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An attentive Canadian perusing the Radio page of his local newspaper in late May 1946 might have noted a new program listed simply as "Calypso Songs," scheduled for broadcast over the CBC during the dinner hour on Saturday, May 25th. And if he did, he might have scratched his head. Canadians weren't unacquainted with calypso: the recent blaze of interest in wartime America, kindled by the Andrews Sisters' pilfered version of "Rum and Coca Cola," had nimbly leapt across the border, and Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Jordan's cover of Wilmoth Houdini's "Stone Cold Dead In the Market" was even then climbing the North American pop charts.[1] The famous "Lady Boats" of the Canadian National Steamship Company, meanwhile, had been plying the waters between Montreal, Halifax, and the West Indies since the 1920s, and with the war's end, the CNS and others began marketing the allure of Caribbean culture to the country's middle classes with newfound zeal.[2] On the very day of "Calypso Songs'" debut, in fact, the *Globe and Mail*'s radio columnist, oddly silent on the subject of that evening's broadcast, nevertheless relayed a breathless account of a visit to a calypso tent by a Toronto station executive who'd recently vacationed in Trinidad with his wife (Chamberlain 1946).[3] Nor were Canadians strangers to other fashionably exotic "world musics" of the day: "Calypso Songs" was sandwiched between "El Ritmo Tropical" and "Hawaii Calls" on the CBC's Saturday evening schedule.

Still, the sudden appearance of an entire program devoted to calypso was curious. Two novelty hits hardly bespoke a trend, after all, and in 1946 the number of Canadians who had cruised to the Caribbean was slight. Advance publicity didn't clear up the mystery: a lone paragraph in the previous day's edition of the Montreal *Gazette* noted merely that the CBC's "guest calypso singer" would "be heard the following evening when he [gave] a concert over…the network from the Montreal studios." After a brief interview, he would "sing some of his own ballads, including those he has written during his visit here, [among them] a calypso celebrating his welcome in Montreal." Why the service was hosting a "guest calypso singer" in the first place was not explained.

The only clue to the mystery lay in the insinuation that the singer would relate his impressions of his host country and comment upon his reception.[4] As it turns out, this was something he would be called upon to do repeatedly over the coming months. For in fact this studio "concert" was the first episode of a weekly program, transmitted by the International Service to the West Indies (and by relay to the rest of the British Commonwealth) and carried domestically over the CBC's Trans-Canada Network. The calypsonian was one "Lord Caresser," born Rufus Callender, who'd had an international hit a decade earlier with a tune marking the abdication of Britain's Edward VIII ("It was

love, love alone / That caused King Edward to leave the throne"). And as I see it, Caresser's engagement with the CBC had less to do with "carry[ing] the calypso to the world," as a later press release put it, than with burnishing Canada's image in the world.[5] Postwar Canada, keenly aware that its place in world politics was changing drastically, was anxious to invent a national identity as a middling global power, an "honest broker" who, as first among equals in a postcolonial Commonwealth, could mediate between Britain and America, the old empire and the new.[6] The CBC, and its fledgling International Service in particular, would be part of the machinery for projecting that identity abroad. And against all expectations, Caresser, a dark-skinned calypsonian from Trinidad, would for fifteen minutes each week be placed at the switch.

Calypso's Northern Route

Over the past twenty years or so, a small army of scholars has explored the role that race has played in the production of national identity in the West. A foot-soldier in that army, I've studied how such racialized fabrication occasionally takes place through the consumption of cultures marked as "foreign" or "exotic."[7] The unlikely cultural medium whose overseas consumption interests me particularly is calypso, a genre that's had an overlooked staying power in the Western imagination. Although Caribbean scholars (and Caribbeanists elsewhere) have solidly established calypso's pedigree as a sophisticated performance genre, most North Americans, indeed most Westerners, still regard it as an exotic, perhaps even slightly kitschy, form of light entertainment. And it's as just such a curiosity that calypso has made several fleeting but significant incursions into North American popular consciousness in the past seventy-five years, at key moments that coincide with social upheavals of more global consequence.

Of course, like any parochial American, when I casually employ the term "North America," I really mean the United States—and indeed, my previous research has focused on calypso's entanglement in issues of race and nation in mid-century *America*. By the time of calypso's first wave of popularity in the late 1930s, for instance, African Americans had been migrating *en masse* to northern U.S. cities for decades, and West Indians, in particular, were becoming a redoubtable cultural and political force in Harlem (and, in the figure of Marcus Garvey, well beyond). The music was back in fashion during World War II, as America was carving out a starring role in an emergent postcolonial geopolitical order—most notably in Trinidad, where it commandeered prime real estate for a naval base under the lend-lease program with Great Britain and wreaked havoc on the colony's labor market (and, as calypsos such as "Rum and Coca Cola" made plain, on its sexual economy as well). Finally, by the time Harry Belafonte spearheaded a veritable "Calypso Craze" in America in the mid-1950s, black people were agitating for Civil Rights at home and independence abroad, and it was becoming increasingly plain that, as James Baldwin remarked in 1955, "the world was white no longer."

What linked these three moments was an enduring anxiety over African-Americans' place in the American body politic, a national neurosis that took the form of a persistent determination by the American bourgeoisie to contain what it regarded as the unhealthy influence of African-American musical culture—jazz, bebop, rhythm & blues—on the hygiene of the national character at large. In

complex ways in these three different circumstances, this recurring fear, I've argued, was sublimated in an embrace of calypso. That's why, to borrow the title of a film from the calypso craze of 1957, parents, preachers, and pundits fervently hoped that "Bop Girl"—the personification of the rock-besotted American teen—would "Go Calypso," and thereby tame her unhealthy fascination with black culture by channeling it towards a "foreign"—more rustic, yet somehow less dangerous—object of desire. In my work over the past decade, then, I've charted the dynamics of such moments as these, in order to elucidate the ways in which the U.S. has periodically conscripted an "exotic" culture as a backdrop against which to compose certain unsettled aspects of its own identity—by symbolically containing what it has figured as racialized threats both domestic and foreign.

At the same time, I've sought to appreciate how, for their part, migrant West Indians cannily moulded and adapted their culture in order to deflect such co-optation—and, in the bargain, to secure black diasporic culture's passage into an emerging transnational order. That may sound like more baggage than calypso could reasonably carry. But the history of Caribbean modernity is a fundamentally transnational history, a history of diaspora and migration. Over the last one hundred years, in particular, West Indians have more or less continuously plied the routes and spurs opened up by slavery and colonialism, tracing and re-tracing them frontwards, backwards, and sideways, criss-crossing the boundaries that join the Caribbean with Canada, Great Britain, and the United States. And if, with respect to Canada, a racist immigration policy largely kept West Indians (and other people of color) south of the border—at least until the 1960s—nevertheless the brief calypso fads of the late 1930s and mid-1940s, and especially the Calypso Craze of 1956 and 57, were not simply American phenomena but transnational ones.

What I mean to do in this essay, then, is trace calypso's trajectory across the historically porous U.S-Canada border, in order to take fuller measure of its international ambitions in the mid-twentieth century. In the process, I hope to shine a light on West Indian influence over the layout of the Canadian mosaic and the logic of Canadian multiculturalism, well before that word became a catchphrase of government policy and part of the mythology of Canadian identity. But I also want to puzzle out what *Canadians'* embrace of calypso during this same period signified. That, more than anything, will help us understand what sort of symbolic work calypso was doing in the True North. Canadians, of course, are famously, chronically anxious to distinguish themselves from Americans, and so I'll concede from the start that calypso *per se* may have played a less direct role in calming nerves about race and national identity north of Niagara than it did in the U.S. I want to argue nevertheless that the full story of calypso in Canada still involves considerable tension over those fraught topics. And so the more significant distinction to draw, I think, is that the Canadian jitters sprang from a very different set of demographics, as well as from a rather different relationship to the history of British Empire and Commonwealth, than their American counterparts. Before we evaluate Caresser's job performance as Canada's hired projectionist, then, we would do well to review some of the salient facts.

"The West Indies Want to Join Us"

In the 1930s, for example, when Caresser was mourning the abdication of Edward VIII, Canada was still tucking in its shirt and wiping lipstick off its collar after a slightly caddish forty-year dalliance with the West Indies. As historian Robin Winks (1968) tells it: on several occasions between about 1880 and 1920, prominent business and political figures in Canada led movements for federation or even outright "union" with the British West Indies.[8] From the Canadian perspective, these efforts were mostly about securing trade advantages and a ready source of cheap labor. However, while Prime Minister Robert Borden privately conceded to an aide in 1919 that such an innovative inter-colonial relationship might give Canada useful experience shouldering the white man's burden, he did not relish facing what he called "the difficulty of dealing with the coloured population who would probably…desire and perhaps insist upon representation in Parliament."[9] And that was the end of that.

Trade and tourism increased steadily over the subsequent decades, however, and further proposals of union were mooted occasionally right on through the late 1950s. Among the most sensational was a wide-eyed 1953 cover story for the leading newsweekly *Maclean's*, trumpeting that "The West Indies Want to Join Us." ("At the stroke of a pen," gushed the article's opening lines, Canada "could expand from Arctic to equator," becoming "one of the most cosmopolitan nations on earth!"). The article was apparently inspired by a parliamentary trial balloon floated by two senior New Brunswick politicians,[10] though its author, Eric Hutton, flaunted his own years of experience as a Caribbean correspondent with informants throughout the region. After a quick overview of the many benefits that would accrue to Canada were it to annex a tropical archipelago as its eleventh province ("four million new citizens, frontiers on the equator, a three-hundred-million-dollar market, plus calypsos and cricket"), Hutton turned to the question he was sure was foremost on everyone's mind: "what manner of people are these potential new Canadians"? (7). His first answer was oblique—and prophylactic:

> Racially, the West Indies could be nature's experimental project to prove that people of all races, colors, and creeds *can* live, work, and play together in peace and prosperity—without consciously realizing that they are part of any such experiment. Many an Anglo-Saxon resident of Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, one of the largest cities in the West Indies, would be astonished if it was suggested there was anything unusual in a white family having a Negro dentist, a Hindu doctor, a Chinese lawyer, and a next-door neighbor in whom were mingled the strains of all three.

