrational numbers are the tools of his cultural pride. His measurements can restore order to a chaotic universe. He explains that the circumference of the reporter’s skull, multiplied by the distance between his shoes equals the ratio of profit and cultural relevance.

“Our academy has produced some of the finest discoveries of the 21<sup>st</sup> century,” says Adelaide. “However, our land is ruled by a corrupt tyrant who refuses to acknowledge the work of the people.”

“I think you’ll find our government to be much more tolerant. I must tell you that we don’t allow slavery.” The reporter turns to me, motioning for the camera to pan over as well. “What’s your name and what will you do with your freedom?”

“In my homeland I was known as Lucilius. My aspiration is to collect stories from the people of this vast land.”

The news team loses interest in us when a contingent of police officers, assigned to monitor the perimeter of the proceedings, files past with deliberate force. A group of anarchists with homemade weapons has caught their attention. This threat is explicit, and that’s what these authorities are trained to see. Protestors and activists are essential to events such as this; I’m sure the municipal government slated them into the budget along with balloons and streamers. Our tactics employ a touch of subtlety and panache. There’s nothing in their training modules on flash mobs made up of mystics and sun-worshippers.

The mayor takes the microphone and sweeps his hands across the podium. His benediction for the citizens begins. “Welcome, nations of the earth, this country. You all know this in your hearts but let’s make it official: Calgary is a diverse city.” It seems as though the new mayor has been practicing his speech.

Applause, the nodding of heads, *yes we all embrace the others.*

“When my family moved to this country twenty-three years ago we didn’t know what the word ‘Canadian’ meant. My father got a job driving a delivery truck and my mother stayed home to care for my brother and me.”

Young children smile as their national anthem soars over their heads. Teenage boys snarl and create their own lyrics, screaming their incoherent words into the crowd’s enthralled chorus.

“This summer my family and I toured this great nation. Our fondest memories are from attending a maple syrup festival in Oshawa, Ontario.”

Then, a troupe of young men and women dressed in black with the universe painted on their backs are running madly through the streets. Thirteen sprites moving deftly past children and grandmothers with the skill sidestepping of CFL wide receivers, this is more than prophetic vision. They are pushing towards the unseen exit waving the burning flag. Screaming and throwing pamphlets to the crowd. Miraculously they escape capture.

“The comet is coming!” Adelaide screams into his megaphone. “The comet is coming!”

“This flame will engulf the world. This flame will engulf the universe.”

The extension of the government, the arms of the law extend into the crowd in pursuit of the sublime image. A few teenagers applaud the spectacle. The veterans refuse to acknowledge such a mindless display of lost opportunity.

Apollo's Army are now disappearing into an abandoned theatre to find refuge among the failing rafters, to wait out the storm of cultural police determined to correct any disruption of order. A scrap of burning polyester guides them through the darkened hallways. They've passed the wings and are now cautiously approaching the stage, hesitant to push forward into the final act.

Outside the citizens are trying to understand the spectacle. Ignorance of the true artistic act will be their undoing. The ashes of the flag flutter in the breeze then descend into the streets to be smothered by the steel toed boot of a paid soldier. The mercenary of political correctness announces that it's time to continue, let the ceremony continue. While the play continues inside the derelict venue, street sweepers arise from their stations to collect the remains.

Surveillance Report 17422XH

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Calgary, AB. City Hall.*

*Date / Time: 12 June 2010. 2:19PM.*

Every member of Apollo's Army is dressed as a citizen from the fictional country of Laputia; they're taking part in a multi-cultural parade. In order to capture this "cinematic moment," they've asked me to film their performance. I've joined an assembly of citizens and journalists outside City Hall. The composition of the crowd is fairly typical for an event such as this: predominately middle-aged white people with their children and senior citizens waiting on the edge of the sidewalk. The only irregularity is a group of young people, decked out in black clothing and urging the crowd to resist "the Disneyland version of multiculturalism." I watch as they parade by in their identical uniforms. A security force made up of city police officers and several private companies is well aware of their presence—they've managed to keep the protestors approximately thirty feet from the parade.

At this point I'm watching the first streams of entertainers (typically in groups of about a dozen representing one nation) display signs of their cultural heritage for the city's administration. Each group takes their turn performing on an elevated stage until a Master of Ceremonies announces the next country. The flag bearer presents their national emblem to the mayor and a young girl places this flag inside a newly commissioned sculpture: *Statue of Diversity*, a massive globe with hundreds of hands extending from its

surface. As the men and women representing Zimbabwe leave the stage, Apollo's Army steps forward to take their place in the ceremony.

After being blocked from the staircase, Adelaide speaks with the MC. This is an initially hostile exchange that devolves into a panicked shuffling of official paperwork. Eventually the MC and his confused staff decide to let them present.

“Thank you for your patience. We're pleased to offer a late addition to our march of nations. Please enjoy a dance from a visiting group of Laputians.”

What follows is five minutes of halting movements accompanied by chaotic music. They are all wearing face paint or scarves to obscure their identities. Some members of Apollo's Army scurry around the stage, apparently measuring the width and length of the platform several times. Each time, they announce their results by screaming incomprehensible words to the crowd. The entire performance closes with Adelaide mock flogging two of the dancers with a trumpet before throwing them off the stage. Their bodies hit the ground as the horn section blows one last ear piercing note.

The crowd is applauding sporadically. Lucas waves a flag at the mayor; the Laputian emblem is an exploding planet Earth over a white background. This flag is inserted into one of open palms of the *Statue of Diversity* sculpture. Now that all the nations have gathered in front of City Hall, the mayor can commence with his speech. According to the official programme, the mayor's last words were to be synchronized with the Canadian flag being placed into the North Pole of the sculpture, as a gesture of our nation's sovereignty in the arctic.

During the speech Lucas covers his face with a gorilla mask. Adelaide seems to be giving him instructions. The mayor thanks everyone for coming out to celebrate and

encourages each person to meet someone from a different country before they leave. A young girl carrying the Canadian flag takes cautious steps towards the mayor's podium. As an orchestra strikes up the first notes of "O Canada," Lucas pulls the flag from her hands and starts sprinting along with the other members of Apollo's Army down the empty street, cleared for the parade.

I attempt to follow their escape but they hop over the barricades and out of my sight. Unfortunately, the crowd is far too dense and panicked for me to pursue Apollo's Army. In spite of this, I manage to videotape Lucas waving a burning Canadian flag.

I didn't locate Lucas until later that evening. When I returned to the fleet, Oriana was praising his efforts during a debriefing.



λ

Surveillance Report 29373BZ

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Yorkton, SK.*

*Date / Time: 13 June 2010. 7:13AM.*

The stunningly bright track lighting of the Husky Restaurant is sadistic at 7am. Senior citizens file in for the all-you-can eat breakfast buffet; I stir my coffee, slowly letting the creamer create a gentle spiral. My little universe exists and thrives throughout the morning news. Then, as the broadcaster announces the scandalous actions of “artistic protestors,” the image is transformed into the uniform light brown of caribou hides or office sofas.

In the seconds between signal and noise, he appears on the scene. A short man (wearing a black baseball cap, a Manchester United soccer jersey, black jeans, and steel-toe boots) approaches my table. I stare at this unexplainable and improbable body, trying to raise my eyes to his—a simple yet impossible task. The slight bulge of his belly is held in place by a belt buckle in the shape of Alberta, shimmering in the rising sun.

“So you’re the one that needs to know more about Apollo’s Army?” he asks me. “Is that right?”

I proffer him a chair and answer his question. “Yes, I’ve found out so much already but there’s still a lot I don’t understand.”

He sits down gracefully, arching his fingertips as if playing a piano. “First thing, you need to be more subtle. I know everything about you from that one sentence. You’re not going to get very far with these people talking like that.”

“Things have been working for me so far,” I say.

Burton Cummings croons to fill the silence at our table. *These eyes watched you bring my world to an end.*

“I could tell you’d been anticipating my arrival from your desperate and lonely smile,” he says. “Alright, let’s start over. Who are you?”

“Now that’s an easy one. Of course I know who I am, doesn’t everyone know who they are these days? I’m trying to bring myself to a higher place, a place where I can understand life. I want to be Prime Minister of a Nation of Poets.”

“You’ve been rehearsing that one?”

“My whole life is a rehearsal.” I open my menu, pretend to look through the desert selections. “So, I know who you are, but what’s your name?” I ask.

“You don’t know who I am but you can call me Dr. Pangloss, everyone else does. I’m sure you’ve been briefed on my role in Operation Seal Hunt: my successful attempt to discredit a group of environmental activists still in high school. Everyone said it would be impossible to counter those optimistic fifteen year olds, but I proved them all wrong.”

“Of course,” I say. “That’s our model.”

“Your trainers have also been exposing you to my ideas subliminally.”

“That gives me a few ideas.”

He removes his hat and sunglasses. His remaining hair, a thin blonde strip around the base of the neck, flutters in the circulated coolness of the air conditioner.

“Vince, is that you?” I ask.

“We wanted to keep my involvement in this operation out of your parameters. I’ve worked as ‘The Diefenbakers’ roadie for years, long before they decided to join up with Apollo’s Army. Officially, I haven’t been granted full membership, but they accept my presence.”

He pulls out an attaché bag and lays a series of glossy photographs around my plate. There is a shot from inside the Banff Cultural Centre, a group photograph somewhere on the highway, and me setting the Canadian flag on fire.

“They forced me to do that,” I say, staring at my act of treason.

“You’re the one that needs to be in control. Also, I see you’ve been closely involved with their leader, Adelaide. Don’t forget about his true intention; that’s all he wants. Watch out for him, he would bring this whole thing down given half a chance at office.”

I look around the room. “You mean this restaurant?”

“Are you serious?” he asks.

“No,” I shift my fried egg to one side of the plate. “I’m just tired.”

“Listen, you’ve already a considerable amount of time inside Apollo’s Army. Although we completely understand that your thinking is going to get a bit muddled and sloppy—what else could we expect from anyone living with artists?—you must maintain your resolve.”

“It’s been a weird summer.”

The waitress pours another cup of coffee for us and brings Dr. Pangloss an Earl Grey Tea. She moves to the next table, performing an eternal dance of service.

“So you’ve been doing surveillance on me?” I ask.

“No, my main function is to compile audio and visual recordings of their activities—which is made feasible through my assumed role as their tech support. I’m also here to provide mentorship to you now that the operation has progressed so rapidly. You seem to have acquired access to their administration.”

“Adelaide is my main source of information,” I say. “He’s the only member of the Army that will give me useful information, but he’s not the leader. Oriana tells us what to do.”

“Well, that’s debatable. You see, they’re all on guard right now because things are progressing. Apollo’s Army is walking the fine line between appearing dangerous and actually becoming a threat to the government. And that’s a tantalizing situation for anyone. No one’s really sure what their actual operations are at this point. But I’m sure, just as you must be, that the government is starting to pay attention after what happened yesterday.”

“I’m beginning to wonder how CSIS is describing us to the government.”

“Forget about that, Lucas. What you should start asking is how you fit into the Army’s current schedule. Don’t worry about the details. In their eyes are you just one of a thousand poets trying to get their cryptic anxieties published or can you offer them something else?”

“I’ve already given them my book.”

“I bet you’re starting to think that running with a pack of wild artists for a summer isn’t a bad assignment. On some level, you must have thought *this is going to fun*, that’s why you’re here right?”

“I’m trying to protect my country,” I say.

“It’s not that simple, Officer Young. There’s something you need to know. I’ve been following your career for the past three months and extensively verified your background. Something seems off. You are finally showing some promise, but this absolute sense of duty does not sit well with me. I haven’t even decided on whether you want to join them or not, yet.”

“Even though I lose a bit of sanity each day by trying to make sense of it all, I’m not anywhere near that kind of depravity,” I reassure him.

“Lucas, you need to work on your delivery. This attempt at anger could easily be confused with a lament for remaining an outsider, in all worlds. We’ve been analyzing your reports in Toronto and Ottawa for a few weeks. Some patterns are starting to emerge, but no one expects you to understand the bigger picture. What I’m asking you to do is simply participate for now and keep up appearances.”

The men and women in the kitchen do not realize that the fate of their nation lies with these two agents; the significance of their decision to pour syrup over the pancakes or to swab their French toast once more goes unnoticed. In the dying twilight, two men called intrepid bask in the morning glow of their own fortitude.

“Dr. Pangloss, can I ask what your role in this operation is?”

“No, that’s not going to help you. Just know that everything happens for a reason. This is the best possible situation for you to be in—no matter how bizarre it gets. As you move into Manitoba and then Ontario you’ll need to start influencing the group in a more positive way. You’ve been delivering some useful information but there’s an alarming

trend developing. There is a growing fear that this group may inspire others to participate.”

“Some decisions are harder to make than others. For the time being, Lucas, I can see that the choice of salt or pepper, or both appears to paralyze you.” A series of small dents in the pepper shaker resembles pocks in the moon. The spectacle continues; the meal is endless.

“In all honesty, Lucas, your situation is hopeless without a model, my story. I used to play the art game, even had a few of my paintings in a gallery. That was before my investigations into Russian spy cells in the 80’s. Here’s a battered copy of *Improvised Enlightenment Device*. This is my book. It took me about five years to write it too, always on my downtime. Now it’s yours.”

“You wrote this? Did you work for the Innovative Rhetoric Laboratories too? Their study of insurrectionist humour is intriguing to me.”

“Every poem was composed independently. I listened to voices from recorded conversations, then combined them with dozens of others and transcribed this symphony. Most of it wasn’t even in English. Now you’re the translator. I know you’ve been trying to convince yourself that you wrote it, which is entirely necessary, but you need to see each poem as a recipe. All you need are the raw materials to produce a scene, and then your own energy generates action by a chain-reaction of tiny explosions. Imagine an infinite chain of little bells all hitting the same note.”

“Why didn’t you keep writing instead of working for CSIS?”

“I could ask you a similar question. Besides, both sides are related; we all share one collective vision.”

“Aren’t you here to give me advice on what to do next?”

“Lucas, there is one thing you need to understand about these people. I wasted the better part of my life trying to be an artist, and fell into that trap really hard. One morning you wake up with enough words swimming through your mind to fill an entire bookshelf but none of it makes any sense.” He gazes through the dirty window, at a seagull picking apart a discarded sandwich wrapper. “None of it makes any sense.”

“So what’s the one thing?”

“Great question, Lucas. I’ve often wondered if I’d found my one thing with that book. Or maybe it’s there and I’ve missed it somehow. But I guess knowing that you’re putting it to good use is some consolation.”

“You said I should know one thing about artists.”

“Right, that’s a hard lesson to learn and I don’t think you can truly understand but I’ll try and tell you anyways. Always remember that an artist is just a bureaucrat in disguise. They crave order and formulas like no one else.”

“I’ll try to remember that,” I say.

“You’ll be putting that principle into action.” He flipped to one of the last pages in *Improvised Explosive Device*, marked by a speeding ticket, and showed it to me.

“What do you think of this one?”

“After a few months that book makes no sense to me, especially the ending. Even the title confuses me—what is ‘Me Unseen’?”

“Even the best actors need a bit of coaching. You might even surpass me one day.”

“These are stage directions, this is what you’re going to enact.” I sketch a crude theatre on the back of Lucas’ menu. “Don’t tell them about this until it’s time to perform. These people are only going to warp what you want to say. Let me underline a few key passages in the poem. Revision can be a terrible thing.”

λ

Surveillance Report 29374BZ

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Swift Current, SK.*

*Date / Time: 15 June 2010. 9:31AM.*

We crossed over into Saskatchewan this morning around 6:30am. Our original intent was to stick around Yorkton, but Oriana felt we were too close to Alberta. Now we’ve set-up in Swift Current, to regroup for a few days, cause a bit of trouble in a small town, and make a plan for the coming weeks.

*The Globe and Mail* placed our Calgary performance piece on their front page, along with an article speculating that Adelaide is the militant leader of an anti-federalist, Laputian-Canadian activist movement. While Adelaide’s plan to eventually lead humanity off this planet reveals only part of his megalomania, even he wouldn’t be capable of the outrageous claims made by the police investigators or the editorial staff. I believe this misinterpretation stems from the sensational photograph of Adelaide leading a “crazed mob of sycophants,” one of them carrying a burning Canadian flag in front of



city hall—a scene that inadvertently resembles “Washington Crossing the Delaware.” They also included an excellent shot of the Scottish regiment dancing out of our way, some of them still playing their bagpipes as most of us are leaping over the barricades, desperately holding onto flutes, tubas, or xylophones strung around our necks.

That front page photograph is now an iconic image to our group. Kid Zulu immediately began work on a massive mural, made of stitched canvases and parts of our costumes, which will eventually feature a ten-foot tall Adelaide—something he plans to use as our flag. Oriana purchased at least a dozen copies to make papier-mâché masks. Zane wants to project the image onto government buildings across the country as an advertisement for his company: The Electric Visual Symphony. To quell the growing sense of paranoia (revealed through the conservative furor dominating the comment section below the online article), CSIS may need to inform the media of Apollo’s Army’s true intentions. Also, while I do agree that we need to slightly elevate the threat level originally assigned to this group after their disruption of an important civic event, they are not intentionally harming civilians or attempting to overthrow the Canadian government, yet. I regret not sending out a preliminary transmission as a warning about this event. The lag in my reports must be addressed.

Lately, some members of the group have become quite interested in the long stretches of time I spend on my laptop—doing research, writing reports, or transcribing conversations. It’s absolutely necessary for me to record what I’ve seen and heard throughout the course of a day, but this scrutiny has forced me to only compose reports when I’m certain no one’s around. I often feel as though they’re performing espionage as an art; as if I’m the one under constant surveillance. Fortunately, most members of the

Army are only interested in cultivating their own fame by practicing a self-serving madness that is amplified through competition. But then there are the others, namely Oriana and Adelaide, who are very concerned with the group dynamics, or, as they call it, our “shared vision for progress.”

Oriana caught me off guard this afternoon. “I want to see what you’re working on,” she said, leaning over my shoulder while I typed up this report.

“It’s personal,” I told her. “You know how it is; I can only show people once it’s done.”

“We’re holding a meeting at the field in a few minutes,” she said. “Bring only your best ideas.” The mystique of the solitary writer is wearing thin, especially with my low output. Formatting these reports as fictional stories is helpful but she may have seen too much.

All of our vehicles were parked behind an abandoned gas station a few kilometres off the highway. When I walked around the corner I found everyone sitting in a rough circle. They were listening to DJ Frantic Child mix two audio tracks: repeated phrases from my performance in Banff rhythmically riffing along with an instrumental jazz version of our national anthem. He hauled his speakers around on a wooden cart pulled by two toy monster trucks, each one about a foot tall.

The smell of dead skunks wafting towards me brought back memories of camping trips with my mother, and nearly made me nauseous. Oriana motioned for me sit down beside her. A woman wearing a blue bandanna, someone I didn’t recognize, sat to the left of Oriana.

“With our potential for legal problems rising after the incident in Calgary,” said Oriana, “I decided it was in our best interest to consult a lawyer.” She always begins her meetings with an officious tone that eventually fades into weariness as the proceedings disintegrate into irrelevant arguments or experimental discourse. “Everyone, please say hello to Simone.”

“Well, I’m not technically a lawyer.”

“I wouldn’t worry about that,” Oriana said, pointing at Adelaide. “He’s not a real politician but he acts like one, better than any Prime Minister I’ve ever seen. Then take our poet,” she looked at me and winked. “He’s invested more time into cultivating the appearance of a writer than actually putting any words down on the page.”

“Do you believe everything comes down to appearances then?” Simone asked me.

“I’ve learned that pretending to know what you’re doing, and making others believe you are more capable than they are, is infinitely more important than having any talent,” I said.

Simone smiled, took a long haul off a pipe shaped like a gavel, and opened the canvas bag tucked under her feet. “I thought the best thing I could do for you all was compile a list of documents,” she said. “We’ve got *The Charter of Human Rights and Freedom*, *The CSIS Act*, *Bill C-157*, *The Anti-Terrorism Act* and *The Massey Report* to start with. I suggest you become very familiar with them in the coming weeks.”

I flipped through my stack of papers, initially feeling the same bewilderment that I’d experienced upon being introduced to *Improvised Enlightenment Device*. However, after reading for a few minutes, I inexplicably began circling phrases, underlining passages, and drawing celestial objects in the margins. Surprisingly, sentences of my own

were emerging on the scratch pad. While Adelaide made everyone laugh with his Jean Chretien impersonation, a recognizable pattern of words slowly filled up the page.

“You see? Our poet is already hard at work,” said Adelaide. “He probably took your comment to heart, Simone. We like to joke around with him a little, but that’s only because we fear his visionary powers.”

“You’re talking about my boy Lucas right?” asked Zane. “What the fuck has he done all summer? He just sits around listening to our conversations and writing poems that no one ever hears.”

“You should have heard him speak poetry to me after he drank half my bottle of vodka,” said Mireille. (This is a gross exaggeration; I only drank a few shots to not look suspicious.)

I refused to look up from my papers. Thankfully, Oriana asked about the legal implications of our parade in Calgary and what kinds of limits this could place on staging future performances. Simone carefully explained that we needed to exercise caution in the coming weeks but that suppressing our creativity in the face of possible arrest would be considered a defeat for democracy. She deliberated to the group as if she were attempting to sway a jury to rationalize the actions of a terrorist.

Simone’s intentions are, superficially at least, to help us navigate around the more stringent interpretations of dissent. She hasn’t given me any reasons to doubt her motives. I’ve reviewed the record on her infamous fight against nearly every judge in Ontario, the Supreme Court, and any minister that intervenes as part of her endless struggle to defend Satchel Williams, a graphic novelist and satirical cartoonist. The trouble began when she represented a case of supposed plagiarism against this artist. Williams created a

protagonist named Valerian for his cult classic: *Roots of Evil*. A pharmacist working out of Montreal recognized his own face on the magazine rack and immediately put in a claim against Williams. The court battle was intense but short lived, and resulted in an out of court settlement. Although her continued advocacy of artists explains her presence among Apollo's Army, I'm wondering if her determinism is fuelled by delusion or exploitation.

Madeleine and Mireille spontaneously began acting out their latest production as Simone worked towards her conclusion. Mireille paced around, apparently in the throes of labour, with a bulging bag of paint wrapped around her stomach. A strip of cheap paper (the kind you find in doctor's offices) catching the dripping splotches of greenish orange liquid. Acting out the dual role of a doctor/auctioneer, Madeleine alternates between analyzing her patient and asking for bids on the unborn child (or the painting, I'm still not sure) to an enthusiastic audience. After they received a generous round of applause, Kid Zulu passed around a collection of crude blueprints depicting "urban war machines" that he plans to construct: catapults to fling propaganda, battering rams made of hockey sticks, and entertainment landmines, devices that simulate explosions through light and sound.

"So what have you been working on Lucas?" asked Oriana. "We need to see what your plans are for Winnipeg."

I needed to say something. "This makes complete sense to me," I held up the pages Simone handed out. "I've been working on another project but now I can't ignore the potential for subversion found in these documents."

“Plunder it for riches my boy!” shouted Adelaide. “Take away the essence and discard the rest like a husk for the birds to build their nests with. That’s what I’d recommend.”

“That’s exactly what I want to do. I’ll splice these government documents together, almost like forming DNA from different species to create a monster: A poetic beast.”

“No one reads poetry anymore, Lucas,” said Oriana. “You said it best in Banff; we need something that moves beyond static words on recycled paper.”

“Alright, maybe he just needs to work this one out a little more,” said Adelaide. “You’ve got one chance to put a show on with everyone watching, give us that scene.”

I knew I’d have to assert a strong argument to keep my cover intact. “Don’t you see? It’s all part of an elaborate metaphor for the transmutation of life!” I pushed through fear, and found myself moving beyond reason. “We’re going hunting in the subway station. My poetry will be the ammunition, our performance the rifles. Try to imagine this: a swarm of men and women from the business class are walking down the street texting into their Black Berries. Then we surround the herd and overwhelm their senses.”

“Let’s see this in action, right now,” said Oriana.

“Look over there at those rusting gas pumps!” I yelled, rising to my feet.

Everyone shifted to look over at the boarded up windows and stacks of old tires across the street. In a calmer voice, I continued, “We already spend most of our days stalking through a dead world, the urban environment.” I took deliberate steps towards the centre of the circle. “That’s decadence over there. We’re devolving into creatures that are lulled into a sense of freedom through the crushing tyranny of state control.”

“I’ve been telling you from the start that this boy is practical. But let me be the first to say that he understands the subtle art of manipulation better than any of us.”

Adelaide is always the first to defend my thoughts. He must be unwilling to accept the possibility that his intuitions on my abilities could be wrong.

“A hybrid of deer and human, assaulting the public with deformed rhetoric,” I said. “That’s the essence of my idea.”

Madeleine and Mireille asked if they could help out but no else wanted to hear anything else about my hastily drawn-up ideas. This is perfectly fine with me as I’ve been meaning to investigate these two with greater scrutiny. Also, Dr. Pangloss’ strategy required that I not reveal my latest project until reaching a major city, opting to surprise them when the time comes. This approach may prove disastrous. I may not have the time to wait and see, or a chance to develop my stage persona.

Oriana completed this meeting with a few reminders for keeping our grant requirements. She’s currently drafting the mid-way report on our “Useful Deviance Program.” A recent survey of the arts conducted by the Minister of Culture reveals that they are not entirely pleased with what they are funding. Oriana asked each member of the group to fabricate an example of instilling patriotism through a performance art piece.

Surveillance Report 17426XH

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Yorkton, SK.*

*Date / Time: 17 June 2010. 11:22AM.*

Inside the Greyhound bus, I monitor Lucas' activity. I'm operating under the guise of repairing sound equipment: fixing damaged microphones, soldering frayed wires, and replacing blown tweeters on speakers. He's a couple rows ahead of me but I've rigged up a digital recorder to capture everything. Judging by his silence, I assume he's wondering what the next province might bring Apollo's Army and his future role in their performances. Yesterday, I overheard him tell Adelaide that "in another life, in some other universe," he could have become a painter. His canvas backpack is filling up with landscape sketches; I'd wager that he buys a set of paints in the next city on the tour. He should be interviewing, analyzing, and discriminating dissenters from subversives. Perhaps he's beginning to comprehend what's at stake in this operation; he can fail in his attempt to distinguish the end of the horizon from the fields of wheat without fear or anxiety. Given his intense concentration on his sketching, I could almost assume he believes the crocus flowers, blossoming on the roadside, present more danger to the nation than these artists.

Madeleine sits down beside him with a box full of camera filters in her hand. She holds one of them up, letting the sunlight alter her world.



“It’s so hard to stay in character sometimes,” she says. “Do you know what I mean?”

“Well, it’s easy for me. I’m always playing the same character,” Lucas flips his notebook open. He scratches out a few letters, but is unable to form any words.

“We’ve been playing this team of documentary film makers for a few days now and I still find myself having difficulty getting into my role.”

“Method acting has never been your thing?”

“The strange thing is I can make up anything I want with this one. I’m just playing someone who points a camera. But it has to be true or else what’s the point of any of this?”

I stand up to stretch. I can see Lucas sketching power lines on either side of the margin. The power lines swoop down and underline his observations. “I wouldn’t worry about it. You guys are doing a great job. Sometimes I can’t tell who the real film crew is and who’s acting.”

Madeleine pulls at her dress. “Look at this outfit, Lucas. Do you think this looks right? Shouldn’t I be wearing something more practical?”

“Practical isn’t sexy.”

She glances at him and smiles. The same way she often looks at the camera when she knows they’re filming her, and not the other actors.

Madeleine sifts through her cardboard box and finally produces a large plate. She moves across the aisle and sits next to Lucas, the folds of her denim skirt slide over his thighs.

“Look down the aisle. What do you see?”

“I see a grain elevator. I see the front window. I’m watching the prairies stay prairies”

“Alright,” she places a yellow filter in front of his eyes, “now what do you see?”

“It’s like I’m at the optometrist’s office, looking through the viewing machine. This almost looks like a sitcom now; like I’m in some bad television show about high school.”

“Exactly. What character are you?”

“I’m the misunderstood outsider.”

“Really? I had you pegged for the school president. I’m reprising my role as the self-destructive rebel. No one really knows anything about you Lucas, are you hiding something?”

“I just like to keep my past a mystery so my future is brighter in comparison.”

“Would your parents be proud of you?”

“My mom would get a kick out of this; she’s discovering her ‘inner soul’ in New Orleans. If my father knew anything about this he’d strike me out of his will.”

“I’m sorry,” she says. Lucas continues his sketching. “What are you working on?”

“I’m trying to draw the man without a band, the man who owns the horizon.”

Outside my window I can see Cody Calmwaters leaning against a grain silo, lighting a cigarette. The prairie wind picks up the tails of his trench coat.

“I love how everything looks out here; the whole world is framed as a spaghetti western,” says Lucas. “I’m trying to capture those tiny folds in the sweeping tail of his coat, the slight bend in the stalks of wheat.”

“You’re a cowboy, Lucas. But instead of a revolver you duel with a 2b pencil,” says Madeleine. “Our big scene is coming up soon though and I don’t want to mess it up. Look, Cody’s pulling out his guitar. Come on out—we’ll be filming soon.”

Madeleine rubs her fingers over the headrests then taps a fast rhythm on the metal doorway on her way out of the bus, back into the production.

Lucas leans back against the window. I can see the thin metal frame digging into his shoulder. I’m curious to know all details that never find their way into his reports. Would he include the monotonous, almost hypnotic sound of the driver’s snoring?

λ

*Surveillance Report 29375BZ*

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Wapella, SK.*

*Date / Time: 18 June 2010. 1:45PM.*

To make the most of my days, I convinced Kid Zulu to switch places so I could experience riding in the largest vehicle in our fleet: ‘The Behemoth.’ Apollo’s Army’s flag ship is a retrofitted Greyhound Scenicruiser that recently became a travelling performance art space in the past weeks. Kid Zulu painted the top of this bus in three stripes of colour. Since there is far more room than required, we decided to unplug some of the seats, themselves becoming part of our ongoing “road-side exhibits.”

We presented a few performances of highway theatre, using the bus as a backdrop for the busy workers and motorists. After removing the seats we constructed our inner gallery. I remember Adelaide directing the labour with his megaphone: *This will be our space, four walls that exist without any official government mandate.* At this point I can't tell what's happening yet. The inside of the bus is starting to look like an art gallery operated by nihilists and fascists. Everywhere on the bus we've cultivated a sense of controlled exhumation of meaning, a careful excision of rational thought. The concepts behind these exhibits only seem to exist within their minds. Adelaide dedicated sections of the bus to our patrons. Seats 16-20 are now the Stalin Wing. We've been toying with creating realistic dummies of famous dictators to place in the seats, to shock the other motorists. Kid Zulu created a trompe l'oeil on the roof of the bus to give the illusion that the passengers are marionettes being controlled by massive hands.

Over the past few days we've been staging many performances on the highway. We sat on the shoulder wearing gasmasks, holding up placards to distract drivers. Then we dressed as crossing guards to allow a crew of lumberjacks to emerge from the forest, only to disappear on the other side. This evolved into the creation of a "temporal gallery" by disguising ourselves as a construction crew hired by the municipal government. We are now official representatives of the Ministry of Transcendence, altering the landscape through a trapeze slung across rock cuts, burning mannequins on the pavement, or road signs with words telling drivers to *Ponder, Resist, Dream, or Escape!* These must of course be abandoned before anyone can catch up to our game.

Oriana seemed quite pleased with my participation in these activities. Lately, she's even been more accepting of my presence, especially after my first deposit into our

collective bank account. I may even ask her about what happened at the Vancouver Olympics, the event which everyone simply refers to it as “the incident.” The roots of this group, according to their official history, lie in their subversive, and ultimately failed, attempt to steal the Olympic torch in the hopes of lighting the Inuksuk mascot on fire. We know that Oriana’s failed bid to present her work as part of the opening ceremonies is what actually inspired her to form the group.

I’d been anticipating another conversation with Oriana for weeks. Every time we passed each other, I could sense her apprehension. I’d been leaving my digital recorder (provided by Dr. Pangloss) turned on to be prepared for a significant encounter with her. This morning I could tell she wanted to say something. Oriana sat down on the seat next to mine with a bottle of red wine. I decided to ask about her previous work.

