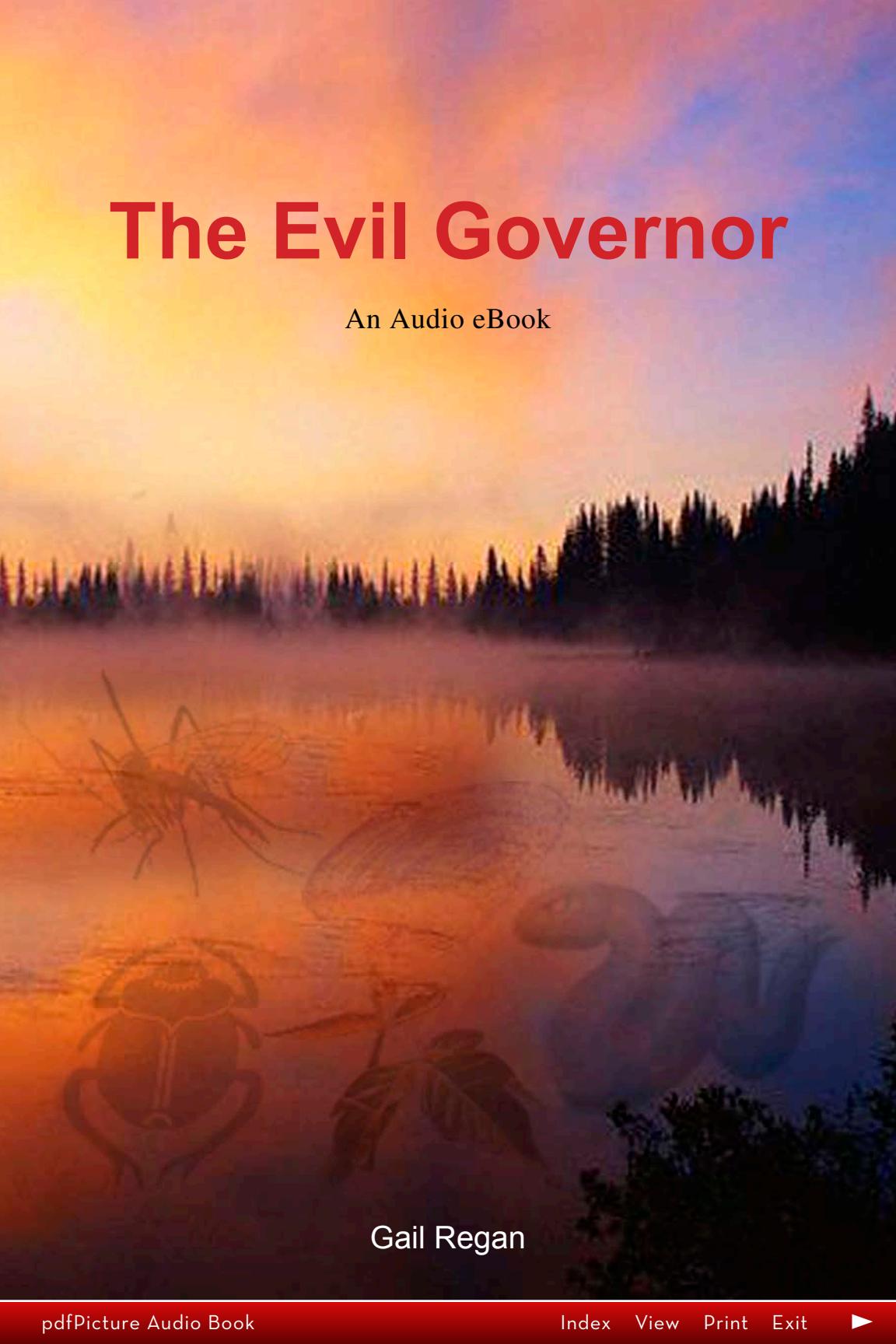


# The Evil Governor

An Audio eBook



Gail Regan



# The Evil Governor

Introduction to the story by Gail Regan

Story by Jon W. Kieran

Excerpts by Gail Regan

## INTRODUCTION

The five forces *The Evil Governor* identifies as the causes of unnecessary human suffering are identical to the forces that George Orwell used to visualize the horrors of 1984. Orwell imagined a society with government-controlled economies, twisted personalities, ideological vested interests, power-seeking leaders and betrayal between the genders. Women belonged to the anti-sex league and men used prostitutes. The result is a mind-bending, unfree, impoverished world of war, imprisonment, torture, bad housing, terrible food, ill-health, personal desertions, tedium and loneliness.

Orwell's nightmare vision implies that the forces of evil and their consequences are inseparable. While the image of 1984 is profoundly moving and terrifying, I believe its meaning as a coherent whole should not prevent looking at the various separate forces of evil. When evil is defined as a relatively small, independent force that emerges in particular situations, it is easier to understand and resist.

My family owns a business which my great-grandfather started in 1883 -- so I have learned to take the long view, to see that sometimes lack of foresight produces difficulties. As a family in business together for five generations, we have experienced good times and

bad; we have suffered and resisted the forces of evil. We have prospered. Now that I am in late middle age, I decided to share my understanding of the topic of evil, an understanding I have developed through governance experience in business and the community.

I am the vice-chair of our business and in this role represent my family's interest as investors and stewards. With my sister and my niece, we are co-owners of a publicly-traded Canadian food service firm, Cara Operations Ltd. Cara is a large company by Canadian standards and, as an employer of tens of thousands of people, it is of medium size on an international scale. The world's disasters affect us. For example, the terrorism of September 11, 2001, temporarily shut down our in-flight catering business. The Enron scandal may permanently reduce public confidence in financial statements, stock prices and our nominal wealth. We could inadvertently be perpetrators of chaos by allowing poor accounting in our own statements. When I consider the difficulties in the world today and my responsibilities for the success of our business, I have developed a curiosity about how things go wrong.

To organize my thoughts, I wrote five dialogues with five imaginary adult children, very loosely based on my actual four adult children and myself as a young adult. These dialogues identify five forces of evil and show

how people who govern corporations are responsible for resisting them. Then I commissioned a business man, Jon W. Kieran, to use the dialogues' characters to write a story that illustrates the forces of evil, the bad that goes with them and the responsibility of corporate directors for what goes wrong. The venue of *The Evil Governor* story is a fictional cottage at a lake in Muskoka, a recreational district north of Toronto, Canada's largest city.

My first career was in teacher training and I have a doctorate in educational sociology. Then I did an M.B.A. with a specialty in finance and entered family business. The knowledge base of *The Evil Governor* is social science and management science. It is written as a metaphor about a family cottage because this makes it graphic and focused. Although it reads like pulp fiction and personal history, it is actually based in numerous academic disciplines.

In print, *The Evil Governor* story looks like an ordinary story. On the computer screen, it is color coded so that as you read along you are reminded of which force of evil is in play. Also I have chosen natural Muskoka pests as symbols of evil. I have placed these in the story as a reminder of a good place to link to an excerpt from *The Evil Governor* dialogues and their references to the body of social and management science knowledge that has defined the five forces of evil.

The basic assumption of *The Evil Governor* story and dialogues is that people are good. It follows that most of the world's unnecessary suffering happens when people try to do good. The world's problems -- mass poverty, violence, alignments that take advantage, oppression and isolation -- happen because good people have ideals whose consequences when the ideals are implemented are harmful and the world's governors, out of their own belief in the ideals or out of respect for their organization's leaders, allow the ideals to be implemented even though they do harm. Evil comes from good because governors do not see the wrong they permit.

*The Evil Governor* admits that not all harm comes from good. There is ordinary bad -- sin, incivility, crime and psychopathology. People sin by occasionally failing to follow the dictates of their conscience. Or they engage in legitimate, non sinful activity in a thoughtless, uncivil way that hurts others. Also some people learn to suspend the dictates of conscience and take up criminal paths. And psychopaths -- many are criminal -- have only an intellectual sense of right and wrong, so feel no moral compunction about hurting others. Being bad is also human, albeit in a deviant way -- *The Evil Governor* story provides some examples.

During lawless periods of history such as the Dark Ages, bad behaviors like incivility, criminality and sin did most of the harm -- there wasn't enough order for evil to get a hold. In peaceful, prosperous places today, places like Toronto and Muskoka, the factors of evil directly do more harm than these traditional forms of bad. However, modern forces of evil create new kinds of bad faith behavior that also do harm. Particular forms of evil encourage particular kinds of bad.

For example, an urban geographer and economist Jane Jacobs has identified a force of evil called “syndrome mixing,” a close interweaving of government and economy. In the story *The Evil Governor* an example is given of a government’s lawful intervention in a rural economy and the celebratory response of the beneficiaries. This is a case of government doing what many people believe a good government ought to do, help poor farmers, and their gratitude for the help. However, normative syndrome mixing, syndrome mixing that people believe in and think ought to happen, may cause other citizens to feel that their tax burden is too high, that they do not get value for their tax dollar and that they in turn need to force their customers into accepting inferior goods to pay the taxes. These people may react to normative syndrome mixing with some conscience-less, cynical, opportunistic, bad faith syndrome mixing of their own.

Normative syndrome mixing when implemented as an ideal substitutes central planning for economic freedom and, in the eyes of many economists, directly causes much of the world's poverty and some of its violence. The normative syndrome mixing that people believe in also leads to bad faith commercial coercion which also does huge harm. Treating customers as things to be exploited by making them pay too much for shoddy goods is a bad kind of syndrome mixing that lives in the shadow of its big cousin, normative syndrome mixing, a force of evil.

Evil and bad intertwine with the other forces too. For example, psychoanalysts have found that goodness when it takes the form of making oneself a pleasing person is a force of evil, which they call narcissism. Narcissists are at risk for doing evil because they are not aware of their own dark side. The most harm is possible when traumatized parents of narcissistic children demand help from their offspring. The children who grow up believing that they are good when they soothe their parents' traumatized feelings may actually become good soothing, people. *But* they are likely to have suppressed feelings of disdainful mistrust that they may project onto others. They are narcissistic and paranoid. This is the personality structure that psychologists think enables dutiful, good, soothing adults to engage in terrible events like genocide and child abuse.

The story *The Evil Governor* has a heroine who pleases a lot of people in her life and gets ahead. Then she expects other people to please her. But no-one is satisfied, for underlying feelings are not addressed and past traumas are unresolved. The story points to the emptiness of narcissism and shows the heroine becoming paranoid. Then she acts out, becoming destructive to herself and her property. Bad faith self-hurting bad behavior is a consequence of the normative narcissism that structured her life.

Goodness can mean not only having a pleasing self but acting in sync with others, getting on the band wagon, developing and participating in a distinctive culture. In a free and advanced society, the culture of the entertainment industry will differ from the culture of finance which differs from health care. Organizational leaders use their corporate culture to align their customers, their suppliers, their workers and their regulators around ideals suitable for their industry. These alignments can do harm - harm that political scientists find tends not to be opposed, for the people doing the harm have strong, normative interests and those who suffer have a weak interest and little justification for resistance. The story *The Evil Governor* uses a health care example and illustrates harm that resulted from an evil alignment of a hospital and the blood agency.

In a society that normatively expects alignments for the sake of achieving legitimate goals, permission for non-normative collusion is easy to obtain. Evil alignments encourage bad ones. The story *The Evil Governor* illustrates this -- its heroine, frustrated by her inability to find accountability in the health care system, gives up on insisting on accountability in her own business. Then she almost loses the business in a run-away pattern of managerial risk-taking and lack of board oversight.

Social historians have noted that patriarchy, valuing masculinity over femininity, has been an integral part of the development of modern, technologically-based societies. Males have made such a disproportionate contribution to the formal knowledge of modern society that the knowledge itself has a masculine bias. The bias enters the legal system, which favours male perpetrators over female victims. It gets into family life as wife and child abuse and it enters psychoanalysis as the denial of sexual abuse of children. A society whose ideals are constructed only on masculine principles loses ideals of feminine connectedness, enabling women to betray one another. The story *The Evil Governor* uses an example from the legal system to illustrate the consequences of patriarchy on the bereaved heroine, who later acts in bad faith with her daughter and her daughter's boyfriend.

Evolutionary psychologists have found that humans are genetically programmed to be too aggressively sexual for life in a modern, complex society. People have the genetic capacity for morality, so we can use conscience to be good, to force ourselves to be sexually faithful. Alternately, we can sexualize wealth and power so that successful alpha males are allowed to access perks, including sexual opportunity. Using sex to glamorize achievement makes for a more dynamic society, but its consequence is sexual betrayal, marital stress, uncertain paternity and loneliness. The sexualization of wealth and power is a force of evil.

In the story *The Evil Governor* the heroine, whose mother had an affair and whose own paternity is uncertain, tries to attract an alpha male to her business and fails to do so -- until she decorates the offices in a way that indicates she is ready to move from business for wealth creation to business as a means to get perks. In the story she gets her star and his subsequent sinful sexual behavior.

*The Evil Governor* is designed to teach you the forces of evil as they act directly and as they encourage bad faith behavior. Because we want you to see the forces in their normative and non-normative forms, each force of evil in the story also has some connected bad. Please do not take *The Evil Governor* story as a literal model of your own life. The forces of evil, the bad faith behavior

evil engenders and ordinary crime, incivility and sin may have different proportions in your experience. However, it is more than probable that you are overestimating the power of old-fashioned bad in your life and underestimating the power of evil. This enables evil to hide and makes it harder to resist. Reading this book will help you develop the analytic skills to diagnose your own life situation more accurately.

The colors and symbols are more-or-less arbitrary. The first ideal, syndrome mixing, is **blue** and has a mosquito as its symbol. I chose blue for syndrome



mixing because it is related to blue times, economic depression, and the mosquito because it is the most irritating of Muskoka's pests.

**Purple** is the color of magic and excitement. I chose it to represent the second ideal, narcissism, because narcissism has such allure. I chose the zebra mussel



as the symbol for narcissism because they adhere and clog. Like narcissism, they are sticky and spread quickly once introduced, (although at time of writing they have not yet infested Muskoka.)

Normative alignments begin as collective commitments to ideals and become enablers of ideological vested interests. I chose green and poison ivy to symbolize them -- **green** is the color of money and there are always financial aspects to vested



interests. Poison ivy is green, occurs in Muskoka and hurts those careless enough to touch it.

**Gold** symbolizes royalty, so I have used it to indicate the ideal of patriarchy. The roach is an ancient Egyptian symbol and a Muskoka cottage pest, so I chose it as patriarchy's symbol.



**Red** is the color of romantic love so I use it to indicate sexual issues and their symbolization in wealth and power. I chose the snake as the symbol for excess sex because snakes are symbolically used this way in the bible and sometimes they frighten visitors to Muskoka.



When the print in the story is blue, syndrome mixing is happening and you should decide whether it is in its normative or bad form. When the icon of the mosquito is shown, it is a signal to link to an excerpt from the dialogues and its references to social and management science. Similarly, purple with its icon the zebra mussel indicates narcissism, green and poison ivy show alignments, gold and the roach mean patriarchy, red and the snake signal sexualization. In all cases, I encourage you to contemplate whether you are seeing a normative force of evil or bad faith behavior.

Learning this skill will help you develop the detachment to understand evil and recognize it in your own life.

There are also examples of sin, incivility and crime in the story, but these are not coded on the assumption that you are familiar with them. At the end there are quizzes. Please answer questions 1, 2 and 3 and measure your results with the answers which are included.

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*The Evil Governor* dialogues and story are published in audiotape and C.D., available at \$39.95 plus applicable taxes and shipping from:

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# The Evil Governor

A pdfPicture Audio eBook

Story by Jon W. Kieran

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The summer heat drifts up from the asphalt as Earl Borden finishes gassing up the BMW at the pumps. The weather-worn sign, “Angel’s Gas and Sundries” vibrates as he lets the hood of the car slam shut and heads into the store. The screen door slams after him. “Filled ‘er up and your oil’s fine,” he says to Claire Chapman, who is at the counter paying her bill. “And good luck in your search Ma’am, but you be careful jumpin’ to conclusions about that fire. Evil starts from within.”

Tiny cracks of the grin formed slowly beneath the stubble on Earl’s weathered face. His disrespect, carefully hidden in years past, is as apparent as his wife Betty’s embarrassment.

“Let me help take the bags to your car, Mrs. Chapman,” Betty says, making a quick and genuine effort to be courteous. She pauses awkwardly and adds, “We heard about the shed burning at your cottage, the whole township was up in arms.”

Claire Chapman juggles the weight of the groceries in her arm and extends the baby finger on her left hand to scoop up the last bag. “I’ll be fine thank you,” she says -- then turns to Earl: “I’m interested to know if anyone knows anything about what happened at the shed. If you hear anything, let me know or just leave a note in my mailbox.”

Claire turns. As she walks past Earl toward the screen door, she gets his attention; “By the way, there’s a \$2,500 reward.”

“Would that be taxable Ma’am?” Earl poses the question as if he didn’t know the answer. “Cause if it is, the government wouldn’t be leavin’ us much incentive -- now would it?”

“We’ll ask around, Mrs. Chapman.” Betty’s helpful tone doesn’t disguise her irritation towards her husband. She darts in front of him to open the door for Claire.

“Thank you Betty,” says Claire, making her way down the steps with grocery bags in each hand. It was just a few steps to the new BMW, waiting fully gassed at the pump. She loads the bags, slides in and starts her car. Claire pulls around the sign “Angel’s Gas and Sundries” (“Country Service at City Prices”) and without a glance back, heads down Concession 2. A sigh escapes, knowing she is just 15 minutes from her cherished family cottage.

Back at “Angel’s Gas”, Earl follows Betty onto the porch.

“You better be careful, Earl Borden.”

He looked up, cornered.

"Whatdyo mean? I had nothing to do with that shed and you know it."

"That's not what I'm talking about, Earl. I saw you filling up her car with the corn fuel. If that prized possession of hers seizes up, we're headed for real trouble!"

[click here](#)



"Ah shit, Betty-Blue, a couple per cent ethanol won't hurt her fancy car. Anyway, she'll never notice, she's too hung-up with her fancy estate, her fancy peninsula and the fire in her 'fancy' shed."

"It's not a good mixture, Earl. That ethanol's not as clean as before."

Earl looks at her with disgust. "Listen here! If the damn government did its job, we'd be adding it to every car on the road, and the world would be a better place."

Betty persists, "You're getting careless making it -- not heating it right. One of these days people are gonna find out."

"Hell they will!" Earl's look is a mixture of defiance and righteousness. "You just remember one thing, my secret recipe adds about three hundred bucks to our till every month. There's another tax bill comin' due next week, we got to be pushin' the ethanol, or we're not gonna by payin' it."

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“Earl, I think we can get by without cheating our customers!”

“Geez Betty, number one, it’s not cheating, number two, if it were just the two of us, we’d get by fine. But the taxes! Our little pop stand here has to feed a lotta mouths. An’ your own family is part of that gravy train that our taxes support.”