One can almost imagine Hutton hopefully anticipating the effect of these revelations on his own doubtful readers. ("There are 'Anglo-Saxons' in the West Indies—who knew? And colored professionals? Perhaps those ones wouldn't be so bad. And they all live together in peace and prosperity, he says…Well, all right, then!")

A few pages later, Hutton faced the matter more squarely. One of the proposal's parliamentary sponsors, A.P. Brooks, claimed to have received letters from all over Canada in response to the Commons speech in which he had first advanced the idea. Opinion was divided, he said, with correspondents from "The Maritimes and Quebec…preponderantly in favor" and those

from the plains and the west, less so. The objection most frequently raised, however, was that union

> would open Canada to free entry of colored "new Canadians" attracted by tales of high wages, but not adapted to living and working in this country; and that Canadian taxpayers would be burdened by the addition of a "poorhouse population" entitled to all the welfare benefits evolved through Canada's high standards of production and consumption. (8-9)

It was precisely these pernicious myths—that West Indians were constitutionally unsuited to the Canadian climate and culture, and that because of their propensity towards physical laziness and/or moral laxity, they were liable to become "burdens" on the state—that had informed the past half-century's worth of immigration policy, which had been carefully coded to keep Canada white. (More on this shortly.) For that reason, perhaps, Hutton felt compelled to take them seriously, and to deflect them. "On the subject of the feared invasion of Canada by the West Indies," he demurred that while wages might indeed be seductively higher in Canada, so was the cost of living. All things considered, then, the putative "attractions of Canada" were probably "more valid to Canadians than to West Indians." It was true, he conceded, that

> [t]here would be West Indians entering Canada, to do business, to go to school—even to work. But the West Indians themselves do not think the number would reach problem proportions, especially if, as expected, Canadian investments in the West Indies result in development of the islands. Given opportunities in their own land, the West Indians, *especially the colored population*, will choose to remain in their accustomed surroundings. (74, my emphasis)

Lest Canadians become preoccupied with questions of color, however, Hutton encouraged them to reframe the picture in terms of dollars and cents. There was big money to be made in the "vast market" of the Caribbean, he reminded his readers, and union would merely formalize and protect a "Canada-West Indies interdependence" that was "already very real." West Indians were "eager for Canadian food, manufactured goods, and building materials," he enthused. And "[i]f the West Indies become Canada's eleventh province, Canadians will find many profitable fields for investment and development," including "unestimated quantities of bauxite, hardwood, gold, diamonds, manganese and mica" (76-7).[11]

While he gave rhetorical pride of place to the economic argument for union, however, Hutton also emphasized that this potentially lucrative arrangement could have salutary social and cultural implications: a racially mixed nation, he thought, would be one—quite unlike the United States, with its increasingly ominous racial problems—that was entirely free of race-consciousness. Indeed, Canadian "investment and development" had already shown how such an idyllic society could be achieved: in its company town in the Guyanese interior, where white Canadians mixed freely with local "colored" employees with "no trouble of any kind," the bauxite-mining giant Alcan had "taken the lead in banishing racial discrimination" (ibid.). A tropical partner might encourage strait-laced Canadians to loosen up in other ways, as well: not only would she model a more relaxed, "colorful," and sophisticated way of life, she would instantly "put Canada into the big time in cricket" and give it "a track-and-field team of Olympic caliber" (75). In calypso, moreover, her dowry would bestow upon Canada "a distinct art form, as genuine as American jazz or the German lieder," and in carnival,

Canadians would learn "sheer abandon" and "pagan joy unconfined":

> A [presumably white] Canadian airline official who saw the carnival for the first time last year declared: "It simply has to be seen to be believed. After I'd looked on for an hour, who do you think I found masked and wearing a funny hat and streamers of pink paper, singing and prancing down the street with a band of raving mad total strangers? Why, ME!" (76)

Not for nothing does the pictorial spread ("What the British West Indies Would Offer in Return for Full Provincial Status in Canada") accompanying the article lead with "A tropic resort area second to none" and underscore how "The colorful mixture of races would put us among the world's most cosmopolitan nations." "A new race is being born in the West Indies as types intermarry," a sub-caption helpfully explained (8-9). Who knows what kinds of free and easy relations all that tropical bacchanal might lead to?

Even if Hutton's case for union was built on wishful thinking, however, it had the virtue of clarifying the erotic logic behind all the previous proposals dating back to the 1880s. All along, it seems, the plans for "union" had envisioned a marriage of convenience (for Canada) in which the partners would maintain separate households, the "wife" would for all practical purposes be a dusky mistress, and all the steamier forms of connubial congress between the two would be sequestered "down below." Canada may have wanted closer intercourse with the West Indies, but it didn't want West Indians any closer to Canada.

Domesticating the Caribbean

The terms of this domestic arrangement, and the uniquely gendered nature of Canada's relationship with the West Indies, were rendered even more transparent in another West Indian scheme dating from the mid-1950s—*the* "West Indian Domestic Scheme," as it was known.[12] In 1955, in response to pressure from colonial West Indian trade ministers to open the Canadian labor market to Caribbean workers, agitation by Caribbean Canadian activists to liberalize immigration law, and above all increasing demand for a cheap source of domestic help, Ottawa initiated a program whereby a small number of women from several islands were granted conditional entry on a strict quota system and scattered across the country in as many as seventeen different cities, the vast majority going to Montreal and Toronto.[13] The women had to be single and under age thirty-five. They were screened by the Ministries of Labor in their home colonies; put through what Frances Henry describes as a "two -week indoctrination course"; subjected to medical, educational, and character tests—including extensive, often secret, gynecological exams upon arrival in Canada; and given final approval "by a team of Canadian immigration officials who visit[ed] the islands once a year specifically for this purpose" (Henry 1968, 83; MacKenzie 1988, 135). Many were skilled workers or educated professionals at home (some even had their *own* domestic servants) who joined the scheme in hopes of finding opportunities for economic or educational advancement once in Canada. They paid their own passage, and they were contractually obliged to serve in affluent homes for a period of one year. Afterwards, they would be granted landed immigrant status and be free to seek other careers—though discrimination in the labor market meant they rarely found them. They were also permitted to send for immediate family members and/or fiancés after the first year, "provided that they marry within

thirty days after the men's arrival" and prove the sincerity of their relationship to immigration authorities in advance with personal letters or other documents. Women who became pregnant during the period of their contract would be sent home.

The modest numbers of West Indian women "domesticated" into Canada, then, were subject to a regime that obsessively policed their conjugal status, sexual activity, and general moral character. For decades, prevailing stereotypes had figured Caribbean women as naturally "promiscuous" and therefore prone to become "public charges" (see, e.g., Calliste 1993, 134). But because the sexual threat of Black West Indian men was presumably even more difficult to contain, female domestics still accounted for as many as three-quarters of the roughly 7000 black West Indians who made their way into the country between 1900 and 1960.[14] On the rare occasions that males were granted entry, it was primarily to fill labor shortages in the mines, shipyards and steel mills of Nova Scotia, and secondarily to augment the small corps of African-Americans working as porters on the Canadian Pacific, and later the Canadian National, Railways.[15]

In both cases, as Agnes Calliste puts it (1993/94, 132), "employers' demand for cheap labour…was set in tension with the state's desire to exclude blacks as permanent settlers"—a desire that was longstanding and persistent. Like its 1906 antecedent, for example, the 1910 Immigration Act notoriously gave border agents broad discretionary powers to bar immigrants of "any race deemed unsuited to the climate or requirements of Canada" (Sec. 38). Lest there be any ambiguity about how to interpret this clause, W.D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration for the first two decades of the century, provided a gloss: "The government does not encourage the immigration of coloured people," he stated categorically, even if they otherwise met the letter of the law (and even if that law contained no explicit color bar).[16] Revisions made to the code after World War I were in practice even more stringent, while new rules approved in 1952 still granted the same arbitrary powers of discrimination, based upon the same pseudo-scientific chestnuts about cultural and climatic "unsuitability," as earlier codes. As late as 1953, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration Walter Harris defended the exclusion of West Indians from Canada with the contention that natives of tropical areas were "apt to break down in health" in Canada's frosty climes and would find it hard to succeed in the "highly competitive Canadian economy."[17] "Our purpose is to get good immigrants, to select those we are *sure* will adapt to Canadian life," his successor, Jack Pickersgill, elaborated for *Macleans,* in response to charges of discrimination (Bodsworth 1955, 12). "Race," the government insisted, "has nothing to do with it. It is simply a case that immigrants from the countries where the climate, modes of life and working conditions differ sharply from those in Canada have a harder time fitting into the Canadian social and labor scene" (ibid., 127).