“My ex-husband and I owned a book store in Ottawa. After we started going out of business in the summer, I decided to stage a book burning outside our store one day. I thought it might save our lives. He and a bunch of his friends dressed up as storm troopers, sort of like a re-enactment of *Fahrenheit 451*.”

“What did you hope to accomplish through all of that?”

“Lucas,” she said, “look at our lives, things have changed. My grandmother spent two years in a concentration camp. Her brother published an underground newspaper. All I could do was complain about no one coming to stop our demonstration, our pathetic protest.”

“Sorry, I just wanted to know your intentions.”

“At times it felt like just having the store open was performance art. That could have been fun for awhile but we were going further into bankruptcy each day. Still

though, we continued opening up shop, waiting for no one to walk inside those doors.

The store was so cramped, he really needed the space. At least we enjoyed that week of mischief before selling the place to an insurance firm.”

“I see what you mean. Everyone knows the story but maybe if they see the tragedy playing out in real time it becomes visceral, something to be acted upon.”

“Lucas, do you ever get the sense that this is going to end in disaster? Sometimes I think that’s the only way but maybe we’ll just go back to get another degree or work for the government.”

“If we want to invoke tragedy I’m sure we can muster the right atmosphere,” I said.

“You’ve never struck me as being this fatalistic or dramatic. I’ve been far too concerned with my own visions this summer. Tell me something else.”

“Well, I once attended a play with my ex-girlfriend and her friends. They had presented their one-act production called *Our Final Breath* about an amateur scuba diver. Apparently a rival troupe created a response to this play and decided to try it out on the audience. Nicole didn’t catch on. Not even after they announced that their revised title was *Revenge of the Ventilator*. I told her, ‘What they did is write an irony,’ when what I meant to say was travesty.”

“Maybe you were right,” said Oriana. “You’ve spent too much of your life building up sets or taking them down.”

“My mother used to rehearse scenes with me. I spent my summers with her after my parents divorced. She was always jealous of my aunt, her sister.”

“Why’s that?”

“Because my aunt won a couple awards for a screenplay she wrote. They even let me visit the set one day at the Royal Ontario Museum. We watched it on TV about a year later. My dad said he’d filmed better home videos. A couple weeks later he moved out. I know it wasn’t because of that but I’ve always wondered...”

“Do you know what’s wrong with museums and art galleries, Lucas? They’re terrible places—all that dead work hanging on display. That’s the place where good ideas go to die.”

“What do you think is a better idea?”

“It always has to be in the open for everyone to see, even if, no especially if they don’t want to. Art is everywhere, it’s for the public.”

“But museums or art galleries are public places”.

“They’re jails of the mind, Lucas. I’ll prove that to you later. Just agree with me for now that they need to be abolished.”

“Alright, I’ll be your advocate. After the destruction of these institutions, what do we build upon their ruins?”

“We may do nothing at all; maybe they’ll be preserved as our only remaining monuments, celebrations of their own demise.”

“It all begins to sound like a delusional fantasy, destroying what can’t be destroyed only to leave a lasting legacy that you don’t want anyone to remember.”

“Absurdity is a government mandated program that maintains a dying system—can you write me a poem about that, Lucas?”

Although she never went into specifics on actually destroying or vandalizing one of these buildings, Oriana’s personal hatred towards the institutionalization of art forces

me to speculate that she might be more of a threat than the other members. She has the creativity to drive the entire organization into another level and steer the helm as it were. Her activities are rarely idle artistic exercises and she places her focus entirely on public spectacle—taking art outside of the boundaries. Although Oriana hasn't produced anything noteworthy in a while, she's become something of a cult figure in the performance art world, in Canada at least. Adelaide has referred to the last year of her life as a masterpiece titled: *The Slump*. I think she might be testing me, trying to see if I'm capable of creating true art. We may collaborate on a project before the summer is over. Out in the fields I can taste the ionized electricity of the air.

Apollo's Army has begun focussing their entire efforts on a "Live Blues Opera": *The Legend of Cody Calmwaters*. It's being billed as an unprecedented film, an invented genre that films the resurgence of Cody Calmwaters' career using unconventional settings as elaborate stages. They've been searching for the perfect venue for weeks, full of unwilling participants and expansive acoustics. Apparently Cody's been refusing to tour or do interviews for over ten years. Now he's working on what he says will be his final album. Cody's sliding identity between a fictional character, real person, and his on-stage persona. There are moments when Cody is so into his character that I can't tell if he's even acting anymore.

To make matters more disorientating there are two film crews, one filming Cody and the other documenting this process. Apollo's Army either hired or convinced a production company, *Janus Enterprises*, to make this film happen. Two trucks, each pulling a silver trailer full of equipment, met us near a wheat field yesterday afternoon. I found the sight of someone holding a boom stand over another boom stand to be quite



absurd but none of them pretend to be actors, it's impossible to distinguish anything. Since they won't give me any answers, I've been trying to conduct an interview with Cody to at least draw out some explanations.

I've been reading some of his later song lyrics and some of them are quite provocative. He's always in some form of cinematic pose; as if his true talent lies in knowing that the cameras are on him but never revealing for a second that he's being filmed.

According to the press release, Cody is a descendent of Louis Riel. Although Cody isn't Métis, the group doesn't seem bothered with this "minor inconsistency." I've been instructed that it doesn't really matter because he looks Indian enough for 'the idiots in Ottawa' because no one outside the prairies even knows what the word means anymore. So far Calmwaters hasn't spent much time mingling with anyone; he prefers to practice his set by himself. It's interesting to watch Cody during the filming process. He seems so disinterested in the cameras; he mostly spends his time smoking cigarettes and watching the horizon for something only he can see. When we travel, he rides a motorcycle ahead of the main cavalcade, a guitar case strapped to his back.

I spent a lot of time trying to untangle the historical facts from the fictional identity these artists have created. Cody's real name is Xavier Anderson, a man born in Deer Lake, a reserve in Northern Ontario. There were many road blockades and clashes with police in this reserve during the 1980s. His father, a principal member of the resistance was labelled as the main instigator of the violence which culminated in a gunfight responsible for the deaths of three RCMP officers, two members of the OPP, and a dozen local residents. Xavier was forced to enrol in the residential school system at

the age of eight. He escaped two years later and hitch hiked to Thunder Bay where he stole his first guitar from a pawnshop. He found lyrics stuffed inside the guitar. At this point he adopted the name Cody Calmwaters and has been writing music to these words for decades and his final album will finally contain many of these.

Although undocumented elsewhere, Cody then travelled the country from coast to coast, took a kayak up north, in search of his father, a white man named Ken who fabricated a story about living with the Inuit. After failing to find this man (because he'd actually died in a motel in Quebec City), Cody moved back to his home to care for his dying mother. In her remaining years she reunited him with their culture. He lived in complete isolation for a few months, relentlessly learning to play the blues until eventually rivalling the likes of Buddy Guy and Albert King. A string of musicians, wives, and groupies loved him for a time, then left. He'd been reported dead, in the same room his father slept in, but then returned with a group of songs delivered to him by some unknown force. I've since learned that it is at this point in time where the movie begins. In order to verify this information I attempted to interview Cody by hanging around the set. When I inquired about seeing a copy of the screenplay, the crew laughed at me.

Later that day, one of the grips handed me an envelope with the words *Act One – Scene One* printed in the corner. Inside, I found the following excerpt:

FADE IN:

EXT. ON THE SET OF *THE LEGEND OF THE SUNSET KID* DAY

*CODY CALMWATERS is leaning against a grain elevator, strumming his guitar while a sound tech struggles to find the perfect placement for a boom stand. One camera pans the landscape until finally focusing on Cody. The DIRECTOR is watching a GRIP place a crate of lenses on the ground before moving out of the frame. LUCAS YOUNG moves through the fourth wall, climbing through an open window.*

LUCAS

So I want to get this straight. You're filming a movie about Cody Calmwaters, and that other crew is doing a documentary film on you filming Calmwaters?

GRIP

Even though we're not allowed to divulge trade secrets, yes, that's exactly what we're doing. But there's so much more to this project. Take your cameo appearance in this scene for example.

LUCAS

Wait, the cameras are already rolling?

GRIP

They're always on.

LUCAS

Where's Cody, I thought this film was about him?

GRIP

Here he comes now.

LUCAS

Hey, can I take a photograph?

*Cody walks over to Lucas and hands him a guitar. A sound tech lowers his boom stand and hits Lucas in the ear.*

CODY

This movie's about me, but we still need a villain.

DIRECTOR

Cue the guitar duel scene! Let's get a close up of Cody's fingers!

LUCAS

*(looking into the camera)*

I don't want to disappoint you... I can't play this thing.

CODY

*(singing and strumming his guitar)*

If I'd known the price I'd pay  
I'd never hit that sad highway...

END. ACT 1, SCENE 1.

λ

Surveillance Report 29376BZ

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): TransCanada Highway, 13 km west of the Saskatchewan / Manitoba border.*

*Date / Time: 19 June 2010. 9:27AM.*

A dedicated group of stagehands wield their cordless drills, securing the last panels of a makeshift barricade (forged from 100% Canadian lumber) to paralyze the immortal highway. On both sides, facing east and west, six-foot red letters on white paper promulgate their grievance: *This New Tax is an Injustice!* Infiltrators from Apollo's Army assist the labourers by bracing themselves against the plywood boards, ensuring their role in the protest before the organizers can react. This infection of free agents indulges their perverse desire to perform through a show of solidarity. *This new tax affects us too, we're starving artists!*

The soldiers' horses are tied and waiting to take flight at a temporary camp a few kilometres to the east. Although a small contingent of the Army remains behind to guard the fortress, most of the forces are gathered at a TransCanada Highway roadblock near the border between Saskatchewan and Manitoba, waiting for the future to begin. I imagine that to be there, at that beautiful moment when the past is destroyed, is to fulfil Louis Riel's promise to awaken the people from the eroding current of culture. These protestors, however, are quite lively for dreamers.

Adelaide stands in front of a camera, interviewing the main organizer, a colossal man wearing a denim jacket with frayed cuffs. “This is a serious violation of our rights. Did they really expect to impose this arbitrary tax and have no one say a word?”

“We’d like to help if we can,” says Adelaide.

“Alright,” he motions towards the rabble in the distance, “maybe you could start by telling me why I’m looking at a bunch of reporters dressed like fur traders?”

Men and women, wearing beaver pelts and wool serge coats, are setting up tripods, trailing microphone cords across the asphalt. Vendor booths flank the barricades. Zane is hocking bison jerky and irony deficiency pills. Some of the protestors are devising ways to use these bizarre recruitments; the others are more concerned about an inevitable confrontation with the public.

The first vehicle, a white minivan, creeps up to the western blockade. A middle aged woman leaves her husband and three young children behind as she approaches the scene on foot. Two women, each sporting a thick black moustache and a musket slung over the shoulder, introduce themselves. When confronted with silence, they change tactics.

“Que faites-vous ici?” asks Mirielle.

This is immediately followed by Madeleine’s translation, “Bonjour madam, how many tickets do you need?”

“I’ve already got mine. We’re heading to Wonderland for our vacation.”

“Dites ce porc de fermer vers le haut,” mutters Mirielle, as she violently plunges her ram-rod into the chamber.

“What the hell is this? What is she saying?”

“She’s introducing you to the revolution,” says Madeleine. “Get your husband and kids, we’ll be starting soon.”

The woman returns to her idling vehicle. She immediately places a call, presumably to inform the authorities of this inconvenience. I follow the twins back into the roadblock. Adelaide is still embracing his role as ambassador and temporary captain. He confronts the leader of the protest with a plea from reason and rationality. “You must have heard of Cody Calmwaters right?”

“Someone sent us a fax yesterday. I read a little about him this morning.”

“Right, so you know he’s been working on some new material. Protest songs. We’ve brought our own backing band, ‘The Diefenbakers.’ You may have known them under their original name, ‘The Automatics,’ but they’ve changed it just for this occasion. They’ve also brought enough sound equipment to rock the Air Canada Centre. You get Cody up there singing his songs and he’ll make things happen. Once his guitar solo kicks in no one will be able to shut this thing down—it’ll be unstoppable.” Adelaide gestures towards his troops. “Everything is going to be recorded so we can share your story with the nation. Those people over there are just actors to make things a little more dramatic.”

The man is no longer listening. “You send Cody over to talk with me, alright?”

Farmers from the late 19<sup>th</sup> century are bartering with suits and sharp jackets, an unofficial proxy for the *Saskatoon Evening News*. A trade for exclusive rights on certain historical events and future adaptations is underway. They operate their equipment, and wait for the scene to begin. Minutes later, a group of armed women move through the crowd with shotguns swaying on hips. Thick black braids dangle over their brown shoulders. Their men trail behind carrying a PA system, a large amplifier, and a drum kit.

One man, nearly seven feet tall with a single flowing braid, hauls a generator on his shoulders. Cody Calmwaters leads them. They all follow the dance of his trench coat blowing in the wind, their conviction matching his iron grip on the guitar case.

‘The Diefenbakers,’ playing on a makeshift stage of pallets, begin a twelve-bar progression. About a dozen spectators leave their vehicles to form the first row of the crowd. In return for this curiosity, they are blessed with Cody’s slide guitar singing its melancholic, glistening melody over the haunting voice of the prairie wind. During the first song, Adelaide moves through the crowd as an instigator; his message fluxes from dialogue back to description, then to prescriptive information meant for easy consumption by the insane. He delivers a voiceover, read from a script written upon the faces of the impatient motorists: “*Cody Calmwaters is the original man of two solitudes, European and Aboriginal. These forces are raging inside one person, one soul without a cage. You may not relate to his struggle, but you sure as hell don’t want to celebrate Canada’s birthday by paying more taxes!*”

Cody steps into his ‘E’ minor chord, letting the fractured, distorted tones dissolve and overtake the voice on the megaphone. His phrasing raids a pop-culture storehouse of rolling credits, dying heroes, setting suns, and the pursuit of a happiness manufactured by directors on cardboard sets. He silences the entire crowd, everyone for a moment becomes spectators in a theatre production, directed actors in a work of unfinished creativity. ‘The Diefenbakers’ set-up Cody’s first solo with an orchestrated turnaround.

The soldiers attempt to synchronize their motions with Cody’s tremolo and vibrato. Oriana dances between cars with a grotesque grace, distributing small cardboard cut outs, bearing *The Performance Art Act*, to the waiting motorists. Most of them surely

read this recent piece of legislation without realizing its true function: either rationalizing violence or explaining civic disruption, depending on the audience. Madeleine and Mirielle isolate pockets of hecklers, employing their one-act routines as salves. Zane pushes a mobile merchandise booth throughout the growing throng, hocking all the latest Cody Calmwaters merchandise at a fair price—but he’s also willing to barter for their integrity.

Cody momentarily abandons centre-stage to discuss something with the organizer. This intermission forces The Diefenbakers to improvise. Their instrumental surf version of “Revolution” by *The Beatles* subtly fades into Lou Reed’s “A Walk on the Wild Side.” Oriana takes the mic and holds Adelaide’s megaphone towards the sky. The band is reduced to a subdued bass line, a ticking hi-hat. She holds the sacred parchment with an outstretched hand, and reads these words:

“Performance Art Act, 2010

WHEREAS *Canada is a nation comprised of over thirty-four million performance artists, each one recognizing the supremacy of spectacle and the rule of irony:*

Guarantee of Copyrights and Freedoms

*Copyrights and Freedoms in Canada*

1. *The Performance Art Act guarantees* the copyrights and freedoms set out in it subject only to such reasonable limits prescribed by law as can be demonstrably justified in a paradoxically hedonistic and autocratic society.

Fundamental Freedoms

2. Every performance artist has the following fundamental freedoms:
  - a) freedom from conscience and politically correct interpretations of religion;
  - b) freedom of irrational thought, belief, opinion and expression, including freedom to be ignored by the press and other media of communication;
  - c) Freedom to disrupt peaceful assemblies; and
  - d) Freedom of disassociation.



## Democratic Copyrights

- 3. The Performance Art Act guarantees that every action of each citizen is recognized as an artistic gesture. A Canadian's first performance (birth or citizenship exam) immediately becomes property of the performance artist and is henceforth catalogued in the National Archives."*

'The Diefenbakers,' sensing an insurrection from the crowd, kick into Stevie Ray Vaughn's "Taxman." The police sirens, streaming in from either side of the roadblock, challenge Cody to a duel for aural space, domination of the treble frequencies. The distressed telegram doesn't take too long to get around. The major artery of the country needs to flow. The poison must be purged. Police officers proceed on foot through a throng of irritated motorists. A chorus of horns celebrate their arrival. They surround the stage, hands on their pistols, but can move no further than a circle of protestors. Some of the citizens have momentarily abandoned their vehicles and allegiance to anything but watching a spectacle. Even some of the officers are nodding their heads to the music, as if for a few minutes everyone is enjoying a beer in some dimly lit blues bar, instead of anticipating the firing of plastic bullets or spread of teargas in a limitless field removed from the confines of their civilization. All the proof they need is thriving on the stage, strumming insanity in incomprehensible cycles.

"We need you to shut this roadblock down immediately. You are violating Canadian law. Your actions could be construed as terrorist actions if you do not desist from your position."

"Go back to Ottawa and take your taxes with you!"

A police officer reads out a proclamation mournfully in a practiced rhythm, as if lamenting his responsibility: "His Majesty the Prime Minister charges and commands all persons being assembled immediately to disperse and peaceably to depart to their

habitations or their lawful business, on pain of being guilty of an offense for which, on conviction, they may be sentenced to an imprisonment for life. God Save the Prime Minister!”

All the while, the entire performance is being recorded. The revolution is more than televised. Cody tunes up his guitar, the siren call for the movement as the official propaganda would have us believe. He responds to the riot act with a slow blues jam. Seductive movement, hypnotic vibrato, confirm that his phenomenal skills are not part of the persona—they are truth. He plays and doesn't abandon the music even when the RCMP officers approach the stage. Yes, for those minutes everyone acknowledges that they needed someone to put both fear and love into. One of those hybrid martyrs that appeals to both sides of the empire, the ruling class and their servants. The spectators know that at some point they'll decide to pull him down, stop the show. Until that happens everyone, even those impatient to continue their travels, silently sing a song for the northern woods to reclaim this man before his corpse is taken by the prairie shores, to be washed upon the rocks endlessly, here, not there.

And all this time a cavalcade of recording devices, with their respective owners slavishly following along, has been storming toward the scene. These professional voyeurs suspend it all, and then simulate the disaster for other eyes. At first their presence is meaningless but after a sustained gaze, the capture of the collectors, the arrangement of the masses in a codified sequence, a perfect dream of measured panic is manifested. They build a frame around the faltering chaos, attempt to preserve the present. *This isn't finished yet.*

Oriana explains to group of younger police officers that this entire proceeding is only a movie, nothing more. A forged legal document, created with the help of Simone, explains that everything is merely a fabrication, not a prelude to rebellion. This allows her comrades a chance to retreat into the crowd and dismantle the set. The moment of tyranny is imminent.

Then, the police push forward, with shields pressed together as an ancient phalanx unit paralyzing the barbarian hordes once again. Cody sustains a bent note through interminable waves of feedback and distortion. The protective circle is methodically taken apart, revealing the inciter. Calmwaters drops his guitar onto the pavement. The neck snaps upon impact, leaving the decapitated headstock bleeding strings. Improvising upon the script, the officers strike down the hero. This collective act of revision forces the others to humbly accept their obedience to force.

I reach forward to collect a piece of the guitar, a fragment of the headstock, a piece of the body, a sliver of the neck, anything at all to preserve the legend. The voices are telling me to move backwards, slowly. I acknowledge these orders, and fade into the receding crowd. The set is dismantled, even though our director didn't call the end of the scene. A police officer takes the live mic to perform her routine, telling everyone to either disperse or submit to arrest. Cody and the protestors are handcuffed and led through the crowd to an idling van.

This forced surrender kills the rebellion.

Surveillance Report 17428XH

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Portage la Prairie, MB.*

*Date / Time: 20 June 2010. 11:25AM.*

My recent surveillance on the road block near Bird's Hill First Nation details Apollo's Army's involvement in yet another public spectacle. This intervention, like all the others, started without warning. Cody Calmwaters may eventually become an inspiration to other activists—something that immensely pleases Apollo's Army. Perhaps he completely embraced his fictional heritage with Louis Riel, so much that he was willing to become the scapegoat of an entire activist group. Lucas' behaviour, especially towards the end, suggests he may sympathize with Cody Calmwaters. A comparison of our reports will reveal what actually happened on that day.

Simone suggested that she might represent Cody and defend his actions by claiming he actually thought he was starring in an upcoming film, not participating in the riots. This way, Cody's actions cannot be seen as an act of treason or terrorism; they can only be seen as a man expressing his artistic vision for his people. I certainly don't want to vouch for this man but I genuinely feel he was being misled by this group. Cody definitely believed he was on the right path.

The Army's guerrilla marketing team sent out a fake press kit that apparently sold the protestors on including him in their demonstration. The First Nations protestors were genuinely confused and completely bought the story of Apollo's Army shooting a

documentary film. From what I can gather though, Apollo's Army had no intention of getting Cody arrested or participating in an illegal action. Playing the part of traditional protestors is far too predictable or conventional for them. Therefore, many questions remained unanswered: did Cody Calmwaters actually believe he was participating in a film? (This last point is not as unbelievable as it seems). Were the authorities too rash in their decision to disperse the protestors with force? What did Apollo's Army hope to achieve through disrupting the work of other activists?

I've overheard much talk of planning subversive activities for the Canada Day celebrations in the past few weeks. Oriana, a known lover of public spectacles, seems especially preoccupied by this opportunity. I need to monitor Lucas' involvement to gauge how the group interprets his role as a prospective member. Lucas may feel as though this is where he can be of the most use to the organization but I fear they may exploit his naiveté—especially since recent intelligence reports from other field officers has identified subversive activists with connections to Apollo's Army. Their goals are unclear; however, I'm not entirely sure what they are going to do in the nation's capital.

At this time it may be advisable to raise the threat level assigned to Apollo's Army. I've been hesitant to make this call earlier because I wanted to be sure. But now it's unmistakable, they are planning to disrupt the Canada Day celebration at the Parliament Buildings, but in a way that no one can predict. The reason for my uncertainty is our lack of meeting in these quiet hours, no one is sure what is going to happen as Oriana has secluded herself more and more these days. Although they arranged several interviews with local campus radio stations and newspapers across the country, Oriana

(under Simone's guidance no doubt) has enforced a media blackout, including the staged interview with the CBC.

λ

Surveillance Report 29379BZ

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Winnipeg, MB (The Forks Market).*

*Date / Time: 21 June 2010. 1:52PM.*

Apollo's Army streamed across the last stretch of prairie; they rode upon the memories of a frantic escape from the roadblock. We plunged into "The Heart of a Continent" like an Amyl Nitrate injection designed to treat a cardiac arrest induced by cultural isolation.

On our drive into Winnipeg this morning we passed the gleaming, slanted windows of the Royal Canadian Mint. Adelaide immediately claimed this "crystal fortress of capitalism" as one of his future bastilles—once the revolution is complete of course. Shortly afterwards, a gas station attendant told us that Winnipeg is the reigning Cultural Capital of Canada. This welcoming gesture, complete with official propaganda and discount vouchers for galas, inspired the group to draw up plans to reinstate the city's former status as a national leader in both homicide and auto theft. Apollo's Army did not receive a formal welcome into this celebration. "Arts for All" indeed; we'll push that slogan to its logical limits.

Our fleet pulled into the Forks to complete the transfiguration of this location (from a traditional trading spot between aboriginal peoples and then later a hub for railroad economy) into its final incarnation as a site of manufactured culture populated by indifferent consumers. A crowded parking lot forced us to the edge of a gravel field full of trucks, work trailers, and power generators. We stood as a unified group, looking over the construction site of the Canadian Museum for Human Rights. A crane swung over our bodies, casting shadows like a magnificent sundial. Helen referred to the computer generated image of the proposed architecture as a wretched post-modern igloo that should only be allowed to haunt the dreams of war criminals. She wanted to start something right there by interfering with some of the labours, but no one took her rant seriously—with the exception of me.

In any case, we decided to spend the afternoon attracting unnecessary attention to our group through an “active exhibition” featuring the first appearance of our collective alter egos: *The Opulent Panhandlers*. This idea formed over a few weeks through a combination of several ideas. I contributed some minor details during a brainstorming session with Oriana. She finally understands my presence in the group. I know that my most recent creations matter. Once these latest poems are deemed acceptable or validated, I’m going to submit them to my superiors and proceed with this latest development of my aesthetics.

In preparation for the event, we identified one person in the crowd to be designated as “the performer.” Our chosen subject for the inaugural show: a young man, most likely a banker on his lunch break, sat alone at a patio table punching numbers into a tablet in between bites of coconut shrimp or sips of imported lager. To frame this man

in the proper context, we employed a precise method: Oriana erected a pole with an artist statement fixed to the top, Adelaide handed out pamphlets and invited spectators to enter the “gallery,” Madeleine and Mireille held a glass panel in front of the man’s table, and I posed as the first curious spectator fascinated with our display.

“Does the artist say anything or does he just make those horrible slopping sounds?” I asked, rummaging through my pockets for loose change. At this point, Adelaide convinced about a half dozen people to stand with me. We set up an empty briefcase and placed a few loonies, a couple five dollar bills, and even a credit card to give the illusion of his importance. This unfortunate soul collected money from the tourists, never realizing his actions were interpreted as art—by implication, even his childhood fell under our critical gaze. Adelaide composed a seemingly spontaneous monologue once enough spectators were gathered:

*The artist has abandoned all morality and empathy for others through a total immersion in this character. Taking his aesthetic obligations to unprecedented levels, this man spent four years attaining an MBA. Now he performs the gesture of his hollow existence for the public. So that we may learn from his mistakes or gain insight into the terrible beast named capitalism. An empty table signifies his ineptitude with women, which is unrivalled even by his pathetic attempt to appear wealthy in spite of his accumulating debt. In a few minutes, he’ll drive back to work in a used Ford Taurus thinking about the raise he’ll never have the courage to ask for.*

The man continued to eat his meal as if we weren’t there. He stared at me during Adelaide’s monologue with a combination of resignation and dread. After the security guards politely escorted us back to our fleet, we held a brief meeting in the bus. Oriana



acknowledged that while our technique of isolating unsuspecting people is cruel in a superficial way, its psychological depth will become apparent once the procedure is finished—that is, once we find a way to exploit our footage. She flipped through a brightly coloured, glossy pamphlet informing the nation of a pre-eminent artist being showcased at the Winnipeg Art Gallery. We stormed through a brief stretch of modest apartment buildings en route to the downtown core, devising a way of disrupting the work of Lisa Udall, a woman dubbed the ‘Group of Zero’ by her critics. She would’ve likely been setting up her exhibit, arranging a room full of photographs and canvases, while we planned ways to bring it down.

According to her initial artist statement, Udall spent an entire year living in the remote northern reaches of Canada, spending most of her months on Devon Island. This locale, chosen by the artist for its resemblance to the desolate surface of Mars, is a land more foreboding than any painting done by David Milne. After her paintings received some mild criticism, her gallerist distributed a purposively contrived accusation (in the guise of a rival artist) to several newspapers which claimed that Lisa never left Toronto. After being interviewed several times, the true story emerged: in her place, a tiny robot on skis (built by a Danish computer-engineering firm) took hundreds of photographs every hour with a digital camera, and then emailed her its preferred panoramic shots. She in turn painted the canvases from the comfort of her living room. A group of Inuit kayakers found the device and brought it with them on a seal hunt. This journey is immortalized in a series of photographs more remarkable than anything painted by Udall. The technique, identified as remote composition in her artist statement, was highly controversial but attracted the right media attention. The National Gallery of Canada’s

recent commission of the robot itself (for a hundred thousand dollars) exalted IS-B4U as the hero for the democratization of art—even for the ones that haven't achieved consciousness. This entire debacle is seen as a hoax by some pundits.

In order to contemplate a response to this artist and situate ourselves in Winnipeg, Oriana urged us to understand the geography of this city on our terms—without the help of maps or tour guides. We decided to have a few drinks on a roof top pub, to survey the city. Debating the two extreme positions (with no middle ground) of whether Udall deserves to be an object of attack or a potential member of the group revealed the growing fractures found among the continually devolving mandate of Apollo's Army as the summer drags on.

After a round of unproductive bickering, Oriana posed a question to the group: “So, are you all saying this woman is relevant because she lied about suffering from a few bad colds in some god damned Canadian wasteland?” She spoke these words directly to Adelaide even though he hadn't contributed anything to the discussion.

“Why do pitchers of beers cost so much in this city?” he asked me. I shrugged and waited for Oriana's reaction. She seemed to be deciding between a fork and knife as her weapon of choice to jam into Adelaide's throat.

“Have you heard how much money she pulled in from that stunt?” said Zane. “Her little robot has more relevance than all of us combined. Let's steal some of that thunder.”

He made a fine point, but even I could sense the routine getting a little stale at this point. “From what I saw, her paintings or the photographs don't look like anything

special,” I ventured. “But these provincial art galleries will put anything up with a conceptual framework like hers. She’s no Damien Hirst, that’s for sure.”

“Sounds like somebody’s finally doing their homework,” said Helen.

“Alright, just for the sake of argument. Let’s assume this Udall’s work is worth fighting for instead of planning something else more important,” I said. “What are we going to do in one day to make her even contemplate joining us?”

“I doubt she’d be willing to ride with a bunch of convicts.” Adelaide pulled out his wallet, removed the last twenty dollar bill and flagged down our waiter. “I’m shocked that she left the great metropolis at all.”

“Let’s just fuck with her and see what happens,” said Zane.

“That’s all we ever do. Just try and mess up someone’s show. The last time we crashed The Avenue in Victoria it felt like a rehearsal—we’re getting predictable.” Helen apparently shares my trepidation over the knee-jerk reaction of sabotaging an art gallery exhibition. Our understanding of the situation clearly demonstrates a shared astuteness.

“I can’t believe we’re still having these same conversations,” said Oriana. “We went over all this at the AGM. You all know what needs to be done: maintain *our* presence. This is about us getting attention, not intensifying the spotlight over someone else.”

“Any ideas from our resident reactionaries?” asked Adelaide.

Mireille shrugged. “We’ll need to get our hands on some of her work, replace it with a forgery, something like that.”

“There comes a point when you start repeating yourself as an artist—we’ve reached that point.” Oriana shook her head, filled her glass, and rose from her seat. She

leaned over the railing with a dramatic gesture, apparently intended to shock us. Even though she only dipped forward about a foot, I'm certain that at that exact moment at least a few of us were disappointed that she didn't end up plummeting down those twenty stories.

We all watched silently as Oriana leaned back on her heels and stared up at the emerging constellations. She finished her drink before walking back to the table.

"We're going to attend Udall's presentation at The University of Manitoba tomorrow. I'm through with exhibitions and art galleries."

No one questioned these orders. We simply ordered another round of drinks. Udall is participating in a symposium on the convergence of artists, activism, and the government: *Mandating Dissent, Creative Citizens, and the Promise of an Uncomplicated Future*. The inevitable presence of media to capture Udall's rising star presents us with yet another opportunity to mutate the genetics of public discourse.

π

*Surveillance Report 17430XH*

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Winnipeg, MB. University of Manitoba - Student Centre.*

*Date / Time: 22 June 2010. 4:17PM.*

I'm trailing behind, watching Lucas navigate through a labyrinth of tables promoting the university's departments and various government agencies. The main

foyer of the student centre is temporarily full of well dressed students accompanied by their parents; several young activists, wearing black bandannas around their necks, are crowding around the pub. Lucas should be heading upstairs to hear a presentation but is distracted by a CSIS recruiting station on his way to make contact with Adelaide.

“Are you interested in becoming part of a fine Canadian institution?” asks a spokesperson. She’s standing beside a cardboard cut-out of her fellow employees.

Lucas picks up a few pamphlets, and turns to the young woman. “Well, I must say that this CSIS logo is a shining beacon of truth among all this corporate shill and academic marketing ploys.” He steps a bit closer to her. “What can you do for me?”

“We have many exciting career possibilities for ambitious and talented people such as you. Would you be interested in securing the safety of your nation against internal threats?”

“You might be surprised to hear this, but I actually led a student movement against protestors. We held our own rally and intimidated the hippie students who were against the Afghanistan war.” He picks up another pamphlet.

“Well, I don’t know about that. But we are helping to keep this country free from terrorism each and every day through several divergent initiatives.”