“What’s your point Earl?”

“Your sister-in-law Tracy, the do-good social worker in Barrie. Then there’s your dad and his pension. Robbie, that useless bureau-crat cousin in Toronto. And let’s not forget your nephew Ian, the township’s newest recruit -- the fearless firefighter! Another service bought with my taxes. But he wasn’t much help when the Chapman shed went up in smoke, was he?”

Earl stood firm on the porch, his chin stuck out, waiting for her reply, wearing his defiant bravado.

Betty assesses her options with the usual resignation. “There’s more to government than keeping an army Earl.” Her sarcasm is intended as a parting shot. Feeling wounded about the family connection, she’s lost the gumption to pressure him about his gas scheme and bear his insults.

“Betty-Blue, all I’m saying is we either get creative and help people, or we get creative and dodge our taxes. I vote for the first one. Anyways, a woman like Claire Chapman sure won’t miss the money. And everybody knows that ethanol is good for the air.”

Elizabeth Borden looks at her husband of twenty-seven years, but can’t think of anything more to say. The heat of the day is getting to her, she shrugs and brushes the strands of wispy hair from her face.

The warm, humid air drops below Claire’s sunroof and whirls around her, as the BMW makes its way up Concession #2. She thinks of Earl’s comment about evil and how it speaks volumes about local attitudes toward the fire.

She’s only five minutes away from the Charon estate, her mother’s family cottage. Claire selected the name Charon (pronounced “Sharon” ) in the late-’70s, after reconnecting with the property she had legally owned for over a decade. She had heard the name one evening on a TV newscast, which reported that a single moon had been discovered orbiting the planet Pluto. Claire liked the feminine sounding name, it reminded her of her mother’s passion for late-night stargazing. And she enjoyed, privately, the deeper meaning: Charon was the moon of a distant planet, much as the cottage was

a lost satellite of her mother's distant family.

Even though the cottage was beautiful, it hadn't meant much to Claire, as a child, her visits had been infrequent. But now, it brought back memories of her mother's untimely death, when Claire was only fourteen.

In 1962, Claire became the sole owner of the cottage, when her father redistributed his wife's bequest among the three Chapman girls. At the time, Claire was reluctant to forgo her liquid share of the estate, but her two older sisters were keen to relocate to the U.S. and begged their father to provide a meaningful cash sum. Taking comfort in the thought that the cottage would be a continuing link to her mother, Claire accepted title to the property, but her sisters left for California with \$160,000 each.

In the years that followed, Claire's entrepreneurship and various business dealings created a constant need for investment capital. But even though the value of her property soared -- and would have been worth seven figures if she had decided to sell, she never did. Her own family spent brief vacation time at Charon, until her husband's sudden death from an unexpected heart attack in 1989. After his death, Claire and her children used the cottage more. It was the place where they could all be together after their terrible loss. The children found summer employment in the area and

would stay until school tore them away in the fall.

Claire had met Ron McCoy in 1964 at a country auction outside Windsor, Ontario. A quiet and shy man, Ron had been immediately dazzled by Claire's confidence, flaming red hair and her spirit. He observed as she skillfully played the auction, entering and exiting, making side deals, always focusing on the next, bigger prize.

For one brief moment, their eyes met, as he briefly bid against her on a pine transom. Amused, he stepped back and watched, as she outbid two other participants.

She approached him afterwards and invited him for coffee. She teased him about his surname, could he be “the real McCoy” and initiated a small but provocative kiss before they parted. Claire Chapman and Ron McCoy married less than a year later.

Claire swallows, clearing the lump in her throat, brought on from the memories of Ron, allowing a moment of nostalgia and longing for those years. As her thoughts drift back to more contented times at Charon. Her kids of course, bring the happiest images to mind.

Frank and Damon, the two oldest, were both tall, strapping teenagers, who spent every waking hour learning new, more “thrilling,” techniques for waterskiing off the dock. Then, Hope, a vision of breathtaking

innocence, brushing her fine blond hair behind her shoulders as she reclined in the hammock beside the deck, writing a poem or composing a song.

The two younger girls, Dolores and Chastity -- always inseparable -- whether off to pick wildflowers or hunting for that elusive brown jackrabbit that would sometimes appear from the thick underbrush near the lakeside garden.

All five of her children were older now, adults. But each had made a lasting connection with the cottage in a personal way. Despite the passage of time (and the new lives each had built in the magnificent mountain surroundings of Whistler, B.C.), her kids had maintained their devotion to the property. In fact, Claire took great comfort from the intersecting stories of family members who had "been up" recently, entertaining their Toronto friends or in-laws. It pleased her to know the kids would still visit Charon from time to time on their own, as they navigated their lives between Whistler, Toronto and Claire's home in London, Ontario.

And now the fire!

Claire could hear herself cursing. She reached into her purse to retrieve a small plastic vial. Pushing two capsules to the back of her throat, angry with herself for not buying a ginger ale at Angel's.



[click here](#)

One thought dominated. Had the time come to sell Charon?

Leaving Concession 2 and turning onto the 5th county-line, Claire noticed how the road narrowed. It was getting darker now, the sun hiding among the evergreens and peeking out occasionally on the left as she headed further north. Large granite outcrops jutted upward on both sides of the road, offering a chiseled frame that straddled the two lanes. From time to time, Claire would get a glimpse of Lake Alois.

In the morning she could inspect the shed's damage for herself. (Officer Evans had said on the phone it was left "smoldering" and that the generator was "a shell -- standing but black.") Claire had asked him whether there was clear evidence of arson -- perhaps damage to the cottage, vandalism or the presence of flammables. Evans said no, but added that a charred candlestick found beside the generator could have been used to ignite the fire. His conclusion was ominous: "There's no tank and no fuel line. No evidence of fuel. And yet a fire destroys a piece of equipment that's been sitting dry for decades. Meanwhile, a potential torching device is found next to the building. It's plain odd."

Who could do such a thing? Claire knew the provincial police would have long forgotten the case. By listing the cause as "probable lightning" in the file, they wouldn't

even have to investigate the matter as an unsolved criminal act. But she and Officer Evans had an inkling of what happened. Would she ever find out why?

And who?

Moving along the road, Claire's thoughts about the future of Charon distilled into images of her children. The sudden pleasure of seeing all of them together again, here, felt deep in her heart. It eased her worries about the shed, the future of the cottage, her company Chapman Ventures Incorporated (CVI), her daughter Hope, and of course, evil -- the big imponderable. For this long weekend in July at least, Claire and the kids would be one big happy clan.

The 5th county-line became a gravel road heading west, wide enough for two cars, but wilderness now laid claim within inches of the road's edge. Claire slowed down. The thick forest of pine, spruce and cedar, punctuated by an occasional birch, crowded out the last slivers of sunlight.

Darkness had always made the drive seem a bit treacherous, but on this evening, Claire found herself contemplating the vulnerability of staying the first night alone. She wasn't prone to this type of nervousness, but the fearful prospect of arson was unsettling. And

it had been ten months since she had stayed at the cottage.

Approaching the entrance, Claire's apprehension dulled. The unimposing gate looked untouched and secure. The road began its descent to the northwest, toward her neighbors at the Bigwood Resort.

Bigwood! Claire fumed momentarily as she imagined Jacob Hoekstra and his cousin Wilfred Martens, the flaccid, portly owners of the resort, conspiring (probably at this very second) to drive her off her property. These two beer-drinking creeps, whose initial request to lease the eastern tracts of Charon, had soon descended into a tirade about Claire's unwillingness to let them expand their business. She was shocked at their vulgarity and just a bit unnerved by their sense of desperation.

Still, the family would not be intimidated! What could have been cheerfully sold twenty years ago, would never be relinquished to Bigwood now.

Claire wanted to believe this resolution.

All around her now were gloomy shadows, created by the thick evergreens on the road and the front of the property. Claire brings the car to rest in the driveway beside the cottage, and gets out with a watchful eye - - sudden streaks of apprehension shoot up the back of

her neck. She surveys the site in the last light of dusk, as a glimmer of light flees over the lake's horizon. What a remarkable image.

Straight-ahead is the imposing Victorian house, sitting near the water's edge, finished with a foundation of cut limestone and slate shingles on top. The main roof slopes down over the entire length of house, creating a country-style veranda that wraps around the front and one side. A large turret frames the southwest corner, its peaked roof finished in copper, which had turned a beautiful deep green.

The vestiges of a well-kept garden lay below the veranda, flanking the patio stone that carves out a pathway down to the dock. The perennial garden has flourished despite months of neglect. Claire had patiently weeded and seeded the garden the previous September, in the company of Hope, who had convalesced on the veranda. Wildflowers were bursting everywhere, their delicate crimsons, tangerines and mauves illuminated by the distant headlights of the BMW.

From the clearing, Charon looks noble and tranquil. All the more so, given the perfect glass-like quality of Lake Alois, which lies on three sides of the house only footsteps away.

The darkness magnifies Claire's isolation. Although

the third-quarter moon is hours from rising, the sky doesn't glow with stars, it's as if an invisible film of cloud occupied the sky, creating a perfect stillness -- not a hushed breath of wind would move it. The evergreens on the waterfront, stand motionless. Not a bird, nor a loon, nor a mosquito could be heard. Perfect silence.

Claire moves her belongings to the veranda and struggles to find the key to the front door. The headlights are still on; it'll be easier to turn on the veranda lights first, before going back to the clearing to lock the car.

With nervous fumbling, her hand guides the key into the lock, and the door opens.

What if the arsonist is inside the cottage?

The creaking of the door causes a momentary shiver, but just as quickly, the silliness of the whole situation causes Claire to chuckle and her fear evaporates. No monsters! No evil here, she thinks. Just a seventy-five-year-old country mansion -- soon to host a reunion of Claire's far-flung kids.

She turns on the inside and outside lights. The lights, whose voltage had been supplied by the local utility for twenty-five years (which, of course, had brought an end to the need for the generator), bathed the house in a soft gentle yellow.

Claire walks through the living and dining rooms, turning on more lamps, admiring the coziness of the wainscotting and floral wallpaper. Entering the kitchen, she switches on the pot lights and glances at the family room, the perfect combination of elegance and comfort.

Her tan leather swivel chair, in front of the window overlooking the deck, offers an invitation almost too glorious to pass up for a traveler at the end of a five-hour journey. But first, the car lights and the groceries. Claire summons up the energy to carry the bags to the kitchen, making sure the perishables are deposited in the fridge. Rubbing the grocery bag welts on her fingers, she returns to the living room and casually sinks into her chair, heaving a long sigh, equal parts fatigue, stress and excitement.

From her chair, Claire surveys the room in all its splendor -- at least 400 feet square, with windows presiding over the back deck. On her left, pine shelving tracks along an exposed exterior stone wall. Neatly arranged from top to bottom are stacks of classic literature, reference books, board games, videos and dime-store novels. On her right, an L-shaped sofa runs along the wall and into the room. It has the amber hues of the large antique sideboard and hutch beside her and the pine blanket box coffee table. The far wall angles back toward the

pantry, where three over-sized copper pots hang from the oak ceiling beams. Claire smiles, the pots were a grandiose gift from her restaurateur daughter Dolores and her ex-fiancé, Randy.

Across from Claire is the room's centerpiece: the stone fireplace. On many an evening, the focus of the family's stay at Charon. But on this humid night, it could just rest, grandly and unused.

Upstairs on one side of the staircase were three bedrooms and a bathroom; on the other side an additional bedroom, the study, and the master bedroom with an en suite bathroom. The renovation (courtesy of her son Frank in 1990), had made the upstairs as comfortable as the first floor.

Having enjoyed her re-entry to Charon, Claire realizes she is thirsty and tired. To earn a reconnaissance of the fridge, she makes herself first complete the cottage "opening." Within minutes, she locks the car (she checks twice), opens some windows and turns on the pump and water heater.

Then drink in hand, Claire retreats to her leather chair and relaxes -- the graceful quiet, broken only by lapping water and loons.

For Claire, this was to be a well-deserved and

unprecedented weekend off, after a period of relentless stress and worry. But her mind was still racing, there was much to consider in the days ahead. The comments and discussions with the kids. Her own reflections on what to do. Next steps. But first, tomorrow: inspect the shed; get the cottage ready; prepare for the kids' arrival.

Claire switches off the lights and walks up the familiar old stairs in total darkness to her bedroom. In minutes, she is sound asleep.

In the night, the dreams begin. As before, their realism makes it difficult for Claire to sleep soundly, alternating as she does between the roles of audience and lead character. The dreams have become a regular feature of her life, a subconscious evaluation of the bad and evil forces that confront her. Claire's nocturnal drama was to determine which is which.

The dreams always start out the same -- black-and-white newsreels with the same grainy flaws of a '50s film trailer, that factually recount Claire's early life. The tidy home in London. Her father's pharmacy. His busy activity that revolved around the counter, stocked with mysterious medicines. **Her mother Faith's bedroom, proper and comfortable, but with the same lack of intimacy that characterized their tragic relationship.**

The hand-me-down toys from two older

[click here](#)



sisters, both totally absorbed in their own worlds.

The black-and-white images deftly transformed into vivid color, the newsreel gave way to a succession of one-act plays. In her waking hours, Claire marvels at their authenticity and the inevitability that each new act would feature one of her parents or children in the leading role. These dreams were long, intimate and intense. Not just a restatement of fact, these productions would evoke feeling. Claire's entire evening of sleep could be consumed with multiple visits to her alternative world. It fascinated and obsessed her.

What was on the program tonight? Claire had taken her seat and was opening the playbill of her life. Tonight was going to be a spectacle: recreations of Claire's critical life images. The burgundy lips of her mother in the casket. The neon-green sign that marked her first store across the street from Dad's pharmacy. The cobalt blue dress she wore to the first board meeting of Chapman Venture Inc. The translucent, white bottom of the optics case. Hope's pale, yellow skin when her condition was first diagnosed. Derek's brilliant red silk ties. The green telephone in Frank's house.

Turning in her sleep, Claire winces at the site of her mother's feathered hat.

All over again, it is Saturday afternoon April 30, 1957.

Claire says good-bye to her mother, as Faith Chapman leaves to go shopping. Normally the fourteen-year-old would accompany her mother, but today she is encouraged to stay home to complete a science project for the upcoming school fair. Claire also thinks it's a subtle message from her mom that Claire is being trusted to manage things, while both parents are away during the day. Faith gives Claire a slight smile as she leaves. Claire glances at the door as it closes and returns to her clay model of the human heart.

Two hours later, an unexpected knock on the door. The sight of the police officer and Mrs. Santos, the next door neighbor, standing on the porch, seems odd. Claire remembers the navy blue tunic of the officer, the white gloves, neatly folded into a side pocket, the small round brass buttons on the breast and sleeves.

“Sit down, child,” says Mrs. Santos, “And wait with us until your father gets home.”

Claire waits patiently with the two guests, for thirty minutes, a lifetime. She doesn’t want to end, knowing that her father will arrive to tell her horrible news.

Later that evening, when friends and family have left, Claire doesn’t cry. For some reason, her first reaction to her mother’s death -- a senseless victim of a drunk driver -- is to demonstrate calm. “I can handle it,” she

says to her father and to her siblings a few days later. All are uncontrollably upset, except Claire. She contains herself.

By the time of the funeral, Claire's inner rage is simmering. The drunk driver was a married father of three sons, a car salesman, who had celebrated an early weekend triumph with a liquid lunch. Backing out of a laneway next to the flower shop on Renfrew Street, (where he had purchased flowers for his wife) he didn't see Mrs. Chapman, as she walked along the sidewalk carrying a bag of dinner rolls. The high, boxy trunk of the 1954 Buick "obstructed" his view.

The force of the impact crushed Faith's abdomen, pelvis and both legs. She bled to death beside a chestnut tree.

Claire feels better that the casket is open at the visitation. The burgundy lipstick and beige dress make her mother look more beautiful and sensuous than ever before. Claire wonders what type of relationship they might have had if given the opportunity to mature together. Her father weeps openly in the church and asks to be taken home.

Billy Duncan, the car salesman, is given a one-year suspended sentence. His driver's license is not revoked because the judge determines it is essential to his

ability to earn a livelihood for his three sons and their mother. It's his second conviction for drunk driving.

[click here](#)



At the back of the courtroom, Claire sits, looking frail and devastated. The dark mahogany bench directly in front of her, holds her forehead, as she slumps over in anguish.

Claire shifts restlessly in bed, faint beads of perspiration on her forehead seeping into the pillowcase.

"It's ninety-nine per cent perspiration, Claire," her father Montgomery is saying. They're in the pharmacy late one evening, it's 1963, Claire is twenty. She's counting inventory of cigarette packages and candy bars, but her eyes remain transfixed on the gift-shop window across the street -- at the newly installed for-sale sign. "You could do it," adds her father. "You've all but taken over this store, and it runs well. You definitely have a knack for retailing merchandise. I'm beginning to wonder if there's a future in medicines." Claire smiles, as her father counts up the day's take.

"If you're determined to do it on your own -- to start a business without a university degree -- well so be it. But you'll realize soon enough, it's endless, hard work."

Claire uses a \$22,000 loan from her father, to secure a lease on the premises on Peel Street, and to buy

the inventory worth keeping from the old store. The new sign out front, courtesy of one of Monty's golfing buddies, announces "Home Sweet Home" in neon green letters shaped into plants and flowers. Claire markets kitchen products and housewares to London's newly ensconced insurance industry elite and works feverishly in the summer months as affluent tourists from Toronto and Detroit pass through the city. She pays off her father in less than two years and sets her sights on another store.

Claire fast forwards over the years. A second store in London. The big gamble in 1967, resulting in two souvenir kiosks at Niagara Falls. Opening a shop in Toronto in 1972, New York and Pennsylvania in 1974. The mall expansion thereafter, which led to rumors of a merger with a large American chain store. The reorganization in 1978.

By 1980, seventeen years later, the Home Sweet Home logo is a household name in appliances, kitchenware and gift products. Twenty-three stores throughout the Great Lakes region are owned and managed by CVI, Claire's holding company.

Claire is settled comfortably in a black leather seat, scrutinizing the contents of the mobile bar, as the limousine departs O'Hare Airport for Michigan Avenue. It is April 1982. The worst recession in two generations

is ravaging retail markets across the continent. CVI has been attacking costs since sales began to slump in 1980, by motivating store managers with incentives based on minimizing inventory and overheads. There is carnage among North American retailers, but CVI is strong. Seeking a wealthier customer base, Claire is on the prowl for a larger, more prestigious retail brand.

The Weinstock family of Chicago had not foreseen the depth of the recession and is woefully unprepared for the consequences. After three unsuccessful junk bond attempts, two related suicides and one month's notice of a Chapter 11 process -- and no competing offers -- Sarah Weinstock, the seventy-three-year-old matriarch of the family, is unable to make their payroll. Claire's meeting with Mrs. Weinstock is short and to the point. CVI is prepared to pay \$28 million to purchase Accents, an established and up-scale retail chain of flatware, china and ceramics stores. All Weinstock family members will be removed from the board. All senior managers except one are to be terminated. (By prior agreement, Gus Potts, a vice-president of purchasing, is offered a regional position after the deal's closing. It is Potts who chased down Claire at a product show in early 1981, to disclose that Accents will soon become available, because of financial problems among the Weinstock family. Claire is troubled by the ethics of the disclosure, but nonetheless develops a relationship -- and acquisition strategy.)