For the purposes of the present argument, moreover, it's also interesting to note that for generations, immigration officials had designed these policies with one eye turned warily to the south, in an effort to avoid precisely the sorts of racial strife that regularly erupted in the United States. Robin Winks summarizes popular thinking around the turn of the twentieth century this way: "If Canadians did not wish to follow the Americans in giving segregation the force of law, or if [they] did not want black ghettoes to develop in their cities as they were beginning to in the major American centers, they would be well-advised to block the problem at its source: the border" (1997, 298). And

so they did. Mackenzie King's famous 1947 policy statement on immigration, for example, flatly stated that because Canadians did not wish "to make a fundamental alteration in the character of our population," his government "[had] no thought of making any change in immigration regulations which would…give rise to social and economic problems of a character that might lead to serious difficulties." Difficulties in the field of international relations, he said—but no doubt had in mind, too, the sorts of racial dramas that were beginning to play out in the United States.[18]

This, then, is the context for Lord Caresser's arrival in Canada in 1946 and for the career he built there through the 1950s. Winks notes that the West Indian Domestic Scheme "brought into Canada a class of people calculated to foster white notions of superiority," since it restricted West Indians to the sorts of menial work to which many imagined they were naturally suited (1997, 438). But of course, virtually *all* Caribbean immigrants allowed into Canada had been relegated to such jobs. Miners, factory-workers, porters, domestics: Canadians clearly preferred their West Indians sweaty, servile, and submissive. Even students, admitted on special visas that forbade them from working, resentfully took exploitative gray-market service jobs out of financial necessity. Caresser, meanwhile, did not fit into any of the authorized categories. Yet if he was neither student, servant, nor unskilled laborer, he was also the exception that proved the rule.

Carrying Calypso to the World

Caresser's self-awarded title, "The Roving Lad from Trinidad," was no idle boast.[19] Born in Venezuela and raised in Trinidad, he'd visited Haiti as a young man; had toured South America, the Caribbean, and the United States throughout the late 1930s and early 40s; and would make several tours of Europe in the decade to come. He genuinely *was* on a mission to "carry the calypso to the world," and he took evident pride in his globetrotting image. Why precisely he'd made Montreal his latest port of call isn't altogether clear. He may have first heard about Canada from a Guyanese associate who'd traveled there briefly in 1938 (Noblett 2006), and on subsequent trips to New York, where he recorded annually for Decca records and performed in fashionable downtown clubs, he could easily have picked up more detailed reports. Montreal had a famously lively nightclub scene, and its "Harlem," in the city's St. Antoine district (today's gentrified "Little Burgundy"), was a regular stop on the touring circuit of American bandleaders and entertainers, both white and black.[20] The neighborhood also had a significant Caribbean presence: by World War II, according to one source (CLSC St.-Henri 1999), the West Indians concentrated there, many of them porters for the Canadian National Railway, represented some forty percent of the city's black population, then numbering in the low thousands; and the proprietor of one of St. Antoine's most famous nightclubs, Rockhead's Paradise, was a prosperous, self-made Jamaican.[21] It's possible, too, though not certain, that Caresser had lined up the CBC job ahead of time; such an arrangement would certainly have fast-tracked a black man's entry. But the simplest explanation for his move to Montreal may come from his son Gabriel, who surmises that his ambitious father had seen enough of the world to know that while the city was no paradise for a person of color in 1946, it would have been a whole lot more congenial than anywhere in the U.S.[22]

Caresser's Canadian producer, the British-born Kenneth P. Brown, was for his part no stranger to the Caribbean. Previously a radio station manager in Nassau, Bahamas, Brown had come to work for the U.K. and Commonwealth Section of the CBC's International Service upon its founding in 1945. As a "long time resident" of the islands, he'd been put in charge of adapting for a Caribbean audience programs originally aimed at the U.K. ("Special writing is often required," an in-house publication explained). He also developed material specifically for the Caribbean: not only "Calypso Songs"—soon billed as the "Lord Caresser Show"—but also the "Canada West Indies Quiz," or "C-W-I-Z," an educational game show meant to promote cross-cultural understanding and touted as "perhaps the first program of such sweeping geographic scope to be undertaken by Canadian radio."[23] Like Caresser's program, "C-W-I-Z" aired both at home and abroad, for the benefit of "listeners in Canada and the Caribbean who like their facts flavored with fun."

Initially a part of Canada's war effort, the CBC's International Service had grown out of the radio division of the Canadian Information Service and Psychological Warfare Committee, and much like the Voice of America, it continued to serve as a cold warrior in the Eastern Bloc throughout the 1950s.[24] Its immediate postwar purpose, though, was to project an image of Canadian cosmopolitanism; its stated mission, variously, to "interpret [Canada] abroad" and "to reflect Canada faithfully to the world." On its inaugural broadcast of February 25, 1945, carried in Canada over the network's domestic service, CBC Chairman Howard Chase noted that the Corporation had "undertaken a new task of great responsibility and great opportunity. We have been given the job of enabling Canada to speak to the world, to tell the people of other countries about Canadian life, to add a friendly voice and, we hope, an interesting one to the conversation of nations" (*CBC Times* 1950, 2). (In-house articles make it clear, however, that the "people of other countries" Canada most wanted to tell about Canadian life were citizens of the "old" Commonwealth: white Britons, Antipodeans, and South Africans, all of whom, particularly the first, were heavily recruited as prospective immigrants in the years after the war.) Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King was more explicit, and even more high-minded, about the service's intended role in the project of postwar national identity: "The establishment of this service in Canada is of historic significance," he intoned:

> It will serve both a national and an international purpose. It will bring the Voice of Canada to her own sons and daughters in other lands. It will also bring Canada into closer contact with other countries. In the better world for which you are fighting, Canada will have a large part to play in furthering among nations the mutual understanding and good will on which the permanence of peace depends. International radio broadcasting is a powerful means of helping to extend throughout the world the ideas of mutual tolerance, of racial co-operation, and of equality among men. (Ibid.)

Just how serious Mackenzie King's Canada was about racial tolerance, co-operation, and equality is open to question: for all its professed ambition to break out onto the world stage as a modern, cosmopolitan nation, Canada seemed determined to remain racially homogeneous. King's immigration speech the next year, for example, was a dodge: even as he voiced his intention to "remove from our legislation what may appear to be objectionable discrimination," he made it clear that "Canada is perfectly within her rights in selecting persons whom we regard as desirable future

citizens," especially when it came to threats to what he euphemistically termed the country's "character." For all of his earlier talk about "racial co-operation," what the Prime Minister apparently had in mind was that the non-white races should co-operate in keeping away from Canada.

"Hip Hooray for de Gracious Queen" (and Her Dominion)

If Caresser had come to help Canada make good on its claim to worldliness, then, he would fight an uphill battle—and not only because the country still tilted towards ethnic insularity. For it turns out that Canada liked its *calypsonians* deferential, too. To begin with, Canada had long delighted in noting West Indians' touching loyalty to the British monarchy, especially as expressed in calypso. A newsreel in the collection of Canada's National Library shows Prince Edward being saluted by "calypso dancers" on his 1925 tour of the Caribbean. In 1939, a Canadian Press newswire story in the Toronto *Star* remarked that calypsonians from Trinidad in residence at "Manhattan's smartest night clubs" were even six months later "singing sprightly ballads to rhumba-like rhythms about the [North American] visit of the King and Queen," and it approvingly cited a sample stanza: "The charming, gracious, and smiling Queen, / Is the prettiest woman I have ever seen. / She was dress in an outfit of blue, / And wave to the crowd as the car drove through." (A similar notice marking Elizabeth's first visit to the Caribbean in late 1953 jovially quoted from the calypso that greeted her arrival in Jamaica, "Hip Hooray for de Gracious Queen.")

These dispatches were nothing, however, compared to the flood of coverage that accompanied Princess Margaret on her month-long tour of the Caribbean in 1955—the "Calypso Tour," as it came to be known throughout the English-speaking world. All of Canada's major newspapers featured front-page stories replete with lavish photo spreads and maps of Margaret's itinerary, beginning in the run-up to her arrival and continuing well past her return. "Trinidad's Steel Bands Prepare for Princess," shouted a headline in the *Globe and Mail* on January 31: "Each band hopes to win approval and be chosen to play for the Princess." Indeed, claimed the Toronto *Star*, the "happy natives" of Trinidad, particularly its "colorfully garbed native dancers," had been anxiously preparing for her visit for months. Meanwhile, the *Globe* divulged, "Calypso writers have already produced a torrent of words extolling the virtues of the Royal visitor," and one, the Mighty Panther, had been chosen to "put his message across personally at a carnival in the grounds of Government House." (The paper reproduced the entire text of the laudatory lyrics in the next day's edition.)

