

A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

by

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We undoubtedly have hate mongers — an admission that the obverse or antithesis may be possible — a dyed in the wool love monger, say. So what might a love monger be? A humanist who expects full opportunity for everyone but cavils at anyone actually seizing it? Possible, for opportunity must be stroked, flattered, even suborned, certainly not grasped, commandeered. Opportunity is feminism’s handmaid: the ground whereon she lays is sacred. Put another way: If you must be bullish do it by stealth and have it discovered by accident, then your hands are clean. But be bullish openly in public and you’re a sod, a bore, a curse and every flea and tic knows it, meaning that to be buoyantly satisfied with one’s lot is the standard index of bigotry and asininity. Self-satisfaction to a love monger must be a bathetic even morbid state. After all, inequality is infinite — until the globe is flattened or exploded. In short, no culture may be dominant; Affirmative Action rites would be impossible otherwise. Poorly paid, exacting, unjolly toil is a relic of the past. Period. Except perhaps for ‘burly white men’.

So what specifically might a love monger want? To shelter and protect people from pain and humiliation and release creativity. The force of loving arms alone. No ‘special forces’ needed. Thus the education of experience is frowned on. I quote Oscar Wilde’s Lady Bracknell here: ‘I do not approve of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is a delicate, exotic fruit. Touch it and the bloom is gone.’ Thus, modern education you might say, is thoroughly sound, maturity being a loaded concept that doesn’t always take. Still, the ‘mean street’ garners a lot of attention, video entertainment would be a

bust without it, because it is unaffectedly, unapologetically, awesomely *mean*; to imagine that deviance is a molested-neglected-waif syndrome is to slight the poignant, romantic vitality of a counter-culture. And the proliferation of counter-cultures is endemic today — from the Social Justice Warriors, to the ‘Donald’ grunts, to the ISIS fiends. Risky behaviour has an élan that keeps stolid stoic maturity at bay. Improvement is never considered a surreal state. The love monger would make all people more or less alike, yet all enamoured of ‘diversity’. Only incidentally female or male, black or brown (white is the deathly colour), for whom nature and naturalness are esteemed, elitism as much habit and pretence, failure an arbitrary and remedial blight, truth a mean-average commodity, the Christian God a forlorn myth and measure of hypocrisy, the foetus an impertinent nobody (if not planned and desired), and all homo sapiens potential chairpersons or artists, striving in concert to ‘preserve innovation’.

Such persons are in abundance in the editorial positions of most Canadian book publishers, most Canadian magazines and newspapers; they include nearly all the creators of theatre and cinema (most thespians are suave liberals, and virtually all liberals stolid thespians); they include many of the producers currently employed by the CBC and, most if not retroactively the plurality of serious Canadian writers and poets, most university professors and, to the best of my knowledge, most Canadian satirists. Many love mongers are in various stages of self-realization, striving for serene, idyllic states with a minimum of discomfort. To be in a realized (recognizable) state, to have made up one’s mind on anything that might crimp potential, is to be a dodo or a dupe of fascism. Thus, love mongers are invariably adolescent — they suspect that authority and authoritarianism are Siamese twins; they tend to believe in holism and, at heart, some modality of Marxism, yet will patronize peremptory displays in Indigenous Peoples, blacks, women,

gays, people disaffected with their sex, the handicapped, welfare veterans, street people, defendants (poor white folk generally get short shrift); they idolize serendipity, generally pan loyalty (except among themselves) habit, restraint, and disingenuously denigrate competitiveness and profit making; they tend to gravitate to the most arrestingly dramatic venues. They display particular angst over sexual molestation (the assault not the teasing), yet fancy the promise of hedonism or ‘erotica’ which can be artfully soothing. Pornography remains an ambiguous practice.

For the staunch religious conservative they display a demure, impervious contempt. Indeed, any incarnation of Maggie Thatcher or Ronald Reagan is a target. They espouse less taxation yet allow a deficit that only the well off need pay. They tend to be preoccupied with the failings of the Americans, the regimes Americans patronized and/or toppled and the plight of the enemies the Americans made by doing so. Intervention is a bad word. Pray note the advice Planned Parenthood recently extended to persons with HIV in a pamphlet entitled ‘Healthy, Happy and Hot’. The pamphlet sanctions people with HIV to not inform a partner if they so choose. ‘You have the right to decide if, when, and how to disclose your HIV status.’ The pamphlet further warns that telling a prospective partner could result in being assaulted by that partner. Better to carry on, risk infecting that partner, than suffering the embarrassment of a rebuke or worse.

Love mongers tend to denigrate sexual tension and entanglement — the traditional battle of the sexes. They tend to empathize with men who decide they want to be women. Caitlyn Jenner’s ‘Debutante Balls’ they all attend. They tend to believe they can be objective and unbiased (the acid test of a liberal) and possess a special sensitivity to bigotry and hypocrisy. They tend to distrust student engineers, on campus or off, and tend to see all men as innate rapists. White men particularly get

scrutinized and indicted on Ivy League campuses. They approve of jokes where no one gets embarrassed (White men again exempted). Indeed, they tend to agree with Freud: There are no jokes! Thus, oppressive humourless atmospheres often pervade their forums and seminars. White men, capitalism, the crusades and colonialism, defy humour. Pointing out that physical violence against men, worldwide, is far more endemic and more unstintingly savage, simply proves their point: that men are somewhat less than animals, which at least need sympathy and intervention by the SPCA.

Love mongers also make a big to do about the family while ingenuously and ardently working to subvert it, looking to the state for durable succour and discretionary income. What most love mongers all have in common is an abiding mediocrity of course. They’ve successfully subverted the very idea of independent impartial mastery because mastery leads to hierarchy. Consumer greed and pollution the love monger usually sees as the end result of hierarchy. Patronage of correct minded mandarins like David Suzuki has given hatred of consumption (and hence the West) a cultural dispensation. China and the inheritors of the Soviet Union, with far fewer consumer goods, have yet to reign in massive pollution but have largely escaped love monger ire. The day’s bogeyman is a white male Westerner whose hegemony has screwed up most everything. Oddly enough, according to smart theories of homo sapiens’ hegemony, chance and randomness account for us being here at all. Thus pollution itself may be a natural way to cull our over population — which shows no sign of abating — weed out the undeserving upstarts from those who may not get cancer or heart disease or AIDS. Indeed, as salubrity becomes better defined, pollution becomes more insidious. The very tension that makes nature work, love mongers seek to de-enervate, as if pollution, addiction, aggression, the shrouds of inured comfort and hedonism, aren’t adroit means for a

pressed earth to deal with the growing many-too-many which David Suzuki assures us needs culling, even in the West of course, where birth rates are declining.

Still, the West, yes, got in a few good innings. Despite the curse of being largely ‘white’. Put another way: If the Afrikaner had had kinky dark hair, oval eyes, and a light brown skin, might he not have qualified as just another xenophobic tribesman, and would the skirmishing in that country have been little more than the ongoing warring in Black Africa except that one group holds the hegemony for a time? Would the West have even really noticed? Can one not even ask the question without inciting love monger wrath?

It seems the Sermon on the Mount has been literally taken up by agnostics and chic atheists who have become God and appropriated unto themselves the humanistic way of ways. Many love mongers are convinced the Day of Judgement is neigh and we shall all perish if we do not live sensibly — share and economize and let the fauna and flora proliferate ‘organically’, even patronizing the HIV virus which establishes a chosen identity. In short, the least able dispensing the awesome advice.