Claire's due diligence team has already briefed her on the financial impact: though all her equity in CVI will be needed for debt collateral, the acquisition is being made at roughly thirty cents on the dollar. As long as interest rates decline and customers come back, CVI will double its net worth within three years.

It takes two. In 1985, Claire ascends from hands-on entrepreneur to industry captain, when CVI -- a sprawling retail force -- goes public in an IPO, an initial public offering of shares. The Chapman family retains forty per cent, and Claire remains president and CEO. As the largest shareholder, Claire appoints Robert Charles as chairman, he's a retired Hudson's Bay executive and mentor to Claire since her first two stores in London. Also on the board are the CEO of a major appliance vendor, the president of one of Michigan's state banks, an executive from the automotive industry and key players in commercial real estate.

The shrill cry of a loon pierces the air outside Claire's window, but she remains asleep, scrutinizing the pastel decor that clutters the scenery of her dream.

A silk lavender bathrobe hangs from the back of the bedroom door in the condominium in Orlando. Claire is alone in her father's house. It is December 7, 1988, exactly one week after Montgomery Chapman's funeral. As executor of the estate, she is calmly allocating her

father's personal effects -- an exercise as much in bidding farewell as housecleaning. There are pictures, mementos, a few pieces of furniture that elicit images from Claire's childhood -- books, documents and photographs. Despite blank offers of company from her sisters, she is alone.

Claire gazes at one photo -- the extended Chapman family portrait, taken in 1985 and including Monty Chapman, his four sisters and all their grandchildren. She remembers her father's pride as he explained to his sisters that Claire and Ron had given their children the name Chapman as a surname, to ensure their Chapman clan name would live on. Ron's possible discomfort with the idea never entered Claire's mind. Her desire to pay tribute to Monty -- a traditional man without brothers or sons -- was overwhelming.

The small pile of keepsakes, stuffed into two boxes that sit near the front door, are ready to freight back to Canada. A Florida "personal estate management" company will collect the remaining articles. The idea seemed cheesy at first, but Claire determines there is limited sentimental value in most of the belongings, and the unit needs to be vacated before putting it up for sale. Having completed a second and third sweep of the condo, Claire prepares to leave for the airport when she has an inspiration. She quietly walks up the stairs and heads for Monty Chapman's storage closet

off the den. There, in the corner, leaning against a stack of golfing magazines, is her mother's small telescope. Claire picks it up, noticing the black leather optics case resting underneath. She takes that as well.

Her urge to open the case is unexplainable. Claire sits in the recliner to take a look. The case glimmers as it's opened, the six or eight eyepieces positioned neatly in two rows.

Light enters the room from her left side, bouncing off the precise glass fittings in her hand -- each one offering a different magnification and field of view for the refractor. Claire picks up the 0.04 mm eyepiece, the size and shape of a chunky lipstick holder. She rolls it around between her thumb and finger, holding it up to her glasses and marveling at the prism it makes. She studies the case, the aged velvet lining and the meticulously shaped holes that wrap snugly around each eyepiece.

A flash of white peaks out from the bottom of the empty hole.

Claire looks more closely, then lifts out three more optics, places her fingers inside the holes and gives the lining a quick tug to pry away years of adhesive. At the bottom of the case, the cream, translucent writing paper. It is her mother's handwriting.

Only one of the letters is dated. Both are from wife to husband.

The top one is very short and conveys a simple message:

Monty:

It is settled. My misjudgment shall not be discussed ever again.

This deed shatters the good between us, and all that you are entitled to believe in. For this violation, I am eternally damned and forever sorry.

Faith

The bottom letter is dated February 3, 1943, one week after Claire's birth.

The stains on it could well be tears:

My Dearest Montgomery,

These words are my misery and suffering. They are my punishment, except no torture is adequate for what I have brought upon you. The last two days have been hell, and you are entitled to the truth. Since the sheer pain of my actions does not allow us to speak in the open, in these words I shall confess and beg forgiveness.

Scott's allegation is true. I could blame a million influences and I can blame none. It is my sin, alone. It

meant nothing and is nothing. Only your love sustains me, a love I have knowingly violated.

Your question cannot be answered. It is possible, and that possibility will haunt me to my death. If there is a God who bestows kindness, Claire will be your child. If so, I am granted a blessed mercy, despite my deed. If not, I beseech you to extend to her any love left inside you. She is innocent.

I have sinned. Hell awaits me. You may punish me with silence or with scorn. I will accept your verdict. If you offer me the chance for redemption, if you give me a second chance, I will never fail you again. Ever.

Your loving wife,

Faith

[click here](#)



Claire slowly and carefully refolds the letter and places it in her black leather purse. The shock makes her feel sick, but she sits motionless, staring at the telescope. There is a depth of emptiness in her heart and her eyes -- tears are not even an option.

A silhouette in the dead of night, Claire stirs awake briefly and just as quickly drifts back to sleep.

Alone together, early in the summer of 1990, mother and oldest girl are sitting on the cottage deck overlooking Lake Alois. Claire listens as her daughter Hope relates her day's happenings at the local camp, where she

volunteers as a counselor and tennis instructor. Claire sits enchanted as always with the stunning beauty and unbridled optimism of her fifteen year old. Five feet seven inches tall, with an unblemished tan, Hope wears her blond hair short enough to reveal delicate blue eyes and an easy smile. Claire is a generous patron of the nearby camp, but Hope's position has been hard-won on the basis of her genuine talent and enthusiasm.

Having complained earlier of stomach cramps, Hope suddenly doubles over in pain. Claire whisks her away immediately in search of medical attention.

Within thirty minutes, a nurse at the Sherwood County Clinic, fifteen kilometers away, diagnoses appendicitis. Hope is transferred to Lakeside Municipal Hospital for removal of her appendix.

Claire sits in the dingy waiting room, worried that the procedure is lasting longer than originally promised. After the operation, Hope's surgeon casually indicates some unexpected "blood loss," but adds that his patient "just needs a few days of sleep."

The next day, Hope is resting comfortably. When her daughter returns to the camp a week later, Claire is satisfied, the crisis is over and returns home to attend to CVI business.

Back at the camp, but unable to play tennis, Hope organizes board games and monitors the mess tent at lunch, playfully refusing to show her scar to an eager crowd of male counselors. Although cleared for activity in early August, Hope's fatigue continues. While counselors celebrate the end of summer camp on Labour Day weekend, she remains confined to bed. Her friends make a surprise visit on Monday evening, bringing with them an ice cream cake (Hope's favorite: strawberry) to wish her a speedy recovery in the fall.

At the end of September, doctors diagnose Hepatitis C. Hope's liver is chronically damaged. The news comes as a shock to Claire, but the aftermath is even more heartbreaking. Tests confirm that Hope was given contaminated blood during the routine appendectomy at Lakeside Municipal Hospital. Filled with anger, Claire sniffs out the trail of doctor's orders, blood procurement directives and administrative procedures that enabled her daughter to be infected unnecessarily with a debilitating disease. But the trail quickly disappears as she moves up the chain. It would be years before the whole story is disclosed, of the murky machinery and outrageous incompetence of the blood supply system.



Once again, Claire watches Hope on the cottage deck. The rising Venus is fallen, a victim of agonizing illness. The cocktail of drugs meant to ease the pain within

her stomach and break down hemoglobin in her liver, cause headaches, fever, chills and tiredness. Hope, the golden-haired daughter with the heart to match, is relegated to bed for days at a time.

Claire's grief mounts as the months and years pass. By February 1993, it becomes too great to bear.

Claire cowers at the sight of her pain as she sees her reflection in the powder room mirror of Les Cartiers d'Alsace, Toronto's trendiest restaurant. The wallpaper is a medley of flowers in crushed velvet. Claire is crying alone, while family members upstairs celebrate her 50th birthday. She feels guilt, anger and despair. On the surface, it is Hope's pitiful condition that triggers Claire's rage. But she also detects the destabilizing embers of other crises in her life. Her action plan jumps from the mirror in a flash. Despite all her ambition and energy, the moment has come to relinquish the time-consuming executive responsibilities at CVI and spend more time at home.

Hope deserves as much.

Lying on the bed, Claire clutches the two pillows in her arms as if grasping a life preserver.

"And in the unlikely event this plane must land on water, there is a life preserver beneath your seat."

Claire ignores the flight attendant's safety message as the plane pushes back from the gate. It's September 1993. She's flying back from Detroit after meeting CVI's lawyers.

Claire's decision to succeed Robert Charles as chair of CVI, is finally agreeable to all members of the board, including her mentor. But now, a suitable replacement for president and CEO cannot be found. Claire shuns the advice of three executive search firms -- as chair of the board's human resources committee, she persuades her colleagues that she alone can recruit a suitable replacement to head up the company.

Claire takes it on herself to select an heir. [click here](#)



Locked in her desk are personnel files of the four internal candidates among CVI senior management. Each has been interviewed and assessed. Claire is convinced that none possesses that special "quality" necessary to be the new leader of CVI.

It is coincidence therefore when Derek Hawthorne, who sits beside her in seat 2B of business class, introduces himself. While Claire attends to paperwork, Hawthorne briefly comments about career transition in today's business world. Quoting everyone from Henry Ford to Peter Drucker, Hawthorne talks about executive management. Claire is intrigued. She makes a few cryptic comments about CVI. With even the most

generic details from Claire about the problem on her mind, Hawthorne cheerfully drops a bombshell. He submitted his resume to one of the search firms for the position.

She is stunned.

He relates the story with charm and ease. He received a courteous reply that thanked him for his efforts, “We are pursuing other directions,” and so on.

Claire becomes attentive.

Derek Hawthorne is Welsh by birth, an immigrant to New York in 1958. He started up a slew of retail businesses in Manhattan during the 1960s and claimed a modest fortune importing wine from South America in the 1970s. In and out of retirement, he lives most of the year in Florida, but often visits his kids (from his second wife) in the Northeast.

With his tan, silver hair and Salvatore & Sons chalk-stripe blue suit, the tall, accented Hawthorne looks like CEO material. His references to music (“of Beethoven’s Sonata last week that had me humming for days”) and charity (“it’s a small foundation, based in South Miami, but we’re dispersing funds where the real problems are”) provoke Claire’s curiosity. Is he the kind of talent that wouldn’t show up on paper?

She arranges a lunch in Toronto.

When they meet a week later, Hawthorne tables a four-page strategic overview of CVI and the challenges it faces in the household retail sector. While the analysis lacks detail, Claire is impressed. Hawthorne is a suave Brit -- but he has that extra “something” she’s been looking for in a CEO. Could it be, hussle?

Claire interviews two other external candidates and re-interviews her own CFO. She finds them all dull, corporate-speak MBA types, and not one of them has ever started a business.

CVI needs energy. It needs growth. It needs leadership.

Claire makes up her mind.

She meets -- individually -- with members of the board's human resources committee. “I, can only take the company so far,” she says, concluding a well rehearsed speech to each of them, that's intended to solicit support for her chosen heir. “The wealth, the jobs, the perks - - I created it from nothing. Now, I'm no longer able to sustain it. Who's going to take this company to the next level?”

“I vouch for Derek Hawthorne.”

Most board members choose to accept Claire’s persuasive view. One member, the head of a retail consulting firm in Toronto, is adamantly opposed when she learns Hawthorne has filed for bankruptcy twice in the previous 12 years. She relents, when Claire personally asks for her support and promises to directly oversee Hawthorne’s office operations for the first three months of his tenure.

The board accepts Claire’s recommendation.

The offer to Hawthorne is made just before Christmas. Claire writes the letter herself. It provides for salary, bonus, pension and stock options based on profitability and share price.

Unbelievably, Hawthorne politely refuses.

He confesses to Claire a sizable interest in the job -- but admits to a residual reluctance about CVI’s corporate culture. “Too conservative,” he says in a telephone call. “I sense too much contentment and complacency. You’d think CVI staff were working for a small-town bank. I’m a builder, Claire, not a bureaucrat. Image is important. Look at the sterile decor of the executive offices. You’d think the management was in the business of selling burial plots!”

“CVI is a major player in its retail category -- and needs to act like it.”

Claire asks him to think about the job during the Christmas season. They agree to meet in the new year.

In a moment of inspiration, and with perfunctory approval from the few members of the board she's able to reach by phone, Claire hires a general contractor to renovate CVI's executive offices during the holidays. She pays double the normal hourly rates to trades people, and by January 3, 1994, she's converted the comfortable gray color of her workday surroundings into bloodstained mahogany and 38-ounce tiger stripe broadloom.

When Hawthorne walks off the elevator, he's stunned. His look of disbelief quickly turns into a mischievous grin. Within the hour, they agree to the contract.

While preparing the documents for signature in Claire's office, Hawthorne reclines on her new calfskin sofa and cheerfully proclaims, “I could tell the job was for me when I saw the decor. It's shouting out.. CVI is ready for change!”

[click here](#)



Within months, Claire finds herself in the enjoyable position of “I told you so.” Hawthorne has ably managed the transition of CVI, which continues to out-perform on

the basis of a strategy and organization left behind by Claire. Revenue and profits are up, as is the share price. Derek's administrative foibles, such as maintaining lax records of executive office activity and providing minimal direction to his subordinates, are noted by the board but considered minor reflections of his management style.

In the spring of 1995, the CFO departs suddenly. Within a week, Hawthorne introduces Donald Townsend as the replacement. Townsend is a long-time friend of Hawthorne's. His claim on the position of CFO appears to be modest -- experience managing settlements for a natural gas trading house in Houston. Hawthorne vouches for him, saying Townsend is connected to the people, money and markets in the southwest that will become the "next frontier" for CVI.

[click here](#)



Members of the board express muted concern at the August meeting, which Claire is forced to miss at the last minute, while she helps Hope recover from a particularly nasty flu at the cottage.

Under Hawthorne and Townsend, CVI undertakes major expansion in 1996 and 1997. Although the company is highly leveraged, the investment appears well secured by real estate and long-term leases at up-scale malls in Texas and California. Financing is managed by an off-shore bank, after Hawthorne and Townsend table with the board, a plan to decrease CVI's tax liabilities.

In an 18-month period, CVI exhausts an \$80 million letter of credit from Banco Corriente, a Colombian bank based in the Dominican Republic. CVI acquires two franchise operations and 26 stores, stretching from Dallas, Texas, to Sacramento, California. Claire Chapman and the CVI Board approve each of the four major transactions individually, based on separate -- but highly persuasive business cases.

On a breezy August afternoon in 1997, Claire receives a telephone call at the cottage.

“Mrs. Chapman, my name is Detective James Shields. I’m a member of the Joint Task Force, assembled by the RCMP and FBI. We’d appreciate it if you could return to London as soon as possible to answer some questions.”

Claire watches through the French doors as Hope coughs on the deck. The young woman is reclining on a patio chair, bundled in blankets. Claire prods the detective to explain whether any member of her family is in trouble and how he obtained the unlisted cottage phone number.

“Ma’am, your company has been dealing with Banco Corriente for the past three years. As of last week, this bank is suspected of being operated by narcotics interests in South America. The Joint Task Force has

secured evidence that incriminates the bank and its management, as a front for money laundering. Earlier today, the president of the bank was found executed in his garage in Santa Domingo.

"We've reviewed bank records in cooperation with the Dominican authorities, and we wanted to speak with two members of your company, Mr. Derek Hawthorne and Mr. Donald Townsend. They're understood to have left Canadian airports earlier today. It appears they're headed permanently for Brazil."

Claire packs quickly. Hope climbs into the car slowly but without assistance, and the two return to London in silence.

Derek Hawthorne has been a busy man. Phone, flight, bank and computer records gathered in the weeks after the issuance of his arrest warrant portray a patient and calculating executive slowly infiltrating the management, accounting and audit systems of CVI. With the help of Don Townsend, Hawthorne launders more than \$60 million for Colombian and Brazilian banks. Through his CFO, Hawthorne transacts the loans as entirely legitimate -- and even advantageous -- CVI business dealings. Hawthorne has successfully gambled on receiving help from two sources: strong corporate performance and an inattentive board.

When the 1996-97 accounts of CVI are re-audited, extraordinary losses of \$7 million and \$10 million are charged to the income statements. These amounts address overstated, unsubstantiated or missing funds. Subsequent investigations also reveal a remarkably petty side to Hawthorne's crimes, including theft of the executive office cash box, pirated computer software, stolen furniture and extensive use of corporate credit cards to entertain Toronto prostitutes.

The external auditors quit -- both in disgust at being misled and in disgrace at not discovering the fraud. Soon after, as the media begin to speculate about sweat shop manufactured goods and Mafia-inspired bill collectors, CVI's retail sales plummet. The brand "curse" quickly hits revenues and earnings, and the share price drops by almost forty per cent within three months. Of course, institutional shareholders call for a purging of the board. In particular, the financial community looks for one individual to accept responsibility for the debacle. Perhaps not unfairly, they single out Claire Chapman.

Claire's head is propped comfortably on the pillow as she rolls over on her side, away from the predawn light. Momentarily awake, she's vaguely aware of the sound of her grinding teeth.

For generations, phones were plain with black rotary

dials, but of course this is no longer the case. Claire is in the living room of her son Frank's home in Whistler, B.C., fidgeting with a telephone that's in the shape of a mallard duck. Claire smiles at the absurdity of holding the neck and head of the duck to her ear, listening to her son Frank as he explains the conversation that he and his brother have just had with Randy Holland, the fiancé of her daughter Dolores. The three men are five kilometers away, farther up the valley at Damon's condo. It's Mother's Day 1999.

"He says he loves her and can't live without her."

Claire is careful not to speak.

The older son continues.

"Damon wanted to threaten him, but I said, 'No.' I told him we wanted to make him a deal, and I told him he should listen carefully. Damon said he better take the deal, or we'd hurt him, but I told both of them to cool it."

Another long pause.

"How much Frank?" Claire wants to know the price of victory.

"Fifty thousand."

No reply.

“Fifty thousand, Canadian.” Frank’s tone sounds as if he’s reporting back to the boss on a business negotiation.

“Where will he go?”

“He said he’d go to Vancouver for ten G’s and disappear for fifty. He seems willing to cooperate -- I wish my own clients were so wimpy. Just to be sure, I told him we’d be hiring an ex-cop to check on his whereabouts -- and that the cop better fail.”

“What does Dolores know?”

“Nothing. She’s at her restaurant tonight and thinks he’s playing hockey.”

“She can never know, Frank. You must be clear with Randy.”

“Mom, she’ll eat ice cream for three months and then start over. And next time, Damon and I’ll be on the lookout.”