Calypso's wartime displays of loyalty to Crown and Empire came in for special treatment. A plummy profile of Caresser in the entertainment weekly *Applause* tried to establish his patriotic *bona fides* with a spurious claim that he had served in the army, entertaining the troops—British, American, or West Indian, it wasn't clear. "Many a soldier who blithely ignored the printed V.D. notices was sent scurrying to the medico by Caresser's warbled warnings," it grinned, "and the progress of the war was duly noted in numbers such as 'Hitler and the Rich Ukraine,' [and] 'Watch Out, Japan'" (Hughes 1947). But it was a front-page, above-the-fold photo in the *Globe and Mail* in the summer of 1943 that truly spotlighted West Indians' devotion to their martial Mother Country. A teaser for a two-column story on the paper's Women's page, the picture illustrated a visit to Canada by servicewoman Mary Churchill (daughter of Winston), and featured a smiling, down-to-earth Churchill "[singing]

calypso songs" amidst a group of dark-skinned Barbadian volunteers at the Auxiliary Territorial Services basic training camp in Kitchener, Ontario. The photo-op with the West Indians (who accounted for precisely forty-seven of the camp's 1000 trainees) was framed as the centerpiece of the story, which climaxed with the "girls" including Churchill in an impromptu performance of one of their "native" songs, clear evidence of their childlike trust in the Great White Mother:

> There was a moment of shyness on the part of [the] girls from the British West Indies… when Miss Churchill appeared on the scene. But when she sat on the grass, gathering them around her and chattering as naturally as if she knew each one, they were soon laughing hard and telling her all about themselves….
>
> When Ptc. M. K. Evelyn from the Barbados sang a native calypso, Miss Churchill joined in the chorus heartily. "It's simply marvelous!" she said, clapping her hands. "I wish we could have had a recording of it!" (Tupper 1943)[25]

Finally, just after the war, calypso had been recruited into the unexpectedly patriotic cause of racial solidarity. Just a month before Caresser's debut on the CBC, the Toronto *Star* (1946) ran a tongue-clucking report of an incident it took as proof of Canada's superiority over the United States in the area of race relations. Portia White, the celebrated African Canadian contralto (whose father, the *Star* proudly pointed out, having served in the Canadian army, had been "the only Negro chaplain with the British forces in the Great War"), was marking her return to Canada with a concert at Toronto's Massey Hall, having just completed a grueling three-month tour of the Americas. The journey's low point: when White had been forced to go hungry because no restaurant in Miami, Florida would serve her. "There's no cause for smugness in the fact that one city [Miami] will not let a Negro singer appear on a concert hall stage"—not precisely her trouble, but never mind—"and another [Toronto] acclaims her. But there is reason for thankfulness for the tolerance that makes it possible. And no one is more thankful," added the *Star,* smugly, "than the young Truro, N.S. singer." White, the paper stressed, had received unstinting praise and encouragement from the Canadian people, not to mention considerable financial support for her career from the Canadian government. In gratitude, she had become a roving cultural ambassador, an international poster child for Canadian color-blindness and broad-mindedness: "The incident at Miami was the only occasion during the tour when race prejudice presented any problems, said Miss White. In all her career, and particularly in Canada, people have regarded her as an artist."[26] For their part, "Calypso singers in Trinidad," apparently recognizing a kindred spirit, "composed one of their free-wheeling, racy lyrics in her honor"—as if in praising White, the *Star* implied, they were applauding Canada and condemning the United States by proxy.

Given that CBC International's mission was to sing Canada's praises to the world (and to itself), it's reasonable to conclude that Caresser had also been hired as a kind of cultural ambassador—though whose portfolio he was carrying, Canada's or his own, was for the moment unclear. In the first months of his residency, Caresser went to work composing flattering calypsos about the nation's capital, cross-country sightseeing, the charms of French-Canadian women, the thrill of professional ice hockey ("Cricket is really my favorite game / But from now on, hockey is my middle name"), skiing in the Laurentians, Canadian Thanksgiving, the Santa Claus Parade, winter

shopping, and the Montreal *Herald*. He dedicated "Odes" to Olympic figure skater Barbara Ann Scott, Governor General Lord Alexander, McGill University, and of course his own employer, the CBC International Service.[27] By showcasing Lord Caresser on their airwaves, no doubt, Canadians found support for the comforting myths they had begun to tell themselves about their own tolerance and diversity. Look, his presence seemed to say: we've welcomed this charming West Indian to our country, and he's speaking well of us to the rest of the world. But as other West Indians were perhaps at greater liberty to point out, Canada could tolerate a Lord Caresser (or, for that matter, a Portia White) precisely because it *couldn't* tolerate a million Lord Caressers (or a million Portia Whites, or even a million West Indian domestics). As Yvonne Bobb, a Trinidadian who had come to Canada on the Domestic Scheme in order to pursue studies in library science, bluntly told the mass-market women's magazine *Chatelaine* in 1959: "White Canadians are smug about their record of untroubled relations with colored people. But I believe that they have simply side-stepped trouble, by keeping all but a very few colored people out of the country." The only meaningful difference between the U.S. and Canada on this score, she added, was that it was "easier for Canadians to conceal their unfriendliness":

> …Most Canadians are, in fact, no friendlier toward people whose color and customs differ from their own than are those residents of Little Rock or London's Notting Hill whose behavior white Canadians loudly deplore….
>
> After three years in this country, I can see an advantage in the kind of discrimination practiced in the southern United States—it is at least forthright. In Canada, where there are no apparent restrictions on my freedom, I'm allowed to stumble into barriers—prejudices against my color which, although subtly applied, are nonetheless real. (27)

Such "subtle" concealment required an elaborate apparatus. I suggested a moment ago that since, as a rule, Canada preferred to relegate West Indian immigrants to positions of inferiority, an exceptional case like Caresser might serve as an advertisement for the openness and liberality with which the country treated its colored Commonwealth brethren. In view of Bobb's stinging indictment, however, we may need to fine-tune that picture. It might be more precise to view Caresser not as an advertisement, but an alibi; not postwar Canada's poster child, but its cover story.

Of course, one of the calypsonian's many roles is praise-singer, so we shouldn't be surprised to hear Caresser emit such standard-issue stuff as "Don't forget Mackenzie King of Canada / Whose speech at the Peace Parley recently / Should be recorded on the pages of history" or "As a true Britisher / I was proud to see / How the people of Canada / Greeted his Excellency [King George VI]." Still, even Caresser's most formulaic plaudits are laced with sentiments that occasionally seem a bit more genuine: "A voice speaking to the world / Has surely won my heart and soul," he sang of the CBC. "It's louder, stronger and sweeter / Than any I have heard in America." (His contemporaneous encomiums of Lena Horne, Joe Louis, and urban American jump blues, meanwhile, are markedly more supple than his stiff tributes to Canadian politicians and institutions.) And if we're going to pan Caresser for puffery, we may as well note that while scores of his Canadian compositions did indeed hype the marvels of his adopted home, a few also pined for the clichéd comforts of his

native island.

It's always possible, too, that the secret ingredient in a calypsonian's soft soap is something like Homi Bhabha's "sly civility." Reading the lyrics of the Mighty Panther's 1955 paean to Princess Margaret, for instance, it's hard not to feel that he's getting in a dig at the diminished stature of Britain's tottering empire:

> We your subjects are true
> To our flag, the red, white, and blue
> Britain is marvelous
> Long may she reign over us.
> We know Britain has the power
> To protect the British Empire.
> For with the air force, army, and navy
> She can always remain the Mother Country. (*Globe and Mail* 1955b)

It was by that point a comparatively feeble threat of military force that undergirded Britain's discredited claim of global "maternity," after all, and everyone knew which "red, white, and blue" flag *really* reigned over the postwar world. The revelers who "whooped…, stuck out their tongues, leered, [and] ribbed the royal family" on the grounds of Government House the next day as Margaret looked on and "laughed uproariously" were perhaps saying the same thing a bit more brazenly (Johnston 1955, 1). Even Caresser's famous composition on King Edward's abdication can just as easily be read as a gentle mockery of human flesh's frailty rather than a solemn tribute to true love's sacrifice: "My robes and my crown is on my mind," he has Edward sing, "But I cannot leave Miss Simpson behind." (The West Indian's customary elision of the possessive apostrophe makes a suggestive pun of the final clause.)[28]

Canada So Cold

From one perspective, though, it didn't matter whether Caresser's Canadian sweet talk was sly, sappy, or sincere. West Indians, for their part, were listening to it—his show reportedly received dozens of letters each week from all over the Caribbean, as well as from England and Canada—but they weren't necessarily buying it. In a 1951 calypso, for instance, Lord Melody, then an up-and-comer in a new generation of postwar calypsonians, ribbed Caresser about his prolonged absence from Trinidad, suggesting it might be time for him to come back home and refresh his repertoire:

> Caresser should take a rest
> And fly back to the city of Port-of-Spain.
> We waiting so come by plane
> We don't want to hear them old songs again
> When I turn on me radio Saturday night
> Caresser singing, myself and me girl in fight
> She like it but I don't like it at all
> and as if he does hear we and start to bawl…

…at which point Melody playfully mimics—and misquotes—the theme song to "The Lord Caresser

Show." Some years later, not long after the Calypso Craze of 1957 (which fuelled the last brief revival of Caresser's career), Melody actually came north to pay Caresser a friendly visit, memorializing the trip in in a calypso that posed the musical question, "Between Canada and de North Pole / Ah wonder which one more cold?" "Canada had me so cold, I need some sunshine," went the tune's jaunty chorus:

I'm going back to the land I left behind
Ah regret the day ah pay mih dollar
And say ah was going to Canada
Is cold, cold, cold, oh mih lawd!
So ah walk back to Trinidad.

(About the same time, reports Frances Henry [1968, 88], another popular calypso, "Civil Servants Becoming Domestic," sent up the exodus of overqualified West Indian women heading north on the Domestic Scheme.)

"Canada has never been culturally attractive to would-be Caribbean emigrants," alleges David Trotman, illustrating his claim with a nod to Melody's tune, "and Canadian cultural life never fired their imagination or elicited imitation. Too cold, too clean, too policed, too white…" (2005, 187). "A search through the literature of [Canada's] 'visible minorities,'" adds Himani Bannerji, "reveals a terror of incarceration in the Canadian landscape. In their Canada there is always winter and an equally cold and deathly cultural topography" (2000, 110). True enough, perhaps, even if it overstates the case. Still, as I've mentioned, West Indians were kept out of Canada for decades on precisely the pretext (among others) that they were ill-suited to northern climes. Melody isn't conceding that racist canard. Rather, as Trotman implies, he's lampooning Canadian cultural frigidity (making exceptions for Montreal, which is "just like Paradise," and French-Canadian women, who will at least "let yuh try") and, like Yvonne Bobb, calling out what Eva Mackey dubs a "national identity perceived as innocent of racism" (2002, 25).