“So I could become a spy? I’ve actually been conducting my own surveillance. You should see some of my neighbours. I see more and more turbans each year. I mean, just look around this campus.” Lucas points towards a group of white frat boys gathered around a table in the far corner. “It’s getting scary isn’t it?”

“What’s your major?” she asks.

“I started out in business. Now I’m taking Guerrilla Ontology.”

“I’ve never heard of it. Is that philosophy? We’ve got room for philosophers too. Our organization is making connections with all kinds of university students.”

“You’re close but further away than you’ll ever know. You know, I should be the one handing out pamphlets here.” Lucas hands her a small rectangular card, presumably the *Performance Art Act*. “We’ll be setting up our show in about an hour. Come check us out.”

Lucas takes the elevator to the second floor. I jog up the staircase and find Lucas shaking hands with Adelaide. They walk into a men’s washroom. Adelaide is carrying a large duffel bag containing their costumes. In a few minutes they emerge in character. Lucas, donning a white hood to appear like Igor Gouzenko (the infamous Russian spy that surrendered his intelligence to the RCMP in 1945) is shackled to Adelaide, who’s wearing a Joseph Stalin mask. They move past the indifferent doorman and find seats in the back row. I mix in with the other photographers and wait for the moderator’s introduction:

“I’m hoping today’s discussion can be both passionate and measured. We’ll begin with a debate between Lisa Udall, a prominent Canadian artist and Miles Stallman, an outspoken Conservative pundit. As I’m sure most of you are aware, Udall’s work is receiving equal amounts of praise and scorn in the press. Miles Stallman, since you’ve been quite vocal with your refrain that Canada isn’t producing meaningful art, I’m wondering if you could get things started with your thoughts.”

“Thank you. Before I dismantle Udall’s ‘art,’ I need to address a more virulent problem. Unfortunately, it seems that our nation has become enthralled by an irresponsible group of circus freaks. We should simply turn away from such decadent

acts of narcissism, but instead our depraved presses have glorified these actions.

Actually, I must admit to be slightly impressed with their ability to attract attention from the public when otherwise they'd be in complete awe of the Stanley Cup Playoffs.”

“You’re speaking about *Apollo’s Army*, the activist organization that’s claiming responsibility for these recent civic disruptions?” asks the moderator.

“Of course,” says Miles. “Many people thought I’d be the first to cast my lot with a group protesting a multi-cultural festival but such is not the case. One thing I’m not in favour of is this self-indulgence that feeds upon its own inflated sense of importance.”

“Lisa, do you have a response to all of this?”

“Let me remind our audience that Miles requested an exclusive interview with *Apollo’s Army* after the Multicultural Parade in Calgary. They kindly rebuked his offer with a scathing response, published on their website, which in turn suggested Miles is having an affair with his editor’s wife.”

“Do you believe everything you read or does a machine do that for you to?” says Miles.

“I have other sources to corroborate that story. And you must admit that it’s interesting you only decided to go ahead with your damaging exposé of *Apollo’s Army* after they responded to your proposition. Your article, “Welfare State of the Arts” accuses them of being, and I quote, ‘typical misguided liberal, art-school pawns that represent the overabundance of freedom and resources wasted upon useless members of society.’ Why are you against art?”

“I’m not against *all* art, you’re simplifying the debate.”

The moderator cuts in before Udall can respond. “Miles, are you validating the claims that Apollo’s Army is in fact backed by numerous government grants?”

“Yes, I can’t prove it definitively, but the founding of our Ministry of Culture is already outdoing even my expectations on this one—almost as much as buying robots with tax payer dollars. How am I supposed to argue with someone who perpetrated a national art hoax?”

“Miles, you’re just disgruntled because your sequel to *The Fountainhead* didn’t get picked up by any publishers.”

“We should take some questions from the audience,” interrupts the moderator. Lucas and Adelaide approach one of the available microphones in the aisles. I move closer to them, while still remaining behind their gaze.

“Thank you both for the lively discussion today,” says Adelaide. “We’re both artists of the state receiving funding from the Phoenix Foundation.”

Lucas steps forward, breathing heavily through the hood. “We are nothing more than humble servants of the empire.”

“Do you have a question?” asks the moderator.

“Apollo’s Army, that’s what they’re calling it now, right,” says Adelaide. “Ms. Udall, don’t you think that an allusion to Greek mythology is a little played out at this point?”

Udall laughs before responding. “I don’t really care what they call themselves.”

“Are you aware, according to our latest polls, that only three percent of the population recognizes even the most obvious references to myths, Greek or otherwise?”



“Sounds about right,” says Udall. “You must keep in mind that these people love to deconstruct things. It’s what they live for.” She adjusts her glasses, and then exhales.

“Deconstruction is a beautiful thing,” says Lucas. “We also live to destroy life.”

Anticipating some form of censorship from the moderator, I step away from Lucas and Adelaide, finding an empty seat.

“Why are you hiding behind props and costumes?” asks Miles.

“This isn’t a gimmick; it’s an aesthetic principle,” Adelaide answers. They start to leave on their own accord, stopping to distribute pamphlets to any members of the media who will acknowledge their presence. Lucas’ relationship with Adelaide, though initially quite beneficial in terms of gaining access to Apollo’s Army, is becoming problematic.

λ

*Surveillance Report 29381BZ*

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Kenora, ON.*

*Date / Time: 23 June 2010. 11:13AM.*

This idyllic tourist town, on the shores of beautiful Lake of the Woods, provided us protection from media inquiry and cultural relevance. During the drive from Winnipeg we transformed the interior of the bus into a “Canadian Museum of the Future!” This temporary exhibit was parked outside the Greyhound terminal in Kenora. This one-day-only exhibition took place in the early evening when we knew there would be several

travellers waiting for their bus. These are what Adelaide calls the “dead hours.” Listless passengers make the best subjects for experimentation because their inhibitions are weakened from more than boredom; their lives have literally stopped and they are seeking movement, a destination in their hearts.

An enticing advertisement (“A Cheaper Way to Reach Your Destination”) projected onto the bus in gaudy neon lettering invited the town’s people on board to view a series of conceptual art pieces created by Kid Zulu. Among these “strange devices” is: a cybernetic moose skull that guides guests through the museum; a map of Canada in 2023 which continually evolves according to its viewer’s political dispositions; a walleye floating in formaldehyde; and several video screens affixed to the windows, each one displaying future city skylines—many of them equally fantastic as they are desolate.

After their visit, our guests were invited to record their confessionals instead of signing a guest book. Ideally, we were hoping to document fears over the coming decades and the onslaught of technology on our society. At first, only small contingents of American tourists were drawn into our exhibit. They were getting gas for their boats across the street and decided to check us out. I noticed they seemed puzzled but genuinely entertained by our Ontario Hunting/Fishing Outdoors Card of the 22<sup>nd</sup> century, featuring regulations against the trapping of performance artists with grants (an endangered species) during select months. Towards the end of the exhibition, a group of teenage boys stood outside, trying to hide their interest with indifferent posturing. We could all see that our display was clearly too much for them; they seemed to be on the verge of random destruction. As much as they’d probably deny this, they’re in desperate need of direction to create a scene in this country.

Our *piece de resistance* intrigued but ultimately intimidated our young guests. DJ Frantic Child assisted Kid Zulu by transforming our storage trailer into a ‘multi-media sensory-saturation tank’ decked out with: video screens; distorted input from the exterior world (digitally altered audio and visual effects similar to funhouse mirrors); flashing, coloured lights; and a rotating chair. In a sense, it’s meant to symbolically represent the internal circuit board of our brains. I recently learned that DJ Frantic Child is also a magician. Although he’s one of the quieter members of the group, his other stage persona ‘Rasmus the Magnanimous and Beneficent One’ showcases a degree of showmanship that is only rivalled by Adelaide. He joined Apollo’s Army early on in its inception after dropping out of the computer science program at Dalhousie University—this, upon failing to convince his professors that artificial intelligence exists on his hard drive, waiting to be fully realized.

His exhibit, the *Analog Calculating Machine or Living Light Chamber*, is a revision on two classic thought experiments: one on consciousness where an English speaking person receives Chinese letters as input, then matches this symbol up to a master list to produce the appropriate output; the other, *Maxwell’s Demon*, featuring an entity which can predict the future of any closed system. In this case, a subject enters the storage trailer, meant to represent the inner workings of a computer, and is then assaulted with input. Instead of producing a rational output, the subject is expected to respond to the messages by typing their immediate thoughts— information that is processed by one of Kid Zulu’s programs. Each participant walks away with a computer generated poem that supposedly predicts their future, based upon their current state of mind.

The setup for this routine wasn't as complicated as I imagined. Rasmus wandered through the crowd performing sleight-of-hand routines before getting into his true character, revealing his innate talent for deception. Once the teenagers were baited by his antics, he instructed the road crew to illuminate his body with the projector, casting his figure in a red glow. Then he launched into his invitation:

*“Your consciousness is a blessing that cannot be explained but nevertheless should be treasured as an integral part of the machinery of a universal mind. One of you will be chosen to enter the mysterious link, the black hole generator that leads to other dimensions. This exhibit is alive, this exhibit is movement, and this exhibit is your mind. The mechanics of this cosmic gearbox are invisible to the outside viewer but a finished product emerges from behind the veil. Which one of you will enter the machine?”*

When none of our spectators volunteered, Rasmus asked if I would join in his ongoing quest to generate “organic text,” to feed his machines. I couldn't refuse this opportunity. He led me into the storage container and secured the door behind him.

“Welcome to the mind transformation sequence, my name is Rasmus,” he said. “Not to be confused with Ramus, the humanist.”

“So it's more like Erasmus the philosopher?”

“No, it's Danish. My parents emigrated here in the 70's.”

“OK, so what do I have to do first?”

“That's the easy part. You'll simply exist inside these four walls. You'll stay here until you can understand what it means to be alive. This might only take a few minutes if you're lucky. But most people aren't that fortunate.”

He locked the door; a series of incomprehensible stimulation followed (although an exhaustive list of each sensation is irrelevant to this report, the repeated sounds of a telegraph machine and a persistent SOS signal seems noteworthy). Approximately fifteen minutes later, a recorded message began playing on the surround sound speakers:

*The boy who stole the universe didn't want to come back or admit his mistake. But it was a monumental error of judgment that messed a lot of things up. For example, what were all the people expected to do once the universe was gone? They all floated around looking for things to do but their minds were missing, on the verge of somewhere else, not here. What happened next?*

The last words kept repeating in loops. *What happened next?*

The lights went out. My chair spun in a graceful circle, making two complete rotations, before stopping in front of a dimly illuminated computer terminal. That same question briefly flashed upon the screen and then vanished. I typed in my response: Everyone forgives the boy; they ask that he tells his story. The screen went blank. I sat in complete darkness for about a minute.

Then the room was dimly lit up by a single bulb, emitting a faint green tinge. Rasmus opened the door and handed me a sheet of paper. The words were printed in an unusual font, something I'll have to look up later. This cryptic message read as follows:

*You're finally hearing the voice of the director*

*He's been absent for centuries, from our stage, from our theatre*

*Your body is pulled by **the hands of tyrants***

*They are above, surging through sinews*

I've attempted to decipher or translate these words into something meaningful. There is something here that I'm not getting, a source of power even. I read the output from the machine, hoping only that my mind would eventually understand those words.

Adelaide drove me to the other side of town to "experience a necessary diversion." When he stopped the El Camino I could see men pouring out from the Royal Canadian Legion. Zane, Helen, and Lance were guiding them across the street. They each took turns showing a pair of glowing hands which corresponded with the colours of a traffic light. Zane flashed his red hands while two men were in the middle of the street. One of them shoved Zane out of the way; the other one shouted at Lance for not giving them the green light.

Adelaide provided a running commentary throughout the performance. Afterwards he put the lesson in context: "Now you understand why an intoxicated audience member may not grasp the finer points of our work. For this one reason alone, it is imperative to use blunt rhetoric to entice their indifferent minds. Then, once they've entered the space, the performance can begin."

However, in spite of this entertaining display, I couldn't help thinking that my experience in the storage trailer was a cruel and unusual punishment for a crime I didn't commit. They wanted to make me suffer. Maybe they'd put another line in a revised artists' statement: *Put the poet in the box and see what he comes up with.* Most the information I fed into the computer could be used against me; I'm almost certain he uses this exhibition for identity theft. He's a thaumaturge from the demon realms, raising the dead at every truck stop and small town in this forgotten nation.

Surveillance Report 17432XH

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Kenora, ON, Lester B. Pearson Junior High School.*

*Date / Time: 24 June 2010. 12:33PM.*

Lucas left the group in the early morning wearing one of the trapper costumes used in the roadblock. He heaved a battered canvas sack, full of audio-visual cables, over one shoulder. Lucas walked through a residential street, petting dogs and waving at the gardeners. I passed a poster advertising the RCMP Musical Ride; the performance would already have begun at this point in time. Lucas led me to a soccer field full of charging horses surrounded by about a thousand spectators. I could immediately understand how disrupting this event might be seen as the holy grail of political activists or an attention seeking artists. Lucas may have been attempting to raise his stock with Apollo's Army by challenging the RCMP; however, it's strange that no one, besides me of course, was there to witness his actions.

I took a few photographs of Lucas standing between two rows of bleachers. His extended session in the sensory saturation chamber seems to have unnerved his resolve. A row of senior citizens were the first to notice something wrong. In spite of the flurry of hooves and red uniforms, Lucas attracted their attention. One of them pointed a cane in Lucas' general direction. "My name is Albert Johnson," says Lucas. "I'm here to collect on my debts. You've been searching for me for decades, and here I am!"

"You don't look like a CFL linebacker to me."

“The Mad Trapper hates football!”

Lucas is clearly embracing the tactics of political theatre. I must admit that he’s using a relevant example in this bit of reckless subterfuge. After the performance, the riders invite curious members of the crowd to come forward and ask questions. Lucas’ dishevelled appearance draws the attention of the commanding officer.

“Why has history continually denied me peace?” Lucas asks.

“Excuse me sir, but I think you’ve asked enough questions for today.” The woman stood upright, holding her whip against thighs that could crush Adelaide.

“I only have one more.”

“Alright then, let’s hear it.”

“Am I dead or alive?”

A few of the small children stepped forward after hearing this question. Where they had once pulled back in response to their parents, they now moved into the scene to take their part. Even the horse seemed to slowly perk up its ears in anticipation.

“Well, you’re standing and breathing right?”

“That certainly seems to be the case,” says Lucas.

“Then I’d say you’re alive.”

“Albert Johnson lives!”

“Sir, we need you to leave these people alone. They didn’t come here to see this.”

Once again the man took off, the bulging sack instantaneously becoming lighter.

“The Mounties didn’t get this man!” Lucas tried to shake the hands of a veteran. The old man laughed, and then spit on the ground, nearly hitting Lucas’ boots.



I intervene, leading Lucas away from the field. “What are you doing out here?” he asks with enthusiasm.

“We’re packing up to leave for Toronto,” I told him. “They sent me and a couple other people to search the neighbourhood. Everyone’s looking for you.”

λ

*Surveillance Report 29383BZ*

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Toronto, ON.*

*Date / Time: 26 June 2010. 3:55PM.*

Our journey through Northern Ontario required patience and restraint. We kept a low profile en route mainly with the knowledge there’s far too much at stake in the stages of Toronto and Ottawa. Adelaide and I drove together for the last few hours of the trip; he spent his time planning the first rally for The National Guerrilla Ontologists. He dubbed me ‘that which drives’ after I agreed to take the wheel to let him drink. Watching him completely intoxicated from bourbon, phoning his ex-wife in Baltimore from a gas station was true performance art. When I asked about why she abandoned their marriage, he simply replied, “She wanted a life with me, one single life with no potential for the other worlds.” The man is obsessed with other worlds, to the point where he can’t comprehend the world he lives in.

He's informed me that his party's brass (although he frequently speaks as if the party's membership is swelling daily, he's the only member I know of) is striving for a rebirth of the confederation—a sort of “re-confederation” for Canada. He interpreted my continuing interest in his activities outside Apollo's Army as a desire to join his personal revolution. Like the others, he has plans and ambitions beyond this current tour. However, I don't think any of them are as grandiose as offering a plan for Canada to dominate the future. In the standard process of mirroring his interests, I somehow became his campaign manager.

My first task was tracking down a group of dogs for his speech in Toronto—he wants them to be his captive audience. Upon our arrival in Toronto, we all collaborated on setting up a political stage for Adelaide's speech. He'd become an even sharper dresser in the past weeks.

Adelaide's also given me the latest pamphlets and posters which lay out the ambitions of his party. Some of them are nothing more than photocopies of antiquated star maps or invitations to the Prime Minister's birthday party.

“It's all here in your book, Lucas! I've been reading it all summer. At first it all sounded like a complete waste of everyone's time. But now I realize it's eerily similar to our party platform. We use the tools that are available. I've learned so much from you.”

“That's only a book. It's nothing compared to my new work,” I said.

“I'm going to start calling you ‘the Prince,’ alright?”

“Do whatever you want.”

“I'm actually taking my pride beyond patriotism, beyond nationalism. What we're talking about here is a revolution of the mind which in turn transforms this country

philosophically. You need to be my campaign manager. Let's face the facts here, I'm the face of the revolution and you're the engine."

"You're always talking about astrology and paganism," I had to keep him talking. "What kind of real ideas do you have that can get you elected, Adelaide?"

He laughed and told me to take notes during his first speech. The following is a transcript of what I recorded:

*Our nation is an empty canvas in the hands of children. Now we must take up the brush and create a new maple leaf, one that flutters with our hopes and dreams. Never forget that we must always dream our country into existence. In this kingdom, we're raised to believe that our blood is of a lesser descent, which our bloodlines are trailing off from forgotten families with disgraced family trees that needed a little pruning. The dead seeds floated across the Atlantic, then the Pacific to populate a mass of land. One thing we've learned after all these years? Our insignificance matters because it's the foundation that our art is built upon! The National Guerrilla Ontologists will make artists of every citizen.*

*"Now, please keep in mind that several of the ideas you hear today may seem outlandish, speculative, or even fantastic. We are a party that is future minded. One of our candidates has even travelled into the future several times and we feel this gives him a distinct advantage over the others, but he chooses only to visit futures in which he is elected! All questions will be reserved until the end to preserve the dignity and composure of our party. Thank you and enjoy the afternoon."*

In between speeches (Adelaide planned to deliver at least a dozen), the rest of us were out on the street, in front of a Starbucks, watching the crowd avoid our stage.

Madeleine and Mireille traded lines back and forth while I read a copy of the script—printed with stolen ink, and tried to think of a response. This document seems to be the first example of overt criminality from the group, but it's also the first time I actually understand what anyone is doing. Everything materialized for me through soliloquies directed at no one in particular.

“So we're only pretending to rob people?” I asked.

“Exactly, Lucas, you're starting to get it! This is no more than theatre.”

“I still don't understand how they get their money back.”

Madeleine urged me to continue reading. Mireille waved me over to the costume trunk. This steel box is decked out in camouflage paint and stencilled phrases such as: *Fabrication is Fornication* and *Never trust the Army!* I rummaged for that final piece of clothing that would convince the people to trust me. I always found it difficult to locate that elusive article.

There is a constant struggle between our public personas, which we see as completely malleable and transportable for any context, and our true selves—the content everyone desperately tries to control and understand. These are the women from Huckleberry!

Madeleine approved of the lab coat draped over my body. “The beauty of the whole thing, and you must give credit to Mireille on this one, is that the people on the street become clients in our ongoing psychodrama.”

“She's right,” said Mireille. “We're taking public art to the next level and inviting the common man onto our stage, to elevate his life beyond the pedestrian, to take on that next metaphor. Or the common woman, she's invited too.”

“But they never know they’re in a play?” I asked. “They don’t realize it’s a trick?”

“You’re partially right; sadly most of them never come to realize they’re part of something new, a transformation of humanity through the arts. Their search for *justice* is simply petty. I don’t think there’s anything we can do about that though.”

“A stolen wallet is a small price to pay for art,” Madeleine trusted this last word; she stabbed towards me with a lacerating syllable.

“Being robbed brings the participant back in line with the ideal society, that’s our expectation. They need to experience a rush of fear or terror—something that is missing from their boring, quotidian existence void of passion.”

“The only moral crisis comes out of not taking this show across the country. We’d be doing our nation a disservice by not letting them all take part in this ongoing drama.”

Madeleine and Mireille ran the show. My job was to paint atrocious portraits of people. When the patrons complained, the girls stepped in and offered to perform a solo show of their latest internationally acclaimed performed for free in recompense. We even included some music with this one. Zane stepped up his panhandling heritage, as he likes to call it, performing with found instruments on the street (a bicycle wheel, recycling bins, and car alarms). He’s embraced a few pieces from *Improvised Enlightenment Device*, for this routine—with my permission of course.

“We’ve never rehearsed this one. Each time it’s an extended first act. Maybe with your help we can create a sequel or another movement, Lucas.”

By the end of the day we'd accumulated several wallets, smart phones, jewellery, and I'd even produced a convincing portrait. Kid Zulu, dressed in an orange reflector vest and helmet, approached me with an electric handsaw.

“This thing can cut through just about anything. You and I are going to compose concrete poetry.”

With my words and his technique, we etched a brief artists' statement on the sidewalk: *The opacity of our quotidian existence is punctured by a grotesque distortion, making clear all that we would rather not see.*

π

Surveillance Report 17433XH

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Toronto, ON. McTaggarts Pub, 312 Wesley Avenue.*

*Date / Time: 27 June 2010. 11:55PM.*

Lucas confided in me this morning about his plans to undertake a personal assignment: share the stage with ‘The Wise Horses.’ He’s asked me to accompany him to McTaggarts, an Irish pub that supports the underground poetry scene in the city, for an open mic reading. I’ve done everything I can to limit direct contact with Lucas during this operation, especially in the presence of the other members of Apollo’s Army. He told me that something momentous was taking place and I needed to be there to offer guidance.

Lucas informed me that this is his chance to ‘rattle off some new incantations.’ Before we walked through the doors, he gave me this odd statement: “I’ve developed my own *Improvised Enlightenment Device*, an artistic incendiary to defeat my enemies.” This desire to blur the line between art and life, infatuation and investigation has been the downfall of many, more capable surveillance officers.

The owner of the bar approached Lucas with his complimentary drink, a whiskey-sour, and a request. “Would you mind opening up for The Wise Horses? They’re our headlining act of the night, that is, if they can stay up this late.”

“I don’t mind,” said Lucas, “sign me up as MERVAC the Automated.” This moniker is unfamiliar to me—I’ve yet to decipher its significance.

“Most people hate going up before them,” said the bartender. He wrote Lucas’ pen name into the one remaining blank spot. “It’s been about ten years since all three of them have been in this bar, back when my father used to run the place. I stopped the readings after he died, but then one day this guy came in asking if he could read his stuff. I told him to try somewhere else. He got up in between bands and read his poems anyways. *Everyone* loved it.”

Lucas and I found a table directly behind the ‘Wise Horses.’ Before we left I’d researched their names and faces from a database CSIS keeps on Canadian poets. Lucas sipped on his drink in between scrawling words down in his now battered notebook. I recorded the following conversation, at their table, through a concealed microphone in my jacket pocket:

“We’re travelling from the Orient right?” said Malachi.

“Yeah, that’s how it goes, I think,” answered Isaac.

David, the only one that can see me and Lucas, continued the conversation. “What’s the Canadian equivalent for that, St. John’s maybe? What do you think?”

Malachi tapped out an irregular beat on the table. “That sounds right to me. Our stories run deeper than this continent though,” he said. “I mean, we’re all named after people from the Bible. We have our own provenance and aren’t afraid to embrace that.”

“Well,” said Isaac, “I’m not exactly sure I’m named after the Biblical Isaac or not.”

“How you could possibly not know that?” asked David. “Your mother told you everything. Hell, she told me more than I ever needed to hear.”

“I never asked,” said Isaac. “Maybe I’m named after Asimov. I always liked that possibility. The only things people want to read about now are ancient civilizations, angels, and aliens—let’s give them that for once.”

“But you never could write science-fiction though,” said Malachi. “Even if that’s what she was after. Did she ever read any Asimov? What kind of books were on your shelf?”

“I don’t remember anymore,” said Isaac. “After we sold the house it all goes blank, something happened there, but it seems like nothing happened for years. One day I’ll have it all figured out.”

For about a minute they are silent. I can see that Lucas is excited. He’s sketched a UFO at the top of his page; it hovers over a cityscape constructed of capital letters.

“Do you think we’re going to hear him speak tonight?” asked David.

“Yes,” said Malachi. “I expect to see our hero appear on that stage. He’s upset with the current state of things and needs to air his discontent. It’s been too long since the



public has heard his opinion on anything. He really deserves more attention. What gifts we bring,” he paused, “yes, what gifts we bring the world.”

“He’ll walk in, inhabit those bones,” said Isaac. “In some sense, he exists only to fill up this room. Then he’ll die.”

“When are we going up?” asked David.

“Should be soon,” answered Isaac. “There are only a few more poets left.”

Lucas and I split a pitcher of beer while listening to the incoherent sounds made by a bald, middle-aged man. Throughout the poem, Lucas kept repeating the phrases: *it’s my time* or *they’ve been waiting for me*, under his breath. When the applause died down, the bartender waved Lucas over. After having a drink at the bar, Lucas took the stage. In that time I overheard the ‘Wise Horses’ reveal that their ‘hero’ is a performance art persona that they’ve all played at some point in their careers.

“I want to welcome all of you to another instalment of Interrogation Blues an all night jam session of poets and musicians,” said the bartender. “Our first poet, Lucas...sorry, ‘MERVAC the Automated,’ has shamelessly been promoting his first book at readings across this country but he’s working on some new material for his upcoming collection.”

Lucas began his reading with three poems from *Improvised Enlightenment Device*. He pulled a crumpled piece of paper from his shirt pocket. “I’d like to dedicate this one to a good friend of mine,” he said, nodding in my direction. “This one is called ‘Art of the State.’ Inspired by Tristan Tzara and Brion Gysin, I took the *CSIS Act* and the *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms* and cut these texts up into phrases. I then dropped the phrases into a hat and stirred it all up with a wooden spoon, and then

removed the phrases one by one in random order, gluing each one to a page as it emerged:

*State, as the case may be*

*Insurrection, once every twelve months*

*Or overthrow Every citizen of Canada*

*Fundamental freedoms ultimately lead to foreign opinion and expression*

*Undermining a political legislature by violence of association*

*Detrimental to the interests of sabotage or dissent*

*Any Ministry of State, real or apprehended, is clandestine*

*The amelioration of legislature by covert persons*

*Does not include support of such unlawful acts:*

*Advocacy, serious violence directed towards the economically disadvantaged*

*Achieving destruction against the threat of government*

*Loyalty to any law, at least, does not preclude thought..."*

Lucas clears his throat. "What you just heard is only Canto One of an infinite series. Here is an alteration of the first Canto which was created by cutting up my original combination of the *CSIS Act* and the *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms*. These fragments were, again, dropped into a hat and withdrawn in random order:

*Sabotage or twelve months apprehended the interests of Advocacy*

*Undermining a loyalty to support of*

*The economically legislature by and expression serious*

*Achieving violence*

*Disadvantaged of Canada does not the amelioration of covert persons*

*Does not any law once every is clandestine  
detrimental to foreign opinion of association  
Real or include government thought insurrection preclude unlawful acts:  
Lead to political directed freedoms dissent  
Towards every citizen fundamental  
legislature by destruction  
against the  
Ultimately threat of  
at least such  
Any Ministry of State  
Or  
Overthrow  
Violence”*

Lucas received a warm round of applause, certainly more than his predecessor. “Maybe he’s the one we’ve been waiting for,” Isaac said. I couldn’t discern the inflection of his voice, somewhere between sarcasm and genuine humility.

“What inspired you to write that piece?” asked David, as Lucas walked back to our table.

“By using reassembled government documents as sounding boards, a key of tuned pitches I isolate to create my own personal symphony,” said Lucas. “I combined the *CSIS Act* of 1984 with the *Charter of Rights and Freedoms* by appropriating Tzara’s hat technique.”

“We’re quite familiar with that one,” said Malachi. “Haven’t you read our first collection, *Avant-Garde for Dummies?*”

“Oh, of course, it’s an inspiration,” Lucas answered.

“You’ve got potential kid,” said Isaac, “but you need a lot refinement. I see you’ve been taking notes all night. You’ll need to pay close attention to what we’re doing.”

Lucas listened intently during their performance, and furiously scrawled down notes—he nearly filled up a dozen pages by my count. When Malachi announced they’d only be reading one more poem, Lucas said we needed to leave. As we waited for a cab, he delivered these words, and didn’t say anything else on the ride home:

“When I was up on stage I could feel the ‘Wise Horses’ judging my words, scrutinizing every syllable, and sharpening their claws on my dull technique. They became stronger with each uttered phrase. They’re striving for decadence. They want to manufacture the end. Their art matters because it sabotages the universe. What am I doing?”

I tried reassuring him that his performance pleased the crowd, but I could easily discern from his facial expressions, that his ability to distinguish his identities is eroding.

λ

Surveillance Report 29385BZ

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Toronto, ON. Wilson Station.*

*Date / Time: 28 June 2010.5:43PM.*

I chose my words from the common stock, fashioned them into weapons, dressed them with the frayed rags of another decade and made them dance under the one remaining spotlight. The caribou runs free in the streets, my bullets cannot kill the graceful beast. The hunter stalks through the subway platform. His companions wait in the blinds, constructed from billboard fragments, discarded pizza boxes, newspapers, wood salvaged from construction sites, and pallets—the detritus of the downtown core. A caribou walks among the crowd, dressed in a business suit, texting with refined hooves to her companions in the forest. When the chase is on the caribou reverts to all fours, violently stripping away the layers of capitalist excess.

A conservation officer moves through the crowd, inquiring about outdoor cards and the rights of the patrons to be pursuing their urban game. Only so many lattes are allowed to be consumed in a given week as the level of biscotti is becoming dangerously low. Several vegan activists fight against the slaughter of these sacred animals with placards and steel traps to hinder the pursuit.

We all know the hunter; the one searching for another reason to stock the chamber. Will he ever capture that mystical animal he's been searching for since the day he slaughtered his first corpse, or discovered a body that preceded its death? The citizens

file past the display, turning to their associates. *I can't wait until this whole thing is over.* It's true, not everyone is an artist. But this isn't because they lack the ability or the ambition. This is merely a matter of ethics.

Now I lie here listening as diseased water drips from the failing rafters, the bolts are prying loose, in a perpetual state of decay yet affirming their connection into grooves, slashes in the grain. I howled through the longest day of the year. I understand the end. I understand the final moments. I understand the stream of inconsequential moments. Yes, only I understand the radiant energy of dying stars, soaked into the architecture of this dying city.

λ

*Surveillance Report 29386BZ*

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Toronto, ON. Speckled Trout Press, 56 Cecil Street.*

*Date / Time: 29 June 2010. 1:19AM.*

Oriana's collected our manifesto and artist statements in a digital manuscript, something we hope to distribute in Ottawa. Instead of hastily self-publishing this material, we've decided to produce a professional chapbook. Given our limited timeframe, we were forced to take unconventional measures. Oriana diverted a significant portion of my remaining grant money to finance a faux-coup of a publishing house in Toronto. Adelaide and I were chosen to be the heroes of this story, along with a

supporting cast to capture the event on film. This way, explained Adelaide, there will be a creation myth for our founding text along with a legendary story to inspire the future generations. Or, in his words: *“We’ll subvert the machine, make it bend to our wishes and crank out our inky manifestos under the midnight sun, while the capitalist engine breathes in eternal slumber. Awake!”*

We ambled through the bpNichol Lane, in the shadow of the hollow mountains. Adelaide stopped in front of a wooden door and took a pouch of tobacco from his front pocket. His trademark pipe was dangling beneath pinched fingers. “See this Lucas?” Adelaide illuminated the poet’s name, etched in the concrete, with his Zippo lighter. “Anywhere else you might call it vandalism, but here it’s known as a dedication.”

“They named this back lane after someone?” I asked.

“Yes, and one day they’ll name something after you. I’m not sure what exactly.”

After taking a few drags, Adelaide handed me a cap gun revolver. “Remember Lucas, we’re art school terrorists, that’s why we’ve dressed in black,” he said. “Alright, are those cameras rolling?”