“He’ll get the money tomorrow. But I repeat, Dolores must never know.”

Frank waits. He knows his mother wants to say

something else.

“Your father would have done the same thing, son. But never forget, we’re doing it for her sake. For her sake, Frank.”



[click here](#)

Claire wakes up, finally realizing she’s been grinding her teeth in her sleep. She fumbles for two capsules of the pain medication she increasingly depends on and swallows them without water.

The whirring sounds of jet skis echo across Lake Alois early on Friday morning. Claire is startled and momentarily annoyed. The personal watercraft came from the Bigwood Resort, and was violating an informal agreement reached the previous year with cottage owners that prohibited these craft and water-skiing, on the lake, prior to 9:00 in the morning.

Unable to sleep any longer, Claire walks down to the dock, carrying with her one of the large parasols -- careful not to clip the wildflowers near the deck. She sits down, taking refuge in the shade and dangling her feet in the water. All around her, life was conspicuously frenetic: schools of darting sunfish beneath her, the territorial rustling of birds behind her, the moving swarm of flies above her, the vitality she felt within. Life was precious.

But as the sun rose above Lake Alois, the heat began to sear. Everything under the intense stare of the sun appeared lifeless. Claire remained under the parasol at the dock, imagining the weekend ahead with her kids.

The discussion about the future of the cottage, expected later in the day when all the kids would be present, saddened her. She knew it might mark the beginning of the end. Was the burning of the shed the root cause? Could she live with the Bigwood Resort owners bidding for possession of Charon -- or maybe even worse, succeeding in their plan to wrest it away from her? An emotion stirred in Claire that was part defensive and part competitive. If the cottage must go, she thought to herself, it would be an active decision of the entire family. Even so, a transaction with Bigwood would be the last resort (she chuckled at the pun).

Acts of nature or acts of sabotage, would play no role in the fate of Charon.

Claire looked up toward the cottage and cast a lingering glance toward the trees that carefully obscured the service area back near the road. She felt restless. The mystery of the shed and the urgency of housework were drawing her away from the water. She meandered up the path to the deck, but a patio chair beckoned.

Claire sat, uneasily considering the reconnaissance

of the shed. It seemed prudent to inspect the site in advance of the kids' arrival, particularly since they were going to discuss the implications of the fire during the weekend. Why the trepidation, she thought? Her intuition told her the fire was symbolic -- another knock on the door from Mrs. Santos, another blood transfusion, another Derek Hawthorne. It was a critical life event, but of what kind?

She got up and made her way from the front gardens to the edge of the clearing, through the fringe of trees and down into the underbrush. Navigating slowly around the truck-sized rocks and over the marshy spring, she arrived at the glade where Charon's equipment and services had been housed for three generations. She was no more than ten meters from the road and less than 100 meters from the Bigwood property line.

The service area was steeply sloped away from the road and richly covered with trees. Long-discarded oil cans clustered around a collection of birch and pine trees to the east. Old barn wood and planking, still sweating out their creosote, lay haphazardly among weeds on the near side. A tired old rowboat, upside down and in need of a major overhaul, lay against some granite outcrops. Hiding just beyond the underbrush, propped against a larger rock, was a mattress she had never seen before. Claire also noticed the remains of a campfire site, unceremoniously surrounded by an assortment of beer

bottles and condom wrappers. Small bits of garbage were strewn everywhere.

In the middle of the service area stood the charred shed. The charcoal hulk of the exterior waited tiredly in front of Claire, the roof somewhat burned away. Her first reaction was to wonder why the fire didn't spread, as if the damage was limited by intent. In the centre, still hunched over on the concrete floor, were the black remains of a Kohler Power Boost generator. The ten-kilowatt could power two cottages. It was now a burned out carcass, rusting on the concrete floor with reddish brown run-off, dribbling away.

Officer Evans had pointed out that the fire was spotted only by chance by a bartender at Bigwood. On his way to work, he had seen flames darting from the service area toward the road. Given the opportunity, the flames might well have spread. ("But who can say how far or for how long," Officer Evans added.) As luck would have it, several area farmers were swigging beer next door at the Bigwood Bar that March evening, celebrating the federal government's new program to support corn prices. They laughed openly at the TV, when the Minister of Agriculture proclaimed he'd match corn subsidies announced by the European Union. Although their Muskoka land was marginal at best for growing crops, they cheerfully welcomed this unexpected gift -- it would pay them supermarket prices for produce unfit

to be cattle feed.



[click here](#)

But the “old boys” rose to the challenge when they heard the word “fire” and within minutes they were at the Charon estate and doused the flames with lake water.

Claire looks at the charred walls that remain. Thanks to their timely assistance, the fire was under control within fifteen minutes of the first shouts. Claire wonders, “Was that too much of a coincidence?”

Officer Evans’ message to Claire was intended to be, “You got lucky,” but it came out as, “Be careful.”

Claire pushes aside some dirt and ashes on the concrete floor, to pick up a charred candlestick she realizes is hers, looks around for other clues, but finds none.

She walks quickly back to the cottage. The strange coolness of the service area, perhaps a by-product of the shady surroundings, seems unnatural to Claire. Lightning would never visit such a place, she thought with a shudder.

The cottage seems discernibly brighter than the sunshine outside. Claire takes comfort in its homey decor and reassures herself that the first of the Chapman

kids will arrive before nightfall. In the kitchen, she puts away the cereal boxes, cookie tins and juice cans from the grocery bags, then drops the oversized bag of popcorn in the bin by the fridge.

The upstairs housework was next on the list. Although Mary, the woman from the first side road who cleaned the cottage twice a week, had stopped coming last September. The linens seemed fresh and fragrant, the towels clean and the dust bunnies scarce. Claire's kids, whose comings and goings from Charon she had lost track of, had looked after the place. After a diligent spell with the vacuum, she installed a token pink carnation (from a small bouquet she'd brought from London) in a small vase in each bedroom. She heads downstairs to finish the chores.

Instead, she finds herself descending into the comfort of her tan leather chair. "Grant me just a few moments of reflection," she sighs to herself. "The tidiness upstairs is grounds for a break." And she feels hopeful about the progress she's making.

She casts her eyes across the room, paying particular attention to a photo of the five children above the fireplace. Five great kids, she quietly beams to herself, and all of them on their way! The excitement was getting harder to manage. She glances again at the mantle and follows the picture frames to the end. There, beside

a portrait of her late husband, is a small photo of her mother, resting nobly in a silver and onyx case. The black-and-white snapshot of the newly married Faith Chapman, captures her mother's dignified smile, while she unwrapped a wedding gift. Someone had placed a small red bow in the top corner of the frame. Claire gazes at the photo more closely and recognizes the gift -- it was the telescope.

Where was the device? It was her most treasured possession from her mother, since it provided lasting images to Claire of Faith Chapman's passion. And distance.

Strangely enough, the more Claire thought about it, the less sure she was about the telescope's whereabouts. Where had it last been stored? It had to be at Charon, she thought. At one time, star gazing was one of the most popular hobbies at the cottage, offering hours of late evening enlightenment on the deck (well at least, before Bigwood condos filled the northern sky with light). Could the refractor be in the study closet upstairs? A burst of curiosity had Claire skipping up the stairs to check. There was a garage sale's worth of heirlooms in the closet, but the telescope was not among them.

Then she remembered, she had locked away the scope in the sideboard cupboard, to prevent it from being left

outside for days at a time. Coincidence -- it was a mere couple of feet away from her mother's photo.

She finds her key ring on the kitchen counter and bends over the sideboard to negotiate the lock. She fumbles -- tries again. The doors creak as they open.

On the bottom shelf sits the telescope, looking clean and shiny.

Beside it, upright and gleaming in the midday sun, is a candlestick, identical to the one she found in the shed.

The shock is debilitating. She sits down at first, just wanting to cry, then to plan what to do next. Overwhelmed, Claire goes to the kitchen to find her headache tablets and to open a bottle of wine. She pours a glass and slowly walks back to the living room.

Lifting the glass of wine, Claire sees her reflection below the rim -- her streaked makeup, her tears. As the pills and wine wash down her throat, the magnitude of her discovery sinks in. The fire was not an accident, and the culprit had to be one of her kids.

Her pain was not a cold, remote feeling, like the day her mother died. No, this was a hurt, mixed with white-hot anger and betrayal. Claire's rage would not be

contained -- not even for a moment. She rhymes off the facts as she remembered them.

The shed burned down in the last week of March.

Claire pauses for a moment, recollecting the scene at the service area. Her first image was one of debauchery. The bottles, the mattress.

The condoms.

Chastity!

It had to be Chastity!

Claire pours more wine into the glass and considers her youngest daughter. Her obsession with sex. Her libertine ideas.

Chastity's carefree attitude about sex and intimacy had always been a source of friction between them.

"I'm not destined to live my life as a slut," she had said recently. "But you're stuck with being confined to the imagination of a prude!"

Claire remembers the personal and pointed nature of the exchange. She replays the confrontation in her mind, remembering Chastity's determination. It was all coming back now. She played detective, connecting

the dots between earlier arguments and the burning of the shed. Claire struggles to recall the exact words spoken, to ascertain whether she could spot clues to the fire.

“No, Chastity,” she had replied. “The reckless use of your body -- even in search of pleasure -- is not an act of discovery. It’s a cry for self-respect.

The emptiness you must certainly feel is natural. You want to belong, and you have the means of achieving it. But it’s not right. Bedding down with strangers is an act of disrespect by both of you. And today, it’s a gamble that carries serious risks.”

“Mother, respect is what you and the ‘establishment’ demand, as you go about your hypocritical ways in society, maintaining the economic order and ensuring the misallocation of resources. The true evil is your pretense of good intentions.

“I’m here to live in the moment. No artificial rules are going to make me feel guilty! And if you judge me, I’ll raise a ruckus guaranteed to upset the dull safety of your comfortable, predictable life.”

Chastity had started the fire, Claire concluded. Or maybe it was an accident -- a stray candle setting the shed aflame while Chastity and company were

preoccupied nearby. And by the time the two (or more) participants realized what was happening, it was too late. They panicked and disappeared into the night. But anonymous flight wouldn't sit well with Chastity. It would validate her mother's low opinion of her. And so she must have returned later, to prepare a postscript, the bow on Faith's photograph. Claire could just hear Chastity, "There is nothing shameful in what I do Mother; only defiance, and you -- of all daughters -- should reach out and understand your own. Our relationship is remote because of the judgment you cast on your mother and project onto me. I have nothing to hide. Only my nature."

Claire fought back tears. It had to be Chastity.

Or did it?

On the far wall, the shelves of books and games were all neatly arranged, except for one gaping hole on the second shelf from the top. The aerial map of Charon, which had occupied this place for years, had been moved to the bottom shelf. It lay inside its wooden frame, with no glass covering.

Why did she notice only now?

It seemed so out of place, Claire thought. Like the bow on the photo, the vacant shelf seemed to suddenly

capture her eyes, as if the untidy sight were a signpost. Claire winces at the momentary image in her mind: Charon had become a macabre Easter egg hunt, where she is destined to find unpleasant truths. She walks over to inspect the map. In very light pencil etchings, the Charon property appears subdivided. Claire counts dozens of wispy charcoal lines, none of them parallel but all of them creating rectangular lots moving back from Lake Alois.

That bastard Frank!

He had set fire to the shed to scare me off. He had tried to turn my birthright into a haunted house, thinking -- correctly -- that I would give it up and put my kids in charge. And what would they do? They'd hire Frank to "develop" Charon -- to turn it into waterfront lots for Toronto's well-heeled.

Claire was angry. She can feel the beads of perspiration forming on her brow. Her glass is empty, she pours the wine with impatience. It cascades into the tumbler in large yellow waves, making miniature tidal splashes against the opposite rim, where again she sees her distraught, distorted face.

A brief image -- the sniveling faces of Jacob Hoekstra and Wilfred Martens from Bigwood struck through her like a bolt of lightning.

Claire looks more closely at the map. She reclines in her chair and hopes it can't be true.

The subdivision of lots.

The sizes.

The orientation to the lake.

Frank needs me out, she thinks to herself. He set the fire and he'll now convince me to go. His siblings could be talked into cashing in on Charon. But he'd need partners. Frank wouldn't try to do this on his own.

There would have to have been a meeting at Bigwood. Frank must have been careful at first because of the many years of mistrust. But Hoekstra and Martens would listen, once they caught wind of Frank's plan. "My mother will soon decide to give her kids the cottage," he'd say. "There may be an accident or two on the property beforehand, so make sure Bigwood folks are available to lend a hand, just in case the trees are threatened. Once the kids are in charge, a Bigwood housing development is in the cards."

But only, if Frank Chapman manages the project.

And only, if Claire Chapman never finds out.

Could such a monstrous plot be possible? How could he manufacture the rationale for such unimaginable sabotage? Even in the mind of a psychopath, there'd need to be a germ of hostility (and Frank was a good kid.)

How could Frank contemplate this?

Claire was ready to weep for the corruption of Frank's soul. She winced at the thought of fingering Frank, caught in the act of hatching a plan more diabolical than any he had suffered from. He had placed a bow on what she treasured most, to lead her to discover a truth only he could appreciate. As an agent of commerce and guardian of the family interest, Frank had obviously removed the boundaries.

Claire thinks, his message is that anyone is fair game -- including his own mother.

The sobs start again as she fumbled her now empty glass.

It had to be Frank.

Or did it?

On the mantle, beside the photo of Claire's mother, sits

a portrait of the kids taken at Charon in 1998. Claire notices, because she had taken great pride in how the image of Randy Holland in the top right corner, had been expertly removed by digital editing.

She also remembers the urgent need to hide the portrait. The warnings from Dolores were ringing in her ears.

Claire recalls the row with Dolores less than a year ago, when her embittered daughter -- still angry and confused at the sudden departure of her mate -- learned of Claire's plan to eliminate Randy's likeness from the entire Chapman family record.

What began as a debate about the maintenance of historical truth, quickly deteriorated into an attack on Claire and her ownership of the maternal estate.

Claire replays the painful exchange with Dolores in her mind, struggling to find new meaning in her daughter's ominous message.

"And another thing, you better get rid of the doctored photos," her daughter had warned. "For that matter, why not just ditch the Muskoka cottage where you display them."

"Wouldn't you like to go to Charon in the future,

Dolores?" Claire had asked.

"Charon doesn't have a future, only a past. It's only a history lesson for you.

"It's the perfect cycle of patriarchy. A man's property is deeded to his daughter through a system that safeguards the rights of men. The young woman is murdered by a drunken man whose pitiful existence has more value to society than her own. Her property is reclaimed by the man she married, who deeds it to her daughter through the same system that safeguards his rights over property and her.

"And the evil cycle continues."

"But Charon has given us so many wonderful memories, Dolores," Claire replied. "The cycle can just as easily be one of family happiness. From my mother, to me and someday from me, to my children."

"Mom, there was a time when you had earned something priceless, through sheer hard work and resourcefulness. Your reputation as an entrepreneurial woman. Your stature in the community. This was the wealth I used to treasure.

"Your integrity would have been a worthy inheritance. But in the last year or so, you've put these qualities at

risk, largely because of your exploitation by men. It's time for you to do some reclaiming of your own. Burn down your bridges to the past and to the patriarchs who have pandered to your weakness."

Sitting alone now, Claire reels back as she remembers her daughter's parting shot. Tangled among the secrets that only she knew, the words now lashed out and stung her. And there was the inescapable event at the shed. Dolores' mocking choice of phrase seemed eerie: "Burn down your bridges."

Claire paces back and forth, pours more wine into her glass. It had to be Dolores.

Or did it?

Claire wants to play a hunch. She walks gingerly into the kitchen, feeling the unpleasant effects of half a bottle of wine. Opening the cupboard door high above the refrigerator, she checks the coffee tin, that for ten years or so, has become the Charon receptacle for matches and lighters. Claire stands on her toes and struggles with her fingers to coax the tin from the back of the cupboard -- has it been moved?

Claire shuffles the tin towards her. Its unexpected weight causes her to juggle it in mid-air, as it tumbles off the shelf. She places it on the kitchen counter and

removes the lid.

The tin was filled to the brim with Hope's prescriptions. Medicine bottles -- some many years old -- battled for space at the top with orphaned pills and tablets of every color and shape. Jammed together on the bottom were tubes of ointment, a small jar of cream and various outdated scripts.

Claire's first reaction was surprise ("Why didn't she take this medication?"), then shock ("How does she manage without it?"). She quickly flips through the stack of unfilled scripts, as if preparing to deal a hand of cards. The oldest prescription was 1991. Most were at least five years old. One caught her eye. It was dated March 7, just weeks before the fire. Scrawled in pen below the pharmacy directions ("Ativan -- 100 tablets, 1.0 mg") were the words: "Avoid. Makes me sad and bitter." The writing was Hope's. When Claire looks more closely at the script, she notices Hope had actually crossed out the word "bitter" and in pencil, had scribbled in "vengeful."

Claire shudders.

She leans against the counter and stares at the coffee tin. The images flooding into her mind are of the many happy memories with Hope, during their visits to Charon. The hours spent on the dock under a bright, warm sun.

Early evenings at the dock, their feet dangling in the water as twilight came, talking about Hope's goals and plans -- and ways of managing her disease. The meals together -- always a bit awkward due to Hope's dietary restrictions. The late nights in the family room, trying to figure out the young woman's next move.

Hope's frustration had always been present. But bitterness? Vengeance?

### The yellow journal!

Claire remembered the notebook Hope had kept at the cottage. She recalls the times Hope would recline on the deck, writing letters and drawing pictures. For days on end, Hope would carry the canary yellow journal down to the deck in the morning and make occasional entries -- always being careful to take it back to her room when she went inside.

As quickly as Claire remembers where Hope left the journal, she briskly moves up the stairs. The wine had made her wobbly, but she is determined to find Hope's journal -- if it is in her room.

It isn't.

Claire spends little time searching through the desk and night table because they were all but empty. The

bookshelves too are vacant, save for some family souvenirs. Alone on the harvest table in the corner, are the vase and single carnation Claire had added earlier.

On her way out, she surveys the room. Everything is neat and tidy, but something seems out of place. She thinks for a moment. There's nothing on the walls -- no pictures, photos, decorations. It's as if Hope had removed her personal effects from the room and was leaving behind only the furniture. Claire then notices the postcard, half-wedged into the frame of Hope's dresser mirror.

The card was not being hidden. It almost seemed as a reminder to someone -- like a colorful post-it note ready to jog a thought while she dressed. The photo is of the mountains around Whistler, B.C. It's a striking shot, illuminating their peaks with the dazzling orange light of sunset. In the corner, the postcard's printed caption reads, "Come home to heaven."

Claire turns it over. The absence of a stamp in the top right corner catches her eye first; the card had never been mailed. Below the empty space, Hope had neatly written the name and address of the recipient. It was intended for her brother Damon.