Caresser had quietly made the same point a decade earlier. Amid all the endearing homilies to Canadian Thanksgiving and the novelty of shopping for winter clothes, for instance, he slipped in this narrative of one Caribbean émigré's icy reception:

I land in Montreal City
Prepared to study
At McGill University,
Far away from the land of Iere [i.e., Trinidad]
I thought I was big and robus[']
'Till I feel the breeze on the Campus
I said No,
Too much snow for this Junior Commando

"Oh Canada," continued the chorus (playing on what was then the country's unofficial national anthem):

Give me south of the border
Sweet Trinidad

I miss you so bad
So I'm writing to tell my mopsy
How I'm freezing in this country…"[29]

Caresser also seemed every bit as interested in selling Canadians on the West Indies as he was in touting Canada to the world. In addition to hymns to the "Land of Calypso" and "Home Sweet Home," his Canadian songbook included items clearly meant to showcase calypso's illustrious history: patois numbers, Yoruba chants, and classic tunes by King Radio, The Lion, Growling Tiger, and Attila the Hun, to whom he was careful to attribute authorship. He regularly addressed his northern audience in his capacity as cultural missionary: "To you I sing this melody / With compliments from the CBC / So have your fun and take it with ease / And enjoy the music of the West Indies" he sang in "Merry Christmas." And his lengthy report on McGill University's annual "Red and White Review" concludes:

But there's one thing that you should know
They even sang Creole Calypso
Inviting Canadians if you please,
To holiday in the West Indies.

I enjoyed the show all along
More so when they sang the calypso song
I hope soon all Canadians would be
Singing this tropical melody.

It may be an exaggeration to call Caresser delighted by the notion that calypso could thaw Canadians' frosty sensibility. Still, he does seem optimistic that they will be somehow susceptible to this Caribbean earworm.

In the end, however, *self*-promotion may have motivated Caresser as much as anything else. The refrain that so irked Melody, for instance, came from Caresser's newly adopted signature tune—which he built around a recycled couplet or two from his own 1938 hit, "The More They Try to Do Me Bad (The Better I Live in Trinidad)." In the original, he celebrated the sweet revenge of living well at home, a condition which derived from the fame he'd garnered abroad: "So, you see, my name figures everywhere / I mean in England, New York, don' talk 'bout here." Ten years on, he answers his detractors by signifying on his ever more expansive global celebrity: "I'm Lord Caresser, the King of Hearts / Living among the aristocrats, / Roaming from pole to pole / Singing calypso to the world." Even his "Visit to Ottawa" is less about the splendors of the nation's capital and more about the allegedly grand reception he'd been accorded there, with "Photographers snapping photographs" and "Bobby-soxers rushing for autographs." In short, Caresser bills his triumph in Canada as merely the latest of his international exploits. As his 1951 self-published promotional booklet proclaimed:

> He has toured Europe, England, Sweden and Canada with tremendous success. His voice has been carried to millions of radio listeners by his programmes with the British Broadcasting Corporation in England, his radio concerts in Sweden, and the coast-to-coast network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in Canada. From this

Dominion, his broadcasts have been beamed by shortwave to the world.
And everywhere in the world he went, he crowed (in a revision of 1939's "So Many Women to Comfort Me"), "From East to West [I] find a nest / Of Babies I love the best." A cosmopolitan Casanova, he claimed to be idolized in South America, India, Italy, Russia, and China—but most especially "In the U.S.A. and Canada," where "They adore me as the Morning Star." Meanwhile, his gloating theme song, "beamed by shortwave" from the seat of his Dominion, exercised the power of *coitus interruptus* over Melody all the way back in the sticks. Now *that's* lording it over the upstart competition.

Caresser's boasts are full of obligatory embellishments, of course, but his career in Canada flourished, just the same. From the CBC, he went on to a three-year gig at Rockhead's, one of Montreal's brightest nightspots, where he sang nightly in the downstairs cocktail lounge and attracted a wide and devoted following.[30] In the early and mid-1950s he made two tours of Europe, the first of which doubled as a honeymoon trip with his French-Canadian bride. He returned to Montreal in the forepart of 1956, touching down at the swanky Venus DeMilo Room, where he "Smash[ed] All Records!" with an engagement of several months and served as the unwitting advance guard for the imminent North American Calypso Craze. And when the Craze began in earnest towards the end of that year, Caresser was well positioned. Seemingly the only other Trinidadian entertainers in Canada were "King Caribe and the Steel Bandits," a group of young white emigrés with no professional history as musicians; on a lark, they had put together a straw-hatted, frilly-shirted band featuring steel pan, cuatro and maracas, and landed their first big break at the exclusive club El Morocco—on a double-bill with the (white) English adman/comedian Lance Percival, masquerading as a bemonocled "Lord Lance."[31] The remaining competition consisted of a Virgin Islander by way of New York and, belatedly, a Trini expat from Jamaica,[32] but Caresser, "International Recording Star of London and Decca Records," always had a leg up. Once the Craze had run its course, however, by the end of summer 1957, nearly everyone was out of work. With a wife and three (eventually six) young boys to feed, Caresser sought steadier employment, settled for a job as a janitor, and effectively retired from show business. From then on, things were less happy: increasingly withdrawn, he eventually quit his job and then, in 1971, left his family, taking with him a suitcase full of memorabilia. He died in obscurity five years later in Regina, Saskatchewan.[33]

"Nobody to destroy *me*"

A recurring motif in Caresser's *ouevre* is the (literal) flight of fancy: up in the air, above the fray, he lives out an extravagant daydream aboard a luxurious airship. He'd established the pattern in 1938 with "Ruby Canera," in which he and his consort soar through the clouds, sipping champagne and tripping the light fantastic to a command performance by Armstrong and Ellington. Traversing the Americas from north to south, he simultaneously buffs his self-image as a globetrotting playboy and celebrates his agency in calypso's effortless span of the hemisphere. In his first Canadian variation on the theme ("My Red Letter Day"), however, *he* has become the entertainment. "Since I was a boy I had the feeling / That some day in a plane I'll be flying," his reverie begins, nostalgically. Then he relates how, on a recent flight, he had spontaneously broken into song, to the utter delight of

the passengers and crew: "When I stopped, everybody [shouted] encore." And that's not all: "The operator got so confused, / That he wired the man in the moon. / Saying 'Caresser' is paying a visit soon." (The flirtatious flight attendant, meanwhile, invites him to "apply to the Company / For a job as assistant stewardess to me.") "So give me a castle high in the air," the lyric concludes, "And an aerodrome that planes could be there, / Flying above is all I would do, / Then go and relax in my rendezvous."

Surely the most baroque version of this utopian dream, however, is "Atomic Energy," one of Caresser's most requested Canadian compositions. (Over the course of his show's two-year run, his radio listeners really did clamor for repeated "encores" of the tune.[34]) Far from some Cold War celebration of Atoms for Peace, "Atomic Energy" is a minor-key paranoid fantasy, inspired by the terrifying reports that Caresser had seen from Los Alamos, Nagasaki, and the Bikini atoll:

Since they started the Atom Bombing,
They got the Caresser trembling.
So I'm leaving this Planet soon
To dwell with the man in the moon.

"Me and my Baby / And my guitar make three," goes the chorus. "Nobody to destroy *me*," Caresser vows, "With Atomic Energy." Figuring himself as a latter-day Noah, he conjures "a Rocket Plane of my own / To take me from this Atomic Zone." On his lunar refuge from the terrestrial dystopia, he plans to enjoy (in addition to the company of his "Baby") a thousand wives, five hundred concubines, and "an Air Force and an Army / Of angels." But the centerpiece of his plan involves harnessing other invisible forces, the very ones that had already served as the agents of his worldwide fame:

On the moon I will build a mansion,
Television and Radio Station,
Recording Studio and Radio
F[o]r me to practice my Calypso.

From this lofty orbit, then, would Caresser's broadcast "Dominion" expand across the skies—though who, on the post-apocalyptic earth, would be left to hear his celestial transmissions, he doesn't say.

Knowing how Caresser's airy dreams eventually crashed to earth, it's hard not to read backward from his presumably lonely end on the windswept plains of Saskatchewan and see that same pathos here: a solitary figure in solipsistic retreat from a misshapen world. At the end, living out his days in remote anonymity, rehearsing songs pulled out of his suitcase for an absent audience—Caresser might as well have been on the moon. Or perhaps in Regina, albeit under the symbolic rule of the Grandmother of Europe and Empress of India, he had simply found a kind of asylum, away from it all, where he really couldn't be touched.

An avid student of current events, Caresser prepared a regular feature for his CBC radio program in which he surveyed the week's news in calypso form. The final stanza of a January 1947 edition of his "Week End News" noted the observance of "National Citizenship Week," staged by the government to mark the New Year's implementation of the Canadian Citizenship Act of 1946, which legally clarified the hitherto murky concept of Canadian nationality.[35] Capping the week's ceremonies was a widely publicized lecture by Louis St. Laurent, the new Secretary of State for

External Affairs, which has come to be viewed as the founding document of Canadian postwar internationalism. Articulating the uniquely Canadian values that would guide the nation's foreign policy, St. Laurent's speech, "The Foundations of Canadian Policy in World Affairs," aimed to rally Canadian citizens around an assertive approach to foreign policy and thereby instill in them a sense of national identity and purpose (Chapnick 2007, 443).