He received a thumbs-up from Kid Zulu and a resolute nod from DJ Frantic, who was holding a boom stand over the doorway.

We stepped into a brightly lit storage area. I immediately became overwhelmed by the smell of ink and cleansers. The printing machines, twin Heidelberg presses, were cranking out large sheets which were then fed into another contraption. The chik-chak of the metal arms, collecting and chopping pages, beat out a consistent and lulling rhythm.

“You’re sure they’ve agreed to go through with this?” I whispered.

“Well, at least one of them is on board, and he’s the only one working because it’s the night shift.” Adelaide pointed towards the production area. I could see a bearded man wearing an Oakville Harbour hat. “That’s our guy.”

We both walked in through the shaded entrance and approached this man. He was placing stacks of finished books in cardboard boxes and forming a row beside the cargo door. Adelaide whistled as we came into the room, directly behind him.

As planned, I raised my gun and pointed it at the worker. “In the name of Apollo’s Army, we are taking control of this operation!” I shouted. “We encourage you to surrender your machinery, but we’re also prepared to spill your blood on the page to punctuate our message.”

The worker grabbed a ratchet from an open toolbox and threw it at me, barely missing my left ear. Adelaide punched the man in the stomach and pushed his face against the floor.

“You’ll never get away with this,” he said as we tied his wrists with binding thread. Adelaide locked him in the bathroom. We pretended to stop the press and initialize the process of printing our publication.

“OK,” said Adelaide. “That should do for now. We may want to do another take but I think that one worked just fine.” He untied the worker, they were laughing about something, though I couldn’t hear what they were talking about.

Adelaide followed the man back into the production area and picked up a copy of the finished book. “Is this thing any good? I still can’t believe the Prime Minister’s husband is releasing a poetry collection.”



“I’ve been reading a few lines here and there. I found a few good ones; it might not actually be as terrible as everyone around here is making it to be.”

Adelaide pulled a manila envelope, full of twenty-dollar bills, from his jacket pocket and threw it inside one of the open boxes. “I think you’ll find that one is a better read, much more satisfying than anything you’ll find coming off these presses.”

I read the first few lines of a poem about growing basil in a windowsill. Adelaide put an arm around my shoulder. “Hey, Arthur,” he said. “This man’s a poet too. Thought you should know that.”

“Is that right?” said Arthur. “What kind of poetry do you write?”

I’d been preparing for this moment. My other stock responses were decaying on the shelf. I tried to improvise, to find inspiration beyond my training. “It’s the language of the angels translated into English.”

Arthur stared hard into my eyes. “You’ve heard the angels?”

“Almost every night,” I replied. “I’ve been translating their words into a collection.”

“Jesus Christ, Adelaide. Where do you find these guys?” He glanced at my twirling cap gun. “Last year you introduced me to that painter who wanted to paint frames on canvases and then frame that with a painting. Now I’m...”

“Being an artist makes you a better person, Arthur,” said Adelaide.

“You’re all a bunch of assholes.”

Adelaide followed him into another room to begin setting our work into production. They left me alone to ponder the use of several tools. I held the lead imprints

of several letters, and formed a few words from these, black symbols. “I want one of these,” I told Adelaide when he came back.

“You should take one. But be sure you pick the right one, we’re not coming back.”

After holding the letters in my hand, somehow an ornate question mark seemed to be most logical choice. It had additional weight and could be used in any number of sentences. The decision rested uneasily on my mind, even after we were finished packing up the film equipment and our boxes of chapbooks into the El Camino. Somehow I knew this symbol would lead me through the approaching storm, a talisman to anchor my anxieties over an uncertain future.

λ

*Surveillance Report 29387BZ*

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location: Ottawa, ON.*

*Date / Time: 30 June 2010. 10:36AM.*

Oriana gathered every member of Apollo’s Army this morning to conduct our final meeting before Canada Day. She dismissed all formalities, even her habit of distributing handouts. We were instructed to form a circle; everyone besides Kid Zulu, who was preparing his sound equipment. I’m assuming this symbolic gesture was meant

to make us all feel equal. We listened to a sparse jazz drum beat while waiting for Oriana to begin.

“Everyone in the country will be celebrating Canada’s 133<sup>rd</sup> birthday tomorrow,” she said. “We too will be celebrating. But our joy is one borne of playful dissent against state-sanctioned culture. The god we pray to is a cosmic trickster, laughing in the shadow of greater deities.” She paused, saluted the rippling flag above the bus, and continued.

“As you’re all aware, I’ve been selected as one of the performance artists during next week’s celebration of Canadian art. We all need to see this as an opportunity for us to not simply protest the more extravagant and meaningless installations, but to rupture an opening, a chink in the cultural armour which we’ll exploit to infiltrate the proceedings. The public uproar over the acquisition of Udall’s robot is sure to draw a significant amount of conservative protestors and their counterparts, arts activists. Also, the invitation of Mark Hoggarth, an Australian performance artist, is starting to ramp up its own controversy. His masterpiece, *Absence of Agony*, consists of an empty room which he telepathically transports himself into from his condo in Melbourne. The unprecedented price to commission this ‘appearance’ is \$250,000. In addition to all this, a sculpture in the form of a brass house meant to raise awareness of the homeless, was serving as a home for vagrants—until the city officials complained.”

Oriana divided the group into two ‘regiments.’ One will attempt to gain access to the Parliament Buildings (in the guise of a tour group) and the others will enter the National Gallery as part of Oriana’s retinue.

After Oriana adjourned the meeting, she invited me to take a walk along Young Street.

“Lucas, I need to acknowledge your presence in the group,” said Oriana. She tilted her head forward, starting into my eyes. “You’ve more than earned your membership in the group. I see great things in your future, our future.”

“I only want to bring power to Apollo’s Army.”

“What about wielding that force? I’m thinking of making you a general. I require one promise. Tomorrow, after we have some fun on Parliament Hill, you’ll come with me to the National Gallery of Canada and do whatever I say. Tell me you can do that.”

This level of trust from Oriana certainly couldn’t be squandered. “Of course, I’ll do anything that you need.”

“Try to understand the significance of this evening, if you can. There’s a conceptual art piece comprised of the downtown core of Toronto miniaturized to fill a small room. I want to prove the irrelevance and insignificance of this artist’s work. We’ll be capturing everything on film then sending the edited footage to the Ministry of Culture. They need to know where their money is going.”

“I read about his installation in today’s paper. Isn’t he your ex-husband?”

“The truth is Lucas, the boundary between a personal vendetta and a relevant statement is quite porous in this situation. Also, he’s a second-rate Chris Burden in need of a reality check.”

Surveillance Report 17435XH

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Ottawa, ON, Parliament Hill.*

*Date / Time: 1 July 2010. 2:05PM.*

I listened to the newly appointed Minister of Culture, Clinton Maddox deliver a speech on the importance of guiding artistic innovation in this country. According to the press release for this event, dozens of people (curators, museum directors, MP's, etc.) have been invited inside for a private luncheon to further discuss the implications of Maddox's policies. A few members of Apollo's Army successfully infiltrated this function by posing as representatives from the fictional Phoenix Foundation (an organization mandated to 'revive the careers of floundering artists' and 'inflate bruised egos instead of nurturing new talent).

Lucas, Adelaide, and I were posing as a landscaping crew, installing new plants around the facility and washing windows in preparation for the arrival of Canadian Royalty. The other members developed false identities as art collectors, limo drivers, members of the press, or hired performers.

"They've certainly ramped up the security at this event," said Lucas, adjusting his firm grip on a pair of shears.

"Yes," answered Adelaide. "If we've done one thing it's to foster a virulent police-state response to any trace of artistic work."

“That’s a truth I can’t deny but, hell, you know that’s not what I meant,” said Lucas. “And besides, it’s kind of presumptuous to assume this spectacle is because of our work.”

“Vanity is the finest virtue,” says Adelaide.

Lucas used his shears to form the shoulders of what appears to be a Sasquatch from the once rational corners of a governmental hedge.

“You know,” asks Lucas, “I’ve been meaning to ask about your name. Adelaide is usually a women’s name right?”

“That’s right. I changed my name to appeal to all sexual demographics. Not only women and men, but everyone in between will relate to me. That’s only the beginning. Imagine a political system that harnesses the entire order and structure of the universe!”

Lucas laughed and put his shears down. “Alright, how are we going to get inside?”

Adelaide dug through his pockets. He produced a fistful of coins and found a toonie buried underneath nickels and dimes. After balancing the coin on his thumb and index finger, he stared at Lucas. “Prophecy is part of my art. Heads you start screaming the Star Spangled Banner; tails you start climbing.” He pointed to an open widow, at least ten feet above our heads.

“That’s not fair,” said Lucas.

“Don’t worry, young man, the polar bear is on your side.”

“I thought you had some political connections that would help us get inside,” I said.

“Yes, I’ve got plenty of reputable contacts. But the key to a truly great life is to secure connections with people whose grip on reality is tenuous at best,” he said. “What you’re looking for are the unreliable and shaky individuals that are looking for any reason to make a hasty departure from a normal life.”

Adelaide flipped the coin, it came up tails. “Once you get up there just throw the extension cord,” he said to Lucas. We each had tool belts strapped around our hips; Lucas had several cords draped around his shoulders. Adelaide smiled as Lucas stood on my shoulders, and fiddled with the window’s latch.

The lack of security is alarming. There have been concerns over civilians gaining access to this building but I assumed this problem no longer existed. Once inside, we pretended to look professional. No one seemed to find us washing the *inside* of the windows strange.

Although we didn’t attempt to enter the banquet hall, we could easily see and hear the proceedings from the hallway. Inside, the dinner seemed to be proceeding as planned. An older woman, perhaps in her seventies, took the microphone to announce her gratitude to the Minister of Culture and other members of his “illustrious and infallible staff.” I immediately recognized that the voice belonged to Oriana; she’s wearing makeup to appear older.

“I know that this isn’t officially part of tonight’s celebration, but I feel that my story needs to be heard tonight. With a generous grant from the Phoenix Foundation I’ve been allowed to ignore personal responsibility for many years. After receiving rave reviews, and generous prices, for my conceptual art pieces, which I shamelessly plagiarised from others, I was deemed, hopelessly out of touch at 67. Forced to get an

education, distraught with the responsibilities of real life, I turned to alcohol. Not that I hadn't turned to the booze earlier, or in the previous years. But this time, it turned sour. Then I received that call. I would be given another chance. The Phoenix Foundation agreed to put me back in the gallery. My wings have grown back; I'm free to fly!"

A group of young men, dressed in matching black suits, started approaching the podium—one of them reached for the microphone. The guards arrested the imposter; she kept up with her speech as they dragged her down the aisle.

"Before I go, remember that the Phoenix Foundation is also offering an exclusive, limited time offer on an exciting workshop. It's called *Inflation and Lube Jobs: Servicing Weak Ideas*. This program offers tangible ways to take an idea you developed at 3am, disguise it through critical jargon, and you've got some money! And to all the parents in the audience, don't forget to check out their website for details on *Iconoclasm for Beginners*, the inaugural summer camp for youth. It's like little league for performance artists."

The doors to the banquet hall slammed shut, perhaps to keep out any further intrusions. We wandered through the corridors but quickly realized our access to any other rooms would be impossible given our work uniforms. Adelaide suggested we head back outside, to find the other members. They climbed out the same window ahead of me. Unfortunately, once I hit the ground, they were out of sight.



λ

Surveillance Report 27387BZ

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Ottawa, ON. National Gallery of Canada.*

*Date / Time: 1 July 2010. 1:45PM - N.B.: The accuracy and validity of this surveillance report is contested by CSIS. They claim large portions of Lucas' reports are distorted but cite this as a prime example of someone tampering with their documents.*

Oriana and I went to setup for her installation piece separately from the group. The only people in the Gallery were artists, installation crews, and a few security guards; the doors wouldn't be open to the public for a few hours. Gaining access to the National Gallery, considering I wasn't on the approved list, proved to be much simpler than I'd imagined. Oriana walked up to a security guard and tugged on his elbow. They appeared to be old friends meeting at a cocktail party. I've seen more protection around the Stanley Cup than these treasures of national art; we need to keep our cultural capital under lock and key. I surely must have looked suspicious lugging around (what I thought was) a bag full of spray paint and duct tape.

We stopped in front of a small, brightly lit room. I could see a miniature CN Tower shining among the other tiny skyscrapers.

"You need to start setting all this up right now, Lucas." Oriana took the duffel bag off my shoulders and pulled the draw strings loose with a quick motion. I placed it on the floor. She watched as I knelt down, fumbling through the contents.

“What *is* this?” I asked, holding a model of the Avro Airplane in my hands. Then I found a metal remote control “I thought this was supposed to be full of spray paint.”

“There’s been a change of plans,” said Oriana.

“Is this thing rigged with explosives?”

“Don’t pretend as if you didn’t know this was coming. It’s all in your book. We’ve been too complacent, passive collectors of the world’s culture without creating our own. Now it’s in the hands of the administration. Apollo’s Army needs to make a real statement.”

“To blow up the exhibit is nothing,” Oriana said. “We’re starting a war with one tiny explosion.”

“What?” I asked.

“We’ve been over this before,” she replied. “There isn’t a final report to write on this one, it begins and never dies. Here, take those charges out of the smaller bag and hand them to me.”

I seemed to be watching someone else pull out a pack of fireworks; I could feel the weight of the airplane digging into my palm as Oriana secured them to the fuselage. Oriana illustrated the flight path, spreading her hands apart upon impact.

“We can heal the wounds of the system in one fantastic blow out, a cathartic explosion, an empathetic vibration,” she said, handing me a typed out artist statement.

I affixed this document (the text of which is attached below) to the wall, and took control of the tiny aircraft. Oriana videotaped as I navigated the airplane into the room from across the hallway. The sound of impact reminded me of listening to the crackle of a campfire. Our spectacle surely wasn’t as bombastic as Oriana hoped for. We both

watched as the plastic CN Tower melted and toppled over before fleeing down an emergency fire staircase.

**Artists' Statement for *Halifax Implosion*:**

*The artist employs the medium of charred paper and the smell of chemicals to express her intent. Shame, horror, degradation, humiliation, and of course terror, have been injected into the veins, then purged through a cathartic release. Perhaps the most fundamental element of the design, the explosive, was a simple mixture of bombastic rhetoric (in the form of typewriter keys as shrapnel) and gasoline. The fusion of these objects is all that was required. The viewer becomes part of the spectacle, trying to find some meaning from the random placement of the letters, the cultural fallout that cascades endlessly around the room. The crucial moment, not before or after the fall, during is forever erased. What remains are the photographic history and the present scene, brought forth in violent frames.*

*Halifax Explosion*

*July 1<sup>st</sup>, 2010*

*model airplane, lighter fluid, typewriter keys, and charred walls.*

*8 x 10 feet*

*Collection of Apollo's Army*

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Surveillance Report 17436XH

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Ottawa, ON, National Gallery of Canada.*

*Date / Time: 1 July 2010. 4:41PM.*

All personnel have been evacuated from the National Gallery. For the time being, everyone is fascinated with the rumours of a terrorist attack on one of the exhibits. I've been observing the conservative protestors and radical art-activists trade insults in the space where their groups intersect. The chant of "Art is a four letter word!" has been countered with a bastardized version of the national anthem three times this afternoon. Among the more controversial displays, I've witnessed the recently crowned Canadian Monarchy parade across the division line. Apollo's Army distributed a royal proclamation among the crowd. News of the coronation of Queen Madeliene (a lesbian from Iqaluit) and King Adelaide (a pansexual being from a different planet) incited a furor from their opposition. Officers from Apollo's Army are hoisting a pair of giant hands. Each finger has a string attached to a grotesque marionette of a court jester.

Among all this commotion I hear someone yelling my name. I can see Lucas standing on top of the bronze spider sculpture, *Maman*. He's clearly exceeded his operational capacity. In his right hand, he's carrying Adelaide's megaphone, in his left, a tattered Canadian flag with a black maple leaf. A length of white rope is dangling from his torso and pooled together in a pile at the base of the sculpture. It's incredible to believe he's scaled this massive work of art alone.

For the moment, the protestors and the authorities do not notice his presence. He's braced himself against one of the legs, for a moment it looks as if he wants jump. Lucas puts the flag down, takes a sheet of paper from his front pocket, and begins speaking into the megaphone:

"I've taken the form of Anansi the spider. Through an aesthetic transmutation I've become art, melded with this symbol of national culture, the spider. Though many of you know me as a trickster in previous lives, I've come to disentangle the web of lies spun by our government! I've come here to tell you my story, to weave a world that is only false to those lacking in imagination.

One of the police officers spots Lucas. This man's attempt to get Lucas' attention through waving starts to attract more spectators.

"Since Canadian law has failed me, I want to read from Article 19 of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights: *Everyone shall have the right to freedom of expression; this right shall include freedom to seek, receive and impart information and ideas of all kinds, regardless of frontiers, either orally, in writing or in print, in the form of art, or through any other media of his choice.*"

Lucas tosses the sheet of paper to the ground. A couple of people attempt to catch it as it flutters downwards.

"Let me share my vision with you all. When we're searching for an exit or a way out of the theatre, that's the time of darkness of undeserved scorn from unknown sources. Some of the earlier incarnations of souls tried to burn the screen or crawl their way up to the projector booth, obscured and inaccessible to even the most adept climbers among them. When they burned the screen, it seemed at first that nothing remained, as if they'd

scratched into the unfathomable stretch of infinite space waiting outside all fantasy worlds. This is known as the all encompassing chaos that laughs at invention and the creation of other worlds because it understands one thing: destruction. Ministers of all fields and responsibilities have hearts that are worth small fortunes. What would they do with that pulsing mass of blood, pumps, and stored ambitions quivering in your hands? Through the heart or are you through with hearts?"

"Their veil of illusion no longer has the strength to hold us as prey. We need to combat their hypocrisy. Look, I can see the Peace Tower from here. Apollo's Army has started a war. Will you join us?"

Parts of the crowd applaud this outburst. The marionette, controlled by Apollo's Army, appears to be dancing around the sculpture.

"I've composed a poem, using each letter of the alphabet to explain my mission:

*An Atavistic anachronistic anarchist arachnid*

*Angered and annoyed*

*Always altruistically altering autocratic algorithms*

*Amending and ameliorating art*

*Accelerating alliterative atrocities at alarming..."*

"Sir, you are violating public property," the police officer shouts at Lucas. Given his relaxed body posture, he seemed to be addressing a scared cat. "Come down from there immediately. You have one minute to either comply or face criminal charges."

"Don't you see?" asks Lucas. "We're all being crushed. They've been trying to suppress my visions for too long. But I predicted this day over a year ago. In that dream we win but now I see the darkness spreading. We're being crushed by the hands of the

tyrants! Your souls are being torn by the bloody hands of the tyrants! The true north is strong but not free!”

The signal is given; it’s time to bring this one down. They are trying to lasso him like some scared calf. We certainly didn’t want to create a martyr with this operation but Lucas needed to be stopped somehow. The rubber bullet crashes into his ribs, and now they’re upon Lucas, and dragging him off the sculpture.

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*Surveillance Report 29390BZ*

*Operative: Lucas Young.*

*Location(s): Ottawa ON, Ottawa Police Precinct.*

*Date / Time: July 2 2010, undetermined.*

I awoke in a large cell, more like a cage breeding complacency and indifference among the prisoners. After the final excitement, the last push towards rebellion the group settled down, they were dropping silence on the guards.

Zane leaned into the cold bricks, moving his hands in accompaniment to his masterful rhetoric, addressing his audience of passed out teenage punk rockers—some of them only dragged into the conflict because they were wearing the wrong clothes. Guess wearing an Anti-Flag or Dead Kennedy’s t-shirt wasn’t the best idea on a day like today. I wanted him to speak up, to say one more word. But instead he crawled up the bars and signalled for one of the guards to come over. They ignored his pleas, along with everyone

else. I guess you can only be called ‘pig’ so many times before it becomes meaningless and trite.

Eventually, one of the guards smiled and knelt down to listen to my desperate words. “Listen to me. I’m an undercover agent working for the government.” After I finished explaining my mission and intent the guard laughed.

“Hey, check this out.” He called out to guards at the other end of the detention centre. “This guy says he works for CSIS!”

“Oh, is that right? Better let him out now before they spring him.”

“Fucking junkie, don’t you realize that if you really were a spook I’d be hitting you twice as hard?” I moved back from the bars and sat down on the bench beside one of the teenage boys. Zane started singing the national anthem, subtly and gracefully.

I turned to my new friend and said, “That was me on top of that spider. When I fell back into the crowd everyone surged forward and I was dragged into the prison along with all of you.”

“Hell, that wasn’t you up there. That wasn’t any of us up there,” he said. “Don’t you get it yet? That was a government pawn up there! They’ve been planning agent provocateurs all over the city. All they needed was one to make a grand scene for the papers.”

“Look at my rib,” Lucas raises his arm. “What do you see?”

“You’re missing one aren’t you?”

“No, the ripped skin. That’s where they hit me with the rubber bullet.”



“Oh yeah? Well take a look at me. They hit me in the same spot,” he raised his shirt to reveal a gash the shape of PEI, “with one of those clubs you stupid pig mother fuckers!”

For at least a few hours, I sat there listening to the screams turn into bored conversations between strangers. I fell asleep leaning against the wall.

A guard flicked my ear with eager force. “Looks like you’ve been granted absolution,” he said, opening the cell door. I accepted this plausible explanation as truth. There was nothing to be analyzed, puzzled over.

But it wasn’t over.

And it wasn’t beginning either.

It simply continued.

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*Surveillance Report 17437XH*

*Operative: Dr. Pangloss.*

*Location(s): Ottawa, ON. CSIS Headquarters, Interrogation Room 211.*

*Date / Time: 5 July 2010.*

I’ve been informed by the RCMP that several members of Apollo’s Army are still being held in custody. Of the nearly one hundred protestors that were arrested on the grounds of Parliament Hill, only twenty were detained for further questioning. Through my assistance, Apollo’s Army was isolated from the others and placed in a separate cell.

They've assembled a legal team (led by Simone and a few other disreputable associates) in the hopes of fighting criminal charges which range from trespassing to terrorism. As of this final report, I will be terminating my relationship with Apollo's Army and submitting all records of my involvement in their activities.

Although Lucas' immediate extraction from the holding cell certainly tipped off the others to his true identity, he is no longer part of Operation Imitationalism (the future of this operation itself will be evaluated in light of these unfortunate events). Even though I acknowledge that Lucas needed to be extracted from Apollo's Army much sooner, his actions on 1 July 2010 were not anticipated, especially the possibility that he was directly implicated in the violent sabotage of the National Gallery. Clearly his behaviour over the past weeks has been erratic, but he always remained within the parameters and expectations of his assumed identity. I'm sure a thorough analysis of his latest surveillance reports will reveal clues to his thought process.

As part of my obligations and role in this operation, I've observed all of the recorded debriefing sessions. Unfortunately, at this point I can't determine Lucas' mental state as he refuses to cooperate with anyone. One of my final recommendations is that I be sent in to speak with him. During the final weeks of this operation we developed a closer relationship (one that certainly wasn't ideal in terms of secrecy). This intimacy may trigger a response from Lucas; we need to understand his intentions.

## ***Appendix 1:***

In addition to these surveillance reports, The Freedom of Conscience Group also discovered an unsent letter in the costume trunk mailed to our office. This last known document written by Lucas Young, dated 12 August 2010, appears to be a letter declaring his official resignation from Apollo's Army. We found this signed letter (in a sealed envelope addressed to 'The Hungry Ones') pressed against the face shield of a riot helmet. We do know that Young was officially discharged from his position as CSIS publicly "accepted his resignation." However, CSIS will neither confirm nor deny reports that they are still looking for Young. Neither will they acknowledge the existence of Dr. Pangloss or entertain the possibility that one of their own officers leaked this information to our organization. In spite of this uncertainty, this final document seems to confirm that Lucas initially fled to the east coast in search of relief from both Apollo's Army and his responsibilities as an intelligence officer. We present one final document to the reader, a transcript of this unexplained correspondence:

*After everything went wrong in Ottawa I pushed out to complete the journey set out by Apollo's Army. The Atlantic is larger than I'd imagined; it devours the horizons as a contained universe of water. I've ended up in St. Johns, finding work after meeting the owner of an illegal fishing company. Honestly, all I wanted was to escape the lies, to find a simple life. Now I'm back in the company of criminals once again, but that's probably where I belong. Outlaws, that's what we call ourselves. Well, at least that's the name they've given themselves; I'm just the next in a long line to join their cause. There is no*

*escape from paradise, only endless persecution from unknown sources, existing outside my understanding.*

*This morning, as I was hauling out the innards of a massive cage, separating the crabs from the other debris, I began mentally composing this letter. Then I imagined a permanent arrangement of ink, the official blue seal, and my name disappearing into a file cabinet: a curiosity no longer of any use to anyone or anything. I knew things were over in that cramped cell. The voices of the other inmates crowded my thought, but I'd grown accustomed to the noise of the circus.*

*I've developed a conspiracy theory to explain the actions of our government, and my role in all of this. The agents at the Ministry of Culture have done their research and know how to create scenes for artists to draw inspiration from. The manufacturing of culture for the next generation is at hand. The people are clamouring for a message of struggle, of an important battle to wage in the face of banality. The effectiveness of this program could not be denied. Citizens all across the nation are producing culture in accordance with the program. Funds are in place, awards are being handed out. We've finally achieved the desirable level of production necessary to compete on a global scale. A movement has begun and cannot be stopped.*

*No one can truly understand my mission but there is truth found in its execution: a CSIS officer infiltrating a collective of artists and ultimately instigating them towards violence. It's been a pleasure serving with you all. And while the first campaign resulted in defeat, I know we'll meet again on the front lines. All I want to do now is become unknown. I don't want to return home. There is only so much questioning of self-identity a person can undergo before it all becomes undone. I'll no longer be part of their*

*vacuous, intellectual exchange of information on a grid manipulated by indifferent gods.  
They of course wanted to take me out of the system; I had completed my mission after all.  
There is a higher purpose in all of this. You'll see that everything helped create a better  
world.*

*Lucas Young*

**Author's Statement: *Hands of the Tyrants* as a 21<sup>st</sup> Century Menippean Satire**

*Culture is the alibi of bureaucracy or its counterpart even*

(Sassower and Cicotello 4).

*Art remains too much within the province of unreliable individuals not  
easily transposed into bureaucratic acronym*

(Lapham, "Performance Art," 288).

Despite my own best intentions (or even being aware of the process), I've spent many years training to become a satirist. Whether it's memorizing entire sketches from Monty Python's *Flying Circus*, fantasizing about writing for *The Onion*, or irritating my wife by quoting obscure lines from *Dr. Strangelove*, I've always been drawn to satire. When drawing up a list of my favourite novels, *Catch-22*, *The Crying of Lot 49*, *Mother Night*, and *The Master and Margarita* top the list. Oddly, this was rarely reflected in my writing. After completing the first year of the creative writing program at The University of Windsor, I undertook a retrospective of my collected works. No doubt as a result of worshipping at the literary alter of Joyce and Chekhov's short stories throughout my undergraduate career, my protagonists were invariably discovering profound truths about the universe—epiphanies expressed in prose more purple than Prince's private jet and more earnest than a grant application.

The earliest inspiration for this novella was born from researching a paper on the insurgent presses which helped incite the Russian revolution of 1905. As a result of

comparing this event to my own life, I originally planned to write a satirical short story about a Canadian government bent on staging fake book burnings and raids on art galleries to encourage an indifferent population to take an interest in the arts. This idea fermented while I completed an internship with a non-profit organization, the Sioux Lookout Anti-Racism Committee. I divided my time between organizing events (plays, music festivals, artist exhibitions, etc.) and writing grants to foundations or government agencies such as The Department of Canadian Heritage. Although I enjoyed this process, being involved in the production of state-sponsored culture (my own term) was at times absurd and tedious. The following quote from Lewis Lapham, one of the finest living satirists, perfectly captures my job description: “People dependent on foundation grants and government arts subsidies cannot afford to make jokes. Their talent is the talent for writing funding proposals, and their patrons demand high seriousness and statements of solemn purpose” (“Mixed Media,” 206). Months after leaving this position, I wrote the first pages of an unnamed story about Apollo’s Army, a collective of artists embarking on a cross-country tour of Canada. I’d developed a basic plot and theme for *Hands of the Tyrants*, but this narrative still lacked a protagonist.

I must acknowledge drawing direct inspiration from two films: *Art School Confidential* and *The Lives of Others*. Although quite different in terms of form and subject (the former is an intellectual comedy while the latter is a political thriller), both movies share an essential plot device: a spy infiltrating the world of artists. *Art School Confidential*, a satirical send-up of the pretentiousness of art school, relies upon the naiveté of an FBI agent (posing as a student while searching for a serial killer) for much of its humour. *The Lives of Others* examines East Germany’s surveillance of its own,

supposedly, subversive citizens through its protagonist: a Stasi agent who becomes sympathetic towards the playwright he's assigned to spy upon, eventually altering his reports to protect this artist's life.

My protagonist, Lucas Young, is modelled partially on these characters but he's mostly an extension of my own perception of conceptual and performance art—a mix of admiration, wonder, bewilderment, and contempt depending on which piece I'm experiencing. While viewing these works of art as a researcher relying upon a critical, almost cynical analysis casts me as a surveillance officer, this rational assessment often gives way to the impressionistic appreciation of a hostage victim suffering from Stockholm syndrome; I praise and exalt the captors that have hijacked my aesthetic sensibilities.

I'm also guilty of entertaining romantic notions of being an artist combating the tyranny of my age through fiction—despite my firm entrenchment in the institution of a university or dependence on a state-supported system of cultural expression (the irony of writing an artist statement about a work of literature featuring parodies of artists' statements is certainly not lost on me!) The title of my novella is inspired by lyrics from Propagandhi, a Winnipeg punk-rock band known for politically charged lyrics and a penchant for lengthy, tongue-in-cheek song titles such as: “And We Thought Nation States Were a Bad Idea,” “Nailing Descartes to the Wall / (Liquid) Meat Is *Still* Murder,” and “With Friends Like These, Who the Fuck Needs COINTELPRO?” Their humorous song, “Resisting Tyrannical Government (it's a dirty job but somebody's gotta do it),” features these lyrics: “And yes, I recognize the irony that the very system I oppose affords me the luxury of biting the hand that feeds.” My title, *Hands of the Tyrants*, refers



to the phrase ‘biting the hand that feeds’; in this case, an artist collective revolting against the same government which funds their efforts through grants.

Dominique Clift, a cultural analyst, notes that modern governments “must incorporate dissent into the system, or isolate and discredit it, or suppress it altogether. The Canadian way has been to accept and integrate dissent into the system while minimizing its disruptive impact” (151). The oppositional discourse of conceptual, performance, and other avant-garde artists (many of them hopelessly dependant on governmental patronage) ironically reveals how successfully our government has integrated dissent from its artistic citizens. The irresistible vice of vanity can force artists to rely upon official institutions to achieve recognition in spite of their repeated attempts, in the popular parlance, to disrupt the notions of genius, elitism, and authenticity. In this sense, I’m satirizing the absurdity of an entire system, the romantic idea of the revolutionary or independent artist, instead of a specific person or school of thought. *Hands of the Tyrants* distributes its satiric attack democratically—its author’s own beliefs, along with those expressed by Apollo’s Army (a fictional collective of conceptual, visual, and performance artists) and their government, are subjected to the same critique.

During one of our first meetings my advisor, Karl Jirgens, suggested I approach this project as an apprenticeship in becoming a “master of satire.” I devoted a considerable portion of my research for this novella to reading satirical novels, studying literary theory on satire, and experimenting with various satiric techniques. While compiling records of performance and conceptual artists I noticed that some of the conventions of satire (parody, burlesque, exaggeration, aggression, etc.) are often

inherent aspects of their works. To create an interesting combination of form and subject, I've subtly and directly invoked previous works of satire (*Animal Farm*, *Candide*, and *Gulliver's Travels*) to mirror the common technique of contemporary artists referencing (often ironically or even satirically) the work of other artists<sup>1</sup>. The subject matter of *Hands of the Tyrants* lends itself quite well to a satirical approach; a textual analysis of my novella will situate this work in the tradition of satire.