In the centre of the postcard, written in pencil, Hope

had composed a haiku:

My soul seared by pain  
Abandoned to evil care  
Sacrificial lamb

Claire drops the postcard, and just as quickly bends down to retrieve it. She holds it in her hand, not sure she understands its implications.

It had to be Hope.

Or someone else?

She stumbles against the bed and sits down to rest her suddenly weak muscles. The sun is edging downward now, casting its light through Hope's window and into Claire's squinting eyes. She feels a sudden rush of energy, when a car appears from the road, making its way down the driveway in front of the cottage.

Damon had arrived. Claire pulls herself together and slowly heads downstairs to meet him.

He approaches the doorway, a sports bag slung across his shoulder and a knapsack, tucked under his arm.

Claire's eyes are red, but dry, the wine (and the day's discoveries) producing a mounting headache. She tries to make eye contact, but Damon avoids her gaze. She

shuffles to the kitchen, picks up the Tylenol bottle, then turns to face him, “Why Damon?”

“I did it for you, Mom.” Damon puts down his gear and looks straight at her.

Claire swallows three tablets and starts to weep quietly.

He hesitates.

“There’s no resolution in this family.

“In the winter, the kids got together at Whistler and talked about the need for an intervention that would cause change. It was brutal, Mom. We looked at each other and wanted to let out a simultaneous scream.”

“Are the others still coming?”

“Yes, they’ll be here soon.”

“Were they together with you in March?”

“No, I did it on my own, but they all knew I would do something. Like I said, we talked at Whistler about our feelings toward the family and about the need to move on.”

“Why are you doing this to me?” The words were difficult

to hear among the sobs.

“There’s so much suffering. Chastity doesn’t trust anyone. She’ll never marry. She feels you despise her.

“We need to see. We need to understand Frank’s motivation, when he says the best way out is to develop the family property for Bigwood.”

“He wouldn’t do that. He wouldn’t sell us out like that.” Claire’s voice is childlike, almost pleading.

“He thinks we need to do it. Isn’t he simply suggesting that he be like Potts, who betrayed the Weinstocks to you, and enabled you to buy Accents? What’s the difference?”

“It’s not the same. I played every advantage, but I didn’t cheat.”

“You enticed an officer of the Weinstock company to deal himself in, Mom. It’s the same thing.”

“And Dolores?” Claire stops crying and moves to a chair, sitting down with a thud.

“You and men, have given her a reason to hate.”

“She blames me for the evil of the world we’re born in?” Claire’s anger begins to well up. The extent of the sabotage is becoming clear. It’s impossible still for her to fully understand the depths of her devastation. She reaches for the glass of warm wine on the coffee table and takes two large gulps.

“She blames you for corrupting her only love.

“You weren’t trying to protect her, Mom. You tried to protect yourself, and in the process, your attitude clearly demonstrated the evil of paternalism.”

“How?”

“Randy Holland was just a creep until you came along. But you made him an intolerable social mistake. It was your value system that deemed him an insufficient catch for your daughter.

“It’s not your actions that let down Dolores, it’s your values. In fact, the same thing can be said for Hope.”

“So my crimes include giving her Hepatitis C?” Claire was defiant. This would be her last stand.

“No, Mom,” Damon was speaking slowly and without an accusatory tone. “Hope believed all her life, she would be looked after at your side. She wasn’t trying to be

an entrepreneurial success; she's been content since childhood, creating ideas or helping people.

"When I saw her at Whistler, curled up in a duvet, sipping green tea and trying to stay awake -- it hit me. She's dying."

"In God's name, what did I do?"

"Nothing. That's the point."

Claire glares at him.

"All the donations to the hospital in London. Hope thought we had bought protection for ourselves, but it didn't help her. Hope's fate was a lake country hospital in the summer of 1990.

"Your crime was raising her to expect she could be insulated from the world. She's now succumbed to the realization that the interests of elites can't prevail everywhere. There's a private school bus out there with badly maintained brakes. Luxury condominiums, where the doorman is asleep on the job. And a Muskoka hospital with a contaminated blood supply."

The patience and reason in Damon's voice, was diminishing Claire's will to fight. She sinks back and watches the family room's soft yellow light dance off

the wineglass in front of her. Her energy dissipated, her life shattered, she looks up to try and make eye contact with her son.

“And you Damon? What unhappiness did I cause in you? What injustice required you to vandalize our sacred family place -- and to link your act with the memory of my own mother?”

“In a word: rage. I am completely unable to contain my rage at the family members around me. The allegations. The mistrust. The blaming. The tragic waste. We’ve lived a lie for many years -- worn a false face of contentment and righteousness. But we’re hypocritical, we’re spiritually weak. Our only hope is to wake up and see. To confront our demons and put a bonfire to them!

“Mom, this was not intended as an act of violence against you. It was meant as a passionate voice of change, from your children. Your family wants to break from this place and a past that repeats itself. This will be our last weekend.”

Claire gets up slowly and moves toward him. Damon stands still, his hands resting limply at his sides.

She moves the wineglass to her left hand, and with her right, she slaps him firmly across the cheek. “A family begins and ends with loyalty, Damon.”

Damon remains motionless, his left cheek changing from pink to crimson. She opens the door and scans the front yard.

“You wouldn’t hear our pleas, Mom.”

“And I will not be threatened by your acts.”

“The shed is just a prop -- my feelings for my mother aren’t. Children grow up with the values of their parents.”

“Then what did I do wrong, Damon?”

“Nothing, Mom. You and Dad left your mark. We’re a testament to both of you. But then, he left us -- tragically, suddenly -- and we just moved right along, without missing a beat. Now, we’re trying to reach out to you. We’re far away from you and receding fast.” Damon begins to sob quietly. “We’re disintegrating as a family. We need to find a way to revive our family spirit.”

“Damon, love starts from within.”

They look at each other, exchanging glances of grief and pain.

The sound of a car engine breaks the silence.

The remaining kids -- all four of them -- are making

their way up the driveway in a rented mini-van. Frank is behind the wheel. Dolores and Chastity are sprawled out behind him. Hope looks as though she is just waking up in the back seat.

The van stops beside the BMW. Frank gets out first, followed by the younger women. Hope needs help from all three to make her way from the van.

The four children look at Damon and then at their mother. The concerned expression on their faces telegraphs that each was aware of the conversation that must have just ended.

Summoning every ounce of courage, Claire decides to act first. It was her cottage and her mother and her family and her life. No act of such disrespect or recklessness could go unchallenged. Maybe the kids were right -- the time for Charon was over -- but the means of their message was grotesquely hurtful.

She turns around and grabs her purse from the hall table. Walking straight and with her chin up, she marches toward her car.

Without moving, the five kids all but surround her. All eyes remain on her but no one speaks.

Claire makes the few steps to the car door and quickly

spins back. “Spend an evening together and retrace what you’ve done. Ask yourself if it was worth it. **And if so, burn the whole cottage down when you leave in the morning.**”

click here



Damon looks at his siblings. As Claire gets into her car, he says with a gentle but firm voice, “We love you Mom. We manufactured lightning once already, hoping you’d return to us. We’ve run out of miracles.”

The car door shuts. Claire’s five children stay put, Hope resting against Frank and Dolores. They fix their eyes on her, as she reaches around and puts on her seat belt.

She removes the parking break and places her key in the ignition.

A puff of black smoke belches from the exhaust pipe and the engine whines. Claire tries again; a puzzled look screws onto her face.

The engine groans louder this time, the foul smell of rancid corn filling the air. The sound is grating, like the squealing of a wounded animal.

She tries one last time.

The car wheezes and sputters for a few seconds and

then tries no further.

Claire pauses and rolls down her window. Looking at the Chapman brood all at once, she sees the faces of anguish -- and love.

"We must be a family," she says. "We're stuck with each other."

The kids look at each other and beam.

Claire shakes her head, chuckles and gets out of the car.

Slowly they turn, and supporting each other, walk toward Charon.

The end

# The Evil Governor

**References for the Introduction**

Besancon, Alain The Falsification Of The Good (London: the Claridge Press, 1994.) Besancon analyzes Orwell's 1984.

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The Book of Job, translated and with an Introduction by Stephen Mitchell. (New York: HarperCollins, 1992.) The forces of evil identified here are also central to the biblical story of Job.

Masson, Jeffrey Moussaieff Final Analysis: The Making and Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst (Reading, Massachusetts: Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, 1990.) Masson describes his struggle to understand Freud's discovery and subsequent denial of childhood sexual abuse.

Orwell, George Nineteen Eighty-Four (London: Penguin Books, 1949.) Orwell provides a nightmare vision of an evil world.

### Synopsis:

Most people don't want evil -- they don't want poverty, violence, disadvantage, oppression or isolation for themselves or anyone else. Many people hold governors accountable for the evil behavior of the corporations they govern. And most governors want to do a good job. But often there is disappointment.

Even when governors are diligent, organizations do harm when they are trying to do good. This book identifies the factors of evil -- it names the harmful forces that enter corporate life and that governors must engage when they try to constrain evil.

Half of this book is a short story, which describes the factors of evil as they play out in the life of a family. At the end of the story, several quizzes give the listener practice in identifying the dimensions of evil.

This is a personal work, based on the author's relationship with her young adult children. It has sweeping ideas and touching scenes from family life.

### Gail's Bio:

Gail Regan Ph.d. M.B.A. is vice-chair of Cara Operations, Canada's largest diversified food service firm. She is the president of Cara Holdings Ltd. In the community, she chairs Energy Probe Research Foundation and is president of Friends of Women's College Hospital. She has served on the boards of a crown corporation, several schools, a teaching hospital and a hospital foundation. Gail is a keen competitive sailor and has been commodore of her local sailing association.

# The Evil Governor

## Appendix



Earl fills Claire's car with corn fuel.

Excerpt from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 1  
**"Impoverishment: Evil is in Syndrome Mixing"**

One of the books that most clearly explains syndrome mixing as a force of evil is Jane Jacobs' *Systems of Survival*. Her premise is that individuals, organizations and societies survive in two ways, through control of a territory and through trade. The how of this, the rules of the game for the two different ways, fall into two sets of principles, which she calls "syndromes" because they are the required conditions of taking responsibility for a territory and engaging in viable commerce. In deference to the ancient philosopher Plato -- who was the first to identify the distinction and to urge that education for those who will take responsibility for territory be different from education for those who will trade -- one is called the guardian syndrome and the other the commercial syndrome.

We are not talking here of a good syndrome and a bad one. Both are moral syndromes; both are necessary for social life. The syndromes can be summarized by distinctive lists of prescriptions and moral values:

## THE COMMERCIAL MORAL SYNDROME

Shun force  
Come to voluntary agreements  
Be honest  
Collaborate easily with strangers  
Compete  
Respect contracts  
Use initiative and enterprise  
Be open to inventiveness and novelty  
Be efficient  
Promote comfort and convenience  
Dissent for the sake of the task  
Invest for productive purposes  
Be industrious  
Be thrifty  
Be optimistic

These are the virtues of:

## THE GUARDIAN MORAL SYNDROME

Shun trading  
Exert prowess  
Be obedient and disciplined  
Respect hierarchy  
Be loyal  
Take vengeance  
Deceive for the sake of the task

Make rich use of leisure  
Be ostentatious  
Be exclusive  
Show fortitude  
Be fatalistic  
Treasure honour

I use these lists as a guide to make my behavior appropriate to the business situation. For example, I have innovative ideas about the incentive system at work and I experience resistance to this idea with admonitions to “Adhere to tradition,” and “Respect hierarchy.” When this happens, I think to myself, “Morality is on my side, the list defines inventiveness as an element of the commercial syndrome, so keep pushing for innovation.” On the other hand, I may have an idea that I personally like that is not grounded in the commercial syndrome. For example, a division was sold and I wanted the company to put on an expensive concert for the departing employees. The idea was resisted, and in this case I thought, “Back down, you’re acting as if you are a queen at court holding a ball. You’re recommending ostentation and largesse, and these are guardian principles, not appropriate to commerce.”

As I write this, I question myself whether there is an issue of good and evil here. I wonder whether I am distracting myself with a trivial approach to proper

business etiquette. Am I using Systems of Survival like a book on table manners, applying its ideas to help select behavior that other people will approve? Do I want them to have warm feelings about me and so use the book to be in praise-gaining, blame-avoiding mode?

At one level, Systems of Survival is a moral philosophy book that puts forward a theory of bad behavior, one that I think will make a lot of sense to people who are frustrated by transactional failures. The idea is that when people use principles from the guardian syndrome in commerce, and when people use principles from the commercial syndrome to take responsibility for a territory, they breach the moral codes. For example, when people in trade use prowess from the guardian syndrome, the Mafia for example, they suppress ethical commerce. Bad. Similarly, when guardians, whether they be police, teachers, clergy, politicians, civil servants or military are on the take, using their office as an enterprise for private commercial advantage, they corrupt the guardian function. Bad. We can expect laws to forbid this sort of thing.

Commercial coercion like cheating customers and guardian coercion like demanding bribes happen under the table and informally; they aren't normative and planned in a constitution. Systems of Survival also demonstrates how intentional, moral mixing of

the syndromes does evil. Where a society deliberately, courageously, co-operatively, justifiably sets out to manage a whole economy on guardian principles, the centrally planned Soviet Union for example, the result may be successful from a guardian point of view, but it will impoverish the citizenry and restrict their freedom. The evidence is pretty clear that, even when well intentional, central planning hurts commerce and impoverishes the society it is trying to enrich.

Similarly, where well intentional, moral, generously funded agencies finance mega-projects in developing nations, or simply loan funds to oppressive regimes, the expected result may be marginally helpful for international commerce and may make some local people rich, but the unanticipated consequences often wreck the developing society's ability to effectively govern itself and to safeguard its environment. Commercial solutions to guardian problems disturb the guardian function and bring chaos.

No-one is saying that central planning is corruption writ large. On the contrary. It may have been instituted to restrain corruption. Similarly, foreign aid may not be deliberately destabilizing or intentionally a means of perpetrating caste violence. It just ends up this way. Syndrome mixing does evil. It seems that the more normative, formal and deliberate syndrome mixing is, the more evil it does. What is not clear to me is how this

happens. How does it happen that good people who set off to improve their society do evil instead? How do mixed syndromes do evil when they are trying to do good?

## References:

Adams, Patricia *Odious Debts* (Toronto: Earthscan, 1991.) Adams shows how loans to Third World governments impoverish their citizens and hurt their environment.

Burrough, Bryan & Helyer, John *Barbarians At The Gate* (New York: Harper & Row, 1990.) The authors tell a true story of lack of commercial discipline at RJR Nabisco and how a takeover re-instilled it.

Jacobs, Jane *Systems of Survival* (New York: Random House, 1992.) Jacobs illustrates how syndrome mixing, sometimes normative, sometimes immoral, impoverishes and encourages violence. The lists are in the appendix, P.215.

Landes, David S. *The Wealth and Poverty of Nations: Why Some Are Rich and Some So Poor* (New York: W.W. Morton & Company, 1998.) Landes' research indicates that temperate climate is a precondition of societal wealth and so is not being conquered. He also identifies normative factors of evil. For example, China

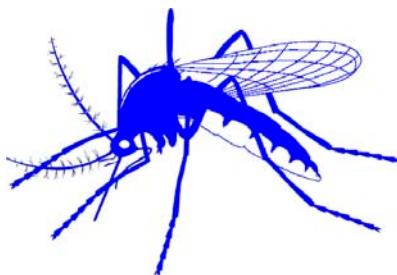
was ahead of European technology in the tenth century A.D. but did not progress in technology or wealth. Landers believes this was caused by lack of property rights and markets (syndrome mixing.)

Mills, Quinn D. & Friesen, Bruce G. *Broken Promises* (Boston: Harvard Business School Press, 1996.) Reliance on guardian metaphor enabled IBM to make strategic errors and misallocate capital.

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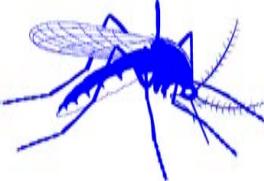
*Plato's Republic* translated by G.M.A. Grube (Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing Company, 1974.) Plato emphasized the virtue of differentiated functions.

Samida, Dexter "When Foreign Aid Doesn't" in *Fraser Forum*, February 1999 Pps.30-31. Samida traces the connection between foreign aid, central planning and the impoverishment of Africa's Ivory Coast.



End of Appendix 1

[Return to the story](#)



Earl complains about taxes.

Excerpt from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 1  
**“Impoverishment: Evil is in Syndrome Mixing”**

Tax systems sometimes frustrate what the community who sets them is trying to achieve.

Counter-productive taxes happen as a result of issues of confidence. When citizens trust their government, all sorts of projects can be undertaken for the public good. When the projects are in the public interest and are well utilized, trust is built up and more projects can be undertaken. When there is mistrust, there are demands for accountability, transparency and specific performance. Governments will retrench, which many be the wrong thing to do in terms of resolving lack of confidence, but the next step, a collapse of authority, is even less palatable to government officials and to most citizens.

The commercial analogy of trust in government is trust in currency and banks. When consumers trust their currency and their banks, they deposit funds, some of the money is put in reserve and the rest is lent out, redeposited, reserved and re-lent out, so that there is a multiplier effect from the original deposit.

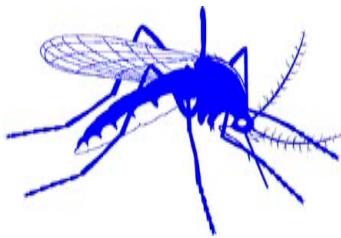
When consumers send money out of the country, the multiplier effect is diminished. Local banks lend less money. This may not be the wisest thing to do in terms of accommodating the aspirations of a community's entrepreneurs, but it is infinitely preferable to the collapse of the banking system. Bankers must maintain trust and are in the same boat as government officials when it comes to the rationality of hunkering down in the face of mistrust.

Error-avoidant, “banker-type” thinking may crowd out a more developmental vision from the minds of politicians and tax authorities. They will not be corrupt in the sense of “on the take” but they are corrupted by a commercial consideration when what they are trying to achieve is guardian. This is syndrome mixing -- it leads to misallocated resources and public mistrust in government.

Lack of syndrome mixing mean economic freedom, which often includes low taxes.

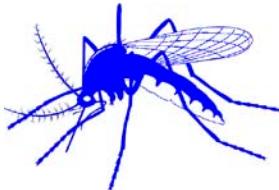
## Reference:

Gwartney, James & Lawson, Robert 2000 *Annual Report: Economic Freedom Of The World* (Vancouver, B.C.: The Fraser Institute, 2000.) Wealth, growth in wealth, cereal yields, life expectancy and to a less degree income equality depend on “economic freedom.”



End of Appendix 2

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The government of Canada subsidizes corn.

Excerpt from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 1  
**“Impoverishment: Evil is in Syndrome Mixing”**

Sometimes mistrust sweeps through an economy causing depression. If masses of customers feel so negative about vendors that they do not pay, and if masses of vendors believe that their customers are unreliable and unlikely to pay, the result would be economic collapse. Most of us would starve shortly thereafter. (Theoretically, food subsidies prevent starvation and hence have political appeal.)