In his terse report on all the nationalist hoopla, Caresser offered a single, perfunctory quatrain of indirect observation: "I find all the papers speak / About Canadian citizen week / So I offer congratulation / To a new Canadian nation." It's not clear whether he himself would have qualified automatically for citizenship under the new Act (even though, as a resident British subject, he should have), and his tepid well wishes seem to reflect the point of view of an outsider looking in. In any event, one can't help but wonder whether, three decades later, Caresser still felt even politely charitable toward his adopted country. If all that Canada could finally offer a black man from the West Indies—a self-made, worldly, organic intellectual, at that—was a menial job as a janitor, then it must have seemed that whatever internationalist promise Caresser had once seen in his adopted country had long since faded.

"Trinidad, are you here?"

It's tempting to read Caresser's story as an early cautionary tale against latter-day, bad-faith multiculturalism: though he was supposed to be Canada's cover story, anyone who bothers to read the story to the end sees that the cover was blown. And if we're determined to see Canada's run at postwar internationalism as a warm-up for its dawning awareness of its own ethnic diversity—a consciousness that rose with Expo '67 and peaked with the Multiculturalism Acts of 1988—then we might well conclude that no one heeded Caresser's caution, anyway. Nowadays, most any Canadian is proud and eager to tell you that the nation's Governor General (the Queen's appointed representative) is Haitian-born Michaëlle Jean—a Caribbean Canadian who also, as it happens, once worked for the CBC. The national cover story has barely changed, then; it's simply been translated into French. *Plus ça change…*

But even though Caresser finished his life as a janitor once more, at the Salvation Army men's hostel in Regina where he'd been living, he left behind no such neat and tidy lessons. Canada may have had no further use for his talents as an entertainer after the 1957 calypso boom went bust, but his exile from show business was largely self-imposed. Though his sons recall him nursing some old resentments against showbiz exploiters, they also affirm that he was reluctant to ascribe any part of his diminished circumstances to institutional racism—even if, privately, they themselves might have judged otherwise.[36]

In any case, we don't really need another admonition; there's no shortage of trenchant critiques of contemporary "official" multiculturalism making the rounds. Himani Bannerji, for example, decries it as the "culturalization of politics," whereby the state defuses demands for social justice by throwing protestors a bone of cultural representation, reframing political conflict as a matter of cultural diversity. New immigrants and people of color suffer from racism and discrimination, she argues; they didn't envision "multiculturalism" as the solution to their problems (2000, 44).

Similarly, Eva Mackey sees state-sponsored multiculturalism as being "primarily concerned with mobilizing diversity for the project of nation-building, as well as limiting that diversity to symbolic rather than political forms" (2002, 67). Like Bannerji, she also considers it a mechanism for the management and reification of difference. An Althusserian ISA for "constructing and ascribing political subjectivities and agencies," official multiculturalism designates and delimits what it will regard as legitimate cultural "communities" and whom it will recognize as their leaders, and otherwise frames the terms of debate (Bannerji 2000, 6). What is the state-sponsored proliferation of cultural *difference* all about? asks Mackey (2002, 8). Bannerji's answer: a cover for continued political inequity which "obscures any understanding of difference as a construction of power" (2002, 36) and "cherishes difference while erasing real antagonisms" (ibid., 109).[37]

Just the same, Caresser's case highlights how Canada's ongoing efforts to craft a viable postwar identity—as a diverse nation of tolerant, compassionate people, in particular—are compromised by its history with the West Indies. After the war, anxious above all to distinguish itself from the hegemon next door, Canada also needed to differentiate itself from certain other members of the Commonwealth who were angling for independent nationhood and ready to assert soon-to-be-postcolonial identities. Its trade and immigration policies, meanwhile, had fixated on the West Indies for many decades. By the time of Caresser's arrival, that is, Canada had spent a good half-century assiduously, if surreptitiously, keeping dark-skinned West Indians out of the country. Over the same span of time it had repeatedly toyed with the idea of economic and/or political "union" with the West Indies, largely in order to secure the trade and other fringe benefits of empire (a reliable pool of exploitable labor, privileged access to a touristic playground where one could be waited on by the very people one was trying to keep beyond one's own borders) without actually having to become an empire itself. Convinced, perhaps, that West Indians were born to serve, it finally arranged to admit a small contingent of domestics in order to enjoy the same perks at home.

Canada didn't exactly manage to "domesticate" Caresser. (For that matter, as Yvonne Bobb shows, it didn't really manage to tame its West Indian Domestics, either.) But it also didn't entirely succeed in naturalizing him. His sons say that while he didn't feel unwelcome in their white French-Canadian neighborhood, he never felt fully at ease, either. (On the other hand, he never actively sought the company of other West Indians or expressed any interest in returning to Trinidad.) The landscape has changed a bit since his day. To begin with, Canada had its own, home-grown, Civil Rights movement, and blacks of West Indian descent such as labor leaders A.R. Blanchette and Stanley Grizzle were among its most vocal and eloquent agitators.[38] Ardent critics of the country's exclusionary immigration laws, they ushered in the reforms of the 1960s which opened the door for hundreds of thousands of Caribbean immigrants. Today, according to Statistics Canada, there are more than half a million Canadians with Caribbean roots, nearly a hundred thousand in Montreal and over a quarter million in Toronto. Yet while Caresser may have been a pioneer of sorts, the most prominent early proponent of Caribbean culture on Canadian soil, he wasn't alone. To take only the most conspicuous example: beginning in the 1950s, West Indian students at McGill University and Sir George Williams College, some of whose forerunners had served as Caresser's backup singers, the "Tamboo Bamboo Boys," held annual "carnivals" in Montreal, as did the members of the Canadian

Negro Women's Association—many of them West Indian domestics—in Toronto. The latter's "Calypso Carnival" eventually morphed into Caribana, by some measures the biggest Caribbean festival in North America.[39] That event's spectacular growth has brought the usual worries about co-optation by government and corporate sponsors whose agenda may not coincide with that of the community whose culture they are packaging for broader consumption. Caribana is "a major international event" and "an expression of Toronto's multicultural and multiracial society," the official Scotiabank Caribana™ 2010 website proudly advertises, while its front-page "Feel de Vibe" video telegraphs the news, over the pulsating gyrations of colorful, scantily clad revelers, that "150 distinctive cultures…75 countries…[and] 1.5 million visitors" will soon converge on "1 destination… Toronto, Canada." "Trinidad are you here?" calls out the dancehall soca deejay. For a few weeks in summer, and inside the T-Dot city limits, yes. During the rest of the year—and throughout the rest of the country? That calypso song is still being written.

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Notes

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[1] See, e.g., *Wikipedia*, s.v. "Stone Cold Dead In the Market (He Had It Coming)," http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stone_Cold_Dead_in_the_Market_(He_Had_It_Coming) (accessed 15 March 2010).

[2] The tone was effectively struck in a 1939 *Globe and Mail* travel page article entitled "Historic Beauty Spots Wait Pleasure of Sea-Going Canadians." ("Travellers Seeking Release From Cold and Snow Will Discover Sunshine and Interest as Well in Islands of West Indies…," ran the sub-header.) With the interruption of the war, those sea-going Canadians would have to wait several more years. By war's end, however, an even larger segment of the population was encouraged to count itself among the sun-seeking classes, and as early as 1948, colonial resorts, airlines, and tourist boards began running advertisements in Canadian newspapers explicitly pitching calypso (along with "sun-drenched beaches," shopping bargains, and "British rule") as one of their tropical attractions. "Calypsos Calling!" sang a typical ad for Jamaica's Tower Island Hotel (*Globe and Mail*, 9 December 1949, 4).

[3] He concluded the item with a plug for Joseph Mitchell's recently published collection of *New Yorker* essays, *McSorley's Wonderful Saloon*—available at Eaton's department store—which reprinted Mitchell's celebrated feature on calypsonians in New York, "Houdini's Picnic."

[4] Other, similar (and similarly brief) previews made more explicit assurances. Earlier editions of the *Gazette* promised that Caresser would "sing and make up songs for Canadians," including one "expressing his feelings towards Montreal," while the Ottawa *Citizen*'s radio columnist forecast that he would "sing several compositions about Canadian topics."

[5] CBC International Service, "Lord Caresser and 'Tamboo Bamboo Boys' featured Monday, August 26th," news release, 24 August 1946.

[6] I have borrowed much of the language of this characterization from the always pithy Robin Winks (1968, 7; and see Note 6, below), but I have also cribbed from Eva Mackey's discussion of the subject in *House of Difference* 10-14. An article by A. B. Hodgetts for the general interest weekly *Saturday Night* ("What Is Canada's Future Position in the Empire?") is typical of the era's anxious hand-wringing: arguing for a "third way" between imperialist loyalism and nationalist isolationism, Hodgetts envisions a "closely-knit Empire" free of colonialist paternalism, in which a postwar Canada assumes its rightful place as leader of a Commonwealth of "autonomous Dominions" working in consultation with Britain. "Does active participation in Empire foreign policy involve a return to colonialism; has Canada's power and prestige increased so that her voice must ring loud in all future councils of Empire? Does a close union of the British Dominions

really preclude membership in a league of nations or a Pan-American union…?" he asks, in a perorational series of rhetorical questions.