In what is perhaps the most frequently quoted passage in literary studies on satire, Frye identifies two fundamental characteristics of this genre: "one is wit or humor founded on fantasy or a sense of the grotesque or absurd, the other is an object of attack" (224). The "sense of the grotesque or absurd" is exhibited through the actions of Apollo's Army (an extended description and analysis of their performances will follow below). Avant-garde artists fighting a system that sustains them and a government that promotes and funds the work of revolutionary artists are the object of attack in *Hands of the Tyrants*. Frye also claims that a "parody of forms" (233) is a universal convention of satire. The use of language games (primarily parodic takes on the rhetoric of artists and bureaucracies) to critique the object of attack, is a vital aspect of this novella. While these are the conventions which unite certain works of literature under the banner of satire; there are further distinctions to be made within this camp.

Throughout this novella, the actions and beliefs of the Canadian government, along with its artistic subjects, are exaggerated to emphasize pride, arrogance, vanity, and ignorance. *Hands of the Tyrants* takes a light-hearted and comical approach to pointing

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<sup>1</sup> Jean Baudrillard, a cultural theorist and philosopher who often aggressively satirized the art world, offers an indignant assessment of this practice: "Art has become quotation, re-appropriation, and gives the impression of an indefinite resuscitation of its own forms" (55).

out these vices through the narration of its primary characters, Lucas Young and Dr. Pangloss. This is also known as indirect satire, a form “in which the aggression may be managed by irony, metaphor, and allegory, masked with laughter” (Test 123). *Hands of the Tyrants* is a satirical novella; more specifically, it’s an example of Menippean satire (a form of indirect satire). In order to frame a discussion, this term must be defined—or at the very least put into context.

Menippean satire is “modelled on a Greek form developed by the Cynic philosopher Menippus” (Abrams 286). While this initial form could once be defined according to a limited set of parameters, Menippean satire evolved into a complex sub-genre. When tracing the lineage of Menippean satire from antiquity to the present, literary theorists are overwhelmed with the task of cataloguing the sheer amount of examples (which changed radically in the 16<sup>th</sup> century) into a coherent system (Griffin 32). Howard D. Weinbrot claims that critics have been too forgiving when including a work of literature into this tradition with this memorable epigram: “When one has a hammer, everything becomes a nail” (55). According to his research, hundreds of disparate texts (including the *Divine Comedy*, *Hamlet*, *Moby Dick*, *Gulliver’s Travels*, *Candide*, the *Canterbury Tales*, and *Crime and Punishment*) have been classified as Menippean satires (Weinbrot 34). As mentioned above, *Hands of the Tyrants* is directly influenced by Menippean satires and shares many of this sub-genre’s conventions, as agreed upon by several literary theorists<sup>2</sup>. Identifying the following conventions will

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<sup>2</sup> Northrop Frye’s *Anatomy of Criticism* and Mikhail Bakhtin’s *Problems of Dostoevsky’s Poetics* are influential 20<sup>th</sup> century critical texts on Menippean satire. In one sense, these theorists can be regarded as taxonomists of literary genres. Frye once made a flippant, public remark which suggested that he alone brought Menippean satire to the attention of modern scholars (Weinbrot 33). Menippean satire is a combination of verse

provide a working definition of Menippean satire, and facilitate a critical discussion of *Hands of the Tyrants*: a combination of prose and verse, the mingling of forms, extended dialogues and debates, and Bakhtin's concept of the carnivalesque.

One typical convention found in Menippean satires is a mixture of prose and verse (Abrams 286; Bakhtin, "Problems" 192; Clark 99; Griffin 40). Most of the verse found in *Hands of the Tyrants* arises from Lucas Young (the protagonist of this novella) being a CSIS agent posing as an avant-garde poet. Examples of this include Lucas reading publically at: the Zen Bistro (24-25), the Banff Centre for the Arts (54), McTaggart's Pub (137-138), and atop the spider sculpture in front of the National Gallery (156). Other characters in the novella also perform poetry: Billy Bishop (13), 'The Wise Horses,' (17) and Neil Richardson (50-51, 53). That the verse found in *Hands of the Tyrants* is embedded in CSIS surveillance reports is a comical statement on the indifference our government and the general population expresses towards poetry. Many other texts are incorporated into the surveillance reports written by Lucas and Dr. Pangloss (a direct reference to Candide's mentor in Voltaire's *Candide*) throughout *Hands of the Tyrants*.

The mingling of forms is an essential convention of Menippean satires (Bakhtin, "Problems" 192; Clark 99; Frye 223; Griffin 40). The origins of the word satire can be traced back to *satira*, which suggests a combination of forms or a farrago (Frye 223; Griffin 40). Menippean satires characteristically feature the "wide use of inserted genres: novellas, letter, oratorical speeches, symposia, and so on" (Bakhtin, "Problems" 192).

Examples of "inserted genres" in *Hands of the Tyrants* include: artists' statements (39-40,

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and prose, philosophy and satire. Motifs of Menippean satire are found in the works of Varro, Seneca the Younger, and Petronius.

154), a blog entry (47-48), an avant-garde manifesto similar to those created by the Surrealists, Dadaists, Situationists, Futurists, and Neoists (32-33), Adelaide's political speech in Toronto (130), Oriana's address to the Ministry of Culture (150-151), *The Performance Art Act* (103-104), an excerpt from a screenplay (97-98), Lucas' training material from CSIS (8-9), and finally, Lucas' letter of resignation to Apollo's Army (162-165). In fact, the surveillance reports themselves are a specific, if purposively contrived, genre of writing<sup>3</sup>. These reports are bookended by a preface and an appendix designed to give *Hands of the Tyrants* the pretence of a work of non-fiction; a common practice among satirists is to create the illusion of "giving objective, factual information" while "exaggerating and distorting facts" (Feinberg 4).

The inclusion of these forms is primarily for the purposes of parody ("satire's strongest calling card") and an inversion of values—two primary weapons in the arsenal of satire (Clark 99). The following excerpt from a pamphlet produced by the National Gallery of Canada reveals the poetry, and jargon, of art criticism:

*Voice of Fire* is about seeing and being. It is a phenomenal painting in which our sensory experience of the work is stripped of external references, and through which the emphatic qualities of purely coloured form are able to flood our Consciousness with a sublime sense of awe and tranquility. *Voice of Fire*, like all great art, is one artist's gift to all of us. (Smith 70)

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<sup>3</sup> Unfortunately, my requests for examples or templates of surveillance reports from CSIS and SIRC (Security Intelligence Review Committee) were denied. CSIS did, however, send me a copy of the *CSIS Act* (which is included in the appendix) and a letter explaining why they couldn't release such "sensitive" information. While I initially viewed my use of literary surveillance reports (my own term) as a compromise, this absurd form of documentation matches the subject matter and satiric approach of this novella quite well.

Apollo's Army places a conceptual art piece at the site of the 2010 Vancouver Olympic Games. Lucas Young records the following artists' statement in his notebook:

**Artists' Statement for *Rings of Fire*:**

*This sculpture isn't timeless. Eons, spans of incomprehensible time, are meaningless to a species which exalts the present moment. Even the passing of a decade remains an abstract concept less tangible than death. Only the immediate sensation of life, the tactile intoxication of touching cold metal, can truly be understood. Desiring then desired, what happens in between? Only when that liminality is confronted can the experience of a second become an entire lifetime—or an era with the right setting. You are an observer, alone among the fractured souls exchanging lines and weaving costumes underneath a limitless proscenium. You are fortunate to touch such a miraculous creation.*

Rings of Fire  
May 29<sup>th</sup>, 2010  
chain link fence and spray paint  
40 cm x 40 cm x 40 cm  
Collection of Apollo's Army. (39-40)

The title of this sculpture is a direct allusion to the highly controversial purchase of a Barnett Newman painting, *Voice of Fire* (a minimalist work consisting of three coloured bars), by the National Gallery of Canada for \$1.8 million in 1991 (Barber, Guilbaut, and O'Brian vii). The rhetoric found in Apollo's Army's discourse is a satirical comment on the hyperbole common to many artists' statements—possibly to disguise the absence of meaning or make the work appear more complex. *Hands of the Tyrants* is an attempt to create an “encyclopaedic parody” of the avant-garde art world; Frye suggests using the

term “anatomy” in place of Menippean satire because of the encyclopaedic nature of this form (322).

The following convention of Menippean satire is used throughout *Hands of the Tyrants* to expand the satiric attack of the novella:

A prominent feature is a series of extended dialogues and debates (often conducted at a banquet or party) in which a group of loquacious eccentrics, pedants, literary people, and representative of various professions or philosophical points of view serve to make ludicrous the attitudes and viewpoints they typify by the argument they urge in their support. (Abrams 286)

A staple of virtually every satire, invective or (“direct verbal attack through vituperative language, elevated refined swearing”) plays a prominent role in this novella (Test 116).

The following is a list of the more notable and lengthy examples found in *Hands of the Tyrants*: Apollo’s Army’s AGM (27-38), Lucas’ poetry battle with Richardson (51-55), Apollo’s Army’s meeting in a Tim Hortons (61-63) and Winnipeg (113-115), and the symposium on art featuring a debate between the artist Lisa Udall and her art critic opponent, Miles Stallman<sup>4</sup> (117-120). Udall’s insulting jab against Stallman: ““Miles, you’re just disgruntled because your sequel to *The Fountainhead* didn’t get picked up by any publishers”” (119), is meant to typify an exchange between a liberal and a reactionary. Ayn Rand’s (the author of *The Fountainhead*) polemic text, *The Romantic Manifesto* serves as a counterpoint to the beliefs of the avant-garde:

They [contemporary artists] demand government subsidies for the artistic venture which the people do not enjoy and do not choose to support voluntarily.

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<sup>4</sup> This name is a subtle allusion to Mark Stein, a conservative columnist for *Macleans* magazine, and also echoes the logical fallacy of a “straw man” argument.

Anything that can be understood, they feel, is vulgar and primitive; only inarticulate language, smears of paint and the noise of radio static are civilized, sophisticated and profound. (Rand 119)

Frye offers a description of this convention: “The Menippean satire deals less with people as such than with mental attitudes. Pedants, bigots, cranks, parvenus, virtuosi, enthusiasts, rapacious and incompetent professional men of all kinds, are handled in terms of their occupational approach to life as distinct from their social behaviour” (Frye 309). The following excerpt (a parody of literary criticism) from *Hands of the Tyrants* details the embedded text, differing viewpoints on an artistic issue:

The latest review called Richardson’s book “a post-colonial masterpiece, a *tour de force* that resituates the centre of Canadian history through an imaginative retelling of the master narratives such as nationalism, our alliance with native tribes such as the Iroquois, and even challenges the history of the planet through a penetrating gaze backwards into the Mesozoic era—an innovative curiosa of fact, fiction, and surrealist capitalism.” Adelaide says that this kind of praise can be viewed as an art form in itself because it’s an elaborate trick that turns critics into car salesmen. (43)

The inclusion of these “dialogues and debates” in *Hands of the Tyrants* showcases a medley of “mental attitudes” that compete with each other without resolution or overt moralization.

Bakhtin’s statement that “Menippean satire is dialogic” (“Epic and Novel” 923-924) describes the multiplicity of voices in *Hands of the Tyrants*. The form of this novella is essentially composed of the exchange, and contrast, between Young’s and Pangloss’



surveillance reports. These documents, written in the first person, alternatively push the plot forward while gradually revealing the personality of their authors. Lucas Young and Dr. Pangloss represent “[t]wo extreme forms of satiric character—the ingenu and the sophisticate...The naiveté of the ingenu and the ironic detachment of the sophisticate both provide entertaining contrast between appearance and reality” (Feinberg 239). Two examinations of CSIS completed by former operatives, Dwight Hamilton’s *Inside Canadian Intelligence* and Richard Cleroux’s *Official Secrets* (the former a glowing review and the latter a scathing critique), provide an in-depth analysis of the mentor-protégé relationship that is common among this organization. Pangloss is initially dismayed when observing his colleague: “Lucas is erratically scrawling notes. I can’t help but critique this amateur conduct from a supposedly fully trained intelligence officer. We’ll need to instil a respect for proper conduct such as working with discreet audio devices instead of banging away on a keyboard; or worse yet, scribbling onto a yellow pad” (31).

While Pangloss remains a consistent character throughout out *Hands of the Tyrants*, Lucas progresses from a naive, objective outsider to the art world into an avant-garde artist more revolutionary than any of his targets<sup>5</sup>. Lucas’ failed mission to protect his country from the dangers of Apollo’s Army is the height of satire in *Hands of the Tyrants*; his story becomes “a parody of romance,” an expression of the “the ironic myth” (Frye 223). Through these CSIS operatives, the relationship between artists and the government is exaggerated and pushed to its logical limits through the “satiric device” of

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<sup>5</sup> Lucas Young’s infiltration of Apollo’s Army is analogous to that of Grant Bristow, a CSIS mole made infamous through his role in the Heritage Front (a neo-Nazi group). Media allegations suggest that he inspired this group to more hatred than its leaders (Mitrovica).

a *reductio ad absurdum* (Feinberg 112). However, it is the absurdity of Apollo's Army which provide the most satire in *Hands of the Tyrants*.

Apollo's Army is loosely based upon Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters' cross country tour of the United States, featured in Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Test*. Instead of a school bus, the avant-garde artists of *Hands of the Tyrants* travel in a "Greyhound Scenicruiser" that becomes a "performance art space" (90). The Merry Pranksters were fascinated with creating public spectacles and staging elaborate multi-media events—actions which preceded the explosion of performance and conceptual art of the late 1960's and early 1970's. Their exploits are similar to a contemporary trend among artist collectives "who borrow the structure of the rock band as a model for ongoing collaboration and group identity" (Rinder 16). In their manifesto, Apollo's Army claims to be "*targeting the civilian population*" through their installations, theatrics, and interventions (33).

Bakhtin describes the essential quality of Menippean satire to be "the creation of *extraordinary situations*" to test and provoke an idea (Bakhtin, "Epic and Novel" 923; Bakhtin, "Problems" 189). As stated above, the central idea of *Hands of the Tyrants* is the absurd relationship of so-called revolutionary or avant-garde artists with a government which funds and encourages their efforts. This relationship is tested and provoked through the actions of Apollo's Army and how they are perceived, or in Lucas' case perpetrated, by CSIS operatives. RoseLee Goldberg's claims that "[p]rovocation is a constant characteristic of performance art, a volatile form that artists use to respond to change—whether political, in the broadest sense or cultural," (13) could arguably apply to most conceptual and visual artists as well. The rhetoric of avant-garde artists

frequently includes an intellectual assault upon the dominant ideology of our societies. Hostility towards rituals, doctrine, or institutions has traditionally<sup>6</sup> been masked through satiric gestures and ceremonies. Public spectacles exhibited by performance or conceptual artists often enact similar functions of medieval carnivals: to subvert hierarchies and challenge fundamental beliefs (Bakhtin, *Rabelais* 10).

The spirit of the carnivalesque is essential to Bakhtin's conception of Menippean satire, he states that this sub-genre "became one of the main carriers and channels for the carnival sense of the world in literature and remains so to the present day" ("Problems" 189). Bakhtin's description of medieval carnivals, a tradition which "belongs to the borderline between art and life," (Bakhtin, *Rabelais* 7) is identical to passages frequently found in performance artists' statements and critical theory on the avant-garde. Many contemporary artists strive to make ordinary objects or situations appear fantastical (another technique is to reduce the outrageous to banality or routine) by placing them in an aesthetic context. The conceptual art pieces depicted in *Hands of the Tyrants*, including cigarettes as a chalk outline (60), the marionette featuring the titular hands of the tyrants (155), the several pieces exhibited in Apollo's Army headquarters (28-29), and the reference to an artist who "wanted to paint frames on canvases and then frame that with a painting" (144), are part of this tradition. This practice is largely inspired by the Dadaist movement, particularly Marcel Duchamps "ready-mades," and effectively blurs any distinction between "art and life." Baudrillard offers his trademark disdain and cynicism for any artist that is unfortunate enough to create work after Andy Warhol: "Personally, I find art increasingly pretentious. It wants to become life" ("Art Between"

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<sup>6</sup> This tradition can be traced back over three thousand years to scenes depicted on Egyptian papyrus rolls and is found throughout the world. For example, in the oral stories about trickster figures told by many African and Aboriginal peoples (Test 22).

53). Throughout *Hands of the Tyrants*, Apollo's Army stage several "extraordinary situations," meant to attack the art world or engage the public.

Medieval carnivals allowed participants from all classes and professions to satirically attack the fundamental values of their society, to become "hostile to all that was immortalized and completed" (Bakhtin, *Rabelais* 10). *Hands of the Tyrants* features several instances of the carnivalesque including: the multi-cultural parade in Calgary (64-71), the roadblock in Saskatchewan (99-106), and the protest outside the National Gallery of Canada (155). These actions are driven by an iconoclastic and anarchic spirit possessed ironically by artists actively seeking government grants. The carnivalesque was initially performed in direct opposition to ceremonies, which "asserted that all was stable, unchanging, perennial: the existing hierarchy, the existing religious, political, and moral values, norms, and prohibitions" (Bakhtin, *Rabelais* 9). Apollo's Army challenges the performativity<sup>7</sup> of official discourse and ceremony most notably through the creation of *The Performance Art Act* and their intervention at the multi-cultural parade in Calgary, respectively; however, this group also ironically reinforces the institutionalization of the avant-garde through their use of outdated techniques and borrowed ideas. In this sense, Apollo's Army are akin to a 21<sup>st</sup> century troupe of comic actors or fools travelling the countryside in search of official proceedings to disrupt.

The actions of Apollo's Army are essentially theatrical; their "costume trunk" comes to symbolize their legacy and is even mentioned before them in the novella (1). Anthony Howell, the founder and former director of The Theatre of Mistakes, deems performance art to be a discipline "clearly distinct from that of theatre" (xiii). It's curious

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<sup>7</sup> Judith Butler, a philosopher and feminist theorist, views performativity "not as the act by which a subject brings into being what she/he names, but, rather, as that reiterative power of discourse to produce the phenomena that it regulates and constrains" (2).

to note that he makes this distinction in a book that is part of a series entitled, Contemporary Theatre Studies. While the terms performance art and theatre are certainly not interchangeable, surely the distinction between these disciplines becomes somewhat arbitrary or merely a matter of semantics in certain instances—especially when considering avant-garde theatre. A brief look at theoretical commentary from two prominent figures associated with this field, Antonin Artaud and Robert Esslin, places Apollo's Army's theatrics in context.

Esslin's introduction to the *Theatre of the Absurd* describes a tradition which "strives to express its sense of the senselessness of the human condition and the inadequacy of the rational approach by the open abandonment of rational devices and discursive thought" (Esslin 6). Whether it's a man "wearing leather flight goggles, a flak jacket, and a pair of Converse sneakers" asking absurd questions to a captive audience (12-13); Adelaide "mock flogging" people with a trumpet to entertain the mayor of Calgary (70), or Cody Calmwaters responding "to the riot act with a slow blues jam" (105), the reader is continually exposed to "a radical devaluation of language, toward a poetry that is to emerge from the concrete and objectified images of the stage itself" (Esslin 7). Apollo's Army appear to be disciples of Artaud's *Theatre of Cruelty*, an impractical, yet enticing guide to staging spectacles that emphasize the physical and the objective: "Cries, groans, apparitions, surprises, theatrical tricks of all kinds, the magical beauty of costumes taken from certain ritual models..." (245). For theatre to be truly meaningful, Artaud calls for "an anarchic destruction" designed to disrupt the metaphysical beliefs of its viewers through "a true enslavement of the attention" (Artaud 244-245).

The more aggressive acts of Apollo's Army are consistent with what Bruce Barber labels as abject performance art. These "performances are often couched in the vocabulary of resistance, as acts of in/subordination aimed at disrupting the hegemony of the cultural dominant, but their active form and associated rhetoric is more closely aligned to the aims of revolutionary anarchism" (298 Barber). Apollo's Army's participation in an illegal roadblock (99-106), the theft and subsequent burning of the Canadian flag (71), Oriana and Lucas' sabotage of an installation piece (152-154), demonstrate how their aesthetic philosophy "conflates art actions with criminal behaviour aimed at subversive social norms and institutional power structures" (298 Barber). Although these actions are violent and destructive, Lucas' description of his criminal action restores Horatian levity to *Hands of the Tyrants*: "The sound of impact reminded me off listening to the crackle of a campfire. Our spectacle surely wasn't as bombastic as Oriana hoped for. We both watched as the plastic CN Tower melted and toppled over before fleeing down an emergency fire staircase" (154).

Crimes against art have been used as revolutionary tactics, often to sabotage or threaten "cultural heritage," since the 18<sup>th</sup> century (Conklin 245). Duchamp and other avant-garde artists were accused of "political insurrection" by a public mystified or disgusted with their work (O'Brian 14). In our time, hostility towards art most typically arises from a gap between a perceived intellectual elite and a public which doesn't relate to the work, usually purchased at inflated prices by government and public institutions (Conklin 243; O'Brian 8). The protests outside the National Gallery of Canada in *Hands of the Tyrants* recall the heated controversy which followed this intuition's \$1.8 million acquisition of Newman's *Voice of Fire*. The editors (art critics and scholars) of a book on

this issue express the power of art to cause public furor in poetic terms: “Visual art, especially abstract art, functions a little like a time bomb” (Barber, Guilbaut, and O’Brian vii). Members of Apollo’s Army ironically entertain romantic notions of proletariat struggle against an oppressive system of art galleries and government institutions. Baudrillard offers a counterpoint to the claims of revolutionaries practicing anti-art; “abjection and dissidence” are no longer possible in the 21<sup>st</sup> century (“Art Contemporary” 96).

Ivan Kantor (a.k.a Monty Cantsin) is a Canadian performance artist that seems to incorporate the inherent irony of the contemporary avant-garde into his work. Kantor is known primarily for his “gifts,” or performance art pieces where he “enters the gallery and splashes vials (up to six in some instances) of his blood in a large X fashion on the wall, usually between two key works of art in the gallery collection” (298 Barber). While certainly controversial, Kantor’s method can be interpreted as a humorous and irreverent comment on the ironic institutionalization of avant-garde art<sup>8</sup>. Similarly, Apollo’s Army use of a “black maple leaf” and their failed attempts at revolution suggest a more playful antagonism to their country instead of full-blown anarchism (38). Neoism, the avant-garde movement founded by Kantor, often distributes official documents such as press releases and letters of intent that include their motto: “Resistance is Our Business” (298 Barber). This group seems to be fully aware that avant-garde artists can at times be “deemed no different from bureaucratic art directors and technicians” (Sassower and Cicotello 7). This mocking of bureaucratic conventions informs much of the satire found in *Hands of the Tyrants*.

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<sup>8</sup> Baudrillard points out that “art has an ambiguous status, half-way between a terrorist critique and a de facto cultural integration” (“Too Much” 76).

The inclusion of imaginary institutions such as the Ministry of Culture, with its corresponding Department of Performance and Conceptual Art (40), the Innovative Rhetoric Laboratories (77), and the Phoenix Foundation (49) in *Hands of the Tyrants* is meant to be absurd, but also creates a fictional Canada that is close to reality. Christian Bök's study on the influence of 'Pataphysics'<sup>9</sup> on Canadian poetry, claims that the development of "imaginary academies" such as the Toronto Research Group, The Institute for Linguistic Ontogenetics, and the "Pataphysical Hardware Company, "imply that the mythic desire for cultural essences can only reinforce the metaphysical theorization of an imperial paradigm" (Bök 82-84). However, Bök neglects to state that the Toronto Research Group is a serious scholarly endeavour coordinated by bpNichol and Steve McCaffery, who currently holds the Gray Chair for literary studies at SUNY Buffalo. Dr. Pangloss' advice to Lucas expresses an astute assessment of the artists depicted in *Hands of the Tyrants*: "Always remember that an artist is just a bureaucrat in disguise. They crave order and formulas like no one else" (78). Apollo's Army is complicit in the "imperial paradigm" despite their efforts to sabotage the "cultural essences" of their nation. The conclusion to *Hands of the Tyrants*, Lucas' resignation from Apollo's Army (an echo of the final scene in *Candide*), captures the final irony of *Hands of the Tyrants*: "There is a higher purpose in all of this. You'll see that everything helped create a better world" (164). CSIS has unintentionally brought more violence into the world and encouraged the creation of radical, avant-garde art. Lucas, like *Candide*, is now searching for a simple life removed from the chaos of his recent past, especially his

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<sup>9</sup> According to its founder, Alfred Jarry, 'Pataphysics literally means beyond metaphysics and is defined as "the science of imaginary solutions." Jarry has taken on a near mythical status among the avant-garde; the philosophy behind 'Pataphysics influenced the development of Futurism, Dadaism, and Surrealism (Bök 2).



actions at the National Gallery of Canada. His attempt to reconcile the troublesome relationship between artists and the government remains unresolved.

The uncertainty over Lucas' future and the fate of Apollo's Army is consistent with most Menippean satires in that they typically feature irresolute endings (Griffin 113; Test 17). Although my intent has been to model *Hands of the Tyrants* as a Menippean satire, I also meant for this novella to be experimental or an attempt at introducing new conventions into this tradition. Bakhtin states that a "genre is always the same and yet not the same, always old and new simultaneously. Genre is reborn and renewed at every new stage in the development of literature and in every individual work of a given genre. This constitutes the life of the genre" (qtd. in Branham 114). Like the conceptual and performance artists I extensively researched for this project, I've become conscious of how my work is situated in, and hopefully tests, the artistic conventions of satire.

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*Appendix 2:*



CONSTITUTION ACT, 1982(80)

PART I

CANADIAN CHARTER OF RIGHTS AND FREEDOMS

&

CONSOLIDATION

Canadian Security

Intelligence Service Act

CODIFICATION

Loi sur le Service

canadien du

renseignement de sécurité

CHAPTER C-23 CHAPITRE C-23

CONSTITUTION ACT, 1982<sup>(80)</sup>

PART I

CANADIAN CHARTER OF RIGHTS AND FREEDOMS

Whereas Canada is founded upon principles that recognize the supremacy of God and the rule of law:

*Guarantee of Rights and Freedoms*

Rights and freedoms in Canada

1. The *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms* guarantees the rights and freedoms set out in it subject only to such reasonable limits prescribed by law as can be demonstrably justified in a free and democratic society.

*Fundamental Freedoms*

Fundamental freedoms

2. Everyone has the following fundamental freedoms:

- (a) freedom of conscience and religion;
- (b) freedom of thought, belief, opinion and expression, including freedom of the press and other media of communication;
- (c) freedom of peaceful assembly; and
- (d) freedom of association.

*Democratic Rights*

Democratic rights of citizens

3. Every citizen of Canada has the right to vote in an election of members of the House of Commons or of a legislative assembly and to be qualified for membership therein.

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<sup>(80)</sup> Enacted as Schedule B to the *Canada Act 1982, (U.K.) 1982, c. 11, which came into force on April 17, 1982. The Canada Act 1982, other than Schedules A and B thereto, reads as follows:*

An Act to give effect to a request by the Senate and House of Commons of Canada

Whereas Canada has requested and consented to the enactment of an Act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom to give effect to the provisions hereinafter set forth and the Senate and the House of Commons of Canada in Parliament assembled have submitted an address to Her Majesty requesting that Her Majesty may graciously be pleased to cause a Bill to be laid before the Parliament of the United Kingdom for that purpose.

Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

1. The *Constitution Act, 1982* set out in Schedule B to this Act is hereby enacted for and shall have the force of law in Canada and shall come into force as provided in that Act.

2. No Act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom passed after the *Constitution Act, 1982* comes into force shall extend to Canada as part of its law.

3. So far as it is not contained in Schedule B, the French version of this Act is set out in Schedule A to this Act and has the same authority in Canada as the English version thereof.

4. This Act may be cited as the *Canada Act 1982*.

Maximum duration of legislative bodies 4. (1) No House of Commons and no legislative assembly shall continue for longer than five years from the date fixed for the return of the writs of a general election of its members.<sup>(81)</sup>

Continuation in special circumstances (2) In time of real or apprehended war, invasion or insurrection, a House of Commons may be continued by Parliament and a legislative assembly may be continued by the legislature beyond five years if such continuation is not opposed by the votes of more than one-third of the members of the House of Commons or the legislative assembly, as the case may be.<sup>(82)</sup>

Annual sitting of legislative bodies 5. There shall be a sitting of Parliament and of each legislature at least once every twelve months.<sup>(83)</sup>

### *Mobility Rights*

Mobility of citizens 6. (1) Every citizen of Canada has the right to enter, remain in and leave Canada.

Rights to move and gain livelihood (2) Every citizen of Canada and every person who has the status of a permanent resident of Canada has the right

(a) to move to and take up residence in any province; and

(b) to pursue the gaining of a livelihood in any province.

Limitation (3) The rights specified in subsection (2) are subject to

(a) any laws or practices of general application in force in a province other than those that discriminate among persons primarily on the basis of province of present or previous residence; and

(b) any laws providing for reasonable residency requirements as a qualification for the receipt of publicly provided social services.

Affirmative action programs (4) Subsections (2) and (3) do not preclude any law, program or activity that has as its object the amelioration in a province of conditions of individuals in that province who are socially or economically disadvantaged if the rate of employment in that province is below the rate of employment in Canada.

### *Legal Rights*

Life, liberty and security of person 7. Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of the person and the right not to be deprived thereof except in accordance with the principles of fundamental justice.

Search or seizure 8. Everyone has the right to be secure against unreasonable search or seizure.

Detention or imprisonment 9. Everyone has the right not to be arbitrarily detained or imprisoned.

Arrest or detention 10. Everyone has the right on arrest or detention

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<sup>(81)</sup> See section 50 and the footnotes to sections 85 and 88 of the *Constitution Act, 1867*.

<sup>(82)</sup> Replaces part of Class 1 of section 91 of the *Constitution Act, 1867*, which was repealed as set out in subitem 1(3) of the Schedule to this Act.

<sup>(83)</sup> See the footnotes to sections 20, 86 and 88 of the *Constitution Act, 1867*.



- (a) to be informed promptly of the reasons therefor;
- (b) to retain and instruct counsel without delay and to be informed of that right; and
- (c) to have the validity of the detention determined by way of *habeas corpus* and to be released if the detention is not lawful.

Proceedings in  
criminal and  
penal matters

**11.** Any person charged with an offence has the right

- (a) to be informed without unreasonable delay of the specific offence;
- (b) to be tried within a reasonable time;
- (c) not to be compelled to be a witness in proceedings against that person in respect of the offence;
- (d) to be presumed innocent until proven guilty according to law in a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal;
- (e) not to be denied reasonable bail without just cause;
- (f) except in the case of an offence under military law tried before a military tribunal, to the benefit of trial by jury where the maximum punishment for the offence is imprisonment for five years or a more severe punishment;
- (g) not to be found guilty on account of any act or omission unless, at the time of the act or omission, it constituted an offence under Canadian or international law or was criminal according to the general principles of law recognized by the community of nations;
- (h) if finally acquitted of the offence, not to be tried for it again and, if finally found guilty and punished for the offence, not to be tried or punished for it again; and
- (i) if found guilty of the offence and if the punishment for the offence has been varied between the time of commission and the time of sentencing, to the benefit of the lesser punishment.

Treatment or  
punishment

**12.** Everyone has the right not to be subjected to any cruel and unusual treatment or punishment.

Self-crimination

**13.** A witness who testifies in any proceedings has the right not to have any incriminating evidence so given used to incriminate that witness in any other proceedings, except in a prosecution for perjury or for the giving of contradictory evidence.

Interpreter

**14.** A party or witness in any proceedings who does not understand or speak the language in which the proceedings are conducted or who is deaf has the right to the assistance of an interpreter.

*Equality Rights*

Equality before  
and under law  
and equal  
protection and  
benefit of law

**15.** (1) Every individual is equal before and under the law and has the right to the equal protection and equal benefit of the law without discrimination and, in particular, without discrimination based on race, national or ethnic origin, colour, religion, sex, age or mental or physical disability.

Affirmative action programs (2) Subsection (1) does not preclude any law, program or activity that has as its object the amelioration of conditions of disadvantaged individuals or groups including those that are disadvantaged because of race, national or ethnic origin, colour, religion, sex, age or mental or physical disability.<sup>(84)</sup>

*Official Languages of Canada*

Official languages of Canada **16.** (1) English and French are the official languages of Canada and have equality of status and equal rights and privileges as to their use in all institutions of the Parliament and government of Canada.