Occasionally a step occurs towards mistrust, so that a particular economy, or the world economy, performs significantly below potential; there is depression, mass unemployment and hunger. How this problem gets solved stirs up accusatory attributions of good and bad. Some believe that misguided government interventions cause economies to drop into tail spins. Government should back off, stop doing what it has been doing to disrupt business and the economy will right itself. Good? No, bad. Governments cannot abandon their populations to hunger and perhaps death because there was a previous policy mistake, if there even was one, for depressions may be an integral part of the



business cycle. When disaster occurs, governments must intervene, rescue, put things back on course. Good? No, bad. Governments' fine tuning, crashing around spending money they don't have, will just add to uncertainty and make things worse.

Thousands of economists and millions of citizens disagree on how best to mitigate a depression once it happens. This is the debate between right and left, which easily takes on overtones of moral outrage, not to mention blaming, as each side vilifies the other. I want to avoid this debate and, dispassionately and objectively, look for root causes. What makes everyday commercial transactions terminate in frustration, what leads businesses to destroy wealth, what encourages whole societies to impoverish themselves? I want to ignore whether the thinkers who analyze this problem are left-wing or right-wing, or what their political opinions are. I am looking for a general theory of impoverishment, not a specific opinion on how to fix a particular setback.

## References:

Adams, Patricia and Solomon, Lawrence *In the Name of Progress* (Toronto: Energy Probe Research Foundation, 1985.) The authors document the harm done by visionary economic interventions.

Cassidy, John “The Decline of Economics,” *The New Yorker*, December 2, 1996. The effects of government intervention in the economy are difficult to predict.

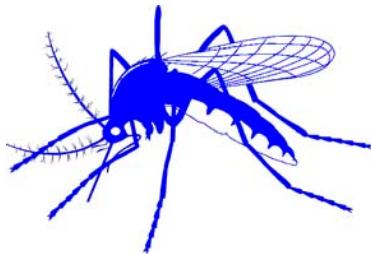
De Soto, Hernando *The Mystery of Capital: Why Capitalism Triumphs in the West and Fails Everywhere Else* (New York: Basic Books, 2000.) De Soto uses economic and philosophical ideas to explain lack of syndrome differentiation in poor countries. He points out that, in the West, possessions like houses have a “parallel life” as collateral and empower citizens to make formal contracts -- this is not possible in the Third World due to lack of property rights (P.51.)

Jacobs, Jane *The Nature of Economies* (Toronto: Random House, 2000.) Jacobs discusses the systemic nature of economies and the harm done by ill-fated, self-serving interventions.

Sen, Amartya *Poverty and Famines: An Essay on Entitlement and Deprivation* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1981.) Sen explains the structures and interventions which prevent famine. Famines occur even when food is plentiful. Those who starve during famines lack access to food because of unemployment, inflation, exclusion from previously available crown land, not because food stores are gone.

Solomon, Lawrence "How subsidies are plowing the family farm under" (*National Post*, March 22, 2001, P.15.) Solomon shows how subsidies encourage large-scale corporate farming and diminish the family farms they were meant to help.

Stackhouse, John "The Nobel Laureate Who Saves The Poor," (*The Globe and Mail* Thursday, October 15, 1998, Column One.) Stackhouse identifies Amartya Sen as an economist whose work explains poverty and starvation.



End of Appendix 3

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Claire has a pill or wine and a pill.

Excerpt from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 2  
**“Violence: Evil is in Narcissism, Paranoia and Dissociation”**

Some people think narcissism refers to a mild sort of psychopathy -- people putting themselves first because of vain self-love, rather than caring for others. However, it really means “false self.”

The term narcissism comes from an ancient Greek story of Narcissus, a young man who became preoccupied with his self-image. Some people with narcissistic personalities have the need to watch their false selves and so are vain and self-preoccupied. However, narcissists may also ignore their own needs and be extremely other-directed, because they want others to admire their false selves. People who use a false self to mediate the relationship between themselves and others are narcissistic, whether they are self-preoccupied and vain or self-denying and anxious to please. Because they have lost track of their own needs, narcissists are at risk for misuse of drugs and alcohol.

Suppose that society is patterned so that narcissists escape the maturing experiences that would have allowed them to become whole, integrated selves. Let's imagine that, on the contrary, society is structured so as to encourage pleasing others and to discourage in the adult the aggressive, destructive, rebellious, pleasure seeking, greedy impulses that were unacceptable in childhood. These impulses fester, roll around inside, giving a person disturbed feelings. One idea is that people with this personality structure are more likely to support leaders who encourage release of the repressed impulses.

The bright, pleasing child may never mature properly, never integrate himself or herself. The best of us are the worst. We harbour the most potential for evil because the parental love we received was experienced as the most contingent. We have narcissistically twisted ourselves to suit it.

## References:

Miller, Alice *The Drama of the Gifted Child* (New York: Doubleday, 1990.) Miller examines the nature of narcissistic parental love and its effect on children.

Miller, Alice *For Your Own Good* (Toronto: Collins, 1984.) Miller traces the connection between child abuse and later violence, including Hitler's.

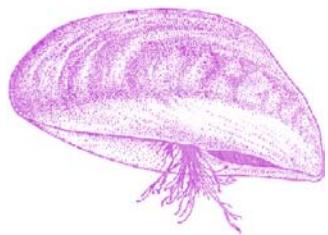
Miller, Alice *The Untouched Key* (New York: Doubleday, 1990.) Miller shows how the content of creative expression has origins in childhood experience.

Miller, Alice *Banished Knowledge* (New York: Doubleday, 1990.) Miller argues that collective denial of cruelty to children perpetuates dishonest parenting.

Peck, M. Scott *A World Waiting to be Born* (New York: Bantam Books, 1993.) Peck outlines a connection between narcissism and incivility.

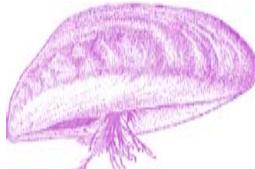
Peck, M. Scott *People of the Lie* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1983.) Using case examples, Scott illustrates the connection between narcissism and evil.

Steinglass, Peter *The Alcoholic Family* (New York: Basic Books, 1987.) Steinglass (with Linda Bennett, Steven Wolin and David Reiss) identifies the contribution of psychoactive substance dependence to maintaining family stability and resisting personal maturation.



End of Appendix 4

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After finding the candlestick, Claire, flooded with feelings of anger, rage and betrayal, encourages her children to commit arson.

Excerpt from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 2  
**“Violence: Evil is in Narcissism, Paranoia and Dissociation”**

It seems that normal people are capable of violent behavior, including genocidal killing. Daniel Goldhagen's book, Hitler's Willing Executioners, finds that most of the exterminators were ordinary Germans, from all walks of life. Commanders wrote disciplinary orders to these men, admonitions to pick up their food wrappers, be quiet during musical concerts, to refrain from taking days off to go boar hunting, memos that are clearly directed to ordinary, rather inhibited people, not to psychotics or psychopaths. There must be a psychic structure that enables normal people to become perpetrators of violence.

Because it suppresses aggressive impulses, narcissism contributes to the potential for violence. Another step is learning to displace mistrust. There's a psychoanalyst, Doris Brothers, who has a theory of learning trust and mistrust that explains how paranoid ideas develop.

When a mother and a baby get on each other's wavelength, when they adjust to one another, the baby generalizes from the experience to learn that other people are trustworthy and that the self is trustworthy, that he or she can effectively elicit comfort from others. The baby also internalizes the experience, so he or she learns to be a trustworthy provider of comfort to others and to see others as able to get their own needs met.

When the infant learns trust, an implicit theory of human relationships is developed. The experience can be summarized in point form.

### Dimensions of trust

- A.** Trust other. Other is nurturing.
- B.** Trust self. I am competent at getting nurturance from other.
- C.** Trust self-other. I am competent at providing nurturance to other.
- D.** Trust other-self. Other is competent at nurturing himself or herself.

Trust is learned from the unconditional love of the nurturing parent, but a form of trust can also be learned from the contingent love of parents with demanding expectations. This sort of trust can be summarized by a chart indicating that trust must be earned.

## Dimensions of narcissistic trust

- A. Other is nurturing when I am good.
- B. I must be competent to get nurturance from other.
- C. My importance nurtures other.
- D. Other self-nurtures by admiring my qualities and achievements.

Brothers theorizes that the experience of contingent love, the experience that builds narcissistic personality structure, is virtually universal and not particularly a source of violence. She also believes that while abused children are prone to becoming abusers, the learning of ordinary mistrust is so common that it can't breed the potential for violence either.

No parent and child are on each other's wavelength all the time. Empathic failure, not understanding what the child really needs and doing the wrong thing -- for example, thinking a child is hungry and offering food when the child is really insecure and needs a cuddle -- happens virtually every day in every parent-child relationship. Occasional outright failure where the parent is negligent -- for example, misdiagnosing the need for medical attention -- is also inevitable.

The experience of mistrust can be codified in a similar chart.

## Dimensions of mistrust

- A. Other neglects me even though I need help.
- B. I am not always capable of getting help from other.  
Because I cannot get help, I cannot avoid pain.
- C. I cannot reliably nurture other.
- D. I do not understand how other self-nurtures.

The psychoanalyst Doris Brothers believes that parental trauma is on a different dimension than contingent love, empathic failure and negligence and has pathological potential. (A traumatic experience is one that is so frightening that it is reexperienced with the original excessive intensity. For example, suppose a mother has been traumatized by sexual abuse. She could reexperience panic when breast feeding gives her sexual feelings.) Brothers thinks that traumatized parents sometimes cope with their emotional flooding by changing their expectation that they should nurture the baby to the expectation that the baby should nurture them.

The traumatized parent is a step beyond the narcissistic parent. In the narcissistic case, the parent and child, through their interaction, set a pattern of high expectations for the child and contingent love. Traumatized parents set one-way, rigid expectations that their children comfort them. Showing fear of their parents' irrational emotional behavior is likely

to be forbidden, so children experience the parental expectation as enforced. Traumatized parents can be very scary and, like narcissistic parents, very demanding that their children reflect well on them as excellent parents.

In Brothers' theory, the traumatized parent does not necessarily physically abuse, so the children are unlikely to learn violent, impulsive behavior. She thinks that children raised by traumatized parents who demand soothing from their children dissociate their experience; they hide it away. As adults they will consciously believe that they were parented in a wise and loving way, that their obedience was justifiably a duty and that they have become effective comforters of disturbed people. For psychic balance, disdainful mistrust -- the childhood experience of the parents as scary, critical, demeaning and out of control -- is projected onto others who should be transcended and abandoned because they are parasites. Traumatized love is dutiful and leads to a normative kind of paranoia.

In some ways, this kind of love is advantageous to its recipients. Children of traumatized parents will have emotional intelligence skills -- they will be good at soothing authority figures and at treating them respectfully. They will also be trained in hiding feelings of fear and anger.

The trust chart in this scenario looks like this:

Dimensions of trust based on traumatized love

- A.** Other is nurturing when calm.
- B.** When I abase myself, other is nurturing.
- C.** My obedience and abasement keep other calm.
- D.** Other's self-containment depends on my nurturance.

The infant will also form a suppressed, alternate view of human relationships, one that represents the betrayal that has actually been experienced.

Dimensions of paranoid mistrust

- A.** Other oppresses me.
- B.** I fail other.
- C.** Other must be transcended. I am contemptuous of other.
- D.** Other is parasitic and needs self-redemption.

The step from paranoid mistrust to eliminationist anti-Semitism is just a matter of filling in the blanks. (A) Twentieth-century Germans and other Europeans believed that Jews were oppressors, both secret Bolsheviks and international capitalists organized to destroy ordinary business with unreasonably low prices. (B) They felt helpless to convert Jews to putting

the nation first. (C) They thought that Jews were a problem to be solved. (D) They saw the participation of Jews in the more dynamic areas of the economy as parasitism. The content of eliminationist anti-Semitism consists of the dimensions of paranoid mistrust. They are the same thing.

The violent face of genocide tends to be well known. But genocide also involves abandoning ordinary organizations, giving up on constitutional institutions to solve problems. When Naziism came to the fore, citizens and their governors also rejected the Weimar Republic. It too was the object of paranoid mistrust.

I have experienced this kind of paranoia in the boardroom. What I considered to be a dynamic corporation -- efficient, well regarded and respected, nicely struggling along -- suddenly lost the confidence of its leaders who tried to deal it away. Some would say that this is just the rough and tumble, the creative destruction, of ordinary capitalism, but there are other voices that believe in “living companies” and see the premature termination of corporations as disruptive to the lives of their customers, workers, suppliers and communities.

I suspect that the psychic enabler of governors’ mistrust and loss of confidence is the similarity between their relationship to a corporation and that of a soothing child

to a traumatized parent. As I recall, previous to the loss of confidence, directors seemed to believe that it was a good corporation if it could be kept on track, that it took their abasement and obedience to corporate discipline to guide it, that the corporation was dependent on its governors and would be out of control without them. (Dimensions A, B, C and D on the “Trust based on traumatized love” chart.) Although they seemed to be energetic, committed directors, at the point of the loss of confidence their other views -- that the corporation could no longer serve its stakeholders, that they could no longer govern it, that it had to be dissolved because it needed redemption -- came forward. (Dimensions A, B, C and D on the “Paranoid mistrust” chart.) In these two incidents, other influences prevailed and the corporations were not dissolved. If they had been, there would not have been evil in the sense of violence and loss of human life, for society was in a peaceful state and could take up the slack of the disruption. Nevertheless, some evil is done when governors dissolve high performing organizations -- fortunately it takes a critical mass of governors dissolving their corporations to unleash violent paranoia.

As I look back on the corporate incidents, I’m now convinced that I experienced paranoid mistrust, but at the time I was mystified by a belief in the inevitability of change. There’s rapid social change, a dynamic marketplace and a place for creative destruction. But

the role of change explains the desirability of dissolving inefficient institutions, not high performing ones. When the rhetoric of change is used to justify voluntarily dissolving a successful corporation, paranoia rather than creative destruction is the more likely explanation, and the result will be to create distress for the wider population.

Notice that paranoid mistrust, an invitation to evil, is not formed in childhood from “bad parenting” in the usual sense. We’re not talking here about parents who are physically abusive or negligent. On the contrary. The parents may think of themselves as very loving and it’s likely that the children subject themselves to their parents because they feel they ought to, not because they are frightened of violence. Parents who offer their children traumatized love are emotionally flooded people who rigidly expect that their children soothe them, and the children are capable of narcissism -- they are able to construct a false self that is soothing to the parent. The child’s derivative experience of this style of love creates a platform -- paranoid mistrust -- that makes eliminationist ideas credible, allows governors to disdain the organizations they govern and enables ordinary people to perpetrate violence. Paranoia prepares people to act as if they are trusting and to simultaneously mistrust.

## References:

Beck, Aaron T. "A Cognitive Theory of Personality Disorders" in *Major Theories of Personality Disorder* (New York: The Guilford Press, 1996.) Edited by John F. Clarkin and Mark F. Lenzenweger, Pps. 60-62. The authors discuss the genetic and experiential bases for the development of personality structure.

Beck, Aaron T. *Prisoners of Hate: The Cognitive Basis of Anger, Hostility and Violence* (New York: HarperCollins, 1999.) Beck shows how disappointed expectations amplify feelings of fear, anger and hate. Unlike this book which stresses the difference between criminal and normative violence, Beck emphasizes the continuity of thought patterns across those who do mass, spousal and criminal violence. According To Beck, all individuals who initiate violence share a victim mentality, egocentricity, permission to perpetrate violence and dualistic thought (P.273.) However, Beck acknowledges the propensity of criminals to have "sociopathic" and occasionally "psychopathic" character structure and the relative mental health of perpetrators of mass violence such as the Nazis. (Pps.135-139. Sociopaths are highly reactive to perceived insult and prone to violence as a defense. Psychopaths are good at mind-reading but lack empathy for people. P.273.)

Brothers, Doris *Falling Backwards* (New York: Norton & Company, 1995.) Brothers demonstrates how trust is learned, restored and broken. The schematic on P.232 is the basis for the “trust charts” in this chapter.

Dowbiggin, Ian “Suspicious Minds” as excerpted in *The Toronto Star*, Sunday, October 3, 1999 with the permission of the publisher, Macfarlane Walter & Ross. Dowbiggin argues that paranoia is common, especially among elites.

Drucker, Peter F. “The New Pluralism,” *Leader to Leader*, Number 14, Fall 1999. Drucker argues that high performing institutions must have autonomy.

Goldhagen, Daniel Jonah *Hitler’s Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1996.) Goldhagen studies the life circumstances, and by deduction the state of mind, of the perpetrators of the Holocaust. (See especially Pps.265-268.)

Ghosh, Amitav “The Ghosts of Mrs. Gandhi” *The New Yorker*, July 17, 1995. Ghosh argues that genocide is linked to an “aesthetic of indifference” (P.42.) In New Delhi in 1984, citizen concern, resistance and activism truncated a genocide directed toward Sikhs.

Hare, Robert D. *Without Conscience: The Disturbing World of the Psychopaths among Us.* (New York: The Guilford Press, 1993.) Hare describes the personality characteristics and family backgrounds of psychopaths. He points out that while psychopaths can participate in delinquent gangs, they are unlikely to accept the discipline formally organized violence requires.

James, Clive “Blaming The Germans,” *The New Yorker*, April 22, 1996. James explores the irrationality and narcissism of genocide.

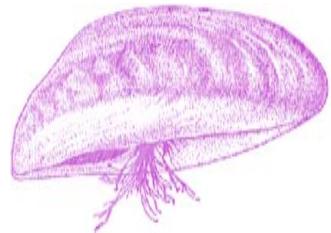
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*Jung: on Evil* Selected and introduced by Murray Stein (New Jersey, Princeton University Press, 1995.) Stein selects elements of Jung’s work that illustrate the necessity of personal integration as a means of containing evil. Jung believed that evil arises from the projection of the “shadow” (repressed parts of the personality) onto others and the simultaneous denial of evil parts of the self (which permits harm doing, as the self can do no wrong.) Mass violence occurs because there is a collective unconscious which mimics the self-ignorance of individuals.

Todorov, Tzvetan *Facing the Extreme: Moral Life in the Concentration Camps* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1999.) Todorov, who has lived in a totalitarian regime, analyzes studies of totalitarian violence, especially

the Holocaust. Todorov, like *The Evil Governor*, thinks that people do evil because they believe in evildoing “heroic” ideas and willfully implement them. However, Todorov feels that the human propensity to avoid moral behavior is also a very strong force. The tendency to contain evil is very weak, so evil once started is likely to thrive.

Walsh, James “Hitler: The Evil That Won’t Die,” *Time Magazine*, May 8, 1995. Walsh illustrates the reoccurrence of genocide and its appeal to childhood issues.