Coincidentally, on the very day that Caresser's program debuted on the CBC, an advertisement appeared on the *Star*'s radio page for a broadcast on CFRB the next afternoon of a lecture by University of Toronto Professor Bertie Wilkinson, on the topic of "Canada in the Modern World." The program was sponsored by the Imperial Optical Company, a prominent Canadian firm with interests in the Caribbean.

[7] A representative, though by no means exhaustive, list would include recent work by Ghassan Hage (2000, Australia), Wendy Webster (1998, Great Britain), and Jackie Hogan (2008, a comparative study treating Australia, the US, the UK, and Japan). For analyses of race and national identity in Canada , see esp. Bannerji 2000, Day 2000, Mackey 2002, Thobani 2007, and Walcott 2003, some of which I discuss below. For my own relevant work, see Eldridge 2002 and 2005. With the word "consumption," I am implicitly invoking Mimi Sheller's excellent *Consuming the Caribbean* (2003); other recent work on the packaging and consumption of Caribbean includes Casimir 2008 and McGill 2005.

[8] The Yale historian, perhaps best known for his comprehensive and groundbreaking *The Blacks in Canada* (1997 [1971]), produced *Canadian-West Indian Union* (1968) out of research for that longer work. Although Alice R. Stewart had also researched the topic for her 1947 Radcliffe Ph.D thesis, *The Imperial Policy of Sir John A. MacDonald, Canada's First Prime Minister,* and had excerpted an article from that thesis in 1950 for the *Canadian Historical Review* (a second piece in preparation, on Borden and the West Indies, was apparently never published), Winks's long pamphlet remains the definitive work on the subject, and I have relied chiefly on it for my brief discussion here.

[9] LAC, Robert Borden Papers, Vol. 319, 35998-99, Keefer to Borden and reply, quoted in Winks 1997, 320.

[10] "Senator Neil McLean, head of one of Canada's largest fish-processing firms and chairman of the Senate Committee on Canadian Trade Relations, and Colonel A. J. Brooks, federal MP for Royal, N.B." McLean, who regularly used his position to advance political causes consonant with his business interests, flogged the Canada-BWI idea periodically over the next decade.

[11] Of course, Canadians had *already* made big money in the Caribbean. Agnes Calliste (1993/94, 140) reminds us that at the end of World War II, more than 1500 Canadian firms had interests in the region. The Atlantic provinces, especially, counted the Caribbean as their most important trading partner, and Canadian banks and insurance companies had virtually monopolistic control over the Caribbean finance industry.

[12] Although Frances Henry (1968) was the first to make a scholarly sociological study of the West Indian Domestic Scheme, Ian MacKenzie (1988) and Agnes Calliste (1989) improved upon her work by placing the scheme in the context of Canada's discriminatory immigration policy. I have drawn upon all of their accounts, as well as on parts of Robin Winks's *The Blacks in Canada*, in the paragraphs below. While Henry emphasized the scheme's relationship to broader forces in social history and political economy, MacKenzie, whose excellent, though lesser-known, research was contemporaneous with Calliste's, focused more specifically on the racist "attitudes and fears of Immigration officials" influencing its creation (Mackenzie 1988, 131). Both of the latter scholars showed how the government-sponsored program of 1955-1966 had been preceded by earlier, smaller-scale, and heavily contested programs which had imported domestic workers from the Caribbean on a largely *ad hoc* basis in the 1910s and 20s.

First- and second-hand accounts of participants in the Domestic Scheme may be found in Bobb 1959, Brand 1991 (see chapter on Violet Blackman); CBC Radio Archives, *Cross Section:* Another Man's Country, narr. and prod. Violet King, 12 February 1959; Lamming 1961 (on whose reportage Henry drew considerably), Willett 1956, and the CBC radio documentary "Another Man's Country." Austin Clarke sensitively fictionalized West Indian domestics' experiences in his late-1960s and early-1970s novels known collectively as "The Toronto Trilogy."

[13] For a concise review of trade and other economic factors that inspired the scheme, see esp. Calliste 1989, 139-41. On lobbying by political and civil rights groups such as the [Canadian] Negro Citizenship Association, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, and, later, the Canadian Negro Women's Association, see pp. 140-42 of the same article, as well as Gooden 2008; Hill 1996, 58-67;and Winks 1997, 413-69.

Canada's deeply ingrained racism meant that even this half-hearted measure was devised only as a last resort. "Despite the critical shortage of labour during the post-war industrial boom," notes Calliste, "Canada turned to the West Indies as a source of cheap domestics only when it became evident that [preferential immigration from] Europe could not satisfy the urgent demand for domestics" (1993/94, 134). Indeed, as she phrases it earlier, Canada's immigration policy vis-à-vis the Caribbean over the first the first half of the twentieth century was governed by a dialectic that pitted "the demand of employers for cheap unskilled labour" against "the state's desire to exclude blacks as permanent settlers" (ibid., 131). Only 100 women were admitted under the Scheme in its first year and double that in its second. By the time the program ended a decade later, no more than 500 women per year participated in the scheme. Fewer than 3000 had entered Canada under its auspices when it was discontinued in 1966.

For further reading on Canadian immigration policy vis-à-vis the Caribbean, see Kelley and Trebilcock 1998 (esp. Chs. 4 and 8); Knowles 2007, Chs. 6 and 8; Taylor 2004; and Day 2000, Ch. 6. On the sexual, moral, and medical "hygiene" of immigrants of color, see McLaren and Valverde. And for a period report on the dispute over West Indian charges of discrimination, see Bodsworth 1955.

[14] As Barbadian novelist George Lamming remarked, in a somewhat patronizing piece on the "loneliness" of the domestics that he penned for *Maclean's* magazine in 1961:

> The West Indian concludes that in the minds of those that arrange these matters, there are two urgent preoccupations. One is with sex; a fear, that is, of importing the black male. The other appears to be a technique of separation. West Indians may enter, but at a rate, and in a way that allows the vast continental distances to swallow up their numbers: Hamilton, nine; London, two; Calgary, eight; Vancouver, two. (27)

Accurate and consistent statistics on immigration by West Indians of color are famously difficult to come by. I arrived at this figure by comparing and collating numbers cited in Calliste ("Canada's Immigration Policy"); Winks 1997 444 and "Appendix: How Many Negroes in Canada?" (484-96); Walker 1984; and LaBelle et al.

[15] For the history of West Indian *men* in twentieth-century Canada, see Calliste 1993/94, as well as Winks 1997, Chapters 10 (288-336) and 14 (413-469). A more detailed overview of Caribbean Canadian history may be gleaned from various entries in the online version of the *Encyclopedia of Canada's Peoples* (www. multiculturalcanada.ca/ecp), including the anonymously authored "Canadian Culture and Ethnic Diversity"; Frances Henry's "Caribbean Peoples"; George E. Eaton's "Jamaicans"; Subhas Ramcharan's "Trinidadians"; and James W. St. G. Walker's "African Canadians."

[16] The letter from Scott to agents of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company is quoted in Calliste 1993/94, 135-36. Additional (and even more officious) correspondence from Scott, a quietly zealous racist, may be consulted in LAC, Immigration Branch Records, RG 76, vols. 566 and 567. As a former immigration agent for the province of Manitoba and "Chief Controller of Chinese Immigration" from 1911 onward (as well as Superintendent of Immigration from 1903 to 1922), Scott (1861-1925) was well-versed in the ideology—and the coded language—of white supremacism. These words from a piece he contributed to a 1916 volume of essays on "Canada's Future"are typical of his stance:

> …Those who come from other lands to make their home in Canada—through their descendants, together with the Canadians of to-day—will form the Canadian nation of the future. Wherefore, it behoves us, while securing the requisite *quantity*, ever to bear in mind that the *quality* of our immigration must be the first consideration.
>
> Speaking from an ethnological standpoint, no class of immigrant is considered suitable to Canada which will not assimilate with Canadians, and aid in building up a united nation, nor is, nor should be, immigration encouraged of races whose presence in numbers would tend to the lowering of our economic standards. (123-4)

[17] Quote in Winks 1997, 426. The exact date of the original citation, from *The Black Worker* in 1952 or 53, is unclear.

[18] By 1955, arguing against the proposed Domestic Scheme, Director of Immigration Jack Pickersgill was less coy: "increasing coloured immigration," he averred, "would quite likely intensify our own social and economic problems" (qtd. in Calliste 1993/94 133-34).

[19] The tag was used in the opening of Caresser's radio program, adorned newspaper ads for nightclubs where he played, and modified his name on the cover of his self-published publicity booklet of 1951.

[20] For a comprehensive history of Montreal nightlife, consult Gilmore 1988 and Marelli 2004. For a contemporaneous report, see Willock and Jacques' 1951 photo essay "Montreal Night Life."

[21] See, among other sources, Sherman David's 1979 profile of an elderly Rockhead for the Montreal *Gazette* and Dane Lanken's earlier 1970 profile in the same paper.

[22] Telephone interview with the author, 8 December 2009.

[23] The quote comes from an undated (ca. 1947) , unsourced press clipping, likely from the CBC in-house *Radio* magazine, in the CBC's Records Management archives, headlined "New Quiz on Dominion Net." For background on Brown, see CBC International Service, "Lord Caresser and 'Tamboo Bamboo Boys' featured Monday, August 26th," news release, 24 August 1946; CBC Press Service, untitled news release [appointments announcement], 11 August 1955; and McIlhagga 1947.