Official languages of New Brunswick (2) English and French are the official languages of New Brunswick and have equality of status and equal rights and privileges as to their use in all institutions of the legislature and government of New Brunswick.

Advancement of status and use (3) Nothing in this Charter limits the authority of Parliament or a legislature to advance the equality of status or use of English and French.

English and French linguistic communities in New Brunswick **16.1** (1) The English linguistic community and the French linguistic community in New Brunswick have equality of status and equal rights and privileges, including the right to distinct educational institutions and such distinct cultural institutions as are necessary for the preservation and promotion of those communities.

Role of the legislature and government of New Brunswick (2) The role of the legislature and government of New Brunswick to preserve and promote the status, rights and privileges referred to in subsection (1) is affirmed.<sup>(85)</sup>

Proceedings of Parliament **17.** (1) Everyone has the right to use English or French in any debates and other proceedings of Parliament.<sup>(86)</sup>

Proceedings of New Brunswick legislature (2) Everyone has the right to use English or French in any debates and other proceedings of the legislature of New Brunswick.<sup>(87)</sup>

Parliamentary statutes and records **18.** (1) The statutes, records and journals of Parliament shall be printed and published in English and French and both language versions are equally authoritative.<sup>(88)</sup>

New Brunswick statutes and records (2) The statutes, records and journals of the legislature of New Brunswick shall be printed and published in English and French and both language versions are equally authoritative.<sup>(89)</sup>

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<sup>(84)</sup> Subsection 32(2) provides that section 15 shall not have effect until three years after section 32 comes into force. Section 32 came into force on April 17, 1982; therefore, section 15 had effect on April 17, 1985.

<sup>(85)</sup> Section 16.1 was added by the *Constitution Amendment, 1993 (New Brunswick)*. See SI/93-54.

<sup>(86)</sup> See section 133 of the *Constitution Act, 1867*, and the footnote thereto.

<sup>(87)</sup> *Id.*

<sup>(88)</sup> *Id.*

<sup>(89)</sup> *Id.*

Proceedings in courts established by Parliament      **19.** (1) Either English or French may be used by any person in, or in any pleading in or process issuing from, any court established by Parliament<sup>(90)</sup>

Proceedings in New Brunswick courts      (2) Either English or French may be used by any person in, or in any pleading in or process issuing from, any court of New Brunswick.<sup>(91)</sup>

Communications by public with federal institutions      **20.** (1) Any member of the public in Canada has the right to communicate with, and to receive available services from, any head or central office of an institution of the Parliament or government of Canada in English or French, and has the same right with respect to any other office of any such institution where

(a) there is a significant demand for communications with and services from that office in such language; or

(b) due to the nature of the office, it is reasonable that communications with and services from that office be available in both English and French.

Communications by public with New Brunswick institutions      (2) Any member of the public in New Brunswick has the right to communicate with, and to receive available services from, any office of an institution of the legislature or government of New Brunswick in English or French.

Continuation of existing constitutional provisions      **21.** Nothing in sections 16 to 20 abrogates or derogates from any right, privilege or obligation with respect to the English and French languages, or either of them, that exists or is continued by virtue of any other provision of the Constitution of Canada.<sup>(92)</sup>

Rights and privileges preserved      **22.** Nothing in sections 16 to 20 abrogates or derogates from any legal or customary right or privilege acquired or enjoyed either before or after the coming into force of this Charter with respect to any language that is not English or French.

#### *Minority Language Educational Rights*

Language of instruction      **23.** (1) Citizens of Canada

(a) whose first language learned and still understood is that of the English or French linguistic minority population of the province in which they reside, or

(b) who have received their primary school instruction in Canada in English or French and reside in a province where the language in which they received that instruction is the language of the English or French linguistic minority population of the province,

have the right to have their children receive primary and secondary school instruction in that language in that province.<sup>(93)</sup>

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<sup>(90)</sup> *Id.*

<sup>(91)</sup> *Id.*

<sup>(92)</sup> See, for example, section 133 of the *Constitution Act, 1867*, and the reference to the *Manitoba Act, 1870*, in the footnote thereto.

<sup>(93)</sup> Paragraph 23(1)(a) is not in force in respect of Quebec. See section 59 *infra*.

Continuity of language instruction

(2) Citizens of Canada of whom any child has received or is receiving primary or secondary school instruction in English or French in Canada, have the right to have all their children receive primary and secondary school instruction in the same language.

Application where numbers warrant

(3) The right of citizens of Canada under subsections (1) and (2) to have their children receive primary and secondary school instruction in the language of the English or French linguistic minority population of a province

(a) applies wherever in the province the number of children of citizens who have such a right is sufficient to warrant the provision to them out of public funds of minority language instruction; and

(b) includes, where the number of those children so warrants, the right to have them receive that instruction in minority language educational facilities provided out of public funds.

### *Enforcement*

Enforcement of guaranteed rights and freedoms

**24.** (1) Anyone whose rights or freedoms, as guaranteed by this Charter, have been infringed or denied may apply to a court of competent jurisdiction to obtain such remedy as the court considers appropriate and just in the circumstances.

Exclusion of evidence bringing administration of justice into disrepute

(2) Where, in proceedings under subsection (1), a court concludes that evidence was obtained in a manner that infringed or denied any rights or freedoms guaranteed by this Charter, the evidence shall be excluded if it is established that, having regard to all the circumstances, the admission of it in the proceedings would bring the administration of justice into disrepute.

### *General*

Aboriginal rights and freedoms not affected by Charter

**25.** The guarantee in this Charter of certain rights and freedoms shall not be construed so as to abrogate or derogate from any aboriginal, treaty or other rights or freedoms that pertain to the aboriginal peoples of Canada including

(a) any rights or freedoms that have been recognized by the Royal Proclamation of October 7, 1763; and

(b) any rights or freedoms that now exist by way of land claims agreements or may be so acquired.<sup>(94)</sup>

Other rights and freedoms not affected by Charter

**26.** The guarantee in this Charter of certain rights and freedoms shall not be construed as denying the existence of any other rights or freedoms that exist in Canada.

Multicultural heritage

**27.** This Charter shall be interpreted in a manner consistent with the preservation and enhancement of the multicultural heritage of Canadians.

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<sup>(94)</sup> Paragraph 25(b) was repealed and re-enacted by the *Constitution Amendment Proclamation, 1983*. See SI/84-102.

**Paragraph 25(b) as originally enacted read as follows:**

“(b) any rights or freedoms that may be acquired by the aboriginal peoples of Canada by way of land claims settlement.”

Rights guaranteed equally to both sexes

**28.** Notwithstanding anything in this Charter, the rights and freedoms referred to in it are guaranteed equally to male and female persons.

Rights respecting certain schools preserved

**29.** Nothing in this Charter abrogates or derogates from any rights or privileges guaranteed by or under the Constitution of Canada in respect of denominational, separate or dissentient schools.<sup>(95)</sup>

Application to territories and territorial authorities

**30.** A reference in this Charter to a province or to the legislative assembly or legislature of a province shall be deemed to include a reference to the Yukon Territory and the Northwest Territories, or to the appropriate legislative authority thereof, as the case may be.

Legislative powers not extended

**31.** Nothing in this Charter extends the legislative powers of any body or authority.

#### *Application of Charter*

Application of Charter

**32.** (1) This Charter applies

(a) to the Parliament and government of Canada in respect of all matters within the authority of Parliament including all matters relating to the Yukon Territory and Northwest Territories; and

(b) to the legislature and government of each province in respect of all matters within the authority of the legislature of each province.

Exception

(2) Notwithstanding subsection (1), section 15 shall not have effect until three years after this section comes into force.

Exception where express declaration

**33.** (1) Parliament or the legislature of a province may expressly declare in an Act of Parliament or of the legislature, as the case may be, that the Act or a provision thereof shall operate notwithstanding a provision included in section 2 or sections 7 to 15 of this Charter.

Operation of exception

(2) An Act or a provision of an Act in respect of which a declaration made under this section is in effect shall have such operation as it would have but for the provision of this Charter referred to in the declaration.

Five year limitation

(3) A declaration made under subsection (1) shall cease to have effect five years after it comes into force or on such earlier date as may be specified in the declaration.

Re-enactment

(4) Parliament or the legislature of a province may re-enact a declaration made under subsection (1).

Five year limitation

(5) Subsection (3) applies in respect of a re-enactment made under subsection (4).

#### *Citation*

Citation

**34.** This Part may be cited as the *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms*.

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<sup>(95)</sup> See section 93 of the *Constitution Act, 1867*, and the footnote thereto.



CANADA

CONSOLIDATION

CODIFICATION

# Canadian Security Intelligence Service Act

# Loi sur le Service canadien du renseignement de sécurité

CHAPTER C-23

CHAPITRE C-23

Current to March 9, 2011

À jour au 9 mars 2011

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OFFICIAL STATUS  
OF CONSOLIDATIONS

CARACTÈRE OFFICIEL  
DES CODIFICATIONS

Subsections 31(1) and (2) of the *Legislation Revision and Consolidation Act*, in force on June 1, 2009, provide as follows:

Les paragraphes 31(1) et (2) de la *Loi sur la révision et la codification des textes législatifs*, en vigueur le 1<sup>er</sup> juin 2009, prévoient ce qui suit:

Published  
consolidation is  
evidence

**31.** (1) Every copy of a consolidated statute or consolidated regulation published by the Minister under this Act in either print or electronic form is evidence of that statute or regulation and of its contents and every copy purporting to be published by the Minister is deemed to be so published, unless the contrary is shown.

**31.** (1) Tout exemplaire d'une loi codifiée ou d'un règlement codifié, publié par le ministre en vertu de la présente loi sur support papier ou sur support électronique, fait foi de cette loi ou de ce règlement et de son contenu. Tout exemplaire donné comme publié par le ministre est réputé avoir été ainsi publié, sauf preuve contraire.

Codifications  
comme élément  
de preuve

Inconsistencies  
in Acts

(2) In the event of an inconsistency between a consolidated statute published by the Minister under this Act and the original statute or a subsequent amendment as certified by the Clerk of the Parliaments under the *Publication of Statutes Act*, the original statute or amendment prevails to the extent of the inconsistency.

(2) Les dispositions de la loi d'origine avec ses modifications subséquentes par le greffier des Parlements en vertu de la *Loi sur la publication des lois* l'emportent sur les dispositions incompatibles de la loi codifiée publiée par le ministre en vertu de la présente loi.

Incompatibilité  
— lois



CHAPTER C-23

CHAPITRE C-23

An Act to establish the Canadian Security Intelligence Service

Loi constituant le Service canadien du renseignement de sécurité

SHORT TITLE

TITRE ABRÉGÉ

Short title

1. This Act may be cited as the *Canadian Security Intelligence Service Act*.

1. *Loi sur le Service canadien du renseignement de sécurité*.

Titre abrégé

1984, c. 21, s. 1.

1984, ch. 21, art. 1.

INTERPRETATION

DÉFINITIONS

Definitions

2. In this Act,

2. Les définitions qui suivent s'appliquent à la présente loi.

Définitions

“department”  
« *ministère* »

“department”, in relation to the government of Canada or of a province, includes

« comité de surveillance » Le comité de surveillance des activités de renseignement de sécurité constitué par le paragraphe 34(1).

« comité de surveillance »  
“*Review Committee*”

(a) any portion of a department of the Government of Canada or of the province, and

« directeur » Le directeur du Service.

« directeur »  
“*Director*”

(b) any Ministry of State, institution or other body of the Government of Canada or of the province or any portion thereof;

« employé » Personne nommée employé du Service en vertu du paragraphe 8(1) ou qui l'est devenue en vertu du paragraphe 66(1) de la *Loi sur le Service canadien du renseignement de sécurité*, chapitre 21 des Statuts du Canada de 1984. Sont comprises parmi les employés les personnes affectées au Service ou détachées auprès de lui à titre d'employé.

« employé »  
“*employee*”

“Deputy Minister”  
« *sous-ministre* »

“Deputy Minister” means the Deputy Minister of Public Safety and Emergency Preparedness and includes any person acting for or on behalf of the Deputy Minister of Public Safety and Emergency Preparedness;

“Director”  
« *directeur* »

“Director” means the Director of the Service;

« État étranger » État autre que le Canada.

« État étranger »  
“*foreign state*”

“employee”  
« *employé* »

“employee” means a person who is appointed as an employee of the Service pursuant to subsection 8(1) or has become an employee of the Service pursuant to subsection 66(1) of the *Canadian Security Intelligence Service Act*, chapter 21 of the Statutes of Canada, 1984, and includes a person who is attached or seconded to the Service as an employee;

« évaluation de sécurité » Évaluation de la loyauté d'un individu envers le Canada et, à cet égard, de sa fiabilité.

« évaluation de sécurité »  
“*security assessment*”

“foreign state”  
« *État étranger* »

“foreign state” means any state other than Canada;

« inspecteur général » L'inspecteur général nommé en vertu du paragraphe 30(1).

« inspecteur général »  
“*Inspector General*”

“Inspector General”  
« *inspecteur général* »

“Inspector General” means the Inspector General appointed pursuant to subsection 30(1);

« interceptor » S'entend au sens de l'article 183 du *Code criminel*.

« interceptor »  
“*intercept*”

« juge » Juge de la Cour fédérale choisi pour l'application de la présente loi par le juge en chef de ce tribunal.

« juge »  
“*judge*”

« lieux » Sont assimilés à des lieux les moyens de transport.

« lieux »  
“*place*”



<p>“intercept” « <i>intercepter</i> »</p>	<p>“intercept” has the same meaning as in section 183 of the <i>Criminal Code</i>;</p>	<p>« menaces envers la sécurité du Canada » Constituent des menaces envers la sécurité du Canada les activités suivantes :</p>	<p>« menaces envers la sécurité du Canada » “<i>threats to the security of Canada</i>”</p>
<p>“judge” « <i>jugé</i> »</p>	<p>“judge” means a judge of the Federal Court designated by the Chief Justice thereof for the purposes of this Act;</p>	<p>a) l’espionnage ou le sabotage visant le Canada ou préjudiciables à ses intérêts, ainsi que les activités tendant à favoriser ce genre d’espionnage ou de sabotage;</p>	
<p>“Minister” « <i>ministre</i> »</p>	<p>“Minister” means the Minister of Public Safety and Emergency Preparedness;</p>	<p>b) les activités influencées par l’étranger qui touchent le Canada ou s’y déroulent et sont préjudiciables à ses intérêts, et qui sont d’une nature clandestine ou trompeuse ou comportent des menaces envers quiconque;</p>	
<p>“place” « <i>lieux</i> »</p>	<p>“place” includes any conveyance;</p>	<p>c) les activités qui touchent le Canada ou s’y déroulent et visent à favoriser l’usage de la violence grave ou de menaces de violence contre des personnes ou des biens dans le but d’atteindre un objectif politique, religieux ou idéologique au Canada ou dans un État étranger;</p>	
<p>“Review Committee” « <i>comité de surveillance</i> »</p>	<p>“Review Committee” means the Security Intelligence Review Committee established by subsection 34(1);</p>	<p>d) les activités qui, par des actions cachées et illicites, visent à saper le régime de gouvernement constitutionnellement établi au Canada ou dont le but immédiat ou ultime est sa destruction ou son renversement, par la violence.</p>	
<p>“security assessment” « <i>évaluation de sécurité</i> »</p>	<p>“security assessment” means an appraisal of the loyalty to Canada and, so far as it relates thereto, the reliability of an individual;</p>		
<p>“Service” « <i>Service</i> »</p>	<p>“Service” means the Canadian Security Intelligence Service established by subsection 3(1);</p>		
<p>“threats to the security of Canada” « <i>menaces envers la sécurité du Canada</i> »</p>	<p>“threats to the security of Canada” means</p> <p>(a) espionnage or sabotage that is against Canada or is detrimental to the interests of Canada or activities directed toward or in support of such espionnage or sabotage,</p> <p>(b) foreign influenced activities within or relating to Canada that are detrimental to the interests of Canada and are clandestine or deceptive or involve a threat to any person,</p> <p>(c) activities within or relating to Canada directed toward or in support of the threat or use of acts of serious violence against persons or property for the purpose of achieving a political, religious or ideological objective within Canada or a foreign state, and</p> <p>(d) activities directed toward undermining by covert unlawful acts, or directed toward or intended ultimately to lead to the destruction or overthrow by violence of, the constitutionally established system of government in Canada,</p> <p>but does not include lawful advocacy, protest or dissent, unless carried on in conjunction with any of the activities referred to in paragraphs (a) to (d).</p> <p>R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 2; 2001, c. 41, s. 89; 2005, c. 10, s. 13.</p>	<p>La présente définition ne vise toutefois pas les activités licites de défense d’une cause, de protestation ou de manifestation d’un désaccord qui n’ont aucun lien avec les activités mentionnées aux alinéas a) à d).</p> <p>« ministère » Sont compris parmi les ministères :</p> <p>a) tout secteur d’un ministère du gouvernement du Canada ou d’une province;</p> <p>b) l’ensemble ou tout secteur d’un département d’État, d’une institution ou d’un autre organisme du gouvernement du Canada ou d’une province.</p> <p>« ministre » Le ministre de la Sécurité publique et de la Protection civile.</p> <p>« Service » Le Service canadien de renseignement de sécurité constitué par le paragraphe 3(1).</p> <p>« sous-ministre » Le sous-ministre de la Sécurité publique et de la Protection civile ou toute personne qui agit en son nom.</p> <p>L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 2; 2001, ch. 41, art. 89; 2005, ch. 10, art. 13.</p>	<p>« ministère » “<i>department</i>”</p> <p>« ministre » “<i>Minister</i>”</p> <p>« Service » “<i>Service</i>”</p> <p>« sous-ministre » “<i>Deputy Minister</i>”</p>

PART I

CANADIAN SECURITY INTELLIGENCE  
SERVICE

ESTABLISHMENT OF SERVICE

Establishment of Service	<b>3.</b> (1) The Canadian Security Intelligence Service is hereby established, consisting of the Director and employees of the Service.
Principal office	(2) The principal office of the Service shall be in the National Capital Region described in the schedule to the <i>National Capital Act</i> .
Other offices	(3) The Director may, with the approval of the Minister, establish other offices of the Service elsewhere in Canada. 1984, c. 21, s. 3.

DIRECTOR

Appointment	<b>4.</b> (1) The Governor in Council shall appoint the Director of the Service.
Term of office	(2) The Director shall be appointed to hold office during pleasure for a term not exceeding five years.
Re-appointment	(3) Subject to subsection (4), the Director is eligible, on the expiration of a first or any subsequent term of office, to be re-appointed for a further term not exceeding five years.
Limitation	(4) No person shall hold office as Director for terms exceeding ten years in the aggregate.
Absence or incapacity	(5) In the event of the absence or incapacity of the Director, or if the office of Director is vacant, the Governor in Council may appoint another person to hold office instead of the Director for a term not exceeding six months, and that person shall, while holding that office, have all of the powers, duties and functions of the Director under this Act or any other Act of Parliament and be paid such salary or other remuneration and expenses as may be fixed by the Governor in Council. 1984, c. 21, s. 4.

Salary and expenses	<b>5.</b> (1) The Director is entitled to be paid a salary to be fixed by the Governor in Council and shall be paid reasonable travel and living expenses incurred by the Director in the performance of duties and functions under this Act.
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Pension benefits	(2) The provisions of the <i>Public Service Superannuation Act</i> , other than those relating to
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PARTIE I

SERVICE CANADIEN DU  
RENSEIGNEMENT DE SÉCURITÉ

CONSTITUTION

Constitution	<b>3.</b> (1) Est constitué le Service canadien du renseignement de sécurité, composé de son directeur et de ses employés.
Siège	(2) Le siège du Service est fixé dans la région de la capitale nationale définie à l'annexe de la <i>Loi sur la capitale nationale</i> .
Bureaux	(3) Le directeur peut, avec l'approbation du ministre, établir des bureaux du Service ailleurs au Canada. 1984, ch. 21, art. 3.

DIRECTEUR

Nomination	<b>4.</b> (1) Le gouverneur en conseil nomme le directeur.
Mandat	(2) Le directeur occupe son poste à titre amovible pour une durée maximale de cinq ans.
Renouvellement	(3) Sous réserve du paragraphe (4), le mandat du directeur est renouvelable pour une durée maximale identique.
Durée limite	(4) La durée d'occupation maximale du poste de directeur par le même titulaire est de dix ans.
Absence ou empêchement	(5) En cas d'absence ou d'empêchement du directeur ou de vacance de son poste, le gouverneur en conseil peut nommer un intérimaire pour un mandat maximal de six mois; celui-ci exerce alors les pouvoirs et fonctions conférés au directeur en vertu de la présente loi ou de toute autre loi fédérale et reçoit la rémunération et les frais que fixe le gouverneur en conseil. 1984, ch. 21, art. 4.

Traitement et frais	<b>5.</b> (1) Le directeur a le droit de recevoir le traitement que fixe le gouverneur en conseil et est indemnisé des frais de déplacement et de séjour entraînés par l'exercice des fonctions qui lui sont conférées en application de la présente loi.
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Régime de pension	(2) Les dispositions de la <i>Loi sur la pension de la fonction publique</i> qui ne traitent pas d'oc-
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tenure of office, apply to the Director, except that a person appointed as Director from outside the public service, as defined in the *Public Service Superannuation Act*, may, by notice in writing given to the President of the Treasury Board not more than sixty days after the date of appointment, elect to participate in the pension plan provided by the *Diplomatic Service (Special) Superannuation Act*, in which case the provisions of that Act, other than those relating to tenure of office, apply to the Director from the date of appointment and the provisions of the *Public Service Superannuation Act* do not apply.

R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 5; 2003, c. 22, s. 225(E).

cupation de poste s'appliquent au directeur; toutefois, s'il est choisi en dehors de la fonction publique, au sens de la loi mentionnée ci-dessus, il peut, par avis écrit adressé au président du Conseil du Trésor dans les soixante jours suivant sa date de nomination, choisir de cotiser au régime de pension prévu par la *Loi sur la pension spéciale du service diplomatique*; dans ce cas, il est assujéti aux dispositions de cette loi qui ne traitent pas d'occupation de poste.

L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 5; 2003, ch. 22, art. 225(A).

MANAGEMENT OF SERVICE

GESTION

Role of Director	<p><b>6. (1)</b> The Director, under the direction of the Minister, has the control and management of the Service and all matters connected therewith.</p>	<p><b>6. (1)</b> Sous la direction du ministre, le directeur est chargé de la gestion du Service et de tout ce qui s'y rattache.</p>	Rôle du directeur
Minister may issue directions	<p>(2) In providing the direction referred to in subsection (1), the Minister may issue to the Director written directions with respect to the Service and a copy of any such direction shall, forthwith after it is issued, be given to the Review Committee.</p>	<p>(2) Dans l'exercice de son pouvoir de direction visé au paragraphe (1), le ministre peut donner par écrit au directeur des instructions concernant le Service; un exemplaire de celles-ci est transmis au comité de surveillance dès qu'elles sont données.</p>	Instructions du ministre
Directions deemed not to be statutory instruments	<p>(3) Directions issued by the Minister under subsection (2) shall be deemed not to be statutory instruments for the purposes of the <i>Statutory Instruments Act</i>.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 6.</p>	<p>(3) Les instructions visées au paragraphe (2) sont réputées ne pas être des textes réglementaires au sens de la <i>Loi sur les textes réglementaires</i>.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 6.</p>	Non-application de la <i>Loi sur les textes réglementaires</i>
Consultation with Deputy Minister	<p><b>7. (1)</b> The Director shall consult the Deputy Minister on</p> <p>(a) the general operational policies of the Service; and</p> <p>(b) any matter with respect to which consultation is required by directions issued under subsection 6(2).</p>	<p><b>7. (1)</b> Le directeur consulte le sous-ministre sur les points suivants :</p> <p>a) l'orientation générale des opérations du Service;</p> <p>b) toute autre question à l'égard de laquelle les instructions visées au paragraphe 6(2) exigent une pareille consultation.</p>	Consultation du sous-ministre
Idem	<p>(2) The Director or any employee designated by the Minister for the purpose of applying for a warrant under section 21 or 23 shall consult the Deputy Minister before applying for the warrant or the renewal of the warrant.</p>	<p>(2) Le directeur ou un employé désigné par le ministre aux fins d'une demande de mandat en vertu des articles 21 ou 23 consulte le sous-ministre avant de présenter la demande de mandat ou de renouvellement du mandat.</p>	Idem
Advice by Deputy Minister	<p>(3) The Deputy Minister shall advise the Minister with respect to directions issued under subsection 6(2) or that should, in the opinion of</p>	<p>(3) Le sous-ministre conseille le ministre sur les instructions déjà données ou à donner, selon lui, en vertu du paragraphe 6(2).</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 7.</p>	Conseils du sous-ministre

the Deputy Minister, be issued under that subsection.

1984, c. 21, s. 7.

Powers and functions of Director

**8.** (1) Notwithstanding the *Financial Administration Act* and the *Public Service Employment Act*, the Director has exclusive authority to appoint employees and, in relation to the human resources management of employees, other than persons attached or seconded to the Service as employees,

(a) to provide for the terms and conditions of their employment; and

(b) subject to the regulations,

(i) to exercise the powers and perform the functions of the Treasury Board relating to human resources management under the *Financial Administration Act*, and

(ii) to exercise the powers and perform the functions assigned to the Public Service Commission by or pursuant to the *Public Service Employment Act*.

Discipline and grievances of employees

(2) Notwithstanding the *Public Service Labour Relations Act* but subject to subsection (3) and the regulations, the Director may establish procedures respecting the conduct and discipline of, and the presentation, consideration and adjudication of grievances in relation to, employees, other than persons attached or seconded to the Service as employees.

Adjudication of employee grievances

(3) When a grievance is referred to adjudication, the adjudication shall not be heard or determined by any person, other than a full-time member of the Public Service Labour Relations Board established under section 12 of the *Public Service Labour Relations Act*.

Regulations

(4) The Governor in Council may make regulations

(a) governing the exercise of the powers and the performance of the duties and functions of the Director referred to in subsection (1); and

(b) in relation to employees to whom subsection (2) applies, governing their conduct and discipline and the presentation, consideration and adjudication of grievances.

R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 8; 2003, c. 22, ss. 143, 234.

Attributions du directeur

**8.** (1) Par dérogation à la *Loi sur la gestion des finances publiques* et à la *Loi sur l'emploi dans la fonction publique*, le directeur a le pouvoir exclusif de nommer les employés et, en matière de gestion des ressources humaines du Service, à l'exception des personnes affectées au Service ou détachées auprès de lui à titre d'employé :

a) de déterminer leurs conditions d'emploi;

b) sous réserve des règlements :

(i) d'exercer les attributions conférées au Conseil du Trésor en vertu de la *Loi sur la gestion des finances publiques* en cette matière,

(ii) d'exercer les attributions conférées à la Commission de la fonction publique sous le régime de la *Loi sur l'emploi dans la fonction publique*.

Conduite des employés et griefs

(2) Par dérogation à la *Loi sur les relations de travail dans la fonction publique* mais sous réserve du paragraphe (3) et des règlements, le directeur peut établir des règles de procédure concernant la conduite et la discipline des employés, à l'exception des personnes affectées au Service ou détachées auprès de lui à titre d'employé, la présentation par les employés de leurs griefs, l'étude de ces griefs et leur renvoi à l'arbitrage.

Arbitrage

(3) Les griefs renvoyés à l'arbitrage ne peuvent être entendus et tranchés que par un membre à temps plein de la Commission des relations de travail dans la fonction publique constituée par l'article 12 de la *Loi sur les relations de travail dans la fonction publique*.

Règlements

(4) Le gouverneur en conseil peut prendre des règlements :

a) pour régir l'exercice par le directeur des pouvoirs et fonctions que lui confère le paragraphe (1);

b) sur la conduite et la discipline des employés visés au paragraphe (2), la présentation de griefs par ceux-ci, l'étude de ces griefs et leur renvoi à l'arbitrage.

L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 8; 2003, ch. 22, art. 143 et 234.

Process for resolution of disputes of support staff

**9.** (1) Notwithstanding the *Public Service Labour Relations Act*,

- (a) the process for resolution of a dispute applicable to employees of the Service in a bargaining unit determined for the purposes of that Act is by the referral of the dispute to arbitration; and
- (b) the process for resolution of a dispute referred to in paragraph (a) shall not be altered pursuant to that Act.

*Public Service Superannuation Act*

(2) Employees of the Service shall be deemed to be employed in the public service for the purposes of the *Public Service Superannuation Act*.

R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 9; 2003, c. 22, ss. 144(E), 225(E).

**9.1** [Repealed, 2003, c. 22, s. 145]

Oaths

**10.** The Director and every employee shall, before commencing the duties of office, take an oath of allegiance and the oaths set out in the schedule.

1984, c. 21, s. 10.

Certificate

**11.** A certificate purporting to be issued by or under the authority of the Director and stating that the person to whom it is issued is an employee or is a person, or a person included in a class of persons, to whom a warrant issued under section 21 or 23 is directed is evidence of the statements contained therein and is admissible in evidence without proof of the signature or official character of the person purporting to have issued it.

1984, c. 21, s. 11.

DUTIES AND FUNCTIONS OF SERVICE

Collection, analysis and retention

**12.** The Service shall collect, by investigation or otherwise, to the extent that it is strictly necessary, and analyse and retain information and intelligence respecting activities that may on reasonable grounds be suspected of constituting threats to the security of Canada and, in relation thereto, shall report to and advise the Government of Canada.

1984, c. 21, s. 12.

Security assessments

**13.** (1) The Service may provide security assessments to departments of the Government of Canada.

Arrangements with provinces

(2) The Service may, with the approval of the Minister, enter into an arrangement with

**9.** (1) Par dérogation à la *Loi sur les relations de travail dans la fonction publique*:

- a) le mode de règlement des différends applicable aux employés qui font partie d'une unité de négociation déterminée pour l'application de cette loi est l'arbitrage;
- b) cette loi ne peut être invoquée pour modifier le mode de règlement des différends visé à l'alinéa a).

Mode de règlement des différends : personnel de soutien

(2) Les employés sont présumés faire partie de la fonction publique pour l'application de la *Loi sur la pension de la fonction publique*.

L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 9; 2003, ch. 22, art. 144(A) et 225(A).

**9.1** [Abrogé, 2003, ch. 22, art. 145]

*Loi sur la pension de la fonction publique*

**10.** Avant de prendre leurs fonctions, le directeur et les employés prêtent le serment d'allégeance ainsi que les serments mentionnés à l'annexe.

1984, ch. 21, art. 10.

Serments

**11.** Le certificat censé être délivré par le directeur ou sous son autorité, où il est déclaré que son titulaire est un employé ou est une personne, ou appartient à une catégorie, destinataire d'un mandat décerné en vertu des articles 21 ou 23, fait foi de son contenu et est admissible en preuve sans qu'il soit nécessaire de prouver l'authenticité de la signature ou la qualité officielle de la personne censée l'avoir délivré.

1984, ch. 21, art. 11.

Certificat

FONCTIONS DU SERVICE

**12.** Le Service recueille, au moyen d'enquêtes ou autrement, dans la mesure strictement nécessaire, et analyse et conserve les informations et renseignements sur les activités dont il existe des motifs raisonnables de soupçonner qu'elles constituent des menaces envers la sécurité du Canada; il en fait rapport au gouvernement du Canada et le conseille à cet égard.

1984, ch. 21, art. 12.