End of Appendix 5

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Claire dreams of her mother's bedroom, a symbol of her parents' imperfect marriage.

Excerpt from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 5  
**"Isolation: Evil is Seeking Alpha Status for Casual Sex"**

Even if they were morally capable, people would not want to live in a good society. People don't want health. They want perks, struggle, challenge, action, status, puffery and self-promotion. People are too lazy to honestly work and too dishonest to openly love. They would rather tell off others for not working and loving properly than do it themselves. And they think being important gives them the right. People are prestige oriented and sexual, not redemption oriented and civilized.

It's all very well to have an idea of the kind of society that prevents evil, provided it's agreed that the idea is entirely hypothetical. For actual societies have actual people and real people are born evil. There's harm in putting forward the ideal of a non-patriarchal, self-regulating, self-transforming, loving, working society because the image will remind people that they are not moral enough to live there and this will cause rage.

## Reference:

Blackmore, Susan *The Meme Machine* (Oxford: Oxford University press, 1999.) Blackmore shows how sociobiological patterns are repeated in our culture.



End of Appendix 6

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Claire discovers her mother's infidelity and her own uncertain paternity.

Excerpt from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 5,  
**"Isolation: Evil is Seeking Alpha Status for Casual Sex"**

According to evolutionary psychologists, people are genetically programmed to be sexually opportunistic, prestige-oriented, immoral and psychologically closed. The distribution of genes in humans now is the result of the proliferation of genes in the ancestral environment. A change to a modern environment can't be expected to instill hard-wiring for sexual fidelity and psychological openness, any more than living in zoos would cause wolves to develop flat teeth.

Adaptation is not only through natural selection to the environment. Additionally, there's sexual selection, the intra-species competition to proliferate genes into the next generation. Sometimes sexual selection seems to be based on silly criteria, so the moose with the biggest antlers gets the most mates and so does the peacock with the prettiest tail. It turns out that these seemingly irrelevant features are in fact functional; for example, the bird with the most attractive tail is likely to be the healthiest.

Evolutionary psychologists are examining the differences in criteria on which contemporary men and women choose mates and the function of these criteria in the ancestral environment.

It's no surprise we're just discovering these things now. Evolutionary psychology postulates that, where there is a genetic payoff to not understanding ourselves, we will not. Human beings now understand the relationship between sex and reproduction, but as recently as one hundred years ago, the Trobriand Islanders did not. But they still enjoyed sex. Evolutionary psychology speculates that conscious knowledge of the relationship between sex and reproduction is not genetically programmed. We're programmed to like sex, not to consciously want babies. Controlling fertility with contraceptives will diminish the birth rate, but it will do nothing for sex drive. We're programmed to have a sex drive to proliferate genes in the ancestral environment, where the earth was habitable for humans yet unpopulated.

Evolutionary psychologies find that male sexual access to females is likely to be a result of prestige in the tribe -- alpha status. The individual man may not intellectually understand the connection between alpha status and sexual access. Those who occupy alpha status have higher levels of a feel good hormone, serotonin.

Consciousness of the relationship between alpha status and sexual access isn't necessary to explain motivation to seek and keep alpha status; the pleasurable hormone bath is enough. We're programmed to be gene proliferation machines, not to understand that we are.

## References:

Buss, David M. *The Evolution of Desire* (New York: Harper Collins, 2000.) Buss shows how conflict between men and women derives from the genetic script.

Wright, Robert *The Moral Animal* (New York: Random House, 1994.) Wright explains how the human genetic script makes moral action difficult.

Wright, Robert "Sin in the Global Village," *Time Magazine*, October 19, 1998. Wright indicates that there is more extra marital sex in modern society than in primitive society and this is made possible by the anonymity of urban life.

Wright, Robert "The Evolution of Despair," *Time Magazine*, August 28, 1995. The author claims that modern humans are often lonely or find their relationships lacking in fulfillment. He argues that this is because modern society plays to the status and

sexual opportunity seeking components of the human genetic script, not to kin based altruism and affiliative instincts.



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To attract Derek Hawthorne, Claire redecorates CVI's offices.

Excerpt from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 5  
**“Isolation: Evil is Seeking Alpha Status for Casual Sex”**

The emerging field of “evolutionary psychology,” which is founded on a somewhat older discipline, “sociobiology,” indicates that negative ideas about human nature, far from being cynical, are grounded in what we know of anthropology, biology, genetics, mathematics and zoology. Evolutionary psychology finds that humans are genetically programmed to exhibit behavior that facilitates evil. We’re hard wired for the morality required to proliferate ourselves in ancient times, not for the complexities of containing evil today. A search for evil that ignores our genetic base is just not real.

Sociobiology began with the examination of scholarly work that claimed to be derived from Darwin’s Origin of Species. Darwin’s theory had been misinterpreted to promote “Social Darwinism,” a kind of rugged individualism, and scientists were puzzled by how widespread altruism is. If life is the survival of the fittest, how do we explain the warning calls that birds give,

which attract the attention of predators to the bird that calls out and saves the rest of the flock? The answer was to further misinterpret Darwin by postulating that survival is not at the level of the individual but at the group level. Scientists came to believe that altruism is in the genetic code -- because altruism risks the individual to gain the survival of the species, it must be natural for the one to sacrifice for the many.

On reflection, scientists realized that this line of thought was erroneous. The theory of survival of the fittest doesn't refer to species or even to individuals, but to genes. The genes construct individuals so that they will perpetuate genes. The genes are "selfish" -- they're oriented to perpetuating themselves. Consequently, they're going to program all kinds of selfish behavior on the part of individuals if this behavior serves to perpetuate genes. They will also program altruistic behavior, if it perpetuates the altruist's genes. Not the altruist as an individual -- for the altruist may die or be injured and unable to breed because of efforts to help others. Altruistic traits such as giving warning cries can only be properly explained in terms of their contribution to the proliferation of the altruist's genes. A bird that makes a warning cry alerts numerous relatives to danger. The cry is altruistic from the point of view of the individual bird but selfish from the point of view of the individual's genes.

A second building block idea is that of the “ESS,” the evolutionary stable strategy. This is the idea that traits evolve until further variation doesn’t add to gene proliferation. For example, wolves, who are predators, have evolved sharp teeth. If a wolf were born with the flat teeth of a cud chewing animal, this would be a handicap. The flat toothed wolf would have substantially less chance of survival than the sharp toothed. The animal would die young, and its genes would not proliferate. Sharp teeth are an evolutionary stable strategy for wolves.

Suppose a pack of wolves, perhaps isolated on an Arctic island, is so prolific that it tends to overrun the food supply. Under these circumstances, would there be genetic selection for flat teeth because flat teeth distributed throughout the population would limit the ability to catch prey and hence help to ensure an adequate food supply? The theory of the evolutionary stable strategy says no. Because sharp teeth genes do better than flat teeth genes among individual wolves, sharp teeth remain the evolutionary stable strategy. If the population overruns the food supply, the population itself will die out. Even if they all lived in zoos and were fed mush, wolves would still have sharp teeth, because these produce no disadvantage to the genes in the new environment.

Only in very recent human history has there been any kind of population density. For all of human evolution, Australopithecus (pre-people) and Homo Sapiens (us), lived in isolated bands of about thirty, many of them close relatives. While the population density was low, the terrain to which our ancestors adapted was large, so hunting and gathering tribes spread over the whole earth except Antarctica. Contrast this with gorillas who also live in small tribes but who can't adapt outside of the rain forest.

Humans are more fertile than gorillas; we have more offspring. Now that the earth is not only occupied by humans but densely populated and in light of the ecological strains that we impose on the environment, it's easy to see human reproductive capacity and sexual drive as a threat, or at best unnecessary, like wolves' teeth if the animals were kept in a zoo and fed only mush.

The ideas of the evolutionary stable strategy and the ancestral environment suggest that high fertility and sexuality are not going to diminish just because collectively we don't need these qualities as much as we used to. Even if every human habitat were crashing from excess fertility, at the gene level plentiful fertility is still a good strategy for proliferating those particular genes, so it is an evolutionary stable strategy, a permanent characteristic of human populations.

The wolf doesn't dull its teeth because rabbits are scarce or because it lives in a zoo. Humans do not genetically change their reproductive systems or their sex drive because now there are plenty of us and we can breed at the population replacement rate at a fraction of our reproductive potential.

The reproductive strategy of humans has always combined a “Go forth and multiply” approach with a more gorilla-like intensive parental investment in a few offspring. The earth is now densely populated and won’t be habitable if the environment is not protected. These constraints support a cultural shift toward additional emphasis on limiting children in order to carefully nurture them. According to evolutionary psychology, the chance of this change in reproductive strategy altering biologically patterned human sexuality is virtually zero.

The genes don't know about birth control. As far as they're concerned, contraception doesn't exist. Genes will continue to program humans to intensely desire sex.

There's a difference between the genders in the best way to reproduce genes. Unless she is imprisoned, a fertile woman will never have difficulty achieving the sheer number of pregnancies she wishes to have. The challenge is to find a partner who will make a parental

investment in the offspring. Women compete with other women for suitable husbands, not for impregnators. Finding a partner just for reproduction is no problem. Finding a partner with resources and willingness to help her through childbearing and child rearing is another matter. Males with extra resources, alpha males, will be more appealing than those with relatively few resources. Consequently, women will seek bonding with the most well resourced men as a good strategy of gene proliferation.

People are too prestige-seeking to settle down and quietly work at their occupations. Evolutionary psychology suggests a genetic base for this. The genes have a program to encourage seeking alpha status, including ousting someone else to get that status. This is the genetic base for wanting success and for choosing the successful. Men must compete with one another for reproductive opportunity, for one man can crowd out other men from reproducing in a way that women cannot.

## References:

Dawkins, Richard *God's Utility Function* (London: Orion House, 1995.) Dawkins explains that all creatures, including humans, are not over-designed and hence humans are less moral than we might like to be (Pps.39-42.)

Dawkins, Richard *The Selfish Gene* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989.) Dawkins provides a modern interpretation of Darwinism, especially its application to understanding human morality.

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Wilson, Edward O. *Consilience: The Unity of Knowledge* (New York: Alfred A.Knoff, 1998.) Wilson explains the biology that enables human cultural and social life, including its evils.



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A judge excuses the drunk driver who killed Claire's mother.

Excerpts from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 4  
**“Oppression: Evil is in the Patriarchy. Evil Devalues the Feminine”**

Patriarchy is the systematic over-valuation of masculinity and under-valuation of femininity. Because all people have masculine and feminine parts, devaluing the feminine shames an intrinsic part of both women and men. By denying personhood to everyone, patriarchy corrodes the inner self. Patriarchy is gender inequality of the soul.

The shaming devaluation of women is a very pervasive force. People who seek to restore gender balance wonder if there used to be a village-based life that was horticultural, matriarchal and goddess-centered, where men and women valued each other and the principles of masculinity and femininity were both sacred. Some scholars believe that this way of life actually existed and that civilization supplanted it with cities, technologically-based agriculture, hierarchical religions and formal male-invented knowledge that excluded women and women's thought processes. Other scholars stress the continuity of patriarchal patterns between hunting-

gathering tribes and urban life. Civilization, while making enormous progress in terms of technology and prosperity, didn't fully include women in authority, wealth or knowledge and continued to devalue the feminine parts of human nature, whether in males or females. It is extraordinarily difficult to even be aware of this phenomenon, for it's a fundamental base of modern culture, including our laws. When feminine nature is invalidated, there's patriarchal shame and the fuel for evil is always at hand.

The male contribution to the formal knowledge of our society overwhelms the female contribution. We've isolated our knowledge base from the wisdom of women and have trapped ourselves in patriarchal ideas. The world is a trade-off between the way of life that patriarchal civilization has created and the evil it engenders. We can only mature out of evil by changing our most deeply held patriarchal patterns of thought.

## References:

Baring, Anne and Cashford, Jules *The Myth of the Goddess: Evolution of an Image* (London: Viking Arcana, 1991.) The authors trace the history of images of the feminine principle in the Western tradition. Chapter 2, "The Neolithic Great Goddess of Sky, Earth and Water" argues for the relative equality of men and women in prehistoric Old Europe (Pps.46-105.) References for

this point of view are cited as: Mircea Eliade, *A History of Religious Ideas*, Vol. 1, Trs. Millard R. Trask, Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1978-85, (Pps.40-41); Riane Eisler, *The Chalice and the Blade: Our History, Our Future*, (San Francisco: Harper and Row, 1987, P.18); Marija Gimbutas, *The Goddesses and Gods of Old Europe, 6,500-3,500 B.C.: Myths and Cult Images*, (London: Thames and Hudson, 1982 P.159.)

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French, Marilyn *The War Against Women* (New York: Summit Books, 1992.) French documents the devaluation of women, internationally and in American culture.

Nathanson, Donald L. *Shame and Pride: Affect, Sex, and the Birth of the Self* (New York: Norton, 1992,) Nathanson describes the role of shame in the self, social and institutional life.

Noble, David *A World Without Women* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992.) Noble describes the historical processes that isolated women from formal knowledge and the effects on knowledge of the exclusion.



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Claire conducts CVI's leadership succession without the board and takes the chairmanship for herself.

Excerpts from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 4  
**"Oppression: Evil is in the Patriarchy. Evil Devalues the Feminine"**

While governing commercial organizations, I've been through several difficult successions, and in retrospect I see that the blocks to a smooth succession arose from shame-bound patriarchal loyalty. My experience has been that when an organization has a succession problem, when it can't either muster confidence in its leaders or replace them, the resistance to change is energized by patriarchal feelings, by a sense of belonging to the leader and owing personal loyalty to no other.

Of course, there can be just plain garden-variety narcissism in the succession crisis, for a leader may crave the status a particular position provides and not want to leave it. Plus vested interests play into this, for new leaders are likely to hire different advisors and the old guard can be expected to resist succession. I'm not excluding these factors as explanations. Additionally, values may be inappropriately territorial -- a commercial organization may be mixing syndromes,

and dysfunctionally emphasizing obedience, discipline and loyalty from the guardian syndrome. These factors may influence problems with succession, but increasingly I think they are the explanations that obscure the main problem.

The defining aspect of a succession crisis is that the organization can't address its requirement for new leadership. When an organization defines itself as the preserve of its leaders, when it affords them patriarchal power and when there is a succession issue, the organization, rather than selecting a new leader to fit its needs, will focus on reinforcing the patriarchy by reaffirming personal bonds to the present leaders or by institutionalizing patriarchal authority in some other way. (Trust structures can do this for a family business; splitting the CEO function from operational authority achieves the same for public companies.)

I now have a sense of awe about organizations; I really feel keen to preserve high functioning ones by encouraging them to adapt. I regard leaders as temporary, there to serve when the time is right for their talents. I haven't always felt this way, and I sense that many people don't. Their sense of awe, as mine used to be, is directed toward the leaders and they regard the corporation as dispensable. The structure of authority seems more important to them than the organization's leadership needs.

I find this sense of awe for people inspiring in a way. It seems so caring, so pious, so deferential, and I find myself callous in comparison to the way I used to feel. I think that, in the commercial context, the need to belong to a leader, to be possessed in a patriarchy, blocks accepting the adaptive needs of the corporation. And this is an invitation to poor corporate performance, which I see as evil. In the guardian sphere, loyalty to hierarchy is more congruent, but it's still inappropriate when the leadership is uncommitted to transmitting the organization's guardian culture.

In my experience, it is not the leaders' fault when this happens, for the leaders may have inspired this loyalty without their own volition. The significant force that causes rigidity around succession is the followers' lack of a sense of entitlement to the high performance of the corporations in which they are stakeholders. When the corporation is seen as the gift of its leaders, not as a right of its members, there is no leverage to insist on the best possible leadership for the times and the best performance of the corporation.

I now see that my feelings as a participant in difficult successions have been patriarchal shame. I didn't feel worthy enough, pure enough, sinless enough to ask for change. I felt that personal loyalty to the incumbent leadership was more important than the corporation's

need to adapt. In retrospect, I see that patriarchal shame inspires excess personal loyalty.

I have also experienced several corporate acquisitions. While some of these have been highly successful, some have not. Acquisitions may fail because there are subtle differences in core competence that are hard to identify, but sometimes they fail because the acquirer with its patriarchal loyalty to its own culture, and with its shame at the notion of change, can neither understand nor relate to the values of the people in the acquired company.

## References:

Ashkenas, Ron “A Merger of Equals and Other Big Lies” *Leader to Leader* (Number 15, Winter 2000 Pps.6-8.) According to the author, when mergers are managed to soothe the anxiety of the leaders rather than to address the concerns of the stakeholders, their strategic purpose is often not obtained.

Bridges, William and Mitchell, Susan “Leading Transition: A New Model for Change” *Leader to Leader* (Number 16, 2000.) The authors demonstrate that in times of transition such as mergers successful corporate leaders emphasize emotional connection between themselves and their followers (P.33.)

De Geus, Arie *The Living Company* (Boston, Harvard University Press, 1997.) De Geus distinguishes “Living Companies” which are resilient, attractive and stimulating places to work from “Economic Companies” which are organized around serving the vested interests of their leaders and tend to be more short-lived.

Lansberg, Ivan *Succeeding Generations: Realizing the Dream of Families in Business* (Boston: Harvard Business School Press, 1999.) Lansberg found that requirements for successors change with ownership structures. Succession is more than replication.



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Claire bribes Randy to leave Dolores.

Excerpts from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 4  
**“Oppression: Evil is in the Patriarchy. Evil Devalues the Feminine”**

A sociological train of thought speculates that valuing masculinity over femininity reinforces elitism. When society believes that males are superior to females and have permission to act at the expense of females for no other reason than they are males, it encourages the idea that an elite class is superior to a disenfranchised people and, because it is superior, is entitled to act at the expense of the less privileged. The “at the expense of” could include economic rigidity, which would prevent non-elite people from increasing their standard of living. If, discouraged by their poverty, the disenfranchised revolt, the patriarchy that permits the abuse of women and children provides a rationale for forceful suppression. Violent self-aggrandizement at the expense of others is already happening in the home. If it’s already happening in the home, how much easier to engage in it toward strangers. Patriarchy and racism are parallel ideas; one gives permission to the other.

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Routine surgery infects Hope with Hepatitis C.

Excerpt from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Preface, “The author’s experience with evil” and Chapter 3, “**Taking Advantage: Evil is in the Alignment of Institutions, Personalities and Vested Interests**”

I’ve spent much of my work life serving on the boards of corporations: holding companies, a public food-service firm, a crown corporation, a teaching hospital, schools, community agencies and foundations. I’ve discovered that the work of governing requires not only intelligence and diligence. There is a “seeing through” quality to providing good governance that can be learned through experience. This quality is essential for governors who seek to limit the evil their organizations do.

For example, in the early 1980’s during the first widespread outbreak of AIDS, the teaching hospital on whose board I served sent our chief pathologist on a six-month sabbatical to study venereal disease. Her report to the board on her return stressed the low incidence of AIDS, the inefficiency of its transmission as compared to tuberculosis and the reasons for not panicking about it as a public health problem.