[24] Documentary materials on the CBC's involvement with the PWC may be found in LAC, Records of the Department of External Affairs, RG 25-G-2, Vol. 32. For secondary accounts, see Clow 2006 and Eayrs 1960.

[25] The story's bad faith is compounded by the wartime files of the Immigration Branch files at Library and Archives Canada, which are filled with hundreds of rejected applications by West Indian men who wished to come to Canada and train with the armed services. "[T]he Royal Canadian Air Force hesitates to encourage [Applicant X] to make the long and expensive trip from Port of Spain, Trinidad, in view of the possibility that he may either fail to qualify for enlistment or that his enlistment cannot be effected as a result of the requirements being filled," went a typically mealy-mouthed reply to a query on an aspiring serviceman's behalf. "If [X] should decide to come to Canada [to a Recruiting Centre], the journey must be made at his own expense with no assurance that he will be accepted into the Royal Canadian Air Force…" (RG 76, File 471, Item 721432).

On the same page as the Churchill story appeared a shorter item headlined "Army Girls From Barbados Find Canadian August 'Cold.'" "They like Canada," the piece noted bemusedly, "…except that it's so cold. Most of them wore sweaters under their tunics in yesterday's visit. Some of them said they'd worn stockings and gloves while sleeping."

[26] "[A]lthough there was one Ontario city where the leading hotel refused her a room," the article added, as an afterthought. Oops.

[27] Dozens of Caresser's typescripts from this period, as well as the complete script of one episode of "The Lord Caresser Show" and other miscellaneous ephemera, are contained in the papers of one of his CBC producers, the screenwriter George Robertson (Library and Archives Canada, George Robertson Fonds, R9902, Container 24, Folders 6-12, "Lord Caresser"). These papers are the source of most of the calypsos discussed and quoted in the remainder of this essay. I have not in all cases cited the compositions' titles, and it may be assumed that titles referenced parenthetically but without a separate entry under "Works Cited" come from the Robertson fonds.

[28] Ray Funk advances a similar reading in "In the Battle for Emergent Independence."

[29] A later revision of this calypso ("Donkey City"), retitled "My Junior Commando," was less plaintive, more assertive: "I have had enough of these winters / Piercing my raccoon coat and my sweaters" Caresser declares, vowing to go back to his country—and inviting Canada to come along: "Oh, Canada," goes the chorus, "Come south of the border / No more freezing here in the Winter / You'll enjoy perpetual summer / Come with me / We will wine and dine in luxury."

[30] "The Lord Caresser Show" ran weekly from May 1946 through June 1948, though Caresser continued to appear on the CBC (including work on children's shows) through at least 1952.

[31] *Variety*, which reviewed both acts, preferred Lance's top-hatted schtick to the Steel Bandits' ragged authenticity. In a telephone interview with the author (10 December 2009), the Bandits' colorful founder Dave DeCastro conceded that his light skin opened many doors. (And, he added, allowed him to sail through immigration.) Though they stayed mainly in Quebec and Ontario, DeCastro led various incarnations of the group on tours of Canada and the U.S. for a decade, and was crowned Canada's first Calypso King in 1969.

[32] The Mighty Lloyd Thomas, a notable figure in New York during the Calypso Craze, and Lord Creator, who went on to have a thriving career in the Jamaican ska and rock-steady movement.

[33] His sons' memories differ on whether their mother, an independent-minded woman but nevertheless a good Catholic with bourgeois aspirations, pressured Caresser to quit the life of the *artiste*—or whether he took himself out of the game, reluctant to leave behind a pretty wife while he went out on the road. In either case, Gabriel and Christian Callender paint a picture of their father as a solitary man, perhaps clinically depressed, but certainly filled with misgivings about having renounced his former career. Though he was known and liked by his neighbors—Chris recalls that he was even asked to play Santa Claus one year at the local church—he spent a good deal of time alone in his room, where he kept his guitar and a suitcase full of memorabilia: old 78s, lyrics and sheet music, photos of himself with Hollywood celebrities, and so on.

Caresser lived to see the beginning of the great influx of Caribbean immigration to Canada in the latter half of the 1960s (as well as the prominent Caribbean presence at Expo 67 in Montreal, which included performances by calypsonians Mighty Bomber and Young Killer), though he evidently didn't mix much with other West Indians. The family resided in a predominantly French-Canadian neighborhood on Avenue Barclay in west Montreal, and while their parents' mixed-race marriage was highly unusual for the day, and the light-skinned sons were themselves occasionally taunted as "those damn black Frenchmen" (by the English) or "*les nègres de Barclay*" (by the French), the boys remember experiencing very little racism growing up. Although Caresser himself was no Pollyanna, let alone an Uncle Tom, on the subject of race, he had no time for the black cultural nationalists who occasionally proselytized to his boys. Chris Callender recalls an episode in 1971 when a canvasser for a separatist group modeled on the Nation of Islam tried to lecture his parents on the perils of raising black children in a white neighborhood, a practice he condemned as "abnormal" and "detrimental to their education." His father, a "free thinker," dressed the fellow down with a harangue: "You're the kind of black man that never suffered from being black, you're living off government subventions for your non-profit group, you're driving a Buick Riviera…don't come and tell me about segregation. I know what segregation is." (Chris, who had himself been approached by young firebrands urging him to stand up and get down with the cause of black solidarity, clearly approved of his father's reaction. "Look," Chris told them, "…the last time I got beat up it was [by] some black guys because I was playing hockey with some French kids.")

Caresser left—or was asked to leave, it was never clear to his sons—in the summer of 1971. After their mother passed in the 1980s, they discovered that he himself had died in 1976, at the age of 66.

[34] The one extant broadcast transcription of the show in the CBC radio archives, from 4 March 1948, has Caresser promising to reprise the number the following week, by popular demand. An earlier CBC news release (CBC News Features, "Calypso singer deals with atom," news release, 15 September 1946) claims that he "has been deluged with requests for a repeat performance" of the song.

[35] As residents of a self-governing Dominion of the British Commonwealth, Canadian nationals had previously been regarded as British subjects. The conferral of "citizenship" was intended to bolster Canada's efforts to establish itself as a fully fledged sovereign nation. But as Adam Chapnick explains (2007, 443), the act was also meant to build national unity by quelling long-simmering ethnic tensions—mainly Anglophone vs. Francophone—that had heated up during the war. See also Thobani 2007, 87-88.

[36] Gabriel Callender, telephone interview with the author, 8 December 2009; Christian Callender, telephone interview with the author, 20 December 2009.

[37] Like Bannerji (2000), Richard Day focuses on multiculturalism as a tool for the management and containment of diversity, a discourse built on the "seductive integration of cultures" (2000, 9) and the "simulation of assilimilation to the Other" (184). (In common with some other contemporary scholars, Bannerji and Day also see an ulterior motive in the development of multicultural policy: the neutralization of Quebecois separatism.) Day's Foucauldian archeology unearths the conditions of possibility that enabled the multiculturalism's emergence as a discursive formation, beginning with Kate Foster's *Our Canadian Mosaic* in 1926. He surveys earlier contemporary challenges to the "multiculturalist origin myth" on 30-1. Eva Mackey (2002), meanwhile, joins the ranks of challengers (which include Thobani 2007and Walcott 2003, not discussed here) by performing a genealogy of "tolerance" as the "central foundational myth of Canadian nationhood" (23-24). She traces the country's modern-day pluralist self-image to a Canadian proto- identity that emerged around the turn of the twentieth century, centered around what she calls the "Benevolent Mountie Myth"— "one of many similar stories that utilizes the idea of Canada's tolerance and justice towards its minorities to create national identity" (ibid., 1).

[38] See Gooden 2008; Grizzle 1998; Taylor 1994; Tulloch 1975, esp. 130-33; and Winks 1997, 425ff.

[39] In his brief history of the Canadian Negro Women's Association (CANEWA), novelist Lawrence Hill (1996) dates the group's first fete to 1956 (57), though I have stumbled upon newspaper notices for carnivals as early as 1955. A posed photo of a "carnival" in Montreal celebrating the (first?) anniversary of West Indies Federation lives online at the Library and Archives Canada website, while a late 1950s recording of students of the West Indian Society of McGill and Sir George Williams Universities may be found on the 1994 compilation *Canada: A Folksong Portrait,* on Canadian Folkways records.

Institute on Globalization and the Human Condition

The Institute on Globalization and the Human Condition was created in January 1998 following the designation of globalization and the human condition as a strategic area of research by the Senate of McMaster University. Subsequently, it was approved as an official research center by the University Planning Committee. The Institute brings together a group of approximately 30 scholars from both the social sciences and humanities. Its mandate includes the following responsibilities:

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In January 2002, the Institute also became the host for a Major Collaborative Research Initiatives Project funded by the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada where a group of over 40 researchers from across Canada and abroad are examining the relationships between globalization and autonomy.

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circulates papers by members of the Institute as well as other faculty members and invited graduate students at McMaster University working on the theme of globalization. Scholars invited by the Institute to present lectures at McMaster will also be invited to contribute to the series.
Objectives:

- To foster dialogue and awareness of research among scholars at McMaster and elsewhere whose work focuses upon globalization, its impact on economic, social, political and cultural relations, and the response of individuals, groups and societies to these impacts. Given the complexity of the globalization phenomenon and the diverse reactions to it, it is helpful to focus upon these issues from a variety of disciplinary perspectives.
- To assist scholars at McMaster and elsewhere to clarify and refine their research on globalization in preparation for eventual publication.

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McMaster University

Calypso's Cosmopolitan Strategy: Race, Nation and Global Culture in Postwar Canada

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