Informations et renseignements

**13.** (1) Le Service peut fournir des évaluations de sécurité aux ministères du gouvernement du Canada.

Évaluations de sécurité

(2) Le Service peut, avec l'approbation du ministre, conclure des ententes avec :

Ententes avec les provinces

	<p>(a) the government of a province or any department thereof, or</p> <p>(b) any police force in a province, with the approval of the Minister responsible for policing in the province,</p> <p>authorizing the Service to provide security assessments.</p>	<p>a) le gouvernement d'une province ou l'un de ses ministères;</p> <p>b) un service de police en place dans une province, avec l'approbation du ministre provincial chargé des questions de police.</p> <p>Ces ententes autorisent le Service à fournir des évaluations de sécurité.</p>	
<p>Arrangements with foreign states</p>	<p>(3) The Service may, with the approval of the Minister after consultation by the Minister with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, enter into an arrangement with the government of a foreign state or an institution thereof or an international organization of states or an institution thereof authorizing the Service to provide the government, institution or organization with security assessments.</p> <p>R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 13; 1995, c. 5, s. 25.</p>	<p>(3) Le Service peut, avec l'approbation du ministre, après consultation entre celui-ci et le ministre des Affaires étrangères, conclure avec le gouvernement d'un État étranger ou l'une de ses institutions, ou une organisation internationale d'États ou l'une de ses institutions, des ententes l'autorisant à leur fournir des évaluations de sécurité.</p> <p>L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 13; 1995, ch. 5, art. 25.</p>	<p>Ententes avec des États étrangers</p>
<p>Advice to Ministers</p>	<p><b>14.</b> The Service may</p> <p>(a) advise any minister of the Crown on matters relating to the security of Canada, or</p> <p>(b) provide any minister of the Crown with information relating to security matters or criminal activities,</p> <p>that is relevant to the exercise of any power or the performance of any duty or function by that Minister under the <i>Citizenship Act</i> or the <i>Immigration and Refugee Protection Act</i>.</p> <p>R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 14; 2001, c. 27, s. 223.</p>	<p><b>14.</b> Le Service peut :</p> <p>a) fournir des conseils à un ministre sur les questions de sécurité du Canada;</p> <p>b) transmettre des informations à un ministre sur des questions de sécurité ou des activités criminelles,</p> <p>dans la mesure où ces conseils et informations sont en rapport avec l'exercice par ce ministre des pouvoirs et fonctions qui lui sont conférés en vertu de la <i>Loi sur la citoyenneté</i> ou de la <i>Loi sur l'immigration et la protection des réfugiés</i>.</p> <p>L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 14; 2001, ch. 27, art. 223.</p>	<p>Conseils aux ministres</p>
<p>Investigations</p>	<p><b>15.</b> The Service may conduct such investigations as are required for the purpose of providing security assessments pursuant to section 13 or advice pursuant to section 14.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 15.</p>	<p><b>15.</b> Le Service peut mener les enquêtes qui sont nécessaires en vue des évaluations de sécurité et des conseils respectivement visés aux articles 13 et 14.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 15.</p>	<p>Enquêtes</p>
<p>Collection of information concerning foreign states and persons</p>	<p><b>16.</b> (1) Subject to this section, the Service may, in relation to the defence of Canada or the conduct of the international affairs of Canada, assist the Minister of National Defence or the Minister of Foreign Affairs, within Canada, in the collection of information or intelligence relating to the capabilities, intentions or activities of</p> <p>(a) any foreign state or group of foreign states; or</p> <p>(b) any person other than</p> <p>(i) a Canadian citizen,</p>	<p><b>16.</b> (1) Sous réserve des autres dispositions du présent article, le Service peut, dans les domaines de la défense et de la conduite des affaires internationales du Canada, prêter son assistance au ministre de la Défense nationale ou au ministre des Affaires étrangères, dans les limites du Canada, à la collecte d'informations ou de renseignements sur les moyens, les intentions ou les activités :</p> <p>a) d'un État étranger ou d'un groupe d'États étrangers;</p> <p>b) d'une personne qui n'est ni un citoyen canadien, ni un résident permanent au sens du</p>	<p>Assistance</p>

	(ii) a permanent resident within the meaning of subsection 2(1) of the <i>Immigration and Refugee Protection Act</i> , or	paragraphe 2(1) de la <i>Loi sur l'immigration et la protection des réfugiés</i> , ni une personne morale constituée en vertu d'une loi fédérale ou provinciale.	
	(iii) a corporation incorporated by or under an Act of Parliament or of the legislature of a province.		
Limitation	(2) The assistance provided pursuant to subsection (1) shall not be directed at any person referred to in subparagraph (1)(b)(i), (ii) or (iii).	(2) L'assistance autorisée au paragraphe (1) est subordonnée au fait qu'elle ne vise pas des personnes mentionnées aux sous-alinéas (1)b(i), (ii) ou (iii).	Restriction
Personal consent of Ministers required	(3) The Service shall not perform its duties and functions under subsection (1) unless it does so  (a) on the personal request in writing of the Minister of National Defence or the Minister of Foreign Affairs; and  (b) with the personal consent in writing of the Minister.  R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 16; 1995, c. 5, s. 25; 2001, c. 27, s. 224.	(3) L'exercice par le Service des fonctions visées au paragraphe (1) est subordonné :  a) à une demande personnelle écrite du ministre de la Défense nationale ou du ministre des Affaires étrangères;  b) au consentement personnel du ministre.  L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 16; 1995, ch. 5, art. 25; 2001, ch. 27, art. 224.	Consentement personnel des ministres
Cooperation	<b>17.</b> (1) For the purpose of performing its duties and functions under this Act, the Service may,  (a) with the approval of the Minister, enter into an arrangement or otherwise cooperate with  (i) any department of the Government of Canada or the government of a province or any department thereof, or  (ii) any police force in a province, with the approval of the Minister responsible for policing in the province; or  (b) with the approval of the Minister after consultation by the Minister with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, enter into an arrangement or otherwise cooperate with the government of a foreign state or an institution thereof or an international organization of states or an institution thereof.	<b>17.</b> (1) Dans l'exercice des fonctions qui lui sont conférées en vertu de la présente loi, le Service peut :  a) avec l'approbation du ministre, conclure des ententes ou, d'une façon générale, coopérer avec :  (i) les ministères du gouvernement du Canada, le gouvernement d'une province ou l'un de ses ministères,  (ii) un service de police en place dans une province, avec l'approbation du ministre provincial chargé des questions de police;  b) avec l'approbation du ministre, après consultation entre celui-ci et le ministre des Affaires étrangères, conclure des ententes ou, d'une façon générale, coopérer avec le gouvernement d'un État étranger ou l'une de ses institutions, ou une organisation internationale d'États ou l'une de ses institutions.	Coopération
Copies of arrangements to Review Committee	(2) Where a written arrangement is entered into pursuant to subsection (1) or subsection 13(2) or (3), a copy thereof shall be given forthwith to the Review Committee.  R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 17; 1995, c. 5, s. 25.	(2) Un exemplaire du texte des ententes écrites conclues en vertu du paragraphe (1) ou des paragraphes 13(2) ou (3) est transmis au comité de surveillance immédiatement après leur conclusion.  L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 17; 1995, ch. 5, art. 25.	Transmission des ententes au comité de surveillance
Offence to disclose identity	<b>18.</b> (1) Subject to subsection (2), no person shall disclose any information that the person obtained or to which the person had access in	<b>18.</b> (1) Sous réserve du paragraphe (2), nul ne peut communiquer des informations qu'il a acquises ou auxquelles il avait accès dans	Infraction

the course of the performance by that person of duties and functions under this Act or the participation by that person in the administration or enforcement of this Act and from which the identity of

(a) any other person who is or was a confidential source of information or assistance to the Service, or

(b) any person who is or was an employee engaged in covert operational activities of the Service

can be inferred.

Exceptions

(2) A person may disclose information referred to in subsection (1) for the purposes of the performance of duties and functions under this Act or any other Act of Parliament or the administration or enforcement of this Act or as required by any other law or in the circumstances described in any of paragraphs 19(2)(a) to (d).

Offence

(3) Every one who contravenes subsection (1)

(a) is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding five years; or

(b) is guilty of an offence punishable on summary conviction.

1984, c. 21, s. 18.

Authorized disclosure of information

**19.** (1) Information obtained in the performance of the duties and functions of the Service under this Act shall not be disclosed by the Service except in accordance with this section.

Idem

(2) The Service may disclose information referred to in subsection (1) for the purposes of the performance of its duties and functions under this Act or the administration or enforcement of this Act or as required by any other law and may also disclose such information,

(a) where the information may be used in the investigation or prosecution of an alleged contravention of any law of Canada or a province, to a peace officer having jurisdiction to investigate the alleged contravention and to the Attorney General of Canada and the Attorney General of the province in which proceedings in respect of the alleged contravention may be taken;

l'exercice des fonctions qui lui sont conférées en vertu de la présente loi ou lors de sa participation à l'exécution ou au contrôle d'application de cette loi et qui permettraient de découvrir l'identité :

a) d'une autre personne qui fournit ou a fourni au Service des informations ou une aide à titre confidentiel;

b) d'une personne qui est ou était un employé occupé à des activités opérationnelles cachées du Service.

Exceptions

(2) La communication visée au paragraphe (1) peut se faire dans l'exercice de fonctions conférées en vertu de la présente loi ou de toute autre loi fédérale ou pour l'exécution ou le contrôle d'application de la présente loi, si une autre règle de droit l'exige ou dans les circonstances visées aux alinéas 19(2)a) à d).

Infraction

(3) Quiconque contrevient au paragraphe (1) est coupable :

a) soit d'un acte criminel et passible d'un emprisonnement maximal de cinq ans;

b) soit d'une infraction punissable par procédure sommaire.

1984, ch. 21, art. 18.

Autorisation de communication

**19.** (1) Les informations qu'acquiert le Service dans l'exercice des fonctions qui lui sont conférées en vertu de la présente loi ne peuvent être communiquées qu'en conformité avec le présent article.

Idem

(2) Le Service peut, en vue de l'exercice des fonctions qui lui sont conférées en vertu de la présente loi ou pour l'exécution ou le contrôle d'application de celle-ci, ou en conformité avec les exigences d'une autre règle de droit, communiquer les informations visées au paragraphe (1). Il peut aussi les communiquer aux autorités ou personnes suivantes :

a) lorsqu'elles peuvent servir dans le cadre d'une enquête ou de poursuites relatives à une infraction présumée à une loi fédérale ou provinciale, aux agents de la paix compétents pour mener l'enquête, au procureur général du Canada et au procureur général de la pro-



	<p>(b) where the information relates to the conduct of the international affairs of Canada, to the Minister of Foreign Affairs or a person designated by the Minister of Foreign Affairs for the purpose;</p> <p>(c) where the information is relevant to the defence of Canada, to the Minister of National Defence or a person designated by the Minister of National Defence for the purpose; or</p> <p>(d) where, in the opinion of the Minister, disclosure of the information to any minister of the Crown or person in the federal public administration is essential in the public interest and that interest clearly outweighs any invasion of privacy that could result from the disclosure, to that minister or person.</p>	<p>vince où des poursuites peuvent être intentées à l'égard de cette infraction;</p> <p>b) lorsqu'elles concernent la conduite des affaires internationales du Canada, au ministre des Affaires étrangères ou à la personne qu'il désigne à cette fin;</p> <p>c) lorsqu'elles concernent la défense du Canada, au ministre de la Défense nationale ou à la personne qu'il désigne à cette fin;</p> <p>d) lorsque, selon le ministre, leur communication à un ministre ou à une personne appartenant à l'administration publique fédérale est essentielle pour des raisons d'intérêt public et que celles-ci justifient nettement une éventuelle violation de la vie privée, à ce ministre ou à cette personne.</p>	
Report to Review Committee	<p>(3) The Director shall, as soon as practicable after a disclosure referred to in paragraph (2)(d) is made, submit a report to the Review Committee with respect to the disclosure.</p> <p>R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 19; 1995, c. 5, s. 25; 2003, c. 22, s. 224(E).</p>	<p>(3) Dans les plus brefs délais possible après la communication visée à l'alinéa (2)d), le directeur en fait rapport au comité de surveillance.</p> <p>L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 19; 1995, ch. 5, art. 25; 2003, ch. 22, art. 224(A).</p>	Rapport au comité de surveillance
Protection of employees	<p><b>20.</b> (1) The Director and employees have, in performing the duties and functions of the Service under this Act, the same protection under the law as peace officers have in performing their duties and functions as peace officers.</p>	<p><b>20.</b> (1) Le directeur et les employés bénéficient, dans l'exercice des fonctions conférées au Service en vertu de la présente loi, de la même protection que celle dont bénéficient, en vertu de la loi, les agents de la paix au titre de leurs fonctions.</p>	Protection des employés
Unlawful conduct	<p>(2) If the Director is of the opinion that an employee may, on a particular occasion, have acted unlawfully in the purported performance of the duties and functions of the Service under this Act, the Director shall cause to be submitted a report in respect thereof to the Minister.</p>	<p>(2) Le directeur fait rapport au ministre des actes qui peuvent avoir été accomplis selon lui illicitement, dans des cas particuliers, par des employés dans l'exercice censé tel des fonctions conférées au Service en vertu de la présente loi.</p>	Agissements illicites
Report and comments to Attorney General of Canada	<p>(3) The Minister shall cause to be given to the Attorney General of Canada a copy of any report that he receives pursuant to subsection (2), together with any comment that he considers appropriate in the circumstances.</p>	<p>(3) Le ministre fait transmettre au procureur général du Canada un exemplaire des rapports qu'il reçoit en conformité avec le paragraphe (2), accompagnés des commentaires qu'il juge à propos.</p>	Transmission au procureur général
Copies to Review Committee	<p>(4) A copy of anything given to the Attorney General of Canada pursuant to subsection (3) shall be given forthwith to the Review Committee.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 20.</p>	<p>(4) Un exemplaire de tous les documents transmis au procureur général du Canada en conformité avec le paragraphe (3) est envoyé au comité de surveillance dès leur transmission au procureur général.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 20.</p>	Envoi au comité de surveillance

PART II  
JUDICIAL CONTROL

Application for  
warrant

**21.** (1) Where the Director or any employee designated by the Minister for the purpose believes, on reasonable grounds, that a warrant under this section is required to enable the Service to investigate a threat to the security of Canada or to perform its duties and functions under section 16, the Director or employee may, after having obtained the approval of the Minister, make an application in accordance with subsection (2) to a judge for a warrant under this section.

Matters to be  
specified in  
application for  
warrant

(2) An application to a judge under subsection (1) shall be made in writing and be accompanied by an affidavit of the applicant deposing to the following matters, namely,

(a) the facts relied on to justify the belief, on reasonable grounds, that a warrant under this section is required to enable the Service to investigate a threat to the security of Canada or to perform its duties and functions under section 16;

(b) that other investigative procedures have been tried and have failed or why it appears that they are unlikely to succeed, that the urgency of the matter is such that it would be impractical to carry out the investigation using only other investigative procedures or that without a warrant under this section it is likely that information of importance with respect to the threat to the security of Canada or the performance of the duties and functions under section 16 referred to in paragraph (a) would not be obtained;

(c) the type of communication proposed to be intercepted, the type of information, records, documents or things proposed to be obtained and the powers referred to in paragraphs (3)(a) to (c) proposed to be exercised for that purpose;

(d) the identity of the person, if known, whose communication is proposed to be intercepted or who has possession of the information, record, document or thing proposed to be obtained;

(e) the persons or classes of persons to whom the warrant is proposed to be directed;

PARTIE II  
CONTRÔLE JUDICIAIRE

Demande de  
mandat

**21.** (1) Le directeur ou un employé désigné à cette fin par le ministre peut, après avoir obtenu l'approbation du ministre, demander à un juge de décerner un mandat en conformité avec le présent article s'il a des motifs raisonnables de croire que le mandat est nécessaire pour permettre au Service de faire enquête sur des menaces envers la sécurité du Canada ou d'exercer les fonctions qui lui sont conférées en vertu de l'article 16.

(2) La demande visée au paragraphe (1) est présentée par écrit et accompagnée de l'affidavit du demandeur portant sur les points suivants :

a) les faits sur lesquels le demandeur s'appuie pour avoir des motifs raisonnables de croire que le mandat est nécessaire aux fins visées au paragraphe (1);

b) le fait que d'autres méthodes d'enquête ont été essayées en vain, ou la raison pour laquelle elles semblent avoir peu de chances de succès, le fait que l'urgence de l'affaire est telle qu'il serait très difficile de mener l'enquête sans mandat ou le fait que, sans mandat, il est probable que des informations importantes concernant les menaces ou les fonctions visées au paragraphe (1) ne pourraient être acquises;

c) les catégories de communications dont l'interception, les catégories d'informations, de documents ou d'objets dont l'acquisition, ou les pouvoirs visés aux alinéas (3)a) à c) dont l'exercice, sont à autoriser;

d) l'identité de la personne, si elle est connue, dont les communications sont à intercepter ou qui est en possession des informations, documents ou objets à acquérir;

e) les personnes ou catégories de personnes destinataires du mandat demandé;

f) si possible, une description générale du lieu où le mandat demandé est à exécuter;

g) la durée de validité applicable en vertu du paragraphe (5), de soixante jours ou d'un an au maximum, selon le cas, demandée pour le mandat;

Contenu de la  
demande

	<p>(f) a general description of the place where the warrant is proposed to be executed, if a general description of that place can be given;</p> <p>(g) the period, not exceeding sixty days or one year, as the case may be, for which the warrant is requested to be in force that is applicable by virtue of subsection (5); and</p> <p>(h) any previous application made in relation to a person identified in the affidavit pursuant to paragraph (d), the date on which the application was made, the name of the judge to whom each application was made and the decision of the judge thereon.</p>	<p>h) la mention des demandes antérieures touchant des personnes visées à l'alinéa d), la date de chacune de ces demandes, le nom du juge à qui elles ont été présentées et la décision de celui-ci dans chaque cas.</p>	
<p>Issuance of warrant</p>	<p>(3) Notwithstanding any other law but subject to the <i>Statistics Act</i>, where the judge to whom an application under subsection (1) is made is satisfied of the matters referred to in paragraphs (2)(a) and (b) set out in the affidavit accompanying the application, the judge may issue a warrant authorizing the persons to whom it is directed to intercept any communication or obtain any information, record, document or thing and, for that purpose,</p> <p>(a) to enter any place or open or obtain access to any thing;</p> <p>(b) to search for, remove or return, or examine, take extracts from or make copies of or record in any other manner the information, record, document or thing; or</p> <p>(c) to install, maintain or remove any thing.</p>	<p>(3) Par dérogation à toute autre règle de droit mais sous réserve de la <i>Loi sur la statistique</i>, le juge à qui est présentée la demande visée au paragraphe (1) peut décerner le mandat s'il est convaincu de l'existence des faits mentionnés aux alinéas (2)a) et b) et dans l'affidavit qui accompagne la demande; le mandat autorise ses destinataires à intercepter des communications ou à acquérir des informations, documents ou objets. À cette fin, il peut autoriser aussi, de leur part :</p> <p>a) l'accès à un lieu ou un objet ou l'ouverture d'un objet;</p> <p>b) la recherche, l'enlèvement ou la remise en place de tout document ou objet, leur examen, le prélèvement des informations qui s'y trouvent, ainsi que leur enregistrement et l'établissement de copies ou d'extraits par tout procédé;</p> <p>c) l'installation, l'entretien et l'enlèvement d'objets.</p>	<p>Délivrance du mandat</p>
<p>Matters to be specified in warrant</p>	<p>(4) There shall be specified in a warrant issued under subsection (3)</p> <p>(a) the type of communication authorized to be intercepted, the type of information, records, documents or things authorized to be obtained and the powers referred to in paragraphs (3)(a) to (c) authorized to be exercised for that purpose;</p> <p>(b) the identity of the person, if known, whose communication is to be intercepted or who has possession of the information, record, document or thing to be obtained;</p>	<p>(4) Le mandat décerné en vertu du paragraphe (3) porte les indications suivantes :</p> <p>a) les catégories de communications dont l'interception, les catégories d'informations, de documents ou d'objets dont l'acquisition, ou les pouvoirs visés aux alinéas (3)a) à c) dont l'exercice, sont autorisés;</p> <p>b) l'identité de la personne, si elle est connue, dont les communications sont à intercepter ou qui est en possession des informations, documents ou objets à acquérir;</p> <p>c) les personnes ou catégories de personnes destinataires du mandat;</p>	<p>Contenu du mandat</p>

	<p>(c) the persons or classes of persons to whom the warrant is directed;</p> <p>(d) a general description of the place where the warrant may be executed, if a general description of that place can be given;</p> <p>(e) the period for which the warrant is in force; and</p> <p>(f) such terms and conditions as the judge considers advisable in the public interest.</p>	<p>d) si possible, une description générale du lieu où le mandat peut être exécuté;</p> <p>e) la durée de validité du mandat;</p> <p>f) les conditions que le juge estime indiquées dans l'intérêt public.</p>	
<p>Maximum duration of warrant</p>	<p>(5) A warrant shall not be issued under subsection (3) for a period exceeding</p> <p>(a) sixty days where the warrant is issued to enable the Service to investigate a threat to the security of Canada within the meaning of paragraph (d) of the definition of that expression in section 2; or</p> <p>(b) one year in any other case.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 21.</p>	<p>(5) Il ne peut être décerné de mandat en vertu du paragraphe (3) que pour une période maximale :</p> <p>a) de soixante jours, lorsque le mandat est décerné pour permettre au Service de faire enquête sur des menaces envers la sécurité du Canada au sens de l'alinéa d) de la définition de telles menaces contenue à l'article 2;</p> <p>b) d'un an, dans tout autre cas.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 21.</p>	<p>Durée maximale</p>
<p>Renewal of warrant</p>	<p><b>22.</b> On application in writing to a judge for the renewal of a warrant issued under subsection 21(3) made by a person entitled to apply for such a warrant after having obtained the approval of the Minister, the judge may, from time to time, renew the warrant for a period not exceeding the period for which the warrant may be issued pursuant to subsection 21(5) if satisfied by evidence on oath that</p> <p>(a) the warrant continues to be required to enable the Service to investigate a threat to the security of Canada or to perform its duties and functions under section 16; and</p> <p>(b) any of the matters referred to in paragraph 21(2)(b) are applicable in the circumstances.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 22.</p>	<p><b>22.</b> Sur la demande écrite, approuvée par le ministre, que lui en fait une personne autorisée à demander le mandat visé au paragraphe 21(3), le juge peut le renouveler, pour une période n'excédant pas celle pour laquelle ce mandat peut être décerné en vertu du paragraphe 21(5), s'il est convaincu par le dossier qui lui est présenté sous serment, à la fois :</p> <p>a) que le mandat reste nécessaire pour permettre au Service de faire enquête sur des menaces envers la sécurité du Canada ou d'exercer les fonctions qui lui sont conférées en vertu de l'article 16;</p> <p>b) de l'existence des faits mentionnés à l'alinéa 21(2)b).</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 22.</p>	<p>Renouvellement</p>
<p>Warrant authorizing removal</p>	<p><b>23.</b> (1) On application in writing by the Director or any employee designated by the Minister for the purpose, a judge may, if the judge thinks fit, issue a warrant authorizing the persons to whom the warrant is directed to remove from any place any thing installed pursuant to a warrant issued under subsection 21(3) and, for that purpose, to enter any place or open or obtain access to any thing.</p>	<p><b>23.</b> (1) Sur la demande écrite que lui en fait le directeur ou un employé désigné à cette fin par le ministre, le juge peut, s'il l'estime indiqué, décerner un mandat autorisant ses destinataires à enlever un objet d'un lieu où il avait été installé en conformité avec un mandat décerné en vertu du paragraphe 21(3). À cette fin, le mandat peut autoriser, de leur part, l'accès à un lieu ou un objet ou l'ouverture d'un objet.</p>	<p>Mandat d'enlèvement de certains objets</p>

Matters to be specified in warrants	<p>(2) There shall be specified in a warrant issued under subsection (1) the matters referred to in paragraphs 21(4)(c) to (f).</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 23.</p>	<p>(2) Le mandat décerné en vertu du paragraphe (1) porte les indications mentionnées aux alinéas 21(4)c) à f).</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 23.</p>	Contenu du mandat
Warrant to have effect notwithstanding other laws	<p><b>24.</b> Notwithstanding any other law, a warrant issued under section 21 or 23</p> <p>(a) authorizes every person or person included in a class of persons to whom the warrant is directed,</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">(i) in the case of a warrant issued under section 21, to exercise the powers specified in the warrant for the purpose of intercepting communications of the type specified therein or obtaining information, records, documents or things of the type specified therein, or</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">(ii) in the case of a warrant issued under section 23, to execute the warrant; and</p> <p>(b) authorizes any other person to assist a person who that other person believes on reasonable grounds is acting in accordance with such a warrant.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 24.</p>	<p><b>24.</b> Par dérogation à toute autre règle de droit, le mandat décerné en vertu des articles 21 ou 23 :</p> <p>a) autorise ses destinataires, en tant que tels ou au titre de leur appartenance à une catégorie donnée :</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">(i) dans le cas d'un mandat décerné en vertu de l'article 21, à employer les moyens qui y sont indiqués pour effectuer l'interception ou l'acquisition qui y est indiquée,</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">(ii) dans le cas d'un mandat décerné en vertu de l'article 23, à exécuter le mandat;</p> <p>b) autorise quiconque à prêter assistance à une personne qu'il a des motifs raisonnables de croire habilitée par le mandat.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 24.</p>	Primauté des mandats
Crown Liability and Proceedings Act not to apply	<p><b>25.</b> No action lies under section 18 of the <i>Crown Liability and Proceedings Act</i> in respect of</p> <p>(a) the use or disclosure pursuant to this Act of any communication intercepted under the authority of a warrant issued under section 21; or</p> <p>(b) the disclosure pursuant to this Act of the existence of any such communication.</p> <p>R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 25; 1993, c. 34, s. 49.</p>	<p><b>25.</b> Il ne peut être intenté d'action sous le régime de l'article 18 de la <i>Loi sur la responsabilité civile de l'État et le contentieux administratif</i> :</p> <p>a) de l'utilisation ou de la révélation faite en conformité avec la présente loi d'une communication dont l'interception a été autorisée par un mandat décerné en vertu de l'article 21;</p> <p>b) de la révélation faite en conformité avec la présente loi de l'existence de cette communication.</p> <p>L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 25; 1993, ch. 34, art. 49.</p>	Non-application de la <i>Loi sur la responsabilité civile de l'État et le contentieux administratif</i>
Exclusion of Part VI of <i>Criminal Code</i>	<p><b>26.</b> Part VI of the <i>Criminal Code</i> does not apply in relation to any interception of a communication under the authority of a warrant issued under section 21 or in relation to any communication so intercepted.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 26.</p>	<p><b>26.</b> La partie VI du <i>Code criminel</i> ne s'applique pas à une interception de communication autorisée par un mandat décerné en vertu de l'article 21 ni à la communication elle-même.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 26.</p>	Non-application de la partie VI du <i>Code criminel</i>
Hearing of applications	<p><b>27.</b> An application under section 21, 22 or 23 to a judge for a warrant or the renewal of a warrant shall be heard in private in accordance with regulations made under section 28.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 27.</p>	<p><b>27.</b> Une demande de mandat ou de renouvellement de mandat faite à un juge en vertu de l'article 21, 22 ou 23 est entendue à huis clos en conformité avec les règlements d'application de l'article 28.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 27.</p>	Audition des demandes

Regulations	<p><b>28.</b> The Governor in Council may make regulations</p> <p>(a) prescribing the forms of warrants that may be issued under section 21 or 23;</p> <p>(b) governing the practice and procedure of, and security requirements applicable to, hearings of applications for those warrants and for renewals of those warrants; and</p> <p>(c) notwithstanding the <i>Federal Courts Act</i> and any rules made thereunder, specifying the places where those hearings may be held and the places where, and the manner in which, records or documents concerning those hearings shall be kept.</p> <p>R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 28; 2002, c. 8, s. 182.</p>	<p><b>28.</b> Le gouverneur en conseil peut, par règlement :</p> <p>a) déterminer la forme des mandats décernés en vertu de l'article 21 ou 23;</p> <p>b) prévoir les règles de pratique et de procédure, ainsi que les conditions de sécurité, applicables à l'audition d'une demande de mandat ou de renouvellement de mandat;</p> <p>c) par dérogation à la <i>Loi sur les Cours fédérales</i> et aux règles établies sous son régime, préciser les lieux où peuvent se tenir les auditions et où doivent être conservés les archives et documents qui s'y rattachent, de même que leur mode de conservation.</p> <p>L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 28; 2002, ch. 8, art. 182.</p>	Règlements
	<p>PART III REVIEW INTERPRETATION</p>	<p>PARTIE III SURVEILLANCE DÉFINITION</p>	
Definition of "deputy head"	<p><b>29.</b> In this Part, "deputy head" means, in relation to</p> <p>(a) a department named in Schedule I to the <i>Financial Administration Act</i>, the deputy minister thereof,</p> <p>(b) the Canadian Forces, the Chief of the Defence Staff,</p> <p>(c) the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Commissioner,</p> <p>(d) the Service, the Director, and</p> <p>(e) any other portion of the federal public administration, the person designated by order in council pursuant to this paragraph and for the purposes of this Part to be the deputy head of that portion of the federal public administration.</p> <p>R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 29; 2003, c. 22, s. 224(E).</p>	<p><b>29.</b> Dans la présente partie, « administrateur général » s'entend :</p> <p>a) à l'égard d'un ministère mentionné à l'annexe I de la <i>Loi sur la gestion des finances publiques</i>, du sous-ministre;</p> <p>b) à l'égard des Forces canadiennes, du chef d'état-major de la défense;</p> <p>c) à l'égard de la Gendarmerie royale du Canada, du Commissaire;</p> <p>d) à l'égard du Service, du directeur;</p> <p>e) à l'égard d'un autre secteur de l'administration publique fédérale, de la personne désignée par décret, en vertu du présent alinéa, à titre d'administrateur général de ce secteur pour l'application de la présente partie.</p> <p>L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 29; 2003, ch. 22, art. 224(A).</p>	Définition de « administrateur général »
	<p>INSPECTOR GENERAL</p>	<p>INSPECTEUR GÉNÉRAL</p>	
Inspector General	<p><b>30.</b> (1) The Governor in Council shall appoint an officer to be known as the Inspector General, who is responsible to the Deputy Minister.</p>	<p><b>30.</b> (1) Le gouverneur en conseil nomme un haut fonctionnaire, responsable devant le sous-ministre, en qualité d'inspecteur général.</p>	Inspecteur général
Functions	<p>(2) The functions of the Inspector General are</p> <p>(a) to monitor the compliance by the Service with its operational policies;</p>	<p>(2) L'inspecteur général est chargé des fonctions suivantes :</p> <p>a) suivre l'observation par le Service de ses règles générales en matière opérationnelle;</p>	Fonctions

	<p>(b) to review the operational activities of the Service; and</p> <p>(c) to submit certificates pursuant to subsection 33(2).</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 30.</p>	<p>b) surveiller les activités opérationnelles du Service;</p> <p>c) présenter les certificats visés au paragraphe 33(2).</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 30.</p>	
Access to information	<p><b>31.</b> (1) Notwithstanding any other Act of Parliament but subject to subsection (2), the Inspector General is entitled to have access to any information under the control of the Service that relates to the performance of the duties and functions of the Inspector General and is also entitled to receive from the Director and employees such information, reports and explanations as the Inspector General deems necessary for the performance of those duties and functions.</p>	<p><b>31.</b> (1) Par dérogation à toute autre loi fédérale mais sous réserve du paragraphe (2), l'inspecteur général est autorisé à avoir accès aux informations qui se rattachent à l'exercice de ses fonctions et qui relèvent du Service; à cette fin, il est aussi autorisé à recevoir du directeur et des employés les informations, rapports et explications dont il juge avoir besoin dans cet exercice.</p>	Accès aux informations
Compelling production of information	<p>(2) No information described in subsection (1), other than a confidence of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada in respect of which subsection 39(1) of the <i>Canada Evidence Act</i> applies, may be withheld from the Inspector General on any grounds.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 31.</p>	<p>(2) À l'exception des renseignements confidentiels du Conseil privé de la Reine pour le Canada visés par le paragraphe 39(1) de la <i>Loi sur la preuve au Canada</i>, aucune des informations visées au paragraphe (1) ne peut, pour quelque motif que ce soit, être refusée à l'inspecteur général.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 31.</p>	Production obligatoire
Compliance with security requirements	<p><b>32.</b> The Inspector General shall comply with all security requirements applicable by or under this Act to an employee and shall take the oath of secrecy set out in the schedule.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 32.</p>	<p><b>32.</b> L'inspecteur général se conforme aux conditions de sécurité applicables aux employés en vertu de la présente loi et prête le serment de secret mentionné à l'annexe.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 32.</p>	Conditions de sécurité
Periodic reports by Director	<p><b>33.</b> (1) The Director shall, in relation to every period of twelve months or such lesser period as is specified by the Minister, submit to the Minister, at such times as the Minister specifies, reports with respect to the operational activities of the Service during that period, and shall cause the Inspector General to be given a copy of each such report.</p>	<p><b>33.</b> (1) Pour chaque période de douze mois d'activités opérationnelles du Service ou pour les périodes inférieures, et aux époques, que précise le ministre, le directeur présente à celui-ci des rapports sur ces activités; il en fait remettre un exemplaire à l'inspecteur général.</p>	Rapports périodiques
Certificates of Inspector General	<p>(2) As soon as practicable after receiving a copy of a report referred to in subsection (1), the Inspector General shall submit to the Minister a certificate stating the extent to which the Inspector General is satisfied with the report and whether any act or thing done by the Service in the course of its operational activities during the period to which the report relates is, in the opinion of the Inspector General,</p> <p>(a) not authorized by or under this Act or contravenes any directions issued by the Minister under subsection 6(2); or</p>	<p>(2) Dans les plus brefs délais possible après réception du rapport, l'inspecteur général remet au ministre un certificat où il indique dans quelle mesure le rapport lui paraît acceptable et où il fait état des cas où, selon lui, le Service a, lors de ses activités opérationnelles pendant la période considérée :</p> <p>a) accompli des actes qui n'ont pas été autorisés en vertu de la présente loi ou ont contrevenu aux instructions données par le ministre en vertu du paragraphe 6(2);</p>	Certificat de l'inspecteur général

	(b) involves an unreasonable or unnecessary exercise by the Service of any of its powers.	b) exercé ses pouvoirs d'une façon abusive ou inutile.	
Transmission to Review Committee	(3) As soon as practicable after receiving a report referred to in subsection (1) and a certificate of the Inspector General referred to in subsection (2), the Minister shall cause the report and certificate to be transmitted to the Review Committee.  1984, c. 21, s. 33.	(3) Le ministre fait transmettre au comité de surveillance le rapport du directeur et le certificat de l'inspecteur général dans les plus brefs délais possible après leur réception.  1984, ch. 21, art. 33.	Transmission au comité de surveillance
	SECURITY INTELLIGENCE REVIEW COMMITTEE	COMITÉ DE SURVEILLANCE DES ACTIVITÉS DE RENSEIGNEMENT DE SÉCURITÉ	
Security Intelligence Review Committee	<b>34.</b> (1) There is hereby established a committee, to be known as the Security Intelligence Review Committee, consisting of a Chairman and not less than two and not more than four other members, all of whom shall be appointed by the Governor in Council from among members of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada who are not members of the Senate or the House of Commons, after consultation by the Prime Minister of Canada with the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons and the leader in the House of Commons of each party having at least twelve members in that House.	<b>34.</b> (1) Est constitué le comité de surveillance des activités de renseignement de sécurité, composé du président et de deux à quatre autres membres, tous nommés par le gouverneur en conseil parmi les membres du Conseil privé de la Reine pour le Canada qui ne font partie ni du Sénat ni de la Chambre des communes. Cette nomination est précédée de consultations entre le premier ministre du Canada, le chef de l'opposition à la Chambre des communes et le chef de chacun des partis qui y disposent d'au moins douze députés.	Constitution du comité de surveillance
Term of office	(2) Each member of the Review Committee shall be appointed to hold office during good behaviour for a term not exceeding five years.	(2) Les membres du comité de surveillance sont nommés à titre inamovible pour une durée maximale de cinq ans.	Durée du mandat
Re-appointment	(3) A member of the Review Committee is eligible to be re-appointed for a term not exceeding five years.	(3) Le mandat des membres du comité de surveillance est renouvelable pour une durée maximale identique.	Renouvellement
Expenses	(4) Each member of the Review Committee is entitled to be paid, for each day that the member performs duties and functions under this Act, such remuneration as is fixed by the Governor in Council and shall be paid reasonable travel and living expenses incurred by the member in the performance of those duties and functions.  1984, c. 21, s. 34.	(4) Les membres du comité de surveillance ont le droit de recevoir, pour chaque jour qu'ils exercent les fonctions qui leur sont conférées en vertu de la présente loi, la rémunération que fixe le gouverneur en conseil et sont indemnisés des frais de déplacement et de séjour entraînés par l'exercice de ces fonctions.  1984, ch. 21, art. 34.	Rémunération et frais
Chairman of the Review Committee	<b>35.</b> (1) The Chairman of the Review Committee is the chief executive officer of the Committee.	<b>35.</b> (1) Le président est le premier dirigeant du comité de surveillance.	Premier dirigeant
Acting Chairman of the Review Committee	(2) The Chairman of the Review Committee may designate another member of the Committee to act as the Chairman in the event of the absence or incapacity of the Chairman and, if no such designation is in force or the office of Chairman is vacant, the Minister may designate	(2) Le président peut désigner un membre du comité de surveillance pour assumer la présidence en cas d'absence ou d'empêchement de sa part; à défaut d'une telle désignation préalable ou en cas de vacance du poste de pré-	Suppléance



a member of the Committee to act as the Chairman.