Although I had enormous respect for this physician, I didn't believe her. I remember saying, "You're a doctor; you may say, 'not to worry.' But I'm a sociologist, and I don't see what's going to stop this disease." The other board members stared at me, in my view indicating that I was being disrespectful. I felt uncomfortable, but nevertheless lacked a sense of closure on the issue.

Time was short, but the group didn't want to go on if I was unconvinced. Naively, I thought my discomfort was from their nonverbal criticism, and my concern about a personal issue. My mother had just hired a cook and I felt he was at high risk to become HIV positive. I was concerned for my parents' safety, and for my family's safety, for he prepared meals for us on festive occasions. So I asked the pathologist to go over the transmission route again in the context of this personal issue. She said, "Don't worry. He could spit in your soup and you will not get AIDS." Time for the presentation was up and the matter was dropped. The public health aspect of AIDS wasn't mentioned again and the hospital became well regarded for the standard of care it offered its AIDS patients.

Seven years later, the provincial ministry of health required all hospital boards to allocate funds for reading the medical file of every patient in the previous decade to determine who had received a blood transfusion,

to trace and counsel them about the risk of AIDS and to encourage a blood test.

How many lives, how many millions of dollars, and how much worry could have been saved if I had been conscious then of how evil hides in mystification, in reassurances that reflect vested interests rather than the truth? As it was, the whole board, eighteen intelligent, well-meaning people, didn't figure out that, if the mode of transmission for HIV were blood, the blood supply was at risk. I simply wasn't aware then of how governors serving particular interests, including myself, distract themselves from their responsibilities by underestimating problems and do evil as a result. (The message we got was, "Hardly anyone has this disease. It is only transmitted through sex and sharing needles. Not to worry.") I had the courage to speak up -- I lacked the knowledge then of how evil is done.

I believe evil is self-reinforcing. Once out, it circles back on the sequence of events that produces it to encourage the sequence to keep producing more. This is where vested interests come in. If there are payoffs to narcissistic medicine, both in terms of prestige to individuals and the resources for medical research that the prestige mobilizes, wouldn't the professional leadership behave so as to encourage lax oversight, unrealistic expectations, highly selective entry and

narcissistic students? Would the sequence not reinforce itself?

It's in the nature of professions and corporations to be monopoly seeking. Where societies are sufficiently dynamic there isn't a problem. While the striving for monopoly provides for wealth creation, the structure of the competitive market ensures that monopoly isn't actually obtained. But sometimes there's an arrangement between the professions or corporations, the regulatory authorities and the personal rigidities of the players that blocks the interests of other players and allows evil to be done.

The possibility of the presence of this kind of evil makes life challenging for governors -- for example, the blood supply and hospital boards.

If the profession of medicine weren't accorded a special kind of prestige, if the regulators of the blood supply regarded blood as an ordinary product, then hospital boards wouldn't need to worry about their hospital's blood supply and could concentrate on the internal workings of their hospital -- its mission and performance. When the board on which I served did have this kind of internal focus, we inappropriately enabled our physicians to assess the risks of blood use according to their own standards -- standards that were not overseen either by the profession or by external

regulators. Now I see that it's the duty of governors to monitor their organization's networks for this type of collusion. When they share the same orientation, in this case believing in the prestige of medicine, I also see this is no easy task and governors become colluders themselves.

When I became uncomfortable with our pathologist's view of AIDS, I didn't know enough about the technology of blood products to understand that, although the natural pathway for the diffusion of AIDS is inefficient as compared to air borne diseases, the pathway when a method of blood handling is "fractionation" -- dividing particular donations into different products -- is very efficient indeed. At the time, it took a bit of personal courage to even speak up. I'm sorry now I didn't look into it further and that I didn't seek help from other board members. I didn't have the maturity then to tell the difference between what was really not a problem and what was an alignment of personalities and institutions to deny there was a problem. I see now that I was encountering a system seeking to justify itself, ignore the interests of consumers and hide its monopolistic status. I regret missing the opportunity to contain evil, an opportunity I could have taken if I had been more aware of the covert process that was going on.

Sequences of events that do evil can be drawn for any activity and the initiating factor can be something

other than not seeing medical risks. Take foreign aid for example. I don't have the impression that foreign aid is based on the narcissistic premise, "We need to earn your approval and support." I think the virtue in this case may be magnanimity and the motivation sheer exuberance, the need to spread our way of life further and further. This encourages the attitude "Have some, have it all: industrialization, nuclear power, hydro dams, food radiation, famine relief. Help yourself. Take some. We need and ought to have a wider stage for ourselves, so we have a moral duty to insist you take some. Let us adventure together."

We don't see that we can be doing more harm than good. We're too concerned with the expansion of our own markets to understand that we are disrupting someone else's environment. We are determined that the world be as we will it; perhaps we can only cope if we are making things go our way. Tons of money have been spent on foreign aid and there's very little to show for it. Even when there are good projects, the complicating side effects do evil. Foreign aid increases the role of local governments in their economies, so it breaks down the differentiation between commerce and guardianship. Foreign aid relieves pressure on the recipient's domestic budget, freeing resources for military activity, so the latter expands beyond what local conditions could support. Vested interests cluster

around the foreign aid and military projects, so when alignments start up, they will reinforce evil.

Another example of how the alignment of institutions, personality and vested interests can cause evil is the Cold War. In the U.S., the Cold War was a paranoid institution, a social movement justified by the terrors of nuclear power. Enormous vested interests grew up around it in terms of defense contracting and rivalry between the U.S. armed services. The Pentagon's control over the Strategic Air Command lacked fail safe procedures. In 1962, during the Cuban Missile Crisis, the Strategic Air Command was led by a general who others found to be sadistic and unstable. This was probably humankind's most dangerous hour. Fortunately, nothing came out of this predicament, except a great film Doctor Strangelove.

When evil is not locked up, it's because it's being produced by a sequence of activities. If a particular alignment does harm, and if the forces that normally would oppose the harm are blocked, and if the alignment has an output that a particular type of personality and institution find desirable, this output activates personalities and institutions to strengthen their alignment in order to continue to get what they value. The increasing payoff of their collusion then further rewards the participants and the cycle repeats.

Evil causes itself and locks in so many interests and rigidities that, once started, it's difficult to stop.

## References:

Gawande, Atul "No Mistake," *The New Yorker*, March 30, 1998. The author describes efforts to close the gap between what medicine expects of itself and what it can actually consistently deliver.

Illich, Ivan *Medical Nemesis* (London: Calder & Boyars, 1975.) Illich argues that there are limits to medicine. The burdens of allocating too much prestige to medicine include iatrogenic illness, financial expense, dependency, alienation of the sick and dying.

Kramer, Jane "Bad Blood," *The New Yorker*, October 11, 1993. Kramer explains the decisions that led to the contamination of the blood supply in France.

Lemonick, Michael D. "Doctors' Deadly Mistakes," *Time Magazine*, December 13, 1999.

Levy, Paul F. "The Nut Island Effect: When Good Teams Go Wrong" *Harvard Business Review*, (March 2001, Pps. 51-52.) "They were hardworking, uncomplaining, and dedicated beyond the call of duty. Yet the extraordinary team that ran a vital wastewater treatment plant actually brought about a disaster.

How could well-intentioned people produce such a perverse result?" Levy shows how an alignment of an institution (The Greater Boston Metropolitan District Commission), personalities (Bill, Jack and Frank, team-playing men who valued autonomy on the job and work satisfaction) and vested interests (priority given to more prestigious projects, construction of a new plant, desire to avoid supervision) contaminated Boston Harbour over a period of years.

Picard, André "Internal Bleeding", *Saturday Night*, October 1996. Picard points out syndrome mixing as a factor in Canada's blood problems -- the Canadian Red Cross is a charitable (guardian) organization that invested hundreds of millions of dollars to make blood products. Accountability was lacking. He also points out the agency aligned its organizational structure with authoritarian personalities -- the origins were in wartime work, and this encouraged the development of "a strictly hierarchical, paramilitary structure. Virtually all heads of the Red Cross were senior Army officers. Like good soldiers, volunteers and employees were expected to follow orders and make sacrifices, allowing the charity to keep costs low and dissent to a minimum (P.32.)" He writes, "The revelations that have emerged since the tainted-blood story started making headlines in 1992 are truly chilling. The risk of AIDS was down played, and high-risk donors were not turned away, partly for fear of scaring off blood donors. Tests to

detect the AIDS virus and the hepatitis C virus were delayed to save money. Half-baked schemes to build fractionation plants proceeded as job-creation projects, despite safety concerns and the financial risks. (By one estimate, the fractionation debacle of the eighties cost taxpayers \$700-million.) Stocks of potentially infected blood products were used up even when there were adequate inventories of safer material. Results of tests were withheld from the infected so as not to alarm them. Because little effort was made to trace recipients of bad blood, dozens of spouses and children were infected. Public-health officials exploited the stigma surrounding AIDS to keep victims silent. Bureaucrats destroyed documents to hide details of the scandal from the public. Politicians conspired to deny compensation to victims. These decisions were made by elected officials (and their public servants) more concerned with short-term spending than with disease prevention, by a Red Cross board of directors that had more life-guards than public-health experts, and by a myriad of committees whose experts wore so many hats they were in perpetual conflicts of interest. The end result is more than 1,200 people infected with the AIDS virus and another 12,000 infected with hepatitis C, the worst public-health disaster in Canada's history (P.34.)”

Picard, André “With Blood On Their Hands”, *The Globe And Mail*, Saturday, May 9, 1998 (Pps.D1 and 2.) Picard

describes the defensive, cost-conscious decisions that enabled wide-scale blood contamination in Canada.

Picard, André “Use Of Untested Plasma Allowed, Papers Show”, *The Globe And Mail*, Thursday, June 11, 1998.

Rhodes, Richard “The General and World War III,” *The New Yorker*, June 19, 1995. Rhodes identified gaps in accountability between the U.S. Strategic Air Command and the Pentagon, under the control of the president. In the 1960's, including 1962 when the Cuban missile crisis occurred, the Strategic Air Command was headed by General Thomas Power. A subordinate said about him, “I used to worry that General Power was not stable.” Power's superordinate, General Curtis Le May, described him as “a sadist.” (P. 56) Rhodes believes that the combination of lack of accountability, personal rigidity and crisis put the world at tangible risk of omnicide and nuclear winter (P.59.).

Ryder, Grainne *Damming The Three Gorges* (Toronto: Probe International, 1990.) Ryder illustrates how this project is uneconomic and how it will harm the environment.



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Derek hires the underqualified Donald, a personal acquaintance.

Excerpt from *The Evil Governor* dialogues, Chapter 3  
**“Evil is in the Alignment of Institutions, Personalities and Vested Interests”**

Evil can be random. It occurs when, by happenstance, a cluster of institutions, personalities and vested interests evades competition and control. Evil is a not-always-predictable sequence of events, a slippery slope. When evil alignments occur, collusive taking advantage may be inadvertently permitted. But evil alignments, although risky and costly, may also result in extraordinary achievements.

In the case of medicine, there has been opposition to its cost. Managed care is restricting expenditure in the U.S. and restructuring is attempting cost containment in Canada. But at the same time medicine's scramble to earn the prestige accorded to it has had genuine payoffs -- the medicines that contain the HIV virus, for example, offer a return to life to many people who are stricken with AIDS. Would they have been invented if medicine did not aspire to be heroic?

It is now widely acknowledged that there have been problems with foreign aid. There is much more consciousness now of the damage caused by mega-projects and much more awareness of the importance of women's development in wealth creation. Projects have not entirely stopped. They are just smaller in scale, more ecologically sound and privately financed.

Even the insane world of Dr. Strangelove had functions. The Cold War did preclude conventional war and it bought time for the development of market-based, prosperous economies.

In light of the good thing that sometimes results from alignment, governors are tempted to permit them.

## References:

Hardin, Garrett "The Tragedy of the Commons," *Science*, 162 (1968: Pps. 1243-1248.) Hardin uses mathematics and verbal explanation to demonstrate that "Freedom in a commons brings ruin to all."

Lyman, Stanford. *The Seven Deadly Sins: Society and Evil* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1978.) Lyman provides insight into the connection between personal compulsion, harm doing, and positive unanticipated consequences.

Olson, Mancur *The Rise And Decline Of Nations* (London: Yale University Press, 1982.) Mancur describes how collusive vested interests prevent economic growth.

Skyrms, Brian *Evolution Of The Social Contract* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1996.) Skyrms explains the mathematics of social behaviors then enable evil -- desertion, free riding, false signaling.



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# **The Evil Governor**

**Quizzes**

## Quiz 1

The categories are coded as follows:

- 1a. Normative syndrome mixing
- 1b. Bad syndrome mixing
- 2a. Normative praise seeking, blame avoidance, distancing
- 2b. Self destruction
- 3a. Normative alignment of vested interests
- 3b. Bad alignment of vested interests
- 4a. Normative patriarchy
- 4b. Bad patriarchy
- 5a. Normative sexualization of wealth and power
- 5b. Casual sex

Select one of these events in the story to the appropriate category above.

**1)** Faith Chapman's affair

1a  b  2a  b  3a  b  4a  b  5a  b

**2)** Judge's sentencing of Billy Duncan, the drunk driver

1a  b  2a  b  3a  b  4a  b  5a  b

**3)** Municipal hospital stocks contaminated blood

1a  b  2a  b  3a  b  4a  b  5a  b

**4)** Claire renovates the office to attract Derek

1a  b  2a  b  3a  b  4a  b  5a  b

**5)** To please Claire, CVI board appoints Derek

1a  b  2a  b  3a  b  4a  b  5a  b

**6)** Derek hires Donald as OFO

1a  b  2a  b  3a  b  4a  b  5a  b

**7)** Claire bribes Randy to leave Dolores

1a  b  2a  b  3a  b  4a  b  5a  b

**8)** Government matches corn subsidy

1a  b  2a  b  3a  b  4a  b  5a  b

**9)** To handle her feelings, Claire takes pills and drinks wine

1a  b  2a  b  3a  b  4a  b  5a  b

**10)** Earl adds ethanol to gasoline

1a  b  2a  b  3a  b  4a  b  5a  b

Show Answers

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## Quiz 2

While bad and evil intertwine, not all bad is related to evil. People may act badly just to indulge themselves. I call this sort of behaviour sin. Some behaviour is not only sinful, but illegal; it is defined here as "crime". Other behaviour, while neither criminal nor sinful, nevertheless bothers other people. It is "uncivil". Some behaviour looks bothersome, but it really is not and is "neutral".

The categories for the bonus quiz are sin, crime, incivility and neutral event.

- 6. Sin
- 7. Crime
- 8. Incivility
- 9. Neutral event

**Select one of these events in the story to the appropriate category.**

**1) Banco Corriente launders money**

6. Sin \_\_\_\_\_ 7. Crime \_\_\_\_\_ 8. Incivility \_\_\_\_\_ 9. Neutral Event \_\_\_\_\_

**2) Derek uses prostitutes**

6. Sin \_\_\_\_\_ 7. Crime \_\_\_\_\_ 8. Incivility \_\_\_\_\_ 9. Neutral Event \_\_\_\_\_

**3) Betty Borden's relatives work for the civil service**

6. Sin \_\_\_\_\_ 7. Crime \_\_\_\_\_ 8. Incivility \_\_\_\_\_ 9. Neutral Event \_\_\_\_\_

**4) Jet skis before 9:00 a.m.**

6. Sin \_\_\_\_\_ 7. Crime \_\_\_\_\_ 8. Incivility \_\_\_\_\_ 9. Neutral Event \_\_\_\_\_

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## Quiz 3

The categories are coded as follows:

- 1a. Normative syndrome mixing
- 1b. Bad Syndrome mixing
- 2a. Normative praise seeking, blame avoidance, distancing
- 2b. Self-destruction
- 3a. Normative alignment of vested interests
- 3b. Bad alignment of vested interests
- 4a. Normative patriarchy
- 4b. Bad patriarchy
- 5a. Normative sexualization of wealth & power
- 5b. Casual sex
- 6. Sin
- 7. Crime
- 8. Incivility
- 9. Neutral Event

Select any of these events from the story to the appropriate category.  
Where an event is ambiguous, you may tick more than one category.

1) Clares sisters take cash, leaving her the cottage

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

2) Earl adds ethanol to gasoline

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

3) Betty's relatives have a penchant for civil service

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

4) Fire department does nothing about Chapman fire

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

5) The adult children visit Charon without Clare

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

6) Clare takes pills

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

7) Provincial Police 'forget' the case

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Hoekstra and Martens talk to dare

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Faiths marriage lacks intimacy

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

A drunk driver kills Faith

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9



- 1a.** Normative syndrome mixing
- 1b.** Bad Syndrome mixing
- 2a.** Normative praise seeking, blame avoidance, distancing
- 2b.** Self-destruction
- 3a.** Normative alignment of vested interests
- 3b.** Bad alignment of vested interests
- 4a.** Normative patriarchy
- 4b.** Bad patriarchy
- 5a.** Normative sexualization of wealth & power
- 5b.** Casual sex
- 6.** Sin
- 7.** Crime
- 8.** Incivility
- 9.** Neutral Event

**Select any of these events from the story to the appropriate category.  
Where an event is ambiguous, you may tick more than one category.**

A judge lets him off

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Potts tells Clare about the Weinstocks' problems

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Clare uses Potts to transact with the Weinstocks

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Clare accommodates Potts

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Faith has an affair with Scott

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Municipal Hospital stocks contaminated blood

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Clare decides to choose her own successor

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

CVI board allows Clare to circumvent a normal search process

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Derek charms Claire

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Claire redecorates office to attract Derek

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

CVI board appoints Derek as president

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

- 1a.** Normative syndrome mixing  
**1b.** Bad Syndrome mixing  
**2a.** Normative praise seeking, blame avoidance, distancing  
**2b.** Self-destruction  
**3a.** Normative alignment of vested interests  
**3b.** Bad alignment of vested interests  
**4a.** Normative patriarchy  
**4b.** Bad patriarchy  
**5a.** Normative sexualization of wealth & power  
**5b.** Casual sex  
**6.** Sin  
**7.** Crime  
**8.** Incivility  
**9.** Neutral Event

**Select any of these events from the story to the appropriate category.  
Where an event is ambiguous, you may tick more than one category.**

CVI board appoints Claire as Chair

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

CVI board fails to provide management oversight

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Derek hires Donald

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Banco Corriente launders money

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Derek steals

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Derek uses prostitutes

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Claire bribes Randy to leave Dolores

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Bigwood guests waterski before 9:00 a.m.

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Beer bottles and condom wrappers are in the woods

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Government matches corn subsidy

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Claire swigs wine

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

Hope does not take her pills

1a  1b  2a  2b  3a  3b  4a  4b  5a  5b  6  7  8  9

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