1984, c. 21, s. 35.

Staff of Review Committee

**36.** The Review Committee may, with the approval of the Treasury Board,

(a) engage a secretary and such other staff as it requires; and

(b) fix and pay the remuneration and expenses of persons engaged pursuant to paragraph (a).

1984, c. 21, s. 36.

Compliance with security requirements

**37.** Every member of the Review Committee and every person engaged by it shall comply with all security requirements applicable by or under this Act to an employee and shall take the oath of secrecy set out in the schedule.

1984, c. 21, s. 37.

Functions of Review Committee

**38.** The functions of the Review Committee are

(a) to review generally the performance by the Service of its duties and functions and, in connection therewith,

(i) to review the reports of the Director and certificates of the Inspector General transmitted to it pursuant to subsection 33(3),

(ii) to review directions issued by the Minister under subsection 6(2),

(iii) to review arrangements entered into by the Service pursuant to subsections 13(2) and (3) and 17(1) and to monitor the provision of information and intelligence pursuant to those arrangements,

(iv) to review any report or comment given to it pursuant to subsection 20(4),

(v) to monitor any request referred to in paragraph 16(3)(a) made to the Service,

(vi) to review the regulations, and

(vii) to compile and analyse statistics on the operational activities of the Service;

(b) to arrange for reviews to be conducted, or to conduct reviews, pursuant to section 40; and

(c) to conduct investigations in relation to

(i) complaints made to the Committee under sections 41 and 42,

sident, le ministre désigne le président suppléant parmi les autres membres.

1984, ch. 21, art. 35.

**36.** Le comité de surveillance peut, avec l'approbation du Conseil du Trésor :

a) engager un secrétaire et le personnel dont il a besoin;

b) fixer et verser la rémunération et les frais des personnes visées à l'alinéa a).

1984, ch. 21, art. 36.

Personnel du comité de surveillance

**37.** Les membres du comité de surveillance et les personnes qu'il engage se conforment aux conditions de sécurité applicables aux employés en vertu de la présente loi et prêtent le serment de secret mentionné à l'annexe.

1984, ch. 21, art. 37.

Conditions de sécurité

**38.** Le comité de surveillance a les fonctions suivantes :

a) surveiller la façon dont le Service exerce ses fonctions et, à cet égard :

(i) examiner les rapports du directeur et les certificats de l'inspecteur général qui lui sont transmis en conformité avec le paragraphe 33(3),

(ii) examiner les instructions que donne le ministre en vertu du paragraphe 6(2),

(iii) examiner les ententes conclues par le Service en vertu des paragraphes 13(2) et (3) et 17(1), et surveiller les informations ou renseignements qui sont transmis en vertu de celles-ci,

(iv) examiner les rapports et commentaires qui lui sont transmis en conformité avec le paragraphe 20(4),

(v) surveiller les demandes qui sont présentées au Service en vertu de l'alinéa 16(3)a),

(vi) examiner les règlements,

(vii) réunir et analyser des statistiques sur les activités opérationnelles du Service;

b) effectuer ou faire effectuer des recherches en vertu de l'article 40;

c) faire enquête sur :

(i) les plaintes qu'il reçoit en vertu des articles 41 et 42,

Fonctions du comité de surveillance

(ii) reports made to the Committee pursuant to section 19 of the *Citizenship Act*, and

(iii) matters referred to the Committee pursuant to section 45 of the *Canadian Human Rights Act*.

R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 38; 2001, c. 27, s. 225.

Committee procedures

**39.** (1) Subject to this Act, the Review Committee may determine the procedure to be followed in the performance of any of its duties or functions.

Access to information

(2) Notwithstanding any other Act of Parliament or any privilege under the law of evidence, but subject to subsection (3), the Review Committee is entitled

(a) to have access to any information under the control of the Service or of the Inspector General that relates to the performance of the duties and functions of the Committee and to receive from the Inspector General, Director and employees such information, reports and explanations as the Committee deems necessary for the performance of its duties and functions; and

(b) during any investigation referred to in paragraph 38(c), to have access to any information under the control of the deputy head concerned that is relevant to the investigation.

Idem

(3) No information described in subsection (2), other than a confidence of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada in respect of which subsection 39(1) of the *Canada Evidence Act* applies, may be withheld from the Committee on any grounds.

1984, c. 21, s. 39.

Review

**40.** For the purpose of ensuring that the activities of the Service are carried out in accordance with this Act, the regulations and directions issued by the Minister under subsection 6(2) and that the activities do not involve any unreasonable or unnecessary exercise by the Service of any of its powers, the Review Committee may

(a) direct the Service or Inspector General to conduct a review of specific activities of the Service and provide the Committee with a report of the review; or

(ii) les rapports qui lui sont transmis en vertu de l'article 19 de la *Loi sur la citoyenneté*,

(iii) les affaires qui lui sont transmises en vertu de l'article 45 de la *Loi canadienne sur les droits de la personne*.

L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 38; 2001, ch. 27, art. 225.

Procédure

**39.** (1) Sous réserve des autres dispositions de la présente loi, le comité de surveillance peut déterminer la procédure à suivre dans l'exercice de ses fonctions.

Accès aux informations

(2) Par dérogation à toute autre loi fédérale ou toute immunité reconnue par le droit de la preuve, mais sous réserve du paragraphe (3), le comité de surveillance :

a) est autorisé à avoir accès aux informations qui se rattachent à l'exercice de ses fonctions et qui relèvent du Service ou de l'inspecteur général et à recevoir de l'inspecteur général, du directeur et des employés les informations, rapports et explications dont il juge avoir besoin dans cet exercice;

b) au cours des enquêtes visées à l'alinéa 38c), est autorisé à avoir accès aux informations qui se rapportent à ces enquêtes et qui relèvent de l'administrateur général concerné.

Idem

(3) À l'exception des renseignements confidentiels du Conseil privé de la Reine pour le Canada visés par le paragraphe 39(1) de la *Loi sur la preuve au Canada*, aucune des informations visées au paragraphe (2) ne peut, pour quelque motif que ce soit, être refusée au comité.

1984, ch. 21, art. 39.

Recherches

**40.** Afin de veiller à ce que les activités du Service soient conduites conformément à la présente loi, à ses règlements et aux instructions du ministre visées au paragraphe 6(2), et qu'elles ne donnent pas lieu à l'exercice par le Service de ses pouvoirs d'une façon abusive ou inutile, le comité de surveillance peut :

a) soit faire effectuer par le Service ou l'inspecteur général des recherches sur certaines activités du Service et exiger d'eux qu'ils lui en fassent rapport;

(b) where it considers that a review by the Service or the Inspector General would be inappropriate, conduct such a review itself.

1984, c. 21, s. 40.

b) soit effectuer ces recherches lui-même s'il juge qu'il serait contre-indiqué de les faire effectuer par le Service ou l'inspecteur général.

1984, ch. 21, art. 40.

COMPLAINTS

PLAINTES

Complaints

**41.** (1) Any person may make a complaint to the Review Committee with respect to any act or thing done by the Service and the Committee shall, subject to subsection (2), investigate the complaint if

(a) the complainant has made a complaint to the Director with respect to that act or thing and the complainant has not received a response within such period of time as the Committee considers reasonable or is dissatisfied with the response given; and

(b) the Committee is satisfied that the complaint is not trivial, frivolous, vexatious or made in bad faith.

Other redress available

(2) The Review Committee shall not investigate a complaint in respect of which the complainant is entitled to seek redress by means of a grievance procedure established pursuant to this Act or the *Public Service Labour Relations Act*.

R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 41; 2003, c. 22, s. 146(E).

Denial of security clearance

**42.** (1) Where, by reason only of the denial of a security clearance required by the Government of Canada, a decision is made by a deputy head to deny employment to an individual or to dismiss, demote or transfer an individual or to deny a promotion or transfer to an individual, the deputy head shall send, within ten days after the decision is made, a notice informing the individual of the denial of the security clearance.

Idem

(2) Where, by reason only of the denial of a security clearance required by the Government of Canada to be given in respect of an individual, a decision is made to deny the individual or any other person a contract to provide goods or services to the Government of Canada, the deputy head concerned shall send, within ten days after the decision is made, a notice informing the individual and, where applicable, the other person of the denial of the security clearance.

Plaintes

**41.** (1) Toute personne peut porter plainte contre des activités du Service auprès du comité de surveillance; celui-ci, sous réserve du paragraphe (2), fait enquête à la condition de s'assurer au préalable de ce qui suit :

a) d'une part, la plainte a été présentée au directeur sans que ce dernier ait répondu dans un délai jugé normal par le comité ou ait fourni une réponse qui satisfasse le plaignant;

b) d'autre part, la plainte n'est pas frivole, vexatoire, sans objet ou entachée de mauvaise foi.

Restriction

(2) Le comité de surveillance ne peut enquêter sur une plainte qui constitue un grief susceptible d'être réglé par la procédure de griefs établie en vertu de la présente loi ou de la *Loi sur les relations de travail dans la fonction publique*.

L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 41; 2003, ch. 22, art. 146(A).

Refus d'une habilitation de sécurité

**42.** (1) Les individus qui font l'objet d'une décision de renvoi, de rétrogradation, de mutation ou d'opposition à engagement, avancement ou mutation prise par un administrateur général pour la seule raison du refus d'une habilitation de sécurité que le gouvernement du Canada exige doivent être avisés du refus par l'administrateur général; celui-ci envoie l'avis dans les dix jours suivant la prise de la décision.

Idem

(2) Dans le cas où, pour la seule raison du refus d'une habilitation de sécurité que le gouvernement du Canada exige à l'égard d'un individu, celui-ci ou une autre personne fait l'objet d'une décision d'opposition à un contrat de fourniture de biens ou de services à ce gouvernement, l'administrateur général concerné envoie dans les dix jours suivant la prise de la décision un avis informant l'individu, et s'il y a lieu l'autre personne, du refus.

Receipt and investigation of complaints	<p>(3) The Review Committee shall receive and investigate a complaint from</p> <p>(a) any individual referred to in subsection (1) who has been denied a security clearance; or</p> <p>(b) any person who has been denied a contract to provide goods or services to the Government of Canada by reason only of the denial of a security clearance in respect of that person or any individual.</p>	<p>(3) Le comité de surveillance reçoit les plaintes et fait enquête sur les plaintes présentées par :</p> <p>a) les individus visés au paragraphe (1) à qui une habilitation de sécurité est refusée;</p> <p>b) les personnes qui ont fait l'objet d'une décision d'opposition à un contrat de fourniture de biens ou de services pour la seule raison du refus d'une habilitation de sécurité à ces personnes ou à quiconque.</p>	Réception des plaintes et enquêtes
Time within which complaint is to be made	<p>(4) A complaint under subsection (3) shall be made within thirty days after receipt of the notice referred to in subsection (1) or (2) or within such longer period as the Review Committee allows.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 42.</p>	<p>(4) Les plaintes visées au paragraphe (3) sont à présenter dans les trente jours suivant la réception de l'avis mentionné aux paragraphes (1) ou (2) ou dans le délai supérieur accordé par le comité de surveillance.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 42.</p>	Délai
Member of the Committee authorized to act alone	<p><b>43.</b> A member of the Review Committee may exercise any of the powers or perform any of the duties or functions of the Committee under this Part in relation to complaints.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 43.</p>	<p><b>43.</b> Un membre du comité de surveillance peut, à l'égard des plaintes dont celui-ci est saisi, exercer les pouvoirs et fonctions que la présente partie confère au comité.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 43.</p>	Délégation de compétence
Complaints submitted on behalf of complainants	<p><b>44.</b> Nothing in this Act precludes the Review Committee from receiving and investigating complaints described in sections 41 and 42 that are submitted by a person authorized by the complainant to act on behalf of the complainant, and a reference to a complainant in any other section includes a reference to a person so authorized.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 44.</p>	<p><b>44.</b> Le comité de surveillance peut recevoir les plaintes visées aux articles 41 et 42 par l'intermédiaire d'un représentant du plaignant. Dans les autres articles de la présente loi, les dispositions qui concernent le plaignant concernent également son représentant.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 44.</p>	Représentants
Written complaint	<p><b>45.</b> A complaint under this Part shall be made to the Review Committee in writing unless the Committee authorizes otherwise.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 45.</p>	<p><b>45.</b> Les plaintes visées à la présente partie sont à présenter par écrit au comité de surveillance, sauf autorisation contraire de celui-ci.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 45.</p>	Plaintes écrites
Statement and notice of hearing to be sent to the complainant	<p><b>46.</b> The Review Committee shall, as soon as practicable after receiving a complaint made under section 42, send to the complainant a statement summarizing such information available to the Committee as will enable the complainant to be as fully informed as possible of the circumstances giving rise to the denial of the security clearance and shall send a copy of the statement to the Director and the deputy head concerned.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 46.</p>	<p><b>46.</b> Afin de permettre au plaignant d'être informé de la façon la plus complète possible des circonstances qui ont donné lieu au refus d'une habilitation de sécurité, le comité de surveillance lui envoie, dans les plus brefs délais possible après réception d'une plainte présentée en vertu de l'article 42, un résumé des informations dont il dispose à ce sujet; il envoie un exemplaire du résumé au directeur et à l'administrateur général concerné.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 46.</p>	Résumé au plaignant

INVESTIGATIONS

ENQUÊTES

Notice of intention to investigate	<p><b>47.</b> Before commencing an investigation of a complaint referred to in paragraph 38(c) other than an investigation under section 41, the Review Committee shall notify the Director and, where applicable, the deputy head concerned of its intention to carry out the investigation and shall inform the Director and the deputy head of the substance of the complaint.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 47.</p>	<p><b>47.</b> Le comité de surveillance, avant de procéder aux enquêtes visées à l'alinéa 38c), autres que celles faites en vertu de l'article 41, avise le directeur et, s'il y a lieu, l'administrateur général concerné de son intention d'enquêter et leur fait connaître l'objet de la plainte.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 47.</p>	Avis d'enquête
Investigations in private	<p><b>48.</b> (1) Every investigation of a complaint under this Part by the Review Committee shall be conducted in private.</p>	<p><b>48.</b> (1) Les enquêtes sur les plaintes présentées en vertu de la présente partie sont tenues en secret.</p>	Secret
Right to make representations	<p>(2) In the course of an investigation of a complaint under this Part by the Review Committee, the complainant, deputy head concerned and the Director shall be given an opportunity to make representations to the Review Committee, to present evidence and to be heard personally or by counsel, but no one is entitled as of right to be present during, to have access to or to comment on representations made to the Review Committee by any other person.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 48.</p>	<p>(2) Au cours d'une enquête relative à une plainte présentée en vertu de la présente partie, le plaignant, le directeur et l'administrateur général concerné doivent avoir la possibilité de présenter des observations et des éléments de preuve au comité de surveillance ainsi que d'être entendu en personne ou par l'intermédiaire d'un avocat; toutefois, nul n'a le droit absolu d'être présent lorsqu'une autre personne présente des observations au comité, ni d'en recevoir communication ou de faire des commentaires à leur sujet.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 48.</p>	Droit de présenter des observations
Canadian Human Rights Commission may comment	<p><b>49.</b> In the course of an investigation of a complaint under this Part, the Review Committee shall, where appropriate, ask the Canadian Human Rights Commission for its opinion or comments with respect to the complaint.</p> <p>1984, c. 21, s. 49.</p>	<p><b>49.</b> Au cours d'une enquête relative à une plainte présentée en vertu de la présente partie, le comité de surveillance demande, si cela est opportun, à la Commission canadienne des droits de la personne de lui donner son avis ou ses commentaires sur la plainte.</p> <p>1984, ch. 21, art. 49.</p>	Commentaires de la Commission canadienne des droits de la personne
Powers of Review Committee	<p><b>50.</b> The Review Committee has, in relation to the investigation of any complaint under this Part, power</p> <p>(a) to summon and enforce the appearance of persons before the Committee and to compel them to give oral or written evidence on oath and to produce such documents and things as the Committee deems requisite to the full investigation and consideration of the complaint in the same manner and to the same extent as a superior court of record;</p> <p>(b) to administer oaths; and</p> <p>(c) to receive and accept such evidence and other information, whether on oath or by affidavit or otherwise, as the Committee sees fit, whether or not that evidence or informa-</p>	<p><b>50.</b> Le comité de surveillance a, dans ses enquêtes sur les plaintes présentées en vertu de la présente partie, le pouvoir :</p> <p>a) d'assigner et de contraindre des témoins à comparaître devant lui, à déposer verbalement ou par écrit sous serment et à produire les pièces qu'il juge indispensables pour instruire et examiner à fond les plaintes, de la même façon et dans la même mesure qu'une cour supérieure d'archives;</p> <p>b) de faire prêter serment;</p> <p>c) de recevoir des éléments de preuve ou des informations par déclaration verbale ou écrite sous serment ou par tout autre moyen</p>	Pouvoirs du comité de surveillance

tion is or would be admissible in a court of law.

1984, c. 21, s. 50.

Evidence in other proceedings

**51.** Except in a prosecution of a person for an offence under section 133 of the *Criminal Code* (false statements in extra-judicial proceedings) in respect of a statement made under this Act, evidence given by a person in proceedings under this Part and evidence of the existence of the proceedings are inadmissible against that person in a court or in any other proceedings.

1984, c. 21, s. 51.

qu'il estime indiqué, indépendamment de leur admissibilité devant les tribunaux.

1984, ch. 21, art. 50.

Inadmissibilité de la preuve dans d'autres procédures

**51.** Sauf les cas où une personne est poursuivie pour une infraction visée à l'article 133 du *Code criminel* (fausses déclarations dans des procédures extrajudiciaires) se rapportant à une déclaration faite en vertu de la présente loi, les dépositions faites au cours de procédures prévues par la présente partie ou le fait de l'existence de ces procédures ne sont pas admissibles contre le déposant devant les tribunaux ni dans aucune autre procédure.

1984, ch. 21, art. 51.

Report of findings

**52.** (1) The Review Committee shall,

(a) on completion of an investigation in relation to a complaint under section 41, provide the Minister and the Director with a report containing the findings of the investigation and any recommendations that the Committee considers appropriate; and

(b) at the same time as or after a report is provided pursuant to paragraph (a), report the findings of the investigation to the complainant and may, if it thinks fit, report to the complainant any recommendations referred to in that paragraph.

Idem

(2) On completion of an investigation in relation to a complaint under section 42, the Review Committee shall provide the Minister, the Director, the deputy head concerned and the complainant with a report containing any recommendations that the Committee considers appropriate, and those findings of the investigation that the Committee considers it fit to report to the complainant.

1984, c. 21, s. 52.

**52.** (1) Le comité de surveillance :

a) à l'issue d'une enquête sur une plainte présentée en vertu de l'article 41, envoie au ministre et au directeur un rapport contenant ses conclusions et les recommandations qu'il juge indiquées;

b) en même temps ou plus tard, fait parvenir au plaignant les conclusions de son enquête; s'il le juge à propos, il peut y joindre tout ou partie des recommandations mentionnées à l'alinéa a).

Rapport et recommandation

(2) À l'issue d'une enquête sur une plainte présentée en vertu de l'article 42, le comité de surveillance envoie au ministre, au directeur, à l'administrateur général concerné et au plaignant un rapport des recommandations qu'il juge indiquées et des conclusions qu'il juge à propos de communiquer au plaignant.

1984, ch. 21, art. 52.

Idem

#### REPORTS

Annual reports

**53.** The Review Committee shall, not later than September 30 in each fiscal year, submit to the Minister a report of the activities of the Committee during the preceding fiscal year and the Minister shall cause the report to be laid before each House of Parliament on any of the first fifteen days on which that House is sitting after the day the Minister receives it.

R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 53; R.S., 1985, c. 1 (4th Supp.), s. 7.

#### RAPPORTS

**53.** Au plus tard le 30 septembre, le comité de surveillance présente au ministre son rapport d'activité pour l'exercice précédant cette date. Le ministre le fait déposer devant chaque chambre du Parlement dans les quinze premiers jours de séance de celle-ci suivant sa réception.

L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 53; L.R. (1985), ch. 1 (4<sup>e</sup> suppl.), art. 7.

Rapport annuel

Special reports

**54.** The Review Committee may, on request by the Minister or at any other time, furnish the Minister with a special report concerning any matter that relates to the performance of its duties and functions.

1984, c. 21, s. 54.

**54.** Le comité de surveillance peut en outre, de sa propre initiative ou à la demande du ministre, présenter à celui-ci un rapport spécial sur toute question qui relève de sa compétence.

1984, ch. 21, art. 54.

Rapports spéciaux

Protection of confidential information

**55.** The Review Committee shall consult with the Director in order to ensure compliance with section 37 in preparing

(a) a statement under section 46 of this Act, subsection 45(6) of the *Canadian Human Rights Act* or subsection 19(5) of the *Citizenship Act*; or

(b) a report under paragraph 52(1)(b), subsection 52(2) or section 53 of this Act, subsection 46(1) of the *Canadian Human Rights Act* or subsection 19(6) of the *Citizenship Act*.

R.S., 1985, c. C-23, s. 55; 2001, c. 27, s. 226.

**55.** Le comité de surveillance consulte le directeur en vue de l'observation de l'article 37 pour l'établissement :

a) des résumés visés à l'article 46 de la présente loi, au paragraphe 45(6) de la *Loi canadienne sur les droits de la personne* ou au paragraphe 19(5) de la *Loi sur la citoyenneté*;

b) des rapports visés à l'alinéa 52(1)b), au paragraphe 52(2) ou à l'article 53 de la présente loi, au paragraphe 46(1) de la *Loi canadienne sur les droits de la personne* ou au paragraphe 19(6) de la *Loi sur la citoyenneté*.

L.R. (1985), ch. C-23, art. 55; 2001, ch. 27, art. 226.

Protection des renseignements confidentiels

#### PART IV

##### REVIEW BY PARLIAMENT

Review of Act after five years

**56.** (1) After July 16, 1989, a comprehensive review of the provisions and operation of this Act shall be undertaken by such committee of the House of Commons or of both Houses of Parliament as may be designated or established by Parliament for that purpose.

Report to Parliament

(2) The committee referred to in subsection (1) shall, within a year after a review is undertaken pursuant to that subsection or within such further time as Parliament may authorize, submit a report on the review to Parliament including a statement of any changes the committee recommends.

1984, c. 21, s. 69.

#### PARTIE IV

##### EXAMEN PARLEMENTAIRE

**56.** (1) Après le 16 juillet 1989, un examen complet des dispositions et de l'application de la présente loi doit être fait par le comité, soit de la Chambre des communes, soit mixte, que le Parlement désigne ou constitue à cette fin.

(2) Dans l'année qui suit le début de son étude ou dans le délai supérieur que le Parlement lui accorde, le comité visé au paragraphe (1) remet son rapport, accompagné des modifications qu'il recommande, au Parlement.

1984, ch. 21, art. 69.

Examen de la loi après cinq ans

Rapport au Parlement

SCHEDULE  
(Section 10)

ANNEXE  
(article 10)

OATH OF OFFICE

I, ....., swear that I will faithfully and impartially to the best of my abilities perform the duties required of me as (the Director, an employee) of the Canadian Security Intelligence Service. So help me God.

SERMENT PROFESSIONNEL

Je, ....., jure que je remplirai avec fidélité, impartialité et dans toute la mesure de mes moyens les fonctions qui m'incombent en qualité (de directeur *ou* d'employé) du Service canadien du renseignement de sécurité. Ainsi Dieu me soit en aide.

OATH OF SECRECY

I, ....., swear that I will not, without due authority, disclose or make known to any person any information acquired by me by reason of the duties performed by me on behalf of or under the direction of the Canadian Security Intelligence Service or by reason of any office or employment held by me pursuant to the *Canadian Security Intelligence Service Act*. So help me God.

1984, c. 21, Sch.

SERMENT DE SECRET

Je, ....., jure que, sauf autorisation régulièrement donnée, je ne révélerai rien de ce qui sera parvenu à ma connaissance dans l'exercice de mes fonctions pour le compte ou sous la direction du Service canadien du renseignement de sécurité ou en raison des charges ou de l'emploi que je détens sous le régime de la *Loi sur le Service canadien du renseignement de sécurité*. Ainsi Dieu me soit en aide.

1984, ch. 21, ann.



RELATED PROVISIONS

DISPOSITIONS CONNEXES

	<p>— 2005, c. 38, s. 16, as amended by 2005, c. 38, par. 144(8)(a)(E)</p>	<p>— 2005, ch. 38, art. 16, modifié par 2005, ch. 38, al. 144(8)a)(E)</p>	
Definitions	<p><b>16.</b> The following definitions apply in sections 17 to 19 and 21 to 28.</p>	<p><b>16.</b> Les définitions qui suivent s'appliquent aux articles 17 à 19 et 21 à 28.</p>	Définitions
“former agency” « ancienne agence »	<p>“former agency” means the portion of the federal public administration known as the Canada Border Services Agency.</p>	<p>« ancienne agence » Le secteur de l'administration publique fédérale appelé Agence des services frontaliers du Canada.</p>	« ancienne agence » “former agency”
“new agency” « nouvelle agence »	<p>“new agency” means the Canada Border Services Agency established under subsection 3(1).</p>	<p>« décret C.P. 2003-2064 » Le décret C.P. 2003-2064 du 12 décembre 2003 portant le numéro d'enregistrement TR/2003-216.</p>	« décret C.P. 2003-2064 » “order P.C. 2003-2064”
“order P.C. 2003-2064” « décret C.P. 2003-2064 »	<p>“order P.C. 2003-2064” means Order in Council P.C. 2003-2064 of December 12, 2003, registered as SI/2003-216.</p>	<p>« nouvelle agence » L'Agence des services frontaliers du Canada constituée par le paragraphe 3(1).</p>	« nouvelle agence » “new agency”
	<p>— 2005, c. 38, par. 19(1)(f)</p>	<p>— 2005, ch. 38, al. 19(1)f)</p>	
References	<p><b>19.</b> (1) A reference to the former agency in any of the following is deemed to be a reference to the new agency:</p> <p>(f) any order of the Governor in Council made under paragraph 29(e) of the <i>Canadian Security Intelligence Service Act</i>;</p>	<p><b>19.</b> (1) La mention de l'ancienne agence dans les textes ci-après vaut mention de la nouvelle agence :</p> <p>f) tout décret pris en vertu de l'alinéa 29 e) de la <i>Loi sur le Service canadien du renseignement de sécurité</i>;</p>	Mentions
	<p>— 2005, c. 38, par. 19(2)(a)</p>	<p>— 2005, ch. 38, al. 19(2)a)</p>	
Deputy head	<p><b>19.</b> (2) The designation of a person as deputy head of the former agency in any of the following is deemed to be a designation of the President of the new agency as deputy head of that agency:</p> <p>(a) any order of the Governor in Council made under paragraph 29( e) of the <i>Canadian Security Intelligence Service Act</i>; and</p>	<p><b>19.</b> (2) La désignation de toute personne à titre d'administrateur général de l'ancienne agence dans les textes ci-après vaut désignation du président de la nouvelle agence à titre d'administrateur général de celle-ci :</p> <p>a) tout décret pris en vertu de l'alinéa 29 e) de la <i>Loi sur le Service canadien du renseignement de sécurité</i>;</p>	Administrateur général

## VITA AUCTORIS

Micheal Lavery was born in 1981 in Sioux Lookout, Ontario. In October 2007, he obtained a B.A. in English and History from the University of Manitoba. In April 2009, he completed the School for Writer's Program at Humber College with his mentor Sarah Sheard. His fiction and poetry have appeared in *The Essex Free Press*, *The Fiddlehead*, *The Maple Tree Literary Supplement*, and *The Windsor Review*. He is currently a candidate for the Master's degree in English Language, Literature and Creative Writing at the University of Windsor and hopes to graduate in the spring.